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6

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

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Notice...Notice...Notice!!!

***Nominations are being
accepted for 2004
SDAMC Board of Direc-
tors....See Page 10 for
mail in form!!!***

2004 Dues are Due

That's right gang.....if you haven't sent in your dues for 2004, they are now due. Annual dues are \$25.00. Fill out the membership renewal on page 11, write your check out to ***The San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club*** and send them to us at:

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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.

**THANKING THE ALMIGHTY FOR
SEPARATE VACATIONS**
Greg MacDonald

Last May my wife and her best friend were planning a trip to Europe to take in some operas and museums which, when announced, triggered a rush of adrenaline-fired excitement in me. "MOTORCYCLING OPPORTUNITY!" I cried out inside while on the outside remarking in my subdued fashion: "Ah, Vienna in the Spring" as if I had some point of reference.

One of the most appealing things about motorcycling to me is the element of spontaneous adventure and freedom it offers. My best trips have been those that have been on sudden impulse whereas the most disappointing have often been those involving months of planning and too many participants. Choose a loop, choose a bike, go. However, I always like to have an accomplishment or some type of expeditionary goal in mind when I strike out motorcycling. I therefore marvel at the "mileage slaves" who ride to eternity on a rolling destination.

I had been fascinated with the Columbia River as long as I could remember - possibly because I was born on the Columbia or possibly because I was born on the Columbia but had never been above the gorge. Another River which was fascinating to me by way of absolute contrast to the Columbia was the Fraser. Where the Columbia is now a series of dams and slack water the Fraser is still a free flowing wild river.

Glancing at a map I was suddenly struck with what a natural this trip was: take off at the mouth of the Fraser, follow it up to its headwaters, roll down the Canadian Rockies to the source of the Columbia and follow it back to the sea. In retrospect I am amazed that I had never heard of anyone riding this loop as it has all of the ingredients for the perfect trip: as many curves as you can

handle, some of the world's greatest scenery, and a real sense of adventure and accomplishment - all within a very manageable time frame.

The time of year, mid May, was perhaps a little early (maybe that explains not seeing another motorcycle) but there is always a trade off when taking off on two wheels. In this case it was putting up with some rain and cold in lieu of tourists and bugs; I'll take the former any day.

I left Riverside CA with my "Travels with Charlie" outfit (old Chevy pickup/camper/dog) pulling a bike trailer with an R65 BMW. Olympia Washington looked like a good midway point between the start and finish so I stored the camper, trailer, and dog there and struck out for Vancouver BC, the terminus of the Fraser River.

I picked up some plus points for this trip right off the bat:

◆ **Ferry, Fort Angeles.** I go out of my way to put a motorcycle on a ferry even if I don't know where it is going, which is more often the case than not. In this instance I knew where it was going: Victoria, B.C.

◆ **Butchart Gardens Victoria.** This may seem a little sissified, touring gardens on a motorcycle trip I mean. But obviously other bikers go there too: they have motorcycle parking! Wow 10,000 tulips in bloom.

◆ **Trev Deely Motorcycle Museum, Richmond, B.C.** Trev Deeley is Mr. Motorcycle in Canada (exclusive Harley-Davidson distributor) and also an AMA Hall of Famer. Although this museum is a bit of a sleeper in terms of promotion and visibility it is one of the best motorcycle museums anywhere. What I like most about it is there is something for all motorcyclists, over 50 marques

and 260 motorcycles. The presentation is first rate, being hi-level with neon-lined glass panels and superb graphics and exhibits.

May 13th I left Vancouver heading upstream as close as possible to the Fraser River on Canadian Highway 1. It was raining and cold and I began thinking the K100RT might have been a better choice, giving up some agility for some comfort and protection. . .but hey.....This is adventure; you're supposed to be miserable having an adventure, right? It all goes into the mix.

Riding up the Fraser Canyon Highway reminded me of the Columbia Gorge but not on as grand a scale. The canyon eventually gave way to fertile valleys and farms and as I stopped for the night I thought how great it is to be back in Canada. Back for the scenery and natural wonders but even more so, back for the people.

In a nostalgic sense it reminds me of growing up in the US in the 50's when ours was a more kind and civil country.

