



ROLLING THUNDER

VOLUME XVI(a), NUMBER 10

OCTOBER 2007

WWW.SCHRA.ORG

President's Message

Stan Myers

for all of us, superbly.

OCTOBER 2007

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Next Meeting
Thursday
October 11th
7:00 pm

We ride Harley Davidson motorcycles!! Some people choose activities such as golf or bowling for their recreation and relaxation. Others may play bridge or gin rummy, go surfing, fly private planes (I won't call them aircraft), hunt defenseless animals, coach little league (a *really* dangerous hobby), play musical instruments, square dance, etc. Some of us engage in more than one of these diversions, but "We the people" of SCHRA ride Harley Davidson motorcycles.

Given the fact that we all seem to be of reasonable intelligence we need to acknowledge that there is an implied risk each and every time we saddle up and ride our bikes. Many risk factors involve our own flawed conduct. We develop bad habits that we are not aware of, and that is why it is important and prudent to take a refresher experienced rider course from the Motorcycle Safety Foundation, or another valuable course such as StreetRiders, every few years.

Also, it's easy to lose concentration on the road and other vehicular hazards, or daydream while enjoying the scenery and weather which are our blessings in southern California. That is why I asked Jerry Stern to present a safe riding talk at each meeting, and he has come through

Unfortunately, though, there are also risks that we have little or no control over; such risks are those caused by Mother Nature or, more prevalently, by foolish, impatient or reckless vehicle operators who share the road with us. I was given to understand such was the case with the near tragic accident involving Richard and Bari Slobin on the Bryce/Zion ride of Sept. 14 - 17.

From the particulars I heard, there was practically nothing Richard could have done to prevent this encounter with a stupid, reckless, inconsiderate driver who didn't even have the decency to stick around and try to help out. Richard was seriously injured with fractured ribs, clavicle (collarbone) and scapula (shoulder). He spent two days in the hospital in St. George, Utah.

It was just providential that Bari escaped with only minor injuries. This could have been a terrible tragedy so we can all be thankful that it wasn't. Richard has a lot of discomfort now (read, *pain*) but thank the Almighty he will heal and be his old self in a few weeks. We can also be thankful for fellow members such as Gloria and Marvin who stayed with Richard and Bari, getting them home safely when Richard was discharged from the hospital, and whoever else had a hand in that. Please be careful out there – for your own sake and ours.

From the Editor

Linda Marks

This issue contains two very nice stories, and photographs, from a Grand Canyon mini-tour. As you will note, this ride was not on SCHRA's Ride Calendar. Nevertheless, we are fortunate that Mike Levison and Jerry Stern shared their stories with us.

This is a perfect example of why non-SCHRA ride reports are just as informative, and make for an equally interesting read, as SCHRA ride reports. In fact, the Grand Canyon and North Rim articles mention people who are not even SCHRA members (well, they are honorary members). I point this out to remind you, the reader, that everyone is welcome to submit material to *Rolling Thunder*.

As riders, we are always looking for new places to see, new routes to take and, above all for SCHRA members, new food to eat!!! And let us not forget that a picture can be worth a thousand words, so photographs without an accompanying article are equally enjoyable.

By reading articles in *Rolling Thunder* about these new experiences, each one of us is invited to query the travelers on further details of a trip so that we might plan a similar trip of our own one day. The SCHRA roster is distributed to all members at least once a year and it contains every member's e-mail address, so don't be shy to pick someone's brain about a trip they did. After all, that's exactly what being in a riding club is all about, and SCHRA is a wonderful resource.

Grand Canyon

Mike Levison

Ride Report

Our good friend Gary Kotler called last spring, saying there was an article in the Feb '06 issue of *Hog Tales* about a ride around the rim of Grand Canyon that sounded like a great ride, and we should consider it. He sent me the article, and I agreed we should duplicate the ride. In a casual conversation I mentioned the idea to Jerry and Cindy Stern, and though we (excluding Cathryn) had all been to the South Rim on previous SCHRA rides, none of us had seen the North Rim.

With enthusiastic agreement it was time to set dates and make the necessary reservations. We met up in Las Vegas on Sunday, Sept.23, spent one night at the Golden Nugget sharing a fabulous 2 bedroom suite with the Sterns, and then headed south over Hoover Dam down to Historic Route 66.

