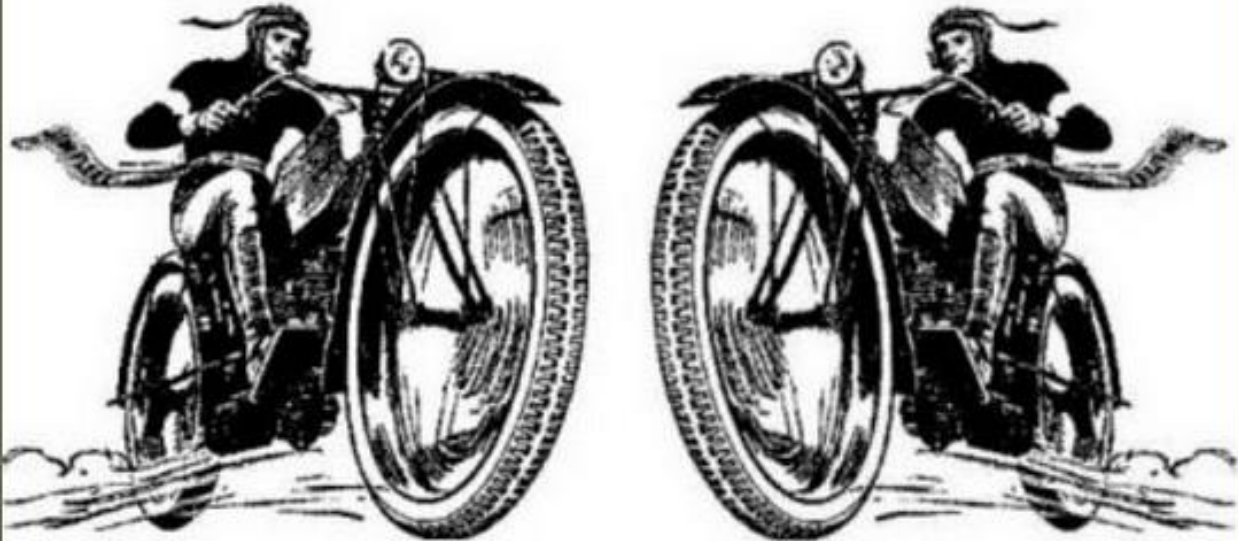


SoCal Antique Motorcycle Club of America

August Newsletter, 2018

SoCal Chapter of the AMCA



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

SOCALAMCA.ORG

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 - **VICE-PRESIDENT – TOM LOVEJOY**
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LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT**TIM GRABER**

SoCal AMCA Presidents Newsletter Report:

Greetings from the road of the good Ole USA! Janis and I are on the road looking for bikes and things to fill the bucket that had a list in it! San Antonio, New Orleans, Panama City, Key West, Everglades, Jersey City, Virginia Beach, Long Island, Cranston RI, Ground Zero, way too much fun, too much diesel fuel, too many breakdowns, too many vintage motorcycles!

This newsletter is a little late, again. It is August 7, 2018 and this was supposed to be published by July 1, 2018. I checked with our editor the other day and said "What's going on? How come no newsletter?" She says, "Well no one is giving me material to write up and I am out of jokes!" So, let me make this point. We NEED input from members to write stories that members may want to read. We need members to chat about their motorcycle activities. So, come on, give it a go!

Tom Hart has decided to pull the plug on the treasures position of the club. Don't worry, he was only kidding about all the money he used. I have the account sealed and we have the correct funds. Tom's oversight will be missed. His life has just gotten too busy again to be able to handle the books of this club. We are happy that he was able to point the finger at one Richard Coffin to assist with the duties until the elections. Richard was appointed with unanimous support of the current board. Welcome Aboard.

This newsletter should be out in time for September and October rides. I will make the Davenport Blackhawk swap meet end of August and Sept 1. Watch the calendar on the SoCal website. The El Camino Swap meet is back in operation in late September; Death Valley is October 1,2,3; and the Comstock (Minden NV) Road run is Oct 5,6,7. So plenty of saddle time available in the fall.

Remember to ride when you can and call your neighbors to ride along with you. Quick and easy day rides are great fun and a good way to invite others to enjoy this hobby.

Cheers, and I hope to see you soon on the roads.

Tim Graber,
President, SoCal AMCA

LETTER FROM THE VICE-PRESIDENT**TOM LOVEJOY**

Here we go again, let's see your projects!

The call as gone out once again, articles for the newsletter needed. So here you are, more about some of my projects and the progress I am making on them. Progress is slow, due to many issues. Mainly my lack of skills, lack of money and too many other projects. Including a 47 Studebaker pick up I am trying to get moving on. Combine that with trying to keep what I already have running. The good news is, I have indeed made some progress on two of my antique motorcycle projects and should make more soon. I am slow, but pretty determined and I work at it ☺

I have made many trips to Johnny Eagles and George Hoods for info and or parts. They have put up with my many questions on how to go about what I am working on. I have also got help and good advice from our club meetings, some good info being shared there. We would like to see more people showing up at the meetings, either on your antique or not. The two machines I am working on right now are really big challenges for me and I will admit I feel like I am in over my head. But I am moving forward and will give it my best efforts, with the help of other club members. Hopefully we well get them done. Both these machines have many parts that were never together from the factory. Both, I began with just the engines. Major alterations, things changed. I am finding out that it can really complicate things! You change one thing and then you have to change others, things don't just bolt together anymore. All the challenges I can handle, I tell you.

On my wanna be Board Tracker, I now have about everything except wheels and rims. Those will be expensive, so it will take me a while. But I now have a set of racing handlebars for it, custom

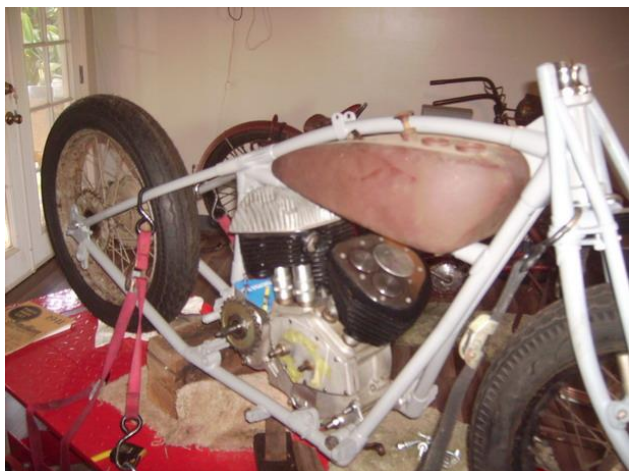
gas tank, toolbox and oil tank, crank, clutch and peddles. I have the engine in the frame; it is a very tight fit. 1911 frame and a 1919 Powerplus engine, which I bought from Craig Dillman almost 20 years ago ☺



LETTER FROM THE VICE-PRESIDENT**TOM LOVEJOY**

Then there is my Indian Chout, a 1930 101 frame, I think. With a special 47 Chief engine, built by Lee Standley for Ernie Skelton. I have been working hard on this one. For the first time since I bought the engine, it is once again beginning to look like a motorcycle. I now have a rolling chassis, with engine and transmission in the frame. Lots of issues and I will have to take it out and put it back in several times trying to fit everything up correctly. I have a set of handlebars about made up. Made them from parts of a couple pairs of damaged ones + new tubes from George Hood. Not sure if I like them yet, have to wait and see. After I get my custom gas tank I have to alter the heads, transmission tower and who knows what else? Things get complicated when you change stuff from stock. I have been working on my heads. I had to because there was no way you could put them on, there is no room for the fins. I had to carefully trim them; I want to keep them as much as I can. To help with cooling, besides I love the look of the big fins on the late Chief engines.

