



San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club

The Herald

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September, 2008

20th Annual SDAMC T-Shirt Ride



Our first stop in Imperial Beach. . . It was already getting HOT!

Man, was it HOT!!! In the days prior to the ride, it was widely reported that we would be facing record high temperatures. Due to popular demand, we scheduled our annual T-shirt ride a little earlier in the summer, with a route that would stay close to the coast. Also, in an effort to get a bigger turnout of old bikes, we decided on a circular route. That was the grand strategy, anyway.

A couple of months prior to the ride, Rick Calou took it upon himself to organize a club photo shoot in front of the Waterfront. The whole idea was to produce a modern day version of the 1920s (?) club photo that had graced several prior T-shirts. It took two or three shoots, but Rick finally got the shot he wanted. There were a few members that were MIA. With some effort, Rick used PhotoShop software to “cut and paste” the fugitives into the photo. Ultimately, the only regulars missing from the photo were Alfred E. Neuman, and “Where’s Waldo”. Working in parallel, Daryl Nelson chaired the T-shirt design committee. They came up with a really cool red shirt, that carried Rick’s new club photo juxtaposed with the 1920’s photo. VERY NICE. . .

Virgil Foreman, scouted out a great centrally located start/finish- Lindbergh Park, in Kearny Mesa, right near Balboa and 805. Virgil and his wife Pam arrived at the park really early to stake out a grassy knoll (!) beneath some nice shade trees.

Well, we were about as ready as we could be for the hot weather, but unfortunately the turnout was pretty light, about 25 bikes. Oh well! Gordon Clark Sr. devised a pretty cool (no pun intended) course that led us over the Coronado Bridge, through downtown Coronado, down the Silver Strand. Our first stop was in Imperial Beach, at a gas station right on the main drag. As usual, some of the troopers had started the ride with near empty gas tanks (come on guys!). Most of us wisely chugged down something cool to drink. When we reached I-5, a number of “weather wimps” didn’t want to endure excessive heat so they went north on I-5 back to Lindbergh park. The rest of us, numbering about 10 bikes, continued east. In just a couple of miles, the temperature skyrocketed. Our second stop was the Olympic Training Center, adjacent to Lower Otay Lake. We couldn’t wait to get into the air conditioned visitor’s center. After this brief respite, we saddled up and continued east on Otay Lakes Road, and headed towards Highway 94. Gordon’s original plan was for us to travel to Jamul via Honey Springs and Lyons Valley Roads. Since it was so damned hot, we decided (unanimously) to forgo the Honey Springs/Lyons Valley loop. Once we got to Spring Valley, we jumped on the super slab, and hurried back to Lindbergh Park. While it was pretty warm in Kearny Mesa, it was nothing like the heat we experienced in Jamul!

The food and beverages provided really were appreciated. Special thanks need to be extended to those that assisted with the food: Marlys Smith, Lynn Leebolt, May Nelson, with chef Ken Schutenhelm manning the grill. Thanks also to the John and Donna Mulrean and Tim Johnson for furnishing tables and chairs.

Well, we had a pretty good ride organized, but we couldn’t control the weather. . . **Man, was it HOT!!!**

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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.

The Garage Crawl — March 22, 2008

In the aftermath of the 2003 wildfires, Bob Rattazzi was forced to rebuild the garage at his Harbison Canyon home. Bob wanted to show off the fruit of his labors. This provided the impetus for the club's first garage crawl. This year had us drop by the homes of four club members. Gordon Clark Sr. laid out an interesting route starting at the Waterfront. Our first stop was Tim Spann's place just a couple of miles from Downtown. Tim's home is nestled in an industrial area near the Hwy 94/I-15 junction. Most of us marveled at Tim's abode, being a combination of front office, workshop and living area. It was truly a guy's place.

We then saddled up and headed south to Gordon Clark's place. Gordon had really nice garage, with an assemblage of Japanese and Brit classics. My personal favorite was Gordon's vintage 250cc Suzuki twin. After some re-



Exploring Tim Spann's bachelor pad . . .

freshments (thanks Lynette!), we headed to Richard Thrift's place in La Mesa.

Richard lives on a pretty steep hillside in La Mesa's Eastridge neighborhood. It was pretty challenging for some of us to park our bikes on the incline. We ogled Richard's Panhead, and Austin Healy 3000 sports car. Very cool! Richard and Bobbi provided more refreshments (the guacamole was particularly good). With the next stop being Richard McColl's place in Pacific Beach, we decided on a gas stop in La Mesa. Mutt Wynant suggested that we do a quick "strafing run" past his place since it was close by. After gassing up, we headed to Mutt's place, where Tanya waved as we passed by. In our haste to leave the gas station, we departed before Bob Jensen was ready (sorry Bob).



Admiring Gordon Clark's stable . . .

