

ACE CAFE LONDON



GOOD

VIBRATIONS



SHOW
EDITION!
MOTORS



photo: Peter Dent

The last of the big push-rod singles and the end of a glorious era.
Wayne Ingram's mighty Velocette Thruxton at the VIMS



photo: Peter Dent

Desperate times, desperate measures. Full race GP carb on Wayne's Velocette.
This thing could bring down the walls of Jericho

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GOOD VIBRATIONS

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Fine print

The West Coast British Motorcycle Owners 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 test or vouch for every word written.

Article Submission

We welcome all contributions from our members. Want ads and For Sale ads are free to members and non-members.

Ads 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. BMOC assumes no responsibility for the accuracy of the advertisements.

Commercial Advertising Rates Per Issue

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1/2 page \$15

Full page \$20

Articles, reports, photographs and ads may be Emailed to p.dent@dccnet.com

cover photo: Ace Cafe themed BMOC stand at VIMS.

Peter Dent

Help us to keep in touch, if you have changed your mailing address, phone number or Email address, please Email your current info to ian_bardsley@telus.net

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Nigel Spaxman

The beginning of this year brought me a new motorcycle (a 10 year old Triumph Sprint) I wasn't going to get anything new, but I had the chance to sell my Guzzi for the same price I had paid for it 2 years and 20,000 kms ago. Riding for two years for free was too good a deal to pass up so I sold it. I wanted something kind of the equivalent, but with bags. The Triumph Sprint has been one of the top rated Sport Tourers, and they are cheap, I find them attractive, so I bought one, for a lot less than I got for the Guzzi. It is exciting having a new bike, but the Sprint is really short on character compared with the Guzzi. It is good for me having a Triumph as my main bike, being such a Triumph Guy now for three decades. This is my first Hinkley, and my first bike with more than two cylinders. (I think I still prefer twins)

The club has had a few very successful events since the last newsletter. First starting with the AGM which while it is the most boring meeting of the year, also results in the continued functioning of the club. I think this meeting shows the the club is doing well since quite a few new people stepped up to positions on the executive.

The Christmas dinner was a very nice affair again this year, thanks to the work of many volunteers, special thanks to the cooks, Robert Smith, Geoff May for the deep fried turkey which is becoming a staple of the club and also Susan Jaune for the Ham which was a wonderful Christmas treat as well. (I can still almost taste the cloves in the skin of that ham)

The Abbotsford motorcycle show gets people excited and interested in motorcycling for the following year. This year our club display was one of the best ones we have ever had. The Ace Cafe was the theme. It was an excellent choice of theme because the Ace is the worldwide Mecca for Cafe racers. Cafe racers have always been one of my favorite parts of motorcycle culture. To me anyway Cafe racers have always been the coolest group in motorcycling. I have some inside information about the Ace which I cannot reveal. It is something that will put the Ace a bit closer to us.

Nigel



Peter Dent

This, as you can see, is our show issue. It's at this time of year in Abbotsford that we show the public face of our small band of enthusiasts to an unsuspecting world at large, and it's up there in the Valley that we get to display a few, well polished, prime examples of our beloved Brit Iron. Thus, we also get to demonstrate to the show attendees, our not inconsiderable collective skills as restorers, rebuilders and innovators - not to mention our commitment to impeccable grooming and rosy cheeked personal hygiene - and we invite them to join us in this entirely worthy endeavor of riding the pride of empire. Dave, Wayne, Alan, Peter, Sheila, Ron, John and Robert really outdid themselves with the Ace Cafe themed stand. My congrats to them on a really fine piece of workmanship; it was clearly a standout feature of the whole show, you did us all proud.

This year we even had the new Norton on display; and very apropos it looked too, staunchly angled amongst its forebears as it was: a study of yesteryear's hand-built tradition morphed into modern engineering, and yet, it was still clearly a true road-burner of the old school mould. It fitted right in at the Ace Cafe. Lets hope this fabulous thing sticks around for awhile yet and fulfills its potential to become one of the truly classic machines to ever grace the King's Highway.

