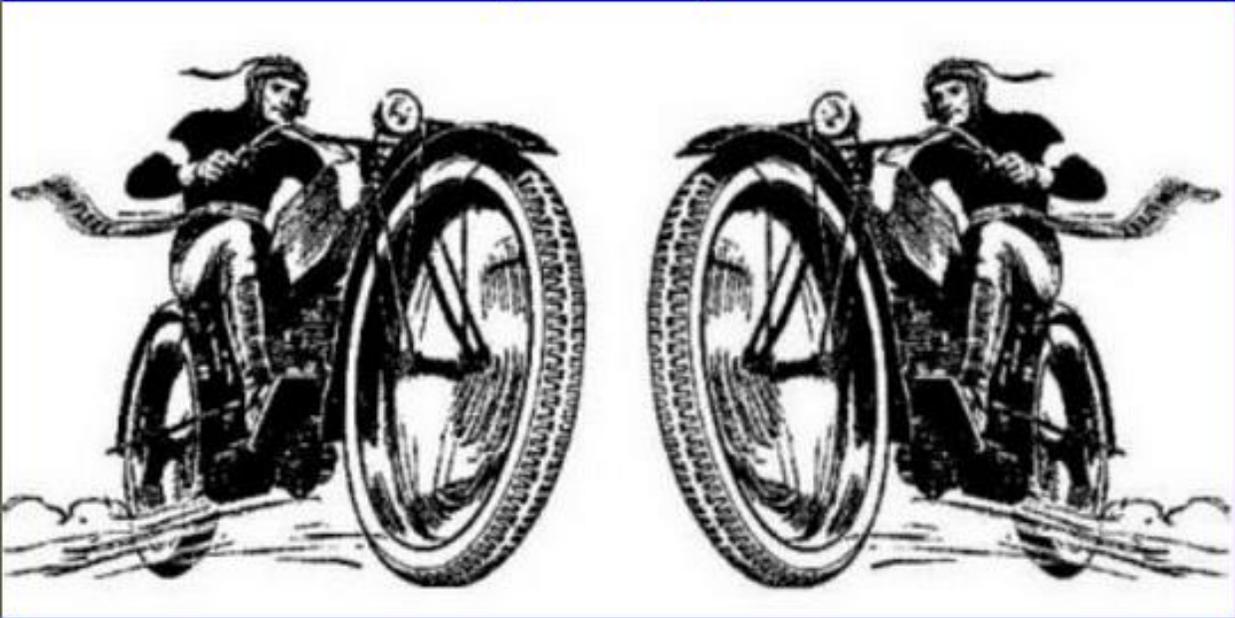


SoCal Antique Motorcycle Club of America

December Newsletter, 2018

SoCal Chapter of the AMCA



SoCal Chapter of the AMCA
2058 Aliso Avenue
Costa Mesa, California 92627

SOCALAMCA.ORG

➤ OFFICERS REPORTS

- PRESIDENT – TIM GRABER
- WEB MASTER – ADRIANA GODOY LEISS
- NEWS LETTER EDITOR – CAROLYN MUSGROVE

➤ NEWS AND REVIEWS

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LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

TIM GRABER

SoCal AMCA Presidents Newsletter Report:

Greetings from good ole SoCal! We have had a very busy few months as usual! SoCal AMCA members are enjoying the life and doing all the things available to them including building, showing, and riding bikes.



Tom Lovejoy is with Steve Sorensen and Craig Dillmann. November 19

We had a good show at the International Motorcycle show in Long Beach in early November. 14 motorcycles were on display of all different models and states of restoration or originality. Tom Hart and Tom Lovejoy drove up to the mountains (yes there are mountains in SoCal) and they brought Grace McKean down for the weekend. She looks great and is doing really well! Thanks Tom & Tom for taking care of our people!. Johnny Eagles is working away in his garage and says hello to everyone. He still rides every day and he continues to build and restore motorcycles.

We have a couple of members that live in the Bell Canyon area of the valley where there was terrible fire damage. One member evacuated his family and went back in prepared with a preplan to protect

his house. He did well and stayed safe but he has a fresh understanding of the Fire Dragon. The other member had some roof damage but the fire department was there at the right time to save his house and belongings. SoCal has pledged to assist other clubs whose members suffered devastating losses.

The Borrego Springs Winter Road Run is Feb 28th through March 2nd. If you have not received a registration form in the mail or in E-mail please call us direct and we will get you help.

Wishing all the best for you in 2019 and Merry Christmas!

Tim Graber,
President, SoCal AMCA

DAYS OF OUR YOUTH**LON BUBECK**

Early in the year of 1969 I was a freshman in college and my Yamaha 305 was stolen from the dormitory parking lot. My father, Max Bubeck, said he could get me a good deal on an Indian prototype bike to replace it from his friend, Floyd Clymer.

