

2021 Spring Newsletter

Published by the Indian Four Cylinder Club, for it's members
Volume 56, Number 1

Indian 4 Club

"America's Most Beautiful Motorcycles"



1961



2021



*Of Celebrating the American Made
Four-Cylinder Motorcycle*



Indian 4 Club

“America’s Most Beautiful Motorcycles”

2021 Spring Newsletter, Volume 56, Number 1

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Front cover: 2021 marks the Indian Four Cylinder Club's 60th year of celebrating the American made four-cylinder motorcycle. And, oh what a year we hope it will be!

A Note from the President



Spring Greetings to all my fellow Four Fanatics! (Autumnal Greetings to folks South of the equator!) I hope you are all well, safe and able to do the things that bring you satisfaction. After last month's epistle on generator drive couplings, I'll be brief. (I heard that applause...)

Plans are moving along at full throttle in 3rd gear for the 60th Anniversary Meet. The dates are **Thursday, August 12 - Sunday, August 15, 2021 at the Seneca County Fairgrounds in Tiffin, Ohio.** Information on local accommodations is elsewhere in this issue. Your Board is meeting Friday, April 23, 2021 at the Perkiomen AMCA Meet in Oley, Pennsylvania. We'll gather at the Markey's vending spot at 5 PM to finalize many of the details. As you can see from the Treasurer's Report, thanks to your dues and increased membership, we have the resources to celebrate this milestone in the manner it so richly deserves. We're working on using some of this newfangled technology to make the Meet accessible to the many members who can't be there in person. Wish us luck...

That's it for now. Ride if you can, wrench when you need to and stay in touch!

In Memory of...

It is our sad duty to let you know that we recently learned that Dick Ray II, member #144 of Louisburg, KS, Tom Brewer, member #188 of North Peking, IL, Jonathan Kitrosser, member #1220 of Carlisle, MA, and James Willett, member #1267 of St. Albans, VT have passed away over the past few months.

The Club sends condolences to all members who have lost loved ones; we remember by name departed Members at our Annual Meeting. If you know of Members who have passed since last year, please let us know so they can be included when the necrology is read and our friends are remembered.

Treasurer's Report

67 members who have not paid their 2021 dues.

7 Lifetime Members who no longer pay dues (*This status is awarded by nomination and vote at the annual meeting. It is reserved for long time members that have contributed to the club.*)

223 Paid memberships to-date. (189 paid for 2021; 18 paid through 2022 and 16 paid through 2023)

10 T-shirts have been sold through the website @ \$25 ea

ALL Bank and PayPal statements are on file with the entire board.

Please remember dues are \$35 Annually for Stateside and \$45 for all foreign (due to postage).

November 11, 2020 account balance: \$4,313.47

Balance as of March 5, 2021: \$9,227.53

Estimated Expense for Spring Publication: (\$1,400)

Summer publication: TBD

Fall publication: TBD

Annual Meet being planned

Club merchandise restock will be discussed by board at their meeting in Oley, PA, April 22nd.

DUES NEED TO BE PAID IN JANUARY OF EACH YEAR SO THAT THE CLUB CAN SET A BUDGET.

PUBLICATIONS WILL ONLY BE ORDERED TO COVER PAID MEMBERS.

CURRENTLY 67 MEMBERS WILL NOT BE RECEIVING THIS SPRING ISSUE.

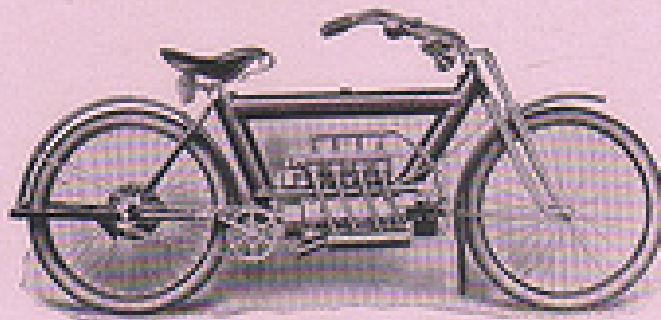


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THE PIERCE

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MOTORCYCLE



The Only Motorcycle in America

With Four Cylinders
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The Only Motorcycle in the World

**With automatic force feed oiling
system pumping direct to bearings;**
With multiple disc friction clutch;
With large tubing suitable for motorcycles
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In addition to leading the world by four vital features, and America by two additional, and still more vital features, the Pierce is a **PIONEER** standing out ahead of all others in the use of **mechanical** intake and exhaust valves, in that **benzene** and **coil** are displaced by a **magneto**, in having simple **grip** control, in having every part **accessible** and many **interchangeable**.

Send for Booklet "D" telling the whole story.

Responsible agents wanted everywhere. Riders should place their orders with agents early as production for 1920 is going fast.

Madison Square Garden Show—Space 538

THE PIERCE CYCLE COMPANY

18 Hanover Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Denver and Oakland

Manufacturers Pierce Bicycles

Our Fellow Member from France - Laurent "Larry" Vronski

My grandfather was a board track racer in the '20s in pre-Bolshevik Russia racing Indians and Harleys even though he came from a social class where you did not ride motorcycles let alone race them: those were for thugs or low-class chaps. Period.

In those days, when a racer was riding too close to you, you just kicked his cycle with your boot: you did not complain to the track marshal about it. My grandfather had lost half an ear and part of an elbow on the track.

I grew up with those stories my grandmother forbade him to tell me and when I was a child my grandfather made me recite all the Indian models. Until very recently nobody knew about Indians except aficionados but I knew that one day I would get an Indian.

My grandfather passed away before he could see it. After graduating from school, I started working and saved enough money to buy a 1948 Chief. That was 2000. The bike was in the seller's living room on the second floor of his house and it took five of us to remove it from there through the balcony. In the meantime, I set up my own workshop so I could restore all my bikes from the ground up by myself. I knew about Indian 4's but to me it seemed like an unapproachable dream: very few are in Europe and the prices in the US are just...crazy!

Then one day I saw an ad in a British vintage motorcycle magazine from a guy who had one for sale near London. The bike was under a pile of crap but it was there all right. He told me it worked like a charm but was too old to ride it. It was affordable so I went for it.

To make a long story short it took me 7 long years to get it running: the bike was in terrible, terrible shape (major welding on the crankcase, complete renovation of the crankshaft, transmission, frame, white metal, etc.. and five return trips on the back of a tow truck).

Thanks to my friend Jim Walther's numerous advice and encouragements as well as Mark Hill I finally got it running! Joining the club is the final step of that long and arduous journey so I can benefit from the advice of other riders and be part of the community. Thank you for welcoming me.



The History of the Indian Four Cylinder Club – by Tracy Woodall, Editor

“The purpose of our Indian Four Cylinder Club is to help members restore these famous machines and to make parts available among members and to keep the Indian Fours from becoming extinct. It was agreed that this club is to remain as it was originally set-up and is not to fall into the hands of any one person or group for the sole purpose of profiteering or to make things unreasonable for members to own an Indian Four or be able to find parts.” – John E. Wickham

There are two meanings to the word “club”. One, “An association or organization dedicated to a particular interest or activity”, and the other, “A heavy stick with a thick end, especially one used as a weapon”. The latter being easy to come by. Enough so that anyone could fashion one from nearly anything they might find out in one’s garage. While the other, in this case a special interest, might prove quite difficult to come by, and not likely found but only in a few garages spread far and wide. This might also include old barns, living rooms, or perhaps fence lines, but nonetheless, we know they exist and we strive to gather to admire them along with the amazing work being done to preserve them.

If John Wickham could see us today, he might not only marvel at how far we have come in fulfilling his dream, but the fact that we will be celebrating the 60th year of that same dream would likely impress him the most. By today’s standards, if one were to have the desire to start a club, they might simply address a new Facebook page and allow it to draw in those with like interests. Something that could happen as quickly as overnight depending upon the popularity of the topic. Yet, 60 years ago, it would have been a very different task. It is not known for sure just how this task was undertaken, but it most likely included word of mouth, a poster on a local motorcycle shop bulletin board, and perhaps a few letters and phone calls. Regardless of the method, it had to have taken a lot of work and patience.

