

May-Jun '03

Volume

20

Number

3

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

Contents

- ◆ Veteran Trim.....Page 3
- ◆ Building the Dnepr.....Page 4
- ◆ Kevin's Korner.....Page 6
- ◆ 16th Annual Clubman Meet.....Page 7
- ◆ British Bikes Break Down?.....Page 8
- ◆ Rides, Reminders, & Events.....Page 10
- ◆ For SalePage 10
- ◆ SDAMC Membership Application....Page 11



My First Herald!

This is my first shot at putting together the Herald, hope you enjoy it as much as I enjoyed putting it together! Thanks to everyone that sent me great articles and made my job really easy.

"Springtime in Standlunds" is only a few days away as I write this, and I can hardly wait. The Oldies Ride was a great success, Borrego will be a blast, and Cachuma is only a month away, Woohoo! Lots of cool rides coming up, make sure to check out the events listing... let's RIDE!

-Will Speer



SDAMC OFFICERS

PRESIDENT:

Kevin Sisterson 619-925-8808
stablemates@earthlink.net

VICE-PRESIDENT:

Joe Michaud 858-278-0476
triumph@fda.net

SECRETARY:

Chris Wykoff 858-613-1146
chriswy@san.rr.com

TREASURER:

Jon Saltz 619-583-5236
jonsaltz@cox.net

SDAMC BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Art Bishop 619-298-5061

art@sdautomuseum.org

Ron Caudillo 619-938-9732

roncaudillo@hotmail.com

Bob Felter 858-483-1806

bfelter@cts.com

Mike Loper 619-222-7029

mikeloper@cox.net

John Mulrean 619-443-9169

jmulrean@cox.net

EDITORIAL STAFF:

EDITOR-AT-LARGE:

Joe Michaud 858-278-0476
triumph@fda.net

EDITORS:

Jim Weseman 858-481-1338
jweseman@pacbell.net

Mike Loper 619-222-7029
mikeloper@cox.net

Will Speer 760-944-7339
wilspeer2@yahoo.com

SDAMC ADDRESSES:

**C/O San Diego Automotive Museum
2080 Pan American Plaza
San Diego, CA 92101
858.277.6408
www.sdamc.net
sdamc@fda.net**

Monthly Meetings

Are held at:

**The San Diego Automotive Museum
In Balboa Park**

On

**The Second Monday of Each Month
At 7:30 P.M.**

**Enter at Door to North
of Main Museum Entrance**

Herald Policies & Editorial Statement

The Herald promises to provide an interesting forum for all antique, vintage, and classic motorcycle related information and will attempt to do so in a timely manner. Since we publish bi-monthly, please present any items for publication early enough for inclusion. We accept no responsibility for items furnished after the deadline.

As a volunteer staff, we expect other members to help by providing items from time to time. We have a large club membership base with a varied interest in all aspects of motorcycling and, as such, we believe all members have stories of interest.

Let us hear from the garages, sheds and shops of the membership. This publication will remain viable only with the help and consideration of all. Our Editorial phones and e-mail addresses are available. We look forward to publishing your stories.

SDAMC CHARTER

The San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club is a non-profit mutual benefit corporation organized and dedicated to the preservation of antique motorcycles, and in furtherance of such purposes, the sponsorship of antique motorcycle rides, exhibitions and related activities, and the encouragement of social, fraternal and educational activities among its members and the public, with membership open to all persons having an interest in antique motorcycles.

EDITORIAL DISCLAIMER

IDEAS AND THOUGHTS EXPRESSED IN THIS NEWSLETTER REFLECT ONLY THE VIEWS OF ITS EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS. IF YOU HAVE ANY SUGGESTIONS TO IMPROVE THE APPEARANCE, CONTENT OR ANY OTHER PART OF THE HERALD, PLEASE LET US KNOW. ONE OF THE BENEFITS OF OUR CLUB IS THE SHARING OF EACH OF YOUR IDEAS AND EXPERIENCES; THEN WE ALL LEARN MORE.

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

VETERAN TRIM

BY GREG MACDONALD



BSA 500 Moto-crosser Ready For Action

Three years ago the AMA celebrated its 75th anniversary with an exhibit at their museum in Pickerington, Ohio, entitled "75 Years of Excitement." They had motorcycles from all venues of competition: drags, road racing, trials, board track, ISDT, hill climbing, moto-cross, dirt track, you name it. They needed some examples of desert racers and I sent a couple of my old District 37 racers. One was a Yamaha SC 500 that I meticulously restored

to "as new", even better.

