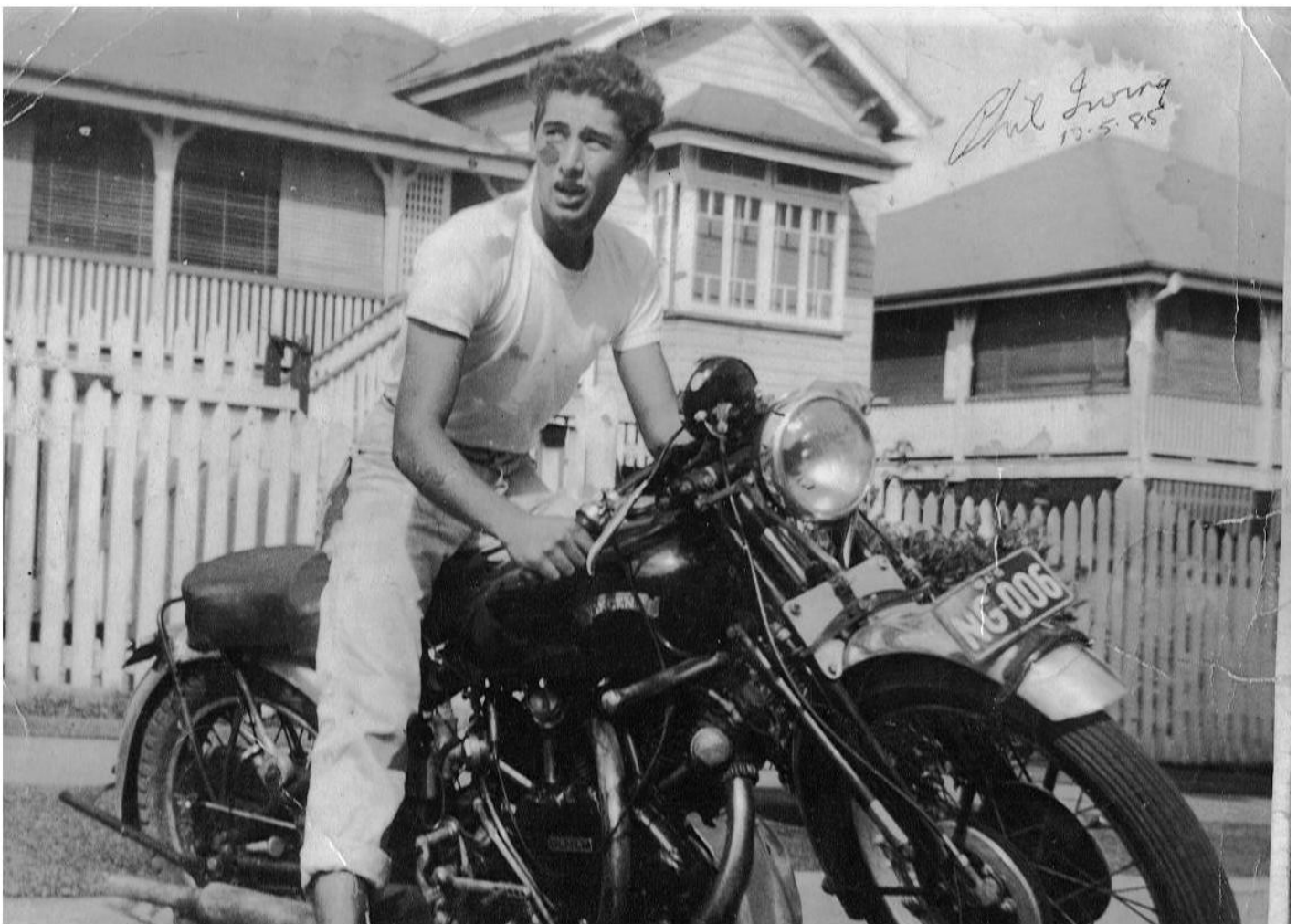




The Oz Vincent Review

Edition #8, September 2014

The Oz Vincent Review is a totally independent, non-profit, e-Zine about all things Vincent as well as the broader classic motorcycling scene. OVR is distributed free of charge to its readers. OVR may be contacted by email at OzVinReview@Gmail.com



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What's It All About?

Welcome to the eighth edition of The Oz Vincent Review, an independent, not for profit, e-zine that provides a forum and voice for all folks with a particular interest in Vincent motorcycles as well as an interest in classic British bikes in general.

In this edition we have a passengers view of touring in a Lightning outfit; an update on the Goodwood Revival meeting to be held later this year; a readers review of the Qual Motorcycle Gathering in California; a detailed look at Peter Johnsons restoration of his Grey Flash, a real life contribution from Nigel Spaxman and a day in his life with his Triumph Bonneville, a look at the new Godet Comet Racer Plus all the usual stuff and finally the results from the recent auction of Vincents here in Oz.

Any e-zine is only as good as its content thus I encourage all readers to submit items on any related subject for inclusion; this could be ride reports, humorous or otherwise incidents, technical information, details of your bike(s) or even reprints of historical material. Given the electronic format of OVR there is little restriction of the inclusion of photographs and such like. This edition includes a number of reader contributions; Don't be shy, you do not need to be a literary impresario – send me what you have and, only if needed, I will polish it for you.

If you have received this copy of OVR indirectly from another reader you can easily have your very own future editions; just send an email to OzVinReview@gmail.com with the subject "Subscribe". It would help if you included your name and location in the body of the message.

Martyn

Melbourne, Australia.

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Front Cover: Reader Ian Munro astride his pride and joy, an early 54' "C" Shadow, in 1960. The bike was sold by Ian not long after this photo was taken, and shortly after that it was stolen, never to be recovered! The engine number was F10AB/1B/10036. Anyone know where it is today?? In 1985 Ian had the photo autographed by Phil Irving.

A Dirty Weekend in France!

A passengers Ride Report from 1952



IT was Cyril Quantrill's idea, I was merely an accessory after the fact. Cyril was always a sidecar man and loved outfits like some people love horses. At the time he was Sports Editor of Motor Cycling. I was living in Belgium and acting as one of his correspondents from the continent while competing full-time as a passenger. Cyril used a cammy Norton outfit as his personal transport, so he not only knew a good sidecar plot when he saw one, he knew how to use it.

His friend Geoff Manning at the Vincent factory kept suggesting that Cyril had a go on a really quick Vincent 1000. To put off the evil day (he did not really enjoy solo riding) he said, "Yes, if you'll put a third wheel on it."

The day came when Geoff rang to say the outfit was ready, adding that he had just taken it up the road and the speedo had shown 113mph. Of course, Cyril wanted to have a proper run on it so he planned a trip to France. The first I knew of it was when he contacted me to ask if I would join him on a trip to a ski resort in the Vosges mountains. Thinking he meant a typical ski trip by train I was pretty lukewarm until he explained the idea.

We would leave London after work on Friday afternoon and cross the Channel on the night ferry. An early start from Dunkirk and a thrash across France would see us at the Col du Ballon d'Alsace after lunch. We could indulge in a little harmless skiing on the nursery slopes before it got dark. Dinner and apres-ski activities would pass Saturday evening pleasantly enough.

After a leisurely breakfast in the warm sunshine on Sunday morning we would do some more skiing. Lunchtime would see us setting off for another thrash across France to catch the midnight ferry from Dunkirk. We'd snatch a few hours sleep during the crossing to Dover. Up the A20 to London before the Monday morning rush would see him back in Motor Cycling's office by 9.00am.

An interesting and exciting trip to be sure, but the real reason behind it was to allow Cyril to indulge in a bit of one-up-manship with his office colleagues when they were discussing their weekend activities over morning coffee. One would have been to a SE Centre trial. Another may have been to a scramble in Hampshire. One might have played a round of golf. Another may have been out to Epping Forest for Sunday lunch on a 196cc Fanny-B road-test bike.

When somebody asked Cyril what he had been up to at the weekend, he could casually remark, "Oh, I went skiing in the French Alps." In those days before organised package tours by air, a trip to the snow meant a long winter's drive. You could hardly hope to do it in a weekend. It was a splendid idea.

The appointed weekend fitted in nicely with my plans. I was due to visit "Uncle" Joe Craig at Bracebridge Street to organise a new Norton racer for my friend Marcel Masuy with whom I was living in Bruxelles. Cyril's schedule was for a 7pm start on Friday. This would be no problem as my Model 18 Norton solo could comfortably average 40mph down the A5 to London. Having agreed to meet in the Motor Cycling car park, Cyril said, "Don't be late because we've got a pretty tight schedule."

Before ringing off I asked what the outfit was, imagining a Norton Dommie, an Ariel Twin or something. "It's a Vincent thousand, see you Friday."

My trip to Norton Motors went all right. I was looking forward to the weekend's outing, visualising the effortless ease with which a C-Rapide and sports chair would cover the ground. I even thought it might be a Black

Shadow. Then I had a nightmare thought that the sidecar might be a Busmar Double Adult, for I knew Cyril would ride anything with three wheels.

During the afternoon in Birmingham the skies got darker and daylight disappeared depressingly early. By the time I left Nortons, clad in rubber waders and Stormgard, the rain was coming down steadily and a wind was getting up. My Norton had the normal Lucas 6 volt electrical system and a headlamp that did little more than illuminate the front wheel. At the best of times my night vision is pretty abysmal. In the prevailing conditions it was virtually nil. All I could do was to try to latch on to a lorry or coach.

