



From the recent Sunshine Coast ride: Alan Comfort's highly desirable Moto Largo workshops; elbow room and then some.

NEWSLETTER OF THE BRITISH MOTORCYCLE OWNER'S CLUB  
British Columbia, CANADA . September 2014

# GOOD VIBRATIONS







CRESCENT BEACH INVITATIONAL  
August 30, 2014

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**BSA**

**1969 BSA A65  
Café Racer**

650 cc, 4-stroke, twin cylinder, air-cooled,  
overhead valve engine, 4 speed transmission

The members of the British Motorcycle Owners Club are pleased to present this custom built BSA as a tribute to long term BMOC member and past president Dave Woolley, now deceased. Dave spent many hours in his basement workshop fabricating the seat, gas tank and innumerable fasteners and hardware to build this bike. His attention to detail and aesthetic sense are readily apparent in this beautifully crafted motorcycle.

Dave is sorely missed by his family and his many good friends.

OWNER: ROSEMARIE WOOLLEY



**Class 1**  
Special Display  
**No. 82**

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*Rosemarie Woolley with Dave's fabulous cafe racer*



*Laurent Wiese and his 1935 Galimberti 350 outfit; winner of Best Presented Motorcycle at this year's Crescent Beach Concours d'Elegance*



*First Place winner at Crescent Beach was Peter Findlay with this stunning 1913 Henderson B. An exceptional piece of craftsmanship. Show photos all by Wayne Dowler*



## CLUB INFO 2013 EXECUTIVE

membership rates:- Canada - \$25, USA - \$30  
International - \$40

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## 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](mailto:p.dent@dccnet.com)

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 address please email your current info [patrick.jaune@amec.com](mailto:patrick.jaune@amec.com)

*Cover photo:* Club Secretary and the man who puts the Good Vibrations in your hands, Ian Bardsley, tips his 850 into the Cayoosh, on his way to Lillooett. *Photo by Bevan Jones*



## FULL CHAT

### The Acting President's message

As with most clubs like ours we are a volunteer organization. We depend on volunteers to do all the administrative duties necessary for the club to function. Without volunteers our club would wither away very quickly. The structure of our club, with members of the review committee and the administrative Officers forming the club Directors, we are ideally suited for the recruitment and encouragement of volunteers. Volunteers can join the Directors as members of the review committee and if they are so inclined they can move on to become one of the Officers. The review committee then serves many functions, that of giving experience and exposure to members who volunteer, to act as a feeder for these members to join the administrative Officers and also to act as a source of experience in the administrative duties of the club.

We would hope that the upcoming election of club Directors would attract people who were willing and able to volunteer their time and effort to ensure the success and continuation of our fine organization.

Volunteering- A self satisfying experience.

Wayne Dowler



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## CRESCENT BEACH CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE

*Wayne Dowler*

This annual show was held on Saturday August 30 at Blackie Spit in beautiful Crescent Beach. It is limited to seventy cars and fifteen motorcycles. As a invitation only event it brings out the best of the best. This year was no exception with many fantastic vehicles on the field. The motorcycles were especially interesting. An eclectic mix of bikes from six different countries were shown. Bikes from the US, Denmark, Japan, Britain, Italy and Germany were represented in the field and a full complement of fifteen bikes graced the beautiful lawns of Blackie Spit.

The weather was a fine mixture of cloud and sun with virtually none of the forecasted rain arriving.

BMOC members were well represented and showed four bikes. It was to have been five members but due to an unfortunate fire suffered by member Gil Yarrow he was not able to show his BSA A 65 Lightning. Gil did however volunteer as a class host and did not miss the show. The BMOC member bikes included Alan Comfort's quirky Velocette LE, a Noddie, and Lyle Whitter with his BSA Golden Flash affectingly known as Old Blue. Adding to the field of BMOC member bikes was Robert Smith's lovely 1961 Moto Rumi Formichinio Tipo Sport, known as the Little Ant. Robert added a bit of Italian flair by having all the makings for a picnic in a basket on the back of his scoot.

A special tribute to deceased BMOC president Dave Woolley was also prominently displayed. This bike, a 1969 BSA A65 Cafe Racer was shown by Rosemarie Woolley. We have included a copy of the placard that graced the bike, so well written by Dave's friend Alan Comfort.

Unfortunately only nine of the fifteen bikes entered could be judged. The other six were in the display class.

In the judged class first place went to a 1913 Henderson B, shown by Peter Findlay. A recently completed restoration had this stunning example looking like new.

Second place went to George Dockray's Ducati 750 GT. This was also a recent restoration and showed the best of George's talents.

Third place went to a 1935 Galimberti 350 sidecar rig shown by Laurent Wiese. Probably only a few Galimberti motorcycles were built, and Laurent's example seems to be the only survivor of the defunct make.

The Galimberti was also judged Best Presented Motorcycle, due in no small part to the beautiful Italian flair.

Other bikes in the judged field included a 1946 Ariel Red Hunter 500 and a 1937 BMW R 20 shown by the father and son team of Jeff and Gordon Lum. A 1941 741 B Indian owned by John Sanderson showed the best of American road style. A beautiful owner restored 1938 Nimbus Sport shown by Niels Svanholm delighted onlookers with its open valve springs dancing about. Robert Smith's Moto Rumi also graced this class with what has been called by many as the best

looking scooter in the world. Rounding out the judged class was the venerable Matchless G9 as shown by Shawn Gurney.

In the display class Don Clarke's 1973 Honda CB750 reminded us of what a milestone bike it was. The 1975 Norton Commando shown by John Anweiler was absolutely stunning and shows a British bike from a bygone era which is still usable on today's roads. Alan Comfort's Noddie and Lyle Whitter's Old Blue were also in this class and both did our club proud. Michael Blumberg's 1948 Moto Guzzi showed the patina you would expect and Michael says he will be retaining the appearance while doing as little restoration as necessary.

