

Ron Turnbull

Born October 3, 1944 in Winnipeg, Manitoba

Voted in to the WCMC June 1st 1966

First bikes ridden were a 98cc NSU Fox , a 500 cc Matchless, a Harley suicide shift foot clutch and an 80cc Hondamatic rental

Bikes owned:

A 1966 750cc Norton Atlas

80cc Yamaha

175cc Puch twin carb 2 piston single cylinder

50cc Honda mini bike

CP 350 Honda

RM 125 Suzuki

PE 250 Suzuki

A 1979 750 Honda

175 cc Kawasaki

Kawasaki Voyageur 1300

Honda 1100 cc V65

Honda Goldwing SE or Aspencade – 1980, 1982, two 1984s, 1986, 1993



Ron with his Puch
loaded on his Norton

I became a very active member from the start. I was on the Board of Directors for our Incorporation and over the past 50 years I have held all positions of the Club except Treasurer, Assistant Treasurer, Custodian and Sergeant at Arms. My wife at the time, Bunny and our four children Rod, Kim, Tracey and Ritchie all helped with club work and for Wes's and Iris's promotion of 'DO IT IN THE DIRT' races held at WCMC.

I spent many years as Membership Secretary, Secretary, Photographer, Road Captain and CMA representative. Also, with assistance from Bunny and Rod for art work and production, I was Editor of the monthly HUB of the CLUB magazine.

In 1966 work started immediately on clearing a scrambles track at Mrs. Lesley's Fonthill Farm with my VW. We had a scrambles track as well as a Sportsman Hill Climb venue.

I became the timer with our automatic timer system and took it around to the many Sportsman Hill Climbs in the area: Troy, Lynden, Heidelberg, St. Agatha and Tory Hill for the Corduroy Enduro.

I helped and participated in scrambles, hill climbs, road racing, trials, enduros (Massasauga, Corduroy) and ice racing (motorcycles & snowmobiles at our Club and on Lake Erie at Port Colbourne).

After Paul Travis passed away I took over the Paul Travis Mystery Tour for the following 10 years.

I also laid out many rides for Tionesta PA fishing trips, Help a Child Smile, Hare and Hounds, drag racing, hill climbs and various other events. Many trips were south of the border to Kinsua Bridge and Dam and OHIO covered bridges.

With Doug Browes and my family we started the annual Christmas Party – gifts, Santa Clause, movies, entertainment and great food (editor's note: according to Ron) – hot dogs, lasagna, KFC and COKE!

I enjoyed riding back roads. I have ridden in all Provinces and States except Yukon, NWT, Newfoundland and Labrador, South & North Dakotas, Alaska, and Hawaii. I have ridden many times to Daytona Bike Weeks and Sun-n-Fun air shows in Florida. I have seen over 200 covered bridges, light houses, ghost towns, waterfalls and 62 of 67 Indian sculptures by Peter Wolf Toth logging between 1 and 2 million miles.

I was fortunate enough to spend 2 weeks at Isle of Mann TT with Club Member Dave Thomas and one week in England & Wales.

I have ridden to many races including motorcycle, NASCAR, Bush, Sprint Car, Indy, World of Outlaws east and west races, at Richmond VA, Las Vegas, Harewood, Mosport, Delaware, Lima OH and others. PS – DO NOT PUT DIESEL FUEL IN YOUR KAWASAKI.

I have attended the Bluenose Rally in Nova Scotia, Americade, Honda Hoot, Valkeryie Riders Convention and numerous Friday the 13th (no matter the weather- all times of the year).

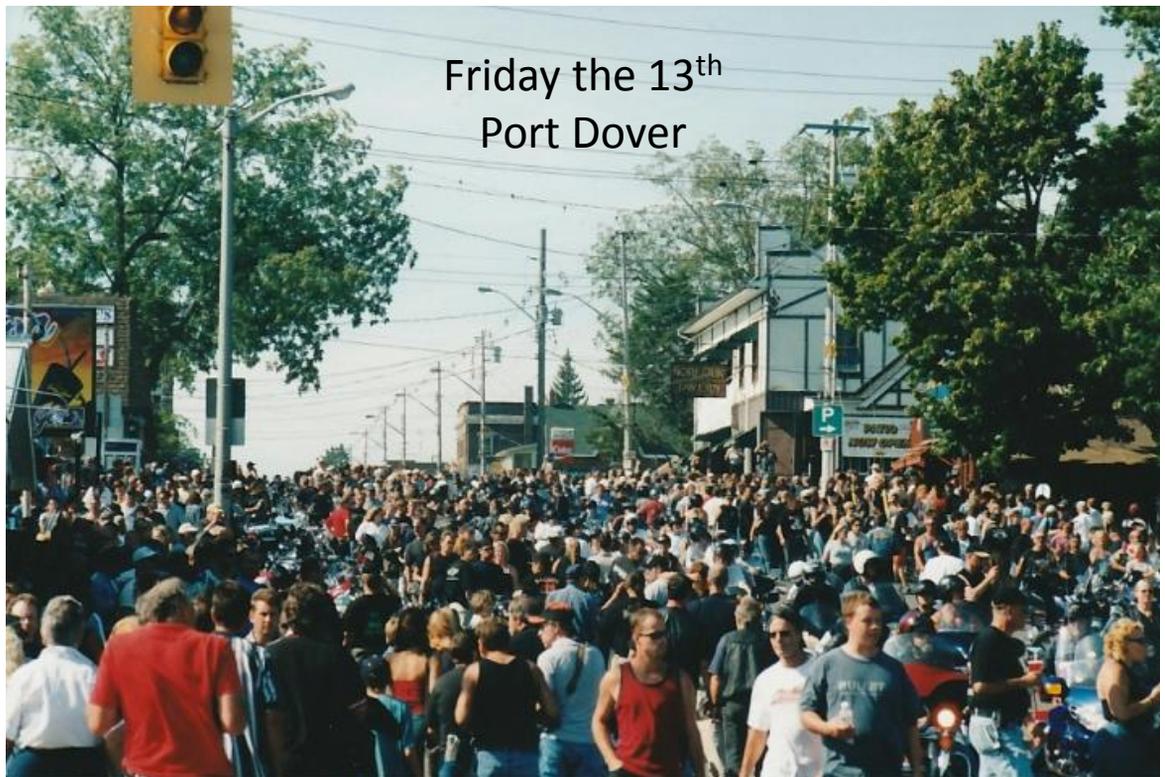
As of June 1st of this year I will have been a member for 50 years and this is WCMCs 70th anniversary.

I enjoy camping out and have a pop-up trailer with change area, bed, kitchen, accommodates a 16' canoe and has outdoor access for cooler, life jackets and swimwear – all trailed behind many of my motorcycles.

I have many wonderful memories and stories of the past 50 cycling years and am looking forward to many more years of fellowship and working for the Club.



Camping in Style



Friday the 13th
Port Dover

Bound and Determined

Bound by the confines of New York State & Determined to Prove Murphy's Law over and over again, on a V65 Magna

Minutes of tedious planning went into our trip this year – maybe thirty or forty of them- all which led to an early start on Sunday morning. The plan was simple so we thought. Ride to Florida to bum around for a couple of weeks and then ride back – right.

We packed our crap onto the bike and rode out of the driveway (beautiful day for a ride if you were a penguin wearing a parka!). We made it across the border without a problem; that should have been a sign to turn back and go home right there but no, we continued. Before long I was on about my fifth or sixth tank of gas, my dad on his second. On our way we cruised through some little hick town called Batavia. In this rotten little hole we managed to attract the attention of an officer sitting in an unmarked car. We tried to explain to him that if we were actually speeding, it would have taken much more than 3 miles to pull us over – if in fact he had caught us at all.

After closer inspection of our licences he decided that I wouldn't be going to Florida, but instead would be visiting their fine institution fondly known as "THE CAN". Apparently the town of Boston doesn't take personal cheques to pay for speeding tickets, and they can suspend your licence without notification – just thought I'd let you know.

