



ROLLING THUNDER

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June 11, 2015

**Publishing Deadline for
July RT is June 30, 7:12 pm.**



President's Message

Lou Piano

Another interesting month. As I pen this preamble 8 hearty members are making the final preparations to embark on a trip to Three Rivers/Sequoia to meet up with RCHR and have a great week-end with a ride through the Himalayas. Or wherever, I guess we shall get the exciting details in the next exciting issue of Rolling Thunder.

Excellent Adventure this year was both cut short due to unforeseen circumstances and a great success, depending on who you were. It points out, cruelly, how lucky we are to have the consistent good riding weather we enjoy here in southern California.

The Kernville -
Springville ride was cancelled
for reasons as yet unknown

to me - the ultimate leader. It should be of great concern to all rule abiding members that such a situation is occurring right under our noses. There could very well be a coup d'état in progress. I can assure all who stand behind me and support me that you will be amply rewarded. Those who side with the rebels will be crushed and suffer the most dire of consequences. It will be so gruesome that I cannot adequately put it on paper. In fact, I get shivers just thinking about it.

On a more serious note, see the article about a guest rider on the last Saturday ride. What a turn of events.

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

Ed

RT



Excellent Adventure-Or Was It?

By JB - Exclusive

RC Forced to Bail Namesake Excellent Adventure!

Yes, folks, you read it right. After cancelling the 2014 Excellent Adventure Ride because of illness, it became necessary for me to cut-short my participation in the 2015 edition while only in its second day. Let me explain.

On Wednesday, April 29 a group of four people gathered in the early AM at Millies to begin what was supposed to have been an eleven day ride of some 2500 miles through the Southwest. Those participating included Lee and Anita Blackman plus me and my 72-year old brother Steve, who was con-signed to the “bitch” seat as Judy has an ailing knee and was unable to ride. Destination for this, the first day, was a drive across the Mojave, lunch with the donkeys in Oatman, and the night spent in nearby Kingman, AZ.

As most readers already know, I have had an ongoing relationship with my gastroenterologist, internist and psychiatrist for the past year while dealing with an illness called “irritable bowel syndrome”. Although now much improved after months of consultations and tests, I was aware that all was not yet done with some of the debilitating effects of this nasty disease. Despite this, I reasoned that I could deal with any discomfort which might arise and was enthusiastic about doing the trip, even though some pre-ride anxiety was already making its presence felt.

On departure day, I was still feeling some symptoms but chose to ignore them. By the time we went to dinner in Kingman, I was feeling poorly but decided to try to eat something anyway. Following dinner we decided to retire early in anticipation of our sightseeing scheduled for day number 2. Steve and I shared a nice room with two queen-beds.

At about 10:30 PM we went to bed. Not more than three or four minutes later I learned the hard way, that my brother Steve was a snorer. Not just a snorer, but on a scale of one to ten, ten being worst, a #10 snorer. As poorly as I was already feeling from the untimely return of my IBS symptoms, I now had

a new, unexpected problem to deal with. Here I was, dog-tired, stomach upset, and now no way to fall asleep.

I lingered in bed, trying to find a quiet period during which I might fall asleep. Didn't happen. I even went out to the bike to retrieve my ear plugs but they didn't block all of the noise, plus they are uncomfortable when your face is lying on a pillow. I propped up my four pillows and just sat up in bed and waited for a brief period of quiet during which I might fall asleep. Meanwhile, all the additional anxiety regarding the snoring was making my IBS symptoms feel worse.

By morning I was totally exhausted and my gut was also beginning to rage. The four of us met over breakfast and that was when we learned that brother Steve was also very uncomfortable sitting in the passenger seat of the trike. Because of his size and weight, there was simply no place where he could sit comfortably without squirming or moving about in order to find a soft spot. He was ready to end his participation and thought he'd rent a car and drive back home to Grants Pass, OR.

Lee and Anita listened intently as our saga was thoroughly discussed and the options considered. Their decision was to remain on the trip and see it through per the original planned itinerary. Steve continued to weigh his own options regarding how to get out of Kingman. Finally it was my turn to decide if I should remain on the trip or whether I should get home quickly and see the doctor.

Ultimately the decision was made that Steve would endure another trip on the back of the trike and we would both return home together. We departed Kingman at about 10:20 AM and we were home in Simi Valley at 6:00 PM. Later that evening we received a phone call from Lee and Anita who were interested in knowing that we had returned home safely. They spent the day following the trip itinerary and were having a wonderful time, although they did miss the two Bruce brothers.

