



AMCM/MMC

Nov-Dec 2022

RUST 'N PIECES

Volume 45 No 6

A Christmas Tale



**Antique Motorcycle Club
of Manitoba Inc.**

"Year of the Harley" cover story P. 5

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My AMCM friends

I hope this letter finds you well. The year is coming to a close and we have our memories and projects to keep us busy.

In November we've held the elections, welcome Leif Larsen, and held our Spina Bifida fundraising auction.

December was our annual Holiday Dinner with delicious food and great conversation. The weather kept some away so we will need to celebrate with them in the new year.

January 31st will be our movie night at Keith Blais's place which we will be voting on the hard luck story of 2022.

Until then keep warm, keep safe and be well.

Happy Holidays / Joyeuses fêtes / Frohes Fest / Felices fiestas / Buone Feste / Felizes Festas / Fijne feestdagen / Sărbători fericite / Wesolych Świąt / Glad helg / Hezké svátky / Щасливих свя

And have a Happy New Year / Bonne Année / Gutes Neues Jahr / Feliz Año Nuevo / Felice Anno Nuovo / Feliz Ano Novo / Gelukkig nieuwjaar / Un an nou fericit / Szczęśliwego nowego roku / Gott nytt år / Šťastný Nový rok / Щасливого Нового Року

Buy with confidence, own with pride.

If you value your hide you'll ride an old motorcycle

Count the old motorcycles on the road-
the others on the roadside

Sincerely Yours
Siggi Klan

2022 Ray Houde Mileage Challenge

Congratulations to this year's winner **Tiffany Taverner**.

October 25th was the finish line for this year's Mileage Challenge. Riders recorded odometer readings on their vintage motorcycles and calculated mileage points for this season. We have a fantastic prize purchased from our friends at The Royal Winnipeg Mint. Tiffany received a cash prize of collectible coins that pay tribute to Canadian hockey history. The next five finishers have each received a small prize along with our thanks for taking part.



Tiffany now has her name on a cool vintage trophy to take home and display for one year. This year's cash prize will be one to remember just like the 72 Summit Series. The coins feature all of the Team Canada player numbers and initials of the coaches from one of their most memorable series.



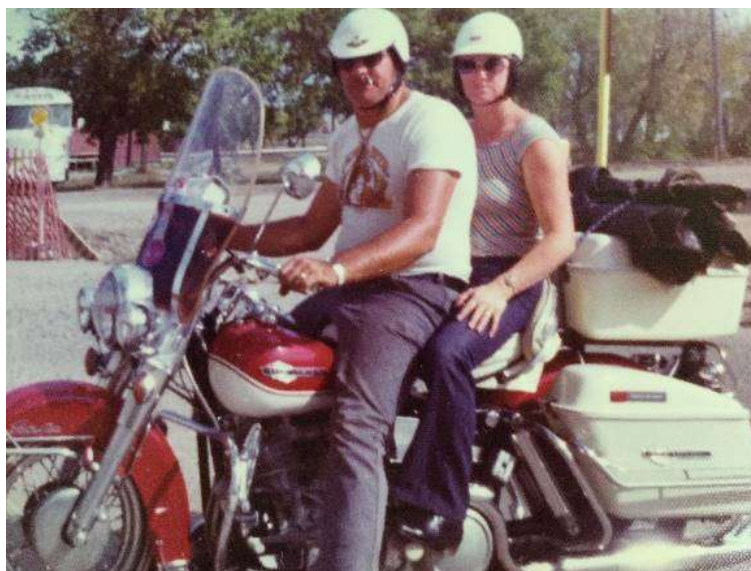
We are all winners in this year's Mileage Challenge. Anytime one of us is seen riding and having a good time on one of our old bikes, it benefits our sport. If you can create interest and show off the collectability and utility of your motorcycle, you increase the demand and value of not only your bike but everyone else's as well.

The club's relationship with The Royal Winnipeg Mint is a great fit. Together we celebrate high-quality, long-lasting, shiny collectible metal things that increase in value while commemorating history.

The Royal Winnipeg mint also donated a special prize package which was raffled off at the Xmas dinner. Thanks to Harry Wiebe for organizing the prize draw and to everyone that purchased a ticket. All money raised from that very special prize went to support families right here, right now, coping with Spina Bifida.

Ken Charleton Vice president

2022 Ray Houde Mileage Challenge Results



Place	Name	Mileage Points	Vintage Bikes
1st	Tiffany Taverner	19,903 Points	1990 Honda Goldwing
2nd	David Leduchowski	12,706 Points	1966 , 1983, 1984 Harley Davidson
3rd	Irvin Peters	6,247.8 Points	1983 RT/100, 1986 K75, 1983RT/100 BMW
4th	Chas Peters	5,520 Points	1975 R90/6, 1978 R100/7 BMW
5th	Keith Blais	5,460.2 Points	1942, 1955 Harley Davidson
6th	Ken Charleton	1,567.5 Points	RD350A Yamaha

Mileage points are awarded based on miles driven and the age of the motorcycle.

Thanks to everyone for taking part in this year's Mileage Challenge.

A Christmas “Cookie Dough” Love Story

My fellow antique lovers, I want to share a holiday love story with you. We will need to drift back in time to early December of 2004. I fell in love that winter!

Our first contact was online, and immediately upon seeing her picture on my computer screen, I knew that I would have to make her mine. She was an absolute vision of paradise with brilliant blue and dazzling white draped over her gorgeous curves. She was even my exact age! I immediately began envisioning our life together. I wanted to travel and see some of the wonders of this world, always with her as my faithful companion. My heart was bursting with joy and optimism! Life was filled with meaning! What a wonderful world!

They say a journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step. I spent much of that Christmas season organizing paperwork and transportation so that my sweet baby could come to Canada. She is from our neighbour to the South, the USA. Despite Canada's close relations with the US, this turned out to be a long and arduous process. For me, it was worth every hardship. Every paper signed and sent, every stumbling block overcome, was one step closer to us being together. That is all that mattered! Finally, it was all over but the waiting. Waiting. Every new day brought fresh hope, and every evening despair that today was not the day. Anxiously looking out the windows during the course of the day hoping to see her arrive. Will she never come?

It took a long time, but I will never forget that gorgeous day in early June when I heard the sound of a truck pulling up to the side of my shop. My stomach did a lazy roll! I KNEW! Somehow, I knew it was her! Sunshine streamed into my shop through the large overhead doorway, there was a light breeze drying the perspiration on my forehead, and the smell of fresh cut grass lingered in the air. Time stood still. I wanted it to remain this way forever, this singular moment, like an old black and white photograph, frozen in time! It would never be better than this!!

Sweet Jesus, the back door of the truck opened and there she stood in all her glory! She was before me like water before a desert traveller, like a breath of air to a drowning man! I silently whispered a prayer of thanks to all the powers in the universe that allowed me to gaze upon such beauty! After a long journey from central California, my lovely 1966 Harley Davidson Electraglide motorcycle was here with me!!

Like myself, she entered this world late in 1966. Her engine was the first of its kind in a run that would last for 18 years. She was only the second year of electric start, and the last year of many mechanical wonders which sadly, would no longer be seen on future Harleys. She is my baby, and her full name is Cookie Dough...although I usually just call her Cookie.

Since we got together, we have spent many spectacular summer days together, flying through a self induced 70 mph headwind, while exploring some well known, and many more lesser

known areas that this world has to offer. We always return from our explorations tired and happy, but with an underlying current of disappointment that today's adventure is over already. Ah, well. There will be many more!

Now, don't get me wrong. Our relationship, like most relationships, is not perfect. We sometimes have disagreements, like the time my sweet Cookie refused to take me home on a return trip from Lac Du Bonnet. Only after I cleaned her fuel filter and shared some gentle time with her on the side of the road, did she respond to me. Another time, on a dark wet night ride, I noticed her red "generator" light glaring at me. I spoke loving words to her, and in response, she did get me home. She was back to her old self soon enough. She was simply telling me that it was time to pay some attention to her needs, in the form of new generator brushes.

Despite minor disagreements, our love is true! We love spending cool fall evenings together, plunging headlong through the darkness, with Cookies massive bright eye lighting the night ahead. The crisp cold of the night intermingles with the heat rising from Cookies thundering engine beneath me. The sense of euphoria is indescribable, and can put a man in touch with his god! This must be true love!!



Xmas get together at the Pony Corral



December 13 brought cold and windy weather but didn't stop the AMCM from having their annual Christmas get together at the Pony Corral. There was the usual socializing and reminiscing of the summer's events. Harry Wiebe had a raffle with prizes donated by the Mint and raised \$220 for Spina Bifida. Thanks Harry. And Rainman took home the loot.

FYI

The November auction raised \$701 for SBHAM, and the Mint raffle at the Christmas dinner raised \$220.

A ROAD STORY

It is beneficial to know the personalities of different people when planning long distance motorcycle trips with a group. I am blessed to have an eclectic mix of riding partners. I hope you enjoy what might be a slightly embellished version of a trip to Green Bay WI back in 2015 or 2016...it is entirely true, except the parts that are not. Get to know...

DAVID LEDUCHOWSKI (author of the tale)

We stopped for booze on the Canadian side of the Warroad border crossing on our way South. After stocking up, I jumped on the kick starter of my 1969 Harley rigid frame chopper. The bike did not start, and my right foot hit the ground hard. To my dismay, I saw that the pedal had snapped right off of the kicker arm. I tossed the broken pedal into my saddlebag, and with a downhill slope out of the parking lot, and a slight push to get going, the bike easily “push started” and we were off to the border crossing.



I had to shut the bike off for the line up at the crossing. Naturally, with no kicker, I had to push it the 200 feet or so into the customs area when I got the green light. It was 30 degrees Celsius, and I was fully geared up for a long distance highway motorcycle trip. In my mind, I was the epitome of coolness on my rigid, flame jobbed, old Harley chopper. The customs officer gazed at my sweating red face, and listening to my wheezing and coughing as I tried to talk, likely formed his own opinion of my “coolness”!

He asked for my passport, why I was pushing my bike, and where I was going on that “thing”? I responded as well as I could in between gasps. Rolling his eyes and feeling sorry for me all the while probably questioning my decision making ability as far as choice of bikes, he let me push the bike the remaining way into the USA without further question. I think he might have muttered “loser” under his breath, but with the blood roaring in my ears, I couldn't be sure. Damn bike seemed to get harder to push every foot...

THE GROUP ON THE OTHER SIDE (initial introduction)

Turns out, the bike WAS getting harder to push. While waiting for my three compadres to cross, I discovered my rear tire was mostly flat. When they rolled up, I told them I needed a push start to get going, but will need to stop ASAP at a garage in Warroad. I cleverly omitted the part about the rear tire being mostly flat. Bubbles and Beaver stepped up to push while The Legend wisely fell back and found something “urgent” to tinker with on his own bike. He knows me too well, I thought.

I have never seen two grown men complain and whine so much about trying to push start a Harley with a flat tire in 30 degree heat, while I fumbled about trying to find the best “push start” gear, at the same time exhorting them to push faster!! What a couple of babies!

In any event, after a few failed start attempts we were off and riding to Warroad.

BUBBLES

I pulled into a small independent gas station/garage in Warroad. The others stopped to fuel up, while I inquired inside about using some scrap lumber and their parking lot to get my rear tire off. Receiving authorization, I pushed my bike to the side of the garage to get my tools out. Looking around for help with getting the rear tire off the ground, I saw Beaver nearby. The Legend was already settled on a shaded bench in front of the garage with his legs stretched out, and his straw hat firmly down over his eyes. Where the heck was Bubbles?

I walked to The Legend, kicked his foot, gave him my broken pedal, and asked him to go to the hardware store across the street and get a bolt long enough to fix the pedal with. While he sauntered off, I renewed my search for Bubbles. I found him four gas bays over, actively engaged in conversation with someone's pet parrot that had been left unattended in a vehicle. Or maybe it was a parakeet...I am no ornithologist.

Beaver, Bubbles, and I got the wheel off and while I was working at spooning the tire off of the rim, Beaver first brought up his crankcase vent cracking issue and how it might need replacement...but more on that later.

An hour or so later, my wheel was fixed and back on, the kicker part had a new bolt welded to the ear, and we were ready to ride! But dang...where in God's name was Bubbles now??

After a lengthy search by Beav, The Legend and myself, we found him on the front porch of a seniors care home half a mile up the road. He was immersed in a very lopsided and one-way conversation with two aged citizens in a rocking chair and wheelchair. The oxygen tubes prevented either from speaking, so Bubbles was in his glory with a captive audience. As I dragged him away, the rheumy eyes of the old man fell upon me with a gaze of gratitude, and the old woman locked her hands together above her head in a "praise Jesus" sort of manner. I apologized profusely and repeatedly to both of them, and finally we could get underway.

THE LEGEND

We seldom carry maps or use a GPS because The Legend is known far and wide for his "dead reckoning" leadership skills. Or so he told us. He gazed wisely off into the Southeast, wet a forefinger and stuck it into the air, stayed silent for a full minute, then confidently stated two simple words like a proclamation from God..... "Follow Me".

Seven hours later and two states in the wrong direction, we were on the side of a road (cowpath) in an area that can only be described as similar to the Okefenokee swamp. The bikes are covered with mud and bugs, we are hot and sweaty and tired, and tempers are starting to flare.

The Legend stands apart gazing off into the distance with a puzzled expression on his face. Beaver walks up to me. His face is raw, red and wind burnt. His left eye has developed a tic. He keeps repeating "crankcase vent filter" at me, all the while smiling not quite sanely. I brush a mosquito the size of a dragonfly from my nose, and whisper behind my hand to Bubbles "Please lead us out of here"!



THE BEAV or BEAVER

We eventually found our way back to civilization. I can't remember what town or state it is, as every time we stopped, Beaver's voice chanting "crankcase vent filter", his eye tic, and his clear mental degradation made this part of the journey a blur.

We were in the parking lot of an O'Reilley's Auto Parts store. Beav wanted to get a new crankcase vent filter for his crankcase vent hose. I said to him, "Who cares about having a filter on the end? It's just an air vent...I run my hose open to the ground under my bike"! He gave me a withering look as if I had molested his grandmother. Clearly, he is a bit more particular than I.

We all walked in with him, and to my surprise, there was the exact chrome filter with a red band on it hanging on the wall behind the counter. This should be quick and easy! He asked the counterman to bring it down so he could look at it. While Beaver was turning the package over and around in his hands, the counterman asked an apocalyptic question..."what colour band do you prefer as we have a few different choices"?

"RED" Bubbles, Jim and I all screamed in unison. Sadly, it was too late. We waited as Beav scrutinized every single option while muttering to himself. Time passed. The counterman went off shift and was replaced, Beav asked the new guy the same lengthy list of questions that was asked of the previous clerk, and seven hours later, with the store closing, we walked out with the very first item that he looked at!



Now, replacing this vent consists of loosening a hose clamp, pulling the vent out of the hose, pushing in the new vent, and tightening the clamp. Beav walked over to his bike and began opening numerous hatches, panels, doors, and compartments. Soon he was standing on a canvas 8 foot by 8 foot tarp amid the following:

-screwdrivers

-pliers

-sockets

-ratchets

-combination wrenches

-vise grips

-test lights

-multi-meters

-vise grips

-extensions

-pipe wrenches

-threading sets

-mini lathe

-spare relays

-zip ties

-bungee straps

-duct tape

-two cue balls

-one live ostrich

With a deep sigh, I informed Jim and Bubbles that I would go book a hotel room as we would be going no further this day!

*** BUY * SELL * WANTS * DON'T WANT**

Wanted!!!! To complete Manitoba Motorcycle license Plate run 1919, 1922, 1927 and also a WW2 Leather dispatch rider's Jerkin Contact Ross at moose102@mymts.net or 204-831-8165 and I'll make you rich.

Wanted for restoration:—Vintage Honda 50cc step through, Puch Pinto, NSU Quickly, Velosolex, or similar unrestored moped. The older the better! Contact Tom Hesom. 204 325 6984 or tomandleshesom@gmail.com

WANTED! Villiers powered motorcycles, parts, literature, advertising, projects. Looking for barn fresh, rough projects or even the smallest parts for Villiers powered bikes. They include : Famous James, New Hudson, Dot , Greeves, Francis Barnetts, Cotton....Villiers powered over a hundred different motorcycles in its history. Am restoring and running various bikes and require parts for them all . Motor sizes include : 98 cc single speed and two speed, 122 cc 3 speed, 197cc 3 speed. no part too small . Please call Keith Blais 204-226-2979. **SAVE THE RUST!**

For sale. Various vintage nos japanese cables. Clutch, speedo, tach, throttle and brake cables. 1960s and 1970s. Also available various vintage beru, lemans, and other makes of spark plugs. Current various NGK plugs also available. Email me at keithblais@live.ca for more info. Or call 204 2262979.