This is also the issue where we record the happenings at our annual Christmas party. Ian has eloquently retold the events of that December night at the Rugby Clubhouse and reiterates his thanks to the principal creators of the feast in question. It was my first deep fried turkey and I was amazed at how spectacularly good it was. I am a believer. There were no leftovers so it would seem I wasn't alone in this assessment. We all voted with our taste buds and it was a landslide. I'm sure you will all join me in thanking Geoff, Robert and Patrick for their sterling efforts. It looked like a lot of work - pretty darn cold work at that - but believe me, it was appreciated. I can't finish the Christmas party note without a quick mention of Alan's amazing gravy. He could have lifted it from Merlin's book of spells it was so magical.

Todd rubbed shoulders with the rich and famous at the Hall of Fame Dinner, being held on the west coast for the very first time this year, and he tells all, right here in this very issue.

Ian defies the years, knobbies and gravity with an epic back country ride. Al continues both his engaging narrative and cross-country voyage, back in a time when the roads were fewer and the suspension was nominal. We've got your adventure travel right here.

Lastly, and most significantly, the club has to thank Bevin for his seemingly endless services to our small group of two wheeled devotees. He has toiled loyally over the years on the Good Vibrations both as editor and contributor. He has wielded his camera at our club events and generally worked with an ethic that has made the club mag what it is this day; and who else could pull Steve McQueen's fictitious racing name right from the top of his head? Historian, multiple 'Man of the Year' winner and all round good guy, thanks Bevin.

So, as ever, I ask you keep your literary contributions flowing in. Regrettably, however, the Good Vibrations will lose a little something with Bevin's departure and the editorial bar will need to be reset - just be careful you don't trip over it.

Todd Copan

Saturday November 6th saw for the first time outside of Greater Toronto, or as they call it, the Centre of the Universe, the Motorcycle Confederation of Canada's Hall of Fame induction banquet. The MCC's membership is comprised of clubs, organizations and the motorcycle industry. Their mission is to nationally represent motorcycling and motorcycle issues to all levels of government.

The Canadian Motorcycle Hall of Fame was started by Bar and Hedy Hodgson in 2005 and every year inducts between 9 and 12 recipients who's applications go through a screening process by the foundations board. This year 11 inductees for 2010 are;

Vern Amor - Victoria, BC - Motocross Competitor, Contributor

Phil Funnell - Vancouver, BC - Contributor, Dealer, Adventure Rider

Greater Vancouver Motorcycle Club - Vancouver, BC - Marking 88 years as a club - Founded in 1922

Don James - Richmond, BC - Business Leader, Contributor

Bill McLean (deceased) Burnaby, BC - Competitor, Dealer, Contributor

Blair Morgan - Saskatoon, SK - Motocross Competitor

Ross Pederson - Medicine Hat, AB - Motocross Competitor

Bob St.Goddard - Winnipeg, MB - Motocross Contributor

Victoria Motorcycle Club - Victoria, BC - Marking 104 years as a club - Organized in 1906

Tom Walther (deceased) and family - Surrey, BC - International Competitor (Tom) and Contributors (family).

Dave Wildman - Vancouver, BC - RR Competitor solo and sidecar

Inducted in the Historical category was;Palmer Rutledge who was a motorcycle enthusiast and dealer who bought his first bike at age 12 and lived to be 102. Palmer's daughter was on hand to be recognized on his behalf. The Bar and Hedy Hodgson Award was presented by the Canadian International Motorcycle Heritage Museum Foundation to Terry Rea of Vancouver, BC. The banquet was attended by 300 people from the various groups that comprise the MCC. I was there as I know Dave Wildman, Phil Funnel, Don James and Terry Rea. I was also asked to escort the Greater Vancouver Motorcycle Club into the ceremonies which was quite fitting as they have been such a help to me at the swap meet for a few years now controlling the parking lots. The room was full on motorcycle folks both current and from long ago and it was a thrill to meet and talk to some of them and also reacquaint myself with folks that I have know for many years but do not get a chance to see and talk with on a regular basis. Following a fabulous dinner the recipients were brought to the stage to receive their award following a 5 minute video presentation of their history and contributions to motorcycling. This was truly a first class affair and everyone that I have talked to since who attended was blown away by the entire evening, something you do not often hear especially in the motorcycling world. The MCC banquet will be returning to the west in 2014 as Victoria will host the event. The Hall Of Fame Foundation will be accepting applications for worthy recipients to be inducted in the coming years and would very much like to hear from the west. Check out their webpage [HYPERLINK "http://motorcyclehalloffame.ca/home.htm" http://motorcyclehalloffame.ca/home.htm](http://motorcyclehalloffame.ca/home.htm)

