

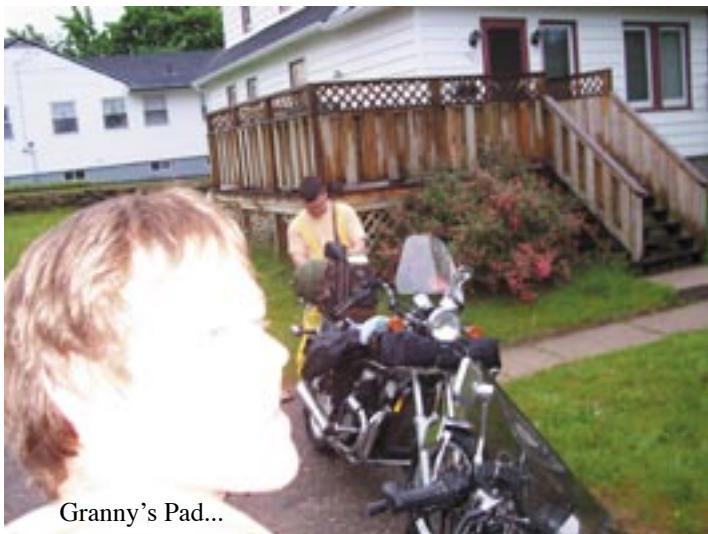


# NOCC 2005

(3835.5 km later...)



Hey all  
XJ Owners  
and friends!  
Thought I'd  
better report in  
after this year's  
exceptionally  
long journey to  
the N.O.C.C. I  
managed to stay



awake yesterday long enough to see a few of you have been following my progress back east across Canada. I rolled in to Halifax, Nova Scotia this Tuesday June 21st at midnight. I'd been riding since the previous Wednesday.... No, I didn't make it in to work on the 22nd as planned. :) Sleeping....

Anyways, I may as well start from the beginning. I've been wanting to meet Dwayne and attend one of these clinics for over three years now. Every year, it seems something

gets in the way at the last minute. Well, this year was no different - a few things came up (I won't bore you with details) - but I still managed to hit the road Wednesday after work, sights set on Huntsville, Ontario. I drove to Moncton, NB and met up with my friend Steve, who came along with me on half of this journey. We met around 7, and rode to



Dirtbikers in Grand Falls!



Miramichi to my Gran's for the night. The weather was nice Wednesday night, and Grandma fed us bacon before we set out into the heavy, wet, constant, never-ending rain Thursday morning. We rode across the 108 through Northern NB - through 200 km of pure forest before coming to Grand Falls where we broke for lunch and a few photos of our dirtbikes. We pushed on through the province of Quebec, hoping to reach Smith Falls - but ending up in Ottawa for the night. I ended up



fixing a busted header pipe with a hose clamp about an hour east of Ottawa (in the rain). We whirled in to my uncle's place around midnight, 3 hours after he'd expected us. This was an 18 hour ride day. Man, Quebec does NOT look all that big on a map..

The next day, we were up early once more. More bacon and eggs, and then out into the miserable weather. I thought I was clever, putting plastic bags in my boots and sporting a 'garbage bag vest' as well. Nope. Didn't work worth

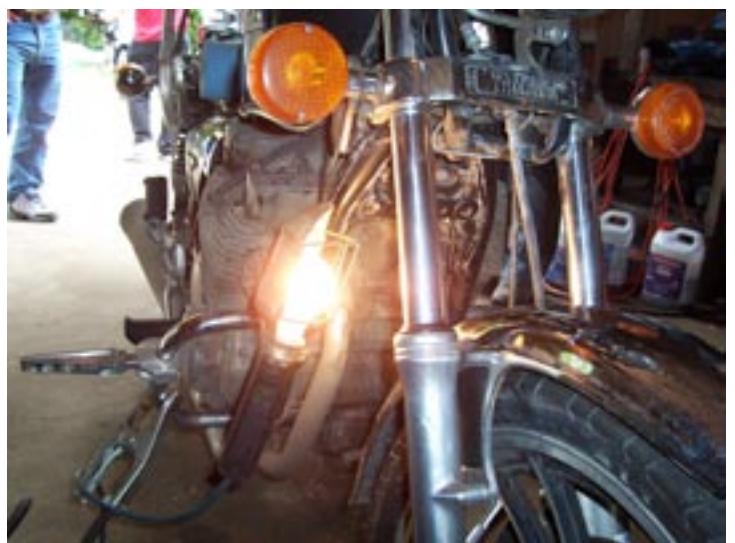
a damn. :) I sheared my final header bolt of the trip around Eganville. This was fixed half-heartedly in the rain (so close to Huntsville now...) Suffice to say, my bike sounded like a big sewing machine as we finally rolled into Dwayne's around suppertime on Friday. I saw all the bikes, and thought we must be late. Nope, we were the first to arrive! Dwayne greeted us, and the bikes warmly, even though Steve was on a Honda. ;)

After meeting the wonderful Verhey clan, and having a few drinks and laughs, it was time for bed. The condition my bike was in, I knew I'd have to be up with the sun... The next day, my bike went into one of 3 bays at about noon, and didn't come out until Sunday. :) The sheared bolts proved to be, indeed, from hell. Poor Dwayne lost track of everything





Dwayne greets bikes  
after people...



