



The Herald

Contents

- ◆ **Memoirs of a Toaster Twin**
Nina Pacelli Page 1
- ◆ **Tower Run Story**
Mutt Page 3
- ◆ **My First Bike Restoration**
Jon Saltz Page 6
- ◆ **Motos in the Park Application ...** Page 11
- ◆ **Rides, Reminders, Events & Want Ads** Page 12

Memoirs of a Toaster Twin

Never Let the Truth
Get in the Way Of a Good Story

© Nina Pacelli

The last time I remember being this cold, and wet, was on the ride back from the Truck Museum in February of '05, but this was a different time, it was New Year's Eve.

Scott Avenell and I decided to ride out to Agua Caliente, in the Southern Anza Borrego not too far from Ocotillo, for the Airhead Beemer Club's 10th Annual First Chance/Last Chance Rendezvous. Scott was going to camp out with the rest of the club and I was to ride home later on that day.

I couldn't think of a better place to be, considering that it was cold and cloudy everywhere else in the county. The sun was shining in the desert and people looked friendly as we rolled into camp.

I felt this great big grin come over my face as I spied all the BMW's parked every which way. Aaaaah! What a feeling of validation. So this is what it feels like for the Brit Iron riders when they gather for a rally.

(Continued on page 4)

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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.

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

Tower Run Story

© Mutt

You had to listen closely.....very closely. Its was faint, & buried beneath a rich layer of other sounds, but it was there.....history.

If you cocked your head just so, you could hear, under the pops of knee joints, the creaky groans of aged skeletons, the wheezy rasp of lungs long gone to leather, yes, there it is! the sewing machine sibilance of solid lifters, the burbling deepness of idling throwbacks, the ka-CHUMPF- of briskly Wellingtoned commencing levers: yes! Motor-Cycles! PROPER motorcycles, of a kind now sadly thin upon the ground. Once again, the Antiques Who Own Motorcycles Club was on a RUN!

Meeting, as is their wont, in an utterly unsuitable breakfast joint, the dodgy codgers- and their forever young Smarter Halves- made Roundez-vous . Destination- the Desert Tower. Many a county road mile before a proper drink.....



At the appointed time, the machines rumbled, blatted, snorted, & squeaked into life, the raffish pack of intrepid fettlers suffered no failures at this crucial juncture. In an (erratic) heartbeat, we were off, thundering East, ever East, on the twisty delights of Rt 94 soon to be overtaken by a nattering hive of Squids.....now I personally, encourage such sorts to remove themselves from the gene pool, but damned if I like being included in the drama. A lot of sturdy old paladins of the pavement heaved a "bloody glad that lots gone" sigh of relief as they blew thru our formation.....

As is always the case in these events, the pack broke into several discrete groups according to class of machines & desire for derring-do. This Correspondent rued trying to keep up in the front third, rasping the kickstand on left handers, & discovering that perhaps the swingarm bush might want the slack taken up a bit: got a tad squirrelly powering on hard coming out of corners, but then I shouldnt be trying to keep up with proper sporting machines on a FX Shovelhead, anyway.....once again, Im reminded I own a proper cafe bike, & think old Lasher should be made road worthy.....

As far as I know- and, after a bit, I bought up the rear, so i should- there was no mechanical misadventure, which is what I expect from people who are, by and large, not motorcycle owners, but motor-cyclists, and able mechanics, if only to the level of proper preventive maintenance. Thats most of the deal right there, anyway.

Ive passed the Tower numerous times, but never stopped it seems to be as good a place to ride to as any (any without a cocktail in wait, that is) and all hands turned to admire bikes, the view, the great weather, the warming effects of strong sun upon brow and back.....



Dry and dusty work, this, and before long needs of Body overcame the more spiritual sustenance offered by Place, and with a great din of engines & hurrahs, we repaired to the Jacumba Springs Spa. A perfect setting, that. And that genial Publicans vittles was far more substantial than his chairs.....

Alas, it all came to an end too soon....by ones & threes, stirring mechanical music was made, to skirl off into the distance, like flat stones skipping ever further across still waters.....our own trip home followed Old Rte 80.....OLD Rte 80.....the perfect match for old bikes, and old friends, out for a good old time.....



