



NEWSLETTER of the WESTCOAST BRITISH MOTORCYCLE OWNERS CLUB

Sept 2023

SECONDO ANNUALE
MOTOGIRO
D'COSTA DEL SOLE
SUNDAY 1 OCTOBER 2023

A casual ride on public roads
 between Gibson's Landing
 and Egmont on BC's own
 "Costa del Sole"

**For all motorcycles and
 scooters 250cc or under
 AND at least 30 years old**

MOTO LARGO
 Torrente di Roberto Costa del Sole BC
 For More Information and/or Expressions of Interest Please Contact alan.comfort@gmail.com

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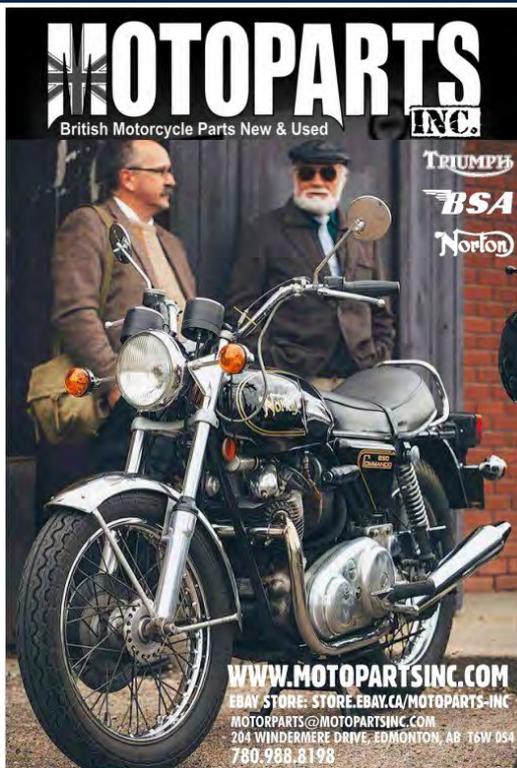
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Front cover poster design Bevin Jones

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2023 UPCOMING BMOC ACTIVITIES

Email and website notification of upcoming rides or events will be circulated as and when conditions allow. Please refer to latest Executive Minutes for current proposed events. See Calendar of Events on our website BMOC.ca updated as required. Subject to COVID and 3 virus updates.

MEMBERSHIP DUES—\$25.00/Year (April 1st to March 31st). USA \$30.00, INT. \$40.00 If your bank/credit union has Interac, just send your payment to bmoc.treasurer@gmail.com. Make cheques payable to BMOC and mail cheque to BMOC , 403-13955 Laurel Drive, Surrey BC Canada V3T 1A8 Foreign cheques add \$5.

Editor Position now vacant, position well supported by membership with articles and pictures. Rewarding position—get to know members and keep up with club activities. Help getting started as required, currently using MS Publisher but you are free to make other choice. Templates for Publisher available if wanted.

BMOC ADMINISTRATION FOR 2020-2021

BMOC EXECUTIVE

Past President, Geoff May, geoffmay@telus.net

President, Joe Li, joekaboli2@gmail.com

Vice President, Nigel Spaxman, nigelspaxman@gmail.com

Secretary, Robert Smith, t695sprint@icloud.com

Treasurer, Mya Davidson, bmoc.treasurer@gmail.com

Review Cmte: Jim Underhill, Todd Copan, Eric Hutton, Lionel King & Derek Dorresteyn.

Okanagan Chapter leads: Nigel Whittaker nigel.whittaker@hotmail.com and Tony MacNeill sixofsix@telus.net

MEETINGS

General meetings are held monthly on the second Thursday at 7:30 PM at the Burnaby Rugby Club at the east end of Sprott Street one block east of Kensington Avenue.

The West Coast British Motorcycle Club (BMOC) was established in 1985 and is a registered not for profit society dedicated to the preservation, restoration and use of British motorcycles. Our newsletter, Good Vibrations, is published five times a year and is intended to inform and entertain our members. Articles appearing in this newsletter do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the BMOC. Technical tips, views and opinions expressed in this newsletter are those of the authors and do not necessarily represent or reflect the position or policy of the editor or any other BMOC officers.

