



ROLLING THUNDER

April 2015

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Contents

President's Message

Watt's Towers Lunch

Arizona Bike Week

Last Ride Ever

Upcoming Events

The Saturday Report

Safety Report

SCHRA Boutique

Officers, Road Captains,
Event Calendar and other
SCHRA Errata

Classifieds

Next Meeting:

April 9, 2015

**Publishing Deadline for
May Rolling Thunder is April
29, 6:23 pm.**



President's Message

Lou Piano

So, there I was driving up Roscoe blvd. and I was behind another slow driver in the left lane. I couldn't change lanes because the guy in the right lane didn't give me enough room to pass. They kept moving ahead then behind one another keeping me penned in behind them going slower than I wanted. Then the guy in the right lane turned right and I finally changed lanes to pass and suddenly someone way ahead in the right lane came to a halt so he could back into a parking space along the curb. So I switched lanes again to pass when the guy I was originally following started to slow down even more. By the time I realized what was going on someone on the right was closing the gap so I couldn't change lanes again. Now the original guy started to pull to the left like he was going to turn left into a parking lot. So, naturally, I moved to the right lane again and

got behind another slow moving car. Before I could change back to the left lane the original had given up his plan to turn left and sped up. As he was now going the fastest I changed lanes again and saw Reseda blvd. coming up and I was going to turn left and finally pass the original car. Ha! You kidding? He was turning left too!

So we turned left and Reseda blvd. was clear as far as I could see. Wait, there was some road construction on the left so we all had to crowd into the right lane. Yup, still behind guy #1. It took another 1/2 mile before I could finally pass him. There's a lesson here I told myself at the time but I still don't know what it is?

Guess I'll just have to be patient until I figure it out.

'Til next month, ride a lot and ride safe.

Ed

RT



Watts Towers & Lunch

JB- R/C

Hospitality & Culture Found In Charming Watts Neighborhood

By JB - Road Captain

I must admit to at least a little trepidation while contemplating and planning this mini-adventure. Suffice to say the ride-plan passed muster and the date was set.

Despite any misgivings I may have had, the event attracted six hungry and culture-starved gentlemen and ladies of SCHRA. Our plan was to drive (by freeway) to South Central and do a quick drive-by of Watts Towers while on our way to lunch. The restaurant, Watts Coffee House, is but 3 or 4 blocks away yet we could not find it without asking two passers-by and even then could not figure out how to access its fenced parking lot. (My, how that trike can U-turn on a dime!)

Finally ensconced in the restaurant, it seemed like we had entered the rabbit hole and were now seated in a 1950's diner where everyone was black but us. But no matter. We were treated courteously and made quick friends with our waitress and also the restaurant's owner, Desiree. (Look in the website photo albums for photos of our new best friends.) <or see pic to right -ed>

The menu was eclectic and offered just about everything you'd expect to find in a diner located in the Deep South. The menu offered either breakfast or lunch and the prices were exceptionally reasonable. Best of all, the food was very well prepared and delicious. Watts Coffee House is now my most favorite restaurant in Watts!

After lunch we continued with more photos out on the parking lot, with Desiree doing the camera duties for her own Facebook Website. If you can access Facebook, enter the restaurant name and you may be able to see us!

Because of our earlier drive-by of the Towers, we knew exactly how to drive back the few blocks, where we easily found street parking (it's a residential neighbor-

hood) but the Towers and adjacent Watts Art Center, and John Outterbridge Plaza are now part of the Simon Rodia State Historical Park.

Rodia, alternatively called Sabato, Simon, or Sam, was an Italian Immigrant who settled in the Watts area in the 1920's. His magnificent creations took some 34 years to build and he was in his late 70's while still completing his work, without the benefit of scaffolding, power tools, welding equipment, bolts, drawing board and without the help of anyone.

When Rodia died in 1965 a memorial was held at the sight of his greatest accomplishment. Three weeks later on August 10, 1965 the Watts Riots broke out engulfing much of South Central with horrific fires and devastating damage. Rodia's masterpiece was left totally untouched by the rioters.

