

The

VME

News



THE VME'S 34TH YEAR



The Newsletter of the Vintage Motorcycle Enthusiasts

VINTAGE MOTORCYCLE ENTHUSIASTS ©

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Vintage Motorcycle Enthusiasts (VME) is an AMA chartered (#05759) Non-Profit Corporation founded in 1982 to encourage the restoration, preservation and enjoyment of vintage, classic and antique motorcycles. Dues are \$30 per year in the USA, \$35 others, January 1st to December 31st. Membership benefits include: bi-monthly newsletter, club rides, club swap meet, shows, Annual Holiday Awards Banquet, MOM membership and Camaraderie. The VME is one club with three meeting locations. Seattle meetings are held the first Wednesday of every month at Slim's Last Chance, 5606 1st Ave S, Seattle, 7pm, South Sound VME meetings are held in Tacoma on the third Thursday at Anahuac Mexican Restaurantt, 9002 Pacific Ave, Tacoma, 7pm. Portland VME meetings are held on the second Tuesday at the Morrison Street Grill, 1205 SE Morrison St, Portland OR, at 7pm

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Cover photo by Jim Lefevre -Isle of Vashon TT

VME PRESIDENT'S REPORT

What a way to start the VME's 34th year! Right out of the gate in January, we played a significant part in a big local show, a member's bike sets records on auction, our newsletter is being sent throughout the states as well as going overseas, and we are on epic membership standing. Most importantly, everyone seems to be having fun locally, which is what we like to see! Our beloved vintage club seems to be in a good place my friends, and the oncoming months will surely celebrate that.

By the time of this issue's printing the banquet will have already happened, and here are the results of the annual awards. Congratulations to all!

President's Award: Eric Longbine

- An award chosen solely by the president, and unveiled at the annual banquet. Eric is being recognized for his enthusiasm and dedication within the Portland VME chapter.

John Johnson Award: Chad Geithman

"Presented to the member who most exemplifies the spirit of the motorcycle enthusiast." - An award chosen by the current officers as a whole. Chad spearheaded the initial formation of the Portland VME chapter several years ago, and worked tirelessly at making it a reality.

Rider's Cup: Mike Graham

"Presented to the member who was most dedicated to ride the miles." - Mike is one of those people that you can count on to see at just about every event throughout the year, typically on his '69 B44 Victor.

Willie Glover Award: Dick Casey

"Presented to the member who gave new life to an old motorcycle." - For his beautiful MKIII Seeley AJS

I'm excited to get more miles on the road again this spring, and in doing so visiting some events that I may have not been to before. A few of us will be riding down to

the "One Show" in Portland for instance, which I've been meaning to check out for a while. Also, keep an eye on the events calendar and join in on the "Spring Oil Check" event at Smarty Pants Garage in Burien in mid March. That's a brand new location and it's bound to be fun. The owner and I brainstormed one day and felt that an early spring brunch gathering with a whole pile of interesting motorcycles lined up next to everyone would be an excellent way to start any day.

And of course the VME Spring Opener is coming in April! One of my favorite rides of the year. Hope you all had a great winter, and look forward to seeing everyone on the spring events!

On an overcast day, I arrived one afternoon along with my folks and brother to a very peaceful home in Renton and knocked on the door. Without answer at the house, we made our way towards the garage. Moving through the door, I'm welcomed with a very inviting garage indeed.

From the backing of a warm pellet burning stove in the corner Perry Osgood rises to greet us with handshakes and mild conversation until the topic turns to why we're here today.

Sitting on top of the motorcycle lift is one of the most iconic machines ever to be created. There idle in its straps, this machine seems to have a bit of a glowing aura about it, just there by itself. What's standing there is a 1951 Vincent White Shadow.

White Shadow you say? Yes. There were 15 of these produced in total. Only one painted with a red frame and bodywork.

This machine has since headed back to Great Britain for the first time since leaving its factory, after recently selling at the Bonham's auction in early January.

Cheers!- Jeff Earle

EDITOR'S NEWS

Greetings fellow VME'rs -

Since the last newsletter sadly we lost one of the NW motorcycling icons. Buck James Murphy passed away Friday, December 25, 2015. Buck was a friend of many and always enjoyed life to its fullest. He was a very active Tacoma Motorcycle club member and was a mainstay with the VME's Small Bore ride. You could also guarantee that Buck would be at the VME's Tiddler Tour and the Isle of Vashon. As with many of you I will miss seeing Buck.

The Pacific NW Museum of Motorcycling was given Buck's CanAm motorcycle and his Triumph flat tracker. Tom Samuelson and Jack Mackey spent several days with Buck documenting his history and it is now part of the museum's archive. On June 13th, during the Marymount Motorcycle Week,

Buck will become part of the MoM Wall of Fame.

Since the last newsletter VME member Perry Osgood sold his Vincent White Shadow at the Bonham's Auction in Vegas for a record amount. I thought you would enjoy two articles from 1992 and 1994 that were written about Perry's Vincent. I wonder if Perry let the new owner know of its history?

The VME's first event of 2016 was our Annual Holiday and Awards Banquet on February 20th. Congratulations to all the winners.

I would like to thank all of you who contributed to the content of this issue of the newsletter. The deadline for the May/June issue of the VME News is April 6th.

Happy Motor-Cycling!

Jody

Dirt Bike Racing: A Way of Life For Buck Murphy

*The Peninsula Gateway –
April 21., 1976*

Speed, power, excitement and victory are ways of life for 21-year-old Buck Murphy of Longbranch. So are dust, mud, pain and defeat. Murphy is entering his 10th season of a sometimes brilliant and sometimes disappointing motorcycle racing career.

"I've been racing so long now, I'm not sure I could do anything else." He said.

Buck's dad bought his son a mini-bike

when Buck was only eight-years-old and the family lived in Lester.

He explained: "When I was 12, my dad said, 'You're doing pretty good riding. You want to race?' I said 'Sure!' "

He entered a scramble at Kent, won it, and has been racing ever since.

The Murphy's moved to Longbranch a year later. At age 15, Buck started win-

ning consistently. He earned state amateur championships in the 125cc flat track event and the open motocross. He was number



three in the 250cc motocross.

He turned professional the next year and was heading for the number one flat track novice position in the state when fate stepped in and cut his season short. "I went to pass another rider, he fell, and I flipped over him," he related. "I don't even know what happened but somewhere along there somebody ran over my leg."

The accident "pulled his kneecap all out of shape" and kept him out of action for several months. He returned late in the season and still managed a third-place finish in the novice class. His third-place finish moved him into the expert class. He also advanced to expert in the motocross class.

He has stuck with motocross races since then, mainly because of the expense involved in setting up a flat track bike to compete in the expert class. It would have cost him about \$3,000 to purchase and prepare a 650cc motorcycle for flat track racing. The novice class only required a 250cc bike. Engine sizes have since been raised to 750cc and 360cc respectively, for the novice and expert classes.

Accidents are nothing new to Buck. He broke four ribs and a shoulder when he was 14. He missed about a month of racing that year. He broke an ankle in 1974 and has separated his shoulders about four times. "I wear a shoulder brace, so that doesn't happen very often anymore," he explained.

He is facing an operation shortly for an arthritic lump on his back sustained when he

collided with a tree in Canada last summer. The operation will interrupt his schedule this season, which usually runs from the end of January to the beginning of December. He

hopes to recover in time to compete for the national championships this summer.

A good showing could send him to the World Grand Prix in Europe next year.

Buck has been following the professional bike tour all over the country since he joined the ranks. He's come close to winning a few big ones, but crucial equipment

breakdowns hampered his efforts.

He was leading the pack in the final heat of the Trans AMA 250cc motocross event in Puyallup last fall when a rear shock absorber collapsed. He dropped to third place.

A second-place finish at the prestigious Daytona Beach Motocross race two years ago and an eighth-place finish in a 125cc world class motocross event last summer rank as two of Buck's better finishes.

"You have to be right on ball to win anything," he said. "There are so many guys ready to take your spot if you're not."

"If you win, you make a lot of money. If you don't ... it costs a lot of money."

Buck is still far from the big money, but he does reasonably well. His racing ability earned him a job riding for Can-Am, a motorcycle manufacturer. When he's not racing Can-Am motorcycles he's often testing new models and equipment innovations for the company.

His work schedule usually keeps him



busy seven days a week, beginning with race day on Sunday. He takes his bike apart on Monday, cleans it and replaces any damaged parts. Tuesday he finishes with his mechanical work and packs up to leave for the next race. The rest of the week he's occupied with setting up, training and practice, official inspections and some public relations work.

The training includes not only riding, but a conditioning program consisting of daily arm and leg exercises and two miles of running. Racing is a surprisingly strenuous sport and many riders are unsuccessful because they aren't in good enough shape, he explained.

Buck does his own mechanical work, even though he could utilize the services of a Can-Am mechanic.

"I like knowing what's been done to my motorcycle," he explained. It can be a disadvantage, though, when he comes in from a tough heat and has to change a part on his bike before the next race, he added.

He prides his reputation as an excellent mechanic, and regards it as insurance for the future. Good motorcycle mechanics can be almost as valuable as good riders.

Either way, Buck, who has been racing almost half his life now, plans to be part of the professional motorcycle scene for many successful years to come.

How to Restore a Vincent

By Perry Osgood

Originally printed in VME News May/June 1992

The Seattle Times/Post-Intelligencer Sunday, January 18, 1987 - '51 Vincent Rapide, rough but restorable, \$2500. Phone: \$\$\$-\$\$\$\$.

How do you restore a Vincent, let me count the ways.

1. Must have an understanding wife! She will understand when you ask her for an additional \$1000 you really mean many thousands more!

