



ROLLING THUNDER

April 2010

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In This Issue

President's Message

Pasta Michi Dinner Ride

Meet Your Member

Cold Springs Tavern

Pismo Overnighter

Activities—2010

Biker Funnies

2010 Ride Schedule

**SCHRA Ride Departure
Meeting Locations**

Officers

Classifieds

Membership Updates

Next Meeting

April 8

Thursday 7:00pm



President's Message

Mike Levison

President's Message - Why Harleys vs. RV's ?

A number of years ago, while I was earning a modest living as an apparel salesman traveling So. California, a new vehicle class came on the market with much success. It was the fully contained motorhome. Some salesmen even used them for work, displaying their samples in them as well as sleeping in them instead of motels. Not interested in doing that, I was intrigued and thought it would be a fun way to vacation with my family, which consisted of a wife, 4 year old son, 10 year old daughter and 2 dogs. Rental companies opened offering a variety of sizes at reasonable rates, so I was hooked. We were going to leisurely vacation in a motorhome, visiting the best places in California and Oregon, like Yosemite, San Francisco, Sequoia, Crater Lake, etc, photographing and enjoying all the abundant spectacular scenery with family togetherness.

Bringing home a 31 foot unit mid-Friday in July, we proceeded to load up our clothes, food and drinks, toys and games, some pots and pans, and even charcoal for our little "Hibachi" BBQ. Ruthann even included a rack of lamb we had been saving for a special occasion, and Manischewitz beet borscht and sour cream for a favorite summer treat. By 5PM we finally hit the road, and by 5:10 the kids were hungry and wanted McDonald's, so our first stop was on Ventura Blvd, only 6 miles from our house in Woodland Hills. It took a couple of hours to get out of the Valley.

After crossing the Ridge Route, I decided that with most of my days spent on the freeways rushing from store to store, I would take the country roads for a pleasant and relaxing change. The kids had fallen asleep, as had one dog, but the other one wouldn't stop trembling unless she nestled under my feet by the brake pedal. Though disappointed there wasn't any scenery to be seen on SR-65 to Visalia, as it was pitch black outside, I thought a cup of coffee would be a welcome and deserved benefit. I needed some



Pasta Michi
Lou Piano

and orders were taken for food.

The food was slow in coming but that was probably due to so many extra diners in the restaurant. Most people said the food was good and enjoyed the meal. The checks were slow in being delivered but we finally left around 9:00 pm.

The Levisons' had pre-invited us to their home for dessert and we gathered up and headed for their ranch. Some stopped

for gas and others got lost and by the time we had re-assembled at Mike and Ruthanns' there were only 11 people left to enjoy the rest of the evening, which we did.

After coffee and our fill of assorted pastries we left around 10:15pm and headed for home.

