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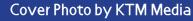


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FROM THE EDITOR

Hi Riders,

Our Find The "C" Note contest is heating up. The Southern Cruisers had claimed this contest as their own with three finds out of five. Just when I thought they had it in the bag, we had someone else find the cash this month.

Melissa Riden of Calhoun, Tennessee found the cash after two previous failed attempts. Melissa is a Facebook Rider and was thrilled to finally have perservered and found the prize. Melissa flat out told me that a member of her family planned on winning the rest of the year. Evidentally, there are a lot of riders in her family.

This contest takes a lot of work to plan the route, ride it, and write directions that are easy to follow . . . but not too easy. I know, it's a hard job, but someone has to do it. That someone is me with the support of my trusty crew of hoolligans.

I had to revise the directions last month after the magazine was published. If you are on the hunt you need to check back here from time to time to see if someone beat you to it, or if there have been any clarifications, hints, or comments. Check page 22 for the changes or winner.

After riding the route a second time it occured to me that there might be some confusion with street signs. Some people in Georgia have driveway signs that look exactly like street signs, except that they are blue in color. Regular street signs are green. I only use street signs when I count signs. Disregard the blue street signs. In Tennessee the driveway sign may be green, but it will have Pvt. or Drv at the end of the name. Disregard.

Presently, I am about 30 days from blast off for our 2014 Colorado trip. The crew is leaving around Labor Day for a quickie 10 day trip to the Rockies and back. I want to catch some areas that I missed seeing in 2012 and re-ride some past favorites. I don't know if Pike's Peak will be in the itinerary this year. Maybe, . . maybe not. We will be carrying a real time gps locating device so you can see where we are at any time during the trip. We will also be posting photos/videos on our Facebook page daily.

Anyway, check out the articles this month and look at all the event flyers to see if something strikes your fancy. Until next month, ride safe and ride often and don't take for granted that the person behind you will stop when you are stopped at a stop sign or light.

LTRNTT,

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.

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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Ralph Huber Memorial Ride - 7/13/14







Photos by Frank Pate





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A Wing . . . and a Prayer

I got a call last night. It was one of those calls that we dread. Two friends, biker brothers had gone down.

One laid in the street, lifeless.

The other was on the way to the hospital. He would pass away there. Both gone.

Oh, God. Now what?

I had just seen them. There was a benefit for a cancer patient by a group of motorcyclists at a bar on Rossville Blvd. Many showed up to give money and support this lady who is going through cancer treatment.

We talked and joked and gave each other hugs. I loved them both.

I stopped there after church to donate and see some good friends whom I dearly love.

You see, this is my mission field. These people matter to God. And, they hang out in a bar.

I don't.

I go there at times of need and times of trouble.

I love the people who are there with a love that comes from God.

I join them in community and not in consumption.

I don't judge them, that's not my job.

They know that.

And my goal is that each beautiful soul that I talk to, I can influence for Jesus Christ.

John 3:16-18 ESV

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life. For God did not send his Son into the world to condemn the world, but in order that the world might be saved through him. Whoever believes in him is not condemned, but whoever does not believe is condemned already, because he has not believed in the name of the only Son of God.

Please read it again.

These are the words of Jesus. His own words telling us how to be saved.

I have struggled sometimes with how to say these words, or maybe, I struggle with when, but I know that God's will is that I proclaim to my friends and others how much God loves them.

It's His command.

As we grieve for our brothers, I want to ask each of you, where will you spend eternity?

It is clear that God has made a way.
Acknowledge your sin before a holy
God. Repent of your sin.
Ask Jesus to take your sin away.
And believe in your heart and confess
with your tongue that Jesus is Lord.

God, Your will be done.

I pray for our people, our country and our world. I ask that you encompass us as we process this tragedy.

I ask for comfort to all who are affected.

And I ask that You will draw us to Yourself.

In Jesus Name.

Love your enemy. That's what it says. You are supposed to love your enemy.

Okay. I'll do it. See. I'm loving that person right now. Love. Love.

It's me, God. I'm loving my enemies.

I am just an old fashion enemy lover.

Showing love to that low down, dirty, snake in the grass, devil himself.

Oops. That didn't sound loving. Maybe I better pray for him.

Do I have to?

Luke 6:27-28 ESV

"But I say to you who hear, Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, bless those who curse you, pray for those who abuse you.

I heard on the radio yesterday a man say that the Bible can be summed up in two sentences.

- 1. We are far worse than we ever imagined.
- 2. We are far more loved than we will ever know.

It's a very profound statement. And if we are far worse than we can imagine, yet loved more than we will ever know, what else can our response be to our enemies.

So I will pray for them and try not to act hateful.
And I will fail and then be convicted and try again to love my enemies.

But love is also tough.
And there are times when you need to love them but let them go.
We need to turn them over to
God.

Because God is in control. God is in charge. And God is perfect. And God will judge us all. That's why I've asked Jesus to take my place.

I will struggle today to pray my enemies. But I will pray for them. And I will pray for my friends.

Lord, today I pray for those who are my enemies. I pray that You will bless them and draw them close to You.

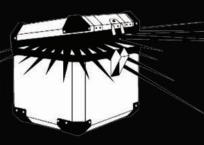
I pray that my enemies will have a full understanding of how much they are loved.

I pray for my friends and family. Help us today as we continue to process the grief that we are going through.

Help us to see our need for a Savior.

In whose name we pray. In Jesus Name.





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Ralph Huber Memorial Ride - 7/13/14













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WIN \$100 BUCKS FIND THE C-NOTE CO









DIRECTIONS:

Route by: Rock, BooBoo, & Sandman

Start at Pandora's on 4784 Hwy. 58

Rout of Pandora's lot

L@ 1st Rd to L past 6th red light

L @ 5.7 mi.

L @ 1st stop sign

Go straight through 1st Red light then

L @ 6th road on L (incl Dead End)

L@ 1st Red light

R @ 15.3 mi. (1st Rd on R past gas

station.)

R @ 1st stop sign

R @ 2nd stop sign

bear right at 17.2 mi

Continue 2.6 mi to gravel pull off right before switchback to left. Look under small rock behind big rock pictured on right. Watch out for sneaky snakes.

You are a WINNER!

To get home continue up. Take 1st Rd to left then left again @ 1st stop sign.

RULES: Rider must ride their bike to find the hiding spot. Rider must have their "C-note (a selfie will work.") Photo should be emailed to rock@kickstandup.com. "C-note" for real folding money. Limit one win per year, per person. Sounds fun of won't keep hunting if it's already been found. If you have problems you

ONTEST





Here is what a happy face looks like after winning \$100 for riding their motorcycle and playing with KSU. The winner for July is Melissa Riden of Calhoun, TN. Melissa is a Facebook Rider and made this trek solo. It's fun to get paid for riding your motorcycle. This could have been you!



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photo taken at the hiding place, (with their bike in the picture) while holding the . Winner will be notified and met at an undisclosed location to exchange the fake loesn't it? We will post the winner immediately, HERE & on our Facebook, so you can also post questions on our Facebook page for help or email Rock.



