



San Diego Antique Motorcycle Club

The Herald

Volume 27, Issue III

December 2010

Elvis, Jimmy Carter and Superbikes by Kurt Kohanowich



For those of you who are wondering how all this coalesces into some “six degrees of Kevin Bacon”, here is the story: Stay with me, it gets kind of interesting: A mechanical oddity I discovered a few months ago, turned out to be a journey back in time, when technology did not cloud up the landscape, ABS meant “abdominal muscles”, plastic was mostly on kid’s toys, and the world of motorcycles was roaring along a road of leather, metal, rubber and sheer courage. But our story begins in this time, here in San Diego.....

7 pm, 14 August 2010, Clairemont California

I had just pulled the last bolt from the transmission case of my restoration project: VIN# 6147992, a 1978 BMW R100/7. The gear box and engine casing cracked apart, and I slid the transmission back, and hefted it out of the frame and onto the workbench. Looking back at the engine, I saw something very unfamiliar: it wasn’t in the Clymer’s manual....it wasn’t in any of the literature I have read about this bike...it was as if cyber-rats had gotten into my clutch and chewed away at my flywheel.....



What the hell? Ah well, log on to the BMW MOA forum, post some pictures, tell my story and see what this might possibly be. Over the course of several days, and the normal online sleuthing that comes with a restoration project like this, my best guess was the flywheel modification was most likely done by San Jose BMW, back in the day, back when this bike’s home was probably somewhere north of here, as evidenced by her previous owner’s home in San Juan Capistrano.
(Continued on Page 3)

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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.

2011 SDAMC Ride Calendar (check SDAMC.Net website)

Jan

JANUARY 15, 2011 SATURDAY

JANUARY 30, 2011 SUNDAY

Feb

FEBRUARY 20, 2011 SUNDAY

Mar

MARCH 27 2011 SUNDAY

Apr

APRIL 30, 2011 WEEKEND

May

MAY 15, 2011 SUNDAY.

Jun

JUNE 2011 TBD.

JUNE 18, 2011 SATURDAY.

Jul

JULY 3, 2011 SUNDAY

JULY 17, 2011 SATURDAY

Aug

AUGUST 7, 2011 SUNDAY

AUGUST 8, 2011 MONDAY

AUGUST 27, 2011 SATURDAY

Sept

SEPTEMBER 24, 2011 SATURDAY

Oct

OCTOBER 15, 2011 SATURDAY

Nov

NOVEMBER 7, 2011 SUNDAY

NOVEMBER 24, 2011 THURSDAY

Dec

DECEMBER 4, 2011 SATURDAY

DECEMBER 2011, TBD

DECEMBER 10, 2011 SATURDAY

BARRETT JUNCTION RIDE

Mod & Rockers (Ton-Up Club Event)

PAST PRESIDENTS RIDE.

DESERT FLOWER BORREGO RIDE

IDYLLWILD. (over night) (MEMBERS ONLY).

CLASSIC MOTORCYCLE RIDE.

Car (and MC) Event, Eastlake Village Walk
T-SHIRT RIDE

ALPINE PARADE

GARAGE CRAWL. (MEMBERS ONLY)

NATIONAL CITY HERITAGE DAY

POT LUCK NIGHT

CLASSIC MOTORCYCLE RIDE

FIELD TRIALS DAY

OCTOBER FEST RIDE

Hanson Dam (Non Club Event)

THANKSGIVING DAY RIDE

CHRISTMAS PARTY

PACIFIC BEACH PARADE

YEAR END RIDE

Elvis, Jimmy Carter and Superbikes, (cont)

Another hint was a Laguna Seca Raceway camping wristband affixed to the fairing strut, dated April 15th, 1989. But the journey through time didn't stop there: Oh, sure... that year, two hotshot F-14 Tomcat pilots shot down two Libyan MIGs, the Exxon Valdez spilled 11 million gallons all over Prince William Sound, and one man held his ground and stopped a Chinese tank in Tiananmen Square...but I'm talking about something REALLY important:

Holy Crap...Reg Pridmore might have been the one who made the modifications to the flywheel on this bike...

Ah, who is Reg Pridmore, you ask? Well, I know many of us already know the answer to that, but others may not. So, to answer that question, at least in the context of this little tale, we've got to go back a little further. Back to the Seventies: Get on your bell bottoms and puka shells, people. Say "right on", and "groovy" for me. Leave your cellphones, laptops and cable TV behind....

