



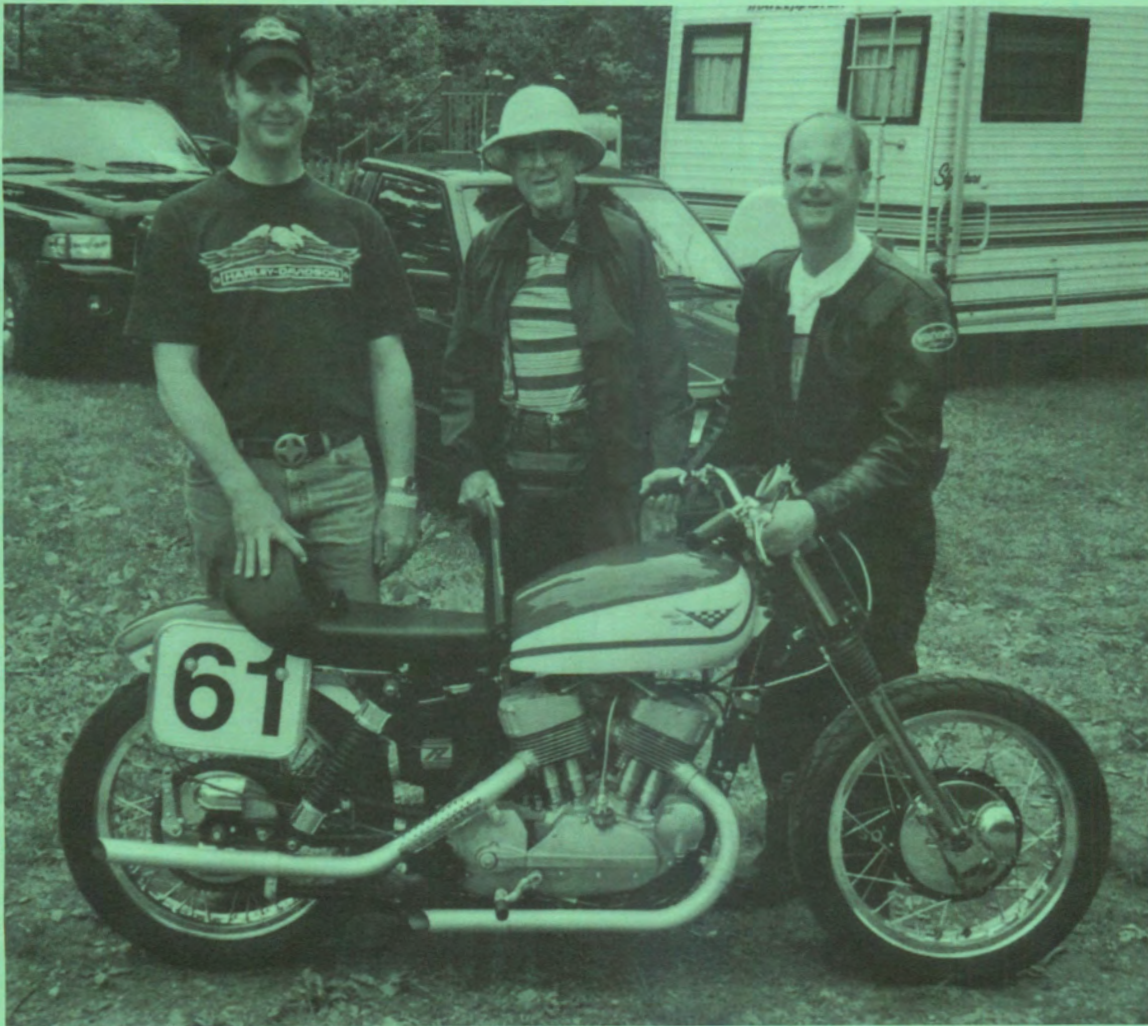
YANKEE CHATTER



Issue 2003 / 1

Established in 1973

YANKEE CHAPTER
ANTIQUE MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.



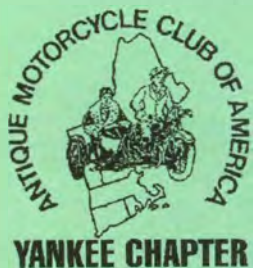
C. Gallo Photo

A Real Jewel

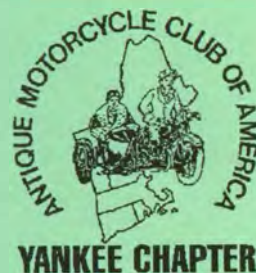
The vintage races on June 7, 2003 at Gunstock, NH (the former Belknap racetrack) showcased some machinery from a by-gone era. Dave McGraw (left) restored this 1952 Harley-Davidson

KR that was originally raced by Frank Antonelli. Yankee member and longtime Harley-Davidson dealer Nate Sheldon (center) enjoyed watching his son Orville (right) race the bike.

The sound of this hot flathead as it accelerated up the front straight was a real treat.



Officers



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Jessie Aikman

Honored Member
Frederick D. Hirsch

Vice Director
James Friedlander

Vice Director
Steve Ciccalone

Secretary
Thomas Marston

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Randall Walker

Treasurer / Membership Chair
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Associate / Charitable Committee
Barbara Salisbury

Charitable Committee
Don Salisbury

ISSUE 2003 / 1

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www.yankeechapter.org
is the address of the
Yankee Chapter web site.
Visit it soon.



