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

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New Norton?

From the Kenny Dreer Int'l web site: *"Due to the limited marketing appeal of the current 952 Commando project, we are discontinuing this model and announcing a joint venture with Yamaha Motors and Orange County Choppers to produce a thoroughly modern Norton with mass-appeal. Yamaha Motors will be providing their "V-Max" motor for reliable high-output power, and Mikey Teutul from Orange County Choppers will be heading the design team. This winning combination will begin work on April 1st, 2004."*

Remember, you read it here first!

-Will Speer



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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

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

Leaving Las Vegas (But Not Empty-Handed) The Midamerica Auction, 2004 By Mike Boyle

Las Vegas, Nevada. The most unlikely place for a city you could find. A place where everyone's a big shot, and we're all winners. New York, Paris, Venice, even ancient Egypt. are right up the street. Disneyland has nothing on this place. But not this trip. This time we're here for what is billed as the largest vintage motorcycle auction in the world. Hey, if you're gonna do it in Vegas, it's got to be on a grand scale, right? And it is. This event is put on by Midamerica Auctions out of St. Paul, MN and it's their premiere event of the year, featuring over 400 bikes ranging from rarefied to ratty, plus a bit of memorabilia, toys, vintage equipment, you name it. Picture a motorcycle made of wicker, and an enormous cast bronze Ferrari prancing horse. Like I said, this is Vegas, folks.

The event starts with a charity dinner and 50-bike auction on Thursday evening and ends with bike pick up on Sunday morning. Roger and I headed out Thursday morning after the rush hour traffic. (I love the directions for this trip: go to the end of the street and enter I-15 at Adams. Exit on Tropicana and turn right into the lot. Kyuk.) Now, for a guy who already has too many bikes and too many projects, the smart thing to do would have been to ride to Vegas, or at least we could have taken the sports car, which maybe has room for your lunch. But noooooooo, we pile into the truck, and throw the ramp in the back. What can I say, you wouldn't go into an ice-cream store without a spoon, right? It figured to be an easy ride until we wound up in a massive traffic jam at the Cajon Summit caused by a big wreck not more than a minute ahead of us. We all milled around on the freeway for over an hour; we found out later that, unfortunately, there had been a fatality, hence the road closure.

Eventually we rolled into the Tropicana about 3:00 and checked into the Island Tower where all the gearheads were being housed, and on the ground floor of which the auction was to be held. Must have charmed the check-in lady, because she gave us a corner mini-suite way up with a panoramic view of most of the known world, all for the event rate of 59 bucks a night. Hot damn, life is good now. After ditching our stuff in the room, we took the elevator down to the convention center level to check in and see what there was to see. I hadn't been to this event before and although I pretty much knew what to expect, walking through those doors into the hall was like one of those movie scenes where our hero enters the enchanted realm – music plays and the video goes from gray to vivid colors. Four hundred mostly gorgeous and desirable motorcycles, and all lined

up in rows beckoning you to take them home. Whew, I think I need a beer. No problem - the bar is all set up right there. Naturally, they make it really easy to check in and register as a bidder, it's free with a deposit of 500 bucks, fully refundable if you don't buy anything. He-HeHe. Plus, if you don't register as a bidder you'd have to pay admission every day. So I do it, and we get our little bidder badge and our "VIP" passes and become Official Vegas Big Shots. Then we spend the next three hours oohing and aahing and ogling the bikes. The diversity of the offerings is pretty wild, as you might expect, and I'm surprised at how many are in near-concours condition. There's plenty of daily drivers, too, but few rat-bikes. Nobody wants to pay the consignment fee for a bike that won't bring much. If checking out bikes is your idea of fun, it's hard to beat this, and we reluctantly leave around 6:00 to go find dinner.