We welcome all contributions from our members; 'want' ads and 'for sale' ads are free to members. They must be limited to motorcycles or motorcycle related items. 'For Sale' ads are printed with the good faith that the seller's description of the goods is fair and accurate. The BMOC assumes no responsibility for the accuracy of the advertisements.

GV editor position is vacant, continued issues will require this position to be filled.

Visit the BMOC website, BMOC.ca for a full colour version of the Good Vibrations and the latest event calendar. Help us keep in touch. If you have changed your mailing address, phone number or email please inform the Club Secretary

BMOC is a member and supports

AIM & BCCOM



BRITISH COLUMBIA COALITION
BCCOM
OF MOTORCYCLISTS



Left to right: Jim Underhill, Eric Hutton, Joe Li, Todd Copan, Mya Davidson and Derek Dorresteyn.

Correction to June issue of GV - Letter to the Editor

Thanks George, Great issue. One minor correction: there was one pre-war bike at the ABFM, a 1938 Velocette MSS and it got the "People's Choice" award. A special bonus with this award was that the photo on the plaque showed last year's line up of T series MGS and my TC was right in the middle! How's that for luck?

Alan Comfort

President's Message

Hi BMOC members! I hope you guys are having a great summer. We are heading to autumn. Our next group ride will be Motogiro Sunshine Coast ride. I cannot wait for that. My most favourite riding time of the year is the cool and dry weather before the rainy season.

We would like to congratulate our new member, Shiyo Saka! He bought his first British motorbike in Canada! It is a 1950 Ariel NH 350cc single with rigid tail and telescopic front. I helped Shiyo in buying the bike a few weeks ago. I was very happy and energetic in helping out. This 350cc single is a sweet bike. It offers a lot of charm thumping around. I hope he enjoys the bike. We look forward to seeing Shiyo and his bike in our club meetings and group rides.

I have been a fan of Permatex Form-A-Gasket 2 sealant. If any of you find it challenging to keep primary case and gearbox oil tight, I highly recommend this specific sealant. I even use it on rubber moulding type primary case. I simply filled up the rubber moulding of my Velocette primary case before putting it back together. So far, it works!

My last message to you guys on this issue of Good Vibration is to buy more British motorbikes!

Best regards

Joe

Velocette Rally 2023: A Week in the Saddle

By Derek Dorresteyn

After decades of work, family life, and a collection of non-running motorbikes, my old mate Paul D'Orleans finally convinced me to join the annual NA Velocette Club rally. It was a serendipitous twist of fate that this year's rally was happening right in my backyard on Vancouver Island, BC, just after I relocated from California to BC. The 40th-anniversary milestone made it even more enticing, with a staggering 2 million rally miles accumulated over the years.

Even though the event was primarily for Velocettes, all are welcome, and I couldn't resist taking my 1960 DBD34 BSA Gold Star on the journey. I spent weeks prepping it, giving it a new 12V electrical system, upgrading the magneto to electronic ignition and chasing various oil leaks and carburation gremlins. Special thanks to BOMC member Tom Mellor, who assisted with various machining tasks, like the arcing and fitting of a replica Eddie Dow twin-leading shoe front brake. The 63-year-old motorcycle was ready to hit the road after less than 100 shakedown miles, what could possibly go wrong!

The day before the rally, I arrived in Courteney BC, eager to explore the area on my vintage Gold Star. Lunch at the Gladstone Brewing Co, and conversations with locals about old bikes set the tone for the adventure ahead. As more participants arrived, I was amazed by the array of beautiful Velocettes, an equal number of vetted riders and show worthy bikes. This included a contingent of rigid Velo bobbers courtesy of Carl Greenlund's specific vision. Kim Young's 1929 KSS was a true standout, capturing everyone's attention and the oldest bike on the rally.

