



THE NEWSLETTER OF THE WEST COAST BRITISH MOTORCYCLE OWNERS CLUB

SPRING 2019



The Jacobson's Epic Tour Across Australia

Also in this issue:
Bringing a BSA Goldstar Back to Life
Crescent Beach Concours d'Elegance
Upcoming Events
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Member of the Year



*The Fine Print***BMOC EXECUTIVE**

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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 Cafe located at 6th Street and 5th Avenue in New Westminster. Informal rides depart following breakfast, weather permitting.

The West Coast British Motorcycle Owners Club (BMOC) was established in 1985 to preserve and enjoy British motorcycles.

WEBSITE: bmoc.ca

Front Cover

Sandy Jacobson gets ready for another day of riding in Australia.

Tom Mellor receives *Member of the Year* award at the BMOC Christmas Dinner

Peter Dent receives the *Best Presented Motorcycle* at the Crescent Beach Concours d'Elegance



The technical tips, views and opinions expressed in this newsletter are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the position or policy of the editor or any other BMOC officers.

MEMBERSHIP DUES

\$25/year

(April 1 to March 31)

\$30 US, \$40 International

Make cheques payable to BMOC and mail to BMOC Treasurer, 26-920 Citadel Drive, Port Coquitlam, BC V3C 5X8.

If your bank/credit union has Interac, just send your payment to bmoc.treasurer@gmail.com. Create a question and answer, then send George Fenning an email with the answer. Usually a one word answer but punctuation, special characters and capitalization are all important so he needs the exact lettering.

President's Message

Maybe someone else can figure out how many times I have been President of the BMOC. I am not sure any more. I think maybe it is four times. Suzy Greenway has been the only President of the Norton Club once as far as I know. The only thing is I think that maybe her Presidency has lasted for about 15 years. I haven't done as much as that, and being President of this club is not really that much work. One time I was elected President at an AGM where I wasn't even present. Someone had heard me say I might do it if no one else wanted to.

The last time I was President I remember Ian Clement's E mail. He said "you lucky bastard!" I am sure he was being sarcastic and he knows that this type of Presidency is generally won by acclamation. I think though I remember once being voted into this position. I forget who was running against me, but whoever it was I remember I voted for them, and they probably voted for me. The first time I was President was probably back around 1989 or so! I am pretty sure I followed Alan Trigg, It may have been Fred Bennet who took over from me. Someone will have to write a definitive history sometime. I was supposed to do that but I never got around to it. I only know part of it myself anyway even though I have always been a member ever since the beginning. I think I was #14.

The reason I am still here is because I really like this club. It is great to find a group that shares many of my same eccentricities. I think that in this club since we all share this very fringe interest that there are other similarities to us as well. Why is it for example that Jim Bush, Alan Comfort and I, all enjoy carving meat so much. Also why is it that Tom Mellor owns the same China pattern, the Country Village and has the same model boat as me, that we both built when we were about 10 years old? There are a few other club members who also like Kites as well as old bikes like I do to. It is nice to know so many people who have similar interests and tastes, while being very different in many other ways.

This year I want to participate in some of my favourite annual BMOC events and also some new different ones. I hope that other members of this club have the same idea. Already two great events have passed, the Christmas Dinner and Vancouver Motorcycle Show. I did my usual jobs at these events. I want to especially thank Penny Freestone for the great job she did again organizing the food at Christmas, and everyone who brought there bikes out to the show this year. Our display must have been the best club display again this year. I want the club to stay the way it is, but to do that we have to continue to attract new members. We try but it is hard to get the younger riders interested. The main thing is we all have to do our part to welcome new enthusiasts.



Nigel Spaxman

Editor's Note

Since my retirement from the work world and subsequent move from Vancouver to the Sunshine Coast, I have found that it has become more difficult to participate in BMOC club events. I did manage to attend last year's Annual General Meeting at which time a full slate of executive members and key volunteer positions were seated by acclamation with one notable exception: Editor of *Good Vibrations*. It was decided at that time that a rotating editorship might work. Because GV is the lifeblood of the BMOC, I volunteered to do the spring edition. So here it is. It was no trouble getting content for this edition, as many members have experiences that they are willing to share with the membership. The hard part is manipulating my aged computer (and aging brain) to produce a publication that approaches the quality of that produced by our past editors. So this is my apology for the dated look of this edition, but I trust that the quality of the submissions will make up for my shortcomings. Thank you to all the contributors.



And a special note of thanks to our advertisers for helping to keep our old bikes on the road and for helping to defray the costs of distributing this newsletter

Alan Comfort, March, 2019

All British Field Meet

Dubbed "The Greatest Show on British Wheels," the Vancouver All British Field Meet (ABFM) will celebrate its 34th year on Saturday, May 18, 2019 at VanDusen Botanical Gardens.

Featured car marques this year are Bentley, Mini and the featured motorcycle marque is AJS. The name AJS stands for A.J. Stevens & Co., the firm's full official name, but that's quite a mouthful to fit on the side of a motorcycle tank, so they made do with the initials. We would expect to see a selection of these magnificent vehicles, ranging from pre-war to the most modern example.

BMOC has had a long history of supporting this event and we would urge you to shine up your British iron and bring it out.

Use the attached link to register. Look for the motorcycle registration at the top of the page.

