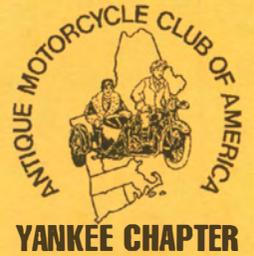




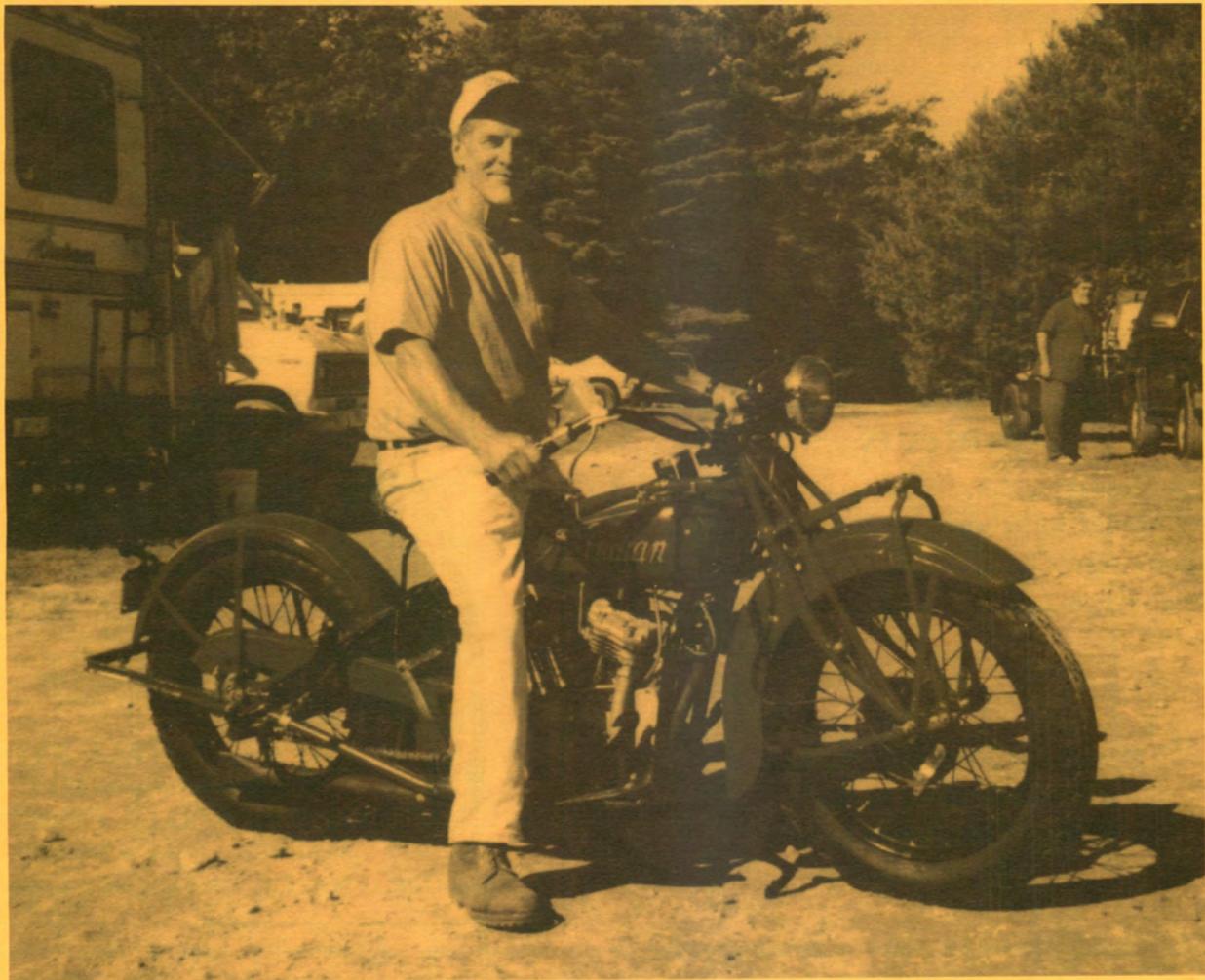
YANKEE CHATTER



Issue 2003 / 3

Established in 1973

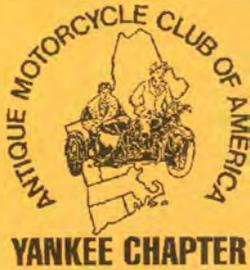
YANKEE CHAPTER
ANTIQUE MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.



