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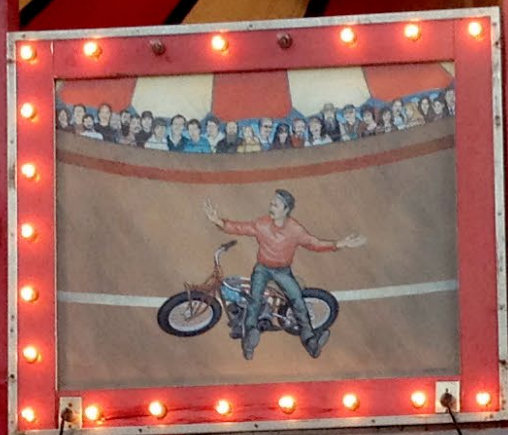
MAGAZINE

74th Annual

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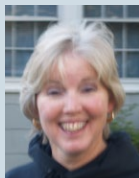
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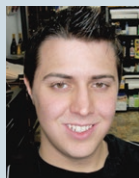
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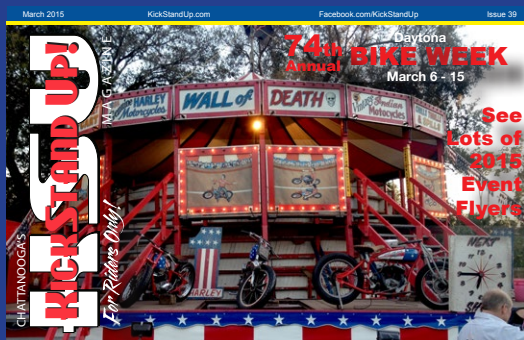


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FROM THE EDITOR

Hello Riders,

As I write this it is only two weeks until Bike Week in Daytona Beach. I won't be making the trek this year since I attended last year. For over a decade I never missed a year, but what I used to consider fun is now a drag. What am I missing? Well, crowds, drunks, price gouging, drunks, idiot riders, heavy traffic, drunks, and more drunks. I have even attended with a drunk or two over the years, but those days are past.

Now don't get me wrong, there are still a lot of things I love about Florida, but most have nothing to do with Bike Week. I love the weather and many of the riding roads, especially A1A from Daytona to St. Augustine. I must admit, I do enjoy the Iron Horse Saloon for a few hours, especially the California Hell Riders Wall of Death. I have seen it dozens of times and never get tired of it.

The first time I saw a Wall of Death was around 1960 at the Hamilton County Fair, which used to be held at Warner Park. The Midway was operated by Olson Shows and it was something kids just couldn't miss. I might have even snuck in once or twice. It wasn't the money as much as the thrill of it. I'm not sure, but I might have even seen Sharon Wade a local Cleveland, TN rider perform. You can see an article about her at <http://ksu.uberflip.com/i/269092> on page 55. It is an interesting story.

Make sure and check out all of the flyers for upcoming events. It's that time of year and we will be full of event flyers from this issue forward. We offer free full page ads to any charitable event. If you are wanting to organize an event, make sure you check our Events Calendar and the flyers in the mag so you make sure and not hold your event on the same day as an established event.

The February weather has sucked

big time and I actually missed a week straight not getting to ride my bike to work. I ride year round with the exception of a downpour of rain at my departure time or ice. Snow is not that bad if it's fluffy, but once it turns to ice, I'm out. Gary Boyd talks about our last big snow ride on page 14. He left out the part about me having to take Julie to the Emergency Room later that evening because we thought she had broken her arm when I dropped the Wing in the snow.

He also left out the part about Julie and I meeting the couple he helped that had wrecked coming up the other side. They turned around, and just happened to end up in the Memorial Emergency room at the same time we were there some four hours after the wrecks. Now, how's that for timing. None of us could believe the coincidence. Oh, by the way, Julie's arm was not broken, just extremely bruised. This is one of her favorite stories about me throwing her off the bike. Yes, there have been a few times over the 300,000+ miles she has traveled with me. She is my Navigator and God is our Copilot and He has brought us through without any serious mishaps for many, many years.

I am getting psyched because MotoGP racing will be starting on March 29th. As usual we will be featuring monthly updates and photos from some of the best motorsport photographers in the world. If you haven't gotten into watching world class motorcycle racing, you don't know what you're missing. This ain't NASCAR folks. These guys make right hand turns too and don't pit in the rain. And needless to say, they don't have a Hans device, seat belt, or any of the other safety equipment that NASCAR driver's use. As you can see in the *In Action* photos on pages 27 and 69, these athletes fly high and land hard and they ride at over 215 m.p.h. Give it a shot. Once you learn the riders and pick a favorite, it gets a lot more interesting and exciting.

Well, I guess that sums it up for this month. I'm sure March weather will be much more suitable for riding, so get those bikes off life support and hit some of the best motorcycle roads in the world. Ride like everyone is out to kill you and you will increase your chances of not being another statistic.

LTRNTT,

Rock

Send any comments, suggestions, or hate mail to: rock@kickstandup.com

KSU VIEWING TIPS

On Your Computer:

Some readers will want to download our magazine to their computers for future viewing. Most computers use Adobe Reader to view pdf documents.

To have KSU display correctly (with two pages showing,) you will need to make a change in Adobe Reader's settings.

Windows or Mac OSX.

1. Launch Adobe Reader
2. Open the KSU pdf
3. Go to the View menu
4. Select Page Display
5. Set to Two Page View

KSU should now display properly with two pages open.

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On the iPhone you can click the box with the up arrow on the navigation bar at the bottom of the screen. Then click the Add to Home Screen button. This will add a KSU link to your home screen which acts like an app. To access the magazine in the future you only need to click your KSU screen icon, then click the current cover on our site to read the current issue.

Other smart phones have a similar option, or you can simply add us as a bookmark which will act in the same way.

Once the magazine opens you can turn your phone sideways and the magazine will display properly where you can scroll through the pages.

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Kickstands up: 9am Eastern -

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For more information contact: Dan Parks @ 1-706-996-6303
(All donations will benefit the Tennessee State Veterans Home)

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Ken Roczen competes at Round 4 of the AMA Supercross Series in Oakland, California, USA on January 25, 2015.

... IN ACTION



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A Wing

It was a cool day in February, several years ago. A day where the sun shined but didn't warm up much. It had snowed a lot that winter. Old timers were reminded of the great snowfall of 93. And although it was cool, we didn't care. We wanted to ride. And the snow was gone. We decided to ride up to The Telico Cafe in Telico Plains for a Reuben sandwich.

They have a very good Reuben.

Alan Kelly, Ronnie and Julie Land, Sandy and Amelia Hodges and myself made up our riding entourage.

We left Chattanooga at 8:00 while the temperatures were in the single digits. Roughing it while we waited for the sun to do its thing. We were hardened bikers. Okay, it was probably in the 30s . . . high 30s, maybe 40's and I had my electric jacket.

We were a hearty bunch and this was an expedition, an adventure ride. Only the strong could make this ride . . . or the foolish.

We headed out towards the Ocoee River and turned left towards Reliance before we got to the river.

We followed route 30 into Reliance, twisting and turning and having a great time of it. I noticed that the road had copious amounts of sand on it. I noticed this after sliding through a corner.

Slow down was the rule of the day. And while I did slow down, I noticed that pesky Alan Kelly was right behind me on his BMW 1200GS, a true adventure bike. The rest of us were riding Gold Wings. It didn't seem fair so I slowed down to allow Alan to keep up. He did. He always did.

We got to Telico Plains in one piece and went to the restaurant to get our Reuben sandwich. They no longer had Reuben sandwiches we were informed. The place went wild, bullets flying everywhere but like a Sons of Anarchy episode none of the stars of this story were hit. Okay, no bullets but we complained and belly ached about it. We ordered other food and as usual had a great meal. After lunch we talked about where to go next and my friend Sandy Hodges wanted to go over the Cherohala Skyway.

I didn't particularly want to but was okay with it. I led us out of Telico and noticed snow on the edge of the roadway. I thought to myself, this might be fun.

About 2500 feet up there was a snowmobile parked in the middle of the road with another bike. I know a snowmobile when I see one. Sure, this one had the skis and track taken off and replaced with wheels and was called a Can Am but it was a Ski-Do as far I could tell.

I stopped and asked if they were okay. They said yes and off I went.

Oh yeah, the road was snow covered at this point. A couple of inches of hard pack. And it kept getting deeper and deeper as we went. Alan followed me up the road staying close to me. Which really made me question his judgment. We hadn't seen Ronnie and Julie or Sandy and Amelia for a while. They were quite a ways back and as they were riding two up, we knew they wouldn't keep up with us.

It was white knuckle riding and a treacherous ride up and down the Cherohala Skyway. On the other

and a Prayer

by Gary Boyd

side around the 3000 foot mark was a BMW RT1100 laying on its side minus a rear view mirror. The man had lost the bike and his wife was laying in the snow. Her foot was broken and we lifted her up to put her on her husband's bike. She started screaming no. She wanted to be on her father in laws bike.

We got her on the bike and he was heading from where we just came. I told him how much more snow was on top and he decided to turn around and go the other way.

Smart man.

We continued on our journey and we figured that since we had not seen any sign of the others that they had the good sense to turn around.

We continued to 129, turned left, rode through the Dragon and headed home. We stopped at a gas station on 411.

We looked up and couldn't believe our eyes as there was Ronnie and Julie pulling in. We were so glad to see them. But, where was Sandy and Amelia? Were they behind? Did we need to send out St. Bernards? Did we need a keg of Whiskey? No.

Well Julie did ask about the whiskey for medicinal purposes. Ronnie explained that when they stopped by the snowmobile/trike, that when taking off they had both slipped and dropped their bikes. They got the bikes picked up and started again. Sandy then rode his bike into a snow bank. This time Amelia put her foot down and made him turn around. Ronnie, despite many protestations from Julie was going to prove that if Alan and I

could do it so could he.

And he did.
We all did. It was a great day and a great adventure. Everyone was safe, a little battered but safe. And we had a story.

That's the thing about riding with friends. There always seems to be a great story.

Of course they never rode with me again.

The words have left the mouth. They are now out there and will be blown all over like feathers in the wind.

You cannot get them back. Whatever was said cannot be unsaid. So many words I have spoken I wish I could take back.

But I can't. And neither can you. And those words that are spoken in jest or in lust or in anger or in self serving pride will rip people apart. It leaves bodies laying on the roadside and families torn apart.

All because we cannot control our tongue.

James 3:8-10 ESV

but no human being can tame the tongue. It is a restless evil, full of deadly poison. With it we bless our Lord and Father, and with it we curse people who are made in the likeness of God. From the same mouth come blessing and cursing. My brothers, these things ought not to be so. Imaging blowing up a balloon and the effort it takes to do that. Yet with one sharp pin stuck into that same balloon, the balloon is reduced to a remnant of what it

was.

People are like that. It takes 10 positive comments to overcome 1 negative comment.

Our anger, pride, desire and selfishness will cause us to say things we should never say.

You're a loser.
I hate you.
You will never change.
You are so stupid.

The list could go on forever. And as much as you and I try to lift others up and be positive, we all mess up and say something that we regret. A half truth or outright lie can be devastating. More for you than the person you told. A boastful statement will bring shame.

So what should we do?
Watch what we say.
Be careful in the words that we use.

Be graceful in forgiving those who spoke those words that hurt so bad. Seek forgiveness from those who have been hurt by your words.