Tomorrow (Friday, May 1) both Judy and I have medical appointments; me for the IBS and Judy for her swollen and painful knee. If there is a moral to this story it is that wishful thinking cannot be relied upon when you are participating in a lengthy and complicated trip. If you're not feeling well, don't go.

Appearing elsewhere in this issue of R/T is the Blackman's narrative on how they enjoyed the rest of the trip and the adventures they encountered. It is sure to be a great read.



Excellent Adventure - 2015 Lee Blackman - Road Captain

JB'S 2015 EXCELLENT ADVENTURE...WITHOUT JB!

By Lee Blackman (Substitute Road Captain!)

DAY 1: MILLIE'S TO KINGMAN, ARIZONA:

On April 29, 2015, Day 1 of the JB's 2015 Excellent Adventure, four participants on two trikes left Millie's Restaurant in Mission Hills, California, their destination for the day being Kingman, Arizona.

JB, on his Harley Champion trike conversion, was in the lead, but without Judy astride the passenger seat as usual, as she was sidelined at home due to knee problems. Instead, JB was joined by his brother, Steve, who flew down from his home in Oregon for the trip. They were followed by Lee and Anita on their trusty Harley TriGlide, beginning its third Excellent Adventure.

After crossing Highway 40 to Needles, they changed direction and headed up the mountain to Oatman, Arizona (complete with its resident wild burros roaming the street), for a needed cool-off and refreshing lunch.

On arrival in Oatman, Anita started shooting the first of countless photographs she would take during the trip. Since the trike would be traveling at highway speeds most of the time, many of her wonderful pictures would be taken while moving at around 70 mph, in weather conditions ranging from bright, clear skies to blinding rain, and even one huge snowstorm!

Lunch and a short walk around Oatman completed, it was time for the non-stop ride down to the hotel in Kingman. JB and Lee spent the rest of the afternoon at the hotel pool, and in the evening, everyone strolled across the street to a popular Mexican restaurant for dinner.

DAY 2: KINGMAN, ARIZONA TO WINSLOW, ARIZONA:

Brother Steve having had no experience as a motorcycle passenger, it turned out that the long ride on Day 1 was not his favorite life experience. By the end of the first day, he couldn't wait to escape Excellent Adventure and fly back home to Oregon! As for JB, by the morning of Day 2, he was completely exhausted, not having slept a wink all night due to roommate Steve's loud, non-stop snoring. To that was added the recurrence of some old stomach ills to boot! As a result of these unplanned complications, a group meeting was held over breakfast, where it was decided that JB and Steve would abandon the trip in Kingman and head back home



with Anita and Lee to continue on the adventure alone.

After saying their "goodbyes" to JB and Steve, Lee and Anita headed out of Kingman for Winslow, Arizona by way of old Route 66. After stopping at the general store in Hackberry (the only structure in Hackberry!) for a required Route 66 T-Shirt for Anita, they made their way to the Road Kill Café in Seligman for lunch, and then a visit to the many Route 66-oriented shops lining the main street of the tiny town.

The trip continued with a ride through old Williams, and a special, unplanned detour to view the magnificent Meteor Crater before sunset.

Upon checking in at the hotel in Winslow (it actually stood all by itself a long way from the town), they discovered that there was only one restaurant they could get to on foot, so for the second night in a row, it was again to be Mexican food.

Later, Lee and JB spoke by phone, as they would a few more times during the trip. During these calls, JB shared information on suggested routes and interesting places to stop along the way.

DAY 3: WINSLOW, ARIZONA TO SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO:

Day 3 started with a brief motorcycle tour of Winslow, including having a look at its "Standing on the Corner" statue. That was followed by a must-stop at the legendary Wigwam Motel in Holbrook, Arizona.

The ride continued with an eventual crossing into New Mexico. By then, the 80 degree temperature had climbed to 90, and it would remain at that as the day progressed.

Since the ride had been planned down to the smallest detail and was to be led by JB, there had been no need for Lee to do any route planning or to bring along any maps. But wait...JB was no longer there!

After some feverish searching on the Garmin GPS, an Auto Club office was located in Albuquerque. That was the semi-easy part... the hard part was going to be to get from the Arizona/New Mexico border to the AAA office there before it closed for the day!

Lunch stop? Forgetaboutit!! It was full throttle all the way and, with the help of the GPS, arrival just before closing time.

Having now acquired enough maps and AAA Tour Books to fill the already stuffed trike trunk, They got back on the road, the destination being the Old Santa Fe Inn located in (naturally) Santa Fe, New Mexico. After checking in and taking a short break to refresh themselves after the long, hot day of riding, Anita and Lee took a stroll around town, eventually searching out an Indian (not the American kind!) restaurant for dinner. There would be no Mexican food tonight!