The Tropicana is one of the Grand Old Ladies of Vegas, and although there is some sense of faded glory, it's just as interesting in its own way as the Plastic Palaces that now line the Strip. Lots of old photos of the famous and glamorous line the main hallways, although they are now commented on as much for the neat old cars in the photos as for the forgotten stars. Sic transit gloria mundi. The casino areas, the simple gardens, and the pools outside, all speak to an earlier time and another generation. But to our surprise, the restaurants are pretty good. As it turned out, we never left the hotel for meals and were never disappointed.

After dinner Thursday night we dropped back by the auction hall and caught the tail end of the charity benefit auction. About fifty bikes were auctioned off that evening, with some specified amount benefiting a local charity. I didn't have designs on any of the bikes in that group so we just observed the drill. At the conclusion we noticed people attaching their bidder numbers to the chairs in the auction seating area, then stood around until the hall had mostly cleared, and helped the staff setting up chairs in the front where the dinner tables had been. Voila! Our bidder number attached to second-row center

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ROCK STORE RIDE

By
Jon Saltz

It all began very early (for most normal folks, that is) one January morning. Scott Hay showed up at my house so we could load our bikes and head to the smoggy land to the north (Los Angeles) for the Southern California Norton Club's annual ride to the Rock Store.

We loaded my red 1974 Norton Commando and Scott's black 1967 BSA A65 with minimal incident and set out for Café 50s in Santa Monica. This ride was destined to be special as it was going to be filmed for an upcoming TV series hosted by Steve Natt on the Fine Living Network called "Life in the Fast Lane" (look for it sometime in April).



Bennett is ready to ROCK at a moments notice

We were pushing it to make the 10:00 AM meeting time but we were determined not to miss it. All was well in our little world. After all, who was cooler than us with two beautiful vintage bikes on the trailer? Everything seemed fine until we noticed the front wheels had shaken loose so we were forced to pull over at about 9:30 AM just south of Santa Monica to make sure we weren't going to lose our prized possessions. We weren't exactly sure how far we were from our destination and we were a little worried that we wouldn't make it in time, but we secured the bikes and got back on the freeway. We finally made it to the Santa Monica Blvd exit a few minutes before 10:00 AM. We exited the freeway with anticipation of the bikes we were going to see and the people we were going to meet.

We weren't prepared for the sight we were about to see upon our arrival to Café 50s! There seemed to be 60 bikes lined up in front of the café

ranging from Nortons to BMWs to Triumphs to Vincents! There were too many beautiful machines to count! There was excitement in the air as we saw the camera crew was interviewing the Southern California Norton Club president Bill Bibbiani. Since we had just made it before the departure time, we didn't have much time to drool over the bikes. Before we knew it there was a thunderous sound as some 60 or so bikes fired up. What could be cooler than a pack of hooligans astride vintage iron rumbling our way through Santa Monica as we headed for the Coast Highway? It was really hard keeping the group together but Scott and I were determined not to get separated from the group since we had no idea where we were going.

We made our way up the Coast Highway to a

place called Neptune's where we stopped for some tire kicking and more TV show interviewing. I finally got to drool over the most beautifully restored Ducati GT750 I've ever seen (sorry Chris and Bob). Since we were told to wear our best rocker regalia we were all gussied up in our vintage style riding gear including Davida helmets. Apparently it paid off because as we waited for the next leg of our journey the film

crew asked if Scott and I would mind if they filmed us getting our bikes ready! How could we say no?

Both of our bikes fired up first kick (I guess Joe's Commando was on the fritz that day) and I was feeling pretty good about myself and my first-kick Norton; then my bike started cutting out! I wasn't sure what was happening but I was feeling a bit embarrassed for obvious reasons. Then it came to me; turn on the gas you knucklehead! That cured the problem and away we went to the Rock Store.

We had a chance to ride through some beautiful LA backcountry roads. I know, "beautiful LA" sounds like any oxymoron, but it was truly spectacular! We went out Mullholland Dr. from the coast until we hit the Rock Store. There were at least a hundred bikes at this famous biker hang-out. It seemed like "American Choppers" were sur-

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rounding us, but we didn't let that get to us as we felt a bit superior on our Brit bikes.

