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Number

1

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

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2003 Dues are Due

That's right gang.....if you haven't sent in your dues for 2003, they are now due. Annual dues are \$25.00. Fill out the membership renewal on page 11, write your check out to *The San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club* and send them to us at:

SDAMC
C/O The San Diego Auto Museum
2080 Pan American Plaza
San Diego, CA 92101

Or, better yet, attend one of our monthly meetings held at the Auto Museum on the second Monday of each month. Our new Treasurer, Jon Saltz, will take your check and you can see some old friends, make some new ones, and generally have fun talking about one of our favorite pastimes while finding out about our upcoming events.

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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, 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 MORE.

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

New Officers and Board of Directors Elected for 2003

Mike Loper

During November, the membership was mailed a ballot for Election of Directors for the Club. Members voted for 9 Directors and the following individuals were elected to office at our regularly scheduled December meeting:

1. Art Bishop
2. Ron Caudillo
3. Bob Felter
4. Mike Loper
5. Joe Michaud
6. John Mulrean
7. Jon Saltz
8. Kevin Sisteron
9. Chris Wykoff

Each of the nine members will serve differing terms of 1, 2, or 3 years. Joe Michaud, Jon Saltz, and Bob Felter will serve a 1 year term and their positions on the Board will come up for renewal at the end of 2003. John Mulrean, Chris Wykoff, and Ron Caudillo will serve 2 years, while Art Bishop, Mike Loper, and Kevin Sisteron will serve 3 years. The reason for this format is to provide an opportunity for the membership to volunteer for club activities and take responsibility for its direction. Incidentally, those members whose terms are up may be re-elected to the Board.

Officers were elected by the Board of Directors in a separate session after the December Club meeting. Officers for the upcoming year are:

1. President: Kevin Sisteron
2. Vice President: Joe Michaud
3. Treasurer: Jon Saltz
4. Secretary: Chris Wykoff

If you wish to contact an Officer or Board member, see the facing page for phone numbers and e-mail addresses.

Our heartfelt thanks and gratitude go to our outgoing Officers:

1. President: Art Bishop
2. Vice President: John Mulrean
3. Treasurer: Marvin Worra
4. Secretary: Gary Olsen

Thank you for your leadership, determination, and vision over the years. Because of the contributions and effort each of you have made, the San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club is well positioned for the future. We appreciate your participation and look forward to working with you in the upcoming year.



SDAMC Christmas Party Extravaganza A Wild Success

The 2002 Club Christmas Party was a hoot. This year's venue was changed to the Lakeside Senior Center as the Auto Museum was booked, but we had a super time, which proves that it's not necessarily the place that provides the atmosphere, but the people. John and Donna Mulrean set the event up and provided main courses for the pot luck, and attendees added their favorite recipes.

After dinner, Gene Smith conducted the White Elephant Auction and as usual, had everyone it stitches. While the party was a great time to see friends, we also had the bonus of adding about \$600 to our Treasury.

No one went away hungry; everyone had a great time. If you missed this one, don't miss the next. It's tentatively scheduled for Saturday, December 13, 2003 at the Auto Museum.



A Gentleman Does Not Motor About After Dark in Connecticut Or How I Suckered My Buddy in Con- necticut to Lend Me His Favorite Bike for the Day

© Will Speer

We are blessed with mild weather and beautiful scenery here in San Diego, but ask any ex-New Englander about fall on the East Coast and they'll tell you that there is no place more breathtaking than the Northeast during September and October. Summer's humidity is gone, the leaves are exploding with color, the air has a clean, crispness to it, and you take in everything with a sense of urgency driven by the knowledge that as soon as the time changes at the end of October, it's dark at 4:00 pm and your life is over until March!

With airfares below \$200 I decided the time was right to visit my buddies in Connecticut and take in some foliage. I called to warn my friends of my impending visit, and at the top of my list was Don Porter. Don is "The Man" when it comes to Triumphs and worthy of a complete article on his own. He is a 61 year old Aerospace Engineer by trade with a basement stuffed with NOS Triumph and BSA parts, a machine shop, and a collection of Triumphs he restored that would make Jay Leno jealous. I told him I would be visiting soon, and he offered to loan me a bike and set up a ride with my old club, the British Iron Association of CT.