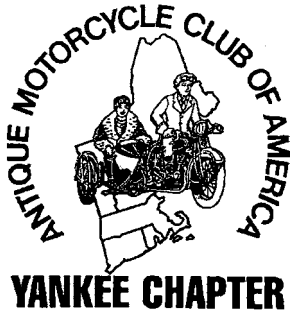
*Congratulations
to
Dan and Carol Margolien
who were married on
May 28, 2002.*



YANKEE CHATTER is the official newsletter of the YANKEE Chapter of the Antique Motorcycle Club of America, and is published three times a year, when information warrants. The YANKEE Chapter of the AMC of A was established April 8, 1973. Dues for the 2003 membership year are \$10.00 individual; \$12.50 with associate member. 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 1st 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.



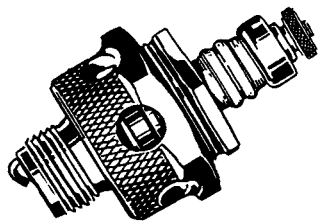
Director's Message

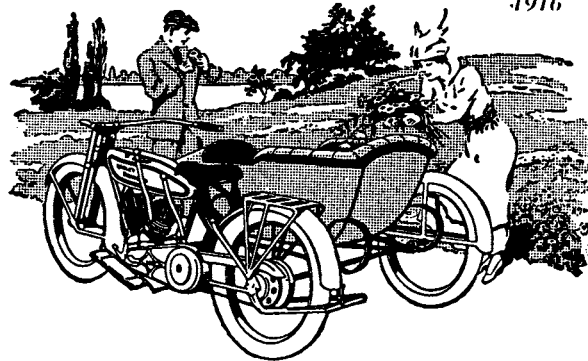
With Hebron just around the corner, it seems as though summer is flying by! Everything is set for our meet. All we need is good weather, good parts, good people and some interesting machines to look at. If you would like to help, there is always plenty to do and if you come to the registration tent, we'll let you know what we need help with.

All is in place for our Chapter's Autumn Meet in Sterling, CT, thanks to Barbara Salisbury's efforts. I'm optimistic, after the turnout and response to the meet we had there last fall, that this year will be even better.

After 18 years as your fearless leader / Yankee Mother, I have decided to step down and let someone else take the reins. I am tired and have too much else going on in my life. Besides, it would be nice to ride a motorcycle to a meet instead of driving a truck loaded with Yankee "stuff". I have truly enjoyed my years as Yankee Director and feel as though our Chapter has benefited from my leadership, but it's time for someone else to take over.

Jessie





Know the Joys of Motorcycling

SUNSHINY spring with that invigorating tang in the air will soon be here. *Then* you should know the joys of motorcycling, and feel the freedom of going where you wish, when you wish, either alone or with the boys.

You can ride for the sheer joy of riding, leisurely if you wish, or you can open the throttle and travel at the speed of the wind to any desired place, even though it be miles and miles away.

"After hours" and Sundays will be all too short for you with your

Harley-Davidson

You can go where you will, with perfect confidence in yourself and your mount, for fourteen years of real service, together with contests of every description, have proven the Harley-Davidson to be the master motorcycle. Its three-speed transmission enables you to negotiate every road, to make

play of any hill or long stretch of sand or heavy mud. As to speed, you will have more than the average rider will ever have the opportunity to use.

If you knew all that a Harley-Davidson motorcycle would do for you, you too, would realize that it is easier to own one than to do without.

Most dealers will make terms to suit your convenience. If you do not know your Harley-Davidson dealer, write to us direct for catalog and full particulars.

Harley-Davidson Motor Company

1140 A STREET

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Editor's Message

Yes, that's right. It's time for a new director to guide our Chapter. Jessie has given us almost two decades of faithful leadership. Now it's time for other Yankees to come forward. Your Chapter needs you - to help with the meets, write for the Chatter, volunteer for the Board. There are many jobs, large and small. It's time for every Yankee to step up and make a contribution. These are big boots to fill!



Secretary's Report

Minutes of the Yankee Chapter Board Meeting held on January 18, 2003, at the North End Pub in North Oxford, MA. Attending were Jessie Aikman, Steve Ciccalone, Will Paley, Randy Walker, Charlie and Sandy Gallo, Don and Barbara Salisbury, Mike Lingley and Tom Marston. The officers waited for absentee members to arrive. The meeting started at approximately 11:45 am. Jessie Aikman began by asking each member if they had any subject to discuss.

Sandy Gallo brought up charitable contribution issues. Don Caisse had resigned from the committee at the Christmas Party, leaving a vacancy. Sandy moved that Don Salisbury be named to the Charitable Funds Committee, seconded by Jessie. The motion passed. Jessie, after discussion, put forward a motion that we continue our donations in the manner that we have in the past. Tom seconded the motion. It was passed.

Barbara Salisbury brought up the Sterling Campground. Since we are having our fall meet there this year, she would like to send the payment to them now. Discussed and voted in the affirmative upon Jessie's motion with Charlie seconding.

Randy Walker stated that a fair amount of the Yankee Chapter's funds were donated to us by the New England Motorcycle Dealers Association. He would like to see some of the interest generated by those donations go into some sort of racing sponsorship, not necessarily from New England. The AMA is setting up certain classes that would be of interest to antique buffs. Randy sees a two-fold reason for the sponsorship as follows: the involvement would make public our name, thus advertising the Chapter; the sponsorship would help someone who might want to race but needs more backing. Race sponsorship is an activity that New England Motorcycle Dealers Association funds were used for in the past. Steve Ciccalone stated that if Yankee Chapter

members were racing, he would agree, but to sponsor other regions or deep pocketed racing teams for "Yankee" advertising might not be the way to go. The discussion continued and Jessie suggested that Randy do more research to see what direction a sponsorship might take. Charlie and Sandy thought that an article in the "Chatter" on the resurgence of vintage racing and the possibility of Yankee sponsorship could be a worthwhile approach regarding the dissemination of information on the use of funds for sponsorship. At this time Jessie suggested having a board meeting at Oley, PA, as the racing ideas may be better developed at this time.