The bike had been put together for display in trade shows and I think I paid \$800 for it. As I remember it, the bike was built in Italy and shown in European shows. The engine and transmission were from a Norton Atlas 750 twin, the frame was custom built, and there were Ceriani forks and shocks, alloy rims, disc brakes, and a BMW headlight. The fiberglass fuel tank was painted gold with an Indian logo decal on each side. When I acquired it, there was no electrical system, so I wired the bike, figured out a charging system, and rode it off to college in San Diego. The bike was light (under 400 pounds) and fast. The frame had been constructed around the engine and the profile was small, so it looked like a small Japanese bike on first glance. I was able to surprise a lot of Harley riders as I blew away from them. It never had a functioning speedometer, so I have no idea of the top end speed, but I am sure that as a well behaved 19 year old male that I was over 100MPH on more than one occasion.

I owned the bike for about one year. I managed to blow the engine up riding back from the Colorado River on Spring break, and spent the summer of 1969 rebuilding the engine on my weekends while working in a saw factory during the week. It was a learning experience, not particularly enjoyable

for a young man who would rather have been playing on weekends and, at the end of which I was happy to sell the bike and move on. I was young, immortal, and never even thought to shoot a photograph of the bike, but it was a fun episode in my youth. Through the miracle that is the internet I did come up with the attached promotional photo which is very likely the bike I owned.



Too bad I never met the girl!

Lon Bubeck

1947 INDIAN CHIEF**GARY STARK**

The Story of Gary's 1947 Blue Rainbow Indian Chief

1947 Indian Chief – 74 c.i. Restored by Gary Stark
 Blue Rainbow Paint – by Bob Stark



This beautiful Indian was given to me when I was five years old. It was a complete big rust bucket. However, like everything my dad would give me, it came with strings. He said this bike could be mine, but I had to restore it before I turned 16 years old. Needless to say as a busy teenager I waited until that last summer to complete the restoration. In between working in the shop and working on my motorcycle. I spent every day working on my Chief at Starklite Cycle.

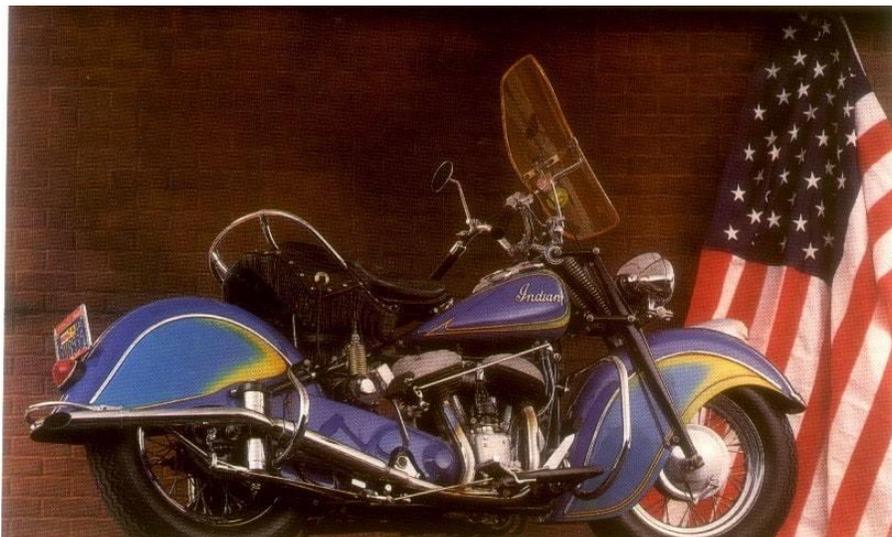
After I completed the restoration one of my favorite things was to take my motorcycle to shows held inside convention centers, and compete against Show Cars and Bikes. I would always ask a friend to come and help as it involved a lot of driving to get the bike to the shows, and time to clean and setup the display. In my second year of showing in two circuits the "International Show Car Association", and the "R.G. Canning" Show circuit, I came up with my most elaborate display. This display consisted of an authentic Indian Totem Pole, Tee-Pee (borrowed from a friend from his Indian camp days), and authentic Indian chants played from inside the Tee-Pee. All lighted via high powered show lights. The display took over 4 hours to setup, along with another 4 hours detailing the bike before we left for the evening.



My display won numerous show awards for Best use of Theme. While the bike itself came in 3rd place for the overall show competition awards ! (This was against all bikes, such as Arlen Ness customized Harley Davidsons). And was always a consistent 1st or 2nd place winner in it's class.

1947 INDIAN CHIEF

GARY STARK



This picture has been seen in numerous books, calendars, and our catalog. This photo was taken by Roy Kidney shortly after I completed the restoration.

