



# ROLLING THUNDER

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## Good-Bye, Tom

*Lou Piano, Editor*

I'm staring at the screen knowing I have a need to write something about my friend, Tom, but not knowing quite what. I hate to admit it, but, I'm having a little trouble seeing the screen because tears are clouding my vision.

I lost a friend last Monday and went to his funeral today. Friend. What is a friend? What is the definition of a friend? So, of course, I googled it! Here is the Wikipedia definition: **Friendship** is a relationship of mutual [affection](#) between two or more people. I would like to take the liberty of adding to that definition. It includes a mutual sharing of values, ideas, and activities. Yes, activities. I'm not friends with people who skydive and yet they are probably very nice folks.

Let me tell you about my friend Tom. We met when we were both in the Marine Corps, stationed at the 28<sup>th</sup> Marines in San Onofre, Camp Pendleton, Ca. He was a Sergeant and I was a buck private. He had already served 2 tours of duty in the Republic of South Vietnam and I had just arrived at this outfit which in peacetime was a reserve unit. Sergeants didn't talk to privates and yet we struck up a friendship as equals off base. We ran around during liberty looking for girls (what else when you're 22-23?) and just hanging around together. He left the Corps and I went to Vietnam to serve my 13 months. Upon my return we got together and hung around again for a little while until he met the love of his life.

Tom was the guy who could look at a girl driving down the street, crook his finger, and suddenly be in the front seat of her car making a date. He had the pick of the litter....Until he met Kelly. He was hooked! He didn't do any more picking.

She picked him and there was nothing he could do about it! They were married and him and I went our separate ways. We connected a few times over the years. When I got divorced we started riding Harleys together for a few years and once again we drifted apart. You know, I got involved with the Lulu's group and SCHRA and well.....Tom and I didn't talk much but kept in touch with email and the occasional phone call. But each time we talked there was this special connection. I can't quite put my finger on it and I sure as hell can't define it, but, it was there. And I know he felt it too.

The preacher, who delivered a very nice service today, said Tom was hard to get to know. Sorry preacher, Tom was easy to get to know. Yes, he was stubborn and opinionated, and it was his way or the highway. Nevertheless, he was talkative and open and someone I always knew I could count on for....whatever! Tom was real. Was it our connection to the Marine Corps? Or our connection to 'Nam? Our enjoyment of chasing girls? Our love of Harley's? Yup! I think it was.

So, why am I telling you about Tom? Well, to be honest, I have a little bit of guilt about not seeing my friend more often. And I'm a little pissed off at him for reminding me of my own mortality.

If you're sitting around thinking "You know, I should call what's his name just to say hi" and then your next thought is "Oh, he/she will probably think I'm an idiot to call when I don't have anything to say", well. CALL ANYWAY!

No, you don't need to get mushy and say "I love you, guy". We're guys and we don't do that. But, we can chat, we can stay in touch, we can ask "ya' ridin' this week?, How's your bike, how's that new....., how are the kids doin'?"

I will miss you Tom. You made my life better. Thanks, pal. I'll think about you often. I love you.

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## **Editor's Note**

*Lou Piano - Editor*

It's been a busy month. We had lunch in Fillmore and discovered places we never imagined existed in that lonely little town. What a great history it has along with it's fellow sleepy town of Santa Paula which we visited earlier this year.

We discovered the calm and peaceful Malibu Café nestled in the Santa Monica mountains of Malibu. A spot we didn't know existed until recently. Seems like a nice place to take a date on a warm summer evening.

Once again the Guide Dog foundation put on a great poker run. Well, maybe not so much for those of you who put up a small fortune to win a large fortune and didn't! I told you not to gamble. Oh, well. Think of it as another wonderful donation to a worthy cause. Thanks to all the volunteers and great people who work for and with that organization.

We finally have a recap article about the great trip to Kernville where we met up with long distance club members James and Janet. Don't forget to read about the distillery we visited. Another discovery hidden on the main highway 395.

Jack and JB are off on Saturday to Wisconsin to visit family and friends and the Harley Museum. I'm jealous as all hell. They will be coming home by way of Wall Drug, Sturgis (a couple of weeks before the rally), Deadwood, Mt. Rushmore, a couple of National Parks, and several other interesting places. I can't wait to hear and read about their adventure.

Jack's trike is in Barger's for repair. Seems that Carson City Harley may have mis-diagnosed the electrical system and Jack rode home, alone, on only battery or limited charging power from the generator at best. Barger's fixed the stator and regulator but were not able to locate a new master brake cylinder. Hope you get it all together in time to leave Saturday. Also, Jack is busy with his business and getting ready for the trip and did not have time to pen an article. Bet he's even busier when he returns!!!