It was another successful dinner ride. Thanks to all who participated.

~~~###~~~

I had never even heard of Pasta Michi when I was elected to serve as road captain for this dinner ride. Dutifully, I notified the restaurant that I would like reservations for 12 folks for 3/27/10 @ 6:30pm.

Six (count 'em, 6) hearty bikers showed up at Millie's on Sepulveda for a comfortable ride over little Tujunga Canyon to Sand Canyon to Soledad Canyon to Magic Mountain Parkway to Pasta Michi's.

Once there, we met up with 17 intrepid club members who drove in their cages. Drinks were served for the 21 participants

**Six (count 'em, 6) hearty bikers showed up at Millie's**



## President's Message

*Mike Levison*

thing to take my mind off the infernal noise generated by the pots and pans, which rattled constantly.

Ruthann didn't think it a good idea, but I insisted, so she dutifully made me a cup of hot coffee in our mobile kitchen as we traveled towards Sequoia in the dark. As luck would have it, as soon as I took the first sip I hit a bump in the road, causing it to slosh over my lips and right thumb and scalding the hell out of me. That resulted in a dilemma most of us married guys have experienced at some time. I dare not instinctively scream out in pain for that would prove her right. Instead, I stifled all sound and complaint, pretending that I was being tortured in a Korean prison camp! Looking back, that was just a small sample and indicator of things to come. If smart, I would have turned around and gone home! But nobody said I was smart.....

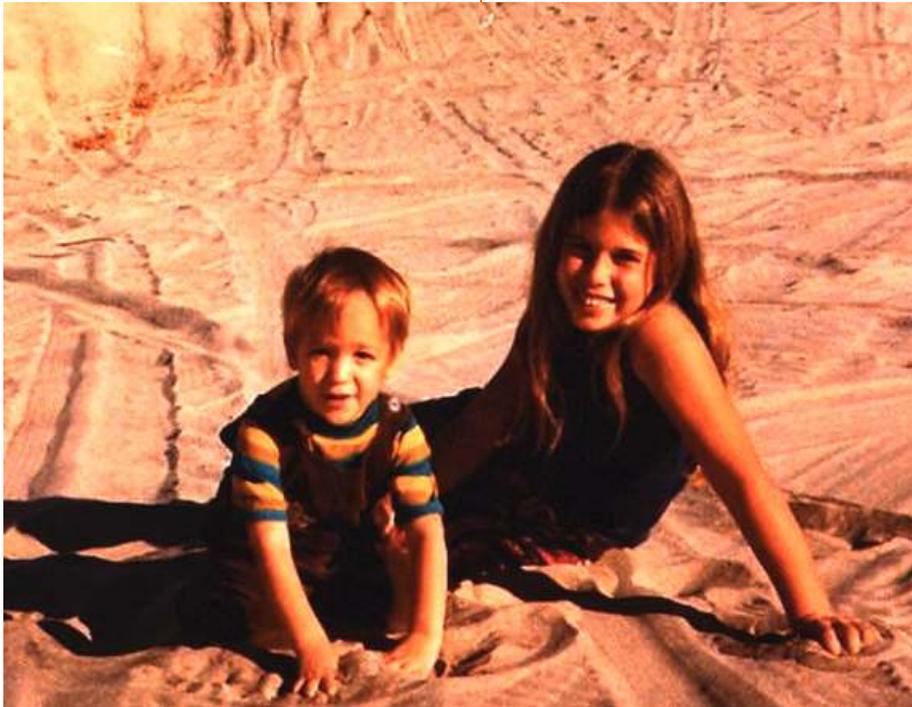
Driving into the foothills past Visalia, RA let out a scream causing me to pull over. She had meticulously put a whole bunch of supplies and stuff in a large cardboard carton, placing it on the floor of the little stall shower. Flushing the toilet, she watched the carton begin to float in several inches of foul smelling brown 'soup'. The bastards had obviously not emptied the sewage holding tank before giving me the vehicle. It was now after

9PM and we're driving on a dark narrow unfamiliar mountain road. What to do? I'd never seen, much less emptied a holding tank, but something needed to be done quickly.

I looked for a spot on the road where I could pull onto the right shoulder, and where there would be a substantial down slope for the forthcoming substance to drain out of sight. Shortly, the location I needed was found. I got out of the bus with a flashlight and lay on my stomach under the right side, assessing the mechanics involved. Finding a gate valve of some sort, I opened it with my free hand while holding the light in the other. Well, this fluid gushed out with a vengeance, covering my hand and arm to my elbow before reaching the ground, and much faster than I could move to avoid it. It is not an exaggeration to say that in retelling this story to Gary & Cathryn Kotler 15 years later, I could still smell that foul 'soup' on my right forearm!

By 11PM we had made our way into the campground, found an acceptable spot, and didn't notice the flat tire until the next morning. Getting that taken care of, we settled in to enjoy ourselves in the woods and play with the dogs. It was a quite warm day, so we turned on the air conditioner for additional comfort, only to have 3

strangers run into our campsite telling us we were not allowed to use our generator there. Nothing to do but comply, light our BBQ to cook our rack of lamb, and to gather some firewood. When we returned to our site 15 minutes later, our large heavy wooden picnic table was on fire. The fat from the slow broiling lamb had ignited and spilled onto the table. Fortunately, we returned in time to prevent a large forest fire or lose any trees, by throwing dirt and whatever on the table. The





## President's Message

*Mike Levison*

up my sinuses, but at the same time made me so sleepy I could hardly keep my eyes open. When we started down Highway One south of Eureka, I was falling asleep between sweeping turns in the narrow road. I told Ruthann she was going to have to drive if we were to survive. She had never driven anything like this

lamb tasted pretty gritty however!

