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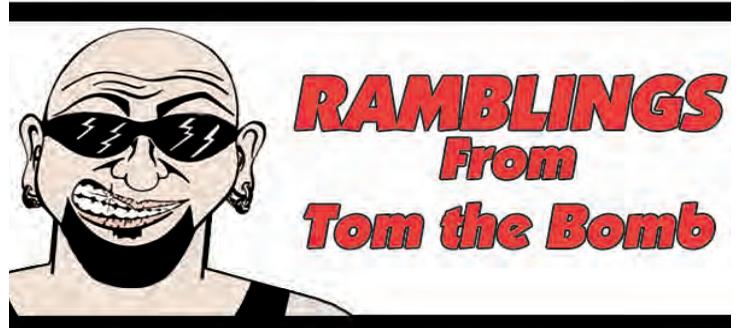


Trail of Tears Ride - Year's Past
pics by Rock 'n Mole



ROAD RASH
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This issue marks the magazine's ninth year in production. I can't thank you, our loyal readers enough for making it possible. We have weathered some storms, came close to crashing on the rocks more than once, and narrowly avoided catastrophe time after time. I find it hard to credit sheer luck for our longevity – I can't help but believe someone upstairs wants us to hang around for some reason. The magazine has progressed, adapted and changed through the years... But the thing that makes me the most proud when I look back at the things we've done, is that the magazine has been used as a tool to help others. The magazine (as a business) has never had enough money, pull or power to fix everyone's problems, but with the help of our readership and faithful advertisers, we've been able to help hundreds through what is sometimes the most difficult time in their lives. Through publicizing charitable events, we've increased participation and donations to worthy causes. Through allowing our readers to submit articles, photos, and information, we've helped keep our community better informed about the issues that concern them and facilitated the public expression of feelings and opinions.

For nine years now, we have done our best to keep our readers informed, entertained and motivated, and I believe that has helped make this area one of the most motorcycle-friendly around. When I think back to the way things were nine years ago, I realize how different things were in "the motorcycle community." There were local people who rode motorcycles, but not as many as today. There were clubs, organizations, associations and groups, but nowhere near the amount that exist today. There were a handful of motorcycle-related events, but again, not nearly as many as there are today. And perhaps



pic by RiRi

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more importantly, the stereotypes that were associated with motorcycle riders are now all but shattered. Take a minute and think about how many things have changed, and I think you'll agree – we've come a long way.

Obviously, I can't give all of the credit to Road Rash Magazine. Tough times, high fuel prices, parking problems, congestion and other factors have contributed to some people's decision to start riding bikes. However, I can't help but think that having a free, local motorcycle-related publication had something to do with bringing it all together. I'm absolutely stoked to have been part of that, and I want to continue doing so as long as it is possible.

By the time you read this, many of our readers will be thinking back and talking about the activities at our anniversary bike rally, The Road Rash Biker Bash. Hopefully everyone had a good time and they're looking forward to helping us celebrate our 10th anniversary next year, which should be a doozie! I would like to take some time to thank some of the people who made the event possible. First off, we had scores of volunteers who came out and suffered through the heat, people who went above and beyond behind the scenes to make sure we could provide utilities and basic services, security personnel who kept an eye out for dangerous situations and acted appropriately, and many entertainers who shared their talents for our enjoyment. The band line-up this time around included Reched, Opposite Box, Husky Burnette, Camp Normal,

Stoneline, Bones Of Bastone and Black Friday. I'd like to personally thank each of them for coming out and helping us have a good time, as well as apologize to those bands I wasn't able to book this time around.

I would like to put an extra emphasis on thanking our readers and our advertisers in this, our anniversary edition. Without our advertisers, we couldn't produce this magazine, and without our readers support, our advertisers couldn't do so. Please make a special effort to know who is advertising in this magazine, and to patronize their businesses as often as possible. Help us help you. Support those who support you. It's a matter of survival for the magazine, and it would be a shame if ignorance or apathy brought it to an end.

Your homework this month is to get out and enjoy yourself by riding your motorcycle before the weather turns colder. Check out the event listings printed in this magazine, and/or check the constantly updated list we have on our Web site. Make plans to attend The Trail Of Tears Remembrance Ride and as many other events as your schedule will allow. Participate!

Keep it twisted!

*Tom
THE
Bomb*

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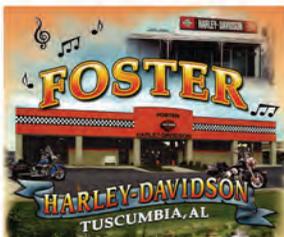
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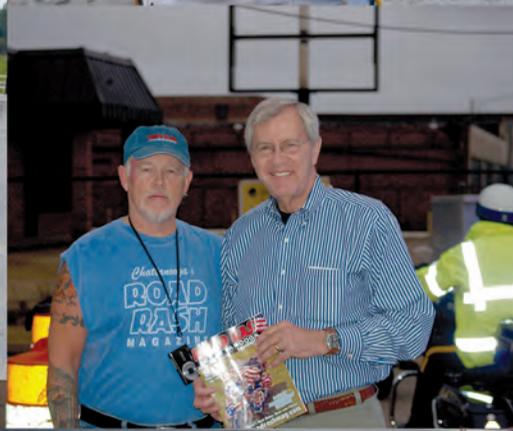


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Trail of Tears Ride - Year's Past
pics by Rock 'n Mole



ROCK'S TWO CENTS

I have always said that there is a difference between motorcycle owners and motorcycle riders. Just because you own a bike and ride it occasionally does not make you a rider. If you hear someone say, "My bike has never been wet," you can bet they are an owner. If you hear someone say that they have never dropped their bike or had minor mishaps, again you most likely are listening to an owner. Those of us who ride a lot make mistakes. We get wet, drop our bikes, back over things, and have even wrecked on occasion. It comes with the territory.

Every couple of years I bear my soul and explain my most memorable #@%! ups. With over 400,000 miles in the last fifteen years, I have had more close calls than I want to remember. There have also been some very funny and embarrassing things happen to me in forty years of riding motorcycles. Most of my lapses have been on Harleys, but I've had a couple on the Wing just in the last two weeks so I'll start with those.

Last Saturday on a ride with my bud Gary Boyd we found ourselves lost on a dead end road on Sand Mountain. Where we turned around there were a half dozen dogs that lived under an old truck parked on a dirt driveway. They were the keepers of the gate, so to speak. Barking, unchained junkyard dogs make a person move a little faster than normal. In my case, they caused me to not be as careful as I should have been while backing



up to get the h#! out of Dodge. I heard Gary yell at the same time that my rear tire dropped off the pavement. Oh sheet, I'm screwed, I thought as I sat squeezing my front brake trying to keep from going into the ditch. I finally looked back and saw the five-foot drop into a culvert that I almost backed into. Gary ran over and we tried to get the wheel back on the pavement, but I knew it was futile. I asked Gary to go up the road and get the guy that was cutting his grass to come give us a hand with his pickup or tractor. At first the bike was just sitting upright nicely on the frame, but after about five minutes it slowly laid over like an old man getting into a hot bath. It didn't hurt anything, but some gas was leaking out of the overflow. To make a long story short, Pastor Blevins (no kin to "Tom the Bomb" Blevins) came

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to help and with a slight tug of his truck the bike was back on the pavement and we were on our way.

