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KICKSTANDUP!

MAGAZINE





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CHATTANOOGA'S

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MAGAZINE

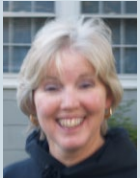
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FROM THE EDITOR

Hi Folks,

As you all know by now Chattanooga's Trail of Tears Motorcycle Ride is no more. The Ride was started in 1994 by Bill Cason and he led The Ride every year until 2013. The decision to retire was a hard one, but Bill and the aging TOTRA Board felt it was time to call it quits. To the casual observer it doesn't seem like a big deal to organize a ride. However, to organize a ride the size of the TOT is a year long affair and takes thousands of hours of planning and coordination.

Our cover is a remembrance of the Trail of Tears Ride and I have included photos from a number of past years. I want to thank Bill and the Board for the 19 years that they dedicated to organizing and leading "The Ride." It brought the travesty of the Trail of Tears to our remembrance and provided dozens of scholarships to Indian students which will produce fruit for years to come.

We had a record set this month. The C-Note was found a mere 26 hours after the magazine was published. Phillip and April Shankles thought they were hearing banjo music as they got near the hiding spot. I have to admit, I get the same feeling every time I ride that route. I'll bet that most of you have never travelled this road. Go ride it for a flashback to Deliverance.

As you read this, I should be arriving in Colorado with my Hooligan crew for a little R&R. We left on the morning of the 27th and we plan to spend about four days in state before heading back to the house. Please pray that God will protect us as we travel and bring us all home safely.

If you'd like to keep up with our travels you can do so by logging onto our "real time" gps unit @ <http://share.findmespot.com/shared/faces/viewspots.jsp?glld=003k1scD02V5gHP8orpgYSn8lp8UqyOBh>

This unit displays our location every ten minutes. You can view by road map or the satellite view which will show you the topography. We'll have lots of photos and video to share with you daily on our Facebook page. Hopefully I won't be videoing myself getting stopped by the law again like on my last trip.

LTRNTT,

Rock

rock@kickstandup.com

KSU VIEWING TIPS

On Your Computer:

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

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

Windows or Mac OSX.

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

KSU should now display properly with two pages open.

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

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

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



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ROAD MAP

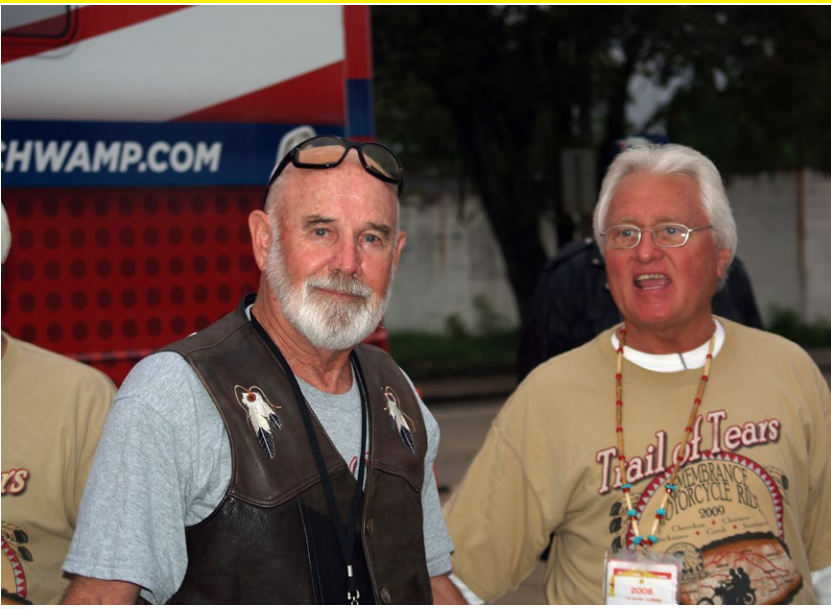
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Chattanooga's Trail of Tears Motorcycle Ride - 2009





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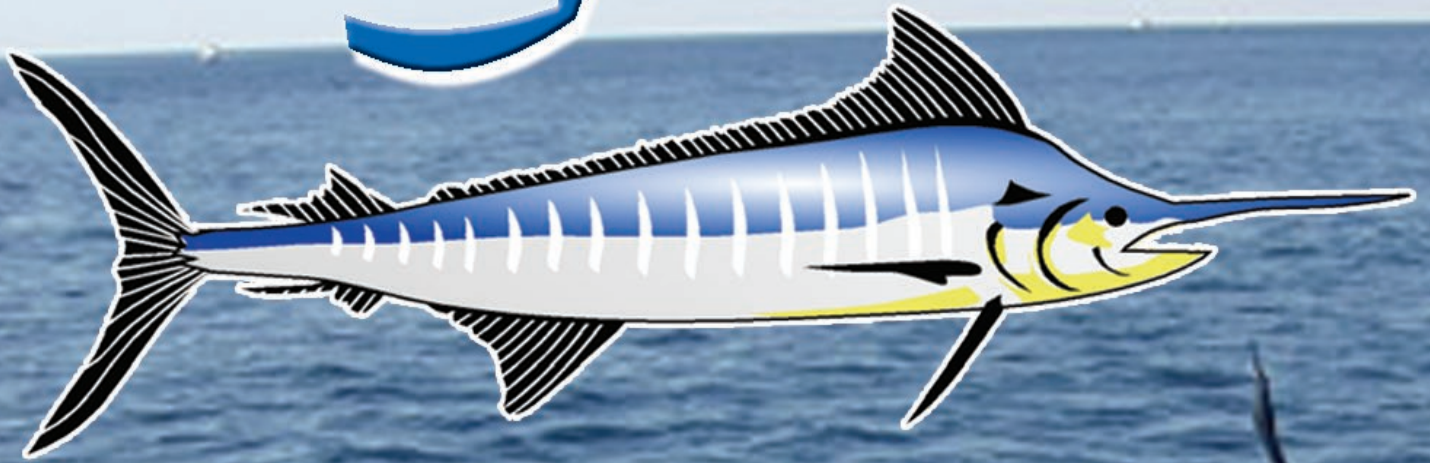
... IN ACTION





Moto 3 pileup in Germany

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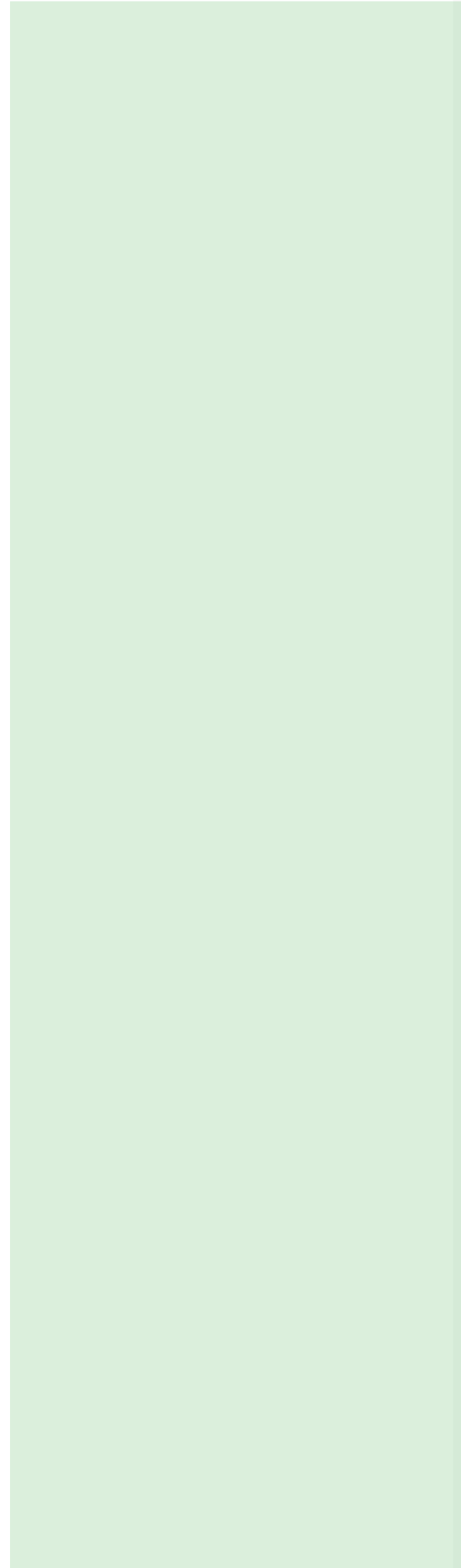
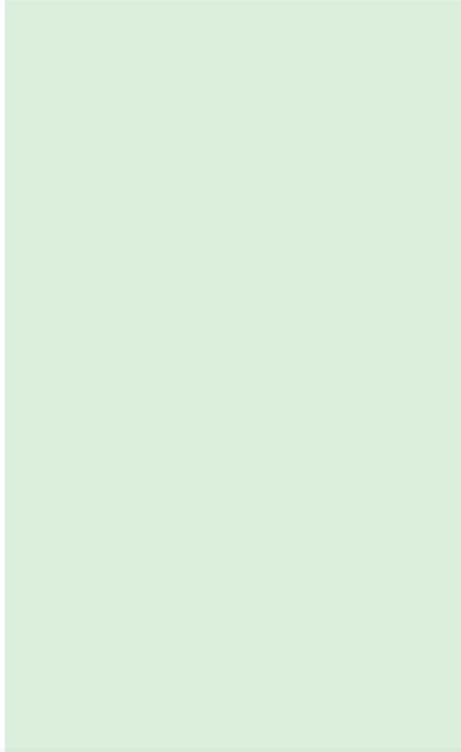
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Lunch - 11 am - 2 pm

