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MAGAZINE

*For Riders Only!*





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See Schedule pg. 59

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For Riders Only!

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## FROM THE EDITOR

Hello Riders,

Well, here we are at the beginning of another year. I'm sure your New Year's Resolutions have been made and should last for about four to six weeks. Then, they are forgotten until we all try again next year.

One of my yearly resolutions is to drop a few pounds which to date has not happened. I go up and down varying about ten pounds one way or the other. I guess I can be thankful that I'm not adding to the bottom line each year.

Another resolution is to continue to promote motorcycle racing to everyone that rides. Especially to those riders addicted to NASCAR. Like I have said many times, I just can't understand why all motorcycle riders don't appreciate the speed and talent involved in World Class racing, whether it be MotoGP (my favorite), Super Bike, Motocross, or Flat Track. Try it, you'll like it . . . even if you are a cruiser rider.

I also have vowed to make the "Find the C-Note Contest" harder. It seems that the Southern Cruisers, who have found the cash seven out of ten times, have thrown down the gauntlet to all other clubs and individuals. They have also thrown the gauntlet down to me.

When the contest first started last January, I tried not to make the find too hard. However, I now feel like I have been challenged. Hey, Southern Cruisers, this year you will really have to put in some miles to find it! Everyone else . . . good luck!

Now, don't get me wrong, I'm glad that the Cruisers are enjoying the contest and I am not discouraging them in any way. I'm just saying that I'm going to show them some places that some may have never been, so pack a lunch for this year's routes and hides. We are going on a hike.

The December cash has still not been

found. I guess because of the holidays and the colder weather. Even the hardiest of riders have stayed home. That's okay, it saves me money. Out of 12 issues in 2014, only the January and December cash were not found before the next issue.

It may be cold, but BooBoo and I have already hidden a couple months in advance. If it's too cold for you here's a *hot* tip, Gerbings heated gear. If you love riding as much as I do, I can guarantee that you will find yourself riding all year and you won't even need that trickle charger any more.

On a personal note, I have added another motorcycle to my stable. Right before Christmas I happened upon a deal that I just couldn't pass up. I had been saving up for a newer model truck, but, I bought this 2009 Kawasaki Concours instead. I rationalized it by the fact that I only drive a four wheeled vehicle about a thousand miles a year.



Constance will now bunk with my other girlfriends Hazel (Gold Wing), Lucy (BMW 1300S), and Pearl (HD Heritage.) I do want to make it perfectly clear that all four bikes will be ridden each and every week. They are not "garage ornaments." Pearl, my Harley (named after Janis Joplin's nickname) is my daily rider, while the others only get ridden once a week. I love all my girls equally and love each of their individual qualities. I love riding all types, styles, and brands of motorcycles and I won't apologize for it!

Well, I guess that's it for this month. I hope you enjoy this first issue of 2015. Remember, we offer FREE full page ads to any local charitable event. Just send me your flyer by the 20th of the month. That's all there is to it. Ride safe and ride often.

LTRNTT,

Rock

rock@kickstandup.com

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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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# Catoosa County Toy Run





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*Jim Olwers*

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# A Wing . . . and a Prayer

by Gary Boyd

The motorcycling community lost a giant recently. You may not have heard of him. He wasn't in a club. He didn't show up at a lot of "biker" events, but he probably rode more miles than any other person I've personally known.

Willie Lewis was a member of the Gold Wing Road Riders Association. He had been riding motorcycles for a long time and when the Gold Wing came out in 1975, Willie was hooked. For almost 40 years Willie was on board a Gold Wing motorcycle. In later years he would ride his trike. He never stopped riding.

Willie passed away on Thursday, December 11, 2014 at 85.

Last year he once again put over 20,000 miles on his Gold Wing Trike. Willie and Evelyn were at every single Gold Wing chapter meeting that Chattanooga ever had and they were inseparable. In 67 years of marriage, the only time they weren't together was when one of them was in the hospital.

Willie was legendary in his knowledge of the roads and local eateries along the way. He knew them all by heart having ridden them all of his life.

Former Chapter Director of Chapter V in Chattanooga, Dave McGill, told of the rides that he would lead. He usually asked Willie but he never wanted to lead, but through the CB radio, Willie would guide Dave and warn him of coming obstacles. Many times Dave would hear things like, there's gravel in the next corner. The road has a pot hole on the left. You need to turn right at the next road, there is no sign. I rode many times with Willie and I asked why he never led the way. He said that he used to, but too many people would always complain. Your going too fast. Your going too slow. I don't like back roads. I don't like interstates.

I loved Willie and I had great respect for him, especially after leading many rides myself.

Willie kept his bike spotless. His sister in law told me that every time he brought his bike in from a ride, he would

meticulously go over it, cleaning it completely before he would go upstairs.

Okay, so Willie and I did not share a love of spending hours at a time on keeping a bike clean.

This coming April 23-25, the Gold Wing Road Riders Association, Tennessee District, will once again be holding their annual convention, Spring Fling, at Camp Jordan.

On Saturday, April 25, we will take a ride up to the Cherochala Skyway where we will spread his ashes. You are invited to ride along. I invited his widow and constant riding partner to ride along with me. She declined. She does not like motorcycles and she will never ride again.

She only rode because she loved Willie and Willie loved to ride and Willie wanted her with him. Always.

So we will say goodbye with a beautiful ride to a beautiful soul. God Speed, Willie. God speed.



Roger Crowe presenting Willie and Evelyn another "Willie " The Willie is named after him and is presented to the one who rode the most miles in our chapter. You can see by the plaque why we named it The Willie.

Hostility. We are living in a world filled with hostility. We cannot escape it no matter where we look.

On the world stage today we are grieving the hostility and brutality of the taliban. ISIS is still reigning terror and individuals are committing outrageous acts of barbarism in their name.

Our country has been set ablaze in cities with hostility. Our air waves are full of it and our movies and television shows reflect, if not promote it outright.

Peace on earth?  
Goodwill towards man?

Yes. That peace is the peace that surpasses all understanding. That goodwill is the goodwill of God to mankind.

We are seeing evil like we have never seen. And it's all over. Our professors are teaching that there is no God and that there is no devil. Believe me, there is a devil who hates with great intensity. He has been out to steal from God and destroy as many as he can.

But God is also real and if you read the book to the end, God will deliver us from evil. God is all powerful.

So as we look at the hostility around us, we must remember who wins. We must persevere and not give up.

Hebrews 12:3-4 ESV

Consider him who endured from sinners such hostility against himself, so that you may not grow weary or fainthearted. In your struggle against sin you have not yet resisted to the point of shedding your blood.

God, I pray for those who have been hurt by evil. I pray for the families in Pakistan and the families in Chattanooga. I pray for You to be glorified today. In Jesus Name.



