

GOOD VIBRATIONS

tritons rule OK



photo: Alan Comfort

Ian Scott wins a hat-trick of prizes. BMOC award, Peoples Choice, and Judges Choice. Seen here with Todd



photo: Peter Dent

Very tidy Norton in the parking lot; this is why Tsawwassen is a major event



Tsawwassen Show



photo: Wayne Dowler

Thanks and congrats to Todd and his crew for putting on such a great event yet again and to the BMOC members, Wayne, Ron, Sheila, Dave, John, Alan, Robert, Bob and of course, Ian Scott for making our display look as good as this. Thanks also to the good denizens of Tsawwassen for being such gracious hosts and letting us play in their yard.



photo: Peter Dent

Dan Smith's great *magnum opus*. Where to begin.....



photo: Bevin Jones

BSA Bobber, nicely done, traditionalists should avert their eyes



photo: Peter Dent

Lyle Whitter's amazing restoration of his Square Four is quite brilliant. It was a long, rocky road, but just look where it took him. Persevere my friends, persevere.

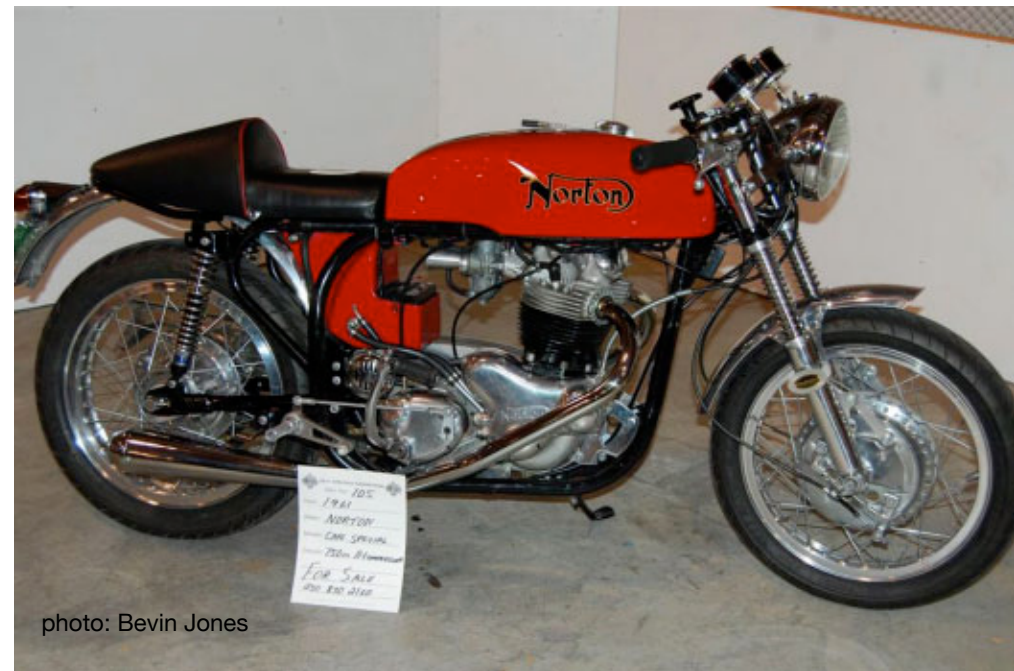


photo: Bevin Jones

George Cameron's immaculate Norton special - and it's for sale, look

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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 Fro 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.

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Articles, reports, photographs and ads may be Emailed

Cover photo: Ian Scott's Triton at the Tsawassen Show. photo: Peter Dent

All British Field Meet: Van Dusen Gardens May 21 2011

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



PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Suzi Greenway

Nigel Spaxman

The International Norton Owners Association is deeply grateful to the BMOC and Okanagan Chapter for once again hosting a very successful INOA Rally. We thank you for all your hard work in putting together a great time for so many Norton people. The organization was fantastic, the rides, the meals, why, even the weather! I hear from rally goers that they are still smiling. Lumby is so welcoming also!

Congratulations to George, Mark & Sandra, Bill, Greg, Lester, Mike, Tony, Steve, Nigel, and Ride Captains Hugh Menzies and Geoff May and everyone else, you took such great care of us. Even if you never do this again, invite us back to Lumby for a ride!"

Suzi



This time of the year is when many people license their motorcycles and begin riding. Easter weekend has brought the first warm spring weather. In this club, a lot of us ride year round, but we still look forward to the nice weather which will bring some longer rides into areas of our province that have some of the best roads for motorcycling in the world.

