

GOOD VIBRATIONS

JUNE 2013



Dubbed the 'Plumbers Nightmare' it's easy to see why. These glorious machines stole the show at VanDusen and were the featured marque. '37 TT replica up top and another gem, a '39 Rapide below. True exotica.



Darwin Sveinson with his beautiful '68 Norton. Winner of the BMOC award at this year's Tsawwassen Swap meet.



Top left, Wayne Dowler beams pride of ownership of his wee James. Top right, a fabulous '39 Rapide, note the picture of the old Stevenage works in the background. Bottom right, a very tidy ' 71 B50SS BSA. Bottom left, Dan Smith entertained many with accounts of his incredible, much travelled, Series C Rapide.



Former BMOC member Stuart Hooper with his record setting Velo. Story on page 16.

FULL CHAT

The President's Message

The BMOC club year is now well underway, and if you haven't started riding yet now is the time ... cool, crisp mornings and evenings, and certainly warm enough during the day. But apart from you, is the bike ready hmmm ... I doubt it. Well, I know mine isn't. PROCRASTINATION, that's the word I'm looking for. I do it year after year.

I have all these wonderful ideas that need to get started, and then something always seems to pop up. A myriad of activities that need my participation rather than getting started in the workshop. But when I do get into the shop, oh boy, I just love it!

First things first. Get yourself a service manual if you don't already have one, and see what actually needs to be done, and don't try to do it all at once. Take your time and have a good time.

A good service this time of year will very often result in a better running machine with no breakdowns for the whole season. I like to start off by changing all the fluids, including fork oil. Oils are cheap and do a lot to provide reliability for your steed. Check what the manual tells you to do, which usually includes all the major items such as brakes, cables, battery, lights, plugs, HT leads, carburetors, etc., etc. One of the huge advantages of this is you get to inspect the whole machine and often find a loose nut or bolt or frayed cable. This is a great time to clean the frame and battery grounds.

If when dusting off the cobwebs from the bike after a winter's nap a tire and tube has gone flat, now is the very best time to investigate. Repair and replacement now is far cheaper than a ride on the back of a flatbed, or worse, and cutting short an otherwise enjoyable ride.

An easier route for you would have been to get the basic safety done (see above) and joined in the "Ride and Tune" held in April at Lyle Whitters' well-equipped workshop and garage. The advantage there was many willing and knowledgeable hands to help get it all done. An added bonus was chili and cornbread Alan Comfort style ... great!

The "Ride and Tune" could all be a bit of 20/20 hindsight ... so having missed that outing, tackle it yourself. Then look at all your riding gear. Are we safe and waterproof? When you finally get out on the bike take those first rides real easy. It's surprising how we all can get a little rusty if not riding year 'round. My bike would have now been rideable except I sat and wrote this epistle. There we go ... procrastination again!

Have fun, stay safe, and see you all out there.

Cheers
Dave Woolley



Dave Woolley, looking very presidential on his A65 cafe racer, at this year's ABFM

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TSAWWASSEN SWAP-MEET SHOW 'N SHINE

Todd Copan

The first motorcycles arrived shortly after 6 am loaded with volunteers eager to get things going. The weather gods were smiling on us again this year as we had seen nasty weather the days before the show. With many vendors in need of delivering their goods to the tables, a line formed and the loading began. As the clock wound to 10 am and opening time, the parking lots were filling up with bikes, cars and people. The folks hustled in for the frantic first hours when all the deals are snapped up. With almost 160 tables there was something for everyone, including a table laden with VINCENT parts. That is a first! The constabulary were in force to see that things went peacefully; you would think they would trust us after 27 years. The flaggers on 56th street were helping to direct folks in and out of our parking areas and we hope that this helped all concerned. Many reported a great variety of bikes present and probably 500 people came to the parking lot show but did not venture indoors for the parts and display bikes.

The BMOC Award was presented to Darwin Sveinson and his beautiful Commando. Dan Smith's Velocette ROARER re-incarnation drew a lot of interest from the crowd. Dan will be inducted into the Greater Vancouver Motorsports Society this year, congrats Dan.

By 5 pm the halls were deserted as the last remaining vendor packed up and headed home. Another fun day and successful event had come and gone, thus kicking off the riding season for 2013. Many thanks to all those who volunteered, sold their parts, showed their bikes and judged, this event would not be what it is without you.

And the winners are.....