I was excited and stunned. I would be riding "The Man's" personal bike. I had been on almost 4 years worth of rides with Don, and 90% of the time, he rode this bike. It is a '67 Triumph TT Special, a very rare competition



Me Astride Don Porter's modified 1967 Triumph TT

model. Besides hanging lights on it, Don has made sensible modifications to it, befitting The Man's #1 bike. It has a 750 kit, 5-speed tranny, the better 1970 front forks and twin leading shoe front brake, and Akront alloy rims. Although he has the correct tank, the bike wears a '68 Bonnie tank that has the original Hi-fi Scarlet red paint, faded from many years of great rides. Because of the fading I always jokingly refer to it as his Pink Bike. He would get even by making fun of my BSA, telling me the letters stood for Birmingham Sorry Ass.

After what seemed like an eternity, the day finally arrived and I found myself standing in front of Don's house, greeting my friend and looking over the bikes. He had chosen to ride a '95 Triumph Thunderbird with a windscreen, probably a wise choice, as it was 45 degrees out. He assured me that it would warm up to near 60. He gave me a choice of two open face helmets to use, both older than me, and both with scratched up tinted face shields. I contemplated not riding with a helmet at all (it is not mandatory in CT) but it was too cold and I'm too much of a wuss (Besides, this time of year you never know when you might encounter some slick, wet leaves) so I picked the one that moved around on my head the least. Our friend Bill

soon pulled up on another new Triumph, a Thunderbird Sport. He usually rode a '70 BSA Thunderbolt. Being a good friend I quickly proceeded to question their manhood for riding modern bikes.

After a few kicks the '67 Triumph came to life, and we headed towards the meeting place in Northford. It was cold, and I could care less, I was so excited. I had forgotten how much less congested it is in CT, and was really enjoying not being surrounded by a million cars. After too

short a ride we were there. Other riders started to trickle in and I

realized that that this was going to be a much larger ride than I had anticipated. It was a real treat to see all these guys that I used to ride with, and I handed out SDAMC stickers. Many of them were quite

(Continued from page 4)

surprised to see that Don was letting someone ride his #1 bike. One of the guys that showed up was Pete Swider. Pete's beautiful '69 Norton Commando Fastback (sorry Jon) was on exhibit at the Guggenheim show in New York, and ended up in the Art of the Motorcycle book and CD ROM. About 15 bikes showed up all together, and it was quite a diverse group, consisting of old and new Triumphs, Norton's, a brand new Mike Hailwood Ducati, a BMW, a Rotax powered MZ thumper, and a few Japanese bikes.

Soon enough we were off, headed south for the shoreline. I tried to muscle my way up to the front of the pack because I wanted to see if I could keep up with Don. In the old days my BSA was never a match for his Triumph, but I thought I might now stand a chance. We weaved our way through lightly populated areas in North Branford, the trees distracting me with their colors, and unfortunately, a slower rider in front of me. I passed him at the next light and was in the # 4 spot behind Don. We came to a more secluded area near a lake and turned up the wick. It was a fast section, nice sweeping turns with some straights to wind'er out on. The area was dense with trees and the sunlight flickered in and out of the branches. I was having some problems seeing because of the light dancing on my scratched up face shield.

After 10 miles we came to a major intersection and waited for the slower riders to catch up. After 15 minutes of waiting we sent a scout to go look for them. Soon we learned the bad news: the rider of the brand new Mike Hailwood Ducati had apparently grabbed too much front brake in a corner and had gone down. Later in the day we learned that he was OK enough to walk around, but possibly had a broken collar bone. The uncertainty of his welfare and the thought of replacing expensive Italian bodywork stayed in the back of my mind for the rest of the ride.

We were now threading our way eastward along the coast of the Long Island Sound, through East Haven and Branford.



