

The Shadow Writer

**Official Newsletter of the
Shadow Riders of St. Louis
All-Brand Motorcycle Club**

November 2004

A Letter from the President

Fellow Shadow Riders,

We're close to the end of the normal riding season. Thanksgiving will be here before I have to write another one of these, so I think I will start my list now:

I am thankful that our season and riders have been as safe as they have been and that there were not a lot of "Get Well Cards" I needed to send. I am thankful that the Biker's For Babies drive was as successful as it was - we were winners and so were the kids we collected the money to help. I am thankful that Rich and Mark are a part of our club and we can share in their exceptional achievements. We all did our part, but they always seem to do over and above. I am thankful for the times I have spent talking and sharing with long-time members - people that have been with the club since before I became a member - and just as thankful for the new members who have brought new ideas, new life, and new energy to our club. We have had more riders at the last several rides than any of the ones earlier in the season and I am thankful that we seem to be re-centering our priorities on the Ride. I am thankful for the support of the other members of the Board of Directors that have made my job easier. I am thankful that the general membership has been so supportive of my time in office, and that no one even looked startled that there was a woman president. (It is about the riding after all, not about which line you stand in at the rest rooms when we stop for gas.) We are a great group. I am thankful that I get to be a part of it...

Ride safe and have fun.

Nita Fisher, President

prez@shadowriders-stl.com



The Shadow Riders of St. Louis
Is a Chartered Club of the
American Motorcycle Association

~Cruisin' 2004~
~Don't Forget~

Saturday Night Out is the 2nd Saturday of each month... Check the HOTLINE & WEBSITE for more details.

Club Meetings

General Membership Meeting

7PM, 4th Tuesday each month

NEXT MEETING: November 23

Manchester Elks Lodge

2242 Mason Lane

Road Captains Meeting

7PM, 2nd Tuesday each month

NEXT MEETING: December 14

The French Quarter (Downstairs)

14766 Manchester Road

Board Meeting

7PM, 2nd Wednesday each month

NEXT MEETING: December 15

Olive Garden

12990 Manchester Road

Sunday Group Rides

Meet at Old Orchard Center

Manchester & Braeshire Ave.

(West of Weidman Road)

Rides leave promptly @ 10:00AM

Arrive early and line up.

Membership Stats

Main members	145
Significant Others	43
Junior members	3
Total	191

Inside this Issue:

- **The Presidents Letter—Front Page**
- **Meetings & Rides—Page 2**
- **Inside Story—Page 3**
- **Inside Story—Page 4**
- **Inside Story—Page 5**
- **Inside Story—Page 6**
- **Runs & Rides—Page 7**
- **Event Calendar—Page 8**
- **Event Calendar—Page 9**
- **Classified Ads—page 10**

Remember.... If anyone has a short story, or announcement for an upcoming event please submit it to me so I can publish it.

My Contact Information:

**E-mail—editor@shadowriders-stl.com
jvoelker@sbcglobal.net**

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6. When Adobe Acrobat comes up just save the file to your local hard drive.

29 States in 29 Days
By Judy W. of Texas

Here in Lubbock, Texas, my husband, Jack, and I live the American dream: We are the proud owners of a cozy home, two Shih-Tzus, and a 2001 Ultra Classic®, which has recently gained many miles.

On June 1, 2001 we began a 29-day, 29-state motorcycle tour of the U.S. perimeter. Throughout our quest, I kept a daily journal describing the trip and the uniqueness of each part of the country. It is in these pages that America lies.

We started in Lubbock and headed east. In Louisiana, we met a biker named Billy. He was riding to Alabama with nothing but the clothes he had on. That was when I realized he was a "real" biker. He didn't have to worry about how to pack; he just didn't take anything! From Louisiana, we continued through the area of the country that Paul Simon lovingly refers to as "the cradle of the Civil War", where we enjoyed pure Southern hospitality. From there, we continued east and north, stopping in North Carolina at a soda shop we saw featured in *Southern Living* magazine.

Along the east coast, the pastoral scenery was like something from 70 years ago. We passed Amish families in horse and buggy, tractors pulling hand plows, and beatific landscapes filled with rolling hills, rivers, and farmland. In New Hampshire, we stopped in Laconia for the annual rally and races there. We continued north into Maine, then went along the northern edge of the country and into Canada. We visited Niagara Falls in New York and then journeyed on through Michigan, Wisconsin, and North Dakota. Just as there seemed to be churches everywhere in the east, here there were bars.