Finally after a week of an hour or two every day, I got the back head on. I still have to trim more though, because there are two places where there is no way to get a wrench in there to tighten the bolts. It is just too tight! The spark plugs fit – but barely!



I will have to pull the gas tank to do anything when the machine is together. I have to trim 2 inches off the transmission tower; it crashes into the lowered cylinders. No way could you bolt it

up as is. I have talked to several folks and have a welder who will do it and now have a good idea how to go about it. This is one of those new 4 speed overdrives 😊 the Chout should go down the road very well. That's about it for now, more progress to come.



LETTER FROM THE VICE-PRESIDENT

TOM LOVEJOY



The Chout Project continues!



I know there are a lot of neat machines and projects in our club, well let's hear about em, let's see em. Come on folks, otherwise – I will start boring you with my Studebaker adventures ☺

SECRETARY REPORT 7-25-18**STEVE SORENSEN**

This year has been packed with events with many more planned, as always please participate. Being one of the few non-retirees, scheduling fun and work can be a challenge. The Fort Sutter national meet was fun, as always just a little hot. The next weekend was Bornfree here at Oak Park. This year was awesome as there were thousands of bikes. I had a chance to speak to our new executive director, Keith Kizer. I wanted him to know what the SoCal chapter is all about and our concerns as a chapter.

1. Number one was a lack of transparency from the national board combined with what seems like a disregard for chapter input, involvement, or concerns.
2. Number two, why does the AMCA need an extra \$100,000 in income per year when we have \$400K on deposit?
3. Number three, why are we paying for national board members to set up a membership booth in a chapter's area? The SoCal and LA chapters both have booths at Bornfree, and have for several years. Both chapters also attend the Las Vegas auctions and now we have the Phoenix chapter. Why are we paying for a national board member when these local chapters can and have been doing the same job for years. It is not cost effective to pay for all that travel if a chapter is already in the area.
4. Number four, the SoCal chapter has been accused of putting on sponsored events (which we have not, please name the event and sponsor Mr. Accuser). Now the national AMCA has Lucas oil for their national meet -- you are welcome for the idea. We are so glad you can change the rules for yourselves.
5. Number five, the SoCal chapter board and its members are passionate about antique motorcycles, the families that own and ride them and will always fight to give the best quality experience for its members and guests.

TREASURER – RETIRED**TOM HART****EX-TREASURER (FINAL) REPORT SUMMER OF '18**

I took the money and ran. I invested wisely, but Uncle Sam stopped by. I think I have dementia, but I can't recall. I was robbed. I had a flat tire on the way to the bank.

None of the excuses seem to fit so here's the truth -- honest and I'm not lying either. That statement alone should raise a red flag. I'm "honest" and "I'm not lying", especially before even being accused of anything. The truth of the matter is that since none of you would initiate a recall, or vote for a full investigation into the highly questionable and almost certainly unlawful practices of the treasurer, I decided to do it myself.

You cannot in your wildest dreams imagine how difficult, and absurd, it is to impeach oneself. First I had to write a formal anonymous letter to the board accusing myself of various criminal acts and then detail the actual fraudulent practices I saw myself commit. I followed this with a presentation of corresponding physical evidence to support the allegations, and then fully investigate the claims and interrogate the accused. It was a tough battle, but I gave myself no slack whatsoever so liberty and justice prevailed. I was abruptly removed from office and stripped of my club credit card privileges once and for all. Apparently the abundance of information against me was found to be true and correct by a jury of my peers (the guys at the Ruby's diner bar). That's the last time I'll buy a round for those numskulls. I did such a good job prosecuting myself, I'm lucky I did not suffer the ultimate "Treasurer's" version of the death penalty, i.e., having my Casio calculator smashed. I can only hope that the club's new treasurer learns from my mistakes and does not take that dark path to humiliation and self-destruction brought on by false promises of fame and fortune from our club's untold wealth. Amen to that. Oh, I almost forgot...there's about 8K left in the bank, I think. End of final report.

I managed to avoid the discomfort of "garage" detention and was only required to wear an ankle monitor for my sins. I am thereby able to attend the monthly club meeting at Ruby's Diner on Sunday's. Strangely enough I have not seen many of you there. Perhaps you did not want to be seen in the company of a convicted felon. Is that it? Totally understandable, but I was nonetheless disappointed. Steve Sorensen, Tom Lovejoy, Rich Coffin, Ken, me and a few others made up the usual suspects list for the club attendees. Rich rides in on his early Pan, Tom L on his modern Harley, me on my Moto Guzzi with '59 sidecar. We talk about many things successfully skirting the unfortunate issue of my "retirement".

Recently Tom Lovejoy and I did our best at looking really cool for a photo shoot for American Iron Magazine. Tom on his '27 Henderson and me on the '39 Chief. The photographer used the old buildings across the street from our monthly meeting spot at Ruby's Diner as a backdrop. This was the same guy who got my '50 Chief Bobber featured in January 2016 American Iron issue with a cover shot. More fame and fortune than I can stand and lots of fun showing off the old stuff, the bike that is, not me cause I'm not old yet.

TREASURER – RETIRED**TOM HART**

I'm again in the planning stage for another cross country ride on the new(er) bike if things work out. I'm always interested in getting the older bikes out anytime, as well if anyone wants slower company. My '39 Chief's tires do not like freeways, or at least the grooves in the road so I avoid freeways totally. One day I'll buy decent tires worthy of those surfaces but for now I stay on the side streets and country roads. I probably should have thought about the tires before I retired from the coveted treasurer position. I like to take the southern state routes on my long distance modern bike rides since I'm not that fond of the desert and Midwest routes. However I did find some really nice riding in Arkansas, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee and Kentucky last year. Tom Lovejoy and I had a great 5 day camping ride a few (actually many) years ago on the old bikes. We travelled up the coast through the San Francisco Bay area and Yosemite Valley, then back through central California. A very slow paced and easy going (no trouble truck) ride. We've been threatening to do that ride again one day and I'm sure we will if Tom ever stops buying new projects to work on.

Until later my fellow Americans...

Tom Hart

TREASURER**RICHARD COFFIN**

Hello everyone,

I agreed to help the chapter by taking over the treasury duties. Before I go further let me tell you I am not an accountant or a financial wizard but I think I can find my way through with help. Tom has been giving me sound advice and good ideas as well as all the paperwork that goes with the duties.

I just deposited a few checks for members renewing their annual dues (\$20 in case you haven't sent in yours and want to get a head start on it) that were submitted earlier this year. Just in case you were wondering why they hadn't cashed yet. Until we change the renewal form please put on there if you are a renewal and not a new member. It will make it easier for me as I'll know where to look for your name.