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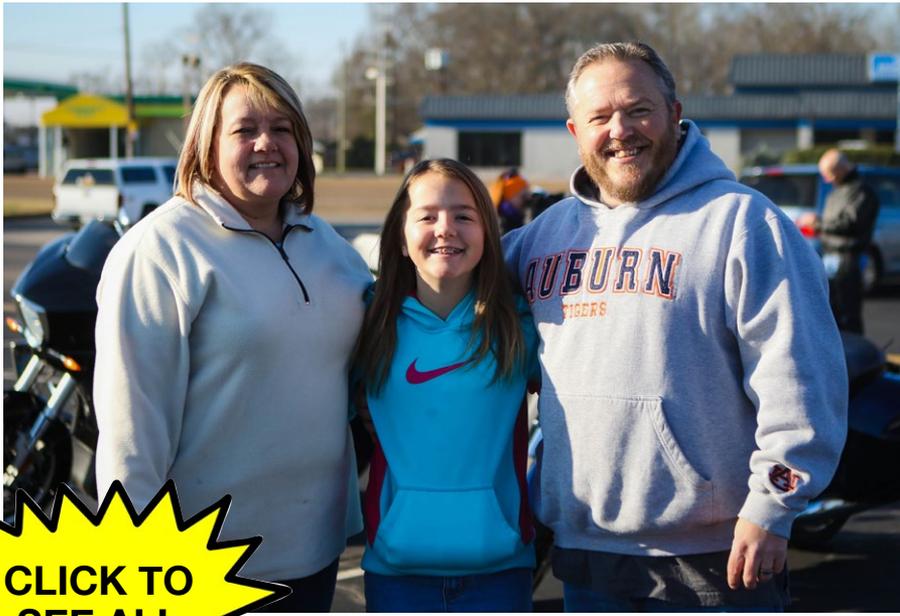
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# Chattanooga Toy Run





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- L @ 1st Red Light
- R @ 1st Stop sign
- R @ 1st Stop sign
- Take 1st L
- Go L @ 2nd Stop Sign
- Go R @ 1st Red Light (reset odometer)

- Go L @ 1.5 mi. (next to store)
- Go L @ 1.7 mi.
- Take 1st R
- Go R @ 1st Stop Sign (reset)
- Go R @ 14.5 mi.
- At 2nd Stop Sign go R
- Go R @ 2.3 mi. - Pull straight in and look for KSU sticker on the guardrail. You're close now!

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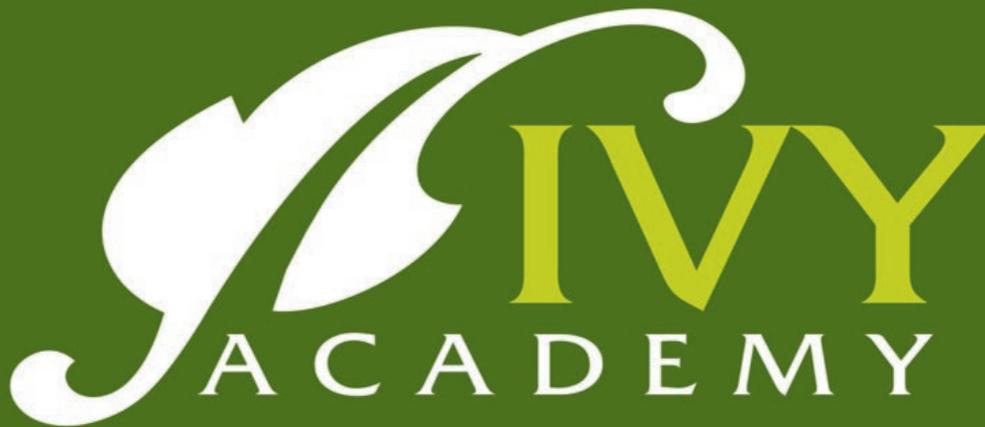
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# SHINY SIDE UP

## Ice Rider

I love the look normal people give me when they see me riding long after most other 'bikers' have put their shiny scooters on trickle charge for the winter. Yes, like I've done for the past 15 years, I pretty much patrol on two wheels year round. Mostly.

There are times when the mercury doesn't want to climb any higher than my shoe size that I'll grudgingly get out the booster cables and start driving my four wheel crime fighting Crown Vic. But generally if the roads are dry and it's close to freezing or above, I'll likely be making traffic stops and working crashes from two wheels. Motorcops like to say that we ride when it's cold as a form of "Officer Safety" - criminals tend to not mess with Cops that they believe to be completely crazy.

But I'm not the only one on two wheels between the months of November and February. Plenty of times I've given the wave to someone else bundled up and tucked down low (not to reduce drag at high speed, but to be closer to the only heat producing portion of the bike). Because of better gear, more bikes available with heated grips and seats (none for me unfortunately), and sometimes because two wheels is the only wheels available, I see more bikes in the winter than I have in previous years.

Because of that, I have a couple of tips that I'd like to pass along, especially to the new to winter riders among us.

First and foremost, if there is precipitation in the frozen form (snow or ice), forego any transportation that only involves two wheels. Unless you have knobby tires and are riding on snow covered dirt or gravel. Or you like visits to the emergency room. Often times in the warmer months I tend to ignore weather forecasts, but when there's a good chance of a milk and bread run at the grocery store, I want to make sure my bike is parked. Even when there is no chance of white stuff, if the temps are



cold enough, always be on the lookout for areas with water run-off that may have formed patches of ice. A small patch of ice in a car is no big deal. Finding one in a curve while you're trying

to trim those chicken strips on your brand new tires falls into the "sucks to be you" category.

Remember last summer when you could drag a knee on the exit ramp with your super soft sticky tires? They like heat to perform best. When your tires haven't warmed up and there's little to no heat available on the pavement, some motorcycle tires just don't perform well, which means simply - slow down in the cold. Besides - the wind-chill effect at high speeds makes me shiver just thinking about it.

If your bike is powered by an air-cooled engine, rejoice - no chance of pinging valves in this weather. The chattering you hear is just your teeth - you'll get used to it. If your bike is water cooled, make sure it's not just water flowing in the system. Just like a car, extremely cold temps can wreak havoc on your cooling system or worse your motor. And unlike a car, if you start spewing fluid because you never put the green stuff in your bike's radiator, you could be more than stranded - you could be hailing a ride in the back of an ambulance because your bike thought it'd be funny to spew all over your rear tire... in a curve

Finally, dress for the weather. If you're miserable you may lose focus on what you're supposed to be doing - riding defensively. Granted, I may look like the Michelin Man during the cold months, but I can almost guarantee you I'm comfortable. Stop by your favorite motorcycle retailer (yes, they're open in the winter) and check out the various gear available for winter. Between heated vests, gloves and socks, you're bound to find the right combination of gear to keep you happy. Let the cager's stare - Old Man Winter ain't ruining your fun!

Ride safe,

Joe Warren

# .. *IN ACTION*



AMA Supercross 2014 - Las Vegas: Ryan Dungey - Action



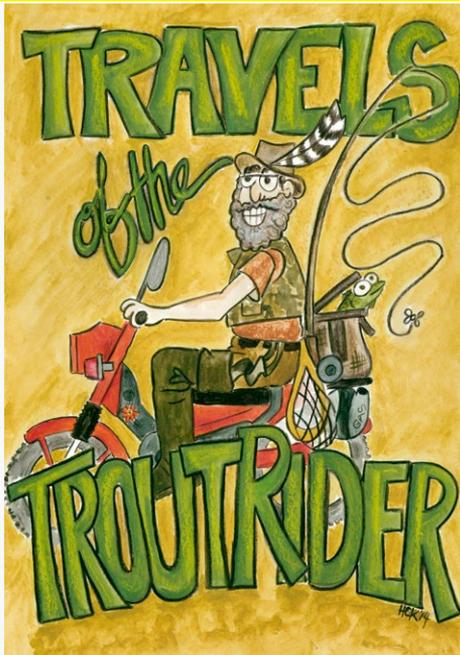
# 2nd Annual 2 Wheels for a Cause





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## Flying

It usually started with a phone call and this day was no different. The phone rang and it was Todd on the other end. He had bought a Honda XR650R which is basically a desert race bike. He installed a street legal kit and was calling to inform me that he had it inspected, had it titled and tagged and was ready for a road trip. I use the term "road" loosely.

