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

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Rock Saga The New Rocket III

© Ron Hallam

The Trials and Tribulations of Ron's Rocket III
or How I Nearly Didn't Make It

Chapter 1: A Dream Come True

I think the powers that be were really testing me in my quest to obtain the bike of my life, namely my new Triumph Rocket III. Some time last year my old uncle in England passed away and, perhaps because I took the time to visit him on my various trips back, he left me a bunch of cash in his will. Just after the announcement of the new Triumph on the market, I received a notice from his executor that there was a check in the mail. This resolved many of the problems I had with the light of my life (She Who Must Be Obeyed); the main ones being "Where to get the money as we will not have it on credit" and "You cannot raid MY security," meaning the family account. Other comments such as "You must be crazy to pay that much for a motorbike," "At your age," "You'll fall off it" etc. etc. I'm sure you may have heard it all before.

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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, CONTENTS 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.

Product Review: Langlitz Leathers

© Jon Saltz

OK, I admit it. I'm a total gear head and I have been one my whole life. I always want the best gear I can get my hands on. And why not? Wouldn't you want to play a show on the best sounding drum kit available? Or ride your bike wearing the best-made leathers? Or better yet, wouldn't you want to use the best gear available if you were going to jump out of an airplane? No matter how you slice it, there's no substitute for quality products. You can pay less and you often get less. If you want quality you have to seek it out. If you want quality motorcycle leathers, Langlitz Leathers is the place to go.

For more than 50 years Langlitz Leathers Portland, Oregon have been considered by experts to make the finest leather riding gear in the world. After my experience with the company and their products I agree with this assessment.



It's no secret that I have a lot of different jackets. I initially set out to buy the one "perfect year around jacket" but I soon realized that, due to my sensitivity (or is it over sensitivity) to temperature, there is no perfect jacket for me. Thus, I've ended up with a small collection of riding gear for different weather conditions. I wanted a jacket that would be good in the cold weather so I turned to Langlitz.

Langlitz doesn't sell through retail or wholesale distributors. You can only purchase their products directly from Langlitz, either in person or through the mail. I ordered my jacket through the mail after a series of emails with Dave Hansen, who is the General Manager of Langlitz nowadays. Dave is extremely knowledgeable and very helpful. If I didn't know better, I'd say he holds a PhD in product knowledge and customer service!

I was a little concerned about buying a jacket through the mail but just as every other aspect with this company is

concerned, their ordering form was foolproof. Plus, they have a 100% satisfaction guarantee so how could I go wrong? I had a friend measure me according to Langlitz's instructions and I placed my order. They told me it would take one month (wait times vary depending upon the demand at the time - one month is a very short wait) to make the jacket so I marked my calendar. As I waited for my jacket to arrive I wondered how it could possibly be any better than my Vanson jacket, especially since Vanson's quality is first rate. I was just going to have to wait and see. Well, true to their word, my jacket arrived exactly one month later.

It arrived in old school brown paper wrapping. I was like a kid opening a birthday present as I carefully removed the tape to reveal the packages contents. I was finally getting my first look at a real Langlitz jacket in the flesh! It was obvious right away from the look and feel of the jacket that the quality was better than anything I had ever seen! And man, it smelled good too! I put it on right way and the jacket fit me better than my own skin. I've never owned anything that fit me as well as this jacket. The leather was perfect, the stitching was perfect... the jacket was perfect! Everything is top quality and everything is made in the USA. It isn't often that something lives up to it's reputation these days but this one of those rare moments.

The zippers are all brass (or course) and they open and close like butter. The pockets are lined with extra-heavy sailcloth and look like they'll never wear out. I had the hand pockets lined with leather and they feel amazing when you slide your hands in. They urged me to order the medium weight leather and despite this, the jacket weighs a ton. I have no doubt it could save my hide some day. I can't even imagine what the heavy weight leather would be like. I knew it was now only a matter of time before I would order matching pants.

My opportunity to order pants never seemed more viable than when I went to Oregon on a vacation in April. I looked up the shop and planned a little visit. My father now lives in Salem, Oregon; approximately 45 minutes from Langlitz in Portland. I thought it would be fun to meet the nice folks who helped me with my jacket. I also wanted to see the place where they still make jackets the way they did back in the 1940s.



