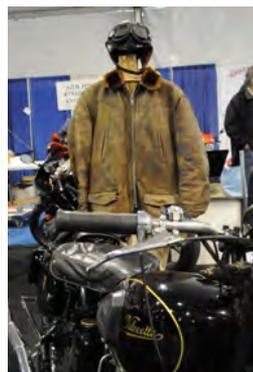
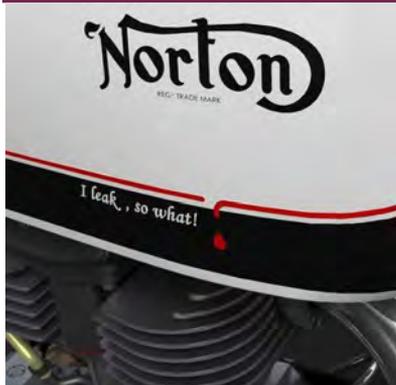


# GOOD VIBRATIONS

NEWSLETTER of the WESTCOAST BRITISH MOTORCYCLE OWNERS CLUB

May 2020



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Next issue book review of BMW motorcycles and Part 2 of Showtime Retrospective



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## BMOC ADMINISTRATION FOR 2019-2020

### BMOC EXECUTIVE

Past President, Nigel Spaxman, [nigelspaxman@gmail.com](mailto:nigelspaxman@gmail.com)

President, Geoff May, [geoffmay@telus.net](mailto:geoffmay@telus.net)

Vice President, Patrick Jaune, [patrick.jaune@shaw.ca](mailto:patrick.jaune@shaw.ca)

Secretary, Robert Smith, [t695sprint@icloud.com](mailto:t695sprint@icloud.com)

Treasurer, Peter Vanderkooy, [bmoc.treasurer@gmail.com](mailto:bmoc.treasurer@gmail.com)

Review Committee: Daryl Brown, Todd Copan and Jim Bush.

### MEETINGS (COVID-19 permitting)

General meetings are held monthly on the second Thursday at 7:30 PM at the Burnaby Rugby Club at the east end of Sprott Street one block east of Kensington Avenue.

Informal breakfast meetings are held every Sunday at 8:00 AM at Jim's Café located at 6th Street and 5th Avenue in New Westminster. Informal rides depart following breakfast, weather permitting.

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

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

Articles, reports, photographs and ads may be Emailed to: [dgfenning@gmail.com](mailto:dgfenning@gmail.com)

Visit the BMOC website, [BMOC.ca](http://BMOC.ca) for a full colour version of the Good Vibrations and the latest event calendar.

Help us keep in touch. If you have changed your mailing address, phone number or email please inform the Club Secretary



BMOC is a member and supports AIM & BCCOM

**MEMBERSHIP DUES—\$25.00/Year (April 1st to March 31st). USA \$30.00, INT. \$40.00** If your bank/credit union has Interac, just send your payment to [bmoc.treasurer@gmail.com](mailto:bmoc.treasurer@gmail.com). If necessary, create a question and answer, send answer to [bmoc.treasurer@gmail.com](mailto:bmoc.treasurer@gmail.com) note that exact lettering is important (capitals etc). Make cheques payable to BMOC and mail cheque to **BMOC , 13360 McCauley Crescent, Maple Ridge, BC V4R 2V2.**

## 2020 UPCOMING BMOC ACTIVITIES

Events are on hold pending health advisories for COVID-19 pandemic. Renew your dues and stay in touch with BMOC through your subscription to Good Vibrations!

## President's Message

Well so much for the BMOC Plans that the 2020 Executive had planned and our full year now being not so full and sitting on hold. The question is; what we have been up to, to while away our time whilst sitting at home. We have choices: the "Honey Do" list or fix motorcycles or do both like I have been trying to do.

Firstly, my condolences to Gill Yarrow on the passing of his wife, Joy earlier. There was a good turnout at her funeral and thanks to all those attended.

I re-arranged the kitchen cupboards for one thing, then it was onto my garage, and onto rewiring my BSA C11 which had original rubber coated wires; all black with number tags on the ends. The number tags having been long gone or faded since they were manufactured in 1951. The telling point was that the battery kept going flat for no apparent reason so, I decided to buy a new one at which time I find that all the rubber on the wires had perished over time and were sort of touching which killed the battery.

Next project was work on two tabletops which I bought last year; they are 3" thick Live Edge rough cut cedar; 60" by 38" and I finished them with a pour on two-part epoxy finish. What a messy job, my garage floor has some very shiny spots that I cannot get off. Gardening is also being done. My Norton is tuned up and ready to go. Even though it's sort of running. Another project is I can't get magneto parts for the Tiger T110 because England is closed and not doing any mail outs.

I have not been keeping up with the COVID19 situation; I was sort of got burned out with it, but I hear that things are going to be slowly be lifted. Maybe we can start to organize some events, hopefully in August, I fear that June and July are a washout for this year. The Okanagan Chapter have had a few rides and I am sure some of the Lower Mainland riders have been on some rides as well with fellow bikers as non-sanctioned events.