Talking about money, I've only received 5 paid riders for the upcoming Death Valley Run. Try to get your money in before end of August so we can have an accurate count and so I can get the money deposited into the bank. Just FYI, I'm leaving town riding to the Wisconsin and Black Hills Runs come the end of August and will not be back until end of September just in time for the Death Valley Run. Your checks will be deposited but it would be better for the chapter if they were in the bank early. There is some confusion as to where to send application and money because the information went out before I came in. I've tried to email those riders that have paid to let them know I did get their money. If you have not received one you may call or email me and I can tell you then.

SOCAL Chapter of AMCA

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One last note, I'd like to update our roster with our current members. If you could send me an email or letter with your information so I can ensure our roster is correct I would appreciate it very much.

Mahalo

Richard

AMAZING GRACE MCKEAN**CAROLYN MUSGROVE**

EDITORS NOTE: THIS WAS AN IDEA I HAD THAT I HOPE WE CAN CONTINUE. TO ME IT IS FASCINATING TO HEAR THE BACKGROUND OF OUR RIDERS. SO I ASKED GRACE MCKEAN TO TELL ME WHY SHE STARTED RIDING A MOTORCYCLE. SINCE HER "BLACK BOX" ATE HER ARTICLE I SPENT A COUPLE OF HOURS ON THE PHONE WITH HER AND HAD A FANTASTIC TIME HEARING HER STORY. I SHARE IT WITH YOU TODAY. IF YOU EVER GET THE CHANCE TO SPEND TIME WITH HER – DO IT! THIS IS A NARRATIVE OF WHAT SHE SAID AND DIRECT QUOTES. HOPE YOU ENJOY IT

Gracie was born the baby of five children in a very small town outside of Chicago. Her father was born in Switzerland and her mother was born in Indiana. Her father spoke 7 languages and mom was from a missionary family. Dad was an architect. He escaped during the Bolshevik Revolution and ended up in China. There he acquired great fame dining with Chiang Kai-shek and the like.

Since she was the baby, the older children asked "where did she come from?" Her mom said, without thinking much about it, that the midwife, Mrs. Kingsley, brought her. They all thought she was from somewhere else?! She wasn't part of the family? But quoting Grace "I could not figure out why I looked so much like my older sister Annette? Later mom said she was sorry she had ever told the older siblings that Mrs. Kingsley brought me."

Her sister was 15 months older than her and did "everything right". Gracie was left handed – what's wrong with you -- and not very outgoing. (I understand this as my sister did everything right and I was the rebel.) So Gracie just quit talking much and developed a stutter. To a teen in high school that is devastating! So she spoke very little and had no real friends. (Bummer) If she said much, she said they told her she was wrong – so she just quit talking.

When she was thirteen her older brother, then 17, brought home a 1948 Harley 125S Hummer. After much begging and cajoling he agreed to teach her to ride – when mom wasn't home. And so the love of motorcycles was born for Grace. "I didn't have to talk to the bike and it didn't talk back. I rode that bike every chance I got. I never stuttered on the bike and for the first time in my life I felt totally in control and confident."

In August of 1945, her mom smelled smoke in the middle of the night. The house was on fire! "I was the last one out of the house. Two neighbor children sleeping over in the upstairs bedroom didn't make it. We lost everything. My dad bought an old house and redid it. So we started all over again."

"I got a job at Walgreen's as a waitress at the fountain. I opened a saving account and saved every penny. I was going to have a motorcycle of my own someday." On August 4, 1951 she was offered a ride to the Harley shop. A couple that came in would talk bikes and they offered her a ride. "I got all of my money out of savings - \$400.00 – and my sister went with us. I told the salesman I would take an old bike they had on the sales floor because I couldn't afford anything new. The sales rep said "See that beautiful blue bike in the window? That's the one for you". I can't afford that! How old are you? he asked. I'm 17. How old is your sister? She is 18. Then she can sign for you and you can make payments. So I gave him \$400 and had 12 monthly payments of \$31.41. My sister rode the 1951 Harley-Davidson 45 Flathead home that day."

AMAZING GRACE MCKEAN**CAROLYN MUSGROVE**

“I was working at the soda fountain and watched my sister go around the block several times with other friends. I kept thinking – please don’t scratch my brand new bike!”

“In 1953 the film *The Wild One* with Marlon Brando came out. Everyone thought bikers were terrible people. So I never told anyone that I rode a motorcycle. I got a job in Chicago and took the train back and forth to work. I rode the bike on weekends. I rented a room for \$5.00 a week and after quite some time I decided to ride the bike back to the rooming house on Sunday night. The next morning the land lady was waiting for me when I came downstairs to go to work. She told me to move out – she didn’t want “her kind” in the house. I moved out that night.”

“I was crushed! From that point on I never told anyone that I rode a motorcycle. I rode for 5 years and never saw another woman on a motorcycle. I didn’t know about the Motor Maids then – even though they were in Chicago and I would ride my bike into Chicago sometimes.”

“I went to school in California where I stayed with my aunt. This was motorcycle country! I decided right then that I wanted to move to California.”

“My brother sold me his new 1953 Bel Aire because he needed the money. So I had a new car and a motorcycle – both paid for. I rigged up a hitch and set out on Route 66 to California.”



Grace on her Harley in Ringwood, Ill., in 1952.



Grace’s 1953 Bel Air and her Harley.

AMAZING GRACE MCKEAN**CAROLYN MUSGROVE**

"I met my husband on a world tour cruise. He was the head waiter at our table. He moved to California after his term with the cruise line and we got married. I told him I would never consider selling my bike. That was fine with him. When I got pregnant with our first child, I put the motorcycle in a corner in the garage and put a blanket over it. It sat there for 24 years until the children were grown."

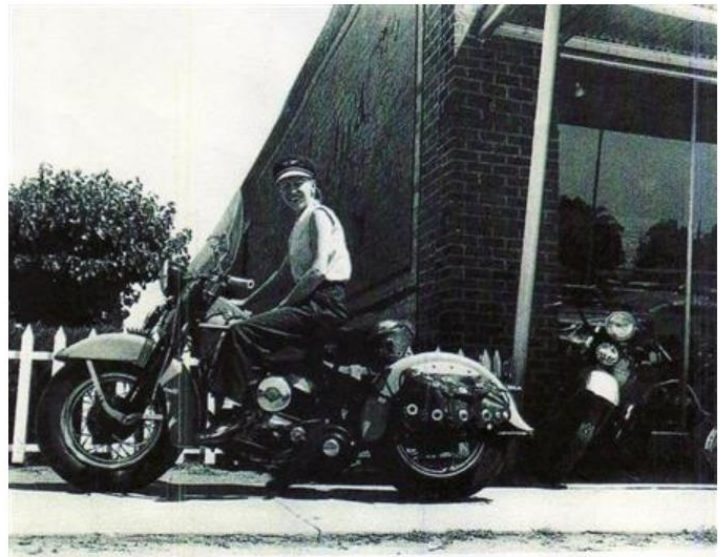
In California she sought out the local Harley dealer and met Hutch. Hutch introduced her to his Harley-Davidson club and to the Motor Maids. Hutch totally restored the motorcycle. "It's my trusty Harley and I now have over 100,000 miles on it."

Grace thinks she joined the SoCal club in 1976.

In 2017 Grace had a stroke while on a ride. She is home now and doing therapy. Grace is thinking about buying a Trike if her left hand doesn't fully recover. We all say "You Go Grace!"



