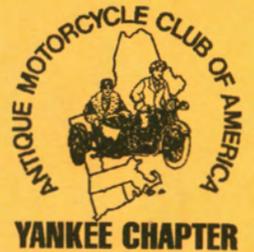




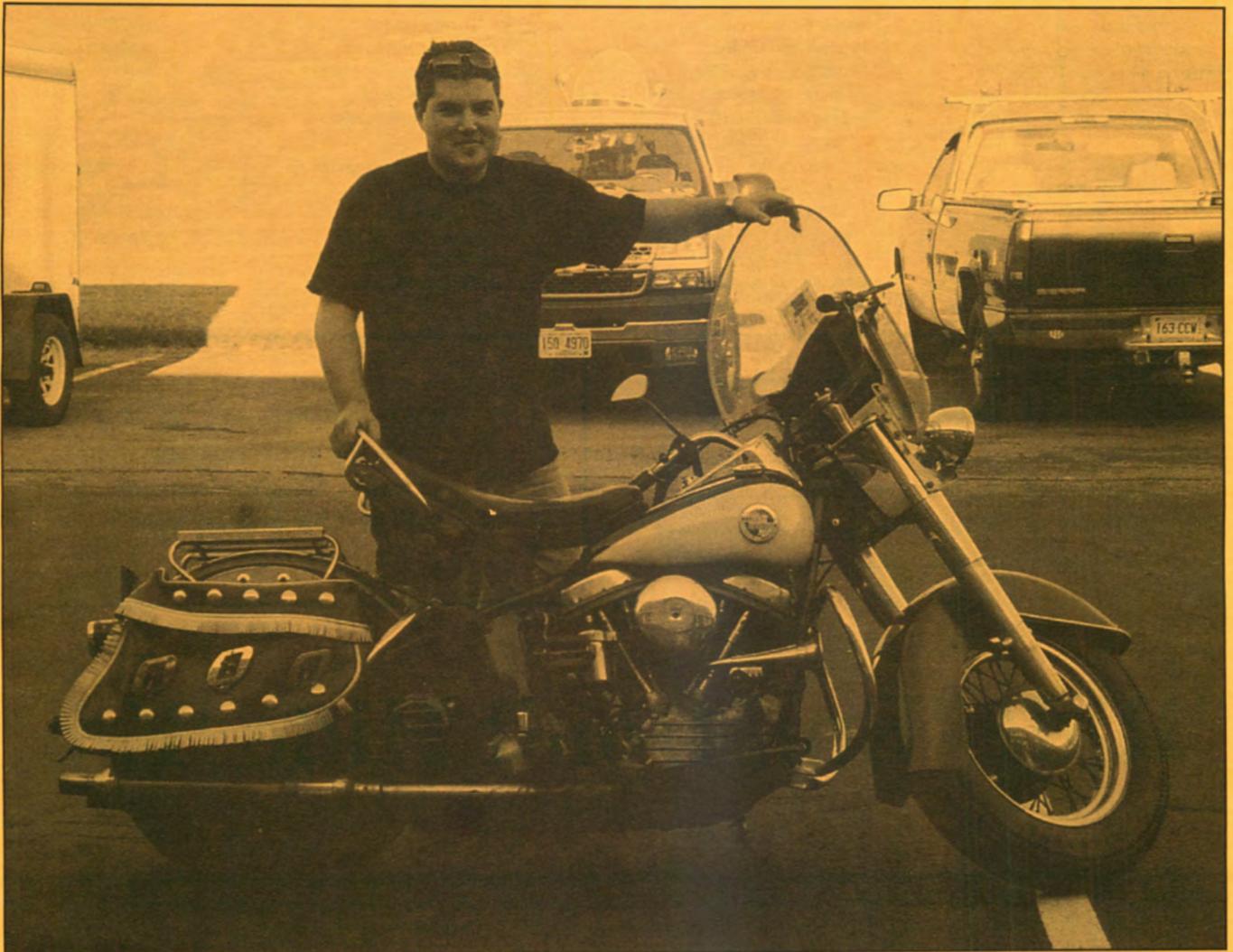
YANKEE CHATTER



Issue 2005 / 2

Established in 1973

YANKEE CHAPTER
ANTIQUe MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.

