UNITED SIDECAR ASSOCIATION

The Sidecarist

26th USCA National Announced!
See page 12

Club stuff for sale
See page 13

The Sidecarist
September-October, 2003
Volume 27 Number 5

Ed Johnson, USCA #1
(June 29, 1920 - August 18, 2003)

Monday, August 18, 2003

We just received word of the death of our dear friend Ed Johnson.

Ed and Marilyn were riding home from The North American 40+ Rally in New York, each driving their own sidecar rig, when, near Cleveland, they became separated in traffic. As Ed was attempting to turn back to find Marilyn, he was struck by another vehicle at the left front of his bike. He was thrown off the bike, surviving the collision, and was airlifted to a Cleveland hospital where he seemed to be recovering. However, twelve hours later, possibly because he was taking a blood thinner, his heart stopped and he could not be revived.

Edgar Johnson, 83, was one of the founding members, and continued to be a guiding force, of the United Sidecar Association.

He was a long time member of the Chicago Toys for Tots Motorcycle Parade Organization.

Ed was a former motorcycle dealer, a life member of the AMA, an ABATE member, and a member of many other motorcycle groups.

He was the Editor of The Northern Illinois Sidecarist Newsletter

Ed continued to work selling motorcycle insurance and could always be seen at his booth, with his sidecar rig, at many motorcycle events.

He was a certified instructor for the Sidecar Safety Program.

(Continued on page 4)

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Opinions expressed in articles in the SIDECARIST, are those of our contributors and do not reflect the viewpoints, unless otherwise credited, of the USCA and its appointed or elected Board members.

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Send requests for replacement of magazines damaged in the mails to: Al Roach, 130 S. Michigan, Villa Park, IL 60181.

Letters, articles and photos should be sent to the editor, preferably via email. If material is required to be returned to sender, please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope with sufficient return postage.

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Thanks to our contributors!

We hope that everyone in the USCA will contribute an article to The Sidecarist sooner or later. For now, we appreciate the folks who did!:

Dianne Vuletich, Janine Walker, Hal Kendal, Louis and Bruce Stephens and Tub Maxson. Behind the scenes contributors: Barry Irvin, Al Olme, Tim Colburn, and Jack Voss.

WE'D LIKE YOUR ARTICLE TOO!
Content deadline for Volume 27, Number 6 Of The Sidecarist (November-December) is 11/1/03

***Guidelines for Regional Directors*:**

1 - Member of the United Sidecar Association. 2 - Represents the membership and maintains contact with local sidecar clubs or associations within the Director's region. 3 - Recruits State Representatives. 4 – Coordinates meets and Rallies within Region. 5 – Promotes SSP. 6 – Obtains access to Trade Shows. 7 – Recommends sites and clubs to host National Rallies.

***Guidelines for State Representatives*:**

1. Member of the United Sidecar Association 2. Contact person for other sidecarists and to promote the USCA in any motorcycle Expo or event in their state.

From where I sit ...

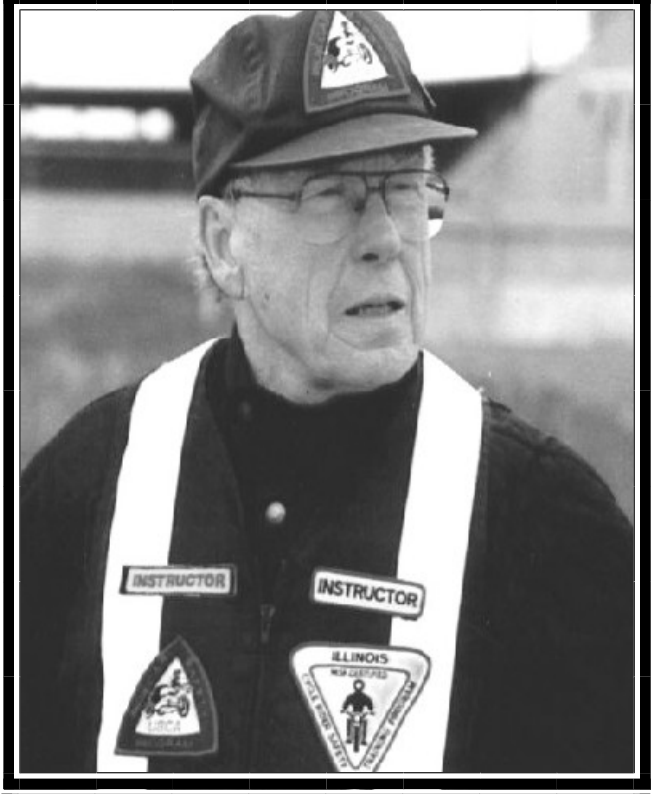
John Kennedy

Well folks, it has been a busy summer for Jean and me. We have been to the CSOC national rally and the Keystone Kampout. We waved the USCA banner proudly, received a great welcome, recruited a few new members and got some old members to rejoin. I also attended the KY GWRRA rally and brought home some plaques from the bike show and games.

I am still trying to get my feet on the ground, trying to meet all the staff and find out just what a president does. So much information to wade through!

But for this issue, we, being the USCA staff, join together to celebrate the life of our founder, Ed Johnson, who passed from this life Monday, August 18, 2003. We have dedicated this issue to Ed as a small token to a man who has given so much and asked for so little in return.

I first met Ed in '93 in Indiana, he was teaching a sidecar class, the old SSP, and I was riding a solo bike. Back then anyone could set on the grass and watch as the students went through the field exercise, and I think it only cost $10 to take the class. While the grass course was being reset, Ed came over and introduced himself. I later found out that he was member #1 in the USCA and the founder of the Sidecar Safety Program.



Ed Johnson
MSF and Sidecar Safety Program Instructor

At all the rallies I attended with Ed I never once heard him refer to the USCA as being his club. I never knew of him to use the statement my way or the highway, and I never knew of Ed to draw attention to himself. In fact, at the 2000 and 2001 Kentucky Rally he asked Jean and me to pass him over for the statistical awards. He was truly a humble man. Ed was also a great peacemaker over the years. When problems arose in the USCA, you could count on Ed to be the first person to contact people and try to smooth the ruffled feathers. All at once, all was well again and no one knew that Ed was responsible for resolving the problem.

My friendship with Ed Johnson led to my running for USCA president. Over the course of the years, Ed and I had many conversations about the USCA. He was always encouraging me to become more active and be on the USCA board. Had it not been for certain events, I would not have run, but in Virginia Ed talked to me about becoming USCA president and later that year in a phone conversation Ed convinced me to run and wrote my first letter of recommendation for nomination. I will miss Ed's support and our conversations. In fact, one of Ed's last official acts in the USCA, was to represent me when the ballots were counted. Ed was the first to congratulate me and shake my hand.

At this point, I find it important to mention Ed's last action in the USCA was to start an "Excellence in Journalism" award to be announced at each national rally. I propose that we rename this "The Ed Johnson Excellence in Journalism Award" in honor of Ed Johnson. Ed considered himself to be a reporter and he was always taking pictures and writing articles in the Sidecarist. Ed's profile articles were always about someone else and telling of their achievements. Ed also wrote several articles about rallies and campouts. He always managed to see good things and had positive things to write. In fact, in all the years of knowing Ed, I never heard him say anything bad about anyone. I never knew of him to complain at a restaurant about the food or service, the rally site, organization of rallies or anything. He only found the good.

I could tell you stories all day long about Ed Johnson, his motorcycle adventures, toy collecting and his all around good character, but I will tell you both personally and as President of the USCA that I will greatly miss Ed Johnson.

Jean and I send our sympathy, condolences and prayers to Marilyn and the children on their great loss.

RIDE FREE, MY FRIEND

- John W. Kennedy

Remembering Ed Johnson
Jeanine Walker

I remember learning to ride on two wheels. I climbed on my two wheels, with my dad holding onto the seat. He would run behind me to steady my ride. One day I looked behind me and he was standing back watching. I had mastered the art of riding on two wheels. I was probably about six or seven. With his encouragement and support, I never lost the love to ride on two wheels. Except when I was driving three wheels.

Jeanine and Dianne in sidecar
Sioux Falls, South Dakota 1954

My dad LOVED SIDECARS! He loved to drive them, but also to ride in them. I can recall several road trips with me at the wheel. I would look over and he could be found reading, filing his nails, or taking a nap. I have one particular memory. We were coming back from Michigan. My morn was leading (of course). I was driving, with my dad in his sidecar. It was POURING RAIN. I kept seeing him moving over on the seat. When we stopped, I asked him why. It seems I had not snapped a snap and there was rain dripping onto the seat. Thank goodness one of us kept dry.