Photos © Mutt and Jim Weseman

(Continued from page 1)

Scott and I rode into camp, Toaster Twins, Matching Motos! Before too long, people with drinks in their hand were coming over to greet us and offer different size rocks to shim up our kickstands. We dismounted and perused the area, torn between the desire to check out the bikes and the need to find a campsite for Scott. We fell into good conversations with many interesting people before deciding to look for a campsite. My Twin and I searched high and low for a place that would be level. There was the ever present danger of waking up with one's knees in one's chest while one's butt was pressed up against the tent door. Scott did manage to find a place that suited him so we pitched the tent and he unloaded the gear from his bike to the tent. We then cruised over to the dining area to see what was cooking. We found a man in a kilt cooking pizzas on a BBQ. This seemed perfectly normal to me since I had grown up amongst hippies and an attitude of anything goes. Scott picked up his pizza and I ate the avocado sandwich I had packed for myself before leaving San Diego.

After eating, we decided that a hike was in order and headed out of camp. Someone mentioned that there was a 1 ½ mile trail up the road so we went looking for it. I kept my eyes peeled for any kind of snake or ground creature to admire but unfortunately saw none. We did run across some small children though, which were amusing.

When we got back into camp, we noticed B. Jan, the editor of Airmail—the Airheads newsletter— rousting the owners of the /5's for a line-up photo. It was the opinion of many that this was a rare moment in time. No one could remember ever seeing so many /5s in one place at the same time.

I noticed it was 2:30pm. Thirty minutes past the time I had planned to leave. I was quietly panicking about getting on the road since the dark clouds I saw coming over the mountains looked like they were holding water. The weather forecast was for a mean storm, which hadn't materialized yet. I had experienced strong winds that blew me around like a feather on the ride there and I felt I knew what was in store on the ride home. I kept looking at my watch as we moved our bikes into the line up. First Scott and then me. Four of the bikes were Toasters. What a sight to behold. All those beautiful black beauties with sparkling chrome tanks, and except for one painted magenta! That one belonged to a woman who said of the color "it is better than any loud sounding horn, people see the color and just move out of the way." It was great fun being the center of attention even though it was just for a short while. I drank some water and began to suit up for the ride back home. The inquires came as to why I was leaving and I couldn't really explain why other than the fact that sleeping at home, in my cozy bed with a couple of fur balls at my feet far out weighed sleeping on the ground at the base of a mountain, with the threat of rain.

I said my goodbyes. I was ready now. I hopped on my trusty steed and began to ease out of camp. Slowly maneuvering through the deep sand, I felt like the Pillsbury Dough Boy®. I had many layers of shirts under my jacket. So many that I had begun to sweat. The visor of my helmet was becoming foggy due to my breath. I started to strategize and wonder what kind of weather lurked around the bend. How fast can I safely ride? The wind, the rain and the wobble in my front end would all be factors to consider. There were also the trucks with their toy boxes coming up from the desert floor that would surely slow me down.



(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 4)

It was a little windy as I hit the pavement of The Great Southern Overland Stage Route of 1849. I came up behind my first car and passed with ease. The gentle sweeping curves were easy to maneuver and took my mind off of what might lie ahead. There was still the great urgency to get home before dark. Riding in the rain is one thing, but riding in the rain in the dark...well that's like drifting on the ocean aimlessly and ending up in a shipping lane while clinging only to an inner tube. As I rode through the little town of Vallecito I noticed that anything that wasn't tied down was blowing in an eastwardly direction. The clouds I saw coming over the mountains were ominous. I knew then that I wasn't going to get home before dark and I wasn't going to make it home dry either.

I rolled the throttle downward. I tucked behind my tiny aftermarket windshield and told myself it would all be okay. By the time I made it to Scissors Crossing I had stopped once to put on my chaps. I was feeling the chill of the air and knew it was only going to get colder as I got further away from the warmth of the desert. I found myself stopping once more to don my rain jacket since droplets of water were appearing on my visor. I put my slicker on and tucked the collar up under the base of my helmet. Back on the road I jogged over to S2/San Felipe Road. Pretty straight forward, I tell myself to ride as fast as I can without getting myself killed. It started to rain as I contemplated passing a truck or two. I have just got to do it. I have to leap frog through this stream of vehicles or it will take me forever to get home. I downshift and twist my wrist. One, then two trucks are behind me. I sit tight through a few turns. The spray of water from the tires in front of me hits me square in the face. I swipe my finger across the visor to no avail. Geez, I have got to get around this truck. I am on this guys bumper. I ease out of my lane to see what is coming toward me. I duck back in, there is a car headed my way. It seems okay now, except there's a curve. I think a second and debate the consequences, I go for it. Oh, just a little bit further. Man this is nuts. I feel so alone. I make it back into my lane. I get a moment to relax from the intensity and think about the Mexican Wedding Cake cookies sitting on my kitchen counter. Shall I make it one bite or two? They are little round morsels. With one bite the cookie crumbles in my mouth, with two, the other half crumbles in my hand. I come upon yet another desert rat. I have to wait for the longest time to pass, almost all the way to Montezuma Valley Road. I remember flippin' the Bird to the driver as I flew by. Just a minute of road rage is all, directed at a guy who had plenty of opportunities to let a drenched rider go by but chose not to. Should I have given this guy the benefit of the doubt, maybe he didn't see me. I dunno [Editor: Naaah!].