Enjoying perfect riding weather, we visited Hackberry, had a great late lunch in Seligman

at Westside Lilo's Cafe, then spent two nights in Tusayan, just outside the Park entrance. It was dinner at El Tovar Hotel on the rim. The following day we were on and off the shuttle bus, with more walking than I appreciate, but necessary to enjoy all of the spectacular canyon views, each different from the previous.

After scraping the frost off our bikes next morning, we rode toward the east end of the canyon, having lunch in Cameron at the gigantic Trading Post. We had difficulty in obtaining prepaid cabins at the North Rim Grand Canyon Lodge, best described by Cathryn as "primitive rustic." I must take her word for it, for RuthAnn and I never got there!

It seems that while cruising along at 75mph, 20 miles west of Cameron on Hwy 89, my trusty old Road King misbehaved. I thought the clutch or transmission had failed because the engine was running great but no power was reaching the rear wheel. Fortunately I was within coasting distance of a huge turnout area.

(continued on page 3)

Grand Canyon *(cont'd. from p. 2)*

Mike Levison

Doing an immediate inspection of the bike, I noticed that all the teeth of the rear wheel sprocket were visible and looked very nice. The big black belt that normally kept them from view was missing! Gary, who had been riding behind me, said he rode by it, thinking it a piece of truck tire. He rode back to retrieve it. It looked like I was finally going to utilize the Road America service I had been buying for years.

Of course, you do need to phone them, and as luck would have it there was zero cell phone service! Our only choice was for Gary and Jerry to ride back to where there was cell reception and place the required call. During their hour and a half absence, a nice cop from the Page PD who noticed my flashers and frantic waving, stopped to inquire. He had no radio reception in this location either, so couldn't make any call for us. He did advise us that we were on the Navajo Reservation, and hoped we wouldn't be stuck there overnight. That could be quite dangerous, he told us. We sure needed to add that element to our adventure!

By 4:00 p.m. the boys were back, having reached Road America. The lady on the phone had difficulty even finding our location on the map, but Jerry was able to control his temper and convince her to contact someone in Flagstaff.

Eventually, when United Towing was contacted, they estimated two hours for pickup, but actually arrived 30 minutes early. By 5:15 p.m., my bike was on the flatbed, RuthAnn and I squeezed into the junk-filled cab, and we were heading for an unplanned layover in Flagstaff, 78 miles to the south. Kotlers and Sterns were back on their way to our prepaid rooms! I'll let Jerry relate their adventure, describing the consequences of a three hour delay.

Our towing guy Larry, owner of a 9 truck company, was great. He said we were better off going to an independent bike shop in Flagstaff rather than the nearest Harley dealer which was 15 miles west of Flagstaff and out in the middle of nowhere along Hwy 40. Our choice, but we took his advice.

Larry radioed ahead to Flagstaff Hot Bike, got them to agree to wait for us - after making sure they had the right belt and parts we needed - and then Larry reserved a room for us at the Howard Johnson Motel almost next door to the bike shop. The motel was adequate, dinner at Sizzler next door the same, but the mechanic Bruce was Harley trained and meticulous.

I stood over his shoulder for 3 of the 8 hours he worked, having him replace all the seals he recommended as long as he was in there. I learned how the rear wheel is supposed to be lined up properly, which it hadn't been, and which probably caused the belt failure. The shop, at 3122 East Rte 66, is also the local Victory dealer, but I can highly recommend them for Harley service and a friendly concerned attitude. They gave me a cool tee shirt to compensate for the large repair bill.

We were finally back on the road by 5:30 p.m. and headed west for Williams, with the bike purring like a kitten. It was too late to make it back to Vegas to rejoin our pals. Finding an excellent inexpensive room and a good dinner at the adjoining Kitty's Steakhouse, it was off to Westside Lilo's early the next morning for breakfast and the largest cinnamon roll you've ever experienced.

It was 3:30 p.m. as we pulled into our driveway, wonderful to be home and with memories and tons of pictures of another riding adventure. Mechanical breakdowns are annoying as hell, but are inevitable if you ride enough miles. All in all, it was a terrific trip with good friends, all arriving home safely with reusable bikes!



Channel Islands

Jerry Stern

Ride Report

Last year Richard Slobin and I took a ride on our own to beautiful Channel Islands Harbor in Oxnard on a gorgeous Sunday and were lucky enough to run into one of the premier displays of outstanding hotrod and custom car displays that one could ever hope to see. This year we put it on the Ride Calendar so that other SCHRA members could share the experience.