My dad loved motorcycles and people. But most of all he loved his family. It has been a privilege and honor to have him as my dad. As I grew up, I was able to appreciate just what a kind and gentle man he was. I was one of the lucky ones. My dad was always there to encourage me.

I know that there are many people who will miss him. He would feel honored. But no one will miss him the same way that I will. He was my DAD and I loved him with all my heart. My family and I thank you for your support in this difficult

(Continued from page 1)

His list of accomplishments was extensive. He was a leader, a mentor, an icon, a true legend. And all this was being done by someone who was 83 years old.

Ed was part of the Sidecar Division of The Chicago TFT Parade. Every year Ed could be seen at the very front of The Parade, always the first sidecar rig, carrying some VIP. I believe he missed only one Parade in the last twenty years.

There were two Memorial Services for Ed on Sunday, September 14. The first was at the Grace Episcopal Church in New Lenox, Illinois. This is the church that Ed and Marilyn had attended since they moved to Manhattan. The second service was at the Saint Paul's Episcopal Church in Munster, Indiana. Ed and Marilyn attended this church when they lived in South Holland. During this service, Ed's ashes were interred in the church's courtyard.

Friends may send cards and letters to the Johnson family at 703 First Street, Manhattan, Illinois, 60442.

The Chicago Toys for Tots Motorcycle Parade Organization would like to extend our deepest sympathy and condolences to Marilyn, their children, and the entire Johnson family.

Ed was a close friend to many of us in the motorcycle community. His death is a terrible loss and will leave a great void in many of our lives.

There was a motorcycle group ride to the Memorial Service for Ed Johnson in New Lenox. There was also be a large motorcycle procession from Grace Church to the Burial Service for Ed Johnson at Saint Paul's Church in Munster, following the Memorial Service.

There were way too many people to fit into the church proper, so the overflow went to the church social room where there were two TV screens on which we could see the service. The photo shows the rapidly filling social room, with more people still coming in. Eventually there were standees all the way around the room, two or three deep! - Tim Colburn Photos

Who was Ed Johnson, USCA #1 (1920 – 2003) by Hal Kendall, USCA #2.

Ed Johnson was a friend to all. He had this very peculiar talent to bring out the very best in every person he met. And while he built his motorcycle insurance business into a highly respected niche business in the tri-state area he did NOT sell to just EVERYONE. Some twenty-six years ago I called Ed for insurance. I had this 1975 Laverda 3C I brought in from England with a left-hand sidecar – I had not converted it yet to right-hand, and I needed some legal opinions and some insurance quotes. I liked what Ed had to say – he was a straight shooter – but I was not quite ready for insurance. I wanted to get the sidecar changed over first. Not too difficult really when you brought with you a RH chassis!

Ed and Marilyn taken at The 2000 Chicago Toys for Tots Motorcycle Parade.

While we never did get around to consummating that insurance we did get to Lassens Tavern a time or two where another young friend joined us, Terry Strassenburg. As our friendship grew and we exchanged stories, Ed told us of the Pullman Hackers, a Motorcycle Club long in tradition but now short in membership, funds, activities. I brought to the table the development of a very successful international motorcycle association, the International Laverda Owners Club, (ILOC), started in the UK in 1973, and still going strong with chapters at one time in Canada, Australia, the US, and New Zealand. Terry brought to table youthful vigor and the "of course we can do it" attitude, even when we knew damn well we could not.

Well, we sat and we planned. What did we need? What were we not getting from the AMA? Why were we falling through the cracks? The Motorcycle Safety Foundation was a joke, as far as sidecarists were concerned. Who cared that a Sidecarist was charged 45 cents on the Illinois Tollways when a one-ton dually Chevy was only charged 30 cents? Oh, the pints we sank solving the problems facing the sidecarists.

Soon we began to flesh out the beginnings of what was to become the United Sidecar Association, which rose from the ashes of the Pullman Hackers. We kept the main tradition of the Pullman Hackers, which was their Annual Ride on New Year's Day. For those who know Chicago that can be a balmy 65 degrees, or it can be a blistering 40 degrees below zero with a 40 mph wind and a six-inch snow. So the rules are to stay out until you turn blue, or 30 minutes, whichever is less. I recall the last year I was in Chicago, the only idiots who showed were my wife and myself, and I believe it was Ed, and possibly Terry. We did not stay long! The tradition continues…..

We began to meet for brunch on Saturday or Sunday on a regular at the Plantation House. That was great fun. It was these regular meets and runs that make it worthwhile. Soon we had a small local newsletter going. A succession of editors. Then a national news journal. Then local, then national rallies.

Ed and I were always very concerned with safety. I began to write the books outlining how to drive the outfit safely while Ed focused on working with and through the state educational system to get formal acceptance of motorcycle sidecar training. The tangible results that you see today are the direct result of his tireless efforts. I apologize that I cannot speak more directly on this as I have been out of the loop the past several years. Rest assured that Ed really went all out bringing you the training you have. On behalf of all sidecarists now, and those who will join us in the years to come, you will all drive more safely thanks to Ed.

Now, let's close our eyes, bow our heads, and share a moment of silence as we collectively give a silent thought to Ed.

Ed Johnson, my Dad
Dianne Vuletich

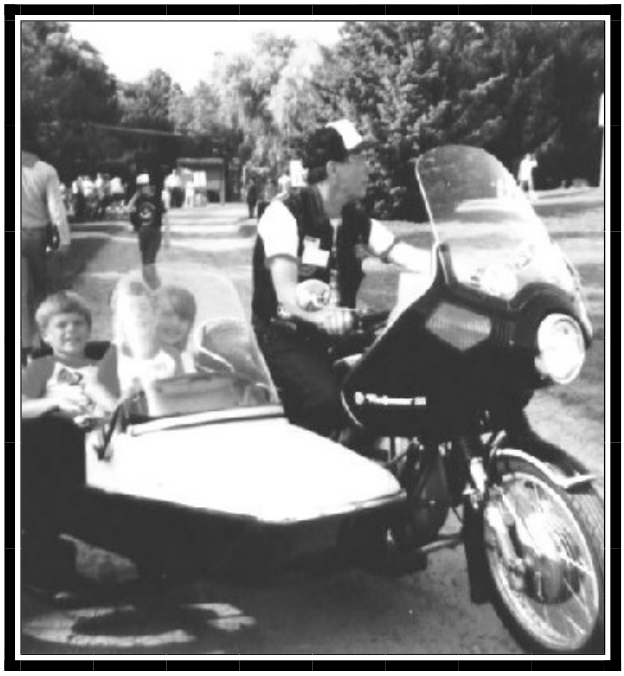
My first memories of my dad are of him reading books to me. He decided when I was about 5 that I should 'read' to him. I had memorized a book about Eskimos and kayaks that I would 'read' to him each night.

He always stressed education. When my grades for my first semester of college were not that great because I was spending evenings playing pinochle instead of studying, he did not get mad. He looked at the grades and saw that I had an A in English and said I should major in it because I seemed lo have a natural talent. I became an English teacher.

He loved motorcycles. Lie taught my mother to ride and put a sidecar on her Harley when I was born so she could continue riding.

When we moved hack to the Chicago area in 1964. He reconnected with his beloved Chicago Eagles. He soon grew tired of them because they just wanted to sit around and talk, rather than ride. He joined the Pu1lman Hackers in the late 60's and became a mentor to a younger generation of motorcyclists, encouraging them to join the AMA. They rode all the time.

He helped to make motorcycling a family activity by encouraging young men to become sidecarists.



Amy, Nick, and David Vuletich (my children) 1982 Mercer, Pennsylvania SCA rally

My father was interested in people and would talk to anyone he encountered. I inherited this trait and thank him for enriching my life.

I thought my Dad was invincible. He survived an aneurism in 1984 and a serious brain bleed in 1998. For the latter, when the doctor read the MRI, he asked the nurse why this man was not in intensive care. She replied that he had ridden his motorcycle to the shop for repairs before stopping at the hospital.

My Dad was a wonderful grandfather to my children.

I always knew my Dad was special to my family, but since August 18th, I have seen how special he was to everyone — fellow motorcyclists, his banker, the postal clerk, the dry cleaner, the neighborhood walking group, his hair stylist, and the cleaning ladies to name a few. I take comfort knowing that many people are grieving with us.

To quote one man who wrote a condolence note to my mom, he was a little man who left big footprints.