Thanks, and we hope to see you at the show.

http://www.westerndriver.com/?page_id=10937



BSA Rally Down Under 2018

Sandy and I attended the 55th annual International BSA rally held on Nov.9th -15th. 2018 held in Australia. We shipped the 69 Lightning over by boat and put on a total of 4000 miles riding before, during and after the Rally. We have traveled 'two up' for thousands of miles on the Norton (Alaska was 5800 miles alone) but this was to be our biggest trip ever on the A65. We had to pack wisely because everything that we needed (and the bike might need) for seven weeks in Australia had to fit into two panniers, a top box and a dry bag.

We saw and experienced amazing things on this trip, but I will try to keep the content of this article about motorcycles.

We flew to Melbourne and spent three nights just doing tourist stuff. Sandy bought a new helmet on Elizabeth Street, which historically was once the location of dozens of motorcycle shops. We walked by Modak Motorcycles where a hand written note on the door stating "After 88 years of business at the same location, we regret that the store is now closed" Mrs. Jean Beanham passed away a couple of years ago, she was still working behind the parts counter up to her passing at the age of 91. I remember meeting her at Modaks when we attended the BSA rally in 2001. She was a very special lady and we enjoyed listening to her stories. Sadly, a big piece of Australian motorcycle history is now gone. The store is closed but her son still sells parts on line.



We picked up our BSA at Jon Munn's (The old Classic Motorcycle Warehouse) in Seaford, a short train ride from Melbourne. Jon had been instrumental in shipping and receiving our bike to Australia. He had everything ready for us: he got the bike's road worthy certificate and also arranged for a club license plate. When we arrived it was insured and ready to go. Now, that was so convenient. All I had to do was mount the panniers, load the bike and we were off. The first stop was to visit Doug Fraser at his shop (Emu Engineering) a few miles away. Doug has been featured in many cycle magazines for building four unique BSA V twins; a B66 (two B33's grafted together), a M46 (two M32's) and a couple more custom sport V twin BSA's. We met Doug at the Rally in 2001 and 2014 (California).

We had a nice easy week of riding planned before the Rally actually started. We spent the first night on Phillip Island seeing the famous penguins and visiting the Grand Prix circuit. If I had known the GP race was the week before, we would have booked our flights differently. The track is very picturesque and is located along side the ocean. The annual Classic Motorcycle races are held here in January, which is supposed to be fantastic but we had to be back in Canada for Xmas.

Our very first morning we packed up the tent in the rain, not a great way to start our trip but we did encounter a few passing showers during our first week. Fortunately, the rally was in the same general direction as the Great Ocean Road. This is one of the premier motorcycle roads in Australia, absolutely gorgeous. However, riding and camping by the surf ocean for a week took its toll on the BSA's aluminum engine covers. What was once brightly polished shiny aluminum quickly became a badly oxidized dull sheen from the salt mist breeze. There were also small spots of rust scattered all over random nuts and bolts, even my supposedly stainless steel spoke nipples were covered in surface rust. However it was a small price to pay for an incredible scenic ride. As tourists, we took in all the stops of interest including: Bell's Beach, Historic Light houses, museums, the twelve Apostles and numerous bush and beach walks. After ten days, the only problem with the bike: one loose fender bolt. We finally arrived at the rally sight, which was being held at a caravan park in the town of Halls Gap located in the Grampians National Park. The Rally was sold out at 322 and if you were not pre registered it was not possible to attend. I registered early last year on-line and was also able to book a cabin. After sleeping on the ground for eight nights we were looking forward to a little comfort. The Rally was very well organized. We met people from the UK, Denmark, Germany, Netherlands, France, Norway, the U.S. and of course from all parts of Australia, New Zealand and Tasmania. People from all over the world gathered for a week with one common interest: BSA motorcycles.

The first night was a meet and greet at Umberslade Hall (a large covered tent) with a spectacular Aussie barbecue. There were organized rides everyday except Tuesday: which was a fun group Wine tour by coach. With over 275 bikes on the rides, there was a unique ride rule: If your bike quits and you can't restart within five minutes then you must load it on the support trailer that followed behind the group or be left behind. Good and fair rule. One thing that makes a BSA Rally interesting is the vast variety of models that BSA produced, at this rally the age of the bikes on the rides ranged from 1911 to 1972.

Lunches and tea were provided at all the ride destinations. All the destinations were either remarkable historical sites or interesting geographical locations.



There were guest speakers every evening consisting of Thomas Weitacher who brought his meticulously restored original Kenny Eggers 1954 BSA Daytona A7SS. That was the year BSA won 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th place at Daytona. He would occasionally start it up and ride it a few times at the rally. What a sound! Doug Fraser talked about and show cased his incredible V Twins and his electric start B50 Adventure bike that he built plus his rare Triumph 350 Bandit. Doug also brought a Mead and Tomkinson B50, the exact bike that won the 24 hour race in Barcelona in 1971. In 1975 a similar Mead & Tomkinson B50 set a lap record of 95.77 mph at the Isle of Man in the 500 production race.



Mead and Tomkinson BSA B50

One of the most intriguing talks was by Brian Pollitt from the UK. He was the former organizer and keeper of all the BSA's dispatch records. Shortly after BSA closed, all the records were handed over to the police to assist in identifying stolen bikes. However they didn't know how to read them and the records were then handed over the UK BSA club. There were over 500 books of records that Brian painstakingly put on a microfiche system, then later to a digital system. During his talk he revealed some of the mystery, muck and magic hidden in the files. It was extremely interesting. Great evening talks and of course the Beezer Bar was always open for the social evenings. The day of the official bike 'line up' was spectacular: 28 Triples total, including 4 Rob North replicas and 2 Hurricanes, A10's including two rare Super flashes, A7's, A50's, A65's, a couple of A70's, V Twins, loads of Singles, Bantams, a long row of Gold Stars and even a BSA Ariel Three. It was claimed to be the biggest gathering of BSA's ever in the Southern Hemisphere.