Our next stop on this adventure was Yosemite. We've learned among many things that you want to save the best for last, for after Yosemite every place else is somewhat disappointing by comparison. En-route there, our beet borscht made an unexpected appearance, adding some more color to our trip. The built-in refrigerator was over a bank of drawers, into which I had placed my underwear, socks and tee-shirts. The vibration of the vehicle opened the door and the borscht fell into the top drawer, opening in the process. The sour cream landed on the floor for a nice slippery white finish, which we were able to clean up acceptably. My Jockey underwear however became a very pretty feminine indelible pink, never to be considered white again, and which I did my best to hide from prying eyes.

For me, this trip was turning out to be a lot less enjoyable than anticipated. I was soon unhappily referring to myself as Ralph Kramden, Jackie Gleason's famous bus driving character, while I drove this big clumsy rattling motorhome 10 hours daily. Ruthann seemed to be continuously turning the kitchen table into a bed for the kids, or the reverse. Coco the dog never did stop trembling when we were underway, and we never thought to stop at a vets to get her a tranquilizer. The kids were loving it all and having a great time, while RA and I exchanged frequent "what have we gone and done?" looks!

The scenery was as beautiful as expected, but stopping on quiet country roads to spend each night was not exactly relaxing for us. Making matters worse, after visiting Crater Lake and heading south, I came down with a doozy of a head cold. We stopped at a pharmacy where I bought the cold remedy popular at the time, Contac. It did a good job of drying



vehicle, or anything larger than her Chevy. The road we were on was ridiculous, but I flopped down on the bed in the back, not very confident of waking up.

We made it safely to our friends in Berkeley, and experienced the challenge of negotiating the crowded little streets of San Francisco in this, by then detested motorhome. When finally getting back to Woodland Hills, the elation and relief RA, Coco and myself felt was more than substantial; similar to that of a small lottery winner. Our ideal vacation had not been a 2 week nightmare, but more a long bad dream. It did provide lots of cocktail conversation and laughs after the fact however. One unintended consequence was a friend who planned a similar motorhome trip, canceled his reservation after hearing my story. He switched to a houseboat trip on the Sacramento River. Honest to God, an hour after leaving the dock his boat caught on fire! This is why we love our Harley!

## Meet Your Member

### *Sumbudy*

Our memorable member to meet this month is unique in many ways. Read on and Sumbudy will describe a few to satisfy your expanding curiosity. A California native hailing from the San Diego area; child of a career Navy Chief Gunners Mate; an individual long on self-discipline enough to exercise regularly and eat properly in order to maintain less than high school weight; the only SCHRA member Sumbudy knows to have successfully climbed Mt. Whitney; and the person whose looks are responsible for a stranger describing our club: “Their trophy wives are in their sixties”!

By now you might realize we are talking about our club’s present Historian and super-active participant, Judy (I call her “Fifi”) Mammano Bruce. A post-war baby born on Oct 9th in the San Diego Naval Hospital, she is pure Sicilian. On a recent trip to Italy and looking up family, they found over 100 direct relatives. As a result, both she and husband Jerry ‘JB’ took lessons and learned to speak Italian.

During the war in the Pacific, her father was serving on the aircraft carrier USS Hornet, base for the Doolittle Raiders that bombed Tokyo. In retaliation, they were attacked by kamikaze planes, causing great damage and leaving Dad in the ocean waiting for rescue. Surviving WWII,

the family evolved with 3 daughters, the oldest one now deceased, and the other residing in Santa Barbara.

Judy graduated Mt Miguel H.S. in ‘64, and San Diego State in ‘69 with a BS Degree in Information Systems Management, (whatever the hell that is). She now has the professional designation letters C.L.U., CH Fc after her name. While in school she worked for John Hancock Ins as a secretary and was a very serious student. Upon graduating, it was over to IBM as a marketing support rep for 6+ years, then on to INA Life for 4 years as an executive sec’y, and then to Lincoln, Connecticut General and Signa as a Financial Advisor.

