

# Jul-Aug '03

Volume

20

Number

4

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

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### Cachuma Daydreamin'

© **Bob Felter**

Another great Memorial Day weekend at Cachuma. John and Donna Mulrean did the nearly impossible again, a years worth of planning and organization to create the best weekend of the year for many.

Imagine throwing a party for 300 people. Not just a typical Perros affair like a movie, pizza, and beer. Provide famous racers, leading parts wholesalers, and noteworthy survivors of the British motorcycle reign. The right amount of entertainment, and everyone happy and fed for three days. So what if it costs \$100. \$100??! Aside from the food and activities, Cachuma is such an incredible dose of nature and riding. Though not as much of the latter as I'd have liked this year due to not-quite-sorted-out bikes.

*(Continued on page 6)*

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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.*

## Vanson Long Sleeve Streamliner Quick Review

© Will Speer

The Vanson Streamliner Vest has been a popular way to add some warmth to Vanson jackets, and the new long sleeve version takes it one step further. I had recently purchased a fully-perfed jacket, and was eager to get a hold of the new Long Sleeve Streamliner in order to extend my jacket's usefulness. Some mornings it would seem too cold for a perfed jacket, but after a few hours and a few miles eastward, I would be dying for one.



*Will Offers to Show His Long Sleeve—Hilarity Ensues*

As soon as I heard about the long sleeve version, I asked GP Motorcycles to order one. It took a good month of waiting, but on the day of the Garage Crawl it finally arrived. My first impression of it was that it didn't seem to be constructed as well as the vest. I think this was because it is plain looking in comparison, and the main zipper is smaller and lighter duty. It folds up into its own integrated bag, so I think this is the reason for the smaller zipper. It fits well, and has very strong elastic on the cuffs to keep it from bunching up when a jacket is put on over it. Snaps to

connect it to a Vanson jacket are in the same places as on the vest, meaning there are none on the sleeves. If you like to attach your liner to your jacket this could make taking it off kind of annoying, as the sleeves will come out with your arms if you are not careful. I gave up long ago trying to attach my liner to my jacket, so it's not an issue for me. It seems a bit longer in the torso than the vest, so it shouldn't look as funny when worn by itself.



*The Inside Story*

I needed to scrub in some new Bridgestones on my SV650, so over a T-shirt I donned the long sleeve Streamliner and my full perfed jacket, and headed for the backroads of Rancho Santa Fe around 6:00 p.m. It had been overcast and kind of damp all day, and it felt colder than the 67 degrees flashing on some nearby bank.

The Streamliner did its job, protecting me from the elements. My arms were slightly cold, but if I had been wearing a long sleeve shirt under the Streamliner I think I would have been fine. It's truly amazing that such a thin garment can provide so much warmth and wind protection.

After a twenty-mile ride, I was satisfied with my purchase. My initial concern about the construction was unfounded, and the list price of \$119 was reasonable, considering the high tech materials used. I still think the zipper is too puny, and I already managed to jam it once. All in all though, a very useful item that will extend the comfort level of my riding gear.

(Photos © Vanson Leathers—Used with Permission)

## First Annual Garage Crawl

© Joe Michaud

June 21st was the first annual garage crawl . . . where we got a chance to peek into the garages of various club members. The tour included the shops of five members: Mike Loper, Joe Michaud, Mike Boyle, Richard Thrift, and Bob Ratazzi.

The usual buncha suspects met at The Waterfront under threatening skies. Some of us (one, anyway) brought rain-gear . . . most trusted that the imminent precip would remain misty. Most would be proven wrong.

It misted as soon as we saddled up to ride to Loper's garage and began to rain more when we left the Michaud residence. Soon, we roosted spray as we traveled surface-streets in a 17 bike parade.

I certainly felt safer traveling in convoy-style, I think cagers can see a pack better that they can see one lone bike. I learned that manhole covers are quite slick when depended on for traction. Ouch, that momentary slide caused my back to suffer an enormous twinge of pain. The cramped ergos of the Yellow Harlot did not help the back either. The flog on the freeway back from Harbison Canyon to GP was agony for me exacerbated only by the rapid pace that we maintained . . . whoohooo, love them peashooters at speed.

Mike Boyles garage clearly was the star of the day. Mike has everything. Do you have a microfiche system in your garage? Mike does. Do you list each of your 20+ bikes on a chalkboard that schedules battery maintenance, registration dates and date-of-last-ride? Mike does.