The next day I had to divert from the river, the first of many detours and backtracks to come as a result of not being able to follow the rivers 100% of the time. This not being National Geographic Magazine I figured I could get away with some minor black-top skirting and not have to worry about portage and rafting.

Rejoining the River at Williams Lake, it was north to Prince George where following the river upstream, it suddenly turns south and east. I still had a few hours of daylight and decided to keep going through the mountains toward McBride. Running a little R65 at 80-90 mph seemingly doubles fuel consumption and I found myself out of gas on a remote stretch of highway and not much daylight left. I was trying to thumb a ride in either direction when an old flatbed truck sputtered and lurched to a stop. "Ever been riding in Baja?" the driver asked. "Just there" I responded. "I've got about a half gallon of gas in a milk jug, maybe it'll

Whoever runs this petty universe of ours is surely a devious entity, one with a deliciously sharp sense of humor. Consider our bi-polar decision making processes. ...is it to our bane or to our betterment?

We humans have a remarkable ability to organize facts and collate data. We pride ourselves on making cold, passionless decisions.

commando leanings

Dispassionate decisions are what got us up here, to the pointy-end of the food chain, up with the Big Macs, asparagus, french fries, and low-carb beer, and away from foods ordained for slow-moving herbivores, browsers, and ruminants. We do not strain ocean water for krill, like blue whales.

Even those great whales—as immense as they are—are prey. We are not prey...we are predators. Ours eyes face front like those of wolves, lions, house



cats...not sideways like antelope, impala, or sheep. We have launched a thousand ships and hit golf balls on the moon. Hear us roar. Screw eating a buncha krill.

However, lest—through the ages—we should become slothful victims of our own genetic *hubris*, the gods have also imbued us with our very own fatal flaw.

To compliment our powerful logic-driven cognitive powers, we may—at any time—stupidly make less well-defined decisions when faced with any of an assortment of impulsive testosterone-ruled temptations like cleavage, chrome, or chemicals.

If it shines, jiggles, or alters our perceptions, we will often, for no apparent reason, falter in our role as predators and simply become like the sheep in the tall grass.

The gods would not have it otherwise. We were, after all, created only as amusement for them.

I was not even considering a Commando that day two years ago when I bought that yellow bike.

I had a garage with enough projects to keep me poor for the next two presidential elections. It's not like I have enough superfluous family money to afford a needy machine.

But curiosity is just one of the Cosmic Muffin's little jokes on us humans...that, and that damn "impulsive temptation" thing.

Pride cometh before our fall, as it were...so I drove the 30 miles to the home of the guy selling the '73 Interstate. I had to go and see it, since I would be the first. Having my checkbook in the truck was my fateful act of *hubris*. And the seeds to my downfall.

I would suffer from this act of pride. I would be tested by my fatal flaw. And succumb.

I both love *and* hate this bike.

I hate it's ability to suck money and garage space and riding time out my life with so little payback. I hate it because of the shop-time it consumes. I hate it because of the good-natured amusement that it brings to my riding buddies.

I hate it because--if only it would behave--it could be The Best Bike Ever.

And I love it, too...because of that damn intoxicating Commando sound, that 850 torque rush, and that slutty Yellow Harlot paint.

The Yellow Harlot is very much like that one girlfriend that you slowly grew to dislike, the one that everyone said wasn't good for you, the one that you once abandoned in an expensive restaurant rather than argue with any longer, the one that knew all your secrets and wickedly used that knowledge against you. The one that all the other guys were desirous of.

Their envy was only because *they* weren't involved with her. Otherwise, they would have known the downside.

She's the icy-eyed heart-breaker that you could never leave because the sex---when you got some---was just too damn good.

So, I guess I love this bike.

I'm so confused.

Joe Michaud ©'03

A tractor-trailer trip to New Mexico with a four day layover in Alamogordo was the only incentive I needed to find a place on the trailer to stash a motorcycle and take it along. I decided to take the old BMW R90 out of touring semi-retirement and haul it to New Mexico for one more chance at high mile days.

The loading and unloading went smoothly and Tuesday morning found me with four days off and the whole state of New Mexico to explore. Heading north out of town on Hwy 54, I made my first stop at Three Rivers Petroglyph Site.

Over 20,000 rock carvings are scattered among the boulders here, carved by a vanished tribe of Indians over 600 years ago.

