



San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club

# The Herald

Volume 25, Issue 1

March, 2007

## Mods V Rockers 7



Rockers congregate in Rancho San Diego before



Rockers take a break at Pio Pico general store.

The seventh annual Mods V Rockers sponsored by the San Diego chapter of the Ton-Up Club was held the weekend of Jan 19 and 20.

Saturday night saw a good turnout for the Meet & Greet party held at the Tower Bar. As is typical with the Tower, bikes and people were everywhere and it was hard to get around without running into someone you hadn't seen in a while. I'm sure the party lasted well into

the night but I had to leave early, there was more stuff to do tomorrow.

The ride group met Sunday morning with better than 125 motorcycles showing up. Since once again the event fell on a day with a football game ride attendance was less than 80, guess some folks just didn't want to miss the half time show! Too bad for them, it was a great day for a ride.

The route wandered through the canyon roads of East County with a stop off at the Pio Pico store and continued on with a trip up the Silver Strand and over the Coronado Bridge ending up at Ski Beach on Mission Bay. After chowing-down on burgers and hotdogs it was time to get out your raffle ticket and see if you were

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## From the Editor. . .

On behalf of myself and the SDAMC board of directors, I would like to begin by apologizing for long delay in bringing The Herald back from the dead. I must also apologize for the primitive format of this issue. I promise that I will improve with time. I'm just getting the of the complexities of Microsoft Publisher. Before I forget, I want to thank all of the editors that have gone before me. You guys are a tough act to follow . . .

I could probably fill several issues with various mildly-amusing disasters that have befallen me in my forty years of motorcycling, but that would be boring! In the future, I expect that the membership (that means YOU!) will be a source for most of the newsletter's articles. Keep the cards and letters coming!

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## Monthly Meetings

Are held at:

### Giovanni's Restaurant

6133 Balboa Ave, San Diego

(the corner of Clairemont Mesa Blvd and Ruffin Rd.)

On

The Second Monday of Each Month

At 7:30 p.m.

Arrive early and join us for dinner!

## 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 OR EACH OF YOUR IDEAS AND EXPERIENCES. THEN WE ALL LEARN.

Please send your contributions to any of the editors listed above.

# Campo Train Ride — February 2, 2008

For the first time in club history, every participant in our traditional January Campo Train Ride wore cold weather gear. In years past there was always at least one guy (or gal) dressed as though we were going through Death Valley in August. Yeah, it was pretty cold, but at least we were all dressed for the occasion. Most of us started the ride at the Waterfront, and headed east on highway 94. We stopped briefly in Rancho San Diego, picking up John Gardner, and continued out 94. El Jefe, Gene Smith, said that we'd have to make good time in order to make it to the Campo Train Museum in time for the train's departure. About forty minutes later, we got to the Museum, with plenty of time to spare. About that same time, the Clarks, Gordon Sr. and Lynette, showed up on their airhead.

While waiting to board the train (you know, the "All Aboard!" announcement),

one of the volunteer conductors gave us a ten minute history of Campo and the train museum. He mentioned that Campo was the scene of the West's biggest shoot-out, which occurred at about the same time as the "Gunfight at the O-K Corral". Evidently, Wyatt Earp was sort of the Britney Spears of his day, being

closely followed by legions Old West paparazzi. His escapade in Tombstone (?), therefore got all the press, while Campo's shoot-out was lost to history.

The train ride, itself, proceeded east from Campo, past the acres of rusting vehicles at the Campo Truck Museum, out about ten miles of so, before reversing direction for the return trip. Since there wasn't a whole lot to see, we spent most of



the trip swapping lies, teasing Harley riders, and generally bullshitting one another. The museum contains a large number of rail cars on static display, and is worth seeing.

Since it was lunchtime, we decided to stop for lunch in downtown Potrero. In the same building as the little store, is the Café 94 Mexican restaurant.

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# Things I Did When I Was Young and Stupid:

## Episode 1: How Not To Paint A Crash Helmet . . .

### PROLOGUE –

#### The Gas Tank Fiasco:

For my sixteenth birthday, August 10, 1969, my parents bought me my first motorcycle. (I won't attempt to bore you with all of the bulls\*\*t I laid on them to get them to agree to the purchase!) This trail bike, a brand, spanking new 1969 Suzuki TC-120, came with a simple, bright yellow gas tank.

About the same time, the classic biker flick, Easy Rider, hit the theaters.

Since you had to be at eighteen years of age to see the movie, I didn't get to see the movie until years later. Nonetheless, EVERYONE was familiar with the "Captain America" paint job that adorned Peter Fonda's chopper. I just had to have the same paint job on my Suzuki.

Before I get too much deeper into this saga, let me mention that the Suzuki was probably the most boring dirt bike of that era. Slow, heavy, and none too popular. One of the bike's worst

traits was that its twist-off gas cap leaked like a sieve. I tried everything my limited mechanical/engineering talents allowed, but nothing could stop the gas from spilling out anytime I went trail riding (which was daily).

