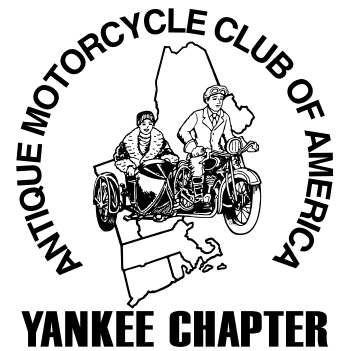




Yankee Chatter



Fall 2011

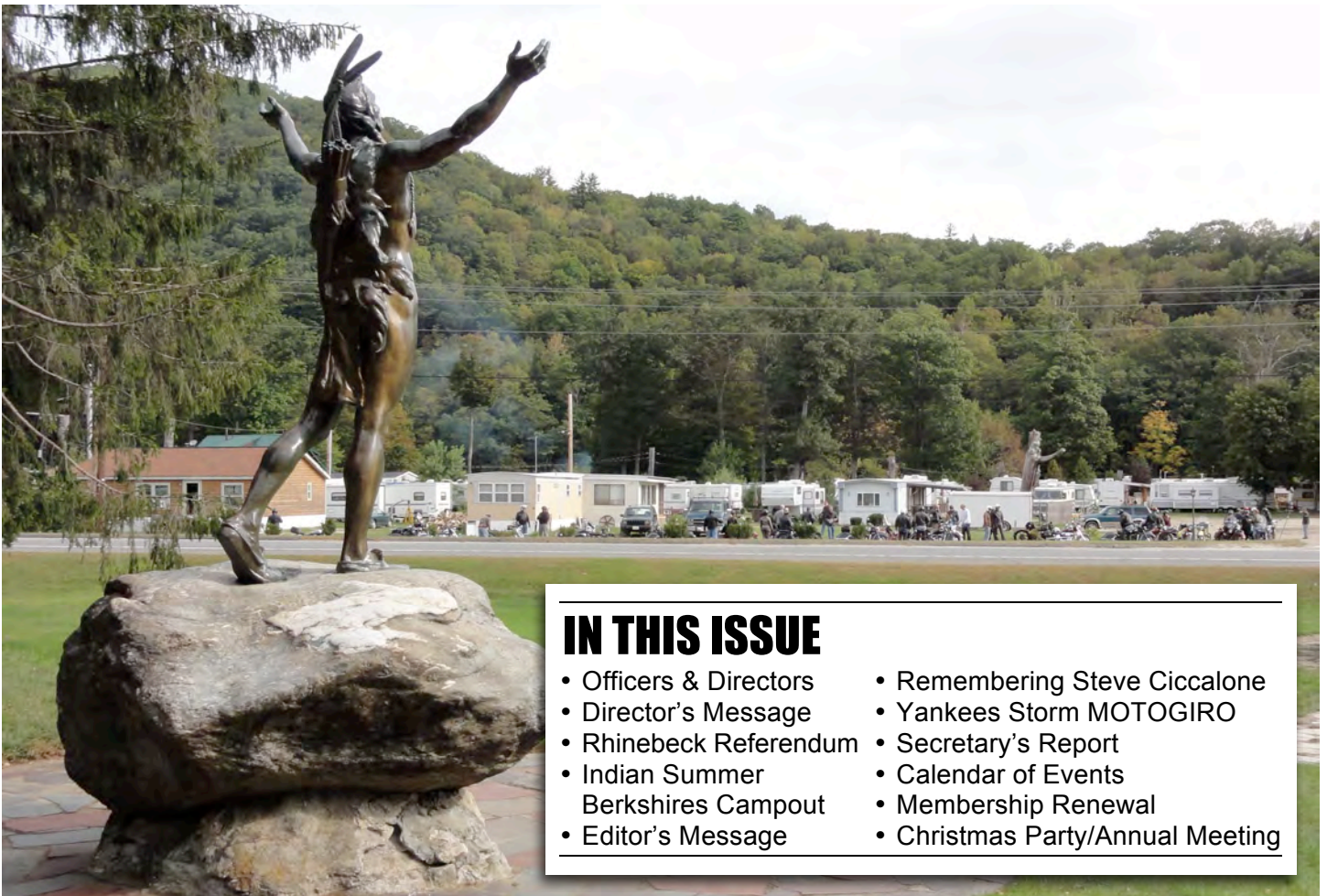
www.yankeechapter.org

Established 1973

Yankee Chapter - Antique Motorcycle Club of America - Ride 'Em - Don't Hide 'Em

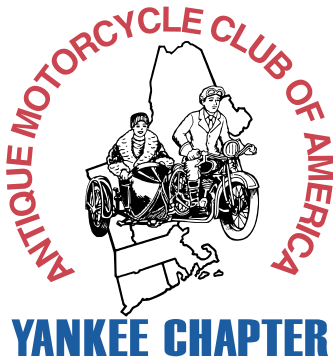
2011: Celebrating 38 Years of Yankee Spirit

This edition of the *Yankee Chatter* arrives as 2011 comes to a close and reflects who we are, where we have been, and where we are going. Included is a Director's Message from Dan Margolien where he charts a course for 2012, a wonderful documentary from Jim Seidell on the Indian Summer Berkshires Campout on the Mohawk Trail, the calendar for *Yankee Chatter* publication in 2012, a reverential memorial to Steve Ciccalone, a report from MOTOGIRO from Darryl Cutter, the Chapter Secretary, Diane Stoyonovich's, report on the November meeting of the Yankee Chapter Board of Directors, noting that 2011 is an election year (new Directors will be elected/re-elected at the Annual Meeting on December 4th), a membership renewal form, the current 2012 calendar of known events, and – on the back cover – maps to the Yankee Chapter's Christmas Party and Annual Meeting. Please show your Yankee Spirit and bring your favorite dish to this wonderful Yankee family event!



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- Christmas Party/Annual Meeting



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Yankee Chatter is the official newsletter of the Yankee Chapter of the Antique Motorcycle Club of America, Inc., and is published four times a year. The Yankee Chapter, Inc. was established April 8, 1973 and is incorporated in the State of Connecticut. Dues are \$15.00 for a family membership and now may be paid up to three years in advance. When you renew your Yankee membership, you will have the choice of receiving your newsletter by e-mail or mail. Renewal fee for the color electronic version will be \$10.00 per year. \$15.00 per year for both the electronic version and a B&W hard copy sent via postal service. Membership is non-transferable, and dues are non-refundable.

Applicants wishing to join the Yankee Chapter must first be members in good standing of the National AMCA, Yankee Chapter. Current members and new applicants may send renewals/applications to the Chapter Membership Chairperson at any time. An application is inserted into this edition for easy completion and mailing.

Distribution of *Yankee Chatter* is to Chapter member of record in good standing, officers and directors of the AMCA, and editors of other AMCA chapters.

Cover Photo: Mark Hunnibell



Director's Message

I hope this newsletter finds you and your families well. The Yankee Chapter had a busy year with several promotions, meets, and rides under our belt. We expanded our activities calendar for 2010 and 2011 and I think it has worked out wonderfully. The rides get 20 or more participants, Hebron was one of largest and most attended in the past few years, and I know I saw a lot of you out at Rhinebeck. I hope you like what your Chapter has been doing.

For 2012, we'll maintain our calendar, our Rhinebeck participation (a report on the referendum results follows), and we've upped the ante with our National meet in 2012.

The 2012 Yankee National Meet: July 27, 28, 29, 2012

For those that are not familiar with the AMCA process, we applied for and received approval for a National meet. What sets the "National" apart from a "Chapter" meet? Well, it boils down to two things: We will have AMCA points judging and we must remit to the AMCA National a portion of our vendor fees.

The judging process has been under a microscope in the past few years when some changes were imposed and some of the National level judging authorities were replaced or - depending upon what you read - pushed out (it has been pretty well documented on the AMCA website, so I won't go into it here). The newest National Chief Judge is Carl Olsen from South Dakota. He is the proprietor of Carl's Cycle Supply, and his son, Matt Olsen is the AMCA Youth Program Coordinator. Aside from those issues, the principle behind the judging is to score a motorcycle against the "ideal" condition as it came from the factory. A score sheet is used, dividing the cycle into essentially 20 categories. The judging teams assess the machine within those categories, starting with 100 points and deducting points or fractions for various deviations. The deductions are totaled and a score is achieved. Starting with a Junior First, the bike can go through judging over time and, depending upon the score, can work its way up to a Winner's Circle machine.

At our National, we will need member participation in the judging teams. One of our Members, George Tsunis will coordinate the teams, but we need volunteers for the process. If you do not have experience judging, but have experience with a certain model of machine, you will be placed on a team with others, so please make sure you contact me so I can develop our judging list. We also have commitment from Donny Spence from the Big Sandbar chapter to use his software for judging registration and access his knowledge and leverage his judging connections. Nevertheless, we cannot leave it up to others.

