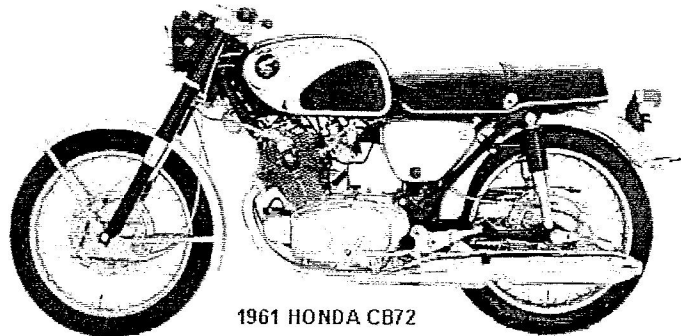


ANTIQUe MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF AMERICA (AMCA)

THE AMCA EVERGLADES CHAPTER LINES



1961 HONDA CB72

Chapter News

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Organizational Meeting and First Ride

by Roy Wasson (Nightrider)

Breakfast on Belvedere:

The Organizational Meeting and Inaugural Ride of the AMCA Everglades Chapter took place on a beautifully cool but sunny Saturday not long ago. While our brothers and sisters up North could only look at their bikes stored away for the winter, we took full advantage of great weather to meet and take care of business on January 17, 2004.

Our day started with hearty breakfast favorites at IHOP on Belvedere Road in West Palm Beach, just a couple of miles from the Intracoastal Waterway bridge to elegant Worth Avenue in Palm Beach. As coffee poured from bottomless pots in the IHOP meeting room reserved for our group, the parking lot filled with ancient iron and classic chrome. Old friends exchanged warm greetings and new friendships began.

Our fledgling chapter (still only halfway through the process to be formally approved by the AMCA

national board, but already thriving) boasts forty-eight members, **six times** the size needed to start a new chapter! Twenty-eight of our members and their guests took part in our first meeting and ride. We came from the Keys and as far southwest as Marco Island; up the Gulf Coast to Port Charlotte; across the I-4 corridor through Winter Haven, over to the Melbourne area; back inland to Pahokee, and of course from the Miami-Fort Lauderdale-Palm Beach megalopolis. The turnout was spectacular in terms of our total numbers, in our geographical diversity, and as a percentage of our members. Thank you all for attending.



It's a Family Activity

ByLaws and Chapter Name:

We approved Bylaws and voted overwhelmingly to name our new chapter the Everglades Chapter. Other names getting votes were the Southern Cross, the Sea Level Chapter, Gator Chapter, Gold Coast, and Seminole.

Our Bylaws establish a governing board of nine members: four officers, four directors, and the newsletter editor. We agreed to publish our newsletter (already shown to be a highly professional publication with editor Bob Anderson's first issue) six times a year. Dues were set at a realistic \$15 per year to enable us to keep the quality of our programs high.

Officers & Directors:

We followed the usual election technique of nonprofit and volunteer organizations: vote for the guy who is in the bathroom. Howard Cole from LaBelle is our Vice President. Miami resident David Porter was able to figure out how much to tip the waitress without counting on his fingers and toes, so we "volunteered" him to be Treasurer. (Seriously, David talks like he was the Comptroller of some Fortune 500 corporation, using financial terms like "audit committee," and "co-signers" as he stashed our dues payments into his riding jacket.) Club Secretary is Jim Buttaccio, who hails from Lake Worth (no jokes about the secretary taking steno in a tight skirt, you biker brutes).



Chapter Instigator, The Nightrider

Our four directors are David Fisher, of Punta Gorda; Jack McManus, Boca Raton; Mike Pruszynski, a Miamian; and our West Coast representative: Jack Stauffer of North Fort Myers.

Our northernmost member, Bob Anderson, was elected to continue holding the office of Editor, which we decided to make a board position in light of the hard work it takes to publish a high-quality newsletter. I must have had too much coffee and made too many trips to the potty, and learned I was made President after returning from one of those visits.

Committees:

Eustis Liaison: Our members include people active in our sister Florida chapter: the Sunshiners, so when the time came to approve creation of committees and projects to work on, the first thing we decided was to provide volunteer help for the AMCA Winter Meet in Eustis. Jim Dingess gave a report on the areas where help is needed, and Jim Ballou agreed to head-up a Eustis Liaison Committee to coordinate that effort. Jim and his crew provided valuable help at the Eustis meet.