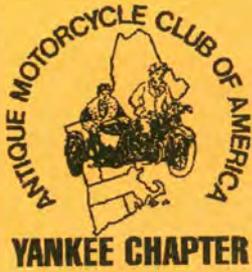


S. Gallo Photo

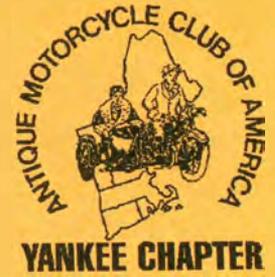
Berkshire Mountains Road Run

Stephen Barber, son of Yankee Peggy Barber and the late Joe Barber, arrived at the Berkshire Mountains Road Run on Sunday. Stephen rode a 1957 Harley-Davidson Panhead that his father had ridden on the Yankee Twin State Road Run in 1992.

It still bore the Road Run medallion.



Officers



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ISSUE 2005 / 2

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www.yankeechapter.org
is the address of the
Yankee Chapter web site.
Visit it for event details.

"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 2005 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

Well, once again we've proven that no amount of careful planning or hard work can ever take the place of blind, stupid luck! After a month of soggy weather, the Yankee Road Run started on a perfect summer day and the sun stayed with us all three days. One hundred twenty-five AMCA members from all over the country got to eat, drink, play and ride together for half a week. By the end of the run most folks agreed that you really can't get lost in New England, because all the roads go somewhere good. You can, however, make a wrong turn now and then...

As always, there were lots of helping hands to make the work go smoothly. I think we all had time to visit with old and new friends, as well as getting a lot of road time. On that note, we are told that there will be a Road Run in the mountains of western Pennsylvania next June, and it sounds like one worth planning for.

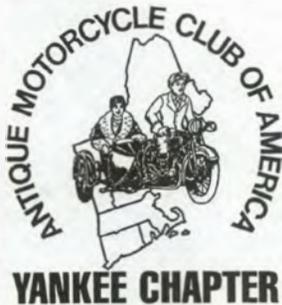
When Hebron time came around, the hot

humid weather of July broke and we had two great days for our Chapter Meet. Although it was smaller than last year's National Meet, we still had a good turn-out of vendors and attendees. The fairgrounds at Hebron were seriously vandalized last winter, and the Lions Club members have been working over-time to put things right. When they are done (by next year), we will have a world-class venue for our meet, not to mention the great food and banquet service by the Hebron Sportsmans Club.

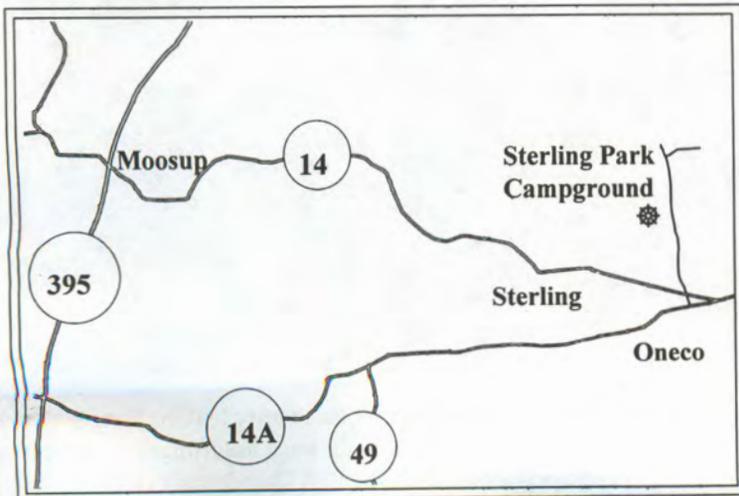
As Labor Day approaches, the best riding season of the year is coming, so be sure to get those old bikes out as much as you can.

Best Regards,

P.S. I have been drafted to take my aging parents on an antique tour in September, so I will miss seeing all of you in Sterling. Fortunately, the Salisburys have the situation well in hand, so I'm sure you'll all have a great time.



Yankee's Autumn Meet September 9 & 10, 2005 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 - Ride 'Em !
Saddle up for "Critter's Mystery Rides"

Sunday morning - Continental breakfast
Compliments of Yankee Chapter

**More Info ?
Barbara & Critter**

Berkshire Mountains Road Run



June 19 - 22, 2005
Lenox, MA

By Charlie Gallo

The groundwork had been laid. The routes were set, the dinners were planned and the tent and registration materials were all in place. Yankee Chapter had built it, would they come? The answer was a resounding yes!