Dinner - 5 - 9 pm

A Wing . . . and a Prayer

by Gary Boyd





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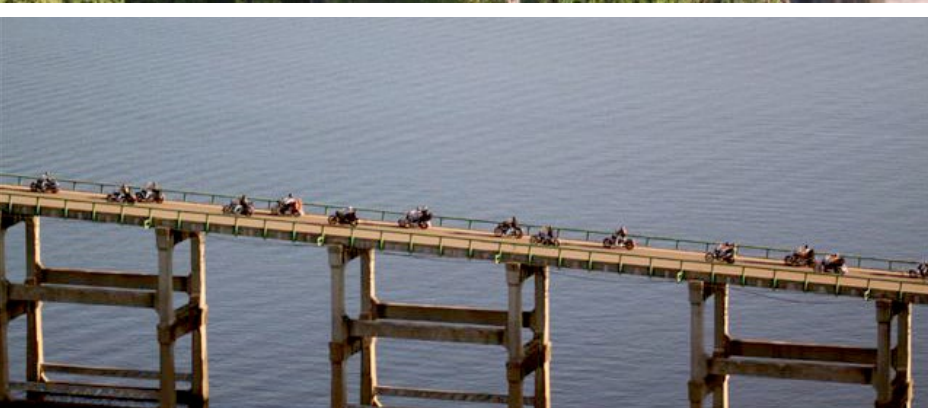
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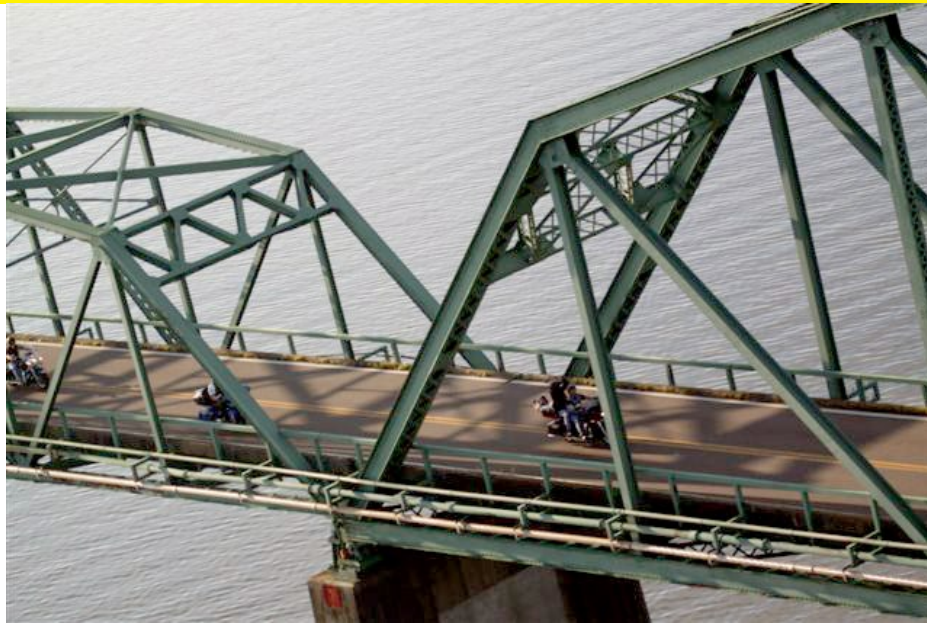
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Chattanooga's Trail of Tears Motorcycle Ride - 2010



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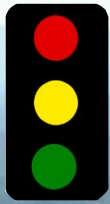


.. IN ACTION





WIN \$100 BUCKS FIND THE C-NOTE CO



DIRECTIONS:

Route by: Rock & BooBoo

Start at Griffith Cycle - 4704 Dodds Ave., Chattanooga

This is about 3.5 hrs round trip (including refreshment stop)

- L out of Griffith lot
- L @ Red light
- R @ 2nd Red light.
- R @ 3rd Red light.
- R @ 1st stop sign
- L @ Red light
- L @ 1.4 mi.
- Bear R @ stop sign. (4.8 mi)
- @ 2nd Stop sign reset odometer

- L @ 4.7mi
- L @ stop sign
- R @ stop sign
- L @ 1st rd past 8 mi marker
- L @ stop sign
- R @ 2nd stop sign
- L @ stop sign
- R into 1st gravel pull off

The pic to the R shows the pull off just 100' to the R past your last left turn. Investigate the guardrail behind the yellow square with black stripes. It is under chunk of asphalt inside the guardrail. You're a WINNER!



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 d won't keep hunting if it's already been found. If you have problems you

CONTEST

PLEASE NOTE:

We do not count driveway signs that look like named road signs. In GA these are blue. In TN they may be green & have Pvt or Drv at the end of the name.



Phillip & April Shankles now hold the record for the quickest find. They found the cash just 26 hours after the magazine was published. They both said they thought they heard banjo music near the end of the ride. Join the fun and Ride To Win \$100 in every issue. Ride Safe.

**YOU MUST BE
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TO WIN!**

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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 doesn'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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SHINY SIDE UP

Night Rider

While preparing material for a motorcycle safety roundtable discussion with state law makers and traffic safety experts recently, I came across an interesting statistic concerning motorcycle crashes. Of the crashes involving motorcycles that simply failed to negotiate a curve, more than 60% of those crashes occurred at night. I don't like reading a whole lot into a stat, and I don't believe anyone is trying to use this fact to imply that when it gets dark, motorcycles begin to crash, but it does bring up an interesting topic of discussion.

I primarily patrol in the daylight, but at least once a week I work overtime in traffic enforcement during the night shift. Prior to working day shift on motors, I spent several years working nights on two wheels and enjoyed riding in the cool evening hours as opposed to the blazing daytime sun. And one thing I know from this experience - riding at night does bump the difficulty level up just a notch.

I know from the NHTSA stats and my experience that many of those night-time crashes occur because the rider's have been drinking, and we all know that impairment has a lot more to do with a rider staying upright than whether or not he's wearing sunglasses or clear glasses. But there are considerations to take when wheeling after the sun's gone down.

When I'm on patrol at night, one



thing that I notice right away is the speeds that I take exit ramps or other curves. During the daylight when I can see clearly, I may use a little more of my available lean angle in a curve than I do at night (translation - I tend to slow down in curves at night). Granted, on the Harley I'm not dragging a knee, and if I am it's because I've somehow been separated from my motorcycle while in motion.

Another issue that's reared its ugly head at night is speed awareness. I noticed this especially when 'running hot' (driving faster with lights and sirens in an emergency response). Once, while responding to a reported shots fired / person shot call, as I got close to the location I realized I was coming in a little faster than I probably should have, so I applied a little more brake to make the turn in to the parking lot. Adding more brake than I planned resulted in another unplanned situation - a locked rear wheel. Having locked the rear wheel plenty of times in training during braking maneuvers, I knew I could quickly release the rear brake and immediately re-engage without high siding, and that's just what I did. I slowed down enough and made the turn safely, only to find that the call was a bogus call, and several officers and Fire and EMS personnel were 'running hot' through town for no good reason. What that incident re-enforced for me was the phenomenon that occurs only at night - speed awareness on two wheels is diminished.

