

July-August '01

Volume

18

Number

**A Newsletter
for the Members
of the
San Diego Antique**

Indian Wrestling

Kevin Sisterson

My garage is the current site of some modern day Indian Wrestling. The difference is my opponent is a machine and I am a mere mortal, still we have been battling a few rounds...so far one of us is far ahead on points.

The match started at "the Uncrating Ceremony," now the rounds are being measured in hours rather than minutes. The Indian is beating me at every opportunity.

At the "Uncrating Ceremony" it also beat several other opponents into submission as well. What worries me most is that both they and I enjoyed it.

Scattered around the wrestling area are the remnants of the rounds. The multi-meter, scattered wrenches, sockets, sandpaper scraps, and oil soaked rags...all sure signs that work is in progress. But the Indian is still winning.

Round 1

Several Perros Viejos kicked and pushed it up and down the street rewarded only by clouds of rich black smoke. This went on for at least an hour. Perros Viejos 0, Indian 1.

(Continued on page 6)

All the news that fits

- ◆ PAGE 1—Kevin keeps us up to speed regarding his new project. We wonder if Sandra still finds oil smoke sexy.
- ◆ PAGE 3—Donna and John Mulrean post an event calendar with all the info.
- ◆ PAGE 4—Chris Wykoff lets us peek into his wretched wrenching past. We all had to start somewhere. "Loud cursing", eh, Chris?
- ◆ PAGE 7—Cachuma Report by Donna Mulrean. Don't miss this event next year.

- ◆ PAGE 8—1912 Flying Merkel from Joe Michaud.
- ◆ PAGE 10—Nuevo ride dates for SDAMC. Don't say we didn't warn ya.
- ◆ PAGE 10—The Alpine 4th of July Ride...where were ya?

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SDAMC ADDRESS

SDAMC

San Diego Automotive Museum

2080 Pan American Plaza

San Diego, CA 92101

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 and Editorial Statement

The Herald vows to provide an interesting forum for all vintage, antique 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 a reasonable 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 feel that all members have stories of interest to the rest of the membership.

Let us hear from the garages, sheds and shops of the membership. This publication will remain a viable option only with the help and consideration of the entire membership. Our Editorial Phone and EMail address is always available. Please lend a hand.

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 PUBLICATION REFLECT ONLY THE VIEWS OF ITS EDITOR AND CONTRIBUTORS. IF YOU HAVE ANY OBJECTIONS TO THE APPEARANCE, CONTENTS OR ANY OTHER PART OF IT, YOU MAY AFFECT CHANGE BY OFFERING TO HELP. UNLESS YOU CHOOSE TO HELP BY OFFERING YOUR ASSISTANCE TO THE EDITORIAL STAFF BY WAY OF ARTICLES, PHOTOS, CARTOONS OR ANY OTHER WAY, YOUR OBJECTIONS ARE POINTLESS.

WITHOUT YOUR INPUT, IT IS ONLY OUR RAMBLING THOUGHTS, INSTEAD OF BEING YOUR NEWSLETTER.

Please send your contributions to the Editor.

—coming events, rides, fun stuff—

July 21-22 (Sat/Sun) British-European Vintage Show & Swap Meet (Sat) and AHRMA vintage moto-x (Sun) Carson City, NV 775-267-4996

July 29th (Sun) SDAMC T-shirt Ride. The Big Momma of SDAMC club rides. Taste the cooking of Old Cranky and purchase spiffy T-shirts silk-screened by legally-incarcerated AMERICAN convicts from Donovan State Prison rather than by poor Chinese dissidents warehoused in political re-indoctrination sweatshops. Whew....RSVP directly to Old Cranky himself—John Mulrean at (619) 443-9169 or email him at jmulrean @home.com for a food count...this is most necessary. 50/50 poker Run for \$10, lunch is \$8, shirts are \$20 with a limited number of embroidered ones for slightly more.

August 5, (Sun) Benefit Ride to Support Canine Companions. San Diego Touring Society sponsored annual fundraiser. Contact Ed Haynes at (858) 565-0868. Cycle Parts West sign-in from 9-11am.

