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“Soaring Eagle”

Monthly News for Our SCRC Nation January 2011



January 2011
Vol. 2 Issue 1

SCRC National Rally 2011

There will be more information about the Rally coming as soon as a few more contacts are signed. As always, our events will benefit St. Jude Children's Hospital.

There were many reasons why the SCRC National Officers decided that the national rally should move around the county instead of staying in Memphis, TN, each year. One of the main reasons for moving the Rally is expense & getting the members the best for the money they spend. There are places that want events in their cities; motels want the revenues that we can bring. They will give us room rates, cities working with us not against us on parade rides, hospital rides/tours, food bank rides, women/children's shelters, etc.

Memphis does not help us at all any more & has hurt us for the past 3 years. The motels are just too expensive & want to charge for everything... rooms, parking, etc.

St. Jude has stopped the parade ride & the interaction with the kids, the group picture on campus, cut the numbers of members for the hospital tours down to 3 groups of 50 people, & are still talking about cutting back more.

Another reason is for the members across the county that could not make the trip because of travel time & distance. With the event moving each year to different location, this will help someone that has never been able to attend. We know it will hurt some members & they will not be able to attend, but maybe the next year it might even be closer to them!!!

The 2011 National Rally will be in Mountain Home, Arkansas, on August 18, 19 & 20, 2011. The host motel is the Comfort Inn of Mountain Home, & the co-host is the Ramada Inn of Mountain Home. There are 5 other motels in short distance of the host motel. All the information will be coming to the website (www.southerncruiser.com) after January 1st.

We have blocked all the rooms at the Comfort Inn for \$86 (+ tax) per night with a 3-night minimum, & the Ramada Inn at \$75 (+ tax) a night with no minimum nights. I know not everyone can stay 3-nights, but that is the only way they would block the whole motel (80 rooms) & all the space needed.

The Ramada Inn is just across the street with no room night restriction. The other 5 motels are within ½ mile of the host motel. There are campgrounds all over the area but the closest is Canfield Campground (6 miles); Henderson Lake Campground (8 miles), & Quarry Campground (15 miles) from the host motels.

There will be vendors of all kinds: bands, people from the area sittin' around pickin' & a-grinnin' will sing old time bluegrass music. Each chapter will be able to setup their on 10x10 awning, the local vendors will be there such as trout fishing guides, bass fishing guides, craft vendors, & of course the motorcycle type vendors.

The roads in the area are some of the best riding roads in the Ozark Mountain - Push Mountain Road, Hwy 7, Pig Trail, etc.; the list is long. Great restaurants, shopping, & the best thing... hanging out with the 'Cruisers.

The National Officers feel the change to be a good one for the club as a whole. We spend too much money each year going to the national event in Memphis to see the same thing every year.

There are great landmarks across this country that we can have escorted rides to (Stone Mountain, Yellowstone, Grand Canyon, Statue of Liberty, Niagara Falls, the Florida Keys, the Alamo, Bourbon Street, the Dragon etc... the list is endless. The national rally can become a vacation for families, a planned trip to see sites that we could not see before. We take our vacation time 1 or 2 days at a time just to attend events & don't get much further than the

parking lots!!!! Depending on the location, we might have to take a day or two extra, but others in the area that the event moves to want. Some may not be able to make the event each year, but the event can be hosted in your area the next year.

THE NATIONAL OFFICERS HOPE TO SEE YOU AT THIS YEARS RALLY OR ONE IN THE NEAR FUTURE THAT WILL BE IN YOUR TRAVELING PLANS.

THANK YOU FOR BEING PART OF THIS GREAT CLUB (FAMILY). Submitted by: James “Bubba” Prescott, National Events Coordinator

“Hammer Time” by Bruce “Hammer” Mathis

Happy New Year! Hope all had a safe Christmas & New Year season! Betcha found out how good you were last year, didn't you?


So, how many bikes were at that toy run anyway? I heard close to 20,000... some say 30,000! Wow! BUT... I am more than a bit skeptical. Let's apply some simple math here... I have lined up in parking lots & city streets for toy runs. Now, let's say a cycle is 10-ft long, but parking-wise takes up 12-ft (without that trailer). And on a 4-lane street (using only 2 lanes), we usually park 4 bikes wide. So based on that info, there are over 1700 cycles in a mile stretch of road. And you said there were 20,000 cycles? WOW! That would be about 11 miles of parked cycles! How long would that be once they got rolling down the road?

There are many SCRC chapters going on “Polar Bear” rides on Jan 1. Makes for some great riding – never know what the weather & temps will be... or who will be ‘recovered’ enough from the New Year's Eve party to attend! Hmmm... I wonder just how many Southern Cruisers in the SCRC Nation will be out on a Polar Bear Ride on Jan 1, 2011!

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:

 **SCRC Southern Nevada #541** Las Vegas, Nevada - 1st Officer - Ed Zintgraff, 2nd Officer - Tom Driskill

Waccamaw #545 Bolton, North Carolina – 1st Officer - Katrina Smith

Safety Tip – Tire Inspection

Bruce has asked my help with the SCRC Newsletter by providing some safety tips on a monthly basis.