“The Indian Four has always had a special spot in my heart. There was something about the beauty and the excellent riding qualities as well as the ready power that made this motorcycle unlike any other that has ever been built. I had a thorough knowledge of this motor and had often thought how wonderful it would be if a special club could be formed to preserve this fine motorcycle. If others who owned these unique machines could get together and organize a club!” – John E. Wickham

Forming the Club...

Eleanor Steinbring, the first female member of the club and Percy Wallace’s daughter, wrote a tribute letter in honor of John Wickham after his passing. Eleanor explains that John and Percy became good friends after meeting at an “Old Timers Meet”, at another motorcycle club in Alliance, Ohio. The meet was for riders with 30 years of experience or more. From there, many visits were made and John and Percy discussed the idea of an American Four Cylinder Motorcycle Club for 3-4 years before it became a reality.

In August of 1961, John got together a group of fellows who had the same idea at the Mill Stream Ramblers Clubhouse on County Road 100, north of Findlay, Ohio. These fellows traveled as far as two hundred miles in order to join with the activity and to help form the club. Some twenty people attended that first meeting. John was the acting president or chairman and business got under way. Ideas, pro and con, were discussed, and thus, the club was formed. Dues were to be \$5.00 per year for the Indian Four Cylinder Club and \$2.00 per year for the A.M.A. membership, a requirement at that time to be a member.

With the help of A.M.A. representative, Dave Sloan, who was present at that first meeting, our club applied for our charter, #2135, which we still hold today. Many of our members are still supporters of the A.M.A.

At this first meeting, officers were elected to hold office for one year until the annual election would be held. Trustees were elected for one, two, and three years. The officers would include John Wickham, President; Peter Gagan of Port Credit, Ontario, Canada, Vice President; George E. Hopps of Drayton

Plains, Michigan, Secretary; Gail Winters of Pontiac, Michigan, Treasurer; Carl Reichenbaugh of Findlay, Ohio, Sgt. of Arms; Percy Wallace of Atwater, Ohio, Referee; Jack Maurer of Detroit, Michigan, Trustee for one year; Ed Wolski of Detroit, Michigan, Trustee for two years; John Groves of Fostoria, Ohio, Trustee for three years; Dave Sloan of Kenton, Ohio, Reporter, business agent, and Life Member of the Indian Four Cylinder Club.

In the beginning, in order to become a member of the Indian Four Cylinder Club, one had to own an American made four-cylinder motorcycle. A "one-year rule" was put in place that applied to all but the charter members of the club. The rule made it possible for one to sell their four-cylinder motorcycle, but they had to acquire another four-cylinder motorcycle within one year of that sale in order to remain a member of the club. That rule was changed at a business meeting in 1976. It was noted that several members in good standing, who had been of benefit to the club and had continued to pay their dues, would be allowed to remain a member even if they did not own a four-cylinder motorcycle. These members were also allowed to retain voting and discussion privileges.

Membership...

The date of September 30th, 1962 was declared to be the final date for members to be considered charter members. This was, however, never closed at the time. At the 1968 annual meet it was decided that the original charter membership would include all members in good standing as of December 31st, 1962. This list includes: John E. Wickham, Carl Reichenbaugh, Steve Kertesz, Paul Murray, Percy Wallace, George E. Hopps, Dave Sloan, John Groves, Kent Moore, Fred Provin, Harry Maule, Lew Maule, Jack Maurer, Ed Wolski, Robert Blains, Allen Bozung, R.H. Aldrich, Sylvester Price, Mel Falbo, Gail Winters, Peter Gagen, Larry Barnes, Earl Chalfant, Paul Havaland, Robert Keene, Dick Lada, C.E. Monnet Sr., Albert Rule, Don W. Thomas, Maynard Whetstone, and G.F. Demarree.

Within the first few years, the club had reached around 105 members. That included people from all over the United States as well as a few more from Canada and England. By 1971, membership was at around 230. Membership has risen and dropped here and there throughout the years for various reasons. Today, the club has around 300 members worldwide. Currently, we have members located all over the U.S., but also in Belgium, Canada, the Czech Republic, Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Romania, South Australia, and the United Kingdom.

Club meets...

In April of 1962, a second meeting was held at the Traveler's Motorcycle Club grounds at 8940 Dorr Street, Toledo, Ohio and it was decided to hold further meetings at this location until the club decided differently. August, 1962 was the first annual meeting following the organization meeting in August of 1961. As the club aligned with the A.M.A., and set restrictions on membership, it became necessary for members to hold A.M.A. membership for Indian Four Club membership, and sanctions for events for the annual meet in August permitted owners of machines other than Fours to participate in sanctioned events. A second meet was set up for June of each year called a "closed meet" exclusively for Four Club members and no sanctions from the A.M.A. A business meeting was set up for February each year to conduct carry over business and receive new members. Other meetings have been called throughout the years for business sessions but none permanently set as February, June, and August, at that time. Due to the distance between board members and their schedules today, some flexibility must be taken into account on the timing of these meetings.

The annual club meets continued to be held at the Traveler's Motorcycle Club grounds in Toledo, Ohio through 1973. In 1974 the annual meet was held at the Dux Club in Lambertville, Michigan. Because of the club's growing popularity and number of people attending the annual meets, another change of location took the meet to the Seneca County Fairgrounds in Tiffin, Ohio, in 1975, where it has taken place every year since. Business meetings took place in various locations depending on their schedule and the availability of the persons needed to form a quorum.

The A.A.I.C.

The All American Indian Club was formed by a group of Indian Four Cylinder Club members who owned twins and single cylinder bikes along with other owners of Indian twin and single cylinder motorcycles. This club was founded April 25, 1965. A dual meet was held the second weekend in June of that same year, so that all could attend with the members of the All American Indian Club meeting on Saturday, and the members of the Indian Four Cylinder Club remaining to meet separately on Sunday. These dual meets allowed for more fellowship and the opportunity to have access to a better source for parts. They also offered a way to gain access to a greater collection of expertise and ideas in order to help keep all American made four cylinders, twins, and singles operational and in good original working order. This larger gathering of owners meant the need to plan for more people, parking, space to camp in, and setup an area to sell and swap parts. Eventually the need for more space and greater accommodations led to having to find a larger venue to hold the meets. The Sunday meets of the Indian Four Cylinder Club were referred to as "closed meets", which meant that only Indian Four owners were allowed to attend.



Now hear this!

In the beginning, typewritten newsletters were put together and mailed out periodically. Club publications, however, did not begin until November of 1966. The first Publisher and Editor, Cecil Hasser, put together an outstanding first issue that consisted of 30 pages, and they grew from there. Quite an accomplishment when you consider that there were four issues published per year, most of which were typewritten as word processors and the go-anywhere laptop computer did not yet exist.

After Pow-wow in Editor's Tepee To Preview Club's First Issue of New Magazine, Club Officers Much Happy, Give Out Big War Whoop



For many years, publications were put together and mailed out to the membership four times a year. These were basically sent out for Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter. This has been altered a bit over time and currently consists of a Spring newsletter, a Summer newsletter, and a Fall/Winter magazine that contains a lot of pictures and information from that year's annual meet. A full hard-copy collection of the publications, and earlier newsletters, has been put together over the years at the hand of Wally Krzyzanowski. Wally has played a huge role in the preservation of our club's history over his nearly 44 years as a member. These items have all been archived electronically to help preserve them well into the future.

With many of the members in the early years being mechanics and having a genuine interest in the restoration process, several of them contributed some of the best articles

and information that we can still refer back to today. Luckily, the tradition of collecting and restoring these machines still exists in fine fashion and we still have many, very knowledgeable, members who take great pride in not only working on and restoring their own Fours, but are also willing to help others learn by assisting them with their Fours as well. This is very evident at the annual meet where you can witness several gather around a Four with their tools and expertise. Over the years, there have been more than one occurrence of a member having taken their basket case Four to the meet, and having left with a fully assembled Four in running condition. Quite a feat for a three-day weekend!

Plenty to see and do...

In the earlier years, a parade was held to show off all of the bikes in attendance for the annual meet. Pictures show that a Four with a sidecar would carry the American flag to lead the parade followed by another carrying the Indian Four Cylinder Club banner. This usually took place around the track located on the grounds where the meet took place. It was a show of patriotism and pride.

