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6

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

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Holiday Party!

The SDAMC Board of Directors is planning the 2004 SDAMC Holiday Party for Saturday, December 11th, 7pm at the Automotive Museum in Balboa Park. We already have one surprise planned for you. This will be a very unusual Holiday Party. Please expect an invitation in the next few weeks. In order to prepare for this event, once you receive the invitation, RSVP at your earliest convenience.

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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.



A Trip to The Indian Motorcycle Museum

In Springfield, Mass
By
Will Speer

A trip back east wouldn't be complete for me without a trip to the Indian Motorcycle Museum in Springfield, Mass. This Springfield isn't that fun loving town

where Homer's wacky adventures take place, it's one of those old industrial towns that look so odd and depressed to us left coasters, complete with rows of dilapidated multi-family houses and miles of old brick factory buildings with huge smokestacks. The Basketball Hall of Fame is Springfield's main attraction, but not for me, I wanted to see some motorcycles.

The museum is located in the Titeflex Corp compound, and is the last remnant of the Indian manufacturing complex that once occupied four square blocks. I've been here many times before, but this time a Titeflex security guard stopped me to ask where I was headed. I guess the stepped up security is just a sign of the times.

I was early so I sat in my crappy Saturn Ion rental car in the parking lot and watched Titeflex's smokers huddle outside the building in the cold. These are probably the same people that'll sue Titeflex 20 years from now for contracting work related cancer!

The greatest thing in the world is to see the curator, Esta Manthos, drive up, because she must be in her 80's and drives a late model Camero muscle car! Esta is about the coolest little old lady in the world because she knows more about these bikes than almost anybody. But she can be kinda cranky too. This seemed to be one of her cranky days and I got off on the wrong foot by asking if I could take a picture of her for this article.

When you open the door to the museum, you are startled by an old and loud bell. After the elementary school flashbacks subside you walk down a dark hallway, and hopefully by then Esta has turned on the main lights.

I was already on Esta's bad side, so I kept conversation to a minimum and checked out the bikes. I won't go into detailed descriptions of them, but if you're interested in specifics checkout: www.wimausa.org/WMA_Indian.html

Those of you expecting Del Mar show quality restorations will be disappointed. These are all very

historic and correct bikes, but in general appear to be shown "as used". The bikes appear to be in no particular order and similar models aren't adjacent, but the range of models on display is pretty amazing. Esta informed me that all the motorcycles on display run and are taken out and ridden a few times a year. Also on display are some non-motorcycle items made by Indian, including a light car, a snowmobile (complete with V twin power!), a watercooled V8 aeroplane motor (!), and outboard motors.

In addition to all the Indian motorcycles there are a few non-Indian motorcycles on display, including a Munch Mammoth and an electric motorcycle made in Connecticut in the 70's by Corbin, the same Corbin that made your motorcycle seat. Boy, the Corbin engineers must smoke a lot of dope: first electric bikes, then them crazy three wheelers!

There are a lot of very old bicycles on display, many manufactured by Hendee, which would of course be the company that later became Indian. Indian memorabilia is everywhere, lining the walls in glass cases, and you could easily spend a whole day looking at all the old photos, news clipping, racing memorabilia, etc. on display.

I signed the guest book and noticed that it hadn't been signed in nearly a week. I've been to the museum on "Indian Day" and it was packed, so I guess this is the slow time of year for them.

I only had 90 minutes to spend there and it seemed to go by too fast. If you ever find yourself in that part of the country I highly recommend making the trip to the museum. Esta seemed a little lonely and would sure like for you to visit. Just don't ask to take her picture!



The museum is housed in what used to be the Engineering Building of the original Indian Works.



A PAIR OF EURO-SLEEPERS

By
Greg MacDonald

About six months ago my good friend and riding partner, John Healy, called me to come over to see his new machine. It was an odd duck, but nonetheless a beauty: a 1982 Yamaha Euro Virago 920. Viragos have been all over the place for a couple of decades, but this particular model, a serious sport touring model designed for the European market, was imported into the United States for just two years: '81 and '82. There was no market for the bikes here; no one knew what they were, and the sport-touring style and locomotive headlights were real turn-offs for the Virago cruiser-set. One look at John's new acquisition---and one short ride---told me that I had to have one too. But the bikes are rare...no value...but very rare. John's is an '82 model, built in August of '81, and he paid \$1600 for it, which was a steal, since it was in magnificent condition.