In Montana, the roads ran uninterrupted except for the occasional farm and small town. These roads eventually led us to Glacier National Park in western Montana, beautiful Butchart Gardens in Canada, and North Cascades Park and Olympic National Park in Washington. But the national parks had not yet seen the last of us! In California, we rode to Redwood National Forest and Yosemite National Park. Then we traveled on through the Mojave Desert, Arizona, New Mexico, and back to Texas. We had ridden the shorelines of all five great lakes and both oceans, and had seen more beautiful and diverse country than many people get to see in a lifetime. The motto of Harley-Davidson is, "It's not the journey, it's the destination", which our story epitomizes. Our destination and starting point were the same; it was only the journey that was worthwhile. It was not a journey for the weak-hearted or the weekend warrior. This was a sabbatical. The road was our health spa. Perhaps it is best summed up on the last page of my journal: "What a great ride!"

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Oh, to be a Kid Again ...By *Becky C. of illinois*

I'm a 42-year-old mother of three grown boys – at the perfect time in life to be making a fresh start. After being laid off from work – again – I decided to go to college. Facing my first summer "off," I decided to do what college kids do: go on vacation. And for this kid, that meant taking a long ride on my Harley-Davidson® motorcycle.

I've always enjoyed riding solo and have taken a number of shorter trips before. So when I told friends and family that I planned to ride solo to Alaska, I didn't understand their shock. After all, I had just returned from a 2,400-mile trip to Washington, D.C. for the Rolling Thunder® Run to the Wall – a good-sized trip by most standards. But they thought I was crazy; crazy or stupid, yet to be determined. Despite their concerns, three days later my 2000 Heritage Softail® Classic™ was packed with leathers, raingear, clothes for all weather, camping gear, motor oil, and a few tools I hoped someone would know how to use in case something went wrong.

I left on May 31 without a concrete plan. There was not a cloud in the sky, the sun was barely up, and the moon was still showing itself as I pulled out of my Elmhurst, Illinois driveway. It was the perfect beginning for my trip, and it didn't take long to get "in the zone". I tuned into the sound of my bike and let my imagination wander as I covered 780 miles the first day.

It should be noted that I didn't head straight to Alaska from Illinois – that wouldn't have been enough for my "trip of a lifetime". Instead, I made my way across Iowa, Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, and Nevada, stopping at Bryce Canyon, Zion National Park, and the Grand Canyon. I spent time with family in Denver; Las Vegas; and Pasadena, California. I also spent some time with my son, LCpl Casey Cantwell, USMC, at Camp Pendleton, near San Diego.

I got a tour of life on the base and had the honor of meeting the rest of his platoon, with whom he spent months defending our freedom in Afghanistan after September 11.

After that, I ran the Pacific Coast Highway (Highway 101) all the way to Washington. This famous road is everything you've probably heard: full of beautiful scenery and awesome curvy roads. I spent five days riding up the coast, meeting other bikers willing to share what they'd seen and give a report on road conditions; like Mike from Arizona on his Road King®, whom I ended up hanging out with for a couple of days.

In Bellingham, Washington, I booked a ferry to Haines, Alaska so I could see the Inner Passage. This is the area of Alaska that you cannot see or get to from a road. I spent four days on the ferry, pitching my tent on the deck and duct taping it down so it wouldn't blow away. I saw porpoises, whales, and bald eagles. I met a lot of new friends, including a man and his daughter (Tom and Kelli Ketcham), who were also riding to Alaska, and coincidentally, also from Illinois. Our routes were fairly similar, so we rode together for about 10 days.

The first day of riding in Alaska brought me to the Haines Highway. It was breathtaking. The snow-capped mountaintops seemed to roll on forever. But it was cold, and the roads were horrible. Anyone who has been to Alaska knows that if the map says it's paved, it is – except where it's not.

For the next two weeks, riding on Alaska's highways became second nature. After a while, I accepted the fact that most places don't have paved roads or paved parking areas. With so much wilderness to experience, Alaska really is the place for an adventure. Camping was excellent, as long as I wore very, very warm clothes. The days lasted as long as I wanted them to since daytime lasts all night. And I loved seeing the bears alongside the road, even though they were a little scary – but as long as I didn't stop, I was okay.

