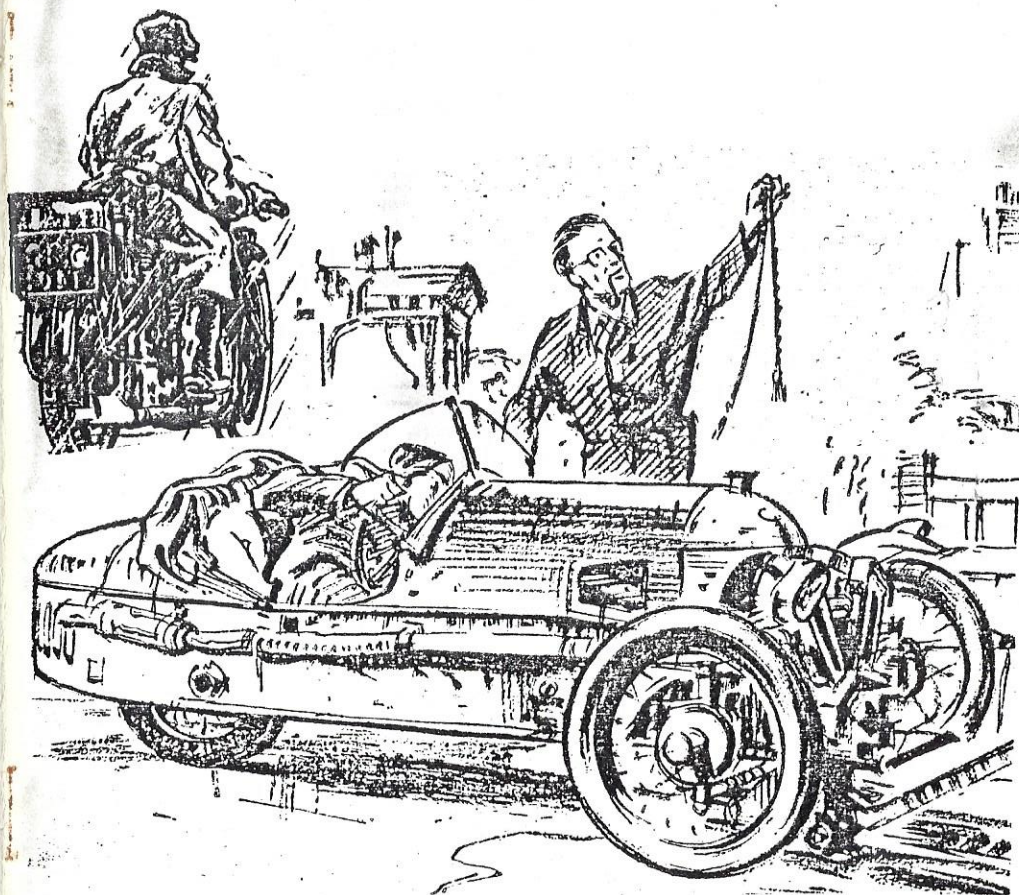


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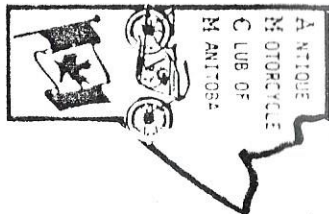
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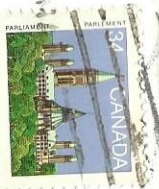
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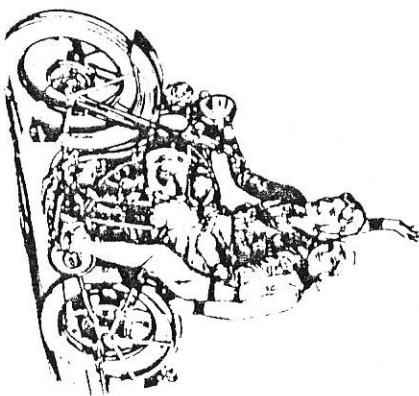
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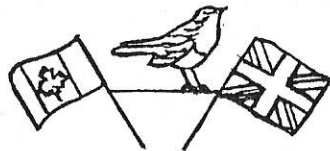
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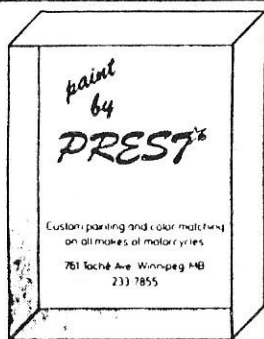