The second point is to remit to the National a portion of the vending fees. \$20 per vendor space goes to the National. We are going to have two levels of vending charges: If you vend from a car or van or pickup truck without a trailer, we will have a lower fee than for vendors with large vehicles or vehicles with trailers. We hope this will attract new vendors to participate while keeping the lowest possible participation costs.

Our meet will be three days with set up on Thursday. Friday will be 8am to 5 pm with vending and display, capping the night with the banquet. Saturday from 8 am to 5 pm we'll have the swap, display, mystery ride, field games, and Yankee style fun judging, the night wraps up with a pot-luck cookout. On Sunday, we'll have the AMCA judging.

The National meet is going to require more work from Yankee volunteers, both before and during the meet: For example, prior to the meet, a publicist would be helpful to organize the promotion and advertising and - with the unfortunate loss of Steve Ciccalone - vending administration. We'll also need people at the meet to help with signage, set up, clean up, gate, selling items at the table. I know it seems that I am always asking for help, but the nature of the hobby is that we depend up club members to get things done, and as the old saw goes, "many hands make light work."

Yankee Chapter Member Recognition Award

Your Board of Directors has been listening to the membership regarding our different awards, and I am pleased to announce the introduction of a new Yankee Chapter Award that will recognize a member who "embodies the spirit of the Yankee Chapter."

All full and associate members of the Yankee Chapter can participate. To begin the process, a Yank will submit a 150 word maximum nomination. YOU will describe why YOU feel this member deserves special recognition. All of the nominations will be published in the *Yankee Chatter* newsletter prior to the Hebron meet. A ballot will be included to be mailed back, allowing every member and associate member to cast their vote. The award will be presented at the Banquet during the Hebron meet. The award will be perpetual, that is it will go from winner to winner with each winner's name inscribed. The first award will be made at the 2012 National Meet.

Rhinebeck Update

Rhinebeck will be a two-day meet: Friday and Saturday, June 8th and 9th 2012. We will have vendor setup on Thursday. There are plans to offer a special tailgate vending arrangement for a ½ space. This should encourage smaller vendors to participate. You should see a refreshed website in January at <http://www.rhinebecknationalmeet.com>. Due to financial constraints, the Fairgrounds is pulling back on its entertainment budget, and it is unlikely we'll have the Wall of Death or the jump show. However, we hope to create a new kind of involvement for the show goer. We plan to have guided Timeline tours, seminars and - if possible - sidecar rides, kick start opportunities and the like.

Also, at the Northeast Coalition Meeting on November 12th, I learned that Karen Thompson, longstanding Northeast Coalition Treasurer was recently accepted in a role as AMCA financial auditor to review the AMCA National books twice a year. Karen told me they are looking for a second volunteer to work with her. If you are interested in volunteering, drop me a line.

It looks like I'm running out of space, so there will be more to come in the next edition of the *Chatter*.

Warmest Regards,

Dan Margolien



THE CHAPTER REFERENDUM

In the last issue of the *Chatter*, we featured a detailed report on the Rhinebeck Grand National Meet for 2011 and introduced the membership referendum on future participation. Ballots were mailed to all Regular and Associate Members, either within the *Chatter* or as a separate mailing. On October 1st, the votes were tallied by Yankee Chapter Secretary Diane Stoyonovich, who certified the results, with 55% of members mailing ballots and 81% of voting in favor of remaining in the Coalition.

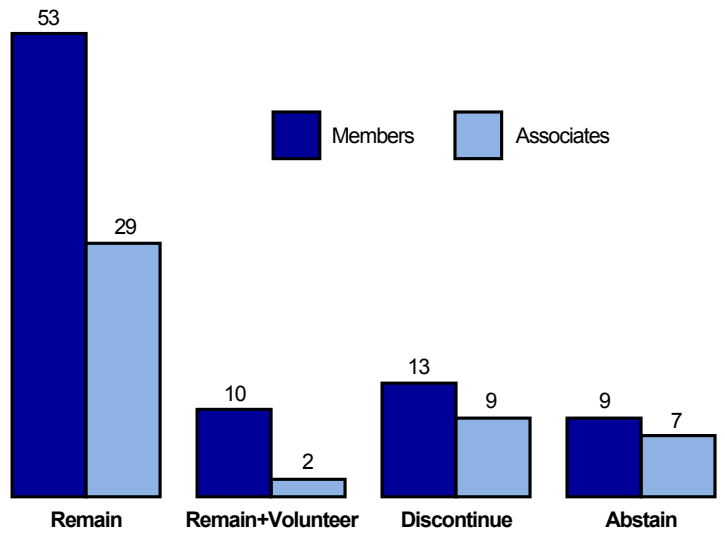
Dan Margolien wrote in his message transmitting the results to members that we enjoyed a “*strong participation from the club in the vote response, and clear results. We’ll keep a record of those that have volunteered and will contact them as soon as we have more information.*”

The ballots allowed each voter to select one of four choices:

- *Remain in the Northeast Coalition of Chapters*
- *Remain in the Northeast Coalition AND volunteer to help with the Rhinebeck Meet*
- *Discontinue membership in the Northeast Coalition*
- *Abstain*

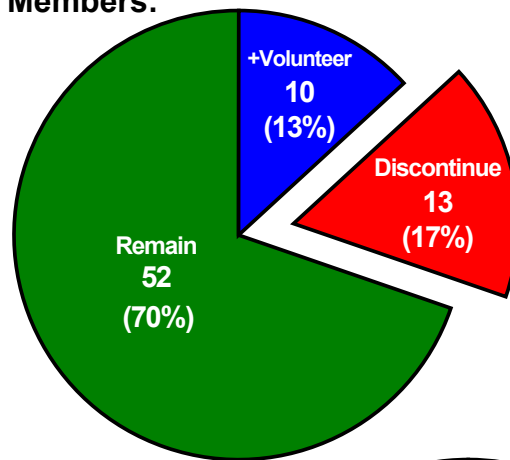
As of the date ballots were mailed, the Yankee Chapter had 148 Members and 90 Associate Members. The results are broken down by membership category, showing that the outcome would have been the same even if the votes by Associate Members had not been included.

Results:

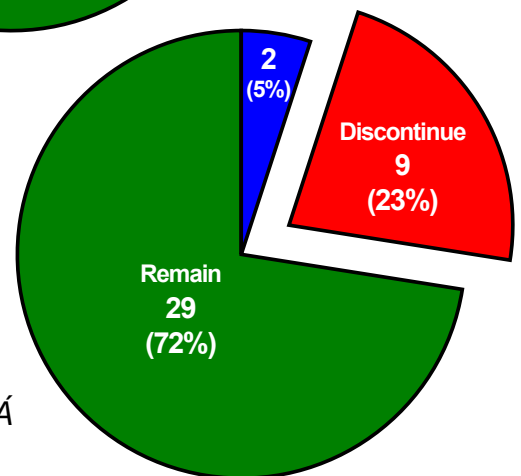


* Note: Abstentions are not tabulated as votes.

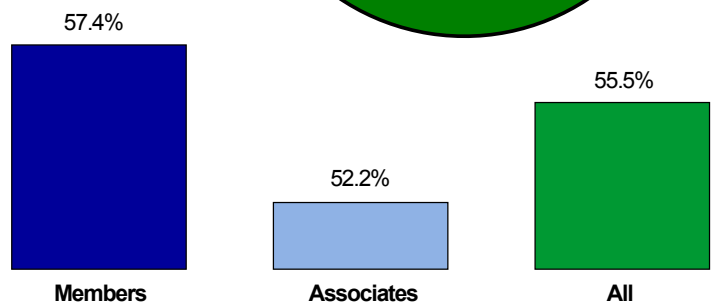
Members:

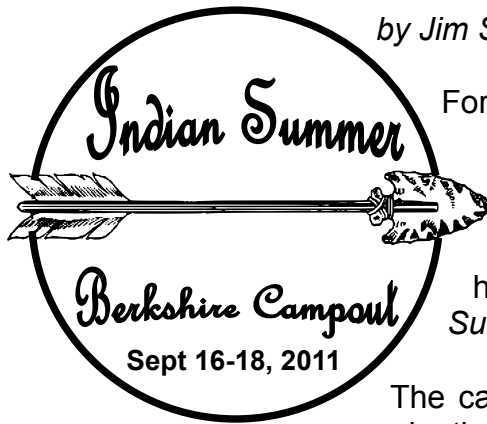


Associates:



Participation: Á





by Jim Seidell

For me, I think the best part of being involved with the AMCA is riding an old motorcycle, and so do my family and friends. I've been in the Club for over 20 years and been on many road runs over the years and think our roads in Western Massachusetts are some of the best around for riding a motorcycle. Well, that was until hurricane Irene dropped in just three weeks before our *Indian Summer* run.