The need to slow down in curves at night and the loss of speed awareness (absent staring at the speedometer) are in my opinion related. What is lost at night while riding is peripheral vision, or more specifically, the loss of the view of your horizon and far away objects. At night, away from the big city lights, the only thing really well lit (besides



that joker leaving the bar) is the roadway directly in front of you. For most of us, that's only a couple hundred feet at best. Our brain relies on a lot more visual data and cues than what is directly in front of us. Subconsciously, our brain is doing time and distance calculations to determine speed based on objects we are approaching near and comparing that data to objects we are observing in our peripheral, giving us a good sense of our speed. At night much of that information is not available for our brain to do its time-distance calculations. And the same thing is true with cornering. Our brain is relying on our peripheral vision to determine our lean angle by noticing the horizon in relation to our speed, and without that information, our brain wants the throttle hand to go into safe mode when cornering, because it's not sure if we're close to our accepted lean angle limits and speed or beyond it. And if we try to outsmart our brain by telling our throttle hand that we always take this curve at X-MPH during the day, so we should continue at X-MPH at night, we can find ourselves in trouble if we've entered the lean too late in the curve because we didn't have the visual clues telling us where the ideal trajectory lies. I'm no brain or vision expert, but I do believe this can account for some of that 60% in the NHTSA report.

My take away for patrolling or simply cruising at night on two wheels is simply this. If the sun's down, slow down, and ride to see another sunrise.

Ride safe

Joe Warren

... IN ACTION



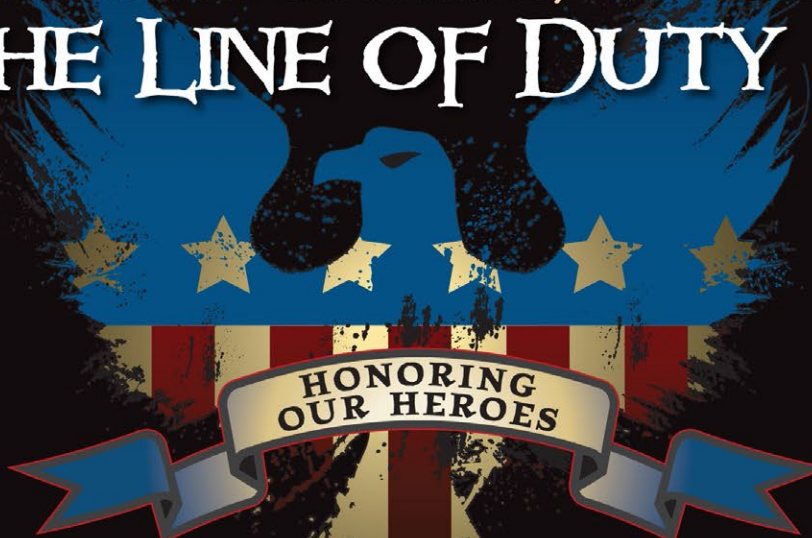


Marvin Musquin competes in the AMA Pro Motocross Championships at Red Bud Track and Trail in Buchanan, Michigan, USA on 5 July 2014.

4th Annual

Saturday, Sept. 13, 2014
at Thunder Creek Harley-Davidson

IN THE LINE OF DUTY RIDE



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OUR HEROES

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SGT. JOHN SULLIVAN U.S. Army • Gave his all 12/30/2006

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\$25 per motorcycle • Begins and ends at **Thunder Creek Harley-Davidson**

FREE RIDE T-SHIRTS for the first 200 bikes registered

9:30AM • REGISTRATION STARTS

11:00AM • RIDE BEGINS

Live Music by **THE SULLIVAN BAND**

Door prizes • Food and Beverage Vendors



The Roughnecks Motorcycle Club is a brotherhood of active and retired law enforcement, public safety, EMS, and military personnel.

Hamilton County Chapter

REGISTRATION & SPONSORSHIP

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Hi Folks,

It seems that we have a unplanned theme this month. Without talking beforehand, Jen and I both felt the need to write on riding gear. I also ran across an article about a young lady's battle with the after effects of not riding with the correct gear. It's a very moving and scary story. I have also included some very graphic photos to get your attention. Could this happen to you?

I am amazed at how many people wear shorts and tennis shoes or flip



flops when they ride their bikes. I can almost guarantee you that the people that do have never hit the pavement. They ride with the "it'll never happen to me" mentality. Here's a new flash people. It doesn't happen to you until it happens and it always does if you have ridden for long. It's inevitable.

A young couple pulled up next to me at a red light the other day on a sport bike. The cutie on the back was wearing shorts, a tank top, and tennis shoes. The guy was dressed similarly. I wanted to ask them if either of them had ever asphalt surfed, but I restrained myself. I cringed thinking about them sliding down the road on unforgiving pavement. That skin will not look so smooth and pretty when that happens my dear.

I have NEVER ridden in shorts, flip flops, crocks, or tennis shoes and I NEVER will. I have a very good friend that usually dresses properly, but, on occasion he has ridden in very dangerous attire. He is an excellent rider with much greater skills than me, but that doesn't mean he can't go down. Everyone goes down. The question is what do you have on when you do down. I love you GB and I worry about you when I see you in crocks and shorts.

I have a strict rule that no one will get on my bike without boots and jeans. I am not a full gear fanatic, but, I probably should be. I have hit the ground a few times in my riding career. Twice I broke bones and was carried away in an ambulance.

I have been extremely blessed to have ridden for as many years and miles as I have and only received some minor injuries. One of my accidents involved a dog and the other was due to construction on Monteagle mountain. To date I have not been hit or crashed into another vehicle or left the road due to excessive speed.

I attribute this in most part to my mind-set when I ride. I always assume that everyone is out to get me. I take nothing for granted. I ride as if I am playing a video game where I am the target and everything around me is the attacker. I know this sounds crazy, but it has worked so far for me. My goal is to get from point A to point B unscathed. Is the car approaching the stop sign to my right going to stop, NO. Is the dog in the yard going to run in front of me, YES. Is the person in the car behind me going to stop, NO. You get my drift?



The odds of getting rear ended by a cager has increased dramatically over the last decade. With the advent of cell phones and especially texting the chance of you getting smashed from the rear are high. When I stop at a red light, stop sign, or in traffic, I always try to be aware of the vehicle approaching me from the rear. As I stop, I line my bike up with the driver's side of the car in front to allow myself an escape route just in case. Also, I have a habit of pulsing my brake light until I see the car slowing which usually indicates that they have seen me and are going to stop.



I've had people tell me that my philosophy of riding takes the fun out of it and they don't see how that I can be relaxing and having a good time with such a negative outlook. Nothing could be further from the truth. Riding is my life. I ride almost every day, some days on multiple bikes. It is the lifestyle that I chose decades ago. Riding motorcycles is a game and I love to win. If I win, I ride another day. If I lose I could be dead or maimed and never ride again. I'll choose winning every time.

LTRNTT,

Rock



“THE END OF THE TRAIL” OF TEARS MOTORCYCLE RIDE

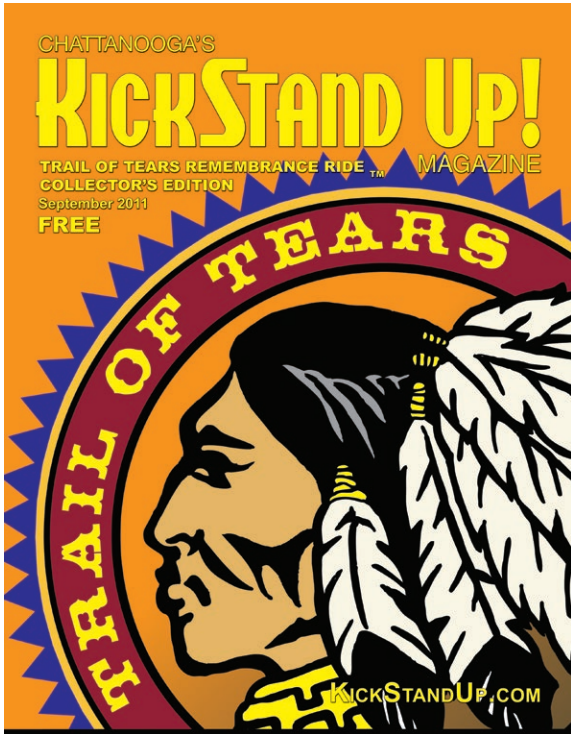
On behalf of the entire Board of Directors of the Trail of Tears Remembrance Motorcycle Ride, I want to announce that we are at the End of the Trail for our annual charity motorcycle ride. I would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone for 20 great years and your support of our organization 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



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 Collector's Edition.





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PICS**



Ridgeland High School



Rhythm of the Ridges Band

BENEFIT RIDE

September 20, 2014

Registration begins at 10 a.m.

Kickstands up at 11:30 a.m.

