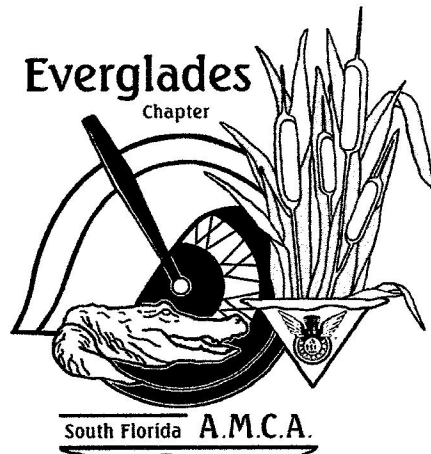


ANTIQUÉ MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF AMERICA (AMCA)

THE AMCA SOUTH FLORIDA EVERGLADES CHAPTER LINES



Chapter News

President Roy Wasson 305-366-5053
Vice President Jack Stauffer

Secretary Kelli Webb
Treasurer David Porter

Editor: Bob Anderson 1002 Glenham Drive NE
Palm Bay, Florida 32905

321-727-1039
RAnder0345@aol.com

Web Site: <http://evergladeschapter.tripod.com>

My Day Broken Down on the Side of the Road: By Roy Wasson (The Original Nightrider)

I probably have spent more hours broken down on the side of the road looking at my (temporarily) non-running bike than most Americans have spent in any form of motorcycling-related activity (including riding, reading motorcycle magazines, and looking at motorcycles). Not that I'm proud of that fact, mind you, but it lets you look at things (like roadside debris) differently. You develop a new sense of perspective standing on a narrow shoulder of road and feeling the blast of air from semi-trailers thundering by at 70 m.p.h. within 18 inches of you. It is also interesting to see how people react to your plight.

Would you assume that more Harley riders are going to stop to lend a hand if you are riding a Fat Boy that breaks down, than if you were on a Honda? Last time I had a flat tire on my Harley dresser and had called AAA, at least a dozen Harley riders flew past without stopping. No hard feelings; I guess they were busy and knew I had

things under control. A guy on a BMW motorcycle slowed down enough for me to give him the "okay" sign before he rode away. But at least three or four nice folks in cars and mini-vans pulled on to the shoulder to make sure that I had a phone and had help coming before they drove off.

Now I have the "RV" coverage on my AAA membership, which gives me free towing on any bike. I have needed that a couple of times when important parts on my various Bonneville's gave out far from home (a throttle cable on my now-gone T140, and a clutch linkage on the T120). But before I got that AAA RV towing coverage I had only the Harley Owners Group plan. The HOG Club scoffed at the idea I would call them the day I was sitting on the '59 Tiger Cub, parked in the rain on a sidewalk far from home. (Sorry, but "no Harley; no tow.")

Members of this Chapter have witnessed me punish this Cubbie on 75-80 mile rides trying to keep up with the "Big Dogs," but it always got me home. That is, until the day I rode it in the rain. I had heard that this Cubbie (or

perhaps all of them) dislike wet weather, so I was pleased when the bike was still running strong through a torrential downpour that left me soaked to the skin. However, after putting the storm behind me by a couple of miles, and while tooling along at 35 m.p.h. or so, the Cubbie's engine sputtered and died, like a bike does when it runs out of gas. (Yes, I have "enjoyed" first-hand that experience once or twice in my 40-plus years of riding.) I checked the usual explanations. I had plenty of gas and, yes, the petcock was open. The key was on and there was juice in the battery. The plug had a spark. The mystery of the classic Brit bikes had struck again!

The Cub and I weathered the returning storm which overtook us again (my 6' 3", 210 lb frame standing under the awning on a stranger's porch while wearing a Bike Week shirt with a fire-breathing dragon on the back; the Cubbie parked on the sidewalk, looking like a slightly-overgrown child's toy). Then a pleasant surprise happened: A friend I had never met before stopped in his truck, surveyed the scene, and went home to fetch his trailer to haul me back to my garage. He was also a biker, like the ones you see popping wheelies at 60 on the Interstate; but he was between motorcycles at the moment.

The Good Samaritan soon returned with his trailer, towing me home without asking for anything. I will never malign those twenty-something crotch rocket jockies again, after this one named Marc spent the afternoon telling me how much he knew about motorcycles, but towing me ten miles at no charge. My payback perhaps for the time 30 years ago when I gave a ride on my Honda to the member of the Peacemakers Club whose Harley had a broken chain. The message: Let's help each other whatever we're riding.

Keep Kicking !

