

Name: Jamie Craig

Date of Profile: July 21, 2016

Born:

Voted in to the WCMC 2015

First Bike : A picture is worth a 1000 words



Bikes owned / Still own: 2000 Honda Shadow VT750CD Ace Deluxe, 72 Suzuki Rv90, 73 Suzuki Rv90, 84 Honda Z50, 82 Honda Z50

Current Bike: 2000 Honda VT1100 C3 Aero



I became interested in motorcycles at the age of 5, when my parents showed me and my siblings a secret of what they had that was going to be passed down to me. An 82 Z50. Being around motorcycles since I was a baby it was in my blood to ride and I had my first 3 wheeler at 20 months. My Fathers friend had an 84 Brown Harley Fatboy. Seeing an hearing that bike over time I knew as I grew up I wanted a Bike.

When I turned 10 years old my family an I were in Sherbrooke Quebec visiting that friend, and he had a black over red 73 RV 90 and I was asked “you think you ride that?” “YES” >>>> I learned the gears pretty quick, 1 down 3 up the opposite from what I grew up riding as a kid. Near the end of our visit I woke up in the morning and came out to the kitchen and was asked to come outside, and there was that bike with a giant blue bow on it and a sign that said HAPPY BIRTHDAY. I enjoyed that bike for years, and I still have it today.



MY 93 SUZUKI RV90

My love for the legendary Bike builder “Indian Larry” whom built classic old bikes with a new feel to them was my hero. I wanted to meet the man himself, just have a drink and pick his brain about his creations over the years. As you may already know he passed away on August 30th 2004.

In the Summer of 2009 I had redone my M1 license again for the 3rd time over the past 9 years, even though I would pass I couldn't find a bike to my liking and price range therefore it would expire.

This year I did the test again, passed went to the store and bought every trader for sale, flipped through pages looking for a cruiser at a fair price. I found a 2000 Honda VT750C3 Ace Deluxe and called the seller. I said I'll be there in 90 mins. I called my Buddy and said “LET'S GO, I'M BUYING A BIKE”. We left for Toronto, arrived at his house and there was my bike. Cherry black on Cream, white walls a newer bike with that classic feel to it with only 12,500kms on it.

I took it for a ride, came back and wheeled and dealt and got it for \$3700 cash. The seller removed the plate, I slapped my helmet on and off we went back home with no plates or insurance on the back roads to Hamilton. When I arrived home my family was sitting outside and saw me roll up. It was like augh man, my mom and dad said to me “it's about time” YES, YES it is. Then they saw the No plates a few hrs later. 😊

After registering and insuring the bike next day I was already planning my trip for Dover with my brother Bob on his custom chopper. That was a ride I will never forget. That was what I was dreaming about since I was kid riding side by side with my brother. It was like I was Wyatt (Peter Fonda) and he was Billy (Dennis Hopper).

In 2010 I had told my family and friends I was riding down to Myrtle Beach for Black Bike Week “Memorial Day”, meeting people on the way. My room was already booked.

My dad kept asking me all kinds of questions and he got all the BS answers. I had seen this event much like Daytona Bike Week on TV years ago, and said to myself when I get a bike I am going there. They have a lot of fun. It was approx. 5pm with a GPS attached to my tank, a back pack strapped to the bike and saddle bags loaded. Along my route on the I 95 South a few times I would literally be at the top of a mountain/hill and my bike was low on fuel. I would coast down the hill right into a gas station probably 5-8 kms away and rolled right in and said thanks “Larry”. I finally made it to the strip the next day. I rode 6hrs on day one and 7 on day two. I made my way to the Strip. I was finally here, myself and 300,000 plus riders also, with no accommodations no friends that lived there, I didn’t care I made it, and man this is so cool.

After meeting and talking with other bikers and locals, “there’s no place to stay around here for at least 30mins outside town. Ok that’s where I’m going then. I ended up in a small U shaped Motel just north of Conway. \$15 a night vrs. the \$99-200 a night booked in advance on the strip. SOLD a bed, bathroom, chair and a TV, what more would I need.