Riondel is still scheduled for August from what I am being told but hopefully there will be more on this later.

The Executive have been having monthly Zoom meetings which have been productive with membership at 120 as at May 10<sup>th</sup>. If you have not renewed your membership, please do so. Please read the Minutes of our Executive Meeting which are being e-mailed to everyone.

**One more issue of importance is that we have re-designed our BMOC T-Shirts, these will be available in grey and black with the main print on the back and the BMOC logo on the front (see below). They will be available by mail order for \$20.00 plus \$10 shipping or pick up at my house while the COVID19 lockdown is in effect. All orders should be sent to me via e-mail [geoffmay@telus.net](mailto:geoffmay@telus.net) and payment can be made by cheque to Patrick Jaune or via electronically like the dues.**

George is looking for articles and now is a good time to let us know what you have been doing this year so far, I'm sure everyone has a grand story to tell.

*Cheers Geoff*

State size and colour when ordering



## Going South: Part 3

by Robert Smith



I'm now four straight days on the road and feeling it. I need a break and some serious shuteye. I remember from my days with Rocky Mountain Motorcycle Holidays, we never made our guests ride more than three straight days without a day off, and rarely more than a daily 250 miles. I don't have that luxury. But I've canned Plan A—an eight-hour freeway ride to Palm Springs, and booked a room at Knight's Inn in Palmdale, near Edwards Airforce Base, about five easy hours from Palm Springs. The online views of the Knights Inn show a low-rise motel with parking spaces outside each door. The shots were taken at night: that should have been a clue...

Highway 49 becomes 41 south of Mariposa, a straight two-lane highway busy with morning commuter traffic. The road takes me around the outskirts of Fresno on to US 99: from there, it's 108 board-flat, die-straight miles to Bakersfield and my turning for State Route 58. Joining a relentless stream of semis, I set my brain on autopilot and try to stay out of the left lane where the speed-crazies

are. In Bakersfield, I turn on to CA 58 eastward toward Mojave and its namesake desert. I gas up at a Shell truck stop near Edison, just east of Bakersfield on the desert fringe, and scarf down a breakfast sandwich. A quick calculation tells me that the ST is bettering 50mpg US!

State Route 58 snakes up through the bare, rolling Tehachapi Mountains to the high plateau of the Mojave Desert. This is wide open country: the patchy scrub and golden sand of the desert roll away to the horizon under an indigo sky and an unrelenting sun. Fortunately, the altitude—around 4,000ft—helps moderate the temperature.

The four-lane freeway south to Lancaster and Palmdale runs arrow straight south through a succession of sprawling suburbs, each subdivision isolated and insulated from the traffic behind tall brick walls. Though the road is tedious, a blustery side wind stops me falling asleep, blasting the Sprint across the lane and threatening to whisk its wheels away. Dust, sand, plastic bags, tumbleweed and all kinds of debris sweep across my path—a truly butt-puckering experience.

Palmdale, at first take, could be another contender for Stockton's continental butthole crown; a vast grid of straight roads lined with cheesy, run down strip malls and a pre-dominance of thrift stores, auto parts outlets and payday loan shops.

When I first spy the Knights Inn, I decide I need to buy a new camera: like the one they used to take the picture on the website. What appeared in the dark to be a modern, well maintained motel turns out to be a couple of rundown two-storey breeze-block buildings with faded, peeling paint and a general air of neglect. As I park the bike, a sketchy-looking scavenger guy is sorting through the trash barrels for pop cans. I've requested a ground floor room so I can park outside...but I can't—my room is buried in the building with corridor access only. Back at reception, I explain that I need a room where I can park close by. I get "upgraded" to a room facing the freeway—just yards away—but I can park the Sprint behind a hedge. And if there's any



issue later, the bike is going inside my room! The irony is—the clerk credited my card for the room I declined but then forgot to charge me for the upgraded room. It would have been a rip-off anyway!

It takes me a good half-hour of driving the sad strip before I find an Albertson's where I grab a deli sandwich and some fruit. Back at the hotel, I survey my squalid room: the faucet on the bathroom sink is broken, the door lock faceplate is held on with electrical tape, there's debris under the bed, the bathroom fittings are grimy, the toilet roll holder is missing, paint is peeling everywhere. Fortunately, the sheets and towels are clean, and I don't have the energy to go looking for new digs. (Memo to self: check Trip Advisor next time: Expedia gave the Knights Inn 3.2 out of five...how, I'll never know.)

I prepare to hunker down for the night. Though I've stripped everything removable off the Sprint and disc-locked it, I pass an uneasy night with one ear peeled for the sound of miscreants at work. I'm not sure who would be interested in a 20-year-old motorcycle, but people get desperate... In the morning, all is bright, the wind has died, and a gaggle of fresh-faced college kids in the parking lot is boarding a tour bus.

