



San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club

The Herald

Volume 27, Issue II

April 2010

The Long Way Around by Virgil Foreman



You know how the night before a big trip you don't sleep well because you're thinking about did I pack everything? Did I tighten that valve stem cap after I checked the air pressure in my tires? No, not this time. I was dead asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow. However, I was awake before the 4:30 a.m. alarm disturbed the morning silence.

This trip had been in various stages of planning for 39 years. My best friend and I had talked about riding our motorcycles back to Curlew, WA where we met in 1970. We were riding buddies for 25 years before he passed away about 10 years ago. So this trip was for him and a way for me to say good-bye.

My plan was to banzai up 5 to Sacramento; overnight there with the family, and then a 580 mile trip to Portland and spend a couple of days with my daughter. Then on to Curlew, WA, which is about 180 miles north of Spokane and only 5 miles from the Canadian border, then a leisurely trip southward towards home on roads forgotten.

I had my hand on the off button within seconds after the alarm sounded. I dressed in my riding gear as the coffee cooked. The bike was packed the night before and pointed towards the garage door waiting to be brought to life

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Monthly Meetings

Are held at:

Giovanni's Restaurant

9353 Clairemont Mesa Blvd., San Diego
(the corner of Clairemont Mesa Blvd and Ruffin Rd.)

On

The Second Monday of Each Month

At 7:00 p.m.

Arrive early and join us for dinner!

Herald Policies & Editorial Statement

The Herald promises to provide an interesting forum for all antique, vintage, and classic motorcycle related information and will attempt to do so in a timely manner. Since we publish bi-monthly, please present any items for publication early enough for inclusion. We accept no responsibility for items furnished after the deadline.

As a volunteer staff, we expect other members to help by providing items from time to time. We have a large club membership base with a varied interest in all aspects of motorcycling and, as such, we believe all members have stories of interest.

Let us hear from the garages, sheds, and shops of the membership. This publication will remain viable only with the help and consideration of all. Our Editorial phones and e-mail addresses are available. We look forward to publishing your stories.

SDAMC Charter

The San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club is a non-profit mutual benefit corporation organized and dedicated to the preservation of antique motorcycles, and in furtherance of such purposes, the sponsorship of antique motorcycle rides, exhibitions and related activities, and the encouragement of social, fraternal and educational activities among its members and the public, with membership open to all persons having an interest in antique motorcycles.

Editorial Disclaimer

IDEAS AND THOUGHTS EXPRESSED IN THIS NEWSLETTER REFLECT ONLY THE VIEWS OF ITS EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS. IF YOU HAVE ANY SUGGESTIONS TO IMPROVE THE APPEARANCE, CONTENT OR ANY OTHER PART OF THE HERALD, PLEASE LET US KNOW. ONE OF THE BENEFITS OF OUR CLUB IS THE SHARING OF EACH OF YOUR IDEAS AND EXPERIENCES. THEN WE ALL LEARN.

Please send your contributions to any of the editors listed above.

2010 SDAMC Ride Calendar (check SDAMC.Net website)

5/8 Sat	Full Moon Ride
5/15 Sat	Desert Tower Ride
6/5 Sat	Wesley Stark Memorial Ride
6/19 Sat	T-Shirt Ride
7/4 Sun	Alpine 4th of July Parade
7/17 Sat	Garage Crawl
8/1 Sun	National City Heritage Day Parade and Show
8/9 Mon	Pot Luck (in lieu of Club meeting)
8/21 Sat	Classic Bike Ride
9/??	Bike Field Trials
10/23-24	Borrego Springs Overnight—MEMBERS ONLY!
11/1 Sun	Hanson Dam Meet (SoCal Norton Owners Club)
11/25 Thu	Turkey Day Ride
12/4 Sat	SDAMC Holiday Party
12/12 Sun	Year-End Ride

The Long Way Around — Continued...

with the twist of the key. After many good-byes and countless “be careful” from my wife, I was out the door, down my Clairemont street and headed north on 805. The time: 0500.

The August morning air was very cool; however I was toasty warm under my textile jacket and my electric vest. I made good time up 5 – no border check traffic, it was closed. I passed the Ortega Hwy heading towards the City of Angels. After about 25 miles of stop and go rush hour traffic, it was smooth sailing up past Magic Mountain and the Tejon pass. My first stop was at Grapevine for fuel & coffee. It was 7:55, a personal best for me, a shade under 3 hours. Now long stretches of interstate 5 and, as you all know, this is a boring road, the occasional truck stops, a few CHP cars parked under an overpass, hiding in the shadows, and the endless rows of produce growing on both sides of the interstate.