And listen with grace and love as you hear the hurt and pain in the one who is speaking. Those words come from deep hurts.

Lord, help us to tame our tongue and use it to bless You and bless others. Help us to see others with Your eyes and seek forgiveness from those we have hurt. Help us, God, to use our tongue for the greatest use of all- to confess Jesus Christ and proclaim Him in all that we do. In Jesus Name.

Jim Olivers

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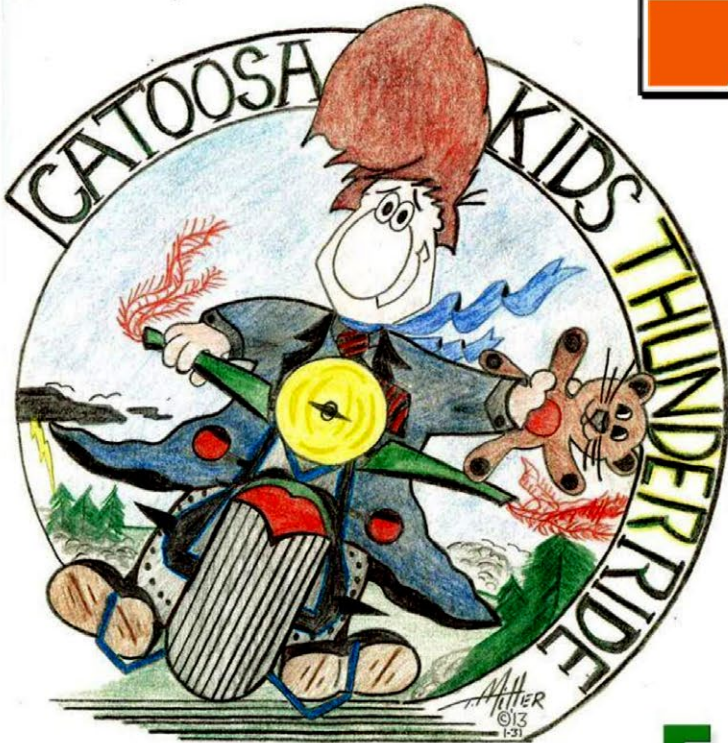


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APRIL 25, 2015



CATOOSA KIDS THUNDER RIDE



Auto Zone/Big Lots
Lafayette Rd,
Fort Oglethorpe, GA

9:00 – 10:00 Registration
10:15 Kickstands Up!
12:00 Arrive at Farm to Fork



Registration: \$20 per bike, NO PASSENGER FEE
60 mile POLICE ESCORTED ride in Northwest Georgia
Smith and Wesson AR-15 Raffle
Discount Meal by Farm to Fork

All proceeds go to benefit the Catoosa Foster and Adoptive Parents Association to pay for summer activities for children in foster care.

Rolling Thunder Funeral Assist - 2/18/15





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DIRECTIONS:

Route by: Rock & BooBoo

Start at Garry Griffith Cycles - Dodds Ave

This is about 4 hrs round trip (no lunch stop)

- L out of parking lot
- L @ 1st light
- R @ 2nd Red Light
- R @ 4th Red Light
- L @ 1st Red Light
- R @ 1st Stop sign
- L @ 1st Red Light
- R @ 2.3 mi.

- R @ 1st Stop Sign (reset odometer)
- L @ .8 mi.
- L @ Stop Sign
- R @ 3.2 mi.
- R @ 1st Stop Sign
- R @ Red Light (reset)
- L @ 5.8 mi.
- L @ Stop Sign

- R @ Stop Sign
- L @ Stop Sign
- R @ 1st Stop Sign
- L @ Blinking yellow (reset)
- @21.8 mi. - Pull in and look for surveyor's post



RULES: Rider must ride their bike to find the hiding spot. Rider must have their photo (a selfie will work.) Photo should be emailed to rock@kickstandup.com.. Winner for real folding money. Limit one win per year, per person. Sounds fun doesn't it? No hunting if it's already been found. If you have problems you can a

THE C-NOTE CONTEST

WIN \$100

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**Not found
last month.
Let's try
this again!**

**(Surely there is at least
one winter rider out there.)**



to taken at the hiding place, (with their bike in the picture) while holding the "C-note"
will be notified and met at an undisclosed location to exchange the fake "C-note"
We will post the winner immediately, HERE & on our Facebook, so you won't keep
Also post questions on our Facebook page for help or email Rock.

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EVENTS

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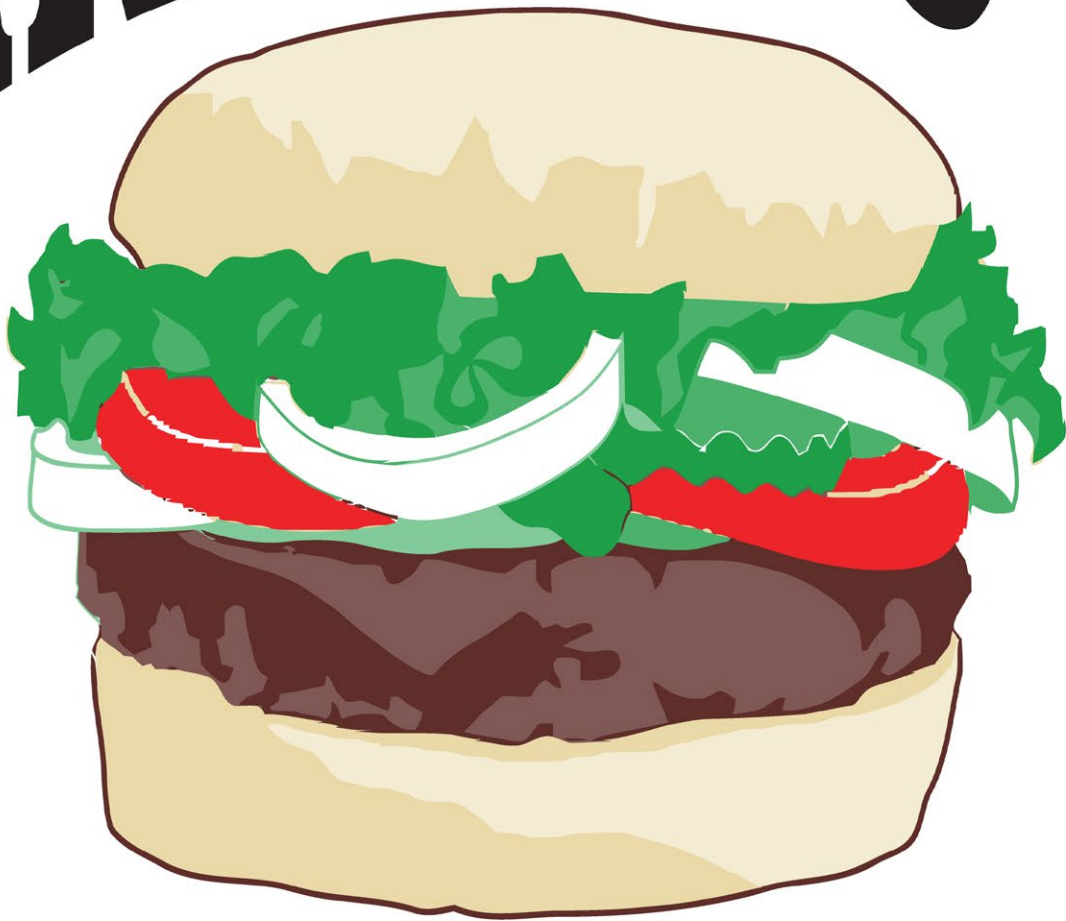


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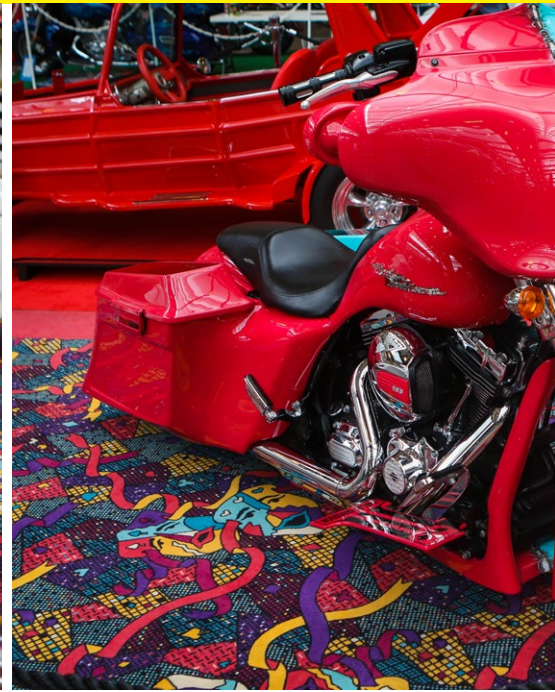
.. *IN ACTION*



Bradley Smith is sent airborne after a high side crash.

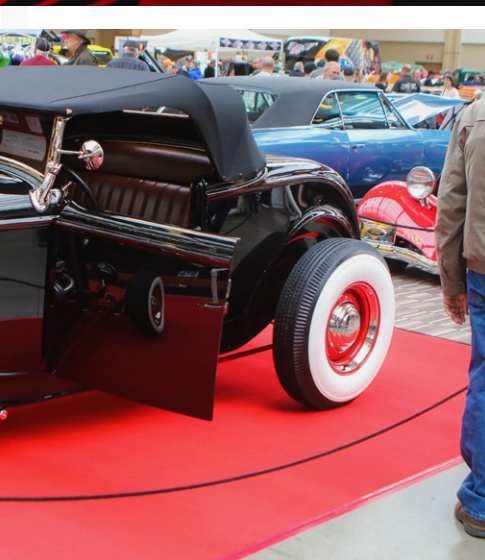


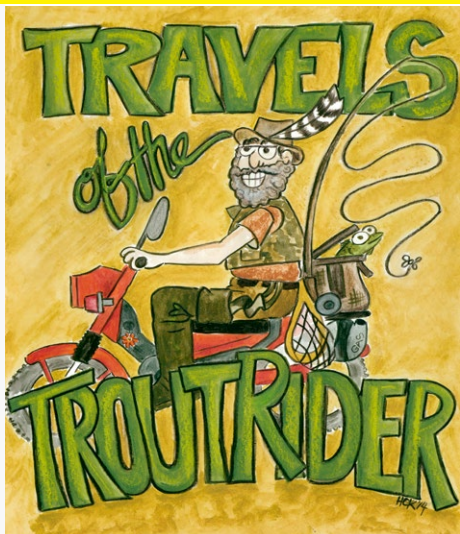
World of Wheels - 2015





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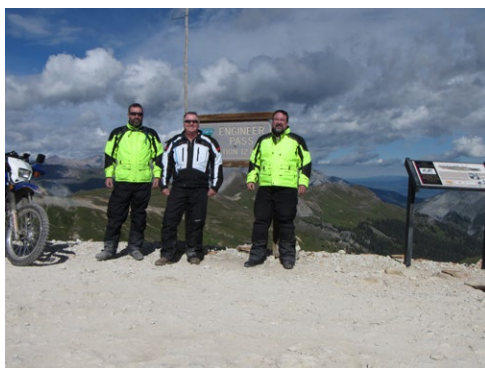


How Long?

After thinking about it and dreaming of it for decades I finally rode to Colorado with some friends a few years ago. We rode across some serious mountain passes and did most of the fabled Alpine Loop on fully loaded bikes that we had ridden out there. We primitive camped most nights. We woke up to temps in the teens nearly every morning.