I went as far south as Seward, Alaska before heading back to Tok to take the Top of the World Highway (Highway 5). I was warned about this road, which is quite treacherous, but figured I'd come too far not to do it. It took two hours to go the first 66 miles. At one point, I thought of taking a break but then remembered the bears! I finally stopped in the three-building town of Chicken, where a man named "Chicken Dick" bought me chicken soup at the Chicken Café and told me all about life in Chicken. There, I left my postcards for the mailman, who "comes around on Tuesday if he shows up".

Leaving Chicken, the scenery looked as if I really was on top of the world. I stopped to do the "Rocky" dance and shout, "I made it to the Top of the World!" It was a very emotional moment.

The rest of the trip was as much about people as it was about riding. I rode through rain and mud to Boundary, Alaska and the Canadian border, then on to Dawson, Yukon Territory. In Whitehorse, I met fellow riders Marc, Carole, and Carroll, who also happened to arrive at the H-D® dealership after closing time. To make the best of it, we dined on salmon steaks at a wonderful Italian restaurant and then danced the night away at a local establishment, where some local riders told us about a ride the next day with the Yukon H.O.G.® Chapter. We had a great ride with good company to Skagway, Alaska, where I learned about another H.O.G. ride in Calgary the following week. Since I planned on being in town for the Calgary Stampede, I told them I'd see them there.

I met up again with Tom and Kelli in Prince George, and invited them along on the ride with Calgary H.O.G. We ended up at the Wayne, Alberta Dealer's Appreciation Rally out in the badlands. It was a great party. All the people were very nice to the "Americans", and I even won first place in the boardwalk competition.

With Calgary behind me, I rode through Jasper and Banff; down to Glacier National Park in Montana; and on to Cody, Wyoming. I rode the Chief Joseph Scenic Byway and Beartooth Pass, which were both so awesome! I walked the 1.5 miles up to the Medicine Wheel and tied a ribbon as a prayer offering. As a Native American, it was an honor to be at that site.

After all those great roads, I couldn't bring myself to get back on an interstate, so I wandered through North and South Dakota on Route 12.

I finally hit an interstate in Minnesota, and rode it the rest of the way back to Illinois and reality, where there's traffic and traffic jams and heat so hot you don't want to be outside. I was already longing to be back in the cool mountains of Alaska or Montana or Northern California.

In all, I rode through two countries, three provinces, 18 states, and 12 national parks. I attended two H.O.G. rides and one rally. I had one broken fog lamp, one bald tire, did three oil changes, and made many new friends. And in six weeks and one day, I rode 11,518 miles.

I was so blessed to have been able to take a trip of such magnitude at that point in my life. I thanked God for my safety every day and asked for guidance each morning. I wore angel wings given to me by my good friends David and Penny Kozinski. I am also very grateful for the support of a wonderful man, Moe Kondich, who waited for my phone calls every night, and listened to me go on and on about what a great time I was having while he had to stay home and work. Well, someone had to!

If I can relay one message to anyone reading this, it is, "Don't wait". Only you have the power to make your dream come true. And ladies, don't ever think you can't do it alone!

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Sea Level to Sky Level
 (And Everything in Between)
 By Kenny D. of Missouri

First off, I am no writer, as you will soon be able to tell. Never have been; never will be. I'm just inspired to write this story by the pride of owning a Harley® and from the joy of reading others' articles in *Hog Tales*®. I don't really know where or how to start this.

I am not new to bikes – I've had one since I was 16. At the present time I am 46. The kids are grown and out of the house now, and it's my turn to play again. As I said, I'm not new to bikes, but this is the first Harley I've had the privilege to own.

Picking out my bike was not hard; I have always been a Sportster® fan and probably will be forever. The color? Black, of course, with as much chrome as could look good on it. I think I was like a little kid at Christmastime the day I picked it up. The hardest part was keeping it under 50 mph for the first 500 miles! There's 30 miles of interstate between my house and the dealership, and 15 miles of nice, smooth, winding blacktop road. I tried my best, but it wasn't an easy task.