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SHAY SIDE UP

Motor-Cop-Journalists

I've been riding and writing since I was a teenager. I like to think I'm fairly good at both. Prior to KickStand Up! and the former Road Rash magazines, I wrote motorcycle articles for a national (but rather small and now defunct) automotive enthusiast's magazine that tried its best to cover all forms of motorsports including motorcycles. I remember distinctly writing a review on the brand new Indian Chief motorcycle when it came out back in 1999 (I think?), and I got some negative feedback for criticizing whoever owned the Indian name back then for its lackluster brakes (900 lb bike with a single caliper up front), accusing them of focusing on style and forgetting that stopping every now and then is kind of important too. (They got high marks from me in the looks department for what it's worth.)

As a motor-cop I also get paid to ride and write. However the difference between the two professions is when a motorcycle journalist has a near miss on the roadway, he'll blog about it for days. Motor-cops however fill out a short paragraph on the back of a pre-printed form describing the encounter, and move on looking for the next near miss or encounter with a bad driver they can write about.

When motor-cops are on patrol we're on the lookout for bad drivers. It's our job to look for the bad drivers, stop them, and through the magic of a four part legal document hope to cause that driver to drive a little safer. So when we find bad drivers, we're not surprised nor shocked to see them, but instead ride in a defensive manner to avoid them and then maneuver tactically behind them and make the traffic stop.

What keeps me safe during my off duty riding time is basically doing the exact same thing I do at work. Actively look for and prepare myself to avoid the bad drivers, cutting away the precious seconds

that are otherwise wasted on perception and reaction.

Many years ago I read an article where a journalist described several encounters in vivid detail about his near misses on two wheels with the intent of forcing the reader to creatively predict what can go wrong in front of them. His descriptions of near misses included dropped loads from trucks in front of him to finding roads completely washed out in mid turn. While his descriptions are far from the norm of what typically cuts rides short, it caused me to expand my 'what if' scenarios. The process of asking yourself 'what if' while riding down the road is a crucial mental exercise that every rider should practice. The question is only part of the mental equation, and should be followed up with a mental picture of how you can avoid or evade the imagined threat that presents itself.

The 'what if' game works like this. I'm riding down a multi-lane busy road and see traffic moving in both directions. I'll ask myself, "What if that car easing towards me in the center turn lane doesn't see me and decides to turn in front of me? What is my braking distance on this road at my current speed, and if there isn't enough braking distance, where are my alternative escape routes?"



To many experienced riders, this isn't anything new, and you've likely been doing it all along. However, for the rest of you, take it from me. Someone cutting you off, pulling out in front of you, or debris in the roadway should come as no surprise, and the "he



suddenly came out of nowhere" should be stricken from your vocabulary. Learn to actively search for trouble and prepare your mind for it. Your bike will not go where your mind is not prepared it go. And your body will not be able to maneuver your bike to that escape route if you haven't trained yourself in evasive maneuver skills.

Do yourself a big favor this weekend. Go to Youtube, search Prorider Motorskills and watch some of our videos on crash avoidance. Take note of how those exercises are done and practice them in a parking



lot somewhere. Because if you train your mind and your body to actively predict trouble, you'll likely keep me from writing a short piece about you on a state accident form someday.

Joe Warren



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What's Up Riders?

I have written lots of articles over the last 12+ years, ten years for Road Rash Magazine and two and a half years for KSU. Occasionally, I get a request from someone to revisit some of my past subjects. Recently someone asked me to write about my most embarrassing moments during my 45 years years of riding.

From Newbies to Road Dogs, everyone screws up and has embarrassing things happen. From dropping your bike in front of friends to "Watch This" moments. Here are some of my "moments" in no certain order. You can decide which one should be at the top of the list.

#1 - You know when you are used to doing a certain thing and then decide not to do it, all the while your mind is telling you NO, NO, NO? Well, I always put my kickstand down when I am fueling up, even if I don't plan to get off the bike. It's just something that I always do . . a habit.

Well, one day at the Conoco on Brainerd Road right up from Quick Tees I was getting gas and neglected to put down my kickstand because I told myself that I wasn't getting off the bike. My other mind was saying NO, don't do it, but . . . I did anyway. With the fueling complete I couldn't quite reach the paper receipt so I started to get off the bike. After all, my kickstand is always down. Whoops. As I leaned to my left the Harley Electra Glide fell toward the gas pump pinning me to said pump.

The first thing one does in an embarrassing situation such as this is to quickly look around to see who witnessed it. Thank goodness the lot was empty, but I was pinned pretty good. It took some muscle and manuevering, but I finally got the bike upright and went on my way like a whipped puppy.

#2 - Have you ever taken off with your wife on the back with a caliper lock

on? I have. When I took off we went about four inches before hearing a loud clunk and throwing Julie and myself to the ground. Were there witnesses? Yes. My two buddies and their wives witnessed the entire scene. They remind me of this every chance they get. That's what friends are for . . . right?

#3 - One nice day on Signal Mountain I jumped on my Harley to go to the bank. That day I had on overalls, with baggy legs. As I pulled up to a stop sign next to the bank I took my feet from the highway pegs and the loose pant leg caught preventing my left foot from reaching the ground in time. No forward motion + no point of balance = going down. After I unpinned myself I was on my way, more humble than when I started. There were no witnesses that I know of, thank goodness.

#4 - One year during Bike Week, I was parked on a side street off Beach Street in Daytona. I never lock my fork lock, and as I locked it this day I told myself NO. I didn't listen. When I came back to the bike I was in a hurry to catch up with friends, so I hit the starter put 'er in gear and took off as I attempted to straighten out the front end. It didn't straighten.Instead, it made a fast, hard left hander into the pavement. No witnesses . . . whew!

#5 - Julie and I were on the road that goes through the Land Between the Lakes in Kentucky. We had pulled over to adjust something and as we were getting ready to remount I saw a slow car coming that I didn't want to get stuck behind. I yelled at Julie over my shoulder "you ready?" I could have sworn she said "GO!" WRONG! She said "NO." She was pissed as she got up off the ground. I'm sure the people in car that passed thought "that idiot must have just gotten that bike."

#6 - Then there was the time at the Tennessee Hog Rally at the Choo Choo. Julie and I were with another bike getting ready to leave the event. I felt Julie mount . . . or so I thought and I took off down the driveway talking to her as we headed toward Market Street. She wasn't talking back. That was because she never got on the bike! I had left her standing with her helmet

in her hand. My friends on the other bike were laughing their butts off as I sheepishly returned to pick up my irritated spouse.

#7 - Last but not least was the time when Gary Boyd and I were out on our Wings enjoying a ride on Sand Mountain. I don't remember the reason why we ended up on a dead end road, but that's where we were.



There was not a lot of room to turn around, the road just stopped. I think it was an old gap road or something. Anyway, as we were preparing to turn around a couple or three junk yard dogs started down this rutted driveway. As I backed up, I didn't see the 4' drop off hidden by the weeds . . . and all of a sudden my back tire dropped off and I was sitting on the frame. We tried to get me back on

solid ground to no avail. A guy up the road was nice enough to pull me out with his tractor. You can always count on a good friend to immortalize your embarrassment in a photo. Thanks Gary for this little memento.