I will mention this month that THE MOST IMPORTANT thing about riding as far as motorcycle maintenance is – (drum roll please) TIRE INSPECTION.

If you don't have rubber on the tires, they won't get you where you are going. Remove tires from service before they reach the tread wear indicator bars (only 1/32” tread pattern depth remaining).

Also inspect them for cupping & other defects that may have occurred since they were installed.

It is recommended to check your tires & the air pressure in them every day that you ride. Keep the proper air pressure in them. I know most of us are guilty of not doing that including me.

Hope you all have a great Holiday season & a safe one. Enjoy the friends & family. Ride safe & have fun. Special thanks to Mike Sumter for this safety tip!



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Meet an SCRC Regional Officer (RO) – in the U.S.A.

This month's regional officer: Meet Ron “Capt. Ron” Grahovec, SCRC's South Central RO. His responsibilities include 3 States with 58 chapters & 96 1st & 2nd Officers: Louisiana (11), Mississippi (18), & Texas (29).

“Hello Southern Cruisers! I am Ron “Capt. Ron” Grahovec. I got the name “Capt. Ron” when I became a Road Captain.”

“Back in '05 & '06, I crashed 2 years in a row on the same road at the same place! Even the EMT remembered me from the year before! That is why I ride a trike - Patti said “you can ride on 3-wheels or 4-wheels, but never on 2-wheels”. She was riding her bike behind me the first time, & in her car the second time. And I would like to thank all the member's that called & were able to visit me in the hospital & at home...that's what's so great about this club!”

“My home chapter is North Lake Travis Chapter 351 in Pflugerville, TX. Currently, I ride an '04 Goldwing Trike & have been riding for almost 40 yrs.”

“We joined Southern Cruisers in '02 - Patti & I rode with some of the local chapter's & really enjoyed the members. And I have been an officer with SCRC for 7 years now. I started as FO, then Assistant STO, then STO, & member of the BOD... & now I am the RO.”

“North Lake Travis is just north of a little town called Austin, TX. Our chapter is small, but our member's are very close. Many of us have become good friends & hang out even when we are not riding.”



Remember the Challenge in December?

“Challenge to all Southern Cruisers: Go an extra step this season. Be generous & make it 2 steps. Make a difference in your community.”

“I read this in the December issue of the SCRC “Soaring Eagle” newsletter & thought you might like to know that the East Central Florida Chapter #374 & Deltona Florida Chapter #242 have been answering your challenge for the past 5 years! We've all seen how bikers get behind all kinds of causes: St. Jude's, of course, also Breast Cancer, kids for all kinds of good reasons, police, fallen riders, & you can go on & on. But how often do you see riders helping out our seniors?”



“We have been doing an annual “Take Christmas to the Seniors” ride for the past 5 years. We find a local seniors home & get every resident that lives there at least one gift. We have our own “Biker Claus” who gives out gifts, & a chapter member's Girl Scout Troop follows along singing Christmas carols.”

“We also do a “Take Bike Week” & “Take Biketoberfest to Seniors” that live on A1A (part of the Ormond Loop). We go visit them & let them come out & check out our bikes. And we swap stories over lunch (you'd be surprised how many of our seniors rode bikes when they were younger). They really love it - all they can see of “Bike-week” & “Biketoberfest” stuck in a seniors home here in Daytona Beach is the bikes blowing by on A1A.”

“I'll tell you what - there's nothing that makes you feel better than bringing smiles to our forgotten generations faces! When you see that they know someone still cares about them it makes everything you do worthwhile!!”



Pics of 2010 “Take Christmas to the Seniors”
<http://classic.kodakgallery.com/ace-scr-374/main/5th-annual-take-christmas-to-the-seniors-ride-12-4>

Submitted by: Bob “ACE” Wallace, 1st Officer/ Road Captain
East Central Florida SCRC #374 - Greater Daytona Beach Areas



“What do I like about being an officer? I like the members that Patti & I have met thru the years all around the country. And one of the perks of being an officer is being treated like royalty at events - especially how Debbie Krause & the members in Dothan treated us at the Peanut Festival a few years ago. Not that I deserve the treatment... but it sure is nice!!!”

“My favorite road is: The “Twisted Sisters” (Hwy 335, Hwy 336, & Hwy 337) out in the Texas Hill Country. Lot's of twisties & great elevation! Hwy 335 is like a giant roller coaster, Hwy 337 has great twisties & riding on the side of cliffs... & my least favorite road is ANY road in Conroe!!!! (just kidding).”



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Meet an SCRC State Officer (STO) – in Indiana

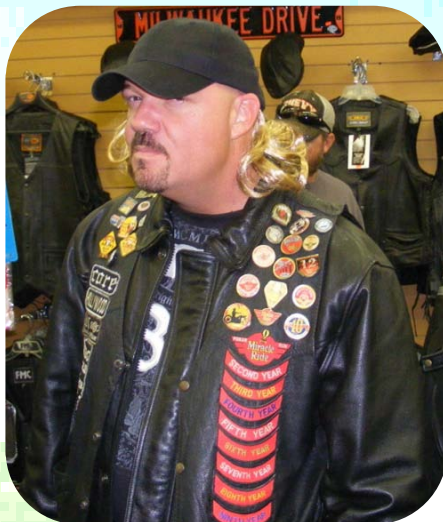
This month's officer: Meet Rob “Hollywood” Low, Indiana STO. He is STO over six (6) chapters & nine (9) 1st & 2nd Officers.

