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5

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

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- ◆ *Membership renewals are due in January. See the application page. Please fill in ALL the spaces (email addresses, in particular) and return to the address listed. All spaces filled in makes our membership person very happy.*
- ◆ *Calendar of Club Events. Come see us. Enjoy the club. Ride those old bikes. That's why SDAMC exists **Page 10.***

NEW EDITOR NEEDED

After 12 years of editing, writing, organizing the SDAMC newsletter, I am passing the torch to our capable staff. We have a core group of talented folks involved that plan to move the Herald to the next level.

Plans are in the works about using Adobe Writer/Reader to produce and distribute the Herald electronically. Membership dues have never fully covered publication costs. Nor have we ever been able to sell enough ad space to offset the cost, so rather than raise dues, electronic distribution seems a good thing.

Nearly all SDAMC members have/use email. Those that do not can have paper copies mailed to them. Electronic publication is the future. Only old bikes should keep old technology. We're gonna move on.

Thanks for your patience over the last dozen years. See you out on the road.

Joe Michaud

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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.

My wife and I love Lake Tahoe as a vacation spot. I also love to ride the many passes over the Sierra, but my

the collapsible fiberglass ramp I always carry for emergencies was not needed. I secure the bike with a Baxley wheel lock and a couple of tie-downs. The 650-lb bike easily rolled out and I'm ready to ride.

Scenic Sierra pete pickslay

very favorite is Ebbets Pass at the top of CAS state highway 4 traversing Alpine County, California's smallest in size and population.

A few weeks ago we loaded up our Eurovan with my BMW K1200RS and headed North on I-15 and Hwy 395 to Stateline, Nevada at the Southeast corner of Lake Tahoe. We had booked a time-share week at The Ridge, which is at the foot of the Heavenly Valley Ski Resort—Nevada side, around 8000 feet elevation. Once there I backed

To get to Ebbets Pass, I went downhill from The Ridge to Daggert Summit at the top of Kingsbury Grade, hwy 207, elevation 7334. Lake Tahoe is approximately 6500 feet.

Then I headed 5 miles east to a series of fantastic sweepers of Bavarian quality, to the valley floor at 5000 feet. Then turned south and rolled along Foothill Blvd for 5 miles until hwy 88, just short of Woodfords. Now I am in Alpine Country, CA. I turn left onto hwy 89 headed for Markleeville, the county seat,

the assault up to Ebbets Pass. The highway is 2 lanes for about 10 miles and follows Silver Creek, very picturesque. Suddenly, the centerline vanishes and the road narrows to approximately 12 feet and begins to steepen. Now the fun begins. Ahead are several very tight hairpins before you reach the pass at 8,730 feet. Fortunately, trucks and motor homes are forbidden and there is very

Suddenly, the centerline vanishes and the road narrows to approximately 12 feet and begins to steepen. Now the fun begins. ...



the Eurovan up to a makeshift loading dock between two buildings where the parking lot met with an 18-inch grade separation—perfect for unloading the Beemer. Thus

that gave rise to these decorations, but it must have involved some Harley riders and their ladies.

But I digress...OK, Markleeville is the beginning of

light traffic. This pass is closed in the winter and not plowed. Sometimes it doesn't open until late spring if there has been a heavy snow pack. Beyond the pass, the road wends westerly through pristine forest and by alpine lakes. The road runs along the north shore of Mosquito Lake where a lone cabin can be seen. Further down the twisties is Alpine Lake, stocked with trout. At its westerly end are a campground, general store, and a fine restaurant with inside/outside patio dining. It is the only eatery between Markleeville and Bear Valley, plan to stop. They have restrooms.

If you continue westerly on hwy 4, you reach the turnoff

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for Bear Valley Ski Resort. Here the road widens into the village of Bear Valley.. Lots of cabins here, Robert Conrad owns one. Lloyd Bridges sold his just before he died. And you will also find gas, a store, a couple of restaurants and a hotel that was once part of Club Med, so it ain't too shabby. In the summer, they have a music festival that draws from all over. Here's your chance to fill up and head back to Tahoe as the fun is doing the pass both ways. The trip will take you between one and two hours each way. The time differential will depend upon whether or not you carry a passenger that is terrified of high speed, twisties, and hairpins, particularly when combined. The road way is usually clean but often contains some water from melting snow until midsummer. Good thing—no slippery yellow lines down the middle.