Even before the start of the scheduled check in at the Econolodge in Lenox, MA, road run enthusiasts were gathering at the registration tent in the rear parking lot of the motel. As the day progressed, the tent became a gathering place where people picked up their registration packets and waited for the 3 o'clock check in time for their rooms. A festive atmosphere prevailed.

On Monday morning, people came to the dining room for their continental breakfast. In addition to the standard fare of bagels, English muffins and cereal, they found a waffle machine. This was a big hit and on following mornings some participants supplemented their waffles with fresh fruit purchased from roadside stands during their ride.

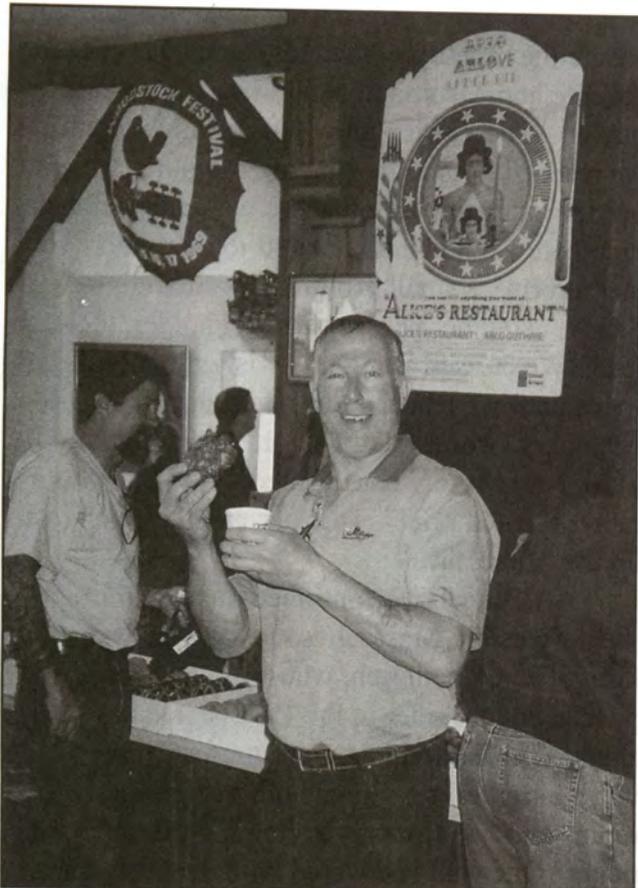
Following breakfast, everyone was enthusiastic about starting the road run. Groups of riders headed out onto the scenic highways and byways. To our surprise, even though it was a weekday, the streets of Bennington, VT were clogged. We were happy to arrive at the home of Hemmings Motor News. We toured Hemmings Old Fashioned Filling Station with its multitude of tin signs and memorabilia for sale. We then wandered through the display of over 25 antique and classic vehicles, which included a Benz three wheeler reproduction as well as the Hemmings 1929 Ford Model AA Popcorn Truck. Some riders ate lunch at one of the many restaurants in Bennington, while others visited antique shops searching for treasures. The tour continued through the New England countryside back to Lenox.

On Tuesday morning people again started out in small groups following the route sheets to our first stop. The Trinity Church, which is now the home of the Guthrie Center, is nestled in the small hamlet of Van Deusenville, MA. Arlo Guthrie's Thanksgiving adventures of 1965



Bruce Lauro Photo

A group of riders went to "The Man of Kent" pub for lunch after leaving Bennington, VT. The 18 varieties of European beers on tap as well as the huge assortment of bottled beers was impressive. It seems appropriate that the 1969 BSAThunderbolt ridden by Bruce Lauro would be parked out front.



C. Gallo Photo

Chris Atwood is delighted with the coffee and doughnuts served to us at the Guthrie Center.

