

# Nov-Dec '02

Volume

19

Number

6

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

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### Lake Cachuma Rally

© Bob Felter

When I was a wee lad, I looked forward to Christmas. It came, went, and through January I remember thinking, "rats, how will I ever make it 11 more months till *that* happens again?" Several years ago I attended the vintage Brit rally at Lake Cachuma and the same feeling recurred.

The rally is held on Memorial Day weekend near Santa Barbara. Live Oak Campground, a 200 acre "park" not open to the public, is bordered by the lower end of Lake Cachuma. Local terrain is rolling pasture dotted with Live Oak trees. Warm sunshine blends with cool shade in a cacophony of happy life. Eagles and hawks soar, various colored songbirds flit and twitter, turkeys gobble in the brush, wild pigs root, etc. Fabulous hikes throughout these hills. The miles of wilderness just to the east explain the camp's existence; an instant base for firefighters should the need arise. A structure

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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.*

## Caudillos Do Vegas

© Ron Caudillo

They weren't kidding! There REALLY are drive-thru wedding chapels in Vegas ... (and they aren't too hard to find!). Barb made an "honest (wo)man" out of me on Saturday, May 6<sup>th</sup> at the Special Memories Wedding Chapel in Vegas.

We had ridden out of El Cajon Friday afternoon on our '83 Suzuki GS850, arriving at the Luxor hotel at about 8:00 pm. Saturday morning we hit the courthouse (like everyone else!) to obtain the marriage license... Talk about a racket!!! Fifty bucks a pop!!! Oh by the way, we didn't even come close to the marriage record. When you fill out the forms for the license, you have to state how many times that you've been married. The clerk stated that the most marriages that she had personally seen was fourteen! That makes Zsa Zsa Gabor seem like an absolute spinster! On the way back to the hotel we found the quintessential drive-thru. It was pretty much like McDonalds, with a menu to choose from, and a buzzer with which to summon the minister.

Meanwhile, back at the hotel, it was time to "gird up our loins" for the ordeal ahead. Barb gave up on having her hair done-up at the hotel's salon. "Hair by Helmut" was the order of the day! After a change of clothes (clean polo shirt for me, and Sandra Crockett's beautiful wedding dress for Barb), we remounted the bike and headed back to the chapel. I use the term "remounted" very loosely because it took Barb a couple of tries to swing the old "gam" over the saddle. Don't worry guys; I did get photos of her hiking the skirt way-the-hell up there before she could accomplish the feat. Seeing as though discretion is the better part of valor, I refrained from telling Barb that she had neglected to powder a couple of cheeks (ha-ha)! The only shocking thing about our trip to and from the chapel was that people ACTUALLY noticed a woman wearing a wedding dress on the back of a motorcycle!! (They must have been tourists!).

Once we got to the chapel, we spent a couple of minutes checking out the menu. We (I mean "I") decided to order up the cheapest item on the menu, the twenty-five buck "Appetizer." After ringing the buzzer at the drive-up window, a woman took the marriage license and the \$25, and a couple of minutes after that, the very personable minister poked his head out of the window. After the obligatory salutations, he whipped out the cassette recorder, along with two mini speakers, and we got a fifteen second rendition of "Here Comes the Bride." In all honesty, his ceremony was one of the quaintest that I had ever seen (and I've seen a few . . . but that's another story).



### The Caudillos Anxious to Finish Ceremony and Get on to the Main Event

While the ceremony was taking place, an oriental tourist strolling by stopped to gawk at the spectacle. After the "I do's", he came over and stated that he'd never seen a drive-thru wedding, and would it be OK if he could serve as the wedding photographer. He shot numerous photos for us. He'll probably be telling the story of the wedding for the next fifty years!

Obviously Las Vegas provides a quick, easy, and extremely cheap way to get married. But hell! Why be normal? Do it on a motorcycle!!!



