



Yankee Chatter



Spring 2012

www.yankeechapter.org

Established 1973

Yankee Chapter - Antique Motorcycle Club of America - Ride 'Em - Don't Hide 'Em

Winter is Over (Such As It Was) 2012 is Here!

June 19, 1913

MOTORCYCLING

This edition of the *Yankee Chatter* arrives later than planned and the next edition is already being drafted!

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The Speedster

THE roads are dry, the sky is clear,
There is no sign of dust;
My bus I now will have to mount,
Or else I'll surely bust.

I take it out and tune it up,
Then mount it for a spin;
And gradually I speed it up
Until I get pulled in.

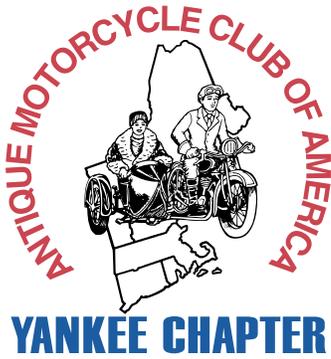
Lo! now I stand before the judge,
And tell my tale of woe;
When he announces ten and costs,
I hand him all my dough.

My spirits quickly droop and fade;
I start my boat in gloom,
As all along the road ahead,
The coppers seem to loom.

But in a week it's all forgot,
As is the way with men,
And I begin to hit it up,
Until I'm pinched again.

And so it goes from month to month,
When riding in a hurry,
And we get pinched from time to time;
But then, "Oh, we should worry!"

The piece at right, from the June 19, 1913 issue of *Motorcycling* magazine, was sent to us by Yankee Dick Miller. Thanks Dick!



Officers and Directors

Director
Dan Margolien

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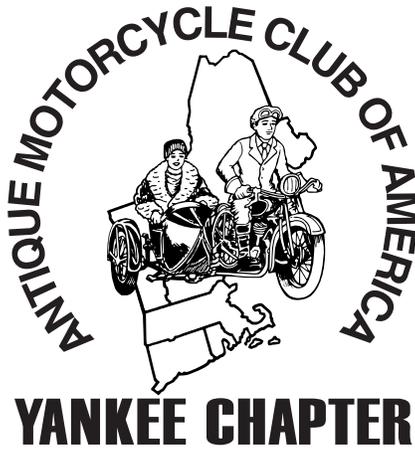
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Philip Mathews

Associate
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Yankee Chatter is the official newsletter of the Yankee Chapter of the Antique Motorcycle Club of America, Inc., and is published four times a year. The Yankee Chapter, Inc. was established April 8, 1973 and is incorporated in the State of Connecticut. Dues are \$15.00 for a family membership and now may be paid up to three years in advance. When you renew your Yankee membership, you will have the choice of receiving your newsletter by e-mail or mail. Renewal fee for the color electronic version will be \$10.00 per year. \$15.00 per year for both the electronic version and a B&W hard copy sent via postal service. Membership is non-transferable, and dues are non-refundable.

Applicants wishing to join the Yankee Chapter must first be members in good standing of the National AMCA, Yankee Chapter. Current members and new applicants may send renewals/applications to the Chapter Membership Chairperson at any time. An application is inserted into this edition for easy completion and mailing.

Distribution of Yankee Chatter is to Chapter member of record in good standing, officers and directors of the AMCA, and editors of other AMCA chapters.



Director's Message

Welcome to the 2012 season and all it has to offer us!

Check out the back of your membership card (or page 17 in this issue of the *Yankee Chatter*) and remind yourself of all in store: Sterling Ride, Maine Ride, Berkshire Ride, the Rhinebeck Meet, and of course the Yankee 2012 National! It seems to be a pretty good chapter schedule with room for you to enjoy the other meets and time to do your own thing.

The New Sunshine Chapter National Meet

I traveled down to Florida for the first time to attend the Sunshine Chapter National Meet, check out the judging process with Carl Olsen, and to meet with the AMCA Board. As you may know, the Sunshine Chapter moved their meet to a new site. Some members were not happy with that and rented the old site to have a meet the same weekend, so there was a division in the club and there were two antique motorcycle meets in the area that same weekend. The AMCA meet was huge, and it was unfortunate we had to travel an hour between the meets to check everything out. It seems the split has a lot to do with the club communication, and the lack of a process for the members to be involved in the decision-making. I hope in the Yankee Chapter you feel you can exercise your membership rights and have a voice in our decision-making; the chapter is not mine, it is OURS. If you have something to say, please do not hesitate to contact any of the leadership you are most comfortable with; all the contact info is here in the newsletter.

AMCA National Issues

Another issue within the AMCA is the threat of the Chief Blackhawk Chapter to withdraw from the AMCA. There is some friction between the CBH Chapter and the AMCA Board following the CBH President being expelled from the AMCA compounded by a broader concern about a lack of transparency and communication between the AMCA leadership and the membership. The CBH Chapter feels the only way they can wake up the AMCA Board is with the leverage they have with their super meet at Davenport. There does not seem to be a threat of losing this meet, but if it becomes a Chapter meet (not a National), there would be no vendor fees paid to the AMCA and there will be no AMCA-sanctioned judging. From what I understand, even if the CBH Chapter withdraws from AMCA altogether, they intend to host the Davenport meet as an independent organization.

All of this activity has created a stream of pointed and often angry communication to the AMCA Board, with some asking for more membership and chapter participation at the AMCA Board level. Some members are calling for a complete overhaul of the AMCA Board. While at the Sunshine Meet, I had a chance to meet with Richard Spagnolli, the AMCA President. He told me the AMCA Board is considering all the input they have received and he is looking for even more ideas and comments from membership. I believe the Board recognizes they are in a difficult position, that changes must be made, but what those changes should be, and how they will be made is not clear.

If you have something you want him to hear, you can write or call him; his contact information is in the AMCA magazine. One of the most challenging ideas is to have member or chapter representatives

sit on the board. Only 22% of the AMCA National membership are members of a local Chapter, so having a chapter representation structure doesn't necessarily mean representation for all members.

I learned that any AMCA member is invited to speak to the AMCA Board at the Chesapeake Chapter's Jefferson Meet at the White Rose Motorcycle Club in October. There will be an AMCA Board meeting there, and if you want time to address the board directly, you can ask for time and it will be granted. You can make your formal request to the AMCA Secretary or Richard Spagnolli. Again, their contact info is in the AMCA magazine. Even if you can't make it to the meet in Jefferson, I've gotten word that many members of the AMCA Board will be attending our Hebron meet, so you should have a chance for personal dialogue. Finally, while in Florida, I learned that there will soon be line-by-line financial reports from the AMCA distributed to each Chapter. This has never happened before, so clearly the AMCA Board is aware and trying to do things differently.

