



NEWSLETTER of the WESTCOAST BRITISH MOTORCYCLE OWNERS CLUB

Sept 2022

October 13th meeting AGM Election of Officers and Directors



Above Left Frontier Rally, Above Right Riondel, Article & photos Bevin Jones. Bottom Riders at Trolls ready to set out on the Duffey Lake Ride photo Wayne Dowler



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BMOC ADMINISTRATION FOR 2020-2021**BMOC EXECUTIVE**

Past President, Nigel Spaxman, nigelspaxman@gmail.com

President, Geoff May, geoffmay@telus.net

Vice President, Daryl Brown, dbrown@djblaw.ca

Secretary, Robert Smith, t695sprint@icloud.com

Treasurer, Ian Bardsley, bmoc.treasurer@gmail.com

Review Committee: Mya Davidson, Todd Copan, Eric Hutton, Colin Kelly, Joe Li, and Nigel Whittaker.

MEETINGS

General meetings are held monthly on the second Thursday at 7:30 PM at the Burnaby Rugby Club at the east end of Sprott Street one block east of Kensington Avenue. Informal breakfast meetings are held every Sunday at 8:00 AM at Jim's Café located at 6th Street and 5th Avenue in New Westminster. Informal rides depart following breakfast, (see pg 20) weather permitting. Both are subject to COVID-19 regulations and currently postponed.

The West Coast British Motorcycle Club (BMOC) was established in 1985 and is a registered not for profit society dedicated to the preservation, restoration and use of British motorcycles. Our newsletter, Good Vibrations, is published five times a year and is intended to inform and entertain our members. Articles appearing in this newsletter do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the BMOC. Technical tips, views and opinions expressed in this newsletter are those of the authors and do not necessarily represent or reflect the position or policy of the editor or any other BMOC officers.

We welcome all contributions from our members; 'want' ads and 'for sale' ads are free to members. They must be limited to motorcycles or motorcycle related items. 'For Sale' ads are printed with the good faith that the seller's description of the goods is fair and accurate. The BMOC assumes no responsibility for the accuracy of the advertisements.

Articles, reports, photographs and ads may be Emailed to: gveditor2019@gmail.com

Visit the BMOC website, BMOC.ca for a full colour version of the Good Vibrations and the latest event calendar. Help us keep in touch. If you have changed your mailing address, phone number or email please inform the Club Secretary

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BCCOM
OF MOTORCYCLISTS

Mya Davidson, Ian Bardsley, Todd Copan, Geoff May, Daryl Brown.



President's Message

Hello everyone in the BMOC, I know this maybe long BUT there is a point at the end.

Geoff May and the BMOC history, I've always been mechanical ever since I was a kid growing up in Rhodesia in Africa, as the climate was tropical Motorcycles were a popular mode of transport and that's where I headed. Of course, like everyone we grow out of our teens, fall in love get married and have a family, at which point the motorcycles get forgotten or put on the back burner. I immigrated to Canada in 1978 spending the first 13 years on the east coast in Nova Scotia. 1991 I moved to Alberta where I decided to get into a hobby, so I bought a 1971 Triumph Bonneville and did a ground up restoration. In 1995 I moved again to Vancouver BC buying a house in August in Cloverdale. In 1996 I went to the Tod's swap meet where I met Bevin Jones at the BMOC booth and got talked into joining up, there were only 65 members, and I was # 65. In July at a meeting there was discussion about the up coming Birkenhead camp out, I put in my two cents worth asking if there was a backup vehicle to be chase incase anyone breaks down, my wife Susan volunteered as we had a trailer. Later that year at the AGM I was nominated as "Rides Captain" which I accepted but got voted out, however I was nominated onto the review committee and accepted. 1997 I became rides captain, and I introduced the "Sunday Breakfast" at Cruisers Pitstop in Langley, we had many rides, and it became a CenterPoint of weekly get togethers. I got involved with many Christmas parties, Fall BBQs at my house and helping at others, organizing rides. In 1999 after the Saal Spring society was cancelling the "Isle of Lamb" my wife and I took it on and basically single handedly organized and catered the event until 2010 which was our last year. Now I am the president and still involved after 26 years, BUT I'm retiring as president.

Recently I had a discussion with someone about the direction of the club and it was brought up that we have more "Ex Members" than current members mostly because of the way things are done and the direction, simply I have a problem with this, if you are unhappy with the direction or the way events are handled then you should step up to the plate and make a difference. DON'T become a complaining "Ex Member", there is no sympathy from me about people that complain but don't do anything and if they want to be Ex members then that's what they should be BUT don't complain, they have no right to.

The point I'm making is I am an example, along with others that are like me, however we seem to be turning over the same 10 faces in different executive positions without any new direction. We need new people in the executive, so all key positions are open, president, Vice president, Treasurer, Secretary. I will be there for help and guidance as past president so some continuity will continue, BUT we need new people at the helm.

The BMOC needs you, don't be an ex-member that complains, step up and make a difference.

Thank you it's been fun, but I've been struggling the past 6 months, so I have to leave the position.

I would like to thank all the people that were on the executive with me it's been fun, and I appreciate all the help and input from each and every one of you.

Geoff May

Soon to be past president

HOW I SPENT MY SUMMER VACATION

by Bevin Jones

Or Went There, Got The Shirt

When the summer of 2022 finally arrived, she was a beauty!

