

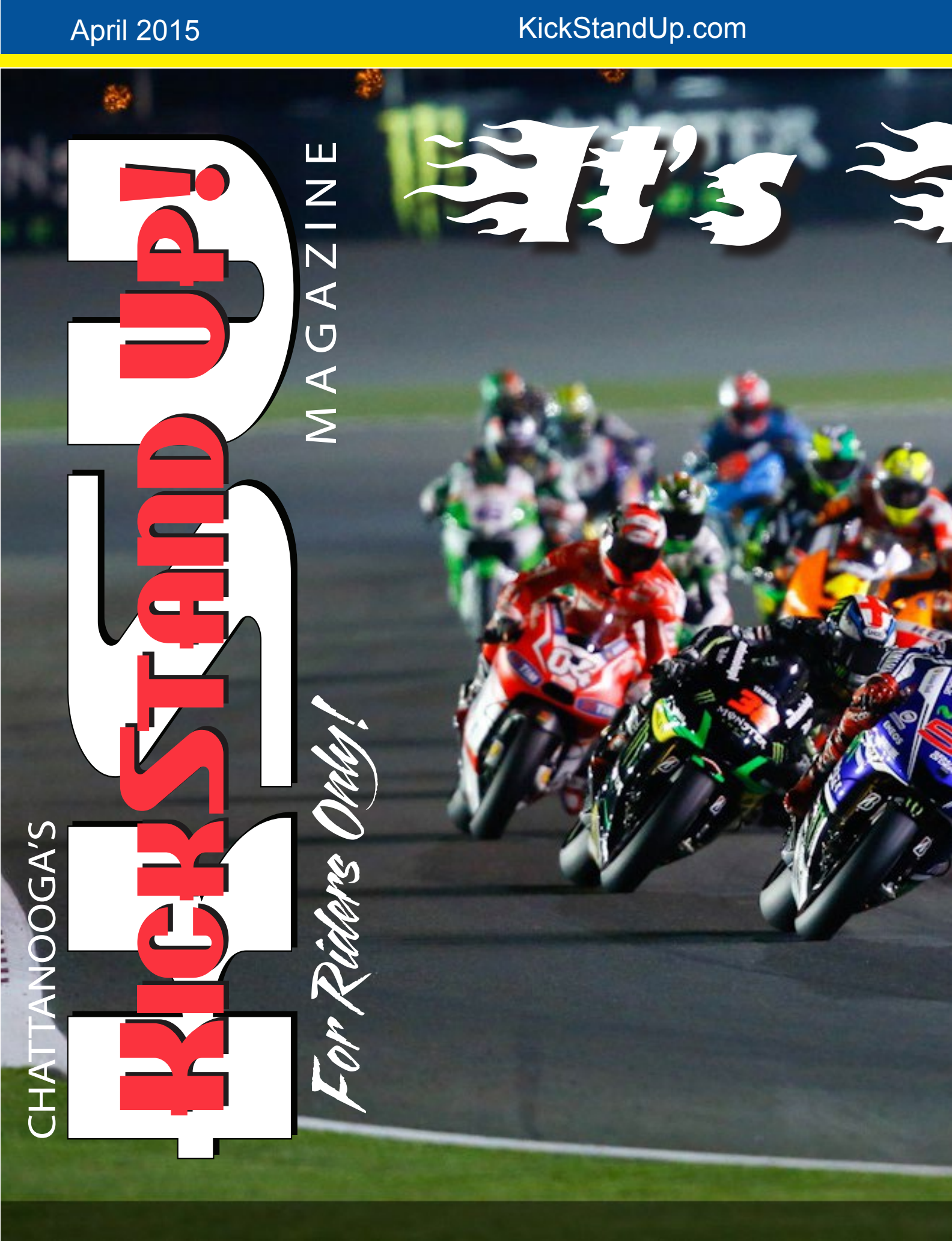
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KICKSTAND UP!

MAGAZINE

For Riders Only!

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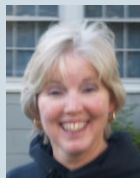
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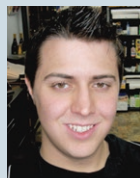
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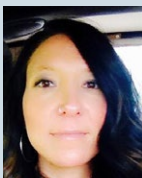
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PLEASE NOTE:

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**For more info read
my Editorial - Rock**



Greg "Troutrider" Tiry
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April 2015
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FROM THE EDITOR

Hello Riders,

We have some big, exciting changes starting in May. I am simply amazed at the digital world we live in and how fast data is recieved through our phones, tablets, and computers. The fact is that over 35% of people read our magazine on their smart phones with an equal amount being tablet and computer.

These facts got me to thinking. I have been publishing magazines since 2006. The first magazine that I was responsible for publishing was the March 2006 issue Road Rash Magazine. KickStand Up! Magazine started publishing in December of 2010 and has continued either in print or digitally until today.

One thing always bothered me about publishing a monthly magazine. That was the fact that the news was always late. It was impossible to give people real time news because we published monthly. In today's world people are used to getting their information continuously.

Then I had a brainstorm. Why not, instead of publishing monthly, start doing it on a day to day basis and give the readers a chance to interact or comment on articles, photos, etc in real time. It didn't take me long to realize that a combination of Facebook, our web site (kickstandup.com), and a email newsletter could accomplish this.

So, what does all this mean? What it means is that this will be the last online issue of KSU as you have been used to reading for the past 16 months. The last issue of somewhat outdated photos and news. What will be happening over the next few months and years will be the development of an interactive daily experience.

This experience will feature event photos just a few days after they are taken instead of waiting until the next monthly issue. Our writers will be contributing at various times during the month and you the readers are asked to contribute too. This is not a commercial venture. It is a commnity service for our area motorcycle riders to keep in touch and be made aware of upcoming events.

We are excited about this leap into something new and we are looking forward to developing this into an interactive magazine that everyone that loves motorcycling will enjoy. We will continue sending our monthly alert to our subscribers, but we hope that you all become accustomed to checking us out daily at kickstandup.com or visiting us on Facebook and interacting directly at facebook.com/kickstandup.

Ride Safe and Ride Fast,

Rock

rock@kickstandup.com

KSU VIEWING TIPS

On Your Computer:

Some readers will want to dowload 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.

On Your Smartphone:

Open your browser and type in kickstandup.com

Click the mag cover on our homepage.

On the iPhone you can click the box with the up arrow on the navagation 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.