At the rally I had the opportunity to have a long talk with Mike Reilly of Mikes Classic Cycle Spares in Queensland. Mike (with a partner) purchased the entire stock from The Cycle Hub owned by Clif Majhor. Many of us remember Clif by the name of The Sandy Bandit. What an incredible story of what they found on the property (hidden away in crates, sea cans and semi-trailers), absolutely mind blowing. At the formal Banquet/Dance I had to go up and accept (since we were the only Canadians) a beautiful hand carved gift from the host club as a token of their appreciation of Canada attending the rally. Unfortunately this was a surprise to me and I had nothing to give in return but a few jokes. In 55 years the rally has never been held in Canada, I was getting pressured big time! It was a fabulous week long Rally and now it was time for Sandy and I to do some serious riding up to the Sunshine coast in Queensland. Even some of the die hard BSA owners at the rally were amazed that we were attempting to ride 'two up' that far of a distance and back. We had only put on 700 miles so far and with just 3300 more miles to go. Hey, what could possibly go wrong?



The plan was to cross North East until we hit the coast at Byron Bay, then head up the coast to Caloundra on the Sunshine coast. We had booked an apartment in Caloundra on the ocean side for a week, so that was a good incentive for us sleeping on the ground for the next eight nights. There were a couple of major motorways available but we were going to try to ride on the quieter A and B roads. The first night was spent in Bendigo, the sole purpose was to attend the biggest swap meet in Australia. There are literally tons of old motorcycles and parts in Australia. I mean old, like the 20's,30's,& 40's stuff. The swap meet is held over two days, and you can't possibly see it all in one day. We only stayed a couple of hours just to experience it.

I did come across four tables of just Vincent parts alone. I personally could only recognize cylinders, heads and some other bits, but I know there are people in the BMOC that would appreciate and probably identify all the parts that were for sale. We had no room on the bike to buy anything just a couple of patches and a small tin sign. The trip continued from Bendigo to pitching our tent for the night in Rutherglen, Cowra, Coonabaraban, Armidale, Casino, Byron Bay, Mooloolah, then finally reaching our destination at Caloundra. We rode by vineyards, wheat fields, cattle and sheep ranches and vast areas of absolutely nothing until we hit the tropical East coast. We didn't pre-meditate any of our stops for the night but just kept riding until we thought it was time to stop. Staying on the A and B roads gave an opportunity to travel through some small towns and really appreciate Australia. Every day no matter where we stopped there were people constantly coming up to us and commenting on the BSA and asking about our adventure. Australians are very friendly much like Canadians, everyone gave us favorable comments and wished us well on our trip. Twice we had people actually offering their homes to us for the night but we declined.

Now is a good time to describe my BSA A65 as I spent plenty of time thinking about it on the journey. I would daydream while riding and imagining all the rotating and reciprocating masses, the valve train, etc. eventually coming to the conclusion that since I assembled the motor with great care and everything was blueprinted... all should be well. I rebuild this Beezer about 2000 miles ago. Starting at the bottom end: new rod bearing shells with MAP Hi Strength billet con rods, a SRM oil pump, new Kipplewhite timing side bush, I replaced the drive side roller bearing with the pre-66 ball bearing... right, wrong or indifferent... this locks and locates the crank so it doesn't shunt back and forth on the timing side bush also eliminating the need for the thrust washer, new camshaft bushes, fresh rings with a hone, new guides which I reamed myself, new valves, PWK carbs, Tri Spark ignition, Dyna coil, 520 X ring chain conversion, new primary chain and the 7 plate clutch conversion with a SRM pressure plate, and an oil filter kit. . It's got a 22 tooth gearbox sprocket. Yes, it's geared too tall for a 'two up' trip loaded with camping gear. How that came about: I rode to a rally a few years ago to Butte Montana with a group of riders that were all on big Harleys. Since we traveled on the Interstate, I did not want to be lagging behind hence the reason for the big sprocket. I cruised at 70 -75 MPH effortlessly and they were all quite amazed at the BSA. On this trip the Beezer would cruise nicely on the highway at a very relaxed RPM but I really had to keep the over squared BSA engine revs up if we were to successfully challenge any hills or mountain passes: unlike the torque of the 850 Norton whereas I could just roll the throttle on. Other than that it's a stock '69 Lightning. I had great confidence in the BSA (like all my bikes), but the thought does cross your mind when your miles from nowhere and you start to think what if some funky weird mechanical thing does happen? We didn't have a mobile phone, and if we did ...we had nobody to call anyways. I guess that's what makes it a real adventure.

What did I bring for tools? I packed a small tool bag with appropriate wrenches, screwdrivers, sockets, a spare electronic ignition, spare plugs, spare coil, spare Podtronics, a set of clutch friction plates, two tubes, tire irons and a voltmeter.

On the way we did encountered a few rain showers but nothing serious. There were plenty of Kangaroos, wallabies, wombats (all either dead or alive) and the odd Emu walking on the side of the road. Sandy was exceptionally good at spotting Kangaroos, always letting me know that there were some up ahead beside the road.