Yankee Chapter Bylaws

All this talk of transparency and club friction brings me to an important Yankee Chapter topic. Your Board has been working on a new set of chapter bylaws in order to formally define and improve the process by which the chapter operates. We're working to better define the roles and responsibilities, the method of electing officers, and even a process for expelling and officer. Since this is a document with legal implications, we're seeking legal advice to help make sure our governing documents will meet the federal and state legal requirements of a club such as ours. When the bylaws are ready for your review and vote, all members will receive a copy and a ballot. Yes, the Yankee Chapter bylaws must be voted upon by the membership. Rest assured that when that time comes, we will explain it all in detail and to ensure you may cast an informed vote. I'd like to thank the Board for their effort, and Mark Hunnibell and Sandy Gallo – in particular – for their extended effort to get us to a place where we can now see light at the end of the tunnel.

AMCA National Meet at Hebron

2012 is the year of our first AMCA National Meet in recent years. We've had national meets since 1973, but our last was about six years ago. We've seen nice growth in our Yankee Chapter meet attendance, so I expect a little more growth with the National. As you may know, the main "extra" features of the National vs. the Chapter meet are the AMCA-sanctioned points judging and sending AMCA of a portion of the vending space fees.

The Meet Schedule: In order to give everyone a sense of the scope of what running this meet will mean, I wanted to share some of the plans to help everyone understand the timing of the events and activities each day. I'd like to add a technical seminar, so if you are willing to demonstrate anything; truing flywheels, assembling a wheel, painting, anything at all, please let me know and we can schedule it. It can be short or long; no rules. Don't be shy. With that said, here's the current draft of the schedule for the three-day meet.

Thursday 26	
11:00 AM	Place signage
12:00 PM	Field marking / Set up
1:00 PM	Vendors may arrive- no rules
Friday 27	
Before 8:00 AM	Vendors arrival
8:00 AM	Meet opens Gate fee collection begins Bike display begins
4:00 PM	Gate fee collection ends
6:00 PM	Banquet and Yankee Member Recognition Award
Saturday 28	
8:00 AM	Gate fee collection begins Bike display begins
9:30 AM	Mystery Ride departs
11:30 AM	Mystery Ride returns
2:00 PM	Field Games
3:00 PM	
4:00 PM	Yankee judging & awards Gate fee collection ends
5:00 PM	Jam band kicks off
6:00 PM	Chapter cookout
Sunday 29	
8:00 AM	No gate fee Judge's Breakfast
9:00 AM	AMCA Judging begins
12:00 PM	AMCA Judging results / trophies
1:00 PM	Meet ends
5:00 PM	Fairgrounds completely empty

2012 Yankee National Meet DUY Roster				
Signage	Tom Carlson			
Design/Order shirts	Charlie Gallo			
Design/Order pins	Charlie Gallo			
Order trophies	Dan Margolien			
Plan Banquet				
Fairgrounds communication	Rich Corriea			
Arrange Door Prizes				
	Thursday	Friday	Saturday	Sunday
Set up/Take down awnings				
Move trash barrels out				
Volunteer #2				
Volunteer #3				
Volunteer #4				
Collect Trash barrels				
Volunteer #2				
Volunteer #3				
Volunteer #4				
Volunteer #5				
Mark Field				
Vendor management	Dan Margolien			
Road Run Leader			Gene Levesque	
Field Game Leader				
Field Game Vol #2				
Field Game Vol #3				
Field Game Vol #4				
Judging Pre-Registration	Donny Spence			
Judging On-Site Registration	Donny Spence			
Chapter Chief Judge		George Tsunis	George Tsunis	George Tsunis
Judge #2				
Judge #3				
Judge #4				
Judge #5				
Judge #6				
Judge #7				
Judge #8				
Judge #9				
Judge #10				
Judge #11				
Judge #12				
Judge #13				
Judge #14				
Judge #15				
Sell Merchandise				
8AM - 9AM				
9AM - 10AM				
10AM - 11AM				
11AM - 12PM				
12PM - 1PM				
1PM - 2PM				
2PM - 3PM				
3PM - 4PM				
Gate				
8AM - 9AM				
9AM - 10AM				
10AM - 11AM				
11AM - 12PM				
12PM - 1PM				
1PM - 2PM				
2PM - 3PM				
3PM - 4PM				

Help Wanted: I know I may sound like a broken record when I say that we need volunteers to help make everything work, but we DO need your help! A few members have contacted me and said they are not sure HOW to volunteer or WHAT to volunteer to do. Well, as thick as I am, I finally got the message and put together the following "2012 National Duty Roster." You will see we need the most volunteers to work the gate, work the merchandise table, and help with the AMCA judging. Honestly, with nearly 200 members in the chapter, if you volunteer for only an hour, we can spread the work around to practically nothing. But without a viable number of volunteers, we'll have people trapped at the gate for hours at a time. Please take a look at the schedule on the preceding page and let me know where you can help out; I'll manage the list. If the space in the table is open, it means we need someone!

AMCA Judging is an important element of any National Meet. In Florida, there were about 30 bikes for judging Sunday morning. About one third were American, one third were European, and one third were Japanese. I met Carl Olsen, the new AMCA Chief Judge and attended a judging seminar for Japanese bikes. It seems the process for the judging has not radically changed this year. We used the standard forms, judged in teams, and all the participants were satisfied by their involvement and scores seemed fair. I have asked our Yankee Chapter member George Tsunis to help lead the Yankee 2012 judging teams. He has participated in the AMCA process as both a judge and a participant and brings a tremendous amount of experience. We've got several volunteers from the last newsletter request, but I know there are a lot more of you out there: I need your help Sunday morning from 8 am 'til noon. Another AMCA member, Donny Spence, will come with and his daughter to help with the preregistration and the judging sheets compilation. Carl Olsen is also planning to be at the meet. So, the most important element to cover is the judges themselves. You do not have to have a lot of experience, or feel you are some kind of expert; you can focus on the types of bikes you are familiar with, and will be put on a team with at least one other. There is a strong following of the Japanese bikes, so please do not hesitate to lend your experience. If you want to judge, but do not have experience we can arrange for you to be an assistant judge at Oley or Rhinebeck so you will be comfortable with the process by the time Hebron rolls around.