The stars aligned with my calendar this year and I was able to ride and camp at four events, the Isle of Lamb in late June, Riondel Vintage Rally in early July, BMOC Princeton Camp Out in late July and Colin Kelly's Frontier Rally in mid August. The varied distances also meant that I could ride three different bikes to the events.

I easily packed 2 days worth of camping gear on the BSA Victor for the short run to the first event on Saltspring thanks to Peter Dent's repairs and gussets on the Victor's luggage rack. Plus a new battery meant there would be no repeat of last year's loud bang and then no bangs as the electronic ignition used up what smoke was left in the battery after stewing in the near 40 degree Saltspring "heat dome" had sizzled the life out of it, (luckily the failure occurred in Tsawwassen on the way home and Robert Smith was able to bail me out with his van).



I took the ferry to Fulford via Swartz Bay on Friday morning as the direct run to Long Harbour had "no reservations available for my vehicle type". I hooked up with Rick Fisher from Victoria on his immaculate 1960 Triumph Trophy 650 at Swartz Bay. I was the first off the ferry, with Rick behind, until he wasn't. It seems that one of his flip flops fell off the bike just after we left the ferry and he had to wait for the all of the ferry traffic to pass before he could cross the road to recover it!



A couple of the Isle of Lamb regulars were already on Ian's field, I set up my tent and tried out the brand new, never been abused, Port A Potty! Did you know that brand new Port A Potty's have a new plastic smell much like new cars do? A few more campers arrived and came and went, I went and picked up take-out sushi for dinner and spent the evening sipping scotch at the campfire (probably due to the wet spring there were no fire restrictions at either Saltspring, Riondel or Williams Lake this year).



On Saturday morning I headed into Ganges for the Saturday Market and a bratwurst, followed by a ride back to Ian Clement's via the "pretty way", as my aunt used to say. The Victor is the perfect vehicle for thumping around Saltspring. Several more bikes and campers had arrived including a large number of day-trippers from Victoria. We spent the afternoon lounging in the shade. There was no planned dinner this year but Ian and Alan provided a BBQ grill for those who desired to use it. The evening concluded with the usual chit-chat and telling of tall tales around the campfire (oh, and scotch).

Sunday morning was punctuated by the usual exhaust volume tests as tents were



folded and campers departed. I stayed around to see the arrival at the field of the Vancouver Island Tiddler Tour, about a dozen riders on various small motorcycles (mainly Japanese) arrived, including Rick Fisher, who having taken his flip-flops home on Saturday night, turned up on his period Vespa for the run.

In spite of the great weather this year's event was certainly of the low-key variety, attendance continued to dwindle, however those who participated seemed to enjoy it. Earlier in the year there were rumours that there may be music at the event this year, unfortunately it didn't come to pass so the shirt design was never printed. Now, I don't have enough t shirts in my wardrobe, so I had one printed as a one off, hence I got the shirt!



A couple of weeks later I was off to the Kootenays for the third event! The "39th Annual" Riondel Vintage Motorcycle Rally, which may or may not be the 39th but it doesn't matter; it's a venerable event and a personal favourite.

The Rally runs Friday to Sunday, but I make a road trip out of it. Since it's a 1600 km plus return trip I take my 650 VStrom, a Swiss Army knife of a motorcycle. I leave home on the Wednesday before the rally and camp at the municipal camp ground at Grand Forks that night. The camp ground is located in the city park in the heart of the town, tent sites are on a lush lawn shaded by trees, across the lawn is the Kettle River and it's an easy walk to downtown shops and services. In the evening deer graze on the lawn as you sip your après-dinner wine or scotch.



Thursday it's the long, steady climb over the Paulson Summit and Bonanza Pass and down into Castlegar (where Canadian Tire is handy to pickup any additional camping gear you may need/forgot). Then Baker Street in Nelson for lunch and a half hour further to Balfour for the Kootenay Bay ferry (free, but no priority loading for bikes, but sailings are frequent when both ferries are operating). Off the ferry and up the hill (note to Rick, secure your flip-flops before leaving the ferry) then left onto the 9km of twisties to the Lions Camp Ground in Riondel.

There is a new camp ground attendant this year, so checking in is in much more pleasant than in the past. I had booked a site which I thought was part of the sites booked for the rally, however things had changed and I had to change sites on Friday. No big deal, Lucia apologized and loaned me the wheelbarrow to move my gear to the new site. Each ferry brought a wave of riders to the site, most of the participants are from the Okanagan and Kootenays, and many are BMOC Okanagan members.

The pub at Riondel has new owners, but unfortunately they hadn't received their liquor permit in time for the rally so it was off to Crawford Bay for dinner (there is also a coffee shop in Riondel now, but its only open during coffee drinking hours). A north wind blew down the lake in the late afternoon complete with whitecaps and surf



providing a real storm-watching experience and making tent erection a challenge. Campfires were allowed this year which added to the kumbaya rally experience.

More participants arrived on Saturday including a visit by a group ride from the CBX rally in Nelson. After an afternoon of admiring vintage bikes, swapping tall tales with old acquaintances, kicking tires, relaxing, and swimming it was time for dinner. The Bird's and

Whittaker's maintained their usual high standards with this year's spread. Fixings for the burgers and salads were supplied by the Riondel Market, homemade bean casserole and deserts by Sherrill.

The rains came just after dinner had finished, heavy but not long lasting and soon cleared up to allow the night to be capped off with the usual carousing around couple of campfires.