The campground we use, Mohawk Park Campground, was partly washed away by the storm. There were two feet of water in the Pub and it was closed for repairs. Just about all the roads I planned to ride on were damaged, closed, or just were not there anymore! I thought for sure we would have to cancel the run.

But in true Yankee spirit, we decided - "weather" or not - we'll be there. Paul and Debbie - the Mohawk Park owners - said we could use the field (or what was left of it) for our meet and hoped to have the bathrooms working, but they weren't so sure about the Pub.



Photo: Ray Fantucchio

When the water flooded into the Pub, it washed away some of the foundation. The water system storage tanks have air pressure in them so, as the water level rose, the storage tanks floated away breaking the water lines and wiring. Mud and silt were in the electrical panels and they lost power for four days, so all the food was spoiled. Everything in the building had to be rebuilt, repaired, or replaced. I don't know how they were able to do what they did in two weeks but they did!

The Pub reopened 11:00 am Friday, just in time for lunch as the Yankees arrived. The camp area that washed away was pulled out of the riverbed and back on shore. A stack of logs were piled up for a camp fire. It was almost like it never happened!



Photo: Mark Hunnibell

Critter and Garry got their chain saws out and started cutting firewood from the log pile. Then every one had a hand in splitting and stacking the firewood (many hands make quick work). There seemed to be a concern that the wood was too wet to get a fire started, but I assured them not to worry as I got my redneck fire stick out and soon it was a-blazing!

As the day went on, everything just seemed to fall into place, so now it was time for an afternoon ride. There were about 10 riders that wanted go, so we headed east along the river toward South River

Road which turns into Charlemont Road approaching Buckland. In Buckland, we headed south on Upper Street then Route 112, turning right onto Apple Valley Road in Ashfield. At the end of Apple Valley Road, we headed west on Hawley Road and followed that until reaching East Hawley Road, where we turned north and headed back to camp. It was a 23-mile loop and I was able to point out some of the storm's damage along the way.

When we got back, it was dinnertime so Dawn and I joined Dan Ducharme and Mike Melnick at the Pub for a meal. When we had been on our afternoon ride, these guys went on a three-hour "zipline" tour at Deerfield Valley Canopy Tours just two miles up the road from the camp.

After dinner we gathered around the campfire as the temperature began to drop. While most campers were gathered by the fire, I informed them of the next day's road run agenda. Our first stop was to be the Bennington Car Show in Vermont. We had a spot reserved for us and we would get in free as a club. The next stop was to be Mount Greylock, Massachusetts, and last stop was to be the Museum of Vintage Trail Bikes in Cheshire, Massachusetts. In part due to road closures, I was able to reroute the run on some of the roads less-traveled and *thought* I had it all set for a good ride for all. Only *one* person seemed to have a problem with the timing. You see, normal breakfast cutoff is 9:00 am; Have your bike in line and gassed up by 9:30 am; We leave at 10:00 am. That was my plan and we're sticking with it. OK, Sandy, you can sleep late Sunday.



Photo: Mark Hunnibell

On Saturday morning, I'm up at 5:00 am, got the coffee going, making home fries from the potatoes that Barbara pre-cooked (thank you Barbara) all while hearing truck after truck going up the same road on the other side of the river that we were to use for the ride in a few hours. It didn't quite sink in at the time that all those trucks were full of asphalt to re-pave Rowe road, our intended departure route that Saturday morning!

I asked everyone to line up in front of the log cabin to start. I thought it would be a good picture? Oh, well. It was just Critter and me. The rest of the riders decided to line up by the road. OK. I got everyone together for a driver's meeting to go over a few safety points. We gave everyone a map of the area so if they got separated from the group they could find their way back. Mark Hunnibell stepped up to pull a trailer in case there was a breakdown (thank you Mark). I was able to count 12 Indians, 11 Harleys, three BMWs, two Moto Guzzis, two Yamahas, and a Norton, for a total of 31

bikes! Three bikes had passengers and one had a sidecar. There were three other Indians that were at the meet but didn't go on the run (two had sidecars). In checking the number plates, I noticed we covered all of New England: Ma., Me., N.H., R.I., and Ct.



Photo: Mark Hunnibell

By 10:00 everyone's ready, all the bikes were started, and we were off. We didn't get too far, maybe three miles up the road when we were stopped by the paving crew. It was stop and go for two miles up hill. We followed a dump truck that was backing up hill with a full load. After about 15 minutes, we made it though. The run passed through the towns of Rowe, crossed the Deerfield river to Monroe bridge, and part of Florida then into Readsboro, Vermont. We stopped at the power station for a short break. Everyone got to see a bald eagle and what I thought looked like a missile silo.



Photo: Mark Hunnibell

The road we planned on using (Route 100) was closed, so the detour led us on a steep dirt road that was slow going. Jamie and Jens had to stop for a while so the clutch in the sidecar rig could cool down, and were able to catch up before we got to the Bennington Car Show.



Photo: Mark Hunnibell

We entered the show as a group and were escorted through the meet up another long steep hill that cooked the rest of the clutch in the sidecar but it made it. I feel we stole the show, the sound of 30+ bikes pulling up hill got everyone attention. We got to park on the ball field and the people we attracted were like bees to honey. I planned to have a two-hour stay so everyone could find something to eat, check out the swap meet, show cars, and tractor pulls. By the time

we got there, we were running about an hour later than planned, so I had to change up the run. Jim Hoellerich, the fellow that created the Museum of Vintage Trail Bikes, had to leave by 5:00 pm, so we planned to go to the Museum first and then to Mount Greylock.



Photo: Mark Hunnibell

OK, it's time to leave. Well, not yet. One of our riders didn't feel so good and thought it would be better if he

road back in the car so we loaded his bike on the trailer and now were ready to go! Well, not yet. In an effort to keep the sidecar rig on the run, I swapped bikes with Jamie (he got his '45 Chief back) so that I was going to drive the sidecar rig with Jens. But the clutch was slipping so bad I could hardly get it started, and it was just able to move when the clutch was all the way out.

So now another change in the plan: I would nurse the sidecar "straight" back to camp while Jamie and Garry Lamothe would lead the rest of the group to the Museum and onward. I knew I needed to fix the bike and didn't want to hold up the run. So off they go!



Photos: Chris Neary

The group made it to the trail bike museum on time. Everyone liked it. After that stop, it was around 5:00 PM and the group split up. Some decided to make the Greylock run, some head back to camp, and some headed home.



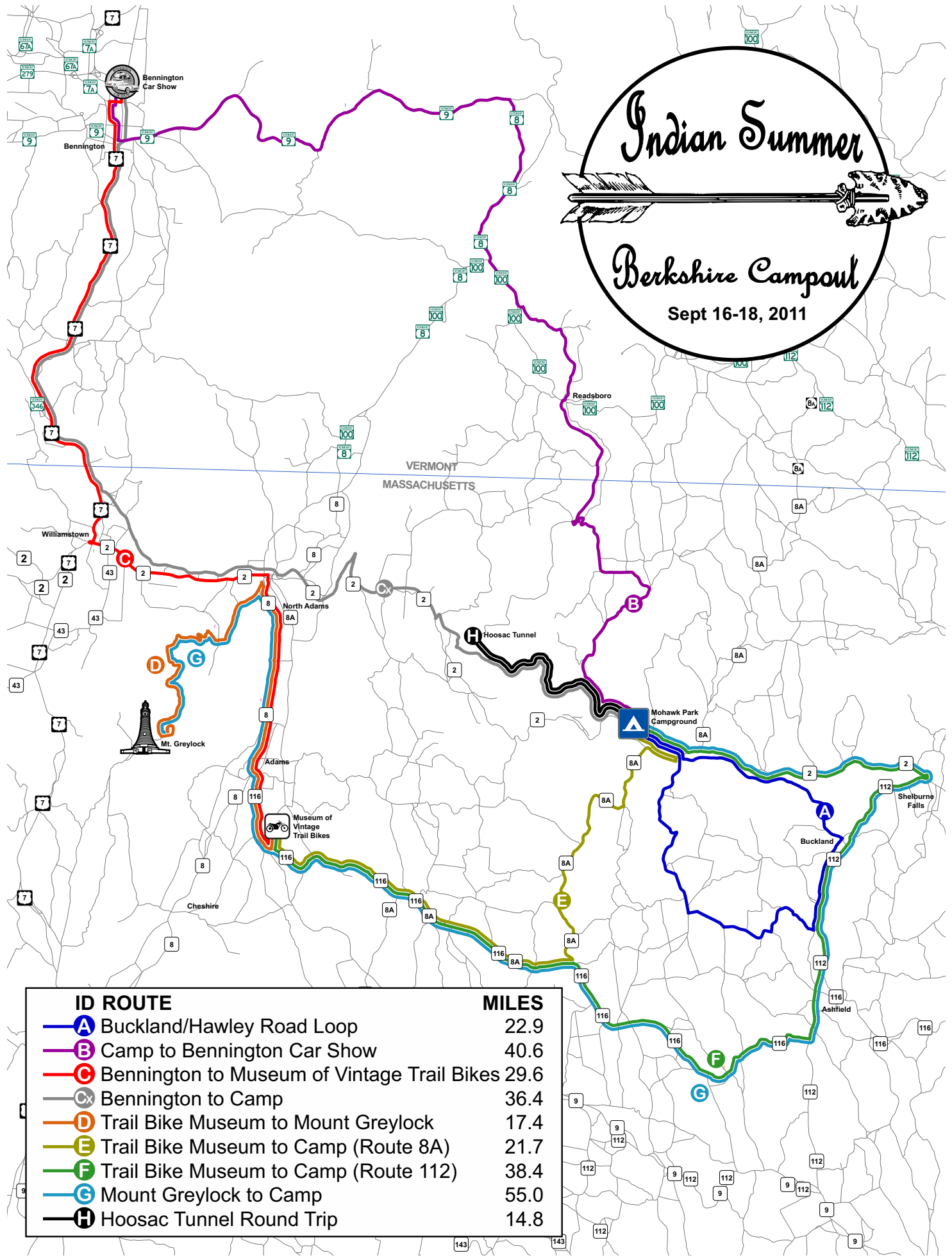
After they left, I was able to make an adjustment to the linkage in order to get the bike back on the road back to camp. If anything got worse, my next plan was robbing the clutch from the bike on the trailer. But it wasn't necessary. I made as straight a run back to the Mohawk Park camp as the roads allowed. I can only say what was told to me from then on because I wasn't there.



