



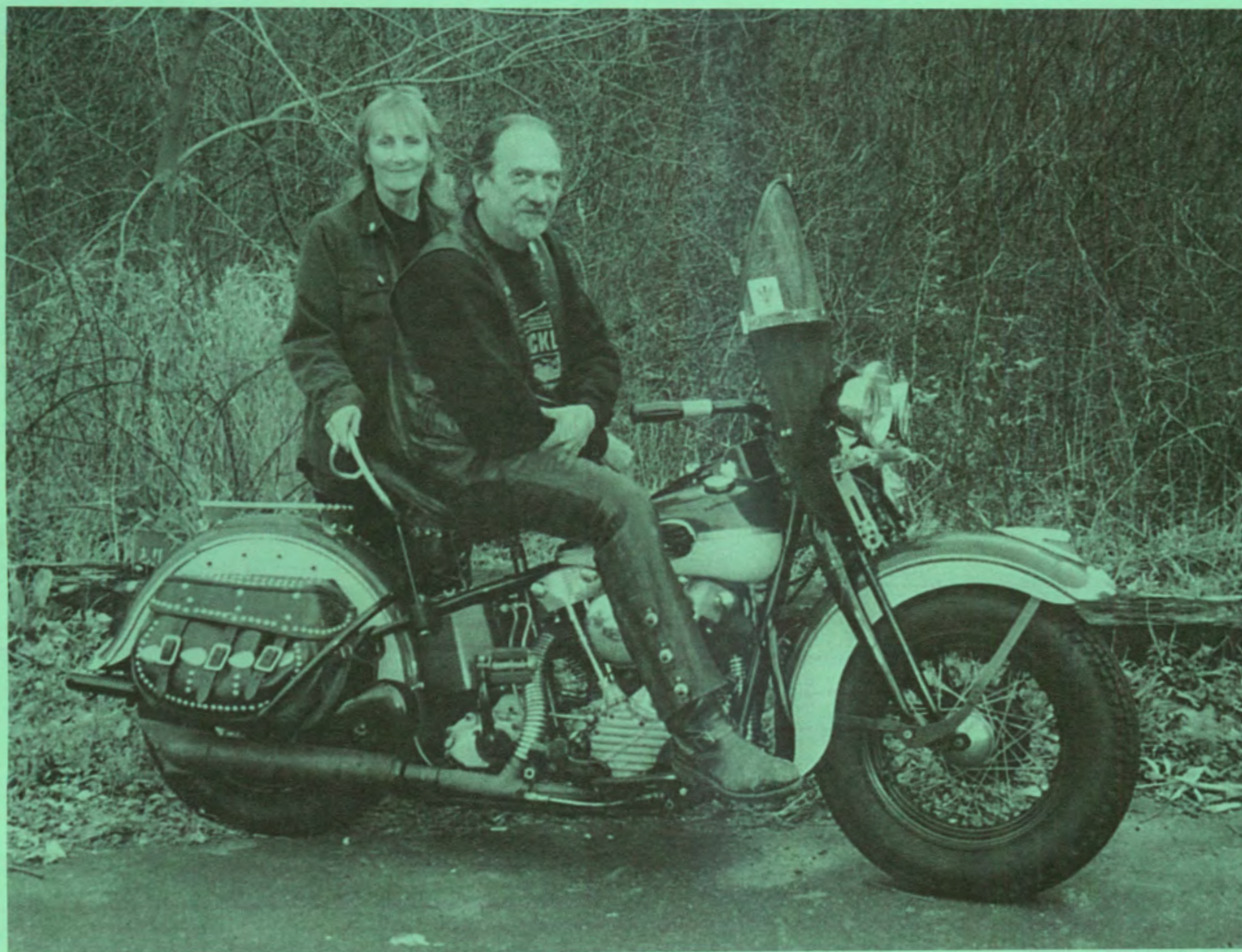
YANKEE CHATTER



WINTER / SPRING 2002

No. 02 / 1

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

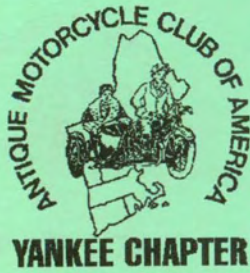


C.Gallo Photo

Jim and Linda Casey

rode their 1945 Harley-Davidson Knucklehead to the Yankee Chapter Christmas party at the Knights of Columbus Hall in Oxford, MA on December 2, 2001. Jim is the Webmaster of the Yankee Chapter web site. He continues to improve the site and welcomes feedback from our members regarding enhancements and changes.

