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“Soaring Eagle”

Monthly News for Our SCRC Nation December 2010



December 2010
Vol. 1 Issue 5

“Hammer Time”

Looking back at November - fallen leaves everywhere! Toy runs galore! Football games gaining in intensity (or not!). It is also time to plug the bike battery into the battery tender. Helps preserve the battery thru the colder months... & you will be able to start up the bike for the Polar Bear Ride on Jan 1, 2011.

Princess' & my birthdays were in Oct... in the 2nd week of November we both noticed our drivers license had expired! She calls the tag office – they said we had to re-test. OUCH! But I checked with another tag office, & there is a 30-day grace period. Phew! That was close! 'Cause we would hafta take our test for driving a cage... & a separate one for riding the cycles. Found out later she was just spoofing me.... well, she has brown-eyes, you know!

This building project is keeping me way too hooked up. But I have more time than money... but very little of both! So I hafta keep pokin' along to get it done. Driving nails instead of riding “Sophia”.

Remember... “I am Southern Cruisers! And so are You!” You will recognize me when you see me... I am the one wearing the SCRC patch on the back of my vest! “Grab some wind... hammer down!”

A Growing SCRC Nation - New SCRC Chapters

Sending out a “rev ‘em up” welcome to these new SCRC chapters:

-  **Morgantown SCRC #542** Morgantown, W. Virginia – 1st Officer George Calvert
-  **Savannah River SCRC #544** Hampton, S. Carolina – 1st Officer Kevin Stanfield
-  **SCRC Adelaide South Australia #543** Adelaide, S. Australia – 1st Officer Andy Nichols
-  **New Mill #369** Nykvarn, Sweden – 1st Officer Christer Jonsson
-  **SCRC Montana #533** Helena, Montana - 1st Officer Douglas McArthur
-  **Middle Part SCRC #385** Denmark – 1st Officer Vivi Olausson

Meet an SCRC Regional Officer (RO) – in Canada

This month's regional officer: Michael “Scully” Langevin, Eastern SCRC's Eastern Canada RO. His geographic responsibilities encompass Provinces with 46 chapters & 142 Officers: Ontario (31 Chapters/102 Officers), Quebec (11 Chapters/102 Officers), Nova Scotia (2 Chapters/5 Officers), Prince Edward Island (PEI) (1 Chapter/3 Officers), & Newfoundland (1 Chapter/1 Officer). Total membership in all of these Chapters/Provinces is in the vicinity of 6,100 & growing.

“My home is in Newmarket, Ontario. I'm a proud & founding member of Newmarket Chapter 298. I ride an '02 H-D Electra Glide and, until very recently, also owned an '01 H-D Custom Softail Deuce.”

“My nickname is “Scully” (pronounced “Skully”). I took this name with pride from my Father who also carried that nickname since he was a young boy. In fact, even my Mom called him “Scully & by taking it on after his passing, it has kept a part of him alive in me. I got my first street legal motorcycle in '75 & have been riding more or less ever since.”



“In my almost 9 yrs as an Officer of this club, I have met some of the most amazing people on earth & several of them have become very close friends that I hold close to my heart till the day I die. This is what I enjoy most about being an officer of the club & is also why I'm happy to “give back”. This club has brought some truly wonderful people together & as a result has seen some wonderful accomplishments personally, locally & nationally.”

“My favorite road in Southern Ontario is Hwy #36 north from Lindsay to Bobcaygeon. It's the road I travel every Friday evening all summer long on route to my weekend spot at the lake & this is the road where I feel all the stress from the week gone by leave my body & I get into that “Zen mode” & become one with my bike. No feeling can beat it!”

“I don't have a least favorite road. As long as it's paved & dry I'll make the best of it & enjoy it.”



SCRC Memorial Page

Visit the SCRC memorial page... & read a few of the poems & stories. They are absolutely awesome! Check them out at:

www.scrctemorial.net

“Fallen Brother”

Author Unknown

Although sorrow has stolen most of my words.

The few I can manage, will have to do...

We are not many, our numbers are few

... So when one of us falls

... It hurts us all...





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SCRC 101 – No. 5

On we go with the SCRC Constitution. You read the “General Information” section, right? Well, here are the next couple of parts:

GENERAL INFORMATION (cont'd from last month)

3) All First Officers of formed Chapters will be sent the current codes to access those areas restricted to Club Officers. A JPG file or Microsoft Word® of the Membership Card will also be supplied and a program will be made available for those that are interested in making Membership Cards for their Members. The First Officer may also place within the Chapter a Second Officer with the approval of the Vice President.