The 1981 model was a terrible candy-apple red, so I was hoping to find a 1982 with the beautiful gun-metal black and red tank. I didn't hold much hope of finding a match to John's but two months later one came on the internet and I called the owner (in Georgia) the first hour it was online and made the deal, sight unseen. The particulars of the bike in Georgia: pristine, 1982 built in August of '81, 15,000 miles, price: \$1600 plus shipping. You can't get much closer to that; in fact, it was somewhat of a miracle.

Not only were the bikes identical, but both were in need of the same mechanical fixes, namely steering head bearings and starter motor modifications. The steering head bearings are the old style: not tapered Timken bearings but loose cup/cone bearings set in races. Over a twenty year period, gravity and elements take their toll on the grease and, ultimately, mechanical arthritis sets in. Although it is a simple matter to replace the bearings and races, it takes hours to strip the entire front end off the bike and reassemble it. Then when you



take this times two, you'll be glad to be doing it yourself rather than paying a mechanic \$40-\$60/hour. All Viragos in the early 1980's suffered from an aggravating and whining sound upon pressing the starter button. Folks in the vicinity would stop what were doing to see what the commotion was. There is a fix involving several shims and JB Weld---simple enough--- but here again, there is a lot of disassembly and reassembly involved. The left case has to come off and this sets off another chain reaction; again, times two.

But we're on the road now, just back from touring the Sierras. My bike was fast becoming my favorite ride. There is a magical combination to these machines that I've not seen in any other motorcycle. There is the lumbering, throaty, torquey, V-twin which rumbles down the road like a Harley, sounds like a Ducati, and has a fine-tuned suspension with an air-adjustable front fork and rear mono-shock. Its chain drive is enclosed in a lithium bath. The bike has rear-sets with an all-day position and is a great handler in the mountains and



twisties. The bike looks sexy from the sides, but real dorky from front or rear. We road up to the café below Palomar the other day and a knowledgeable Yamaha rider came in and said, "It looks as if all the members of the Euro Virago Club are here. Who's president and who's vice-president today?"

But this guy was unusual because most people just stare at the machines in a state of ponderous bewilderment. That's OK. Its fun to have something unusual. Unusual and very satisfactory.

I'm still amazed to be able to get such a rare and magnificent motorcycle for under \$2000! They're sleepers: Euro sleepers.



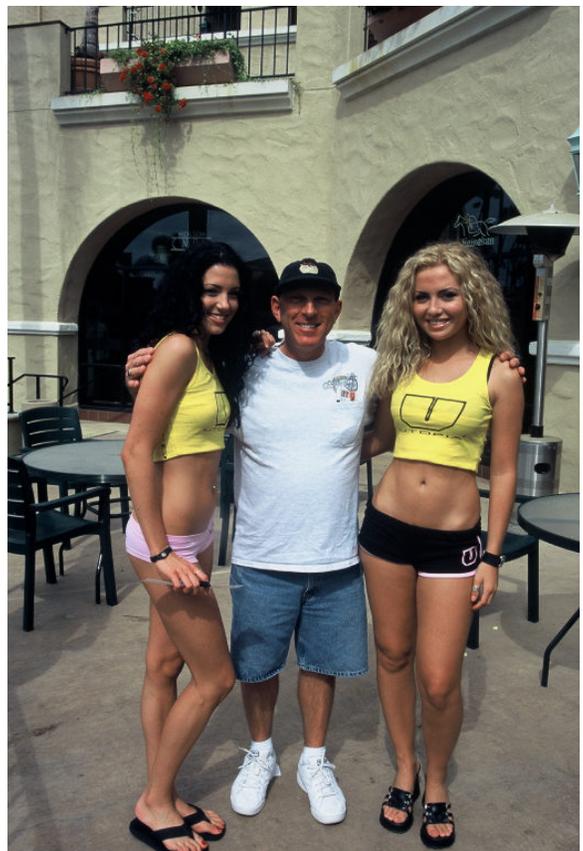
34th Annual Del Mar Concours

By
Joe Michaud

Del Mar went off with a whimper. Judging by the number of vendors and size of the crowd at the 34th Annual Del Mar Concours, the show may be drawing its last breaths. In our estimation, the crowd was down again this year, smaller than last year's gate. None of the "Big Three" Asian manufacturers bothered to attend...where were the big manufacturers? BMW was the only non-American vendor seen.