Kim Young's 1930 KSS



Velo rigid city



Alan Comfort's Falcone and the Gold Star



Riders meeting with Velo Club president Cory Padula

Day 1 took us on a scenic ride along the water to Campbell River and Port Alberni, with a fascinating stop at the Campbell River Museum, home to an exceptional First Nations collection this was followed by a run up to the ski resort on Mount Washington, the climb was a real workout for the vintage bikes. BMOC regulars Jim and Liz Bush chased the group in their four wheeler as a mishap before the ride sidelined their two wheeled plans.

The Goldie is ready for action with Adam Cecchini on his Bimota [Blaise Descollanges]



Day 2 led us to Gold River, a thrilling traverse of the island, stopping at the Pacific Ocean sound. My Goldie was starting to shine, the brake was bedding in nicely, and I was enjoying the ride, that is until a two-point buck decided to crash the party. A close encounter spared me but not the poor deer. The BSA sustained some damage but remained upright and rideable, and we ventured on to Gold River.

In Gold River, we embarked on a memorable aerial tour

of the virgin forest and remote stretches of the Pacific coast aboard a vintage DeHaviland Beaver floatplane. We could not help but notice the similarities in the Beaver's tech to the bikes we were riding. The return journey was exhilarating and swift.

DeHaviland Beaver with Blaise Descollanges, Kim Young, me, and Scotty Sharp.



Area west of Gold River from the float plane

Days 3 took us on a journey southward, with a brief stop to admire the gulf and let Larry Luce's 1933 250cc MOV catch its breath. Day four had us ride to Port McNeal, including a jaunt to Port Alice. The road to Port Alice was a real treat for the British sporting singles, like my Goldie, perfect for spirited rides and friendly duels with fellow enthusiasts. Sadly, Blaise Decollanges's immaculate Velo Thruxton had to bow out in the middle of the fun due to a nasty bottom end knock.

JP Defaut's Viper at Port Alice



Simon Peters, Paul DeOrleans, me at Port Alice [Blaise Descollanges]

The return ride on Day 5 saw some trouble with the generator on my Gold Star, prompting me to take the last 40 miles in the chase truck. A subsequent inspection revealed a few missing teeth in the mag-dyno's fiber gear.

Day 6 was the "Show and Shine" and there was an amazing collection of machines on display that brought some locals around for a look.



Parking lot party with me, Mark Stephenson, Kim Young, Leana Abulencia-Shapli, Adam Cecchini [Blaise Descollanges]

Despite the mishap, the Velo rally was an incredible journey of vintage charm and camaraderie, filled with fun rides, meals, and late night beers in hotel parking lots while bolts were tightened and machines inspected. Everyone gained a little experience push starting hot bikes and with emergency roadside repair. I made some new friends and can't wait for a new location and next years rally.

Photos provided by Derek Dorresteyn

Camping

by Peter Vanderkooy

Last weekend, I went to Saltspring Island, for a couple of nights camping at Garden Faire Campground; <https://gardenfaire.ca/>

I met with Ian, Allen and Pete (Clement/Larson/MacKenzie) and have copied them on this email as they were great company on Friday night at Moby's Pub. We had a fun time talking about 'what else' Brit. and other motorcycle tales of yesterday/year as well as the more current iterations of Island life and motorcycles. Their hospitality is very much appreciated, as is their knowledge and experiences which make for great conversations, thank you.

Prior to the meetup at Moby's I met with an 'incident' in the campground. Taking a wrong turn on a very gravelly, narrow, off camber, downhill and dead end campsite path, I dropped the T100 trying to negotiate a u-turn. Ian said, the T100 decided on a nap, at an inopportune time, see attached. I did get some help righting the Triumph and apart from a mild bruised knee the Triumph did not sustain any damage from the incident. I can't remember being in this situation, perhaps on Saltspring navigating up Mt. Maxwell a few years ago or in the 70's on my then Matchless G15.



Photos Peter Vanderkooy

At any rate, I like visiting Saltspring Island and island life and can see why the locals call it home. Its access from three ferry terminals make it a great destination, or, as a travel through option for a vacation 'get-away'.

Of course through the generosity of Ian and his 'local pals', the BMOC has enjoyed many years under the Isle of 'Lamb' event banner.