In the mornings it was now a ritual to check our riding gear for spiders and other creatures. There was a huge female Huntsman spider on my jacket one morning, so I thought it would make a great picture. I was just about to take its picture when it quickly crawled up the sleeve. I mean this thing was huge! It took me 5 minutes to shake her out of my sleeve. Another morning Sandy was checking her helmet before putting it on and she saw some kind of insect run into one of the perforated holes in the liner. We could not get it out. I offered my helmet, but she declined and we are still not sure if it ever did come out. There were times we would not see another vehicle for half an hour especially on some quiet C roads where all there was only 8 feet of bitumen with orange coloured gravel on each side. A truck was coming towards us at a high speed and of course he had half his vehicle on the pavement and half on the gravel, I got hit with a rock square in the chest. It hurt bad, so bad that I was convinced I might have been shot, I kept feeling and seeing if there was any blood. Another time on the return trip I got a rock to the helmet, glad I wear a full face.



We had many rest and gas stops along the way to Queensland always having a chat with someone regarding our trip. Not sure if I could have done this back roads Australian trip with the smaller American BSA gas tank. I have the large 4 gallon home market tank and on one fill up I actually put in 15.9 liters of petrol. We did stop at a motorcycle museum in Tamworth, the guy working there was so excited about our trip. He said it was so refreshing to have us drop by because he never sees anybody touring on old bikes anymore. Glad we could make his day. After the night in Byron Bay, we had no choice but to get on the busy motorway to and through Brisbane. We stopped for a visit at Mike Reilly's BSA shop just south of Brisbane. Wow, I've never met a more extreme BSA guy in my life. If you get a chance, you can look up his business on the internet and view his shop. It is unbelievable, for example: 3 beautifully restored '46, '47 & '48 A7's side by side, a brand new 1963 Gold Star that had never been started!, the only existing BSA Beagle with an aluminum barrel (they only made 1): the serial number starts with ED (experimental department), besides dozens of bikes there were factory shop signs, clocks, advertising signs and two factory cut away engines. It is just incredible. Ironically, a container from America arrived while we were there: Mike bought all the BSA parts from Rabers.

We made it to the Sunshine Coast with no problems, the BSA has been running superb. It's in need of an oil change but that will have to wait for the return trip when we get to Coffs Harbour where we will visit a new mate that we met at the Rally. Now it was time for a week of leisure at the beach. We only rode the bike twice during that week to visit a couple of people. One was good friend Kelly Cork in Maleny. Kelly is a musician, songwriter and a motorcycle mechanic / machinist and fabricator extraordinaire. I still have a Kelly Cork Norton cam chain tensioner in my 850 Norton, which has done over 20 thousand miles. I had one left and that is now in the 750 Commando that I had just recently restored which also won first place this past July at the International Norton Rally concourse. The week at the beach was awesome, but now it was time for the return trip. Since we are now heading back south and we're in Australia, it should all be down hill. Right?

The plan was to follow the Pacific Highway to Sydney then ride down the Princess Highway following the coast all the way back to Melbourne. It wasn't a great ride on the busy M1 Motorway down to and through Brisbane but it had to be done. After a few hours we were in New South Wales and now only 20 minutes from Sawtell (just south of Coffs Harbour) where we were to spend the night with our new BSA friends Steve and Lois. We decided to stop and email them just to make sure they were still expecting us. We pulled into a Macca's (McDonalds) to use the WiFi when I noticed some oil on the rear tire. What the hell? I then discovered that my oil filter bracket had loosened and the filter had been rubbing on the centre stand causing a small hole in the filter. Crap, I didn't have a spare filter with me. I carefully repositioned the filter, wrapped a rag around it and topped up the oil in the tank. Because we were only 30 miles from Steve's, I was going to keep riding but constantly monitor the leak. The big concern is that the oil leak is under pressure from the pump. We started out and stopped in a few miles.... hmm seems pretty good. I stopped at a gas station and purchased some extra oil. I kept periodically stopping and checking, it was definitely leaking but we made it with no drama. Steve was waiting for us (with a cold beer), and we wheeled the bike in his shop. The rest of the night was all about beer, prawns, steak on the barbecue and good company. We will fix the problem tomorrow.

After a social breakfast in their Village, we went to work on the BSA. Steve has got a very well equipped workshop: two bike lifts, a lathe, welder, and just about anything else you may need. He is also a bike collector (like all of us) and there were at least 12 British bikes in his garage. He had a BSA Golden Flash, an Ariel HuntMaster, a T140 TSX, a T140 TSS, a 77 T140, a couple more A10's plus a Certified T140 Royal Wedding serial # 2. The first T140 Royal Wedding (serial #1) was presented to Charles and Diana as a gift. He's got a good story about that one.

We gave the BSA a full service: changed the oil and filter, adjusted the valves, synchronized the carbs, greased the swing arm, and generally went over the whole bike. There was nothing drastically wrong except to redesign a better oil filter bracket. The X ring chain never needed adjustment the entire trip. We spend the whole afternoon in his shop while the girls went for a hike and a little sight seeing. Steve convinced us to stay another night, since we weren't too tight on time we had another great evening visiting.

After saying goodbye, we were back on the road the next morning. We pitched our tent for the night in the small town of Bulahdelah. The next day was to be our worst ride: going through the city of Sydney. It was Friday, it was hot and the traffic was bumper to bumper. I didn't think the poor clutch was going to make it through the day. However, a couple hours later, we finally passed through Sydney and making our way to Wollongong. Riding down a steep hill the right cylinder started burping and backfiring slightly, we needed to find a campsite so I kept going. Finally found a nice campsite in Shell Harbour and I would look at the bike in the morning. Our entire trip we always seemed to luck out at finding nice campsites that were always just a short walk to town for food, drinks etc. Started the bike in the morning, it was missing and burping on the right side. First I switched plugs then switched the leads but both produced the same symptoms on the right side. I was just about to pull the carb apart when I noticed the carb was loose! Carefully retightened it back on the manifold and the BSA returned to it's happy self.

Again, we saw and experienced amazing things on our return trip, but will keep it short and about the bike. Our next stops for the night were at: Batesman Bay, Merimbula, Orbost, Port Albert and finally at Somerville. The return trip we rode by a variety of scenery: through banana, pineapple, mango plantations to lush tropical forests, hay fields then finally back to cattle and sheep ranches. The last night we camped close to our drop off point so I could spent a couple of hours washing and polishing the bike to avoid any fuss over quarantine. We arrived at Jon's and I looked at the speedo, we were 42 miles short of a 4000 mile trip. I suggested that we go for a ride to make up for it: Sandy just laughed and told me it really wasn't necessary. It was truly an amazing epic trip on the BSA and the bike ran flawless. We hope to return when Australia hosts the International BSA Rally in 2023.

Ken Jacobson

Now If we can ride 'two up' loaded with camping gear for 4000 miles (6437 Km's) in Australia on a 50 year old British motorcycle then ... there shouldn't be any real reason for any club member not to ride to either Salt Spring Island, Riondel or Williams Lake for a weekend on their favourite old bike. Let's get out there and enjoy these classic bikes! I will even buy you a beer and you can tell me how much fun it was.



Calendar of Events

- April 14 -GVMC's 3rd Ann Garage Sale @ the GVMC Clubhouse. Vendors wanted.
wes@wesjaimison.com or 604-857-4880.
- April 14 - 34th Ann. Coombs Swap Meet @ Arrowsmith Hall. Mike @ 250-954-3332
- April 21 - Ride n Tune Contact Patrick Jaune for details patrick.jaune@shaw.ca
- April 27 - WVM's Swap Meet & Show @ the NW Washington Fairgrounds in Lynden, WA
www.washingtonvintagemotorcyclists.org
- May 1 - MOTORCYCLES OK Symposium@ Deeley Conference Centre in Vancouver BC
www.MotorcyclesOK.ca
- May 5 - Campbell River Swap Meet at Eagles Hall in Campbell River. 250-286-3120
- May 5 - Shakedown Run, details to be announced
- May 18 - All British Field Meet at VanDusen Gardens, Vancouver, BC westerndriver.com
- May 24-25 - Coastal Car Swap Meet @ TRADEX in Abbotsford. www.coastalswapmeet.com
- May 26 - 10th Annual RIDE TO LIVE Prostate Cancer Ride. www.ridetolive.ca
- June 2 - Duffy Lake Ride, details to be announced
- June 14-16 - CVMG Annual Paris Rally in Paris, ON. <https://cvmg.ca/ParisRally>
- June 16 - Father's Day Show @ Burnaby's Heritage Village. Terry Rae @ 778-317-2454
- June 21-23 - Isle of Lamb TT, Saltspring Island, details to be announced
- Aug 16-17 - 39th Annual Tenino Swap Meet>. AMCA Evergreen chapter
- Aug 23-25 - 50th Annual Heritage Classic Weekend. South Surrey, BC www.jaguarmg.com

NOTE THAT THERE WILL BE NO CLOVERDALE CLASSIC & VINTAGE SWAP MEET IN 2019.

If I have missed something or you would like to add something please let me know.

Todd 604-299-0020

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Crescent Beach Concours d'Elegance, 2018

Saturday September 1st dawned clear and crisp with no forecast of rain so Alan Comfort and I put the top down on the old Jaguar and headed south to Crescent Beach for the annual running of the Crescent Beach Concours d' Elegance. As has become the norm, this year's show had a fantastic display, classes were diverse, featuring muscle cars, E type Jags, pickup trucks, Porsches, street rods, British specials, post war European sports cars and a stunning line up of 10 pre-war Packard's. And of course, the classic motorcycles.

This year we had 12 bikes on display, including 3 from our club. BMOC member Darcy Edgecombe captured 3rd place in the judged class with his lovely 1954 Triumph Tiger 100, behind a very rare 1993 Bimota DB2 shown by Darwin Sveinson and a beautiful 1955 Vincent Comet SS shown by Tony Cording. BMOC member, Peter Dent, with his fully off-road fitted Triumph Tiger took the award for the Best Presented Motorcycle.

Although not in the placing for the awards, BMOC member Lyle Whitter's eye catching "Golden Flash Four" drew the most amount of "ooing and aahing" and "look at that's" for build quality and ingenuity.

Altogether as Alan Comfort is fond of saying, "Time well wasted"

(We would like to thank the BMOC for the use of their sign holders and for Nigel Spaxman for delivering them.)



