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A Newsletter for the Members of the San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club

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Tales From the (Flame) Front

© **Bob Rattazzi**

The week had been hot and dry, somewhat normal for October in SD County. A little hotter and dryer, maybe, than normal, but within the parameters of what we expect from motorcycle heaven. After all, there's a reason those of us who weren't born here, came here. (It's the riding, stupid). As the weekend approached it got hotter, a full blown red-flag Santa Ana.

Linda and I awoke early Sunday morning, about 4:30 AM, to a glow on the northwestern horizon. By this time, the fire (we learned later) had raged most of the way down Wildcat Canyon and unbeknownst to most of us, people were already dead. We drove to Lakeside around 5:30 AM to wake several friends who

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Monthly Meetings

Are held at:

**The San Diego Automotive Museum
In Balboa Park**

On

**The Second Monday of Each Month
At 7:30 P.M.**

**Enter at Door to North
of Main Museum Entrance**

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, CONTENTS 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 MORE.

Please send your contributions to any of the Editors as listed above.

Product Review: LED Taillight

© Ted St. Martin

After seeing the advertisement for the super bright tail light made by the Bulbs That Last 4 Ever Company (www.bulbthatlast4ever.com), I just had to have one. I thought I would wait until after the Turkey Day ride up Mount Palomar to install it, but in retrospect, it would've come in real handy, especially on the section past Harrah's Casino where the visibility was around zero feet.

My bike has the older style light (Lucas 564 I believe it is called) and the original set up doesn't put out much light, so I was very anxious to get the new light installed.



The installation was quite simple. Remove the entire light housing from the bike, remove the wires from the section that has the spring and rubber grommets (this is where the light bulb is inserted on the original set up) and replace it with the wires provided with the kit. Slip the LED board into the plastic light cover, connect the wire (it snaps right into place), slip a couple springs over the mounting screws and install the entire light housing to the bike. The kit comes with electrical connectors to re-attach the wires to the section on the bike (mine is tucked in underneath the rear fender). My experience has shown that the crimp style connectors provided always vibrate loose so I chose to solder the wires back together.

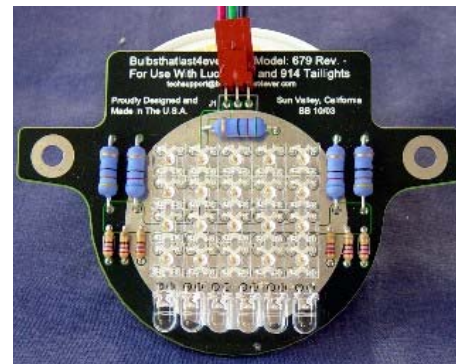
The light is very bright. I just went into the garage, turned on the light and counted the number of light elements and it has twenty. In the amount of time it took me to count the twenty lights (which took a bit longer than normal since I had to remove my shoes) my vi-



sion was fuzzy from the brightness, no kidding! The light is bright even in the daylight sun! This thing puts out some major light. I feel much safer now, the chances of someone rear ending me are greatly reduced. As far as the claim of lasting forever goes (actually I believe it is supposed to be 100,000 hours or the equivalent of 10 years of normal use) we'll have to wait and see. I'll see you all at the WF and you can see for yourself.

(Photos © Ted St. Martin & Bulbs That Last 4 Ever — Used with Permission)

(Ed. Note: According to the website, the 679/914 LED Tail Light module is now available):



North Coast Ramblings

© Bob Felter

The Beezer crapped out again. For those not familiar, the bike's a 1950 B33, the common man's 500cc plodder single. It's what you bought in England for riding to work, rain or shine. Not a lot of B33's came to the States, but there were a ton of em in the UK. If you wanted to hitch on a sidecar, you'd get an M33. If you wanted to get there faster, you'd buy the slightly hotter B34. And if you wanted to race, the Goldstar was the choice. Otherwise, the bikes and motors are similar.

Back to the problem: Rode home, it ran fine, and parked it. The next morning off to work, but no spark. Ultimately I found the entire point assembly, mounted on the end of the magneto, could be grabbed and spun 20 degrees from side to side. The screw had loosened, but it still shouldn't swing like that. When I removed the points "block" from the end of the magneto, the problem was obvious. The brass end of the armature was chewed up and parts of the brass cracked away. There is a raised, horseshoe-shaped detent, with a corresponding indent on the back of the points block. Once the screw loosened the entire points assembly was turning, throwing the timing all to hell. The screw initially not being snugged enough by the original rebuilders is what most likely caused the problem in the first place. Rode the Triumph that day, but the Arcata- Eureka Toy Run was coming up and for that the BSA was the ride of choice.