Perhaps there is a more current iteration possible. Camping / great accommodations are available as options, of course Moby's pub being a great dinner spot. Of course a 'show/shine' component for some 'tire kicking and story telling' a possible ingredient. As (I) / we age, running water, flush toilets, hot food/drinks and cold beverages might be a more palatable choice.

Deeley Vintage Show

by Bevin Jones

There was a nice turn out of vintage motorcycles at the Vancouver Vintage Show and Shine presented by the Deeley Motorcycle Exhibition on Saturday, August 26.

The Deeley Exhibition is housed in the Trev Deeley Harley-Davidson motorcycle dealership on Boundary Road, but the Vintage Show is open to all motorcycles regardless of brand or origin, in fact, Harley's were a distinct minority at the 12th annual event.

There were approximately 50 motorcycles entered, plus a number of bikes which were wheeled out of the Trev Deeley Collection. A number of BMOC members' bikes were displayed, among them President Joe Li 's 1968 BSA A65, Tom Mellor's Vincent, Robert Smith's 1973 Triumph Trophy Trail, Wayne Dowler's nifty little 1971 BSA B25 Trials and my 1970 B44. Alan Comfort brought his 1935 Moto Guzzi bacon slicer to promote his Sunshine Coast Moto Giro event. My apologies to anyone I missed listing.



Local Norton guru Dave Sunquist showed off his workmanship with a fantastic bright red Dunstall Norton (which is also for sale 604-255-8295).



Paul Brodie's Aer-macchi 250 race bike display was a hit with the crowd and Paul was kept busy pointing out the bike's details.

Those who displayed their bikes also received a sausage lunch and door prize tickets as a part of their entry fee and trophies were awarded based upon the popular "people's choice" formula rather than by judging by marque experts.

Strolling through the Trev Deeley HD dealership is always an eye opener whether checking out the latest HD models, accessories, or clothing. Clean, neat, well-staffed – certainly not an old school bike shop! "Rider's Choice", the current display in the Exhibition itself features a wide range of motorcycles and is well worth a visit too.

A good day out. Photos by Bevin Jones

Velocette Two Million Mile Rally

by Alan Comfort

The Velocette Owners Club of North America (VOCNA) holds a week-long rally every summer where club members ride their motorcycles approximately 1000 miles during the course of the rally. Why was this rally named “The Two Million Mile Rally”? Being the 40th anniversary of this event, two million miles is an approximation of the number of miles that Velocettes have been ridden on these rallies. This year’s rally was held on Vancouver Island on the week beginning on July 9. Based in Courtenay, daily destinations included Campbell River, Mount Washington, Cumberland, Gold River and Port Alberni with a two-day excursion to Port Hardy and Port Alice. The rally ends on Saturday with a display of motorcycles, the annual general meeting and awards banquet. Along with general club business, the new president is elected and the location of next year’s rally is revealed.

For those who are not familiar with the Velocette marque, Veloce Ltd. manufactured motorcycles from 1904 to 1971 in a family-owned factory in Hall Green, Birmingham, England. The highly regarded 4 stroke singles were the mainstay of production. Velocettes were successful on the race track with numerous world speed records: including the 100.05 mph average speed for a single cylinder over 24 hours that was set in 1961 which still stands today and 193 mph flat out for five miles in 2016. Velocettes have always been considered to be a sporting motorcycle built for enthusiasts.

This year’s rally was blessed with excellent weather, no forest fire smoke and good roads. As with any event that involves old motorcycles that are ridden long distances there are always incidents and breakdowns. This year was no exception with a BSA Gold Star rider hitting a deer on the road to Gold River. The rider and bike were unscathed, but the deer succumbed to a slow death at the side of the road. The only breakdown that could not be fixed by the side of the road was a suspected crankshaft failure on a Velocette Thruxton.