Thanks to all who entered bikes. It was a outstanding field of machines.

Our thanks to Chief Class Judge Steve Harding as well as Alan Comfort and Gary Richardson for such a fine job of judging.

Thanks also to Nigel Spaxman, Allyson MacDonald and Gil Yarrow for keeping things ship shape as Class Hosts.

And a special thanks to Rosemarie Woolley for showing Dave's BSA.

A fine job done by all.

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*A nice shot from Bill Sarjeant showing some club members performing vital rehydration on the recent Sunshine Coast Ride.*



## A MOTORCYCLE TRIP IN ENGLAND

*Ron Moropito*

**May 20/14....**left Kamloops for England. Second time over there. First time was back in '97 for a business trip, that ended up being more holiday than work. No complaints about that, as it gave me lots of time to explore. Naturally, I rented a bike that first weekend. I met Mick Hill through the International CBX club members list. We hit it off and continued to correspond over the years. Twice he has been out to visit me and we did some B.C. touring. First time in '03 when I still lived on the coast, and again in 2010 after I moved to Kamloops. Last year he told me it was my turn to visit him in England. I sold one of my 'collector bikes' to help finance the trip. The original plan was for me to use one of his machines. Mick has three 'modern' bikes, if you can call an '82 CBX modern, along with his '92 BMW-K-100 RS, and his newest, a '96 Hinckley Triumph Trophy 1200. In addition, he has a '66 Norton 750 Atlas, and two old Matchless 350's, a '59 and a '60, totally different from one another. Turns out the insurance companies in England won't let you 'borrow' a machine unless I had a U.K. drivers license. An international license won't do. The simple solution was for me to rent a bike. I ended up with a new Honda NC-750-X. It was more than adequate for the travelling we did. I put about 1000 miles on it, mostly two up. It was VERY good on fuel and averaged 75 miles per gallon over the time I had it.

First couple days in England we played Tourist in Windsor, where Mick and Anne live, and tried to shake off the jet lag.

The English weather didn't disappoint....cloudy...frequent rain showers.. and windy; about what I recall from the first trip.

Mick is on the executive of the U.K. CBX Owners Assoc. and was setting up an exhibit on Saturday, May 24 at the Kempton Southern Classic Bike show. As I was scheduled to pick up the rental bike late that afternoon, I rode pillion with Mick to the show on his CBX. That is only the 2nd. time I've been on the back of a bike since the early 70's. The first time was also behind Mick, on his '59 Matchless in '97 when he took me to a meeting of the Matchless/AJS club, at a pub of course - this is England after all.

The classic bike show was well attended, despite the less than ideal weather. I saw many familiar classics, and a few obscure makes I've only read about. There were two Norton rotaries there, first I had ever seen, except in photos. One of Mick's friends, Mark, took "Best of Show" with his '79 CBX. He had bought it new, then put it aside to do the Daddy thing. 26 years later he decided it was time to put it back on the road. His efforts were obviously appreciated by the people casting ballots.

Near the CBX display was former World Champion, Phil Read promoting his newest book: "Phil Read - Prince of Speed". That afternoon he wheeled his MV Agusta racer outside and put on a NOISE demonstration for the crowd; impressive.

As the show wound down, I climbed back on Mick's CBX and we travelled across town to the bike rental place. Turned out it was the same shop, in the same location, that I had rented a bike from on my first trip. Mick had made all the arrangements so I was unaware of the shop until we arrived. Perhaps there are

not too many places that rent motorcycles.

There is nothing quite like the 'thrill' of riding an unfamiliar bike, in the rain, on the wrong side of the road, with numerous multi-lane roundabouts. All having several entrances, and of course, all running clockwise, unlike the few one lane roundabouts we have here, all counter clockwise. I gradually adapted to it, but it was nerve racking at best. At least the British seem to have good lane discipline, and amazingly, know how to use turn signals, something that is sadly lacking in B.C. I've often wondered when the use of turn signals was banned, or perhaps became optional here at home. Off to Box Hill Sunday morning.

### **Sunday, May 25.**

Day dawned bright and sunny (but windy of course). Mick and I, and my lady Bo, rode to the Box Hill meet. This is a weekly gathering of the 'clan' at a nice park. Hundreds of bikes come and go throughout the day. I noticed this time there were fewer old British bikes in attendance compared to my visit in '97. I suppose most are on the 'show and shine circuit' these days and rarely taken out. Too valuable to risk in heavy traffic, of which there is a *lot*, any time, any place. Like Vancouver rush hour, all the time, and on the wrong side of the road as well. *Yikes !*

After spending time at Box Hill, we returned to Mick's and later that afternoon visited the RAF memorial, by car. This was impressive, and emotional. I saw thousands of Canadian names inscribed on the walls and it brought home just how many were sacrificed to give us the life style we have today. We walked for some time in the vicinity of the Memorial and visited the place where the Magna Carta was signed, and a small memorial to JFK. History is all over the place, everywhere you look. History here in B.C. is barely 150 years old, while in England there are numerous buildings going back many hundreds of years. I took lots of photos but really, how many stone walls, fences and stone churches can you photograph without it all becoming a blur.

### **Monday, May 26.**

An off day to relax since it was (*surprise!*) raining all day. We did visit Mick's mom, a delightful little British lady, who of course, invited us in for a 'cuppa'. She told us of her younger days when her husband would load her and the 5 kids into



*Phil Read winding up the MV Agusta*

his sidecar rig for Sunday rides out in the countryside. I guess being a biker came naturally to Mick, as the oldest of the 5.

That evening we packed our gear as we were heading out 'on the road' on the Tuesday morning.