DAY 4: A DAY IN OLD SANTA FE:

Day 4 of the trip began with a ride to Santa Fe Harley-Davidson,

just to check it out. Back in town, the rest of the day would be spent covering Santa Fe on foot in the cool, cloudy and sometimes rainy weather. As for food, okay, they missed out on Mexican last night, but made up for it by having lunch at the Blue Corn Café! Dinner was an entirely different affair, as they enjoyed being pampered by the excellent staff while being treated to a delicious meal at the upscale Galisteo Bistro, just a short walk from the hotel.

DAY 5: SANTA FE TO TAOS, NEW MEXICO:

Following JB's plan, on Day 5 they first rode to Chamaya Santuario to visit the small, dark room where people gather handfuls of its famous "healing dirt" from a tiny opening in the ground. While in the Santuario, they were able to observe the many crutches lining the walls that had been left there by the faithful after having been cured of their ailments by the healing dirt.

Lunch followed at the remarkably popular, in-the-middle-of-nowhere, Rancho de Chamayo. The ride then continued to Taos and check-in at the Historic Taos Inn, near the Plaza. Their walking tour of the Plaza included an enjoyable visit to the R.C. Gorman Gallery. (R.C. Gorman, who has now sadly passed away, was and is one of Anita and Lee's favorite artists.)

Dinner at Doc Martin's Restaurant at the hotel was superb. It was followed by an evening stroll around town, capped by stopping in at the hotel lobby/bar to listen to a very talented lady singer/pianist perform until closing time, which, at this hotel, is just 10pm.

DAY 6: TAOS, NEW MEXICO TO DURANGO, COLORADO:

When the day started out mild and sunny, Lee and Anita had no idea what would await them during their journey to Durango on Day 6. After checking out of the hotel, they took the short ride to Taos Pueblo, which was just opening for visitors, so the tour busses and crowds had not yet arrived. After their guided tour by one of the young locals, they were off to Durango, lightly dressed since the weather was forecast to be quite pleasant.



They soon crossed over the awesome Rio Grande Gorge Bridge, stopping long enough to snap some photos from the bridge and gaze upon the Big Horn Sheep grazing nearby.

Continuing, they rode along the narrow, desolate Highway 84, which they both felt was actually "lonelier" than the Loneliest Road in America they recalled from a prior JB trip. It led to the Carson National Forest, which they would go through on their

way to the planned lunch stop at the High Country Restaurant & Saloon in Chama, New Mexico.

As the TriGlide climbed higher and higher, the temperature got colder and colder, and by the time they were at 10,500 feet, it was bone-chilling cold. It was definitely time to pull over and put on some warm clothing, but there was no place to do that without risking being run down by a large truck like the ones they occasionally saw coming at them from the opposite direction. As the climbing continued, the cold turned to snow (!!), and soon, they were surrounded by it.



Finally, an opportunity to safely stop presented itself. They quickly located and hooked up their Gerbings electric jackets and gloves and pressed on. The Gerbings helped with the cold, but before long, it was compounded by blinding rain, which lasted almost all the way to Chama.

A very pleasant lunch in the warm restaurant revitalized the riders. Before leaving, they put on not only their electric jackets and gloves, but their full sets of rain gear as well!

Chama to Durango featured not only rain, but also a lot of very gusty crosswinds. So although they were wet, cold and windblown by the time they reached soggy Durango, they were relieved to have arrived safely. Dinner was at the comfortable, pricy Red Snapper (no Red Snapper on the menu!), again within a short walk in the rain from the hotel.

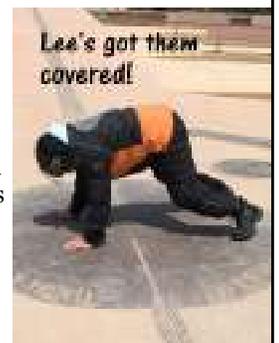
DAY 7: A DAY IN DURANGO:

It rained off and on from morning and throughout the evening on Day 7. The day was spent enjoyably strolling the length of Durango's main street, visiting several shops and galleries, and having a tasty Nepalese buffet lunch at the Himalayan Kitchen. Dinner was at the very popular Steamworks Brewing Co., again within walking distance of the hotel.

DAY 8: DURANGO, COLORADO TO CHINLE, ARIZONA:

As Day 8 began, the rain conveniently slowed to a light drizzle just before the riders departed, first for New Mexico, and then Chinle, Arizona. The, by now familiar, non-stop gusty winds would be present for the entire day!