Photo: Chris Neary

Crittter Charlie, and Sandy were the first back to camp after the museum. They cut back up Route 8A. The next back were Dan and Mike; they used Buckland Rd. The rest stayed on Route 116 to Route 112 to Route 2.

The Greylock group returned to camp by doubling back to Route 116 to Route 112 to Route 2 and it was dark and cold when they got back. Barbara, Joyce, and the Covills had kept the fire going, so we gathered around again, shared a bucket or two, swapped a few stories (did you hear the one about Garry and a thong?). Dan played guitar and Charlie sang. Ah... life is good.



ID ROUTE	MILES
A Buckland/Hawley Road Loop	22.9
B Camp to Bennington Car Show	40.6
C Bennington to Museum of Vintage Trail Bikes	29.6
Cx Bennington to Camp	36.4
D Trail Bike Museum to Mount Greylock	17.4
E Trail Bike Museum to Camp (Route 8A)	21.7
F Trail Bike Museum to Camp (Route 112)	38.4
G Mount Greylock to Camp	55.0
H Hoosac Tunnel Round Trip	14.8



Atop the Veterans War Memorial Tower on Mount Greylock, Massachusetts

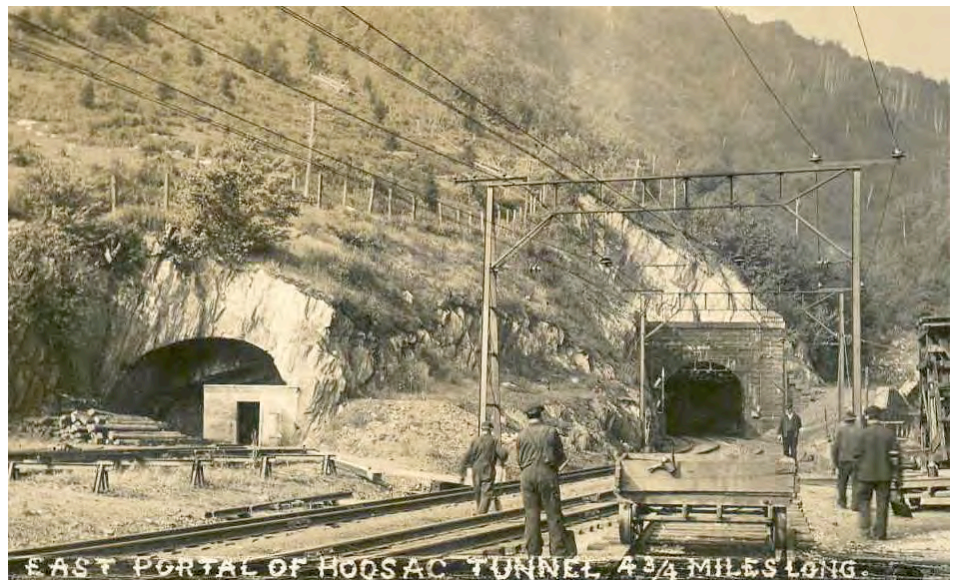
Rear Row (L to R): Mike Lingley, Jessie Aikman, Joel Bergeron, Dave Hansen, Peter Bergeron, Larry Cook, Deb Hayes
 Front Row (L to R): Paul Bergeron, Linda Rust, Pete Grace

Photo: Chris Neary

Sunday morning I made French toast for whoever wanted it and headed up another short run, back through the hills and some of the worst wash out I ever saw. Working our way to the Hoosac train tunnel.

Just a little history on the Hoosac Tunnel: It was started in 1851, it's 4.74 miles long, and it took 24 years to complete. 193 people died digging it and 30 more have died in the tunnel in accidents since then.

By the time we got back to camp on Sunday it was noon. The only ones left were Garry, Jamie, and Dawn. Everything was packed up. All I had to do was load the bike on the trailer.



Postcard circa 1915. Photographer and date taken unknown.



Photo: Mark Hunnibell

One more thing, because of all the flooding at the campground, knowing they didn't have any flood insurance, I passed an old helmet around our group and raised over \$300. I had everyone sign the helmet and gave it to Paul before we left. I know it was appreciated.

Thanks to every one that made it, and we'll do this again next year.

Jim



Jim, Dawn, and Sandy getting ready to head out

Photo: Jen Gosslin



Don "Criter" Salisbury checks his road run map

Photo: Jen Gosslin



Photo: Mark Hunnibell



A bald eagle at the power station

Photo: Mark Hunnibell

Editor's Message

by Mark Hunnibell – Chatter Editor

Hopefully this *Yankee Chatter* will reach you in good health and spirit for this coming holiday season. Certainly the members of the Yankee Chapter have “enjoyed” some unusual weather over the last few months, so we hope you’re all still in once piece as we head into the heart of winter.

Besides increasing contributions from members, one of the things that I think will make the *Yankee Chatter* most effective will be if we can maintain a publishing schedule. Deadlines help keep us on track and also help you know when to participate if you want to contribute material. To that end, I have established the publication schedule and deadlines for the *Yankee Chatter* for 2012 as follows:

YANKEE CHATTER EDITION	DATE
Winter 2012	February 18, 2012
Advance Notice to Editor of Intention to Submit Material	Sat, Jan 14, 2012
Deadline for Submission of Draft Material	Sat, Jan 28, 2012
Final Deadline for All Material	Sat, Feb 11, 2012
Publication/Mailing Date	Sat, Feb 18, 2012
Sterling Flyer	April 25, 2012
Spring 2012	May 19, 2012
Advance Notice to Editor of Intention to Submit Material	Sat, Apr 14, 2012
Deadline for Submission of Draft Material	Sat, Apr 28, 2012
Final Deadline for All Material	Sat, May 12, 2012
Publication/Mailing Date	Sat, May 19, 2012
Hebron National Meet Flyer	July 4, 2012
Summer 2012	September 1, 2012
Advance Notice to Editor of Intention to Submit Material	Sat, Jul 28, 2012
Deadline for Submission of Draft Material	Sat, Aug 11, 2012
Final Deadline for All Material	Sat, Aug 25, 2012
Publication/Mailing Date	Sat, Sep 1, 2012
Fall 2012	November 17, 2012
Advance Notice to Editor of Intention to Submit Material	Sat, Oct 13, 2012
Deadline for Submission of Draft Material	Sat, Oct 27, 2012
Final Deadline for All Material	Sat, Nov 10, 2012
Publication/Mailing Date	Sat, Nov 17, 2012

Note: These deadlines are not “hard and fast,” but are benchmarks for ideal circumstances. If events occur that necessitate adjustment, we will certainly do so.

The “*Yankee Pedlar*” classified advertising section last appeared in the *Yankee Chatter* in 1998, but we’d like to revive the *Yankee Pedlar*, so if you’re a current Yankee Chapter member, we’ll publish your classified or business-card-sized advertisement for free. Deadlines for advertising copy as cited above.