2. Id you are sure that it will only take two years to completely restore won't you be surprised that it actually takes five!

3. One must have great friends that will help you when you feel like throwing in the towel. I could have never made it without Jack Shemwell, Randy Shemwell, Chris Nowicki and many others too numerous to mention.

Description of Vincent when found: Ape-hangers, piss-green with gold pin-striping and one must not forget the gold stenciled stars on the fuel tank. The fuel tanks was the only factory sheet metal on the bike. The serial numbers were correct. Frame

RC8047A and engine #F10AB/1A/6147 exactly 1900 digits apart; which is correct for a Vincent. But, the 1A was not in any of the books that I had on Vincents. I purchased it anyway, because I just had to have a Vincent. After looking for ten years I didn't know when or if I would ever find another one. I put money down on the bike and set up a pickup time.

After bringing the beast home, some friends and I tore the timing chest apart and found two push rods wrapped around the cams. So the motor came apart, one ring in the front cylinder was broken: and the motor was bored .030 over. The motor was stripped the rest of the way down. Putting the motor aside, after inspecting all parts for wear and feasibility of use in the rebuild, I started on what there was of a Vincent frame. In my wildest of dreams I could never have imagined that I would have run into such a find. Underneath the sprayed black enamel paint was baked Chinese red enamel paint. This was to be discovered on both the frame and tank. As for the 1A I had discovered in the serial #; I found a small paragraph in Paul Richardson's book

VINCENT the 1A specifications signified a White Shadow. Very few of these machines had been produced originally in the factory. I set out to have documented proof of the authenticity of the machine. Upon receiving answer back from the Vincent Owners Club overseas representative, Jacqueline P. Bick-erstaff, found that I had a red White Shadow produced originally from the factory and two were in black frames and only one in red! And I have it! Therefore, I couldn't just slap this bike back together; it deserved to be put back together; to its proper and dignified original state. It took my wife and I two years just to save and squirrel away the parts and the money to have the motor built properly. The best person to build the motor was Mike Parti of Northern California. He was to build just the lower end and install all new parts. Also machine the cases to true the crankshaft because the main bearings had spun in their cages. The only parts that were reused in the motor were the crankcases, flywheels, cylinder muffs and heads. All internal parts including the rods, which are Carillo, are completely new. Once I received the motor back from Mike Parti, the motor was set aside and work was begun on the rest of the bike. This took two years of saving to insure that the proper parts could be purchased. As the parts started slowly arriving from England, Jack and I started prepping for paint. There were five pieces that were missing on the Vincent which came from all over the world. Front side stands came from Florida, which were originally from Australia. The headlight, which is a Miller piece, also came from Florida. The rear foot pegs from Ohio. Front balance beam from England. These are the parts that one must have a very understanding wife, because these Vincent parts cost almost as much as four mortgage payments in today's marketplace. Good God!! The rest of the sheet metal came from England; front and rear mud guards, mud guard and headlight

stays, battery box, chain guard, tool box plus all nuts and bolts and sheet metal available in stainless steel. The exhaust system came from Australia; which is stainless steel with chrome plating. There were only tow parts which I had to have re-chromed and they were the original Dunlop wheels.

Jack and I had finished painting all of the parts with Dupont Centarri; which we matched to the color from the back of one of the brake plates; which had never seen the light of day, so it was the true color. All of the parts got six coats of paint except for the fuel tank which got twelve, and and after every second coat it was wet sanded down. After all of this was completed it was time to tackle the motor one more time. Randy and I sized the piston rings to the barrels and installed the cylinders and heads. The motor was timed at least six times to insure that it would run the first time out.

At long last the time had come to start assembling the beast into one complete Vincent. Since Jack was out of town and had left his racing Vincent to watch over, it was much easier to assemble my beast; because I had a model to go by. The assembly was straightforward until I came to the electrics. This was one area which I was unfamiliar with. But thanks to Randy Shemwell, electrician extraordinaire, the task was completed.

Finally, at long last, the day came to start the beast. I invited friends from far and wide to witness this momentous occasion. The wife was set up with video camera in hand and every eye was tune to me sitting on top of my beast of passion. Mo amount of coaxing, prodding or cussing would awaken the true beast within!! So one week later, after much pondering, I lifted the phone and contacted Mike Glosser and cried HELP!! I went up to Mikes home and found out that the bike was 28 degrees off. After an hour long marathon match of trying to kick the beast to life, it started. And what a beauti-

ful sound! Since the first time it started, and to this very day, I have promised that the money flow into the bike would come to a halt. However, as I am sure you all are aware of, this day will never come to fruition. Leading the wife to nickname the beast “our little money-pit.”

Any my only comment was “but it’s still worth what we have into it!” Both she and

Not Just Another Motorcycle

By Donovan Dorsey

Originally printed in VME News January/February 1994.

A few months ago I was discussing motorcycles with a guy I work with (a member of the VME). I was regaling him with tales of all of the neat motorcycles I had owned back in the old days. There were Indians, Ariels, Velocettes, Matchless, AJays, Vincents, Beezers, and all of the usual assortment of things that were available for practically free back in the fabulous fifties.

At the end of my story I summed it up by adding that I thought I still knew where I could lay my hands on a couple of Vincents.

When he asked about them, I said there was one that had belonged to a good friend of mine and one that used to belong to me. The one that belonged to a friend was a 1951 model.

My friend who had owned it said it was a Black Shadow, but I always assumed it to be a Rapide because the engine was polished and not painted flat black as I thought all Black Shadows and Lightnings were. I told my coworker that this Vincent had a special paint job on the tank so he would recognize it if he ever saw it. It was candy apple green metal flake with candy apple gold metal flake stars all over it, I thought it was a very trick paint job.

He said, “There’s something you’ve got to see.” We went over to his office and after a short search through a desk drawer he pulled out a copy of the VME newsletter,

I would agree that it really was worth it all!

Special thanks need to go to all who helped with this project. Conway Motors, The VOC Spares Co. LTD., Coventry Spares LTD..

On January 7th, 2016, the beast sold for \$434,000 including premium at the Bonham Auction in Las Vegas.

dated May/June 1992, with a picture of a bright red Vincent on the cover. In the story inside, one Mr. Perry Osgood (current owner of the bike) described the paint job as ‘piss-green with gold pin striping. And one must not forget the gold stencilled stars on the fuel tank.’ Well that was a pretty scathing review of what I thought was a nifty custom paint job. I reckon that times have changed and customizing your \$30,000 Vincent must seem a little like gilding the lily, so to speak.

BUT, it HAD to be the same bike. It is a small matter of taste from “candy apple green metal flake” to “piss-green with gold pin striping” and from moderate rise western bars to “Ape-hangers,” That being the case, notwithstanding the fact that there were only three of these bikes produced and only one with a red frame, this was the only Vincent owned by my buddy Ed. That alone is a story, and here is a tiny piece of it.

In August of 1959, just before my 22nd birthday, I bought a new house located at the south edge of Renton in a brand new development called Cascade Vista. I owned a couple of Indian 74’s and before long I met some of the locals who owned bikes. They all talked about this wild man who lived in the area and rode a Vincent Black Shadow on the trails around here. This “wild man” was Ed and the Vincent, Mr. Perry, is evidently now yours!

At that time I had never heard of a Vincent and asked what it was. I was told that it

was a 1000cc fire breather and that Ed rode it 90 mph before he shifted to second gear.

Later that fall I met "Ed" and was impressed with his ability to wheel that monster around the woods. I was riding a stripped down Indian 74 as my woods bike and so I was not easy to impress except with the speeds at which Ed rode.

Ed owned the Vincent from about 1957 to, I assume, when Mr. Osgood bought it except for a small interval in the sixties when Ed traded it to Mac Bemardy up in Bellingham for one Triumph Tiger Cub. At that time the tank was Regal Burgundy Metallic, a fifties Dodge color that Mr. Osgood wouldn't like much better than Candy Apple Green. I am not sure what Ed paid for the bike originally but I think he had more money invested in paint jobs on the tank than he paid for the bike.

One day three of us were out riding on the pipeline roads that ran all over the woods south of Renton. I was on the Indian, Ed was riding the Vincent and Jim was on a Triumph when we came up on three guys riding Harley 45's. The three of us had street tires on our bikes, because they were true dual purpose bikes, but the guys on the Harleys had 5.00x16 garden tractor tires on the back for some extra traction.

The three Harley Charlies were taking turns trying to climb a small hill about 100 feet high and fairly vertical. They could get about three quarters of the way up and they just ran out of forward motion, not enough horsepower to get over the top from a standing start. Ed Jim and I all took several runs at the thing and couldn't get over due to a lack of traction from the street tires.

This hill was located at the very top of a pipeline road that ran up from the Cedar River. It was probably three-eighths of a mile long and about a 7-9 percent grade up to about 100 feet from the top, above that it was damn near vertical. It was a gravel road and at the base of the last 100 feet or so it

made a 90 degree turn and the road avoided the last extremely steep part.

After we had each exhausted our best efforts in trying to conquer this hill with no success, I heard somebody yell "look out!" I heard a motorcycle roar and looked back to see Ed and the Vincent coming up from the river wide open. He hit the base of that little hill at about 70 to 80 mph and shot over the top without ever shutting down. He then turned the Vincent around and rode back down the hill to the bottom where all five of us were still standing, with our mouths gaping open at what we had seen. Not wanting to leave any non-believers around Ed repeated the feat a couple of times but none of the rest of us had the courage to try it.

