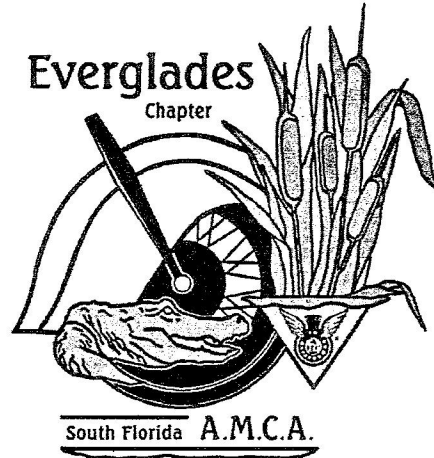


# ANTIQUe MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF AMERICA (AMCA)

## THE AMCA SOUTH FLORIDA EVERGLADES CHAPTER LINES



### Chapter News

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### Busted on Two Wheels --- Again:

By Roy Wasson (The Original Nightrider)

Your president enjoyed all three days of riding during our National Road Run, even though I was the only rider to be pulled over by police on one of the rides. For some reason I am a law enforcement magnet when out on two wheels. I previously have written about the hour or so that Jim Howe and I spent being detained by one of Hendry County's finest officers, who mistook our old Triumphs for the crotch rockets that police had clocked at 120 m.p.h.

My long history of seeing flashing lights in the mirror dates back more than 40 years, when I was a street-legal rider at age 14 in Texas. The cops could not get used to the idea of a kid that young out on a motorcycle, so they stopped me and checked my license every chance they got. I have been pulled over many times since then, but luckily never have gotten a ticket while on a bike.

My latest "bust" was by the Monroe County Sheriff's Department on our leg through the Florida Keys. The bike I was on that day was Jim Howe's '71 Bonneville T120. The ride down Overseas Highway was glorious on that picture-perfect day. The morning air was cool, and a bright sun glinted off the beautiful turquoise waters where the Caribbean Sea meets the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean. Those who predicted heavy seasonable traffic were wrong, and the ride down to lunch in the Marathon area was uneventful.

After a hearty seafood meal, many of the riders kept going south to Key West. I and another group headed back north. Jim's Bonnie had no working speedometer, and some of our riders were on very old, gas-guzzling American bikes with a range between fuel stops of about 50 miles (seemed like we gassed-up every 25 miles or so, though). For those reasons, and because we were out for a nice day in the Conch Republic, the pace was not fast and I was surprised when a marked cruiser made a U-turn and started tailing me.

I kept riding along normally (I thought) until the Deputy Sheriff turned on his blue lights and let out a short blast of his siren to signal me to stop. After pulling over immediately and extending the side stand, I dismounted and courteously walked back to meet the officer, asking him what I had done wrong.

"What's the matter with your motorcycle?" he asked me, looking at the British twin like it was an alien spacecraft that had landed in his territory. Having put a couple of hundred miles on the Triumph in the prior twenty-four hours, I assured him that "nothing" was wrong (meaning nothing, other than the usual stuff that one expects to be wrong on an antique English model).

"Then why are you going so slow?" He quizzed me, as if it was a sign that I must be guilty *of something* that I was not exceeding the posted limit. "I clocked you at thirty for the last mile," he declared accusingly.

He had me dead to rights. I was guilty as charged. I expected to feel the cold steel of the handcuffs tightening on my wrists at any moment. I thought the best course was to turn State's evidence and cop a plea.

"The speedometer isn't working and I didn't want to get a ticket," I confessed. He mulled things over and let me off with a mere warning. He suggested that I ride alongside someone with a working speedometer. I thanked him and headed up toward Card Sound Road for a stop at Alabama Jack's. "Whew!" I escaped the long arm of the law once again. That was close.

Keep Kickin'

### Time To Go: By Bob Anderson

I've been your Newsletter Editor for almost 2 years and feel that it's time to retire. I've written newsletters for several clubs over my lifetime and have found that I can only motivate myself for about 2 years, then dementia seems to set in and my newsletter quality takes a nose dive.

