

Antique Motorcycle Club of Manitoba (A.M.C.M.)

November 1978

Volume 1, No.11

Mailing Address

Antique Motorcycle Club of Manitoba
P.O. Box 1074
Winnipeg General Post Office
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 2X4

Next Meeting

Our next meeting will be held on November 20th, at the Rotman's Board Room, 816 St. James Street, at 7:30 p.m.

New Members

Ed Klyn
490 Dominion Street
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 2N2
phone 772-2900
1939 MotoMazetti 1 cyl. 250 CC Being Restored
1952 B.S.A. (A-10) 2 cyl. 650 CC Custom
1956? James 1 cyl. 125 CC Restorable

Bob Stephen
18 McCallum Crescent
Winnipeg, Manitoba
residence 837-1156 business 775-4447
1946 James 1 cyl. 98 CC Being Restored

A big AMCM welcome to our new members.

T-shirt

T-shirts are on order and the cost is \$6.00 each. They are Tiger brand t-shirts with our full club colours like our crest. We hope to have them ready for our December meeting. If you can, try and pay for them as soon as possible, to help out our club treasury.

The Also Ran

written in 1956
by G.E. (Tiny) Robins

He was covered in grease, his back hurt from bending; the single bulb in the shed cast a yellowy light over a Motorcycle of undetermined vintage, as slowly for the third or fourth time he lowered the overhead rockers down on the pushrods. It just had to be right this time. Tomorrow was the day of the Big Race and time was running out.

He gave a satisfied grunt as the rockers settled in place. Just a few more odds and ends, tank, pipes, oil lines, gearing and she'd be ready to go. After another hour of slow painstaking work, it was done, at least until he could road test it tomorrow. He snapped off the light and stumbled wearily towards the house and bed.

The day dawned warm and bright. Jumping out of bed he cursed himself for oversleeping. A lot remained to be done to "Old Triple X", his bike, before flag time.

At the shed he wheeled the machine into the sunlight and, laying out his wrenches, began a systematic check, starting at the front wheel and slowly working his way back to the rear, until he had satisfied himself that all was in readiness.

Looking at the Bike, he could not help a feeling of pride in a job well done. There she sat, stripped down to the bones, and to him just as beautiful as the girls that lay around the local beaches- if a bit older.

Grimacing at the thought, he swung his leg over and settled in the saddle, tickling the Carb. and getting set to kick her over. He saw, to his disgust, that the float was sticking and sending a steady stream of gas over his leg. For shame he muttered. Well better before the Race than in it. Off it came and the offending clip was placed in its proper groove.

Once more astride, he gave a kick at the starter and was rewarded with a roar of power as the motor took hold. Slowing it to a fast idle and checking his oil, he was pleased to see the return was working well.

Easing into low gear, he set off down the lane at a moderate pace and turned into one of the lesser used streets. Once quickly through the gears, a test of brakes, and running gear and he headed back for home.

Time trials at 1:30, Race at 2 p.m. and six miles out to the track. 12:30 now, I'll just make it if I get a wiggle on. He laced on his boots, grabbed crash helmet and jacket, placed a hurried kiss on one rather worried Mother and was out the door.

The track lay just off the main road into town and was already filled with spectators as he arrived. Several out-of-town riders were present, their motorcycles sitting on trailers pulled by late model cars. Professionals for the most part with fast powerful bikes stopping in on these small races, where the competition wasn't so tough and they stood a better chance of cleaning up on the prize money and trophies.

He leaned "Old XXX" against his tool box and went over to talk shop with some of the other members of his Club who were competing. After getting a good natured kidding about "Old XXX" and the likelihood of it falling apart in the first lap or him falling off, he set out on foot to look over the track. It was about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles around the course and quite a walk. But better safe than sorry. He could see a lot more walking than if he were on his bike; even at low speed there were things that might make the difference in the Race. A bad rut just entering a corner or some loose stones on the inside of another that could spill a rider if he wasn't prepared for them.

He got back just in time to hear his name called out for the time trials. He'd take his warmup laps slow, check his carburation, then let her go. This year, he told himself, he would take it easy, and not burn up the track. It would put him in a slower heat and give him a better chance at getting in the finals.

After making 2 laps and a slight adjustment, he gave the nod to the timer and let her go. He hit the first corner fast, and came out faster. Damn, it's the same as last year, he thought; if I don't do my best, I just don't want to do it at all. Better keep straight. Flat on the tank now, wide open, checker flag flashing past. What was my time? He was pleased, if a little discouraged, to learn that he had turned it in 1 minute 40 seconds, putting him in the second heat with some real fast company.