I weaved in between all the vehicles at the intersection of S2 and Hwy 79. I wanted to get to the head of the line. I turned left and got into my high speed position. Leaning forward I tucked behind my windshield. I reached for the

bottom curve of the handlebar with my left hand. All of a sudden I realized that the noise I had been hearing was not my motorcycle making odd noises at all, but that of the rain beating down on my helmet. Wow, that's loud! I now had something to entertain me for awhile. Rat-a- tat-tat. It was sometimes rhythmic.

Still trying to keep my mind off the situation I thought about the cookies again. A few cookies and a hot bath, oh that sounds so good, that is what awaits me in my warm cozy house with two guardian cats. I dredged on.

Looking around at the familiar stretch of landscape nothing seemed the same. I had ridden by this way on Thanksgiving just one month before. The colors were beautiful then, browns, golds and greens. Now all the color was gone. Everything seemed to be one shade of gray or another. The rain continued to pour down.

Santa Ysabel! Wonderful! I passed a couple more cars and settled into the fact that there were only a few safe places left to pass between there and Ramona. I took a deep breath and tried to relax my muscles. I had long since gotten used to looking through the water on my visor. There was no point in trying to wipe off any of it with a wet glove. I pulled into the town of my high school alma mater and straighten up into the normal sitting position. I can hardly believe it. I'll be home in an hour.

I gassed up and then prepared to get back on the bike. I squeezed the water out of my glove liners while starring at three sheriffs who were standing under the stations canopy, drinking coffee and eating something sweet. I wondered if they thought I was nuts. I thought "who in there right mind would be on a motorcycle in this weather?" Thirty-five miles to go.

There was plenty of traffic to dodge and I was still concerned about getting home before dark. I choose to go down Hwy 67 since I know it well. I was so grateful that the panic I had earlier about fog turned out to be just clouds. That probably would have pushed me right over the edge. It seems in life though that we are seldom given more than what we can handle. I rode the rest of the way home mindful of my surroundings, thankful that the present situation wasn't as bad as what it had been and that I would have yet another experience to ponder. It did turn dark before I got home but only blocks from my house. The light from the oncoming cars bounced around in the droplets of water that settled on my visor. As I lifted it to see more clearly the cold air and rain rushed in. I thought five more blocks to go, a dry garage for my steed and a hot bath for another road warrior.

Photo © B. Jan



My First Bike Restoration: Ducati 750 GT

© Jon Saltz

I can't pinpoint the exact moment when Ducati's round case motor seduced me. But seduce me it did. And like many things with two wheels once I get an idea in my head there's little stopping me from pursuing a courtship. Well almost nothing.

After doing some research I found a bike that seemed like a reasonable machine to pursue. It was abandoned at a local shop for years. I had talked the shop owner into taking over title so he could sell it to me. As time went on and little progress had been made to transfer the title into the shop's name I began to get antsy. As I waited, a very nice Norton Commando was put on consignment at GP Motorcycles. I tried to ignore the Commando but before my obsession for a round case Ducati began I had lusted after a Norton Commando. But then who hasn't. Right? But there was no shaking my resolve. I was going to wait for my 750GT. After several more months passed the title situation was finally resolved. I sat down to talk about the particulars with the shop owner only to discover that I couldn't really afford to fix up the bike the way I wanted to. Discouraged about getting a bike that wasn't exactly what I wanted I remembered that beautiful red Commando and I set out to get some instant gratification. The 750GT was one courtship that would be delayed for a time.

About two weeks before I decided to buy the Commando the owner took it off consignment and it was no longer at GP. To make matters worse GP has misplaced the Commando owner's phone number so I couldn't contact him to let him know I was interested! After what seemed like forever (I'm sure it was only a few days) Isaac Heinrich (of GP Motorcycle fame) remembered the number. I contacted the owner and struck a deal for the Commando. Just like that my Ducati round case dreams seem to be over (at least for now). I have thoroughly enjoyed my Commando and already had more bikes than space so I was content to live my life without a round case Duc.

In the meantime, the shop had gone through the mighty Duc and got it running again. One of the shop employees was going to buy it and so it seemed the bike just wasn't destined to be mine. Or was it? The shop employee moved out of the country and never took delivery of the bike. So it sat at the shop once again. I heard that it was going to be auctioned off on eBay so I figured it was gone; never to be seen again.