I wish I could recall the exact route we took back to Café 50s but my knowledge of Los Angeles roads is sketchy to say the least. There were only five or so bikes on the journey back and our little group was led by Steve Natt himself. We headed east on Mullholland and then found Piuma Road (I think) which somehow led us back to the coast highway. From there, we made the trip back to Café 50s. We loaded our bikes back in the truck and headed for home filled with some great memories of a fun day on two wheels.



"Umm, did Rockers really ride BMW's 'back in the day'?"
Lined up outside Café 50's.

Rattazzi's Rad Ride

By Bob Rattazzi



The first bike I ever built (in '72 ...I was 19) was a 1970 Honda 450. Built? You bet. With nothing much more than a few wrenches and a spare room in a house (shanty) on an 800 acre cow farm in rural Florida that I got as part of my pay for working there, no advise and no help, I put it in an "AMEN" (American Motorcycle Engineering) rigid frame with a 16" rear wheel (laced and "Trued" by me), "Z" bars, sporty tank and flat fender (Cadillac Firemist Midnight Blue), twin rectangle headlites, 3 ft sissy bar, and 12 over forks (the frame had a lot of rake). That bike was PIMP baby. The forward controls included a conversion (by me) to a suicide foot clutch and jockey shift. Above is a picture to prove the existence of this bike, although the picture could never answer the question...WHY ?

Not all customs are Harleys. Thank god for that. I thought that little 450 was the equal to any Brit chopper of the era. I was damn proud of it.

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seats for the duration of the event. (It probably would have been smarter to sit way in the back where no one could see me if I tried to bid.)

After Friday breakfast we were back in the hall for more tire kicking in plenty of time for the 11:00 start of the auction. After the obligatory memorabilia, toys, vintage equipment, gimcracks and geegaw, the bike auction got underway in earnest shortly before noon with a serviceable BMW R75/5 bringing \$2700, followed by a weird Russian two-stroke 350 from the 70's that somebody took home for \$1400. By design I'm sure, the bikes were interspersed in no particular order, although there were groups of similar bikes. There might be 8 or 10 Harleys in a row, or a pack of 5-6 Bonnies. And speaking of Bonneville's, this was nirvana for aficionados of the breed. The T120's were everywhere, lots of them. And bringing real money for the most-collectible 63-70 models in concours condition. A nice '63 sold for \$11,500, a '66 went for \$11,000, and a '70 T120RT was a no-sale at \$11,500. Later, a couple of really fine Bill Hoard restorations, a '67 and a '69, went to new homes for \$12k and \$11k each. But there were plenty of not-quite-so-perfect Bonnies selling for less than half of that, as well. And the later, post-70 models were mostly going for cheap by comparison.

I had brought with me a printout (from the website) of the bikes for sale and the preliminary order of sale. Turns out I didn't need to, since they had programs available both days with the bikes, descriptions, and order of sale. There were the usual additions, deletions, and changes, but nothing that really affected my little secret, private list of bikes that I lusted after, most of which were on Saturday's schedule, not today's. So we settled in to watch the spectacle. All the bikes were freely available for inspection before, during and after sale. Serious bidders occasionally did just that, bonding with a bike right on the auction block while deciding whether or not to raise another bid. Most bikes did in fact sell; I think the no-sale rate was something less than 15 percent. Many bikes other than the high-dollar investor stuff were sold with no reserve. And many of the "did not meet reserve" bikes were later sold from the no-sale area reserved for that purpose. The auctioneers (there were several of them, replacing each other at intervals) did a good job and provided a level of entertainment over and above the bikes themselves.