### **Tuesday, May 27.**

Loaded the bikes, and set out for the Cornwall area, more or less. Mick was riding his '96 Triumph Trophy; first stop in Avebury. There is a miniature version of Stonehenge there, and it's thought it actually pre-dates that famous historical exhibit. Lots of people stopping to visit, and we grabbed a quick drink in one of the many "Red Lion" pubs that seem to dot the landscape.

On the road again we rode down the famous Cheddar Gorge. Stopping for lunch, it's easy to see how popular this unusual place is. A great tourist location with the high stone walls looming above. We saw some brave souls rock climbing. Not for me, at least motorcycles have brakes. The gorge is very narrow and the road is twisty and quite steep in places as it follows the river which created this canyon over thousands (perhaps millions) of years.



Our stop for the night was in Princetown, the village adjacent to the famous Dartmoor Prison. Mick of course had to try the "Jail Ale" at the local pub where they claim the ale is kept behind the best bars. We had dinner in the pub, and I was surprised to see a dog in the premises. Can you imagine the B.C. health inspectors having a heart attack seeing that? I even saw a few small dogs in various restaurants.

We rode 209 miles that first day. Distances are not long, but travel time is deceptive. Being used to kilometers, which roll up pretty quickly, getting used to miles again after all these years causes some disconnect. With the heavy traffic, speeds are often less than desired. Of course, even in rural areas, one can't really get up much speed. You'll roll into Upper Diddly-Squat and slow to 30 mph. Shortly after you leave the village and get up a couple gears only to arrive in lower Diddly-Squat, and have to slow again. Signs tell you that it's only a short distance to east and west Diddly-squat. I longed for the wide open spaces near Kamloops, where I get into top gear, and leave it there for an hour or so. Next day we'll traverse the moors.

### **WEDNESDAY, May 28**

Left Princetown around 10 am. Rode the moors near Dartmoor. Pretty bleak looking place, with numerous cattle, sheep, occasional horses, and even some

human trekkers. Having to slow down and avoid critters was frequent. I imagine it would not be a pleasant place to be during a winter storm. We stopped for lunch in St. Austell, then on to St. Agnes, our second night's destination. Since it was early afternoon when we got to St. Agnes, Mick decided to show us a heritage "Blue Tin Mine". He neglected to mention it was at the bottom of a VERY steep narrow road. 33% grade, and about 6 ft. wide in places. I really don't know how they managed to pave most of it. There was a very steep reverse hairpin (with some loose gravel) where the bike was on full right lock and I was leaning away from the corner. I would have been scared on a dual sport, so on this unfamiliar street bike, I was terrified. When we got to the bottom, Mick stopped, and put his foot down to take a break, and slipped on loose gravel. Over he went, with Anne doing a very neat double axle dismount and plunk, onto her back on the road. Shook up, but not injured. Good riding gear to thank for that. The Trophy was not so lucky. Badly scratched the left Saddlebag lid, broke the left turn signal, and also broke the clutch lever. Now we were in a bit of a bind. No way to ride back up that road without being able to fan the clutch. No cellular signal at the bottom of the hill. I doubled Mick back up to the top so he could contact a recovery company. While he waited at the top, I rode back down that accursed hill and picked up some of Mick's luggage, then took Anne to the hotel. Her and Bo had decided to walk up the hill, not wanting to attempt the ride back up. Can't say I blame them, I wasn't too thrilled running up and down there several times. With Anne booking us into the St. Agnes Hotel, along with at least part of our luggage, I rode back down to pick up the rest of the luggage. By the time I got there, the recovery van showed up with Mick and Bo on board. Fun watching the driver get that van around that nasty downhill corner. They have a neat hydraulic ramp system in the back of the van, so obviously recovering bikes is common. Unfortunately, there was no way Mick was going to get a replacement clutch lever, and the bike wouldn't be able to be returned to Windsor until the following Tuesday. The recovery company gave Mick a Citroen courtesy car, and he arrived back at the hotel some hours later. Without a bike, Mick had to slightly revise our next day's route to our final night's destination in Bristol.

### **Thursday, May 29**

We left St. Agnes under cloudy skies, and proceeded to fuel the machines in North Devon. We travelled some very narrow country roads, saw some more moors, lots of tree debris on the wet roads. I find the very high hedges in places create blind corners on most left hand bends. With the narrow roads, cars whizzed by so close I was always afraid someone would clip my mirror or handlebar and send me flying. Those lovely green hedges lining the roads in many cases are hiding huge stone fences only a few inches into the greenery. Hit one of those and you're in a world of hurt.

Stopped for tea at the Whortle Berry tea room in the village of Porlock. So far we had been lucky with only occasional light rain squalls to contend with. Luck ran out about 10 miles from Bristol. We encountered torrential rain all the way to our hotel. Soaking wet, we checked in while Mick had enjoyed driving in the courtesy car, heater on, and music playing. Our rain gear was unable to cope with the volume of water that followed us. On a brighter note, with the courtesy car, we were able to dry out and then go for dinner at the "Boar's Head Pub" in the village of Aust. The front door had a plaque proclaiming that door was at least 300 years old. When



we returned from dinner, we spotted a new BMW 1600 six cylinder in the parking lot. Next morning we chatted with the riders, a husband and wife from Scotland. They had purchased the bike a couple months earlier, rode it enough to take it in for its first service, then headed down to Spain for a few weeks and were now on their way home.

#### **FRIDAY, May 30**

Walked from the hotel over to a lookout of the Severn Estuary. Across the bridge was Wales. After the sightseeing, we saddled up and headed back to Windsor. Uneventful run back, mostly multi-lane divided highway. Arrived back at Mick's in Windsor around the noon hour.

#### **SATURDAY, May 31**

9 am left for the Oxford area. Mick was riding his BMW K-100RS. We stopped for a bit of a leg stretch in Buford, then had tea in Stowe. Spent a couple hours wandering around the heritage village of Lacock, which has been preserved as it was a couple hundred years ago.