She became socially active (draw your own conclusions) as a single woman, and found a boyfriend of 4 years duration who brought out her hidden athleticism. She not only played lots of tennis, but found herself doing long distance bicycling, skiing, hiking and backpacking. Sadly, on a 100 mile bike ride, she couldn’t get past mile 96. But she was successful on the 2 day climb of America’s highest hill, Mt Whitney. Unfortunately, she managed to blow out a knee on the tennis court, causing substantial discomfort up to the present.



JB met Fifi while giving a guest lecture at her firm in San Diego in ‘79. They started dating after his divorce in ‘82, and she proudly admits having designs on him from the start. He scored 9 out of 10 on her list of desirable characteristics. Sumbudy forgot to ask which was the one he failed! She considers their marriage in ‘83 the very best “closing” in her ca-

reer. They maintained separate professional practices for years after marriage, but finally merged them 12 years ago.

By logical choice she says after investigating thoroughly, Judy converted to Judaism. She took to it naturally and has become another in an historically long line of well organized, competent, authoritative, fussy and demanding Jewish Ladies!

Sumbudy just watching their lifestyle from a pretty close distance finds that tiring in itself. They World travel extensively and have visited almost every country you can think of. They used to white water river raft extensively, and group square danced for 11 years. Thanks to Mitch Pullman met dancing, they have replaced that with SCHRA involvement since '06, planning and participating on most of our club trips and events. JB, with Judy's encouragement went out and bought a Harley just so they could join SCHRA! During spare moments they organize, plan and pull-off business, school, and family reunions. If you look up 'dynamic couple' in the dictionary, you are apt to find a picture of the Bruce's!

While favorite long trips with SCHRA were Lost Coast and JB's Big Adventure to Utah, they are



difficult to differentiate as they love them all and planned many. A bad one came to mind quickly. It was only last June on our Big Bear weekend. En route, we ran into some unexpected freezing weather climbing up the mountain. Fifi's electric Gerbings stopped working, much to her extreme discomfort. At least her iPod kept providing the constant music she is heavily dependant on! We do live in a high-tech world! The short trips we take to Paso Robles and Cambria are theirs and everyone's favorites.

Our club is so much the better since the Bruce's became an integral part! It is with pride and appreciation for all that she is and does, Sumbudy says: Meet Your Member and SCHRA Historian: Ms Judith Bruce, CLU, CH Fc.....

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## Product Corner

*Ron Lynn*

Forget About It!

It's Tax Season!!!

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

*~~~ ### ~~~*



## Cold Springs Tavern

*Mitch Pullman*

### COLD SPRINGS TAVERN... ...AND A LOT MORE

**H**ow does a road captain make a one-day ride feel like a week? ...By taking every friggin direction possible and not missing anything on the way. On Sunday, March 21, some 16 brave bikers on 11 Hogs, casually met at the Woodlake Bowl. That was the leisurely part.

From there we rode through Calabasas, Malibu Canyon, Mulholland Hi-way and up Kanan Road, to what was supposed to be the “surprise” part of the itinerary, a visit to the Malibu Winery.

To my surprise, the winery does not open until 11:00AM...as opposed to the 10:00AM that was previously confirmed (but that is another story). Not knowing what to do, my resourceful passenger climbed over the winery fence and convinced a groundskeeper to open the gate.

The grounds were lovely and inviting, but our visit was cut short when the lady-manager showed up and not-so-politely asked us to “get our butts out” as their liability insurance is only effective during normal visitor hours.

We then retreated to our bikes, all of which were precariously parked by the side of the hi-way (in a drainage ditch) which was apparently equally inhospitable (2 bikes went down while trying to maneuver out of the ditch). Fortunately, nobody was hurt and the bikes were fine; names not important.

From there we continued down Encinal Canyon to PCH, north past Neptune’s Net, on to 101 Freeway and then up the coast for our traditional “pee-break” at Santa Monica Rd., and then through Santa Barbara and San Marcos Pass.