After a cursory glance at the sad offerings in the hotel breakfast room, I decide to skip the free continental and hop across the street outside the hotel to a handy McDonalds. It may not be gourmet, but the coffee is good, and my egg McMuffin is freshly prepared, savoury and hot...and that's the secret to fast food.

Just like Ewan & Charley, I'm taking the long way round to Palm Springs. From Palmdale, I could turn southeast and join the frantic dash through the San Bernardino Mountains on Interstate 215 and be in PS in a couple of hours. Or I could scoot south and join the fabled Angeles Crest Highway, a snaking two-lane track than runs along the spine of the range. But as ever, the ACH is closed because of a washout. It will have to wait for another time. My fallback is to ride through Apple Valley and join Old Woman Springs Road to Yucca Valley through the Mojave Desert.

East of Victorville, the real desert begins. Joshua Trees spring up along the roadside, their clusters of pointed leaves like so many porcupines tacked on to each stubby, grizzled branch. The Mojave, which in the early morning spreads a cool, crimson glow, now glares with the sunlight reflecting off white sand. And as a desert highway should be, I guess, it's deserted. In the distance, a dust plume follows a couple of dirt bikes strafing an off-highway vehicle park. The two-lane road goes mostly in straight lines but for a few series of whoops where the roadbed has subsided.

A smattering of trailers, double-wides, and abandoned cars tell me I'm nearing Yucca Valley and the last leg of my trip. I join the stop-start traffic on Twentynine Palms Highway through town before the steep, chaotic 3,500-foot descent into the Morongo Valley on 62, dicing with speeding pickup trucks. Desert Hot Springs and its accumulation of dusty RV parks is where you stay if Palm Springs is too spendy.

Crossing Interstate 10 on Indian Canyon Road, the gusts whip up again and the road is inch deep in drifting sand. Here, the Santa Ana winds squeeze through a narrow gap between the San Jacinto and San Bernardino mountains. The winds drive a massive array of 10,000 wind turbines powering the homes and businesses of Palm Springs and the Coachella Valley.

I'm soon riding through the Palm Springs suburbs. In stark contrast to the squalor of Palmdale, Stockton and the rest, the wide, tidy streets of Hollywood's weekend getaway are lined with manicured boulevards and broad sidewalks. That there's money here is not in doubt: Lexus and Mercedes are the dominant car brands; leafy subdivisions are lined with well-maintained ranchers behind neat rows of flowering cactus; out-of-towners in shorts and tank tops roam the broad sidewalks; And on Palm Canyon Drive, the main drag, gaggles of freshly-laundered teens pose and preen. This is prime people-watching.



I cruise by the airport on Gene Autry Trail and spot the storage lot where the Sprint will live for the next few months. I check the access code, open the gate and find the lockup that I'll be sharing with a 1989 Honda 650 Dominator. My digs are a short Uber ride away, and I'm planning on some serious sleep Robert Smith

## Race memories, 1972 Seattle International Raceway



These first two pics are of the riders meeting trackside .

The next two pics are the crash and fire of the Yamaha road racer . In the burned bike pic , Jim Odom can be seen resting in a chair .The next pic is of Cal Rayborn's race



bike sitting at the riders meeting . The breather hoses seen exiting from under the rear fender were all blowing smoke at the end of the race .

The next pic. of Eddie Mulder and Dave Aldana on a pit bike in the infield posing for my camera .

The last pic is Dave Aldana talking to the other half of "Team Mexican" , Buritto , Gene Romero .

All these pics are digital copies in highest resolution , but originals were taken by a 126 film camera of the day . I believe dedicated fans of the era will recognize other racers and their tuners . Derek Smith Brackendale B.C

**“Norton Villiers Triumph”**

Viable proposition, or a house of cards?

Author: Brad Jones Publisher: Spangle Publishing

E-mail: [juxta71@aol.com](mailto:juxta71@aol.com)

Hardback, 205 x 260mm (portrait); 147 pages with over 140 photographs and illustrations. £27.50

Brad Jones is probably the first author to attempt to describe the disastrous few years which saw the industry transformed from export winner to near receivership. Norton Villiers Triumph (NVT), part of the attempt to rebuild a viable British industry from those remnants, often merits little more than a few pages at the end of books that are more interested in the prosperous golden era.

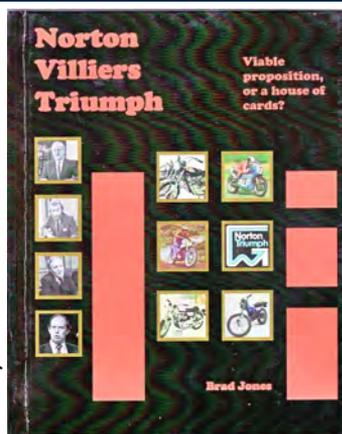
The story of the Norton Villiers Triumph company which embraces the initial takeover of BSA's motorcycle division, the subsequent battle with the trade unions for control and ownership of Triumph's factory at Meriden, followed by the subsequent refusal of the government of the day to honour the promised funding. Along the way, the motorcycles that also make up the NVT story are encountered, as is a year by year account of the John Player Norton racing effort and the Norton Cosworth Challenge.