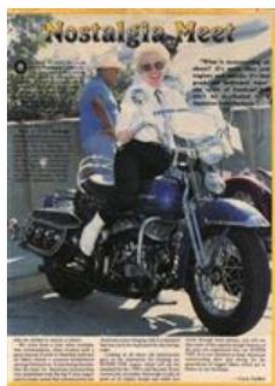
Driving to California on Route 66 with motorcycle in tow in 1956.



Grace in Phoenix, Ariz., in 1956.

AMAZING GRACE MCKEAN

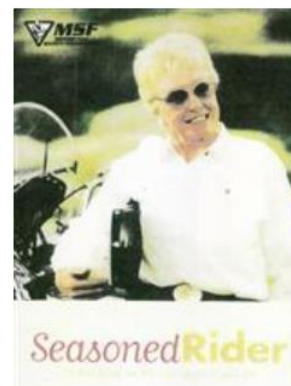
CAROLYN MUSGROVE



Grace featured in "Nostalgia Cycle."

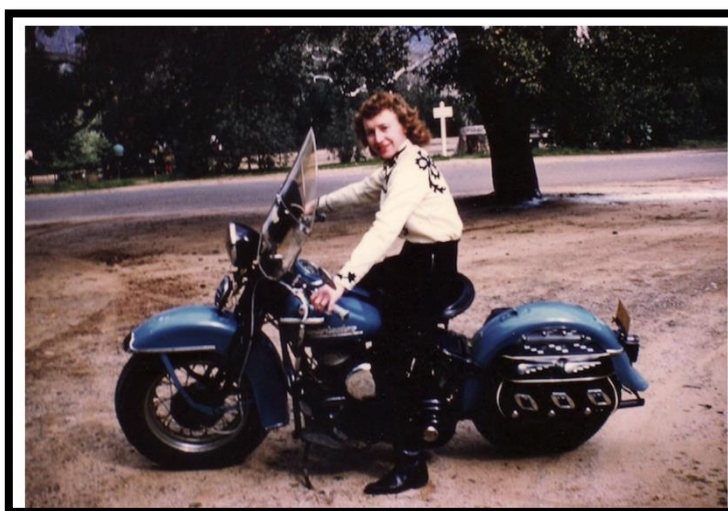


Grace featured in "American Motorcyclist."



Grace featured in an MSF publication in 2005.

Grace is quite a celebrity in the world of vintage bikes!



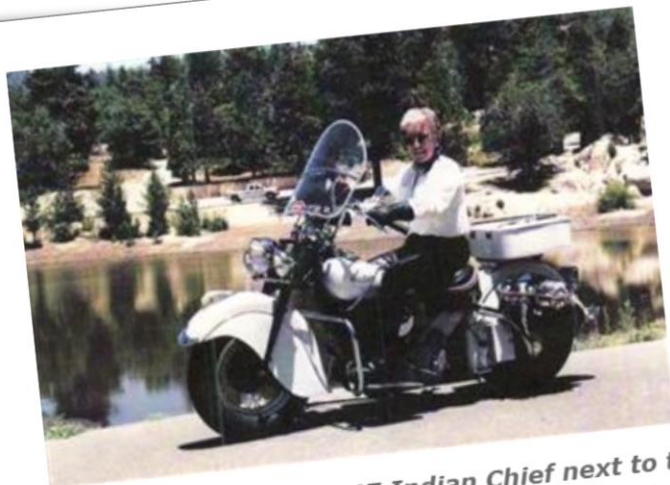
Grace enjoying her motorcycle in California circa 1950's.

AMAZING GRACE MCKEAN

CAROLYN MUSGROVE



Grace joined the Motor Maids in 1956 and enjoyed having women rider friends.



Grace in 2004 on her 1947 Indian Chief next to the lake in front of her Runnina Sprinas, Calif., cottage.

AMAZING GRACE MCKEAN

CAROLYN MUSGROVE



Anyone who has ridden with Grace is very familiar with his pose!



"Easy Rider," the sequel! Grace's grandchildren—Bobby, 8, and Madison, 6—riding their Christmas presents from Grandma.

SUMMER OF LOVE 50 YEARS LATER**RICHARD COFFIN**

Editor's Note of Apology: Richard sent this article to me last year. I didn't receive it in time for that newsletter but promised him it would be in the next issue. Well, Adriana wrote the last one for me because I fell and broke a "bunch of stuff" so it wasn't included. I sincerely apologize to Richard and want to send a great big Thank You for participating.

I worked almost every day since the beginning of this year to get my 42 WLA put back together after 15 years of "rebuilding". My main purpose was to get ready for the Colorado Rocky Mountain Chapter's National Run in June. I finished it just in time to bring it to the June breakfast at Ruby's. I was fortunate enough to go for a ride with Tom Lovejoy and Tom Hart. I was still breaking in the engine when I left with 3 of my brothers from Hawaii for the run on June 13th. The Rocky Mountain Chapter Run started June 19th and ran through the 22nd in Blackhawk, Colorado.



My three brothers from Hawaii were part of the Keonimana Motorcycle Club and two (John and Willie) of the three are current AMCA members and I used to ride with in the 70's. John was on his 53 Panhead with an electric starter and Willie rode an 81 FXE made into an FLH by adding bags and a Heritage front end. The younger member of our foursome was Danny and he rode Willie's 2007 Road King. I rode my 1942 (I think it was made in early 43) WLA that I civilianized.

I started out with just over 400 miles on a new engine so the first day was really slow. Somewhere between here and Anza (to meet my friend Pat at 45's Unlimited) I lost my speedometer again. It was the third one since rebuilding. One reason to stop by Pat's place to get a replacement gear. Of course the gear he had was of the new Teflon/plastic style and would not fit through the hole on the rear hub. So back on the road headed south to avoid freeways with no speedo. We spent the first night in Julian, it was a nice B&B of which I have forgotten the name (if I ever knew it). So far trip is going well.

Day 2 started good as we headed east on Hwy 78 with a stop in Brawley for lunch. After a decent hamburger, out to the bikes to continue on. Looking at mine there was about 6 ounces of motor oil on the ground below it. Did I mention that my engine had a bad sumping problem? 4 to 8 ounces was not unusual to have come out of the breather tube located in the cam cover on the bottom. Oh well, started up and headed northeast to spend the night in Quartzsite, AZ. It wasn't tourist season and most places were closed but we found a motel open for \$25 a room and across the street a dollar store where we bought baloney, bread, and some mustard and had a feast.

Day 3 we left Quartzsite and up Hwys 60, 71, and 89 through Prescott (pronounced presscut) and lunched in Jerome. For those that have been there you know the view. For those that haven't, this is a mining town built on the side of the mountain with a one and a half lane road through it. After lunch and learning that Hwy 89 to Sedona had some major work being done to it we detoured over to Hwy 17 and made our way to Flagstaff.

SUMMER OF LOVE 50 YEARS LATER**RICHARD COFFIN**

While in the mountains John's Panhead's rear brakes went out and that made riding through the mountains less than fun (another reason to get over to Hwy 17). Getting into Flagstaff we found a small repair shop that could help us with the brakes the next morning. We made a decision to spend the morning doing repairs and make day 4 a short ride.