I had been thinking lately about an old dirt road that runs from Cades Cove in the Smoky Mountains to Hwy 129 aka the Dragon. Parsons Branch Road. The road is only open occasionally as damage from storms usually takes a year or up to several years to clear. It is one of the most remote roads in the park. Through the years I have used it for access to secret fishing spots as well as access to Gregory Bald. It had been closed for quite a while and had recently reopened.

We would take the usual backroads to Tellico and drop our gear at my cabin. From there we would take the "Gravel-

hala" as we called the old gravel roads between Tellico and Robbinsville. It used to be the only route before the Cherohala Skyway was finished. Left turn at the bottom and we would take the old road on the east side of Santeelah Lake and pop out on 129 just down from Deals Gap. From there we would do "The Gap", Foothills Parkway, 321 into the park, Cades Cove, Parsons Branch, 129 and back the way we came.

The day started out perfect. We made our way to the cabin and dropped our gear and hit the gravel. The tiny road around Santeelah Lake hadn't changed much and was still quite the challenge. We stopped at the Crossroads of Time and gawked a while then stopped in the middle of the curves on the Dragon and had a snack and watched the circus. I heard a kid squeal and turned just in time to watch a guy and his son go by on a Honda Trail 110. The Honda Trail bikes are not fast and they might have been going 30 mph, if that. He had a cheap plastic chair attached to the chrome rack on the back and his 5 or 6 year old son was sitting in the chair with his arms sticking straight out and he was making sounds like an airplane. They were both grinning like it was the best thing in the world and it looked like it might just be. We saw a truck camper following behind with a young lady driving and another small boy in the front seat. We met them later in Cades Cove and learned that they were camping there and had ridden all the way from the campground with Mom and the little one following. They rode the little bike down on the Foothills Parkway and pulled over. The Trail 110 went back on the front bumper rack and they drove to camp. When we were talking to them the little guy looked at me beaming and asked "Did you see me flying? We do it every year and it is the best!" I did not doubt him for a second.



We worked our way through the Gap and up and over the Foothills Parkway and onto 321 towards Townsend. As luck would have it the little lady that boiled peanuts on the side of the road was indeed working. We passed her by and immediately turned around. No need for explanation as we both knew what had instantly become an absolute necessity for this trip. After exchanging pleasantries and loading bags of boiled peanuts in our bags we hit the road. We made our way to the Cove and pulled into one of the few pulloffs that leaves the loop road ends at a gate 100 feet or so off the road from the parade that is the Cove. We sat on a rock and ate one whole bag of peanuts and decided to make haste.

Cades Cove is well known for "Bear Jams and Deer Jams". A tourist spots a deer/bear/turkey/etc. and stops in the one lane road and takes pictures or gets out and sends their kids to stand by the bear while they take a picture. I am always amazed at that particular strategy. It only took a mile or so until we hit a bear jam. A scared bear had climbed to the top of a small tree and a ranger had gone out in the field to herd the tourists back to their cars so the bear might consider coming down. There were at least 50 cars stopped. We looked at each other and grinned. We hit the shoulder and quickly dispatched the jam. We had somewhere to be. We turned off onto Parsons Branch Road and it was everything I remembered it to be. We lost count of all the animals we spotted. We passed one vehicle during the entire length. We crossed the creek several times. We finally came out on the dragon and turned back towards North Carolina.

We had a blast strafing the Dragon and as I rounded the corner at the State Line and rolled into the massive road block I could hear Todd making his way up the hill and riding

a wonderful wheelie. I'm not sure why I ride with people like that. Fortunately the State Trooper was too busy writing tickets to notice the thumper coming around the corner. As luck would have it the creek crossings took their toll and Todd had a blown tail light. It took some talking to convince the trooper that his bike was legal and at that point he said he would write him a \$70 ticket if we couldn't fix it right there. I took off to the store to look for a bulb and when I got back we went to work changing it. The guy standing beside us had an illegal helmet and being alone and from Florida he was in a pickle. They wouldn't let him leave and he had no one to fetch a legal helmet for him. The trooper was not impressed with the speed of our roadside repair and was going to write us a ticket if we didn't fix it soon. The novelty helmet dude was squirming too. Just at the point where you could cut the tension with a knife I heard a voice in the distance say it was lunchtime. In an instant all the state troopers piled into four cars and headed back towards Maryville. Priorities. We looked at Novelty Helmet Dude and he looked at us. We and several other detainees quickly put our helmets on and roared into North Carolina. We made haste and headed to the nearest itty bitty road and made our way back to the relative safety of the gravel.

We had a marvelous ride back across the Gravel-hala with several stops to take in the view and reflect on the events of the day. Sometimes the planets align and you get a ride for the memory books.

*Greg Tirey*

*troutrider@kickstandup.com*



# Rock's Book Review

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

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

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

didn't want their past paraded before their offspring.

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

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

Originally, it was one book, but

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

Make sure and read John's second installment about his first solo motorcycle trip on page 51. Not many people have the stones to set off on a six week motorcycle trip . . . solo. Especially someone that hasn't ridden much in the past 30 years. John covered 8,894 miles during his six week excursion. Hopefully, he will share more of his trip in future issues.