Two years or so had passed when one day I walked in the back of the shop and there it was. I asked the shop owner about it and he said he was thinking about making it into a race bike. I asked him if I could buy it instead and much to my surprise he said yes! I guess I was destined to own this bike after all. Did I make space for the bike? Of course not. I

was going to have to find a space for it.

After so much time had passed the day finally came for me to pick up the bike. It was fairly rough cosmetically. The frame needed painting or powder coating; the aluminum needed polish; the chrome needed to be re-plated; the front fender and headlight were incorrect; the seat was torn; just the perfect canvas for restoration project!



I'm not a big fan of the aesthetics that developed in the 1970s with respect to motorcycles (or cars for that matter) so the 750GT had a few styling cues that I didn't care for. I seem to be drawn to bikes from the 1930s to the late 1960s but I'm particularly fond of bikes from the 1950s and 1960s. I once stared at a 1950-something Matchless G45 for nearly a half hour one day at the Del Mar Concourse exhibit. I just kept walking around it with my jaw dropped. Something about a late 1950s race bikes really appeals to me. I'm also a big fan of the Norton Manx or any well done café racer. I knew that I wasn't going to restore this 750GT to look stock. I never cared much for Ducati's paint schemes on the 750GTs nor did I care much for the 1970s styled fiberglass dash that came on the bike. After searching for ideas on how to style the bike I decided that a café racer inspired look was what I was after. I found some pictures of the 750GT factory prototype and thought it was perfect. So perfect I wondered (and still do) why Ducati never put the bike into production. Armed with only a few black and white pictures of the prototype I set out to build something close.

My first bone of contention was the gas tank. The stock tank looked too angular to me and lacked the flowing lines of the prototype tank. I hoped that Ducati had used a tank from an earlier model on the prototype but my research was proving to the contrary so I was stuck with the stock tank. My bike is a 1972 model and '72 models have fiberglass gas tanks. After hearing horror stories that fiberglass tanks from that era were delaminating I was getting nervous about putting a nice paint job on my tank.

(Continued on page 7)

(Continued from page 6)

As I continued researching my gas tank options I was also looking into locating a suitable stainless front fender since the original fender was missing. I really wanted to stay with a stainless fender since the rear was stainless and I really like the look of stainless. Unfortunately, a stainless 750GT fender is not an easy item to locate. There seem to be many steel (not stainless) front fenders and fiberglass front fenders as well, but no stainless ones. I decided I would have to go with fiberglass which available new. My fender search also led to other fiberglass parts including a "Sport" style tank in fiberglass. If I could find a good way to seal the tank it might just work. At least a new fiberglass tank might last longer than an old that has been sitting. So my logic went. I ordered the fenders but wanted to do a bit more research on tanks.

Just after my fenders arrived I remembered a friend of mine, Keith Newby, had a GT in boxes that he wanted to make into a Sport replica. If he had a stock stainless fender maybe he would make a trade for a set of fiberglass fenders (which were originally used on Sport models). I called Keith and he respectfully told me that he didn't want to break the bike apart by selling off bits (ah, a man of principle... you've got to like that). Instead, he offered to sell me the whole bike! Of course you can guess what happened next. That's right, I now find myself the proud owner of two GTs!!! I had one complete bike and one disassembled bike that I fondly call the "parts bike".



The parts bike not only had the correct front fender but it also had a steel tank (which was used on later models). The steel tanks used plastic badges, which were recessed in the tank and look more 1970s to me (remember, I'm going for a 1960's look wherever possible). I mentioned to Keith that the recessed badges weren't as much to my liking as the early decals so he suggested that I fill in the badge recesses (with Bondo) making it possible to use the early style decals. Great idea! Now why didn't I think of that? Now I had a good tank to work with and delaminating was no longer a concern so off to the painter I went. Scott Garland's friend, Jim Hansen, is an amazing painter. He painted my 1968 Triumph Bonneville tank exactly how I wanted it so I knew he was the man for the job.

I was trying to pattern the tank and side panel paint scheme after the prototype 750GT but no color photos exist so I tried to figure out the color using only the black and white photos that I had. The bike seemed to be a dark shade of silver. After reviewing the black and white photos with Jim he mixed up a few shades for me to choose from. Once I settled on a shade for the tank and side panels I told Jim I wanted a black racing stripe down the center of the tank with light silver pinstripe. We selected a complimentary shade of light silver for the pinstripes.