It was during a dark period in my life as I was in the midst of a divorce and in a place I never thought I would find myself. Due to circumstances that suddenly popped up I had to rocket across the country solo in two days time for a Friday afternoon meeting. Ripping solo across the Midwest gives the mind lots of time to think and contemplate one's place in the world. Among other things I began thinking about how nice it would be to show up in Colorado with a lighter dual sport and fresh tires.

The following Spring I left home on an epic two week solo trip through the lower Midwest and up through the Southwest desert and into Utah. I had planned the trip for months and I made it almost 100 miles from home before getting rearended and totaling the bike.



I was beat up and had shoulder damage that took a while to heal. I had serious doubts about my riding future because I had done everything right and with no warning I was taken out. I bought the bike back from the insurance company and had plans to repair it. Every time I walked into the garage and sat down beside it I got disgusted and walked back into the house. I eventually sold it to a friend and it went away.



During that healing time my brother and I bought nearly identical Kawasaki KLR 650's. We had decided to try a backcountry trip after trailering our bikes out to Silverton. It was one of the best trips ever for both of us and two of our friends that went along with us.

I remember sitting at the bar in the Silverton Brewery discussing when we were going to come back and do it again. My brother will sometimes sneak in a comment that I think about for a long time. This trait reminded me of my old friend Bud Turner. I can remember almost every conversation Bud and

I ever had because he always left me thinking about something he had said for days afterward. "You know we are only going to be able to ride like this for 10 or 15 more years and feel good. We may be able to do it after that but we won't feel as good doing it as we do now." Just like that he threw it out there and it hung like a big lead balloon over the room. I kind of laughed it off at the time but it is a thought that has crossed my mind a lot

since then.

A few months after we got home we were discussing the next trip. He said he didn't want to wear it out. As if. Has anyone really ever worn out Colorado by riding it? I had my response in the holster and was ready to draw. "Any time you get a chance to go out west and ride you better go. You never know when it might be the last time."

When I got hit I thought a lot about how it would

be to have an accident that ended my riding days. It's a calculated risk that we all take every time we sling a leg over a bike and pull out of the driveway. And when do we decide we have had enough and don't want to ride anymore? I dread the day I can't lift my leg over a tall dual sport but I see a guy all the time on gravel roads in Tellico on a BMW scooter.

An epic trip may be a once in a lifetime opportunity for any of us, if for no other reason than life's circumstances. Any time that life allows you to logistically put together a trip of epic proportions you better go. None of us are guaranteed anything beyond today.

My brother and I managed to go back to Colorado last summer and took along a good friend who had it on his bucket list. We laughed and rode and saw crazy weather and loved every minute of it. I plan to go back but that plan could get nixed tomorrow. If it does I have the memories and pictures that will last the rest of my days. Now get out there.

Troutrider

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Rock's Book Review

The Cadillac Dave Series was written by a good friend of mine, John Wheeler Jr. aka Dave Jackson and is a story of his life, centered mainly in the 60's and 70's. It is a real life adventure and one that many of us can relate to, especially if you grew up during this era in Chattanooga.

John grew up in Chattanooga and was a Brainerd High School Rebel school mate of mine. I knew most of the people he writes about in the series and I was included in one or two of his stories since we were engaged in similar activities, and ran in some of the same circles.

John used aliases for most of the people for reasons that will become apparent once you start reading. After all, the participants are now all grand parents (or dead) and most

didn't want their past paraded before their offspring.

John contacted me early on and told me that I was going to be included in the series and asked if I wanted him to use an alias instead of my real name. He also sent me an un-edited advance copy to read so I could give him my opinion about the series.

I loved it! It was like a trip in a time machine for me. I could not stop reading until I finished the entire thing. I told John to go ahead and use my real name as did my partner at the time who was also included. After all this was all ancient history and the statute of limitations had already expired.

Originally, it was one book, but since it was so long a decision was

made to divide it into four separate volumes. It is an exciting book filled with sex, drugs, smuggling, and rock and roll. However, in the end there is redemption through the blood of Jesus Christ. John and I both made it out alive.

Make sure and read John's second installment about his first solo motorcycle trip on page 35. Not many people have the stones to set off on a six week motorcycle trip . . . solo. Especially someone that hasn't ridden much in the past 30 years. John covered 8,894 miles during his six week excursion. Hopefully, he will share more of his trip in future issues.

Watch John's C-Span Interview Here

Rock

rock@kickstandup.com



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Dave Jackson

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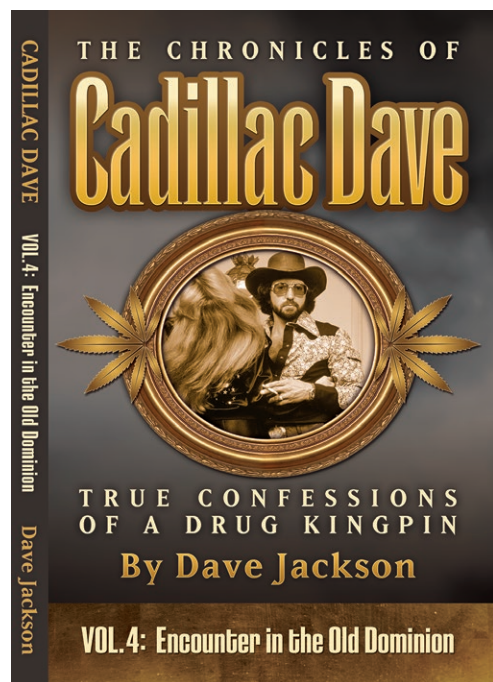
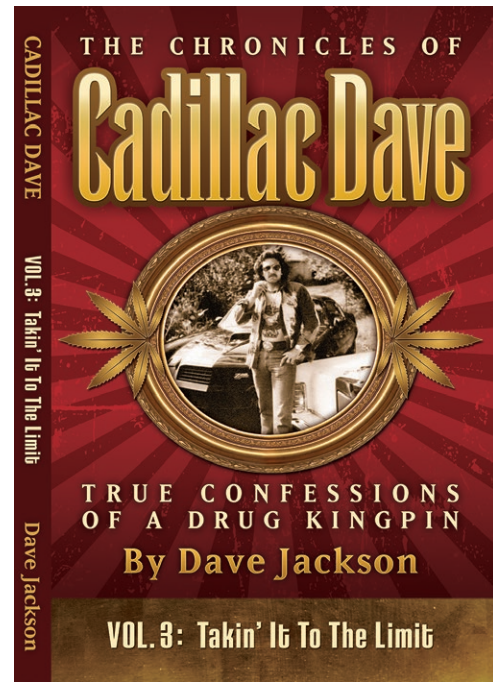
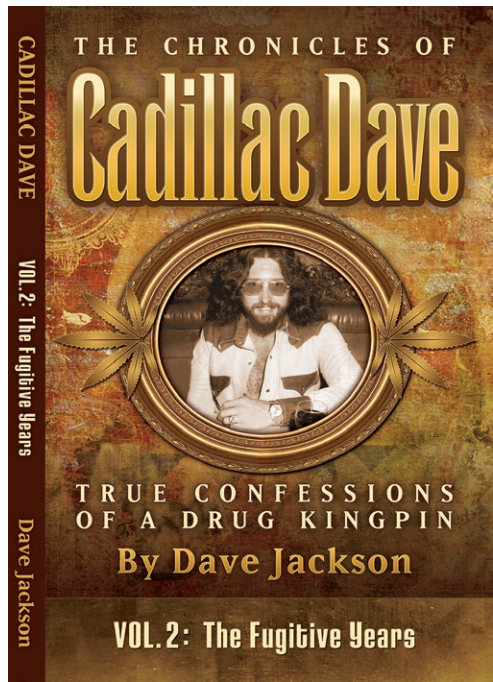


TRUE CONFESSIONS OF A DRUG KINGPIN

By Dave Jackson

VOL. 1: Rebel Child Running Wild

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Southwest Cruise

on Nevada 375, aka “Extraterrestrial Highway” on the maps. The road sign about 30 miles back had solemnly warned: Next Gas 160 Miles. I knew I would be cutting it close, but the die was already cast.

Road Trip Record, Part 5

By John Wheeler Jr.

Continued from last month

Traversing an untraveled California byway through the barren desert, I decided to blow out my trusty Softail Standard on some long straightaways. The factory-stock 88 cubic inch engine, which normally cruised effortlessly at a steady 70 miles per hour, had no trouble breaking 100 in no time flat. Somewhere between 105 and 110 I backed it off – mainly because with my load I didn’t want to risk going airborne when I crested one of the many rolling knolls – but I still had plenty of throttle left.

That surge of raw power produced a feeling of freedom that was exhilarating as I sped through vast empty spaces with nobody else around. I repeated the rapid acceleration ritual again and again, enjoying it more each time. Remembering the younger wilder days, when everything was fresh and new and all things were possible and the world belonged to me.

I crossed into Nevada on US 6 E and stopped for gas and food at a sprawling truck stop in Tonopah. At that juncture, I could have chosen US 95 S and reached Las Vegas that night. But the glittering decadence of Sin City no longer held the same irresistible allure for me that it had 40 years before. Tonight I had a different plan.

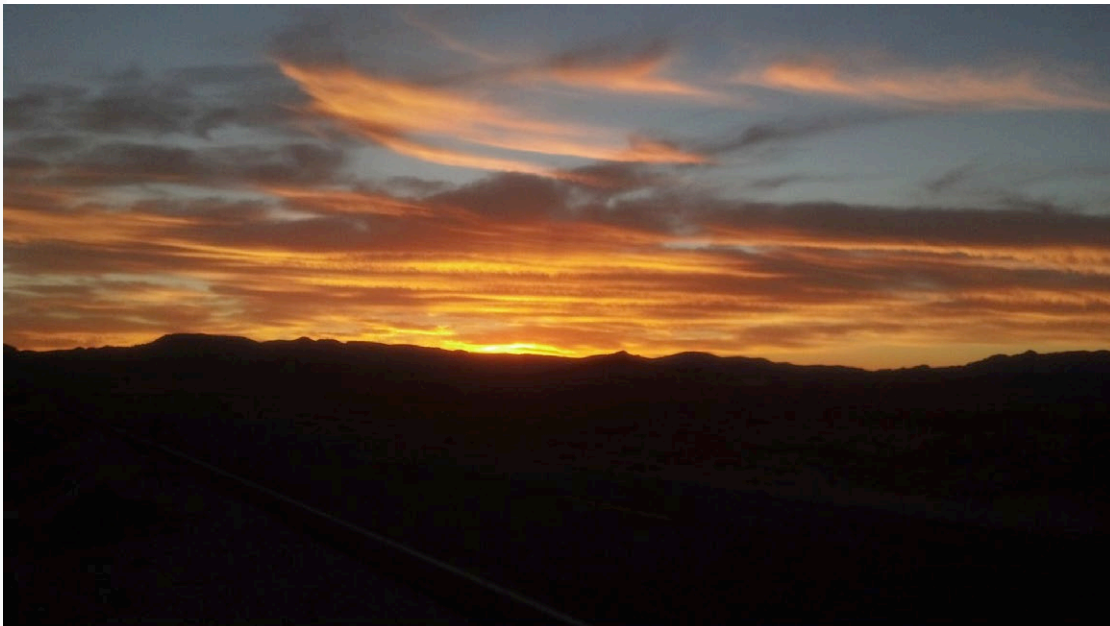
Continuing east on US 6 for roughly 50 more miles, I reached a junction called Warm Springs just before dark. The sun had already set behind me when I turned right



I was taking a 120-mile moonlight ride through Area 51 – minus the moonlight.