A Flea Market was always popular and could often be found spread out across the meet by those with parts to sell or a service to provide. Side cars and complete bikes are often brought in for sale as well.

Field games have often been played and may include the slow race (you better be good with that clutch), the economy run (how many laps can you make with both petcocks shut off?), ring toss, water carry (a new "world record" may have been set at the 2020 meet?), washer toss, inner tube toss (over a traffic cone), the hot dog bite (hopefully there will be enough left for the hot dog and corn roast, and the competitors won't already be full), egg carry, and even the barrel chase (an activity of long ago). These activities gave those with an interest in competition an opportunity to show what they are made of. Poker Runs also took place at one time during the meets.

Food is obviously a big deal when it comes to a gathering of people. The annual meets have always been much like a family reunion, so there are plenty of mouths to feed. For years, breakfast was prepared on site by some of the members and their wives. Another tradition was a corn roast and hot dogs for dinner. It is noted that at one meet 50 dozen ears of corn were purchased for this meal, but no mention of a quantity for the hot dogs. Of course what's a gathering of people over a three-day weekend without a pitch-in of some sorts? A local food truck was brought in to serve everyone lunch and dinner on Saturday for the 2020 meet, and it worked out deliciously. And it certainly cannot go without mention that for many years, since 2011 in fact, that members were invited to attend a gathering at Don and Caroline Miller's for the hog roast on the Thursday night before the meet. This was always a huge hit. Several special guests, including Bobby Hill and Dick Klamfoth, attended over the years making the gatherings that much more interesting.

Women's Auxilliary

At the 1974 meet, it was decided that with all of the people who were attending on a regular basis, and bringing along with them their wives and children, that a women's auxiliary would be very helpful in making the weekend an even greater success. Before the meet was over, they had gathered and had voted in a President, Mrs. Wally Enders, Vice President, Mrs. Leola Provin, Secretry, Mrs. Ann Aldrich, and Treasurer, Mrs. Inez McCain. Members would consist of the wives of the Indian Four Cylinder Club members as well as the All American Indian Club members.





The ride

A Saturday morning ride generally involves a small group of Four riders as well as others. A popular destination is the Mull covered bridge outside of Tiffin. This stop is at the halfway point where a break and a photo opportunity are always welcome.

The "Tree"

Another tradition that appears to have been started once the meets reached the fairgrounds in Tiffin, is to have each Four, and nowadays each bike in attendance at the meet, bring its owner over to stand in front of the large oak tree for a picture. The purpose of the tree itself is to hold the banner because the tree is so large in diameter. These pictures are published in the Fall/Winter magazine each year leaving this tree to be one of the most photographed trees in the United States, second only to the Constitution Oak.



Decisions, decisions...

Judging of the bikes begins basically as soon as they start arriving at the fairgrounds. Some arrive late on the Thursday before, many more throughout the day on Friday, and the rest earlier in the morning on Saturday. The people who arrive first tend to get the closest look as they are the ones who end up helping others unload their Fours for the weekend. Each gets looked over closely and the discussions and stories begin. This tends to be the most popular moment of the entire weekend. Each time an owner fires up their engine, everyone turns to see which one it is. The more official judging of the bikes takes place on Saturday.

In the earlier years, the official judging began with a point sheet. Points were given based on a bike being in operating condition, how well it was restored, how original it was, along with other categories like the condition of the paint and so on. This caused some to go back to work on their bikes and make improvements in order to do better the following year. It also caused problems because some years were just more popular than other years and it was felt that a more level playing field was necessary so that everyone stood a better opportunity.

In 1976, it was decided that a class of “most original” and “best restored” would be taken into account with the breakdown of years in each as: oldest to 1931, 1932 to 1939, and 1940-1942. The oldest to 1931 were the models with the one-piece tank through the frame. The 1932-1939 models were the “open fender” models. And, the 1940-1942 models had skirted fenders.

Depending upon how many Fours are brought to the meet in a given year, some slight re-arrangement of the awards given may take place. The awards given at the 2020 meet were as follows:

Oldest Four-Cylinder present

Oldest Four-Cylinder Indian

Best Custom Four

Best Four and Sidecar

1st, 2nd, and 3rd Place Four Pre-1928

1st, 2nd, and 3rd Place Four 1928-1931

1st, 2nd, and 3rd Place Four 1932-1937

1st, 2nd, and 3rd Place Four 1938-1939

1st, 2nd, and 3rd Place Four 1940-1942

John Wickham Award for Best Indian Four

Toney Watson Award for Best Henderson

The Paul Pearce Award for Service to the Club

The President’s Award for Going Above and Beyond for the Club

Ladies Choice Award

Bob Markey Award for Longest Distance Ridden to the Meet

Longest Distance Traveled to the Meet

Youngest Member Showing a Four at the Meet

Oldest Member Showing a Four at the Meet

Most Unique Award

Although an actual point sheet is not widely used any longer due to time constraints, one could be worked up if it were to be requested.

The Paul Havaland award was given for the best original Four up until Paul Havaland’s death. That award, which had been passed around between a handful of members several times, was retired and given to the three-time winner to keep. This has since been named the John Wickham award and a different award is now given each year for the Best Indian Four for that member to keep.

What’s in the barn?

The building where the bikes are usually stored overnight during the meet is lovingly called “the barn”. It offers plenty of room for the bikes and tables for the memorabilia and t-shirt sales. Everyone tends to gather here after dark to share more stories, and to keep working on that project bike or bikes.

You might even say that “the barn” is essentially turned into the most amazing temporary museum the world has ever seen. At the first meet it was noted that between 15 and 20 four cylinder motorcycles were present. At the 50th year meet, 80 four cylinder motorcycles came to Tiffin and we are hoping for even more for the 60th!

Fly ins...

Several of our members were pilots and would sometimes fly themselves into the nearest local airport to get to the meet. One year, Dr. Bill Cleveland flew in and flew over the area where the meet was taking place but his landing location had been changed to an airport farther away. There were no cell phones to let the person who was to have picked him up to bring him to the meet know this and he never made it to the meet. A surprise visitor from the Tiffin Lions Club stopped in on the Saturday of the 1976 meet to speak to the Indian Four Club's officials. An invitation was extended to the members to attend a Lions Club Fly-in Breakfast at the Seneca County Airport the next day. On Sunday, approximately 50 riders were given a sheriff's escort to the airport to attend the event. Several historic planes were there for the Fly-in for all to see up close. The event was a hit and an invitation was extended, at that time, for the following year.

In and around the latter part of 1974, it was discussed to allow the formation of another chapter of the Indian Four Cylinder Club as had been requested by another group of Four owners. It was expressed that formation of a pilot chapter, referred to as the Delaware Valley chapter, would be considered as long as they would agree to adhere to the original Indian Four Cylinder Clubs constitution and by-laws. Several requests were made to make alterations to the constitution that would allow owners of other makes of machines eligible for membership and to join the club as well. It was eventually decided that these changes along with another groups desire to start a separate chapter for Chiefs would basically change the entire focus of the Indian Four Cylinder Club as it was set forth, and eventually the other chapter was withdrawn. All members in good standing, from the other chapter, continued on as members of the Indian Four Cylinder Club, and the others encouraged to remain or become members of the All American Indian Club.

As with any organization that has 60 years under its belt, more could be gleaned from and written about in this same article. I've tried to do my best to pay attention to the higher points that continue to make our club what it is today, but also to bring in as many of the important things from the past as I could find. After all, it's the past that makes it all history, even though as early as yesterday adds yet another page. Anyone who knows of other events or happenings that are worthy of being added to this are more than welcome to bring those to my attention so I can research the archives for traces of those occurrences and see about adding them in to help make this more complete. Were it not for the archives, there would be no documentation and there are very few left among us to turn to for answers. We must also not forget that while we have the opportunity to document the knowledge that we still have present among us, we should certainly try to do so. This can be done through further written articles and interviews. It's what our club was formed for and we, in its own preservation, cannot lose sight of that!