The next step was to have Jim re-create the font that was used for the "750" on the side panels since this style of lettering was never put into production. After some consideration Jim had convinced me to paint the Ducati logo and the 750 the same color as the racing stripe on the tank (black with lighter silver pinstripes). Since the Ducati decals came in white lettering with a black pinstripe (and maybe on other option) Jim was going to create stencils from my Ducati decals so we could use any colors we wanted. He sure had his work cut out for him but there was never any doubt that he wouldn't be able to pull it off. The side panels that came with the bike had less than desirable indents where there should have been actual vent holes. Jim was able to cut out the indents and make them look like they were always vented. A little screen behind them and they look like something straight from the factory.

Now Jim is a meticulous painter. He tells you exactly when your job will be done (something like 9 weeks) and then he starts the work. The reason it takes him so long is because he waits the prescribed amount of time between coats of primer, paint, etc to allow for proper off gassing. I will not have problems with this paint bubbling from the inside because this paint job was not rushed. True enough to his word he called me to the day he said he would to let me know my paint was ready. I was very excited to see the finished product. I was not disappointed. The paint couldn't be better! It's the perfect shade of gunmetal silver. Jim sent the pinstripe work to "his guy" and all of the light silver pinstripe was done by hand! He did an amazing job! It's truly a marvel to look at.

While the paint was being done, Scott Garland helped me to tear the bike down. We spent a few hours one Saturday tearing the bike down to nothing. The motor needed to have the top end freshened up (it's very typical for valve guides to need replacing), the frame powder coated, the chrome bits refinished, and the aluminum and stainless polished.

In April of 2005 I dropped the motor off at GP Motorcycles to have them do the critical engine work which was too daunting for a rookie like myself. Chris Wycoff's motor had gone in just before mine for a complete rebuild so GP told me my motor wouldn't be done right away. I had a ton of work to do before I would be ready for the motor anyway so it didn't really matter to me. Shortly after Steve took the

(Continued on page 8)

(Continued from page 7)

motor apart for inspection he told me the valve guides were bad (as expected). This was a common problem on the early bikes. The bad news was the company that makes the new (and greatly improved) valve guides had run out of stock. They were going to have to make more and I was going to have to wait. So I slowly plodded along working out all of the rest of the bike's essential details.

The next thing on my list was to figure out what type of front brake setup I was going to go with. I had some time to decide while the rims (original Borrani's – mmmmm) were being polished. I really like the look of a 4-leading shoe brake and I had my heart set on finding one for my bike. The normal sources didn't have any in stock. I was also concerned about finding a compatible axle (not knowing if the stock axle would work) and a way to make a brake brace. As I researched my options I learned that I would have to have the rims re-drilled to accommodate a different spoke angle since the 4-leader has a much greater outer diameter than the stock disc brake hub. I wasn't about to molest a virgin Borrani so I opted for a twin disc setup. I knew the twin disc option was going to be the best performance option but I really didn't want a master cylinder mucking up my handlebars the way they do. Nothing looks better than the clean lines of my '68 Triumph with its simple front brake lever sans master cylinder. But a man must be practical at times in his life (or does he?) and the twin disc option just made the most sense. The front brake issue was solved but that doesn't mean I don't still dream of building another front wheel with a 4-leading shoe brake using a new rim (drilled to the correct spoke angle already). Who knows, maybe I will someday.

The next item to tackle was the seat. The stock GT seat had a very '70s look to it with molded pleats and a huge "DUCATI" logo stenciled on the back. Not being thrilled with that look I set out to find an attractive double seat to serve as inspiration. I've always been partial to BSA's A65 seat. It just looks right. Then I realized that my 1973 Moto Guzzi Eldorado had similar styling cues so I took it to Mike the seat maker at NBI and gave my instructions for how I wanted the seat to be made. Little did I know that this would be one of the last seats Mike would ever make (but I'll touch on this topic again later). The last little detail was the Ducati seat badge I found. It was the perfect (understated) way to finish off the seat.

With the seat done, the frame back from powder coating, and the tank and side panels painted, I put the pieces together and left them in my office while I waited for the motor. It was a real treat every time I walked into my office and saw that beautiful gas tank sitting on the pristine frame. The seat was beautiful too. I could only imagine how the finished bike would look. I decided that I had to go with clip on handlebars since the prototype used them (and they look cool). Who cares if the bike is comfortable? Right? After trying several pairs of Paulo Torazzi clip ons that didn't make the grade, Isaac at GP turned me onto a set of Tomaselli replicas. I finally had my clip ons. Now I had to decide what to do

about the gauge mounting on this bike.

The gauges, headlight switch, and idiot lights were originally installed into a fiberglass dash. The gauges were the original Smiths (although Veglia gauges were used on later bikes). At some point I decided that the fiberglass dash was too 1970s for me so I opted to change things around a bit. The first order of business was to buy a Norton Commando headlight so I had a tasteful place to locate my light switch and my idiot lights. Now the hard part; make a new bracket to mount the gauges. After looking at every beautiful sporty bike I could find I settled on something between a BSA Rocket Goldstar and a Triumph Bonneville of the late 1960s. I haven't worked with metal since the 8th grade so I wasn't sure where to start.

