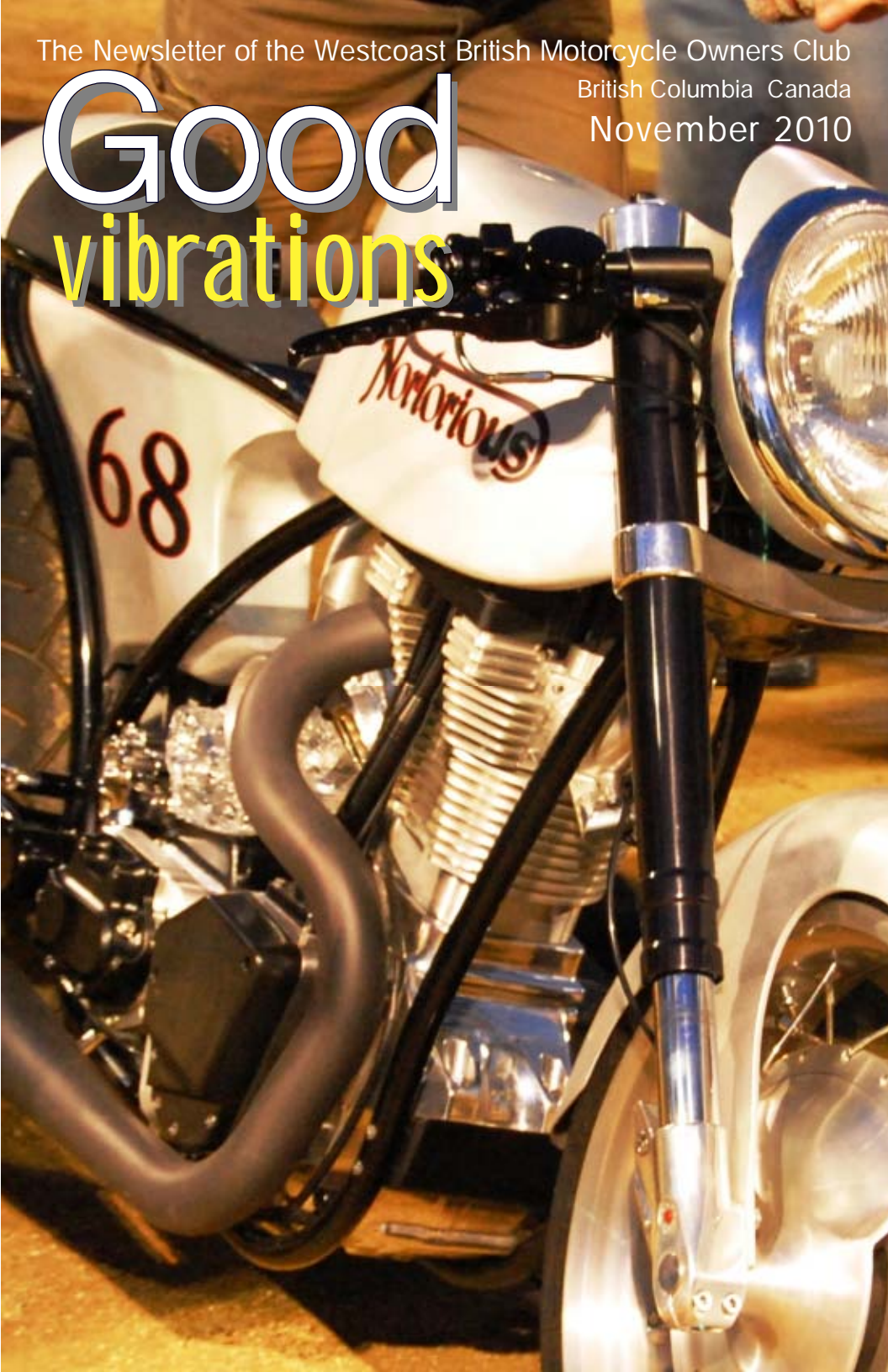


The Newsletter of the Westcoast British Motorcycle Owners Club

British Columbia Canada

November 2010

Good vibrations



A RANDOM LUMBY GALLERY

Photos Bevin Jones

Thanks to all the Okanagan Chapter members and their partners for all their hard work and dedication to the rally. George, Mark, Lester, Bill, Tony, Rob and team - Great Job!



A tasty International representing Manitoba



Doug and Steve stand in shock and awe!