Sept. 16 (Sun) Vintage Dirt Track Series on the **Sacramento Mile**. Contact: Eddie Mulder 661-268-0105

Oct. 6 (Sat) Vintage Dirt Track Series on the **Del Mar Mile**. Contact: Eddie Mulder 661-268-0105

Oct. 13-14 (Sat/Sun) Vintage Dirt Track Series at **Willow Springs**. Contact: Eddie Mulder 661-268-0105

Dec. 1 (Sat) Motorcycle swap meet at Ventura. 805-650-6777

Every Tuesday Evening. “Live Wire” at 2103 El Cajon Blvd. (619) 291-7450. 24 beers, ales, stouts, and ciders on tap with ton’s o’ cycle action on two TVs. Plenty of scooter, bike parking and loud music. C’mon, ya AIN’T that old, are ya?

NEW business-card advertising policy

For years, the Herald ran a full page of business-card ads. We charged a minimum rate of \$25/year...which no one paid, by the way. We finally dropped the entire page.

However, we are making a few spaces available sprinkled through the pages for \$50 per full year.

By the way, Steve Smith thinks so much of *this* parts-guy that he has paid for the ad himself. If you need any Triumph parts, give the “Triumph Guy” a call.

We do need a business card from him, until then we’re gonna run this.—————>>

The TRIUMPH Guy
P. O. Box 148
Acton, CA 93510
Phone/Fax 209-269-1229

DELIVERED BY
NEW AREA COPE # 661

35 KEEP THIS SLIP FOR REFERENCE

The Greenhorn Mechanic

or how not to go about repairing old bikes.

Chris Wykoff bares his soul

OK, here's the deal. When I was 16 my brother showed up at the house with a Hodaka Ace 100, the first model with the chrome tank. He taught me to ride after calming down and watching me almost rode it into a parked car the first day.

Later my dad bought the bike from him when he moved on to a Super Rat for motocross and gave the bike to me. Whenever it broke down or the carburation was off, my brother would come over and show me the basics. Later, when I bought a tired Norton Atlas, my brother was in the Navy and I was stuck fiddling with the cranky ignition system. Not believing that I should have to read anything, I basically experimented and proceeded on intuition. That's how I screwed-up the Norton to where I had to push it around the block to get it started.

Much later, after forgetting about motorcycles for about 20 years, I was over at a friend's house admiring the Mk 2 Jaguar and the two 60's era Land Rovers he was hoarding until he found buyers. In the corner was a motorcycle frame so I asked him about it. He showed me parts of a Norton Dominator he was slowly putting together. He brought it from Kansas with him but the original dustbin fairing was lost in the move. He had the pieces of the engine ready and was waiting on a guy to finish the tank. When he handed me the green owner's manual to look at, the memories of my old Norton came flooding (no pun intended) back. The

memories of numb hands and butt after cruising at 65 mph, riding with nothing but a T-shirt and jeans in the Phoenix summer heat, cruising across the then-open desert on the Hodaka. I was hooked, and I started looking for a bike. But it had to be an old bike so I discovered Walneck's and the still-young internet.

I found a bike I craved as a teenager, a BSA Victor with the yellow tank. I thought that was the coolest looking bike with the curved upswept pipe following the line of the gearbox. The guy I bought it from had to start it with rollers since it had been sitting so long but once I rode it I was thrilled and made what I thought was a low offer. He quickly said yes and I brought it home and discovered the thrill of a 4-stroke single for the first time - when it started. Although I read all about the cautions of starting a single of this size I wasn't prepared for the vicious kickback that occurred when I first tried to start it on my own.

When I was a kid and was trying to load the Hodaka on a trailer in front of my brother's house the bike leaned over too

My sister-in-law came running out of the house saying she couldn't believe someone could swear so loud for so long....

far and I slipped and popped my knee out as the bike fell on top of me. My sister-in-law came running out of the house saying she couldn't believe someone could swear so loud for so long. She didn't offer to help as she was laughing too hard.

(Continued on page 5)

Now with the Victor I saw the same look of disbelief on my wife's face after the kickstarter kicked me back. I soon learned that a good swing without tensing your knee is the key to saving your leg.

Now older and slightly wiser than the first time I had a bike, I started reading about the bike and found it was a 1967 round barrel Victor Enduro with the energy transfer ignition. As I understood it, the idea was the alternator pulses powered the coils whose output was transferred to the plugs via the points. It allowed the bike to be started without a battery and, supposedly took the place of the magneto that Lucas didn't make anymore. If everything was set up correctly the spark was timed to coincide with the optimum firing position of the pistons. However, I came to believe that the system was sub-optimal if there was anything like wear or gear backlash that occurs in REAL LIFE meaning that the spark timing changed as the system aged.