The second screw up happened exactly one week before this one. Pebbles and I were at the Tennessee HOG Rally with Moleman and Lori covering the biker games. I was saddled up and ready to go as Pebbles was putting things in the trunk and wiping off the seat. When she wiped off the seat, I thought she had gotten on, so I took off. I had gone about a hundred yards when I realized that she wasn't answering my questions, at which time I looked in the rear view and saw her standing next to Moleman where we had been parked. At first I thought I had thrown her off and was freaked, but when I got back to where she was I realized that I had just left her standing there. That was good . . . but . . . it was also bad. On a trip to Kentucky a few years ago, we were pulled over on the side of the road. When I asked her if she was ready she said "No," which everyone knows sounds a lot like "Go." So, I took off while she was mounting. Yes, she did hit the ground that time and was mad as h#!. Hey, everyone makes mistakes. Pebbles has logged 80 percent of those 400,000 miles with me and she knows that I've saved our bacon many more times than I've made mistakes. If that wasn't true we'd have been dead years ago. Honey, I'm sorry for taking off without you.

Now I will get you a list and short description of my most memorable Harley faux pas. I used to have a bad habit of jumping on my bike, hitting the starter and taking off fast. Once at Bike Week in Daytona, I had locked my front forks, which I never ever do. When I jumped on my bike, I hit the starter and attempted to take off while trying to straighten the front wheel... Let's just say, I made a sharp left onto the pavement. Fortunately, I was on a back street and wasn't subjected to humiliation from spectators. I picked the bike up and rode off slowly with my tail between my legs.

Then there was the time in Charlotte. We had gone to the

Harley flat track races with two other couples. The next morning we were all saddled and ready to leave. Everyone was waiting on me. Julie mounted and we took off. We only went about six inches before the new caliper lock, which I had only used once, hit the forks and threw us over. Now that was embarrassing because there were witnesses. I did use the caliper lock again, but I had a large orange tag that said "Remove before flight" that I attached to it. I found the tag at a vendor, so it's evident that I wasn't the first idiot to do this and I'm sure I won't be the last.

Then there was the time when pulling up to a stop sign on Signal Mountain. I had on baggy overalls and when I took my feet off the highway pegs the left leg of the overalls got caught on the left peg. This prevented me from getting my foot down to the ground so I fell over. Again, no direct witnesses.

Then there was the time when I pulled into the gas pump at the Conoco on Brainerd Road on my way to work. I have a habit of ALWAYS putting down my kickstand, even if I don't plan on getting off the bike. For some reason, I didn't put it down on this day. I even remember telling myself that I didn't put it down, but myself informed me that I wasn't going to get off the bike so it didn't matter. Well, guess what? I couldn't reach my receipt, so as I eased off the seat and stretched, the bike fell over, pinning me to the gas pump. Have you ever tried to lift an Electra Glide with your leg pinned against a gas pump? It's not easy, but I managed to do it after a rush of adrenaline coursed through my body. I was lucky again that there were no witnesses near by.

I won't include the time we were backed over by an eighteen-wheeler. That was not my fault and it's a story for another day.

LTRNTT,
Rock

rock@roadrashmag.com

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Tears on Black Leather

Brothers and Sisters Down or Gone

HELP US HONOR YOUR BROTHERS, SISTERS, FAMILY, AND FRIENDS

This column is entirely reader generated. Please send in a photo along with a poem or short paragraph about your loved one so that we can remember them here.

Forever Chapter. Terry (Tbone) Bailey was taken from us July 18th. Terry, Tbone was a proud member on The Confederate Brotherhood and my best friend. As a club brother, he was the best, he was always there through the good and the bad. He was the kind of brother that if someone was low on cash, he would pull a brother aside and say here get you some gas and something to eat. If it was a holiday and a brother didn't have any family, he would invite them over to his family's



gathering so they wouldn't be alone. Tbone wasn't just a patch holder, he was a biker. He was the one that would ride with you when others would say, its to hot, to cold, to far, to anything, he loved to ride.

As a friend, he was the best. He would always take the time if you needed to talk, come get you if you were broke down or had a water pipe break at 2 in the morning. He was one of the few people I know that when he said I will be there for you 24/7 he meant it.

As far as a family man, again the best. After losing his father, Terry kinda became head of household, actually 3 households. He took great care of his mother, brother, sisters and girlfriend and was so proud to do it.

We want to thank all the bikers (over 60 bikes) that took the time off work to ride on a 97 degree day to ride with our brother. Please remember the family in your prayers, especially his sister and best friend Sherry, and his companion of 15 years Lori. Rest in peace brother, we love you and miss you, but we will NEVER forget you!

Rod (Smoke)

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Clingman's Dome. Well, we're in the mountains on motorcycles – of course, it rains. Since rain gear is so attractive and comfortable to boot (especially when you factor in a hot flash or two), the temp is varying from 90 and humid to 70 and raining, we are delighted to don ours and huddle under some trees – until a clap of thunder opens our eyes. At any rate, the downpour is pretty short and we continue on to the top. Wow! Absolutely incredible views! So worth weathering a little rain. The next destination is Deals Gap – riding the Dragon's Tail. We run into a nice guy at a gas station who directs us to the Foothills Parkway to get to the Dragon. Again, wow! Beautiful vistas and a nice, easy swooping ride. Then, the Dragon – what fun! A little bit of holding on tight but both Cahooters Girls loved the ride down and checking out all the shopping and memorabilia when we arrived at Deals Gap. So, when we were looking at what to do two days later, the Girls were all in favor of a trip both up and down the Dragon. Of course, the guys, being the ones to do all the clutching and shifting, had to decide. Oh, yeah – let's do it. We wanted bragging rights to say we'd rode the Dragon 3 times. Again, what a ride. Got to say, being a passenger, with no responsibility, is a total blast – don't knock it! There's so much beautiful USA to see – get out and see it!

Let us know if you can use this – it was fun to meet you and wish you safe riding wherever you go.

Jane Pettit and Nancy Argue

Life's journey is not to arrive at the grave safely in a well preserved body, but rather to skid in sideways, totally used up and worn out, shouting '...man, what a ride!'

Hi Maurice – we met you at Deal's Gap on July 20th. You invited Nancy and myself to put together a little women's passenger perception of our trip. Here are our thoughts and a photo:

Here's a story from the Cahooters Girls – two middle-aged women who love to ride motorcycles (as passengers). Nancy is a newer rider and Jane has been riding since about age 15, but both are equally enthusiastic.

Screw it, let's ride! So, the husbands load up two bikes and our week's worth of stuff and we head off from WI to the Smoky Mountains. Of course, the guys have a never ending debate over Harleys versus Hondas, but Nancy and Jane say, two wheels and a nice throaty roar, who cares? Our first destination ride is



BLOW'N SMOKE

Don't you just love finding great motorcycle roads by accident? My brother and I had been in Las Vegas for the Yamaha dealer show and as we were leaving I decided to take a different route on our way to Yellowstone to meet up with my dad. I knew we were in for something special when we stopped to eat outside Bryce Canyon and the placemat was a map of the road I'd chosen with all the things to see on it. The road was Utah Highway 12, an All American Scenic Byway. I was amazed that the description gave three days to cover the 124 mile road until we drove about 5 miles past Bryce where we stopped to hike up the Mossy Cave Trailhead to see a cave and a man made waterfall. Around here when we see red around a stream it's usually that nasty clay but out there it's just red rock.