Track prep has always been an issue; its inexact science as practiced at Del Mar was never able to suit both horse owners and the racers. The Del Mar Thoroughbred Association, due to legitimate concerns of an exceptionally-large numbers of horses breaking down last season, has been cool towards the One Mile race. Removing AMA Mile racing as a linchpin for Del Mar obviates much of the need (and expense) for the Legends or the Trailblazers. Without these two groups, much of the vintage feel seems removed. The short track events in the horse corral went off as planned - kudos To those guys, laboring under their own organizational problems - but The Mile was always the crown for Del Mar.

Clear Channel continues to whittle away at the show, excising the choicer (and more expensive) bits...the stuff that I go there to see. Concours bikes seemed a smaller crowd this year with not many never-seen bikes popping up. Same, same. A few nice machines but nothing truly stellar. The swap meet was larger than last year but that's sadly damning it with faint praise. Not much newness in the custom bike arena; custom bikes seem to have painted themselves in a copycat corner of beach ball tires, swoopy/inefficient pipes, and airbrushed skulls. I feel that the blame for the bland crop of current custom bikes can be laid at the feet of The Discovery Channel. Their elevation of a few TV "expert" dudes to financial sainthood has produced poor lineage among bike builders. Where are the backyard innovators? They can't all be watching TV or ordering parts from OCC. However, the saving grace of Del Mar is the crowd. Sit by the patio near the bar and everyone you know will walk by. It's worth it to share the day this way. If you missed it, you still missed something.



Smitty recruiting new members for the SDAMC

Product Review: Cramp Buster

By
Alan Greer

For those of us whose motorcycles lack cruise controls, but still enjoy high mileage days, the Cramp Buster may be the answer to a much more enjoyable ride. The way the Cramp Buster works is it allows you to use weight of the palm of your hand to control the throttle. This allow you to relax the fingers on your throttle hand and not have them constantly in the same position to maintain a certain speed. A recent fourteen hour riding day was made much easier while using this device. In fact my hand and wrist were not at all tired after finishing that six hundred mile day.

The Cramp Buster is a piece of plastic shaped like a number six and is about four inches in length. Installation is simply even for us who are not mechanically inclined. The only tools required are opposable thumbs. Just slip the loop part of the plastic "6" over your throttle with the long part over the top of the grip facing towards you. That's all there is to it. You rest your palm on the long flat part of the Cramp Buster and the amount of weight you lean on it determines how much throttle your giving your bike. It's amazing that such a simple device works so well. In away it's better than a cruise control in that your not locked in at a set speed.

For around town riding when I don't want to use it I just turn it with the flat part facing away from me and hold the throttle like normal. Or you could take it off the bike in a few seconds.

I've had mine for over two years now and it has to be one of the best inexpensive accessories yet. I bought mine from the Whitehorse Press catalogue and the price was under \$11.00. They can be reached at <http://www.WhitehorsePress.com>



What Fell Off My Bike

AKA

“Yes I Ride An Old Bike”

by
Dave Marler

For quite some time I had wanted a new bike; or another bike. I looked and dreamed as others do, but I just can't stomach the \$20,000 price tag of today's bikes knowing that it would be one idiot driver away from going down.

When the time came to start looking I, like everyone else with a computer, went right to Ebay to get an idea of what is available and to be shocked by what people are asking for their toys.

I found that I prefer the old bikes still, for their unique looks and for the simple fact that I can wrench on them for the most part without an engineering degree. I also discovered that a good amount of old bikes were available out of Australia for a decent price if you don't mind the shipping charges or the delivery fees.

That's the route I went. I negotiated a deal on a 1942 WM20 BSA that had been listed without selling and was in need of a new home. This bike has the look I like without the high price and enough cc's to carry a fat guy without looking like a circus act on a scooter. It's not a 100% original as it was restored to race and run with the rally crowd, the old side-valve was replaced with a '49 OHV from an M33. It's a rider that's nearly complete and at some point a 500cc side-valve can be picked up to correct the originality issue.

I'll save the delivery details for another story, but after receiving the bike and getting it on the road, I decided to buy a period correct license plate and tail-light to add to the overall aesthetics as well as track down an MOT tax disc and certificate. The disc is an easy find as they are still used and it just so happens the MOT certificate for 1942 is green on white. Did I mention the restorer painted the bike in what I loosely call British Racing Green, which is more likely someone's idea of a military green based on the bike's heritage as a world war two courier bike, (unverified but the production numbers do place it in the Her Majesty's fleet order) . I digress.