4) All First Officers must maintain current Email, Phone Number and Address with the SCRC. Officers who do not maintain lines of communication with SCRC National, their State Officer and their Chapter members shall be replaced. If no replacement First Officer is found, the Chapter will be closed and the remaining Membership moved to the closest Chapter. Any Member of the Chapter may contact the State Officer or National Vice President as a request to assume the role as the New First Officer. The State Officer and the National Vice President will issue all decisions on these requests.

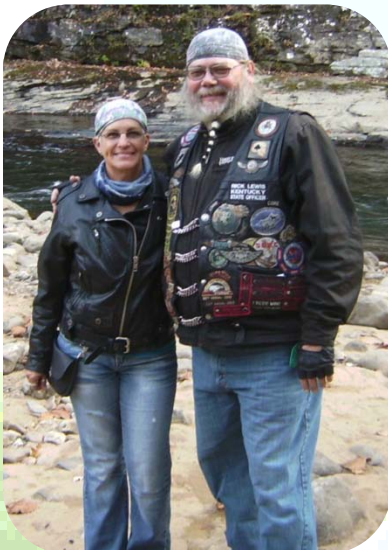
Hammer's Commentary:

3) 1st & 2nd Officers – check out the “Officers Only” sites. Plenty of useful info there for you when you need it. Do you print out membership cards for you members? Members will appreciate having one!

4) 1st Officers must maintain contact and lines of communication – this is imperative for a healthy chapter and club. It will prevent you chapter from being closed! Members, don't let this happen - hopefully a member of the chapter will step up and keep this from happening.

Meet an SCRC State Officer (STO) – in Kentucky

This month's officer: Meet Rick "Iron Rick" Lewis, Kentucky STO. He is STO over 20 chapters in Kentucky.



"I joined Lexington Chapter #63 in 2000. It's about 50 miles or so to Lexington from our house, but Lexington was the nearest chapter at the time. In 2001, I was Road Captain for 1-yr, then SO for 1 Yr, then became FO for about 6 yrs. I have been STO for about 2-yrs]"

"My life changed a great deal in '03 when the love of my life, Jean, started riding with me. We were married on our way home from the Myrtle Beach Rally in '04!"

"We ride a 2011 H-D Ultra Limited now. Before that (& I think a lot of people remember us by it), we rode a Softail Chopper that I had fixed up over

the years. It was raked 14° over stock & had 8" extension, much paint & powder coating & many aftermarket parts. There were very few stock parts left on the chopper. As you might be able to tell we miss the chopper a lot."

"My roadname, "Iron Rick", actually came from my poker club. We have had a regular game for about 30 yrs. They call me that because I'm kinda hard to push out of a hand. I guess it applies to my riding tendencies too, since I usually do 18-20,000 miles a year."

"I've been riding since I was 14 yrs old. My first bike was a '65 Honda 65cc. I've had several bikes - mostly "go fast" bikes like a '72 Kawasaki H-1, a '74 Kawasaki Z-1, & a '84 Honda V-65 Magna. In '00 I bought my first Harley, & in '10 we bought the Limited. We enjoy the Ltd very much... especially on the long rides."



"Like I said, I joined the SCRC in '00. I was looking on the internet for people to ride with & came upon the SCRC Lexington Chapter. I went to a meeting & was very soon hooked! I've been loving it ever since!!"

"I really enjoy being an officer in the SCRC & I am very lucky to be from the great Commonwealth of Kentucky. We have some of the most dedicated SCRC members in the club. They are great people to ride with, seriously skilled riders & some of the best folks you would ever be privileged to be around. We enjoy every part of being in the SCRC - from attending the State & National rallies, to longer out of town rides, to shorter around town day rides. Kentucky has had a fairly long & proud history in the SCRC. We have had annual state rallies since '00. And we enjoy doing fundraisers for St. Jude & other local charities. But most of all we just enjoy riding. Most of my experience is with the Lexington Chapter but I have ridden with most of the chapters in the state & I can say I have enjoyed every one!!"

"My favorite roads are all roads east of Lexington in Ky, East TN, N. Carolina, Virginia & W. Virginia (less the ones starting with an "I"!)" My least favorite roads are all those starting with an "I"!"