Up to this point our group had stuck together well, but after passing Mutt's place,

The Garage Crawl (continued from page 3)

the group started to disintegrate. Thanks to Gordon's route sheet, we all, including Bob Jensen, ended up at Richard's place in Crown Point. Richard lives in an apartment/condo complex with underground parking. Richard built walls around two of the parking spots, resulting in a garage within a garage. This mini garage was a thing to behold! We've all seen Richard's great stash of Brit bikes. But the coolest thing is a crate that he's been dragging around the world for the last few decades. While somewhere in the Middle East (Egypt?), Richard started picking up some stray bikes: a 1937 Norton 16H, a 1946 Harley WLA, a 1947 Triumph, and a 1940 BSA M20. The bikes were placed in the wooden time capsule, and haven't seen the light of day since. Hopefully (hint, hint), Richard will invite us over for an uncrating ceremony.



After leaving Richard's, we headed north on

Parking at Richard Thrift's home in La Mesa was tricky since the hill was so steep. SDAMCers spectate while some poor schmuck attempts to park his bike.



Exploring Richard McColl's crypt. Check out the Brough-Superior gas tank.

I-5, to Del Mar, for our final destination, Rock and Maureen Dime's home. What impressed me most about Rock's garage (other than being obscenely neat) was Rock's collection leather riding gear. Jeez, this guy's got a jacket for every day of the week, plus a couple to spare! Maureen, our gracious hostess, was manning (pardon the expression) the barbeque, and treated us with an incredible feast. Once most of the refreshments were consumed, we gathered for a team photo, and all went our separate ways home.

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SDAMC Ride Calendar (check SDAMC.Net website)

- 9/27-9/28** Del Mar Moto Expo Show
- 10/4** Stark Indian Motorcycle Museum Tour
- 10/17-10/19** Borrego Springs—Standlund's Resort Overnighter
- 11/10** SDAMC Meeting—Board of Directors Election
- 11/27** Turkey Day Mt. Palomar Ride
- 12/13** Pacific Beach Holiday Parade
- 12/13** SDAMC Holiday Party—Kearny Mesa VFW Hall

The Garage Crawl (continued from page 4)



SDAMC hooligans scaring the neighbors of Rock and Maureen Dime in Del Mar. . .

The Lone Ride. . .

I had been looking forward to this ride for some time now. The stress level at work has been at an all time high and I needed a well-deserved getaway. I call it “throttle therapy”.

A turn of the ignition key and a push on the starter button and the RT roared to life in the pre-dawn morning. The panniers were locked on and full of stuff like water, a camera, extra clothing and other essentials. After a short warm-up, long enough for me to don my riding gear and roll down the driveway and onto the street heading out of town. I hadn't got as far as the first traffic light and the daily grind started to fade away behind me.

I headed north on I-5, making good time in the pre-rush work traffic, and before I realized it I was already at my first exit point – Highway 74, of the Ortega Highway as some call it. The Ortega is a good stretch of twisty and long straight sections through scrub oaks and green hillsides. The sun was just starting to rise and since Hwy 74 points due east, I was being blinded by the bright sunrise. I was wishing I had one of those helmets that had those built-in sun visors. I was thankful that I had my electric vest on because it was really cold, grilled cheese Joe? Well, before I knew it I was at the overlook perched above Lake Elsinore. Looking down at the valley below is quite the sight, like the road up to Mt. Palomar only with fewer trees.

The ride through Perris and into Hemet was what you might think – lots of red lights and the morning rush traffic that I had eluded up until now, those poor bastards! I had the stretch of road up towards Idyllwild all to myself; not one car passed me in either direction. Long lazy curves, tight corners and that sweet smell of pines, and damn it, it was getting colder.

I pulled into Idyllwild at 9 a.m. and headed over to Jo-Ann's for some hot coffee and breakfast. The same waitress waited on me that I had the last time I was there about a year ago, and as the road up here was empty, so was the restaurant. I asked Gladys if Friday mornings were always this quiet or if my timing was good. Gladys said that business for the whole community had fallen off and that a few stores had to close their doors. . . then economy, you know.

Well after filling my stomach I headed over to the gas station and filled up the RT and paid \$4.15 per gallon. The tab to fill the tank was more than my breakfast! Done the read I headed, but I didn't get too far before I had to pull over and let out the bee that had decided to make the inside of my helmet his new home. Next stop: Indio.

The road down into Palm Desert is full of tight turns which will take all of your attention, and there's no time to enjoy the spectacular postcard view below. Through Palm Desert, and straight to Highway 111, which took me right into the old town of Indio. Indio reminded me of El Cajon about 30 years ago, a town that people pass through to somewhere else, somewhat like I was about to do. It was getting hot by now so I pulled over to shed my leather jacket and to switch over to my summer gloves, and before long Indio was fading in my mirrors. I continued on for what seemed forever! The same desert view over and over, even the Salton Sea didn't offer up anything different. I was thinking about a Rod Serling episode about a motorcyclist who never gets to his destination. . . The only relief was the 2 or 3 times I had to stop and clean the dead bugs from my visor, and I mean there were lots of bugs.