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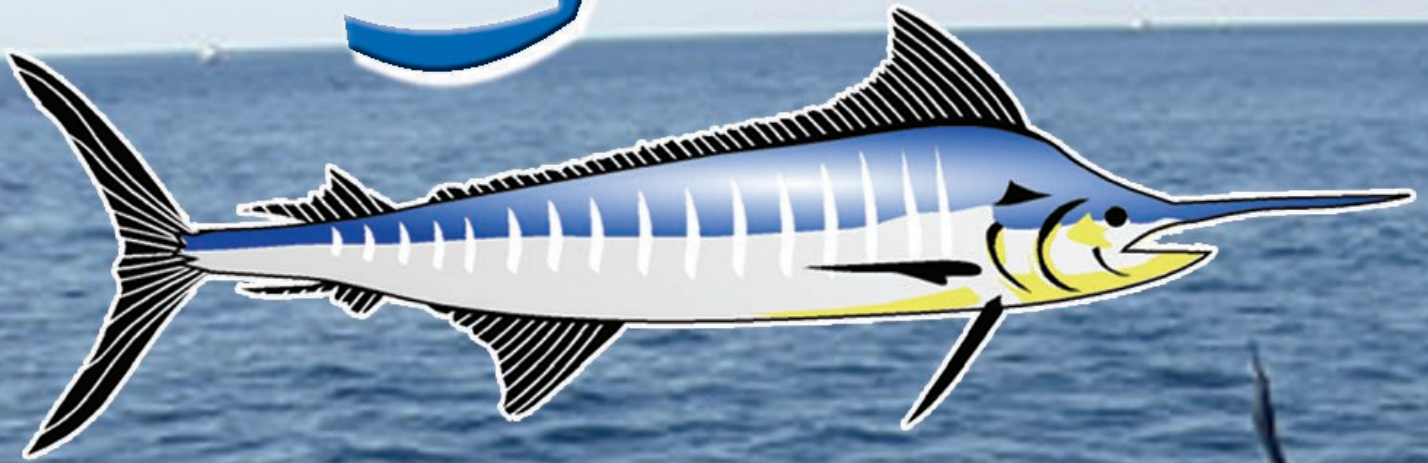
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.. *IN ACTION*

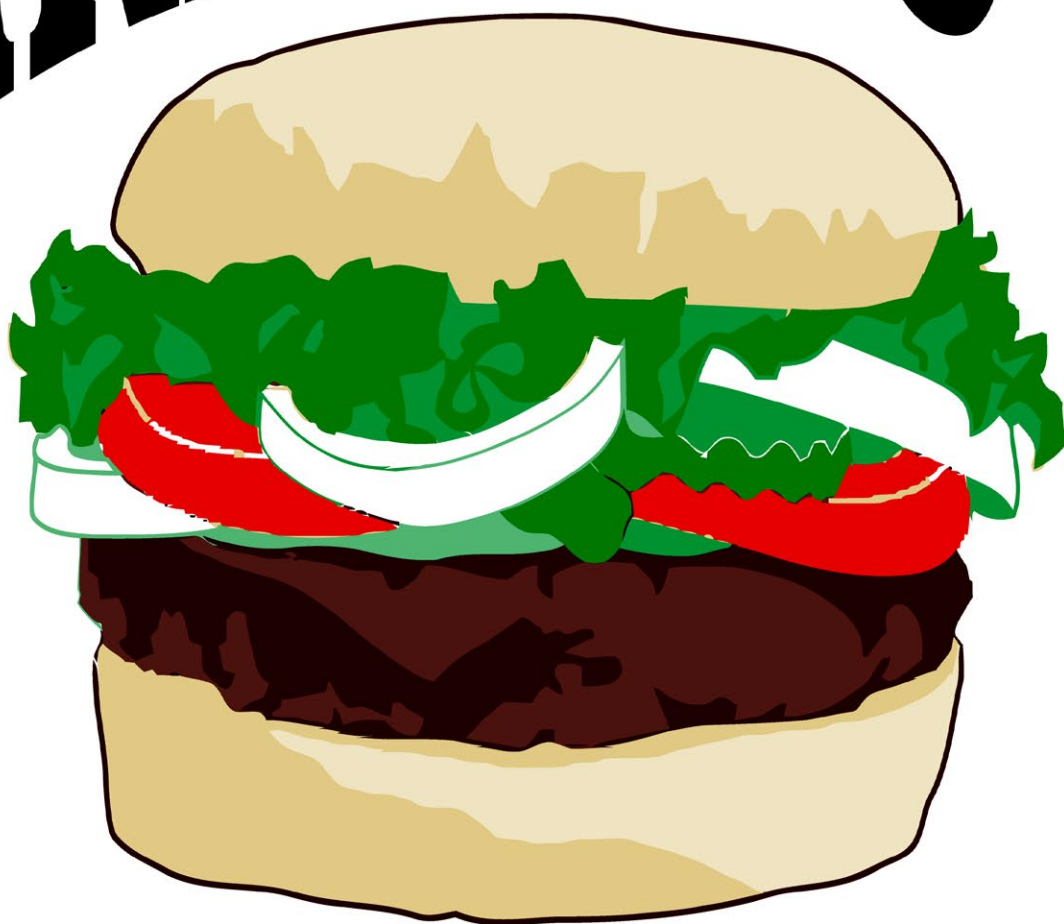


America's own Nicky Hayden puts his machine through it's paces at the MotoGP Sepang test.



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A Wing . . . and a Prayer

by Gary Boyd

I am on Facebook quite a bit. I am the official Chaplain for the Facebook Riders. Which is funny because it is an unofficial group of 1600 plus who love motorcycles. We have no patch, no meetings, no secret handshakes or even a clubhouse. We do get together for dinner and we ride a lot.

We ride a lot more than the Sons of Anarchy. That's because we are actually real people. And we don't smuggle guns or drugs. Nothing to see here. And the only thing that will get you kicked out of Facebook Riders is actually wearing anything with Sons of Anarchy on it. I am actually thinking of changing the name to Sons of Malarkey, but I'm sure someone would think I was serious. Sometimes there is a lot of Malarkey. Malarkey is by definition insincere or foolish talk. And we do a lot of that. In fact we have an awful lot of fun. And we have our share of drama. Drama is life. Where you have people, you have drama. And with Facebook I have learned 10 valuable lessons.

- 10. Everyone is perfect: It's true. Why would you doubt the Christmas card type life that is portrayed on some pages.
- 9. Everybody believes that no matter what they post, they aren't the ones causing drama.
- 8. I'm just a poser. Even though I ride year round and have over 800,000 miles on motorcycles and have ridden all my life, I'm not a true Biker because I don't wear a three piece patch and I don't post pictures of what a true "biker" really is or hold up my middle finger every time my picture is

taken. (I also will not like or comment on pictures where the middle finger is displayed. And if I take your picture and you put it up, I will not post the picture.)