Please try to e-mail material for publication to editor@yankeechapter.org, but you may also mail anything to Mark Hunnibell, 376 Black Rock Turnpike, Redding, CT 06896. If you would like any submitted material returned after it is scanned, please include instruction. Also, please provide captions for photos, if possible.

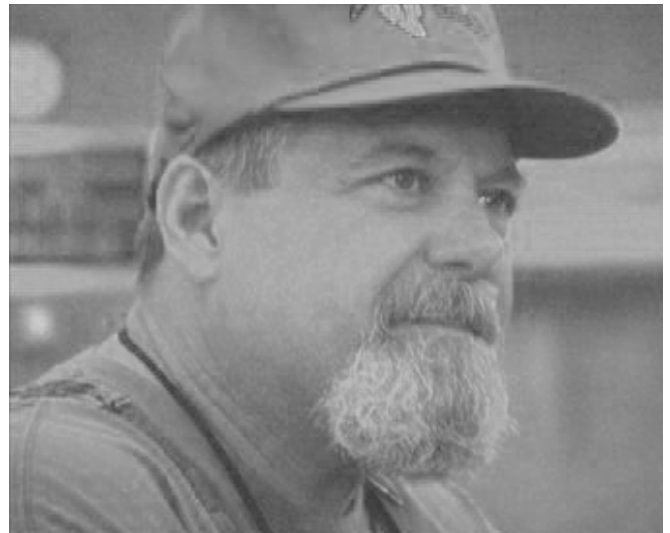
IN MEMORY OF

STEPHEN THOMAS CICCALONE

Mr. Henderson

1952 - 2011

Steve Ciccalone was a Yankee Chapter member since 1998 and a member of the Chesapeake Chapter since 1988 when he passed away on September 16, 2011 at the age of 59. He served for two terms (six years) on the AMCA National Board of Directors and was National Meet Coordinator for most of that time. In addition to his interest in antique motorcycles, Steve was a Model A enthusiast and collector. He graduated from the the U.S. Coast Guard Academy (after setting numerous athletic records) and went on to set new standards for marine safety programs during his career as an Officer in the Coast Guard and beyond, retiring as a Commander after almost 20 years of active duty.



This section of the Yankee Chatter contains reflections of Steve by Yankee Chapter members, AMCA members, and other friends. The first piece comes from Yankee member John Pierce, both a friend and neighbor of Steve's for years. Comments from others follow. At the end are some links to web sites for those interested in learning more about Steve or making a charitable donation in Steve's name.



U.S. Coast Guard Academy
Cadet First Class
Stephen Ciccalone



U.S. Coast Guard Academy
Football Record Holder
Stephen Ciccalone



Steve Jr., Steve, and David Ciccalone upon
Steve's induction into the
U.S. Coast Guard Academy Athletic Hall of Fame

Steve Ciccalone passed away September 16th 2011 at his home in Fitzwilliam N.H. Steve was born in Hartford Connecticut June 11th 1952. He is survived by his mom and dad, Joseph and Agnes, his sons, Steve and David, and his long time companion and friend Anne Marie. He was 59 years old. There are numerous facts on his accomplishments in football, Coast Guard service, and Model "A" blogs. Google Steve Ciccalone and get acquainted if you haven't already. Steve was proud to be an American and enjoyed the liberties we share. These other eulogies show why. Simply put, "He knew a lot and did a lot." Interesting reading.

Like so many of his friends, I was stunned with the news of his passing. We knew it would happen, just not today. We were to meet that Friday but had to put it off due to each other's schedules. Unlike many people on a limited time frame, Steve was working away on the house, doing a serious remodel to make Anne Marie comfortable in N.H. If you had been to the house, you know it was a "Spartan" lifestyle that Steve lived, but he had just built a new garage, was in the middle of two car rebuilds, along with several Indian and Henderson projects. Living life on his own terms. That was him. No time for cancer. He had things to do.



The 21st of September was cool and foggy in the morning. Several of us met for the two hour ride to Charlestown, N.H., to say our farewell to Stevie. When we arrived, I saw it was a Catholic church. I was raised Catholic. I knew this would be a long mass, should have brought a lunch. There was a diverse crowd, some in suits, others in Coast Guard dress blues. We were in back and it was interesting to note that the AMCA people I knew all were very successful people. Steve attracted the best. Upon hearing Coast Guard Commander Mark Cruder speak about Steve, he puffed his chest up, hitched up his pants and did his voice his voice to a "T!" I realized that the rest of the attendees were equally responsible for making Steve the man we all



loved and respected. After the service, there was a procession of bikes (mostly new), a flag ceremony and Taps at the cemetery. He was gone. We then went to the Summit House to grieve, as we do. Several toasts and some laughs on Steve. He was always a good host, to the end. Those are the facts. Here is what I knew about the man.



If asked to define character, most people could not. However, it is easily recognized. I'd like to talk about that. When I met the man 20 years ago, it was at a dinner at Oley, he liked to cook and was having guests to the cook out, and invited me. This went on for several years, weather permitting. After a while we got to know each other and gradually started doing work together. Our common apprehension was wariness of "Charlatans." We each were sizing each other up. At the time, Steve had several Labs. I recall "Edsel" and "Winston" among others. He usually had four or more. Turns out he belonged to the "Lab Rescue Society." He always had an open heart and door for animals and

people in need. As time went on, we noticed fewer animals in the van. Steve was getting worn down but recently, when an English Cocker Spaniel with special needs named Bert came along, he gave it a home.

Steve loved to sing. Sometimes it would be Sinatra, other times David Allen Coe, or a Raunchy “sea chantey.” It was going to be fun either way. On one rainy Oley meet, the usual suspects piled in several vans. We were off to the “Yellow House,” an upper crust restaurant and manse, 10 miles from the meet. We were taking “Doc Patt” to dinner. “Doc” also was a singer, or so he thought! The restaurant staff was horrified to see us, numbering 20 or more damp and dirty cyclists. We were put in the back. There were a lot of couples in suits and ties enjoying a quiet night out. Just the right place for us! After several pitchers of beer each, the song stylings of Steve and “Doc” started. The management stopped asking us to keep it down after an hour. The room slowly cleared and one older couple celebrating an anniversary asked if they could join us. She said it was the best time they’d had in years. She took Steve’s seat. He was not going to need it. The singing bear was better moving around. Eventually, the remainder of the bar, patrons and employees joined us. Great time!



Steve was rugged. It would have to be a pretty bad day to hear any complaints about his health. At one time, he was doing a KJ and I had painted it. It had sat for a while in his living room in pieces, and I was afraid some one would bump into it. We had several conversations about its status to no conclusion. After another visit, I noticed his shoes untied. It turns out his new medication had raised hell with his hands. He had lost dexterity in his fingers. He said nothing, but it was time to address the KJ. Steve was still powerful, just limited in intricate work. After some discussion, it was decided that



Kent, Steve, and I would install the engine, forks, fenders, and wheels, with Steve being the Commander and Kent and I the grunts. Worked well. It took several trips but, as they say, there is always a silver lining. I had been to Steve’s for several late dinners, and would help in turning over his beer inventory. I was smart enough to steer clear of the “Knob Creek.” Others tried to show Steve how to drink whiskey. Bad idea. But I digress. Midnight Chicken. This is when Steve soaks a chicken in brine all day and you work from 3:00 pm ‘til 9:00 pm or ‘til your speech slurs. You then start the Weber grill (Steve disapproved of gas grills. He did not believe in instant gratification), paint the chicken with Stubb’s Moppin’ sauce, then several liberal coats of Tony Chachere’s Original Creole seasoning. Out of this world chicken. Man, he loved to cook.

One time, Steve asked if I knew of a specific N.H. man with some Henderson parts. I replied I did, that the man in question was a true gentleman and my youngest son's middle name was after him. He then asked to be introduced. I said I could not make the introduction because I had been my usual sarcastic self and, as a result, we regrettably hadn't talked in two years. A month or two later Steve said he needed me to look at something at his shop; when could I come? As arranged a couple of days later, I pulled into the yard and saw Steve and my friend there. As I walked up, Steve gave me the Commander look and said, *"You need to talk with him. I'll be inside if you need me."* Well that was long over due. If I said I am no longer sarcastic, I'd be lying. Perhaps my timing is a bit better. Ha!



As for nicknames, he was the "Commander" or just "Ciccalone" when it was time to butt heads, and "Stevie" or "Sweetheart" when you first saw him after a few weeks. At these times, he'd see you 50 feet away spread his arms for a hug. It's said that it's better to have one good word said about you when you're alive, than a thousand after you're dead. Well Stevie had thousands of good words said before his passing. He was passionate about his friends, hobbies and animals, selflessly sharing his knowledge and time. It's self-serving to wish him here longer. It may have turned out worse for him. He was a man's man, went out on top of his game, on his own terms, smiling, enthusiastic and busy doing what he loved. I speak for a multitude of people when I say *"Steve, our dear friend, we will miss you."* I hope there's plenty of beer, rumors of barn-fresh Indians, Hendersons, and Model A's and all of them need attention.