I love auctions, just for the sheer fun and excitement of them, and this was a good one, with no trouble following the action. You wouldn't think you could sit and watch this stuff for hours without getting bored with it, but for me the hours slipped by unnoticed. Nice Honda CB750s selling for 2-3 grand. An ancient Indian single brings \$37,500. Nice Commandos changed hands for around \$5,000. A 50's Ducati 250 with dustbin fairing has a new owner who's \$8500 poorer. There's a '63 Harley Hummer, it was almost tempting to bid on it just

to be able to say "I went to Vegas and got....." Nah. Not for \$1950. Five, count 'em, restored '63 Vespa 150's. They brought around \$3000 a pop. A Vincent Comet brought an astounding 30 large. For the single! But for only \$1100, you could have ridden off on a decent Bultaco Sherpa. Or a Guzzi V-7 Sport for \$7300.

The Friday action was pretty much over by 5:30 or so and we went back upstairs to get dressed for dinner, and a show we had previously booked. We walked over to New York, New York and saw "Zumanity" by Cirque du Soleil. We had previously seen their "O" show and it was spectacular. This one was a disappointment. The show seemed so obsessed with being risqué that it forgot to be entertaining. Some shining moments but mostly tedious. My advice is to save your money (and it's not a cheap ticket).

Saturday dawned quite cool in the desert, as it had been since we arrived. Or maybe I just had goose pimples from anticipation, I dunno. I have to confess to being antsy at breakfast and looking at my watch every five minutes. The auction on Saturday was a 9:00 start, to whenever the last bike sells. By the start of the bidding I had revisited the bikes on my personal "short list" several more times and had some idea of what I'd be willing to give for them. I met a lot of good people at this show, it was a very collegial atmosphere and very easy to get answers to any questions. I was able to talk extensively to the owners of three bikes on my "really, really short" list before they went up on the block.

More interesting offerings as the Saturday action got going. A '68 BSA Shooting Star (street Victor) for \$4900 in concours shape. A nice little Lambretta, a '58 125, for \$1700. Couple of Commandos for \$2300 and \$4300. A Wards-Benelli 125 in new-but-shelfworn condition earned \$2200 for the seller. A '59 Triumph T100 Delta-head 500 sells for the princely sum of \$14,500.

By 10:30 the moment of truth was fast approaching for the bike that I had fallen in love with since I saw it on the initial promotional mailer weeks ago. And nothing I had seen or learned since arriving had taken the bloom off this rose. Lot number 327, a 1968 BSA A65S Spitfire Mark IV, restored to concours condition by John Searock, who, I learned, is a restorer well-known to this auction crowd for the quality of his restorations and the prices they bring. From the comments I'd heard from BSA guys at the show, I was fairly sure that this would get out of my price range so I seemed to be safe. OK. Here we go. Yet another Bonnie rolls off, a T140E, and then there it is, "my" Spitfire. I watch as the high-school boys roll it up the ramp onto the block, and listen as the auctioneer starts his spiel. The rest is a bit of a blur; I jumped in after the bidding had been going for a bit, and the auctioneer hollered "New Bidder!!!"; next thing I recall he was pointing at me and yelling "SOLD!!!! Bidder number 489". Then the guy with the clipboard comes around with the little chit, which of course you

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A Tale of Two Sparks: a Bonnie and a Smart Ass

By
Ron Hallam

At a time past, after I retired from slaving for someone else, I decided I wanted my Triumph back (1948 5T). Not finding the bike I wanted, I settled for a '72 Bonnie. Although in good shape, the engine was somewhat hesitant and rough running. Delving into my 50+ year bike memory, I started a routine check, all the usual stuff. Soon I found the points had near zero gap, in good shape, but badly adjusted. After re-setting and re-timing I got a much improved performance out of the engine.

Discussing my problems at the WF, several of you suggested I come up to modern times and install the Boyer ignition system. That was eventually done according to the enclosed instructions, and with new plugs and wires, I got a good performance and assumed my timing problems were over.