- Dianne

From: Scott Koeneman [scott@koenemans.com]
Sent: Tuesday, August 26, 2003 9:11 AM
To: sidecarist@sidecar.com
Subject: Ed Johnson

My family and I are relatively new to sidecaring. We bought our first rig less than three years ago. In that time, we have twice attended the Northern Illinois Sidecarists Pow Wow in Pontiac, Illinois, and the Sidecarists breakfast at the Chicago Motorcycle Show, and once attended the USCA national rally.

At each event, there was Ed, camera in hand, welcoming us, introducing us to folks, making sure we were made part of the event. It is the rare person who can walk up to a stranger and almost immediately make you feel like you've been life-long friends. For me, that was Ed's greatest gift and is why so many are mourning his passing.

My family and I, in reality, barely knew Ed Johnoson. But, we feel like we've lost a close and irreplaceable friend.

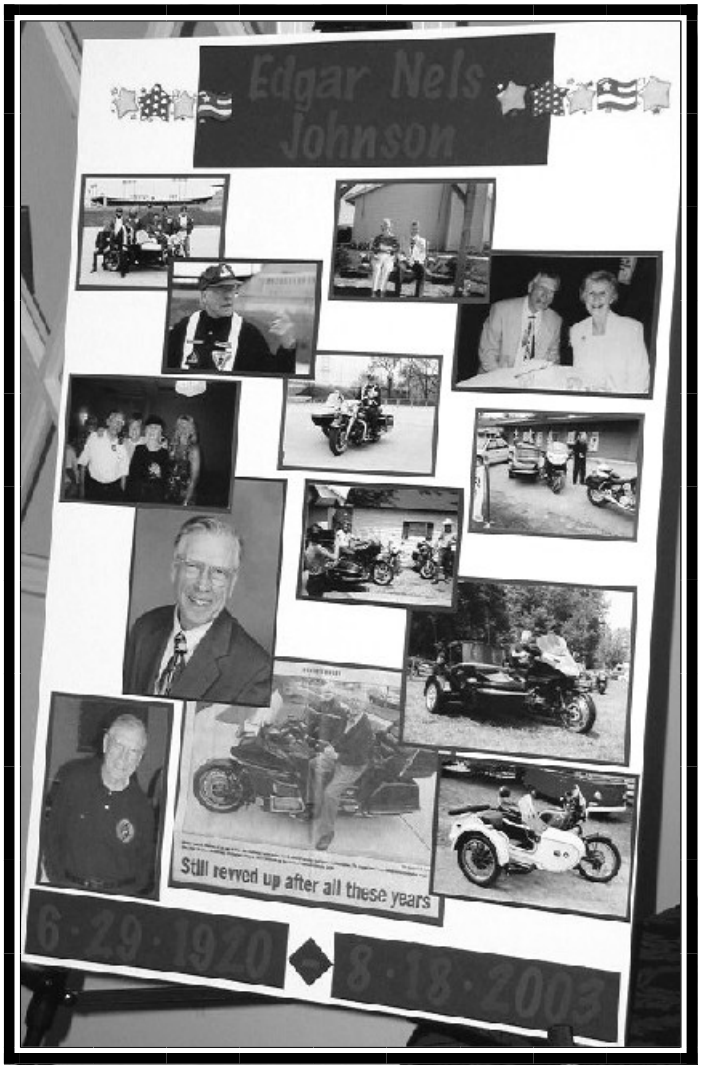
We miss you already Ed.

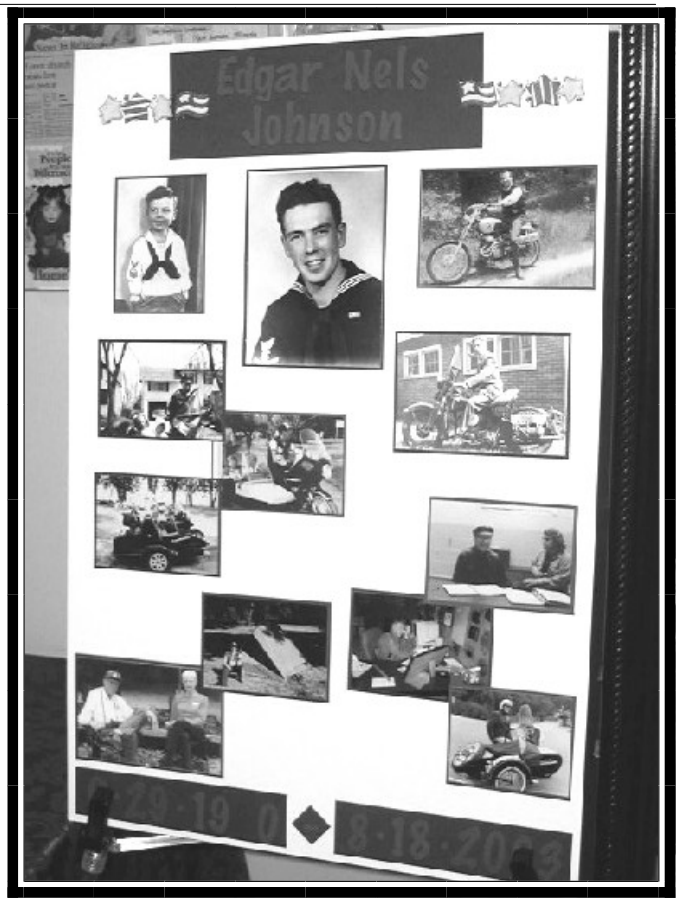
- Scott, Nancy and Quinn Koeneman

Here is a photo of several of the motorcycles parked outside the memorial service. At least three of the machines in this picture are or had been owned by the Johnson's… Tim Colburn narrative & photos

Here is a photo of Rev. Susan Sommer, who conducted the memorial service, standing next to Ed's sidecar outfit. This outfit was later driven by Jim Fousek, with Ed's daughter Jeanine holding Ed's remains, in the lead of a motorcycle procession to the interment site.

- Tim Colburn narrative & photos





Marilyn and her daughters Diane and Jeanine put together some beautiful collages of photos of Ed.

- Tim Colburn narrative & photos

These two photos were taken outside The Grace Episcopal Church in New Lenox, Illinois. The fairly small church was completely filled with friends and family, and many people who couldn't get in, stood in the vestibule to listen to the service, or watched the service over closed circuit TV in another part of the church. Reverend Susan Sommer presided over the services and said that it was a blessing that he was still riding at 83 years old, and that our lives were "infinitely richer" because of him. The weather was cool with a cloudy overcast. Outside the church, his daughter Jeannine mentioned that her father always said that these were the best riding conditions. His funeral made the front page, with three color pictures, of the local Herald News newspaper. - Jack Voss narrative & photos

The church members prepared a repast for those attending. Notice the motorcycle cake at the end of the table! - Tim Colburn narrative & photos

hack'd
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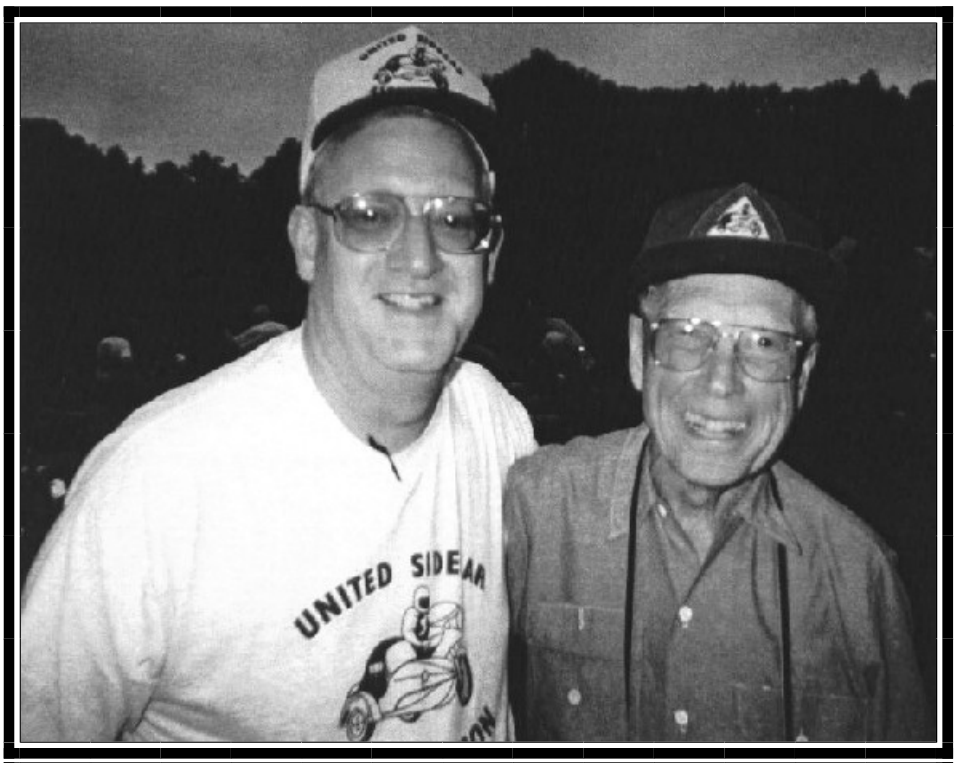

Ed and Dave at the USCA National Rally - Virginia, 1992

Ed was my sidecar mentor. We became friends in 1990 after I attached a Terra-plane sidecar to my GL1100 and drove it from Kentucky to College of Dupage, Lombard, Illinois to take his class. I learned so much and was so impressed with Ed, I decided to become an SSP (Sidecar Safety Program) instructor the following year. Because of Ed's inspiration, I have gone on to become an MSF instructor and to be certified in the S/TEP (Sidecar/Trike Education Program).