Heading toward my planned stop for the night in Gallup, I passed a herd of pronghorn antelope standing by the side of the road. I was ready for them to make a sudden move onto the roadway, but they just watched the old Beemer pass. It might have been different on a loud Harley.

The ride to Gallup was mostly through wide open plains with little traffic and towns few and far between.

I awoke in Gallup, looked out the motel window and found the Beemer lying on it's side. The asphalt, softened by the heat of the day, had slowly allowed the center stand to sink in and it tipped over during the night.

A half hours work and all was right again, so off I headed up Hwy 666 toward Shiprock and Four Corners.

Four Corners is the one spot in the United States where four states actually touch each other. You can stand in one spot and be in New Mexico, Arizona, Utah and Colorado all at the same time.

While there a couple from Holland came over and introduced themselves. They were touring on a rented Harley, but the guy said he had several BMW's at home and they were his favorite bike. I gave him an SDAMC courtesy card and wished them well on their vacation.

By this time it was over 100 degrees again and the quick ride in Colorado and back into New Mexico towards Shiprock was a scorcher.

After a green chili stew in Shiprock I

headed east on Hwy 64 and stopped for the night in the town of Dulce, on the Jicarilla Apache Reservation.

Dulce is a over 7000 feet in elevation and with a rain that hit just before I got to town, it offered a break from the high heat of the past few days.

Day three started much cooler and after a few miles of riding in a flannel shirt, I needed to pull over and add the leather jacket to keep out the cold. The morning ride was spent in

Hot Days and Green Chili Nights

the mountains between 7 and 8 thousand

feet and the comfortable temperatures were a welcome break from the heat.

Down the mountains toward Santa Fe, then on towards Klines Corner, a stop I was familiar with from trucking since it sits on Interstate 40. By this time the heat was back, so the leathers came off and I aimed the bike south across the plains towards Alamogordo. Several small towns were passed along the way, but a bar in Carrizozo with the sign "World's Best Chili Burger" was too tempting to pass up.

The sign was right, and I was sorry to leave the coolness of the bar for the last 60 hot miles back to Alamogordo. The trip had been close to 1000 miles so far, and only 15 of the miles had been on the Interstate!

Once back in Alamogordo I found out we had three additional days off. So day trips to Ruidoso and Cloudcroft were planned. These shorter trips were fun, and with an elevation of over 9000 feet in Cloudcroft the weather was nice.

Tall trees and twisty roads made the last three days riding as good as any in the state. But finally it was time to get back to work. With the bike back on the trailer heading towards California, I was grateful for having had the opportunity to spend several days riding in "The Land of Enchantment".

©alan greer '03

We're back.
1490 miles on the truck and 512 miles on the bikes.

Mike Loper and I trailered three vintage bikes to Kayenta, AZ...my '68 TR6R and Mike's '67TR6R and his purple high-piper. Kayenta is a good central location in the Navajo Nation from which to day-trip for days of scenic riding, putting us midway between Canyon de Chelly and Monument Valley.

We booked the Hampton Inn for five nights and arrived tired but excited after the 11 hour truck ride.

We specifically hauled an extra

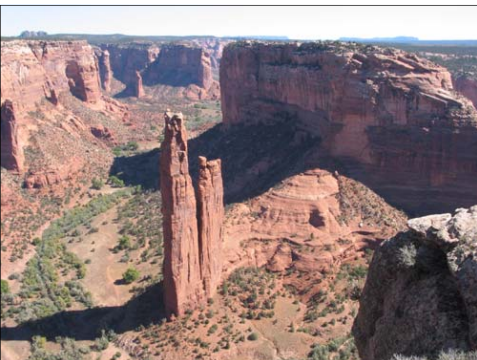


25 miles off of the pavement, Monument Valley

bike due to the logistics of the trip...if we suffered a catastrophic fault, our trip would not be impacted.

I packed a few tools, a spare coil, a pair of plugs and, at the last second, grabbed a used clutch cable from the garage. Mike brought tools and a few parts.

The first day was a 90 mile one-way ride to Canyon de Chelly where we then rode both sides of the canyon...a combined route of 75 miles of



Spider rock at Canyon de Chelly

joe and mike's excellent adventure

two-laners where turn-out parking provided views of the canyon...an all-day affair of spectacular red rocks and incredible, looming vistas.

