



# ROLLING THUNDER

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January 14  
Thursday 7:00pm**

## President's Message

*Mike Levison*

### A Mudtime True-Story

(The following was published in Equus Magazine, Mar 1998. A personal experience described by yours truly, that some might find interesting.)

Calamities happened daily that spring in Southern California. For weeks, we were glued to our TV sets, watching rivers of mud flow down quiet residential streets. We saw mountains collapsing and large, beautiful homes being swept off their foundations. Landslides blocked highways and railroads, and dry creeks became raging rivers. From Laguna Beach to Malibu and up the coast to Santa Barbara, cars were buried up to their windows in mud. There were power failures everywhere. Most of a beachfront mobile home park near Ventura was washed out to sea. It was our typical Spring!

Finally, near the end of March, the rain stopped. The skies cleared and turned crystal blue. The air in the Santa Clarita Valley was scrubbed so clean we could count the pine trees on mountain ridges 10 miles away. The temperature was back up in the 70s. I felt grateful—and a little smug—for having been spared the calamities so common to our region. After more than a week of rain, it was a “good to be alive” day. I couldn't wait to get out for a relaxing trail ride.

My wife Ruthann and I are fortunate that our home in Sand Canyon is adjacent to the Angeles National Forest. There are also several large movie ranches and parcels of undeveloped private land nearby that are accessible to local riders. The terrain is grassy meadows scattered with 200-year-old oak trees, and rolling foothills that merge with rugged mountains climbing to more than 4000 feet. Many of Hollywood's Western movies have been filmed in our immediate locale.



Mike Levison (left, on Marita) and wife Ruthann (right, on Serby) little suspected what awaited them on a spring trail ride.

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## From the Editor

*Lou Piano*

It sure was one heck of an election. In-fighting was rampant and allegations of conduct flew like fur in a duck fight. (don't ask what kind of fur) Early poles showed Mike and Jim dukeing it out and reportedly neck and neck. Mike, through some crafty maneuvering, suddenly pulled ahead and stayed there right through the election. (we are not sure if Jims' removing his name from nomination had anything to do with it)

All of the other offices were equally contentious. One of the sore losers has demanded a recount and is in the process of retaining an election attorney to pursue his or her irrational claim. Name withheld upon request.

The December holiday party doubles as the regular meeting again this year. Do not miss this yearly extravaganza as the turkey will be flying all over the place.

Late in November, prior to the regular monthly meeting, which will also be the Holiday Party, the newly elected officers and board will meet for their quarterly meeting and the road captains will gather for their planning session. This has been a combined consecutive meeting in the past and will be again this coming year. Submit your ride suggestions by passing a crib note to any road captain or emailing them to any officer on the board, especially the senior road captain.

## Election of New Officers

*2010 Board of Directors*

Nominations for new officers were held at the meeting in October, 2009 for the year—2010.

Elections were held at the November meeting and the results are as follows.

### New Officers for 2010

**President: Mike Levison**

**Vice-President: Jerry Stern**

**Secretary: Sandy Lynn**

**Treasurer: Ron Lynn**

**Officer at Large: Steve Cowan**

**Congratulations!**

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## Progressive Breakfast

*Jerry Stern*

If there's any one event that fully characterizes our Club's unofficial motto "Live to ride, ride to eat," it is the annual Progressive Breakfast, and this year's event was no exception.

Historically, this is probably the best-attended event on our annual calendar, and this year we had 18 bikes and 28 people, with a number of others going directly by car and bike to help out at the first stop on the schedule, Mitch Pullman's house on the Island at Westlake.

While the temperature was a bit crisp riding to our assembly spot at the Woodlake Bowl, by the time we were pulling out at 8:45, it had warmed up nicely and we couldn't have asked for a more perfect Fall day. The ride to Mitch's was smooth and uneventful, just up the freeway as we were on somewhat of a tight schedule. Since Mitch's gated community doesn't allow guest motorcycles, we were given parking on the outside and walked in the few hundred yards to his house. At Mitch's house, we were introduced to his friend Marilyn visiting from Florida. Several of our members and a few of Mitch's friends had driven or ridden to his house earlier to help with the setup and preparation. There were copious quantities of bagels, lox, and all the fixings, and a most beautiful outdoor setting right on the water to sit, eat, enjoy, and chat with good friends. What a way to start a day! If this had been the only stop instead of the three that were



planned, I'm sure many among us would have been satisfied, but there were still two more and all too soon it was time to mount up and ride on, so we reluctantly headed back to the bikes after spending a most delightful time at Mitch's.