Some years later Puget Power had leveled off a large area in the woods just to the north of Cascade Vista to build a transformer station. Ed and I had discovered this and made us a flat track there, He was on the Vincent and I was riding a Matchless 500, which was my favored race/woods bike. We hadn't been riding too long when I noticed a large cloud of dust coming down the pipeline road toward us at a high rate of speed. Since the sheriff and the state patrol were always trying to catch us having fun I diagnosed the situation immediately. Ed was doing laps and I was sitting on my bike having a cigarette so I waved and hollered at him, "COPS!!", and dived over the embankment on the Matchbox and into the labyrinth of pipeline and powerline roads and made my way safely home in a few minutes.

I figured Ed was right behind me but when I got home and he wasn't there and didn't show up in a few minutes I got concerned that the police had got him. I needn't have worried. In an hour or so Ed came driving up in his car and told me what happened.

The Vincent was never designed to be trail ridden and was geared a might high. When I waved and hollered Ed had stopped to see what all of the excitement was. He

saw me dive over the bank and dropped the clutch. Unfortunately the rpm's weren't up and the engine died. When the dust cloud arrived on the scene, in the form of five sheriff's cars, they saw him trying to kickstart his bike and evidently figured they could come back and get him at their leisure but I was getting away so they all set off after me.

In a thrice, or perhaps a thrice and a half, Ed got the Vincent cranked up and instead of doing what a sane man might have, namely run the opposite direction, he set off in pursuit of the sheriff's cars. At his usual 70 or 80 mph he soon caught up to them and then, on that little one lane pipeline road, he passed them.

By this time I was probably sitting at home opening a beer and since Ed was close at hand they forgot about me and commenced chasing him. That was a very bad idea. Ed led them through the woods and down to the river at the bottom of the steep hill I described earlier. When he got to the river, with all five sheriffs in hot pursuit, he slammed on the brakes, planted his left foot, spun the Vincent around and roared back up the hill past them, on up the little 100 foot hill beyond the road and then stopped to look back at what he had wrought.

All five cars were trapped on that narrow one lane road, nose to tail, right down to the river. The road was, as I had said earlier, gravel and 7 to 9 percent grade and those high horsepower, rear wheel drive cars could no more back up it than they could fly. He had a laugh and then rode leisurely home, got his car and came back to my place to tell me the story.

One night on the way home from the Puyallup Fair on the Vincent, his date started feeling amorous. They lurched along for several miles until they came to a gravel pit by the side of the road. They pulled in and parked. The Vincent had never had saddle bags (or panniers, as Mr. Osgood might call them) so there was no blanket and gravel

pits are notoriously lumpy. That required some innovative thinking. Setting the Vincent up on the centerstand and laying his date out over the seat, tank and handlebars they were able to accomplish what might be called having sex on the bike.

That little adventure set Ed to thinking. Was it possible to have sex on the Vincent while it was moving? Ed approached a young lady who was usually game for a good time and asked her if she would like to join him in a historic ride. Well of course she would and when could they start.

Just east of Renton was an area known as the "Tank Tracks". This was actually a proving grounds used by Pacific Car and Foundry (now called Paccar) to test some armored personnel carriers they built. There were some hill climbs and other obstacles but there was also a sizeable paved track. The area had been a favorite playground for Renton area bikers for years. So much so that there was a chain link fence all around the place and several official looking signs warning people to keep out.

Now I'm sure you know by now that Ed was not going to let a little sign stop him and there were some sizable gaps in the fence that were well known in the area. One sunny fall afternoon Ed and his lady friend rode the Vincent through one of the gaps in the fence and into the Tank Tracks. They piled their clothes (except for his boots) in a heap at the side of the paved hack and she climbed on the tank facing back and he onto the seat facing front. He swung the Vincent into life, snicked it into low gear and eased onto the track. As he looked over her shoulder and guided the Vincent around the track at speeds of up to 70 mph they proceeded to do the "Wild Thing", and Mr. Osgood you thought you had bought just a classic motorcycle! That thing is a legend! ! !

As to those "Ape Hangers", Ed lived at the end of a lane about an eighth of a mile off the Benson Highway and there were a

couple of other people who lived along that same lane on the way back to Ed's house. One of these people was an elderly lady who took some exceptions to the way Ed would leave on the Vincent. One day as he roared up the drive she stepped out from behind a spirea bush with a rake held at a forty five degree angle over her shoulder just like Babe Ruth. When he approached her, she took a cut at him and he dived down behind the bars. The rake glanced off the bars and sailed harmlessly over his head. Lets see you duck down behind those sissy dropped bars you have on the thing Mr. Osgood.

The intervening years have caused me to forget the exact reason that Ed was upset but something traumatic had happened in his life and he came up tro my house one afternoon on the Vincent very drunk and very upset. I do remember that he had wrecked his XKE Jaguar earlier in the day while celebrating the same problem. It may have been when his wife found out that what she thought was a yeast infection was in fact the clap, a gift from Ed and one of his numerous girlfriends but I don't remember for sure.

Anyway he was very unhappy and he sat at my house and cried on my shoulder while swigging on a fifth. After a short time he went out, fired up the Vincent and roared down the sheet in low, at full throttle. The street in front of my house ran from 116th S.E. to 120th S.E. and ended at a tee on both ends, I lived almost exactly in the middle.

Ed went east to 120th, threw the Vincent sideways and slid to a stop. He pulled out his fifth and took a slug, dropped the Vincent into low and roared up to 116th where he threw the Vincent sideways, slid to a stop, pulled out his jug and took a drink. He repeated this process several times while the neighborhood was in an uproar. They all wanted me to do something since I was his friend, I had tried standing out in the street, hollering for him to stop and come inside but all to no avail and I nearly got run over for my trouble. About the time someone decided to get his shotgun and shoot Ed off the bike he turned down 116th and headed for home. He came over the next day and apologized for his behavior. It was the only time I ever saw Ed do something that might have hurt someone (besides himself) for all of his wildness.

These are only a few of the adventures that your Vincent has been involved in Mr. Osgood and certainly only the beginning of my stories about Ed but those will have to wait for another day. The only thing that pisses me off is that Ed was always supposed to sell me that motorcycle, if he ever sold it. Maybe you will loan it to me some day and I can take it out to Renton for a day of trail riding. Oh, whats that? You say that motorcycle is a museum piece and you hardly ever ride it. Well I guess that's OK, it's been ridden before.

Growing Up 24-7 with Motorcycles

By Richard Earle

Jim Patereau rides a 1967 Norton 650 Atlas for his daily transportation. He keeps it up to perfection and it is one beautiful bike. A family business, Pat's Top Hat Cycle, which ran from 1965 to the mid-80's, sold Nortons and Ducatis.

I remember stopping at the shop and behind the counter was Pat, Jim's Dad, and/

or Jim's Mom. Her nickname was "Al", and she was a soft-spoken beautiful lady who really knew motorcycles. Pat did mechanical work and machine work very early in the morning-- like 4 a.m. He was a very good mechanic and machinist, and also as needed was very creative to bring a lot more horsepower out of the Norton engines. Pat

taught me about creating a squish band on a piston that I planned to install in my AJS Typhoon. I machined the top of the piston using his advice.

A story I heard a long time ago involved a customer who wanted Pat to build him a powerful Norton Atlas. After completion, the engine was dyno'd, and sure enough it produced a lot of power, so much so that after the customer took possession of the bike he sold it back to Pat, saying it was too powerful and it scared him.

Jim, of course, grew up around motorcycles. The shop and where Jim and his parents lived was on First South near Myers Way. Woods and trails to ride were nearby. On Myers Way, there had been a very large open area. Part of it had been a gravel pit, and it was a fun area to ride dirt bikes. Of course "dirt bikes", as we thought of them then, were often just stripped-down motorcycles without lights and with some of the sheet metal removed. I had ridden my '54 Matchless CS, and later the '59 AJS 19 TCS there. Bob Seelye joined me on a couple of rides there.

Jim started riding at eleven years old, and his Dad supplied him with some cool bikes. Over time, these were a BSA Alloy Clipper, a 200 cc Ducati Scrambler from Bob Budshot, a 500 Norton '61 twin, a 250 Norton twin "Jubilee", a 250 Bickers replica Greeves (from Budshot), and a BSA Gold Star.

There was a quest for lightness: cut off unnecessary stuff, drill holes in the frame (often the downtube)—you experimented. I saw a photo of a Velocette racer with the downtube loaded with holes. Pat also had been known to build high-performance cams for Velocette racers. Pat used a "sulky wheel". This was about like a bicycle wheel. He didn't think about it breaking or anything... "Just try it out." Pat was willing to try things on race bikes.

Jim's Dad, Pat, rode his Ariel to Van-

cover, B.C. to buy a flywheel and other parts. He put the stuff in a saddlebag and rode down highway 99. When he got home, the parts were gone! They had dropped out the bottom of the saddlebag.

Pat and Dewey delivered pills for L.C. Bracken Pharmacy through the winter. Trestle tracks in Pioneer Square made their motorcycle riding tricky to negotiate.

Pat got badly hurt once riding his Ariel Square Four. He hit a car that pulled right in front of him on 35th S.W. in West Seattle. He got over a hundred stitches in his neck and head. It was doubtful if he would ever be able to use his arms and shoulders, but he recovered.

After riding a lot in woods and fields, Jim gained enough expertise to start racing. In his first race, in 1958, he rode a BSA Gold Star at Jolly Rogers. He was 15, and this was a Scrambles event. The Jolly Rogers M.C. hosted a lot of Scrambles on their 10-acre club grounds over the years. They also hosted an incredibly steep hill climb 487-foot long, which is now just fond memories. Those days are sorely missed. Jim also raced the Gold Star at a quarter-mile track in Auburn.

Jim was lucky to be around a bunch of really neat people who did a lot for him. To be included with these guys was an honor which obviously Jim cherishes to this day. Some of the guys that Jim had the pleasure of knowing from this racing environment are Bob Budshot, Emil Ahola, Dick Taylor, Ronnie Hall (from Yakima), Jack Enderson, Sonny Burres, Terry Saxlon, and Gordie Oakes. Besides being friends and mentors, these were tough competitors.