We continued on to the Kodachrome Basin State Park, which was named by National Geographic. In 1948 the magazine explored the area for a story and named it after the Kodak film they were using. Geologists believe Kodachrome Basin State Park was once similar to Yellowstone National Park with hot springs and



geysers, which eventually filled up with sediment and solidified. The sandstone surrounding the geysers eroded leaving sand pipes ranging from 2 to 52 meters. The park isn't that large but it is unique. Just be sure if you do any hiking that you check the distance of the trail and take plenty of water, trust me on this!

Soon after leaving the Park we saw what I thought was the most amazing mountain formations I'd ever seen, but I was quickly corrected by some more travelers that had pulled over. One woman told me to "just wait 'cause you haven't seen anything yet." This area was called the "Blues," specifically Powell's Point.

The travelers we passed were right. I was riding along and looked over to see all this beautiful rock. I thought about stopping to take a picture but I continued on and suddenly in front of me was a scenic pullover. All I could see in every direction was rock and this tiny grey sliver of a road cutting through it. It is known as the "Hogsback" or the "Million



Dollar Road to Boulder." The 29 mile section is truly the most amazing road I've ever traveled. The rock formations and colors are one of a kind. After winding up the Hogsback you are literally traveling on top of a ridge with a narrow shoulder and a



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2000 foot drop on either side – what a thrill! FYI – I wouldn't suggest taking any kind of camper around this route as the roads are very narrow and very twisty. Just ask my dad on that one, he tried to bring my mom around this route after I told him

about it.

We came down the "Hogsback" into Boulder, Utah and visited the Anasazi State Park. At this site there is a partially excavated Anasazi Community that at one time housed 200 people, the largest community west of the Colorado River. After a short stop at the park we headed up Boulder Mountain. With it's 10% grade up and down the mountain, and the free roaming cows at every turn, the route proved to be an interesting one.

There was much more to see on this road, but these are just the high spots. I would love to go back and spend some more time on this road. If you're ever out in Utah, take time to drive it because it's more than worth it. I've more to tell you about our trip, so check back next month.

Teri Welborn

trwlbrn@aol.com

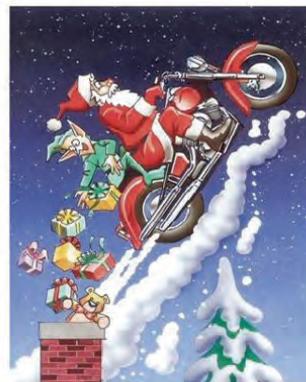


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He was the most famous American photographer of the 19th century; best known for his photos of celebrities and the documentation of the American Civil War battlefields, earning him a place in US history. Despite the obvious dangers, financial risk, and discouragement of his friends, he was quoted as saying "I had to go because a spirit in my feet said go, and I went." He was Matthew Brady and his first photographs of the Civil War were at the Battle of Bull Run, in which he got so close to the action that he was almost captured by the Confederate troops.

In October 1862, Brady presented an exhibition of photographs from the Battle of Antietam in his New York gallery entitled, "The Dead of Antietam." Many of the images in this presentation showing the realities of war were graphic photographs of corpses, a presentation totally new to America. Following the conflict,

a war-weary public lost interest in seeing photos of the war, for which Brady spent over \$100,000 to create over 10,000 photographic plates. He expected the U.S. government to buy the photographs when the war ended, but when the government refused to do so he was forced to sell his New York City studio and go into bankruptcy. Congress granted Brady \$25,000 in 1875, but he remained deeply in debt. Depressed by his financial situation, loss of eyesight and devastated by the death of his wife in 1887, he became very lonely. Matthew Brady died penniless in the charity ward of Presbyterian Hospital in New York City in 1896, from complications following a streetcar accident. Buried in the Congressional Cemetery in Washington, D. C., Brady's funeral was financed by Civil War veterans of the 7th New York Infantry.

In the end, Brady's reward was his sense of accomplishment and pride in the quality of photos he presented to the public. Since there are normally no monetary rewards for amateur photographers, the occasional praise lavished by the people in the photos or recognition brought about by the rare photos that may be deemed exceptional are what keep the amateur photographer motivated. Just as photography displays things



as they appear to others, we have an image we project to people we are in contact with daily. That image may look good on the outside, but the Lord knows what is on the inside. There is good news and bad news here.



The bad news is the Lord knows what is in our heart, and many times that's not good. We can fool people around us by doing things that appear noble but many times our motives are impure. The good news is the Lord loves us anyway, and desires to have a personal relationship with us, warts and all. Unfortunately, like many pioneers in their field, Matthew Brady was not fully appreciated until years after his death. But as believers in Christ, we experience a daily reward through our relationship



with Him, not to mention the ultimate reward of spending eternity in Heaven. Is Christ in your picture?

Eddie Rahm
"Fast Eddie"
eddieahm@roadrashmag.com

Road Rash Photo Info:

Those of us who spend time taking photos for Road Rash Magazine are honored to have the opportunity to document our community cycle related functions. It is our desire that this service in some way benefits or provides entertainment to our readers. Each Road Rash photographer has personal criteria for what he thinks makes for his ideal shot. Below I have listed what I look for when choosing the photos to be posted on the Road Rash web site, as well as the higher level of requirements that apply to shots I select for the photo pages I submit for the printed version of Road Rash Magazine. I have also listed the detailed step-by-step method for retrieving your photos from the Road Rash web site. Smile!

I will trash a photo for:

- Vulgar gestures
- Tacky expressions
- Distasteful stickers, shirts, or patches

To me a good photo:

- Has the rider or subject looking toward the camera
- Is in focus
- Has the correct light exposure

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- A smile (certainly not a scowl)
- A clean bike
- A photo in sharp focus (slower moving bikes or still photos work best)
- A wave to the camera by the rider is a big plus
- Sport bikes normally get priority
- A personal request by the rider to appear in the magazine goes a long way

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This & That

Greetings. I hope this finds you having created long-term memories of excellent rides you've taken or are about to take this summer. I know Amelia and I have. We have just returned from a 10,000 mile (actually 9796 miles), month-long adventure covering much of the west of our beautiful country. I had been out in that area several times, so with that knowledge I arranged the route we would follow. Rock took care of reservations and all the logistical stuff. I don't do well in that area, as Amelia and I ride until time to stop and then start looking for accommodations.

We left with other Road Rash folk (Rock and Pebbles; Moleman and Riri) on July 15. Rock became ill and had to return after the first day, so the rest of us continued on. We missed his input but are even more tickled that he has fully recovered. I can tell you that any riding in temperatures exceeding 105 degrees is almost impossible to endure. We each consumed 6 bottles of water each day and never once needed to tinkle. Without the water, one would suffer dehydration. We experienced relentless temperatures like that for four days. We recorded 115 degrees on our approach to Las Vegas. That's like riding into a hair dryer. There is simply no relief and going faster does not make the natural air conditioner work any better. One can deal with rain and cold if prepared with appropriate riding gear; there is no defense from heat.