CHRISTMAS PARTY

Ian Bardsley

'Twas 2 weeks before
Christmas,

when all through the shop,
not a spanner was turning,
nor even a mop....

... that's 'cause we were all
celebrating with our fellow
BMOG members at the 2010
Christmas Dinner, held
December 10 at the Burnaby
Lake Clubhouse.

Our annual Xmas gathering has
taken a very comfortable and
economical feel, with self-
catering (or Pot Luck if you
prefer) being the order for the
day. The Club provided the

basics of deep-fried turkey and ham, many thanks to Geoff May, Robert Smith and Patrick Jaune for their culinary efforts. The members provided the rest comprising delicious appetizers, diverse salads, veggies and numerous deserts. You can see from the picture that we managed to clear the lot!

The evening emphasizes the camaraderie amongst members and conversations about bikes and riding filled the air such that it was impossible to follow the background music once things were well underway. We had the traditional door prize draw, many thanks to our sponsors:

Motoparts (Edmonton)

Walridge Motors (Ontario)

Edmonds Batteries

BMOG

British International Motorcycles
(Vancouver)

Modern Motorcycles (Vancouver)

Big Al's Scrap Metal and Obsolete
Motorcycle Parts (Alan Comfort)

British Bike Forum

Dowler Consulting (Wayne Dowler)

Because this event is purely social (I didn't see any bikes outside), it underlines one of the primary objectives of the Club: enjoyment of the company of others with similar motorcycling interests. Thanks to everyone who contributed to making this such an enjoyable event... a good start for the coming season



photo: Ian Bardsley



photo: Ian Bardsley

Peter Dent

It is the very nature of riding a motorbike in this neck of the woods that for half the year, windchill will be a major factor in the rider's comfort level - even when there is no wind. Cutting through the crisp morning air on an absurdly overpowered machine is what we do. Trying the same thing in an equally overpowered car just doesn't quite cut it for some reason. It's a bit like comparing the boredom of aimlessly going nowhere on an exercise machine, warm though you may be, rather than striking out a marching cadence into a stiff nor-easter on a frost dusted Delta dyke trail. It's the wind that somehow gives us involvement, the question is, how much involvement can you stand.

Thus did I try to convince myself that the New Year's Day Ride was still a good idea. On the appointed Saturday morning in question, I wrestled open the garage door to become enveloped by the inrush of frigid night air. It was so cold it made me try a few tentative probes on the driveway with my boots, just to see how much friction was going to be available to the Avons this frosty day.

The Weather Channel had shown the sinuous trail of the jet stream as it snaked down as far south as Northern California. The meteorologist on duty had uttered the dreaded 'Arctic outflow' words as he swept his hand in a grandiose gesture over the map of western Canada. This map was colour coded a rich and darkly purple in honour of the big freeze that had visited us. A fine day for that Delta dyke trail hike but at 3 below, not so good for a motorbike ride. It's that windchill thing.

In the late 1940s some boffin type fellows on an Antarctic expedition began a series of experiments on how to actually quantify windchill. They hung small bottles of warm water up in the wind next to the team's anemometer and recorded how long they took to freeze in various wind speeds. This gave but a vague approximate. We don't freeze like plastic bottles of warm water apparently. So complex is our freezing pattern that a more definitive formula wasn't settled upon until the 1970s. I include it below just to demonstrate it's complexity - and there are those who say it still isn't right. And remember, there will be a test later.....

$$\text{Windchill} = 13.12 + 0.6215T_a - 11.37V^{-0.16} + 0.3965T_aV^{-0.16}$$

T_a = air temp C V = wind speed Km/h

Who could have guessed that freezing your buns off was so complicated?