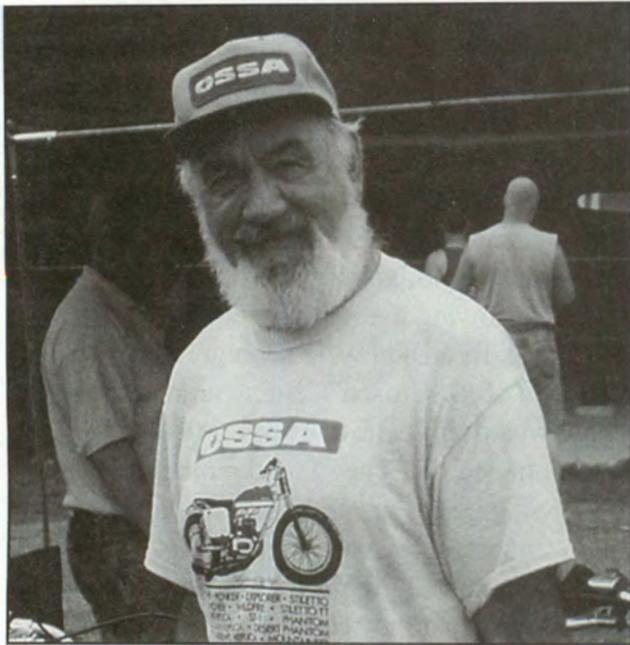
started here. They were immortalized in the song "Alice's Restaurant". The staff had prepared for our visit by setting out juices, soft drinks, pots of coffee and tables full of doughnuts. There must have been twenty dozen doughnuts of different varieties. I guess they know that bikers like to eat and we didn't disappoint them. They also had a poster of Arlo riding his Triumph motorcycle, which everyone autographed for him, an interesting turnabout. After basking in the tranquility of this remarkable setting, we turned our attention back to the road run. Our next stop was the Old Rhinebeck Aerodrome, where we toured the museum and storage hangers. The collection of historic aircraft, automobiles and motorcycles is **spectacular**. The hangers contain spare **engines**, planes hanging from the

ceiling and restorations in progress. A number of people went for barnstorming rides in an open cockpit 1929 New Standard biplane. As people completed their tour, they continued on the route, eventually returning to Lenox. Dan and Carol Margolien, riding their 1963 Harley-Davidson, and Charlie Gallo, riding Will Paley's 1967 BMW R69S, got separated from their group. Following the route sheet, they turned onto Lenox Road and were soon greeted by signs that read, "Road Closed". Being among those people who don't believe everything they read, they continued on. They found a mound of torn up asphalt, piles of gravel and sand and a huge bulldozer across the road. What to do? They spotted a man walking past the bulldozer who assured them that they could get through. Following his advice, off they went across the loosely packed sand, around the bulldozer and past the piles of gravel. When they came to a pair of huge concrete barriers across the road, Dan didn't even hesitate before riding around them on a narrow walking path at the edge of the woods. They had followed the route sheet to the



Mary Hansen Photo

Mike Lingley and Jessie Aikman decide where to go next after checking out an aircraft hanger at The Old Rhinebeck Aerodrome.



Vintage Focus Photojournal

Jim Hoellerich welcomes us to his museum devoted to trail bikes and riders.

letter and arrived back at Lenox in high spirits, bragging of their adventure to the less hardy souls who took the detour.

Wednesday morning greeted us with some lingering mist, which caused many people to delay the start of their ride. I needed oil to

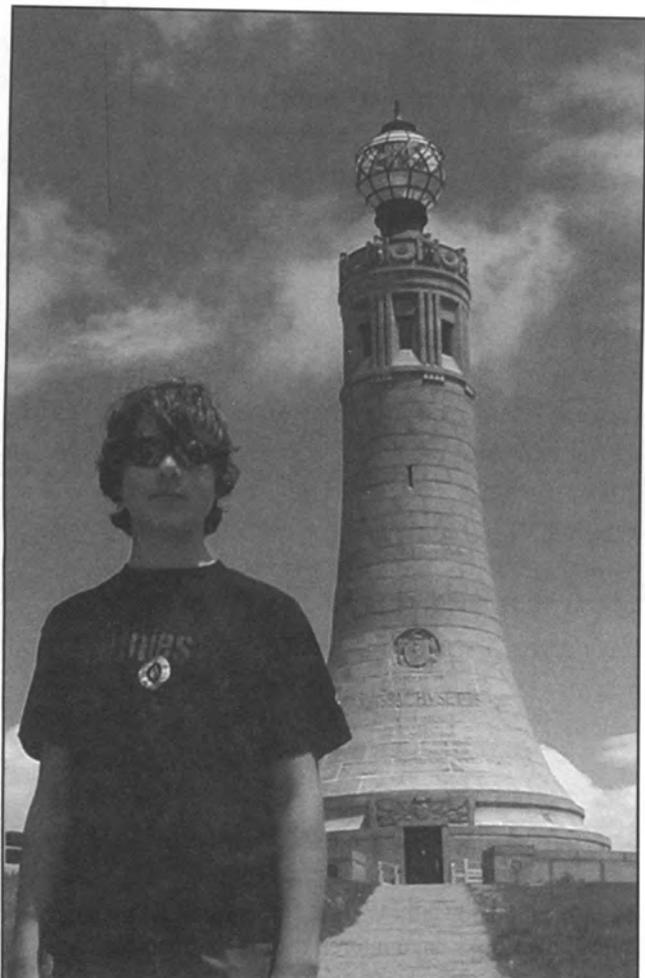
ensure the sanctity of the crankcase of my JD for the ride home, so Sandy and I headed north to buy oil. There wasn't any 50W available until we reached Pittsfield. Making our purchase, we headed back, thinking that we would be so late that there would be no one left to ride with. To our surprise, a small group had waited for us. Sandy, using her new route sheet holder, took the lead. We cruised along the twisty mountain roads until we reached our lunch stop, The Old Creamery Grocery and Deli in Cummington, MA. Paul Murray commented, "My, that was a rather spirited ride!" That became the catch phrase of the day.