I trucked my 1938 Velocette MSS and my circa 1950 Moto Guzzi Falcone to Courtenay on Sunday, July 9 with a stop at Ladysmith where I displayed the Velocette at the annual “Brits on the Beach” event: another great event for anyone who has an interest in old British iron. Everything from a pre-war Bentley race car to a Vauxhall Viva was on display on a grassy field overlooking Transfer Beach. When the Ladysmith event wrapped up, I loaded up the Velocette, and two hours later I was at the rally headquarters at the Holiday Inn in Courtenay. A corner of the parking lot was reserved for the rally attendees, their support vehicles and motorcycles. The welcome dinner was held at a club member’s farm about 15 minutes south of Courtenay where I met lots of old friends and met even more new VOCNA members.

The majority of participants at past Velocette rallies were mostly men who were over sixty years of age. This year’s rally had a much higher percentage of younger riders and women: definitely a good thing for the future of vintage motorcycles. There were seven women riders and they were mostly riding Velocettes. One of the female riders did the whole rally on a pre-war overhead cam rigid/girder model and she rode it hard. Another female rider was our own Tony McNeil’s 17 year-old grand-daughter who

rode her 40+ year old Yamaha XS 650 all the way from Lumby. She is a true enthusiast and received special recognition at the banquet. Tony rode his Honda CBX. I gave him a hard time because his bike has five cylinders too many while his Velocette Thruxton is gathering dust in the shed. Another note-worthy observation was that there were more bobber style Velocettes and fewer concourse restorations on this rally.

I chose to ride the Guzzi on the rally events because it is more comfortable for those long days in the saddle. The Velocette was used for short rides and errands at the end of the day, and for display at the Show and Shine at the end of the rally. The Show and Shine attracted a lot of local interest.

The rally wrapped up on Saturday night with the Annual General Meeting and banquet at the Crown Isle Resort. Excellent food with a few wobbly pops made a good end to the week. Next year's rally will be in Idaho and the new president will be scouting the roads for an interesting and challenging route.

On the way home on Sunday morning, I stopped at the Holiday Inn rally headquarters and looked in at our little corner of the parking lot. All of the bikes and most of the support vehicles were gone and it looked more like the Exxon Valdez passed through rather than the site of a motorcycle show and rally.

As I like to say at the end of any good motorcycle ride: "TIME WELL WASTED".

Alan Comfort, Roberts Creek, BC (photos by Alan Comfort)



On the road



Show and Shine



Pre ride Preparations

Club meeting August



In the last issue we published a report on the Mods vs Rockers event but we did not have pictures of the wrap up event. The following is an article with pictures of the windup “party” with DJ Joe Li. Editor

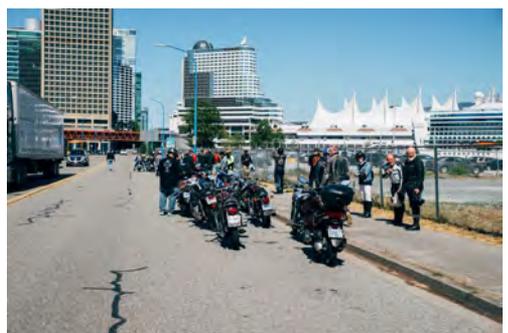
Mods vs Rockers Part 2 the finale

Photos and article by John Panterbone

In June the Rockers vs. Mods took place on a hot, sunny Saturday. Upwards of 50 riders took part with a nice distribution of mostly vintage scooters and mostly vintage British bikes. The ride was organised by the BMOC and the Top Secret Scooter association. Route planning and ride details was handled by British Motorcycle Owners Club’s (BMOC) President, Joe Li, the well planned-out ride started out at International Motorsports and took part through East Vancouver, parks, waterfront, Kitsilano, UBC and various other mainstay Vancouver routes. Attendees were a mix of BMOC members and non-members (potential future members, *nudge nudge*) alike. What is the “Rockers” and “Mods” look? Well, you know it when you see the photos but for the uninitiated, simply put, rockers are often decked out in black leather and mods are a more sophisticated fashionable look with suits and sweaters. Both were well represented on the 2023 ride. The ride route was distributed before-hand which was a great way to plan a ride. This way there’s less chance of losing the group and being unable to catch up because only one person knows the route or that the route is completely off-the-cuff. Planned stops allowed riders to catch-up or to give our bikes and ourselves a chance to cool off. Which can be a breath of relief for our air-cooled brethren on an especially hot day! Riders kept pace and made our way back to Burnout Cafe on Hastings street for a well earned food truck visit. Riders and visitors had a chance to check out vintage vinyl records being spun by DJ Beeza Joe (Joe Li). After which, prizes were handed out by ticket drawer to lucky attendees. Hats off a hugely successful event and a big thanks to all the organizers and riders! We’re looking forward to the next one.