Ed has touched the lives of many motorcycle/ sidecar people and will be missed.

- Dave Sasenick

This is another panoramic shot I got of the crowd outside Grace Episcopal Church after the memorial service, and before the procession formed up. I heard several people say that this was exactly the sort of crowd that Ed loved, and that had he been there, he would certainly have been impressed by the number of sidecars

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-----Original Message-----
From: KenSmalley@aol.com
[mailto:KenSmalley@aol.com]
Sent: Wednesday, September 17, 2003 7:53 PM
Subject: [SCT] Services for Ed Johnson

In a message dated 9/17/2003 2:28:48 PM Central Daylight Time,
j-sudlow@uiuc.edu writes:

> Say, did you happen to make it to Ed Johnson's memorial ride?

John,

I did make the services, both in New Lenox, IL, and in Munster, IN. New Lenox was at 1:00pm on Sunday for which there was a very large crowd. They had a full communion service; the church was filled to capacity, and I was in the overflow group in the Parish House where we saw the service on TV. After the service many of us formed a group who escorted Ed's daughter, Jeanine, who carried his ashes in Ed's latest sidecar acquisition, an airhead BMW with a Ural sidecar driven by Jim Fousek. With a police escort, we proceeded south from New Lenox to Laraway Road/Sauk Trail where we turned to the east. Jim led a group of about 40 bikes, of which all the sidecar rigs were immediately following him. When we got to the church in Munster, they had a short service inside at 4:00pm, then proceeded out to the garden behind the church. Ed's ashes were committed to the ground of the garden of the church. As this was done, there was nary a dry eye to be found! After the service a small number of us accompanied the family to a local restaurant for dinner.

As most of you know, I haven't taught as many classes this year as I have in previous years. This was due to several factors, not the least of which has been my health, but another factor was that I wanted to attend more social events than I've been able to in the past. I consider my self lucky to have attended both the Pontiac Pow-Wow and the USCA National Rally this year along with Ed and Marilyn Johnson. I considered Ed my mentor in sidecaring and will miss him greatly!

Respectfully submitted,

Ken Smalley
MSF Instructor #6774
Sidecar Instructor #37

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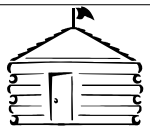
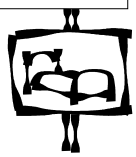
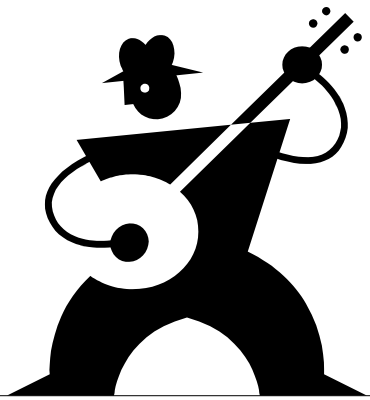


Lodging Near-by





Mark your calendars!

June 24-27, 2004

At Bill Monroe's Bean Blossom

Bean Blossom, In.

(50 miles south of Indianapolis)

Details to follow

Check out: www.sidecar.com for details as they become available.
www.beanblossom.com for venue information
www.www.browncounty.com or www.nashvilleindiana.com or www.ourbrowncounty.com for info about the area

"Brown County is a Mecca for artists and visitors. The nearby town of Nashville, IN is about as cute as it gets. They offer lots of lodging opportunities and great places to eat and shop. The whole deal is surrounded by GREAT ROADS! If you can go for more than a quarter mile in a straight line it would be amazing!"

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USCA Books and Paraphernalia

Books

1. Riding With A Sidecar: English translation of a German manual originally published by the Federal Motorcycle Riders Association of Germany. Includes lots of theories, formulas, technical info and practical suggestions.
2. Sidecar Operator Manual: The original USCA sidecar text written by Hal Kendall (most recently revised in 1988) to assist an experienced motorcyclist to transition to sidecar driving. This is the text used in sidecar driving prior to 1997.
3. They Called Him Pop, The Floyd "Pop" Dreyer Story: New book by Mike Dreyer. The book chronicles the life of Floyd Dreyer the sidecar racer, race car builder, motorcycle retailer and sidecar builder. This is a great addition to any library and a must for collectors. 236 pages, hardcover with over 200 photos.

Description		Quantity	Price	Total
Riding With A Sidecar	$10.00	_____	_____	_____
Sidecar Operator Manual	$5.00	_____	_____	_____
They Called Him Pop	$45.45	_____	_____	_____
USCA Logo T-Shirt (grey w/ navy logo) M L XL	$10.00	_____	_____	_____
USCA Logo T-Shirt (grey w/ navy logo) XXL	$12.00	_____	_____	_____
USCA Logo Sweatshirt (grey w/ navy logo) M L XL	$15.00	_____	_____	_____
USCA Logo Sweatshirt (grey w/ navy logo) XXL	$17.00	_____	_____	_____
USCA Logo Golf Shirt (natural color) M L XL	$20.00	_____	_____	_____
USCA Logo Golf Shirt (natural color) XXL	$22.00	_____	_____	_____
USCA Logo Jacket (navy color w/ white logo, f/b) M L XL	$25.00	_____	_____	_____
USCA Logo Jacket (navy color w/ white logo, f/b) XXL	$27.00	_____	_____	_____
USCA Logo Baseball Cap (adj., natural w/ dk. blue logo and brim)	$9.00	_____	_____	_____
USCA Vinyl Logo Decal/Sticker	$1.00	_____	_____	_____
USCA Logo 3" Embroidered Patch	$3.00	_____	_____	_____
USCA Logo Cloisonné Pin w/ screw on back **NEW VERSION**	$5.00	_____	_____	_____
			Sub Total	_____
Shipping & Handling - add $5.00 ($7.00 overseas)				_____
			Total	_____

NAME: _____
Addr: _____
CITY: _____STATE: ____ ZIP: _____
Email: _____

Please send check or money order payable to the USCA in U.S. funds along with this completed form to:
Dave Sasenick, 5039 Denise Way, Floyds Knobs, Indiana 47119. Ph. 812-923-1082. sasenick@epowerc.net
Rev. 9/04

USCA Decal

USCA Hat

USCA Sweatshirt

USCA Jacket

USCA Pin

Eulogy delivered at memorial service for

Ed Johnson

September 14, 2003,

by Rev. Susan Sommer, Pastor of Grace Episcopal Church of New Lenox, Illinois

We are gathered this afternoon to give thanks to God for the life of Edgar Johnson, and to say goodbye to him. Ed was born in the Morgan Park neighborhood of Chicago on June 29, 1920. He died as a result of a motorcycle accident on August 18, 2003. To be riding a motorcycle at age 83 is itself a blessing. To die in the fullness of years while doing something that you love is something that most of us wish for ourselves and our loved ones. All that is true. AND, I wanted Ed to keep on riding for another 20 years.

As I have grieved with Marilyn and her family, as I have talked with parishioners who knew and loved Ed, as I have talked with some of you who knew him far longer than I myself did, I have found something remarkable. When people start talking about Ed, they begin to smile. They talked about his friendliness and respect for everyone, young and old alike. Ed's family related that Ed walking to the post office each morning was a social event. It took forever because he stopped to talk with everyone along the way. He loved getting his hair cut at the beauty shop in Manhattan because the owner was in the chamber of commerce and Ed kept in touch with all the local doings that way. He was an avid reader and instilled in his children and grandchildren the importance of a good education.