***Watch John's C-Span Interview Here***

Rock

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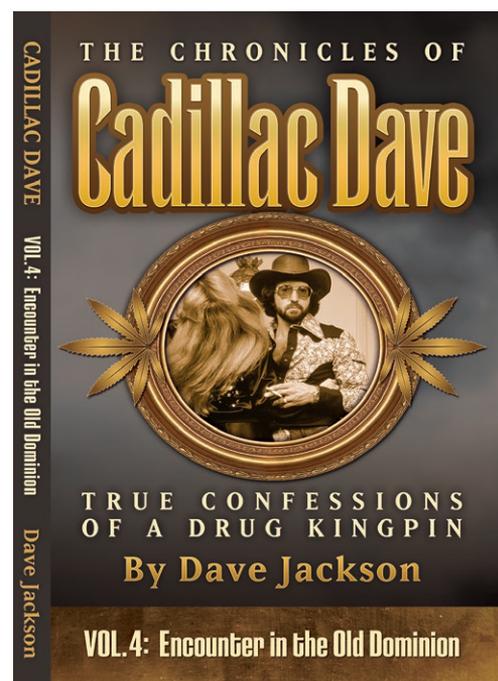
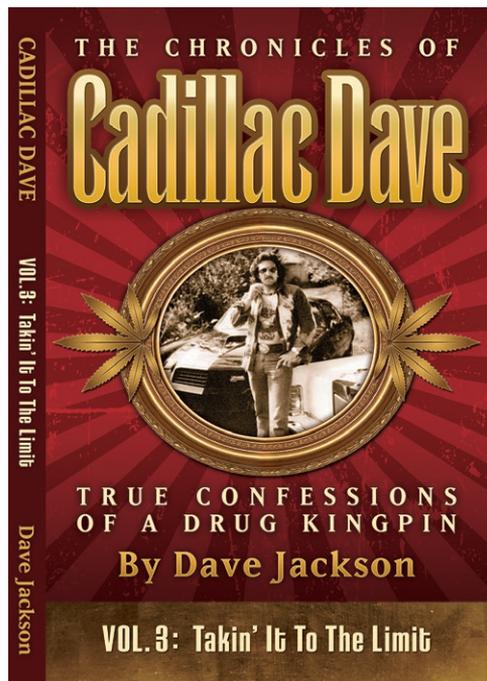
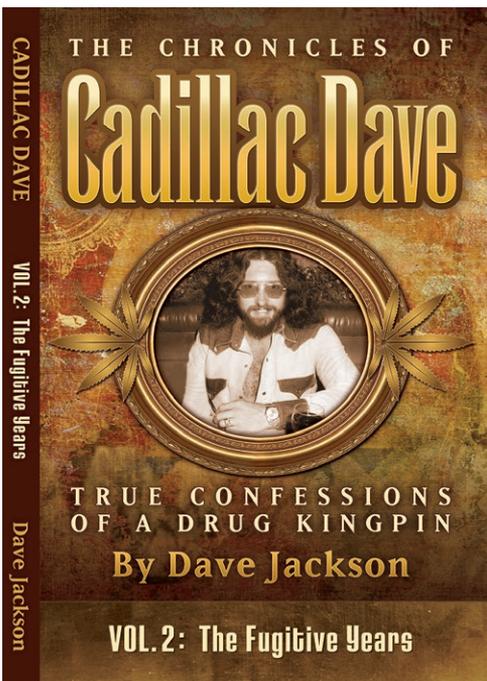


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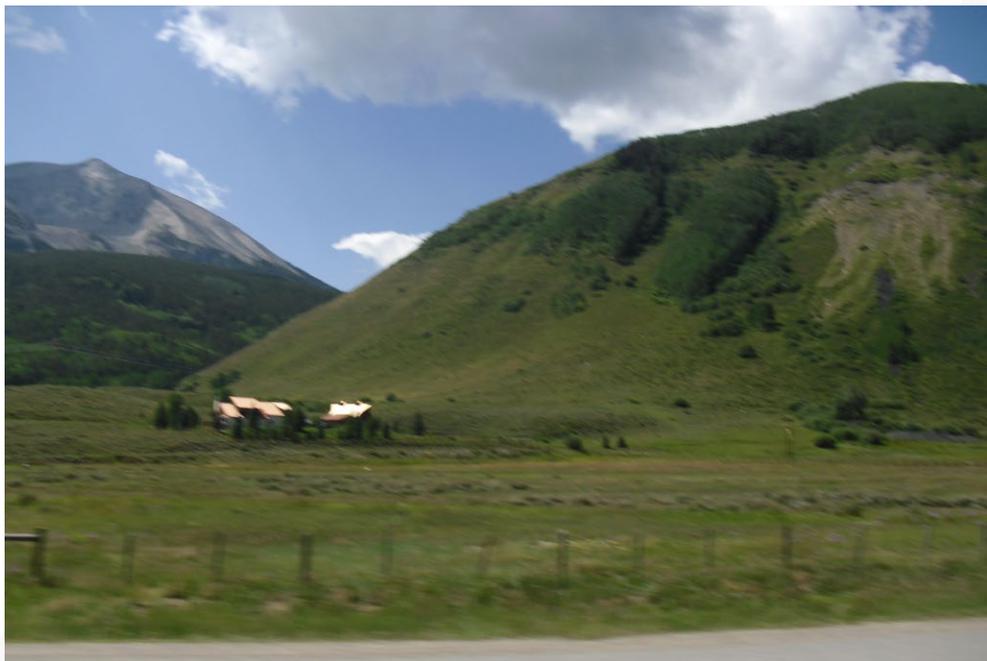
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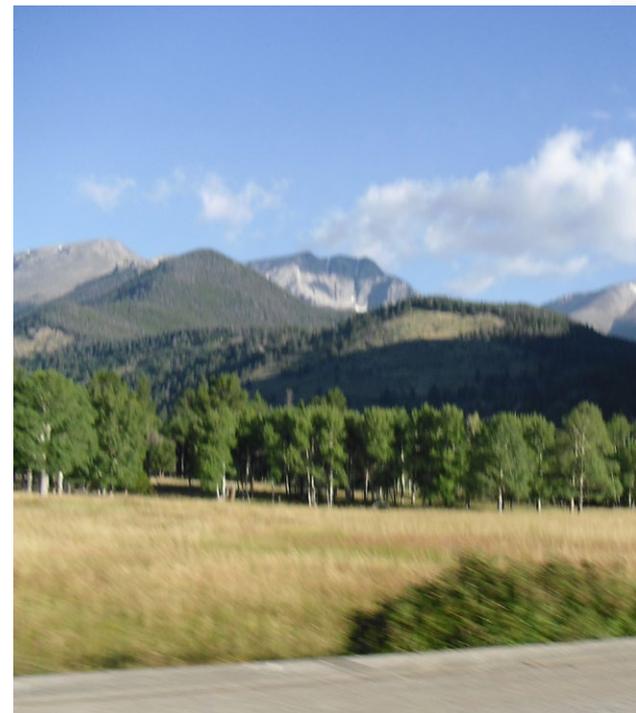
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# Rock's Colorado Trip - 2014





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# Warm Wishes for 2015

For some of us, winter is a time of mourning. The cold and damp leave us less than motivated to straddle that seat and twist the throttle. Personally, the thoughts of the cold temps, along with the wind chill makes me want to sit and roast in front of a roaring fire roasting marshmallows, but I still love a few frozen moments where I can let it go...(I had to throw that bit of humor in. For those parents and grandparents out there, I know you feel me)

For those days that I would rather not have frozen snot hanging from my nose, I do a bit of daydreaming of where I plan on venturing in the warmer months ahead. Where are a few of those places, you may ask? Well, seeing that I won't be racing teammates with Melissa Paris, or go stunting with James "Bubba" Stewart, I have thought about it, and come up with a few ideas. From the simplest and commonly travelled, to the places that are still mere dreams, here's a peek into my idea of bliss:

Whenever I just want to chill,



and clear my head, I love riding to Mountain Cove Farms. It is a pretty simple ride, and is absolutely beautiful. It is my "go to" for when I need to work out life's little problems, or just take in some scenery. I just love that little old store!

Being of Cherokee descent, I am always interested in taking part in things that support or acknowledge my heritage. Although my husband and I are riders, neither of us have taken part in any of "The Trail of Tears" rides. This is something that I would love to do. To trace the steps of my ancestors, to share an important part of myself with my husband, and to make new friends, even if it means traveling to Alabama to do it. (This ride is no longer held in our area)

Here is a video from the

17<sup>th</sup> Annual Trail of Tears Commemorative Motorcycle Ride 2010 by John Davis. Although the video is older, I admire the way it was done. It shows such respect and humility for the Cherokee People. It really makes me want to take a part in that.



