



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

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September 2011

Coos Art Museum Motorcycle Exhibit, June 9- July 23, Coos Bay, OR



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Glenn Roesener

(Guest contributor of the month)

It was a cool spring morning in the spring of 1911. Well, to be honest, I don't know what the weather was like. I don't even know if it was spring. No one still living knows. But sometime in that year, my great-grandpa Keller made a decision that has echoed through four generations - he took a job. Not just any job, since he was only thirteen; he took one of the only jobs available to his age and circumstances. He became a messenger for Western Union in Indianapolis, Indiana.

Delivering messages across that sprawling city required speed, and to give him that speed, they gave him one of the newest ways of getting around quickly in a crowded city - they put him on a Thor motorcycle. In doing so, the company set in motion a chain of events that would span four generations of riders. Just last week, I came face to face with the legendary bike that started it all.



Continued on Page 6

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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 Newsletter 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. The Herald is currently published on a quarterly basis. Any member can contribute, and are encouraged.

As your volunteer editorial staff, we need 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 all have stories to tell.

We hope to hear from the garages, sheds, and shops of the membership. This publication will remain viable only with the help and consideration of all. Email your editor directly, or any board member. We look forward to publishing your stories!

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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

The 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 the Herald, please let us know. One of the benefits of our club is our collective experience, our passion of motorcycles and our individual ideas. Share it with the club: then we all learn.

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

Events

OCTOBER 15, 2011 SATURDAY	Del Mar Concourse Show
NOVEMBER 7, 2011 SUNDAY	Hanson Dam (Non Club Event)
NOVEMBER 24,2011 THURSDAY	THANKSGIVING DAY RIDE
DECEMBER 4, 2011 SATURDAY	CHRISTMAS PARTY
DECEMBER 2011, TBD	PACIFIC BEACH PARADE
DECEMBER 10, 2011 SATURDAY	YEAR END RIDE

Table O' Contents:

<u>Topic</u>	<u>Page</u>
Coos Art Museum Motorcycle Exhibit	1
Corner Marquee	4
Hollywood Hills Ride	5
Member Spotlight: Frank Seckner	13
Bonneville Speed Week!	14
National City Heritage Days Car & MC Show	17
July Garage Crawl	18
Classic Ride	19
Club Membership Application	20

The Ace Motorcycle Company.

Ace motor Corporation was a motorcycle manufacturer in operation continuously in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania between 1919 and 1924 and intermittently afterwards until 1927. Essentially only one model of the large luxury four cylinder motorcycles, with slight variations, was made from first to last.

Origin

Having sold Henderson Motorcycle to Ignaz Schwinn's Excelsior Motor Manufacturing & Supply Co. founder William G. Henderson continued to work there until 1919, when differences of opinion regarding the design direction of Henderson motorcycles led to his resignation from Excelsior.

In the fall of 1919, with the support of Max M. Sladkin of Haverford Cycles Co., Henderson started the Ace Motor Corporation in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. There he once more built four-cylinder air cooled in-line unit design motorcycles with 1168cc, and later 1229cc and 1266cc engines. The Ace motorcycle resembled the Henderson in general form, being a longitudinal four-cylinder motorcycle with chain drive, but Henderson had to be careful not to infringe any trademarks or patents that would have been owned by Excelsior at the time. Production began in 1920.

On December 11, 1922, shortly after 11 a.m., William Henderson was hit by a motor vehicle while testing the new Ace Sporting Solo in Philadelphia. William, age 39, died in Frankford Hospital without regaining consciousness.

Arthur O. Lemon, former Henderson salesman and head of Excelsior and Henderson engineering at Excelsior Motor Manufacturing & Supply, left Excelsior in 1923 to replace Henderson as Chief Engineer at Ace. Mr. Lemon's designs and development had all engines use ioe valves, light alloyed pistons, and Schebler carburetors. These engines continued to develop between 20 and 25 bhp.

Ace Speed Trophy

In 1923, Red Wolverton rode a specially prepared Ace XP-4 at a record speed of 129 mph. The management of Ace Motor Corporation offered the Ace Speed Trophy and a cash prize to anyone who could break the XP-4's record. Neither the trophy nor the prize was ever claimed.

Ace Motor Corp. ceased operation in 1924. In the next two years, ownership of Ace's name, rights and production facilities would change hands at least twice. At least one of these owners, Michigan Motor Corp., would revive production for a short time.