28th Annual Classic & Vintage M/C Show 'N Shine Sunday April 28, 2013:

People's Choice – donated by Imperial Trophies:

won by Ross Eichendorf of New Westminster & his 1973 Kawasaki Z1 900.

Best in Show – donated by Trev Deeley Motorcycles:

won by Doug Ransom of Port Coquitlam and his 1970 Kawasaki H1 500 Triple.

Judge's Choice -- donated by British Isles Motorcycles:

won by Joe Allan of Lake Cowichan & his ASV Street Scrambler.

Best American / Fred Pazaski Memorial Award –

donated by the Classic M/C Club of BC,

won by Larry Boden of Tsawwassen & his 1953 H-D FL with Sidecar.

Best British / Mona & Fred Parsons Memorial Award:

donated by the Classic M/C Club of BC:

won by Jim Bush of Surrey & his 1952 Norton Model 7.

Best European – donated by Trev Deeley Motorcycles:

won by Alyson Nerker of North Vancouver & her 1983 BMW K100.

Best Japanese – donated by Western Powersports:

won by Ross Eichendorf & his 1973 Kawasaki Z1 900.

BMOC Award -- donated by the BMOC:

won by Darwin Sveinson of Surrey & his 1968 Norton Commando.

1st Place Servi Car – donated by Trev Deeley Motorcycles:

won by Bob James of Madeira Park, BC and his 1962 H-D Servi Car. Ex-San Francisco Police sold by Dudley Perkins and then used by the Shriners in Las Vegas before he bought it.



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ALL BRITISH FIELD MEET at VanDusen Gardens

Peter Dent

The White Cliffs of Dover are an instantly recognisable geological phenomena. Rising up from the restless green waters of the English Channel they are an impressive vista that greet the returning traveller and arriving visitor alike.

See them in the early morning when the sun of a new day lights them up in all their towering glory. See them in the spring after the winter freeze cycle has revealed a stark white fresh surface. See them from the home bound ferry as it surges towards the embracing arms of the harbour entrance. Best appreciated perhaps after something like an almighty predawn burn-up across the polders of Holland after the TT at Assen and the all night Oranjeboom swilling, tyre smoking wingding that accompanies the races there.

Atop of those cliffs see the mighty fortress that is Dover Castle heave into view and see the Union flag starched out in the relentless stiff breeze that seemingly knows no rest.

Along the beach front within the harbour, bronze figures stare towards France and across that narrow band of water that has challenged so many; these are the statues of those who conquered that narrow band: Captain Webb is there, the first to swim the channel; Louis Bleriot the first to fly it. They, and others, stare out across the water that daunted and challenged them, reflecting on their achievements in perpetuity, their places in history assured.

But the White Cliffs of Dover are more than just a scenic view: they symbolize fortress walls and not just for the British Isles but to an ideal, a concept, a vision.

Ironical then, that this symbol of strength, the chalk that comprises those white cliffs is, in itself, positively feeble stuff.

It has all the properties of blackboard chalk; you can scratch it with your fingernail it's so soft. Of all the enemies that have tried to conquer those famous white cliffs, none have been more persistent, violent and, alas, successful than the surging storms of the North Sea. Day after day waves pound mercilessly upon them and cliff erosion is a serious problem. Every year those white cliffs retreat a little more.

Of course, white cliffs are not exclusive to Dover; they wrap around the Kent and Sussex coasts for many a beautiful mile. They can be found on the Normandy coast of France, The Alabaster coast as they call it (darn, why didn't we think of Alabaster for a name) but the problem of cliff erosion is constant.

Various engineering techniques can be brought to bear on the issue; none are cheap and none are free from some drawback or other but the most effective defense is concrete, lots and lots of concrete. In essence a road is built on the beach at the cliff face a few feet higher than the highest tide. Dig it deep and build it wide - two dump trucks wide in fact. Wherever you see a coastal town on chalk, at the tide line, you can expect to see this wide swathe of concrete meandering around the cliff bottom in and out of coves and bays.

Some get used for beach huts or dingy parks but mostly they are just a great place to take a stroll on windy winter's days without concern about being cut-off by the tide.

Further east of Dover where the English Channel, North Sea and Thames Estuary meet, the cliffs are somewhat lower - but no less white.

Significantly and unusually, in my old home town of Ramsgate at a place known locally as the Western Undercliff, the seawall runs straight, rather than meanderingly, for about 3/4 of a mile or so. Well, truth be told, 'straight' might be a bit of an overstatement but certainly straightish, or 'sort of straightish' if I was splitting hairs with you. A gently curving sweep around a headland puts it close to being one long bend.