We rode back to Kayenta grinning like fools, running the bikes at 75 mph on straight deserted two-laners, in the company of four guys from

Texas on modern sport tourers...Beemers and an ST1100, they much appreciated the vintage stuff, too. We ripped the tribal roads, seeing barely any cars for two hours, only the occasional dead animal on the road. There is a lot dead stuff on the reservation, We saw a dozen dead dogs, coyotes, even a horse.

Following Mike as we turned into the parking lot back at

Kayenta, my clutch cable broke. 2000 shifts that day and the cable broke entering the parking lot.

What luck since breaking it in the canyon would have been a problem. The bad part was the cable broke at the clutch end, something I've never seen before...they ALWAYS break at the lever. That little nib end of the cable attached at the clutch fork

had fallen down into the transmission outer-cover. Hmmmmm...can it possibly get into the gear box from there? Yup, it could...we agreed that the trans has an incized passage right where that little bastard fell. I fished fruitlessly through the inspection cap with a hooked wire as Mike went back to the room for more drinkies.

The trans outer cover would have to come off but at least we HAD a spare cable. In front of the amazed eyes of the Texan long-rangers, we pulled the header/

muffler, engine mount plate/footpeg, gas tank, and the cover. We found the piece, replaced the cable/parts, and refilled the gear box with the drained oil in less than an hour reusing the gasket, despite stretching it badly. Who's yer daddy, you sumbitch!

Try that on an ST1100.

Monument Valley has a 35 mile dirt-loop that explores the floor of the valley. Native Americans provide motorized tours for \$75 a head. We rode it ourselves and enjoyed it immensely, with the bikes drawing as much photo attention from the tours as the views did.

The parking lot has a good restaurant called "The View," not many can boast of the view they have there. The entire valley is stretched out before the glass looking like a Disney film.

Most food available over the 5 days was "fast food," unpalatable, even for me, by Day Three, so good (or better food) became a desire. Canyon de Chelly has a fine Holiday



Mike rides towards Monument Valley

Inn at its gate. Great food there. The Hampton Inn had a fine continental breakfast, too.

Our weather was fine, mostly clear with only one windy/dusty day...our last.

A fine vacation and a perfect ride for vintage stuff. Try it.

Maybe Silverton, CO next year, eh bunkie?

©joe michaud '03

get you to the highway yard," he said. It did and the foreman at the highway yard who was just leaving reopened the gates and filled me up no charge. Like I said just like the 50's in the US.

I stopped for the night at McBride and after an hour in the Jacuzzi with the snowmobilers (I thought this was May) we went across to a truck stop for a turkey dinner and all the trimmings - just like Grandma would have prepared if she'd known how to cook.

I got an early start the next morning in anticipation of capping off the first leg of this journey: in the form of a nondescript spot called Rearguard Falls. This is the anticlimactic end of the road for a few intrepid Chinook Salmon who make the 800 mile journey from the mouth of the Fraser to its headwaters and simply run out of river. I too had run out of river and it was time to hop on the great divide and coast down the Canadian Rockies to the wetlands of the Columbia.

Jasper, the Columbia Ice Field, Lake Louise, Banff...there is no more majestic or spectacular scenery on earth and it's right in our back yard. Yet we always feel we have to travel elsewhere! I remember riding through the Swiss Alps and thinking to myself: "This is almost as breathtaking as the Canadian Rockies."

The Columbia River starts, naturally enough, at Columbia lake and proceeds to flow gently and unassumingly through some wetlands flowing north for at least two hundred miles. This necessitated some of the fanciest footwork of the trip. From Columbia lake I followed highway 95 north along the river as far as possible then as the river continued north I had to veer west on Highway 1 to Revelstoke. Then it was a matter of following the Columbia upstream to Mica Dam and then turning around and backtracking downstream to Revelstoke again. A boring day but important in the spirit of following the rivers when and wherever possible. From

Revelstoke down river on highway 23, it was a beautiful morning (briefly) and I was riding along without a care in the world when the highway ended at a ferry crossing. This was upper Arrow lake and reminded me of Lake Geneva (only more picturesque) before long a ferry came along to transport us to the other side, free of charge of course because this is part of the Canadian highway system.

