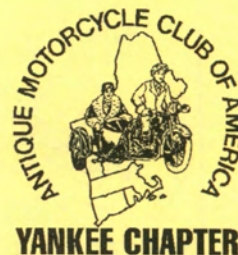




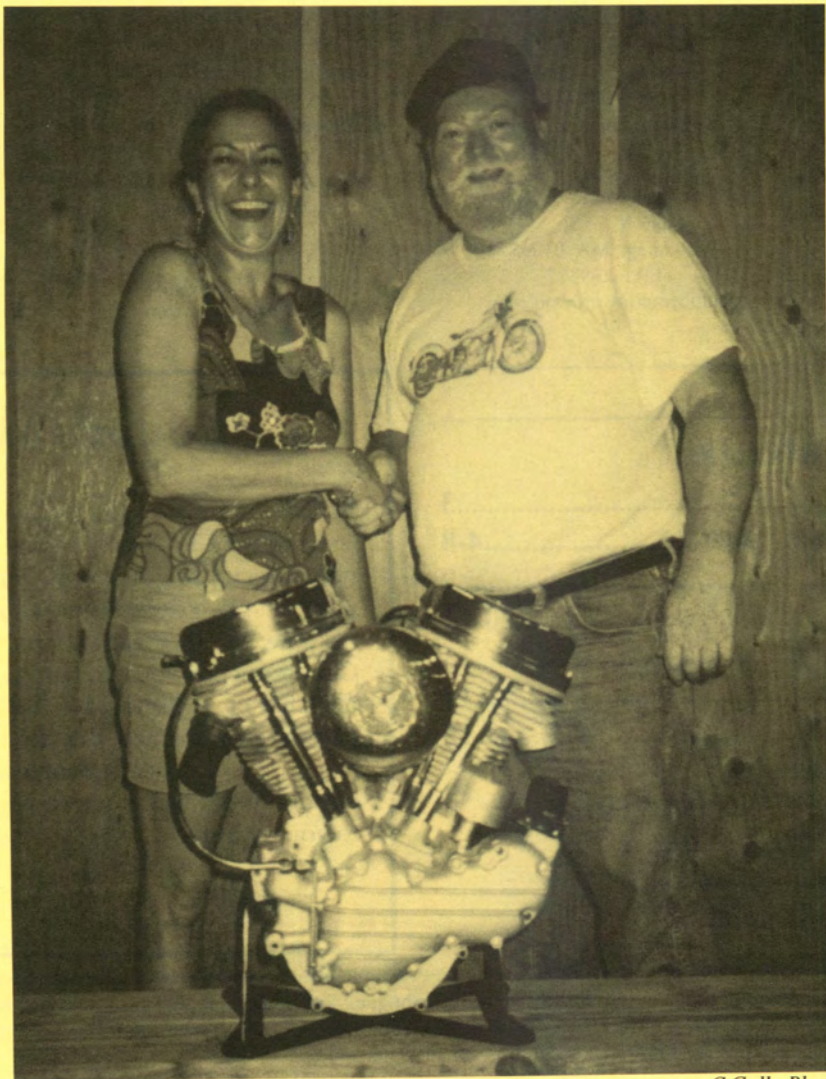
YANKEE CHATTER



Issue 2003 / 2

Established in 1973

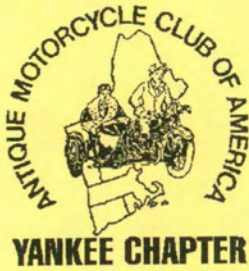
YANKEE CHAPTER
ANTIQUE MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.



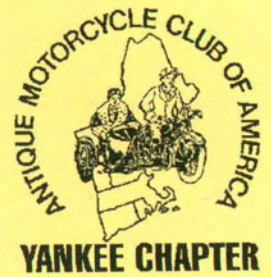
C. Gallo Photo

Pete Bergeron wins Joe Barber Trophy

Lynne Cipolla, the Joe Barber Trophy winner for 2002, congratulates Pete Bergeron, the 2003 winner. Fourteen Panheads were entered in the contest. Pete's beautiful white 1958 FL was selected by the other competitors.