The Hailwood Ducati Prior to it's Mishap

Small beach cottages lined the streets and loads of people were out enjoying the last warm weather they would feel for many months. Our first stop was the pier in Stony Creek. From the pier you can look out to the Thimble Islands. The ones I could see were close enough to row a boat to, and varied greatly in size. A few islands only had one or two houses on them, while another seemed to support a whole wealthy community. While I pondered the dichotomy of all the wealth before me against the working class neighborhoods of next door East Haven, the cold sea breeze slapped me back to reality. We hopped back on our bikes and headed east.



The Group on the Stony Creek Pier Looking Toward the Thimble Islands

We were heading toward our lunch destination, the scenery continually changing between quaint New England beach towns, industrial zones, and sparsely populated forest areas. At one point I noticed the shadow I was casting while riding, my scarf flapping behind me, reminding me of Snoopy going after the Red Baron. We flew along at a leisurely pace, the coast being more suited for cruising and sightseeing than corner carving.

After a fine, greasy lunch of fish and chips, we headed out. We found more and more cars in our way, and our group was too large to pass these rolling roadblocks. The scenery made it tolerable and we wound our way north along the Connecticut River. Narrow two lane roads weaved through the trees and amazing custom

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homes lined the shores. These were Martha Stewart's people, and I wondered what they made of all these hooligans blasting down their streets and leaking oil on their doilies.

We decided to take the ferry across the Connecticut River to Gillette Castle State Park. The ferry only holds about six cars and there was a line 20 deep. Don remembered that the captain of the ferry was a fellow Brit Biker with a Trident, so we went around all the waiting cars and the captain waved us on first. There were a lot of pissed off yuppies, but no one was about to say anything to a large group of bikers.

Gillette Castle is located on a bluff overlooking the CT River. The three-story structure was the home of director, actor, and playwright, William Gillette, who completed the castle in 1919. The castle was purchased in 1944 by the state and has been maintained as a state park ever since. The interior is closed for renovation, so we wandered around the grounds, taking in the amazing views of the CT River. From our elevation you could see quite far, and as someone raised in San Diego's congestion, I am always amazed at how much undeveloped land is in CT.

It was getting to be late afternoon as we left the castle. It was decided to stop for refreshments at a favorite pub before our westward journey home. At this point I realized that my dinner plans were not going to happen, so I called and cancelled, and ordered myself a burger. Hot coffee was the drink of choice, and as soon as I wolfed down my burger, four of us said goodbye to the rest of the group and headed home.

A lack of street lighting means that when night falls in CT, it's **DARK**. The Lucas headlight tried it's best, but I would have been better off collecting lightning bugs in a jar and hanging them off the front of the bike. The taillights of the new Triumphs in front

of me provided more light, so I tried to stay close. At this point I had completely given up on the scratched, tinted, evil face shield. It was about 50 degrees now, and water poured from my eyes as my glasses offered little protection from the cold. The discomfort could wait, because my favorite road was coming up. Repaved about three years ago, the road is lightly traveled, and remains among the smoothest in New England. For 20 miles it stretches, featuring long, sweeping turns, the kind where you don't really need to brake or downshift, you just back off the throttle before you enter, then roll on the power as you exit. The wall of trees on either side would have been an amazing sight during the day, but now it only served to block what little moonlight there was, and provide a hiding place for some crazy kamikaze deer to leap out in front of me at any minute.

The deer left me alone, and I tried to savor my last few miles on Don's Triumph. I usually ride a T140 and the T120 felt little to me, almost like a bicycle. Light and thin with wide handlebars, giving instant response to the slightest input. The 750 kit and careful tuning made this the most powerful Meriden twin I've ridden. The 5-speed tranny seemed well suited to the power of the bike, and for most of this stretch I was able to leave it in fourth gear. The other riders eventually peeled off as we approached their homes, leaving just Don

and me to travel the remaining few miles to his house. Ten hours had elapsed since all this craziness started, and I was glad to finally pull into Don's driveway. The garage provided warmth, and the familiar smell of pipe tobacco and oily Brit bike bits brought back memories of countless evenings spent there, watching Don fix something on my BSA that I had managed to bodge up. I couldn't be-



On the Ferry to Gillette Castle

lieve how lucky I had been to have the weather cooperate, to have that many buddies show up to ride, and to have a great friend willing to let me ride his number one bike.