Leaving Ridgeland High School in Rossville, GA..
Ride to LaFayette, GA, and Return to Ridgeland

\$20 RIDER

\$10 PASSENGER

Includes lunch provided by RHS Band Boosters
(Hotdogs, side, and drink)



**Proceeds Benefit:
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Rhythm of the Ridges**



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***SATURDAY & SUNDAY
OCTOBER 4th & 5th***



GROUP RIDE meets at Hobby Lobby, 10am

Ride \$10.00 per person

includes printed shop rag / door prize ticket

After ride Saturday:

Cornhole tournament/Door prizes/Music/Party/T-shirts/Food

***Party, \$10.00 per person
for non-riders***

SUNDAY, 1:00 PM

***Kids events/ bike games/50/50
door prizes/auction***

at 3312 HWY 52 ALT, Chatsworth

More Info, Tami 706-980-0574 or Bryan 706-270-1423 (after 5)

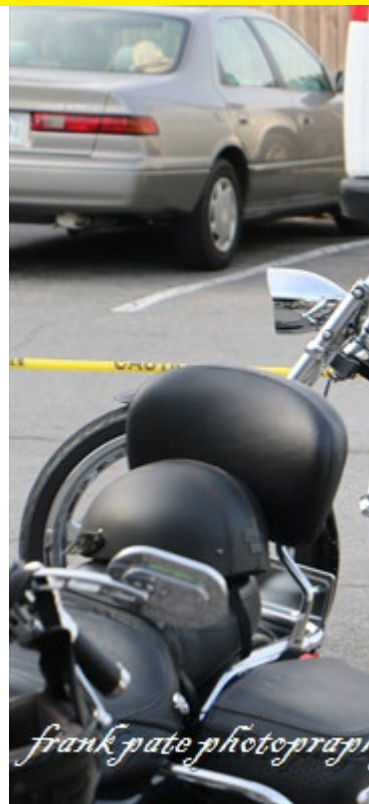
.. IN ACTION



Marc Coma performs during the FIM Cross Country Rally 2014 in Sardegna, Italy on June 9th, 2014

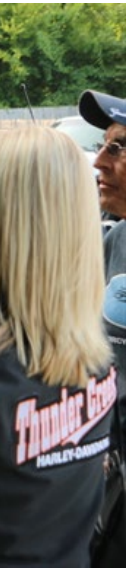


Bike Night at Buds

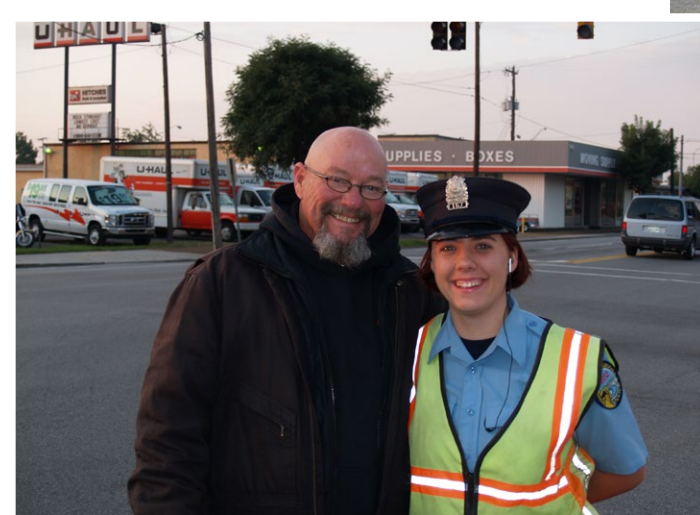
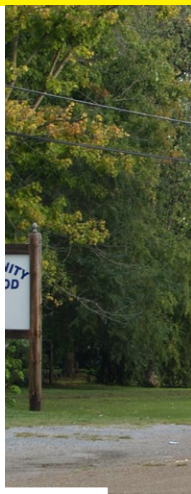
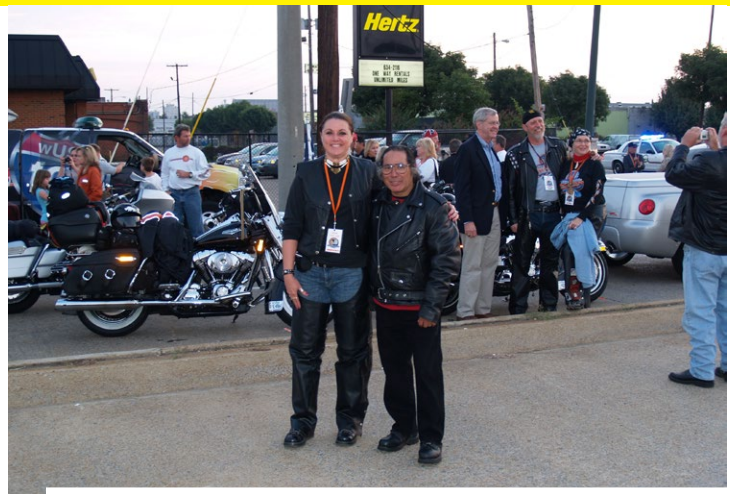




CLICK TO
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PICS



Chattanooga's Trail of Tears Motorcycle Ride





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... IN ACTION





Sandman sez

This really is a small world. You never know when you will run into someone who is from your home town, going to your home town, is related to you, or someone with whom you know from business pursuits. Cases in point follow, all of these taking place within 6 weeks on the road.

Amelia and I rode the bike to Seattle. We stored the bikes in Seattle and flew to Petersburg, Alaska for a cruise on a small (100 ft) boat. Total of 32 passengers. On that cruise was a fellow who lives on Lookout Mtn. Of course, we knew several folks in common, going back some 20 or so years. Quite the coincidence! Then there was also a couple living in Gainesville, GA, with whom we shared a mutual acquaintance.

While in Sitka—bar hopping one morning—we met a bartender whose mother was raised in Chattanooga and who visits quite often. We did not, strangely enough, have any mutual friends.

After returning to Seattle from Sitka, picking up the bike and riding the Olympic Peninsula, we wound up on the farthest northwest point of the

contiguous states. We stayed at the small mom-and-pop Bay View Motel in, of all places, Bayview, WA. There I saw a fellow and his wife emerge from their room, and I looked at them, trying to figure out why they looked familiar, when it dawned on me that they were tax clients of mine in Chattanooga! They had recently retired and were doing the same as we: touring the western states. It's getting smaller and smaller!

After descending through most of the National Parks in California and finally heading back east, we stopped at Meteor Crater, AZ, just west of Winslow, AZ. After taking the tour, we were about to board the scoot when we noticed a fellow who had parked his scoot next to ours. We struck up a conversation and he informed us he was from Hawaii and was going to Starkville, MS. My parents and I had lived in Starkville many years and I had attended MSU there. Why, we asked, are you going there of all god-forsaken places!! He was going to help a friend open a restaurant in Starkville. Heavens to Betsy!

Next, we were on our way to Jerome, AZ. We stayed there for two days, and, while climbing the mountain to our hotel, we stopped at the Rock Shop. We struck up a conversation with the sales clerk, as usual, and found out she was