Not So!! I had intermittent problems of losing one lung, terminating in my last ride before I moved to Pahrump, when I turned back and just made it home. The symptoms were similar to a fuel flow problem such as a vapor lock after the engine was run for 20 minutes or so. After stripping the fuel system, cleaning and re-plumbing, I found no improvement. Gene suggested a bad coil, which, since the coils were under the seat and probably susceptible to heating up, sounded reasonable. I tried two coils from my buddy's bike (he has an old Thunderbird), no luck. I was now getting withdrawal symptoms from lack of riding, so I went out and purchased a '99 Sportster, with the result that the Bonnie problem was shelved for about a year while I thought about it.

The advent of the new Rocket III re-kindled my Triumph enthusiasm and set me on the quest to get one at all costs. This led me to call Rocket Cycles of SD for info. During the conversation I mentioned my Bonnie woes to them. Immediately he asked if I used the same coils, which I confirmed. "That's your problem" he said "you have now twice the coil resistance and you were lucky to get any spark at all, use two 6volt coils instead." I got out my Brit Cycle parts book (which I used to buy my Boyer ignition kit), and realized that I had not read all about the electronic system. There is a whole page of discussion about the system, which explains the coil requirements. Quote:

"Boyer electronic ignition kits work best with less than six ohms total resistance on the primary side of the coils. Since the coils are wired in series, the resistance is the total of all the resistance in all the ignition coils of the system. Stock 12 volt coils have 3.5ohms of resistance each, so a twin cylinder bike with two coils has a total resistance of 7ohms, a three cylinder has 10.5 ohms, both more than the limit of the Boyer kits. The modification is to install 6volt coils with a resistance of 1.7 ohms giving a total of 3.4 ohms and 5.1ohms respectively, both of which fall within the allowable impedance range. Single cylinder bikes only have one coil (3.5ohms) and do not require a new coil. Later Norton Commandos have six volt coils with a ballast resistor, so the coils are kept and the ballast removed. Every kit is supplied with complete instructions and a trouble-shooting guide."

Guess who realized he was a smart ass and knew all about Triumphs and didn't read all the literature? Looking further in the catalogue I found a 332-12/a DUAL LEAD COIL (50\$) 30,000+ volts for use with electronic ignition kits. Lesson learned! I sent for one.

Does anyone want a '99 883 red Sportster? I'll be selling it when the new Rocket III comes out.



Fettling the GT750

By
Kevin Sisterson

The darn thing just didn't run right, and there was no two stroke oil in the tank. This did not look good. The 1975 Suzuki GT750 is a very smooth, powerful motor when it is dialed in, and as two strokes go when there is no two stroke oil, shit happens. Denial sets in and the oil tank is filled, pump purged of air and a little oil added to the gas for initial startup. It's gonna be all right. Hit the starter and the familiar poppety pop pop sets in. Out on the street zooooom, zoom, zoooooom, but a little anemic. What is it about the fact that the thing runs out of oil and I think that there was no damage done? Why do we insist that the magic will happen to us and we can just go on and everything will be fine? The brakes are squealing, so I'll just put a glob of grease on the disc? Sure the squeak will stop but the brake still needs repair. If I can just get a few more miles out of it, the next repair will be that many more miles further. Sound familiar? No? Then your not a cheap bastard like me.

The compression gauge is applied to a nice warm motor and the three cylinder bike reads 210, 70, 195, nowhere near the normal range. Still denial, the throttle wasn't opened all the way, test again; same exact results and there is something terribly wrong.

What do I find when the head is removed (besides a puddle of coolant and a ton of carbon): One cracked piston from wrist pin to wrist pin right across the crown. Why the piston held together is beyond me. Crank seals are dried, cracked and flaking apart at the crank journals. There's gearbox oil in each bottom end, sucked through bad seals and keeping just enough oil so as not to seize the crank. This is a miracle itself, but not enough to save anything else.

There are two projects in the pipeline already, but a bike that ran yesterday should be fixed before a ground up project is resumed. The reliable GT750 has had no real problems for ten years, and it needs to be roadworthy again.