Whilst the employees were the highest paid of the NVT group, Meriden was also the most militant with their politically-motivated shop stewards no doubt inspired and encouraged by the TGWU's closet communist leader Jack Jones.

It is interesting to read of the development of the very promising BSA speedway machine using the B50 motor that had also been used successfully in motocross and endurance racing. Sadly, funds were withdrawn from the project. Several interesting roadster prototypes were built using a rubber-mounted B50 500cc engine using Norton's Isolastic system in a Bandit/Fury frame. By all accounts it was an excellent fast middleweight machine that could have been produced easily and quickly, but was never proceeded with. No explanation is given, but some say the lack of an electric starter put off continental riders not wishing to ruin their shoes!

Motorcycles covered include: BSA Speedway B50; P92 Isolastic B50; Triumph T150 and T160; Norton 76; Wulf stepped-piston two-stroke twin; AJS Stormer; John Player Norton Commandos; Norton Cosworth Challenge; Easy-Rider, Rambler and Ranger plus the BSA variants and an overview of the motorcycles NVT inherited.

Author Jones deserves full credit for the huge amount of NVT literature that he has managed to reproduce, as well as a lot of time researching company archives. He also includes anecdotes from employee Pat Slinn who makes some very disparaging comments about well-respected NVT director William Colquhoun. Before publishing these remarks, why didn't Jones contact Colquhoun and check his version of events? This would have been a very good opportunity to learn a few more facts about NVT. The same could also be said about European Sales Director Mike Jackson, who, whilst often quoted, was never interviewed - a sad omission to an interesting book that asks more questions than it is able to answer.



**Book reviewed by Jonathan Hill**

**BOOK REVIEW****“Rebel Read – The Prince of Speed”**

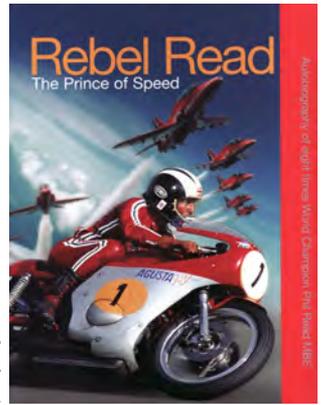
Autobiography of eight times World Champion Phil Read MBE  
Designed and published original by Alan Wilson of Redline Books

Available from Mortons Media Group Ltd, Media Centre, Morton Way, Horncastle, Lincs LN9 6JR - Limited edition, signed copies available. Tel.: (01507) 529529

Hardback, 225 x 285, 288 pages with over 180 photographs  
ISBN 978-0-9555278-7-6 £39.95 (UK)

Phil Read MBE, winner of eight world championships between 1964 and 1977, is Britain’s most successful living motorcycle road racer. Announcing his entry into big-time racing after first winning the Senior Manx Grand Prix in 1960 and with an Isle of Man Junior TT victory in 1961 – the last rider to win a TT on a British machine. Three years later he took his first world title, also the first for the Japanese Yamaha factory he raced for. Four more Yamaha-mounted titles followed including one hard-fought as a privateer, plus two in a row in 1973 and 1974 in the blue riband 500cc class with the mighty Italian MV Agusta team. An eighth world championship came from Read’s courageous ride to victory on wet roads in the 1977 Formula 1 TT race, on a heavy and poor handling 810cc Honda. Born in Luton in 1939, Read recalls the excitement of being taken to Silverstone for the first time on the back of his father’s Velocette MSS to watch the Hutchinson 100. A year later, 1956, he is riding his own Velocette KSS and starting an engineering apprenticeship. The racing bug had bitten hard however and with the support of his generous mother a new 350cc BSA Gold Star was purchased, which saw him on the start of his amazing racing career. We read of his frustration riding the resurrected, but obsolete Gilera fours for Scuderia Duke; the fantastic 160mph 250cc Yamaha RD05As; the MV Agustas and Benellis; the unwritten and illegal Yamaha team orders and the devious Italian factories’ politics. With amazing candour he tells of his success – the big houses, the private plane and the Rolls-Royce . . . the sorrow of his second wife Madeleine’s tragic death and business failures. He pulls no punches either when describing Geoff Duke (“arrogant”), Bill Ivy (“egotistical”), Agostini (“insular”) and many others. In this revealing and superbly illustrated autobiography, the Prince of Speed vividly recalls hectic track battles against riders like Mike Hailwood, Giacomo Agostini, Jim Redman, Bill Ivy and Barry Sheene, all of whom he beat at various times. “Rebel Read,” who was never far from controversy, also frankly describes life in the grand prix circus: the glamour, the danger, the money, the politics and the sex. With top quality design by Allan Wilson, this superb book is highly recommended.