This winter I bought my first Hinckley machine. It is a bit of a diversion for me. I have always thought that on a motorcycle, radiators, electric starters and more than two cylinders were unnecessary. I prefer simple machines. The Sprint has all these things which I am still against to a certain extent. In another way this machine is what you would expect someone who has ridden Triumphs for 30 years would chose to ride today. Selling an Italian machine to buy the Sprint makes it quite appropriate for me.

Today's breakfast at the Big 6 confirmed the variety of machines owned by club members. There were 11 machines all together. Six of those machines were British. Two were Hinckley Triumphs, (mine and Peter Dent's) Two older Triumph 650s (Bernd and Gill) A Velo and a Norton ES2 (Gerry and Ian). The rest of the bikes were manufactured in Japan, Germany, and Italy, and spanned 5 decades.

In just the same way many of us ride year round to maximize our motorcycle experiences, some of us are picking a variety of machines to get the maximum variety from our riding experience.

Nigel

Peter Dent

We've had a couple of very interesting club nights lately. First, Ian Bardsley gave us an insight into the gray art of electricrky; a real hands-on presentation it was too. We are fortunate indeed to have a certified sorcerer in our midst. A sorcerer who is both generous with his time and his knowledge what's more. There was no jargon, no encrypted hieroglyphs, no unfathomable acronyms - well, except for a mysterious 'PIA' which turned out to be 'pain in theer...*gluteus maximus*'. Getting such straight talk in this complex and often confusing field is a rare thing, but, with progressive and systematic fault finding, the patient man can achieve many things.

At another meeting Tom Mellor bought in a few selected parts from his Bonneville salt flat streamliner. I'm not sure that 'parts' is necessarily the right word; some of it answered to 'shrapnel', or 'fragments' more accurately, as these various components got pushed past their ultimate stress limits in Tom's inexorable quest to squeeze yet more power from the venerable Meriden triple. This a field where 'less is more' and you could sense each anguished decision in the balancing act of metal reduction verses loss of strength. The builder dares himself to shave another hair's breadth of metal off, each time knowing that this could be the proverbial last straw.

It was a real privilege to stare deep into the bowels of a record breaking motor and to marvel at Tom's craftsmanship in creating billet components like that clutch basket or machining super skinny valves and guides, or that flyweight crank to name but a few. It's a long list of custom parts that goes into one of these fantastic engines and I thank Tom for taking the time and trouble to share some of them with us.

At another meeting BMOC member, Darrel Brown who is a lawyer and solicitor graciously came in and gave as a talk to get us up to speed on new motorcycle related laws and we thank him heartily for his generosity. Ian Bardsley has taken the time to contribute an excellent article covering the talk and it's right here in this very issue.

For the above, of course, we have to thank the committee for putting these entertaining and educating events on for us. Good job guys.

We had our first group ride a few weeks ago when Geoff May organized a most enjoyable jaunt on the roads less travelled down in Washington State. Geoff's knowledge of local roads is verging on the uncanny and is matched only by his ability to pick out a good watering hole. He has also given us a run-down of events, that fine day, and it's all in this edition.

We have a very special contribution from Jim Bush covering his New Zealand travels that is going to both stun and amaze you. It's like I say; we've got your adventure travel right here - but alas, with so many contributions on recent club events this issue, Smokey's eastward journey is on hold, but fear not, he will return soon.

Of course, this is where we cover Todd's highly successful Tsawwassen Show and Al Lowson has the facts and the numbers that go with it as BMOC's Ian Scott sweeps the event with that beautiful Triton of his.

And we have a special honour; Suzi Greenway, the INOA president has written to us to thank and congratulate the Lumby organizers for their highly successful Norton rally last year, and what a fine event it was.

Remember, also, that Ron Hill is doing his Squamish run on Saturdays. These are events that suit riders who don't necessarily have to be on the ragged edge with every curve in the road. It's a ride that sweeps past majestic views and police cruisers alike, so we show due deference to both. Check the BMOC group on Facebook for the latest.

Geoff May

Waking up to look outside at a somewhat OK day, Sue and I managed to drag ourselves out and down to the border by 7:10 AM. The sign said 5 minutes, which was close depending on which line you were in. We took 10 Minutes as there were problems in front and they had to go inside, you know how this goes, the line you get out of goes faster than the line you end up in. We were first to get to Denny's and managed to fill up with gas before sitting down. Only 3 others managed to get there, Peter Dent, Jim Bush and Michael Dickens, so we ended up with 4 motorcycles.

