



San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club ***The Herald***

Volume 26, Issue 2

July 2009

21st Annual T-Shirt Ride - June 27, 2009



The T-shirt committee, responsible for the design and procurement of the commemorative t-shirts did a great job this year. The shirts are jet black, with the SDAMC logo on the front, and the small “cutie pie” logo on the left sleeve.

Due to popular demand (along with a general lack of creativity!), the board chose to re-run the 2007 ride route. The route was approximately 120 miles, starting at the Del Mar Highlands shopping center, and ending at the notorious Flinn Springs Inn. The ride would proceed east via Del Dios Hwy past Lake Hodges, skirting south Escondido to Hwy 78. Just past the Wild Animal Park, we would turn onto Bandy Canyon Rd., and then head towards Ramona via Highland Valley Rd. Just west of Julian, we were to ride to Lake Cuyamaca via the Pine Hills Rd and Engineers Rd. From there, we would take the Sunrise Hwy to Mt. Laguna, and then back to Flinn Springs via Pine Valley, Guatay, Descanso, Japatul Valley Rd., and Alpine.

The grand strategy was to have two groups: the fast guys and the slow guys. The fast guys, led by past-president Kevin Sisterson, would lead. The groups would regroup at three gas/poker run stops. Things were going according to plan, until the slow group turned onto Pine Hills Rd. Gene Smith, somewhere in the middle of the slow group, had said that he and a few of his Alpine co-conspirators were planning to cut the ride short at that point so that they could beat the rest of the riders back to the Flinn. Gene “claimed” that he had to attend to some logistical stuff in support of the after-ride festivities. I suspect that truth had something to do with getting to the cold beer as rapidly as possible!

When Gene purposely diverted from the course, just about everyone following him did likewise! By the time that the slow group emerged at Lake Cuyamaca, the group had shrunk from about 18 bikes down to 5 bikes. Yikes!!

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Monthly Meetings

Are held at:

Giovanni's Restaurant

9353 Clairemont Mesa Blvd., San Diego
(the corner of Clairemont Mesa Blvd and Ruffin Rd.)

On

The Second Monday of Each Month

At 7:00 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.

From the Prez...

I can't believe that we are past the middle of 2009, WOW!

I thought it was time to send out some overdue kudos to my new BOD for all the hard work that they have put in to making this year one of the more interesting and exciting years for the club since I joined more than 5 years ago. I have noticed an increased attendance at the monthly general meetings and more involved membership - kudos to all of you also. There have been more riders at our club rides and events. Without our membership we are nothing; and on that note, if you are reading this and you have not renewed your membership for 2009, please take this time to do so.

We have more exciting rides and events coming our way, one of which, and maybe the most important, is our T-Shirt ride. I always look forward to this one, and I am sure this year's ride will not disappoint.

Keep the rubber on the road and ride safe,

Virgil Foreman

The Prez.

2009 SDAMC Ride Calendar (check SDAMC.Net website)

7/4 Sat	Alpine Parade Ride / BBQ
7/18 Sat	Garage Crawl—MEMBERS ONLY!
8/23 Sun	Tiddler Ride (bikes up to 250cc only)
9/26 Sat	Classic Motorcycle Ride
10/17-18 Sat-Sun	Standlunds Overnight—MEMBERS ONLY!
11/26 Thu	Turkey Day Ride
12/13 Sun	Pacific Beach Parade
12/26 Sat	Year End Ride

2009 SDAMC Events Calendar

8/10	Pot Luck—MEMBERS ONLY!
9/???	El Camino Swap Meet
9/???	Del Mar MotoExpo
10/???	Coronado Speed Fest
11/1	Hansen Dam Ride
12/5	SDAMC Holiday Party—MEMBERS ONLY!

T-Shirt Ride ... (continued)

When the remnants of the slow group got to the top of Mt. Laguna, the fast group was there as expected, but the “Dirty Dozen” was still MIA. Thankfully, everyone got to the finishing line at the Flinn, or so I thought. According to Mike Wallace, who was graciously driving the chase truck, David Knetzer’s side hack rig “flamed out” shortly after pulling out of the starting point. Sorry Dave! So much for our “no rider left behind” policy. . .