John E. Wickham

(11-27-1897 - 2-10-1976)

Also known as "Mr. Indian Four", received an award from the A.M.A. in 1963 for his work in forming the Indian Four Cylinder Club. He was hailed as having played a major role in motorcycle history for having formed such a unique club that was recognized by many of the motorcycling world's larger publications and clubs around the globe.





*I jumped aboard my cycle, and started up the hill.
With the breezes whistling 'round me, gave me quite a chill.
The motor was really humming, past everything in sight.
People were waiving gaily, from the left and from the right.
I really felt quite happy, and couldn't ask for more.
Just whizzing down the highway, on my "classic" Indian Four.*

Irene Moore 1967

My Babies - Peter Beckert Shares His Indian Motorcycle Story from Germany



I found the way to motorcycles very late. I was already 43 years old when I made the motorcycle driving license, which is not easy to get in Germany. After I got the license I bought a Suzuki "Savage". It was not a good decision because the bike was too small for me. I soon sold the bike, and then there was a break for several years. But then I noticed an ad in a motorcycle magazine where somebody offered a 71 Harley Shovel Head. I saw the bike and fell in love. The color was turquoise and an early owner had built a real nice bike. I had a lot of fun with this bike, I still own it and I ride it when I want to feel the Harley power.

A few years later I noticed an ad again in the magazine where an Indian Scout was offered in Poland, about 800 miles from my home. I asked a friend if he would like to come with me, he agreed and two days later we were on the way to Poland. I had rent a little transporter and the adventure began. Up to this day I had no experience with Indian motorcycles, I just knew the name Indian. The trip to Poland was a horror trip, because of a flood nearly everywhere in Poland. A lot of roads where closed and so it took us twice the time as normally. We arrived at our destination at 4 a.m., but nevertheless I rang the doorbell. Fortunately he was not angry and came out to show us the Indian in the garage. It was a totally bobber of a 741 Scout. Everything was rebuilt, not original and of bad quality. At that time I didn't know this, today I never would buy such a terrible bike. But I bought the bike and was happy. I made a little test ride and the Scout was running like the devil.

Two days later we were at home again. I phoned to the German Indian owner club and the result was depressing. Only the motor and the main frame were original, all the other parts were bullshit.

Nevertheless I decided to rebuild the Scout. The next two years I was searching for original parts. But I also used re-pro parts, for example the mudguards. At the end I had a wonderful Scout, and five years later we implanted a stroker engine with about 900 cc. It runs now like a Sport Scout.



The crank is from a Harley WLA, the pistons are from a Honda Civic, the valves are from Mercedes and the carburetor is from Harley WLA, too. We had to build a manifold, because the original was too small for the Harley carburetor. The problem is, that the brakes are not made for the new speed. But nevertheless, "who brakes has lost already".

The second Indian was a Scout 741, too. To rebuild it was much easier, because the bike was nearly complete and in a good shape. The basket came from Russia, and inside the motor and the primary drive I found a gasket made from a Russian children's book. Nevertheless I used the civilian re-pro mudguards. I think the bike looks very good, only the gas tanks are a problem, they often leak. 2 years later I found a 47 Chief on German Ebay. The pictures were nice, the description and the price were okay, too. I bought the bike without a look on it, it was a great mistake.



Together with a good mate we drove to Cologne, where the Chief was located. When we arrived the owner started the motor and at first he disappeared in a huge cloud of oil smoke. I really can't remember what in my brain happened. I payed for the bike and after 8 hours Autobahn we were at home again. When my wife saw the smoking Chief she said: "I am afraid you got crazy!" She was right. Nevertheless, after 15 months and a lot of money the Chief was on the road again and I was happy. The motor made problems and we had to repair it twice. It was expensive, but I still was happy.



On several Indian meetings I saw Indian Fours with the small and the big fenders. I fell in love again, but the problem was the money. When I spoke about the new love with my wife, she said: "If you want it, and if we can afford it, look for such a bloody Four." I began to search. Until this moment there were some offers on Ebay, but from this day there were no more offers. I wrote to all Indian clubs around the world, but nobody could help. Then I put a searching ad on the website of the American Four Club. At first there was no response, then I got some total naughty offers for heaps of rusty metal, for fantasy prices.

After some months I got an email from New Zealand in which a guy offered a 1940 Four. He wrote that the Four is in a good shape, only the clutch makes problems and it should be adjusted. I asked him if he would go down a bit with the price, but he didn't agree. Several emails were sent from Germany to New Zealand and several from New Zealand to Germany. But we found no solution for the price.

I have a good friend in New Zealand, who deals with Indian parts. I asked him, if he is willing to have a look on the Four and to make a test ride. Two weeks later I got the answer. "I have no experience with the Four, but the bike seems to be okay, it runs well, but it is hard to shift, the clutch should be adjusted." I slept two nights over this information and then I informed the owner that I agree to his price. He agreed too and sent me the dates of his bank account. The day after my bank sent the first 50% of the money. The rest should be send when I have got the information that the Four is on the ship, which brings the bike to Germany. The information came and I had to wait another 11 weeks until I got the information that my Four has arrived at Hamburg. Then I had a lot of trouble with customs.

For normal goods there are 19% import tax and 7% for customs, but for vintage cars and motorcycles, built before 1950 you don't have to pay tax, only 7% for customs. It needed two more weeks until the customs administration agreed.

At 6 a.m. the forwarder rang at my door and in front of my house was huge wooden box with my Four inside. At first I had the opinion that I don't drive the Four before I have checked everything, but then the devil rode me. Gas in the tank, mounting a battery needs ten minutes and I kicked the engine and it started immediately. It was night and I rode the bike for half an hour on small roads without traffic. The bike was running perfect and I was the happiest man in world.



Together with the Four came the paperwork, and in it I found a receipt that the seller has bought the Four 1978 for US Dollars 800!! I think he made the deal of his life! The paperwork also showed that the bike was located in the States, when the seller moved to Canada and later to New Zealand, the bike came with him.

It was already October and I decided to ride the bike officially not before next year April. In the meantime I wanted to check some things and I wanted to change the color. The color at that time were several reds. It was possible to scrape off the color with the finger nails. All the work was done in

our living room during the next months. (Thanks to my family for understanding.)

In April I put everything together and rode to the administration, to get the street permission. Everything was fine and I rode nearly every day, when weather was fine.

About 1-2 months later shifting was going worse and worse, until it was almost no more possible. I decided to stop riding and to look for a workshop which has experience with Four engines. I found this workshop about 150 miles from our house. I phoned to the guy, and asked if he is interested to have a look on my Four. He agreed and I brought the Four to his workshop. When I came to the location the owner started the engine, but he was not able to shift, so he stopped the engine. We decided that he should open engine and gearbox and then I will come and together we will decide what should be done.

A couple of weeks later the guy phoned me that he is ready. The parts were all laying on three tables. The guy explained me every part. Only the case and the heads were okay, everything else was totally worn out. I was shocked. After a few minutes I asked for the price. I was shocked again, and my wife too. Her words were: "This was my new kitchen"! Well, the point of no return was reached. I agreed to the price, nevertheless it was much more at the end.

It took about 2 years, before I got the call that I can come to get my bike. It was an expensive adventure and experience, but I don't want to miss it. Two more years have passed and there were a lot of little problems. I solved them all and found always a solution. The last problem is the front brake. The original brake is bullshit and in the traffic of today it really dangerous. Together with a friend I built a Duplex brake, all with Indian parts, some are modified, some are original. At the moment



there is a bit machinery work to do, then we will test it. I will let you know if it is a success.

On this place I want to thank all Indian mates for their help with my project. Special thanks you to Roy Davies and Larry Burke, for their help with parts and advice.



Did you know?

Did you know that in 1922, a motorcycle was ridden all the way around the tracks of a roller coaster?

That's right. It was on the occasion of the Los Angeles Motorcycle Clubs 10th Annual Run to Santa Monica, September 17, 1922. Many games were held involving motorcycles, which were similar to the field meets we have today. Over 400 motorcycles were in attendance, and over 20,000 people watched the various events.

That day, a rider by the name of Nielson rode off the end of the pier, and the crowd went wild. It was a breath-taking performance, and it appealed to the people. What followed, though, made this seem tame by comparison.