Plates from every region of North America were seen in Lumby



Many Allied Forces used the Model 16 during the Big One



Okanagan Chapter pres mark Bird fired up Nortorious



The OK Chapter's Yellow Peril vintage racer



Smiling faces all around



Steve Snoen brought two, count 'em, two singles

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GOOD VIBRATIONS

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GOOD VIBRATIONS

The newsletter of the Westcoast British Motorcycle Owners Club, British Columbia, Canada

November 2010

FINE PRINT

The Westcoast British Motorcycle Owners Club (a.k.a. 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 advertisements.

We reserve the sole right to accept and reject, edit and revise any advertisement or submission.

Commercial Advertising Rates Per Issue

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Mark Your 2011 Calendar

Tsawwassen date is April 17, 2011

HELP US KEEP IN TOUCH

If you have changed your mailing address, phone number or email address, please email your current information to ian_bardsley@telus.net

If you are unsure whether we have the current information, send it and we'll verify your record.

Cover - Roger Goldammer's 'Nortorious' was the centrepiece of the INOA Rally

Check out the BMOC website

bmoc.ca



ISLE OF LAMB CAMPOUT

Bevin Jones

The Isle of Lamb TT or Isle of Beef and Turkey as it has become known is traditionally held on the last weekend in June as is my Grandson's birthday party. I received permission to miss the party, much to the chagrin of a certain 4 year old who still tells everyone that Grandad didn't attend his party.

Being solo for this trip I decided to camp as a trial run for the upcoming Lumby rally. The May's graciously transported my camping gear and t-shirts so I was able to travel light. I left work early on Friday afternoon and headed for Horseshoe Bay where I met Norton rider and club member Floyd Patterson in the ferry line up. The ferry from Gibsons was late and Floyd had already missed his connection to Nanaimo, then to top it off our ferry was late too. Regardless we spent a pleasant hour and a half on the boat then headed through Nanaimo towards Crofton to catch the ferry to Vesuvius.

We stopped at a traffic light on the Island Highway in Ladysmith. I was in front and checked my mirror to see where Floyd was. Floyd was horizontal. How did that happen? I helped him right the bike and waited while he started it. We stopped across the intersection to check for damage (none, thankfully). It seems

Floyd had helped someone with car trouble a little earlier and had taken his tool kit out. When we stopped at the light he noticed that the side-cover was loose and bent over to fix it and fell over!

We arrived on Saltspring without further incident. The usual group of early campers centered around the May's trailer. We set up our tents and headed to the Jolly Fergie Pub (cheap beer, good eats). Geoff told us that we had missed dinner but there were steaks and vegetables available but we had to cook our own. We threw the steaks on the grill and did zucchini and peppers in the cast iron frying pan – delicious.

The evening ended with the usual tall ones and tall tales around the campfire.

The May's, Fergie and I went to the Shade Tree in Ganges for breakfast, we had to wait for them



Our host and landlord, Ian Clements toured the site on his Vincent

to open but the meal and coffee were worth it. I met Robert Smith and we spent the rest of the morning strolling through the Saturday Farmer's Market. Then back to Villa Clement to open the t-shirt emporium.

Old friends arrived all afternoon long and soon the field took on the appearance of a refugee camp with tents helter-skelter around the perimeter with the forecourt of May's trailer acting as the town square. Geoff, Sue and their assistants made preparations for dinner, and soon delicious smells were emitting from the undergrowth.

The meal was up to the usual standards – that is, it was delicious. Barbecued beef roast, deep fried turkey, new potatoes and salad, and for dessert – home fried potatoes. It seems Dirk Slot had been a french fry chef (French friar, chip monk etc.) at White Spot and really knew his way around a deep fryer – the results were delicious!

Another night around the fire ensued, although the wiser (and older) participants crept off to their tents, while more than a few loud and hardy souls braved the drizzle (or slept through it) in order to observe the dawn's early light.

What is it about motorcyclists and camping that makes them rise at the crack, no, before the crack, to warm up their bikes engine while they pack their gear for an early getaway? Anyway after the debris from the previous evening was sorted the participants departed and Saltspringers collectively breathed a sigh of relief as their tranquil way of life was restored to them – until next year!

ALL BRITISH FIELD MEET

Ian Bardsley

This event has been on the BMOG Calendar since before I joined the Club back in the last Century and its usually received lukewarm support from our membership. We've always managed to avoid embarrassing ourselves, but the display has dwindled to a handful of bikes on occasion. Well here's the **GOOD NEWS** - we finally "cracked the code", with the best display in living memory (mine that is).