Day 4 found John and myself going to a Hydraulic/auto parts shop for me and to the repair shop for the Pan. I installed a on/off valve in my bike's oil feed line with the help of the owner of the shop. I was tired of the sumping problem as I was already on my second oil pump and had burnished and lapped the check ball seats with no positive results. I finished and went down the street to where John was and he was finishing up also so we went back to the motel to collect the others. On the road again we continued up AZ 89 to Tuba City, AZ., and then east on Hwy 160. About ten miles outside of Kayenta, AZ., and my bike developed a noise that didn't sound very good coming from the primary. I pulled over into the 3 foot dirt shoulder as did everyone else. I pulled out the tool bag and proceeded to take off the outer primary cover. John stayed and helped me while we sent Willie and Danny ahead to get a room for the night. Turned out one of the screws that held the inner cover on came loose and out of the hole causing some damage to the belt and the outer cover. After tightening the remaining screw and putting the cover back on we were on the road headed for Kayenta again. It was a little spooky lying on the side of the Hwy just a couple of feet from the traffic but we do what we have to do. Anyway, made it to the motel, ate dinner, cleaned up and then received a call from another friend from Hawaii that now lives in Fountain Valley near me. Jake was trying to catch up to us and would be in Kayenta by 10:30. Jake was riding an 80's soft tail with ape hangers. He did make it there so I let him have my bed that night, he had a long day.

Day 5 showed up with everyone rested and bikes running well. So far, no more sumping on the 45. We were headed to Durango, CO., to meet Tony, a good friend from Australia, for lunch and possibly stay the night. We stopped at Four Corners giving my brothers a chance to buy souvenirs or some fry bread and a photo opportunity although I don't think anyone took any pictures. We left there and stopped in Cortez for gas then off to Durango. Arriving in Durango there was too much traffic and it was hot so we decided to continue on to Pagosa Springs which would make the next day a little shorter. After arriving in Pagosa Springs, I sent Tony a message letting him know we would not be meeting for lunch (it was evening by now, I think he already knew). We settled into the motel for the night.

Day 6 was an early start day. After a small motel breakfast we were off headed for Gunnison, CO. Hwy 160 to South Fork. I got my first taste of "hill" climbing on the 45 with the high gearing of the belt drive was going over Wolf Creek Pass at 10,850 feet. Not too bad going 7 miles uphill in 2nd gear at 25 mph. From South Fork we took Hwy 149 north with a nice easy climb to 11,000 feet through Spring Creek Pass with a stop for lunch in Lake City, CO. It was downhill from the pass until we reached Gunnison on Hwy 50. We found a motel and Danny and I did laundry while the others went looking for dinner. Here, John's Panhead began to make noises that were associated with the electric starter system on the bike. We spent most of the early night trying to figure out the problem then we decided it was beyond our fixing in the motel parking lot. So what to do now? John had bought the AAA 200 mile tow package and we called AAA to look at options.

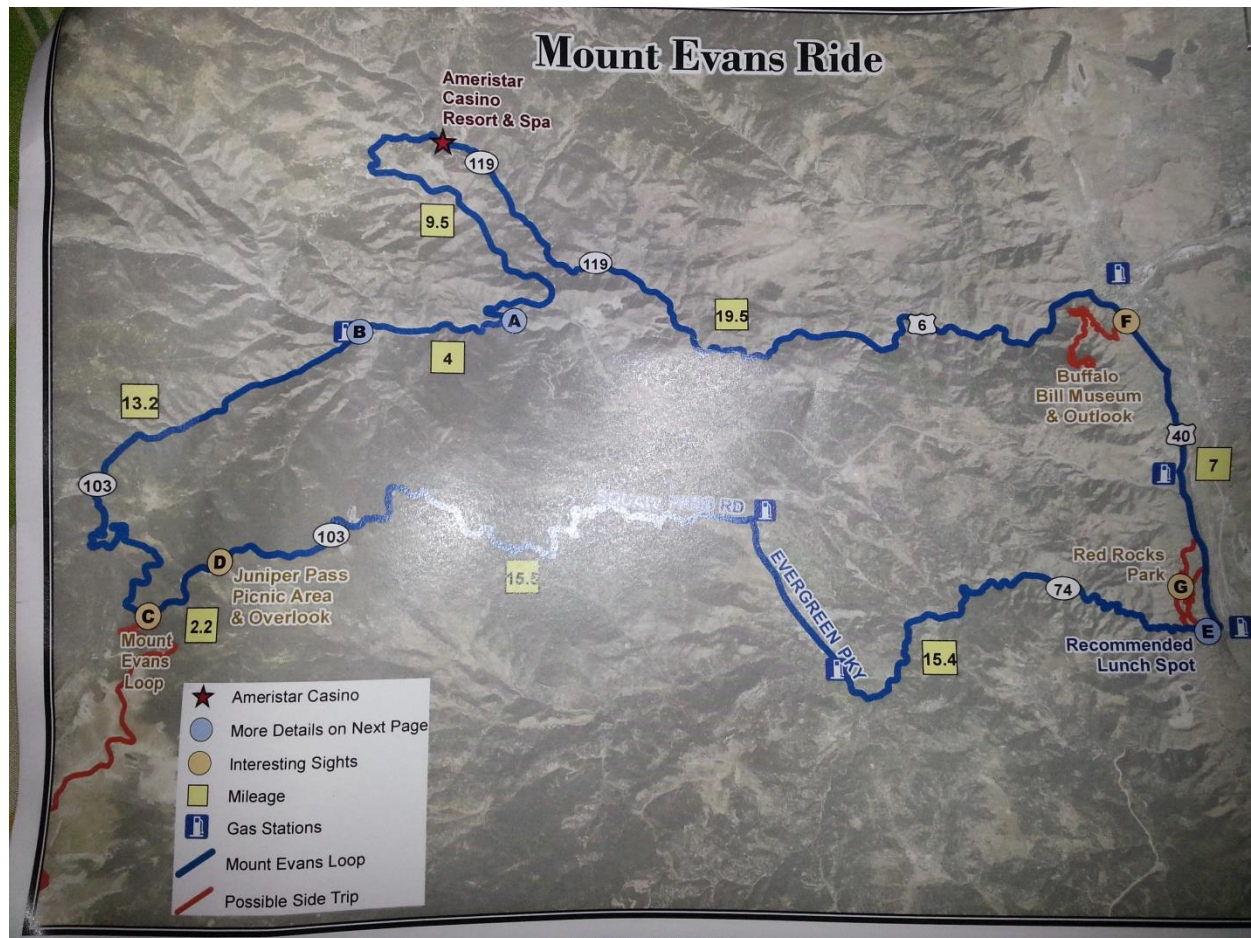
SUMMER OF LOVE 50 YEARS LATER**RICHARD COFFIN**

Day 7 broke with the Panhead out of service and a call to AAA to pick it up and take it to Blackhawk, CO., our destination. As it turned out it was 198 miles to Blackhawk and no charge to John. Since we had some more hills to climb I started out first thinking the others would catch me up quickly. That never happened even though I stopped at least 30 minutes each time I gassed up. I took Hwy 285 towards Denver then up Hwy 6 to Blackhawk. All beautiful country and outside of a trailer that went half off the road and was blocking one lane of a two lane road, the ride was uneventful.

