

GOOD VIBRATIONS



August 2013

Bevin Jones captures the flavour of this year's Saltspring camp-out with these pictures. There was fine weather, excellent camaraderie, a fabulous selection of quality motorcycles and good eating to be had. Thanks to Fargy and his helpers for yet another organisational masterstroke - congrats to you all; your energies, as always, are much appreciated.



Scenes from the INOA Wyoming bash; above, the lads enjoying some Camomile tea - or some such beverage - and below, Patrick (left) and Ian with their awards, Ian for his beautifully prepped Interstate and Pat for having a bit of a gusher in the oil leak dept.- see text

The Boys - and Girls - all having fun on the Duffy Lake ride. A great day out it was too. Photos by Alf Shether

The President's Message

I know I mentioned it in a previous issue, about how time flies "when yer 'avin fun". Well, I gotta say, I don't think I've spoken a truer word this year. This year, club-wise, has certainly been busy, and by the time you read this it will be time for the club elections for the upcoming year 2014. This is YOUR club, so how can you help?

Well, number ONE, you could put your name forward to run for a position on your club's executive board. At each annual general meeting, nominations are called and votes are taken for the following positions: President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and four or five Review Committee members. We also have volunteer positions for Rides Captains. All of these positions are a vital and integral part of our club, and without the aforementioned personnel, it would be tough (actually, impossible) to run the club. Soooo, what we need you to do is give serious thought to putting your name forward for election.

If you have never tried it, I have to tell you being an executive member is a lot of fun, and great camaraderie is formed with other members within the executive, and with the membership at large. The main influence you would have as an executive member is guiding the direction of what we do as a club, and how we achieve those goals. You know: what do we want for entertainment, what and where do we want to go for rides, how about those social events? Oh, and of course the age-old question - the yearly membership dues - are they sufficient to accomplish what we wish to do? How about the shows we do: should we be doing more or less, which ones are the most enjoyable, and how do they impact us as a club? All are flexible and open to your new ideas. The list could go on and on, so do consider running for club office.

Then, number TWO, if you are hesitating over running for election, we need your feedback - your ideas please! How do you think things could be improved? How can we engage more members in monthly meetings, club rides, and social gatherings? Any ideas for presentations, demonstrations or discussions at monthly club meetings?

There are still a couple of events on the calendar before the October elections - the fall BBQ and the Sunshine Coast ride - both of which are in September, so hopefully I'll see lots of you there. In the meantime, have a think about ONE and TWO above.

Stay upright safe and visible.

Cheers DavePres 2013

*Peter Dent*

The value of good photos for the Good Vibrations cannot be overstated. Unfortunately, bikes and cameras, especially good quality cameras, makes for a difficult combination. Believe me, I know. Take the last Duffy Lake ride for example, a classic case in point.

My camera is compact enough to fit in my pocket, yet, on the whole, provided I am not too demanding, it produces shots of acceptable quality - the proviso being that the target in question is stationary. That's where the conflict between bikes and cameras comes in. Bikes are at their photogenic best when healed over in a bend with dramatic backdrops. If I am on a club ride, the only shots I ever get to take of the event are when we are stopped - in a gas station as like as not. Bulky single lens reflex units seem to be a must for high speed resolution but are pretty darn cumbersome things to lug along and you can hardly take photos when riding so we are back to the gas station photos again.

The photos I took of the Duffy Lake ride looked more like freeze frames from security camera footage being presented by the Crown in pursuit of some alleged miscreant or miscreants involved in a spot of gas station B and E. We were exhibit 'A' for the prosecution - or so my photos resembled.

Thanks to Alf Shether then for his brilliant photos of what was a really nice day out for us all. He took a bunch of high speed shots of us on the road, overtook us all - and we weren't exactly crawling - then took a bunch more shots of us flying past his lens again; amazing.

Thanks to everyone who sent in pictures of events; I wasn't able to attend them all. Indeed, none of us can realistically attend *all* club functions. Some dates clash and we have other lives to live beyond the world of bikes but we should also bear in mind that these things are on a 'use it or lose it' footing; and I think we will miss them once they are gone.