LTRNTT,

Rock

rock@kickstandup.com

I approve this message and can attest it is the truth. Luckily, the bruises are healed! Riding with Rock is always an adventure and we have been blessed to be telling the tales. By the way, he should do a sequel because there are many more stories to tell. Julie

Eton Cruise In - 7/12/14







Photos by Frank Pate













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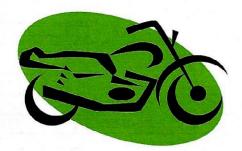
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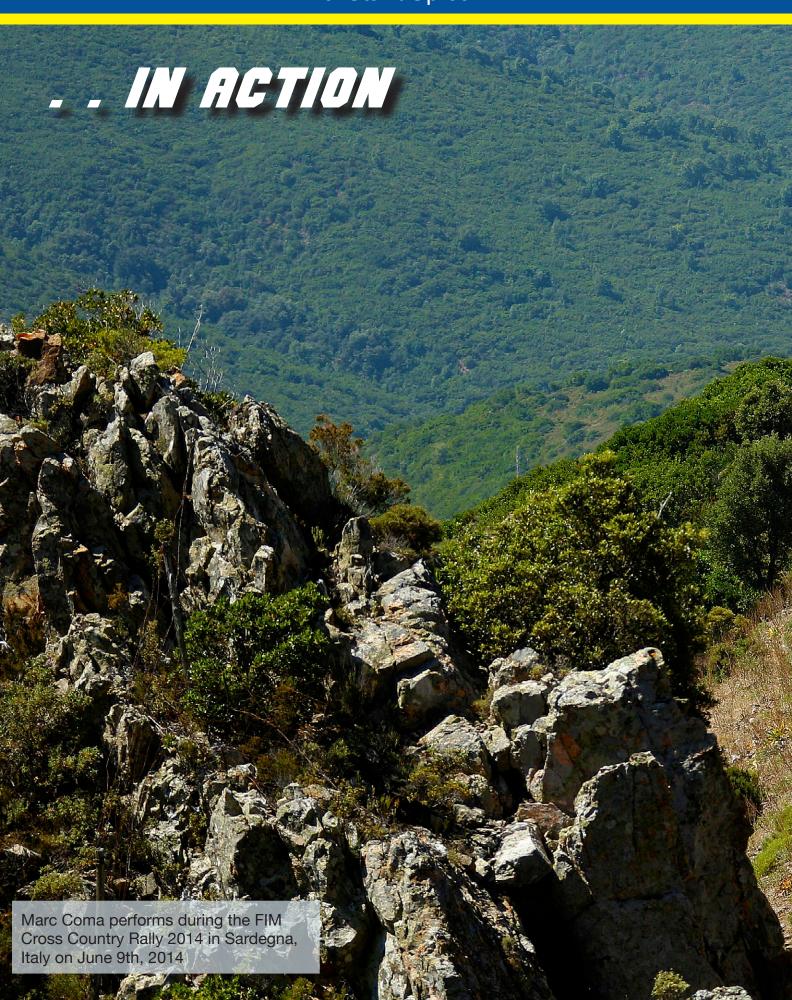
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Blast From The Past

ONE OF OUR OWN

Legend Series by Rock

Jam-Up Gooden and



Jam-Up Gooden has been a constant in the Chattanooga motorcycle community for over three decades. Like others in the Legend Series, Jam-Up was doing it before it was popular and has been doing it "his way" ever since. Jam-Up retired in January of this year, but that certainly hasn't slowed him down. Four wheeling, snowmobiling, riding water craft, and long distance motorcycle riding will still be a big part of his life.,

Darwin Gooden was born in 1939 in Soddy-Daisy, Tennessee. He acquired his infamous nickname "Jam-Up" when he was only four or five years old. For those of you that are old enough to remember a time before television, people listened to

Herba Linguisters of the levision, people listened to after all he

Travis Tritt? No, a young Jam-Up Gooden

shows on the radio. There was a radio show called Jam-Up Honey which featured couple of black comedians. Darwin a childhood friend used to play these characters in skits. Even as a little boy, Darwin adopted the name and even told his Momma to call him Jam-Up. It has been his moniker ever since.

In 1952 Jam-Up bought a Cushman Eagle while working as a bag boy at the old M&J Supermarket. It seems that Jam-Up was always mechanically inclined and he tore apart

and tinkered with anything with a motor, especially motorcycles. His dad once told him "boy you better have that back together by the time I get home." In his junior and senior years of high school he rode a Triumph 650 Thunderbird to and from home, work, and school. He was drafted by the Army in 1959 where he worked, where else, in the motor pool. He wrenched Harley-Davidsons, Jeeps, and small trucks. After his stint in the Army Jam started working for Barnes and Rhodes as a delivery man. He crisscrossed Chattanooga and surrounding areas on a Harley-Davidson Serva Car three wheeler for 8 years delivering parts. Jam-Up never bothered to buy a car until 1963, after all he had his motorcycles

and that was enough.

In 1969 he purchased a Honda CB750 Four with a cast iron engine. There were only four of these in Chattanooga. Honda quickly changed from cast iron to aluminum engines for their later models. In the early '70s Jam-Up started his motorcycle business



in a shed in his back yard on Paula Lane in Red Bank. He did custom painting, customizing, laced wheels, and most anything else that people wanted done. Being a man of high integrity and talent, his following and business grew quickly. The little backyard shop was starting to cause quite a ruckus in the neighborhood. The motorcycle traffic was endless. Over the next few years the Gooden's must have met every patrol officer in the City of Red Bank. In November of 1974 he was ASKED by the City of Red Bank to close his backyard motorcycle shop. A month later he obtained a business license and opened Jam-Up's Cycle Service at the intersection of Dayton Blvd. and Morrison Springs Rd. Everyone told Jam-Up that he couldn't open up a motorcycle shop in the middle of winter and expect to make it. After paying all of his utility deposits, he had a whopping \$67 in the bank. He was off and running and he never looked back.

Jam-Up's Cycle service specialized



First Published Road Rash Magazine - March 2007



in Honda, Kawasaki, and Suzuki service and repairs. The dealerships didn't care much for Jam-Up and his new cycle shop because of his strong following of loyal customers. They would much rather have had those customers for themselves. There was a David and Goliath thing going on and we all know who won that battle. The small businessman with a dream, trying to stake a claim to part of the market. I think this is called, the good ole American free enterprise system at work. Jam-Up knew that if you're honest and do quality work, then the customers will follow and remain loyal. And they have. Nuff said!