Participants eager to catch the first ferry were striking camp and packing up at day break. John Mackenzie didn't have much to pack though; he forgot his tent and slept under a tarp on the ground.

I packed up, said my good byes and headed to Creston for brekkie, then east to visit my grandkids in Cranbrook, another part of my annual road trip tradition, and an 800 km ride home on Monday.

Perhaps it was the rain, or maybe the onset of old age, but things seemed to me to be a bit quieter and subdued this year but still a great event...and I got a shirt.

The third event was another shortish ride, the BMOC Princeton Camp Out featuring Geoff's Bunny Chow (a Durban, South Africa speciality). Since it's less than 3 hours door to tent, I decided to take my pseudo/retro/imitation British bike, that is, my 2020 Kawasaki W800.



I packed up late Friday morning intending to leave after lunch, however it was so hot, and I was beat, riding for 3 hours in 35 degree heat just wasn't in the cards, so I decided to forego the Friday revelry and head out early Saturday morning for a one nighter.

I was disappointed in the W800's performance on the Hope-Princeton. It's a nice bike for cruising around, good looking, good acceleration etc., but the mid-range "grunt" that you would expect from an 800cc twin is missing, it needs revs to perform, and I seemed to be constantly changing gears to keep it happy.

I arrived at the Princeton camp ground just after noon and was met by Geoff, who pointed out our tent sites and told me that the "others" had gone for a ride to Tulameen. I set up my tent; did I mention that it was hot? (37°C!) and lay down in it to get some shade and rest.

The others, Peter, Lyle, Patrick and Grant, returned from their ride, Jim Sinclair had

come over from Naramata in the morning but had gone home. We were joined briefly by a couple from Summerland on a 1951 Indian Chief. Then 9 more cylinders arrived, Tom Mellor and Red Boot Bob from the coast and Ken Jacobsen from Kelowna on their various triples, a T160 and 2 Rocket 3's. Camp was set up, lies were told and libations consumed. Lyle, Ken and Grant each took a cooling dip in the rippling Similkameen (it's a river, not a wine).

We gathered on the patio of Geoff's 5th wheel trailer and watched him prepare dinner, until he conscripted the group to make salads and Ken showed us how they cut peppers down at the fire hall. Dinner was served, South African Bunny Chow, curry served in a hollowed out half loaf of unsliced bread, or buns in our case, and no utensils required to eat it. Geoff had prepared 3 styles of lamb curry, 2 of the Durban variety, labelled hot and not so hot and an Arabian style, all were delicious. No campfire here but the campground was well lit.

I left early Sunday morning, gassed up and had breakfast in Princeton, and headed west. Great conditions, absolutely no traffic, keeping the revs up, all's well – but is it ever cold on the road. 37° during the afternoon but down to 15° overnight, and me in full mesh - mesh jacket, mesh pants, mesh gloves. It was extra cold from the Manning Park Lodge and up the Allison Pass, the highway turns north-west here and was in deep shadow until the Hope Slide – brrrr.



A stop for gas and a coffee at Whatcom Road (I love ordering a tall blonde at Starbucks) and home by 11. Three down but no shirt this time.

The fourth trip was to Colin Kelly's Frontier Rally in Williams Lake, I'd never been to this late August event since it usually conflicts with family birthdays, but it was earlier this year. I made arrangements to ride with Patrick and Ken Davies from Aggasiz, however Patrick's Guzzi blew a head gasket on the way home from Princeton (luckily Lyle had trucked his Ariel project to Princeton and rescued him) and his newly electrified-starting Commando was spewing copious quantities of oil from unspecified locations in its nether regions.

I was late for the meet up with Ken and his friend Peter having underestimated the popularity of the pretty way to Aggasiz but we were soon under way. Highway 7 along the north side of the river, past the remains of the massive slide that took out the Loughheed last November, joining Number 1 at Hope, then up the Fraser Canyon. A few slowdowns enroute, again from reconstruction from the washouts.

Peter wanted to stop in Lytton to see the aftermath of the fire. We turned into the remains of the town as if we were heading to Lillooet, slowly cruised the town and over the bridge. Amazing destruction, a few houses left on the western edge, otherwise nothing but concrete foundations and basements, it truly looks as if a war had been fought there. All the trees on the surrounding hills are blackened showing the size and scope of the fire. Further along Highway 1 it was amazing to see how the Kumsheen Rafting site was spared, the fire burnt one side of their driveway but the other side and the buildings survived.

We had planned to stop for lunch in Clinton at a pub that Ken and Peter knew of but at the last minute decided to go to the restaurant next door. Big mistake! There were no entrees available from 2 till 5, they had run out of lettuce so no salads, wait, they have Romaine so I ordered a Caesar Salad with chicken strips but when it came no chicken strips and powdered Parmesan cheese. What a disaster.

Heading north we skirted a large thunder storm with serious lightning off to the west. As we approached Lac La Hache we thought we were going to be able to slip past and get ahead of it, but the sky darkened so dramatically that it was like looking through my sunglasses at night. Lighting came straight down to the lake and it started to pour, heavy relentless rain for about 5 minutes, then we were clear of it and on a dry road.