I went back to the exhibit to write an article for the BMW owner's magazine. While there I stopped to visit my machines on display. While in front of the SC 500 a gentleman came up and said, "Are you thinking the same thing I am? This bike is ridiculous. This is no competition machine, it's a pansy-ass show bike." Surprisingly my feelings were not hurt, but rather I found myself agreeing with him. "You're right," I said, "I don't know what the guy was thinking about. You notice there that he's from California? That explains a lot."

That man did me a favor, changing my whole philosophy on restoration. In fact it has become restoration in reverse, not unlike the antiquing they do with furniture called "distressing". I've left the SC 500 alone, tucked away in storage, but two Triumph desert sleds and a BSA 500 moto-crosser I've done since then have a purposeful look that I've come to describe as "Veteran Trim". They've been taken down, mechanically rebuilt, a few liberties with polishing (that's OK since I'm writing the rules), and reassembled with an eye toward a machine that has just been pulled off the course and washed, ready to go out again. Tires are half worn, cables frayed, skidpans scarred, etc. When finished I run the hell out of 'em on El Mirage dry lake, and on desert trails, until they can achieve "the veteran look" legitimately. Washed for taking out in public, that's it. Judges would have a field day – perhaps horrified. But I'm not thinking of them... I'm thinking of the gentleman in Ohio.



Doin' It in the Dirt, Triumph Style!



BUILDING THE DNEPR

BY MIKE MACDONELL

A couple of years ago, I was up at Bob Stark's place looking at old Chiefs (it was before I bought my '46), and chewing the fat with Bob and a couple of his mechanics. The fat-chewing over Indians got side-tracked, however, because a guy Bob knows, who lives nearby, had come over with his Chang-Jiang sidecar rig. It looked like an old BMW. Flat-head, side-valve. Heavy. Everything on it looked like it was 1.25-to-1 scale. I got talking to the guy and he explained that it was a kit bike. Came in parts and that he had assembled it. Also, that it weighed more than his car. I have to admit, it was a really interesting idea: a new 'old' bike. And you got to put it together yourself.

A couple of years went by, but I never forgot about the Chang Jiang. Then a guy in Huntington Beach got in touch with me. He was selling a Ural sidecar rig. Had something like 10,000 miles on it and he was moving on to something better. A crotch-rocket. It got me thinking about the Chang-Jiang again. I started snooping around on the internet and came across another kind of bike, in some ways similar to the Chang-Jiang, but quite a bit more recent technology. At least it was an OHV. The thing was called a Dnepr, and had been marketed in England for several years under the names Neval and Cossack. I found an entire discussion forum, complete with 185 members who owned the things. Found out that the kits cost \$2399 from Toronto. Hell, in today's prices, you could buy one of those kits and if the thing blew up on you and ended up



in the dumpster, you wouldn't be out so much that you'd grieve long over it. I bought one.

How the Ukrainians got the Dnepr plant is an interesting story and I'll give you the salient points here. Since the 1970s, the Soviets made their civilian motorcycles in Irbit (Siberia) and their military motorcycles in Kiev. With the demise of the Soviet Union in the early 1990s, Kiev found itself as the capital of the newly independent Ukraine. In the middle of it was this sprawling factory with tens of thousands of disassembled motorcycles. Booty! No one worked there. What to do? Sell the things off as kits to crazy Westerners! What to call them? Well, the plant was located on the Dnepr River. What about Dnepr? You've heard of the Irbit motorcycles, as well. Irbit is still part of Russia, and they sell those to crazy Westerners, too. They are now called Urals.

Now, sending a cashier's check for \$2999 (\$600



having been added for air freight) to a guy named Yuri in Toronto is not something that gives you a warm fuzzy feeling. Canadians talk and look like us, but when I worked for a company down in San Diego some years ago, I found out that legal-wise Canada really IS a foreign country. If you get screwed on a business deal, you pretty much stay screwed unless you can get the attention of the Queen's court and the American Consulate. Fat chance. It doesn't happen. So, anyway, I bid my cashier's check a fond farewell, and along with it, the approximately 900 DiGiorno pizzas it would have bought. I was determined to think of it as a total loss and be surprised as hell if anything actually showed up.