(Editor's Note: Great Article Roy, we could all learn from your experiences. Might we have another for the next Newsletter? It brings to my mind, last August in Sturgis when I needed a helping hand. Keep reading.)

Broken Down on the Side of the Road: By Bob Anderson

As most of you already know, Penny and I go to Sturgis every year. This year was like all the others. We stay at the Glencoe Campground, meet up with old friends and spend 3 weeks each year partying with friends, riding motorcycles and relaxing from the yearly grind.

I've always been a Honda fan, owned some of everything from Harley Pan Heads, to Bonnies, Beezers, and just about every rice burner ever minted in the 50s, 60s, and 70s. Our ride for Sturgis was our trusty old 1987 Honda

Aspencade. Penny loves that bike, cause it's big, comfortable and has an intercom so's she can explain to me how fast to go, when to turn, and how much braking pressure to use. Slow down Bob, don't follow that truck so closely, be careful. Yep Penny loves to help me ride my bike.

We have lots of friends at Glencoe so when several of our Harley riding friends invited us for breakfast one morning, we readily accepted. There were 3 of em, all riding identical bikes. They were all top of the line Harleys, white, with almost as many gadgets on em as my Aspencade. They didn't have cruise control though, or a intercom, or air compressor like my Honda did. Yet all 3 of those guys scoffed at my Honda.

We hit the road traveling east on I-90 headed for Rapid City. They all kept upping the ante, trying to outdo my Honda, but I stayed withem all the way. What a ride it was. I was busy flogging my Honda keeping those monster Harleys in sight, listening to Penny advise me in the headsets of my intercom. After a few minutes of telling me to slow down and be careful, her gentle prodding turned from caution to, BOB ! ! ! ! they're getting ahead of us, speed up ! ! ! !

We played the game for 20-25 miles, but then as we crested over some unnamed mountain, eastbound on I-90 the Aspencade made a sound I didn't like. BANG ! ! The rear tire exploded. I dunno what caused it. Could it have been the 850 pound motorcycle hauling the 220 pound driver and 115 pound rider, at extremely high speeds in the 100+ degree South Dakota heat. Naahhhh ! ! ! That's not it, Anyhow, the next 30 seconds were real interesting as I rode the greased banana peel to a roadside stop from 90 mph. Front tire flats never bother me, but a rear tire flat is always exciting.

One of the Harley riders stopped but the rest of em just kept going. I loaded Penny onto the back of that Harley and kissed her hoping that I might see her again. She received a free breakfast and ride back to the campground. Thank you Mr. Harley Rider. I owe ya one.

My rear tire was flat, but I was prepared, as I had a Dunlop K491 mounted back there and know that tire can be ridden completely flat. So I crossed the Interstate and began a slow ride back to Sturgis where I knew that the Dunlop folks had a tire changing facility just for emergencies like mine.

I rode on the shoulder in first gear at maybe 10 mph. The Wing wobbled and slid around some. It was a greasy feeling ride but I was managing.

After riding towards Sturgis for about an hour, a truck pulled over in front of me. The driver emerged from the truck, introduced himself and offered to give me a lift home. We loaded my bike into an enclosed trailer. The trailer was set up for dirt bikes, and my Wing kinda/sorta overloaded all his tie-downs so I rode inside the trailer with the bike to steady it. Neither of us wanted the bike to tip over.

I'll always remember that guy. His truck was an old Ford F150, nothing special, the trailer was a well used enclosed plywood trailer of some kind, definitely not a top of the line model. The guy was younger than me, and dressed in old work clothes. He and I struck up a close friendship though. He hauled me and the Wing 20 miles back to Sturgis and helped me unload my bike at the Dunlop exhibit.

Just before he climbed back into that old truck, he mentioned to me that if I ever get over to Orange County I should look him up and we'd do lunch together. I later learned that this man who had befriended me on mile marker 51 of Interstate 90, was an employee of of Kuriakin Motor Sports.

Thanks guy. I owe you a big one.

P. S. Those guys at the Dunlop exhibit, soaked me for \$300.00 to install a new tire on my Wing. It was a pricey tire but I was riding my Wing again within an hour.

