

Good Vibrations



Peter Gagan and his elegant little steamer were the stars of a recent gathering at Deeley HD. Instead of having our ears assailed by 'thunder', we were treated to a rather tasteful 'chuff chuff'. An altogether refreshing experience.



OCTOBER
2011

1939 HRD Vincent Series A Rapide



Above; Robert Watson's mighty 1939 HRD Series A Rapide and below: a close-up of its awesome power plant.



in the foreground: Peter Gagan's fabulously patinated '24 Brough Superior SS80 and in the background, Gil Yarrow's '71 Norton Roadster, as seen at the flagship gathering at Crescent Beach. My thanks to Wayne Dowler and BMOC members who put this memorable event together, and, of course to all who brought their machines along to this grand event . I hope this becomes a regular feature on our calendar .

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Nigel Spaxman

My Norton is on the road again. It is amazing that having two machines insured at the moment, a 2001 Triumph 955 Sprint, and a 1974 Norton 850 Commando, that I chose the Commando almost every time. I think I will cancel the insurance on the Sprint soon.

The Norton was advertised in the 70s at around 55 HP. My Norton must be even less powerful than that since it breathes through just a single 34mm carburetor rather than the dual 32mm ones it came with. I have heard dyno figures for bikes similar to mine as low as 42 HP. The reality is that the Norton seems to have enough power for every normal riding situation, even with a passenger it passes cars with just a twist of the throttle. It cruises along at 70 miles an hour in fourth gear with the engine rumbling along at just 3500 RPMs. The machine has a long legged feel and is happier at 80 mph than 70 really. It only has 4 gears but it can go 100 mph in third. I have embarrassed young guys on R6s in corners. That is mainly due to their inexperience, but the light weight, low center of gravity and smooth power delivery does make fast cornering a pleasure.

The Sprint is advertised as having 110 HP. Maybe in reality it has about 90 HP at the rear tire on a dyno. The Sprint has lots of extra power that you never use. I have not been able to determine how much extra. I think it has a top speed of about 155 mph. The Sprint is often described as one of the best Sport Touring bikes on the market. It is often mentioned in the motorcycle press how nice the broad power-band is and what a great character the engine has, but really it is incredibly boring compared with the Commando. The sound of the Sprint engine reminds me of the drone of an outboard motor. The Commando actually feels like it is going a lot slower than the Sprint at the same road speed. It has a relaxed feeling all the time that makes it a pleasure to ride. It purrs along the road like a big cat.

Three decades of progress in motorcycle engineering has vastly improved the reliability, durability, and performance of motorcycles. Any measurable or quantifiable figure to do with the new machines must be double or quadruple the equivalent figures of machines from the 70's. You can easily buy a motorcycle with 200 HP now. But there is something not quantifiable that has generally been lost, so I continue to prefer old machines, especially the British ones. For some reason they are just right.

Nigel

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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.

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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 to p.dent@dccnet.com

cover photo: Robert Watson's winning 1939 HRD Series A Vincent at Crescent Beach

check out the BMOC website: BMOC.ca for full colour version of Good Vibrations



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

CRESCENT BEACH INVITATIONAL

Alan Comfort

The Labour Day weekend more or less marks the end of summer for most Canadians. It offers one last chance for a bit of a holiday before the realities of school and work intrude into our lives. What better way to spend part of this weekend than ogling cars and bikes from past decades and hanging about with like-minded gearheads?

The Crescent Beach Invitational is an evolutionary step from the former Steamworks Concours d'Elegance. This premier British Columbia event began in 2003 and offered an opportunity to view more than 75 of the best cars, motorcycles and historic vehicles in the Pacific Northwest proudly displayed in the Gastown district of Vancouver. City policies and fees conspired to make this popular event no longer practical, so a new venue was found at Blackie Spit in Crescent Beach. The grassy lawn, sunny weather, spectacular view across Boundary Bay, easy access and ample parking proved to be perfect for this type of event and drew a very large crowd.