This year the event was held on September 9 at the same place, Channel Islands Harbor, which many people confuse with Ventura Harbor. Aside from sharing the same Pacific Ocean, they are two entirely different places.

Channel Islands Harbor is west of Mandalay

Bay, just over the bridge after crossing Victoria Road. Even without a car show it's really a very special place, with lots of restaurants and drinking establishments along the sparkling marina shoreline.

The car show is held on the grass between several of these establishments. In addition to the incredible cars on display, there are many vendors and specialty manufacturers displaying their unique products.

Joining me for the ride up were 17 motorcycles and several people in cars. Upon arrival, everyone sort of scattered and viewed the myriad rolling artistry at their own pace and leisure before picking from the many available lunch spots or riding on to other destinations.

I hope everyone took some great pictures and enjoyed their day in the sun. Thanks to all who came out.

The North Rim 4

Jerry Stern

Ride Report

Several years ago SCHRA had a day ride to Joshua Tree National Monument northeast of Palm Springs. The day was clear and briskly cool and the ride to and around the park relatively comfortable until it became time to leave for home. Then the skies opened up, rain (and at times *snow*) came down in sheets, the temperature plummeted, the wind blew like a cyclone, and our ride back to the interstate was so harrowing we dubbed our intrepid riding group *The Joshua Tree 7* to identify us as special for experiencing the adventure, driving home the point that what doesn't kill you somehow makes you stronger.

Many of you know Gary and Cathryn Kotler who live in Nevada and joined up with us in Las Vegas for this ride to the south and north rims of Grand Canyon. Mike's article elsewhere in this issue tells of our experiences to a point 30 or so miles north of Cameron Trading Post where his drive belt with 100,000+ miles gave out, stranding him and RuthAnn from any further

progress on V-twin power and forcing them to flatbed tow power for 80 or so miles to Flagstaff.

Finding cell service to summon assistance was an adventure in itself in the midst of the Arizona desert. We'd had an absolutely terrific ride around South Rim and great fun right up to that point, but without our pals the whole character of the ride changed.

Our objective for that evening was North Rim Grand Canyon Lodge. With Levisons safely loaded onto the flatbed, we and Kotlers again started for the lodge, which we had originally planned to reach by around 6 p.m. to take advantage of a 7 p.m. dinner reservation made by Mike 6 months in advance and about which he had been effusive. The only problem was that we still had around 120 or so miles to go. Before leaving, Mike's tow truck driver, himself a rider, left us with some words of caution for night riding in northern Arizona: there's only two gas stations that *may* be open, there's a lot of deer on the roads after dark, and the going gets slow so don't be in a hurry. He was right on all counts.

(continued on page 5)

The North Rim 4 (cont'd. from p. 4)

Jerry Stern

We rode totally desolate roads as fading sunlight cast eerie shadows along the desert floor and illuminated distant cliffsides in incredible hues of red and gold. At around dusk we crossed Navajo Bridge to the north side of the Colorado River which is the very first place to cross the river east of the Grand Canyon, and as we rode on the giant full moon arose behind us over the desert hills.

We stopped at Vermillion, one of the two stations the driver had mentioned, and from there the road twisted up into the hills toward Jacobs Lake, getting colder as we gained altitude. At Jacobs Lake we gassed up and layered on clothing. Not having brought chaps, Cindy and I put on our rain suit pants for a windproofing layer, electric Gerbings, warmest gloves and most everything else we had available for warmth. After all, there's only 45 miles to go, right? Well, those were 45 miles I could live without ever having to do again.

No sooner than we left Jacobs Lake it got *really COLD* and we started encountering deer, the full moon illuminating hundreds of ghostly gray outlines in the meadows and groups of 3-10 standing alongside the edge of this lonely narrow two lane road watching our approach and waiting for an opportunity to dart out across our path. We rode along at 20-25 mph flashing our lights, blowing the horns, slipping the clutch and revving the engines, trying to get the deer to scatter back but, like you've heard, deer are stupid and unpredictable. Many of them ran right in front of, and through, us four freezing riders.