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Charitable Committee
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ISSUE 2003 / 2

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www.yankeechapter.org

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

Editor's Message

In case you missed the announcement in the previous issue of the Chatter, I'll repeat myself.. 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. This year is an election year. Think about what you could contribute to your chapter.

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

Many thanks once again to all who helped Hebron to be a success, either by helping with a task, vending or just showing up. True to past years the weather was good enough. No one got totally drenched and the weather held off during the day. We'll take it! I don't know that too many attendees had more fun at Hebron than our little dog, Eddie. He was on a first name basis with just about everyone by the time we left on Sunday. The Bergeron clan decided to hang

around for the banquet. Always a good decision. It sure panned out for Peter. He was both happy and surprised to receive the Joe Barber Trophy. He already had plans for his contribution to this evolving trophy before leaving the meet.

Sterling is only days away. Barbara Salisbury has made a considerable effort to try to outdo last year's meet. Critter has another mystery ride planned with a special treat in store. There will be a pig roast and the town is going to have a fireworks display that we can all go to. Hopefully members will bring out their pre-1930 machines to compete for the Giles Adams Memorial Award. I know there are many of these bikes owned by chapter members. Let's see them. Don't hide them! Keep your fingers crossed for good weather.

See ya at Sterling!

Jessie



C. Gallo Photo

Jessie and Eddie show off Jessie's new 1937 Harley-Davidson EL at Hebron.

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



Yankee Chapter National AMCA Meet August 1 - 3, 2003

By Charles Gallo

Thursdays are always busy times at any AMCA Meet. The last day of July was no exception. As pick-up trucks and trailers dashed

about, Yankee volunteers tossed trash cans into place. Others laid out vending spots. Jay Fornal again provided a tent so that Yankee Chapter would have a covered registration space. Travis Potter let us use his PA system. The restrooms and showers were swept out and scrubbed. Jessie set up some tables and unloaded the tee shirts as well as the other items for the registration tent. She and Mike have a new dog that they rescued. Eddie, a toy rat terrier, alerted us whenever anyone new showed up. We also got a chance to see Jessie's new motorcycle. It's a blue 1937 Harley-Davidson EL with a Vard front end and Flanders bars and risers. What a find! Soon, all was in order. With the major work done, tents could be seen popping up around the fairgrounds as Yankees settled in for the weekend. Late Thursday evening, a storm came through, but no one was lost in the deluge.

By Friday morning, the weather had settled down and vendors and participants trickled through the gate. The previous night's rain had obviously slowed the migration. As vendors unpacked, anxious shoppers looked for that special part they needed. By Friday afternoon,



C. Gallo Photo

A number of happy riders wave before the start of Saturday's fun run.



C. Gallo Photo

Paul Reid leads the wave on his cream colored 1930 Indian 101 Scout as his friend, Phil Guiles follows on his red 1929 101.

we thought things seemed to be back to normal. A late afternoon shower proved we were wrong.

Saturday morning started off with fog so thick it was like walking through a mist. While mulling over the possibility of postponing the fun run, the sun poked through and started to dry things out. Announcements were made and in a short time a large group had gathered for the run. Tim Gottier, who planned the 43 mile journey and printed up the route sheets, led the parade of motorcycles out of the fairgrounds. Thirty machines of all colors and marques followed. There were Harleys, Indian Chiefs and 101 Scouts, a BSA, a Triumph, several BMWs, an Excelsior Big X Twin and even a Henderson. At the start it was hazy, hot and humid. About ten miles into the run, we drove around Lake Hayward. The cool breeze coming off the water was refreshing. Several miles later we stopped at Devil's Hopyard State Park and relaxed under the cedar trees. It was also a chance to break out a few tools and do a little tweaking. After a brief interlude, everyone saddled up and we continued on our venture. Riding through the state park and onto the surrounding roads was like passing

through a tunnel of green. It was soothing and cool. As we neared the end of our ride we pulled into Harry's Place. This roadside eatery has been in existence since the 1920's and serves up chili dogs and burgers, as well as their special "Chili Cheese Fries". Need I say more? With snacks completed, the riders proceeded back to the fairgrounds.

