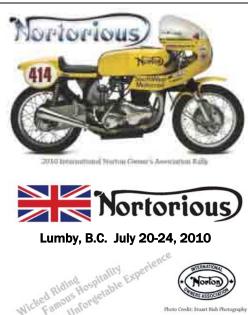


## **STUFF**



The Okanagan and Vancouver BMOC are hosting 'Notorious' the 2010 International Norton Owner's Association Annual Rally.

The rally is being held in Lumby, from July 20-24, 2010. Rally Information, maps and schedules are posted on BMOC website www.bmoc.ca

# **VOLUNTEERS NEEDED**

This is a major undertaking which will require many volunteers to pull it off. Vancouver members are encouraged to start making plans to attend and help at the event.

There is an immediate need for someone to organize and run the Concours d'Elegance event!

Contact George Cameron for details.



Dan Smith celebrates the successful start up of his beautiful reproduction Series A Vincent



# **EDITOR'S RANT**

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#### **GOOD VIBRATIONS**

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

#### September 2009

#### 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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Articles, reports, photographs, and ads may be emailed to editorgoodyibrations@telus.net

#### Bevin Jones

It's been a busy summer as you will read in this issue.

The Saltspring event was outstanding and a great get-away weekend. Thanks to everyone who made it a success.

A short trip to Saltspring made me realize that we live in a most beautiful part of the world yet often take it for granted. It takes out of town visitors to get us to visit the local sights and attractions. Maybe its time to slow the pace a bit and start smelling the roses.

The Club used to have frequent shorter rides which got us out into the local countryside but these planned and impromptu outings occur much less often now. Have we gotten too busy or too blasé? Or are we just losing interest?

The Club is changing too. Sometimes I wonder if it is still relevant. Sure, we have a thinly disguised interest in English motorcycles but I'm sure there are clubs with a common interest in road graders that make as much sense. Are we slowly turning into a social club?

I don't have any answers, however if you do, feel free to express them. Better yet, volunteer to run for a Club exec position at the upcoming Annual General meeting, there are going to be lots of positions available so you're sure to get elected!

Speaking of volunteering...we are going to need volunteers to properly organize and run the 2010 INOA 'Notorious' Rally in Lumby next July 20-24. So be prepared, make plans now for a vacation or time off. This is a full BMOC event not an Okanagan Chapter event. See the club website for details.

Well that's it for this tirade. Will someone please help me down off this damned soap box?

Cover - Island member Adrian Charman at the Salt Spring Isle of lamb event

#### Check out the BMOC website

# bmoc.ca





#### PRESIDENTS MESSAGE

#### Gerry Philbrick



It's been 3 year since you elected me to the position of president on the British Motorcycle Owners Club. Some thing I found quite funny at the time as I knew little about motorcycles, less about motorcycling and nothing about motorcyclist.

Three year later I now know a little more about Motorcycles, not much more about Motorcycling and am still in the dark about motorcyclist. I have no idea if I have done the job to your satisfaction or made any contribution to the club. I assume that re-election is a vote of confidence or am I totally naive to think I was the only one for the job.

I realized in the second year there was many of you that wish to take the post on but thought a challenge for the position may upset me. Well now the time has come to step down the saying goes 'when it stops being fun STOP' At the October AGM I will not be standing for committee and those of you that have been waiting in the wings to get to the power base of BMOC this is your opportunity.

I would like to thank those members of the club and committees that have encouraged me and help me try to understand this wonderful club. I apologize for my methods the only know one way I know to do things is take me as I am.

As I said a the beginning my expertise with motorbikes was small I have played all my life with classic cars at 18 my car was a 1936 Austin Ten and have had mean since and most of the British classics. 36 years later I decided to get a motorbike before time ran out I rode one just one year from 16 to 17 years old and 3 months of that was in hospital. With my return to riding I was more nerves than a virgin at an orgy, and thank those of you that have help and encourage me to ride. It's gotten a bit out of hand with a total of 8 bikes going through my garage not to mention the anguish that Lesley has had to put up with. Not least the accident on the Velocette.

The one big thing that I have found out in this short time with this club is bike riders are much friendlier than car club members. Thanks again for the experience and I will be happy to give the next president the benefit of my vast expertise with motorcycle club things and that's funny also. I also have to inform you that another position will become vacant in October after many years of sterling service to this club as our treasurer Paddy Mahaffey will be standing down also. I would like to thank him on behalf of all the club members for his excellent work looking after our finances over the last 9 years.