Lightning Storm

Commercial vehicles that did more than 35mph were pretty rare and the minutes went by much quicker than the miles. I soon realised I was not going to achieve my hoped-for average to London, nor was I going to make the 7pm rendezvous. In fact it was 9pm when I turned into Motor Cycling's car park, leaned the Norton up against the bicycle shed, and wrung the water out of my cap.

Cyril was standing by the Vincent outfit. "Blimey, you're late," he said. "We might just make the boat. Come on, give us a push." A push?

"Yes, it's Geoff Manning's racing Black Lightning and a Blacknell Bullet. There's no kick-start." Not only was there no kick-start but it had a 7.8 to 1 bottom gear!

On a dark, wet, Friday evening there was not much activity in the City of London and as Cyril bumped on the dual-seat and the Vin burst into life the noise seemed unreal. I clambered over the back of the chair, still in my Stormgard and waders.

The Vincent was on an 8:1 compression and should have been running on petrol-benzole. The best we could do was to use 80-octane straight petrol and keep the motor revving. This meant that most of our way through the streets of London was in bottom gear. The acceleration was pretty impressive, while the noise by my right ear was something else.

While Cyril wound his way through a fairly deserted South East London heading for the A20 to Folkstone and Dover, I took stock of my surroundings. The sidecar was what a road tester would describe as a "snug fit." With a 2-gallon petrol tin between my legs and the ex-Army shoulder pack containing all my worldly goods in my lap, there wasn't much I could do except sit there.

The rain eased off as we left London. A bright moon appeared and once out on the deserted road to the coast, Cyril put the headlamp out and ran on the pilot light. Being a racing bike there was no dynamo and the lights were running direct off the battery. We were now well on our way in the 3.8 to 1 top gear. On one stretch Cyril switched on the main beam and I was aware that the outfit was really tramping. With the Stevenage twin somewhere near peak revs it must have been a good 100mph.

Cyril's original plan of a leisurely trip to Dover, getting to know the outfit, a comfortable supper in a Dover hotel and plenty of time to board the night ferry, had gone by the board. It was now a race against time. We lost, but only by five minutes. As we pulled up on the dockside, the ferry was quietly passing out through the Dover harbour entrance.

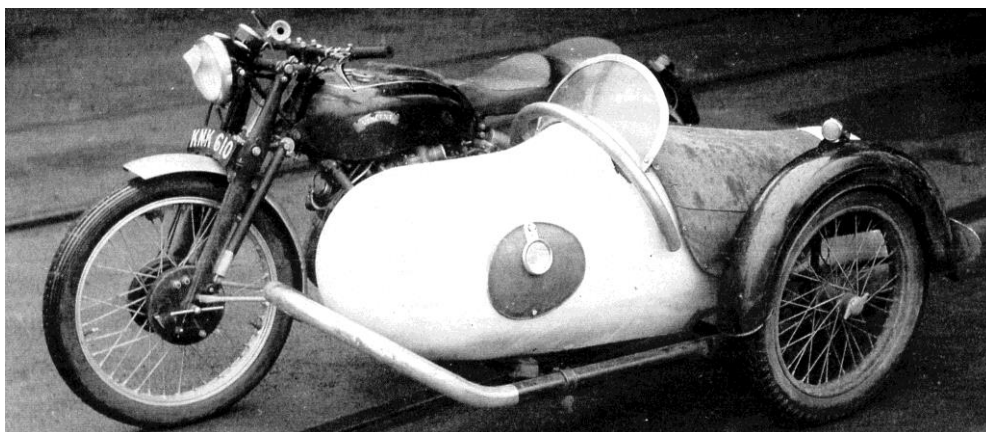
We might just as well have lost our race by 50 minutes, but it would not have been so exhilarating. For the first time since leaving London we spoke and almost simultaneously said, "Doesn't it go," before we turned our thoughts to the missed boat. Cyril was always like that, which is why we got on so well together. It was a case of priorities. He had really enjoyed his run down from London. Missing the boat was not the end of the world.

A lot of people would have turned round and gone home, aborting the whole project there and then. But we turned round and belted back to Folkestone just in case there was a late ferry we didn't know about. There wasn't. Anyway, we reckoned we could catch the first morning boat so we booked into a hotel for a brief sleep. Up bright and early we found there was no early boat from Folkestone, so it was back to Dover. Eventually, we got away on the Golden Arrow boat-train. This went to Calais instead of Dunkirk as we had originally planned. But the important thing was to be in France, even though we were some 10 hours behind schedule.

Shadow Boxing

There were a few irritants, like the strong headwind which meant using third gear a lot. Plus the French petrol was making the poor old Vin motor "pink" pretty badly. Otherwise, France was pleasingly deserted and we could get down to some serious motoring. Cyril knew his way so all I had to do was sit back and enjoy the high-speed travel.

Being a British outfit on European roads, Cyril and the Lightning were down in the gutter and the Blacknell and I were up the camber. Even so, the outfit was handling perfectly, Geoff Manning and the Stevenage lads obviously knowing how to line up a sidecar outfit. For much of the time we could travel down the middle of the road. To overtake such traffic as there was, I had a good view and could give Cyril the all-clear.



Putting nearly 50 miles into the hour was comfortable, cruising at around 80mph, often in third gear against the headwind. We had only one involuntary stop. A rattling noise by my left ear was getting more ominous and before it became terminal we investigated. The sidecar mudguard mountings were breaking up, so it was a case of out with the spanners and take it off completely. What to do with it? After push-starting the Vin I ran back, collected the mudguard and nursed it upside down across my lap as far as the next village. Here we bought a length of rope and lashed it to the chassis tube that ran round the nose of the body. I cannot imagine why we did not simply throw it over the hedge. I suppose people were much more responsible in those days!

Thanks to our late departure, darkness began to fall before we were half-way to the Alps. We knew that our apres-ski evening had gone for a burton, but we were enjoying the fast outfit regardless. In the dark, Cyril encountered another problem, peculiar to French roads. If there was no other traffic about there was

no problem with a dim headlamp. But a vehicle coming the other way could be 5 miles away on a dead straight and flat road and its lights would dazzle for minutes on end. This problem often brought our speed down to 20mph. This was infuriating as well as very tiring for the pilot of our outfit, who was beginning to feel the strain. He was beginning to dodge unexpected shadows, thinking they were unlit cars.

Way ahead of us we could see a single pin-point of light flickering badly. It was certainly approaching, but not very fast and the flickering dazzle got worse and worse. There were no trees, hedges, or curves in the road to break its hypnotic effect. Cyril was down to a walking pace as the light reached us. It was a totally unconcerned Frenchman on a moped, with a shopping bag hanging from the handlebars. Though I could not see, I'll guarantee he was wearing a beret and smoking a Gauloise.

This was the last straw for Cyril. Slowing down for fast-moving Citroens or Peugeots was one thing, but . . . He spun the Vincent round in its own length on power and wound it all on to catch up with the offending moped. He roared up alongside the Frenchman and gave him a real earful from very close quarters, spun the outfit through 180 degrees on power again and we carried on our way. I didn't dare look back.

We were just coming into Vitry-le-Francoise where we both knew a pleasant hotel so that was it. We regrouped over dinner and a bottle of wine and made new plans for Sunday. We would still press on to the ski slopes but there wasn't going to be any time for skiing, so we planned to have lunch with the skiers. If we left by 2pm we could catch the night ferry from Dunkirk and arrive back on schedule.

Sunday was a fine day, dry and no wind. Well before 8am we were back on the open road, cruising at 80 to 90. Occasionally, Cyril and I would exchange very satisfied grins. As he said later, "It was a wonderful, exhilarating experience, on the fastest outfit I had ever ridden."

The joy occasioned by the Lightning Conductor swinging its way over the undulating, swerving roads towards the Vosges mountains was memorable. The only incident concerned a lorry with a piece of rock stuck between its twin tyres on one side. As we approached at fairly high speed the rock came loose. Fascinated, I watched it bounce along the centre of the road. I just had time to realise it was heading our way when there was an almighty bang and Cyril was steering into a three-wheel slide and taking correcting action.

The rock had hit the sidecar nose absolutely dead centre, or to be precise, we had hit the rock at a closing speed of about 70mph. It put a huge dent in the steel nose of the sidecar body, which we discovered the next time we stopped.

Surveying the dent we thanked St. Christopher for looking after us. A foot higher and I would probably not be writing this story. A foot to the right, it would have gone between the chair and the Vincent and Cyril Quantrill would have been lucky to still have a left leg!

Approaching the Vosges mountains there were signs of snow on the roadside and up the Balton d'Alsace to its 4000ft summit, ploughs had cut a channel through the snow. The Vincent slithered and skated about on its racing ribbed front Dunlop and studded 3.50 inch rear. There were five foot vertical banks on each side of the road, so we had to keep going, not really knowing where we were going to come out. All was well and we reached the café in time for elevenses, taken sitting out on the balcony in the sun.

Rapid Running

"This is the life," we said, but added, "There must be an easier way of doing it." Both agreed though that nothing could really replace the joy of the Lightning outfit on full song.

After lunch, right on schedule, we pushed off down the mountain pass and were soon back up to speed. We had 400 miles to cover and 10 hours before the midnight ferry sailed. A doddle, and if we could pick up a following wind we might even have time for a meal.