Prizes were sponsored by: Ace Cafe London, Lewis Leathers, Ace of Speed England, and Hi-Star Classics

Special Prizes: Out of print photo books, Or Glory 21st Century Rockers, and I’m One 21st Century Mods





Mods vs Rockers—a personal encounter

by Peter Dent

I must have been 14 or so years old when the rumour began filtering through the school classrooms in hushed whispers “they are coming here this weekend!”. Mods and Rockers that is, the newspapers where consumed by these weekend seaside antics of theirs. They would sweep into town on their motorbikes and scooters, cause mayhem and destruction and then sweep out again - at least those of them that weren't either arrested or still in Emergency - they could be violent encounters. At least that was how the Sunday tabloids reported it and we had no reason to disbelieve it.

“Great, maybe they'll burn this dump to the ground” had been my rather uncharitable reaction to the news. This was going to be exciting. The rumour spread yet further that evening when I cycled round to my mate Colin's house to tell him the news - he went to a different school - “Great” said Colin, “maybe they'll burn this dump to the ground”. He was a good mate, we hung around a lot together and agreed on most things. But then, rather worryingly, he added, “should we bring matches?”.

It was at this point that I realized, uncomfortably, that Colin's ‘burn this dump to the ground’ was far more literal than my own figurative one.....

We were both angry at the town - not ‘disappointed’ we were angry; we were both angry but it would seem that Colin was so much more angry. He was ‘bring the matches’ angry. The reason for this pent up rage was that the local council had just a couple of weeks before decided to ban fishing from the pier. They had always banned soccer balls from the park which was bad enough but this latest bit of rule making was going too far.

Personally I had always found fishing from the pier to be a cold, wet and largely fishless experience but Colin really liked it, as did many of the locals - seniors mainly but younger people did it too. It was free for one thing; you could scavenge some bait at low tide and try your luck with the rod and line later when the tide was in. It was a sociable activity as much as anything. But now it was *illegal* and we were angry.

I saw the impending invasion of Mods and Rockers as a means whereby the creators of this petty bit of mean spirited legislation would be figuratively hauled down out of their gilded ivory tower at city hall, have their quaffed hair ruffled up, be given a ‘wedgie’ - a ‘deep groove wedgie’ I would suggest - before being sent on their miserable way having had a dose of reality administered to them. “How do you like them apples?” You think townsfolk fishing from the pier is a ‘problem the needs to be addressed’. How about a couple of hundred hooligans ripping up the joint, perhaps that it more deserving of your collective attention? Just a thought. We had no idea what these Mods and Rockers were going to do when they got here but fishing from the pier probably wasn't high on their ‘to do’ list. Colin?, well he just wanted to burn the dump to the ground it would seem.

The town in question was actually a close neighbour to ours, but it was much bigger and was a typical British seaside tourist town. It had a wooden roller coaster, a Helter Skelter and all the funfair rides you could think of, it had bright lights, it was gaudy and tacky and it was noisy. It was also a modest bicycle ride away. Me and Colin rode our bikes a lot; it was the only way to get to the good fishing grounds up river. He had a healthy turn of speed and knew the streets and back alleyways well. If things got out

of hand with these Mods and Rocker we reasoned that local knowledge, guile and the ability to go through narrower gaps than a light festooned Lambretta would see us clear.

Saturday night came and we positioned ourselves right on the seafront. The beach and English Channel were behind us, a wide promenade stretched out to the left and right of us. Across the street were the penny arcades, flashing and banging and rattling away as they do. We waited; we waited for a Mod or Rocker.