Check out his work at: www.yankeechapter.org



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Chapter Advisor
Frederick D. Hirsch

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Barbara Salisbury

Associate / Charitable Committee
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WINTER / SPRING 2002

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Editor's Note
I have expanded the officer's listing to include the Associate Board Members and the Webmaster. They're doing the work, so they deserve the recognition. These are apprentice positions and as such do not include board of director voting rights at the present time.

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

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

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

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



Director's Message

Spring is officially upon us. Although I have seen people riding motorcycles almost all winter long (it's barely seemed like winter), the season is really here now. I hope you all had success with those winter projects and can get them out to enjoy some good spring riding. Looking back to the Christmas party, many people showed up to enjoy the pot luck dinner and share in some good discussion. I would like to welcome some new associate members to the board: Barbara (Mrs. Critter) Salisbury, Duane Brown and Paul Murray. It was decided and voted upon to keep the existing board intact. These new people were interested in becoming more active with the club but did not want to become full fledged officers yet.

We had an officers meeting in January and covered many topics. Probably one of the more important issues, at least as it stands today, is what to do about a fall meet and site. Unfortunately, there has been another changing of the guard at the Hamilton Rod and Gun Club, and our usual date was given away. I have been actively looking for other alternatives, but as of this moment nothing concrete has panned out. If you know of another activity, car show, engine show, tractor show, etc. going on at a site somewhat central to the Yankee Chapter area, PLEASE let me know about it. I've been waiting for several weeks to hear back from the Edaville Railroad and the possibility of a co-meet with an antique truck club. The whole deal they were willing to offer us was good but I feel as though we need to explore other options at this point.

Sadly, we recently lost long time Yankee member Andy Anderson. I spent a great deal of

time with Andy at Hershey and Carlisle. I worked with him and helped him out at his flea market space at both the spring and fall meets for several years. He was a good friend to many and always had a story to tell. Some were taller tales than others but they were always entertaining. His quality of life had been steadily going downhill since an auto accident two years ago, and I'm sure he's in a better place now. He will surely be missed.

Things are all set for Hebron August 2, 3, and 4 this summer. Time is flying by and I know that August will be here faster than we think. If you live in that area and would like to help with putting together a road run for Saturday, please let me or the Gallos know. As always we will be looking for help before during and after the meet. Any help is always appreciated. Happy trails to you all, and ride safe.

Jessie

In Memoriam

Dear Sandy,

I regret to inform you that my husband, Yankee Chapter member Paul N. Vreeland, passed away on Nov. 20, 2001.

Paul always enjoyed attending both national and Yankee chapter meets. For many years he rode both Harley and Indian motorcycles, his favorite being his original 1938 Indian. He sold his motorcycles over 50 years ago, then later as a member of AMCA he traveled around buying in bits and pieces the 1938 Indian he restored during his retirement.

He intended riding the motorcycle and showing it at meets, but his health failed and he was never able to do that. He sold the restored bike and in the past two years his enjoyment came from reading the national magazine and the newsletters of both the Yankee and Empire chapters.

Respectfully,

Claire H. Vreeland

On behalf of the members of the Yankee Chapter, I offer our condolences to Claire Vreeland and her family. We are sorry for your loss.

The Editor

Once Upon A Time,

Part II - A continuation of:

MY 1935 MOTORCYCLE TRIP

by Kenneth Walker Fitts

When we left Ken in the last issue, he was outside of Salt Lake City, Utah. His 1928 Harley-Davidson 21 c.i. single had a flat tire. He started to repair the flat, but his tube of patching cement had dried out.

A man was working in his yard nearby. I walked over and told him my predicament. He had some patching cement in his garage and let me borrow it. I worked fast to get the wheel back on the motorcycle as it looked as if we would have a shower. It was after dark and raining when I got back to Salt Lake City. Also the rear tire was almost flat. Apparently I missed one hole in the tube. I pulled under the awning of a filling station and took the wheel and tire off again. The filling station attendant submerged the tube in water and we found the hole I had missed. He patched the tube for me. While I was at the filling station a youngster told me Will Rogers had been killed in an airplane accident. Nearby were some overnight cottages. I asked the owner if he had a place I could stay for fifty cents. He said I could stay in the tool shed. It was dry in there. I moved the rakes, shovels, etc., out of the way and slept in my bedroll on the floor.