To paraphrase JFK: ask not what your club can do for you but what you can do for your club. It's as Red Green says: "remember, we are all in this together; I'm pulling for you". Actually, we are all pulling for each other - that's kind of how this works.

You know the story: there you are with a rare piece of apparatus for your aging pride and joy and it's broken. It requires specialist equipment and knowledge to put right. What to do? You might scan the small ads in the back of your favourite vintage related reading material and end up sending this ailing doodad to the further reaches of the planet and that is the last you see or hear of it again. Emails ignored, phone calls not returned. At least that's what I always fear will happen. I imagine some one-man operation with a workshop in his pigeon loft contracting some rare avionic virus and the next thing you know your rare thingy is part of a job lot being peddled off at a boot fare at the Guild Hall parking lot never to be seen again.

Take heart, Steve Snoen - who knows a thing or two about rare thingys and doodads, has some information to our advantage in this very issue. Enjoy.

PITT MEADOWS TRACK DAY

Nigel Spaxman

Last fall while attending the bike night at Essential Motorcycle Services on Marine Drive near the Oak Street Bridge, I was the lucky recipient of a very generous door prize. I won some oil, a socket set and a day of riding at Pitt Meadows. I hadn't heard much about the Pitt Meadows track. The Pitt Meadows track is made from cones on a very large paved area near the Pitt Meadows airport. This area is also used by the Justice Institute of B.C. to train police to do special maneuvers with their police cars.

The track days are organized by Nancy Joyce and Randy Cook. The idea is to give people a safe place to practice riding skills on a closed course. Read about it on the website "<https://pittmeadowstrackdays.ca/about/>"

During the winter I started wondering which one of my bikes would be most suitable to ride on this track. I asked Nancy in an E mail and she said "any of those bikes would be suitable". I decided that my 76 Curtis Triumph 750 Street Tracker would be the coolest. This bike is pretty amazing. It only weighs 315 lbs wet, but it has a race tuned Triumph T120 engine. I have never dynoed this engine, but over the years I have altered and fine tuned various settings, including the valve timings, exhaust and intake lengths, as well as ignition and carburetor settings. I have it running pretty well but there is still room for improvement. One thing about the way this engine is set up is it likes to rev. It will pull well from 3000 RPMs but there seems to be no upper limit. I know I have seen the tach briefly at 9000 RPMs. It didn't wreck the engine. It seems to keep pulling hard past 8000. The power of an engine like this at that RPM must be over 60 HP. I have heard of boasts of 80 HP from engines just like this one. The trouble is though the crankshaft and connecting rods really aren't strong enough to stay together for very long at that speed. You can pay lots of money for stronger parts that won't break, but then something else will break.

A few weeks before the first track day was scheduled, I got the bike out cleaned it up and got it ready to run. I had never been satisfied with the left footpeg, so I made a new one further forward so the layout was more symmetrical and then my leg wouldn't burn on the exhaust. I licensed the bike and started riding it to work. At first it felt really odd, even though the other Triumph I had been riding before was based also on an old flat track frame. This machine feels like a bicycle. It is so narrow that your legs are not in constant contact with the tank. The acceleration is fantastic. The steering is very light, but there is never any tendency for wobbles even when leaned over in bumpy corners, even though there is no steering damper. It doesn't sound like other Triumphs either, it is much sharper. After a day I was acquainted with this bike again. The twin disks are very powerful and the suspension is set up soft, the way I like it.

On Monday morning I headed out to the track from Richmond. I had managed to squeeze myself into my leather racing suit, and going along River Road I noticed

that this suit has perforated leather in the legs. It was a cool morning but this ventilation already felt good.

When I arrived around 8:00 AM lots of people were already there. I got registered and then found a parking spot in the pit area along with some other guys who had come without support vehicles. One guy I met called Russell had brought his brand new Triumph 675. He was busy unscrewing mirrors and other parts that had to be removed while on the track. He had been to this track the previous year with his old Honda but his new job had allowed him to buy the bike he really wanted. Russell noticed the BMOC sticker on my swing arm and I told him what a good club it is and how he should check it out.