My timing must have been right on. I cruised through Stockton, Thornton, Hood and right to my next exit, I 80 E in Lincoln to 65N and before I knew it I was at my son’s house, about 7.5 hours and 550 miles later. A well needed shower and a cold beer. Yep, life is good.

After a good evening with the kids, it was time for the sack. Once again I was asleep in no time, which was good, because the 4:00 alarm showed no signs of mercy.

Day 2

I was on the road by 04:50. Once again I took 65N through Wheatland into Marysville where I picked up 20W on

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Wesley Stark

1943 — 2010



On February 2, 2010, long-time SDAMC member, and a friend to all, Wesley Stark passed away. Wesley was born June 30, 1943, in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. From an early age, Wesley grew to love motorcycles, especially German ones. Later, Wesley became quite expert on WWII Wehrmacht motorcycles made by BMW and Zundapp. From this interest in German bikes, Wesley developed many close friends in throughout the world, Central and Eastern Europe in particular.

Wesley served in the U.S. Navy during the Viet Nam war. During this time, he was exposed to the notorious defoliant, Agent Orange. In the ensuing years, Wesley battled three separate bouts with cancer, ultimately succumbing to lung cancer.

Despite (or perhaps because of) his chronic health problems, Wesley maintained a “Live Life For Today” attitude. He spent much of his time jet-setting to distant points on the globe, visiting his large circle of motorcycle-related friends. In fact, he had racked up so many frequent-flyer miles that he recently was able to make a round-the-globe trip for free!

Wesley was renowned for helping anyone in need. Virgil Foreman told of a case in point. . . The very first SDAMC meeting that Virgil attended was VERY lightly attended. It was the Board members, plus two people in the audience, Virgil and Wesley. While making some small-talk, Virgil told Wesley that he was attempting to restore his Velocette Valiant, but he was missing some vital, unobtainable part. In a couple of milliseconds, Wesley whipped out his cell phone, and called one of his far-flung buddies (and probably woke the poor guy from a sound sleep!). In a very short time, Virgil received that missing part. This was very typical of Wesley.

Wesley is survived by his wife, Louise Branch.

A memorial ride is planned for Saturday, June 5, 2010. We'll be riding out Hwy 94, Wesley's favorite stretch of road.

Dirty Bike Ride—Two Perspectives



Thanks to the Marc Lemieux's organizational skills, SDAMC's first "Dirty Bike" ride took place April 18, 2010 at the Lark Canyon OHV Park in Boulevard. Ed.

Perspective #1 — Ring Leader / Agent Provocateur

So there we were, Kurt and I rolling out to McCain Valley on Sunday morning as we passed up an old raggedy Ford Ranger with a crusty old Honda on a trailer. "Hey that's Dennis!"

As we pulled into the staging area and started to unload our bikes, Dennis rolled up with Ron right behind him. We shared some croissant and started assembling our riding ensemble. Kurt and Ron outfitted from head to toe with protective gear, Kurt going modern, and Ron sporting stylish and color coordinated "period correct". On a side note, Ron's PE 250 looked like it just rolled out of the dealership and Dennis's MR 175 exuded character and a finely aged patina (much like Dennis himself). I like to think that my riding gear reflects a blend of character and function, but Dennis goes with the minimalist approach that projects a statement; "a man with this level of skills and experience doesn't need the latest trendy equipment". A chambray shirt, well worn jeans, and a pair of Frye's are right up there with Steve McQueen's Barbour suit in this reporter's humble opinion.

Once we got the bikes warmed up, we headed out on the trail. I happened to be in front on my DR650 when I came round a curve and saw a large stick lying across the trail. Just as I was about to ride over it, it started to crawl! Hey that's about a 4' rattlesnake! I pulled over and waved the boys to stop as it crawled under a trailside bush, rattling furiously. I wanted to get a photo of it, but I couldn't really get a good shot with my cell phone camera and the other guys didn't seem too motivated to flush it out into the open, I can't imagine why!

We pressed on down the rolling, curvy trail until we came to the barbed wire fence line that is the boundary of the reservation and BLM land. I like to follow fence lines because you aren't likely to get lost and there is usually a trail used for fence maintenance, but not generally ridden. This trail leads into a small valley adjacent to the horse camp with a year-round stream and shady oak groves. The trail narrows and becomes more overgrown and challenging. We stopped in a shady spot for a drink of water and Dennis commented that the tight spots are a little challenging without a clutch lever... that's right he was riding through observed trials terrain, clutchless! Huge skills points for

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Dirty Bike Ride—continued

Dennis.