At three in the afternoon, Richard Brown and his son Rich held a seminar on Harley-Davidson generators in the banquet hall. A sizable group of people gathered around the tables and made themselves comfortable. The original presentation was expected to last about 25 minutes. The interest of the audience and numerous questions extended the seminar to nearly an hour. A big round of applause was their reward. Thanks to the Browns for their informative presentation!

At 5:30, the "Pan Clan" gathered outside of the banquet hall. This group of Yankee Chapter Panhead owners gathers each year to honor Joe Barber and to select the recipient of the Joe Barber Trophy. Each person displaying their Panhead receives a ballot to vote for their favorites. When the tabulation was complete, Pete



C. Gallo Photo

Yankee Chapter member Darryl Cutter rode his 1924 Excelsior Big X 61 cubic inch twin on the road run.



C. Gallo Photo

Richard Brown and his son, Rich present their seminar on Harley-Davidson generators on Saturday afternoon.

Bergeron was this year's winner with his beautiful white 1958 FL.

The Hebron Sportsmen's Club cooked up a storm for the banquet. Grilled steaks with baked

potatoes, fresh corn on the cob and a fresh garden salad were a hit. Juicy watermelon for desert rounded out the meal. An assortment of door prizes were awarded before everyone headed outside to enjoy the evening air and share stories and conversations with friends.

On Sunday morning, the judges had their work cut out for them. A number of motorcycles had never been judged before and several unique machines were also present. Nevertheless, the judging proceeded steadily. Midway through the operation, droplets of rain started to fall. Fearing the worst, all the motorcycles were moved under cover. The shower passed quickly and no more rain fell. Shortly before noon, the judging was completed and the awards were presented. Another successful meet was now history.

Any successful meet depends on a number of factors. Favorable weather is important, but even more essential is the sharing of the labor. I don't think I can recall the names of everyone who pitched in, but without your efforts of sweeping and washing the restrooms and showers, mapping out the vending area, distributing and picking up the trash containers, manning the registration booth, sharing gate duty and taking care of a multitude of little things, your meet would not have been a success. Thank you for volunteering your help.



C. Gallo Photo

On Sunday morning, the award winners stand behind Geoff Ringle's 1951 Indian bobber and Larry Cook's 1951 Harley-Davidson FL, which moved into the Winner's Circle.



C. Gallo Photo

Dave Scherk, aka King Rat, enjoyed cruising around the Hebron area on his Winner's Circle 1933 Harley-Davidson VLE sidecar rig.



C. Gallo Photo

Bob Provencher cruised up to Hebron from Long Island carrying quite a load on his hi-fi blue and white 1965 Harley-Davidson FL.



C. Gallo Photo

Brian Guilmartin enjoyed riding his black 1930 Harley-Davidson VL on Saturday's fun run.



C. Gallo Photo

See what happens when you borrow a bike. . .wrenching!

Antique Motorcycle Club of America Hebron, Connecticut Awards August 3, 2003

Oldest Motorcycle
Most Unique I
Most Unique II
Longest Distance Ridden I
Longest Distance Ridden II
Period Modified I
Period Modified II

Jim Prosper
Ken Askey
Bub Tramontin
Bob Provencher
Dale Smith
Geoff Ringle
Al Pellegrine

1908 Indian Boardtrack Racer
1933 BSA R33 Blue Star
1933 Moto Guzzi Arronne 250
1965 Harley-Davidson - 115 miles
1940 Harley-Davidson - 55 miles
1951 Indian
1931 Harley-Davidson