Phil Pearson: BSA Gold Star Specialist

© Mike Loper

The city of Great Yarmouth and the adjacent town of Belton lie on the shore of the North Sea, 150 miles northeast of London in East Anglia. It's a magical place defined by windmills, fens, and the Norfolk Broads, shallow lakes and waterways created by medieval peat excavations. Standing on the dike next to Church Farm Bed & Breakfast one brisk, fall morning, Peggy and I watched the tide creep toward us, drew in the salty earthiness that can only be sensed where the land meets the sea, and anticipated our meeting with the Pearson's later that morning.

I purchased my Gold Star from Paul Lima at GP Motorcycles several years ago. Now that I had finished restoring my 1967 Triumph TR6, I was free to begin the GS in earnest. Gold Star crankshafts are the weak link in an otherwise strong running engine, and Phil has designed a crank that is durable and well built. So, based on recommendations I received from other Goldie owners who have had Phil work on their engines, I recently shipped my engine to him for a complete rebuild. Since Peggy and I were in the London area anyway, it was only natural that we try to see Phil's operation.

After arriving at Church Farm, we called Phil and his wife, Linda, and invited them to dinner at the Farm's pub, just

below our room. Walking into the pub, I immediately recognized Phil from photographs on his website. Greeting me with a relaxed smile, we shook hands and sat down for the evening and the four of us got to know each other. While rolling his own cigarettes and sipping a pint, Phil said his



The Church Farm B&B is Next to This Ancient Church and is Also a Working Farm, Hence the Name Church Farm



**Phil's Shop
Note His Gold Star On the Right**

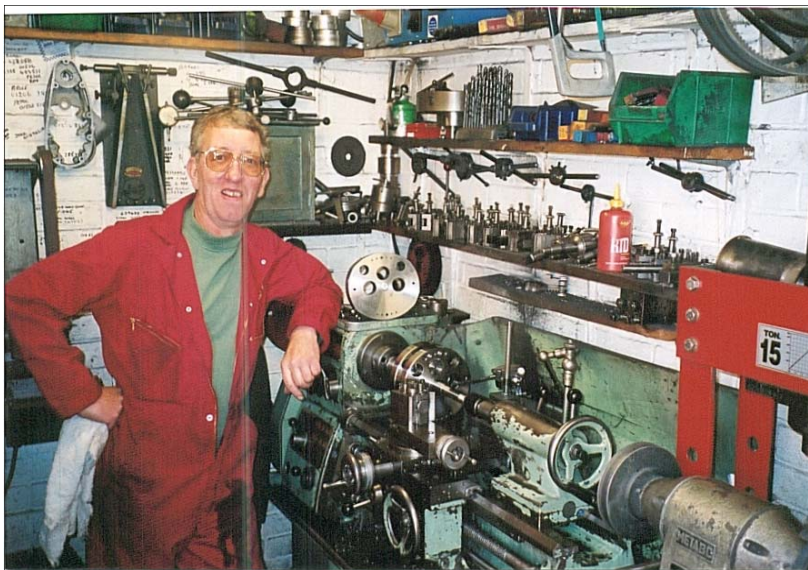
machine shop knowledge was mostly self taught during the period he was working for North Sea oil companies. He eventually grew tired of being in the employ of others, and decided to concentrate on his passion: BSA Gold Stars. He has one motorcycle: a BSA Gold Star with over 41,000 miles on the clock. At the end of the evening, we made plans to go over to their house the next morning.

The magic in the Norfolk Broads occurs in Phil's shop where he takes tired, well-used, or broken Gold Star engines and breathes new life into them. Lined up for rebuilds along his shop wall were Goldie engines from all over the world. It appeared that half were

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to be used for racing, while the other half were for restoration projects or rebuilds. I saw my engine neatly placed against the shop wall in the queue.

