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ANTIQUE MOTORCYCLE CLUB OF MANITOBA INC.
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RUST 'N PIECES

WOW! 30 YEARS



Founding Members Present



Siggy Klann, Ross Metcalfe, Jim Harrison, Mike Baraschuk, Jim Simmons

Minutes of November 28, 2006 meeting

The arc light above cast long shadows around the hunched figures as, one by one, they shuffled toward the low stucco building. Freshly fallen snow had been pushed into five-foot high piles around the outside of the parking lot, clearing space for the dozen vehicles. Down the slope beside the clubhouse, the pristine cover sparkled on the two still skating rinks. Behind the rinks, along the banks of the frozen creek, bare-armed river oaks and tall black spruce towers bore their icy white robes as they stood sentinel over the serenity.

Almost any other night, the scene of winter beauty would be appreciated, but not this night. The membership of the Antique Motorcycle Club was gathering about serious business this evening and nature study was not the topic. It was the last Tuesday of November so this was the night all dreaded. They knew it was coming. It always did, every year, and it could not be avoided this or any other year for this was "Election Night", the night when the worst could very well happen. This unsettling thought had tortured every member of the Club throughout the past year. These were brave men, careful men who knew danger. But their participation in a seemingly risky hobby and mode of transportation disguised a secret fear harboured deeply in each man's psyche. The swash-buckling, dare-devil demeanour was a façade.

As quietly and unobtrusively as possible, the men put up two folded tables, one to serve the Executive and the other at right angles for the membership. The membership assumed the traditional "Election Night" seated posture with each man immobilizing his hands in a tight clench in front of him, while staring unblinkingly at an invisible spot on the table just behind his locked fingers. Neck muscles were tightened to avoid any involuntary nodding motion. Eye contact was carefully avoided for fear it might be interpreted as acceptance, or even the unthinkable volunteering. A few members found some private solace in thinking that perhaps the Herculean problem of the Rally '07 date would not be broached again tonight. That unfathomable conundrum, along with the tensions of the election would be just too much for one night. Besides, at the last meeting, the enterprising Secretary had put forward an excellent suggestion that the services of the esteemed Madame Varoom Bakshi, soothsayer and mystic, be employed to divine the perfect date for the annual gala event.

The President called the meeting to order at 7:45 p.m. The silence seemed to last an eternity.

The Secretary was in jolly good spirits as he strolled from his truck toward the pink and blue neon letters announcing that the emporium he was about to enter was D-Jay's Lounge and Steakhouse. He was late for the business part of the meeting but knew most of the boys from the club would be gathered here for some informal chatter over a cup of coffee or perhaps a beer. A few of the more affluent members would usually take this opportunity to display their skills with a steak knife. More than one of the less fortunate observers silently wished that the Heimlich manoeuvre would be required.

The Secretary offered his apology for his tardiness, explaining that the heavy snowfall had made clearing his driveway a larger project than anticipated. Of course, he would not admit that his recent surgery would have had anything to do with his performance for he had, as had all the others, taken the Club "Oath of Silent Suffering." The old Club initiation rite that plebes ride one hundred miles in pelting rain on loose gravel while singing Perry Como hits had been dropped years ago, but the defiant, uncomplaining spirit remained. To speak of bad things was not good. It was best to hope that the bad things that had happened in the past would not be bad when they happened again. That would make progress possible without change and that would be good.

The ever-cheerful Secretary smiled and asked the assembly if the meeting had produced any changes. Broad grins radiated from the men perched atop bar stools around the high table. When a nearby member beamed "Nothing has changed!" the group clinked their cups and mugs, gleefully toasting the announcement.

Another, a suspected fundamentalist, rolled his eyes Heavenward and muttered "Hallelujah. Praise be." Several high-fived each other. The festivity clearly expressed the relief of the group who deservedly felt they had triumphed over adversity. They could head off into the night a little later knowing that all was well with the Antique Motorcycle Club. All officers would remain the same again. (One small glitch threatened the mood briefly but fear subsided when it was made obvious that the Property Manager role would revert to a previous President so nothing "new" was actually going to happen). Crisis had been averted for another year.

Sure they were tired, but it was a good kind of tired. They would sleep well tonight, these warriors on two wheels. For they knew that to do nothing is not easy and the easy thing is not always the good thing. To do nothing and to do it well, is good and doing nothing well can only be done by those who are good, for nothing.

The following is a partly surmised and partly fictitious account of the meeting of the Antique Motorcycle Club held at the home of Ross Metcalfe on January 30, 2007. The writer was not present; however, the content should be regarded as probable. Amendments, corrections or additions should be forwarded to the President who will discipline the Secretary appropriately.

Approximately 15 hardy members were in attendance.

This year's annual Film Night highlighted famous movie clips in which motorcycles are featured.

Heads bowed in respect when it was pointed out that every motorcycle in "THE WILD ONE" was a Triumph and that Brando's was a '52.

At one point during "THE WILD ONE" segment, John Thompson pointed to the screen and blurted "See, I told you it is cool to fold up your jeans for cuffs."

One member dabbed his eyes during a scene from "THE GREAT ESCAPE." It is a well-known secret that this member, whose name shall, of course, not be published was having an illicit, though doomed affair at the time the movie was released with a portly woman who "liked leather."

It was noted with pride that this was the 30th Anniversary of the Antique Motorcycle Club. Original members were immortalized by digital photography, their likenesses made available to all of cyberspace by Dan Aysan. Accolades continue to pour in.

Appreciation was expressed to Cory Metcalfe for the fine A/V presentation. The host was profusely thanked for his hospitality. The group slowly departed into the cold winter night with the glow of sentimentality warming them.

Secretary

March 30-April 1 Bring a motorcycle!





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