#### **Sunday, June 1/14**

Off to the Ace Cafe; biker heaven. A place that's well known from the days of the Mods and Rockers of the 60's. The cafe racer culture is alive and well at the Ace. It was Vincent Day at the Ace, and there were about 2 dozen of the old beauties on display, along



with dozens of other classics. Bikes were coming and going the entire time we spent there. If you go to London, you have to visit the Ace if you're a true biker. It just reeks with biker history. Inside there are posters, and story boards telling the tale of the Ace from the very beginning.

That afternoon (it was sunny) Mick put on a Bar-B-Que attended by his mother, sister and brother. On the Saturday night, May 31, we had been invited to a birthday Ceilidh for a friend of Anne's celebrating her 50th. The dancing was basically a British accented version of an old fashioned Square Dance, without the frilly crinolines. The meal served was a staple of the British diet, lasagna. I hate to tell you this but the famous old fashioned British fish and chips are a thing of the past. The heavy hand of Big Brother has done to England what they did to us a few years ago and cooking oil must not have any trans fats, so the french fries are just as bland and tasteless as in Canada these days. Disappointing to

say the least as last time I really enjoyed those greasy chips and fish pieces wrapped in newspapers. *No more, I'm afraid.*

#### **Monday, June 2**

Had to return the bike to the rental agency. Later that evening Bo and I took Mick and Anne out for dinner to show our appreciation for their hospitality. I can't comment too much about British cooking as I lost 5 pounds while there, while usually I gain a few pounds while on holidays. Go figure.

#### **Tuesday, June 3**

Mick took us to the airport at 7 am. Bo headed over to Denmark to visit family, while I headed back to Vancouver. The airport experiences are the least favourite part of travelling. I had a 6 hour lay-over in Vancouver before I could catch a flight back home to Kamloops. Hell, if I could have snuck one of my bikes into my carry-on, I could have ridden home in less time.

It was a unique experience, but I wouldn't recommend anyone travelling around the U.K. by bike or car, unless you have a local guide. Mick is now thinking about a third trip to B.C. in 2015. Time to show him again about the wide open spaces.



*Ron, in the hi-viz, seen here soaking up tea and biker atmosphere at the ancestral home of the cafe racer: North London's Ace Cafe on Vincent Day*



## 2014 INOA RALLY, ASHLAND, OREGON

*Jim Bush*

The International Norton Owner's Rally for 2014 was held at the Howard Prairie Lake Resort near Ashland Oregon, July 14<sup>th</sup> to 18<sup>th</sup>. The Howard Prairie Lake Resort is a camping only/RV facility on a wooded area on the shore of Howard Lake. The Lake is situated at an altitude of about 4000 ft, which made for some interesting climate changes – the valley where Ashland is situated was steaming hot in the mid-30's degree C, whilst up at the lake 8-10 degrees cooler, with the overnight dropping further. Liz and I trailered our bikes to the event, taking "Old Major" a 1952 Norton Model 7 and the "Purple Bike" the Late Tony Duffets' 1971 Norton 750 Roadster in that flashy heavy metalflake purple paint. Our accommodation was about 8 miles from the Rally Campsite which made for very interesting rides back and forth through the wooded, deer infested countryside. Quite a lovely setting.

At the Campsite, there was a fairly large BMOC contingent, already set up and spread out over a number of campsites. There were at least a dozen members on site – Gill Yarrow rode 600 miles on his Norton Roadster, as well as Nigel/Alison on their 850, Colin Kelly on his MKIII, Ken Davies his 650SS, Peter on his IMPEnfieldNorton thingy and Ken/Sandy Jacobson on their Long-range tourer. Other BMOC members rode modern bikes (other than Norton's) - Geoff, Steve, Robert, Rick, John. There was also a good showing of Vancouver Island Norton riders who were pleased to see Tony's Norton again.

On our trip down we responded to an emergency call from John Mackenzie who's MKIII had succumbed and he was stranded in Fife, just off the I5. My diagnosis was quickly proved correct – the needle had pushed up into the slide and it was running extremely rich on one side. Although this was fixed the bike failed to return from a test run – the battery was drained. We used a jumper and it sprang into life – so we left John to get a good charge in the battery before he continued on for the rally. We heard later that day that he got as far as Tumwater where the bike stalled, battery drained – I gather result of a charging system problem. He rented a van and returned bike and rider back home, but that didn't deter him, he loaded up the Moto Guzzi and rode through the night to arrive at the rally on Tuesday 2 am.



*John and Jim having a few firm words with the errant Norton. pics Liz T*

The rally offered a good variety of rides and events including the most popular and longest ride to Crater Lake. Back at camp, a swap meet was scheduled for the afternoon, however aside from Elizabeth selling sweatshirts and hats, the only other item being sold was a rolling basket case MKIII, no motor, but up on wheels, no tank or instruments – with a sign to call a cell number. With no mention of price, I was thinking this could be going for \$1200 to \$1500 and was going to be out of my pocket money range. A few hours later I spotted Alan Goldwater and a friend going about dismantling the bike and stuffing it in the boot of his car – “nice project, do you mind asking how much you paid?” “\$350” was the reply – I walked away limping from kicking myself – what a deal, and I missed it!

Elizabeth was riding the Model 7 every day back and forth between our cabin and rally site – with her vintage leather doctor's bag she looked the part, ready for any willing patient. She reported the Model 7 is such a delight to ride, soft and smooth and is well suited to the rolling wooded countryside. The sketchy brakes made keeping an eye out for deer a full time occupation.