"Blick" Wolter announced that he would ride around the roller coaster tracks! The motorcycle he chose for this stunt was a four-cylinder Ace, which was very popular in the 20's. This trick was all the more difficult because of the ties on the center runway, which were spaced about a foot apart. Outside the little 22 inch rails, there wasn't even room for a man to put his foot down,

A group of men picked up Blick's machine and placed it in the center of the tracks. Roy Artley and "Cannonball" Baker, two of the most famous cross-country racers of their time, laboriously climbed to the top of the first long ascent and stood there, waiting. Blick Wolter started his engine, and that was the only sound heard throughout the entire gigantic amusement park.

The carousel ground to a halt, and the laughter of the people faded off into the distance. Blick checked over the engine and then, with a mighty roar, the powerful Ace began its climb to the summit. Thirty, forty, seventy feet up, and the machine was starting to labor. No one in the crowd was breathing. Then, with its last bit of power, the Ace reached the top. Blick was grabbed by Cannonball and Artley, and an audible sigh was heard to pass through the crowd.

Blick was asked if he wished to go on. When he answered yes, the people far below roared their approval. A moment's pause, and down the almost vertical tracks he went, around the bends and through the turns until man and machine were almost lost in the maze of rails and scaffolding. Then, before the people could realize it, there was Blick, sitting calmly at the starting point.

This was more than the crowd could stand. Pushing, screaming and tearing down anything that stood in their way, they carried Blick off on their shoulders. In a contest that took riding skill and an iron nerve, Blick Wolter and his mighty Ace had defeated the meanest "Whip" in the country.

The Ordinary Motorcycle

THE ordinary Motorcycle is a development of the self-propelled bicycle idea being built with a Diamond or V-shaped frame. Previous to the Militaire conception, this construction was deemed necessary in any two-wheel vehicle that the front wheel might be free to turn. This type of frame was fairly satisfactory as long as the public was satisfied with a low powered one-cylinder transmissionless machine. The demand, however, was for more power and flexibility, and the market to-day demonstrates that the call is for two or more cylinders and a three-speed transmission. Any engineer knows that a perfectly balanced long life motor cannot be obtained with less than four cylinders, and to carry a four-cylinder motor with three-speed transmission in a Diamond frame, appears impossible. The only well known "four" motorcycle carries its transmission (two-speed only) on the rear axle, which plan has long since been abandoned by automobile engineers, as impractical. The



attempt to place a flexible power plant within a Diamond frame has, therefore, resulted in a machine of intricate and complicated parts, a heavy construction without regard to proper distribution of weight and the retention of the long since out-of-date chain drive. Consider this type of construction carefully, and ask yourself,

IS IT

SAFE?	DIGNIFIED?
SILENT?	VIBRATIONLESS?
GRACEFUL?	ECONOMICAL?
STRONG?	COMFORTABLE?

The Militaire

MILITAIRE patents have made possible the adoption of standardized automobile construction, the many advantages of which are so apparent that were it possible to adopt this in a two-wheel vehicle, no capable manufacturer would hesitate to do so.

THE PIVOTED FRONT AXLE (patented), a basic feature of Militaire construction, permitted the adoption of a miniature automobile chassis of channel steel, making possible in turn the adoption of a unit power plant



and shaft drive, as well as affording an equal distribution of weight with a very low center of gravity.

CANTILEVER SPRINGS in the frame, and the **Cantilever Seat Suspension** (patented) in addition to the features already mentioned, affords the easiest riding machine ever built. (Note—a two-wheel vehicle—all other things being equal, which in this case they are—must ride easier than a "four.")

IDLER WHEELS (patented) eliminate the last possible argument against a two-wheel vehicle. These take the place of the old-fashioned stand, and can be raised and lowered instantaneously from the rider's seat, making it possible to stop, start, back up, run slow in traffic, without taking the feet from the running board. They are also invaluable in learning to ride, and in running on a wet pavement.

The Militaire, therefore, provides the convenience, dignity, long life and easy riding qualities of the automobile at no greater cost than an ordinary motorcycle, and an expense bill representing a small fraction of automobile upkeep. Consider this construction carefully, and you will agree that

THE MILITAIRE IS

SAFE	DIGNIFIED
SILENT	VIBRATIONLESS
GRACEFUL	ECONOMICAL
STRONG	COMFORTABLE

Editor's note: I would like to thank everyone who has contributed to the content of the Spring and Summer newsletters and Fall/Winter Magazine over the past couple of years. Your participation has been very much appreciated. We look forward to celebrating our 60th Anniversary and hope this year's meet in Tiffin will be the best yet! If you have any questions or comments please don't hesitate to contact me at (317) 496-7150 or by email at indian4cylinderclubeditor@gmail.com.

I Remember So Well . . . - by Dude Sattem Reprinted from Volume 2 Number 3 Fall 1967

At the tender age of fifteen, I offered to work for a neighboring farmer so that I could earn more spending money. Since this was in the depression years, I was expected to do my share of chores on the family farm as my share of making things easier for the family, and not to even consider expecting to get paid for it. While working for this neighbor during the haying season, I naturally had to help clean out all the old hay left over from the year before. In the process I came across an indefinable lump of something back in one corner covered with a heavy canvas. I guess you know what happens to the curiosity of a fifteen year old boy confronted with such a situation. I carefully pulled back the cover of heavy canvas that had seen many a summer of hay dust covering it, and lo and behold, what should come into view, but an old motorcycle of questionable vintage! I completely forgot what I was there for until the neighbor brought me back to reality. So I covered up that treasure and went about my job of cleaning out the barn; but all the time this new discovery was burning in my mind.

Several days went by before we started to put the new hay in the barn. Each day I crept in to see if that beautiful machine was still there. I was sure that someone else must have felt the same way that I did and would remove it. However, no one did but I felt this was too good to be true. Fearing that someone also would have the same feeling of wanting to acquire that old machine, I screwed up my courage and asked the neighbor if I could buy it from him. I think, that at the time, he felt that here was a good deal for him to capitalize on a worthless hunk of junk, so with a certain amount of calculated delay, he condescended to take the idea under consideration. I'm sure now that when he told me he would let me have it if I would work for him all the rest of that year, he was afraid I would back out. Little did he know how bad I wanted that machine!

When the pact had been agreed upon, I hastily uncovered two days of work, to remove it from under the new hay that we had started to put in the barn. I left it over at this place because I know that if my mother ever thought that I had even considered riding one of "these things", she would have fainted for sure. She couldn't understand why I was getting home so late, because I had chores to do at home too. I was spending a little time each day cleaning the bike up, sitting astride of it and making noises like a real hot scooter. I had changed the oil, and cleaned the machine up until a name started to appear. I N D I A N. Why sure! I had read about that machine, but the ads that I had seen in the Popular Mechanics Magazine, didn't look like THIS machine. I knew it was an older machine but how old, I wasn't sure. I took the serial number from the motor and wrote to the Indian factory asking what it was that I had. They very nicely wrote me a letter telling me that my machine was made in 1918 and the month, as well as the model which escapes me.

The motorcycle had one of these big Presto-Lite tanks fastened athwart the front forks and that big Presto-Lite lamp still worked with the gas that had remained in it all those years. Well, at least there was SOMETHING about it that worked! The tires were in pretty bad shape. These I replaced thru Sears and Roebuck. I had them sent to the neighbor for whom I was working. Boy, did that deplete the small amount of funds I had been able to save. With the tires mounted, I pushed that thing many a mile to try to start it, but to no avail. I contented myself with pushing it to a high spot in the road and riding to the bottom of the hill. Man, this was living! Sitting astride that long, narrow, skinny tank with the wheelbarrow handlebars firmly grasped in my excited hands, I could envision myself racing down the road under my own power. This was alright for a while, but soon my interest began to lag for I wanted to run under power.

One evening, (weekends all farmers went into town on Saturday night, including my family), my mother could not understand my sudden interest in going to the local library. She was sure something was wrong! Since when, did I take an interest in higher learning? While there at the library, I met a fellow

whom I had seen in town before, and I knew he was a real whiz on things mechanical. He helped me look up the fundamentals of carburetion and ignition. I borrowed a book that closely followed the basic principles of a single cylinder engine. I kept this book for many weeks and tried my best to memorize it. It was tough when some of the terminology used was absolutely beyond me. However, I got enough out of it to tell how to time it, and adjust the carburetor.