The shop is small, but that's no reflection of the quality of his product. He showed me one of his "Pearson Crankshafts" and then placed it in his lathe. "Here Mike, check the run



At the Colchester Lathe with a Pearson Crank Between the Head and Tailstocks

For me, it was inspiring to stand in this small shop, smell the cutting oil, be among the jigs, cranks, engine molds, and miscellaneous parts neatly placed on the shelves and in the small bins along the wall.

Walking back into his house, he pulled out a collection of original BSA Gold Star pencil and sepia drawings from the factory and gingerly spread them onto the dining room table where we could study

them. I looked at the lines drawn carefully by draftsmen over 50 years ago and began to realize the fullness of history before me and began to understand that Phil is more than just a craftsman, he's an artist with exacting standards, interested in pursuing modifications that will improve the reliability and quality of Gold Stars and keep the marque going well into the future. The Gold Star marque is in good hands.

Ed. Note: You can visit Phil's Website at www.pearsongoldstarbsa.freeserve.co.uk



Phil on His Goldie: We Started It Up in His Shop-Quite a Roar

out on this journal." I slowly rotated the crank in his vintage Colchester Lathe. The run out was a miniscule 2/10ths of a mil; that's 0.0002 inches.....incredible!

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- ◆ pelu@hotmail.com
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If so, contact me at mikeloper@cox.net to make changes to our member list.

The BSA Owner's Club

© Bob Felter

Knowing I was going into the most expensive stage of my house remodel, I decided I'd drop my membership in the BSA Owners Club, UK. This is the "mother" branch of the 15 or so BSA clubs around the world and also of the numerous branches in the UK. Renewal is only 13 pounds (x 1.6 exchange rate), but postage for the monthly newsletter, the STAR, jacks the cost up to something like \$45 US. I've had Brit bikes since I was 17 but never been across the pond so I enjoy hearing the mindset of those who built, or currently ride, these machines. A week later I impulsively changed my mind and faxed off the renewal form.

I'm happy I did with each issue. Tips like a CD with all the BSA service sheets from 1946 to 1963 for \$18. Two pages of color photos of interesting bikes and bike folks having fun (a hooligan pretending to pour a beer over his unsuspecting buddy's head), or a picture of ingenuity (two guys in the middle of a side-of-the-road 650 top end rebuild), the classifieds, tech tips, etc.

What I enjoy the most though is hearing from normal folks. After 15 years living in a flashy southern Cal beach town its nice to get grounded by hearing tales from average Joes in normal places. A feeling of basic honesty and practical spirit. Nothing glitzy about this lot. Beer is definitely the beverage of the marque, though "toddies" are sometimes mentioned in cold month issues.

For instance, December's issue has a report from the Sussex Group, "winter's chill is sneaking in now but the bikes were still out for our meeting. Just booze and blather, which I suspect will be the main fare at our winter meetings". The Nene and Welland Branch reports "as the weather gets colder and wetter and generally more miserable so the number of bikes on the road correspondingly declines".

The Thames Valley Branch is meeting 8 Dec. for their Winter Camp at England's "Rose" in Postcombe. "Its a real biker's pub with free camping, reasonable accommodation, real ale and good food, run by bikers". Birmingham 2 just had a "ride out" to the Crooked House at Himley (epicenter of the Black Country earthquake), where they also "enjoyed the fine Banks beer". South Derbyshire

celebrated a bloke's birthday with "a raucous bash at the Brunwicke, a brew pub with "some very palatable real ales".

"The clocks went back today which means we will soon be in the fettling season. Me, I must sort out that rear wheel that Chris Brady found quite hypnotic when she was following me on the Warrington Camp Run". Or, "just a few short lines this month to keep the pot simmering, so to speak. Not much has been happening, which means many of the Branch have been "spannering" away in their garages".

From Fenland comes "In early October I had a very SAD loss in the work shop; SOLD a Sloper. Only leaves me with 11, however have been offered 2 more. I have deferred to next year to see how the pennies work out. I have not hined, bitched, cursed, or eaten any chocolate".

One poor fellow in Edinburgh pleas for help; "...anyone to help me with finishing touches on an A10 rebuild? Everything runs fine but I'd appreciate anyone who can check adjustment of steering head bearings and general running. My main problem is that the area around where I live is all cobblestones and even driving in a car you feel that your teeth will fall out. The bike feels awful with wayward steering although almost everything on the bike is new".