I managed to find a period license plate mount on the devil's marketplace, Ebay (I heard it called that somewhere and it fits). My research has found that for the British military order, these bikes not only did not

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have license plates or mounts, most did not have a taillight. The correct taillight for the period is so small that it would appear as a lit cigar from a distance. So with this information (or lack thereof) in mind, I thought it necessary to keep the 60's style stoplight. It came equipped with by adding it to a period mount and install the whole of it on my bike to proudly display the special order license plate I was eagerly awaiting arrival of from the DMV. I received the mount along with a front plate and mounting brackets known as a pedestrian slicer and went about the task of installing them. The most difficult part on the front plate was deciding what to put on it since I have no information on the bikes civilian use and no plate numbers to reference. That was easily resolved with a little riding and people pulling beside me yelling out the open window "what year is it"? I settled on identification, 1942 BSA WM20.

I measured and drilled and installed the new rear plate mount and even managed to use the single hole reflector with nut and bolt that had come with the bike. After adding the license plate that also identifies the machine, it looked great. Wow, how cool is this? I will be riding in style, I thought.

My wife's work is very near our house and a friend whom she works with was in from London and had heard about the BSA. He very much wanted to see it before going home and of course I'm thinking he'd be a good contact to carry over some parts for the Brit brigade and save on the shipping so I agreed to bring the bike to Del Mar.

It was a Monday afternoon and since work was slow that day, I managed to be around the house for lunch and decided it would be really cool if I rode the BSA to meet my wife and the Englishman for lunch. I strapped on my gear and kicked her to life (2nd kick). With the BSA I have to get prepped first because the bike creeps when it is idling and doesn't like to run cold. So I was off in a jiffy and through Mira Mesa the back way, down the Sorrento Valley and into Carmel Valley heading for Del Mar. Cars were speeding up to get beside me and give me a thumbs up. People pointed and I was feeling so cool Elvis would have given me a Cadillac. At the light I was again asked what year it is and told it's "really cool". I'm thinking to myself that you really have to be a bike guy to catch the nuisances of a bike, like a license plate the states 1942 BSA and know that it is not just a jumble of numbers. I pull into the parking lot and amid stares and thumbs up back the bike into a spot and hit the decompression switch. Good run, very smooth. I call the wife and tell her WE are in the parking lot. Then I climb off and step back to look at her.

I marvel at the way the sun hits the chrome rims and bars and at that red wire hanging off the rear fender.....Red wire? Why is there a red wire? I walk around to the rear and find the whole back section of my cool new period correct license plate mount, complete with taillight (ie: brakelight) license plate and reflector, are gone! The top piece that mounts to the bike is still there, but the remainder is gone.

Now I'm mortified. What will I do without a license plate? Do you know how hard it is to get a replacement custom plate from the DMV? My mind races as my wife arrives and I tell her what has happened. "I need your keys, I can backtrack and maybe find it" I tell her. I tie the shredded red wire off on the rear lift bar and ride the wounded bike into the parking garage where I lock it and grab the sedan for a quick trip back. I drive slowly in the inside lane looking across the median thinking, "with the speed and turn of the road...." Yes. There it is. Speed up. U-turn and pull over as far as possible.

The remains were against the curb at the bottom of the hill where they had come to a rest after the plate mount came apart and this piece was obviously dragged down the hill. The reflector and its pieces were nowhere to be found. The light and plate were in good repair but the plate mount itself was a mess. Paint chipped, scraped and torn. The corners were wrinkled and dented as that was where it had most likely bounced around on.

I collected the piece and inspected it on the way back to retrieve the bike. Apparently the three little tack welds that held the mounting bracket to the plate mount had snapped with the extreme vibrations of the engine and the bolt that ran through the reflector never had a chance even with the hot and ground wires adding unexpected support.

I got the bike from the garage after returning the car and using the farmers friends, electrical tape and a piece of wire to rig the plate mount to the rear frame of the bike, and headed it home in a slow easy retreat. I was devastated that I couldn't even ride that short a distance without something falling off the bike. If I only knew then what I know now! I would have probably laughed.

I had a friend weld the two pieces back together with a bead that would hold a fender on a Sherman tank and after many, many days of sanding and priming, straightening and banging, finally reinstalled my cool new period correct license plate and taillight mount!

Time for another ride.