We arrived at Colin's just after 4 pm. Colin shares a home with his son and family on a hillside on the east side of Williams Lake. The large back yard and lawn accommodates the campers and has a nice view across the lake. We said hello and set up our tents. After strolling around and checking out the bikes parked in Colin's shop, we gathered in his English pub room to enjoy a take-away Chinese food dinner, a few more beers, check out Colin's Norton memorabilia and take an occasional glance at the small screen in the corner playing *Quadrophenia*. The group retired to the fire pit where camp fire capped off the Friday evening.

On Saturday morning Colin poured coffee and had toast and jam available for those who wanted it while several riders headed into town for breakfast. Another look around Colin's workshop this at his sheet metal chain guards and patterns and it was time for the group ride to an overlook above the Fraser River 23 km west on Highway 20, the road to Bella Coola. There was very little traffic heading west, most of the Saturday traffic was eastbound from the Chilcotin to the Big Smoke of Williams Lake, no doubt returning west later in the day. This portion of Highway 20 has a great surface, hills and varying curves, a very nice ride indeed, I could have gone further.



I was on my VStrom so I didn't feel that it was appropriate to ride with the Brits, instead I elected to chaperone George Cameron riding behind his pretty 1951 350 Douglas. George didn't need a chaperone, he set a stately pace and with judicious use of the gearbox that little bike really rolled along. I didn't need to use my 4-way flashers after all.

Back at Colin's, preparations were being made for the Saturday evening meal. We sat down to a delicious feast of beef au jus, grilled salmon and salads. After dinner bikes were gathered on the lawn for a photo op followed by the inevitable camp fire.

Numbers were down and I think Colin was a little disappointed in that but a good time was had by all. And I got the shirt.

So, four rides, four events, three bikes and three shirts, all in all it was a good summer. Now if I can slip away for the Sunshine Coast Ride....



Above Triple Threat, Isle of Lamb photos Bevin Jones. Below John Bennett trailed his Triumph TR powered Ariel Colt from Biggar Sask. Riondel, photo Bevin Jones





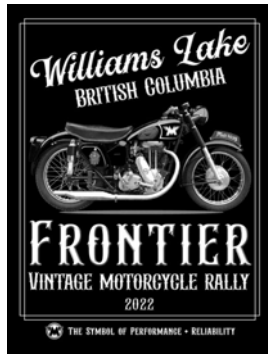
Above Bob Crosthwaite's 1914 James Riondel photo by Bevin Jones.
Below some new and a classic Frontier Rally photo by Bevin Jones.





Above Rokon Riondel. Below BSA Lightning day-tripper Riondel. Above Left Triiump at the Isle of Lamb, Frontier and IoL T-shirt, Mid Frontier Rally, Bottom IoL and T-Shirt 3





ISLE OF LAMB
2022



3 days of peace, love
...and old motorcycles
Williams Lake BC

All photos Bevin Jones.



Chillin' at Isle of Lamb





Club elections will occur at the Annual General Meeting to be held October 13, 2022; 7:30 pm at the Burnaby Rugby Clubhouse. All Directors will resign and new Directors will be elected. A search committee has been appointed with Peter Vanderkooy as chair. Please contact Peter if you wish to have your name put forward prior to the AGM peter.vanderkooy@gmail.com. Nominations from the floor will be accepted at that time.

All positions are open and as the current Directors have in many cases served multi year terms due to COVID, some would prefer to step down and become regular members once again. This is your club and your opportunity to guide the direction of the club and into planning events and activities for the upcoming year.

Serving on the Board of Directors is a great opportunity to become more familiar with club activities, meet with and get to know club members better and generally make any suggestions and improvements. A fresh outlook is always a healthy thing for a club such as ours. Please consider serving on the Board.

Board Positions Election or appointment to Board positions

Directors must be elected or appointed to the following Board positions, and a director, other than the president, may hold more than one position: (a) president; (b) vice-president; (c) secretary; (d) treasurer; (e) past president.

Directors at large are elected or appointed to positions on the Board in addition to the positions described here and are elected or appointed as Directors at Large.

The Directors at Large and the Past President comprise the **Review Committee**.

The President is the chair of the Board and is responsible for supervising the other directors in the execution of their duties.

The Vice-president is the vice-chair of the Board and is responsible for carrying out the duties of the president in the event of his absence, resignation or inability to perform his duties.

The Secretary is responsible for doing, or making the necessary arrangements for, the following: (a) issuing notices of general meetings and directors' meetings; (b) taking minutes of general meetings and directors' meetings; (c) keeping the records of the Club in accordance with the Act; (d) conducting the correspondence of the Board; (e) filing the annual report of the Club and making any other filings with the registrar under the Act; (f) communicating to members by email or mail of club events, activities and other matters.

The Treasurer is responsible for doing, or making the necessary arrangements for, the following: (a) receiving and banking monies collected from the members or other sources; (b) maintaining the membership register and making it available to the Secretary for communications; (c) keeping accounting records in respect of the Club's financial transactions; (d) sending invoices to advertisers; (e) preparing the Club's financial statements; (f) making the Club's financial filings.

The Past President is responsible for advising newly-elected or appointed members of the Board of all matters, procedures and duties for continued operation of the Club and for identifying persons to fill positions on the board in advance of the annual general meeting.

The Directors may delegate any, but not all, of their powers to committees consisting of a Director or a Director at Large or members they think fit to carry out organization and running of specific activities or events of the Club.