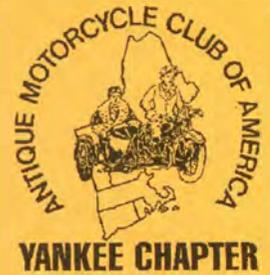
C.Gallo Photo

Giles Adams Trophy Winner

Hal Sanderson captured the Giles J. Adams Memorial Award for 2003. His 1928 Indian 101 Scout is an incredibly smooth running machine. Based on it's serial number, Hal thinks it is probably from the first day of production of 101 Scouts. Hal also won the trophy for Oldest Motorcycle.



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www.yankeechapter.org

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



The Yale Team (3) won the Manufacturers' Trophy Cup in the New Jersey Motorcycle Club's Decoration Day Contest, covering 310 miles in 24 hours' continuous riding, with sealed motors—stopping only for food and supplies. Team members captured first and second prizes for consistent individual riding, and unattached Yale riders finished with perfect scores, receiving, with the team members, the gold medals of the event.

No more convincing clean-up was ever made by any motorcycle in any contest.

1911 4 H. P. YALE \$200

With Bosch Magneto \$235

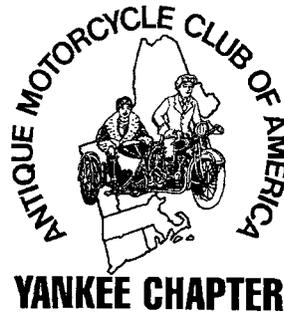
1911 7 H. P. YALE TWIN \$300

Write for Yale literature today.

CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO., 1702 Fernwood Ave., Toledo, O.

YANKEE CHATTER is the official newsletter of the YANKEE Chapter of the Antique Motorcycle Club of America, and is published three times a year, when information warrants. The YANKEE Chapter of the AMC of A was established April 8, 1973. Dues for the 2003 membership year are \$10.00 individual; \$12.50 with associate member. M+1Xep (calendar) year.

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Directors' Messages

Yankee Barbara Salisbury gets five stars, two thumbs up and an A for effort for organizing a great autumn meet in Sterling, CT. The weather was great, the food was delicious and a good time was had by all. Thanks to Critter as well for planning a terrific road run.

Many thanks also to Tom Marston and Jim Friedlander for many years of hard work for Yankee Chapter. We have had a good group of officers for a long time and it has made everyone's job that much easier.

I would like to welcome Will Paley to the director's seat. He will be your new leader, and a fine one at that, I'm sure. He already has some big plans for Yankee Chapter. I would also like to thank all of you, the members of the Yankee chapter, for giving me the opportunity to be your leader for so many years (18 to be exact). Over the years, I've had the opportunity to meet many other AMC members and officers from other chapters. Sitting at the registration table does have its benefits and having a big mouth and some pretty nice old bikes doesn't hurt either. I have enjoyed my time on the frontlines and now look forward to being a member and maybe even riding a bike to a meet!

Stay warm and see you in the spring.

Jessie

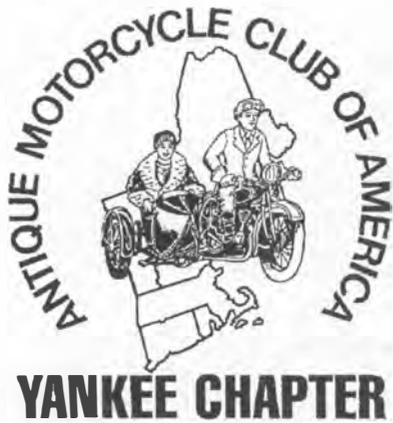
These seem to be times of change for the Yankee Chapter. Jessie is finally going to be able to arrive at Hebron on an antique motorcycle, as she has always dreamed! The rest of us are going to have to work a lot harder to fill her shoes. I will be honored to be your new director.

In what may be the biggest change in the history of our chapter, the directors have voted to start planning for a joint meet that would combine the Yankee, Empire, and Colonial national meets into one regional meet. The confederation could also include the newly formed Big Sandbar Chapter, which presently doesn't host a national meet. If this idea works, the first combined meet would be held in the Summer of 2006.