Indian Ace

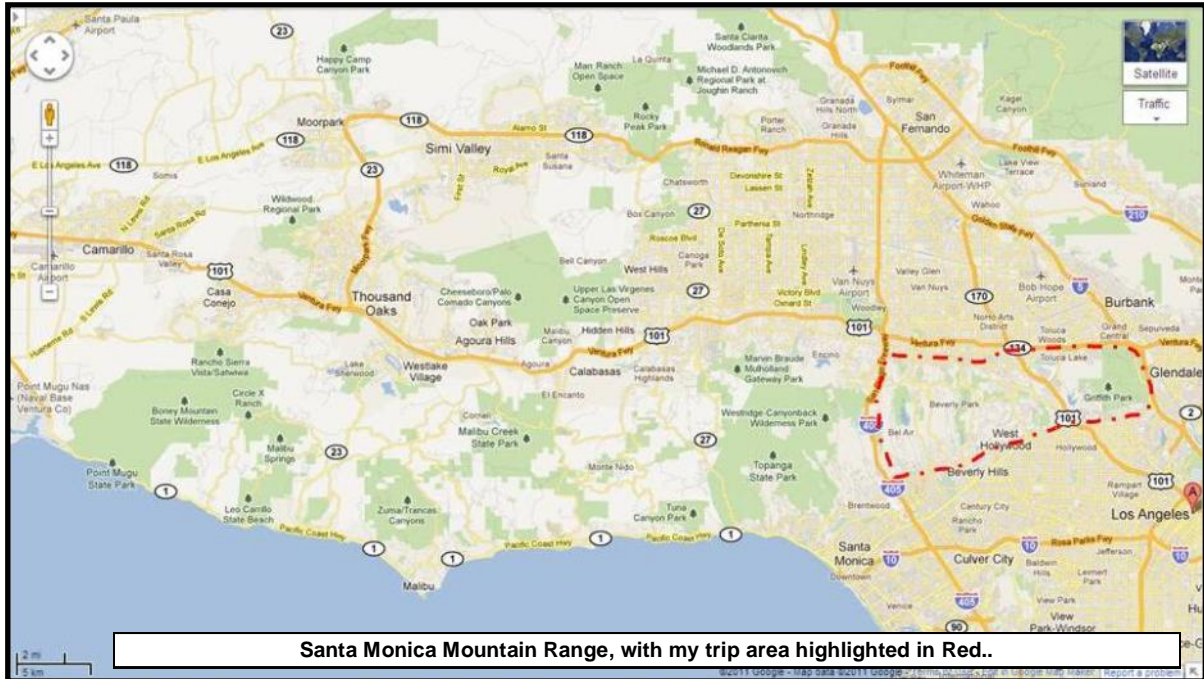
The property of Ace Motor changed hands for the last time in 1927, when it was purchased by the Indian Motorcycle Company. Production was moved to Springfield, Massachusetts, and the motorcycle was marketed as the Indian Ace for one year. Once the design began to be modified within Indian, the Ace name was discontinued. The production of the four-cylinder Indian motorcycles would continue until 1942.



Hollywood Hills Ride, September 2011.

Kurt Kohanowich

As some of you might know, I spend some weekends in the Thousand Oaks area, which gives me the opportunity to ride the roads in the hills of Malibu and other destinations. On the last weekend of September, I decided to make a day trip away from the rugged beauty of Malibu and into the “urban sprawl” of the hills surrounded by Hollywood, Sherman Oaks, Universal City and Burbank. What I found was a wonderful slice of Americana, a noble attempt to preserve the beauty of this area for future generations, and some humorous examples of fashion right out of “Zoolander”.



(I have made quite a few trips throughout the Malibu Hills this year, and if you're interested in seeing the Malibu Hills from my perspective, just visit:

<http://www.youtube.com/user/kmkahuna003>

The Santa Monica Mountains extend approximately 40 mi east-west from the Hollywood Hills in Los Angeles to Point Mugu in Ventura County. Preservation of lands within the region are managed by a minimum of 4 different government agencies: (the Santa Monica Mountains Conservancy, the National Park Service, the California State Parks, and County and Municipal agencies), and a myriad of non-profits. In my research as to who exactly controls and manages this land resource, it became quite obvious to me that saving these precious hills is a secondary goal of our park system.

The primary goal seems to be creating government jobs, passing confusing legislation limiting our freedoms in these areas, and growing the associated bureaucracy that goes with it. If you ever find out how we all voted in the Environmental Empire (insert Star Wars Empire music here), please let me know. However convoluted it is, the system has resulted in the preservation of many areas that would have been swallowed up by private mansions, and development, and this is something we should all be thankful for.

Continued on Page 10



Coos Art Museum Motorcycle Exhibit (Cont)

The event was the Coos Art Museum Exhibit in Coos Bay, Oregon. For 45 days in June and July, they exhibited some of the rarest motorcycles in existence, including a 1909 Thor similar to my Great-Grandpa's. And this last week, with my father riding his Electra-Glide down from Tillamook, we went together to take a step back into our own personal history, and the history of the world of motorized cycling itself.

