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Number

1

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

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2005—A New Year

This issue contains two important items. One is the 2005 ballot, the other is the 2005 membership renewal. Please take the time to fill both of them out and return them in a timely manner. Your vote and your membership both count to SDAMC.

2005 promises rides with more accent on vintage machines. It has been proposed that the club award points to participating members who attend club events leading to an award of some sort for the high point people at year end. Details may follow.

We have some new rides planned. How about an overnighter to Idylewild, or an oldies ride that ends with a tour of the USS Midway, CVA-41, our new aircraft carrier museum. Wanna fly an actual flight simulator? I flew the A-6 sim recently...it's great fun.

Join us for the monthly meetings and participate in democracy at its finest. Participating is fun.

joe michaud

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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.

I don't know if anyone has noticed my 1972 bright orange Husqvarna 450 WR at the San Diego Automotive Museum. It's been there for twelve years since I would prefer to look at it rather than ride it.

Along about 1989, I got to thinking about getting an old Husky Desert Master and restoring it. Thumbing through our local Green Sheet one night, I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw an ad listing a 1972 450 WR—original owner, low miles—for \$700. I rushed right over to look at it with cash

in hand. But when I saw it, my heart sank. It was just a mass of dirt, mud, and grease; I could barely make out what kind of bike it was.

The owner came hobbling out as I was turning towards my truck and said, "Don't be discouraged, I'll tell you why."

He proceeded to relate that when he bought the bike, Malcolm Smith told him to never wash a dirt bike because you would get grit and grime into all the wrong places. He had owned this bike for 17 years and had never washed it! I was encouraged but had to ask the usual question about why he was selling it.

It seems that a few months earlier, one of his grandsons had been visiting and asked Gramps to do a wheelie for him on the street. Gramps got the "Hastevarna" fired up and approached the house rolling on the throttle. He did not realize that whereas traction is about 50% in the dirt, it is 100% on asphalt. In third gear at 40 mph, the bike went up and over

backwards with Gramps still firmly in the saddle. He sustained major back injuries and, after surgery, was looking at being partially disabled for the rest of his life. Reason enough to sell the

•Orange Crush•
•Orange Crush•
Greg Macdonald
Greg Macdonald

Husky. I was sorry that I asked.

The reason that I like this particular year is because it is the last model of all metal Huskies. From the next year on, there was more and more plastic components. The orange was



definite turnoff but the chrome and alloy bits made up for it. This particular orange only looks good on a 50/50 Popsicle.

It was a few weeks before I got to work on the bike; I just couldn't face the task ahead and what I might find. I finally set aside an entire weekend for initial cleanup. By Saturday after-

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noon, I had made a shocking discovery. The magic combination of spilled pre-mix, thrown chain lube, mud, and silt had acted as a marvelous preservative. The finishes came out near perfect. Even the decals on the frame and tank were like new. There was no re-chroming, painting, or re-upholstery to do, I just spooned on some new tires.

I was prepared for the worst mechanically but with low hours and an excellent maintenance record, there was nothing to do. It ran perfectly.

One feature that I didn't care for was the left side kick starter which required a side-saddle technique that would jam my size 13 boot between the kick start lever and the left foot peg causing great agony. Once I tried starting it with sneakers on and ended up in the Emergency Room.

But it's a pretty bike sitting there in the museum. We're all safe as long as no one tries to fire it up.

greg macdonald ©2005



Nice hand formed aluminum body work, sensitive to the design image and intended usage of a modern Ducati.



Only god knows why.



Who wouldn't like a machine like this one?
I'd even learn the tank shift dance.



Someday, bikes like this will be restored by folks like us...better start saving the plastic

The Ton Up Club's 4th Annual Mods Vs. Rockers Ride was held on Sunday January 16th. The ride evokes a time when Rockers on Triumphs, Nortons, BSAs and other fabled British Iron shared the road (or didn't share as the case was at times) with Mods on their Vespas and Lambrettas in the streets of England.

The Rockers met at Lestat's on Adams Avenue while the Mods met at the Egyptian Tea Room on College Avenue. The intent is for both groups to go on separate rides and then meet up at the end to rumble!!! ...Or hang out.

Tommy from GP talked me into letting him ride my '68 Triumph and I was on my '74 Norton. When I arrived on my newly

"café'd" Commando I was delighted to see a bevy of British iron. There must have been 60 or 70 bikes there! It's funny when you show up to an event like this and it makes you feel like your bike is pedestrian amidst a multitude of similar machinery. The reality is that all of these bikes are special and it's amazing to see them out on the road in a large group like this.

