

VINTAGE IRON RIDERS
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VINTAGE IRON *The Newsletter of the Vintage Iron Riders*

July 2011

www.virmc.com

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July 20th-Monthly VIR Meeting at the “Dog House.”

For more non-VIR events, please check out the Springfield Miler’s newsletter at

<http://www.springfieldmilers.com/milerNL0711.pdf>

PRESIDENT’S PRATTLE

George Tinkham – President

CHANGES

Ever since our club started in September of 2003, Harvey (Bob) Tapscott has been an active, inspiring influence. His energy and inventive mind have given us the invitational vintage parking display at the Springfield Mile races and the spring picnics. Our involvement in AMA’s Vintage Motorcycle Days in Ohio has dramatically been enhanced by Harvey’s influence. Holding (at different times) positions of treasurer, products coordinator, and events coordinator, Harvey has been a dynamic force in keeping Vintage Iron Riders on track. Much of what our club is today is due to you, Harvey. We appreciate you more than words can express.

Having said all that, this slacker now finds he needs to ease away from his officer’s duties and focus on health and unfinished projects. You know, it almost sounds like this guy has things going on in his life!

When it rains, it pours: Our secretary/newsletter editor, Tommy Garber, has asked that someone else take over the newsletter duties for the rest of the year. Tommy finds himself occupied with family and home; so, if we can fill in for him, he would appreciate it. Tommy has served us well as newsletter editor for 30 months and we owe him an “atta boy” for his fine work. Thank you, Tommy.

Please let me know if you are willing to step up bat for either the newsletter or events positions.

Most of us became involved in antique/vintage motorcycles because all we could afford were used motorcycles when we were younger. This is a common scenario that will repeat itself as long as there are new, young riders and used bikes available. This month’s guest article relates how a young rider first gets involved in motorcycling. I hope you enjoy it – and hope that you might share your own story of how you got started.

I look forward to seeing you at our meeting on the 20th. Ride safe and stay cool!

“Vintage Visdom”

***“Everyone looks good riding a motorcycle; although for some,
it requires a full-face helmet.” —Tim W. Gosteli***

Activities

Harvey Tapscott

MOTORCYCLE EVENTS CALENDAR FOR 2011

August 13 - Havana Car, Bike & Tractor show.

September 4 - Park & Display (Springfield Mile @ State Fairgrounds)

October 1-2 - Ride to Ron's

October 8 - Marine Corps's Toys for Tots Fundraiser Car/Bike Show will be at Lowe's on Wabash Ave.

December 21 - V.I.R. Christmas Party

Thanks, call me if you have any questions.



Meadowlark and Sage

This article first appeared in *MRF Reports*, the newspaper of Motorcycle Riders' Foundation, a national motorcyclists' rights organization. For more information: www.mrf.org or (202) 546-0983. Graydon Wheeler, the author, lives in Wyoming and is State's Rep for MRF.

Lex slowed as he came to the intersection of the small highway, eased into the turn and opened the throttle again as he followed the bike's front wheel in the new direction. He still had a ways to go before he arrived at the location Dave wanted. rather be riding somewhere else, for a different reason, but he had known that a day like this would come. And Lex knew that whatever Dave asked of him, he'd do it.

He thought back to the first time he and Dave met, far too many years and miles ago.

He had ridden his bicycle, loaded down with a tent and sleeping bag, nearly all day and his clothes stuck to him as he pulled into the driveway of the small motorcycle shop next to a small bungalow style house. The door to the shop was open and he saw three bikers inside. One on chair with a beer in his hand, another standing next to a Harley-Davidson chopper that was on a lift, pointing out something to a third man in greasy overalls holding a wrench. They all stopped what they were doing and watched as he stopped his bicycle. He tried hard not to feel nervous and intimidated, but wasn't having much luck.

The one with the wrench stood there a moment or two and just said, "Yeah?"

His throat went dry as he squeaked out, I..ah..heard you had a motorcycle for sale and I...."

"Sold it," was all the biker said as he turned his attention back to the chopper.

"Oh...uh...okay, thanks anyway," said Lex, pushing his bicycle back toward the road.

"Where'd you ride from?" asked the mechanic without looking up.

Lex paused for a moment, "Carver."

The mechanic stopped trying to twist something in the engine, looked up with eyebrows raised, and glanced at the other two, who simply shrugged.

"Carver? What on earth possessed you to ride a bicycle over sixty miles?"