A big vote of thanks to the retiring Directors for their years of service to the club, without which our club could not have survived this long. Editor



SHIFTING GEARS: (Sept 2022)

Jim Bush

One of the dilemmas of aging is there comes a time when one takes a look at your own situation and considers the “what if” scenario and tries to foresee the impact on others, your family, loved ones etc. with what you leave behind. We are all aware of those in our circles that have experienced major lifestyle changes, mostly brought on by outside circumstance that are generally unforeseen. A recent example in our Club we are aware of is Bob Wheeler, who has spent years working on recovery from a horrific motorcycle accident that saw his leg removed, and the loss of this wife around the same time. Bob was in a tough place and had to really work hard at a comeback, which he did for the first while. Without going into further details, it is clear that health issues have finally manifested to the point that he is no longer able to live in his own house or take care of his own affairs. It is now encumbered on others to finalize his affairs and deal with his motorcycles, parts collection, vehicles, residence etc. Not ideal and puts huge pressure on those taking care of things, at the same time being there for Bob (Ken you are a rock star).

With this kind of thing happening more often these days amongst our age group, one must turn the lens on oneself and consider what is it I am leaving behind for others clean up. For myself, I wander into the big shed and look around. After I have finished drooling at the 2 Vincent's, the eyes become accustomed to the other bikes stacked and piled everywhere. One of the requirements of bikes at the Barber Museum is that they must be maintained in running order – so that they could be made to run “within one hour” of time.

Using this rule, the “one-hour” group in our shed is around 8-10 motorcycles,

which means there are another dozen or so motorcycles that fall into the not running or basket case category. One of the things with basket cases, is that one usually amasses a large collection of spare parts that are required for the build. Also, with so many unfinished projects, the feeling of being overwhelmed looms heavy and at some point, can actually bring any forward movement to a standstill. One really must decide what is important, what has a connection, what is worth the effort to restore and what is worth to keep. On that basis, I have looked at the inventory, worked up a plan and embarked on a course of downsizing the collection to divest myself of the excess in motorcycles and parts that no longer fit the long-term goals. That might sound easy enough, but I have started with the plan and here are my experiences so far this last month or so.

Preparing the Triumph '79 T140D 750 Bonneville Special for sale, I figured I would replace the 10.5:1 pistons that I had been running for stock compression pistons, as it was detonating and will likely ruin the engine. Simple job, head, barrels off, pop in new pistons and button it all up. Starting didn't go well. This bike had sat since 2013, tank and carbs were drained, battery removed, so it should have been a "within an hour" rule bike.... Alas, the engine would catch for maybe 5 -10 revolutions, then nothing much after that kicking. Pulled the carbs and thoroughly dismantled and cleaned, no difference. Determined ignition could be an issue, but I hadn't touched that since 2013 and why would a Lucas Rita electronic ignition fail in sitting? Anyway, changed the pickup, no difference. I then gerry-rigged a Boyer from a Norton as a tester and it ran straightaway, idled perfectly. So a new tri-spark is on order and everything will be hunky dory and ready for a new owner.



The next bike to deal with was my 1979 Ducati Darmah that I had sold off to one of my buddies in New Zealand and like the T140D had been sitting for a while. Work order included new tires/tubes, brakes, battery and get it ready for VIN'ing in NZ – everything had to work. When the wheels were off, time to look closer at the Speedline mag wheels on it that Ducati had had a number of disaster failures with but didn't warranty replace them. My son Matt works in the Helicopter parts repair business and does NDT (non-destructive testing) all the time. I dropped off the bare wheels to be NDT'd. He handed them to his boss – who called me soon after to say he can't pass these at all – the small amount of testing he did, he discovered that there

were “too many inclusions” in the metal – in short these are shitty castings. There were also cracks around the disc mounts – I need to find a new set of wheels and in a hurry.

Vintage Ducati wheels are not too easy to find, but I did manage to source a pair from Arizona at not too much of a premium. I must add a thank you to Robert Smith who offered to help with his take off set from his 900SS, but I felt they should stay with his bike. The wheels arrive they are 6 bolt disc type, whilst the ones on the bike are 4 bolt. There is a width difference, only 3mm but I now had to source 6 bolt Brembo carriers and disks to suit. Luckily in the left over Laverda parts collection I had 3 carriers and 2 new discs, the 3rd disc came from Wolfgang. Tires all mounted up, balanced and installed back on the bike – looks lovely.



Now it is time to start the bike – new battery, dummy tank of fuel and it fires right up and idles nicely. Checking things over, I find the side stand light is not working and the neutral light is not working. These would be required to pass the VIN test in NZ. On inspection, the neutral switch at the gearbox was missing and wires cut off from the harness. Same with the side stand switch. I fabricated new harness's and tested the circuits. I left the new owner to source the micro switches and he will be responsible to install them. Dropped it off at the shipper with a big box of all my spare parts, take off's books etc. specific to the Ducati. One gone and the extra space in the shed is quite noticeable.

In case anyone is interested I have a 1950's rigid frame Triumph 650 project that I need to move on. In keeping with the downsize, it will come with ALL my Pre-unit Triumph inventory of parts, which is considerable. Price will be reflective of a massive discount to help achieve my goals. It is more important to divest than hang on to investment thinking.

In the same vein, I am parting with my ALL my 60's and 70's Unit Triumph collection of parts in a bulk lot. Priced for disposal.

This plan is not going to happen overnight and will take considerable commitment and determination to complete the downsize to the point I am comfortable that others could take care of my affairs without having a waving fist in my general direction. I don't want to lose focus on the things I love with motorcycles either and will continue to ride the wheels off anything that comes to hand.