Wayne Dowler, show organizer extraordinaire, managed to line up an impressive array of first-rate motorcycles including Neil Vaughn's Triumph bobber, Gil Yarrow's



photo: Alan Comfort

Robert Watson receives his richly deserved 'Best Presented Motorcycle' award from Colin Gurnsey, one of the principal show organizers. A remarkable piece of workmanship.

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Norton Commando, Ron McDonald's Indian Chief, Peter Gagan's Brough Superior outfit, Steve Harding's BSA Road Rocket, Greg Bahrey's Honda 305 Scrambler, Lyle Whitter's Ariel Square Four and Robert Watson's Series A Vincent Rapide. Wayne also made arrangements with Deeley Harley Davidson to provide a 1908

CCM, a 1928 Brough Superior, a 1935 HD Peashooter and a 1968 Honda Cub from their collection. A last minute substitution by Deeley resulted in their bringing the Honda Cub along with a rather shopworn 1926 Harley BA and a clapped-out Norton Commando S. To add insult to injury, they arrived four hours late. It took some last minute scrambling to fulfill our commitment with Ron McDonalds Honda Trail 110, John Crawford's '48 Indian, Jim Bush's MV Agusta 125 and my '38 Velocette.

The award for Best Presented Motorcycle went to Robert Watson and his 1939 HRD Series A Vincent Rapide. All were impressed with the quality of work on this rare and beautiful machine. It started and ran perfectly when Robert rode it across the lawn to receive the award.

The motorcycle display proved to be very popular. Class hosts Robert Smith, Wayne Dowler, Dave Woolley and I were on hand to answer questions and keep an eye on the inventory. The four-wheel classes were populated by a wide array of vehicles, from Bugattis, Lagondas and Packards to Chevrolets, Fords and Prefects. For a view of the vehicles, go to "<http://www.carnut.ca/11crescent.html>"

In all, it was a great event and the proceeds went to the BC Children's Hospital Foundation. I am looking forward to next year's show



photo: Allyson M

Allyson captured these shots one Sunday morning at the Big Six. Due to certain planetary alignments, which will remain forever a mystery, everyone bought their best, freshly polished, Brit bike on the very same day. It made quite a sight, and luckily, she was first out of the door with camera at the ready to record this all too rare event.



photo: Allyson M

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HOW CAN YOU HAVE ANY FUN IF YOU'RE NOT LOST OR BROKEN DOWN?

Patrick Mackle

Oh, there's my friends on their 71 and 66 BSAs at the petrol station and they're waving at us. We wave back, turn left and head down the road in the wrong direction. Of course, I was following directions but as a Canadian I interpret things differently. I'm on a 55 Matchless and the other rider is on a 53 Norton. So when they said turn left, I took two turns just to be sure.

Being lost can be fun when you're on pleasant country roads and you meet a lot of friendly people; like the school bus driver who gave us directions to Ashburton, so we could hook up with the rest of the guys on the vintage bike ride.

Once again, I'm riding with the Vintage Car Club of New Zealand on their 22nd National Motorcycle Rally and this time it is held at Oamaru, which is south of Christchurch. While we were on our way to the rally, we decided to bypass Christchurch as there was another earthquake the day before, so we didn't know what to expect. Our other travelling companions are the New Zealand army and we encounter people leaving Christchurch who have decided "to stay with the rellies" as their factories and houses had suffered damage. We also experienced petrol shortages as we got closer to Christchurch, but fortunately, one of our group was following in his van and trailer with a Dniepr, so we were able to stock up on fuel when we had the chance.

Earlier that day, the Matchless had a breakdown near Blenheim when the voltage regulator allowed the battery to discharge. While waiting on the side of the road for the van, I found a washer and thought this might come in handy so I put it in the tool box. After that, I was on my way again when I used the six volt battery from the Dneiper and that evening we adjusted the cut out points of the regulator so it constantly put out one to two amps, enough to keep the bike running but not boil the battery. Of course I had to reset the points every time I started the bike but that was the only problem I had. We ended up using that washer I found on the road to hold the gas tank on the 71 BSA.