I continued south from there and went through Bryce Canyon National Park and Zion National Park. In Arizona I drove to the north rim of the Grand Canyon and got a beautiful view of the canyon from Bright Angel Point. While I was there I saw a horned toad, the first one I had ever seen. From there I headed north to connect with a road heading west towards California. After dark I was rolled up in my bedroll when I heard a Woo-o-o a short distance away. Then I heard similar sounds in different directions. I was surrounded. It sounded like animals, but I didn't know what kind of animal. I was sure I wouldn't get much sleep if I stayed

there so I started out again and continued on until I came to some overnight cabins, and stayed in one for fifty cents. The lock on the door didn't work so I propped a chair against it so that the chair would fall and make a noise if anyone opened the door. Later my cousin Clarion told me the animals I heard were coyotes.

When passing through the lower tip of Nevada at Las Vegas I took a side trip to Boulder City to see Boulder Dam. I believe it has been renamed Hoover Dam. The dam was under construction at that time. Officials were stopping all vehicles going into Boulder City and all tourists were given a 24-hour pass. I saw one workman who was working on the dam step onto a large hook at the end of a cable attached to a crane at the top of the dam. He put one arm around the cable, and with his lunch box in the other hand, he rode the hook down the face of the dam to the bottom. I could remember thinking that would not be the kind of job that would appeal to me. There was not much water back of the dam at that time. When I tried to start the motorcycle, the engine fired just once but it would not run. From the symptoms I suspected a valve was stuck open, which proved to be the case. I could see the valve through the spark plug hole. I gave it a tap with the end of a screwdriver and it snapped closed. I didn't have any more trouble with it.

In California I saw a sign beside a brook that read, "Caution, Contaminated Water." Another sign at a filling station read, "We Charge For Water Wasted Only." Still another sign at another filling station read, "We Haul Water 10 Miles But It Is Free To Our Customers."

Somewhere in this same area, as I was driving along after dark on a dirt road, I came to a roadside stand. It had electric lights powered by a small engine generator set. I asked the attendant if it was safe to sleep out on the ground or if there were rattlesnakes in the area. He said, "There aren't any rattlesnakes around here I have only seen two all year." I drove a bit farther down the road and pulled off into some brush to sleep. Another night as I was driving in the rain

I came to some overnight cabins in a place called Windmill and got my usual fifty-cent rate for a night's lodging. The next morning it was still raining. I asked the owner if he had heard a weather report. He said, "No, but if you will drive about eight miles it will not be raining down in the valley." Had I known this the night before, I could have saved half a dollar.

I went south of Death Valley. I tried to cash a traveler's check in Tehachapi but I was told the bank had failed. A filling station attendant told me there was a bank in Bakersfield and I got the check cashed there. I went up to Sequoia National Park and saw the big Sequoia trees. I saw The General Sherman Tree, 275 feet high. It is the largest known Sequoia.

I was heading south towards Los Angeles and I guess I must have been about 100 miles from Los Angeles when the motorcycle engine piston seized in the cylinder. This locked the back wheel and I started to come to a screeching stop. I instinctively disengaged the clutch and rolled to a stop. I can remember thinking I couldn't have been much further from home. I just could not turn the motor over even by putting it in gear and pushing. After thinking about it for a time, I decided to try kicking it over again and to my surprise, it turned over but didn't have much compression. I gave it a couple of shots of oil with the hand oil pump. I turned on the ignition and when I kicked it over it started, and blue smoke poured out the exhaust. I learned later that apparently what happened was that carbon had formed under the top piston ring so that it was pressing on the cylinder wall. As it got hotter the dow metal (aluminum alloy) piston expanded until it seized. It broke the top ring and broke part of the top ring land on the piston head. The lower ring land jammed on top of the second piston ring so that the ring was not free in its groove. It was no wonder the motor had such poor compression.

Before I left Storrs, I met a motorcyclist who was a student at the University of Connecticut, but would be at the University of Los Angeles that summer. I told him that I might ride my motorcycle to California. He said that if I did to

look him up and he gave me an address.

As I was driving down a street in Los Angeles, someone ran off the sidewalk and flagged me down. It was my friend. He said, "I never expected to see you out here on that thing." He was not living at the address he had given me so the chances of my finding him were quite remote. He invited me to sleep in one of the fraternity houses, which I did.

I threw the canvas over the motorcycle in case of rain but my friend said it was not necessary because it doesn't rain in Los Angeles in the summertime. He had a Ford V8 that ran on seven cylinders. He was broke, so I paid for some gas and rode with him to see a mutual friend in San Bernadino. After dark, he took me to the top of a mountain to see all the lights of Los Angeles. It was a spectacular sight. Los Angeles was a big city even then. He was expecting a check from back east, but it hadn't come. The day I left I bought him bacon and eggs for breakfast. I don't know what he did for meals after that until his check arrived.

In L.A. I drove into a cycle shop for a grease job and to get a new cable for the front wheel brake. The mechanic said, "Did you drive that thing all the way from Connecticut?" Then he said, "I wouldn't even drive my big twin that far."

