



ROLLING THUNDER

July 2013

WWW.SCHRA.ORG

VOLUME XXII, NUMBER 7.5

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Publishing Deadline for August RT is July 30th, 6:00pm

SPECIAL
EDITION

JUNE
EXTRA-
GANZA(S)



Midwest Trip

Jerry Bruce - Author



Midwest Riders Return Home Safe All Unanimous, Trip Was a "9"

By JB - Trip Participant

Why a "9" you may ask? On the positive side, the route, the scenery, the camaraderie, the accommodations, the food, was everything we had hoped it would be. The value of planning really paid-off because many of our night-stops had "no vacancy" signs hanging out when we arrived. Also let's not forget the sheer joy of jockeying our behemoths two-thirds across the country and back, with the wind in our faces and the fragrances of the flora still in vivid memory. Yeah, it was good; very good.

OK, I know you are interested in why none of us voted a perfect "10" for this 5400-mile adventure. Well, guess what, we did experience a few "situations" on which appropriate comment will surely be made, but necessitating you read the entire article. Here goes!

For starters, dear reader, you may want to know why we undertook this extraordinary challenge. That's the easy part; we all have family or friends who reside in the Midwest, some of whom had not seen one-another for several years. This was not so in my own case but when you've got a daughter and three teen granddaughters, such a visit is a must, often.

The choice to travel by motorcycle was because Jack and I both had considered the possibility of a lengthy bike trip. When we became aware of one-another's plan, the deal was sealed. We would travel by motorcycle and the dates of June 1 to June 22, 2013 were agreed.

The other two players in our fun saga are Judy "Fifi" Bruce and Randy Rahm. Judy left a week later and flew to Chicago and then bussed to Wisconsin. Randy also left a week later and routed himself through Denver in order to visit with



an old friend, then on to Des Moines to spend time with his daughter, son-in-law, and grandchild.

Day-by-day, on and off the road

Saturday, June 1

Met Jack at Solly's, had a quick cappuccino, then headed east on 101 to 210 and then north on I-15 through Las Vegas, then on to our lodgings at Best Western Coral Hills in St. George, UT. Weather along the route was mostly breezy and comfortable and then a touch warmer as we drove through Vegas and Mesquite, then through the gorgeous Virgin River Canyon. (Approx. 408 miles)

Sunday, June 2

Continued north on I-15 to junction with I-70 and proceeded on a mostly eastern course through Utah, then crossing the Colorado border and our digs in Grand Junction at The Quality Inn. Again, a nice scenic day of riding with comfortable temps. (Approx. 389 miles)

Monday, June 3

Stayed on I-70 through the Colorado High Country and passing the famous ski-towns of Glenwood Springs, Beaver Creek, and Vail. Although there was still a lot of snow on the peaks, none was of the quality or sufficiency to sustain skiing. The weather became brisk as we journeyed through the mountain passes, but then grew warmer as we descended in elevation and found our way to the charming village of Georgetown for some photo-ops and lunch.

Continued on I-70 to Denver where we made our way to Avalanche Harley-Davidson, the first of many stops at H-D Dealerships (and/or H-D Shirt Shops) along the way. Afterward, transitioned to I-25 north where we soon arrived in Cheyenne, WY for dinner and a comfortable bed at Holiday Inn Express. Weather continued quite comfortable for most of this day, but on arrival in Cheyenne, there appeared to be some highly suspicious dark clouds hanging over the city... but not over us! (Approx. 340 miles)



Tuesday, June 4

Picked up I-80 east in Cheyenne and proceeded in like direction, crossing into Nebraska. Lunched in North Platte, NE, then headed north on US-83 through various gorgeous wildlife sanctuaries and into "Sand Hill" Country. Destination for to-

night was Valentine, NE, at Valentine's Niobrara Lodge, (try pronouncing that after a few drinks) a mere wide-spot in the road, but for our purposes perfectly placed. (Approx. 313 miles)

Wednesday, June 5

Now proceeded east on US-20 through more of the Sand-Hills and eventually crossed the border (Missouri River) into Iowa and eventually the City of Fort Dodge, and the Best Western Starlite Village. As I recall, on this day we actually encountered a short period of light rain which was over in about 10-15 minutes; just a small taste of things to come! (Approx. 352 miles)

Thursday, June 6

Continued across Iowa, remaining on US-20 and noticed how things were "greening-up." Whereas much of Wyoming and Nebraska was without color or contour, we finally felt we were in the Midwest despite the fact that the corn crop this year is going to be a little late because of a wet cold winter. Ah, the things we Californios don't have to worry about.

We crossed the Mississippi River at Dubuque and entered Illinois, our lunch destination being the cute little tourist town of Galena and my favorite restaurant called Durty Gurts, a place where the guest waiting area features real toilets for the patrons to sit on!! Then, following lunch and another 20 miles of eastward travel, it was time for Jack and me to say our farewells, as he headed to Morris, IL to see his family, and I headed to Monroe, WI to see mine. (Approx. 247 miles)



Thursday, June 6 - Thursday, June 13

This week was spent with daughter Jill and son-in-law David, my granddaughters Bryce, Brook and Britt, my Fifi, plus the hordes of Jill's friends from Monroe who we have befriended on previous trips. In addition to all the doings in this town of about 10,000, we also found time to drive to nearby Lake Geneva, WI where we stayed in a nice resort overlooking the finally-just-melted-from-winter lake.

It was during this week that I also required some medical attention due to an irritation in the right ear....but there is more to the story. As our trip began back on June 1, I was using a new H-D Helmet just recently purchased at SV H-D. Although the helmet (L) was comfortable when I tried it on, things changed drastically when I had the head-phones of the CB Kit installed. So my first real experience with the new helmet was the first day of the trip. After about 300 miles of squirming and adjusting, it was obvious that the helmet was a painful disaster.

