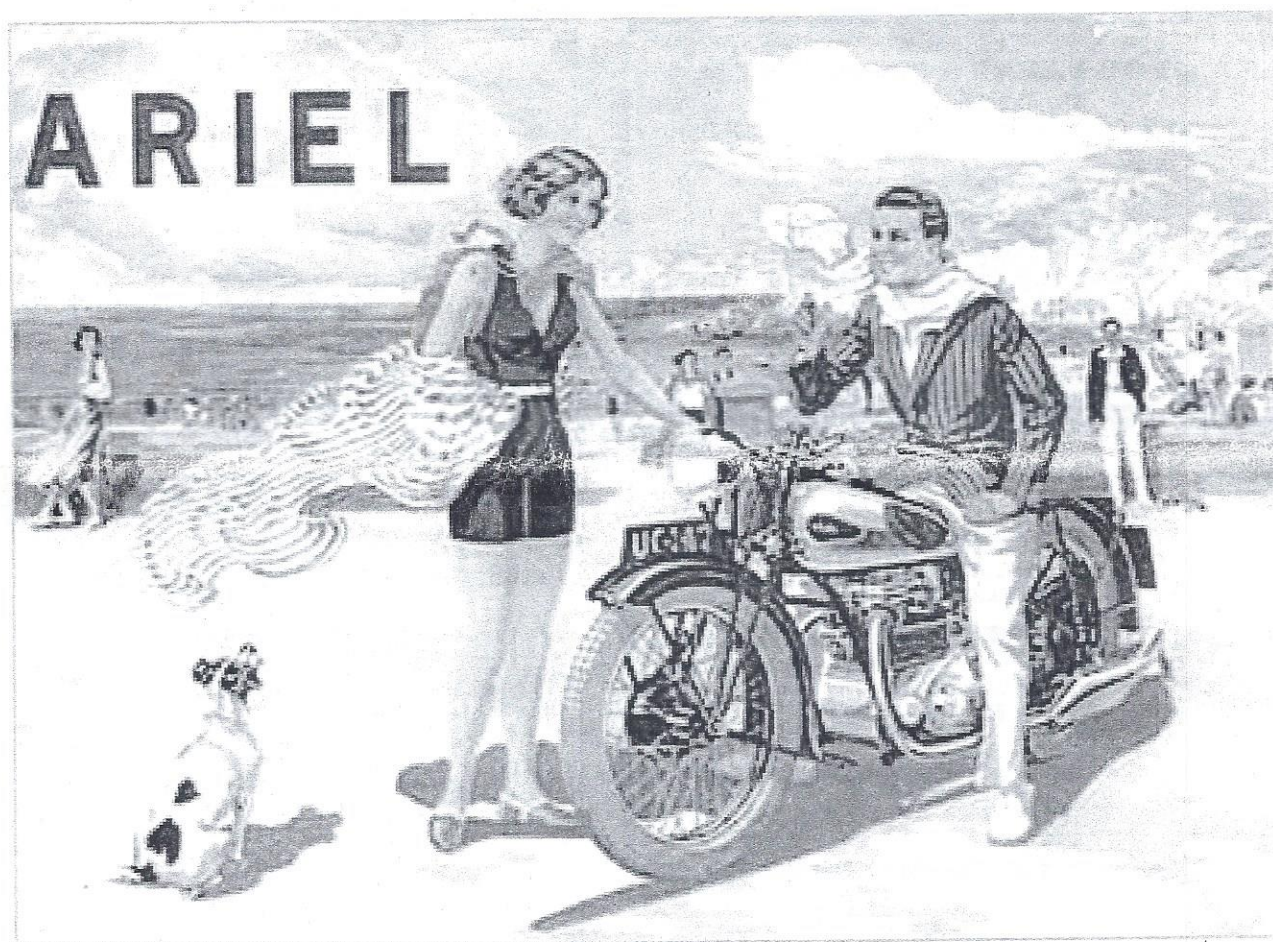


Antique Motorcycle Club Of Manitoba Inc.

P.O. Box 1074 Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 2X4

RUST'N PIECES

Number 3 Volume 26 March, 2003



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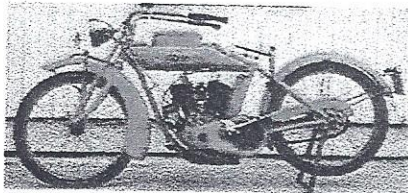
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UPCOMING EVENTS

May 15th

CMMG MLA Ride
Legislative Grounds 5-6pm
contact 269-2664

June 20th to 22th

Manitoba Ride For Sight
contact Diane / Ivor 284-6753

July 4th to 6th

3rd annual AMCM Rally

July 10th to 13th

Moto Guzzi National owners Cub
National Rally (MGNOC)
Mt. Vernon Wshington
Richard Guthrie (206) 246-3181 or
email rtguthrie@jun0.com

August 24th

Breast Cancer Pledge Ride
Winnipeg to Morden
contact Tracie 233-9398
Sharon 633 2453

Sept 6th

Corn Roast

Meeting Notice

Next meeting at Woodhaven Community Club
March 25th, 7:30 p.m.
Next month April 29th
Community Club contact: Anne Boyd 831-1635

Minutes of the February Meeting

The gathering for this meeting broke all recent levels with 28 members & one guest present. A hearty welcome was given to the guest Jim Wolfe who also threatened to join. A rousing welcome was given to the 3 new members who attended, namely Richard, Mark & Brian, we all hope you enjoy the banter, most of which is friendly !!!!!!!

Most of us were very attentive when the gavel dropped, and Jerry advised all of the exec meeting that took place by handing over to yours truly.

As secretary, the news to pass along was:

- 1- We would try to organize weekly runs & weekend runs to a selected location so that we would all have a chance to meet outside of the clubhouse. The idea was that it would be kept informal with a meet location and approximate time given so that people could arrive at their own pace. No formal departure points but obviously like-minded members may group for company. The other benefit was that runs could be aimed at the outlying member's areas so that all in the club were at least included, participation is the key. Other general runs could be to show & shines, Members shops or garages from hell, or just Sunday breakfast – all ideas welcome. In the absence of our hard working property manager, a unanimous vote was carried to appoint him location manager. I guess we have to wait & see if he accepts!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
- 2- As an aside to the runs the status of the vintage plate was brought up. It was decided a letter to our DEAR friends at MCI asking for their interpretation would be beneficial. Guess what folks – your 'umble scribe has not got around to this of yet – procrastination rules again & again & again - !!
- 3- Bingo nights – we agreed to go for a try out. Jerry would fill in forms but there are 2 elements that must be fulfilled in order to be invited back. Firstly 10 people are required to attend the tickets. This means that due to the notice given & the time of day it may happen we would need at least 15 names to call to rouse the required 10. Merv, Greg & Marie, Jerry, Keith JT,JR, Lorenz, Mark, Wally & JH of those present were willingly pressganged. Others may put their names forward - do not be shy! Secondly, the funds raised must be spent something positive for the club. Ideas ranging from brochures, pins, new banner were tossed around but if anyone has a bright idea please let us know.
- 4- The rally was next on the agenda. Posters were distributed together with entry forms. It was felt that more of the outlying areas should be covered as well as other clubs that some of us belong to so please do not be coy – if you are in Brandon, Thompson, anywhere, or know someone there send them a copy or drop 1 off when passing thru. Posters & entry forms are available, just ask.
- 5- The roster would in future carry a list of the books, manuals & reference material currently held in our library. This would hopefully result in a higher use of the literature available. This hopefully will benefit those looking for info on those little projects etc.

At this point in the proceedings there was a sudden flash. Had someone had a brainwave?? No it was Bill recording for posterity the attentiveness of one of our members !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

(continued on page 5)



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President's Note

It was good to see a great turn out at our meeting in February. The meeting ran a little long as there was much to discuss.

Hard to beleive but spring is upon us and soon we'll be out on our motorcycles

Many of us are always looking for an excuse to go for a ride, so we are going to try and make up a schedule of rides and events to fill our summer. Anyone with a location activity or event to ride to please forward your ideas to one of the executive members.

Jerry S.

Looking back at a newsletter from 1987, the club had 27 advertisers.

Jokes from back then:

Traffic Cop: What gear were you in when you had your accident.

AMCM Member: I was wearing a bush jacket, blue jeans and work boots.

The trouble with antique shops is that their prices are modern.

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(Minutes of the February Meeting continued)

Treasurer's report came next with confirmation that 37 members had renewed out of the 41 registered. The tally of members should slightly increase once all have completed the forms.

Review of the benefits of the club being a MAAC member were reviewed the main appeal being the insurance cover given to us for the events we put on plus their lobby of MPIC. The insurance issue of being able to carry a "collector" plate from 1 old vehicle to another being the ultimate goal.

Joining the NAAACCC was raised again but as the fee of \$1 per member was going up to \$3, and the benefit to the club could not presently be seen, it was decided to refrain for the coming year.

Librarian's report was nothing to add but, as keeper of the archive, was desperately seeking photos of runs, events, or just general pics of our club's activities over recent years. Anyone with a surplus or spares (Bill?????????), please donate.

Our editor presented the new & improved crest for review by the members. As no one had a complaint, it was rated a good design & so a vote taken & duly passed.

The final item on the agenda was the voting for the award of the Bert Bentley Trophy, which somehow got overlooked at the last rally. A motion was forwarded that the people's choice should take it. This was seconded and agreed; thus Marv was awarded the trophy. A plaque is being made for the April meet.

At this point, by popular demand the meeting was officially closed, the gavel came down & the peaceful slumber of our attentive member was immediately & rudely ended.

At this the bargaining at the swap meet resumed and many smiling faces eventually left the building dragging some long lost treasure home with them to impress their better halves with!

Due to a sore finger or 2 these minutes are now Fini

John T.



For those members who were unable to attend the last meeting, below you will see the new crest that was talked about in the club minutes.



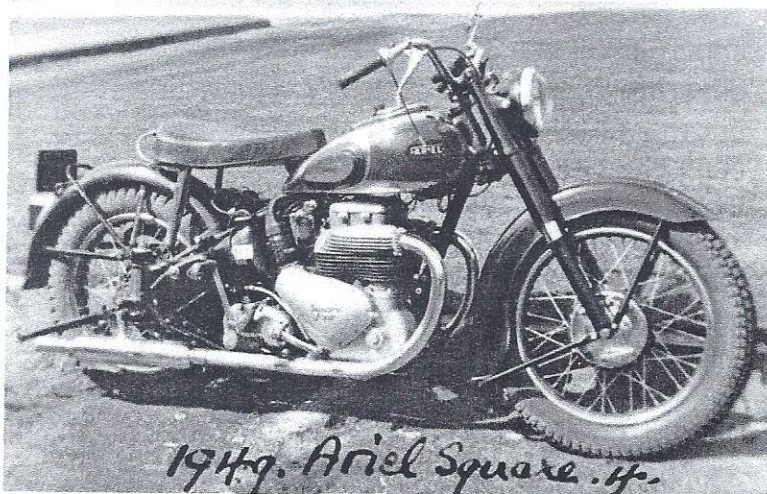
The Ariel and the Roses

1954: post-war Britain was a still a mess: food—some was still rationed, gasoline—expensive, non-existent for most people, low-paying jobs. The only bright light for those who could find the money was a hoard of war surplus equipment. My father had learned to ride motorcycles while in the British Army Royal Signals Corp, and after working two jobs, was able to get back on a motorcycle, in this case,

a BSA Bantam Single: all he could afford with two young children, a wife, and a new council home.

Dad was therefore thoroughly miffed when his 25 year-old brother-in-law came home for good from the Royal Navy, and promptly bought a war-surplus Ariel Square Four. Robin couldn't ride, had no idea how to ride, but his determination to ride was all that counted. Promises of borrowing the bike resulted in the one and only driving lesson that Robin ever took, a day I'll never forget, but before we get to that, let's examine the bike.

Hugo Wilson in *The Encyclopedia of the Motorcycle* says that The Ariel Square Four first reached the English market in 1931 after only two years of development. The 597cc engine was dropped into a frame that originally held the 500cc single, but now the bike had the power and smoothness of 4 cylinders. Think of two parallel-twins, with a common crankcase, cylinder block and head. The overhung crankshafts were coupled together. In the original design, the coupling gear of the rear crankshaft also drove the three-speed gearbox, built into the unit with the engine. It provided 24hp at 6000rpm, weighed just over 400 pounds, and could reach up to 85 mph. The engine grew in the years following to a 1000cc size, putting out 40hp at 5600rpm. The weight increased only slightly to 425 pounds,



and the Ariel was capable of reaching the ton in 1955. Production ended in 1960.

The Ariel I was looking at that spring day almost 50 years ago was a monster, especially compared to the BSA Bantam 125 Single. Still in its wartime green, Dad's only comment was a grudging "It'll do." My grandfather's gloomy prediction that "there's a bloody thing that'll do what the Jerries couldn't", meaning likely kill Uncle Robin, was quite prophetic, if slightly inaccurate as to cause of death.

With Robin on the not-yet-started Ariel, Dad explained key controls such as brakes, clutch, throttle. He added a suggestion about balance, and recommended that Robin leave it first gear, and head up the hill—a distance of about a half mile with a more than reasonable rise to it. After a couple of minutes of dry shifting and feeling the weight of the bike, Robin was ready. The bike started with an almighty roar, belching clouds of blue/black noxious smoke, and immediately lurched up Pine Avenue, my father running beside it for a brief moment, shouting instructions.