After lunch we continued our ride through scenic Western Massachusetts. We arrived at the farm of Jim Hoellerich, who was an accomplished enduro rider in the 1970's. He has changed his barn into a museum featuring vintage trail bikes. Spread out over several rooms and two floors is a stunning tribute to trail riders. One wall is covered with event posters autographed by famous riders of the era. Trophies fill another complete wall. In the center of the room is a large group of Ossa motorcycles



Vintage Focus Photojournal

This is just one room of Jim Hoellerich's museum. His trail bike memorabilia includes information on the 1973 ISDT which was held in the Berkshire Mountains.



Marty Hansen Photo

Yankee Chapter member Nate Hansen stands in front of the monument at the top of Mount Greylock. Nate rode in the sidecar of the 1952 Harley-Davidson piloted by his dad Marty Hansen.

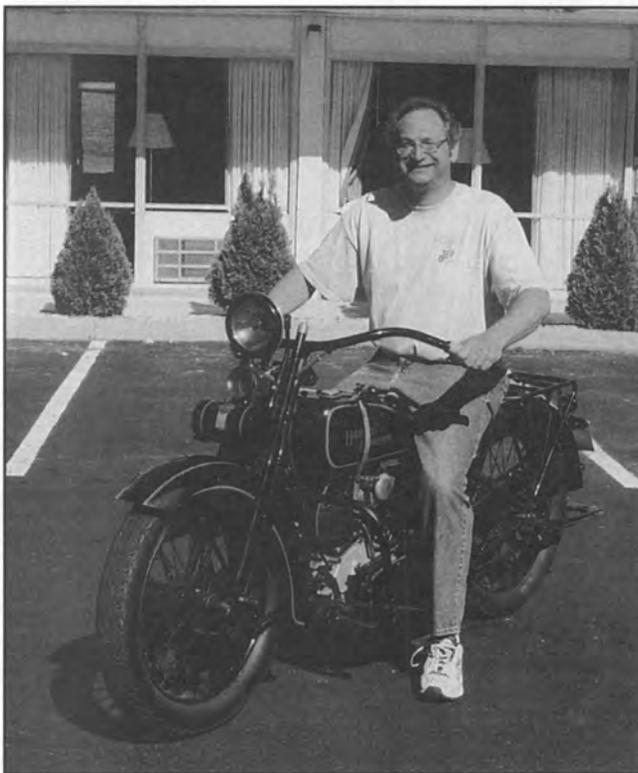
in perfect condition. There were cases filled with memorabilia and scrapbooks to peruse. It made me want to dust off my old dirt bike and hit the trails.

Continuing our ride to Mount Greylock, we missed a turn and ended up in Vermont. When we pulled over, the driver of a white van, who we assumed was our chase truck driver, followed us. When we said that we missed the turn for Mount Greylock, he said, "Follow me." Our group followed the white van to Mount Greylock. When we reached the summit, we discovered that the driver, Tom, was a Good Samaritan who was interested in our old iron, not one of our support staff! We thanked him profusely before walking to the summit to absorb the magnificent views. Our ride back to Lenox was smooth and uneventful.

Wednesday evening's banquet gave everyone an opportunity to swap stories about their adventures along the road and enjoy the camaraderie of their friends, both old and new. After dinner, a brief awards presentation was held. There were numerous acknowledgements of hard luck. Director Will Paley commented that electrical problems weren't even in the running considering the misfortunes some people had suffered.