Only being familiar with the lower Columbia, I had thought of it as being a mighty and wide river for 1200 miles or so. What I was discovering though was an impressive river but not a great river until the Snake joined forces with it and then of course the Willamette.

I followed the river as closely as I could but having to cross mountain passes in snow and gloom with no one else on the road. Sometimes I was in zero visibility and slipping and sliding. The heated grips couldn't be used because the alternator could not keep up with the drain, and the little cafe windscreen had no value except for looks. My rain suit had shredded a 1000 miles back and I was becoming soaked and freezing for hours on end, pretty much the whole trip had been like this. I couldn't believe this was spring.

About 50 miles (south) into Washington two significant changes took place: the river changed direction temporarily to the east and the weather changed permanently to blue skies and puffy, white clouds. I spent the night in Davenport - but on a bed. Incidentally, you may not have noticed any references to sleeping bags, campfires, or harmonicas. That's because I long ago paid my motorcycle camping dues and have earned the right to a bubbling Jacuzzi and a queen sized bed.

Once I was "camped" outside of Death Valley and a German tourist hiked by just as I was turning in for the night. "Don't you have a sleeping bag or something?" he said. "Nope, can't carry both a six pack

and a sleeping bag on a dirt bike, something's gotta go," I said.

The next day I took in the Grand Coulee Dam. A plaque said "World's Largest Concrete Structure." I had just been reading about the Panama Canal and something about it being collectively the world's largest concrete structure. I find myself wondering how many other world's largest concrete structures there are. I'm also wondering if maybe we can find some third world country to give this man-made wonder to too! "Hey Greg! You're on a ride.. this is no time for bitterness!"

I think I counted 14 dams on the Columbia and although these have made the settling and the industrialization (namely the aircraft industry) possible in the Northwest they have killed the river. Another classic case of taking your pick between nature and progress or - as Bobby Burns put it:

"I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union."

The "river" runs south again down through Wenatchee and I was taken by the barren beauty of the land with the crisp contrast of the apple orchards. So far the river has run north, south, east - and for a short stretch by the Hanford Site, west. No wonder the sun has always been in the wrong place this trip!

At Pasco the Snake joins the Columbia and it is never the same again: the Columbia appears to double in a blink. I followed the river down the Washington side and this is a delightful motorcycle ride in itself. Below Portland the river really spreads out and it is awe inspiring to see the big ships navigating up and down river, especially in light of seeing the wetlands just a few days previous!

I stopped to stay with a good friend and fellow Beemer jockey, Tom Trotta who lives on the ocean front by the mouth of the Columbia. Tom prepared a celebratory banquet with a sampling of single-malt

(Continued on page 8)

(Continued from page 7)

scotches and meatloaf. The next day I got my truck, camper, and dog out of storage (the latter being in form of a kennel) and the dog and I spent 10 days camping our way down the coast. Why 10 days? It took that long for her to start talking to me again!

When my wife and I returned home we compared travel notes after which we both shouted out in unison: "THANK GOD FOR SEPARATE VACATIONS"! Greg MacDonald ©'03



Left: Two Triumphs, Two Boys, and Monument Valley. What a Great Trip.



**Road side repairs? Hell, you say! . We ain't sissies.
(Where's Paul Lima when we need him?)**



White House ruins, abandoned in Canyon de Chelly, circa 1300. A damn good hike down into the canyon via a narrow cliff. No OSHA on the Navajo Nation, if you slip here, you die here.

Carry extra water (and spare lungs) not a 25 pound tank bag. Don't ask me how I know.



**Monument Valley, 2003.
Plan your big trip for next year NOW!**

Brain Teasers.....that's what we ride. An engine supported by 2 wheels that always challenges us by throwing out problems here and there to make sure we're on top of our game. Whether it's a clutch cable failing in the middle of the Navajo Nation, a Beemer smoking in city traffic for no apparent reason, or a carburetor problem that seems to disgorge mysteries on a random basis, these machines keep us hopping.