We went on through Gunnison, Colorado to Montrose and



down the Million Dollar Highway to Durango. Good sights and a good road. We left there and went to Chinle, Arizona. We saw Mustangs (wild horses, not tame Detroit iron) in the parking lot wandering loose. They had discovered that they could get some cool spray from the next-door car wash and free hay in the back of a local truck. It is open range there, meaning no fences, so one has to keep a wary eye not only for road discrepancies (potholes, etc.) but must look for cows, horses and chickens. Makes for different riding.

We proceeded on to the north rim of the Grand Canyon. I have been to the Grand Canyon several times previously, and have hiked down and spent the night at the bottom at the Bright Angel campground. The hike down makes your toenails bleed because you are constantly walking downhill and trying to slow your descent. The climb back up is a tad more strenuous. The north rim is nowhere near as crowded as is the south rim. I think it is visually as impressive, however. We spent the night at Kanab, Utah.

We left the company of Jimmy and Lori the next day. They went on through Monument Valley and to Moab and the surrounding National Park of Arches before heading back to Chattanooga. Amelia and I left for Zion and Bryce National Parks and then on to Las Vegas, where we met our younger daughter and her hubby, Chuck for a three-night stay. Then it was on through the Mojave Desert to Sequoia National Park and the monster trees and on up to Yosemite National Park. The incredible beauty brought us both to tears, and I don't mind admitting that. It was then on to Tioga Pass out of the Park. The pass is a most impressive ride. The last time I was there was in (I really hate to admit this) 1963. The road is a bit wider now but it still requires a lot of attention.

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We stopped in Sonora, California for the night. Sonora is a really neat town with a lot of extended history. Christopher's, an Italian restaurant, is well worth experiencing. It is indeed still a standout from everywhere else we have ever eaten and not just on this trip. The roads there are quite twisty but are also quite smooth and wide. Made for exhilarating riding. Most notable to me was the amount of skid marks on the roads in California. You know, the ones where someone has obviously lost control and spun out, all four wheels locked. That is not the most reassuring sign and makes you pay more attention to what is going on.

We then worked our way to the Golden Gate Bridge and then up the coast on Highway 1. Each day was a bit more foggy than usual, so our views of the ocean were restricted. But the road was absolutely magnificent. Full of twisties and other demanding phenomena (read: slow-moving campers and various road construction). This went on all the way to Vancouver, Washington. We crossed the Columbia River on a ferry and proceeded on Highway 14 toward Sturgis.

We arrived in Sturgis about five days before the "official" beginning of the rally. Even so, builders had their custom bikes and trikes on display. We bought the requisite T-shirts and left. It was a "been there, done that" sort of approach. I had the distinct feeling that "he who dies with the loudest pipes wins" was the credo shared by many.

We were then on our way back to Colorado. We stayed in Granby and proceeded to the Rocky Mountain National Park. Trail Ridge Road is absolutely incredible and is unmatched, as far as I'm concerned. That thing is 36 miles long and demands strict attention at all times. At one point, (Milner Pass, elevation 10,758 feet) the "shoulder" drops about

1,000 feet on both sides of the road and there are no guard rails. In fact, both Amelia and I separately rated it over the Highway to the Sun in Glacier National Park. While we were at it, we then separately rated Tioga Pass second, the Million Dollar Highway third and Bear Tooth Pass fourth.

Leaving Estes Park and getting on the interstate was a very difficult thing to do. All the wonderful stuff was finished; we had to book it back over never-ending flat lands all the way to Arkansas. We did take some back roads there, but after what we had seen, we were somewhat jaded and thus were unimpressed.

I have left out more than what I have related here. There are some incredible memories in photographs. Once, while stopped at a small gas station, a fellow came up and started a conversation. He saw the Devil's Triangle sticker on my bike. He was from Indiana and had just finished a ride with his wife. They had gone to the Devil's Triangle, Tail of the Dragon and the Cherochala Skyway. Talk about a small world. We met another couple from Saskatchewan (again at a small gas station) who were going to Glacier National Park. We shared impressions of the area as well as other impressions.

We all saw more helmet use than usual. This was true even in non-helmet states. In fact, we were overtly impressed by helmet use in Sturgis. It seemed that bikes with loud pipes had riders who were not wearing a helmet; practically everyone else was wearing a helmet and had less-noisy pipes. I reckon that means one of two things: either bikers are getting older and wiser or there have been a lot more accidents wherein the rider has had some sense pounded into his head.

Another thing we noticed: there are a lot of trikes and trailers running around. We saw more of each than we have ever seen before. And that means one of two things: either bikers are getting older (to wit the need for three wheels) or are carrying more stuff with them (to wit the need for a trailer). Or perhaps older bikers are carrying more stuff.

At any rate, we had a great experience, one that we would not trade for anything. Our next trip will be up toward Newfoundland. Broad-brushing, we'll go north through the Shenandoah Valley, Blue Ridge Parkway and some of the accompanying side roads and return via the East Coast. And we'll stuff ourselves with seafood, particularly lobster. Can't wait. In fact, I have just purchased another Rand McNally and am plotting the course already. So, as usual,

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Don and sheila 270-334-3620 or dblankenship@brtc.net or www.ballardbikerally.com

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East Brainerd, TN

MCIC MONTHLY MEETING

(All Bikers Welcome)
Spectaters Bar & Grille - 7 p.m.
Sandy Hoffman: 423-240-1919 or sandy@roadrashmag.com

SEPTEMBER 3-6

Ducktown, TN

RIDERS RALLY LABOR DAY WEEEKEND PARTY

Riders Resort (Hwy 64 - 2 miles East of Ducktown)
John Rider: ridersresort@gmail.com or www.ridersresort.net

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Thunder Creek H-D - 7-9:30 p.m.
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Holiday Inn Express (2002 Temple Hill Road) - 12 a.m.
Charles Reese: 443-254-6610, tinpony1@msn.com or http://www.tennesseevolunteer1000.org/

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SEPTEMBER 10-12

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Chris or Lori: 828-246-2101, handlebarcorral@aol.com or www.handlebarcorral.com

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Gore Fire Dept (off Hwy 27) - 10 a.m.
Jamyé Dawson: 706-506-9516 - gfdcapt303@windstream.net

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PAPA'S RIDE AND PATRIOT DAY CEREMONY

Camp Jordan - FBO: 10 a.m.
Kristi Moore: 423-314-1132 or papas.ride@yahoo.com

Chattanooga, TN

CHEROKEE TRAIL

Sportman's Warehouse (Hwy. 153 & Lee Hwy.) -10 a.m.
Bill Kapherr: 423-322-4442, roadcaptain@cmachattanooga.com or http://cmaser6.org

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Jim Oliver's Smoke House- 7 p.m. CST
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TRAIL OF TEARS MOTORCYCLE RIDE

Riverfront Parkway - 8 a.m.
Bill Cason: 877-868-8747, billcason@charter.net or www.trailoftears-remembrance.org

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FRAGILE KIDS FOUNDATION RIDE FOR THE KIDS

Great South Harley Davidson - 10:30 a.m.
Jennifer Nolder: 678-876-1093, fragilekidsride@yahoo.com or www.fragilekids.org

SEPTEMBER 19

Muscle Shoals, AL (to Tahlequah, OK)

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Mountain Creek Harley-Davidson - FBO: 11a.m.
Detective Sam Eaton: 706-278-9085 ext 158 or Sgt. Pat Meyer: 706-278-9085 ext 400, seaton@cityofdalton-ga.gov or www.daltonpdblog.org

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The Low Down:

Make/Model: 2006 H-D Dyna Super Glide

Engine: Twin Cam 88 H-D

Owner: Harold Goff – East Ridge, TN

Photos: "Tom the Bomb" Blevins

If you are truly a Harley fanatic, a lot of the pictures here (and on our Web site) will probably confuse you. What you are looking at is an '06 Dyna Superglide. I know, I know, it doesn't look like one... Starting with the front end, it has Heritage Softail triple tree and tins. It has 4-inch over Dyna Wide Glide downtubes and 2007 Road King bottom legs. It also has a Road King gas tank (and console) and Road King fenders. As if that wasn't strange enough, it's been converted to right-hand shift. Why? You need only look to this bike's owner, Harold.