Yankee Chapter Award



Joe Barber Memorial Trophy

Pete Bergeron

1958 Harley-Davidson FL



National Awards



Winners Circle

Kenneth Askey	1933 BSA R33 Blue Star
Jerry Barbour	1931 Harley-Davidson VL
Jerry Barbour	1946 Indian 346
Garrett Bekker	1956 Ariel Square Four
Lawrence Cook	1951 Harley-Davidson FL
Peter Esposito	1947 Harley-Davidson FL
Stephen Johnston	1938 Indian Four
Stephen Johnston	1950 Indian Chief
Penny Nickerson	1918 Cleveland A2
Thomas Payne	1934 Harley-Davidson VD
David Scherk	1933 Harley-Davidson VLE
John Weber	1953 Indian Chief
Paul Zavodjancik	1940 Harley-Davidson EL

Senior

Peter Giza	1936 Harley-Davidson VLH
Rosario Puleo III	1965 Harley-Davidson M50
George Tsunis	1966 Harley-Davidson FLH

Junior First

Michael Brown	1938 Harley-Davidson UH
Shawn Brown	1948 Harley-Davidson 125
Lynne Cipolla	1948 Harley-Davidson FL
Gary Margoni	1948 Harley-Davidson EL
Edward Paulovske Jr.	1949 Ambassador 197
Edward Paulovske Jr.	1930 Coventry Eagle 250
Jim Prosper	1912 Indian Twin
Harold Sanderson	1928 Indian 101 Scout
James Smith Jr.	1954 BSA Bantam
Bub Tramontin	1933 Moto Guzzi Arronne 250
George Tsunis	1965 Harley-Davidson FLH
George Twine	1958 Harley-Davidson FLH

Junior Second

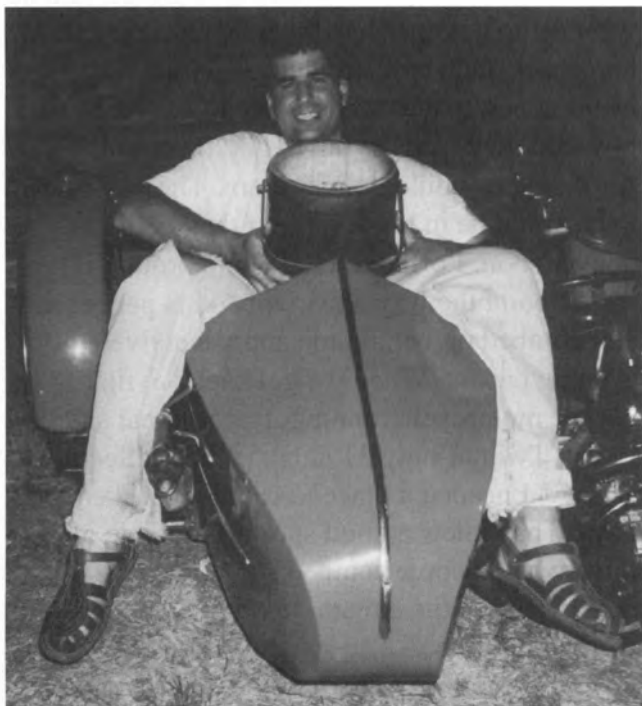
Jim Prosper	1908 Indian Boardtrack Racer
Dale Smith	1940 Harley-Davidson ULH
James Smith Jr.	1964 Harley-Davidson FLH

A Bucket Tale



As evening falls, it becomes time for the Yankee Bucket: a recent, but enthusiastically embraced tradition. Indian riders have long known the mystique of the bucket, as Yankee Jim Seidell has mixed potions for those who make the annual pilgrimage to Pioneer Valley. Jim introduced us to the ritual preparation of this magic elixer.

Late in the afternoon, Charlie Gallo brings out his "ole wooden bucket". He tosses in a hefty handful of aromatic fresh mint. (The mint is the specialty of Yankee herb gardener Barbara Salisbury.) He grinds the mint into the wooden interior of the bucket. Next the citrus - half a



He sipped.

dozen lemons and half a dozen limes - each chopped into a few pieces and ground into the bucket. Then a bag of ice cubes is tossed in, confectioner's sugar sprinkled over the top and a quart of Jack Daniels or Captain Morgan poured over all. Then comes the hard part, for you must cover up the bucket and walk away from it.