By the time I rode into Brawley, I was ready for a break, the restroom and more water, and a good stretch of the legs and back. After a short break I was ready to journey onward. Interstate 8 was 14 miles away, and it didn't take me long to exit west onto it.

It's funny. Once I was on I-8 it felt like I was almost home even though the roadside sign said “San Diego 116 miles”. I can deal with rain, hail and even a little bit of snow, however wind is another story. So you can imagine how I felt when I came upon an electric sign blinking its message to me: “STRONG WINDS NEXT 87 MILES”. This got me to thinking about an alternative route home. The S2 exit through the Agua Caliente Desert was coming up fast so I had to make a decision quickly to either go through the desert and up Banner Grade, and down through Ramona or stick it out on the freeway. Before I knew it, the exit lay behind me, decision made. Up the Carrizo Grade, past the Desert Tower, past Jacumba, Campo, and the Japantul Valley Road exits. The winds through this stretch of the highway were pretty furious, however not nearly as bad as it was on the club ride a month before. The windy condition persisted all the way to Alpine

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The Lone Ride. . . (continued)

where I stopped for gas another good stretch of the legs and I was off. Home was calling me. The last 35 miles zipped by without any effort from me or the bike and stretch of the legs and before I knew it I was in my driveway and home.

This was a good ride, 420 miles and 9 hours later. I figure it will take half that time to wash all of the bug DNA off of my bike.

Virgil Foreman

Trev Deeley Harley Museum—Vancouver, B.C.

On our way to Whistler, B.C., in July, Barb and I stopped overnight in Vancouver. On a tip from Wesley Stark, we decided to visit the Trev Deeley Harley Davidson dealership. Some of you might remember the Deeley's as being the former Canadian importers of Honda, Yamaha, and Harley motorcycles. This dealership is famous for being the world's oldest motorcycle dealership, operating continuously since 1914.

Deeley was also famous for sponsoring some of the most successful Yamaha roadracers back in the 60s and 70s, including Steve Baker, from nearby Bremerton, Washington. Stevie, as the docent called Baker, was the first American racer to hit it big on the European GP circuit, leading



the way for the likes of Kenny Roberts, and a slew of other fast Americans.

I was mildly disappointed to find that none of the historic roadracers from Deeley's glory years were on display. The docent said that they have all of the old racers stashed away in the "back room". Had the boss been around, he said that probably would have been allowed to see them.. Nonetheless, the bike that were on display were absolutely fabulous. Above are just a couple of the bikes that are on display.

Desert Tower Ride

Seven bikes departed the Waterfront, and proceeded out I-8 to the infamous Flinn Springs Inn. Once at “the Flinn”, we hooked up with the rest of the crowd. There was a nice turn out. After breakfast, the group of seventeen bikes headed east on Olde Hwy 80.

We took Japatul Rd. through Descanso and Guatay. The morning air was cool and it seemed to get cooler as approached our first stop, Pine Valley. After fueling up in Pine Valley, we stayed on Hwy 80. This is where the winds started to become “unpleasant”. Those were Gene Smith’s words. . . My words were a lot more colorful! The gusts hitting us head-on were strong, with the crosswinds even more ferocious. With grim determination, this “band of brothers” (and sisters) pressed on to our destination, the Desert Tower. We stuck around at the Desert Tower for about twenty minutes, and then beat a hasty retreat to Jacumba.

In Jacumba, we had lunch. The food was great, and judging by the noise level, everyone in the group was having a good time. We spent about an hour eating lunch, after which we saddled for the return trip. By the time that we got to our rallying point, the Acorn Casino, Daryl Nelson’s ’64 Triumph Tiger limped with a loose header pipe. A quick, temporary repair was made, and we were on our way to our ultimate destination, Gene Smith’s residence in Alpine. Everything was fine for about ten miles, at which point Daryl’s Tiger decided to perpetuate usual Brit-bike stereotype, with the same malady as before. . .

With generous amount of advice from the “peanut gallery”, repairs were accomplished in about thirty minutes. The old Tiger purred to life, and we were on our way. Thankfully, we had a tailwind, which pushed us along, all the way to Gene’s house. A bit of post-ride refreshments were consumed. Each of us then departed Alpine, and headed for home.

And Now For Something REALLY Weird. . .