*The Garage-Mahal*

Plus, Mike is onna those guys that puts stuff away. . . that is still an alien-concept to me. I had to work for hours to clean MY garage, Boyles garage always looks as squared-away as a dentist office, I betcha. Very nice. Add a nice sound system, fine lighting, and a work-space layout that is both comfortable and productive. To say that I was impressed is a massive understatement. Nice work, Cyclemikey . . . can you come over and organize my garage?



*The Garage-Mahal—Detailed View*

The ride ended at the Ratazzi garage in Harbison Canyon where Bob and Linda hosted the hungry with a barbecue of sausages, ribs, salads and coleslaw, beer and drinks. Nothing like a hotlink sausage, a coupla ribs, some slaw, beans and a cold Corona.

Some highlights of the day. . . wet feet, dirty bikes, some wet-road fear, Will Speer having his "Crap-evil" trucked home after it died smack on the West Mission Bay bridge, good food, cool adventure, and an appreciation for the work of others.

Some things learned . . . Boyle gets the "Garage-Mahal" award for this ride, Bob Ratazzi has acquired a R60 beemer as a new project, what will the Harley Crowd do with him?? Richard Thrift has a Austin-Healy 3000 that sings the "You Need Me" song to Cat Frazier. Mike Loper has a nice shop, the consummate engineer...orderly and well-maintained. Mine, well, it's a work-in-progress. That reminds me . . . gotta work in there today. Retorque the Commando head and build the clutch in the project bike.

If ya missed this ride, ya missed good stuff! Thanks to Whit for driving the chase truck. See y'all next time.



## Adventures in Powdercoating

© Will Speer

All my biking is done on a budget, and I'm very lazy, so in the past I've always either rattle-canned parts or left them with their patina intact. This has served me well so far, but recently I began to wonder about powdercoating. I turned to the elder statesmen of our club, Mike Loper and Joe Michaud, for advice. After absorbing as much info as my A.D.D. riddled mind could handle, I decided to go for it.

I had decided to powdercoat some of the miscellaneous brackets on my '76 Bonneville, so I went about the task of disassembly. This was a very counter-intuitive process for me, as the idea of taking something apart that is in working order goes against the grain. Most parts came off easily enough, until I got to the right side footpeg and brake pedal. Oofah! The whole rear disc-brake setup is so bass-ackward that it must have been designed by a Norton engineer (hey, NVT did own Triumph for a while, so it's possible!). I'd been down this road before, though, so eventually I was able to liberate the parts in question.

Actually, tackling the rear brake wasn't the worst job. I gave that task to my Dad, who got to degrease everything. Woohoo! Hey, old skin is more resistant to harsh chemicals, right?

Now that my parts were clean (Thanks Dad!), I went through every part and determined what areas needed to be protected from the powdercoating. Good thing I had paid attention to Joe and Mike, because I never would have thought of this on my own. I used old bolts to block any threaded holes, and used pieces of pipe and washers to protect various other areas.

For once, working in the urban wasteland known as Vista paid off. Not far from my own little slice of hell is North County Powder Coat, a place Joe had recommended. I called them Monday morning to see if anyone would be there at noon to give me a

quote. The guy told me, "We work from 6:00am straight through to 5:00pm". Wow. And I thought my job sucked. Oh well, what did I care if The Man was keeping these guys down, as long as they did a good job on my parts.

I made the five-minute drive at lunch time and laid my 18 pieces of prime Meriden beef out on the desk. Very quickly some kid looked them over and said "\$125.00". Who was this kid? Why wasn't he in school? How can he possibly have the experience to quote me a price? I had no idea what powdercoating costs, I just knew that someone born the year I graduated high school shouldn't be quoting prices. I wanted some old guy with calloused hands and "Hal" or "Bob" embroidered on his dark blue uniform. I was perplexed, but more importantly I was hungry, so I handed over my priceless junk so I could get on to lunch. Mmmmmmm, lunch.

For once I couldn't call in sick on a Friday, because that's when my parts were promised. True to their word, I picked up my box of gleaming black jewels at lunch. I was tempted to take off right then and put them on the bike, but I was running low on pens and post-it notes at home, so I needed to get back to the office.