A pair of winning Tigers:

Darcy Edgecomb with his '54 T100 (left) and Peter Dent with his 2010 Triumph Tiger Special (right)





MEMBER PROFILE

My First Bike by Derek Smith



A letter in a motorcycle magazine has reminded me of an event with my first motorcycle, a 1954 BSA C10L. It was 1962 and I was sixteen years old and purchasing my first motor vehicle, a used motorcycle. My mother had suggested a motorcycle because her parents had gotten around England for many years on a bike and sidecar. It seemed a good idea to me at the time. I needed motor transport to get my first job as a car hop at a drive in restaurant and there were no late night buses at that time. It was a condition of employment by White Spot Restaurants in Vancouver. After looking at a James, my dad thought it best to get the BSA, because he was more familiar with four stroke motors and BSA was a popular brand when he was young. My first ride around the block was uneventful and exciting, however the second ride was not to be. The battery was dead. So an over night charge and try again the next day. The ride was somewhat longer but the battery died again. I removed the primary chain case cover to see if there was a loose wire somewhere. There were a lot of loose wires and the resin on the Wipac energy transfer unit had dissolved a long time ago. We tried to get the thing to work many times, my dad even enlisted the help of a Masonic friend, who was a heavy duty locomotive mechanic. But it became easier to take shorter rides and recharge the battery before going to bed. A replacement Wipac would have to be ordered from Fred Deeley's and cost too much at the time. As time went on, my clutch needed some attention, so I took the friction plate to Fred Deeley's where upon they handed me a bag cork inserts and showed me how to replace the worn corks. It seemed easy enough, and my automotive school teacher let me bring my bike and project to school where I could work on it in class. The finished friction plate was resurfaced in the wood shop by holding the plate against the large sanding wheel, doing both sides then reinstalled back in the bike. I was pretty proud of myself, I had completed my first repair without outside help. A day later, my bike was parked out front of our house on the shoulder of the road and I wanted to go for a ride to Deeley's to look at the new bikes. I kick started the bike, then my hand slipped off the clutch lever. The bike jumped forward then died. I tried to restart it, but something was terribly wrong. There were strange noises coming from the transmission. I took the three speed transmission apart and I could not believe what I was seeing. The main shaft was broken in half. I took the broken pieces to Deeley's by bus. The parts guys gathered around and looked in amazement, what kind of bike did that? They could not believe a C10L had the power to break its' transmission main shaft. What was even more amazing was that they had one in stock. They blew the dust off it and sold it to me. The culprit was my new clutch, it gripped very well. I kept the bike for a year then sold it to buy a used '53 A10 650. It needed a motor rebuild, which I did, but that is another story. A month after selling the 250, my bank bounced the check for my bike and the buyer had moved.

Derek Smith, Brackendale, BC

“PUTTING TOGETHER A CLASSIC” by Eric Lam

Why on earth are you working on a 60 year old British motorcycle? We ditched them for Japanese bikes in the '70s--with good reason. --My father

It took me a while to finally do it. I owned a 1970 MGB some years back. And I have owned quirky bikes before like an Indian Enfield and a CJ750 sans sidecar. So I'm not unfamiliar with machines that need regular attention. But my ride the past decade has been an unfailingly reliable, if a bit boring, W650. One day I said "It's time. It's time for a real British bike". And the BSA Gold Star was what I always wanted. Long story short, I found an unfinished project bike locally in BC and had something to work with. It was a "bitsa" Goldie alright, but the price was right for what it was. I did a quick check of the engine compression and it started up after only a few kicks. It ran for only 30 seconds, but the sound was enough to convince me to take the plunge. The engine was a big finned DBD34 head (on a very late 1952 ZB34 GS crankcase) with the 2 1/2" flange mount for the GP carb. BSA records indicated that the 1957 swinging arm frame held a DBD34 GS engine at one time. The big end was rebuilt when the engine was put together some 15 years ago, so all I needed to do was to take it from here to where I wanted it to be. (But of course I had no idea how much work that would eventually take).

October-December 2017

What I bought was someone else's unfinished "bitsa" project with faded black paintwork, no clockwork, no carb, no electrics, and a suspect magdyno. In fact, the first thing I had to overcome after rolling it into the garage was buyer's remorse. Once I got over that, I quickly disassembled everything until I just had the engine in frame sitting on a bike lift. I took the forks and wheels to a shop as I didn't have confidence in working on those parts. The wheels came back trued, balanced, and mounted with new Avons: a Speedmaster on the front and a Safety Mileage II on the back. Brake shoes and brake drums checked out. No need to reline or skim. Both wheels got new sealed bearings. The forks were rebuilt with new seals and bronze bushes. Then I gathered all the parts that needed a new black paint job. I left the frame alone as it looked like it had a recent paint job--plus I wasn't planning on removing the engine). The parts came back from a wet paint job with modern paints likely looking better than they did when they first came out of the factory.

While the shops had my above parts, I went to work on the clutch (it was challenging getting the centre nut off without any help from the rear brake as my wheels were off). I pulled the six spring clutch apart and went through the plain plates making sure they were truly flat and filed the notches and grooves down. The friction plates were, as expected, toast. The Ferodo inserts in the clutch drum weren't completely worn away so I saved that. The clutch centre was, however, toast as many of the 6 riveted studs were loose. I now understand why many people malign BSA's 6 spring clutch. It didn't look robust at all. I put it all back together starting with new ball races, then clutch drum, clutch centre, centre nut and tab washer, alternating plates, and top plate and locknuts.