The Matchless' low centre of gravity made it a nice handling bike, and I found something magical about coming alongside other bikes to listen to them chug along with valves clattering and the smell of burnt oil. On one adventure, I followed three riders from Christchurch on their AJS, BSA and Velocette singles, until we got to the hills and the Matchless couldn't keep up, so all I was left with was the sound of the exhaust notes in my ears.

A few left turns later I decided to give up on my taped up map of New Zealand that was beginning to feel like cloth. It showed the major roads but not the less used roads, so it was reliable only when we went to places like Mount Cook where there is only one road.

On the way to Arrowtown it seemed like it was exhaust pipe day, as an exhaust pipe fell off a BSA, twice, and one fell off the Norton but with some Kiwi ingenuity and surplus wire from a farmer's fence we were on our way again.

It rained on the way to Greymouth, the Dneipr ran out of petrol and my rain gear fell apart, so we stayed there and scouted out the junk shops. There are lots of junk

shops in the south island but it was here we came across warehouses that were full of unfinished motorcycles, cars, airplanes and more. Fortunately, we didn't buy anything as we had acquired another Dneipr and sidecar earlier on in our travels. On the road from Reefton to Nelson we took our time and made a lot of stops, and then I got separated from the group one more time in Picton, so I rode around until I found the left turn I had missed.

I figure it's all in a day's adventure because when you're travelling how can you have any fun if you aren't lost or broke down?

So to finish off, when I got back to Vancouver I got on the wrong train and then lost my ticket.

All British Field Meet
Vandusen Botanical Gardens
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Al "Smokey" Greaves

*the story continues.....*No sooner than he got out on the side of the road than a small English sports car with it's top down stops, already with a passenger in it, and loaded up him and his two tires! Not only that but he was back in an hour with two new tires! He also had good news for me; there was a mill in the town of Marathon (three miles away) that could supply me with a chain, all they needed was the size! The driver said "we'll unload the bike here and I'll go and get the chain for you." Who am I to argue with such a helpful person. Tires changed and off they go. It crossed my mind that he told me that just to get rid of us or maybe they have a law in Ontario about riding in the back of a pickup. Regardless, in short order he was back with the chain, all he wanted was the cost of chain \$6.50. I put it on the bike and headed into town, stopped at a gas station where an older couple were getting gas in their camper and pickup. When he saw my B.C. plate he asked, "Did you ride all the way here". When I replied to the affirmative he said, "You're a brave man". I replied, "Tell that to my wife, she thinks I'm crazy." (More on guardian angels; Marathon was the only place I could have got a chain, so why did we get a flat just outside of town?). We continued on our way, stopping after a few miles to check the chain tension. A couple of Honda Goldwings stopped and one of the riders came over, looked at my bike and said "A single cylinder motorcycle, there's a certain mystique about a single cylinder motorcycle." (They always used to say that about a four cylinder motorcycle!). The fellow concluded with a complaint on how much it cost him to get his bike serviced for the trip, \$147.00 he exclaimed. I said, "yeah, I serviced my bike with a new sparkplug, \$1.38". He looked at me and said "You sure know how to hurt a guy" and walked away. We carried on.

There were several problems associated with using an industrial chain, the chain is not high speed but it will do in a pinch. It was not possible to get a half link for the chain, which was required so the rear brake arm could be set to the correct angle, this caused the brake rod to be let out to it's maximum length, this caused it to be affected by the swing arm movement. This adjustment was critical to prevent the rear brake from dragging. I thought I could feel the brake dragging so we pulled onto the shoulder to check the adjustment. We stopped for lunch and when I started the bike it gave the characteristic "squeek" which indicated the exhaust valve has burned! What to do? I had to get to Sioux Ste. Marie to pick up the \$100.00 that my wife had sent to the bank. I looked at the map, approximately ninety miles to go. So I decided to ride on. How, you may ask, can you ride a single cylinder motorcycle with a burned exhaust valve? No *problem*, you must keep your speed down so you won't cause too much hot exhaust gas to heat up the exhaust pipe! You could tell by looking at the exhaust pipe where it came out of the head as it would turn red from the hot gas. This will work out to about 35 to 45 m.p.h. allowing for slowing down for hills. As evening approached