Jim's racing career included Flattrack- and TT events. He won the expert class at Graham in 1967, riding a Norton. His early riding in '58 included a 250 Indian Arrow (Scrambles). Ray Yoder owned a track in Silverdale that Jim raced at. This was a 1/3-mile TT. Chehalis had a track that could be



Scrambles at Jolly Rogers dated 1958; from left to right: 250 Puch sold by Sears branded as an Allstate, rider unknown. 250 Maico ride by Bill Ershing from Bellingham 13 cubic inch Indian arrow with Pat and Jim Patereau. Behind the Tiger Cub to the right is Art ?? on the first unit Triumph twin, it was 21 cubic inch, the 30.50 came next, unknown rider on Tiger Cub. Bob Budschat on another Tiger Cub and another Cub and another rider

classified as a TT. It had a wooden ramp on the front straight-away. TT's need a jump and a right-hand turn. Flattrack doesn't.

Clay tracks had a water truck with a sodium compound to keep them moist and, hopefully, dust free. A plate is dragged behind a truck to smooth it out. I remember watching a clay track after a lot of race bikes had spun their tires over it. It was after dark and the track lights gave the surface a sheen. Properly prepared and including a correct clay mix, a track will attain a hard surface without ruts.

"Some of the racers were lunatics", Jim said. He saw two riders with tangled

handlebars go up a 10-foot banked curve and land in the parking lot on top of the cars.

Then there's the story about Jim going through the infield and picking up a crankshaft by a piston. (A 45 cu.in. Indian Scout engine in a small frame.) The engine had split and dug into the ground (see photo). This was a quarter-mile TT race in Chehalis. The track jogged around a corral (very rural). Dick Miller had loaned Jim Patereau his modified



bike to race. After about six laps, the Indian engine blew up, splitting in half. The engine and the frame then proceeded to dig into the ground. Nobody was hurt. The frame was

bent, and the engine was in pieces. The crankshaft had actually separated from the rest of the engine. Jim lifted it up by a piston. Bob Budschat said, "Miller is looking

for you for wrecking his bike!" Miller was a big guy, and Jim was scared. It was just a joke to them, though. Whew.

Bad Connections (who cares... They're just a little bad?!)

By Bob Wiekling

Have you ever paid for a new electrical part to be installed in your motorcycle, or car, or garden tractor? "Troubleshooting by substitution" is a very common method for finding an electrical fault. It goes like this, for the repair tech: 1) obtain a good (new) part, 2) plug it in to replace the suspected "bad" part, 3) if it fixes the electrical problem then you BUY the new part! 4) You drive off. EASY! RIGHT? The problem is, the very act of removing the "bad" part may have been enough to scrape its electrical connections clean making the part work just fine. But, You bought the new part. And now you have a spare if you held onto the old part, that is....!)

A whole lot of parts are sold or bought this way. And now, we VME folk not only have beautiful vintage motorcycles with electricals that need the greatest of care but we have a consumer electronics industry loading electronics into motorcycles and every other vehicle as well. So, there are not only 12 volt/3 amp lighting circuitry but sensitive, low-current fuel injection and monitoring systems to troubleshoot. They all rely on VERY good electrical connections! It is said that most electrical problems in ANY system are usually connection problems. Aahh, the number of possible connection problems grow: Spade/bullet/ring connectors, crimp connections, switch contacts, relay contacts, ignition breaker points...you get the idea!

EXAMPLE: my recent 2007 Royal Enfield would often not crank over when the start button was pressed. The RE Forum will verify that this is a common problem.

My trusty FLUKE voltmeter showed that only 7 volts were actually being applied to the starter relay ("solenoid"). 5 volts were being lost (dropped) across the start switch, bullet connectors, and all of its associated wiring that was too small (smaller-the-wire, the- higher-the-resistance)! Forum ideas flooded in: "buy a new battery," "take apart and clean all the bullet connectors every spring," "re-wire the cranking circuit with larger wire and fewer connectors." I chose to mount a military quality pushbutton with 14 gage wire very close to the cranking relay (a hidden location!). I used only crimped and soldered connectors. It worked just fine. Oh, yes, and no new battery was needed! You might say that all of these problems were caused by just inconsequential bits of electrical resistance--- you might say that they were just a little bad.

Of course, my assumption is that you are maintaining a motorcycle that you can count on, reliably, and not a museum-piece where nothing must be modified from stock in any way. And you take great pride in being able to return 100% all the way back home from a ride. The word is "RELIABLE!" If we look into the world of military and industrial practice, we find that Reliability is "the likelihood of non-failure." Here is the way that I like to think of Reliability as it relates to electrical systems and their connections.

To me it is helpful to consider that any connection tested with an ohmmeter should have (virtually) ZERO resistance. So, even if a closed switch or set of breaker points may have 2 or 3 ohms of resistance, they

are judged to be “bad.” They need to be examined, “probed,” cleaned, and tested again. “Why is Bob so anal about electrical systems?,” you ask. I have come to greatly appreciate that state of boring electrical/mechanical Nirvahna where all my motorcycle systems work and work so well and so long that they are...boring!

A bad connection, then, is one that has a resistance greater than zero. Some call this a “high-resistance connection.” What’s the cause? Choose your poison! Dirt, corrosion, looseness, or even a work-hardened, distorted ring connector (whose surface area does not mate up 100% with its screw head) “Prove it!,” they cried.

Well:

Resistance at a connection causes a “voltage drop” there which causes power to be dissipated (as heat!)

volts-E; resistance-R; current-I

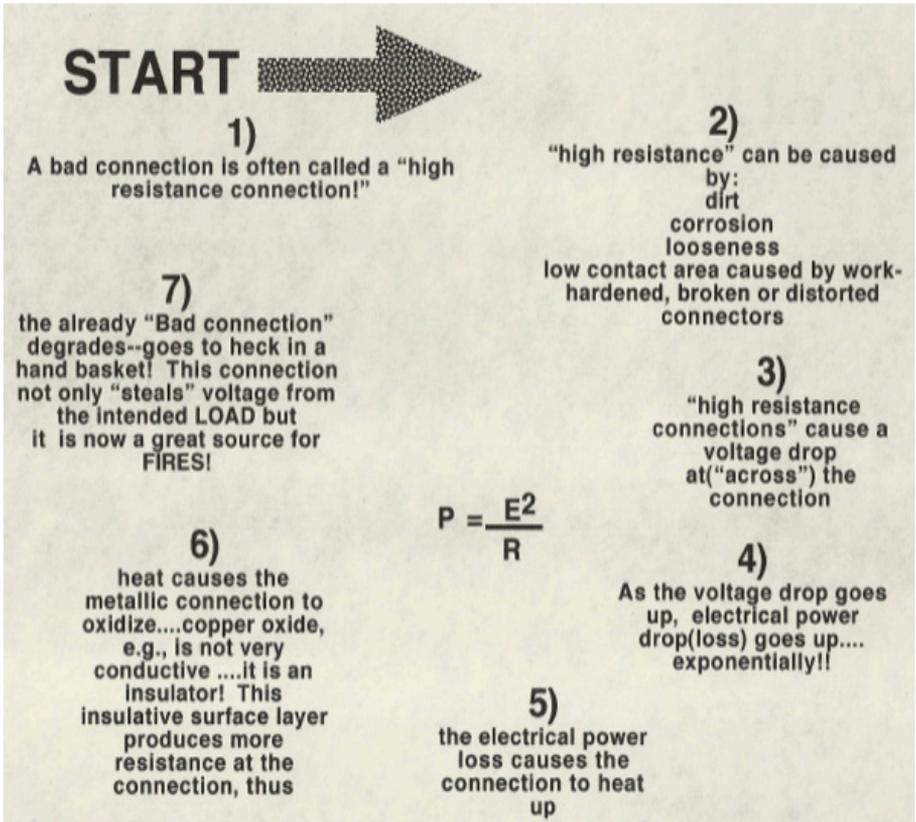
$$E = I \times R$$

And actually, the Power increases as the square of Voltage Drop. That is, Power increase exponentially!!

$$P = E^2/R$$

And, this power/heat usually causes connector material to oxidize

The oxidation is resistive so more voltage drop is produced



Events Ahead

MARCH



- 2 **VME meeting.** *Slim's Last Chance, 5606 1st Avenue South, Seattle. 7pm*
- 8 **Portland VME meeting** - *Morrison Street Grill, 1205 SE Morrison St, 7pm.*
- 12 "Spring Oil Check" brunch (10am), hosted by Smarty Pants Garage. 626 SW 152nd St, Burien
- 14 Vintage Motocross at Woodland, WA
- 17 **VME South Sound meeting** *7pm, Anahauc Mexican Restaurant, 9002 Pacific Ave., Tacoma*
- 19-20 Idaho Vintage Motorcycle Club 40th Annual Vintage Motorcycle Rally and Show. *Caldwell, Idaho. (208) 377-4981*

APRIL



- 2 - 3 AHRMA Vintage MX and Trials, Hollister Hills SVRA; Hollister, CA
- 6 **VME meeting.** *Slim's Last Chance, 5606 1st Avenue South, Seattle. 7pm*
- 10 Twinline Motorcycles' Mini-Moto Enduro. Mission Creek Trail, Belfair (503-750-1903)
- 11 Vintage Motocross at Woodland, WA
- 12 **Portland VME meeting** - *Morrison Street Grill, 1205 SE Morrison St, 7pm.*
- 16 - 17 AHRMA Vintage MX and Trials. Burrows Ranch; Chrome, CA
- 21 **VME South Sound meeting** *7pm, Anahauc Mexican Restaurant, 9002 Pacific Ave., Tacoma*
- 23 WVM Mt Vernon Swapmeet
- 24 **VME Spring Opener Ride.** *Ride departs I90 Motorsports in Issaquah at 10, signup at 9am*
- 4/30-5/1 AHRMA Vintage MX and Trials. Crooked River Ranch; Terrebonne, OR