Randy brought up the question of board members and their responsibilities. The question was absenteeism and if roll call was taken. Tom answered that no formal roll call was taken but that he does include those present at the meetings in the minutes. Former secretaries have done this and it has been a traditional part of the meeting minutes.

Randy brought up the by-laws and Fred Hirsch. Jessie stated we had used the title of chapter advisor as a means of sidestepping the by-law requirement of attendance and voting as part of the quorum, in Fred's case due to his inability to attend all of the meetings. We value and need his advice and to lose his knowledge, input and direction would be to the Chapter's disadvantage. Steve Ciccalone stated that this is a problem on the national level. He defined Emeritus status as a useful term. It is a strictly advisory term without voting rights. Honored or honorary has the right to attend and vote at meetings. Attendance not required to maintain said status. Jessie made a motion that we confer honored member status on Fred. This was seconded and passed.

Next on the agenda was the board membership, numbers, quorums, etc. The original Chapter by-laws call for five members in good standing. Randy made a motion that a committee be formed to amend the original by-laws. Jessie suggested that Randy and Tom present a new set of by-laws. The committee came up to three members with Sandy Gallo expressing her desire to be on said committee. The motion was seconded and passed. This being an election year changes will be voted upon at the next Christmas Party.

Jessie then began on her business agenda. The first item was that she has decided to step down from the position of director at the end of this year. Jessie put forward Barbara Salisbury as a candidate for the directorship. Jessie stated she was willing to remain

in the position for one more year if needed to allow for a smooth transition. Discussion ensued and the "Chatter" will be the vehicle used to keep general members updated regarding the situation. There was talk that in revamping the by-laws that the elections would not be for the full board every two years. Instead one half of the board would be selected every year so that transitions are made smoothly.

Next on Jessie's agenda was the idea of a road run next year. She proposed putting in for a meet in Hebron next year at the usual time. Jessie stated that research had been done for a road run in 2004 but the time frame for commitment did not seem feasible. A feasible time would be 2005 for the road run either in Vermont or in the Berkshires of western Connecticut and Massachusetts. Jessie turned the meeting over to Steve Cicalone regarding the national road runs. Steve, the National Meet Coordinator, sees the trend toward more road runs as they seem to hold a larger interest to Chapters in the AMCA. The highest hotel rates and expenses are in late June, July, August and the beginning of September. Most road runs are scheduled for early June or after Labor Day. This is to avoid premium rates. This trend does make for scheduling problems, so Steve is negotiating with meets and road runs being hosted by individual chapters in the same year. There are so many events now that attendance seems to be hurt by so much to do. Steve stated there is a rule change coming as to bike eligibility for antique status from 35 to 25 years of age. This will have a dramatic effect on the club in all respects. Steve stated that road runs should be based on our decisions on what is best for the chapter and not on other events. Sandy mentioned an old topic that bears reflecting on again. She reminded us of the school year and its ramifications on the road run dates, especially for members who are parents or teachers. Steve has a tentative schedule for a Yankee Chapter Road Run in June 2005. After the road run decision there was a short discussion pro and con regarding riding during the week. Also, the "where" possibility of our 2005 run, with two avenues surfacing as mentioned earlier. Steve suggested an Empire/Yankee joint meet at Rhinebeck, NY.

Jessie moved forward with the topic of the membership cards and applications. Sandy responded cards had been mailed.

Steve stated the National ruling on vending at National Meets: the rate is \$35 with \$20 going to the national coffers. In addition to this rate the Chapter can charge whatever they deem necessary to make a

successful meet. This seemingly allows chapters free rein on how they financially run their National Meets. Members decided to charge \$35, the minimum.

Will Paley put forward the question of advertising, namely how much, how long and where. Jessie responded that most advertising would be directed towards the Hebron National Meet. Two months of quarter page ads in the Motorcyclist Post was decided. Charlie will generate the ad with line art and help from Tom. Steve requested that Charlie send him a copy of the national ad to expedite the process.

The Hebron theme will again be "Ride 'Em, Don't Hide 'Em." Jessie asked about the programs. They will be done, as they have been useful in the past. Judging sign-ups opened a discussion. National fees, walk-ins and rules for judging were topics. Walk-ins are allowed but National wants those to be judged pre-registered, if possible. Regarding vending pre-registration, Jessie questioned whether the time, effort and mailing costs were worth it since in the last few years the meets have been successful. In Hebron, as an added attraction, we are looking into experts to give seminars and hands on lessons with different topics such as carburetors, generators etc.

Barbara Salisbury had one more item concerning the Sterling meet. She said the relaxed, informal atmosphere last year seemed appreciated but questioned the Sunday judging. Sandy and Charlie brought up the need for Sunday judging as it is the time and place for the Giles Adams Trophy to be awarded for the following year. Barbara would like to see the park owners do a pig roast. Tickets would be available to whomever desires. She is checking into the possibility with the owners.

The meeting adjourned, food was ordered, and conversations about winter projects took place. Members take note that much business was brought up and the next Christmas Party will be important as the members will have the opportunity to have their voices and ideas heard!!!!!!

Please join in!!!!

Respectfully submitted,



Tom Marston

Once Upon A Time. . . .