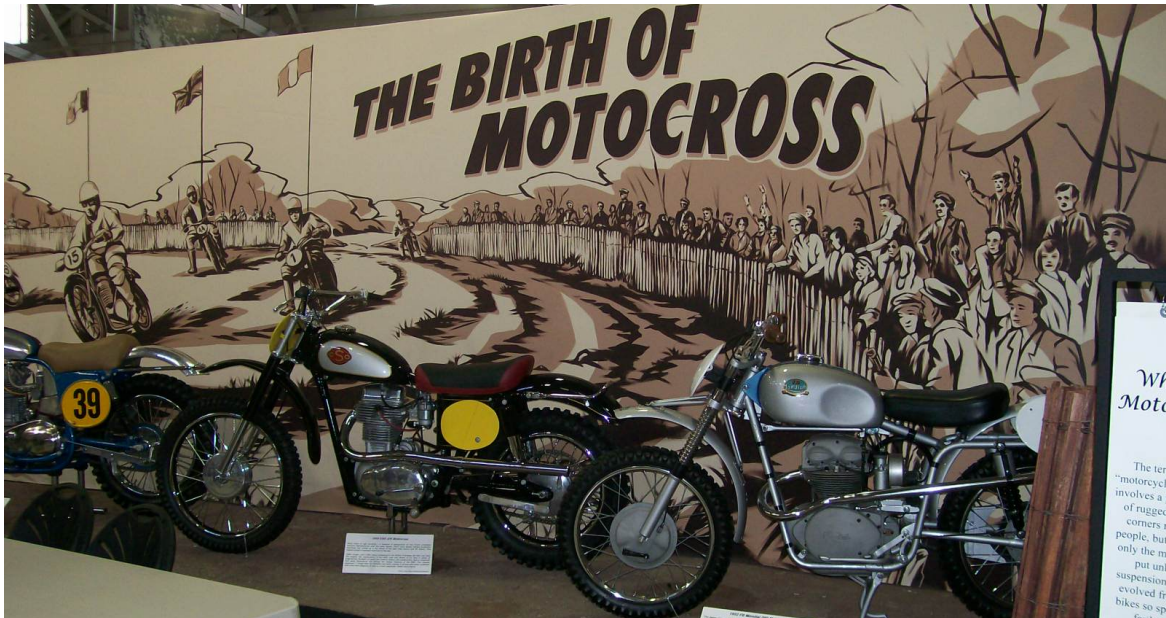
My trusty (?) ’75 Commando, “Black Mariah”, almost came to an untimely death. The old girl almost got barbequed in my backyard. . . and it wouldn’t have been an accident! I suppose that this requires a little explanation. . .

Perhaps it’s a character flaw, but I’m not a real big fan of Harley Davidson. Recently, news broke that Harley Davidson was in negotiations to purchase the hallowed Italian marque MV Agusta

Recall that Norton-Triumph went belly-up back in 1975. A resurrected Norton company sputtered along until 1993, when it too finally went bankrupt. For the next five years or so, the intellectual rights to the Norton name were in dispute. In 1998, an Italian-Canadian investor, tantalized the motorcycle world with news that he would be bringing out a new line of Nortons, headlined by the 1500cc V-8 Nemesis sportbike. Predictably, nothing materialized. At about this same time, Oregon-based Kenny Dreer was ramping up to start producing his VR880 Commando retro bikes. By 2002, Oliver Curme, the financier bankrolling Dreer, had finally secured the worldwide rights to the Norton brand name. Everything was looking good until Dreer’s new bikes couldn’t comply with federal noise and emissions standards. Yet another Norton stillbirth.

Curme, trying to salvage something from his investment, started peddling the Norton trademark. In 2006, Curme began negotiations with Claudio Castiglione, the majority shareholder of MV Agusta. By August, 2006 Curme and Castiglione shook hands on a deal whereby the Norton name would pass to MV. In fact, MV started some preliminary design work on a high-tech vertical twin engine to power their new Norton. The bankers financing MV, didn’t agree with Castiglione’s strategy, and the deal fell through. Recently, Curme has leased out the Norton brand name to an English businessman, Stuart Garner. Evidently, Garner’s company, Norton Motorsports, will be building modern Norton sportbikes. Had the Norton-MV Agusta deal been consummated, then Harley Davidson would have eventually acquired the rights to the Norton brand name.

Now do you understand why I would have cremated Black Mariah????? To add to the weirdness, is the fact that MV’s are manufactured in the old Aermacchi factory in Varese, Italy. Castiglione bought Aermacchi from Harley back in the mid 1970s to form his Cagiva company. It took about thirty-something years, but Harley finally bought back Aermacchi. . .



Motocross America, the Early Years -

The San Diego Automotive Museum is currently hosting an exhibit of the early days of American motocross. In order to drum up business for his Husqvarna distributorship, Edison Dye brought in a crew of Husky factory racers like Torsten Hallman, Arne Kring, Lars Larson, and others. I think that this was back in about 1968. Prior to the arrival of motocross on these shores, AMA-style racing was dominant (short track, flat track, TT, etc.), with a smattering of “scrambles”, hill climbing, and desert racing.

Predictably, the Swedes, riding their Huskies, slaughtered the Americans in a series of exhibition races. This was the beginning of the motocross craze that swept the nation immediately thereafter. It took several years, but in 1972, Jim Pomeroy, of Washington, became the first American to win a GP. In 1982(?), Brad Lackey, riding a factory Suzuki, was the first American to win a 500cc world championship.

