



Yankee Chatter



Fall 2019

www.yankeechapter.org

Est. 1973

Antique Motorcycle Club of America

Yankee Chapter

Ride them, do not hide them!



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Fall 2019 President's Message

Wow! Terryville's second year was remarkable. The entire weekend came off with few issues.

Our Camp & Rides were well attended. The weather gods have been kind to us. It ain't over yet. We have our Annual Meeting / Christmas party ahead. There is a very important announcement about our party later in this issue.

Before I move on to business, I'd like to thank the dozens and dozens of Yankees that helped make 2019 such a special year.

There are only two items on this year's annual meeting agenda.

- 1) Our own town Hall Meeting. This is the time for you to tell us what went right, what didn't go as well as you'd like and what we can do to make things better.
- 2) Board of Director elections.

While I only have praise for our existing board of directors, our by-laws require directors serve staggered three-year terms. Now is the time for you to nominate the members you would like to serve on our board. You can nominate any Yankee to serve on the BOD. That includes nominating our existing directors to continue in their positions for an additional three years.

The BOD positions that are open this year and the people that serve in them are:

- First Vice President---Don Salisbury (best known as Critter)
- Director #5-----Peter Grace (Peter is also our Chapter Treasurer)
- Director #6-----Ken Herschfield (Ken is also our Membership Chairman)

If you'd like to serve on our Board of Directors, please let us know. If you know of someone that would make a good director, please nominate them. You can also re-nominate our existing Board members. The choice of who serves on our Board of Directors is yours.

If the responsibility of serving as a Director is more than you want to take on there are plenty of ways for you to contribute. Try helping as an Associate Director, a committee member, a volunteer, an area Ambassador, or.....

Don't forget. It's time to nominate a Yankee for our annual and prestigious 'Spirit of the Yankees Award'. If you have someone in mind that should be recognized this year please tell any director. Our contact information is at the beginning of this newsletter.

OK, I fibbed. There is a third thing we should do at this year's meeting. Sign up to help out at Terryville and other Yankee events next year. Volunteering two hours of your time can make a huge contribution to our success in 2020. Help at the gate. Help in our Hospitality tent. Help with the Banquet. Help with laying out the vending field. Help with judging. Help with clean-up. Contribute to our Newsletter.

Ted



Editor's Page

As I sit down to write this, it's the last day of summer. The autumnal equinox will soon pass and the days for the next three months become shorter and shorter until we reach winter solstice. Then we make the climb up and out of the winter darkness to the equity of day and night again at the vernal equinox. Of course it's another five months before taking a nice putt begins feeling comfortable again, but that's the bane of being a motorcyclist in New England down through the mid-Atlantic.

My typical rides to the Long Island Sound shore bear the distinctly longer shadows, even at midday, that make it evident that riding with only a tee shirt soon ends. There may be a few days here and there to relive a bit of summer, now that we're almost into October, but we'll take 'em when we can get 'em!

I don't know about you, but I always look forward with a great deal of anticipation in late spring (hopefully!), for a ride unencumbered by layers of jackets, clothes and heavy gloves that insulate us from the cold to have a lovely warm breeze sliding around me in a simple tee shirt, jeans and a boots. The coming promise of summer and long days of sunshine will soon beckon, just made for getting together, the initial camp and rides, and either taking a short but exuberant putt, or taking a nice long ride for the better part of a day.

I imagine for some, the fall weather means finally having the potential to be comfortable fully protected in leathers and a full face helmet. I get it. After all, the most important thing is getting out there on two wheels, heading for your favorite roads defined by yellow "S" curve signs as we try to avoid those pesky red and white octagons – or worse yet – those tri-color lights needed to control you as part of – ugh – traffic.

In the mean time, dig out the leathers, wind and waterproof textile jackets, coats and overalls along with the insulated gloves and transition from half helmets to full face or modular ones, crank over your favorite two (or three!) wheeler and enjoy the brief burst of color that will soon turn to flat browns and greys.

If you haven't noticed yet, I've made the executive decision as editor-in-chief of this here rag, to celebrate those members of the feminine persuasion via the "filler" images at the end of articles (I use to minimize dreaded "white space"). The women in our lives that put up with our testosterone fueled that they endure deserve some recognition!

The search for respectful and vintage oriented photos proved to be a bit challenging – try putting "women on motorcycles" into a Google search, and you get a lot of "cheesecake" photos of scantily clad ladies straddled over choppers – certainly not the most venerating way to show appreciation for those we love!

Ladies, on behalf of all of us menfolk, I think it's fair to say how much we appreciate you, whether your on your own mount, or clinging to us on the pillion behind us. And a special thanks to those spouses who provide wholesome support as we endeavor in our pursuit of old bikes! And lastly, but not least, help keep us warm over the next few months until we can celebrate together the anticipation of the Spring and Summer of 2020!

Greg



Terryville 2019 – Pictures at an Exhibition

with apologies to Emerson, Lake & Palmer







Bitsa (this & that)

DID YOU KNOW?

Apparently, Ted is no longer president of the Yankee Chapter? Critter sent along his local weekly with a nice article in the “Community Spotlight” entitled “For the Love of Motorcycles” with this photo – note the accompanying caption!