Man, it was an awesome exhibit! The 1909 Thor, was, according to my dad, the same kind of bike that my great-grandpa rode as a western union messenger in the early 1900's, but it was in rough shape. There was a lot of rust, and I doubt if it ran. I wanted to take that poor forgotten thing home and give it some decent treatment. It had curiously long, tall cylinders, very straight, with very simple heads. I thought that seemed kinda odd compared to the strangely shaped heads and the tapered cooling fins on all the other bikes on display.



Across the museum floor from it, a 1914 Cyclone (featured in the promotional online video for the exhibit) had the coolest engine. It had external valves. It had levers. It had tubes going to the strangest places. There were parts that looked more like saxophone components than an engine. I felt like if I could just get that machine into my garage, I would watch those valves – that machine –, clicking and clacking all day long, pattering along with its guts out on display. I'd probably sit there with an antique oil can, poking away periodically just to feel helpful. The leaf springs were absolutely whacky, ; it almost looked like they had taken a model T's springs, cut them into segments, and placed the sections strategically around the bike – a spot up front for the front forks, another spot vertically in back for the swing arm, and what seemed to be the center section wedged under the saddle. There were a few mechanical curiosities I couldn't figure out, such as the apparent pump knob on one of the openings on top of the tank. I finally realized it was a pressurizing pump and cap, kind of like Coleman camp stoves, to pressurize the dry sump oil system.

In addition to the Thor and Cyclone, there was a 1920 Indian. Grandpa Keller – Great-Grandpa Keller's son – first rode one of these as a teenager and fell in love with the wind . I had a chance to sit with him just two months ago, _ while returning home from a cross-country ride to Quebec. I asked him how he got started in motorcycling. It seems he had a friend whose dad had a car dealership, and they wound up with this Indian one day. His friend asked if he wanted to ride it, so they went out into the country, and the friend set him up, told him how to steer, and sent him off. What he didn't tell him was how to use the clutch, so Grandpa was free to ride – but coming to a complete stop would kill the engine, and he didn't know how to start it_. So he rode for miles until he found a wide place on that country lane where he could wobble his way through a turn without stopping. He was hooked on the wind from that day on. Even now - at 90 years old - Grandpa's face still reflects that moment of joy like it was yesterday.

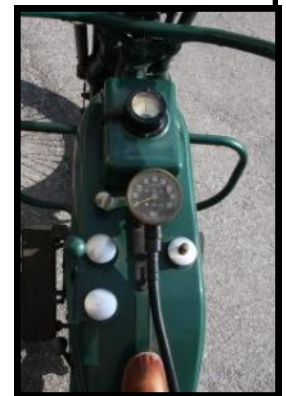




The exhibit included a fine collection of Harley's spanning a wide range of years, starting with the first motorcycle we saw as we paid for our admission - a grey 1911 with leather belt and a ratcheting lever for a clutch. My dad and I spent some time re-living the heady times when this idea of engaging a motor to push you along the ground with a lever – it was like being kids again. I decided at some point that my dad and I would have been awfully good friends if we'd been kids at the same time. A couple other guys were walking through and sort of got caught up in our time-warp conversation. Pretty soon there were five or six guys imagining themselves with elbow-long gauntleted gloves and leather overcoats gadding about the streets of a city without traffic lights. I know that if truth were told, at some point every one of us flinched our left arm pulling that imaginary lever. Just a lever – and yet so much behind it.

And then there was the '42 Flathead. Standing there beside it, my dad told me about the Flathead his dad (my aforementioned Grandpa Keller) had ridden as a young father. He remembered that his sister always got to sit on the outboard side of the sidecar because she was older, and his mom sat on the back. Dad himself was stuck up against the inboard side of the sidecar unable to see anything. His only revenge came in winter, when the inboard sidecar seat was the warmest seat in the house. I looked hard at the area by the motor there between the back tire and the seat, where Dad sat as a little boy, and could feel the pain of being so close – and yet so far – from the summer wind whistling through the Indiana countryside. And I glared at my aunt in my mind, for being so lucky – and so oblivious to her good fortune .

The 1920-ish Indian with double headlights was one of my favorites. As we were looking at it, it struck me that the only gauge was an ammeter, which read, left to right, from -10 to 0 to +10 amps. I said to my dad, "Ah, gone are the days when the single most important piece of information needed by the rider from the machine was not just whether or not amperage was being produced, but how much, and in which polarity." Apparently there was no speed attainable that warranted an indicator to tell the rider of his accomplishment. That would have to wait a few more years.