Five days later, pallets of Ukrainian iron showed up at Forward Air, and would I come remove it, the phone call asked. I went down to Mission Gorge where the Forward Air warehouse is with a great old GMC pickup truck. There amongst the medical equipment, crates and boxes of expensive looking stuff and two Ducatis, was two pallets of metal, a frame and a side car body. All wrapped in tons of plastic sheeting that had ripped and torn in places with black sheet metal and cosmoline showing through. More than 800 pounds of it.

I got it home and started foraging through the

internet for wiring diagrams, exploded diagrams, and tidbits of conventional wisdom that might help me to put the thing together. There were hordes of it. Reams of stuff. Most of it was in Russian, but some of it was in German, a language I also don't speak. So, the serious work started using Altavista's Babelfish translator. Instructions tended to read like: "From dispensating with cam gear without first cover removed part having this one." And, "Carburetor zlotnik keyed to upward draft channel retaining fastenment engaging fuel activator." Okay, I thought, I can live with that. At least the figures were in color.

Putting the damned thing together wasn't actually all that difficult, once you threw away all the paperwork and started actually conversing with the guys on the Dnepr forum. You learned things like, "Throw away the hand-wound Russian coil and condenser and replace them with Harley stuff". And, "The timed breather, that runs off the cam gear is a time bomb, remove the front cover, then open the engine and remove the thing. Use it for an ash-tray. Put a PCV valve in the hose running from the crankcase to the air filter. The Ukrainians don't know about PCV valves yet, that's why the timed breather is there in the first place." It turns out that the little steel pin that turns the timed breather has sheared off on quite a few Dneprs and found its way into really important stuff. Often this results in the motor locking up at 55 or 60 mph and lots of pucker stories. And so on.

Next, on a hunch (and also curious why the wheel bearings didn't turn in any of the wheels), I disassembled all the hubs. They had been lubricated (I suppose that is the word) with a kind of evil-smelling solid material that resembled a kind of putty. It took days to get all that stuff out and bearing grease in. This led me to suspect that other lubrication might be suspect. I emptied the crankcase. Okay. Just oil. I dropped the oil pan. Hmmm coils of metal shavings. Shards of metal. Thick black mud-like deposit. The transmission was more interesting, however. From it came a two-phase organic mixture. A light copper colored oil with rivulets of thick viscous black stuff in it. Reminded you a little of a lava-lamp. Now to the rear drive. Fish oil, or something that wasn't fish oil, but smelled just like fish oil. This was getting interesting.

After the tedium of repacking all the hubs, cleaning out the crankcase, gearbox and final drive was entertaining. In the meantime, a guy reported that he had just pulled a head on his kit Dnepr and found one of the pistons in backwards. Fortunately, they have arrows stamped on the piston faces so it is easy to tell without having to pull the jugs. I stopped what I was doing and checked the pistons. Both arrows faced

forward. Good. Just about then, another guy posted that his pistons were both pointing the same way. Both backwards. I was starting to feel lucky.

The battery has a picture of a Moose on it. If it weren't for the cyrillic writing, I would have jumped to the conclusion that it was Canadian. What was the Moose doing? On closer examination, the Moose was stomping on a battery and sparks were flying out of it. I wondered for days what this was meant to convey to the Russian mind. Did the battery the Moose was stomping have a picture of a Moose stomping a battery on it? And so on. I put the battery on the shelf, along with the hand-wound coil, condenser, timed breather, plug wires, Russian spark plugs, clutch and brake cables. I didn't mention the cables, but use your imagination.

After about three weeks of cleaning up and



replacing scary stuff, I started to bolt the thing together. The greatest accomplishment was getting the 350 pound engine into the frame. There was a lot of balancing involved, along with several tie-downs that were used to hang the engine (suspended over the mounts from the upper frame member). Hell, you could have hung a volkswagen from the thing. Russians seem to have no shortage of iron. Everything is made out of it. The engine mounted with very little difficulty and actually aligned with the Cardan shaft to the rear drive. Great. Wiring took another three days, but it was really pleasant work because it was the first thing that wasn't (a) made out of iron, and (b) heavy. Wiring complete, and with a brand new Autozone battery, I dumped some gas into the tank and it came out in a beautiful geometric arc right onto my foot. I had forgotten to connect the fuel line between the tank halves that I had disconnected to get the tank over the frame. Like, tell me you clowns never did that before!

Checked the new NGK spark plugs for fire. Blue.