I drove south to San Diego where America's Exposition was in progress. At the Exposition was a Model T Ford with the axles of the two rear wheels offset from center. Someone was driving it around with advertising on the sides of the body.

From San Diego I headed east across Southern California. After dark, I saw a sign that said "Water" and an arrow pointing to a path on the left side of the road. I drove the motorcycle up the path but did not find any water. However, when I came to a fairly high rock ledge, I drove along the base of it and with the aid of the motorcycle headlight I found a cave. The cave must have been about 3 or 4 feet high and perhaps 8 feet deep. I took my flashlight and searched very carefully for any snakes, scorpions or tarantulas. Not finding any, I spread out my

bedroll on the floor and placed the motorcycle (perhaps I should call it the "thing" the way other people refer to it) across the opening for a door. I covered the motorcycle with the canvas. During the night we had a noisy thunderstorm with plenty of rain. Since the floor of the cave sloped towards the door no water came in and I kept dry. By morning the storm was over and I continued on my way. I never did find the water. When I arrived in Yuma, Arizona, I was stopped at the border because there was a quarantine on something but I can't remember what it was. It had to do with vegetables, fruits or flowers but I didn't have any so there was no problem.

I could see on the map that there was a dotted line from Yuma to Quartzsite. So I knew there was some kind of road across the desert. I asked several people in Yuma where the road left Yuma for Quartzsite. Most people didn't know there was one but I finally found one person that did know. He directed me to the beginning of the road. Actually it was just a cart path. I drove on it a short distance to be sure it was heading in the right direction. I could tell it was heading north by the position of the sun.

I drove back to Yuma and filled the oil tank and both gas tanks to the brim. As I entered the cart path an old man was standing beside it. I asked him if this was the road to Quartzsite. He acknowledged that it was and asked me if I had any water with me. I admitted that I didn't. He shook his head. I know now that it was stupid of me to cross the desert without water. I didn't carry water with me anywhere on the trip.

I could see on the map that a main road crossed Arizona from Phoenix to California running east and west. I knew that if I kept going north far enough I would have to come to this road. Quartzsite was on this road.

I came to several cart paths that branched off either east or west. On the 91 miles to Quartzsite I only passed one car. It was going in the opposite direction. I saw way off in the distance, on the side of a mountain, a man standing beside an automobile. Later cousin Clarion told me gold prospectors used cars, as the desert was hard enough to drive on in that

area. Late in the afternoon, I arrived in Quartzsite. I was directed to Aunt Maybelle Pease's house which was made of adobe bricks, and I had supper with her and my cousin Clarion James Cowell. Clarion was living with Aunt Maybelle and was about 12 years older than I. He was Aunt Maybelle's grandson.

From Lusk, Wyoming, I sent Aunt Maybelle a card saying I would try to stop and see them on my way home so they were expecting me.

Aunt Maybelle had a bathtub in her backyard. With material from old cardboard boxes, Clarion built a room around the bathtub. I guess they thought I might be self-conscious without some privacy when taking a bath.

When it came time to retire, Clarion took me to a shed with a rusty tin roof in Aunt Maybelle's backyard. He and I both slept in the shed. He gave me a piece of canvas and said if it rained I could throw the canvas over me. I could see stars through some of the holes in the roof. Clarion said when I get up the next morning to be sure to shake my trousers well before putting them on to be sure no scorpions or tarantulas were in them.

Clarion showed me Uncle Solomon's gold mine. (Uncle Solomon died several years before I arrived at Aunt Maybelle's.) As I recall, the mine was five miles or so from Aunt Maybelle's. I believe Clarion's car was an old Pontiac. When we were ready to leave to go to the mine we found the battery was dead in his car. We took the battery from the motorcycle and wired it to the car's electrical system. With Clarion turning the crank on the car we got it started. We took the motorcycle battery with us to the mine in case we should need it again.

The mine was a hole in the side of the mountain where Uncle Solomon was following a vein containing gold. Before we walked in, Clarion threw several rocks into the mine. He said that was to scare out any ringtails that might be there as he didn't want to come face to face with one of them. Clarion broke off a piece of rock that showed two small flecks of gold. Clarion gave it to me as a souvenir and I still

have it.

Near by was a placer mine dug by Clarion. It went straight down 15 to 20 feet in the dirt. Then a tunnel was dug at right angles to it. To get the dirt in the tunnel he said he used a candle to see where he was digging. He would put the dirt in two buckets and carry them up the ladder. On the surface he would dry pan them for gold. He showed me a machine he was building which consisted of a screen and I believe a blower to separate the dirt from the gold. I never heard how well it worked.