## A Pilgrim's Progress To the Ace Cafe

© Mike Loper

As I sat on the train I began to get butterflies in the pit of my stomach thinking of all the times I had read and heard about the Ace Cafe. Now, I was actually going to see it. Here we were, my wife Peggy and I, heading north on the Bakerloo Line of the Tube, about ready to exit the train at the Stonebridge Park Station, a mere 30 minutes from downtown London. Oh, I did feel some anxiety about finding it, but club member Ron Caudillo had given me explicit directs to the landmark, and assured me, "You can't miss it." Ron apparently didn't realize I'm navigationally challenged, and sometimes "have trouble finding my back pockets with both hands and a compass." Fortunately I remembered to get off at Stonebridge Park. Unfortunately, that's all I remembered.



Outside View of Fabled Ace Café, Complete with Props

"Why see the Ace Cafe?" you might ask. "What's so important about it?" The Ace Cafe is to England what Sturgis, Laughlin, or The Waterfront is to us Americans. I first heard about the Cafe in issues of the UK's publication *Classic Bike*, most recently, the September and November 2001 editions. When Peggy and I decided to visit England in 2002, we put it on the list of sights to see, right up there with Big Ben, Parliament, and St. Paul's Cathedral.

The Ace was opened in 1938 as a transport cafe for

truckers and other heavy haulers. It's located on what's called the North Circular. Unfortunately, it was bombed in 1940 during World War II. It was then rebuilt, and by 1948 was back in service. Motorcycle enthusiasts, being inclined to congregate and discuss all things "cyclical", began to meet at the Ace in the 1950's, similar to our own meetings at the Waterfront in downtown San Diego. By the early 60's The Ace became THE place to go to meet other riders, have a pint, and talk about their favorite subjects. In 1969 the Ace Cafe closed as its owner retired.



Ace Café - The Inside Story

The present owner, Mark Wilshire, loved vintage bikes, heard about The Ace, and decided to try to reopen it. Its reopening was helped by the resurgence of interest in the British motorcycle industry and in particular, the interest in vintage motorcycles. It officially reopened on September 8, 2001.

Shortly after our arrival in London, Peggy and I were out sightseeing, noticing the plethora of motorcycles parked along the street, when she suddenly said, "Hey look at this!" On each of the motorcycle seats someone had placed a copy of "The Rider's Digest", published by the Ace Cafe. I was hesitant to abscond with a copy, yet wanted to grab one and look inside. Shy Peggy walked demurely up to one of the bikes and slipped a copy in her jacket pocket. Hustling around the corner, we opened the little magazine, noticing it normally cost £2.50, but was free to London riders. In it was a notice of the 1-year anniversary of the reopening of the Ace Cafe, and it was to occur Saturday, two days from now!

Here we were, getting off the train at Stonebridge Park, somewhere close to The Ace. Exiting the station, I expected to see the Cafe, complete with balloons, flags, a band playing, big noise, and many people. Nope. Silence. Oops, now what? There were 3 ways to go: north, or left, down a small quiet lane, straight, or west, past a small roundabout into a little village, or south, right, which appeared to lead to a dead end. Being a logical person, I trudged west, off into town, Peggy in tow, wondering what she'd gotten herself into. It wasn't far, only about a half mile, but I saw no balloons, heard no noise, and most importantly, neither saw nor heard any vintage motorcycles. I decided to ask one of the local merchants who replied, "No Gov, never heard of it." Sheesh, this is going to be harder than I thought. Not wanting to be deterred from our mission, I walked into a liquor store and decided to ask the proprietor, who sounded as foreign as I did, for directions. Bingo! He'd heard of it, but I had difficulty understanding him. He did say something about a roundabout and that was all I needed.



**The Stuff From Which Dreams are Made**

Walking back to the roundabout, having just eliminated one of our 3 options, we decided to go north up the small lane, hoping to first hear the crowd and the band and then finally see The Ace. After a mile of walking up the lane, we arrived at a railroad maintenance yard with security fencing and no one in sight. For a small island with so many people, where was everyone? The only people Peggy and I saw on this trek were a young Indian woman and her mother who were following us because we looked like we knew where we were going!