MAY



- * Motorcycle Awareness Month
- 1 30th Annual Classic and Vintage Swap Meet Show and Shine. Cloverdale Fairgrounds, B.C.
- 4 **VME meeting.** *Slim's Last Chance, 5606 1st Avenue South, Seattle. 7pm (VME Officer Noninations)*
- 10 **Portland VME meeting** - *Morrison Street Grill, 1205 SE Morrison St, 7pm.*
- 12 PNW Museum of Motorcycling Meeting. *Coliman Mexican Restaurant 6932 Carleton Ave South, Seattle Wa (206) 427-3440. 6:30pm.*

- 15 Bonehead Enduro (206) 325-7019
- 19 **VME South Sound meeting** 7pm, Anahauc Mexican Restaurant, 9002 Pacific Ave., Tacoma
- 21-22 AHRMA Vintage MX and Trials, Bodnar Ranch; Dairy, OR
- 21 **VME Small Bore Excursion.**

JUNE



- 1 **VME meeting.** (Officer elections) *Slim's Last Chance, 5606 1st Avenue South, Seattle. 7pm*
- 4 - 10 Isle of Man TT (Practice May 28 - June 3)
- 4 - 5 32nd Annual Dino Daze. *Straddeline ORV Park*
- 13-19 Marymount Motorcycle Week
- 14 **Portland VME meeting** - *Morrison Street Grill, 1205 SE Morrison St, 7pm.*
- 16 **VME South Sound meeting** 7pm, Anahauc Mexican Restaurant, 9002 Pacific Ave., Tacoma
- 18 AHRMA Vintage Trials at Marymount.
- 20-25 North American Velocette Rally. *Cambria, CA*
- 23 All British Field Meet. *St Edwards Park, Kenmore.*
- 26 **VME'S Tiddler Tour on Vashon.** *A ride for bikes under 250cc. Leave from downtown Vashon at 10:15.*
- 23 -26 Hodaka Days, Athena, Oregon.

JULY



- 6 **VME meeting.** *Slim's Last Chance, 5606 1st Avenue South, Seattle. 7pm*
- 10 **VME's Pre-75 ride.** *A ride for bikes built before 1975. Ride leaves from Southworth ferry parking lot at 10am.*
- 12 **Portland VME meeting** - *Morrison Street Grill, 1205 SE Morrison St, 7pm.*
- 21 **VME South Sound meeting** 7pm, Anahauc Mexican Restaurant, 9002 Pacific Ave., Tacoma

AUGUST



- 3 **VME meeting.** *Slim's Last Chance, 5606 1st Avenue South, Seattle. 7pm.*
- 9 **Portland VME meeting** - *Morrison Street Grill, 1205 SE Morrison St, 7pm.*
- 11 PNW Museum of Motorcycling Meeting. *Coliman Mexican Restaurant 6932 Carleton Ave South, Seattle Wa (206) 427-3440. 6:30pm.*
- 13 - 14 AHRMA Vintage MX and Trials. *Hannegan Speedway; Bellingham, WA*
- 13 **VME Rx Pt. Hadlock Ride** and over-niter to Port Hadlock via Hood Canal
- 18 **VME South Sound meeting** 7pm, Anahauc Mexican Restaurant, 9002 Pacific Ave., Tacoma

- 12-14 AMCA Evergreen Chapter Tenino Swap Meet.
 28 Oswego Heritage Council's classic vehicle show, Lake Oswego, OR (Mike 503-784-3850)

SEPTEMBER



- 7 VME meeting. *Slim's Last Chance, 5606 1st Avenue South, Seattle. 7pm*
 13 Portland VME meeting - *Morrison Street Grill, 1205 SE Morrison St, 7pm.*
 17 - 18 AHRMA National VMX and Trials. *Rattlers Run, Spokane, WA.*
 15 VME South Sound meeting 7pm, *Anahauc Mexican Restaurant, 9002 Pacific Ave., Tacoma*

OCTOBER



- 1 - 2 AHRMA Vintage MX and Trials. *Bushey Ranch; Canby, CA*
 5 VME meeting. *Slim's Last Chance, 5606 1st Avenue South, Seattle. 7pm*
 11 Portland VME meeting - *Morrison Street Grill, 1205 SE Morrison St, 7pm.*
 15-16 AHRMA Vintage MX and Trials. *Hollister Hills SVRA; Hollister, CA*
 20 VME South Sound meeting 7pm, *Anahauc Mexican Restaurant, 9002 Pacific Ave., Tacoma*

NOVEMBER



- 2 VME meeting. *Slim's Last Chance, 5606 1st Avenue South, Seattle. 7pm*
 8 Portland VME meeting - *Morrison Street Grill, 1205 SE Morrison St, 7pm.*
 9 PNW Museum of Motorcycling Meeting. *Coliman Mexican Restaurant 6932 Carleton Ave South, Seattle Wa (206) 427-3440. 6:30pm.*
 13 VME Fall Bike Swap Meet. *Salty Dog Studio in Ballard (6602 14th NW)*
 17 VME South Sound meeting 7pm, *Anahauc Mexican Restaurant, 9002 Pacific Ave., Tacoma*
 29-30 AHRMA Vintage and Post-Vintage Motocross, *DT-1 MX Park; Tulare, CA*

DECEMBER



- 7 VME meeting. *Slim's Last Chance, 5606 1st Avenue South, Seattle. 7pm*
 13 Portland VME meeting - *Morrison Street Grill, 1205 SE Morrison St, 7pm*
 15 VME South Sound meeting 7pm, *Anahauc Mexican Restaurant, 9002 Pacific Ave., Tacoma*

Plastered Purple Penguin Trial

By *Dave Armstrong- Team VME*

I was pleased to spot the PST arrow for my turn off when the awful realization that my trick new Wolf lightweight trials helmet (special ordered from the UK) was still at home on my dresser. My first thought was that I could borrow a helmet for the event saving the hour or so drive home and back. I soon convinced myself however that a borrowed helmet would certainly be a putrid, stinky cast off dug up from the back of a crusty old van. I turned around and headed back home.

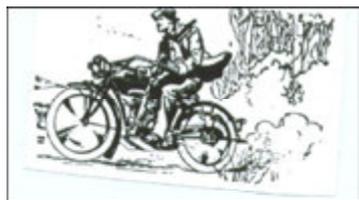
Fortunately for me I had started out early and even after round tripping the 40 or so miles home I had enough time to make sign up. When I finally re-arrived the PST (Puget Sound Trialers) had a huge fire burning. They were continuously feeding shipping pallets onto it and the flames shot up. I had layered my clothes and looked like the Michelin Man, even so I was shivering. Three young kids on motorcycles were riding around only stopping to refuel or to have Dad repair something or another. They didn't feel the cold. They never stopped all day. I felt the cold and the fire was a very good thing. It was 26 degrees out. The event was the Plastered Purple Penguin trial always held after the new years celebration.

My Enfield entry was the only "Vintage" bike to show up and Frank of Franks Motorbikes (the local Beta and Sherco dealer) partnered up with me for the event. He eyed the bike and asked me how much it weighed I told him and he just shook his head. I could tell Frank was worried he would have to help haul the giant lump out of a hole or something. Franks Sherco is 1/2 the weight. Frank turned out to be a real nice guy and it was fun to see him ride the same sections as I did. I mostly had him ride them first so I could see and then get input on how the

section rode.

The ground was frozen solid and got slipperier each loop. The event is a modern trial and as such runs on modern trials rules. Vintage rides the beginner line and that's OK. The sections are tight and technical even compared to the expert lines in AH-RMA. You can stop with your foot down and fiddle around and only be penalized for a single dab. That's what I did in two of the sections as no way the Enfield going through clean, I had to man handle the big bike. I only failed one section and that was because I ran out of bounds. My overall score was 28, I had a great time and unlike the last time I rode the event on my Bultaco I didn't fall off and nothing broke.

The Royal Enfield came from the Richard Ferguson estate and has been under development for the last few years. New additions being an aluminum cylinder and upper triple clamp for over 10 lbs weight loss. The upper triple clamp also moved the handlebars closer to the rider vastly improving handling and comfort. The bike runs perfectly with a new Amal Premier carburetor and constant loss ignition that has proven absolutely trouble free. Next modification will be to narrow the primary side and will involve chopping off the left hand crankshaft where the generator used to be and installing a new slim cover from Hitchcocks in the UK. Also using my gym membership regularly has helped me get the big heavyweight through the sections.



My Autumn Mis-Adventure

First a little history on the Bonneville. The Summer of 79 Myself & two other riders plus our mates of the moment picked up three new Triumph Euro Model Bonnies with the large coffin style tanks and low bars. These were purchased from Frank Forsters Competition Motors in Portland and we took delivery at factory in Meriden, UK. Over June and July we wandered thru fourteen European countries with only one major malfunction.

Enough about the history. Back home in Central Oregon one bright and promising Indian Summer day in October my new gal friend and I decided to take advantage of the 70 deg. day and pack a picnic lunch and a bottle of Boones Farm Apple Wine in the panniers.

The Painted Hills outside of Mitchell became our destination. All went well until someone suggested a "short cut" to the ghost town of Ashwood thru the ghostlier settlement of Horse Haven would be in order as we were fortified with sandwiches and cheap wine!

