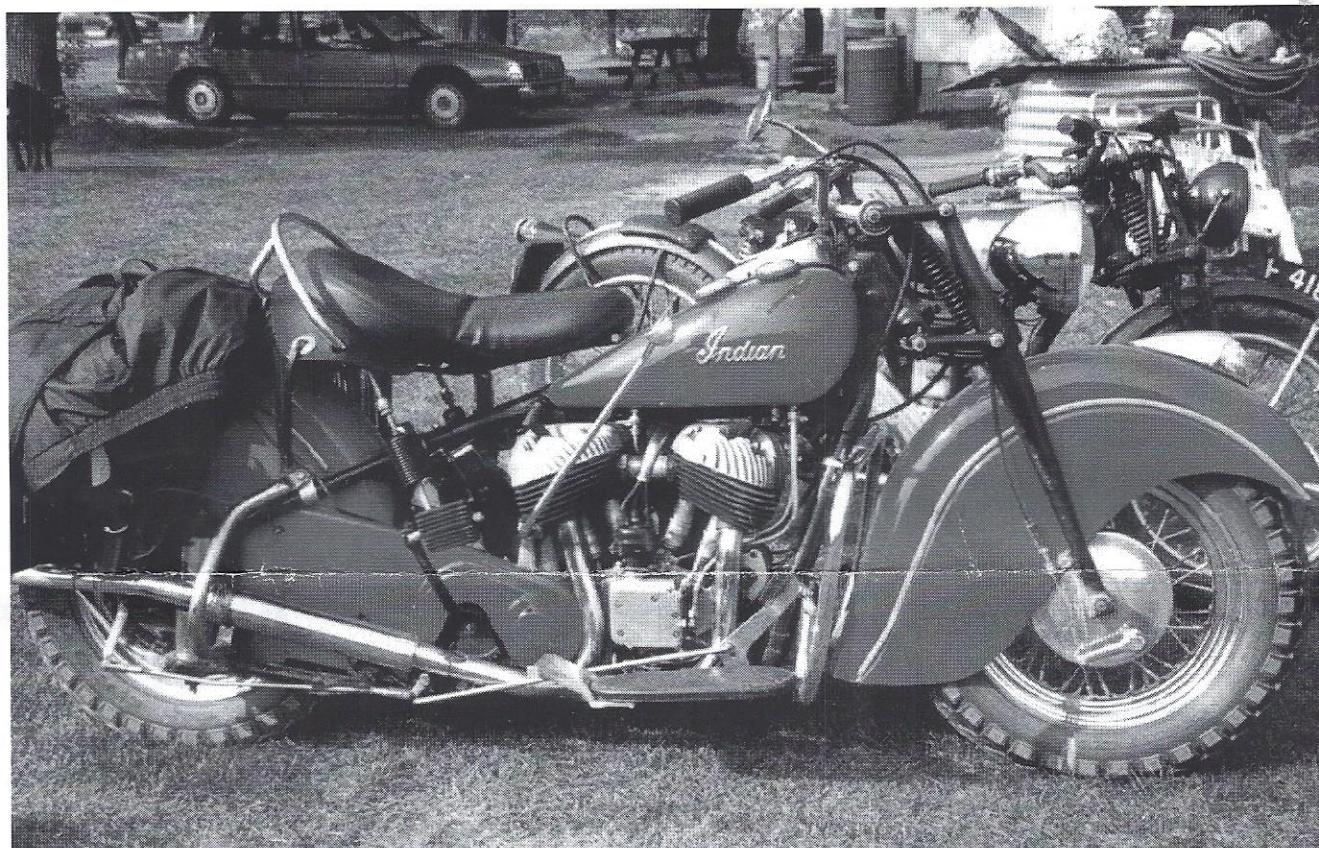


ANTIQUE MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF MANITOBA INC.

RUST 'N' PIECES

PO Box 1074, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 2X4

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TAKING A BREAK!

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NOTES FROM THE EDITOR

Here we are in April, the snow is almost gone, just a few traces around the ditches. The days are getting longer which makes us long for those beautiful summer evening rides. Greg and I are hoping to get our first ride in, on the Easter Long Weekend.

I'm always a little bit tentative on that first ride of the season. I find my skills are a little rusty and there's always road hazards (sand/gravel on the streets) to contend with. It's that time of year when everyone gets their bike out, the trouble is, motor vehicles are not used to seeing us on the road. We should ride with caution, for the first few weeks until other road user get used to seeing us. Remember ride safe, until we see you on the highways and byways!

Cheers!

Marie

PRESIDENT'S COMMENTS

It looks like spring has finally arrived as I'm seeing more and more bikes on the road every day. I would like to take this opportunity to thank John Tankard for inviting a guest speaker to our next meeting in April to speak on the use of synthetic oil. If any of our members have any suggestions for a guest speaker at our meetings, please let me know. I encourage all of you to continue submitting your bike-related stories and pictures for our newsletter. At present we have 39 members.

Respectfully submitted;

Greg

WHERE ARE THOSE "RUST 'N' PIECES"?

Wanted

Manitoba motorcycle license plates prior to 1960. Any condition.

Wanted

Lead on a complete or restored Harley WLC military 45ci. Original preferred or an older restoration. Any leads will be appreciated.

Wanted

Old Motorcycle Chums and Big Five Motorcycle Boys children's books.

Circa WW1.

Contact: Ross Metcalfe:

837-8165 or email:

moose102@escape.ca

For Sale

2003 Vino-Burgundy (Scooter, not liquid)

See Jerry S.

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"CLASSIC" GARAGE SALE

by David Pritchard

I need garage space!

Will someone share some of my collection?

1952 AJS 18S 500cc

Engine rebuilt, running, new tires and paint, correct in work. A nice machine! Cost: \$3200. CAN

1969 BSA Rocket 3: Rebuilt motor, excellent condition, Original. Cost: \$7500 CAN

For Sale: 6x10 "Pace Cargo Sport" enclosed motorcycle trailer, rear ramp/door, side door, four-years old. Very good condition. Cost: \$4500 OBO

david@bardalfuneralhome.com
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*Ours is the only hobby where the longer a restoration takes,
the more valuable it becomes.*

UPCOMING EVENTS

APRIL

Next AMC Meeting

Tuesday, April 27 7:30 p.m.

Woodhaven Community Centre

MAY

CMMG MLA Ride

Watch this space for date and time!

JUNE

Manitoba Ride for Sight

When: Saturday, June 25 to Sunday, June 27

Where: Legislative Grounds

Registration is Saturday from 9-10:45 am

JULY

Club Rally

Friday, July 2 to Sunday, July 4

AUGUST

Breast Cancer Pledge Ride

Southern HOG Show and Shine

Morden Park

SEPTEMBER

Corn Roast

Saturday, September 18; Choquette's

WHO? WHAT? WHERE? WHEN? What's the history of this bike? Show off your knowledge of antique bikes at the April 27 meeting. Report in May issue.



Sadly, I'm sending along the attached obituary which was in the March 26 Free Press, announcing the death of Dave Oates. A number of us knew Dave. Dave was a charter member of the Antique Motorcycle Club of Manitoba.

Dave worked for Nicholson Bros. Motorcycles in Saskatoon before joining the RCMP. Some of us will remember him working for Tiny Robins at Robin's Motorcycle Sales, on Keewatin.

Of additional interest to local motorcycle enthusiasts is that Dave was related to Graham Oates, of the Isle of Man. In 1928, Graham Oates was the first person to cross Canada on a motorcycle, from Halifax to Vancouver. In 1932, Graham Oates made another trip during which he drove a motorcycle to Churchill Manitoba. I can see where some of Dave's interest in motorcycles may have come from.

Jim Harrison



SARGEANT DAVID JAMES OATES
(Retired RCMP Police)
1927 - 2004

On Tuesday, March 23, 2004, at West Park Manor Personal Care Home, David passed away at the age of 76 years.

He is survived by his wife Isla, of 50 years of marriage; four sons, Sandy (Brenda), Chuck (Debbie), Tom (Roxanne) and Tim; three grandchildren, Stacey and her partner Jason, Christopher and Jeremy.

David was born and raised in Saskatoon, only child of James and Lucy Oates. He worked as a motorcycle mechanic until 1948 when he joined the R.C.M.P. David served in many postings in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Ontario. In 1953, he married his beloved wife, Isla Margarette Whiteway, who was his faithful companion wherever he went. After retirement from the R.C.M.P. in 1973, David returned to the motorcycle trade where he was well known. He was a life member of the Manitoba Motorcycle Club. In the mid 1990's, David was unable to work due to poor health and retired completely. He was a member of the R.C.M.P. Veterans Association. At the time of his death, David and Isla resided at West Park Manor Personal Care Home. During the time he spent in West Park Manor, he enjoyed playing his guitar and mouth organ and playing piano or the keyboard.

In compliance with David's wishes, a private family funeral service will be held in the Chapel of Memories in Wojcik's All Beliefs & Faiths Funeral Chapel, 2157 Portage Ave. at Sharp Boulevard, Winnipeg, MB.

Our family would like to thank the staff at West Park Manor Personal Care Home for their kindness and care.

Donations may be made in David's memory to the Arthritis Society or to the Parkinson Society of Manitoba.

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MINUTES OF THE MARCH MEETING

An exceptional turnout was witnessed with a final tally of 30 members being present.

Two latecomers even managed two wheels apiece, although neither admitted that the cause of being late may have been a lack of practice in their kick-starting procedure, a knack many of us will have to familiarize ourselves with in the near future.

The meeting was opened with a display from Del and John Savewater Ent. on the use of *Waterless Car Wash*. For those not present, it is a wash-and-polish-system that cleans, polishes and protects without the use of (yeah, you guessed it) water. (Having used this product on the bikes for the first time this winter, I am sold on its ability to clean and shine and will be putting it through its on-road paces very shortly. *Sec.*) Most of the skeptics present were suitably impressed and gave the guys a good round of applause in appreciation of their efforts.

Our ever-youthful President then brought the meeting to order and began by addressing items from the previous meeting.



Confirmed our **postal code** is R3C 2X4. All other codes will be corrected.

Club House **fees** of \$110.00 p.a. were to be paid that night.

Headingley Hall was brought up as a potential site for renting as a meeting place, display, etc. Scheduled to be complete in August, there are 5000 sq ft. set aside for the display of the collection of Jim Perron memorabilia. Costs of rental TBA.

Bingo was a NO WAY item. We did not qualify as the type of charitable organization that Lotteries would consider. If anyone disagrees they are welcome to take up the cause on behalf of the club.

Insurance: Our portion of the premium in the sum of \$95.00 was paid to MAAC. Coverage extends to third party only for shows and non-racing events. With regard to the rally, this means spectators only, NOT bikes, NOT participants. This is similar to the cover also available via the CVMG for the jointly

hosted event. For the event to be covered by our policy it has to be sanctioned. To comply with this MAAC needs a copy of the advertising/registration form. Richard G. will send them a copy of the form.

The policy as it stands does not cover club property, i.e., picnic tables or most importantly the library. Further investigation is required to see if relevant home insurances cover these items while stored at club member's homes.

Advertising in the club mag: Harley Davidson Wpg. needs an invoice. Metro claimed he had not heard from us for four years. (So I guess we should pull the ad! P.S. we forgot to vote on this!! *Sec.*)

Roster: new one required; should be out by June, after all the dust has settled on the registration front. Keith will assist.

Oil: A presentation on the modern synthetic oils is scheduled for the April meet. For this Doubting Tom and other Thomases in the club, it should prove enlightening!

The Secretary's report: (a little briefer!!)

Rally: Thanks were passed on to Greg for putting the poster up on the CVMG Keystone website for all to see.

Please take the time to visit.

Budgets were presented showing income and expenses based on attendances of 50 and 75 people. The numbers were based on previous experience. Budget acceptance was proposed by Ross M. and seconded by Jim H.

Games were mentioned. Games will be in the style of previous years; safety is important. Previous years equipment is at JT's house. Posters, door prize requests and registrations were handed round. Please try to get the message out.

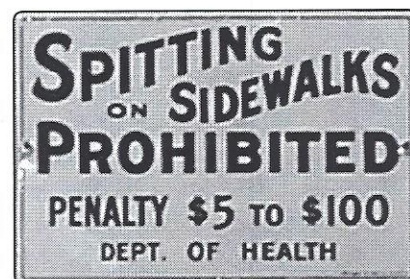
Confirmed: The **rally** will be advertised in various club newsletters as well as some monthly magazines. Registration forms have been emailed and posted to many potential out-of-town attendees. If anyone has a club or contact, please send it out!!