My dad nudged me a couple bikes down to the 1930's Harley track bike. My Great-Grandpa Sutton had gotten his start in racing on just such a bike. He went on to be a prominent Sprint car builder in Indianapolis, and even built an Indy-car once. But motorcycles was where he started. I envisioned a brash young man willing to tinker with anything driven by the thirst for speed. I've felt this thirst myself.

There were a couple of very interesting Royal Enfields, including the "Flying Flea." This bike was made for wartime, and came with its own steel tube crate, and parachute. We got a kick out of the name. The exhaust manifold pipe bulged curiously where it left the exhaust port. We thought hard about the reason for that for a

few minutes. As near as we could deduce, it bulged to give extra room for the quickly exhausting gases, sort of a buffer zone for extra capacity. Honestly, we didn't really know, but the five minutes spent bantering about the possibilities was a lot of fun. Sometime, years from now, I'm going to find out just out of the blue somewhere, and I'm going to call my dad up at that very moment and let him know. I hope he's still around to take my call.

In the very back of the exhibit hall we spotted a 1958 BMW with its sideways-rotating left-side kick start, and some lever that had to be a gear shift, down under the rider's right leg. I imagined myself having to hang on and clutch with the left hand, while reaching around below my right leg to shift. It would have been a challenge. To be honest, the rear seat on that one looked as comfortable as anything we saw. I have three VW's and a project bike – a '77 BMW R100/7, so I lingered over the seductive shape of the boxer engine, and there was nothing hiding its glory. When riding my own BMW, one of my private joys is glancing downward toward the pavement and seeing the hugeness of that low, wide engine, churning the miles away. It always makes me smile – bugs in the teeth be damned.

In addition to the truly antique, quite a few of the classics from across the years were present. One of my favorites was the '79 Honda CBX. A friend of mine had one of those up at Walla Walla where I went to college. He'd let me go riding the rural roads through Wheat Country on weekends. Dang, those were good times. ... six cylinders and rolling, winding hills of farmland. Oh...MAN!! What a blast that bike was.

After we had seen everything, we stood near the entrance, not really wanting to leave, but not having anything more to see either. I turned to my dad, and said, "Ok, I've got a shoe box with all the keys to all these bikes in it. You get to pick out two. Which ones?"

It was clearly a struggle for him, but in the end, it came down to the '48 Indian, with the wrap-around fringe treatment on everything, bright yellow paint, and full wheel fenders, and the 1911 Harley with its belt-clutch. Then he reversed the question on me.

I went with the Thor.

And the 1920 Harley with its twin headlights and ammeter.

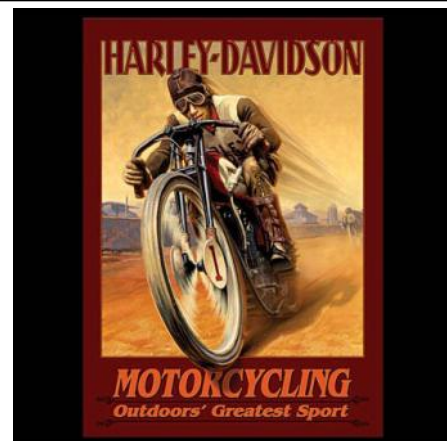
And maybe...well, maybe the '58 BMW... But that 1914 Cyclone that would entertain me just sitting in the garage running... and the '42 Harley Flathead. I would always make sure every kid got to sit in the wind... But that '50-something Vincent, with its knobs and levers and the sheer *mechanical-ness* of it, oh yes! I live for something to adjust, and that thing would let me adjust EVERYTHING!

So which did I come away with?

All of them. All of them, wrapped up in my head. Every time I look in the mirror of my '08 Road King, all those bikes are looking back at me, just above where the print says, "Objects may be closer than they appear". When I grasp the handles of my '77 BMW R100/7, and push it off the center stand, out of the garage, and out around the 10-mile country loop I use to test adjustments, they will be there following me, making sure I remember that it's ok to be broken down sometimes, that there's something normal about the quiet side of a



back road, with the breezes blowing through the grass and the faint whine of cars on the distant highway, and the clank of an unexpected drop of a wrench to punctuate the silence. That hand lever will stick in my mind in that place where “things I should grab to engage the engine” sits. The low, swept-back handlebars will always seem right somehow, regardless of how many times I reach for my own raised bars. If I sit very quiet on my stool in front of the workbench and look out at the empty space in my garage, a Cyclone will always be pumping its valves up and down.