There is an orienteering run on the island of Sjallard next weekend but I'm not sure if I'll go. It involves a ferry crossing of about one hour which costs \$4.60 each way and gas. It's about 50 miles each way. There is supposed to be about 30 to 50 bikes.

I now ride the '51 Matchless to work most ever day -- gas is about \$3.52 per gallon. It's still almost like being on holidays driving to work. There are lots of great places to go for a ride here. The weather has been pleasant, but could be a bit warmer. I recently paid my insurance for the Matchless for the rest of the year -- May to December -- \$10.18- can you believe it!!! Road Tax however is \$36.00 per year.

All the best -- Safe Riding,

Randy Maunder  
(from Denmark)



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JUNE 19, 1985

DEAR A.M.C.M.:

Just thought I'd fill you all in with a few news snippets.

In the recent list of events - was of course the SKAGEN RUN which is a motorcycle run from Skagen in the north of Jutland (part of Denmark) and the run is to Copenhagen. The run lasts three days and this year there was 125 bikes participating - all 1934 or older. There were a few bikes that your truly hasn't even heard of .... an 1907 Elleham? 1915 Wolf, 1921 Wanderer, 1929 La Mondiale, 1931 Victoria, 1933 Montgomery, 1931 Suecia???? There was quite a few BSA's, 1924 - 1934, Single and Twins - some with nautical sidecars, Triumph 1919 - 1930: 1930 AJS R8 - all in all 22 BSA's, 8 Triumph, 3 Matchless, 6 AJS, etc. There was a lot of the usual American garbage around -- 29 Harleys, 14 Indians and a few Hendersons.

The Skandanavian Team rode down to the AJS/Matchless Jampot rally in Heimbach which is about 110 km south of Cologne in Germany. There was 3 from Denmark and one Swede with us. An Englishman (7 years in Denmark), myself and one real Dane. It was quite a long ride down - about 750 km. We covered all but the last 110 km on the way down. We left at 5:00 a.m.! There was about 150 people at the run which lasted four days. The area was fantastic with lots of hills, switchback roads, little towns in valleys, etc -- very nice. Games consisted of a BSA crankshaft throwing contest (the crank was, of course, fully refurbished before the event). This was a free style event. The other was a trials run - use the bike supplied or your own. The rally was quite good - only marred by the award giving - a 1928 Opel with a 1942 Matchless motor - won the oldest bike. There was a fellow with a very nice 1937, 990cc V Twin Matchless. The long distance trophy went to a fellow who was over on holidays from New Zealand - who didn't even own a bike!!

We had no real mechanical problems other than the end of my kickstarter breaking off. I had this welded up at the University of Wuppertal (nice job too!)

because on the way in, we stopped at another separate coffee stop where they served particularly terrifically bad coffee. It seems no matter where you go in Medicine Hat, you can't get good coffee. And if you can't get good coffee in a town, what point is there in staying. Keeping this thought in mind, we left.

Twelve hours later, after much late night driving, we arrived back "home" in Winnipeg, the inside of the truck absolutely coated in cigarette tar and spilled coffee, all over the inside, with a liberal coating of bug juice covering the exterior of the vehicle. My BMW in the back was running, and John's Sportster had disappeared, seeing as how he sold it in Calgary to buy himself another BMW. The truck smelled bad, we smelled bad and we growled at people who looked at us the wrong way.

Just before I crashed for my first bit of sleep in 26 hours, I decided to pay my Mom a visit and scarf down some vittles. When I drove up to their house, I got out of the truck, Mom screamed and fainted dead away. I knew then that it was true. Coffee's in Banff and my BMW had turned me into a "BARBARIAN".



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The End

Ryann Patton

EDITOR ----- RYAN PATTON

Rust'N Pieces is the Official Bi-Monthly publication of  
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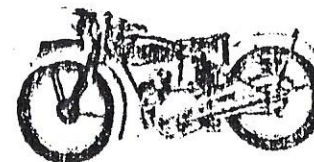
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Advertisements, editorial submissions and other correspondence should be sent to this address. We welcome art, photographs and manuscripts. Sufficient postage and self-addressed envelope will guarantee review and/or return of submissions. The staff of RUST'N PIECES will make every effort to take care of unsolicited materials, but cannot be responsible for damage in the mails, nor do they assume any responsibility for return or safety of same.

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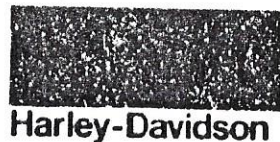
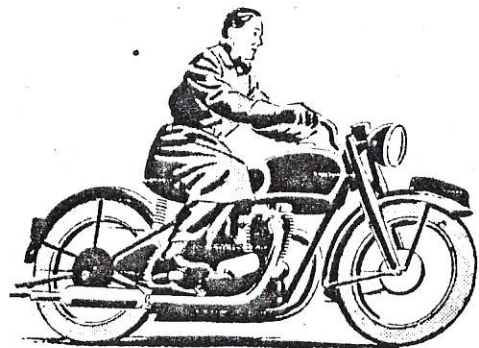
Ladies and Gentlemen, the Manitoba Motorcycle Club is opening its doors to the motorcycling community.

Join the oldest motorcycle club in Canada (established 1911). If you are interested in becoming a member and aiding us promote the good fellowship and image of motorcyclists today, just drop by our clubhouse any Wednesday evening at 8 p.m.

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sportster, tied em down in the truck (like Barbarians) and left, pointed West on the Trans Canada. It just so happened that John knew of a BMW shop about 100 kms from Banff. This became our primary destination -- 14 grimy, crazy, chain smoking hours later we arrived in Chochrane, just outside of Calgary and parked the truck in front of MOTOSPEZIAL, a BMW shop run by a nutcase East-Indian-Cockney-German person by the name of Roger Reuben, who John had met many years earlier. Roger was kind enough to put us up at his house for the whole time we were in Cochrane and it made an ideal base to explore around Banff and Calgary while we were there. I drove my truck around for a couple of days while I waited for my bike to be fixed and I actually found a good reason for getting lost in a big city. I'd drive around in Calgary long enough to get myself lost and then wait until I'd find some cute looking girls and approach them to ask: "Excuse me miss, but do you know where I am?" A couple were very helpful. Roger was very thorough fixing my bike, he has something like 12 years experience with BMW and they're like putty in his hands. With mine fixed, I could finally ride, and I went for a short boot on the mountain roads. MOTOSPEZIAL also builds the hairiest BMW racers I have ever seen, and now they're starting to experiment with the K model 4 cylinder. The barbarians who ride these machines must be seen to be believed. Any fool can ride his bike fast in a straight line. Curves are different. You have to slow down a bit. Mountains, where these BMW Pilots live, are full of corners. So how do you figure how fast to go through the corner. For these guys, it's simple. There are little signs before the corner indicating the speed for the corner. But these signs lie. What you actually do is double what the sign says and add 20 km per hour. To them this is a realistic rate to go around the corner. Not for me - man - I'm still not used to my shaft drive. And I'm still not quite a BMW Barbarian. We left Calgary, or should I say, we were chased out 250 km by a nasty thunderstorm. Those black clouds sure move fast out by the mountains. We got another cup of terrifically bad coffee in Medicine Hat. I say another



## OF BMW'S and BARBARIANS

I imagine that writing this piece and letting you lot read it will lay me open to all kinds of criticism and sarcastic harrassment, but I'm writing it anyways.

It's true I purchased a BMW, ride it daily, etc. but the rumour that BM's have unseated my preference for a certain well known British Motorcycle are simply not true. BMW's are still outnumbered by this particular British make in my household by 5 to 1. Impressive statistics for the Brits, but I ride the German one cause it works.

If anyone out there has read "Zen and the Art of M.C. Maintenance" then you'd know that contrarily to popular belief, BMW's do break down. I'd read the book, so I was prepared when mine broke down two days after I bought it. The BMW was purchased in an act of frustration when my Triumph broke down twice in one weekend. Meanwhile, as the BMW was broke, I fixed the Triumph. Right. One running Triumph; One broke-down BMW. Goes against all set patterns of logic and common sense. It was when I went to the BMW shop that I first discovered the Barbarian connection with the bike. Her it is, the beginning of summer, and lo and behold, the BMW shop is closed while the staff is on vacation (riding their runnin BMW's - I might add). Barbarians! I phone BMW in Toronto. Sure, they have the parts I need but no C.O.D. WHAT? For a \$90.00 part. The Brit Shops have sent me \$500.00 of bits C.O.D. Who do these people think they are? At this point the darkness began to settle in.

Next day, I ambled down to the Country Style on Osborne for a morning coffee at about noon. Ran into a friend there, name of John, and before long I was outlining my BMW troubles to him. You see, John understands some of this, actually being an ex BMW owner/operator himself. We agreed that this whole situation of trying to fix a BMW in Winterpeg in the middle of summer was for the birds and entirely too stressful for our delicate systems. "What we need," John says, "is a coffee in Banff". I agreed and since there was nothing else to do, we loaded up our bikes, my dead Beemer and his

## "WOIDS FOR 'THOUGHT'"

Ward and June were out taking the boys for a Sunday Drive, when "Oh Gosh!" the rain struck, as it is wont to do on Sunday afternoons in Manitoba. As they joined the throngs of traffic leading into the city, their station wagon was overtaken, then passed, by a dark figure on an "old motorcycle".....

"Wow", said the Beaver, "lookit that!!"

"Geeee, that's COOL," said his older brother Wally.

Who was that masked rider, and what was he riding, Why did Ward and June, et al, look up out of their glass box? What, exactly would cause Wally to pronounce the sight; "COOL"?

Certainly not his gard; it is the common combination of practical leather often seen on two-wheeled - conveyance certainly not his headgear, helmeted uniformity being compulsory. He is not speeding, weaving, or noticeably timid. On the contrary, he handles his aged machine with a certain "elan", skill borne of painstaking experience.

Perhaps it is his machine. Unfortunately to the Cleaveres, et al, it is just some "old" or just maybe "antique" motorcycle. They'll never speculate as to marque unless they read it on the tank.

Yet, something sets him and other riders apart from the rest. Not pride, though it is certainly there. Arrogance? Mostly these riders are, in one way or another, jus "average Joes" attitude? Close... but not the real Havana. One can only cal it "style"; that seems to be the closest word to it in English.....

By this, of course, one does not mean the garb a rider chooses to sport, or what "look" he may achieve. Nor is it a matter of marque, or age, or country of origin of the machine, though these can all be elements of and incorporated in one's own particular "style".



You either have it or you don't. Style is like being double jointed, or ambi-dextrous, or red-haired, for that matter. It can't be taught, yet is refined by learning. It cannot be acquired, it is all of to the winds of change, yet involves through experience. It's both accidental and deliberate.

It's what drives a normally sane individual to see in a tangle of rust, debris and weeds a 2-wheeled horse of a different colour, breathing the wind of a bygone era in his face. The age on the heads, if they're there, the cracked leather, every dent and bend telling a story of a lifetime of movement, and telling it in one language.

The language is style. Understood by those who can, be they 'white collar', 'blue collar', 'scotter tramps', et al labels were invented by people with no style. It's like "Do-wah-ditty"; those who understand don't need explanations. It's either there or it isn't.

That's why it's immaterial as to whether one rides a Crocker or a Vincent, A Harley or a Norton, an Indian or a Triumph, etc. etc.!!! What draws certain riders together is that same common language.

It's the essence or close to it, of the true individual. That part that responds to the individuality in a particular machine; perhaps a favoured mark, just as likely some obscure mechanical orphan that teaches you as much about it, life, and yourself than 2 divorces and a cat.

How else to account for the very idea that anything could be embodied in an aged, obsolete collection of parts, ridden by some "eccentric".

You gotta call it something. You gotta call it something, I call it STYLE.

MYLES A. WEIGH

(Much thanks to our guest editor, Myles. Myles is an eccentric that lives in an abandoned old dancehall near St. Francis Xavier. Sometimes he lives in abus)

The Editor

was advertised to do 65 and upward. Like the Prince, it had many new features which the big twins did not have. It had a newly designed fork springing arrangement which was light and ver stable. These forks were so well liked that they are still being used on some hill climbing motorcycles today. The arrangement of the fork springing was later used on the twins. The 3-speed transmission and clutch were also designed for this machine, and a nicer, more rugged little box could not be found. This transmission was later used on the 45 inch twin with very little change. The engine was a little masterpiece of design, as the speed boys soon found out. It was a real breather with ample port area and quite large valves. It had a good bottom end and could be modified to put out a lot more than came from the factory. The intake and exhaust cams are geared so that each one can be advanced or retarded independently, and with a little grinding of the cams, some real wild valve timing was possible. The overhad valve engine had roller tappets and double valve springs which really snapped them shut. The O.H. Valve Model was used extensively for night speedway racing on the short tracks with good results in the early thirties, but they were no match for the imports built especially for racing and gradually passed from the racing scene. In 1929 Harley introduced a 30.50 cubic inch single, along with the 45 inch twin. This single was known as the Model C and was continued along with the 21 inch side valve single until 1934.

#### COLORS

1926 to 1929 -- All Olive Green. Early wheels - olive green, later wheels - black. 1/2 inch wide maroon stripe on tanks with thin gold stripe in center. HARLEY-DAVIDSON in red block letters with black and gold edging.

SEE YOU ALL NEXT MONTH.

Bert Bentley



these bikes started life as a safe, easy handling machine for amateurs, many of them ended up broadsliding on on dirt and cinder short tracks in the late twenties and early thirties in the hands of professionals. It is also interesting to note that after the discontinuance of these singles, the two factories did not make a single until 1948, when Indian introduced the Arrow, and Harley-Davidson the 125. With this background let us go into the individualities of these two motorcycles.

#### THE INDIAN PRINCE

The Prince single was introduced in 1925. It was a completely new machine, quite unlike the Scout and Chief of the period. The lightweight frame and fork arrangements were designed exclusively for it, as were also the compact 3-speed transmission and clutch. All of these features were later used on the Pony Scout and Sport Scout Models although the latter were twins. The first Prince motorcycles were furnished with pegs instead of footboards and had short flat handlebars, with hand clutch and brake levers on the bars. Later models had conventional footboards and clutch and brake pedals. The first models had a wedge shaped fuel and oil tank, but in 1928 a nicely shaped teardrop tank was used which was similar to the 101 Scout. In 1928, a front brake was added in common with the other Indian Models.

#### COLORS

All Prince Models were standard Indian Red, except on special order. Thin Gold Stripe on both sides of tank in addition to the Indian script. Some later models had PRINCE in small block letters under the Indian script. Wheels were black.

#### THE HARLEY-DAVIDSON NEW SINGLE

The NEW SINGLE was introduced in 1926 and was accompanied by extensive National advertising. The main point stressed in this advertising was, "80 miles per gallon". This was a real capable little single which could do 50 to 60 M.P.H. and the overhead valve Sport Model

#### A.M.C.M. INC. MINUTES - JULY 29, 1985

The Meeting was opened by our President, Craig Kraft, and the Minutes of the previous meeting were adopted as read by Ray Houde and seconded by Don. Carried.