It turned out that the FXE Willie was riding lost the axle cap on the front forks (who knows how long) and they stopped at a hardware store to buy some U-bolts as the flat bar part fit the bolt pattern on the axle. Funky, but worked well. I arrived in Blackhawk at the hotel where the event was based out of and went in to check in. As I was leaving the desk I ran into John who had ridden up in the tow truck. No sign of the others. Finally they showed up later in the evening, seems they kinda got lost.

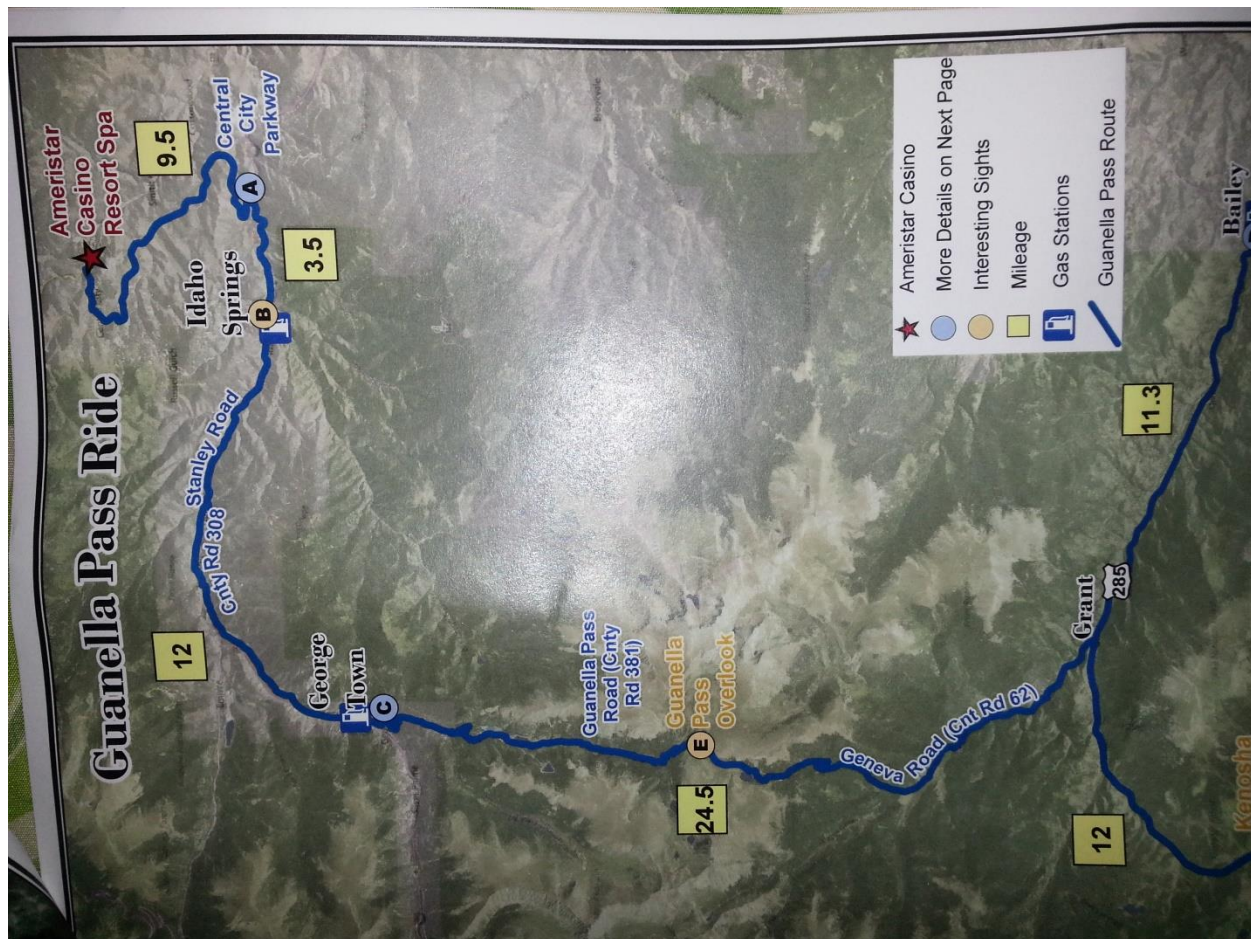
John was upset over the bike not working and we couldn't find parts to fix it so he decided to fly home the next day. We had planned on meeting up with a couple of other guys from Hawaii that were coming in from Oregon. They showed up and said they would take the Panhead back to Oregon with them when they went home. We were a day early and we would have a day of rest before the run started.

The first day of the run came and after the morning briefing we started out and, except for a lot of construction in Blackhawk and Idaho Springs, there was a lot of scenic riding on Hwy 103 passing by Echo Lake. Of course there was more 2nd gear for me. Again, I got separated from the others when they decided to go to the top of Mt. Evans. I passed on more climbing and went on towards Red Rock area for lunch. Jake showed up and we had lunch together, missing the other two until we got back to the hotel for the evening. Still no sumping, yeah, the valve appears to be working. Why didn't Harley install it to begin with????



The second day we started out on the run headed in the same general direction but as we were just getting to the scenic parts Art's '38 Knucklehead stopped working. We sat on the side of the rode in front of a house being remodeled with a small tree for some shade, not enough for all so we gave it to the broke bike. The guys changed the electronic ignition, spark plugs and wires, and retimed it, it started and we were off again. Not too far and it quit running again.

This time we loaded onto the chase truck they had brought and it was at this point I decided to just go to next town, have lunch, and return to the hotel. Four hours of waiting had killed my desire to go riding for the day. Not complaining, not blaming, just I was out of the mood to ride at that point. I know what it's like when it's my bike not working and I won't criticize anyone else, stuff happens.



The third day's briefing was on time and this time we were going to ride north of where we were toward Estes Park area. The ride entailed some hill climbing and because I do it in 2nd gear I got separated from the others again. I thought we had coordinated the lunch stop before we left but I was to find out later that was not the case. I took Hwy 119 to Hwy 72 north then downhill on Hwy 7 to Lyons for lunch.

Thinking others were right behind me as they could travel faster, I went in, got two tables, and waited. No one showed so I ate and as I started to leave it was pointed out to me that I had a flat rear tire. Thinking I, well, hoping I only needed air I tried to go to the gas station about a mile down the road. It wasn't going to happen so to prevent ruining anything else besides my day I succumbed and called the chase truck provided by the Colorado Chapter. They found me and I found I was in good company, there were three others on the trailer already, two Harleys and an Indian. The ride back was crowded in the truck built for maybe five but now holding six of us. Getting back to the hotel I found that there were four flat tires that day so I wasn't alone. I also found out that my group went to Estes Park instead of coming to Lyons. After looking into my options, I decided to get AAA to tow me to Minturn, CO., to a shop owned by one of the riders I met at the run. I first needed to obtain an 18 inch tube in case mine was not repairable.



Jeff Goorman of the Rocky Mountain Chapter offered to go down the hill to his house, get me a tube the next morning, and bring it back. I opted for this even though it meant extra work for him and he didn't know me from anyone else.

The awards banquet was fun and as always lots of people to talk to and new friends to make. Our group got the farthest traveled and the farthest riding awards. Honolulu and 1400 miles ridden. After all was complete we turned in.