Sometime in the late 50's a motorcyclist, whose name has been lost in the annals of time, stood there on the sea wall one day. He looked at the gently curving ribbon of concrete, the stark white cliff rising up from it on one side and the grey stirring waters of the North Sea on the other and a notion entered his head that this would make a fine drag strip. Given the constraints, the bikes would need reasonably good brakes and a geometry that would facilitate the curve but otherwise, what could possibly go wrong?

He mentioned this idea of his at the very next general meeting of his club. Excellent idea! they pronounced as one; after all, what could possibly go wrong?

The local council were approached with the proposal. They peered at each other over horn rimmed spectacles. They would have known of the seawall at the Western Undercliff. They knew of the curve in the road, the sheer unforgiving cliff face and of the North Sea that slapped up against concrete abutments, or, if the tide was out, the barnacle encrusted rocks below. There was a steel railing but it was debatable whether this would be of help or hinderance

There was a short discussion on the subject and a show of hands before the mayor pounded his gavel and uttered the words 'motion passed'. After all, what could possibly go wrong?

The National Sprint Association, the governing body of this sport in the UK, got on board. They would supply the official timing gear along with an invitation to the fastest accelerating bikes in all of Britain. The 'Motor Cycle' magazine paid some bills and put the word out, local dealers and businesses helped out where they could thus making the event free to the general public. The Western Undercliff Sprints were born.

For me, nothing defines Britain in the 60's quite like this series of decisions. Not since Camelot had we known such carefree times.

Twice a year they came; the fastest bikes in all the land - right there in my home town. And of all the fastest bikes that assemble at that very south east corner of England very few machines could run with a nitro burning supercharged Vincent.

At the ABFM this year we celebrate these remarkable machines. They have special memories for me because of those sprint races in my old stomping ground.....

You really had to be there to truly grasp the glorious spectacle of this event and it doesn't do any harm to be 14 years old and for this to be your first drag racing event. I had read all about the bikes that were there. I knew about 'Hermes', 'Aeolus', 'Torqueamarda', 'Little Red Riding Rod' and all the other bikes with such great names.

It was the first time I had actually heard for myself the open pipes of a barking mad Vincent wound up to the very limits of its mechanical integrity. Any other day on that spot all you would hear is the rhythmic wash of the surf and the cry of wheeling

gulls. But not today, not this day, because this is one of those days that you will remember forever.

I had cycled to this event on my own and it seems amazing to me now - but I thought nothing of it at the time - that when the organisers ramped up to the bigger bikes I was able to just wander up to within a scant few feet of the actual start line.

There was no yellow tape, there was no one in a Hi-Vis vest - these things hadn't been invented yet - to tell you "you can't stand there kid". Just don't get in the way and don't do anything stupid and you could go anywhere you felt like.

There was some theatre as the next machine up was surrounded by fellows in grubby overalls. The rider stared dead ahead, his eyes hidden behind the lenses of his goggles as he rhythmically blipped the throttle. The revs rose and died in an instant; no flywheels here. The bike had a gleaming polished alloy 'dustbin' fairing. I can't be sure but this was the fuel change over. The bikes were typically started on petrol or methanol and at some critical point or other a fuel tap is opened and nitro dosed methanol will begin to work its way down the fuel line to the float bowl of a honking great, bored to the limit, SU carb that hangs off the Skorrock supercharger.

The rider stages, there are no lights, the rider just leaves when he is good and ready. Here, still blipping the throttle, he is listening for a change in exhaust note, and when he hears the motor change to an angry barking snarl he knows the nitro is

in town and he instantly pulls the trigger.

The famous white cliffs reflected the shock waves of that brief, maniacal unleashing of BTUs, a crescendo of pure energy gushing into the clear blue yonder. There was a flash of polished alloy and black leather with this almighty ear damaging explosion of sound before this incredible machine launched with an astonishing ferocity off the line and instantly dissolved into the distance and into a wisp of chalk dust and it, in turn disappeared around the bend. It was an all consuming spectacle that took every sense you had into the red zone and all you wanted was more. It happened so quickly it was hard to get the chronological order of events aligned. There was a wave of heat in there



Red Vincents are rare; this is a '52 Touring Rapide

somewhere, and there was a strong whiff of Castrol 'R' and something else I didn't recognise but it all smelt like an industrial accident of some sort. The whole event was so overwhelming in its magnitude; such a vibrant, all consuming energy compressed into just a few intense seconds that it held you for some indeterminate length of time afterwards, dazed by the sheer, brutal magnificence of the event.

