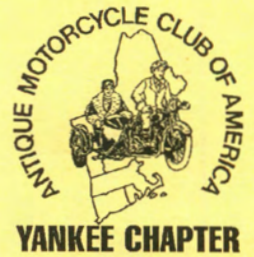




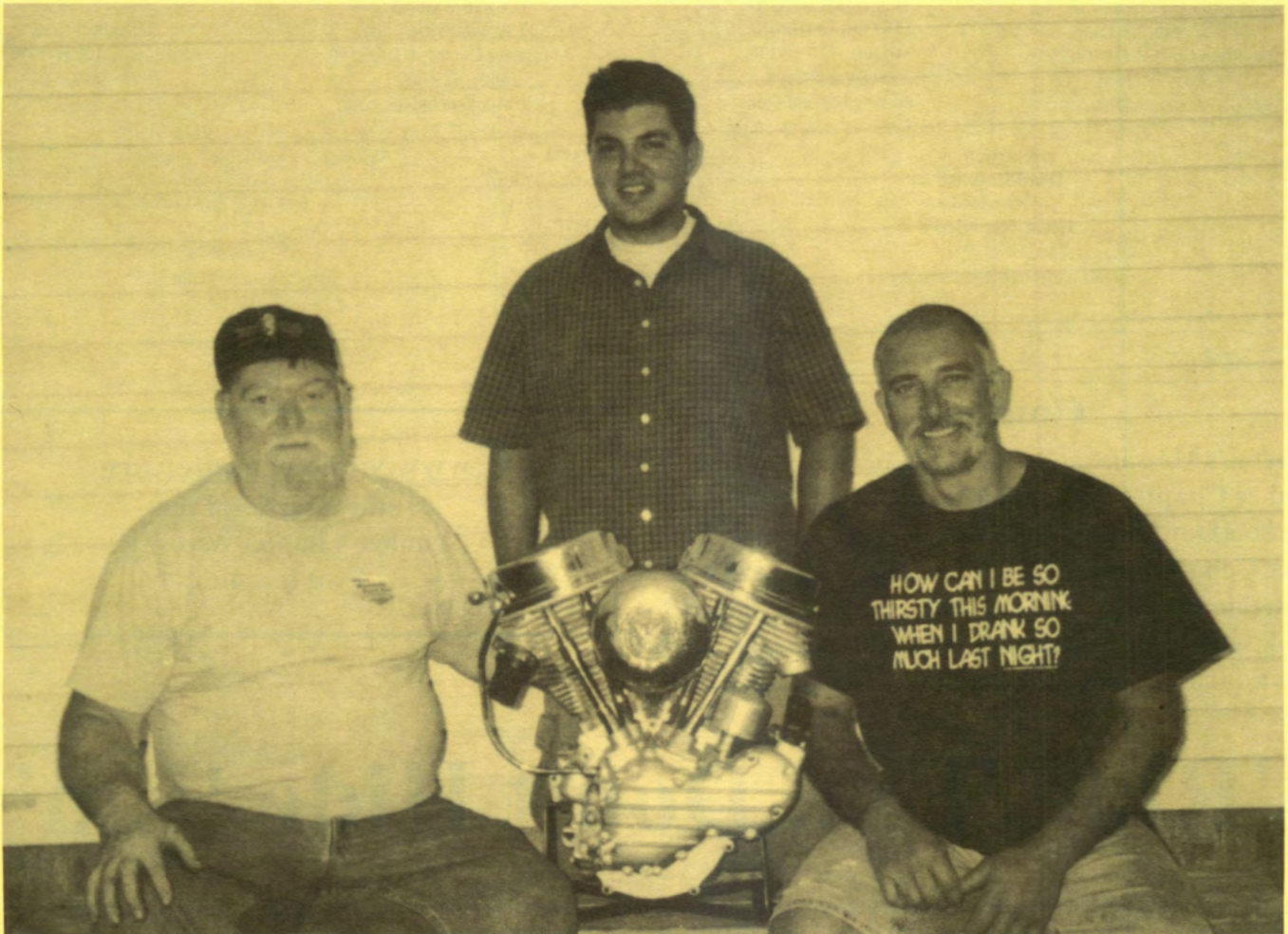
YANKEE CHATTER



Issue 2004 / 2

Established in 1973

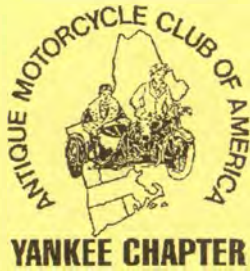
YANKEE CHAPTER
ANTIQUE MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.



