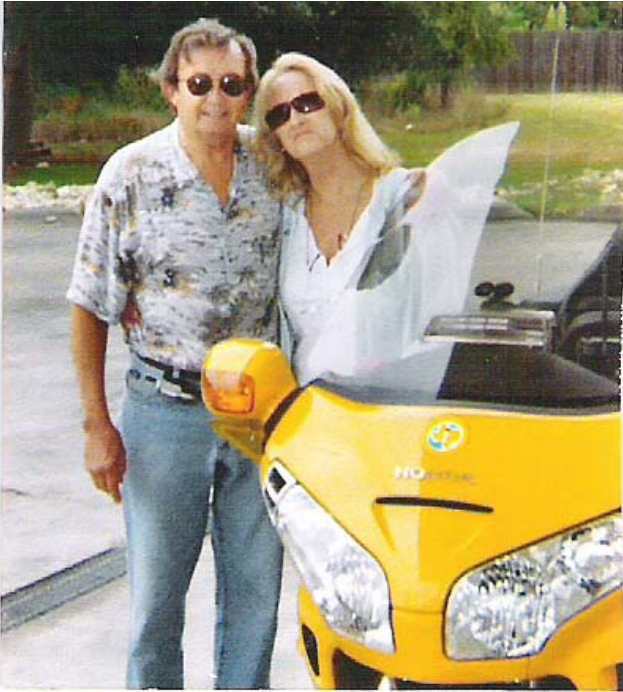


Member Spotlight...

J. Ray (Doc) Farley, D.D.S.



I was living in Amarillo, Texas, (in a house my dad and his two brother-in-laws built after WW II with their own hands) while I was in 7th grade. I don't remember who the first paper boys were, but I noticed a kid about my age starting to throw the evening paper when I would be outside riding my bicycle or mowing the grass or whatever. Tim would be walking the route and I would wave. When he became more accustomed to the route, a he started throwing the papers from his bicycle. After a short while, he came by on a beautiful blue Cushman motor scooter. I waved him to a stop and we discussed this new machine at length.

A couple of years before this, when I was finishing "grade school" (elementary school), I would walk a few miles to my grandmothers house after school while my parents were still at work. Obviously before the world was full of "perverts". I had tried to ride my Aunt's (who was in high school) "39" Salsbury motor scooter but it was too big and heavy for the skinny kid and after I dropped it a couple of times, we gave up the project.

My new friend and I decided I could sit on the co-riders seat and toss the papers in the yards of the customers he pointed out while he drove this new Cadillac of two wheels. As only you riders of two wheeled motorized vehicles can understand, "I was hooked" and have been ever since. After a short time being the co-rider, my friend decided the paper route he had inherited was too big and that I could have half of it. After a short while I then became the proud

owner of a not so fine 1939 Salisbury, just like the one my Aunt had- same color, may have been the same one. Now I could keep it upright (the shiny side up as we say now) but the problem was that it would not start with the kick start and it was too heavy to push fast enough to start because it had only one gear and no neutral, so I could not pick up enough head of steam. I had to wait to throw my paper route until my dad got home (which ticked a lot of my customers off) and he could put a tow rope on the bumper of his car and my handlebars, then we could get it going fast enough that it would finally start. I would have to keep it running until I finished the route because if it died, I would either have to walk my route (which I did not like to do) or put my bags of folded papers down in someone's yard and walk back to the house to get my dad to tow me again. After a few times of this activity, my dad stopped by the Harley shop where we had purchased this wonder of mans ingenuity, with my dad's signed consent by the way (and my mom's reservations), he purchased what is called a set of "points". Low and behold the shop guys instructed him how to install this wonderful set of "points" into my yellow beast. Miracle of miracles, the bloody thing would start with the kick-start and now I could throw my paper route on time and my buddy, Tim, and I could take off and explore the world. I've been big time into wheels ever since.

I traded my 1939 Salisbury for a beautiful 1947 Red Cushman and then traded it for the first Harley Davidson 125 two-stroke in Amarillo. After having a bit of a crash and some cuts and road rash, my parents encouraged me to go to four wheels, which started with a Model A, which I bought for \$175 (it even had a rumble seat), then hot rods. After the Navy, I customized a 1950 Merc.

No 2-wheel action with a wife, 3 kids, 4 years of university, and 4 years of dental school. After being in dental practice a while, a guy at our church had a dirt bike and he encouraged me to join him. Upon procuring dirt bikes for me and my boys, Saturdays were lots of fun dirt for my wife, 2 sons, and 4-year old daughter. My wife rode on the seat with me and my daughter on the gas tank.

After my wife passed away from heart trouble in Dec 2000, I got back into motorcycles in 2001. I bought my first Goldwing in April 2002 and joined GWRRA shortly thereafter.

I met Joanie Witt at a Southern Cruisers ride to Granger in the fall of 2003. She rides with me some, but due to some health problems, travel in any form is uncomfortable for her so she is not a big fan of motorcycles. But I enjoy having her as a co-rider when she can.