If you have not been to Cold Springs Tavern, you are missing a 120-year old Wells Fargo Stagecoach Stop, which has tons of history and charm. We were seated in a private dining room with real kerosene lamps and wood-burning fireplace. The generous food portions were great and we had lots of laughs and camaraderie.

Upon leaving the restaurant, it was as if we were suddenly transported to a mini-Sturgis. The area was crowded with guys, gals, bikes, beer, food and live music. I am told that this condition is repeated virtually every weekend throughout the year by riders from near and far (I’d love to own such a place).

Leaving by way of Stagecoach Rd., we drove under the impressive “Arch Bridge” then followed the road back to San Marcos Pass, where we then rode over the Arch Bridge and then back down to Santa Barbara. As the 101 Freeway was crowded (no shit Sherlock) we decided to return home by way of State Hi-way 150 and then through Ojai.

At that point some of the bikes started to disperse, but a small group continued together and returned home on Hi-way 23. Sadly we said our good-bye’s after having spent many hours together in the saddle. Hopefully a good time was had by all.

Best of all, this was a safe trip. Finally, I want to thank those members who were good enough to call me afterwards, confirming what a great ride we had. As a road captain, it is nice to hear that our planning is appreciated.



## Pismo Beach

*Cindy Stern*

### PISMO BEACH .....

#### On Not Too Many Clams

In the quest for some new, sexy overnighter destinations, Pismo Beach was added to the club calendar for the first time. The first date in February was rained out, and I for one am now glad it happened. The scenery difference between February and March was significant. When summer comes and all the hills are brown, I'll just remember this weekend to bring back memories of California doing its best imitation of the Irish countryside.

The turnout was awesome. Twelve bikes and two trikes equaled 23 people. After a seventy mile first leg on the freeway and a brief comfort stop at Carpinteria, we jumped back on the 101 for the "official" start of the ride, heading up to San Marcos Pass for twisties on two-laners. Flowers covered the hills, and horses with babies napped in the meadows basking in the bright sunshine. It was a little cool, but who could care. Turning west on the 246 we wound through the towns of Solvang and Buellton, emerging west of the 101 into wide vistas of the Santa Rita Wine Region. Thus enchanted, we made our way into Lompoc for one of the lunch finds of the year, Sissy's Uptown Café. I've never eaten anything but Mexican food in Lompoc and since Richard was not yet released to ride, we did not observe the Saturday Mexican lunch tradition. To find a café in Lompoc that could almost qualify as gourmet was unheard of. And another unheard of event in a group this size, I did not hear one complaint about the food, service or price!

Another hour of rolling hills and fragrant eucalyptus groves brought us to Pismo Beach after passing the evening's theater on the way and finding that the Monarch butterflies, like Elvis, had left

the building. So we checked in, dropped our junk, and headed into town for a little sightseeing on the hoof. We stayed at the Sea Crest Resort, situated a scant mile north of the pier, which was built on a bluff with access to the beach. What a view of Pismo Beach and beyond!

Reassembling the group for the evening we headed out to Margie's Rock and Roll Diner. This is two train cars pushed together to form a restaurant that serves conventional diner fare plus Greek food. Both were quite good and the portions were on the generous side. With full tummies, we headed down the road to "the theater". Ron Lynn had told me about this long-time local place called "The Great American Melodrama and Vaudeville Theater". Since everyone had fun, I would like to thank him for suggesting this offbeat experience. For those who have been to the Amargosa Opera House, this ranked behind in "corny" and way ahead in "production value". We saw a play, patterned after the old vaudeville plays of the early twentieth century, called "Lumberjacks in Love". You had to be there. We laughed! we cried! we gasped! when the mail order bride arrived. Ok, enough, but you get the picture. Then a Vegas style musical revue, after which we beelined back to the hotel.