Come on back with me: when Farrah Fawcett was the hottest woman on the planet, Jimmy Carter was managing the country into the ground, albeit with the most honorable intentions, Two Soviet Yankee submarines sat off our coasts with enough nuclear firepower to wipe out every city within 1600 miles, and in Florida?: Ah, Florida is where the important stuff is happening. Two narratives were unfolding 450 miles apart. (Continued on Page 7)



From The Pres.

It is hard to believe that 2010 is almost gone, and in less than a few days we will be toasting 2011.

This issue will be the last *official* of *oh 10* and looking back it has been a pretty good year for the club. We said good bye to old friends and hello to new ones. The club calendar had a lot to offer with new events and our old favorite rides. The Board of Directors is working on even more new rides for 011.

When you read this there will be a few new Board members, we will be tipping our hats to the exiting few; Nina Pacelli, and Ron Caudillo will be ending their multiple terms as BOD. Also Phil Blackburn has stepped down. We will miss their camaraderie and the energy they brought to board.

This year's Christmas party was a great success and I believe we had a record attendance! Now that we have a new schedule for the Herald we should have Christmas party photos in the January edition.

Well I am not one to ramble on so I think it's time to wish everyone a Happy New Year and I *hope* to see you out on the road soon.

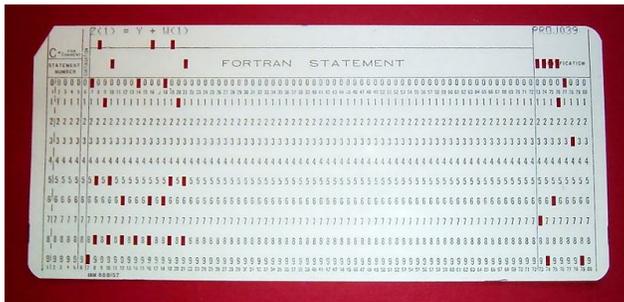
The Moto Guzzi



A motorcycle that used to be in my stable was an early 70's Moto Guzzi, this was the very first drive shaft bike I'd ever ridden and compared to the other British bikes and my 1940 Indian that I was use to riding this bike was a Cadillac of motorcycles. Also compared to my other motorcycles this bike was trouble free, with the exception of having a bad battery, this bike never left me stranded.

Even though the Moto Guzzi brand has been around since the early 1920's it was new to me at this time, (circa 1973) this transverse mounted, shaft drive, black and chrome tank beauty was pure Italian sex and compared to today's motorcycles it was like piloting a barge up the street, however I would love to have another one back in my stable today.

- Virgil Foreman



Suzuki TS-250J Savage

Famous 12 month/12,000 miles warranty*

Length.....	84.3"
Width.....	35.1"
Height.....	44.3"
Wheel Base.....	55.8"
Ground Clearance.....	9.8"
Dry Weight.....	245 lbs.
Engine Type.....	2-stroke air-cooled aluminum single cylinder
Bore & Stroke.....	2.76" x 2.52"
C.C.....	246
Compression Ratio.....	6.7:1
Ignition.....	PEI (Pointless Electronic Ignition)
Carburetor.....	VM28
Maximum Output.....	23 hp/6500 rpm
Maximum Torque.....	19.4 ft.-lbs./5500 rpm
Speed Range.....	75-80 mph
Transmission.....	5-speed constant mesh
Clutch.....	Multi-plate, wet disc
Starter.....	Primary kick
Brakes: Front.....	Right hand, internal expanding
Rear.....	Right foot, internal expanding
Suspension: Front.....	Telescopic, oil-dampened
Rear.....	Swinging arm, oil-dampened, 5-way adjustable
Front Fork Travel.....	6.5"
Tires: Front.....	3.25-19 4PR Trials
Rear.....	4.00-18 4PR Trials
Color.....	Strip Orange Daytona Blue
Fuel Tank Capacity.....	2.6 gals.
Oil Tank Capacity.....	2.2 pts.
Instruments.....	Speedometer/Tripmeter, Tachometer
Climbing Ability.....	35°

*Cover all internal parts of cylinder head, kick and bearings. Excludes spark plug, valve, and chain. Manual transmission and requires to be built within 48 hours and require some check items on individual model. Offer in U.S. only and open to 2000 miles thereafter during warranty period.

