

# May-Jun '04

Volume

21

Number

3

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

### Message From The Pres

The San Diego Automotive Museum has a motorcycle in need of restoration and they are asking for help from SDAMC. The motorcycle is Hungarian, circa 1950's. Have we piqued your interest? If so, we need your help.

The motorcycle is a Panonia, and it's considered to be complete, "but has been sitting for a while. "

The project is an agenda item for the club meeting on May 10th, 7:30 pm, San Diego Automotive Museum, at which time we will be looking for a project coordinator and some volunteers.

What's your specialty? Wheels, bright work, machine tools, cables, paint?

The project will be undertaken at the San Diego Automotive Museum Shop in National City.

Ultimately, the finished machine will be displayed in the Automotive Museum, with credit given to SDAMC as restoration volunteers.

Can't make it to the meetings? Contact info for this project is **Kevin Sisterson 619-469-9252, [stablemates@earthlink.net](mailto:stablemates@earthlink.net)**

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- ◆ **PAGE 10**—Buy/Sell/Swap

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# Monthly Meetings

**Are held at:**

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

**On**

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

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

## Herald Policies & Editorial Statement

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

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

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

### SDAMC CHARTER

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

### EDITORIAL DISCLAIMER

IDEAS AND THOUGHTS EXPRESSED IN THIS NEWSLETTER REFLECT ONLY THE VIEWS OF ITS EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS. IF YOU HAVE ANY SUGGESTIONS TO IMPROVE THE APPEARANCE, 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.*

# **RON SMITH AND THE S90**

## **now Ive heard everything an S90 can do**

For those who know me and my obsession with sport singles and small twin vintage Honda motorcycles, there is nothing that “lights my fire” like finding a complete example of one of these fine, jewel-like machine. I can only compare it to a paleontologist who has just stumbled upon something “special” from the Pleistocene era.

My other passion is lap swimming that alleviates the after-effects of a decade old L4/L5 spinal fusion as well as providing the attendant health-related benefits (especially to this A-type personality). As I often visit the different swimming pools in the San Diego metropolitan area, I keep an eye peeled for 2-wheeled things of interest, ogling those of note.

My wanderings in this regard paid off during a visit to San Diego’s historic swimming pool, the Plunge, at Belmont Park, which is located in the Mission Beach community along our scenic coastline.

It was after 6pm on a mid-January evening when I spotted the classic shape of an S90 under the lights in the Belmont Park lot. The Honda S90 was the genesis of my return to motorcycles in the mid-90’s and my garage has never been the same since. I think my “collection” numbers in the

teens with 6 or 7 being nice vintage examples and the remainder either future projects, works in progress, or ready for cannibalization .

After parking the truck, I ventured over to the S90 / Honda legend which has become a rarity even on the roads of sunny Southern California.

South Mission Beach is a favorite spot for the Harley crowd and sport bike riders on weekends, especially in the warmer, extended day light times of the year. Finding someone aboard small-bore, vintage Japanese iron is a rarity ... especially on a winter’s eve.

I noted a nearby pair coddling their “beanie” helmets. They did not strike me as “Vintage Japanese” enthusiasts, but as we all know, looks can be deceiving. They were very friendly and easy to engage in conversation.

Further examination of the bike revealed that it was complete with CA black plate & saddlebags. VERY interesting!

I asked the 2 gangly riders—noting the guy was about 6’1” & his apparent lady-friend at least 5’8”—if either was the owner. The young chap stated he had owned the bike for about 6 years.

He said that it had only recently been put back on the road as he had some hassle with the CA DMV over insurance.

The owner told me that this was his second S90, the first being a black 1965 model that he had sold for some reason that escapes me. He went

on to tell me that while this red S90 was “off the road,” it had been stored at a friend’s place.

The friend apparently had a friend who also had an S90. The third party had offered to buy the red ’66 S90 for parts. The owner of the red S90 was apparently put off by this solicitation as he vociferously informed the third party that his red S90 was NOT a parts bike and was NOT for sale.

I gathered the bike’s owner informed the buyer that use of his S90 as a parts bike for a lesser condition S90 bordered on sacrilegious.

How this all played out between the red bike’s owner, the friend who had agreed to store it, and the buyer was very confusing but my sense is that any cordiality between these individuals ended abruptly.

Subsequent to this interaction the owner of the red ’66 model got the DMV issue resolved, retrieved it from his former friend, and returned it to the road. Then, at some later time, he noted that the carb, ignition lock, muffler and header pipe, seat, and tank badges had been swapped for inferior parts from the lesser condition machine.