A few hours later, a miracle has occurred. The raw, generally nasty-tasting concoction has evolved into a delightful lemonade, rich with the subtle flavor of garden fresh mint. The raw alcohol taste is gone.



He slurped.

Night has fallen. The Yankees gather, drawn as moths to citronella candle flames and to the bucket magnetism. Charlie holds the bucket and swirls it in his hands. The ice cubes stir the potion. He lifts the bucket to his lips. He sips. He smiles. He passes the bucket to the next eager Yankee. Many in the circle are bucket-wise. They respect it's power. They sip. But some - - some are bucket virgins. They taste the sweetness, the fruit, the herb. They slurp. Later, when the hour goes from late to early, these few will come to understand the power of the bucket. And perhaps the bucket will score another notch, carved to remember a soul who fell to bucket-madness.

Sandy Gallo



Once Upon A Time. . . .

In the last issue we left Raymond and his 1932 Harley-Davidson VL as he entered the outskirts of Salt Lake City on his motorcycle trip across the United States. Here is the continuation of his story:

MY 1941 MOTORCYCLE TRIP

By Raymond F. HasBrouck

Salt Lake City was a very nice place. I went through the museum at the Capitol Building. It was very interesting and gave you a very good historical background so you could appreciate the development of the area. When you stand on the Capitol front steps you are looking down Main Street, Salt Lake City. It is claimed to be the longest Main Street in the U.S. It was laid out by a surveyor and runs due south for 15 miles, right out into the desert. I took a picture from that point. While I was stopped in Salt Lake a couple came up and started talking to me. People would do this and I don't know why, maybe because of the way I was dressed, maybe because of the motorcycle or maybe because of the New York license plates so they know you are a long way from home. They asked me where I was headed and I told them due west from here to San Francisco. They warned me not to travel across the desert in daylight as it was very hot. They said all the local people always made that trip at night. I wish now I had not listened to them because I changed my plans. I was supposed to go to San Francisco and then down to Los Angeles. My Father's cousin lived in Los Angeles and I had the address and had planned to visit there. I looked pretty rough; the sun- and windburn on my cheekbones had become raw and formed some scabs. I bought some salve to put on it each evening but it still looked pretty bad. I had tried to send a Postal card home to my parents every day or so; however, I had not contacted them in any way. My money was not

holding out quite as well as I had planned. If I had only known, my parents had mailed a nice letter to Los Angeles and had included some extra cash they figured I might need. However, I decided to shorten the trip and go directly south to the Grand Canyon and eliminate the California part of the trip.

In the late afternoon I was entering a small town, "Fish Haven", and I had to stop as the road ahead was filled with cattle. Two boys were driving the herd — they were just walking behind. When they came to a house one or two cows would just automatically turn into the yard. It went on this way until all the cows were delivered home. I had never seen this system before in the East; however, I guess in the West it is rather common. Each family has one or two cows; in the morning they are all driven to a common pasture and in the evening returned for the evening milking.

Down in the middle of the town I saw two young fellows at curbside working on a motorcycle. I stopped to see if I could help. They were having ignition problems and couldn't get the points set right or the timing right. They didn't have a feeler gauge, nor did I; however, one of the boys knew that you could use a government penny postal card as a gauge, and he went off to get one. Just then a man rode up on horseback and started to complain that his evening newspaper had not been delivered. The boy said they were trying to get the motorcycle fixed so they could deliver them. The boy said they would be in big trouble if they could not deliver soon. I offered to take him around if he would point the way. He grabbed his paper bag and climbed on behind me and we delivered the evening papers. When we got back we finally got the motorcycle running. It was a real small Indian Twin of only 31 cubic inches called the "Pony." I needed a place to camp and asked the boys. They knew a good spot just outside of town where people camped sometimes down near a bend in the stream. It was a good spot and worked out fine.

On my way down to the Grand Canyon I took a secondary-type road down alongside the

"Little Snake River." It was very remote and just a gravel road but very scenic. I also saw a hay-stack being made right out on the range. I had never seen hay making done this way. There was a three-man crew. It looked like the father was on the stack and two boys drove the horses. A big sweep rake made of long poles was propelled by a horse on each end. The sweep rake was driven down a windrow until it had a big pile of hay on it, then it was driven to the stack where the load was deposited on a big swinging platform of poles that rotated up to the top of the stack by a horse pulling a rope through a system of pulleys. It looked like a great way to make hay and the stack they were building was very large. I took a picture of the operation.