Time for Fall

By
Will Speer

Is it Fall? You'd never know it living here in So Cal. Sure, it's slightly cooler at night, maybe you even threw an extra blanket on the bed, but let's face it, if it wasn't for all the pumpkins in the supermarket, most of us wouldn't even realize the year is winding down.

I was jonesin' for some real Fall, and only a hypodermic full of New England could satisfy. We're talking trees exploding with color, beautiful clear days, crisp evenings, cozy wood fires, and umm.... more pumpkins. I made arrangements, found some cheap airfare, and in no time I was in Connecticut.

There's no better way to view the foliage than by motorcycle, and if that motorcycle happens to be a well-sorted Brit bike, all the better. My friend, Don Porter, once again came through for me and lent me his '67 Triumph TT Special. This is a rare competition model that Don has made some mods to. Besides adding lights, it has a Rouff 750 kit, 5-speed tranny, 1970 forks, twin leading-shoe front brake, and Akront alloy rims. The bike wears a '68 Bonnie tank that has the original hi-fi scarlet red paint, faded to a rose color.

"I've got the pink bike for you." Don jokingly said when I arrived. Don's a Triumph man, and used to tease me about owning a BSA. Calling his scoot the "Pink Bike" was about all I could come up with for retaliation in the old days.

It had rained the night before, so Don warned me to be very careful of wet leaves, as they can be as slippery as ice. It was also brisk, mid fifties, and a little windy. I was wearing so many layers of clothes that I felt that if I fell off I would just bounce when I hit the ground!

The ratty old helmet I borrowed two years ago was gone, this time Don pulled a brand new helmet out of the box for me. I put it on and proceeded to walk right into the bottom edge of the open garage door! The new helmet thusly christened, we headed west on route 42 through Bethany and Oxford. Traffic was light and we were able to make good time through the hilly twisties. The trees were so colorful that it was tough to concentrate on the road!

After about 25 miles we stopped in Southbury to meet up with a few more riders. I was a little surprised that out of the six of us there were only two old bikes: my ride and Harry's T140. Don chose to ride his '95 Triumph Thunderbird, Harry's son Matt was on an SV650, Sterling had his Yamaha sportbike, and another fellow whose name escapes me right now was on a BMW 650 single.

We stood in the parking lot eating pastries, drinking coffee, and kicking tires. The sky was getting darker and the wind was picking up. Despite the weather we eventually settled on a destination and headed out. Sterling led us north through some narrow little roads along the Housatonic River, including a long dirt section. The light and nimble Triumph handled well in the dirt, and I channeled the spirit of Eddie Mulder as I slid through some corners. Don has this bike setup very well, and the combo of the 750 kit and the 5 speed made for a very enjoyable ride.

Eventually we ended up on route 7 heading north. Traffic was heavier, as each town we went through seemed to be having some sort of Fall Festival. That's OK, I was enjoying the scenery, miles and miles of traffic light and life-vest colored trees burning my retinas, accompanied by the glorious sounds of Meriden's finest beneath me. We finally stopped for lunch at Toymaker's Café in Falls Village. Toymaker's owner also runs a



Don and the mighty TT Special

parts business for Triumph 500 twins called "T100 Toymakers", which is a name that should be familiar to anyone that's read Walneck's. Well, I didn't see "Link, the British Wonder Dog", but Toymaker's was a very cool place, with informal seating set up as if you were in someone's home, and Brit bike memorabilia everywhere. They served up giant hamburgers that even I had trouble finishing!

It was about 3:00 pm now and the sky was starting to look threatening. Despite our collective food coma we eventually mounted up and headed south towards home. It was really starting to get cold, and Matt stuffed newspaper in the front of his jacket to fend off the chill. I was still fairly comfortable thanks to several layers and a balaclava over my head, but my fleece lined jeans were starting to let in the cold.

We were headed home but we made one last

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stop on a hill overlooking Lake Waramaug. What an incredible sight, miles and miles of brilliant trees surrounding the lake, the sun low in the sky, it's rays sparkling off the water. It was beautiful, but that low sun meant we needed to get moving before it got really cold.