Not a problem. Things like this are part of the reason I got the old timer. Besides having a reverence for thumpers, I wanted a bike I'd get to know. Plus, I bought a spare rebuilt motor from a guy a few years ago, hence a spare mag. The guy had shipped the magdyno a couple weeks ahead of the motor and when it came it was covered with what appeared to be fresh, gray paint, dirt and spider webs included. I assumed he had painted it to make it "nice". Called him that day to say "if you didn't ship the motor yet, don't paint it!". Turned out the stuff was Canadian Coast Guard surplus and he assured me the motor wasn't painted like the magdynos had been. The paint was "War Surplus Gray". The good stuff, kind they slapped on Liberty Ships. You could still smell the oil. A good dose of stripper and it came right off.

I switched out the magnetos and set the broken one on the workbench. Doug Wood in Pennsylvania

(dougwood@netzero.net), had rebuilt the original mag and the first thing I did was dig out his address and emailed a note stating my woes and asking for the part. He's an electrical engineer by trade but has bikes and enjoys magneto rebuilding part time. I was surprised when he called the next evening to discuss the problem. It turns out to be one of the first times I've run across an unobtainium part on the B33. What I thought to be a little round mounting gizmo turned out to be the entire ass end of the armature, the very last part to be obtained when disassembling the magneto. It has to be removed, built up with brazing, and remachined. As I scribbled, he dictated a long list of procedure to disassemble the mag, mentioning a nut sometimes better cut off with a Dremel tool than injure the unit, pulling off bearings, warming to 175 in the oven to remove the slipping, unsoldering the condenser, warming again to dig out potting compound, etc. I always wondered where the condenser was on that bike; in the bowels of the magneto. And ultimately he assured me he could always get it back together if I got stumped. Doug even called a week later to see how I was making out.

I can't relate a happy ending yet as the armature is still waiting for final disassembly, but it's mostly apart and I understand the remaining steps. Another adventure in the life of owning obsolete machinery. I still marvel how my friend Bill Carroll rode the same model bike from California to Panama before there were roads to get there, and even fewer BSA shops along the way. I know his machinery was new in the early 50's, but there's a broad difference from today's bulletproof machinery and GPS. Then there's me wondering if I'll be hitch hiking back whenever I go on a 30 mile ride.

Incidentally, a few years ago I put that surplus magneto on the bike. It might have had fresh paint, but old dry bearings. Within a month the armature was flopping loosely, causing the whole magdyno to lumber around in its straps while the motor was running. The B33 was idling out front of the Waterfront and Joe hollers "Hey! Look at this!" as the magdyno wobbled about.

As far as the toy run, my Triumph mechanic friend, Doug Beckstead, described it as "200 Harleys and me." He wasn't far off, but the Harley crowd is always amusing and up here you grab what group rides that come along. Meet at the central plaza in Arcata, when the noon whistle blows, take off out the Samoa Peninsula and ride with police escort to Eureka carrying toys. That means you don't stop at signs or lights and ride nonstop to wherever the toys are dropped off. Free food and drink at the end. A storm was blowing out with on and off showers, but the rain stopped just before departure. It wasn't the Pacific Beach Christmas Parade, but it was fun to ride with a thundering herd of hogs, except those wide rear tires and bobbed fenders up ahead can sure throw a high roostertail.

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Scientific Oil Analysis

© Ron Caudillo

Did you ever notice that your local motorcycle emporium always seems to recommend the most expensive oil that they sell? This became abundantly clear recently when my '03 (Hinckley) Triumph Trophy approached its 6,000-mile oil change. A local dealer strongly recommended I use Triumph's "specially blended" Mobil 1 synthetic. With a straight face, he informed that it cost \$48.00 for a four-liter jug. Interestingly, he couldn't explain what the extra eight bucks a quart was buying me, compared to the Mobil 1 available at Wal-Mart. After I regained consciousness (it's amazing what a couple of zillion joules of electricity through the "old ticker" can do!), I left the dealer, grimly determined to find a cheaper and better alternative.