“Hi Southern Cruisers! I am Rob “Hollywood” Low, founding member of the SCRC Indianapolis Chapter 92 & STO for Indiana. I have been a member of the SCRC since August '99. My nickname was given to me in college when my pseudo-fraternity, Tappa Kegga Brew, a loose band of friends with a dubbed me that when they heard that my name is Rob Low.”



“I bought my first motorcycle in June '99. It was a beautiful '98 Honda Shadow ACE in two-tone black & copper. I'd been looking for a motorcycle although I'd had not been on anything bigger than a 50CC way back in high school. I had found a '99 black & burgundy ACE at Noblesville Honda, & after a few days I called the dealership & told them I wanted that bike. They informed me that someone had just purchased it & there were no ACE's left in the Honda warehouse, nor any showing on the dealer net. After an afternoon of phone calls I located a dealer that had black & copper '98 California Edition still in the crate. I had Noblesville Honda obtain it & two days later I was a motorcyclist.... kind of. I had never ridden a “real” motorcycle & had to have a friend ride it home from the dealership which is something I may NEVER live down! I was lucky enough to slide in to a standby slot at the MSF Beginning Rider's course 2- days later. I passed the course & set my sights on the open road.”

“As my passion for riding grew, I found myself surfing the web trying to absorb as much info as I could on riding. I came across several Delphi posts about the Southern Cruiser's Riding Club; it was a club of a different color... no dues, no attitudes, no prospecting... it sounded like a perfect match. I filled out an online application to join the Indianapolis Chapter & got a phone call from Bill “Jarhead” Strebel who informed me that there were 2 Members-at-Large (MAL) in the Indianapolis area, but there was no Indy Chapter & suggested that I start one. I agreed & a few weeks later our 3 member chapter had its first club ride to Nashville in scenic Brown County, a rustic community that welcomes motorcyclists & offers many twisty roads. We had 100% member participation that day... all three of us on Honda Shadow ACE's.”



“Indiana has grown immensely in the last 11 years with 6 chapters & 300+ members. In '03, we had our first Indiana State Rally in

conjunction with the Miracle Ride for Riley Children's Hospital in Indianapolis. The event draws thousands of motorcyclists & includes a poker run, live music, vendors & culminates with a lap around the World Famous Indianapolis Motor Speedway track where the Indy 500, Brickyard 400 & Moto GP race take place.”

“This year, 2011, will bring an exciting new start for the Indiana State Rally - for the first time it will be a 100% Southern Cruisers Sponsored event to be held the last weekend in July in Columbus, Indiana & it will be in support of St. Jude's Children's Hospital. We are planning games, great rides, great roads & great times. A huge tip of the hat goes to Mark “Starbucks” Morris for lighting the fire & chairing the new beginning for Indiana's State Rally.”

“I attended my first national rally in '00 in Asheville, NC. There I met many of the characters that I had met on the Forums, including “Rickster”, “Jarhead”, & Reb to name a few. The feeling of family was immediate, & I knew I'd made the right choice joining the SCRC. In '01, I was asked to be the STO for Indiana, an honor that I hold today. To date I have attended 4 National Rally's, the most recent in '05 held in Memphis right after Hurricane Katrina. Walking with my SCRC brothers & sisters down Beal Street is a memory I will never forget. Some of the people that I consider my closest friends have come from within the SCRC, & I have stated often “I have never met a stranger on a motorcycle”. I am honored & proud to be member of the Southern Cruiser's Riding Club.

SCRC Memorial Page

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

I have posted another memorial poem. Enjoy! Reflect! Remember!

“Against Restriction”

by Icelandknight

*Against the cold Against the weather
Against it all We stand together.*

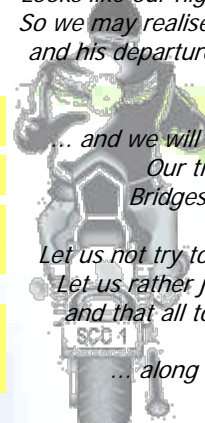
*For we stand as the last few wild spirits of our land
We represent “Freedom”, you understand...
... so when one of us falls... .. It hurts us all...*

*Now Silence has taken our friend His day at an end...
Looks like our night is just beginning ... but to us a light he sends...
So we may realise the dawn tomorrow has come to end our sorrow,
and his departure a grim reminder that we should be ever mindful
... of how we go.*

*... and we will live our lives with memories of what used to be
Our times of joy, cast in gold for all to see...
Bridges we have burnt, lessons we have learnt.*

*Let us not try to reason When there cannot be a reason found...
Let us rather just remember that single lonely trembling light
and that all too familiar sound, moving away into the night.*

... along that long and winding road... .. Forever. .