There were some beautiful bikes that our club doesn't see in attendance on our events such as several Norton Atlases including one that resembled a Manx. There was even a celebrity in our midst... non other than Ricky Rocket himself! Who is Ricky Rocket you ask? He was the drummer in the 1980's glam metal band Poison. Apparently he owns several different British bikes in addition to the yellow Commando he rode to this event. His bike may have been a Colorado Norton Works model but I can't say for sure. I have to say he was a very nice chap indeed.

The ride began at noon and was led by Issac from GP on his recently restored Triumph, appropriately named "Fonzy". Unfortunately he had some problems with his carburetion and had to drop out of the ride several times to get it sorted out. Luckily, he knows how to work on his bike in situations like this (unlike your humble author). We went down Highway 15 to Telegraph Canyon road and then out past Otay Lakes. We ended up at the Lyon's Valley Trading Post where the Mods eventually joined us. The Mods went on the same route only in reverse order. I can't remember the last time the backcountry was as green as it was on this ride. What a beautiful day to ride!

We left Lyon's Valley and made our way to the Tower Bar on University Avenue where there was a BBQ and bike contest. The food was good and it was very cheap! I have to tip my hat to the Ton Up Club for hosting such an awesome event. I can't wait until next year!

jon saltz ©2005

Mods versus Rockers

jon saltz

good stuff for sale cheap

- ◆ **1979 Yamaha XS400 6-speed.** 700 original miles, always garaged and covered. As new, \$900. Call **Greg MacDonald (760) 723-7121**
- ◆ **1973 Suzuki GT750 "Waterbuffalo"** Spectacular factory red, white, and blue. Nicest around, low miles. Great to ride or to show. \$2,500. Call **Greg MacDonald (760) 723-7121**



As many of the SDAMC members know, I bought a 1992 R100GS last year, with a view to having a more modern bike (which has since gotten out of hand), doing a bit of fire road riding, and perhaps some desert camping. I like the simplicity and reliability of the airhead BMW, but freely confess that I have had little experience with dirt riding or on dirtbikes and was looking for a way to ease into the experience, desirably with some support/instruction so that I wouldn't kill myself the first time out.

In early January, I received an email, forwarded from a local adventure rider list, that invited participation in a two day Baja ride to Mike's Sky Ranch, with mostly dirt,

but a number of pavement legs (or at least options) and a clear explanation of the ride organization and discipline. It included a qualification that the ride was not for "wimps, squids or bozos," but the organizer said I could join in regardless. The expectation was that about ten riders would participate (and one might think that the same ten riders would be along for the whole trip, but such was not to be).

Ironically, Santa had been good to me this last year, and I had a number of goodies that would serve me well for a dirt ride, with the possibility of significant weather issues (the ride planning coincided with the recent deluvian storms, so weather preparation was a serious consideration). I had new Sidi Discovery off-road boots, and Hein Gericke Timbuktu Jacket and Cargo pants, all waterproof (or with liners that made them so). I also installed a new set of footpegs, as previous experience had taught me that the stock BMW peg was worthless for standing up while riding. Little did I know that the ride would provide a full range of weather, and test our flexibility and preparedness.

Wednesday dawned bright and sunny, with the promise of 80°F temps. We gathered between 08:00 and 08:30 at the gas station just north of the border in Tecate, with a planned departure

Baja by R100GS

jim weseman



at 09:00 sharp. I met my fellow riders: There were three or four of us that were comparative novices (ironically all with BMW's; another GS and a couple 650's), and five or six highly experienced dirt riders (a 640 Katoom, a DRZ400, a couple KLR's, and an XR600; do they know something we FNG's don't?). The GS is a heavy bike to begin with, over 500 pounds, and mine has the Paris Dakar fuel tank with a 9.25 gallon capacity, which adds even more weight; total laden weight about 800 pounds. Interesting to see how it will handle the inevitable soft sand and other challenges.

I had bought insurance online the day before, so all that remained at the meet-up

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was to buy gas, snacks, and water, get a few pesos, and have a brief riders meeting. Ron, the organizer, had things well in hand, and had pre-run portions of the route the week before, just after the rains stopped, and briefed us on the conditions to expect (excellent road, but more water crossings than usual and sand should be packed down a bit by the rains (yeah, right!)).

As 09:00 approached, one expected rider was MIA, but TS Elliot, we nine riders left at the scheduled time. Taking the Mexico Hwy 2 free road East, we stopped at El Hongo to lower tire pressures, and leave the pavement for the delights of El Compadre trail, due South toward Mexico Hwy 3 (about 100km away) and a possible escape route to Ojos Negros (the only bail-out point, short of turning back). The first 25 kms were fast and smooth, with the Old Hands keeping a spirited pace, but stopping frequently and circling back to shepherd us FNG's, and even I was able to maintain about 50-



60kph.