we stopped for food and found that we had to push the bike to get it started and lo and behold, my headlight had burned out! Fortunately we had one of those throw away flashlights with us. As darkness descended I instructed Jack to shine the light on the white line, this helped greatly as the night was pitch black. Now I suppose you are thinking, "what about vehicle traffic?". I could see the oncoming traffic by their headlights, so I pulled off to the side of the road till they passed. Approaching traffic, same thing, pull over till they passed. My taillight still worked, so I was thankful for small miracles! We approached a service station, pulled in for gas and asked if they might have a six volt sealed beam headlight (used on Volkswagen cars before they changed to 12 Volts). Fat chance. "Now", you might ask, "why didn't you carry a spare bulb?" What! and tempt providence? Eventually we closed in on the "Soo" A nice stretch of straight road lay ahead which was better than the weaving hilly section had been. Oh, here comes a car, it's the O.P.P. I pull over and stop. As the patrol car gets about fifty ft. away it swerves and comes to an abrupt stop. Out leaps the cop and hollers, "What the hell are you doing, I thought you were a moose!". After assuring him we weren't a moose, I told him that my headlight had just burned out. He said, "You can't go any farther till daylight". Jack and I curled up under a fir tree, (good for keeping some of the drizzle off). In the morning we pushed the bike along the straight and aimed for the top of a rise where I figured that we could push the bike and continue to the bank and then what? A pickup passed us, turned around and went back passed us, then turned and pulled up behind us. Two young fellows got out, "Trouble?" says one. I tell them my story, and they volunteer to take me to the bank AND look after my bike until I return!

Next stop, the Greyhound; I inquire when the next bus leaves for Sarnia, Ontario, my ultimate destination; three o'clock this afternoon! The counter woman says, "There's a bus that goes south into the U.S.A. that you can take to Flint Michigan, then from there to Port Huron and cross the border to Sarnia. "When does it go, in 15 minutes! We're on it. Grubby and scruffy we come to U.S. customs. I tell him the story, no problem, we're in. Are we done yet? NO!



the man, the bike, the road; Al on his great journey

MEETING CHARLEY

Dave Charney

This past July the local motorcycle dealership in Duncan hosted a Sunday afternoon meet and greet with Charley Boorman of "Long Way Round" fame.

He arrived at 4:30 after a day's ride from Kamloops over the Duffy Lake Road and then a ferry ride to Vancouver Island.

He and his film crew were winding up a new documentary series called "Extreme Frontiers: Canada". They had been travelling across Canada - east to west - and having many adventures along the way such as caving and mountain climbing in the Rockies.

He arrived on a BMW 1200GS and there was a crowd of approximately 100 fellow bikers waiting to get their books and DVDs autographed. Even though just coming off a long ride he was friendly, humorous and accommodated everyone with signings and photo ops.

That night there was a paid event called, "An Evening with Charley Boorman" which was held at a local Duncan farm owned by Don Hatton. Don has attempted the Dakar Race three times and will be going to South America this winter to race again. He was seriously injured in one of his attempts and his KTM race bike, with the crumpled front wheel, is on display at the Duncan dealership.

The response to the evening's event was overwhelming and extra tickets had to be made available; approximately 300 people showed up. It was a fine summer evening and a temporary stage was set up in a field surrounded by hay bales. On the stage were Charley, Don, and Russ Marlkin, who is the Producer/Director of many of the films featuring Charley and Ewan McGregor. They told stories of their racing and travel adventures around the world. There was a question and answer period and one of the questions given to Charley was

"What essential item would you carry with you when travelling long distances on a motorcycle?" His answer was "Baby wipes because when you are travelling through different countries the food doesn't always agree with you and diarrhea happens, so you want to make sure you have a sparkling clean bottom for those long



Dave and Charley together at Coombs

hours of sitting in the saddle". Another product which he recommended was 'monkey butt cream'. It was a very enjoyable and humorous event finishing with the trio rolling around on the stage in a mock wrestling match.