Our visit to the actual site was preceded by a short film about Rodia's life and contained many scenes of him doing the intricate tile-work which is such a prominent feature of the 17 towers on the small triangular site. Following the film, our docent, Howard, took us onto and into the actual site, enabling us to walk among the sculptures and see Rodia's house and handy-work close-up.



Judging from the enthusiasm of our small group of six, we will think of a return visit in the future, as we were all delighted with the wonderful Soul-Food produced by Desiree and her crew at Watts Coffee House. The Watts Neighborhood is quite old but also quite charming in its own LA kind-of-way. Our sense is that we were among friends.



Arizona Bike Week: The Good, the Bad, the Unexpected!

By JB: Co-RC

Let's go back to Saturday, March 28 at 4:40 PM. I'm barely hanging on to the trike and have just pulled-up in my driveway. My ass is screaming, my bladder is full, and my arms are charred from the sun. It's been some 9-hours, 40-minutes since Lou, Duane, Pauline, and I drove out of the parking lot of Scottsdale, AZ Hampton Inn. The temperature then was a balmy mid-70's but we knew it wouldn't last. We're heading home after a spectacular week of rides, scenery, restaurants, shopping, and camaraderie. Now, I need some sleep, but there are stories to be told, deadlines to be met, and a week's worth of dirty laundry to be sorted.



We begin. Departure was Sunday, March 22, and our launch-point was Sand Canyon. Lou was in the RC spot. We made our way up I-14, blew by Victorville and Barstow, and began our trek across the Mojave, courtesy of I-40. Just short of Needles (Needless??) we transitioned to River Road and

were soon doing check-in chores at Harrah's Laughlin. Food here is good, but we avoid the pricey Mexican Restaurant.

Next day, Monday, I wore the RC-hat as we crossed the river into Arizona and made our way to Kingman, for access to the Mother Road - Old Route 66. After the requisite stop at the Hackberry General Store, we continued on 66 to the small burg of Seligman where we lunched at a classy restaurant, the Road-Kill Café; their motto - "you kill it, we grill it."

Continuing eastward to Ash Fork, we turn south on SR 89 past Chino Valley and then east on SR 89A, navigating the tight-twists of Mingus Mountain and down into the ghost-town of Jerome. I can still remember the glory days of dilapidated empty buildings, and sleazy little eateries. But no more. Jerome is now the home of countless wine bars, "Gucci" restaurants, ladies clothing stores and tacky jewelry shops. Bad news or sad news; either way, no more Jerome for me.

Next, a short ride down Cleopatra Hill to Cottonwood and the BW Cottonwood Inn. Followed up on a great tip from a fellow traveler we encountered in Seligman: he recommended dinner at Tavern Grill in Old Town Cottonwood. I didn't even know Cottonwood had an old town. It does, and we did; the dinner was great. We had a 4-way share of a brownie for desert. Exquisite!

Next day, Tuesday, and Duane's turn to RC but I continued at the helm long enough to maneuver everyone through Sedona for visits to Tlaquepaque and then to The Chapel of the Holy Cross. This well-visited little chapel is built into the rocks and is surrounded by magnificent outcroppings of the Magollon Rim; the rift from millions of years ago when the earth burped and part of the high desert slipped and created Red Rock Canyon and the surrounding monoliths. Breathtaking and outstanding.

With Duane finally out front, we went south on I-17 to Camp Verde and then east across the high country (7000 ft.) to the "retirement town" of Payson. Following lunch at Chili's we continued south on "The Beeline - Scenic Highway." As we descended from the high desert to the low, the weather began to warm and the population began to increase. Our next challenge was to insert ourselves into the greater Phoenix metropolis of endless freeways and loop-roads. Phoenix easily competes with Los Angeles in the category of "stop & go." Bad!