At this point Kurt took the lead and bulldozed his way into a wall of brush with barbed wire on one side and cut off sage limbs on the other (maybe 30"), Ron looked at me and said "surely we're off the trail?" "I know exactly where we are and don't call me Shirley!" Once through this tight spot things opened up and Ron was able to impress Kurt by flying past on a straight stretch of sandy, whoop-de-doo. As we approached a steep rutted area, Kurt picked a crummy line and was struggling (he realized immediately that it was the same crummy line he took the last time) while Dennis just bounced through the rough spot without hesitation. We looped around and checked out the remains of an old WWII radio navigation station, then made our way to the "Big Rock" area for a nice view of the valley.

Richard Thrift deserves a special award for being a studly adventurer by riding out on his big GS, dropping the side cases and windshield at the truck and meeting us at the rock. The MR175 was having some intermittent problem and now was refusing to run, so we broke out the tow line and Richard and Ron decided to do some more exploring and head back in the general direction of the staging area.

I have towed lots of bikes over the years, but that was then, this is now! I forget what a big, heavy, moose the DR650 is because I just ride slow and follow the natural lines. When you are pulling a second bike, the 400 lb DR with me aboard, the 230 lb MR, plus Dennis it's a whole 'nother game! Having the tow line tied to the rear rack means every uphill is a delicate balance between useless tire spin and wheelie city, every curve and obstacle has a new dimension because the towee is dragging you sideways off of your line. Several times I just straightened out the trail and bounced over rocks and through the cactus! Dennis was thankful that he had recently upgraded to a full coverage MX helmet that gave him some protection from the debris that was being flung at him from the DR's spinning rear tire. I was all over the bike trying to keep the rubber side down and forgot how much more effort it takes! Eventually, we made it back to the Oak tree and enjoyed some well earned refreshments. Ron pulled up and noticed that his PE was now ready for new fork seals and a new set of NOS shocks since the 30+ year old seals had blown out and his clean new plastic looked like he had been following the Exxon Valdez. New member Sondra Logando and her dog arrived in her car. She had hurt her shoulder earlier in the week riding her dirt bike, so was unable to ride, but wanted to check out the area for a future outing. I also got a phone call from Ted Holtaway who was out on his RT, but had to turn around at Boulevard due to time constraints. We started to wonder where Richard was and were a little concerned, so Kurt and I rode back to the Big Rock to look around. We were able to spot the distinctive pattern of the GS tires (swerving and spinning about the trail) and I was looking for signs of an impact crater, but Richard made it back to the trucks on his own. Richard had a bit of a mishap when the forces of gravity intersected with fine German engineering, demonstrating the durability of the metal used to manufacture BMW fuel tanks and rocker covers. Richard also did his part to stimulate sales and development of aftermarket turn signals by crash testing 3 of his. Overall Richard really demonstrated the spirit of adventure by remounting his bags and screen and riding home at a brisk clip. Bravo Richard, well played!

I don't know about the rest of you, but I woke up Monday morning without any soreness at all... I couldn't move my arms or legs, but hey, I felt fine!

Marc Lemieux



Attempting to avoid rigor mortis!

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Dirty Bike Ride—continued

Perspective #2—The Old Hand

It was Sunday morning, the day of the SDAMC Dirty Bike Ride at McCain Valley. My 1975 Honda MR175 was on the trailer and ready to go. It's never known how many people will show up at this kind of event, as it's a specialty ride. As I tow the bike on Hwy8, I'm passed by Marc and Kurt in a pickup truck with a couple of modern dual-sport bikes in the back, followed by Ron with a vintage Suzuki PE250 in back of his truck. At least I won't be alone.

We unload slowly, waiting, hoping, someone else will show up and join us. While we are waiting, I notice everyone has their fancy riding gear, jerseys, riding pants, riding boots. I thought this was going to be a casual SLOW ride, as in nobody gets hurt type of thing. I guess I didn't get the memo, These Guys Are Serious about their riding. I'm wearing a long sleeve shirt, jeans, and engineer boots. At least I brought a new full-face helmet and goggles.