The next day there was a group ride from Duncan to Tofino which was to be filmed and included in the Extreme Frontier's series. Charley and Don held a rider's meeting that sunny Monday morning and Charley expressed his gratitude for the turnout of over a hundred riders as he had hoped for possibly thirty. The usual disclaimer for group rides was read out, but at the last minute Charley exclaimed that "wheelies are okay".

The majority of the bikes in the group ride were the dual-sport types, a few Japanese sport bikes and cruisers, one half dozen modern Triumphs and even a couple of Harleys. The pack roared up the Island Highway taking up both lanes of traffic with the film crew recording from the back of a pickup truck at the head of the pack.

The first stop was Coombs, famous for the goats on the roof of a building, where I managed to get my photo op with Charley. After that I slipped him a copy of "Good Vibrations" and told him it was good bedtime reading, he looked at it and remarked "Better still, looks like good potty reading". When they eventually arrived in Tofino the pack had grown to about 300 as they had picked up more riders along the way. Charley is a very gregarious and down to earth type of guy. He is the son of John Boorman who directed such films as "Deliverance" and "Excalibur". Charley appeared in "Deliverance" as Jon Voight's son. He is also an ambassador for UNICEF and has a comprehensive website where you can follow his adventures and travels online.



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THE RIDE TO THE INOA NEW YORK RALLY

Peter Dent

“So let me get this right about this recent motorbike trip of yours to New York”; I can visualize my cousin’s fingers as they seemingly float across the keyboard, the words pour effortlessly across the screen in front of her. Here, I suspect, she might look up to gaze across the pastoral green beauty that is rural Oxfordshire as though this timeless placid scene will somehow guide her fingers through the next few lines. We have lost three of our precious cousins to motorbikes and she spreads her approval of the things sparingly. She wouldn’t spread it at all but she is torn between emotions: the dictates of polite conversation with stray kith and kin, and her



and.....we’re off! Note Steve with his Model 18 cylinder head under his arm - still warm probably. Thanks for the photos and send-off.

intense distrust of the subject matter. “You rode across, what, four time zones give or take, sat in a field for fives day in record temperatures discussing sump oil and sparking plugs then rode for eight days again to get home?”.

She didn’t actually write this but I know her well enough to believe she was thinking it when she wrote: “was it fun?” - or some such innocuous response that her innate kindness had dictated as apropos the situation.

Feeling uncharacteristically cooperative, I relieved her of the burden and reeled off the “four time zones, field, sump oil, eight days etc” that I felt was gnawing at her. With the topic so summarily dismissed, the conversation was then able to move on to other, more comfortable matters.

Well, how *do* you explain things like Norton rallies? A slogan on a country church notice board I once saw said; ‘sometimes it is better to plough around the stump’. So I did.



Gil’s wife Joy, and son Kevin, were there to see him off .

The INOA rally was held in up-state New York this year. It was a good venue and an even better ride. Five BMOC members attended, all on bikes, all the way. Brilliant.

Steve Snoen has his own fantastic story of his Model 18 banging a solitary path for a sizable stretch of the journey but the majestic little single found it all a bit too much and Steve had to resort to more practical, though appreciably less glamorous, transport. Doug Dibbens and Geoff May made the rally as part of a massive east coast sweep. They covered huge distances in an epic ride on their BMWs and I hope we will get to hear more of it as time goes by. I rode my old Royal Enfield along with Gill Yarrow on his always well prepared ’71 Norton Roadster. We took the all Canadian route, riding long and hard at that. BC was sunny and fabulous but the weather changed in Medicine Hat.

I tumbled out of bed and dialed up the Weather Channel to see what the day held for us. It was a *red screen!* In July! The text crawled across the bottom of the picture: *severe thunder storms, some strong enough to generate tornadic activity.* Tornadic?



Staten Island ferry; in the background is Manhattan, behind Gil; man with hat on.

Does that mean what I think it means?.

I met Gil in the corridor so we stuck our noses out the door for a quick look for ourselves. Perfect timing. A huge bolt of jagged blue lightning cleaved the heavens with an almighty gunshot crack of high velocity ordinance. We both jumped back as one. That was *close!* Now what? “Let’s have breakfast”, suggested Gil. Brilliant.