In 1980 Jam-Up decided to enter the racing business. A kid that hung around the shop, Kevin Rentzell, had just what it took to be a great racer, Jam-Up just knew it. Jam and Kevin headed off to Road Atlanta to see if they could get Kevin qualified and get his racing license. Although he had never ridden a road course before, Jam-Up had complete confidence in this kid. He even told the instructor that he thought Kevin was better than he was. The instructor couldn't

help but be amused. His amusement soon changed to disbelief as Kevin lapped him twice in 25 laps. Let's iust sav thev issued Kevin his license and sent the Chattanooga boys packing as quickly as they could get them out of there. Jam-Up was in the racing business. Jam-Up built the motors and Kevin did the riding. The races the team won are too numerous to list, but Kevin raced Jam-Up's 650 Yamaha to become WERA Champion in 1982. and 1983. Although Kevin never had a wreck riding for Jam-Up Racing, he was

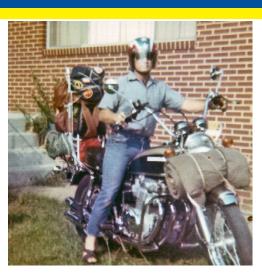
injured badly in 1985 while racing for another owner. Jam-Up's racing career was now behind him.

During the Eighties, Jam-Up Cycle specialized in dressing out Honda Gold Wings. Jam-Up gave the Wingers just what they wanted. A shop that would dress up their Gold Wings fit for a coast to coast ride in style and comfort. They flocked to him. His motto was "Dressed by the Best" Jam-Up's Cycle Service.

In January of 1988 he moved to his final location on north Dayton Blvd. near Highway 153. This was also the year that Jam-Up Cycles introduced the Polaris brand to Chattanooga which was virtually unknown in the south. While reading a trade magazine Jam-Up became interested in Polaris vehicles. He called the main office, but they were not really interested in starting dealerships below the Mason Dixon line. Jam-Up ordered a few Polaris four wheelers and put them in his showroom. He really believed in the brand and preached them to anyone that would listen. Polaris built rugged, quality equipment. A few weeks later he ordered more. Polaris was now starting to take notice of Jam-Up Cycles. The rest is history. Jam-Up Cycles was to become the first Polaris dealership south of the Mason Dixon line. They won the Polaris retailer of the year for 5 years straight. Now, thanks to Jam-Up Gooden, Polaris is not just for yankees anymore, they're a southern thang.



Jam-Up with rider Kevin Rentzell



In 1998 Polaris added Victory Motorcycles to their line of products. Jam-Up would promote the Victory motorcycles just as he had the other Polaris products. He even ended his long career riding Hondas and mounted a Victory.

His story would not be complete without mentioning Charlotte, his wife of 36 years. She has been by his side through thick and thin. She helped him in his business and rode behind him, traveling more miles than most people could even imagine. Charlotte jokes that Jam-Up never just "wanted" another motorcycle for his stable, he "HAD TO HAVE" it, he "NEEDED" it. Charlotte, better than anyone else, realized that he did. When he told her that he was going to Nova Scotia, she understood that he NEEDED that too. Behind every great man, is a great woman

There is not enough space to list all of the motorcycles that Jam-Up

has owned. He was Honda to the bone, starting with his 1969 CB750. When Honda introduced the 1976 Bicentennial Gold Wing Jam-Up just had to have one. This would be the bike that he owned the longest. Charlotte jokes that the only thing he kept longer than that Gold Wing was her. The Gold Wing is gone, but Charlotte is still there. From 1976 to 1988 he rode Gold Wings, with one exception. In 1984, he jumped brands, going to a Yamaha Venture Royale which he bought from Drue Pate. He and his buddies immediately set off to Nova Scotia, a 7800

Legend Series - Jam Up Gooden - continued from page 41



Jam-Up and Arlon Ness

mile trip. Nothing like a test under fire for the Yamaha. From 1988 to today, Jam-Up has been on the seat of a Victory motorcycle. In 2002, at the age of 63, he tackled the Iron Butt on his Victory just for grins.

I've just got to tell a couple of his hundreds of funny stories. Jam was traveling alone pulling a small trailer behind his motorcycle. Having miscalculated his fuel because of the trailer, he ran out of gas. A State Trooper stopped and offered to take Jam to a gas station. Not having a gas can, he bought a gallon of milk, poured it out, dried the container, and filled it with gasoline. He was in the front seat of the patrol car with a gallon of gas between his knees

when a pursuit call came in. The trooper told him to hold on and the pursuit began. Ten miles later the fleeing car was pulled over with officers all around. Jam's trooper left the car and was helping attend to the suspect. Suddenly another trooper pulled up and thought for some reason that Jam-Up was the fleeing driver. He cuffed him, put him in his car, and took him to jail. All the while Jam-Up was protesting his innocence. Just as he was ready to be booked, the samaritan trooper arrived with the "real" suspect. When seeing Jam-Up in cuffs, he yelled to his fellow officer, "that's not the suspect, that's the guy that ran out of gas on the motorcycle that I was helping" He apologized and took Jam back to his motorcycle.

One last story: [Hey Joe, you didn't tell me this story when I interviewed you.]

It seems that John Parks had Jam-Up soup up his 1973 Kawasaki Z1 and he challenged Joe Pate's 1200 Sportster for bragging rights. Some spectators had money was on the line. The race took place on I-75 right north of the Ooltewah exit. There was only a small fraction of the traffic that you see today on I-75. Anyway, even though Jam had built the engine in Park's bike, he bet his money on Joe's Sportster. Joe was leading the race when suddenly Parks' pulled away and won the race. Parks collected the money then gave it back to the people that had bet against him. After all it was never about the money, it was about the bragging rights to the fastest bike in town, and he had it.

So, another Legend's story has been told. My thanks to Charlotte and Jam-Up Gooden for their hospitality and help with this article. May you both have another 30 years to enjoy your family and the fruits of your labor. - *Rock*







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Bike Night at Buds





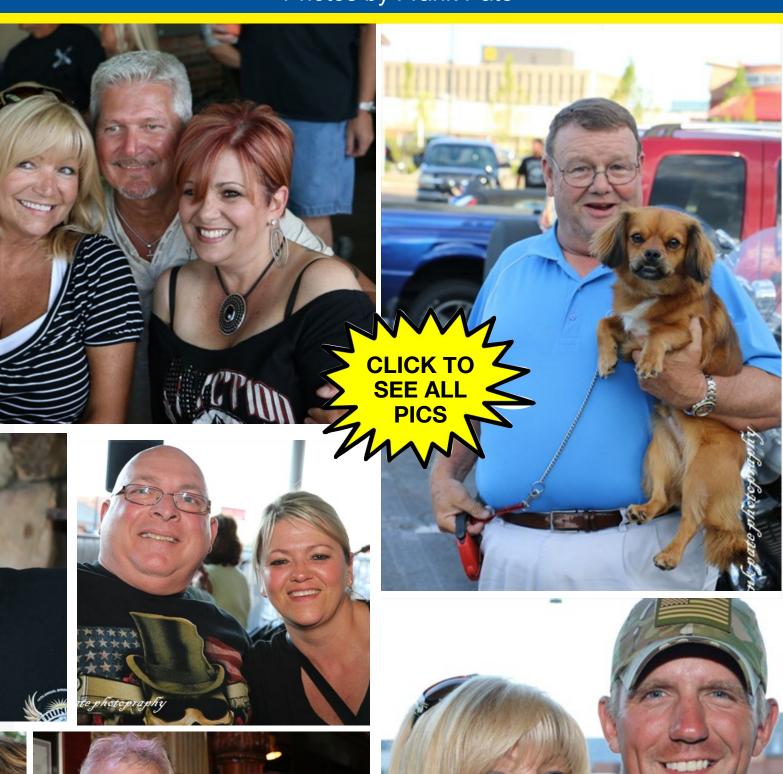








Photos by Frank Pate









Bike Night at Buds - Photos by Frank Pate





THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY O

I'm Gonna Ride That Son of a

So you've decided that riding as a passenger is fun, and a romantic way to spend some time with your man, but you long for a little sassy independence? Well, I got your independence right here, (along with some bruises and road rash!)