Living in northern Missouri doesn't leave a lot of winter riding time. But my parents are winter Texans. Aaaahhh ... an excuse to take it south for a spell. Late February was a good time to leave the winter behind. You know, winter Texans are older folks – you have to be over 55 to be considered one, and 70 is more appropriate. Eighty isn't out of line, either. Mom wasn't so sure I should bring the Harley down: "You know they make considerable noise, and the people here are retired folks who like it quiet". But I wasn't going to be denied the opportunity to ride.

It turned out just the opposite. The older guys loved the bike. They would stop me going in and out of the park just to look the bike over and talk, and tell me how they used to ride in their younger days, and how some still do. No complaints from any of them, I don't believe.

The weather was perfect the whole time. Upper 80s and a few 90s. Rode the bike out to Padre Island and on the beaches, and down through southern Texas and the Mexico border, crossed a desert area with temperatures hitting close to 100 degrees with a pretty strong wind blowing sand. It was great. Only fellow bikers understand.

Last summer it was off to the mountains of Colorado. Estes Park was the base destination, and from there it was all over the Rockies. If you have never ridden through the mountains on a bike, you need to. I have traveled Trail Ridge Road many times before in a car or truck, but this time it was so different. Better than ever before with a whole new perspective on sightseeing. Nothing seemed the same.

Everywhere you go on your bike you run into some of the nicest people. It seems that most all bikers have camaraderie toward each other.

And then came Sturgis. I've been told that to ride a Sportster that far in a day (740 miles) is pure torture. For me it was just the opposite: pure delight. I could go back and do it again right now. I think my favorite part was touring lazily through The Badlands. I couldn't have asked for nicer weather that day.

I have an eight-year-old granddaughter who just loves to ride on back. Just the other day she informed me that when she gets a little older she wants her own Harley so she can ride beside me. I can't wait. I have a grandson who is four, and I feel confident he is going to be a Harley rider also. Well, at least I hope!

What's next? I'm not sure, but I can't wait for what comes around the corner, whether it's at sea level or sky level. Maybe I will see you on the road along the way. Like they say, keep the rubber side down and the wind in your face.

On a Mission

By Nancy S. of Wisconsin

For 12 years, I rode behind my husband, Gene, on various Brand X motorcycles. Finally, one day I told him I wanted to ride my own bike, and I wanted it to be a Harley®. That day changed my life forever.

Gene wasn't too shocked but was sad to lose his favorite passenger. Still, he supported my decision 100 percent. He took me to bike shows and dealerships to try out all makes and models, just in case I changed my mind. I didn't.

Last winter in the garage, Gene gave me brief lessons about the clutch, shifter, and brakes. He made arrangements for me to take a riding course and made several trips to Al Muth's H-D® in Black River Falls to get to know Mark, the owner. Each time he went, he bought me something, and soon I had accumulated a leather coat and chaps, and a leather bandanna, vest, and gloves. I felt I had everything but the bike! We both put our names in for the bike allocation lottery and were excited to win a spot. Now all we had to do was wait until our names came up to order my dream bike, a Heritage Softail®.

But Gene never lived to see the day I got my bike. He died at age 52 from a heart attack on the night of his stepson's wedding. The dream we had of riding out West together on our motorcycles dissolved before my eyes. I spent a harrowing month feeling my way through life not expecting anything, much less to ever ride again. I gave Gene's bike to his stepson and his bride, and wished them well.

But the dream we had planned kept haunting me, and I became determined to get my license and bike as a way to honor Gene's memory. I called Mark Muth at the dealership and told him I still wanted a bike. Then I studied for my permit test and borrowed a "practice" bike from a friend. I focused hard during the chilly two-week riding course and passed!

Soon Mark called and said my Pearl White Heritage Softail was ready. I picked up my "Girl Bike", as I called her, on May 21, and added a decal on the rear fender that read: "He and I".

My confidence grew little by little, and within the next month I logged more than 3,000 miles. By July, I was ready to take her West. I had a mission. I wanted to deliver a small American flag, in Gene's memory, to his favorite road in Montana: Beartooth Pass. I knew what the hairpin turns and switchbacks were like from previous trips, so I was determined to get in lots of practice before heading out. A friend, Michael, challenged me to keep up with him and to ride on gravel. My brothers-in-law, all riders, led me into Amish country on meandering roads full of the turns like the ones I would encounter on my trip. By the time I left, I was confident that I could handle the turns; I was only afraid of the mountain roads with no guardrails.