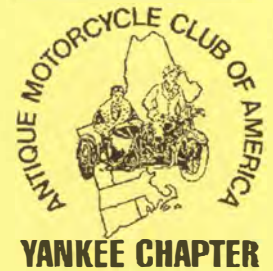
C.Gallo Photo

Brian Golden wins Joe Barber Trophy

Brian Golden is delighted to accept the Joe Barber Trophy from the 2003 winner, Pete Bergeron. Stephen Barber smiles approvingly as the memorial to his father is presented to another deserving recipient. Brian also received a Junior First National Award for his black 1948 Harley-Davidson EL



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ISSUE 2004 / 2

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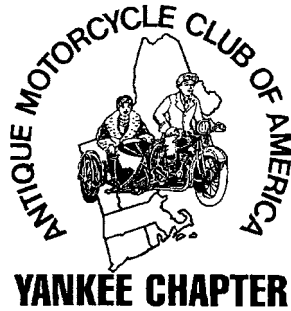
www.yankeechapter.org
 is the address of the
 Yankee Chapter web site.
 Visit it soon.

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

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

It looks like the Last Waltz at Hebron has turned out not to be, and judging by the success of our meet in July/August, I would have to say that is a good thing. Steve Cicalone tells us that the national board has canceled its plans for a joint National Meet and will certify National Meets at Hebron in the future. Our board of directors met at Hebron and we agreed to hold our Chapter meet next year, and our National meets for the foreseeable future at Hebron.

Working with all of you at this meet was truly a pleasure. By the time we arrived on Thursday noon, most of the ground work was done and that set the tone for the rest of the weekend. I did get to learn how to put up the

Chapter tent, and got acquainted with Jay Fornal who has been lending his tent to us forever. (I never knew where that came from). Most of the work of running the meet was divided into two hour blocks of time and these slots filled up pretty fast, so a lot of us worked and none of us worked too much. As usual, the Hebron Sportsman's Club came through with good food and plenty of it, both at their booth and for our Banquet. I also want to thank everyone who lined up their bikes for display. The show area was crowded all day Friday and Saturday. By the way, we sold every T-Shirt and every pin we had; a first, I think.

I met a couple from Pennsylvania who were at Hebron for the first time. They had brought a few things to sell, and a bike to show. They asked me to tell the Yankees how welcome everyone made them feel, and what a good time they had with us. I felt the same way. See you at Sterling.

Best Regards,

"IT BEATS THE OLD WAY"

1904

TO GET THERE QUICKER—SURER—EASIER, RIDE A
MERKEL MOTOR CYCLE

Whenever---wherever you go let the Merkel take you. It's the
quickest and most convenient vehicle made. You don't work
while you ride---simply steer. Strong, simple, economical.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET, ETC. WRITE TO-DAY.

THE O. MERKEL MFG. CO. Factory, Layton Park
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



Yankee Chapter National AMCA Meet July 30 - August 1, 2004

By Charlie Gallo

Bright sunshine greeted the Yankee Chapter work crew that gathered at the Hebron Lions Club Fairgrounds on Thursday afternoon. Like a well oiled machine, they rolled into action and before long bathrooms and showers were cleaned, trash barrels were distributed and vending spots were marked out. Jay Fornal again provided the Yankee Chapter with the registration tent and the volunteers made quick work of setting it up. With the preparations completed, the volunteers fanned out to set up their own campsites and await the start of the meet.

Vendors started arriving Friday morning and before long the flea market area was a hub of activity. The motorcycle display area across from the registration tent was crowded with spectators throughout the day. The registration tent was also busy. The United States Postal Service, working with the Yankee Chapter, had generated a special cancel to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the AMCA. Special envelopes with the Yankee Chapter logo were available for purchase from the USPS with the special cancel. These cachets with the one day only postmark were brisk sellers.

Saturday was another bright and sunny day. Shortly after 10:30 AM, riders gathered around the registration tent for a brief riders meeting before heading out on the road run. A Hebron record of 61 bikes drove out from the fairgrounds. Twenty-five miles later, they pulled into the driveway of Connecticut Antique Engine Restoration for a babbiting demonstration. Because of the size of our group, George King III decided to make two presentations. While the first group learned about babbit, the other group checked out an 1886 Erie steam engine that George had restored. George's friend, Charlie Jarvis ran the engine and answered questions while his girlfriend Joanne split wood and kept the boiler stoked. As people wandered about, they also admired a 1927 Ford Model T truck and a 1926 Ford Model TT tow truck that George had on display. When the first demonstration was over, a decision was made to split the road run into two groups. The first group would continue the ride immediately, while the second group stayed at CAER for their babbit demonstration. As the first group cruised along the shady roads of Eastern Connecticut, all was well. A short while later, part of the group



Derrick Ward Photo

Charlie Gallo presents George King III with a Hebron 2004 T-shirt, a Ford Model T tool catalog and a commemorative Yankee Chapter USPS cachet in appreciation for his babbiting demonstrations.