Anyhow, I think a new editor would be good for the Chapter. Is there a member out there who would like to try writing a few newsletters? Maybe a different editor could modify the format and content and make a good think even better. I'll retire at election time, and will assist the new editor in any way I can.

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

The National Road Run is behind us. Penny and I worked full time during that week and let us both say that we had a great time. It was a busy time, registration, ride preparation, meals, rides, evening festivities, closing ceremonies, the tasks were varied and many.

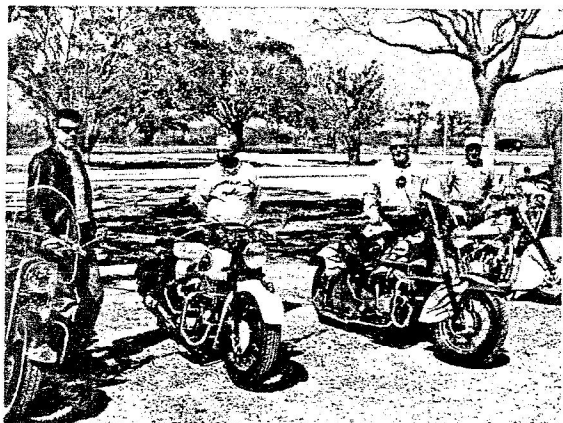
Our favorite task by far though was providing the chase vehicle for each day's ride. Penny and I drove our 1 ton Truck camper and 26 foot enclosed trailer for all 3 rides. The plan was for us to pick up the broken bikes along the way during each ride and bring them back to the staging area for repairs.

Neither Penny nor I had any idea about how many broken bikes to plan for, so I just chose the number 10% and began planning for that many bikes. So, for a 50 bike ride, I was planning to pick up 5 bikes. Strange isn't it, how plans never seem to work out.

The destination for the first day's ride was Flamingo which is at the base of the Florida Everglades. It was a gorgeous ride, the day was perfect, traffic light and a good time was had by all. It didn't take long that morning for the bikes to started breaking down though.

Before we could even exit the parking lot, our first bike broke down, an early model Indian failed to start. The rider had transported that bike all the way from Wisconsin and was really bummed out when he was unable to get it running. He made the run that day though in his trusty 4 wheeler.

At our second stop, an early model Harley Hack swallowed a carb float bowl gasket and wouldn't start, so we loaded it into my trailer. While we were loading that bike, another rider's Indian Chief's kick starter broke and I was asked to load up that bike also. We decided to try push starting that old Indian though and it cranked easily. We spent the rest of the day push starting that old Indian. It finished the trip that day without needing my transport services. That's good because by the end of the day, my trailer was filled to capacity with broken bikes. There were a lot of broken bikes that day. Each and every one of 'em carried with it a humorous story that had us all spinning yarns about this bike and that.

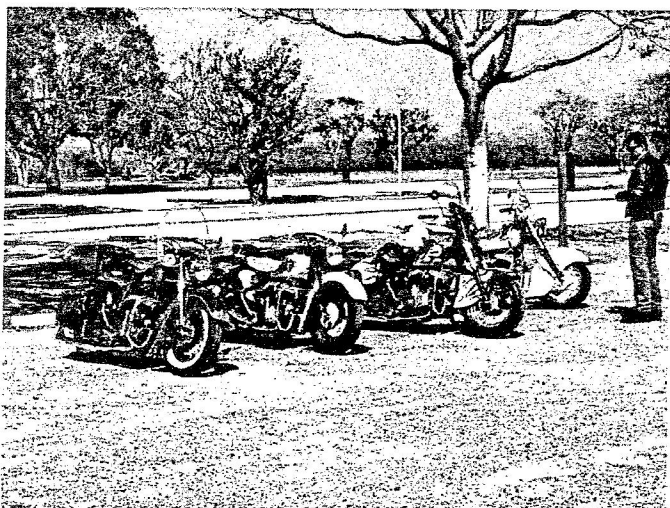


Bikes and Riders at the second stop

The second break-down occurred a few miles from that second stop, when an Early model Indian's primary or drive chain, I'm not sure which one, scraped the battery long enough to cause it to burst. The bike died and that battery spilled acid all over that bike and my trailer. What a mess.