Where I grew up, Harold would be considered a "character." Friendly and outspoken, intelligent and humorous, Harold knows how to tell a story, and you just can't help but like him. He lost his left leg (and almost his life) in a horrific motorcycle accident. In his own words, he says, "I ran out of road and experience at the same time." However, he barely let it slow him down. Throughout the hospital stays, surgeries, pain and frustration, this Vietnam era Marine has maintained a phenomenally great attitude. Harold and his good friends Red and Eddie not only do a lot toward boosting the local economy through beer purchases, but they also apparently do fairly well customizing motorcycles. The rear-end for Harold's trike is a kit sold by "Frankenstein Trikes." Harold maintains that although his bike's entire transformation took around three months, installing the trike kit took three hours and 29 minutes: him and Red arguing about how to do it for three hours, and Ed turning bolts for 29 minutes. Harold is impressed so far with the trike's handling and performance, but Red pointed out that the front brake doesn't quite hold tight enough during a burnout... Did I mention these guys are crazy?





Oh, I almost forgot... Red is looking for a girlfriend. He says he'd like to find one who has a limp: one who isn't in a wheelchair but still gets a check.

If you need any advice on what kind of trike kit to buy, or any other important decisions (like how to wire up a Road King console to a Dyna or utilize a 9/16 Craftsman combination wrench as a shifter linkage), all you have to do is ask Harold, Red and Ed. If you do happen to catch them out and about (or if you happen to ride by and notice them having another driveway party), ask Harold to sign your copy of Road Rash Magazine.

Special thanks goes out to Harold and the rest of the "May Street Crip(ple)s" for their hospitality and patience, to my sis Lana for helping me hunt down our photo location.

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Joe Cool's Biker Health

Greeting faithful Road Rash readers. Believe it or not this issue marks the 9th anniversary of this very cool biker publication. I am very proud and privileged to have been a part of Road Rash Magazine for the past 108 issues (Approx). I hope that the articles that I have faithfully submitted have been informative and educational for the readers. Remember, intellectual and educational development is an important aspect of wellness.



In my profession I am required to maintain a certain amount of continued education in my field. So, starting this fall semester, I am starting graduate school at UTC. You might ask yourself, "How much more can Joe Cool learn? Well, believe it or not there is plenty that I have yet to understand in the field of fitness/wellness.

The statement, "Curiosity killed the cat" should state "The lack of curiosity killed the cat". It is important to strive for more intellectual stimulation. The more we learn about our chosen professions, personal relations or the world at large, the better our lives will develop both personally and professionally. Continued education, no matter how old a person is can enhance communication skills, career advancement, and even protect against mental diseases. The onset of Alzheimer's or dementia may be prevented by mental stimulation brought on by the intellectual challenges.

Anyone who believes that there is nothing else to learn

in this life is ready to stop living life. Living is learning and learning is living. I will be living my life to the fullest as long as I strive to gain as much knowledge as I can. Because of my educational endeavors, I will be very busy for the next couple of years. I will do my best to keep the articles coming, so you faithful readers can continue to enhance your own intellectual health. Remember to take care of yourself. Because if you won't, who will?

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Bikers In Business

CYCLE WAREHOUSE

There are people who love going to yard sales, flea markets and antique stores. I'm talking about the kind of people who, when they see an old recliner sitting discarded on the sidewalk, they can't help but slow down to see what kind of shape it's in, just in case they could get it, work on it a little and start using it themselves. There are others who would scoff at all of that. I'm much more of the former type than I am the latter. I suppose it started happening to me when I was about nine years old and found an old bicycle in the weeds behind my parent's house. I asked my father if I could have it, and eventually, probably after thinking about how much money a new bike would cost, he agreed. Having a very small budget (\$10, I think), I began rummaging through the garage, looking for things that I could use to fix the old bike up. My parents didn't have a bunch of



bike parts lying around or anything, so I ended up "customizing" and "fabricating" what was available. I'll admit, when I rode that bike down the street, it wasn't the best looking bike around – but one thing was for sure... I was very proud of it! My teenage years consisted of me fixing up and driving several older vehicles ('64 Fairlane, '66 Mustang,

'53 Dodge...) and still having what most would consider a non-existent budget, so I fell in love with junkyards. Searching through the weed-infested (and sometimes bumblebee infested) rusty piles of scrap metal, I didn't always find exactly what I wanted, but I always seemed to find what I needed. And the price was always much better than what they would have charged me at an honest-to-goodness auto parts store. That translated over to motorcycles when I got my first chopper. Instead of buying a new taillight from the store, I searched high and low for an antique truck taillight that would still work and look cooler... That's when a friend of mine first diagnosed my disease.



He proved to me that I'd spent too much time and effort looking for, finding, fixing and installing my taillight. I say he "proved" it, because he pointed out that even with my low-paying job (bagging groceries on South Broad Street), I could have spent that time at work and made more than enough money to buy a new light and have it installed. I couldn't argue with him. Numbers don't lie. So... I've learned to temper my "Boneyard Disease" with as much logic as I can muster. From then on, when faced with an upgrade idea or repair situation, I try to properly investigate every option. If I need a new part, I get a new part. If I need someone to install it, I have someone install it. However, if a used part will do, and I can put that sucker on myself... I'll save my money (where I can wisely invest it on women and wine later).

I understand not everyone has "Boneyard Disease," and there are a ton of situations where taking your bike to a dealership to have new stuff professionally installed is not just

lazy, it is truly the smartest and most prudent thing to do... However, for those situations where your foot peg falls off, or your front fender gets scratched... When you know if you could just find the used part you need, you could save a ton of trouble and money... Have I got a place for you!

A mere three years ago, Chris Marden opened up a business called Cycle Warehouse in Ringgold, Georgia on the corner of Graysville and Wooten Road. With lofty goals and a solid business plan, his business has experienced phenomenal



growth. Chris, Jody and the rest of the friendly staff search high and low for the best prices on used parts or parts from wrecked bikes, often buying them in bulk. Because of this, they can pass the savings along to their customers, often over the Internet. They focus on high turnover and smaller profits per transaction, buying and selling mostly used parts

for all makes and models of motorcycles.

The modest-looking building that presently houses the business is chocked full of bikes for sale, consignment bikes and bike parts like pristine gas tanks, fenders, saddlebags... even complete "paint sets" that would normally be very difficult to find. Buying whole "lots," finding the best deals and not trying to get rich on every sale allows them to sell bikes and parts all over the country and offer great deals even when factoring in shipping costs. It is a formula that is working.