Our second stop was about 40 miles away at the home of new members Joe & Caroline Gubbrud in Valencia. One good thing about the long distance between stops 1 and 2 is that it gave us about an hour to let the first courses settle in to make room for what we were about to be treated to. We headed north on the 101 to the 23 north to the 118 east, finally onto the 405 north to the Lyons exit. From a road captain's point of view, it was a very easy group to lead, with everyone changing lanes in unison, no hangups at traffic lights, and almost non-existent traffic on the freeways. It's a thrill to watch in the rear-view mirrors as a quarter mile long snake of motorcycles follows along at almost parade-like precision.

Since Joe Gubbrud was out of town, Caroline had the assistance of her neighbor Corey and his wife to help prepare the marvelous hot courses. The array was astonishing! We were treated to several different styles of eggs and omelettes, tons of bacon, sausages, and other delicious accompaniments, while also getting to witness some of Joe's MacGuyver accomplishments around the house. Everyone got the biggest kick out of the dryer doghouse, the electric retractable clothes rack, and several other clever little gimmicks, creations, and devices.

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I could see that more than a few among us were ready for a little nap at this point, but alas, there was one more stop on our planned itinerary, so all too soon it was time to get back on the bikes for the ride to our next stop at the home of Fred & Rossana Rubin in Northridge. The route was nothing fancy, just back onto the 5 freeway to the 405 and 118. However, I had to add a little personal drama to the event by dumping my motorcycle on a slick spot at

the entrance to the 5 South on-ramp. Fortunately it wasn't serious and the only injury was to my ego. Soon enough I was remounted and we were rolling on. Twenty minutes later we were at the Rubins', being cascaded with all manner of sweet delights. I don't know how we all manage to do it, but when I saw all the cakes, pies, and other treats, I thought there was no way we'd find room for even a quarter of what they'd put out for us. Was I ever wrong!

After a relaxing visit by the pool and a rousing session of Stanley's A-list of jokes, there was hardly a crumb left other than about half of the extremely decadent seven-layer chocolate cake. By this point I was in a sugar-induced coma, and I would have loved to fall asleep by the poolside, but hey, there'll be plenty of time to sleep. This day was all about fun.

There's no more serendipitous feeling than having spent six hours partying with 40 or so of my friends, filling my sizeable tummy with all manner of fantastic food treats, and riding my Harley on a gorgeous SoCal November day. It just doesn't get much better than that. Hats off and a great big THANK YOU to the

hosts and hostesses of this year's event, Mitch Pullman, Caroline & Joe Gubbrud, and Rossana & Fred Rubin.

Jerry Stern

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## Chinese Dim Sum Delight

Jim Sample

Sunday November 1<sup>st</sup> started out as a cold foggy morning but by the time the group was to meet at 11am, the day was shaping up to be gorgeous. We were to meet at 11am at Solleys and as anyone who knows me; I tend to show up at these meeting places either a few minutes before or after the starting time.



Imagine my surprise when I showed up at 10:45am and didn't see a soul. Now, earlier that morning, I had trekked to downtown Los Angeles to participate in the Alzheimer's Memory Walk, now I'm at Solleys and no one is here.....is Alzheimer's contagious????

Luckily, Stan showed up seconds later and allayed my fears. After about 20 more minutes the rest of the group was all assembled, about 8 of us...let's see; Mitch, Jerry and Cindy, oh yeah Jerry was in a real "loving" mood that morning, about bit Ruth Ann's head off on "good morning, where's

Cindy"...something about "not my turn to watch her".....someone was hungry. Any who, Marvin & Gloria, Richard, Stan, myself with Ron and Sandy leaving their campground somewhere on PCH saying they will meet us at the restaurant. Amy had gone ahead to try and reserve tables for us be-



cause the dim-sum restaurants don't take reservations.....because the don't have to.....more on that later. The ride was pretty miserable, on the 101 frwy to the Hollywood into Chinatown and then into the parking garage and then down the metal stairs to the restaurant, Empress Pavilion. And there we confirmed our head count, with about 13 people there and Ken and Natalie planning to join us as well. They were also at the Alzheimer's Walk; I wonder if they forgot what time we were meeting????