And for the rest of us: Remember, we're not here for a long time, we're here for a good time.

John Pierce

*NAME: Steve Ciccalone
 EMAIL: hensteveamc@aol.com
 DATE: Sat May 14 08:53:48 2011
 SUBJECT: Full Flxi on a '25 Hen*

They keep following me home. The horniest Henderson in town. Looking forward to the multiple positions.

(posted by Steve on the "KJ Exchange,"
<http://www.hendersonkj.com/kjex/>)



Not so many years ago, Darryl Cutter, Chuck Vogel and I had all purchased Hendersons from Steve, all in different states of an aged beauty that can only be seen if you look hard enough with a trained eye. So, I decided to have some of these shirts made up as a joke toward Steve. A few years ago, at the Oley AMCA meet, we all walked into the firehouse dining area where Steve was enjoying a big juicy steak. He looked up at us, seen our shirts, and for the first time since I've known him, was actually speechless!! His only response was, "*Where's Mine?*" Ha!!! It was great!!!

Steve's description of any beloved antique motorcycle always came down to one word, whether they be rusty, shiny, oily or just parts thereof. They were all known as a "COCKROACH"!!

Rich Correia



I never got a one on one with Steve until last March although I had run into him at various meets throughout the years. He gave me a tour of his original paint bikes, Model As, of course the Hendersons, and the new projects. He was a busy guy. Wish I had introduced myself sooner.

Bob Stevens

I never met Steve in person, but I read his comments on the Model A Ford forum of Fordbarn daily. He had a lot to offer.

William Brauch

I will miss the guy very much as we would talk for hours not just about bikes but our common love for old Ford trucks a topic which Steve had an encyclopedic knowledge about to go along with his Henderson passion.

Is he really gone? I owe him so many beers. Condolences to his family.

Barry Brown

Good-bye my friend...

Dave Molnar

I was shocked to read the news of Steve's passing. My condolences to the family and close friends. What a loss for the Henderson community, Steve's knowledge helped me several times when restoring my 27 de-luxe, like when I asked for pin striping details he measured up his original paint bike as well as making photos of every detail worth knowing, all shared with me the newbie.

Ride safe in heaven Steve.

Sverre Gerber (Norway)

My condolences to the Ciccalone family and friends.

I understand that there is an Excelsior Henderson dealership up in heaven and Steve is test riding a 31 KJ

Martin Colver

A sad day. On the few occasions that I had to speak with Steve, he was always very willing to share his knowledge with me. I'm grateful to have had the chance to meet him! My condolences to his family.

Girard Fox

I have known Steve for over thirty years. We both served in the Coast Guard and became friends sharing many good times together.

I am shocked by his passing. We had spent the weekend before his death visiting him at his home. It was a great weekend with lots of time spent recalling the good old days.

Steve relayed all his fun plans for the future. He was in great spirits and looked great.

It is difficult to accept that he died just four days after we left.

These photos of Steve were taken on Monday morning as we were getting ready to leave.

He was a terrific person and will be missed greatly.

Chuck Guldenschuh
Captain, US Coast Guard, Retired



Steve will sadly be missed. His presence and conversation at the meets was always a highlight for me at the Oley and Davenport meets. Past service to the AMCA and the wealth of knowledge freely given to Henderson owners brought a welcome breath of fresh air to our hobby. Steve also had a long career of service to our country in the Coast Guard.

I was proud to know him and wish him God speed.

Ian Davidson

Steve was a good friend. I loved to hear him talk motorcycles and cars or other assorted things. We had many a manhappy cocktail together. I would love to hear his thoughts on the last group of Hens from the recent auction of the Lee Roy Hartung collection in Chicago.

Steve, sure going to miss you.

God Bless.

Loyd Benson

Steve was a classmate of ours at the U.S. Coast Guard Academy. Many knew him for his college football kicking and scoring records. But if you knew him well as a person you were indeed privileged. He was remarkable personable with everyone he encountered. I was looking forward to seeing him again during a trip to the West Coast he talked about. Sad news for us all.

Dick Lang

To say that our membership was shocked and saddened by Steve's passing is an understatement. Steve was a driving force behind initiating and sustaining the Jefferson AMCA National Meet. Although he moved to New Hampshire many years ago, he continued to support our meet by handling all of the swap meet vending duties - quite a task - and he never missed a beat. Steve's personality and spirit live on at White Rose.

Scott English
President, Chesapeake Chapter AMCA

Steve was a classmate of mine from the US Coast Guard Academy. Being a “classmate” has a different and special meaning to those that attend any of the nation’s military academies and moreso for the Coasties because our school is the smallest. Our class started with over 360 selectees and only graduated 200.

You enter the Academy together, having just graduated from high school to endure two months of boot camp, in this case called Swab Summer. From there, it is four years of an engineering-based curriculum mixed with continuous military training. So, for four years, you dress the same as your classmates, are on the same daily schedule, eat the same meals, and endure many of the same trials and tribulations. By graduation, you truly know everyone in your class. Some are friends for life and some you never want to see again (but as we age, this even changes). Steve was not a friend at the Academy, but we got along well. We just traveled in different circles. He was a “jock” barely hanging on academically (that is why it took him five years to graduate) and I had no trouble with getting As and Bs and didn’t put too much effort into anything.

Steve and I became real friends when we both decided on the Marine Safety specialty of the Coast Guard as young officers. We went to marine safety training together and our paths crossed continuously for over thirty years. I never was the expert Steve was on shipboard hull inspections (i.e. steel hulls) or large boiler propulsion plants, but he was one of the Coast Guard’s best and that made me feel like I might know something about marine safety.

Anyway, when Steve finally left the Coast Guard, he was immediately hired numerous times as a consultant for shipping companies, offshore drilling companies and other maritime businesses because of his expertise. Remember the old TV show “Have Gun - Will Travel?” The main character, Paladin, had a business card with a knight chess piece and the logo “Have Gun - Will Travel.” As a maritime steel surveyor, Steve had a card with an inspection hammer and the logo “Have Hammer - Will Travel.”

After Steve left the Coast Guard, my career in marine safety continued for another ten years. Once or twice a year, I would be at work, the phone would ring. I'd pick it up and hear this unmistakable voice say “Dannnn.” It would be Steve in town and wanting to get together that night! Thankfully, I always got a libo pass from the wife. Usually we would start by visiting some individual or obscure shop that dealt in antique motorcycles. Then it was off to a dive bar (like Joe's in NOLA, now sadly gone) or a microbrewery. Sometimes, he would even remember that we should get something to eat before the night was done and he knew just the place (I am still amazed at the four star restaurants that let him in dressed in a t-shirt and bib overalls). It would all end too soon, leaving me to rally the next day for work.

As Academy classmates, we gather every five years at Homecoming. Sometime toward the end of the class’ Saturday evening dinner dance, Steve would stop the DJ, take the mic and launch into “Mack the Knife.” If you closed your eyes, you’d swear old blue eyes was in the room. We get together next in 2014. That reunion and all others that follow will not be the same without hearing “Mack the Knife” sung by Steve!

In 2009, Steve was inducted into the US Coast Guard Academy Athletic Hall of Fame. I was truly honored that Steve invited my wife and I to attend the awards banquet as his guest. What is not mentioned in the bio on the USCA web site is that the Dallas Cowboys sent him a letter to come on down and try out as a walk on. Too bad his military commitment would not allow him to try out.

Dan Ryan - Class of 74, USCGA

The Henderson community has lost another good friend.

Steve used to live in Maryland, and was active in the AMCA Chesapeake Chapter. Years ago, he moved way up north to New Hampshire, although he continued to participate with Chesapeake and the annual Jefferson/White Rose meet. He was a fixture at the Oley and Davenport meets, and known to virtually everyone who owns a Henderson.

Steve would tantalize us with the original paint Hendersons that he would periodically add to his collection. I don't know where he found these rare bikes, but find them he did.

My fondest memory of Steve is from an Empire Chapter road run back in the mid 2000's. Steve brought two original paint Hendersons - a KJ and a Deluxe. I brought my 1930 KJ, which he affectionately called a "roach." Steve rode the Deluxe on the first day, but we were in different groups as we wandered aimlessly around New York's Finger Lakes region.

On the second day, we were all to meet at Watkins Glen race track. We left in a larger group, but somehow Steve and I became detached from them. It was a real thrill to ride my KJ next to Steve's original paint number. I've never been able to ride next to another KJ, and it was a treat to hear how another one sounds going down the road.