This exhibit, a subset of the exhibit shown at the AMA museum in Ohio, wasn't as big as I thought it was going to be, but contained thirty or so vintage race bikes, and lots of memorabilia. While Barb and I were there, we saw a number of famous old time racers. While I was attempting to impress Barb with my “encyclopedic” knowledge of one of the early Yamaha YZ factory racers, Gary Jones (the original rider of the bike), snuck up behind me to show us where his knee had dented the tank. He claimed that his knee still hurt. Mercifully, I recognized him immediately, and didn't end up looking foolish. It was great fun. The exhibit will be running through September 25, 2008. Above are a few of the bikes on display.

The Resurrection of the 250 Novice-

A little historical perspective. . .

Before I bought my '75 Norton back in 1996, I had never owned a pure street bike. All of my bikes were either true motocross bikes or enduros (that's twentieth century speak for today's “dual sports”). While never a gifted rider, I did, through a lot of practice, get to be a pretty decent dirt rider. In a very short time, I received a diagnosis for my riding deficiencies: **TMDD** (**T**esticular **M**ass **D**eficit **D**isorder). Allow me to NOT elaborate on this serious condition. . .

In the late '70s, I raced a bit with CMC, which was the strongest southern California motocross club at the time. I never really distinguished myself, and never progressed past the “250 Novice” class (or in my case, the “250 Nervous” class!). If you ever find yourself getting extremely bored, ask me how some guy

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The Resurrection (continued from page 9) . . .

riding a 450 Maico used me for traction one time at Saddleback Park. Ultimately, my dirt riding career concluded in about 1985. I bet that if you ask really nicely, my ex-wife might let you have the rusting remains of my two 1982 Husqvarnas. I'm pretty sure that they haven't been touched since I rolled them into her backyard.

As the years went by, I never lost my love of dirt bikes. I thought about getting another two-stroke motocross bike, but it's not like in the olden days. Current emissions restrictions make it very difficult to own a late model two-stroke racer. Realistically, I'd have to forsake the familiar two-strokes in favor of a "modern" four-stroke bike. The two-stroke/ four-stroke issues proved to be minor compared to the restrictions of riding areas. Back in the '60s through the early '80s, it was still easy to find riding areas close by. (Some of these riding areas were actually legal too!). Now, a dirt rider only has a few alternatives: either drive a hundred miles or so (one way) out to the desert, or do closed course motocross riding at one of the courses north of San Diego county. I was still drawn to motocross, but in the last twenty years or so, the natural terrain courses that I was familiar with have been replaced with supercross style courses. While exciting for the spectators, supercross is extremely dangerous for the riders. The list of paralyzed supercross riders is as long as my arm. No thanks! On top of everything else, the cost of gas makes long distance hauling of dirt bikes an expensive proposition. Despite all these negatives, I kept being drawn back to the whole dirt bike "thing". . .

By this time, I figured that the best alternative would be to buy a gently-used street legal dirt bike. I wouldn't necessarily have to truck it to a distant riding area, and they're typically slower than full-blown race bikes. The light and powerful two-stroke enduro bikes that I used to ride have given way to 100+ horsepower, 500+ pound beasts that are, in my humble opinion, the closest thing that the two-wheeled world has to Cadillac Escalades. A better fit would be a bike similar to the ones produced by companies such as KTM. My long-suffering wife, Barbara, was subjected to my ceaseless mental anguish. What was a guy to do?

Things really started getting serious when Barb gave me a gift certificate for a guided, one-day dirt bike tour. Now that's my kind of Christmas gift. (Thanks Baby!) A few months passed before I could make arrangements to actually participate in the guided tour. Making matters much worse was that I had sold off some of my "rolling stock", and I now had a little cash burning a major hole in my pocket. The guided tour could now allow my to test ride one of the current dirt bikes before I actually made a purchase. In the end I decided on a half day tour out of Whiskey Pete's, in Primm, Nevada. I would be riding a front-line KTM dual sport bike. Since our sixth wedding anniversary was coming up, we figured that we could combine our annual pilgrimage to Vegas with my dirt bike tour.

We checked into Whiskey Pete's Friday night, and the plan was for me to do my dirt bike "thing" while Barb slept in and did some gambling. Since the ride was to start at 9:00 a.m., I figured that I'd be done by about 2:00 p.m. After that, I'd just get myself cleaned up, and we'd be off to the Strip for some gambling, dinner, and maybe a show. Well, that was the grand strategy anyway. . .

I forgot to mention that over the past couple of decades, I seemed to have lost all of my dirt riding gear. I'd have to buy all new gear, from boots all the way up to a helmet and goggles. Thankfully, today's dirt bike gear is cheaply made and cheap to purchase. The worst part of wearing new riding gear is that you always look like you've never ridden a motorcycle in your life. Barb thought I looked good. I thought I looked stupid. The pristine white boots were particularly embarrassing. (Don't laugh, I got a good deal on them!) All of my gear was colored matched. I took one look at myself in the mirror, and only one thought came to mind: **FNG. . . (F***in' New Guy).**

So now it's Saturday morning, and I'm suited in my new gear, and I hook up with my tour guide, John, at the Whiskey Pete's gas station. He immediately struck me as a really cool guy, and within minutes I sized him up as being extremely experienced and professional. After he finished gassing up the two KTMs, we hopped into his Ford Ranger pickup, and headed to the Primm Outlet Mall on the east side of I-15.