Entering a Bike for Judging: In terms of entering a bike for judging, it is very helpful to preregister for the judging so we can have the right mix and number of judges. So please, if you are thinking of having your bike judged at Hebron, preregister on the AMCA website or drop me a note.

Vendor Registration: I've received a few calls from vendors about the Hebron National Meet. I'm taking vendor pre-registrations so we can get a handle on the size of the meet and more effectively prepare for it. If you are planning to vend at the meet, help me help you by giving me a call or dropping me an email.

Ride 'em – Don't Hide 'em: I'll close by reminding you that the club rides have been getting a lot of positive feedback. Don't hesitate to participate this year. The riding can be as long or short as you want, and the camaraderie is second to none.

As usual, you can reach me at cell phone 978-764-5587 or email me at danmargolien@yahoo.com. I welcome your call.

Warmest Regards,

Dan Margolien

My Top 10 List

by Jim Barnard

Greetings from the first week of 2012. I am at present nicely medicated due to the bronchitis generated cough that has somehow pulled a muscle in my arse. Now, when I cough, I have to grab my right leg and hold it folded under me like a crane (water fowl, not construction) so that the hurting is less. The marketable combination of codeine cough medicine and muscle relaxer has made me keen on the idea of writing down a few old motorcycle anecdotes. Rather than creating a fabrication... like the *Hustler* Forum, or explaining something technical and helpful to others, I have decided to approach this just like I did when asked to speak in front of my trade organization or at my cousin's wedding: I will create a *Top 10 List* just like David Letterman. This relieves me from the hassle of making sense for more than a paragraph or two at a time.

But ten of what would be interesting to this crowd? I guess that it would not be pandering to pick something that we all agree on: Old Motorcycles. Since it would not be fair to pick bikes that I owned from the past that were new then but are antique now, I will pick bikes that were no less than 10 years old when I was riding them. And to make even more rules before I begin, the bikes must have been registered and driven... not just trailer queens that sat in my office or were flipped to France to make a few Francs. Oh, it would also help if the subjects of this story had a few worthy memories attached.



These ground rules mean that I do not get to include the **1960 Ariel Leader 250**, reputed to be completely restored and – as luck would have it – seized up as soon as I got it home. When I did get this beast going (thanks to the Scotty at the Classic Motorcycle in Terryville, CT) a left turn would cause the brake lever to be compressed into the fixed windshield so that the front wheel would lock up in a tight turn (as you would guess, this only happened

in front the fuzz¹ or a bus full of high school cheerleaders on roofies²). That bike never really got registered, so it is hereby omitted. Also to be skipped is my one-time dream bike, a **1956 Harley Davidson KHK**. I had paid a king's ransom for this bike from a well-known bike guy in Kingston, NY with the assertion that it was correct and ready for paint. New tank, various missing inner motor parts and a carburetor later, it was painted and ready for the first of many, many miles of vintage riding bliss. I pulled her out into



¹ If you are under 40 years of age, please replace "fuzz" with "police officer."

² If you are over 40 years of age, please replace "roofies" with "Spanish Fly."

the driveway, went through the KHK dance (that some of you may know well) and gave it one hell of a kick. To my wide-eyed astonishment, the kicker neglected to engage the gear that would provide some needed resistance in the downward leg motion that I was now experiencing and with rag doll alacrity, my leg bent backwards at the knee so badly that I could not drive a shift car for a year as I used my left foot to work the gas and the brake whilst sitting at an odd angle whenever I drove myself around. Needless to say, I put it on eBay and sold it without ever riding it.

But I do get to talk about these...

[10] 1966 Harley Davidson M50S

Yes, I really did register this 49cc Aermacchi moped motorcycle. I did not register it because it was right (though in Connecticut, it must be registered because it has a 3 speed gearbox). Rather, I made it legal because I thought it a grand idea to ride it in the Vermont Motogiro. Now, please understand that this was my first experience with the two-day 250-plus-mile ride in some of the most picturesque mud mountains and boney wash outs to be found near the ski resorts of New England. Yes, I knew that the M50 seat was very similar to Olga Korbett's balance beam and, yes, I knew that a Schwinn Phantom had larger wheels and a higher top speed, but I was in a swashbuckling mood and no amount of common sense could change that.



Now, in honesty, I can relate to you that I quit the Motogiro late on "Day 1" after a torturous 136 miles. I was beaten by the rain and mud. I was defeated by the seat that stuck to my butt after only 100 miles, making an audible 'POP' as my starfish disengaged from it when I got gas. I was beaten by the third gear that would "boing" out as I tried to scale a large mountain and the gearbox that required me to slow to 3-4 MPH to reacquire first gear. I was beaten by myself, who chose this cool Italian conversation piece, instead of a sensible Honda CUB 50 to be my steed in the modern version of the "Wacky Races."

This bike is no longer with me as it went away in the big "Sell Off" of last year where 14 bikes were sold to make way for a new retirement home. Yes, I am only 50, but at this rate the house will be done when I am 65.



[9] 1973 Harley Davidson Sportster XLCH 1000

I bought this machine in 1986. It was my 5th motorcycle and replaced my first wife. When I got this bike, it had a wide moderately extended front fork and was painted metallic beige with a rudimentary wing on each side of the peanut tank. Many of you recognize the designation "CH" in XLCH and Harleys code for "Can't Hardly ever start" if you've been drinking. I must say that as far

as corporate ideas go, this was a solid one but, at that time in my life, I was drinking quite a lot and this happened to be my “TT Special” or Tavern-to-Tavern bike.

Funny drinking story comes to mind here: I am tempted to relate this as happening to “my friend” or perhaps “this guy I once knew,” but I fear that those would be thin lies and with my memory with what it is today, I can’t seem to keep deception straight in my head.

Anyway... it was not my first bar of the day when I found myself playfully bantering with a seeming-single leather-clad woman in Hartford’s “Park Place Tavern” of the mid 1980’s. I recall her looking like Joan Collins complete with the soft focus they used in the TV show “Dynasty” to offset the signs of age on the actress to keep her “foxy.” Since the woman I was talking to was not old or on film, I suspect that the blurriness was provided by tequila and not a camera trick.