Someone at the maintenance yard must've called the local constables because shortly after leaving the area, we were confronted by the police. After telling them that we were lost and just trying to find the Ace Cafe, they laughed and told us we were going in exactly the wrong direction. "You must be kidding", I thought. Of the three choices I could have made, I managed to choose incorrectly 2 of the 3 times. "This is why I don't gamble", was all I could manage to say to a weary wife.



**Gor Blimey, Watson! I Believe We Have a Clue!**

Passing the tube station, once again, we headed south down what appeared to me to be a dead end, a lost cause. Fortunately, turning the corner I saw a sculpture depicting a rider on a vintage bike. This told me we were finally on the right track. Walking another 100 yards brought us to our destination. The band was playing, people were congregating, all around us were vintage bikes, and most important, THE ACE CAFE! We found it, and it was all that we hoped it would be. Exciting, friendly, and filled with beautiful bikes. Here we were, 5,000 miles from home, seeing a landmark of British motorcycling history.

If you do have a chance to go to London, I recommend dropping by the Ace Cafe. It'll be worth your time. If you do go however, all you need to do when you exit the Stonebridge Park Tube Station is to just turn right. It'll be waiting for you around the corner. "You can't miss it."



# Motorsports Interview

© Dave Giles

When Dave Stall, host of 760AM KFMB's Sunday afternoon radio show "Motorsports Weekly With Dave Stall", recently let slip his personal e-mail address on the air, it's doubtful he expected to be besieged by a bunch of crazy vintage motorcycle racers. But that's exactly what happened...

Initial e-mail contact was made by CALVMX member Dave Giles. Stall replied, "Sure! Come on down and bring a couple of other CALVMX yo-yo's with you!" Since both Lee Holth and Scott Brown fit the stringent "yo-yo" criteria, they were asked to come along for the ride.

Scott, Lee, and Dave G. met in front of the KFMB studios on the afternoon of Sunday, June 23rd. They were joined shortly by Dave Stall and his co-hosts Drew and Bill. The group was ushered into a conference room to discuss the agenda for the 2-hour show. The CALVMX guys had no clue how much air time they'd be given, but were expecting to be interviewed during one or two 15 minute segments. To their surprise, they were invited to make themselves comfortable in the studio for the entire two hours.



**Wow! This is Just Like on the Howard Stern Show!**

Our KFMB hosts were super pros. Dave S., Bill and Drew discussed hi-lights of local and national racing action, and kept the show moving along at a brisk pace. The two hours passed quickly, but the CALVMX guys were given plenty of airtime to promote upcoming races and invite the KFMB listeners to get involved in CALVMX vintage racing. Scott and Lee were also given an opportunity to discuss their individual motorcycle related businesses.

It was a very good experience for the three CALVMX co-founders, who would like to thank Dave Stall and KFMB for their hospitality.

P.S. Dave Stall also hosts a Saturday afternoon radio show, "The KFMB Auto Show with Dave Stall", and is a bi-weekly contributor as the "Car Guy" on KUSI-TV's "KUSI Morning News". Dave has generously offered to continue the relationship, by reading future CALVMX event announcements on his Sunday afternoon show. He'd also like us to consider putting together a "Celebrity MX Race" for some of the local newscasters.



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houses the kitchen and meeting hall. Good hot showers on site. Campers mostly tent, a few motor homes, and some in vintage teardrop trailers. It seldom rains.

The 3-day event includes all the food, coffee, and bug juice you want. Bring your own cooler, beer, tequila and limes. There's a central meeting area with folk's camps scattered about, some alone and some in group sites. The sounds of old friends getting together again. Attitudes never last long at Cachuma, if they come at all. Some of the key players in vintage Triumphs attend; many folks from California BSA, Ariel, and Norton Clubs, etc. Old motorcycle and Indy car racer Joe Leonard passed up Joe Leonard Day at the 2001 Indy 500 to be at Cachuma. Racer Eddie Mulder brings his bikes and one or two new Triumphs for those who want take an easy trial run down the highway or wind a Hinckley up the curves of the old Stage Road. Lots of just as fabulous folks who aren't famous, but you'd be privileged to meet.