Suzuki: built to take on the country.
U.S. Suzuki Motor Corporation, Santa Fe Springs, California 90670

Part No. 99401-XXXX

Libro in USA

Motorcycling Changes Lives (and sometimes for the better!)

On just about any day, you can pick up any handy local newspaper and find at least one motorcycle-related article. Typically, the article describes the pain and suffering brought on by our beloved two-wheelers. On the “flip side”, there are rare occasions when motorcycles cause positive shifts in the space/time continuum. This is what happened to me. . .

I admit it. I set no scholastic records during my high school career. Like many other bright-but-unmotivated teenagers, I was relegated to the local junior college. In my case it was Grossmont College, or as we used to say - the University of California at Fletcher Hills. I liked college a hel-luva lot more than I liked high school. For instance I could actually park my bike on campus knowing that shit wouldn't be stolen from it. Back in high school, someone was always screwing around with the parked motorcycles. I recall that factory-supplied tool kits were a particular favorite of my school's thieves. I once calculated that a tool kit's half-life was precisely 3.7492 school days!

Back in the early 1970's, data processing was considered one of the hottest growth industries. (It still is today, but you have to live in Bangalore, India!) The potential seemed limitless, even for an unmotivated/lazy guy like me! I just needed to get in on the ground floor.

Nobody told me that the “ground floor” actually entailed spending semester after semester learning how to fold, spindle, and mutilate those infernal IBM punched cards! Those of you who are too young to remember punched cards and keypunch machines do not know how lucky you are!

In those days, the lines of computer code had to be keyed into punched cards, and the completed card decks had to be fed into the computer. A typical program might require a few hundred meticulously punched cards. Since the data entry process was quite time-consuming, the finished card decks were extremely valuable to the author. If you had the misfortune of dropping a card deck, you were pretty much screwed because it was almost impossible to properly resequence

the cards. The card decks were held together by rubber bands, and special cardboard boxes were used to carry the card decks.

By November 1973, and I'd already squandered 4+ semesters screwing around with these ridiculous card decks. All the while, a local vocational school had been pelting the airwaves with TV commercials touting how their graduates that had gotten "great jobs" in the local computer industry. Hmmm. . . I toyed with the idea of attending one of these vocational schools but their tuitions seemed prohibitively expensive, and they definitely lacked the prestige of a diploma from a "real" college or university.

One morning, I was running late (as usual) for my 8 a.m. class. I bungeed my precious card box to the seat of my '72 Suzuki TS250 Savage, and hauled-ass to school from my home in Lemon Grove. The trip included a short stretch of Hwy 94 through La Mesa. While on the freeway, I heard a loud BANG, almost like a gunshot. In the first few seconds, I made a quick visual inspection of the engine and front of the bike. Nothing seemed amiss. When I turned my head to look behind, it looked like Charles Lindbergh's ticker tape parade! My precious punched cards were all fluttering in the f***** breeze like f***** confetti!

After pulling over to the shoulder, I inspected the f***** remnants of the f***** bungee cord. Evidently, one of the f***** metal hooks had pulled free, allowing the f***** card box to fall onto the f***** pavement, casting the f***** punched cards to the f***** four winds. All of my f***** class projects were destroyed. I was f***** ruined. Another f***** semester down the f***** drain! At that time, there was no such thing as backing up your programs onto a convenient flash drive or floppy disk (they wouldn't be invented for a decade or two). Even if convenient file back-ups had been available, I probably would have been too lazy to do them. Despite the post-traumatic shock, I got to school that day, though I didn't attend any classes that day. What was the point?

That afternoon, I rode down to Old Town to visit that vocational school whose TV ads I had been seeing. After a tour of the campus, they gave me a programming aptitude test. I wasn't aware that if you had a temperature of approximately 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit, and had a pulse, you were a born computer programmer! As an added bonus, government-insured student loans were available to anyone whose IQ was higher than Forest Gump's! I then went home and discussed the situation with my mom.

The next day, I enrolled in the vocational school, and dropped all of my classes at Grossmont. Six months after that, I had graduated from the school, and I've been serving (kind of) the needs of the Southern California data processing community ever since. That's over 36 years of undetected crime!!!