After an extended stop at Four Corners Harley-Davidson in Farmington, New Mexico for more shirts for Anita, it was off to Four Corners Monument, where Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and Arizona meet. Lee obligingly got down on all fours to pose for a picture of him covering all four states!

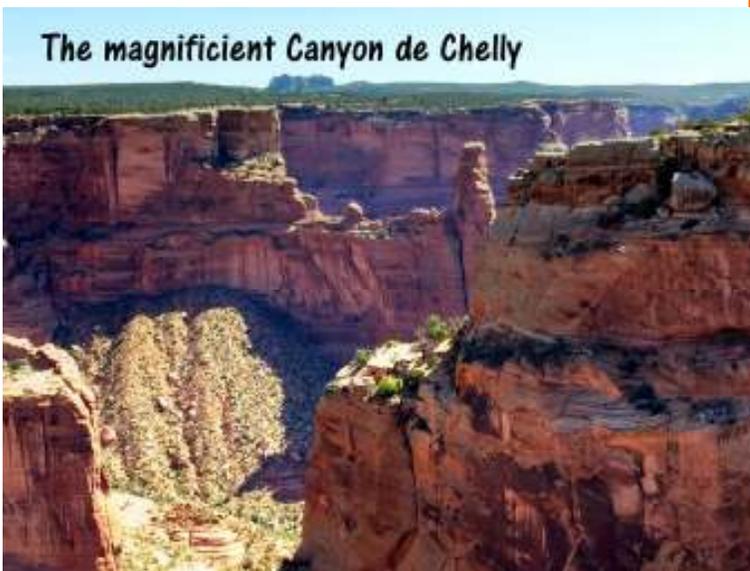


With no time to stop for lunch, the ride then took them into Arizona and the Navajo Nation for a short visit to Canyon de Chilly (pronounced “de shay”), an amazing place that must be experienced in person to be believed. By the time they arrived, the sun was going down and the wind and rain going up, so it was off to the Holiday Inn in nearby Chinle. Dinner at the hotel featured Navajo Fry Bread, their staple food, prepared in several different ways from appetizers to dessert!

DAY 9: CHINLE, ARIZONA TO TORREY, UTAH:

Day 9 would feature temperatures ranging from 60 to 80, and the “usual” extremely high, non-stop winds, to keep Lee extra alert as they rode.

The day began with a return trip to Canyon de Chilly, in order to explore the entire South Rim and have time to stop and marvel at the views.



After moving on from there toward Torrey, Utah, the awesome, unbelievably gorgeous scenery continued for the entire day. But for the strong winds and the TriGlide’s headlight taking a direct hit from a large rock thrown by a semi (fortunately, the headlight kept working for the rest of the trip), it was like riding in a dream for the first part of the day.

Lunch in Blanding, Utah took place much later than planned due to the time spent at Canyon de Chilly, so it would be eat-and-run from there in order to make Torrey by nightfall. As they rolled out of Blanding, they were unaware they would be delayed even further by two things: First there was a long stoppage on the two lane highway, which was being repaired and reduced to just one lane for both directions. While halted there waiting for the “follow me” truck to finally arrive, turn around, and lead them down the road for several miles, they got acquainted with and received some sightseeing tips from the guy whose entire job is to hold up a “stop” sign all day long in the middle of no man’s land. Second, the delay was compounded by Lee having to be extra careful in order to avoid the open-range cattle that crossed the highway at will! Later than planned, they eventually arrived in Torrey around 8pm, and had dinner at the hotel restaurant just before it closed for the night.

DAY 10: TORREY, UTAH TO MESQUITE, NEVADA (WIND, RAIN, BLINDING SNOWSTORM...WOW!!!)

Leaving Torrey on Day 10, it was not long before the riders were at 9,600 feet with snow all around. Fortunately, there was none on the road, although it was wet and icy.

The Grand Staircase Escalante was their next destination. As they negotiated the steep, 14% grade down the “staircase” in light rain, they were awestruck by its majesty.

The lunch stop for the day was at the small town of Escalante, Utah. After being seated at the Circle D Eatery and piling all their gear (helmets, gloves, Gerbings, riding and rain jackets) on the table, Anita and Lee enjoyed the good food and excellent service the restaurant provided.

From Escalante, the remainder of Day 10 would include more riding through the Grand Staircase Escalante Monument, as well as trips through Bryce Canyon, Dixie National Forest and Zion National Park. After riding through Zion, it would be full speed ahead to Mesquite, Nevada for their last night on the road.