A local forerunner of Home Depot, Handyman, was the place where I scored some sandpaper, masking tape, and three cans of cheap-ass enamel spray paint: red, white, and blue.

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## Really Good ~~Shit~~ Stuff:



**Invisible Glove** - Have you ever spent forty-five minutes attempting to "snake" a greasy drive chain around a Norton Commando's countershaft sprocket? Hopefully, you'll have had the presence of mind to don some protective gloves to keep most of the grease and grime off of your hands. Typically, I'll put on some disposable rubber gloves before I start some filthy task. Maybe it's because I keep buying them from Harbor Freight, but, more often than not, the rubber gloves begin to tear before the job is done. Often my hands end up almost as dirty as if I hadn't worn the gloves at all. Other times, especially when assembling something delicate, like a carburetor, are a nuisance.

Regardless of whether you "bare knuckle" your next mechanical task, or wear gloves, try applying **Invisible Glove** before you start. It's simply a thick cream containing silica that you apply liberally to your hands, and then rub it into the skin until it dries. Make sure that you work the product into and around your fingernails and knuckles. This stuff effectively prevents the dirt from clogging your skin's pores. Later, you'll find that your hands will be much easier to clean. I've been using Invisible Glove for over 20 years. I swear by it! **Invisible Glove** can be purchased at discount auto parts stores (Pep Boys, Kragen et al.).

## SDAMC Ride Calendar (all dates are tentative)

<b>4/19—4/20</b>	Borrego Springs Overnighter at Palm Canyon Resort
<b>5/24 ?????</b>	1st Annual Old Farts vs Young Punks Field Events Hospitality Point—Mission Bay
<b>6/21</b>	SDAMC T-Shirt Ride
<b>7/4</b>	Alpine Parade and Potluck at the Smith Residence
<b>8/21</b>	Tiddler Ride (for bikes up to 250cc)
<b>September</b>	Idylwild Overnighter
<b>October</b>	Temecula Wine Tasting Tour
<b>11/27</b>	Turkey Day Ride—Mt Palomar

## (Almost) Instant Fuel Economy!

Have you ever been riding on the freeway, with your Brit-bike vibrating like an out of balance washing machine, and wishing for a fifth gear? Have you ever been out in the middle of nowhere, wishing that you could squeeze out just a couple of more MPG out of the old beast so that you wouldn't have to push it quite so far to the next gas station? Have you ever just wanted to run your at a little lower engine speed? If so, take the coward's way out, and simply install a smaller countershaft sprocket! I've made this simple switch to most of my bikes, and the improvement has been tremendous. I went up one tooth on my '75 Commando, and it made an enormous improvement in the bike's freeway cruising capa-

bility. Prior to running run "Black Mariah" out of oil (that's another story), 400-mile freeway blasts to and from Hansen Dam were routine. In stock form, Barb's 250 Ninja was geared way too low. Its first gear was reminiscent of something out of a 1970 Bultaco Sherpa T! After going up two teeth, the Kaw's freeway cruising engine speed dropped 1,300 RPM, while improving its fuel economy by 5%. You must remember that this li'l screamer redlines at 14,000 RPM and did 9,500 RPM at 75 MPH! I've never owned a bike that couldn't accommodate a one tooth larger countershaft sprocket. If you try to go up more than one tooth, you might run into a clearance problem where the chain hits the engine cases,

and you might also need to add a couple of links to the drive chain. Finally, if your bike is equipped with a rod-actuated rear drum brake, make sure to adjust the rear brake play any time you relocate the rear axle (TRUST ME ON THIS ONE!!!!).

Before you get to jazzed-up this quick-and-dirty improvement, recognize that changing countershaft sprockets on some bikes, especially old Britbikes, can be a nightmare since the whole clutch and primary case have to be removed beforehand. If you're one of those "discretion is the better part of valor" types, it might be a helluva lot less hassle to install a **smaller** rear sprocket.

## . . . When I Was Young and Stupid (continued from page 4):

After a few hours of effort, I ended up with a really bitchin' stars and stripes gas tank. When I showed up a school, Mt. Miguel H.S., in Spring Valley, the paint job created a sensation!

I enjoyed basking in the glow of my minor celebrity until I took the bike into the hills a few days later.

After a half an hour or so, I realized that the gas spewing from the leaky gas cap was destroying the paint job! I can't remember clearly, but I'm pretty sure that I was on the verge of tears.

With grim determination, I immediately stripped off the ruined paint job, and set out to repaint the tank the right way. Mr. Trask, my neighbor across the street, was a high school wood shop teacher. He was one of those guys that knew how to do or fix just about anything. He explained, in some detail, that the cheap enamel paint that I applied couldn't possibly survive exposure to raw gasoline. He stated that something like baked epoxy had the needed durability. Back to Handyman . . .

This time around, the tank was sprayed with bright red epoxy paint. My

long-suffering mom allowed me to bake the gas tank in the oven. Uh, that was until she started smelling the toxic fumes pouring out of the oven! I fought a "delaying action" with mom until I was certain that the paint was adequately cured.