But then, there they were! A group of parka clad scooter riders rode sedately past, a haze of blue two stroke smoke enveloping them as they went. We gave chase, something must be going on at that end of town we reasoned. But when we got to the relative darkness at the edge of town where the bright lights of the entertainment businesses gave way to the porch lights of guest houses there was nothing there; where did they go? Disappointing. We made our way back to the clock tower which was pretty much the designated town centre and waited some more but it turned out to be the general theme of the evening; we would give chase to groups of motorbikes or scooters but racing internal combustion engines with pedals proved to be both fruitless and tiring. This wasn't working; we needed a plan. And then it struck us, a cunning plan of pure genius came into our heads; it was brilliant.

What those Sunday tabloids had taught us was the weapon of choice for both Mods and Rockers was the humble deckchair. They would wield them or they would throw them - at each other that is, the general public were not the target of their aggression. And seaside towns had deckchairs aplenty, including the very one we were in. What's more, *we knew where they were stashed*, sooner or later these Mods and Rockers would come looking for them. We would simply wait around this deckchair stash and *let them come to us!* Even today my head hurts at the brilliance of it. Better yet, really, was the fact that the business of deckchair rental was the sole preserve of the town council - yes, those 'no fishing from the pier' killjoys.' It would be their deckchairs getting wielded; pure poetic justice, warm and fuzzy.

And so we waited, behind us again was the beach and the sea. We perched on the promenade handrail and just looked as the town just sort of unfolded in front of us. We didn't say much, we just looked, but, and here's a funny thing, we also *listened* to the place. In all my years there I don't think I had ever done that before.

That roller coaster I mentioned, you couldn't see it from where we were but you could hear it. When the cars went plummeting down the steepest part of the track the wheels rumbled like distant thunder but above that you could hear the screams of the passengers. Every couple of minutes there was this rumble/scream sound; it was part of the town. Across the road were the bingo callers, some numbers had significance: 'seven and six, seventy six' at which point the players would sing as one, 'trombones lead the big parade' - there was much laughter at this; and it never got old for them. There were many such numbers that triggered a song so there was much singing and laughing along with the number marking. In the arcades there were the one armed bandits - 'slots' if you prefer. These things are programmed to make a ruckus what with solenoids banging and lights flashing, they don't go about their business quietly, they are entertainers in their own noisy way too. The surf behind us was calm that day

but you could still hear it along with the screeching of gulls. On such a warm evening the pubs had their doors open. Clouds of cigarette smoke wafted out into the night air along with bursts of raucous laughter and an assortment of Sixties music (of course we just called it music back then). It all tumbled out onto the seafront like one big, joyous street party. This town still allowed fishing on the harbour arm; you could see them out there with their Tilley lamps glowing in the dark. They would have a Thermos of tea and sandwiches no doubt - sandwiches that always tasted like the lug worm bait that you had just handled to load your hook with. They would be out there in the dark as long as the fish were there.

But mainly there were the crowds of people, 'thongs' would be a better word. They jostled and dawdled along. Some had toffee apples some had candy floss and some wore daft hats but they all seemed to be enjoying themselves. This was Saturday night at the seaside and it's what this town does. Fun and entertainment is their stock-in-trade and on Saturday nights like this one they knock it for six. 'You know what', I said to myself as me and Col perched there on the handrail that night, 'perhaps this place isn't such a dump after all.'

It was getting late and we still had a long ride home. What's more I had to be up at six to do my newspaper round in the morning. Still, that would give me an opportunity to read the tabloid headlines for myself just to see what the Fleet Street version of events looked like.

The front page photo of one of them indicated that the deckchair stash was indeed located and raided and then wielded. It was all there in black and white.....

We know now that some - indeed, many - of those photos of seaside Mod and Rocker mayhem were, in fact staged. Editors thumped desks and demanded pictures, it's what the readers want and as photographers would know, *no pics no pay*, so be it, time to get creative then, pics you shall have. When Rockers speak of the old days in mags like *Classic Bike* they freely admit to being part of the ruse; photographers would set up an action shot of deckchair wielding yobos and everyone was happy. The photo man got paid, the editor got his pics and the public saw what they expected to see. As long as they all paid their taxes along the way it was just another funfair ride.