Fortunately we were in Las Vegas so we side-tracked to one of the mega H-D Dealerships where it was determined that size (L) was too small. I eventually ended up with a size (XXL) which seemed to feel just fine. I had the CB Kit switched from the (L) to the (XXL) but soon realized my pain problems continued, such that I found it necessary to remove the head-phones entirely (Jacked Velcroed them to the back of the helmet) and I used my speaker system to receive CB messages.

Unfortunately, the physical damage to my ear was about to get worse. It ached and it itched and I found myself scratching and rubbing, not knowing I had inadvertently broken open a blister which had formed in the canal....because of the too-tight helmet. Thanks to my "futzng-around" the ear began to bleed. Great; now what? Luckily Monroe has a first-rate medical clinic and that's where I went for help. After several irrigations of the canal, the doc could see the problem and proceeded to fix it. I began to feel better immediately but I did need to adminis-

ter eardrops twice daily for the next 10 days. Ahhh!

Thursday, June 13

This was the day of our family farewells and time to begin the home-going phase of the trip, but not without some changes. First, I had acquired a passenger, and second, we had to head further east before we could begin the western trek. Why east? Because we had yet to visit the H-D Museum in Milwaukee. So off we went, bike loaded like a safari elephant.



You think we've got bad traffic in LA? In Milwaukee virtually every interstate or freeway was under construction and this only exacerbated the fact that we didn't know where we were going anyhow. Well, that's not totally true, but we did have to leave our designated route in order to perform all the necessary detours. Somehow, unbelievably, we made our way to the museum, where we rejoined Jack, who along with Brother James and friend Mike, had already begun to tour the facility.

As you may already realize, Fifi has included her own impressions of our time at the museum but I do want to add a few thoughts of my own. My nature is not to know or want



to know a lot about the mechanics of motorcycles. I still can't recognize one from another, let alone have an interest in the minute changes made year by year since 1903.

Some say it takes at least two days to properly experience this facility. I found

that my own tolerance for the minutiae was non-existent. After about two hours I was done and felt happy to have had the experience; let's eat. Given the opportunity to visit this facility, I certainly recommend it. There was just enough of the stuff I was interested in to take about two hours. I spent an additional hour in their restaurant for lunch, and another hour perusing their gift store (which is not as well stocked as most of the dealerships I have visited).

Spent the night in downtown Milwaukee at the Hilton Doubletree Hotel. Tonight was also "Bike Night" at the museum but instead we chose a real restaurant and a good night's sleep. (Approx. 109 miles)

Friday, June 14

Well, we got out of Milwaukee faster than when trying to get in, but still not without the many back-ups and slow-downs. Made our way to I-94 and headed toward Madison, WI and Wisconsin Dells (most indoor and outdoor water-parks than anyplace on this planet). Transitioned to I-90 and our rendezvous with Randy at Albert Lea, MN.

As I was now travelling with Fifi, I no longer had to share a room with Jack and his insufferable snoring. This was now

to become Randy's privilege. Made it easily to Albert Lea, MN and Randy showed up shortly thereafter. Surprise, surprise! Next door to the Best Western Plus Albert Lea was a H-D Dealership. That little coincidence really fucked-the-budget. Ask to see the new pouches I had installed there. (Approx. 329 miles)

Saturday, June 15

With the singing of "We're all together now" and our group expanded to four persons, we took off west to begin the real sightseeing portion of our trip. But not before we learned the practicality of having your rain-suit on before leaving the hotel. While travelling along I-90 in Minnesota, we began to have concern about the massive dark clouds which were hanging over the highway some miles ahead. Should we pull over and struggle into our wetsuits or will we be lucky?

No such luck. The rain began before we had time to think. Started lightly at first, but then developed into a real gully washer. Within minutes my jeans were soaked through and my boots and gloves were rapidly filling with water. Then, like a dessert mirage, there it was, just ahead, a beautiful, gorgeous, welcoming underpass! By that time little rivers of rain were filling the voids under the bridge.

Some of the cars and trucks continued despite the rain and their spray further added to our difficulties as we were desperately trying to pull raingear over soaked clothes. We also noticed that much of the interstate traffic had come to a stop and were pulled over and lined up for a great distance, waiting out the deluge. The worst part was seeing through the combination of windscreen, helmet pull-down visor, plus personal glasses. One could not see shit, assuming there was any shit to be seen.

Once underway again, in our raingear, we proceed cautiously in a west direction, hoping we could outrun the storm. Please keep in mind that we were already soaked under the rain suits but there were very few options other than to trek -on. So we did. And eventually the rain stopped. And the clouds cleared away. And the sun shone. And the little white fluffy clouds re-appeared. And the roadway dried. And we all began to smell very bad from the wet clothes not being able to breathe or dry out. Where am I going with this? Anyway, we stopped somewhere for lunch and tried to rearrange our wardrobes as well as we could, knowing it would not be until late afternoon before we reached Murdo, SD for a respite at Graham's Best Western. (Approx. 381 miles)

Sunday, June 16

We rose bright and early (usually tried for an 8:00 AM departure - which worked sometimes) but this time we were rain-proofed to the hilt. Jackets, Pants, boot covers, glove covers, you name it. After getting trashed the day before, we were desperate to keep our reputations intact just in case there was more bad weather awaiting us; and there was.

It began as always as a light rain but within minutes we were in a full-scale downpour and our vision was severely impaired. But we were dry; well, sort of. But now we had a new and unexpected visitor in the form of hail. Wow, that hurts. But, interested readers, what is one to do? So we did what we had to do; we continued west toward Wall, SD.

Upon arrival in Wall, and in anticipation of our visit to the world's largest drugstore, we noticed that Wall was obviously a victim of the hailstorm but the downpour had finely stopped. All the other bikers we spoke to asked us if we were heading east or west. When we said west, they smiled and said how lucky we were. The storm we had just experienced was moving east. Armed with that knowledge, we began to remove some of our rain repelling outerwear.