The devils swap meet (ebay) has a used motor for \$75 and \$75 shipping gets me a parts motor. The transmission was getting sloppy, and I

was sure I could use a few extra bits. When I opened the crate and checked the compression cold it was 115,115,115?, Test again still the same. Why on earth did this motor come out of the bike? The motor goes in the frame and everything is hooked up, motor started and the clutch is seized solid. No amount of rolling in gear or rocking back and forth will free it. The clutch cover is removed and clutch disassembled. Seems that a few plates are stuck together and are quickly replaced with some handy replacements. Fill with oil and back to the starting gate. Snick into gear and down the driveway, but something doesn't feel right, no shifter return spring. Back on the workstand and remove the clutch again to see if the spring is broken, or just popped out; the latter and back together again.

Click the key into the On position and push the starter button, and gasoline is dripping all over the place forming a fire hazard between my legs and beneath the bike. Hmmm, do I expect the miracle? No. The machine is turned off and the new petcock is inspected. The vacuum operated petcock



is not up to par and is cleaned out, the screens in the tank are effective for Foreign objects and debris, but not the silty stuff. When the assembly is finally back together there are no drips, but a float bowl kit is in the future. Finally the test ride; Key, button, purrrrrr, snick into gear. Vroom up the driveway and down the little dirt road. Man this thing moves and will spit dirt all over the place. A little throttle and it's sideways here and there and I'm at the highway. Next time I'll go out, but for now I have only a gallon of gas so I'd better just cut this one short, go back to the garage and see what else needs attending to.

A Saturday morning trip to the Waterfront is in order. A full tank of gas and a crisp cool February morning greets me with no traffic. I pull out onto the highway and gas it. A bit of burbling and then it's smooth power. In my rear view mirror is a poor soul in a van who disappears into a cloud of two-stroke smoke. And I mean disappear; the smoke trail behind me is on par with what you would see from a sky writer. It was running too

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good for the crank seals to be sucking oil, so there must have been a lot of oil built up in the lower end. Suzuki developed a system called SRIS, or Suzuki Injection Recirculation System to alleviate fuel and oil from “loading up” the bottom end. There is a check valve in the bottom of the crankcase for each cylinder. If there is any gas/oil left in the lower end it is pumped into the transfer port of the adjacent cylinder to be consumed.

After ten minutes of whacking the throttle open on the straights and hills, finally the smoke begins to subside. But I tell you, it was thick; a fixit ticket for sure. The morning air was still and the lane was clogged with smoke from the immigration checkpoint up the long hill to Rancho Jamul. Looking over my shoulder it began to subside from the right, then center and left, just the way the SRIS tubes are routed. On my way back from the Waterfront I’m met with a line of traffic near rancho Jamul, and pulling up behind me is a ZX6 and a Mighty Morphin Power ranger. I leap-frog the traffic past the checkpoint and zip through the twisties, Mr Power Ranger is not too far behind me, but I can see him shaking his head and trying to see what the hell I’m riding. On the straights he gains then falls way back in the twisties. We do battle past the Dulzura café and the few twisties thereafter. I can’t believe that he hasn’t passed me. Finally at the passing lane we have a bit of a drag race and he immediately out-powers me, but gives me a loong look. He must have been a Junior Power Ranger cause if he were Paul Lima I’d have been dust in his wake along time ago.

Ok now it runs fine, but what about the matching frame and engine numbers I used to have? The sorry motor begins it’s resurrection, complete disassembly including crank bearings and seals. There seems to be an almost full set of spares for this motor in different boxes in the garage collected from years of scrounging. Do I port the cylinders?. Does the head get skimmed and the block decked? Will it be faster?.... I hope so, but not because I greased something.



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must sign Oh-So-Casually as if you were picking up your shirt at the cleaners (at least that’s what I observed, and as they say, when in Rome.....). Oddly, (ominously?) with the exception of hourly trips to go look at the new bike again, we were still quite engaged with the ongoing sales; if anything, this day was even more interesting than yesterday. Maybe the taste of blood?

