



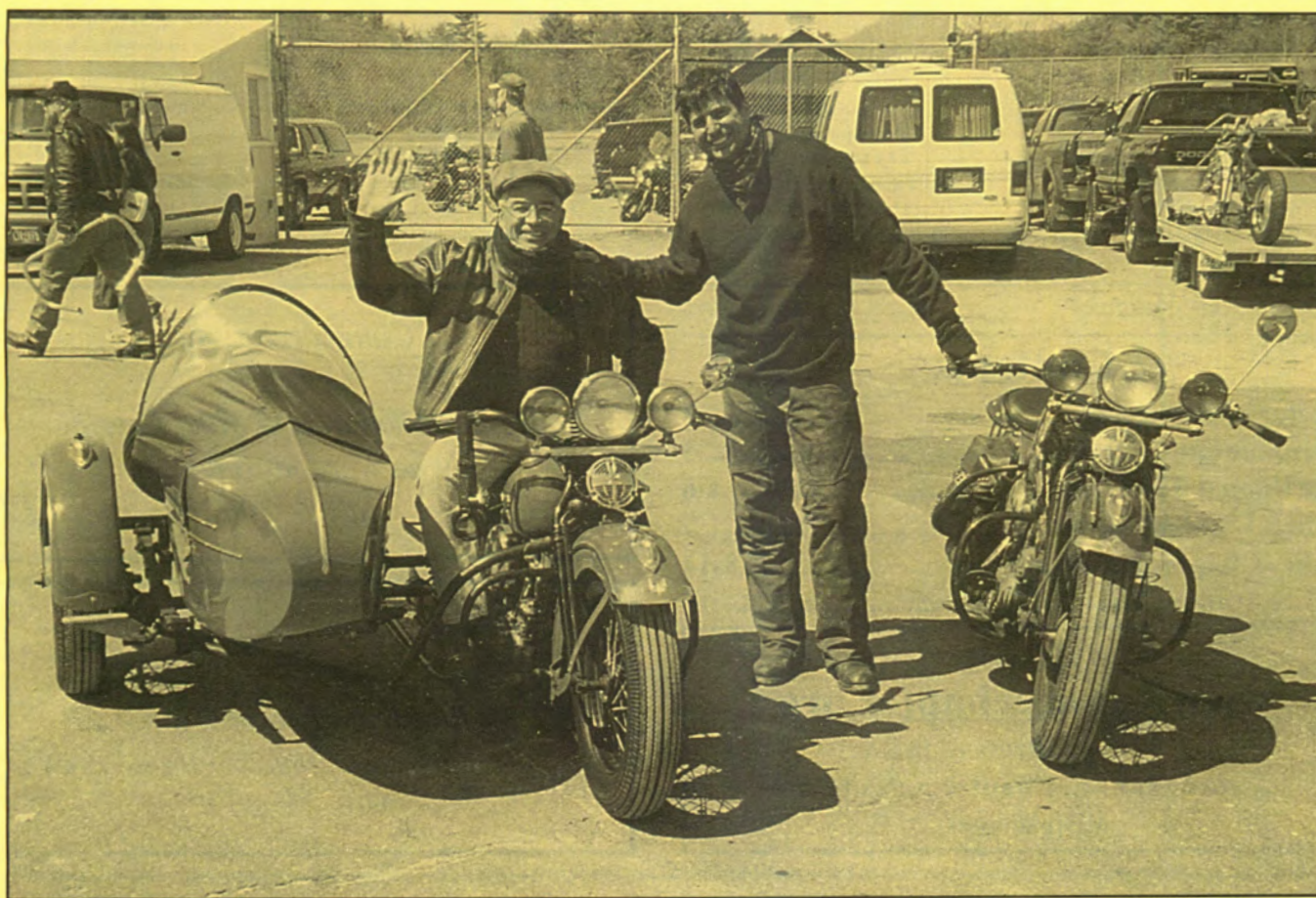
YANKEE CHATTER



SPRING / SUMMER 2002

No. 02 / 2

YANKEE CHAPTER
ANTIQUE MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.
Chapter established in 1973



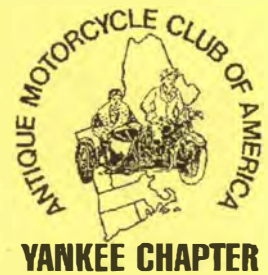
C. Gallo Photo

They Ride 'Em !