Wall Drug is a relic from the days of the "dust bowl" when an enterprising young pharmacist wanted to open his own store in an otherwise inhospitable part of the country. He offered free ice water and 5-cent coffee and covered the landscape for hundreds of miles in every direction with funky signs, luring the rubes and smart-asses alike into non-descript Wall SD for free ice water. Once in the store he was sure his patrons would buy other stuff and surely they did. Today the monster drug store occupies a full city block and the streets in the immediate vicinity are also filled with other tourist-oriented stores and shops, reminiscent of Branson, MO. (ed note: Wall Drug still offers free ice water and 5 cent coffee!)



After Wall we proceeded to Rapid City, SD for a visit to the H-D Dealership and then to lunch in the downtown area. From here it is but a short distance to the famous Mt.

Rushmore and the rock-sculpted images of four U.S. Presidents. Rather than follow the lemmings into the \$11 per car parking facility, we elected to do our viewing from the main roadway, and we have pictures to prove we were really there.



Afterward we drove through the magnificent Black Hills until we reached the Deadwood Gulch Gaming Resort in Deadwood, SD, where we unloaded our bags before taking the short jaunt to check out Sturgis, SD. Not much going on these days in Sturgis but this will all change when the rally comes to town. Lots of parking spaces now and the bars are already open and ready for the pierced, big-bellied, bearded and tattooed onslaught. (Approx. 207 miles - not including local sightseeing)

Monday, June 17

Did a nice tour of old and new Deadwood and its many gambling halls and former brothels. This was followed immediately

by a fantastic drive through fabled Spearfish Canyon. If you've been here before, you'll recognize some of the pictures. The canyon ends in the town of Spearfish and the onramp to the I-90. From



here we proceeded to Billings, MT, and the Best Western Plus Kelly Inn. (Approx. 341 miles)

Tuesday, June 18

Our purpose in overnighting in Billings, MT, was to have good access to the north entrance of Yellowstone National Park which we planned to visit the next day. But there also seemed to be a general interest in also visiting the town of Cody, WY to visit the famous Western and Gun Museum. Jack and Randy woke up very early the next morning to drive to Cody while JB and Fifi slept-in and then had breakfast before meeting our two comrades in Cody for lunch.

We then entered Yellowstone by way of the east entrance. This took us to a more direct route to visit the Old Faithful site. Unfortunately Old Faithful goes by its own clock and we had just missed the last geyser and it would be about an hour to the next one. We opted to keep rolling.

On leaving by the Yellowstone south entrance, we were immediately in the Grand Teton National Park and on our way to Jackson, WY for the evening. On our way south we encountered some road construction and had to stop for several minutes while one way traffic was heading north. When it was our turn to go, I tried to re-start my bike but the battery had gone to battery heaven.

Went through all the gyrations of trying to get a AAA flat-top but we were in the middle of nowhere and it was to take hours. Also, discovered no H-D service any closer than Idaho Falls. Speaking on a cellphone with bad reception, on a rather warm day, with mosquitoes swarming everywhere is not my idea of a good time. Finally the road-work foreman, a lady, came over and offered to help. We used her vehicle to try to coax my battery back to life, but all it did was "click."

Next, we connected my bike directly to her battery and that was the magic moment. Rather than burn up the electrical system, the cable-jump got me going again and we were soon in Jackson, WY, where Randy was already waiting with a new H-D battery he bought at the local H-D shirt shop. An hour and a half later the old battery was in the trash and the new battery properly installed and generating 14.2 volts....Yippee!

Cost me for the battery and a steak dinner for all involved, and well worth it. I love travelling with guys who know all this mechanical stuff. Stayed the night at The Ranch Inn, closest to the main city park with all the elk antlers at each of the four entrances. I guess I escaped another bullet. (Approx. 287 miles - not including local touring)

Wednesday, June 19

Departed Jackson for Price, UT, and a convenient stopping point for our planned sightseeing the next day at the Capitol Reef National Park. Stayed at Best Western Carriage House Inn. Just 50 miles from Price, we went through a mountain canyon which was absolutely breathtaking. The roadway connects Duchesne, UT, with Price, and it is one of the most incredible, easily drivable canyons I have ever seen

with a summit in the 9000 foot range. (Approx. 366 miles)

Thursday, June 20

Today is a big sightseeing day. After leaving Price, we headed to Hanksville, UT, and the beginning of the Capitol Reef National Park area. The canyons in this area are unique and beyond imagination. We entered the park and drove the scenic road.

Now it's time for another story. As Utah is not a "helmet required" state, I thought I'd hang my helmet on the back and ride bare-headed for a change. Only one thing I forgot was that my chin straps were just snapped together rather than being buckled together. About half way through the scenic road, my helmet was observed bouncing down the highway and eventually veered off and ended in a gulch. Jack and Randy gleefully recovered my new helmet, now looking as if it had participated in WW-I. Aw fuck! What is it with these g-d damn helmets? Well, they had a great laugh over my demise. What they don't realize is that I don't get angry; I get even. Watch out you morons!

Then off to Torrey for some lunch at a little deli. Charming small town located in a place which probably looks like heaven. (By the way, do you know that if you want to phone g-d long distance, I hear it is a local call if made from Utah?) From Torrey we accessed UT-12 for the dramatic drive over Boulder Summit and then the heart-stopping descent of the Escalante Staircase. Maybe this really is heaven. Stayed the night at the delightful Escalante's Grand Staircase Bed and Breakfast Inn. (Remember those drums

from a former JB's Excellent Adventure. They're still there!) Last time we took this route it rained like hell. (Approx. 184 miles - not including local sightseeing)



Friday, June 21

Continued on UT-12 past Bryce Canyon National Park and then through delightful Red Canyon, and finally to US-89 south to Mt. Carmel Junction. From here we headed west on UT-9 to the entrance of Zion National Park. Now I must say that I've driven this route many times over the years, by car, but have never really seen the entire landscape until now. Simply breathtaking, the rocks and domes and tunnels



and the etching on the rocks made by glaciers of another era. It doesn't get any better than this. Tonight is our final night of the trip and we will spend it in Mesquite, NV at The Best Western Mesquite Inn.