I believe I have biked all over the Sierra passes and can assure you that this is the most fun. If you have spare time on the way back, take a right turn on hwy 89 just before Markleeville and take a run over Monitor Pass, elevation 8314, to Lake Topaz on 395. I would have done this but the road was closed due to a crash on the pass, and besides, my wife's ass was getting sore. Monitor Pass has stunning vistas, patches of aspens and expansive fields of wild flowers. The drop down into Lake Topaz is spectacular.

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And Then Came... who was that guy?

by greg macdonald

Back in the 70s, there was a TV show called "And Then Came Bronson." As I remember, there was a young buck wearing a Navy watch-cap aboard a Harley Sportster cruising around the country on a footloose, care-free odyssey of adventure. Remember?—each episode of the show started with Bronson rumbling at idle at a stop light and next to him a ruffled and frumpled businessman in an old Plymouth sedan yelling out the window: "Where are you headed?" Bronson would respond: "DUNNO," as he roared off

leaving the old guy shaking his head in envy and in total despair of his trapped life.

That opening scene stuck with me over the years and when I retired I found myself with the time, the resources, and a trusty old BMW named "Bismarck" to set out with an unplanned, open-ended trip. OK, so it wasn't a Harley...and I was probably 20 years older than that guy, so what?

I had only one hope for the trip. Somewhere along the way, I would be asked "Where you headed?"...to which I would reply,

"DUNNO." I became so infatuated with the idea that I resolved not to return home until someone asked me the "Big Question."

I started up the coast with my son Matt on the back and several friends riding along as far as Portland. We had a grand time, spending each night at a place with an ocean view and drinking martinis in water tumblers. After they turned tail for home in Portland, Matt and I followed around the Olympic Peninsula, Anacortes Island, then caught the ferry to Alaska at Bellingham. This goes up the inside passage with its many stops, you see more than you would on a cruise ship. We had a cabin and looking out at the incredible scenery with the bike below, I thought this was the only way to go motorcycling! It was too early for anyone to ask where I was going; which was good, because I wasn't ready to head for home just yet.

We had a wonderful time touring around Alaska, hiking, kayaking, and flying on float planes. On the night of the summer solstice they had a midnight

(Continued from page 4)

party in Fairbanks where everyone went from bar to bar with sunglasses on. In Nanana, we stayed at a wreck of a converted duplex with curtains hanging off the windows for \$90/night. The main attraction in Nanana was the Two-Choice Café. When we asked what the choices were, the waitress said, "If you were from around these parts you'd know there was only ONE thing on the menu: the choices are *take it or leave it.*"

Matt had to fly home to get back to work and I started off down the Yukon without any particular destination.

There were long detours in the rain. Trucks coming from the other direction would shower me with mud and pebbles, and I would slide on the steel-decked bridges. I arrived at Dawson Peak tired and covered with mud: are we having fun yet. What did the sign say? CABINS BY THE LAKE—FINE DINING. I pulled in and the owner said that yes they had a fine restaurant but the cabins hadn't been built yet. My face dropped. She noticed. We do have a tent by the lake. You can stay there, but make reservations for dinner: our special tonight is leg of lamb. I asked the caretaker about the mosquitoes. He said, "Don't worry about the mosquitoes—worry about the mule-flies; they'll tear a patch from the back of your neck the size of a hamburger patty."

After dinner, I was presented with my check and I said, "Charge it to my tent."

One morning I stopped at a café called the Mile 701. The waitress asked me what I wanted and I said, "Yes, I'll have a cup of coffee and a nap please." She wasn't amused. Then I asked her where mile 701 was from. She sneered, thinking she had another wise-ass on her hands, and said, in condescending fashion, "From mile 0." I was on a roll and decided to press my luck and ask where mile 0 was and she didn't have the slightest idea. It was for sure she wasn't going to ask me where I was headed.

Eventually, I found myself riding due east across Canada. In the evenings I would stop at old auto courts and time forgotten motels where people were not usually traveling for pleasure and cared not about who anyone was. It started getting a little lonely across the plains of Manitoba. One night I called my wife and she asked when I was coming home. I told her by the sun in my eyes every morning, I was still going east. I thought that my California plate would open doors for conversation and would eventually lead to the "Big Question." What I found was that everyone hates Californians, me included.