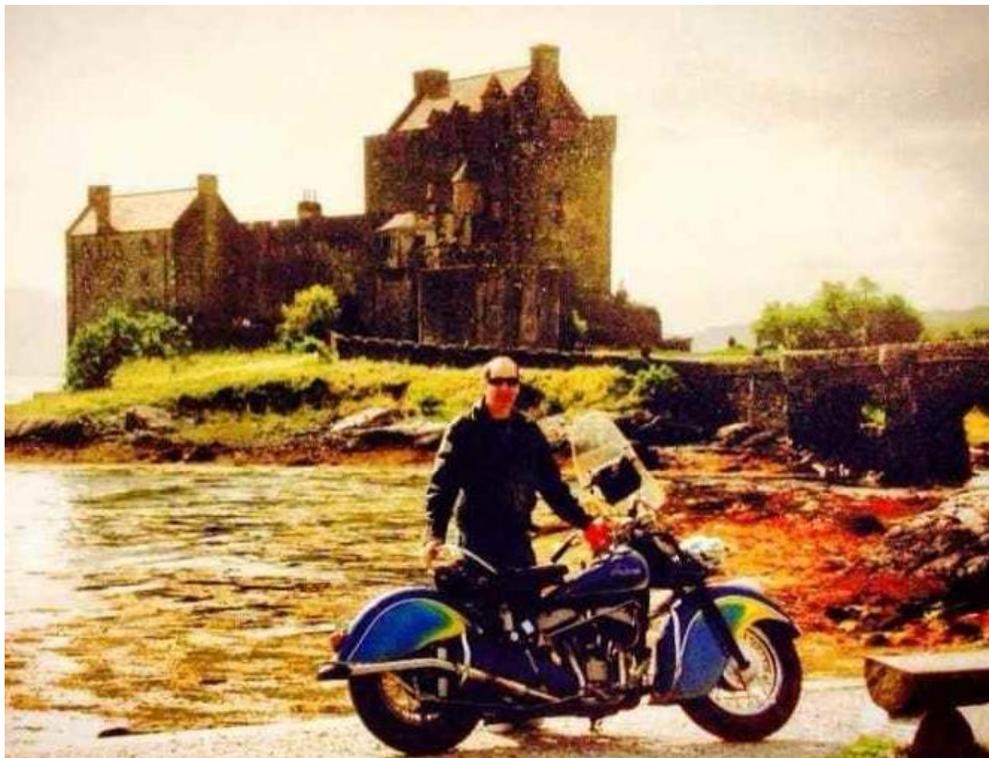


One day I walked into the Toy Store and found they used the picture to make a toy of my bike! No royalties were received.

1947 INDIAN CHIEF

GARY STARK

From our 2009 trip to the UK for the European Indian rally. I shipped my bike over to London and rode around the Scottish highlands for two weeks. This photo is in front of the Eileen Donan castle in Scotland. For the two weeks this was my only transportation and she survived beautifully.



OJAI RIDE 10-14-18**TOM HART**

Although this was not an official club ride, as Dillman indicated in his posting, only club members were present. That included myself (the civilian version), Craig Dillman, Mike Menezes, Mark Leiss, Phil Shore, and Roger Herbison. Roger was aboard the only antique in our group. We picked up Mike in Moorpark and met up with Roger in Santa Paula at the corner where a boulder displays two iron statues of motor officers from the twenties astride their antique bikes. Roger was fortunate no one mistook him as part of the art piece that fell off the boulder and tried to put him and his bike back on display. Both Roger and his bike maintain a very unique deep rust color. Not that there's anything wrong with that. I think the color works very well on both Roger and his bike. I have got to start taking pictures to prove my point.

We started the ride at Craig's house in West Hills, a 70 mile ride from my house in Orange. The ride took us about 100 miles round trip, mostly on two lanes roads to Ojai via Moorpark and Santa Paula on highways 126 and 150 and other side roads. Craig has captained this ride for many years as a club sponsored antique motor ride from his shop in Canoga Park. It was always a challenge to make it to the ride and back home before dark on the old machines due to the 140 mile round trip to and return from the starting point. Tom Lovejoy and myself usually teamed up for the ride from Gardena. Me on my 39 Chief and Tom on his 39 Sport Scout in an attempt to light up the road on the way home. Tom's headlight shown low and mine high, so between the two of us we couldn't see much of anything. We just hoped and prayed the four wheelers would notice us and not bend our bones and sheet metal.

If this were a "club" ride I would have been be the only "legal" rider on a modern machine because as I recall the club by-laws provide that anyone over 65 can ride whatever they want on club sponsored events. I suppose that is because "elders" are antiques in and of themselves. Myself, Mike and Craig were on modern Harley's, Mark on a modern (sorta) Harley kind of thing, Phil on a 2016 Triumph and Rusty Roger on a real Indian. At the lunch stop Rusty and Dr. Phil tried to impress a vegan waitress with their healthy eating habits. At least I'm guessing that is what motivated them to order whatever it was they ordered. They both had a plate full of green stuff with some dark things around the side of the dish. I don't know what it was, but I'm sure nothing on their plates had parents. The rest of us earth people wolfed down manly meatball sandwiches and we didn't use our napkins either. Us meat eaters were looking mighty tuff and badass until Craig ordered two strawberry shortcakes deserts (to split) with lots of wiped cream. Then our big bad biker image went right out the door. Just when I thought our badass biker image could not have gone any further downhill, Dr. Phil took a bite of the shortcake, turned to Rusty and said, "Isn't this just heavenly" thereby draining the last drop of self-respect from the near empty manly gene pool. So much for lunch.