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Meet an SCRC Member - in Kansas

This month's SCRC member: Meet Rich “Spanky” Nelson, member & 2nd Officer of Southeast Kansas Chapter 180 in Chanute, Ks.

“I started riding when I was 8 or 9-yrs old on a track my father & grandfather had built in his pasture. That was a great time in life! We all had bikes – dad, grandfather, uncles, & cousins. Mine was a Honda 50 mini-bike. Then I grew into a Honda 110. My father had bought it in a box & built it for me. Over the years, I have owned a couple of Harleys, a Yamaha, & a few Hondas. I am looking for a trike for my wife, Kathi, now.”



“I joined SCRC in late '08. I was looking for a group Kathi & I could join & feel comfortable with. A friend, Mario Lopez – 1st Officer of Chapter 180, had just started the chapter in the area & asked if I would be interested in joining. We checked out the SCRC website & liked what we saw... so we joined, & I became 2nd officer.”

“Kathi & I attended the SCRC Central Regional Ride-In in Sedalia, MO, in '09. We met a bunch of great people & knew this was the group we were looking to join. We also attended the SCRC Central Regional Ride-In in Wichita, KS in '10. We like the atmosphere at the SCRC functions, the quality of people, & the all-around good feeling connected with being an SCRC member.”



“I ride a '05 Honda VTX 1300 S/R with custom paint, custom handlebars that I designed, custom fenders, custom chrome, custom velocity stacks, & aftermarket exhaust. Other customizing has also been done, but the list is loong! I have entered my bike in 30+ shows & have won over 40 trophies with it: 12 Best of Show/Peoples' Choice, 21 Best of Class, & many specialty classes.”

“My favorite road is Hwy 20 north of Seattle, WA. Starting at Fidalgo Island, south thru Deception Pass, down Whidbey Island to the end of the island. Hop a ferry to the peninsula & continue on down the coastline on Hwy 101 or Hwy 112. The views along these roads are astounding! You get the Pacific Ocean & 2 sets of mountain ranges. One minute you're looking down 300-400 ft to the ocean, the next at a beach with a mountain range in the distance. Takes my breath away every time! We try to get out to the San Juan Islands at least once a year”

“My least favorite roads is... not sure of the name or number, but it almost took us out! It is in central Arkansas near Gilbert. Actually, it's a great area with the road being a winding, hilly, curving snake-of-a-road with a serious curve about every mile-marker. This one curve has a right-hand grade with a left-hand turn. My bike is seriously low, so my kickstand bracket dug into the asphalt, shot us straight up & over an embankment. We landed on an outer access road which had a great view of an empty river bend about 100 ft below us... only 10 ft from where we stopped! Bad memories of a road, great memories of the trip (as a whole).”

Part 2 of Stolen Bike – The Saga Continues

This story is re-run from my SCRC Oklahoma newsletter in May, 2010: “Any Survivor fans out there? I hate to admit it, but I am hooked on it! Heck – I've even considered sending in an application to be a contestant. How about you? But that ain't why I am writing this story... remember the story about the stolen cycle that looks like mine?”

“Well, it is Sunday & Survivor's season finale – but we are at the in-laws, so mine is recording (thank goodness for DVR). So we are riding home just before dark. Just before we turn off the highway on our road, a car coming towards me is over the yellow lines trying to pass (or so I thought). And I am saying to myself “Get back on your own side! I am almost home. And I want to make it safely.”

“Well, we make it home just fine. I can't wait to get in & watch the Survivor season finale. So grab a drink, a snack & let the recliner wrap itself around me. It is so great to fast-forward thru the commercials!”

“Then about 9:30 PM the doorbell rings. And I am thinking “false alarm”. But “Princess” dog (Penny) won't be quiet – SHHH! I am I the middle of Survivor here!”

“I go to take a look... & sure enough we have company. Apparently the wife of the guy that owned the stolen cycle had seen us turn off the highway (yep – she was in THAT CAR COMING OVER THE LINE!). She had turned around & followed us to see where we lived, then went home & got her husband, J.T. They had also ‘borrowed’ the neighbor to walk with them up to the house.”

“The neighbor he told them he knows I have had that bike for several years... but she still had to come & check it out. Anyway, once satisfied & much embarrassment & apologies (on their part), they left in the night. Ok – now back to Survivor!”

“Well to put the icing on the cake, the DVR did not record the last few minutes of the first part of the finale. Nor did it record the last hour of the finale - so I did not know who won! I was jinxed! Anyone wanna buy a jade green & cream Honda Shadow?”

More to come next month... Submitted by: Bruce “Hammer” Mathis... *Grab some wind, Hammer!*

“The Wave” by Tom Ruttan (Cycle Canada - April 2002)

The bike's passenger seat swept up just enough that I could see over my father's shoulders. That seat was my throne. My dad & I traveled many backroads, searching for the ones we had never found before. Traveling these roads just to see where they went. Never in a rush. Just be home for supper.

I remember wandering down a back road with my father, sitting on my throne, watching the trees whiz by, feeling the rumble of our bike beneath us like a contented giant cat. A motorcycle came over a hill toward us & as it went by, my father threw up his gloved clutch hand and gave a little wave. The other biker waved back with the



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“The Wave” (cont'd)

same friendly swing of his left wrist.