"A friend told me you had a motorcycle for sale that I might be able to buy."

"And without even knowing if I did or not you peddled your ass all the way here? Ever heard of a telephone?"

"I d-d-didn't have your number," Lex stammered.

"Got a phonebook?" The biker was upset, or amused. Lex couldn't tell which.

"I d-d-don't know your name." Lex couldn't stop the stammer, and he was starting to sweat heavily again.

Long painful silence, then a snort that might have been a laugh. "Name's Dave."

He returned to the Harley and started poking around the insides again. "There's pop in the fridge if you're thirsty; help yourself."

Unsure what to do at first, thirst won out. Lex leaned his bicycle on the kickstand and walked into the shop where an old refrigerator sat humming in the back. He found a can of orange inside and took it out, briefly holding it to his forehead, enjoying the cool sensation.

He stepped a little closer to the motorcycle that was being repaired. Hardtail frame, springer front end, king and queen seat, flamed paint on the tank, chrome pretty much everywhere else. I bet that would be fun to ride, he thought.

Dave interrupted his daydreaming, "By the way, this is Eddie's bike we're working on."

The man next to Dave nodded his head. "Howzitgoin?"

"And," continued Dave, "the gentleman on the couch we call Spook."

Lex looked over at bearded man. The man gave a slight twist of the lip as a way of greeting. Spook fits. He didn't

say anything the whole time he was there.

“And you are...?” Dave let the question hang.

“My names A...a...a...lex”. His stammer was back.

“Okay, Lex.”

“No, it’s Alex.”

“You just told me it was Lex.”

“I meant Alex.”

“Don’t you know your own name?”

“Yes, but it’s not Lex.”

“You just told me it was.”

“No I didn’t!”

“You calling me a liar, kid?”

“No!”

“Then Lex it is.”

And ever since, everyone, with the exception of his parents, called him Lex.

Lex ducked to avoid an insect as he wondered once again why he took the windshield off of his bike. Sometimes you need to let comfort and practicality trump style. A ranch truck passed him in the opposite direction. The only other traffic he’s seen for miles. He knew why Dave wanted him out here. He continued reminiscing.

“If you had called me, I could’ve told you that I didn’t have anything for sale.” Dave was talking as he led Lex to a truck in the backyard with something in the bed covered with a tarp. “But since you rode this far,” he paused, “you be willing to do a little wrenching? I picked this up last week but haven’t had time to start on it.”

He pulled the tarp back revealing a Honda CL350 that had bad tires, a bit of rust, and was missing a muffler.

“I have the parts inside. I’ll let you borrow my tools and if you can get it up and running, we’ll work out a deal”.

Lex didn’t need to think about it at all. “Sure!” It wasn’t a Harley, but Lex knew he couldn’t afford something that big anyway.

Eddie and Spook brought a ramp out and together they brought the little Honda into the shop and made a space for Lex to work. Dave carried over a box filled with gaskets, spark plugs, oils, and other assorted parts. He went to a out to the truck and returned with two new tires.

“Have at it,” he said and then went back to finishing the job on Eddie’s ride.

Lex stared at the project for a moment. Where to start? He peered in the box thinking the parts might suggest something. He had never worked on something like this. A lawnmower or two, yes. And working with his father on the family car, but never a motorcycle. He thought, “A motor’s a motor. They all take gas and burn it the same way, more or less.” It may take a while; Lex was willing to try.

.....To be continued next month



VIR Monthly Meeting Minutes

June 15, 2011

The club acknowledged a respect and love of our country by participating in the Pledge of Allegiance.

Meeting called to order at 7:26 P.M.

Minutes of the previous meeting were accepted as published in the newsletter.

“Ride to Work Day is coming up.

Bob Tapscott gave the activities report.

Be sure to bring VIP raffle tickets to turn in. We will draw the winner at the July meeting.

New members voted in were Bill Nelson, Al Lyons, Pat Boyle, and John Whittington .

Treasurer Underfanger said that as of July 6, 2011, VIR had \$3,379.01 in club funds. VIR has \$1750.00 in the Jeff White Memorial Fund.

Meeting adjourned at 8:02 P.M.

JULY 2011

					1	2
3	4 INDEPENDENCE DAY	5	6 OFFICERS MEETING	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20 VIR MONTHLY MEETING	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

AUGUST 2011

	1	2	3 OFFICERS MEETING	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17 VIR MONTHLY MEETING	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
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