For those of you who are unfamiliar with the All British Field Meet (ABFM, aka the Van Dusen Gardens Show), this is (as its name reveals) a gathering of historical British automotive transportation. It's primarily a multi-marquee car show, but the motorcycle segment has been nurtured to this year's pinnacle by the commitment of a few dedicated Club members and the patience of the Show organizers.

The Show is advertised as the biggest in the Pacific Northwest and this year's event certainly fulfilled that boast. My appreciation of just how successful the Show was to be, dawned as I arrived at my normal time to register my bike and I was advised that the field was already full and they could take no more exhibits! Now what... this never happened before? I parked the Norton and sought out Joan Stewart who agreed that they could probably squeeze in one more bike. So, with my tail between legs, I added my 1973 MKIII Norton Commando to the sparkling line-up of British bikes.

The Car segment of the Show is organized by Marque and to a lesser extent by model. There are rows of Jaguars, lines of MG T Series, (watch the ground which may be slippery from drool), MGA's MBG's, Triumph TR3/4/n, Spitfires, Lotus's, Rolls-Royce's and even great examples of the everyman's cars I managed to afford during the non-riding portion of my misspent youth (Ford Anglia's). The glimmering chrome could probably be picked-up by a passing satellite on a sunny day (which unfortunately this was not). The car displays are almost enough to tempt a committed Classic Motorcyclist over to the 4-wheeled side! I understand that there were around 700 vehicles on display plus some 30 which were unable to enter due to space restraints.

And then there was the BMOG display... At the outset, credit must be given to Wayne Dowler for his very significant efforts in creating the display. The theme of the display was "100 Years of BSA" and we certainly did the BSA Marque proud. Two rows of bikes totaling 25 in all were on display. The first row was all BSA's ranging from a 441 Victor, café racer, beautifully restored Golden Flash and Wayne's genuine BSA side-car outfit. The back row comprised "other marquees" including a Vincent, a magnificent Norton café racer accompanied by a Model 18 and a couple of Commando's, a couple of Velocettes, Triumph's, an unrestored Royal Enfield... and a barn-find Matchless. At the end of the bikes was a canopy with photographic collages and interesting history (thanks to Robert Smith) of the BSA Company including rifle manufacture and cars, and also a section on the BMOG and its activities. BMOG regalia and memberships were offered for sale.

The prize for "Best Motorcycle" went to BMOG Member, Ian Scott for his recently completed Norton Café Racer and it was well deserved, with honorable mention going Guy Stafford for his stunning 1940 Vincent HRD Black Shadow. The best Debating Restoration prize went to Kevin McDiarmid for his 1972 Triumph Tiger 650. The first place ABFM Class Award went to Wayne Dowler's 1948 BSA A7 combination, second place to Mark Turner for his 1928 AJS 350 while third place was garnered by Wayne Dowler with his 1957 Triumph TRW. (Wayne has assured us that both of these bikes will be entered in future shows as "Display Only"). Our display also received a prize presented by Haggerty Collector Car Insurance.

A new BMOG Banner was unveiled for this event and we have Gerry Philbrick to thank for this great improvement over the old and tired banners of the past. This banner stands vertically and unreels from its container. It doesn't require three people to set-up and isn't likely to exercise our Club Insurance Policy in a strong wind.

Talking about Gerry (he does give us lot's of ammunition doesn't he), not only did he have two bikes on display; he had his newly finished Thames Trader truck and motorcycle trailer on display. Best of all, the back of the truck was filled with sandwiches and tea for refreshment of the BMOG faithful. Good on yer Gerry!

And now for the sermon: Why do we show our bikes? Why belong to a Classic Bike Club?

Good questions and I acknowledge that the answer may differ amongst members. I belong to the BMOC so that I can enjoy the company of like minded individuals. Talking about bikes, group rides, shows etc. all provide a forum in which I can amplify the joy I get from owning and riding my bikes. The term "Pride-of-Ownership" doesn't get much use these days, but it's still a very real emotion and one I enjoy. I am proud of my bikes and I'm proud to be member of the BMOC. The ABFM certainly provided a reason for you to be proud of your club.