In June we have a ride to Idyllwild and Shaver Lake. Both promise to be filled with nice places to ride, people to joke with, friends to see, and lots and lots of stuff to eat. With any luck there will be something enjoyable to drink!

Don't forget to check out the web-site a few times this month. If there are any changes to our ride schedule they will be posted there quickly. Mike Levison does a great job keeping that site up to date and filled with pictures. Let him know you checked it out and what you think. If you have any pictures send them to Mike and he will adjust them and post them online. That's it for now. Go shine your bike.

Any corrections or negative comments please email to: [whogivesaratsass.fu/upyours2](mailto:whogivesaratsass.fu/upyours2)



## Historic Uptown Fillmore

RC - LP

**A**h, the thrill of being a road captain-at-large. It seemed like such a good idea way back in December when we had the 'road captains' meeting at my house (which I'm still cleaning up after, but that's another story!). Why, I could have the honor of being listed as a road captain and yet not have to do any real work or planning! HA!

I suddenly found myself being called upon by the senior road captain to take over the Fillmore Lunch Ride due to a sudden unexpected opening for the job. So I dutifully began asking questions and searching the internet for interesting sights to see in Fillmore. I mean, geez, we must have passed it 500 times on our way to someplace exciting. And of course, we've all heard about the famous Dinner Train Ride but never actually went on it (another SCHRA adventure perhaps?).

I heard about and discovered Bennett's Honey Farm close by and Geissinger Winery in the heart of town and the historic trains in the middle of town and decided a pre-ride was in order. So I recruited JB & JB & a friend, Randy, to accompany me on this discovery ride. We met at Simi Valley Harley Davidson and took a quick ride over Grimes Canyon and turned left on highway 126 to find the honey farm and had no luck whatsoever. We then headed back to the center of town to have a look around there. We saw the trains. The train museum was closed so we walked up the street to find the furniture store and combo Elvis museum. Once we found our way in we discovered that the Elvis museum consisted of a dozen or so Elvis chachtkis! A serious disappointment.



The town was quaint with some interesting historic sights and we checked a few restaurants. We chose a restaurant in town called La Fondita. The food was inexpensive, the portions small, the service slow, and yet the food was okay. After thinking about it the next day I decided to choose another place to eat.

The day of the ride we met at the Woodlake Bowl and 9 motorcycles and 11 hearty bikers headed out for Fillmore. The honey farm was interesting and the downtown excursion was fun. Gary & Kathryn Kotler showed up unexpectedly and we had a quick reunion on the spot.



As we got a late start and spent a little extra time at the honey farm we only spent a short amount of time in town and saddled up to head

out to the restaurant - La Pescadora. A Mexican restaurant that turned out to be way too good to be stuck in the boondocks.. The owner (or manager) was very warm and welcoming and brought over a bottle of Tequila and some shot glasses

and gave it to us at no charge as appreciation for such a large group. We all enjoyed a Cin-



quo de Quattro celebration and a great lunch.





## Loneliest Road

RC - JB

# Nine Riders Enjoy “Loneliest” Road Ride, but for Jack L. Not So Much!

### Expecting the Unexpected

Whoever coined the phrase “expect the unexpected” sure knew something about the vagaries of long motorcycle excursions.

Now, before you jump to any incorrect conclusions about our just-completed Loneliest Road Adventure, be aware that 9 out of the 10 persons who began the trip on Friday, May 17, have gone on-record saying they were completely thrilled with the overall itinerary and experience. And that even includes waking-up one morning to snow showers!

But, alas, poor Jack, with a trike outfitted with every known extra electric gadget, suffered a dead battery at perhaps the most remote location of the entire itinerary. The good news, however, is that if there is anything in the world you would like to know about the spooky, out-of-the-way hamlet of Austin, NV, we at SCHRA are now blessed with our own local expert. The Serbian Food is exceptional!

### Overview

Let’s take a quick review of the entire trip, starting on Friday, May 17 at 9:00 AM at Millies. At the agreed-upon time, everyone was assembled and awaiting the wisdom of the RC’s instructions; everyone that is, but Randy. Nope, the gremlins were not kind to our buddy from Burbank, when he found his newest H-D purchase had died, causing a delay while he quickly unpacked and then re-packed his “bagger.”

