

# Good vibrations

*the newsletter of the british motorcycle owners club  
british columbia canada*

*June 2010*



*INSIDE ....*

*AHRMA AT PIR*

*HOOD RIVER ADVENTURE*

*NC15 RECOLLECTIONS*

*AND MORE ....*

## SCENE IN THE PARKING LOT AT TSAWWASSEN

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Photos Robert Smith (see full story page 9)



Philip Funnell's latest conveyance attracted a few unbelieving stares



A rare 1973 TR5 Adventurer



Asking \$11,000 for a tasty 1958 TR6 "Trophy Bird"



B50 and attractive attendant



It should be illegal for men to wear chaps when riding a Norton Commando

## EDITOR'S RANT

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*Bevin Jones*

Sorry this issue is late - my fault as usual.

Thanks to all who contributed to this issue - we wound up with more than we could use, especially photos so look for more in the September issue.

And remember .... newly published research has proved that six out of seven dwarfs aren't happy!

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### GOOD VIBRATIONS

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

June 2010

#### FINE PRINT

The Westcoast British Motorcycle Owners Club (a.k.a. BMOC) is a registered not-for-profit society dedicated to the preservation, restoration and use of British motorcycles.

Our newsletter, Good Vibrations, is published sporadically and is intended to inform and entertain our members. Articles appearing in this newsletter do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the BMOC. Technical and other information contained in this newsletter should be treated with a measure of common sense, as we cannot test or vouch for every word written.

#### Article Submission

We welcome all contributions from our members. Want Ads and For Sale Ads are free to members and non-members. Ads must be limited to motorcycles or related items. For Sale Ads are printed with the good faith that the seller's description of the goods is fair and accurate. BMOC assumes no responsibility for the accuracy of advertisements.

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

#### Commercial Advertising Rates Per Issue

Based on 7.9 x 4.9 inch page size  
Business Card/ ¼ Page \$10.00  
½ Page \$15.00  
Full Page \$20.00

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

### Nigel Spaxman

We have a lot of fun events to look forward to this year. I am not going to list them all, they are in our calendar. This year I am going to try to do them all since I am the President.

This year I bought a Honda! It is a fantastic machine, but the responsibility of maintaining it reminds me of what we all like about our old Triumphs and Norton's, the simplicity. Right now I have put the Honda to one side so that I can spend the time to complete the assembly of my Norton 850. I don't think the final assembly of the Norton is really much more work than the maintenance that is required before I ride my Honda much further. The Honda is 10,000 km overdue for its valve adjustment. In order to do that I have to remove the fairing, one of the radiators, the oil cooler the fuel tank, and both carburetors. All this before the valve covers can be removed, just to check the valves. (This part takes 5 minutes on most old bikes) Then if adjustment is actually required the camshafts have to be removed so the shims can be replaced with appropriate ones to achieve the proper clearance. Then everything has to be re assembled. I think it will be a whole day job, and then I still have to replace both tires. Maybe I will wait until next winter. I had better remember to keep the new battery charged. I think I will take it out and put it in the Norton.

### HELP US KEEP IN TOUCH

If you have changed your mailing address, phone number or email address, please email your current information to [ian\\_bardsley@telus.net](mailto:ian_bardsley@telus.net)

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

Cover - Tom Mellor in action at PIR - Portland, OR

Check out the BMOC website

[bmoc.ca](http://bmoc.ca)



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## OKANAGAN HAPPENINGS

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*Bill Sarjeant*



The BMOCOK "Boys" on a Sunday run to Lumby to check out the campground, banquet area and skills testing facilities. Discussing the fine merits of the spirited ride up are Mike Randall, Jimmy the Weasel, George Cameron, Mark Bird and John MacKenzie. Missing from the picture is Bill Sarjeant who the crew didn't see too much during the ride anyway because his Suzuki Titan blew their doors off!



2010 International Norton Owner's Association Rally



**Lumby, B.C. July 20-24, 2010**

Wicked Riding  
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Photo Credit: Stuart Rob Photography

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

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

[www.bmoc.ca](http://www.bmoc.ca)

### **VOLUNTEERS NEEDED**

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

## AHRMA VINTAGE RACING COMES TO PORTLAND

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*Robert Smith*

Most years, the American Historic Racing Motorcycle Association circus only ventures east of the Missouri twice: to Willow Springs raceway in California; and to Miller Motorsports Park in Tooele, Utah near Salt Lake City. All or the other rounds in this vintage race bike series are held at eastern venues. But for 2010, a stop in Portland, OR at the Portland International Raceway was included, on the May 1-2 weekend.

So Alan Comfort and I decided to vote with our feet, hoping to encourage AHRMA to return to the Pacific Northwest in future by strafing down I5 to PIR. On four wheels. Which turned out to be a wise move given the weather.

We stayed overnight at the Comfort Inn (No relation, Alan says, but he still couldn't get us a discount) in downtown Vancouver, WA, just across the Columbia from Portland. We wandered the deserted streets looking for sustenance and found the Salmon Creek Brew Pub. Now if you like your I.P.A. to be fresh, fragrantly hoppy and flavourful—don't go to the Salmon Creek. Their ales seemed mostly to be over heavy, almost cloyingly sweet and lightly hopped. Not my taste at all, but your mileage may vary.

PIR is a mostly flat track based, like Mission, around a drag strip. There is an optional chicane in the main straight, but this was out of action on race day. The long straight did offer the big bikes a chance to really open up, and allowed Tom Mellor (with Mick Hart and Swiss Niederberger, the only BC representatives on track) to wind out his Trident. The 9,000rpm howl from Tom's 1969 triple is electrifying, even with the noise limiter can installed.