Editor: Thanks were passed on from Marie to Keith for his continued support in getting our rag out.

Property: THE box was dragged in again containing any surplus items for sale. Hopefully the remaining contents will soon fit into a small tank bag!!

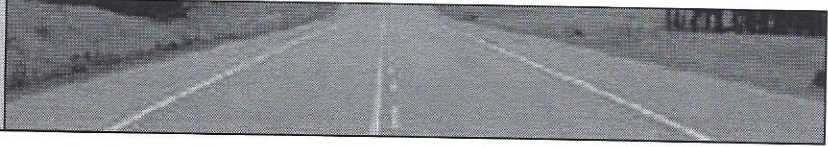
Other: John Tankard required the two club banners for the Pump Rally in Brandon, 23-24 April. John will collect from JT's house over long weekend.

With anything else that happened wiped from my mind as I'm bored with type pecking—



John T.

SIX DAYS IN AUGUST



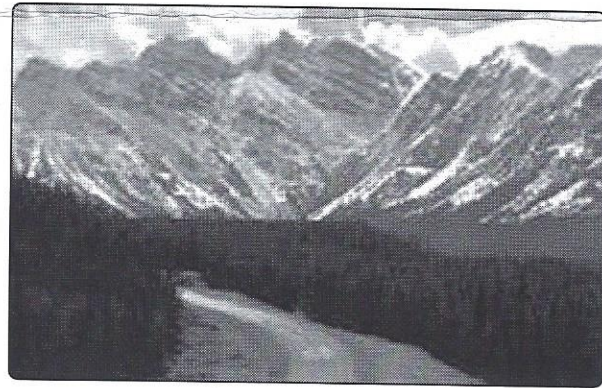
Submitted by Gord Peters

I was 48 when I bought my first motorcycle. The last bike I'd ridden (30 years ago) was my Dad's 65cc Honda Sport, so the '83 R100RT represented a huge jump in time and displacement. 1999 was my first riding season and I instantly fell in love with touring. That first year, to ensure he would never ask for the bike, I took my then 14-year old son on a camping trip from the Black Hills through the North Cascades to Vancouver and home.

The following year, Ruth and I did Winnipeg/Edmonton/Glacier Park/Yellowstone/Bear Tooth/Black Hills/home. I followed that up with a solo ride to the BMWRA rally in Lancaster, Ohio. The best ride to date, though, is still our honeymoon to Arches National Park, Utah in October 2001.

Last year, a number of factors limited my time on the bike or doing a long ride. I was determined to remedy this so, on Sunday, August 17, I set out from my folks' house in Winkler. It was cool but the sun was on its way up at 6:30 am and so was the bike. I headed west on Hwy. 3 to Swan Lake, jumped up to Hwy. 2. At Weyburn, I angled up to Moose Jaw and, by 7 pm, I was pitching my tent in the KOA on the west side of Calgary (820 mi.). Despite a day full of bugs, my hunger won out over cleaning the bike. (Shame on me, eh Bro Bob?)

After giving the car wash a protein snack of smashed bug, I put Vancouver in my sites. I'd been keeping a careful eye on my rear tire thinking it should do the trip but, this being my first (and only) Metronic, my ME88 experience was invalid. At Golden, I decided to call Vancouver about getting a new tire the next day. Since I had been doing most of my maintenance, I'd forgotten that Mondays are usually off-days for dealerships. I got a parts guy at Pacific BMW but no assurances. The service manager at John Volk was much more encouraging. He took my information and promised to call my cell shortly. Happily, I turned back onto the TransCanada. With no callback by Kamloops, I called and left a message. At Merritt, still no message so I called and learned he'd had no time to check and, since mine was an older bike, he suggested I try calling a number he gave me. I asked if this was Shail's. He said yes and I gave myself a good tongue-lashing for not having called them first. They were completely shut for the day.