I kicked that starter lever until I thought my leg would fall off. Finally, I loaded it in a wagon and took it several miles to a place where there was a long hill that sloped to about twenty degrees. Near a place where I had been enthralled at watching a hill climb one time, I unloaded the bike with the help of a friend, and set it at the top of the hill. I know what the Wright Brothers must have felt like. We put the gas in it, gave the oil pump a push or two, and my partner gave me a shove. Down the hill I went with the compression release in my hand. At what felt like ninety miles an hour, I released the compression release, and the motor started to whirr. After going about a block like this, a terrific BANG erupted from the exhaust pipe and the motor came to life. Man, I was living in seventh heaven! I rode it to the bottom of the hill and turned it around and started back up to where my friend was waiting. I believe he was as excited as I was. We went back down to where I had lost part of the muffler when it erupted with that bang. There lying on the grass was the rear section of the pipe. It was still plugged with the many years accumulation of mud-dauber nests. This is probably one of the reasons it wouldn't start before. A little later, as I read every article I could get my hands on at the library, I found out what that little brass cup was that rests on the side of the cylinder. A priming cup. I sure could have saved myself a lot of trouble before, had I known what it was for. After I finished out the year for the neighbor, he inadvertently "dropped the clod in the churn" one Saturday evening in town, by asking my mother what she thought of my new acquisition. It came to her like a bomb. Needless to say, it descended to me the same way when I got home. I was sure that I had really been given the word! After the first battle clouds cleared a little, I got the surprise of my life when my dad came to bat for me. I remember him telling mother that if it wasn't for my mechanical ability to repair farm machinery, we would be further in debt than we were now. By his own admission, my dad said he couldn't pound a nail straight. Until that time I had never given it a second thought as to how I had been doing all the repair work on the home farm and many times was called upon to do minor repairs for the neighbors. Secretly, this had been something my father was very proud of, and it wasn't until that moment, that it had come out. From that day on, my dad was my champion whenever that old motor was mentioned. He and I have been very close. Even today, my mother says she wishes I would quit riding "those things".

I can remember when at church one Sunday, I overheard some people talking about "that crazy Sattem kid". I used that old bike for two years, winter and summer. This was in 1934. That old single cylinder Indian with magneto ignition and its huge Presto-Lite tank and lights, priming cup on the side of the cylinder, manual oil pump, compression release lever, lever clutch, and wheelbarrow handlebars, is something I think back upon with a great deal of nostalgia. I would sure give a lot if I could ever recover that machine. When I think of all the miles we have covered together, the spills we've taken, and the fun we have had. I rejoice in my long spent youth. I'd do it again.

Did you ever try riding in the middle of winter in the snow? I lived in Minnesota as a kid and still consider it my home state. I got that reputation of "that crazy Sattem kid", probably from the fact that I often rode my old pet in the snow with heavy chicken wire wrapped around my tires for traction and held in place with baling wire. I believe the only reason my mother never complained too strenuously as time went on, was the fact that old machine would only do about thirty-five miles an hour downhill with a good wind behind me.

Reprinted from Volume 2 Number 3 Fall 1967.

I OWN AND RIDE ONE OF INDIAN'S OLDEST FOUR CYLINDER MOTORCYCLES

by Jesse L. Clapsaddle - Reprinted from Volume 4 Number 4 Winter 1969

My story goes back some 30 years ago when I bought my first motorcycle, a 1928 Indian four cylinder model 401, Engine No. DA250.

Having become acquainted with the old four several years before I acquired it, when we younger fellows in our neighborhood would gather at the old country store on Saturday evenings for a soda and ice cream, and listen to the older men tell what things were like when they were youngsters. Believe me, it wasn't about motorcycles. Just about the time their stores were getting interesting along came this old Indian four with a flexi side car. He pulled up to the gas pump and said, "one gallon, please." The rider was of middle age, just a little fellow wearing a cap and a pair of the old type goggles, cap turned around, naturally. Sitting in the side car was his wife, a very jolly lady who appeared to be a bit overweight, to put it mildly. How she ever squeezed into that tiny side car we could never figure out, and we had quite a few chuckles watching the pair pull away from the gas pump. What intrigued me most about this motorcycle was that it would start every time on the first kick and then purr like a kitten, and off they went for a happy evening of cycling and shopping in Gettysburg. (Incidentally, I talked to this same lady several weeks ago and she told me about the good times she and her husband had with the old four. She said they didn't own a car, so they went everywhere on the motorcycle.

Lots of other cycles would pull up for gas, mostly Harley Davidsons, and such a time they had trying to start up again. Seems like they would kick them over and over again till they were blue in the face before the old Harleys would fire up again. I guess it's because they had battery ignition and back in those days a new battery cost a lot of money. Usually before the evening was over two of my older brothers would stop by to "gas up" their Indians, brother Harold's big '27 Chief, and brother Bill's cute little '31 Scout 45. Those Indians seemed to start a lot easier than the Harleys. The old store keeper asked me why this was and I would say, "Didn't you notice those Indians have magnetos, and you don't even need a battery if you don't intend to ride after dark," (No one ever dreamed of having to have a motorcycle inspected in those days).

Along about that time I decided if I ever own a motorcycle it would be an Indian Four, something easy to start and not requiring the purchase of a battery every year or so. It took several years for me to save enough money to start shopping for a motorcycle. I had learned to ride an old "beat up" 1921 Indian that a friend of mine kept in our garage because he was afraid to let his father know about it, and when I was asked by the head of our house-hold as to who owned "that old motorcycle", I would reply that it "belongs to Paul Miller and he doesn't have any place to keep it". The true reason for keeping it at our place was because we had a private road about a half a mile long back to our sand quarry. The old Indian didn't have a registration tag and none of us had an operator's license. We would always drain a little gas out of quarry equipment and we did resort to this source of supply quite frequently. All in all we figured we had a pretty good set up, and I think all the fellows in our neighborhood learned to ride that summer. Now I was really ready to own my own cycle, having survived several spills and considering myself a pretty good rider. Finally, I got the news of a motorcycle for sale just two miles away at a used car lot. Excitedly, I quickly recounted my savings and with a promise of a small loan from brother Bill, off we went on Bill's Scout. It seemed like an eternity getting there but when we arrived at the car lot I couldn't believe my eyes. Lo and behold, there sat the old Indian four, side car and all. The proprietor, Mr. Crouse, came out of his office and said, "Hi, boys, something for you?" I said, "Yes sir, I'll buy that motorcycle. How much, and does she run?" He said, "Why sure it does" and kicked her over and away she went. (Editor's note - hard telling how long this old four had been setting, whether in shelter or outside, and it had probably been started before after the used car dealer had gotten it for sale, never-the-less it started right off, the one reason why Jesse was so sold on the Indian motorcycle. It had lots of mileage on it and no doubt very

worn parts but it fired up on the first kick). Somehow she didn't sound like she did before and the blue smoke just poured out the exhaust pipe. He put her in gear, let the clutch out, and what a terrible sound it made, and it wouldn't move off the spot. (Editor's note – at this point many a person young and old would have said to the dealer – that old pile of junk belongs in the junk yard. Or some young speed enthusiast may have said – that's OK, I'm going to add different gearing, more carbs, new cam, anything I can do over a hundred. But, Jesse, like many of the rest of us who have restored these old bikes see possibility in putting the machine back on the road, restored with new parts. Jesse's ambition and patience pays off as you will see.)

I asked what was wrong and he looked down at me and said he guessed the chain needed to be tightened up a bit. On a second look I discovered the drive sprocket was completely worn out. Right then and there my heart sank a bit and hopes of ownership began to fade away. I was about to turn and walk off when my brother said, "Well, aren't you going to ask the price ... you know we can always fix it up."

A price was agreed upon, which was exactly my life savings. Brother Bill assured me that if I didn't want to keep it he would take it off my hands. I said, "OK, Mr. Course, I'll take her", and I stayed right with my motorcycle while Bill went home for a car and a tow rope. I worked several weeks repairing the engine and fixing a new drive sprocket and chain. Then came the reward for my efforts and a thrill of a lifetime – my first solo ride on an Indian Four, one that I'll never forget.

