



ROLLING THUNDER

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October 13, 2011

Four 'n Twenty Pies



President's Message

Mike Levison

Freedom Found on Two Wheels

Last month an article appeared in my local paper, The Signal in Newhall, written by a "newbie" motorcycle rider Steve Lunetta. Some of his observations and reactions I found very enlightening, entertaining, and right on point. Of course I will share equally the big bucks I receive from plagiarizing his article.

On a whim and against his wife's advice, her being an ex-EMT and ambulance driver, he and his son enrolled in a beginning motorcycle class held at College of the Canyons. Miracle of miracles, they both passed and now proudly have their M-1 licenses. He felt frustrated when sitting motionless on the freeway while the bikers lane-split by him, so he was motivated to join them.

The classroom program was filled with a surprising amount of information to remember, and safety was clearly the prime consideration. The life saving tips presented, such as eyes up and looking ahead made him a better "cage" driver. Remembering the location of all the bike controls and which body limb actuates them he found mind-boggling at first, but did learn. The next day was learning to actually ride the machine.

He was assigned a Honda Rebel 250, was told that "cc" denoted cubic centimeters of engine displacement, which was a size sufficient to comfortably kill an adult person. He surmised the larger engines would turn you into a smear mark on the freeway. Uttering a silent prayer, he anxiously started forward, barely able to swallow. When he put the bike into 2nd gear, his teeth became unglued from his lips, and by 3rd gear he was smiling. Beginning to slalom through the cones he realized he was hooked. He recalled a 70's Yamaha commercial saying: "Today is the day that learners will see what's on the other side." He saw what was on the other side and liked it immensely.

While going through the numerous exercises and skill-building challenges that day, he realized that motorcycle riders are actually very skilled. It takes immense focus and concentration and coordination to control a bike and keep safe on the road. During the breaks, he also discovered that most of the other classmates shared similar interests. Most owned guns and were conservative in their political views.

It got him thinking: Do those who love freedom gravitate to pursuits that allow them to express and enjoy that freedom? He tends to think so (and I agree). The popularity of motorcycling may have little to do with the actual machines. It may have more to do with a mindset and desire to be free to express oneself as we wish, and not be told what to do, say or think! We have crossed over. We get it now, my biker brethren!
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## Progressive Breakfast

*Lou Piano*

### HARLEYS AND FOOD!

**W**ho would ever have guessed that motorcycle riders would enjoy an event that centered around food? And yet.....we did!

It was a warm sunny morning when we all converged on Woodlake Bowl to begin our trek to food galore. First stop: Mitch's house where he and Pam had a great layout of locks and keys. No, no, no. Lox and bagels and cream cheese and fish salad (don't ask me what it was but it tasted good and I didn't get ptomaine poisoning!), and sweet rolls and coffee and juice.

Twenty four hardy bikers, some in cages, rolled to Mitch's. From there we gathered up and headed south to Jack and Nanette's where we once again feasted on scrambled eggs, sausage, bacon, potatoes, waffles and drinks. The layout was beautiful with lots of orange color and plenty of food.

Back on the motorcycles for the real bikers and into cars for the pseudo wannabe bikers and over to Johnny and Michelle's for more food. A fine layout of cakes, cookies, and candies and more drinks. And special visitors!

First, Sylvie is recuperating slowly but surely from her motorcycle accident in Death Valley. She has a bunch of bruises which are yellowing

just fine and she is her smiling self.

Marvin showed up, for the free food I'm sure. He looks good and is still undergoing treatments.

Ken showed up too with his caretaker in tow and Natalie too. He was happy to see everyone and the feeling was mutual.

The 2011 progressive breakfast was another raging SCHRA success! Thanks to Mitch and Pam, Jack and Nanette, and Johnny and Michelle for all their preparation and hospitality.



## Sheriff's Chili Cook-Off

*Mitch Pullman*

### Such a deal!

**A**s the original other cook-off was cancelled I was asked to lead this one. Never having been to a sheriff's cook-off I did not know what to expect. Boy was I surprised!

Usually the road captain knows how many and whom attends. This one doesn't have any idea how many participated but it was a bunch.