S. Gallo Photo

Brian Guilmartin cruises into the driveway of Connecticut Antique Engine Restoration on his 1928 Harley-Davidson JD during Saturday's Road Run.

missed a turn and had their own adventure. Thanks to Sue Valentine's navigation they were able to recover and follow the route sheet back to the fairgrounds. During the first half of the road run, Jim Nowik's 1958 Harley-Davidson FLH started making some strange noises. Fortunately, Phil Mathews had a pick-up truck with a ramp and tie downs so Jim's bike was loaded up and hauled to the fairgrounds to prevent further damage.



S. Gallo Photo

Phil Pelletier on his 1942 Harley-Davidson WLA and Gene Levesque on his 1954 BMW R67 are about to leave CAER after the babbitting demonstration.

Back at the fairgrounds, Yankee Chapter Panhead owners gathered for the Joe Barber Trophy competition. This year's winner was Brian Golden with his beautifully restored black 1948 EL. The Hebron Sportsman's Club once again served up a grilled steak banquet. After the door prizes were awarded, everyone headed out into the cool night air where a party atmosphere prevailed.

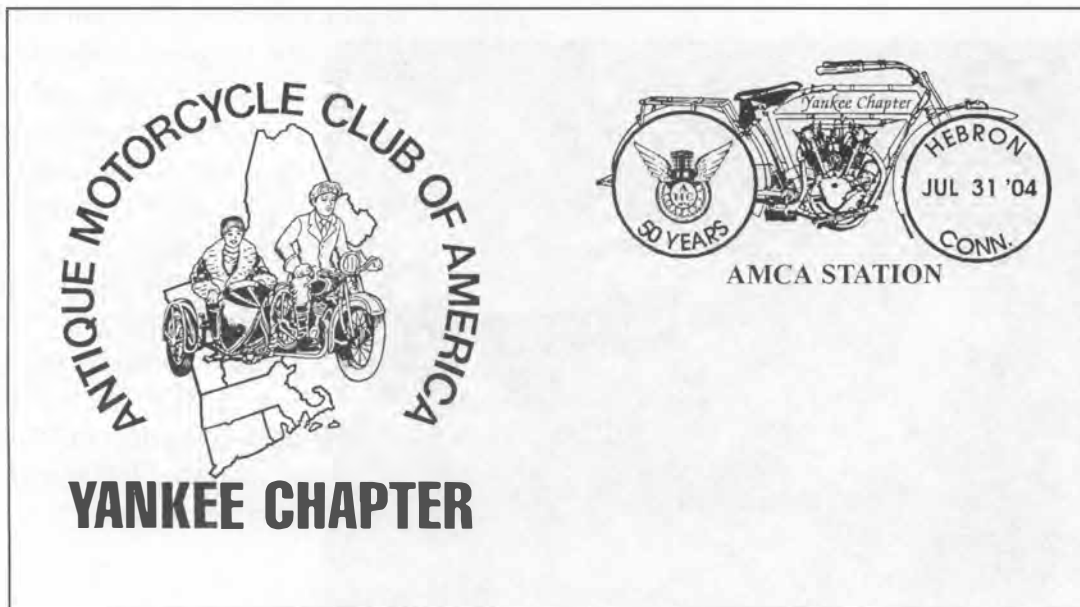
At the Sunday morning judge's breakfast, Kevin Valentine surprised Rat Scherk and Charlie Gallo by recognizing them as Senior Judges and presenting them with special caps. As the bikes started to line up for judging, there were reports of rain moving into the area. Taking advantage of the covered stalls at Hebron, the bikes were pushed under cover as a light rain started to fall. As judging proceeded, the skies opened and a deluge engulfed the meet. Then it really started to rain. The judges continued with their duties. When the judging was completed, spectators and judges mingled under cover, telling stories and waiting for a break in the downpour. The rain continued, so the awards presentation was moved into the banquet hall. Slightly soggy, but still happy, the winners gathered for a parting photograph. By this time, the dedicated Rhode Island sanitation crew had policed the area, collecting the trash and leaving the fairgrounds spotless. As the drizzle continued, everyone packed up their floating tents and headed home, happy that we had had two beautiful days before Sunday's rain.