So, here we are waiting for a couple of tables, along with another 15 million people...first come first serve - why take reservations. Amazing, we get two tables in about 20 minutes and join another 15 million people already seated and eating...and talking...Have you ever heard 15 million people all talking at the same time.....makes a Harley seem pretty quiet. I kid you not, you could barely hear the person beside you at the table let alone those across the table. However, besides the noise, the dining experience was new for several of our members. No one had any idea what they were eating, except Amy & I. And we sure as hell didn't tell them about the squid balls, the pickled fish guts or the pigs feet, which they all loved. I kept telling my table its shrimp and pork...Mitch ate everything, hell, everybody ate everything, have you ever known this group not to eat???

After the dim-sum, we all went for a little walk down the alley to a famous Chinese bakery known as Queens Bakery, and we ate again, go figure. After that, we headed back the garage and went on our separate ways. The ride was not a great ride as rides go, the dining experience was certainly different, but

no one went hungry, and, as usual, the price for dim-sum is always a pleasant surprise. Now, just this Thanksgiving, Amy & I met some friends who drove up from Irvine and we met in Monterey Park and that restaurant, even though it was packed (even at 11am), it was so much quieter and the dim-sum was unbelievable...maybe next time...

## Meet Your Member

### *Sumbudy*

Sumbudy counts on the fact that all the sunshine and fresh air SCHRA folks experience riding our Harleys, combined with our ages, will cause occasional lapses of memory. It is with that in mind that I must confess to borrowing (plagiarizing) most of the following from my sibling Knowbudy, a feature writer for this publication in 2003-2004. If this article seems slightly familiar, it's not your imagination and you really were paying attention. Laziness, or perhaps a deserving subject, motivates the effort to update our biographies.

Mitch Pullman was born September 4, 1941, and grew up in Brooklyn, NY. You would never guess it by talking to him, as he made a determined effort to extinguish any trace of that accent familiar to us all. His major claim to fame: A 1959 classmate of Barbra Streisand, one of 1700 from the huge Erasmus Hall High School. He attended Syracuse University, earning a B.A. in marketing, and an ROTC Commission in the Army in 1963. He was president of his fraternity Phi Epsilon Pi, later to merge with the national ZBT.

The Army sent Mitch to Fort Knox, KY, where they gave him an armed cavalry platoon of jeeps, armored personnel and mortar carriers, and taught him to drive tanks and operate artillery. His introduction to California came as a result of a training trip to Barstow, with enough leisure time to visit Los Angeles.

His father was in the heating business, and his mother a housewife, which was typical back in the olden days. Their first date had been on a motorcycle, which qualifies Mitch Pullman as a "genuine second generation

biker". He has two younger brothers, also longtime Harley riders, still residing on the East Coast.

Recognizing the many attributes of Southern California (Knowbudy ever said he was dumb), he moved here in 1965 with no job, no friends, and \$700. His first job was with Union Bank, lasting 3 years. He decided to try the stock market, and became an account exec with Shearson-Hammil for 2 years. Next it was financial planning with Groespeck Financial for 3+ years.

Through a friend in NY, he became involved



with Stanley Kaplan Educational Centers, having the Western Region as his domain. This was a condensed program for preparing students for college and post college entry exams. It did very well, and from a single phone in his house, it expanded into offices all over the West Coast.

While doing this, Mitch also bought, operated and sold a wholesale jewelry company, got married, had a daughter Tiffany and son Greg, and bought and sold homes in West LA,