When I turned south on Extraterrestrial Highway, it was still dusk with limited visibility. Within a couple of minutes, I met a semi-truck coming north. That was the last vehicle I saw for 100 miles. For the first half hour I cruised blithely along at 65 to 70, which was the posted speed limit, enjoying the night air. For a little while I could see flat sagebrush plains sprawling on both sides of the narrow two-lane highway. It was a pleasant ride without the hot sun glaring in my eyes.

Then suddenly it was dark. Not just moderately dark, but a thick heavy blackness that settled around me like a cloak. No longer could I see anything beyond the short piercing beam of my headlight. Still, I wasn’t worried. There was nothing to see out here in the desert. I knew from my maps that all the land stretching off to my right belonged to some entity of the United States Government, military or otherwise. I have since learned that Area 51 enjoys the highest-level security classification, even higher than our nuclear warheads.



The expansive night sky was starry but the darkness was dense at ground level. Before I left home, I had spent \$50 to install an extra-bright halogen headlight bulb, and it was indeed brilliant; but my light was angled down so even the powerful high beam hit the ground not very far out in front. Thus my long-range visibility was severely impaired. (There's a profound and meaningful metaphor hidden in there, I am certain, but I won't try to expound upon it now.)

Before we go any further, let me stipulate up front that NO, my trusty Softail did not get teleported up to the hovering Mother Ship. Nor did I see any mutilated bloody cattle corpses. Nor was I personally abducted, bound and sexually abused by ETs – although I heard rumors of such shenanigans allegedly perpetrated by certain sexual predators at the Alien Cathouse over in Armagosa Valley.

But as for other Close Encounters . . . well, you can be the judge.

Periodically I would see a sign advising me that this was Open Range and warning me to be on the lookout for cattle. That meant that herds were allowed to graze freely on vast expanses of rangeland without fences. For the first few minutes of my night ride, I never saw a thing. As the darkness got blacker, though, I began to realize that driving the posted speed limit with such a limited sight distance possibly might be dangerous. I eased off the throttle a little, just to be on the safe side, and moved to the center of the road so I would have room to move either way.

It crossed my mind that maybe I should pray. So as I rode, I just casually uttered a quick invocation of divine protection. Nothing too formal. "Father, I thank you for keeping me safe on this trip so far. I cover myself with the precious Blood of Jesus and pray you give your angels charge over me to keep me safe the rest of the way. In Jesus' Name, Amen." That was about it. Short and to the point. The words had barely left my mouth when suddenly on the left shoulder of the

road a massive bovine presence appeared. The huge black steer was standing stock still on the edge of the road, looking directly at me, clearly about to step out onto the pavement. I was on top of it and then past it before I had any time to react at all. If it had been directly in front of me I would have hit it. No doubt about that.

Gratitude instantly flooded my heart. "Thank you, Jesus!" I exclaimed. What a coincidence that had happened right after I prayed. But then I didn't believe in coincidences. Not anymore. I decided that maybe it



would be prudent to slow down some more, so I eased on back to 55. I still couldn't see very far ahead, but I felt a little bit safer.

After riding a few more minutes, the thought came to me that maybe I should keep on praying. After all, the Apostle Paul had exhorted believers to pray without ceasing. What that verse had meant to me, for more than 30 years now, was not some elaborate religious ritual but rather just continually talking to God from my heart. So that's what I began to do. That conversation with God went on for another 15 minutes or so, as I rode through the darkness praying aloud under my breath.

Some might consider that an antiquated superstitious



ritual. I consider it an essential spiritual survival tactic.

Then another massive black steer appeared, dead ahead this time, standing broadside in the left lane with its front hooves planted on the centerline, its head cocked sideways to glare darkly at me as I approached. Clearly the beefy behemoth had been moving directly into my path . . . when the invisible protective force field flying in front of me had immobilized it and prevented it from trespassing any further into my airspace. I braked hard and swerved right, missing the 1,000-pound steer by maybe three feet. Too close for comfort for me.

That made two similar disasters averted within the space of an hour. I slowed down to 45 and kept riding. So far I had traveled maybe 70 miles through Area 51, and I had not seen any hint of human life. I knew there was supposed to be a small community coming up before long, but no sign of it yet. I continued to pray.

The next roadblock seemed to materialize instantaneously, blocking the left lane and lying across the centerline. I was right on top of it before I saw it and I swerved hard to the right, narrowly missing the looming obstacle. At first glance it looked like one of those long pieces of tire tread that detach from semi-trucks. But before my eyes it seemed to solidify into a thick, black, coiled pile, maybe 6 feet in diameter and about 3 feet high, lapped over into my lane. Dense and deadly, lurking in the dark. Then I was past it, and I wasn't about to turn around to check it out more closely. I kept on riding. Third time charmed?

Within minutes I saw lights on the right hand side of the road. A sign declared that I had entered Rachel, Nevada. The lights were affixed to some low, flat nondescript buildings that claimed the name Little A'Le'Inn. I slowed down but didn't enter the dusty unpaved parking lot. It was Saturday night and I wasn't feeling up for a party at the only open bar this side of Groom Lake.

About 100 yards past the driveway I pulled off the road, and with pliers and a small flashlight tried to adjust my headlight for more visibility, but to no avail. The bolt was seized tight and I could barely budge the light housing. A solitary semi-truck thundered by while I was stopped on the roadside. Then I was moving again, still praying under my breath.



Twenty minutes later I intersected US 93. My destination of choice was Caliente about 40 miles to the northeast, but my gas gauge was way below empty; I was just waiting for it to sputter so I could switch over to reserve. I turned right, hoping I could make it to Alamo 15 miles to the south. But after riding a mere three more miles, I suddenly came upon a brightly lit truck stop at a heretofore-unknown place called Ashe Spring. I had no clue it was going to be there but I was glad to see it.

I filled up the bike then parked it and went inside. It was almost 1 a.m. I bought hot coffee and a premade sandwich from the cooler and walked outside to eat it at the solitary picnic table. I noticed an outside wall outlet and plugged my almost dead cell phone in to charge while I ate. Then I leaned back against the wall in a plastic chair, just to rest my eyes a bit. I huddled there inside my leather jacket until dawn broke and the idling semis parked by the road started moving again. I brushed my teeth in the bathroom, drank some more coffee, and got back on the road.

At 9 a.m. on Sunday morning I crossed the state line into Utah. The road from there into Cedar City was flat and straight and sparsely traveled, and I made good time. More gas, new maps at the Visitors Center, and a country breakfast at a local diner crowded with church folks. Then I headed east through the red rock canyons, turning south onto US 89 toward Kanab, where I got more gas. Finally came the long haul into Arizona and down to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. I pulled into the parking lot at the Grand Canyon Lodge at 5:00 p.m. and parked. I hiked out to Bright Angel Point to take some pictures then bought more postcards for my kids at the General Store.



I had cleared Yosemite National Park the previous day and ridden across four states since. Now it was late Sunday afternoon on Labor Day Weekend, and there was not a vacant campsite inside the Grand Canyon Park. I ate cold leftovers from my breakfast at a picnic table overlooking the Canyon then rode out of the park as darkness fell. Back at the Jakob Lake intersection I got gas and ate a snack in the restaurant at the rustic lodge. I would have bought a room, but they were sold out, too. It was after 10 p.m. when their restaurant finally closed and I reluctantly pulled out of the parking lot. But I was too tired to go very far.

The surrounding land was all National Forest and therefore public access. So I took a dirt sidetrack, probably a logging road. I rode about 100 yards off the highway and parked under some tall pine trees. The ground was covered with a dense layer of soft pine needles. It didn't take long to set up my tent by the beam from my headlight. Then I stashed my food bag about 50 feet away in a tree, just in case of marauding bears, and crawled into my sleeping bag. I hadn't stretched out in something like 36 hours, and I was too tired to worry about anything else.

I awoke on Labor Day morning feeling a whole lot better. First I rode past isolated desert outposts nestled in the red rock Vermillion Cliffs and later past miles of makeshift roadside stands where Native American merchants were selling turquoise and silver jewelry and other souvenirs for tourists. I didn't stop to buy any of their wares. I turned onto US 160 E and followed it to Tuba City, where I ate a hearty breakfast at Denny's. Then I rode all afternoon through the hot barren desert that comprised the Navajo Nation Tribal



Lands.

It was a dreary and draining trek to the Four Corners Monument, that single geographical point where Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Utah converge – the only place in America where such a configuration of state boundary lines exists. This was the true Badlands of the Old West, a desolate territory haunted by the ghosts of outlaws and desperados, like I once had been, displaced in time.

I crossed the San Juan River into Colorado and rode on through Cortez. It was getting dark when I pulled into Mesa Verde National Park to camp for the night. The long holiday weekend was over so there were plenty of



campsites to choose from. Tuesday morning I rode into Durango, where I ate lunch at a barbecue restaurant and had my oil changed at the Harley Davidson dealership next door.

Continuing east on US 160 through the lush scenic valley at Pagosa Springs, in the late afternoon I finally arrived at the summit of the San Juan Mountains, where the Western Continental Divide intersects Wolf Creek Pass at 10,850 feet elevation. This was the specific spot that had caused me to take this particular route, a place fraught with deep personal significance for me – as anyone who has read the "Prologue" to *The Chronicles of Cadillac Dave* will immediately understand.

(Parenthetically, you don't even have to buy the books to read this account. Just go to the website www.cadillac-dave.com and click on the link for "Sample." You can read this part of the story absolutely free, if you are so inclined.)

Cruising down the long steep eastern slope into the valley below, the acrid smell of truckers' burning brakes hanging heavy in the air. Coffee and Whoppers at Burger King in Alamosa, then moving on, trying to make it into Walsenburg that night. Too far, too tired. So a cheap motel at Fort Garland, just \$45 a night, that's a good deal.

The next morning in the bright sunshine riding through the lower end of the Sangria de Christo Mountains, at one point I crossed a bridge over a creek with the same name. Sangria de Christo . . . the Blood of Christ. Seeing those precious words on that Colorado road sign brought tears to my eyes.

Continued Next Month - The Home Stretch

... IN ACTION





KTM 1190 ADVENTURE



RE



The 1190 Adventure R has the heart and soul of the original KTM Adventure - puristic, raw, sportily challenging for rider and machine. This is the “non plus ultra” for sporty offroad traveling. Alpine gravel passes, desert pistes mixed with dunes, bad roads at the end of the world - This is the perfect bike. In 2014 it was the first bike, serially equipped with Bosch’s MSC: Motorcycle Stability Control. MSC enhances the existing package consisting of lean-sensitive traction control and ABS featuring a combined braking function with a world first: the first ever lean-sensitive cornering ABS. Together with its sister model, the 1190 Adventure R has been turned into what is currently the world’s safest motorcycle - yet still with undiluted riding pleasure. Hence, the Adventure R is aimed at all those who take the term “adventure” even more literally. The 1190 Adventure R is without doubt the twin-cylinder enduro with the greatest offroad ability. Full stop.