At some point, the conversation turned somewhat less amicable and I was asked to “get the Fresno out of my bar” or something very close to that effect at about 120 decibels. I thought earlier that she was single and at least not dating anyone in the bar, but now, based on what I was seeing, I had to believe that she was dating everyone in the bar. In a surprisingly short period of time, I had gone from being welcome to being very unwelcome by about 30 patrons of the esteemed Park Place Tavern. Those of us familiar with this bar in this era will attest to my peril and how things may soon get a little “Hollister” (not the clothes store either, but the 1947 event in Hollister, California that prompted the 1953 movie “The Wild One”).

I hurried out of the front door as the entire bar emptied onto the sidewalk where my trusty XLCH leaned too far on its side stand (because of the too long forks). I threw my leg over the bike without kicking anyone as the crowd was very close and started it up on the first kick. My only thought here is that the adrenalin coming off me in waves was actually flammable and acted like ether causing the motor to catch right away.

During this whole time, “Joan Collins” was ranting away at a pitch normally reserved for dogs. With my bike started and freedom just a “clutch in, then shift, then clutch out” away, I regained the power of speech – thank goodness – and explained, *“If you don’t tell me what made you so mad, (vroom) then how (vroom, vroom) can I apologize? (vroom, vroom, Screeee) F.U!”* At this point, it was unclear even to me why I should promote Fairfield University to a passel of potential assassins, but “Screeee” was the sound the rear tire made when not enough thought was put into a careful release of the clutch while a 1000cc motor was redlining.

At this point things moved along very quickly, yet in the silent slow-motion in which your body and mind collude to somehow better your chances of surviving something that invokes your flight or fight instincts. The crowd parted as the bike jumped forward. Apparently, I stayed on the throttle while the bike was flying off the sidewalk curb and onto Park Road in a desperate attempt to flee with some shred of dignity. Oddly, my rear wheel was more keen on escape faster than the rest of the Sportster as it tried to pass the rest of the bike on the left. The XLCH and I must have looked like a flat tracker in a wide dirt turn where the bike is sideways yet moving forward under control... for a second or two, anyway.

I am sure that there is an objective scientific explanation for the next three seconds, but the best I can do is to say that, at one certain point, friction overcame inertia causing the bike to stand up straight and stop dead in the middle of the road. No, the three seconds are not yet over because now a third

factor called centrifugal force has a profound effect on the rider of said machine. As the bike righted itself sideways at 20 or so miles an hour it did not stop at right side up, but rather completed the arc, much like the catapults of medieval days, tossing the golden-tongued divorcee 20 feet further down the road to rest on the dual yellow line of the main drag.

If my desire had been to entertain a mob, I had succeeded. If my goal was to get out of Dodge, then I had better get off the ground before the cops, the mob, or “Joan Collins” could get to me. Luckily, I had made it 100 feet away at that point (my bike only made it 80 feet) and that bought some time. The smack down had put the left side of my handlebars straight up in the air and the road left an impression on every part of painted sheet metal. The bike had to be restarted and did, as it seems that embarrassment is every bit as flammable as adrenalin. I headed not for home, but to another bar (that is another story for another time) with my left foot resting on the motor (that side peg seemed to be AWOL), my left hand 12 inches above my right one and both on the grips and still ‘yet to feel’ all the bruises that will show up in the coming days.

In the 25 years or more since this fateful day, I have heard this story repeated three times by people who I do not know, in bars other than the one it occurred. As you may guess, the story got bigger and better as time went by, to the point that the last retelling had the “me” character beaten up by the “Joan Collins” in some sort of a death match while the crowd cheered in a circle. Only once did I chime in to admit that that idiot was – indeed – me.

The bike got repaired and was driven another two or three years, before being sold so I could get a used Heritage Softail. Back then, used Harleys were gold and could be ridden for free if you took care of them and sold them right.



[8]1974 Honda ST90

This is a great little pressed-frame Honda in the style of the CT70 Trail bike that I had so wanted in my youth. I have had CT70's. They were not great as transportation, but this 90 was very usable. It had 14-inch wheels and could do a screaming 45 MPH and it always started. I used this as a beach bike and I sometimes commuted over Avon Mountain on it when I wanted to be the first vehicle in a long, long line of cars.

When I was a kid, my parents wanted me to be an alter boy. I had been dreaming about what it would be like to own a little Honda, because at that time, you could go almost anywhere in town on trails. The cops were still a few years away from chasing any kid who crossed the street on a trail bike, so this was still good innocent fun. Seeing the writing on the wall with the alter boy thing, I was able to strike a deal that netted me some wheels. My Dad settled on a Suzuki TS90. It was a small motor in a large bike with big wheels, saving me from a certain death by “woodchuck hole.” The real reason, I soon gleaned, was this bike was road worthy and he could put a few miles on it if he chose to. Now never mind that 11-year-old me would have been much safer on a bike that I could touch the ground while sitting on and the only way I could dismount the Suzuki was to slow down and ditch it, I needed to be secure in the knowledge that I was safe from woodchuck holes.

So the 12-year-old me became proficient at three things:

- Riding a motorcycle (at least until stopping was required)
- Specializing at funerals while wearing a cassock and surplus
- Making deals that require a little give and take from both sides

That ST90 reminded me of why and how I got into motorcycling but is no longer with me.

[7] 1966 Honda 305 Dream

This CA77 is one of the very few bikes I own that someone else lost their shirt on. I was lucky to have bought it at \$3,000, a price that is well below what was put into it, never mind the cost of the bike before the “freshening.” This bike was my fifth Dream that I owned, but only the third that I was able to get running. I absolutely love the unique design with the bedspring front link suspension, enclosed chain case, squared off fenders and 1950’s breadbox-like tank. This is a bike I still have. It has survived the recent sell off (“is it art, ballast or do I actively use it?”) that has made me less of a head case curator and more of a normal hobbyist. The bike is clean and dependable and if 300 miles of Fall Motogiro have anything to say about it; comfy under duress.

Most Honda guys say that the 305 to have is the Super Hawk. While the fun of the Super Hawk does not escape me, I prefer the more erect riding position of the Dream and because I feel so cool on the Dream, I don’t mind turning the throttle and waiting a bit for speed. A guy on a Dream should not be in a rush (however it is OK if he is erect).



[6] 1966 Triumph Bonneville Chopper

Who *didn't* want a chopper in the 70's? I remember all the Hollywood movies about chopper gangs and the girls that they got and I guess I bought into the whole outlaw biker thing. I was still in High School when I bought this Bonny. It was a hardtail with a stupid rake on the telescopic forks that never compressed, but were so long that they just flexed. It was metallic brown sheet metal and frame, hex oil bag, 70's bars with six acute angles, 48-inch tall sissy bar made from twisty square stock, king and queen seat and a peanut tank tilted so much that the petcock couldn't access a third of the gas. Oh, yeah... and the gas cap looked like “Hager the Horrible's” helmet.