(Continued on page 9)

Kevin's Korner

A recap of recent club events
by club President,
Kevin Sisterson

What a year for Hooligans.....

Motorcycles in the Park was a fantastic show this year. This San Diego Automotive Museum production held yearly provides a venue for enthusiasts to show what they got in a museum setting, and the public to get a prospective on the variety and quality of motorcycles in general.

The SDAMC board met with the museum late last year and was invited to assist in the selection, and procurement of motorcycles. Since it is the 100th anniversary of the **Harley-Davidson** motorcycle that marque was featured prominently.

In the past few years more and more machines were on display; so much so that it was getting a bit crowded for the space that was available. Visitors to the show had a hard time getting a good look at each machine, or taking a good picture because of their proximity to each other. The SDAMC board suggested that the list be paired down to a list of machines that represented the featured marque, and machines from other brands that were technologically advanced for their time, or trend setting model.

The Museum augmented the list with some other machines at a later date to round out the show, and ended up with a class of machines that has surpassed many shows I've attended.

Club members were invited to docent and clean up machines during the show.

At the last open membership meeting we were presented with a check for **\$1000** for our assistance. This is the first time the SDAMC has been given a donation by the museum for help with Motorcycles in the Park. We couldn't have done it without your help.

Oldies ride... what a blast from the past. John Mulreans' route was what we needed for a great time. The Kopper Kettle was the meeting spot and soon there were almost 30 vintage bikes lined up. People stopped and gawked. "Lookie there Billy Bob, that's what I used to ride when I was knee high to a grass hopper". The folks in Lakeside were gracious and friendly to a bunch of hooligans. The food was fast and good. Out in the parking lot there were the required motorhead conversations and reintroductions from old friends and acquaintances. The Matchless barked to life sounding the call to RIDE. Four lakes in two hours. The only thing that dimmed the levity was the scene of a fatal bicycle accident where a senior citizen met his fate. A blind curve and we suppose a car were the probable causes of the incident. We stopped at each lake for scenic views and chat, finally ending at the Ice cream shop in Lakeside.

By the time this is printed "**Springtime at Stanlunds**" will be over with lots fodder for conversation for the coming year. The Annual Pilgrimage to Borrego Springs brings out the eccentricity in some of us that's not always readily apparent.

Lake Cachuma begins on Friday, May 23rd—are you in? **Memorial day weekend** will never be the same. Contact John and Donna Mulrean. **Vincents** will be the featured Marque.



June 14th will be the first annual SDAMC **Luau in Lakeside**. We got our own little Island reserved, Ginger, Maryanne, The Skipper, Gilligan, The professor and the Howells are a possible sighting. As for the rest of the year check the website, or read the events section in the newsletter.

"See you at the Waterfront"KJS



Maybe it's just the work of the Northern California Chamber of Commerce, but the country north of Santa Barbara is a world apart from that of the zoo atmosphere of SoCal. As John and I chose the slow winding route of Highway 1 to our destination of San Jose, we down shifted our adrenaline levels and attitudes in anticipation of the slower traffic, and the panoramic views of the coast. Two hundred feet below, the Pacific blue (1965 Triumph Bonnie tank.....) pounded the sculptured cliffs and churned itself into explosions of white and aquamarine. John spotted the blow of a straggling California gray whale returning to its summer grounds (naturally I missed it!). Steep walls of the coast range turned to the floating fields of the foothills, awash in "purple mountain's majesty" of lupine, and California poppies. The lupines have been growing overtime in the late rains – most excellent. Near Monterrey, a curious sight of 2-wheelers met us. Like surfers, a group of Vespa scooters was riding the wave of motorhomes and SUV's propelling them down the coast – tubular! From our night's rest in Santa Cruz, San Jose and the Clubman Meet of the BSA Owner's Club Northern California was just a short drive.

The Clubman meet has had a high standard of quality for years, held by the BSA Club of Northern California. The line moved quickly with a team of members efficiently expediting their duties. Shows bikes in this door where several club volunteers collected fees and assigned a nice placard and stand. Swap spaces this door, where several club members guided BIG rigs into the spacious Santa Clara Fairgrounds building to unload and be guided back out. Foot-traffic welcomed in this door by several more pleasant helping members. There were about 100 show bikes, running the gamut from near perfect restorations to custom British choppers. Judges were knowledgeable, and nice trophies were awarded. The raffle ticket was drawn for the grand prize, a 1969 Triumph Tiger that had been restored as a club project with parts and

labor donated. The Club realized a nice profit with about 6,500 tickets being sold at a buck a ticket. (something for SDAMC to think about). None of our club members bought this year's winning ticket; Steve Ortiz of BSA So. California won last year, and we delivered it to Lake Elsinore for him. Our swap space was busy all day with parts, shop manuals and parts books,

and sales were gratifying; unfortunately Mr. Joe's Norton didn't go home with a new owner, but very few bikes did.