We realized we might be late, so we twisted the throttles pretty hard to make up lost time. We were late, but so was the race track, and we arrived in time to join the group taking a lap around the track. We rode side-by-side around the track, at a slower speed than we had done on the road getting there. No need for speed, this was a moment to savor.

Steve and I were waved through for a second lap, and we again rode side-by-side through the twists and turns, and blasted down the straightaways.

Two guys, two KJs, a bright sunny day, and miles of asphalt beckoning to us - that's how I'll remember Steve.

Goodbye, Mr. Henderson

Dave Hennessey

You should have been around him when he started singing his sea shanties. The more beer that flowed, the more ribald and the louder the songs became. And he was great!

One time Steve showed up at my home during a blizzard. I convinced him to stay over as it was too dangerous to keep going. I think he was relieved at the offer. So he proceeded to chow down on a steak dinner and consume my case of beer. Then we started comparing motorcycle parts. I would dig out some NOS Ace parts and he would go out to his truck and bring in original paint Henderson parts.

Then there was the time he put his arm around me at one of the meets and shouted out "*Fetch me another cabin boy... this one's broke.*"

Steve and his dogs were guests a couple of other times and I always enjoyed his company. Steve was a great guy. His friendship and knowledge will be immensely missed. I'll really miss the old salt.

Doug Strange

Steve was a uniquely good man. I was standing near Steve's spot at the Chesapeake Chapter meet about three years ago, halfway between the gate and the clubhouse, looking in the general direction of the registration tent. I saw a pickup truck pull in and park just past the registration tent with a bunch of boxes and parts in the truck bed, mostly below the sidewall. The driver got out and went over to the tent.

In short order, while the driver was at the registration tent, about five or six men gathered around the truck to peer into the bed. One of the men jumped up into the back of the truck and began looking to see what was inside the boxes, commenting on his interest in various contents. After a few minutes, the driver yelled over to the men at his truck and shouted out, "You can look if you want, but I just sold the whole load." His tone was friendly, but the message didn't sit well with the men, and a few went over to the registration tent to see what he was talking about.

Apparently while the driver was registering, he met a vendor who was already at the meet who wanted to buy the whole truckload. They struck a deal on the spot. At that point, the driver began backing out of paying for a vendor spot, wanting instead to just drop the load off at the existing vendor's spot and leave. When the men discovered these facts, the "debate" was on! There was plenty of yelling and shouting and apparently some shoving and perhaps more. The men wanted the truck driver to leave and not be allowed to unload. The truck driver and buying vendor wanted a different outcome.

Suddenly I saw Steve Ciccalone in a full sprint from the clubhouse to the gate. Considering Steve's condition, I really do think "sprint" is the best word. I never saw him move so fast. He got up to the gate, separated the parties, and began talking everyone down. He assessed the situation, explained his decisions to both parties, and stood his ground very effectively without further argument: He ejected the truck and driver out of the meet and closed the gate. He told the driver that if he wanted to transfer his load to the vendor who bought it, he'd have to do it off the grounds.

Sometime later, I remember seeing the vendor who had bought the parts unloading the truck outside the gate, but the other thing that happened a little while later was that the police arrived.

Someone had apparently called the police. I watched this development with some interest and fascination as well. As the police officers spoke with each party, I recall that Steve was standing there with the officer... not saying much... but keeping the stories accurate. I don't know if any complaints ended up being formally processed or prosecuted, but no one left in handcuffs and it was all over as far as I could tell.

I was left with the unexpected realization that Steve Ciccalone was really quite a diplomat.

Mark Hunnibell

Additional Resources and Information Online

Hartford Courant obituary with public comments:

<http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/hartfordcourant/obituary.aspx?pid=153727700>

AMCA Bulletin Board obituary thread:

<http://www.antiquemotorcycle.org/bboard/showthread.php?18497>

KJ Exchange's "Steve Ciccalone Remembered":

<http://www.hendersonkj.com/steve-ciccalone/memories/>

The Ford Barn's thread, "We have lost another...":

<http://www.fordbarn.com/forum/showthread.php?t=47902>

Steve's Bio at the US Coast Guard Academy:

<http://www.cgaalumni.org/s/1043/index.aspx?pgid=1150>

Chuck Guldenschuh's blog about his Sept. visit with Steve:

<http://goldenshoervtrip.blogspot.com/2011/09/old-shop-talk.html>

In lieu of flowers, the family suggested donations:

1. **Lab Rescue of the LRCP:** <http://www.lab-rescue.org>
Steve was a lover of dogs and rescued many labs over the years and was involved with this organization.
2. **The Jimmy Fund:** <http://www.jimmyfund.org>
The Jimmy Fund is the donation group for the Dana-Farber Cancer Center.

YANKS STORM MOTOGIRO

by Darryl Cutter

October 1st & 2nd, 2011
Catskill Mountains, New York

On a stormy weekend in the Catskills of New York six Yankee Chapter members took on the Fall MOTOGIRO. Doug Campbell, Ritchie Correia, Darryl Cutter, Gray DeWallace, Will Paley and new member Tim Hennessey were the Yanks taking part in a fun and rainy two day event. When all was said and done we had 1st and 3rd in the 200cc class, 1st in the 305cc class and 1st and 2nd overall.

ABOUT MOTOGIRO

MOTOGIRO is like an enduro for the street. It is roughly 150 miles on Saturday and 100 miles on Sunday. You have to navigate and stay on time. The object is to have the least amount of accumulated time. The rider with the least amount of time is declared the winner. You are given a route sheet and a time card. Every minute two riders are sent off. There are hidden checkpoints along the way that you must check into and have your time card punched. There are also seven "ability tests," four on Saturday and three on Sunday. The ability tests are a slalom course through orange cones that test a rider's ability to cover a prescribed distance in a predetermined amount of time.

There is a board with the time on it telling you how many seconds to do it in., such as 12.3 seconds. The ability tests are electronically timed to 1000th of a second. Doing the ability test too quickly is as bad as doing it too slowly. Hitting cones or putting your foot down adds time to your score. You want to nail it right to the 10th of a second. If you don't get lost, take too many wrong turns or break down you can make it to the checkpoints on time. The event is won and lost in the ability tests. The rider with the lowest accumulated time is the winner.

Quoting the rulebook: *"MOTOGIRO USA is an AMA sanctioned road event for vintage motorcycles conducted by the USCRA. It is a non speed event with a very low average mile per hour speed limit over a prescribed route through rural countryside."*



Team Yankee (L to R): Ritchie Correia, Gray DeWallace, Doug Campbell, Tim Hennessey and Darryl Cutter standing behind Gray's '64 Honda CB160.

Photo: Darryl Cutter



Riders awaiting their start time.

Photo: Darryl Cutter

There are seven classes you can enter: 65cc, 125cc, 200cc, 250cc, 305cc, scooter and sidecar. All motorcycles must be pre 1969. Entries are limited to 120 bikes.

There was a diverse collection of bikes competing: Aermacchi, BMW, Bridgestone, Ducati, Gilera, Harley Davidson, Honda, Kawasaki, Moto-Guzzi, NSU, Ossa, Royal Enfield, Suzuki, Yamaha, Vespa, and Zundapp.



Will Paley is all smiles in the rain.

Photo: Darryl Cutter

I think I can speak for all of us when I say we had a blast at the MOTOGIRO. Riding old bikes with like-minded people on beautiful country roads is a good time. A bit of rain just made it a little more interesting. Last year, my '65 Honda Dream 305 broke down for a while and in my haste to make up time I took a few wrong turns. Needless to say, I came in late to the Saturday lunch checkpoint and was out of the running for a good overall score. This year I was on a '66 Honda CL77 305 Scrambler that ran flawlessly. My goal was to not get lost and try and nail the ability tests. This was the second MOTOGIRO for Ritchie and myself. For Doug, Gray and Tim it was their first. I'm not sure but I think Will has done four or five of them.



Doug Campbell in an Ability Test

Photo: Darryl Cutter

At the Saturday night banquet the scores after the first day were announced. Much to our surprise Gray was in first with a time of 1.9 seconds, five-time MOTOGIRO winner Steve Flach was in second with 2.5 seconds and I was in third with 3.1 seconds. There were a couple of DNF's.

Ritchies clutch started slipping badly on his '64 Honda Dream 305 late on Saturday and he withdrew for Sunday. Will had electrical gremlins with his Harley Sprint. Going into Sunday I was just hoping to maintain third position. Will Paley said it's pretty easy to have a brain fart and ruin your chances.