Rumors were flying about the cost of this rather short ride and event (near lake Castaic). But in the end, it was a terrific deal and event. We were all charged 5 dollars to enter but once inside wow! Over thirty five participants vying for the award for the best chili. We were all given a card for a free sample from all of the entrants. That is one bunch of chili not to mention your stomach to be able to handle some.

In addition there was a stand giving out free "jello poppers" filled with vodka and if that was not enough another stand giving free margheritas. Plus live music was being played on 2 separate stages.

So, I say "such a deal" and a fun time had by all..



## Product Corner

Ron Lynn

### The Trike Option: Leg-Up Landinggear:

**A**s we get older many of us are having problems balancing these 900 lb machines, especially with a passenger and gear loaded. With the crowded freeways and local streets becoming more congested, and with no end in sight, some riders have made the conversion to TRIKES which, while they are much safer as far as balancing is concerned, requires the trade-off of not allowing the rider to experience the best part of motorcycling: the effects of leaning into curves.

This device has been re-introduced in the past two years and has seen a resurgence among aging riders experiencing physical limitations, as an acceptable alternative to the Trike or Side Car options,



The product is a set of small wheels tucked neatly, and almost invisibly, under the hard bags thus allowing the bike to be ridden without restriction. The small wheels are deployed by an electronic control box mounted on the left handlebar just above the directional signal housing which controls the automatic on-off operation. This electrical computerized system lowers the legs and wheels as the bike slows down to less than 10 mph and automatically raises them when the speed increases to over 9 mph.



The system can be turned off at any time which locks the wheels into whatever position they were in at that time; when stopped they stay down, when moving they raise up. It is recommended that you still put your feet down when stopped, however it is much easier to hold the bike up.

With the wheels down you can still lean the bike about half as much as without the wheels which allows the bike to adjust to uneven terrain. The wheels have springs which allow this movement from side to side so that you can pull off from a stop at an angle.

Since this mechanism does not protrude from the sides, there are no storage issues or lane splitting problems which would be encountered with Trikes. Other benefits which allow for an easier ride are:

- Uneven terrain (banked or dirt).
- Slow speed turns: middle of the road turn-a-rounds.
- Bumper-to-bumper crowded freeway.
- Numerous city traffic start-and-stops.
- Passenger mounting onto the bike.
- Backing up in an arc without the threat of tipping over.
- Taking off from a stop with feet on floorboards.

Installation does not require any cutting or modifications and is available at various participating shops. Switching between bikes of the same make is easy.

If you know of anyone with more serious leg impairment issues, there is also a stronger double wheeled model available, which can be added later at minimal cost, to the standard unit which will support a greater weight while creating additional stability.

With none of us getting any younger and Harley and Can-Am doing so well with their three wheeled models, it seems much more practical and cheaper to just add this option to our existing machines which extends our continuing enjoyment of the "normal" feeling of riding a motorcycle.

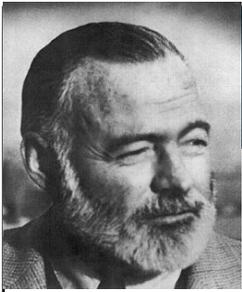
Available: Chopper Design Services; \$2,995  
Installation: \$400

[chopperdesign.com](http://chopperdesign.com) or [leguplandinggear.com](http://leguplandinggear.com) Great video on-line!

Note: HD-FLH 2009-on require conversion from dual exhaust to single exhaust. Older models with dual exhaust are OK. They will sell you the conversion muffler at cost for around \$550.

Thank you to Joe Gubbrud for finding and suggesting this product.

*Remember. IF YOU SEE SOMETHING YOU LIKE, BUY IT!*



## Meet Your Member

*Sumbudy*

**T**he very existence of SCHRA today is due in great measure to our member selected for this month's feature article by Sumbudy. Most of you know the history and story of Van Nuys Harley-Davidson pulling the plug on their sponsorship of the HOG Chapter some 19 years ago, due to the moronic, illegal, and deadly behavior by the then president. Most don't know the "rest of the story"! Sumbudy is going to remedy that now!