In Quebec, the countryside reminded me of France except they drove Ford F150s instead of Citroen 2CVs. I found it interesting that all across English-speaking Canada, all directional signs were in English and French. But in the French-speaking province,

they were only in French—figures.

I arrived in Halifax, Nova Scotia, 5000 miles and 5 time changes from Anchorage—Whew, that was quite a stretch! It was beautiful there and I stayed at a charming place at Peggy's Cove. I asked the owner of the cabins if it was always like that there and she said, "It is never like this here." The couple in the cabin next to me was from Prince Edward island and took an interest in me. The woman noticed my license plate and said, "You're along way from home, *where are you going?*" I said, "DUNNO but by your question you are enabling me to return home, thank you."

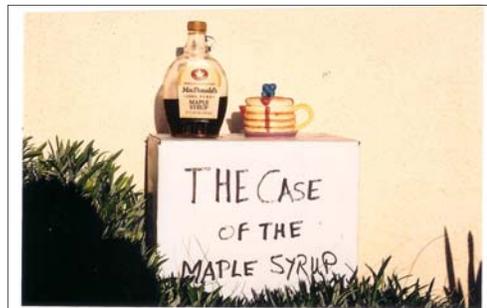
I could almost hear her thinking to herself, "Those Californians are a strange lot; even the normal ones are wacko!"

I called my wife and we agreed to meet in Cape Cod in a couple of weeks. That was delightful. Then it was back on the motorcycle down the East Coast. I had lunch at the top of the World Trade Center with a friend—it seemed like one of the man-made wonders. Then it was across the South westward toward home with the relentless sun in my eyes every afternoon. In all it was 13,000 miles and a little over 2 months. I owe a lot to a nice woman at Peggy's Cove, or else I might be riding forever on the streets of.... **©greg macdonald**

In the mid to late 1990s several of us would go out on Saturday mornings for a ride, usually to the local mountains. A few of the regulars were real motorcycle veterans in their late

70's and still going strong. These were the fellows who would say, "Go on ahead, we'll catch up with you later"...and we would spend the rest of the day trying to catch them.

One of our favorite rides was up to Idyllwild with breakfast at the "Bread Basket" bakery and restaurant. This was a little upscale for the likes of us, but we would simply remove the bouquet at the center of the table and spread out all our gear. My fine friend John Gabbert who was 80 at the time, loved their blueberry pancakes. One morning after breakfast after trying to catch him riding down the hill on the Banning side, I noticed him



suddenly pull over to the side of the highway, crumpled over in obvious pain.

"My motorcycle days are over, but they have been great," he said. "John, what's wrong?" I asked in disbelief of what I was seeing. "I have terrible cramps in my fingers and

Revenge of the Killer Syrup *greg macdonald*

derway down the hill but John was visibly shaken.

It must have been six months before we made it back to Idyllwild but when we did John was telling me about the blueberry pancakes and how I should order them instead of my usual omelet. I did, and they were great, especially the pure maple syrup. There were eight or ten of us along that morning and I led the pack down the mountain aboard a honkin' R100RS.

About Fuller Lake, my hands and fingers suddenly cramped up and I made an amateurish braking halt to the side of the road. John pulled up and shot me a Clintonesque grin as if to say "I feel your pain." John and I were both out of commission for at least twenty minutes before we could safely continue.

Back home after a couple of weeks, we got together for lunch and were talking about the crazy state of affairs that had brought us to our knees—in John's case, more than once. We both had coffee—so had everyone else. But we had pancakes—we often have pancakes whenever we ride; nobody had ever complained. So it was down to the syrup: we had pure maple syrup at the

hands: I can't go on." After a half hour or so we managed to get back un-

Breadbasket—how often do we have pure maple syrup? Hardly ever.

The years have passed along with the epidemic. John, at 96, has hung up his helmet except for a yearly ride around the block, and I have gone back to Monterrey omelets at breakfast.

Last Monday, a few of us rode from Fallbrook up highway 79 and decided to veer north of Anza for breakfast at the Cahuilla Indian Casino. I couldn't resist a stack of pancakes with a side of bacon. When the order came, it had packets of pure Canadian maple syrup. It's been ten years since the epidemic and I thought nothing of pouring the divine serum over my flapjacks and even ordered more packets with the maple leaf on the front.