While attending the Yankee Steam-Up at the New England Wireless and Steam Museum in East Greenwich, RI in October of 2002, I was introduced to Ray HasBrouck. He told me of his trip across the United States in 1941 and offered this tale to the Yankee Chapter for publication. Here is his story:

MY 1941 MOTORCYCLE TRIP

By Raymond F. HasBrouck

It was July of 1941 and I was 20 years old. Germany with its Air Power had been bombing England and the "Battle for Britain" was in the headlines daily. In the U.S. the "National Army Draft" had become active and was a real fact of life. Friends just a few years older than I were being drafted. The Army pay for a Buck Private was \$21.00 per month. A popular song was "\$21.00 a day once a month."

I had a great desire to see more of our great country and I wanted to do it before Uncle Sam's long arm could reach me. I had a 1932 Harley-Davidson motorcycle I had purchased in 1940 for \$35.00. It was the biggest machine Harley made, a Flat-Head, 2 cylinder of 74 cubic inches. It was a powerful machine that could handle a Side-Car and go 85 mph solo. It would get 40 miles per gallon of gas and held 4 1/2 gallons, 3 in the main tank and 1 1/2 in the reserve tank. The oil tank held about 5 quarts. The oil system was a once-through system. A metering pump supplied a continuous flow of oil into the crankcase. Then this oil was blown out through a small tube which lubricated the primary chain between the engine and transmission. It was an old and proven system, and the only drawback was that the cost of oil was nearly 2/3 the cost of the gas. The recommended oil was very heavy #80 and was sometimes hard to procure.

This motorcycle had previously been a patrol machine for the "State Police." When I purchased it, it still had the little vertical sign on the front fender that had originally said "Police."

When I bought the machine it had had a few previous owners. It had no battery and no headlight and the front tire was badly worn, but the rear tire still had half its tread. The machine was basically in good mechanical shape. I took the dents out of the gas tank, painted the machine and added a headlight from a Model "A" Ford from a junkyard (75 cents). I bought a new front tire for \$8.00 and a new battery. I put a "Reliner" in the rear tire to save the cost of another tire and figured it was good for several thousand miles. You could buy a pair of surplus World War I horse cavalry saddlebags for \$1.00. I bought a pair and attached them to the rear fender. I also built a carrier over the rear wheel large enough to hold my pup tent and bedroll. Over the front fender I mounted a large wire frame basket designed for a bicycle to give me a little more luggage space.

You can't take too much on a motorcycle. I had one sweater, one jacket and a raincoat, one spare set of underwear and one extra pair of socks, shaving gear, one towel and one washcloth. My riding-type pants and the shirt on my back would have to last for the entire trip.

I had a one quart homemade canteen made from a nicely shaped vinegar bottle which I had covered with heavy cloth. It would just fit in the corner of one saddlebag. I had a two-cell flashlight and the necessary tools for general maintenance. I had a new "Jiffy" folding Kodak camera, film size 6-16.

There were no springs on the rear wheel of the Harley, but the seat was well designed with a spring in the center post of the frame. I knew the camera could not take the vibration and shock in the saddlebags. I made a nice case for the camera with a long strap to go over my shoulder. This is where the camera must always ride.

My parents were understanding and went along with my plans to try to ride to California and back. I had \$112 in the New Paltz Savings Bank. I drew out \$110.00 and left \$2.00 in the account to keep it active. I purchased five \$20.00 Traveler's Checks and had \$10.00 in cash.

I finally had everything ready and left

about 8:00 A.M. on the last Friday of July. Just before I left they took a picture of me, using my new camera. I had a friend, Clifton Pounds, who lived on a large farm in Addison, New York. That would be my first night's stop. The day went very smoothly; my concern was to make the machine last for the whole trip and I never rode it hard. My cruising speed was 40 - 50 mph for the whole trip. I ate the lunch my Mother had prepared for me. I rode through Elmira, N. Y. for the first time and admired its nice houses and shady streets. I arrived at Clifton's in mid-afternoon and had a good supper and visit. I left the next morning and Clifton's sister very thoughtfully had also prepared a lunch for me. Riding through Western New York, I saw my first oil wells. These were producing wells and the pump on each well was operated by a cable which would run many hundreds of feet back to a central power station where one large engine could provide power for many wells. The cables were supported by tripods which would slowly rock back and forth, a very unique system.

I was soon in Ohio and all was going well. Just a little before dark I found a rather remote place where a house had burned down and that was my first campsite. The next day was Sunday and my clothes still looked pretty pre-

sentable. Just before 11:00 A.M. I was riding through a city and passed a Methodist Church. I stopped and attended church. I sat in the back pew and realized my attire was a little different than the well-dressed people in church. This was the only church service I would attend on the whole trip. In the afternoon I stopped at a roadside rest to fill my canteen. A middle-aged motherly type woman talked with me and was very concerned about the bad sunburn I had on my forehead and cheeks. I knew I looked pretty bad but there was very little discomfort and there was little I could do about it.

I had a job locating a place to camp. I finally found a wooded patch and by riding up a rather steep and very weedy slope I found a place big enough to pitch the tent. It was nearly dark and within fifteen minutes after stopping I was sound asleep.