To brighten the mood, the numerous door prizes were awarded. These included a beautiful Hologram of a motorcycle created in a block of Lucite by Peter Saris of Chatham, MA. Numerous books as well as some unique chain breakers were also presented. This concluded the organized festivities and everyone headed out to the registration tent where an impromptu party continued for quite some time.

On Thursday morning participants packed up, said farewell to their friends and headed for home.



C. Gallo Photo

Dan Margolien shows off his latest acquisition, a 1926 Harley-Davidson JD. He enjoyed driving the JD around the parking lot at Lenox. Dan and his wife, Carol, rode their black and white 1963 Harley-Davidson on the road run.

This is a sight you rarely see, Tim Gottier working on his own motorcycle. We just had to publish it. He's usually wrenching on someone else's iron.



C. Gallo Photo

C. Gallo Photo



Ed Morinho and Celia Weigold stop at one of the many scenic overlooks encountered during the road run.

C. Gallo Photo



8 A group of happy road run enthusiasts humor the photographer while touring a hanger at Old Rhinebeck Aerodrome.

Berkshire Mountains Road Run Awards

Oldest Motorcycle	Kevin Arsenault	1929 Indian 101 Scout
Longest distance ridden	David Kilgore	Indian Chief From Mississippi via New Hampshire
Most Senior Rider	Don Miller	1950 Indian Chief Winner's Circle
Least Senior Rider	Stephen Barber	1957 Harley-Davidson Panhead 25 Years Old

Hard Luck Acknowledgements

Gary Olsen	His 1939 Nimbus developed a severe rod knock which could involve serious crankshaft or connecting rod problems.
Dave "Rat" Scherk	Watched his 99+ point 1933 Harley-Davidson sidecar rig fly through the air after it was hit by a truck. Fortunately he wasn't on it.
Al Gazza	He broke a valve spring on his 1937 Indian Four before he even got to Lenox.
Randy Pond	A sudden flat front tire gave him a tumble off his Indian Chief. Both he and his bike escaped with just a few scuffs.
Bill Lane	He broke a head bolt on his Indian Chief with sidecar.
Terry Hughes	His 1942 Harley-Davidson, "The General Lee", blew an oil seal that stopped him by the side of the road.

Special Thanks

The unsung heroes of any road run are those selfless individuals who give up a day of riding their motorcycle to man the chase truck and help their fellow riders. Yankee Chapter thanks:

Mitch & Betsy Epstein, Andy Bagas, Ken Hershfield and George Yarocki

Once Upon A Time. . . .

In April of 2005, I wrote this story from memory about my red Indian two-cylinder motorcycle.

MY SECOND MOTORCYCLE

By Kenneth Walker Fitts

In 1927 I was 13 years old. We lived in the southeast corner of the Connecticut Agricultural College. It is now the University of Connecticut. The main road, now route 195, ran in front of our house.

One half mile south was a fraternity house. From time to time while I was traveling on the main road I would see a motorcycle with a sidecar parked at the fraternity house.

From home, I walked to the fraternity house. I knocked on the door. A student came to the door. I asked him if he owned the motorcycle. He told me he did. I asked him if he would sell it. He told me he would sell it for five dollars. I ran home to obtain the five dollars and ran back to the fraternity house. I knocked on the door. The owner of the motorcycle opened the door. I held up the five dollars. He took the five dollars and closed the door.

With the help of three grammar school friends we pushed the motorcycle up the steep incline to the main road. We pushed the motorcycle up the main road to my house and parked it in back of my dad's garage.

I was small and light for my age. I couldn't start the engine because I wasn't heavy enough to turn the engine through its compression stroke with the kick starter. Days later I discovered that if I stood on the kickstarter and let some gas leak past the piston rings in the cylinder I could then jump on the kick starter and after several tries the engine would come to life.

The ignition was by a high tension magneto. Under the seat and bolted to each side of the frame was a box. Each box held two #6 dry cells. The four dry cells were wired in series to

supply six volts to light the head and tail lamps.

At first I slowly and cautiously drove the motorcycle around a field in back of the garage. As the days went by I became more confident and drove it faster. As I was heading toward the garage the wheel on the sidecar ran over a big rock. The sidecar went high in the air. The motorcycle went for some distance with the sidecar high in the air. I thought the motorcycle was going to turn bottom side up. I jumped off as the motorcycle continued to travel with the sidecar high in the air. The sidecar came back down to the ground. I tried to catch the motorcycle but I couldn't run fast enough. The motorcycle crashed into the back side of my dad's garage. The engine stalled. The impact broke boards on the garage. It bent the front fork on the motorcycle. The tire was jammed against the frame. The wheel wouldn't turn. I couldn't move the motorcycle.