There are hundreds of stories surrounding this particular bike, many of which would have been prevented if I was better acquainted with Loctite®. My grandfather (Gramps) was a Pratt and Whitney mechanic from the old days. I remember him telling me that he worked with Howard Hughes on his plane one day when Hughes flew in unannounced.



Gramps had always helped me with anything from science projects to fixing my bicycles when I was a kid, so I should have not been so surprised when one day I walked into his basement to visit and noticed a cylinder head on his bench. My Gramps was honing this cylinder with a portable drill as I walked up to say “Hi.” As I approached from the side I bonked my head on what appeared to be a stupid long fork hanging from the rafters. Then I noticed my wheel set under the bench. The peanut tank on the broom hook and the fenders were coated with some jelly that could only be paint stripper.

“Cylinders are pretty good,” He said.

“Holy Crap!” I thought to myself. Did I say out loud *“I wonder what the inside of the motor looks like?”* when I dropped the bike here for the winter?

“I knew you did not like the brown paint, so I began to prep this for new paint,” Gramps said.

I began to wonder if I get to pick what color the pistons were gonna be painted.

“Since the motor was out, I thought it was a good time to check for wear,” Gramps stated.

And that’s how my ’66 chopper emerged into the spring of 1979 with black paint and the yellow “Bat signal” on the side of the gas tank. All the stories about this bike of being chased by the police, the debacle with DMV over frame numbers (Frame number? What frame number?), why we don’t ride on sidewalks and racing a motorcycle with a 13-foot long secondary chain are going to have to wait.

This bike was sold to make way for my first wife in 1984.



Gramps

[5] 1975 Rupp Centaur

Elvis had one. These were produced by Rupp and made in Mansfield, Ohio. They are perhaps one of the great products that – every few years – get past common sense auditors (like “Inspector No. 5” who explained that *“they don’t say Hanes until I say they say Hanes”*) that would ordinarily stop a potential product that is risky or dangerous from being sold to an unwitting public. I lump a number of great products in to this category:

- **Lawn Darts (Jarts).** It does not take a brain surgeon to figure out why these are on my list. It could, however, take one to assess and repair the damage that these can cause. If you just emerged from a 50-year coma (Jart induced?), you may not know that these were huge weighted

steel darts that were thrown into the air near the opposing team of players standing by a hoop laid on the grass a set number of feet from the other team. The game's object was to bombardier the Jart into the circle. To say that this alone was dangerous is a bit of an understatement, however, the likelihood that some "life of the party" will yell "Kowabunga!" and throw a lawn "Jart of Death" 100 feet into the air to see the neighbors scramble like Fran Tarkenton under a blitz was absolutely to be counted upon.³

The main problem with this product was that the laws of natural selection (life's bouncer that is supposed to keep idiots from breeding and weakening our gene pool) do not eliminate the natural selectee. It simply kills or maims an innocent, leaving the selectee alive to breed. The laws of natural selection do – however – tend to be effective in sanitizing the gene pool of those engaged in such activity as sky diving, skate-boarding, texting while driving, stealing copper from switch yards, golfing in the rain, living in a trailer home, mixing crystal meth, riding a chopper, smoking, smoking in bed, smoking on oxygen, snuff films, mouthing off in the Park Place Tavern, auto-erotic asphyxiation, etc.

- **The Chevy Corvair, the Ford Pinto, and all 2010 Toyotas.** See "Unsafe at Any Speed: The Designed-In Dangers of the American Automobile" by Ralph Nader.
- **Fords with Firestone tires in the 90's.** "Rock and Rollover" is not just a KISS record...

- **The Rupp Centaur.** These were produced to the tune of 1,200 units in 1974 & 1975. They were made in 4 colors (blue, red, yellow, and white) and in a single-seat or two-in-line seat configuration. The two-seater actually has stirrups mounted outside the body to accommodate the passenger on back. I say 'accommodate' because you had better be dating the passenger because the passenger's crotch is the driver's headrest. The knees are not the only thing in the breeze. Do NOT take your or anyone's grandmother for a ride on a Centaur. These are registered as Motorcycles in all the states. DMV will NOT know what to do with this machine. (neither will AMCA judges) So be fair and bring your owner's manual and any literature to your VIN verification and Sunday Judging. This will save you days and return trips to the DMV.



This machine was originally designed to have a VW Super Beetle motor in it (they still will bolt right up), but VW raised the price, so Rupp went to Kohler for the cheaper 340cc 2-stroke snowmobile motor and tranny. Tranny is a centrifugal clutch. These motors failed when run steadily at high RPMs. They also 'sploded when the injector belt failed or when it was too hot out.

³ On December 19, 1988, the Consumer Product Safety Commission banned lawn darts from sale in the United States.

In addition to these fatal issues, the fiberglass flexed too much and cracked; the front end was too light to take a corner under speed and you were so low that you were invisible to traffic. I do ride this sometimes. It turns more heads than a drive-in showing porn without a fence. I had assumed that it would be a great Memorial Day parade vehicle (excepting the occasional WW2 Veteran's crotch as a headrest) but – as I can attest – the thing will omit a swamp of blue smoke while on the parade route. Last time, the smoke was so bad that I have now been forbidden to be in the Simsbury Memorial Day Parade on this machine.

I still have this thing. Sometimes I think about selling it... but am glad that I have not. If there 400 of these things running now, I would be surprised. Oh yeah, Elvis' red one is still at Graceland.



[4] 1971 Harley Davidson XLH 900 (Boat Tail)

Oh, how I loved this bike in the beginning! It was rare, it was odd and it was a flop when HD produced them in 1970/71. Every one that I talked to (except that Tim guy who has the Blue one) got these only after they sat on the show room floor until all the “normal” fendered XL’s and XLCH’s were sold off. They bought these and went right home to strip off the fiberglass tail and installed a stock fender before getting a beer at the local clubhouse.

In hindsight (in this case hindsight is not 20/20, but is rather myopic), the Willie G seat section was so stunningly ugly that it somehow breached the 180

degree separation and was also astoundingly beautiful. HD put these on some 1970 models, but learned to sell them as part of a \$60 option package in 1971. The \$60 also bought you the 65 Biscayne taillight, the plastic/vinyl seat, the glass and an under-fender in steel. Mine was the touring XLH with bags, windscreen, four-gallon turtle tank and electric start. The bags had weathered to a yellowish non-white that clashed so badly with the Birch White paint that they had to be removed (but looked great on a sparkling green XL).