Damp cold mountain air at almost 9000 feet is pretty hard to defend against when the temp drops into the 30s, but you just can't go any faster for fear of colliding with Bambi's cousins, and possibly ice. You want to speed up to get out of the cold, and you know you just can't. *Joshua Tree 7*, say hello to the *North Rim 4!*

Shortly after 9 p.m. we finally got to the lodge and fortunately our frosty group was still able to get a table in the dining room for some hot soup to slow our shivering. The food was quite good and the staff very accommodating. Rooms are individual itty-bitty log cabins which are old, very Spartan but clean, sporting a double bed with the top and one side against the wall, so getting out from the inside requires ingenuity.

The bathroom was 3' x 5' with a miniature sink, toilet, and a shower that many might find challenging. The best part of the cabin was the electric heater that kept us toasty warm through the night against the frigid

outside air. The beds need work.

Now for the good parts: the vast breakfast menu also offered a buffet with excellent variety and everything meticulously prepared. The lodge is built right on the canyon rim, with hiking trails for the athletically inclined, and good wind at 8800 foot elevation. Views from the lodge across the canyon are of course spectacular, with different lighting and shadowing than one sees from the South Rim. There is a 25 mile dead-end road to a viewing spot called Cape Royal which runs southeast from the 45 mile road coming in, but after the previous evening we all decided to save it for the next time (as *if!*).

The following morning, after a brief hike and some photo-ops, we mounted up and rode back north on *Treacherous Highway* to Jacobs Lake through the same hills and meadows we'd ridden the night before, but now it was at least in the 60s, sunny, and the deer, having had too much fun playing spook-the-bikers the previous night, were nowhere to be seen. At Jacobs Lake we rode west toward Fredonia, Hurricane and St. George, Utah, then down the I-15 arriving back in Las Vegas.

We stayed at the downtown Golden Nugget, and it was the start of Las Vegas Bikefest weekend so downtown was hopping and we were right at the Fremont Street Experience. We were hoping that the Levison's now-repaired bike might allow them to rejoin us for some more revelry and the ride back home but, alas, that was not meant to be, as their location in Arizona made it more sensible for them to ride home via I-40. We gave high-fives all around, said our goodbyes to the Kotlers, and they hit the road back to their ranch in Wellington, NV.

Some additional high points of this trip included a side trip our first day on the way to Las Vegas. We and Levisons rode east on I-40 out of Barstow about 50 miles, past Ludlow, to the Kelbaker Road exit which turns north through the Mojave National Preserve, a vast picturesque expanse of desert with unique geology and vegetation. Then a stop at the ghost town of Kelso which has a park ranger staffed museum in its restored train station, definitely worth a stop 'n' see; and continuing north on Cima Road to where it rejoins I-15 just before Primm, NV.

Also, while in Las Vegas the first night, we hooked up with Jerry Lawrence, former SCHRA member, who sends regards to all who remember him and invites everyone to come see his lounge act. It was an action-packed and fun-filled week which was (mostly) enjoyed by all (sorry, Mike and RuthAnn), and fortunately all returned home safely.

North Rim next year, anyone?

I Can't Believe I Did That!

Cathryn Kotler, Guest Writer

Ride Report

For those who have already read the Grand Canyon road trip accounts by Mike Levison and Jerry Stern, there's still more to the story. Following a gas stop just after dusk at Vermillion, we mounted up with my husband Gary in the lead. Several miles later we stopped at a narrow turnout to layer up. With the rapidly dropping temperature and quickly fading light came our realization that we were still a long way from the North Rim. I was about to have my first experience of riding in darkness, something that I would never have chosen to do otherwise. Yikes!

Knowing that my eyesight was much better than Gary's (even though we have both had LASIK), I unbelievably heard myself volunteering to lead the four of us the rest of the way. This was something I don't like to do - I am much happier NOT leading and rarely do so, but because I could see better at night, something made me take the lead. HOLY COW!

As we proceeded along, I could see bats backlit overhead and was grateful for the enormous full moon coming up in the sky behind us. Still, it was so dark that I could not actually see the mountain itself. Instead, I glimpsed headlights moving toward us down the winding mountain road (mentioned in the *Hog Tales* article as "entertaining"), and it was only because of the flickering headlights that I knew we were making an ascent.

I kept repeating to myself, "Look for eyeballs reflecting in my headlights." Gary and Jerry had warned of lots of deer in the area. The deer crossing road signs posted along the way confirmed that. I don't think I got out of 3rd the whole way, which was pretty funny since Gary had told me not to go over 60 mph when I took the lead.