SUMMER OF LOVE 50 YEARS LATER**RICHARD COFFIN**

Day 12 of the trip was wet and low clouds. Since I was waiting for Jeff's return with the tube and AAA I had the other three depart headed west on I70 to Minturn where we could all get some repairs done. I waited 4 hours for AAA as they had to come from 200 miles away to take me 90 miles in another direction. I'm not understanding but hey, it's not my need to know. Jeff showed up with the tube and would not take any money for it. (I hope I get a chance to repay his kindness someday.) AAA showed up and off we went to Holt Hammer Cycles in Minturn. I showed up around 6 pm causing Dan (the owner) to miss a dinner date he had with his wife and her father. His wife Chaka (pronounced shaka, and I know I'm misspelling it - sorry) runs a hotel in Vail, CO., owned by her family. Thanks to her we had rooms there and it was very comfortable and included a bar and restaurant so you don't have to go anywhere else.

Day 13 I tried to get up early and figure out how to get the 7 miles from the hotel to the shop. Chaka ended up giving me a ride, as it gave her a chance to see her husband again. I wanted to get there early to help Dan work on the bike since it was still loaded with bags and filthy from the rain while being trailered. By the time I got there he was done changing the tire tube repairing the old tube reinstalling everything that was taken off. He only charged me \$35 for that. Good luck getting anyone to even talk to you about repairs for that much. Thank you Dan. The others finished up their repairs like changing primary cover gasket on the FXE and some other odds and ends on the other two bikes and we were off towards Grand Junction, CO., for the night. I started to hear noises again in the primary and started to get some smoke from an ignition wire when I shut it down. I took off the primary cover and the other bolt had come loose. I sent Jake to the hardware store for possible replacements which he found and I installed using more Loctite. I still didn't know nor could I find out why the wires were smoking.

Day 14 we left Grand Junction headed for Moab, UT., via I70. We got about 30 miles inside of the Utah border when I lost my primary belt. It had broken and I had no replacement. I called AAA again and sent the others on to Moab. AAA took me to my friends at U-Haul in Grand Junction where I rented a truck to take me and my bike home. Leaving Grand Junction I caught up to the guys south of Moab in Monticello, UT. From there we decided to try to make Bluff, UT., for the night. We did, had dinner in one of the two places to eat and then turned in. The good news was that my engine wasn't leaking oil anymore, well not 4 or more ounces at a time.

Day 15 arrived with more sunshine so we got started down the road, three of the original five bikes and a U-Haul truck. Our goal today was to visit the Grand Canyon and stop in Williams for the night. This way Willie could ride to the Flagstaff Harley dealer to get the axle cap (one of only about 6 left in HD's inventory on the west coast and the closest one we would get to). We stopped in Kayenta AZ., and again in Tuba City, AZ., for gas stops before heading to the canyon. We had already been on this road going but it looked different when riding in the opposite direction.

SUMMER OF LOVE 50 YEARS LATER**RICHARD COFFIN**

Upon reaching the Grand Canyon the guys and I got separated again as they pulled into a lookout point prior to the visitor center where I thought we were to meet. After some communications we were all together and headed south out of the park towards Williams. After stopping for gas we made some room reservations in Williams and Flagstaff due to some miscommunication so we cancelled Williams and agreed to take Hwy 180 to Flagstaff. Very nice road for those that haven't been on it, light traffic and fairly good condition two lane, perfect for the older bikes. The only problem for me was I wasn't on an older bike and it meant an extra 60 miles in a rental truck (which will haunt me later). We got into the Motel 6 for the night and had dinner within walking distance.

Day 16 was again a beautiful day weather wise (the whole trip had wonderful weather with the only exception being the last day at Blackhawk, CO.) and we had breakfast since we weren't in a hurry. No rush because we had to wait for the HD dealer to open (the dealer would be on the way west on I 40). Stopping by the dealer we purchased the axle cap and installed it although the bracket the guys had installed earlier was working just fine. On the road again no stops until we stopped in Seligman, AZ., for gas then off on old Route 66 towards Kingman, AZ.

The road was in good shape and again not very much traffic which is always a good thing. In Kingman we gathered for lunch and planned the next stop. Next stop would be Laughlin for the night. That would give the gamblers in the group a chance to try their skills and for me a good rest for cheap. Getting into Laughlin proved not without more breakage. The FXE Willie was on stopped running just as we crested the hill east of the river on Hwy 68. Fortunately it was 7 miles of downhill so he coasted to just before the bridge into Laughlin.

We couldn't figure it out quickly and I remembered selling a sidecar to a fellow that had a repair shop in Bullhead, AZ., so I called the shop and they said if we got there they would stay open long enough to receive the bike and then look at it in the morning. We loaded the bike into the truck and took it to the shop. Then across the river to Laughlin for the night. Did I mention it was hot?

SUMMER OF LOVE 50 YEARS LATER**RICHARD COFFIN**

Day 17 was hot, I mean Riverside hot. Willie and Danny wanted to spend another night in Laughlin so I suggested that Jake take off and head home while I took Willie to the shop to get the bike. Turns out the dash cover was making contact with the switch and causing a short. All appears good now so I said goodbye to Willie and off I went towards home. Getting back was uneventful and boring driving a U Haul truck.

I just stayed on I 40, then I 15 to get back. Dropping off the bike at the house was done with the help of my wife, Roxanne and then to return the truck. Remember the extra 60 miles at Flagstaff? Well it appears that I was over the rental mileage by 100 miles and they charged me an extra \$50 (I got it returned later after writing the manager and explaining how I got it and reminding him I returned the truck a day early). Anyway the trip was over and although I didn't complete it on the bike, I still enjoyed it and was glad I made it.

Now to get the belt replaced and bike ready for the Oregon Trail Chapter Run and then the Evergreen Chapter National Run. But that's another story.

Richard Coffin



AMCA Rocky Mountain Road Run - Echo Lake Colorado, June 20, 2017



ROAD RUNS

A collection of ride reports and photos from SoCal AMCA runs across Southern California.

2018 Joshua Tree Run

April 6-8, 2018 - Report by Craig Dillmann, Ride Captain. Well, the Joshua Tree trip is now one for the history books. A smaller crowd this year but a great ride with even greater weather! Some of the bikes had a few issues. On the Friday ride to the highend bar and grille the Palms, Mark Leiss' beautiful 1926 Scout gave up the ghost and seized up almost in front of the bar. I always love going in there; a cast of characters every time. One guy walked in the guy only had four teeth and one of them he got when he joined the Elks!! After two rounds the group headed back to the lovely Rancho Dolores. Dinner was at the Rib House and was great. The next morning the group including Lon Bubeck, Dr Phil, Mark Leiss, Jaguar Steve Sales, and Rich Hutchens riding his beloved grandpa's bike. Since Mark's bike didn't run, we kind of shared bikes taking turns in the trouble truck piloted by Kelli and copilots Diana Shore and Sharon Hutchens. The next breakdown was on the way back at the visitor center. Dr Phil's Yamaha was dead. The good doctor spotted the problem immediately a broken battery wire. After some tinkering the problem was fixed ...or was it? Tthe bike fired up but as soon as a Phil hopped on the seat. Same thing only a burnt wire. He got to ride in the trouble truck back to the hotel. That afternoon, the trouble was discovered: the rubber cap wasn't put on the lead when the seat was sat on. Wham short...The problem was fixed at the hotel and the bike ran perfectly for the remainder of the trip. Dinner was at the Mexican restaurant. All I can say is on first glance at the restaurant, it looked like a drinking club with a motorcycle problem!! See everyone again next year.