Since there is no capacitor to store a charge there's not much leeway for error. Couple that with the worn slide on the Amal 930 concentric and now you have a stubborn beast. That probably explained the very advanced spark the previous owner had set to make starting easier which led to a nasty kickback.

When it started, I loved riding the bike. It was a little small for my 6-3 frame but the broad torque band was a delight. It shook pretty bad around 65mph but riding in the Willamette Valley in Oregon was like riding in the pages of Motorcycle Classics with their pictures of the green English countryside and two lane country roads, so high speed was not necessary. I rode it to work a couple times a week and parked

among the Universal Japanese Machines and Harleys, always getting a nice comment from their owners even though the bike was a little tatty.

Spending time with the bike, I started to notice little things like the rear subframe didn't center over the rear wheel, oh, the frame is welded up by the left shock mount. Oh, and also welded—poorly—along the lower left frame rail.



And the gouge in the primary drive cover right where the oddly bent brake pedal might have hit it if it had been dropped - hard. That explained the headlight gash on the left side as well. Gee, maybe I was a little excited when I bought it since it looked perfect that day. No wonder the offer was taken so quickly!

Anyway, it was mine now and it was time to get the starting problem sorted out. I had adjusted the carburetor so the bike would idle well but starting was still a bitch.

Next time I'll describe how easy it is to replace the entire electrical system.

© Chris Wykoff 2001

We love stuff like this...what was YOUR first bike? What was your first experiences? No one forgets their First Time with certain landmark things, right? Sooo, let's hear yours.

(Continued from page 1)

Round 2

I add new rings, gaskets, honed cylinders and some valve lapping.

For several hours, the machine looked like a pile of rags and parts but soon emerged from the garage as an entity. I kicked and it sputtered. I adjusted and kicked. Finally it ran. No idle, but I could get it to respond to the throttle with regularity.

With helmet in place, I put it in gear and let out the clutch. Paa, sputter. More adjustments. It kicked to life and I try again. This time I'm rewarded with some real power and I can almost taste what it's like to ride this thing. I do a little 50 foot loop up the street, park it and shut it down.

The throttle is sticking and I adjust it. Now I'm getting a bit excited. One more time I kick it to life. One hundred feet up the road and I'm shifting into second, it sputters and dies. I coast home.

At least I'm smart enough to always go up hill from the house on the test drives.

The rest of the afternoon went pretty much the same way. Each time was a new milestone

of either adjustment or distance but I could never get more that two hundred feet from the house. One more round for the Indian.



Round 3

I take the carburetor apart and adjust the float. I also note that something might be missing from the carb so I plug a hole in the bottom of the float bowl with a piece of hose and an old bolt.

This proves to be a mistake, I'm rewarded with one sputter and a cough during thirty minutes of vigorous kicking. I peel back a toenail on the foot-board but I ignore the blood and the pain. It's all merely punishment for wearing sandals. Another round to the Indian.

Round 4

I peer into the oil tank and it's nearly empty. Where did the three quarts of 50w go that I put in there last week? Into the crankcase, of course.

Being a total-loss motor, I have to get it out of there or it'll never run. First I try disconnecting the crankcase vent and begin kicking it over with the compression release engaged. There is some progress, but there is also oil spattering all over the side of the sidecar and the motor.

An oil pool is forming and I realize that three quarts is going to make a rather large pool plus it will be dawn before it all comes out. I decide that there must be a drain plug.

After mopping up the oil, I crawl around looking for a drain and can't find one. I decide that it must be a

design flaw so I'll make my own drain, but just as I'm about to drill and tap an inconspicuous hole in the crankcase, I find the drain screw! I'm rewarded with about two and a half quarts of oil. I have no more time or energy to continue working so it's a draw this round.

Round 5

I'm thinking that I must be running out of gas and so I adjust the float accordingly. Now it's dripping out the overflow slightly. It's gotta be a good test. Now it starts, but quickly dies, then no start at all. I clean the plugs and still no starting. The bruise on my thigh is getting larger, bluer, and more sensitive from striking it on the seat from vigorous kicking. Now there's no spark at all.

Kevin 0 Indian 4, one draw.

Round 6

Mike, Joe and I are standing around looking at the bike with its plugs hanging out. I kick it and it sparks. So we give it a determined try. The garage fills with smoke again, I didn't drain the crankcase but it runs a little. We determine that the magneto is faulty.