### Day One

First stop was only 50 miles or so to the Littlerock McDonalds for a pit-stop and quick cup of coffee. Then we were off through Victorville and then to

Barstow for the first of many fill-ups, and then to the Baker, CA, Mad Greek Restaurant for some lunch. The weather on this, our first day, was spectacular, clear and cool, and soon we were exiting the Sahara Blvd., Off-Ramp in Las Vegas for our digs at the conveniently-located Palace Station



Our hotel

Hotel and Casino. The only traffic delay of the entire trip was a traffic slowdown at Primm, NV, to allow gawkers to stare at the huge crowd of

people lined up outside a convenience store so they could purchase lottery tickets. Get a life.

That evening, eight of us enjoyed an excellent dinner at the hotel’s Italian Restaurant, while two chose to sample the extensive buffet. The same eight also showed up the next morning for breakfast in the Grand Café, while the same two returned again to the breakfast buffet, and unfortunately missed JB’s super-interesting talk about the history and important facts about our Saturday itinerary in Lincoln County, NV. They “pleaded” for me to repeat what they had missed, but you know, “if you snooze you lose.”

### Day Two

By 9:30 AM we were headed north-east on I-15 and then shortly after, north on U.S. 93 to the town of Caliente. The further north we drove, the more interesting the terrain became; starting out with typical low-desert scrub-covered hills, and later to a much greener landscape as our elevation increased. At Alamo, NV, we stopped for a “tushy-rub” and a fill-up of gas. As we approached Caliente, the road took us through a gorgeous rocky gorge which then gently down into the charming small town, named for the hot-springs found throughout the area.



Caliente is historically a railroad-town and a busy main rail-line passes right through the heart of town. Our lunch destination, the Brandin-Iron was located on the other side of the railroad tracks and we had to wait a few minutes for a freight train to pass before we could cross the

tracks to access the restaurant. Housed in a very old building with ornate tin ceiling tiles, the Brandin-Iron was a great recommendation with prices and décor from the late nineteenth century. Following our lunch we then rode over to the ornate former Caliente Railroad Station, now used as the city hall and library.

That afternoon we drove through one charming small town after another, noting that the terrain was getting greener and the desert mountains were getting higher, which necessitated a quick stop to add another layer of clothing. By the time we arrived in Ely, NV, we noted that the elevation was in excess of 6200 feet, with the actual town nestled between some low rolling hills. Our digs this night were at the famous Nevada Hotel and Casino, located in the heart of the old town. Dinner was just across the street at the Jailhouse Cellblock Restaurant, where we were treated to dinner inside a prison cell. Excellent cuisine.



### Day Three

OK, here's the part about the snow. First, let me say that many of the surrounding mountains were showing various accumulations of snow, which we assumed was just left over from winter; NOT! At day-break, looking out of our 6<sup>th</sup> floor hotel window, it was obvious that we had encountered some wet weather during the night. Not to worry, because we all had our rain-gear, or so I thought! By around 8:00 AM the rain began again, but then suddenly became a snow shower, covering the surrounding hills with more of the white stuff, but otherwise melting as soon as it hit the pavement.



By 9:00 AM, 10 riders, looking like zombies in their rain-suits were busy loading the cycles during a lull in the snowfall. Temps were in the mid 30's, but as stated above, we all had our foul-weather gear, except for a doofus named LP. At this point we had little choice but to proceed onward and upward, in the direction of mountain passes which were well in excess of 7000 feet.

Miraculously, the rain or snow never found us for the rest of the day, save a few rogue raindrops on the windshield. Doofus got lucky. (Ed Note: Wimps!)

As we headed west on the incredible U.S. 50 "The Loneliest Road" it became apparent how this by-way got its name. Many stretches of the road are straight-as-a-die and could be viewed for more than 10 to 20 miles in the distance. The amount of vehicle traffic was scant, and one could have placed a table and chair in the center of the roadway for a coffee and Danish, without having to be inconvenienced by traffic. The vistas from the higher elevations were fantastic and the flora kept changing from lighter to deeper shades of color. In this part of Nevada, the sense is that you are really somewhere out of this world, and our merry band was enjoying every mile. Even the tiny hamlet of Eureka was a most pleasant surprise with its refurbished Opera House and other buildings reminiscent of the late 19<sup>th</sup> Century, plus the gasoline was cheap, at least by CA standards.



### Pending Doom; But Not Until After Lunch

Now comes the part of the story which I'm sure



Cap'n Jack would just as soon forget. Our lunch plan for today, Sunday, was at the International Café, (Serbian Food?) located in the quaint western town of Austin, NV, built virtually into a

hillside with a steep main street running through. After topping-off the tanks, we dined in a building which had originally been constructed and erected in Virginia City, NV, but which had later been dis-assembled and taken to Austin where it was re-assembled and still serves as a restaurant,

bar and hotel. Following lunch, we were to back-track about 12 miles to get to the road to Tonopah, but, alas, Jack's bike would not start; sparking a series of events which Jack will likely not soon forget.