Meanwhile, I'll need all the help I can get to pull off our 2004 meets at Hebron and Sterling, and even more for our Road Run in 2005. I'll look forward to seeing all of you at Hebron in July.

Best Regards,

Will



**Autumn Meet
Sterling, CT
September 6 & 7, 2003**

By Charles Gallo

Labor Day marks the end of the summer vacation season, but also reminds us to get ready for Yankee's Autumn Meet. This year's meet was again held at the Sterling Park Campground in Sterling, CT. Hoping to build on the success of the 2002 meet, Barbara and Critter Salisbury made preparations for an even better meet in 2003. When Chapter members started arriving at the campgrounds, we expected to have the lower field all to ourselves. That wasn't the case. Several camping trailers were set up and a portion of the field was dug up. Three of the trailers weren't in use. The fourth was occupied by Zee, a friendly woman who graciously moved her picnic table and carpeting out of the way to make room for us and offered the use of her screened tent and stereo. This helped by giving us more space. As Yankees showed up after work on Friday, the area filled up. Tents were set up in the flat area and trucks and trailers were parked on the disturbed dirt. We were careful to allow ample space around the fire rings, which were put to use as the sun started to set.

Groups of Yanks gathered in the firelight to share conversations and refreshments. A bucket was fueled up and escorted around to the various gatherings.

Saturday started off bright and sunny and before you knew it, it was time to head out on "Critter's Mystery Ride II". Where would he lead us this year? What was the special surprise? Would there be ice cream? Twenty-eight bikes and riders ventured out. A short distance into the ride the first question was answered. We turned up a tree lined driveway and arrived at RICONN airport. This is the oldest continuously run private airport in Connecticut and is run by Ed and Ruth Battey, who were our hosts. Ed filled us in on the history of the airport. During the 30's and 40's it was the site of motorcycle races. People would often fly in, watch the races and then fly out afterwards. After showing us his favorite plane, a 1942 Piper Cub, Ed took us on a short walk to another hanger. Here he showed us a number of planes, including a bright yellow Stearman bi-plane, a trainer from World War II. When everyone's questions had been answered, it was time to continue our ride. Traveling along the backroads of Eastern Connecticut, we were



C. Gallo Photo

Critter Salisbury presents a brass Piper Cub belt buckle to Ed and Ruth Battey in appreciation for hosting our visit to their airport. They are standing in front of their 1942 Piper Cub.



C. Gallo Photo

Dave Ingersoll rode his 1929 Indian 101 Scout on Critter's Mystery Ride II. Dave's father bought this bike new in 1929. Dave has restored this beauty and rides it regularly.

treated to the sights and scents of the rural countryside. Our next stop was at the Creamery Brook Farm. Here we were able to satisfy our ice cream cravings. Creamery Brook Farm began as a dairy farm and later became a bison farm. The owners of the farm, Austin and Debbi Tanner, have been fascinated with the majestic buffalo. Their herd has grown from five in 1990 to over a hundred today. We watched the bison grazing in the fields and many riders sampled the bison burgers that were available. Soon we were finished with our snacks and it was time to continue our ride. We rode through the Connecticut hills and enjoyed the bright summer day. The road surface was smooth and solid, but Critter couldn't resist or avoid one short stretch on a gravel surface. Soon we were back at the campgrounds talking about our ride and relaxing.

The sweet smell of roasting pork wafted over the campgrounds. Mrs. Critter had made arrangements with Wydell's restaurant to roast a pig for our banquet. Tables were set up and soon filled with a bounty of side dishes. Barbara really went all out to make this banquet a memorable feast. After dinner we were treated to

entertainment at the camp stage. Zee, whose stage name is Lady Zahava, performed for us. After reclining on a bed of nails, a member of the audience was brought up to assist in the performance. A large concrete block was placed on Lady Zahava's chest as she rested on the bed of nails. The volunteer proceeded to smash the block to pieces with a sledgehammer. Lady Zahava is also a fire performer who dances with fire, eats fire, and breathes fire. For her grand finale, she blew a fireball that was over six feet in diameter and left the crowd gasping. Don't try this at home!