I left on July 16. For five days, my friend, John, accompanied me so I would feel safe as a woman traveling across America. During that time, I revisited the places Gene and I had traversed together on previous vacations: The Badlands, Deadwood, Devil's Tower, Thermopolis, and Cody. But leaving Cody, the day turned somber, and I felt my heart grow heavy as we began our

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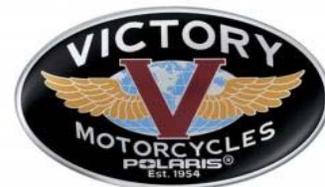


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journey on the Chief Joseph Highway leading to Beartooth Pass. I pulled the cross hanging around my neck out from inside my shirt. It contained some of Gene's ashes, and I wanted him to experience this beautiful ride with me. This was our last ride out West together.

The beauty of Beartooth Pass didn't disappoint me. The spectacular road remains like crystal in my mind, clear and full of life. This was where Gene and I had always wanted to be together on our bikes, and now I was bringing him there. I found the exact spot where we loved to look out onto the majestic mountains and snow and glacial ponds. There, on July 21, I planted Gene's flag with the note: "This is for Gene who loved this road." I tried calling his daughter, Traci, on my cell phone so she could share this moment with me. She wasn't home, but the message I left on her answering machine conveyed all the emotion of a mission completed. By the time my tears had dried and my back was to the West, I knew I had made my final peace with Gene's death. I knew he was proud of me for all I had accomplished with the help of so many wonderful friends and family.

My journey continued to Glacier National Park, the Canadian Rockies, and Lake Louise in Alberta, then headed home by myself as John continued to California. I rode 4,200 miles – about 1,000 of them solo – to make my peace. I am looking to the future now, thanks to the new life my Harley has given me. I can't wait until next summer.

The Motorcycle Safety Foundation has motorcycle safety classes at two locations within our local area. For your reference and convenience, here are their telephone numbers:

Forest Park College: 314-644-9175
Jefferson College: 636-797-3000

Ride Safe.
Ira Steuer

Has your e-mail address changed, or will it change soon?

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November 2004

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7 10:00am - 3:00pm: Mo. Route 66 South	8	9	10 7:00pm-8:30pm: SRC Board Meeting	11	12	13 4:30pm- 10:00pm: Satur- day Night Out Tour Classic M/C's
14 10:00am - 3:00pm: Washington, Mo.	15	16	17	18	19	20
21 10:00am - 3:00pm: Augusta, Mo. Barbecue	22	23 7:00pm-8:00pm: General Mem- bership Meeting	24	25	26	27
28 10:00am - 3:00pm: Last Ride of the Season	29	30				

December 2004

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14 7:00pm-8:00pm: Safety/Road Captains Meet- ing	15 7:00pm-8:30pm: SRC Board Meeting	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25 Christmas Day
26	27	28 7:00pm-8:00pm: General Mem- bership Meeting	29	30	31 New Years Eve	

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Harley Heritage Softail and am not interested in keep-
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How to prevent in-tank rust before it occurs:

Fill gas tank to maximum to displace any air any time the bike will sit for more than 5 days. Make it a habit to take on enough gas to top of your tank as your last stop before returning home from rides. If the bike will be stored or parked without running for more than 6 weeks, place a fuel stabilizer into the tank before filling it to the rim. If bike will be parked or stored for more than 3 months, drain a half-cup of fuel from the bottom of the tank (or enough to remove any standing water), and top off the top of the tank with the required amount of fresh gasoline every 3 months to keep it full.

How To Ride a Motorcycle in a Crosswind:

1. Relax your grip on the handlebars.
2. Keep your head up.
3. Let the motorcycle correct itself. You don't have to fight it or 'white-knuckle it.'

Tips:

1. Sudden gusts are the worst. Just relax your grip.
2. Steady winds such as encountered on the Plains just require fortitude to continue on.
3. If there is a lot of oncoming traffic, consider riding in the right tire-track.



NOVEMBER 2004

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Shadow Riders Club of St. Louis, Inc.
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