Aunt Maybelle had a concrete water tank in front of her house. She had a windmill to fill the tank. She also had a gasoline engine and pump to use if the wind did not blow enough. The garden was in back of the house. She would water half of it one day and the other half the next day. Several times while I was there a car with a 50-gallon drum strapped to the back of it, stopped by the pump. The man in the car would crank up the pump engine and fill the 50-gallon drum. He would then stop at Aunt Maybelle's house and give her ten cents. Clarion said they were prospectors getting ready to go prospecting for gold.

In Quartzsite on the main road were a small store and post office. Mail came three times a week: Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Aunt Maybelle called the mail truck the stage. It came from Phoenix. If anyone needed any supplies from Phoenix the stage driver, for fifty cents for his time and trouble, plus the cost of the item, would pick it up and deliver it on his next trip to Quartzsite.

Clarion showed me an old Indian fort that was still standing in Quartzsite. When we looked inside we found an old man taking a siesta.

In the early evening Aunt Maybelle and I would put a couple of chairs on the front desert and sit out there and chat. Clarion would go over to the store. He said they had a pool table set up in the back room. He invited me to go with him but I declined.

A roof was built out from the back of Aunt Maybelle's house but the room had no side

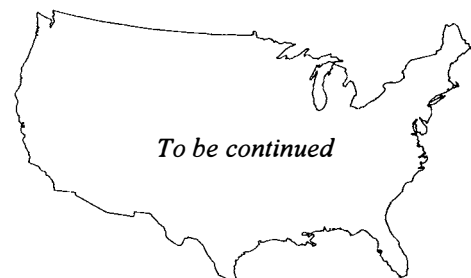
walls. Heavy string was stretched from the roof to the ground and vines were growing up these strings. This is where we had our meals and Aunt Maybelle slept there during the summer. I only went in the house once. Aunt Maybelle showed me two widow spiders in a corner but she didn't seem concerned about them.

While I was in Quartzsite Clarion showed me a dry wash (a dried up brook). He said that years ago there was a hotel by the dry wash. The owner had a safe in the hotel filled with \$100,000 worth of gold. When the water came down the dry wash the hotel was swept away and the safe was buried in the sand. The owner was supposed to have gone to Los Angeles and mourned himself to death. Clarion asked me what I knew about metal detectors. I guess he thought that if we had a metal detector we could look for the safe ourselves. Incidentally, Clarion said he learned about the safe through an interpreter who was talking with an Indian woman whose two sons would walk up and down the dry wash looking for the safe after the water had receded following a heavy rain.

Of course there were no telephones or electric lights in Quartzsite.

When I was a youngster and when I was a young man we had ponies and horses at home. I had heard that there were wild horses in Arizona. I asked Clarion what he thought about our catching wild horses so that I could ship them back to Connecticut. He wasn't the least bit enthusiastic about it so I gave up the idea.

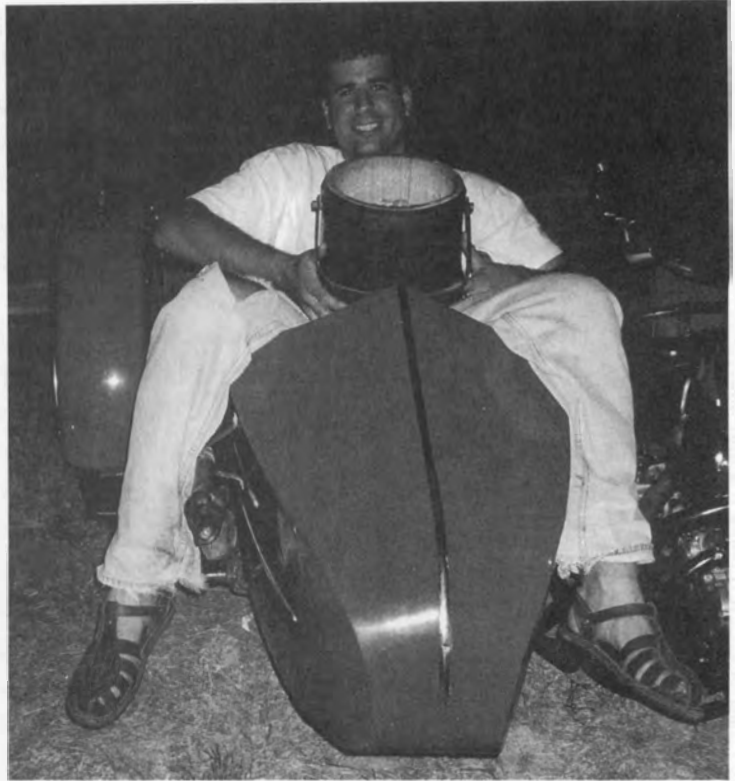
Aunt Maybelle said she was once stung by a scorpion and was paralyzed for three weeks. Another time she was nearly bitten by a rattlesnake. She screamed and Uncle Solomon thought at first that she had been bitten, but she had not.