The Bonneville Salt Flats is one of those places where beauty meets spirit. Although I am not



looking to set any land records, I would like to take my little Harley

and a sports bike and just let loose! I'd play a little, race a little, and take in all of the beauty and energy that it has to offer. They say that when you are there, whether you race or not, that you can feel the spirit of all those who have been there before you--What a wonderful thing to experience and share.



Now that I think about it, there are many places where I would love to travel and people that I would like to meet. Hopefully, someday, I will have those stories to tell one rainy day.

Are there places where you'd like to travel or roads that you would love to ride? What would you do if you met your riding idol, or blazed that perfect trail? Hopefully, you would take the time to tell all of us about it.

Here's to you in this new year! May your 2015 be your best year ever!! Stay safe and ride tough!

Jen

jen@kickstandup.com



19th Annual

# NEW YEARS DAY RIDE

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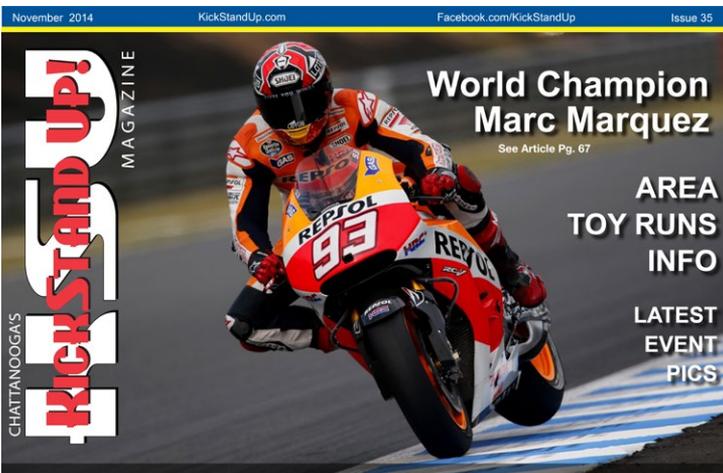
# A LOOK BACK

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# ROAD TRIP JOURNAL

## PART 3

# THE GREAT NORTH WOODS

By John Wheeler Jr.

It was mid-August and the authorities running the Grand Tetons Park were closing down the Hiker/Biker Campground for renovations. So I was planning to head south into Idaho on Sunday. But on Saturday morning, as I was washing a load of dirty clothes in the laundromat, I remembered some old friends who had moved to Montana from Tennessee several years ago. It only took me a couple of phone calls to get their new number and make contact. By noon I was all packed up and riding northwest out of Wyoming and into Big Sky Country.

My road trips generally took me longer than the Google maps on my cell phone said they should, partly because I didn't ride exceptionally fast, preferring to just cruise along. But also because, at age 65, my arthritic knees would start to throb after an hour or so. So my quick pit stops for gas and bathroom visits and fast-acting Goody Powders would often turn into hour-long coffee breaks.

It was about 10 p.m. when I finally rolled off of I-90W into Deer Lodge, home of the ancient Montana State Prison. My friends Mike and Cindy Grieshaber had hot barbecued chicken waiting for me. We sat up and talked until late, after which I gratefully collapsed into their soft guest bed. I relished sleeping in blissful comfort without having to pitch my tent. We spent the next day reminiscing about old times and catching up on new life developments. Monday morning I was back on the bike.

In Missoula, poring over my road maps while sipping on a steaming \$1 cup of coffee at McDonald's, I decided to take US 93S through the Bitterroot Mountain Range and then ride along the Salmon River. I had no immediate destination except a desire to see some wild scenery and to avoid cities and freeways. I enjoyed cruising along the lightly traveled highway with the sun and wind in my face.

I was feeling lighter now and more alive day by day, the further I moved away from my depressing divorce back home. That debilitating debacle had dragged out for four long years, and the cruel spirits of rejection and abandonment had left me paralyzed. Now, moving freely on the open road was helping me to put the bad

memories out of my mind as the miles rolled by. Some might call that an escapist mentality. I called it Liberation Wind Therapy, and it was working just fine for me.

It was late afternoon when I stopped beside the Salmon River at a free roadside campsite called Colton Creek, an isolated spot surrounded by high rock canyon walls. There was one picnic table and a dry toilet and a campfire pit, and it was vacant, so I unloaded my camping gear and started to pitch my

tent in a cleared spot under a clump of cottonwoods. That's when the strong pungent odor really got my attention. Looking around, I spied a large pile of obviously fresh fecal material not far from my foot. Surveying the scene further, I saw a deep trench scraped out among the cottonwood roots. Long claw marks were clearly visible in the freshly turned dirt. There was no question that the pungent pile was brand new bear scat.

If the bear had been here recently, and was gone now, it had probably moved along the river foraging for food and wasn't likely to be coming back anytime soon. Prudence said to load up and leave, but the sky was already getting dark and I had no idea where I might find the next campsite. Besides, I was tired and needed to rest. What's more, I didn't want to be a wimpy wussy and run away from a bear that wasn't even there. So I moved my tent out next to the fire pit. Then I built a big campfire from dead cottonwood branches. That's where I spent the night with my machete tucked close by my side, just in case. I awoke the next morning to bright sunshine, happy not to have been mauled in my sleep.

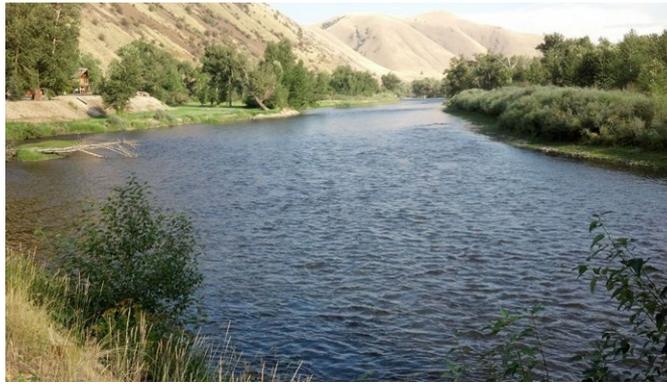
In the tiny town of Challis, Idaho, I got gasoline and then bought a bountiful breakfast of country fried





steak and gravy with biscuits and three eggs. This was a welcome treat, as I was traveling on a tight budget and usually allowed myself one good hot meal per day. Then I was back on the road again.

Just north of Sun Valley ski resort I turned onto Idaho 75, which took me across the mountains of Sawtooth Wilderness in a driving rainstorm. On the western slope the sun emerged and I pulled off under the tall Ponderosa pines and stuffed my flyweight Frogg Toggs back inside my T-bag. The flimsy rain gear had kept me dry – and they only cost \$19.95 at Wal-Mart – but they flapped around and ballooned in the wind so that I felt like the Pillsbury Doughboy going down the road.



it wasn't a pullout at all, but rather a slow traffic lane for all the vehicles coming up the mountain. Now I was facing cars coming at me head-on in both lanes. I jerked the bike to the right and veered back across the yellow line to what I assumed was safety. But my motorcycle shook violently with

the turbulence of something heavy passing close on my right. I saw the crew-cut driver of the surging Jaguar that blew by me at about 80 miles per hour, angrily shaking his fist. He missed me by a mere six inches, if that.