Lots of fun was had with the four. I would put the side car on and as many as five of us would ride out to our swimming hole or to our favorite fishing streams. In the fall we would go hunting, brother Mike and my old beagle hound in the side car. What a happy threesome. Brother Bill informed me one day that he had polished off one of the fastest Harley Davidson in the area with his little Scout 45. Bill had had something special done to his engine that he kept secret. He also informed me that my old four could be taken anytime. I wished to have it out with him, so I gave this some thought. Now if I could trim Bill, then my old four would hold the honors. So I went to work stripping it down for speed. I removed the headlight, generator and battery, tuned the engine to its best and having just put on a brand new 3.95 x 18 clincher tire on my front wheel, I felt I was ready to go for broke. A few days later I said to Bill, "How about a ride out on Route 15", and didn't mention anything about racing, keeping in mind a nice, level straight away on Route 15, south of town. So away we went and boy' the old four was purring a beautiful tune. We were riding side by side and Bill looked over and motioned for me to come on and try it, he leaned way forward and opened up the Scout and pulled away from me. I decided it was now or never and gave her full throttle for the first time. I leaned forward, just like Bill, and hung on for dear life and before long I was up alongside of him. He looked over in complete surprise. I pulled ahead a full length and then cut her down slowly. When we got back home, Bill said, "Well, you did it. How fast were you going?" I said darned if I know. My speedometer only registered to 80. Then I took a second look and discovered it had broken. I asked what his speedometer said when I pulled around him. He said he was right on 100. So anytime anyone says these old fours weren't fast, just ask my brother Bill.

We had just finished discussing our race when our brother Harold rolled out on his big Chief and said, "Come on, let's all three go for a ride, but before we go, Jesse, maybe had better check the bulge on your rear tire." I got off and examined it and couldn't believe my eyes. There was the tube showing through a break in the side wall. I said, "If you fellows don't mind, I think I'll give up riding for a while, and racing, for good." Several weeks rolled by before I could save enough money for a new tire. Gosh, they cost eleven dollars a piece in those days, and then about two bucks for a new tube. Wow.

One nice summer evening I invited Harold to ride out to the swimming hole for a dip. Harold would never ride faster than 50 MPH, which was OK by me, especially after the scare I had. We were riding along, side by side, without a care in the world, and Harold was on the outside, when all at once there was a great big black car fender coming right under my left arm. I quickly swung to the right to keep from getting hit

Blam... I crashed right into Harold broadside and my handle bars locked up under the big Chief's. There we were, going 50 MPH and locked together. Don't know how Harold thought so fast, but he leaned to the right and went off the road, thus freeing me. I looked back and there he was, still on his wheels, bouncing down the side gutter. How he kept from spilling I will never know. Well, I opened up the old four and overtook the car, with the intention of giving the driver a piece of my mind. I pulled up alongside to get a look and there he sat behind the wheel, just like nothing had ever happened. The old gent was every bit of 80 years old, so I figured maybe he hadn't seen us at that, and let him continue on. I turned around and went back to see how Harold was making out. There he was, parked and waiting for me and seemed to be shaking quite a bit. He said, "Boy, that sure was close, let's head for home." That suited me, because I sure thought I was a goner when I collided with him.

My next eight years were spent in the Navy, mostly overseas, and I certainly missed my Indian. Returning home, I resumed my riding, and sometime in 1946 the tired old engine finally gave out. I took it apart with the intention of replacing all worn parts. I would make up lists of parts needed and write to dealers that I had known. Back came their replies, sorry, no parts available for a machine that old. I got real bold and would inquire about a complete engine. Can't remember ever getting a reply for those requests. With no thought of abandoning my project, I kept right on searching for parts including a new triple and sliding gear for the transmission. Believe it or not, it took me exactly twenty two years to locate and collect all the parts needed. It would have been impossible had it not been for the splendid response from those dedicated fellow members of the Antique Motorcycle Club of America, and the Indian Four Cylinder Club, and the present day Indian Dealers. Today, my 401 runs like the day it left the factory in Springfield, Massachusetts, and I thoroughly enjoy riding it. This story was not written to downgrade any other make of motorcycle. I think the Harley Davidson machines are superb, but when just a kid, and looking for your first motorcycle, you're either a Harley or an Indian enthusiast, and no one can change your mind. Both Harold and Bill sold their Indians and gave up riding. Having had so much pleasure riding, I decided to keep my four, now I am the only rider left out of our old gang. All the old cycles are gone too. We brothers got together recently and talked about the good times we used to have, and they said they all wished they had kept their Indians, too. So now when I'm out riding alone, I some time look back to see if they might be following.

There was the 1927 Scout '37, my brother Bill's first bike, then his 1931 Scout 45, Harold's 1927 Chief, and my 1928 four cylinder. Yep, we were an all Indian family and proud of it. Like the old saying goes, "Ride an Indian and pass the Harley's by the side of the road."

Make plans now to attend the Indian Four Cylinder Club annual meet at the Seneca County Fairgrounds in Tiffin, Ohio Thursday, August 12th thru Sunday, August 15th. Make plans early. A meet schedule will be published in the Summer Newsletter along with other important information.

Looking forward to seeing you there!!

Indian 4 Club

"America's Most Beautiful Motorcycles"

*Excelior Motor Mfg. & Supply Co.
Chicago Ill, U.S.A.*



Henderson

For Sale/Wanted to Buy

For Sale:

1946 restored Indian Chief
1941 restored Indian Sport Scout
1970 Triumph Daytona
1938 Restored Indian 4 with side car.
Side car will sell separately or with the bike.
Contact: Sarah Cecil (859) 351-4817

For Sale: 1932-1935 and 1938-1942 exhaust manifolds is now \$750.00. I had to use a different foundry for the castings and the costs are more. The aluminum manifolds are still \$475.00.
Tom Wilcock - manifolds - castings - (905) 263-2557 or twilcock@hotmail.ca

For Sale: 41 Indian 4 cylinder. Numbers matching. Shows 16,000 Miles. Running. Plus 39-4 engine and all extra Indian Parts included. \$74,000. Blair Duncan Dillsburg, Pa.
Blabonrt@gmail.com or (717) 796-9755 leave message & call back number.

For Sale: Longer side stand leg's and a stronger return spring. The legs are for 1932-39 Indian 4 Cylinders only. The leg is \$ 80.00 and spring is \$ 8.00 plus shipping. All parts are repro.
Contact: Wally Krzyzanowski (574) 896-2695 or email: wjkindian@hughes.net

For Sale: 1940-45 Chief and 4 cylinder #42596 rear shock upper springs 2 for \$ 20.00. And 1946-53 chief # 809015 rear shock upper springs 2 for \$ 20.00 plus shipping. All parts are repro.
Contact: Wally Krzyzanowski (574) 896-2695 or email: wjkindian@hughes.net

For Sale: Complete rebuilt generator and distributor including generator mounting bracket, a new correct drive bushing and coupler. Fits 1938 to 1942. Pictures and spec's available by email.
Contact: Myke Staton email: mykemoto@outlook.com

For Sale: 1930-1936 Indian 4 cylinder Simms magneto freshly rebuilt by Marks.
Contact: Mike Tillotson, Omaha, NE (402) 453-8185

For Sale: Bikes pictured below. Call or email Robin Markey for more information (more pictures available by email) Call (717) 938-2556 or email: bobsindiansales@aol.com

1946 Chief Clubman - asking \$29,500



1950 Chief Barn Find - asking \$20,000




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For Sale:

1937 Jr Scout 30.50 with matching numbers mostly all complete but needs a transmission.

1941 45 c.i. SPORT SCOUT with matching numbers.

These have been stored for over 25 years and need a few parts and to be restored.

1976 CHANG with side car brought back from Vietnam, has been stored for 3 years.

1935 Indian motor.

RARE 1909 & 1911 single cylinder Indian motor complete.

1929 v twin Indian motor,

1928 v twin Harley motor.

Several carburetors.