There were 29 present with two guests:---

Joe Cody with many old Triumphs

John McDiarmid with a BSA and Enfield

Executive reports were given and there is \$1,245.61 in the bank.

#### OLD BUSINESS:

The Stereo raffle is still being worked on.

The Poker Derby will be held August 24th, 1985.

Club Decals were mentioned and are going to be looked into.

Plaques for the Spring run will be obtained soon.

#### NEW BUSINESS

Due to various reasons the A.M.C.M. will not be participating in the much coveted Sandcastle Building Contest at Grand Beach.

A motion to adjourn was made by Siggi Klann, seconded by Joanne Butcher. Carried.

Jerry Olenko

Secretary

#### A.M.C.M. INC. MEETING DATES

NEXT MEETING --- AUGUST 26th, 1985

SEPT. 30th, OCT. 28th, NOV. 25th, DEC. 16, 1985



GRANT WEEKS  
P.O. Box No. 211  
STURGIS, SASKATCHEWAN  
SOA 4A0

Dear Ryann:

Randy Dubnyk of Yorkton, Sask. just telephoned me. He is looking for an engine for a 1946 Indian Chief. His inquiry prompted some searching through the Rust'N Pieces. Gave him Siggi Klann's address.

Consequently, decided to respond to your note on the register.

My Indian was a basket case purchased in 1958. Secured enough parts from John Hall (Hall Brothers) to enable me to get on the road. My first motorcycle.

My Vincent was purchased from Tiny in April 1969. Rode it to Regina -- cool. The Bike had been owned by Roger Nordlund of Dryden, Ontario. He had switched engines. Consequently, the proper serial No. matching cases for my frame, are in a machine owned by Robin Clement of Tampa, Florida. Robin bought his machine from Jake Houtop of Winnipeg.

It has been my intention to contact Jake to try to find the cases that would properly belong with Robin C.'s frame. This Engine would be a standard Vincent Twin Rapide. The numbers should be FLOAB/1/6630. My plan is to find these cases and hopefully induce Robin to part with the ones that would properly match the frame that I have.

If any of the other A.M.C.M. members could help me in this quest, I would be most appreciative.

Yours truly,  
Grant Weeks

P.S. Please find enclosed my tardy membership fee. Would it be in order to have a three-year membership? Some associations find this practise useful.

## MOTORCYCLE MATTERS

by

Bert Bentley

My article this month will cover two famous small machines built and marketed in the 1925-1934 era. At that time, big Harleys and Indians were the order of the day and these large heavy machines did not appeal to all potential riders so both factories turned their attention to a small 350cc single cylinder type. In the 1963 summer issue of the Antique Motorcycle Club of America's quarterly magazine "Antique Motorcycles" there is an excellent article by Art Tucker on these two machines and I am taking the liberty this month of drawing extensively on Art Tucker's article.

The year was 1925, the middle of the "Roaring Twenties". The two contenders were named, The Indian Prince and The Harley-Davidson New Single. These machines were both 21 cubic inch four stroke singles, and both were offered in a side valve and an overhead valve version. Much engineering and design work was lavished on these little machines, and as a consequence they introduced many new features for their respective breeds, one of the most important being the detachable cylinder head. Now it was possible to remove the cylinder head, clean the carbon, reinstall the head and be ready to ride in twenty minutes, (it said in the catalog), all without removing the engine from the frame. Because many new riders were reluctant to start out with a heavy machine, these lightweights filled a distinct need, as they do today. The factories stressed safety, economy, and ease of handling in these light machines to appeal to the parents of youngsters who wanted a motorcycle.

While the experienced motorcycle enthusiast tended to look on these machines with scorn, to the extent of calling them nicknames such as: pea shooter, putt putt, one popper and some names which were unprintable, the fact remains that these cycles were responsible for garnering many new adherents into the fraternity who later graduated to larger machines. It is ironic that while