Over a dozen covered tables, with chairs and backboards were set up for clubs and organizations to

get some exposure and new members. SDAMC's banner looked good, and our table was very popular with Joe Leonard, sporting his SDAMC T-shirt, sitting at our table kindly signing posters from his induction to our hall of fame. It was busy all day with Joe signing, and lots of racing stories from Joe and his many admirers. I talked club interests with some people who had made it to the Motorcycles in the Park. The club sold some posters, and a good time was had by all. It's a Clubman tradition to go to Raber's Parts Mart down the street; they hold a 20% discount sale, and people just kick back and chat since the show is too busy for such. We had dinner with Joe and Emily, and accepted their gracious offer of their guestroom. Joe really feels a part of San Diego and our club; he grew up in Chula Vista, and enjoys talking about the club activities like the Chrysler Speed Week at North Island.

The next day, John and I motored up to Sacramento for some striper fishing (John saw the whale, I caught the fish!), on to Carson City, Nevada, to fill the empty Ryder truck with 3 tons of llama munchies, and down 395 to get snowed in at Mammoth Lakes for 2 days. All we could do was read, rest, and walk in a winter-High Sierras postcard.... rough way to end a really nice trip.

**16th Annual Clubman
Meet - "Still Great!"**
By
Donna Mulrean



British Bikes Break Down?

By Will Speer

We often allude to our classic iron being an unfaithful mistress, capable of bringing us extreme joy, or smashing our hopes and dreams against jagged rocks on a whim. My BSA, while maybe not being as sultry a mistress as Joe's Yellow Harlot, has actually been quite reliable.....well, except for that one time.



BSA: Bastard Stopped Again or Reliable Friend?

It was fall in Connecticut, a beautiful time of year to go riding. My '66 BSA Lightning was running great; the motor had been rebuilt the prior winter by my friend, Don Porter. A group of 4 or 5 of us were riding on a Friday evening, first to dinner, then to a monthly meeting of the British Iron Association of CT. We always took backroads to the meetings, and I think the round trip was usually about 100 miles. I always loved the rides to the meetings, blasting down vacant farm roads in the pitch black night, the stars shining much brighter than anything ever produced by Lucas, the roads curving around every tree, and the glorious battle-cry of three Triumph Bonnies in front of me being wound out to redline.

Meetings didn't start until around 8pm, and we always stopped for coffee on the way back, so it wasn't unusual for me to get home around midnight. On this particular evening we were pretty much on schedule. My Beezer had been running poorly all evening, but I figured it would be OK for now, and I would get Don to look at it later that weekend with the usual Sam Adams liquid bribe.

We were returning home, and Don peeled

off as we approached his house. It was now just myself and Harry to travel the last 15 miles. Harry's a great guy with a cool euro-spec T140 and a big ol' mustache just like Dennis Gage on the show "My Classic Car". He somehow had lost his left leg from the knee down, and he wasn't the least bit self conscious about this, frequently seen in shorts, blue metal pole ending in a sandaled "foot". I was always amazed to watch him change gears on his left shift T140, catching his boot under the lever and motioning his whole leg.

Harry was a good deal in front of me as we wound our way home. I was doing about 30 on a straightaway when all of a sudden my back wheel locked up, K70 screaming in protest, and me desperately searching for the clutch lever. The elusive lever found, I pulled it in, and coasted to a stop. The sound of Harry's bike faded off. Alone. No cell phone, pitch-black midnight, nothing else around but fields and trees: alone. I tried to restart the bike but it was frozen solid. I was on a hill so I coasted as far as possible. I then started pushing the 430 lb beast. My mind was consumed with thought: The accident that could have been, the cost of repairs, pushing a bike 10 miles, etc. Just when it seemed that all hope was lost, I heard the glorious sound of Harry's Bonnie!

I was lucky that Harry had come back for me, but now both of us were stuck in the middle of nowhere with a British boat anchor to deal with. Harry remembered that he knew someone on this street, so I pushed on until we got to the house.

