

Chief Blackhawk



Antique Motorcycle Club

Dealership with Blackhawk Motorcycle in front of Indians in San Francisco photo sent by Roger Duffey



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Davenport Meet 2012

2012 turned out to be a great year for the Chief Blackhawk Chapter Meet. This year without a doubt was the biggest and most attended meet to date. There were 904 vending spaces with 493 vendors. Half of them have already signed up for next year. Set up went

smoothly again this year; I think we have that getting almost 500 vendors in the fairgrounds in a short amount of time down to an art. The gates counts were close 16,000 spectators. Even with the rain and vendors pulling out on Friday night the meet was by all

standards a great success. The vendors that did stay made out on Saturday.



Banquet 2012

The Banquet attendance was down due to the weather but a great time was still had by all. The speaker this year was a comedian. I did enjoy his performance after all laughter is the best medicine. Chapter President David Lash gave out trophies for years of service to Chief Blackhawk members with 20 or more years. Trophies were also given to the

winners of the bike show at the banquet. The Smitty award was awarded to our beloved past President Del Schumacher little did we know that this would be Del's

last meet. He will sorely missed, it will not be the same without him.

All in the entire meet was a great success. We had many vendors and spectators stop by and join Chief Blackhawk to show their support of the club.

Del Schumacher was awarded the Smitty Award for his many years of service to Chief Blackhawk

From The Editor

Hi everyone this has been a crazy busy year. I personally feel I have let you all down and I want to make a promise to do better this year.

I would like to ask you help. Please send me your letters or articles of interest for the newsletter. I am running out of things to write about. I am not a writer but wanted a newsletter as a means of communication. Now that we have

left the National we need to pull together as a club and start making this a fun hobby again. Yes we put on a Hugh meet but we are more

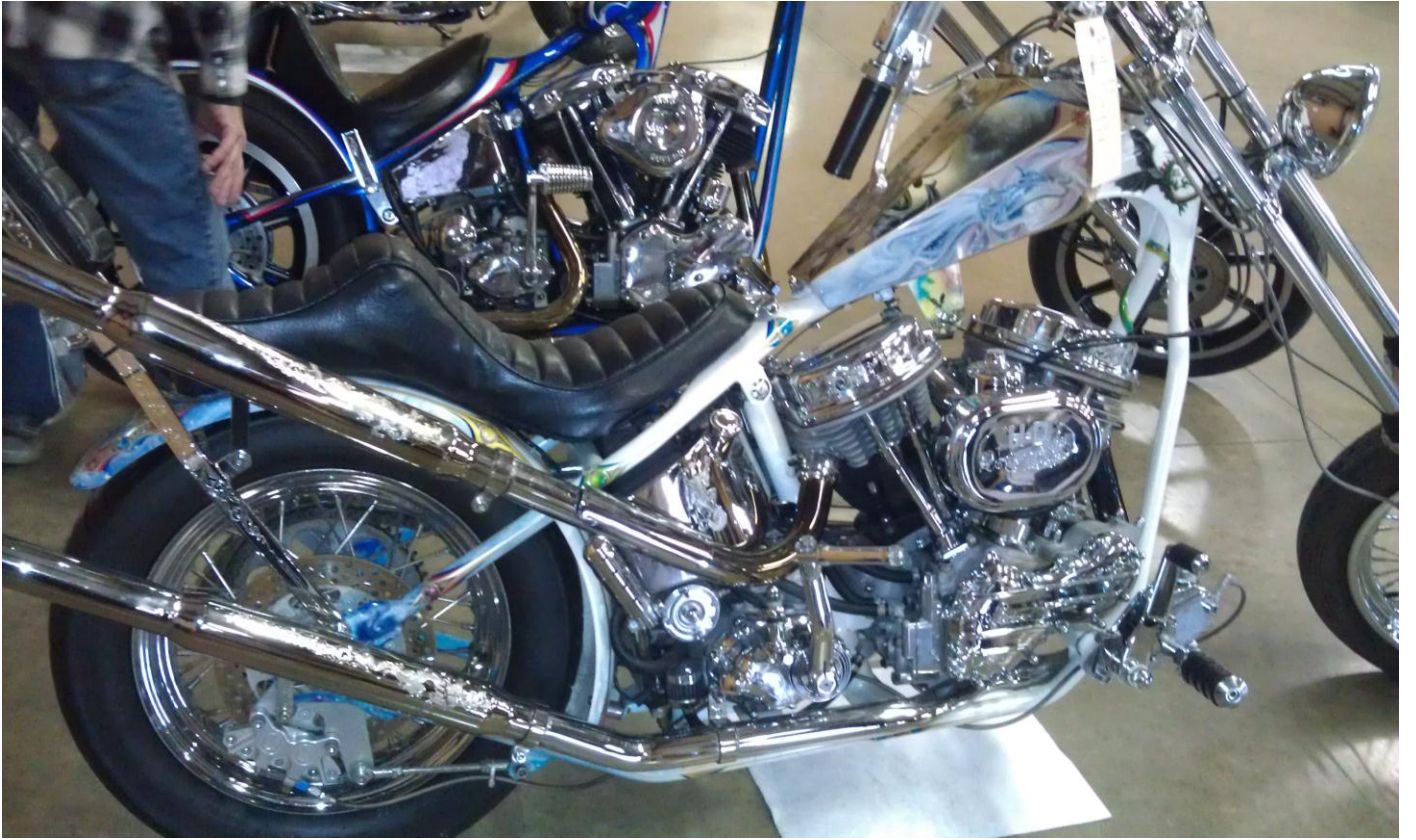
than that. We need to start getting out and riding our motorcycles. Have fun activities instead just discussing the meet. The meet is work and once we get it figured out it usually falls into place.