And then of course, there were motorcycles□the second great love of his life after Marilyn, his wife of 56 years. Ed had his first ride in a sidecar when he was a child and that, according to Marilyn, hooked him. He started riding at 16 because, as he put it, he was tired of pedaling. A career in sales following the war eventually led him to buying the motorcycle shop in Harvey and shortly thereafter to his insurance business. Along the way, he was a mentor to countless young men. Ed was truly interested in you and had time for you. He had a true gift for hospitality, reaching out to everyone, making everyone feel valued and important. Many people are generous with their possessions. Ed was that, but more than that, he was generous with his time, his care, his energy, his regard for others□whether you were a two-year-old child or a local celebrity. That's just who he was.

In the gospel passage we just heard, Jesus is teaching about he Day of the Lord. He's talking about that time in which history will come to a close, and God will begin a new age. And welcomed in will be those who have lived according to the Covenant. Jesus describes these people as those who took the time to feed someone who was hungry, to welcome those who were in need of friendship, to give generously to those who were in need simply because they recognized the bonds of common humanity and responded in generosity. And notice how Jesus has the heavenly kind describe the action. "I was hungry, and you fed me. I was thirsty, and you gave me something to drink," and so on. How we live out the ethical imperatives of our faith is crucial because God makes no distinctions among human beings. God cares how we treat each other because we are all God's children.

My favorite part of this passage is how puzzled the blessed ones are. They don't get it. They don't remember having given God something to eat or drink, they don't remember clothing God's nakedness or visiting God in prison. It never occurred to them that that was what they were doing. They were simply putting their blessedness to work. Because they lived a spirit of abundance, they were free to share that abundance with others. And because they were free to share that abundance, they chose to share that abundance. And so the heavenly king spells it out for them and says, "You did these things regularly and made a huge difference in people's lives because of it." Truly I tell you, just as you did it to one of the least of these who are members of my family, you did it to me. "You thought all you were doing was loving other people. Guess what," God will say, "you were loving me in the best possible way."

Ed lived a spirit of abundance. He was blessed in that he had a wonderful wife, children, and grandchildren. He was blessed in that he got to do for a living something that he felt passionate about. He was free to share abundantly his care and energy and time and friendship with those around him. What made Ed remarkable was that he chose to. And because of that, the lives of those who knew him were infinitely richer. He put his blessedness into action. And I know that on the Day of the Lord, Ed will stand among those to whom it will be said, "Come you blessed, inherit the kingdom prepared for you."

USCA Membership Application/ Renewal

What are your sidecar interests?

- ☐ Touring
- ☐ Camping
- ☐ Rallies
- ☐ Around Town
- ☐ Taking your pet along
- ☐ Extending your riding years
- ☐ Unique or antique vehicles
- ☐ Sharing motorcycling with your family
- ☐ Sharing motorcycling with special needs friends

Name

Address

City, State, Zip

Phone

E-mail address

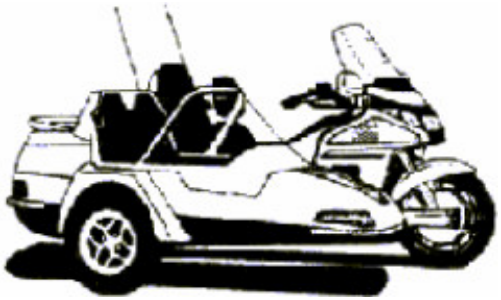
Your Age

USCA Number (renewal)

Associate Member's Name (18 yrs or older, same household)

Dues are payable in US funds according to the following schedule:

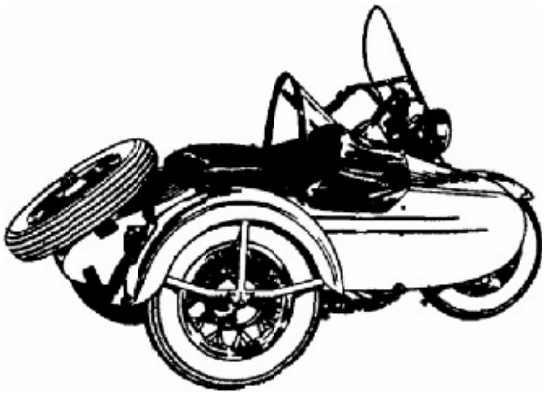
☐ New Member US or Canada	$30	_____
☐ Renewal US or Canada	$25	_____
☐ New Member International	$40	_____
☐ Renewal International	$35	_____
☐ Associate Member (either)	$5	_____
	Total:	_____



Please make checks payable to the USCA.

Mail completed application and funds to:

Al Roach
130 South Michigan
Villa Park, Illinois 60181
USA



UNITED SIDECAR ASSOCIATION

side-car (sid'kar') n.
1. *A one-wheeled car for a single passenger, attached to the side of a motorcycle*

The American Heritage Dictionary, 2nd College Ed

About the USCA and Membership Application

WWW.SIDECAR.COM

side-car (sid'kar') n.
1. *An extraordinary form of transportation that brings diverse people together for a multitude of reasons, the most prominent being sheer enjoyment!*
- United Sidecar Association (USCA)

We are the United Sidecar Association, an independent, not-for profit organization of diverse people from all walks of life who share a common interest – motorcycles with sidecars. The USCA was founded in 1976 in the Chicago area, but has grown to include members throughout the USA, Canada, and, in fact, throughout the world.

Our leadership consists of an elected board of directors comprised of a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and five regional directors. We also boast a strong volunteer staff that provides support on many levels; volunteers help in administrative tasks, and can serve as state representatives. We are truly an organization as strong as its members, and welcome anyone who may want to offer their time and talent.

Our activities revolve around motorcycles and sidecars. In the early part of the 20th Century, long before family values became a slogan, motorcyclists attached sidecars to cycles so they could take family and friends with them on their adventures. This same spirit is what we foster and is the energy behind what we do.

USCA activities are planned around family and friends. We enjoy going to rallies, touring, camping out, or even just calling up a friend to go on a casual ride. People are what we are about.

The United Sidecar Association

The Annual USCA National Rally is the highlight of the year, where activities are planned to include both young and old enthusiasts; field events include a sidecar obstacle course, games, and going on day tours as well as quiet time to renew old friendships. We also enjoy improving our skills by learning to pilot our rigs safely.

While we may enjoy doing things together and for each other, we don't stop there. We recognize the fact that there are things we can do as sidecarists that no one else can do in quite the same way, and we prove it by participating in charitable events like Toy Runs, the Ride for Kids, and the Muscular Dystrophy Association rides, to name but a few.

The USCA is about people. Making new friendships, keeping old ones alive, and helping others, all while enjoying our motorcycles and sidecars. And you don't even have to own a rig to be a part of it, as membership is open to anyone expressing an interest in our sport.

We're very proud of our bimonthly magazine, *The Sidecarist*. This publication furnishes information about sidecars, sidecar vendors, and up and coming events and activities taking place in both the US and Canada. Of course, the many stories, articles, and pictures submitted by our readers keep us connected in a way that makes this magazine priceless.

We also have a great website that that provides up to the minute access to sidecar events, links to sidecar sources, contact information for sidecar enthusiasts in your area, and technical information about our sport, as well as discussions about anything related to sidecars. You can join in existing discussions or start your own if you don't see what you are looking for.

Check us out at: www.sidecar.com.

Membership in the USCA is open to anyone expressing an interest. Members can choose to be as active as they wish. If you're on the fence about sidecars, our magazine, *The Sidecarist* and our web site are good places to go for information.
Please join us!

Americade 2003

Story and Pictures by Louise & Bruce Stephens

I searched all over the house and found six different calendars. I checked each one twice and all of them indicated there are 52 weeks in a year, but somewhere, one week always seem to disappear and it is usually the first week of June. That is the week Americade is held and I look forward to it for 51 weeks and in a blink of an eye, it's over.

The saying goes, time flies when you're having fun and that certainly is true. With 94 seminars, 11 manufacturers giving demo rides, two fashion shows, Tour Expo with over 200 vendors, 11 self-guided tours, judging and field events, 2 parades, 8 guided tours, guest speakers, 24 dinner packages, opening and closing ceremonies, $45,000 worth of door prizes, socializing with 50,000 friendly motorcyclists and most importantly, spending Friday afternoon from 3pm to 6pm with other sidecarists, if you can't have fun at this event, something's wrong.

Louise and Bruce Stephens manning the USCA club table at the Club Info Fair

Louise and I arrived bright and early Monday morning and set up camp at the Adirondack Camping Village. We noticed that there appeared to be more early arrivals than last year. The weather forecast for nice and sunny days for the early part of the week may have had something to do with it. We toured around town, did some shopping at the many outlet malls, picked up our registration packet and attended the opening ceremonies dinner.