DUFFEY LAKE RIDE

Ian Bardsley

With a promised break from the rain, a few of those who think England made motorcycles much better than they play football, gathered on June 12 for the annual trip to Lillooet – via the Duffey Lake Road.

When I first arrived at Troll's to partake of a magnificent pre-ride stuffing, I was a bit concerned with only Rick and Gil there already (at this point Brit's outnumbered Oriental's 2:1). Gradually the numbers swelled and by 9:00 we had four Brit's; five if you include Wayne's sidecar outfit which was just visiting. Those who thought that the English made motorcycles about as well as they play football were in the majority with a collection of Tuetonic, Post-Roman and Oriental tag-alongs, outnumbering the real motorcycles by perhaps 2:1. So much for the numerology!

And so we sallied forth in an orderly parade, up the hill out of Horseshoe Bay, led by Wayne on his magnificent BSA rig. Wayne peeled off at the top of the hill and the parade headed intrepidly out North on 99. For the first five miles the maintenance of order was quite notable. As we approached Furry Creek there was a roarrrr, a flash and this Red Ducati ridden by a possessed demon (Dave Woolley) zipped past, pulled a U-turn and then repeated the honours in the reverse direction (so much for the attractions of riding Italian iron).

For the next hour or so, progress was continuous but not rapid. A few (in fact most) of the impatient non-Brit riders zoomed past to take up their natural station sweeping the road ahead for police speed enforcement. Fortunately there was none and the ride arrived in installments at the Pemberton gas station.

No event in which Gerry Philbrick participates would be complete without a Gerry story. Gerry hadn't read the Club riding rule about showing up with a full gas tank, and so he sped off from breakfast in the opposite direction in search of fuel. After waiting 20 minutes the impatience of the group took over and it was decided Gerry could catch up at Pemberton. And so he did. After a quick bathroom break and gas-up, Gerry led the charge out towards Mount Currie and Lillooet, preceding the bunch by a good 10 minutes. We caught him plodding up towards the first summit and with a wave whizzed past to further partake of the best the road offers. I must say that I am always impressed by Gerry's commitment to riding his 350 Velocette on some of our more adventurous rides.

The road has been resurfaced on the section from before Joffre Lake to the first summit. Thereafter, it remains in need of some attention. It's quite rideable, but rutted in sections so you need to keep your eye on the surface. None of that takes away from the spectacular beauty of this exceptional ride during which the weather did us proud. Descending into Lillooet through the canyon is my favorite part of the ride. The mountains are huge and the road hugs them closely, hanging on above an intimidating drop to the valley floor. Gradually the road drops to the valley bottom and the air temperature warms towards hot.

Lillooet remains unchanged from the last time I was there, two years ago, despite the threats it has faced from several forest fires.

At this point the urge to catch a World Cup match replay on TV took over, so after a brief leg stretch and gas-up, I hopped back onto my trusty Commando MKIII and rode back home again. On the way back up the canyon I noticed an ancient Norton single ridden by a red-helmet adventurer headed into Lillooet. It was a little while later that it struck me that the rider must be none other than the famous Steve Snoen – a fact which I later confirmed by email. The addition of Steve's late 1930's Model 18(?) certainly added to the credibility of the Club as a haven for real classic bikes.

I'm sure the rest of the members had a great ride home, but I'll leave my companions to regale you their adventures on the back leg.

In closing I'd like to make note of those who upheld the Club's heritage on this run: Gerry Philbrick - 350 Velocette, Ken Campbell - Triumph Trident, Gil Yarrow - Triumph Bonneville, Ian Bardsley - Norton Commando MKIII. Steve Snoen – Norton Model 18 ..if I missed anyone, profuse apologies. To my other riding companions: thanks for clearing the speed enforcement (not that we needed any) and picking up the fallen parts



Gerry Philbrick's 1960 350 Velo made the trip



Steve Snoen adds oil to his Norton 18, by far the oldest bike on the ride



The finishers enjoying a lunch at Lillooet, the ride's halfway point



It was a beautiful day to enjoy the ride, the scenery and motorcycling friends

SECHELT DISASTER DAZE

Bern Bendt

For financial reasons we couldn't make it to Lumby. Being somewhat disappointed I notice an ad on Craigslist for Disaster Daze 2010 in Sechelt.

I told my girlfriend Connie that I would like to go to Sechelt this weekend. She thinks it is a great idea and wants to come along and to my surprise she wants to ride her own bike (Connie just started to ride and is still nervous on her Suzuki).