In his place in my heart, Great-Grandpa Keller, 13 years old and desperate to grow up and make a living, will be making these mechanical marvels become practical. Grandpa Keller, with his love of the wind, will always be whispering in my ear to rip off the windscreen and cast it in the corner. Great-Grandpa Sutton will always be pushing my bike to be faster, and better, pushing me to tinker with it until I figure it out – and then tinker just a little more. And my dad, who taught me to lean with him in the corners when I was just a child riding on the back of a Honda 350 scrambler on the long black ribbons of southern California roads - he and I will always hold a special scorn for those who don't appreciate the outside seat in the summer.



Glenn Roesener is an avid motorcyclist living in Coquille Oregon and runs his own consulting company. A former submariner, Glenn can be found debating the Herald Editor frequently on various political Facebook posts, or riding the highways of Oregon and the U.S.

Hollywood Hills Ride (Cont)

I left Westlake Village early on Saturday morning after a cup of coffee, and headed East on the 101. The morning took a sobering turn as I detoured around an accident scene with a car fully enveloped by fire in the middle of the freeway at the Las Virgines off ramp. Apparently a 27 year old woman rear ended a semi at full speed, and her car overturned and caught fire. She escaped with 80% burns on her body, but her 9 year old daughter perished. It seemed quite surreal, days later, to realize there was a fatal accident here in San Diego, on the I-15, that same morning, and I also witnessed a scooter being rear ended later in the day by a driver not looking where she was going. All in all, I think God was trying to tell me to watch, look and listen that day.

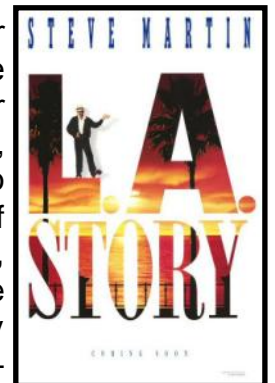
The first stop was “Mel’s Drive In”, in Sherman Oaks, located in Southeast corner of the intersection between the 101 and the 405 freeways. This is one of three “Mel’s Drive Ins” in Southern California, so named after the original restaurant in San Francisco made famous by George Lucas’ eternal classic “American Graffiti”. The story of the restaurant and it’s owners is of itself a fascinating tale, with the most ironic fact being that after they wrapped up filming the movie that would make Mel’s Drive In a household name....the wrecking ball demolished the original restaurant the very next day. Anyway, the food was great, parking was easy, and it just so happens, Mels sits two blocks from the intersection of Ventura Blvd and Beverly Glen Blvd, which takes you up and into the hills onto Mullholland Drive.



Mel's Diner in Sherman Oaks CA

Mullholland Drive has got to be one of the most famous and the most interesting motorcycle roads in Southern California. In the stretches along Malibu it is isolated and rural. Along the Hollywood Hills the mansions are interspersed with large open spaces and great views. As I looked south from the various parks and overlooks along this road, I was struck by how ordinary, how working class the valley was, and how silly some of the mansions were, at the foot of the hills.

I was reminded of Steve Martin’s classic movie “L.A.”, in which his character Harris Telemacher quips “you’re really nobody in L.A. unless you live in a house with a really big door!” and “You know...some of these houses are over TWENTY years old!” The competitive spirit to have a house bigger, better, higher, or more ornate than the next guy is on full display here. I have no qualms with the wealthy buying big doors: keeps plenty of illegal immigrants off the streets next to Home Depot and in the construction business if you ask me, but I have never understood the competition aspect to wealth: If I had the money I would build a house I wanted, not a house that’s better than my neighbors. I am thankful we don’t have government regulations telling these millionaires what kind of houses to build....yet!



Of the seven parks I visited in my brief ride along Mullholland Drive in the Hollywood hills, there are two common themes: 1) A wealthy benefactor, and 2) a goal to preserve a “wildlife highway” along the hills, from Burbank all the way to Point Magu. If you look at any map of the area, you will see they have pretty much succeeded in creating the space needed to connect the rural areas along the Santa Monica Mountains. However, I am sure the irony of needing extremely wealthy people around to donate the money and land necessary for these parks to exist in the first place is lost on



the current crop of politicians who are engaging in class warfare on our political scene these days. Too bad: seems to me the more millionaires we have in this country, the more cool parks we can afford. Think of that when you turn green with envy at Alex Trebek's wealth (one of many benefactors).

But as it stands today, the Hollywood Hills are dotted with wonderful hiking areas, beautiful lookouts, a quaint reservoir, and tons of interesting houses and roads. It is a great place for a motorcycle ride

While I spotted no movie stars on this great trip, during the course of the day I had the opportunity to observe numerous "wannabes" in amongst the crowds. Using this small sample I can attempt my own "Hollywood fashion report" for the latest and greatest attire in Hollywood for all you aspiring movie stars out there.