Northeast UK reports "heavy rain was forecast for the afternoon and I hate polishing the Rocket Three, so I traveled there on the Golden Flash. I felt my foot slip off the brake pedal and when I looked my leg was covered in oil from the knee down. A bolt had disappeared from the chaincase and because it goes right through to the crankcase there was a lovely spray of oil mist onto my leg! A quick hack at a piece of Northumbrian Gorse bush produced a piece that plugged the hole nicely, so I went on my way".

Never mind the winter months, but it makes you want to cross the drink and "ride about" on a BSA, doesn't it?



SDAMC Rides, Reminders & Upcoming Events

◆ **January 4 (Saturday):**

SDAMC's first ride of 2003. Meet at Packard's Coffee Shop @ the east end of Ramona @ 10 am.

◆ **January 12 (Sunday):**

Annual Mods and Rockers event at 1845 India St. Not sure of the time yet, but contact Kevin Sisterson, our president and ride chairman. Telephone and e-mail address listed on inside front cover.

◆ **February 15 to March 9:**

San Diego Auto Museum's annual Motorcycles in the Park event. Our VP, Joe Michaud, writes "For many years, San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club has arranged the annual motorcycle display for the San Diego Auto Museum. This year the annual 'Motorcycles In The Park' show is scheduled to be held in the museum at Balboa Park from February 15th through March 9th. Since this is the centenary anniversary of Harley-Davidson, the museum wishes to include a high predominance of this marque. We are searching for HD's that exhibit either a special rarity or a design element that proved pivotal in the history of the manufacturer. Displays will also include vintage race bikes as well as some exceptional custom bikes. We are also looking for knowledgeable Harley-Davidson experts or collectors to advise us on authenticity and originality. Museum display requires that machines be prepped to Concours-quality although original/unrestored bikes of high interest or special importance will be considered for display 'as is', on an as-needed basis. If you have the particular knowledge, your bike fits these requirements, or you have any interesting input...this is your chance to become involved with one of the highest-quality museum shows available in Southern California. Please contact the SDAMC event committee at sdamc@fda.net or by phone at (858) 278-4671.

◆ **February 22 and 23 (Saturday & Sunday):**

Big 3 Swap Meet at Qualcomm Stadium. A great assortment of classic car and motorcycle equipment.

◆ **February 27 to March 2 (Thursday thru Sunday):**

Antique Motorcycle Club of America Borrego Springs gathering/ride—pre-1968 motorcycles only. Any interest SDAMC? This sounds like a fun event and would compliment our rides on the GS 400 as well as our spring-time ride to Borrego from San Diego. Contact is Tim Graber of the AMCA @ socalamc@pacbell.net or 949-642-9682.

◆ **March 1 (Saturday):**

Annual Teardrop Trailer Rally @ Sweetwater Campground. SDAMC will ride to this event.

◆ **May 23 to May 26:**

Annual Cachuma motorcycle rally in the Santa Barbara area. Contact John Mulrean at e-mail address located on inside front cover.

For Sale

1. **1968 Triumph Bonneville:** Great condition, matching numbers, fresh paint on the tank (1968 color: Hi-fi Scarlet w/silver stripe down the middle), several parts recently powder coated (fork tubes, chain guard, fender & muffler braces), carbs resleeved, forks overhauled, odometer shows 6,975 miles & although I have no proof, I believe this to be the true mileage, maintenance records as far back as 1996. This bike has never been restored or modified; runs really well and needs nothing. Asking \$5,150. Contact Mike @ 619-222-7029.
2. **1966 Norton Atlas:** Bike was stored for 12 years and recently brought back to life by Dave at GP Motorcycles. New pistons, rings, valve job. New front tire. Freshly painted gas tank. Decent runner, only needs small bit of work to make a fine vintage ride. Here's your chance to own an authentic featherbed frame with Roadholder forks. \$4,200 or good offer/trade. (858) 278-0476



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**