Sunday morning in our typical fashion, we departed at various times and in various directions after visiting the famous Cinnamon Roll Bakery just down the street from the hotel. The main group headed home via the 166 east to Cuyama Valley, then south on the 33 and through Lockwood Valley Road. Sorry, Jack, about making you ride through the flood and causing you so much undercarriage cleaning time on your trike! Wasn't thinking... But we all arrived safely home after having a wildly fun weekend which I would do again in a heartbeat. After passing Pismo Beach for so many years on my way to Cambria or Paso Robles, I believe I've found a new favorite weekend getaway. Thanks to Jerry Bruce for putting this ride on the calendar. I hope it becomes a new annual tradition. And I give a big shout-out to all the hardy souls who came on the ride because everyone added much to a weekend packed with fun for all.



## Coming Activities

*JB Activities Chairman*

# ACTIVITIES - 2010

The rainy weather has taken a hike, allowing for us to finally catch-up on a number of previously cancelled rides. After being house-bound for so many weeks, it is startling to see the number of members who participated in events during the last half of March.

With a little more luck, here are some things we're going to be doing in April and May:

### **April 3 (Sat) - Laguna Beach Day Ride - 9:30AM - Solley's (Jerry S.)**

This is another event which required postponement because of wet weather. The benefit for us is that the days are now longer and the temps are warmer. We're scheduled for a great lunch at one of Laguna's oldest and finest eateries; and let's not forget the ocean view. Lot's of "eye candy" expected at the beach and also along PCH.

### **April 8 (Thu) - Monthly meeting of members and would-be comedians**

The pie place. Love those free wine refills.

### **April 10 & 11 - (Sat & Sun) - Old Town San Diego - 9:00AM - Solley's (Mitch)**

We're staying at Best Western Hacienda; right in Old Town. Call the motel and ask to have one of Pullman's Rooms switched into your name. Also, there is a park-for-fee structure adjacent the facility, but I am told there is also a 24-hour a day "free" lot, just across the street. It's up to you.

### **April 18 (Sun) - Tehachapi Lunch Ride - 9:30AM - Millies (Ron)**

Tax season will just have ended, and Ron has sooooo been looking forward to this event. He'll probably be exhausted from work, but he does so miss his "street sweeper."

**April 24 (Sat) – Dinner Ride to Agoura (Agoura??!) – 5:00PM – Woodlake (Richard)**

This, seriously, is going to be a treat. I know it ain't far, but Richard is likely to drag our sorry a\_\_'s through the hills before alighting on the delightful Adobe Cantina. Pick either Mexican or BBQ. What could be better than that, and "al-fresco" too.

**May 8 (Sat) – Lunch Ride to Wrightwood – 9:30 – Millie's (Jerry S.)**

It has been a while since we've visited this delightful mountain community, and we figured that the weather ought to be clear and comfortable. I can't recall the name of the place where we ate lunch last time, but do remember the monster helpings piled on each plate. Mike L. recommends the chicken-fried steak!

**May 13 (Thu) – Monthly Meeting**

Whaddya mean; I *love* going to Van Nuys 11 times each year.

**May 15 & 16 (Sat & Sun) – Kernville Overnighter – 9:00AM – Millie's (Richard)**

OK, pep-talk time. This is the event where we are going to be joined by our friends from River City Harley Riders, a Sacramento Club whose membership and love-of-riding matches our own. We're gonna get together with them for drinks and a dinner banquet at a local steak place. They will have about 15 members present and we should endeavor to do the same.

**May 22 thru 29 (Sat thru Sat) – JB's Excellent Adventure – 7:30 – Denny's @ Sand Canyon (JB)**

This is the big'un; 8 days, 7 nights. "To Hell You Ride." That was the name the miners originally gave to the current fabulous ski-town of Telluride, CO.; one of the many stops on this Arizona, Colorado, Utah extravaganza. Those who signed-up know who you are. Those who didn't can look ahead to 2011 for the next week-long edition, temporarily dubbed "Points North."

**May 23 (Sat) – Guide Dogs of America –Special Event**

Don't know the details as yet, but this is for those who are not on JB's E/A.

Ciao for now.

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Biker Funnies