If this was some form of pay back as described by the owner at hand, he certainly wasn’t a very observant chap “I only noticed the parts had been swapped sometime later,” he grumbled.

I cast a sideways glance at the fellow’s lady friend who was quite attractive and articulate, wondering “How

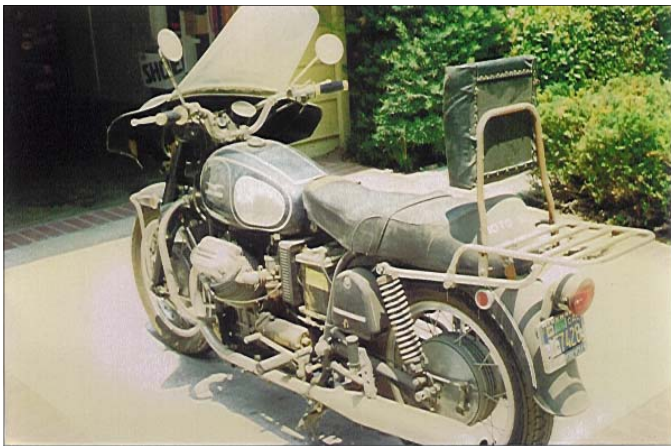
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# *gina lola* *moto-guzzi*

©Greg Mac Donald 2004

I'm certain that there's a good story behind each of the motorcycles on exhibit at the San Diego Auto Museum. One which might have some appeal to our club members is my 1972 Moto Guzzi El Dorado which has been there since I "cleaned it up" about seven years ago. It is one of those rare stories that always happens to someone else but this time it happened to me.

In the mid 1990s, I had a lust for one of those voluptuous, full-figured Guzzis from the early 1970s. The trouble was that there just weren't any decent ones to be had. Those that were around had so many



miles and were in such overall poor cosmetic condition, that restoration simply would not have penciled out.

At a wedding reception for a niece, I was introduced to

a guest who knew a friend of mine was a long term motorcyclist. Through the course of our ensuing conversation, the gentleman mentioned that he too had a motorcycle. It was an Italian job that he purchased new in 1972, rode a bit, then parked in his garage. "It's a Moto-Guzzi and it's still sitting there after all these years," he said.

He asked if I might like to take a look at it some time and I asked if the next morning might be OK. "Sure," he said. He gave me his address which was just two blocks from where I lived!

The next morning,

he opened the garage door and there—under a blanket of dust—was what appeared to be a completely original El Dorado with just 6,000 miles on the clock. As we stared at the mummified monster, he said, "I could never sell this motorcycle, it has too much sentimental value to me to sell."

My heart sank, but I put

up a noble front, saying, "I don't blame you, I would never sell anything like this myself." then he said, "But I'll give it to you."

I had a tire pump in my truck, and after pumping up the tires, I coasted down the hill to my house with my new friend waving behind.

It was a mess and not only that, it had a fairing and a back rest that looked like something out of the "The Addams Family" or "The Munsters."

It was going to need a



complete disassembly, but before doing so I thought that I should see what I was dealing with mechanically.

Those rare Del Orto carbs were varnish repositories but were as good as new with some boiling out and rebuild kits. The huge battery had disgusting green acid-mold all over it but was easily replaced with a new matching battery spec'ed for a Fiat. The ignition was like new and to my surprise (and delight), it started right up and idled just fine. However, when I tried to ride off, it would just shudder and stall out.

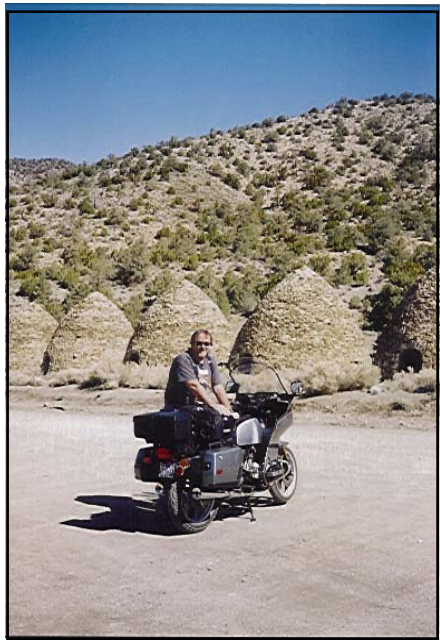
My heart sank, but I put

(Continued on page 6)

# Alan Does Death valley Alan Greer ©2004

My work schedule left a week in April for my annual Death Valley trip. Saturday April 3rd found me giving the R100RT a pre-trip going over. With the bikes fluids all checked, tires properly inflated, and a "go" from the Weather Channel, everything was ready for an early Sunday departure.