- 7. You are not a real biker unless you ride a certain brand. Yeah, guess which one.
- 6. Christians are free to use whatever language they want to. The same person who will throw up scripture after scripture will think nothing of throwing up obscenity laced tirades.
- 5. You can only be a Christian if you type amen and or share.
- 4. People will post something and wonder why someone messaged them with inappropriate messages. Really?
- 3. Everyone is a tough guy.
- 2. Everyone else has the best marriage.
- 1. The pictures don't always match the person.

Facebook is neither evil or pure. It is a tool. And it can be a whole lot of fun. At least that's how I see it. Now I have to go and update my profile pic. I've got a great one from 1982 when I was skinny.

On Saturday April 18, there is going to be a charity ride.
Great.
I'm sure you are thinking that is exactly what we need. Yet another charity ride. Every weekend it seems, we are torn

between multiple rides that are for good causes.

This ride is to help bring awareness to child abuse. I don't know how anyone could abuse a child yet I know that it happens. It happens to often and it happens right here.

Like you, my skin crawls when I hear of this and I must admit that I cannot look when pictures of children who have been abused are posted.

So my friend, Leland Lynch, and The Outrageous Beardsmen Coalition are putting on a ride to benefit the Northwest Georgia Family Crisis Center. The center serves three counties, Murray, Gordon and Whitfield County. It is there to help victims of abuse get shelter, legal help and safety. It is there to help any victims of abuse. This ride will begin at Mountain Creek Harley Davidson with registration at 11:00 and we will leave at 12:00.

We will ride to The Depot in Dalton and there we will have a lunch provided for us. There will be T shirts and door prizes and lots of fun. But the main fun comes from people being together and coming together for a very good cause. This is something that we can all get behind.

Matthew 18:10 ESV

"See that you do not despise one of these little ones. For I tell you that in heaven their angels always see the face of my Father who is in heaven."

Lord, I pray that we will come together to raise awareness of this horrific problem. I pray that You will draw us to this ride and to help protect these little ones. In Jesus Name.

Jim Olivers

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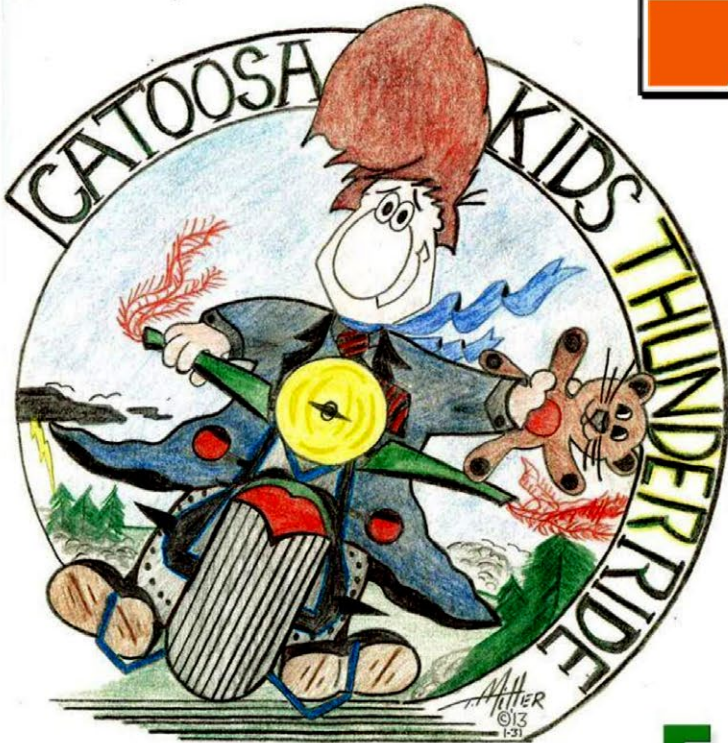


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APRIL 25, 2015



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9:00 – 10:00 Registration
10:15 Kickstands Up!
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3

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Includes Lunch, Photo on Your Ride, 3 Poker Hands, Ride Pin (*First 100 to register!) & Door Prize Ticket.



Frank Pate Photography

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photos by: Gregory Cook, Frank Pate, John Sellers,
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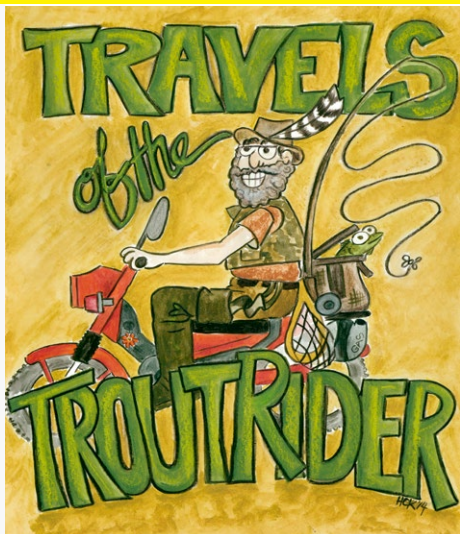
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VIEW ALL
PHOTOS





Grandpa

I was walking through the garage today and glanced at my old Moto Guzzi. It's cold outside and the old girl is hibernating with Stabil in the tank. When I ride in the winter I usually pick a bike with a battery harness for the heated gear. I went electric over 15 years ago and am not a bit ashamed. A warm and comfy rider is a safe rider.

Looking at the old Guzzi got me to thinking about my Grandpa. Today there is a segment of riders known as "Adventure Riders". There are numerous web forums that cater to this group as well as many adventure models from most of the bigger motorcycle manufacturers. In the early 1900's anyone who slung a leg over a motorcycle was a true adventure rider. Few roads were paved and that depended on where you were in this great country of ours.

My Grandpa and his brother grew up in the Tuscumbia/Muscle Shoals area of northwest Alabama. They took a lot of rides together and had quite a few adventures. I was fortunate that some relatives sat down with him with a tape recorder several times in the late 70's and early 80's and just let him tell old stories. I think it is fitting to share them so that people can try to get a feel of what it must have been like to ride after the turn of the Century. I have included the one picture I have of them on their bikes. I will let him tell this story as he told it many years ago:

"Andy bought a new Yale motorcycle. It had a V shaped motor set in the

frame. I had a chance to buy a second hand Ray Cycle that was direct drive with no clutch. I had to start it on the centerstand and then push it off after it warmed up a little. When I got on a rough and rutted road I couldn't throttle it down very quickly. Usually when I shut the throttle off it would stop, but sometimes it didn't. If it didn't I had to look for something to run it into. I parked it in the basement and the brick wall would sometimes stop me if nothing else did. I rode that for a while and eventually found a Yale like Andy's and bought it. I got caught out after dark once and hit a cow on the way home. After that I bought a carbide headlight. It had a little valve where I could turn on just a little water. It had a water tank above it and the carbide below. I would turn the water on just a little and it turned into a gas so I could light it. If I ran out of water the light would go off. As long as I kept plenty of water and plenty of carbide the light was pretty good.