I concede that many of us can easily afford much more than \$12/quart for motor oil, especially since many of our bikes are ridden sparingly. But when is it OK to throw away money? In a very short time, I dredged up a number of pseudo-scientific oil comparisons, and came to a couple of conclusions: First, automotive lubrication is an extremely complex subject, and cannot be adequately explained in the context of the average motorcycle periodical. Second, the high-end synthetics all seemed to hover around the \$6/quart range, which supported my suspicion that Triumph's pricing was simply price gouging. Finally, even when following the factory recommendations, nothing short of laboratory testing could prove whether a particular oil is working adequately in a given motorcycle.

During my research also I found that most of the oil manufacturers have websites, but most of the information was nothing more than marketing hype. However, a number of the Amsoil sites mentioned Oil Analyzers, Inc, of Superior Wisconsin, as a laboratory capable of performing all manner of lubricant testing. In serious businesses like power generation and aviation, where machinery downtime costs are exorbitant, scientific oil analysis is widely used as a "predictive" maintenance tool, in the same way that a physician uses urine and blood testing. I was intrigued by the use of this lab testing to monitor the condition of the oil pre se, as well as the overall health of my Trophy's engine.

In case you don't know, Amsoil is sold via independent distributors, ala Amway. I found several Amsoil distributors in the phonebook, and I obtained an \$18 oil analysis kit from Craig Ludwick, a distributor in the College area. The kit consisted of a small mailing container with a two-ounce bottle, and some ID stickers. The trick is to get an ounce or so of the crankcase oil into the little bottle, and mail this specimen to the lab.

In about a week, Oil Analyzers, Inc. mailed me the test results.

First, the lab maintains a database of each oil specimen, thereby allowing one to track changes in a machine's "health". Not being a chemist or a scientist, I'll just briefly list the tests performed on my sample:

- Viscosity
- Glycol contamination (characteristic of a leaky water jacket)
- Fuel contamination
- Water contamination
- Solids (characteristic of combustion problems or overextended drain intervals)
- Oxidation and Nitration levels (characteristic of nasty stuff like acids, sludge, and varnish)
- Total Base Number (TBN). This is a measurement of the oil's ability to combat acid formation.
- Electrochemical analysis, measuring 21 different elements in parts/million (ppm). Unusually high amounts of certain elements might indicate a serious wear problem within the engine.

The printout that I received lists the raw scores of each test and an easy-to-read legend that helps interpreting the scoring. Any scores that fall out of the normal range are flagged as "abnormal". I panicked when my test results showed abnormally high concentrations of copper and aluminum, which strongly indicated high wear on expensive bearing surfaces. Fortunately, the technician noted that these readings were typical of new engine undergoing break-in. I'm looking forward to the analysis of the oil after my 12,000-mile oil change. I'm expecting that my chosen, cheaper oil will have performed just as well as the Triumph oil, and that the electrochemical analysis will show the copper and aluminum readings in the normal range.

Obviously, there's no point in using oil analysis to monitor the health of our clapped-out rat bikes. On the other hand, this analysis would be invaluable in proving whether our chosen oils and/or change intervals are getting the job done. This is especially true for those of us that are following the recommendations of the guy behind the parts counter!

Resources:

Oil Analyzers, Inc
2206 Winter St.
Superior, WI 54880
(715) 395-0222

Craig Ludwick, Independent Amsoil distributor
6015 Hughes St.
San Diego, CA 92115
(619) 583-3426 or (619) 583-5218

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are notorious heavy (and late) weekend sleepers. They had no idea, standing in their driveways in their bathrobes, what was approaching them. From there, we went to Alpine, my mothers house. As most of you know from the July 4th parade, she lives in Crown Hills, and that gives her a commanding view toward the west. What we saw there, from Moms back porch at 7 AM will never leave me. Already the fire was reaching east toward El Cap reservoir. One look outside was all it took to get my disbelieving mother to “wake up and smell the firestorm”. With moms Lexus now packed with everything she could think of to take, mostly photos and items of my fathers, and the car pointing outward, Linda and I came back to Harbison Canyon. By 10 AM, Linda’s Civic was packed. Her little Civic could have passed for a rolling filing cabinet, or a rolling photo gallery, or, as an Army/Navy store. She had enough guns in that little car to take back the Alamo. Heck, I don’t even own that many guns, mostly replicas of historic pieces, (1840, 1851, 1873, 1894, 1911 etc), but in that little car it appeared to be half the Smithsonian collection. To top it off was my Great Uncle Pete’s sword that he used fighting for the Kaiser in the Boer Wars in Africa. Linda tolerates a lot of things about me, such as...oh, say owning more motorcycles than are really necessary, or a shop whose walls were more nicely finished than the ones in the kitchen...or a Honda Civic full of historical items capable of loud noises.