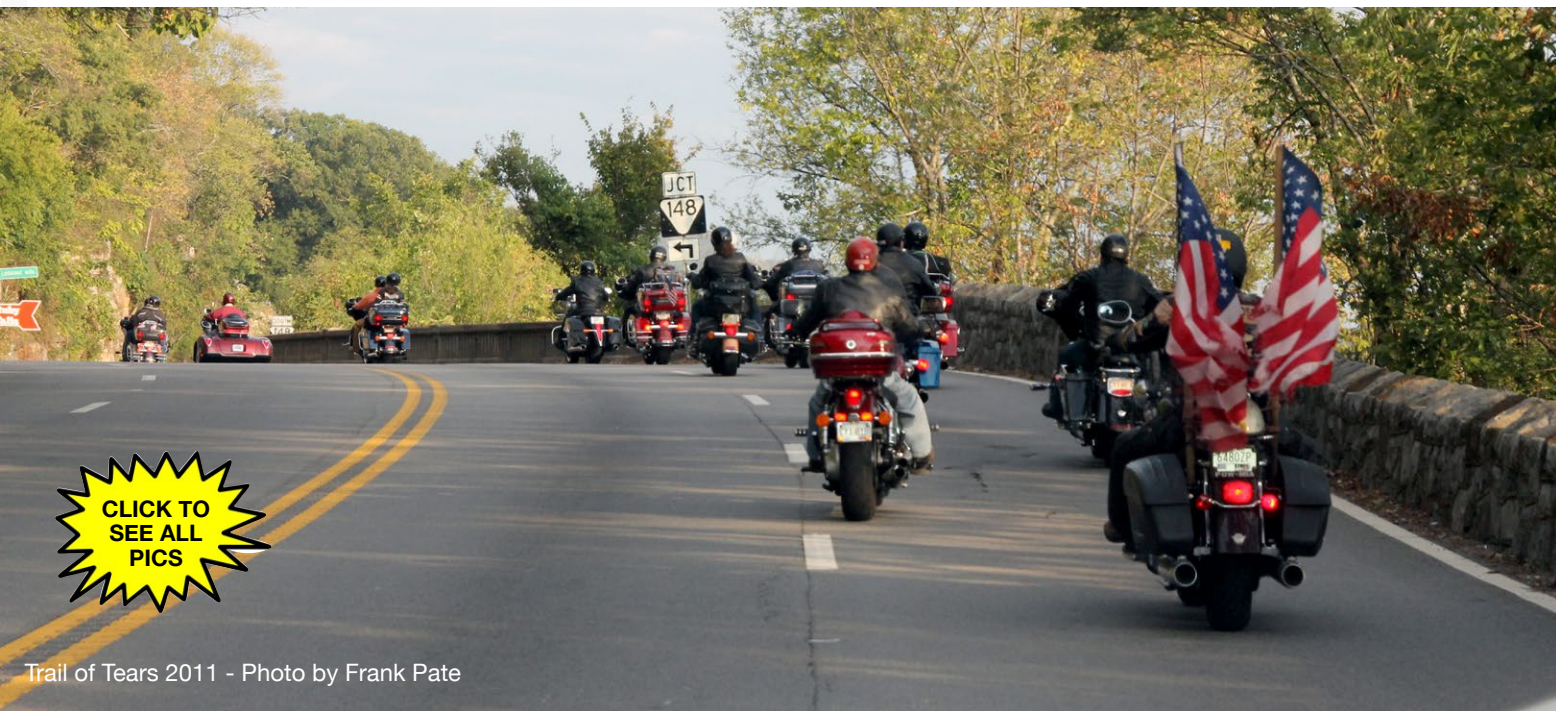
born and raised in Tellico Plains and still visited her parents there. Another coincidence!

Later, while travelling, a van decided to tailgate us. Really did not think too much of it, except that I had to keep an eye on them and not put on the brakes too quickly. We turned off onto another highway when another van behind us kept flashing his headlights. We pulled over. Turns out we had been in National Park territory and he worked for the Interior Department. He also was a rider. He was much more pissed than I was, and had called in and reported the dudes that had been following us so closely. After talking a bit, we found out he had worked at Miller Industries near Ooltewah. You know, the builder of the super large wreckers. They are located about three miles from home! Talk about a small world!

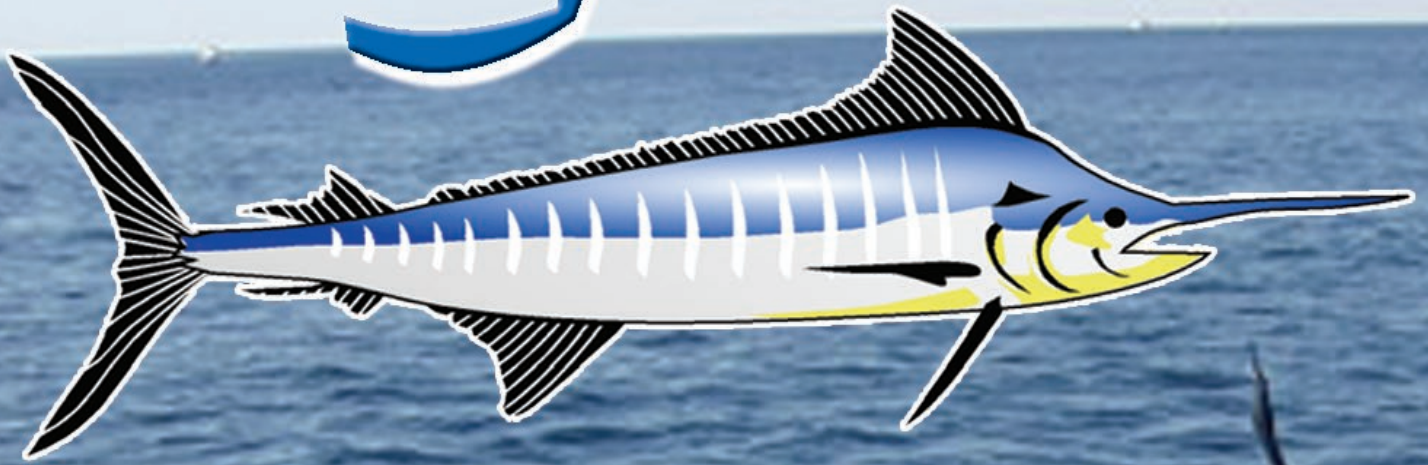
So there you have it. While travelling, one is passing, or being passed by someone who either knows you or lives closely to you. Or, perhaps, is even related. So be nice to folks, for you may be giving the finger to someone you would not had you known their place in your life!

Ride on!

Sandy



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Gear Up For Going Down

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Just like the age old saying goes: "What you don't know CAN hurt you." Gear is designed for way more than style; it's designed for protection. Whether you ride a sports bike or a cruiser, our gear is made with one common goal-- protection.

Our gear may not always be the most comfortable, or what you consider "stylin," but most are made to perform as comfortably and non-restrictive as possible. Here's a short list of the most common types of gear and why we need it.

Helmets: We all must wear one in and around this area. It's the law. I, personally prefer a full-faced



helmet. I am not one to love the constant feeling of wind and bugs smacking me in the face. I like the option of wearing sunglasses, and occasionally lifting my visor for that extra burst of fresh air. However, some prefer open face or half helmets. Open face helmets have all of your head protected minus the face area. Half helmets simply sit on top of the head. It's a matter of comfort and preference, although I strongly suggest the use of riding glasses with both of these to prevent debris from flying into your eyes. I may also add, that in the event of an accident, the open faced, or half

helmets can leave your face quite exposed and unprotected. Even the full helmets can pose a risk if their visors shatter. That could leave the rider with facial and eye trauma.

Jackets: Plain and simple, the riding jacket is primarily worn to protect against road rash. A good riding jacket will be designed to fit the riding position, with reinforced elbow and shoulder pads, body armor, and in some, spine protectors. They may also have a removable liner that one can take in or out to best suite the rider in different temperatures, and may even offer some water resistance.

Gloves: It's pretty common for hands to sweat or encounter debris while riding, so to help increase grip and decrease injury



and discomfort, gloves are highly recommended. Debris from the roadway is also a common problem. If you are propelled forward, such as while in an accident, your first instinct may be to throw your hands out in front of you to try and slow or stop your fall. This can lead to several injuries, but cuts and abrasions may be less, if adequate protection is applied.

Footwear: Whether a rider, or a passenger, footwear can mean the difference between an injured



foot or no foot. While out and about, I often see folks riding in flip flops or casual sandals. I cannot emphasize enough the importance of keeping ones skin and bone properly in place!! Appropriate riding shoes are very important for helping with that. The footwear should completely cover the entirety of the toes, feet, and ankles with a very durable sole. If you start to slide or skid, you may need to throw a foot down. If your feet aren't adequately protected, a severe injury could occur.

Don't be the flip flop wearer that loses a foot. Don't be that topless rider that pulls gravel out of their wounds for days. Be that rider that is protected and ready, because we never know when that dog may run out into the street, or when that gravel will catch our tire wrong. Protect yourself. Save some pain. Survive.

Jen

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Lora's Peeps

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, employees, & friends. We will be featuring one or two of her Peeps every month.

Mr. Tom McCoig was kind enough to let me interview him for this week's Advents! That's Tom and me pictured above, along with a copy of this month's BMW ON Magazine featuring our custom F800R!