Following our arrival, we met up with Lee and Anita and their cousins Murray and Adrienne, escapees from Toronto winters by migrating to Arizona every March. After enjoying the nightly hors d'oeuvres at the Hampton Inn, we decided to visit one of the many fine restaurants located just a short walk from the hotel. Following dinner we returned to the hotel lounge where the fresh cookies and hot coffee was available to accompany our schmoozing and story-telling.

A quick revelation: discovered that Lou is a real cookie-monster. He might skip a meal now and then but now I know how he gains his sustenance. Also, having roomed with him for a week, I want to clear up some false information about my roommate. I'm pleased to inform you that he really does have cold feet!



Wednesday, March 25, and the official AZ Bike Week was to begin at the nearby WestWorld Convention Complex. Unfortunately when we arrived at 10:20 AM only to realize that the event was not scheduled to open until 12:00 noon. Two hours later we were back again and thrilled to pay the offensive \$22 entry fee (for just one day) instead of \$60 per person for the entire 5-days of vendors, trick-riding, and nightly rock concerts.



The WestWorld complex is huge and it's best to have good walking shoes. Despite the fact that this is a world-class exhibition facility, the rally venue is 100% out-of-doors and exposed to the weather. After parking our vehicles (another \$5 charge by greedy sponsors) we walked the equivalent of about three blocks, just to get to the main vendor area. Oh, and let's not forget to mention the undignified purse-search and interrogation by the security goons.

Once at the vendor area, it was necessary to do a lot of walking, there being no simple or sensible way to begin at point "A" and finally end at point "B." As in previous rallies, we found the usual cheap leather vests and lots of T-shirts. Of course there were lots of parts and mechanical

accessories available for sale and/or for immediate installation. We walked, and we walked, and we walked.

Finally it was time to alleviate the gnawing feeling in my gut so I sauntered over to the food-truck farm to check menus. Because we were a captive-audience we had no choice but to pay \$2 for water or \$3 for soft drinks. I ordered an Italian Sausage on a skimpy bun and was gouged \$10 for my effort. There were some large shade-tents nearby where tables and chairs were available, but because of the possible risk of a "table-charge" I chose to stand and eat! After a couple of hours we had seen all there was to see, as none of the dare-devil acts or musical groups were performing, so, disappointed in our \$22 investment we chose to return to the hotel, take a dip in the pool, enjoy some free hors d'oeuvres and then head out for dinner.

The following day, Thursday, we drove south to Old Town Scottsdale to check-out the Western and Indian shops. Saw some nice stuff but a lot is just cheesy tourist-junk. Had lunch at a nice Italian sandwich shop called Capriotti's. After lunch we drove north for a look-see in the neighboring towns of Carefree and Cave Creek. Stopped briefly to check out the facilities at the world class Boulders Resort. Ah, desert living!



The best part of the day was when we arrived in Cave Creek. This is a little funky (but upscale) western town which puts on its own rally, separate from the official AZ Bike Week. Their venue is in an area where several large saloons (biker-bars, watering holes, etc.) are within just minutes' walk from one another. At last, some real action, with people-watching as a main attraction. The bars were packed and the music was loud. It was a real happening! Beverage and food prices were low-normal and soft-drink refills were free. Good; very good!

What impressed me the most about the Cave Creek Rally were the vendors. Unlike at West-

World, the number of vendors were fewer in number, but made up for it by offering up-scale products and far more entertainment of interest to real aficionados of the sport; far more excitement than at the rather sedate WestWorld. Of particular interest were the customized bikes with huge front-wheels and with rear fenders practically touching the ground. Everything about this venue was up-beat and even the guys hanging around the Hell's Angels promotion booth tried to be nice and didn't kill anybody while we were there.

In my mind, the WestWorld rally was too much like all the others we have attended. If I were to return to Arizona again, I would head straight for Cave Creek. It was fun, charming, and cheap. The music and the top-notch vendors are the very reason we drive 400+ miles. In a word, it was totally unexpected!