Ed and Anthony Rutledge are all smiles as they bask in the afternoon sunshine at the Stafford Springs swap meet held on April 7, 2002 at the Stafford Speedway. Ed piloted his 1948 Harley-Davidson Panhead with sidecar while Anthony rode his 1947 Harley-Davidson Knucklehead. The temperature was hovering at a brisk 18 degrees when they left Bethel, CT at 5:45 AM, bound for Stafford. They purchased extra gloves for their ride home.



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SPRING / SUMMER 2002


No. 02 / 2


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*Congratulations
to
Jessie Aikman and Mike Lingley
who were married on
July 6, 2002*





*Congratulations
to
Randy and Joan Walker
who were married on
May 25, 2002*



It's official !!
www.yankeechapter.org
is the address of the
new Yankee Chapter web site.
Visit it soon.

YANKEE CHATTER is the official newsletter of the YANKEE Chapter of the Antique Motorcycle Club of America, and is published three times a year on a pseudo-seasonal basis (Winter/Spring, Spring/Summer, Summer/Autumn) or when information warrants. The YANKEE Chapter of the AMC of A was established April 8, 1973. Dues for the 2002 membership year are \$ 10.00 individual; \$ 12.50 with spouse. Membership is not transferable and dues are not refundable.

Applicants wishing to join the YANKEE Chapter must FIRST be members in good standing (paid up) of the National AMC of A; however, applicants may send membership applications to the Chapter Membership Chairperson at any time, and memberships received after October 31st of any year will be held over for the next membership (calendar) year.

Distribution of YANKEE CHATTER is to members of record in good standing (paid up), officers and directors of the AMC of A, and certain editors and other officers of the AMC of A Chapters. As a member of the National AMC of A, YANKEE Chapter is a non-profit organization.



Director's Message

I would have to say that one short word could describe our weekend in Hebron: hot. I did not feel as though the heat kept many people from coming, nor do I feel that it lessened the enthusiasm of anyone who attended. I spoke with many of the vendors who reported doing very well at our meet. Although the trend has been for national AMC meets to be downsizing both in vendor and spectator counts, this was not the case for us. Vendor participation was in the low 60's, as it always is, and scores of people came through the gate, particularly on Saturday.

We had a number of members come quite a distance to our meet. Peter Gagan, our National Vice President, attended for the first time. He had come east to go to Wauseon and on the Empire Road Run (which, by the way, was outstanding) and figured that since he was so close, a trip to Hebron was in order. The Goulds, Zeke and Jerry, came down from Maine and, despite a few obstacles and the hot weather, made the trip and had a great time. Long time

member Dick Sharland made the trip to Hebron on Saturday with one of his grandsons. It's nice to see some young people coming to these meets and sharing the enthusiasm with what seems to be an aging group. Sadly, we're all growing older and there's not a lot of new young blood in the membership!

Many thanks to all who gave a helping hand over the course of the weekend. Jay Fornal and his tent had to be the saving grace for those of us holding down the fort in the registration booth. I would surely have expired without it! The list of others who helped out is growing every year with too many names to mention but I know who you are and truly appreciate all your help with such tasks as gate duty, trash pick-up or personal items loaned to the chapter for the weekend to make things run more smoothly. Many, many thanks to you all.

Barbara Salisbury will be our hostess at this year's fall meet in Sterling, CT. She has done all the leg work to get this meet set up and from what she's told me the location sounds perfect for us. Sterling Park Campground is a really nice place and the owners are enthusiastic about having us come and use their facility. It should be a good time. Please come and show your support and have a little fun with your fellow Yankees!

See ya in Sterling.

Charitable Fund Report

At the Christmas Party, Yankees voted to support our Charitable Fund for another year. We discussed the need for Yanks to seek out people in need, people who would benefit from a Yankee Chapter grant. Barbara Salisbury and Don Caisse volunteered to help coordinate this effort. Early in the year we sent a check to Roy Foss, a BMW rider who was injured in an accident. More recently we helped the family of Lisa Gifford, a mom and biker fighting cancer. Since that time, not one Yankee has suggested any possible recipient. I wish that there were no people out there who needed our funds, but I know that isn't true. So, if you hear of someone who needs help, remember the Yankee Chapter Charitable Fund and get in touch!

Barbara Salisbury
Don Caisse
Sandy Gallo

Once Upon A Time,

Part III - A continuation of:

MY 1935 MOTORCYCLE TRIP

by Kenneth Walker Fitts

When we left Ken in the last issue, he was visiting his relatives in Quartzsite, Arizona.