For those of you who don't know yet, club stalwart Bill Sarjeant is relocating from the coast to Okanagan. Bill's new home is in West Bank. Bill organized the annual Duffy Lake Ride and the long rides to the INOA rallies so I'm sure we'll still see him. Stay in touch Bill, and keep those reports and pictures coming.



# **SALTSPRING ISLE OF LAMB TT 2009**

#### Ian Bardsley

Our annual sojourn to the bucolic and eclectic home of lambs and artists took place on June 27/28 and I am pleased to report that it was a great success.

Attendance was perhaps the highest we have experienced since BMOC took over the event, with over 65 being served dinner. There were also a large number of coming and goings by casual visitors during the afternoon which probably raised the total attendance to over 80.

Would it truly be a Saltspring Campout without *some* rain? Of course not - the weather Gods blessed this event with a sustained sprinkling in the evening, but spirits were not doused. The rain relented mid-evening and we enjoyed a campfire and entertainment courtesy of Norm and Elizabeth Chamberlain.

Since we have opened the event to nonmembers it has reverted somewhat to it's former status as a "Classic Bike" event. A stalwart British contingent was complemented by number of interesting foreign classic and modern rides.

A few years back, when our minds and bodies were more able to handle the rigors of camping, the Club hosted several campouts (Birkenhead, Island, Princeton, Positive Earth Rally). Only Saltspring remains and is a great opportunity to renew acquaintances with some of our members who live outside the Lower Mainland. With members from the Okanagan, the Gulf Islands, Vancouver Island and Lower Mainland, this imperative was fulfilled.

Many thanks to Geoff and Sue May for catering the sumptuous beef and turkey dinner we all enjoyed, to Allen Larsen for his logistical support (tables, canopies, garbage etc) and to Ian Clements for the use of his camping facilities.



After an absence of several years, the dreaded Ally reappeared at Saltspring this year doing his famous Booze Fighters imitation aboard Henry's Mystery Bike



A few of the 65 dinner customers. There was plenty of beef , turkey and fixing's for second helpings!



Geoff and Sue May did it again! Not only did they purchase, transport and cook but their trailer provided shade, shelter and logistical support throughout the event. Well done and thanks!

#### WATCHING BIG BROTHER - PART II

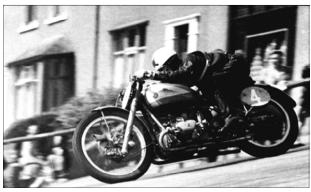
#### **Ed Hargreaves**

Bernard remembers with affection the Duggie's front brake an effective leading link forks, also the indestructible valve gear with its lightened rockers and triple valve springs operated by short alloy pushrods. The torsion bar rear suspension was something he had to put up with, but at a later date he added car type friction dampers

to tame the rear end.

He certainly wasn't too thrilled with the primitive lubrication system which used a car style vane-type oil pump which, in turn, caused a lot of bottom end failures and much unwanted external lubrication via the breather. Nor was he pleased with the poor quality alloy crankcases which usually fatigued below the cylinder bases.

For I.O.M. Clubman's T.T. races there were rules which allowed only a specified amount of tuning, but in



those days, for short circuit Bernard on the "Duggie", at Bray Hill, I.O.M. 1952 Junior Clubman's TT

Clubman's racing you were free to experiment as long as the engine capacity stayed correct for the class that you raced in. And Bernard did experiment! One time he upped the Duggie's compression ration to 14.5:1 and fueled the motor with methanol. This did nothing for to improve reliability but did turn the bike into a rocket ship that would fly past a 350cc Norton Manx before the inevitable metal fatigue or crankshaft failure cut activities short.

The Douglas company was struggling to survive and did not listen to suggestions from Bernard and other riders on improvements to the 90 plus lubrication system but they did continue supplying him with engines - thirteen of them in two seasons racing, and he won his share of short circuit races with them. He loved racing the Duggie in spite of the reliability problems, he says it tracked and steered perfectly and that he had felt that he could "thread it through the eye of a needle"; he is convinced that if the engine problems had been sorted out the BSA Gold Star story would be a little less sparkling!



Bernard on the Tiger 100 in the 1952 Senior Clubman's TT

Sometime in 1951, he had a meeting with Allan Jeffries, the Triumph dealer from Shipley in Yorkshire, and was promised the loan of a Triumph Tiger 100 for the 1952 I.O.M. senior Clubman's T.T. So, in 1952 Bernard was entered in both Junior and Senior races. He rode the Duggie in the Junior. It lasted a full race, but with poor results, finishing way down the field. The race was won by Eric Housley, B.S.A. finishing second in his first ever I.O.M. T.T. ride.