After consulting with Keith Newby I set out to make a full sized template out of cardboard. I measured everything up and started drawing. Once I was happy with the shape I cut out the template and mounted it on my bike. It was almost exactly what I wanted but not quite so I made a few tweaks to my measurements and made one more template. This time it was perfect! Keith had some extra steel and said I was welcome to cut off a piece. I bought a few tools (mainly a new jigsaw) and went to Keith's house to get started.



I transferred my template to the steel and started cutting away. It was pretty rough going as the jigsaw wasn't really the best tool for the job. But I cut as close to the line as I could and ended up with a pretty good basic shape. I drilled out the holes where the gauge mounting bolts are located and then tried using my hole saws to cut out the bigger holes to accommodate the area on the bottom of the gauge where the screws and the instrument lights are located. Sadly, we made no progress with the hole saws. I thought a bi-metal hole saw would work but it didn't so now I had to figure out another way.

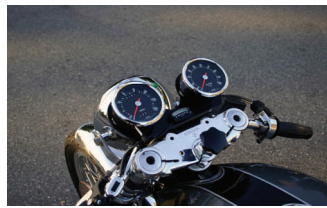
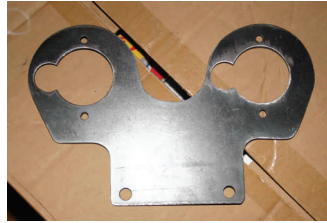
I called my friend Tim Johnson to see if he had any tools to grind away the rest of the material to create the final shape of the mounting bracket (cut to my lines if you will). He said he did and invited me over to get to work. He has also had experience cutting holes in metal with hole saws and he

(Continued on page 9)

(Continued from page 8)

said he'd take a look at that as well. I mostly used an angle grinder to smooth out and shape the rest of the curves on my bracket. Sparks were flying and the bracket was really taking shape now. I was reminded of how much I enjoyed working with metal when I was younger. Once the shaping was done we turned our attention to drilling the large holes. Tim set up his drill press and started drilling away. Much to my surprise, he was making serious progress! How did cut a hole using the same hole saw on a drill press when I couldn't do it only days before? Easy, he knew to slow the speed of the drill press down and to use cutting oil. Did anybody say "butter"? I took over and drilled the rest of the holes and cleaned up the machining. I took the piece to a machine shop with a brake to have it bent and then to the powder coating shop for a nice finish.

Things were really starting to come together now. Mind you, there were months where I did nothing to this bike except order parts and dream of one day when it might be done. It's now September or October and I got a call saying the pieces I sent out for polish were back. I gathered up as many nuts and bolts as I could and sent them out for cad plating. I also sourced replacements nuts and bolts in stainless steel where I could.



It's now November and I got the call from GP saying my motor was finally finished! It took forever for the new valve guides to be made but that didn't seem important anymore. I was finally ready to assemble the bike!

I started by putting simple things together (or so I thought they would be simple) like the taillight. Of course I rejected the notion of using the large and ugly stock taillight and opted to use the cute little round one found on European specification bikes. Both were made by CEV and both had identical mounting points. So it was possible to bolt either version to the taillight bracket without any modification. I found it odd that I was able to find almost every replacement part for the taillight (including the round CEV taillight itself) but I couldn't find a replacement rubber mount that held it in place on the taillight bracket. After mentioning this problem to fellow club member and all

around character Mutt himself he said he had some rubber that I could use to make my own mounting piece! So that's what I did. I copied the original as closely as I could and the next thing I knew I had a complete rubber mounted taillight.

The next step was to assemble the bike. The motor was the first thing to be mounted in the frame. Then the front and rear suspension went on. Then the wheels, etc. Before I knew it, I had a complete rolling bike! I was really looking like a bike now. Then two new problems arose. The first problem was one of my own making. I had to have a more café styled seat for this bike.



My love for café racers led me to make a café style seat for the bike. I had considered buying a 750 Sport seat which has a fiberglass hump on the back but aside from not wanting to have to get it painted I really wanted that more old-school look that an upholstered fiberglass café seat brings. I had heard rumors that Mike from NBI had passed away. I knew from speaking with Mike that his wife was terminally ill so I thought that people had mixed up the story and thought that Mike had died instead of his wife. I called NBI to get the real story and indeed Mike had passed away. He was only in his 50s. He had done a lot of quality work over the years and he and his contribution to San Diego motorcycling will be missed. I found myself looking for a new place to have my seat made. I had always heard wonderful things about OB Upholstery but I didn't have any direct experience using them. I figured I'd try them out so I brought some books with pictures of seats I liked down to the shop and showed them what I wanted. They were an absolute joy to work with. They took a genuine interest in my project and did first rate work. The seat wasn't cheap but boy was it worth every penny! You do get you pay for sometimes.