I spent several days at Aunt Maybelle's. The day I left, Clarion tied a drum of water to the back of his car preparing to go prospecting. I bid farewell to Aunt Maybelle and Clarion and headed east.

The motorcycle engine wasn't running well at all and the closer I got to Phoenix the worse it got. When I turned the engine over slowly there was no compression. Shortly before I got to Phoenix, I found I could not start the engine with the kick starter. By putting the motorcycle in gear and pushing it, I could turn the engine over fast enough so that it would gradually take hold and when it was going too fast for me to run I would jump on and be on my way. I found Bill Kennedy's cycle shop in Phoenix and told him my troubles. He and his wife, Dodie, lived in a few rooms attached to the cycle shop. They invited me in for supper and I accepted their invitation. I slept on their back porch that night. The next day while Bill's mechanic, whose name was Luther, was repairing my motorcycle, I took a walk to the outskirts of Phoenix. I stopped to look in the windows of a store that sold firearms. The window display was filled with six shooters. I have never seen so many in one spot. Walking on a dirt road on the very outskirts of Phoenix, I came to a long row of tents on both sides of the road. People were milling around and they appeared to be camping. When I got back to the cycle shop I asked Bill about it. He said they were people with diseases such as TB who thought the Arizona climate was good for them, and most of them could not afford any better housing. He said they came from all over the United States.

Sometime in the afternoon my motorcycle was all repaired. Bill's mechanic rebored the cylinder .020" oversize and fitted a new piston and piston rings. He reseated the valve seats in the cylinder and ground the seating surfaces on the valves. The total cost was \$12.00. Bill told me he would give me \$1.00 for every mile I got under 80 miles per gallon of gas. By checking mileage on the maps I estimated I averaged between 92 and 94 mpg all the way home. I got a Christmas card from Bill and Dodie Kennedy the rest of their lives. I guess Bill died about ten years ago. About four years ago, I got a note from one of Dodie's relatives saying that she had died.

While I think of it, I must have driven many hundreds, perhaps a thousand or more miles without touching the handlebars. Not all at once, of course. When I had my bedroll properly balanced on the handlebars, it was my habit to just sit back and slightly lean one way or the other to steer. I did this mostly on long straight stretches.

When I left home I had a total of \$103. Soon after I left Bill Kennedy's, I counted my money and discovered I had less than \$25, so I decided it was time to start economizing. From then on, all the way home, I lived on fifteen cents a day for food. Each meal cost me five cents. I would buy a nickel's worth of bananas for breakfast, a nickel's worth of apples for lunch and a box of crackers for a nickel for supper, etc.

I missed a turn and accidentally arrived in Florence, Arizona. I turned around and as I was retracing my route, the light from my headlight shone on a small rattlesnake in the road. I stopped, found a rock and killed the rattlesnake. I brought home the rattles as a souvenir and I still have them.

It was misting when I stopped in Miami, Arizona to fix the canvas up in front of me to act as a mist and rain shield. I planned to travel all night. As I was adjusting the canvas a motorcycle policeman pulled up beside me and talked to me. I told him I was planning to travel all night. He invited me to come and sleep in the police station and I accepted. The police station

turned out to be what appeared to be the town hall. I wheeled the motorcycle into the big room which I guess was where they held town meetings. I found a newspaper to put under the motorcycle so that it would not drip oil on the floor. At 6:00 the next morning the custodian put me out.

Before I got out of the State of Arizona the clutch throw out bearing broke so that I could not disengage the clutch. Without going into much detail, I discovered that by putting the bearing pieces together in a different order the clutch would still work but the end of the rod that presses against the bearing would wear away very fast so that I had to make adjustment to the clutch very frequently.

Somewhere between Phoenix and El Paso, Texas I saw that, in back of me, down near the horizon the sky looked hazy. I asked a filling station attendant about it and he said it was a storm. I asked him if I could outrun it. He said no. It didn't catch up with me.

Also, beside the road, for about two hours driving time, I saw many box turtles. I am not sure whether I was in Arizona or New Mexico.

While I was in New Mexico and shortly before I arrived in El Paso, Texas, a terrific downpour had taken place. All the land was underwater. There were fence posts on both sides of the road. Otherwise I wouldn't have known where the road was. Several cars were stalled. They probably drove too fast and water splashed on the ignition system. I put the motorcycle in low gear and put my feet up on the front fender. If the water had gotten as high as the generator I would have stopped, but it didn't. Everything around El Paso was soaking wet. I decided to splurge and spend fifty cents for lodging.