On our last full day in Arizona, our entire entourage of nine, went on a 200-mile ride (some by bike and some by car) to visit the mining town of Globe and enjoy a fine Mexican lunch. For this event, I invited a friend to join me on the trike. Pauline Camenos is an 8th generation Californian who I knew from business. She now lives and works in Scottsdale and when I am in the area I always try to include her in our plans. On this day she sat in the passenger seat for all 200 miles of our visit to Globe and some of the other nearby mining towns. Check-out the photo album on our website and the person sitting behind me is Pauline. Strange having two ladies with the same first name sitting together at the dinner table.

Time to go home. It is 8:00 AM on Saturday, March 28, and we are back to our original four riders. We are wearing T-shirts and the sun-block has been used unsparingly. Now, it's time to face the 433-miles which lie between here and home. By mutual agreement, we try to keep speed to no more than 70 MPH with only short spurts above 70 when overtaking a slower vehicle. The ride back went surprisingly quickly and the ninety-plus degree heat didn't actually show up until we



reached Indio. After stopping for lunch at a truck-stop, we made it to Banning, where the temps had already dipped comfortably into the high eighties.

Thanks to everyone who attended this 7-day event. We were few in number but the enthusiasm and cooperation and great memories is just another reminder of why we do what we do.





Last Ride Ever

Lou Piano - Co-Road Captain for AZ

Oh, so what's all the happy crap talk about Arizona Bike Week? What the hell happened to all the 'events'.

We checked into the hotel in the middle of Scottsdale and didn't see another real bike for 2 days. Oh, wait, I don't want to forget about the circuitous route we took to get there. Yeah, yeah, yeah, I led the route up the first day and as we approached downtown Laughlin I lost my group. Apparently they wanted to go the 'back way' to the hotel rather than drive through beautiful downtown Laughlin. Fine, I mean whatever!

So, after a less than memorable in Harrah's (don't even ask about the \$19.00 buffet which we didn't go to) we headed to route 66 and to Hackberry. I mean, what the hell kinda name is that for a place? And guess what? There's nothing there but a rundown little shop trying to sell unsuspecting tourists junk from the '50's. Not to mention 3 or 4 acres of rusty junk.

Then on to Jerome. What kind of name is that for a town? Jerome! Anyway, this was supposed to be a ghost town. GHOST TOWN - are you f..... Kiddin' me? A bunch of crappy old rickety buildings and when you walk inside you discover they are art tourist traps or wine tasting 'boutiques'. Really? Oh, did I mention the \$8000.00 kaleidoscope? Yes, really! Then on to Cottonwood for the night. I never saw a piece of cotton. Where did they get that made up name?

Tuesday morning we get up with a plan to go to Scottsdale - finally. But wait. Wayne and Pauline have never been to Sedona. Like I care, but nooooo. JB decides to change the entire route just to pander to those crybabies. Whaaaa, we haven't been to Sedona.....

So off we go to Sedona. Not like anybody asked me what I wanted to do. Well we finally get to Sedona and yeah, yeah, yeah, it's pretty and everything but then JB says "hey, I got a great Ideai! Let's go to Tlakapikypacky or some damn

place. It's another artsy fartsy place. GREAT! \$15,000.00 paintings done by grade schoolers. They forced me to walk in to every store and gawk at every piece of overpriced 'art' thing they could find. They looked at everything and said 'ooh' and 'aah' while I was gagging. I thought we were never going to leave and that they would have to bury me there. Someone probably would have put a \$100,000.00 price tag on my coffin with my bike on top. My heart rate didn't get back to normal 'til we were 10 miles out of town.

We finally got to Scottsdale and discovered that the event didn't start until Thursday and we had to pay \$22.00 to see vendors. Wow was that a treat (please read lots of sarcasm into that). Another bunch of beer kiosks and cheap leather booths and overpriced stuff to clean and polish your bike that you can get at Pep Boys or Walmart for 1/2 the price.

Cave creek was okay but it was still more loud music and beer. Did I mention that this whole time I had to share a room with JB? Did you ever share a room with JB? Poor Judy! I mean he went to the front desk just because the poor overworked maid forgot to leave a fresh shampoo bottle. He intimidated them into giving us a big box of hotel extras. It happened again and he demanded that they reduce the room rate per their note that they aim to please. I was so embarrassed!