Being in charge of your own ride can be a lot of fun with the right bike,

gear, and schooling. Let me emphasize THE RIGHT BIKE... Believe you me, I was dead set on maintaining the sports bike image. I love them. I think they are sexy and fun. You say AMA and I say "Oh baby"! I was convinced that I was going to be the next Melissa Paris. Boy, was I wrong!!



JUST BECAUSE YOU HAVE THEM DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN REACH THEM.

My short and small stature didn't allow for great control or the ability to touch properly, despite lowering the bike. I had it lowered as far as it could possibly go and still couldn't touch well enough to keep the bike upright upon stopping. It was embarrassing, and quite painful. The last attempt left me with a peg breaking after hitting my left shin, and the bike falling on me and pinning my right foot. That was not a fun experience. It is quite disheartening to fall time after time. It doesn't matter how well you ride if you can't touch well enough to hold the bike up when you need to stop, or ease into action again after even a successful stop.

After we purchased the Ninja, I really thought that a lowering link would solve all of my problems. I hopped on and tried to navigate around our neighborhood. First off, when "newbie" panic ensued, I would grab that front brake quicker than you could say "go!" What was the end result, you ask? Well, let's just say it threw my body forward in a way that

managed to bruise areas that were never meant to be bruised. What did I learn from that? DON'T panic and grab the front brake in one sharp motion!!

After I learned that grabbing that front brake was not such a great idea, I was able to teach myself to use the foot brake

> and slowly integrate the front one. in order to come to that perfect stop. However, that perfect stop ended up with my feet not quite touching well enough or evenly, and I would, (yep, you guessed it) fall over, thus

bruising my ego, scratching my bike, and causing me to use words that would make most men flee in shock.

Did I give up? Heck no, but I should have. The final straw was after I had learned to maneuver the bike well enough to take to the streets. So, I came to a stop, placed

DOCTOR PLEASE, BE HONEST

IS THE BIKE OK?

my feet down, and the ground was not where I needed it to be. I was on part of a street where there was a drop off, but it was night, and I couldn't see that drop, and I dropped

off along with it, with bike following. The bike fell on me, resulting in the aforementioned injury, in which I am STILL nursing the bruised shin and heel.

What did I learn that time? A sports bike, no matter how far it's lowered, still is NOT a good fit for



ME. In the days to follow, I would hobble along and sit on bike after bike. Ninja...CBR....Shadow, you name it, I tried it. Finally, for the "heck of it" I went to sit on a Harley. I played musical seats with the Sportster and the Street 500. The Street 500 was the winner. I could touch, and boy, it was comfy. I had found my holy grail.

If you don't already know, I name my bikes. My Harley's name is "Raven." In those days after she arrived home, Raven and I became more and more acquainted. Her clutch took a while to let out, and she takes guite a bit of gas to get started, but I got this. I get a bit wobbly on turning from a stop, but I'm starting to learn the right ratio of gas to clutch. Practice makes perfect, right? One must wobble a time or two before perfection can be achieved.

All in all, my bike fits me, therefore, I can ride more stable and touch

well enough to bring my bike to a safe stop. The right fit is everything. Without it, you are just cheating yourself out of a great and safe ride. That fit can make the difference between falling over and arriving safely at your destination.



Jen

jen@kickstandup.com



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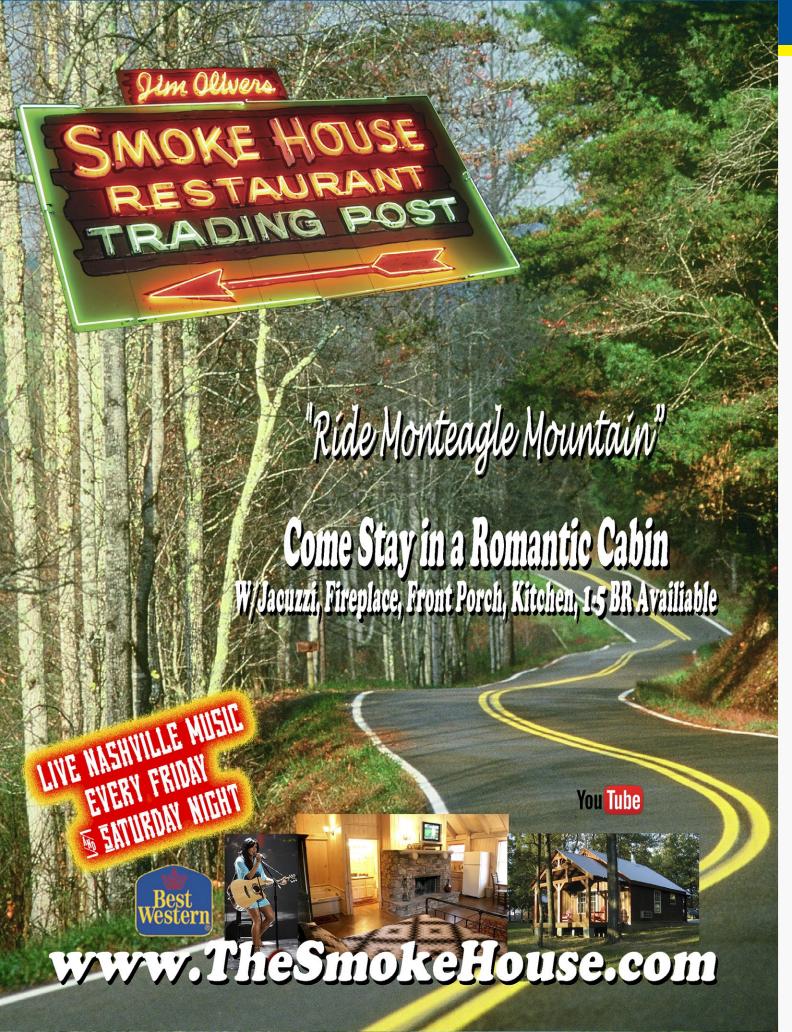
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Motorcycling 1t's A Lifestyle

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Sound's European Materials Events Eve

Laura Erie is the Comptroller at Pandora's European Motorsports. Every week in the Pandora's newsletter she features one of her Peeps i.e. customers, employess, & friends. We will be featuring one or two of her Peeps every month.