The rider here is George Brown and the bike is 'Nero', a nitromethane/methanol burning 998 supercharged Vincent.

George Brown is synonymous with the history of Vincent motorcycles. He was an employee of the company at one time and remained loyal to the brand even long after their demise in 1955. He was a TT road racer, drag racer and test rider of factory developmental machines.

It has been recorded that he once pushed his out of fuel racer 6 miles to the finish line at the IoM one year. He held no fewer than 24 world records in various sprinting categories. My favourite story though was when he was working as a test rider around Stevenage - a town some 30 miles north of London - where the Vincent factory was located. The local police clocked him doing 110 mph one day and though they often turned a blind eye to his antics this was over the top and he was hauled off to court. The judge however, on hearing the bobby's account of events simply snorted his disbelief at the notion of a motorbike ever doing 110 and promptly dismissed the case.

So much has been written about Vincent HRDs, in part, because Phil Irving, the principle designer of the machine, was a fairly prodigious writer giving us such classic reference books as 'Tuning for Speed' and 'Motorcycle Engineering'. It was Phil Vincent himself who wrote the series of articles for Motorcycle Sport - and a book by the same name is available on Amazon - 'Tales of the Snarling Beast' where the developments of his machines are chronologically laid out.

But I was always curious about the name: is it Vincent or is it HRD? Sometimes it's both. For those poor souls similarly confused I unearthed some sort of timeline of company history that might help.

In the beginning - 1924 - there was Howard Raymond Davies. An enthusiast, he built quality machines that carried his initials proudly on the tank. He raced them on the Isle of Man and in 1925 he became a Senior TT winner, thus making him the first builder/rider to claim this honour - and there haven't been too many since. Despite this successful racing involvement (or perhaps because of it), the company had to close its doors in 1928.

Philip Conrad Vincent came from a wealthy family. British, they lived in Argentina and owned a cattle ranch. Some effort was made to ensure that young Phil was born in the UK. He eventually studied engineering at Cambridge and was very interested in motorbikes.

If my mathematics are correct he must have been twenty when he convinced his dad to finance his purchase of the now defunct HRD name, tooling and any spare parts they still held. Mind you, given that HRD bought in their engines, gearboxes, forks carburetors, electrics and just about everything else - the building and land were not part of the deal - mainly it was just the name he secured. Given that he bought the name from a company that was only four years old shows what a successful four years they must have been. To mark the change in ownership the name 'HRD' now carried a small addition; the words "the Vincent" in a scroll over the top.



Robert Watson's bronze head '37 TT Replica, a replica of the factory spec racing bike made available to the public.

Vincent carried on much as Davies had before him in that he bought in many outside components. That began to change when he hired the aforementioned Phil Irving. 1935 saw the fruits of their labours with a 500 cc single of an in-house design and manufacture being offered to the public. The story then goes that two tracings of this 500 motor were laid on top of one another quite by chance at a bit of an angle thus making it look like a V twin. A seed of an idea was thus planted; a V twin would make an attractive proposition.

The 47 degree angle was chosen because they could use the same machining jig as was used on the 500 and with this angle the new 998 twin would just about clear the rails of a frame that they had kicking about. This V twin, introduced in 1936, evolved into one of

motorcycling's great engines.

The name changed again in 1949. This time the HRD was dropped and the bikes were just known as Vincents from then on. The story goes that North American dealers were concerned that it might be perceived that there was some association with the HD motorcycles from Milwaukee. They petitioned Vincent to change the name and with times starting to get tough he felt he should reluctantly bow to their pressure.

The Vincent name remained until the company ceased making motorcycles in 1955.

What fabulous bikes they are, awesome, timeless, great beasts; they inspired their owners to do remarkable things. And a singularly dedicated bunch of enthusiasts they are too; at the ABFM this year the Vincent Owner's Club treated us to a display of some amazing examples of this storied marque. Right there on the lawns of VanDusen, were some quite glorious tributes to their ingenuity and engineering prowess. We saw the lengths they would go to and the energy they would apply in keeping these great machines so very much alive. I particularly liked the backdrop

of scenes from the old Vincent HRD works in Stevenage, a building which was itself an old carriage works from many years past. They fairly dripped with history. Vincent and Irving - and Howard Raymond Davies indeed - would be well pleased.