On Thursday, Geoff and Steve on their GS1200's decided we should do a loop around Grants Pass, over to Happy Camp, back to I5 on the great Happy Camp road and home to Howard Prairie Lake. I figured I would take the purple Norton for giggles. It was an epic ride. Back roads through the lovely lush Grant's Pass area, up and over the big hill to Happy Camp into the heat of Northern California. Geoff reported seeing 42 degrees on the BMW. The Norton was on its song, I rallied the bike along Hwy 96, the winding run along the banks of the Klamath River at a comfortable indicated 60MPH – at a refuel stop (which on the Roadster is every 100 miles) I apologized to Geoff and Steve, “sorry for holding you up, going as best I can” – Steve says “no problem you're doing 75 plus!” – seems like I need to recalibrate the speedo. Tony did a fantastic job on building the motor, it seems to have a huge mid-range and a sharp top end – making for an exciting ride – a very capable ride with taut handling. The climb up to Howard Prairie Lake is a great twisty tight road, a great end to the 300 mile loop, passing some dork on a dual sport wearing safety dayglo in the corners – big smile. Norton's RULE!





Meals at the Rally were the usual burgers and salad affair served in the big marquee tent; the final banquet consisted of tri-tip and salmon. One night we were treated to a campfire meal provided by Peter Dent. Peter invited members to an informal BBQ dinner of potatoes perfectly cooked in hot coals, grilled steak, grilled corn, and salads. We had a great time hanging out and enjoying the bare basics of campfire cooking; Peter made it look so easy we made an executive decision that night to elect Peter the official BMOC chef! Seemed the reputation of the BMOC'ers of being the loud drinking party centre lapsed this rally as restraint seemed to prevail – Canadians are so nice.

The main event of the rally was the concourse display of Nortons on Friday morning, followed up by the banquet dinner and award presentations Friday night. I was asked to be one of the "International Judges" and had the task of coming up with three bikes for "Judge's Choice". All other categories were by "People's Choice" as voted by rally attendees. Working with the other two judges it was clear that technical and period correct details were the focus. A question arose that stumped us, "are those the correct mufflers for the 1952 Model 7?" – out came the laptop, it was fired up, and scans of original sales brochures looked to answer "yes, they are correct". Even the engine numbers on one early Model 18 were researched to determine correct year. About five or six such enquiry's ensued on other bikes, it was a very informative process.



BMOC did very well in the silverware department. Gill, of course, received "Oldest Rider" award as well as 2<sup>nd</sup> in Class for Roadster and 3<sup>rd</sup> place in Judges Choice with his 750 Norton. Elizabeth won 1<sup>st</sup> in class for Pre-69 Big Twins and 2<sup>nd</sup> place in Judges Choice for the Model 7, Colin Kelly won 1<sup>st</sup> in class for Interstate with his lovely MKIII,

Nigel won 2<sup>nd</sup> in class for Tourer, Ken Jacobson 3<sup>rd</sup> place in class for Tourer and I won 1<sup>st</sup> in class for Roadster with the Purple bike. Goes to show the calibre of our local bikes!

The 2015 rally is in North Carolina, a bit too far to ride (for some like me) but hopefully Liz and I will make it.



*Ken Davies' soundly prepared Atlas made it all the way to the INOA Rally and all the way home again with nary a missed beat - and it sounded mighty good doing it too.*



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## FIVA WORLD MOTORCYCLE RALLY, SWITZERLAND 2014

*Peter Gagan*

This year, I signed up for the Rally, and my friend Thomas Kohler found me a sponsor who would lend me a bike - a 1936 Brough Superior SS-80, no less. Michael Werder, a friend of his, not only was lending me the bike, but asked me if I would like to spend a few days with him at his waterfront home in Stein am Rhein, on lake Konstanz. How could I refuse?

This was a surreal experience. Michael Werder is one amazing guy. Stein am Rhein is more historical and picturesque than the town of Konstanz, which is larger but cluttered with traffic. The house has been in his family almost since his German mother escaped from the Nazis by crossing the border, and marrying his Swiss father. Michael was born just two miles from there, and keeps the house as one of his escapes. There is no internet, land line, or any such thing. There is no such thing as an internet cafe, or any phone cards for sale anywhere. Michael seems to be the only one in town who speaks English. I suspect that cell phones are very cheap, or the residents of the town are so wealthy that they could care less about the costs. Michael's phone connects to anywhere in the world, and he thinks it is no big deal. He has a sailboat, (a nice wooden vessel maybe about 28 ft. long) in Stein am Rhein. He also has one a bit larger in France on the Med, at his home there, and his



*In the foreground is the 1936 Brough Superior SS80 as ridden by Pete in his latest Alpine foray*

largest one on the Baltic Sea in Sweden. He also has a chalet at a Ski resort we stopped at on the way over. He wanted to check things out, as he hadn't been there for about a year. It was pretty up-town as well. His main house is in Zurich. I have yet to meet his wife and daughter. He is head of a law firm in Zurich, and he and his associates hold doctorates in law, working for Swiss banks, corporations, and very wealthy clients.

Both he and his wife have watched all my videos on YouTube, and amazingly are fans. She told Michael that he must not take me to that restaurant he frequents, with all his tradesman friends, but that someone as famous as Pete Gagan should be taken to the castle for dinner. We went there in his friend Rolf's big three litre Austin touring car. Turns out Rolf remembered me from the Irish rallies in the 90's, and I him. Small world.

Michael is a friend of Thomas Kohler, but doesn't know any of the others, and is looking forward to meeting them all.

He tells me everything he is up to when he hangs up his cell phone after talking to his office. The cases he is involved in sometimes have numbers in the hundreds of millions. I told him my story about the trial where I was an expert witness (on motorcycles) at the Supreme Court in New York City. We had some good laughs, as my legal experiences are far less sophisticated than his.

He just bought a panel van, all set up for carrying bikes, because he thought it was something that we would find handy this week. We have. It is a Ford transit van, with a six speed stick shift, efficient direct injection diesel, and built in hydraulic ramp for loading. It is totally different from anything seen at a Canadian or American dealership.