Our initial analysis of the problem was that the battery in Jack's trike was somehow not being charged properly and had presumably gone dead. Being the smart folks we are, the decision was made to let gravity help us out, and it worked...at least for several minutes. Jack began a down-hill glide and then popped-the-clutch. The engine started, so he turned around and started up the hill, following close behind JB, with the others all behind Jack. The road was very twisty and I soon lost sight of Jack and the group, so I pulled over and waited, and waited. I tried using my CB to determine the cause of their delay but nobody responded. Only later did I realize I had not plugged in the CB so I was talking to the wind. I finally turned around (you know how much I love that maneuver) and found the group standing by the roadside and chanting funeral prayers over Jack's now-dead trike.

Now, dear reader, let me say that the word "remote" doesn't begin to describe the location of Austin, NV. Fortunately, however, we did have a cell signal, and after some time, were actually able to reach a live person at Road America. The news was not good and it appeared as if Jack was going to be stranded overnight. We were 125 miles from Tonopah and the closest H-D Dealer was 150 miles west at Carson City. Jack decided he would glide the trike back down into town, accompanied by Lou and Ron, to be sure he made it safely back to the center of town where he was able to book a room at a cheesy motel, and where he could enjoy another Serbian meal for dinner.

Jack spent half the night in Austin but was awakened by the 4:00 AM arrival of the tow truck. The bike was loaded and Jack, the driver, and the driver's wife then made the long trip to Carson H-D where they arrived before the 9:00 AM opening. Despite the fact that this was now Monday, it was fortunate that the dealership was open and did have mechanics on duty. Several hours later, it was soon determined that the problem with the trike was a faulty battery and seemingly nothing

more. By mid-afternoon, Jack was ready to resume his trip and then headed directly to Bishop, CA where he "reportedly" spent the night.

But this was not to be the end of Jack's misfortune. While en-route home from the Eastern Sierras he made a stop in Mojave, only to learn that Highway 14 was closed because of a major accident. Jack re-routed himself to Highway 58 where he was attempting to get home by way of Bakersfield. When I spoke to Nannette around 2:30 PM Tuesday, she disclosed that our hero had not yet arrived but was expected momentarily. Our heart goes out to you Big Guy, because we all knew how much you were looking forward to this trip.

### Back Again to Day Three



Anyway, let's get back to the rest of the group. After leaving Jack in Austin, we continued our trek east and then south to Tonopah, a distance of about 125 miles, where we arrived at Tonopah Station Hotel at around 5:30 PM. Again, the road south was straight and level and the temperature was perfect. At the half-way point in Carvers, NV, we pulled-over to remove some of the jackets/sweaters, and the rest of the ride into Tonopah was

quite comfortable. We all had a delightful dinner at the hotel restaurant and the rooms at the Tonopah Station Hotel were quite spacious and comfortable.