The opening ceremonies dinner is free and this year was sponsored by RoadBike Magazine. As usual, the buffet was very good and it was nice to sit with strangers and turn them into new friends. While at the dinner, I had the opportunity to talk to RoadBikes Editor, Laura Brengelman. I reminded her about my sidecar gathering on Friday afternoon and she said she already made arrangements for the event to be covered by new Associate Editor, George Blumberg.

After dinner, we went down town and parked on Main Street to check out all the interesting motorcycles. This year, we spent some time just lurking within ear shot of our sidecar rig, listing to all the comments about this crazy guy who offset his motor to transfer more weight to the sidecar wheel. Very interesting comments to say the least, some of which can't be repeated in this family publication. LOL.

Tuesday was a beautiful day to spend at Tour Expo seeing what the vendors had to offer this year. We made Cruiserworks Boots and a few other vendors very happy. We began our task of handing out fliers about our gathering, the United Sidecar Association, the USCA National Rally and the Internet Sidecar Owners Klub, to all the sidecarists we saw. This year our gathering did not include trikes and we handed out about one hundred fliers.

On Wednesday we continued to hand out fliers and noticed that the large grassy area where motorcyclists park for Tour Expo, was already beginning to fill to capacity and this was only Wednesday. This grassy area is also where we hold the sidecar gathering. I was becoming concerned that maybe Friday afternoon, the sidecars would not be able to gather under the large Willow trees as we have done in the past. We spent quite a few hours driving around every street in Lake George, looking for an alternate location for the gathering for next year if needed. Needless to say, we did not find a good alternative.

In the afternoon, we set up the USCA club table at the Club Info Fair, handed out some fliers and had a few conversations with people interested in sidecars. The sidecar judging that was held earlier in the day was not well attended. I guess people have so many things they want to do while at this event, they just don't want to sit around for a few hours while a team of judges takes a real close look at their rig. The winner this year was John, Donna and Kayla Bouchard from Colebrook, NH. They had a 2003 FLHTCY Harley Davidson with a 2003 Champion Daytona 2+2 sidecar.

Thursday was a rain day so we didn't do much of anything. The sun came out again on Friday and real panic started to set in. When Louise and I went down to the grassy area to hand out fliers, we found the area completely filled with motorcycles and they were starting to park them in a grassy area on the other side of a drainage ditch that sepa-

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TUB & CINDY'S GRAND ADVENTURE

Tub Maxson

Sunday, 25 May Cincinnati to Seattle

Jay, our son in law, picked us up for the drive to the Dayton airport, about 1.5 hours from where we live. As usual, in order to get a decent airfare you must fly from a remote location. I wonder if Dayton residents drive to Cincinnati to get cheaper fares? We also bought round trip tickets, as this was less expensive than one way. I cannot understand that, no wonder the airlines are in financial distress. But if Cindy absolutely hates the sidecar experience then we can send her home on Sunday, had to get the Saturday night stay also. So with all this maneuvering, our airline costs from Dayton to Seattle was less than $190 each, round trip. Not too bad considering.

Jay picked us up with Kayde Lee and Ryan Elizabeth, our grandchildren, in his van, complete with video screen. So Kayde, Ryan and I watched Ace Ventura on the way to the airport while Cindy and Jay kept up a continuous conversation in the front seat. This conversation and the video may have contributed to our missing the exit to the airport north of Dayton. About 10 miles past where we should have turned, we decide to ask for directions. However, we got to the airport in plenty of time. Dayton is a small airport and it was not busy, thankfully. We checked in four bags, one with mostly gear, riding suits, boots, etc. Two with clothing for one week (we planned to launder in route), and one with incidentals. We had my Kathy's bag liners with the helmets, the GPS, gloves, etc., and I had my tank bag that held my computer and CD player. Guess what, you are not allowed to take helmets as carry on any more. So from Security we had to go back to the check in line, and check two additional bags, bringing our total to six checked bags. They wanted to charge us $50 for each additional bag! Finally, one of the attendants let us slide because out other bags were much smaller than normal. "This Time!"

The rest of the flight was uneventful, and we arrived in Seattle, at the Days Inn, City Center at about 8p, or 11 hours after leaving home. Had a couple expensive drinks in one of the only restaurants open on Sunday, and got to sleep about midnight.

Monday, 26 May – Seattle Vicinity: We got to Liberty Sidecar at about 7:45 this morning. The shop is located in an industrial section south of the City proper. Pete Larsen was already there. What hit you first was the incredible orderliness and cleanliness of the shop. He has several sidecar and other projects in various stages of construction. Each project is in its own section and all tools, and parts are organized. Other bikes are lined up in a front part of the shop, and even the office is neat with books and paperwork organized for quick access and reference. Pete has other projects under development that I will not get into here, but when this is done, I believe he will have another sales success. David, Pete's assistant showed up a few minutes after we arrived. David has an incredible 1980's Tri-King three-wheeled British car powered by a front transverse mounted V-twin Moto-Guzzi motorcycle engine.

After the normal preliminary talk and introductions we were introduced to our new R1150RT with EZS Sidecar. As with Pete's work environment, the bike is immaculate with wires routed neatly, clean design concepts in use everywhere. My first impression was the outfit is not as big as I had envisioned. It is a very nice looking compact rig. After an hour or so of talk and discussion on how the rig was assembled, we decided it was time for a ride. With Pete driving, and me as a passenger, and David and Cindy in the Tri-King, off we went to Mercer Island. Mercer Island is a biker paradise, both human powered and gasoline powered. Riding in the sidecar with someone with the skills that Pete has is a treat. I was surprised to see him actually using the techniques taught in the sidecar safety training I attended in Virginia last year including hanging off in tight turns. After a very spirited ride, I had my opportunity and was pleased with

Tub & Cindy's BMW R1150RT with EZS RX-5 Sidecar

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how well balanced the rig was. It starts straight with no noticeable pull in either direction, and in a practice emergency stop the rig stopped straight with no pull. The BMW EVO brakes are incredible in a sidecar outfit. After a couple practice turns, Pete actually gets into the sidecar with me driving. He comments that he does not do this often with novices. But we caught up with Cindy and David, who are having way too much fun in the Tri-King. We got back to the shop, did the final check over, paperwork, got some recommendations and off we went. The plan was to have me drive alone in the afternoon, but surprisingly Cindy decided she would go with me. Our plan was to get on the Interstate and get outside of Seattle to the East, take an exit and get into some small towns for lunch. We missed the turn, so we just kept on the Interstate. This turned out fine, as after 150 miles I was very comfortable driving the rig at speed, which I might add got to an indicated 100 for a brief period of time, but mostly was in 70-80 mph. The speedometer is not accurate due to the smaller diameter tires. The speedometer said 80 and the GPS said about 70

> The rig is stable, fun to drive and attracts attention. What more could an aged teenager want?

The rig attracts lots of attention wherever we go. People in cars wave, one pickup driver came alongside and carried on a short conversation with Cindy while traveling along. We had no problem except back in the City when I forgot how wide the outfit is and clipped a curb twice. We were allowed to park for free at the Space Needle right up front in the Taxi drop off zone. The Parking Attendant happened to be a BMW rider who kept drooling over the rig! We got back to the room early, rested a bit then walked around some, found a pub for dinner and beer. Then back and turned in early. It is now 4:30 am, I think I must still be on Cincinnati time.

The rig is stable, fun to drive and attracts attention. What more could an aged teenager want? Tomorrow we are off to the Olympic Peninsula. Since we put so many miles on the rig today, the next two days will be less manic and more touristy.

Tuesday, Day Three began later than the first two days, as we were not in any type of hurry since we had put on more miles the day before. The bike is running very well and pulling the sidecar without trouble. Acceleration, maneuvering, braking all seems fine with one potential exception I will discuss later. The weather has been fantastic. Brisk in the mornings, low 70's in the afternoons without a hint of rain. We started off the day trying to find the marine ferry terminals. The GPS got lost, so of course did we, in the City of Seattle. There are very few signs for the ferry terminals until you find the terminals, then there are lots of them. The GPS could not find where we were in the city and then kept losing the satellite probably due to the high buildings. Of course being male, I figured I could find it and of course Cindy being female wanted to ask for directions. After about 45 minutes of driving around looking for the ocean. (How can someone lose an Ocean?) I finally took her advice and asked a passer-by how to get to the terminal. He smiled widely and told us, here goes guys, we were a long ways away, and had to back track to the Ocean! He obviously did not know the right direction either. But I took his advice, after consulting with Cindy, and I guess he must have been a native Seattleite, as the street, albeit circuitous lead us to the terminal. We paid the fare, $13! Got on the ferry and went to Bremerton Island. The rest of the day was pretty uneventful until we stopped at a Native American craft shop. The crafts were mass-produced in the "Native American Style", so we did not stay long. It was interesting that the store was housed in a Government building that also housed Social Services. We were told that the Government did not put indoor plumbing in the buildings and all people had to use the Port-o-Lets in the parking lot! I think we were bamboozled but the Port-o-Lets were clean and did not smell too bad.