Three days later, under clear blue skies, eighty seven riders competed in the Senior. Bernard was on the Tiger 100 and from a standing start



Edward Turner, head of Triumph Motorcycles congratulates Bernard on his Senior TT victory

he set the fastest lap of the race with a time of 27 min. 16 sec. (average speed 83.05 m.p.h.). This was faster than 1951 speeds but still not threatening Geoff Duke's 1949 Senior Clubman's time of 27 min. 3 sec. It should be noted that Duke's time was set on his second lap, with a flying start, his first lap from a standing start was 16 sec. slower than Bernard's standing start lap! Positions remained the same during the second lap with Bernard still leading the pack, his lap time increased by 11 sec. but there was no real threat from second place man Ken James on his Norton

Bernard and his pit crew (our Dad) had decided that the four lap race could be run without a stop to refuel. We had never heard of anyone doing this and spectators expected him to pit at the end of the second or third lap, but he gave dad the thumb's up as he sped along the Glencrutchery Road and started his third lap without stopping.

Up in the grandstand, Triumph boss, Edward Turner sent 'his man" down to the pit area to ask when Bernard was coming in to refuel. "He isn't", answered my Dad. This brought Mr. Turner himself to the pits. "Look, if he doesn't come in to refuel, he's going to run out and lose the race", he said, "bring him in for goodness sake." "Tell you what Mr. Turner", said Dad, "if you can stop him, I'll fill him up".

Even the boss from Meriden couldn't stop Bernard and the Tiger now. By the end of the third lap he

was 35 sec. ahead of second man James. Bernard was the first across the finish line at the end of the fourth lap with a race winning time of 1 hr. 49 min. 50 sec. (average speed 82.45 m.p.h.).

After the race it was discovered that the right hand side rear wheel spindle nut and washer were missing. This explained why the bike became a handful about half way through the second lap causing Bernard to have giant blisters on both of his hands, but not enough to wipe the giant victory grin off his face!



to wipe the giant Grins all round after the 1952 Clubman's TT. Bernard is holding the Senior trophy victory grin off his with his left hand while in his right is a replica of the missing rear axle nut which was presented to him by Edward Turner.



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### **ROCKY MOUNTAIN RENDEZVOUS REPORT**

#### Bill Sarjeant

BMOC was well represented at this year's INOA Rally, "Rocky Mountain Rendez-Vous" held in Mancos, Colorado.

A total of eight BMOC members rode their motorcycles to Mancos when many others who lived much closer, elected to use trailers. The event was not as well attended as the 2007 Torrey, Utah, rally but none-the-less, was considered to be a success despite these recessionary times!

Both Gil Yarrow and John McKenzie should be commended for riding the distance and showing well during the final judging. Gil should further be recognized for being the only contestant who managed to wrap his bike in plastic two days prior to the final event and not be tempted to take it out on the many rides.

Gil took three awards at the event, first place stock original 750 Commando, longest distance rider, and oldest rider!

The highlight of the event for Doug Dibbens and I was the incredible ride through five states and the visits to Yellowstone, Teton National Park, Mesa Verde and the historic towns of Silverton, Colorado and Cody, Wyoming. We also rode the Beartooth Pass whose switchbacks and 11,000 foot elevation are unrivalled in North America.

We also included a visit to Colorado Norton Works where the owner Matt was gracious enough to show us the operation and several Nortons under construction. By the way, the entry level price for a CNW build is USD\$24.5K (not including the donor bike) with one custom unit at the \$55K mark! The standards and build quality were beyond reproach but that is a bit rich for most riders!

All told, Doug, John McKenzie and I completed 4300km on the way to Mancos and Doug and I finished at a total of 8300km.

I will not be in a rush to see a motorcycle seat for a while!

John McKenzie, BMOC Okanagan Chapter beside his modified 850 Commando, before placing 2<sup>nd</sup> in the Custom Touring Class. The beard and the shirt added a nice touch John!



Bill and Doug visit Old Faithful in Yellowstone on the way to the INOA Rally in Mancos, Colorado



Breakfast and gas in Dolores, Colorado about 100 miles from Mancos on the way to the rally



### THE FIRST DAY OF THE REST OF MY LIFE

# On using a Triumph Bonneville the way it is meant to be used Nigel Spaxman

This is a completely non fictional account of what happened Friday evening June 5 2009. I was looking forward to a new beginning, so I decided to start up my '71 Triumph Bonneville that I had stored away for a few years. I had owned this machine since I was 19.