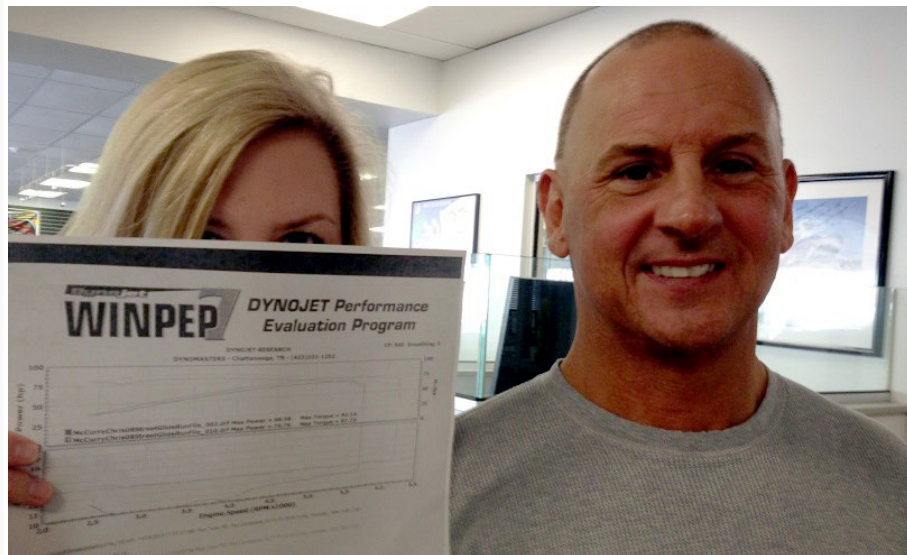
then to eastern Canada in 2012. He hopes to go back to Alaska this year, but may settle for British Columbia. (I would be happy to go to either myself!) I asked Tom which bike he would consider if he decided to trade in his 800GS or add to his collection. He said he likes both the BMW R1200GS and the Ducati Multistrada. When not out and about on the bike, he enjoys reading and hiking and camping with the family. "Anything outdoors," he said. I

Tom lives in Maryville with his wife of 35 years, and is a member of the BMW Riders of Knoxville Club. Together they have three grown sons (one of whom races Ducatis!), and one granddaughter. Tom is a Senior Consultant for ABS Consultants, a risk management group specializing in the maritime and shipping industry. He is also working on completing his Bachelor's Degree in Security Management.

Tom has been riding since he was 18 years old. His first bike was a Kawasaki 500. His next was a 1977 Goldwing, and he is now the proud owner of a BMW F800GS. In 2010, Tom rode from his home in Maryville to Alaska,

think our reader's can certainly relate to that! Thank you, Tom, for your business and for taking the time to share part of your story with us!

Lora Erie



Mark's greatest passion is being a father. Beyond that, he's an avid hockey fan. Since he grew up near Pittsburg, PA, his favorite hockey team is the Pittsburg Penguins whose games he often travels back home to watch. He even played some hockey himself!

Mark has been dynotuning a little over 9 years. In addition to motorcycles, he tunes trikes, 4-wheelers, side-by-sides, and go karts. His shop is located at the corner of 20th and Market. If you'd like your ride dynotuned, give Mark a call at 423-331-1252. Tell him Lora from Pandora's (Really? You just realized that rhymes??) sent you! Thanks for your time, Mark!

Lora Erie

This week's peep is our good friend and customer, Mark Hromi, the owner and operator of DynoMasters here in Chattanooga. Mark has been riding for over forty years, starting around the age of 5 on a dirt bike. His first street bike was a Honda

CB1100F, and he can be seen these days riding around town on his BMW S1000RR. Both he and his son, Jake, have S1000s and love to go riding together. Mark also has a daughter who is currently a college freshman.



Brittany's Story

Brittany Morrow, The Roadrash Queen

Written by Brittany Morrow

EXTREME ROADRASH ONE YEAR HAS PASSED

It's hard to look in the mirror and think that my scars are already an entire year old. Touching my stomach and rib cage, I can't imagine looking this way and feeling this pain for the rest of my life. I still feel as if at any moment I will wake up from this terrible dream and be comfortable in my own skin once again. Knowing that it's real, that there is nothing I can do to change it, I am reminded of my mistakes every minute of everyday.

I am also reminded how lucky I am to be alive as I close my eyes and remember why I still feel pain after an entire year of healing. Imagining that if I had not survived the accident, I wouldn't have anything to touch at all, I smile when my fingers run over a thick layer of scar tissue in place of my once soft skin. I know my life has a purpose, and I strive everyday to live up to the task that has been placed at my feet.

THE ACCIDENT

It was a beautiful Sunday morning even through my blurred vision. I was on the back of my friend Shaun's GSXR 750 and was excited to be on a sport bike, even if it was as a passenger, after a long streak of no riding whatsoever. I had shed my prescription glasses for a pair of sunglasses, my cowboy hat for an oversized helmet, and quickly thrown on a pair of capri jeans, tennis shoes, and a sweatshirt over my bikini. I thought nothing of the fact that I had practically no protection against the asphalt if anything were to happen. I

figured that we couldn't get into a wreck, it simply wouldn't happen to me. It's amazing how fast life came at me that day. Approaching mile marker seven on highway 550, I noticed that I had to start fighting the wind to stay behind Shaun without pulling on him too much. I placed my hands on the gas tank and pushed myself



into him as much as possible without crowding him. As we came around to the right and went down the hill, we kept accelerating. I was scared, but thought I could handle the force of the wind as it suddenly picked up much more than in the moments before. I started to slide back on the seat and felt the cool air fill the small space between my chest and Shaun's back.

I felt a rush of wind hit my face like a brick and our bodies separated in an instant; my visor had come completely open. The force pulled on my face and helmet so hard that it sent my

head up and backwards, ripping my entire body off the back seat with it. I remember thinking that if I grabbed Sean's t-shirt I would pull him down with me, but it was already too late to try and grab a hold of him. I was only in the air for a split second, but an eternity of thoughts ran through my mind. I had no idea what excessive speed I was about to hit the ground at or the damage it would do to my body, I just thought about how my life had led to that point. I remembered the basics of surviving a fall from a horse without injury, which I had done a few times in the previous year, and simply let myself go. I knew there was nothing else I could do.



When I hit the ground, it was as if every breath I had ever taken rushed out of me in an instant. I could feel every inch of my body hitting the road; tumbling, sliding and grinding into the unforgiving surface. In my helmet, which seemed so small and yet completely empty, I could hear my whimpers as I fought to breathe and my prayer to God as I gave into the asphalt. In a matter of seconds, I had come to the conclusion that I was going to die, and I was ok with it. I knew this was far worse than anything I had ever gone through and I was convinced I would not live to see the next day. My eyes were closed as I finished my 522 foot tumble down highway 550. I never lost consciousness, but I remember wishing that I had.

At first I couldn't feel anything. A few moments passed before anyone

was at my side, and I had the chance to try and move myself. Immediately, I could tell that I had lost my left shoe as my toes were burning on the hot road. My right foot felt stiff, completely unmovable, and I thought it was probably broken. I noticed that my knees were uncovered when the little pieces of what I thought were gravel scraped against my skin, only to find out later that they were my actual kneecaps grinding against the pavement below them. My right arm was trapped underneath me and my shoulder felt hot. My left pinky was the most noticeable pain in those first few minutes, a throbbing and stabbing pain, as it bled profusely right in front of my face. I could smell my blood as it pooled beneath me on the road.



By the time the ambulance came and rolled me onto my back, removed my helmet, and called the helicopter, I felt as if I had been cooking on the street for hours. Every nerve ending in my body was

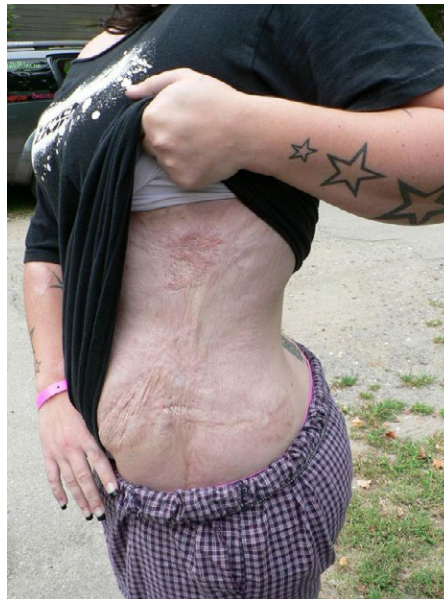
on fire; tingling, scorching, and burning. I had not gone into shock, and the adrenaline had worn off almost instantly. Not being able to move was the worst of it. I wanted to pull my arm out from underneath me. I wanted to get off that hot road. I wanted the sun to stop shining so brightly on my naked back. I wanted everything to just go away. But it didn't. The people who sat on that road with me and came to my rescue saved my life. I wanted to die, but they wouldn't let me give up, they wouldn't let me close my eyes and go to sleep.

The helicopter ride was fast. The morphine had kicked in just around the time we landed at the hospital, and the rest is somewhat of a blur. I remember hearing a doctor saying I had lost my entire left breast. I remember another asking me if

my family had been called. A third doctor asked if she could take pictures of my wounds for documentation. When it came time to clean off my skin, the doctors decided that a surgical debridement of the dead tissue was necessary, along with invasive repair to my pinky, right big toe, and left side from hip to armpit. I don't even remember being put under, and the rest is lost in the six hour surgery that followed.