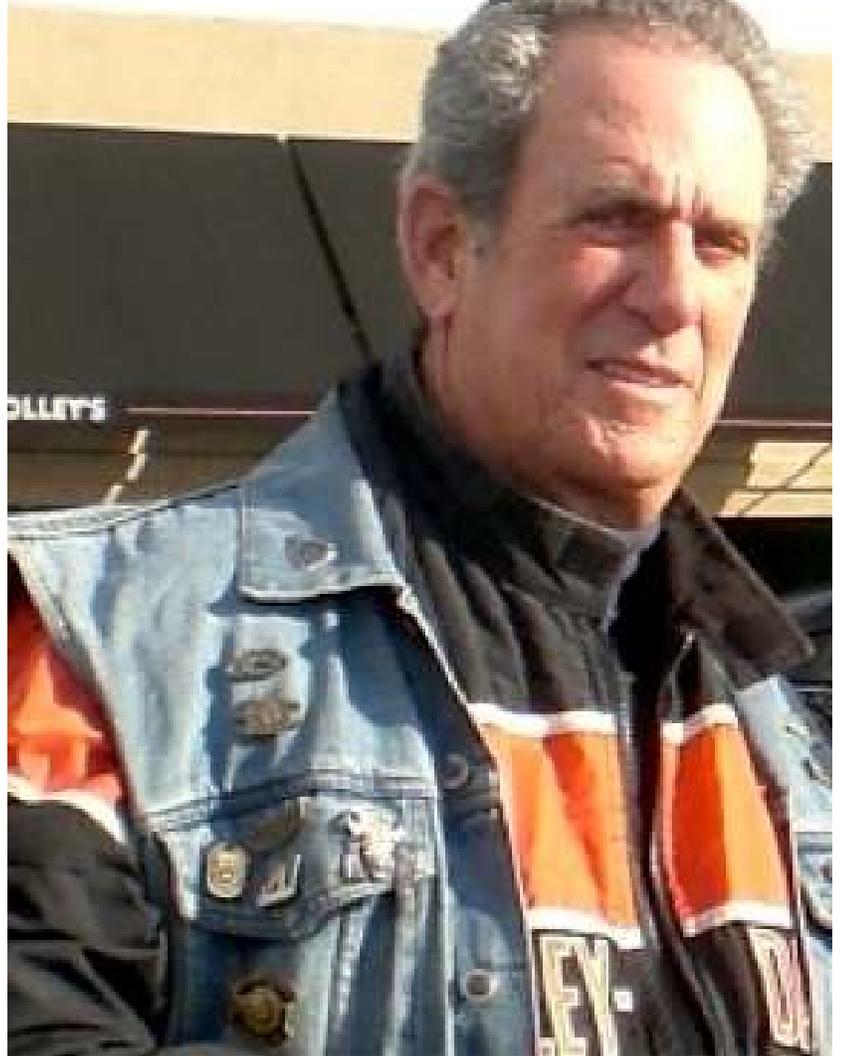
Cheviot Hills, Hancock Park, Chatsworth,, Encino and Hidden Hills, etc. His current home is on the Island at Westlake Village.

While his first marriage lasted only 5 years, it produced both kids. He then married Carol, a union that split after 20+ years. With his present marital status being “active bachelor deluxe”, Sumbudy and the guys are enjoying the opportunity to live vicariously through his exploits, stories, and experiences.

Mitch came to SCHRA via an old square dancing relationship he'd had with Ron and Sandy Lynn from 1993. Having owned Honda's years earlier, he got the riding bug again and bought a used '83 Sporty in '98. Deciding to do some serious riding, he bought a new 2000 Deuce, and then a 2001 Ultra, and is now enjoying his new '09 Ultra. A man with lots of interests and resources, Mitch was buying and selling old Rolls Royce's and Bentleys for years, and was president of the Owners Club in '84.

Over the years, our jovial and generous member has donated his beautiful homes for use in our SCHRA events. His was the first stop on our Progressive Breakfast Ride this past November. We obviously are very grateful and appreciative of this thoughtfulness. We say thanks much Mitch Pullman! It is a real pleasure having you as a riding companion, fellow club member, and good friend!

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## **Know Your Responsibilities**

“**A**ccident” implies an unforeseen event that occurs without anyone’s fault or negligence. Most often in traffic, that is not the case. In fact, most people involved in a crash can usually claim some responsibility for what takes place.

Blame doesn’t matter when someone is injured in a crash. There is rarely a single cause of any crash. The ability to be aware, make critical decisions, and carry them out separates responsible riders from all the rest. It is up to you to keep from being the cause of, or an unprepared participant in, any crash.

As a rider, you can’t be sure that others will see you or yield the right of way. To reduce the chances of a crash:

**B**e visible. Wear proper clothing, use your headlight, and ride in the best lane position to see and be seen.

**C**ommunicate your intentions. Use the proper signals, brake light, and lane position.

**M**aintain an adequate space cushion. Allow yourself enough space when following, being followed, lane sharing, passing, and being passed.