Poker Run: Art Delor had the idea for a Poker Run as one of our regular rides, and he is now the Chairman of that committee. Stay tuned for news of that ride to be held in late March or early April. Art also agreed to work on a logo for our chapter. Please let Art know if you would like to join his committee.

Website: Mike Pruszynski, an accomplished photographer (whose own picture graces page 45 of the Winter 2003 issue of *Antique Motorcycle*) has set up a website for our chapter, and will chair our committee to keep that site growing and serving our needs. If you are one of those guys who understands that "boot up" means something different than getting dressed for a ride, let Mike know and he will find a job for you on the "Dot Com"mittee. Check out the chapter website at http://amca_southflorida.tripod.com/

Membership: They don't know it yet ('cause I just now thought of it), but Jack Stauffer, along with his lovely and talented assistant Kelli, have just been appointed to run the Membership Committee. Jack took mugshots (I mean portraits) of our members for inclusion in our Chapter Directory. A photo directory is a member benefit, and Kelli agreed to keep track of our membership by creating a computer database, so a Membership Committee is the perfect title for our members heading-up those projects.

Long-Term Project—Motorcycle Museum:

Interspersed among our pranks and jokes and “war stories” about biker-stuff, we worked in some serious discussion of our goals for the Chapter, from short term, to intermediate, to long term projects. Just as the Sunshine Chapter has its trademark Eustis Winter Meet, it would be great for the Everglades Chapter to become known for a contribution to our sport that attracts AMCA members nationally.

Many members agreed that a worthwhile long-term project for us would be to sponsor an Antique Motorcycle Museum somewhere in the Southern half of Florida. We could start out small, with some donated or loaned bikes and related memorabilia from our own members, but the project could eventually be one of the “must do” stops on the antique motorcycle circuit. We would need capital to start (either donated real estate to house our collection or a trust fund to grow until we could buy some property) and volunteers to build up and operate the museum. If you would like to serve on this committee, let me know how you can help and what ideas you have for this project.

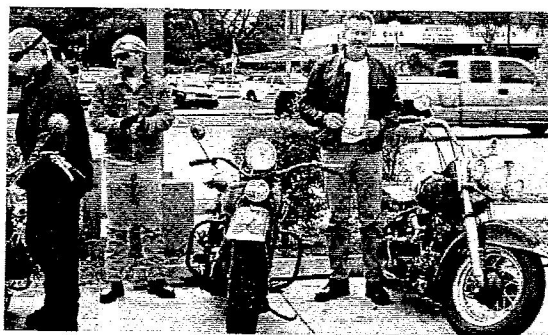
Ride and Riders:

Eighteen bikes and a few four-wheelers took part in some or all of our Inaugural Ride. No greater variety of two-wheel machines has ever been seen, as our members rode everything from Chiefs from the 1940's, to several Fifties Harleys, to Sixties British classics, to a couple of Suzukis and Hondas as new as a '99. (I invited our members to ride anything that would start for this first ride, on the theory that it is better on such a beautiful day to tool down A1A on a future classic, than to stay home and polish a non-running museum piece.) But even with a few “newer” bikes (I was on a '78 Bonneville 750), the **average** age of our rides was more than forty years old! It was unmistakable that we were an antique club.



Let's Ride

The tourists and children in the sidewalk cafes along the route smiled, waved, and pointed approvingly, as our pack of bikes snaked down the coastal highway toward lunch, at a comfortable pace for all. Blue Atlantic rolling onto white sand dunes on the left of us; million dollar mega-yachts docked behind waterway mansions on the right, the scenery was gorgeous, the traffic was light, and our First Ride was a success by any measure.



Motley Crew

Lunch in Lauderdale:

We rumbled through the long parking lot of the suburban shopping center on Commercial Boulevard in the Oakland Park area of North Fort Lauderdale, toward our lunch time destination of the North Ridge Raw Bar. Our tables were ready “*still ready*,” I should say, after delays for a drawbridge closed by an accident (not one of us) and an unplanned detour for refueling for some, while the rest of us waited. We munched on oysters and crab and burgers, and a few pints of ale were quaffed.