Suddenly it got very hot as we headed to lower

elevations and then back south again through St. George, Virgin River Canyon and down to Mesquite which was enjoying 111-degree weather that day. I headed straight for the swimming pool. (Approx.222 miles)

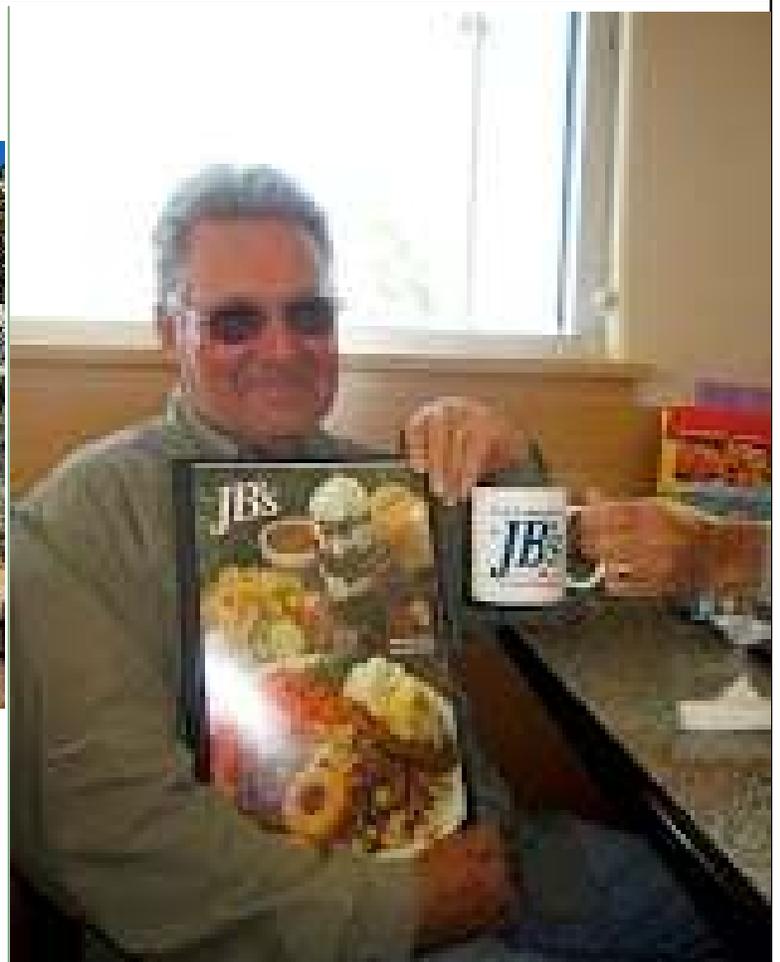


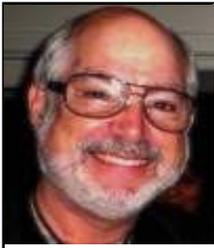
Saturday, June 22

Because of the heat we decide that our trip home will be a disaster unless we depart very early in the AM. The plan works as we hit the road at 5:00 AM and the sky is already getting light. The weather is cool and balmy. We make Barstow by a little after 9:00 AM and find a place for breakfast. The balance of the trip is uneventful and even the late morning and early afternoon temps remain quite moderate.

On the way west on the 210 we exit at Campus Dr. for a Starbucks-stop and to say our farewells. Not only do we like each other again but some are slobberingly effusive with their words of friendship and high regard. UGH!

For this 77-year (June 23, 1936) old fart it allows me to check off another item on my "bucket list" Fact is I loved doing this ride more than I can say with written words. This is equivalent to rafting the Grand Canyon Colorado River which, incidentally, was also on my "bucket list." Would I do it again (or similar) is a definite maybe!





The Oregon Zig-Zag

Ron Lynn - June 2013

After my last trip to Oregon a few years ago, I knew that I would be returning someday soon to this beautiful State. For whatever reason, I find that the people here are very friendly and the feeling no matter where you go seems to be very sincere and friendly.

Day #1-Friday: Los Angeles, CA to Woodland, CA: By the time I reached Bakersfield I decided that lunch should be a Buffet so I located one just north of town at the China Panda Buffet (2309 Brundage Lane) Not too bad for \$8.

I reached the quaint town of Woodland just north of Sacramento and the Budget Inn for \$50/night. However I forgot to confirm that the pool was usable-which it wasn't. For dinner the manager suggested Maria's Cantina on the corner just behind the motel indicating that both the food and the service is great. She did not exaggerate on either account. I would go out of my way to stay here and eat at this restaurant in the future just to avoid Sacramento.

Day #2-Saturday: Woodland, CA to Redding, CA: I proceeded on a leisurely ride north to Redding but decided not to take the I-5. My GPS guided me to "Country Road #2" leading to Knights Landing which meandered through field after field partially submerged in water. I then connected with Rt-113 into Marysville where I followed Rt-70 north through the towns of Yuba City (quick stop at the Harley dealer), Oroville, Chico and Red Bluff. Two years ago I traveled south on part of Rt-70 and loved it so much I just had to ride it north this time.

Although this route took a little longer, it was well worth it even though I arrived in Redding later in the day at 3:30 pm. It was just in time to get in some quality beach time and cold water swimming at one of my favorite spots; Whiskeytown Lake just west from Redding off Rt-299. It was a clear, warm beautiful day and being a Saturday, the families and their kids were there which makes the people watching more entertaining.

Four other riders, Bob, Randel, Darrell and Debbie, all of who left LA early that morning for a one day mad dash were meeting me at the Thunderbird Lodge in Redding that afternoon. I figured that I had better move it or they would get there before me, but as it turned out we all arrived at the same time.

Day #3-Sunday Redding, CA to Medford, OR: Randel had developed an oil leak on his bike so he decided to head home to fix it. *One down then there were four!*

Avoiding the super slab north, we headed west then north over Rt-

299 to Rt-3 paralleling the I-5. We followed local mountain roads and bypassed Shasta which proved to be a fantastic ride that none of us had ever ridden. Arriving in Medford at a motel with no pool, I decided to show the others the sleepy towns of Ashland and Jacksonville before treating ourselves to dinner at the Tin Tin Chinese Buffet recommended by the motel clerk. We were so full we just sat in chairs in the parking lot and talked.