The after ride festivities at the Flinn were pretty cool. The proprietors came up with a special menu for us, and we had the run of the rear patio area. There were quite a few nice items, ranging from gift certificates to cases of beer, being auctions off. A controversy arose, when Ray (Ahmadinejad) Leebolt kept winning auction items. The selection of raffle winners was HIGHLY suspicious. Ray claimed that he stopped counting after winning his seventh item!



Unidentified Board member imitates Gene Kelly in “Singin’ In The Rain” at starting point. . .



Leaving the starting point. . .



Relaxing on top of Mt. Laguna. . .



The end of a great ride. . .

Idyllwild Overnighter - April 29, 2009

Nina Pacelli did her usual magnificent job coordinating with the Blue Bird Cottage Inn, in Idyllwild. I think that this was our third (?) stay there, and we always have a great time. We pretty much booked up the whole place. Typically, the whole crew would ride from San Diego on Saturday morning. This year, several bikes departed on Friday so that they could get in a full day of riding in and around Idyllwild. The rest of us that had to work Friday (the oppressed proletariat) congregated at Packard's in Ramona on Saturday morning for the ride up to Idyllwild.

When the Saturday contingent arrived at the Blue Bird, the Friday contingent had just finished their morning ride. It seems that Gene Smith had a minor "disagreement" with a speed bump. Evidently, Gene's low-slung Harley's sidestand bottomed-out, and somehow stretched



The usual suspects . . .

the hell out of the sidestand's return spring. This caused it to flop down, dragging on the ground. Using a bungee cord, the sidestand was lashed down safely. From that point, their scenic ride morphed into a scavenger hunt, in search of a replacement spring. After going to two or three Harley dealerships/boutiques, none of which had the spring in stock, the crew returned to the Blue Bird.

Saturday evening, the hat was passed, and enough money was scraped up to buy six of so pizzas of dinner. We all retired to the inn's rec room, for a terrific low-buck banquet. The rec room was pretty cool, being equipped with a ping-pong table, a pinball machine, and an electric backball free-thow game. Joe Michaud, whose Duc was equipped with a video camera, wowed the crowd with footage from the day's ride. The quality of the footage was so good, that a few of the viewers were asking for Dramamine!



A compelling reason to give up drinking (ha-ha!) . . .

Sunday morning, while everyone was getting packed up for the return home, Joe Michaud's Ducati ST-3 started hemorrhaging coolant. After removing some of the bike's fairing (a thrill in its own right), we could see that the coolant was leaking from a loose hose fitting. The offending hose clamp was cinched down, and the bike was ready for action.

After departing Idyllwild, we rode to Anza, stopping at the Cahuilla Casino. After eating a really good breakfast there, we returned home.



Good company . . .



smelly cee-gars . . .



and no rain!

TROPHY MOTORCYCLES

A NEW SHOP IN TOWN ...

A lot of vintage motorcycle riders have been waiting and looking forward to this new motorcycle repair shop to open its doors. If you ride an older bike and you are not mechanically inclined, your resources for repairs were somewhat limited. Now all of that has changed.

Trophy Motorcycles, located at 4952 El Cajon Blvd., is the ideal repair shop. They cater to all British and European motorcycles and specialize in the big 3 Brit brand names, Triumph, BSA and Norton. However, I think it would be a challenge to find a brand that Isaac Heinrich and Tim Johnson have not worked on during their long tenure as motorcycle mechanics.



I had the chance to pop in and ask these two entrepreneurs a few questions about bikes, their riders, and the current trend in motorcycles.

I asked Isaac and Tim:

What is the most common brand of motorcycle that comes into the shop for repairs?

“With out a doubt, British and followed closely by European. The Triumph brand name is still a very popular motorcycle among younger riders as well as the ol’ dudes”.

What kind of motorcycles does the shop mostly cater to?

“Vintage”.

Of course this brought up the old question: what is “*vintage*” and what is “*antique*”?

After a long discussion, we all agreed that Antique is considered pre- WW II and Vintage is somewhere before the mid 70’s.

Why a vintage repair shop and not a modern bikes shop. After all, there are more modern bikes then the old iron...right?

“This is what we love to work on. It’s not only about the bikes but the riders, which come in from every walk of life. From the “I don’t have a clue”, which make up the majority of the ride-in customers, to the savvy and well-informed riders.”

When I asked them both their backgrounds in the motorcycle repair service, I got a varied answer.