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The Resurrection (continued from page 10) . . .

Around the back is a large parking lot adjacent to a huge, flat, graded dirt area. He fired my bike up for me, while I signed numerous disclaimer forms. Once I had finished all of the legal BS, John told me to ride the bike in the flat area to get accustomed to it. John gave me a well-used chest protector to wear. He explained that we'd be riding in rocky terrain, and it would be handy in event of a crash.

I found the KTM light, powerful, and very easy to ride. After a few minutes of practice, we headed north-east towards some fair sized hills. John had explained modern dirt bikes are designed with extremely quick steering. To combat the resulting "twitchiness" (excuse me, they now term this "flickability"), most bikes are equipped adjust-on-the-fly steering dampers. John recommended that I start with minimal damping, and then increase the damping as necessary. For the first five miles or so, John was going at a pretty fast pace, and I was technically capable of keeping up. In just a few minutes, I realized just how out of shape I was. The trails were very technical and rocky. He wasn't joking about the steering damper! My previous bikes were much more relaxed than the KTM. I was severely overcorrecting my steering. We were moving at a pace where I wasn't able to take my left hand off of the bars to readjust the steering damper. Soon, we were in moderate-to-deep sand, and the bike's nervousness increased. I'm from San Diego where there is little sand, and the dirt is as hard as asphalt. We were climbing a small rise, and I careened off a boulder, and lost my momentum. I was able to keep the bike upright, but I stalled the engine. With a little effort, I got the bike up to the crest where John was waiting for me. He spent a few minutes filling me in on the dirt bike advancements that have occurred in the last twenty years, and gave me some good advice on what bike I should purchase. John also explained which varieties of cactus one should avoid. Okay, avoid all cacti, especially those porcupine-like bastards with the really long, pointy spines.

After chugging down a bottle of Gatorade, I stiffened up the steering damper, and we continued on. We only went about a quarter of a mile, and we were in some really deep sand. Despite the increased damping, I was still overcorrecting, and eventually lost control. My chest ended up falling right on top of one of those porcupine-like bastards with the really long, pointy spines! Thanks to the chest protector the John lent me, I was uninjured. It only took a few seconds to pick myself up, and get going again.

The temperature was in the low 90s, and I was getting very thirsty. I told myself that I'd ask John to slow the pace a bit before I totally melted down. The rocky terrain gave way to a sandy jeep trail, and we were making pretty good time. Just as I was approaching a sweeping left turn, I lost it a second time, with the bike landing on top of me. Thankfully, it was a 220 pound KTM and not a 500 pound BMW GS! I rapidly pulled myself from beneath the bike, and got it started (electric starts rule!). In a few more seconds, I was back up to speed, and in pursuit of John.

Just as I made another sweeping left turn, I found myself face-to-face with John's oncoming KTM! John had obviously realized that I had fallen behind, and made a U-turn to find out what had become of me. Each of us was going about 30-40 MPH, and since we were only about 100 feet apart when we saw one another, we didn't have much time to react. I instinctively swerved to my left, and John swerved to his right, putting us on an unavoidable collision course. Before I could say "Oh F**k!", I had locked up both brakes, and my front wheel instantaneously washed-out in the deep sand. This put me and my bike on the ground. Just as my helmet was digging a deep trench in the sand, I felt and heard the collision with John's bike. Later, John explained to me that he ran over my bike before he also fell.

For those of you lucky bastards that have never crashed, let me recap it for you: Yes, time does slow down. Next, the impact will usually knock the wind out of you. When you finally come to a rest, you'll have to wait until your breathing is restored before you can find out how badly you're injured. If you're lucky enough to not lose consciousness, you'll instinctively start squirming on the ground until you can start breathing. It seems scary, but the squirming is good news- you're probably not too badly hurt! Once you regain presence of mind, you typically start moving your arms and legs to assess your injuries. I was very screwed up! When John reached me (neither his body nor his bike were damaged), I was still squirming around in the sand, and in a lot of pain.

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The Resurrection (continued from page 11) . . .

In my illustrious career, I've done numerous front wheel wash-outs followed by "face plants", but this was the first time that I ever snagged any of my "nether regions" on the handlebars. I figure that my crash was pretty routine up until the instant that John's bike hit mine. Evidently, the impact caused my handlebar to slam into my right thigh. It hurt like hell. But it could have been worse. Had the bars snagged my ass, I'd probably spend the rest of my life wiping my ass with a push broom!