A cowboy appeared before St. Peter at the Pearly Gates. 'Have you ever done anything of particular merit?' St. Peter asked. 'Well, I can think of



one thing,' the cowboy offered.

'On a trip to the Black Hills out in South Dakota, I came upon a gang of bikers who were threatening a young woman. I directed them to leave her alone, but they

wouldn't listen. So, I approached the largest and most tattooed biker and smacked him in the face, kicked his bike over, ripped out his nose ring, and threw it on the ground. I yelled, 'Now, back off or I'll kick the s - - t out of all of you!' St. Peter was impressed, 'When did this happen?' 'Couple of minutes ago.

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Bob works hard at the office but spends two nights each week bowling, and plays golf every Saturday.

His wife thinks he's pushing himself too hard, so for his birthday she takes him to a local strip club.

The doorman at the club greets them and says, 'Hey, Bob! How ya doin?'

His wife is puzzled and asks if he's been to this club before.

'Oh no,' says Bob. 'He's in my bowling league.'

When they are seated, a waitress asks Bob if he'd like his usual and brings over a Budweiser.

His wife is becoming increasingly uncomfortable and says, 'How did she know that you drink Budweiser?'

'I recognize her, she's the waitress from the golf club.'

'I always have a Bud at the end of the 1st nine, honey.'

A stripper then comes over to their table, throws her arms around Bob, starts to rub herself all over him and says,

'Hi Bobby. Want your usual table dance, big boy?'

Bob's wife, now furious, grabs her purse and storms out of the club.

Bob follows and spots her getting into a cab.

Before she can slam the door, he jumps in beside her.

Bob tries desperately to explain how the stripper must have mistaken him for someone else, but his wife is having none of it.

She is screaming at him at the top of her lungs, calling him every 4 letter word in the book.

The cabby turns around and says, 'Geez Bob, you picked up a real bitch this time.'

*BOB's funeral will be on Friday.*

## 2010 Ride Schedule

| Destination                             | Date(s)/Day(s)        | Meeting Place       | Time    | Ride Captain |
|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|---------|--------------|
| Monthly Meeting                         | Apr. 8                | Four 'n Twenty Pies | 7:00 pm |              |
| San Diego—Overnighter                   | Apr. 10-11, Sat.-Sun. | Solley's            | 9:00 am | Mitch P.     |
| Tehachapi—Lunch Ride                    | Apr. 18. Sun.         | Millie's            | 9:30 am | Ron L.       |
| Adobe Cantina—Dinner Ride               | Apr. 24, Sat.         | Woodlake Bowl       | 5:00 pm | Richard      |
| Wrightwood—Lunch Ride                   | May 8, Sat.           | Millie's            | 9:30 am | Jerry S.     |
| Monthly Meeting                         | May 13                | Four 'n Twenty Pies | 7:00 pm |              |
| Kernville—Overnighter                   | May 15, Sat.-Sun.     | Millie's            | 9:00 am | Richard      |
| JB's Great Adventure                    | May 22-30             | Filled              |         | JB           |
| Guide Dogs of America Poker Run & Lunch | May 23, Sun.          | TBA                 |         |              |
| Calico Ghost Town—Day Ride              | June 6, Sun.          | Millie's            | 9:00 am | Lou          |
| Monthly Meeting                         | June 10               | Four 'n Twenty Pies | 7:00 pm |              |

Go to [SCHRA.ORG](http://SCHRA.ORG) for complete list.

### 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. Usually includes lunch and sex.

### SCHRA Road Captains

|                 |                            |
|-----------------|----------------------------|
| Jerry Bruce     | Lou Piano                  |
| Marvin Feuerman | Mitch Pullman              |
| Mike Levison    | Richard Slobin<br>(Sr. RC) |
| Ron Lynn        | Cindy Stern                |
| Dave Malin      | Jerry Stern                |

### 2010 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 | Richard Slobin | 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

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

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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.

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