Ten bikes to a heat, five heats of 10 laps. The first three men in each getting a By into the final. He cursed himself now for going all out in his time trial. Most of the others, he supposed, had been holding back to get into a slower heat. Well it was done now and in a way he wasn't sorry.

They were calling out the riders for the first heat now. As the riders grouped down at the starting line he could not help feeling a little envious. There was nothing shabby about those ten new powerful bikes, riders dressed in the best riding rigs, old hands at this game of racing.

The flag came down, and they were off in a roar of power, over the $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of twists, hills and turns.

Knowing it was his turn next to try his luck, he climbed on his bike and rode slowly over towards the starting line. The first heat ended in victory for one of the out-of-town riders on a fast single.

As they lined up the second heat he had a sudden urge to urinate. His stomach turned over and he felt scared clean through. Race nerves. Wonder if the others feel the same way.

The starter lined them up, checked to see their bikes were all running and walked slowly away, only to whirl and drop the flag. Motor screaming, he dumped the clutch and felt the back wheel fight for traction. The fear was gone now as he hurled towards the first corner with inches separating him from his men on his right. In the corner with "Old XXX" in a full slide, round and out onto a short straight. The field was beginning to thin. Holding sixth spot and feeling a bit more settled he began to pour it on. Sneaking through an "S" bend, he saw one of the big twins slide off the track and into the ruff. One down and four to go. He followed a red single into the next bend, waited as he slid wide and powered through on the inside.

The laps were a blur now, must be only a few more left. As he flashed by the starter on the home stretch he was surprised to see the last lap flag. The old Bike roared as he got down to it, a third spot was necessary if he was to ride in the final. Ride as he would, however, he could not overtake the twin ahead of him.

The checkered flag ahead of him came down and he coasted to a stop. He pushed his goggles up and parked his bike. Guess I was just out of my league in that one, he thought. He was amazed to hear the P.A. calling his name. One of the leaders had blown a piston and pulled into his pit, giving him and "Old XXX" a third spot, and a chance at the 25 lap final.

There would be just time now before the final to check over his bike and get a bit of rest. Even the ten lap heat had left his arms and wrists tired. What he wouldn't give for the new Telodraulic Forks and a spring frame that most of the other riders took for granted. Fourteen of the best and fastest and me and "Old XXX" he grinned. We sure got the breaks to land in the final Old Girl.

The starter brought the flag down. There was a deafening roar as fourteen powerful Motors screamed wide open in first gear. He cursed himself for stalling, and fumbled to find neutral. The pack was well into the first corner before he slammed open the throttle and raced in pursuit. He was riding way over his head, every corner should have been his last but somehow he stayed on top. His arms ached, his hands inside their gloves were cramped and weak. Bikes passed and passed him. He had no idea of what lap it was or of his position in the race. One thing was clear though, he'd have to slow up or fall off. The last few corners only dumb luck had kept him in the saddle. The straight-aways afforded a little rest, if you could call it that, just time to ease his hand before the next corner.

It seemed he'd been riding for hours- the dust, strain and sweat slowly taking their toll. The flag with the words "last lap" was one of the most beautiful things he had ever seen as he shot by the home stretch once more around, all out this lap to keep his lead on the man behind. He crossed the finish line flat on the tank, wide open, slewed round the first bend and put on one more lap for good measure. The crowd was surging forward to encircle the winner. "Old XXX" rolled to a stop. God, that was tired. He leaned the bike up against someone's car and heaved himself stiffly from the saddle.

Face covered in dirt, weary in every bone, he walked over to see who the winner had been. He caught a glimpse of one of his Club Members. The crowd was too thick to allow him to go over and congratulate him on a race well won.

At the lap counter's table they told him he had placed fifth, just out of the money. The day was drawing to a close, and with no head light on "Old XXX" he had better start for home.

. His Mother greeted him in the driveway and with a look of relief, chased him into the house for a shower and light supper.

Back in the shed he started to get "Old XXX" ready to carry him to work the following day. Why do I race? he thought. Old Bike, not too much skill and always out of money. Stiff now, but just wait until tomorrow.

The Bike at last was finished, fenders, mufflers and all. He lit a cigarette, looked down at "Old XXX" remembering the rush of air against his face, the feeling of power as he had broadsided through the corners., the noise, dust and thrill of the track.

Why do I race? Well it takes one man to win but it takes the others to make the race, and the race is the thing.

Yawning, he snapped off the light and headed for the house and bed.

Swapping Post

Wanted- Could use any and all info on the 1939 MotoMazetti (original colour, specs, history, etc.)