I tapped my father on his shoulder, which was our signal that I wanted to say something. He cocked his helmeted ear back slightly while keeping his eyes ahead.

I yelled, "Do we know him?"

"What?" he shouted.

"You waved to him. Who was it?"

"I don't know. Just another guy on a bike. So I waved."

"How come?"

"You just do. It's important."

Later, when we had stopped for chocolate ice cream, I asked why it was important to wave to other bikers. My father tried to explain how the wave demonstrated comradeship & a mutual understanding of what it was to enjoy riding a motorcycle. He looked for the words to describe how almost all bikers struggled with the same things like cold, rain, heat, car drivers who did not see them, but how riding remained an almost pure pleasure.

I was young then & I am not sure that I really understood what he was trying to get across, but it was a beginning. Afterward, I always waved along with my father when we passed other bikers.

I remember one cold October morning when the clouds were heavy & dark, giving us another clue that winter was riding in from just over the horizon. My father & I were warm inside our car as we headed to a friend's home. Rounding a corner, we saw a motorcycle parked on the shoulder of the road. Past the bike, we saw the rider walking through the ditch, scouring the long grasses crowned with a touch of frost. We pulled over & backed up to where the bike stood.

I asked Dad, "Who's that?"

"Don't know," he replied. "But he seems to have lost something. Maybe we can give him a hand."

We left the car & wandered through the tall grass of the ditch to the biker. He said that he had been pulling on his gloves as he rode & he had lost one. The three of us spent some time combing the ditch, but all we found were two empty cans & a plastic water bottle.

My father turned & headed back to our car & I followed him. He opened the trunk & threw the cans & the water bottle into a small cardboard box that we kept for garbage. He rummaged through various tools, oil containers & windshield washer fluid until he found an old crumpled pair of brown leather gloves. Dad straightened them out & handed them to me to hold. He continued looking until he located an old catalogue. I understood why my dad had grabbed the gloves. I had no idea what he was going to do with the catalogue. We headed back to the biker who was still walking the ditch.

My dad said, "Here's some gloves for you. And I brought you a catalogue as well."

"Thanks," he replied. I really appreciate it." He reached into his hip pocket & withdrew a worn black wallet.

"Let me give you some money for the gloves," he said as he slid some bills out.

"No thanks," my dad replied as I handed the rider the gloves. "They're old & not worth anything anyway."

The biker smiled. "Thanks a lot." He pulled on the old gloves & then he unzipped his jacket. I watched as my father handed him the catalogue & the biker slipped it inside his coat. He jostled his jacket around to get the catalogue sitting high & centered under his coat & zipped it up. I remember nodding my head at the time, finally

making sense of why my dad had given him the catalogue. It would keep him a bit warmer. After wishing the biker well, my father & I left him warming up his bike.

Two weeks later, the biker came to our home & returned my father's gloves. He had found our address on the catalogue. Neither my father nor the biker seemed to think that my father stopping at the side of the road for a stranger & giving him a pair of gloves, & that stranger making sure that the gloves were returned, were events at all out of the ordinary for people who rode motorcycles. For me, it was another subtle lesson.

It was spring the next year when I was sitting high on my throne, watching the farm fields slip by when I saw two bikes coming towards us. As they rumbled past, both my father & I waved, but the other bikers kept their sunglasses locked straight ahead & did not acknowledge us. I remember thinking that they must have seen us because our waves were too obvious to miss. Why hadn't they waved back? I thought all bikers waved to one another.

I patted my father on his shoulder & yelled, "How come they didn't wave to us?"

"Don't know. Sometimes they don't."

I remember feeling very puzzled. Why wouldn't someone wave back?

Later that summer, I turned 12 & learned how to ride a bike with a clutch. I spent many afternoons on a country laneway beside our home, kicking & kicking to start my father's '55 BSA. When it would finally sputter to a start, my concentration would grow to a sharp focus as I tried to let out the clutch slowly while marrying it with just enough throttle to bring me to a smooth takeoff. More often, I lurched & stumbled forward while trying to keep the front wheel straight & remember to pick my feet up. A few feet farther down the lane, I would sigh & begin kicking again.

A couple of years later, my older brother began road racing, & I became a racetrack rat. We spent many weekends wandering to several tracks in Ontario-Harewood, Mosport & eventually Shannonville. These were the early years of two-stroke domination, of Kawasaki green & 750 two-stroke triples, of Yvon Duhamel's cat-and-mouse games & the artistry of Steve Baker.

Eventually, I started to pursue interests other than the race track. I got my motorcycle licence & began wandering the backroads on my own. I found myself stopping along sideroads if I saw a rider sitting alone, just checking to see if I could be of help. And I continued to wave to each biker I saw.

But I remained confused as to why some riders never waved back. It left me with almost a feeling of rejection, as if I were reaching to shake someone's hand but they kept their arm hanging by their side.

I began to canvass my friends about waving. I talked with people I met at bike events, asking what they thought. Most of the riders told me they waved to other motorcyclists & often initiated the friendly air handshake as they passed one another.