Day #4-Monday: Medford, OR to Roseburg, OR: The others had planned a 200+ mile trip to Crater Lake on the way to Roseburg. Since I had been to Crater Lake before, I decided to do some shopping at the Sportsman Warehouse. I would then head north to meet them in Roseburg via one of my now favorite roads connecting Jacksonville to Grants Pass, Rt-238 which by passes the I-5. This is 50 miles of very smooth sweepers passing many ranches and farms located in a beautiful series of plush valleys. I planned on having lunch at one of my favorite spots on the grass banks of the Rogue River at the southern entrance to Grants Pass. As usual it was serene and relaxing; eating and watching the families of geese and ducks methodically pecking away at the grass.



Entering Roseburg I headed directly to the new visitors center to collect more travel information and then met up with the others at the motel, again all arriving almost at the same time. What timing!

Day #5-Tuesday: Roseburg, OR to Springfield, OR via Florence: Darrell had to get back to work so he headed back home to San Diego. *Two down then there were three!*

The three remaining dedicated travelers attempted to locate what was listed as the Harley dealer in Roseburg only to find an empty building which previously housed their facility. Disappointed, we left Roseburg heading west on Rt-38 to Reedsport following the Umpqua River most of the way along another beautiful tree lined



country road. At Reedsport we joined Hwy 101 north stopping at a lookout revealing an expanse of the Oregon Sand Dunes National Recreation Area. Then on to Florence where we had a great lunch overlooking the water on the deck of the Travelers Cove restaurant.

Just before entering Florence on Hwy 101, we had passed a dune buggy rental outfit so realizing that we had the time after lunch, we decided to take the 30 minute Sandrail Dune Buggy Tour with Sandland Adventures for the nominal sum of \$30 per person. I thought this would be a leisurely tour of the sand dunes but it



turned out to be “Mr. Toads Wild Ride”. There were six of us including the driver who proceeded to race like a mad man up and down sheer dunes almost flipping us over each time. As he made his wild maneuvers, we were advised against the urge to scream or you would get

a mouthful of sand. Need I say more!

Since I have a history of air-sea-car sickness, it was no surprise that a little more than half way through the ride, and at one of his carefully planned stops, I barfed up that great lunch into what he described as the “very absorbing sand”. Not to be alone I had the company of one other participant joining me. Two scheduled stops later I again barfed for a second time in even more generous proportions. I hope I am not being too informative but you just had to be there. The experience was so fulfilling that I didn’t even mind being sick. Would I do it again-only if he went slowly!

Day #6-Wednesday: Springfield, OR to Bend, OR:

We decided to locate the local Harley dealer in Springfield so that Bob could pick up a much needed quart of oil. Upon inspection, we noticed that the oil was very dirty so the dealer said he could do a quick oil change. While talking to one of the mechanics, we learned that a select few of Oregon’s gas stations sell “Clear Gas”



which is a 92 octane fuel with NO Ethanol. Promising a much better performance from our bikes, we decided to try this mix for the next three days. What a difference! The engine loves this stuff and runs smoother and faster in addition to getting up to 50 miles to the gallon. At \$1 per gallon more we felt it was worth it. The only downside is the difficulty in locating gas stations selling this somewhat black-market fuel.

An hour later and after my purchase of a new pair of electric gloves, we were on our way via another perfect country road heading east on Rt-126 towards Bend, OR. We proceeded to take a detour via the McKenzie Pass Rt-242 over Scott Mountain which we were told was an exceptionally entertaining road, And it was! However, after 16 miles up that road we hit a dead end at a “Road Closed” sign and had to turn back picking up the original route to Sisters via Rt-126. The 30+ miles out of our way by attempting McKenzie Pass was well worth it and I would strongly suggest this detour later in the summer when it opens. Pulling into the quaint western town of Sisters we decided that the touristy food prices were too high for a light lunch so we moved on to the larger city of Bend to a local Kentucky Fried Chicken place. Yum, Yum!

We had only planned an overnight stay in Bend (could use 3 nights easily) and since we were leaving early the next morning and it was now about 4pm, we had to attempt the beautiful Cascade Lakes Highway which is a south-western loop back to Bend.

I had made this trek two years ago and was familiar with the location of the picturesque stops to make sure that we could make it back before dark. However, this time I would ride it in reverse so it was all new to me too. The others found this road to be spectacular just as I had, with views of snowcapped mountains and dotted with lakes. On the way back I stopped at a bridge where we climbed down some wooden stairs and watched three fishermen wading in the stream fly fishing.

Since we had a late lunch, we went to a Mexican restaurant across the street from the motel for drinks, (I had eaten there on my last trip). The carafe of sangrias was well earned and the combination appetizer plate was just the ticket to share. What a beautiful day!

Day #7-Thursday: Bend, OR to Lincoln City, OR via Newport, OR:

Before leaving Bend, I led the trio for a quick drive through the Old Mill District which is a stylish shopping center converted from the old lumber mill located on the Deschutes River. Parking the bikes, we watched the paddle boarders meandering downstream with the very slow current. This is a beautiful center with picturesque places to sit and relax.

Retracing our route north out of Bend on Rt-20, which dog-legs north, proved to be another fantastic rural highway following the Santiam River. We pulled into the coastal town of Newport where the temperature dropped from a comfortable 82 degrees to a brisk 68 degrees. We immediately rushed to the Hatfield Marine Science Center which is on an island across the Yaquina Bay Bridge, just in time to spend an hour checking out the interactive marine life exhibits before they closed. Next stop was at a restaurant on the historic Newport Bay Front named Moe’s which was heavily touted as famous for their clam chowder. We were very disappointed with the food order, except for the chili, and just chalked it up to commercial advertising by the local chamber of commerce.