The house was pretty run down looking, but amazingly the lights were on and music was playing at this late hour. Harry walked up the long drive and talked to the inhabitants. The guy he knew didn't live there anymore, but his son did, along with maybe 10 other college students. For about one second I considered leaving the Beezer there and doubling up on Harry's bike, but I really didn't like the idea of leaving my misbehaving mistress with 10 drunk college students. Borrowed phone in hand I dialed the only person I knew with a truck, Don Porter. At this point Don had already been home for half an hour and was probably in bed. I begged and pleaded with him to come pick me up, probably stretched our friendship to the limit, and 20 minutes later he pulled up in his El Camino and rescued me.

We unloaded my sorry Beezer into Don's workshop for examination at a later time. I called home, woke up my girlfriend and asked her to come pick me up. I was really testing relationships

(Continued on page 9)

(Continued from page 8)

tonight! On her way over to Don's, she was stopped by a police officer that just wanted to see why some young girl was driving around at 1:30 in the morning.

Somehow, I finally made it home, and later that weekend I was back at Don's house to see what the hell had happened. We initially thought that the top end was frozen, but upon further examination, we discovered that the triplex primary chain had snapped! The alternator mount was shattered and the chain tensioner looked like a pretzel. Lucky for me, the alternator mount is bolted on and not cast into the case, as on later BSAs. We also found out why it had been running poorly all evening. The timing was way off, caused by a crappy points plate that wouldn't hold a setting. This caused some cylinder scoring. So it was time for new rings, a fresh hone on the bores, and some NOS primary drive parts from Don's secret stash. A week later she was back on the road. I guess there are three morals to this story: don't neglect your primary chain, check your ignition timing, and take care of your buddies, because you never know when you might need one of them to pick you up at one in the morning.



(Continued from page 5)

Amazing! Put them back in. Petcock on, kill switch off (or on, however you look at it), key in the ignition. Primed the Russian carburetors (I had placed the Mikunis I bought as replacements in plain view of the Russian K68 carbs, as a kind of superstitious precaution). Kick. Kick. Kick... a boogadah boogadah boogadah boogadah. It's ALIVE!

I called Darlene to show her. She had bets with the kids that the thing would be a planter before it ever saw highway. A-boogadah boogadah boogadah. I let it idle for about 15 minutes, replaced the oil and then went to bed.

Next day, I aligned the sidecar, the toe-in, and the outside lean on the bike and ran the thing around the yard for 10 minutes. Replaced the oil in the crankcase, gearbox and final drive. Took it to work. Took it to work again. And then a few more times. The next weekend I got REALLY ambitious and took it, Darlene in the sidecar, down to El Cajon by way of backroads. We had just gotten into El Cajon and Darlene yells at me that there was a thick cloud of smoke billowing from the rear end. Panic. No fire extinguisher and I could imagine the sizzling oil seeping

out of the seals on the rear drive bursting into flame at any second. Was the rear-end shot? Big repair project in sight? Nah. The rear wheel brake was rubbing just enough to cause enough heat that the hypoid gear oil boiled. Now that's HOT! It took a couple of hours to cool down. Adjusted the brake, drove it back to Ramona. Noticed the left pipe was smoking impressively. Turns out that the rocker arm adjusting bolt on the exhaust side was broken. Damned thing ran anyway, even though the valve was not closing completely. Oil was getting in, and was the cause of the contrail I was leaving. Got a new adjusting bolt from a guy in Seattle. Changed all the oils again. Went to work a couple more times with it. And now I'm writing this.

And now I'm done.



FROM RUSSIA, WITH LOVE



TRIUMPH

MATCHLESS

BRITISH CONNECTION

JOHN MULREAN

9530 CYPRESS STREET, LAKESIDE, CA 92040

FAX #619-443-1839 PH#619-443-9169 1-888-MC RALLY

EMAIL: jmulrean@cox.net

<http://britishconnection.org>

SHOP MANUALS & PARTS BOOKS

AND PARTS FOR MOST
BRITISH MOTORCYCLES



BSA

SDAMC Rides, Reminders & Upcoming Events

May 2 to 4 - (Friday, Saturday and Sunday) "Wings Over Gillespie" Club ride on May 4 to the air show. A very cool event...big war birds.

May 10 - (Saturday) Car Club Council Car and Bike Show SDAMC will participate by fielding some bikes for this one day show. Food and frivolity is promised.