The ride up I15 to the 395



turnoff was light but the CHP presence every few miles was motivation to keep the speed close to the posted limit. On 395 the spread of Victorville was evident, as home construction was happening in areas that were sand a year ago.

The ride through the old

mining towns of Red Mountain and Johannesburg is always fun, and a side trip into Randsburg is always in order. As usual on Sunday, the hitchin' rail in front of the burger joint in town was all lined with dirt bikes. These BLM dirt riders do their thing out in the desert, then pull into town to have lunch. No one bothers them or worries about the bikes lacking any street legal equipment while riding in town. The old west indeed.

After a night in Ridgecrest, Monday morning found me heading down 178 past the big mines of Trona, across the hills and into the Panamint Valley.

The Panamint Valley is wide open, nothing around but the hills behind and Death Valley in front. It seemed an excellent opportunity to renew my membership in the "Ton Up" club, so I did. Soon the valley faded behind me as I headed into Death Valley.

Entering Death Valley through Wildrose Canyon in the Panamint Mountains is my favorite way. The canyon road is not high speed. Rough asphalt and a few sections where the road is dirt demand your attention. Nothing that a touring bike can't handle, but caution is recommended.

Normally I turn off Wil-

drose Canyon onto Emigrant Canyon Road, but this time I wanted to follow the road out to the Charcoal Kilns. It's only seven additional miles out to the kilns, but in all my Death Valley visits I had never made this side trip. The first five miles are paved and in good shape, but the last two miles are dirt and rocks. The road is climbing all the time and by the time I reach the kilns I was among the trees and patches of snow were still in the shadows.

The kilns themselves are something to see, built by Chinese labor in the 1870's. The charcoal was used in the mining industry in Death Valley. Standing over 30 feet tall and as big inside as most living rooms, it's possible to walk around inside the kilns and listen to your footsteps echo off the walls. The nine giant kilns stand in an impressive row as a silent tribute to labor from almost a century and a half ago.

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The nine giant kilns stand in an impressive row as a silent tribute to labor from almost a century and a half ago.

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Backtracking for seven miles brings you to the entrance to Emigrant

Canyon Road, one of my favorite roads in the park. A twisty road that runs for 21 miles along the Panamint Mountains, it crosses Emigrant Pass at 5318 feet and then starts to descend into Death Valley proper. Because of the tight curves, vehicles over 25 feet in length are not allowed so traffic is normally light on this road until it intersects with route 190, the

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### *Honda S90*

in the heck did you find this guy.” But I digress.

The owner of the red S90 then proceeded to tell me the most remarkable part of this tale. He had recently resided in Las Vegas, and was using the red S90 as his primary means of transportation ..and as a business vehicle.

He informed me that he was a carpet layer by trade, and had transported his tools and some installation materials around Las Vegas on the S90!

**GET OUTTA HERE!!**

I didn't ask him if his lady friend rode with him and the carpet materials during these business trips. Those saddle bags must expand to VERY large dimensions!

Since the pool closed in less than an hour, I bid adios to the two riders. They donned their Harley-like beanies, placed some shopping items in the marvelous saddlebags and started the bike on the first kick. They waived goodbye and headed off into the darkness, 60's vintage 6-volt lights and all.

Reflecting upon my 1968-69 tour in Vietnam, I remembered many S90s being used for hauling carts, critters in cages, and as taxis, all sorts of commercial means of conveyance, as well as family transportation.

Upon further reflection, I guess that hauling one large male body plus his carpet tools and remnants about Las Vegas was nothing compared to

the abuse I witnessed S90s being used for during my days “in country”.

I marvel at the versatility and reliability of the Honda S90.

. BTW, I never spotted the red S90 or rider/couple in the beach area of San Diego again. Anyone been in Las Vegas recently and seen .....

**Ron A. Smith--SDAMC Member & Vintage Honda Enthusiast**

(Continued from page 4)

### *GUZZI*

After several hours of diagnostics, I found that the problem lay not in the machine but in the operator. It seems the shift pattern for the Guzzi is down-down-down-down-down. I was trying to take off in fifth gear! The bike ran, shifted, and handled perfectly, so I decided to just do the cosmetics: the Mother Of All Cleanups.