Back in 1915 there were 25 or 30 boys around the area who were riding motorcycles. We started taking trips



together. One summer we decided to take a ride to luka, Mississipi where they had a big Hotel with a buffet style dining room. There weren't many roads around back then and the few around were pretty rough and rutted. At the state line hill the road took a turn off into the woods on a big sandy hill. Words can hardly describe the scene as all of us ended up over the bars or straight down into the sand. We finally made it into luka where people had come in on the train from all over to drink from the mineral springs. We ate big and some of us had our picture made in front of the hotel.

It started raining before we finished eating so we hung around the Hotel until it slacked up. It started back up around the state line as we were heading home. At least the rain made the sand more solid as we passed through it. We got to Bear Creek only to find all the branches rain swollen and no bridges across. Since I was in front I decided to hit the creek pretty fast so that if the motor died I would be close to the other side and could push it the rest of the way. Unknown to me the water had washed a rock the size of a washtub into the middle of the road. I hit that rock pretty fast and took a nosedive over the bars. I waded back and found the bike and pushed it up on the shore. I set it up on the tandem(centerstand) to crank it. I noticed something dripping off and thought it was water. I kicked the pedal and it fired off a blaze about 30 feet high.

I ran behind a tree as I remembered all that I had heard about gas blowing up. Andy came up and pushed it back into the creek to douse the flames. Of course it burned off the wires and was not going to start. An old man lived about a quarter mile down the road so I pushed it there and got his permission to leave it until the next day when I would come back to get it.

I got on Andy's mudguard and rode to Cherokee where I would wait on the next train while the others rode the rest of the way home. I left early the next morning with a pair of horses hooked up to the wagon and drove back to get the bike. I got home about 10 o'clock that night. It looked pretty bad but a fellow in Sheffield rewired and repainted it and it looked like new. A boy at the foundry offered me \$125 for it and I sold it."

Now if those guys weren't the epitome of Adventure Riders I don't know what is. Their riding gear was more about looking Fly than actually protecting them from the elements. We should all be so hardy.

Greg Tirey

troutrider@kickstandup.com

Saturday, May 9, 2015

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The First Annual Spring "RIDE FOR THE KIDS"

Fees, include Lunch, served at completion of ride:

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Raffles

REGISTRATION: 9:00 A.M. TO 10:15 A.M.

Rider & Passenger must sign waiver to ride

KICK STANDS UP 10:30 A.M.

Ride Captains, Robert "Mac" & Venus McMullen

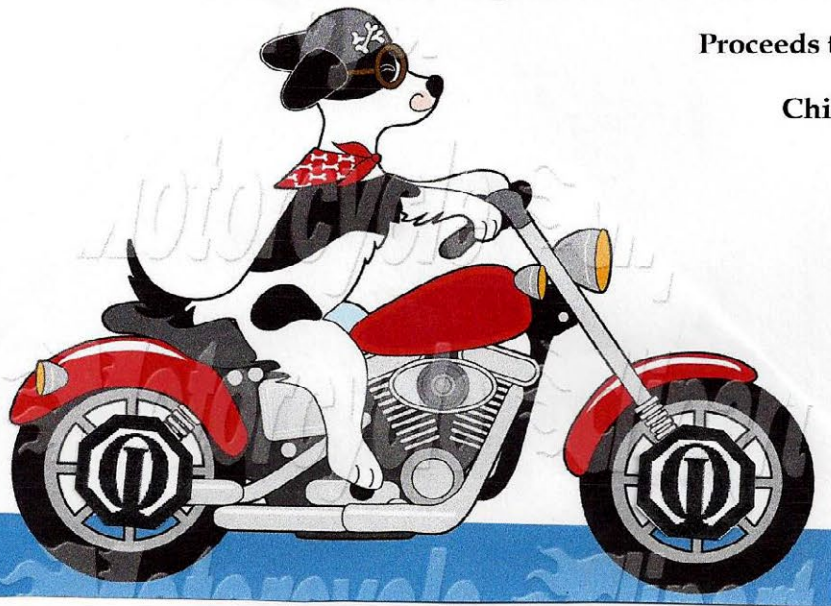
This is a three state ride, staging at the Dade County High School Parking lot, 300 Tradition Lane, Trenton, GA, to AL, TN, and back into GA. It is a 44.4 mile ride along very scenic country roads, great views of Sand Mountain, along the Tennessee River, with some nice "twisties".

Proceeds to Benefit the Optimists'

Children's Programs

For More Information Contact:

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GADruid@gmail.com



**OPTIMIST
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Friend of Youth

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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CADILLAC DAVE