Another round to the Indian

Round 7

I take the magneto off the bike to do a real service. This entails removing the timing cover and exhaust. The 70 year old capacitor looks suspi-

cious even though I've re-soldered the connection and tested it with the multi-meter. The main wire looks extremely in need of replacement. I do so and then set up the timing gears. I notice that there is no way to make a mistake with the marks on the gears. After lining up the marks I crank it over 180 degrees and two of the sprockets are off by four teeth. When I get it back round they line up properly again.

Now it's time for a ride, but first I try to readjust the float but only succeed in breaking it in half...I epoxy it back together and coat the whole thing so it won't get saturated. I know it won't last but maybe it'll last long enough to see if my theory is right. This time I ride it up the street and around the corner!

Then it dies.

I wait a minute and it starts right up. So far I've gone five hundred feet. I go a bit further and it dies again and I whip a u-turn and park in the shade to wait a while. I figure the float bowl is running dry. Just then a guy comes out of his house and says "My dad's got twenty or thirty of those. He lives in LA, but comes down here every Saturday. Come back the week after next and I'll bet he'll be glad to talk to you"

Now I've really got the taste and start it up. This time I get it into third and just cruise along, but once again it stalls. Finally I limp home and am now in search of a float.

Kevin 0 Indian 6, one draw.

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CACHUMA LAKE VINTAGE RALLY TAKES IT TO THE NEXT LEVEL

The velvety green hills of Santa Barbara's back country, leisurely dining (including homemade navy bean & ham hock soup), a tour through the wine country, attention-holding field events for bicycles, as well as vintage motorcycles, and two shows, one for the many sidecar rigs that attended this year, as well as the 40-some vintage bikes with featured Nortons taking the spotlight. ..all worked to take the Cachuma Rally up a notch

This year's Cachuma Lake Vintage Rally had the classics that have made the rally "the best kept secret" of the California vintage calendar. This year, however, quality and interest were augmented first with the presence of "Gentleman Joe" Leonard and his grand daughter Emily, then with the increased involvement of the Solvang Motorcycle Museum owned by Virgil Elings. Growing sponsorship from supporters like our own Bob Felter enabled the rally to invite Joe & Emily, and give them a nice camp trailer where Joe (inducted last February by SDAMC into our Hall of Fame) was able to be a real part of the rally even though he has trouble with his health and walking very far.

Since the induction, Joe and Emily have continued their friendship with John and Donna Mulrean and were invited to the rally at the induction. Joe had not given a commitment for the rally as the date drew near and trailer reservations were needed. Finally, Joe told John that the Indy 500 wanted him in Detroit for *Joe Leonard Day*, also over Memorial Day weekend. The Mulreans, just a couple of weeks from the rally, figured the National Indy 500 would certainly have more to offer Joe and resigned themselves to "maybe next year."

When Joe called to say he and Emily would be at Cachuma, John and Donna were elated.

To Donna—who shops for the 2000 meals served over the 4-day weekend and stresses if the strawberry papayas may not be ripe enough for her breakfasts—the image of a whole team of people in Detroit waiting to see if there was to be a Joe Leonard Day with all the attendant t-shirts, speakers, posters, accommodations waiting for scheduling and with time dwindling down to the last 2 weeks, it was too much. For John, it was a real coup.

When Mike Van Lienden introduced Joe at the Saturday night dinner, the spontaneous standing ovation brought tight throats and tears to all. Joe was visibly moved, and later told John "These folks really remember me...and like me." Joe insisted on driving his own car to the rally from San Jose (still seldom uses the brakes), and went on the winery tour with Emily in a sidecar generously loaned by one of the guests.

At the Solvang Motorcycle Museum, owner Virgil Elings gave the tour visitors a very special treat by having a "start-up" of some of his incredible museum bikes. He had brought in a freshly restored Norton Manx just for the rally weekend. The bikes are displayed without any fluids, so "start-ups" are a real consideration.

Later, Joe Leonard told Donna, "Ya know, when Virgil first started up that ole Manx, ...because we were inside, ...it almost hurt my ears. But then I started feeling the vibrations, and got the smells goin', ... and boy, ...it sure took me back to the race track. It was just great."

Next year, the museum wants to open the museum only for the rally guests, and serve lunch. There was no TV at the rally for Indy viewers like Joe, but you know, nobody seemed to notice. Joe already wants to come back next year, and if the good Lord's willin' and the creek don't rise, we'll all enjoy the rally again in 2002, A Salute to British Singles.