I am afraid that the Sportster four-speed gearbox, iffy brakes, high center of gravity and untamed motor is why I ended up parting with this bike. I never really rode this thing in the symbiotic sense of man and machine melding as one. I mostly kind of sat on it and hoped not to fly off the road or under something moving fast in the other direction.

You may remember this bike from a feature in “American Iron Magazine” a few years ago. This bike was used as a trade in towards a sidecar for my '97 FLHRI.

[3] 1965 Harley Davidson Sprint C 250

Since I cannot have three #1 choices, here is my first #1 choice, but is numbered #3. Nothing tickles me more that hitting a local HD open house and parking this gem in a long line up of new Harleys. This bike has the kick stand on the right. So when it is parked next to modern bikes (Hell, almost all bikes, really), it leans the other way. Duck, duck, duck, duck, GOOSE, duck, duck... You get what I mean. The “Work to Ride/Ride to Work” club always gathers and stares at it. Most of the history-ignorant modern riders

wait until I am out of ear shot and make statements like “Look how AMF ruined the company” or “These Hummers were actually made in Germany” and more of the sort. It usually throws the doubters to see the aluminum side cover with HARLEY-DAVIDSON cast right into it or how the grips would be correct on a 1965 FLH.

Aside from the cool history of HD buying Aermacchi Nautica (HA! Spell check just told me I have misspelled Earache Nautical) around 1960 and using the Italians to compete with the Japanese and the British instead of the Milwaukee-made model 165, Pacer, Ranger and Bobcat, it is a terrific rider. I love the torquey way this thing jumps when first is engaged and flies with a throaty growl. It is balanced and smooth. The engine pulse syncs with your heartbeat and makes you one with it. You feel the street and taste the air. Sure, it's a limited bike that you may want to stay local with, but you are alive every moment you are on this bike.



I just had the wheels rebuilt and the '65 paint scheme done in Sparkling Violet and Birch White by fellow Yankee Ross “Guy” Puleo at Sonny's of Lowell, Massachusetts. It is a keeper and I hope to put many miles on it this year.



[2] 1971 Velocette LE 200

LE stands for “Little Engine” and is possibly the result of the British sense of humor that thinks a “slapping your dance partner with a fish” or “Upper Class Twit of the Year” contest is funny. True that this is a funny little machine that was popular with the British Police earning this bike the nickname “noddy bike” due the fact that a mounted Policeman did not have to salute his superior while on his LE, he just had to nod.

This bike is a 198cc flat opposing head shaft drive water cooled rubber mounted four-speed with sprung saddle in addition to the front and rear adjustable suspension. Very unique ride and virtually silent running. This actual bike was the second to last Velocette off the assembly line in 1971 as the plant was put in receivership and out of business. I have a photograph of this actual machine and the very last one to be made on the assembly line from a British newspaper story about the plant closing. When I got the bike, she had 125 or so original miles on the odometer. I have put about 225 more on it. I retired this bike because I feared the original Dunlops would soon let me down and I did not want to change a thing on her.

She is in the AMCA Winner's Circle and has more than 20 trophies on her wall. She is now for sale and may well be sold at the Mid-America Auction on May 19th at the Motorcyclepedia Museum in Newburg, NY.⁴

⁴ <http://www.midamericaauctions.com/motorcycle/velocette/velocette-le-2/>

[1] 1959 Triumph 3TA 350

I like the enclosed look of this little Triumph as well as how civilized it rides. The look was not universally appreciated when it was first sold to the public. It seemed to suffer the same fate as the XLH Boattail. People tore the extra sheet metal off and rode it as a normal-fendered bike. But for me, I would not be too interested in a 350 from '59 without it being an original survivor.

The ride is very balanced and vibration free, at least in comparison to a 500 or 650 Triumph. Although I dislike the light metallic blue paint, it is way better than the burgundy paint that so many of these had. This is the only bike that I have ever bought in a different country. I used "Cotswold's Classics" and had a pretty good experience with them. The shipping was another story. It arrived in New Jersey and was there for 2 weeks before I was notified. It was subject to a \$60 per day storage charge that is likely to amount to big money if the shipper (who is the storage company) does not inform you that the bike has arrived. Then it dawned on me that it was destined to arrive in Boston, not Jersey. But before I could figure this out, yet after I paid a bribe to the dockmaster in Jersey, it was on a truck to Boston where I had to leave vacation to pay another bribe to retrieve it on the dock there. I got there right away, but not before a fresh crowbar mark had appeared on the bathtub.



When the screaming in my head was done echoing, I drove this home and have loved it ever since. She is a keeper and I hope to be able to fit it in the '59 Fleetwood I have for my casket, along with my 1971 Ovation Breadwinner, Eerie #1, 1964 George Dickel Powder Horn and several pounds of jerky.

Submitted respectfully,

Jim Barnard,
7 Richard RD
Simsbury, CT 06070

jqbarnard@aol.com

860 670 4501

www.nemusclebikes.com

www.themelonfarmers.com

www.northeastlightning.com

Most of these bikes can be seen by visiting: <http://www.nemusclebikes.com/motorcycles.php>

Editor's Message

by Mark Hunnibell – Chatter Editor

I do want to apologize for the late production of the Winter 2012 edition of the *Yankee Chatter*. Although the winter was pretty mild, I found myself with everything to do but meet the schedule I published last Fall. The good news is that we've got two great contributions from members in this Chatter and even an advertisement to re-launch the *Yankee Pedlar* section. Please keep the cards and letters coming!

As I said last year, one of the things that I think will make the *Yankee Chatter* most effective will be if we can maintain a publishing schedule. Deadlines help keep us on track and also help you know when to participate if you want to contribute material. To that end, here is the remaining publication 2012 schedule and deadlines for the *Yankee Chatter*:

YANKEE CHATTER EDITION	DATE
Sterling Flyer	April 25, 2012
Spring 2012	May 19, 2012
Advance Notice to Editor of Intention to Submit Material	Sat, Apr 14, 2012
Deadline for Submission of Draft Material	Sat, Apr 28, 2012
Final Deadline for All Material	Sat, May 12, 2012
Publication/Mailing Date	Sat, May 19, 2012
Hebron National Meet Flyer	July 4, 2012
Summer 2012	September 1, 2012
Advance Notice to Editor of Intention to Submit Material	Sat, Jul 28, 2012
Deadline for Submission of Draft Material	Sat, Aug 11, 2012
Final Deadline for All Material	Sat, Aug 25, 2012
Publication/Mailing Date	Sat, Sep 1, 2012
Fall 2012	November 17, 2012
Advance Notice to Editor of Intention to Submit Material	Sat, Oct 13, 2012
Deadline for Submission of Draft Material	Sat, Oct 27, 2012
Final Deadline for All Material	Sat, Nov 10, 2012
Publication/Mailing Date	Sat, Nov 17, 2012

Note: These deadlines are not "hard and fast," but are benchmarks for ideal circumstances. If events occur that necessitate adjustment, we will certainly do so.