I can't believe how long it's taken me to interview this week's peep, Mr. Wes Kelley! Wes and his brother, Alan, have been regular fixtures here at the shop since the beginning. In fact, Wes says what he likes least about Pandora's is that it's "too close to the office." They have a landscaping business located off of Amnicola Highway, and we're just too darn convenient!

Wes is a lifelong resident of Signal Mountain, where he's been riding nearly all of his life. His first bike was a 1979 Honda XR250. He currently has three bikes in his stable: a 2014 R1200GSA, a 2007 Honda CRF250X, and a 2004 Honda XR400. Over time he's



owned five BMW motorcycles.

When not riding, Wes likes to spend time with his family. He and his wife, Robin, have two kids

(his hard work in that department has yet to pay off...LOL). Jim was born in Columbus, Ohio and moved to the Chattanooga area with his parents when he was around 11 years old. He's been riding approximately fifty-one years now. His first bike was a 1966 Honda CB160, which he bought new at the ripe old age of 17.

Jim was drafted into the Army in 1965, and stayed in for six years. During that time, he worked 2 jobs, went to school at night, and did the Reserves on weekends. From the time he started working, he's always been in I.T. His first computer job came in 1966 when he became a computer operator for Blue Cross/Blue Shield. (*Interesting note: Jim informed me that BC/BS was the first company in the city of Chattanooga to have a disk drive!)

His most recent I.T. job was

ages 12 and 8. His is a graduate of UTC, finishing his B.S. in Psychology in 1994. (I say that's what allows him to spend so much time with the crazies here at Pandora's!)

Thanks for chatting with me, Wes! Oh, and Alan...don't even think you're off the hook! Haha!

Lora Erie

here, last week, fixing Justin's computer. Before that he recently retired from the Chattanooga Eye Institute where he has been the I.T. Director for the past twelve years.

But...as most of you know...Jim Chase is not all about work! He has owned at least twenty motorcycles, and has been a staple at many of our track days. Have I mentioned how much faster than Justin he is on the track? And that he's 67-years-young and Justin isn't? He currently has 3 bikes: a 2009 Daytona 675, a 2008 Honda CBR600RR track bike, and a brand-spankin'-new 2014 Triumph Street Triple R. In all, he's purchased five of his 20+ bikes from Pandora's!

When he isn't riding on the track, Jim helps us out at various events – talking to people, showing our motorcycles, supporting the shop. In addition, Jim says he's still doing I.T. work on the side so if you need someone you can trust in computers, let us know and we'll get you in contact with him!

Thanks for FINALLY sitting down for a 'formal' interview, Jim! Yeah, yeah...the check's in the mail...

Lora Erie



This week's peep has helped us out so much that many of you probably think he's a regular employee – Mr. Jim Chase! You've most likely seen him at the track, schooling Justin on how to go fast

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Nightfall - 7/25/14













Photos by Greg Cook













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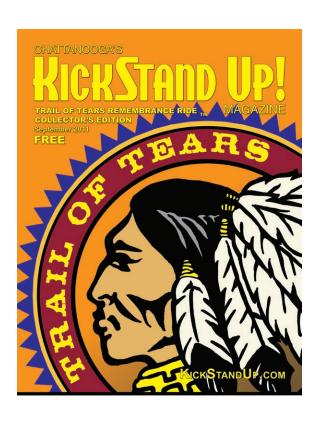
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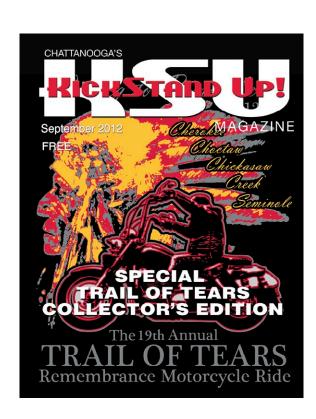


KSU is proud of the fact that we were the first and only motorcycle magazine, whether local, regional, or national to publish an entire edition dedicated to the Trail of Tears Motorcycle Ride. We published our first edition in 2011 and another in 2012.

I was fortunate enough to interview my friend, Bill Cason for a few hours to get the facts for my article, The Real Story. It was fun to sit down with Bill, kick back, and just talk about the history of the ride and our memories of times past. - Ed

Click on the cover above to read the 2011 KSU Special Trail of Tears Collector's Edition. You can also click the cover to the right to read the 2012 Special Trail of Tears Collectors's Edition.







"THE END OF THE TRAIL" OF TEARS MOTORCYCLE RIDE

On behalf of the entire Board of Directors of the Trail of Tears Remembrance Motorcycle Ride, I want to announce that we are at the End of the Trail for our annual charity motorcycle ride. I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone for 20 great years and your support of our organization as we remembered those ancestors forcibly removed from their homeland in the east to what is now present day Oklahoma.

Because of you, our riders and our sponsors, over the 20 years we have provided thousands of dollars in scholarship funds to needy Native American children, placed Historical Markers in many areas along the Trail and in Oklahoma, marked new trails, and made donations to other educational projects. We have fulfilled the goal's and mission of the organization and feel proud that we accomplished more than what could have been imagined when we first began this journey. It has been my honor to lead the ride every year.

I want to thank each and every board member, volunteer, sponsor and rider for helping us achieve these awesome acts on behalf of such a deserving people.

We still have some of the official memorabilia that we will make available on the TOT website until sold through.

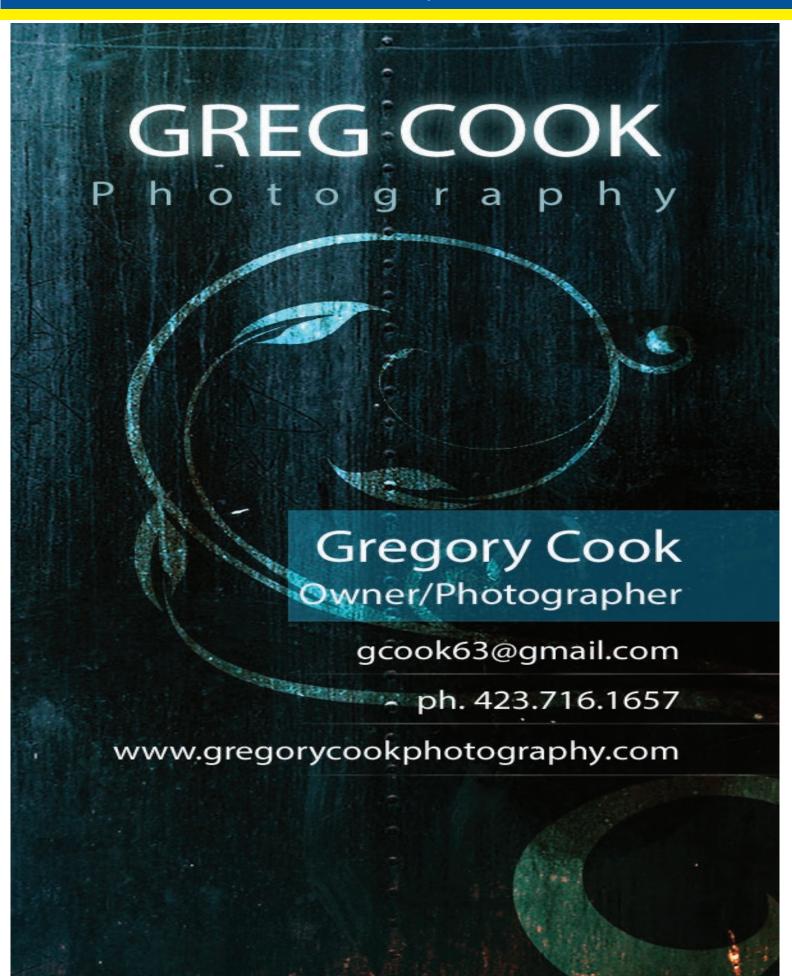
Bill Cason, Ride Leader & Originator Trail of Tears Motorcycle Ride