In the process of disassembly, I was amazed on two fronts: first, at just how exotic the machine was with its Borrani (read *Ferrari*) wheels, its Del Orto carbs, Betor shocks, and beautiful alloy castings everywhere. Second, I couldn't get over how automotive it was. A belt-driven generator, an automotive distributor, that big battery, and a starter motor that looked like something off of a 1949 Chevy pickup.

Rechroming and painting were quite expensive as were many of the replacement accessories. I took some creative liberties with the exhaust system, doing away with the

cross-over set-up and opting for some sexy fishtails. The bars had to be a little more laid back for my tastes and I found that ones from the late sixties Bonneville were just perfect. I was fortunate to find what had to be the last remaining set of Avons for front and rear. These have the tread patterns that fit the bike like a glove.

When I reassembled the bike, all was beautiful except the engine cases. No matter what I tried on them, they simply wouldn't clean and luster up. I talked with an Italian bike collector in Orange County and explained my problem. There is a simple solution, he claimed—but just for the Moto-Guzzi and nothing else: Eagle One Mag Cleaner! It worked like a miracle and the cases were better than new.

He said not to try it on any other make of motorcycle—but I couldn't resist. I sprayed it on the cases of my 1960 BMW R60. With the hose rinse, they turned an ugly dark gray. A constant and permanent reminder to me not to take the advice of others lightly.

The bike cruises along like a dream and sounds great. This has been my most satisfying project ever, thanks to the generosity of a new friend and a bike that simply needed “cleaning up.”

**©Greg MacDonald 2004**

*(Continued from page 9)*

bags and extra gear at my room and decided to ride up to Goldfield, an hour away. During the ride there and back I was rained on three times and hailed on once, and all my foul weather gear was safe and dry back at the hotel room.

The next day I retraced my ride back into Death Valley. Down past Badwater, then across Jubilee and Salsberry passes and into Shoshone and turning toward Las Vegas via Pahrump. I was passed by and older Triumph heading into Pahrump, perhaps Ron Hallum off on a jaunt? Sunset saw me pulling into Laughlin for the night.

The next morning I had the Beemer warming up in before sunrise to get an early jump on the desert ride planned for today. Down the 95 to Vidal Junction, then west on 62 and 177 to Desert Center. Then a dash west on Interstate 10 to Palm Desert where I hooked up with Hwy 74. The ride up 74 into San Bernardino National Forest is great. From the top you can look back down on the series of switchbacks you just climbed to get to the top. It looks like a road you would expect to see in the Alps.

I followed the back roads through Anza, Warner Springs and Santa Ysabel and back into San Diego. When I parked in the driveway the odometer read 10008, I had finally got the bike over 10000 miles.

(Alan Greer ©2004)



Stanlunds—the crew of 2004 at Santa Ysabel for pie.  
Missing are the car people—Jo/Steve Smith, Wes Stark, Scott Garland,  
Ron and Sue Story.  
Another successful—albeit small—Springtime At Stanlunds event.

# Going fast is easy....

joe michaud

There's been a surge of new bike purchases among the locals lately, with European models ahead by a wide margin.

New Ducati entered the garages of five of our members...myself, Jon Saltz, Will Speer2, Jim Weseman and Gary Nichols.

Ron Caudillo went British. Ron Smith, Japanese.

All these bikes share one common thread. They're a helluva lot "sportier" than any of our vintage machines. My test ride on that 2004 Ducati was a real eye-opener.

Even under the initial break-in restrictions, it was easy to exceed triple-digit speeds. I'm sure the other machines mentioned can quote similar potential.

My point is, my skills honed by hundreds of seat-hours riding 40-50 year old technologies no longer seemed adequate to me. I knew that a real adjustment was needed during

**"Sub-three second zero-to-sixty bikes can easily outstrip the riding skills of most riders."**

my first 700 miles of Ducati time.

At CycleGear in Kearny Mesa, I picked up a book called "**Sport Riding Techniques**" by Nick Ienatsch. In it, he promises to show us "how to develop real world skills for speed, safety and confidence on the street and track." And he does just as he promises.

Ienatsch is a talented writer with lots of race bike seat time, he's the perfect combination for this kind

of information.

He explains the physics of modern bike handling, braking, and acceleration far better than Keith Code in **The**

**Soft Science Of Road Racing Motorcycles** or any of his **A Twist Of The Wrist** series.

(Personally, I find Keith Code's books to be nearly indecipherable but that just may be me.)