### Day Four

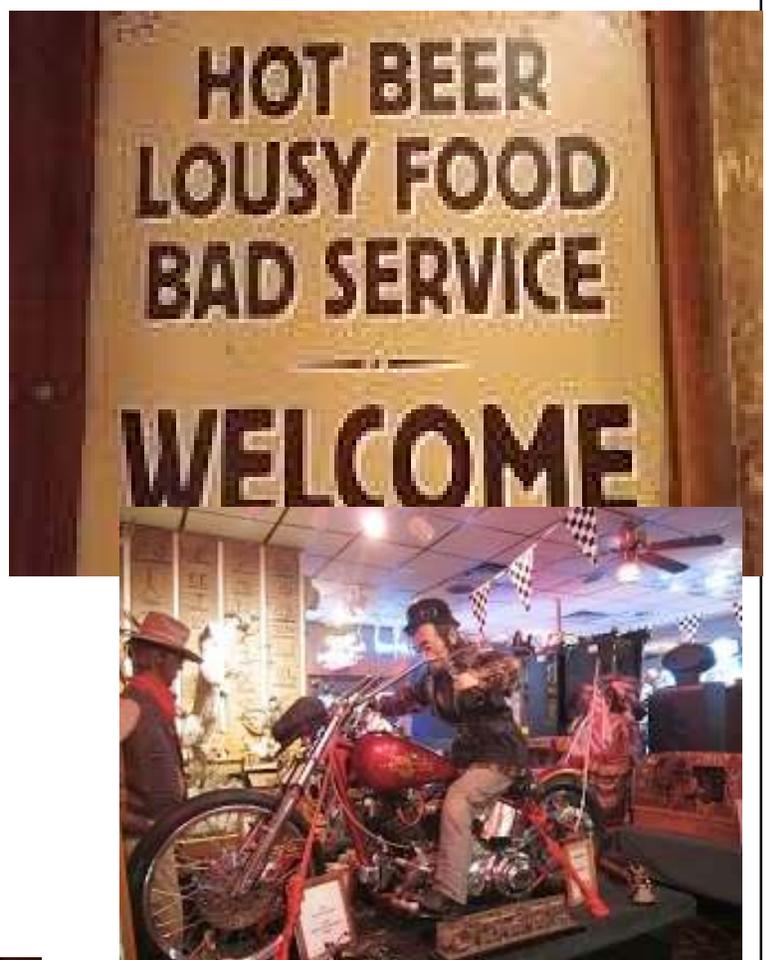
On Monday, we were all breakfasted and ready to depart Tonopah at 9:00 AM. Our route took us mostly east, passing by magnificent snow covered peaks in Nevada and then finally across the CA border, a stop for another "tushy-rub" in Benton, CA, and then south to Bishop for a gas stop. By now the weather was well into the upper 70's and perhaps the low 80's, but still quite comfortable. Our arrival at the famous Lone Pine Alabama Hills Café was shortly before 1:00 PM and, as expected, the restaurant provided a luncheon which will be long remembered. Yumm!

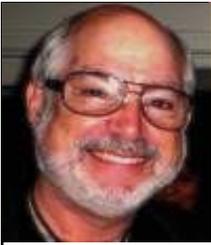
After lunch we continued south on 395, stopped for a gas top-off in Pearsonville, and then proceeded to beautiful downtown Mojave and the

wonderful hospitality of McDonalds where we celebrated the conclusion of a very extraordinary trip. After the hugs and kisses, we completed the final leg of the trip on highway 14 and then on to our respective places of abode. Fifi and I got home at 6:00 PM. It is now 2:00 AM Tuesday, as I am still too wide-awake and thought I'd write this article. Oh yeah, I had a final "tushy-rub" but this time I got some help.

P.S.  
3:30 PM - Tuesday, May 21. Just received a phone call from Jack. He is home and in the process of having cake and lemonade with his grand-daughter. The trike will soon be on its way to Barger.

Finally, it will be of interest to us all about how well Jack does in his negotiations with Road America. Based on his just-concluded experience and interminable delays, I am re-thinking whether or not I should continue with their service. My AAA membership also covers the cycle in the event of an accident or breakdown, so there may be no need to pay for the same service twice, especially if their poor customer service is normal, rather than the exception.





**Product Corner**  
*Ron Lynn*

## Motorcycle Rain Boot Covers

“Baby needs a new pair of shoes”, or should I suggest rain boots!

Most of us wear the standard leather motorcycle boots, hopefully with high tops for protection. However, since very few of us wear waterproof boots and very seldom ride in the rain, we do not feel the need to tote along another bulky package just in case. After all, there is always the universal boot cover known as the “plastic market bag” taped over your boots which would last just until you step off the bike and attempt to walk.

But, if you could carry a very small compact Rain Boot Cover at a modest cost would you consider including these on one of your trips in the event you do encounter rain, sleet or snow? Are you really thinking this over?

As a more reasonable solution to buying waterproof boots, there are a small number of inexpensive rain covers available which offer this protection and which slip over your standard motorcycle boots. These roll up into a nice and neat package. Just make sure that you get the correct size and try them on before you leave:

Tour Master  
 Deluxe: Motorcycle Superstore:  
 \$23;

Heavy duty PVC coated 200 denier nylon; elasticized top with snap and Velcro seals. These have an open heel area for a more sure footed support on wet pavement. The best reviews appear on this one.



Tour Master

MotoCentric Moto-treck: Motorcycle Superstore: \$20  
 Full sole with similar specs as the Tour Master.

MotoCentric



## Cycle Gear-BLT



BILT: Cycle Gear: \$25/on sale \$15: There were some reviews which indicated that they leak at the zipper while others had no problems. But for the money I would probably give these a try first.

There is nothing like riding in wet boots for that cold, soggy, muggy and that ever so enjoyable tingly feeling. And also consider that they can be used for general rain wear too. For my money I would not travel without either a waterproof boot or one of these boot rain covers.