If you are a boy, you need gel in your hair, partially tinted sunglasses, the appropriate muscle-displaying t-shirt or genuinely weathered (by child laborers in Malaysia) leather jacket, and "The Attitude":

The Attitude entails sternly looking around your surroundings as if you were a Secret Service agent, when in actuality, you're just scanning the crowd hoping someone is looking at you and wondering what to do next.

If you are a man, I have nothing to report because there are no men in Hollywood.

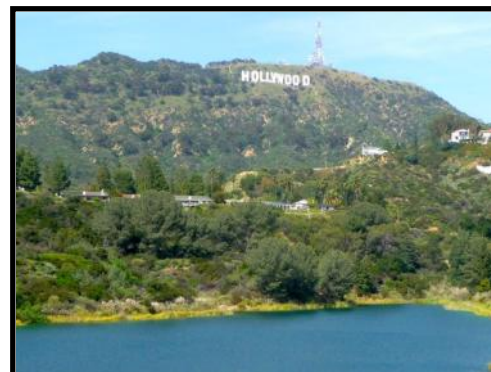
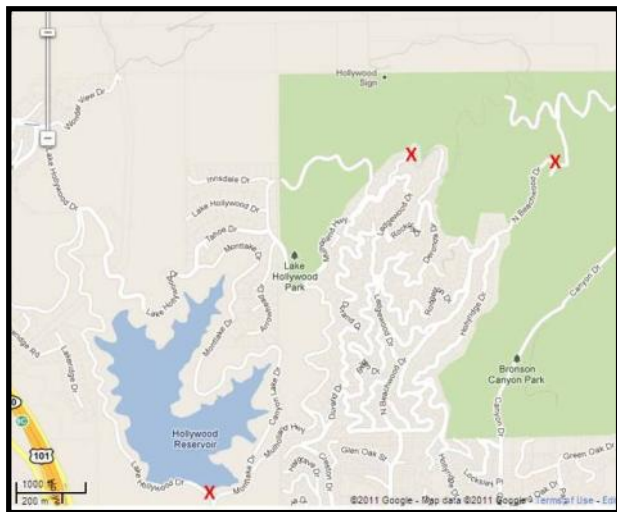
If you're a girl, any and all fashion statements can be discerned by watching any X-rated movie, or if one of those are unavailable, any teenybopper high school flick on TV will suffice: just pick out the most decadent, slutty character and emulate her. Ensure your shorts have no actual pants leg on them, your blouse is skin tight, and you wear sunglasses that double as goggles: it is sadly laughable seeing very young teenagers wearing sunglasses so big they look like insect eyes, but hey, what do I know about fashion?

I think Costco Jeans, old flight boots and an a T-shirt with a Navy jet on it look just fine on me. Maria looks best in a Pink cotton bathrobe, a mug of coffee in her hand and a morning smile on her face while she smells her roses in her backyard. But I digress.



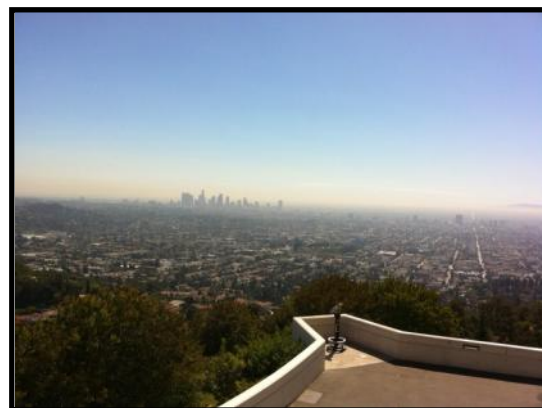
But despite the "wannabes" and the fashionoids, there were plenty of normally dressed, happy people all visiting the parks on Saturday, and enjoying the California sunshine.

Once the culture shock was over, I continued along and found that, all the roads that are the BEST to see the “Hollywood” sign, have street signs put up saying “no access to Hollywood sign”. Since it is now illegal to hike up to the sign, residents below the sign are constantly swamped with us tourists looking for the best place to see it.



This has resulted in all those yellow signs being posted, but it is a misnomer: you CAN see the Hollywood sign from three really great places I've shown here with Red "X"s: Mullholland, Beechwood, and the base of Hollywood Reservoir.

Just remember, even though those signs tell you you can't get "access" to the sign, NO ONE has access to the sign! The x's are small places to park and have a great view of it.