Nobody else shows up, so we take off for a ride. Our intent is to ride the out-skirts of the OHV riding area. Marc is in the lead, on his DR650 while the rest of us try to keep up. I have to wind out the MR175 to keep in the power band. Not having ridden a dirt bike in many years, I needed to find a 'comfort level' for my riding style. For the first five minutes, I had a 'death grip' on my bars. If I didn't loosen up, I would be exhausted soon. Fortunately, Marc has a fascination with rattlesnakes, and we stopped when he saw one. My riding 'rhythm' was coming back to me. I felt comfortable. Ron was flying on his PE250. Whoop-De-Doos didn't bother him. He just flew over them. The trail was challenging, with twists, turns, and even some tight trials type sections. This was the best time I've had riding my MR175 since coming to California. My riding companions made it so. Thank you.

We've been on the trails for over two and a half hours when we stopped at Big Rock for a brief rest and check out the scenery. When it came time to go, my bike wouldn't start. Not exactly. After many kicks, it would fire, sound like it was running lean, pop, and die. Wait a few minutes, it would do the same. It had fuel, so I pulled the spark plug. It looked fuel fouled. Time to install a new one. Still, the engine did the same thing.

At this time, Richard showed up on his BMW GS1150. How he got out there on that monster, I'll never know. He made for a nice distraction from my dead engine problem, though. Richard's GPS told us we were 4400 feet from camp. We re-thought the situation, and Marc pulled out a tow-strap. I didn't like the idea of being pulled, but it sure beat pushing the bike out, which was my plan.

Have you ever been on a motorcycle being pulled by another motorcycle? Even on the road, it has the potential of being disastrous. But, this was off-road. As we took off, the tow strap wanted to twist my steering, and I was pulling Marc's rear tire every direction except the direction HE wanted to go! The adventure began. I would try to keep the strap tight while going down-hill and Marc would try to pull me up-hill, despite his rear wheel sliding all over the place. I should mention that while doing this, his front wheel was in the air most of the time! As we crested every ridge, we could hear each other laughing in disbelief that we actually made it this far. Riding through a series of Whoop-De-Doos at speed is exciting enough, but try doing it while connected to another bike with a tow-strap. It brings new meaning to the phrase 'Whoop-De-Doo'!!

The 4400 feet the GPS told us was as the crow flies. By the trails, it was a little over two miles.

We pulled into camp with good spirits. The adrenaline rush got us both through it.

It turned out that the wire from the magneto to the coil, on the MR175, had a bad connection, giving intermittent spark to the coil. When the connection was made, the engine ran, when the connection weakened, spark miss-fired, causing the 'pop' sound, and the engine died.

While unwinding at camp, Sondra came out to watch us. Everyone made it back to camp, except Richard. We became concerned. Marc and Kurt went off on a 'search for Richard' ride. While Marc and Kurt were out, Richard cruised into camp. It seems his bike decided to lay itself down in a ravine, which took Richard some time to get it out of. With all bodies accounted for, we considered the ride a success.

I used muscles that haven't been used in years. How do I know? They're screaming at me now. Man, I'm out of shape! When are we going to do it again?

Dennis Reamer

BSA Fury / Triumph Bandit - The Greatest Disappearing Act in British Motorcycling?

By the late 1960's, American BSA and Triumph dealers were clamoring for light-weight machines to compete with the ubiquitous Japanese bikes. Long retired Edward Turner, the designer of the famous Triumph Speed Twin, began work on a 350cc dual overhead cam twin motorcycle, using engineers "borrowed" from BSA.

The Turner prototype, was an absolute disaster. In bench testing equivalent to 1,500 miles, with speeds never exceeding 60 mph, the engine suffered three major failures (two broken crankshafts and a valve train failure). Once on the road, the prototype engine was burning through a quart of oil every 50 miles. In a very short time, BSA engineers realized that the bike was DOA, and work commenced on a completely new bike.

A completely redesigned motorcycle, both engine and chassis was readied for the 1971 sales year. The bike, a vast improvement over Turner's attempt, sported dual overhead cams, an electric starter, and five-speed transmission. The engine produced 34 HP, and the bike was capable of 110 MPH.

As was the fashion, a high-piped "scrambler" version was to be offered along side the low-piped version. BSA Fury and Triumph Bandit were identical, except for cosmetics. Hopes were high that these bikes would lead the British motorcycle industry back to profitability.

A massive advertising campaign was commenced in the all-important American market. Massive, multi-page advertisements for 1971 model year appeared in all of the American bike magazines, with the Fury and Bandit taking center stage.