What we had not bargained for was the rain! Rain! What an understatement. It started almost as soon as we left the mountains. We had not gone far before the motor died with a few bangs and splutters. Water in the HT pickups. The rain had not got through to us, so a dry handkerchief was produced to wipe things off and away we went, cracking along at 75 to 80 in spite of the rain.

Then another series of backfires and another stop to dry the pick-ups. This went on for a couple of hundred miles. The trouble was that the Lightning, having been used for racing, had no shield over the magneto. As this lay at the front of the crankcases, just behind the front wheel and its short racing mudguard, it got drenched. At each stop everything got wetter and wetter, including ourselves, and to

make matters worse we began to get water in the Amal carburettors as well.

Often the outfit would die on us at the bottom of a dip, which made starting difficult, for whichever way we pointed the Vincent it was uphill. If it didn't go first bump it would wet the plugs, which meant removing and drying them out or trying another set. Trouble was we didn't know if it was going to be all right until the engine fired, and the first time we made the mistake of packing the tools and things away before we tried a push!

Between stops the outfit was going so well that we were reluctant to give up our aim of the midnight ferry, and while there was daylight we cracked on, until the next water-logged session. We briefly discussed the idea of going a bit slower, hoping that the water would take longer to penetrate but decided that would be boring. And anyway, we had got our drying-out stops and plug changes down to a fine art. The drill being to run-and-bump the outfit, and while Cyril sat on it and kept the motor revving I ran back and collected the tools, hurling them into the chair before clambering over the back.

The ritual of magneto drying, plug changing and carburettor draining meant our schedule was once more well behind time. It was dark when we reached Reims, and getting very cold. In the middle of the town it died on us again and as we groped about in the dark, cold and wet, we began to realise we were beaten. Not in spirit, but by the sheer inability to manipulate spanners with frozen fingers.

Princely Evening

Just up the road was a Renault garage, of the type with a small showroom and side entrance and a vast workshop out the back. We pushed the Vincent into the dry and tried to get our hands warm enough to fiddle with the mag and carburettors, but we realised that time had run out on us again. The midnight ferry was going to leave without us.

By pure chance the Renault garage was opposite a hotel that we both knew well from previous travels, and just around the corner was one of the better restaurants in Reims. So we really had no choice, or so we decided. We were not going to be back at Motor Cycling's office by 9am. on Monday morning. So after drying out in the hotel and sending Cyril's colleagues a telegram to say we would be late, we settled down to a comfortable and convivial evening.

Next morning it took quite a time to get all the water out of the vital places on the Vincent engine. Fortunately, there was a good slope up to the back of the workshop, which made bump-starting a lot easier. We had the Vincent really barking on both pots, and then switched off. The Renault mechanics were watching with interest, but at the sudden silence everyone froze and looked up! The whole area was covered by a glass roof and why it did not come crashing down on us I will never know.

We packed everything into the chair and free-wheeled out of the garage before starting the Lightning again. Apart from slowing for towns like Laon and St Quentin we covered the miles to Calais at a steady 80, occasionally seeing the speedo pass the 90 mark. Cyril achieved a new personal record by putting over 60 miles into one hour, including passing through a couple of towns. All on normal two-way roads, no dual-carriageways or motorways.

We made Calais in good time and while waiting to board we had a look round the outfit. The broken mudguard was still safely tied to the front of the sidecar chassis, the brakes needed a little adjustment and the rear chain was a bit slack. But the back tyre was completely bald.

I had noticed that when accelerating hard the rear tyre was leaving a black mark on the road when it was dry, and Cyril had been conscious of wheel-spin when he changed from 3rd to top at peak revs! We had done a little over 900 miles and the tyre had been new when we left. We wished we hadn't seen the canvas shining through the cover because it persuaded us to keep our speed down to around 50mph on the last leg of the journey from Dover to London, which was very dull.

We had not achieved Cyril's original objective, but what the hell? We had had a memorable weekend on a memorable outfit, and he had sampled real Vincent performance. He was very impressed, as Geoff Manning had said he would be. Me? Of course I enjoyed every minute of the trip because motorcycling and sidecar riding was my way of life at the time. Indeed, it was my work, or profession, however you care to look at it. Though I don't think I ever convinced my parents that I had got a good steady job, especially after giving up a career in engineering in order to enjoy myself.



The unique **2014 Goodwood Revival** is set for the weekend of **12-14 September 2014**. The sell-out Revival truly is a magical step back in time, celebrating the halcyon days of motor racing as it used to be, with all of the accompanying spectacle and glamour of the era. Competitors and spectators alike dress in period fashions, with the finest sights and entertainment of the pre-1966 era for all to enjoy.

Grand Prix motorcycle racing legend Kevin Schwantz will make his Goodwood Revival debut on an iconic Manx Norton 'Featherbed' however he is going to have to work hard to come anywhere near Australian Beau Beaton aboard the Horner brothers newly restored Vincent Twin that is reputed to produce in excess of 90 BHP – just a tad better than the factory number of 45 BHP when it rolled out of the Stevenage factory back in 1951.



Beau discusses track testing with the Horner Boys

Schwantz, the 1993 500cc World Champion last raced on UK soil during the 1994 British 500cc Grand Prix at Donington Park, but will tackle the daunting Goodwood Motor Circuit this year on the only remaining example of the 1950 Norton Works 500 'Featherbed', a bike on which Geoff Duke dominated the

Isle of Man TT during that season, and which has not been seen in public for 64 years, in the Barry Sheene Memorial Trophy, which will be run for bikes of 1951-54 period.

“I’m excited to be taking part in the Goodwood Revival and riding not only one of the most famous racing motorcycles ever made, but also a machine whose design changed motorcycle racing forever,” says Kevin.



“I’ve never raced at the Revival, but have been to the Festival of Speed and was blown away by what an incredible event it is. The machines, not to mention the legends of motorsports in attendance, and the sheer number of spectators was just amazing. The Goodwood Motor Circuit looks really quick and I am looking forward to racing the Norton 500 “Featherbed” out on the track.”

Two-time World Superbike champion Troy Corser is the latest star name to be added to the entry list for Revival. The 42-year-old Australian, who won the 1996 and 2005 WSBK titles and achieved 33 victories and 130 podium finishes, will ride an ultra-rare BMW R5SS from 1937 with Sebastian Gutsch in the Barry Sheene Memorial Trophy for motorcycles raced up to 1954. (Troy raced the same bike at Goodwood in 2012, and is pictured below with BMW Motorrad’s Hermann Bohrer.)

Tommy Hill, the 2011 British Superbike champion, will partner Alex Sinclair on a Norton Dominator 99 while Iain Duffus, a North-West 200 winner, rides a Vincent Comet.

Revival regular Mick Grant; the only man to win a premier class motorcycle grand prix on a Kawasaki – and a multiple Isle of Man TT winner – rides with Keith Bush on a BSA Gold Star, while another GP winner, Jeremy McWilliams, partners Duncan Fitchett on a Manx Norton and Charlie Williams – whose three GP wins all came on the Isle of Man – shares Peter Crewe’s Vincent Rapide.



Italy International September 6 – 20, 2015

Here is one idea on how to crate a bike for international shipping if you are taking your pride n joy to Italy next year.

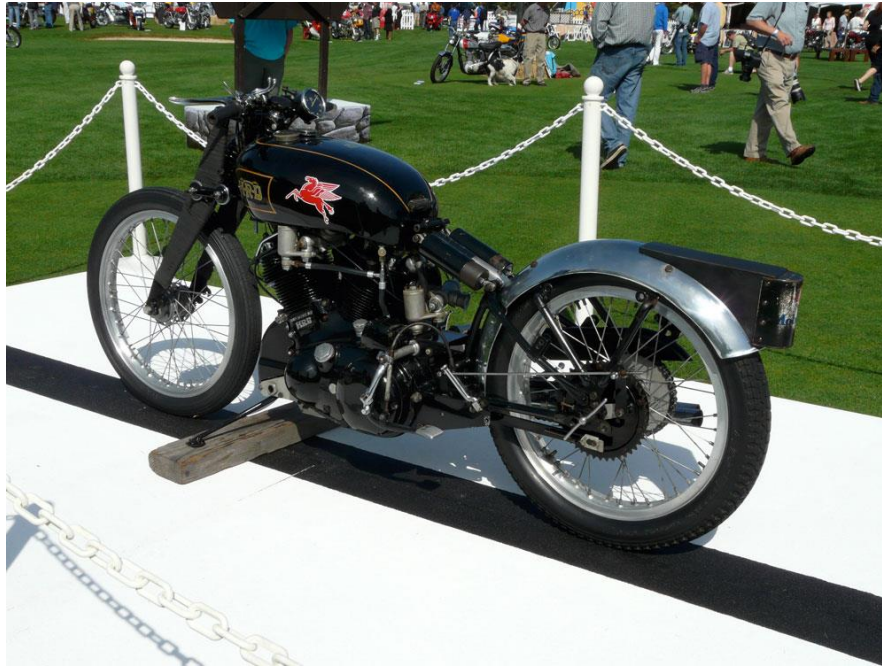
Quail Does It Again

Now in its sixth year, the Quail Motorcycle Gathering in Carmel, Calif., has already proven itself to be a most exceptional one-day classic event. And on May 17, 2014, it got even bigger and better as a record 256 motorcycles were exhibited at the upscale Quail Lodge and Golf Course in Carmel.