"We've been to Niagra Falls on US 62, Florida on US 27, New Mexico on US 60 & 62, Virginia Beach on US 58 & S. Dakota for Sturgis all on back roads!! And most of the time the twistier the better!! We were able to go out west this spring & we enjoyed many different roads. We really enjoyed the ride in California. They have so many different things to see & experience!"

"Thanks for selecting me to share my experience as an officer in the SCRC. I can honestly say it is one of the things I enjoy most in life next to my family. We have met a lot of the folks in the SCRC & hope to meet many more in the years to come!!"





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When “Princess” Got Her Bike

We had looked for quite some time prior to purchasing “Princess’s” motorcycle – like 1-1/2 yrs. We looked for something she would like, fit her well, & very affordable (‘cause we weren’t real sure how much she would actually ride).

One day a buddy of mine (Bobby) called me up & said his old bike may be up for sale. He had sold it to an older gentleman (John), & John was looking to buy a new bike with shaft-drive & shorter seat height. Bobby said he would work the deal for me, & let me know when it was time.

Well, after waiting a couple of months, Bobby & I were beginning to wonder if this deal was gonna happen. Finally I said to Bobby “Maybe he just needs someone to take him & pick up the new bike (since he was from back east somewhere). So Bobby suggested it to John & BINGO! We made plans for the upcoming Saturday to take him to pick up his new bike, & bring “Princess’s” bike home.

BUT – the kicker was, she did not know anything about why we were going... just that I was gonna help pick up John’s new bike. Now it was the first weekend with no kids for many-a-month. And she wanted to do something ‘special’... & NOW I had Saturday booked with ‘the guys’! Needless to say, I was not on her good graces.

Got up Saturday AM & it was lightly raining. She thought the plans were bust then. But we were planning on going to pick up the new bike anyway... so off I went in the pickup with trailer attached. Got the new bike easily enough & headed to T-town (Tulsa) to unload it & John’s... & loaded her bike up.

Late afternoon, we pulled into our driveway. She came out to see... ‘something’. She still wanted to go & do ‘something’. I asked her if it was OK to unload the bike at our house. Nope – she didn’t care... she was still fuming about the ‘ruin’ day. BUT, when I told her we might as well unload it here since it was her bike, you coulda knocked her over with a feather... for a second anyway. She brightened up pretty fast & began checking out her ‘own’ bike – a black 1999 Honda Shadow 750 ACE.

She still has it, & still loves it. She has ridden over 20,000 miles on it now. And I have removed my passenger seat – she don’t want to ride behind me anymore! *Grab some wind, hammer down!*

Safety Tip – Winter Riding

With winter in full force I thought it would be a good time to discuss some road hazards that some folks may have forgotten about... or not had a problem with before in the past.

One many of us look for in the summer is grass, but in the winter months it’s those leaves that fall from the pretty trees that we like looking at in October & November. Once they turn brown & fall off the trees, they that accumulate on the roadways. As with grass clippings, wet leaves get very slick in the corners on the back roads that many of us love to ride. They can be as slick as any oil spot in the road if you are not careful.



On another note for the lookout category, keep your eyes on the tar repairs on the road. Tar (the black patches) can be very slick with

just a little moisture or a little sun shining on them in the heat of the day. Even in the winter! Nothing like rounding a corner & finding where a crack been filled with tar put in it. I find them to be as slick as the wet lines on the roadway.

With winter riding, you have to be on your best game because the cager’s won’t be looking for you AT ALL. The road conditions turn on you with the slightest moisture & temperature change... & you sometimes get caught up thinking about how you should have been in a cage instead of on the motorcycle.



Winter riding is not for everyone - but those of us that love riding & do it year around know that it has its own problems. You need to be in the right state of mind to deal with the elements of winter.

Be safe & be aware. Have a great holiday season & Merry Christmas. Contributed by Mike Sumter

And a little ‘seasonal’ humor...

Little Carol came into the kitchen where her mother was making dinner. Her birthday was coming & she thought this was a good time to tell her mother what she wanted.

“Mom, I want a bike for my birthday.”

Now, Little Carol was a bit of a troublemaker. She had gotten into trouble at school & at home. Carol’s mother asked her if she thought she deserved to get a bike for her birthday. Little Carol, of course, thought she did.

Carol’s mother, being a Christian woman, wanted her to reflect on her behavior over the last year, & write a letter to God & tell him why she deserved a bike for her birthday. Little Carol stomped up the steps to her room & sat down to write God a letter.