In addition to the Internet business they are doing, Chris is now focusing on reaching out more to the local community in an effort to bring in more walk-in business. Because, let's face it... Not only is holding a part in your hand more convincing than seeing a picture of it on your computer screen, no one wants to pay shipping costs and wait for delivery when they could just drive a few minutes instead.



I mentioned Cycle Warehouse is located in a modest-looking building, and although it gives the showroom a pleasant "mom-and-pop" feel, it also acts as camouflage. Until I was invited to check out the back rooms, I had no idea how many parts they had available. After that, I was told I still hadn't scratched the surface because they had another entire warehouse just down the road full of parts for everything from Panheads to sportbikes. Chris' plan is to evolve Cycle Warehouse into a humongous indoor pick-and-pay boneyard warehouse. Chris says if his business continues to grow as it is, within five years, he will have a building about half the size of a Walmart, and be the largest used parts dealer within a couple of hundred miles.

To sum things up, if you suffer from "Boneyard Disease" as I do, you owe it to yourself to check out Cycle Warehouse. Not only will you be blown away with what they have, you are sure to find exactly what you need... and maybe some stuff you didn't know you needed until you saw it.



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LA or Bust

Everyone has heard the phrase “the straw that broke the camel’s back.” That old saying comes from camel drivers saying at one point, one more small item loaded on a camel would cause the animal to collapse. I was reaching that point, at least that’s what two out of three voices in my head told me. After shooting pictures at the first two Sundown events at Thunder Creek, and having a ball doing it, even with the second Friday swimming from bike to bike, I went AWOL for a short bit.

With bulging saddle bags and bungee straps wrapped back and forth over the passenger seat, Bonnie and I took off. Destination “LA.” I laid out a very easy route; I-59 to I-20 stopping just a little west of my destination for a reason.

Just to clear things up, Bonnie is my '82 FXR. She has factory Shovel plant, sports an '84 EVO engine that was gone through less than years ago, Mallory hi-output ignition, and a few other dark secrets. While I'm coming clean, no, I wasn't going to Lost Angeles, nor Lower Alabama (but would be passing through there). My destination was Louisiana. A little place east of Shreveport.

I was hearing echoes in my head, remembering tunes from over two decades ago when I'd ridden the highways more frequently. They played continuously so I didn't have a need for a CD player or iPod. Sweet Melissa, Southbound, Statesboro Blues, Jessica, were some of the Allman Bros. offerings, about two-thirds of

Skynyrd's entire library rang out, and countless songs that attached themselves to the inside of my head since my youth played - as they will for an eternity. Never being interrupted, only being toned down occasionally by the roar of Bonnie's drag pipes while passing, gearing down or pulling out of a diner. Four hundred million Harley-Davidson riders on both sides of the interstate

assured me I was far from alone if Bonnie became cranky. As I found myself farther south, the skeeters grew in size and became as loud and dangerous as the Huey gunships I saw at the last air show I took my daughter to. Dragonflies manifested themselves as World War I bi-planes. I began to wish I had a full face shield instead of the half face. Protein is important but I prefer mine in the form of ribeye, not large crunchy insects. Fortunately, I only had to partake of two small airborne protein shots.

The little place in Louisiana I was heading? I would wager “Tom the Bomb's” ride only a hand full of y'all, if that many, have even heard of it. (Oops... Sorry Tom. Hope you keep that bike). The place is called Arcadia.

I was not planning to romp around as if I were a lame-brained tourist when I arrived. I was skipping the cheap, shoddy, tossed together museums trying to make a couple or ten bucks as if it were Elvis' body on full display after all these years. I wasn't spending money on manufactured tokens some buy at four hundred times their cost to make the shysters richer. The sellers are like crooked carnival cons and have the story so down, they can speak it backwards, forwards and the same way in pig-latin, vietnamese, fourteen versions of latin and may even have a picture with the Pope as convincing evidence. To each his own.

If you are like most of the Road Rash readers I have met, commercialization doesn't turn you on either, regardless of whom it is about or how you may feel about the people and situations. It's history. I dig history when it is the truth and not the myths and fairytales that the masses are fed. Anyone that knows me can verify that. And they also know I speak what my heart feels.

Highway 154 East from Shreveport



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heading toward Arcadia was the final ride for Miss Bonnie Parker and Mr. Clyde Champion Barrow. Miss Parker was 24 years old and Mr. Barrow was 25 when ambushed by government agents, Louisiana lawmen, and a Texas Ranger. Legend still has it the amount of bullet holes in their bodies matched their ages. The car had close to 170 bullet holes.

The 1969 film starring Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway became the standard of truth for the Barrow gang's rampage and the events portrayed in the film became stamped as the truth. While some were based on true events, the movie gave a glorious, fashionese' glamour lifestyle twist to things. It also gave the impression Bonnie and Clyde were middle-aged adults when actually they were not much more than kids (at the ages of 24 and 25).

The 1969 film never hinted of the tragic car accident in which Clyde ran off the road and the car caught fire trapping Bonnie's legs under the seat as it rolled forward. He and W.D. Jones (C.W. Call was the name used in the 1969 film as their comical driver) struggled to free her. She lay near death in an abandoned farmhouse for weeks and weeks healing while Clyde nursed her.

W.D. Jones was the first one to kill a store owner during a holdup. He also killed a woman whom had helped Bonnie right after she was rescued from the fiery car. He also was the first to whine and tell Clyde, “This isn't fun anymore, I want to go home” after they escaped into a field (when Clyde's wounded brother Buck was finished off and his wife Blanche was captured). The 1969 film portrayed Blanche Barrow as a hysterical, cowardly women that told the Texas Ranger all about the gang that led to their demise. This is not true. In reality, Blanche Barrow said nothing and spent 10 years in prison, was remarried and died in 1964.

W.D. Jones' father played a role in setting them up. In the 1969 film, Beatty as Clyde stops and gets out of the '34 Ford to help his former gang member's father. In truth, the machine guns lit up while the car was still moving and continued after it came to a stop.

There are several more things in the Beatty/Dunaway film that had become accepted as fact that are far from the truth. These are only a few.

As stated earlier, The Ambush Museum was not visited by Bonnie and I. I shot only a handful of pictures of the monument and the place where the car (with the gory bodies) was first taken after the ambush.

After riding back towards Shreveport a bit, I rode back East on Highway 154 back to the marker, a beautiful day on a beautiful stretch of road. I spent the evening and night in an out of the way make-shift camp ground north east of Arcadia and met up with a few folks. While I was planning on unhitching and riding out at dawn, it turns out we were all still up at dawn. Drinking coffee mixed with mocha-flavored instant coffee all night will put much wind in your sails folks. Even with me having to use a cane these days, there were a couple of hundred miles heading back I carried Bonnie and ran just as fast as she carried me.

I had some video from that night but what became of it I blame on ghosts. It makes me wonder if my caretakers that night were... Never mind, I'm kidding!

Ride with the past, open your mind, experience history everywhere, and carry the truth to the next generation. Ride free. Clasp your fist for freedom brothers and sisters. May God bless this country again. Be seeing y'all soon!