**Book reviewed by Jonathan Hill**



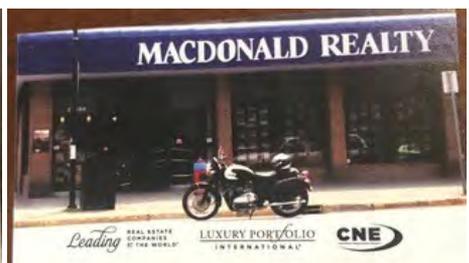

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## My 1966 Triumph TR6C Restoration Journey

By Carmen Poley

I am going to share with you my 1966 TR6C restoration journey, and how the restoration came to be.

First, I need to tell you how I got there.

I acquired my very first Triumph at the ripe age of 19. It was a 1967 Triumph TR6 chopper. I paid \$500 for that bike (which I couldn't afford) and chained it to my front porch. I was never so proud in my life! I also had no idea how to ride the thing. Heck, I didn't even have a driver's licence – for anything. It had a springer front end with the twisty metal, and I had no idea what “rake and trail” meant. It was completely un-rideable for an inexperienced, 5-foot-tall woman.

My Calgary neighbour Mark, who had a Shovelhead, decided to take me under his wing, and teach me how to ride. Well, what a mistake.... for him. When he showed me the lever on the left side of the handlebars, I asked, “what does this do?”

He stared at me and slowly said “Oh No!” That's when I learned very quickly what a clutch does.

(Note to self... If you use it up all at once, you get a close-up view of asphalt).

Very soon after that, I promptly replaced that front end, repainted it from black to red, and made it more rider friendly for me. This was my introduction to Triumphs.

I rode the wheels off that bike. It was always seen in the “deepest and darkest” alleys of my city. I rode it through many winters in Calgary. Yes, I said winters. A word of advice for those that live in colder climates: when spring arrives, and you are enticed to splash through the huge puddle, I strongly advise against it. My (very wet, very cold) passenger can attest to that.

A few years passed by, and I wanted a custom Triumph built just for me. She was a 1971 T120. Well – sort of. I couldn't find the oil bucket. I searched high and low. That's when I was informally introduced to the infamous “oil in frame” model. I do understand the wisdom of preventing corrosion inside the frame tube, but this was a little excessive. Given Triumph's welding technology, this concept may have been slightly ahead of the curve.

I'm going to back pedal a bit here. You know when I said I didn't have a licence? I did finally get my class 6, and that was it. For a while anyway. You'll see. But I still didn't know how to drive a car, nor did I ever really have the desire. My bikes were my only mode of transportation

Back to my story.

Several years rumbled by, along with many miles, and the old girl needed to be “freshened up”. I tore her down and brought all the pieces of my now-dismembered bike down the stairs into my basement suite. I perched the motor, primary and transmission included, on a 1960s chair that my Dad gave me. Over the winter, I ended up



completely rebuilding that bike. I mean I did it all: the frame, engine, bottom end, primary, and tranny. Awesome! I had a completed bike in my basement that now needed to back up the stairs. Yikes. I never thought that one through. It's moments like this when you learn who your real friends are. You know, the ones that don't let out a blood curdling scream when you ask them to help you bring a 400 lb. motorcycle around a 90-degree angle, and up a flight of stairs.



I decided to do a trip down to the States the following week after her resurrection to complete the final "break in". It was about a 2,000-mile wanderlust from Calgary to Idaho, and then into Montana. No passports were required to cross between the borders back then, and there was no helmet law in those two States. Montana also had no speed limit. Glorious! I could speed with all my strands of copper hair blowing in the wind! Having momentum going down a slight downgrade with one side of my saddlebags filled with tools, and the other with oil was empowering. I was travelling light. There was no need to pack a change of clothes, because there wasn't any room to. Later that night, when I rolled into a small town, I went to brush my hair to look respectable. It was then I realized that letting my long locks run free might have not been the best idea. It was actually a really horrible idea -- almost half of my knotted hair ended up in the hairbrush and the floor. I must admit it felt good earlier that day!



Oops, I got a little carried away here. I meant to talk about my 1966 Triumph TR6C restoration. I guess I'll have to save part 2.

Chatting about my Triumph's make me feel nostalgic!

### Colin Seeley remembered

Motorcycle sport has recently lost three of its champions from a golden age of motorcycle racing – legendary road racer and five-times world champion Geoff Duke; Les Archer, the first-ever European (nowadays world) moto-cross champion and now, sadly, Colin Seeley, the world-class sidecar racer and manufacturer.