Please try to e-mail material for publication to editor@yankeechapter.org, but you may also mail anything to Mark Hunnibell, 376 Black Rock Turnpike, Redding, CT 06896. If you would like any submitted material returned after it is scanned, please include instruction. Also, please provide captions for photos, if possible.

Yankee Spirit Award

When all is said and done, when all the parts are put away, and the bikes are cooled off, our club is about its members and the relationships we build with each other. We thought it would be nice to find a way to recognize those members that make a difference to the club, that help others, that go the extra mile.

To that end, we've developed a new Yankee Chapter award with this stated purpose:

Annually recognize a club member that exemplifies “the Spirit of the Yankees.”

The Process:

- Any Yankee member may nominate any other Yankee member and include a statement up to 150 words supporting the nomination that recognizes a member's contribution to the club. It's up to you to decide why a member should be recognized - there are no formal criteria. You may make as many nominations as you'd like.
- The nominations must be sent or emailed to Mark Hunnibell, our *Yankee Chatter* editor, by April 28 (tear off or just mail the info below). Mark will publish all the nominations and statements in the Spring *Chatter* for mailing on May 19.
- A ballot will be mailed separately a week later so that each member will have time to review the nominations and make your vote by return ballot mailed to the Chapter Secretary. Our Chapter Secretary, Diane Stoyanovich, will count and record all the ballots received by the deadline, June 15.
- The nominee receiving the most votes will be awarded a special perpetual Yankee Member Recognition Award at the Hebron 2012 National Meet Banquet Friday night.

We encourage your participation in this process - if not by nominating someone - then certainly by voting.

Dan

Yankee Spirit Nomination

(email info to editor@yankeechapter.org or mail to 376 Black Rock Tpke, Redding, CT 06896)

Nominee: _____ Nominated by: _____

Statement supporting nomination (150-word maximum):

Springfield Meet Report

by Dan Margolien

The weather was bad that weekend, and a few bikes couldn't make it to the meet due to the weather, but Yankees still had over a dozen bikes at the show and we gave out 2000 Hebron and Rhinebeck flyers. We signed up several new members, got some renewals, and even signed up a couple of new AMCA members. Bill Cawley brought his Matchless, Dana Faucher his '36 Chief, Jim Seidell brought a Triumph that was a surprise birthday present for some one that learned about it only at the show! Bruce Blanchone and his crew brought six different bikes including a couple of HD flattys – one restored and one a barn find – and a very interesting BMW single cylinder; Tom Gottier brought out his HD flat project to show people what it takes to do a restoration, and Mike Brown brought his '38 HD with side car and his '24 JD with a car attached. Shawn Brown brought his knuckle bobber, entered it in the Springfield show and won three nice trophies including one selected by military veterans. Dave Berard spent the entire weekend handing out flyers and promoting the club. I had my little Yamaha 100. It was a great time, and we met a lot of people. If I failed to mention any one I apologize; I'm getting old and didn't take good notes.

Yankee Pedlar

Will trade this '07 Anniversary Harley Davidson for a classic vintage or antique British or German motorcycle. I have all receipts for parts and labor. Total investment \$20,000+. I also have all the original new parts removed from the bike. Only 900 miles on the bike. I can deliver to you.

Some items of interest on the bike. Power commander, and a hypercharger, nitrous oxide system, and an electric shift.

Are you looking to ride? I'm looking to show. Ronald Bell. 860-774-6119
401-323-5119



Event Calendar

	Apr 20-22, 2012	European Chapter International Meet 'Het Uilenest' Gijzenrooi, 5661 PA Geldrop – the Netherlands
	Apr 27-28, 2012	Perkiomen National Meet Oley, PA - 610-948-4553 - oleyfleamarket@comcast.net
	May 6-8, 2012	Los Angeles Chapter Road Run Solvang, CA – http://www.losangelesamca.org
	May 18-20, 2012	Yankee Chapter Sterling Camp & Ride Sterling Park Camp. 177 Gibson Hill Rd, Sterling, CT- 860-564-8481
	May 18-20, 2012	Southern National Meet Denton, NC - 417-838-4777 - http://www.amcasouthernnationalmeet.com
	Jun 3, 2012	Tumbleweeds Motorcycle Club Vintage Day Taunton, MA - tumbleweedmc@comcast.net
	Jun 8-9, 2012	Rhinebeck National Meet Rhinebeck, NY - 518-622-8519 - http://www.rhinebecknationalmeet.com
	Jun 15-17, 2012	Viking National Meet St. Paul, MN - 952-941-4997 - http://www.vikingmc.org
	Jun 15-16, 2012	Fort Sutter National Meet Dixon, CA - 209-748-5126 - http://www.amcafortsutter.org
	Jun 29-Jul 1, 2012	Yankee Maine Road Run Maine - cyclemikel@comcast.net
	July 19-21, 2012	Northern Rockies Chapter Road Run Kaslo, BC - 406-452-8129 - johnrummel@bresnan.net
	Jul 20-22, 2012	Wauseon National Meet Wauseon, OH - 419-929-0291 - http://www.wauseonnationalmeet.org
	Jul 27-29, 2012	Yankee National Meet Lion's Club Fairgrounds, Hebron, CT Contact: Dan Margolien 603-458-5013
	Aug 30-Sep 1, 2012	41st Annual Chief Blackhawk Chapter Meet Davenport, IA - 563-381-4015 - admin@chiefblackhawk.org
	Sep 4-6, 2012	Black Hills Chapter Road Run Spearfish, SD - 605-673-5351 - bbutcher@gwtc.net
	Sep 14-16, 2012	Yankee Mohawk Valley/Indian Summer Berkshires Camp & Ride Charlemont, MA - Contact: Jim Seidell 413-527-0421
	Oct 1-3, 2012	Blue Ridge/Catawba Valley/Dixie Chapter Road Run Maggie Valley, NC - 803-482-3998 - Imharley@truvista.net
	Oct 5-6, 2012	Chesapeake Chapter National Meet Jefferson, PA - 410-692-9291 - scott.english@us.army.mil
	Dec 2, 2012	Yankee Christmas Party and Business Meeting VFW Post 5663 Hall - 20 Federal Hill Road, Oxford, MA 01540 Contact: Dan Margolien 603-458-5013