Puzzles & Teasers

Mike Loper

It had been over 6 weeks since I threw a leg over my purple Triumph, a 1969 TR6 I assembled as a dual sport for fishing the back country of Arizona and riding fire roads in California. I thought I'd scoot out to the end of Point Loma. It's my favorite ride to check out the machines and get back "in the groove." Walking around the bike to make sure there were no obvious problems, I casually placed my hand on the throttle and tried to "blip" it. Nothing. It was frozen solid. I knew immediately what the answer to this puzzle was: If I let my bikes sit for too long, the resleeved throttle slides on my Amal carbs develop a film of corrosion at the exposed section and the slide will not budge. I've come to the conclusion that it's one of the few drawbacks to living in San Diego. Salt air and steel don't mix. So, I pulled the tank, removed the mixing chamber top, drew out the throttle slide and cleaned it with 600 grit sandpaper and WD 40. Confident that the problem was solved, I put the assembly back together, bolted the tank back in place, attached the fuel lines, and prepared to start the engine...again.

I blipped the throttle. The throttle twistgrip struggled to return. I knew it couldn't be the throttle slide or the return spring so my mind drifted to a pinched cable as a possible remedy. The tank and fuel lines came back off within 2 minutes (I'm getting to be an expert at this). The cable was free, but still the twistgrip floated back to the idle position slowly rather than returning with a sharp snap. I decided to pull the twistgrip assembly in its entirety and do a thorough examination.

What I found surprised me. The throttle rotor was crushed and literally falling apart inside the twistgrip. This could have developed into a disaster if I had been going into a turn at high speed and it stuck in the wide open position. I've never seen any failure like this before, but then, most of the problems I run across are those that have never happened to me before. I have no idea how the rotor failed. However, I do know that it is made of pot metal, a loose term usually describing, at least in this instance, an alloyed casting incorporating aluminum and magnesium. It works fairly well in applications where dimensional stability is

important and ductility and tensile strength is not. Examples of an appropriate use would be carburetor bodies and throttle rotors.

I purchased a new rotor, installed it, and the problem was solved. I was able to go on my ride, but it was a week later.

These machines continue to amaze me. What will happen next is a mystery, but I'm certain it will be a brain teaser.

Top Photo: Throttle rotor. Pencil pointing to failure area. Middle: Remnants of collapsed throttle rotor which failed inside twistgrip. Bottom: The Good, the Bad & Ugly. A new throttle rotor shown alongside the collapsed rotor.



SDAMC Board of Directors Nomination Form 2004

Elections for Board of Director Positions will take place over the next month. Nominate yourself or someone you think would enjoy participating in Club activities. Three (3) seats are open for nomination. The positions are currently held by Joe Michaud, Jon Saltz, and Chris Olsen. Note that these 3 Club members can be re-elected, or, if you'd like to nominate yourself or someone else, please feel free to do so. **Nominations must be postmarked not later than Friday, December 5th, 2003, and mailed to the address listed below.** After nominations are received, The Board will collate them and generate a ballot list which will be mailed to Club members.

Joe Michaud

Jon Saltz

Chris Olsen

Or, Your nomination(s)... up to 3, total:

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

Tear this page out & mail form to: SDAMC c/o San Diego Auto Museum, 2080 Pan American Plaza, San Diego, CA 92101

SDAMC Rides, Reminders & Upcoming Events

- ◆ ***SDAMC Christmas Dinner, Saturday, December 13th, 6pm:*** Join us for our annual Christmas Dinner. This year's event will be held at the San Diego Auto Museum, and will be catered. Part of the cost will be covered by the Club. Member cost is \$10.00, pay at the door. Also, BYOB; soft drinks and mixers will be sold at the event. The event will also feature our own Gene Smith as Master of Ceremonies for the White Elephant auction. More info to follow.
- ◆ ***Pacific Beach Christmas Parade, Saturday, December 13th:*** Kevin Sisterson will be sending out more information.
- ◆ ***Campo Train Ride, January, 2004:*** The possibility exists for a mid-winter ride out to Campo, then a train ride to Tecate. Details are being worked out. The dates will probably be Saturday, January 10th, or Saturday, January 17th.
- ◆ ***Motorcycles in the Park, February, 2004:*** Plans are underway by the Auto Museum to put together a show sometime in February. The theme for this year's show will be custom bikes with 35 or so vintage and antique motorcycles along the "Oscar's" wall.
- ◆ ***Reminder!!!!!!!!!!!! Fill out your nominations for SDAMC Board of Directors for the year 2004! Form shown above. Tear this page out and mail in your nominations.***



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 there from. 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**