Here’s an old Mustang from the 60’s, remember those? Nice, and it brings \$3800. An original “56 Speed Twin fetches \$4300. A Rapide with non-matching numbers is a no-sale at \$19k. Now they put up for sale the custom creations of Acme Rocket Bike, one of the show sponsors. One is based on a Ducati, the other on a Yamaha R1. They’re bid up near 50 grand, bur neither sells. Lots of vintage Harley big twins get around 15 to 25K depending. A restored Norton Manx from 1939 brings \$14,250, while a “49 gets \$15,000. Kenny Roberts TZ750 practice bike sells for 18 big ones. There’s some “celebrity” bikes around (Paul McCartney, Harrison Ford, Keanu Reeves, even the Governor’s Indian) but nobody seems to want to pay much extra for the provenance. With the exception of the Steve McQueen bikes - those get some action. Craig Vetter is on hand to verify the authenticity of the Hurricane and the Mystery Ship, and he gets a nice hand. The really pretty Commando MkIII that I had my eye on is a no-sale at 7100 bucks. The Vincent Black Shadow brings \$44,000.

Then, towards the end of the day, there is one more bridge to cross. The XLCR. Actually, there were three of them in the auction. A slightly ratty ’78. Another ’78, in better shape but not correct. And this one. This one is “The Nice One”. It’s a ’77, original and complete, a strong runner, and correct. Has 7k on the clock, and it’s right. Always lusted after one of these, but of course it’s too late, I’ve already bought the BSA., right? It’s getting late in the afternoon, the lot numbers went from 100 to 500 and we’re on Lot 460. Hmmm. I watch as they roll the sleek black Harley up the ramp. Hmmm.uh-oh, here’s that guy with the little chit to sign again.

Soon enough, the podium is quiet, and we’re in the check-out tent. Looks like I won’t be needing that deposit back after all. Imagine that. Then the decision is made to put the XLCR in the back of the truck, and send the Beezer back to San Diego with the bike shippers. All is arranged, and we leave the now-quiet hall to contemplate our day over a fine Italian dinner. Sunday dawns cool and windy, just as it was on Thursday when we arrived. We have breakfast and head down to the auction hall to retrieve and load the Harley. There’s quite a bit of activity, and maybe for some a sober morning-after feeling. But not for us. It’s been quite a weekend, these are a couple of classy rides, and we wonder if we’ll be able to get the same room next year.



SDAMC Rides, Reminders & Upcoming Events

March (no date set) - Tiddler Ride, This will be a Sunday ride that will begin at North County M/C Salvage (Scott Brown), stay tuned for details.

April 24th - Annual Borrego Ride, Come terrorize the locals with the SDAMC wrecking crew, but please, swimsuits are NOT optional!

May (no date set) - Elfin Forest Oldies Ride, Elves like old bikes too, break out the vintage iron and drip oil all over North County with us! Details to follow.

June 5th - Car Club Show, On the lawn in Balboa Park

June 27th - Annual SDAMC T-shirt ride, The BIG one, the ride of the year. Anybody who's anybody in the S.D. vintage bike scene will be there. It's even been rumored that the elusive Mr. Lima has been seen at this event. You have plenty of time to get your vintage iron ready for this one so you have no excuse! Temps will be lower as we've scheduled this earlier in the year, so Jon won't have to worry about which jacket to wear!

July 25th - Boot Hill Ride, Dennis Reamer for Details, contact Dennis with pictures, stories, etc. of those who have passed before us.

August (no date yet) - 2nd Annual Garage Crawl, Last year was quite an eye opener, we saw that a former Engineer amongst us had his fasteners alphabetized and catalogued, we saw an Alladin's Cave of vintage Japanese bikes, and we saw my Triumph going home in the back of a pick-up truck! We'll, my Bonnie is back, baby, and this time it's personal! Look out, cuz we're headed for the garages of North County.

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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**