That Saturday was the first sunny day in weeks. How did I spend it? Inside the shed of course, putting my Bonnie back together. Using a box knife, I scored the area around the sacrificial bolts in order to remove them without damaging the finish. I'm the worst mechanic ever, so when re-assembly went smoothly I was very worried. Even the baffling rear brake assembly went back together quickly. Obviously I must've forgotten some vital component that would no doubt cause me to Evil Knievel off of Sunset Cliffs, minus the cool white polyester jump suit.

Well, regardless of whatever I screwed up, I now have a better idea of what's involved. Items like the side panel halves had a lot of orange peel in them, so I don't think I would powdercoat anything else big and flat. The chainguard, footpegs, and other miscellaneous brackets look good. Almost too good, because now I have to clean up the rest of the bike to match!

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Ginny and I left San Diego by 5 am, and dove off of 405 well through El Lay just as traffic was starting to seize up near Santa Monica. Took a left over to PCH, and started north up a quiet highway past dead early morning beaches. Stopped in Ventura for a good long whiz, a walk out on the pier, a pass through the Patagonia store, and hit the feed store for chicken scratch. Great architecture and a good museum in that town, with really early wooden oil drilling gear, old citrus grove stuff, and native Indian display. Having lived in the Northwest and studied the 70' seagoing war canoes the Haidas carved from one long cedar log, it cracks me up to see the canoes in the Santa Barbara and Ventura museums. It's coastal oil country so they made em out of split planks caulked with tar, held together by trust.

A tour of Fairview Farm (of a book called On Good Land fame) in Goleta. An ice stop, food for until the event began, and up we climbed over San Marcos Pass. Pulled in to Live Oak Camp and were horrified to see the 2 acre field normally used for the field event course ripped to smithereens, littered with "New England potatoes". I called the Mulreans to inform them of the catastrophe; otherwise things were as normal and ready for the event to begin. It turns out a leach field had been installed for a future septic system.



*Tranquility Base*

Record attendance took the tally past 300. I hesitate to say a little of the coziness of the earlier meets

was lost by the group being so large, because long food lines were the only inconvenience I really noticed. Who can deny so many so much relaxation and fun? Motorcycling luminaries in attendance were Eddie Mulder, Joe Leonard, Skip Van Leeuwen, and Craig Vetter.

Because of past experiences with late night howling at the moon, Ginny and I have learned to camp at the far end. I can't blame the Raber group for being happy to be there after 6 hours on a Brit ride down from San Jose, or SD Antique Clubbers who just survived hours of LA crawl, but being a morning sort I'd rather get some sleep. Grumbling from the Perros camp indicated some had problems with this, supposedly accentuated by in-camp snoring. What did they expect? Doesn't Perros Viejos mean Old Dogs?



*Joe Gets Ready to Bite the Big One*

So I missed all that. Our only inconvenience, other than the long walk from tentsite to activity area, was the birds. The first morning I was sure there was a mechanical bird doing circles from one end of the clearing to the other and back; constantly peeping. Around and around in the early gray light, chirping nonstop the whole damn time. The next day, two acorn woodpeckers were in the tree above us squawking back and forth and shitting on the tent. Heckle and Jeckle. Then the turkeys would come along, scratching up the oak leaves and bursting into their comical gobble. We don't exactly discourage that by buying a 25lb. sack of seed and

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cracked corn to toss about. Then the crows come through raising hell and the jays add to the ruckus, but hey, beats hell out of traffic and helicopters. The turkeys had young pups with them this year, sometimes hopping up onto mom's back.

I took the recently restored 200cc Triumph Mountain Cub, which I've hardly ridden and hoped to break in with some trail riding. I loaded it up directly from the shop, guy there supposedly squared the ignition away and sure enough it fired off first kick when he kicked it. I could hardly get it started at Cachuma at all though. For over an hour I had three leading Triumph electrical wizards on the ground with VOM in hand diagnosing the problem. Was glad I didn't have to pay for that sort of high-powered diagnosis. Bill Getty eventually declared it an old rotor with weak magnets. No trail riding this trip but happy to understand the hard starting. Heck, it didn't leave me 20 miles up into those lonely mountains, so no disappointments.