I did meet some riders, though, who told me that they did not wave to other riders because they felt that they were different from other bikers. They felt that they were "a breed apart." One guy told me in colourful language that he did not "wave to no wusses." He went on to say that his kind of bikers were tough, independent, & they did not require or want the help of anyone, whether they rode a bike or not.

I suspected that there were some people who bought a bike because they wanted to purchase an image of being tougher, more independent, a not-putting-up-with-anyone's-crap kind of person, but I did not think that this was typical of most riders.



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“The Wave” (cont'd₂)

People buy bikes for different reasons. Some will be quick to tell you what make it is, how much they paid for it, or how fast it will go. Brand loyalty is going to be strong for some people whether they have a Harley, Ford, Sony, Nike or whatever. Some people want to buy an image & try to purchase another person's perception of them. But it can't be done. They hope that it can, but it can't.

Still, there is a group of people who ride bikes who truly are a "breed apart." They appreciate both the engineering & the artistry in the machines they ride. Their bikes become part of who they are & how they define themselves to themselves alone.

They don't care what other people think. They don't care if anyone knows how much they paid for their bike or how fast it will go. The bike means something to them that nothing else does. They ride for themselves & not for anyone else. They don't care whether anyone knows they have a bike. They may not be able to find words to describe what it means to ride, but they still know. They might not be able to explain what it means to feel the smooth acceleration & the strength beneath them. But they understand.

These are the riders who park their bikes, begin to walk away & then stop. They turn & look back. They see something when they look at their bikes that you might not. Something more complex, something that is almost secret, sensed rather than known. They see their passion. They see a part of themselves.

These are the riders who understand why they wave to other motorcyclists. They savour the wave. It symbolizes the connection between riders, & if they saw you & your bike on the side of the road, they would stop to help & might not ask your name. They understand what you are up against every time you take your bike on the road - the drivers that do not see you, the ones that cut you off or tailgate you, the potholes that hide in wait. The rain. The cold.

I have been shivering & sweating on a bike for more than 40 years. Most of the riders that pass give me a supportive wave. I love it when I see a younger rider on a "crotch rocket" scream past me & wave. New riders carrying on traditions.

And I will continue in my attempts to get every biker just a little closer to one another with a simple wave of my gloved clutch hand. And if they do not wave back when I extend my hand into the breeze as I pass them, I will smile a little more. They may be a little mistaken about just who is a "breed apart."

Submitted by: James "Bubba" Prescott

SCRC 101 – No. 5

Let's wrap up the "General Information" section of the SCRC Constitution this month. Here are the last couple of parts:

GENERAL INFORMATION (cont'd from last 2 months)

5) The Club Patch of the SCRC and the names "SCRC" and "Southern Cruisers Riding Club" are Registered Trademark and as such are not to be reproduced for sale by ANY member or outside entity, Profit or Non-Profit, for any reason without the written permission of the SCRC Trademark Owner. Trademark information can be located at this site, <http://www.southerncruisers.net/tm.htm>. The "Patch" and the name "Southern Cruisers Riding Club®" may be reproduced for membership cards, letterhead, newsletters and other similar items. All graphics used on the national web site may be used on the chapter web sites with permission from the SCRC. Chapter web sites will need to be approved before they are listed on the national site and all updates involving the national

web site will need to be directed to the webmaster of the national site at this address: Rickster@SouthernCruisers.Net

6) The "Patch", as worn on the vest or jacket shall consist of the winged eagle worn on the upper half of the vest or jacket as the cut of the vest may allow. The SCRC Club Patch is not, and should, not be referred to as "Colors". No three-piece patches are permitted in the SCRC. No Member of the SCRC shall ever add the letters MC, or wear the designation 1%, on their vest, jacket, or any other article of clothing while representing the SCRC. No M/C or 1% Support patches, or any kind of MC support insignias such as hats, T-shirts, stickers on helmets or bikes, or representations of any kind, will be displayed by members of the Southern Cruisers while wearing the SCRC patch, participating in Southern Cruisers events, or representing the Southern Cruisers in any way. No Rockers/Chapter Location Bars - "CLB's" that identify a city, state, or territory, or anything giving the appearance of a rocker will be worn with the SCRC wings on the back of the vest or jacket. The Southern Cruisers is a neutral, family oriented, international riding club and cannot show preference to any one club over another. Other patches that present the Southern Cruisers in a bad light will also not be worn. If there is any doubt, contact the National Membership Director for clarification.

Hammer's Commentary: Pertaining to no. 5 – If in doubt whether you can use or remake the patch or "Southern Cruisers" in any way, shape, or form... contact national officers for further guidance. Remember, someone owns that patch design – & if you want to use it outside the trademark guidelines, ask a national officer. 1st & 2nd Officers – ask via e-mail, on the officer's forum, or call them. Also, keep your STO in the loop. And ask BEFORE you make something with the SCRC logo and/or words "Southern Cruisers Riding Club" on it. Even for events you are planning.

Maybe there ought to be a Q&A page somewhere... (i.e. – "Q: Can I make sweatshirts for my chapter with the SCRC logo on them?" A: No – not unless you have permission from National. But you can buy a SCRC patch of any size & sew it on the front or back of a sweatshirt").