I was greeted with a smile and given the grand tour of this small shop. Everything is made in house (except for the zippers and fasteners which are purchased from only from top quality US manufacturers). As Dave Hansen showed me around he introduced to me to each of the craftsman and women who works there. He introduced me to one woman calling her the "Junior Varsity" member of the team. She had only been there for

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Left Behind

A Tale of Woe from the T-Shirt Ride

© Dave Marler

What Fell Off My Bike! AKA Yes I Ride Old Bikes.

Gas mileage!

Well, you probably noticed that I didn't quite make it to lunch. I had a hell of a start for the poker hand too, a pair of queens. Funny how that'll come up again later.

Having not run the new toy for a long distance before today, I foolishly did not top off and ran out of gas on old Hwy 80 about a mile west of the Golden Acorn. While I waited for the chase truck, I wrenched it and tried figure if my fuel line was blocked or full of crud or what the problem was 'cause there was no gas coming from the tank.

After an hour or so, I figured out he ain't comin' and flagged down a couple of riders who turned out to be from Pine Valley and were great company. They assisted in determining that I wasn't broke down, just out of gas.



Apparently running full throttle, as I was having to in order to keep up, I may only get about 30 miles to the gallon on a three + gallon tank. I was about 5 miles short of the fuel stop at Boulevard.

A gentleman came back from the Golden Acorn with two oil quart containers with gas and I was on my way. He wouldn't even take cash to let me buy him and his wife lunch, just wanted a buck for the gas.

I filled up at the Acorn and backtracked old Hwy 80 to almost Alpine, then hit the highway westbound to 67 north through Santee then 52 to the 805 north and home again with my eye on the mileage and surprisingly running at 70+ on most of the highways.

Ron Caudillo called maybe fifteen minutes after I arrived to check if I was home or would a search team need to go after me. He was happy to hear I had made it OK.



I was really happy that someone was checking. After only an hour in the desert I was ready to get out of there but when I finally could go no more I called my wife and told her I was waiting for the truck and the missing petcock spring that leaves me in reserve all the time had bitten me. That'll be fixed before the next outing. I won a whole Petcock assembly on Ebay while I was getting a desert tan. I figured either the chase truck got full, had trouble itself or jumped on the highway to make up time getting to the gas stop after trailing us laggards and picking up that Norton (It had to be a damn Norton Joe!).



So the new bike has a good run behind her, I know what her limitations are and the only thing I missed was lunch with a bunch of old farts. Not bad for a Sunday and my 1st club run. I told Ron next year we should all get the cell number of the chase truck driver since that's the only person who can really hear a phone ring and had I gotten Chris's this morning I could have called him before the group left Boulevard. Live and learn.

Garage Crawl Images

For those who could not make, or complete, the recent Garage Crawl, a few enduring images:



Loading the Mother Ship



The bad bikers invade, while 'Neighborhood Nazi' attempts to repel the hoards



Block Party, San Marcos style



Views of the Bermuda Triangle, where many Ducatis have come to (hopefully not final) rest



Bar-B-Que and laser holography show, Complements of Chez Constable

(Continued from page 1)

Since the major question was resolved, my response to all the other comments is "Riding is one of the greatest pleasures in my life, it keeps me young." In my early years, I indulged in rock climbing, sailplanes and motorcycling, sports where I was 95% in control of my own destiny by my skills and judgment. My admiration and envy to BikerBoy, I never had the guts to road race; trials riding was my limit.

All problems behind me, I placed my order for the Rocket III with Doug Douglas Motorcycles in San Bernardino (Rocket Motors had sold their June allocation). Then I waited, and waited, until the magic call came: "We have your Rocket III in, when can you fetch it?" I had a wad of cash, a trailer all prepared and ready to go, but the dealer was away for the weekend at the big rally near San Francisco. A week later I was on my way.

Chapter 2: Test Number One

Feeling on top of the world, I set out to collect my dream machine, with no hint of what was in store for me.

