

Name: John Charles Doan (Jack) Deceased Profile Date: May 2021

Born: June 10,1936 – Dec. 20,2013 Port Colborne

Voted in to the WCMC 1993

First Bike : Indian In Line Four

Current Bikes: BMW 1986 K75C

Bikes owned: Indian Four, 1964 Honda S90, 1967 Honda C90, 1972 CZ 175,
1972 Honda CB360T, BMW 1986 K75C,



1940 Indian Four

Why he joined the WCMC: Seeking camaraderie with like minded people and the love of Motorcycles.

Jack was a “People Person” That is one of the qualities that made him an excellent Bartender, everyone loved Jack.

Jack worked a variety of Jobs around the club and was well know at the Pit Gate Security Post. He had the temperament of a pit bull if you tried to get in without your wristband however he was very pleasant if you followed the rules.



Honda CB 360 T

Jack was elected to the Canteen Steward's position (a very prominent position in our club) and tended bar for many years. He was very good at this job and during the Scooter Weekends (that is when the Scooter Club rented the clubhouse) Jack found a different use for the Bar other than passing refreshments out. This proved to be a very popular and a legendary part of the Scooter weekend.

Jack hired on an assistant Amy and she also proved to be a real asset to the club during her time as Jack's assistant.



Jack Hard at Work



Jimmy O decided that since Jack was a Cracker Jack Bartender he should be commemorated with a Cracker Jack Box. Look close at the sailor's face. Jimmy says it is Randy and Randy says it is Jack



Jack on one of his many trips.

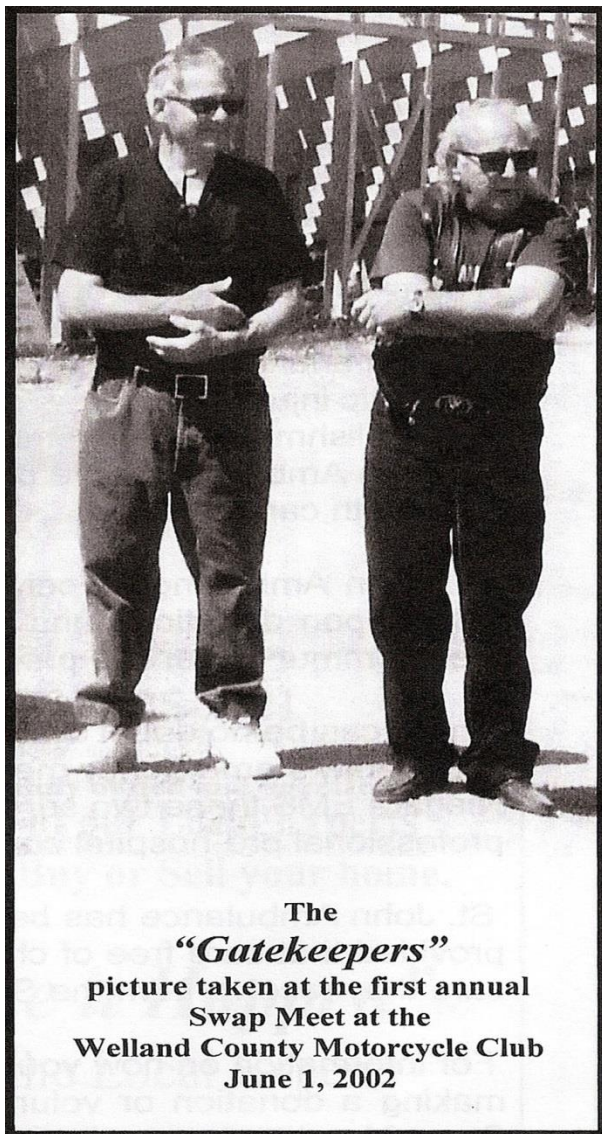
Jack was a real rider. He rode his bike to Hell, Alaska, the Confederation Bridge opening in P.E.I. He rode to the West Coast a couple times and really liked Osoyoys B.C. He also went to the East Coast a few times. One of the trips Jack used to like to talk about was his trip out west with Ron and Marg Putman, Archie Hardie, Gloria Lawson and Al Fair. They rode out to Cheyenne, Wyoming for the 100th Anniversary of the Western Rodeo in 1996. We were leaving early so of course we had to go out the night before and watch an exotic dancer with her live exceptionally large Boa Constrictor at Babies in Welland. The next night was the first night on the road and I (Al Fair) was trying to talk Jack into going to this Country Bar with me but he was smart and wanted to get some sleep. Long story short I went by myself and got lost trying to find my way back to Motel. I got in about 6:30 in the morning and just as I walked in Jack's alarm was going off for him to get up (second night of not much sleep for me). Jack and I were roommates and we got nicknamed Laverne and Shirley and would write that on the card when we checked in. The next day after stopping to let the Tornados settle down we continued on our journey. We were heading out I 80 at around 85 m.p.h. and Jack looked over at me and noticed my eyes were closed, just then the truck I was passing hit the rumble strip and woke me up. We pulled over and Ron got his cot out and I laid down on it in the parking lot. After a few minutes or maybe an hour the cashier from the store came out to a look at me and said she was also a nurse. She said and I quote "he don't look good, we don't got us a doctor in these parts but we got us a Vet that could take a look at him" I guess I was conscious because when I heard that I jumped up off that cot and was ready to ride for about another 20 miles and we had to pull off early that day so Al could get a good nights sleep. We made it to Wyoming then on to Sturgis and back home. It was an awesome trip and Jack would tell that story to anyone that would listen so I thought it was appropriate to tell the story here one last time for Jack.



Jack & Al
The
Badlands

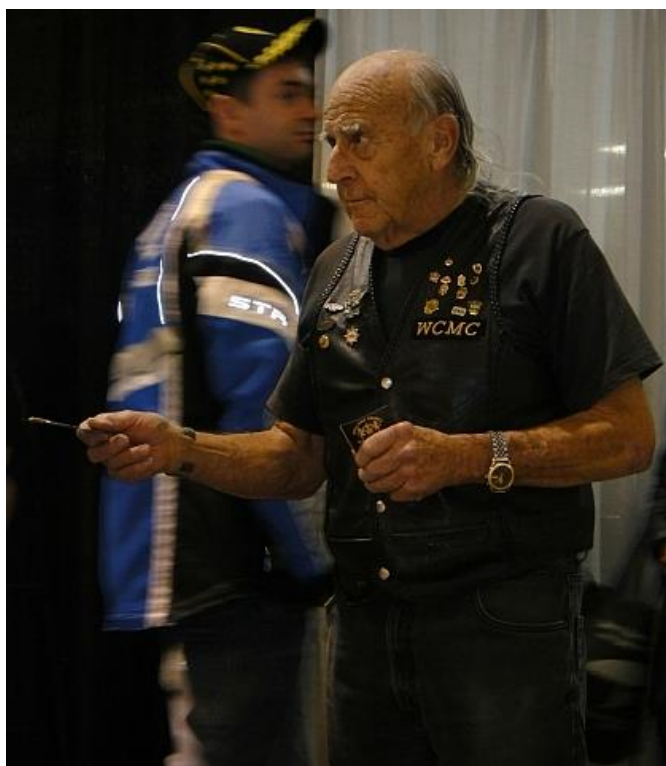


Jack was always available to help out whatever the event.



Jack made such an impression on the folks that had trailers out there that a group of trailer owners decided to name the area of the campground where Jack's trailer was "Jack's Outback". He was an amazing man who left his mark on a lot of people.

Jack also liked to relax in the Campground after his shift was over. He would come back to his trailer in the wee hours of the morning and have a drink or two with whoever was left standing when he closed the bar. Jack had a heart of gold and was always there to help anyone in need.





Jack in the background on one of the Fishing Trips
Kaye (sidecar) the 90 year old owner of the Oasis Bar in Ohio

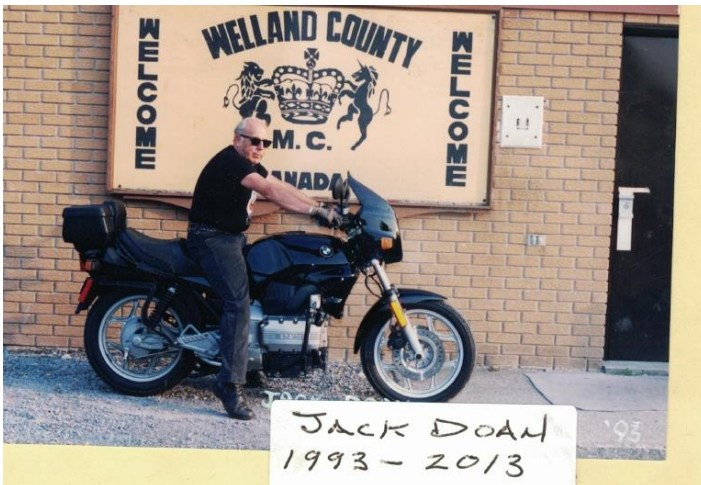


Jack chillin at another Fishing Trip



Another event Jack liked was “The AI Fair Affair”

The AI Fair Affair was named by Jack’s son Randy also a club member. Jack used to love to come to Friday the 13th and at dinner time we all met at the Erie Beach Hotel for the AI Fair Affair. We had a private Dining Room, the food was great and it was a lot of fun. We were pretty well behaved most of the time but did get a couple warnings. We have moved it to a lunch affair now because we are all older and everyone wants to be home before dark. Oh how things have changed. We didn’t start partying until dark in the old days. Jack could party with the best of them.



Jack on his K75 BMW
Randy and his brother Robert
inherited this bike and they
still ride it every day.
Over 300,000 K on it