I had a few problems getting things to mount or locate properly so I decided to have GP sort out the details that I couldn't. It's good to know your own limitations. After having those tidbits sorted I had to turn my attention to the next problem at hand. The fender I had bought an entire parts bike to obtain didn't fit!!! The tire that GP had mounted before I got the bike was too fat. I had two options:

(Continued on page 10)

(Continued from page 9)

put a narrower tire on; or find another way to mount the fender. It never occurred to me before this moment that I could use a Norton Manx style fender and “Y” mounting brackets. So that’s what I did. I ordered a new stainless fender



and “Y” brackets from jolly old England. With that out of the way for the time being I had to move to the final technical issue; the electrical system.

Mutt had offered to lend me his electrical expertise by wiring my bike for me. He used relays for a variety of things including my headlight (to make it brighter without taxing the entire system) and my horn (which is now ridiculously loud). He did an artful job that even impressed master mechanic Steve Shirk from GP.



Finally, I rolled the bike back into GP to have Steve work his magic. Before having Mutt wire the bike, Steve had already double-checked my work (as I mentioned above) to make sure

the bike was safe. In addition to the safety check he also sorted out a few problems that were beyond my skill level. I wanted him to start the bike and dial it in since I had never done final tuning on a new motor (especially not a motor of this type). The last thing I wanted to do was wash out rings or something equally devastating. A few days and dollars later I had a beautiful running machine for the ages.

I’ve put around 400 miles on this bike since its completion and I have to say it’s a complete joy to ride. I think I have some pretty nice bikes in my collection but none have attracted the attention that this bike does nor do the others equal its performance and handling. At some point I’ll have to write something on the bike from a riding perspective.



I’ll close this saga by doing something odd. Who? Me do something odd? <grin>. I know this is kind of goofy but this was my first restoration project and I had a lot of help along the way so I wanted to acknowledge the following people (in alphabetical order) who were instrumental to me in the process in one way or another (sorry if I left anyone out):

Roy Agosta - OB Upholstery
Steve Allen – Bevelheaven
Tommy Coleman – GP Motorcycles
Wade Douglas
Scott Garland
Scott Hay
Phil Hitchcock – Raod and Race
Isaac Heinrich - GP Motorcycles
Tim Johnson
Paul Lima – GP Motorcycles
Joe Michaud
Keith Newby
Rob North
Mutt
Steve Shirk (SP) – GP Motorcycles
Dave Skoglund - OB Upholstery
Will Speer
Robert Welsh
Chris Wycoff

Photos © Jon Saltz

You Are Cordially Invited to Participate
San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club's
15th Annual Show
Motorcycles
In the Park

March 31 Through April 22, 2006

Held at the San Diego Automotive Museum In Balboa Park

Motorcycles * Motorcycles * Motorcycles

The San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club (SDAMC) in conjunction with the San Diego Automotive Museum (Museum) is proud to present its annual Motorcycles in the Park Show (Show). The 2006 Show theme is "The Wild Ones" with a wide range of vintage motorcycles to be on display.

This Show will span four consecutive weekends (March 31st through April 22nd), allowing enthusiasts ample opportunity to view the display. In addition to 100 anticipated Show bikes, the event also features the Museum's collection of antique automobiles and 70-plus motorcycles on semi-permanent display.

The SDAMC will contact select motorcycle enthusiasts who have previously entered machines in the Show. In addition, owners who have not previously participated and wish to display their motorcycles should contact the SDAMC representative, Will Speer, PH: 858-735-5098. All Show motorcycles must be insured and rendered inert (battery removed and gas drained). Motorcycles will be checked in by event staff and registered with a Museum Loan Agreement (receipt provided to the owner/owner's representative).

Registration to enter a motorcycle in the Show requires completing the Entry Form below and returning it to: San Diego Automotive Museum, ATTN: Kenn Colclasure, 2080 Pan American Plaza, San Diego, CA 92101-1636.

Motorcycle clubs and other organizations interested in the Show are encouraged to contact the Museum in advance for special arrangements, including motorcycle parking. For Museum information, please contact Kenn Colclasure at PH: 619-231-2886.