A modern sub-three-second zero-to-sixty bike can easily outstrip the riding skills of many riders; Ienatsch successfully breaks down the necessary improvements—as he sees them—by chapter and verse.

The most important skill for riders to gain is the precise use of the brake system. It's also the most difficult skill to master since the brakes on modern bikes are the most powerful control input available to the rider, according to Ienatsch. Going fast is easy, stopping fast is difficult and requires much practice.

Common errors are an over-dependence on the rear brake or too "heavy" a hand with front braking. Single-bike crashes are the most common sport bike incidents and single bike crashes are nearly always brake-related. I can attest to that.

I've been down twice on vintage bikes due to over-zealous front brake usage. Panic or a lack of prudent usage were the causes of my front brake problems. Learn the brake system properly, Ienatsch urges, and you can use it safely. And much more efficiently.

Another chapter explains the dynamics of

"hanging off" and why it's better not to adopt the MotoGP style of knee-dragging. Cops hate it, for one.

He advises modifying that legitimate racing technique, using the "good" part of it for our steering benefit but avoiding the cop-baiting racer-boy knee-puck stuff.

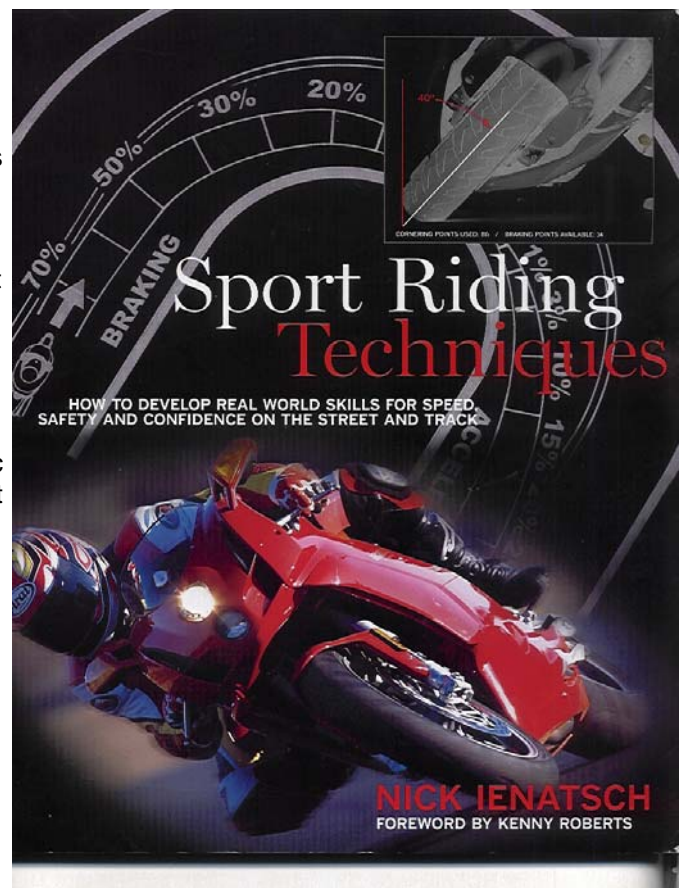
The book also deals with Steering, Acceleration, Learning To See, The Environment, Basics Of Control, Street Survival, Group Riding Strategies, and other topics. Exercises and practice drills are included to improve your skills. And your survivability

The Ducati and I have some studying to do.

If you have a new bike, try Ienatsch's book.

You could be having more fun, plus one well-learned tip can save your bike.

**David Bull Publishing,**  
[www.bullpublishing.com](http://www.bullpublishing.com) \$24.95  
ISBN 1 893618 07 2





*(Continued from page 5) Alan Does Death Valley*

mail road into the park.

A stop at Stovepipe Wells gives me a chance to change from the warmer riding gear of the mornings higher altitude riding to something more appropriate to 90 degree riding below sea level. I knock back half a liter of water and refill the bottle. I try to drink at every stop and refill when possible. The heat dries you out quicker than you think and on a bike you're in the sun the whole time.

Out of Stovepipe, past the sand dunes and the old Borax mines, a half hour of scenic riding brings you to Furnace Creek Visitor Center, at 190 feet below sea level. I always like to stop here, check out the slide show and enjoy the air conditioned building for a while.

Furnace Creek also offers a General Store for supplies, a gas station, a few restaurants and a bar. Hotel and camping is also available. It's the focal point of Death Valley and it's always crowded with tourists.