Biggest field of the day went to the 160cc race. 43 bikes on the "grid" were held upright by helpers while the racers sprinted across the track to their machines, bump started them, and wailed away with the tiny twin-cylinder motors spinning up to 11,000rpm. Mick Hart came second in that one. (...or was it the 200GP race?)

The sidecars were fun too, slithering and drifting their way through each turn on the cool, slippery track. Some of the best racing, though, was in the big capacity classes, with modern SV650s and Triumph Thruxtons pitched against vintage Ducatis, Triumphs, Guzzis and...Tom Mellor's Trident. Tom won his class in the Formula 750 race, and Swiss came 2<sup>nd</sup> in Classic 60s on his Gold Star behind Fred Mork's '62 Matchless.

So a grand day out. The rain mostly held off, and the racing was excellent. I'm always impressed with the sheer variety of types, ages and engine sizes that circulate in AHRMA. Believe me, it's some of the best racing you'll see. How can you not like watching (and hearing!) a vintage bevel Ducati twin on full song trading fairing paint with flat-twin BMWs, Suzuki SV650s, bi booming Guzzis and howling triples? Ya gotta be there!

Just as well Alan and I went, too, because we increased the spectator attendance by about 50 percent. Well, nearly. Seriously, I'd have put the gate at no more than 200. I doubt AHRMA will be back to PIR in a hurry, which is a shame.

Miller Motorsports Park, Utah in September for AHRMA's Bonneville Vintage GP, anyone?



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## HOOD RIVER GARAGE TOUR

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*Alan Comfort*

John Stanley and I first crossed paths at the 2009 North American Velocette Rally in Kamloops. John brought to this event a very nicely restored late 40's MAC and an un-restored low mileage Indian Velo: that's the late 60's Floyd Clymer combination of the top-shelf Velocette Venom/Thruxton motor tucked into an Italjet frame with high end Italian cycle parts. A more tasty, rare and sweet running machine of that vintage would be hard to find. During the course of the rally, I learned that John had a rather extensive collection of interesting machinery at his shop in Hood River, Oregon, and he invited me to visit him at my leisure. We exchanged correspondence over the winter and he was delighted at my suggestion to bring a contingency of BMOC members to his shop in the spring.

I next met John at the Las Vegas motorcycle auction and we firmed up the date for March 20. He noted that a few of his bikes were on display at the Western Antique Aeroplane and Automobile Museum, also in Hood River, and that we might want to take that in while we are in the neighborhood.

Mid-March is not the ideal time for a motorcycle trip in the Pacific Northwest. We could get lucky and get three consecutive warm dry days in March. We could also win the 649 Lottery. The odds are about the same. Discretion being the better part of valor, we decided to do the trip on four wheels. Robert Smith offered to drive his van and we had five passengers: Phil Esworthy, Bevin Jones, Patrick Jaune, Steve Snoen and me.

The planned departure from Ladner at 12:30 was on schedule and we had an uneventful trip down the super slab to our motel accommodations in Vancouver, WA. Phil kept us entertained with tales of his misspent youth. An 8:00 AM departure from the motel and a scenic drive along the north side of the Columbia River got us to Hood River right on time for the appointed 10:00 AM meeting at John's shop. The weather was good so far, and I was beginning to regret our choice of conveyance. It would have been a perfect motorcycle trip.

Robert's GPS took us right to the door and we knew we were in the right spot because there was a 1967 Moto Guzzi V700 sitting in the driveway to welcome us. From the outside, John's shop did not look like much. By its outward appearance, the nondescript commercial building situated on the main street of a residential neighborhood did not give the slightest hint the treasures inside. When we entered the former fishing lure factory we were confronted with an eclectic array of vintage motorcycles. This well equipped shop is every gear-heads dream garage: clean, warm, dry, high ceilings, well lit and lots of space. With regards to organization, we could all take a page or two out of John's book. His parts inventory is on labeled shelves behind cabinet doors. He keeps a detailed file on each bike, so he knows exactly what he has done to each bike. Handy information when it comes to selling, and John sells bikes. He restores two or three bikes per year, so his collection is not static. A recent acquisition is a cammy Velocette bobber. When I suggested that he clean it up, get the mechanicals and electrics sorted and keep it in as found condition, he looked at me sideways and said "no, I restore bikes". I expect that by this time next year there will be a KSS Velocette in Hood River that is in the same condition that it was in when it left the factory floor at Hall Green some sixty years ago.

John engages professionals for paintwork, welding, plating and machining. Everything else he does on the premises. Engine, gearbox, electrics, wheels, brakes, drivelines, carburetors, and fasteners are all done by the book. The care he takes with his assemblies becomes obvious upon close inspection of his work. When he starts an engine, it is a one or two kick affair. The British bikes may have a few drops of oil under them after sitting for a few weeks, but by my estimation a dozen of his Brit bikes lose about the same amount of oil in a year that my BSA leaks in a week.