Tim started back in the late 90’s working for British USA, a motorcycle shop in Houston Texas, and after 3 years decided to open his own shop, Ton-Up Cycle, also in Houston. Tim continued in the business until he moved to California

TROPHY MOTORCYCLES (continued)

where he took a break from the repair business for several years and started a family.

Isaac's experience goes back a decade and a half at a very popular motorcycle shop here in San Diego where he gained a great deal of knowledge of parts and service as a technician and first hand experience on the art of running a business.

When you bring these two together, you get Trophy Motorcycle Shop. During my interview I noticed a glow of confidence between the two and a genuine sense of pleasure from what they do. Their business has already surpassed their expectations, even in this dismal economy. There is already talk about bringing on another technician to help grow the business.

When I asked where they wanted to be in five years, Isaac and Tim both spoke up and said "The largest vintage motorcycle shop in Southern California".

I asked Tim for a parting statement and I think this said it best, "Ride 'em; don't hide 'em".

Virgil Foreman



My Most Embarrassing Motorcycle-Related Incidents

by Chris Wykoff

I actually have 2 to choose from. Both occurred in front of a crowd. Unfortunately one of them was rather recently, the other, thankfully, has receded in my memory.

In my youth I was introduced to motorcycles by my evil brother. I think this was a plot by him to showcase my inferiority when it came to physical pursuits. In any case the beginnings of my motorcycling experience were born on the outskirts of Phoenix, Arizona during the great adoption of motorcycling by the general public during the '60s. I realize that to some in the club the '60s' is a mythical era but I assure you it happened and it was not all peace and love. Some of it was Sturm and Drang, in a familial sort of way. However, the great adoption of motorcycling was made possible by the ubiquity, and cheapness, of Japanese 'dirt' cycles. Whatever you may think of this invasion from the inscrutable East it made cycling available to a much greater demographic.

I inhaled issues of Cycle Guide magazine and drooled over the bikes they reviewed after I was introduced to cycling. My brother had just gotten a Hodaka Ace 90 and was eager to share his experience. He had already been riding British bikes but the possibility of riding in the desert without spending an arm and a leg and not having to constantly maintain the bikes *during* the riding session really appealed to him.

So he showed me how to ride. Eventually this led to many a riding session in the desert, with my little brother joining in as well as soon as he turned 16. Then I was hooked. My father had some experience with motorcycles in his youth and he re-caught the fever as well. This was enhanced by the fact that a client of his paid him off by trading a BMW R69S for his services. So I was treated to learning how to ride on a light, buzzy Hodaka, then continuing the experience on the BMW.

Of course my first forays were less than memorable. Oh, I could talk about the time I did not make the corner and slid into the cactus. Or I could regale you with a perilous ride across open desert, stopped short by not seeing the weed-covered ditch and hitting the other side at speed with the front tire, launching me over the handlebars and flat onto my back. I eventually came too, listening to the circular growl of the other bikes as they went round and round trying to find me. And of course there was the time I came over the hill with too much throttle and wheeled as I crested. Fortunately my brother's back was there to save me from going over the other side. He had stopped to reconnoiter and I placed a big ol' tire mark tattoo across him – actually I am proud of that one.

At one point we, my little brother and I fell victim to my older brother's entreaties and decided to join him in a trip through the Sierra's on bikes, camping overnight near Baker, attempting to climb Mt. Whitney the next day, then continuing the riding until we returned to McFarland in the central valley of California. My brother was going to foot the bill for the motorcycle supplies and maintenance which made the trip rather easy financially.

I have totally forgotten which bike I was riding, maybe the Alpina with the Mikuni conversion, but we were hoofing it through the Sierras one morning and decided to stop at a mountain cafe for lunch. We parked behind the billboard sign as we went into the café after perusing the other bikes. We talked about how much fun we were having and about how much smarter my older brother was than the average person. Then I paid for lunch.

Afterward we geared up and got on our bikes. My excuse is I that did not realize how tired I was but, for whatever reason, I started my bike while I was still behind the sign. Then, if I was thinking, I would have paddled backward and turned the bike to go down the path around the sign. But nooooooo, instead, unthinking, I let the clutch out, the bike zoomed forward, I hit the sign with my face and the bike sailed out from under me and down the short hill to the bottom of the parking lot. I fell backward like Buster Keaton, flat on my bike. Of course I had my helmet on so the laughter could be ignored to some degree.