One side car with hardware not sure what year it fits.

Several small parts for Indians in 30's & 40's.

COUPLE SETS of Indian fenders one full set and a smaller set.

New pair of knucklehead tanks with the side shifter and emblem & trim, new in box,

A couple of Indian front ends.

Contact: RJ Warren (425) 327-4818 email: w454rj@yahoo.com



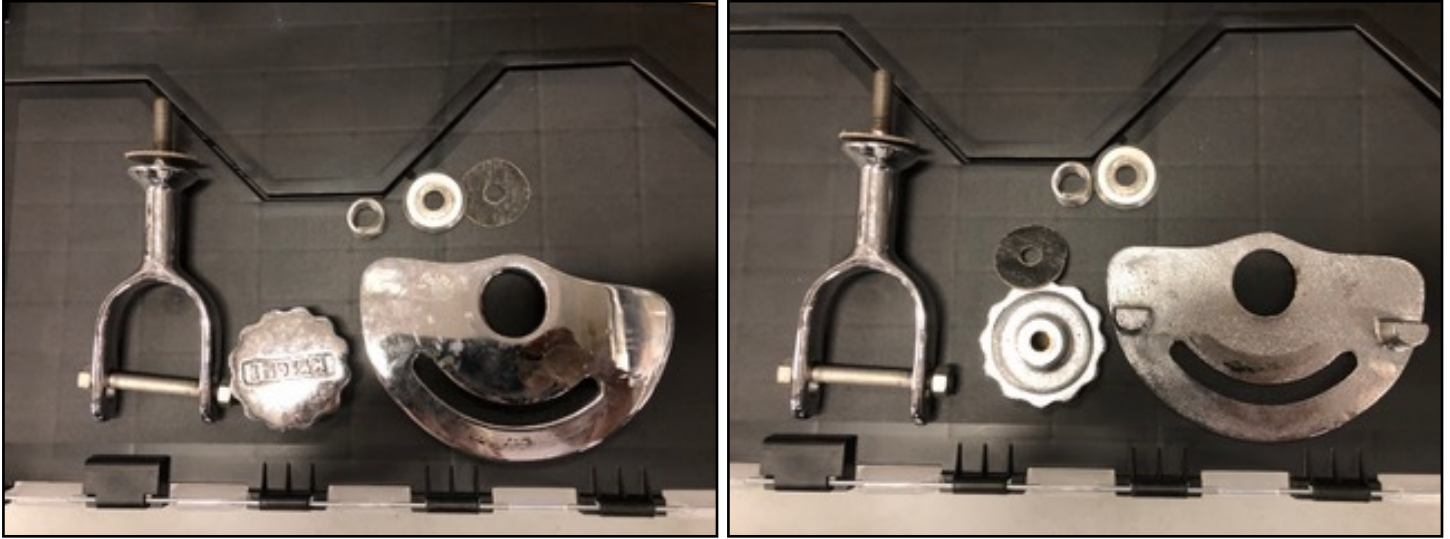
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**For more information
email Jim Walther indianfourrider@yahoo.com**

For Sale: Indian Steering Damper for leaf spring forks. \$250.00. Contact: Jim Grove (770) 355-5994 email: jimgrove@bellsouth.net



For Sale: Rear Crash bar for rigid frame 4 Cylinder. Removed so I could mount a sidecar. Made by Tom Fickey. \$400.00 Contact: Jim Grove (770) 355-5994 email: jimgrove@bellsouth.net



For Sale: 1935 Indian 4 basket case. Contact: Steve Geiger (646) 645-1582 email: s_geiger@earthlink.net

For Sale/Trade: Two Pierce 4 cylinder engines 1909 and 1910, or will trade either for front spring fork (larger spring) for a 1912 Pierce 4 cylinder motorcycle. Contact: Steve Geiger (646) 645-1582 email: s_geiger@earthlink.net

For Sale: Replica Autolite for Distributor Fours made in Australia. It is actually a 12v 14A alternator that features a built in solid state regulator rectifier. We can also supply the dummy cutout as shown in the picture. It bolts right up to the existing brackets the only thing you need to do is run an extra wire to a switched pole on the ignition switch to excite the regulator. The charging parts are Nippon-Denso and we have been using them to make alternators for Chiefs and Scouts for nearly 4 years with great success. The price is \$1795 AUD (approx \$1350 USD) postage is around \$75.

Contact: Mark Barthelmie email: sales@zorros.net.au www.crazyhorseindian.com



Wanted: 401-402 Gear Shifter lever (part # AA2330X) - any condition - Contact: Bret Yeager email: coryangee@comcast.net

Wanted: 1928-1929 Headlight - original (not repro) - any condition - Contact: Bret Yeager email: coryangee@comcast.net

Wanted: Corbin speedo for a 1938 Indian Four. I believe that model should have a trip meter as well as the mileage. Contact: Russell Ellis 0418 823733 email: russell@sturtstumpcutters.com.au

Wanted:

1929, 1936, & 1937 Washington state Motorcycle License Plates.

1940 Indian 4 frame and any other parts.

Front and rear crash bars for a 1929 Indian 4.

Contact: Rj Warren (425) 327-4818 email: w454rj@yahoo.com

Wanted: I am looking for a 1930-1935 Indian for sale. Thank you, Jimmy Sabino (201) 704-6679 email: jimmysabino62@gmail.com

Wanted: Looking for a tire pump for a 1931 Indian 402. Please contact: Lincoln McIlravy email: lmcilravy@southslope.net

Wanted: I am looking for a front fender for a 1941 Indian Four, please call or text Joe Mangelos at (209) 614-0456 email: joe@barnwoodarms.net

Wanted: Looking for everything 1934 Indian Four. Have a 1936 frame to trade for 1934 frame. Please contact: Ray Sutton (419) 204-4822

Wanted: 1933-1935 cylinders and intake. Will purchase outright or trade for earlier cylinders and intake. Tom Wilcock (905) 263-2557 or email: twilcock@hotmail.ca

Event Schedule for 2021

April 24	VME Vintage Motorcycle Swap Meet	Mount Vernon, WA.
April 23 - 24	Perkiomen National Meet	Oley Fairgrounds, Oley PA.
May 14 - 16	Southern National Meet	Denton Farm Park, Denton NC.
May 28 - 30	Empire Chapter National Meet	Trumansburg, NY.
June 1 - 3	Phoenix Road Runner Road Run	Zion Natl. Park, UT.
June 11 - 12	Viking Chapter National Meet	Minnesota State Fairgrounds, St Paul MN.
June 18 - 19	Fort Sutter National Meet	Dixon Fairgrounds, Dixon, CA.
June 21 - 23	Rocy Mountain National Road Run	Crested Butte, CO.
June 25 - 26	Colonial Chapter National Meet	Harmony, NJ.
July 16 - 18	Wauseon National Meet	Fulton County Fairgrounds, Wauseon, OH.
July 21 - 23	Yellowstone Chapter National Run	Billings, MT.
Aug 6 - 7	Yankee Chapter Meet	Hebron, CT.
Aug 12-15	Indian Four Cylinder Club Meet	Seneca County Fairgrounds, Tiffin, OH.
Sep 2-5	Chief Blackhawk Antique Motorcycle Swap Meet	Davenport, IA.
Sept 7 - 9	Roosevelt National Run	Detroit Lakes, MI.
Oct 2 - 3	Chesapeake Chapter National Meet	Jefferson, PA

Make plans now to attend the 2021 Indian Four Cylinder Club Meet in Tiffin, Ohio, August 12th - 15th!

The following are a few of the hotels/motels in town. Plenty of camping sites are also available at the Seneca County Fairgrounds. More information and cost for those will be available in the Summer Newsletter.

Holiday Inn Express Tiffin, Ohio - (419) 443-5100

Ask about a discount rate reserved for our club members here.

Hampton Inn Tiffin, Ohio - (419) 443-5300

Days Inn by Wyndham Tiffin, Ohio - (419) 447-6313

Tiffin Motel Tiffin, Ohio - (419) 447-7411

The Rivers Edge Executive Suites Tiffin, Ohio - (419) 448-9009

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*Of Celebrating the American Made
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From the

Indian 4 Club

TO:

