

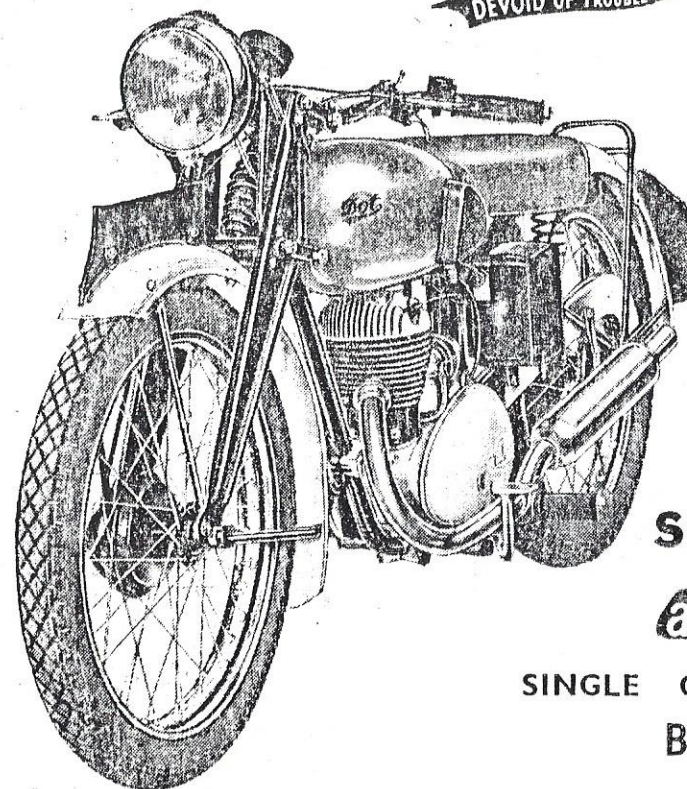
OCT 1984

RUST'N PIECES

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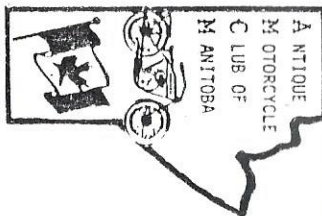
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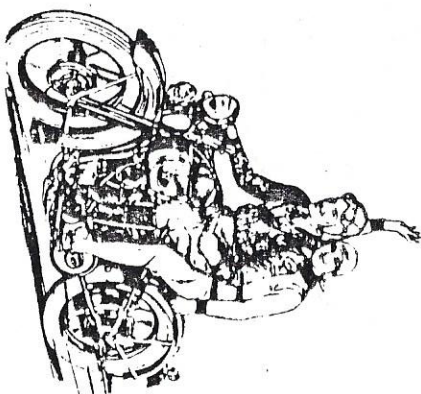
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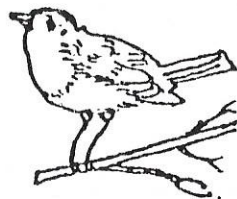
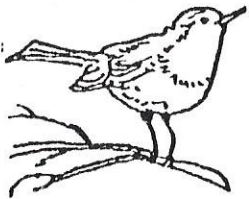
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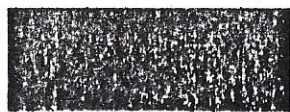
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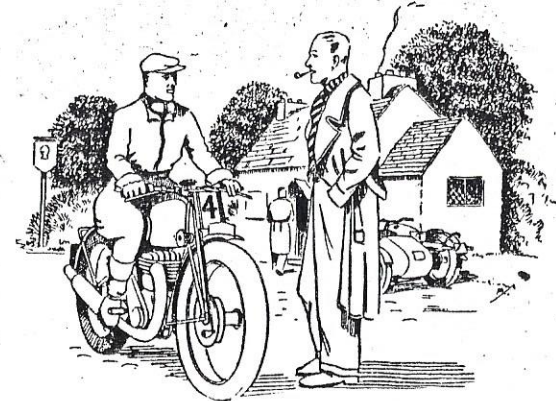
Craig Kraft
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LEAD

'50s - 200 cc JAMES. Nearly all there.

Asking \$300.00 O.B.O.

Contact Bert Bentley or Dave Watson.
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real good priming gun, plus a gas filter, a throttle handlebar grip and a rider's manual for my Whizzer.

There were 250 at the Saturday night banquet, followed by a great slide show of pictures taken at Motorcycle Museums in England, Scotland, France, Germany. Great pictures of some great Bikes.

Sunday morning the usual 5 mile run of antique bikes was held. The rider from the farthest away was an Englishman and his wife from London, England, on his S.S.80 Brough Superior. A beautiful bike. There were bikes from all across the States from Coast to Coast.

After the 5 mile run the Bikes were judged. Prizes awarded, followed by the usual Roast Pig Lunch. GOOD!!!

We said goodbye to all our friend and headed for home at 1:00 p.m. Mason City on Sunday night and home Monday night.

Distance --- 1373 KM going
1570 KM coming

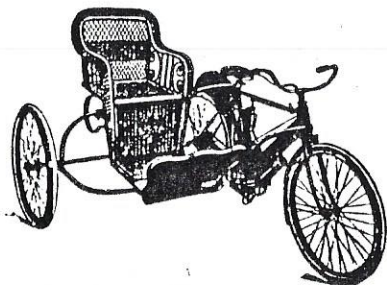
As you can see we came the long way home.

I can't understand why more of our Members don't try to make this bit National Meet. There is nothing like it. This was my seventh trip to Davenport and I'm now looking forward to 1985.

Bert Bentley

P.S.

Gas in Davenport was selling for 99.9¢ per U.S. gallon for Regular!!!



THE THOR MOTOR CYCLE SIDE CAR.

EDITOR ----- RYAN PATTON

Rust'N Pieces is the Official Bi-Monthly publication of
THE ANTIQUE MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF MANITOBA INC. (Est. 1977)
P.O. Box 1074, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3C 2X4

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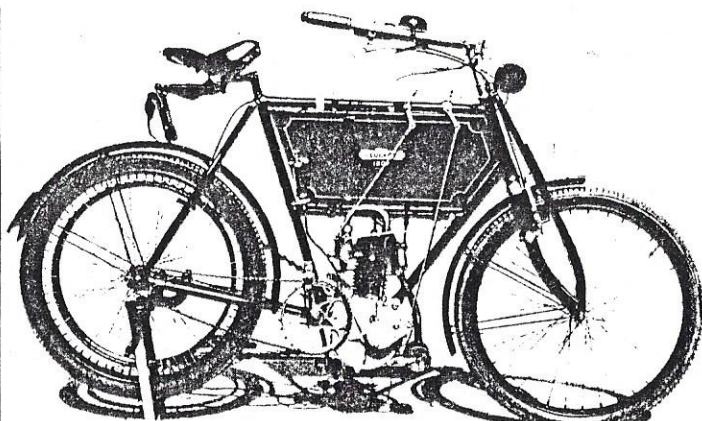
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"Next Meeting"

Everyone be sure to make it out to the next meeting at Rothmans centre on Monday, Oct.22/84 the following meeting being Nov.26/84. AND, don't forget about the do-nut runs emanating from Tim Horton Donuts on Portage Ave. every Sun. at about 11:30 or 12:00 in the morn. Craig thinks they're great fun and figures everyone else should get into the act. So, you've been warned.



• 1902 PEUGEOT

SEPTEMBER 8th and 9th, 1984

As usual Siggi and I left our house at 7:00 a.m. on Thursday, Sept.6th enroute for Davenport. Not too bad a morning but it was very windy; just before we arrived at Grand Forks a huge Tumbling Weed rolled out of the ditch right into the car - result one broken radiator grill on the Renault - so much for plastic grills. It was a routine run down through Fargo to Minneapolis, then south on I.35 to Albert Lea and then across to Mason City, where we spent the night at our usual Motel -- the "Thrifty Scott".

Up early on Friday morning and cross country through the lovely rolling country and small Towns of Iowa. Arrived at Davenport at about 2:00 p.m. Checked into the Hotel and then out to the Fair Grounds. Many people already there and lots of Vendor Stalls open, with 10 minutes I had the long missing speedometer, an 80 M.P.H. Corbin with maximum hand, for my 1934 Harley single. WHOOPEE!!!!

Friday night we watched the official A.M.A. sanctioned racing on the Half Mile Dirt Track. About 50 riders including about 20 "Expert Class". Lots of Harleys, Indians and Jap Bikes. No British bikes were racing. The program lasted about two hours and the "expert" boys were lopping in the 26 second range -- boy is that moving, they must have been doing 100 M.P.H. past the stands. The Harleys were more than a match for the Jap Machines and the crowd seemed to like that.

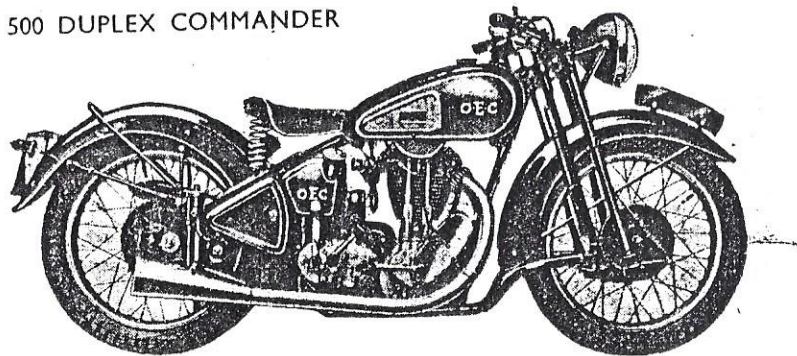
Disaster!!! Saturday morning it rained and rained. All the Vendors were soaked and everybody huddled under canvas and in the Fairground Buildings. There were over a hundred antique and classic bikes in one building but not a chance for pictures due to the crowds of people. By about 1:00 p.m. it cleared up, the soil is sandy and before long business was in full swing. Siggi wore a path to the car lugging Indian "Goodies". he was picking up. Can you imagine a real good pair of handlebars and all control levers and rods for his 1917 Indian Power Plus. Also a N.O.S Carrier for his Scout. I picked up a pair of new gas tank filler caps for my Harley single and a

CLUB PHOTO CONTEST

The entries for the Club Photo Contest will be judged at the November Meeting. There will be prizes for First, Second and Third places. Your photographs can have to do with any motorcycle related subject or event, etc. The photo must be taken by yourself and up to three photos may be entered. Your photos can be dramatic, commical, terrible, whatever as long as they are connected with motorcycles -- old or new. GET THE PICTURE?

Joe Kodak

500 DUPLEX COMMANDER



CLUB REGALIA FOR SALE

The Club has the following Regalia for sale:---

Club Crests	\$13.00 each
Club Pins	\$ 3.00 each
Club T-Shirts	\$ 7.50 each



Iron-On Transfers	Same as Club T-Shirts
(large or small)	\$ 3.50 each

1980 Spring Run Plaques ---	\$1.15 each
1981 Spring Run Plaques ---	\$1.25 each

Extra Copies of Rust'N Pieces --- .25¢ each

The Editor speaks. Hmmm. Then the editor chokes, hacks coughs, followed by some fervent wheezing, at last lapsing into a relatively normal breathing cycle once again. Yer glorious editor is once again in the throes of a cold and bronchial irritation, namely bronchitis. So I (the editor) went down to my doctor the other day, ostensibly to get cured, and in the course of our conversation, I asked Doc, I said "Doc, how come I'm sick 6 or 7 times a year, always with the same wheezy symptoms?" He says -- "You have milk bronchitis, which develops into worse bronchitis because you smoke too much". At this point, I realized that I either put up with the wheezing, or quit smoking. One or the other. A relatively easy decision to make. I decided to stop smoking. So in the next while, if you see me smoking more than a smoke or two a day, bug me about it. It's easier if other folks help out.

Now the Club had a corn Roast a week or so back. I wasn't there, although I had made plans to go. My absention is fairly easy to explain. I was still quite sick. I figured a ride out on the highway would not ease my condition, and likely make it worse, so I didn't go. Craig phoned me 10:30 a.m. Saturday morning, making sure my bike was running (Surprise, it was!), making sure I was going on the run (I wasn't). Your begging and pleading was a really good show Craig. If I was just too lazy to go on the run, your cajoling probably would have got me up off my duff and on the way. But I was sick. 'Nuff said.

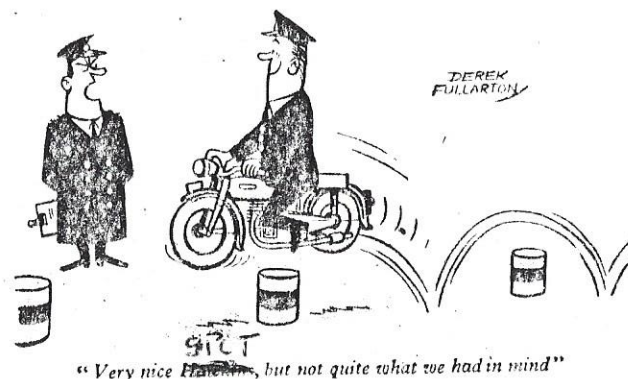
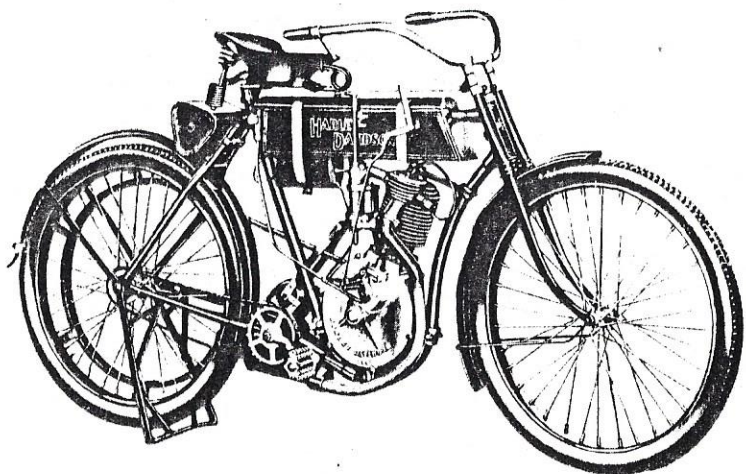
Which gets me around to the original thesis behind this editor's column. I was going to bitch about the lack of participation, particularly the dismal turnout for Gimli, but in my days of sickness, rolling deliriously about in fever, I had a vision (well, not really, but I was thinking on it just the same). First, I hear the Corn Roast had a good crowd show up.

Hearing this, I was relieved to find that the Club is not turning into a bunch of sit-at-home, no-shows (like me). Besides, one's well being as an antique motorcycle's shouldn't necessarily be judged by attendance at meetings, just as people who don't go to some kind of religious temple regularly, this does not mean that they are not among the faithful. Conversely, thinking that "no-one will show up anyway" is a good excuse NOT to go, well, this is very silly too. You don't need a crowd to have fun at an A.M.C.M. event. Rest assured, somebody will be there besides just you. And, basically, we're all really a bunch of fun people. (sarcastic but sincere).

However, if you just like to sit at home, and do whatever, whenever, and muck about with the bike, well, this is fine too, just as long as we here at the Club hear from you every so often. The Club exists, even seems to prosper, no matter how many people show for meetings or whatever. It connects an underground network of crazy motorcycle fanatics, somewhat invited for some kind of cause.

Good thing too.

Enjoy the issue.



CORN ROAST RUN

Thirty Bikes of every description showed up for this year's run. Our road captain, Siggie, led us on a different route this year. The games were started up by Glenn and Ray gave a helping hand. The first event was the slow race and Spot slipped his clutch to victory although Ray gave him a bit of competition. The Slalom was held next and Kim Houde won the sidecar event, but then, his only challenger was my Dnepr. The solo event was won by Spot with a time of 13.1 seconds. That just goes to show Dave can really ride a bike, fast or slow. Spear the can was won by yours truly and my guest Darrell on his Honda Interceptor.

Ray recruited Glenn's wife and mine as the official cooks and soon the food was being served. The corn was being prepared off to the side, and was undescribably good.

And the moment everyone was waiting for, the judging. There were a lot of nice machines in the lineup. Glenn and Siggie's AJS's, Ed's Ariel, Fletcher's Indian, Ross' Harley Sidecar outfit just to name a few. The winner of 'People's Choice' and 'Oldest Bike' was Ross Metcalf's 1937 Harley Davidson Sidecar outfit.

To sum it all up it was a good time as usual and everyone there had a great time.

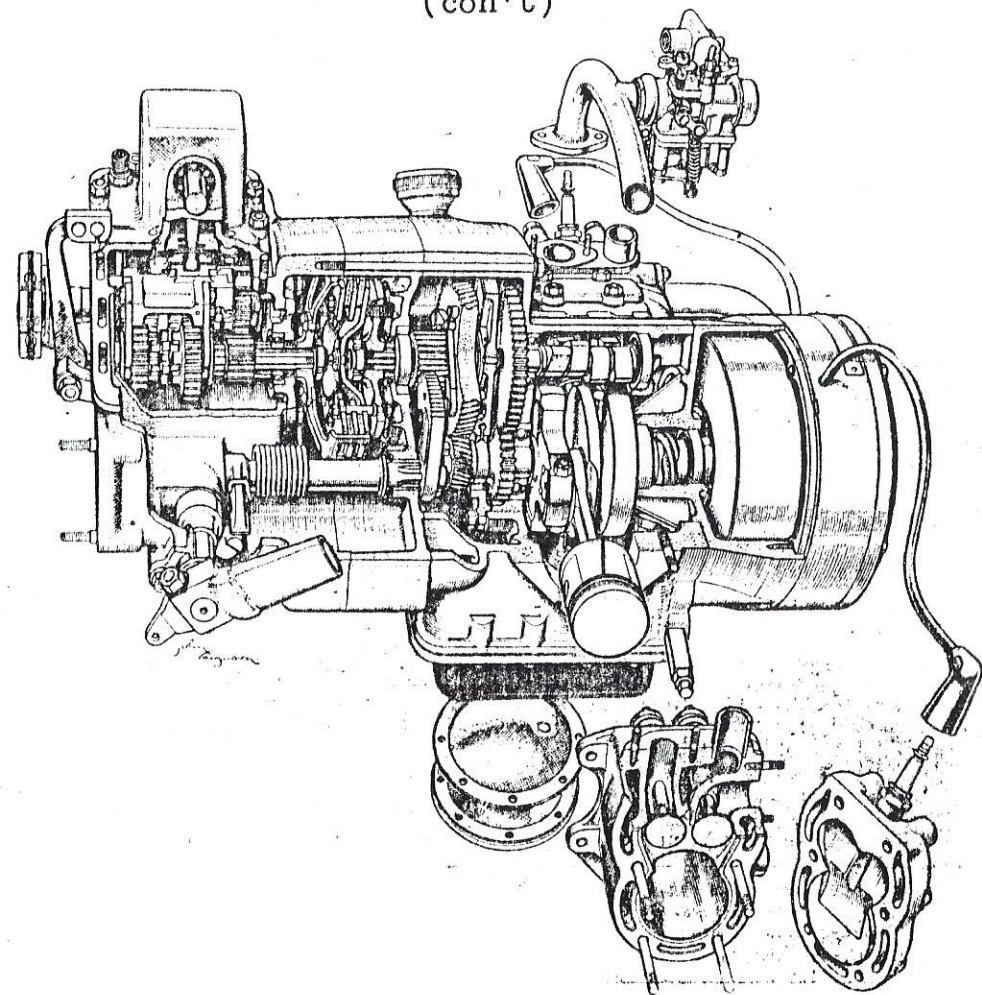
I can hardly wait for the '85 Spring Run.

The Prez.

to a terminal hangover or severe heat prostration. Me and Timewinder met this challenge, but just barely, and it took every ounce of our fiber and metal to do it. So, as we motored along down the road away from the drags, Timewinder making the final adjustments for our next jump through time, I made a mental note to make it out for the next event like this, if only I could convince T.W. to come along. I mentioned this to him, and he agreed, but then I thought of one stipulation.

"Next time, pick someone else for me to impersonate, I've had it up to here with this silly Triumph!"

(con't)



A.M.C.M. INC. MINUTES - SEPT. 17, 1984

The Meeting was opened by Craig Kraft and the Minutes of the previous meeting were read with an amendment to Barry James Motorcycle, which should have been a "Matchless". The Minutes with the amendment were passed by Ed Pauch, seconded by Siggie Klann - carried.

There were 35 present with one Guest -

Dave Webster with a 900 Ducati, 441 BSA, '62 A10 BSA and one new member -- Robert Flynn, '61 Matchless G80CS

EXECUTIVE REPORTS

were given. We collected about \$186.00 at the Corn Roast plus about \$40.00 refund on bottles, etc. Balance in Bank about \$1,013.92. There were 30 Bikes out for the Corn Roast and everyone had a good time.

There was a discussion re future Runs ---

No Lunch Stops

Suggested we meet at 10:30 a.m. and leave 11:00am

As we are a Vintage Club, the runs should be slower to allow Vintage Bikes to keep up or perhaps we should let the Vintage Bikes either lead the parade or start off ahead of the other Bikes.

This was tabled for a future discussion.

OLD BUSINESS

The Oldest Bike and People's Choice Mugs at the Corn Roast went to Ross Metcalfe with his Harley and Side Car. The Spring and Corn Roast Plaques will be in this week. We can still order Hats -- Plain - \$5.00 or with Gold Leaf-6.00

NEW BUSINESS

The M.M.C. Banquet Tickets are now available from MMC Members. There are limited Tickets at \$15.00 per person. Date -- Friday October 19, 1984.

Suggested we have another "SHOW & SHIVER" Motorcycle Run on the Sunday after the Banquet to either Assiniboine Park or Kildonan Park (or both - depending on the weather).

There was a discussion re. having a "Spring Weekend Do" next year which would consist of the following:---

Friday ---- Winer Roast at someone's place.

Saturday -- A swap meet at a Shopping Mall Parking Lot from 9 am to 3 pm then we would all go out for supper somewhere.

Sunday ---- Our Run to Ellison's in East Selkirk.

It was suggested that we may just start with one day and see how it works out and perhaps the three days if members wanted it. This will be discussed later on.

Most members agreed to try it -- Randy Maunder disagreed -- (could it be because he will not be here but living in Denmark? Glad to have you come back for the week end Randy!)

Craig Kraft presented Randy with a Plaque from A.M.C.M. Members. Randy said he enjoyed the Club and that he found everyone friendly and helpful.

Good Luck to you and your family Randy and we will look forward to seeing you when you return for a holiday.

Motioned by Ed Pauch, seconded by Siggi Klamm to adjourn. Carried.

Irene Robins
Secretary

P.S.

Many of us then went for a Run out to Nick's in Headingley - taking the long way.