Our guy sent out a letter to the disbanded membership, calling a meeting of those that wished to continue the former established camaraderie and group riding. Twenty-three guys showed up, forming and naming SCHRA as we know it today. The Club grew to a high of 120 members, with one early ride to a winery attracting an unwieldy 54 bikes.



Sumbudy appreciates and recognizes our significant founding member, "Sweet Marvin" Feuerman (he incorrectly mispronounces his name FUR-MAN). He also doesn't know about his new handle "Sweet" until he reads this when published! You're never too old to acquire a good nickname, says original author "Knowbuddy", Sumbudy's alter ego.

Sweet Marvin was born in Brooklyn on September 16, 1937, the son of a cabby and a bookkeeper.

He sort of attended Manual Training HS there to 1956, but with his living on the very edge of lawful society, finished and graduated from Peekskill Military Academy. His graduation present from his parents... a one way ticket to California. Apparently, Sweet Marvin wasn't all that sweet as a teenager!

To his great luck and salesmanship, and her boundless faith and love, he convinced Gloria to marry him, which she did in Fort Gordon, GA, on May 29, 1958. They have been loving partners now for 53 years, and "Sweet" considers this his major life's accomplishment! Soon after, he joined the Army Signal Corp, expecting and led to believe he would be sent to Paris, where Gloria had family. Instead, in the fine tradition of the Army, he went to Korea!



With his Brooklyn streets background, it didn't take long for our hero to discover the pressing need for a "black market" enterprise, and proceeded to establish just that. Coming home in 1960, Marv and Glo opened a collection business, but sold it in 1973 to try living in Mexico City and Acapulco for a couple years.

They were in the high end leather fashion business with several stores, and had an experience with Barbra Streisand that showed she was a jerk even way back then. Coming into their store, she insisted they close so she could shop unmolested. After spending a couple hours, she settled on 1 bikini for \$23, and then requested a celebrity discount! To his credit, Sweet Marvin (I'll bet it was Gloria) refused!

They came back to California and opened the M. Leonard Collection Agency in Van Nuys, which they still operate. They have a son Steven (50) and daughter Lisa (46) and 3 grandkids. There is also a pet named "Lousy Lucy", but Knowbuddy was afraid to inquire about that!



Sweet's earliest encounter with motorcycles was on his friend's '49 Suicide Shift Panhead, which he borrowed and crashed. A couple of BSA's followed, then came a bunch of Harleys with the first Harley being an '89 Softail. His most current Harley is a brand new candy-apple Trike, which he is still trying to appreciate

and enjoy, with not a whole lot of success. His favorite was an '89 Springer which he sold (and now wants back).

His most memorable MC experience was his trip up the Alcan Highway to Alaska in May 2002, with members James & Janet Parr, Roy Glasner and Fred Rubin. He has done lots of cross-country riding, including Sturgis, etc., and averages about 15k per year. He says his best SCHRA experience has been the many years serving as a Road Captain. The worst was witnessing new member, "Dumb Fuck Watermelon Head Norman" crash on the freeway on his first club ride!



Sweet Marvin was also the victim of an inattentive young driver, being hit broad-

side in an intersection. He ended up pinned by his crushed ankle to the bent bike, requiring the Fire Dept to use the "jaws of life" to extricate him. His accurate recollection of this event indicated considerable discomfort. The lesson being, suggest alternate tools to unbend the bike and release

your foot!

And to avoid considerable embarrassment when dismounting your bike in the midst of Vagos and Mongols bikers, it is quite important to remember to put down the kickstand (it's a chronic and contagious problem of major proportions)! Sumbudy suggests to the members and readers of this article to join us on our great rides and enjoy the friendship and easy camaraderie of this fun and delightful member first hand! Without question, Marvin is a primary portion of the heart and soul and humor of our association since it's inception!