The “jewel” of the park system in the Hollywood Hills has got to be Griffith Park and the Griffith Observatory, a Works Progress Administration (WPA) project from the thirties built on, yep, you guessed it, land donated by a wealthy landowner. Admission is free because Griffith J. Griffith stipulated this in his will all those years ago. This destination is tailor made for a motorcycle visit.

The place is usually swamped by people in their cars, parking a good ¼ mile down the incline, while there are plenty of motorcycle parking places right in front of the Observatory. It is here that the best views of Los Angeles can be had, and even in the afternoon smog, you could see for miles. I wrapped up the day by jumping back on Hwy 101, and returning to the Thousand Oaks area that afternoon.

The Hollywood Hills and specifically, Mullholland Drive, is a really great day adventure on a bike. As is always the case with motorcycles and travel, the destination is really secondary to the simple, joyful experience of getting on the road, and seeing what is behind the next bend. In the middle of the “Urban Sprawl” of Hollywood, the winding roads and hills of the Santa Monica Mountains is a great way to spend the day.

Member Spotlight: Frank Seckner

Half Fast Q and A--- getting to know SDAMC members...
By Marc Lemieux

Q. When did you first start riding motorcycles?

A. About 1956, I was 15 years old and started riding a Cushman scooter.

Q. When did you know you were hooked on bikes?

A. About 8 months later I got a Mustang scooter and rode the wheels off that thing for about 2 years (in Florida at the time) after I got my learners permit at 15-15 ½.

Q. What was your first bike?

A. I got into cars and racing for a while and then about 1964-65 I got a brand new Triumph T-100 from Brattin Motors, I consider that one my first real motorcycle. I loved that bike. Later I had a 250 Bultaco Pursang and a Husky for the dirt.

Q. Where did you grow up?

A. In San Diego after about the 3rd grade, then Florida for a while, then back. We used to ride our bikes from the backside of Santee Lakes and just go everywhere. I raced stocks and then sprinters at Cajon Speedway, eventually wound up in the business and ultimately was part owner of Halibrand wheels. Running a racing business is really challenging and we ended up selling that off.

Q. How long have you been in SDAMC?

A. About 5 years.

Q. What bikes do you own currently?

A. '73 Norton 850 Commando, '75 850 Commando, '71 Triumph T-100 (single carb, hi pipes), '67 T-120R (in process), '71 BSA A65L, '55 AJS 20B 550cc twin (ex desert racer, rough)

Q. Crashes?

A. No big ones. I try to be careful; I want to keep riding for a long time!

Q. Close calls?

A. You always have close calls, *assholes are everywhere!*

Q. What is your favorite classic bike? I think of you as quite the Norton man.

A. I like how Triumphs look, the Aubergine and Gold '67 was just beautiful.

Q. If you could only have one bike, what would it be?

A. (Laughs) The new Hinckley Bonneville! It's a great mix of modern technology with classic styling. For vintage bikes, the Norton is hard to beat as a good rider. The torquey power delivery makes it so easy to enjoy the ride.

Q. What is your favorite piece of gear and why?

A. (Laughs) My helmet... I need to protect what brain power I've got! I wear an open face helmet because I like the visibility and the wind in my face. I've tried the full face type before, obviously they provide better protection, but I really like the visibility of the classic ¾ version.

Q. Is there anything that you simply must have with you when you go for a ride?

A. Cell phone and a AAA card, sure came in handy on that last ride! I don't like to have lots of stuff on the bike so I just have a small tool roll with some basic items, pliers, screwdriver, adjustable wrench, a little wire and some tape. If you can fix it easily by the side of the road in a few minutes, great... if not, why bother?

Q. Any closing thoughts?

A. You really meet some great folks riding around out there who share our love of motorcycles.



Bonneville Speed Week.

Virgil Foreman

The 2011 Speed week trials at the Bonneville Salt Flats weren't what I expected. When I visualized this event I thought I would see only those artistically styled cigar shaped motorcycles, brightly painted, faster than a speeding bullet, well almost! At nearly approaching 400 mph they are well past the half way mark to the speed of sound. Instead I found motorcycles of all make and models; this is what I hoped for.

On the first morning at the crack of dawn Joe and I passed through the primary gates, known as the boat launch. This is where we got our wrist bands that would allow us onto the salt flats every day. The salt flats are the results of an ancient lake basin that formed about 3 million of years ago. Then about 14,000 years ago the basin flooded out and what remains is the Bonneville Salt Flats. This dry lake is so vast that when you look at the horizon you can actually see the curvature of the earth, and on this first morning just before dawn the salt had a rose hue to it. However, as the sun's rays skirted across the salt the rose color was quickly replaced with a blinding glare of white light. Sunglasses highly suggested.