That frigid air that had just rushed into my garage was going to get a lot more frigid yet once I got rolling. Not that I needed a boffin and his formula to tell me that.

It was a motley group of rag-tag individuals that grimly clutched their coffee cups that morning at the Big Six. I drank mine quickly but only so that I could get another hot refill to try and thaw my aching fingers. Some of the fingers there were really quite alarming, stark white as they were, and some even had a kind of purplish blue around the joints. That can't be right.

But for whilst this misfit band of lads were clearly cold when they rattled open the door of the greasy spoon in question, they soon began to peel away their layers of thermal insulation. In fact, for my part - and we were all from south of the river that day - the ride in really wasn't that bad. Once it had been established that the roads were nothing worst than damp, I could relax a bit and admire the view. And what a view it was. Mt. Baker and our north shore mountains had worked their magic, and with a dusting of over-night fresh snow, were now glittering in the morning sun. Outside the Big Six, also glittering in the watery winter sun, a pair of beautifully prepared Jotas leaned on their side-stands and busied themselves looking fabulous.

In truth, the lurking threat of ice patches didn't make this a particularly good day for riding bikes, but as it turned out, it proved to be a grand day for *talking* about them.

One of this said rag-tag bunch actually rode all the way to White Rock Beach later that morning; and so the tradition of the New Year's Day Ride continues, albeit in reduced number. We could call our hero the Club's Representative for the day, our emissary if you will, indeed, 'Champion' if you prefer and I doff my Shoei to his tenacity. Nice one, Jim.



Jim's beautifully prepared Jota squints into the glare of the White Rock winter sun and dreams of Rimini in July

Peter Dent

The glitter of the Abbotsford show has an almost retina damaging glare to it. Chrome and candy apple paint-jobs reflect the overhead sodium lamp's blaze so that you might find yourself squinting into the reflected brilliance of it all. Kinda fun though. Laid out before you are all manner of things you don't need. However, upright citizens that we are, a patriotic duty to do our small part in stimulating the economy might compel you make a financial sacrifice here and there - only for King and Country of course, not some sad, sybaritic need to buy something shiny to dull the pain of an empty life and the despair of unfulfilled dreams. But I digress.

Our own BMOC stand, on the other hand had very tangible dreams on display, dreams that had been realized by the power vested in the very own hands of the weavers. People with ideas - and not necessarily masses of engineering knowledge when they set off down this road, or indeed had great bundles of cash to invest in their projects - had created some very special bikes. Special, because they are uniquely theirs. 'Imagination is more important than knowledge', the famous quote from one Albert Einstein is very much applicable here. Albert would have been proud of our boys and girls, I know I am. Knowledge is not inherent; we are what we gather, then, if we can, we pass it on - not necessarily the knowledge per se but the *imagination*.

The BMOC stand did all these things and more. The Ace Cafe theme was both imaginative and inspirational. It was then duly brought to reality by craftsmen's skills and some old fashioned elbow grease. The club can be rightly proud of their work and we heartily congratulate all involved: John Keranen, Robert Smith, Peter Farrar, Ron Hill, Dave Woolley, Bob Logan, Sheila Wheeler and, inevitability it seems whenever there is work to be done, Wayne Dowler. Alan Comfort even produced a very professional, special show edition of the GV which included a sort of '101 Cafe Racer Basics' introduction which was both informative and entertaining.

The Cafe Racer theme was well represented with a fine selection of specials, many of which were in my favourite colour: polished alloy. Having the brand new Norton on display was a coup for the club and my congratulation to Alan C for making this happen; it garnered much well deserved attention and this can only bode well for what we hope will be a complete revival of this celebrated marque.

Wayne Ingram's very nicely prepared Velocette Thruxton was there, as was Wayne himself as we shared a spell in the booth together. I learned that this was no museum piece; this mighty beast gets to go out and play. I know I'm preaching to the choir here, but this is only right: these things are born to run.

I was also lucky to run into Neil Vaughn at the stand, his very clean Triumph bobber was on display and he gave me the run down on how he pulled off this quite unique piece of art. What I really liked about his story was how quickly he had involved his dad in the project. Bikes can be so much more than the sum of their parts. Father and son projects - or mother and daughter and any combination of the above for that matter - can represent a patch of that all too illusive common ground for us to stand together on.

Another bike on display that is no museum piece was that of our President. Nigel, along with Gill, Alex D and Tom M had signed up for the 'Cafe Cup' races that were being held outside. To my amazement, and that of nearby show-goers, Nigel blithely unhooked the barrier surrounding our display and promptly wheeled his 'display' Commando clean off our

stand and out on to the racetrack outside. No trailer queen here then. His recently completed Cafe Racer Norton certainly looked the part with period 'Morris' style cast wheels - as pioneered by Norton works man Peter Williams - but he was about to prove that the sleek looks of this machine was only half the story. This dark beauty has a booming 850 motor and torque by the bucket load.

Back in the heyday of the Ace Cafe, the quintessential road-burner was considered to be a well sorted Triton, and we were able to boast just such an example of one of these rare hybrids right there on the BMOC stand. Ian Scott had bought along his delightfully engineered piece, replete with faux Manx hub that I thought gave it an extra special touch. The details were many, they were period and they were all in polished alloy. Beautiful, my compliments to the artist. This bike would have drawn a crowd in '64 and it continues to do so today.

Dave Haydon had something very special for us, a '69 Bonneville - or so it seems. Proddy racing rules in the era of this machine required that all parts used in the factory machine had to be made available to the general public if they so ordered from the parts catalog. No mention was made as to the cost of said parts however. The reality of it was that Triumph pitched the prices such that you would have to sell your first born in order to raise the necessary lucre to get them, so really, to all intents and purposes, whilst they were theoretically available to the public, in practice, they were not at all. And yet Dave's machine fairly bristles with these incredibly rare factory options, making this a very special machine indeed. It must have had some sort of factory connection at one time.

The BMOC stand also featured a particularly interesting BSA which continued the Cafe Racer theme. This was Dave Wooley's exquisitely prepared '69 Lightening. Lots of hand-laid fibreglass here and many self-made parts which make this machine worthy of close scrutiny. The seat and fuel tank were both designed and made by Dave giving this bike, for me, a certain 'Gold Star' feel - and a right solid looking bruiser it was too if you ask me. It somehow reminded me of a Soho night-club bouncer in a bad mood - which is actually a bit redundant, it's been a while but I don't exactly remember them being noted for their jovial disposition. Don't let the flash suit fool you, this thing is all business.

The Cafe Cup races were a hoot. A small go-cart of a track, with some kind of a ramp which severely hampered the road bikes, had been laid out on a spare bit of tarmac out back. Our lads were nothing short of brilliant, ten tenths all the way. Damp track, crazy loud punk rock band blasting away with horrendously distorted Stratocasters, flash bulbs at night and other riders on track. But when the flag dropped, the red mist descended upon them and they just pegged it.

They were like gladiators out there. A wisp of black smoke as throttle slides got winched out of their venturis, bike squats on coil bound rear springs, then, half a second later, all the brake you have, nosedive 'till your bottom yoke threatens to pound in your front mudguard, tip it in hoping the rubber it up for it and repeat until you see a chequered flag.

Gill, the ageless warrior, was out there on his Bonneville. Tom Mellor, of course, had one of his signature Tridents, a road going ray-gun version this time and our esteemed president, Nigel, had his 'fresh from the club stand' Commando; but it was our very own Alex Dumitru on his A65 that was hailed as the winner of this, the inaugural Cafe Cup. My compliments to him, and indeed, all who braved it, it really was quite an awe inspiring spectacle. Also my compliments, and thanks, to the show organizers for having the courage to put such an event together. As Alex later put it, 'it was about as much fun as you can have on a bike on a damp January night'. It looked it too.