It seemed the rest of the riding day would be long, but scenic, as they rode out of Escalante, under cloudy skies with 60 degrees showing on the thermometer. They had their rain gear on “just in case,” even though there was no rain forecast for the places they would be going.

Soon after leaving Escalante, they encountered relentless crosswinds that kept Lee ever-vigilant...but that was to be just the beginning!

After fighting the winds on their way through more of Grand Staircase-Escalante, Bryce Canyon and Red Canyon in Dixie National Forest, they eventually turned south on Highway 89 for the 40-mile run to Mt. Carmel Junction.

Almost as soon as they turned onto the narrow Highway 89, with only one lane in each direction and no turnoffs or pull out areas, the cloudy skies became darker, the temperature started plummeting like a lead weight, and torrential rains began. The Gerbings were immediately pressed into service to help keep Anita and Lee from freezing, and the rain gear did its job, keeping most of the wet onslaught at bay.

That was the good news.

The bad news was that the intense, pounding rain had no trouble working its way into their helmets, blanketing the shields with water, making it very difficult to see the road ahead.

The very bad news was yet to come!

As they roared down the highway at around 75 mph in order to avoid being run down by the rare car or truck that would from time to time show up in the rear view mirror, Lee commented to Anita through the intercom that it looked like they were now being attacked by hail as well as rain. Anita replied that she thought it was not hail, but more likely snow!! The words had hardly left her lips when large blobs of ice began slamming into and sticking themselves to the windshield. Within seconds, it was completely covered by a thick layer of solid ice, making it impossible to see through. As the snow and ice came blasting down, everything on the ground in every direction turned a pale white against the now extremely dark sky.

It became apparent to them that they were trapped, and were riding through the snowstorm in true white-out conditions!!!

The thermometer had long since dropped to 30 degrees, and Lee's wet feet were beginning to freeze. His "waterproof" electric gloves became waterlogged and stopped working, so his soaked hands began to freeze, too. Visibility was down to almost zero in the dim, eerie conditions, but they had to keep going, and at highway speed, since there was no place to stop or pull over.

Lee started using his left hand as a kind of makeshift windshield wiper, clearing some of the ice from a small portion of it. But almost before he finished wiping, it would ice up all over again! Since both the windshield and his helmet shield were now completely useless, he would lean as far over as he could and take fast glances around the side of the blocked windshield while being hammered by snow and ice, straining through his soaked and fogged up riding glasses to try to see the almost invisible, snow-covered yellow dividing line on the road.

Not infrequently, a large semi would approach from the opposite direction, its headlights almost totally obscured by the driving snowstorm. As if Anita and Lee were not already covered with enough of the constantly falling snow, as each truck crossed, it sent a blast of snow and ice across the highway, which came at the riders like a small tidal wave, covering them with yet more of the stuff as they ducked each onslaught.

Since there was nothing else they could do, they continued on the dark, icy, almost zero-visibility road. Eventually, as they pressed on, the driving snow began to slowly turn into heavy rain, but they were not to find any degree of comfort until reaching a tiny ancient hole-in-the-wall "no name" gas station in Orderville, run by a middle-aged local woman who, along with her young granddaughter, was trying to keep warm herself.

As soon as they pulled up and stopped, Anita hopped off and ran inside to try to warm up a bit, and Lee soon followed. Since there was nothing to be done about his soaked, frozen feet and hands at this point, the "excellent adventurers" were soon off again.

After leaving Orderville, the rain lightened, but would continue off and on for the rest of the day, ranging in intensity, and never giving any warning it was coming.

The ride through Zion National Park, with its mile-plus, unlit tunnel, was a refreshing change from the snowstorm, but did not allow for much photography due to the ever-present dark clouds and occasional rain.

From Zion, they started a fairly long, wind-and-rain-driven, ride to Mesquite, Nevada, in order to spend the last night of the adventure at the Casa Blanca Resort. Exhausted, wet and cold from head to foot, and with Lee's hands and feet still on the brink of freezing, they dried off in their room, ate dinner at the hotel buffet, and were soon off to bed to get some sleep before the long ride home the next day.

DAY 11: MESQUITE, NEVADA TO HOME:

May 9, which was Day 11 and the final day of the 2015 Excellent Adventure, started out cold and damp as they headed out from the Casa Blanca Resort in Mesquite, Nevada. After catching glimpses of Las Vegas while riding by, they stopped for lunch at the Mad Greek in Primm, Nevada before entering California.