Remember: IF YOU SEE SOMETHING YOU LIKE, BUY IT

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**Malibu Café Luncheon**  
*Ron Lynn - R/C*

**Malibu Café Run:**

**S**o SCHRA (Sandy Lynn) decides to put together a dignified luncheon at a high-profile restaurant in the Malibu mountains. A beautiful setting located on the Calamigos Ranch property with tables on the open lawn and tree shaded areas, a small lake with paddle boats, colored umbrellas, a small trio serenading and not to forget a couple of chandeliers hanging from the trees. What a peaceful picture reminiscent of a classy picnic atmosphere; children and dogs frolicking.

The ride time was scheduled for 10am at one of our regular embarkation points -Woodlake Bowl, with the pre-confirmed registrants for lunch present: The Lynns, Bruces, Rahm's, Mike Levison, Mitch Pullman and Lloyd Farber deciding to pick up the two open reservations. Some of the Saturday group joined us for part of the ride which after the normal incessant schmoozing, left at a respectful 10:30am. Jack Launius came by with an assortment of BLT rain boots he bought on sale at Cycle Gear and proceeded to hand them out to their respective owners. (See this month's product review.)

The ride was originally planned to head to the coast and up to Las Posas Road, then to ride the Portero-Westlake route in reverse. After an arduous and exhausting 20 mile ride, I made the mistake of stopping at the Coffee Bean in Malibu for a bladder brake. After checking the time it became obvious that we would not make the 12:30 reservation.

So off we go figuring that if we take Kanan Road we could be there a little early. Halfway up Kanan Rd, the Highway Patrol is blocking the roadway since a car had hit a light pole which fell across the road. So back we go to the Coast Highway and up to Encinal Canyon and believe it or not we were only 15 minutes late. The restaurant had received many calls about the closure so there was really no problem.

Taking their own transportation and joining us at the restaurant were: Jane (Pullman to be), Judy Farber and Richard Slobin making the final count an even dozen.



Normally the service here is very slow, but it is so beautiful that normally no one really cares. However, due to the holiday weekend the service was rather fast. After consuming our repast we all headed home our separate ways at around 2:45pm.

All-in-all this was a very relaxing, enjoyable lunch with the club members and spouses in a very beautiful and peaceful setting.. It is refreshing to know that SCHRA still has class. Thank you Sandy for suggesting such a delightful afternoon.

Ron Lynn, Ride Captain





## The Guide Ride

Mike Levison - R/C

It is a fairly unusual circumstance for our well managed and finely tuned organization to hold two events on the same weekend, but if a situation should arise requiring such, who could manage it better I ask?! Our SCHRA planners had long ago scheduled a ride to Nevada's "Loneliest Road" for May 17~20, 2013, demonstrating control of our destiny. We were unaware that an annual event put on by a favorite SCHRA charity, The Guide Dogs of America, would pick the same weekend. We have since learned that their event is always scheduled for the Sunday before the Memorial Day Weekend, and this year that holiday was unusually early. In a nutshell, that explains everything (if you should care). JB will inform us all of his latest Nevada adventure we're certain. It should be found elsewhere in this newsletter.

Now for the Dog Ride: It was a perfect Sunday morning when those few of us still in town gathered at 9:00AM at Millie's for the 10th annual Guide Dog Poker Ride and lunch event. It is held each year on their very impressive campus on Glenoaks Blvd in Sylmar, about a 12 minute ride from Millie's. We were efficiently directed into the large parking lot already filled with several hundred bikes, all Harleys. The event attracted 396 bikes and just under 500 riders, their 2nd largest turnout ever. As a personal aside, it puzzles and irritates me to hardly ever see any other brand of bike on any of the charity rides. There must be a message in that somewhere?! By the way, Guide Dogs of America receives no government money whatsoever, and provides trained dogs to the visually impaired at no charge. A great institution!

As always, registration was well organized, ride directions, card pulling, and dis-

plays of dozens of raffle prizes were attractively presented, and a table of complimentary donuts, coffee and bagels there for those of us so inclined. Glenn and JoAnne, Cindy and Jerry, Steve and myself signed in and paid, and hit the familiar roads on the poker run. It included stops in Castaic, Lake Hughes Rock Inn, Big Oaks Lodge and back to Sylmar. None of us had winning hands (big surprise) but the Jace's did win one of the raffles. My pal Cindy volunteered to pick my cards and save me fighting the crowds and waiting in line. Her help was greatly appreciated but her skill in picking winning

cards proved no better than mine. Lunch of burgers and hotdogs, etc. was adequate, served under the big permanent tent. Lorri Bernson, that beautiful and charming lady



that visited our meeting several



years ago, was in charge once again and was as beautiful and charming as ever, and was still hitting on me. Ruthann reminded me that if that in fact were true, I should remember that Lorri is blind!