What an era it was, even if much of it might have been exaggerated. It gave us some great music and a few good films. And the party continues. Club President Joe Li and the Committee along with his friends at the Top Secret Scooter Association put on an epic Mods and Rockers event this summer. We had great weather and a good turnout for this all new Club event with a ride and celebratory gathering at the Burn Out Cafe - featuring Joe's personal collection of period music. A good time was had by all and my thanks to all involved; no deckchairs were harmed.

As I understand it this edition of the Good Vibrations is Editor George Fenning's last. He has been at the helm for many years now and I want to thank him for his hard work and patience in putting it all together. This newsletter of ours is one of the club highlights for me and we have some amazing individuals contributing to it, from complex engine rebuilds to amusing capers from our past. Well done and thanks to George and, indeed, well done and thanks to all who have contributed to it over the years.



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Editorial missives

As reported by Peter Vanderkooy, no-one from BMOC entered the Heritage Jag MG show this year. In the past our club has been very supportive of this fellow British motoring enthusiast club event and our lack of turnout is most disappointing (Editor).

Our new member Shiyo Saka and Joe Li went to Geoff's place. Shiyo bought his 1950 Ariel Red Hunter 350. Although he has a vintage Ducati and Honda in Japan, this is his first British bike and his first bike in Canada. He is very happy with the bike!





"Perhaps you need more room for your collection of Vintage British Motorcycles, or maybe you need to downsize, since now you are down to one Brit. Bike. It can be a complicated affair, tinkering with Motorcycles.

Real Estate too, can be a very complicated process – there is help, if you wish to have a private, confidential conversation... reach out anytime!" – Peter



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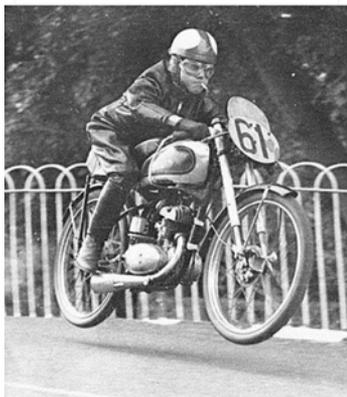
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'Smokin' submitted by Patrick Jaune

FYI Long time member and great guy Gil Yarrow (92 years young) has relocated to Chilliwack and is no longer riding. Should you wish to visit or contact Gil you can get the details from: BMOC treasurer for contact information.

Member Ads



I have had this in my possession for decades. I was a barn find, so no restoration yet. It is a 1950's vintage Ariel Colt, I believe a Colt is 200 or 250 cc. As can be seen in the photos much of the motorcycle is there. It is missing the transmission, gas tank.

I had someone look at it a few years ago and they told me it was likely a 1957 based on the serial #. That's what I know, other than there is an Ariel Club (NA) & I had connected with them. Contact Sean Goldie at sgoldie@telus.net



It's time to re-home "Ed" Norton, my beloved 750 Fastback. Buying him a few years ago scratched a very particular itch I have had since I was 14. I have

owned other bikes, but never a Fastback. When I saw him on craigslist I couldn't resist. I took him to Dave Sunquist at Redline Norton who, in the 1990's, had restored Ed. Dave changed the fluids, tuned him up, trued the wheels; re-bushed the swing arm; fixed the kickstand, mounted new TT tyres, added a steering damper and finned timing cover bling and did a very nice job of mounting a set of turn signals. I added a Garmin GPS mount, headlamp visor, UK Road Tax Disc and repro full tool kit and handbook from Andover Norton. Deciding to call it a day I last rode Ed on my 65th birthday, 5 years ago. I put him on a Battery Tender, drained the gas tank, fuel hoses and carburettor float bowls and left open the throttle for a few days to thoroughly dry everything out. \$15,000, and he's yours. Kim Spencer – 778.773.1398 (Vancouver).