After leaving the boat launch, we drove several miles across the salt to where the hub of activity was located. This area is called the Pits. This is where all the motorcycles and their crews were located. After getting registered and receiving our press passes, which allowed us full entry to all areas, we were free to travel about and look at what the Pits had to offer. The Pit area was laid out like a swap meet. There were 3 rows where each rider and crew had set up a station and on this first day the rows were already a half mile long and growing every day. There was an amazing diversity to each station. We found stations that were equipped with million dollar motorhomes and semi-truck trailers containing complete workshops inside to a fellow who drove in with his iron head sportster and a cardboard box of tools in the back of his 51 Chevy truck.

Joe and I were motivated by two different causes. Joe was there to write an article about the Dave Perewitz Team for American Iron and I hoped to find a few vintage motorcycles to write up an article for our Herald. Both of us accomplished our missions.

I was surprised to find that many of the race machines were of the vintage caliber, and all were most nearly all stock. I found several Indians, and Harleys that dated in the late 30's to early 40's. One Indian Scout 101 had a speed in the timed mile of 110.0 mph while the Harley knucklehead and panhead had speeds nearly approaching 100 mph. Not bad for a machine that was almost 70 years old.





One of the stations had a team from Denmark. They had 4 or 5 Brough Superiors, an SS80, and several SS100's; all came in their own packing cases and all were clean enough to eat off of. Joe and I joked with the team saying that if these were our bikes they would be set up in our bedrooms as a shrine. I don't think they got the joke.



I also found a team from Sweden called the Vincent Vikings that had a plethora of Vincent's. They had a 1951 lightning that did 121.9 mph in the timed mile. They also had a Black Lightning that had a 101.2 timed mile. The Black Lightning was one of 33 ever produced, apparently there are only 22 left in the world, and they're out there racing these beautiful machines. There were several other teams that raced the mighty Vincent machine, one from England and the other from California, the Lambky Liner, which ran two 1949 Vincent's in tandem. One of my favorites was a team racing 1961 Velocette Venom in a full body fairing which gave them a timed mile speed of 144.0 mph.

There were machines that we see every day. I found several of late 60's Triumphs, an Early 70's Trident also an 850 Norton Commando, several BMW airheads were being raced, and there was a Moto Guzzi V7. There were many Japanese machines, especially in the smaller cc range. One in particular, a Honda CL100 was being ridden by a 14 year old. His name was Harley Alter, and by the end of the Speed Week he had set 2 AMA records in that engine class.

As I talked too many of the riders and their crews I found they all had one thing in common: they

were all gear heads. Some were out there to better their personal best and some were out there to set a new AMA record or a new world record. It didn't matter if you rode an antique machine or a brand new Hyabusa they were all there to wrench and race.

All during this event the communication tower broadcasted information on each rider and machine over an FM station 98.7; everyone called this BUB (Big Ugly Bastard) radio. The promoter (Denis Manning) set this up so all who were within 5 miles of the event could keep up with all that was going on, which was good considering that on the first day over 240 machine raced over the three courses.

Over the next 4 days we met many teams from all over the world, most were more than happy to talk shop and kick tires. As the event came to an end I heard that many of the teams were already making plans to return to the salt flats in 2012.

For those that have never been to this sacred ground where legends have been born to where the next generations of heroes will spring from, I would say make those plans to attend next year. It is worth every mile traveled to get here.

Virgil Foreman

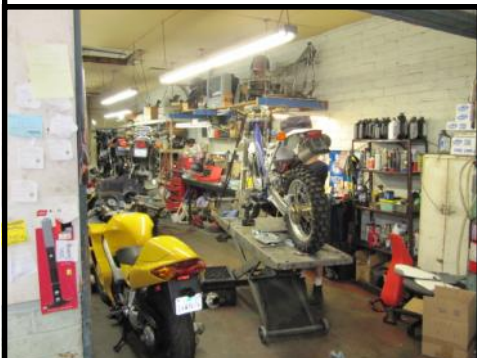
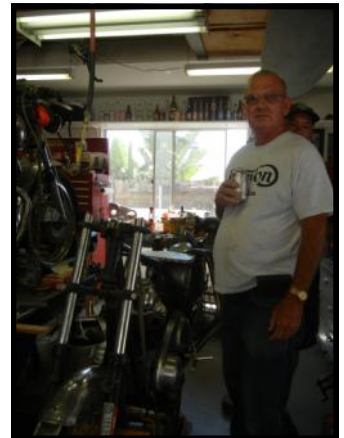


Our Illustrious President, Virgil Foreman, watching over the crowd at Rocks', following our Classic Ride.

National City Heritage Days Car & MC Show



July Garage Crawl!



Classic Ride!





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

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