In 1955 then, production ended of one of the greatest machines ever made. A machine that bristled with innovation and free thinking. It had taken the industry darn near half a century to evolve from pushrod vertical singles to pushrod vertical twins. The Vincent gave us a quantum leap by comparison, constantly trying to find better ways when it would have been so easy to just follow the herd. Vincent and Irving bounced ideas off each other and the results were, at times, spectacular. They featured so many radical departures from the norm that it became their signature design style.

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With the derring-do exploits of men like George Brown and Rollie Free - a chap who famously laid out on his Vincent in nothing more than a pair of shorts to aid his streamlining in a land speed record attempt - and the engineering departures of the machine's designers, these bikes have accrued more legends than King Arthur's Knights.

My thanks and congratulations to the Vincent Owners Club and also to the many BMOC members who brought along machines of many makes and hues. We had modern Enfields and Triumphs alongside some truly classic machines from the past and each and every one contributed generously to the day's entertainment. They stuck around all day and happily invited conversation and shared the wealth of their knowledge with all and sundry. I think I can reasonably pronounce that a good time was had by all.

And the Western Undercliff sprints? They are no more, alas. The glorious 60s were reaching an end when sallow men with brief cases wearing ill fitting grey suits began to enter our lives. They brought with them words like 'liability' and 'responsibility'. The 70s were coming and those carefree times were drawing to a close.

Nothing serious ever did go wrong either - some kid fell off a straw bale and broke his arm (didn't I just say, 'don't do anything stupid?'). At least not at the Western Undercliff but events elsewhere were beginning to make people nervous. The local council withdrew their permission in 1967. I'll tell you one thing though: it was good while it lasted, man, was it ever.

A local historian has posted a bit of grainy Super 8 footage of the event - 1966 I'm guessing - on Youtube. Check it out if you get a chance.

www.youtube.com/watch?v=zooz_YOOzL8



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THE WORLD'S FASTEST VELOCETTE

I was recently sent an interesting story by Ken Hazzard. It concerns the amazing exploits of ex BMOC member Stuart Hooper. Stuart moved back to his native Australia where he now races a Velocette in speed trials with much success. By the way, Stuart met Tom Mellor at Bonneville one year; it turns out they hadn't met whilst living in Vancouver.

Anyway, thanks to Ken for sending it to us; Stuart Hooper tells his story:

For the first time in many years Lake Gairdner Speed Trials were unaffected by wet weather. The surface was initially a little rough and the weather very hot requiring a careful eye on engine temperatures and excessively rich mixtures to ensure the engine survived the meeting. After a steady sighting run to check out the new body and steering geometry the Big Velo ran 166 mph on its second outing !!!! This was good cause for celebration as the Velo was now the World's Fastest British Single surpassing the fantastic Vincent Mighty Mouse of Bryan Chapman.

After a photo session day, I decided a higher speed was possible and lined up again with a bit higher gearing and a higher ratio supercharger drive. The third run was only 152mph but this was against a 15 to 20 mph headwind so it was back in line for another 8 hrs for one final run. Friday morning was calm and cool, ideal conditions..... but the morning ticked inexorably by with one delay after another and a headwind starting to flutter the flags and things looking like the meeting could be cancelled without another run. Finally the track was clear and the Big Velo boomed away from the line with its nearly 100mph first gear into a 7 to 10 mph gusting head and slight crosswind. By the time I changed up from third into top at 156mph the bike was weaving and darting about somewhat in the ruts on the track and the odd gusts of wind, but with the throttle hard against the stop, one hand hovering over the clutch lever and the revs climbing towards the 6500 mark the track markers started to slip by faster and faster until the final timing light flashed past and it was time to slow down with the old MSS single leading shoe brake smelling as only red hot 50 year old asbestos can. Back to the pits to see the crew flashing lights, cheering and jumping around !!!!..... 171.600 mph !! A fantastic end to a great week..... The Velocette name is again in the record books where it belongs !

Worlds Fastest Velocette.

Worlds Fastest British Single

Worlds Fastest Single Cylinder Sit On Motorcycle.

A sincere thanks for the support to my crew and all of you over the years,

Stuart Hooper
ps..... Just how fast can a Velo go ?

RIDE 'N TUNE

Peter Dent

The weather, even being kind, could not be said to be BMOC approved. It started off questionable, slowly became iffy and finally dissolved into a joy sapping grey misery of despair. And there was us with our bikes all clean and shiny.