Looking for pre 1960 motorcycles, parts, advertising, memorabilia. I will look at all makes and ages of items. The older the better. Also looking for items pertaining to old local bike shops, Ben Benson info and items he produced. I will also look into buying complete collections of old parts. I'd buy it then it end up in the dump. Please contact keithblais@live.ca or call 204 226 2979

Alazzurra for sale Asking price \$4,000 email Paul Downie at-
pauldownie@shaw.ca or call 204-783-8255

See attached dropbox file for photos and details of the bike

<https://www.dropbox.com/sh/2rg22u171df4jk2/AAATkMAXOPjwMq8Yt8n4zyjea?dl=0>

1953 Vincent Rapide for sale

1953 Series 'C' Rapide with touring fenders for sale.

Strong runner, Speed tl's front brakes, New Alton alternator & Voltage reg. Dave Hills Centre stand, new wiring harness, tires, tubes, rim strips, recently rebuilt and recalibrated speedo, recently completely rebuilt magneto, new Amal 276 carbs and front and rear dampers, and much more.

<https://youtu.be/YCyfJ2Mwf44> View on youtube...

Correct frame, rear frame and matching crankcase numbers,

2 owner bike, fully documented with the factory build sheets as being built in January 1953.

CAN\$78,500

Interesting trades + cash considered..

Bike is located in Winnipeg, Manitoba, photographs on request.

Contact Bob Collings email at collings.bob@gmail.com



1962 Triumph Tiger T100SS for sale - \$7,900

- Owned since 1975
- Upgraded 1970 Dayton engine
- Side panels (left side original ignition switch) are included, but have not been installed
- Upgraded Pazon electronic ignition
- Fully rewired
- Bike is in great shape and runs well
- Instruction Manual & Replacement Parts Catalogue
- Misc parts including original 62 engine (which will require repair) is included in the purchase.
- More pictures available upon request

Contact

Gordon Noakes

VE4GEN@gmail.com



SURVIVOR - 1966 HONDA C95

150cc (aka baby dream) Red in color, super original condition, ,starts and runs great LOW mileage,. Been in storage a long, long time. Some spare parts, manuals etc. ASKING \$4600.00 Registered as vintage contact Rollie Cook

@ sacook@mymts.net



Thank you and if any QUESTIONS call 204 254 2409

WTB Honda CB77 or CB450 project. Would prefer something relatively complete but in need of some TLC. Title is a bonus but not a dealbreaker.

WTB 1960s Aermacchi parts. Have a questionable engine, frame and various bits for a '67 250 sprint. Looking to make a running rat-racer, not something for the Trail.

Contact Leif Larsen the new club secretary.

larsen.leif@gmail.com

Richard Peters is doing leather work
If you want any handmade leather items just give him a call.
431-774-3769 or email at
Petersrichard47@gmail.com

Buy Sell or trade.

Old oil cans wanted for garage display. I collect old quart oil cans and tins. I'm always hunting for ones I don't have or upgrading. Any condition real rusty or size of can wanted. Oil Antifreeze or additives. Anything old and displayable.

Thanks Craig Kraft. Kraftycraig@hotmail.com or call 204-619-4393



For sale 1961 Honda Super Cub. \$1000
For sale 1964 Honda Baby Dream (150 cc). with parts bike. \$1500.
Both bikes in nice original shape, haven't run for several years, but would go with minor TLC.
Contact Denis Robidoux 204-391-4014

Wanted: Parts for 1970-74 Harley Baja 100
Please contact Jim Moore
(204) 467-5637
thelegend@mymts.net

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cable)

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MOTORCYCLE CLUB (est 1911)**

Jan 31/23 Film Night at Keith Blais's

Feb. 28/23 AMCM meeting at Jim's garage. 5353 Portage Ave. in Headingly.

March 28/23 AMCM meeting at Jim's garage. 5353 Portage Ave. in Headingly.