VOL. 1: Rebel Child Running Wild

Dave Jackson

THE CHRONICLES OF

Cadillac Dave

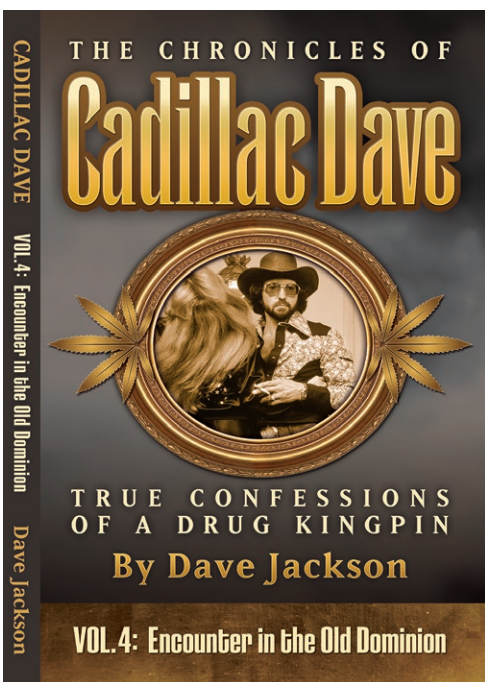
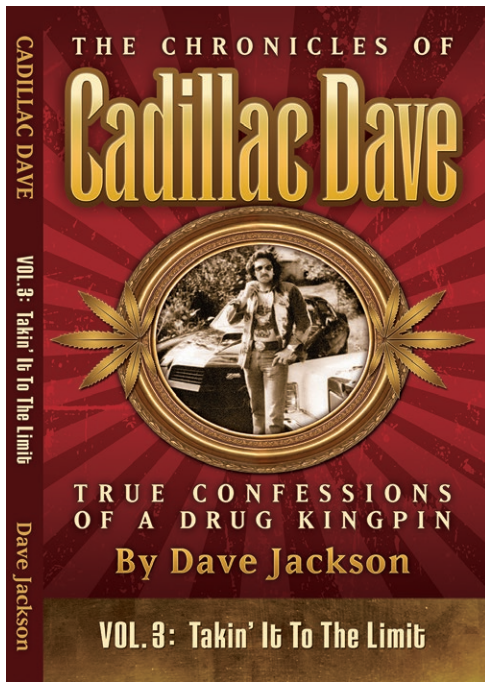
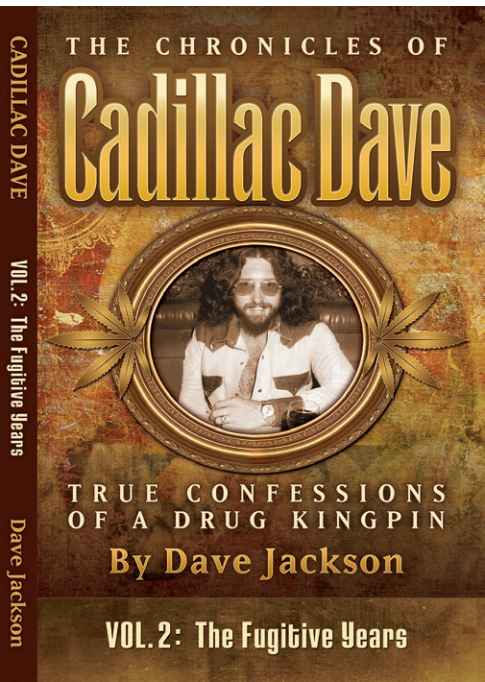


TRUE CONFESSIONS OF A DRUG KINGPIN

By Dave Jackson

VOL. 1: Rebel Child Running Wild

Order Now @ www.cadillacdave.com



Home Stretch

wheels.

I left Trinidad heading east on US 160 and once again did one of the many stupid things for which I was becoming notorious. I had barely above half a

Road Trip Record, Part 6

By John Wheeler Jr.

Continued from last month

When I walked out of the Burger King in Trinidad, Colorado, after finishing my late lunch of Whoppers and a strawberry shake, a guy who looked like an aging construction worker was waiting for me beside my bike. He had been hanging out in the parking lot for some time admiring it as I watched him through the window.

I answered his questions about where I was from and where I had been – the standard queries that I was getting used to by now. Then he shared some improbable tall tales about his own daredevil bike exploits in years past. I listened patiently because for all I knew his fantastic stories just might be true.

This sort of thing was happening to me all the time.

People were constantly coming up to admire my bike, ask about my trip, and express a wistful wish that they could go, too. It never ceased to amaze me that they



would ignore a whole parking lot full of new expensive bagger bikes that cost many times what my humble '01 Softail Standard was worth. That happened more than once, especially when I was up around Sturgis.

“You ought to be proud of that bike, man,” one fellow told me in a gas station crowded with rally-bound motorcycles in western Iowa. “I would be if I owned it.”

I understood his sentiment, which was why I had bought the bike in the first place. This older Softail cruiser reminded me of what motorcycles used to be like three decades ago when I used to ride. Lean, clean, macho machines that didn't look and feel like ocean liners with

tank of gas and figured I would wait a while to get more. About 100 miles later, in the middle of barren plains buffeted by blustery winds, I switched to my reserve tank. The only gas station in the tiny town of Pritchette was boarded up and had been closed for about 20 years. I pulled into the county garage right at 4 p.m., just as they were closing their doors for the day. But the fellow inside took pity on me and sold me \$5 worth of low-octane fuel from their private pump.



That was enough to get me to the next truck stop at Springfield.

“Does the wind always blow like this out here?” I asked the youthful attendant inside as I paid for my energy drink and Bear Claw pastry.

“NO, sir,” he replied with a straight face. “There's four or five days a year when it don't.”

I crossed into Kansas and reached the next truck stop at Sublette about dark. After more coffee and a sandwich I decided to leave US 160 and drop down into Oklahoma where the map indicated I might find more civilization. But I made the fateful choice to bypass Liberty, Kansas and look for a motel a little further down the way. Thus I ended up sleeping under a tree at a roadside pullout a few miles west of Buffalo, Oklahoma when I got too tired to ride any further.

I finally made it into Bartlesville a little after noon on Thursday, September 3rd, where I shared a leisurely lunch with my old grad school friend Randy Barnett. Then I stopped briefly at the international ministry headquarters of Voice of the Martyrs – a suitably inspiring spot – before riding on. After another mandatory roadside rest stop and a grueling last-ditch trek through dark winding fog-shrouded roads, I rolled into Fayetteville, Arkansas at 10:15 p.m.

Sue Miller Payton, another Facebook friend as well as an alumna of Brainerd High in Chattanooga, was waiting outside on the patio with a glass of wine, a slab of salmon and



a huge twice-baked potato. After that sumptuous meal I collapsed onto a soft mattress in the guest bedroom. The next day I rested, washed clothes and generally regrouped while Sue was off at work. Friday night she grilled what was without question one of the most succulent ribeyes I have ever had the pleasure of eating.

I have attached a picture of that outstanding steak just to make you jealous.



Sue and I went into her living room after dinner and she browsed through the TV channels looking for a movie to watch. She came up with something I had never heard of before – a true-life documentary on the 1980s drug culture in Miami called Cocaine Cowboys. Parts of that

film could have been taken directly from my own book *The Chronicles of Cadillac Dave*, as they both described some of the same events, right down to the same “Dodge City” quotes from the Miami newspaper. Two hours later I was shaken to the core, graphically confronted with the gorier aspects of the outlaw lifestyle I had left behind more than three decades ago. Once again I was grateful for the amazing grace of God, who had mercifully intervened and kept me from the gruesome fates that befell so many of the characters in the film.