In 2005, the Yankee Chapter will host a National Road Run headquartered in Lenox, MA. We will also host a Chapter Meet in Hebron, CT in August. We hope to see everyone there.



C. Gallo Photo

The award winners were happy to gather in the banquet hall, thereby avoiding the near monsoon conditions outdoors.



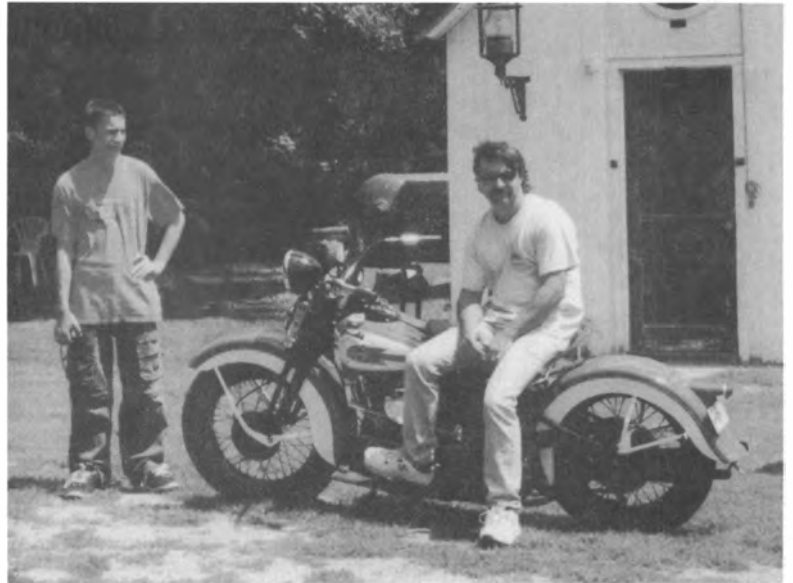
Yankee Barbara Salisbury, a USPS representative, was at Hebron selling commemorative cachets with a special cancel celebrating the 50th anniversary of the AMCA.



S. Gallo Photo

Jim and Linda Casey on Jim's unique "Flat-Boy" take in the scene as riders prepare to leave CAER.

Mike Brown sits on his 1938 Harley-Davidson UH while his son Shawn stands patiently by.



S. Gallo Photo

S. Gallo Photo



Charlie Gallo leads the Road Run participants back to Hebron on his 1959 Harley-Davidson FL.

Antique Motorcycle Club of America Hebron, Connecticut Awards August 1, 2004

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

Randy Walker
John Patterson
Mark Morenz
John Smedes
Al Devellis
Peter Esposito
Geoff Ringle

1898 PT
1926 Indian Big Chief
1961 Triumph T100A
1966 Harley-Davidson FLH with sidecar- 110 miles
1960 Harley-Davidson FLH - 72 miles
1964 Harley-Davidson FL
1951 Indian



Yankee Chapter Award



Joe Barber Memorial Trophy

Brian Golden

1948 Harley-Davidson EL



National Awards



Winners Circle

Dennis D'Angelo	1948 Harley-Davidson FL
Ted Tine	1949 Harley-Davidson FL
Kenneth Askey	1933 BSA R33 Blue Star
David Ingersoll	1929 Indian 101 Scout
Stephen Johnston	1950 Indian Chief
Dennis Willette	1960 Harley-Davidson FLH
Thomas Payne	1934 Harley-Davidson VD
Robin Markey	1968 Honda CB77 Super

Junior Second

Jim Prosper	1946 Indian Chief
Dan Finnegan	1959 Harley-Davidson Servi-Car
Bruce Thompson	1965 Honda CA95 Benley

Junior First

Tim Kallberg	1947 Indian Chief
Sandy Measer	1953 Indian Chief
David McGraw	1927 Harley-Davidson Peashooter
Penny Nickerson	1966 Sears Twingle
Penny Nickerson	1968 Sears Sabre
Harold Sanderson	1928 Indian 101 Scout
Stephen Yurgel	1947 Harley-Davidson EL
Brian Golden	1948 Harley-Davidson EL
Neil Geldorf	1968 Vespa Rally 180
Will Paley	1966 BMW R50/2
Lawrence Cook	1940 Harley-Davidson EL
George Tsunis	1947 Harley-Davidson FL
Dennis D'Angelo	1947 Harley-Davidson FL
Mark Morenz	1961 Triumph T100A
George Tsunis	1938 Harley-Davidson EL

Senior

Ross Puleo	1969 Harley-Davidson Rapido
Michael Brown	1938 Harley-Davidson UH
Blake White	1965 Harley-Davidson FLH
William Funk	1948 Simplex Servi-Cycle
Shawn Brown	1948 Harley-Davidson 125

YANKEES

Out And About

Jim Seidell tries his hand at the tire toss game at the Pioneer Valley Rally in Chester, MA on July 17, 2004.