**S**can your path of travel. Look at least 10 to 15 seconds ahead.

**I**dentify and separate multiple hazards.

**B**e prepared to act. Remain alert and know how to carry out proper crash-avoidance skills.

# Drink Responsibly

## Product Corner

Ron Lynn

### Progressive Suspension:

#### Rear Air Shocks

Model #416

If you run mileage up to or over 50,000 miles on a Harley touring model equipped with rear air shocks, it is more than likely that you will notice a dramatic change in the smoothness of your ride. Could be the seat! But, more than likely the perpetrators are your SHOCKS. If for any reason (like the HD shock freeze-up) you decide to replace the stock Harley Davidson shocks, check into replacing them with Progressive Suspension Air Shocks, model #416

Combining an aircraft aluminum chamber, heavy duty steel springs, special damping cartridges, which are velocity sensitive and multi-stage valving, results in a consistent ride over a variety of road conditions. These babies are completely re-buildable and install easily on your stock bike. The shocks are air adjustable using the same inflation method as the stock HD system. However, they use larger air lines which allow a range of adjustment up to 60 lbs.

Warning: Always use a low pressure air pump when filling air shocks as gas station air fillers are high pressure and will blow the air seals. Progressive also sells these small air pumps available at most parts houses.

This product is superior to the HD stock shocks and you should notice a distinct difference immediately after installing these shocks. They are also priced close to the HD stock shock.

The price range is \$360.00 to \$400.00

They are available on-line, from J & P cycles and many independent bike shops.

*Remember: If you see something you like, buy it!*

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## Biker Funnies

**A blonde** pushes her BMW into a gas station. She tells the mechanic it died. After he works on it for a few minutes, it is idling smoothly. She says, "What's the story?" He replies, "Just crap in the carburetor." She asks, "How often do I have to do that?"

**A** gorgeous young redhead goes into the doctor's office and said that her body hurt wherever she touched it.

"Impossible!" says the doctor. "Show me."

The redhead took her finger, pushed on her left shoulder and screamed, then she pushed her elbow and screamed even more. She pushed her knee and screamed; likewise she pushed her ankle and screamed. Everywhere she touched made her scream.

The doctor said, "You're not really a redhead, are you?"

"Well, no" she said, "I'm actually a blonde."

"I thought so," the doctor said. "Your finger is broken."

**A** highway patrolman pulled alongside a speeding car on the freeway. Glancing at the car, he was astounded to see that the blonde behind the wheel was knitting!

Realizing that she was oblivious to his flashing lights and siren, the trooper cranked down his window, turned on his bullhorn and yelled, "PULL OVER!"

"NO!" the blonde yelled back, "IT'S A SCARF!"

**A** Russian, an American, and a Blonde were talking one day. The Russian said, "We were the first in space!"

The American said, "We were the first on the moon!"

The Blonde said, "So what? We're going to be the first on the sun!"

The Russian and the American looked at each other and shook their heads. "You can't land on the sun, you idiot! You'll burn up!" said the Russian.

To which the Blonde replied, "We're not stupid, you know. We're going at night!"

**A** girl was visiting her blonde friend, who had acquired two new dogs, and asked her what their names were. The blonde responded by saying that one was named Rolex and one was named Timex. Her friend said, "Whoever heard of someone naming dogs like that?"

"HELLOOOOOOO.....," answered the blond... "They're watch dogs!"



*Have You received Yours Yet ??*

*President Barack Obama's new "Spread the Wealth" pencil sharpener.*

*Every US taxpayer will be mailed one of these with the new 2009 IRS tax forms.*

*It's free to everyone who is employed and who will be paying for someone else!*

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A crusty old biker out on a long summer ride in the country pulls up to a tavern in the middle of nowhere, parks his bike and walks inside.

As he passes through the swinging doors, he sees a sign hanging over the bar:

COLD BEER: \$2.00

HAMBURGER: \$2.25

CHEESEBURGER: \$2.50

CHICKEN SANDWICH : \$3.50

HAND JOB: \$50.00

Checking his wallet to be sure he has the necessary payment, the ole' biker walks up to the bar

and beckons to the exceptionally attractive female bartender who is serving drinks to a couple of sun-wrinkled farmers.

She glides down behind the bar to the ole biker.

"Yes?" she inquires with a wide, knowing smile, "may I help you?"

The ole biker leans over the bar, "I was wondering young lady," he whispers, "are you the one who gives the hand-jobs?"

She looks into his eyes with that wide smile and purrs "Why yes, yes, I sure am".

The ole' biker leans closer and into her left ear whispers softly, "Well, wash your hands real good, cause I want a cheeseburger".