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OUR HISTORY WAS PRINT - OUR PRESENT IS DIGITAL









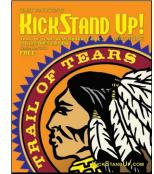


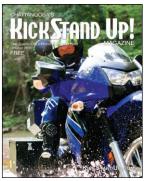




















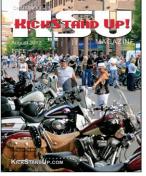


















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Dixie Dogs and Cats Poker Run - 7/26/14













Photos by Greg Cook















Marquez Marquez does crash

just not on Race Day!

Marc Marquez has a close call in one of his qualifying runs at the MotoGP race at the Circuit of The Americas in Austin, TX. Luckily, Marquez walked away, and was back on his bike within ten minutes. He went on to win the race the next day.





Record breaker Marquez takes pole with fastest ever Sachsenring lap

A 1'20.937 effort from Marquez gave him pole by just under 0.3s from Repsol Honda colleague Pedrosa who went down at turn 1 with three minutes remaining. The rapid lap time for Marquez broke Casey Stoner's six year old best pole lap record of 1'21.067 from 2008.

For full Q2 results from Sachsenring click here.

The home fans were delighted with Bradl (LCR Honda MotoGP) registering a 1'21.340 lap, as the German qualified third having initially been on provisional pole five minutes into the session.

The second row, meanwhile features a strong Yamaha presence with Open-equipped Aleix Espargaro (NGM Forward Racing) placing his Forward-Yamaha machine ahead of the factory Movistar Yamaha MotoGP machines of Jorge Lorenzo and Valentino Rossi on the grid.

Andrea lannone (Pramac Racing)

impressed again in seventh, ahead of Pol Espargaro (Monster Yamaha Tech3) and Bradley Smith (Monster Yamaha Tech3) on row three. Smith suffered a fourth crash of the weekend in Q2 but was not hurt.

Alvaro Bautista (GO&FUN Honda Gresini) was tenth, whilst Andrea Dovizioso (Ducati Team) and Nicky Hayden (Drive M7 Aspar) complete the fourth row having come through from Q1.

Cal Crutchlow (Ducati Team)

missed out on a Q2 ride having crashed at high speed at turn 11, taking a big tumble through the gravel at the end of Q1. Crutchlow was unhurt and quickly went back to his pit box for a debrief despite initially looking quite shaken by the accident.



Rain just moments before the race start had riders switching to their wet bikes. However, the downpour was brief and 14 riders, including Marquez and Pedrosa, opted to switch to their dry bikes at the end of the final Warm Up lap and start from pitlane.

Stefan Bradl (LCR Honda) switched to slick tyres on the grid and had an early lead but both Repsol Honda riders quickly caught up. Marquez

and Pedrosa passed the German and had their own battle throughout the race. Championship leader Marquez set several fastest laps with Pedrosa responding each time.

Marquez was able to maintain his advantage and win by almost one and a half seconds after Pedrosa made a mistake. Nonetheless Pedrosa was able to claim his seventh podium of the season, and mark Repsol Honda's third 1-2 result.

"It looked like Assen but in the end everyone came in the pits because we all saw it was dry. I was worried about the back of the track initially and in the end my strategy was to copy Dani and (Valentino) Rossi, my main rivals for the championship. I followed them. The race was nice in the beginning because I overtook several riders and then I had a good battle with Dani. I'm really happy for this victory. Now we can relax a bit!" commented Marquez.

Second placed Pedrosa added, "I think it was really tough in turn 1 with slicks. We did a good job in the pits. I tried to make it up to Marc but the gap always stayed at 0.5, 0.6. The rhythm was very similar and I wasn't really gaining or losing at all. I'm happy overall though."

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Amelia and I just returned from a 7-week, 8,848-mile tour of the States. We took back roads across the states to eventually arrive in Seattle. We stopped in at the Bill Cody Museum in Cody, of all places! Fantastic place, but I think the western sculptures at the Brooks Museum actually are more impressive. Not as large, by any means, but more impressive in beautiful content. Just my opinion.

It rained most of the ride out west, but that is the way it goes. One gets accustomed to it (no choice, really!) and simply presses on regardless. The rain did let up some, so we made a quick trip to Grand Coulee Dam. Mike Igou and I visited there last year on our way back from Alaska and there was a phenomenal amount of water issuing forth. Not so this time...there was only a trickle, but the scope of the dam is quite impressive.

We arrived in Seattle, got a room

and settled in. Went to the Space Needle and waited in line, forever. Got to the top and waited in line, forever. Got in line to get a wine and waited...forever. Got in line to get on the elevator to descend. Waited forever. Finally got to the monorail and transferred to the light rail and made it back to the SeaTac airport and our motel.

We stored the bike at a Parkand-Fly (along with all "bike gear) and caught Alaska Air to Petersburg. We boarded our small ship (101 ft. in length and 32 passengers) for a 9-day cruise, eventually disembarking in Sitka. where we caught a plane back to Seattle and the bike. We had shipped our "boat clothes" via UPS to our motel prior to leaving Ooltewah. Upon finishing our cruise, we packed the clothes and sent them back home. Wonderful method and worked without a hitch. If you decide to take an Inward Passage tour, I would highly suggest taking a small ship. You can get into places the large ships cannot go. For instance, we went

to Ford's Terror, a bay that cannot be seen from a large ship. In fact, even our small ship had to wait until high tide to get into and out from the bay. We also had the ability to dodge icebergs and go to the terminus of Endicott Arm and view Dawe's Glacier up close. It's about 400 ft. tall, and

You Tube

as ice breaks off the glacier, you can literally feel (as well as hear) the boom as it echoes off the granite walls of the bay. Several minutes later a 20-foot swell lifts the ship like a roller coaster ride. We also visited Hoonah. They have the longest, highest and fastest zip line ride in the states. It's a quarter of a mile high and overlooks a bay, is one mile long and reaches speeds of 62 mph! Exciting, to say the least!

Leaving Seattle, we rode the Olympia peninsula, winding up on the Pacific coast. Visited Cape Flattery, the westernmost point of the lower 48 (on our trip to Nova Scotia a few years ago, we visited Eastport, Maine, the easternmost point of



the lower 48). Made our way to Mt. Rainier, circled it, and proceeded to the Columbia River Gorge. Spent July 3rd and 4th there to rest. Next was off to Mt. Hood. We never get tired of visiting the mountains. Perhaps that is obvious!