Day #8-Friday: Lincoln City, OR to Welches, OR:

One of our travelers, to remain nameless, could not evade the strong attraction of the elaborate Chinook Winds Casino Resort in Lincoln City where “she” proceeded to help support their existence. Not being much of a player myself, the casino representative connected me with her friend at the tourist information center down the road where I proceeded to gather my usual trove of reference material. They gave me one of their desks to work at and were impressed with my obvious obsession with travel information.

We must have been in some kind of a vortex as my GPS and Bob’s did not agree on the route to follow. The GPS conflicts led us around small towns and back to the main highways. Although very disconcerting, you learn to adapt and interject common sense when using a GPS.

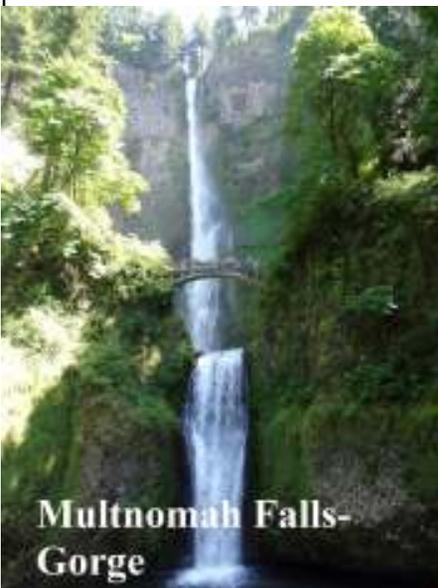
Bob has a time-share and used his tradable time to reserve a week’s stay at the secluded and private mountain resort known as Whispering Woods Resort. Although located in the little whistle-stop of Welches, OR, approximately 45 miles east of Portland and at the base of Mt. Hood, it does have a number of restaurants and a supermarket very close by.

Day #9-Saturday: Welches, OR: Columbia Gorge East-Half: We explored the eastern half of the Gorge by heading east on Rt-26 then north on Rt-35 around Mt. Hood. A quick stop at "Panorama Point" which was a lookout on a side road off of Rt-35 that I had spotted in my research, offered a great framed photo-opp of the valley with Mt. Hood as the backdrop. One of those "can't make a mistake" pictures! Then on to the small quaint town of Hood River where I spotted a kayak store that I compelled to check out. One of the salesmen, also a rider, directed us to the Hood River Event Site where we spent a few hours watching the kite boarders and wind surfers execute their talents on the very windy Columbia River Gorge; the birthplace of windsurfing. This is one of the best locations to witness this sport.

I love museums! So after some prodding we headed east on Hwy-84 (a freeway adjacent to the River) to the Columbia George Discovery Center and Museum just west of The Dalles. It turned out to be a very informative history lesson covering the Indian settlements to the pioneers traversing the River during the western settlement of our country. NOTE: You must try a bag of "PooP"; a Chocolate-covered, nut-toffee candy sold in the area; a great confection.

We returned to Welches on Rt-97 south with a detour along Rt-44, also known as the Dufur Mill Road/Baldwin Road and recommended by the salesman at the kayak store as a great motorcycle road. He did not exaggerate and it turned out to be a great shortcut back to Rt-35 and our digs.

We were trying to get back to the condo by 6pm to play Bingo but we found out that no one showed up so they cancelled it. Meanwhile, I overheard people discussing a BBQ place down the road which had a live band starting at 9pm. So after laundering my wallet and all its contents, then meticulously blow drying the money and important documents we had dinner at the Skywalk restaurant and listened to a mediocre southern band. What? You don't periodically launder your wallet and its contents on purpose? A required procedure if you forget to remove it from your cargo pants when you throw it in the washing machine.



Day #10-Sunday: Welches, OR to Columbia Gorge -West half: Now heading west on Rt-26 we took a local mountain road; Ten Eyck Rd. This combination of single and double lane road zigzagged all over the mountain and let us out at Rt-30 which parallels the main freeway Hwy-84 along the Gorge. We stopped at all the required tourist attractions: Women's Forum State Scenic Viewpoint: a lookout giving us a great eastern view of the Gorge; Vista House at Crown Point: a round stone building as a monu-

ment to the builder of the old road; and various waterfalls including the famous Multnomah Water Fall which is located on Hwy-30 and is a two tiered fall with a walking bridge between the two falls. Very crowded!

Day #11-Monday: Welches, OR to the North Gorge Road: Rt-14: We had not taken a riding day off since we started and really wanted to just stay at the condo and relax, but weather predictions for the latter part of the week were looking grim thus forcing us to hit the road again. Leaving at noon (we just can't get out of bed) we followed Rt-26 west to the town of Troutdale for a quick look at a standard touristy main street.

Our goal for today was to cross over to the north side of the Gorge into Washington State. To speed up the ride, we followed Hwy-84 east where we crossed over the Bridge of Gods at the Cascade Locks into Washington State. Continuing east now on Rt-14, the northern east/west counterpart to the southern Hwy-84, we re-entered Oregon downstream at the very long Hood River Bridge. We went into Hood River for a quick shopping expedition and lunch. And since we enjoyed watching the kite surfers the other day we thought it would warrant additional attention. The surfers here are very experienced since this area is extremely windy and the river is rough. Their antics are amazing and exciting to watch.

While in a sporting goods store in Hood River I discovered another way back to condo around Mt. Hood on another very rural road cutting out half the distance back. Nothing is free! While the initial road was great it slowly turned into one of those one-car-width roads cut out of the forest. You know! Like the one in "Lions; Tigers & Bears, Oh My"! Although we saw a few deer lurking in the shadows, I fully expected to come around a corner and finding a bear in our path. Thankfully this never happened! Approximately 2/3rds of the way in we encountered gravel for 8 miles but were committed to our trek and lived to tell about it.

Day #12-14-Tuesday-Thursday: Welches, Or: Up until this day we had clear beautiful weather all the way which we were told was very unusual for this time of year in northwestern Oregon. Now we had rain, rain and more rain! But since we had been riding every day without a rest-day, we relished the opportunity to just sleep in, eat and watch rented movies over the next two days. Oh yes! We took a break and went swimming, a jacuzzi and a sauna in the rain. Bob treated us to his famous "Beer Bread" which he made from scratch.