*This article is an updated version of the original written for Rolling Thunder by "Knowbuddy" in May 2003. Marv is at present undergoing treatment for his recently diagnosed Leukemia. He spent 6 weeks as an inpatient at the City of Hope Hospital receiving treatment, and just returned to his home in Woodland Hills in mid-October. The heartfelt prayers and best wishes from the SCHRA membership are extended to this most popular gentleman and good friend who is much loved!*

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## Coming Events

*JB Activities Chairman*

# Coming Events

November & December, 2011

### **Saturday, November 5 – Santa Barbara Lunch Ride; 9:30 AM Woodlake – Bob T.**

The days are getting shorter and the temps are goin' down, so, ahem, therefore, let's do lunch. Have your people call my people and we'll...oh you know...we'll do lunch. Where, you may ask? Well, so far nobody's doin' any talkin' so I'll be damned if I know. Santa Barbara; that's where!! (watch for an email)

### **Thursday, November 10 – Club Meeting at the Pie Place**

This is the last meeting of the year, and if memory serves me correctly, it is also the time for our annual election of officers and other fat-cat politicians. Who'll it be? Be there or be square.

### **Sunday, December 4 – Lunch Ride**

Now folks, we were so hard-up to plan a ride during the month of December that we put in this little gem without even determining who the RC would be, where we'd meet, what time we'd meet, or where we'd go. Other than that, this should be an outstanding event. Any volunteers? How about the Schmeltzers?

### **Saturday, December 10 – Holiday Party & Club Meeting; Hosted by Mike & Ruthann – 7:00 PM**

The Holiday Hors D'Oeuvre Extravaganza returns for its annual appearance in Sand Canyon. Here's your opportunity to strut with your favorite original hot or cold home-made hors d'oeuvres, served pot-luck style on the Levison's very huge dining room table. Whatever you do, do not have dinner before coming to this party because we can take no responsibility if you explode. If your creative juices aren't flowing, think about making a dessert.

So there you have it; 2011 is a wrap. We've had some great times and we've had some even better times. The years pass swiftly and the relationships grow stronger and longer.

We've had a really fine year and we added lots of new faces. It's not too soon to think about running for club office or volunteering to head or work on a committee. There's plenty of fun to go around. Be sure to attend the October and November meetings because this is your chance to integrate your ideas and personality into 2012 and beyond.

## Happy New Year.

JB

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Death Valley

JB - Road Captain

Death Valley Sizzles, A Few Riders Bristle; Road Captain Blamed

Yeah, I know what you're thinking. Were the hot desert temps predictable and should the event have been cancelled at the last minute? Well, that was the thinking of at least a few riders who braved some of the 100-degree-plus heat which conceivably may have contributed to a downed-rider, and also to a few others who experienced severe dehydration.

But call the whole thing off? I don't think so. Yes, the temps we experienced were indeed unusual, considering the time of year we chose to visit, but not at all unusual for a desert environment. A few upset people do-not-a-consensus- make. Most of the 24 participants actually enjoyed the desert, and just accepted the high-dry temps to experience a land scorned yet loved by millions around the globe. The Park was rife with visitors from overseas and were handling the hot dry air in stride. I was speaking to a vacationing French couple who said "but isn't it like this all the time in Death Valley?" I courteously replied "no," adding that "it is usually much worse during the summer months, when only golfers go out sightseeing in 128-degree heat."

By 9:00 AM on Saturday, October 15, virtually all of the 17 bikes were on time and waiting in the parking lot at Sand Canyon and CA-14. With a few words by the RC and bladders emptied and gas tanks filled, we took off to the north for our first short leg of the trip for a potty-stop at Palmdale Road and Highway 395.

I'm pleased to report that our safety/courtesy lecture given by Safety Chairperson Jerry Stern at

our October meeting (just 2 days before) was apparently still on the minds of many. Everybody maintained speed and the entire pack was visible from the front, although the use of the 4 or 5 CB's helped immensely. Thank you all for that.

Lunch break and gas fill-up was in beautiful downtown Baker, CA, where the heat index already foretold of things to come; especially at the lower elevations. Undaunted, our non-fussy group hungrily downed excessive amounts of Soutzoukakia, Moussaka, and Bougatsa (all things which cause diarrhea and heat-stroke). We then proceeded to head north on Highway 127 to the all but forgotten town of Shoshone (That's near Lake Tacopa Yacht Club, for all you who want more precise locations in these articles).