But yes, I heard the laughter eventually. The kind you hear in a bad dream. Gee, it was sure funny to the dozen or so people who came out of the café to see what was going on. Luckily I was quite young so I was able to pick up the bike, which only had a bent lever, and start down the hill – leaving my two brothers, who thought this was sooooo funny, behind. Eventually they caught up with me and we continued on, enjoying the trip. It only took about 10 years until they pretty much quit talking about it. I blame my parents.

OK, I hear you saying, what about incident number 2. Assuming you are still awake this is how I remember it. Think Laguna-Seca – the true enthusiasts among you know that is the penultimate experience for Cali m/cers. Riding up the coast to Monterey, attending the races, then pretending you are in the race on the way back down the coast, if you are lucky you won't be tagged by the cops.

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Embarrassing Incidents. . . (continued)

So, Joe Michaud, Mike Loper and I decide to ride up to Laguna-Seca to watch MotoGP. Typically I go with my evil brother but this year I decide to combine, or perhaps dilute, the brotherly experience with Joe and Mike. We are off one early morning from O'side through LA and on up to San Luis Obispo. If you have not gone up, or down, highway 1 on a bike and you live in CA then you are pretty much an idiot. It is a great ride, even with the traffic. Traveling with J&M is pretty entertaining as well.

The first day we get up to SLO and check into a motel. If you don't know what SLO is then I give up on you, c'mon, you're in CA dammit! Anyway, in SLO they have some kind of street thing going on and there's street Bar-B-Que. Of course we have some of that. Who could resist? Let me tell you that I wish that I had. That night, not sharing a hotel room with the two Caballeros, I spent in my new favorite position – over the porcelain throne. Oy, I could not keep it down longer than 30 minutes.

The next day the J&M show comes over to see why I was not getting the bike ready for the ride up to Monterey. Oh, I say, I happened to get married last night to the plumbing in my hotel room and I decided that we need to spend some quality time together. Hmm, they ponder for all of two minutes, perhaps we can go to the local Circle K and get you some OTC medicine to help you out. Boy that would be great I answered and so off they went. After a little while they return with a few packets of miracle drugs and then decide that their vacation would not be ruined by some inconvenience like one of their compadres being down and out. So they head up to Monterey, leaving me to contemplate the extreme whiteness of porcelain.

Of course little did they realize that without me to be the intermediary they would be subject to meeting my brother all by themselves. Of course, in their guilt over abandoning me they also would not be able to not have a laugh over little brother's fateful meeting with Montezuma and his revenge machine. So off they went to meet the brother and continue on to Monterey.

The next a.m. I am much better, but not totally well. In any case it is Friday and I am not going to miss the races. I pack up and zoom up the 101, skipping hwy 1 to get up to the races ASAP. Perhaps I was a little hasty but I made it up to the hotel in town, checked in and took all of two minutes to rest.

Then I unpacked and zoomed off to get to the track, arriving just before 10 a.m. When I get there I am at the back of a long line of bikes pointing up the hill. I should note that the Ducati 907 is not a bike where you want to be on a hill waiting for about a 1000 m/cers to inch up the hill. If you happened to be weakened the day before by bad BBQ then the last thing you need is to try and feather the clutch while waiting on the hill.

So I decided to go up the wrong side of the hill road and pull into the pack halfway up. This elicited a response from the local constabulary. He parked beside me and said "If I see your foot on the other side of the yellow line just once I'm giving you a ticket!". Gees, what a crab. However, I tried to keep my foot inbounds but the clutch on the 907 was giving me fits. The line was barely moving and about now I was not feeling too hot – having ridden up from SLO in the am cold, checking in, and zooming over to the track, all without breakfast.

So, this is the bad part, I decided I really needed to take a break so I was going to turn around on the hill and go back down and find a parking space and hoof it into the park rather than waiting for the line to magically start moving up the hill. As soon as I started to inch the bike around to go back down the hill I could feel what ever strength I had left oozing out of me. Then my foot slipped and down went the bike . . . in front of about a million other bikers. OK, perhaps there were only hundreds but the 'ooh' that went up from the assembled masses did not feel good. A couple of helpful individuals helped me pick it up and I coasted down the hill to the nearest parking spot, where I contemplated the cost of NOS mirror and side panel.