The weather couldn't have been better. Clear skies and tempts in the upper 70's. I did catch a little rain around LAX on the way to Craig's, but that did not last long. Even the freeway traffic going to Craig's house and back home seemed unusually light except for the total shutdown of the 405 south of the 118 which I avoided by going through Pasadena on the 210.

OJAI RIDE 10-14-18**TOM HART**

The best part of the event was getting together again with friends I don't get to see that often. It was a great ride albeit on modern machines. I hope some of you other guys put out the call via our social media resources and captain a ride in your area. We really don't need anything formal, at least I don't, to get my butt in the saddle. I've heard that Craig will ride for hours for a cup of soup. I've done it for a Mint Julep, but that's another story and many, many miles.

FYI...If you can believe it, there is actually a bar in **Savannah Georgia** that doesn't know how to make one. I found a place in New Orleans that did, not that they are actually worth drinking. Just saying.

On another subject, I just completed a sweet 6,800 mile drive to Rochester, MN in my new Silverado. No it was not a retirement gift to myself, even though I think I really desire one. The trip was a family business thing, but I had to take the longest way there and back in order to discover as many potential ride venues as possible. The direct mileage there and back is around 3,600 miles. I found really great roads in Arkansas, Missouri, Mississippi, Tennessee, Minnesota and Illinois using my Harley Tour Book. I think Tom Lovejoy and myself will be making a return visit to highway 1 north and the central valley next summer on the antiques...no trouble truck. We made a ride up that way a few years ago and had a really good time camping out and maintaining a very slow pace. I believe we took four or five days to go less than 1,500 miles. Very relaxing, like a transcendental meditation moment for you hippies out there. I'm encouraged by the likes of Johnny Eagles and Grace when I ponder how long I might enjoy this hobby. Speaking of Grace, I have sources that tell me she is getting cabin fever during her recovery from a stroke. That in itself is unremarkable since she actually lives in a cabin in the mountains. But as I understand she is working hard at moving from a walker to a cane and then back on a bike as soon as she can. I don't believe anything short of the plague, or a gunshot, can slow her down for long. And I would have to feel sorry for any microorganisms that might make the mistake of messing with Grace. Seems like a stroke is nothing more than an inconvenience to her. Tom Lovejoy and myself have been checking into various alternative machines for Grace to get back into action with such as a trike. If any of ya'll have some input, resources, or particular abilities that might be of some help to Grace we would like to hear from you. It's a process, but if anyone can do it, Grace is the one.

I'm hoping to make it to Borrego this year so I can say hi to the rest of you knuckleheads (and flatheads). Until then, keep the tank full, the tires down and put out the call for a ride. If nothing else try to make it to a Sunday (go to church) meeting at Ruby's the first Sunday of every month, or better yet host a meeting in your area. I need someplace farther to ride to.

Tom

Treasurer, retired...

DEATH VALLEY RIDE

LON BUBECK

The Death Valley XXXII ride had a good turnout this year. We went back to Furnace Creek Ranch which has now been re-labeled as "The Oasis at Death Valley". Work on the remodel was not complete but by next year this should be a great destination.



The first day's ride on Monday the 1st of October was up Highway 190 to Panamint Springs for lunch and conversation. On the way there, the poop-out pickup truck pooped out. The return ride was via Panamint Valley Rd, Wildrose Canyon, Emigrant Canyon. Because we did not have a trouble truck on this leg, one of the bikes broke down prompting a scramble to send another truck to pick it up. All worked out well in the end.

On Tuesday the 2nd we rode down to Badwater, returning via the Artists' Drive to The Oasis at Death Valley for lunch. After lunch the group rode to Dante's View for the overlook of the entire valley and then back to Stovepipe wells. An awards banquet was held that evening at Stovepipe Wells with food, drink, and good friends.



What do you mean road work?
Wait for the pilot car? It's 107
degrees out here!

DEATH VALLEY RIDE

LON BUBECK



DEATH VALLEY RIDE – THE REST OF THE STORY!**BOB MUSGROVE**

So as most of you know, Carolyn fell and broke her hip and has a steel rod screwed into her left side. We agreed she would ride and if/when her hip started bothering her she would just “jump into the trouble truck” to get back to the hotel.

So- first issue - on the way to Panamint Springs for lunch – they are repaving the road. So we all get off and stand around for 20 minutes waiting for the pilot car since it was one way traffic.