I bought it as a worn out chopper for \$350.00. I rebuilt it into something nice, fairly stock. I rode this machine every summer for years and years, even though I owned several other machines. I took my holidays on it. It fit me really well. I have altered it to suit me and I have grown very used to it. I wore out the original engine that I had rebuilt in 50,000 miles, and installed another one. It still kept giving me pleasure to ride it. This model is considered a bit of a mistake by many Triumph purists, the actual truth is they are excellent. Then a few years ago a Guzzi 850 Lemans had gotten in the way. For the first time in my life I rode one machine only that year. The idea of the Guzzi was to do less tinkering and more riding, giving me more time for my Vincent project.

Anyway it was time for a new start so I rolled the bike out of the shed. It was pretty dusty and oily. Before putting it away I had drained the tank, and carburetors and sprayed the whole bike with WD40. The battery had of course been removed. A few bits had been stolen for other machines. The tachometer cable was missing and the mirror. Even a few light bulbs had been stolen. I had known that I would ride this bike again. I had always told myself I would never part with this machine. I had installed a new seat to replace the cracked and several times repaired and recovered one that I had used for years. This new seat was a bargain, from British and Italian I thought at \$350.00, more or less what I had paid for the machine when I acquired it. It is great that you can still buy a new seat for a 38 year old motorcycle. I started preparing it for the road. I installed a battery that I had charged for a few hours. It was an old battery but I thought it would be good because I had charged it several times during the winter. I checked the engine and transmission oil. I poured a few liters of gas in the tank. Gas started dripping from one of the carburetors. I thought the fuel line might have gone hard so I wrapped some haywire around the hose to tighten it. It still leaked so I examined the source of the leak. It was a little higher up at the joint of the float bowl. I could see one of the screws that holds the bowl on was missing. This made me laugh to myself because just the day before my friend Niels had dropped by. Stinking of gas he told me he needed a float bowl screw. He had been riding his 69 Norton back from work with his left hand holding the float bowl on after one of the screws had fallen out.

I should describe Niels because you know what a 69 Norton Fastback looks like but it is good to visualize the owner of this machine. Niels is a tall thin man in his mid 40s, a millwright by trade. He might look a bit older because he has led a pretty hard life. His voice is like sandpaper. He fronts sometimes for a rockabilly band. He is one of the coolest guys you can know. He lives life for the moment. He is wearing as you might expect, black jeans, black DOA tee shirt, work boots, a black leather jacket and a Davida helmet with aviator goggles. After my new beginning I want to be more like him, but actually I am already cut from the same cloth. I was actually dressed the same way but my shirt said Fringe, instead of DOA, and I had a Vintage Stadium helmet and sunglasses.

Anyway back to the bike, leak solved, battery installed, time to kick it over. Two kicks and she starts. The crisp bark of the straight through Burgess type "silencers" is very refreshing after the deep muted rumble of my new Moto Guzzi V11s, carbon Mistral cans that I had enjoyed earlier in the week. I decide everything is OK so I take off for the gas station for more gas and some air. The machine was dirty, but I could clean it tomorrow. The machine accelerates down the road with the nice sound, but at first it feels like the brakes are on compared with my V11 which although heavier also probably has double the horsepower. But the amazing thing is how wonderful I feel. The sun is beginning to turn orange and it is a perfect evening for a ride. In Vancouver summer evenings are incredibly beautiful and prolonged. I can hear all the mechanisms in the engine working properly. The machine has an amazing mechanical presence. I had planned when I

left to get gas and air, and then ride down River Road to the super market to buy some milk and dish soap. After getting gas and air the bike was handling properly now. I banked it around a right hand corner and dragged my toe on the ground. These bikes handle really nicely even with worn shocks, swing arm bushings and steering head bearings. I am so used to what this bike can do even after not riding it for two years. It is amazing. Riding back past my house on River Road I realize that I would like to go further than just the store because the ride is so nice and everything is perfect. Cottonwood fluff is drifting through the air and River Road looks like a dream. So I enjoy a slow cruise down River Road. There is no point in going fast because it would just make the ride be over sooner. I cross over the Queensborough Bridge into Burnaby. As I rode along Marine Drive I thought I might drop in on a friend and see if she wanted to come with me. As I detoured past her house and saw her boyfriend's BMW in the driveway I knew that idea was not going to work, so I continued. I went into Marpole and I saw Niels on his Norton pulling into the Safeway parking lot. He saw me too so he waited. He said "wait here I just have to pick up my



The two amigos, Niels and his '69 Commando café on the left, Nigel and his '71 Bonnie which he has owned since he was 19!

prescription and then we can go for a ride". As I sat and waited for Niels, a guy in a truck asked about Niel's bike. He wanted to know what year it was and whether it was a BSA or a Matchless. I didn't actually know what year the bike was. Niels came out of the store. We looked like two bad men. Actually we are more like boys on our bicycles out having fun.