ENTRY FORM

(For multiple entries, please make & complete one copy each of the form below)

Owners Full Name: _____ Address: _____

_____. Telephone: _____

Motorcycle Make: _____ Model: _____ Year: _____

Owners Signature: ----- _____

RELEASE: The above signed agrees to hold harmless the San Diego Automotive Museum (Museum), the San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club, Inc., and all of their members, Board of Directors, volunteers and staff for any mishap, accident, theft, fire, loss, or injury while participating in the Show at the Museum from March 31 through April 22, 2006.

NOTE: Mailed entries must be postmarked by March 25, 2006... or FAXED to (619-231-9869) no later than March 27, 2006. Load In & Load Out for Show motorcycles begin March 29th at noon and April 22nd at 9AM respectively. The SDAM will sponsor a dinner for each (Show) motorcycle owner & one guest on Friday, April 21st beginning at 6:30PM. Reservations must be made no later than April 10th by contacting the Museum (PH: 619-231-2886). Motorcycles entered in the Show will be displayed in secure areas with docents and volunteers present to answer questions and maintain security. Motorcycle owners are encouraged to submit written narratives or documentation (i.e., interesting stories, "period" advertisements, race history, etc.) with their Entry Form so as to better inform the public. A small display, depicting manufacturer, year and owner, will be displayed with each motorcycle.

SDAMC Rides, Reminders & Upcoming Events

- ◆ **March 2-5 (Thursday-Sunday) Borrego Springs National Road Run**
Sponsored by the SoCal Chapter of the AMCA. All bikes must be 1971 or older.
SoCal AMCA Web Site: <http://www.socalamca.org/>
- ◆ **March 6-8 (Monday-Wednesday) Temecula Valley National Road Run**
Sponsored by the Los Angeles Chapter of the AMCA. All bikes must be 1971 or older.
Los Angeles AMCA Web Site: <http://www.losangelesamca.org/>
- ◆ **March 13 (Monday): SDAMC Monthly Meeting**
Monthly club meeting held at the Auto Museum, 7:30 pm. Earn Bonus Points! Win Valuable Prizes!
- ◆ **March 31-April 22 (Friday-Saturday) 15th Annual Motorcycles in the Park**
The 15th annual motorhead extravaganza, with a load of bikes never before seen in the exhibit. An event not to be missed. See page 11 for more details.
- ◆ **March 31-April 9 (Friday-Sunday) Arizona Bike Week**
Scottsdale, Arizona. Web site : <http://www.azbikeweek.com>
- ◆ **April 10 (Monday): SDAMC Monthly Meeting**
Monthly club meeting held at the Auto Museum, 7:30 pm. Earn Bonus Points! Win Valuable Prizes!
- ◆ **April 21-23 (Friday-Sunday) 45th Annual Yuma Prison Run**
Yuma County Fairgrounds, Yuma, Arizona. Entry \$30-adult/teen, \$15-kids, kids 3-under FREE. BBQ dinner & run pin included with all paid admissions. Prison Run web site: <http://www.yumaprisonrun.com>
- ◆ **April 29-30 (Saturday-Sunday) Idyllwild Overnight Ride**
Overnight stay at the same establishment as last year: The Bluebird Cottage Inn.
Please do not contact them before RSVP'ing with Nina. She has information as to which cabins are available to us for this weekend. There will be a BBQ dinner for those wanting to participate. We will divvy up the cost according to how many people participate. RSVP is important. The ride route is still in it's infancy stage but will be out in plenty of time for people to be excited about. Make sure you write this one on your calendar, it will be fun!
You might want to be there, or... be talked about!
- ◆ **April 30 (Sunday) 22nd Annual All Brit Hansen Dam Ride**
Join the BSA Owners Club of So. Cal. for a spring day celebrating Vintage British motorcycles, ALL motorcycles are welcome. Event is free and includes, Ride in "Peoples Choice" Bike Show, Ride thru the scenic hills, Swap Meet, Vintage Racer Display, Vendors. Trophies given at bike show, ride pins to first 100 riders. A great day of riding, kicking tires and vintage bikes. Food and Drinks Available, Family Oriented. Hansen Dam Rec. Area, 11770 Foothill Blvd (210 Freeway @ Osborne) Lake View Terrace, CA 9am thru 4pm. Website: <http://www.bsaoc.50megs.com>.

Future Events (Save The Date):

- ◆ **May 26-29 (Friday-Monday) Lake Cachuma Rally**
A **Mulrean Productions** event at beautiful Lake Cachuma, 15 miles North of Santa Barbara. The entry fee buys you camping, showers, and nine meals. Enjoy the field events, bike show, daily rides, prizes, cigars, and experiences to regale (or bore) your grandchildren with for years to come. Call 1.888.MCRALLY or website www.britishconnection.org.