We turned our attention to my Toyota PU. Popped the camper shell and rolled the chopper in. The front seat was already reserved for one very large and hairy dog, and the shop cat, both of whom, I might add, had never been formally introduced to each other before this day. We had only had the cat for a few months and she generally lived, when indoors, in my son’s room. While there was a general awareness of each other, the two of them maintained a deep denial about the existence of the other. The dog knows me as a dog person, the cat knows me as a cat person. Denial, pure and simple. My son told me later

that inside the cramped quarters of the little Toyota PU cab, the two formally “incompatibles” must have decided that the threat outside the window of the truck was greater than the threat that they posed to each other, because they got along great. I think they must have been as scared as the rest of us. As for what we could get in the back of the Toyota...? Well, some dimwit extended the forks on the ’68 so the tailgate wouldn’t shut. That limited what we could put in there to stuff that wouldn’t fall out. Beau, in the truck along with Sandygirl (dog) and Miss Hydro (cat... don’t ask), led the ladies out, mom in the Lexus, (she had previously been evacuated from Alpine to here) and Linda (the gun runner) in the Civic on down the hill towards Dehesa. After they had gone I stood and watched the fire approach...thinking about staying and fighting it...thinking maybe I’d already stayed too long...thinking about maybe I’ll stay.... In that short amount of time the fire had gotten from the ridge top to ½ way to me. I’ve never heard of a fire that was capable of going that fast down a mountain. But it did. And I left it all behind.

We made our way back here on Tuesday the 28th. I was crushed. My adopted hometown of Harbison Canyon, 24 years, was virtually gone. Of 388 houses, 287 burned to the ground, leaving 101. Doing the math tells you that that is 73.9%. In human terms, that’s 3 out of 4. My shop was gone but my house still stood. I felt like a very lucky man. Night after night, I would go out to the shop and stare at it. It turned cold very soon after the hot Santa Ana and fires. How cruel is that? The weather had baked, then burned out all my neighbors over several days, and once it had rendered them homeless, shelterless and helpless, it turned cold. Bitter cold it seemed to me. Yet I stood out there and stared, shivering, and saying...”You are a very lucky man” while the sound of a hundred portable generators echoed off the canyon walls and slopes.

Linda and I shoveled the shop that we had built together, drywalled and painted together,

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me explaining that the light had to reflect just right on the lift, the shop that we had just finished, that we had worked on for a year even during my fathers sickness and death, into a dumpster. We had used the building of the shop as something to do together, a diversion from the rigors of the hospital when he was dieing, and a healing process after Dad was gone. One shovel full, one wheelbarrow at a time. I was a lucky man, to have a house to go into, a shower, a bed...yessir,...a lucky man, even if I didn't know exactly how I was gonna get the blocks down by myself, or get a plan, or a building permit. After that, on other weekends, I would take my shovel and wheelbarrow up or down the road looking for someone else who needed help shoveling their lives into a dumpster. So much loss, so much pain. I grew weary of seeing adults laughing one minute, glad to have help as they worked, then spontaneously weeping. Certainly, I was "a very lucky man". Each night after work, or each weekend night after helping someone, I would go out to the "shop" and tell myself, "I'm a very lucky man".



But something began to happen to me. Somewhere between the realization of the limitations of my insurance and the recognition that I had lost everything, even something as simple as a 30 year collection of carefully sorted nuts, bolts, washers and other things that, as gear-heads, we all count on...and that they were irreplaceable by any insurance, I started to become bitter. I started to think,

well, maybe I'm luckier than others, but damn it, look at this. Just staring at it. One evening, just staring at it, I realized I had lost the speaker cabinets, tucked away for future refurbishment,



that my dad and I had originally built when I was 12, when he taught me to use a table saw. Gone. All the nights building the shop, coming in late for dinner, Linda understanding my need for this "space", this place, to listen to my music while working, all gone. If only this... if only that...I should have stayed and fought it, I should have designed it better, I should have... I should have...I should have...I was very tired of feeling "lucky". I didn't feel "lucky" at all. I felt as though my center was gone, like I'd been gut-shot. Something I'd worked all my life for was gone. And no matter how much I tried to help others, I felt guilty, too, and selfish, because I still had a house..



