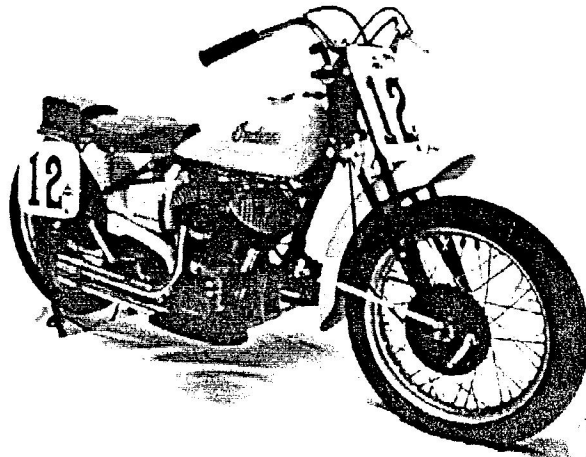


# ANTIQUe MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF AMERICA (AMCA)

THE AMCA SOUTH FLORIDA EVERGLADES CHAPTER LINES



## Chapter News

1948 Indian Scout "Bumble Bee Special"

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## **FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK:**

By Roy Wasson (Nightrider)

"Indian Summer Run" Let's get geared-up for our next road run, set for Saturday, September 18<sup>th</sup>. Our route will take us through some of the most remote and scenic parts of the Everglades, on an 85-mile loop between the Big Cypress Indian Reservation and Lake Okeechobee. This ride will take us farther West and North than either of the other road runs during our inaugural year. Your chapter Board of Directors originally voted that our Fall ride would be even closer to the Gulf coast, but the attraction that will mark our halfway-point meal break is closed until October, so we will plan that ride for later on.

This "Indian Summer" route was suggested by chapter member Jim Howe, who rode it with your Instigator recently so we could attest to its attributes. We started from a truck stop just off I-75, about halfway between Fort Lauderdale and Naples. The truck stop has a huge parking area where we left Jim's dualie and trailer, with the blessing of the proprietors, so we could verify that our members will have room to leave their rigs during the ride.

Along the route to Clewiston we saw 'gators and birds of prey, but very few cars. (My eleven-year-old son Michael, who rode along behind me, fed half his lunch to two of the big lizards.) We stopped at a wooded park to stretch our legs, and were the only visitors that afternoon. The low point of the day was the hour or so we stood on the side of the road in the summer heat chatting with one of Hendry County's finest deputies. He asked us to stop because the Highway Patrol had clocked a group of bikers at 103 mph and put out a BOLO. While my old Triumph Bonneville had not seen speeds like that in 25 or 30 years (if ever), we humored the young officer while waiting for the trooper to arrive and "clear" us. I was glad that I was with Jim and my son, or I might have been annoyed enough at the delay to say something I regretted later. (Not that your cool-headed Nightrider ever has mouthed-off to a law enforcement officer, naw!)

Back on the road, we re-fueled in Clewiston, and made mental note of some likely eating spots for this chapter ride we were scouting. Then we groped without a map to find a variation on the route back, which had even fewer cars and will be perfect for a pack of ancient iron in September. The ride was perfect for every kind of bike in our club, and we will not hold up any traffic by going slow enough to accommodate the oldest cycles. Jim and I are ready to make the "Indian Summer Run" again, and hope that you make plans to attend. Check your mail for exact times and pinpoint location of the start/finish. I also will scout out the motels and camping which is close by so you can sleep easy if you come in the night before. Let's

have the biggest turnout yet, for our first official ride as a chapter.

## **Chapter Meeting Minutes Notes:**

By Secretary Jim Buttaccio

(Editor's Note: These Meeting Minutes were from a Board Meeting prior to our decision to make the Indian Summer Run. Solomon's Castle is closed until October, so we're kinda, sorta planning to make this run later in the fall or maybe early winter time.)

Greetings gents. Here's the minutes of the latest Board Meeting (24 June 2004). I wanted to get the information about the meeting out while I had a chance to. I signed on at 6:00 PM and was the first one to enter the chamber. Strange, but all you hear is your breathing, while waiting for the chime that indicates another person has entered the conference call. I reached down to get my clipboard to take notes, and by the time I returned I heard another "mouse in the house." It was Dave Fisher, the rider of the red "48 Indian Chief on our first run, who had a suggestion of a ride to "Soloman's Castle". It's a ride that starts at Port Charlotte and lasts for about 40-45 miles to get to the castle. It's a unique oddity that is run by a creative man and his family. It's built from discarded tin from a print shop, and includes a sunken restaurant that resembles a ship. Anyway, there are two motels at the starting point, and the route skirts Arcadia, a quaint village with old Florida appeal, as well. Jim Howe (coming in at third after Jack Stauffer) proposed a run meeting at Alligator Alley about 24 miles past the toll booth, 45 miles west of Miami. This route would use Snake Road, routes 833 and 852, that enters the Miccosuki Indian reservation and surrounding orange groves, for a nice relaxing ride. Our beloved Editor Bob Anderson called in at number 5, Art Delor 6 and Mike Prizinski was the final caller at number 7. Sorry that you missed the event Roy, but it was quite productive and entertaining as well. We all made a pact not to tell you everything we were saying about you while waiting for your arrival.