I think I might have over-cured the paint, because instead of its original scarlet hue, the tank was now sort of a cherry red. But what the hell, the paint job did prove to be impervious to gasoline!

### **EPISODE 2 –**

#### **A Matching Helmet Would Be Cool . . .**

Before I learned the virtues of high-end "Snell-approved" helmets, I wore a twenty buck cheapie. I don't recall much about it except that it made my already large head look enormous. I didn't look quite as weird as the guy in the Jack-in-the-Box commercials, but my head, with helmet, was pretty big (picture Newt Gingrich!).

I thought it would be neat to paint the helmet to match my newly painted gas tank. Since I had been promoted to the rank of "master painter", it would be a simple matter to shoot

the helmet with the remaining red epoxy paint. Like the gas tank, I placed the helmet in the oven to bake the paint. This time I made a mental note to not over cook the paint.

Somewhere along the way, I did get distracted, and forgot about the helmet. In a fit of panic, I rushed into the kitchen, and opened the oven door. Inside, the whole top of the helmet had softened to such an extent that it sagged, leaving a six inch diameter crater, about two inches deep! OH SHIT !!!!!

After removing the piping hot helmet from the oven (I did a pretty fair imitation of the guy from the Kung Fu TV show carrying the red hot hibachi with his forearms), I tore out the inner liner. The Styrofoam looked like a big marshmallow left over a campfire a little too long. I then jammed my fist from the inside in an effort to return the crater to its original shape. This wasn't too successful, as all that I ended up with were four dents that matched my knuckles precisely. My next idea was to shape the plastic with a

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## Mods V Rockers 7 (continued from page 1)

going to walk away with some loot. There were some really great raffle prizes this year and as usual someone from out of town won a prize that was only redeemable locally. Next up were the awards for people's choice scooter and motorcycle and best mod scooter and best cafe motorcycle.

All of these winners had very nice machines. This year the Club also tried to not just break even, but to earn a little money to give to a member that had been involved in an accident just three weeks prior. With all the raffle sales and some generous donations the Club was able to give \$1,400.00 to Andy W. to help with medical bills. This ride seems to get better and better every year thanks to all the folks that help put it together and all the riders that come out to enjoy it. See ya next year.

For more photos check out [www.tonup-sd.com](http://www.tonup-sd.com)

-Tim Johnson



Mods and Rockers at Ski Beach



A lucky raffle winner!

## ...Train Ride (continued from page 3)

We were seated in the banquet room (conveniently close to the ice machine!), where we were treated to some really good food. The burrito I ordered was great. Joe Michaud said that his burrito was BIG, like a quart of milk wrapped in a flour tortilla!

The next stop was El Rancho Sistorson in Dulzura, where Sandra and Kevin treated us to some old-fashioned hospitality. We also saw, first-hand, how close the recent wild fire got to destroying their beautiful home. It was scary to see the melted spa and the scorched patio cover. Before we departed for home, the “wrecking crew” posed for team photo. Imagine an “antique” motorcycle club, and not a single drop of oil left on the driveway!



## ...When I Was Young and Stupid:(continued from page 6)

baseball, thus returning the helmet to its original contour, more or less.

Within a day or so I began a life-long love affair with some magical stuff called “Bondo”. The Bondo was then troweled onto the top of the helmet. With some elbow grease and sandpaper, I got the blob of hardened Bondo sanded smooth. After a decent coat of paint, no one would know the difference.

The next task was to figure out what to do with the helmet’s interior. After

a bit of cogitation, the solution came to me . . . I bought one of those cheap-ass styro-foam beer coolers, and cut the styrofoam into little pieces. It then took only a few minutes (and a little Wil-Hold glue) to tile the Styro-foam inside the helmet. Finally, since my dad was, among other things, an upholsterer, there was always foam rubber laying around. I used some of this scrap foam to finish off the interior.

After all these years, I still shake my head thinking

about this ridiculous attempt to re-engineer that crash helmet. Fortunately, this “speed tuned” helmet was never called upon to deliver in an emergency. Sadly, this episode was just the beginning of a long series of mishaps that would befall me over the next forty years. TO BE CONTINUED . . .

Ron Caudillo





# San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club

## Membership Application

### Purpose of Club

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.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNIFICANT OTHER: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

CITY : \_\_\_\_\_ STATE: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE (H) \_\_\_\_\_ (W) \_\_\_\_\_ (C) \_\_\_\_\_

E-MAIL ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_ (FAX) \_\_\_\_\_

May we include your name, phone numbers and e-mail address in our Club Roster sent only to SDAMC members?

YES      NO      NOTE: HOME ADDRESS IS 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. hereafter referred to as SDAMC, Inc, the 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 risk 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: \_\_\_\_\_

**Annual dues are \$25. Please make checks payable to SDAMC**

**Mail Application to: SDAMC Membership**

**c/o Ron Caudillo**

**15935 Spring Oaks Rd. #44**