We left the Safeway and headed down Marine Drive towards UBC. There was quite a bit of traffic. The traffic thinned as we neared UBC and so we passed a few cars and began to speed up. My bike was making this great noise and had a new noise. While decelerating there would be a popping in the exhaust. This noise added a lot of fun to the ride We approached the part of the road where the speed limit is 80 kms. I still call it the 50 (MPH) stretch. The road was deserted. Niels speeded up and pulled away. I was not prepared to go fast; I had to put my sunglasses back on first. After doing that I took off after Niels. He had slowed a bit after realizing I was still going slow so I blasted by him at about 90MPH. (who really knows

with our old Smiths instruments) Niels leant down into the wind and wound it on to catch up. We blasted by a conservative looking guy on a BMW looking kind of bike at about 110. We slowed a lot for the curvy bit near Wreck Beach, and then made our way down the hill to Spanish Banks. By now the sun had set but it was still light. The cops had set up a road block to check for alcohol at the beach I guess. Lucky they didn't stop us because I found out later Niels had forgotten to bring is wallet. This was funny because I remembered quite a few years before we had been stopped nearby and the cops had found out that Niels had no motorcycle endorsement on his license.

We decided to stop at the pier. We went and looked to see what people were fishing for. Then we decided to go up to the balcony of the sailing center for a beer. Here is the best view in Vancouver. We decided to sit with the other motorcyclist who it turned out was the BMW kind of guy. He commented on our blast past him. I think he had enjoyed it as much as us the sound was incredible apparently. His name was Paul and actually his bike was a tricked out KLR 650. I went to get some beer but returned with cider instead. It turned out that many years ago Paul had been involved in Diamond drilling as I still am, and he knew some of the same people. A girl came by asking for a light so Niels went downstairs to have a smoke with her. I talked with Joe a bit about how amazing this old bike is and I could see Niels chatting with the girl downstairs. It is too bad that smoking is so disgusting because there obviously are some good things about it. Niels came back upstairs. Niels tells hilarious stories. He was talking about drug testing at the place where he works. Apparently they have testing for new employees. They had decided to hire 15 summer students from UBC, 14 of them had failed the test! Like a lot of places now days Niels mill had recently had a lot of lay offs. Niels had been at the mill for 23 years so he had enough seniority to stay, but he also could have been laid off with a \$100,000 severance package. He had decided to stay! I started to realize the Niels was a bit more like me than I thought. I have been where I work for 25 years. I am sure I will never leave. I guess we are determined, that might also be why we stick with these old machines.

We left the patio and went back to our bikes. Niels had to mess with something to make his headlight work. As we got near the Youth Hostel my bike stalled, I had to restart it. It seemed to be popping a bit more and I worried a bit that something was going wrong, but then it settled down. I just had to remember the strange way you have to operate the throttle when you have worn out Amal carburetors. I have gotten used to this method so it is no longer necessary for me to replace mine, which are way past worn out.

We headed back along the beaches. I was a bit surprised that Niels wanted to go this way because we had seen the road block. Niels is so cool he knew the cops would have moved away from there by now. We went ahead, without a worry, retracing our route back. We split up around Marpole near where Niels lives. We had a great ride together I asked Niels if he wanted to do it again tomorrow and he said, "it's a date". I headed home over the Arthur Laing Bridge. There are some very nice corners near the off ramps and the on ramps to the bridge to Lulu Island which I carved just as confidently as I would on my V11. I cruised back along River Road under a beautiful moon. And it was the first night of the rest of my life.