Farther on, back on the main highway I came upon an accident where a truck and trailer had collided with a bridge. The trailer was loaded with cans of food products which had spilled into the river. The cans were being recovered from the shallow water with horses and a wagon. The accident must have happened a few hours before I arrived. I took some pictures of the wreck.

By the end of the day I had reached Grand Canyon National Park on the North Rim. I found a nice campsite and planned to stay two nights and give my face a much-needed rest. There was a nice cafeteria there where I had my supper. The North Rim of the Grand Canyon has some spectacular viewing sites; however, the South Rim is where most people go as the railroad makes connections there and the rides on mules, not donkeys, start from there. I spent all the next day checking in at every viewing site. I saw the colors change as the sun was setting and casting shadows into parts of the canyon. I was a little disappointed in that the West was more modern and developed than I had imagined.

I was looking at the maps to see how I would head for home. Just to the northeast of Grand Canyon was an area on the map with very few roads. I figured I would try to go through this area; it is the Navajo Indian Reservation.

There was a gate at the Park entrance that

closed each night and did not open until 8:00 A.M. Also the cafeteria did not open until 8:00 A.M. At the side of the gate was a walkway for people and I checked and could see that I could ride around the gate using the walkway. I planned an early start the next morning by 7:00 A.M. I would get breakfast at the first place available.

During the night I was awake and could feel something moving under the edge of my bedroll. I figured it might be a small snake seeking a warm spot. With the sewed-in tent floor there was no worry, and I was soon back to sleep. In the morning when I was in a hurry to get the tent packed I had forgotten about the visitor in the night. No worry — it was just a little "Horned Toad." I was off by 7:00 AM. There was nothing on my route for the first hour. Then I came upon a very remote little refreshment stand with one gas pump. The timing was bad; a Greyhound Bus had just pulled in and the little stand was very crowded. I did manage to get my gas tanks filled but gave up on the idea of getting anything to eat. I should have known there was not much available or a Greyhound Bus would never be stopped at such a small stand in the middle of nowhere. I continued on but found no place to eat before I reached the road I wanted to take north. I was happy at last -- here was a road, just two wheel tracks in the sand with no habitation as far as you could see. I started up the road and could see it would be a hard, slow ride but the map showed the road going all the way up to Colorado. A few miles in I met a 1936 Ford car coming toward me. It was a man and woman and they stopped and I stopped. They asked me where I was going and I told them up to Colorado. They said they had been a few miles farther and there was just nothing there. They wished me luck and we parted. It was hard riding because you had to ride in the one wheel track and the sand was pretty loose and unstable. I started to notice a few patches of corn with a pile of dirt beside each patch. I figured the dirt pile must be from a well dug to water the corn. Then I noticed a few Indian children near some of the piles of dirt. It



Ray HasBrouck Photo

One of my many spills while going through the "Navajo Reservation".

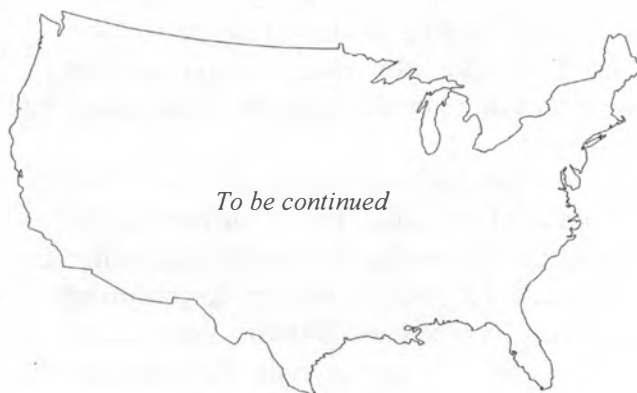
finally dawned on me these were not piles of dirt but Navajo Indian Hogans.