We packed up the Victor and the Suzi with camping gear and tools and left from Delta on Saturday morning. I had problems with the Victor, when I went above 80 km/h the engine would cut out, so I was very popular on the freeway but we made the ferry just in time.

After we set up camp at Roberts Creek I checked the Victor and noticed it was running lean so I raised the needle. Later we rode to Earls Cove, the Victor still wasn't running that great but the great road and nice scenery made it worth while anyway.

On our way back we stopped for lunch at Ruby Lake. As soon as we pulled over two guys on CB500 Café Races pulled over and drooled all over my Victor. I was quite surprised! We had an excellent dinner and the owner came to our table and complimented on my Victor.

Back at the campground I changed the timing and set the carb and the Victor ran great after that.

Now it was time for Disaster Daze 2010 at Gilligan's Pub in Sechelt. What the "event" turned out to be was a lose gathering of customs, vintage, café, classic, chopper and rat bikes and everything in between.

There where about 100+ bikes in the parking lot. Lots of custom choppers with engines from Harley, Triumph, BSA, Honda and rat bikes mostly made from 70's Hondas.

I was surprised how many 70's Hondas showed up 350's 400's 500's 750's. We also saw 6 Yamaha XT500's and 2 SR500's. I have a sweet spot for these bikes as I owned 3 of these big Thumpers in the past. We stuck around for a couple hours talk with enthusiasts, everybody was very friendly. There where 3 bands playing, inside the pub but they where for a younger generation so we never went inside.

The next day we stopped in Gibsons on the way to the ferry and stumbled across a wooden boat show. A very small, but very nice display. For lunch we went over to Molly's Reach, great food. They even had an air show above the harbour.

There must have been about 50 bikes at the front of the ferry back to Horseshoe Bay. I thought this must be a bit what it feels like when you take a ferry to the Isle of Man for the TT.

We had a good time and Connie became more confident riding her Suzi.





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Wayne Dowler

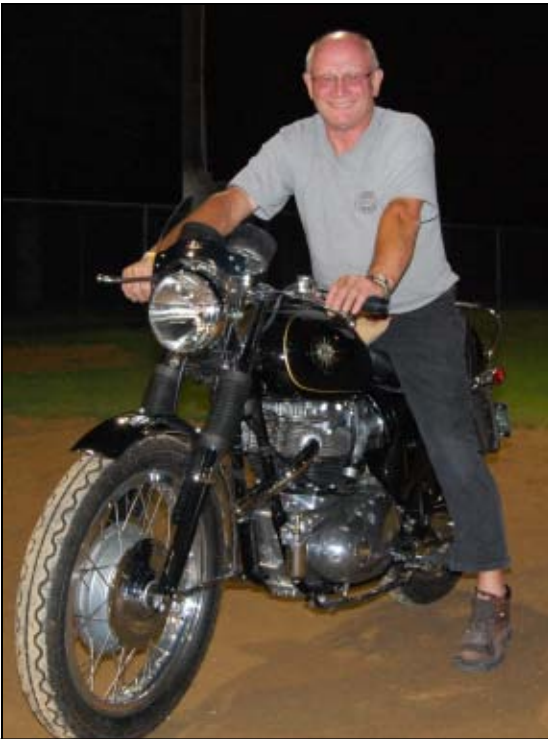
Many neat cars, vans and motorcycles were displayed on the lawns of a private estate in Garden Bay on the Sunshine Coast this summer.

Gerry Philbrick and I showed the BMOC flag at the event. Gerry on his Velocette Viper and me on my Triumph TRW. After a rainy ride up in the morning the skies cleared and the rest of the day was sunny. Gerry was particularly interested in the excellent collection of custom and innovative vans in attendance.

With the exception of the BMOC bikes all the motorcycles were Harleys. 'Best Vintage Motorcycle' was awarded to a very neat ex-police Harley Servi-car. 'Best Contemporary Motorcycle' was a \$50,000 customised Harley which will be raffled off to benefit a Pender Harbour charity.

Nice weather, few cars and fine scenery made the trip back down to the ferry a delight.

Nice folks, a family atmosphere and a fine display of local vehicles made this a day to remember.



Okanagan Chapter stalwart Lester Service had the nerve to show off his beautiful black BSA A65 at the Field of Dreams venue at the INOA rally. Lester was one of the driving forces behind the rally and worked tirelessly to make the event the success it was. Well done Les.