The route I had planned was back roads down through the Lummi Indian Reserve and then through Bellingham to have a "PEE" stop at Fairhaven Park. Jim and Michael said they were going to pull out at the bottom of Chuckanut drive so we basically said "Bye" to them in advance. The ride through Chuckanut was really quite pleasant as there were no other cars etc on the road and we had a pretty clear ride through. It was really great to feel the tires underneath and the forces as we made each corner. This gets the cobwebs out of one's brain. Onwards to Bow Edison road and down through Padilla bay, which is always pleasant. At the crossing of highway 20, Sue points out a bunch of bikes in the parking lot at the Farmers Restaurant across the other side. I pulled in for a pee break and another cup of coffee and a look around. It seems that the WVME were out on a ride as well and were having a lunch meeting in the pub there. So we spent 30 minutes or so looking around at all the wonderful collector stuff from Vincent and Velocette with BSA and Triumph, Yamaha, Harley, and Moto Guzzi as well as BMW's.

Onwards through the fields, crisscrossing all the way, it seems that we were about 1 week early as the tulips were not out yet. There were lots of fields of Daffodils, but still just being there was great, doing some roads I had never done before but often wondered about, we eventually fund ourselves at the Empire Pub in Mount Vernon. Lunch was a pint of really nice IPA locally brewed and extremely tasty, with the vegetable gumbo it went down well. Leaving there we wound our way back to Bo Hill road and up Colony in through the back way and around Samish Lake. Arriving back at the start of Chuckanut drive we wound through Bellingham to stop and luck out on parking at Boundary Bay pub. "WHOA" there a farm Market, way cool so we wandered around there for 30 minutes or so. Had to wait for seating at the pub for a pint before going home but it was worth it, well for me anyway. We then headed back across the border on I5 with about a 10 minute wait time, at 4:30 PM. So all in all it was a great day out and the weather co-operated all the way with a low of about 7C and a high of 15C.

tulip ride cont.....

Distance travelled was about 100 miles (160 KM) with broken clouds at Mount Vernon and cool but sustainable temperatures. I would like to thank the people who turned out for my first attempt at doing this again, Thank You.

OH yes, pictures are on Face Book .



photo: Geoff May

A chance encounter with the WVME gave us a few photo ops. ; like this clean Trophy

MOTORCYCLES AND THE MOTORCYCLE LAWYER

Ian Bardsley

At April's General Meeting we were graced by the presence of Daryl Brown, Barrister & Solicitor who gave a talk on upcoming changes to the Motor Vehicle's Act that will affect motorcyclists. Daryl is a member of the BMOC and this is the second talk he has given to the Club, so we have learned to appreciate the gems of legal wisdom he imparts.

Daryl advised that the objective of the proposed changes is to reduce the number of deaths occurring on BC roads. Despite the commonly held belief amongst us "senior riders", that it's the "squids" (squirrely Kids) that are the cause of this increasing death rate, the facts tell otherwise. The greatest increase in death rate is in the older riders (he didn't say "more mature riders").

The graduated license has been around for a while and Daryl outlined its restrictions including the potential introduction of a horse-power limitation for new riders. New regulations will require the use of a helmet meeting a minimum of certain specified standards (Snell, DOT, ECE) which will end the use of the "BC Beanie". Other changes will clarify the responsibilities of riders to their passengers, including eliciting their pillion experience, instruction on passenger behavior, proper passenger seating facilities and the ability to safely reach pegs & hand grips etc.

Following his talk, Daryl fielded questions on various topics including insurance & ICBC, road racing laws and police prerogatives.

Daryl is an experienced rider and understands the law from a rider's perspective. On behalf of the Club, I would like to express our thanks to him for taking the time to educate us on these coming changes. To read more about Daryl and review some of the interesting information he has assembled, his web site is at motorcyclelawyer.ca



Photo: Jim Bush

The Tulip Ride: a grand day out

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Membership Dues Are Now Due

BMOC's membership year runs March 1 - April 30, so if we haven't received your membership fee for 2011, you are now in arrears! Membership is \$25.00. Please mail cheques to:

BMOC c/o 3317 Abbey Lane
Coquitlam
BC V3E 3G5

We would also like to hear of any changes in your contact information: Address, Phone # and email. A membership form is available on the BMOC web site at: www.bmoc.ca, or just include a note with any changes.

Membership Benefits:

But just what do I get for my \$25.00?:

- approx 5 copies of our newsletter Good Vibrations
- BMOC email bulletins (for those with email)
- 12 General meetings, each 2nd Thursday of the month
- informal breakfast meetings each Sunday
- group rides program
- prestigious show events including VIMS, ABFM etc.
- social events including Annual BBQ and Xmas dinner
- technical forum via Facebook
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For more details consult the BMOC web Page as above.