The next day while riding through Indiana I stopped at a roadside diner to get a hamburger for lunch. When I went to start the motorcycle it must have backfired through the carburetor. I had neglected to turn off the gas which you must always do when the machine is going to be standing at an angle. Gasoline had been dripping out the flooded carburetor and down on the engine. In an instant the whole engine was on

fire and the flames were coming up around the gas tank. I took my jacket and tried to beat out the flames, all the while shouting FIRE! FIRE!, as loud as I could. My shouts brought the manager out the diner door and he had a fire extinguisher with him. In a second or two he knocked the fire out. I thanked the man for putting out the fire and suddenly realized that without the fire extinguisher my motorcycle could have been severely damaged. I made up my



When I started out: new front tire, dressed neat and clean

mind I must have a fire extinguisher on the machine. Later in the day I came to a good-sized town with a good hardware store. I was able to buy a one quart "Pyrene" Brass fire extinguisher. It came with a mounting bracket, and with two hose clamps around the bracket and the handlebars it would just fit crosswise behind the headlight. I felt better and more self-reliant with the fire extinguisher; however, the expense of \$10.00 took a big bite out of my finances.

The next day I hit Chicago just before noon, and the route number I was following took me right into the heart of the big city. I had an occasion to hit the horn, and when I did the engine cut out. I tried it again with the same results. I knew my battery must be about dead. I asked directions and located a motorcycle shop. The owner said he would put the battery on charge and check the generator. I told him I could remove it and he said O.K. We checked generator brushes, field and armature and everything seemed O.K. Two hours later I was on my way. I didn't enjoy riding in the big city; however, a man at the motorcycle shop said I should go north up to the lakeshore drive and see how the rich people lived. He gave me directions. It was a very lovely area, the great lake on the right and the luxury homes on the left. I was glad I took the time to see it.

My route west from Chicago would take me through Elgin, Illinois. I camped not too far west of Elgin. Around noon the next day the electrical problem recurred and I was way out in the country. There were miles with no garages or repair shops. Finally (and just in time) I reached a Sinclair Gas Station which was also a farm machinery repair shop. I went through the same procedure and again the generator checked O.K. While waiting for the

battery to be charged I checked over the electrical wiring on the motor-cycle. The machine has an ammeter; however, there is so much vibration when the engine is running it is hard to get a good reading. The hand is always bouncing around, but was usually on the plus side. The wiring is simple, no voltage regulator just a simple cutout relay that closes when the generator starts putting out. On the cutout I found a loose connection; the screw had loosened about one turn and the ring type connector was really not making a solid electrical connection. There was a shade tree and a picnic table under the tree where I whiled away about three hours while the battery was being charged. I took a picture which shows the operator doing some welding on a combine and the motorcycle is in the picture. The owner had four children aged about 6 through 12 years; after awhile they became less shy and we had some good conversations.

Finally I got going again about 4:00 P.M. After my long rest and waste of time I wanted to ride late in the day to make up some lost time. The sun was going down and there were no places to camp. Just miles and miles of cornfields. Between the road and the cornfields was a woven wire fence with locked gates. Finally I



The Sinclair Garage and farm repair shop where I finally found my electrical problem. The owner is doing arc welding on a combine.

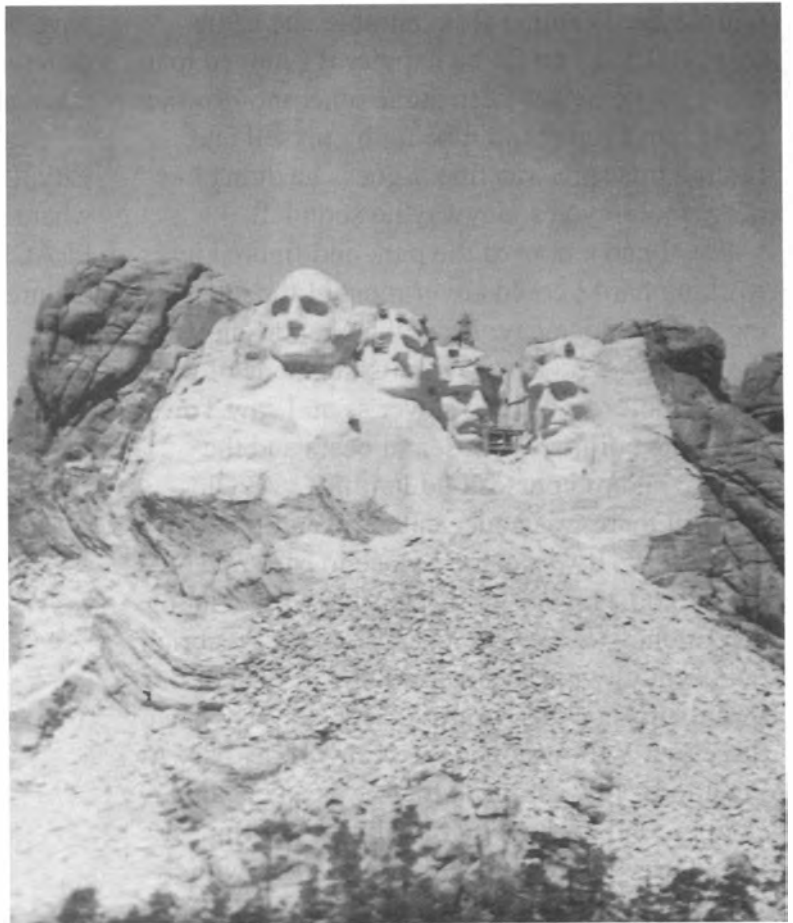
passed an open gate at a big cornfield. I circled back and went in. I rode down along the corn rows for several hundred feet and then I could turn right. Behind the corn was a big hayfield that had already been harvested. It was a good campsite. My only concern was, suppose that gate gets closed before morning. During the night there was a very hard shower. The tent had a sewed-in floor and everything was staying dry. Then the tent peg that held the rope from the open end of the tent pulled out of the ground. I slept with my clothes on; I just removed my shoes and loosened my belt and I was in bed. When the end of the tent came down I grabbed one of my shoes, leaned out of the tent, found the peg and rope, and using the shoe as a hammer I was able to drive the peg in and get the tent pretty well back in shape. Within a half hour the shower was over. The next morning things were still pretty damp. As usual I shaved with cold water from my canteen and used the top half of my soap dish for getting up a lather. I shaved on my knees using the motorcycle rearview mirror. The motorcycle started fine and the gate was still open.