S. Gallo Photo



S. Gallo Photo

Cristina Salisbury navigates the cones in the slalom race on her 1967 Sears Twingle at the Pioneer Valley Rally. She also competed in the Monte Carlo Race. She showed the boys on their heavy iron how it should be done by blowing them away in the finals.

C. Gallo Photo

Gene Levesque on his 1954 BMW R67 was one of several Yankees to attend the "Airheads at the Aerodrome" event in Rhinebeck, NY on June 25 - 27, 2004.



Once Upon A Time. . . .

RIDING LESSONS A memoir by Ward Wright

It's summer 1948, Washington, D.C., 14th and Columbia Road, N.W., a once elegant neighborhood in fast fall, an un-air conditioned hell, but my home. I was 13.

I could hear him coming down the street, heel taps cracking on the sidewalk. Billy "Fox," about 17, school dropout, chain smoker, pin ball ace, ladies man, punk hero, general nuisance and all-around hotshot, was fast approaching. "Hi, Fox," I said weakly. Fox hesitated, never looking at me and said, "whaddayasay ace?" and moved on, high altitude pompadour and duck-tail haircut fast disappearing in the crowd. I felt a rush, giddy, weak in the knees, the Great One had actually recognized my unworthy 13-year-old existence!

I was pleased with my new status, and pleased with my life. I rode a Schwinn bike, hunted rats with my BB gun, played on rooftops and fire escapes. I knew which boys I could whip and which I couldn't and I had a couple of wet-mouth kissers for girl friends. Yes, life was good. My mother, however, was not a bit pleased. Mom, a divorcee trying to raise her son by renting rooms in our old brownstone house, was not impressed by Fox and his ever-growing band of admirers. Her solution was swift. She packed me off to Chevy Chase, Maryland to live with the parents of a friend whose son was away in the Army. School here was a whole new ball game. For one thing, a quirk of Maryland law allowed 14 year-olds to operate motorbikes and scooters but not full sized motorcycles or cars. Here, boys of the "in" crowd had Cushman motor scooters, and the wannabees Whizzer motorbikes. Nobody who was anybody rode a bicycle. Regularly every morning as I walked to school, some snot-nose on a Cushman would come thrashing by trying to scare me off the

pavement and onto the grass. Sometimes one of our junior high beauties would be perched side-saddle on the back, tossing her head and looking away as they blew by.

Something had to be done, and done fast. Fortunately, help was on the way in the form of my upcoming fourteenth birthday and my stash of World War II savings bonds. It also happened that a new 1948 Cushman motor scooter, two-speed, hand-shift cost about two hundred ninety five dollars and I had three hundred dollars in savings bonds. I asked my mother if I could cash my bonds and buy a Cushman for my birthday. Wanting to appear reasonable and at the same time steer me away from buying a scooter, mother said "you can buy a scooter or use the money to straighten your teeth." This was a no-brainer for her. In her mind nobody but an idiot would rather have a motor scooter than straight teeth.

My teeth are still crooked and my new Cushman was blue.

I was 14 now and things began to look up to the point that by the summer of 1949 I could ride my Cushman over to visit my old downtown school buddy Eugene at his new gas station job. Gene's station was located on then semi-rural MacArthur Boulevard in Montgomery County. His boss, Dick Hillman, rode to work on a motorcycle, a ratty 1934 Harley-Davidson 74 cubic inch model VL, which you could find any day at the station parked over a spreading puddle of oil. As I hung around the station, I had a lot of time to study the Harley. Even though the bike was only 15 years old, the VL already looked like it belonged in the Smithsonian. The last of a long line of Harley dinosaurs that would come to an end in 1935, the VL had big wheels and skinny tires, its speedometer was mounted on an exposed bracket on top of squarish gas tanks and driven by an exposed cable.

The Harley's many charms included a stamped steel ignition key that looked like it came from somebody's tin suitcase (a paper clip would work), fine threaded oil and gas caps, bulb headlight, single down-tube rigid frame, tiny bullet tail light, 3-speed hand gear shift with

suicide clutch and a thinly padded hard-as-rock buddy seat. The VL's cast iron cylinder heads were drilled for priming taps so you could pour gas right on top of the pistons for cold weather starts. But the neatest feature was the long brass manual oil pump built into the oil tank. The VL had a one-way non-return oil system. Oil went from the tank through an adjustable metering device to the crankcase and out the exhaust. Since the oiler was adjusted at the factory or by the dealer for average speeds, high-speed running required an occasional manual pump stroke to ensure proper lubrication.