After a short rest stop, we rode a few miles out of town and then headed in a westerly direction towards Bad Water Road. As we ascended to higher elevations, the air turned slightly cooler and the views from this little-driven roadway were spectacular. We crossed over two mountain passes and then descended to the Valley floor. The humidity was non-existent and the temps were somewhere north of 100-degrees, but not too far north.

After driving about 50 miles on Bad Water Road, and our sightseeing objectives just ahead, the gremlin struck! Being up front, I had no visual contact with most of the group due to the many sweeping turns in the road. My first recollection of there being a problem was when Lee Blackman and Jack Launius screamed into my helmet headset "DRIVER DOWN; DRIVER DOWN!!" Not being

able to reach anybody by CB, the front part of the group pulled over and stopped. That's when the "cluster-fuck" began.

Now don't get me wrong, I think "cluster-fuck" sounds like a wonderful thing; usually including horizontal recreation and stressing togetherness. This, however, was not the case. What we had was a frenzy of well-intentioned individual decision making among the folks, all of whom appropriated the job of RC, leaving me wondering why the sudden mutiny. Instead of individual decision-making, and people departing in every direction, it would have been much better if everybody would wait until the person with the responsibility had a moment to decide what to do and how to do it.

We sent a delegation of one (Lou) to turn around and find out what was going on behind us. Minutes later Lou returned and provided the information about what had happened. Apparently, Sylvie, for an unknown reason, lost control of her direction and found herself off the road and going "cross country" at 50 MPH over the rocky terrain. Fortunately she was quickly dislodged from her bike, allowing the motorcycle to go bouncy-bouncy over the rocks and finally to a resting place where it interrupted the solace of two hungry coyotes. The visible damage looked pretty bleak.

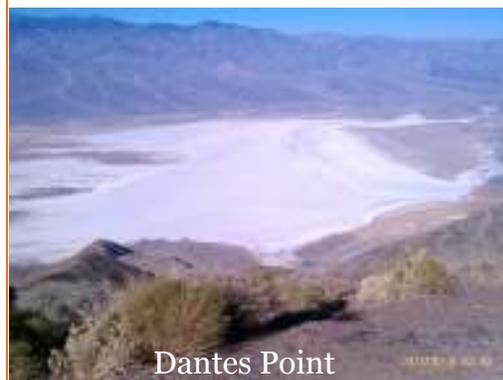
As for Sylvie, she rested quietly in a heap until husband Paul (who intentionally downed his bike in a mad rush to get to Sylvie) arrived at her side to assess her condition. Fortunately, there did not appear to be any serious problems, other than to her helmet, but that would be determined later by the ambulance crew and para meds who treated her back at the Furnace Creek area, and who then transported both Sylvie and Paul to the nearest hospital, some 50 miles away in Pahrump, NV.

Simultaneously with Sylvie's mishap, the below-sea-level desert heat was continuing to tighten its grip on Pam (Mitch) and also, to a lesser extent, on Judy (Lloyd). Mitch left the group quickly with Pam in tow, followed by Lloyd and Judy, trying to make the 29 miles which lay ahead, in as short a time as possible. At about 80 MPH (45 MPH speed limit) Mitch and Pam quickly arrived at Furnace Creek Ranch and immediately sought medical assistance, which fortunately was present at the

Ranch (because of a huge bike-fest). Medical practitioners quickly hooked her up to a saline IV, and shortly after, Pam began to resume a more normal skin tone. A few of us present thought we heard her mumble something about "never getting on a motorcycle again" an understandable sentiment considering her near heat-stroke symptoms.

By the time evening rolled around, we had 22 people present at the Longstreet Inn and Casino (Amargosa Valley, NV) and 2 people ensconced at the hospital in Pahrump. Throughout the evening we continued to receive texts from Paul, stating that Sylvie was fine (no broken bones or lacerations) but she did take a lot of bumps during her short flight, and these she would likely feel for the next several days. Were you wondering what happened to the Wilmot motorcycles? I'm told that AAA picked them up and transported them to a CHP holding lot in Pahrump; presumably so further transfer arrangements could be made and/or to allow insurance adjusters to view the damage. I understand also, that club-members Jeff and Stacey Gourson (not on the ride) drove their car to Pahrump to pick up both Sylvie and Paul, and returned them to their home and necessary recuperation. Let's have an "Atta-boy badge for Jeff and Stacey.