I will not attempt to list the bikes in his custody, but two that stand out in my memory are the AJS 18C all alloy competition 500 single and the pristine original condition Velocette LE that is authenticated as the very last motorcycle to roll out of the Velocette factory. You will just have to make the visit yourself if you want a full inventory. There is definitely something in this collection that will be memorable for everyone, and John welcomes all visitors who have an interest in old motorcycles. For a quick look at some of John's American bikes, go to this website: [http://w3.gorge.net/stanco/stancovintageweb\\_001.htm](http://w3.gorge.net/stanco/stancovintageweb_001.htm)

After a couple of hours of poking, prodding and looking in corners, it was time to move on. We headed

back in to town and checked into the Hood River Hotel. This hotel is not your common everyday Holiday Inn type of establishment. It was built in the early part of the 20<sup>th</sup> century and still retains most of its original charm. The cast iron radiators, antique woodwork and large double hung, windows that open onto the street took me back to the day of the motorcycles we just finished viewing. The hotel is strategically located in the middle of downtown Hood River and is in easy walking distance of a variety of brew pubs and restaurants. For lunch, John suggested a nice little brewpub a few miles south of town. After some hot food and a couple of I.P.A.s, we were ready for the next round of old vehicles. A least we thought we were ready.

Again, we encountered another minor deceit: upon arrival at the Western Antique Aeroplane and Automobile Museum, or WAAAM, it felt like we were at an ordinary municipal airport. The small paved parking area adjacent to three large hangars, a warehouse and a small paved airstrip gave little clue as to what lay inside. As soon as we crossed the threshold we knew we had entered a Mecca for anyone with even a passing interest in the history of 20<sup>th</sup> Century transportation. Interspersed amidst the collection of seventy or so air worthy light aircraft from 1917 to 1957 is a collection of over a hundred cars and motorcycles from the teens to the late seventies. It was impossible to simply walk past any of these meticulously maintained vehicles. Each aircraft warranted a close examination of the details that contribute to the form and function of these wonderful machines. It would be easy to spend our allotted three hours looking at just a few of these planes, let alone take in all the rest of the displays. WAAAM is an absolute delight and worthy of many more visits. Go to [www.waaamuseum.org/](http://www.waaamuseum.org/) for a virtual tour of this remarkable facility.

As the museum doors were closing, we met another visitor who inquired about the Ducati Owners Club decal on the rear window of Robert's van. A brief discussion in the parking indicated that this person had more than a passing interest in motorcycles and that he had a few Ducatis at his home in home in nearby Mount Adams. We exchanged phone numbers and made arrangements to stop by for a visit on our way home the next morning. From the conversation, I envisioned a few bevel drive twins and a couple of old singles tucked away in a shed, but more about that deceit later. We had more important issues at hand, namely verifying Hood River's reputation for well-crafted microbrewery beer and good food.

We were not disappointed. After a superb Italian meal served up by a winsome young lass in a tiny basement restaurant, we went on a search for the perfect I.P.A. We found it in a quiet pub that appeared to have had a former life as a corner filling station. Filling station took on a new meaning as we sampled a variety of amber liquids. By ten o'clock it was no longer a quiet pub. It turns out that we had simply arrived early, and with the best seats in the house we had a rather pleasant evening observing the local wildlife. Good thing that the hotel was just a short walk down the street. Could this have been better planned?

Sunday morning came too early and dawn brought a cold drizzle. I am starting to justify our choice of transportation. We managed to find an excellent breakfast at the hotel café. Now it is time to find our way home with a brief detour to Mount Adams for a look at a few Ducatis. Robert's GPS takes through the back roads of southern Washington to our new found Ducati friend's address. At the foot of Mount Adams, now enshrouded with fog and mist, is a beautifully paved mile long driveway that leads to a large log house. What lies inside is another story that will be left to be told in another issue of Good Vibrations.

We managed to find our way home over some excellent roads that would have been better travelled on two wheels in fine weather. And that must be done, for this tour could be repeated as a fine summer motorcycle adventure.

A special thanks goes to John Stanley for hosting the select BMOC members who participated in this short tour.

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## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE NORTON NC15S Part 2

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*Larry Emrick*

*In January's part one of this two-part series Larry Emrick relived his love-hate relationship with his rare 1968 750 Norton as he and his wife rode across the British Isles, Europe, and down the Dalmatian Coast into southern Yugoslavia. As they were about to head into the mountains, the trip took an ominous turn.*

Now the real adventure was about to begin. After months of travel across England, Ireland, Scotland and Central Europe with only small, irritating mechanical setbacks, the trip suddenly took an ominous turn, thanks to an over-enthusiastic application of throttle to the mighty 750.

My wife Diana and I had trundled as far as we could down the coast of Yugoslavia and now it was time to head inland to bypass Albania, which in those days was difficult to enter. I had parked the night before we were to head into the mountains with an unsettling ticking sound coming from the internals. Nevertheless, next morning we broke camp, piled our gear aboard and fired up the Norton, which continued to emit the ticking noise.

Since the "street scrambler" NC15 had only a tiny tank, we had to gas up before heading to parts unknown so we pulled into a gas station down the road. Stressed by the engine noise and highly irritated by the hoard of gawkers who jostled and pressed around while we gassed up, I decided to show the locals what a real bike could do by grabbing a big handful of throttle when we pulled out. We hadn't gone 50 feet when the ticking became a clatter down in the bowels. I snicked into neutral and hit the kill button, coasting to an ignominious stop not 100 feet from the gas station.

In seconds, like the wake from a speed boat, the crowd pounded down the road and engulfed us. I don't remember what was done or said in the next few minutes but presumably it was bad enough that I have blanked it from my mind. Here we were, about to head into the wilds of Montenegro, where we had been warned about unfriendly locals, bad roads and few gas stations, on a bike that sounded like a diesel.