The VL operator's manual says a thin stream of blue exhaust smoke "should be visible at all times. If not, check your oil." Oil mileage for this system was about 150-200 miles per quart.

My fascination with the VL had not gone unnoticed. One day Hillman said, "Wanna take it out for a spin?" My head swam, my knees knocked, my mouth went dry, memories of my encounter with Fox returned. "Sure", I said nervously, "I'd like to," not wanting to be a chicken but wondering how I was going to handle this monster. After all, my Cushman had only 4 HP, and God knows what the Harley had, but it was a whole lot more. Besides, I'd gotten used to the throttle on my scooter which twisted the opposite way of a motorcycle. Even though my Cushman had a two-speed hand shift transmission it worked through a centrifugal clutch and couldn't be stalled. Not so with Harley's unforgiving solid clutch which promised stall-a-plenty.

Hillman went through the starting drill, explaining that the manual spark control on the left handlegrip had to be just right to start. Too little spark advance meant no start; too much, a fast jack-up in the right ankle, and for a 140 pounder like me, a trip toward the handlebars. What "just right" was had to be learned by trial and error. Choke drill with a cold engine consisted of two kicks on full choke, then two kicks two notches down, then ignition "on" and hope for the best. I made a mental note that the carburetor was always wet with gasoline. After a

prolonged kicking session with no signs of life, interspersed with an occasional jack-up, the VL roared into life bellowing through the 3 inch brass straight-pipe that took the place of a muffler. I thought, "WOW! Has this baby got power!" (In those days noise meant power to me).

Getting onto MacArthur Boulevard proved a major hurdle. A foot-operated clutch with the throttle working opposite of what I was used to almost ended my motorcycling career right then and there. Next followed a series of short violent wheel spins, ending in bucking, followed by conk-outs, then difficult restarts, leading to a couple of low-speed fall overs. By now I still hadn't covered the 50 feet or so from the gas station to MacArthur Boulevard and the small group of onlookers who had gathered were practically wallowing on the ground with laughter. Red faced, I was learning about motorcycles fast. Eventually, I wobbled out into the road wildly accelerating when I wanted to slow down and bucking and stalling when I wanted to speed up as I tried to break the habit of the Cushman's opposite working throttle.

If making a VL go wasn't bad enough, stopping it was even worse. Hitting the rear brake felt like stepping on a dead squirrel in the dark - all squish until you'd flattened it out. Harley's left side rear brake was actuated by a right-side brake pedal operating through a series of clevises, levers, two brake-rods and a cross-frame shaft supported by bronze bushings. Nobody ever greased this mess and over time, the cross-shaft bushings became egg-shaped and the clevis pins became worn. Your first thought in trying to stop was "Jesus, is this S.O.B. ever going to take up!!" So you pushed harder and when you finally got the slop out of the system and were about to crash, the back-wheel locked up and you went into a skid. The front brake was even more of a joke. In 1934 Harley's engineers had not yet discovered that the front brake is a motorcycle's principal brake. The VL's narrow front brake drum was even smaller than it's already grossly inadequate rear brake. True, a movement of the brake handle would

produce a slight movement of the lever at the brake drum, but nothing much happened! The mechanical advantage seemed to be flowing the wrong way from the brake shoes to the rider, rather than the other way around. Only the mental stimulus of oncoming doom seemed to make the damned thing work at all.