The town of Sterling had a fireworks display on Saturday evening. The Dunbars, friends of

the Salisburys, had graciously agreed to let us use their horseshoe driveway for a friendly gathering and a bird's eye view of the fireworks. On the short ride to the fireworks, our group was separated by traffic. One group ended up watching the fireworks from right across the street from the launch site. Either way it was a fitting end to a great day.

On Sunday morning, Yankees climbed from their tents to find another beautiful day. The complementary Continental breakfast of juices, danish pastries and coffee provided by the Yankee Chapter was well received. As people ate breakfast, a collection of motorcycles gathered across from the Salisburys' camper. This gave the judges an opportunity to inspect the machines. Trophies were presented to the winners. The highlight was the presentation of the Giles J. Adams Memorial Award. Hal Sanderson won this award for his 1928 Indian 101 Scout. After a brief photo session, Yankees gradually broke camp and headed for their homes.

Special thanks go out to Barbara and Critter Salisbury whose hard work and planning made this event so successful.

Chris Duffy offered Marilyn Nagy a ride in his 1945 Harley-Davidson UL sidecar rig. She accepted and thoroughly enjoyed the adventure.



C. Gallo Photo



C. Gallo Photo

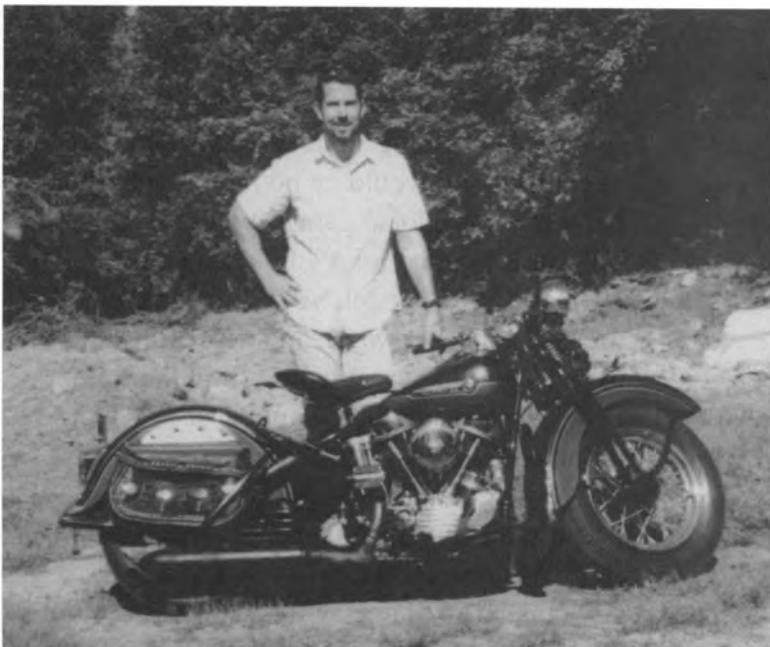
Roger Nelson rode his 1955 Harley-Davidson to Sterling and was awarded a second place trophy for longest distance ridden. He happily accepted the trophy but stated that this was one of his shorter trips.

C. Gallo Photo

Luke Walker won a trophy for the crustiest, rustiest and dustiest motorcycle. His Scout has parts from the 1920's to the 1940's and bears testimony to the interchangeability of Indian Motorcycle parts. No hacksaw required!



Tom Covill proudly displays his 1941 Indian 841 motorcycle. This transverse V-twin with shaft drive is an exceptional beauty. Tom especially enjoyed Critter's Mystery Ride II. He received the Most Unique trophy.



Tim Conley rode his 1948 Harley-Davidson FL to Sterling. He has owned this machine for five years and puts on about 2500 miles a year. It's his runner.

Bob Provencher and Miranda Gatewood won the Longest Distance ridden trophy for their 103 mile trip from Long Island on Bob's unrestored red and black 1957 Harley-Davidson FLH.



Once Upon A Time. . . .

In the last issue we left Raymond after he arrived in Bluff City, Colorado on his motorcycle trip across the United States on his 1934 Harley-Davidson VLD. Here is the continuation of his story:

MY 1941 MOTORCYCLE TRIP

By Raymond F. HasBrouck

I was really beat and wanted a bed to sleep in; I was directed to a rooming house outside of town. I found the place but it was getting late. The woman was getting into her car. She said she was on her way to a square dance and was late already. She showed me the room and bathroom, took my dollar and said I was on my own and left. I was soon washed and in bed. I never heard her come home.