Contact Ed Klym

490 Dominion Street

Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 2N2

phone 772-2900

Lead- from Ray Houde. 52-53 Sunbeam, in Pointe du Bois, contact Louwee Boyyle,; do not know phone number.

For Sale- James motorcycle frame and parts.

Contact Bob Stech

phone 944-1652

Experiment in Photo

Enclosed you will find two sheets of four motorcycles taken from the Automotive Evolution Show. Ross had them photocopied. If you like them, let us know at our November meeting. (Photos by Len Hardy)

LIBRARY NEWS

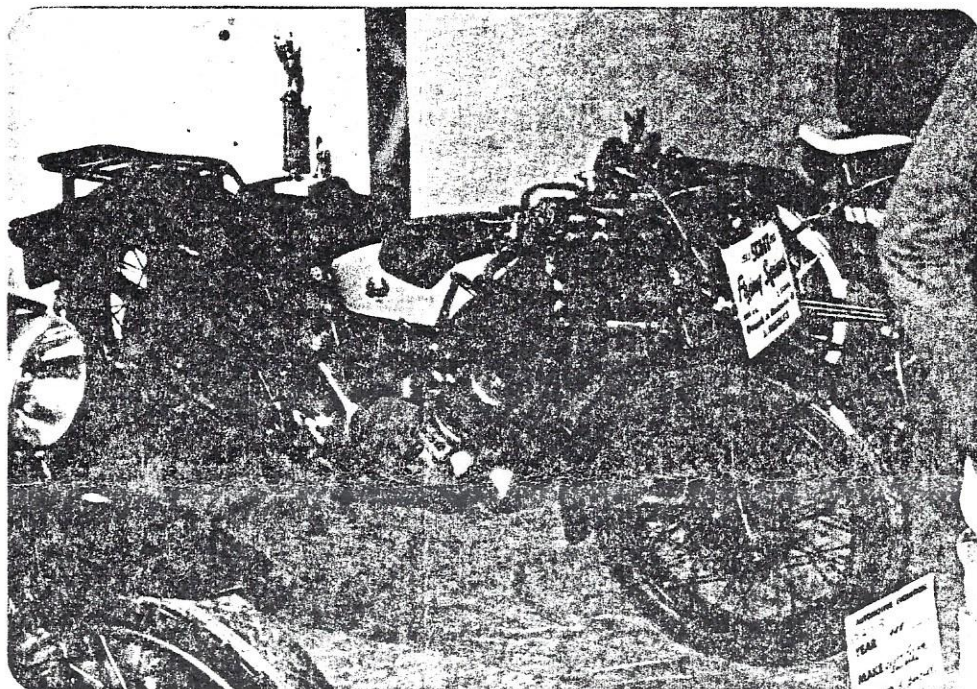
Well here we are again. I'll start out as usual by thanking those who donated books to the library. Bert Bentley donated Tom Slade- Motorcycle Dispatch Bearer by Percy Fitzhugh. Len Hardy gave us Canadian Motorcycle Association News- July 1960, an old Manitoba Driver Testing Handbook, and another Northwest Motor & Cycle catalogue. Siggi Klann donated a stack of old motorcycle magazines. I have used most of these magazines for the advertising folders I have been compiling.

GOOD NEWS- Our copy of Early Riders has finally arrived. I don't know if it is because we ordered it as a club or not, but our copy came in hardcover format rather than in the soft cover form I have seen other copies in. I guess it was worth waiting a while for, to get it in this form. For any of you who have not seen it yet, it is a very good book on American motorcycles. It has more Harley material in it than any other make(naturally) but it also has a fair section on Indians and ads etc. for other early American makes(Hendersons, Pierces, Yales, Iver Johnsons , and even a short piece called " The Wizard Whizzer".)as well as advertising for motorcycle accessories. If anyone is interested in buying a copy, see me at the next meeting. The cost is \$ 8.95 plus \$3.19 for postage. Hopefully, if we send in an order for a few copies as a club, we might get them as hardcovers like the club copy.

Now for news of our last raffle. Ross Metcalfe donated a Prestone antifreeze tester as the prize for this month's draw. Since Ross donated the prize, we figured he should have the honor of picking the winning ticket. You guessed it, he picked his own ticket. WE now have a genuine Prestone antifreeze tester as the prize for the next raffle.

See you all at the next meeting.