About 5 miles up the road, on the way to Baker, I saw one of the markers on the trailer was coming loose. I stopped, tightened it up, then noticed that the winch I had installed and anchored the cable to was a little loose so I tighten it up and carried on.

Baker was passed and on my way to Barstow I felt a peculiar jerk, looking in my mirror I saw a winch following me about 20 feet behind bouncing merrily along the freeway, no near traffic they kept well behind the crazy trailerman. I pulled to the side and the winch launched itself over the freeway edge into the brush. Inspection showed that not only had the winch decided to become portable on it's own, (my fault for not securing it properly) but in the process wound around the trailer wheel and tore the heck out of the tire. No spare, so I removed the wheel and drove 25 miles to Barstow where my fortune improved a bit and I found tire repair service just east of Barstow. They replaced the tire and 4 hours later I was back and on my way. 4 hours at 100deg day is no joke.



Chapter 3: Test Number Two

This was not too bad, I had arranged to stay with Gene and fetch the bike back to his place, so, checking the time I figured I could make the SDAMC Tuesday meeting at 7.30 pm. This was fine as some of you were there at the meeting. The only problem was that it was dark when the meeting concluded. Back at my truck I found that not only had I wrecked a tire but also demolished my tail light and number plate (still attached but fell off later). In doing so, it had shorted out, thus removing all rear end lights on my rig. By good fortune I made it over to Alpine without getting stopped and flaked out in his guest room, hungry as I had only had a breakfast of toast and a lunch of two beers, but I has made it. Two of mine host's beers completed my day.



Chapter 4: Getting "THE BIKE"

I spent Wed morning buying a new winch, installing with a safety bolt, a new tail light and new fuses. All was well and I set off for San Bernardino. After getting lost a couple of times I finally found the dealer. My first reaction when I saw the bike was "Bloody 'ell". Impressed was hardly the word; it sat there overwhelming everything in the shop. Gingerly, with both guys standing by, I sat on the machine and lifted it off the side stand. I could feel the 700+ pound mass of the bike but with the low C.G. it was surprisingly easy to hold. I liked everything I saw, from the forward cruising footrest to the wide handlebars and the wide seat.

After all the preliminaries, which included a promise not to ride in CA as it was officially sole in Nevada, we went to load it on the trailer. I had built an eight foot ramp using a 10" wide light "T" beam, the back tire only just fitted into the beam, but we got it loaded. The next problem was the bike was 4" longer than the trailer and I could not fold the ramp, (isn't there something about "the best laid plans of mice and men"), the ramp was removed and loaded into the pickup. Successfully getting back to I-15 without getting lost, I was on my way back to Gene's.

Still in San Berdoo, about 500yds ahead, I saw a mattress flying into the air as a car ran into it, into MY lane! Oh! Sh'""T! Heavy traffic, but the lane to the right was clear and I changed lanes OK. I returned to Alpine with no further problems. However my trials were not yet over.

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Chapter 5: The Journey Home

After a nice dinner, which mine host Gene prepared and a few beers and a good night rest, I tanked up the truck and set off home. Strangely enough nothing went wrong, I drove non-stop until I reached Pahrump. I stopped by Harley Roads a dealer friend of mine, he wanted to see the bike and he was on my way.



Leaving on the final three miles home the truck started slipping the drive (automatic), I had problems at each stop sign, but by careful power juggling I made it home. At home the truck gave up and refused to reverse.

I had enough space to offload the bike and re-stow the trailer. On checking the truck I had NO transmission fluid at all. The transmission worked fine after about two quarts of fluid. The repair guy found a transfer pipe chafing the prop shaft and leaking, \$90 fixed it. I had got home literally by the skin of my teeth.

Chapter 6: Now for the Good Stuff, Riding at Last

Very gingerly I took the bike out for its first ride. The first test was over about 300yds of packed gravel roads, a bit scary at first but the bike was a real pussycat. The variable rate throttle allows very gentle power application, the clutch is very light and easy, take off is very smooth, as soon as in motion the bike balances very well, tight turns feet up are easy even at full lock.