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Jim Bush

I have been vacationing in NZ every year for the last 6 years and each time managed to experience a great motorcycling holiday. The 2011 trip was shaping up to be the best of the lot – North & South Island - the list of riders had grown to around 10, including 5 friends from NZ and 5 Canadians, all BMOC members – me, Steve Gurry, Robert Smith, John Bainbridge and Peter Hardwick. Due to the number of people involved, I took it upon myself to make bookings for the accommodation and get a great group ferry discount. GPS routes were planned, a daily ride schedule prepared along with all details for the overnights. I had even booked 3 nights in a large 5 bedroom house in Arrowtown the farthest point of the journey. The big task became gathering everybody to the ride departure point. I even made an intricate schedule of activities for the first two days of arrival – called it “comings & goings” – organising all the bodies in such a way, so that we would meet up and then depart as a group on the 12 day, 5000 km ride on the Monday at 10am.

My part for the Monday was to leave Warkworth (1 hour North of Auckland) with Steve at 7.30 am, ride about 40 mins to pick up Robert – Steve carrying all Robert’s gear and me doubling Robert, with his camera pack on my chest, resting on the tank (very cramped). We had to make the 30 km rush hour route over the Auckland Harbour Bridge, this involved about 8 km of lane splitting, riding between the lanes of slow moving traffic. It was heart stopping at times, as vehicles would move about in front, most would pull over a bit to make the lane wider, which in my case on my BMW R1150R had full width rear luggage and with passenger was like manoeuvring the Titanic thru the narrows. The first stop was Coleman’s motorcycles to pick up Robert’s rental bike and we could offload his gear. After about 30 mins of faffing around with this and that, we were off to the rendezvous with the rest of the group. We had another 35 km to do, first part rush hour motorway, eventually opening up to normal volumes as we left the city.

At the rendezvous point all the other riders were waiting, a quick beverage, a meat pie for some, a bit of banter saw to the introductions. My buddy Lloyd was pointing to the black rain clouds in the direction we were heading – I could see one of his many alternate plans hatching in his head, so I announced “there is no rain” – this frivolous statement eventually led to my downfall - there was no room for rain in my carefully crafted plan – we were about to embark on some of NZ’s finest roads that day – the legendary Coromandel with its waterfront twisties and magnificent hill climbs and I wasn’t going to let Lloyd’s black clouds enter into the plan.

We departed on time at about 10.15 am, a short 5 km spurt on the motorway and then the start of the back road riding. Having gathered everyone together at last and

on time, I felt a huge release of the stress of being the leader – so I placed myself at the back of the group – taking on a very relaxed mood. With Lloyd leading, we pulled off the motorway on to the Ramarama back roads to Lloyd’s farm to pick up his wife. The road showed signs that rain showers had recently passed by, but the main wheel tracks were drying off in the steamy heat and I felt no concern about this. About 3 kms on, I entered a left hand decreasing radius corner and hit a tar bleed repair that was still greasy from the recent shower and I high-sided it, thus ending my ride. This is a good example of not paying attention. I don’t recall anything after hitting the road as I was knocked unconscious and left lying there by my buddies. Being at the end of the group no one saw it happen, and apparently I wasn’t missed until the group reached Lloyd’s place 20 mins later. By the time they returned, I was long gone in the ambulance to the hospital, thanks to the help of passing motorists.

Recap Day 1: ride start 10.15 am, ride over 10.30 am, in ambulance, wrecked bike!

Eventually the group turned up at the hospital and surveyed the situation – I was not going to be riding anytime soon with 4 broken ribs and soft tissue damage to my shoulders – I was being kept in hospital 4 to 6 days. It was soon realized that because of the all the planning I had done, that the ride could continue as planned. By doing such a detailed job on the planning, I had made myself redundant, which was good for them, not so good for me. Lloyd reported that my BMW had not suffered too badly and was still rideable, and was now stored at his farm. My hospital stay was very comfortable – they had put me in single room and I was high as a kite on morphine. Being a Kiwi, this was all part of the National Health Service, didn’t cost me a penny, not even the 30 km ambulance ride. Steve & Robert came back next day to visit, bringing my mum. Not good for her seeing her son stretched out in a hospital bed. Good side was when I was released after 4 days, I was able to convalesce with her in Tauranga which was very special.