TECHNICAL DETAILS

ENGINE

Design	2-cylinder, 4-stroke, spark-ignition engine, 75° V arrangement, liquid-cooled
Displacement	1,195 cm ³
Bore	105 mm
Stroke	69 mm
Performance	110 kW (148 hp)
Starting aid	Electric starter
Transmission	6-speed, claw shifted
Engine lubrication	Forced oil lubrication with 3 rotor pumps
Primary gear ratio	40:76
Secondary gear ratio	17:42
Cooling system	Liquid cooling system, continuous circulation of cooling liquid with water pump
Clutch	PASC™ anti-hopping clutch/ hydraulically operated
Ignition system	Contactless, controlled, fully electronic ignition system with digital ignition timing adjustment

CHASSIS

Frame	Tubular space frame made from chrome molybdenum steel, powder-coated
Forks	WP Suspension Up Side Down
Shock absorber	WP Suspension monoshock
Suspension travel Front	220 mm
Suspension travel Rear	220 mm
Brake system Front	2 x Brembo radially mounted four-piston brake calipers
Brake system Rear	Brembo fixed mounted two-piston brake calipers
Brake system	Bosch 9ME Combined-ABS
Brake discs - diameter Front	320 mm
Brake discs - diameter Rear	267 mm
Chain	5/8 x 5/16" X-Ring
Steering head angle	64°
Wheel base	1,580 mm
Ground clearance (unloaded)	250 mm
Seat height (unloaded)	890 mm
Total fuel tank capacity approx.	23 l Unleaded premium fuel (95 RON)
Weight without fuel approx.	217 kg
Maximum permissible total weight	440 kg

ABATE UPDATE

In February State Representative Timothy Hill and State Senator Joey Hensley working with CMT/ABATE filed House Bill 1102 and Senate Bill 1281 which would make lane splitting and lane filtering legal for motorcycles in Tennessee.

What is lane splitting-lane filtering.

Lane splitting is the practice and art of maneuvering your motorcycle between vehicles when traffic has slowed or stopped. Lane filtering is the practice of maneuvering your motorcycle to the front of the queue at traffic lights while traffic is stopped.

Lane splitting and lane filtering is a long accepted practice in Europe and Asia. In the United States, California is the only state where lane splitting is legally practiced and is endorsed by the California Highway Patrol. The question often asked is why would any government, foreign or domestic and law enforcement allow such a thing?

The reasons are:

It reduces traffic congestion. Allowing motorcycles to keep moving translates to one less vehicle in line taking up space. At traffic lights it translates to more vehicles getting through the intersection, because your not sitting behind another vehicle waiting to get through the same light. Most importantly, it reduces injuries and death of motorcyclist from rear end collisions wherever traffic is stopped. USDOT statistics show that 40 percent of all collisions are rear end accidents.

When California motorcycle rear end accidents are compared to Texas and Florida's, where number of riders and weather are comparable, California's rear end collision rate was 30 percent lower. That is huge! Think how many motorcyclists in those other states could have avoided accidents and injuries if they too had the freedom to navigate traffic like the riders in California.

In a study by Berkley University of California, sponsored by the California Highway Patrol and funded by The California Office of Traffic Safety, it concluded that lane splitting when done properly was no more dangerous than everyday riding. Here are some other interesting findings by the study Lane splitting riders were less likely to be rear ended by another vehicle. Lane splitting riders involved in crashes were notably less likely to suffer a head injury if they were flowing with traffic at 30 mph or less.

splitting. To view the complete guidelines log on to lanesplittingislegal.com

- 1) Travel at a speed that is no more than 10 mph faster than other traffic
- 2) It is not advisable to lane split when traffic flow is 30 mph or faster—danger increases as overall speed increases
- 3) Typically, it is safer to split between the #1 & #2 lanes than between other lanes
- 4) Consider the total environment in which you are splitting, including the width of the lanes, size of surrounding vehicles, as well road way, weather and lighting conditions.
- 5) Be alert and anticipate possible movements by other road users

The subject of lane splitting is controversial in the motorcycle community and to non-riders it appears dangerous. Having practiced it while riding in Europe I disagree with the view that it should be prohibited and the Berkley study and the comparison of the USDOT'S own statistics, as mentioned above, backs that up.

It is time for Tennessee to allow lane splitting. Traffic congestion in our cities is not getting less. On any given day and time the interstates in Tennessee are choked to the point that traffic can be backed up for miles. For those of you riding American air cooled motorcycles how does that bike work when its 95 degrees and you are having to sit there not moving for more than 30 minutes, yeah not toooo good.

Lane splitting isn't for everyone. Beginning riders should get some experience before attempting lane splitting.

Please note that CMT/ABATE is not asking that lane splitting be required only that it be permissible for those who choose to. I believe that when following CHP type guidelines lane splitting could be successful in Tennessee.

If you agree and want this bill to pass you will need to contact your state representative and state senator for their support.

Mark "Yog" Moore

Concerned Motorcyclist of Tennessee / American Bikers Active Toward Education
Tennessee Valley Charter Director
Charter meetings are held the 3rd Sunday of the month
Contact for meeting location : yogcmt@aol.com

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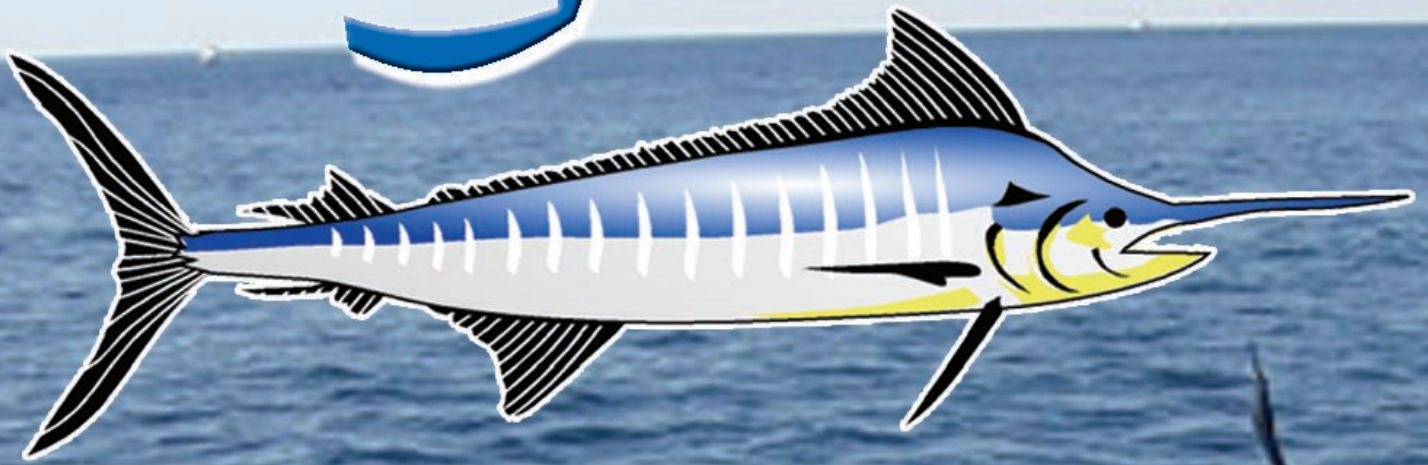
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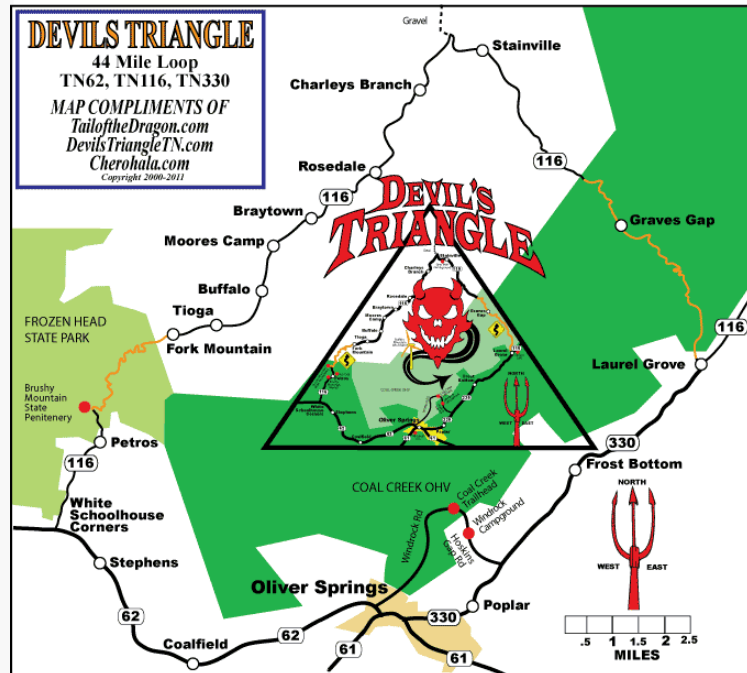
devilstriangletn.com

Another ride that has been getting the ol' interest up is Moonshiner 28. Its 103 miles that runs from the Tail of the Dragon to Walhalla, SC and is becoming one of those "must-do" rides. Moonshiner 28 was once a major roadway for bootleggers and people looking to run their 'shine. Although I haven't ridden it yet, stories of curvy roads like Dragon with much less traffic are VERY appealing. Beautiful mountain scenery with waterfalls and secluded lakes makes for some appealing details as well.

Well its almost that time. Warmer weather is right around the corner! For some, that means getting the bikes off of that trickle charger and out in the wind. (Not every one is cut out for those cold winter rides.) Although we don't keep ours on a trickle charger, the thoughts of getting out in the warmer air and riding down the highway are welcome. We've been doing a little thinking this winter about where we'd like to venture off to for a day. We say day, because we don't have large, comfy cruisers to pack full of luggage and carry a bunch of

Another good ride would be the Blue Ridge Parkway. Its 469 miles connects the Great Smoky Mountains National Park with the Shenandoah National Park. What's the big deal about that, one may ask? Spectacular mountain views and beautiful valleys, of course! Did I mention that and there's hardly any (if any at all) traffic lights? It's not a highway that you can break any speed records on, but its beauty and nature have been very well preserved.

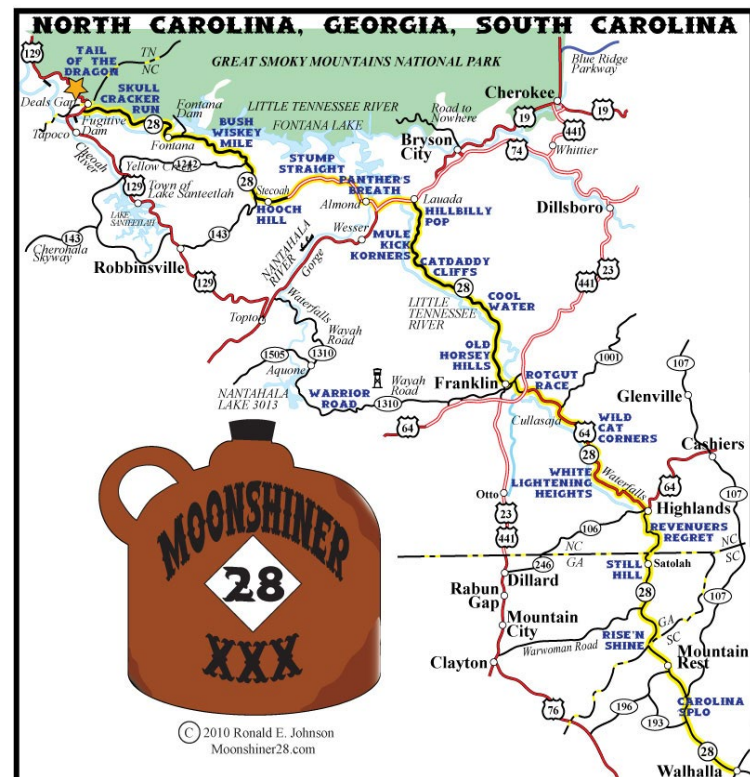
Who knows? Maybe one weekend, we Bailey's will get to make these rides a reality. They are all doable and close to home. A little planning and some (very) light packing and we may just make it happen. As always be safe and no matter what....make the most out of each ride. YOLO, so make it count!!



necessities.