Family problems back home required my attention, so I left Sue’s place on Saturday morning, riding in the rain, hoping to make it into Louisville by nightfall. But the best I could do was Paducah, where I rented a cheap motel room at midnight. The next morning I awoke to an email delivering the news that my old lawyer friend Mike Raulston – identified in the Cadillac Dave books by the pseudonym “Mark Randolph” – had died unexpectedly due to complications from routine surgery. Mike had been a loyal and true friend to me. This development clearly required a detour.

After leaving Louisville on Monday and riding hard all day, crossing over the Cumberland Plateau, I finally reached my old hometown about 7 in the evening, so I got to visit briefly with Mike’s family at the funeral home. That night I stayed with my other longtime lawyer buddy, Jesse Farr, at his house on the lake. On Tuesday, September 9th, we respectfully attended Mike’s solemn Memorial Service together.



This strange confluence of events stirred up some emotions in me that were both strong and deep, producing a profound sense of closure at the end of my long road trip. The transience of life, the deceitfulness of sin, the certainty of death, and the eternal consequences

of either faith or unbelief. The goodness of God in the sacrifice of Christ. Heavy karma weighing on my mind.

I left Chattanooga midafternoon Tuesday and rode steadily, sometimes on back roads and sometimes on freeways, stopping only when absolutely necessary, until I finally reached my little cabin in the mountains of North Carolina at 10:45 p.m.

The odometer on my motorcycle that night read 26,302 miles. I had been gone exactly six weeks and had ridden 8,894 miles round trip. I had covered more than 2,100 miles of that trip since I left Colorado the previous Wednesday morning, with a layover in Arkansas and a funeral in Tennessee sandwiched into the mix.

Later, when I figured up all my expense receipts, I calculated that the entire road trip had cost me almost exactly \$1,900. That figure included meals, motels, camping fees, gasoline, and even \$92 for my oil change at the Harley shop in Durango. It was definitely a low budget cross-country cruise.

For some people, taking a motorcycle trip means rolling down the freeway for six or eight hours a day at 80 or 90 miles per hour, riding on a heavy \$30,000 machine that is equipped with all the comforts of home, staying at the Courtyard Marriott at night and eating every meal at



Chili’s or Cracker Barrel. To each his own. I couldn’t do it that way.

This was my Liberation Wind Therapy cross-country motorcycle tour of 2014. I forced myself to get up and move out of the stifling depression that tried to paralyze my life. I saw some awesome sights along the way. I prayed some serious prayers and experienced the tangible presence of God repeatedly. When it was all over, I was glad to be home again and sleep in my own bed.

I am not suggesting that anyone else should do it the same way I did. At my age, I don’t know if I will ever repeat it exactly that same way again. But today I’m glad that I can say I did it once.



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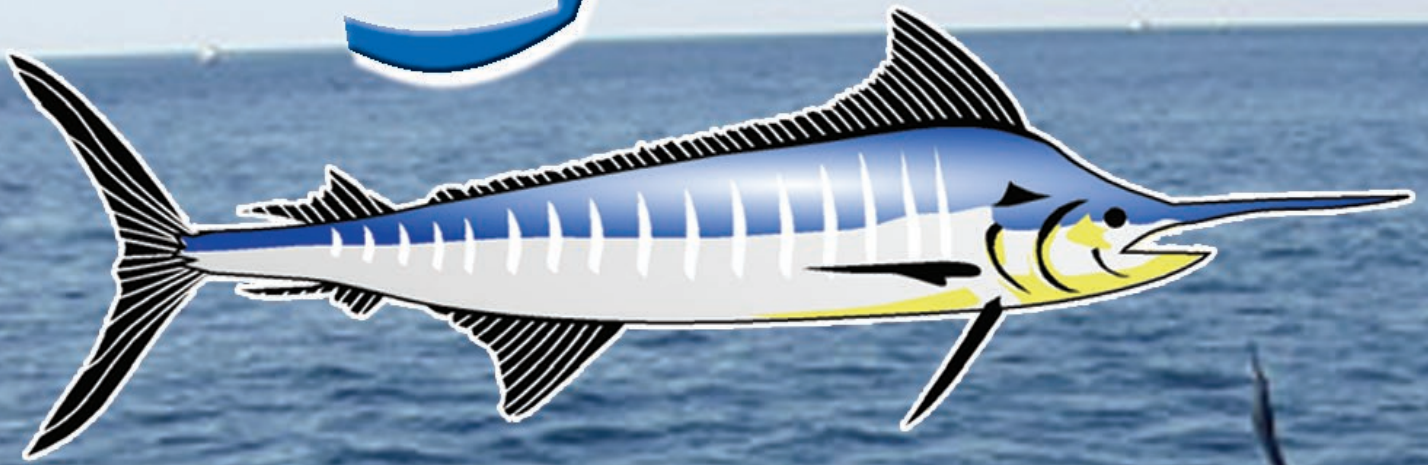
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The Hype and Stereotype: A Day In The Life of One Lady Rider

Michelle, (that's what we will call her in order to protect her identity) was a lady that had scooped her child up, and fled a bad marriage, and began a life away from constant negativity, abuse, and infidelity. As she started over, she became a proud and active member of the working class again, in order to provide for herself and her child.



untrustworthy.” “She’s not like us.” OR, as the guys would say: “Hot chick with a bike, yeah, I’ll bet I could get that!” Well, little did they know, she wasn’t any of those things. In fact, she was a loving mother, wonderful friend and daughter, and one heck of a hard worker,

whose recognition came from anything BUT being on two wheels.

As her life started to settle a bit, she was able to start doing things she had only dreamed of before--shop for the food and clothing SHE wanted for herself and her child, instead of what she was told to. She had many things to cross off her bucket list. One of those was a motorcycle and the desire to become a rider. Ahh, freedom! Two wheels in motion and the entire world just waiting to be seen seemed like the perfect solution-- a most amazing thing! So, with money she’d been saving, she buys that bike and learns to ride.

Her work ethic was impeccable and she took great pride in her work, and had respect and support for those she worked with--both clients and co-workers. She was an outstanding mother, who was always there for her child and made sure that her family was provided for and nurtured, yet she was constantly treated as inferior, or shunned out of spite or jealousy.

With confidence and a sincere satisfaction about her, she rides. She rides with groups, rides to the store, and even rides to work. Um, did I mention, she rides to work? Yeah, that’s the moment that opened up a whole new can of worms, so to speak.

Because of how she had been treated, she began to see life in a whole new light. She was stronger. Bolder. Yet, she was more observant and never passed up a chance to help someone in need, or make sure that someone was given credit, when she knew credit was due. She had become an advocate and an overall better person inside and out, and made sure to share her love, support, and knowledge of riding to anyone that would listen, and all this was made possible because she was a lady rider that learned to see life from a different perspective.