# October 8, 2009 - 7:30 PM - BMOC Annual General Meeting

Burnaby Lake Rugby Clubhouse, Sprott & Sperling, Burnaby



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#### **DUFFEY LAKE RIDE**

#### Photos Bill Sarjeant, Bevin Jones

The weather cooperated for this year's Duffey Lake event, just a few sprinkles on the way to Horseshoe Bay but dry for the ride. Approximately 16 riders started out from Troll's with a dozen doing the complete ride. There were still a few construction areas on the Sea -to-Sky but generally the road was excellent. There was an extensive delay because of a downed power pole at Function Junction but other than that traffic was manageable.

The sun was out by the time we stopped for fuel in Pemberton and the rest of the ride was in sunshine. They are repaving sections of the Duffey and we had to deal with a 15 km gravel section in the alpine just east of the Joffery Lake Park but everyone made it unscathed. They are also replacing some of the one lane bridges with two laners but there were no delays there.

The BC Hydro viewpoint at Seton Lake was a welcome stop, then on to Lillooet for lunch. Unknown to us, while we were having lunch at one spot a group from the Okanagan Chapter were eating just up the road (need to coordinate that next year).

From Lillooet the group split for the homeward portion, some returning over the Duffey and the rest heading towards Lytton and the Fraser Canyon loop.

Highway 1 from Lytton has been repaved and is in great shape. Traffic was virtually non-existent since the Coqihalla tolls have been lifted. Our plan was to take Highway 7 from Hope but we ran into a huge bicycle rally in support of cancer research and so completed the loop on the freeway.

Thanks to Bill Sarjeant for organizing the event.



A long line of cancer fundraising bicycle riders caused the group to have to detour via Highway 1



The usual suspects, plus a few, line up in front of Troll's Restaurant in Horseshoe Bay awaiting the starters flag



A 10 km long queue and long wait on the Sea to Sky waiting for hydro crews to replace a damaged power pole at Function Junction



It's nice to see Brit bikes on the ride. This is one of Gil's "other bikes" a 1968 Bonneville which performed flawlessly. Too bad about the mud though!



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#### 1956 BSA B31 (350 single)

Immaculate condition, but hasn't run in the last 4 years due to my knee replacement. It was running well before my operation! See photos below Asking \$5900 O.B.O.

John Preston (604) 538-9130 Email dijopreston@telus.net



#### 2002 Triumph Sprint RS

Black, 18,000 km, Many extras- rear hugger fender, bar risers, 'Busa 6 pot calipers, Triumph tank bag & soft panniers, ST grab bar, fresh Metzelers, and both manuals. I'm just not tall enough to fit it. I bought Nigel Spaxman's old '80 Guzzi Lemans.

\$6000 OBO.'

Gord Matovich, Kelowna Email gordonzo2@shaw.ca

#### 1972 GREEVES 250 cc GRIFFON MX Model 60

Greeves motor, tubular frame, Ceriani forks, Albion box. Stored inside for many years. Mechanically sound. Needs full cosmetic restoration and minor fettling.

The price of \$1500 includes Greeves service book, parts list, and \$400 in new original spares.

Tel 604 542 6333

Email gingertom@shaw.ca

When cutting tubing (handlebars etc.) with a hacksaw try slipping a Jubilee (hose) clamp over the tubing and tighten it at the cutting mark. Rest your hacksaw against the edge of the clamp and with a little care the cut will be perfectly square.

### TIRE STORAGE LIMITS

#### Jim Bush

I wanted to know how long tire will last before first installation – in cool, dark, dry basement and I found this info re tires date codes and storage info.

Motorcycle tires are covered by similar regulations as passenger car tires and the US government requires ALL tires that operate on the street to have the same form |TEL (604) 738-9505 of tire serial numbers.

First locate the letters "DOT" on the sidewall of the tire. Nearby will be the DOT code. DOT codes are 10 to 12 digits long. BTW the digits can be numbers or

The first 2 digits are a code for the manufacturing plant.

The next 2 digits are a code for the tire size.

747 t Edmands St

Burnaby BC V3N 186 (604) 525 8144

The next 3 or 4 digits are a code for the type of tire.

The last 3 or 4 digits are the date code. The format is week/week/year/year or week/week/year. These are always numbers.

Starting in the year 2000, the date coding used was 4 digits. That means the largest number you should see for the year is 09. Before 1999 the format was 3 digits. 1999 and 2000 are transition years, so you will find both 3 and 4 digits.

The date code only has to be on one side – and it is permissible for there to be a partial DOT code, so long as one side has the complete code.



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The issue of shelf life is being hotly debated. There is one school of thought that says under the proper conditions a tire can last almost forever. Needless to say this would require extraordinary storage conditions and those just do not exist in the real world.