## **Not Another &\*^&###\$# Motorcycle:**

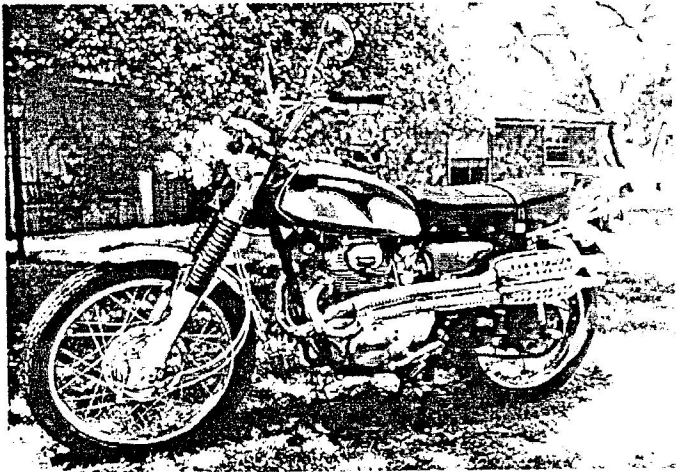
By Penny Anderson

My husband (your newsletter editor) and I have been married for some 33+ years now and our life together has been anything but dull.

We were a typical married couple of the 70s; living that "paycheck to paycheck" status. We rented an apartment and made payments on a 1970 Nova (350, 4 Speed) which Bob quickly sold as I nearly killed a pedestrian learning how to drive it. Then came a 1965 Olds F-85, 4 door sedan (automatic transmission) AND a 1969 Honda

SL90. Oh Boy!, I thought. A motorcycle would be a neat form of transportation and recreation for the both of us. Little did I know that this motorcycle would only be one of "several, numerous, many" motorcycles we would own.

Let me turn the clock ahead somewhat....say the early 90's. By this time, we had moved 5 times, had 2 teenage sons, and owned our 6<sup>th</sup> motorcycle. (Not so bad you say.....just wait). Raising the boys included the usual "boy" stuff.....soccer, skateboarding, fishing, skiing, stitches, broken bones. Eventually the hormones kicked in and it was "girls, girls, and more girls" and "speed". (Mph that is.) Generally speaking, most boys of that age relate speed to a car. NOT TRUE for our two sons. With an influential factor, alias father, speed means motorcycle first and then car. By the age of 15, Tom our oldest had a 1981 Suzuki GL650G and Terry at the age of 16 had a 1971 Honda 350.



Terry's 1971 Honda CL350 Scrambler

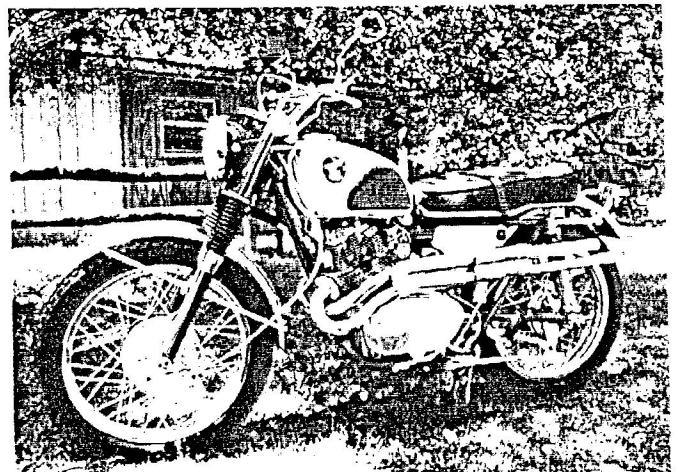
Believe me this all came about with a lot of reservation from mother dearest and a "hot line" to the "big guy" upstairs. All kidding aside, Bob was a good role model. He educated the boys on the mechanics of a motorcycle and most importantly instilled upon them the respect that is essential in owning and operating a motorcycle. In fact, he was so adamant about them learning everything they could that he expected them to take a course in riding a motorcycle through the local junior college, which both did, before ever being allowed to travel on city streets.