Thus began a long nite of adventure and anxiety. As the temperature dropped along with the fuel level in in the tank and we did'nt appear to be getting any closer to civilization, it had been hours since we had seen any lights except star light. Of course

it never occurred to us to turn around as it probably would not have helped because by then we did not know which way was back.

After many creek crossings and dead end rutted goat trails we must have ridden thru Ashwood without knowing it.(go figure)

It was comforting to find an old road sign indicating fuel, calories, and heat were a mere thirty miles distant in the metropolis of Madras!

We survived, coasting into Madras and getting fuel for the Bonnie and ourselves. We motored the remaining thirty miles back to Prineville (our starting point) in 30 deg. weather bringing to mind future misadventures should include warmer clothes and perhaps a map?

As a footnote I sold the Bonnie with about 20k on the clock. That bike never gave me a problem, had to be one of the most reliable bikes I have ever owned. I saw it a couple of years later parked in front of my favorite tavern of course!

As for my gal friend Josie she never seemed to learn as now 35 years my bride she still helps me push our Norton into gas stations.

Sounds like a recurring theme. As for misadventures?? Bring them on!

Hope you Enjoyed our Adventure, Eric & Josie Forster

Summer Ride Memories

By Gerrit Barrere

Now that the gloom and chill of winter is upon us, it's fun to look back at those happy summer rides. Your longtime VME Membership Secretary (who also happens to be my wife) and I took a four-day 900 mile trip down along the Columbia Gorge, back up through the Gifford Pinchot forest,

down to the Gorge again, and home through Yakima and Highway 12. We had quite an adventure, and it brings a smile to my face to think back on it.

Those of you following along at home can see the map for the first day's trip at <http://bit.ly/1N2JMfB> . We took off first

thing on Thursday July 23. We had a long ride ahead of us that day, and had to make it to Multnomah Falls, OR, by dinner time to meet with my cousin and his wife from Portland. Hopefully our new Butt Buffer seat pads would keep our saddles from getting too sore. Getting down to Olympia was just a matter of not getting crashed into on I-5 – it was fast and uneventful.

At Olympia the trip started to get fun. We took Old Highway 99 down through Tenino. South from there through Bucoda on Highway 507 was a pretty country road which led us to the north end of Centralia, then we skirted under I-5 and headed into the country west of Ford's Prairie. Make sure you gas up before the next part! There is one big loop road which leads out of there and back to Adna through some gorgeous countryside. The road is perfect for motorcycles: two lanes, no traffic, well paved, and winding. Ah, what a blast! Pat and I couldn't believe our good fortune to be alive and flying along there on that pretty, sunny day.

At Adna (a little bend in the road, basically) we continued on the back roads through Ceres, Boistfort, and Wildwood, getting back to I-5 through Vader (Darth's hometown). More beautiful motorcycling! We were in biker heaven. That big loop from Ford's Prairie to Vader ought to be on the list of Washington's finest motorcycling trips.

We needed to get south in a hurry, so we stayed on I-5 until Woodland. That stretch of I-5 is really quite scenic, though, and as long as you stay away from the trucks you can have a fine time. There's nothing like the interstates to spin the odometer.

At Woodland we took Highway 503 up along the Lewis River, past Lake Merwin and Yale Lake, and turned around at a campsite on Yale Lake. This route was recommended on a "best rides in Washington" website, but I tell ya it was not that

great – nothing like that loop we'd been on earlier. We retraced our steps a little and then headed south along some back roads to Yacolt. We really enjoyed the beautiful western Washington country along there, but soon we were in the semi-urban outskirts of Battle Ground and Vancouver, where the strip malls all look the same.

About this time the batteries in our headset intercoms died. I'd been using the GPS the whole way, which was really great, but leaving the headset on along with that really sucked the juice. Now I didn't have the nice GPS lady to tell me when to make turns, but the GPS display was quite good. It told me how many miles till the next time I had to do something, and then showed me what to do. Pretty painless and reliable till I got a little lost in the freeway maze that is north Portland. We had to make one U-turn, but that wasn't too bad.

Now we were traveling east in Oregon along I-84, just south of the Columbia River. It was a beautiful sight, but the traffic was pretty congested with all the commuters heading home about that time. Didn't they understand that we were on a special trip? The least they could have done was to pull over.

We passed Multnomah Falls, our destination, and went further to Cascade Locks to check in for the night. Right on time, we headed back along I-84 to meet our dinner companions. Multnomah Falls is quite spectacular, and quite spectacularly overrun with tourists from all over the world, but it was nice to finally see it. Dinner at the lodge was excellent, and it was fun to see my cousin. Back we went to Cascade Falls. It was nighttime now, we were pretty worn out, and it was awfully nice to hit that pillow.

Day Two dawned bright and cheerful, and we began along this route: <http://bit.ly/21tIEvh>. We made this a Loop Day, so we'd come back to our same place at Cascade Locks that night. The map might be a

little hard to follow, since we backtracked for part of the trip, but bear with me.

We crossed the Columbia River right there at Cascade Locks over The Bridge of the Gods. I think these particular gods like to see their subjects fearful and trembling (actually I think they all do), because that's what the long stretch of grating did to me. I've never seen a bridge which was grating from end to end. Back on the Washington side, we headed west along the river, taking in the spectacular scenery and roads there in the Columbia Gorge Scenic Area. They got it right with THAT name! Just before Washougal we turned around and retraced our steps, enjoying the view from the other direction just as much.

Now we went past Stevenson and took a left at Carson to head up into the Gifford Pinchot National Forest. At Carson we stopped to gas up, and a friendly woman who'd worked in the Forest Service there for many years talked to me about our route. I couldn't quite give her the exact road names I'd loaded into the GPS, but she did say something about a "little stretch of gravel road" on the way back south from Randle. I heard the "little" part and vaguely thought our route shouldn't be along there anyway, and off we went.

The highway up through the forest to Randle was absolutely gorgeous! I believe our resident Ride Nut Dick Casey led a ride along there last summer or fall, also. It's a classic Washington road with beautiful viewpoints of Mt. St. Helens. It was nicely paved, lightly traveled, winding, and forested – everything you want in a motorcycle ride.

At Randle we turned around and came back southeast, enjoying more lovely road until we hit the dreaded road NF-23, unfortunately the one the Forest Service woman in Carson told me about. I had checked the route out in Google Maps back home and it sure looked paved to me, but it definitely

wasn't. Miles and miles of gravel, washboards, and potholes ahead. We slowed down to about 10 MPH and rattled our denures over endless dusty miles. Sometimes a resonance would build up between my bike and sidecar and I thought I'd break apart like the Tacoma Narrows Bridge. Every time we came over a rise our hopes would rise too, only to be dashed at the sight of more gravel and dust.

At long last, and for no apparent reason, the road became paved again, just as we crossed the Lewis River. Hallelujah! I gunned it onto the blessed pavement with irrational exuberance. But see that sharp right turn just after you cross the river? Well, when you take a right turn too fast with a empty sidecar the car lifts. Way too fast and you flip. Fortunately I didn't go that far, but when I straightened out to try to bring the car down I ran into the ditch on the far side of the road.

Dammit. I hate it when I do that. I was fine, but Pat was pretty scared. We took a look at the bike, and it seemed to be relatively unscathed too. An exhaust pipe was slightly bashed against a rock, but it looked like no other damage had been done. Unfortunately we couldn't get it out of the ditch though, rocking and pushing.

We hadn't seen anyone for miles and miles, but a guy came by just at that moment. He helped move a boulder out of the way and with a lot of clutch slipping and rocking I managed to get poor Friedrich back on the road. With a smile and a wave our Good Samaritan was on his way.

There appeared to be no other damage than the exhaust pipe, so I slowly took back to the road. The bash had bent the pipe flange away from the head slightly, so the leak was causing a nasty rattle on deceleration and an occasional backfire. With me popping and rattling and chagrined we made our way back down to the Columbia River at White Salmon, back west along the river,

and to home base at Cascade Locks again. This was a beautiful part of the trip, but I was rattled and we were both tired and didn't enjoy it as much as we should have.

Back at Cascade Locks we had a nice pizza and beers which put me in a better mood. The good news was that I was fine and the bike had minimal damage, and we should be able to finish our trip. I tried to go over the accident scenario as carefully as possible with Pat, analyzing what I'd done wrong, to try make a learning experience out of it.

Day Three dawned cool and drizzly, but we hoped it would clear once we got into eastern Washington. Here's the route we took: <http://bit.ly/IICJRVf>. We started off along the Oregon side, I-85, and crossed back to Washington at Hood River. Then we followed the river along the Washington side for a few miles and headed north at Lyle along Highway 142.

Highway 142 north of Lyle is a picture-perfect road which winds along the Klickitat River for many miles. Around every bend we found another postcard vista of a beautiful farm or ranch. This is another all-time great Washington ride which should be on everyone's bucket list. This was followed by many miles of lonely eastern Washington country through Bickleton to Mabton, with wide open spaces and steady wind. The weather was overcast but pleasant for this leg of our journey, and we enjoyed the eastern Washington farmlands.

At Mabton we headed north toward Yakima with the goal of riding the legendary Highway 821 along the Yakima River north of town. We had been down Highway 821 in the car some years earlier and vowed to do it on the motorcycles some day.

As we made our way through Yakima, though, I began to notice some clutch slippage. I think the sticky slave cylinder when I first got the bike last March plus my ditch extraction had taken its toll on the poor

clutch.

We rode the gorgeous Highway 821 and then back down I-82 to Yakima, but by this time the weather was turning cold and dark and we were exhausted. I was noticing more clutch problems, and all in all we weren't able to fully appreciate the highway. We rode northwest a bit to Naches to spend the night.

The next day we debated whether it would be okay to ride home with a failing clutch. We nearly decided to call AAA, but then figured we'd just give it a shot. If it failed entirely we could resort to AAA then.