Somewhere along the way a rider's Zundapp spit up some electrical connection and was loaded away in someone's van. But luckily that particular Zundapp rider had a spare bike, so he just hopped on a gorgeous early model BMW hack and continued the ride. That BMW proved to be the next bike to go in the trailer.

So, with 4 broken bikes so far, we continued to our Lunch Stop at the base of the Everglades. David Porter supplied sandwiches and drinks at this stop because the restaurant there had been destroyed by a hurricane. Thanks David, the lunch was delicious.



Lunch Stop Bikes

We all had fun during that lunch stop and as things sometimes happen, that fun spilled into motorcycle antics. Remember the BMW Hack? Its owner decided to

cut a few doughnuts in the parking lot, and was successful in sliding that BEEMER around for a few minutes to the pleasure of all attendees. Unfortunately, those doughnuts were cut on pavement and the strain on the bike caused at least 7 broken rear wheel spokes. So into the trailer went the BMW hack. The trailer's getting kinda full now with only 3 bikes because 2 of 'em were side car rigs. If I get any more customers I'm gonna hafta re-pack the trailer.



The end of the Everglades World at Flamingo

The next break-down occurred when a rider's 29 or 39 Harley, I'm not sure which year it was, suffered a flat rear tire. It was unfortunate for this particular bike because that tire was an original NOS rear tire. The tire was destroyed. What an unfortunate breakdown, that tire must have been priceless, now it's worthless. O. K. so now it's time to re-pack the trailer and load up that Harley.

Let's see now, that's 7 bikes on the sick list.

1. Indian never got out of parking lot
2. Harley Hack, with carb problem
3. Zundapp with electrical problem
4. Indian with broken kick starter
5. Indian with burst battery
6. Beemer hack with broken spokes
7. 29 or 39 Harley with flat tire

My trailer is full. Let's hope that we have no more breakdowns. We made it all the way back to the staging area that afternoon without any more failures. We unloaded the bikes and their owners began making repairs.

While all of those breakdowns were unfortunate, I felt especially bad for the rider who broke both of his bikes, the Zundapp and BMW Hack.

The second day took us into the Keys as far as Marathon. We made the run that day without any breakdowns of any kind. Penny and I had fun chasing all the bikes that day. I secretly wished we could have ridden one of my antique Hondas though.

The third day was a repeat of the keys ride with one

exception. A late model Norton died somewhere inside the Indian reservation and I had to transport it back to the staging area.

My 10% estimate never worked out for any of the 3 days, I wonder what a better estimate might be?

### **Barn Fresh:** By Paul S. Von Till

Fearing that the kickstand would sink into the soft sandy ground and his Harley Heritage Softail Springer would fall over on its left side, Paul Casey reached into the leather pouch mounted on the handlebars and drew out a piece of aluminum diamond plate rectangular in shape with rounded corners approximately 4 X 6 inches in size which he dropped onto the ground. He then positioned the motorcycle so the kickstand rested on it. Turning off the gas, a habit drawn from many years of riding bikes that tended to leak gas from the Linkert carburetors they were fitted with, he dismounted.

The Harley was a "Sinister Blue" color, 1999 vintage, the last year for the 80 cu. inch "Evo Engine" that was first introduced in 1984-85. The cycle was equipped with a springer-type front fork and fenders with trim to give the overall look of the style of the 1930-40s. It took three years for him to gather up the \$18,000.00 price for the bike and he was taking no chances having it fall over and the paint damaged. Satisfied that it was secure on the kickstand, he withdrew a cable lock and threaded it through the front wheel and brake rotor, snapping the lock securely. Although it was unlikely anyone would come by the isolated spot where he was, he was taking no chances.