The next morning I found the cycle shop. I hoped to get a new throw out bearing for the clutch. I waited until 10:00 a.m. and the owner hadn't shown up. I asked the attendant of a filling station across the street what time the cycle shop opened. He said they didn't open on Sunday. I didn't know it was Sunday.

Since I was on the Mexican border I

would have liked to take a short ride into Mexico. Because of my financial problem I decided against it. I would have liked to see Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico. They are just a few miles north of Texas. For the same reason I didn't see them either.

As I drove along, and with a little practice, I discovered I could shift gears without using the clutch. From a dead stop I would push the motorcycle until I got it rolling fast enough and with the engine slowed down I would place the transmission in low gear and jump on. After accelerating in low I would place the transmission in neutral and after reducing the engine speed to what sounded right I shifted to second gear, then into neutral again and go through the same procedure for high. By adjusting the engine speed I could shift back to the lower gears as well.

One night, after dark, in the rain, as I was traveling east across Texas I was rounding a curve on a black surface road and for no apparent reason the motorcycle slid out from under me. I didn't get hurt but when I tried to pick the motorcycle up I discovered that the road was so slippery I could hardly stand up myself. I reasoned that there must have been an accident on the corner and oil spilled on the road. Just around the corner was a filling station. The attendant came to see if I was hurt. I told him I wasn't. I asked him if there was a place under cover where I could sleep for the night. Across the road from the filling station was an abandoned filling station. The attendant suggested I sleep under the awning that came out over the pumps, which I did. I placed the motorcycle crosswise in the drive through section so it would be seen and so no one would run over me.

Another night in Texas it was raining so I drove all night long. The next morning as I was driving along in the rain I was so sleepy I could hardly keep my eyes open. My eyes kept blinking shut for just an instant even with the rain in my face and I would make a special effort to keep them open when I passed a car coming in the opposite direction. Once they blinked shut for just a bit too long and I ran off the right side

of the road. When I tried to turn back towards the road I discovered I was in the most slippery field imaginable. By putting my feet down and doing a few figure S's with the motorcycle I managed to bring it to a stop in the field. When I tried to walk, the mud built up about one inch on the bottom of my shoes. I am glad I didn't take a spill as I would have been a real mess. I got the motorcycle back on the road and continued on my way. That incident gave me enough of a scare so that I wasn't sleepy anymore all day long. I left Texas and entered Arkansas at Texarkana.

From there I went to Memphis and Nashville, Tennessee, then northeast across Kentucky to Portsmouth, Ohio, and across Ohio to Steubenville. I drove east across Pennsylvania. My Uncle Ed (Edward B. Fitts, my Dad's older brother) and his wife, Aunt Lucretia, lived at State College, Pennsylvania. I stayed one night with them, then left early the next morning for home. Somewhere in eastern Pennsylvania, I discovered I had no more adjustment to the clutch and I could not use the clutch even in an emergency. I managed to get through the cities including Hartford without any problems. I arrived home in Storrs, about 1:00 a.m. the next day. My expenses from the time I left Phoenix,

Arizona to the time I arrived home in Storrs, Connecticut were less than \$15.00. I still had \$10.00 and a little change in my pocket. The total cost of my trip from the time I left Storrs until I arrived home in Storrs was less than \$93.00.

For me, this was a very interesting trip as you can see by my clear memories of it. This took place 53 years ago. (*Editor's note: Kenneth wrote this story in 1988.*)

The price of gasoline in Storrs was 16 cents per gallon. At one place in Wyoming gasoline was 31 cents. The cheapest I saw it was 10 cents in California.

My total distance traveled appears to be over 7000 miles. I passed through the following states: Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, California, New Mexico, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, twenty-one in all. I also passed through parts of Canada.

I still have the 1928 Harley-Davidson motorcycle (engine number 28B4006.) (*Editor's note: Kenneth informs me that he no longer owns this motorcycle, but has passed it on to another enthusiast.*)



YANKEES

Out And About

Al Gazza rode his 1935 Indian Sport Scout bobber in the "King of the Road" competition at the Colonial National Meet in Harmony, NJ on June 8, 2002. He even had time for a wholesome snack as he snagged an apple in the apple bob event.