THE HOSPITAL

I woke up wrapped like a mummy. I was on my back in an air bed, in a room I had never seen. Did I dream that Shaun had come and held my hand? Why were my parents here? I didn't know what was going on, so I tried to sit up. Then I felt the intense pain on my back, my side, my shins, my feet, my thigh, my hip, my forearms, my wrists, my shoulder, my fingertips, my ribcage, my stomach, and my chest. It all came at me in one large rush, and I knew exactly where I was and remembered what had happened.



I spent the next three weeks waking up to the exact same confusion, rush of pain, and realization of my surroundings. My condition never seemed to change for the better, no matter how many times I went through the process of attempting to sleep it off. The worst part about the pain was that it never completely subsided unless I was sleeping, and I had nightmares of the accident every time I slept. I couldn't escape what had happened to me. On the rare good days, my Dad would brush my hair for hours; it was the only thing that helped me forget what I was going through.

My road rash was so severe

that my skin was not going to grow back on its own. I had lost too much surface area for the doctors to simply suture me together and send me home. After the blood loss had been controlled, the skin loss needed to be addressed. I was to receive full thickness skin grafts. Literally, the doctors had only 2 places on my body to harvest healthy skin. My thighs were the only two places that had not received any abrasions. In order to help my open wounds heal, the doctors had to cut off a thick layer of healthy skin from my thighs and place it over my burns, surgically stapling the new skin in place. This was the only way to "fix" me, and I didn't even have enough skin to graft all of my wounds at once. The doctors had to choose which areas to graft first, and which ones would have to wait.

Wound vac: a slang medical term that will give me goose bumps for the rest of my life. When a patient receives a skin graft, a suction cup is placed over the completed surgery in order to increase blood flow from under the new skin. These devices are called wound vacuums, and they ensure that the burn tissue does not die, but rather joins

with the new skin to create a layer of dermis where none would have grown without the graft surgery. It feels like a leech, a constant sucking on the most painful abrasion you've had in your entire life. Multiply your worst skinned knee as a kid by 50, add it to 55 percent of your body, and then let someone suck on it with a handheld vacuum for 24 hours a day; only then will you know what it is to experience a wound vacuum on a fresh skin graft. Each graft received a dose of the painful sucking and after three weeks I was free from the noisy machines.

The only thing worse than the wound vacuums were the dressing changes. Even thinking about the

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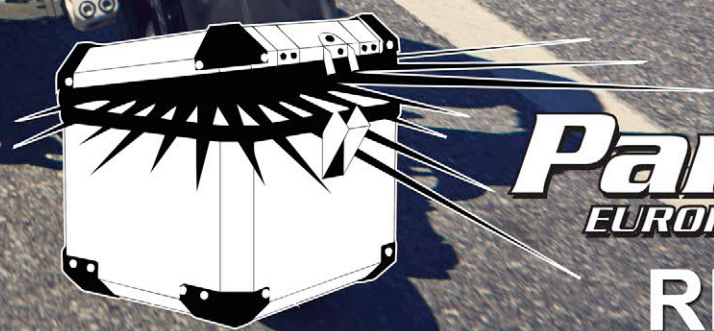


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RIDE WELL.

pain today makes me sick to my stomach. In the areas the doctors were not able to graft within the first three weeks: my back, chest, rib cage, side, and stomach, they did daily dressing changes to make sure the wounds were being kept clean. My bandages acted as my skin where the graft surgery had not yet taken place. Every time the doctors changed my dressings, it was as if they were ripping off my skin. The oxygen hitting the open burns was enough to make me scream. Cleaning the wounds with water would send me into a rage. It is safe to say I would have rather been lying on that road again than go through a daily dressing change. This lasted the entire two months I spent in the hospital.

Physical therapy, as motivating as it was supposed to be, was just as painful as anyone can imagine. Struggling to sit up in bed, hold myself up without help, and lay back down without hurting the open burns on my back proved itself to be a daunting task. Attempting to stretch my skin, which was tough and thick as leather, once the grafts were slightly healed, made me wince and fear that I would lose all motion in my wrists. I remember getting dizzy just from trying to stand up, blacking out and throwing up from a wheelchair ride down the hall, and crying at night because I couldn't get up to go to the bathroom on my own. All the abilities I took for granted in my everyday life had come back to haunt me, to teach me a lesson on why I should be thankful for every second I am breathing.

Everyday I would dread the moment the doctors came into my room. Whether they were coming to do a conscious sedation for my daily dressing change, whisk me off to another surgery, or put me through physical therapy, my attitude worsened everyday towards the people who were trying to save my skin. It drove me to act bitter towards the people who cared about me the

most; my parents were there every day and I know it must have been difficult for them to put up with me. The pain I went through pushed me into a deep depression, but I refused to be put on medication for anything of that nature. I was taking 20 pills with breakfast and dinner every day, I didn't need to add to that number. I was asked several times if I wanted to talk to a psychologist about the accident, talk about the nightmares my nurses always reported me having



at night, but I denied the willing listener. In short, I made sure I paid for my mistakes dearly, not only physically, but emotionally as well, and everyone around me could see the old Brittany fading away.

After my final skin graft surgery on November 16th, I woke up feeling as if my back had been completely replaced. The noticeable difference between the open wound and the grafted burn was enough to lift my spirits. I was able to lay comfortably for the first time in two months. I knew the time had come for me to get out of the hospital and start the real healing: returning to my normal life. I had to beg my doctors to let me go home. I couldn't stand the thought of returning to a physical rehabilitation hospital. With fresh donor sites on my left thigh and a throbbing pain worse than most I had felt, I walked down the hall on the fifth floor three days after surgery so I could go home. I cried

with relief when they signed my release paperwork.

GOING HOME

I walked slowly into my house for the first time in over two months. The smell alone was enough to make me smile, as Thanksgiving dinner was being prepared for the next day. The warm air, the sound of my dog yelping at my return, the softness of my own bed sheets, and the glow of real sunlight pouring in through the bedroom windows gave me the most comfort I had experienced since the accident, and compared to the hospital, it was heaven. I was not on my own by any means; my Mom had to help me shower and give me my blood thinning shots twice a day in my stomach. Walking from my bedroom to the kitchen made me break a sweat, as my muscles had not been used in two months. I still had open wounds, was using a personal walker built for full body support to move around, and couldn't even dress myself, but I felt a happiness that seemed almost unfamiliar.

Coming home was the best thing that could have happened to me. The doctors gave me a month before I would be walking without the walker, but I threw it in the back of my closet after the third day. I ditched my bandages after a week and started wearing jeans ten days later. I was determined to feel normal again, or at least appear normal to the unknowing passerby. I began driving after only two weeks out of the hospital and started living my life as if I had never fallen off that motorcycle. My friends and family could see how quickly I was becoming myself again. I truly believe being around such wonderful support helped me heal as quickly as I did.

I was still attending physical therapy, but was improving at speeds that amazed even my own doctors. I was walking up stairs without a second thought and riding the stationary bike with ease. It still hurt to do normal things, even

bending my knees to sit in a chair would send pain up my legs, but I learned to ignore it all. I was so used to the way my skin ached, including the itching and burning I would feel every second, that it was as if I never really felt it anymore. My mind had blocked it out and unless I stopped to notice it, the sensitivity and uncomfortable nature of the healing skin grafts wasn't even in my thoughts.

The morning my hair started to fall out I knew something was wrong. I had been out of the hospital for an entire month but the medication I was taking had just started to leave my system. The combination of chemicals that had kept me alive and comfortable in the hospital was now killing the living cells in my scalp and face. After a week of pulling chunks of my own hair out and watching my eyelashes and eyebrows fall to my cheeks, I felt like a cancer patient taking chemotherapy. I cut my long blonde hair short to try and save as much of it as I could, but it never stopped. You could see through the few thin strands left all the way to my scalp and I even had a couple completely bald spots. I finally had had enough and decided to simply shave my head and get it over with. I cried as the rest of my hair hit the bathroom floor that night.

After everything I had suffered as a direct result of the fall: 55 percent body coverage of third degree burns, severed tendons in my left pinky finger, a severely dislocated right big toe, and a large amount of blood loss; what really slowed the healing process was what I experienced in the hospital. Indirect results of the accident due to a prolonged hospital stay: pneumonia, urinary tract infection, pseudomonas infection, blood infection, a blood clot in my left leg, yeast infections, anemia, 3 blood transfusions with 1 adverse reaction, 8 surgeries, 31 conscious sedations, countless skin debridements, and undiagnosed PTSD and depression. With these things in mind, the loss of my hair seemed minimal at most. My hair would grow back. I was alive, and thankful for that everyday. I

knew that what I had gone through would give me the strength to survive anything else God had planned for me in the future. As long as I could walk, talk, and breathe, I was always happy to be on this earth and would never take the blessings in my life for granted again.