At a bit after 9:00 AM the riders meeting was called. The organizers introduced themselves and explained the rules. You can read about that on the web page. Allyson showed up with the car, she had brought chairs and tea as well as a gas can. The Curtis tank only holds about 6 litres, which is not enough for 72 minutes of fast riding.

Then the four different groups of riders started going out for 12 minute sessions. There was no wasted time between the sessions. The Relaxed (beginners) group that I was in went out last so that Randy the instructor would have more time to explain the ways of the track to us beginners.

Once it was our turn we went out in single file following Randy. The idea was to follow his line exactly and follow only about three bike lengths behind the guy in front of you in line. I decided to start pretty near the front of the group because I was pretty sure this plan was not going to work since there were almost 20 riders. I could see behind me that a lot of the riders did lag behind and so they could not really benefit at all from following Randy. After the first lap Randy picked the pace up a bit. Then we rode round and round for 12 minutes. I started to realize that my bike was really great for this track and that my skill level was way ahead of almost everyone else in the beginners group. A lot of the beginners were hanging their asses way off the seat in order to go around corners that I was taking sitting straight up, pretty much at the BMOC Sunday ride pace. I think sometime after that session my friends Niels and Elizabeth showed up. They were looking forward to watching this. Elizabeth posted on Facebook "Nigel is going to teach the kids a thing or two".

The second time out we were still limited to passing only on the straights. There is really only one straight, but it was pretty easy to pass and then proceed at my own rate around the curvy bits. Sometimes you would get stuck behind people who almost had to stop to go around the really sharp hair pin, but then you could pass them on the straight.

By the time they let the Relaxed group out for the third time just before lunch we were allowed to pass anywhere we wanted but we had to pass on the outside of the slower riders. By now I was really having fun on this track whacking the throttle wide open exiting bends and then braking for the following bends. Mostly I



Nigel in action on his unique '76 Curtis Triumph Street Tracker, 'cool' hardly begins to describe this machine; *cryogenic* perhaps.

just left the bike in first gear. It seemed like I could build up a lot more speed on the short straight than any of the other riders. Sometimes at the end of the straight the engine would be revving so hard in second gear that the tach needle had gone right around and hit the pin at 9000 RPM. The sound was fantastic. I was amazed that they didn't bust me for more than 88 decibels but maybe my bike is not that loud. After accelerating to about 70 mph you have to brake really hard for a very sharp turn followed by a very short acceleration and then another fairly sharp turn another acceleration and then a nice sweeping turn that there seemed to be a lot of ways around. Then there is a series of turns that you can take in a variety of ways followed by a very sharp hairpin turn that you have to take at as wide a radius as you can to get going quickly through the chicane that leads onto the gentle curve before the straight.

After lunch, I thought I might stay in the Relaxed group because there were going to be a lot less people in that group during that afternoon as some people were only there for the morning. Then shortly before the riding was going to start again I realized that since there were new riders in the Relaxed group who were only there for the afternoon, I would then have to do the really slow follow the leader stuff again for the first session. I decided to see if I could move up one group. I asked Nancy the organizer and she said I should ask Terry the guy who ran the track. I asked him and he said he would have to watch my riding during the next session. Then I told him "I was the guy on the old flat tracker." Terry said "The one with the magneto? You are OK". So Nancy bumped me up to the Intermediate 1 group.

I went out right after lunch as Intermediate 1 was the first group. I thought I would start near the end of this group which included lots of GSXRs and other bikes with more than 150 HP. As soon as the session started I realized I was just as quick as almost everyone in this group. I passed a guy on a 400 cc Supermotard bike on the straight then he followed me for quite a while. I had been admiring this guy's riding style when I watched the Intermediate 1 riders before and now I realized that I could ride just as fast and probably with a similar style to him, although I didn't bother with the hot shoe like him. Later on he told me he couldn't get past me. I guess 400 ccs of high tech Japanese single cylinder liquid cooled double over head cam still cannot beat 750 ccs of high revving 70s Triumph push rod hemi brute force.