YANKEES

Out And About

Anthony Rutledge basks in the glow of a fortified wooden bucket as he rests in Tim Gottier's 1946 Harley-Davidson sidecar during the Yankee National Meet in Hebron. Could the bucket have something to do with the relaxed pose?



S. Gallo Photo



C. Gallo Photo

Dave Howland cruises the Hebron fairgrounds on an incredibly quiet machine during the Yankee National Meet.



C. Gallo Photo

Will Paley and Bill Brauch discuss the weather at the refreshment stop during Saturday's road run at the Yankee National Meet.



C. Gallo Photo

Kent Thompson had his 1930 Indian Chief at the Pioneer Valley Rally held in Chester, MA on July 13-15, 2001.



C. Gallo Photo

Chris and Clinton Duffy rode to the Pioneer Valley Rally on Chris' 1945 Harley-Davidson UL and enjoyed camping out for the weekend.



C. Gallo Photo

Ed Morinho rode his 1937 Indian Four to the Pioneer Valley Rally.



C. Gallo Photo

Jim Seidel had his 1937 Indian Four at the Pioneer Valley Rally and, as always, dominated the field games.



Jim Friedlander enjoyed cruising around Mystic Seaport on his 1929 Harley-Davidson JD during their "By Land and By Sea" event held on September 23, 2001.

C. Gallo Photo



C. Gallo Photo

C. Gallo Photo



George Twine brought his 1912 Flanders, complete with white rubber tires, to "By Land and By Sea".

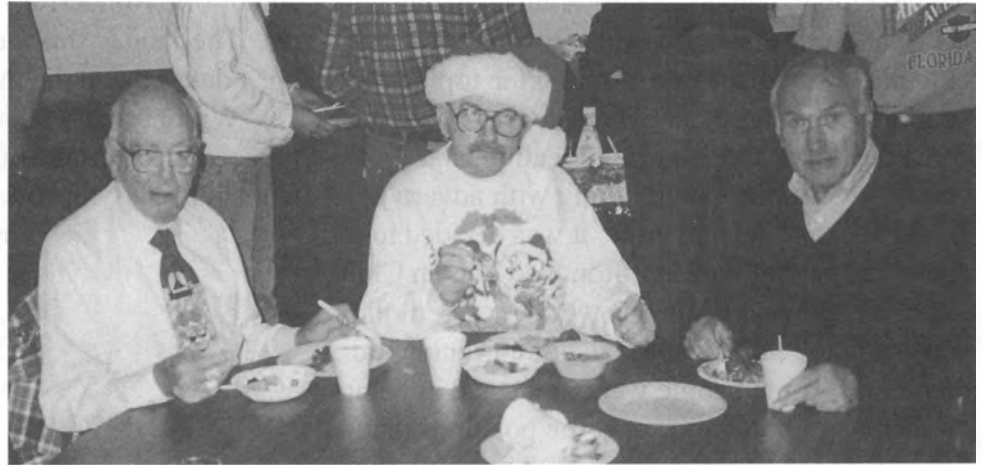
Fred Hirsch took delivery of this paratrooper scooter at the Yankee Chapter Christmas Party and couldn't wait to put it on the road. It'll take a bit more tinkering, but he'll have it going in no time.



C. Gallo Photo

Dave Ross rode his 1948 Harley-Davidson FL to the Yankee Steam-Up at the New England Wireless and Steam Museum in East Greenwich, RI on October 13, 2001. This event features running steam engines, some with flywheels 16 feet in diameter, as well as numerous smaller units, all huffing and puffing along. Truly a gearhead's dream.

Nate Sheldon, Bob Frink and Don Switter are like deer caught in the headlight of Charlie Gallo's camera as they partake of the banquet at the Yankee Chapter Christmas Party.




C. Gallo Photo



Bob Frink Photo

The relatively mild weather on December 2, 2001 prompted the largest contingent of Yankees in recent memory to ride their machines to the Chapter Christmas Party. "Ride 'Em, Don't Hide 'Em"!



Secretary's Report

Minutes of the Yankee Chapter business meeting, held in conjunction with the chapter Christmas party, at the Knights of Columbus, in Oxford, MA, on December 2, 2001.