### **Tobacco Smoke Enema (1750s-1810s)**

The tobacco enema was used to infuse tobacco smoke into a patient's rectum for various medical purposes, primarily the resuscitation of drowning victims. A rectal tube inserted into the anus was connected to a fumigator and bellows that forced the smoke towards the rectum. The warmth of the smoke was thought to promote respiration, but doubts about the credibility of tobacco enemas led to the popular phrase "blow smoke up one's ass."

# Analysis of a Crash

Submitted By: Ron Lynn

## 1. Inability to Analyze the Cause

- a. Unwillingness to admit failure.
- b. Inability to recognize a lack of mental Skills.
- c. Do not understand how motorcycles work and how the rider's actions affect control.

## 2. What could I have done to prevent the mishap from occurring?

## 3. Take responsibility for your safety.

## 4. Adopt a self-preserving attitude.

## 5. Predict the accident before it becomes a problem.

- a. Vehicle Movement that does not flow with the surrounding traffic.
- b. Flashes of sunlight off wind-shields.
- c. Flashes off chrome from a vehicle approaching.
- d. Vehicles changing lanes or lane positions.
- e. Scan for surface hazards.
  - a. Debris: sand-gravel-oil.
  - b. Glossy surface.
  - c. Raised or sunken surface.
  - d. Smell: Diesel Fuel

## 6. Corner Crashes

- a. Corner's radius misjudged.
- b. Entry speed too fast for ability.
- c. Target fixation.
- d. Improper brake pressure.

- e. Look where you want to go.
- f. Look far enough ahead.
- g. Utilize counter steering to increase turning ability.
- h. Lean more rather than rely on braking. Practice!
- i. Straighten motorcycle before crossing debris or obstacles.
- j. Use the late apex cornering line. Turn wide until the turn radius becomes clear, and then turn quickly toward the exit.
- k. Apply body lean; Press outside knee into the tank to tighten your line. Move torso towards inside of turn.
- l. Light acceleration throughout the turn.

## 7. Traffic Crashes

- a. Road rage: control emotions. Adjust attitude for conditions.
- b. Poor lane position.
- c. Center of the lane often coated with engine lubricants.
- d. Attention to intersections.
- e. Focus on front wheel position indicating possible intent of driver.
- f. Scan other vehicles rear view mirror for clues of driver awareness.
- g. Scan drivers head position for clues of driver's possible actions.

\*Taken from MCN 9/08: Proficient Motorcycling: Troubleshooting by Ken Condon.

The day was so spectacular, I had no trouble convincing Ruthann that the trails would not be too muddy or spongy for her to join. Eagerly, we groomed our three horses: Serby, Ruthann's 16-year-old chestnut Arabian gelding; Spotlite, the homebred six-year-old Morab pinto mare who runs loose with us when not ridden; and Marita, my stocky 14-year-old red chestnut Morgan mare.

I fondly recall the day we went shopping for horses 8 years prior. We'd found a Morgan breeder with a shedrow full of well-broken horses for sale. I looked across the parking area to see eight horses' heads hanging over the Dutch doors, watching us with idle curiosity. Locking eyes with the second from the right, I walked to her as if magnetized, holding out my cupped hand. The mare never broke eye contact as she sniffed and then licked the back of my hand, and stole my heart forever.

Fortunately for me, Marita was very well schooled. She stopped instantly on a spoken "whoa", neck-reined almost by telepathy, possessed a marshmallow-soft jog, and was beautiful to look at as well. I would have bought that horse with only three legs! With some justification, Ruthann often told our friends that if we were ever to divorce, she would name Marita as correspondent.

We left our barn around 2pm, five happy creatures strolling through the brilliant sunshine, heading for our favorite six-mile loop. We crossed meadows full of wildflowers and bright-green new grass, much to Spotlite's delight. The pinto mare munched her way along, the world her smorgasbord, but always keeping us in sight. As we headed into the hills, the trail footing was reasonably firm, but off the trail the horses would sink six or eight inches into the saturated earth. Marita, customarily in the lead, needed no encouragement to stay centered on the firm paths. We climbed our familiar foothills, occasionally pausing to marvel at the spectacular 50-mile panoramic views from the high ridges. The beauty of the day, combined with the companion-ship of our horses, filled us with a sense of contentment and delight.