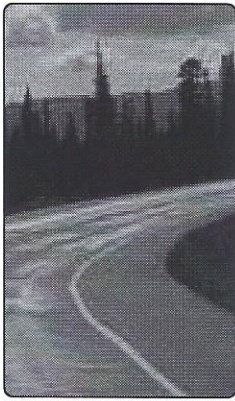


I got into Vancouver by supper (600 mi.), having spent well over two hours trying to get through to the dealers. I spent a great evening with my brother and his wife and, in the morning, headed over to Shail's in the red-light section of Powell Street. Happily, 9 am was a little early so I got in the door unchallenged. I immediately felt at home. I told Kevin my tale of woe and, even though he was booking for Friday, my bike was in the shop in about 15 minutes. Shortly after lunch, I was back on my way to my brother's for another evening of catching up.

I had planned to head down to Ventura, California to visit a friend but the day's delay vetoed that. On Wednesday, I rode east and dropped into the US at Sumas, Washington and, for the second time in four years, crossed the North Cascades in absolutely perfect conditions. By the time I pitched tent just off Interstate 5 (565 mi.), I'd been through Yakima and past Mt. Rainier. I was on the road well before sunrise on Thursday and watched the fog-shrouded fields turn an incredible shade of tangerine before I began sweeping through the tree canyons that flowed to South Bend on the coast. After a quick breakfast,

I headed south toward Astoria, Oregon. I admit I got a little leery about the route when I saw the six-mile bridge I'd have to cross only about 30 feet above the mouth of the bay.

My brother had urged me to see Cannon Beach, so I made that my southern-most destination for the day. After a couple of hours of photography on the beach and souvenir shopping, I was back on rubber. The ride to Portland was rolling, forested and, again, exhilarating. The interior of Oregon along 26 was as dreary as anything I've seen. By sunset, I was in Ontario, Oregon on the Idaho border (595 mi.).



Friday proved to be the best ride of the trip. Since it was overcast, I didn't see the sun come up. At Mountain Home, I got off Interstate 84 and onto Hwy. 20. There were about 20 Harleys milling around as I pulled in to gas up. One poor guy, who'd had his whole bike checked just a couple of days ago, had three guys digging around trying to find the source of his electrical shut-down. Would he be seeing Sturgis and Madison for the 100th celebration?

The ride toward Idaho Falls was serene and moving. Wonderful midwest vistas, soft periodic rain and the smell of sage. Then, by complete surprise, I hit Craters of the Moon National Park. It's like an army of giants with shovels was let loose in a black field the night before; the strangest ground-level formations you can imagine.

As I was heading north out of Idaho Falls, I noticed some massive thunderheads sweeping up behind me. I managed to stay ahead of them by pushing the speed limit all the way to Yellowstone. Frankly, I'd rather take a good thunderstorm than the roads in that park. They make Winnipeg's early-spring streets look like a race track. It took forever to weave my way to the northeast exit via the south and east roads. By the time I was approaching the Bear Tooth, the rain had caught although, happily, mostly blown-out. Ruth and I had done this pass in '99 not having a clue what we were in for. Now I knew what lay ahead for this flatlander and the rain wasn't making this any easier to contemplate.

Happily, by the time I hit the challenging upper portion, the roads were dry. I thought I was doing pretty well until some dude on an R1100S came blowing by me at 60 mph into a hairpin. By the time I caught sight of him less than a minute later, he'd done another three hairpins and was up to 80 mph on a short straight. After a quick picture at the summit, I headed down to Red Lodge, Montana for a bite and then to the Billings, Montana KOA for the night (615 mi.).

The campground was full of Harley folks. Within 10 minutes of arriving, I knew of at least three rides that were out of commission, and a number were complaining about the long 370 mi. leg next day to Sturgis. Ah, the joys of Beemerhood.

Early Saturday, I pushed my bike out of the campground before firing up (to protect the overworked ears of the HD crowd). I headed east on Interstate 94 and watched the sun rise three times as I rode up out of successive valleys. I planned to put the last 825 miles of the trip behind me so, somewhere around Bismarck, I phoned Ruth to say I'd be home for supper around eight. The road, traffic, gas stations and border crossing were kind to me and, after six days of riding and 4,200 miles, I sat down to a home-cooked meal with my best (and missed) riding companion.