The Great Plains stretched out for days ahead of us; strong, blustery winds raked the land continually and all we could do was hunker down and hang on; it screamed like a jet engine in our ears hour after hour, day after day. It pushed and shoved us around; sometimes slamming us in the face, sometimes slapping us so hard sideways you could barely keep the plot on the road.

Over the Lakes things got better, no wind, moderate temperatures; keep an eye on your speedo. But then came the heat. Ottawa roasted, and we roasted with it. We tried for a photo op - you know the sort of thing, Houses of Parliament as back-drop for the bikes. But the OPP lurked everywhere, I swear we even picked up a tail for a while. Your tax dollars at work. A quick nip down Sussex Drive before



Gil sweeps the podium yet again and we see Suzi Greenway here make the presentations. Well done Gil.

skipping town with no photos and thankful to be gone at that.

A huge, open grate, steel deck bridge spans the St Lawrence Seaway into New York State due south of our capital city. The wind blows mightily up in those dizzy heights and the steel grate causes the bikes to weave crazily. It feels as though



Steve in Times Square

we are on the very edge of calamity as we teeter precariously over to the southern side; I didn't know I could hold my breath for that long.

Sweeping bends, dales and farmland lanes are all that lies between us and the rally site now. It feels like a victory lap at this stage, and so it was. Yes, we still had to get home but for now, at least, we could afford to enjoy the moment: these roads were built for bikes like these and ours were running as crisp as ever they did. We were in New York - on old Brit bikes! Brilliant.

And there they were, Doug, Geoff and Steve already camped. It was so good to see friendly faces. We had met many friendly folks on the road, the Norton attracted them in droves, but now, in such good company, we could all reminisce for days to come on the road that was now far behind us. Brilliant.



photo: Steve Snoen

Gil prepares for the long ride home

I joined a day-ride for a tour of some of the local towns one day. The Catskills are gentle rolling hills giving great biking opportunities - best suited to solo rides truth be told - but I was on this ride when we stopped at a small village for refreshments. The group immediately bolted for shade and ice cream shops for such was the heat that day.

Suddenly I was the lone representative of the Norton ride. A

young fellow approached: 'I work for a New York radio station' he announced, 'I understand you have an English accent'. He paused as though waiting for me to confirm or deny this allegation. I did neither, preferring to see where this was going. So he continued. 'I would like to do an interview - right here' he quickly assured. At this point he thrust a gadget in my face. 'Just a digital recorder' he said. And so, if Andy Warhol is to be believed, I laid claim to two of my allotted 15 minutes of fame. In my best Sir John Gielgud - although I fell short of addressing him as 'my dear boy' - I told him and his listeners about Nortons and why we do what we do with them. I told them all about Gill, his fabulous Norton and his recent 80th birthday and about our epic ride. Nortons on the wireless: brilliant.

If Haynes ever print a tour guide I suspect that they will say that 'getting back is a reversal of going'. And in many ways they would be right. We manufactured a route that took us south of the Lakes but it was a carefully plotted route that guided us down State and County roads, past endless corn fields and paint blistered farm houses; tip-toeing around the sprawling, angry cities of the American industrial heartland. Just over yonder they churned and snarled while we slipped quietly past



photo: randomly selected Nortoneer using Geoff's camera

The BMOC team prepare to head off in their various directions. Steve has already hit the road at this point, we don't how early he started but I later heard some larks complaining about being woken at some unearthly hour.....

it all. It wasn't until we were safely west of Chicago that we joined the arterial network again.

It was a good rally and Chuck Contrino and the Tri-State Norton members should be congratulated for their work. It was a good ride too, only five minutes of rain total; the bikes never missed a beat. They fired right up in the morning and ran like trains all day. The only thing more reliable was Gil's sense of humour and his cheery attitude.