Al "Smokey" Greaves

.....*the journey continues*.....we ride about four miles to the nearest garage and get the bolt welded back together. The guy charges me thirtyfive cents! Where am I, in some kind of a time warp? That's a 1950 price. We head for Winnipeg, get there at store closing time, just able to pick up a quart of 50 weight oil which I have to buy at Harley shops. Well, we're at the half way point now just fifteen hundred miles to go. We stop to eat when my attention is focussed on an unusual car sitting on a trailer in the parking lot, it had three sections of glass for the flat windshield and looked like a 1934 Ford. Two elderly fellows walk out of the restaurant, I ask them about this car "It's a 1934 Tatraplan from Czechoslovakia. There is an engine on the trailer bed which had six cylinders horizontally opposed and air cooled, it looked just like a VW engine with two extra cylinders. The fellows said they got the vehicle from north of Winnipeg and were taking it home to California to restore it. (After world war two the Tatraplan company sued Volkswagen for patent infringement at the World Court at the Hague and won!)The only thing troubling me is the oil leaking out of the primary case and getting on the back tire. I get about 500 miles to the quart. (I find out years later that the vent line from the oil tank was pinched between the tank and the frame which caused pressure to build up in the oil tank and force the oil out.) Head for the Ontario border 40 miles away. Weather is drizzly and the headwind is still with us. Arrive in Thunder Bay, and stop to eat at the local Big "M" When the towns of Port Arthur and Fort William were amalgamated to form Thunder Bay the residents of each town hated each other so much that they wouldn't cross the river to go to the other MacDonaldis so they built two Big "M" one on each side of the river that separated them to solve the problem. This is the only place where MacDonaldis allowed this to be done!

We head on our way and are stopped by the O.P.P. "Why don't you have your headlight on" he asks "Well I just crossed the border from Manitoba and didn't see a sign telling me I had to. He asks me for my drivers license and I give him my B.C. license. He looks at it and says "Don't you have a separate endorsement for a motorcycle in B.C?" I then hand him my learners license. He looks at it and says " It says here that your not supposed to carry a passenger." (Why do I have a learners license? Well, that's another story.)

I wonder what he's going to do, nothing, he hands me my papers and drives off! Saying "Remember to keep your headlight on." (I find out later if the motorcycle is older than the late seventies you don't have to have your headlight on.) To not have the O.P.P. stopping me I leave it on (This leads to unexpected consequences).

Late in the day we arrive in Dryden and stop for supper at a garage and restaurant I check my finances and phone my wife to wire \$100.00 to the bank in Sou St. Marie (I started out with \$1000.00, motorcycling is cheap?) We go to gas up to continue and get into conversation with the burly young attendant who I figured weighed about 300 lbs. He looks at my plate and

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at my plate and asks “you from B.C., where are you staying?” I reply “Yes” and “side of the road” He says “just a minute,” then goes inside the station and talks to the women, then he comes out says “I just asked the wife and you’re coming home with us! it’s going to rain for sure.” He tells me he’s from B.C. too, used to belong to the Satan’s Angels, came to Toronto five years ago on his Hog, got this far coming back, bike broke down and been here ever since, Bummer! “You just wait here ‘cus we’re just getting off shift as soon as the relief guy shows”. O.K. I’m not about to argue, especially with an ex Satan’s Angel!

The relief guy shows and our benefactor instructs him to watch my bike and don’t let anyone touch it. We get into his International panel truck and we’re off. He says “we have to go pick up our son at the baby sitters then we’ll go home”. That done we go up the highway a short distance, then up a side road the shoulders of which are grown up with young willows about six to eight ft. high. All of a sudden he slows down and throws her into four wheel and makes a sharp right hander down into the ditch, up the other side and ploughs through the willows, then flips on his C.B. radios P.A. speaker and starts talking to his dog! Here boy, were home, good dog! We enter a open area, his dog is prancing around so happy to see the Boss. At the far side of the clearing is a small travel trailer, and I mean small! It’s about 15 ft. long. Their son, about three or four years old, already fast asleep is put to bed across the rear of the trailer. We sit at the front talking shop, while his wife makes us a coffee. That done our host say’s “You and your son will have to sleep in the back of the truck.” Do we have a choice? During the night the rain pours down on the tin roof with thunder and lightening to boot. The morning breaks cold and cloudy, we reverse the procedure and back to the station., we thank him and continue on our way.....