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Nortons of all stripes and persuasions descended on Lumby this summer, including this Commando-powered custom springer from Arizona. The tank is actually the airbox, fuel is inside that monstrous king queen seat. '70's to the max!



Club members Dave Chamey, Alan Comfort and Grant Surbey reminisce at Lumby

STEAMWORK'S CONCOURS D'ELEGANCE

Wayne Dowler

Sunny Skies and an abundance of people were the order of the day for this annual event. This event, the passion of Eli Gerskovich, owner of the Steamworks brewery, pub and restaurant in Gastown, is arguably the most prestigious event on the area's automotive calendar. This year's show did not fail to impress with nearly a hundred cars, vans and other assorted vehicles plus eleven motorcycles crowding Water Street from



one end to the other.

New this year was a display of Micro Cars which proved very popular. Another new item for 2010 was a display of Military Vehicles put on by the Canadian Military Education Centre and dedicated to all of the fallen and serving Canadian Troops in Afghanistan and all other wars. This large display garnered a lot of interest.

Other speciality

displays included Woody's, Vintage Race Cars and Hot Rods. Truly there was something for everybody.

This year's featured car was a 1907 Peugeot Labourdette. This absolutely stunning vehicle was also the featured car at the 2007 Pebble Beach Concours and shows the marvels of engineering and craftsmanship at the turn of the century.

The twenty seven Judges were visible all day in their blazers and yellow ties. Much of the credit for the popularity of the show must go to these people.

The motorcycle class was dominated by BMOC members. Nine of the eleven bikes accepted for this show were owned by our members. Plus all the prizes were taken by our members. Quite an accomplishment!

Your club's '100 Years of BSA' display was very well attended and received many favourable comments



from the organisers and judges as well as the public. Again many people were surprised at the involvement of BSA in building cars.

This is a prestigious event which truly deserves the Concours D' Elegance title.

Many thanks to the organisers for involving BMOC in this year's Concours.

BMOC MEMBERS TAKE CONCOURS AWARDS



John Brettner's stunning 1964 Velocette MSS took First In Class



Dave Wooley's A65 café racer displayed meticulous workmanship



Dave Wooley explains the merits of the A65 with head motorcycle judge Aaron Steadman (centre)

BMOC members took several awards at the Steamworks Concours d'Elegance.

John Bettner, 1964 Velocette MSS, First in class

Jim Bush, 1959 MV Agusta Trel, Second in class

Wayne Dowler, 1948 BSA A7 Combination, Third in class.

Wayne's BSA Combination was also awarded Best Presented Motorcycle an award which is voted on by all 27 Judges.

Other member's bike shown included:

Ken Campbell's 1973 Triumph T150V Trident. Beautiful bike.

David Penner's 1971 BSA B25T. Neat and tidy.

Gil Yarrow's 1960 BSA A10 Super Rocket. Stunning as always.

Wayne Dowler's 1957 Triumph TRW. Oldie but a goodie.

John Brettner's 1960 Velocette Venom. Neat machine.

Dave Wooley's 1968 BSA A65 Lightning Café Racer. Showing amazing workmanship.



Jim Bush was unsuccessful in arguing that his diminutive MV should be awarded First in Class, the judges disagreed and awarded him Second



Wayne Dowler's rare BSA outfit took Third in Class and Best Presented Motorcycle honours

HERITAGE SHOW

Wayne Dowler

The annual MG and Jaguar Club's Heritage Show in North Vancouver brings out the very best in British motoring. For several years the BMOC has been invited to participate in the show thanks to Peter Tilbury,

who is a member of both the MG club and the BMOC.



John Brettner's 1966 Venom and Gerry Philbrick's service van

This year we showcased our '100 Years of BSA' display which was very well attended, both by show participants and the general public. Although the motorcycles on display short in number they were well presented and garnered a lot of interest.

We had three Velocette's out as well as a Velocette service van. Alan Comfort showed his fine 1938 MSS, John Brettner showed his 1960 Venom and Gerry Philbrick showed his 1960 Viper, as well as his Velocette Service Van. Many people were not aware of this

marquee and were surprised and delighted to find out they were British. We had six BSA's out, three of which were A65 Lightning's. Robert Smith and Jim Haggerty both showed 1966's and Gil Yarrow showed his 1968. These three bikes were in a row in front of our '100 years of BSA' display and showed off the very best of the "Bling" that BSA was known for in the 1960's. They provided a stunning display which was remarked on by many onlookers. This was not a judged show but if it was I am sure that the display that all three of these bikes put on would be a winner.