Lately, we've really been into a lot of history. There's just so much of it that surrounds us. With history in mind, one of the places "D" and I would like to ride is the Devils Triangle through middle and east Tennessee. Although its not a long road per se, it isn't for the beginner rider. It's a 44 mile loop that takes you on some very tight twisties along some steep drop offs with no guard rails. Its all two lane highway and there are some rural areas but the sights are magnificent which include Brushy Mountain State Prison (which is nows closed.)

Along with the usual hazards from that area, such as logging and coal trucks, farm lands and natures awesomeness will let your mind rest when your through the fun of the Cumberlands. Check out www.



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A LOOK BACK

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Competitors race to turn one at the start of the third round of the AMA Supercross Series at Angel Stadium in Anaheim, California, USA on January 17th, 2015



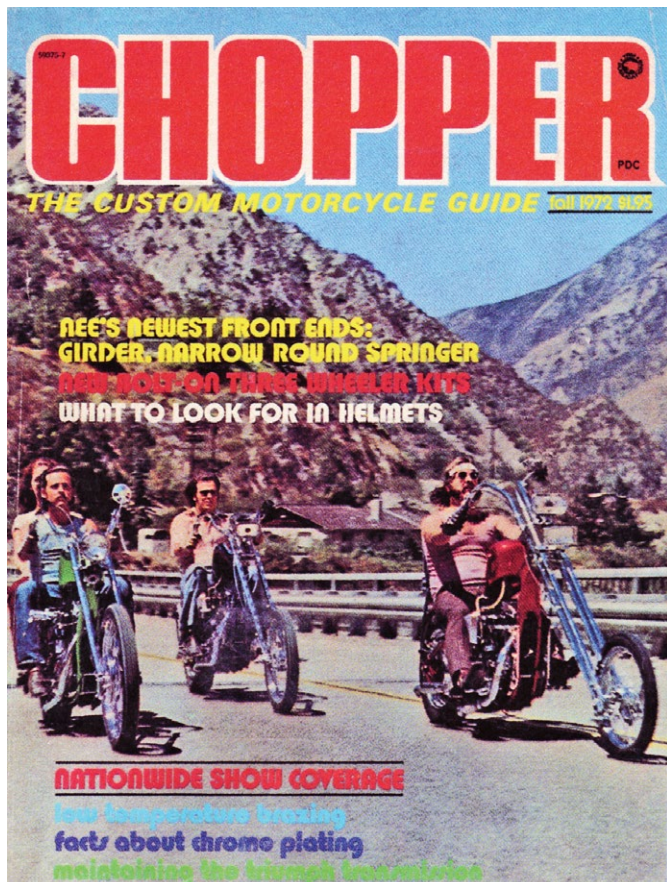
ONE OF OUR OWN

Legend Series

Tommy Cass



It was a chance meeting, one that took me completely by surprise. My wife Julie and I were heading to one of our favorite restaurants, the New York Grill in McMinnville, TN. We took Corridor J, headed up 111 past Dunlap and then took Hwy 8 toward McMinnville. As we were cruising, enjoying the scenery I noticed a new metal building on the left that was some kind of motorcycle shop. After we passed it I decided that I should turn around and leave a stack of Road Rash Magazines. You never know when you might sneak in an ad sale during a leisurely riding day. As you all must know by

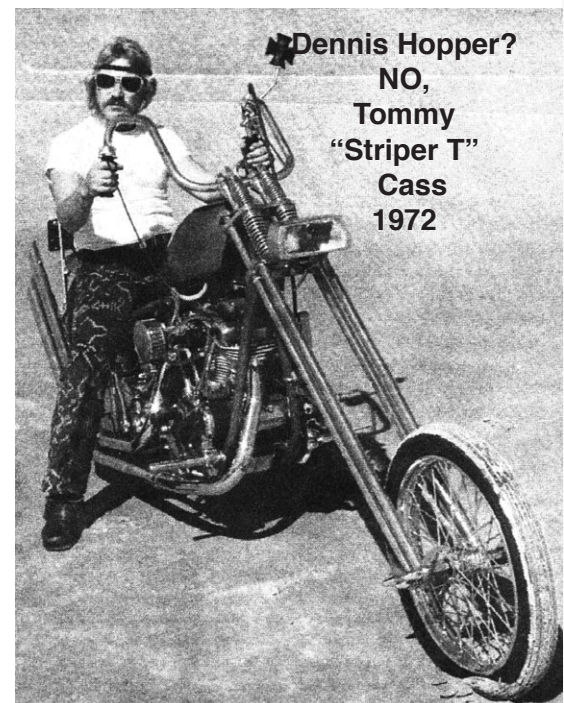
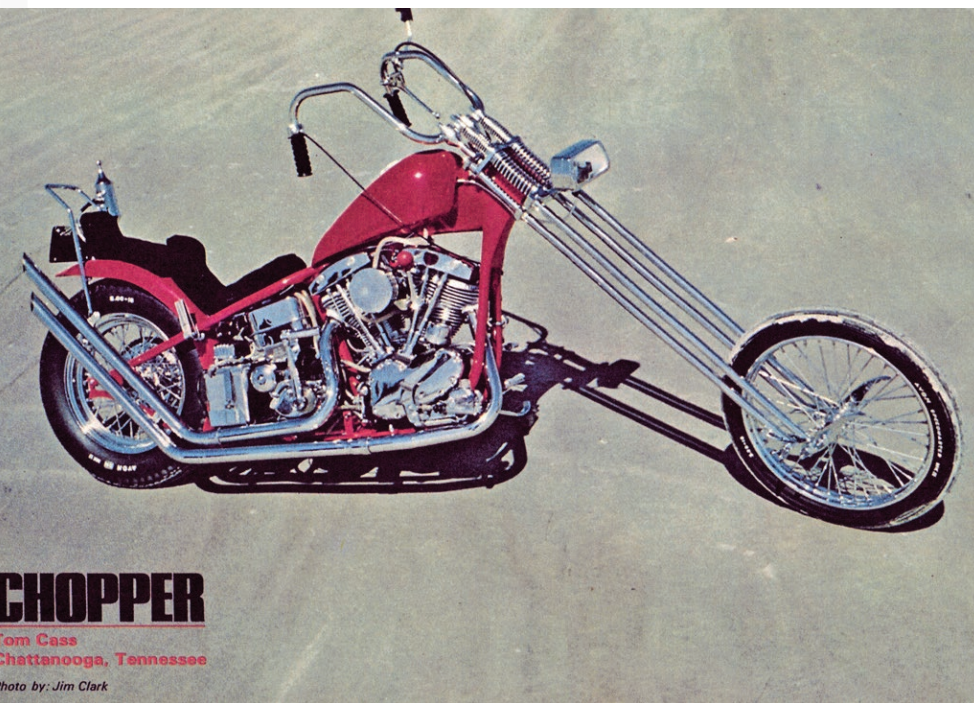


now, the Road Rash Crew is always working, mostly out of our tour packs on the back of our mobile offices. I pulled in and asked the guy if could I leave him some magazines. He looked kind of familiar under that baseball cap, and I asked "have you ever heard of Road Rash Magazine?" "Yeah, and I know you, he said" I was caught off guard as I tried to put the face, the area, and his voice together. Then he said "Ronnie, Tommy Cass" as he took his hat off. Suddenly it all started making sense to me. As I starting looking around, I saw the garage full of Ural motorcycles and the name on the building, Cyclorama. And I thought he had retired!

If you've ridden motorcycles over the last 35 plus years around Chattanooga you know the name Tommy Cass and Cyclorama. Now Tommy would never say this himself, but he is a monumental figure in the history of Chattanooga motorcycling. Tommy's bikes have appeared on the pages of more than one national chopper magazine and his shop Cyclorama has sold parts and accessories to thousands of bikers throughout the years.

Tommy started riding motorcycles in 1964 after purchasing a 1961 Triumph TR6. He purchased his first new motorcycle, a BSA Lightning, in 1966. At the time Tommy was a successful graphic artist working for Channel 9 then Vand-sco Posters. In the late 60's Tommy started doing custom pin striping on the side for Pate's Harley-David-





son and other motorcycle shops. In 1971 he quit his job and opened The Chop Shop with Terry "Super Weird" Rutherford at the intersection of Ashland Terrace and Hixson Pike. From that day forward, Tommy's life was motorcycles. It was during this period that Tommy built the "Tennessee Red Hog" from a mint 1967 Harley-Davidson FLH that he bought from the original owner for \$1,500. Later when the owner found out that his mint FLH had been chopped to pieces he freaked out and told Tommy that he would have never sold it to him if he knew he was going to cut it apart. Too late! A few months later Tommy was riding the "Red Hog" on the beach at Daytona Bike Week when a photographer from Choppers magazine spied the radical ride and asked if he could photograph it for the magazine. Little did Tommy know that the "Hog" would appear on the cover of Choppers Magazine in October of 1972.

Later that year The Chop Shop moved to Highway 153 behind Sport Cycle Center next to the final location of Pate's Harley-Davidson. In 1973 Tommy and Terry went their separate ways and Tommy opened Choparama on Hixson Pike. He operated at that location until 1977 when he moved to his final location on Hixson Pike at Lupton Drive. It was at this time that he changed the name to Cyclorama. Cyclorama sold parts and accessories and Tommy did minor repair work. In 2000 Tommy decided to become an authorized dealer for the Russian made Ural motorcycles. He helped finance this move by selling his last Harley-Davidson, a 1995 Bad Boy. This ended his 29 years as a HD owner.

After losing his wife to cancer, Tommy pulled up roots and moved to his present location on Cagle Mountain in 2005. His intention was to become a hermit and play motorcycles in the county. Tommy plays his way. He opens when he wants and closes when he wants. No strict schedule, no stress. Since there are only 50 Ural dealerships in the continental United States people

find him through the Ural website (www.imz-ural.com) or locally through his ad in Road Rash Magazine. Tommy feels that as the baby boomers get older there will be more and more demand for trikes and motors with sidecars. People that have ridden all their lives won't give up riding just because their legs cannot hold up a large motorcycle any more. They will try to keep their face in the wind any way they can. Since you can buy a Ural between \$9,000 - \$11,000, it puts them within most people's budgets. Tommy told me that riding a motorcycle with a sidecar is much different than a solo scoot, but it's not hard to master. The sidecar is a cozy ride for a passenger or a great place to carry most anything including your dog. Now 65, Tommy continues to do what he had done for the last 42 years. He rides, tinkers, and sells motorcycles, motorcycle parts, and accessories. I am proud to call Tommy Cass a friend. - Rock





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Yoga Rider

After coming out of a yoga class, I was inspired to go on a motorcycle ride to see if the same principles could be applied to an afternoon of riding. The principles today were pretty simple - set your intention. What is the purpose of your ride? What would you like to accomplish on this ride?