Come Thursday we must have been getting antsy so after checking the weather on the internet and getting the all clear, we suited up with rain gear with the goal to check out the Timberline Lodge just 8 miles up Mt. Hood. This was where they shot some of the scenes from Jack Nicholson's movie, the 'Shining'. As we headed out on the highway it started to pour with intermittent pea-soup fog. At this point I am reminded of the line from Forrest Gump: "Stupid is as stupid does". Oh, I forgot, this an adventure! As we pulled up to the Lodge the temps dropped to below 40 degrees and it started to snow.

The Lodge is one of those elaborate stone structures which was built during the depression, somewhat like the ones in the Grand

Canyon or Yosemite. We wandered up and down the three levels and down hallways and small rooms talking to the guests who were enamored by our biker attire. After taking pictures with the guests, at their request, we decided it would be a good idea to get back to the condo before the "end of the world" came. Naturally all the way back we were drenched and cold so we did what every normal biker would do. We ordered a pizza and chicken wings and hunkered down with the rented videos for the rest of the day. Good day and again, we survived!

Day #15-Friday: Welches, OR: Bob and Debbie had to return home today for work reasons. *And then there was one.* Very dramatic, isn't it?

I relaxed at the resort pool today and I moved over to Debbie's condo which was available for one more night.

Day #16-Saturday-Portland, OR: Took a Segway tour of downtown Portland including the waterfront and two bridges; a fantastic tour and a great guide. During one of the tour stops, I ran over to the Saturday Farmers Market in the downtown area which was very large and quickly sampled some of the many types of culinary options presented.



After the tour I headed to the famous Saturday Swap Meet by the bridge but wandered into the Gay-Lesbian Rally by mistake thinking it was the swap meet. I was very disappointed with the food and the booths. The people could give Venice Beach a good run for their money as weird outfits and flashy makeup was the norm. As I was walking towards the bridge and the music, I finally ran into the real famous Portland Saturday Swap Meet which had a number of food trucks and a large number of booths with unique crafts and products. This was well worth the trip into Portland and you must try the Marionberry Ice Cream (like blackberries) which is a unique flavor in these-here parts.

Next, I programmed my GPS for directions to the Rose Garden and Japanese Gardens and was very glad I did since the route turned out to be very complicated. Both Gardens are located at the top of Portland and very striking, especially the Japanese Garden which charged an \$8 entrance fee. As it turned out it was well worth the money and provided a beautiful view of Portland and Mt. Hood. The area was packed with people and cars so the parking was horrendous, but thanks to the bike I found a small space in back of a car right in front of the entrance.

After the Gardens, I headed for the Motel 6 in Tigard, about 10 miles south of Portland, which was a considerably lower cost than anything I could find in Portland. Took a swim and went to dinner at a local home-cooking style restaurant across the street which was great. I even received a 10% food discount by staying at the Motel 6.

Day #17-Sunday: Tigard, OR to Grants Pass, OR: After talking on the phone with my son, I realized that some of his friends lived in Tigard, OR, so I called them and found that they were about 6 miles north having a Father's Day breakfast with their whole family. I had just enough time to run up there for a quick visit and then headed south on I-5 for Grants Pass. Made a stop a few miles north of Grants Pass to photo the Cave Creek covered bridge which I had seen on the way north but missed the turnoff. It was worth the stop!



Day #18-Monday: Grants Pass, OR: Signed up for the full-day white-water kayak tour in an inflatable kayak for a ride down the Rogue River-- a guided tour by Orange Torpedo Rafting providing all the gear and lunch. I was joined by a family of 8 from Riverside, CA, including 4 kids all under 5 years old, who camp up at Indian Mary Campground every other year. This is a beautiful campground on the river and I will definitely try this one out in the future. The kids and the mothers were in a large raft while 3 of us were in our own kayaks, with the guide who was also in a kayak. At \$99 per person, less \$10 off with a coupon I found in a brochure, I don't see how you could beat this experience.

The white water levels were #1 and #2 with a minor #3 towards the end. Although this tour is designed for beginners, it is very taxing paddling all day long, especially in-and-out of the various rapids while attempting to miss the rocks in your path. The guide would set up each entry designating the path through the various rapids making specific note of the rocks to avoid. Every time he pointed out the rocks to miss I seemed to hit them. One time I was temporarily stranded on a very shallow area of rocks which he had warned me about, but I just let the current of the river move me around and over them. It worked but it reminded me of the rule of motorcycle riding: "You hit what you look at!"

I had worked up an appetite from all the paddling so feeling like BBQ ribs I checked my GPS for restaurants and come up with two. After driving around the town I found that both were closed. Spotting an interesting Mexican restaurant, Si Casa Flores, I decided that I really was in the mood for that fare. This was a very beautiful place with gorgeous furnishings in a Mexican motif like you would find in Guadalajara. The service was great and since there is no sales tax in Oregon, you automatically enjoy a 10% discount on everything.

Day #19-Tuesday: Grants Pass, OR to Redding, CA: A relatively short trip via I-5 which for this leg was quite enjoyable due to the many curves over mountain passes yet you are on a freeway. Hit a 5 minute light rain just south of Yreka, CA.

I checked into my favorite motel in Redding, the Thunderbird Lodge and I was ready for dinner. Still looking for that BBQ dinner, I remembered a local restaurant, Bricks Smokehouse, which I passed many times going to Whiskeytown Lake. The ribs were unbelievably great with half an order (6 ribs) being the size of a full order back in LA. I even took a picture of the plate and had the remaining two ribs for lunch the next day and saving the third rib for my wife to check out.

Day #20-Wednesday: Redding, CA: Went on a “free” kayak tour at Brandy Beach at Whiskeytown Lake where they paired me up with a lady from Redding on a tandem sit-on-top kayak. The ranger leading the tour was very informative and he took us to a very calm cove where we saw two frolicking otters, ducks and geese. This tour was very relaxing and not subject to the strenuous paddling I had experienced the last time I took this tour.