The BSA 100th booth and BSA display attracted a lot of attention



Jim Haggerty recently completed a full restoration of this '66 A65

I showed my 1948 A7 Combination, my modified 1971 B25T Victor and Bernd Behr showed his very fine looking and sounding 1967 B44 Victor Enduro.

The boys were also successful in starting a James Cadet which had not run for years, to the delight of Gerry Philbrick.

A great day with friends and fellow sophisticated gear heads. And thanks to the organisers for including the BMOC in this event, especially Peter Tilbury and Krista Briggs.

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE NORTON NC15S Part 3

Larry Emrick

We have been following the adventures of Larry and Diana as they traveled across Europe on a 1968 Norton NC15. I apologize for the sudden ending of part 2, it appears that a sentence has been lost ... undaunted, we press on with the third and final episode of the saga.

Finally we came down out of the mountains and headed for Greece and, hopefully, a shop where we could get the problem fixed.

That was not to be, however, because when we packed up the morning after we arrived at Skopje, the capital of Macedonia, in preparation for our run to the Greek border, the bike simply would not start.

We were camped in a campsite that was one of the jumping-off places for Asia on the fabled hippie trail to India so the place was full of travelers from all nations in all sorts of vehicles but mostly camper vans. I toiled all day with limited tools and knowledge to get the thing to fire but the job was hopeless and the enquiries about a finding a local who might be able to help were even more hopeless.

Skopje had been devastated by an earthquake a few years earlier and the place and population were still wearing the scars. The remains of the old railway station still stood in a skeletal state as a grotesque memorial to the 2,000 people who were killed.

Over the next couple of days we would become familiar with the new railway station because we finally admitted defeat and decided to ship the bike by rail to Athens where, surely, all our troubles would be attended to.

Battling despair and the language problem we finally bought tickets and made arrangements to ship the bike on the train with us. So we pushed the fully-laden Norton through the streets of Skopje to the train station, handed it over to freight folks - and that was the last we would see of it for about a month because it never left the station.

We arrived in Athens after an overnight trip and when we went to collect the bike there was no bike and no one who had any interest in helping us find it.

Diana, being a lot more diplomatic than I and drawing on her training as a kindergarten teacher, finally got through to the train authorities that we were missing a large blue Norton and we were assured that it would be along on the next train.

We would become mighty familiar with that refrain over the next month as we trekked daily into Athens from a lovely campsite in an olive grove outside the city to enquire as to its arrival. The enforced layover did allow us time to explore the ancient city and find a "mechanic" who we hoped would be able to at least get the Norton running again.

We did both, and when the bike finally did arrive after I had entrained back to Skopje to find it, we pushed it through downtown Athens to a back alley shop where we were given the ominous warning the day we recollected it to "go to England. Go straight to England".

The reason became apparent as soon as I started it. It blew clouds of smoke from one pipe but at least it was running on two cylinders.

We heeded the advice to "head straight for England" despite the fact that we were the continent of Europe away, we loaded up and headed to the ferry that would take us to Italy.

It was Italy that provided me with one of those frozen pictures in time that you never lose. We were headed to Rome on some secondary road, being passed by legions of Fiats, when one whined past with someone hanging out the window yelling and pointing behind us.

I turned around to see a blue fog trailing us as the bike spewed exhaust over the pristine Italian countryside that my father had seen as a soldier in the Second World War.

Once again we were in a race against mechanical failure as we headed to civilization - this time Rome - in hopes of finding someone to attend to our very sick Norton.

I can't remember the details of how we found the shop but I do remember riding around the Forum in our

blue fog with mobs of smartly attired scooter riders passing us with disparaging glares.

With everlasting thanks to that now nameless shop we finally got the bike serviced and fitted with new pistons and rings, all for about the equivalent of about \$75. It even resumed starting easily - that being three or four hearty kicks in the now-chilly mornings.

We were now well into October and still camping out so we decided to head for warm and sunny Spain and after an uneventful tour through Italy and southern France, where a dog in a campsite almost devoured one of my boots from under the tent fly one night. The first I new about it was when the campsite lady arrived in the morning with apologies and my mangled boot.

It was at this point that the trip became just another of the Grand Tours that were being pursued by thousands of young people like ourselves whether by van, car, bike or train.