I began to gain more confidence (you know where this is headed, right?). As I rounded a bend, I saw two bikes moving out just past another little transverse gully, appearing no different that the dozen or so we had plowed through in the past. As I approached, at a goodly rate of speed, it occurred to me that I could not yet see the bottom of the gully. Oh bugger! The first take home lesson: A GS will not sprout wings and fly over a three foot deep trench, no matter how much one might wish it were so. I hit the far bank full force, and was thrown to the side, into a side gully full of soft sand (fortunately!), with a crack across the bridge of my nose (face shield was up), and some re-arrangement of the septum. We righted the bike, with some re-positioned attachments but no apparent damage, and a sadder but wiser rider began the next



phase of his "school-of-hard-knocks" education.

As the trail took us further South, patches of soft sand began to appear with greater frequency, and the GS began to show why experienced hands choose lighter bikes with knobbier tires. My Avon Gripsters have an "aggressive street" pattern, but they're no substitute for real off-road knobbies, and the weight of the GS plows a pretty deep furrow unless I keep up an insane rate of speed (but I learned that lesson, right?). After a number of wild slaloms, with the riders behind me expressing amazement at my recoveries, I took two wild low-sides, one after the other. It was clear that the physical toll was mounting, and I couldn't count on dumb luck to keep me upright. One of the other GS guys made no bones about "duck-walking" his bike though every patch of sand, and I soon followed suit. Lesson number two: Discretion IS the better part of valor, right? Are we having fun yet? The first running-water crossing went smoothly, as I was well primed to keep my momentum up, and all of a sudden, the trip was fun again.



(Continued on page 8)

As we progressed South, more gear was shed, both from the riders (liner's out of jackets, over pants off, etc.) and bikes (lost tail piece, lost side stand, water bottles, etc.), but the GS was holding its own (although carrying a few extra pounds of mud and dust). Meanwhile, it was still pretty hot, as we had not gained a lot of altitude, and despite the great volume of water I consumed, at a break to drain the lizard, my body said "No Way, Jose, I'm not giving up any fluids!"

We continued at a good pace, mindful of the fact that we had many clicks to go, and not relishing the idea of doing any part of the last 30+ km of dirt and the river crossing into Mike's after dark. At the junction with the road out of Laguna Hanson, one rider took the bail-out to Ojos Negros (apparently riding an F650 with street rubber is not a joyful experience in the dirt; rumor had it he announced his intention to sell the bike as soon as he got back North of the border). The rest pressed on regardless!

A few kms further, and a number of us joined up with Hwy 3 for a quick blitz down to Valle de la Trinidad (for gas and lunch), only 15 km from the turn-off to Mike's, while a couple of the Old Hands took a roughly parallel dirt route. We six gassed and lunched, and just as we finished, at around 15:45, the stalwarts arrived, hungry, but with little time left, so we made tracks for Mike's Sky Ranch. The first half of the dirt road into Mike's was in superb condition, but a soft sand-filled gully showed once again that fatigue and inattention will combine to create misfortune.

We approached the entrance to Mike's as the sun was setting, and faced the last water crossing of the day, the Rio San Rafael, a rare-for-Baja year-round stream swollen by the recent rains. Again mindful of my momentum, I forged ahead, and despite having chosen a deep-water line, over the jugs but fortunately below the air box, I made it through without mishap (unless you count a bow wave and a lap full of water).

Mike's at last!! Many beers to you, my friends! Only after five or so did I begin to feel like the plumbing would start working again. At around 18:30, well after dark, we gathered for dinner, and after sitting down to a table with nine salads, and nine steaks grilling, we realized that we had lost the one rider, so now we were "ocho." We tried to head off the ninth steak, but to no avail, so a salad and steak plate sat at the table, a silent reminder of our departed comrade. Just then, the señora comes to the table and says: "Nueve! Nueve! El hombre está aquí!" And in walks the rider missing at the start, who had missed us by mere minutes at the start and decided to take an entirely different route (for reasons too complicated to recount), and who just traversed the dirt road to Mike's in total darkness. Yes, there are heroes among us. He ended up bunking with Ron and me (the group had three triple rooms), and further proved his worth by producing a bottle of Black Jack, which died an honorable death at our hands. We went out to look at the stars at one point (Mike's is at about 1400 meters elevation), but a light patchy cloud cover obscured the sky. The generator was shut down at 21:15, and we crashed soon thereafter.

Thursday dawned overcast (WTF is this!?! Predictions were for days of clear skies), and one rider reminded us that he saw a "storm ring" around the moon the previous evening. Breakfast was at 07:15, and as we exited the dining room, the first raindrops began to pattern the pool. Oh great! A thorough immersion in the adventure rider experience! Though it seemed overly cautious at the time, recommendations had been to pack rain gear, and we had all dutifully followed suit. So, we geared up for rain, and departed post haste to avoid getting stuck if the skies really opened up. Fortunately, the rain remained light, just enough to be annoying, and we followed a new dirt trail which led about 45 kms into the backside of Valle de la Trinidad. More soft sand that I would have liked, but no mishaps, and then a 60-80 kph run down a dirt expressway into VdIT.