Just as we got to the Pines to Palms Highway, I careened to the side of the highway in cramped agony. "IT'S THE GODDAMNED KILLER MAPLE SYRUP; IT'S BACK," I exclaimed to no one in particular.

Shortly, my buddies pulled over and I tried to explain...You see, I'm incapacitated by my breakfast...See you guys didn't have the pancakes and syrup like I did...That's why you guys are alright and I'm out of commission by the side of the road...Don't you see what's happening here...It's the syrup...Don't you get it?...

©Greg MacDonald 2005

A Gripping Tale of Clutch R&R

scott avenell

Wheel off: good time to rebuild the forks. I'd read about the dreaded Wobbles and was well versed in fork-sticktion, et cetera, so I tore them down, found the best

About a year ago, I bought my Toaster. It was not a Toaster at the time but that's another story.

I bought the /5 from a fellow up in the Sacramento area. The PO said it was a runner, but upon close inspection it became apparent that the operating parameters were: downhill, with a prayer.

The bike spent some time at my sister and brother-in-law's place in San Jose till I managed to trailer it down to San Diego one rainy Sunday, last December. In the interim, while owning but not having the bike, I lurked about on-line in an effort to educate myself. About this time I also joined SDAMC in hopes that the association would inspire momentum in my project. In retrospect, I really should have reconnoitered more thoroughly considering the number of Brit bikes I see at the rides. Sometimes I feel as lonely as a Luftwaffe flieger over London during the blitz.

Anyway, bike at home and me with more tools than sense, I drained and replenished oil in four places, checked the points, plugs, and tire pressure, held my breath and hit the starter. Actually, there was more to it than that. The mismatched and drooping (or falling-off) mufflers needed replacing, as well as the front tire. Luckily I had mufflers on hand from an earlier /5 project which I had, in an effort to repair, reduced to parts. Also the tank did not look so good inside, the red liner flaking badly, a condition known to we Airheads as The Red Baron's Revenge. So the donor airhead also donated its toaster tank that my ride sports today.



match of three spring pairs (another story) and built them back up again, all square and parallel, with new gaiters. This took many beers to accomplish. That being done, the bike was actually becoming rideable. In fact the more I rode the bike the better the engine behaved. Rebuilt carbs from the basket bike were swapped in and commuting commenced. The bike was once more a bug-smasher.

About this time I noticed my ride's reluctance to go in an uphill direction early in the commute, before things had truly heated up. The engine would race but acceleration was anemic. After roughly fifteen minutes of operation the symptoms would go away. Most folks would naturally point to the clutch, especially on a 32-year-old bike with a past.

Being independent-minded, I chose the road less traveled; conjuring up whatever explanation seemed likely to keep the tranny mated to the case. Short story is that I quickly ran out of alternative theories. For a while the clutch felt strong once past the initial fifteen minutes of riding and so I continued to put-off the repair, but soon those first fifteen minutes became bothersome. One

quickly realizes how torque helps bring the bike back to vertical while accelerating out of a curve when torque is not delivered and the bike alarmingly persists in gravitating toward the center. So I found some time and began tearing down the drive end with a view to liberating the transmission and exposing the clutch. This part was easy; things seem to come apart easily for me. The Beemer's automotive-style clutch was soon within sight and after jamming a hammer handle be-

(Continued on page 8)

tween the flywheel's gear ring and the case, the clutch bolts were backed out and the friction plate was in hand.

It resembled the brim of Oddjob's derby, threateningly thin, not something one would be inclined to play catch-Frisbee with. My earlier decision to purchase a clutch kit was vindicated and all lingering doubt dispelled.

As stated in the manual, assembly was reverse of removal and in what was seemingly a short time - but was actually many, many beers later – the bike was whole again and only required a bit of sobering up to be taken out for a post-op spin.

As they say, it's not the deed but the dread of it. The joy of powering up long grades is mine once more, and there is nothing like making an old bike run young again with one's own hands. Sure the speedo is inop, and the left exhaust occasionally puffs oil, but at least I can keep up with the Englanders and sometimes even, in my dreams, the Italianers.