There was a lot of finicky work setting up the clutch. The worst of which was making sure that the clutch top plate lifted lightly and evenly without the need for a death grip at the handlebar lever. Six adjustment locknuts: *Sheesh*. Some use a dial gauge to check the runout, I just used my eyes--so far so good.

I got to work next on the carburetor. Decided to go with a new Monobloc 389. Simple. Looks period correct, and I wasn't building a Clubmans bike with clip-ons, close ratio gearbox, and racing carburetor. Though I had the Clubman cams, I wanted a rideable touring bike with regular rise handlebars, wide ratio gearbox, and foot pegs in the forward position. The only problem is the Monobloc fits a 2" flange while my head was meant for the GP's 2 1/2" flange. Luckily, a UK shop makes an unobtrusive step-down aluminium adaptor in these specific sizes. Everything fitted together nicely so I bolted everything down firmly, but gently, with all the correct paper and Tufnol gaskets.

January to March 2018

The first newly painted part to go back onto the frame was the swinging arm. The Silent-Bloc bushes had already been replaced with bronze bushes. One less thing to worry about as I dreaded (based on stories) removing and replacing the bushes. But try getting the swinging arm back on without scratching the frame or the new paint job! A few hairy moments, but one, two, three and it was back in between the frame before I quickly knocked the spindle through. Back on went the rear drum and the drive chain that I had soaked in kerosene to clean and dipped in graphited hot paraffin. Getting the newly painted triple tree and forks back onto the front was also tricky. Especially when you're doing this on your own and trying not to knock any of the 40 steering head bearings sitting in the greased races into oblivion when sliding the triple tree up into the steering head.

Then came the wheels: rear first, then front. If I was to do this again. I would like a friend present with an extra pair of hands. Newly chromed chain guard and mudguards followed. Remember also that this was done with the engine and frame strapped to a lift. While it was strapped down, the adding of heavy parts one at a time was disconcerting as you felt the bike's centre of gravity shift with each part.

Mounted the fuel tank, the oil tank, and tool box. I decided on a Made in India 4 gallon replica tank. The metal was a bit thin, but for the price it wasn't bad. We'll see how long the tank lasts. The silver paintwork and red pin striping was done decently. And I have no complaints about the chroming. (The bike came with an original 2 gallon Catalina tank. I'll have to save that for the future as restoring locally will take some money). Once the fuel tank was mounted and sitting properly on the padded top tube, I just needed to hook up the two rubber fuel lines from the carburetor to the brass lever fuel taps on either side of the tank with all the proper barbs and crimps.

The oil tank was a bit more involved as it has a complicated mounting system. I took care not to mix up the armoured hoses from the oil tank to the engine. The tool box was straightforward. I had been spending every free weekend from November to March on this bike, but I finally had a rolling chassis.

April-June 2018

Checked out the STD gearbox. It was clicking through all the gears fine. I only opened up the outermost cover to check up on the kickstart ratchet and spring. Looks good. Checked the angle of the all-important clutch cable lever in the cover. Closed up the gearbox with a new gasket and filled it up with hypoid oil. The gearbox seal on the sprocket side could have likely been replaced, but I wasn't about to pull the whole gearbox out just to get at that if the gearbox itself didn't need rebuilding. Save it for the future. After all, a few drops of oil on the garage floor is an inherent pre-unit characteristic.

Rebuilt and restored Smiths Chronometric gauges cost an arm and a leg to purchase. But they sure look good when mounted on the triple tree. Enough said. (The other option was Made in India "Chronometric" lookalikes that are magnetic driven inside. But nah). Cables, cables, cables! The Gold Star book didn't say how cables should be routed. Nor any factory BSA literature that I came across. It came down to pictures, common sense, and picking the path of least resistance (especially important when routing the clutch cable). Through trial and error I figured out that there was usually only one (or maybe two) possible way to route a cable. But there were just so many cables that making the whole lot aesthetically pleasing was challenging: clutch, brake, throttle, air, ignition, valve lifter, speedometer, tachometer, etc. And then it was time to deal with Lucas, Lord of Darkness...

I bought a pre-made Made in UK cloth covered loom. It wasn't too hard to figure out the 6V positive ground system. I replaced the mechanical cut-out with a solid state version. Added some glass fuses to key points. Added a battery kill switch mounted to the post of my 6V battery for a convenient way to kill the power when working on things. Grounded the headlight to the frame rather than just to the headlamp shell (what was Lucas thinking?!?). Added a separate ground for the dynamo rather than just relying on the crankcase platform. The Lucas bullet connectors weren't hard to use, but I did have to purchase a special crimper. The bike came with an original working 6V Altette horn. A bit tired looking, but I didn't want to mess with a working horn. It may never sound correct again if I take it apart. I just painted the tone disc in crinkle silver paint and replaced the disintegrated paper gaskets with new ones so that I got a nice bright tone when I tested the horn after torquing the diaphragm ring down. The new handlebar switches and lights all worked. The brake lamp switch needed a proper spring to connect it to the brake pedal instead of the bodge job paper clip linkage the previous owner installed. I still have the original Bakelite U39 lighting switch in the headlamp shell. Clicked through all the positions nicely. The 2W pilot light is cute as a daytime running light, but is essentially useless and the prefocus 25/25W headlamp bulb is even more useless while riding at night. The problem isn't seeing the road, it's about not being seen by clueless and distracted modern drivers. I upgraded to a prefocus 35/35W halogen bulb. Much better. However, when I fired the bike up for the first

time with the electrics connected the ammeter wasn't budging when I blipped the throttle. This was no good...