For those of you still reading this rambling account, be it noticed that we did not stop for our two intended sightseeing spots on Saturday afternoon. The following day, Sunday, however, we



did have a mostly complete complement of riders to visit Dante's View, and Zabriskie Point, followed by a drive tour through Artist's Drive (originally planned for Saturday). We then all preceded to the 49'er Café at the Ranch for a casual lunch and schmoozing.

Sunday after lunch we split ourselves into smaller sub-groups, depending on our interest for the balance of the day. My group opted for the original itinerary which offered a visit to Ubehebe Crater

followed by a visit to Scotty's Castle. From there we headed east, out of the park, to NV Highway 95 and then south to the small town of Beatty for a gasoline fill-up and an ice crème fill-up. We decided to forgo the visit to Rhyolite Ghost Town in order to be back to the hotel in time for group dinner at the Stateline Saloon, located directly across the road from the hotel. The ambiance was just what you'd expect in a place like Bumfuck, NV (re-named by me) and I gave it a "4" for food quality, a "3" for service (took more than an hour to bring out everybody's orders) and a "1" because the owner (also the chef) was barefooted, and a "0" because it looked like there was a bed in the middle of the cocktail lounge. WTF!

Monday morning dawned warm and bright with the sound of mallards wafting up into our bedroom. I was finally able to relax because Mitch took over the RC duties for our morning drive to Pahrump and our return visit to Sheri's Ranch Brothel. We were nicely received by the manager and taken on a tour of rooms and suites which we did not see during our previous excursion. A group of 4 of the ladies joined us and escorted us to some of the specialty rooms in the main house, and also permitted us a peak into one of the ladies personal living quarters, where the bulk of the business is done. Hopefully Mitch will add more color in this issue, regarding this phase of our trip. Once again, we were treated to lunch in the café where we could see much of the passing-parade of ladies coming in for a snack and a cigarette.

The ride home, aside from being kinda warm and breezy, took the compulsory 6 hours or so (same as Vegas) but our exhaustion from the previous 2 days was already evident. One by one, folks left the main group to head home at their own pace, and by the time day was done there was but single group of 3 die-hard couples left to enjoy dinner at Chi-Chi's Pizzeria in Santa Clarita, followed by the final stint home in the cool and dark of night.

Ahh, how I love this activity.



Ubehebe Crater



Zabriskies Point



Death Valley/Sheri's Ranch *Mitch Pullman Monday RC*

Visiting my F...ing investment!

When the subject of a ride to death valley arose, I contacted the then road captain Marvelous Marv and asked if he would like to include a tour of Sheri's ranch in Pahrump. Being the horny old bastard that he is the answer was a resounding YES!

Close to the time of the ride Marvin was not well enough to be road captain so JB took over. Coordinating with JB it was decided that, while unusual, we would split the RC duties into two. He started, I finished.



My responsibilities began at dinner the evening of the tour date at a restaurant, well, let's say, one we will never forget even if we tried! After dinner, I gathered the troops together in our "quaint dining area" to explain how and why I became a partial owner in a legitimate brothel.

The next morning, bright and early, we were off for the fabulous city of Pahrump which is in Nye county where prostitution is legal.

The staff was waiting for us although we were a bit early and got treated to a full tour of this rather classy brothel, if I have to say so myself.

First the manager took us to view some very private and expensive theme bungalows as well as the 'girls' computer room, exercise room, salon, tennis court, pool, volleyball, and relaxation area. After that, we were turned over to not

one, but four of the working girls to tour the "working areas" to include the private x-rated dining room, private Jacuzzi, S&M room, bubble bath Jacuzzi, and then got to see one of their rooms where the real "work" is done.

Following the grand tour I 'indirectly' treated everybody to lunch. As the cost comes out of the profits but SCHRA is worth every penny.

The ride home through shitty Baker got a little confusing as some wanted an early dinner in Victorville and others didn't . I finally said in Victorville it's up to you individually. You can do what you want.. I'll see you back home.

I think everyone had a wonderful fucking good time!