And he forced us to go to the same restaurant 2 nights in a row so he could get some kind of fish clamshell garlic something-or-other.

Don't even ask about the same old company day after day after day. Oh, gawd!!!

The ride back was more like a forced march than a pleasant ride home. Over 400 miles in 8 1/2 hours. It was grueling!

So, I'm done riding forever. No more long weeks in the saddle. No more boring overnighters far far away. No more hot desolate venues with nothing to do at night. No more - ever. Bye!



Upcoming Events

JB - Activities Chairperson

Upcoming Events: "April" & "May" 2015

By JB: Activities Chairperson

The Arizona Bike Week event in Scottsdale ended its five-day run on Sunday, March 29. A total of six SCHRA members attended and included Lou P., JB, Duane & Pauline H., and Lee & Anita B. Reaction was mixed due to many factors. You'll find details in another more comprehensive article in this issue of Rolling Thunder.

Arizona continues to be a great state in which to ride. Plans are already in the works for a week-long return in March 2016. The plan is to return to the Scottsdale area for at least one full day to attend the annual mini-rally held in Cave Creek, and which elicited much more interest from our members than the larger traditional event held at the Scottsdale WestWorld Conference & Exhibition Center.

Now, feast-your-peepers on what's coming up in the next two months.

APRIL

Saturday 4/11 thru Monday 4/13 - Joshua Tree N. P.: CS. 9:00 AM, Millies

Since its designation to National Park status, there has been increased interest not only in the park itself, but also in the surrounding high desert communities including 29 Palms. Also keep in mind that a visit to Pappy & Harriett's Restaurant is a strong likelihood because of its proximity to our travel route. Anyone not already holding a reservation should contact Cindy directly, as she is personally booking all rooms at our favorite 1940's-era travel court. Bring your swimsuits.

Sunday 4/26 - Annual Progressive Breakfast: JS, 8:00 AM, Kanan (McDonalds)

Without doubt, the Progressive Breakfast is one of the most popular social-activities on our Events Calendar. This year we will return to the original format of 3-stops; Stop #1 for the traditional lox & bagels, Stop #2 for the main course, and Stop #3 for dessert and schmoozing. Jerry S. is doing the leading so be there on time because the names and addresses and directions are not going to be published.

Wednesday 4/29 thru Saturday 5/9 - JB's Excellent Adventure: JB, 8:00 AM, Millies

This 11-day event is an exploration of the best places in the great southwest. See the details in a write-up which appeared in a recent issue of Rolling Thunder.

MAY

(Note: Sunday 5/3 - Poppies & Tehachapi has been rescheduled to Sunday 3/29 - please delete 5/3 from your personal calendars) (ed note: that was cancelled too)

Sunday 5/17 - Ride for Guides (Guide Dogs): LP, (Time & Departure TBA)

SCHRA has been a long-time supporter of the Guide Dogs Organization and also this annual event. For details pertaining to this ride please contact Lou Piano and let him know if you plan to participate in the event.

Friday 5/29 thru Sunday 5/31 - Kings Canyon & Sequoia NP + RCHR Reunion: JB, 8:30 AM, Millies

The tradition continues as a combined 29 members of both Harley Clubs descend upon the town of Three Rivers for this 3-day, 2-night event. This will be the sixth time we have combined our two clubs and it will be great to see our Sacramento friends since the last gathering in Pismo Beach. If anyone is still interested in participating (who has not previously been booked) please check with JB to see if any additional rooms are available. A day-long ride is planned, encompassing both parks, plus our two dinners will be held at The Gateway Restaurant.



The "Saturday" Report

JB -- Activities Chairperson

The "Saturday" Report

By JB - Activities Chairperson

A wise man (uh, me I think) noted that an activity which routinely repeats itself must be worthy of some historical notice or exploitation; at the very least an "Atta-Boy Badge". In the context of motorcycling, the dependable group of guys who show up virtually every Saturday throughout the year are thus to be applauded; hence The "Saturday" Report. What could be more important than a ride that comes around 52 times a year?