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THE VIEW FROM THE WING

Diversified



We need to be tolerant. We need diversification. We need to be politically correct. Okay I get it. I have to start riding with other kinds of bikes. It's not that I want to, but certain people are forcing my hand. Recently I rode up through the Cherokee and to the legendary Dragon with a group of new friends from the East coast. Rock wrote an article about that trip so I will not bore you with the details as he has already done that. I am only going to say that it was a great ride and we had the chance to meet and befriend bikers who did not share our culture, our spiritual beliefs, our politics, our brand of motorcycle or anything else in common with the exception of truly enjoying riding our bikes. I also got to meet a very nice Bradley County sheriff's deputy. They were all men who I look forward to meeting up with again, except the very nice Bradley County sheriff's deputy, and men who I truly would want to call my friends. If they would only buy GoldWings. And that is at the heart of this column.

Even my friend Rock has gone over to the Darkside. He traded his Harley for a BMW K1300 S sport bike and now he thinks he is a 20 something. But I like it. If he could only learn to text while driving he will have that 20 something thing down pat. And he has discovered speed. Real speed. He even talked Alan Kelly, or Boo-Boo as he is known, into buying a BMW K bike. Of course talking Alan into buying another bike is like asking me if I want coffee in the morning. I do believe that Alan will eventually buy every BMW made. When I lived in Chicago I lived in a different culture. Most of our friends rode Harley's but there were always a wide range of models and there were quite a few metric bikes and my venerable GL1500 GoldWing. The only other bike even close to that would be the Valkyrie Interstate or the Ultra Glide.

But we all seemed to have fun being together riding wherever across the country and nobody seemed to care what people rode. Except for one particular friend of mine. That particular friend of mine was the one who got me back into biking after 10 years of spending all of my recreational time and money snowmobiling. That was great fun but it does get old chasing snow and cursing mild winters. My friend decided in his mid-life crisis that he wanted to get back into motorcycling. So he took me along as he looked for a Harley. This was in 1996 and he wanted the whole image. In fact he bought a black 1997 Road King. I thought that the Harley was expensive but I would soon learn that the Harley was cheap compared to the parts that you needed to complete the bike and service the bike

and the clothes that the very best dressed Harley rider would wear. With no helmet law in Illinois, my friend, looked like early Elvis riding down the road, if early Elvis were a fifty-something bald executive. My friend eventually got an expensive toupe and the look was complete. He then got a fake earring and you could hardly tell him from the millions of other middle aged men riding Harleys. The only thing that gave him away was his refusal to ride in windy conditions.

I also got the bug and decided to get a bike also. We rented a Harley that we were going to buy and found out that the legendary Harley appeal had one tiny drawback. It broke down a lot. And it really only broke down in the rain. Every time it would rain. My wife informed me that I would either get a new bike or a new wife. I miss that bike.

So my friend and I looked for a bike for me. I used to work at a Honda shop, and for extra money I would help build bikes in the back. We would assemble them and take them out and see how fast they would go. I was on a Honda NightHawk S 700 and the guy next to me had just built a 1200 Gold Wing. We raced down the street and he blew me away. I was hooked. I loved sport bikes but I always wanted a GoldWing or other big bike, so I ride it all of the time.

So the first stop was the Honda shop. Then the Harley shop. The BMW shop. The Yamaha shop. The decision came down to the Honda GoldWing or Valkyrie Interstate or the Harley Ultra. The Yamaha Venture was a great looking bike but the engine heat was miserable and Kim was not all that comfortable on the back. The Ultra was my choice as I thought it looked the best, but dealers were gouging the public and the bike would have cost over \$10,000 more than either of the Hondas. So I decided on the Valkyrie Interstate. I talked it over with Kim and she was agreeable with anything as long as we could just stop looking. But at the Honda shop, the full-time farmer and part-time motorcycle salesman asked me a couple of questions. Was my wife more comfortable on the Wing or the Valk? The Wing. Did I know that the Wing had hydraulic lifters and required no real maintenance while the Valk had bucket and shims and had to be inspected and adjusted every year at my expense? No, I did not. Did I know that I could get 13,000 to 15,000 miles out of the tires on the Wing and that I would only get around 5,000 to 6,000 miles out of the Valkyrie tires? And did I know that the Valkyrie had 6 carburetors that never seemed to stay in synch and that the GoldWing only had two and they never seemed to get out of synch? And did I know that the Black 1999 GoldWing sitting right there on the floor ready to go was \$3200.00 cheaper than the Valkyrie Interstate?

As I was riding the Wing home I was in new bike heaven. I had done due diligence and had made the right choice. My

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farmer friend had sold me what I needed and what I wanted and saved me from making a big mistake. We put over 80,000 miles on that bike and traded it in for only \$2,000 less than what we paid for it on our next Wing.

I was happy. More importantly, Kim was happy. If Momma ain't happy, well you know. And we were comfortable and because we were comfortable we rode more. But my friend was not happy. I never learned until much later that he was totally bummed out that I didn't buy a Harley. We took trips together and rode many miles side by side but he was always disappointed that I did not buy a Harley.

Since I have been in Chattanooga, I have ridden with other GoldWings. I have ridden with the GoldWing Road Riders Association. I have ridden with Debbie and Gary Chambers on their Wing more miles than I can count. And recently I have ridden with Rock, Sandy and BooBoo on their Wings. It really didn't dawn on me that I was that exclusive until we took that trip to the Dragon. Maurice on his Kawasaki Concours, Jeff on his wonderful Monster Ducati. Miguel on his BMW K 1200 touring model. And Hans from Switzerland on a Honda Shadow Aero. I sure didn't see that one coming.

And it is exactly what I love about riding. Everyone come and everyone ride. Ride what you love and what you can afford. Just ride. Ride someplace new. Ride someplace old. I was getting comfortable riding only with wings. And then Rock and BooBoo had to go and ruin it. Now that they fancy have BMW K1300S sport bikes, I'll never keep up! Unless I get one of my own. Oh BooBoo, about that loan.....

Gary "Backroads" Boyd

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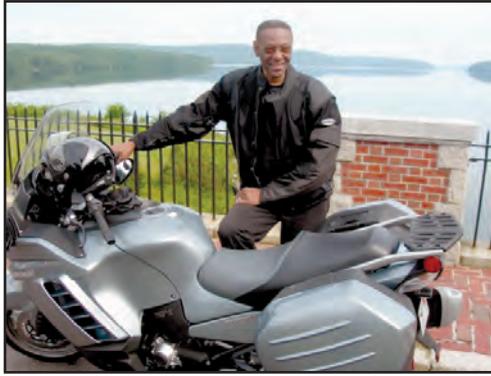
No, this is not the first time that circumstance made a forcible entry into my lifestyle, throwing up a razor wire barrier between my motorcycle and me. Separation Anxiety can be a psychological condition for some, but not in my case.

This is not a head thing. Biking is full body contact with life, the road and everything on it. Whenever you walk past your gear in the closet and your bike on its stand, there should be a little connecting current of recognition and acknowledgement. This ain't puppy love, this ain't not riding because it's hot, raining or cold, I'm talking about biking...and so was my doctor.

"Maurice" he said, "the bad news is that you have a hernia, a little tear in your abdominal wall that can be caused by lifting something heavy." Ha Ha, (I thought, my wife's been bragging about me again.) Lying to myself about that is called the Pinocchio syndrome and it's something that guys never do, right?