As we descended back into Sand Canyon, we came upon a deep water carved four foot wide gully. The only alternative to jumping this chasm was to ride down into the ravine that ran alongside the trail. We rode cautiously into the heavy chaparral and sagebrush, trailblazing our way to circumvent the washout. Working our way downward, Marita and I arrived at an open flat area about 40 feet in diameter. Ruthann on Serby, and Spotlite were a dozen yards behind us. Water trickled gently along the edge of the flat spot. Sprouts of young grass grew in the coarse, sandy surface. Surrounding the flat there was a natural looking six foot berm, and beyond it a familiar dirt road. This combination of factors led me to assume firm ground, and Marita seemed in accord. (Later I would learn it was a newly excavated catch basin, dug to control the heavy mud runoff from the hills.)

We started across, traveled about 10 feet and stopped. Marita had sunk in up to her knees. Surprisingly, she did not panic. I was about to apologize for getting her into yet another fine mess when I felt my stirrups touch the mud. Under the circumstances, a fast dismount seemed a good idea. As I stood alongside my mare, we both continued to sink. I glanced over my shoulder to see the rest of our entourage watching, frozen, from the firm side of the berm. Three pair of eyes were saucer-wide.

Astonishment and disbelief were written on their faces. When the mud reached my armpits, I vividly recalled the scene in the old Tarzan film: A hunter steps into quicksand and starts sinking out of sight, desperately waving one futile hand. I thought, "What an awful and unexpected way to go, and how terrible to be taking my beloved horse with me."

Fortunately, just as the mud reached the top of my shoulders and covered Marita's back, only two inches short of her withers, we stopped sinking. Ruthann, highly distressed but finally able to speak, asked "What should I do?" I told her to find a phone and call 911. Reluctantly, she took off, with Spotlite trailing behind. The mud was about the consistency of pancake batter, and I found that by sort of lying on it I was able to maneuver about. My fear of immediate drowning was gone now that I knew the depth was only five feet. But concern for Marita was a different matter. I reached down into the mud and unfastened the cinch so I could remove the saddle and blanket. Growing more confident in my ability to move around, I carried them toward the berm and tossed them onto dry ground.

When I moved away with the saddle, Marita thought I was leaving her. She gave a big leap and I saw she had moved forward about four inches with the effort. I prayed that this would be the solution to our predicament. Then I realized the reins were out of sight. The last thing needed was for them to tangle around her front legs. That would pull her head down into the mud. I quickly removed the bridle and recovered the reins. As I pulled off the headstall, Marita leaped two more times, traveling about four inches each time. I could see however, that her head was dropping closer to the mud with each effort.

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The exertion to both leap and hold her head up out of the mud was quickly exhausting her. She would probably drown before covering the 10 yards to safety.

I moved in front of her, took her chin in my hand, and lifted her head. As I held it, she relaxed and rested. After a minute or so, I looped the loose reins around her neck. Giving a tug, I told her to jump. She did, and moved forward another few inches. Slowly, we repeated the procedure over and over, with me holding her chin in my hand for brief rest periods between leaps. The result was slow but steady progress. To my amazement, during the entire ordeal neither fear nor panic ever appeared in her large intelligent eyes. A traumatic and exhausting half hour later, we scrambled up the berm together. She looked like the 'Creature From the Black Lagoon', and I looked even worse. She gave a huge shake in an effort to dislodge the thick layer of mud that clung to her, then began nibbling on the sweet green sprouts growing along the side of the dirt road. I knew all was well.



As I followed Marita up the berm, I could see a fire captain's car driving up Cambria Road toward us. A large fire truck was following. Trotting along behind were two horses and one rider. Swallowing a laugh, I watched the expression on the Captain's face change instantly from grim anxiety to immense relief. The two sorry, mud-covered creatures he saw meant he need not perform a difficult rescue. No expensive helicopter with a horse sling would be required, no TV crews to deal with, and no tragic outcome to explain. He visibly relaxed as he greeted me and made sure we were alright.

Back home, it took Ruthann more than an hour with the garden hose to wash the sticky mud off me, Marita, and the saddle. As I endured the hosing, I reflected proudly on my interaction and self-discipline with the fireman. Though it was the perfect opportunity, I had resisted the temptation to say: "I did all I could, but just wasn't able to save the other horse and rider!"

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## 2009 Ride Schedule

| Destination   | Date & Time             | Meeting Place          | Ride Captain        |
|---------------|-------------------------|------------------------|---------------------|
| Holiday Party | Sat., Dec. 12th, 7:00pm | Mike & Ruthann Levison | All Members Welcome |
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## 2010 Ride Schedule Coming to a Newsletter and/or SCHRA Website Soon!!!