The Ariel made it to the top of the street to the T intersection, and somehow or another, didn't tip over in the turn. However, when Robin started coming back down, the combination of the hill's downslope and a fumbled shift into a higher gear made for a much faster speed

than anyone expected. My father, about halfway up the hill, was now making much faster time running back down, fear making his voice even louder and more desperate. By more good luck than skill, Robin managed to slow down enough to get the Ariel pointed back up the hill, and the scene repeated itself: Ariel bellows up street, Dad runs part way; Ariel hammers down hill, somehow slows down, turns, and so on.

Feeling quite flush with all of this, Robin decided to bring the bike down the garden path using the engine as locomotion. There was a slight bend in the path at the front door, which Robin negotiated reasonably well in that he didn't fall off. Now—

Grandad was quite the gardener, and proud of two things: the roses that reached to the eaves of the two-storey home in which we all lived for a while, and the Victory Garden, complete with hen house, that had provided both veggies, eggs and meat during the war, and the years thereafter.

Unfortunately, the handlebars on that moving Ariel were about a foot too wide for the trellis gateway to the backyard, but when the wood gave way, the roses didn't. It takes quite a stem to hold a flower the size of a large soup bowl, and they weren't going to give up without a fight. But give they did: the Ariel must have pulled more than 20 feet of climbing rose behind it in two trailing tendrils before finally giving way.

The pain and shock of that [imagine the size of the thorns], along with Grandad's screams of horror at the destruction of his prize plants, resulted in Robin jerking the bars sharply left, which meant the bike was now heading directly for the hen house.

Material for building a hen house was not designed as a motorcycle barrier: one by two's with chicken wire, a slanted roof to keep out

the rain, some scrap lumber to serve as roosts and nesting areas. We were, however, amazed at [a] how far into the shed the Ariel managed to get before the front wall and the roof collapsed [b] how much chicken guano and feathers can collect in nearly 15 years [c] how quiet everything goes after the world seems to come to an end, complete with clouds of detritus floating over once-clean laundry hanging on the line, and [d] how red Grandad gets when he was really, really angry.

Robin survived—Grandad never did follow through on his threat: "If he's not dead, I'll kill the bloody bastard—look what he did to me roses!", but the Ariel didn't. Grandad called one of his mates at the Swan and Hunter shipyard, and the bike was gone that evening in exchange for a couple of pints at Grandad's local pub.

Editor's Note

The Ariel story was sent to us by a none member who, I believe found out about our club at the cycle show last month at the convention centre. The story was mailed to the club address with no return address or authors name.

I am sure he will be reading this somehow somewhere, as he said there could be more contributions to our newsletter in the future. I have a few clues though as to who our mystery author may be. If he doesn't come forward on his own, we may have to kidnap him some Tuesday evening, say around the end of the month, and trick this fellow motorcycle enthusiast into joining our merry little group.

At any rate the article is greatly appreciated and my thanks go out to you whoever you are.

p.s. Saw 3 bikes out on the road this past week. One has to wonder if it safe yet, it will get warmer and dryer!

The Bookworm returns.....

Some ramblings from the Bookworm who is entering the world of the computer to put this on paper.

Our swap meet in my opinion did not have the level of participation I would have expected, i.e. more stuff for sale. I did manage to sell a Boat Anchor, as some were calling it. The member body as a group did support the event very well with good attendance. I need parts for bikes, but first need the money for the mentioned parts. I long ago quit coveting Nortons and Velocettes and just have to be happy with what is currently jammed in the "Garage from Hell".

Noticed the comment in November MAAC report a passing of the unsightly by-law in Brandon. Just what is an unsightly premises is a very subjective opinion.

The Metcalfe Movie Night went well. You should have noticed it was billed as the Third Annual, boy, time sure flies by. You do things often enough, and it becomes a habit, and this is a very enjoyable one.

I was pleasantly surprised to see one of our own gracing the pages of the Winnipeg Sun. Jim and his "bunch" of bikes made a good article for the club. If anyone can spare a copy I would like to put it in our archives.

And before I clear out of here to cut some more firewood, as it's bloody cold outside Again. Can anyone answer that burning question, "How many wives you got????"

Mike the Bike

ANTIQUE MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF MANITOBA Inc.

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_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
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I, _____, will abide by the By-Laws of the Antique Motorcycle Club of Manitoba Inc. DATE _____

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