I got the odd report via Facebook about how the ride was progressing – I was surely rather pissed that I was missing it – doctors orders, no motorcycles for 6 weeks. Ok to drive a car, so at only one week after the accident I decided to fly to the other end of NZ to Queenstown to meet up with the group and stay in the rented house for 3 days in Arrowtown. It was a great idea and worked perfectly – I had 6 different pain medications to get me through, so I rented a car and drove with the group on various excursions to Glenorchy, Kingston etc. We feasted and drank the finest foods and brews – an excellent time together with the group. On the day I was to return to my mum’s in Tauranga, the group had left really early at 6.30 am, I was at the airport, boarding pass in hand, waiting for my 9.30 am flight, when I get a text from Steve – “bike has blown up, cases are split wide open, I am in Tarras” – I nearly choked on my cheese toasty, flurried around to check the date and time, this must have been another day – but it was now. A quick call to Steve determined that indeed his ride was over, my Ducati had, as Kiwis would say, “had sh***ed itself”.

I was able to cancel my flight and get a full refund, after trying nine rental companies, I was able to get an “El Cheapo JUCY” Emina 8 passenger van – not sure if a bike would fit, but at least we would try. An hour and half later I met up with stranded Steve – he had parked himself at the café tourist stop and was starting to blend in as a local. We surveyed the van, the bike, then had a ginger beer as the 30+deg heat was exhausting. I started on removing the seats, the rear ones actually folded into the wall, but we removed the centre bench. Steve worked at dismantling the bike, removing fairing, mirrors, luggage etc. Outside the van we had several rather large piles – bike bits and seats, plus all our gear. With the help of a couple of Harley riders and a borrowed plank, the Ducati ST2 was folded into the back of the JUCY Emina in origami fashion, the seat filling the gaps and luggage thrown on top. Four hours after Steve’s first call, we were now on our way to Christchurch to stay at the Jailhouse Backpackers – a 100yr old Historic Jail converted to backpackers accommodation. The stay in an actual jail cell was quite good – I had a room to myself – whereas Steve was bunked in with Mark, the other worst snorer in the group.

Steve and I decided to follow the group for the remainder of the South Island portion of the ride which included the Akaroa hills, Hanmer Springs and Picton. Our stay in Christchurch was only 3 days prior to the earthquake. The Jail actually survived quite well and was seconded to be a temporary barracks for relief workers – it had no sewer or water, but was intact. The Ducati was eventually dropped off at my friend Mark’s barn in Auckland whilst we decided what to do with it. Two shops confirmed that a minimum charge would be around \$3000, donor motors were around \$1500 plus change over cost, cases were cheap but labour on a full rebuild would be costly. I offered the bike to Mark for \$2500 on a handshake and walked away. Bit of a sting with that, but that is the price of owning a Ducati with a history of this specific failure on a regular basis.

Back home, I was welcomed back by the wife with a rather black look and a bit of finger waving, but still very thankful it could have been worse. To top it off Telus has a big surprise for me too, I had racked up \$6000 in data roaming charges on my new iPhone. This was the last straw – I dealt with 8 Telus service reps who could only suggest that I don’t watch movies....(which I hadn’t), an email to Olsen on Your Side garnered a response from their Producer who asked if I minded if she forwarded my information to a person in Telus. Within 1 hour Telus called me and wanted details of my situation. The outcome was a sizable reduction of my bill down to \$2000, which still is ludicrous, but that is as good as it is going to get from Telus.

Recap: 3 Weeks after accident back home – ribs still very sore, pumping back pains meds, wife barely talking to me, 2 wrecked bikes, one sold for junk at a sizable loss, \$700 spent sourcing parts to repair my BMW and now the telephone company after me. This is THE MOST expensive NON motorcycling holiday I have ever had. All part of the fun eh!

TSAWWASSEN SHOW

Peter Dent

I happened upon an interesting show on the television the other day: a bunch of very pale people with Etonian accents were digging up William Shakespeare's old garden. Well, I say ‘digging up’, Etonians don’t really dig as such - that’s pretty much what the rest of us are for. No, armed with small trowels and two inch paint brushes, they squatted and kneeled on the damp English mud wearing their Wellies and their dark green Barbour jackets and removed the great man’s garden one spec of the Sceptered Isle’s earth at a time. They were loving it - as well they should.

Once in a while one of these brusher/trowelers would become animated by a discovery of some sort. Well, I say ‘animated’ but Etonians aren’t generally given to display anything but an aura of calm order so to the casual observer their excitement might have gone unnoticed. The other diggers, in their unique gentrified gait, would amble over to see what the fuss was about. Well, I say ‘fuss’ but Etonians don’t really fuss as such, it was more of a polite display of piqued curiosity than fuss.