Tom Lovejoy shared a post.

August 12 at 2:39 PM

Pretty cool, my Henderson's going to be in American Iron Magazine. Just got of the phone with them, made my day 😊



Tom Lovejoy

April 24

Tom Hart and I having fun in Orange last Saturday 😊

DEATH VALLEY RIDE

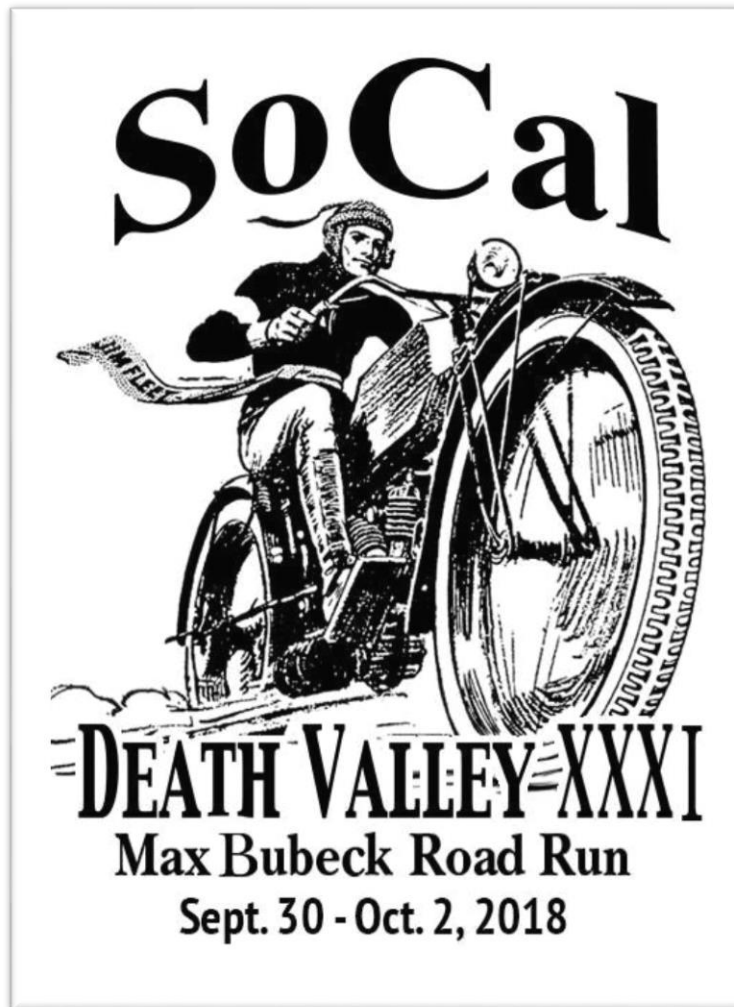
LON BUBECK

Hear Ye – Hear Ye! Come One – Come All.

The annual Death Valley ride is being headquartered at the Oasis (we all know that as Furnace Creek). Arrive on Sunday Sept. 30th and the ride is October 1st and 2nd with a banquet on Tuesday night. Registration form is on the web site. Registration cost this year is \$95 per rider which includes a T-shirt, Barbecue and Trophy.

Reduced rates for the group expired on 8-30-18 but you can always ask?

Furnace Creek Ranch – 760-786-2345 Booking #811476



Editor's Note: Bob and I go every year. The ride last year was amazing. Lon is a wonderful ride master. The scenery is awesome and the comradery is like no other. JOIN US! We'll be riding one of our *newer* bikes – a 72 Norton Commando (electric start – yeah).

2018 SoCAL CALENDAR**2018 SoCal AMCA Calendar****ADRIANA GODOY-LEISS**

These **SoCal AMCA rides** mentioned here are open to all members. This listing also highlights regional events of interest to the antique motorcycle community. For further details about each event, visit the Calendar section of our website, www.SoCalAMCA.org. **Post this page in your workshop and ride with us!**

September

- September 2, **SoCal AMCA** Monthly Sunday Brunch. Ruby's Diner, Orange. Contact: Richard Coffin.
- September 23- Annual meeting (details to be determined)
- September 30-October 2, **SoCal AMCA** Death Valley "D-V" XXXII Max Bubeck Memorial Road Run. Contact: Lon Bubeck

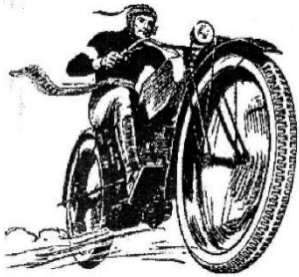
October

- October 5-7, 2nd Annual AMCA Comstock Classic Fall Run. Minden, Nevada. <http://comstock-amca.com>
- October 6, 4th Annual Patriots and Paws 'Hometown Heroes' Car & Motorcycle Show. <https://www.patriotsandpawscarshow.com>
- October 7, **SoCal AMCA** Monthly Sunday Brunch. Ruby's Diner, Orange. Contact: Richard Coffin.
- **SoCal AMCA** Annual Meeting, details forthcoming.

November

- November 4, **SoCal AMCA** Monthly Sunday Brunch. Ruby's Diner, Orange. Contact: Richard Coffin
- November 4, 39th Annual Hansen Dam Ride event, hosted by the Southern California Norton Owners Club. More info here: <http://socalnorton.com/wp/calendar/>
- November 16-18, Progressive International Motorcycle Show at the Long Beach Convention Center.

2018 SoCAL CALENDAR



ADRIANA GODOY-LEISS

2018 SoCal AMCA Calendar



December

- December 2, **SoCal AMCA** Monthly Sunday Brunch. Ruby's Diner, Orange. Contact: Richard Coffin.

December 9, Dave Mann Chopperfest, Ventura County Fairgrounds. More info here:

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

- December 2, Gunther's Yard Show, details forthcoming, Contact: Tom Lovejoy

- **SoCal AMCA** Annual Christmas Brunch at the Newport Beach Yacht Club, details forthcoming.
- December 30, 63rd Annual Horseless Carriage Holiday Motor Excursion, an event of the Southern California chapter of the Horseless Carriage Club of America. More info: <http://bit.ly/2GemwSS>.

Other Events of Interest

Vintage Bike OC Meet at Mr. Pete's Grill in Huntington Beach, 2 to 4 pm. Meet is always held the second Sunday of the month. More info: www.vintagebikeoc.com.

So-Cal Cycle Swap Meet at the Long Beach Veterans Stadium, 7 am to 1 pm. Meet is held the fourth Sunday of the month, except in December (when it'll be last Sunday of month) More info: www.socalcycleswapmeet.com.

This is how they ride in Florida – doing 65 miles an hour!



“Don’t try this at home!”



Editors Note: Thank you to Adriana for writing the last newsletter. On March 16th I fell (tripped over Bob in the kitchen) and broke both my left hip and my left elbow. Arm was in a cast and I was not allowed to put any weight on the leg. Not a good scenario for publishing a newsletter. Adriana graciously covered and didn’t even whimper. It’s really nice when we have great team members like this.