This was the meteorological summary of the club's annual Ride 'n Tune event. But if the weather was disappointing, the turnout for this event was positively encouraging. Given the steely grey skies that greeted the slowly emerging dawn, the line up of bikes outside the Big 6 was really a joy to behold. Nine bikes, eight of them British and a few of those I had not even seen before; most refreshing.

Being Brit bike owners we have never been ones to be thwarted by triflings - or reality come to that; optimism is our stock in trade and, anyway, in this part of the world the weather can turn on a dime, so who knows how the day will unfold?

Bernd Behr had a carefully planned route taped to the tank of his Norton Fastback and after a hearty breakfast we began to weave our way on a route less travelled up the verdant lush countryside of the Fraser Valley.

So far so good; but even for the most buoyant optimists amongst us it was uncomfortably clear that some pretty formidable looking storm clouds were waiting to ambush us if we kept going. That half full glass was going to get topped up.

Now as luck would have it, our route had taken us through Fort Langley where the good fellows of the Langley Area Mostly British club were having their annual celebration of wheeled goods from old Albion. Given the choice then of skittering around on wet roads getting slowly waterlogged or checking out some classic British cars and enjoying a bit of nostalgia with a cup or two of designer coffee, well, the question need hardly be asked.

The LAMBs club put on a nice show and whilst the weather didn't exactly help they enjoyed a respectable turnout. They recently changed the date of their gathering so that it no longer clashed with the ABFM and it is well worth the ride out to scenic Fort Langley to rub shoulders with some like minded souls.

On drying roads we took off to Lyle Whitter's place where a steaming cauldron of Alan Comfort's finest chili and corn bread awaited the arrival of our taste buds. Several club members were already there so the party was well advanced when we pulled into Lyle's driveway.

Of course the object of the Ride n' Tune is to, well, have a ride and then tune up a member's bike with the careful and judicious application of our combined knowledge. We don't have the word 'chili' in the title but, really, we should, because it's the best part after a cold damp ride.

Patrick Jaune's Norton had been misbehaving lately and had defied his not inconsiderable logical prowess to get it running the way a big Norton should. He brought it down to Lyle's place for a second opinion. Good move.

Geoff May and a consortium of collective genii got right to work. There is a limit as to what can be achieved without a tear-down but at the end of the day they got the Norton barking like a good 'un but diagnosed some carburetor work in the Norton's immediate future.

In a fortunate twist of good timing our visit to Lyle's coincided with his Square Four getting some really interesting head work done, so we were able to peer at depth into the inner workings of these great motors and it provided more talking points than could fit into a gloomy afternoon but we gave it our noble best effort anyway. A most satisfactory day all round.

Thanks to Lyle and his wife Carol for hosting the event, Alan for the much appreciated corn bread and chili, Bernd and Nigel for the ride and for everyone else for providing the company most excellent. And, as ever, if there were any oil spots on the driveway, well, they were nothing to do with us: we ride Brit bikes after all; no, really.....



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REVIEW COMMITTEE		
Alan Comfort	604 431 0553	alan.comfort@gmail.com
Bernd Behr	604 930 7848	bbehr@dccnet.com
Bill Sarjeant	604 944 6200	bill_sarjeant@telus.net
Bruce Davidson	604 462 8624	a75rocket@shaw.ca
Nigel Spaxman	604 273 7736	nigel@hydracore.com
Rick Freestone	778 889 4855	penrick@telus.net
RIDES COMMITTEE		
Nigel Spaxman	604 273 7736	nigel@hydracore.com
Bernd Behr	604 930 7848	bbehr@dccnet.com
BCCOM/AIM REP		
vacant		
GOOD VIBRATIONS		
Peter Dent	604 946 3132	p.dent@dccnet.com

Fine Print
 The West Coast British Motorcycle Owner's Club (aka BMOC) is a registered not for profit society dedicated to the preservation, restoration and use of British motorcycles. Our newsletter, Good Vibrations, is published sporadically and is intended to inform and entertain our members. Articles appearing in this newsletter do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the BMOC. Technical and other information contained in this newsletter should be treated with a measure of common sense, as we cannot vouch for every word written.
 We welcome all contributions from our members; 'want' ads and 'for sale' ads are free to members and non-members. They must be limited to motorcycles or 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.
 Articles, reports, photographs and ads may be Emailed to: p.dent@dccnet.com

Visit the BMOC website, BMOC.ca for a full colour version of the Good Vibrations and the latest event calender.

Help us keep in touch. If you have changed your mailing address, phone number or Email address please email your current info patrick.jaune@amec.com

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