As a high school senior at the time, I was positively salivating at the prospect of owning one of these 350's. I'd show those guys riding Honda 350's!

Alas, at the eleventh hours, BSA-Triumph management pulled the plug on the Fury/Bandit project, and no production bikes were ever produced. Would the Fury and Bandit have been enough to turn around BSA-Triumph? Probably not, but I still fantasize about owning the high-piped Fury SS scrambler!

Ron Caudillo



Surviving Fury SS scrambler prototype



Edward Turner's failed prototype



Compare this engine close-up to the Turner en-

Half Fast Q & A— getting to know SDAMC members...

By Marc Lemieux

This session features Kurt Kohaniwatsizname (It's Kohonowich, DAMMIT!)



Q. What was your first bike?

A. 1972 Harley Sprint that I got (not running) in Florida when I was 17.

Q. What do you remember most about that bike?

A. It shot blue flames out of the exhaust when I got it to run. I didn't get to ride it much and when I was going into the Navy it was stored at my Grandmas. Eventually, two very tough looking women in leather and boots bought it (in boxes) from Grandma.

Q. Crashes?

A. None... until I started riding dirt bikes with YOU!! Thanks a lot, Marc!

Q. Close Calls?

A. Around 1992 while stationed in S.D. I was riding my VT 500 Ascot from OB to the Coronado bridge. On the transition from the 8-East to I-5 South there is a "Triangle of Death", 3" lip of asphalt that I hit at about 70 mph, the bike went into a big wobble, and like all good bikers I just relaxed my grip on the bars (threw my arms up and prayed to Jesus!) and the bike straightened right out. Every other close call I've had was with YOU! (Am I sensing a pattern here?)

Q. What is your favorite old or classic bike?

A. 1983 Honda VT 750 Shadow, black.

Q. If you could only have one bike, what would it be?

A. Right now... the 2010 BMW R1200r in silver.

Q. What is your favorite piece of gear, and why?

A. My Nolan flip front modular helmet. The built in sun visor reminds me of my naval flight helmet.

Norton® Resurrected!

Recall that in 1966, the large English motorcycle conglomerate AMC (of which Norton was a part) collapsed. Another conglomerate, Manganese Bronze Holdings, picked up the pieces of the AMC empire to create Norton-Villiers. With their aging product line, and declining sales, Norton-Villiers realized that it has to do something fast to turn things around.

Norton had been recently experimenting with an 800cc dual-overhead-cam engine project known as “P10”. The engine had some serious flaws, and the project was cancelled. A new engine would have been ideal, but there was no time. The only viable alternative was to (somehow) rework the venerable 745cc Atlas power plant. Perhaps the most daunting problem was to figure out how to tame the Atlas’s severe vibrations. The Atlas engine had its beginnings back in 1946, with the sweet running 500cc Dominator engine designed by Bert Hopwood. Over the ensuing years, the engine was repeatedly enlarged, each time exacerbating the vertical twin’s vibration problems.



Norton brought in a crew of talented engineers, headed up by Dr. Steffen Bauer, which was tasked to come up with a new Atlas-based motorcycle in time for the 1967 Earls Court motorcycle show, scarcely three months away! Miraculously, the team accomplished its mission, and the Norton Commando made its debut at Earl’s Court. As everyone knows, the “Isolastic” engine mounting system worked extremely well, and the Commando went on to become an international sensation. (Well, at least for a few years). When you consider how some manufacturers have battled vibration problems for decades, it is remarkable that Norton’s small design team was able to

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Norton Resurrected! (continued)

come up with a working solution in a matter few weeks.

By 1975, Norton (Norton Villiers-Triumph, actually) ceased operations.

As part of their merger with BSA-Triumph, Norton inherited BSA Wankel engine project. In the late 1980's, a small number of Wankel-engined Nortons were manufactured by a factory in Shenstone. By the 1990's, a cottage industry grew up of companies remanufacturing Commandos, with Norvil, in the UK, Colorado Norton Works, and Vintage Rebuilds of Portland, Oregon in the forefront.

In 1999 Kenny Dreer's Vintage Rebuilds, announced that it would begin manufacturing "new" Commando-based Norton VR880 specials. These Dreer bikes were quite faithful reproductions of the original Commandos, but with quite a few modernizations. Later, the ambitious Dreer began development of an all-new Commando. Alas, in April 2006, just before the Dreer's bikes were to reach production, the investors pulled the plug on the whole project. . .