Even after all that distance, for my money, his was the best bike there. He scooped up a bunch of awards and, quite rightly, received deity like reverence wherever he went. On the road, no matter how hot and uncomfortable it got, and with seemingly endless patience, he treated every enquiry about our bikes, and the journey we were on, as though he was hearing the question for the very first time. Now that's really brilliant.

Wayne Dowler

The Heritage Classic Meet was held at Waterfront Park in North Vancouver on August 20th this year. This annual event, which is sponsored by the Jaguar and MG Clubs, was in its 42nd year, making it the longest running Jaguar and MG show in North America. It has been supported by our members for many years.

This year saw sunny skies and warm temperatures. A beautiful circle of E type Jags was set up in the centre of the park. Quite a stunning display. Many other classic British cars adorned the grassy field in this pristine venue by the water.

Sixteen motorcycles were on display, almost all of which were owned by BMOC members. Norton, Velocette, BSA and Triumph, all the usual suspects, were in attendance.

The "Best in Show", as chosen by the Esteemed Panel of Judge, Vito Donatillo of the Jaguar club, was BMOC club member Gil Yarrow for his meticulously prepared 1960 BSA Super Rocket. Gil was awarded an engraved beer tankard by Jaguar club Past President Krista Briggs. Honourable Mention went to Jim Hagerty for his elegant 850 Norton Commando.

Congratulations to both Gil and Jim and thanks to all members who brought their bikes out to show to an appreciative group of enthusiasts.



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Restorations and servicing by Elwood Powley and Anthony Nicholson

Unique opportunity!

I'm running out of garage space, and something has to give. I've owned this bike for the last 35 years, so now it's someone else's turn...

1969 BSA B44 Victor Special 441cc.

I bought it as the second owner in 1976 in the UK, and it's still in original condition with 42 years of patination. It's never been restored, and includes the original Dunlop front tire complete with British air! (The rear tire is a French-made Dunlop Trials Champion dating from around 1980.) The alloy gas tank has the inevitable minor dent predating my ownership, but I've always kept it in a garage.

The motor has been rebuilt twice (bad aftermarket big end the first time), and is now in excellent working shape, benefiting from 35 years of acquired experience and collected wisdom. The engine has a factory bottom end and rod (only the factory seems to have been able to put them together right), new +0.020" piston with Hepolite rings, and the cylinder head rebuilt with new valves. The carburetor has been re-sleeved and I installed Boyer ignition, an external oil filter, and a 19-tooth countershaft sprocket for better streetability. Rick Brown repainted the oil tank and sidecover.

The bike is usually a first-kick starter (if you do it right—there's a technique) and runs nicely. It's been featured in Motorcycle Classics, RoadRUNNER and Canadian Biker. Links:

"<http://www.motorcycleclassics.com/motorcycle-reviews/1969-BSA-441-Victor-Special.aspx>" <http://www.motorcycleclassics.com/motorcycle-reviews/1969-BSA-441-Victor-Special.aspx>

"<http://www.roadrunner.travel/article-5924.php>" <http://www.roadrunner.travel/article-5924.php>

There are also a number of pictures of the Victor at "<http://www.flickr.com/bikewriter>" www.flickr.com/bikewriter.

Bike is in Ladner.

\$3,995.00 special offer to BMOC members—or it goes on Craigslist! Email robert@smith.bc.ca



1971 BSA Thunderbolt cafe. This bike is in excellent condition and road ready. If you are looking for an easy starting, reliable, strong running british cafe that needs nothing but gas, give Richard a call. The bike has had a total engine rebuild, electronic ignition, and lots of custom one off billet aluminum parts. It has street tracker type bars on it at the moment but clip-ons with cables are also included plus other extras. Priced right at \$3000 Contact RichardBrooks 250-494-4012 Summerland B.C.

WANTED:

Looking for late '60s BSA A-65 fibreglass sidecovers (twin carb); SLS front wheel and mudguard; also headlamp shell rotary switch, foot pegs, and propstand.

Terry Walker 604-879-2582

Motorcycle Lift/Jack "Torin",

Hydraulic, Pedal operated, Lift 15", Capacity 1,500 lbs, Adjustable deck, Side stabilizers, Lockable castors, Like new \$95.

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