The main thing that I like is that this track is not about racing. Some of the participants may think it is, but aggressive riding is discouraged. At one point in the afternoon the Intermediate 2 group was stopped and the organizers warned the guys to be more careful passing. They want this to be a fun event and obviously if there is an accident the fun will be ruined. I am not a racer and don't aspire to be, but I like riding fast. Also it is not the high speeds I like, it is the cornering. I like the feeling of leaning a bike way over and really scrubbing the tires. I can't do this on the road the way I could on this track. This track is the ideal place to get that kind of experience. People bring all kinds of bikes here. I think a Triumph 650 or Norton Commando would be great fun on this track. You don't need a lot of power. Any bike with good tires, some ground clearance and preferably good brakes would do. Maybe sometime this summer a few of us can go out together so there can be a small Vintage group instead of just one old flat tracker. The cost for the whole day is \$140.00. For that you get six sessions of 12 minutes on the track. I am going to do it again.



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THE INOA RALLY, BUFFALO, WYOMING

Ian Bardsley

BMOC was well represented at the INOA 2013 rally, with no less than 9 rides (and quite possibly more) converging on Buffalo Wyoming for this annual gathering of the Norton faithful. More on the BMOC contingent later.

BMOC has been well represented at many INOA rallies over the recent past and our valiant Okanagan Chapter has twice hosted the event. Heck, a number of our hard-arsed members even slogged all the way to the New York event including the oldest rider at the event – our own Gil Yarrow. By those standards, Buffalo was just over the hills from Vancouver.

The first time I attended was when it was held in Torrey, Utah, when a group of nine BMOC Nortoneers slogged the 1800 miles each way over a two week period. Keeping a large group ride together over such distances is akin to “herding cats”, so it’s no surprise that our ride leader Geoff May held off on repeating that experience until its 10th anniversary.

Geoff & I had been talking about doing a real ride for a couple of years – ever since he got back from his cross-Canada trip (a bit beyond my limits). As INOA at Buffalo came up on the radar it became the target for our next adventure. Like a rolling snowball, we gathered riders as the departure date loomed:

Ride Leader Geoff May on his Commando Roadster 750, myself on my Interstate 850 Electric Start, Patrick Jaune – our noble Treasurer on his Commando Roadster



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750, newer member Ken Davis on his delicious Atlas 750 and Bevin Jones – past newsletter editor & Club historian on his truck like KLR650.

As the departure date of July 10 loomed, Patrick & I struggled with carburetor problems and Ken finished the break-in on his newly rebuilt engine. At some point Patrick & I declared that we were close enough and started packing.



After assembling at a Tim Horton’s near Abbotsford, we launched off through Hope towards Princeton and on to O’Soyoos where the heat of the day was well into softening the tarmac. After suitable refreshments, we continued East and finished the day camping at Greenwood BC - they have the most rural RCMP office I’ve ever seen.

After breakfast we headed East through Castlegar and Creston, then South across the border through Bonners Ferry, over the Yak and through Glacier National Park. During a stop to view the scenery, we came across Annie Oakley, or perhaps her descendent, carrying in plain view, a pistol holstered in a cartridge belt with a Bowie knife for back up. Apparently it was for protection against wildlife – welcome to Montana! That evening we set up camp a family oriented site next to a kid’s baseball team and ordered in Pizza for dinner (only in the USA, you say??).

Our third day started poorly with Patrick’s chain drooping excessively and my battery failing – a real problem with the 850 Electric Start! We hobbled several miles down the road to a Kawasaki dealership and dripped oil on their forecourt whilst we replaced both items. Back on the road again, we stopped for breakfast at Whitefish where my side-stand missed the stop and my bike fell over – I managed to catch it before it hit the ground. What a morning. It turned out that I was missing a washer from the side-stand bolt, so a quick trip to the local NAPA and we were once again on the road.