Great lunch at Panamint Springs but Carolyn is ready to climb into the trouble truck. Well, maybe

not? Seems the trouble truck is in trouble!

Linda and Vaughn got *really* familiar with Panamint Springs while they waited for 4 hours for the 3rd trouble truck to arrive. This has to be an all-time record for a ride. THREE trouble trucks?

So okay, the only way back to the Oasis is on the bike. Not going through the construction again so will take Wildrose Canyon Road around back to 190. Except it is not a road! Since the “great flood” it is one giant pothole/gully with a few splotches of road in between. Really liked the little bubbly streams running across every now and then. With two-up this is not an easy feat!

Stopped at Stovepipe Wells for a much-needed beer. Back at the Oasis a vodka and tonic made everything better!

Some of our best adventures that we will always remember are misadventures!

Thank you Linda (trouble truck) and Lon (ride master)

<u>NAME</u>	<u>RIDE</u>	<u>AWARD</u>
Vaughn Bandoain	Trouble Truck	Along for the Ride
Bubeck, Lon	1930 Indian Scout	Fearless Leader
Catavan, George	1984 BMW R 100/7	Longest Ridden (1200 Miles)
Coe, Jim and Toni	48 Chief X 3	Doesn't like Broccoli
		Backrub Babe
Coffin, Richard	1942 WLA	Green Panhead
Dinihanian, Vahan	1930 101	Rookie of the Ride
Gilbert, Don	42 Harley	Electroglider
		Keeper of the Map
Graber, Tim	1948 Chief	Pooped out Pickups
Magri, Dennis and Linda	1939 Indian Scout	Teacher
Montgomery, Gary	1930 Indian 101 Scout	Diesel van ran better than 101
Musgrove, Bob	1975 Norton	Oldest rider at 84
Muagrove, Carolyn		Gumption
Peters, Jake	Triumph Bobber	Broken Bike
Schafzlte, Wolfgang	53 Chief	International Rider
Sherman, Charles	46 Harley FL	Youngest International Rider
Steet, Fred	46 Indian Chief Bobber	Got the part you need

Monthly Club Meeting and Gunther's Yard Show Dec 2nd**Tom Hart**

The regular monthly meeting came and went in a blast of fury, coffee, muffins and gravy. In attendance were the big boys including myself, treasurer Rich Coffin, secretary Steven Sorensen and Brian from the Orange County Motorcycle Club. More about Brian in a moment. V.P. Tom Lovejoy was up at OH-dark thirty loading his '47 cab over vehicle with a couple of bikes in various stages of restoration to take to Gunther's Yard so he had what we call a valid, or suitable excuse to be absent. Pres Tim Graber however was without a bona fide excuse to be absent, so we had a vote on what action should be taken. The decision on a fitting punishment was unanimous...death. Some of you readers might think we are a bit harsh, insensitive, thoughtless, or otherwise bloodthirsty hotheads, but we're really not like that at all. And if you have a problem with that...you're dead too. Actually Tim showed up at Gunther's yard as we were about to leave barely able to walk or talk, but looking quite pretty??? Apparently he had taken the time to have his hair and nails done at a salon nearby where they served mimosas and finger foods. I must admit that he did look quite amazing so all's good in the hood. What about those Rams?

Meanwhile we, the big bad four, were taking care of club business at the meeting by going over the roster for the new treasurer, Rich, to point out the deceased, but never forgotten members and those who have moved away. There are still 193 names on the roster, many of which are no longer active for one reason or another. I would like to take a moment here to point out that I paid my 2019 dues (for the first time in 25 years) during this meeting and thereby became the first to do so for the 2019 calendar year, with the insignificant exception of Steve Cortesy who has prepaid his dues up to 2020 just to vex me. If you have not met Steve yet he is easy to recognize. He will be the skinny dude on the oldest Triumph known to God, or man and it will be leaking gas. Enough said.

Rich and I rode motorcycles to Gunther's yard. I on my '39 Chief and Rich on his modern Harley with a sidecar. Steve and Brian used four wheels to get there. I blindsided Rich by telling him that if he rode his sidecar that I would ride mine. I lied. But it was a great day to ride no matter what you were on. Temps in the 60's, sunny and the usual "head up the rear" 4 wheelers on the road. We used surface streets to get to Gunther's in Long Beach from Orange. The guys at the yard fired up everything they had, WWII bulldozers, 1926 farm equipment, pumps with flywheels the size of Jupiter and a bunch of other stuff. A group of Britis Bikers showed up riding... British stuff. There were a few really cool un-restored vintage Ford's from the teens to the thirties. Plus hot dogs the size Dodger Stadium would be proud to serve, but for \$1.50, not the \$25.00 at the stadium.