## Kernville *Js & CS- RC*

### Kernville Kruisin'

Our long anticipated SCHRA trip to Kernville finally arrived on Saturday April 27 as 17 eager riders gathered at Millie's for the 9:15 departure. Soon as the signup sheet was passed around and conclusion of the pilot's safety meeting we all rolled up Sepulveda for the 405 entrance and an easy trip up the 14 to Mojave and our comfort stop at Micky D's. Cindy & I were co-road captains, and she left the group temporarily to go to California City to visit and have lunch and perk up the spirits of an old friend who lives alone and is having major health issues, with plans to join back up with us all after lunch. The rest of the group, myself, J.B. & Judy, Lee & Anita, Jack & Nanette, Bob & Ana, Randy & Linda, Duane & Pauline, Ron, Lou, and Mike L., rode on up the 14 and off at Randsburg Road. Our plan was to have lunch in the city of Ridgecrest at Casey's BBQ. Randsburg is always fun to ride through, but not a lot changes. It's really gotten notoriety as a great off-road and dual-sport destination, and there are literally 100's of off-roaders there. We rode out the back end of Randsburg through some areas that looked straight out of the Grapes of Wrath, up the old 395, a first for me, and pulled into Casey's BBQ right on time where they were set up and seated us immediately. Service and food was excellent and it was fun. The big Chevron station gas stop was out of Super, so a bit of back-tracking for gas, then across 178 west to our planned re-joinup with Cindy at Indian Wells Brewery in Inyokern. You've been by it dozens of times and like me you've never stopped there. It's a big fun store with lots of cool stuff and private label beers brewed on-site, and well worth the stop by. Everyone enjoyed it, then mount-up time for the ride west up the 178 to Kernville, through some of the prettiest country we've seen in a long time, up over the mountain and down into the valley where we even ran into a real cattle drive, with cowboys on horseback and everything. I was on that road once before but not in daylight and it was miserably cold. This was just the opposite, gorgeous and balmy, and I

wanna' go back.

We rode past the north end of Lake Isabella, whose water level is frightfully low, and to the Kern Lodge in Kernville, and there we hooked up with our good pals James & Janet who had ridden down from their home in Shaver Lake to have dinner with us and hang out with old friends in the Club. We all hung by the pool and had a few beers from our stop at Indian Wells, and before long it was time to walk on down for our dinner reservation in town at That's Italian. They had us all seated at one long table, a set-up I'm getting less and less enamored of, and dinner was ok, depending on what you had. Not my favorite. Then a walk back up, and I do mean up, to the Lodge, where we again had great camaraderie tossing back a few cool ones around the pool area and having lots of laffs.

Sunday morning and just another sparkling clear day. We all had our various breakfasts and after gassing up by Lake Isabella, we rode over the mountains and valleys through Caliente-Bodfish Road, a very scenic but challenging twisty 2 lane byway, very different than the route we took coming up. Beautiful in its own way, but it really should be swept for sand and debris. We rode on south through the bountiful farmlands of the San Joaquin Valley and lunch at the Iron Skillet at La-Valle Road before all heading up the Grapevine and homeward bound.

Thanks for everyone who came out and contributed to our all having a great time.

Jerry & Cindy

Road Captainz



## Upcoming Activities

By JB - Activities Chairperson

### JUNE

Sunday, June 9 - Day Ride to Idyllwild: Lee, Solley's, 9:00 AM

For those who like their rides to begin and end the same day, here is an opportunity to go out-of-town to the mountains and some great food.

Thursday, June 13 - Club Meeting at the Pie Place  
Remember, this is corn chowder night (non-constipating).

Friday, June 21 to Sunday, June 23 - Shaver Lake: Sternz, Millies, 9:00 AM

The snow is mostly melted and the Parr's are again able to come down from their hillside and buy groceries. Also, the lake is once again back to full after some much needed work to the dam.

This will be a dam good trip!

And so, as is oft said, "that's all she wrote."