John turned me on my back, and asked me if I was okay, and was relieved to see that I was more or less in one piece. After a few more minutes on the ground, John helped me to my feet, but I collapsed in a fraction of a second. My right leg was totally useless, and I started seeing stars. I was completely coherent, but soon I couldn't see anything but the stars. I was pretty much blind! Oh shit. After a few more minutes, I tried to stand again, but I collapsed a second time. Finally, John hauled me over to a sandy berm next to the trail, and I used the berm as a chair. During this time, I was drinking the water that we had brought along. Based upon my vast medical knowledge (just kidding), I concluded that my vision problem was caused by a combination of shock and dehydration.

John did a great job providing me first aid. Had he been as injured as I was, we would have been totally screwed. He kept things positive, and I did my best impersonation of a brave soldier. Despite all of these positive vibes, it became clear that there was no way in hell that I could ride my bike out of this mess. Even if I could hoist my fat ass onto the bike, I was way too groggy to ride the bike safely. The obvious "Plan B" would be for John to ride out, and return with his pick-up. . .

Got water? Check. . . Got a cell phone? Double-check. . . I had enough to sustain myself while John was off getting the truck. Before he departed, he helped me nestle beneath a small bush, which would provide me a modicum of shade. John headed off to the north. Hmmmm, why not southwest, from whence we came?

As long as I didn't move a muscle, I wasn't in too much pain. I was positive that I'd be okay for the hour or so until John returned. In a few minutes, I finished off the rest of the water supply. The water wasn't going to do me any good remaining in the bottles. A short time later, and not too surprisingly, I needed to take a leak. Since I couldn't stand or kneel, I had to do my best imitation of a drunken wino, and pissed while laying on my side. Things were a little dicey until I was sure that the pee wouldn't flow downhill, and get me all wet.

Since I was pretty comfortable, and since I was sure that I wasn't going to die, and since I was sure that I'd get back to the hotel at a reasonable time, I decided not to call Barb and tell her of my condition. I had nothing to do but kick back and relax. Thankfully, I didn't see a single crawling bug or snake. Other than crapping my pants, I don't know what I would have done had a rattlesnake appeared! Another blessing was that there were no flying insects or hovering buzzards. I doubted that even the strongest coyote would be able to haul off my fat ass. Thus, despite the increasing heat, everything was pretty pleasant. About an hour and a half elapsed, when my cell phone rang. It was John. He was in his truck, but still a couple of miles away from me. Recently there had been an off-road race nearby, and the four-wheelers left deep sand ruts that John truck couldn't handle. He told me to hang loose, and he'd try another path towards the crash site.

Another hour or so went by, and John called again to report that he got truck pretty close. This meant that we'd still have to ride out, but thankfully we wouldn't have to go too far. A short time later I heard the sound of an approaching four-stroke bike. I assumed that it was John. Just when I was screwing up enough courage to stand up and flag him down, the sound of his bike faded. I could tell that he had overshot me, and was now heading away from me. Shit. No problem. I decided to start getting my riding gear on, so that when he did find me, I would be ready to go. This proved to be much more difficult than I had imagined. It took me about three attempts to simply prop myself up on my elbow, let alone get all of my gear on. As somebody's grandpappy used to say: "Patience my son, patience. . .".

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The Resurrection (continued from page 12) . . .

I finally got myself sitting up. At about this time I was thinking about how foolish I was, stressing out about my new gear. I sure solved that problem in a hurry! Helmet scratched to shit; visor cracked; goggles mangled; formerly pristine white boots all scuffed up and missing a buckle; pants torn at the knee. Man, John's chest protector came in handy. . . I was rapidly coming to appreciate those professional racers that can dust themselves off after a 100 MPH crash, and race a few minutes later. After getting my gear on (ouch!), I found it impossible to stand up so that John could see me. Nonetheless, John did return, after about two and a half hours. Yea!!!! John asked me again if I could ride myself out. I told them that there was no F'in way that I could handle the bike.

No problem. I would simply ride "pillion" on John's bike (in my current condition, "ride bitch", would have been more appropriate phraseology!). That seemed like a good idea until we discovered that there was no way in hell that I could swing either leg over the bike's tall saddle. We solved the problem after a brief discussion. John would lean the bike as far over as possible. I would then lean over the saddle. With my belly on the saddle, I did sort a "break dance" belly spin, which got me on the saddle. The worst was over, or so I thought. Despite going as slow as possible, my moaning and groaning scared John a couple of times. My leg was totally jacked-up. Each time the bike hit a bump, it felt as though my whole leg was going to fall off.

John dumped me off at his truck, parked his bike, ran back to the crash site, and finally rode my bike back to the truck. This guy was a total stud! After lashing down the two bikes, we headed north on a well graded power line road. We got on I-15 at Jean, which is about twelve miles north of Primm. As we headed south on the freeway towards Whiskey Pete's, I called Barb, and let her know that we had a minor mishap, and that I was "slightly" injured. She had spent the afternoon gambling (surprise!), and we agreed to ren-dezz-voozz at the front of the hotel.