It just kept getting colder and colder, and even with my warmest gloves and chaps, and a

couple of layers under my light leather jacket, I was shivering all the way from

cold and stark fear. The engine on my Deluxe was not putting out any heat!

The last stop for gas and layering up in forested Jacobs Lake (never did see a lake) was to take us the last leg of 44 miles, which we did at 20 to 40 mph. I saw no deer in the forested part of the ride; the herds were in abundance in the wide open meadows section, mostly clustering close to the road, and eerily lit up by the moon. Upon seeing the wildlife, I would brake and point them out to the other three frosty bikers. I really felt responsible for their safety.

Finally, Gary was able to provide some extra light by using his high beams while riding in the opposite lane. With not much oncoming traffic, we waded our way past the herds and back into the forested areas where we picked up more speed. Gary took the lead for some reason and we got more wind chill! BRRRRR.

At long last, a ride I thought would never end, or end in disaster, was over. The lights of the lodge were in evidence. I was thrilled to get off my bike, and ran over to Cindy on frozen feet and got the biggest hug from her of absolute relief. It took me hours to warm up, even after my rustic hot shower. I still slept in clothes that night!

I am amazed at myself for leading a scary ride in darkness but feel proud that I challenged myself (didn't think of it that way at the time) to take the reins, or handlebars, if you will. It all added up to a great adventure, and as the saying goes, "Shit happens on the road!"

Editor's Note: Cathryn and Gary Kotler, as many of you already know, live in Smith Valley, Nevada. They graciously open their beautiful home to SCHRA every year for a wonderful dinner party, and are responsible for providing those who attend that event with some of SCHRA's most memorable day-rides through the idyllic areas surrounding their ranch. I consider them honorary members of SCHRA.

Bryce/Zion

James Parr

Ride Report

We started the ride pleasantly enough. A handful of bikes and a chase truck full of wimps left L.A. on Friday morning. Without much ado we arrived in Mesquite several hours later. We all cooled off from the Nevada desert with showers, the pool and/or cold beer before hitting the buffet.

Saturday we left the chase truck at the hotel and 11 bikes headed off into the Arizona mountains. From there we cruised into southern Utah and a few empty miles of freeway before entering St. George. Actually, we entered St. George twice since I got (very slightly) lost. When we found the right off-ramp we made it to the local HD dealer and stared at shiny chrome doohickeys and whiz-bangs. A few tee shirts and knick-knacks later we were on the way to Zion.

Then everything went bad. It was in the little town of La Verkin, just before the turn-off to Zion, where the fun ended for Richard and Bari. A car cut Richard off in a way that was described by all five witnesses I talked to as hit 'n' run. With what turned out to be a broken shoulder, Richard was whisked back to St. George by ambulance with a lightly bruised Bari. When we had Richard's bike picked up by St. George HD, Marvin and Gloria and Ken and Natalie went to join Richard and Bari in St. George.

After some discussion, the remaining eight bikes took off to finish the trip. Zion was, as always, quite a spectacle. The mountains have scratched surfaces that look like they were scraped by someone driving a huge car too close to them. The mile long tunnel through the mountains is fun in a claustrophobic sort of way. Leaving the park we wasted no time driving the back roads and right past Bryce Canyon on our way to our Saturday night stop in Tropic.

I must thank Matt and Tomi, and Johnny Morino; these three true bikers are the only ones who didn't complain about the quality of the suites in Tropic. Everyone else whined endlessly about sticky floors, various stains, and assorted smells in their rooms. Matt shrugged it all off and said,

in a way that retired people just can't appreciate, "It beats being at work." Meanwhile, with some people bemoaning the lack of mints on their pillows, Ken and Natalie took off from the St. George hospital and braved the cold Utah evening to join us in Tropic. Arriving half way through dinner, the two riders filled us in with updates on Richard's condition ("heavily medicated and happy").

Sunday took us to Bryce Canyon, "A hell of a place to lose a cow" (Ebenezer Bryce). Spectacular vistas and truly bizarre landscapes were the backdrops to many photographs. We left Bryce with overcast skies that decided to finally rain on us. Fortunately we were already under shelter strapping Dennis' muffler to his back seat. On the road again for a few miles, we asked our professional photographer (Tomi) to snap some pictures of us driving through the natural arches that cross the roads.