Amateur archeologists they were, in the garden of a house that the Bard himself had once owned. They were looking for something, how do I put this, *Shakespearianish*, I suppose. Ostensibly, any kind of artifact from his era would do, and indeed, any such find would be duly cleaned and cataloged, but their Holy Grail, the true reason why they were squatting in the mud with a manual implement in their putty soft hands, was to find something that actually belonged to the great man himself. As one brusher/troweler put it ‘I would like to find one of his old socks’.

Alarmingly, it was not entirely clear whether he was joking or not.

I know how they feel; give me a pile of old engine parts and my curiosity is similarly piqued. It’s not so much the pile of old engine parts that interests me, it’s what’s in the pile of old engine parts. Sure, more engine parts, *but*, is *the* engine part in there, the engine part of your current quest? Well, we will just have to rummage about a bit won’t we?

All this brings me to Todd’s annual Tsawwassen bash, for there is no bigger pile of old engine bits to be found in this neck of the woods than at this fabulous jamboree for the old and the rusty down there at this annual swap meet. But it is so much more than just a trading of used bike parts; it’s one of the biggest moto gatherings of the year and is not to be missed.

It feels like a party out in the parking lot, and inside, it’s a gathering that fills the South Delta halls there to capacity every year. It’s always been a fun event and this

year was no exception. Todd's pact with the weather gods is still holding up and his theme of 'specials' was particularly close to my heart and we saw some very nice examples of the ingenuity and imagination that is the special builder's stock in trade.

The BMOC used the fabulous Ace Cafe themed stand that was such a success at the VIMS earlier this year and with Ian Scott's beautifully prepared, delightfully period Triton parked in front they complemented each other nicely - the display looked every inch the part and I have to thank the club's organizers for putting it together for us. It was professional and tidy and with 12 new members signed up that day we can call it 'effective' as well. Also, of course, thanks to Ian himself for lending out his iconic sculpture in polished alloy for the club's promotion; as ever, it looked just great.

We were lucky to have one of Dan Smith's amazing creations on display as well; his V four AJS this time. Dan of course is a true virtuoso of the workshop with an entirely enviable armory of skills at his fingertips. There seems to be no project too complex, too involved or too challenging for him. It seems that a mere scrap of information can be engineered into a running machine involving every branch of metal working: quite amazing. He is both an adventurer and engineer; and Todd tells me he is always generous in lending out these wonderful machines of his for us all to enjoy and marvel at.

Plenty of other machines there to admire, of course, including George Cameron's nicely prepped Featherbed framed Commando, a Triumph sprinter and a good number of various other hybrids, all of which held me engaged for quite a while as I admired the problem solving abilities of their builders. Totally unique pieces, very creative very imaginative and entirely admirable. The list of noteworthy entrants goes on, but the camera tells the story with so much more clarity.....

My hat off to Todd Copan for once more pulling off this logistical nightmare. It must be like herding cats but he did a superb job again, and, thanks to him, it remains one of the best events in the local motorbike calendar.

Todd is quick to thank his many helping hands and supporters which include his wife Barbara and son Mack, the GVMC, Christian M/C Club, AIM, BMOC, Classic M/C Club and the Gospel Riders. My thanks to them also.

MG COLLECTION VISIT

Peter Dent

Those crazily cambered front wheels and a seating position seemingly inspired by a Sopwith Camel give the pre-war MG the iconic image of a generation. A time of the Jitterbug, Harris Tweeds, Brooklands, thatched cottages and country estates replete with landed aristocracy - the nearest whiff of Socialism was comfortably two time-zones away. MG roadsters shared the lanes with Brough Superiors and horse drawn carts alike and, as a motorcyclist, when I see one now, I always feel a certain affinity with them. Perhaps its those great spoked wheels, or the parabolic headlights stuck out on stalks for all the world to see, or perhaps its the *al fresco* driving position and the fact that when it rains we both dive for protective cover in some form, scrambling about with hoods or rain-suits while the rest of the world sails blithely past with nothing more than the flick of a switch to acknowledge the changing conditions, and in these days of sensors they are even spared that tiresome labour. Yes, like bikes, they have a certain sense of theatre to them, each journey an occasion, an *event* indeed, an event what's more, that is reassuringly far removed from the cloying bounds of practicality and reason.



My very first car was an MG so I confess to a soft spot for the precious little things. Not only was it my first car but it was also the first car that I totaled. An entirely regrettable moment in my life when I was hurrying to work to answer a call-out with a tad more youthful zeal than is normally considered good for one when I suddenly found myself being ambushed by a prowling lamp-post. A lamp-post of a surprisingly robust structure what's more - well, more robust than the MG anyway. Later, a man in a pin-stripe suit and carrying a shiny leather briefcase laboriously advised me that repair estimates exceeded value and that, in essence, the MG was no more. The thing about this youthful zeal stuff, however, is that it cuts both ways. I had left a sizable quantity of the stuff wrapped around that lamp-post but it seems that I still had enough if it left to decide that buying the crumpled and torn wreckage - previously know as an MG - back from the insurer, was a good idea.