My intention was set - figure out why man, machine, and the open road have such an appeal to so many different walks of life. My destination was set and all that remains is the enjoyment of the ride and with any luck, some yogic insight.

My destination was a National Park in Tennessee with white water rafting tours throughout the river that flows along stretches of the road. I rode solo to better understand my quest.

Arriving at my destination I met a group of three riders taking a break. Naturally, I parked next to them. A very normal conversation started: what a great day for a ride . . . Where did you start your ride? Where did you eat? The usual questions. We spoke about other rides that were just as nice as the one that we were currently on. In this conversation we never exchanged names. It wasn't necessary.

As the conversation was coming to a close and we were preparing for our next adventure, a stranger at the other end of the parking lot attempted to start his bike; once, twice, three times, then on the fourth time it started. Our small group looked at each other throughout this event then one of us said "I feel better now. We all have places we want to go, but one of us was going to help him get that bike started. He wasn't going to stay here alone." Unknowingly, that statement

was the purpose of my ride; the people you meet along the way.

Every ride I have ever been on has been memorable because of the people I met on that ride; names don't need to be exchanged, just good stories and a good place to eat.

The yoga principle of intention setting caused me to realize I was to not only meet good people on the ride, but to be a good person for others. The energy you send out to the universe is the energy you will receive in return.

Come to think of it, I do remember the names of the group I met on this ride. Thank you brothers, and you too little sister. Stay safe, the world needs more people like you.

Dave Antrim



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7 SUPER CROSS

ARLINGTON, TX (2/14/15)

Monster Energy AMA Supercross, an FIM World Championship, hosted the seventh race of the 2015 season in front of 54,931 fans inside AT&T Stadium. It was a dominant night for Red Bull KTM, who not only grabbed the 450SX Class win with Ryan Dungey, his second of the year, but also the opening race of the Eastern Regional 250SX Class Championship with Marvin Musquin. Each rider led every lap of his respective Main Event, providing KTM with its third ever Main Event sweep in both classes.

Dungey led the field out of the gate in the 450SX Class Main Event to earn the SueprcrossLive.com Holeshot Award ahead of Monster Energy Kawasaki's Davi Millsaps and Discount Tire Racing/TwoTwo Motorsports' Josh Grant, who was quickly shuffled back. Dungey was quick to open a lead on the field ahead of Millsaps and Team Yoshimura

Suzuki's Blake Baggett, who moved into third, while Roczen was making his march to the front.

On Lap 1, Roczen passed Baggett for third and was quickly followed by Team Honda HRC's Trey Canard, who won the previous race. Millsaps then came under from Roczen, who was able to make the pass and move into second on Lap 5. On the following lap, Millsaps crashed out of the race, allowing Canard to take over third. While Roczen initially closed on Dungey, the margin eventually grew as the laps wore on and the top three remained unchanged through to the finish.

Dungey became the third different two-time winner this season, joining Roczen and Canard, and moved into a tie with Jean-Michel Bayle for 13th on the all-time 450SX Class wins list with 16.

"Wins are important. You're especially going to need them as we get towards

the end of the season," said Dungey. "We're doing the best we can each week, putting ourselves in a good spot and we need to keep doing that. I got a good start tonight and was able to ride my own race."

Dungey extended his lead in the 450SX Class standings to 12 points over Roczen, while Canard sits 23 points behind.

"It was tricky out there," said Roczen. "I got off to a decent start and made a small mistake early, but I'm happy with a second place. It's a long, hard season and the championship won't come easy."

ATLANTA, GA (2/21/15)

For the first time in the 2015 Monster Energy AMA Supercross, an FIM World Championship, Discount Tire Racing/TwoTwo Motorsports' Chad Reed won the 450SX Class Main Event at the Georgia Dome in front of 51,023 fans.

2015 SCHEDULE

MONSTER ENERGY SUPERCROSS FIM World Championship

- Jan 3 **Angel Stadium**
West Anaheim, CA
- Jan 10 **Chase Field**
West Phoenix, AZ
- Jan 17 **Angel Stadium**
West Anaheim, CA
- Jan 24 **O.co Coliseum**
West Oakland, CA
- Jan 31 **Angel Stadium**
West Anaheim, CA
- Feb 7 **Petco Park**
West San Diego, CA
- Feb 14 **AT&T Stadium**
East Arlington, TX
- Feb 21 **Georgia Dome**
East Atlanta, GA
- Feb 28 **Georgia Dome**
East Atlanta, GA

- Mar 7 **Daytona Intl. Speedway**
East Daytona, FL (West & East)
- Mar 14 **Lucas Oil Stadium**
East Indianapolis, IN
- Mar 21 **Ford Field**
East Detroit, MI
- Mar 28 **Edward Jones Dome**
East St. Louis, MO
- Apr 11 **NRG Stadium**
West Houston, TX
- Apr 18 **Levi's Stadium**
West Santa Clara, CA
- Apr 25 **MetLife Stadium**
East East Rutherford, NJ
- May 2 **Sam Boyd Stadium**
East/West Las Vegas, NV



Reed became the fifth different winner in eight races this season. Yamalube/Star Racing/Yamaha's Jeremy Martin won the second Eastern Regional 250SX Class Main Event of his career.

Reed earned the first SupercrossLive.com Holeshots Award of his 2015 season to begin the 450SX Class Main Event, and ultimately controlled all 20 laps of the race. Autotrader.com/Toyota/Yamaha teammates Phil Nicoletti and Weston Peick held down the second and third positions, respectively, on the opening lap. Dungey moved into third place on Lap 1.

Peick, who is competing in his second race since returning from an injury, moved into second place on Lap 1 but was passed by Dungey on Lap 5 and subsequently Team Honda HRC's Trey Canard. RCH/Soaring Eagle/Jimmy John's/Factory Suzuki's Ken Roczen, who came into tonight's race in second place in season standings, crashed on Lap 4, remounting near last place.

"Being on the podium is important," said Dungey. "Consistency is key, and I say it all of the time. We will keep plugging away and look for the win next week here."

It has been 11 years since Reed won his last Main Event at the Georgia

Dome, and he has gone a record 11 seasons with a win.

"It has been a long year for me," said Reed. "I always say you have to give yourself a good start to give yourself a shot at the win, and that is what I did tonight. I am excited to come back here next weekend and race for a win."

Dungey extended his points lead to 25, and Canard moved into second place in season standings past Roczen, who finished 18th tonight.

With the win tonight, Reed has control of the Duel in the Dome, the inaugural race that awards the rider with the most points at the two Atlanta events with a commemorative trophy.

Rockstar Energy/Husqvarna/Factory Racing's Martin Davalos, who finished ninth last weekend, jumped out to an early lead in the Eastern Regional 250SX Class Main Event with the SupercrossLive.com Holeshots Award. Defending champion Justin Bogle put his GEICO Honda bike in second place on the opening lap. Last weekend's winner Marvin Musquin started in fifth place and by Lap 3, he was in third place.

Martin assumed the fourth position on Lap 2, and set his sights on the lead. Near the halfway point of the race, a three-way battle ensued between

Bogle, Musquin and Martin, who ran second, third and fourth, respectively. On Lap 8, Musquin was unable to jump the triple, which allowed Martin to pass him for third place.

Bogle moved into the lead on Lap 9, and on the same lap, Martin and Musquin passed Davalos for second and third, respectively. Martin made his move on Bogle for the lead on Lap 13 and rode to victory. Musquin also advanced past Bogle on Lap 13 for second place.

"I went down in my Heat Race tonight, so I am glad to have bounced back and landed on the podium tonight," said Musquin. "I am glad to be able to come back here next weekend with the points lead."

Musquin has a four point lead over Martin in season standings.

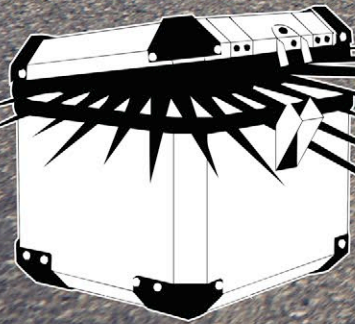
"What a great night for me and my team," said Martin. "That was an amazing, crazy race, and I am looking forward to coming back here next weekend."

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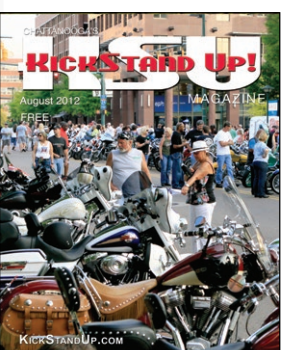
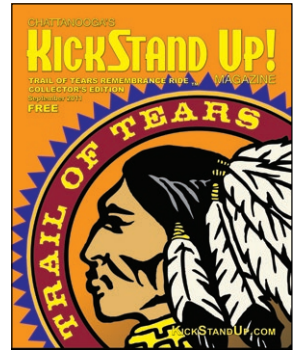
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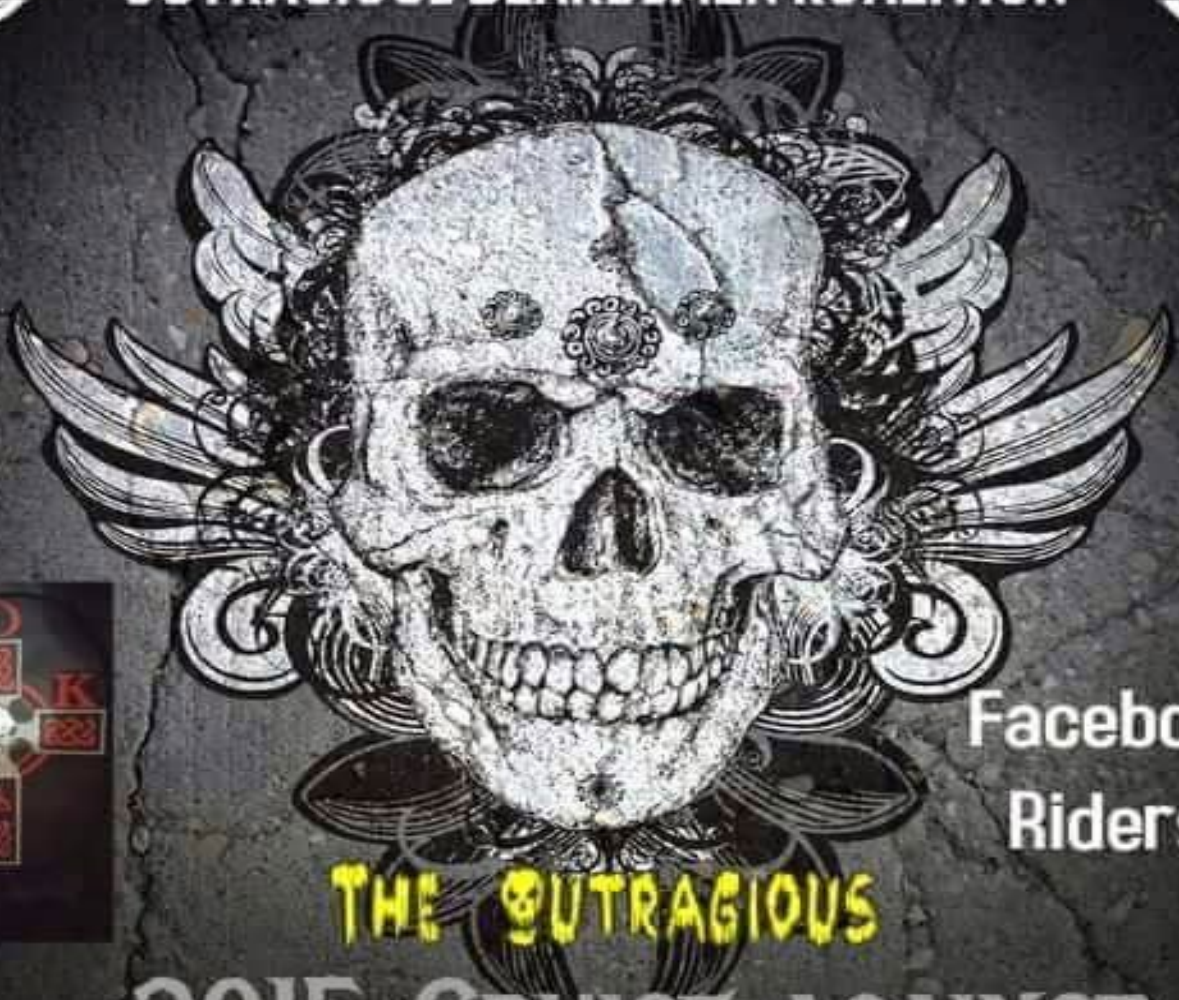
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Lowdown

Valentino Rossi took advantage of a new seamless shift gearbox on his Movistar Yamaha YZF-M1 to finish top at the Sepang 2 test after day 1.