Ciao for now.

~~~ ### ~~~

Editors Note: Apparently there won't be any activities for July. Sorry.

Okay, I know how sensitive you are about these things so I stole this from the website. Still no color commentary though. Stark details will have to do!

You may note that there are no pictures included.....well, duh! It hasn't happened yet! I'm good, but I'm not that good!!!

### JULY

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

**Thursday 11 - Meeting**

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

**Saturday 27 - Picnic: Ron, 11:00AM, Woodlake**



**SCHRA Boutique**  
*Lou Piano VP*

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

We have:

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

**All Shirts are \$15.00**

Last Update: 1/12/13

Black Short Sleeve

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

Black Long Sleeve

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

White Short Sleeve

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

White Long Sleeve

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

Dark Blue Short Sleeve

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



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

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....? Miscellaneous items are in stock as well. Don't hesitate to inquire. When you call us (Jack, anyway) we haul ass! Operators are standing by.

Hats

|               |    |         |
|---------------|----|---------|
| Black w/Logo  | 14 | \$10.00 |
| Orange w/Logo | 4  | \$10.00 |
| Black w/SCHRA | 7  | \$10.00 |

Patches

|                   |    |         |
|-------------------|----|---------|
| Extra Small Patch | 9  | \$ 7.00 |
| Small Patch       | 46 | \$ 7.00 |
| Large Patch       | 1  | \$25.00 |

|      |    |        |
|------|----|--------|
| Pins | 95 | \$5.00 |
|------|----|--------|



## 2013 Officers and Board members

|                     |              |                 |
|---------------------|--------------|-----------------|
| President           | Jack Launius | Pres@schra.org  |
| Vice-President      | Lou Piano    | VP@schra.org    |
| Secretary           | Sandy Lynn   | Sec@schra.org   |
| Treasurer           | Ron Lynn     | Treas@schra.org |
| Officer-at-Large    | Randy Rahm   | OAL@schra.org   |
| Senior Road Captain | Jerry Stern  | SrCpt@schra.org |
| Editor              | Lou Piano    | Edit@schra.org  |
| Webmaster           | Mike Levison | Web@schra.org   |
| Historian           | Judy Bruce   | Hist@schra.org  |
| Activities Chairman | Jerry Bruce  | Activ@schra.org |

## SCHRA Road Captains

Jerry Stern ~ JS  
Senior Road Captain

Lee Blackman ~ LB

Jerry Bruce ~ JB

Joe Gubbrud ~ JG

Jack Launius ~ JL

Mike Levison ~ ML

Ron Lynn ~ RL

Lou Piano ~ LP~AL

Randy Rahm ~ RR

Cindy Stern ~ CS

Jerry Stern ~ JS

Bob Thompson ~ BT

## SCHRA 2013 Events April & May

### June

Sunday, June 9 - Day Ride to Idyllwild: Lee, Solley's, 9:00 AM

Thursday, May 9 - Club Meeting at the Pie Place

Friday, June 21 to Sunday, June 23 - Shaver Lake:

Sternz, Millies, 9:00 AM

### July

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

Thursday 11 - Meeting

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

Saturday 27 - Picnic: Ron, 11:00AM, Woodlake

## SCHRA Departure Sites

Woodlake Bowl  
23130 Ventura Blvd., Woodland Hills

Solley's  
4578 Van Nuys Blvd., Sherman Oaks

Millie's  
10318 Sepulveda Blvd., Mission Hills

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

## Extra Wind

Saturday at Starbucks parking lot on the corner of Ventura & Topanga Canyon Blvds. Show up around 9:30 - we leave around 10:00 or so. All brands of motorcycles are invited.

Call or e-mail the editor for extra rides not on the schedule if you would like company on any ride you'd like to lead.

## Classifieds

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**TRIM & MOULDING RESTORATION**  
**CUSTOM & PRODUCTION POWDERCOATING**  
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**BUMPER REPAIR / RESORATION / RE-CHROMING**

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ron@shindlerlynncpa.com

(818) 905-1858  
(818) 380-0230  
FAX (818) 905-1995

### Ad Rates

- To place an advertisement here, contact [edit@schra.org](mailto:edit@schra.org)
- Free for SCHRA members for personal items.
- Ads will automatically be removed unless renewed after 90 days

Full page \$15.00 per Quarter  
Quarter page, \$10.00 per Quarter  
Business Card \$25.00 per year  
Non-members add \$5.00 per item.  
All items must be MS Publisher compatible and ready to insert. Electronic submissions only.  
\$25.00/hr for any modifications.



Jack & Nanette Launius are offering \$50.00 off your initial pest control service and \$50.00 off any termite treatment to all our SCHRA friends and families.



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We have been fortunate this year to have received the Angie's List **SUPER SERVICE AWARD** and the Greenopia **DISTINGUISHED BUSINESS AWARD**. Recently, we were also accepted as members of the National **QUALITY PRO & QUALITY PRO GREEN** program through the National Pest Management Association. The standards of acceptance are business ethics, application techniques and chemical selection that far exceed most companies not in the program.