For this I blame my evil brother, Joe and Mike. There really is no others to blame. It certainly couldn't be me as I was in a bad way. If they had not abandoned me perhaps we would have gotten to the park together and the outcome would have been more benign. Ultimately I sold the bike – which, strangely, seemed to be prone to crashing, but that is another story. Perhaps if I had not dropped it I would still have the bike today, but the ignominy of the drop was too much to carry. Until Ron C. cajoled me into reliving this dreadful part of my past I had happily forgotten it, but now, as it all comes rushing back, I think about the good times of m/cing – perhaps in another time there will be happiness, but now, all is bleak, like a dark river that runs underground and bleeds silently into the dirt.

Must-Have Books For The Serious Motorcycle Gearhead

By Joe Michaud

Nuts, Bolts, Fasteners, and Plumbing Handbook, by Carroll Smith. ISBN 0-87938-406-9.

The man is certainly opinionated but this book is THE handbook on the preparation of race machinery. The "how, why, where, and when"; of every type of fastener is covered in detail. A fine book and worth a reread just for the info on torque settings. Known by many as "**Screw To Win.**"

Engineer To Win, by Carroll Smith. ISBN 0-87938-166-8.

This book covers types of material and appropriate use of technology. See above for the authors opinionated credentials.

Tuning For Speed, by Phil Irving. ISBN 0-908031-29-7.

Australian Phil Irving was responsible for the design of the Vincent and numerous F1 racing engines. The Eric Clapton of vintage motorcycle performance...picture God with a slide-rule....ummm, calculator.

Triumph Speed Secrets, by Stan Shenton. ISBN 0-933078-09-9.

Late '60's skunk-works Triumph stuff. Most is applicable to street-motor use...whoohooo. A nice dream book.

Scientific Design of Intake and Exhaust Systems, by Phillip Smith and John Morrison. ISBN 0-837603-09-9.

A tough and chewy book. I've never been able to finish it but I can now understand scavenge, cam overlap, intake swirl, squish bands, tuned headers, intake plenums/air-boxes, and why 99% of after-market Harley pipes aren't worth crap for performance.

The Fiberglass Repair and Construction Handbook, by Jack Wiley. ISBN 0-8306-2779-0.

Learn to fix anything made from fiberglass. Have you ever wanted to make your own café bike gas-tank, or fix a seat pan? With this book and some fearless daring, you may be able to. Or at least you'll be able to make a weird and hot lump of acrid fiberglass. Do NOT use this book in Mom's kitchen.

Mechanics Guide To Precision Measuring Tools, by Forbes Aird. ISBN 0-7603-0545-5.

Performance begins with precision parts...make 'em fit by understanding the measurement tools needed. If for no other reason, you may be able to have an intelligent conversation with your mechanic.

Norton Service Release, Norton Villiers, Ltd. A reprint and compilation of all the Norton service bulletins sent to dealers by Norton Villiers.

It's nice to see that consumers were always considered to be beta-testers. "Ohh, the main bearings in those Combat motors all self-destruct, eh? We'd better tell the dealers what to do, Nigel." Nonetheless, a necessary read for any Commando owner. One assumes that all brands have similar compilations, if one is lucky enough to find someone that has them and has re-printed them.

She's A Bad Motorcycle ...Writers On Riding, edited by Geno Zanetti. ISBN 1-56025-317-7.

A nice collection of fine prose concerning our own little sickness. Contributions range from Sonny Barger, Che Guevera, Hunter Thompson, Tom Wolfe, Robert Pirsig and many others. Some articles will thrill you, some—like the 1%'er ones—may have a far different effect. However, all are related by the one common thread that we all understand...if it leans and it corners, it thrills us.

The Perfect Vehicle...What It Is About Motorcycles, by Melissa Holbrook Pierson. ISBN 0-39331-80-95.

The first ten pages of this book will immediately hook you, if you are a rider. If it doesn't...well... you have lost your soul. Pierson hits the mark with the thing, the spirit, the what-ever-it-is about bikes that quickly serves as an addiction to folks like us. Nice work.

Zen And The Art Of Motorcycle Maintenance, Robert Pirsig. ISBN 0-553-27747-2.

It's either a scholarly work of Eastern mindfulness and nonrationalism intelligently reconciled with Western subject/object dualism. Or it's a literary mishmash of psycho-babble and poor history...you be the judge. I've not read it since I was a pretentious college student, but as a rider I feel I gotta own at least one copy.