The start of the IOM TT by John Martin

The twentieth century was just 6 years old & hansom cabs were being drawn by horses across the capital of London. But in the mews off Kensington, coachmen were rapidly becoming chauffeurs to the gentry & nobility who were buying Rolls Royce's & racing them.



In the lower social spectrum, an ever-increasing band of motor bicyclists were establishing themselves as a fraternity & were well organized as sporting motorists. Founded along the lines of the Automobile Club of Great Britain & Ireland, the Auto Cycle Club was their governing body. It was at the 1906 annual dinner that the idea of a motorcycle Tourist Trophy (TT) race was first proposed by after dinner speaker, H. W. Staner, who was the editor of "The Motor Cycle" publication. At the time there was a TT held on the Isle of Man for cars, why not a similar event for motorcycles? He suggested limits on engine capacity & machine weight, with the object of demonstrating the reliability & efficiency of the roadsters. The ACC liked the idea, but decided that the exploitation of the touring aspect, with emphasis on fuel consumption would help develop the motorcycle.

With a speed limit of 20mph enforced on the roads of Great Britain, the Isle of Man was a logical choice, with it's own parliament, it could close public roads & welcomed 'racers'. The ACC were familiar with the island as on the previous year they had staged speed selection trials over the Manx roads in preparation for the International Cup Race in Europe. The only other venue for speed events on public roads were Southern Ireland & the Continent.

A trophy was donated by a Frenchman, the Marquis de Mouzilly St Mars, to the best performance in the single cylinder class of the first race. It was a handsome figure of Mercury poised on a winged wheel; this was later to become the Senior Trophy. In over 100 years of its existence, it has experienced various fortunes, being repaired many times & disappearing into Germany in 1939, eventually turning up in Italy in 1947, where it was found by an Australian. A rose bowl was presented to the twin cylinder class winner by a sportsman, Dr Hele-Shaw, a member of the ACC committee. This award disappeared permanently during the early years of the TT.

The car racers were using a circuit that began in Douglas, then onto Peel, Kirkmichael, Ramsey & over Snaefell mountain, back to Douglas. The mountain was judged to be too steep for motorcycles when club officials visited the island in early 1907. Instead, a 15 ¾ mile triangular circuit was chosen, starting in St John's, running anticlockwise to Ballacraigne, Glen Helen, Kirkmichael, Devil's Elbow, Peel & back to St John's.

The roads in those days were truly awful, tar spraying was just coming into general use, with the roads in Douglas & short stretches into Balacrairie & Ramsey being the only parts of the course with this type of surface. The rest of the course was dusty & loose in dry weather, & a quagmire when it rained. The climb out of Ramsey, after the hairpin, was no surface at all, just a sandy mountain track with grass growing between the ruts of the cart wheels. The approach to Craig-ny-Baa was more like a graveled driveway. The other hazards that the riders had to contend with were nails that came out of horses' shoes from horse drawn vehicles.

On the 28th May 1907, 17 singles & 8 twins lined up at St John's to have their petrol rationed out, singles were allowed one gallon for every 90 miles & twins, one gallon for every 75 miles. They had to cover 10 laps & machines were started in pairs every minute. Charlie Collier riding a Matchless, won the single class, with Harold Rembrandt (Rem) Fowler on his Peugeot engine Norton victorious in the twin category, with a fastest lap overall at nearly 43mph.

Rem rode his own personal machine with help from James Lansdowne "Pa" Norton, it was Norton's & Fowler's first ever race. The bike was powered by a 690cc (76mm x 76mm) 45 degree v twin Peugeot engine producing 5hp, with total loss hand pump lubrication. The only modification from standard was the fitting of stronger springs for the automatic inlet valves, increasing the top speed to 60mph. During the race Rem had been forced to make over a dozen stops, including 6 spark plug changes, change a front inner tube (they would carry the spare inner tube wrapped around themselves), 2 stops to shorten the drive belt & he even fell off twice on bad corners. But he still managed to be quicker than the best single time by nearly a minute.

Norton would go on to win 94 IOM TT's in the upcoming decades, including 10 Senior wins between the wars, winning at least one race every year from 1947 to 1954 & winners into the 1970's. Possibly the most famous win was in the 1992 Senior race on the white Abus sponsored rotary Norton, ridden by Steve Hislop, against Fogarty on a Yamaha. (no photo credit supplied—Ed)

2022 UPCOMING BMOC ACTIVITIES

Email and website notification of upcoming rides or events will be circulated as and when conditions allow. Please refer to latest Executive Minutes for current proposed events. NOTE DATES ARE SUBJECT TO ALL FEDERAL, PROVINCIAL AND LOCAL COVID RESTRICTIONS AND MAY BE POSPONED OR CANCELLED ACCORDINGLY.

See Calendar of Events on our website [BMOC.ca](https://www.bmoc.ca) updated as required.
Subject to COVID updates.

Them's The Brakes...

So following on the Horn Saga, is the Brakes Saga. Recall that my horn failed and after replacing it, my rear brake failed, giving to the observation that a good horn had better be a substitute for a failed brake!

Anyway, my Commando MKIII has Loughheed hydraulic front **and** rear brakes – a first for Norton's. The problem was that the pedal travelled all the way to bottom and, on the way, all braking force was lost. The caliper did grip initially but wouldn't hold. I had overhauled the calipers a few years back and fitted a new flexible hose. There was no fluid leakage, so I assumed that the master cylinder seals must have failed. I dismantled and cleaned up the master cylinder and fitted a new seal kit, reset the pushrod clearance, bled the air from the system.... and it was just the same!!