The VMCC's Dorset Section were proud to host this club night (2017) when Colin was their guest speaker, with Mike Jackson as chairman, reliving the experiences of his amazingly varied career. Pictured above on that memorable occasion are from left to right: great all-rounder and multi-sidecar enduro champion George Greenland; secretary Jonathan Hill; Colin Seeley; moto-cross legend and Metisse manufacturer Derek Rickman; Honda's former European CEO Gerald Davison; former Norton Villiers Europe sales director Mike Jackson and BSA development engineer Mike Martin (brother of BSA competition shop manager Brian).



Certainly a night to remember, when we were privileged to rub shoulders with some of motorcycling's royalty.

**Jonathan Hill**

## Showtime

## A Retrospective

Wayne Dowler

In these days of COVID-19, when it appears that all upcoming shows are cancelled or postponed, this might be a good time to look back on the BMOC involvement in past shows.

BMOC and its members have a long history of involvement with motorcycle shows going back to the inception of the club. Volume 1, Number I dated March 1986 of the British Motorcycle Owners Club Newsletter shows the club having a display at the West-coast Motorcycle and Off-road Vehicle Show in the spring of 1986. It also shows involvement in something called Dinosaur Days in Olympia Washington.

BMOC was involved with many of the shows at the PNE in the late 1980's and BC Place in the early '90's, often in conjunction with the Classic Club.

2000 was the 5<sup>th</sup> and final year of the BMOC at the Quay show in New Westminster. This show, organised by Bevin Jones, was promoted as an All British Show and Shine and a trophy for People's Choice Award was donated by British Italian Motorcycles. Shows at this venue included a Scripps Garage backdrop from the popular TV show Heartbeat, as well as many other interesting themes.



2000 was also a great year for our club at the Classic & Custom Motoring Show at Tradex. Thanks to Fred Bennet and his volunteers, for the fourth year in a row the BMOC booth took first place, competing against the likes of the Trev Deeley Museum and a great race bike display from Westwood Racing. Our display also included a video display on the glory days of British motorcycle competition and a special lighting display for the bikes as designed and installed by Bob Logan. Bob also designed and built the special raised plinth where Ian Bardsley's partially restored Norton ES 2 was displayed. Peter Gagan also showed his 1926 Scott Flying Squirrel.

In more recent times, our involvement with the Vancouver International Motorcycle Show at Tradex dates back to the first show in 1998. It was about that same time that our club became involved with the All British Field Meet held annually at Van Dusen Botanical Gardens and the Heritage Classic meet held in North Vancouver. These and many more events have provided venues for our members to display their fine machines.

In short, our club has a long and illustrious history of organising and participating in many shows and events.

The 2001 Vancouver International Motorcycle Show at Tradex in Abbotsford was or-

ganised by Ken Hazzard, and featured a display of seven bikes from the Big Three, while the feature bike was the Norton that Steve Snoen rode to the Arctic Circle in 2000. The display featured not only the Commando, but large scale maps, photographs and newspapers articles chronicling his journey.



The 2002 show was considerable smaller than usual and only six bikes were shown. The feature bike was Dave Haydon's "Thruxtonized" Triumph Bonneville. A great show organised by Ken Hazzard and Bob Logan.

The 2003 and 2004 show were last minute affairs as the BMOC was not even sure if they would be participating. Finally shows were able to be organised by Ken Hazzard and other members.

The 2005 show fell under new management and despite a flurry of last minute decisions we were given a larger area than usual and a fine show was organised. Nine bikes were on display but the weather did not cooperate and the show ran on emergency generators for the most part with only partial lighting and heat. Bob Logan was the prime organiser



In 2006 BMOC joined with CVMG with a large display of vintage bikes including Pete Gagan's 1904 Rex.

2007 saw a turnaround in show management and we occupied an excellent spot at the center of the action. Bob Logan and Patrick Jaune organised an excellent display of nine bikes with Pete Gagan's lovely 1936 Norton International adding credibility to our display.



2008 put us back in a smaller space in the cold tent area. But no matter, the display was excellent. Organised by Dave Woolley it featured Tom Mellor's Salt Bike backed by a painted scene of the salt flats. Eight other assorted bikes were aligned around the perimeter of the display while "Yellow Peril" the Commando race bike was also down from the Okanagan.

2009 found us back in the tent with the same size area as last year. Again Tom Mellor's bike was featured, but this year on a revolving stand with the same painted backdrop as last year. A total of eight bikes were shown.

2010 and we were still in the tent with a slightly larger space. Tom Mellor's salt bike was again the feature bike, again on the revolving stand and the same painted backdrop as last year. Other bikes of note were Peter Gagan's 1924 Brough Superior with sidecar and his 1895 Pennington replica.

