

NOCC

Northern Ontario Carb Clinic
2005



Boy those bikes must be quiet. This fellow was spotted 50' away watching us.



Back row, l to r: Hank, Rich, Brad, Greg, Hap, Ken, Dwayne, Everett, Ross, Steve, Kelvin
Front row, l to r: Caroline, Martin, Milton Mike, Mississauga Mike, Queen of Everything, Cliff, Kathy, Stacey

The 2005 version of the NOCC has finally come to a close. The Long Distance Traveller award this year goes to Rich who, accompanied by his friend Steve, rode some 1,800 kms to be here. One way. They made quite a sight when they pulled in Friday evening with everything from tents to fishing poles strapped to every available spot on the bikes. Even though all their stuff was wrapped in plastic, the constant rain during their entire journey still managed to seep through into much of it. Apparently the rain was so heavy they let out some line and trolled a few hundred kilometres of Quebec's highways. On arrival, Rich's exhaust system was held on by 3 hose clamps.

Exhaust studs were snapping while he was riding, apparently a recurring problem for several years now. We think it's the result of vibration from the horrid state of tune the bike was in. Synchronization was the worst anyone here had ever seen. It took a few rounds with the colourtune and carb sticks to bring it back into tune but the engine has now smoothed out dramatically. We spent some time attempting to remove one of the studs, burning out 1 cobalt and 3 diamond bits with barely a dent in the steel. The welding rod trick was tried and the welding rod broke. It made a matching bookend for the one with the broken easy-out stuck inside. Eventually we macgivered a means of jamming the clamps against the frame tubes as a temporary measure to get him home where he can spend some time getting the old studs out.



The exhaust studs from hell...

Rich was not the only one with exhaust woes. Everett's muffler decided to part ways enroute. Thanks to a local good Samaritan, he had it tack welded to the 4-1 header for the rest of the trip here. When we took it off to weld it the rest of the way, the tacks broke. We discovered that the sports bike can was constructed of a stainless steel alloy that didn't take kindly to welding -- it constantly cracked next to the weld while cooling. A combination of self-tapping screws and JB weld was used to reinforce the repair and it seemed to be serviceable when he left.

Bad things come in threes and Her Majesty, the Queen of Everything also required a little emergency repair. Enroute she suffered a tip-over, breaking a clutch lever and her windscreen. Fortunately, she was accompanied on her journey by Greg and Hap who got her on her way again by phoning every Yamaha dealer in 50 miles to locate a new clutch lever and then fetching it back for her. They get the award for "Most Imaginative Emergency Repair" for patching the windscreen together with *clear duct tape*! I've seen every colour of the rainbow but I've never seen clear before. Works well for emergency windshield repairs. On arrival, she complained about a funny clunking sound when riding over bumps. A close examination revealed the forks were mis-aligned, one engine mounting bolt was bent and another stripped out. The bolts were holding the engine guards which apparently did their job admirably. The forks were re-aligned, bent bolt was replaced with new and the stripped bolt was replaced with a longer one that fully engaged the threads. The moral of the story is to make sure the bolts are long enough when installing engine guards.



Three 650 Secas, three early 750 Secas, one 750 RL Seca, two 750 MaximXs, five 650 Maxims, a 550 Seca, a Turbo, a Shadow 500, a Bandit 600, a Virago 535 a V-Star and one FJR. (I think.)

An Honourable Mention goes to Ken, who also made use of clear tape. Darned if he was going to let a little thing like a broken headlight keep him from attending! And it's hard to tell that the glass is taped together when the light is blinding the viewer. In the Most Improved Mechanic category, Cliff was declared the winner after progressing from the point of "lefty loosey, righty tighty" last year to rebuilding his carburetors on the side of the road in Virginia this past May.

While Roger was sorely missed by everyone, the French Canadian contingent was well represented by Martin and Caroline on their very sharp red 84 XJ750 RL. Martin promises to buy her an XJ of her own in time for next year's visit. Mike Kampman was true to his word and didn't wash his bike, so he did show up this year. Oddly enough, while there was no problem at Ross' SOCC last fall, one of his pilot screws was firmly seized now. We soaked it in penetrating oil several times and tried a tap with a dead-blow mallet on a nice sharp screwdriver repeatedly but it wouldn't budge. Rather than moving on to drastic measures at this time, we coated it with more penetrating oil and filled the hole with grease to keep it in for a few days or a week and settled for a fine-tuning of the synch only. The other 3 screws all turned with a finger tip, but they all looked a little greasy. I guess the lesson here is that if you don't have caps or plugs, fill the hole with a little grease to protect things.



Socializing is always a big part of the Carb Clinic scene. Sometimes it starts to look like a show, with people wandering up and down the row checking out each other's bikes.

The tuning part was a great success. We had more colourtune plugs and auxiliary fuel tanks than you could shake a stick at. Three bays were set up, but with so many bikes (15, not counting our own) it took a little longer than previous years. I am told Ross and Brad looked after the BBQ for me while I was wrestling with exhaust studs. We added BBQ chicken to the menu this year, complimenting the traditional fare of hot dogs, hamburgers and salads.