The downside was the weather forecast, which called for pretty cold and wet, except for the day before the rally. At 2800M cold and wet would likely be snow.

Michael would love to visit Vancouver Island. I told him perhaps we would have a mini FIVA rally with Takis, Yannis, Willy Hoff, Simon and Michael - no politics, no awards, and no BS. He likes the idea.

The Brough was absolutely flawless. It seemed a shame to take it out in the rain, but he says that's what they are for. He'll just get it fixed by his mechanic who we visited in Germany if there is damage or wear and tear.

After travelling to the ski resort at Andermatt, (elevation 1400 meters or 4190 feet) and settling into our hotel, the first day's Rally adventure was crossing the Tremola. Surprisingly, the sun was shining, and it was clear to the top. That was just as well, as the Tremola is the oldest pass in the Swiss Alps, and is paved entirely with cobble stones, with moss growing between them. There was one short wet section, and the traction was not ideal! Our Swiss guides insisted on paying for the refreshments and lunch at the top, where the views were unbelievable.

The second day we crossed the Gotthard pass, through a long valley and up to a hydro dam. There was a long ride through a tunnel and a tour of the turbines, pumps, etc. It was similar to the Hoover Dam. The lights had packed up on the bike, so it was interesting, as the tunnel was a bit dark, wet and slippery and about two miles long one way. I got separated from my group. There were also steel rails crossing at angles to add to the excitement.

Afterwards, I got behind a few bikes, passed some slower ones, but the Italians lost me on the downhill, as with the Brough you go slow on the downhill because of



the brakes. I kept motoring without anyone in sight, but I saw an old bike behind me, so kept going. After an hour and a half, we got to an intersection which we had seen in the morning, but I wasn't sure which way to go. The bike behind stopped. He was as lost as I was, from Germany and spoke no English. Neither did anyone we talked to. I thought I'd try the route upwards, as it looked like the one we came down in the AM. I stopped a bit upwards but the German NSU 500 came thundering past, so I figured it was the right direction. Anyway, I recognized a few landmarks, and knew it would lead back to Andermatt. About half way up, I ran out of fuel. Michael had said that we should remove the fuel tap that evening and check it to see if the reserve tap worked. I tried it, and one kick and it was running. Off I went. If I could make it over the top, I could coast down to the intersection. If not, I could coast back to the town behind. I cleared the pass at 2800 meters, and headed down. About half way, it quit again, so I coasted to the town below, about 20 km. I coasted to the right, and just as the bike was almost stopped, a petrol station appeared on the left, the only one I had seen all day. I coasted in and filled up. One kick, and away I went, over another lower pass, 10 km to Andermatt. The turn I missed earlier was a shortcut back. I did the passes twice, but it was spectacular, and different in each direction. Heidi said later there were ten broken bikes out on the road, and two Germans unaccounted for.

I now have a good idea of how far an SS80 will go on a tank full - 280 km. This one weighs 100 lbs more than my early one. It was 2800M or 9190 feet at the top of the pass, and below sea level at the bottom. Day's distance was about 350 km.

The petrol station was the only one on my whole day's trip. I guess that's why people tell me I lead a charmed life.

The weather was sunny the following day, another complete surprise. I followed my friends today over the Oberalppass, so as not to get lost. There was a great deal of hilarity over the missing Canadian the day before. It turns out that the German riding the pre war NSU figured I must know where I was going because I had Swiss number plates on the Brough. He was surprised to discover I spoke no German. We had a good laugh together with Michael translating. On looking at the map, I figured I made a loop through Italy the day before. I wondered about the different signs and the number of "I" plates.

It was raining cats and dogs the following day, as we all packed up. Snow at the top of the passes, so we were lucky again.

I mentioned to Peter Egelhoff, whose extra Henderson KJ was being ridden by American friend Bruce Lindsay, that we have similar mountains, such as the Rockies. The difference is that we go around ours with four lane highways, and the crazy Swiss go over the top with narrow winding roads.

The final banquet was really far different from the previous night's executive dinner, a serious affair I attended as a member of the FIVA motorcycle council, as Simon and I joined Takis and the Greeks. I am now the official rep for North America for tours of Greece on bikes from Takis' museum. It will be unbelievably inexpensive, so watch this space! Hopefully I will put something together for 2015.

Louis, the rep from Andorra is a very funny man, and gave me a personal invite for next year's rally there. Game plan - Mary Jane will fly to Barcelona, and be picked up by Cristina Soler, our Spanish and Andorra rep.. She will travel to Andorra with MJ. Meanwhile, Takis, Yannis, Simon and I will ride from Athens with the Greeks, stopping off to visit Benito Batilani in Milan who owns the largest



*The Tremola pass, oldest in Switzerland; moss and cobbles - not for the faint of heart on an old motorcycle. That's Pete and the SS80 in the centre.*

private collection of motorcycles in the EU. MJ will provide ballast for Jurgen Waldert's Stieb sidecar in Andorra, and I'll ride something from Takis' museum.

Thomas was back on form at the Andermatt banquet, translating at least four languages at once.

This rally was tough on equipment. Normally no bikes break down on FIVA Rallies because they are so meticulously maintained. The second day, there were 10 bikes broken down, so the volunteers were busy. Two of them were leaning against the rock walls in the tunnels. Two Germans were totally missing in action, and two accidents had taken place. One Italian on a very fast bacon slicer Guzzi slid off on a corner with no guard rail. He and the bike stopped about a foot from the edge. If he'd gone over, it was a sheer drop of 1000 feet or so to the rocks below.

Lane splitting is legal in Switzerland, and some get a bit carried away. I rounded a curve in a tunnel to be met by a tour bus being passed by a small car. I had about a foot to spare between the wall and the car. On rounding another curve in a tunnel, I met a large closed carriage full of waving tourists. It was pulled by three matched white horses, high stepping in unison. They were hitched three abreast. Horses don't like motorcycles, and these were no exception, but the smiling driver had them well in hand.