The gears tend to “clunk” on changing and the shaft drive backlash sounds ‘orrible when shuffling around. Changing down using compensating revs (double clutching we call it) takes some getting used to because of the power. Despite the balance shaft, a good rev up presents some side kick to the bike, gentle is the word. Fifth gear is only comfortable over 60mph at 2000rpm. The report says “just over 1000rpm at 60mph” a good bit over I think, but since it claims to produce max torque up to 6000rpm and at 30mph/1000rpm, you work it out. I tried one burst of acceleration on a straight road: 3rd gear at 2000 rpm I set myself firm and gave it the gun, what I thought was just a bit, I didn’t do a wheelie, but the forks bot-

tomed, and I would have been on the road if I hadn’t kept a tight grip. Valuable lesson.

My first run was up to Shoshone, which has long straights a number of corners, some small climbs. And quiet roads. The bike performs so well in my estimation, especially after riding a HD sportster, it instills such a feeling of confidence such that I have to remember the weight and power I have under me. Cornering is a thing of joy, set the line and the bike does all the rest; riding behind a Victory the angle of bank seems a bit less. Bumps on corners are ignored, no wobble noticed even with a large jolt once. My buddy on his big Yamaha pulled alongside and (clear road) and asked to see what it would do. At about 55mph, I let him go about 10yds then just tweaked the throttle. Checking my mirror he was disappearing rapidly; looking at the speedo I was topping 100mph in about 2 secs.

The only problem I have is stopping and staying upright, this is because of the strength to weight factor (my strength and the bike’s weight). At a stop, I have to get my feet off the pedals, concentrate on a point on the road and get my feet down. At one junction I was a bit distracted and allowed the steering to turn a bit, I didn’t drop it but it was a close call, about 10deg over is all I can hold.



Gas consumption was 32mpg 50/50 around town and country. Night driving is good, freeway handle is easy, the power keeps you out of trouble, city driving is OK, but not too pleasurable with all the stress of watching out for traffic, I had one trip down to Las Vegas freeway 15 to Fremont Street, no problems but not much pleasure, I was glad to be back on the road home.

Rubber Side Down Always
Ron Hallam

(Photos © Ron Hallam)



(Continued from page 3)

something like 12 years! Everyone spoke English and everyone seemed to enjoy their job.



I was blown away when Dave showed me the pile of leather they reject! This pile went from the floor to ceiling and must have been 15 feet long and 5

feet deep! I instantly understood why the leather on my jacket was so perfect. They won't use anything that doesn't meet their high standards. In this day and age where many products

are cheaply put together with no regard to their longevity, it was refreshing to see an old school manufacturing process where the objective is quality rather



than quantity. This shop is a testament to what made US-made goods sought after all around the world. I'm sure many companies would improve their products immeasurably if they took a page out of Langlitz's book. After my tour I ordered my pants and returned to Salem to complete my vacation.

Just as before with my jacket, my pants arrived in brown wrapping paper. I had ordered them to fit over jeans and when I tried them on for the first time it seemed as if the pants would never fit over jeans. They were too tight! I called the shop immediately and spoke with Steve (Dave was on vacation). He suggested that try breaking them in first and then try them again with jeans. But more importantly, he told me that they would simply make me another pair if they weren't going to work! Sadly, it's been too hot to wear the pants so I haven't broken them in yet. They are beautiful though and they fit perfectly, of course (without jeans underneath).

Well, that's my story and I'm sticking to it. If you'd like more information or a complete history of Langlitz Leathers go to: www.langlitz.com. Ride safe!

Jon (Naked Under Leather) Saltz

(Photo © Langlitz Leathers — Used with Permission)

Techniques: Adventures in Space!

© John Del Santo

As motorcycle riders, maintaining sufficient space around us is just about the most important thing we can do to keep out of other peoples' mistakes and out of the hospital. The space in front of us, following distance, is the part that we have the most control over. Following distance is like money You can never have too much, but if you have a little less than you need, you can be in trouble!!

Many riders close up their following distance when they are riding with their own group. After all, they're our buddies and we know how they ride, what could go wrong? PLENTY! "Bonding" is supposed to be an important part of our social development, but we'd rather that it didn't happen with plaster casts and bandages.