He began a slow trudge up the rutted wagon wheel path leading to the barn which was invisible from the paved road he had just driven up. Fall comes early to the Fingerlakes Region of New York. By mid-September, many of the birch trees are already bare, and the continuously falling leaves from the oaks and maples created a kaleidoscope of color obscuring the path. He felt like an intruder in a Monet painting. Probably just another wild goose chase, he thought, as he neared the barn like so many other fruitless leads he had followed over the years.

Motorcycles had always been a part of his life. As soon as he was able to walk, his father, now gone to the great Poker Run in the Sky, had carried him for many miles seated on a cushion made by his mother, mounted on the gas tank of his 1947 Harley-Davidson "Knucklehead" 61 cu. inch motorcycle. When he graduated to being able to sit behind his father on the buddy seat of the bike, he was then allowed to take long trips to the annual meet at Laconia, New Hampshire and even once to Daytona Beach, Florida. His mother occasionally went along on

short rides when his Uncle Rudy who rode a 1942 Indian Four Cylinder motorcycle accompanied them, whereupon Paul would ride with his uncle. One time after Paul had returned from Vietnam, he asked his mother what ever happened to the bikes. She replied she didn't know, but since Uncle Rudy was a "pack rat" and never threw anything away, he either sold them or hid them someplace.

The almost 50 years of living, together with the stint in Vietnam, had left Paul with hair almost totally gray, but dark around the fringes and sideburns. Having experimented with beards of various styles and sizes over the years, he settled on a moderate three inch affair that met with Marlene's (his current girlfriend) approval. The Vietnam episode of his life left him with a slight limp from catching shrapnel in his left leg, a long scar on his left cheek partially hidden by his beard and sideburns, and a determination to put it all behind him. Having been delayed by Vietnam, and the classic adjustment period of "back-to-civilian-life", he graduated from Rutgers University a bit older than the norm. This late start in his "career", plus a general disenchantment of the world as he found it to be, made him realize he would not, and did not, desire to become another Malcolm Forbes. With a shrug of his shoulders, he set out to enjoy life and was able to find a niche for himself as an independent consultant on computers to small businesses. Thus he was able to set his own schedule and ride when he wanted to and to whatever bike run or meet struck his fancy. Marlene would accompany him whenever she could, however, her job as a nurse did not give her the freedom Paul had to come and go as she pleased. He was alone on this day.

The barn had the appearance of an Andrew Wyeth painting he thought. Having inborn artistic talent, and a minor in art at Rutgers, Paul had a keen interest in art and often viewed scenes, situations, and happenings in the frame of mind as if he was to make a painting of it. He sometimes dabbled in painting and photography to capture something particularly interesting and memorable. On this day, he carried an old fashioned 1970s vintage Minolta Model SRT2902 single reflex thirty-five millimeter camera with a flash attachment and ASA-400 Kodak film. Although he sometimes used ASA-7800, which was faster, he preferred the 400 since it produced less grainy results. The camera was uncased with no lens cover, the way he always carried it. It was slung over his shoulder with a mis-matched leather strap from a Yashica camera, long since discarded.

On approaching the barn, it was evident that it had not been entered in years. Heavy brush and mimosa trees obstructed the barn doors such that they could not be opened. The windows were boarded up and although there were gaps in the boards the thick underbrush and growth surrounding it let little light in and he could not see

into the interior. Having brought a short crowbar with him, he pried off enough boards from a rear window to allow him to climb into it. "I wonder if there is anything here" he said aloud (to himself). When he was alone, he sometimes said his thoughts aloud, a holdover habit from Vietnam. It gave him some confidence in what he was about, and sometimes a sense that he was not alone. Gradually, his eyes became accustomed to the gloom and he began a slow search.