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Must-Have Books. . .(continued)

Jupiter's Travels , by Ted Simon.
ISBN 0-9654785-0-5.

Ted goes back on the road again attempting to duplicate his semi-heroic 75,000 mile circumnavigation of the globe in '73-'74 on a Triumph 500. We think Bloor's new Triumph company stupidly dropped the ball by not giving him a new bike. We also think Ted may have bitten off more than he could chew all these years later but we always enjoy his prose.

Any and all factory shop/parts manuals, restoration guides, pictorial histories.

Do yourselves a large favor and acquire every available factory-authorized shop and parts manual as well as any other sources including the Clymer or Haynes manual for every bike that you have. Some marques will have reprints of long-out-of-print works, done by the enthusiastic clubs that support them. Find these books. Cherish them. Use them.

Any book with period photos or any collection of period bike reviews can be a very nice source of info when you're elbow-deep in an obscure bike restoration. There is no substitute for more information.

From The Back Seat

I'm really new at this. Obviously. Anyone who's seen me getting on or off the bike knows that (I blame it on the arthritis in my knees). After a ride in early April, Marty asked me how I had liked it. I told him other than freezing my ass off, the fact that every bone and muscle in my body hurt, and he scared the crap out of me many times, it was just peachy! So what do I do? Go again!

So there I was April 24, bundling up and crawling onto the back of the bike again, this time to go to Idyllwild for the weekend. I felt a little more prepared and after all, it wouldn't be too long a trip. Yeah, right. I have a group of friends who were going to Idyllwild a couple of weeks after we went and they asked me how long it took to get there. Imagine their surprise when I said five hours! One thing I learned fairly quickly about these club rides is that they are not about the destination. They are all about finding the most indirect route, the hilliest terrain, and the most winding roads possible that would eventually find their way to where we want to go.

We did take a nice break along the way for lunch and then before I knew it, we were at the Bluebird Cottage Inn. What a perfect place for this get-together! We filled most of the units and there was enough patio area along them for some great socializing. We all had dinner together at a Chinese restaurant the first night and other than some confusion over white rice and fried rice and the bill being written in Chinese, it was great.

I opted out of the ride on Saturday and browsed the shops with a couple of the other ladies. A little bird told me that had been the smart thing to do. I guess it was a pretty cold & challenging ride.

Saturday evening was the best. The Inn has a conference area that they graciously allowed us to use for dinner. It had games, comfortable seating, plenty of tables and chairs and it was warm! We brought in pizzas and our favorite libations and had a terrific time. Before we knew it, it was Sunday morning and we were headed home. Funny, the trip back wasn't nearly as long as the trip up.

I'm sure some of the other spouses know what I mean when I say I don't do this for the fun of it. (I have just three words for my husband – ballroom dance lessons.) But I have to admit, I really did have a good time and look forward to going back next year.

Pam Foreman

The Marque Marquee:

(This new column is dedicated to the examination of some of the more unique motorcycles from days gone by. Ed.)



VELOCETTE VALIANT FLAT HEAD TWIN

The Valiant was announced in the press in November 1956 and was first shown to the public at the Earls Court Show held later that month. This bike represented Velocette's attempt to meet the demands for the sport machines of under 250 cc and to provide a livelier performance from their flat twin design. With that as a basis the result was a sophisticated and therefore expensive motorcycle and coming from Hall Green there was no attempt made to cut corners and save money by cheapening the design.

The layout of the Valiant engine and transmission was just as that of the LE but many of the details differed in some way or another. Beginning at the crankshaft, this had to be stiffened to cope with the added power and at the same time the big end bearings were widened. The result was a greater offset between the cylinders and this required the crankcase to be lengthened.

The crankshaft was built up from the circular center web, two crankpins and two bobweight with integral main shafts. The parts were simply pressed together using the Velocette technique of a taper fit on pin and in bore of 0.008 in. per inch of length.

The big ends were split shells pressed into the eyes of the steel rods and the small ends were bushed. The main shafts had hardened sleeves pressed into place to provide the main bearing journals with the details as for the LE. The cylinders were cast in iron as there was no call for light alloy on the score of heat dissipation with the flat twin layout and the weight saving would have been minimal but expensive. The cylinders heads were cast in light alloy and unlike the barrels were handed left and right. The valve gear was conventional with the camshaft driven as on the LE and running in plain bearings.