Armed with oxyacetylene welding gear, a truly enormous hammer and the operating principals behind a Spanish Windlass - but otherwise pretty much clueless - I secreted myself away in my garage for many long, wintery months. During this time I emerged from my toils only for gainful employ, sustenance and pub nights. A self imposed banishment served as a penance for my youthful excesses, you don't just break an MG and casually walk away; the motoring gods must first be appeased with a sacrifice.

When the work was done, and I re-emerged into the sunlight from the smoke and dust behind me, I had both a reborn MG and an enduring affection for this storied marque.

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Norton BSA TRIUMPH

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This was my first visit to Peter Welsh's amazing collection of notable MGs. I rolled up with the Big Six faithful who arrived en mass. A fine ride it was too; more of a civilized group trundle really and all under clear blue winter skies. We joined other club members who were already there. Most had respectfully chosen to honour this special occasion by bringing out some of their finer classic machinery for the day, so there was an impressive assemblage of bikes and cars outside to nicely compliment the glorious gathering within.

".....to start this one you must first open the side of the bonnet because it spits out a flame from the manifold about so long". Here the speaker, Peter Welsh himself, parts his hands to demonstrate the length of the flame in question as though he were spinning a fishing yarn of some sort. There were so many truly great cars in this collection but my favorite was a barking mad, supercharged racer in British Racing Green and, I was gathering, a somewhat explosive starting procedure. A marvelous piece of machinery, you could imagine such a glorious contraption, back in the day of dare-devil racers in goggles and leather flying helmets, hurtling around the high banking of Brooklands at frenetic speeds, teetering on the very edge of control, supercharger whining, engine bellowing..... 'tis the stuff of legend.

Peter must have searched long and hard to have put this exceptional collection together and I congratulate him on his achievements; a definitive and surely, unique, work. Many of these pieces were rare even back in the day and the passing of time has made them rarer still. They are beautifully preserved and cover decades of model types, spanning the history of this famous marque from one-off racers and grand tourers to a comprehensive gathering of the fabulous little two seater sports cars for which they are most noted. Even if you are only mildly interested in cars, this collection is a 'must do'.

My thanks to Alan Comfort, the tour co-ordinator, Wayne Dowler and the club committee for putting this very special event on for us and of course to Peter Welsh himself for being so generous with his time and for allowing us to enjoy his unique collection and for preserving these terrific pieces of motoring history for us to enjoy.



photo: Peter Dent

Pre-visit tyre kicking gets under way outside Peter Welsh's MG collection

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SKIPPY'S TSAWWASSEN SHOW

Al Lowson

Tsawwassen's 26th annual Classic & Vintage Motorcycle Swap Meet and Show 'n Shine was held on April 17th with about 160 tables and 2,250 or so attendees. Morning showers quit and the bikes rolled in, filling the parking lot. Five Indian Chiefs seen there, not counting a Gilroy model, and another one inside. Two nice Ariel Square Fours kept them company, and six BMW outfits (couple with Steibs), two lovely BMW flathead solos, and four Chang Jiang combos. Oddities included a Rogalo wing, fan-motored ultralite and a VW van set up as a mobile solar-powered ATM machine. A café Suzuki Savage, a PII Norton power plant in a Yamaha chassis, and several of the ol' skool GB choppers currently favoured by the younger set (where did one get a bright orange King & Queen seat from?). Pretty sure I saw Reg Shanks' 'Blue Boy' HD 45; I reckon Reg would approve.

Deals to be had included Harley-style aftermarket windshields (\$25, new in box), three HD leather 'n studs saddlebags (\$100, anyone got a spare right or need a left?), and a brace of Dyna-S coils (\$30, unused in box). Rev. Norman had his latest 'Motorcycho' mag and much chopper memorabilia as usual. Plenty of GB and US parts, old riding leathers, and a cool Jawa (?) sidecar body with a rumble seat in the trunk.

Specials were this year's theme, with pride of place to Ian Scott's Triton and a neat Ace Café backdrop and info board on ton-up kids, Rev. Bill Shergold's '59 Club etc. The '64 Norton 'featherbed' chassis housed a '71 TR6 motor producing 45 hp at 6,500 rpm which propelled its 325 lbs to 115 mph. Other specials on display ranged from Dan Smith's superb '36 AJS V-Four (one only in world) to my somewhat less sartorial Super Vee (Chevy/HD hybrid). The regular display area had a number of interesting machines, .