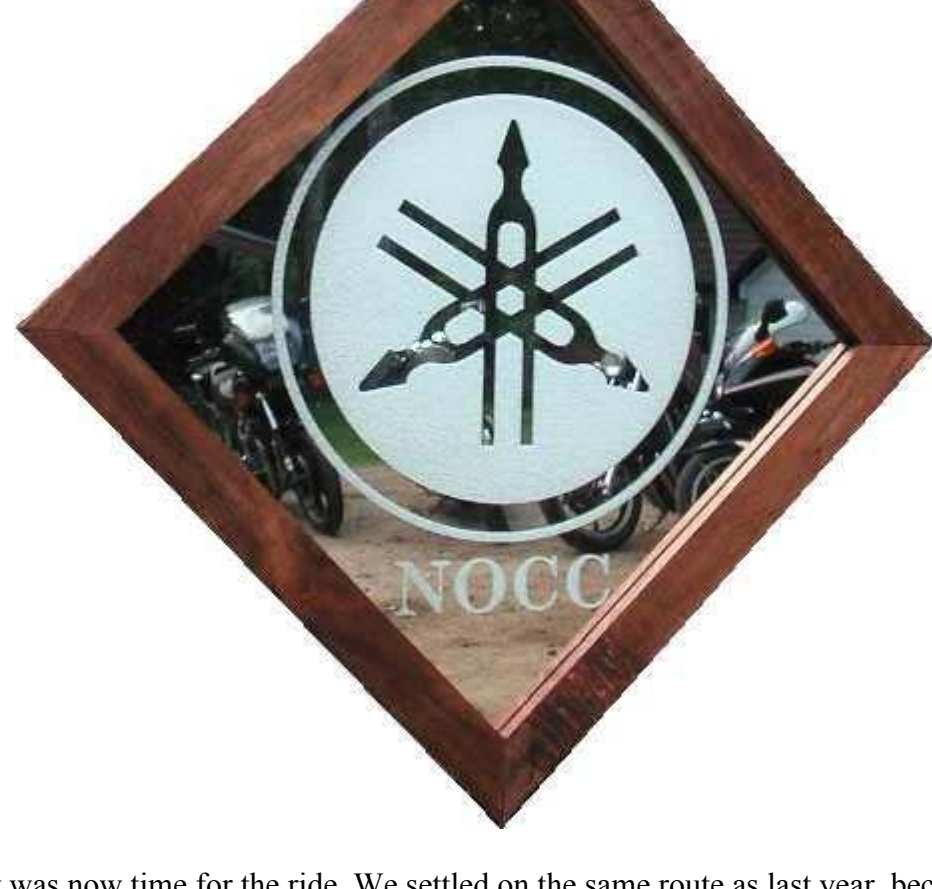
After lunch it was time for the door prizes. In addition to one-of-a-kind NOCC toques and XJCD sets we had a 750 Seca TCI donated by Brad Bowen, several ATO fuse blocks donated by Ross Presta, a couple of Ross' famous XJ rotor removing tools, a Yamaha baseball cap donated by Quinlan's (the local Yamaha dealer) and several beverage cooler bags donated by Kevin Rex (yes Kevin, they made it in time -- Just Barely :-). There was one other door prize that was meant to be given to Hap: a white tire lettering pen. I got it out and had it on the workbench but unfortunately, in all the confusion and bustle I forgot it. Oh well, he won't need it now until next year anyway. :-)



Fortunately other bays were available for tuning. Which was, after all, the whole reason to be there.



I promise I will never forget Caroline's name again. Er, wait -- Or was that Rosalyn? Eveline? Oooops...



Speaking of doorprizes, I lucked out too! Hand crafted by the Queen of Everything herself, this mirror miraculously survived the roll-over intact. I feel honoured. Is this like being knighted? Have I been elevated from the rank of mere "Humble Servant"?

Actually, a number of people brought hostess gifts. They are not really necessary, but your generosity is appreciated.

It was now time for the ride. We settled on the same route as last year, because of the convenience for those heading home that could peel off at the appropriate points. And of course again like last year, one person had forgotten to fill up, necessitating a fuel stop. You know who you are :-)

Rich and Steve opted to stay behind to get some fishing in (although in the end they primarily played with bikes some more instead) and Kelvin opted to stay with them but it still made an impressive motorcade winding down the road. A dozen XJs turned the head of more than one neighbour as we passed by. We must've been a little later than last year though because while the "Race in Progress" signs were out, we missed riding with the cyclists.



Fuelling motorcycles always takes 3 times longer than filling a car. Everybody gets off and wanders around chatting. The folks getting gas always have their wallets tucked away in an inside pocket or tank bag. Someone disappears into the washroom or the store...

Hank and Brad sprang for Pizza for everyone after the ride. Brad had brought the XJ shim pool along so this gave time for warm engines to cool before entering the shim phase of the clinic. Apparently this was none too soon because in one case, a shim was found to be 3 sizes too thick! We decided to double check the carbs on that bike, a decision that soon highlighted a slight error. On installing the colourtune, that cylinder was found to be extremely rich. The pilot screw was wound in slowly and *just* went blue as it seated completely. Hmmm. Sounds like maybe a damaged pilot screw? The next cylinder was still a nice Bunsen blue, but the one after that was really strange. It was blue, but missing like it was on the edge of lean. Winding the screw out made it miss worse. Winding it in to the point where it just seated made it go yellow. It made absolutely no sense at all. Remembering last year's episode of the starter lever, I checked and the choke lever was completely "off". More head scratching followed as we all acknowledged that, being well after 1 am, we had to be missing something obvious, because the bike was fine earlier in the day and that cylinder had not required any valve adjustment. Finally I grabbed the "choke" cable at the carb end and gave a little tug -- sure enough, the sound of the engine and the flame colour inside instantly changed! The outer cable was clamped a little too tight holding a couple of the plungers just slightly open. The cable was given a little more slack and everything behaved properly from then on.

By this time, it was after 2 am. The end of a long, exhausting and thoroughly enjoyable day.



Ok, so technically it's not a Trailer Queen...

Vital Statistics:
16 Guests, 8 cancellations, 21 bikes (including ours), 36 hot dogs, 24 hamburgers, 30 pieces of chicken, 4 tubs of salad, 10 cases of pop/juice, 24 cans of Seafoam, 8 valve shims, 2 oil changes and many litres of fuel.