### *Saint John Delivers Fishes to His Flock*

Then there's the BSA. The old thumper has recently been gone through but is apparently not quite dialed in. It took Ginny and I up the Paradise Valley to the end without complaint, including the seven or so stream crossings. But at request I led a ride up to East Camino Cielo and the motor would suddenly sound clicky, backfire, shoot some flame, and crap out. After several episodes of this along the Old Stage Road I thought best to turn back thinking maybe it was a sticking valve, which might allow a push rod to jump off a lifter and

bend stuff. But I was leading a ride of 20 or so bikes and was the only one who knew how to get to the Painted Indian cave and the castle. The Beezer always started right back up so on we went, up through heavy fog. Wound down to the Indian cave on some hairpin turns where you could of spit in the air and have it come down on your helmet if you were quick enough. The motor quit on one of those curves and the compression of 500 fresh cc's fought the rear wheel from spinning the engine back to life. Think it had Jon and Joe wondering if I was trying some sort of skidding stunt. That only added to the excitement of 180-degree curves with the 1950 dogshit brakes on the old plodder. After that ride, in the process of checking the timing and valve settings, I snapped off an already bent oil feed bolt while testing top end oil flow and parked the bike for the duration. Didn't really care. In a week I'm moving to Arcata and will have infinite miles of windy rural roads right out my driveway.



### *The Pause That Refreshes*

Knapp's Castle was above the fog and the sun felt good, even if we couldn't see the panorama below. Ginny and I had climbed up there a couple years before along the overgrown original driveway, a steep climb up from Paradise Valley. This route ascends 2200' of elevation in 4 miles of zigzagging straight up. We wouldn't have tackled the hike had we known the destination was at the top of the loftiest ridge high in the vaporous clouds above us, but off we set, came upon one of the 50 or what-

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ever California Condors in existence on the way, and discovered Knapps Castle. We stood there in winded amazement when a dirt bicyclist sauntered in; turned out that E. Camino Cielo connects with an upper driveway an easy 1/2 mile walk in.

I explained what I had learned about the place, but with some of my information being hearsay I pulled it off the Internet to learn more. As I discovered by checking my emails, others did the same. It turns out the huge mansion was built in 1916 by George Knapp, the retired chairman of Union Carbide. 20 men worked full time for 4 years to build it and at one time there was a private waterfall with nighttime lighting that could be seen from his observation deck, and a speaker system that brought music to the falls from the pipe organ in the house. The water was pumped back up to ensure he could run water over the falls even during the dry months. The house burned down either 14 years later, or in 1940 depending on the source. Bet the woodwork was fantastic.



*Kevin and Cat Toss Their Ring at the Hat*

I missed much of the field events but Kevin Sister-son and Cat Frazier won the sidecar competition, beating longtime racers Joe Leonard and Digger Helms. The great often go unrewarded, as unfortunately there were no trophies for that event.

By Monday morning folks typically stop in for a bite, say their goodbyes, and head out early. We did the same at 9 a.m. to get through LA, but that

was too soon. Pulled up to the door in a record 3 hr. 45 min. later. Should have sat under an oak and read a book, smiled at the sounds of birds and bikes for a couple more hours.



*Joe Leonard and Digger Helms Flying the Car*

The sad thing is that Live Oak Campground will not be available next Memorial Day weekend due to a Renaissance Fair with much deeper pockets. The Mulreans announced a switch to Labor Day weekend. While it's not up to me, I would place my vote for finding a new site on the original date. Anyone know of a large, wonderful private campground with kitchen facilities, great riding roads, and available for inundation by 300 happy motorcyclists? Kern River area? 395? Will be hard to beat Cachuma.

Don't be surprised if Cachuma doesn't last forever. We've been privileged to attend a rare gathering from which there'll be lifetime memories. The Mulrean's undertaking can't last indefinitely. Despite the many who contribute, John and Donna put out *so* much, and few are as capable and dedicated. Knowing this and despite limited riding, I was just happy to be there one more time, as overjoyed as the mechanical bird on speed vocally doing donuts around a dimly lit clearing.

(Photos © Mike Loper, Joe Michaud and Others—Used with Permission)





## Kevin's Take on Cachuma

© Kevin Sisterson

We knew that we were onto something last year when we attended the Cachuma Lake Vintage rally. When the weekend was over several Perros wrote checks for the \$100 to reserve a spot for the next year, that would be this year. Three days of nothing but Vintage bikes.