The meeting started with discussion about a National meet in 2003. After discussion, Jim Costa made a motion to have a National meet at Hebron, CT, in 2003. It was seconded, and passed by the majority. Fall meet problems were the next topic, namely the abysmal showing at last year's fall meet. Possible reasons and remedies were discussed. Among the topics were vendors, vending, other events going on, having a one day meet and road run, location, and having no fall meet at all, along with advertising. When all was said and done, it was decided to try again this year at the Hamilton Rod & Gun Club.

Election year decisions were next. A motion was made to read down the list of current board members. Three people were interested in being on the board, but had no specific positions that they wished to fill. Randy Walker put forth the idea of associate members. It was decided to take on associate positions, vote the current board members in for another term, and anyone with any interest was invited to attend the January Business meeting if they desired. Barbara Salisbury, Paul Murray, and Duane Brown are our associate board by popular vote.

Charlie Gallo paraphrased from Andy Bagas' letter to the attendees. The letter's proposal was that, under the Chapter's "umbrella", other events be sponsored to promote the Chapter and to increase membership and interest in antique motorcycles. Discussion took place, during which Charlie stated that membership was up by about 50 people this year, and asked if we need more people, or more people who are involved? Joe Moulton and Rose Marc-Aurele stated that they were willing to do a Yankee

awareness booth at the Indian dealership events in Maine this year.

The Treasurer's report was given as published in the *Yankee Chatter*. Motion was made to roll over the excess charitable fund monies from last year, along with adding another \$2500.00 this year, and to form a committee to find cases to disperse money to. This motion was seconded and passed by majority. Don Caisse, Barbara Salisbury, and Sandy Gallo are to make up the committee.


Charlie Gallo explained the progress that has taken place concerning our chapter web site. Jim Casey, our webmaster, who has put in the effort to make it reality, got a huge appreciative round of applause. Sandy Gallo stated that she has given a one year membership to Ken Fitts, author of a wonderful story in the *Yankee Chatter*. The January business meeting was brought up, a date set and the meeting was adjourned.

With business taken care of, the members proceeded to partake of another sumptuous Christmas party banquet.

Respectfully submitted,



Tom Marston
Secretary



Secretary's Report

Minutes of the Yankee Chapter business meeting held on January 20, 2001, at the North End Pub, in North Oxford, MA. Director Jessie Aikman called the meeting to order at 12:10 P.M. In addition to the Board Members, except Jim Friedlander, there was a large turn out of other Yankee members attending this business meeting. The associate members Barbara Salisbury, Duane Brown, & Paul Murray, along with Jim Casey, our webmaster, were just a few of the many. The first subject brought forward by

Jessie was to ask Duane how Jim Darby is faring. Duane said that he is improving, but staying in the rehab center for a bit longer and that as long as Jim is progressing that his insurance covers him. Jim keeps improving and recovering.

The second item up was the fact that we are all set for 2003 for a national meet at Hebron, on August 1-3. Jessie brought up the fall meet at the Hamilton Rod & Gun Club, and it seems that the Rod & Gun Club board members have changed somewhat, so that at this time communications regarding a Sept 7-8 meet there are incomplete. The fall meet will be brought up again at the Oley, PA business meeting.

A complimentary discussion of the *Motorcyclist's Post* took place, describing it as a favorable place to advertise our activities. Jim Casey presented information about our website, www.yankeechapter.org, which we now own, currently on Jim's web service. He presented a synopsis of web services and rates along with benefits and disadvantages and payment options. Randy Walker put forward his experiences with the web concerning the 101 association. Steve Ciccalone told us about the National website. Jessie put forward a motion to go with a 1 year contract as per Jim's presentation. It was seconded and passed by unanimous vote. There will be factual publication in the *Chatter* informing members about the site.

Andy Bagas was introduced to present his thoughts. He, along with Dave Nault & Dave Viola, put a few events together last year. Once again the board, although appreciative of his active interest in Yankee promotion, expressed concern about insurance and legalities if we allow sponsorship by the chapter for non-National sanctioned events. It was decided that the Yankee Chapter website would publish a listing of events for those able or interested in attending.

The topic of Yankee Chapter by-laws was brought up and the need to put together a set of by-laws that would be submitted to the National Board for approval, which in the future might open the possibility of a more umbrella-like

relationship between Yankee Chapter and events that are taking place. Andy put forward the idea that maybe the Chapter should look into obtaining Chapter insurance. Andy is willing to have Yankee and National membership applications with him when he has events, as he feels that applications should be available when meeting people outside the club. During the discussion of the need for by-laws the cloudy history of the Yankee chapter emerged. If we were the first chapter to form, then the possibility exists that we adopted the original club by-laws and did not create our own separate set, which would explain why we don't seem to have any on record. Fred Hirsch stated that he has paperwork, and will look it up to see if this problem can be easily resolved. This issue was put on hold awaiting the information that Fred can give us.