C. Gallo Photo



C. Gallo Photo

Karl Nagy brought this interesting machine to the Yankee Steam-Up held at the New England Wireless and Steam Museum in East Greenwich, RI on October 13, 2001. It is a 1922 Reo-Ford Special Speedster. It is a custom built vehicle with a REO Speedwagon truck engine grafted into a Model T Ford chassis. Karl's father, Elmer, had used Model T trucks to haul lumber through the woods to saw rigs during WW II. He didn't care for some of the features of the Ford trucks, so he swapped two Model Ts and \$35 for the REO. It's 1 1/4 ton capacity made it a better vehicle for wood hauling. When Karl was 8 or 10 years old he begged his father to let him drive the truck even though he could barely reach the pedals. The truck continued in service until it fell into disrepair and was no longer restorable. It sat for a number of years until 1992. While recuperating from triple by-pass surgery, Karl created this custom speedster. It has a cruising speed of 40 to 50 miles per hour and a top speed of over 70, which is plenty fast when you consider that it still has Model T brakes. And yes, I know it's not a motorcycle, but it is way cool!

"Ride 'Em, Don't Hide 'Em"



Yankee Chapter National AMCA Meet August 2 - 4, 2002

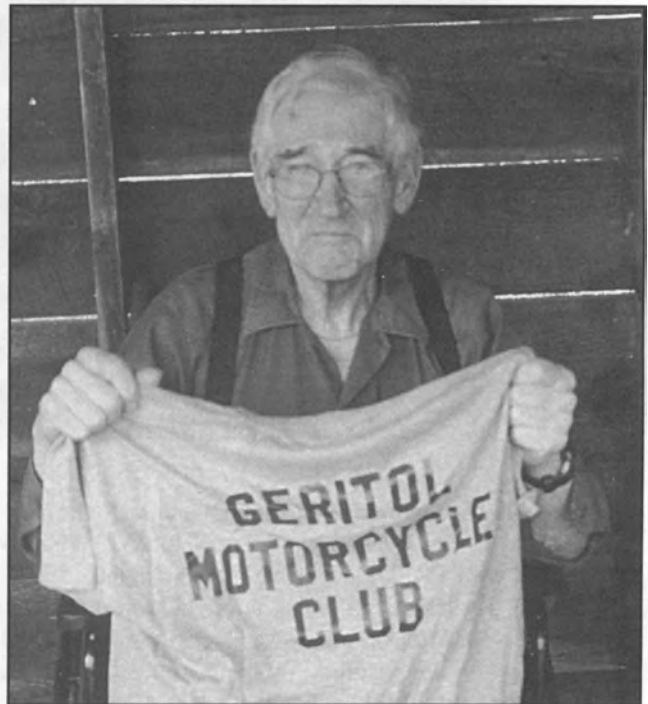
By Sandy Gallo

It was early in the afternoon on Thursday, August 1 when I arrived at the Hebron Lions Club Fairgrounds with my "pack" of Dobermans. Steve Ciccalone was already hard at work marking out vendor spots. Steve's always early. Makes me feel guilty. I attacked the ladies room as my husband (your editor) started on the dreaded men's room and showers. Tom Marston soon turned up to make camp and take care of the bathroom "below the hill". Randy Walker arrived and we began dragging garbage cans up from storage and distributing them (I just drove - Randy did all the work). Then he laid out the judging area for Sunday morning. Before long, things were looking pretty good. Late afternoon brought Jay Fornal and Lisa Brown with the big tent for the official Yankee registration booth (Thanks, Jay!). Then, on Friday, Travis Potter arrived with a PA system (Thanks, Travis!). Many Yankees made contributions to this meet - I couldn't possibly name you all, but you know who you are - THANK YOU! By sundown it already looked like the place to be. Trucks were rolling in and tents popping up.

Friday morning dawned sunny and bright, with the promise of another blisteringly hot day. By the time I made my way to the Yankee tent, Jessie was well organized and selling tee-shirts, pins and banquet tickets. Thank goodness our director is a morning person. Jim Friedlander arrived and began conscripting volunteers to man the front gate. Many Yankees lent a hand at the gate. Steve Ciccalone signed in a steady stream of vendors - 63 in all. Randy Walker signed up bikes for judging.

We saw some unusual cycles at our meet. A whole flock of Ariels descended upon Hebron. Possibly the most beautiful of the Brit bikes. Art McCormick brought his 1947 Nelco Solo Car, an electric wheelchair, which drew quite a crowd.