But there is a school of thought that says that unusually harsh storage conditions have to be considered in any statement that is published to the general public.



# HERITAGE SHOW, DEAS ISLAND PARK

## Gerry Philbrick

The 14<sup>th</sup> August was the BMOC Show N Shine run by the Jag and MG car clubs, and what a splendid day it was.

My nagging worked, even though some of the regulars were unable to attend because of more important engagements (you are excused). They were replaced by different bikes, a Moto Guzzi, Yamaha, BMW and a member riding all the way from east of Mission to attend with wife as pillion, great stuff.

At the show were the usual Norton's, Triumphs and bikes I had not seen before, Vincent, Douglas, Sunbeam, Brough Superior and a fantastic Fanny B.

The Jag/MG put on a great day with the Midget Toss (in order to be PC a MG Midget crankshaft was tossed) and the vegetable car race, it would have been nice for the club to have entered a vegetable motorcycle and won the race.

The evening BBQ event at the Delta Inn we will not forget it in a hurry, including the Brass band, souvenir chocolate and a door prize of a MGA car for 24 hours. Ann and Peter Tilbury (member of BMOC) and his helpers worked there back sides off (although you would not notice any change in Peter's). The night was just fantastic. I had paid to enter the Sunday events but because of the bike accident could not go. I hope some of you did as I'm sure this was a success also, did any one get the free glider lessons in? Let us know.

I hope I'm still around for the MG/ JAG fiftieth anniversary I'll definitely not miss it. Thanks for inviting us MG/Jag owners





Prez Gerry guards the bikes with his Velocette walker close at hand in case he needs to pursue a malingerer



While Robert Smith and Gil Yarrow got into the spirit of the event, Terry Linnitt appeared disgusted with the goings on



Pete Gagan's 1927 Brough Superior and aluminum cigar sidecar was a crowd favourite. Pete rode the Brough to the event but it went home on the trailer due to a stripped valve cover

#### A BANTAM COMES HOME TO ROOST

#### Bevin Jones

I recently read an interesting blog by a photographer named Mike Johnston (theonlinephotographer.com) in which he refers to a concept becoming known as "the trough of no value."

The premise is that an object has a value when it is new and over the course of time that value drops as the object is superseded, improved or simply becomes outdated. The value continues to decline as the object transcends into "junk" status until finally it can't even be given away. This is the low point from which most objects never recover. However as fashions change there is a remote chance that an object may be considered by society to be "retro", "collectible" or "antique" and its value begins to increase leaving behind a trough of low (or no) value.

This concept hold true with British motorcycles. History shows that although a 1930's Brough-Superior was an expensive items which only the wealthy could afford, by the 1960's most people considered them to be "just old motorcycles", and thus of very little value. They remained "old motorcycles" until collectors became interested at which point they became "vintage" and prices steadily rose. Because of their high initial price few Brough's were actually scrapped while in the trough, but this does not hold true for cheaper bikes, such as the lowly BSA Bantam.

The mass-produced Bantam designed to be cheap transport when new and value quickly declined as "new-improved" and more exciting models were introduced. Bantams became the playthings of young boys, and, were literally ridden into the ground and discarded. But today there is a segment of the population (mainly Brit baby-boomers) who hold the Bantam in fond regard, thus value and prices are rising.

Now the point of this ramble is that while tens of thousands of BSA Bantams were built at Small Heath only a handful of original examples remain.

One of the most original recently surfaced in Vancouver. The bike is a 1950 Model D1 that was shipped to Fred Deeley Motorcycles and sold new in 1952. The original owner rode it for 13,000 miles and then for some reason, he parked it in his house.

The bike remained parked until the owner was preparing to sell the house and move to a retirement home. The Bantam was literally sold with the house, and transferred into the new homeowner's name. The new owner had no interest in motorcycles and the bike remained parked until he too was preparing to sell the house at which time he kindly donated the Bantam to the Deeley Motorcycle Exhibition.

The Bantam is in stunning condition for a 59 year old survivor. After a thorough cleaning and waxing the bike is in near show room condition. The bike bears the "Sold by Fred Deeley" metal tag and its tool box has a "Use Castrol Motor Oil" sticker (Deeley was the B.C. distributor of Castrol products in 1952). That same tool box contained the original tools, a grease gun and a new KLG spark plug. The rubber bulb horn and tire pump still work and the tires still hold air (albeit only for a week or so). The bike underwent some



repairs to the rear fender stays in the past but remains quite original. The rubber covering on the high tension lead has cracked and perished and the badly rusted silencer has been temporarily replaced with a pattern item until the original can be rechromed and replaced.