May 23-26 - (Friday to Monday) Cachuma Lake Rally The BIG one...200 people on 400 acres of campground near Solvang. Rides every day, great food, bike show, big name legends in attendance. More fun than should be legal. Contact John Mulrean at (619) 443-9169. Do NOT miss this event....this year featuring the legendary Vincent. \$100 gets you food, soft-drinks and a camping spot. Come see us at the SDAMC/Perros Viejos MASH Unit tent. (MASH="Martinis Are Served Here"...hehehehe).

June 7th - Jacumba Days Kenny and Desi Place should have more details.

June 14 - "Luau in Lakeside" an SDAMC production. A Luau in Lakeside, wutthehell?? See prominent club members wearing coconut brassieres. Will Gilligan attend...MaryAnne and Ginger?

June 28 and 29 - Ventura Races and Swap Meet. This event was cancelled last year but we expect it to return this year provided "the boys" behave themselves at Laughlin.

June 21 - Summer Solstice Garage Crawl - Show and Tell time, a chance to snoop around in someone else's garage and not get arrested! Come see who's messy, who's incredibly organized (I bet he's a retired Engineer), and who has the most stalled projects.

July 4 - Alpine 4th of July Parade, Gene Smith for details.

July 11-13 - Laguna Seca Superbike Pierre and Gary will attend, will you?

July 27 - (Sunday) AMA Boot Hill Ride. A Dennis Reamer production to commemorate fallen riders. More news will follow as the event date gets closer.

August 9 - (Saturday) The Annual SDAMC T-Shirt Ride. We promise new-style shirts and lotsa fun...always a crowd pleaser. Another event NOT to miss.

For Sale—*most have photos at www.sdadc.net*

1. **1966 Norton Atlas:** Bike was stored for 12 years and recently brought back to life by Dave at GP Motorcycles. New pistons, rings, valve job. New front tire. Freshly painted gas tank. Decent runner, only needs small bit of work to make a fine vintage ride. Here's your chance to own an authentic featherbed frame with Roadholder forks. \$3,600 or good offer/trade. (858) 278-0476
2. **Three Bultaco Alpina's,** Two #85 model One #165 model, All three are in good rebuildable condition, good cases, glass, wheels, forks, etc. One #85 together and runs (needs crank seals), other two are apart. Numbers match on all bikes. Package deal: \$650. Chris Olsen, 619-420-7123 hm, 619-585-4451 wk, chris.olsen@suhds.k12.ca.us
3. **1973 Triumph T140V Frame and Swingarm Only,** with California In-Op title, \$150, wilspeer2@yahoo.com
4. (858) 735-5098
5. **1971 BSA Lightning,** \$1900 firm, contact: stablemates@earthlink.net
6. **1969 250 Triumph Trophy,** Restored, runs well with current registration and title, \$3600, contact: smitty@san.rr.com or 858-270-5485
7. **3 rail motorcycle trailer** with additional rail to accommodate a sidecar rig, \$250, Pete Picksly, 619 444-8084



San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club

Membership Application

Purpose of Club

The San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club, Inc. is a non-profit mutual benefit corporation organized and dedicated to the preservation, restoration, and enjoyment of antique, vintage, and classic motorcycles, and in furtherance of such purposes, the sponsorship of antique motorcycle rides, exhibitions, and related activities, and the encouragement of social, fraternal, and educational activities among its members and the public.

NAME: _____

SIGNIFICANT OTHER _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY _____ **STATE** _____ **ZIP** _____

PHONE: (H) _____ **(W)** _____ **(Cell)** _____

E-MAIL ADDRESS: _____ **(FAX)** _____

**May we include your name, phone numbers, and e-mail address in our Club Roster,
sent only to members? YES NO Note: Home address excluded**

NOTE: THIS IS A RELEASE OF LIABILITY. DO NOT SIGN UNLESS YOU HAVE READ AND UNDERSTAND THIS RELEASE. The San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club, Inc. Hereinafter referred to as SDAMC, Inc. its board of directors and members shall not be liable or responsible for damage to property or any injury to persons, including myself, during any SDAMC, Inc. meeting, activity, or event even where the damage or injury is caused by negligence (except willful neglect). I understand and agree that all SDAMC, Inc. members and their guests participate voluntarily and at their own risks in all SDAMC, Inc. meetings, activities, and events. *I RELEASE* and hold SDAMC, Inc., it's 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**