The day remained sunny and, thus, meltingly hot and humid, so we were almost relieved when the late afternoon clouds rolled in. The storm came on fast. Yankees scattered to every available cover. The wind wailed. Tents were upended. Equipment was blown astray. The rain was horizontal. By the time the storm had blown by, we had all made new friends of whomever was around when we dashed for cover. Then, less than an hour after it started,



C. Gallo Photo

Zeke Gould shows off the tee-shirt that Dennis Willette gave to him when he arrived at Hebron. Zeke kept the troops entertained with his tales from the Maine woods.

out came the sun. About an hour after that, the sky grew dark again. Everyone assumed we were going to have another brief cool-off. Wrong! This time it really meant it. Several hours later it was still coming down with a fury. Starvation was setting in. A couple of us finally "suited up" for the three mile ride to the Chinese restaurant for take-out. Let it be known that no Harleys braved the dousing. Supplies were brought in by an Indian and a BMW!

By Saturday morning, the giant puddles were rapidly evaporating. The swap meet was active (vendors seemed to agree that it was a successful outing). Everywhere could be heard chugging, clinking, clattering, roaring - AMCA members enjoying their own special brand of fun.

Robin Gazza and Marty Hansen had crafted a wonderful road run for a day when a two-wheeled air conditioner was just the ticket. Robin couldn't be with us (out riding the Rockies with HOG) so Marty led the enthusiastic group of 48 bikes. They ranged from a 1929 Indian 101 Scout to modern Harleys, with the usual assortment of Indian and Harley models thrown in for good measure. There were a number of Ariels, Triumphs, BMWs and a TWN Cornet. Kenneth Askey, a young 76 year old, rode his Honda sidecar rig with his 1933 BSA R33 Blue Star substituting for a passenger. We explored wonderful country roads, and were treated to a

stop at the "Fish Family Farm" - ICE CREAM! Need I say more? A terrific ride. Thanks to Marty and Robin!

George Yarocki offered continuous tech seminars on electroless plating techniques. He plated parts and explained the process to a procession of enthusiasts all afternoon. The process is ideal for restoration because it is a safer, more ecologically friendly process.

Late Saturday afternoon brought the gathering of the "Pan Clan". Yankee's Harley owners displayed their Panheads in memory of Joe Barber, the late pan-man extraordinaire. The Joe Barber Trophy is a revolving award which strongly resembles a complete panhead engine. Each recipient adds a part during his or her tenure. At some point in the distant future, this trophy could evolve into a running motor! Eighteen beautiful bikes were entered in this competition to be judged by their peers, but in the end it was Lynne Cipolla's original red 1948 FL that took home the trophy. Lynne's husband, Dennis D'Angelo, called the bike "barn fresh". With a wink of the eye he added, "Joe Barber's barn"! To honor Joe's memory, Lynne better put some serious miles on that beauty this year!

Next on the agenda was food, which was provided in abundance by the members of the Hebron Sportsman's Club. They treated us to steaks, corn on the cob, baked potato, salad and all the trimmings, ending with fresh watermelon.



The happy award winners gather behind Kenneth Askey's 1933 BSA R33 Blue Star and Lynne Cipolla's 1948 Harley-Davidson FL after Sunday's award presentation *C. Gallo Photo*

A proper barbeque for a hot summer evening. AMCA members gathered from all over the country to review our weekend. We even enjoyed a visit from AMCA Vice President Pete Gagan from British Columbia. After the banquet, Yankees Ed Morinho and Chris Duffy were seen on garbage duty, cleaning up the grounds. No thanks could be enough for taking care of this task!

Sunday morning brought out the beauties for judging. Yankee Chapter insists that bikes be ridden onto the judging field under their own power. (*We are the "Ride 'Em, Don't Hide 'Em" Chapter!*) It's a joy to hear some of the older machines run. Our judges worked efficiently and long before noon the prizes had been awarded and everyone was packing for home. A few short hours later the fairgrounds were clear, the garbage gone, the sound of flatheads only a memory. Another great weekend.

We Rode 'Em!

A hearty thank you to everyone who helped to make our meet a success. Many hands make light work.



C. Gallo Photo

Maury Shold is ready to head out on the road run astride his 1947 Harley-Davidson U.



C. Gallo Photo

Lynne Cipolla is the proud recipient of the Joe Barber Award for 2002.



C. Gallo Photo

Luke Walker enjoys cruising on his 1930s Indian Chief which he built to ride, using parts spanning several years.



C. Gallo Photo

Shane Rose rode his 1941 Harley-Davidson Knucklehead to Hebron and enjoyed the road run to the Fish Family Farm for ice cream.

Tim Gottier on his 1946 Harley-Davidson with Millie Yarocki as his sidecar passenger leaving on the road run.