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After the stutter-starts and impending rain, we opted for a hotel room that evening and discovered the O’Haire Inn at Great Falls. This hostelry is distinguished by having the only live display of mermaids (scantily clad young women, adorned with a fish-tail) which you can watch swimming from the bar through a glass wall in the pool... only in Montana, you say?? It also had a bike wash area in the underground car park – how civilized!

The next morning saw Patrick’s tank on the floor while he fiddled with his carburetor needles - an omen of worse to come. After lubing our chains and oiling the car park floor, we set out for Red Lodge in Southern Montana. Patrick’s bike continued to struggle and he and Geoff finally decided it needed another look at the carbs. On the roadside, Geoff found that the main jet had unscrewed itself completely on one side and after it’s restoration, his bike ran quite well. We also noticed that the weld on one of his mufflers had broken, causing it to rattle against the baffle.



After the roadside repairs, we slogged our way South through Big Timber and Columbus, arriving in Red Lodge MT mid-evening. The town was on the cusp of a Harley rally and all the accommodations were taken, so we found a campsite a few miles out of town and settled in for the night.

After a bracing breakfast, we set out for the Beartooth Highway, followed by the Chief Joseph Pass and Cody, Wyoming. This turned out to be the highlight of the trip for me. The ascent to the Summit of the Beartooth is spectacular with numerous hairpin turns and a steep ascent. From the various viewpoints, the

highway can be observed snaking back and forth until it tops out in a magnificent panorama. Near the top we passed a guy hiking up the road carrying a pair of skis – he was out looking for a glacier. We also saw a cycling event – those guys gotta be in shape to take that climb on. Chief Joseph Pass continues to amaze with a road bridge several hundred feet above a raging creek.

As if we hadn’t had enough excitement for the day, on the way into Cody, a cop passed us sirens blaring & lights flashing and pulled Ken over. Geoff who was in the lead disappeared into the distance, while Patrick and myself debated whether we were part of the event as we were following Ken. We decided not to wait and find out and passed Ken & the Cop, expediting our way to the nearest gas station in Cody. Ken showed up a while later and advised us that he was stopped for riding without his headlight on and got away with a warning. The Cop told him to advise our leader accordingly since it was him he had wanted to stop. My bike has the headlight on with the ignition, so I wasn’t offside at all.

After Cody we made our way to the iconic town of Ten Sleep which gets its name from its location along a first nation’s migration route. Since we’d had enough for the day, we rented a 6 bunk cabin at the local campsite and checked out the local bar. Ten Sleep is the home of the Crazy Woman restaurant and since it was a slack evening, “she” was taking a smoke on the bench out front as we sauntered by. The Crazy Woman serves a mean breakfast which we feasted on next morning - turns out the restaurant is named after a local mountain and not the under-employed server (Geoff just has that effect on service staff).

After a short uneventful ride, we arrived in Buffalo and quickly located the INOA Rally site. They had allotted us campsites all over the place, but since they were quite large, we crammed four tents onto one site, with Bevin pitching on his own site. Our site became a gathering point for BMOC attendees so I speculate that Bevin intended to sleep at night – I used ear plugs.

During the course of the first day BMOC folks started to roll in. Rick Freestone on his Rocket 3, Peter Dent on his Enfield/Imp special, Bernd Behr, Nigel Spaxman & Allyson on Commandos (Nigel also had a car driven by an Australian friend), Steve Snoen rolled in on his Honda (I think). The next morning Jim Bush wandered into our camp and later Steve Gurry and Robert Smith, all on metric rides. From the Okanagan Chapter, Mark Bird (metric) accompanied by his son Matthew on a Commando were camping just across from us. Lapsed OK Chapter members Hylton Rucastle (metric) and Ken & Sandy Jacobsen (Norton) also rolled in to bring our total to 19 (as best I recollect, apologies to anyone I missed).