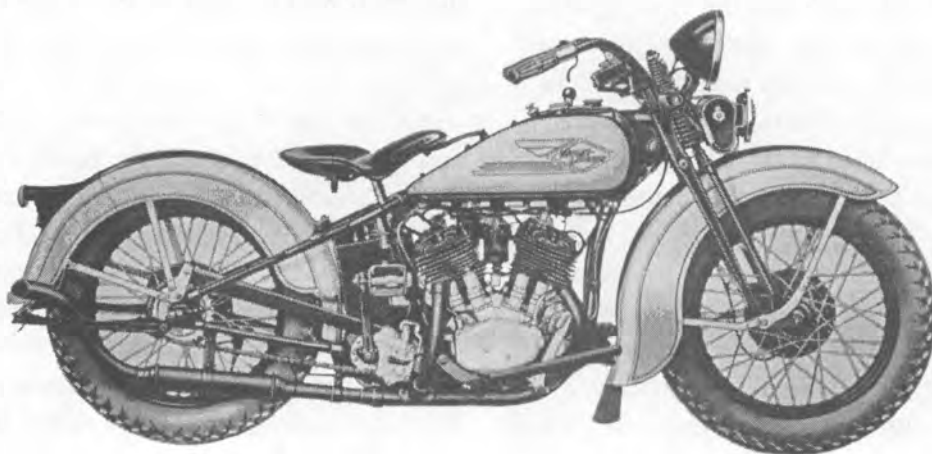
As the summer of 1949 wore on, Hillman allowed me to take the VL for many more illegal "spins" where she revealed more of her charms. One time while putting up MacArthur Boulevard I hit the right kind of pothole at just the right speed and the VL went into a barely controllable speed wobble. I had to pull over, almost stop, get straightened out and start over again. The Harley's front fork was a complicated contraption of springs, links and bushings, usually grease starved and worn. This ensemble, when connected to an unbalanced front wheel, promised interesting rides ahead. One day I heard a flapping sound behind me and turned to find Hillman beating out a carburetor fire with his leather jacket. "It does this once in a while" he said as he beat out lazy blue and yellow flames licking at the gas tank. A modern air cleaner would have stopped this, but what looked like an air cleaner on the VL wasn't an air cleaner at all; it was a hollow shell designed to keep your trousers and some of the larger birds from being sucked into the carburetor. Usually these carbs leaked gas and a kick start with too much spark advance caused a spit-back through the carburetor which set the engine on fire. "No big deal," Hillman explained, "just try to put it out quick!" Soon I was putting out my own

fires, but by then I was ready for them.

With cast iron cylinder heads and stingy cooling fins, the VL ran hotter than grandma's coal stove. A night-time ride behind an accelerating VL was like following a steam locomotive up a steep grade. Under hard running, the buildup of carbon in the exhaust pipes from the one-way oil system came out in the form of a steady stream of sparks and cinders bouncing and sputtering on the road. Unlike the steam locomotive, to my knowledge the VL never started a roadside fire, but the potential was certainly there.

The summer of 1949 closed and Gene and I went our separate ways to school and I never saw the old Harley again. By learning to ride the worst possible motorcycle, I had learned some of the best possible lessons. I had put out fires, coped with wobbles, dealt with hard starts and mastered the suicide clutch. From the Harley's lousy brakes I learned to ride with my brain about 100 yards down the road - a habit which has saved my life many times since. Even though I never got beyond MacArthur Boulevard, I was the only 14-year-old in junior high who could ride a big Harley. Life was good, I had a new wet-mouth kisser, and I was pleased.

This article was previously published in the 2002 Tuscarora Review, the Frederick Community College arts magazine and the Springfield Indian annual magazine. Ward Wright is a member of the Washington County Chapter of ABATE.



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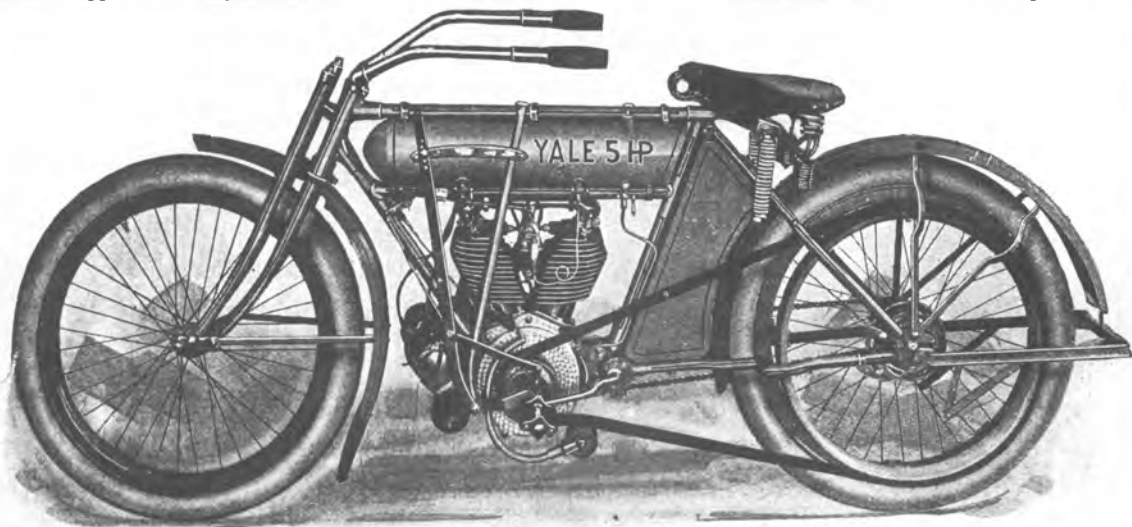
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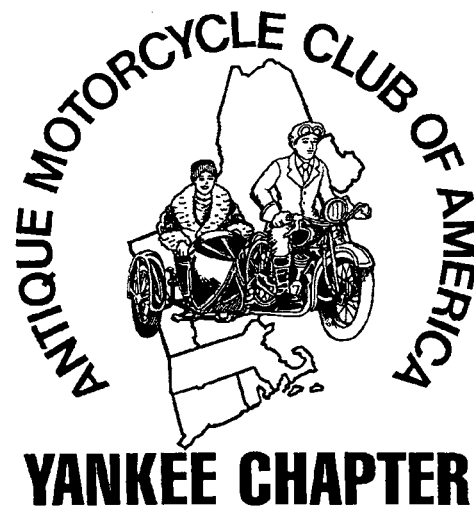
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We also make Yale and Snell Bicycles, Hussey Handle Bars and Drop Hammer Forgings of every description