YANKEE CHAPTER ANTIQUUE MOTORCYCLE MEET

JULY 27 - 29, 2012

**Hebron Lions
Fairgrounds
Hebron, CT**

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

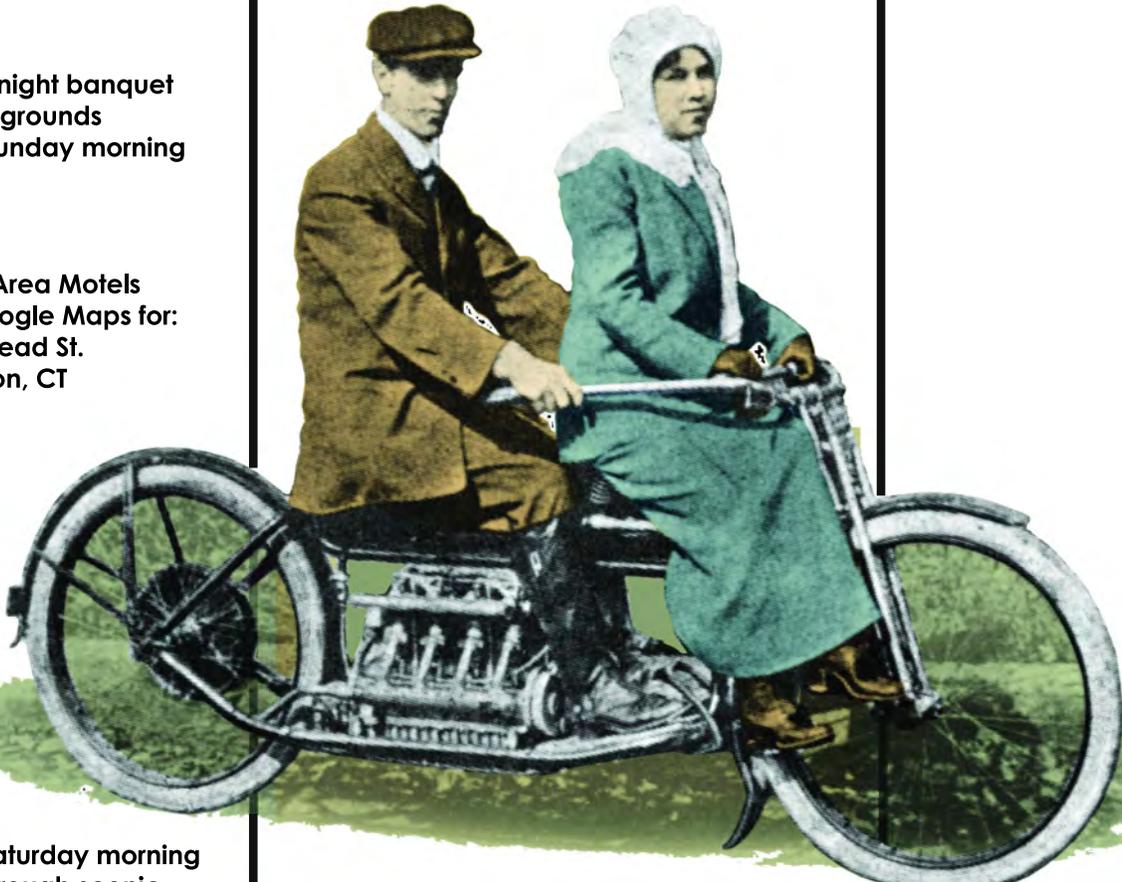
Maps and Area Motels
Please use Google Maps for:
347 Gilead St.
Hebron, CT

Show off your
riding skills.
Field Games
Saturday
Afternoon

Join us on a Saturday morning
road run through scenic
eastern Connecticut.
Bring your bike 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.
Camping available Friday
and Saturday nights.

**RIDE 'EM
DON'T HIDE 'EM**



**YANKEE CHAPTER MEET
HEBRON 2012**

Yankee Chapter Style Judging
Saturday Afternoon
A.M.C.A. Judging Sunday Morning

More Info:
www.yankeechapter.org
Still Have Questions:
Dan Margolien
(603) 458-5013
danmargolien@yahoo.com



2012 Yankee Chapter National Meet

Dates: July 27, 28, 29 2012

Location: Lion's Club Fairgrounds 347 Gilead St.
Hebron, CT 06248

Vendor Application

(Please write legibly)

Name: _____

Street: _____

City: _____

State: _____

ZIP Code: _____

Contact Phone: _____

Contact E-Mail: _____

AMCA # (must be paid AMCA member at time of meet dates): _____

Vehicle type/size: _____

Trailer length: _____ RV length: _____ Electric/Water desired: Yes No (no dumping on site)

What do you intend to sell (brief description): _____

Vending Fee: \$50.00

RV Electric: \$30.00 (required by Fairgrounds for Yankee Chapter to collect)

Amount Enclosed: _____

Send Check and Application To:

Rich Corriea
Treasurer, Yankee Chapter
6 Countryside Dr.
N. Dartmouth, MA 02747

Meet Information:

Dan Margolien
danmargolien@yahoo.com
978-764-5587 evenings

AMCA RHINEBECK GRAND NATIONAL MEET / 2012

FRIDAY JUNE 8TH & SATURDAY JUNE 9TH
Dutchess County Fairgrounds – Rhinebeck, NY

6TH Annual Motorcycle Timeline
Hundreds of Bikes from
1896 – 1977

2nd Annual Leadfist Sideshow
Showcasing Vintage Choppers

Educational & Technical Seminars

AMCA Judging

Antique Parts Vending

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Pre-1960 Hot Rods and More!

FREE ADMISSION

to all exhibitors of
Antique Motorcycles,
Vintage Choppers and
Pre -1960 Hot Rods!

For more information:

www.RhinebeckNationalMeet.com

www.LeadfistCycles.Blogspot.com

Vending Information

Voice Mail: 845-418-2010

E-Mail:

vendors@rhinebecknationalmeet.com