Also in the tent, Dave Woolley was ensconced in the "BMOC Garage" where he worked on his BSA Café Racer while show patrons watched and learned. (See also coming the "Excellent Show That Never Happened")

2011 was the year we had the "Everything Old Is New Again" theme. A backdrop of the Ace Café in the 1960s was utilised and all the bikes on display fit the era. We had poster boards with pictures of the Café and the bikers who frequented it and displays of the attire that would have been worn. On a poster board we had a special article written by Robert Smith explained the significance of the Ace Café and the effect that it had on biking society at that time, and which is still prevalent to this day. We also had a display with information and pictures of members and leaders of the "59 Club" as it existed in the 60s.

We had a 2011 Norton 961 Commando on display as supplied by British Italian Motorcycles. This was the first time a bike that did not belong to a club member had been



shown in our display, but it fit the theme so well we felt we had to show it. Other bikes on display were Wayne Ingram's 1969 Velocette Thruxton, Dave Haydon's 1969 Bonneville Thruxton, Neil Vaughn's 1973 Bonneville "Bobber", Dave Wooley's 1969 BSA Café racer, Ian Scott's 1964 Triton, and Nigel Spaxman's 1975 Norton Commando. All the bikes fit the theme perfectly and captured the culture of motorcycling at the time.

For the first time, we also received a lot of press coverage. An excellent article by Brendan McAleer titled "British bikes not for the faint of heart" was in the driving section of the North Shore News. A full page article appeared in the Vancouver Sun and Province titled "Throttling back to the future" where they referred to our display as the "centerpiece of the show".

Four of our members raced in the Café Cup, a ten-lap race on the oval in the presentation area outside the show. Alex Dumitru, Tom Mellor, Nigel Spaxman and Gil Yarrow participated and wowed the crowd with some very fast wheel to wheel action. A very close finish had Alex beat out Tom by less than a bike length.

This show was the first time we produced a show edition of GV carrying sponsors ads. That has carried on to this day, adding revenue to the club.



Loud rock and roll music, videos and tannies gave us all something to remember.

Dave Wooley, Alan Comfort and Wayne Dowler were the main organisers of this fun event.

To be continued next issue

Photo credits: photos 1 and 2 Bevin Jones; photos 3 and 4 Robert Smith; photo 5 Wayne Dowler; photo 6 Geoff May; photos 7 and 8 Robert Smith,

Front cover: Norton leaks submitted by Ian Bardsley, Dave Wooley submitted by Wayne Dowler, Velo with jacket and show scene by Robert Smith

## Plastics and the Modern Machine

I have owned my 1998 Triumph Trophy since I acquired it new from the now defunct International Motorcycles, once located in Port Moody and I must like it since in now has 98,000km on the clock. Due to various considerations, not the least of which was the cost of insurance, I have not ridden it for the past few years (I could insure both of my Norton's for considerably less than the Trophy). My ears pricked up a couple of months ago at a pre-COVID lunch meeting, when



Steve Gurry advised that he has his bikes on a collector multi-plate and insuring under that system is very economical. Moreover, my Triumph may qualify for Collector status because of its limited worldwide production volume... even better (that definitely caught my ear).

I enquired of Triumph Motorcycles as to the manufacturing volume of my bike/year and lo and behold, it qualified for Collector status. So with undue haste, I cleaned it up, took the requisite pictures and got my application in to ICBC, together with a letter from Triumph attesting to the manufacturing volume. After a couple of weeks, I received confirmation from ICBC that Collector status had been granted.

Since it had been idle for a number of years, it seemed appropriate to get it serviced and running before plating & insuring it... and so the saga commenced. Cranking required the fitment of a new battery which in itself, worked well. Although it did start it was very unhappy and wouldn't rev to any level or idle. And so I set to work to clean out the triple Kehin flat slide carbs. This arduous procedure starts with the removal of most of the fairing plastic... better than an hour's job. Removing the carbs is challenge, as they are fastened to the intake manifolds by rubber couplers and accessibility hasn't really improved since the Classic era. Still I got them off, cleaned out the badly blocked emulsion tubes and idle jets and was ready to re-install them when I noticed that one of the rubber couplers had been damaged (well they are 22 years old). Happily, I was able to procure new ones from International Motorsports in Langley, which at that point required some careful social distancing during the pick-up. Anyway, after more banged knuckles and certain amount of cursing, it fired up and seems to run properly (geez, it does sound like a bag of bolts - but it always sounded like that).

After fixing a side-stand switch problem, I recalled that the rear brakes were quite worn when I put it away, and so the next chapter commenced. It is my practice to take the calipers apart every several years, clean up any corrosion, ensure the pistons slide properly and replace the brake fluid. I've also found that I can accomplish this without replacing the seals, provided they are still appropriately pliable, which they were. And if you do the rears, you have to do the fronts! New rear pads are in the mail!

So, at this point I am waiting with great anticipation for my new Collector Multi-plate to arrive. I decide to remove the old plate only to find the mounting holes in the rear plastic mudguard have large star-shaped cracks emanating from the mounting hole... arrrrrrg! I figure my chances of finding a replacement are slim-to-none, so can I repair it? I have welded plastic before, so that seemed like the easiest approach. After a quick Youtube consult, I felt ready to give it a go using my trusty old Weller induction soldering gun equipped with a flat tip.