Oddly, it still started, idled and pulled well so we headed into the mountains, figuring that Greece was closer than England and if we could not get the bike fixed in the cradle of civilization then where could we?

We were now well into September, having been on the road from Liverpool since early spring, so it was like biking here in B.C. - the higher we went the colder it got. One frosty morning we came on a sight that, 40 years on, I can still recall in all its pathetic realism. Along the road was a camp of perhaps 50 people, a few scrawny horses, some horse caravans similar to those of the Gypsies we had seen in England, and tents made of old blankets. A mob of rag-clad children poured out onto the road at the sound of the approaching Norton, but rightly or wrongly, we had been warned not to stop, which I had no inclination of doing anyway. I wanted to make as much distance as I could on the rattling bike.

Even now, with the reliability of modern-day vehicles, I am not a confident traveller. Every trip away from home is accompanied by the anxiety of waiting for a misfire, the sudden loss of power, or goodness-knows what, so it was inevitable that stress would eventually crack me. I don't know where it was but I can still picture the place. We were way up in the mountains, the road side-hilling above a long drop into a river-filled valley. Under any other circumstances, it would have been a lovely place to be - think Duffy Lake road - but the engine noise was getting louder, that skinny little gas tank was almost dry and there was no sign of habitation, humanity or help. In my frazzled state there was only one solution - push 'er over the cliff and start hitch-hiking. Diana, to her ever-lasting credit, would not hear of such a daft solution, so we hauled out our gasoline-fuelled camp stove and poured it into the tank. The quart or so that was in the stove was enough to get us to the next gas station.

Against all odds the bike continued to start and run so we kept heading to the Greek border, skirting Albania, where we frequently saw Yugoslavian troops conducting maneuvers. Finally we came down out of the mountains to the small city of Pec where we first saw minarets, indicating a Muslim population.

A day or so earlier we had met another young couple from the States who were travelling by Volkswagen van, so Diana and the other woman, set off to shop



## SCENE IN THE PARKING LOT

*Robert Smith*

25<sup>th</sup> Annual Classic & Vintage Swap Meet and Show 'n Shine, April 18, 2010

Every Sunday morning, Past President Gerry gets on his high horse (after getting off his Velocette, that is) to remonstrate with the breakfast boys at the Big Six about all the German, Italian and Japanese machines parked across the street. "I thought this was a British bike club," he says.

Well, yes; that's true. And the Tsawwassen Show put on by Todd Copan every April is supposed to be a vintage event. So why is the parking lot full of new bikes? Maybe Gerry's got a point...

And every year I go to the Tsawwassen show, I promise myself I'll spend more time inside looking at the official Show 'n Shine bikes. And each year, I seem to spend less time inside. This year, I didn't even make it to the indoor display at all!

The reason, of course, is the mix of crusty bikes, curiosities and colourful characters in the parking lot, which I find difficult to drag myself away from. And I get to chat with a lot of people I only see once a year, too.

For instance...how could anyone miss seeing former Vancouver BMW dealer Philip Funnell and his latest conveyances? This year, Phil showed up with a trailer rig—a sort of cigar-shape cocoon that he actually sleeps in—attached by an ingenious gimbal mount made out of an old motorcycle wheel to a somewhat surprised looking six-series BMW. Phil is a certainly an original thinker, and a masterful (if untidy) craftsman in plywood and fiberglass. Check out the quarter elliptic plywood rear suspension!

Another cool machine I spotted was Greg Snider's rare 1973 TR5 Trophy Trail / Adventurer. Built at Meriden in the last year of the BSA/Triumph group, and after the closure of Small Heath, the Trophy Trail is essentially a T100S engine fitted into B50T cycle parts. Frank Melling is reported to have said this was the bike that could have saved the British motorcycle industry...if it had arrived seven years earlier!

Miin Leung and his Chang Jiang riding buddies showed up with a Chinese sidecar unit decked out to look like a BMW R71 gun carrier, complete with period helmets, uniforms...and machine gun!

Also seen—a glorious '58 TR6B "Trophy Bird" on sale for \$11,000; a nice BSA B50 and equally decorative attendant; a really sweet BSA plunger B31/33; and lots more.

Just one thing though...If it isn't already illegal for men to ride Norton Commandos wearing "chaps," it should be!

### Show 'N Shine Results

#### People's Choice

Donated by Imperial Trophies  
1964 Triton - Ian, Vancouver

#### Best in Show

Donated by Trev Deeley Motorcycles  
1920 Indian Scout - Harry Doughty, Ladner

#### Judge's Choice

Donated by Bent Bike Ltd.  
1953 Ariel Square 4 - Lyle Whittier, Surrey

#### Best American / Fred Pazaski Memorial

Award – Donated by the Classic Club of BC  
1983 H-D XR1000 - Doug Ransom, Port Moody

#### Best British

Donated by British Isles Motorcycles  
1936 Norton Model 18 - Steve Snoen, Surrey,

#### Best European

Donated by Trev Deeley Motorcycles  
1936 BMW R12 - Keir Wills, Vancouver

#### Best Japanese

Donated by Western Powersports  
1967 Yamaha YCS1 - Alex McLean, Kamloops

#### Best "BSA" Display Bike

Donated by Classic Bike Swap Meet  
1948 A7 with side car - Wayne Dowler, West Vancouver

#### BMOC Award

Donated by the BMOC  
1971 BSA B25 Victor - David Penner,(Wayne Dowler's grandson)

#### 1st Place - Original Condition

Donated by Trev Deeley Motorcycles  
1931 Excelsior Super X - Perry Ruiter, Victoria

#### 1st Place - Pre War

Donated by Trev Deeley Motorcycles  
1928 AJS Big Port - Alan Wallace, Vancouver

Treasurer Ian Bardsley reports that Wayne Dowler's poster display was a great idea. We signed up 30 members at Tsawwassen, lots of renewals and several new members too.