Most unusual, and most numerous, of the back patches present was the CAV (Canadian Army Veterans) featuring a soldier wheelieing his army bike, taken from a '41 recruiting poster. This club started eight years ago in Ontario and is growing fast. More individual, a leather jacket with the painted-on Nietzschean quote beginning 'Forget all you've been told. You are young, they are old...'

The most peculiar sight had to be Phil Funnel's BMW, sporting a full 'dustbin' fairing and streamliner trailer, with Phil cooking up a meal on his Optimus petrol stove. Ta for the hand unloading my Vee, Phil, but tell me you don't live out of that trailer!

Food concession, upstairs lounge overlooking the arena, door prize draws throughout the day (including a couple of my 'Tinker Tales' books, normally \$15 each), and the awards ceremony at 3pm. Then it was pack up what didn't sell and load the bikes till next year.

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BIKES AND PARTS FOR SALE

Haynes A65 manual 1962-73
Clymer BSA manual 3rd revised edition 500 & 650 twins
Clymer BSA service 1963 - 72
BSA factory spares catalogue 1968 A65 - L - S - T - R - F
AJS & Matchless singles 1945 - 69 by Roy Bacon
AJS & Matchless buyer's guide (postwar) by Martin Redmark
Ducati owner's manual 1968 250 cc
Modern Motorcycle mechanics 1948 3rd edition by J.B. Nicholson
The Motor Cycle 1937 (3) Oct 21, 28 and June 17.
\$75.00 for all. Bob Bronson, 604-769- 2107. (sorry, no email) Chilliwack/Sardis

1971 Norton Commando \$7500 obo. 6264 miles since rebuild, only put 10 miles on it in the last 3 years. Re-sleeved Amals (idle circuits plugged from sitting). Corbin seat, RGM exhaust, British chrome rims: 19" front, 18" rear, stainless steel spokes, Atlas shocks, Podtronics voltage regulator, Boyer Brandonson ignition, Avon Roadrunner tires, oil filter. Dead battery. Glen Pedersen. 604-916-0765 panorton@telus.net

AVON upper fairing model AB24, 1960s vintage, nice condition. Frame-mounted, heavy F/G wrap-around shell with compound curved windshield, headlamp mount, flasher nacelles, dashboard with holes for clock and switches, 2 side pockets. For medium to large bike. \$250.
Phone Tom at 604 542 6333 or email gingertom@shaw.ca

250 cc Greeves Griffon trials bike, tubular frame model, Greeves (not Villiers) engine, Albion Gearbox, Ceriani teles, Supertrapp silencer, service booklet, illustrated parts list. Bike is complete, mechanically sound, stored indoors for years, needs cosmetic going over, deal includes several hundred \$ in new Greeves spares. \$1350 ono.
Phone Tom at 604 542 6333 or email gingertom@shaw.ca

Looking for a good home for a 1981 Honda CBX six cylinder Super Sport. I've had this bike 20 years, but some health issues make it just too much to handle. Numerous upgrades over the years, including a low mileage engine swap in '06. For full details and more photos, contact Ron Moropito at 250-376-2421 (Kamloops) Evenings.
E-Mail: ronmoropito@yahoo.ca



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1948 BSA Model A 7 motorcycle complete with BSA Model 22/47 sidecar.
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Wayne Dowler 604 921 9788 dccorp@shaw.ca



1968 (reg says 66) BSA Royal Star, ex Burmese police bike, original, excellent condition, runs great.....needs a day's tinkering, left side petcock, tiny chrome ring on top of tank, headlight housing light jewels. \$4000. Chris Dyck 604 287 7897



1972 Norton Commando 750 Combat. \$6,400

I'm not getting the attention, that I want, so we're splitting up. I'm black with a silver decaled Roadster tank and a purple powder coated frame. There's a lot of pressure under my "C"ombat head with steel exhaust nut inserts. Sometimes I let it loose with my single Mikuni carb and 4S cam, but my Boyer analogue ignition and vernier isolastics, make me easy to care for. Peashooter mufflers let you know where I've been. I have a new battery and gas lines. I also have a front disk brake and Avon SuperVenom tires, so we can enjoy those curvy roads together. Best of all, my serial numbers all match and I have papers, so you can take me anywhere! I've been a one woman bike, for 26 years, but I do swing both ways. I want to be between someone's legs again!

catlhirondelle@hotmail.com



BIKE WANTED; BSA Bantam 1951 or 2 DI, with the plunger rear suspension and full valance front fender.
Bill Van Bergen <billvan2@telus.net> Campbell River