But the greater number of bikes on the show field wasn't the reason this year was so special. It was the array of 27 different classic and contemporary Bonneville speed-record bikes, thought to be the largest such group ever assembled away from the Bonneville Salt Flats.

The machines ranged from garage-built, chopped-down naked bikes to computer-designed and engineered streamliners, several of which are now aiming to become the first motorcycle to break 400 mph at Bonneville's FIM-certified world-record meet in September. In between was an intriguing range of old and new.

One exceptional classic was the sleek Gyronaut X-1, an alcohol-guzzling, twin-Triumph-powered streamliner that set the absolute motorcycle land speed record at 245 mph in 1966. The Gyronaut has an intriguing link to automotive history in that its designer, Alex Tremulis, was the chief stylist for Auburn Cord Duesenberg and also styled the famed Tucker automobile. Likewise, its body was built by Vince Gardner, who created clay models of the Cord 810 for Gordon Buehrig, and was later restored in 2013 by the great grandsons of Preston Tucker. Today owned by the Tremulis family, the Gyronaut X-1 most deservedly won the Quail's special 100th Anniversary of the Bonneville Salt Flats award.



Another tremendous addition was the Vincent Black Lightning prototype ridden to a 150-mph American record in 1948 by Rollie Free for owner John Edgar, a noted Ferrari racing entrant of the day. Free made history for more than just the speed he attained on the Vincent; he also appears in the iconic photograph of a prone motorcyclist speeding across the salt wearing nothing but a shower cap, swim trunks and sneakers. Free discarded his racing leathers and risked unthinkable injury that day to attain the record, and in this case the gamble paid off. It also paid off for the owner of the machine more recently, when the Vincent traded hands privately for a reported \$1 million.

If you've ever wondered what it would be like to slip on a set of leathers (or OK, just your swim suit!), straddle a seething motorcycle and speed across a blinding surface rougher than sharkskin, the Quail event provided much to ponder. Arranged on the golf course green, and fully accessible to the 2,000 event goers, more than two dozen other Bonneville machines enticed viewers to sidle up and imagine just such a dare. Among the classics were Norton and Triumph-engine specials, an earthy 1950 Velocette, and even a little Italian-built Harley-Davidson Rapido two-stroke.

The engineering in each bike is as unique as the characters who race them, and studying them closely gives an appreciation for what Bonneville racers really hold dear – freedom of expression. And this year, The Quail Motorcycle Gathering had it in spades.

Restoration of a Grey Flash

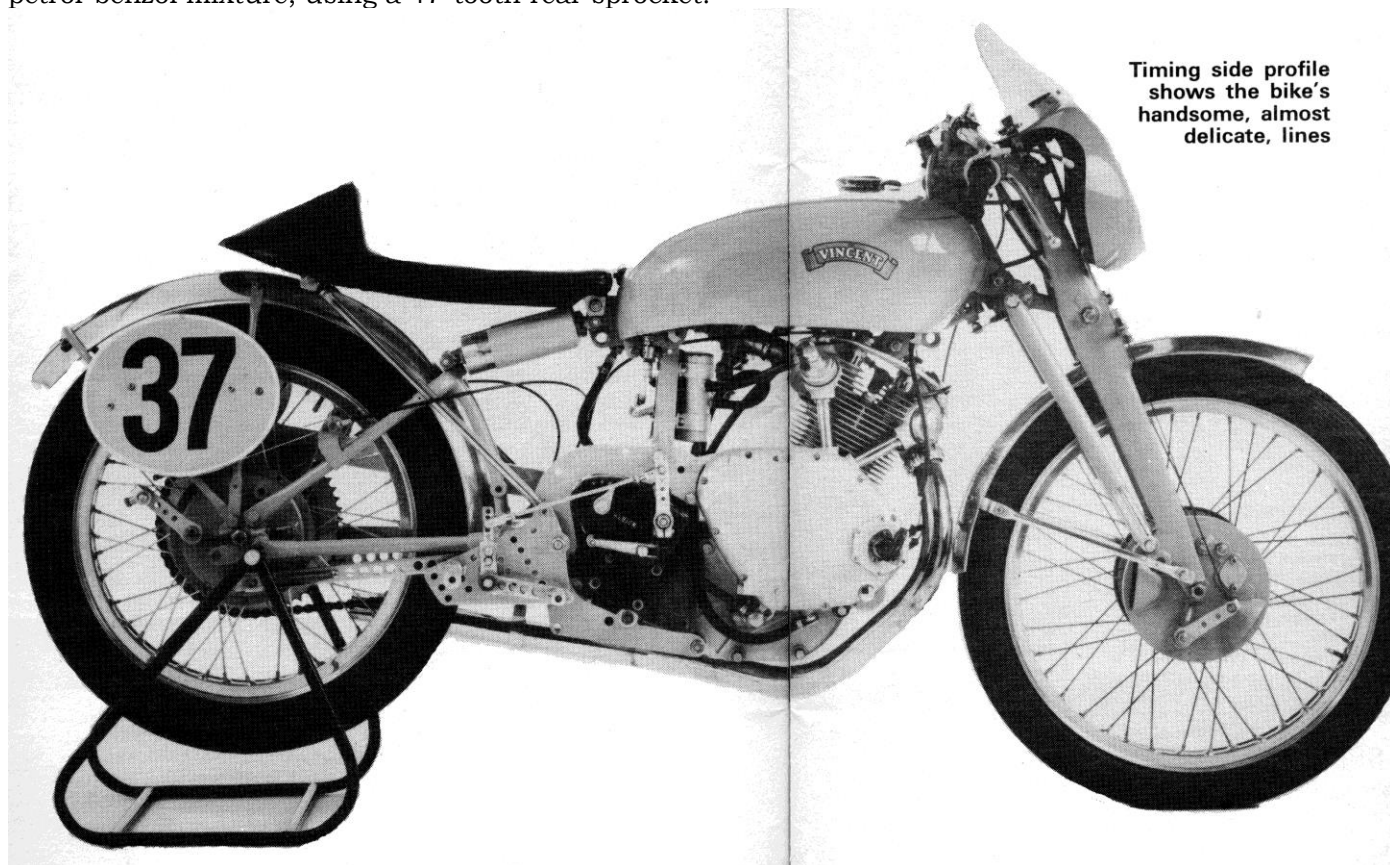
In 1983 Peter Johnson rescued one of Stevenage's rare racing singles for use in classic events in Australia. This is his story as told in the Winter 1984 edition of Classic Racer.

A flock of white cockatoos rose awkwardly into the air and several heads turned as the flat crackle of the exhaust beat back from the surrounding gum trees. It was a warm, sunny Saturday morning at Yarramundi, 30 miles from Sydney and the weekend venue for the first leg of the 1983 International Vincent Owners' Club's rally.

The Grey Flash's Australian debut on a stretch of bush road was as far removed from its origin as one of 28 factory-produced racing machines in England as it was from its many appearances in New Zealand and its arrival in Sydney fragmented in wooden crates. It was shipped to New Zealand on the SS Akaroa on November 11, 1949. The purchaser was the Auckland Vincent-H RD agent, Geoff Weston-Webb, who had seen the first Grey Flash at the 1949 Earls Court show in London and, so the story goes, had been impressed by the number of domehead nuts on it.

Only three days prior to its departure, tester George Brown had Flash No. F5AB/2B/2751 out at Gransden aerodrome for its fourth road test. In all, some 200 miles were covered and the details of

changes made were faithfully recorded in the notebook of race shop chief Denis Minett. This first production Grey Flash (the show bike had no internals) recorded an average of 109 1/2 mph on a 50/50 petrol-benzol mixture, using a 47-tooth rear sprocket.



Timing side profile shows the bike's handsome, almost delicate, lines

Weston-Webb didn't ride the bike himself, but sponsored several notable riders, including his brother Robin, until November 1953, when an advertisement appeared in *The New Zealand Motor Cycle*, reading: 'Vincent Grey Flash with £50 of racing spares, mileage under 1000, guaranteed perfect.' The asking price was £275, only a few pounds more than the standard Comet of that year.

Len Perry, now in his seventies and still regularly competing in classic racing events in New Zealand took the bike to many finishes and several important victories despite persistent clutch problems. He led the 1951 New Zealand TT until the tenth and second last lap when the Rudge clutch fitted to the bike failed. Len was to be one in the chain of owners of the Flash in the mid-sixties when it was dismantled, but never raced it again. A farmer bought the machine from Weston-Webb and promptly removed the close-ratio Albion gearbox before it was repossessed when he defaulted on payments. The next owner removed even more of the racing parts, added a headlight and turned the bike into a Grey Comet.