Everything looked so hot and dry I wondered how any corn could grow. I also thought Boy! Oh Boy!, the Indians really ended up with some of the poorest soil in the whole U.S. I soon took my first spill as the road ruts were getting deeper. I was going slowly and it kind of seemed like fun and no damage was done. After a few more spills I soon realized this was not a fun situation but a real challenge if I were to make it to Colorado. After a few more spills I reached the Indian Trading Post at Kayenta. I filled up and was able to buy a bottle of orange soda for 5 cents, not very cold but at least it was wet and I was able to get my canteen refilled. A little farther on while kick-starting the motorcycle after a spill I heard a scraping noise. I investigated and found the problem. The Harley engine is separate from the transmission. A primary chain connects the engine to the transmission. The transmission is mounted to the frame through elongated slots. Four studs with a washer and nut hold the transmission in place. Two of the nuts and washers were missing and the transmission was loose and moving. The two nuts were missing from the same side. I relocated the remaining nuts to diagonal positions and tightened them real well. Needless to say I kept checking these nuts after every few spills. I

never saw another vehicle on the road. I met two Navajo Indians with a large flock of sheep. I saw a caterpillar road grader pulled off the road. It had a trailer with a square box-like structure for living quarters and a platform for about six 55-gallon drums of diesel fuel. I guess this rig maintained the entire road. However, no one was there and there was no evidence of any recent grading. At one point I had to ford a stream. I looked it over carefully, picked what I thought would be the best place to cross. In first gear with my feet on the crash bars I crossed O.K. except for some red mud splatter. I must have spilled about 25

times on this road. The front basket was getting really beat up; both the parking lights on the handlebars had been broken from their brackets. Near the end of the day I crossed a very flimsy suspension bridge and the bad road was behind me.

I rode into Bluff City, Colorado about 7:00 P.M. There was a diner and I had my combination Breakfast, Lunch and Supper meal. There was a jukebox and I first heard the song "San Antonio Rose." I liked it so much I found the name on the jukebox and spent a whole nickel so I could hear it again. Someone asked where I had come from and I said the Navajo Indian Reservation. He asked how far I went in. I told him I didn't go in; I came through it from the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. I don't think he believed me.



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, campfires, food on grounds, game room for the kids, RV hook-ups available.

VENDORS - ONLY \$10 ! (AMCA Members)

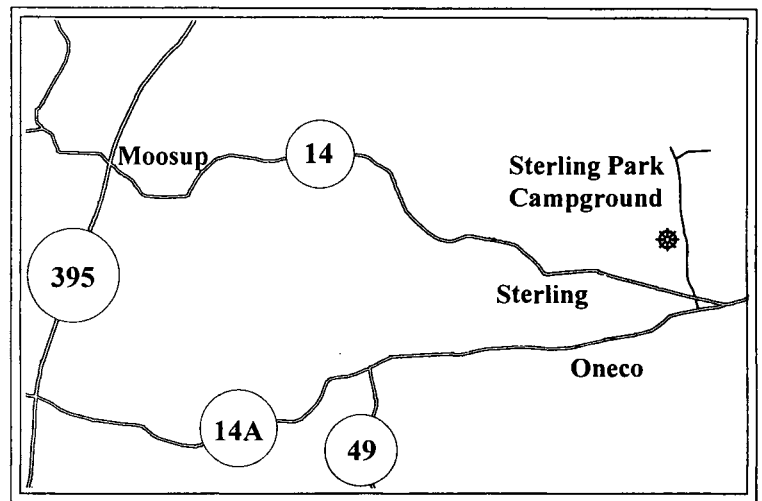
Saturday morning - Ride 'Em !
Saddle up for "Critter's Mystery Ride II"

Saturday evening - PIG ROAST !

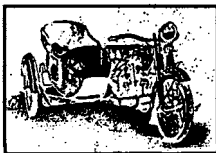
Saturday evening - Town Fireworks Display

Sunday morning - Continental breakfast
Compliments of Yankee Chapter

Sunday morning - Chapter Judging



Note: Route 14A is under construction and is quite bumpy.