Considering the social advances and opportunities of the times, the years between 1910 and 1920 are often referred to as the Golden Decade of American Motorcycling. While America was beginning the second decade of the 20th century, The Mechanical Age continued to bear fruit and many products were developed that aided the citizen, enhanced his life, and boosted his production.

Simultaneously with the release of his innovative Model T, Henry Ford would raise the wage of the daily worker in America to an unheard of sum of five dollars per day. The nation was riding a wave of rich industrial development that was enhanced by rapid technical innovation. The fledgling motorcycle industry was no different.

Mike Madigans Merkel

Small American motorcycle manufacturers like Standard Reading, Pope, Cyclone, Henderson, Thor, and a myriad of others---as well as "The Big 3" of Indian, Excelsior, and Harley-

Davidson---were producing motorcycles into the domestic market, often while pursuing wildly divergent development technologies.

Spurred on by an American belief in ingenuity and driven by the burgeoning transportation needs of a restless country, new builders were emerging, all ready to try their hand at their own brand of engineering and design.

Joseph I. Merkel was such a man.

Originally centered in Milwaukee, Merkel built a few single-cylinder, belt-drive machines utilizing ingenuity of his own...his machines featured integral exhaust systems that used frame tubes as silencers, an easier-to-use incorporation of throttle opening and spark advance, and an innovative oil system.

The Merkel company soon merged with a small manufacturing firm in Pottstown, Pennsylvania where the machines continued to incorporate other ingenious designs---most of which were quickly adapted by the larger manufacturers. These included a sprung swing-arm and a telescoping front fork that are clear predecessors of modern frame design.

Soon, Merkel was offered another merger and he joined a bicycle-manufacturing firm in Middletown, Ohio where manufacturing began in earnest with the introduction of the first big bore V-Twin, which used a 61 cubic inch motor. He now called his machines "Flying Merkmels."

Merkel insisted on superior build-quality and he personally scrutinized the building of most Flying Merkel models. His big-bore Merkmels were successfully raced by the great Maldwyn Jones, among others, and they would garner racing tributes well into the mid-decade both on dirt tracks and "on the boards." The 1911 sales-brochure for Flying Merkel advertises that a "Flying Merkel achieved a distance of one measured mile in 41.4 seconds." That's a tick under 87mph and pretty darn quick for 1911.

Some innovations proved to be "spot on" while others perhaps fell a bit wide of the mark. Soon, sales competition would prove the Merkmels to be too expensive to produce and with gathering war clouds looming over Europe, the larger displacement machines would begin to be phased out circa 1914. Sadly, Merkel production would cease soon after.

But the legacy and vision of Joseph Merkel would live on.

Mike Madigan is a collector/restorer with a serious passion for older bikes. He owns many belt-drive era machines and acquired this 61 inch 1912 Flying Merkel V-S under rather remarkable conditions.

It seems the bike was purchased new in San Diego in 1912 and saw relatively few miles before the original owner secreted it behind a false wall in his home prior to leaving for war-torn Europe during WWI. He never returned to reclaim his machine and it sat undisturbed and unremembered for nearly sixty years until it was discovered during demolition of the old house in Carlsbad, California for freeway expansion in 1970.

The next man who acquired the machine started its restoration but lost interest for various reasons and allowed the bike to languish. That owner eventually read an article about the Madigan collection and offered the machine to Mike.

According to Mike, the machine was in very good shape when originally rediscovered although its subsequent storage proved less than ideal. The seat, the drive belt, and the original paint had been allowed to suffer while the disassembled machine was stored outside. Sad stuff, this, after the bike had survived 60-odd years of nearly archival preservation.

(Continued on page 9)