We made it back to Don's house with a little daylight to spare. It was like old times for me as we thawed out in his basement workshop, the smells of pipe tobacco and oily Brit bike bits triggering memories of many evenings spent watching Don fix my BSA after I managed to screw it up. We talked bikes and inspected Don's latest restoration in progress, a 1965 Triumph Bonneville T120C, a rare twin-carb street scrambler model with high-pipes. It was just a rolling chassis now, but I knew that by the time winter was over it would roar to life. I'm very thankful to my good friend for letting me ride his favorite Triumph, and I hope that someday he can make it out to the left coast and *work on...* umm... I mean *ride* one of my Brit bikes. Fall doesn't get any better than this!

The "Eyes" Have It!

by
John Del Santo

What you see is what you get, and your ride is only as safe as your visibility. California law does not *require* us to wear glasses when we ride (except when your license calls for glasses or contacts with corrective lenses), but riding without eye protection would probably ruin our day if we met a big fat bumblebee coming at us at 65 MPH. At the same time, California law doesn't *prohibit* us from wearing dark glasses after sundown, either, but if we wear sunglasses after dark, we might as well put a paper bag over our head for all the things that we *won't* see. As sunlight turns to dark we put the sunglasses away or take off the dark face shield if we expect to see anything out there worth seeing. Even the photo-sensitive lenses that darken as the day gets brighter, don't clear up all the way when it gets dark....They still maintain about 16% of their shade at night, and we'll see 16% less of what we need to see, especially as the glasses get older.

"Polarized" sunglasses can give you a problem at certain angles if you have a windshield that you look through rather than over. The polarized glasses can make the windshield seem cloudy or opaque. That's one reason they are not considered suitable for pilots, and that type lens can also keep you from seeing L.E.D. gauges on your bike.

At the Track, they put blinders on some racehorses to limit their sight towards the front only, so they don't notice what's happening around them. The same thing happens when someone wears a pair of glasses with wide, solid, temple pieces that block their peripheral vision..."Honest, officer....that guy came out of NOWHERE !!"

A pair of 50 year old eyes see about 20% less at night than a pair of 20 year old eyes. We may know more, and have more skill and experience, but we *do* see less. The 50 year old eyes also have slower glare recovery and take longer to focus when shifting from close-to distant-back to close again. If I expect that to happen, it won't take me by surprise.... A good following distance makes all the difference in the world.

Blue Blocker-type sunglasses can give all the world a pretty glow...Greens are greener, reds are redder, and yellows just tend to blend right away....which can be a real surprise when the vehicle in front of you puts on their yellow directional signal or the traffic light changes to yellow, and you don't notice the change for an extra second because of the glasses. Surprise ! Surprise ! There are yellow "night driving glasses" available, and they cut the glare somewhat, but they make *ALL* the lights coming at you look like yellow lights...A good Glare Coating applied to new glasses by your optometrist will give you better results, and lenses made from shatterproof Polycarbonate are safer than other materials. It is said that cigarettes are *not* good for our eyesight, and carrots *are* good for our eyesight. (but the carrots are harder to keep lit).

What we see is what we get...Our eyes are important to our ride ! So we need to do what must be done, to see what must be seen, to keep rolling down the road. Keep your glasses clean, and..... Ride Safe !!



SDAMC Rides, Reminders & Upcoming Events

November 6&7 - Golden State 400 - This years event is in memory of GS400 founder Jay Burton. Info: <http://www.goldenstate400.com>

November 7th - Best of France and Italy Car and Bike Show - The Best of France and Italy show/swap is on November 7th at Woodley Park in Van Nuys from 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. There is usually a good turnout of French and Italian cars, bikes, and scooters.
<http://www.franceanditaly.com>

November 7th - Annual Hansen Dam All British Ride - From Hansen Dam Recreation Area. 210 freeway at Osborne. SC Norton Club event. Meet 9am / ride 10am. Info: "Bib" 626-791-0259, www.scnoc.5u.com

November 21st - Pomona Cycle Show & Swap - Fairplex, Pomona

November 26 - 27th - LA-Barstow to Las Vegas Dual Sport Ride - Info: Jim, 626-792-7384

December 11 - Annual SDAMC Christmas Party - At the Automotive Museum in Balboa Park. We have a surprise planned for you. This will be a very unusual Holiday Party. Please expect an invitation in the next few weeks. In order to prepare for this event RSVP at your earliest convenience. **(SDAMC members only)**

December 12th - British Marketing All Brit Ride - Meet at British Marketing in Laguna Niguel, meet 9am / ride 10am, put on by the SC Norton Club. Info: "Bib" 626-791-0259



TRIUMPH

MATCHLESS

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BSA



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**