If there's a tailgater on your back, add a little more following distance in front of you to compensate, so that if you need to slow down, you can do it smoothly enough so that the dope behind you doesn't run you over. Most people around you don't have anywhere *near* enough following distance. If a vehicle in the next lane pulls up next to you and leaves you in *his* blindspot, pull up or drop back a little. We are always adjusting our space, in front of us and at least to one side, to try keeping an Escape Route open. If we're rolling down the road behind a tall vehicle, by dropping back a bit, opening up a few more seconds following distance, we can see more of what's going on up ahead, creating more visibility *around* that vehicle.... especially if we're thinking about passing.

When traffic starts to get heavy....when we come up on a busy intersection or a construction area....and traffic starts to slow down....most drivers and riders start to get closer, and *reduce* their following distance, *That's* when we need MORE following distance! When traffic is slowing down for whatever reason, and you're thinking of a quick lane change to a better lane, someone else is probably thinking exactly the same thing at exactly the same time about exactly the same spot in the lane that you have chosen to go to. If we make that move quickly and without maintaining plenty of space around us, things could get nasty! You've seen the Dangerous Ones....flashing from lane to lane and back again like a bunch of Squid! But they won't catch US in their bad habits, because we have ...SPACE!!! When someone drops into that space in front of us, stealing our following distance, it is necessary to come off the throttle for just a second, re-gaining our space....Anytime we don't have a full, healthy following distance, someone *else* is controlling our ride.

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This sounds more simple than it really is, but theoretically, if we never got too close to another vehicle....we would never be involved in a crash! In reality, by keeping a space next to us, creating 'getaway room,' and by always maintaining a *really* healthy following distance in front of us, we can probably keep from being smushed between several bad drivers.

SPACE..... In front of you, behind you, and to the sides. It's the best Health Insurance you can have. It's FREE, and it's yours for the taking !!!



Racing News

Isle of Man Manx GP Race Report

Investigative Journalism at its Finest

Staff

Those of you who are not on the Perros Viejos eMail Group have missed out on an exciting series of first-person accounts of one man's Quixotic campaign during the Isle of Man Manx GP festival just recently completed.

We were regaled with tales of preparation, practice, ever-increasing lap speeds, camaraderie, foul weather, accidents and, regrettably, the death of at least one participant. Ultimately, our correspondent was frustrated in his quest to complete the four lap Newcomers' Race by fuel consumption woes; he ran out of fuel before the finish of the second lap, and pushing the bike all the way to the pits proved impossible. His careful pre-race calculations and experience came a cropper, due it is thought to the different throttle control techniques needed to deal with the erratic mixture of rain, wind, sun, wet pavement and dry patches in the rain-delayed race.

This giant of a man, thought by some to be writing under a *nom de guerre*, has been a cause for much confusion and speculation among the Perros. Rumors have been rampant that the correspondent was one of our own, and congratulations followed by denials were flying in all directions. Thus, in the finest traditions of journalistic integrity, the editorial staff of your own Herald has taken on the Herculean task of sorting fact from fiction.

Some have speculated that the correspondent was our very own Wesley Stark, the International Man of Mystery, but the staff has put that rumor to rest; a confirmed Wesley-sighting at the Waterfront makes it logistically impossible, and we all know that the possibility of a Wesley-clone is simply a tale invented by mothers to frighten unruly children.

One lone voice (currently thought to be residing at a mental health facility under care for 'exhaustion') has insisted, frequently and at times vehemently, that the correspondent was a real person, named Peter _____ [name withheld on the advice of our staff counsel], said to be living in the UK, and that the correspondent reports were simply forwarded to the Perros list by an accomplice, but no independent corroboration of these assertions was available by the editorial deadline. Frankly, your staff is strongly inclined to ignore these assertions as simply the ravings of a disordered mind.