LETTER 1: Dear God: I have been a very good girl this year & I would like a bike for my birthday. I want a red one. Your friend, Carol

Carol knew this wasn’t true. She had not been a very good girl this year, so she tore up the letter & started over.

LETTER 2: Dear God: This is your friend Carol. I have been a pretty good girl this year, & I would like a red bike for my birthday. Thank you. Carol

Carol knew this wasn’t true either. She tore up the letter & started again.

LETTER 3: Dear God: I know I haven’t been a good girl this year. I am very sorry. I will be a good girl if you just send me a red bike for my birthday. Thank you, Carol

Carol knew, even if it was true, this letter was not going to get her a bike. By now, she was very upset. She went downstairs & told her mother she wanted to go to church. Carol’s mother thought her plan had worked because Carol looked very sad.

“Just be home in time for dinner,” her mother said.

Carol walked down the street to the church & up to the altar. She looked around to see if anyone was there. She picked up a statue of the Virgin Mary, slipped it under her jacket & ran out of the church, down the street, into her house, & up to her room. She shut the door & sat down & wrote her letter to God.

LETTER 4: I GOT YOUR MAMA. IF YOU WANT TO SEE HER AGAIN, SEND THE BIKE. Signed, YOU KNOW WHO



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Meet an SCRC International Member – in Korea

This month I am featuring an International member: Meet George “Mr. Clear” Smith, former FO of Korea Chapter #210. You may have ‘seen’ him on the forums...

“I’ve been an elected officer in 2 chapters, & held other positions such as Road Captain & Safety Officer. My home base chapter is Chisholm Trail Chapter #82, Killeen, TX, & the chapter here in Korea that I continue to keep alive. I hope to find one in El Paso, TX, upon arriving there.”



“While stationed here, I had to deploy to Iraq & Afghanistan. There I had the pleasure of receiving care packages for the soldiers & passing them out during the holiday. The smiles on their faces were caused by the Southern Cruiser warm hearts, not to mention the warm reception they received coming home at the airport.”

“My adventure started in Feb ‘00 when I joined Southern Cruisers at Fort Campbell – I attended 2 major rides with the small group we had. One took us to Jackson, TN, for a run to help an injured member, “Hip”. The group road to the Natchez Trace to have lunch & socialize with over 114 bikes - it was amazing.”

“Upon being transferred to Killeen, TX, I met Tony, Lou & Norm of the Chisholm Trail Chapter. This group was the real starting point for my love of the Southern Cruisers & the great times ahead.”

“Along the way, I met more & more great folks from other chapters within Texas. Our chapter split twice forming newer ones. In ‘03, I rode to Daytona Bike week & there tagged up with more chapters from other states. While setting up my tent we did the ‘meet & greet’ with our first names, but once the bike names came out it was like we were friends forever. All this was made possible thru the SCRC forum. The folks in Florida showed us the area & most of all a great warmth & kind hearts.”

“My roads & trying to pick just one is impossible. I have traveled the world riding. One of my ultimate rides has to be the Del Stelvio Pass in Italy! This mountain, & all the switchbacks, was the best for this young rookie at the time.”

“My least favorite road is easy: KOREA! I could go in-depth on this but I won’t. It has been different... & less traveled... yet there is no place like home.”

“Since I started riding in ‘95 (in Germany), I have accumulated over 200,000 miles of riding... in Germany, U.S.A., & here in Korea. I am

often asked ‘why do you ride so much?’ Well, Honda said it best ‘You meet the nicest people.’”

“Why the Southern Cruisers Riding Club instead of a motorcycle club? One word sums it up - FAMILY. Through the years to present, I have never had such a great bunch of folks who share their passion for riding, their hearts for the less fortunate & their fellow riders. We come in all walks of life, different beliefs, genders so on, but we respect each other & always welcome you into the family.”