I would like to ask you help. Please send me your letters or articles of interest for the newsletter.

2012 Davenport Bike Show Winners

Oldest Motorcycle	Charles Garrett	1911 Indian Twin
Most Unique 1 st Place	Charles Garrett	1911 Indian Twin
Most Unique 2 nd Place	Jim and Mary Gallagher	1937 Crocker Sport
Most Unique 3 rd Place	Dennis Begyn	V1 Rocket Bike
Longest Distance	Steve Acton	1975 Harley Davidson FLH
Period Modified 1 st Place	Matt Blake	1949 Indian Scout
Period Modified 2 nd Place	John Parham National Motorcycle Museum	1953 Harley Davidson Custom Panhead
People's Choice 1 st Place	Gary Athuf	1959 Ariel Square Four
People's Choice 2 nd Place	Michael Wolfe	1911 Merkel Twin
People's Choice 3 rd Place	Austin Williams	1942 Harley Davidson WLA
Best Bobber 1 st Place	Del Schumacher	1941 Indian Chief
Best Bobber 2 nd Place	Todd Wilson	1941 Indian Scout
Best Bobber 3 rd Place	Mike Weets	1974 Yamaha
Best Chopper 1 st Place	Slider Gilmore	1960 Harley Davidson FLH
Best Chopper 2 nd Place	Tony Swain	1973 Honda
Best Chopper 3 rd Place	David Lash	1950 Harley Davidson Panhead
Best of Show	Steve Puntillo	1943 BMW Military Train





We had a special guest at the meet this year. 13 year old Austin Williams from Ohio. Austin bought a basket case bike from our very own Tim Schumacher. He with the help of his father restored this bike. Visit the AMCA website and see the forum under Austin's build for pictures and day to day updates how Austin built this bike. Austin won third place people's choice award at our meet.



“Forty-five Years a Motorcyclist” submitted by Dennis Ryan

I woke up a few days ago to the fact that I've reached geezer-hood. I realized that as of mid-June 2012 I've been straddling motorcycles for over forty-five years.

Two-thirds of my life.

It began in 1962 with an innocent ride home from High School on the back of a well worn Harley WLA. My pal, Chris "Kit" Campbell, wasn't sure of his bike's history but he knew enough about it to keep it rideable and street-legal. It had already been "bobbed" when he bought it, but he made it his own by giving it a bright yellow brushed-on paint job. Not only was it the only bright yellow '45' in town, it was one of only six bikes in our whole town, population 6500. Bikes weren't common (or popular) in 1962, but Kit didn't care. He rode his WLA everywhere.

The climate of motorcycling had changed greatly by 1965. Small motorcycles were "cute" and "respectable" so the old prejudices against bikes were vanishing, (*You met the nicest people on a Honda, Solo Suzuki, etc.*) Although many of my friends had become riders I

was still a "car guy" with two auto projects in the works and no interest in two-wheeled transportation. Until one day..... In September '65 five of my friends rode into the parking lot of the local hang-out on their way to do some impromptu hill-climbing in a local gravel quarry. They convinced me to go along for the ride and, with nothing better to do, I climbed on as passenger on Davy Dixon's bright red CL72 Honda Scrambler.

I woke up a few days ago to the fact that I've reached geezer-hood

By evening I was converted.

No more interest in cars. I HAD TO HAVE A BIKE. Beginning that week, part of every paycheck was reserved for buying a new Honda scrambler in 1966. As winter and spring crawled by, and as a carefully concealed Honda sales brochure fed my motorcycle ambitions, a plan took shape. I

was lucky in one way, for my Dad, Mom and several uncles had been motorcycle riders before I was born, but I had a problem. My problem was my Mom, who argued that because I already had two cars, I didn't need another vehicle to license, insure, and store. I had a devious solution. Although I was only age twenty I had older friends, one of whom agreed to be my co-signer. Plus, I was able to rent a garage a half-mile away where I could store my new "contraband" 2-wheeled beauty.

And so it was that in mid-June, 1966, my friend gave me a lift on his T10 Suzuki to the local Honda dealer, where we signed the papers for my new prized possession, a gleaming Honda CL77 305cc Scrambler side-piper. After a quick lesson about its controls, I was turned loose to burn up the roads. Unfortunately I was wearing shorts, so the only thing "burned" was a spot on my left leg where it got in the way of (cont. on last page)

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We're on the Web!
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“Forty-five Years a Motorcyclist” continued

the scrambler's high-mounted exhaust pipes I rode the bike to my secret garage and walked home, proud of my exploit and foolishly confident that my ownership of a bike could remain a secret.

My secret was short-lived. As I came out of the shower three days later Dad saw the raw, red oval on my leg and asked “Where is it?” “Where is what?” I replied. “Your motorcycle. Do you think I don't know what causes a burn like that?”

What was left to say? Caught like a rat in a trap. But, Dad was sympathetic:

“Well, I know you've got a bike, so you might as well bring it home.”

A few months later Dad brought home a bike of his own, and resumed a riding career cut short by my birth twenty years previously. And, as I had caught the “cycle bug” from *my* friends, several of Dad's old riding pals also bought new bikes to begin riding again. And, with so many of the town's tax-paying, business-owning, older, respected citizens again on motorcycles, an interesting thing happened:

Motorcycle riders no longer were the Number One targets of the local police department. Forty-five years on motorcycles. It seems like it began just *yesterday*.

Who says motorcycles don't keep you young at heart?