Let see: Caliper acts normally and isn't leaking, none of the brake lines are leaking, the Master cylinder can't hold pressure – must be wear in the master cylinder barrel preventing it from holding pressure. So, I procure and fit a new master cylinder barrel complete with piston, spring and seals. I reset the pushrod, fit it, bleed the air, and... same thing, still doesn't work!!!

At this point I'm scratching my head: Master Cylinder must be good, caliper works until the pressure is lost. I've had the damned thing on and off half a dozen times, no leaks... and then I find one. The rubber hose between the master cylinder and the caliper has developed a leak. It certainly wasn't there earlier. But now I have a leak. Fortunately, I have one at hand from set Jim Bush had made up a while back. I fit it, re-bleed the system and, taa-daa I have pressure.

So if there was no initial leak, how did it lose pressure? Here's my theory: brake lines & hoses see considerable internal pressure (1000's of PSI), the hose has internal reinforcement to withstand the pressure, the reinforcement failed allowing the rubber to balloon, the ballooning caused the pressure loss. After a while the ballooned portion burst and there was a leak, allowing me to identify the problem.

This is the strangest brake problem I've seen. If anyone needs a rebuilt Loughheed brake barrel (standard diameter), give me a call. Also, I found the Girling-Loughheed technical manual for motorcycle brakes that includes the pushrod reset procedure, should anyone need a copy.

Ian Bardsley

TWO TALES AND ONE KANGAROO

Peter Dent

I was enjoying a caffeinated beverage with an old friend of mine a little while ago. The conversation flitted all over the place as good chin wags are wont to do, but somewhere in there he mentioned an on-line travelog that he was loosely following. It seems that a fellow in a rather travel weary LWB Land Rover drives about the planet and records his adventures and posts pictures from time to time as he goes - very interesting stuff I was assured. But there was one particular episode that he told me about that I thought might be of interest to BMOC members, and indeed, anyone who likes to tinker about with old bikes.

Our travelling correspondent is in the Australian outback at this time; picture him there: hot, dusty, mile after mile of red dust roads and scrubby bush. The Land Rover trundles nobly through it all. But suddenly, there is a bang and a thump. Seemingly out of nowhere a small kangaroo has leapt in front of the vehicle and before the driver has even seen him - much less had time to react, there is a regrettable high-speed collision. Yes, high speed, those kangaroos can really get a move on.

The driver stops of course. The poor old kangaroo is clearly done for and there was nothing to be done about it. The Land Rover, a cursory inspection revealed, had yet another slight deformation of the fender to join several others already there. No need for further action there then; a lucky escape - for the driver anyway.

All that remained was to record the event with his cell phone camera so that he could write up the event on his travelog later on. He photographed the slightly dinged fender and then took a shot of the kangaroo. He thought he should include himself in the picture so as to authenticate the forthcoming narrative; a selfie if you will. With no sign of injury the creature looked really quite striking close up he noted. He decided to put his arm around it as though they were buddies. He took the selfie but decided it lacked a little something so he took off his bush-hat, replete with an authentic snake skin hatband, and placed it on the departed animal's head; he liked what he saw, this was bringing the event to life, he decided. So much so in fact, and inspired by his own creative thinking, he then proceeded to put his sunglasses on it as well; he took another selfie. This was epic blogging stuff he decided, internet gold. So consumed by his own brilliance was he, that when the notion of putting his own bush-shirt on the dead kangaroo crossed his mind he didn't hesitate. It was delicate work but the end result was just what he was hoping for. He took another selfie.

But then a strange thing happened. His bush hat - still on the kangaroo at this time - *moved*. The kangaroo had actually twitched its ears! Then, alarmingly for our narrator, it opened its eyes! This thing clearly wasn't dead at all but rather, just knocked senseless for a bit.

Apparently, with growing consciousness, it began taking stock of its situation, and perhaps with growing awareness, even planning its best course of action. With really only fight or flight to choose from, it opted for the latter and was very soon bounding its way back into the bush from whence it had not long ago emerged. The narrator

could only helplessly watch as his hat, a pair of rather expensive Ray-Bans and his bush-shirt, bounded right along with it never to be seen again - along with the contents of the shirt's pockets it might be noted.

The whole episode sounded a bit like an Aesop's fable to me; an allegorical tale from which we might learn something of value. Aesop's stories always had a moral attached at the end. He wrote them around 600 BC and yet these addendum morals of his still ring true today. So what moral can we attach here I wonder.

Perhaps there is something about:- if you are having a joke at someone else's expense be aware that karma could just turn it around and put the joke right on you. But it's too long winded and somewhat speculative. In the end the best safe bet might just be - *assume nothing, check everything.*

Case in point; I was replacing a tire a while ago and as per my usual practice I also put in a new inner tube. Then I noticed that although the tube was marked by the manufacturer as being a 4.50 x 18 it was in fact very much wider than that. Unseen, that tube would double up inside the tire and eventually, quite possibly, fail catastrophically while in use. I had checked that the tube size matched the tire size as per the factory markings on both; it had not occurred to me to check that those markings were actually correct.