After a few days in Barcelona, where we met an American who was celebrating his first visit back to Spain since his service in the Spanish Civil War, we headed for Madrid and one of the two coldest rides of the entire trip. The calendar had now tripped over to November and riding with maps and newspapers tucked down the inside of my Belstaff for warmth we managed to make camp within sight of the magical city.

When we woke up the next morning to ice on the water bucket we knew it really was time to "head straight for England."

The trip through northern Spain and across France to Paris was just one of making time although we did allow ourselves a few days in Paris where we actually stayed in a hotel, one of only four times in the entire trip that we did not sleep in a tent, and were almost arrested when innocently caught up in one of the frequent Paris riots of the day.

The ride north from Paris to Calais was through a relentless rain and by the time we arrived at the ferry terminal I was so cold I could not get off the bike. As I began to revive when we got on the ferry, Diana and most of the other passengers plunged into a despair of seasickness as soon as the ferry got out into the open English channel.

Little would I have thought at the time that ride would be the second-last day I would ever ride a bike as a road-rider. When we hit England the roads were still glazed from the rain that had nearly frozen us though northern France, and after being fortified by a monumental order of fish and chips, we headed up the Old Kent Road to London .

I rode those last few miles with my feet off the pegs like stabilizers against the ice until we finally reached the outskirts of London. Cruising in we saw a place advertising caravans for hire. We pulled in, all Belstaffs, boots and the accumulated grime of about 12,000 miles of Europe, and flashed a wad of travelers' cheques at the disbelieving spiv that ran the place. He even agreed to store the Norton for the month or so that we planned to rent the Volkswagen van for a warm, dry, comfortable tour of southern England.

Unknowingly at the time that was the last ride on that old bike. I arranged to have it shipped by air back to Canada where, unlike our experience when we shipped it over, and in Yugoslavia, it arrived within days of our arrival home just days before Christmas, 1970. There would be one more rail trip for the Norton when I shipped it from Toronto to Calgary, where I had quickly found a job with The Calgary Herald.

But by then it would be winter, as the Ian Tyson anthem goes, and the winds can sure blow cold way our there.

So that would be the end of the road for me and that old Norton, by then with about 60,000 miles on the clock.

I sold the bike the next spring, ending my road-riding career but launching me on a career as a trials and enduro rider in which I had moderate success - and not one mechanical breakdown. My last trials bike, a 350 '76 Bultaco Sherpa T, still starts on about the fourth kick when I fire it up every six months.

Despite the love-hate relationship I had with the Norton I would buy it back if I ever had the chance, and recently made contact with someone in Calgary with connections to the vintage bike scene to see if it can be located.

So if you have my clapped out old Norton in your shed you have a bike with more than a little history.

LUMBY BIKE GAMES

Bill Sarjeant



Our illustrious President, Nigel Spaxman, the cad, managed to convince some very lovely ladies who were complete strangers, to join him as his pillion rider during the Bike Games.

Nigel also demonstrated his expert skills in the slow race where he made it appear like he was sitting in his lounge chair in front of his TV while the rest of the field stumbled and bumbled down the field.

Garrett Griffiths of Washington Norton Owners Group and Lindsey Sarjeant perform the famous balloon toss during the Nortorious Bike Games.

Lindsey managed to catch the balloon without breaking it making this only the second time in all the previous INOA games that a pillion team has successfully completed this task (Guinness record status is pending confirmation).

CONCOURS JUDGING

Bill Sarjeant



Jim Bush, seen here pouring over the judges sheets, headed up the Concours judging, an onerous task since many of the bikes were simply outstanding.

Jim, Al Comfort and their team of judges should be heartily congratulated for an excellent job well done!



Scrutinizing the line up of bikes at the Concours was a monumental task

MORE RANDOM LUMBY SHOTS

Bevin Jones photos

More random snaps from the INOA rally. It's really a shame that no one wrote a real report on the event for the newsletter. And on that note I leave you and good luck to the next editor!



The Commando has two carbs, one left and one right



Jim Bush's tech talk had 'em glued to their seats



Peter Howes, Norton Canada enjoyed Jim's wrench analogy



Assembling for a group ride through the fantastic Monashees



More smiley BMOC faces



Tony McNeill's Triumph was the People's Choice recipient



George Cameron enjoyed INOA's Suzy Greenway's speech



Al Corffort presents George Cameron with his Concours trophy