I had experienced trouble cashing my Traveler's Checks; the gas stations where I was buying my gas just didn't trust any checks. I was due to enter Fort Dodge about 9:00 A.M. and planned to get to a bank and cash a check. Entering Fort Dodge the route took a 90 degree right-hand turn. It was a good paved road; however, a small dirt road entered from the left and it had been coated with Calcium Chloride to keep the dust down. The wet calcium chloride had been tracked out onto the pavement. When I hit it I was making the right-hand turn and probably braking a little. I had never ridden through this stuff before; it is slick as grease. The machine went down very fast and very hard, but the crash-bars kept the machine off my right leg. The banks didn't open until 10:00 A.M. so I had a little wait, but finally I got some good cold cash in my pocket.

There wasn't much to see, the land being so flat and the roads so straight. I took a couple of pictures because I had never seen landscape like it before.

The next day I reached the Badlands of South Dakota. These totally barren hills are unique and I took a few pictures. It was hot and dry riding west from the Badlands, then there were small signs along the road, "FREE ICE WATER," then a little later a sign said "WALL DRUG STORE." When I reached the small town of Wall, they were true to their word. The Drug Store served free ICE WATER. I camped that night not far from Rapid City, South Dakota.

The next day took me into the Black Hills of South Dakota. What a nice change after the flat prairie states. I knew seeing the faces carved in stone at Mount Rushmore would be a highlight of my trip and it surely was spectacular. The road leading up the mountain was also very interesting. The road to gain altitude would



The "Stone Faces" at Mount Rushmore. Construction is still underway.

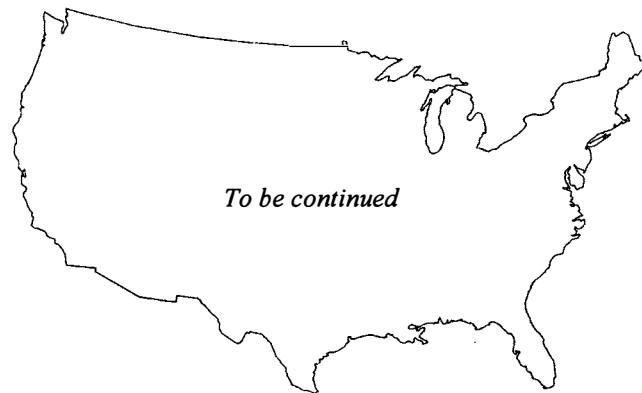
circle around and then cross itself (switchbacks). I had never seen them in the East. I took pictures of the road and faces. Work was still in progress on the faces; however, they looked pretty complete to me.

My next goal was to get to Yellowstone National Park. I rode many miles through very rugged country in northern Wyoming, going through Gillette, Buffalo, Greybull and finally "Cody", complete with a statue of Buffalo Bill Cody. Entering the park from this direction takes you up a great canyon with a large dam which is quite awesome in its magnitude. Finally I was at the entrance to "Yellowstone National Park." Here was another surprise. I don't know why but I had always believed the National Parks were free. However, there is a fee and based on my vehicle (Motorcycle) and how long I would be in the park, my charge was \$3.00, another expense I had not planned on. I chose to make camp at the "Fishing Bridge" site. I found a nice spot and was just pitching the tent when a middle-aged camper from another site came over. He said I might be happier if I moved to a place where he had seen some other motorcycles. I told him I didn't mind being by myself and figured this spot was fine. I guess he didn't like noisy motorcycles; anyway he soon left.

I had a map of the park and figured by working hard I could cover most of the interesting sights in one day. I saw the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone River with its falls, one of the most scenic views I have ever seen. I saw Tower Falls, the boiling springs, and bears and the buffalo and of course "Old Faithful." At Old Faithful there was a nice cafeteria and I had my lunch there. It was a good place to cash one of my \$20.00 Traveler's Checks. They use a lot of hard money (Silver Dollars). Boy, did I feel rich (and heavy) with 10 silver dollars in each of my front pants pockets. I figured I would save one of these as a Yellowstone "souvenir" of my trip. At Fishing Bridge campsite there was an evening campground get-together led by a Park Ranger. It was very interesting and informative, with some group singing and a movie showing Yellowstone in the dead of Winter.

The next day I headed out of the park using the South Gate Entrance. It was a very scenic day. The road goes right near the shore of a large lake and looking across the lake you can see the snow-capped mountains of "Grand Teton National Park." The ride down into Jackson, Wyoming was very scenic, a beautiful part of our country. Just before evening I was coming into Evanston, Wyoming. I didn't see any likely camping sites and it was getting rather late. I passed a Motel that listed its price at \$1.00 per night. I thought I would take the luxury of sleeping in a bed and getting a warm shower. While I was outside the Motel a farmer came by in a pickup truck. He was looking to hire someone to drive a tractor cultivating a bean crop. The pay would be \$2.00 per day. I considered it briefly but said no thanks. Just about dark I fired up the motorcycle and thought I would take a spin down through the main street to see if there were any points of interest. I didn't see a drug store or candy store open. However, there must have been a dozen red neon signs advertising different bars. It was a wasted trip but it had only taken about 15 minutes.