West Palm-to-Ft Lauderdale Chapter

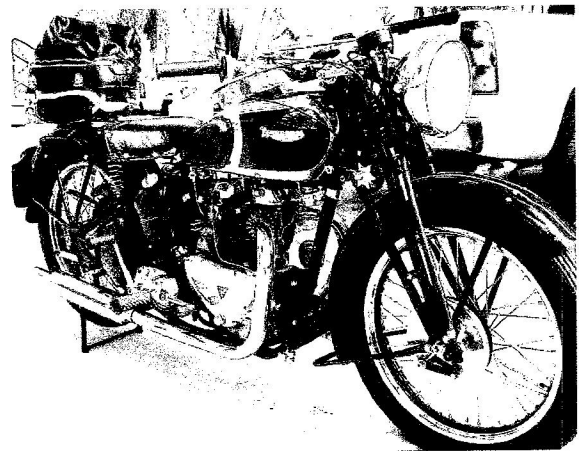
Run 11-02-05: By Rob Graney & Michael Pruszynski

While one could say that antique motorcycle riders are an intrepid bunch -- perhaps braver than the average rider, for the obvious reasons -- heading out on the road just two weeks after a hurricane wreaks havoc across the area might seem like a foolhardy mission.

So the decision to continue with our scheduled club run so soon after Hurricane Wilma brought up many safety concerns. The lack of power and the crazy drivers made maneuvering through debris-littered roads and intersections almost impossible. As if it weren't scary enough in a car, one could only imagine the anxiety level while attempting it on a motorcycle.

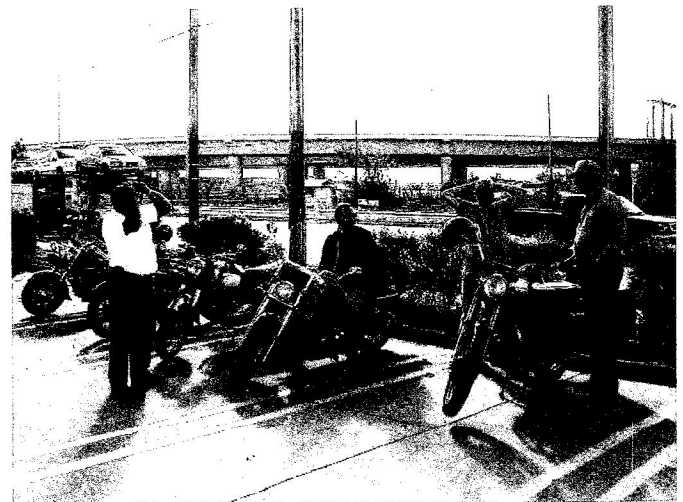
But when the day of the ride arrived, a brave band of ten club members found the challenge -- and the glorious weather -- too much to resist. The day began with a ride to the IHOP near West Palm Beach. First on the scene were Michael Pruszynski on his 1964 BSA and Rob Graney on his non-vintage Honda. Next to arrive was Jeff Alprin on his '29 Indian Scout. Club President Roy Wasson made it all the way from Miami on his '72

Triumph. Soon others arrived: Howard Cole, Eric Kahn and Alan Berry with his amazing '38 Triumph Speed Twin, among others.



1938 Triumph

As we waited for our food to arrive, Roy and Eric regaled us with stories of their military service. Who knew Roy was a code breaker back in the Cold War days! As we finished our breakfast and waited for what seemed an eternity for the checks to arrive, we prepared ourselves to take the ride. Jeff Alprin was elected to lead the ride and did a fine job.



Morning Meet

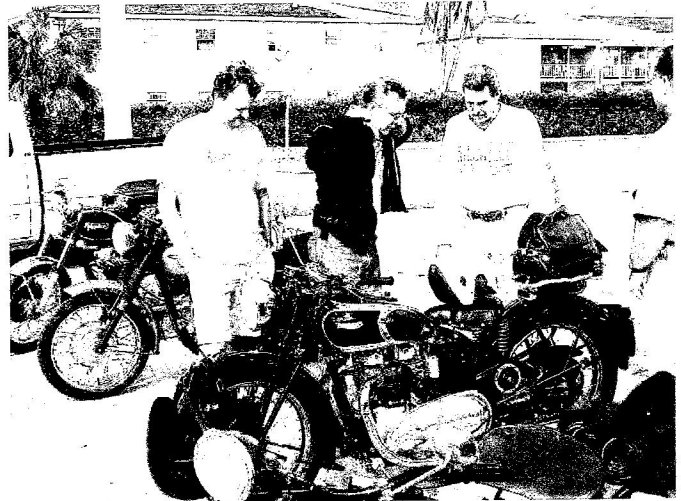
We headed east toward the beach on Okeechobee Boulevard through busy downtown West Palm Beach, then crossed the bridge to the island of Palm Beach, and turned south on A1A. Shortly after making the turn, we passed the Breakers Hotel. The Breakers is one of the oldest resorts in the state -- and one of the most posh. Known for hosting the famous and wealthy, it's a beautiful building surrounded by tall palm trees.