After making bail we dropped the V65 off at the local bike shop for two badly needed tires and a headlight, as we decided to continue the next morning after court.

Monday morning we headed off early enough to hit Boston town hall at 9:00 a.m. to take care of a five year old ticket and then make it to court in Batavia by 10:00 (isn't it odd how fast you have to ride to get from paying one speeding ticket to paying the next one on time). In Boston we were informed that we were lucky; the judge would be around just after dinner so we could wait and see him about the ticket. After some diplomacy on my father's part, a call to the judge and a good portion of our tripping money, we cleared things up and headed off to the court house in Batavia.

I went to court and Pa went over to check the progress – or lack there of, as the case was – on the Magna. Strange how the fine came to the same amount of money as they took from us on Sunday for bail (no, this ain't McDonald's, you don't get no F*****G change!).

As for the rest of the day, if you can explain to me how it takes nine hours to change two tires and one headlight, then you've figured out how we spent it. Unfortunately, the walk in the sand on the side of the road on the way over for lunch was as close as we got to the beach at Daytona this year. As we were leaving the bike shop I put the kickstand down on the Magna to close the gate. With the extra height on the tire it tipped over and busted the fairing off, and then we tried to straighten the stand with a B.F.H. It snapped off the frame.

No problem we'll just use the centre stand...NOT! Due to the "Great Deer Hunter" episode (Uh? – Ed) of a few years past, the centre stand was pushed into the side of the muffler and proved most difficult to put up. Idea pass me the B.F.H. for a minute. The stand now worked fine with the newly "custom-shaped highly tuned" muffler.

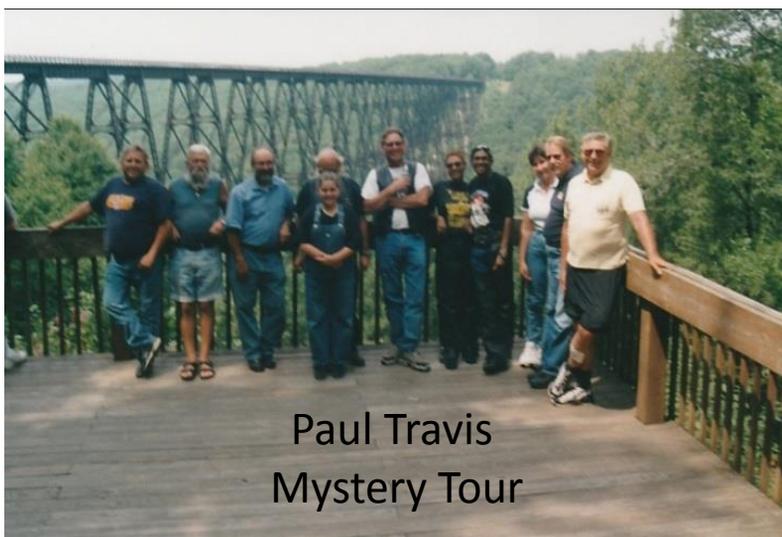
Was that tuned or ruined? Hey, it sounds even more like a Harley, and it even vibrates, cool! (I think?).

Back on the road was not a fun place to be. It could have been the rain or it could have been the bitter cold or how about the fog that you couldn't see further than five feet in. But no it was the fact that the Harley-like vibration was rattling things loose; oops – thud, clunk, tinkle tinkle. Hell, who needs a clutch lever anyway?

"Hey was that our exit" "What exit? I didn't see no exit!" So we grabbed some pizza and crashed for the night. The next morning we awoke to coffee, donuts...and snow warnings.

"Ya know if we hurry we can still make club on Wednesday night"

And they thought we were going too fast through Batavia the first couple of times, ha! I was bound and determined to beat the snow back Canada. What can ya do? Maybe next year? Maybe not? Anyone got a beer.



Paul Travis
Mystery Tour