cooler) that tipped me off to the fact that the party was well under way. With Timewinder snoozing peacefully in the sun, I talked for a while with the 'boyz' (and girls!), and we made vague arrangements for tours of duty guarding the bikes, me for a while, then Craig, then Siggi, etc. While not on duty, there was a multitude of things to check out, First off, the races, and all the craziness involved, plus the pits, plus other bikes on show, Canadian Biker had their reps there, handing out some free goodies, there was a trials riding demo by the Take Five Trials Club, and let's not forget the ladies! (a big round of applause for all the beautiful women who grace such events with their presence. It was a good thing that I was consuming so much beer, or else I wouldn't have been able to take in so much of the action. Something about getting out in the sun and fresh air, baking on top of an abandoned runway, and cooling off with hop suds, leads to a certain sense of timelessness, and in all my trips with the Timewinder, the Gimli runs are some that I remember best. It was two days of aimless wandering with nothing but motorcycles on the brain. The one night me and Timewinder spent out there, we camped out with Craig and his significant other (real gone gassers we would have called them at home) who slept in their tent while me and the machine crashed out under the stars. Everyone else woke up before us, but we were still up early enough to appreciate an early morning ride to breakfast. Craig won the best in show for the antique class, and somebody must have won the Drag Bike Challenge, but I missed that part. Timewinder, at that point, had started to complain about some leaking oil, and so with heavy heart, we said our goodbyes, and headed down the road, survivors of the "Drag Bike Challenge", the challenge being to make it through the weekend without succumbing

to

waking up on top of an ant hill, I regained consciousness perched on the seat of a black, very weird riding Triumph, blasting down a country road, shaking itself to bits. "Okay, now listen carefully," said T.W., "I'm only going to tell you this once. your name is Ryan Patton, and you're the editor of an antique motorcycle club magazine, and you're here to meet Craig Kraft, the president of the club, and some other members, because you volunteered to watch the bikes your club is displaying. So, pretend you know something about old bikes as we're on our way to the Canadian Drag Bike Challenge in Gimli, Manitoba, and there's going to be a lot of folks there." "Are you sure this thing will make it there?", I joked, thinking of the bike below me. "You have to have faith, and that depends on you." said T.W., "but you needn't worry, because if you look over to the left there, you'll notice a bunch of tents, that being the campground for the races."

Sure enough, there sat a number of tents, and motorcycles were shuttling back and forth all over the area. We passed through the admission gate, and I was pleasantly surprised to find that my new found persona (Ryan Patton) had a free pass to get in, somehow on account of his affiliation with the AMCM. Driving down the road approaching the dragstrip, I could hear the screams of the dragbikes already practicing out on the track. Very exciting sound that. Timewinder spoke: "That's your pals over there, by the banner tied up by that ugly truck. Head on over. Those two are Siggi, last year's editor, and Craig, the prez so try and act normal." I casually parked the Triumph behind the display already in progress, (Tiny's '27 Ajs, Siggi's Ajay, Craig's Hummel and H.D. Sprint, Dan McGhee's Norton Atlas and Joe Lucciola's MotoGuzzi) and sidled over to the lawn chairs parked behind the truck. It was obvious by the expression on everybody's faces, (and the presence of a large

cooler)

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

As the weather starts to cool off again we'll soon find we have plenty of time for working on our projects and doing things we put aside when riding season was here. During our hibernation we also have time to think about next season.

A few suggestions have been brought up and seem worth consideration. Our Club has a fair amount of members and is steadily growing, our bank account is also doing better than usual. Therefore a slightly more elaborate Spring Run may be in order. The run could be made into a weekend event. Saturday we could host a swap meet and bike display.

A few of our American friends may be attracted to come out due to the exchange rate which is in their favour. Our cities Riverboats and Horse Racing could also be a part of their visit. Besides we could make some new friends and a chance to help each other out with our projects.

Sunday we could hold our usual run with possibly a few more award categories for the antique bikes such as 'best original', 'most unique', 'best attired Rider', etc. Winners of the skill game events could also receive a small prize or award to encourage competition. A Bartender bartender's Delight draw would help raise funds to cover any expenses.

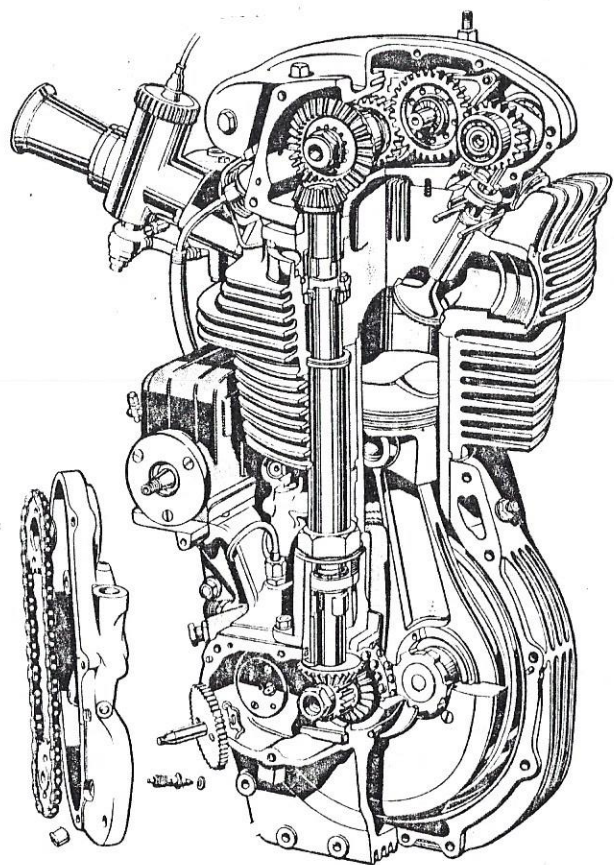
Anyway, we have a whole long, cold, winter ahead to toss these ideas around so give them some serious thought and please offer your suggestions or criticisms.