Some latecomers who could not make the morning meeting caught up with us at the restaurant, where our voting and other business continued. Awards in the form of “First Ride” trophies were given for “**Longest Ride**” (Bob Anderson: did more than 300 miles round trip), “**Oldest Bike**” (Jim Buttaccio: '42 HD WLC); “**Oldest Biker**” (Dave Fisher, age about 150), “**Hard Luck**” (given prematurely to Chuck Brougham (I think) for losing a mirror, before needing to be reassigned to be shared by Jim Buttaccio (transmission requiring tow halfway home) and a new member who never made it to start the ride ('61 Tiger Cub piston seized). Tommy Rosegger had to miss the ride but later received the “Comeback Rider” trophy.

Three more “First Ride” trophies were awarded to winners of a drawing. And in a special drawing open only to those who had nominated the winning chapter name of Everglades, Jim Dingess won a

44-year-old copy of Motorcycling Magazine donated by Robert Anderson.



First Ride Trophies

Jack Stauffer took pictures of bikes and of our faces for the Chapter membership directory. Dave Porter relentlessly pursued more dues money from those who had dodged him in West Palm and those who met up with us later on. Some tourists from Quebec sitting at a nearby table quickly wrote their dues checks, hands trembling, as our herd of biker dudes and chicks started getting somewhat silly, laughing loudly at each other's antics. (Refund the Canadian family's money, Dave, or we'll have to get the "audit committee" to appoint someone to "co-sign" with you.)

We wrapped-up our business, and went on our separate ways, in groups of two or three or four ancient cycles. We will have many more rides together on sunny Winter days. But our First Ride was something special. Thanks for making it a day I'll never forget.

(Editor's Note: I received tons of photos from the Chapter Photographer, but I couldn't remember the names that go with the faces. My apologies. I'll try to learn everyone's name in time for the next newsletter.)

My Classic Motorcycle

By Mike Pruszynski

I have a few stories that I would like to share with my fellow members. This one is about how I acquired my 1964 B.S.A. Royal Star. Those of us who share a love of old iron know the siren call of Ebay Motors. It seems so easy: All you have to do

is type in a bid, press enter and you could win a motorcycle.

For some time I entertained the thought of owning another antique motorcycle, but my parents and then-girlfriend (now wife) would point out that I already owned not only an antique cycle (1950 Indian Warrior), but also a second, everyday bike (1986 Honda Rebel). Clearly, one man doesn't need to own three bikes! I would nod my head in agreement and go log on Ebay to dream of what I thought would never happen.

Over time I printed out pictures of all the motorcycles that I had placed bids on and never won, pinning them to my garage wall as some sort of reminder of what could have been. But on a fateful day in October 2001, I placed what would be my last bid on Ebay Motors (at least for motorcycles).

The more I browsed around Ebay, the more I seemed to gravitate toward British bikes. After all, who could afford an American motorcycle—much less an antique—on a record store manager's salary? The British bikes had a certain refinement in styling that I found very appealing, and they seemed to always be priced within reason. So I found myself staring at a listing for a 1964 B.S.A. Royal Star, starting bid \$1000. I couldn't resist and in no time, I was the high bidder. Excitement and a bit of nervousness set in. I logged off and went to bed dreaming of riding a British bike that I knew I would *never* win.

Two days went by and I was out bid! How dare they! Didn't they know I wanted—no NEEDED—that bike?! I upped the ante. After I placed my second bid, that little voice in my head (or was it my girlfriend?) said, "Why did you bid on this again? Do you really need to own another bike? We need that money for our wedding!" But the damage was done. It was too late to pull out of the auction.

I told myself I was bidding low and would most likely not win. Fast forward six days: I won the auction. My heart soared with joy and excitement—then sank. Everyone around me was telling me I was a fool to buy British—and *old British* at that. What did I know? I never thought I would win so I never really looked into it.

Then came the day of reckoning. The bike was located in North Carolina and I was not going to send that much money to someone I don't know. I decided to drive up on a weekend to pick it up

myself. My then-girlfriend asked if she could join me on my drive. I thought it was the least I could do since I just spent money that would have gone toward our wedding on an old British bike. I was aiming to smooth things over with her by making the trip into a mini vacation, in the hopes that in time she would learn to love and accept the B.S.A.

As we got closer to our destination of Mooresville, North Carolina, we decided to find a motel and get some sleep. Did I mention that Mooresville is near Charlotte? Oh, and did I mention that we went up on the weekend of one of the biggest NASCAR races? And did you know that NASCAR is the biggest, most popular sport in North Carolina? Well, I didn't. We drove 100 miles further north to try and find a hotel room. We never did. We ended up driving back to the Charlotte area and sleeping in my truck at a rest stop just a few miles from the seller's house. As we tried to get some sleep for the 14-hour drive back to Florida, a cold front came through and we had no blankets or warm clothing. We had to keep the truck running so we could keep the heater on. Already, my girlfriend hated this bike.