I hope to keep doing this sort of thing for a while, but jet lag gets worse with age. Of the 127 riders, I was the second oldest. Hopefully Willy Hoff will continue for a while so I'm not the oldest.



**FANNY B AND ME** *The story of two Canadian friends and their European adventure in 1953 by Bevan Gore-Langton*

.....their story continues and we get a glimpse of '50s social attitudes....

I had no intention of taking a camera with me so I was a fortunate man indeed when a great friend to my mother upon hearing of my upcoming adventure presented me with a gift she thought would be useful. It was a prewar Leica that had belonged to her late husband, a British diplomat and enthusiastic photographer. This little masterpiece had already preserved images from all over the world and as I look at the marvelous results it produced for me I will always be grateful for her thoughtfulness.

I was looking through the slides and prints of our trip when I came across a long forgotten photograph. It showed a very pretty girl sitting on F.B. outside our apartment in Hampstead. She worked in the grocery store on the corner and I finally raised the courage to ask her out. I was delighted when she accepted and it was arranged that I call for her after work as we had planned to go out for dinner. It took less than a minute from the apartment to the store and as I arrived she walked out to meet me. We set out having absolutely no idea where we were going but as we had no helmets we were able to talk normally. I asked her how she liked the motorcycle as it was her first ride on one. She genuinely loved it and when I asked her where she would like to go it was apparent the ride was as important as the destination. It was a warm evening and it must have been almost two hours before we came upon a lovely old inn. The ale, food and atmosphere were the greatest and the time went so fast it was midnight before we arrived back. We both had so much fun we decided to repeat the evening. A set of circumstances developed which I think makes it worth continuing the story. We were to meet on Friday evening but as she was unsure what time she would finish work it was decided she would walk down the road to our apartment. When she arrived I invited her in for a drink and half an hour later we were off for an evening out. Three or four days later Dave and I received a letter from the London letting agents saying they would like to discuss an important matter with us at our earliest convenience. The next day I rode into London and presented myself at their offices. The secretary introduced me to a rather serious fellow but he greeted me in a pleasant manner asking how I was enjoying the motorcycle and his country. Inviting me to sit down and lit his pipe sucking so vigorously he almost disappeared in a great cloud of smoke and ash. Upon re-appearing he looked directly at me and said "It has been brought to my attention that you have been entertaining a young lady in our apartment." I explained it was only for a drink before we went out for the evening. "That may well be but it doesn't look right does it old chap." I realized he was dealing with a complaint so I told him I understood his position and would respect that point of view. He looked relieved and then asked me about touring on a motorcycle as this had been a dream of his for many years. I told him my enthusiastic feelings on the subject and he appeared to be listening. I hope he gave it a try.

**SUNSHINE COAST RIDE**

*Wayne Dowler*

Sunday September 7 was the date of this year's Annual Sunshine Coast Ride. And a wonderful day it was. Sunny, with no rain in the forecast and unseasonably warm weather both on the lower mainland and the Sunshine Coast brought out about 30 BMOC members and guests.

The 10:10 ferry from Horseshoe Bay was full and there was an abundance of bikes both with our group and others. After a leisurely 40 minute ride we arrived in Langdale and with the usual roar and clouds of dust and hen shit we left the ferry. A short distance up the road we were met by our guide Alan Comfort. As Alan is now a local we trust him to show us all the best roads. A scenic ride through the town of Gibsons, past iconic Molly's Reach, of Beachcombers fame brought us out the road leading to Gower Point where portions of the group managed to break up and get lost. Retracing our steps brought us out to the main highway where we were met by 2 Sheppards who led us, via a lovely road called Lower Road to Alan Comfort's recently acquired residence and the site of his business "Moto Largo". And what a fantastic site Alan and his wife Judith have chosen to settle down in. With 3 acres situated at Roberts Creek amid towering coniferous trees and cradling 2 streams, it seems to epitomize what life on the Sunshine Coast is all about. Relaxed yet industrious. The lovely home and guest cottage are snuggled into the site and of course are built in a typical West Coast style. The workshop is every handyman's and small business owner's dream. Large, clean, bright and cheerful it contains all the necessities required for the repair and restoration of motorcycles you could ever wish for. And above the workshop is a large area which Alan is bent on turning into a Man Cave complete with all the requisite fixings from the overstuffed furniture to the giant screen TV and of course the wet bar.

The hospitality shown by the Comforts was wonderful and we were all stuffed with cookies, muffins, coffee and tea. What a great way to start a ride. And start it we did.

After a few "shortcuts" most of us got on the straight and narrow and followed the highway through the town of Sechelt up to the Garden Bay turnoff. We had been forewarned that the Garden Bay Pub had recently changed hands and they were going through some staffing problems so most of the group headed out to the highway and continued the journey to the Backeddy Pub in Egmont. This portion of the road contains many of the twisters motorcycle riders crave and, true to form, it did not disappoint.

The Backeddy Pub did a great job in serving that many people arriving at almost the same time. Food was good and the company great.

The trip back down to the Langdale ferry was fairly fast for some to get on the next ferry. It appears some made it and some did not. However, perhaps BC Ferries realized we wanted to get home because an extra sailing was available and it took the last of our group home, arriving at Horseshoe Bay before dark. A fine end to a fine day.

Many thanks to Alan and Judith Comfort for the fine hospitality shown to all and to Bernd Behr for organizing the ride.



## DAVE WOOLLEY MEMORIAL RIDE

Peter Dent

It became painfully obvious to me many years ago that any aspirations I might have harboured to go motorcycle racing would be severely hampered by my astonishing lack of any sort of talent for it. An aversion to the smell of surgical spirit didn't help, neither did the absence of a bottomless pit of money.