I'd also like to thank the members who gave me my Wedding Escort. Six Club Bikes escorted me, my new wife and our sidecar from our ceremony on my Wedding Day. The Winnipeg Sun Newspaper was interested enough to come down and take photos for their paper. For those of you who didn't see it, the photo made the front page of the Sun a few days later. However it was not

quite the shot everyone expected as it was of the sidecar from the back view. The escort was mentioned in a brief writeup but not shown in the photo. Oh well --- I guess that's the medias style. Thanks to Glenn Pesclovitch on his 1950 AJS 350; Siggi Klann on his 1960 AJS Twin; Randy Maunder on Joe Lucciolas 1950 Moto Guzzi (Thanks Joe); Ed Pauch on his 1955 Ariel Square Four; Lorne Ried on Fletchers 1945 Indian Chief and John Hayduk on his Triumph Daytona.

You guys made that Day all that more special for me.

Craig



"TIMEWINDER GOES TO GIMLI"

The other racers passed us, the final lap, and I could see the sprint to the finish. Freddie Dixon took the honours that day, (as he was for many races to come) and to the victor go the spoils, for the Time inder and I were totally ignored by the crowd hurrying off to the awards presentation. The young lady that had been the cause of my accident was running along with the rest, and I almost got up to go running after her, but as soon as I saw the way she was looking at Dixon, I quickly sat back down again. Just another also ran. Timewinder was cursing quietly behind me, and I turned to take a look, only to fall over laughing. The sight of Timewinder trying in vain to pick itself up was just too much. "So what are you laughing at?" said Time winder, "just grab hold and pick me up. I'm leaking oil, the engine is filled with it, and I feel terrible. Let's get out of here." I felt sorry for T.W., lying so helpless and begging away, so I reached over and pulled him up. Putting on a sober, non-laughing face, I asked, "So where do you feel like going?" "Anywhere but here", replied T.W., "maybe some place a little bit more modern. Ah, I have just the place in mind. Get on, quick, we're moving." And with those words the engine came to life, revving high, (for takeoff I guess). Jumping into the driver's seat, I had barely touched the leather when the machine took off. I grabbed the handlebars just in time, and almost lost it anyways, but managed to hold on as we accelerated down the road. "so where's your idea taking us?" I asked breathlessly, clinging to the tank. "Tell you when we get there," shouted Timewinder, and the Twist grip turned, speeding up, and we were on our way on another voyage through time and space. As usual, I blacked out after the whirling lights and colours bit, but this time, rather than

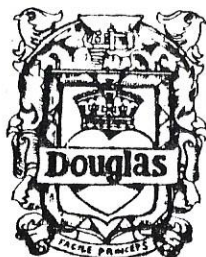
SHORT NOTES

Me, the editor, am looking for a frame, in particular a Norton featherbed, wide-line or slimline, maybe off an Atlas or something simalar, like a Dominator or a 99. If you have one, or know someone who wants to get rid of one, give me a call at 474-0613

-Wonderful publicity in the Free Press a few days ago, at least good publicity in the way of motorcycles, from a half page article about the woman with the 1953 Triumph Thunderbird she's been driving since new. It is a good example of the other kind of motorcyclists in this town, besides our bomb throwing friends or the 1150 cc Jap crowd who insist on triple digit speeds in the city, with the resulting painful conclusions. Next thing, I'm going to see my mother on a motorcycle.

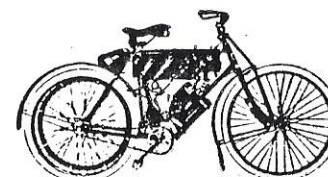
-Hear tell that Spot(dave Tissot) has found himself a 1947 Indian Chief in the weeds, and he insists that it will be ready for next season. Fine and dandy, Dave, but thats exactly what I said when I bought my TRW a couple of years back. Here's hoping you'll have a bit more luck. By the by, now that you have this new beastie, hows about parting with yer Atlas, because, after all, with the King of the Americain Road sitting in the back yard, who needs a rattle-y old Brit bike?(Hmmm)

see ya all next issue!!