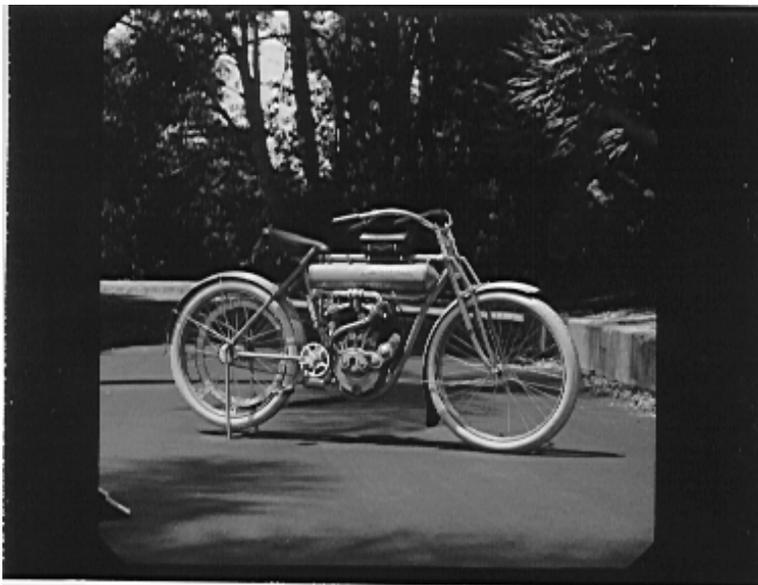
Madigan had a new saddle made from the original Merkel shop-pattern, new tires were installed, and also a new V-belt was constructed. The late Cliff "Slippery" Hills, of whom Mike speaks most fondly, restored the motor. "Cliff was the kind of guy who could hold an old carburetor like one of these in his hands and make it work again," says Madigan with a smile.

Mark Jahn, noted Indian restorer, handled all the cosmetics and the machine was restored in its correct 1912 livery complete with flashy orange paint and delicate black pin-striping. The repop Coker 28X2.5/2 tires are correct in their natural rubber color.

The entire machine is quite narrow with the motor measuring less than six inches wide at the crankcases. The widest part of the machine, disregarding the pull-back handlebars, is the seat. The "inlet over exhaust"--or IOE configuration--uses atmospheric intake valves while the exhaust valves are pushrod operated. A Bosch magneto mounted on the crankcase front handles the electrics. The Eclipse mechanical clutch is operated by a gated-lever mounted on the left side of the machine and has nearly a dozen detents between full-engagement and full-release.

The Flying Merkel owed much of its popular success (and its high price) to its high-tech motor. The big V-twin used ball-bearings on connecting-rod big-ends and on main bearings, rather than the bronze bushes that were common on most machines of the era. Flying Merckels also offered a primitive but automatic variable-supply lubrication system that was controlled by the throttle position. This nearly eliminated the need for a rider to periodically pump a "total-loss" system although provisions for an occasional "assist" were provided for use during spirited engine speeds or a heavy climb.

The operation of machines from this era requires a different set of rules. The drill is as follows: set the bike on its rear-wheel stand and fill the crankcase with the required amount of oil using the provided glass



syringe. Retard the ignition and engage the clutch. Set the throttle and choke/prime the carburetor. Raise both exhaust valves with the bar end de-compressor latch. Pedal until the motor chuffs into life, then drop the exhaust valve latch allowing full compression. Throw out the clutch to release the rear wheel and belt. Adjust the ignition advance and throttle position as needed while the motor warms. Adjust the automatic oiler for appropriate setting and check for the correct exhaust color denoting proper oiling. Clip up the rear stand. Mount the machine and begin to pedal away while feeding in some clutch. The clutch detents allow the clutch friction to be modulated while both hands are busy adjusting the left grip for magneto advance and the right grip for throttle position. Continue to adjust throttle and timing while gradually clicking the clutch through the detents until full lock-up is achieved.

Knowledgeable collectors say these machines could run at 60mph at full-chat. Slow speed running is a bit more problematic and requires attention to both carefully retarded timing and appropriate use of the valve-lifter. A careful eye on the exhaust color and a well-schooled ear is necessary to provide adequate power and a smooth-running, no-knock engine.

The geometry of the cradle frame shows the bicycle heritage of the Merkel line, as do the pedals, handlebars, and the coaster-style rear brake. The front down-tube on the frame employs a gooseneck bend to incorporate the slim crankcase. The elegant forward sweep of the front fork assembly plus the low slung fuel/oil tank make the bike appear fast even while sitting still. As a design form, the Merkel is as pretty as any machine of any era.

To have owned and ridden this bright orange motorcycle in 1912 would have been a treat that we can only imagine. The Coolest Kid in Town? I think so.

**Reprinted from "American Iron" July, '01 ©Joe Michaud 2001
photo is a Polaroid-proof from photo session ©Tim Stahl 2001**

Ride stuff...photos...reports...all the good stuff.

You'll not know, if ya don't go...