Movistar Yamaha had a new seamless shift gearbox to put through its paces, although they would not confirm if it worked on both up and down shifts yet, simply saying it was an “evolution” of the gearbox they had used in the previous test. Whatever they did, it appeared to work, as Rossi finished the day 0.129 ahead of the Repsol Honda of Dani Pedrosa.

Both Repsol Honda riders spent Sepang 1 choosing which bike they wanted to develop during this test, but it was Pedrosa who adapted best to the tricky conditions to finish 2nd, over half a second faster than his teammate Marquez.

Pol Espargaro was 0.462s behind Rossi on the first of the Yamaha Tech 3's after fine tuning the YZF-M1's electronics package today, and 0.179s ahead of his brother Aleix Espargaro, who put in an incredible performance on his

Team Suzuki GSX-RR to end up in 4th with a 2'.01.055.

After the last test in Sepang, Suzuki went back to Japan and spent extensive time in the wind tunnel developing a new fairing and also some engine updates to try and coax more power from the GSX-RR, an effort that was clearly paying off. Espargaro's rookie team mate Maverick Viñales showed how quickly he was adapting to the premier class by setting the 9th fastest time of the day, with a lap just 0.9s down on Rossi.

It was a frustrating day for two of the title favourites as Jorge Lorenzo, even with his new gearbox, could only post a lap 7 tenths off the leading pace. Despite this, Lin Jarvis and the Yamaha team will still be happy as he was quicker than the current World Champion Marc Marquez, who could only manage a best of 2'01.190 which was only good enough for 6th place.

Cal Crutchlow showed signs that he was starting to get to grips with the more aggressive riding style he says is needed on the CWM-LCR Honda RC213V, with the Brit managing to post the 7th fastest lap of the day, only 8 tenths off the top

spot. Bradley Smith continued his recovery from injury to finish just two hundredths behind Crutchlow on the Monster Yamaha Tech 3 YZF-M1 in 8th.

Ducati finally unveiled the much anticipated GP15 here at Sepang, a bike which they hope will get them back challenging for the title. It is smaller than the GP14.3 they rode here last month, and they have changed the engine position to try and improve the bikes well known problem with understeer. With Dovizioso and Iannone both riding the new bike back to back with the old bike to allow their teams to collect data, they were not focusing on lap times but still managed to take 10th and 15th respectively, and will be encouraged by the start they have made with their new machine which is the first to have its design completely overseen by team boss Luigi Dall'Igna.

Scott Redding will be pleased with his days work, finishing 11th after adapting his riding style to get the most out of the Estrella Galicia 0,0 Marc VDS Racing Honda, just over a second slower than Rossi.









It was a mixed day for the Aprilia Racing Team Gresini with Alvaro Bautista finishing in a promising 12th just 1.3 seconds off the leaders, but his team mate Marco Melandri just could not get going and ended the day last in 27th place.

Elsewhere Hector Barbera was the top Open class rider on his Avintia Ducati in 13th, while Jack Miller is still struggling to get used to his CWM LCR Honda RC213V-RS and could not get under the 2'03 mark, leaving him in 22nd place.



2015 CALENDAR

2015 Season

 Qatar	29 Mar
 Americas	12 Apr
 Argentina	19 Apr
 Spain	03 May
 France	17 May
 Italy	31 May
 Catalunya	14 Jun
 Netherlands	27 Jun
 Germany	12 Jul
 Indianapolis	09 Aug
 Czech Republic	16 Aug
 Britain	30 Aug
 San Marino	13 Sep
 Aragon	27 Sep
 Japan	11 Oct
 Australia	18 Oct
 Malaysia	25 Oct
 Valencia	08 Nov



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members to pass a club administered riding test. If a Safety Officer or Ride Captain does not feel you are conforming to the rules set, He can move you to the back of the group or simply tell you to go home.

RC – While most Riding Clubs have a Safety Officer, the power to enforce is not there.

REQUIREMENTS

MC – While there are social rides and open rides there are also Patchholder rides where members are required to ride.

RC – Ride if you want. Don't ride if you don't want.

Hopefully I have answered a few questions for you. Secondly and Finally I want to touch on a term that can get you a black eye in the motorcycle community quicker than any other word.

“BROTHER / SISTER”

Just what truly is brotherhood?

There are Brothers in Christ. Brothers in Masonic temples. Brothers in several organizations. Elite military units commonly form a brotherhood among the members of squads. Navy Seals for example, are more than the sum of their individuals. They become more than just a team. They become brothers, totally committed to one another up to and including giving their lives for one another if necessary. Men that have shared combat together have formed such close relationships as to call each other brother. While these are no less committed than any other Brotherhoods, when it comes to the motorcycle world, there is also a very strong bond among those that call themselves Brothers.

What is a Brother in the MC world?

Once you've gone through the hangaround period, the members of the Club have viewed your behavior, your attitude, your dedication, trust and loyalty, to be there. If you've actually completed this period, then you may be asked to become a prospect. During this time you are put under a much more intense review. You and the other members of the club find out if you are suited to be a part of the club and if you can accept the other members as Brothers just as much as if they can accept you and call you Brother. Can you dedicate yourself to the others as close as you would your own flesh and blood? Many times it is an even closer commitment than family. The person that you call Brother becomes family as a part of his as well as you being a part of theirs. A common phrase used in MC circles is "I am my Brother's keeper". This means you will support him and help him any way you can, sometimes to the point of selling your bike to help him, quitting your job to go help

Rider Classifications

Somebody has to clear this up.....

So it seems like these days if someone goes out and buys a bike, a leather vest, and some chaps they are automatically a “badass” biker.

People love riding for the simple enjoyment of it. Some people choose to take further steps by joining either a Riding Club (RC) or a Motorcycle Club (MC). My goal with this article is to clear up the difference between the two; and there are some huge differences. I will also cover the most overused and degrading term in the motorcycle world, unless you have of course earned the right to use it. First let's examine the differences between the two different kinds of organizations.

MEMBERSHIP

MC – To join an MC you must Prospect the club first. This is achieved by hanging around the club functions that you are allowed at and getting to know everyone you can. Once a likeness is formed they will ask you to Prospect and this is the time for the club to decide if they want you or not.

RC – Go online register, and buy a patch

PATCHES AND COLORS

MC – Every part of every cut that a member wears has a meaning. Learn these meanings as they are rather important. Show respect to all patchholders of all MC's as they have earned that patch.

RC – In Riding Clubs neither the members of the club nor the officers earn their patches. The patch has no meaning except that it indicates you belong to a club that you signed up for and associate with.

MOTORCYCLE BRAND

MC – Most require an American made motorcycle but that rule is starting to become more relaxed.

RC – Ride whatever you want

RIDE SAFETY

MC – Most clubs are very strict and will actually require

him and, in some cases, Brothers have even done things that they already know could get them put in jail because they were willing to take that step to help a Brother out.

With all that commitment, it's also that you would not ask a Brother to do something drastic without very good cause. Brothers may disagree, but they will always respect one another and treat each other with respect.

Please take note that if you haven't had any experience being around some of the more serious MC's (1%, support clubs, etc.), they take the word "Brother, or Bro" very serious, and they'll only use the word as a show of respect towards their own club, their members, and any club who they've also bestowed that word upon.

And if a club overhears someone throwing around the word lightly within their midst, it could cause them to aggressively educate those whom they felt disrespected them by abusing the word.

Next time you feel the need to call someone Brother or Bro, just what is behind it? Commitment or just trying to sound cool?

Nathan "Squirrel" Fraizer

nathan@kickstandup.com

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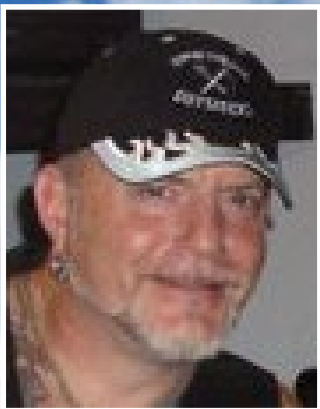
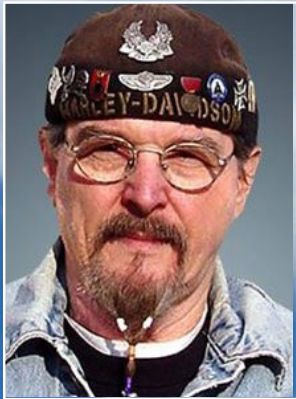
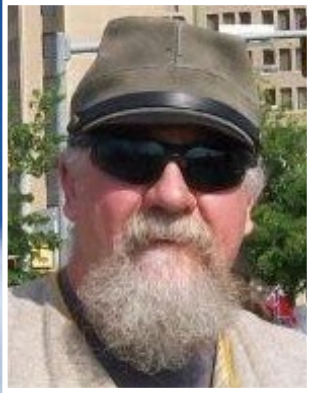
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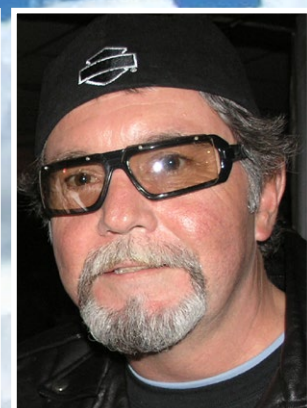
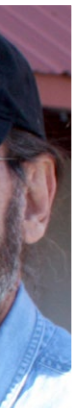
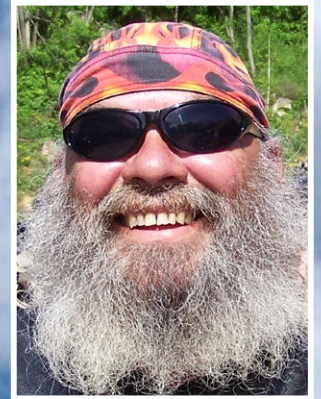
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