Maine Smith talks with Wayne Sperring and Sadiyah Derawi about the 1947 Cushman Scooter he restored. **Smith was** a chapter president with the Antique Motorcycle Club of America. (Denise Coffey / Courant Community)

Sorry Ted, I just couldn't resist! Have no worries folks, I verified (and had a bit of fun) with Ted, this rumor of his early “retirement” from the Chapter!

A SHOUT OUT FOR ARTICLES AND PHOTOS

I need articles, especially for the next edition of the Chatter, which will be the Winter 2020 Edition. I would really appreciate it if you can send along anything pertinent – a write up on your bike, experiences on wrenching it (or them), the search for parts, local get togethers for rides, your favorite roads, anything! As the editor, I need stuff to EDIT and publish. Don't worry about grammar, punctuation or any of that stuff – just spend a few minutes writing it up! It doesn't have to be a Word document or an email – good old pen/pencil and paper will do fine – just mail it to me at the address listed below. Same for photos – if you want them returned, just let me know!

DR. GEORGE'S CAMP & RIDE – one picture is worth a thousand words!



From Yellow Springs to Kansas City, Kansas...

by Greg Ravizza

In the previous edition of the Chatter, I mentioned that I was soon to head out to Columbus, Ohio where I was to join Mark Hunnibell as he progressed on his effort to celebrate the 100th anniversary of CK Shepard's cross country trip on a then new 1919 Henderson Four that started at Coney Island, New York and ended in San Francisco. Mark had discovered Shepard's book documenting the trip, and as he was the owner of 1919 Henderson Four himself, decided to embark on wholesale adventure that included not only the ride, but a companion book annotated from his experience of researching the original route, a website dedicated to his endeavors to make the ride a hundred years later.

This all came about when Dan Margolien sent me a request to contact other members of the AMCA (Mark is member of the AMCA, and was a Yankee member at one time) regarding helping Mark on his adventure. The driver of his support vehicle opted out, due to a potential impact to his business. Having the time available, I consulted with my wife Terry, and she gave her blessing as long as there was no financial impact to us, which there wasn't as Mark would be covering travel and accommodation expenses.

Upon my arrival in Columbus, which was the nearest airport to Mark's home and base of operations in Yellow Springs, Mark picked me up, and so began a quite interesting journey. After a few minutes of introduction, which included a quick question of whether or not I received Mark's last email to me, which had been sent while I was in mid air, probably somewhere over Pennsylvania. At that time, and upon opening the email later, the need for me, and probably Dana's wife, Debbie Faucher's services to drive the support vehicle had essentially evaporated, as Willie, Mark's driver for the first third of the trip from Coney Island to Yellow Springs had agreed to stay on. During that ride to Yellow Springs, I came to realize that I had no real purpose other than to provide company for Willie for the trek from Yellow Springs to Colorado where I would take my flight home from Denver.

Upon my arrival in Yellow Springs, I met Loring Hill, Mark's twenty-one year old mechanic and companion (on his BMW RT). I was also introduced to Mark's Henderson, as Loring was completing his nightly service routine to help insure that the centurion would complete the journey successfully. Loring's father, Mark Hill, who through his 4 Motion Cycles operation helps a number of ACMA members and others prep and maintain their vintage machines to participate in the biannual Cannonball and other vintage contests of long distance rides.

At this time, I also met Willie, who had just recently met Mark (both residing in Yellow Springs) and had volunteered to initially take over for Loring's dad for the first third of the journey. Over the next few days riding in the support truck (and towed trailer) with Willie, we got to know each other a bit, fulfilling my new duties as providing him with companionship along the way.

Over the next few hours, before settling in for the night, I learned of two mechanical incidents encountered prior to arriving in Ohio. Mark had apparently run over a good size screw on the rear tire, resulting in a flat. Luckily, Mark had a spare set of rims and tires, though the rims were unpainted and mounted with knobbies for the excursion up Pike's Peak when in Colorado. Additionally, Mark also had a bit of bad luck hitting a rock, which broke the foot clutch pedal, which was remedied by finding a local welder who put the pedal back together.

After Loring completed the maintenance, he rolled the Henderson into the trailer, along with his BMW and locked it up for the night, ready for the early morning departure.



Loring (left) and Willie (right) in Yellow Springs – note the saddlebags up and out of the way for servicing, and the shiny rear wheel that replaced the painted rim with the flat.

The next morning, Loring and Mark unpacked both bikes, fired up the Henderson, which by the way started mostly with a single kick. Willie and I hopped into the truck and began following them, destined for Indianapolis, Indiana, home of the fabled Indy 500. Mark had planned a stop on the way to meet with some former friends for a photo shoot. Most evenings, Mark had arrangements to meet with radio station hosts and other reporters set up by his publicist to help promote the trip, and the companion books.