July-November 2018

The magdyno should merit a story all on its own. As I mentioned, the E3LM dynamo wasn't charging. It turned out that the commutator was slightly ovoid. The brushes weren't making good contact as it spun. It needed to be put on a lathe. As for the MO1L magneto, I had hoped that it would be fine. But I was aware that these things, if original, usually have failing capacitors. It was May when I started doing test runs in and around East Van. The bike started up fine with the factory recommendations for jet sizes. It only needed one or two kicks to start and it idled nicely after a good warm-up. And I then I set off. But 15-20 minutes into every ride the engine would die. I could observe no spark while kicking it with the spark plug pulled. The bike would finally start again after it cooled down and then I would quickly ride it home to avoid a repeat. After about a half a dozen rides like this I knew my magneto was at fault. I sent it off for rebuilding. I thought about converting to an electronic ignition running off the battery, but I was going to do this the old school way. The magneto as it turned out had a bad capacitor and the armature had failed windings from bad shellac. Swapped the armature out for a newly rewound one the rebuilder had in stock. The bearings and fibre gear was replaced and many other small issues in the face cam points were attended to, but after it was all done (for a princely sum) the magneto was tested for many hours and it fired a nice blue spark all that time. I got the magneto back in late October and wasted no time in mounting and shimming it, timing it to 39 degrees BTDC with a degree wheel for accuracy, and firing the bike up. *VAROOOM!!!*

The true test was a ride. Headed out to UBC and around SW Marine Dr. for a leisurely hour long ride one weekend afternoon. Made it home without the engine stalling even once. Another weekend afternoon I went to Richmond and back. No issues except I didn't start heading home until sundown. I kept up easily with the insane traffic on Knight Street Bridge. Vehicles may not have seen the illumination put out by my bike's pathetic 6V system, but they surely heard the bark and twitter of my Goldie's exhaust! Beautiful sound. A large part of the challenge these first few rides was also getting used to having the gear and brake pedals on opposite sides of the bike, the reversed gear pattern, the seemingly wide gap between 2nd and 3rd on the standard gearbox, getting into neutral from 2nd when coming to a red light, cable drum brakes, no turning indicators, starting when the engine is hot (if I have to stop somewhere briefly), and manipulating the advance/retard lever now and then for best engine running. But by this time it was already November and dry weekends where I could take the bike out were becoming scarce. I'm patiently waiting for 2019 so I can really shake this bike down, do a plug chop and tune the Monobloc, and see whether the Gold Star's stellar reputation was deserved. It's a bit of a pig to ride on Vancouver streets in modern traffic, but on a stretch of quiet rural roads it should be good fun.

I've only described a few of the experiences I went through in order to get this bike sorted. I spent an inordinate amount of time obsessing over the correct fasteners:

Whitworth, BA, CEI, BSP, etc. and all their correct installation orders according to the parts manual. Incorrect UNF and UNC or metric fasteners had to be replaced with CEI hardware. I cheated only in a few places. Obviously, there were many more detailed oriented tasks that consumed a lot of time. And a few problems that were of my own making. Trial and error was the rule as this was a learning by doing process. The books and service sheets can only teach you so much. (I had to read the section on adjusting the rockers so that they aren't misaligned several times to make sense of it). But luckily I usually knew when to stop, take a break, and have a cuppa before frustration led to disaster. Torque always less than you think you need. *Umph*. Then stop. (Ask how I destroyed and repaired the threads in my fork pinch). Removing the cush drive spring to get at the engine sprocket? Figure a way to stop it from exploding out before you even attempt it. The engine was mounted with aftermarket Converta front engine plates and I swapped them out with a set of correct B series plates I found on eBay for \$50. Doing that while knocking out and replacing engine stud bolts one at a time and not trying to scratch the paint on the plates required a lot of forethought. It's incredible to think that so many chassis components on this bike were basically hand-fitted by adjusting the position of washer spacers and fasteners. Doesn't fit? Loosen it over there, then tighten over here. No? Try again. And again. And again. It took me a good weekend to fit the chain guard and spacers to the swinging arm and **not** have the drive chain rub against the inside. Just as much time was spent shimmying (through trial and error) the magneto so that the pinion gear doesn't whine on running when the magneto is strapped down. You have to get over the fact that nothing will fit right and work on the initial attempt. Nor expect that things will stay in place for long.

Now that everything is more or less sorted, I can admire the fact that this bike certainly has *oomph*. I love it. The twittering sound? Beautiful. I just try to be considerate with the throttle when heading out early on a Sunday morning. The neighbours appreciate that. Now that I have a Gold Star in the garage, maybe it's time to find an A10 project bike and build a RGS replica. Hmmm...the story continues.





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Technical Tips:

Keep those pesky battery terminal nuts in place with disposable foam ear plugs when removing or installing your battery.

Lightly rusted and pitted chromium parts can be temporarily made more presentable by vigorously rubbing with a wad of aluminum foil.



President Nigel presents Tom Mellor with the BMOG Member of the Year award. Tom's faithful participation in club events and his remarkable successes at setting speed records at the Bonneville Salt Flats on his well prepared vintage Triumph triples make him a worthy recipient of this prestigious award. There is no question that Tom is the fastest man in the club.



A special thank you goes out to Penny Freestone for organizing the BMOG Christmas Dinner. The food was excellent and plentiful at this well-attended event.

This very special cake did not go un-noticed.