Run north up the coast and spot Santa Barbara sprawling ahead. The mile high backdrop dead behind town is the Santa Ynez Mountains, a 50 mile long unbroken ridge. These can be crossed via rural Hwy 154, or a couple more "rustic" routes. On the other side of the ridge the Santa Ynez Valley cradles Lake Cachuma. Beyond that lie hundreds of thousands of acres of San Rafael Wilderness, including the Sisquoc Condor Sanctuary.

Roads east wind a little ways into the mountains. Roads west lead to the towns Solvang, Buellton, and Lompoc. Nearby is Point Conception, often mentioned in marine forecasts. It's where SoCal weather often battles northern storm fronts in the winter. Most area roads are paved, some not. Head up into the wilderness through stream crossings, visit a waterfall in the woods, a motorcycle museum, an old castle ruin, a painted Indian cave, wineries to tour, etc.

The moon was waxing toward full for this year's Memorial Day weekend, always a good omen. John and Donna Mulrean, with their talented crew of elves, were setting up for Friday's influx. Many

who come also volunteer to help one way or another and a "barnraising" spirit is not unusual. By the time steak dinner is served Friday night, the event is well underway. Folks knot into groups, sign in, amble about looking at bikes, wonder how some kid grew a foot last year. In recent years the "marque" for the event has been Ariel, BSA, Triumph, Norton, and this year celebrated "The British Single". A row of old single cylinder motors on stands was lined up on display.

Memorial Day was observed Saturday after breakfast with a flag raising. The 48 star flag, which often flies at the vintage event, was pulled down and a 100-year-old 45 star version hoisted for the day, i.e. until the breeze got too stiff for the thin old relic. A page of history at the time 45 stars flew (1896 to 1907) was read and a few tears from



**"Hopalong" Felter Tries to Get a Leg Up!**

memories of loved ones were noticed. Let the fun begin! Field events were organized by Bill Getty (JRC Engineering) and Jim Kohls. They started Saturday morning with the smaller Cachumites on their bicycles. Something like 15 bicyclists vied for trophies on a course of their own. Then the big kids began lining up for a chance to abuse their clutches and self-esteem. The sidehack competitions included navigating within chalked lines while the rider dropped a ball at the end of a long stick into a can; driving under a crossbar while tossing a water balloon over the pole and catching it on the other side; and the driver blindfolded with the guy in the car directing him around the course. Two wheeled motorcyclists struggled

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through challenges like setting tennis balls in top of road cones and dropping rings over the cones, riding with a ping pong ball balanced on a spoon in their teeth, and of course, the slow race.

What has been called in the past “The Eddie Mulder Show” was returned to standard contestants. Eddie and Jodie often won the various events and gracefully stepped aside this year to allow others a chance at trophies. They did ride the slow race however; two up none-the-less. Some were on large bikes, some on small. Bang! Everyone starts wobbling across the field. Some were half way to the line when I looked back at Eddie’s Bonnie. Still only 3’ off the starting line and the bike’s perfectly stationary, i.e. parked. As it starts to tip he slips a little clutch and they crawl in the direction of fall, moving just far enough to regain balance. Looked around again and many folks were nearing the finish line. Some disqualified when they tipped and set a foot down. A few **were** slow, but well ahead. One guy gave up and was going around in circles determined to be last across the finish. Eddie’d ease a little more clutch and they’d creep a little further. A rider on a little trials bike with a huge rear sprocket was slow, but the Mulders are



**MSF Training: Focus on the Exit Point of Your Turn**

always the champion laggards.

Another “natural” was Joe Leonard. Joe borrowed a sidecar rig, had buddy Digger Helms climb in. He headed off across the field, gave the controls a squirt, and lifted the car up in the air almost 45 degrees, drove along like that 100’. In a while he came around past the hall and lifted it again. Heard later Joe had never driven a sidecar in his life.