When we started off, I got a brake failure light on the dash that would not go out. The damn BMW technology is sometimes a bit too much. The bike has anti-lock and power assisted brakes. When the brakes fail there is what they term "Residual Braking Ability". Not much consolation when you are 200 miles from the closest dealer. I shut the bike off and restarted it, but the brake failure did not clear. I pulled over, stopped the bike. Let it sit for a couple seconds, and it then started and the brakes were miraculously back. I had to tell Cindy that this was common with BMW that the bike goes through a brake diagnosis on each start up and sometimes you must restart it to make sure it goes through. She bought this logic! Actually I knew it was partially true from the older K bike I had, a K1100LT that Jay now has. We rode the rest of the day without incident, well almost. We arrived in Port Angeles found a hotel run by an ex-Air Force guy, who got out in 1958, but I think still wanted to fly. We got a decent room with a large window overlooking three large freighters in the Bay. And endless gull sounds, screeching, calling, screeching, calling all night long! Wish I had a shotgun with a case of shells about 3am.

What a great plate for a sidecar: Weebles wobble but they don't fall down

When I started the bike to move it to the parking spot, the brake

(Continued on page 21)

(Continued from page 20)

failure light came on again! Now I was beginning to get nervous. I did not mention this to Cindy but as we already had almost 500 miles on the rig, we decided to visit the rain forest, and one mountaintop— I guess to pray we make it back to Seattle safely— and not continue down the western coastline. We found a Safeway grocery store, bought two bottles of white wine, some cheese, sourdough bread, and hard salami. While we were enjoying the view of the freighters out the hotel window and listening to the gull symphony and drinking a bottle of wine, I read the bike owner's manual. I hate doing that! Well BMW in their high tech wisdom created the start up sequence where you are not supposed to touch the brakes until after the computer has gone through the brake test sequence. Turn the key on; wait until the Brake Failure Red Light goes from flashing at 4mz to 1mz before you touch the brake pedal or hand brake. Once the trouble light goes out, the brake failure light continues to flash at 1mz (what the hell is an mz? It actually describes this in the manual also!) Then you may start the bike and use the brakes. If you touch the brakes before this all happens you interrupt the braking diagnostic test and the brakes will not work. Well after reading this with a few glasses of wine, I decided then was not the time to test this sequence of events. That will be done first thing on Day 4.

I had forgotten that Pete asked me to telephone and let him know we made the first day safely. I called him and he told me that he had driven by the motel that morning and saw the bike parked there so he knew we got back fine. Now there is a concerned person. So ended Day 3.

A Happy Camper

I forgot to mention yesterday about the town of Port Townsend on the Olympic Peninsula. This old Victorian town is well worth a visit, much nicer than the better-known Port Angeles. Port Townsend a small town section with many shops and coffee stops with homemade pies, etc. Additionally, just outside the town is the reconstructed Fort Worden. Fort Worden was a coastal battery and observation post. The bunkers are still there, but empty now. The barracks have been rebuilt and look very nice. It has a clean looking camping area also. Well worth the ride through.

Does a bear? Pit stop on the Olympic Peninsula

Day 4 was an easy day except for when we got back to Seattle, more on that at the end. We left Port Angeles in the morning after the continental breakfast at the hotel. Muffins, coffee and tea. We headed west along highway 101. This is a beautiful peninsula and Cindy is ready to move here, except for the grandkids in Cincinnati. She commented that riding the sidecar outfit is like wearing a smile. Everyone smiles back and starts a conversation. When we stopped at the Visitors Center, a couple approached us and we talked bikes and sidecars of over 30 minutes. The man used to have a Motorvation sidecar. He was drooling all over this outfit. We gave him Liberty sidecar information and I honestly think he will call and visit them. His wife told the story of how they got together. They were high school sweethearts whose life went in different directions. Sometime a year plus ago, after not seeing or contacting each other in over 40 years, the 40th reunion was approaching. She contacted him via Classmates.com and asked if he remembered her. He immediately wrote back and said, "I never forgot you!" How sweet! Well she sent him a ticket to fly back to the reunion. He returned, divorced his wife, and they married immediately and are happier than they ever were.

We stopped at the Merry Mere Falls and walked the mile plus to view the falls. The walk went through a section of rain forest that this area is so well known for. Vegetation everywhere! Cindy took three rolls of film during this one-hour sojourn. We met a couple from St. Louis here on vacation. He was taking as many photos as Cindy and I guessed he was also a painter, he was! A beautiful walk and well worth it. We continued along to the Sol Duc hot springs and were disappointed. A $10 entry fee for a 10-mile ride to a resort with hot springs pools for swimming, at an additional cost. The only worthwhile part was the natural salmon ladder, but no salmon to see. We left there and since we were already over the needed mileage for the service, headed back to Seattle. Outside of Port Angeles was a 4-mile long construction traffic jam. The clutch on the bike started to heat up and chatter. We were quite happy to get past that. Then outside of Bremerton, we stopped for gas. A fellow who was riding a Kawasaki Concours approached and asked lots of questions about the rig. He was somewhat animated with his hands and I noticed his class ring. Annapolis, Class of 1980! Of course we had some fun with Army/Navy, but he was more interested in the rig than old college rivalries. He rides from the Olympic Peninsula to Seattle to work everyday year round. He went down on a highway slick a short while ago. No injury

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but is now seriously considering a sidecar. Pete's card changed hands again. Good thing Pete gave us so many cards. In return we got a pass for the ferry crossing. On the Ferry we met a Harley rider. Did not seem very experienced, about mid-60's. Got talked into a Harley by his friends and of course looked the part with Harley written on everything he wore, and with the required straight pipes. Even he commented on how loud they were. Once back on the Seattle side, we got hung up on a high-speed by-pass that scared the be-Jesus out of me, and I was forced to make a quick right turn to get off at the right spot. The car behind was approaching very quickly, but nothing happened and I was able to clean my shorts after we found the hotel. Another expensive meal. Seattle is one of the more expensive cities we have visited but it is clean and the surrounding areas are beautiful. But we are ready to continue our journey and leave tomorrow.

Day 5 was a day mostly off the rig, as we had to get the 600-mile service. We decided to stay off the interstate in getting to Ride West BMW, as it was bumper-to-bumper traffic. The GPS got lost again; actually I think the maze of streets is so much it takes the GPS much longer to reroute. Bottom line, it let us down again. The streets in Seattle are very confusing as they have at least 6 areas all with the same street names, 7th ave E, 7th Ave NE, NS 7th Ave, SW, N7th Ave, you get the picture. We stopped at a Vet's office and a lady there gave us pretty specific directions, which took us to the dealer. We got there about 9:15 for an 8:30 appointment. Just before we pulled into the dealer parking lot, the GPS found us and told us to turn into the parking lot! The people at Ride West could not be much nicer. Norm the crusty "technician" (don't call him a mechanic) was not particularly happy to see a sidecar rig show up, as it takes longer to service. But he was prepared and did what an outstanding job. After the service, he met us in the parking lot and helped us better understand the Autocom system. We were off by 5:30 pm, right in the middle of afternoon rush hour. Washington has a law that allows motorcycles in the HOV lanes. I was attempting to maneuver over to get in one, when a car cut across three lanes right across our bow. I hit the brakes, chirped the tires and missed broadsiding him by less than four feet. At least now I now this rig stops very well. The person behind me took pity on us and did not rear end us during the process. I think people give this outfit a bit more room as they take time to gawk at it.

The streets in Seattle are very confusing as they have at least 6 areas all with the same street

At the beginning of the Day, we meet Steve, the new Editor of The Sidecarist magazine. He went out of his way to get to Ride West to meet us, as he knew we had the service scheduled. We talked and he gave us a lift to the Daniel Smith art supply store in his R1100RT/ EZS Summit, doublewide sidecar outfit. A real treat. Cindy did some shopping and had the merchandise shipped home, as we are a bit short on space. We then taxied to the Pike Market, walked around, had some lunch in an Irish Pub, and got back to Ride West about 4pm.