As usual I packed way to much stuff so I had to stop by a FedEx office to ship a box home. I just never learn!

Day #21-Thursday: Redding, CA to Shaver Lake, CA: Headed out early after the complementary breakfast and made Shaver Lake by 6pm. Great ride on Rt-99 and the adjoining roads from Madera, CA to Shaver Lake along country roads now showing their wheat colored hues resulting from the high early summer temperatures. No more lush green like in western Oregon. I stayed at a 4,500 sq. ft. log home overlooking the Fresno Valley belonging to two of the members of our club; James and Janet Parr.

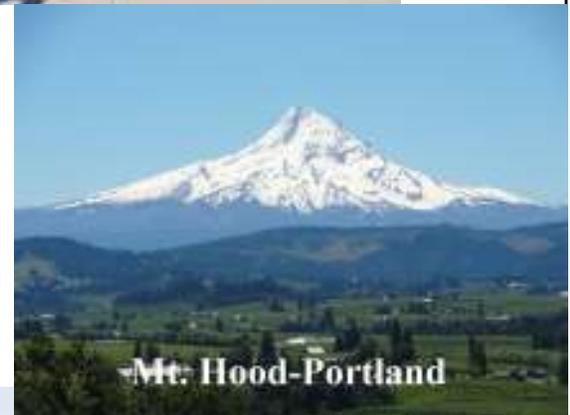
Day #22-Friday-Sunday: Shaver Lake, CA: The next day Friday, I went kayaking on Shaver Lake at the Edison Campground facilities. This bay has many rock formations visible just under the water line allowing you to kayak over them while observing the bottom. I was fortunate to be able to rent a sit-in kayak which is very rare for rental facilities.

That evening the SCHRA riders joined us at the Parr’s and Saturday James and Janet took us on an amazing 160+ mile ride through the back roads most visitors never experience. We had lunch at Jones Store, a small wooden shack-restaurant deep in the mountains which served amazingly great hamburgers and which wasn’t really expected.

I had been having problems with my Progressive shocks bottoming out since I was now riding two-up, with Sandy. I have been trying to figure out how to approach fixing the problem when along comes this guy walking a Corgi dog. We used to have a Corgi so it was natural for Sandy and I to strike up a conversation with the dog’s owner. Next thing I know we find out he was from Southern California and used to work for Progressive Suspension. He told me to up the air pressure on the shocks to 70 lbs or more and that it would not hurt them. For the most part this worked! As I maintain: “There are no coincidences in this world”. This was meant to be, or at least I like to believe it to be so!

A great three weeks traveling Oregon and over 3,600 miles with good company and no bike problems. Taking the additional time and zigzagging on scenic roads gave us the opportunity to really see western Oregon. In the future I look forward to spending more time in Oregon even revisiting the areas we discovered. Until then, “ride safe and keep the rubber side down”.

Ron Lynn, Chatsworth, CA





SCHRA Boutique

Lou Piano VP

The SCHRA members boutique is now open for online and telephone orders! The summer riding season is quickly upon us and you'll want to refresh your supply of miscellaneous SCHRA logo items. We have in stock a wide variety of shirts, patches, pins, hats, etc. Simply decide what you need and place your order via email at VP@schra.org. We'll either bring your order to the next meeting or arrange delivery in some other fashion.

We have:

- Black short sleeve logo t-shirts in sizes - S to 2XL
- Black long sleeve logo t-shirts - S to 3XL
- White long sleeve logo t-shirts - S, 2XL & 3XL

All Shirts are \$15.00

Last Update: 1/12/13

Black Short Sleeve

Small	3
Medium	3
Large	1
Ex. Large	5
2XL	2
3XL	0

Black Long Sleeve

Small	4
Medium	4
Large	1
Ex. Large	2
2XL	4
3XL	1

White Short Sleeve

Small	0
Medium	0
Large	2
Ex. Large	0
2XL	0
3XL	0

White Long Sleeve

Small	1
Medium	0
Large	0
Ex. Large	2
2XL	0
3XL	0

Dark Blue Short Sleeve

Small	5
Medium	0
Large	0
Ex. Large	2
2XL	0
3XL	0



- Dark blue short sleeve t-shirts - S, L, XL
- Baby blue short sleeve t-shirts - XXL
- Most t-shirts have a pocket.

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Club hats in black and orange with embroidered SCHRA patch.

Club logo pins with two-post mountings that can be easily switched among garments, hats, etc.

Also available at no charge are commemorative patches honoring members who have passed. Foss, Whitey, Julie. These patches are suitable for sewing on your jacket or vest or....? Miscellaneous items are in stock as well. Don't hesitate to inquire. When you call us (Jack, anyway) we haul ass! Operators are standing by.

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Black w/Logo	14	\$10.00
Orange w/Logo	4	\$10.00
Black w/SCHRA	7	\$10.00
Patches		
Extra Small Patch	9	\$ 7.00
Small Patch	46	\$ 7.00
Large Patch	1	\$25.00
Pins		
	95	\$5.00



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Jerry Stern ~ JS

Bob Thompson ~ BT

SCHRA 2013 Events July & August

July

Thursday 4 - Sunday 7 - Hollister Independence Day Rally: Jack, TBA

Thursday 11 - Meeting

**Friday 12 ~ Sunday 14 - Big Bear Weekend: TBA

August

Thur. 8/1 - JB's Excellent Adventure: JB, 8:00 AM, Millies

Thur. 8/8 - Club Meeting: The Usual 7:30 pm

Sat. 8/10 thru Sun. 8/11 - Exploring Carlsbad: Randy, 9:00 AM, Solley's.

Sat. 8/17 - Summer Party: 7:00 PM, Residence of JB & Fifi - Simi Valley.

Fri. 8/23 - Springville Revisited: Jack, 8:00 AM, Millies.

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 Sand Canyon
15401 Delone St., Santa Clarita

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