**The
Giles J. Adams
Memorial
Award**

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.

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

**More Info ?
Barbara & Critter**

Paul H. Walker 1917 - 2003

Worcester Telegram & Gazette
August 7, 2003

Paul H. Walker, 86, of West Brookfield Road, New Braintree, died Tuesday, Aug. 5, in UMass Memorial Medical Center, Worcester. His wife of 66 years, Eva M. (Beardsley) Walker, died in May. He leaves a large family including son Randall Walker. He was born in Watertown, son of Paul H. Walker Sr. and Eleanor (Smith) Walker, and lived in Worcester and Oxford before moving to New Braintree in 1957. Mr. Walker served his apprenticeship as a tool and die maker for Rice Barton Co. of Worcester, and then worked 25 years at Wyman-Gordon Co. in Grafton, where he worked on both the Saturn and Mercury Space Programs before retiring in 1972. He owned and operated Walker Engineering for more than 40 years and was an antique dealer and a real estate broker. He was a member

of the Quaboag Historical Society, and founder and past president of the New Braintree Historical Society. He was a member of the Wachusett Old Car Club, the Antique Motorcycle Club of America, the Rolls-Royce Club, the 101 Association and the Antique Auto Association. He was a former tax assessor for the town of Braintree for many years, and received the Lucy Stone Award for lifelong community service. He enjoyed gardening and restoring antique cars, and was a master watch and clock restorer. He dedicated untold hours to volunteer work in the community, including restoration of the clock at the New Braintree Congregational Church and renovation of the old elementary school building. Funeral services will be held on August 9, in West Brookfield. Burial will be in Evergreen Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to the New Braintree Historical Society, PO Box 112, New Braintree, MA 01531.



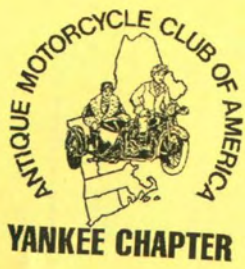
Paul Walker brought his 1918 Indian Power Plus to the Yankee Chapter's Autumn Meet in 1998 at the Hamilton Rod and Gun Club in Sturbridge, MA. He won the Giles J. Adams Memorial Award for 1998.

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
August 24	17th Annual Brit Jam Colchester, CT (860) 892-3860	September 27	The 101 Association Road Run Torrington, CT (508) 867-8097
August 31	Vintage Motorcycle Meet Owls Head Transportation Museum Owls Head, ME (207) 594-4418	September 28	Keene Fall Swap Meet Cheshire Fairgrounds Keene, NH (603) 352-1836
September 5 - 7	Yankee Chapter Meet Sterling, CT (860) 564-8481	October 3 - 4	Chesapeake National Meet Jefferson, PA
September 14	Memorial Run in honor of Jim "Panman" Darby Leaving at 10:00 AM from American Legion Post #14 114 West Street Vernon, CT <i>Ride to the gravesite in Glastonbury then back to the Legion for Pig Roast and BBQ</i>	October 4	Yankee Steam-Up New England Wireless and Steam Museum East Greenwich, RI (401) 885-0545
September 14	Portland Swap & Rock Portland Fairgrounds Portland, CT (607) 863-4295	October 5	Singletary Swap Meet Singletary Rod & Gun Club Oxford, MA (413) 243-9738
September 21	Springfield's World Of Wheels <i>Join in the festival celebrating the 110th anniversary of the First American Automobile, the 1893 Duryea Horseless Carriage built in Springfield, MA.</i> Springfield, MA (413) 567-7852 duryeatrans@earthlink.net	October 11 - 13	101 Years of Harley-Davidson Motorcycle Show Montshire Museum of Science Norwich, VT (802) 649-2200
		October 12	CMRA Toy Run East Hartford Elks East Hartford, CT (860) 582-6148
		October 19	Cherry Hill Swap Meet Brooklyn, CT (860) 974-3444
		October 26	Viking Swap Meet Stafford Springs, CT (860) 875-7768
		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

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