The long day's ride back to L.A. proved to be a tiring one due to high winds almost all the way and temperatures ranging from cold to hot, capped by a multi-mile traffic jam on Highway 15 near Victorville. By early evening, Lee and Anita finally arrived at home in Encino, tired but safe, and looking back on the remarkable 2500 mile trip, with their thanks to JB for all the planning that went into this Excellent Adventure!



Who Are These Outlaw Bikers?

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By: *Froma Harrop*

Jewish World Review

Suggested by Jerry Bruce

Count me among those mystified over the biker gang melee in Waco, Texas — a shootout that left nine dead. Why are these guys committing grown-up violence over the seemingly adolescent concern of who belongs to their group and who doesn't? Who are they?

For answers, I consulted James F. Quinn, a University of North Texas sociologist who has studied the Bandidos and other outlaw biker "clubs."

Many of the members came out of the military with skills of war and low tolerance for ordinary civilian life. They borrow their imagery from the old Western outlaws, having traded horses for motorcycles. Billy the Kid would be a model biker.

They engage in drug trafficking, prostitution, extortion and the like. But so do cartels and other powerful organized crime syndicates. (Texas law enforcement considers the Bandidos a Tier 2 threat, with Tier 1 reserved for the cartels.)

But are these (mostly) white guys on Harleys making real money?

"A few people are making a very large sum of money," Quinn said, "and some people are just getting by." Some also have day jobs. They run the gamut.

As most of us know, the outlaw bikers have little in common with the lawyer/teacher/retiree motorcyclists dressing the part on weekends. My only complaint on meeting many biker couples headed to the annual motorcycle rally in Sturgis, South Dakota, was that they hogged the washing machines at Motel 6.

Some reports say the riot at the Twin Peaks sports bar started in a battle over a parking space. Others, an exchange of words in the men's room. Yet another, a "provocation" centered on

the wearing of a Texas patch by members of the Cossacks, a gang rival to the Bandidos.

Quinn sees the explosion as the result of a two-year buildup of tensions between the gangs.

"When one club dominates an area, they don't want others coming through without their permission," Quinn said. "They believe the other clubs should be subservient."

The Bandidos fancy they run Texas from the seats of their Harleys. A counter view is that Texas is run from skyscrapers in Dallas and Houston by men who drive Lexuses and Mercedes-Benzes.

In any case, men who join outlaw biker clubs are in it for more than the money. "A lot of it is about excitement, male camaraderie," Quinn said. "They

want to live in that masculine excitement. It's a hyper-excitement kind of atmosphere."

Women are not invited. Women are never members of a "1 percent club," a reference to the tiny percentage of motorcyclists not considered law-abiding citizens. Women are there to serve, which is why

the Waco bikers gravitated to a Hooters clone restaurant, where the waitresses wear tops cut low and shorts cut high.

As for the violence in Waco, Quinn believes that even the bikers didn't foresee the enormity of what occurred. He hesitates to speculate on what will happen next. An amazing 170 arrestees are facing criminal charges, but not many of them are in jail.

"There are going to be a lot of funerals, people coming in from out of town," Quinn said, "but for the next few weeks, we're going to see quiet because they know they are being watched."

What fascinates the outside world about these outlaw bikers is the extraordinary energy they expend for a sense of belonging and a right to bully. Many comments following the Waco coverage ridiculed their hairy faces and paunchy middles.

In the end, one observes all those able-bodied men looking for action and concludes: What a tremendous waste of all that manpower.





Upcoming Events

JB - Activities Chairperson

Upcoming Events “June & July, 2015”

Seems like “JB’s Excellent Adventure” ride was so long ago. Of course I was personally only on that ride for one day, having incurred a new bout of Irritable Bowel upon arrival in Kingman, AZ. Maybe I caught something from being too near the wild donkeys during the lunch visit in Oatman.

In any event, there is a short article which I wrote about my limited experience, which also appears in this issue of R/T, along with a longer one written by Lee and Anita, who were the only two people who both began and finished the ride; notwithstanding the frostbite they incurred during the “spring weather” in Utah!

Also, as this is being written, the 3-day, 2-night trip to Three Rivers for our reunion with River City Harley Riders has not yet happened, and we don’t get back until just hours before publishing deadline. But what good is stale news? Look for the article in this issue.

Lots of new stuff coming up. Take a look and pick your poison for June and July. No more snow predicted.