Had that episode on Hwy 94 not occurred, my life might have turned out just the same, but I kind of doubt it. I'd probably still be floundering at some public college, trying to satisfy the General Ed requirements for some degree. I choose to believe that the Hwy 94 affair significantly altered the trajectory of my life. Perhaps it was one of those Jungian "synchronicity" events where the motorcycle, the freeway, the bungee cord, the TV ads (and those f***** punched cards) all converged to change my life for the better.

Ron Caudillo

Elvis, Jimmy Carter and Superbikes (cont)

Two stories that would not reconnect for another 34 years. Well, 34 years, 5 months and 9 days, but who's counting....

March 5th, 1976, Warrington Middle School, Pensacola FL.

It's showtime! I was Elvis Presley, complete with microphone, sequined outfit and screaming female fans(my fellow classmates and chorus members). Our teacher, Miss Casey (who I had a serious crush on), banged out "Heartbreak Hotel" on an old middle school piano and I gyrated my 13 year old hips on the stage of the auditorium of the "Warrington Rockets". We kids were the "bi-centennial chorus", and we were putting on a musical for the school, capturing 200 years of American History with such timeless songs like "Halleluiah I'm a Bum", "At the Hop" and "The Age of Aquarius"(hey, come on...it WAS the 70's after all!). So, as my little adolescent story of pubescent adoration was playing out on that day, something very, very interesting was happening to the East....

Daytona FL, March 5th, 1976



Steve McLaughlin was in a bit of a quandary: Maybe this wasn't such a good idea...Did BMW just buy him off? The R90S he was running kept breaking down, and had been laid down previously... Maybe Helmet Kern and the guys at Butler & Smith just wanted to keep him off "Pops" Yoshimura's Z1, and let his racemate, Reg Pridmore get all the glory. He had done well with Kawasaki, but the Z1's high speed wobble and BMW's smoother handling, along with some good old fashioned greenbacks got him on the team for this race. Such was the situation for Steve when he and Reg Pridmore rode BMW's R90S "Superbike" at the Daytona Speedway in Daytona, Florida.



Reg Pridmore(163) and Steve McLaughlin (83)

So...while young Kurt Kohanowich tried his best to imitate the King of rock and roll, Reg Pridmore and Steve McLaughlin raced wheel-to-wheel throughout most of the very first AMA Superbike production race. The announcer proclaimed that Pridmore was the winner, but a high-speed finish line camera proved that McLaughlin won the race by mere inches, a debate that is better left for mornings at the Waterfront, or after meetings in Giovannis, for sure...

Pridmore went on to win the A.M.A. Superbike Championship in 1977 and 1978, and retired in

Elvis, Jimmy Carter and Superbikes

1979. Renowned for his riding technique, He published “Smooth riding the Pridmore Way”, and now runs the CLASS Rider school in Santa Paula California, and spent many days teaching riders at...yep, Laguna Seca, the same place where the previous owner of a certain R100/7 spent two fun filled days camping in the California sunshine...



I don't know if Reg actually did the work on my flywheel: I'd like to think he did, but that fact is obscured by time right now...but this journey back in time is important in that BMW's victory shocked the racing community: BMW actually WON something and put the airhead on the map with the amazing R90S. It helped them increase production of many other bikes, including one, Serial # 6147992, manufactured almost exactly 2 years later, in March 1978.

And so I end my little time travel back in my garage, with the guts of one fine motorcycle slowly coalescing, morphing back into a machine that was created long ago: a machine that was not tested 100,000 times inside a computer modeling simulation before it hit the track. A machine that was designed with slide rulers and drafting paper. In my very garage I own a piece of time itself;



Whenever the urge strikes me, I can go back to Daytona, or Pensacola or wherever. All I have to do is look at the bike: See the lines, ask myself the who/where/what and why's that give it shape: Who built this? Where has this bike been? Why the hell did someone drill a million holes in the flywheel?! Events, memories, people and places surround its very existence. It really is a miracle when you think about it. Hell, if I look close enough, I think I might even see a Lava lamp or a Billy Beer...Or maybe just endless stretches of California roadway, and many happy miles. It's almost time to get her back out there, and add a few more memories with the SDAMC, and the hills of San Diego.

Kurt Kohanowich

Clairemont CA, January 2011

Sources:

<http://www.historicsuperbikes.info/default.asp?page=background>

<http://www.motorcycleclassics.com>

http://www.motorcyclespecs.co.za/model/bmw/bmw_r90s_ama_racer.htm

<http://www.classrides.com/>

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Reg_Pridmore



2010 SDAMC Christmas Party

Rick and Randy were welcoming and signing folks up as they arrived.