Pertaining to no. 6 – Avoid confusion from in SCRC & from outside SCRC (other clubs) – be a Southern Cruiser, don't mix in other patches per guidelines. Be a Southern Cruiser FIRST! Educate yourself about why these guidelines exist & know the differences between RC's (SCRC) & MC's. There are some good websites out there that explain the differences.

“In the Headlight” - SCRC Chapter 485 in West Virginia

The forming of North Central Chapter 485, West Virginia, is typical of most SCRC members with wishes of a riding club. FO Tom "Nopockets" Wetzal had grown tired of "bar-hop" riding & wanted to JUST RIDE. After some time as a member at large (MAL), he formed his own chapter in June '06 & began building a member base in Clarksburg, WV.

The first year or so membership was slow to grow, but the second year it started growing leaps & bounds. Membership is now 100+, & includes riders from all over North Central W. Virginia - Counties include: Harrison, Preston, Randolph, Tucker Monongalia, Upshur, Doddridge, Taylor, & Barbour.





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“In the Headlight” - SCRC Chapter 485 in West Virginia (cont'd)

“Kickstands Up” (KU) will vary, but most often it is in Fairmont, Marion County. From there, most members have the same travel time & can ride in any direction.

The state has an excellent 5 yr paving plan that keeps all roads in great shape for riding. The steep elevation change & the variety of roads make W. Virginia riding the ‘best of the best!’ From the mini-dragon on Rt 42 from Scherr to Mt. Storm, you can sharpen your riding skills, along with your foot pegs, to the long sweeping turns of Rt 250, 50, & 119 for a long leisurely run.

Over the years, the chapter has had some good fund raisers, such as the Ronald McDonald Basket Raffle (which netted over \$1,400). Another chapter project is running the campground at Mountain Fest each year. These funds go back to the community in some form of donations. Each year, the chapter has an “end of summer” picnic & a Christmas party to reward its members for all the hard work they have done over the past year.



The Riders Rodeo in the spring is always a good time for members to brush up on their riding skills & to compete against other members.

Current Officers of Chapter #485 include: 1st Officer - Tom “Nopockets” Wetzel, 2nd Officer - Bobby “Bikermedic” Kern, Road Captains - Brad “Doughboy” Headley, J. David Shields & Steve “Tin Can” Morris, Tailgunners - Paul Oliverio & Scott Byrd, Secretary - Debbie Wetzel, Event Coordinator - Donna Byrd, Membership Coordinator - Doug Brown

The FO relies heavily on these officers & all the core members of the chapter for direction & help.

North Central Chapter 485, West Virginia, may not be unique by some standards, but if you take a small town setting, gorgeous mountains, great roads, the friendliest people in the world, AND add a motorcycle, you may come up with the camaraderie all SCRC chapters are looking for.

Special thanks to 1st Officer Tom “Nopockets” Wetzel, Chapter #485 for contributing this info.

“Hart Less!” – Jay’s New Year’s Party

“Mornin’ Sunshine.”

“Hey!” I said,

“Good Morning Sunshine!” I hear my brother, Justice, yell into my bedroom.

My head is throbbing & spinning at the same time. Now Justice is hovering inches from my face shaking me. I double my fist & swing it towards his head. He dodges.

“Damn Jay!” he yells while storming out of the room.

I smile. My name is Jessica Eugenia Hart (Jay for short). I live alone, but my brother insists on letting himself into my house. He also likes to wake me up. Waking up is not a highlight of today, or of any day for that matter. I like living alone & being able to wake up when I want to. Today I’m even more reluctant after the New Year’s Party last night. I know there’s a mess in the house.

I can smell the coffee brewing. At least Justice is good for something. I stumble out of bed & walk into the door.

“Crap!” I yell.

Justice & “T”, the Crazy Cajun, poke their heads around the hall. “You okay in there?” “T” yells.

“Damn Justice! You just let anyone come in while I’m sleeping!”

“I didn’t let him in,” he yells. “He was here when I got here this morning!”

“What?” I said stumbling towards the kitchen & the aroma of fresh Joe. “T” has a possum grin on his face again. He wriggles his eyebrows at me. My face turns red.

“Don’t you remember the Santa suit & the kitchen table?” “T” teases.

My mouth opens & Justice pulls my jaw up with his hand & a twinkle in his eye.

“He’s full of BS, Sis. He passed out on the kitchen floor & I put him on the couch last night.”

“A guy can dream, can’t he?” “T” says.

I breathed a sigh & poured myself a cup of coffee.

“Today’s the annual “Polar Bear Ride”, Justice says. “Wanna know how cold it is out there?”

“No, I just want some aspirin & to get it over with so I can get home & get this mess cleaned up.”

“What mess?” Justice asked.

“The house, that’s what mess. I hate to see all the bottles & cups laying around after the blow out we had last night.”

“Looks fine to me,” Justice said.

I start scanning the kitchen. No bottles. No dirty or empty dishes on the counters. I walk into the living room. No bottles or dishes there either. I look back at the two of them sitting at the kitchen table grinning.