The next day I headed west to Salt Lake City, Utah. I came down the same mountain pass where Brigham Young had said "THIS IS THE PLACE" and founded Salt Lake City. I took a picture of the monument sign.



It's time once again for the

YANKEE CHAPTER NATIONAL MEET

August 1-3, 2003

Hebron Fairgrounds
Hebron, CT

General Meet Information
Jessie Aikman

Vendor Pre-Registration
Steve Ciccalone

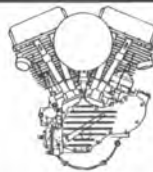
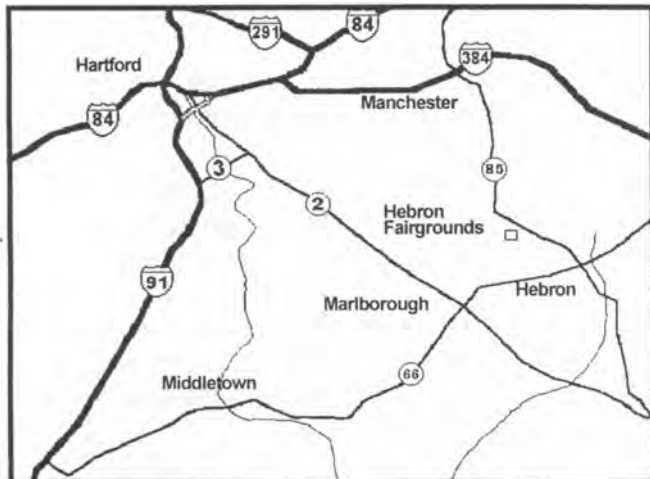
Join us on a Saturday road run
through scenic Eastern Connecticut.
Bring your bikes and ride 'em.

Camping on grounds for
A.M.C.A. members and guests
Must show valid A.M.C.A.
card to camp or vend.

On site Saturday night banquet
Food on grounds
Friday noon - Sunday noon

Motorcycles, parts and related
items for sale MUST be 35
years old or older.

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



Bring your Panhead to
compete for the
Joe Barber Trophy

Judging Pre-Registration contact:
Wanda Schumacher

www.antiquemotorcycle.org
Deadline for no fee: July 18, 2003

Area Motels

Clarion Suites Inn
191 Spencer St.
Manchester, CT
(860) 643-5811

Quality Inn
Rte. 83
Vernon, CT
(860) 646-5700

Best Western Regent Inn
Rte. 195
Mansfield, CT
(860) 423-8451

Fred Marsh

1900 - 2003

By Christine McClusky
Journal Inquirer, Manchester, CT

EAST WINDSOR Fred Marsh, an Italian immigrant and orphan who went on to become an American motorcycle racing legend and well-known local businessman, died Sunday June 8, 2003 at St. Francis Hospital in Hartford. He was 103.

Marsh owned Marsh Motorcycle Co. Inc. on North Road, also known as Route 140. He sold motorcycles for 77 years and rode them from the time he was a teenager until he broke his hip last year, according to his nephew, Allen Marks of West Hartford. "Up until last year he was riding every day, weather permitting" Marks said Monday from the cycle shop. Even though Marsh suffered poor eyesight over the past several years, he was able to ride a moped around the shop property, which also served as a home for him and his pet dogs, which he once referred to as "my best friends".

Marsh's shop may well have been the oldest Indian Motorcycle franchise in the world still owned by the original proprietor, Marks said. Marsh was inducted into the Indian Motorcycle Hall of Fame in Springfield, MA, and the American Motorcycle Hall of Fame in Ohio, and he was honored in 2000 as the oldest living dealer of the storied Indian motorcycle. Marsh was "pretty much a legend in the motorcycle world for many generations", Marks said. Marks, 76, who helped Marsh manage the shop since 1995, said Marsh Motorcycle will continue. The shop now sells only Moto Guzzi motorcycles and parts, but it used to sell Indian motorcycles and parts. The original Indian ceased production in 1953; new Indian began a few years ago.

Esta Manthos, president of the Indian Motorcycle Museum in Springfield, said Monday that Marsh came to Indian Day every July. "We're going to miss him this year", she said. "Everybody knows Freddie".

Marsh was born in Italy in 1900. He doesn't remember how he got to America; he was an orphan, and ended up in Massachusetts and then Connecticut. Foster parents on a Windsor farm raised Marsh. Their son, Fred Stone, gave Marsh his first motor

cycle ride. "He had a Thor motorcycle", Marsh told the Journal Inquirer in 1997. "He gave me a couple of rides on that motorcycle. I thought he was the Lord I loved him so much. He helped me buy my first motorcycle when I was seventeen". Marsh had to wait until 21 to get his license, though that didn't deter him from riding in the meantime. A state police officer tested him by riding on the back of a motorcycle as Marsh drove it.

Marsh began racing in the early 1920s, and opened his first shop in Hartford in 1926 selling Indian motorcycles after a few years of working for a motorcycle dealer. Marsh closed the business in the early 1940s when he became an Air Force staff sergeant in World War II, working as an airplane mechanic. Marsh never married; "I was married to my motorcycle business" he once told the Journal Inquirer. He moved to East Windsor around 1950 and opened a shop on Bridge Street in the Warehouse Point section of town. The business outgrew the building, so in 1969 Marsh moved it to its present location on North Road. As an amateur racer, Marsh raced on cinder and dirt tracks until he was 68. He climbed his last hill at 89, Marks said, when he was the oldest motorcyclist in the world to compete in hill climbing.