RETURNING TO RIDING

My heart felt heaving knowing something I loved so much had almost cost me my life. I knew the mistakes I had made and the consequences I never wanted to face again. I couldn't imagine not riding because it was one of my few joys. I knew I would never again ride without my gear. Even on a hot day and a short trip, my helmet would always be on my head and I would make sure it was functioning properly. I was back on a motorcycle as a passenger a few times before I was rid of the fear I felt. Once I was able to go highway speeds, I knew I was ready and able to ride again. I wanted to feel the freedom that comes with being alone on the machine and rolling on the throttle, putting the rest of

the world on hold.

I bought my 2006 Yamaha R6s on June 22nd from a local dealer. With help from a very close friend, I was reminded of the basics of riding every morning for a couple of weeks in free lessons that were tailored to my needs as a rider. I was taught the importance of knowing that while on a motorcycle, literally anything can happen at any time. Riding prepared for the worst possibilities will always protect you from injury in even the smallest wreck. I know I never want to feel the way I did in the hospital again, and anything I can do to keep that from happening, I will do every time I get on a bike. I learned some new skills in that first month back on the road, but I also learned some important things about myself as well. I learned how strong I really am, especially after returning to the sport that changed my life after almost claiming it.

THE FINAL OUTCOME

My road rash will take several years to completely heal and will never look or feel normal again. I have conquered the only fear that kept me from riding and I will never put myself in the same position to receive such injuries as I have lived through this past year. I stress the importance of wearing full gear to each and every person I ride with, talk to, or even who happens to read my story. I believe that my experiences are a lesson to every type of rider or passenger. I would never wish the pain I felt and still feel today upon anyone in this world. It is completely avoidable with a few extra layers, and I can't say it enough: it is undeniably worth it to gear up. Everything I have gone through this past year will not be in vain if my testimony is enough to save someone's skin.

Brittany Morrow

<http://www.rockthegear.org/>

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Lowdown

M



The victory saw Repsol Honda's Marquez become the first rider since Mick Doohan in 1997 to win ten successive premier class races. It was also the 100th win for a Spanish rider in the premier class and the 500th win for Spain across all categories.

On Lap 11 of the first MotoGP contest at the modified Indianapolis track, Marquez took advantage as Lorenzo joined the battle with Rossi

for the lead, the World Champion squeezing through to take over at the front and not looking back - eventually finishing just under two seconds clear at the front.

Lorenzo got the better of his teammate Rossi for second, after the Italian had held the lead in the early stages fending off a challenge from Andrea Dovizioso (Ducati Team), who started well but faded to seventh. In finishing third Rossi becomes the first rider to score 4,000 premier class points.

Dani Pedrosa (Repsol Honda Team) finished fourth as he came through from eighth on the grid, gambling on a hard tyre.

Pol Espargaro (Monster Yamaha Team) rode well to finish fifth with his teammate Bradley Smith crossing the line sixth and suffering a heavy crash on Saturday in which he aggravated an old finger injury.

Cal Crutchlow (Ducati Team) was 2

Marquez Again!

Ten for 10



Marquez Interview



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seconds behind his seventh placed teammate Dovizioso in eighth, with Scott Redding (GO&FUN Honda Gresini) just behind Crutchlow at the finish in ninth. Hiroshi Aoyama (Drive M7 Aspar) completed the top ten but there was bad luck for his substitute colleague Leon Camier who retired with six laps to go.

There were also retirements for

Hector Barbera (Avintia Racing) and Danilo Petrucci (IodaRacing Project) due to technical issues. In addition, at Turn 4 of lap one Alvaro Bautista (GO&FUN Honda Gresini) crashed out with Yonny Hernandez (Energy T.I. Pramac Racing).

On lap 13 Stefan Bradl (LCR Honda MotoGP) and Aleix Espargaro (NGM Forward Racing) clashed as Bradl crashed out and Espargaro's

bike was badly damaged forcing him to pull off track, having initially tried to continue.

Andrea Iannone (Pramac Racing) stopped with a problem on lap 17, having been well placed in eighth.

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19 Oct	 Australia	Phillip Island
26 Oct	 Malaysia	Sepang
9 Nov	 Valencia	Valencia



*Slow Motion
@ Indy*



*Best Overtakes
@ Indy*



Valentino Rossi tries to take the inside as Andrea Dovizioso holds tight to his position. Rossi went on to finish third while Dovizioso finished seventh.

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mind one person kind of came to the forefront as you can just look at him and tell there is something going on with this guy. So I took the first step, sent him an email and just asked. What I found made it an honor just to share the road with such an American hero.



Bob served our military from 1964 to 1970 in many facets. He began his service in the 82nd Airborne Division as an Infantry Soldier then re-enlisted and joined Special Forces. Many people know this branch now as Special Ops and it is truly the elite who are enlisted in it. He served in the Vietnam from 1966 to 1968 and was awarded the Silver Star in 1967 at only 22 years old.

Heroes Among Us

Many people join riding groups or have a bunch of friends that get together and ride together because they all share the same passion. Riding is one of my passions and I look forward to it whenever possible.

One thing that I feel not many people consider is who they are actually riding with. They meet with the group; talk about motorcycles, the destination, and the stops along the way, and then they leave.

I have ridden with many groups and many people and the other day I began thinking about who are these people I am riding with and who are they when they aren't on two wheels? As this thought pondered through my



riding or even talking about it. Bob loves to ride because he feels at one with our surroundings and the beautiful environment that we live in.

He feels at one with his bike and it is a true

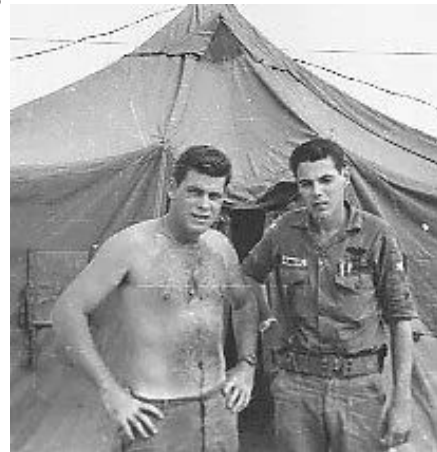
extension of him and his personality. He couldn't be more correct with saying that "you are never lost on a bike, just on another adventure."

Uncle Bob tells me that he has owned several motorcycles including a 1973 Harley Electra Glide, a Suzuki 1000, a BMW K100, and of course his current Honda 750 Shadow which also known as "Ronda the Honda."

What I neglected to tell Bob when I emailed him about the article I was going to write was I already knew his thoughts about riding, what he has ridden, and why he loves it so much. I was digging for something else and I got it.

Post military Bob joined the Walker County Sheriffs Department and stayed there until his retirement. Bob says that being a public servant was a wonderful experience. He loves the feeling of helping people and feels he helped many during his service.

People like Bob Webber make me smile when I see them, they are living memorials and testaments to our great country and those who fight for it. Bob is an extremely active rider with the Southern Cruisers Riding Club and The Patriot Guard Riders and can be seen at any of the benefits around town. If you see him take a second, shake his hand and thank him for his service. I



can guarantee you will leave with a new friend.

If you know of another American hero that you would like to share more about please don't hesitate to reach out and let me know.

Happy Riding!

Nathan "Squirrel" Frazier

nathan@kickstandup.com





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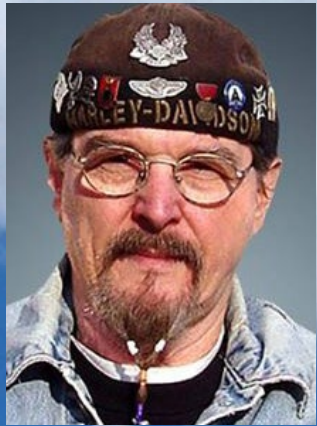
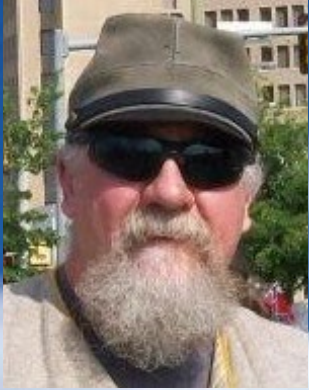
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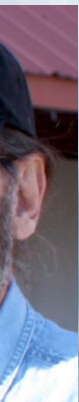




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