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And then, as sometimes happens in the darkest hours, if you are a lucky man, an event took place that lifted me then, and continues to lift me now. An event, where, just the thought of it, of that day, makes dealing with all of this, the hassles ahead, the pain of the things I haven't even remembered yet that I've lost, makes it tolerable, more than that, acceptable. You see, as it turns out, I AM a very lucky man.

I suppose I should mention at least some of what took place here that day, some details, as that is what I said I would write. Here are the details...20-25 people with much better things to do that day finished a job in 3 hours that would have taken Linda and I three weeks to accomplish, with countless back and head aches. More details?...the beer was cold, the Brats were hot, and the concrete shrapnel was flying in all directions. The loaded wheelbarrows never lacked for a driver, the picks and shovels and heavy hammers were in constant motion. If someone set a shovel down for a



well-earned rest, someone else picked it up. In a few cases I personally witnessed, folks were trying to get use of a shovel that was already IN use. I saw with my own eyes a team that needed no leader, no "captain", and no direction. A team that fell to the rhythm of the work, the job at hand, the goal, by mostly unspoken code...like riding together...and that code was, we WILL get this job done, together. And done it got! By doctors, lawyers,

builders, engineers, scientists, airline pilots, photographers, writers, and even a "wetback from the out-back", by people of all the spectrum of political views, ages and incomes. All there united by several undeniable ties to each other...a love of motorcycles, a love of the places where they are built, and a deep sense of what it means to BE, not just SAY..."I'll be there for you brother".

So,...I still go out to the shop, the slab. I still worry about how to deal with all of this, whether I can replace that magical space, how much of it I can re-create. But, it's different now. I look around and I see less of what was lost, and more of what was gained.



I am unable, incapable, of expressing to you all, the level of my gratitude, not so much for the work that was done here that day, but for the change in outlook that started on that day. You see, I really am "a very lucky man". I love you Linda, and we thank you all.

"We ride". Good motto, don't change it, but if anyone ever asks me, it's "We ride, and we watch out for each other".

(Photos © Bob Rattazzi)



Them's the Brakes

© Will Speer

Brakes, who needs 'em? That must have been the credo of the masochists who built our leaky old bikes. I guess if you live in wet & rainy England you don't want brakes that could actually lock the wheel and cause you to meet Mr. Honda's "Skid Demon". But us good ol' Americans, we need power. Go power, whoa power. We need it.

Back in the old days, when I actually owned only one Brit bike (boy, that didn't last long!), I was envious of my riding buddies with disc braked T140's and Commandos. Look at them, with their cocky demeanor, flashing their Liberace chromed discs at me as if to say, "Look at BSA Boy, he's wallowing in his own braking impotence". It was very traumatic, but once I actually got a T140 I realized how stupid I had been. A good twin leading shoe (TLS) drum brake will out perform that crappy, wooden disc all day long. If you don't believe me, steal Joe's bike (he always leaves the key in it) and try out his TLS brake. Whoa power indeed!

After almost rear-ending (insert joke here) Chris W.'s BMW at a light, then proceeding to roll into the intersection, I thought that if I lived through this I would be determined to upgrade my brakes. I looked at expensive shiny 13" floating brake set-ups from England's Norvil, but I wasn't ready to sell my Beanie Baby collection to pay for such technology. I needed something cheap. After all, if I wanted to spend money, I'd buy a Harley. No, I needed something cheap, easy, effective, and cheap. I knew what I had to do; I needed to visit the "I"-Man, our very own Isaac at GP Motorcycles. He had just the fix for my brake jones.

Isaac's set up consists of four changes:

- 1) Have the slippery chrome turned off the disc so the pads actually have a chance at biting. Disassembly took 10 minutes tops, and the brake shop charged me \$10. So far so good.
- 2) Replace the crappy pads that came with my bike with some Ferodos. Easy to change with only two cotter pins holding them in place. Not quite as cheap at around \$40, but I'm worth it.
- 3) This is the key to the whole upgrade: swap out the stock 16mm bore master cylinder with a modern 11mm one. Yes, I know it doesn't look original. Save the old pieces in case you ever want to torture yourself again. I ordered a new Magura master cylinder for \$80 - \$90, but you

real cheap bastards could find one off of an old Jap bike at a swap meet for next to nothing.