Membership to date 161, up 20 from last year.

Thanks to all who helped out.

# SMOKEYS CORNER A Biographical Memoir

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## *Al "Smokey" Greaves*

### Prologue

I don't know where I got the idea to ride my motorcycle to Ontario, except that the destination was determined for me, (relatives on my mother's side). My first attempt was with my 1958 A.J.S. 650 c.c. twin in 1963. I had already hitch hiked to Ontario in 1960 so I knew where I was headed and what lay ahead, sort of. On that trip I hitched as far as Winnipeg then crossed into the U.S. and went through North Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan then back across the border at Sarnia.

This time I crossed the border at Blaine, then south to Everett and east through the Stevens Pass. About noon I arrived in Spokane. Riding along, sweating in my leather jacket. Hey, look at that, an electronic signpost that says 114 can't be the time must be the temperature! No wonder I'm sweating.

I continue on to Idaho. I stopped to eat in Coeur 'd Arlene. I checked my bike over and discovered a worn rear chain link! No bike shop here so back to Spokane where I bought a new chain at a local shop. They were selling Matchless motorcycles as Indians Scouts, Along with the Enfield Constellation as the Chief! As I worked on changing my chain a high pitched noise was heard from up the street, obviously a motorcycle as the noise became louder, really traveling, wide open, why is he taking so long to get here? People are coming out of the shop eagerly looking up the street to see the bike and rider. Man he's really coming, there he is, a kid on a Briggs and Stratton powered scooter doing about 15 m.p.h. wide open, no muffler!

The chain problem cut into my funds and made me realize that if any thing else happened I could be stranded somewhere East, probably in the middle of nowhere (there's lots of that where I was heading) since then I've traveled in that area and there is lots of nothing! Disappointed I headed for home non-stop arriving at 2 A.M.

### The Big Trip

Fast forward to August 1978, the opportunity presents itself for me to try again. My G80CS has 2000 miles on it (just broken in) There was business I had to carry out in Ontario for my elderly mother, also my ex-wife had moved to a small town near Kingston with our son. A friend of mine had bought a new garbage packer which had to be driven out from Toronto. So there it was, kill THREE birds with one stone. I could ride my bike to Ontario, do the business and visit my son, then put my bike in the packer and drive back. A perfect setup? Not! The company that said the packer would be ready in Aug. LIED about the delivery date to get the order, it wouldn't be ready for two more months. I changed my plans accordingly and decided to buy a van and bring my bike back in it. I took my eleven year old son with me for company, he's willing but my wife is not so sure! We are ready to leave after I make a small flat rack that I clamped onto my rear fender stays to put our sleeping bags on and put on a sissy bar for Jack to lean on.

### Day One

We leave on the 10:20 ferry out of Horseshoe Bay and head for Keromeos our first stop to visit a old Royal City Rockets Club member, then on to Peachland to visit "Crasher" another R.C.R Club member. He'd just gotten married, no point in hanging around. We spent the night on the side of the road near Kelowna When we woke up in the morning the sky was overcast and threatening, when we got to Graigalatchie it had started to rain so we waited a couple of hours for it to clear, it didn't, so we rode on and stopped in at Revelstoke to buy clothing and gloves for Jack who complained of the cold. We arrived in Calgary at dusk, stopped at a motel for the night. The owner put the bike in his garage and our damp sleeping bags in the furnace room to dry out.

### Day Two

The morning dawned cloudy and cool but no rain. I had to buy some SAE 50 oil and thought that if I took a short cut east that would save time on my way to Medicine Hat. NOT! Also no premium gas (that would be a problem the rest of the trip) When we were stopping for lunch a weird feeling came over the bike and me that I had never experienced before. I didn't know what to think because the bike handled fine on the road. So lets reflect for a bit "If you were going on a 3000 mile trip what would you take with you? How about an

adjustable Whitworth (sorry Crescent wrench) a screwdriver, a pair of pliers, the two spanners to adjust the valves and the special wrench to loosen the rear axle to adjust the rear chain or to fix a flat. Nothing more but two sleeping bags, a piece of plastic sheet to wrap them in and to use as a ground sheet. We reach the outskirts of Medicine Hat about dusk and slowdown to about 30 m.p.h. the same strange feeling comes over the bike only much more pronounced. What the heck is it? Hah! Inspect the bike and discover that the steering head adjustment had come loose. I stopped at a garage and borrowed a large wrench to tighten it. We stay at my cousins

#### Day Three

Head for Swift Current and more cousins. Now we've run out of relatives to stay with so on into the unknown. It's still overcast and I'm riding into a stiff headwind which lowers my gas mileage from 60 m.p.g. to about 50 m.p.g. We ride into the night, as you know the prairies are flat with some slight hills every so often, here's one now with a semi coming up it towards us this means the car following it will probably pass because he won't see me. I cut the throttle, lock my wrists and head for the shoulder (what shoulder!) Sure enough the car pulls out and passes just as I figured it would even though there's a double yellow line on the road. Lock your wrists you say, what does that mean? First I set my handlebars sloping upwards so my arms and handlebars form a straight line to my shoulders this enables me to lock my wrists instead of steering with them so I steer with my elbows which gives far more leverage. We continue, I feel Jack go limp, believe it or not he's fallen asleep! I put my elbows back to keep him from falling off! Now he's awake, he jerks suddenly and I hear a metallic clang on the road "What happened" I ask He replies "The footpeg just fell off!" we stop, find it, the bolt had broken in half, of course we're in the middle of nowhere. The only thing we can do is wait till daylight and find some place to get it repaired. We see a trail leading off the highway we go down it about a hundred feet where it opens into a field, we spread our ground sheet and sleeping bags out and settle down for the night. Bang! Bang! Bang! What the heck is that noise? The highway in this area is made of concrete which has expansion joints in it every so often so all night long when a truck goes by it hits the joints bang, bang, bang. Finally we doze off.