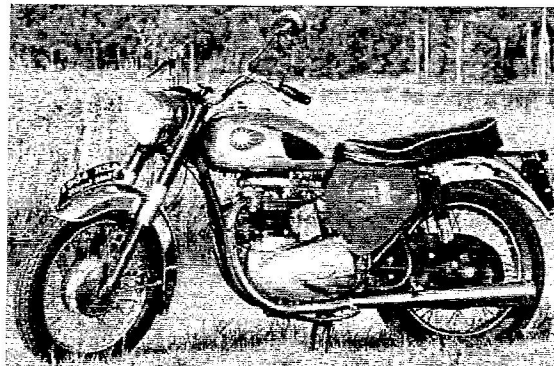
After 3 or 4 hours of fitful sleep, I called the seller and drove to his house. At this point my girlfriend—cold, hungry and sore from having just slept in the cab of a pickup truck—had not said one word about our bad luck, but I knew she was not happy. I tried to keep a positive spin on it and promised her that after we picked up the bike, I would take her to Cracker Barrel for breakfast.

Two and a half hours later, we left the seller's house—famished and towing an old heap of metal. The previous owner was a very interesting fellow who built car engines for a few guys on the NASCAR circuit, so when he told me that he had done all the mechanical work on the B.S.A. himself I was relieved. This relief was short lived, as I will get into in Part II of this story: The art of B.S.A. motorcycle maintenance.

While the motorcycle *seemed* to run well, its appearance was another story. The photos of the bike on Ebay looked good; I really didn't see any flaws. Up close, however, the bike was a real eye sore. All the warning and predictions I had gotten about buying this bike appeared to be coming true. I determined at that time that I was going to repaint it and try to resell it.

Three years later, after fixing every little flaw, I have spent more than I could ever recoup in selling it. Time has marched on and I am now married to

the lovely girl who stuck by me during the Weekend from Hell. I sold the Honda—the only motorcycle that NEVER broke down on me. I have gained an appreciation for my B.S.A., taking it on further adventures to Daytona for Bike Week and Biketoberfest, on weekend trips to West Palm Beach, and even hauling it on vacation to the mountains of Tennessee. My wife has even learned to love it...at least she loves riding on the back of it. I don't think I could ever sell this bike.



Mike's 1964 BSA

But I do wonder what's on Ebay right now....

(Editor's Note: Thanks Mike for a great article about your favorite ride. I'd like to hear from other Chapter members and their favorite rides. Send your articles to me by E-Mail or snail mail and I'll include it in a future Newsletter.)

Tech Corner

By Bob Anderson

I love to race. When I was younger I spent every Sunday afternoon at a local Drag Strip racing my 1965 Honda CB450. I was very successful for awhile but it was expensive, dangerous, and left little time for my other passion—girls. I finally retired from drag racing but still like to talk about my victories and defeats. I call these discussions "arm chair racing". It really is the best kind of racing as it is completely free, safe, I can race any vehicle, and performance is directly related to my ability to form words, phrases, and sentences. We all practice arm chair racing, sometimes with questionable results. One recent discussion settled into a dissertation by one Chapter member about how to increase performance by adding high octane fuels to the gas tank.

I've heard these words many times before. "Man what a rush, I filled the tank of my 1963 HarleyKawSuzy ZX7Hog with av-gas and dropped

a full half second in the quarter mile. That stuff cost me \$12.00 a gallon but it was pure dynoughmight."

The energy available in a gallon of gasoline is measured in British Thermal Units (BTUs). A gallon of regular gasoline contains a specific number of BTUs of energy. Interestingly enough, a gallon of high octane gas also contains that exact same number of BTUs. So how did our arm chair racing buddy with the 1963 BSATriumphBMW thingy get increased performance by merely adding high octane gasoline to his gas tank?

HE DIDN'T!!!!

Before we can continue with this discussion we need to understand exactly what octane is and how it affects the internal combustion engine. Some engines are more powerful than others and one factor that controls power is compression ratio. Generally speaking, high compression makes more power than low compression. More compression makes more horsepower, but there are limits.