- 4) Finally, a nice shiny braided stainless steel hose ties it all together. I think this was around \$30 bucks. You can't use the stock hoses with the new master cylinder, and besides, it's time to change those 30-year-old squishy hoses before someone gets hurt.

Assembly time was short and the brake bled up real quick. I had my trusty test monkey, er, I mean pilot, Jon, test out the brakes and he returned unscathed. This was a good sign. No extra parts lying on the ground, also a good sign. It was my turn, so I took her out and what do you know? I can actually stop, two fingers on the lever, just like a modern bike. And the brake has feel to it! No really, this is on a Triumph.

So instead of spending \$500- \$600 on the fancy Norvil setup, I have \$170 into a brake that works great and it was easy to do myself. What more could I ask for? OK, how about forks that don't dive like a spooked trout every time I use my newly upgraded brakes?



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We went to Eureka's Christmas bazaar that features Humboldt County artisans and craftspeople selling their wares out at the fairgrounds, where I met a blacksmith who makes wonderful stuff. He also mule packs stuff in to Redwood Park for the park service and lives in Somes Bar, way out in the mountains. He's going to make me some log dogs; 26" long iron staple-shaped spikes for holding a log in place while it's being notched. I started talking to him because I have an antique shipwright's adz that I had a blacksmith put a curve in 25 years ago for fitting logs together along their length. The fellow did a nice job but tempered it too hard and the edge was brittle. Sometimes when it hit a knot the steel would chip. This guy said to go get it, and he retempered it for me. While the steel was glowing red he explained how the iron atoms are scrambling around and the steel has no magnetism, setting a magnet against it to prove his point, yet the magnet stuck hard as soon as the steel lost the glow. Great timing, as I'll be putting that adz to work in several months. He wouldn't charge for the tempering and the dogs are only \$25 each. He'll be a good guy to know when it's time for hardware on the log house. A 2 hour bike ride out to Somes Bar to pick up the order would be equally rewarding.

Ride safe you dogs!

SDAMC Rides, Reminders & Upcoming Events

- ◆ **January 10th (Saturday): Ride to Campo Train Museum**
If this is the first you've heard about it, then you missed it.
- ◆ **January 31st (Saturday): Motorcycles in the Park**
First Saturday for the 12th annual motorhead extravaganza, with a load of bikes never before seen in the exhibit. An event not to be missed. Loading in on Wednesday and Thursday. Load out on February 23rd.
- ◆ **February 27-29th (Friday-Sunday): Big Three Swap Meet**
At the Jack Murphy Stadium (Qualcomm for you new arrivals). If you've never been, this is the year.
- ◆ **April 24-25th (Saturday-Sunday): Borrego Ride to Stanlunds**
Currently in the planning stage. Need to make reservations individually.
- ◆ **May: Tiddler Ride?**
Currently in the planning stage.
- ◆ **June: Garage Crawl?**
Who wants to have their garage crawled?

For Sale

Also check for photos on www.sdamc.net

1971 Norton 750 Commando Roadster: The Six Million Dollar ComMANDo is for sale at a substantial discount! Black/gold, Borrani flanged alloys, genuine Dunstall Decibels (a bit dented, but sublime sound), new Norvil headsteady, new Amals, new Avon Super Venom front, new rotor and stator, new vernier front isolastic, halogen headlamp, Corbin Gunfighter (plus stock seat), bar-end mirrors. Not restored, but solid and complete. Need to make room in the stable for Paul's Velocette Venom. \$4,995 (or I can pull off some of the tasty bits, and let it go for less). Contact: Jim 858.481.1338 jweseman@pacbell.net or summerinmaine@adelphia.net





San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club

Membership Application

Purpose of Club

The San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club, Inc. is a non-profit mutual benefit corporation organized and dedicated to the preservation, restoration, and enjoyment of antique, vintage, and classic 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.

NAME: _____

SIGNIFICANT OTHER _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY _____ **STATE** _____ **ZIP** _____

PHONE: (H) _____ **(W)** _____ **(Cell)** _____

E-MAIL ADDRESS: _____ **(FAX)** _____

**May we include your name, phone numbers, and e-mail address in our Club Roster,
sent only to members? YES NO Note: Home address 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. Hereinafter referred to as SDAMC, Inc. its 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 risks 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 therefrom. 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:** _____

**Note: Annual Dues are \$25.00 Mail To: SDAMC c/o SDAM
2080 Pan American Plaza
San Diego, CA 92101**