Club members that participated numbered 14: Ron and Barb Caudillo, Richard Thrift, Jon Salz, Will Speer Jr., Cat Frazier, Mike Loper, Joe Michaud, Bob Felter and Ginny, Kevin Sisterson, Grace McKean, Joe Leonard, Nick Velvet and the Queen of the Universe.

Taken from the Riderwarehouse catalog, "Ride, Eat, Sleep, Repeat" was the motto for the weekend with a little revelry thrown in. (Well maybe a lot of revelry) How can you not have a good time when the food and lodging are paid for, the ride maps are easy to follow and the roads challenging. Scenery combined with technical twisties make the area ripe for enjoyment, but watch the potholes!



Saturday was a ride to the Solvang Motorcycle Museum where three rare Vincents were fired up for the crowd. A Gray Flash,

a Black lightning and a Land Speed record Super-charged job. All with straight pipes! Lit off in a small courtyard the sound was incredible. Vincent was featured at this rally and there must have been 10 parked here and there.



Mixing it up with motorcycle and race celebs was

on the menu as well. Craig Vetter did a lot more than just make farings in the old days. Joe Leonard and Digger Helms did the Sidecar field events.



Eddie Mulder showed off his technical abilities as well, but he's not allowed to actually compete; he always wins! Who else showed up?

You'll have to find out yourself!

There were field events for the Kids, Motorcycles



and Hacks. We did our best to stay between the lines, throw the hoops, put the balls on the cones, clip the pins on the line and best of all, to be the



LAST across the finish line for the slow race.

We owe this good time to John and Donna Mulrean, and to the volunteers and sponsors that make it happen. Next year the Cachuma Lake Vintage Rally will be held on Labor Day weekend. Are you in?

(Photos © Others—Used with Permission)

# SDAMC Rides, Reminders & Upcoming Events

- ◆ **July 4 (Friday): Fourth of July Parade—Alpine**  
By the time you read this, you'll just be evoking memories.
- ◆ **July 11, 12 & 13 (Friday, Saturday & Sunday): Superbike Weekend—Laguna Seca**  
Gary and Pierre will be there, how about you?
- ◆ **July 14 (Monday): SDAMC Monthly Meeting**  
SDAMC monthly club meetings held at the Auto Museum, 7:30 pm.
- ◆ **July 27 (Sunday): AMA Boot Hill Ride**  
A Dennis Reamer Production to commemorate fallen riders. Details not available at editorial deadline.
- ◆ **August 9 (Saturday): SDAMC Annual T-Shirt Ride**  
New style shirts and various antics are assured. Details not available at editorial deadline.
- ◆ **August 11 (Monday): SDAMC Monthly Meeting**  
SDAMC monthly club meetings held at the Auto Museum, 7:30 pm.

## For Sale

Check for photos on [www.sdamc.net](http://www.sdamc.net)

**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. \$3,600 or good offer/trade. Contact: 858.278.0476

**Three Bultaco Alpina's,** Two #85 model One #165 model, All three are in good rebuildable condition, good cases, glass, wheels, forks, etc. One #85 together and runs (needs crank seals), other two are apart. Numbers match on all bikes. Package deal: \$650. Also **1973 BMW 75/5 Toaster tank.** Much new, carbs, gauges, shocks, etc, etc. Very nice condition...\$1750. Chris Olsen, 619.420.7123 hm, 619.585.4451 wk, [chris.olsen@suhds.k12.ca.us](mailto:chris.olsen@suhds.k12.ca.us)

**1973 Triumph T140V Frame and Swingarm Only,** with CA In-Op title, \$150. Contact: [wilspeer2@yahoo.com](mailto:wilspeer2@yahoo.com)

**1971 BSA Lightning,** \$1900 firm, contact: [stablemates@earthlink.net](mailto:stablemates@earthlink.net)

**1969 250 Triumph Trophy,** Restored, runs well with current reg. and title, \$3600. Contact: [smitty@san.rr.com](mailto:smitty@san.rr.com) or 858.270.5485

**1994 Kawasaki EX250 Ninja.,** less than 4,000 miles. New tires + battery. Great shape, easy riding bike (have lay away plan) \$1,200.00. Wesley 619.426.2636

**3 rail motorcycle trailer** with additional rail to accommodate a sidecar rig, \$250. Pete Picksley, 619.444.8084



# 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**