It was then off to San Francisco on a quest to Alice's Restaurant, made famous by Arlo Guthrie's song of the same name. This was actually our second attempt to get there. We approached on Hwy 101. We got to San Rafel and found out that I-580 had been competely closed to traffic. This is only one of two ways of getting into S.F. from the north. Traffic stopped (all 8 lanes!) as far as you could see. We finally turned around and proceeded on to Glacier Point Rd. in Yosemite. This is another way to see the park and is worth the ride! The valley is incredible, but to follow that up with a trip to see it from above caps the experience. We then went to Sequoia N.P. King's Canyon is worth the time, also, as was the entire park. Roads are terrific.

The one thing we noticed

immediately was evidence of the drought out there. The last time out there, the lakes and rivers were fairly plentiful albeit a tad lower than usual. This year, all the watersheds are practically dry. Lakes and reservoirs are down at least 50 ft. The worst part is that snowfall last winter was down 40%. There is no snow melt this year to replenish. While eating lunch just outside King's Canyon, overlooking a rocky "stream", we were told by our waitress that what we were seeing is usually a class four whitewater. There was literally a trickle of water meandering around the rocks. Quite sad. I don't think the water problem is going to be successfully handled by stealing water from the other states. They, too, are experiencing a drought.

Next we were off to Jerome, AZ. This little town hangs off a 50% grade; each block is a switch-back lower than the previous block. Spent 2 days here overlooking the valley below. Hwy 89-a is a phenomenal road! It eventually leads through Sedona (old town is

now dwarfed by commercial crap that is everywhere) and on to Flagstaff via a gorgeous valley road. It was then off to Albuquerque (where we replaced dangerously thin-treaded tires!) for two days. Left there for Roswell (the museum is the only place worth seeing) and then off to Carlsbad for a tour of the caverns. Very impressive. A 750 foot descent by elevator begins the journey. Well worth the time!

After that we slabbed it back to Ooltewah. No rain once we got to Seattle, so Alaska and the ride back was dry. Average gas mileage was 52 mpg. That's 2-up, fully loaded and cruising at 75-85 mph. If long trips interest you, I would highly recommend you do so by motorcycle. The experience is so much more intense and you will meet some very interesting folk on the road.

Ride on!

Sandman



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Take the new road.....

Every time we travel on a daytrip or an overnighter we focus so much on the destination of our trip. We check out all the hotels, the attractions, the best places to site see, and generally the best things to do once we get there. While this is a normal reaction to a destination. I wanted to take a chance to talk about the journey. As a rider in the Chattanooga area I have taught myself very quickly that one does not have to spend colossal amounts of money on huge get-a-ways to have a great time. I personally do not take the long cruises or extended

stay vacations; partly because I am cheap as hell and don't want to spend the money, but also because I always feel like if I leave my house or work for a week I come back to the work I already have to do plus the prior weeks work so I can get caught back up.

From Desoto Falls in Fort Payne, Fort Mountain in Chatsworth, Fall Creek Falls in Spencer, or riding up Highway 64 to Ducktown the number of amazing rides within a days ride from Chattanooga is immense and continues to grow. This list could go on and on and truly never end so I will let you fill in your favorite ride.

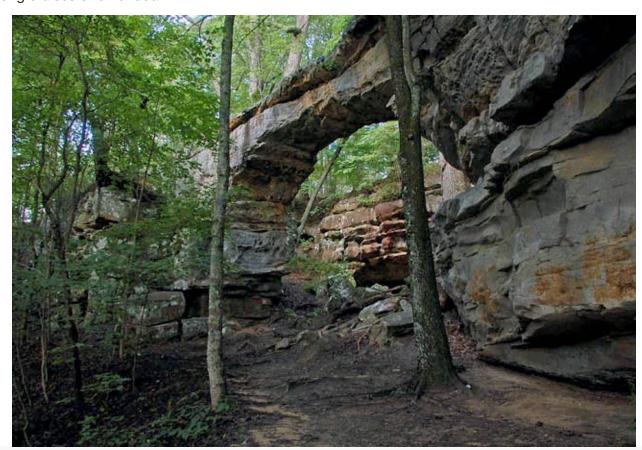
Anywhere I am, I try my hardest not to do something I have done before while there. Example, when you ride to Lynchburg do you always find yourself doing the distillery tour? They haven't changed the recipe in over 100 years and I can assure you they won't before the next time you visit. While the tour is a great time, I might suggest going over the back side of Monteagle and taking

the extremely long way, or visit the Natural Bridge on Monteagle or even have lunch at the Dutch Bakery in Tracy City (moonshine cake=enough said). Instead of riding straight to Fall Creek Falls; drive straight past it and visit Rock Island State Park, the meat and threes at the market are to die for and the Waterfalls at Rock Island are pretty amazing as well.

My objective in writing this piece is not to tell you how to ride your rides but think about defying your norm. With technology these days I find it fun just too purposely go the wrong way or a way that I have never been and travel that road less traveled go as far as I can then look at my phone and find my way back home. They have always said that doing things the same way all the time and expecting different results is the true definition of insanity. So take that left instead of a right, get lost as hell. You will be glad you did.

Happy Riding,

Nathan "Squirrel" Frazier nathan@kickstandup.com

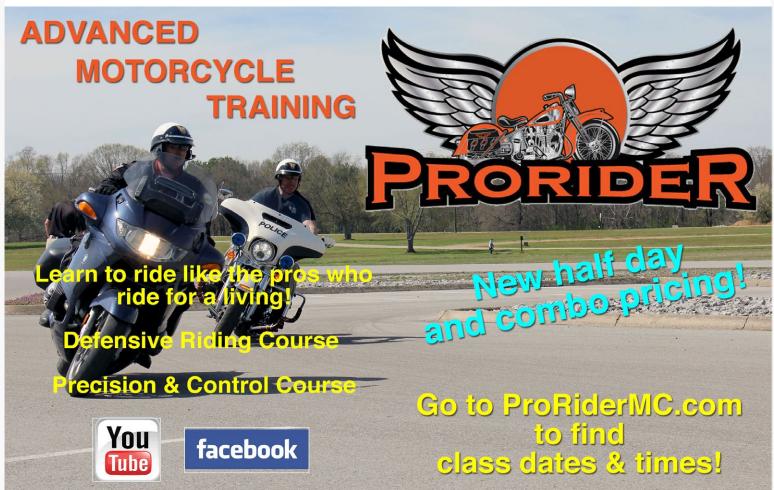


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MotoGP Paddock Girl of the Month









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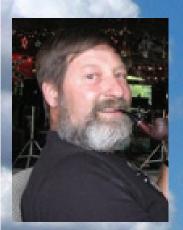


















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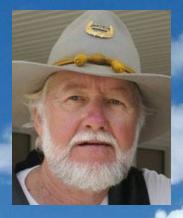




















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