It can happen just that fast.

At the little town of Horseshoe Bend I pulled into an empty church parking lot and dismounted. I took off my helmet and stretched out on the soft green grass. I was grateful to be alive and I did not neglect to mention that fact to God. I rested there, motionless, until the sun was dropping low on the horizon. Then I got up and rode on, following a smaller narrow roadway along the Payette River. It was 9 p.m. and almost dark when I crossed the state line into Ontario, Oregon.



At Lowman I took the Wildlife Canyon Scenic Byway, and the road lived up to its name. This route was a steep downhill grade winding through rugged rocky terrain, with narrow lanes and a precipitous drop-off down sheer cliffs to the rushing whitewater of the Payette River far below. If I missed a curve, that was where both my bike and I were going to land, and that sober realization served to focus my concentration. But I didn't go off the edge and after a long and somewhat stressful descent I made it safely to the bottom.

My close brush with death would come just a few minutes later, instead, when I least expected it. As such things often do.

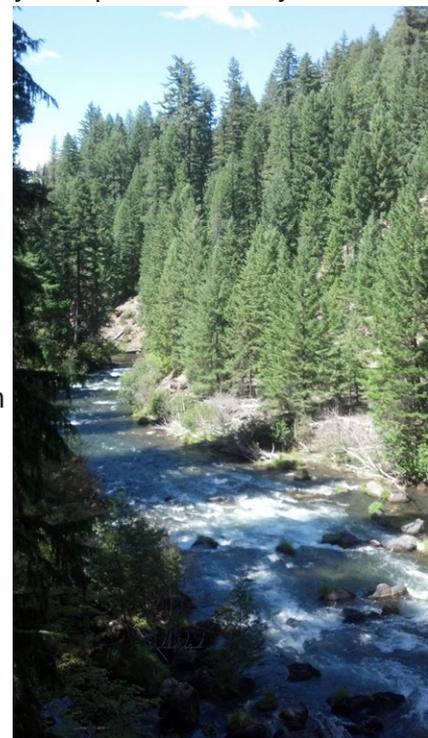
At the T intersection with Idaho 55, I turned south toward Boise. This was a larger, busier highway filled with cars rushing to and from the recreation area at the reservoir upstream. I was tired now, as it was getting late in the day, and the cars behind me were stacking up and pressing to get by. There were no pullouts on the right side where I could get off to let them pass. Then I saw an opportunity dead ahead – on the left side I spied what appeared to be a large roadside pullout. I gladly turned on my blinker and angled across the yellow centerline toward the pullout.



But I had misread what I was seeing;

My Social Security money had posted into my bank account that very day, so I celebrated by getting a motel room. I had been on the road for exactly three weeks and had covered 3,700 miles so far, and this was only the second time I had rented a room. The kindhearted manager at Rodeway Inn took pity on me and gave me a good room on the ground floor, with a clean, comfortable bed, for just \$42 plus tax. It had been a long hard day's ride and I slept soundly.

The next morning I rode US 20W across the desolate high desert plains of eastern





Spanner was a master stonemason from Michigan, where he had lived for the past 20 years after moving to America from England as a young man. He had been on the road for a little more than a week and he expected to keep riding for another couple of weeks, as long as his money held out. Right now he was headed for the Napa Valley to meet up with a friend who lived there, before riding back toward Colorado.

I told him a little about my now-defunct 32-year marriage and an abbreviated version of my ancient criminal background, and recounted

how I finally came to know Jesus at age 32. I gave him a card with the website for the Cadillac Dave books. I mentioned my recent visit to Sturgis.

That's when he casually said something about the word DILLIGAF, and I took the risk of exposing my amateur biker ignorance. "I keep seeing that word everywhere bikers are," I said. "I see it on patches and helmet stickers and caps and tee shirts. But I have to confess I don't have the first clue what DILLIGAF means. What exactly IS that, anyway?"

So he told me. I suppose the sentiment matched my mood at the moment, because I said, "The only thing I might do different is maybe add an extra F for Flying." Then I was tired so I retreated into my tent to sleep.



Oregon for what seemed like endless dismal hours, buffeted by strong gusting crosswinds that threatened to blow my bike into the path of oncoming semi-trucks. Sometime after 6 p.m. I arrived in Bend, where I spent two restful nights and one long day with a Facebook friend who had been following my road trip posts online and had graciously volunteered the use of her guest bedroom as a way stop in my travels. I left Bend on Friday, August 22<sup>nd</sup>, heading south on US 95 and then crossing the Southern Cascades near Crater Lake.

My goal was to reach the California Redwoods before dark and set up camp. But by the time I crossed the California line on US 199S, I didn't have enough daylight left. So I pulled off into a National Forest campground. I was at the sign-in station trying to figure out the self-registration protocol when another motorcycle pulled up, a teal green Electra Glide. "You better hurry," the rider called to me. "There's only one campsite left." By the time I got there a car had claimed the last spot. It looked like I was going to have to ride on after dark. Then

the teal green Harley showed up again. "You can share my campsite if you like," the guy said. "There's plenty of room."

That is how I met Spanner, a friendly smallish guy with an infectious grin and short blond hair and a distinctive British accent. I followed Spanner back to his camp and set up my tent a few yards away from his. We built a campfire and shared some of my food and his beer at the picnic table. We spent a laid back couple of hours just talking and getting to know each other.



The next morning we packed up and rode down to the quaint Country Market at Gasquet, California, where Spanner bought us pastries and coffee for breakfast. We ate there in the store while the proprietress regaled us with allegedly true stories about her encounters with the legendary one-legged hopping bear. Then we rode together until we hit the first patch of Redwoods on US 101, where we stopped and took some pictures. We rode on to the Pacific Ocean at Crescent City, where we took some more.

But Spanner liked to ride faster than I did because not having unlimited time, he wanted to cover a lot of miles quickly. Somewhere around Eureka he fell in with some other bikers that were traveling fast, and they steadily pulled away from me. I could have kept up if I had tried, but I didn't. Then I had to stop for gas, and that was the last I saw of Spanner.

One more thing. Before we left the campground, Spanner insisted on giving me an expensive pair of lightweight Merrill cross training shoes. They were almost new and they fit me perfectly. He said he didn't want to carry them in his saddlebags anymore. So I carried them in my T-bag for the next 5,000 miles or so, and since I got home I've been wearing them every day. They're really comfortable shoes.