The ride home along Highway 12 through White Pass turned out to be just fine and a lot of fun. My clutch held out fine, and we enjoyed a nice ride through beautiful scenery. Between Naches and White Pass is a particularly fine road, winding through the mountains and gaining elevation. Did I mention elevation? It gets COLD up there! We put on a few extra layers over the pass, even in late July. It drizzled a little on us too, which does bring the temperature down.

We passed through Randle again, the second time in as many days, but this time going west. We headed north on Highway 7 out of Morton toward Puyallup, enjoying those country roads we'd just been on a few weeks previous. Just south of Puyallup the weather finally turned truly sour on us, and we put on the rain gear for the rest of the ride home.

The Butt Buffers did a good job, and despite over 200 miles a day for four days straight we could still walk! We saw lots of beautiful country and roads, here in our lovely state of Washington.

"But what about the bike??", I hear you cry. Well, I ordered a new exhaust pipe from Germany which fixed the bashed one good as new. After reading up on what's involved with replacing the clutch on this rig I blanched and started looking for a shop to do the job. But, you know what?

I've changed my mind and now have a big winter project waiting for me. I've ordered parts, cleaned up the garage, and bought some mechanics gloves to keep my fingers

from freezing numb. Next time I hope to have a successful clutch repair story to share with you.

2015 Fireflight Rendezvous- The Fire Almost Caught Us

By Dan Muir

This year's Fireflight Rendezvous was another fabulous event hosted by Oregon Airheads. Although the event was originated by enthusiasts of aging BMW's, all bikes are welcome, vintage bikes in particular. It's not that far from VME's home turf (even less if you're a VME'er in Portland!), there's fabulous riding, good food close by, and the available post-ride bar-



The new mistress with Mt. Washington in the background

ley-and-grape therapy can't be beat!

The last count heard on Saturday evening was 50 riders and visitors over the four-day campout (September 10-13) at the city park in Maupin, Oregon. Almost all rode a wide variety of vintage BMW airheads, though there was a collection of newr bikes of several marques. Folks from Oregon, Washington, California, and British Colum-

bia all contributed to the international flavor. The Rendezvous isn't a rally with organized events, it's just a gathering of riders from all over the north-west, and everyone's welcome to stop by and jaw a bit. VME types would love it down here—not that far from Stevenson, WA.

Four things stand out in my aging (vintage?) memory of this wonderful weekend.

1. There was a big wildfire close by.
2. It was hot!

3. The Central/Eastern Oregon riding might be the best in the world.

4. Forgive me my Airhead Beemer Club Chairman, for I have sinned . . .

1. When fellow BMW rider Jim Egelston (who's the proud owner of a sweet R90S) and I rode up the Deschutes River Road late on Thursday afternoon we were greeted by a noisy bevy of big helicopters

scooping water out of the river right at the city park campsite. Asking a wildland firefighter observing the helos, we learned that a large grass fire was burning just over the hill from town and had quickly grown to almost a thousand acres. The four helicopters clattered over our campsite throughout Thursday evening, each round trip taking only a few minutes—dang fire wasn't very far away! But by Friday morning, those crews had beaten that fire into submission—no more smoke and no more helicopters! You could see the extent of rangeland fire damage looking back toward Maupin from the top of the ridge leading out of town on US197, several ridges and draws charred. But quick and effective reaction of the BLM and USFS fire crews made short work of this particular blaze. And no helicopter noise for the rest of the weekend!

2. Yeah, it was hot. Temperatures soared each afternoon, especially in the rocky draws and canyons closer to the river. 95+ degrees was pretty normal both Friday and Saturday afternoons. But don't let that dissuade you from attending next year—the overnight temperatures were in the high 40's to low 50's. As soon as the sun sagged over the surrounding ridges the thermometer started a steady decline towards comfortable evenings and pleasantly cool sleeping temperatures. This is the high Central Oregon steppe country; that's what the weather does and it's easy to deal with. With the cool evening air, local restaurants were sampled and extensive barley therapy sessions were conducted; the vintage airhead reputation was upheld!

Jim and I found riding in the heat to be no big challenge. As the temperatures climbed each day around noon we'd drag out the evaporative cooling vests from their water-soaked bags and ride cool the rest of the day. Gas stops included re-soaking the vests. Good to go!

3. Ah, the riding . . . absolutely stunning.

If you've never been to Central Oregon, you really need to ride some of these roads. Friday was a solo ride south to Sisters then a loop over Santiam then McKenzie passes. The McKenzie Pass highway is one of those that you've simply got to experience. Low in elevation on the west side the road is tight and twisty through dense timber, with several hairpin curves labeled for 15mph! No trailers or long vehicles allowed here! Also no long sightlines either, with gravel in many turns where unskilled drivers have put inside tires off the pavement. A bit of motorcycling care is warranted. But the reward is a beautiful ride from low Douglas Fir forest, gaining elevation through several climate zones and finally transiting to bare rock lava flows that are geologically recent—less than 12,000 years. Fantastic scenery; slow down to look, stop to take photos and don't miss a pause at Dee Wright "observatory" at the crest of the pass. Stunning views of the Cascade Range both north and south. On a clear day you can see all the way from the Middle Sister to Mt. Hood. After leaving Dee Wright at the crest, the east side road drops out of sere black lava through park-like Ponderosa pin forest on its return to the bustle of Sisters.

On Saturday Jim and I decided to ride east to the large (only by Eastern Oregon standards) town of Heppner. This involved the odious duty of traversing about 280 miles of the sweetest paved highways to be found in this dry farming country and the pine-clad highlands. To make it even better, there was almost no traffic—for a time I was convinced that either the Rapture had come (and passed us by) or absolutely no one lived out this way. Perhaps a dozen vehicles passed us on the road the entire day . . . And curves. Oh my, giant sweeping curves with open sightlines, then tight canyon curves to practice slowing and late apexing. But few rocks, no cow turds, not even antelope nor deer in the road the entire

day. Wasco, Cottonwood, Heppner, Fossil, Clarno, Antelope, Shaniko, the names of these tiny towns slide like silk off a rider's tongue.

3. And yes, I had to confess to the new Airhead Beemer Club Chairman that I had indeed sinned, grievously. For I had left my beloved airhead R75/5 sitting lonely at home while I cavorted about the Oregon

backroads on a brand-new (to me) oilhead, a '99 R1100S. Ah, sweet motorsickle, the perfect compliment to the venerable /5. In truth, I received several compliments on the plastic-clad beauty—and I took the /5 for a romp as soon as I got home!

And I believe the Chairman did forgive me!

Scribbles from your Membership Secretary

It's going to be another great year of cycling. The VME meetings in Seattle have been gathering in a new place since July and it is working out very well. The chapters of the club are alive and well in the Portland and the South Sound which is very exciting.

I would like to thank everyone who renewed already. If you got the newsletter you are one. We have 329 members as of this writing in the middle of January which is pretty respectable to start out. Keep 'em coming though. I'm expecting this to be our best year ever.

I hope the turnout for the banquet is up this year. Unfortunately we had to change the date due a scheduling problem but hopefully everyone that bought tickets can still make the February 20th date. It is always such nice get-together with wonderful food coordinated and cooked by our own Greg Field. We are lucky to have him to keep it going and all of the others who volunteer to make it such a great event.

See you soon.

Ride safe!!!

Pat Barrere

My First Harley

By Allen Brittenham

I bought my first Harley from an old guy named Vince that I worked with back when I was an apprentice machinist down on Harbor Island. He was the helper who ran the cutoff saw in the back corner of the shop, did a little cleanup, whatever was needed done. He was pushing 65 hard from the wrong side at the time, but still working, had been around and done a lot, but didn't have much to say. That's one of the things we lost as a country when we dismantled the American manufacturing capability and shipped it overseas. Back then, a guy like Vince could have a decent life without a high school diploma, own a home and make enough to get by. Nowadays he'd be stuck in a Walmart somewhere, standing on

aching feet and trying to smile through the minimum wage pain.

Vince had bought the Harley from a guy who bought it from King County at auction. It was a 1971 model FLH with drum brakes and a Bendix carburetor, an old cop bike, pretty much stock except for a lovely purple rattle-can paint job that Vince applied himself one day. He was particularly proud of the fact that he didn't have to take off a part, he just lifted the seat up off the post, laid on the masking tape, and blasted away. It was different, that's for sure.

Vince liked his beer, and spent a fair amount of time at a tavern off Ambaum Boulevard in Burien that was only a few blocks from his house. As I got the story,

he would come out of the bar late at night, a bit tipsy, if not three sheets to the wind, climb on his Harley, start it up, and promptly fall over on the crash bars. The guys from the bar would come out and pick him up, hold him steady a bit, then give him a little push to get started, after which he made it home all right.

His wife took a rather dim view of this habit, for some reason, so one day, as we were yacking by the saw, he says to me, “Ya know, I think I just might sell my bike one day. Yep, first \$1200 takes it”. I decided he was kidding, since he always swore that’s the one thing he would never do, and let it ride. About a week later he said to me, “Yup, I guess I’m gonna put her up for sale. First \$1400 takes ‘er”. “Wow”, I said. “I’d sure love to have her. Let me see what I can do.”

That night over dinner I mentioned the bike to my sweetie, who shocked the hell out of me by suggesting we sell her car and buy this bike! Of course I married her, but that came later.