After that stop, we proceeded to Indianapolis, where Willie and I helped Loring set up for the nightly maintenance routine before we checked into the hotel. The maintenance routine was fairly thorough – drain the oil, check the oil for any evidence of issues, fill it back up, check the valve tappets (an easy task as these were exposed on the top of the cylinder heads) and adjust, if needed (mostly minor tweaks), clean and degrease the engine, lubricate the tappets, and then proceed to checking all the nuts, bolts and screws on the entire bike to ensure they were tight for the next morning. The bike was then wiped down so that it looked good for the next day's journey as well.

I continued to be a bit vexed as to why I was still there, as accommodations and meals on the road had to add to Mark's overall expenses. From my perspective, I intended to stay on as long as I could, hopefully making it to Colorado a few days of later to fly home.

The next day we headed to our next destination, Hannibal, Missouri, well known for one of America's preeminent authors, Mark Twain. Along the way, the hundred year old bike lost its exhaust baffle plate mechanism (an option apparently used to keep the bike quiet running through town). We pulled into a parking lot where Loring immediately went to work to close the two inch by four inch hole in the exhaust by cutting up an aluminum can and securing it with hose clamps and header wrap (and more hose clamps). Problem solved (for the immediate at least), we headed out down the road. After an hour or two, Willie and I observed Mark pulling over again, as the fix exhausted itself (ok – corny pun time!) by actually melting the aluminum can and the header wrap and partially melting Mark's right boot. Loring again went to work after first visiting a local auto parts store for a more robust piece of stainless steel to hopefully secure a longer lasting fix.

Upon our arrival in Hannibal after a quick photo shoot across the Big Muddy, it was clear that even the use of stainless steel had mostly succumbed to the intense exhaust heat. At that point, Loring decided to install the original cover plate, which had to be, by its original use, up to the task. Once installed, it was no longer an issue.



Mark Hunnibell on his 1919 Henderson Four on the east bank of the Mississippi River

The next day, our destination was Kansas City, Missouri. While we had gone a few miles down dirt roads the previous day, as documented by CK on his journey a hundred years ago. After a scant few miles, we proceeded to trek through mostly two lane rural roads that took us through very small towns and farms, which at first were paved. After a while, the route turned to dirt roads, which threw plumes of dust that informed the farm and field inhabitants for miles around that we were coming, and have gone. Remember that we have a old bike with a total loss oil system and exposed valve tappets, combined with nothing more than an unfiltered carburetor sucking in tiny grains of dust. After about ten miles or so, Willie and I wondered if Mark had really intended to keep going, given the potential damage to the vaunted Henderson Four. As each mile proceeded, we began to

wonder what Loring was thinking about this particular challenge to the ancient bike's motor. Finally, after roughly forty miles or so, Mark turned off and began heading down a main tarred road where we were to gas up. As we pulled into a local post office parking lot (closed, as it was Sunday) we could see Loring shaking his head as he pulled to a stop on his BMW. I thought Mark was in for a tongue lashing, at a minimum. Both bikes, the pickup and trailer were covered in dust – both inside the truck bed (covered) and trailer, as we opened both up for gas and oil. As Loring looked over the dusty bike, his original grimace was beginning to turn into a bit of a smile. Willie and I were both puzzled, but as he began rolling the bike under the shade of a tree to begin cleaning the bike, he pulled out his phone and dialed up, we learned later, his dad. Listening in a bit, we realized that he wanted to let his dad know what had just happened, and how well the bike held up in such adverse conditions. After completing the call, he began to boast that any other hundred year old bike would have died somewhere along the way, probably ruined for the remainder of the trip. With a sigh of relief, we collectively cleaned up the bike as best we could, and then loaded both bikes into the trailer, bound for Kansas City.



The only part of the bike that didn't have a layer of dust was the seat!

As we rolled into Kansas City to check into the hotel, Willie and Loring took the truck and trailer to find a car wash and parking for the rig. The next day, my adventure was concluded when Mark asked me if I'd consider heading home from there. I agreed, and we changed my flight from Denver, and I arrived home midday on Monday.

Curious as to how the bike fared, I called Loring to find out, and he informed me that the oil from Sunday was clean, and the bike was running fine!

Mark's adventure on two wheels ended the next day when the crankshaft broke south of Burlingame, Kansas. Mark, Loring and Willie continued on until Saturday, July 27th, when the decision to head home was made.

For the very interesting back story and more information, see Mark's website at:
acrossamericabymotorcycle.com

Upcoming Events

FUTURE EVENTS * Yankee Chapter or National Sanctioned Event ** Other

October 1 thru November 24, 2019 - Art on Two Wheels **

The Cultural Center of Cape Cod

307 Old Main Street

South Yarmouth, MA 02664

phone: 508-394-7100

fax: 508-394-7133

<https://artontwowheels.org/>

December 8, 2019 - Yankee Christmas Pot Luck and General Meeting *

VFW Post 1385

13 Cross Road

Uxbridge, MA 01569

11:00 a.m. - Social Hour

12:00 p.m. - Pot Luck Lunch, followed by Club Meeting & BoD Elections



Other Stuff

FOR SALE OR SWAP/WANTED, OTHER EVENT NOTICES, STORIES, ARTICLES OR PICS
Please send your contributions or requests to me at:

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Yankee Chatter



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