Editor's Website for Ranch is low for us, I mean, who would be of  note: Sheri's noted those you like to check out the place. You can make reservations on line.

<http://www.sherisranch.com/browseladies.aspx>



SCHRA Boutique
Bob Thompson, 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 VicePres@schra.org or call (818) 785-3529. If no answer, leave a message. 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
- 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 (Bob, anyway) we haul ass! Operators are standing by.



2011 Ride Schedule

| Destination | Day | Date(s) | Meeting Place | Time | Ride Captain |
|--|-------|---------|--------------------------|---------|--------------|
| Santa Barbara Lunch Ride | Sat | Nov. 5 | Woodlake Bowl | 9:30 am | BT |
| SCHRA Meeting & Marine Corp Birthday - 236 | Thurs | Nov. 10 | Four 'n Twenty Pies | 7:00 pm | |
| Lunch Ride (?) | Sun | Dec. 4 | Your guess is as good as | Mine! | |
| SCHRA Annual Christmas Party | Sat | Dec. 10 | Mr. & Mrs. Levison | 7:00 pm | On Your Own! |
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Go to SCHRA.ORG for complete list.

SCHRA Departure Sites

Woodlake Bowl
23130 Ventura Blvd., Woodland Hills

Solley's
4578 Van Nuys Blvd., Sherman Oaks

Millie's
10318 Sepulveda Blvd., Mission Hills

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

Extra Wind

All Harley Riders are invited to show up at Starbucks' parking lot on Ventura Blvd. & Topanga Canyon Blvd. on Saturday @ 9:30am for an impromptu ride. Check the SCHRA calendar to be sure no club rides are scheduled.

SCHRA Road Captains

Richard Slobin~RS
(Sr. RC)

Jerry Bruce~JB

Marvin Feuerman~MF

Joe Gubbrud~JG

Jack Launius~JL

Mike Levison~ML

Ron Lynn~RL

Lou Piano~LP

Mitch Pullman~MP

Cindy Stern~CS

Jerry Stern~JS

Bob Thompson~BT

2010 Officers and Board members

| | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|----------------------|
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| Vice-President | Bob Thompson | VicePres@schra.org |
| Secretary | Sandy Lynn | Secy@schra.org |
| Treasurer | Ron Lynn | Treas@schra.org |
| Officer-at-Large | Marvin Feuerman | OAL@schra.org |
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| Editor | Lou Piano | Editor@schra.org |
| Webmaster | Mike Levison | Webmaster@schra.org |
| Historian | Judy Bruce | Hist@schra.org |
| Activities Chair | Jerry Bruce | Activities@schra.org |

Classifieds



Nice New Ride!



WOMEN LEATHER JACKET FXRG SMALL

Part no.: 98520-05VW- Women's FXRG® Midweight Leather Jacket Small, brand new - No lining

The FXRG® collection features top-of-the-line functional gear for head-to-toe protection in all riding conditions. Midweight, water-resistant leather with action back and zippered cuffs. Pre-curved sleeves. Outside pockets. Inside pocket system with cell phone pocket, eye glass pocket, and lens wipe. Pockets to fit insertable warmth packets. Flow-through ventilation. Removable and adjustable lightweight impact armor in the shoulders, elbows, and back protector. Removable perforated kidney belt. Reflective piping. Water-resistant zipper. FXRG® zip pull and front chest badge. Embossed graphic on center back yoke. Jacket zips to coordinating leather pant. \$285.00 OBO

Contact Sylvie 818 335 0225 or e-mail swmag25@aol.com

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Motorcycle Cargo Trailer-Starlight

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Ron Lynn 818-772-7288
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- To place an advertisement here, contact editor@schra.org
- To place an advertisement on our website, contact webmaster@schra.org
- Free for SCHRA members for personal items. Ads will automatically be removed unless renewed after 90 days.

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Full page \$15.00 per Quarter
 Quarter page, \$10.00 per Quarter
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 All items must be MS Publisher compatible and ready to insert. Electronic submissions only. \$25.00/hr for any modifications.

New ad rates for 2011

Publishing Deadline for the December RT is November 29th, 6:00pm



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