A girl!? With a bike!? Riding to work!? Oh my gawd! She must be a @\$%! She just wants attention! She’s trying to show off! She can’t ride with the big boys! What a joke! REALLY?? A joke, you say?? If you were not jealous, not impressed, not shocked and amazed, and a little bit dazed, then chances are, you’d kept your mouth shut. (or possibly just gaping open from admiration)

Some call her anything but by her name, but for me, I call her a beautiful spirit, and I hope that others get the honor of meeting her and becoming more like her. She has a heart made for love and a spirit made to be free and as loving.

She, from that day forward, was the “talk” of the workplace. She was suddenly a husband stealer, a prostitute, and secretly rich--all because she chose to save up and fulfill her dream of riding. Her bike. Her terms.

If you ever meet her, you’ll know it. She will steal your heart, and will leave an impression on you that will last a lifetime.

Jen

Unless someone actually got to know her, she was “the badass biker chick.” “She is rough, and will jack you up!” “I wouldn’t talk to her, she’s trash and

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The Squirrel's Nest

The Page is Turning

As a Harley rider one thing that is part of the lifestyle is being at the dealership. People who ride other brands make fun of us because they think we are always there because there is always "something wrong with the bike." While all bikes have issues over time, most Harley riders go to the dealerships for the comradery and endless amounts of parts and clothing that is rivaled by no one else.

Here is Chattanooga, Thunder Creek is our dealership and I couldn't be happier it is. Many people have come and gone from Thunder Creek but one snuke was always guaranteed. Tony Hales was a beacon of the dealership, and with the unexpected loss of such a great guy there were a pair of shoes that had to be filled and they could not be worn by just anyone. The search began and GM Keith Holden could not have made a better choice.



Meet Andy Pavona. Andy has two passions in his life, Harley Davidson and his kids. On his personal side he is a proud father of three who cherishes every moment with all three of them. On the business side Andy has worked in all facets of the business and has been employed by some of the biggest dealerships in the country. Andy started in the adult beverage industry before running into some college friends who were in the motorcycle business; the rest is history.

Sitting down with andy for a few minutes a few points he made about the business side really caught my attention and as an avid Harley owner I just had to share. Andy has a goal with Thunder Creek of wanting to create a family atmosphere. He also mentioned he wants to get to know his customers and truly change the customers perspective of the service after the

sale. I personally think this great. I cannot tell you how many people have gone to another dealership outside of chattanooga to buy their Harley. Andy is very well aware of this and seeks to change this and change it quickly.

After spending some time with Andy he was quick to admit that while he loves riding but he also knew that riding in Michigan and riding here are two entirely different experiences. While he is used to the straightaways he is quickly learning about all the curves, dips, and drops in our local landscape. I was fortunate enough after the dealership closed to meet up with a few friends of mine that work at the dealership and ride to Dunlap for some dinner. I learned quickly that people around here take riding over Suck Creek for granted. Andy had a great time and I look forward to riding with him again soon.

When you have a second stop by Thunder Creek and do two things; first go find Keith Holden and thank him for bringing Andy here, and secondly find Andy and introduce yourself and ask him what you have to do to ring his giant bell. You will be glad you did.

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.. IN ACTION





7 SUPER CROSS

450SX Class: St. Louis Recap

Ryan Dungey earned his 20th career 450SX Class victory, tying him for eighth on the all-time Supercross win list with Jeff Ward. It was his sixth win of the season, which ties his career high of six in '10.

The race was Dungey's 96th career 450SX Class start and his 69th 450SX Class podium.

Dungey's victory was KTM's first 450SX Class win in St. Louis and it was their 15th 450SX Class win of all-time.

In '07, Stewart (450SX Class) and Villopoto (250SX Class) combined for five race sweeps. In '15, Dungey (450SX Class) and Musquin (250SX Class) have already combined for five race sweeps. The record for race sweeps by brand in one season is nine by Honda in '91, but it was done by five different riders.

KTM has six 450SX Class wins this

season and Honda has four. This could be the first time KTM ever had the most brand wins in a 450SX Class season.

Dungey has mathematically eliminated every rider except for two in the Championship Standings. With an 80 point lead, he will be looking to shave that down to just one rider in Houston.

Eli Tomac finished second place for the third time this season. It was his seventh podium of the season and ninth career 450SX Class podium.

Tomac has yet to be mathematically eliminated from title contention and is still riding at an up-front pace. He will be trying to make it two of three in Houston.

Anderson earned his second career 450SX Class podium with a third place finish. It was his first podium finish since the opening race of the season. Cole Seely rode to his fourth consecutive top-five finish and seventh

total top-five finish of the season. Seely and Dungey are the only riders to have a top-five finish in the past four races.

Weston Peick grabbed his fourth top-five finish of the season with a fifth. It was his seventh top-10 finish of the season.

Peick has been running up front in races all year long, but is still searching for his first career 450SX Class podium. Is Houston where he can get on the box?

Josh Grant finished in sixth place in St. Louis. It was his sixth top-10 finish of the season. Grant is having his best 450SX Class season since he had 13 top-10 finishes, including a victory, in '09.

Millsaps earned a seventh place finish in St. Louis. It was his fourth straight top-10 finish. Millsaps is one start away from his 125th career 450SX Class start.

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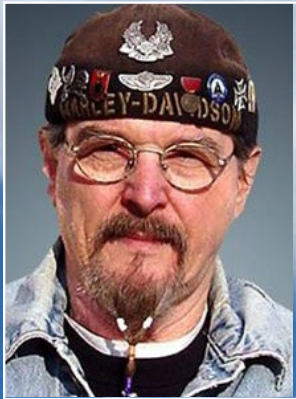
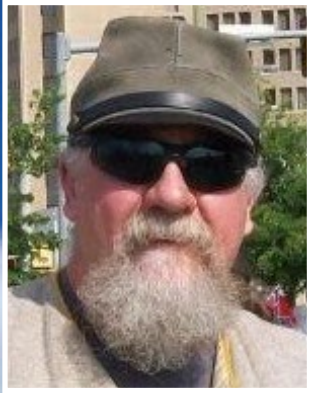
2015 SCHEDULE