The barn contained the usual debris found in such places. Musty hay bales, stacked ten-twelve high, filled about one third of it. Almost to the mezzanine structure that encircled the interior 12 feet from the floor, about 10 feet wide. The barn itself was about 50 ft X 55 ft, almost square with missing or rotted out here and there to reveal a partial cellar commonly known as a root cellar in which farmers would store roots and perennials over the winter that would be planted in the following spring. The rest of the floor area was strewn with rusty farm equipment – a horse – drawn plow, side delivery rake, disc harrow, even a manure spreader – a strange looking affair consisting of a wagon with wooden spoke wheels upon which was mounted, on the rear, a revolving drum with fingers that were driven off the rear axle. It could throw horse or cow manure twenty feet or more in a wide swath as the wagon was pulled. A large one cylinder John Deere tractor of 1940s vintage stood poised at the double doors as if ready to go out and plow the South 40.. Paul began to feel as if he was in a time machine and had just shifted back to the 1940s. It was amazing, he thought, that no one had been here in recent times but he could tell from the undisturbed dust on the floor that he was the first in many years to do so.

It was hard to believe that it was only two months ago when he learned that the family still had rights to the farm. It was thought to have been lost to foreclosure sometime in the 50s after his father died at a place called Pork Chop Hill in Korea. Uncle Rudy, who never married, had died shortly thereafter. When Paul saw the notice in the FINGERLAKE TIMES, a local weekly newspaper to which he had subscribed since he returned from "Nam" – a legal notice of a "Quit Claim" deed application wherein a local lawyer was seeking heirs to the land, he recognized the name Randolph Heitner, his Uncle Rudy's real name, in the notice. Paul's mother's maiden name was Heitner, Randolph was her older brother. After the usual legal gyrations he was able to claim the property by paying back taxes and legal fees. This was his first opportunity to visit it in over 30 years. After an hour or so of close examination, he was about to leave when he spied a ladder in the corner leading to the "root cellar". It was in bad shape and as he stepped on the first rung it broke causing his left foot to slip 12 inches below and wrenching his left leg bringing back some of the pain that such jars create on a bad leg. About to abandon the

descent, he accidentally triggered the camera and in the flash that momentarily illuminated the root cellar, he saw what appeared to be a wooden crate approximately 12' X 10" X 6' high. Cursing to himself aloud that he had not brought a flashlight, he remembered that he did have in his Harley saddlebags a dry cell jumper battery with a built-in light. He happened to have it with him since he had to jump start Marlene's car earlier; she had left the lights on when she parked at a patient's home during a house call. Retrieving the light, he descended into the root cellar.

The crate proved to be quite an affair. It was made of solid tongue and grooved 6" birch wood planks carefully fitted so there were no gaps. A canvas tarpaulin was nailed to the entire outside of it, however, much of the material had rotted away. The floor of the root cellar was compacted dirt, however, the crate was elevated above it by almost a foot by having been placed on bricks that were in turn on stone slabs set in the floor. Using the crowbar, Paul pried off the top boards. Inside was another tarpaulin covering the contents. This one was made of oil cloth similar to that used by fishermen for fowl weather gear. It was securely tied around the cargo with ¾" rope. Removing the boards from one end, Paul used his knife always carried at his belt when riding to cut the ropes and the cover beneath. The front tires and fender tips of two motorcycles appeared. Astonished, Paul tore off the sides of the crate and the rest of the oil cloth cover. Two motorcycles stood before him, a 1947 Harley-Davidson Knucklehead and a 1942 Indian Four Cylinder. They were in perfect shape except for the tires being dry-rotted although they still held air. When stored they had been covered with a heavy coat of axle grease thus preventing any moisture from attacking them. The leather saddlebags were, however, somewhat mildewed although they had been greased also. The cylinders had been filled with a heavy oil thus preventing the engines from seizing. Paul's Uncle Rudy had been in the Quartermaster Corps in WWII and was familiar with the procedures for long period storage of weapons and other military material. He had evidently used this knowledge and access to surplus war materials when storing and crating the bikes. Closer inspection revealed 1951 New York license plated on both machines. There was a small cushion strapped on the gas tank of the Knucklehead.

Paul used up the roll of film on the bikes cursing himself aloud for not bringing along a roll of ASA-800 which would perform better in the dim light. Then calling his friend, Carl, on his cell phone he insisted that he drive up in his (Carl's) Ford F-250 pickup without telling him why, except to "bring along a bunch of tie downs". "Mom was right" he said aloud to himself. Uncle Rudy was a "pack rat" – with a vision.

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