Digger, an esteemed racer himself, couldn’t have been too bothered cause he was back in the hack later riding with Joe in the sidecar field events.

Award ceremonies on two nights included trophies for the field events, prizes for swell deeds, prize drawings, and recognition of participants. Lots of good stuff and a blast for all. This year the plethora of prizes included some popular bottles of bubbling tequila. The Perros Viejos, a notorious martini swilling offshoot of the Club, never even had one of the lucky numbers and still went off with enough gallon jugs of Aerco Vintage Engine Oil to start a lubricant company. The festivities were followed by live music both nights.

Once again the announcer for the weekend was Mike Van Lienden. Mike’s an old BSA enthusiast with an extensive knowledge of motorcycles and racing. He imparts a great flavor to the event by explaining unique features of the various machines and sometimes their owners, and razzes the Triumph guys with “Chevy vs. Ford” quips. His comments have been known to draw water balloons.

Cosmic Joe Filardi worked up a new twist with a giant map of five recommended rides. He also planted colored clothespins along the routes and had some highly desirable gift certificates in store for those with the most pins in their pockets. One 60 mi. loop that passed Michael Jackson’s estate, he named “The Fruit Loop”. A big winner was a fellow named Frank, a real rider who covered a lot of asphalt, one eye on the route and the other spotting pins. Mike and son Tony Bigler rode two up along the 10 mile rocky scramble called West Camino Cielo (termed “Joe’s Hell Ride”: see Santa Ynez Ridge); and spotted one of the *special* clothespins through the fog on the highest mountaintop. It was 20’ up a radio tower, but apparently a scamper up the ladder was not a problem for Tony. They won **a lot** of ice cream.

A wealth of entertainment and information is gleaned from participants. Last year one of the memorable characters I met was Doug, of Satisfied Cycle who had ended up with the two tractor-trailer loads of NOS Triumph parts that had been abandoned in Oregon for 25 years. This year one

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fellow I enjoyed meeting was Don Harrell, who turned out to be the man who restored the 68 Bonneville that sold recently in Las Vegas for \$18,000, plus one or two other bikes that went for large sums. Don explained he is a building contractor who started collecting anything Triumph several decades back. Now he puts bikes back on the road at his own pace. I asked Don what was so special about the Bonnie and he replied, "Gorilla Milk". "Gorilla Milk", I ask? "Yeah, a really good wax, everyone has one, McGuires, etc." I was a bit skeptical that a coat of wax would turn my tatty TR6C into a record breaking Triumph and starting to think Don might be a little humble. The tank



**"Professor" Joe Preparing for his Seminar**

was red with the silver wings.

Then there are stories to be heard like when Dick Symond was about 13 and wanted to be around motorcycles so badly that he'd go into Bud Ekins shop hoping he could just even sweep the floor. Bud told him to get his leaky rat Triumph away from his building. Had us rolling with a story of Simichroming all afternoon after school for Von Dutch and being paid with a beer, after Von Dutch pulled a swig off it first.

Three of the main Triumph parts suppliers in the US were up on stage together. Bill and Marla Getty of JRC Engineering, John and Susan Healy of Coventry Spares, and Bob Raber of Parts Mart fame in San Jose. These were some of the key players in the start of the Cachuma Rally years ago

and of great support to it now. A two hour tech session initiated by John Healy last year was one of the more interesting "seminars" I've attended; technical discussions, tips and pointers learned from many dozen years of Brit bike experience for the listening. Many were disappointed when other festivities overran this year's tech session time slot.

The marquee for next year's Cachuma Rally has not yet been announced, though a rumor I heard said it starts with a "V". Whatever is in store, if the Mulreans are up to doing another rally Cachuma continues to be the most wonderful event in the history vintage Brit get-togethers.