- 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

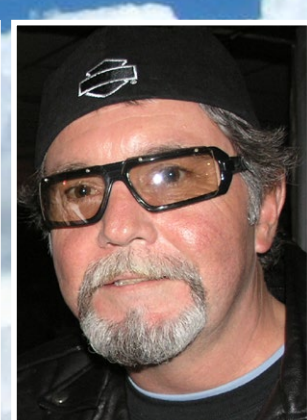
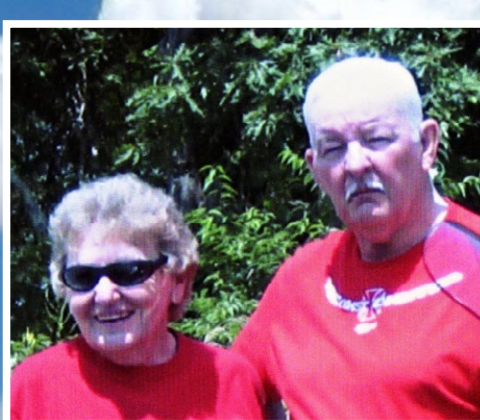
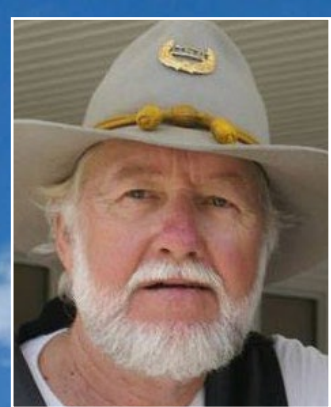
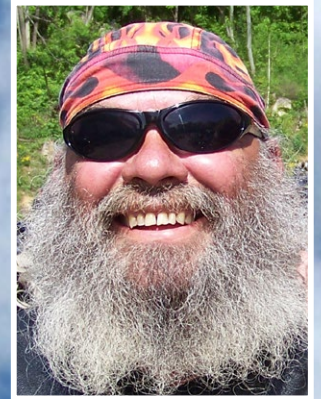
- Mar 7** Daytona Intl. Speedway
East Daytona, FL (West & East)
- Mar 14** Lucas Oil Stadium
East Indianapolis, IN
- Mar 21** Ford Field
East Detroit, MI
- Mar 28** Edward Jones Dome
East St. Louis, MO
- Apr 11** NRG Stadium
West Houston, TX
- Apr 18** Levi's Stadium
West Santa Clara, CA
- Apr 25** MetLife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



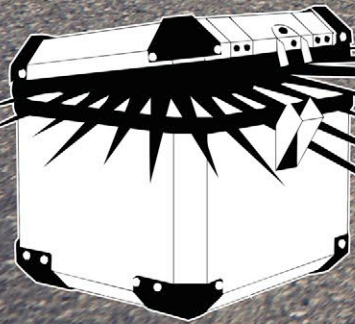
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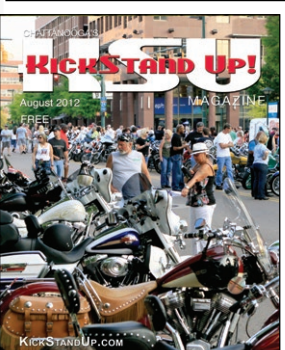
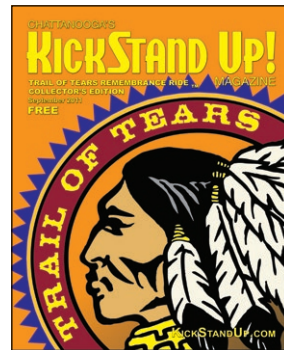
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LOWDOWN

A Conversation with Nicky Hayden

You spent much of the off-season riding dirt bikes. Following last year's surgery to remove several bones, how is your wrist? Have strength and range of motion improved?

"I definitely lost a lot of strength. I had a really big surgery, and it took time to recover. I did a lot of physical therapy in the off-season to get my range of motion back—to improve all areas. I had to change my training a little bit, but I'm pretty happy.

I did both Malaysia tests—three days in a row at a really hard track—without big problems. Of course, the wrist is still getting better. I've been speaking with other people who had this procedure, and they all say that up to a year after the surgery they were still getting better.

I don't really ride motocross anymore. I still ride in the dirt. Flat track and a little off-road but not too much jumping; maybe some little tabletops and stuff. I've been racing a

long time, so of course I've got a few little things that aren't perfect, but I'm very optimistic how it has all come around."

After the two preseason tests at Sepang, what is your opinion of the Honda RC213V-RS? What areas of the bike need to improve?

"Well, the bike is certainly faster than last year. It has 30 or 40 more horsepower. We're going a lot faster, but so is everybody else. Last year, they weren't doing 1:58s in Malaysia, so they've taken a big step. The grid is probably the most stacked it's ever been.

We have to work more on the electronics. With last year's chassis, the "Open" Magneti Marelli software wasn't a problem because the power wasn't really there. We took a decent step from the first test to the second test. We improved the lap time by almost a second. And not just one lap—consistently. We definitely feel positive about that, but we have quite a bit of room for improvement.

Engine braking, for sure,



is one area we can improve. Over the years, that's where they've saved a lot of fuel, but that means you have to rely on electronics more for corner entry than actual mechanical grip. There are so many parts of corner-entry engine braking—straight line, first phase, the very last phase—and it takes a lot of time for the engineers to study that data and make new maps."

Who do you consider likely candidates to follow in your footsteps from the US and possibly achieve world championship success?

"You put me on the spot! Cameron Beaubier really showed a lot last year. When



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he first went to Europe, it didn't work out great. I don't think being teammates with Marc Marquez was so easy, as we now see. Maybe Cameron was doing better than people realised, but they were comparing him to Marquez. That was tough. Certainly, he's smooth and looks to be a quick learner.

Jake Lewis has a huge opportunity. Let's see what he can do. The Supersport class has some names, but to pick out one or two that could take the next step is hard to say. Of course, I'm biased toward some of the Kentucky guys, my cousin, Hayden Gillim, and Nick McFadden. There are a

couple guys in Superstock 600 that should probably be riding Supersport.

It's a shame that Hayden's SuperSport [now Superstock 600] championship didn't open more doors. When I talked to him in December, he still didn't have anything. There's talent here in America, but the series has to do a better job to help bring kids along. A couple years ago, no kids were getting opportunities. That's why I think it's cool that Yoshimura took a chance on Jake. They've got to work hard, and hopefully they'll stand out."






You're always on the front end of popular culture. Most

recently, you became the first MotoGP rider to offer personalised emojis. How did that project happen?

"A friend I've collaborated with on other things approached me about it, and the team liked the idea. It was a no-lose for me. It was something easy, and maybe down the road it can be a financial gain. You see a lot of other people starting to do it. The tech world is where all the money is now. Everything is going in that direction, so I needed to get into that world. That's where companies are now looking for sponsorship."

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 |
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