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Ian Bardsley

The trouble with negotiating motorcycle trip routes with my son is that we instantly regress 20 years into the “I can do anything you can do” mindset. These days that isn’t quite as true, still I digress.

After the misery and challenges we endured doing the Harrison West Side Road (Bear encounter leading to an unplanned dismount, 2 - 4 wheeled vehicle wrecks, continuous rain, slurry soaked near vertical slopes), you’d think I’d pass on the other side of the same lake. The problem with growing old is that you forget.

I’d attempted the Harrison East Side Road a few years back in the company of several revered BMOC riders. At that time we ran into snow and had to turn back. I know now that was a lucky occurrence.

The sales pitch ran something like this:

- It’s not that far and it’s all on Forrest Service Roads (FSR)
- There can’t be much vertical, the roads run along the side of rivers all the way
- It’s not rained for weeks, no chance of encountering slurry
- You’ve always wanted to do this trip. If you don’t do it now, you’ll be too old.

It was the last point that suckered me in.

And so it came to pass that on August 7th of this year, my son John & I ventured East with the intention of riding the Harrison Lake East Side Forestry Service Road through to Boston Bar.

The Route:

- Harrison Lake
- Harrison Lake East Side FSR to Big Silver Creek via Bear Creek
- Big Silver Creek FSR to Shovel Creek
- Shovel Creek FSR to Kookipi Valley
- Kookipi Valley to Nahatlatch FSR & Nahatlatch Provincial Park
- Chaumox road to Boston Bar.

The Harrison Lake East Side FSR is in good condition and has been upgraded since I last rode it. There’s plenty of loose gravel, but it’s small stuff and some stream crossings now have bridges. The road follows the lake to Bear Creek and we made fairly good time on this section. There are beach camping facilities at Bear Creek - \$13/vehicle/night the sign said.

Heading North from Bear Creek towards Big Silver Creek we came across a section of the road that was perhaps 4 lanes wide and 1/3 mile long. Later on we learned this was the Forestry Department’s landing strip – duh!

One of the challenges of off-road riding is making the correct turns. There are plenty of wrong choices available, most leading up to cut-blocks and quite a few intersections present as Y junctions. Some FSR’s are signed – but it’s spotty. We had a Backroads BC Map book that shows the secondary and FSR’s and includes topography. I also had my trusty GPS equipped with the Topo Canada Maps. Between the two we were able to figure out where we were most of the time.

The Big Silver Creek road heads along the river, ascending all the way. There are lots of spectacular views from the many bridges. The vistas are impressive too, although the smoky air reduced the visibility quite a bit. We stopped for lunch and sat on the wall of a bridge

over a drop to the river that must have been 150 ft. The view on the uphill side was of a very impressive waterfall with a drop better than the bridge height.

Perhaps we shouldn't have stopped for lunch since that seemed to mark the end of my concentration. Quarter of a mile from the bridge, I hit a rock and slid off the side of the trail. Unfortunately, my foot ended up trapped under the bike and my knee was twisted as I fell. John was ahead of me, so I honked the horn in vain hope that he'd hear and turn back. After a couple of minutes, it became clear he wouldn't be back for a while so I'd better figure out how to free myself. Lifting the bike off by myself was impossible, so I started digging my foot out. That was fruitless. At this point the difficulty of my situation started to set-in. 40 miles from Harrison, no traffic for the past hour, single track that would challenge a FWD. I managed to swing my free leg over the bike – at the expense of increased knee pain – and use it to push against the bike as I pulled my trapped foot free. I was just starting to hobble around assessing my damage as John returned.

I was lucky; my foot was OK and the pain in my knee was not too bad. John gave me a quick check over (he's an Occupational Therapist) and pronounced me fit to continue (was there a choice?). We extricated the bike from the bush and after a few minutes breather, set out again up the track. On reflection, that section of the track wasn't in bad shape – just an unlucky collision with a rock with no room to recover.