After riding 1500 miles to the event, we weren’t that interested in the Rally rides, and hung around town recuperating for most of the Rally. A morning tire check revealed that Geoff and Pat’s rear tires were worn out. Based on past experience, finding a 19” rear tire on the road would be near impossible and there were none in Buffalo. We rode into Sheridan, checked out the motorcycle stores and ended up buying two 19” front tires from a local backstreet bike shop. We came up with a plan to put the new tires on the front wheels and transfer the barely worn Dunlop K81s from the front to the rear on both bikes. The local Kawasaki dealership were very accommodating, fitting and balancing the tires while we swapped wheels in their parking lot. When I checked my rear tire I determined it had perhaps 40% tread left– this didn’t bother me until a couple of days into the ride home when it was down to less than 20% - at which point tire wear paranoia set in.



Patrick attempted to patch his broken muffler using some aluminum exhaust bandage, but it was less than effective and then the other side broke too. At least he could ride – just had to put up with the rattling. Later we noticed that one of his cylinder base studs had broken off – there was no fixing that on the road, so he coated it with silicone to staunch the oil loss (worked quite well).

We wiped the accumulated road grime from our bikes and put them into the concourse, not with the hope of winning, but more in support of the event. It was unbelievably hot at the event and we were forced to vacate the field in favour of a nearby air conditioned brew pub, returning just in time to take the bikes back to the campsite. Given our laissez-faire attitude to the concourse, it was a shock when I won 2nd prize in the Commando Interstate category and Patrick won the Dirtiest Bike award.

After 4 days of relaxing, fixing, sunburn, eating, drinking, jawing, bike ogling and innumerable “nice bike” conversations, it was time to go. And so it was that our group hit the road, intent on making considerable distance for the day. Bevin departed early on to track home via Lethbridge. No one was keen on the straightest route (190), so we tracked back up to Great Falls for another night at the O’Haire Inn. En route, we ascended a high plateau then dropped into the plains of Montana – another impressive vista thanks to Geoff’s impressive route planning. After a relaxing night in a bed, we back tracked through Glacier, Libby and Bonner’s Ferry headed for Creston.

On the way, we gassed up at one of those “we sell everything” wayside gas stations. What was really impressive was their gun aisle which contained enough

weapons of varying styles to instigate a small African coup. The shocking thing was that just across the road was a regular gun store. Only in Montana, eh??

In the middle of Glacier Park, I checked my rear tire again and decided that it was wearing too fast, so I decided to reduce my speed. Just before Bonner’s Ferry I got stung by a wasp on the nose by the corner of my right eye. It hurt like hell and I was concerned that my eye would swell closed, however it didn’t, so I kept going and caught up with the others at a gas stop. It had been a long, hot, hard day’s riding so we took it slowly for the last hour or so to the border and North to Creston where we found a motel.

There were a couple of Harley riders at the motel and we exchanged greetings. Next morning, Geoff couldn’t resist the urge to pour a little oil underneath one of the Harleys. When the owner noticed, he just about had a fit, rushing for his tools when Patrick let him in on the joke. Fortunately, he could see the humour in it and had a good laugh with us.

While filling up at Creston I went to tighten my exhaust nuts and found the left pipe was still loose even after tightening. Investigation showed a chunk of its flange missing and a crack near the flange – aaaaagggggghhhh. Geoff improvised a fix using some of Patrick’s aluminum exhaust bandage and I set off at low speed ahead of the others, hoping my exhaust would hold and my tire would last. It did hold and we eventually arrived in Princeton to camp at the municipal campground just off the highway. The pipe seemed to be holding, so I didn’t touch it. A tire check indicated that I might make it home on the vestiges of tread if I continued to keep the speed down. After a dinner of fruit and beer, we turned in for the night.

The last leg across the Princeton – Hope road is familiar ground, generally ridden in pouring rain. This time the sun shined upon us and it was a great ride, especially arriving in Hope. It seemed that we couldn’t fail to make the finish line now. After coffee and gas-up, we said our goodbyes and hit Highway 1, peeling off for our various destinations as the exits came up. Just as Ken was leaving, a truck changed lanes to pass him and almost nailed Geoff. I watched helplessly in my mirrors as he had to brake hard to let the truck have the passing lane. Still, he dodged the truck and all was well.