### SCHRA Departure Sites

Woodlake Bowl  
23130 Ventura Blvd., Woodland Hills

Solley's  
4578 Van nuys Blvd., Sherman Oaks

Millie's  
10318 Sepulveda Blvd., Mission Hills

Denny's Roxford  
12861 Encinitas Ave., Sylmar

Denny's Sand Canyon  
15401 Delone St., Santa Clarita

### Extra Wind

Submit any ride suggestions or requests for companions to join you on your ride or trip in this space.

Saturdays @ 9:30am—Starbucks at the corner of Ventura Blvd., & Topanga Canyon Blvd. Meet with members and non-members for an impromptu ride.

### SCHRA Road Captains

Marvin Feuerman  
Mike Levison  
Ron Lynn  
Dave Malin  
Lou Piano  
Cindy Stern  
Jerry Stern

### 2009 Officers and Board members

|                     |              |                      |
|---------------------|--------------|----------------------|
| President           | Mike Levison | Pres@schra.org       |
| Vice-President      | Jerry Stern  | VicePres@schra.org   |
| Secretary           | Sandy Lynn   | Secy@schra.org       |
| Treasurer           | Ron Lynn     | Treas@schra.org      |
| Officer-at-Large    | Steve Cowan  | OAL@schra.org        |
| Senior Road Captain |              | SrRoad@schra.org     |
| Editor              | Lou Piano    | Editor@schra.org     |
| Webmaster           | Mike Levison | Webmaster@schra.org  |
| Historian           | Judy Bruce   | Hist@schra.org       |
| Activities Chair    | Jerry Bruce  | Activities@schra.org |

## Classifieds

To place an advertisement here,  
contact [editor@schra.org](mailto:editor@schra.org)

To place an advertisement on our website,  
contact [webmaster@schra.org](mailto:webmaster@schra.org)

- Free for SCHRA members
- Ads will automatically be removed unless renewed after 90 days. This includes free ads.

2006 Lexus GS 300, dark grey, leather interior, 100,000 mile Lexus Factory extended warranty Must sell, new car arrives 11-10-09 Fully loaded (except Navigation) new tires, front brakes, serviced every 3500 miles, one owner, purchased new. Registration paid until August 2010.

Asking \$24,500 OBO

Lenny

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(818) 380-0230  
FAX (818) 905-1995

## Natalie Neith & Ken Catbagan

Estate Agent | Architectural Specialists

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[neith@natalieneith.com](mailto:neith@natalieneith.com)  
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[ken@natalieneith.com](mailto:ken@natalieneith.com)  
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JOHN AAROE GROUP

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## Membership Updates

Don't forget to recruit new members!

### ATTENTION:

Member details (address/telephone info, e.g.) are not disclosed in Rolling Thunder because of its online availability to the world at large. Instead, update notices are designed simply to reflect the member's name and the category of updated info to be noted, followed by an instruction to contact SCHRA's roster-master ([treas@schra.org](mailto:treas@schra.org)) with any request for update details. This service is available only to SCHRA members current on their dues although SCHRA reserves the right to refuse this service at will without cause.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE:

Contact [editor@schra.org](mailto:editor@schra.org) if any of your contact information changes.

### DISPLAY AD RATE SCHEDULE

**COLOR ADS ARE NOW AVAILABLE!**  
**Exposure to High-End Clientele at Reasonable Prices Starts Here**

|                           |                             |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Full page \$40/mo members | \$50/mo non-members         |
| Half page, \$25/\$35      | Quarter page, \$15/\$20     |
| Eighth page, \$7.50/\$10  | (business card is 1/8 page) |

Prepay one year business card for discount to \$50/yr.; other prepaid discounts available as well. Substantial discounts for advertising both in Rolling Thunder and on the SCHRA website – contact [webmaster@schra.org](mailto:webmaster@schra.org) for details and rates. All art must be camera ready.

**Congratulations to the newly elected officers of SCHRA**

***Next Meeting:***

**7:00 pm - Thursday, January 14, 2009**

**Four 'n' 20 Pies**

**5530 Van Nuys Blvd. Sherman Oaks**

**Be Sure To Visit Our Website At:**

***<http://www.schra.org>***

**Rolling Thunder**  
Southern California  
Harley Riders Association  
16055 Ventura Blvd. #924  
Encino, CA. 91436



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