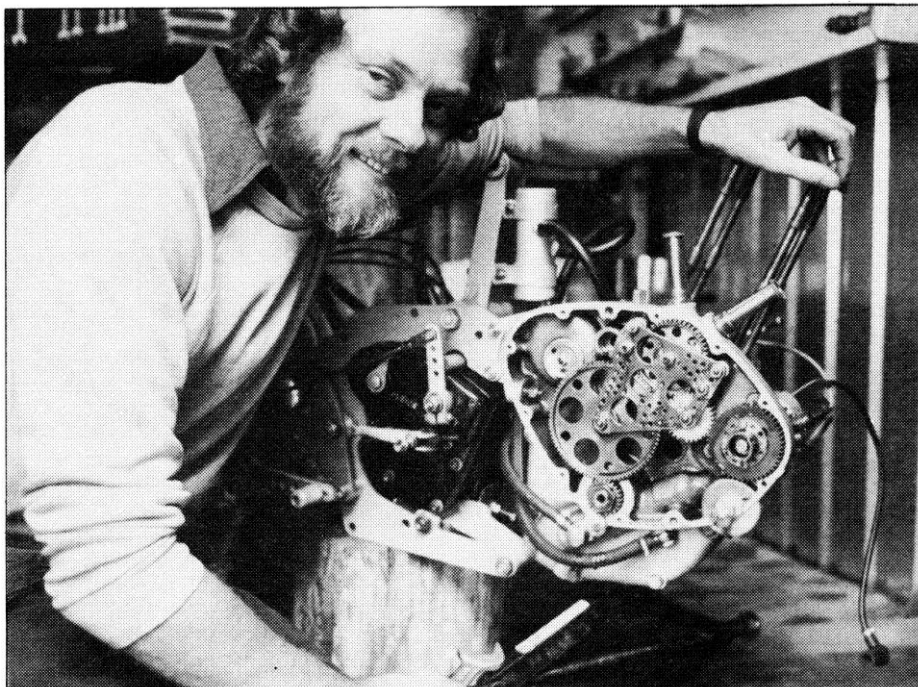


On the original restoration, the 2in exhaust pipe grounded too easily on right-handers

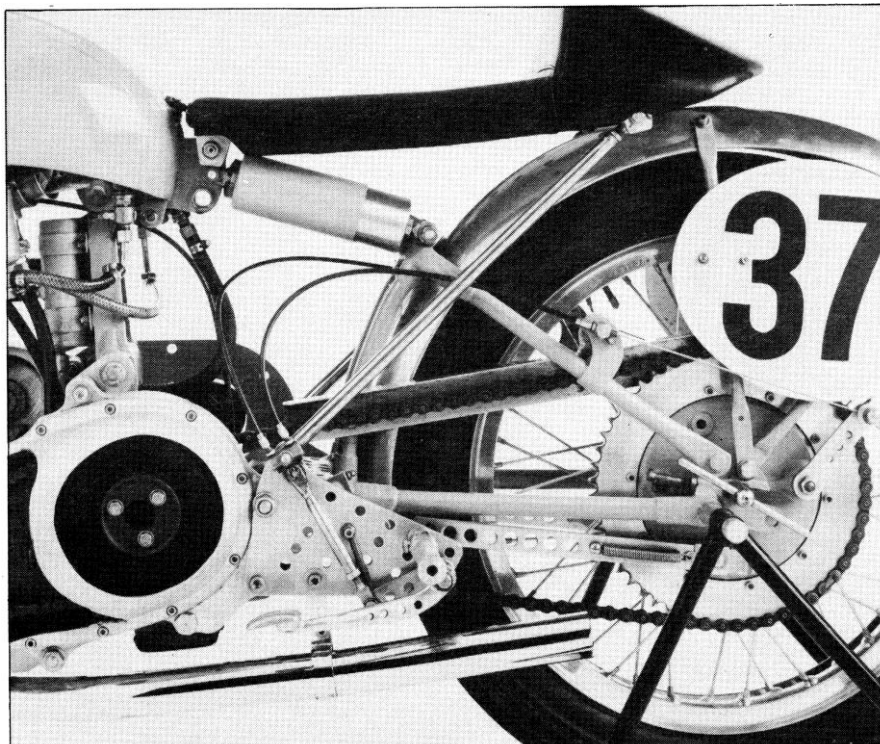
Here, Len Perry stepped in and halted further degeneration of the bike, finally selling it to Bill McCahon who eventually located almost all of the missing parts, including the gearbox and a long-range petrol tank, before it parted his company in 1973 for \$600. Several owners later and still in a dismantled state, it reached Australia, and I viewed a huge collection of greasy parts with a thought to making my entry into classic racing on it. The decision to buy the Flash was not an easy one and followed several midnight phone calls around Australia and to the UK to ascertain the spares situation. At one point in its career it had competed in airstrip races and so had lost three of its four ribbed cast-iron brake drums, though strangely, all the original electron backing plates were still present. Ted Davis, another Flash owner and the ex-Vincent development engineer, was most helpful with advice, and Chas Hyde of Conway Motors actually dug up several brand new impossible-to-find Lightning racing parts. Never once did he complain about my middle-of-the-night phone calls to have yet another part flown out the next day.

For the first few months the pile of boxes was little more than a nuisance in my workshop as they continually got in the way of other projects. However, persistent calls from Flay Schriever, VOC section organiser, to remind me of the international rally last October, finally stirred me to action and I contacted Terry Prince to discuss the rebuild of a bike that had not run for almost twenty years. Fourteen weeks and many late nights later, he and I bumped the Flash to life for the first time in Australia.

Terry Prince, tuner, frame designer and builder, worked with Fritz Egli and was his workshop manager for seven years in Switzerland. He has also raced his own Manx-framed Norvin, so was well versed in Vincent racing knowledge. It's to his credit the engine is so smooth and easy to turn over, the Girdraulic forks so precise and stable in their handling and the bike generally so well maintained. He assembled the Alpha big-end, the Lightning Vibrac rod and discreetly lightened the flywheels. The 10:1 Specialloid piston was machined to accept a stainless-steel oil control ring, the valve stems were diamond hard-chromed for closer guide tolerances to prevent oiling, the rocker gear and cam followers lightened and polished, and the whole expertly assembled. The result is a freely spinning motor good to 7,500rpm (in anger), though normally it's only taken to 6,800.



With all the parts came the bottom end of a Comet, and so plans have evolved for a new engine. The Flash motor will be retired this winter and in its place will be another, still using Mk II cams but with a 15 per cent higher lift, a short-stroked Alpha big-end, Carrillo steel rod and a locally forged piston. This should give us a faster revving engine, putting out more than the 49bhp already developed.



An afternoon was spent with Stephen Leggett at Dynotec, checking carb jetting and a couple of exhaust pipes. The final choice was a 380 main jet running on 100-octane Aviation fuel and a 1 ½ inch pipe, 46in long. The average developed horsepower was 49.5 at 7,000rpm, with the power coming in at 3500, a huge increase on the 35bhp quoted in official factory literature in 1949.

The photographs show the physical changes in the bike. My first race meeting was on an as-original Grey Flash—bead-blasted cases, straight bars, replica Lightning 'banjo-case' seat supported on friction dampers, and a bellowing 2in open pipe. It took only two meetings to realise a few modifications were needed, and so a leather-covered alloy seat with a bum-pad supported on stainless-steel tubing from the engine plates

was adopted. Self-equalising cable-operated rear brakes followed, and, because the bike is primarily raced at Amaro, a tight one-mile circuit of mostly right hand corners, the exhaust was wrapped under the

crankcase to exit behind my left foot. With the new engine will come a 19in WM2 rim up front for stickier rubber, instead of the original 21 in, and an 18in rear.

Vincents, both twins and singles, are not known for their good-mannered gearboxes, so it was delightful to discover how fast and smoothly the magnesium Albion four-speed worked. First gives plenty of urge off the line, then there is a gap to second with third and fourth following closely. Never once has it missed a change, and its only drawback has been the weight of the Albion clutch. No two-fingered job here, like the dual front brakes, the stopping power of which has shattered every story I have heard about the lack of brakes on Vincents.

Because of weight reductions and its inherent lightness compared to twins, the Flash is well suited for tight tracks, and despite my first nervous laps on the Girdraulics, it out-handles and out-brakes most other 500 singles in its category. Riding it is sufficient recompense for all the effort and time that Terry Prince and I have put into preparing it, and a great way to enter classic racing. Its only real problems have been with the ignition—four rebuilds of the magneto have not increased my confidence in it.

Perhaps given more experience and a new engine and gearbox, I won't just be snapping at the heels of the odd Goldie or Manx. And it's still the only all-grey (or is that just undercoat?) bike on the circuits.

SPECIFICATION

Engine ohv single Bore x stroke 84 x 90mm
Compression ratio 10:1
Carburation Amal 1OTT9
Ignition BTH magneto
Output 49.5bhp @ 7,000rpm
Gearbox 4 speed Albion
Frame central beam
Suspension (front) Girdraulic forks (rear) cantilever
Brakes 2 x 7in drums front and rear
Wheels 3.00 x 21 / 3.50 x 19
Weight 305lb
Top speed 103mph (54t rear sprocket)
Year 1949
Engine no F5AB/2B/2751
Frame no RC1A/4651.



Len Perry wins the 1950 Miniature TT at Seagrove airstrip in New Zealand on the Flash

Event Calendar

An overview of some upcoming rides and events that may be of interest.

If you are planning any rides or are aware of events that readers may be interested in, you may invite others to participate via the “OVR Event Calendar” column in OVR. Just drop the editor a line at OzVinReview@Gmail.com .