Coming to a stop, forgetting to put my foot down and then trying to keep 835 + pounds of Kawasaki C-1400 motorcycle from hitting the ground can definitely cause a hernia, but why let a few facts spoil a good story.

"It's an out patient procedure" the doctor said, "it's laparoscopic surgery. Get here at 8:30 am, we give you good drugs, you sleep, we cut a couple of pencil sized holes, use a little camera to take a peek, put in a patch like fixing a tire, wake you up, and your home by 3:30 pm or so." Baada Bing!



I've had a flat before, I didn't feel anything when I got it or when it was being repaired. What I did feel was a little lighter in the wallet and happy to roll away without having to buy a new tire, which is a matter of conversation and choice.

Modern medicine is fantastic. This is laparoscopic surgery with the speed of Jiffy Lube and almost the ease and certain cure of spraying on some Windex. If it sounds like I was having a reoccurrence of the Pinocchio syndrome you're

right. Here I was momentarily lying to myself that if the whole surgery and hospital wake-up thing would take less than a work day I'd be back on the bike in what...a couple of days. Whoa Bunkie, whoa!

Try as I may, I could not force fit the doctors orders of "NO MOTORCYCLE RIDING FOR AT LEAST 2 WEEKS" into a language that I wanted to understand. The diagnosis of Separation Anxiety became the oversized ground hog day flashcard that repeated over and over again, and for me and those of us who love and live to ride...the words "get over it" established a permanent mental beach head, and I began to think on the positive side.

Positive thinking and improbable developments are rascally brothers from another mother. The kind of mother who dreamed up the Tail of the Dragon, the alluring and challenging 318 S-curves in 11 miles of the motorcyclist narcotic called "I dare you!". Knowing that I would faithfully follow my doctor's orders, I left his office, geared up and rode the Dragon twice, and threw in the Cherokee Skyway for

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good measure. I sang "git er done", all the way."

Like a lot of you, I love to ride. You can spot us, I'm in the "all the gear, all the time" category and that says a lot about my respect for the phrase "Road Rash." I hit the road with the sure and certain knowledge that hot is better than being shredded like Cole Slaw, so I choose to gear up. With a date certain with the surgeon, I'll continue to gear up and sing Blake Shelton's song called "Hillbilly Bone", "because all you need is an open mind" and a Kawasaki Concours 1400 cc motorcycle to flat outrun Separation Anxiety and anything else that gets between me and the real side that says, "have a nice ride baby."

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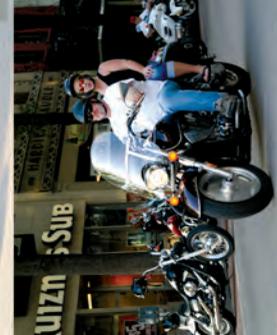
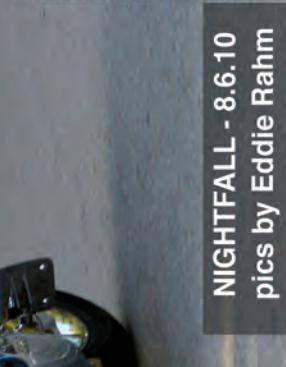
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Our featured local motorcyclist this month is Edna Cook. She lives in Hixson, TN and is married to her best friend Richard "Snowball" Cook. She has three grown children, four grandchildren and one grandchild on the way. She works as a Network Engineer at CRI, and says she has more hobbies than time. Other than riding her Harley, she enjoys shooting trap, running, working in the yard and scrap booking. As if that wasn't enough, she says one of her goals is to complete a half marathon this year.

We've been waiting a few months to get this feature in the magazine, so without further ado, let's get to know her better and see how she does answering our 10 Hot Seat questions...



1) Do you have any nicknames, and if so, how did you get them?

Before we were married, my husband called me "Angel Eyes." I don't know if you can print what he calls me now... Let's just say it rhymes with "witch." Just to clarify, our definition is probably different than most.

2) When did you first start riding motorcycles, and what was your first bike?

When I was seven, my two older brothers thought it would be fun to teach their little sister how to ride their mini bikes. We had a huge open field near our house and they showed me how to twist the handle to make it go. "It's just like riding your bicycle," they told me. That was true except for the stopping part. They failed to educate me on that one tidbit of information. I got going fine but as the end of the field got

closer, I realized it was not "just like my bicycle," and I had no idea how to stop. They must have figured that out too because they were running after me, trying to catch me. I did manage to slow down enough to jump off. Until now, I don't think my mother ever knew about it. I'd had small Suzuki and Yamaha motorcycles and when my husband and I were talking about marriage, he asked me if I would rather have a ring or a Harley. Of course I opted for the Harley and we bought the 2001 Luxury Pearl Blue Heritage Softtail. It is by far the most comfortable motorcycle I have ever been on. By the way, I did get a ring later on.

3) What was your longest road trip on a bike, and did anything interesting happen?

A group of us rode to Myrtle Beach for Bike Week in 2007. The weather was perfect all the way in, until we got about 30 miles from the hotel. A rainstorm came like I had never experienced. I was the lead bike and there was so much water that we were getting soaked from all sides and underneath. It took us about three hours to drive those last few miles. I learned two things during this ordeal. First, that people in cars are stupid when it comes to sharing the road with bikes in a storm, and second; I could probably drive blindfolded (because I could not see a thing).

4) Do any other members of your family participate in motorcycling?

Both of my brothers used to ride. I remember we took a trip across Suck Creek Mountain one Sunday and I was in the rear. One of my brothers leaned to take a curve and his tires hit the yellow line. He and his then pregnant girlfriend both flew off the bike and landed in someone's yard. Luckily, neither was badly injured. To this day, I cringe when my tires go across the painted line and I rarely ride across Suck Creek.

5) Have you ever had any serious wrecks?

Fortunately, no.

6) Have you ever been discriminated against because you ride a motorcycle?

No. In fact, most of the time when people find out I ride my own bike, they think it's a pretty cool thing.

7) Have you enjoyed special benefits because you ride a motorcycle?

Oh, sure. For instance, riding the HOV lane through Atlanta and saving on gas by riding to work.

8) What is your favorite type of riding and what is your favorite local route (within 100 miles)?

I prefer state highways to Interstates (my husband is the opposite). I like going up 27 to Pikeville and Fall Creek Falls is fun. My favorite thing to do is to ride over bridges. I love bridges, so any ride that includes a bridge is my favorite.

9) On average, how many miles do you ride each year?

Not nearly enough. We usually try to take one long trip (Myrtle Beach, Panama City Beach) and day trips on the weekends.

10) If you could change one thing about the motorcycling community, what would it be?

I wouldn't necessarily change anything about the motorcycling community as much as I would like to see more education and awareness about motorcycle safety for motorcycle riders as well as the rest of the vehicles on the road.

We would like to thank Edna for taking the time to answer our questions and her husband Richard for nominating her for our Hot Seat feature. If you see Edna out and about on her Harley, ask her to sign your copy of Road Rash Magazine. She deserves as much of the limelight as we can muster. After all, she broke her code of silence about the mini bike incident and has to contend with Snowball on a regular basis... Thanks again!



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