Saturday, March 7

Today, only five of the "Saturday-Regulars" showed up, on a day which presented unseasonably warm climate without even a hint of rain. In anticipation of temps in the 80's, we opted for a nice run up the coast, with an anticipated lunch stop at Boccali's in Ojai.

After a brief period of indecision, Jerry S. nominated himself RC, then lead us over New Topanga Canyon and then north up PCH, transitioning to the 101 Freeway and finally to Route 33 to Ojai. Also enjoying the al-fresco event were Lou P., Fred R., JB, and guest Steve C. The Eggplant Parmesan was particularly outstanding.

Saturday, March 14

The warm weather continued this week so we beat a hasty retreat from the West Valley up to Mulholland Highway in an effort to catch some breezes.

By the way, a gentle reminder; when you see a Stop-Sign, be sure to come to a complete and full stop. Fred R. did a CRS (California Rolling Stop) and got nailed by a County Sheriff Patrolman. Luckily, he had both his driver's license and his County Probation Department creds. Of course Fred is no longer in that department who who's asking questions? He was granted "professional courtesy by the officer.

We continued through the Santa Monica Mountains and finally found PCH. A short time later we were parking our bikes alongside the curb at Cajun Kitchen in Ventura. Today's ride was led by Lou P. and accompanied by JB, Jerry S., Mitch P., Fred R. and guest Steve C.

Saturday, March 21

As the days grow longer and the temps rise higher, we are starting to see an increase in the number of brave souls who make their way to Ventura & Topanga Canyon. Today we were eight, consisting of RC Lou P., Jerry S., JB, Mitch P., Mike L., Bob T., Steve C., and Lloyd F. in his Corvette. Our lunch destination today, chosen by majority vote, was the Cabo Mexican Seafood Restaurant located at Five-Points in Oxnard.

Our route began on Mulholland Highway, crossing Malibu Canyon, past the mostly camouflaged Sheriff's cruiser, to Sierra Creek Rd., a short little transition to the heavier travelled Kanan Rd. After the tunnels, we were soon back on Mulholland Highway, passing Calamigos Ranch, and then to the fork-in-the-road where we chose Encinal Canyon as our preferred route to PCH. After a short stop at Neptune's we continued north up the coast and finally into the environs of downtown Oxnard. A glance across the lunch table confirmed that those who chose the fish-burrito probably chose best.

Saturday, March 28

Both Editor Lou P and Intrepid Reporter JB are out of town attending AZ Bike Fest, we are not able to report on today's enterprise, though, no doubt, there will be a ride to somewhere!



Product Corner

Ron Lynn

Remember:

IF YOU SEE SOMETHING YOU LIKE, BUY IT!

It's tax month. You didn't really expect anything, did you?!



Safety Report

Jerry Stern - Sr. R/C

Has Riding a Motorcycle Really Become Safer?

By William Connor

There is an encouraging two-year trend in the motorcycling world. Ridership is on the rise, many brands are tallying record sales, and now we get some more good news.

The Motorcycle Riders Foundation (MRF) reported the NHTSA's announcement of another drop in motorcycle fatalities for the second year in a row. These reports are always a year behind due to the nature of data collection and data aggregation. Nevertheless, the numbers are encouraging and may show the start of a trend towards safer motorcycling.

According to the Fatality Analysis Reporting System (FARS data) that is collected by the federal government, motorcycle fatalities for 2013 dropped from 4,986 to 4,668 - a difference of 318 fatalities. The motorcycle fatality drop was the largest percentage of all vehicle groups, at 6.4 percent. This is the second consecutive year a drop in motorcycle fatalities occurred since 2009.

One unfortunate aspect of the report is that motorcyclist fatalities now make up 14 percent of the total fatalities. This is likely the direct result of more motorcycle licenses being issued and more motorcycle registrations being reported. Street motorcycles saw a 2 percent increase in sales in 2013, and manufacturers are reporting record setting sales for 2014, according to the Motorcycle Industry Council. As with any increase in a vehicle population, it is predictable that the total number fatalities would also rise.