Wind Chill Chart

| | | Temperature (°F) | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|------------|----|------------------|----|----|----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| | | 40 | 35 | 30 | 25 | 20 | 15 | 10 | 5 | 0 | -5 | -10 | -15 | -20 | -25 | -30 | -35 | -40 | -45 |
| Wind (mph) | 5 | 36 | 31 | 25 | 19 | 13 | 7 | 1 | -5 | -11 | -16 | -22 | -28 | -34 | -40 | -46 | -52 | -57 | -63 |
| | 10 | 34 | 27 | 21 | 15 | 9 | 3 | -4 | -10 | -16 | -22 | -28 | -35 | -41 | -47 | -53 | -59 | -66 | -72 |
| | 15 | 32 | 25 | 19 | 13 | 6 | 0 | -7 | -13 | -19 | -26 | -32 | -39 | -45 | -51 | -58 | -64 | -71 | -77 |
| | 20 | 30 | 24 | 17 | 11 | 4 | -2 | -9 | -15 | -22 | -29 | -35 | -42 | -48 | -55 | -61 | -68 | -74 | -81 |
| | 25 | 29 | 23 | 16 | 9 | 3 | -4 | -11 | -17 | -24 | -31 | -37 | -44 | -51 | -58 | -64 | -71 | -78 | -84 |
| | 30 | 28 | 22 | 15 | 8 | 1 | -5 | -12 | -19 | -26 | -33 | -39 | -46 | -53 | -60 | -67 | -73 | -80 | -87 |
| | 35 | 28 | 21 | 14 | 7 | 0 | -7 | -14 | -21 | -27 | -34 | -41 | -48 | -55 | -62 | -69 | -76 | -82 | -89 |
| 40 | 27 | 20 | 13 | 6 | -1 | -8 | -15 | -22 | -29 | -36 | -43 | -50 | -57 | -64 | -71 | -78 | -84 | -91 | |
| 45 | 26 | 19 | 12 | 5 | -2 | -9 | -16 | -23 | -30 | -37 | -44 | -51 | -58 | -65 | -72 | -79 | -86 | -93 | |
| 50 | 26 | 19 | 12 | 4 | -3 | -10 | -17 | -24 | -31 | -38 | -45 | -52 | -60 | -67 | -74 | -81 | -88 | -95 | |
| 55 | 25 | 18 | 11 | 4 | -3 | -11 | -18 | -25 | -32 | -39 | -46 | -54 | -61 | -68 | -75 | -82 | -89 | -97 | |
| 60 | 25 | 17 | 10 | 3 | -4 | -11 | -19 | -26 | -33 | -40 | -48 | -55 | -62 | -69 | -76 | -84 | -91 | -98 | |

What is the wind chill when it is 40°and you are riding... hmmm, say 55 mph? Negative 100°!!!! Just kidding – according to the wind chill chart, the wind chill is 25°!

In 2007, we had ‘Kickstands Up’ for the 2nd Annual SCRC Okla Fall Ride when it was 36°! What was the wind chill? At 60 mph it was 17°. I had leathers on & hand warmers in my gloves... but it was still pretty air-ish.

Another way to assist in staying warm is to wear a good head covering (i.e. – a helmet, lined leather cap, etc). *Grab some wind, Hammer!*

Tribute to “Sophia”

This was written by “Mr. Visible”, a “ghost writer” for our newsletter. And for those that do not know - my bike’s name is... yep, you guessed it! “Sophia” (pronounced ‘So-fee-ah’).

“When I first saw you across the showroom, I figured you were out of my league. You know what I mean... HIGH MAINTENANCE! You know, appearing to be more than I could handle - or afford. Every other guy in the place gazed hungrily upon your well-rounded frame with lustful intent of making you their own. They wanted to brand you, mark you, & impose





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Tribute to “Sophia” (cont’d)

ownership on you. You couldn't have been more perfect just being you - YOU, just the way you are.”

“When you left with me, you could have heard a pin drop. Our first date could not have been more climatic! You gladly escorted me to all of my favorite hangouts. Everywhere I took you, we drew a crowd. I could see the total look of disbelief on the faces of the others. It was as if I could read their thoughts. Their stares let me know it was your rare beauty that made us a couple to remember. As they closely gathered to admire your beauty from all angles, I slowly traced the outline of your well-rounded, leather-covered seat with my hand so there was no misunderstanding: You were mine!”

“It is often said *“It isn't the destination, but rather the journey.”* This date was no different - slowly, I lowered my weight on to you without any resistance. You wanted this ride as much as I did. We began to move slowly at first. Your response to the slightest twitch of my wrist awakened a throbbing in my loins like I have never known. As we accelerated the pace, you responded to my every move with one of your own. We threw caution to the wind, the same wind which had your tassels whipping. Your heaving breathing pushed me harder. We were both at full throttle when you began to scream!”

“Later, in the still of the night, I hold you close absorbing your warmth while you smoke emitting quiet sobs. Sadly, I remember your drain plug in the drip pan, on the floor of the garage!”

Written for me by... ‘Mr. Visible’

“Hart Less!” – Jay’s Challenge

“Tickle, tickle,tickle.” I hear as someone touches my feet. I am still half asleep. “Tickle, tickle,tickle.” they say again.