#### Day Four

Wake up to cloudy skies, cool, but no rain Second day that we've had to sleep on the side of the road. Don't know exactly where we are but we must ride to the nearest town to fix the foot peg bolt that holds the muffler bracket on as well .What now? The Matchless won't start! Kick, kick, kick still won't start. Adjust points, drain carb, kick some more, rest, kick some more, bike finally starts. Just before it fired I think I sort of think I heard a snicker come from the bike, it's alive sort of you know! Trying to get even!

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## NEW ZEALAND REPORT

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*Patrick Mackle and Jim Van Horne*

Friends from overseas come together with a common interest: to ride vintage motorcycles at a rally in New Zealand. For two Canadians it is a new experience. New for Jim Van Horn as he has never been to New Zealand and for me, new because I have never ridden a bike with a sidecar. The bike I am riding is a 64 BSA Thunderbolt owned by Graeme McKenzie, one of the organizers of this rally, the 21st, National Vintage Motorcycle Rally based in Levin. I rode the same BSA at the last vintage rally held two years earlier in Christchurch so for this rally I purchased a sidecar and Graeme agreed to put it together.

I arrived a couple of weeks before the rally to get accustomed to the bike and take in some of the excellent roads and scenery New Zealand has to offer. I also wanted to escape some of Canada's winter.

My journey on the bike nearly ended where it started while I was waving goodbye to Graeme and his wife Trish. I had hit the brakes while leaving his driveway and was heading for his rock wall. That was close I thought as I turned left onto the street.

Now I was zigzagging all over the road, depending on whether I use the throttle, the brakes or shifted my weight. I'm screaming: "I gotta be nuts, I'm going to kill myself!" and my next turn is on to the state highway heading south towards Paekakariki where I will stay with friends, if I make it.

Unfortunately I have a breakdown in Otaki when the engine quits cold and won't start. It wasn't long before I was assisted by another biker who stops in his Ute that is packed with tools. The repair turned out to be a broken wire at the ignition which I later soldered for a permanent fix.

Apart from a few more scares, the next week turns out to be a lot of fun as I get used to the new ride. My next adventure is to pick up Jim at the train station and he is all smiles as he gets into the sidecar. As we're going down the road I said: "Heh Jim, check this out, I don't know how to ride one of these things."

I let go of the handlebars and the forks wobble, hit the brakes and the bike goes right, hit the throttle and it goes left. I'm not sure if he believes me.

A few days of sightseeing and it is time for Jim to pick up the bike he is going to use for the vintage ride. It is a 1967 BSA Hornet and for Jim it will be his first time on a British bike. This one belongs to Bruce Fergusson another of the organizers of the 21st Vintage Car Rally.

Well, the first thing Jim does while kick-starting the bike is bash his knee on the oil tank. Now, he's got a knee that will never heal as he bangs it over and over again for the next two weeks while starting the bike. On top of that he has learned to drive on the left side of the road.

He looks at me and asks: "Now what do I do?" I told him to keep up with us.

We book into Tatum Park where we will stay with our hosts Darren and Colleen who go out of their way to make us feel at home. From here we will swap stories from previous rallies, make new friends and get Jim's side of the story.

One of the many things Patrick forgot to mention to me was our motto for the ride: "If you are not lost or broken down, how are you going to meet anyone"? Well Patrick ran out of gas twice on this tour, but he never ran out of words. Whenever I looked for him, he was jawing away with another biker or a waitress. Because he is more intrepid than I, he usually took the lead on our daily excursions from the Horowhenua Clubhouse and after a few kilometres I would see him pull the daily tour instructions from his pocket and try to read them whilst travelling at 80-90 kms down the road. Then all of a sudden he would make a panic stricken turn and I, not being used to the intricate and delicate handling of the BASTARD STOPS ANYWHERE, (BSA), would gradually come to a stop and sometime stall before finally turning around. By that time he was just a dust cloud going in the other direction and because of our pace we were inevitably the only two bikes together on the road so as usual, I was playing catchup. While on our trip to the Deer Farm, Patrick and I got turned around and ended up on this goat trail around the side of a hill like a couple of side hill gougers ( a four legged animal from Canada that has its legs longer on one side so it can only go one way around a hillside). We travelled along this gravel road for about an hour and with Patrick way ahead of me because he was more stable with the sidecar I was as nervous as hell with this bike that feels like a piece of cast iron between my legs. When we finally reached a paved road we luckily turned the

right way and hit the Deer Farm on time, along with everyone else who had arrived there from the opposite direction. For me the trip to New Zealand was interesting and exciting, to be able to do things I wouldn't normally do, like meet those who also speak the Queen's English, drink copious amounts of great beer and be treated as an equal. This for one who was innocent when it comes to bikes, especially the ones with the shifter and brakes on the opposite sides from my machine. The train trip from Auckland to Pi-cock-a-reeky, was relaxing and seeing the different parts of the North Island was enjoyable. Thanks again to Patrick for proposing this trip, (I thought he would have bought my ticket) and to all the great bikers from New Zealand, Australia and England who I met during the three weeks while I was there....no worries, eh!