The Motorcycle Riders Foundation believes that through strong rider education programs and prolific motorcycle awareness campaigns this drop in motorcycle fatalities can continue. Feel free to contact the MRF for any information on motorcycle fatality avoidance campaigns.



Numbers like these are wonderful and certainly bode well for the future of motorcycling. Proper training, wearing safety gear, and driver education will all help to continue this trend. Laws alone will not fix the issue. People taking personal responsibility for their actions and paying attention to the road instead of playing Candy Crush at the light will do more than any legislation.



SCHRA Boutique

?Glen Jace - VP /OAL

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. 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.

Also in stock are large and small club logo patches suitable for sewing on your jacket, vest, or shirt.

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 directly on your biker scarred body. Miscellaneous items are in stock as well. Don't hesitate to inquire. Call! Operators are standing by.

All Shirts are \$15.00

Black Short Sleeve

Small	3
Medium	3
Large	1
Ex. Large	6
2XL	3
3XL	0

Black Long Sleeve

Small	5
Medium	4
Large	0
Ex. Large	3
2XL	5
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	3

Dark Blue Short Sleeve

Small	5
Medium	0
Large	0
Ex. Large	4
2XL	0
3XL	0

Lt. Blue Short Sleeve	
2XL	1

Last Update 3/1/15



<u>Hats</u>		
Black w/Logo	14	\$10.00
Orange w/Logo	4	\$10.00
Black w/SCHRA Logo	7	\$10.00
<u>Patches</u>		
Extra Small Patch	9	\$ 7.00
Small Patch	46	\$ 7.00
Large Patch	25	\$25.00
Pins	95	\$5.00



2015 Officers and Board Members

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SCHRA Road Captains

SCHRA Departure Sites

Jerry Stern ~ JS
Senior Road Captain

Lee Blackman ~ LB
Jerry Bruce ~ JB
Joe Gubbrud ~ JG
Ron Lynn ~ RL

Lou Piano ~ LP
Cindy Stern ~ CS
Duane Harte - DH

Starbucks
Ventura & Topanga Canyon

Solley's
4578 Van Nuys Blvd., Sherman Oaks

Millie's
10318 Sepulveda Blvd., Mission Hills

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

McDonald's
Kanan Rd., NE corner behind Shell Station

SCHRA 2015 Events - April

Day(s)	Date(s)	Event	Meeting Place	Road Captain	Time
Sat-Mon	4/11-13	Joshua Tree	Millie's	CS	9:00 am
Sun	4/26	Progressive Breakfast (maybe)	McD's @ Kanan	JS	8:00 am

SCHRA 2015 Events - May

We - Sat	4/29-5/9	JB's Excellent Adventure	Millie's	JB	8:00 am
Sun	5/17	Ride for Guides	Millie's	LP	8:30 am
Fri - Sun	5/29 - 31	Kings Canyon - Sequoia. RCHR	Millie's	JB	8:30 am

Classifieds

Gerbing Electric Jacket Liner.

Used. Size: Large

Has older wiring but heats like original. On-Off Controller included.

Wiring for electric gloves in the sleeves. Excellent Condition: New Liner Costs: \$250

Ron Lynn:

Purchase for \$50.

Tele: 818-772-7288

Shindler & Lynn, CPAs

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Ronald H. Lynn, C.P.A.

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For sale, a new, large size, Bilt Techno Bluetooth Modular Helmet. Features include: Sync with Bluetooth devices, Mobile phone communication, Intercom from rider to rider or rider to passenger, GPS navigation instructions, MP3 connectivity, quick release visor and flip down sun shield, fully removable lining, silver metallic paint and many other features. Full retail price was \$399.99. Asking \$165. If interested [call Mitch at 805 418-7881](tel:8054187881)

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- Free for SCHRA members for personal items.
- Ads will automatically be removed unless renewed after 90 days

Full page \$15.00 per Quarter
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