# # #





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# 2015 SCHEDULE

- |               |  |               |   |
|---------------|--|---------------|---|
| <b>Jan 3</b>  | <b>Angel Stadium</b><br>West<br>Anaheim, CA      | <b>Mar 7</b>  | <b>Daytona Intl. Speedway</b><br>East<br>Daytona, FL<br><small>(With FMV Motor Sports Feat)</small> |
| <b>Jan 10</b> | <b>Chase Field</b><br>West<br>Phoenix, AZ        | <b>Mar 14</b> | <b>Lucas Oil Stadium</b><br>East<br>Indianapolis, IN  |
| <b>Jan 17</b> | <b>Angel Stadium</b><br>West<br>Anaheim, CA      | <b>Mar 21</b> | <b>Ford Field</b><br>East<br>Detroit, MI  |
| <b>Jan 24</b> | <b>O.co Coliseum</b><br>West<br>Oakland, CA      | <b>Mar 28</b> | <b>Edward Jones Dome</b><br>East<br>St. Louis, MO   |
| <b>Jan 31</b> | <b>Angel Stadium</b><br>West<br>Anaheim, CA      | <b>Apr 11</b> | <b>NRG Stadium</b><br>West<br>Houston, TX   |
| <b>Feb 7</b>  | <b>Petco Park</b><br>West<br>San Diego, CA       | <b>Apr 18</b> | <b>Levi's Stadium</b><br>West<br>Santa Clara, CA  |
| <b>Feb 14</b> | <b>AT&amp;T Stadium</b><br>East<br>Arlington, TX | <b>Apr 25</b> | <b>MetLife Stadium</b><br>East<br>East Rutherford, NJ   |
| <b>Feb 21</b> | <b>Georgia Dome</b><br>East<br>Atlanta, GA       | <b>May 2</b>  | <b>Sam Boyd Stadium</b><br>East/West<br>Las Vegas, NV   |
| <b>Feb 28</b> | <b>Georgia Dome</b><br>East<br>Atlanta, GA       |               |   |

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# Chattanooga Toy Run

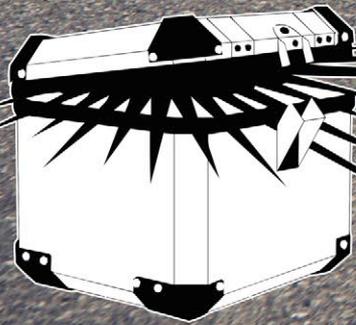




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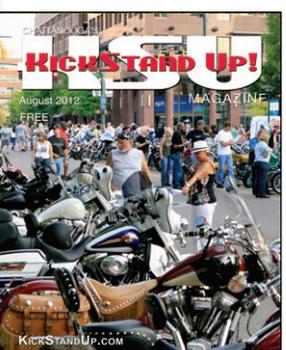
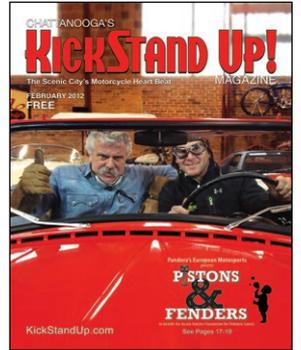
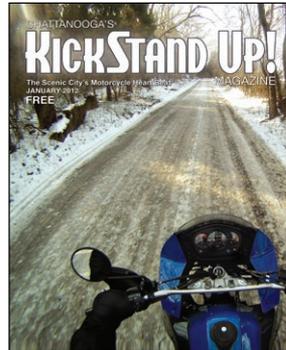
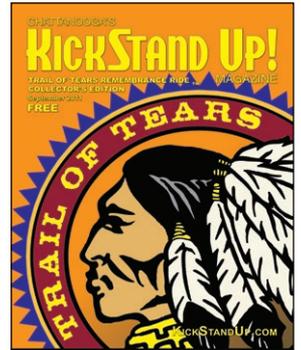
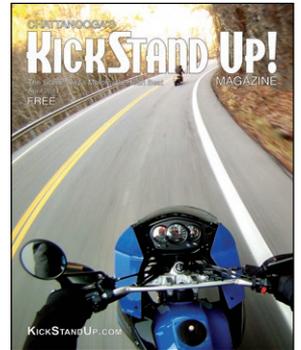
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# Lowdown



# 2015 CALENDAR

## 2015 Season

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

*Crash Compilation*  
*2014*





In 2014, Lorenzo finished outside the World Championship top two for the first time since his first MotoGP campaign in 2008. Having struggled with a new tyre early in the year, the Mallorcan would suffer a number of issues throughout the campaign. In Malaysia, he admitted that his fitness could have been better. With all of this in mind, the title winner of 2010 and 2012 knows what he has to do.

“I am now at about 70% of my effort for training,” he explained during a dinner with his Fan Club on the outskirts of Barcelona last Saturday evening. “From January we’ll be back to maximum power to be better at the beginning of the season. I am looking forward to first relaxing and then to training very hard.

“When you are already a World Champion in MotoGP, you want to repeat it. Second place is good, third place is good, but obviously we are here to try and win. We know it is not going to be easy because Marquez and Honda together are very strong; they are a very strong couple. But I think if we put in all of our efforts – if the Yamaha is good and so am I, from both a physical and mental side – I think I can fight.”

Last weekend, the Spaniard was delighted to spend time with his Fan Club.

“2009 was the first time and now, after this difficult season, to be surrounded by so many people from around the world for our sixth Fan Club dinner – 40 people from Italy, obviously lots from Spain, but also from Japan, from Poland, Germany and England – is wonderful and we’re having fun,” Lorenzo commented.

Four of the last five MotoGP world crowns have gone the way of either Lorenzo or Marquez, with the only exception being Casey Stoner’s title win in 2011.

# LORENZO

## “I CAN FIGHT”



# D: GHT MARQUEZ IN 2015”



*Marquez vs Lorenzo  
@ Argemtime*



*Lorenzo vs Marquez*



# The Squirrel's Nest

## Making Memories

As we have closed another year and chapter in our life, we look towards 2015 and are given the options to make the most of ourselves or just float along. Year 2015 is starting off with some of the best news I have ever received. My mother, who has been on the kidney transplant list for two years, will receive a donor kidney in the month of January. This is extremely huge news for our family and I pray daily that the surgery will be successful.

You may ask yourself, what in the hell does this have to do with riding a motorcycle, and you're right nothing.....yet.

My mother grew up in Chattanooga with a brother, who from everything I have heard about his younger years, makes me look like a saint. He rode an old Suzuki and in the late 70's was coming home down East Brainerd Road and had a car pulled out on him at the Vance Road intersection. He was thrown over 50 feet from the impact. Needless to say he was pretty beat up. He is still alive and currently is retired in Cleveland after work in numerous other cities throughout his successful business career. After the incident he never rode again.

We all have that loved one, friend, or riding buddy who has had an accident, had someone pull out on them, over corrected a turn and for all intents and purposes just put the bike on the ground. They become one of two people; they are the ones who dust off their damn jeans and go ride again, and those who don't, they sell everything and like to tell you how dangerous motorcycles are and that you are crazy for riding one. Look accidents happen every day, in every city all over the country. Riding is a risk reward opportunity that must be respected at



all times.

I personally respect people that overcome that incident and continue riding because they love it. A few close friends of mine have done just that. Nate Mayo went down on Highway 27 South earlier in 2014 and what did he do? He was at Mountain Creek within a couple of weeks buying a beautiful new StreetGlide. Gene and Tammy Coppinger; who are as close to me as my

own family, went down in 2013. After about a month of healing and rehab, they were at Thunder Creek



buying an Electraglide. But of all the people who have come back to ride again, I could not be proud of anyone more than my mother.