The Kiwanas Club graciously asked us if we would be in their 4th of July parade. If they only knew! The day was quite warm and humid, but there was cloud cover and a fair breeze. It was held in the Horizon Hills neighborhood of Alpine so it didn't have a thronging crowd, but the neighbors were out on the porch smiling and waving as we passed by.

Afterward we were treated to a BBQ; classic hamburgers and hotdogs were served as well as liquid refreshments. A fun day was had by all especially me as the 23 Indian took it's first "sorted out" voyage which is a tale in itself.

downtown Alpine proper on September 29th, so that gives you plenty of time to polish up that scooter and join us!

kevin sisterson

There will be a Viejas Days parade in

Saturday, July 8 was the Balboa Art Museum ride to see the poster art from The Summer Of Love. Smell the pachouli? You betcha.

We met at Starbucks on Scripps Poway Parkway and wandered back to Balboa Park in time for the 10am opening.

A good time was had by all with a greasy lunch at The Waterfront. A nice hooligan ride. Where were YOU?

joe michaud



Up and Coming Events—Pay Attention To Or Be Left Behind.

- ◆ Next member meeting will feature a pot-luck dinner on August 12th starting at 6:30pm. Contact Donna Mulrean at (619) 443-9169. <email at jmulrean@home.com> Come eat with us...we're a fun group.
- ◆ DON'T MISS the "T-shirt & Poker Ride" on July 29th. See enclosed flier and be sure to RSVP to John/Donna at (619) 443-9169 <email at jmulrean@home.com> so they can plan the food. Shirts are \$20, lunch is \$8 and a 50/50 poker hand is \$10.
- ◆ The Del Mar Vintage Mile needs track workers. On October 6. Call John Mulrean at,,,well, you get the idea and the phone number/email, right? Anyway, see bikes go by your head at 100mph..whoohoo!



San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club

New Member or Membership Renewal Form

Purpose of Club

The San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club, Incorporated is a non-profit mutual benefit corporation organized and dedicated to the preservation, restoration and enjoyment 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,

NAME: _____ SPOUSE: _____

ADDRESS: _____ CITY _____ ST. _____ ZIP _____

PHONE (ac) _____ - _____ - _____ WORK: (ac) _____ - _____ - _____ May we call you at work? Yes / No

E-MAIL ADDRESS _____ FAX # ac _____ - _____ - _____

Circle each that you want published in our club directory: Address, Phone number, e-mail address.

Motorcycles owned:

Use back of sheet to list any other motorcycles

MAKE _____	YEAR _____	MODEL _____	C.C.'S _____	CONDITION _____
MAKE _____	YEAR _____	MODEL _____	C.C.'S _____	CONDITION _____
MAKE _____	YEAR _____	MODEL _____	C.C.'S _____	CONDITION _____
MAKE _____	YEAR _____	MODEL _____	C.C.'S _____	CONDITION _____

Do you consider yourself to be an expert on any bike, and wish to have others referred to you for assistance? Make _____ Model _____

THE SAN DIEGO ANTIQUE MOTORCYCLE CLUB, INCORPORATED REQUIRES PUBLIC LIABILITY INSURANCE ON ALL MOTORCYCLES AND OTHER VEHICLES OPERATED BY MEMBERS AND GUESTS ON ANY CLUB SPONSORED RIDE, EVENT OR FUNCTION.

Do you carry public liability insurance? Yes _____ No _____

NOTE: - THIS IS A RELEASE OF LIABILITY. DO NOT SIGN IT UNLESS YOU HAVE READ AND UNDERSTAND IT. If you do not understand it, you should seek competent legal counsel to advise you.

The SAN DIEGO ANTIQUE MOTORCYCLE CLUB, INCORPORATED, 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, and 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 that this means I agree not to sue SDAMC, Inc, its board of directors and members for any injury resulting to myself or my property in connection with any SDAMC, Inc. meeting, activity and/or event.

Applicant's Signature: _____ Date: _____

NOTE: Any person applying for membership between May 31st and Dec 1st will be responsible for 50% (\$12.50) for the remainder of the membership year. Membership year runs from January 1st through December 31st. Any member not renewing membership between Dec 1st. and Jan 31st. will be dropped from membership as of Feb 1st.

MAIL TO:
SDAMC/San Diego Automotive Museum
2080 Pan American Plaza
San Diego, CA 92101

Please fill in the complete application including phone numbers and appropriate email addresses if applicable since we sometimes forward information via email or phone. For information on joining our email discussion list, email sdamc@fda.net