After gassing again, the FNG's decided to keep to the pavement, through Ensenada and back to Tecate, while the five Old Hands followed a serious dirt track up to Laguna Hansen, and through the Parque Nacional, to connect with Mexico Hwy 2 to Tecate.

Ensenada has changed since I was last there (over 20 years ago), and not for the better. However, a great taco or torta lunch can still be had at the roadside stands, and then a quick run up Mexico Hwy 3 to Tecate and home. A total of approximately 625 kms (about 500 kms border-to-border), and 16 hours riding time over the two days. Would I do it again? In a heart beat, but this time, with some TKC80's perhaps, and a bit less weight on the GS, or maybe a DRZ400 instead?

Oh honey, where's the checkbook?

jim weseman©2005

Nice review, Jim...the Herald actively solicits ride reviews, trip descriptions, any bike stuff at all. We're not CycleWorld, just a bunch of friendly enthusiasts who enjoy reading about bike stuff. Send us something. . Don't be shy.

SDAMC Rides, Reminders & Upcoming Events

March 3rd—March 6th. 2005 Winter Road Run for AMCA. Pre registration is mandatory! Make your reservations early; they expect to sell out the hotel. (Not shown on the web site, but apparently bikes must be at least 35 years old. We hear this year's event is NOT limited to AMCA members -call the organizer)

http://socalamca.org/2005/2k5__03_borrogo_intro.htm

March 12—SDAMC Oldies Ride (25 years or older, please...we ARE a vintage club, y'know) Starts at *The Waterfront* at Kettner/Hawthorne for early brekkie (7-9am) then a 70 mile route (leaves at 9'ish) ending at the Midway aircraft carrier for fun stuff. Ship ahoy, matey.

March 27th (Sun) Long Beach Cycle Show & Swap meet. Long Beach Veterans Stadium. Vendors 6:30- 8am, Buyers 7am Entrance fee . Contact TOPPING Events, (800) 875 0068 www.toppingevents.com

April 1– April 25-Motorcycles In The Park SDAMC will organize the event. Bikes with authentic racing provenance are preferred.

April 24th (Sun) BSAOC All British Ride meets at Hansen Dam Recreation Area. Join the BSAOC for their Hansen Dam ride via an alternate route, Osborne exi off the I-210 just south of the junction of Hwy 118. Ride departs 10 AM. "Best Ride By A Dam Site."

The 37th ANNUAL HANFORD VINTAGE MOTORCYCLE SHOW & SWAP MEET Saturday,
May 21, 2005

http://www.batorinternational.com/Bator_HANFORD_SHOW_rules_and_regs.htm

SoCal AMCA Desert Tour October 2 - 5, 2005

This Road Run is headquartered at Death Valley's Historic Furnace Creek Ranch and Resort. This is a truly unique, not to miss event. Desert Tour guided by legendary rider **Max Bubeck**. Stops at Scotty's Castle, Ubehebe Crater, Harmony Borax Works, Golden Canyon, Devil's Golf Course, Badwater, Artist Drive, Zabriskie Point, 20 Mule Team Canyon, and Dante's View.

<http://socalamca.org/2005/2k05dv.pdf>

Cachuma Rally—Lake Cachuma/Santa Barbara—May 28-30 2005

A Mulrean event at beautiful Lake Cachuma, 15 miles north of Santa Barbara. \$125 buys you camping, showers, and 9 meals. Field events, bike show, daily rides, prizes, mucho laughter. Contact SmoochieBear or Saint Donna (the Mulreans, John and Donna) for further details, etc.

(888) 627-2559 or email jmulrean@cox.net or check the website at

<http://www.britishconnection.org/events.htm>

SDMC Car Show—Balboa Park—June 4, 2005

News to follow. Check the

SDAMC
Board Of Directors
Ballot

Your Name _____

Your Signature _____

We value your vote, Please vote and mail your ballot

You are voting for three board members. Circle the three names of the persons you are voting for. You don't have to fill in any bubbles. Deadline for ballots received is March 1, 2005. Results will be announced at the March 14 meeting.

Ron Caudillo

Scott Garland

Joe Michaud

John Mulrean

Please mail to:

SDAMC
C/O San Diego Automotive Museum
2080 Pan American Plaza

Editors note....your 2005 membership application and a check in the same envelope...it'll save on postage and help clear the clubs books.

Come to meetings-enjoy the club-ride more-have fun 2005

TRIUMPH

MATCHLESS

BRITISH CONNECTION

JOHN MULREAN

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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