September 14	Goulburn Valley Motor Vehicle Drivers Club; Shepparton Swap Meet. Venue - Shepparton Show Grounds, Midland Highway
September 19-21 <i>First chance to clear out the Winter cobwebs</i>	The Crazy Horse Rally for Vindians, Indians and other cherished red plate eligible bikes that are meant to be ridden, not just talked about. At Corroyong, Victoria; based at the Mountain View Motel, 74–76 Towong Road, Corroyong VIC 3707 so book your accommodation there – phone (02) 6076 1766. For more info SEE HERE
October 5 - 9	North America East Un-Rally*; Being held at Maggie Valley, North Carolina. Hotel, rally headquarters: Smoky Falls Lodge http://www.smokyfallsodge.com/maggiervalleymotel.html 1-877-926-7440 or 828-926-7440 * Un-Rally = no registrations, no nothing; just turn up!
October 18-19	CMHAC Girder Fork Rally, Cooma NSW. More info at www.coomacarclub.com.au
October 24 - 26	AJS & Matchless Owner’s Club, Jampots Downunder Rally will be held at The Barossa Valley Tourist Park, Nuriootpa. Click Here for more Info.
October 24 – 26 <i>Ripper weekend</i>	Philip Island; Australian Motorcycle Grand Prix
November 15	Bombala Bike Show - flyer at end of this edition.
November 16 <i>Chance to show off your toys</i>	The 59 club presents the “2014 Mods V Rockers” Rally; Meet in Brighton for a run to Oakleigh South for BBQ- Bar – Show’n Shine and more. See flyer elsewhere in this edition for more info.
November 29 <i>Too good to miss</i>	Vincent riders are invited to the Vincent Riders Dinner in Robe South Australia. Diners MUST travel to Robe on or in a Vincent powered machine ABSOLUTLY NO EXCEPTIONS. Email brianh1967@yahoo.com to make your reservation.
December 7 <i>Gets better every year</i>	Bendigo Historic Motorcycle Club, Motorcycle specific Swap Meet @ Llanelly. Camp on site O/Nite on Dec 6 th . More info call Elaine 03 5475 1668
September 6 – 20, 2015	VOC International Rally, Italy; <i>for VOC members only.</i>
Remember	If you are planning any rides or are aware of events that readers may be interested in, you may invite others to participate via the “OVR NewsFlash” service and also the “Around The Traps” column in OVR. Just drop the editor a line at OzVinReview@Gmail.com .

Wanted!

Your ideas about format or content of OVR. What about submitting your constructive suggestions or better still your contributions in the form of Ride Reports, Original Stories, Your Technical Experiences and such like to the OVR editor? You do not need to be a literary wizard as the editor will, only if essential, tidy things up for you.

Likewise, if you are thinking of arranging any rides or events, again drop a line with details to the editor who can then publicise them through OVR newsflashes and/or entry in the “Event Calendar” section of OVR.

Contact the editor by email OzVinReview@gmail.com.



THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE!

IN THE TWENTIES

the experts all agreed that a spring frame was useless for high speed work. Vincent H.R.D. proved otherwise.

IN THE EARLY THIRTIES

large powerful single brakes per wheel were considered to provide the best possible braking.

It was left to Vincent H.R.D., the originators of Duo Braking, to improve markedly on the "Perfect". They still lead the whole world in this vitally important feature.

IN THE THIRTIES

and even the Forties they said that no Big Twin could ever win a road race against crack 500's.

The "Little Big Twin" has performed this "impossibility" scores of times, all over the world, using touring and sports models against special racers, and on very short circuits, too!

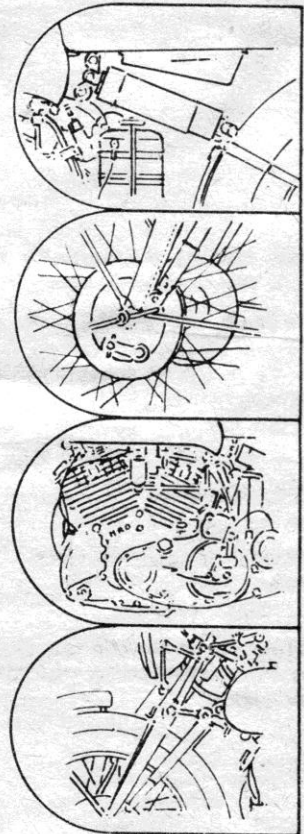
UNTIL THE EARLY FORTIES

no one had designed a motorcycle clutch capable of transmitting 60 to 80 b.h.p. (and More!), yet feather-light to lift.

Vincent H.R.D. solved this problem just as successfully as the others.

IN THE LATE FORTIES

most experts are quite certain that the Girder fork is finished, some say obsolete. Vincent H.R.D. disagree again. We are sticking to the trusty, laterally rigid, perfect steering Girder type fork, but we have designed into the Girdraulic all the good features that many said were unobtainable in this type of fork. Such as long, soft motion with two-way hydraulic damping and hydraulic limit stops.



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With more brilliantly outstanding and successful features than any other machine; with more perfect and scintillating performance than anyone had imagined it possible to build into a tractable, silent, fussless, reliable motorcycle.



You don't know what you're missing **TILL YOU RIDE ONE**

★ THESE ARE FACTS NOT SLOGANS

THE VINCENT H.R.D. CO. LTD., STEVENAGE, HERTS. Telephone: STEVENAGE 375.

The First Day of the Rest of My Life, Using a Triumph Bonneville the way it is meant to be

A Reader contribution from Nigel Spaxman, member of Ton Up Club and British Motorcycle Owners Club Vancouver, Canada.

This is a factual account of what happened Friday evening June 5, 2009. I was looking forward to a new beginning, so I decided to start up my 71 Triumph Bonneville that I had stored away for a few years. I had owned this machine since I was 19. I bought it as a worn out chopper for \$350.00. I rebuilt it into something nice, fairly stock. I rode this machine every summer for years and years, even though I owned several other machines. I took my holidays on it. It fit me really well. I have altered it to suit me and I have grown very used to it. I wore out the original engine that I had rebuilt in 50,000 miles, and installed another one. It still kept giving me pleasure to ride it. This model is considered a bit of a mistake by many Triumph purists, the actual truth is they are excellent. Then a few years ago a Guzzi 850 Lemans had gotten in the way. For the first time in my life I rode one machine only that year. The idea of the Guzzi was to do less tinkering and more riding, giving me more time for my Vincent project.

Anyway it was time for a new start so I rolled the bike out of the shed. It was pretty dusty and oily. Before putting it away I had drained the tank, and carburetors and sprayed the whole bike with WD40. The battery had of course been removed. A few bits had been stolen for other machines. The tachometer cable was missing and the mirror. Even a few light bulbs had been stolen. I had known that I would ride this bike again. I had always told myself I would never part with this machine. I had installed a new seat to replace the cracked and several times repaired and recovered one that I had used for years. This new seat was a bargain, from British and Italian I thought at \$350.00, more or less what I had paid for the machine when I acquired it. It is great that you can still buy a new seat for a 38 year old motorcycle. I started preparing it for the road. I installed a battery that I had charged for a few hours. It was an old battery but I thought it would be good because I had charged it several times during the winter. I checked the engine and transmission oil. I poured a few liters of gas in the tank. Gas started dripping from one of the carburetors. I thought the fuel line might have gone hard so I wrapped some haywire around the hose to tighten it. It still leaked so I examined the source of the leak. It was a little higher up at the joint of the float bowl. I could see one of the screws that holds the bowl on was missing. This made me laugh to myself because just the day before my friend Niels had dropped by. Stinking of gas he told me he needed a float bowl screw. He had been riding his 69 Norton back from work with his left hand holding the float bowl on after one of the screws had fallen out.

I should describe Niels because you know what a 69 Norton Fastback looks like but it is good to visualize the owner of this machine. Niels is a tall thin man in his mid 40s, a millwright by trade. He might look a bit older because he has led a pretty hard life. His voice is like sandpaper. He fronts sometimes for a rockabilly band. He is one of the coolest guys you can know. He lives life for the moment. He is wearing as you might expect, black jeans, black DOA tee shirt, work boots, a black leather jacket and a Davida helmet with aviator goggles. After my new beginning I want to be more like him, but actually I am already cut from the same cloth. I was actually dressed the same way but my red shirt said Fringe, instead of DOA, and I had a Vintage Stadium helmet and sunglasses.

Anyway back to the bike, leak solved, battery installed, time to kick it over. Two kicks and she starts. The crisp bark of the straight through Burgess type "silencers" is very refreshing after the deep muted rumble of my new Moto Guzzi V11s, carbon Mistral cans that I had enjoyed earlier in the week. I decide everything is OK so I take off for the gas station for more gas and some air. The machine was dirty, but I could clean it tomorrow. The machine accelerates down the road with the nice sound, but at first it feels like the brakes are on compared with my V11 which although heavier also probably has double the horsepower. But the amazing thing is how wonderful I feel. The sun is beginning to turn orange and it is a perfect evening for a ride. In Vancouver summer evenings are incredibly beautiful and prolonged. I can hear all the mechanisms in the engine working properly. The machine has an amazing mechanical presence.