JUNE:

Sunday, June 7 – Lockwood Valley & Deer Lodge: Lou, 3:00 PM, Millies

Take two separate events and combine them into a single outing and what do you get? Something outstanding, we predict. And so was germinated the idea of a late afternoon ride through beautiful Lockwood Valley, followed by dinner at Deer Lodge, Ojai. It has been several years since we last produced a dinner/ride event so let’s hope the turnout justifies the effort. Send your email RSVP’s directly to Lou.

Friday, June 26 thru Sunday, June 28 – The Sierra’s; East & West: Duane, 8:30, AM, Millies

If its mountain driving you crave, look no further. Here’s a 3-day exploration of both sides of the Sierra Nevada. First, the western slope where our abode will be Best Western Cedar Inn (209.736.4000) located in the Mother Lode town of Angels Camp. The next day we’ll cross over to the eastern side for an enjoyable stay in Mammoth Lakes at the Quality Inn (760.934.5114). Which mountain pass will we traverse? Only our intrepid RC knows for sure. Oh yes, Duane needs a head count for meal planning purposes.

JULY:

Friday, July 3 thru Monday, July 6 – Hollister Rally (Information Only)

Nat an official SCHRA scheduled event, but quite a few folks are planning on a visit, including Blackman & Sarian (staying in Hollister) and Piano, Lynn & Bruce (staying in Gilroy). If you have any interest, contact anyone from above for details.

Friday, July 10 thru Sunday, July 12 – Kernville & Springville: Sternz, (details pending)

Here’s another winning combination for those who like their mountains high and curvy; a combination of two of our favorite off-the-beaten-path locales. This time of year the weather should be perfect. Look for an Event Alert with the requisite details. Also, we get two road captains for the price of one.

Sunday, July 19 – Annual SCHRA Picnic: Ron (details forthcoming in Event Alert)

Where has Ron picked for this year’s excursion? Does it really matter? Our RC is reviewing his options and we will all know in due course. What we already know, however, is that it will be well attended and provide the usual fabulous picnic stuff we’ve come to expect from our Treasurer/Picnic Planner. To help in the planning, your RSVP to Ron will enable him to assure sufficient vittles and drinks for all.

AUGUST SNEAK-PEEK:

Sturgis Rally!
Summer Party!
Ports ‘O Call Lunch!

Harley Davidson Recall

Harley-Davidson is recalling nearly 46,000 motorcycles in the U.S. because they could stay in gear due to clutches that won’t fully disengage.

The recall covers certain Electra Glide, Ultra Limited, Police Electra Glide, Street Glide, Road Glide and Road King models from the 2014 and 2015 model years.

Harley-Davidson Motor Co. said in documents that gas bubbles can cause the clutch master cylinder to lose its ability to fully disengage the clutch, especially if the bike has been parked for a long time. This could cause a rider to lose control of the motorcycle if it’s started in gear.

The problem was found through customer complaints. Harley reported 27 crashes and four minor injuries.

Dealers will flush the clutch and rebuild the master cylinder. The recall was to start April 23.



The "Saturday" Report

JB -- Activities Chairperson

Saturday 5/2

On a near picture-perfect day, seven adventure-some folks showed up for the first Saturday in May. Even JB and Brother Steve made a surprise appearance, as they were supposed to be on the JB's Excellent Adventure ride through the southwest. (See details elsewhere in this issue).

Today's ride, led by Jerry S. started on Mulholland Hwy. but soon transitioned to Agoura Rd. in direction of Westlake Village. The group then wound their way around the lake at Westlake, then south over CA-23, eventually arriving at PCH by way of Encinal Cyn. After a short stop at Neptune's Net, the group finally made its way to Bocalli's Restaurant in Ojai where the temps were in the balmy high 80's.

The route home was through Santa Paula and then over Balcom Canyon. Also present on today's ride were Fred R., Mike L., Ron L., and guest Steve C.

Saturday 5/9

The clouds were still there and the beach temps were in the 65-degree range, but it was still a very good day for a ride.

Today, Lou P. anointed himself RC, and off we went. The route began west on Ventura Blvd., south on Valley Circle and then west on Mulholland Highway. We stayed on this familiar route until it was time to transition to Kanan Rd., which we followed all the way to PCH and then north. In Oxnard we followed Calle Quinta (5th St.) to Oxnard Airport where we had lunch at Pirates Grub N Grog.

The food was good, but the live-rock-band musical accompaniment with our lunch....we could have done without! Participating today in addition to Lou were JB, Fred R., Mike L., Jerry S., Ron L., and new guest Dan M.

Saturday 5/16

Today was again Lou's turn to lead, and that he did; right back to recently visited Fisherman's Catch Restaurant in Oxnard. This place has really caught-on with the Saturday Group and we seem

to go there often.