My dad worked away from home. I waited for my dad to come home for lunch. When he arrived I said, "Hi dad." Dad said, "Hi." I said, "I smashed my motorcycle into the back of your garage." Dad said, "What did you say?" I said, "I smashed my motorcycle into the back of your garage. Come, I will show you." On our walk I explained how the accident happened.

Dad looked at the motorcycle and the broken boards. Dad went inside the garage and saw the broken and splintered boards. Dad hadn't said a word. He said, "Let's go to lunch." Dad knew I felt very badly about the damage to the garage and the motorcycle. I was never reprimanded. Dad repaired the garage.

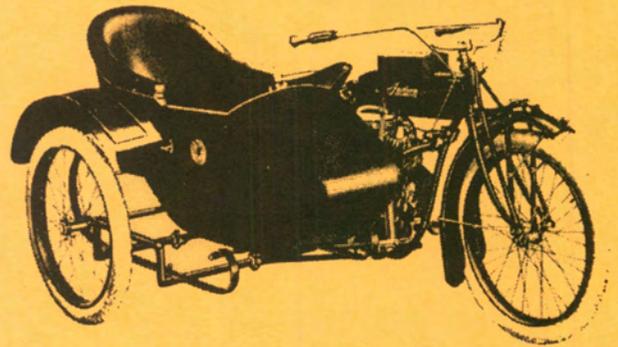
Days later, Dad tied a strong rope to the frame at the back wheel of the motorcycle. The other end of the rope was attached to a crowbar driven deep in the ground. Dad attached a block and tackle to the lower end of the front forks. The block and tackle was anchored to another crowbar. With the rope from the block and tackle attached to the bumper of his car and using his car for power he straightened the front forks. We removed the fender. The wheel could turn and I could drive the motorcycle.

I had the most thoughtful and understanding parents in the world. If anyone reading this story has youngsters, I hope their youngsters will say the same about them.

As I have grown older and more mature, this is what I believe may have happened at the fraternity house after I bought the motorcycle from that student. The student showed his fraternity brothers the five dollars and said, "I just sold my motorcycle to a little kid for five dollars. The kid will never be able to move the motorcycle. I am in five dollars."

The next morning when he left to go to class he discovered that his motorcycle was missing. He walked to class. Most likely he searched the area around the college looking for the motorcycle. The motorcycle wasn't visible from the main road because it was parked in

back of my dad's garage. The student wouldn't have gone to the police for help in locating the motorcycle because he would have realized it was unlawful to sell a motorcycle to a minor. Most likely he had to walk to and from class until he graduated from college.

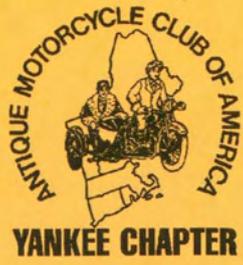


Calendar

August 19 - 20	Empire National Meet Brookfield, NY	Sept. 30 - October 1	Chesapeake National Meet Jefferson, PA
August 21	Stafford Swap Meet Stafford Springs, CT (860) 875-7768	October 1	Yankee Steam-Up New England Wireless and Steam Museum East Greenwich, RI (401) 885-0545
September 4	Vintage Motorcycle Meet Owls Head Transportation Museum Owls Head, ME (207) 594-4418	October 9	CMRA Toy Run East Hartford Elks East Hartford, CT (860) 588-6666
September 9 - 10	Yankee Chapter Meet Sterling, CT (860) 564-8481	October 16	Cherry Hill Swap Meet Brooklyn, CT (860) 974-3444 Sponsor: Yankee Jim Ashwell
September 10	The 101 Association Road Run Torrington, CT (508) 867-8097	October 23	Stafford Swap Meet Stafford Springs, CT (860) 875-7768
September 25	"By Land and By Sea" Mystic Seaport Mystic, CT Pre-registration required (888) SEAPORT	December 4	Yankee Chapter Christmas Party Oxford VFW Oxford, MA

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

This listing is not meant to be all-inclusive. It consists of events that have been brought to the attention of the editor.
If you have an event that you would like to have listed, please send the information to the editor



Charles Gallo

FIRST CLASS MAIL