“Thanks guys. Give me a few minutes to shower & I’ll be ready for the ride. How cold is it, really?”

“Colder than a well digger’s...,” Justice starts to say.

“Never mind. I’ll just watch the news & find out.” Wow - 22°! 30° for a high today. Did I mention I don’t like cold weather? And the hangover isn’t helping me.

“How far are we riding?” I ask Justice.

“Just to “Bear’s” house for the traditional New Year’s dinner.”

“What’s traditional in these parts?” asks T.

“Black-eyed peas, cornbread, polish & sauerkraut. Fried potatoes if we’re lucky. And if we’re *really* lucky, Jay made dessert.”

“I did. I have it hidden in the freezer.”

“Oh man, this has got to be good,” Justice said. “What are we having Sis?”

“Homemade praline cheesecake.”

“Can we just skip to dessert now?” T asks.

I smile. “No, we have to ride in the freezing cold so we can all have our *just desserts*’ first. Plus, I need that 2011 rocker for my “Polar Bear” patch. And by the way, YOU still need to earn that patch.”



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“Hart Less!” – Jay’s New Year’s Party (cont’d)

“Grab your leathers, Sis. I’ll get that cheesecake in the saddle bag & we mount up & ride.”

“I’ll get my leathers & the cheesecake,” I tell Justice. “I don’t trust you.”

Submitted by: A.J. Ryan, Northeastern Oklahoma Chapter 7

AND Speaking of “Hart Less!” by A.J. Ryan

“Hi – I am A.J. Ryan. Motorcycles rock! I’ve been riding since ‘69. Back then, Mom gave me pigtails & little pink skirts to wear. Blond hair, blue eyes & all of 4-yrs of age, I could ride with any “ol” man” I wanted. I chose to ride more with my Daddy, though. I wasn’t scared to hold him tight.”

“My mom & dad added 4 little brothers to our brood in less than 5-yrs. Two of them were twins, which made growing up more fun. They were identical & we could use them to pull pranks on people who couldn’t tell them apart. My aunt & uncle lived with us for the first 16 years of my life. They also had four boys... & later one girl.”

“We always had bicycles, mini bikes, dirt bikes & cruisers to ride, & there was never a shortage of fun ribbing between the 10 of us. We kept our parents busy (and poor) most of the time with doctor bills for broken arms & stitches.”

“I went on my first date on a Kawasaki in ‘81. My boyfriend taught me how to lean into the curves & a few other things that you should & should not do while on a motorcycle. You’ll just have to use your imagination.”

“Between ‘82 & ‘94 I also found the time to be married 3 times... & have 4 children. I guess the 3rd marriage has worked out pretty well – I have been sleeping with the SCRC Oklahoma State Officer (STO) David “Double D” Ryan for 18-yrs now! We raised 7 children & we have 10 grandchildren!”

“I/we joined SCRC Northeastern Oklahoma Chapter 7 in 2000. Since that time I have held several positions in our chapter: 1st officer for 8 years, 2nd officer for 1-yr, Events Coordinator for 1-yr, & we have been to SCRC National Rally in Memphis 3 times!

In ‘02, we purchased my pride & joy - a Honda Valkyrie. We’ve been riding with SCRC for 10 years now & loving every mile of it!

Submitted by: A.J. Ryan, Northeastern Oklahoma Chapter 7

Christmas with America’s Heroes

2010 will be known as a lean year: the economy is down, unemployment up, & Christmas was looking kind of tight. So Stone Mountain Chapter 221 (in Lawrenceville, Georgia) decided to make sure that the heroes residing at the V.A. nursing home in Atlanta would be remembered. Money was raised, gifts were bought, details were worked out with the nursing home, & a very special Christmas ride was planned.

Dec 4, ‘10 was a particularly cold & drizzly day as 8 bikes & a trailer full of presents roared to the nursing home like 8 reindeer & a sleigh to deliver Christmas cheer “Southern Cruiser style”. Attending was Wayne McAlexander, Ivan Slayer, Trey “Gator” Thomas, Butch “Krispy Kreme” Harper, Stan Doling, Steve “Zig” Zigler, Doug Stula, & myself (I know it doesn’t rhyme, but we’re Cruisers not poets!).

The veterans & staff were happy to see us as we handed out the gifts & spent time with each of the heroes, most of whom had no visitors. Hands were shaken, smiles were exchanged as the Cruisers offered words of “Merry Christmas” & “Thank you for your service”. The gratitude from these heroes was so great that one of the Cruiser

elves was offered a walker as a memento to remember the day - it was the only thing the hero had to offer.

With still more Christmas gifts to give out, we went to the V.A. Hospital next door & spread more cheer. We were welcomed with the same cheer & gratitude as before. Each smile we brought to these heroes paid us back in ways that had to be felt to be understood.

Looking back, Dec 4, ‘10 was a particularly cold & drizzly day, a day full of warmth & new friendships. A day that was good for the soul.

PS - Sorry about no pictures, we were being respectful of the privacy of these veterans & their families.

Special thanks to Rick “Pinkee” Head, for this story.



Encourage couples & younger riders to join this great riding club in 2011... 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!”