Monthly Club Meeting and Gunther's Yard Show Dec 2nd**Tom Hart**

Rich and I decided to split after a couple of hours of looking over the great selection of everything. As I mentioned, it was a really cool (as in beautiful) day so we made our way back to our homes via the longer, but more scenic coastal route. It was the kind of day that makes a person want to keep on going. Anyway, we did not. In route to Rich's place I decided to try one of what I call a Tom Lovejoy "normal braking" stops on my Chief. Simply put, that means wait until the last possible second and then apply every bit of breaks you've got to keep from going through a red light. I did not quite make it and went past Rich just like Tom would have done and entered the intersection with both wheels locked up. It's really hard to look either cool, or competent when you've got to back pedal the bike to the limit line you just blew past when you do something stupid like that. Tom Lovejoy does it all the time and looks (and is treated) like a first responder who just saved a child from drowning when he does it. I do it and I look like a drunk trying to pick up a child. People actually spit at me. It's just not fair, not fair at all.

As mentioned above, Brian from OCMC was with us at the meeting. He's once again encouraging us to take advantage of their hospitality to stop by their historical clubhouse on the first Monday of each month (7:30 PM) as a guest to meet and greet. I've been there several times, probably more than I should as a non-member, but who's counting. They are not so much into antique bikes as we are, but most of them, like myself, are antiques themselves so what's the difference? They enjoy both on and off-road riding. As I mentioned in another article, when they talk off-road riding they mean thousands of miles, not the twenty or thirty feet Tom Lovejoy usually plays in. Lots of motorcycling history to be enjoyed there. It's totally different from what we do, but a great way to enjoy another aspect of motorcycle history at a very vintage location with really nice folks.

Stay safe

Tom

2018 International Motorcycle Show

Tom Hart

The SoCal Chapter of AMCA was once again given a very expensive, but free to us, area to set up a display of antique bikes for the show. We were the first thing you see if you entered from the main Pine street address front doors. Several folks brought in various machines including Tim Graber who brought Hobo John's '72 Shovelhead, cleaner than it had ever been when Hobo had it. Larry Ramos brought in one of his beautiful pans the factory would be proud to say they just released. Moore brought a pristine BMW, but my personal favorite was Hobo's bike. Tom Lovejoy and myself brought in the show stopper, Grace McKean from Running Springs. Yes, the one and only Gracie. Rebounding from her near death experience of having a stroke while riding her bike at the young age of 80+ a few years. I've been told that it's not polite to discuss or disclose a lady's age so I won't. If you are somehow unaware of Grace, she is the quintessential motor maid having been in the saddle for more than 70 years. Who else could have a stroke while riding their bike, crash and live to tell about it? And now she's actively looking for a way to get back into the saddle again. I want to be like Grace, I mean to be able to rebound from injury/illness the way she does.

As I mentioned Tom and I brought Grace down the hill to the show. Grace quickly ditched us and



headed out on her own seeking that machine that would get her back on the road again. Tom, Rich Coffin and I manned the SoCal booth while Grace went off on foot. After an hour or so we became concerned and set out search parties to no avail. Finally Grace shows up and said she really had not found anything she cares for. Grace was using a walker, but I suspect that will be history soon as she progresses in her rehab.



The show was very well attended all three days. A few of the Orange County Motorcycle club members stopped by to say hi. They have been trying to get us to stop by their club house in Garden Grove for mutual outings. I go to their weekly Monday meetings at 7:30 quite often. They have a history dating back to the pre WWII times. Recently a few of

their members (ages 75+ years) completed a cross country off road ride from New Jersey to LA. Other than a few prostatic parts I consider myself in fair shape, but I wonder if I could do that. Anyway these guys would like to offer their clubhouse (a residential location in Garden Grove for more than 70 years) as a meeting place for our club meetings. Like us, they want to keep their organization alive. Something to think about. Lots of history there, both on the walls and in the chairs.

Later Gater,

Tom

WOOLSEY FIRE

TOM HART

No question, this has been one of the worst, most devastating fire periods in California history. I cannot say enough about the fearless and heroic actions of the firemen, first responders and average citizens who responded to the emergency. A couple of our own were caught up in this action.

Phil Shore and family and Mark Leiss and family that I am aware of who live in the Bell Canyon area. I fear that others were also involved and may not have fared so well. As I watched the fires being reported, I saw the map showing the Bell Canyon area which named in particular the streets where Phil, Mark and their families lived. This was of great concern to me. I later found out that both Phil and Mark's families were safe and relocated for the time being.

I also found out that Phil's house suffered some damage, but not destroyed thanks to the firemen who were stationed close by. I also found out that Mark had completely lost his mind as evidenced by his staying behind to fight the fire after sending his family to safety. Mark...101 in the survival handbook...when it's hot, really hot, it's time to leave. All kidding aside, from what I understand, if Mark had left, his house probably would be history as was his neighbors because the firemen were otherwise occupied. And from what I hear, Mark used his water hose to keep the embers at bay until the pressure dropped, then he used the water from his pool with a special pumper until the water level dropped below a recoverable level, then Mark got on the roof and peed the fire out. What a man. I will not mess with the Mark-man again...ever. I guess I can still mess with Phil though.