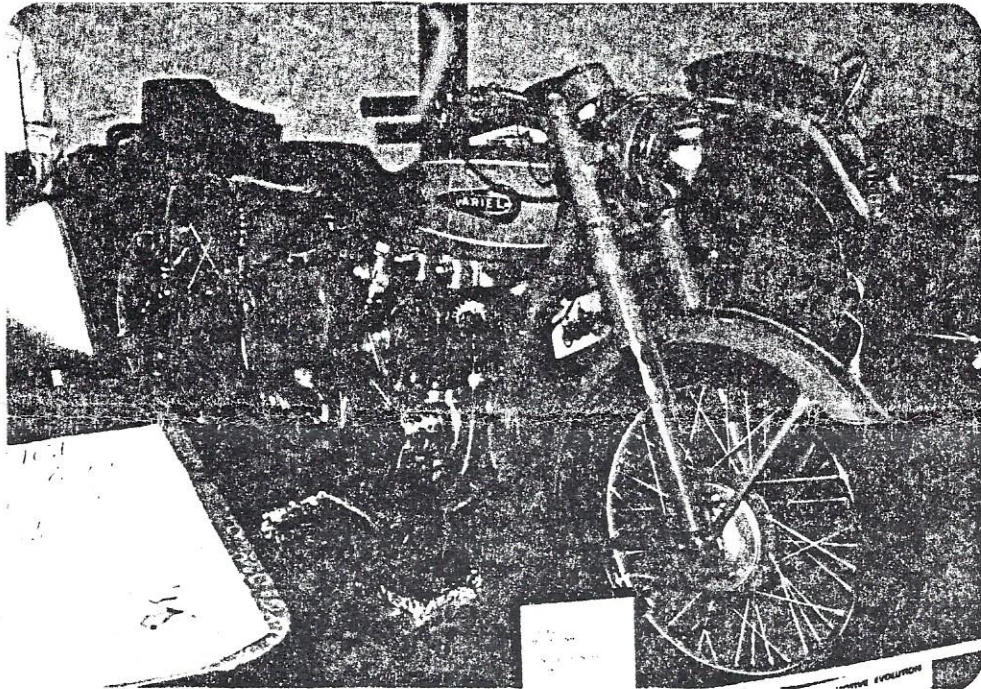
John And Pat



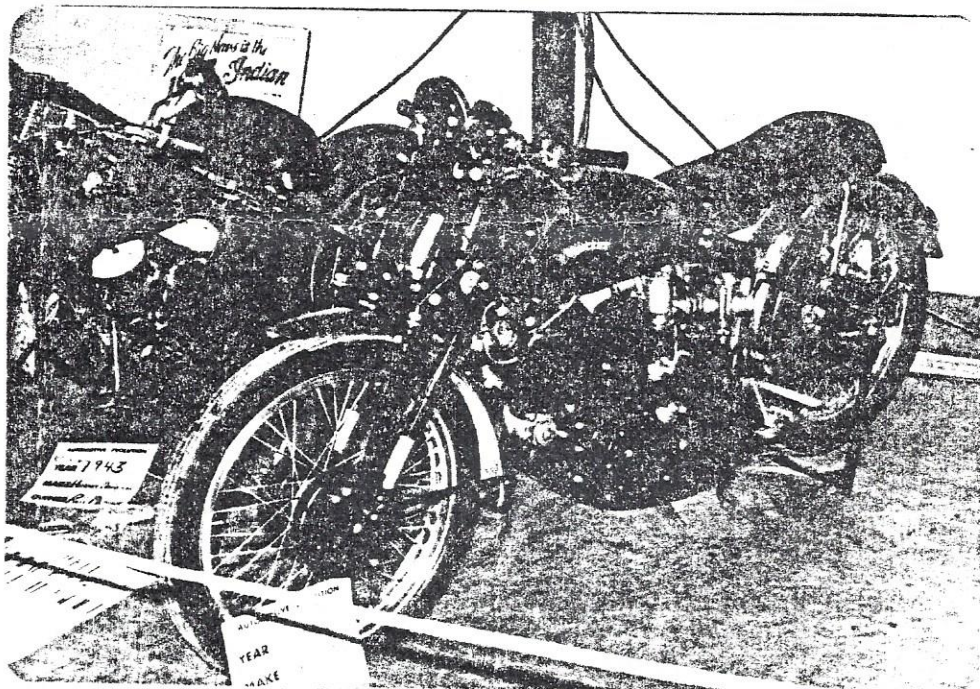
Bert Bentley's 1928 Scott Flying Squirrel: Best Restored



Ross Metcalfe's 1943 Harley Davidson '45: 2nd Prize



Jim Harrison's 1953 Ariel; 1st Prize Most Original 36 miles



Len Hardy's 1955 Vincent Lightning; 2nd Prize 82 original miles