Nigel, pictured here with his buddy, Niels

I had planned when I left to get gas and air, and then ride down river road to the super market to buy some milk and dish soap. After getting gas and air the bike was handling properly now. I banked it around a right hand corner and dragged my toe on the ground. These bikes handle really nicely even with worn shocks, swing arm bushings and steering head bearings. I am so used to what this bike can do even after not riding it for two years. It is amazing. Riding back past my house on river road I realize that I would like to go further than just the store because the ride is so nice and everything is perfect. Cottonwood fluff is drifting through the air and river road looks like a dream. So I enjoy a slow cruise down River road. There is no point in going fast because it would just make the ride be over sooner. I cross over the Queensborough bridge into Burnaby. As I rode along Marine drive I thought I might drop in on a friend and see if she wanted to come with me. As I detoured past her house I saw her boyfriend's BMW in the driveway so I knew that idea was not going to work, so I continued. I went into Marpole and I saw Niels on his Norton pulling into the Safeway parking lot. He saw me too so he waited. He said "wait here I just have to pick up my prescription and then we can go for a ride". As I sat and waited for Niels, a guy in a truck asked about Niels' bike. He wanted to know what year it was and whether it was a BSA or a Matchless. I didn't actually know what year the bike was. Niels came out of the store. We looked like two bad men. Actually we are more like boys on our bicycles out having fun.

We left the Safeway and headed down Marine drive towards UBC. There was quite a bit of traffic. The traffic thinned as we neared UBC and so we passed a few cars and began to speed up. My bike was making this great noise and had a new noise. While decelerating there would be a popping in the exhaust. This noise added a lot of fun to the ride. We approached the part of the road where the speed limit is 80 kms. I still call it the 50 (MPH) stretch. The road was deserted. Niels speeded up and pulled away. I was not prepared to go fast; I had to put my sunglasses back on first. After doing that I took off after Niels. He had slowed a bit after realizing I was still going slow so I blasted by him at about 90MPH. (who really knows with our old Smiths instruments) Niels leant down into the wind and wound it on to catch up. We blasted by a conservative looking guy on a BMW looking kind of bike at about 110. We slowed a lot for the curvy bit near Wreck beach, and then made our way down the hill to Spanish banks. By now the sun had set but it was still light. The cops had set up a road block to check for alcohol at the beach I guess. Lucky they didn't stop us because I found out later Niels had forgotten to bring his wallet. This was funny

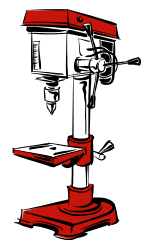
because I remembered quite a few years before we had been stopped nearby and the cops had found out that Niels had no motorcycle endorsement on his license.

We decided to stop at the pier. We went and looked to see what people were fishing for. Then we decided to go up to the balcony of the sailing center for a beer. Here is the best view in Vancouver. We sat with the other motorcyclist who it turned out was the BMW kind of guy. He commented on our blast past him. I think he had enjoyed it as much as us the sound was incredible apparently. His name was Paul and actually his bike was a tricked out KLR 650. I went to get some beer but returned with cider instead. It turned out that many years ago Paul had been involved in Diamond drilling as I still am, and he knew some of the same people. A girl came by asking for a lighter so Niels went downstairs to have a smoke with her. I talked with Paul a bit about how amazing this old bike is and I could see Niels chatting with the girl downstairs. It is too bad that smoking is so disgusting because there obviously are some good things about it. Niels came back upstairs. Niels tells hilarious stories. He was talking about drug testing at the place where he works. Apparently they have testing for new employees. They had decided to hire 15 summer students from UBC, 14 of them had failed the test! Like a lot of places now days Niels mill had recently had a lot of lay offs. Niels had been at the mill for 23 years so he had enough seniority to stay, but he also could have been laid off with a \$100,000 severance package. He had decided to stay! I started to realize the Niels was a bit more like me than I thought. I have been where I work for 25 years. I am sure I will never leave. I guess we are determined, that might also be why we stick with these old machines.

We left the patio and went back to our bikes. Niels had to mess with something to make his headlight work. As we got near the Youth Hostel my bike stalled, I had to re start it. It seemed to be popping a bit more and I worried a bit that something was going wrong, but then it settled down. I just had to remember the strange way you have to operate the throttle when you have worn out Amal carburetors. I have gotten used to this method so it is no longer necessary for me to replace mine, which are way past worn out. We headed back along the beaches. I was a bit surprised that Niels wanted to go this way because we had seen the road block. Niels is so cool he knew the cops would have moved away from there by now. We went ahead, without a worry, retracing our route back. We split up around Marpole near where Niels lives. We had a great ride together I asked Niels if he wanted to do it again tomorrow and he said, "it's a date". I headed home over the Arthur Laing Bridge. There are some very nice corners near the off ramps and the on ramps to the bridge to Lulu Island which I carved just as confidently as I would on my V11. I cruised back along River Road under a beautiful moon.

And it was the first night of the rest of my life.

Workshop Wisdom



British and European vintage bike parts supplier Steadfast Cycles in Santa Clarita, California, is the exclusive dealer for these beautifully crafted top-dead-centre gauges from European Spares. Made in the U.S.A. from the highest quality brass and stainless steel, the Steadfast Cycles TDC Tool features a knurled body for easy hand-operated installation and removal and degree lines on the piston to make confirming top-dead-centre a snap. Threads into any 14mm spark plug hole.

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Daily Mirror

Sunday, November 16, 1964-2014

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 16th 2014

MODS VS ROCKERS

WILD ONES TO INVADE BRIGHTON

The **59** Club Australia

Melbourne Crusaders scooter club

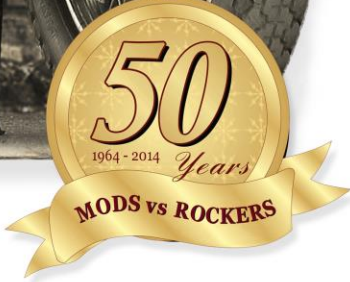
The Fifty Nine Club of Australia along with The Melbourne Crusaders Scooter Club are proud to Present 'The 2014 Mods vs Rockers' So come along and help us celebrate this years 50th Anniversary.

Meeting at 11am - Middle Brighton Baths - 251 Esplanade Brighton Ride leaving Brighton at 12:30pm to 24 Fulton St Oakleigh South. BBQ - Bar - Show'n'Shine - Pin Up Competition.

\$10 ENTRY



Performing Live:
the 'Rock'a'dee's'
and 'The Payoff'



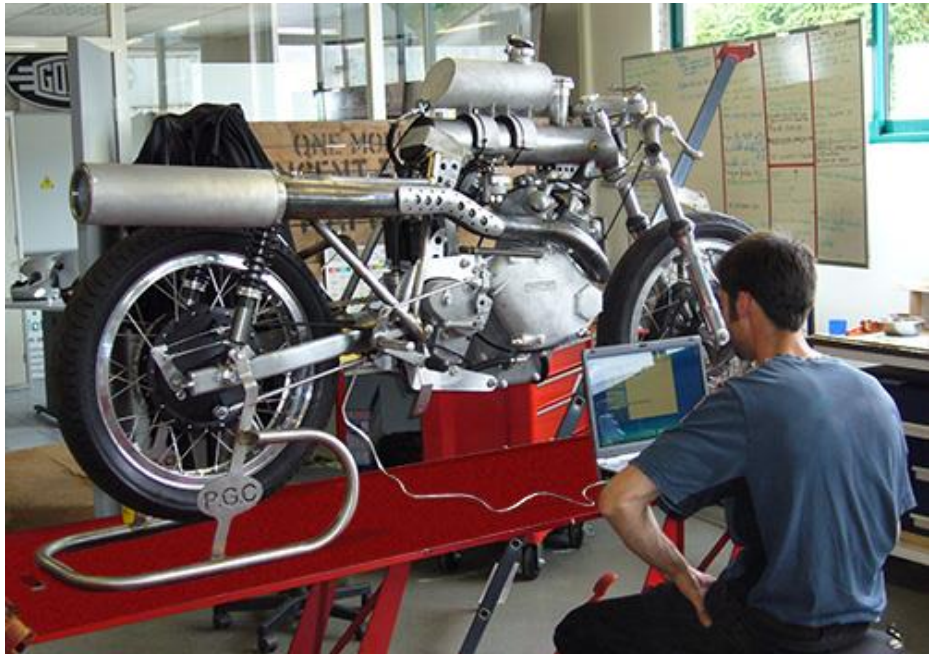
GODET Vincent Comet Racer for the IOM

The Isle of Man is no stranger to rain. The island's unique topography and location will often see one part of the 37-odd mile Mountain course basking in brilliant sunshine, yet another endure a downpour.

But by general consensus, the IOM TT of 1971 was wetter, mistier, than most. And it was the last time a Vincent-powered bike qualified for World Championship Grand Prix race. The Senior TT that year saw a 500cc Egli-Vincent – ridden by Roger Wittich and prepared by UK Egli-distributor Roger Slater – qualify for the Senior race with lap speeds of around 90mph. But due to weather-induced delays, Slater was forced to leave with the bike before the race took place.

Now Patrick Godet aims to fly the Egli-Vincent flag again on the island, with plans to enter two of his freshly-minted 500cc Vincent Comet based racers in this year's Classic TT. Riders will be his trusted pilot and development rider Bruno Leroy and up-and-coming talent Alex Sinclair.

Featuring a collaboration of English and Swiss engineering, perfectly combined and developed to a truly remarkable level by French Vincent expert and guru, Patrick Godet. This machine is the result of many years of hard work by Godet and consists of a hand built motor featuring all the latest engine development thinking to enable a 'humble' pushrod single to compete on even terms with its OHC colleagues.