Tom



HANSEN DAM RIDE '18**TOM HART**

I barely know where I'm going, or where I've been half the time so describing scenic roads and beautiful sun filled days is really not something I can do with any clarity. I will have to leave that up to more qualified folks like Tom Lovejoy, Steve Sorensen and others. They see the good and truth in events that actually happen. I see and describe what I view as "other" interesting aspects to these rides. The truth of what I say is to be decided by you as impartial witnesses. The names will not be changed to protect the innocent. The following events actually happened, but not necessarily in this order, or correctness.

#1. The lunch stop in Acton: I thought Phil was being polite but a bit stern when he told the waiter to be sure to serve him Pine Nuts with his salad. I've heard Phil make this request before and he was not joking. I became concerned when he admonished the waiter that they had better not, under any circumstance, dare to put the salad dressing on themselves. Phil said he wanted full control of his salad dressing from start to finish. The waiter was pretty cool about the outburst considering the fact that Phil was now snarling, drooling and baring his teeth. The waiter calmly backed away with his hands raised high above his head, palms open and said "whatever dude, take a pill". That last little jab by the waiter was all it took to put Phil over the edge. Phil jumped up and started to climb over the booth's back rest as he aggressively reached into his inter jacket pocket. I thought to myself, "holly shit, he's going for a gun". Just then Phil pulled his hand out of his jacket displaying a container of tic-tac's. He downed the entire contents as the waiter watched in disbelief and then said "Okay cupcake, but you had better hope these work real fast". Tim Graber and a few others at Phil's table were on their third or four Corona so they did not even notice the exchange so don't ask them to confirm or deny my account because they were not paying attention anyway. The owner of the place did scribble the numbers "86" on Phil's check, whatever that means.

#2. Going to the lunch stop in Action: Tom Lovejoy amazed us once again with his Ichabod Crane impression and trick riding skills on his '27 Henderson. It may be crude, but there's no other way to say this than "he has got a set". Tom takes trick riding to the next level almost every time he gets onboard one of his many, many restoration projects. Today was no exception on his beautiful '27 Henderson. Tom loves projects. I believe in the saying "If it ain't broke, don't fix it". Tom subscribes to the belief that if ain't broke, break it so you can fix it. Tom and I trailer queened it to the start of the ride in Sunland as neither of our bikes are currently set up for freeway travel. We met up with several other club members including, but not limited to Tim Graber, Doctor Phil, Craig Dillman, Mark Leiss and his lovely wife Adriana who keeps us all in communication loop. The ride itself started around 10 AM and headed north on various roads through the hills north of Los Angeles toward Action where we stopped for lunch as mentioned above. Tom dazzled us again with his special off road riding skills on the way to the lunch stop. Off Road Riding would normally refer to using the wide open country spaces, such as a dessert that are actually set aside for such purposes. Tom however says, "I don't need no wide open spaces, I uses what I finds, let the sissies use safe places". In this case it meant using a three foot wide piece of dirt and gravel adjacent to the guard rail more commonly used to keep vehicles and their passengers from plummeting to their deaths. Tom used the guard rail to shine the outside of his right boot as he pushed against it in an effort to keep his Henderson at the same altitude as the rest of us.

HANSEN DAM RIDE '18**TOM HART**

I have no idea how far down the hillside he would have traveled without the rail, but he probably would have ended up at 1200 foot level while the rest of us remained at somewhere around 1350 feet. I was close behind Tom on my '39 Chief when he started his off-road adventure. I was really only becoming concerned when Tom neared the end of the guard rail, but not the cliff.



A flashback happened. It reminded me of another place and time in a galaxy far, far away where Tom tried a similar maneuver on his 37 inch Indian. That earlier place and time was the Great Indian verses Harley race in Utah. The outcome on that ride was not so pretty. Tom passed me on the downhill from the 9000 foot summit as we approached one of the many left hand turns clearly marked by several black and yellow arrow road caution signs. These are the same caution signs that everyone of us must be able to recognize in the DMV test in order to get a driver's license in California. I was hard on both brakes when I saw the caution road signs, but Tom seemed to be

accelerating as he passed me. Sure enough, he failed to make the turn and went off-roading narrowly missing a boulder equal to the size of him and his bike and a 4X4 post holding one of the above described "CAUTION" signs. Tom went up and down the dirt embankment (remember we were at 9000 feet) and cart wheeled over the handlebars before coming to rest near another one of the above mentioned "CAUTION" signs. His efforts on that ride won him a really cool looking black leather jacket at the dinner banquet for being the most unfortunate rider. It's stuff like this that makes motorcycling what it is today.