With 7 riders in tow, Lou's route began on Mulholland Highway, transitioned to Kanan, and then back on Mulholland to Encinal. A gorgeous brisk day in the 60's with clear skies and bright sun. Participants also included JB, Mitch P., Mike L., Fred R., Ron L., and guest Steve C. Jerry S. started the ride but had to beg-off lunch.

Saturday 5/23

With temps in the 64-degree range, there were six riders who showed-up at Starbucks on this slightly overcast morning, including a first-time visitor who had been referred by someone from Barger H-D. Thank-you, whomever!

Lou P. took the lead as we headed north on Topanga Canyon Blvd., then west over Santa Susana Pass into Simi Valley. From here the transition was made to a few surface streets and then north over Grimes Canyon, continuing along the foothills to Santa Paula and a coffee break. From here (yes, you guessed it) to Ojai and the Asian Fusion Garden.

Also in attendance today was Fred R., Mitch P., JB, Jack L., and guest rider Vern Greenwood, who on the way home had a mishap on a gravel-strewn piece of roadway and ended up being ambulated to a nearby emergency room. At last report he was doing fine but did incur a nasty knee injury.

Saturday 5/30

With most members attending the Three Rivers/Sequoia/Kings Canyon/River City Reunion this weekend, it is not known whether or not anyone showed up this day for the Saturday ride.

Whoa, pardner! The regularly unscheduled Saturday ride went off without a hitch (get it? Hitch!) Anyway, Me (Lou), Mitch, Mike, Fred and Steve showed up and took a nice ride over PCH to the "Cajun Restaurant" in Ventura. Mitch cut-off near Port Hueneme to find a place that sold some special marine patch. After lunch, Mike hunted down a bakery owned by the daughter of our former members, the Kotler's. It was indeed another pleasant ride with the temps in the 60's and the valley hot as (hmmmm, what word can I use here? - oh, just pick something that sounds good to you).

New Guest Rider

Fred Rubin

SCHRA prides itself on safety. Its one of the reasons I ride with the club. Another reason is that you are all a great bunch of guys and I enjoy being with all of you. But lets go back to safety. A sub-rule under the safety category is check your rear view mirrors frequently to be sure the rider behind you is still there and safe. If not, slow down, and if still not there, pullover. And if not there after that go back. That's the way I always did it anyway. (Yes, Richard, even when you rode 120 seconds or more behind me I always looked out for you to be sure you were ok). That said, there was an issue today.

A guest rider, Vern, was with us today and riding a spotlessly clean ultra. We were riding back from lunch along Creek Road in Ojai. I slid a little in some gravel coming around a curve, but just a little. I quickly looked in my rear view and Vern had slid out and was lying on the road. I stopped quickly, got off my bike and ran back waving both arms because a car was coming in his direction and Vern was still lying in the road unable to get up. His Ultra landed about 150 feet down the road on soft dirt on the opposite side of the road. The vehicle driver stopped and we tended to Vern. His knee was messed up and bloody. We helped him up and he was able to walk. Limping

but walking. By now the Highway patrol had stopped, saw the blood and called an ambulance. An ambulance, firetruck and about 6 firemen and 3 paramedics soon showed up. Soon the rest of the group returned. Eventually Vern went off in the ambulance and a tow truck came for Verns bike and transported it to Oxnard HD.

So the moral of the story is always check for the rider behind you. You never know when he may need help.

Oh, and by the way, that includes when we take off after lunch. Coincidentally, today after lunch I almost dropped my bike backing out of the parking lot. Fortunately I didn't because everyone had taken off and I doubt that the 95 pound waitress in the Asian place we just dined at would have been much use helping me lift the bike. So again always look out for the rider behind you.

Editors note: Vern checked in with Fred and he is okay but will take several weeks to heal. Good luck Vern and we hope you return to riding soon.





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

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

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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
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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



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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 Calendar- June

Day(s)	Date(s)	Event	Meeting Place	Road Captain	Time
Sun	6/7	Deer Lodge by way of Lockwood Valley	Millie's	LP	3:00 pm
Thur	6/11	Club Meeting	Four 'n 20 Pies		7:30 pm
Fri-Sun	6/26-28	Angel's Camp & Mammoth Lakes	Millie's	DH	8:30 am

SCHRA 2015 Calendar - July

		Hollister - Non-SHCRA Event			
	7/10-12	Springville - Kernville	Cancelled		
Sun	7/19	Annual SCHRA Picnic	TBA	Ron Lynn	

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