Welding involved melting the plastic either side of the cracks so the molten plastic flowed and filled the crack. I used a cable tie for filler, although it didn't really need any. I welded both sides of the cracks, just for further assurance and it seems solid. The cause of the cracks, was, I think vibration from the top-only plate mounting. I have yet to come up with an additional support as the mudguard doesn't really have room for lower plate holes. The result isn't cosmetically

pleasing, but it resides behind the soon-to-be-fitted Collector Multiplate, so am not offended.

The use of engineering plastics has dramatically increased since the Classic era, such that even engine parts are increasingly plastic. It may be that in the long run, our beloved all-metal classics will outlast the bio-degradable plasticized moderns. Still the advent of 3D plastic printing offers a solution!

This article isn't intended to be a DIY guide to plastic welding, but it is an option that you might want to consider at some point. One caution, the heated plastic emits toxic fumes during welding and a respirator is appropriate... you may even need one for future Club meetings!

**Ian Bardsley**

Hello to all BMOG members:

I hope all of you are doing good and all of you are healthy in this hard time we are all facing. I just want to drop a note here and let know everyone who owns Hinckley Triumph that we at Moto Meccanica just picked up all Triumph factory tools and many service parts for bikes from 1996-2010 from inventory of British Italian motorcycles or British Imports. We can service your Triumph or we can sale parts to you. Please let us know via email,

for service request email us at [service@motomeccanica.ca](mailto:service@motomeccanica.ca)

for parts please email us at [sales@motomeccanica.ca](mailto:sales@motomeccanica.ca)

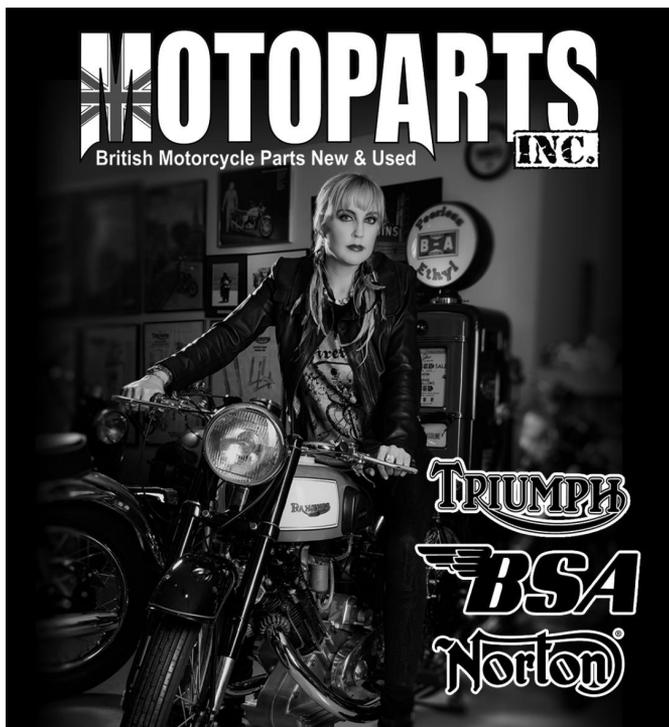
Thank you

Nikola Računica

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### Book Review

Title: Lone Rider  
 Author: Elspeth Beard  
 Publisher: Michael O'Mara Books Ltd.  
 Paperback ~ 320 pages & photos  
 ISBN: 9781782439622  
 CDN ~ \$28.89



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Another first for the Brits !

Well, Elspeth Beard wasn't going for this accolade when in 1982, after an emotional ending to a long time relationship and a questioning her choice of career and education in architecture, she swings a leg over her 1974 BMW R 60/6 flat twin motorcycle and begins her 35,000 mile, 2 year adventure. However, in the process she succeeds in becoming the first British woman to ride a motorcycle around the world.

In her book, "Lone Rider", Elspeth takes the reader through harsh landscapes, political turmoil, courageous generous people, unwanted sexual advances, corrupt law enforcement and introduces a travel companion who becomes the love of her life. Even after surviving possible dire illnesses, several broken bones and dogie hospital stays, she creates a narrative of wit and emotion in a style which coaxes the reader along from one page to turn another.

What I appreciate about Elspeth's style of writing is her modesty and vulnerability. This makes her very human and relatable and helps create a tone that is easy and exciting to read.

Her story is inspirational not only to the avid rider but also to the novice. Regardless if you are new to the world of motorcycles or and old timer you will enjoy this book. Pick it up, give it a try. I highly recommend it. Bronwyn Stansfeld



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Evolution of a Bonneville Salt Racer photos by Robert Smith



Dates in order: 2008,2009,with Tom 2014 and 2016 by Robert Smith. Honor Blackman (Pussy Galore which has nothing to do with Bonneville).