Our President 'Wheels' Foreman was present and looking pretty festive with his pimped out wheels.



We enjoyed an evening with wining and dining. A lively auction was held with a great outcome for the club treasury.

Also including a rare picture of Ted with Donna and minus his yellow astronaut suit. We almost didn't recognize him. J



A big winner was May and Daryl 'the Harley rider' who re-won the gift they auctioned last year.



Dennis won an award for 'best hair'. It was a CD of all time Banjo hits.



For a change Nina was casually enjoying the Christmas party. We can't thank her enough for all the work she has put into making



these events so popular.

A special thanks to everyone who helped and participated in organizing the Christmas Party. We are looking forward to seeing at our next event.

The Corner Marquee: BMW Singles



The first BMW motorcycle, the R32 was available from 1923 on; this bike was also the most expensive model on the market. The first single cylinder BMW was the R39 of 1925, a 250 c.c. ohv sport model, which had already been upgraded with a rear driveshaft brake, a benefit the flat-twin R32 still lacked.

The Pre-War Singles – The 250 c.c. ohv singles cylinder R39 was first shown at the Berlin Motor Show in December 1924 just over eight months after development work had begun. The engine was again mounted longitudinally in the frame, which also was a twin-tube design. The three-speed gearbox was bolted directly to the crankcase and driven through a single plate dry clutch mounted to the flywheel. The rear wheel drive was by shaft as on all Boxers. The upper half of the crankcase incorporated a cylinder barrel within the same casting, bearing larger cooling fins than the Boxer barrels. A cast-iron liner was shrunk into the sport Boxer alloy band. The one piece cylinder head with its one piece valve cover came from the R37 sport Boxer. This set up would not change much through the entire life of the 250 c.c. singles.

There were many variation like the R2 model, a 200c.c. from 1931 – 38, the R35 a 300 c.c. which only lasted one year in 1936. The R4 model a 400 c.c. from 1932 -37 along with the R35 a 350 c.c. model from 1937 -40 both of these models were delivered to the German military.

There were other variations with items like the additions of tool boxes, starter, new fender designs, and Earles and telescopic front forks. All of this came to an end in September 1939.

The Post War Singles- It was at the 1948 Geneva Motor Show that BMW announced its comeback into the field of motorcycle manufacturing business after some doubt about its future prospects in the immediate post-war years.

BMW started their new beginning with the 250 c.c. model R24 1948 – 50. This new engine design was influenced by the R 75 in many details with the rockers no longer working in the cast in bosses, but on pillars which were bolted on. The pushrods were led in through tunnels in the cylinder head and the valve covers were two separate pieces held down by a clamp with a central bolt. A change in the valve angle and a higher compression of 6.75: 1 together with a new 22 mm Bing carburetor increased the power output to 12 PS at 5600 rpm. Also new were a four speed gearbox and a new electrical system from the Noris Company in Nuremberg. The finish was modernized with pinstriping on the fenders and a chromed fishtail muffler, and the wheels lost their silver-gray center band and spokes and were now painted a solid black. When it came to the color of the motorcycles, the crème colored bikes went to the German Highway Patrol while the dark green color went to the Police Department.

The R24 250 c.c. model had several improvements before its end in 1966 as the R27. The frame was improved in 1950 for the R25. The most significant innovation was the plunger rear suspension, and the frame tubes were now welded together. A valance front fender with an elegant sweeping tail added to the modern appearance.

In 1956 -60 the R26 model was available with a swing arm for both front and rear wheels. The engine power was now up to 18PS at 7400 rpm by means of higher compression ratio and new valve opening times through a new camshaft.

The R27 250 c.c. 1960-66 had a significant improvement that dealt with the engine vibrations that plagued the previous models. The rubber engine mounts and an additional cylinder head bracket with the hard rubber helped to reduce the unwanted vibrations.

The R27 had direct competition with BMW's own R50S and R69S, not to mention the much cheaper Japanese bikes. In 1966 there were only 2400 units delivered to dealers around the world.

Prospects- From a vintage bike rider's point of view all the R series singles 250 c.c. models are collectable; however, the R27 from a practical standpoint would be a good choice, as all the line's improvements ended with this model.



**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:

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P.O. Box 178197
San Diego, CA 92177**