South of the Breakers, we left A1A for a short ride along the shore. Evidence of Hurricane Wilma's wrath was evident in the number of blue roofs we passed. After the short ride, we found our way back to A1A. Sadly, the beautiful canopy created by the trees that lined A1A had been blown away by the hurricane too. As we continued, we rode past golf courses, high-rise condos, parks and large yachts docked on the Intercoastal Waterway.

Despite the outage of traffic lights, the intersection crossings were well organized. We would wave others through, and in turn, our convoy was allowed to travel in mass. Another effect of Wilma was the detour we had to take off A1A in an area north of Boca Raton. A large crane was removing debris, and what looked like a section of roof from a high-rise. After taking a short cruise through a small neighborhood, we found our way back to A1A. About an hour into the ride, we stopped for gas, and it was a good time to stretch.

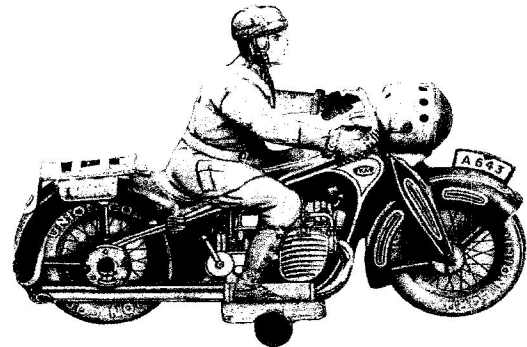
Back on the road, we headed south towards Fort Lauderdale and the Northridge Raw Bar on Commercial Boulevard. From this point, Michael was elected to take the pack of riders to the raw bar. We ended the journey on A1A, and headed west. There was an unexpected stop as we came to a drawbridge that was up. We all shut down and watched as two tall boats glided under. The bridge came down and all the riders returned to their bikes. As the gates went up, we all fired up -- except for Roy. He kicked several times to get his Triumph roaring again. Just as the cars behind us begin to creep forward, Roy's bike roared to life -- not on all cylinders, but at least it was motoring. We made it to our final destination, where club member Clive Taylor met us. Clive handed out information on the Vintage Motorcycle Show in Fort Lauderdale and pitched the idea for club members to take their bikes to the show. Also joining us was motorcycle mechanic extraordinaire Wes Scott. Wes works almost everyday at both his day job as a civil engineer and nights at his motorcycle shop, Wes Scott Cycles, which specializes in the repair of vintage British motorcycles. Since we had a new member who was riding a 1930 Triumph, some of us decided to escort him to Wes's shop. As lunch ended so did the run, with some riders heading home and others back to West Palm Beach to pick up their trailers or trucks.

All in all, the intrepid ten club members seemed to have a good time. Though the turnout for the run was smaller than usual, and despite the traffic conditions and road debris, those who made it to the run made it that much better.



Meet at the Bar

Solomon's Castle Lunch Run, January 14, 2006: By Dave Fisher



The day started out windy and cool with a slight drizzle, but by the time my daughter Debbie arrived at my house, the rain had tapered off, and the fog was beginning to lift.

When we rode into the Cracker Barrel parking lot we thought we were early; but then we saw a huge motor home with a 1946 Indian on the back bumper rack. It was Jim and Susan Dingess who had come in the previous night. Debbie and I were admiring Jim's Indian, a *totally unrestored runner* that always starts on the first or second kick, when we spotted Bill Glendenning. I later found out Bill was the oldest rider at 77 years young and took the old "Ride 'til You Rot" award away from David Porter and yours truly.

Highway at the stoplight, and that was the last stop anyone had to make until we turned to go to Arcadia.

On the ride out through farm and horse country the traffic was light, but the wind was very gusty. The boys with the full fender Indians had it worse than I did on the BSA. The Beezer is very light, and Steve Myers who was riding behind said the wind moved my bike over a couple of feet every time we passed a wooded area.



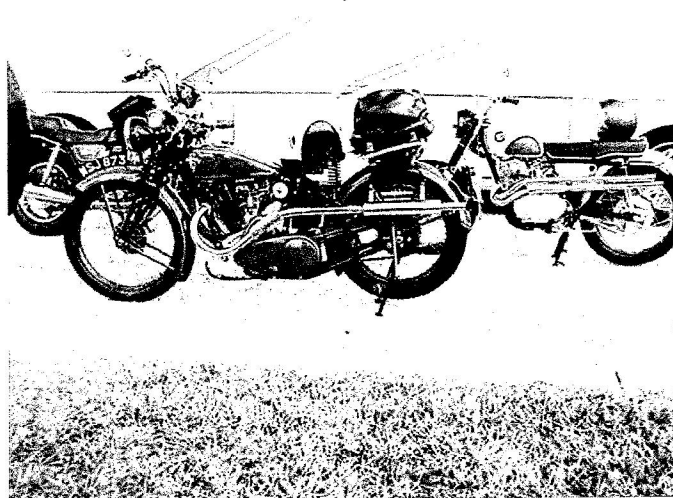
Early Morning in the Restaurant Parking Lot