We finally got to the hotel, and John asked me what he could do. I told him to just ask one of the bell-hops for one of the courtesy wheelchairs. After getting into the chair, and gathering up my gear, I offered him a twenty buck tip. All he could say was: "Are you f***in' serious!". We shook hands, and swapped phone numbers. I promised to call him up to let him to give him an update on my condition.

Did you ever see a guy riding in the bed of a pick-up truck, trying to be cool? Pretty pathetic, wasn't it. Sitting in a wheel chair, in front of Whiskey Pete's, wearing motocross gear, and sporting cuts on the face was equally pathetic! Equally embarrassing was the fact that total strangers were more than willing to tell you about the times that they got screwed up in a motorcycle accident. This time around, I was subjected to a 50-something hausfrau who explained, in great detail, how she and her husband crashed their Harley at 100 mph. Did you ever notice that Harley guys never crash at 95mph or 105 mph? It's always precisely at 100mph! (Oh yeah, Harley guys never seem to crash- they simply "lay it down".)

After that mild irritant, I started worrying about Barb. She was long overdue. Eventually, she arrived, and she wheeled my up to our room. I got my gear off, and discovered that besides the injury to my right thigh, I also had cuts on my face (from the goggle frame), a fat lip, a possible broken right hand, and also some serious bruising and scrapes on my upper right arm. With Barb's help, I got into the shower and cleaned the wounds. That wasn't too much fun!

Barb thought that we should leave for home immediately so that I could get to the Kaiser ER in San Diego ASAP. I basically replied: "**F*** No!**", since we had already paid for the room! As a peace offering, I broke out my anniversary gift to her (a cool gold and sapphire bracelet), and the obligatory Hallmark card. I don't mind paying good money for jewelry, but I get a little pissed when I have to pay five or six bucks for a flowery greeting card! Barb really loved the bracelet (thankfully!), and once she calmed down, I talked her into doing some gambling, while stayed in bed.

Before she departed, I asked her make me an ice pack for my thigh. Since there was no way that I would be able to get up from the bed, I told her to give the TV remote and the plastic ice bucket. As you probably imagined, I ended up using the ice bucket as a pee bucket. Since I was so dehydrated, I probably could

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The Resurrection (continued from page 13) . . .

have used a shot glass just as well! I was able to catch the tail end of the Kentucky Derby broadcast. Sadly, one of the horses had to be destroyed after having broken two of its legs. Gee, what a coincidence. . .

The next morning, we made our way back home to San Diego, and went directly to the Kaiser ER. If you have spent as much time in ERs as I have, you probably would have noticed that doctors and nurses

make a point to not make eye contact with you as they pass. I theorized that if they did look you straight into the eyes, they'd maybe have to stop and render aid. Perhaps they sized me up as just another bike crash victim? After some X-rays, the physician made the diagnosis, a severely sprained right hip, and prescribed some of those 50-megaton ibuprofens for the pain. The aide that supplied me with a pair of crutches made me laugh. Since I was being charged a few bucks for the crutches, I could make some money by selling them at a garage sale.

Our anniversary ended up on a high note. Barb and I had his-and-hers bracelets. I thought I ended up with the best of it since my bracelet was "engraved" with my name, date of birth, and my Kaiser patient ID!

I missed a couple of days of work, and then I drove to work in my truck for rest of the week. By Saturday morning, I was able to get myself onto the bike, and hobble into the Waterfront. My recovery was going to be pretty slow, but at least I was back on the bike! At about this time, my right thigh began to swell up. I went in to see my doctor, and he said it was a case of bursitis caused by the impact of the crash. It had gotten to the point where there was a huge sack of fluid that would slosh around like a bad TJ boob job.

He told me that in the olden days, they would drain the accumulated fluid. They have since realized that the draining process frequently resulted in infections. Now they just tell you to be patient. The doctor told me it would be several months before my bursitis would return to normal.

A few weeks after the crash, I received an invoice for the five hundred buck's worth of damage to the KTM that I was riding. Being the totally pussy that I am, my first instinct was to simply pay the tab. After thinking about it for a couple of days, I called the tour company in hopes of talking to the boss in an effort to explain that I wasn't wholly responsible for the accident. The boss wasn't around, and the woman that I did talk to didn't know anything about the accident. She promised to call back after she had spoken to the boss. Later that day, she did call back, and asked me to send her an email explaining the circumstances surrounding the accident. I concluded that my tour guide, John, hadn't explained the accident to his boss. . .

I wrote a totally diplomatic, objective e-mail explaining the accident. In my closing paragraph, I theorized that a hundred "ambulance chasers" would love to take this case on as a personal injury lawsuit, but that I was hoping that we could reach some mutually agreeable solution. Jeez, I would have been willing to split the repair bill 50-50. . .

I haven't heard a peep from the tour company since I sent them the e-mail!

By the way. . . I'm still looking for a gently used 400-500cc four-stroke dirt bike!!!



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 Daryl Nelson
13450 Hwy 80 Bus. #101
Lakeside, CA 92040**