©Scott Avenell 2005

We welcome Scott Avenell as a new editor for the SDMAC Herald and look forward to his help in future editions. Our editors work wonders with text so we welcome the participation of more club members. Send us pics and/or text of your bike/garage/rides...good or bad. This is your newsletter. Feel free to get yourself in print. Any criticisms, ideas, or general bike chat is welcome. How can we help you?



Your intrepid editor with his Laguna Seca Posse (yes, we spell-checked that one.)

We spare no amount of expense or energy to providing current and up-to-date interviews with the movers and shakers of the motorcycling world. Riders, be damned. Heck, anyone can get a picture with Rossi. These folks are way cuter.



Lineup from the 2005 Monthly meeting pot-luck. Any club event that involves food and drink seems to pack in the crowd. Several future club meetings will be held at various eaterys,. If you have interest and an email address, get it to us for updates as needed.

Email us at sdamc@san.rr.com



Robert Zimmerman riding his harmonica-badged Triumph in Woodstock, NY sometime before his famous early '60's get-off. Some advice, Bob...if you plan to live long enough sell your soul and discography for Victoria's Secret commercials, put your feet on the pegs and wear a helmet, dude. Like A Ro-o-o-o-o-l-l-i-n-g Stone, indeed.



Monterey at Cannery Row for US Super bike 2004. They tow all the cars and its Bikes Only. Park 'em nuts-to-butts four rows wide down the street. Tourists and rental cars be damned.



The Odd Trio of Unknowns wandering home from 2005 MotoGP in Monterey. Eating crap food for 4 days took its toll on some of us. Otherwise, a hoot for all. GP bikes are LOUD. GP food is expensive. GP umbrella girls are cute. Puffed-up room rates should require the hotel clerk to actually display his handgun. 5 night minimum for some hotels this year, we hear.



The Waterfront crowd chats bikes after brekkie. Come join us. 7:30am every Saturday. Come early and get a seat at the Big Table. Food, coffee and bike chat.

SDAMC Rides, Reminders & Upcoming Events

- ◆ **October 8-9. Speed Classic at North Island Naval Air Station.** Back this year due to Cunningham BMW. Tour the pits and mooch food off of Scott Garland at the lavish Cunningham digs.
- ◆ **October 21-23 EuroMotoFest.** San Diego Ton-Up Club (you know who you are!) hosts this three day event at Lilac Oaks Campground. Camping, food, rides, tech, etc. Check for info at www.phpbbforfree.com/forums/socalguzzi-about391.html
- ◆ **October 23. Griffith Park Sidecar Rally** (818) 780-5542 for information
- ◆ **November 5-6. Golden State 400.** A two day tour of a bunch of Southern California. Open to any legally registered road vehicle...if you can drive it to the store , you can drive it here. All California road rules/regs are in effect and most of them (well, some of them, anyway) are obeyed...disregarding that frantic triple-digit dash through Borrego State park, ahem. And always respect the yellow lines when the police are present, eh Jimmy?
- ◆ **November 5. Best Of France and Italy Car Show.** Woodley Park in LA near the 101/405 intersection. Y'all know where that is, right?
- ◆ **November 6. Sunday. Norton Owners Club 26th Annual Hansen Dam All British Ride and Show.** "Best Ride By a Dam Site" Osborne exit off the I-210 Fwy in Sunland Tujunga. Ride leaves at 10 AM. Get there early for registration and coffee.
- ◆ **November 12. SDAMC Four Corners Ride.** Touch base at all four corners of the county with Dennis Reamer at the helm. A new ride. We ride.
- ◆ **December 4. Sunday. Century Motorcycles MC Christmas Party,** 16th and Pacific, San Pedro
- ◆ **December 10. SDAMC Holiday Dinner.** SD Auto Museum. More details will follow.
- ◆ **January, date unknown. SDAMC Train Ride, Campo Train Museum.** A good ride although chilly on the train cars. More info will follow.

As usual, Club meetings are the second Monday of each month. Most are held at the Auto Museum but special meeting places will be announced in the future to lure new member participation (and to placate the cranky *&^%\$# that attend the regular meetings). These new off-site restaurant meetings will feature food/drinks. Adult beverages. Plentiful ones. Yippee.

TRIUMPH

MATCHLESS

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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 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
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