I HATE to have my feet tickled. Hi, I'm Jessica Eugenia Hart (Jay for short). I live alone.. & someone is tickling my feet! Wake up Jay!

I lunge & roll to the right across the bed & reach for my nightstand. Damn! Where is it?

“Looking for this?” my brother Justice says, holding out my can of mace. “T”, the Crazy Cajun, is standing behind him, wearing a possum's smile.

“She's good,” “T” says. “And fast! She wasn't even awake yet when she rolled for that can.”

“Damn Justice!” I yell. “What would you have done if I didn't have clothes on!”

“You always sleep with those ugly plaid sleep pants on,” he says. “How are you ever going to find a man in that get up?”

“Do I look like I was looking for a man? I was sleeping!”

“The sleep pants aren't bad, Bro,” “T” adds. “It's that tank top that'll get your motor running.” T wriggled his eyebrows.

“Out! Both of you get out of my bedroom!”

“C'mon, Big Sis! Today's the big day! We get to try out your new toy & make all the little orphan kids happy,”

“Shut it Justice! You know they're not orphans! Get out so I can get dressed.”

“I'll put the coffee on,” He says as he leaves the room. “T” is still standing in the room staring at me.

“Is there something you want?” I say sternly before thinking. “Don't answer that! I meant to say is there something I can do for you? Don't answer that either! Damn, “T”! Get out!”

“T” wriggles his eyebrows at me. He is still wearing that possum smile.

“Out!” I yell pointing.

“Okay, I'm going!” T said.

I grab my jeans & long john top & quickly slide into them. The smell of coffee brewing wakes my senses. I stumble into the kitchen. “T” hands me a steaming cup of Joe.

“Are you going to fix that mop you call hair?” Justice asks.

I roll my eyes at him & walk to the wall to grab the keys for the garage.

The sun is bright & the air is crisp. It's going to be a good day for a ride. I slide the garage door open. Justice & “T” are at my side. I smile while looking at the motorcycle in the garage. The sidecar attached is filled with wrapped presents to overflowing.

“Well Brother, what do you think?”

“Wow, Sis! This is perfect.”

“I thought we were supposed to bring unwrapped toys,” T says.

“That's for the toy runs. We're going one step further. Actually two steps.”

“How are we going to do that?”

“We're going to go into the children's ward at the hospital. I have a present for all the kids there today.”

“All of them?”

“Yeah. There are 16 of them.”

“And the second step?” he asks.

“Then we're going to reload the sleigh & go to the nursing home.”

“You're kidding, right,” he said looking at Justice.

Justice put his arm over “T”'s shoulder.

“Not so, Brother. She's serious. First stop is the hospital. Second stop is Wood Manor.”

“Yeah, I'm serious,” I say smiling. “And I have something for you, too. I reach onto the bench & hand “T” a bag.”

“What's this?” he asks.

“Open it!”

Inside is a bright red suit trimmed in fur.

“I thought you'd look good in red, ‘Clause. We'll change at Bear's house. He's only a couple of blocks from the hospital.”

“We?” he asks.

“Yeah, you & me. This year I thought Mrs. Clause could bring Santa Clause.”

“T” was wearing that possum smile again.

“Don't read anything into it, you Crazy Cajun. I normally work alone. Justice suggested I have a helper for carrying all those presents. He bought the suit. If I'd have gotten it you'd be wearing green tights & big ears.”

Challenge to all Southern Cruisers: Go an extra step this season. Be generous & make it two steps. Make a difference in your community.





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Meet an SCRC Member - in Alaska

This month's SCRC member: Meet Jeanne “Tinkerbell” Pifer, member & secretary, of Anchorage Chapter 490 in Anchorage, Alaska.

“I am the proud rider of an Aprilia Scarabeo 500 GT Scooter. My name is Jeanne Pifer & my nickname is “Tinkerbell”... for the main reason is I love Tinkerbell! My license plate even reads a ‘form’ of Tinkerbell.”

“I have only been riding for 2 yrs now - this spring will be my 3rd year of riding. I joined SCRC 2 yrs ago when I started riding. The main reason I joined was to be with friends that I knew who rode. What I like most about SCRC is the people & the fact that we don't care about what



you ride, the fun is riding & being with each other. The picture of the bikes below belongs to me & my husband David - & yes, the date on the picture is the proper date & time (May 8, 2009). And yes - that is about 4 ft of snow behind the bikes.”