In recent years I have bought tubes from Pirelli, Metzeler and Michelin but despite all the Italian, German and French words adorning the boxes they came in, they had in fact, all been made off-shore, where everything seems to come from these days. Even Vittoria, hitherto the gold standard in high pressure bicycle tubes come from the same part of the world. So yes, I now know, when it comes to tires and tubes, *assume nothing, check absolutely everything.*

Interestingly, by way of a chance conversation just the other day, I learned that Harley Davidson branded tubes are actually made in Japan, as was the last Yokohama that I saw, so I know where I'm going the next time I need a new tube.....but I'm still going to check it.....



We are always looking for articles and if you have a bike and a story, write it and send it to the Editor at: gveditor2019@gmail.com. **Next Issue deadline nov???, 2022**

We will publish member to member adverts which will have to be a very brief description of the item(s) together with a single contact number or email. As this newsletter is a public document your contact information should be considered to NOT be private so caution is advised.

A Harrowing Experience

Patrick Jaune

Our story begins on a bright crisp day in the Scottish Highlands. A perfect riding day. I had recently had the first service done on my new 1973 Triumph Tiger 750. The engine had seen well over 500 miles which was the pre-requisite mileage deemed necessary to break in a new engine. Curiously, a second carburettor would have made it a Bonneville. I crested the top of a hill and came to a stop to admire the scenery which stretched before me. I looked out onto grasslands that dropped into a valley and rose again to a ridge on the opposite side. And in the middle, a two-lane ribbon of flawless tarmac ran down to the bottom of the valley and back up the other side. I would guess the vertical drop to be about 500 feet and I estimated that I could see about 7 miles of roadway. The road was clear except for 2 vehicles; the one moving away from me appeared to be pulling a camper and a second, on the far side and coming towards me looked like it could be a lorry of some kind. I should mention here that in the U.K. vehicles are smaller and the roads follow suit.

I estimated the point at which these two would cross each other and determined that I would reach that same point much later. With no other vehicles in sight, I pretty much had the road to myself. There were no trees, so no confusing shadows and no connecting roads, so no other potential vehicles. This seemed like the perfect opportunity to see what this bike could do. Confidently I snicked it into first gear and was off. I went thru the gears and pinned the throttle wide open. As I gained speed the bike began to shake vigorously. I was going so fast that my immediate surroundings were more a memory than an observation. Felt like warp speed. My vision became blurred from the buffeting and I was seeing double. Actually, it was more like quadruple. I laid flat on the gas tank for a more streamlined profile and to get a better look at my speedometer. I could see the speedo needle bounce between 103 and 108 mph or maybe it was me bouncing around: I'm not sure. My eyes were watering, further impeding my vision. I dropped my head to let the wind blow the water from my eyes. Looking up I was horrified to see the road in front of me completely blocked. I mean both lanes. Now here was something I had never anticipated: in retrospect rather short-sighted of me.

These 2 geezers knew each other and had stopped for a bit of a chin wag. The camper was a small 2-wheeled curved affair with vertical sides. I really had no time to think but snapped the throttle shut and made immediately for the edge of the road. My decision was the right one because I would not have fit between the Scots. I was closing the distance much too fast to brake. Besides, at this speed I was afraid to apply the brakes for fear of locking up and losing control. I dropped into the gravel where I was even less inclined to use the brakes. I tucked in my knees and elbows and lowered my head (I believe this position is called cringing) and before I knew it was skimming past the corner of the camper. Now I know what you're thinking. With each retelling, a story tends toward embellishment and exaggeration and what was once true becomes pure fiction. I assure you that this does not apply here. When I tell you that I estimated my speed to be 70, maybe 80 mph, I consider this to be a conservative estimate because 90 mph just sounds insane, even to me. Suffice it to say that I

was moving very very very fast.

I never did see the vehicle pulling the camper, but I did glimpse a cobbled structure extending out to the left which I surmised carried a rearview mirror (didn't see that either), mounted at the front of the hood (bonnet, if you prefer). My mirror hit his and swung 90 degrees and then it was all over. Like coming out of a tunnel.

I got back on the road and rode on in a bit of a daze. Truthfully, if I wasn't in shock, I was at least seriously stunned stupid. Adrenaline was coursing thru me and I couldn't seem to put a cohesive thought together. Once my heart had slowed and I had regained my composure (somewhat), I decided to pull over and fix my mirror. I got off the bike, sat down and managed to light a cigarette with trembling hands. I replayed what had just happened, amazed that I was still around to think about it. I had come so close to becoming yesterday's news. So many things could have occurred that would have resulted in a less than happy ending. Was this a sign? Was there a message there? Well, a sign sounded too much like Hollywood and a message seemed even more ludicrous. Though the entire incident lasted probably all of 3 seconds, it stayed with me for a long time. It definitely affected me deeply. I did not, however, entertain the idea of no longer riding (to improve my chances of survival no doubt); what a notion. To give up the wind in your face, the raindrops that hit so hard it hurts and forces you to pull over, the bug splatters, the bee strikes. Doesn't that shower feel twice as good after a long ride. Doesn't that first beer taste better. I think that if life isn't an adventure; you're doing it wrong. It certainly made me aware that if this was to be my demise, it would be the result of not having seen it coming, which sounds obvious now that I say it. I wonder why I'm even recounting this story. The fact remains that nothing actually happened. Of course, if it had, I probably wouldn't be here to tell you about it. Oh, and get this...my mirror didn't even break.

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