Stuart Gardner, a British entrepreneur, picked up the remnants of the Dreer venture, including the three Dreer prototypes. By October 2008, Gardner was able to secure the international rights to the Norton trademark. In just a single year, Gardner has been able to set up a factory at the famous Donington Park racetrack, and has been able to whip the Dreer prototypes into shape, and ready for production.

Road testers of the original Dreer bikes found that the still had major vibration problems. Gardner's engineering team solved the problem by switching over to 270 degree crankshaft, and by installing a balance shaft. The new engine is 961cc's, and it produces 80 bhp at 6500 rpm. There will be three versions of the bike: the base Sport model (\$18,334 approximately), the Café Racer (\$20,576), and the top of the line SE (\$20,576).

The bikes will be equipped with all of the latest technology including fuel injection, Brembo brakes, Ohlins suspension. Testers of the latest prototypes claim that the new Norton's will be comparable in performance to Ducati's recent SportClassic models.

So I guess it's really going to happen this time. After a 30 year hiatus, Norton is finally back in business, with the first production 961 delivered to its owner on March 29, 2010. Here in the U.S., there is currently only a single Norton dealer, Southbay Norton, in Lomita, California. Visit: www.nortonmotorcycles.com.



The Corner Marquee -



This installment is focused on the Victoria brand. Not to be confused with another Victoria brand from Glasgow Scotland. Like a lot of other motorcycle names, Victoria started out as a bicycle maker in Nurnburg, Germany. They started producing motorcycles in 1901 and continued up to 1966.

In its early decades, Victoria fitted proprietary engines purchased from various manufacturers including Fafnir, FN, Minerva and Zedel. In the 1920's Victoria launched the KR 1, which has a 494 cc BMW twin cylinder side-valve flat twin (boxer engine), mounted longitudinally in a motorcycle frame. The engine produced 6.5 bhp and the transmission was a two speed gearbox.

When BMW started making its own motorcycles, Victoria turned to making its own engines. In 1923 Victoria launched its KR 2, an overhead valve flat twin producing 9 horsepower. In 1924 Victoria followed this with the KR 3 which produced 12 horsepower and had a 3 speed gearbox. In 1925 Victoria built Germany's first forced induction engine, and in 1926 a 496 cc Victoria achieved a motorcycle land speed record of 102.5 MPH. In 1927 Victoria launched a 596 cc KR 6. Based on this model the factory offered a high-speed sport model with twin carburetors that produced 24 bhp, later named the KR 7.

Like many motorcycle manufacturers Victoria had to suspend production until after WW II. In 1946 production resumed with many other models, like 38 cc FM 38, a bicycle engine. By the end of 1949 Victoria was producing up to 14,000 units per year.

The motorcycle that we are going to highlight here is the 1954 Victoria V35 Bergmeister. This bike was produced in 1953, and was called the KR 26, which later became the V 35 Bergmeister. The V 35 is a 350 cc OHV four-stroke V-twin producing 21 bhp. The V 35's power train combines chain primary drive to the gearbox with a shaft drive to the rear wheel.

In 1958 Victoria merged with DKW and Express Werke AG, forming Zweirad Union, which continued the Victoria name for mopeds such as the Vicky and motor scooters. In 1966 Hercules took over Zweirad and terminated the Victoria production.

- Virgil Foreman

The Long Away Around—continued

through Yuba City and Colusa and within an hour back on 5N.

All the morning traffic was heading south so I made good time going through Orland, Red Bluff and Redding. After going through Redding the landscape started to change; more rolling hills, more trees. Now my trip was getting exciting. As I crossed over the bridge that takes you over Shasta Lake, I was shocked by how low the lake had gotten in the two years since I was here. And I mean low. You could see all the creek beds that feeds the lake and were previously under water.

My next stop was in a cool little town called Dunsmuir, about 3.5 hours and 210 miles from Sacramento. I could only get gas this time, the only restaurant was out of business and so was the on-ramp to 5N – so a little back tracking was in order.

Once again back on 5N through Weed, Yreka and finally across the Oregon border. I kept going through Medford to Central Point where it was time for gas and breakfast. I was a fast 318 miles from where I started this morning.

Leaving Central Point I headed up through Grants Pass – very cold, and beautiful. I was glad that I had good gear to wear. From there it was a straight shot through Wolf Creek, Roseburg, Eugene, and Salem. Nine and a half hours and 601 miles from Sacramento I had arrived at my daughter's house in Portland. The sky was overcast and about 73 degrees. Cool and always green.