C. Gallo Photo

C. Gallo Photo



Phil Pelletier on his 1942 Harley-Davidson WLA and Barry Sullivan on his 1957 TWN Cornet are anxious for Saturday's road run to get underway.

Steve Yurgel Photo



The judges are hard at work during Sunday morning's activities.

Steve Yurgel Photo



Kevin Valentine offers some advice to Randy Walker during the Sunday morning judging.



C. Gallo Photo

Dennis and Florina Willette are ready to go for a cruise on their beautiful red and white 1960 Harley-Davidson.

Lynne Cipolla is delighted with her newly acquired 1948 Harley-Davidson FL. She captured the Joe Barber Award as well as a Junior second.

C. Gallo Photo





Jessie Aikman Photo

A sizable contingent of the North Atlantic branch of the Ariel Owners Club came to Hebron. They are (left to right) Jim Garret, Rosie Olver, Ted Olver, Louise Harpin, Chris Shearwood, Ann Burian and Ken Burian. Jessie had responded to a telephone call from Ted Olver during the winter about his group coming out to Hebron by saying, "The more the merrier." They responded by showing up and joining us for the weekend and had a great time.

Don "Critter" Salisbury pilots his award winning 1948 Cushman Model 59 through the swap meet area with his wife, Barbara (Mrs. Critter), enjoying the ride in the forecar.



Jessie Aikman Photo



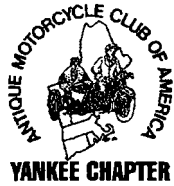
Art McCormick brought his 1947 Nelco Solo Car electric wheelchair to Hebron. This machine was made from 1937 to 1947 and is the first powered wheelchair. It's manufacture was part of a British program to assist handicapped people. It runs on a series of batteries providing 36 volts. It could do 35 miles on a charge with a top speed of about 20 mph. It has a wooden frame covered with metal and leather seats and interior. Some even had windshields and side windows. Needless to say, it attracted quite a crowd of admirers over the weekend.

Antique Motorcycle Club of America Hebron, Connecticut Awards August 4, 2002

Oldest Motorcycle
Longest Distance Ridden I
Longest Distance Ridden II
Longest Distance Ridden III
Most Unique I
Most Unique II
Judges Choice
Judges Choice

George Yarocki
George Tsunis
Ray Dhue
Rich Brown
Don Salisbury
Ted Olver
Ray Dhue
Kenneth Askey

1929 Indian 101 Scout
1948 Harley-Davidson FL - 165 miles
1958 Harley-Davidson FLH - 164 miles
1946 Harley-Davidson EL - 50 miles
1948 Cushman Model 59
1937 Ariel Red Hunter
1939 BMW R66
1933 BSA R33 Blue Star



Yankee Chapter Award



Joe Barber Memorial Trophy

Lynne Cippola

1948 Harley-Davidson FL



National Awards



Winners Circle

Jeff Alperin	1950 Indian Chief - Police
Thomas Conzo	1940 Indian Chief
Dennis D'Angelo	1956 Harley-Davidson FLH
Ray Dhue	1958 Harley-Davidson FLH
Ray Dhue	1939 BMW R66
David Ingersoll	1929 Indian 101 Scout
James Smith Jr.	1965 Harley-Davidson FL
George Tsunis	1937 Harley-Davidson EL
Dennis Willette	1960 Harley-Davidson FLH
Paul Zavodjancik	1940 Harley-Davidson EL

Senior

Kenneth Askey	1933 BSA R33 Blue Star
Jerry Barbour	1935 Harley-Davidson VLD
Lonnie Campbell	1948 Harley-Davidson FL
Lawrence Cook	1951 Harley-Davidson FL
Peter Esposito	1947 Harley-Davidson FL
Elton Morris	1965 Harley-Davidson FL
David Scherk	1933 Harley-Davidson VLE
George Tsunis	1955 Harley-Davidson FL
George Yarocki	1929 Indian 101 Scout

Junior First

Richard Brown	1946 Harley-Davidson EL
Ted Olver	1937 Ariel Red Hunter
Ted Olver	1958 Ariel Cyclone
Don Salisbury	1948 Cushman Model 59
George Tsunis	1948 Harley-Davidson FL
John Weber	1953 Indian Chief
Steven Yurgel	1947 Harley-Davidson EL