A SHORT TECH TIP

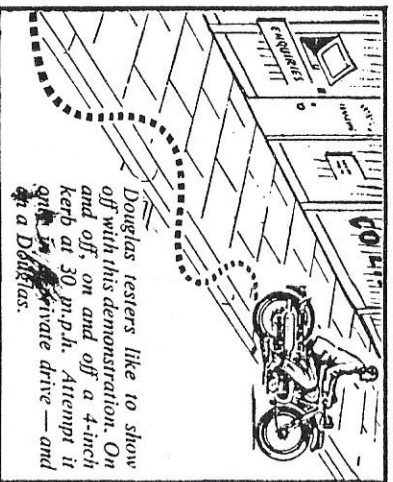
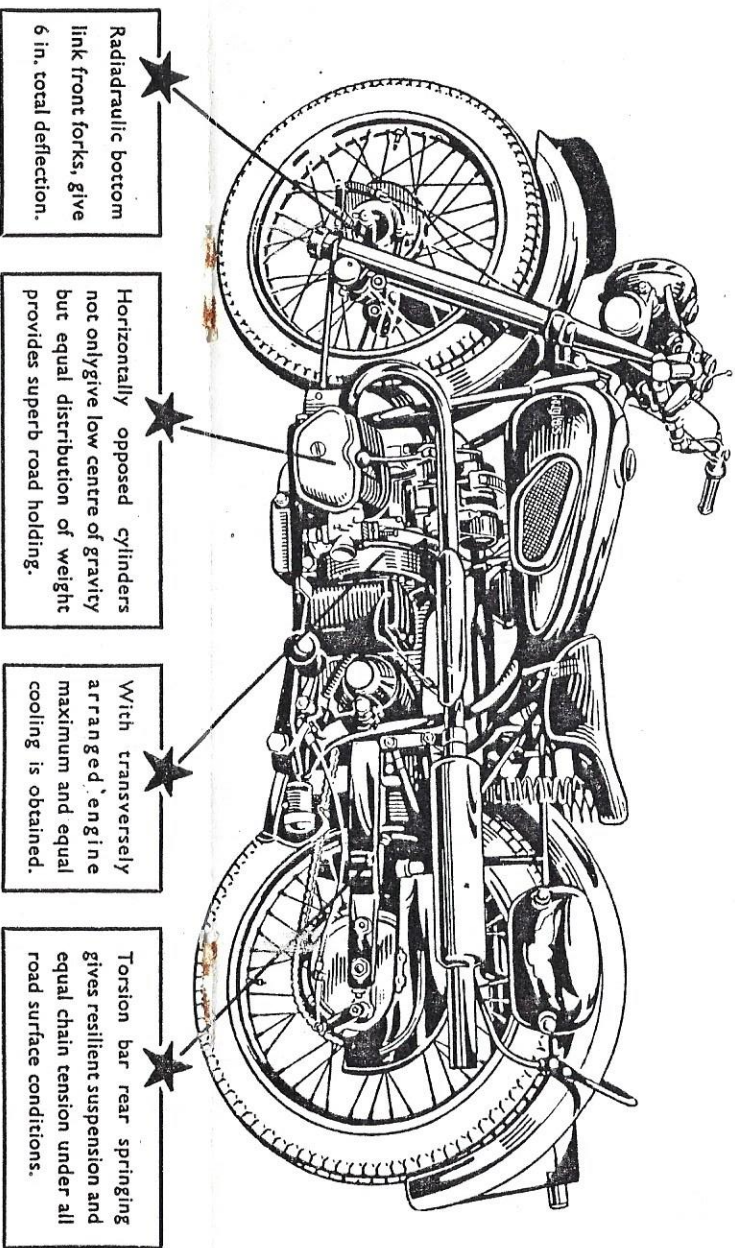
The one unfortunate thing about the antique motorcycle club life is that one must cope with antique(read;old)motorcycles and all their inheirant quirks therein. Recently, I myself was stung hard by one of these quirks. Only a few things will breakdown on old bikes. These include: the engine won't run, the tires won't go round, the electrical smokes, and quite possibly, it leaks. My particular problem was electrical in nature. The bike ran fine, and all the accesories worked, but it would blow fuses at the most unlikely times. It eventually melted the fuse holder itself, and I decided the time for affirmative action was looming. I figured it to be a simple diagnostic job. Since all the wiring and connections in the harness were suspect, it would not be a matter of complex calculations to figure out where to look. Start at the begining and check everything. This I did, with absolutley nothing wrong as evidenced on my handy dandy radioshack multi meter. Nothing except a few ohms of resistance here and there. Not knowing anything in particular about adding up circuit loads and such, I put all this down to current stolen by tailights etc. So i pulls on the front brake lever, and the bike dies. What? It doesn't do that. It shows that the brake is on via the brake light. The switch in particular fits on the cable, with a couple of spade conectrs' on each side of the ferrule at the end of the cable. If your bike has the same problems, check this little critter. The connectors tend to short out across the ferrule, and you have to bend them back a little bit so they don't. Cut a piece of clear gas tubing, slip it over the spade and yer done. Pretty smart, eh?



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