My mother never liked the idea of me having a motorcycle. She especially didn't want to be around it. So after begging and begging for an extremely long time, I finally convinced her to go on a ride with me. It was a Saturday in 2014 with a ride to Fort Payne, Alabama. This was the perfect ride for her. She

couldn't go over a lot of bumps due to the kidney situation, and wouldn't go through a lot of curves and was rather vocal about it. I was extremely excited and she was extremely nervous. The ride taught us both a few things. It taught me that if I am persistent enough and just kept asking, eventually she would go just to get me to stop asking, and she learned that riding is a blast and there is no other way to enjoy the open road. We had an unbelievable day. She met a lot of the great people that I ride with and gave a little to charity.



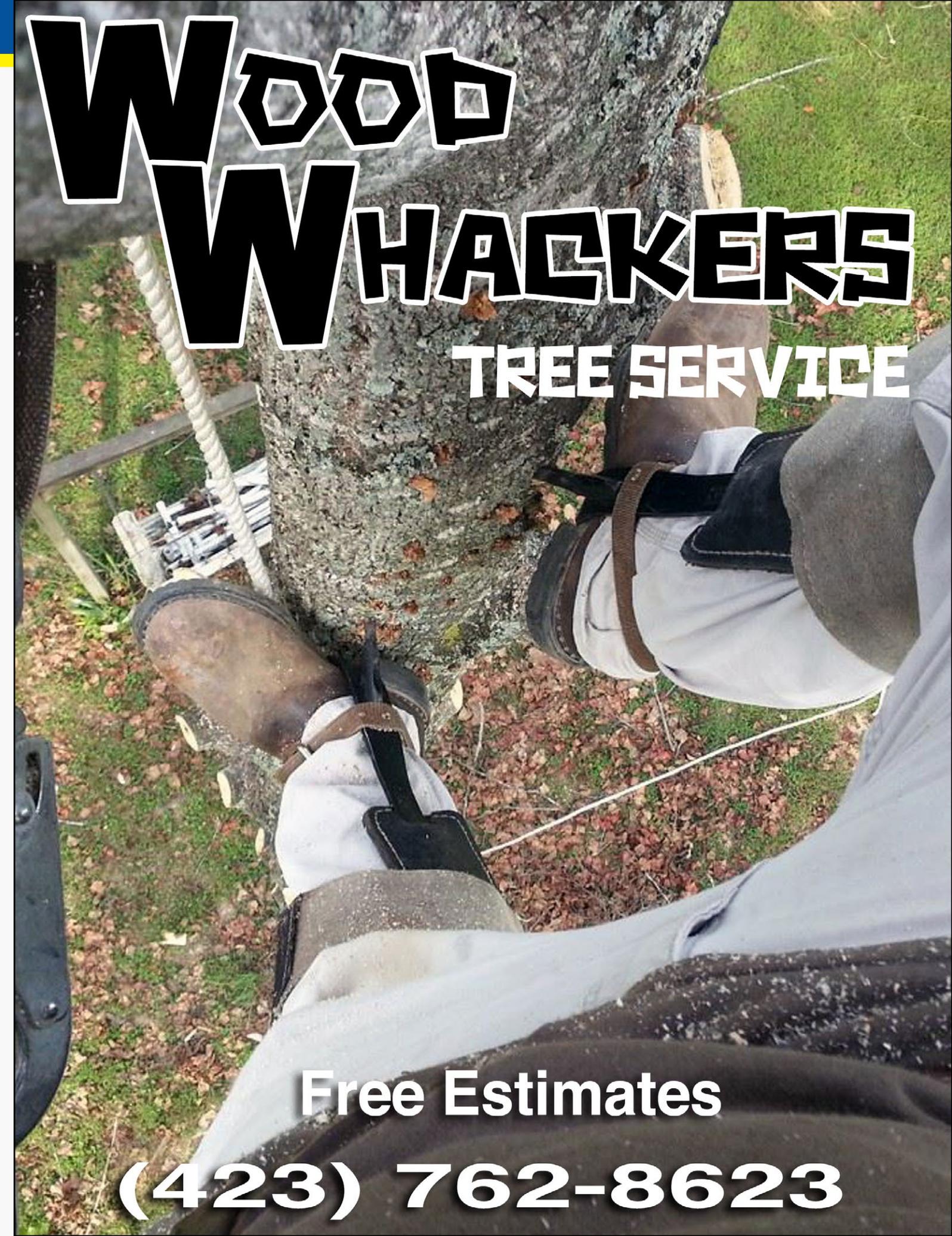
We were talking the other night on the phone about that day and of course all the places she wants me to take her on the bike after her surgery. The places we all take for granted because we have ridden them so many times, she has never been to. I cannot wait for the fun to begin as I know that 2015 will be a year with many

memories to be made.

Ride Safe! And love your mother!

Nathan

nathan@kickstandup.com



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# MotoGP Paddock Girl of the Month

*Paddock Girls  
Valencia 2012*





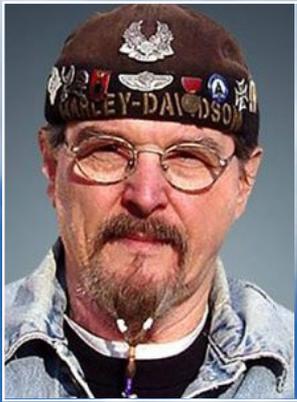
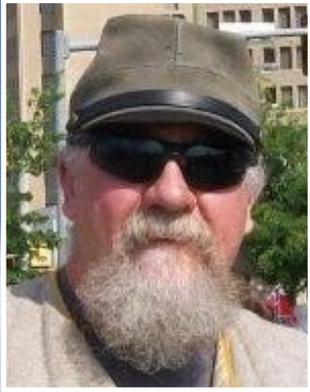
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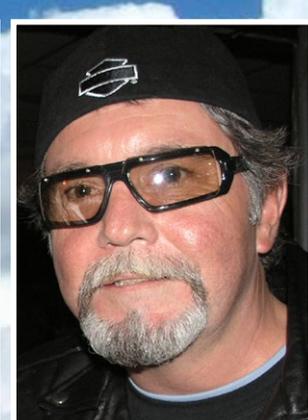
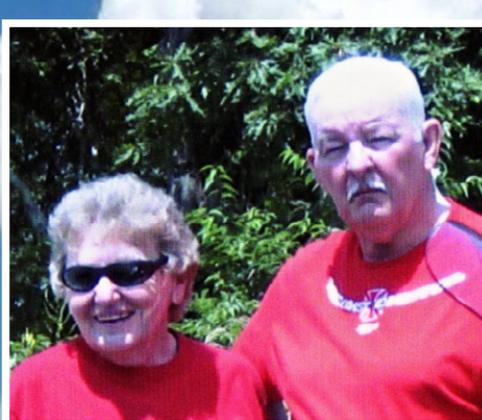
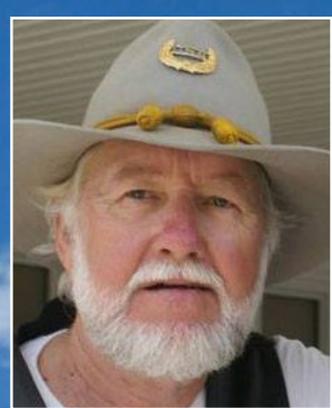
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