And so ended another epic INOA adventure. My tire lasted all the way home (oh, it’s really bald). My exhaust was loose again as I put the bike away in the garage, but it got me home. Heck even Patrick made it home in one piece! This was one of the best rides I’ve done, rivalling INOA 2004 which was also great. Many thanks to my travelling companions who made this such an enjoyable event and special thanks to Geoff for his impeccable route planning and cat herding.

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We had our first BMOG "Car Boot Sale" at the car park of the Burnaby Lake Rugby Clubhouse on a Sunday morning in mid-August. The idea was to keep the event short and sweet, allowing time enough for trading and a little for socializing.

Six or so vendors showed up, and about eighteen buyers over the allotted time slot. There were certainly lots of bargains to be had ... for barely "a song". The favoured price point seemed to be around the two buck mark, with many a good part trading owners. Machine tools, brand new, by the bagful for a couple of bucks! What a deal! Even a "Meridan" late model front hub was traded. Anyway, it was all over by noon, which was good, for as the daytime temperature increased most were then in need of liquid refreshment.

If you didn't attend, I think you missed out and would suggest you pencil it in on next year's calendar. If you did attend but didn't trade, at least you got to spend some quality time with fellow members.

Dave Wooley



Got one of these and it looks like this? You might be able to draw from Steve's hard won experience. Any notions of having a quick go at it yourself are swiftly dispelled when you look at the amazing complexity of these units. The mainstay of speed indication from the 1920s to the 1960s, there are a good many around - most of them still clicking away like good'ns.

A few years ago I needed the chronometric speedometer for my 1956 BSA repaired. It was sent off to the UK, to A.E. Pople, Frimley Green, Surrey, England. It took eight months to come back and cost \$225 + shipping cost. After 2500 miles the speedo quit working. So back to the UK it went, to the same guy. To his credit he repaired it for free this time, but it took five months to come back and I had to pay the shipping of course. Trouble was the speedometer quit again, this time after about 1500 miles. It was not a happy experience. At the All British Field Meet, Van Dusen Garden, I picked up a business card from one Oliver Bienz in White Rock. He is a trained watchmaker and has worked 25 years as an aircraft instrument technician. So I gave him two chronometrics, the one from the BSA and the one for my 1936 Norton. At \$200 each, I thought the price was reasonable. So far I have only put a couple of hundred miles on one, so it's impossible to tell how long it will last, but so far so good. He told me: "If it fails, bring it back".

He does not have a web-site but prefers that people call him or use e-mail to contact. Phone 604-535-6221 or e-mail: ticks@telus.net

Steve Snoen



Garnet Minogue sent us these shots from the Riondel camp-out. *top left* is a 1914 James, *top right*, his own '59 ES2 and *left* a 1936 BSA V twin. This event has been put on for 30 years now and remains a popular event for club members, indeed, Mark Bird tells me that they had no fewer than 60 people roll up this year. Long may it continue.

Gil Yarrow was the worthy prize winner at this year's Heritage Classic Meet held at N.Van's Waterfront Part with his fabulous '68 Bonneville T120. He is shown here being presented with a handsome pewter tankard by Heritage Committee member Krista Briggs. Left is Chief Judge John Clarke and of course our own Dave Wooley is also on hand. *Photo by Wayne Dowler*

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Mark Bird sent us this great shot of the new bench at Riondel. It was put together by Mark and Sandy Bird from the BMOCOK. The wood was from a selected deadfall and transported back to OK College where, together with the students and by dint of much skill and hard work and a whole

gamut of workshop apparatus - mills, planers, sand paper with copious elbow grease and a CNC inscriber, this deadfall was transformed into what you see here. Well done to everyone involved; a great idea skillfully executed. As Bill Sarjeant put it; a proud moment for us all and will leave a lasting impression for years to come. Quite so, Bill, quite so.