By the time the car was sold, to a different co-worker, several weeks had elapsed during which I had said nothing to Vince about the bike. So when he sidled up to me one day and said, “Looks like it’s time to sell my old Harley” again, “first \$1800 takes it”, I figured I’d better move fast, and that’s what I paid for it in 1976, \$1800. Riding

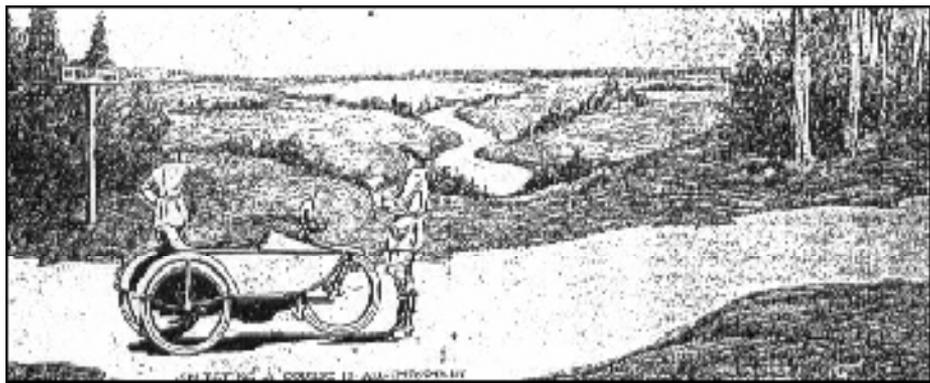
it home that first time was an adventure, because the right side fork tube had leaked out all its oil, so when you took a right it wanted to fall over and you had to muscle it through a left turn, but I made it.

That turned out to be a good old bike. I rode it for more than 12 years, and knew every nut, bolt and washer on it. There’s no Harley quite like your first Harley.

At the fall closer ’83 I put my daughter on the tank in front of me and rode around the campsite down by the river outside of Orting. My picture from that is priceless.

My son used to fall asleep on the back as we cruised through Maple Valley. It’s been to Glacier Park, all over Washington, Oregon and Idaho, and never once failed to bring us home. It’s been to every Spring Opener, Fall Closer and Olympia Toy run for every one of those years.

When the time came to replace it, in 1989, I found it a new home in Joyce, outside of Port Angeles, and rode it there one last time to deliver it. I sold it for \$3500, 12 years after buying it for \$1800. Not bad for an old ’71. Though the bike is gone, I have the pictures, and the memories of all the good times that will keep it with me forever. That’s about all you can ask from a machine, I guess. That, and hope it’s still out there somewhere, bringing somebody home again.



COLLECTOR'S CLASSIFIED

The deadline for articles, classifieds, etc. for the May/June 2016 VME News is April 6th.

- * **Plenty of VME paraphernalia** including 2016 Calendars, embroidered shirts, patches, pins, t-shirts, sweatshirts, hats and decals are always available at the monthly VME meetings at Slim's Last Chance on the first Wednesday of the month. T-shirt specials are available at the meeting every month. If you can't wait you can send your request and check to the VME c/o P.O. Box 1342 Vashon, WA. 98070. Call Richard Campbell at (206) 351-0460 if you have any questions.
- * **For Sale: Triumph front 8 inch, twin leading shoe brake.** Plus set of wheel bearings, Best offer. Tom (253) 327-1415
- * **WANTED: 1956 WA State MC license plate.** rallyedave@wavecable.com or 360-895-3389. Dave.
- * **For Sale: 1963 Triumph T90 350 twin.** Runs but looks rough, needs restored. \$2200 obo. **Wanted:** Waxed cotton, Belstaff or Barbour type. Coat size 44, pants 34 - 36 waist. Steve (360) 595-2673.
- * **For Sale: Classic old style Manco mini-bike** with vintage Briggs and Stratton 2 1/2 hp engine. Carb needs to be cleaned out. \$200 pappy (360) 813-5430 thesteges@gmail.com
- * **For Sale: 1953 BSA B31 350cc single.** Very nice original condition. Brought over from Brisbane Australia 15 years ago. Complete with tool kit. A good runner with only 12,431 miles on the clock. Asking \$6500.00 For further information contact Carl @ 503-636-6840 Home or (503) 705-5974 Cell. Located near Portland, Oregon.
- * **For Sale: 1971 BSA A65L.** The particulars: Clean title, collectors plates, very few miles on top end rebuild, stainless carb slides, later model triumph front end and tank, new front tire. Original tank, and air box, included in sale. \$3200 OBO. Located in W. Seattle. Call Bob (425) 891-2329.
- * **For Sale: 1989 Honda TransAlp,** 41K miles. \$2500 obo. **1983 BMW R80RT,** lowered for short legs, 84K miles. \$2500 obo. (206) 794-8004 or (206) 784-9769.
- * **WANTED: Early 70's CZ magnesium hubs** also need Roadholder forks and triple tree for Norton Featherbed frame. (206) 427-3440. Jody.
- * **WANTED: Front barrel for Sport Scout** and a **magneto kicker for Chief.** Allan Lowson -lowson@dccnet.com or (604) 946-2427.

The following businesses extend
price discounts to VME members

You must present a current VME membership card
to receive these discounts.

All Wheel Pro - 10% discount. Alloy rim repair. 8508 Guide Meridian, Lynden.
(360) 220-1308.

Anchorage View B&B - 10% discount. 314 E Front St., Port Angeles, WA.
(360) 457-9390.

Better Brits M/C - 15% labor discount, West Seattle (206) 923 2234

Claudes Custom Painting - 10% discount (206) 271-7745.

Custom Classic Paint Works - 10% discount. Lynnwood. (425) 433-0712. Ask for Russ.

Jet Chevrolet -New vehicles at invoice, 10% over cost on parts. Dan Johnson.
(253) 838-7600

Mark's Motorcycle Werks - 10% discount. 60 NW Gilman Blvd, Issaquah.
(425) 391- 1303

Moslander's Painting-10% discount. Complete body work, fabrication and paint (425)
481-6944

Motorcycle Classics - 10% discount on labor (509) 928-3261 or (206) 729-1611. Spokane

NW Custom Cycle-10% discount on parts. 8306 Meadowbrook Wy, Snoqualmie
(425) 888-9899

Old Britt's - 10% discount.on Norton parts.P.O. Box 472 Enumclaw, 98022
(253) 735-2375.

Performance Welding Service - welding/fabrication for restoration, and performance
www.performanceweldingservice.com Bothell, Wa. 425-780-9000

Restoration Center -10% discount 12424-A4 Beverly Park Rd. Lynnwood
(425) 355-4667

Rich's Custom Upholstery - 10% discount. 1003 Aurora Ave. N. Seattle. (206) 524-2274

Seattle Cycle Center - 10% discount on parts and accessories 10203 Aurora N.
(206) 524-0044.

Ducati Seattle - 10% discount on parts and accessories. 711 9th Ave N. (206) 298-9995

SIK Werks - 10% discount. Motorcycles, scooters, 2-wheel bodywork & paint
(206) 297-1363

Taskys Metric Cycle - 10% discount. 2828 Baker Ave. Everett. (425) 252-2295

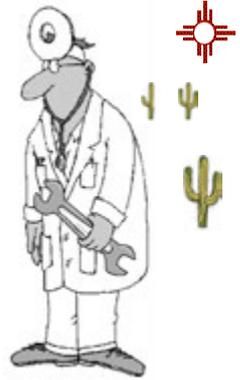
TSS Motorcycle Parts - 10% discount - <http://www.triumph650.com/servlet/Store-Front>

Twinline Motorcycles - VME discount. 2106 South Holgate St. Seattle (206) 768-
8686

Vallantine Motor Works – 10% discount on BMW repairs. (206) 781-7945

The listing of these vendors is not to be construed as an
endorsement of the products or service offered.

IN Out
The Doctor is:



Dear Doctor, I'm going through a junk yard replacement engine for my '97 Honda VFR, and am encouraged so far. The forward cylinder head was missing, so there was some rust in those barrels, and one of the pistons will not come out. I've been careful with pounding on the piston. After soaking with WD40, I tried a more aggressive hammer blows to no avail - piston is not budging, and the cylinder is stuck on the crankcase by the con rod. During soak cycles, I have applied regular tapping on the cylinder and stuck piston. Would heating crankcase help? What do prescribe?
Signed: Eager Ed in Edgewood

Rx Hola Ed: You may be a good candidate for one of my "Do it Yourself" workshops. See Below. Go watch *The Shawshank Redemption*. "Time and Pressure" is the message. Hammering on a stuck piston is never recommended. Damage is almost always the result.

My prescription is to apply pressure to the piston crown with a gear puller or similar sort of 'screw jack' bolted to the top of the barrel. Cushion the top of the piston crown with a shop cloth under a block of wood. In this application, there are a number of penetrating oils that are superior to WD-40. Apply pressure, and allow 24 hours to pass. Apply more penetrant and more pressure. Patience will pay handsome rewards, and nothing will be broken.

Rx *Shop Clinics on Vashon Island.* I have one coming up in July. This particular class is "Use of the Hammer". The problem with hammers is there are too many weights, too many styles, and too many handle lengths. Novice hammer users have great difficulty in gauging the enormous force in a hammer blow. They usually break things. During this course, *The Doctor* will teach you how to properly gage the force to ensure ZERO damage to the item being struck. During the early stages, the student will be shown how to use ball pein, and nylon dead blow hammers, and how to properly cushion blows by carefully placing their left thumb on top of the item being struck.

All course attendees will receive a signed Certificate of Instruction and a box of shop supplies from the course sponsor, *Johnson & Johnson* makers of Band-Aids®.

The Doctor, AKA, Dick Casey, is the crusty "sometimes" Vashon Island Moto-Geologist who is off hammering away on a bottle of Vintage Tequila in the shade of a suauro cactus and in the warmth of the southwestern desert, after teaching well intentioned novices how to quit breaking stuff

If you have a question for "The Doctor", contact him via email at vme@vmemc.org

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