An internal combustion engine derives power by moving air from one place to another. Very simply stated it is an air pump. We can accurately calculate the power of any internal combustion engine with a mathematical formula that uses engine displacement, rpm, and power cycle to determine just how much horse power an engine can produce. So Sam-George's 750 cubic inch motorcycle engine turning 4000 RPMs would have "X" amount of horsepower at 100% efficiency. Most engines are roughly, approximately, maybe, sorta, kinda, about 17-19 percent efficient. The other 81-83 percent is wasted as heat and friction. Four stroke engines produce less power than two stroke engines because of a longer power cycle but that is a subject for another discussion. So how much more efficiency does high octane fuel offer? None and lots. How's that for an abrasive statement. Anyone want to argue that point? Choose one side and I'll take the other. We'll have lots of fun.

So aw-right aw-ready Annerson, are you gonna explain octane or not?

Simply stated octane is a quality rating for gasoline indicating the ability of the fuel to resist premature detonation and to burn evenly when exposed to heat and pressure. Even more simply stated,

octane is a quality that allows fuel to be more or less stable.

So in order to increase horsepower we merely increase the compression ratio. Remember though that there are limits. Higher compression tends to make gasoline unstable. So unstable, that under compression it will tend to ignite spontaneously. This spontaneous combustion can be a bad thing when it occurs before the piston reaches Top Dead Center (TDC). Increasing octane increases the stability of the fuel.

So, simply stated, higher octane fuels offer more stability; not more power.

But, but, but, aw-cmon Andy everyone knows that high compression and high octane are tried and proven techniques for producing more power. So why all the crappola about Billy-Joe-Bob's 1963 drag racing thingy? That sucker really moved after we put in the high octane gas. Be patient folks I'll get there, but we gotta discuss one more subject first.

Electricity is amazing stuff, but it is merely a form of light, which travels at a very high rate of speed. This electricity controls the way an engine functions and as fast as it is, the timing of engine controls is extremely critical. Advancing and retarding ignition timing is a technique we all use to adjust an engine and its power. Usually, advancing timing will result in increased power.

It's a two edged sword, by increasing the compression ratio and advancing the timing we get more horsepower but then the fuel gets unstable and the engine self-destructs. But wait, let's increase the compression, advance the ignition timing, add some high octane fuel and now it all comes together and we are awarded with great quantities of that wonderful stuff that "Tim The Tool Man Taylor" is always searching for:

M O R E P O W E R ! ! ! !

So adding higher octane fuel to your gas tank will not add one horsepower unless you increase the compression ratio, and/or advance the ignition timing.

Oh I forgot something. If 94 octane is good then 100 octane is much better. Not true. The more stable a fuel becomes the harder it is to ignite and the slower it burns. Therefore using 94 octane fuel in an engine designed to operate on 87 octane fuel will cause that engine to loose power. One could

actually add so much octane that the fuel will not burn under any conditions.

So whadaya think? Any arm chair racers out there wanna debate the subject? This newsletter will accept and print rebuttals to this article in a future newsletter.

Classified Ads:

(Noncommercial ads free for members)

FOR SALE:

150 Bikes from a dealer buyout. 1949 Vincent Rapide, 1940 Velocette 200cc opposed twin, Sunbeam, 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 RAnde0345@aol.com.

1966 Harley Davidson ElectraGlide. Black/White. Very original with all the first, last, and one year items. Needs nothing and runs great. \$14,500.00. For pictures or additional information contact jimpatchett@mac.com or call Jim at 561-371-8923.

1969 Harley Davidson ElectraGlide. Blue/Black. Only the tillotson has been replaced with a DC Linkert. Needs nothing, runs great. \$15,500. For pictures or additional information contact jimpatchett@mac.com or call Jim at 561-371-8923.

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

(detach and provide this form to other prospective members)

AMCA Everglades Chapter Membership Application

Name: _____ AMCA Member No. _____

Address: _____

City: _____ Zip Code: _____

Phone #1: _____ Phone #2: _____ e-mail: _____

Motorcycles Owned/Preferred/Riding Experience
(optional information to allow us to get to know you): _____

By signing below the applicant represents that he/she is a current member of the national AMCA, and agrees to abide by the Bylaws and rules and regulations of the Everglades Chapter. \$15 annual dues enclosed. Please make check payable to AMCA Everglades Chapter.

(Return with \$15 dues to David Porter, Treasurer, 13250 SW 224th St. Miami, FL 33170)

Signature: _____ Date : _____