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## CARP'S SHOW & SHINE

*Nigel Spaxman*

Saturday April 3 I woke up and was surprised it wasn't raining. I decided to get a weekend permit for my Triumph Street Tracker that I hadn't ridden in a few years. I thought it would be a good machine to take to Garry Carpenters Show and Shine. It is a pretty special custom bike. I thought it would go completely under the radar of most of the Harley crowd, but some of them might notice it.

I went out to the garage and did a little fiddling to get the bike started. Once I knew it would run I went to the insurance office to get a permit for a couple of days riding. When I got home I got dressed in some warm bike gear, and took off to the show. The bike wasn't running well because it was running on really old gas, but I could remember what was so much fun about this bike. It is a 315 lbs bike with a 750 twin motor with all the race parts in it. It is, beautiful, fun, and fast, but it is completely impractical. A bit like a chopper really. It was really cold. When I got to the show lots of people were already there. There was only one other British machine at the show, a completely stock Triumph America. The first other BMOC member I saw was Gill Yarrow. He had brought his car, I guess because it was pretty cold. We went to the nearby skating rink to get a coffee. Then I took Gill to the shop where I work, where I have a Norton I am working on that I wanted to show Gill. When we got back to the show a few other BMOC members showed up for a look, but none of them had brought bikes to show either.

The show took place in the parking lot behind Garry's new shop in Delta. There is a big area enclosed all around by the nearby industrial buildings. On the weekend no one is there. The other occupants agreed that Garry could use the parking lot for this event. Garry and his friend Thumper set up a stage set up a PA and arrange for two live bands. My friend Niels' band the Psychobillys was one of the bands. Niels bands performances are few and far between. I like watching him perform. He is a great singer and his band is really tight.

Garry's business is called Carp's Cycles. He mainly concentrates on Harleys. He also knows how to repair British machines. He had decided for this show that he would like to have a trophy for the best British machine. I liked this idea to and encouraged the British Motorcycle Owners Club to sponsor this trophy. Really this trophy ended up being a waste of time because only two British machines were entered. I won first prize. I wish there had been a few other British machines there. It would have been really amazing if Peter Dent's four cylinder Royal Enfield had been there. There were no other customs there engineered as well as his bike, and none of them had really ever been ridden anywhere.

## RIDE & TUNE REPORT

*Jim Bush*

The annual BMOG Ride-n-Tune was held at the Bushman's Shed, South Surrey - Not much of a group ride from Big Six breakfast - a Moto Guzzi and Ducati Elefant were first on deck - a few stragglers on British bikes soon adorned the driveway. The idea with the ride-n-tune is to take advantage of our members' collective skills and experience, all while enjoying each other's company and fine victuals.

First up was Bernd Behre's TR6 Triumph that he putting back into use - a quick check of the points and clean & adjust pilot circuit sent him on his way.

Con's usually reliable Norton Commando developed a miss recently and thru the help of Steve, Geoff & Tony were able to trace the cause to a faulty connection on the Boyer pickup plate. Quick solder job he is fixed.

Rueben's Norton also was not running evenly and we eventually traced it back to a blocked pilot jet. His points received an adjustment as well as a carb synchronization and he now had it sorted.

Out in the driveway - 2 special displays: - Pete Gagan showed up in exceptionally yummy all original vintage Jaguar XK 120 convertible - what a find.

- A Royal "Oilfield" single managed to shed half a litre of clean engine oil on the roadway - I have never seen so much oil in such a short time haemorrhage from a running motorcycle. Reminds me of my neighbours Cocker Spaniel that "leaks" every time they get company.... maybe just nervous.



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## FROM THE PAGES OF THE BIKER CHRONICLES

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*Submitted by Howard Quinn*

### **Biker War Threatens Lower Mainland**

Vancouver Police are expressing rising concern over the potential for an all out Biker war breaking out in the Lower Mainland. There are rumours trickling in about the Hari Krishna making a move on the traditional BMOC (British Motorcycle Owners Club) territory.

Reports are scarce at this point but *The Biker Chronicles* has gone underground to get to the bottom of this rising threat to public safety.

First we have to ask, "Why now, what's in it for the Hari Krishna?" The paper was able to get access to an informant who is now in hiding and fearing for his life. He has asked us to hide his identity; we will refer to him only as "Mantra".

Mantra, we appreciate your assistance under these threatening circumstances. Tell us, how did you get hooked up with the Hari Krishna? "Well man I took some bad acid at the Coombs Rodeo and wound up in the bull ring. Two of the Krishna's sprung into action and diverted the bull while I escaped. Poor Moon Beam took one in the testicles and has never been the same since. I owe em' big time"

Mmm... Inspiring. Now why has the gang taken to motorcycles? "Well we were working the Pemberton Music Fest and the Mount Currie Warriors put the run on us. We had worn our sandals down to nothing on the trek up there and we just didn't have the speed. We got taken down hard so we had to make some changes. Besides nothing inspires respect like a Vespa."