By 1995, the Andersons found themselves reaching a turning point. Tom was graduating High School and starting college (\$\$\$\$s), Terry to do the same in 1998 and Bob was starting to think of retirement. Knowing full well that watching TV and playing bingo just wasn't going to cut it, a plan had to be set. He thought about what he'd enjoy doing. Something that would be fun and not totally time consuming. From early on, motorcycles seemed to be his forte. In his college years, a Honda

1965 CB160 was his means of transportation. (Couldn't afford a car.) And money was earned by working as a mechanic in a Honda motorcycle dealership. ....YES, a motorcycle shop. Hondas were his love.....the Dreams, Scramblers, Hawks, Super Hawks. Having any one of these bikes nowadays would be a hard find; especially in showroom condition. So with that thought in mind, searching out these early vintage bikes and restoring them would seem to fill his retirement criteria.

As to a preempt to this retirement activity, Bob used the computer in locating these notable Honda classics. Hot dog! Not only did he find a '65 Dream, but a '66 Super Hawk and a '66 Scrambler none the less in Lake Placid, Florida. One would have thought he'd found a gold mine! All were located within the state and the price was affordable. So the trip was made and his first restoration projects were under way. The garage soon became a haven for motorcycle parts and all the other gadgets that seem "to be needed" to make the restorations possible. Weekends were spent disassembling and assessing those parts which needed to be replaced. I was happy that Bob was finding enjoyment, "didling" (as he calls it), with his motorcycle collection.

Like any projects undertaken, drawbacks are inevitable. Bob soon found out parts availability to these classics were at a limit; especially if you were seeking New Old Stock (NOS) parts. (Note: I soon learned a new language...little did I know that this educational experience would come at a high price.) When restoring the white dream, I remember the search for white wall tires and the gas tank badges. When that ordeal was over, I exclaimed, "You paid HOW MUCH for those parts?!" After my slight coronary, I regained some composure and thought....Well, those unexpected hazards happen and he's JUST restoring three bikes. (Laugh, Laugh.)



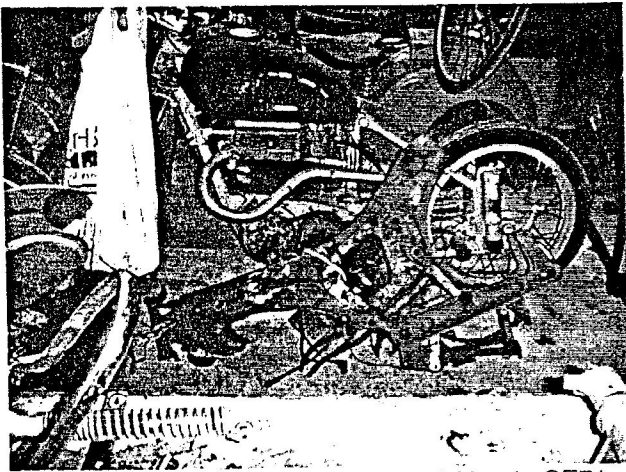
Bob's 1963 Honda CL72 Scrambler

In October 1999, Bob said farewell to Northrup-Grumman. Now he could spend more than weekends on his new adventure. While doing the manual labor that is involved, Bob also found himself visiting others, through the internet, doing similar restorations. Friendships were built and information on parts were exchanged. Through one such friendship, Bob was informed of a Honda dealership in St. Louis, Missouri that was closing and all exiting inventory was for sale. Among that inventory just happened to be plenty of NOS and other parts of those 60s vintage bikes. Oh NO! I could see the cogs and wheels of his mind turning. A treasure chest was available and it could "HIS". By this time, I felt somewhat numb and thought Bob was surely losing his mind. Well, as you may have already guessed, after three trips to St. Louis filling a 22 ft. enclosed trailer, Bob was the proud owner of a retiring Honda dealership. Two thoughts immediately came to mind; what is he going to do with all of it and most importantly "where" is it going to be stored. Of course, the great master mind had the answers. What he didn't need would be sold and as for more space (our garage was already FULL), he could rent a warehouse in a nearby commercial district. So now the "didling" was becoming a little complex.

accommodate the square footage of the building we had considered. With months of GIANT headaches in the planning, purchasing, or construction phases, we finally found ourselves able to "move in." Finally! Everything has its place and a place for everything. What else could possibly be wanted or should I say what else could happen?



Some of the Bikes Bob has Restored



One of Bob's Project Bikes, a 1959 Honda CE71

In May 2003, Bob received a phone call from a local motorcycle mechanic (say Mr. L) which he made friends with over the years. He explained to Bob that an area Honda dealer was retiring (where did I hear that one before!) and parts along with **NUMEROUS** vintage bikes that were "squirreled" away for years were up for sale. Mr. L was offered the closing business package. So where does Bob fit in? Here goes. Mr. L was highly interested in the offer but knew he alone couldn't manage the laboring task that the venture required. All the goods had to be moved and then there was the time element of being able to sell the merchandise. With Mr. L working full time at his own business, he knew he would need help if any consideration was to be taken on this proposition. So.....Bob Anderson had a building for storage, retired and had the knowledge of motorcycles. **BINGO!** Need I say more?