The front of the engine carried the same Miller AC4 generator as the LE but fitted with a different advance unit to suit the needs of the OHV engine. The lubrication system was as for the LE plus a feed to the rockers.

The clutch drove a four speed gearbox which was sufficiently compact to fit in the same space as the three speeder. From the gearbox the power was transmitted down the left leg of the cast light alloy rear fork via a universal joint and propeller shaft.

continued on page 13. . .

The Marque Marquee (continued)...

The complete engine and transmission unit was mounted in a duplex frame with a single top tube. The frame was well gusseted around the headstock area and the subframe was formed in one with it. Footrest, pillion rest brackets, center stand, rear brake pedal, gear pedal and neat chrome plated tubular crash bar all bolted into place. The petrol was carried in a three gallon tank rubber mounted on two blocks on the top tube. There were two petrol taps and the tire pump was carried between lugs on the underside of the tank.

One of the main styling features of the Valiant was a two piece cowling or bonnet which enclosed much of the crankcase and gearbox. Each cylinder had a carburetor attached by means of a short inlet tube. The exhaust side was equally simple with each cylinder head fitted with its own exhaust pipe which ran back under the barrel to a torpedo shape silencer. Both wheels were fitted with 3.25 X 18 tires, mudguards were altered to be fitted with valances and the lift or support stays altered to act as grab or lifting handles.

Options included an additional tool box, pillion rests and a stop light; the Valiant owner could also have a pair of chrome-plated tanks panels. These enhanced the standard paint finish which was either in dark green or black with the lined in gold.

Road tests followed in August 1957 when two magazines published their ride tests. On performance they were very similar with 68 mph top speed and 90 mpg consumption. *The Motor Cycle* contented itself with calculated maxima in the gears based on the makers recommended 7000 rpm limit; however *Motor Cycling* had no such qualms for they ran the machines to 8000 rpm in a second gear and only a 7900 in third. Both magazines agreed on the excellent braking and handling qualities of the machine.

Production got under way in 1957. There were minor changes to the machine, the compression changed from 8.5 to 8.0:1 and then changed in 1960 to 7.8:1. There was other option like panniers and a dolphin fairing, and a change of color name in 1961 to Willow green. From then on the Valiant continues with out changes and in the autumn of 1964 this machine was no longer available. Rather a pity, for it was a nice machine to ride with excellent handling and many desirable features. Unfortunately while many riders asked for a shaft drive and a sophisticated specification, few actually wanted to pay for it.

Virgil Foreman

Screwdrivers To Die For:

Those of us who mess with old Jap bikes always seem to have problems removing float bowls from the ubiquitous Mikuni carburetors. I don't know why, but the four Phillips-head screws frequently extremely difficult to remove. Usually, after a couple of failed attempts with a screwdriver, the screwheads are so rounded, that some extreme "Plan B" approach must be used. I don't go around admitting it, but I've had good luck using a pair of those needle-nosed Vise-Grips. If you can securely clamp down on the screwhead, the screw will usually yield. The aftermath, unfortunately, is that the removed screw is ruined. . .

Quite a few years ago, I had read that the design of Japanese/JIS (Japanese Industrial Standard) screwheads is significantly different than American/SAE (Society of Automotive Engineers) screws. Our American screwdrivers are designed expressly for SAE fasteners, not JIS fasteners. Those pesky screw heads get stripped so easily because the American screwdriver point does not properly "nest" into the recesses of Japanese screwhead.

The solution is simple: find some JIS screwdrivers. . . If you Google "JIS screwdrivers", you'll get loads of "hits". I went to <http://www.centralhobbies.com/Tools/jis.html>, and found a set of four Hozan JIS screwdrivers for \$17.95 plus shipping. The quality of the screwdrivers seems to be about average.

Thus far, I've only used the largest of the four, as the other three are all pretty small for most automotive chores. The first time I used the screwdrivers on a Mikuni VM carb, the difference was readily apparent. I could, for the first time, really put some torque on the fastener, without having to fight to keep the screwdriver point nested in the screwhead.

Armed with these JIS screwdrivers, I'm confident that I'll be able to keep those needle-nosed Vise-Grips in the toolbox.



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