Right. Now tell us why are the Krishna's making a move on BMOC territory? "You know we had the airports all sown up. We would surround those middle age male travellers doing our chanting jingle thing, then Moon Beam with his high voice would ask for money, they would panic and empty their wallets every time. It was a great gig and then comes 9/11 security, security, and security. The final straw was Moon Beam being tasered by the RCMP. Poor guy just didn't fit in any category after that. Mind you last I heard he's move to Poland where is some kind of hero. We had to find fresh territory with an abundance of grey haired homophobic males and then we saw an advertisement for a Show and Shine. It was a dream come true but everyone we went to there was the BMOC working the crowd ahead of us. It's coming to a head."

### **President of BMOC Speaks About Rising Tension**

We were able to make contact with the President of the BMOC chapter in Vancouver to get his side of the story. Again with the rising tension he has asked us to hide his identity and only refer to him as "Nigel"

Nigel, how did you get to be president of this notorious chapter?

"Don't you listen to that bollocks about I was the only one who would do it. I got respect. In Brixton back in the sixties I held off 200 of those long hair Mods with only me and my BSA"

We were able to contact Nigel's Mother to try and confirm this story. "Oh that Nigel, he has such an imagination. The only club he belonged to then was the stamp collectors and the only bike he owned was a Raleigh. But he did have the most beautiful golden locks"

A renowned professor with Douglas Collage has recently been interviewing several members of the gang for his study on male Menopause. We asked him what made these guys tick, why did they go to such extremes. "I couldn't figure them out but I was able to discover a surprising common thread among the members. They really don't like riding motorcycles and they don't like speed, that's why they collect British bikes."

What next? What will happen when these two power houses collide? Where will the police be and what can they really do about it? We asked the Vancouver Police chief. "I tell you one thing; we ain't locking them up again. Last year we had them all locked up and all we got all night was chanting, clanging and taking those old dudes for a pee every five minutes. Never again, we'll shoot first"

There it is, a stand off is brewing and you heard it here first. What can you do to protect yourself? Stay clear of vintage motorcycle shows but if you have to go, wear earplugs and take a pocket full of quarters for the Krishna. If a leather clad BMOC member confronts you tell him that the Ariel 650 was best bike ever made and you would join up but you have a Moto Guzzi Griso you can't get rid of.

## TAKIN' IT TO THE STREETS

*Robert Smith*

### **Backfire Moto, Ballard, Washington, April 21, 2010**

Back in “the day,” the Seattle-based Vintage Motorcycle Enthusiasts held a monthly evening meeting at Teddy’s Tavern on Roosevelt in Seattle. The action, though, was on the street outside. Bikes would be lined up all along a couple of blocks of Roosevelt; bikes of all sizes, ages, condition and rarity. With the VME’s move to a new meeting location, the street scene has diminished somewhat, I’m told: but a new ad hoc, monthly street assembly has displaced it as the venue for the more outlandish, outlaw and outcast of Seattle’s biker culture.

Backfire Moto goes on the third Wednesday evening of every month in the 4900 block of Leary Avenue in Ballard, Seattle, loosely based around the Two Bit Saloon and the Shelter Lounge, and featuring “vintage, café racer and ratbike.”

April 21st, I hit I5 for the haul down to Seattle in my Astro van with Alan Comfort and Guzzi guru George Dockray. After a quick stop at Moto International in Aurora and a slice of Pizza to keep us fueled, we fetched up at the Shelter to take in the scene.

To say what greeted us was an eclectic mix of motorcycles would be an understatement. There was the sublime (Martin Feveyear’s latest restoration, a very rare 1946 Sunbeam S7 standard) to the ridiculous (slammed, hopped-up Honda Ruckus scooters!). Martin’s Sunbeam is from the first batch of S7s made before the S7 “deluxe” replaced it. The later deluxe was actually a stripped-down version using many cheaper components. The earlier bike is identified by its reversed handlebar levers. Martin tells me the fork shrouds and various other items are different too. With a little more engineering development (BSA owned Sunbeam at the time. ‘nuff said.), the Sunbeam could have been a world beater, and become Britain’s BMW. It was, I reckon, about 25 years ahead of its time.



Vintage Japanese bikes, many converted to café racers, were perhaps the most numerous, but I also spotted a beautiful early Aermacchi H-D Sprint, a CB32 BSA “work in progress,” a crusty pre-WWII NSU, BSA Spitfire MkII sensibly refitted with a steel Lightning tank and Concentrics, and lots more interesting iron. And babes, too!

An advertisement for MOTOPARTS inc. The top left features a white motorcycle silhouette against a Union Jack background. The top right contains the text "MOTOPARTS inc." in white on a dark blue background, with "British Motorcycle Parts, New and Used" and "284 Windemere Dr. Edmonton, AB, CAN. T6R 2H6" in smaller text below. The middle section displays the logos for Norton, BSA, and TRIUMPH. The bottom section has a dark blue background with the text "British Motorcycle Parts, New and Used" in red, "Telephone &amp; Fax (780) 988-8198" in white, and "motopartsinc.com" in large white letters.

**PIR ACTION** *Photos by Robert Smith*

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**Photos by various photographers**

Left side - from the top down  
 Nigel's flat track Triumph at Gary Carpenter's show  
 Club display at Van Dusen celebrating BSA's 100 years  
 (Thanks Wayne!)  
 Line up of British bikes at Van Dusen  
 Part of John Stanley's collection in Hood River, OR

Right side - from the top down  
 Tsawwassen east hall vendors and Sow 'n Shine area  
 Brit bikes were popular at Van Dusen  
 John Stanley and his Ariel Square 4  
 Alan Comfort and John Stanley (Thanks Alan)