Day 3

A light sprinkle ushered me out of Portland about 2 hours before dawn – I headed east on 84 along the Columbia River Gorge on my left and towering cliffs of Mt. Hood National Forest on my right. About 60 miles from Portland, near the Cascade Locks, there was a fire burning up the side of the mountain. It was a little surreal – the Hood River Valley was filled with smoke as I passed through. Three days later when I came back this way, the mountain was still burning.

I continued on through The Dalles, Boardman and to Bock Corners where I hooked up with I-82 North and into Washington.

After a short detour on I-12, I was back on my way north on 395. I lost count of the small communities I rode through that were all but gone. The shells of old gas stations and small grocery stores long-closed were all that was left. I continued on through Connell, Ritzville where 395 becomes I-90 which took me into the heart of Spokane. I no longer recognized most of the city. All was new to me except the “old town” section. This brought back a flood of memories of good times with my friends. 395/90 goes right through the heart of Spokane, lots of intersections and traffic. Just on the outskirts of town I stopped for lunch and a well needed break from that stock BMW seat.

After lunch – a belly full of pancakes and coffee – I was gearing up out in the parking lot when a couple on another RT pulled in next to me. Of course this started up a conversation of how good these bikes are. The local couple was out for a Saturday ride; they noticed my California plates and asked where I was from. San Diego, I said. They were wide-eyed when I confirmed I rode up from Southern California. High fives and the “ride safe” salutations, and I was on my way.

This part of my ride took me north on 395 through Deer Park, Chewelan and into Colville. This is the little town where I used to spend my weekends when I was not working in Curlew. This town had changed some. There was a new gas station – AM/PM type - and a new high school, but while driving down the main street through town I saw the same evidence of city decay – a lot of empty buildings where there used to be thriving business in 1970. A quick fill up at the one and only new gas station and I was again on my way.

In Kettle Falls I got off of 395 onto 20, crossed over the Inchelium River Bridge and I thought I had taken a time machine back in time. From here and across to the Canadian border it seemed like nothing had changed since I left 39 years ago. The same roadside barns dotted the way and even for August (a dry month for this area) everything was green; very green.

I continued on I-20 to Republic where I joined up with I-21 through Torboy -Karamin – Malo and into the very small community of Curlew. Just about 9 miles outside of Curlew is a Conservation Corps training center. In 1970 I came up here to go through a 2 year carpentry program. This is where I met my life-long friend Roy. At first it was an immediate disliking on both of our parts; however, after a few months we found that we had many interests in common, one of them being motorcycles. Two years flew by and before we knew it, and our training was over and we were being sent home. Roy to San Diego and me back to San Francisco. It wasn't long after I got home that we reconnected and I came down to San Diego for a visit and I never left.

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The Long Away Around—continued

It seems that the days are longer way up here. My clock said it was time to get back in the saddle and get across the border and into Grand Forks before dark. So I said my good-byes to my old friend, left a memento on the sacred site, punched the RT into gear and zoomed towards Canada.

The border agent at Midway, BC was pretty surprised that I had ridden up from San Diego and he was kind enough to shoot a photo of me in front of the guardhouse for proof. And then I was on my way.

Ten hours of saddle time and 572 miles from Portland brought me into Grand Fork BC ready for a good meal and some adult libations. Grand Forks is mostly now a Russian community and most of the old hang-outs are gone with the one exception of a very large beer hall. I'll give you one guess where I spent most of my evening.

After a good night's sleep I pulled out of Grand Forks in a light rain and headed to Creston BC. The scenery along C3 is unbelievable. There are post card shots around every corner. I could have spent days here and still not seen it all. I was just a few miles out of Grand Forks when I came across a herd of elk standing right next to the road – unimpressed by me as I slowly passed by.

A short three hours later I was in Creston, another old and small border town. A quick breakfast and I was on my way into Idaho. Back in the USA, I thought, as I passed over the border. The scenery doesn't change much along here. Without the political border lines, you wouldn't know this part of Idaho from that part of BC. I traveled south on I-1 through Copeland, hooked up with I-95 and continues south to Bonner's Ferry straight through to Sandpoint, Idaho.

My plan was to stay in Sandpoint but it was still early and I was full of energy, so I pressed on – through more little towns like Algoma, Westmond, Careywood and into Coeur d'Alene. A short break and back on the road to Moscow.