We road only about 80 miles to a town named Cle Elum, east of Seattle, got a motel room, an Italian dinner and sleep. Tomorrow off to Ontario, Oregon to meet John, Cindy's cousin. [To Be Continued]

Followup Information about the MUZ Motorcycle

By William Bruton USCA #1554

The earlier article that I wrote about the MUZ has another chapter to it. (See The Sidecarist March-April 2003 Volume 27 Number 3, page 14)

As was stated, the manufacturing facility for the motorcycle is located in what we used to call East Germany. I spent a couple of military tours in Germany in the 1950s and 60s. When I was watching the pictures of the Berlin Wall being torn down in 1990, I never dreamed that it would ultimately cost me $800.00. My MUZ had close to 36000 miles last year and the mechanic told me that the spokes were rusting out. Eventually the wheels would fall off. He explained to me that the East Zone had a large amount of "pot steel" which was primarily salvaged from WW II tanks and armor. It was used to make the spokes in the wheels. The rims were made of stainless steel which was okay. It took him almost a month after he acquired the new spokes from a place in California named Buchanan's. He certainly knew what he was doing. His name is Elson Pau and he hails from British Guiana by way of Canada. At one time in the past he raced sidehacks at Laguna Seca in California. Other than that Elson says that the machine is in almost perfect condition and it might last me for 200 000 miles.

Cheers and regards to all.

- William Bruton
in Houston Texas
Member #1554

(Continued from page 17)

rates the large grassy area from a smaller one. In all the years I have been going to Americade, I never saw them use this second area. Judging by the motorcycles in attendance, the vendors must have had to carry their money away in boxes.

This second grassy area is not accessible by sidecar, so we are restricted to holding the sidecar gathering in the first area. I was becoming real concerned that the two-wheel population wouldn't be vacating the area that we wanted to use, by three o'clock. I explained my plight to the parking attendants and they said they couldn't restrict the area we wanted to use, but would do their best to try to direct all sidecars coming in after 2:30, up into the general area.

When Louise and I arrived for the gathering, the parking attendants already had some sidecarists parked off to the side with instructions that they could move under the Willow trees as the solo bikes left. We were scattered about for awhile, but by about 4pm, we were mostly gathered in a group.

It was tough trying to get an accurate count of sidecars at the gathering, because of being scattered and they were constantly coming and going. I estimate we had about 32 rigs, which is up from the 23 we had last year. We had a nice selection from antique, to modern, to high performance. Thank you everyone who participated.

Sidecar Judging Winners John, Donna and Kayla Bouchard of Colebrook, NH with their 2003 H-D FLHTCY with 2003 Champion Daytona 2+2

George Blumberg the Associated Editor from RoadBike, did show up and spend a few hours talking with owners, taking pictures and he even got a ride in Roger Symington's Black Bird / GX Racer rig. I think he was quite impressed. I am anxious to read the article he writes, look for it in an upcoming issue.

Louise and I enjoyed the opportunity to renew old friendships and make a few new one. I just wish those three hours didn't go so fast, I would have liked to spend more time with everyone. A few folks curious about sidecars did stop by and ask a few questions. Everyone was very helpful in answering their questions.

Louise and I got a real treat Friday evening. We went to dinner with Roger Symington and Bill Ballou and took turns riding in each ones sidecar. This was not our first ride in Roger's sidecar, but it was our first opportunity to ride in Bill's new Black Bird / EZS sidecar. Both of these outfits are beautifully engineered and handle very well. Bill's new rig sports his own designed center hub steering, wheels for car tires, sway bar, etc. Very nicely done Bill. For pictures and the story behind these outfits, visit Roger's Web Site at http://hometown.aol.com/sidebike99/index.html.

The weather held out long enough on Saturday, for them to complete the annual parade through town and up to Prospect Mountain. Just as the parade concluded, it started to drizzle and did so for most of the day. We just hung around town and did some more lurking. I guess I know what I'll be doing for the next 51 weeks… that's right, looking forward to next years event.

Once again, a big thank you to everyone who participated in the gathering and next year, bring along a friend.

- Bruce & Louise Stephens.

Roger Symington taking RoadBike Associated Editor George Blumbert for a ride in his 1998 Honda CBR 1100XX & 2001 GX Racer sidecar

Pictures from Americade -
Louise & Bruce Stephens

Pictures from Americade -
Louise & Bruce Stephens

The Classifieds

Classified First Time Ads

2001 Honda Helix with Velorex 562 sidecar. Black, utterly and totally flawless in every detail, only 3,125 total very careful miles, driven by a 72-year-old perfectionist, many extras, always covered and garaged, never been in rain, never driven hard, never even been dusty, original tires look new, might deliver. Scooter and sidecar alone cost $6500; asking $4,000. Dr. Gene Neill, Mayo, Florida (north Florida).
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Coming Events

September 26 – 28, 2003
NEMG (New England Moto Guzzi) Rally Partridge Hollow Campground, Monson, MA. USA – Before 9/1/03 $32, after 9/1/03 $38, children 6 – 12 $19 – Price includes a Friday night stew & Saturday night supper – A gift for the first 70 registering and two nights camping - This is a combination solo/sidecar rally, for more information, contact Millie Pease 860-688-1579.

September 26 – 28, 2003
20th Ears Across the Border Sidecar Rally – Timberline RV Park Resort, 736 Wilde Road, Concrete, WA 98237, USA, 360-826-3131 – 5 miles west of Concrete, WA off Hwy. 26 – Camping fee only – Very scenic riding area, corn & weenie roast, group ride – For more information, contact Jerry Kotanko, 6115 – 216th Street RR11, Langley, B.C. V2Y 2N6, Canada, 604-534-6473, Fax 604-534-5909, sparrowhawksidecars@yahoo.ca.

September 27-28, 2003
The 19th Sidecar and Enthusiasts Rally will be held at the usual site on the Bridle Track between Bathurst and Hill End, on the Macquarie River, NSW, Australia. BYO everything. Badges: adults $12 pre-paid/$15 on site, kids $9/$12, families $25/$30.T-shirts, sloppy joes and caps available. Contact Ruben 02 9547 2885. Pre-paid to P.O. box 1069 Blacktown 2148.

Oct 11 & 12, 2003
New York City, NY. 1st Annual Gotham Motorcycle Classic. NY's first world-class, all-brands motorcycle event. Held on the decks and docks of the Intrepid aircraft carrier, the Gotham Motorcycle Classic will be one of the east coast's top bike shows. 32 classes (including sidecars), vendors, fashion shows and more. INFO: 203/425-8777 or on the web at:
www.gothammotorcycleclassic.com

October 18 – 19, 2003
32nd Griffith Park Sidecar Rally
Crystal Springs picnic area, Griffith Park, Los Angeles, CA. USA – Contact Doug Bingham, 15838 Arminta Street, Unit 25, Van Nuys, CA 91406, 818-780-5542, Fax 818-780-1587 – Sat. night camp out, main day Sunday morning. More details see www.sidecar.com.

October 24-25
Sweet Potato Motorcycle Rally
Ocilla GA. Registration includes riday & Saturday dinner and Sunday breakfast. Port-A-Pitt BBQ is again providing this year's food. For more information: Carl & Bea Jones (229) 423-4659. (South Georgia Touring Club)

The Cycle World International Motorcycle Shows
(www.motorcycleshows.com)

SAN FRANCISCO
November 7-9,
San Mateo County Exposition Center
DALLAS
November21-23
Dallas ConventionCenter
SEATTLE
December5-7
Seahawks ExhibitionCenter

LONGBEACH
December12-14
Long BeachConvention Center
DENVER
December 19-21
Colorado ConventionCenter
NEW YORK
January 2-4
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WASHINGTON
January 9-11
Washington DC Convention Center
ATLANTA
January 16-18
Cobb Galleria Centre
OHIO
January 30-February 1
IX Center(Cleveland)
CHICAGO
February 6-8
Donald E. Stephens Convention Center
DETROIT
February 20-22
COBO Conference/Exhibition Center
DAYTONA
March 3-7
Daytona International Speedway
MINNEAPOLIS
March 26-28
Minneapolis Convention Center

June 24-27
26th USCA National Rally at Bill Monroe's Bean Blossom.
www.beanblossom.com
Bean Blossom, Indiana - 50 miles south of Indianapolis. More Details next issue!

Please send in your event listings early so that we can be sure to include them.
Event listings should be sent to the editor:

The Sidecarist c/o
Steve Woodward
17308 NE 13th Place
Bellevue, WA 98008-3835
sidecarist@sidecar.com.

Manufacturers & Services

Rates: $36/6 issues for USCA members, $60/6 issues for non-members [US funds]. Send a business card along with a check to:

Tony George, USCA Ad. Mgr.
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Phone [630]833-6732 for more information

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