Yankee's Autumn Meet

September 11 & 12, 2004

Sterling Park Campground
177 Gibson Hill Rd.
Sterling, CT



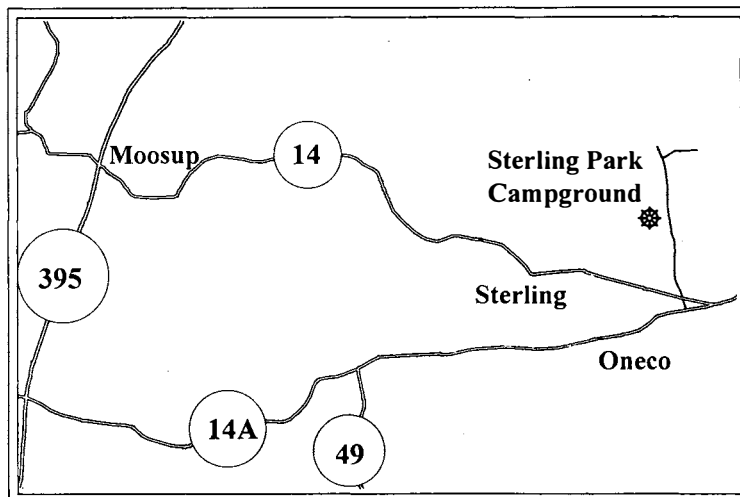
Enjoy FREE camping (AMCA Members)
Friday and Saturday nights, with
swimming pool, hot showers, bonfire,
food on grounds, game room for the kids,
RV hook-ups available.

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

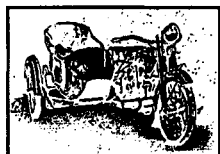
Saturday evening - PIG ROAST !

Sunday morning - Continental breakfast
Compliments of Yankee Chapter

Sunday morning - Chapter Judging



Help with the Pig Roast.
Bring your favorite side dish to share.



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,
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

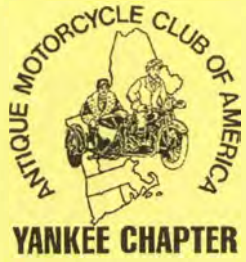
September 10 - 12	Yankee Chapter Meet Sterling, CT (860) 564-8481	October 2	Yankee Steam-Up New England Wireless and Steam Museum East Greenwich, RI (401) 885-0545
September 18	The 101 Association Road Run Torrington, CT (508) 867-8097	October 3	Singletary Swap Meet Singletary Rod & Gun Club Oxford, MA (413) 243-9738
September 18	Portland Swap & Rock Portland Fairgrounds Portland, CT (607) 863-4295	October 10	CMRA Toy Run Meadows Music Theater to East Hartford Elks East Hartford, CT (860) 588-6666
September 26	"By Land and By Sea" Mystic Seaport Mystic, CT Pre-registration required (888) SEAPORT	October 17	Cherry Hill Swap Meet Brooklyn, CT (860) 974-3444 Sponsored by Yank Jim Ashwell
September 26 - 29	Blue Ridge Road Run Maggie Valley, NC	October 24	Viking Swap Meet Stafford Springs, CT (860) 875-7768
September 26	Keene Fall Swap Meet Cheshire Fairgrounds Keene, NH (603) 352-1836	December 5	Yankee Chapter Christmas Party New Murphy's Law Oxford, MA
October 1 - 2	Chesapeake National Meet Jefferson, PA		

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