“My favorite road here in Alaska is the road to Hope, Alaska. It was one of the very first roads I was taken on for a group ride... to get me ready for a very long ride. This road is winding with river & inlet ocean on one side, & a mountain side on the other. The views are wonderful & can be scary at the same time - especially for a new rider like I was at that time. Most of the time, the group that was “tutoring” me on: 1) how to ride properly, & 2) most of all safely take this ride at about 55 to 60 mph; I was so timid that I couldn't bring myself to get over about 30 mph. The “guys” gave me a ration of guff that you wouldn't believe & I deserved every bit of it. Over lunch the guys were telling me that they had NEVER taken that road that slow but they wouldn't push me, they were letting me set the pace so I could learn & get the feel of what I needed to know. They were so very patient with me & everyone was giving advice that I needed & wanted. I think the best piece advice was never let anyone push you into riding their ride always ride your own ride.”



“As far as having a least favorite road, I really don't think I have one. Here in Alaska all of the roads are a lot of fun but you have to respect them or they will teach you a lesson you may not want to learn just like anywhere else.”

“I think the most fun that I have had though since I have joined SCRC was 2 weeks after I got my license, we went on a road trip that took us 5 days: the “Top of the World” Highway - from Anchorage into Canada & back. We had a ball doing it. I did the whole way on my scooter while the FO & SO were on their motorcycles. And my husband, David, was in the car since his bike was in the shop for

repairs. We did that in 2008, & will be doing it again in 2011. And having more fun since we will have a couple of more people with us.



I am very happy that I am a member of SCRC. We have fun & to me that is the most important part of any group.

Was I Set-Up?

This story is re-run from my SCRC Oklahoma newsletter in April:

Against my better judgment, I decided to go on the dinner ride ‘last night’. We were just heading to a diner just a few miles. Anyway, I was sitting in the Pizza Hut parking lot waiting to go when an old buddy of mine pulled up. So I started catching up on his life over the past few years.

During that time, a police car pulls up. The cop gets out & starts talking to the others in the waiting group. THEN I hear my name mentioned. What now? So the cop starts working his way over to me... “Is this your bike?” he asks.

“Yes it is – I have had it for 10 yrs in March. Why?” I ask.

“Well, there was a bike like this stolen a few weeks ago. And someone called in from Dusty's Bar (on the other side of the highway from us) & said the tag on this bike matched the tag on the stolen bike.”

I laugh... & so do the others. They all know I have had “Sophia” for many years now... so I say “Well do your job then & run the tag & S/N. You'll find that person that called in MAY have had one too many to drink. ‘Cause I just drove past Dusty's Bar awhile ago – he must have been a very fast reader!”

The cop chuckled himself “I have already called it in – & you're Ok. This is not the stolen bike.”

Then another cop pulls up (backup reinforcements). He gets out & walks over & recognizes me & my bike – he used to ride with us about nine years ago. He also laughed when he told me what was going on.

Well, the group of “friends” standing around decided they wanted me hauled in. But vocal bribes to the police of donuts, \$100 cash, & other “favours” would not entice the police to cuff me, arrest me, or even taser me (as one suggested). SO the police excused themselves & left. We followed suit shortly thereafter heading to the diner.

So we headed north out of town to Mattie's Diner for dinner. Now “Sophia” is pretty visible... & I typically park near the road so it can be seen by others that ride in late. And this time was not an exception...

We go in, sit down & begin conversing with one another. I have not been out on “Sophia” in several months because of an ailment. Anyway, we are visiting & catching up... when in walks this HUGE fellow. He is about six-feet-eight and... just HUGE. And what does he say? “Who rides that green & cream bike outside?” But he doesn't



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“Soaring Eagle”

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Was I Set-Up? (cont'd)

say it so loud that anyone else hears him... or they aren't paying attention. Gently & quietly I repeat "Not me. Nope – not me." Well he asks again... & again... & again. Finally someone hears him... EVERYONE HEARS HIM! AND THEY POINT AT ME!

He leans over & asks me "Do you ride a bike like this?" as he lays a flyer on the table. It is a flyer of a stolen bike the same color as mine.

"Do you have a badge?" I ask.

He laughs.... "No. A fellow outside gave this to me to give to you." So I look over the flyer. Similar, but definitely not my bike.