Cedar Breaks took us to 11,000 feet and what felt like 30 degrees with 100 mph winds. It wasn't that bad, but I actually had to turn on my electric jacket (to low). Brrrrr.

On our way back to Mesquite, Ken and Natalie broke off to visit Zion since they missed it on Saturday. The rest of us stopped at the hospital to visit Richard and share his medication. We capped the day off with a first class dinner in Mesquite to celebrate Marvin's 70th and Johnny's 56th birthdays.

The pack rode home on Monday while Marvin and Gloria were waiting for Richard to be discharged. Later that day, all of them being kicked out, Feuermans and Slobins came home in the chase truck. 1,100 miles in four days made it a leisurely trip; which made up for Richard making it somewhat stressful.

The brave souls who joined me on Bryce 2007 were Johnny Morino and Debbie Watson, Dave Malin, Mike Evans, Matt and Tomi Diaz, Richard and Bari, Marvin and Gloria, Ken and Natalie, Nappy and Toni, Rick Ardi, and Dennis Levine. Special thanks to Janet for organizing the whole ride, although she couldn't actually go. Hats off to Ken and Natalie, and Marvin and Gloria, who dropped out of the ride to stay by their friends in need. And, of course, wishes of a speedy recovery to Richard and Bari.



2007 Ride Schedule

Buca de Bepo Day Ride		
t/b/a, Cindy S.		Sat Oct 13
Yosemite Overnighter		
Denny's Roxford, 9a, James P.		Sat Oct 20 - Mon Oct 22
Ride for the Grapes Day Ride		
Woodlake Bowl, t/b/a, Marvin F.		Sat Oct 27
Progressive Breakfast		
t/b/a		Sun Nov 4
Petersen Museum Day Ride		
Solley's, 9:30a, Jerry S.		Sat Nov 17
Pioneer Town Day and Dinner Ride		
Solley's, 9a, Mike L.		Sat Dec 1
SCHRA Holiday Party		
t/b/a, 7p		Sat Dec 15
Ride Safe		
More to Come Soon!		

Extra Wind

Anyone looking for riding buddies or a group discount hotel rate on a planned ride *not* on SCHRA's 2007 Ride Schedule can network here by e-mailing the date and destination to editor@schra.org so other members can hook up with you. **These rides are not meant to compete with SCHRA rides** and, because these rides are **not** sanctioned SCHRA rides, there may **never** be a SCHRA Road Captain on any of them. However, if your calendar prevents you from attending all the SCHRA rides as scheduled, or you just need more wind in the face than the SCHRA 2007 Ride Schedule provides, then look here every month, and by all means feel free to submit whatever scheduled or "any time" itineraries your bike screams at you to take!

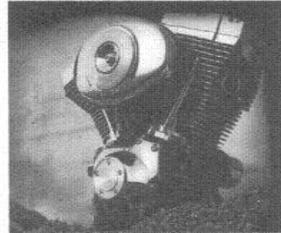
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* These rides may end up on the SCHRA 2007 Ride Schedule later in the year - then again, maybe not.

Jay Bennett

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SCHRA Ride Departure Locations:

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
16401 Delone St, Santa Clarita

Classified

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Membership Updates

Please welcome new members:

Richard Ardi	(res) (818) 706-9200
5699 Kanan Road, PMB 3	(cel) (818) 219-5000
Agoura Hills, CA 91301	richard@phatpig.com

Please note the following new e-mail address:

robdgot@aol.com (Bob Gottlieb)

Please note the following new address/telephone:

Bob Gottlieb
22321 Schoolcraft Street
Canoga Park, CA 91303

IMPORTANT NOTICE:

Be sure to contact editor@schra.org if any of your contact information changes.

Important Reminder:

**Calling all ghouls, goblins 'n' gremlins!
We'll be serving up all your favorites at the October meeting:
eye of newt and toe of frog, wool of bat and tongue of dog,
adder's fork and blind-worm's sting, lizard's leg and howlet's wing!**

Next Meeting:

7:00 pm - Thursday, October 11th, 2007

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
P.O. Box 662
Van Nuys, CA 91408



First Class Mail

TO:

**Anybody Anywhere
Somewhere
Someplace, CA 12345-6789**