Leo Castell, 58, the publisher and editor of the "Motorcyclists' Post" of Shelton, said Monday he was just a boy when he met Marsh. He recalled how Marsh would help him and other kids learn to ride and repair motorcycles after school. "He helped a lot of people", Castell said. "The customer was always right with him. He took care of his customers and they took care of him".

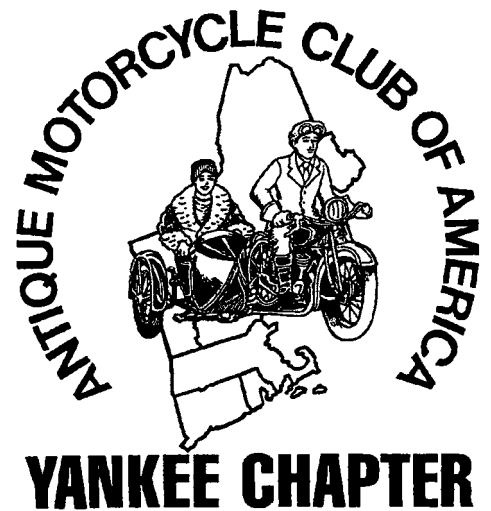
In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the East Windsor Animal Shelter, care of the East Windsor Police Department, 25 School Street, East Windsor, CT 06088.

A commemorative gathering for family and friends will be held Sunday, June 15 from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. at Marsh Motorcycle, 36 North Road in East Windsor.



Yankee's Autumn Meet September 6 & 7, 2003

**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.

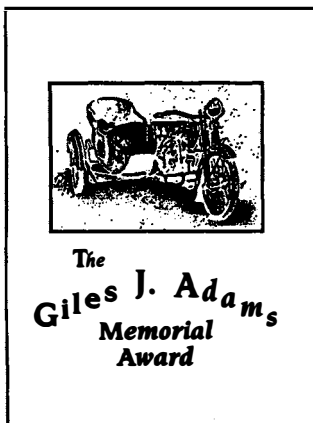
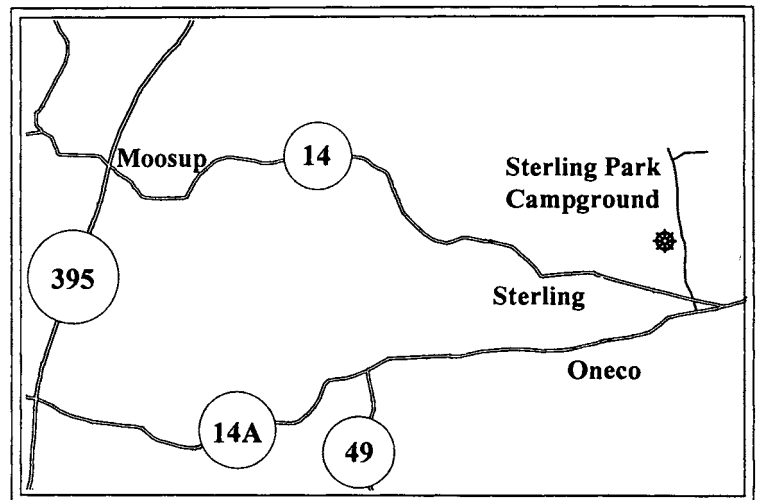
VENDORS - ONLY \$10 ! (AMCA Members)

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

Saturday evening - **PIG ROAST !**

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**

Calendar

Friday Nights	Cruise Night Trolley Stop Deli Connecticut Trolley Museum East Windsor, CT (860) 370-9485	September 21	"By Land and By Sea" Mystic Seaport Mystic, CT (888) SEAPORT
July 18, 19	Pioneer Valley Rally Chester, MA	September 27	The 101 Association Road Run Torrington, CT (508) 867-8097
July 20	Indian Day Springfield, MA (413) 737-2624	September 28	Keene Fall Swap Meet Cheshire Fairgrounds Keene, NH (603) 352-1836
July 26	100th Anniversary Celebration TSI Harley-Davidson Ellington, CT (860) 875-6663	October 3 - 4	Chesapeake National Meet Jefferson, PA
August 1 - 3	Yankee National Meet Hebron, CT	October 4	Yankee Steam-Up New England Wireless and Steam Museum East Greenwich, RI (401) 885-0545
August 9	Vintage Motorcycle Day Old Rhinebeck Aerodrome Rhinebeck, NY (845) 752-3200	October 5	Singletary Swap Meet Singletary Rod & Gun Club Oxford, MA (413) 243-9738
August 15 - 17	Empire National Meet Brookfield, NY	October 11 - 13	101 Years of Harley-Davidson Motorcycle Show Montshire Museum of Science Norwich, VT (802) 649-2200
August 24	17th Annual Brit Jam Colchester, CT (860) 892-3860	October 12	CMRA Toy Run East Hartford Elks East Hartford, CT (860) 582-6148
August 31	Vintage Motorcycle Meet Owls Head Transportation Museum Owls Head, ME (207) 594-4418	October 19	Cherry Hill Swap Meet Brooklyn, CT (860) 974-3444
September 5 - 7	Yankee Chapter Meet Sterling, CT (860) 564-8481	October 26	Viking Swap Meet Stafford Springs, CT (860) 875-7768
September 14	Portland Swap & Rock Portland Fairgrounds Portland, CT (607) 863-4295	December 7	Yankee Chapter Christmas Party Oxford, MA

AMCA sponsored events are listed in bold print. All other events are listed as a public service.

This listing is not meant to be all-inclusive. It consists of events that have been brought to the attention of the editor.

If you have an event that you would like to have listed, please send the information to the editor



Charles Gallo

FIRST CLASS MAIL