Apparently a similar-colored bike in our hometown area (who would a thunk?) was stolen a few weeks back. The fellow it was stolen from had gotten several phone calls that 'his' stolen bike was 'out & about'. He had come down to Mattie's to check the tag & VIN... & had given Tony (the HUGE dude) the flyer.

Now I guess that no more bikes there are that are the same color scheme out there, I guess I will be a target for locals for some time. Not only by the police, but by the locals that are just trying to help out a friend. Now if the thief is smart, he/she won't ride it much BEFORE painting it. Cause there aren't many bikes out there this color! And not just cause it is mine, but the color stands out like a sore thumb. Heck – I know I can't hide anywhere...

More to come next month... *Grab some wind, Hammer!*

Were you good last year? Really, really good?

If so, then I have a Christmas present for you! It is not wrapped... but you can have it and use it right now!

Ever need to zoom in on something for a closer look while working in Windows... (Word, Excel, on the internet, etc.)? Just click (to select) the item or area of text you want to zoom in on, and press down on the CTRL button while rolling the roller on the mouse! I use this all the time to zoom in on pictures and stuff.

If you have a very large Excel spreadsheet, zoom way out, click on the approx area you want to zoom in on, and that area you clicked on will be the area on the screen when you zoom in.

Yes – it works on the internet, too!

Try it out... and Merry Christmas! *"Grab some wind... hammer down!"*

Encourage couples & younger riders to join this great riding club... your SCRC Nation.

Got any news that may be of interest to the SCRC Nation? My e-mail address is news@southerncruisers.net Maybe an Eagle Rescue... or your chapter in the news... an update on Spencer's jacket & vest... Send it to me & I will see if it will fit in next month's newsletter. Please note – promotions for your events (other than from the SCRC calendar) will not be included in the newsletter. Promote those via forums, fliers, etc.

Thanks to all of those that contributed stories & pics for this issue! They were fantastic!

NOW aren't ya proud to be a Southern Cruiser? I am Southern Cruisers! And so are YOU! *"Grab some wind... hammer down!"*

“Twas the Night Before Christmas”

by P. R. Van Buskirk

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through our house
 Not a creature was sleeping, not even my spouse.
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with screws.
 (If you can't find the nails, what else do you use?)
 The children were restless, awake in their beds,
 While visions of spanking them danced in our heads.
 I worked in my bathrobe – my husband, in jeans,
 Had gone down to the den with directions & dreams
 To assemble a bike that came in small pieces
 With deflated tires & fenders with creases.
 Soon down in the den there arose such a clatter,
 I sprang from my task to see what was the matter.
 Away to my husband I flew like a flash;
 He was shuffling through cardboard; his actions were rash.
 The bike on the rug by this now flustered Dad
 Soon gave me a hint as to why he was mad.
 He needed a kickstand. It had to be near.
 I shuffled some papers — he saw it appear!
 We twisted the screws; we were lively & quick,
 And we soon knew assembly would be quite a trick.
 Fast as eagles in flight the pieces were found,
 And he whistled & shouted for parts all around:
 "Now socket! Now pedal! Now tires! Now brakes!
 On handles! On kickstand! On horn! ... oh... but wait!"
 In the top of the toolbox, he fumbled around;
 "I need two more screws!" he said with a frown.
 And like all good parents determined to please
 When they meet with an obstacle late Christmas Eve,
 We shouted & yelled some complaints to each other.
 There was never more frustrated father & mother!
 And then, in a panic, we heard on the stairs
 The prancing & hopping of feet... 'bout two pairs!
 I opened the door & was turning around,
 When kids burst from the hall with a leap & a bound.
 They were dressed all in flannel, from their necks to their knees,
 And their nightgowns were soiled with sugar & cheese!
 Excuses poured forth from each pair of lips;
 They stood in defiance with hands on their hips.
 Their eyes were wide open, & each little child
 Jumped when I yelled with a voice hardly mild.
 They were frightened but cute, though much bigger than elves,
 And we laughed when we saw them, in spite of ourselves.
 A wink of the eye & a pat on the head
 Soon let them both know they had nothing to dread.
 They saw not a thing but went straight to their beds,
 And we finished the bike & put bows on the sleds.
 Then wheeling the bike by the tree (out of sight),
 My hubby announced we should call it a night.
 He sprang to his bed, to the clock gave a whistle,
 As the time had flown by like a large Titan missile.
 But I heard him exclaim as he turned out the light,
 "Merry Christmas, my dear, but next year NO BIKE!"

(<http://holyjoe.org/poetry/buskirk.htm>)