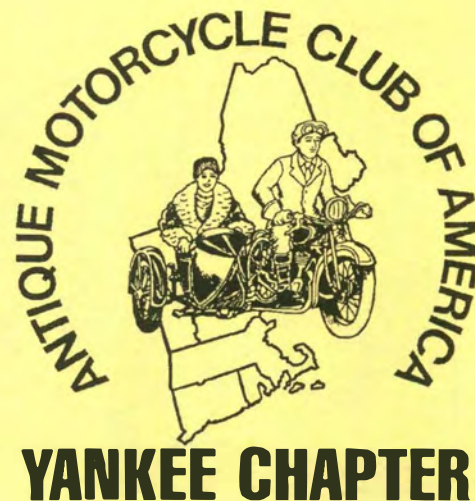
Junior Second

Scott Blessington	1941 Harley-Davidson WLA
Lynne Cippola	1948 Harley-Davidson FL
Marcel Larose Jr.	1955 Harley-Davidson ST165
Elton Morris	1957 Harley-Davidson FLH
Howard Zehner	1942 Indian Chief

Yankee's Autumn Meet September 7 & 8, 2002



Sterling Park Campground
177 Gibson Hill Rd.
Sterling, CT



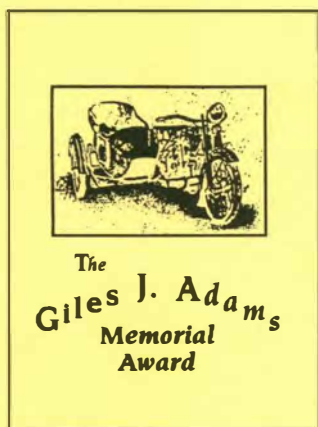
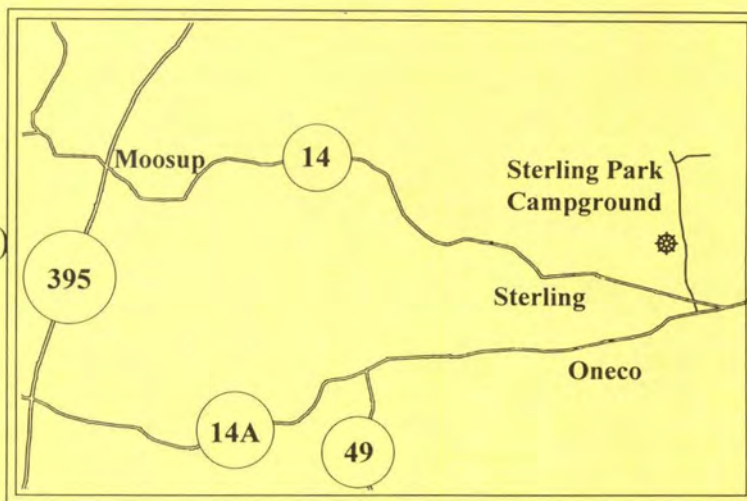
Enjoy FREE camping (AMCA Members)
Friday and Saturday nights, with
swimming pool, hot showers, bonfire,
food on grounds, game room for the kids,
RV hook-ups available.

VENDORS - ONLY \$10 ! (AMCA Members)

Saturday afternoon - Ride 'Em !
Saddle up for "Critter's Mystery Ride"

Sunday morning - Continental breakfast
Compliments of Yankee Chapter

Sunday morning - Chapter Judging



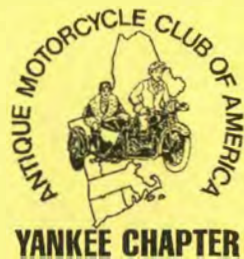
The Giles J. Adams
Memorial Award
will be presented to the
Yankee Chapter member
with the best running machine
in the Antique Class.

TRAVEL DIRECTIONS

Take Exit 89 off Connecticut Turnpike (I-395) North or South.
Take left at the bottom of the ramp onto Route 14 East.
At the stop sign take a left (Rt 14 East).
Approximately 6 miles from the highway, turn left
onto Gibson Hill Rd. (across from Oneco Commons).
Sterling Park Campground is located 1 mile up on the left side,
1/2 mile from the Connecticut - Rhode Island state line.

Note : Site is 1/2 mile from Rhode
Island. Passengers must wear hel-
mets in RI, so bring your bucket if
you're riding two up.

More Info ?
Barbara & Critter



Charles Gallo

FIRST CLASS MAIL

**Cheapest
Form of
Quick, Sure
Delivery**

50 to
75 miles
per gallon
of gasoline;
800 to 1500
miles per
gallon of oil;
5000 to 8000
miles per
set of tires.