## **Pacific Beach Christmas Parade**

**© Bob Felter**

The Club has participated in the Pacific Beach Christmas Parade since the Club's beginning. Early Club photos show old machines sporting poles with American flags flying above the bikes, and all manner of Christmas decorations. Russ Shepley has traditionally ridden the most photographed bike. The old Indian Chief was decked to the hilt, and Russ also attached a stuffed e-bunny to the front fender. As he pulled the machine up to a knot of children, he'd hit the secret switch and the bunny would start clapping cymbals together. This setup would sometimes earn Russ a photo in the Union or the local Beach and Bay Press. We'll be working on him to join us on the ride as we circle down Garnet amidst cheers and merriment.

Your big chance to outdo Russ comes again on Saturday, December 14. The parade begins at noon. At 11 a.m., the Club will amass our bikes on the north side of Feldspar, 1/2 block west of Ingraham. Enter PB on Garnet, turn right on Ingraham (the main north-south street), first left on Feldspar, and we'll be right there. We'll decorate our machines and there's lots of "stuff" to look at, so get there on time. Rules dictate that all motorized vehicles must sport mufflers and be insured, all decorations must be fire retardant. There will only be one Santa Claus in the Parade. Santa hats

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# SDAMC Rides, Reminders & Upcoming Events

◆ **November 11 (Monday):**

SDAMC monthly club meeting held at the Auto Museum, 7:30 pm. **Nominations will be accepted for club officials, with voting to be held at the December meeting.**

◆ **November 16 & 17 (Saturday & Sunday):**

The Golden State 400, a breathtaking 400+ mile ride on antique, classic, & vintage machines (both bike and auto). We've been participating in this ride for several years and those who have been on it have had a blast. The route remains secret until shortly before the ride, but always involves a mountain stage and a blast across the Anza Borrego Desert. This year, the ride begins at Perry's Café (NW corner of PCH and Taylor/Rosecrans), so a Southern route is likely. We stay at the Ramada Inn in Yuma at 300 E. 32nd Street (928) 344-1050. Buddy up and split the costs of \$50-\$60 double occupancy, including breakfast. Ask for the "commercial rate" and tell them you are with the GS 400. Alternate accommodations can be had at the Airport Travelodge (928) 726-4721. If all else fails, call the Yuma Visitors Bureau at (928) 783-0071. Highlights this year include a "hosted" party at a private car collection in the Yuma area on Saturday evening. RSVP prior to November 1 to jansjag@aol.com with the subject "Golden State 400" for the party.

◆ **December 9 (Monday):**

SDAMC monthly club meeting held at the Auto Museum, 7:30 pm. Voting for club officials, last minute details on the Christmas Potluck Dinner, and general merriment.

◆ **December 14 (Saturday):**

Annual PB Christmas Parade. See story on Page 9.

◆ **December 14 (Saturday):**

The annual SDAMC Christmas Dinner Potluck Dinner at a place still to be determined. Members should contact the Mulrean's to find out what dishes to bring if they plan to attend. There will be a "White Elephant Auction," which Gene Smith has again graciously agreed to MC. Members should donate gifts for the auction. Contact John Mulrean at 619-443-9169.

◆ **January & February, 2003:**

Motorcycles at the Park. Our annual, month long event with the San Diego Auto Museum. This year, we plan on starting the event a week earlier than last year and finish up just prior to the Big 3 Swap meet held at the stadium. Planning began at the October monthly club meeting.

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are OK but tuck your guts into something other than Santa's pants. If you trailer in and want to park away from the madness, meet at Bob Felter's house (1067 Reed Ave.) at 10:30. Enter PB on Grand Ave. take a left on Dawes (streets are alphabetical from the beach), and a right on Reed.

Last year Nina pointed out that helmets are optional in parades, so most were stashed in Kevin's truck. Also, as we embarked down the parade route, we were cautioned that tossing candy was against parade rules. Since none of us wanted to lug home huge sacks of candy, it was tossed out anyway once we got clear of Scrooge, to the delight of many happy recipients. Bring decorations for you and yer bike. Even if you missed your coffee, the smile on your face will soon be there.



# 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**