I head out of Furnace Creek and stay on 190. It passes Zabriskie Point and leads to the turnoff for Dante's View, at the top of the Amargosa Mountain range. At 5475 feet the view from the top is spectacular. It looks out over all of Death Valley and over to Telescope Peak, sitting snow covered at 11049 feet on the other side of the valley. This view alone is worth the trip.

I ride back down to 190 and head toward Death Valley Junction, where I have a room for the night and a ticket to the show at the Amargosa Opera House. Eighty year old Marta Becket is still performing here, as she has been since the 1960's.

The following morning I follow 127 south toward Shoshone. Just before town you come to the 178 turnoff leading back into Death Valley. The road crosses Salsberry Pass at 3315 feet and Jubilee Pass at 1290 feet before dropping into the valley. Once again the views are unbelievable and I only saw two cars until I reached Badwater, which at 282 feet below sea level is the lowest point in North America.

Up the road a few miles I turn on to Artist Drive, a little 15 minute one way loop off the main road. It's a fun ride with steep dips and narrow passes where you feel you could reach out and touch both walls of the canyon at the same time.

I toured around in the valley a while longer, but as the afternoon got warmer I decided to head up 374 and into Nevada. A quick visit to the ghost town of Rhyolite, and then into Beatty. After checking into the hotel I dropped my



*(Continued on page 7)*

## *Rides, Reminders, & Upcoming Events*

TO ADD EVENTS, CONTACT <sdamc@fda.net> or call (858) 277-6408

- ◆ **MAY 10**—**Monthly SDAMC open membership meeting.** Meet at the San Diego Automotive Museum at 7:30pm. Enter via the door to the right of the main entrance promptly at 7:30.
- ◆ **MAY 15**—**Hanford motorcycle show.**
- ◆ **MAY 21-23**—**BSA RALLY.** Information at (661) 273-7005
- ◆ **MAY 23**—**"SDAMC Annual Oldies Ride."** It's a SUNDAY ride, so get your honey-do's done on Saturday and haul that old tin out into the sun. Bikes must be 25 years old or older. No information yet. Watch your email as developments unfold. No email, you say? Phone (858) 277-6408 and leave your name/phone number. You will be phoned the information.
- ◆ **MAY 28-31**—**VINTAGE YOSEMITE MOTORCYCLE RALLY.** John and Donna host this again this year. See the website at [www.britishconnection.org](http://www.britishconnection.org) for details.
- ◆ **JUNE 27**—**"SDAMC ANNUAL T-SHIRT RIDE."** Again, a Sunday ride...do Momma's stuff on Saturday. This is The Big Enchilada...everyone welcome. New shirts. New location? New Route? Stay tuned...again, for the email deprived phone the club answering machine for info.
- ◆ **JULY 25**—**"SDAMC 2nd ANNUAL BOOT HILL RIDE"** in conjunction with the local AMA chapter. This is a Dennis Reamer event which commemorates the riders that have gone on ahead of us. We try to hold this ride on Wayne Marsula's birthday. Info will follow...again use the phone if you have no email.
- ◆ **AUGUST 21**—**"SDAMC 2ND ANNUAL GARAGE CRAWL"** Will Bob Ratazzi/Haribison Canyon be ready for Round Two? Come see the garages of your dreams, one of them may be yours, good OR bad. Jeez, don't look in mine!
- ◆ **SEPTEMBER 3-6**—**"LAKE CACHUMA FEST"** Another great John and Donna Mulrean event not to be missed. See the details on their website at [www.britishconnection.org](http://www.britishconnection.org)
- ◆ **OCTOBER 2**—**El Camino swapmeet at El Camino college**
- ◆ **OCTOBER 9**—**DEL MAR BIKE SHOW.** Del Mar racetrack...the usual affair.

### **Stuff for sale/swap/or needed**

- ◆ From member **Dave Marler**—**baseball tickets at Petco Park.** The Marler family has great seats behind homeplate on the Toyota Terrace. Only ticket holders are allowed in this area. In-seat food service, sushi bar, and wider seats...very hoity-toity. (Wear a clean shirt!) Go to the website at <http://www.prospectus-ent.com/padres/> and mention Dave's name. Good seats come with a good price—\$92 for the pair.
- ◆ Again from **Dave Marler**—**1991 Mercedes Benz 560 SEL.** 150k miles, receipts for \$10k worth of work in last two years. Trade for good late model truck...or an interesting old bike.
- ◆ **Needed**—**for 1942 BSA WM20**—correct rear stand and clip, also a sidestand. See Dave Marler.



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