The status of the charitable fund came next, and Sandy stated that at present there is \$4237.58 in the fund. Barbara wanted to have some discussion at this point on what the duties of the charitable committee are. Will Paley stated that he had suggested the committee as a vehicle to decide and disperse these funds. The committee is to make the charitable fund functional rather than just a good idea. Barbara's understanding was that the committee was just a focal point for those who had possible cases to contact. She put forth the idea that not just charity, but scholarship monies for education might better disperse some of the fund. It was stated that although this is a great idea it is not within the parameters of the current Charitable Fund set up. The idea of scholarships will be brought up at the next Christmas party, before the general membership. Don Caisse brought up a charitable case with enough information to be voted on by the board at this time. Jessie made motion to send this case money, it was seconded and voted in the affirmative.

This year's Hebron National Meet details came up next. Theme, road run, field games, schedules of events, etc. were discussed. The theme will be "Ride 'Em, Don't Hide 'Em", but will again feature different artwork for this year. Charlie will generate an advertisement and shirt

artwork for this year's meet. Steve Ciccalone brought up the Joe Barber trophy for Yankee Panheads. He was wondering if maybe the Giles Adams award might be awarded at the National since turnout at the fall meet has been poor. Pros and cons weighed in and it was decided that things (awards) would remain as they are for the time being. An exception to this is that we will work towards having a longest distance travel award organized to be presented at the Hebron banquet. We moved on to advertising. Will Paley would like more consistent (monthly) advertising in the *Motorcyclist's Post* and other free places to post ads to keep our chapter events fresh in peoples' minds. Randy Walker put forward the idea of a corner cut on the front cover of the *Chatter* as a place for an attention grabber. This idea was adopted. Road run was the next topic and it was suggested that small trips in groups might be better than one massive Saturday run. After bouncing this thought around, it was generally adopted as a good idea. Barbara along with Charlie will print up a schedule of events for the Hebron meet, and on this leaflet there will be a reminder about the fall Sturbridge meet.

Steve put forth the National matter of weekend format for the national meets. We decided to stay with our present format of: Friday, Saturday and Sunday until noon. Andy Bagas brought up two things in closing, namely that he hopes to see many of us at the Empire Chapter Road Run this year, and that he is looking for information about a gathering of antique Harleys in Milwaukee, WI in 2003 as part of the celebration of 100 years of Harley-Davidson. The meeting was adjourned at 2:00 PM.

Respectfully submitted,



Tom Marston
Secretary

In Memoriam

The Hartford Courant, March 18, 2002:
Sterling "Andy" Anderson, of Willington, CT died Friday, March 15, 2002 in Riverview Home in East Hartford. He was born in Howell, ME, September 27, 1916, the son of the late Clifford and Flora (Wilson) Anderson, and lived in Cromwell for many years before moving to Willington. Prior to his retirement, he was employed by the State of Connecticut. He was an avid antique motorcycle enthusiast, owning one of the oldest American-made motorcycles, a 1902 Indian. "Mr. Indian", as he was known, was a member of the Bell Antique Car Club, the Antique Motorcycle Club of America and the Pioneer Valley Live Steamers. He is survived by his three sons, Richard Anderson and his wife Janice of Willington, Robert Anderson and his wife Marylyn of Springfield, VT, Ronald Anderson and his wife Karen of Ashford, a sister, Jean Klubko of Rocky Hill, eight grandchildren and 14 great grandchildren.



"Andy" Anderson loved to entertain people by playing a medley of songs on his accordian. He enjoyed weaving tall tales and delighted in answering questions about his 1902 Indian at various motorcycle events. He carried a stack of photos held together with a rubber band in one shirt pocket and a notebook with names of people he met in the other. The photos sparked interesting conversations and in the notebook he kept track of IOUs. He was the embodiment of the Yankee trader and will be missed by all those whose lives he touched.

Put your old machine on the road for the

YANKEE CHAPTER NATIONAL MEET

August 2-4, 2002

Hebron Fairgrounds
Hebron, CT

General Meet Information
Jessie Aikman

Vendor Pre-Registration
Steve Ciccalone

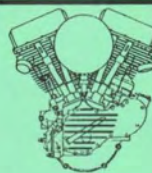
Join us on a Saturday road run
through scenic Eastern Connecticut.
Bring your bikes and ride 'em.

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 15, 2002

Area Motels

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

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Vernon, CT
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