Although this track was an FSR, it hadn't seen maintenance for a long time and deteriorated into rough single track. This is manageable until you hit steep grades, as we did shortly. As we approached the summit of the road the surface became very loose and I let my speed drop until the rear wheel dug-in and the engine stalled. Over I go again. At least I wasn't under the bike this time and John wasn't far away. We really had the wrong tires for these conditions – I swore I'd never go off-road again without knobbies – ah, the pain of a lesson relearned. Recovery was quick and painless and I let John ride my bike to top which was about 200 yards away.

It's all downhill from here – as the saying goes. At this point we're at the entrance to the Kookipi Valley and high and well above the valley bottom. The next obstacle is a rock slide. I'd read about one on the DualSportBC web site and thought this was it. It was only perhaps 60 feet long and we managed to get through it without incident. Of course that wasn't THE rock slide; that we hit on very steep downgrade. How steep was it? Well, with the loose surface, it was almost impossible to hold on the rear brake which kept locking-up and you couldn't safely touch the front. We resorted to walking the bikes down with both of us hanging onto one bike. It lasted about 300 yards and then the grade returned to just really steep.

Another mile or two and we were following the Nahatlatch River. The grade shallowed a lot and the road conditions improved. It was about then that we came across several trucks with quad bikes at hand. I guessed that this was the furthest point trucks could reach and the road must be better from here on. We waved as we passed and I recall the incredulous look on one guy's face as he realized the trail we'd just come down.

Another mile or two and regular maintained FSR conditions resumed; ah the joy of riding on graded gravel again. Soon the Nahatlatch FSR delivered us near to the Provincial Park and we headed South on the excellent Chaumox road. This quickly turned into pavement, however I resisted the urge to dismount and kiss it.

Soon we were crossing the Fraser River at Boston Bar and resting in the shade at a local store.

So what is my take on the trip? It was definitely harder than the Harrison West Side Road and would have been impossible for me in the rain. I'm sure more experienced off-road

If any BMOC members have a notion to attend this year's INOA rally in New York please feel free to drop me an email and I will connect you with like minded souls. At this early stage I think it can only be considered a proposal in principal but you may be able to hook up with one or two members who share your riding preferences of pace, route, duration, eateries, camping or moteling, and whether you plan to see a little of the east coast while you are over there or whether you plan to blow straight to the rally and then straight back. Its probably worth a conversation, you might find some middle ground. p.dent@dccnet.com

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Deep within the hustle and bustle of the VIMS, Alan happened upon this quite mountain highway. Note the pastoral bliss of the scenery as he carves his merry way over hill and down dale. No dump trucks, no motor homes, no helmet laws if that's your whim. No texters, no tailgaters, no long arm of the law and no bugs it the teeth. Is this the future? One thing is for sure, its the only way I'm going to get *my* knee down

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\$7,500 Firm
Jim Bush 604-535-5800
I will be in NZ until Feb 27th – email jim@jba.bc.ca with



questions.



photo: Wayne Dowler

Our own Alex Dumitru was the winner of the inaugural Cafe Cup. And a right frenzied piece of action it was too. Not for the faint of heart, this event drew a crowd and with the crazy loud racket being put out by both the bikes and accompanying punk rock band it made Rollerball look like a game of lawn bowls. A terrific show by everyone who braved it. I suspect this isn't Alex's first trophy but he should put this one up front and centre and keep it there - at least until he gets one on the IoM



photo: Peter Dent

This racing lark isn't all beer and skittles you know. Even the Champ goes down once in a while, indeed, that's *why* he's the Champ!



photo: Geoff May

“right’o luv, I’ll ‘av char an’ a chip butty wiv a savaloy an’ a gerkin sarny an’ fags, Woodies

photos: Peter Dent



Sheila and Wayne combine to produce some natty biker wear; 60s style. Very *de rigueur* wherever Rockers convene.



photo: Peter Dent

Ian Vaughn’s very neat transatlantic interpretation of a rocker bike: high pipes and hard tail, do not try this on 60s roads - and warn the bird about those pipes: melted Nylons - ouch!