Out of Moscow still on I-95 down to Lewiston where I merged onto I-12 and into Washington and westward to Walla Walla. From Clarkston, Washington just across the Idaho state line I-12 meanders through wheat covered fields for as far as you can see. Through too many little towns to remember and after leaving Grand Forks BC and 9 hours and 480 miles later, I was in Walla Walla for the night.

A long soak in the spa at the Best Western and a good night's sleep I was on the road back on 84 west and into Portland before noon. Here I rested up for a couple of days spending time with my daughter.

Along with the wild fires in California, Oregon had a few also. One of the fires was burning in the area that I was planning to go south on so now I had to navigate around. This took me south on 5 straight through Oregon and into Northern California. Southern Oregon had very cool temperatures; however, as soon as I crossed into Northern California, the temps shot straight up.

My first stop was in Hornbrook, a road side rest stop. I then continued south on 5 until the 89 exit. Route 89 is a long stretch through of quiet road through cedar and pine trees and panoramic views of Mt. Shasta. 89 will take you all the way to Lake Tahoe; however, I detoured off at 44 and hooked up with 395 South into Reno, NV. I wanted to spend the night in Reno. I racked up 607 miles this day and 11 hours from Portland.

Reno was hot, crowded and did I mention hot. Day 9 started out with a super ride up and out of Reno on 431 to the east side of beautiful Lake Tahoe. I worked my way south and picked up 395 South just south of Carson City.

From Carson City straight - and I do mean straight - south through Minden, Gardnerville to Dresslerville, after that the terrain got to be fun again – high cliffs, lots of white water creeks. This scenery took me to the state line at Topaz Lake and with thumbs up from the border agent I was back in California. I rode through Topaz to Coleville through Walker all the way down to Bridgeport.

Long before Bridgeport I could smell smoke and when I came up over the last high valley I couldn't see anything – the entire Bridgeport basin was filled with smoke from the L.A. fires. The streets of Bridgeport were filled with motorcycles. Must have been some kind of rally or it is the favorite gathering spot in this neck of the woods. Onward I pressed.

Mammoth was very windy and cool. I had lunch, filled up the B-mer and headed south into Bishop for my last night away from home.

Before dawn on day 10, I was cruising down old 395 heading home. This stretch of freeway from Bishop through Big Pine, Independence, Johannesburg I have ridden many times so it felt like my back yard.

Before I knew it I was pulling into my driveway just at noon-thirty very exhausted and glad to be home. I traveled just a little under 4000 miles, spent 62 hours in the saddle, and had an average of 52 miles to the gallon. This trip was one I'll remember for a long time. The next time I want to stop more often, take shorter sorties, and it would be fun to have other riders to share the adventure with.



San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club

Membership Application

Purpose of Club

The San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club is a non-profit mutual benefit corporation organized and dedicated to the preservation of antique motorcycles, and in furtherance of such purposes, the sponsorship of antique motorcycle rides, exhibitions and related activities, and the encouragement of social, fraternal and educational activities among its members and the public, with membership open to all persons having an interest in antique motorcycles.

NAME: _____

SIGNIFICANT OTHER: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY : _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

PHONE (H) _____ (W) _____ (C) _____

E-MAIL ADDRESS: _____ (FAX) _____

May we include your name, phone numbers and e-mail address in our Club Roster sent only to SDAMC members?

YES NO NOTE: HOME ADDRESS IS EXCLUDED

Note: THIS IS A RELEASE OF LIABILITY. DO NOT SIGN UNLESS YOU HAVE READ AND UNDERSTAND THIS RELEASE. The San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club, Inc. hereafter referred to as SDAMC, Inc, the board of directors and members shall not be liable or responsible for damage to property or any injury to persons, including myself, during any SDAMC, Inc. meeting, activity, or event even where the damage or injury is caused by negligence (except willful neglect). I understand and agree that all SDAMC, Inc. members and their guests participate voluntarily and at their own risk in all SDAMC, Inc. meetings, activities, and events. I RELEASE and hold SDAMC, Inc. its board of directors and members harmless for any injury or loss to my person or property which may result there from. I understand this means I agree not to sue SDAMC, Inc, its board of directors or members for any injury resulting to myself or my property in connection with any SDAMC, Inc. meeting, activity or event.

Applicant's Signature: _____ Date: _____

Annual dues are \$25. Please make checks payable to SDAMC

Mail Application to:

**San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club
P.O. Box 178197
San Diego, CA 92177**