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BOOK REVIEW

“Unusual Motorcycles”

A collection of curious concepts, prototypes and race bikes

Author: François-Marie Dumas

Published by Haynes Publishing, Sparkford Yeovil Somerset BA22 7JJ

Tel.: 01963 442080

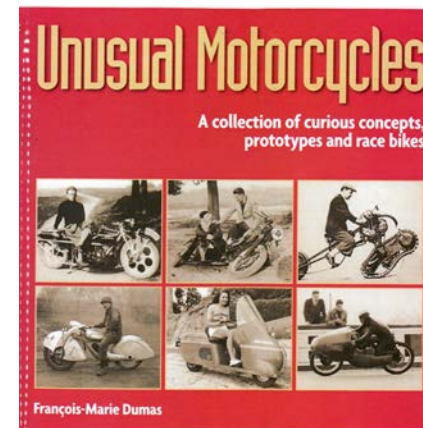
E-mail: "<mailto:sales@haynes.co.uk>" sales@haynes.co.uk

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Hardback, 252 x 256mm, 207 pp, approx. 500 black and white and colour photographs.

ISBN: 978 0 85733 261 5 £25.00

Here is a compelling celebration of both the peculiar and the innovative. *Unusual Motorcycles* presents the stories surrounding all sorts of offbeat machinery – scooters, sidecars and engines as well as motorcycles – largely forgotten by today’s world. Coverage begins with a close look at some “unusual” motorcycles with a significant place in history: examples include a highly advanced French motorcycle created by an aviation pioneer (Louis Clément, 1920), the first German motorcycle with shaft drive (Krieger-Gnädig, 1921) and a streamlined machine with its radial engine mounted within the front wheel (Killinger & Freund, 1938). In a chapter devoted to “novel concepts,” there are sections about two-wheel drive motorcycles (including the 1936 Rex-OEC and the Yamaha WR of the early 2000s), three-seater machines (the Czech Böhmerland, with its cast alloy wheels, of which, surprisingly, 15,000 were produced; the French Moto Maitre and the Belgian Escol with its 1,000cc transverse v-twin Anzani engine); electric motorcycles (such as the 1942 Socovel and 1972 Mobylette), and motorcycles fitted with skis and caterpillar tracks. Racing machines are not forgotten. It is amazing to read that Peugeot fielded a team of twin-cylinder grand prix racers from 1913-23, some with unit construction and eight-valve d.o.h.c. cylinder heads. The 1949 DKW Gagenläufers (with two cylinders, four opposed pistons and a rotary supercharger), and the radical, but abandoned, BSA MC1 of 1954 (with its four radial valves and complex drive system). In other chapters about engines, sidecars and scooters one finds more curiosities such a motorcycle and sidecar made entirely from Meccano and the 1924 Seal Family Four, which accompanied the driver and two children within the sidecar and an adult passenger – presumably mother – on the attached “handlebar less” motorcycle. Containing 500 illustrations, this well-researched, high-quality book explores the strange riches of motorcycle history that will fascinate motorcycle enthusiasts with an interest in all things technical.



Book reviewed by Jonathan Hill



2003 Triumph 955i
Speed Triple, 31,000 kms'
excellent condition, one owner,
\$4,500.00 dmcharney@shaw.ca



1974 Triumph Trident T150,
Approx. 25,000 miles and mostly original.
Runs well and has BCVintage plates.
Dave: 604 589 0415



2011 Triumph Speedmaster, 865cc, like new. Invested \$12,190, sell for \$8200.
Extras: High-flow short slash silencers, chrome sprocket cover, chrome cam covers, Triumph sissy bar and back support, all weather cover, fly screen.
Also (rt), pair long of long slash silencers, new, paid \$420, asking \$200.
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Visit the BMOC website, BMOC.ca for a full colour version of the Good Vibrations and the latest event calendar.

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cover: Alf Shether's camera captures Jim Reid's Bonneville looking good as it winds up the coast highway

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