The chassis of the all-new Godet racer is based firmly on Fritz Egli's original Comet powered Egli-Vincent he built in the late 60s. With a slightly shorter wheelbase than the twins, around 50 of these emerged from Fritz's workshop. For the Godet bike, the only major chassis improvement needed has been work on the trademark oil bearing top tube, in order to keep the oil level constant under heavy braking.



More work has gone in to the engine. The Godet racer features a plain bearing, one-piece crankshaft, vernier cams, 92mm bore x 75mm stroke, Nicasil liner and titanium con-rod to bring the unit bang up to date. A one-off, six-speed Albion gearbox (from TT Industries, NZ) transmits power to the rear wheel, which three dynos have now seen register a promising 54bhp. It's some way from a cooking Comet's 28bhp. But it needs to be.

And so the Godet Equipe arrived at Brands Hatch on a brilliant spring day in March to give Alex his first ride on a Vincent. The

Swindon-based 23-year old is no stranger to fast, competitive classic racing on British singles. Or to the Isle of Man. He was the first privateer home in the 350 Classic TT last year, and took third in the Lightweight Manx Grand Prix the year before, both finishes on BSA Gold Stars. With 39 wins, 61 podium finishes and eight lap records under his belt, it's not surprising Classic Racer magazine has just featured him as one of the young riders to watch out for on the classic scene.

Three problem-free, fast 40-minute practice sessions mixing it among modern racers later and it's clear the Godet Egli-Vincent compares well to the Goldies. 'More power than the BSA,' says Alex with 'loads of bottom end torque.' Maxton suspension techies were on hand to offer advice on the rear units, particularly in readiness for the demands of the Mountain circuit. 'With the right amount of development and plenty of track time the Egli-Vincent should be able to run with the Manxs and G50s and put on a good show,' says Alex.



A competitive 500 Vincent racer has been a long-held ambition of Godet's. 'In the 80s I wanted to build a really fast 500,' he says. 'But it was a real challenge, a long-term project.' After several successful years racing his own Black Lightning-spec twin (including a hard-fought win at Brands itself) he entered a Grey Flash replica in several events. But it quickly became obvious 'how far the gap was between the 500 Vincent and the Manx and G50s. I wanted to close the gap. It has taken many years to have the funds to build one, and gain the experience needed.'

And so, over 40 years since the Wittich-Slater bike qualified for the Senior TT and over 60 years since Grey Flashes first walked the earth, a 500 Vincent will return to the Isle of Man. The aim, says Godet, is to 'wave the flag' for the Vincent marque. With over six hours of track time under its belt, and a roster of classic races booked in before the IOM, it might not be a certain winner. But it is hopeful.

Engine Specifications:

- 92.02mm bore x 75.20 stroke =499.86 cc
- One piece crankshaft plain bearing titanium conrod
- Omega piston
- One piece aluminium coated cylinder
- Stainless steel valves
- Beryllium seats
- Modern oil pump
- Magnesium crankcases and gearbox shells
- Electronic ignition (not self-generating) with lithium battery
- 40mm Gardner carb;
- Oil filters on both feed and return
- 6 speed TT industries lookalike Albion gearbox
- Belt primary drive NEB clutch

Chassis Specifications:

- Famous Egli chassis
- 230 mm Fontana front brake
- 200 mm Ceriani rear brake
- Morad rims
- Lightweight exhaust system
- Ceriani lookalike front forks featuring Maxton double damping
- Maxton lightweight race rear shocks

A Vincent chassis version will be available late 2014 with the same engine specifications to give the ultimate 'Grey Flash'.

Results of Shannons Auction, August 2014

Shannons held their winter auction of collectable cars and bikes in Sydney, Australia on August 25 – you can see the complete catalogue [BY Clicking Here](#) – and it included 3 Vincents. All were ex museum bikes and all were spotlessly clean with nary a sign of oil or grease. The paintwork was deep and gleaming, the chrome brilliant and the alloy was resplendent on all 3 of them



This NORVIN had a catalogue suggestion of A\$28,000 to A\$34,000.

It has Series B motor, chopped. Norton g/box and no kick starter. It was sold for A\$48,000

This B Series Rapide had a catalogue suggestion of A\$38,000 to A\$44,000.

It is a Matching numbers 1948 B Rapide with a lot of good gear. It went under the hammer for a solid A\$58,500



Finally, this C series Comet had a catalogue suggestion of A\$25,000 to A\$30,000.

With Non matching numbers, a Lucas headlight and a lot of other apparently wrong bits this Comet was knocked down for A\$37,000.

Service Providers

The Service Providers listed have been used with a degree of satisfaction by OVR readers in the past. Just because they are listed does not imply an endorsement of them by OVR. Service providers are not charged a fee for this service nor can service providers themselves request that their information be included, though they may request that an entry referring to them be removed.

Spares:

V3 Products, Australia: (aka Neal Videan) has an extensive range of top quality Vincent Spares including multiplate clutches, oil leak eliminator kits, socket head tappet adjusters, paper element oil filters and lots lots more. Ships worldwide. Email for a price list to nvidean@optusnet.com.au

Vin-Parts International, UK: (aka Russel & Debbie Kemp) has an extensive range of excellent Vincent Spares. Ships Worldwide. Email for a price list to russell.kemp@btconnect.com and see their web site for additional information: www.vinpartsinternational.co.uk

Coventry Spares Ltd, USA: Fantastic service and deep product knowledge plus extensive range of excellent Vincent Spares and tools. Ships Worldwide. See website for more information <http://www.thevincentparts.com>

Conway Motors Ltd, UK: Anti-Sumping Valves, Comet Multi-Plate clutch conversions plus an extensive range of excellent Vincent Spares. Ships Worldwide. Email for more information steve@conway-motors.co.uk

VOC Spares Company Ltd, UK: Full range of Vincent Spares. Ships Worldwide. Visit their web site for more information <http://www.vincentspares.co.uk>.

Union Jack Motorcycles, Australia: Full range of Triumph, Amal and control cable parts, plus an extensive range of Vincent parts. Ships worldwide. More info at the website www.unionjack.com.au

Paul Goff, UK: A massive range of electrical spares and replacements including 6 and 12V quartz Halogen bulbs, LED lamps, solid state voltage regulators and lots lots more. Ships Worldwide. PayPal accepted. See Paul's website for more information www.norbsa02.freeuk.com

Pablo's Motorcycle Tyres, Australia: Road, Classic, Road Racing, Classic Racing, Enduro, Motocross, Speedway, Trials and Slicks....and if they haven't got it - they'll get it! For more info see their web site www.pablos.com.au

Nuts n Bolts:

Acme Stainless Steel, UK: All stainless steel fasteners are machined to original samples supplied by customers and clubs over the years to enable us to keep your machine looking authentic and rust free! Ships Worldwide. More info at their web site www.acmestainless.co.uk

Peter Barker, UK: Extensive range of nuts, bolts and fittings in Stainless Steel for Vincents and other classic bikes; all sourced in the UK by this enthusiast. Email for a catalogue hrd998@hotmail.com

Classic Fastners, Australia: Classic Fasteners is a family owned business, established in 1988. Their aim is to supply obsolete and hard to obtain fasteners for your restoration project be it a professional or private venture. The print catalogue, available for download, lists the current complete range. Ships Worldwide. <http://www.classicfasteners.com.au/>

Services :

Woody's Hydroblast, Australia: Woodys Engine Services / Hydroblast is a small Melbourne, Australia based business dedicated to helping car and bike restorers repair and detail their componentry to the highest standards. The wet abrasive blasting used to finish jet turbines now provided by him is able to clean the most intricate components without degradation to the original surface. For more information visit their web site www.woodyshydroblast.com

Outer Cycles, Australia: Jim Browhly is a master craftsman who manufactures bespoke motorcycle exhaust systems for classic bikes, no job is beyond his capability, so if you do need a new system that will be made to your precise requirements, give Jim a call, telephone 03 9761 9217.

Cylinder Heads, Australia: Cylinder Heads are highly skilled engine experts with 30 years of experience operating from their Box Hill North workshop. Alex has extensive experience in complete reconditioning of motorcycle heads, including Vincents plus installation of hardened valve seats, valve guides and valve stem seals. For more information see <http://www.cylinderheadsvictoria.com.au>

Peter Scott Motorcycles, Australia: Top quality magneto and dynamo services, from simple repairs to complete restorations plus a comprehensive range of associated spares. Provides hi-output coil rewinds with a 5 year warranty. For more info contact Peter on (02) 9624 1262 or email qualmag@optusnet.com.au

Ray Dean, Australia: Precision engineering services including but not restricted to Cylinder honeing, crankshaft rebuilds, aluminium welding and more. Located at 28 Albemarle Street Williamstown, Victoria. Phone 0400 803 226

Ringwood Speedometer Service, Australia: Experts in the repair and restoration of all motorcycle, automotive and marine instruments. Smiths cronometric speedo specialists. Telephone (03) 9874 2260

Perfect Seal Piston Rings, Australia: piston rings made to order – for more information contact Trevor McGregor, Phone 0412 506 398

Terry Prince Classic Motorbikes, Australia: Classic Motor Bikes specialises in restoration, manufacture of new parts, and the development and manufacture of high performance components for Vincent motor cycles. For more information visit the web site [Click Here](#) or telephone +61 2 4568 2208

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