The engine spins freely and plans are afoot to get it running this winter.

The Bantam is presently on display as part of the End of Empire exhibition of British motorcycles at the Deeley Motorcycle Exhibition, 1875 Boundary Rd., Vancouver.

#### **HRD 'SERIES A' NUMBER 80**

#### Bevin Jones

There must be something in the water here on the west coast that causes a couple of locals to go a little crazy on their projects. Of course I'm talking about Paul Brodie and Dan Smith .

Both these gents have built non-existent motorcycles from as little as a single photo. Paul chose to replicate the American built 1919 Excelsior overhead cam board track racer, while Dan selected the 1934 AJS V4. Both men displayed formidable machine and foundry skills in bringing these projects to completion. Neither lets the grass grow under their feet, Paul is building a series of 10 of his Excelsior's, Dan, meanwhile went ahead and built a late 1930's Vincent HRD Series A. Only 79 Series A's were built in the day, this then is the 80th.

The 'who's who' of BC's vintage motorcycle scene were present at Dan's Vancouver home on August 1 for the unveiling and start up of the Series A. The lane and garage were filled with classic bikes such as (but not limited to) Ariel Square-4, 2 Gold Stars, Indian Chief, Triumph 6-1, 2 late 1930's Harley knuckleheads,

AJS V4, Harley K H, Matchless Silver Hawk, BSA Empire Star, Norton Commando café racer, a smattering of BMWs, Harley Aermacchi 350, at least 5 Vincents and for car buffs Dale Baston's 1971 Alfa Romeo 'Montreal'!

The piece d'resistance of course was the amazing green, black and chrome Series A in HRD livery. Dan also had an interesting



'It's alive", after 3 kicks the 80th Series A roars to life!

display of moulds which were used for casting a variety of engine and frame parts along the walk.

At the appointed hour Dan tickled and mounted the beast, set the controls and kicked it through. The engine caught after 3 kicks and soon settled down to a rhythmic tick-over. Once convinced that the oil was circulating, Dan moved the bike to the lane an donned his riding gear.

The bike was a little reticent, and to avoid having Dan collapse from the heat a push crew was hastily assembled. With this urging the bike fired right up and Dan rode off around the corner, he reappeared at the opposite end of the lane several minutes later with a grin so wide that it stretched the sides of his full face helmet!

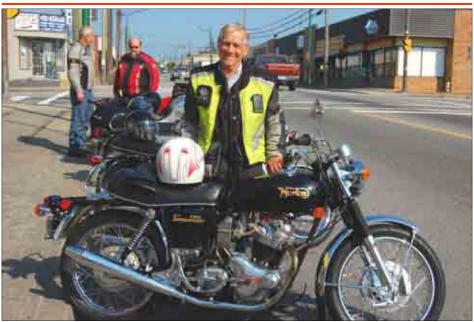
Robert Watson then had a go, the bike started first kick (perhaps Robert has a knack with Vincents) and then he too passed from sight. The group began suspecting that he had trouble because he was gone so long. He finally returned down the lane at a great rate of speed with both his hands raised above his head, shouting "this is unrideable!".

Another amazing accomplishment - well done Dan!

#### FOR SALE

1971 Triumph TR6R, 650cc, good condition with new motor \$6,000 - Will take BSA 250 in part trade Gerald (604) 831-5846

# **GIL GETS SOME GOOD-NATURED ADVICE**



Young Gil Yarrow attended a recent Sunday breakfast aboard his award-winning 750 Commando. Gil took three awards at the INOA Rally, first place stock original 750 Commando, longest distance rider, and oldest rider!



Gil's Commando was subjected to an extremely thorough examination and critical scrutineering by the "Big Six Concours Committee". A reticent Gil left with a longish list of deficiencies that he "had better attend to" if he expected to be on the podium at Lumby next year. "Monashee judges will be far tougher than Rockies judges", he was cautioned!

# **FILM CLIPS**



The Duffey Lake Ride group at the Seton Lake lookout just before arriving in Lillooet (before the forest fire).



Isle of Lamb host, Ian Clement's Vincent



Geoff and Sue's fifth wheel served as the social center at the Isle of lamb providing shelter from sun and rain



The campfire is an Isle of Lamb ritual. Falling face first into it is also.



Norm and Elizabeth Chamberlain provided the after dinner entertainment.