The rest of the ride back was cool...blah, blah, blah.

Tom

“2019” Borrego Springs SoCal AMCA Winter Road Run Thursday, February 28th to Sunday, March 3rd



Two and one-half days of riding will be offered. Tire kickin, hot laps, bench racing, and attitude adjustments start Thursday afternoon with a “Tour of the Town” followed by a “mixer” at the hotel 4 PM to 6 PM. First ride 10 AM Friday, starting from the parking lot of the **Borrego Springs Resort**. Each day’s ride will start from this same spot. Early Bird ride will be provided on Wednesday, February 27th leaving at 10:00 with a tour around the area to be announced.

The Themed banquet on Saturday evening...Disco!

Be prepared for both foul and fair weather! Ya never know what may occur!

The **Borrego Springs Resort** (1-888-826-7734) is the headquarters hotel and the location for the Saturday night banquet. Our special room rate (\$147 inclusive, 2 people) can be obtained by telling the reservationist that you are with the AMCA. **You must tell them this to get the special pricing!** Make your reservations early; we expect to sell out at the headquarters hotel and this is the height of the season for Borrego Springs.

Room assignments will be determined by the hotel and by SoCal with preference given to duration of stay and length of participation at this event.

Registration fee is \$125 dollars per rider which includes 2 days continental breakfast, 1 banquet dinner, 1 lunch, daily hospitality refreshments (non Alcoholic) and a “2019” T-shirt. Extra shirts will be offered for sale at \$15 each, **preorder only**.

SPECIAL NOTES: Any ride is suitable for single cylinder, single speed motorcycle if you have the time. We will provide a special chase truck. (Drivers wanted)

Pre registration is mandatory! AMCA membership is mandatory!

All riders must possess a valid driver’s license.

All motorcycles must be properly registered and insured.

Contact: **Tim Graber 949-254-6551 Tim@ClassicMotorcycleConsignments.com**

Send your registration to: **SoCal AMCA, 16101 Routt St. Fountain Valley, CA 92708**

ARIZONA SWAP MEET

PHOENIX AMCA ROADRUNNERS

This is the 4th annual for the Roadrunners but SoCal member Barney Watson and his partner Roger Meinershagen have been hosting this since 1991. Great event – come on over!

**4th Annual
CLASSIC MOTORCYCLE
SHOW & SWAP**

AMERICAN, EUROPEAN, JAPANESE

SUNDAY JANUARY 13, 2019
8:00AM TO 1:00PM
VENDOR SETUP 6:00AM

2844 W. DEER VALLEY RD. PHOENIX
AT THE MOTORCYCLE MECHANICS INSTITUTE CAMPUS

**FREE ADMISSION
ATTENDEES & VENDORS!**

FREE VENDOR SPOTS LIMITED - 2 PER VENDOR
ADDITIONAL SPACES AVAILABLE \$10 EACH

PRESENTED BY

**PHOENIX ROAD RUNNER
CHAPTER OF AMCA**

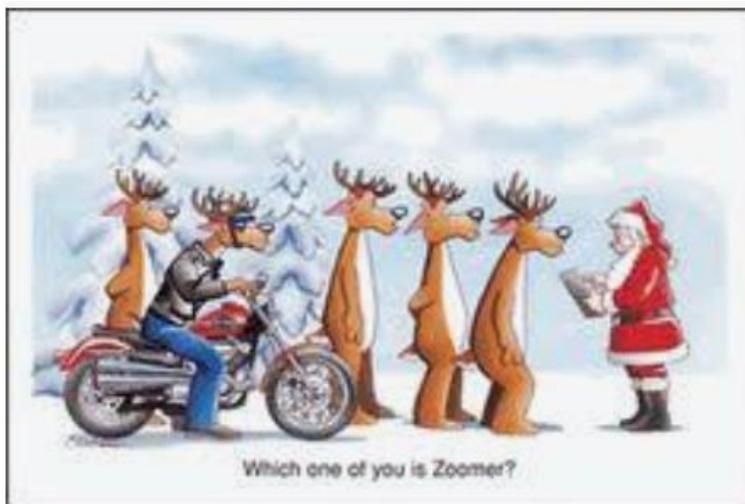
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LAW TIGERS
MOTORCYCLE SERVICES
MMI
ROAD RUNNER
CHAPTER
AMCA

MOTORCYCLE HUMOR

CAROLYN THE EDITOR



And you thought Mr. and Mrs. Clause rode in a sleigh?



"Grandma, I told you not to show up at my school on your bike. I don't want people knowing you're cooler than me"

Note from the editor: I want to sincerely thank **Lon Bubeck** for the article he submitted. It is a prime example of the days we remember on bikes as youngsters which is exactly what I think our newsletter should be about. Also many, many thanks to **Tom Hart** who always contributes an article to this newsletter. Folks – *it's your club* – write to me!!!! musgrovebc@gmail.com