By 2002, another milestone was encountered. The three original restorations were completed, others were in the works and his expertise at restoring these motorcycles was being recognized. In fact, he was asked if he would consider doing restorations for others and he politely said "Yes". Now, the question of space arose again. What was really needed was a building to house all the collectible motorcycles restored or otherwise, all those parts, required restoration equipment, the enclosed trailer, truck and etc. So Bob and his robot (me that is) went into the "hunting" mode. Nothing seemed to fit our needs - too big, too small, too expensive. Then we came to the conclusion of building a shop exactly to our specifications. After much looking, we found a vacant commercial property that was available and would

As to the question of how many motorcycles do the Andersons own? Who really knows. I think even Bob has lost track. He's got hundreds of em.





Some of Bob's Many Bikes

A lady once told me concerning her husband who was fond of classic collector cars that "During our marriage (40+ years) it was **NEVER** another woman, just another and another and another classic car." I certainly can relate to that statement.

## Old Motorcycles, Oak Trees and Castor Oil: By Bob Anderson

As most of you already know, Penny and I are going away for a few weeks. We make this trek each year, it has become somewhat a ritual for both of us. Each for different reasons, I'm sure. Penny never has been a motorcycle or racing fan, but, she makes the trip anyhow, maybe just to please me. Whatever her reasons, I am happy having her with me.

Anyhow, to make a long story even longer, my first love, after Penny and my two sons, is antique Japanese motorcycles. Each year during the antique motorcycle races at the Mid-Ohio race track, the largest Japanese Motorcycle swap meet in the world is held directly on the race track grounds. Hundreds of parts dealers from every place in the world converge on Mansfield Ohio and sell parts to gear-jammers like myself. Over the years I have purchased whole motorcycles for \$25.00, New Old Stock (NOS) speedometers for \$200.00 and just about everything else that could have anything to do with the restoration of vintage Honda motorcycles.

We always stay several days, even though the swap meet gets boring after one day. Penny and I like to think of this trek as more of a social event than a shopping trip for parts. Mansfield Ohio is a quaint, sleepy, farming community that just happens to house the Mid-Ohio racetrack. The racetrack was built to complement the countryside rather than replace it. The track winds through hill and valley, curves around giant oak trees, and passes many picturesque spots that are perfect for

picnics and race watching. Some of my fondest memories of Mid-Ohio is the sound of 50 Harley Davidson's racing full tilt around a wide sweeping turn being chased by 25 Yamaha 350s. (Editor's note: the 750 antique Harley and 350 2 stroke Yamaha both run the same class.) The sounds are awesome, with the Harleys bellowing out 8000 rpm thunder, and the Yamaha's 11000 rpm mosquito like shrill, all combining a chorus of sounds that almost seem like music to my ears, although I know that Penny does not share this particular pleasure.

Ahhhhh, but the fun's not yet over. The best lubrication fluid is Castor Oil, both for man and machine alike. Most antique motorcycles are lubricated by Castor Oil and the smell of it burning is an unforgettable experience. Smelling the burning stuff is a whole bunch more pleasant than tasting it.

So my favorite part of the trip is the picnic under the oak trees while watching the Harleys and Yamahas racing each other on the track. I even enjoy the bologna sandwich as long as Penny allows me to wash it down with a Michelob lite or two.

We'll be back to Melbourne in late July, once again to support the AMCA and its activities, but for most of the month of July please color us "gone to the races".

P. S. I do, on occasion, consider entering a race myself. But, has anyone ever seen a 210 pound 59 year old man laced up in racing leathers and riding a 250 cc motorcycle. Not very attractive and definitely not very competitive. Those old bikes do not have a lot of horsepower, so the lighter riders always win. **B U M M E R ! ! !** I think I'll watch again this year.

## Classified Ads:

### FOR SALE:

150 Bikes from a dealer buyout. 1952 Vincent Rapide, 1940 Velocette 200cc opposed twin, 1947 Sunbeam with extra engine, Black Bombers, Super Hawks, many 70s vintage Hondas, NOS CZs and 1 NOS JAWA Californian. Many many others. Call Bob Anderson at 321-727-1039 or E-Mail [RAnderson0345@aol.com](mailto:RAnderson0345@aol.com).

### WANT TO BUY

WANTED! 1939 Sport Scout rear head; 741 frame parts (forks or rear section); misc. Sport Scout parts . . . What do you have? CONTACT: Art Delor P.O. Box 880602, Boca Raton, FL 33488; Phone 561- 750-4501; e-mail: [indianracing12@aol.com](mailto:indianracing12@aol.com)