About mid-morning the next day I came to a fair-sized city with a Ford dealership garage. I was able to buy two nuts and washers to properly secure the transmission. I had taken up for wear in the rear chain by moving the rear wheel back. After the ride through all the sand it was slack again and the rear wheel could not be moved back any more. I needed to remove two links from the chain. I asked the mechanic at the garage if I could use his vise for a little while. He said O.K. when I explained my problem. With the vise and a punch and hammer I was able to remove the links. I installed the chain and moved the wheel forward for proper tension. As soon as I started down the street I encountered a red traffic light. I hit the rear brake with zero results - lucky I had a good front wheel brake. When moving the rear wheel forward I had forgotten to shorten the brake rod. A ten minute curbside adjustment corrected the problem.

The big scenic attractions were all behind me now and I laid out a course northeast that would get me to St. Louis. I traveled through southern Colorado, then into Kansas through

Dodge City. In a very lonely and wide-open section of the state my rear tire went flat. Not a blowout with a big bang all of a sudden, but all at once the rear end of the cycle was giving me bad oscillations from left to right. I almost lost control; however, I got stopped, still right side up. I got the machine on the rear stand and removed the wheel. I knew it had been quite a while back when I went through the last town so I started rolling the wheel traveling ahead. I was hoping someone would pick me up, but there was very little traffic. Finally I could see a road grader coming up behind me. The man stopped and gave me a lift. He said it was about eight miles into the town, and he was going all the way. He said the road speed on this grader was only 20 mph but that was fast enough for me and surely beat walking. The town was not large and of course there would be no motorcycle shop, but there was a local garage-type service station. The Harley called for a 4.00-19 inch tire. I knew 1930 and 1931 Model "A" Fords took a 4.75-19 tire, and that size was available. It was a little oversize but I knew it would fit in the frame O.K. The tire and tube would cost \$9.35 mounted.

The tube would not fit onto the rim because the tube had a tapered rubber valve stem. Motorcycle tubes have a metal stem which was smaller in diameter. The attendant said he guessed he couldn't mount it. I asked if he had a rat-tail file and he said yes, but no way would he file the hole in the rim larger. I told him I'd enlarge the hole and do the mounting if he would lower the price to \$9.00 even. He said fine. It took quite a bit of filing but I made out O.K. While I was doing all the filing two young fellows stopped by with an old dump truck. They wondered where my motorcycle was. I explained how it was parked eight miles west of town. They were very nice and offered to take me and the wheel back. I was worried whether my camera would still be where I had left it hanging by the strap over my bedroll. When we arrived everything was just as I had left it. They were nice fellows and stayed around until I was ready to go, and I parted with many thanks.

I hit the outskirts of St. Louis about 5:00 P.M. There were many Full Stop signs at the intersections. The motorcycle started to stall at times and was hard to restart. Finally in the middle of St. Louis it would not start. I got to a public phone, found a motorcycle shop in the yellow pages and gave them a call. They said they would come and pick me up. After a while a motorcycle came with a special side-car with a large flat platform. We rolled the Harley on it and took off for the shop. Things were busy and no one could look for the trouble until later. I had never seen them in the East, but here in St. Louis there were many "Western Union Boys" who delivered telegrams on a real small one-cylinder motorcycle called a "Servicycle." They all operated out of the shop. There must have been about ten boys who were finishing their day's work and returning the machines.

I thought the trouble might be with the carburetor, but finally it was the ignition, and a new condenser fixed the problem. By the time I was ready to travel it was dark. I knew I would have to spend the night in St. Louis. I asked the fellows at the shop about any rooming houses nearby, and received directions. The lady at the rooming house said she was full. I asked if she could possibly direct me to another. She said usually that would not be a problem; however there was some sort of convention being held and she said everything she knew about was booked full.

With no place to camp or stay I decided to ride all night. I stopped at a diner for some late supper and headed east. I thought keeping the gas tank full might be a problem, but it wasn't. I filled up about midnight in a town with an all-night station.