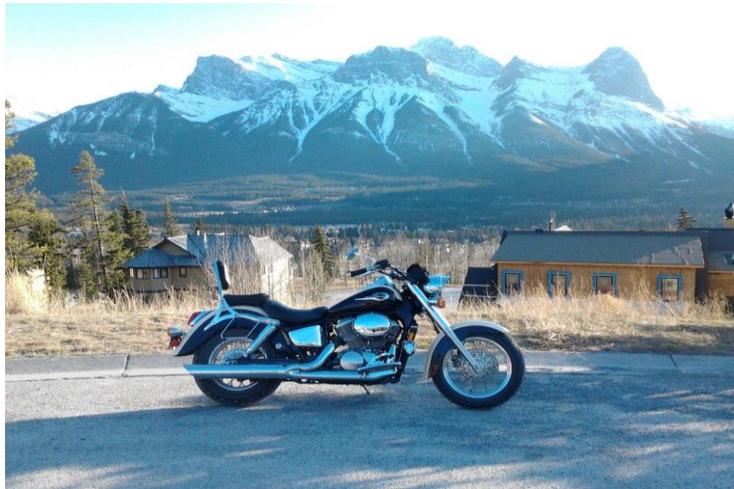
The Next morning got up refreshed and headed back to the strip, got lost somewhere couldn’t find my route ended up pulling into someone’s driveway where a 6’4 Black man was polishing up his bike, he says to me “whatcha need boy” “gulp” I’m trying to get back to the party, I’m from Canada 1500 miles away from here. What says the man, you dove all way here on that bike, with no truck or trailer? No sir. He stands up and there it was, what I had come here for, “Carolina Knight Riders Patch” on his vest.



2010 Myrtle Beach Black Bike Week

Once he knew where I was from and the distance I traveled he said to me if you wait 10 mins I'll bring you to the party myself! Ok sounds good. We arrive at this building on star bluff, parked our bikes and headed for the door.

What happened next was not at all what I was expecting. I got my 2 feet in the door and saw over 400 African American men a woman and 1 of me and all heads turned to me. My heart stopped, the room went silent and I nearly shit myself. The man who brought me there yells out "THIS HERE BOY RODE FROM CANADA 1500 MILES JUST TO PARTY WITH US" "OH GOOD GOD I'M GONNA DIE", (keep in mind I'm the only Caucasian in the club) "you must be hungry someone said, he's probably thirsty too another one said. "I'm going to Live" Wide open arms, the friendliest people I've just met, just became my new friends. I was invited to all the parties, houses, functions there Memorial day ride, and I'm even in there group photo for the 25th Anniversary (the only Caucasian in the club photo) lol, man it was an awesome trip. Come back anytime they all said to me.



Canmore Alb, 2000 Honda Shadow 750 Ace Deluxe

2010-2011, I had moved to Canmore Alberta for work, packed my truck up with my bike and belongings, and off I went. I toured the mountains, Jasper National Park, Kananaskis Country, Calgary, Edmonton and that is how I ended up back in Ontario living in Niagara Falls.

August 10th 2013 10 days before my 32nd birthday I was on my way to work on my 750 Shadow, and was in bad motor vehicle accident. After 18 months and counting of recovery from my wounds I am finally healed up. I bought my next bike at the Toronto winter Motorcycle show, a 2000 Honda Shadow Aero VT1100 and I would stare at it everyday and say I'm gonna get back on you one way or another.

This bike sitting in my garage was an uplift to me. My clutch seal was leaking so I brought it to a mechanic and he made it worse so I ended up bringing it to John Bennett to fix what the last guy did. John invited me to the clubhouse, I knew 2 guys in the club, Al Fair from my brother Bob and Rob Stokes where I go to get my parts.

I joined WCMC for the comradery, that I feel when I come to the clubhouse. After being injured for so long, this club is what I needed.