However, far more persistent (and perhaps more credible) has been the speculation swirling around our very own BikerBoy, and this rumor has proven difficult, if not impossible, for your staff to refute. The facts, insofar as the staff has been able to determine, are that the IOM correspondent campaigned a Goose. Now, as we all know, MG is not a common bike here or on the IOM; we know of only one in the Club, belonging to BB. Next, the IOM correspondent clearly has a major set of cojones, a fact that might readily be assumed by all concerned to exclude BB. However, recent correspondence on the PV list clearly suggests that BB claims to be in possession of a set that would dent a seat pan, so this consideration cannot eliminate BB, and is direct contradiction to certain denials that have circulated in the recent past. Further, one can only assume that, despite the 'Newcomers' Race' appellation for the IOM GP race, this was not our correspondent's first foray into competitive motorsports. Perhaps a newcomer to bike racing, but one would expect at a minimum some experience with competition in four wheel vehicles, such as BB has with Laverne. Hmmmm? Finally, there is the undeniable fact that BB has recently been seen riding a distinctive butter yellow conveyance, bearing an uncanny similarity to the sort of vehicle used by racers as a pit bike.

Coincidental? We think not. One fact might be dismissed as such, and others might be deemed of lesser importance, we grant you, but look at the number of them, and all pointing in the same unmistakable direction. But, to adhere to the highest standards of Fair and Balanced reporting, we must take note that there has likewise been an unconfirmed report of a BB sighting in the recent past, similar to that of our Wesley. However, such an uncorroborated report, when Balanced against the overwhelming weight of the facts, must be viewed with hard-nosed journalistic skepticism!

Finally, when last contacted about the reports, and the possibility of a welcome-home bash, the ever-modest BB simply "sighed," and declined further comment. Such modesty in the face of overwhelming public acclaim is the mark of a true hero, content to let his accomplishments speak for themselves. In light of the overwhelming evidence ferreted out by your staff, the conclusions are clear. Truly a reflection on the high standards the we have come to expect from the Perros Viejos, and a credit to us all.

SDAMC Rides, Reminders & Upcoming Events

- ◆ **September 3-6 (Friday-Monday): Cachuma Vintage Bike Rally**
Velocette is this year's featured marque. By the time you read this, you already had a great time!
- ◆ **September 13 (Monday): SDAMC Monthly Meeting**
SDAMC monthly club meetings held at the Auto Museum, 7:30 pm.
- ◆ **October 9 (Saturday): Chrysler Speed Classic**
Not exactly a bike event, but a good gearhead extravaganza.
- ◆ **October 10-11 (Sunday-Monday): SoCal Cycle TT**
The TT is a 650 mile, two day ride for 1975 and earlier motorcycles that originates in Los Angeles. Applications are now available, it costs about \$100 to enter. Email Tad at tanjent@sbcglobal.net for info or visit www.socaltt.com
- ◆ **October 11 (Monday): SDAMC Monthly Meeting**
SDAMC monthly club meetings held at the Auto Museum, 7:30 pm.
- ◆ **October 16-17 (Saturday-Sunday): Del Mar Show**
Concours show (www.batorinternational.com) is on Saturday as usual with some additions yet to be announced. The Sunday mile race is being replaced with a Supermoto race in the infield. There will again be a Flat Track Saturday race, but this year's is being put on by Gene Romero & WCFTS
- ◆ **November 6-7 (Saturday-Sunday): 6th Annual Golden State 400**
A two day tour in any wheeled vehicle. Back to the Barbara Worth again this year. A memorial tribute to Jay Burton, founder of the event, host of the 2002 soiree, and all-around great guy. We'll miss you, Jay
- ◆ **December 11 (Saturday): Annual SDAMC Christmas Party (Members & Guests Only)**
Mark your calendar's now. Details to follow.

For Sale

Also check for photos on www.sdamc.net

Garage Sale: 1998 Ducati 900 Monster, 1996 Husaberg FC501, 1974 Yamaha TY250 trials bike, 4 X 8 MC trailer, three new Michelin Baja 21" DOT approved knobbies; details and prices from Gary Nichols (grnichols@cox.net).



San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club

Membership Application

Purpose of Club

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

NAME: _____

SIGNIFICANT OTHER _____

ADDRESS: _____

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

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

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

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

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

Applicant's Signature: _____ **Date:** _____

**Note: Annual Dues are \$25.00 Mail To: SDAMC c/o SDAM
2080 Pan American Plaza
San Diego, CA 92101**