I had been looking forward to seeing David's Norton 850 that he recently restored, but he decided to haul Roy's Triumph and drive the chase in his truck. *Thanks, David!*

Alan Berry soon rolled in on his 1932 Triumph. I asked him whether the speed we planned to travel would be a problem, since his was the oldest bike on the run. Alan told me he had improved the top end oiling system and that speed would be no trouble.



It Was Cold And Windy



1932 Triumph and 1966 Honda

Jack Stauffer and Kelli Webb rode up from Fort Myers with Ted Trexler. If we had given trophies, Ted deserved to win the "Tough Guy" award: he rode in the wind and cold with only a sweat shirt and no gloves. Brrrrrrr.

We had time for a cup of coffee or two while we waited for Roy—late to the start line, as usual. But it gave us time to check out all the bikes.

As we lined up to begin the ride, everyone got their machines started in good shape. We pulled onto King's

As we turned left out of Arcadia past the KOA camp grounds, onto the road to the Castle, the traffic thinned out even more, so we could relax and enjoy the scenery through the oranges groves. Some members commented on the destruction from Hurricane Charley. They should have seen it the day after it hit. It looked a hundred times worse.

We passed a small country store on the curve coming into the little town of Limestone. I found out after the run that the owner of the store has an Indian Scout that he rides almost every day. I plan to stop and try to sign him up as a member on my next trip.

As we pulled into the parking lot at the Castle and took a head count, we happily found everyone had made it in.

(My apologies to Flathead Jack; I forgot about his small Sportster tank and didn't point out the gas station on the edge of Arcadia. David Porter saved the day with a can of gas he carried in his truck. I also want to thank Eric Kahn for driving the other chase vehicle.)

We parked the bikes and headed up the yellow brick road toward the restaurant, a replica of a 14th century ship built down in a canal. The staff was expecting us, but the place was busy so we thought the light house outside would be a better place to eat. But we soon

found it to be too cold in the shade and headed back inside. The food was good, and the prices were fair.

After lunch we had an informal meeting outside the Castle. The owner covered the outside of the building in silver plates he salvaged from a printing company. Quite an unusual sight.

After a Treasurers' report from David Porter and the signing of two new members, we discussed some of the issues from the National Run: meal tickets, banner and name tags. We then decided to have a conference call on Monday to finalize plans for the Run.



David, the Treasurer, takes the money

The ride back to Port Charlotte was still windy, but very enjoyable. All the bikes performed well, and everyone made it in just fine. I'm sure the boys with the hand shift/foot clutch models were relieved at the small number of stops. I've had my '48 Chief on a few runs that almost burned the clutch from all the stoplights

I hope everyone enjoyed the ride. Until the next run:

RIDE 'EM, DON'T HIDE 'EM.

Classified Ads:

FOR SALE:

1948 Indian Chief. 100% correct. \$35000.00 Call Ed Scherbin at 305-304-5875.

50 Bikes from a dealer buyout. \$50.00 each, come get em but at this price ya gotta buy em all. Most are in poor condition, having been stored away inside a warehouse from 10 to 40 years. They are dirty, some are incomplete, some have stuck engines. Mostly Hondas from the 1960s and 1970s. 1 NOS CZ left. Call Bob

Anderson at 321-727-1039 or E-Mail
RAnder0345@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

WANTED! 1971 Harley Superglide Nighttrain. Call Jim at 561-504-3224.

WHIZZERS GALORE! Six basket cases with assembled engines, only need someone with time to put them together. Contact Pat Regis at patregis@covad.net or (954) 781-1187.

NATIONAL ROAD RUN SPONSORS

All Everglades Chapter members are encouraged to thank and patronize the following sponsors who donated money to help make our upcoming national road run a huge success:

JB Development USA, Inc. Chapter member Alan Berry and his wife Joanne develop "Homes in the Sunshine" in Southwest Florida. www.homesinthesunshine.com

Peterson's Harley Davidson. Miami's family owned and operated dealer since 1954 is now in a new location at 19825 So. Dixie Hwy where U.S. 1 meets the Turnpike

Wes Scott Cycles. Restorations, parts and repairs for British classics and vintage motorcycles. 4608 N.W. 8th Terrace in Fort Lauderdale www.wesscottcycles.com