Sunday started out wet but the sun came out by the lunch break. I navigated well and also did well in the ability tests. Gray had a little trouble with his '64 Honda CB 160 on Sunday. Seems he was twisting the throttle a little too

hard looking for some more horsepower that wasn't there and the throttle housing twisted on the handlebar and shorted out the electric starter wire. Next thing he knew, the battery was dead. And so was the bike. Luckily Doug had jumper cables and they got the bike running using his Honda SL 175. He made it to the lunch checkpoint with just a few minutes to spare. We didn't know how we finished until the award ceremony at the end of the day.

I ended up winning the MOTOGIRO overall and the 305cc class with 4.163 seconds. Gray got second overall and first place in the 200cc class with 4.216 seconds. Steve Flach finished third overall and first in the 125cc class with 4.55 seconds. Doug finished third in the 200cc class with 8.43 seconds and 9th overall. I'm not sure where Tim placed in the 250cc class with his Aermacchi/Harley but his time was 11.892 seconds and he finished 21st overall. The difference between first and second place was 0.053 of a second!

The USCRA puts on a fantastic and first class event. Two catered lunches and a Saturday night banquet. Professional timing equipment and a goody bag full of bling for every rider. I would highly recommend trying it.

For information and the important pre-registration forms are available on the web site:

<http://motogiro-usa.com>



I would like to dedicate this win to my good friend Steve Ciccalone, the "Commander." Steve gave me a boatload of grief for planning to go to the MOTOGIRO instead of vending and drinking at the Jefferson/ White Rose meet. I feel I redeemed myself a bit to him by winning it on a Honda CL77 Scrambler, which was Steve's first bike.

-Darryl Cutter

From the Secretary

Yankee Chapter, Inc., Board of Directors Meeting Minutes
November 5, 2011

The BOD meeting held at the Oxford VFW was called to order at 10:10 AM by the Director Dan Margolien. In attendance were Dan Margolien, Rich Correia, Sandy Gallo, Darryl Cutter, Diane Stoyanovich, Mark Hunnibell, and Dana Faucher. The financial report was given by Rich. With his new program, he was able to give a very detailed report on income and expenses. In brief, the Chapter came out ahead this year. The full report is available from Rich. Sandy made a motion to accept the financial report as read. The motion was seconded and passed unanimously.

Mark is preparing the next *Chatter* and will have it done in mid-November. He will add the Christmas Pot Luck dinner information and Sandy will send out additional flyers to those not receiving the newsletter.

George Tunis has agreed to be Chief Judge and help out at the Yankee National meet in Hebron this year, although he does not want to hold a board position.

Dana reported that membership renewal response was down this year. Membership renewal forms will be included in the *Chatter*: *Come to the Annual Christmas Meeting and renew your membership. Its always a great time!* There was also a discussion on how do we reach old members? Sandy suggested we send two different renewal mailings: one to remind current members to renew and another for previous members whose membership has

lapsed. Board members also discussed a way to make renewal less cumbersome and offer multiyear memberships. Dana made a motion to allow members to renew for 1, 2, or 3 years. He would make up the renewal forms to make this system work conveniently for members. Rich seconded the motion and all were in favor.

Dana was recently contacted by the AMCA National membership chair because it appeared that not all Yankee members were current National AMCA National members. As a reminder, anyone must be an AMCA National member to become a Yankee Chapter member. As a membership chairperson working as a volunteer on the Board, we should not expect Dana to need to individually validate every applicant, so please check your AMCA National member status and renew if needed. Thanks!

Dan had attended the AMCA President's meeting in Davenport. As a follow-up to this, he handed out a draft of the Yankee Chapter By-Laws he and Mark have been working on to the Board members for review prior to formal proposal followed by a membership ratification vote. Once finalized, they will be available for members to review.

Under other old business was a discussion regarding a new Yankee Chapter Award that was presented to the club at last years Christmas meeting. Jim Seidell and committee members have been working on this award over the past year. It was discussed that members should have the opportunity to nominate another member for this award, yet to be officially named, based you're your own criteria that you believe the nominee embodies the spirit of a Yankee member. This would be an annual award, nominations would include a short (150 word) description of why you feel this individual should receive the award. We will announce the process at the Christmas party and decide the best way to carry it out. The nominations would be published in the *Chatter* and all could vote with the award being presented at the Hebron Banquet. Bring ideas to the December meeting.

Speaking of the *Chatter*, Mark is always looking for articles. How about a random member profile?

And now what we are all waiting for - the 2012 Yankee Chapter National Meet at Hebron - July 27,28 and 29, 2012. A draft of events would was discussed and then proposed:

- Friday: Vending, Banquet and the 'Yankee Spirit' award
- Saturday: Vending, road run, field games, Peoples Choice Award celebrating 100 years of the Henderson motorcycles, Giles Adams Award and the infamous Yankee Chapter awards.
- Sunday: Judges breakfast and national judging, grounds closed other than for judging at 12pm

Dan motioned to accept the schedule, Mark seconded, and all approved.

A lengthy discussion took place as to how best to promote this event. Anyone willing to assist or have any ideas for publicity please contact Dan. Also looking for volunteers (one hour shifts) to assist with judging, field games, gate/parking, information tent and sales, and clean up.

The Board will meet again after the first of the year to complete planning for the meet.

Election of Board of Directors: Even though we had many vacancies during the past year and were filled by volunteers. This is an election year for the Yankee BOD. Any member wishing to serve on the Board should contact Dan.

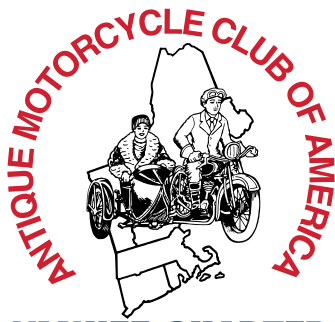
Proposed 2012 Calendar of Events:

- Springfield Motorcycle show: Jan 20,21,22
- Sterling weekend: TBD
- Tumbleweeds Vintage Day: June 3
- Rhinebeck: June 8,9
- Hebron: July 27,28,29
- Berkshire weekend: Sept 14,15,16
- Maine weekend: TBD
- Christmas meeting: Dec 2

Respectfully submitted by:
Diane Stoyanovich

Event Calendar

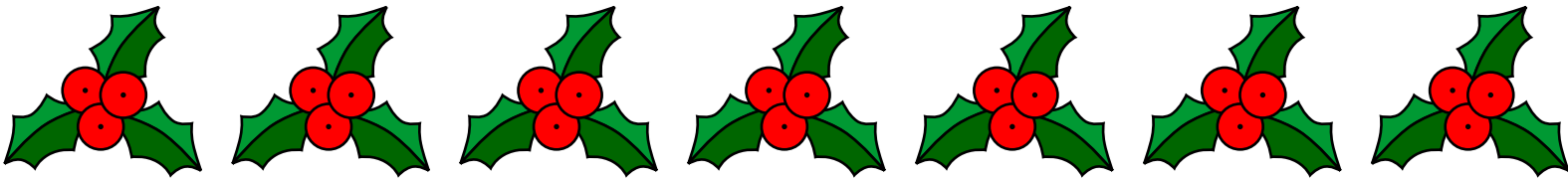
	Dec 4, 2011	Yankee Christmas Party and Business Meeting VFW Post 5663 Hall 20 Federal Hill Road, Oxford, MA 01540 978-987-8777 Contact: Dan Margolien 603-458-5013
	Feb 24-25, 2012	Omaha National Meet Freemon, NE
	Mar 9-11, 2012	Sunshine National Meet New Smyrna Beach, FL
	Apr 27-29, 2012	Perkiomen National Meet Oley, PA
	May 18-20, 2012	Southern National Meet Denton, NC
	May 25-27, 2012	European Meet Den Haag, Netherlands
	Jun 8-9, 2012	Rhinebeck National Meet Rhinebeck, NY
	Jun 15-17, 2012	Viking National Meet St. Paul, MN
	Jun 15-16, 2012	Fort Sutter National Meet Dixon, CA
	Jul 20-22, 2012	Wauseon National Meet Wauseon, OH
	Jul 27-29, 2012	Yankee National Meet Lion's Club Fairgrounds, Hebron, CT Contact: Dan Margolien 603-458-5013
	Aug 30-Sep 2, 2012	Chief Blackhawk Chapter National Meet Davenport, IA
	Sep 14-16, 2012	Mohawk Valley Indian Summer Berkshires Camp and Ride Charlemont, MA Contact: Jim Seidell 413-527-0421
	Oct 5-6, 2012	Chesapeake Chapter National Meet Jefferson, PA



FIRST CLASS MAIL

YANKEE CHAPTER

Yankee Chatter Editor
Mark Hunnibell
376 Black Rock Tpke
Redding, CT 06896



Yankee Chapter Christmas Party and Business Meeting

Sunday, December 4, 2011

Pot Luck Luncheon at 12:00 Noon Sharp

Business Meeting at 1:00 PM

Oxford VFW, 20 Federal Hill Road, Oxford, MA 01540