Not that I didn't fancy the *idea* of racing, it was just the early realization that I probably wouldn't do well at it; simply taking part hardly seemed worthy of the commitment. I've been to so many vintage races where back-markers tentatively trundle round and round, so far from the ragged edge that they can't even see it from there surely..... I'm left with the question; why? If you want to ride in such a sedate and safe manner why not bungee a tent on the back and take a trip somewhere. If you want to race, *then race!*

Still, there would be no harm in learning how to ride quickly. You never know when the opportunity to have a spin round a track might just present itself and, if that fortunate day should ever dawn, I would be prepared. Thus was my thinking when a friend of mine offered to lend me his copy of Keith Code's 'Twist of the Wrist' - a how-to book for potential motorcycle racers - I probably wasn't committed enough to actually buy a copy but for free, let's have a look.....

The trouble with this book is, well, it's a book. I mean, it's hardly practical to have a swift leaf through the FAQ section mid corner; it's more of a study - *instructions* to put it bluntly. It's helpful no doubt; you get the word on counter-steering, how to nail an apex and all the other information you will need to be a fast motorcycle rider. But I needed something more portable, something above and beyond lean angles and throttle input; I needed a sort of one size fits all mantra, no, better yet, I needed a *philosophy*. And it had to come from a credible source what's more.....

Factory Yamaha rider and many times World Champion, Jorge Lorenzo comes from the Mediterranean island of Mallorca, just off the north east coast of Spain. As such he speaks Castilian Spanish - this is the Spanish you will be taught in a language course, the King's Spanish you might say. He speaks English fairly well but not perfectly. He maintains a heavy Spanish accent but since the Spanish are the undisputed masters of MotoGP this accent only adds credence to everything he says. Spanish words interjected into an English dialogue add weight to the statement. In MotoGP, Spanish is like Latin in legalese or French in the world of cycling - don't translate it, something will be lost, use it, er, well, *verbatim*. Feel free to drop a little Castilian into any go-fast conversation.

A few months ago, flicking on the TV for a bit of pre-race MotoGP gossip I caught the end of an interview with Jorge. He was asked what his secret was regarding his amazing ability to ride a motorbike as quickly as he does. He answered after a moment's thoughtful reflection: "Be smooth; *si*, smooth, *muy* smooth," and then he lowered his voice to a sort of harsh whisper to emphasize his point, "*como mantequilla*"

And with that I had my racing philosophy: above all, ride very, very smoothly - *como mantequilla*. All I needed now was a race track.

The BMOC committee along with Dave Woolley's long time friend Ian Wood struck up the idea that we could honour our friend and former Club President with a few spirited laps of the Mission Circuit on our old bikes; very apropos I thought. And so it was; on a perfectly sunny day, Bernd led us out to the track from the Big6 - so we were well set for like-minded hooligans. We had our old bikes, we had a racing track at our disposal, I had my brand new philosophy and Rosemarie and family were at the trackside to celebrate the day with us. What a hoot it was too; I think it was as close as I had ever come to that feeling I had on that very first day on my very first bike. Dave's old Ducati was booming away just in front of me and in the mirrors, a smoke hazed, fragile image of a conga line of classic bikes being used for their intended purpose: *unbridled fun*. It was a grand day out, my thanks to both those who made it possible and to those who participated; it's what the BMOC is all about.



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## THE MEET

Alan Comfort

The third annual Vintage Motorcycle Festival, also known as “the Meet”, took place on August 22-24. America’s Car Museum in Tacoma, Washington is the perfect venue for this sort of event. Easy access from I-5, plenty of free parking and close to the historic district of downtown Tacoma makes it easy for vintage motorcycle enthusiasts to have a great weekend. The event begins on Friday evening with a reception where participants can ride their bikes into the courtyard of the museum, register for the event and enjoy complimentary beer, wine and first class snacks while meeting old friends. On Saturday the bikes are organized into twenty judged classes on the lawn of the museum together with technical seminars, a used bike corral, commercial vendors and a swap meet in the adjacent parking lot. On Sunday there is a 78 mile ride to Mount Rainier on the beautiful back roads of Pierce County.

This annual event began in 2012 with an Ace Café theme and attracted approximately sixty vintage motorcycles from all over the Pacific Northwest. It grew to two hundred motorcycles in 2013 and this year’s event attracted over 300 vintage motorcycles for display and judging. One of the best things about this event is the variety of activities that the venue provides. One can escape from the sun and view the hundreds of historic vehicles in the museum, walk to the numerous brew pubs and restaurants in the neighborhood, or hop on the free trolley ride to the historic downtown.

There was a strong BMOC presence at this event. Several members rode to the event and displayed their motorcycles. Robert Smith was a judge and George Dockray’s beautifully restored 1973 GT 750 took first place in the Ducati class. My Velocette LE was not in the prize-winning category, but it drew lots of attention from curious onlookers for its “WTF” factor.

The judges were so impressed with Peter Dent’s Enfield/Hillman hybrid that they created a separate class for it: “BEST USE OF A HILLMAN CAR ENGINE IN A MOTORCYCLE” and handed Peter one of the show’s top prizes.

This is an event that is worth putting on your 2015 calendar and many of our members have bikes that are worthy of display and taking home prizes.



George Dockray’s winning 1973 GT 750 Ducati as seen at the Meet.

The BMOC Technical Committee provides technical assistance on a consultative basis via email. All of our members are experienced in restoration as well as having experience with the more common British marques. We may not be able to answer every question you pose but we can probably point you in the right direction. To access the Committee sent your queries to: [BMOC\\_tech\\_cmte@telus.net](mailto:BMOC_tech_cmte@telus.net)

**For Sale:** 1955 BSA C10L basket case. \$500 OBO (or offer to help rewire my C11G!).

Frame, wheels, suspension, bare dual seat, engine (not sure if it is all there), gas tank & most other parts there. Partial paperwork.

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