There was little traffic and it was a clear night. At one point I could see a large fire in the distance up ahead. As I drew nearer I thought a whole town must be on fire. When I really got near I could see it was an oil field. There were tall vertical pipes with very large yellow flames out of each one. The overall effect was that the whole countryside was illuminated. They were "flaming-off" the gas from the oil wells which in

that area was a common practice.

I watched the sun come up and just kept riding and riding. Finally about mid-afternoon I could feel myself dozing off and the machine seemed to wander. I realized I was about to fall asleep. It was a wide open area without any shade trees. I found a spot where there was a nice grassy bank. I parked, lay down and put a road map over my head for shade and was soon fast asleep. I awoke about one and a half hours later. Then I realized I had been about 32 hours without any sleep. I was somewhere in Indiana; I found a place to camp before reaching Ohio. I got a good start the next day and figured I could be home in two days with no problems. My funds were running low but it looked like I could keep the Harley satisfied if I didn't eat too much myself. I hit the western boundary of Pennsylvania about 7:00 P.M. and I figured I could get a few more miles before I stopped. I stopped at a gas station to get gas and the man said he could not sell me any because it was after 7:00 P.M. I had not heard a radio or read a newspaper in three weeks. The whole Eastern Seaboard was under a gas curfew to save gas. I was low on gas and Pennsylvania is a long state; however, I had to stop, with a good hour of daylight wasted.

The next morning soon after breaking camp I found a gas station and filled up with gas and oil. I was down to my last two dollars so I just had two doughnuts for breakfast. Things went well but western Pennsylvania is mountainous and I was pushing hard. If I could reach Ellenville, N.Y. before 5:00 P.M. my sister Grace would still be at our Flower Shop there. A little after noon I needed gas and there went one Silver Dollar. I still had the one I wanted for a souvenir. About 4:00 P.M. I had to switch to the reserve tank and I knew I wouldn't make it home without more gas and I knew I wouldn't make Ellenville by 5:00 P.M. I bought 65 cents worth of gas with my last Silver Dollar and now had lots of gas.

One more surprise was in store for me - my worst spill, only 25 miles from home. Coming home from Ellenville we often used the cutoff road that bypassed Kerhonkson, "the Dr.

Ford Road." It is a narrow gravel road with little traffic. There was a section where the road makes a right-angle turn to the left. The farmer had planted corn right out to the edge of the road so visibility was very limited. At this point I met a dump truck coming from the opposite direction. We both got to the right and we missed O.K.; however, I was in the loose gravel on the shoulder. I got the bike leaned over to the left and it looked like it would slide to a halt. Just before we stopped it flipped. I wasn't hurt; the crash bars had been a big help and the motorcycle was still O.K.; however, the fire extinguisher was missing. We finally found it several feet down a corn row. About 30 minutes later, I was home at 7:00 P.M. I was still in one piece and had 35 cents in my pocket. We took some pictures in front of the house, with Me and the Motorcycle; we looked a little different than when we left. My Mother fixed me a nice pickup-type supper, which sure tasted good after my breakfast of two doughnuts.

I phoned Annie and made a date for the late 9:00 P.M movie in New Paltz. I washed, changed my clothes, borrowed \$1.00 from my Dad to pay for the movies, and so ended my motorcycle trip.

As I looked on return. Worn front tire, spot lights missing, front carrier basket badly beat-up and bedroll a mess.



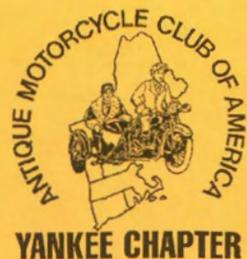
SUMMARY: I had traveled 6,000 miles in 22 days and gone through parts of 14 different states.

P.S.: Four months later the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor.

Five months later my Father must close our branch Flower Shop in Ellenville and I would be a Cadet in The U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, Kings Point.

EXPENSES: Rounded to the Nearest Dollar

Food - - - - -	\$13.00
Souvenirs, Cards & Misc. - - - - -	5.00
Admission to Parks - - - - -	4.00
Nights' Lodging - - - - -	4.00
Camera Film - - - - -	4.00
Motorcycle Repairs 3 Times - - - - -	11.00
Fire Extinguisher - - - - -	10.00
Tire and Tube - - - - -	9.00
Gas - - - - -	31.00
Oil - - - - -	19.00
Total	\$110.00
Average Expense per Day	\$5.00



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