That's a lotta bikes!!

counting on that plate so far...

After macguyvering the headers, it was time for a tune. My bike proved to be in the worst shape ever seen at one of these clinics. Kelvin (son#1) and I spent some time syncing and tuning while everyone else was out riding. I'd hoped to get some fishing in, but it was not in the cards. After pizza, I replaced 2 valve shims under the watchful eye of Brad. Even Everett jumped in the shim pool, after having his exhaust welded and screwed together by Dwayne. Lucky for me, he also put on a spin-on oil filter, and could no longer use his oil cooler. I managed to get a hold of it for my ride. (Which overheated a total of 4 times on this adventure.)

After packing it in with the 2am Gang, I was up early and ready to ride once more Sunday morning. My bike didn't even sound like my bike when I started it. It's so smooth

working on my bike. Before he knew it, someone had barbecued and it was time to go on the group ride! The *DV-Plans (tm)* A, B and C failed us - and the welder was packed away and the generator shut off. Finally, we had some success with *DV Plan D* - a metal plate Dwayne cut that used bolts driven against the frame tube, to put pressure on the exhaust collars. Excellent work Dwayne!! 2000 km and





Dwayne saw us out of Huntsville

and powerful sounding now.... I teamed up with the Quebec Contingent: Martin and Everett and also Hank for the ride to Montreal. Martin and his lovely girlfriend Caroline put me up for the night at their place. It was a sunny day, and a great ride. I especially liked jamming through Algonquin Park in the non-rain, and got a kick out of having to push a Harley off the ferry in Montreal. Hehe. Harleys.

I awoke early on Monday morning, and had a cup of coffee with Martin before setting out.



Eatin' at the Chip Truck...

About 5 minutes after leaving, I showed up once again in his driveway.... still in first gear. In fact, completely stuck in first gear. The first step was to call Dwayne. "Oh hey Kelvin - he's out riding is he? - **Do'ahh!!**" With the need for speed at the top of our minds, Martin



Ridin' the ferry, pushin' the Harley...

put a call into a local shop. They seemed to know what they were talking about, so we headed out. It was 15 km away. My bike goes about 15kph in first gear.... so it took a while. After the bike was up on the hoist in the shop, Dwayne managed to get a hold of me and tell me everything that was wrong over the phone. I had Martin translate Dwayne's sage advice to the shop guys. Martin got me all fixed up at a good price, and sent me on my way. Turned out

a chain guide had broken and fallen into my shifter drum. Many thanks Martin and Dwayne!! Anytime ANY of you fellows is on the east coast, give me a shout. (We'll do Cabot Trail!)

Leaving at noon instead of 7am made quite the difference on the



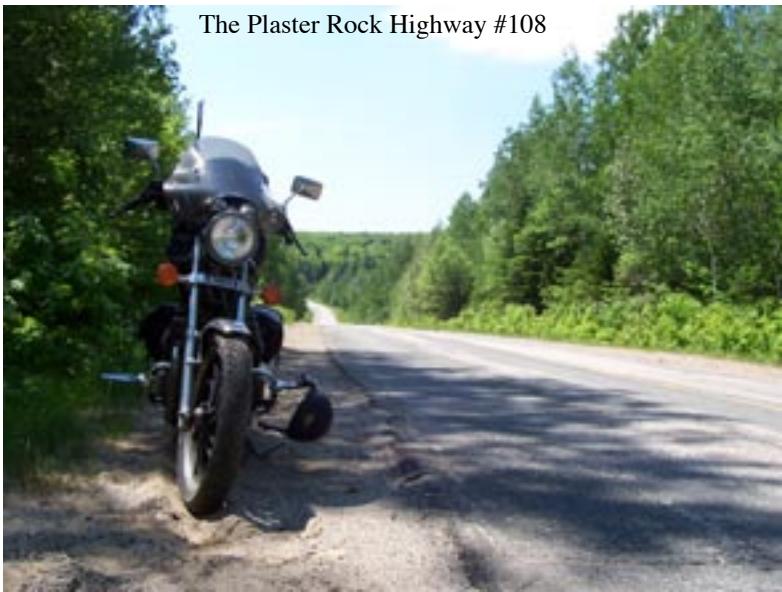


Looks like heaven at 1 am.

And not too bad at noon either.



The Plaster Rock Highway #108



Wentworth Valley, close to home!



way back. I shot up the 40 on the North side of the River this leg, and had to drop down to the 20 in Quebec city. Well, I managed to make it to Quebec JUST in time for rush hour traffic over that big honkin' bridge. After I got out of that mess, the bike overheated... A little break,

and I pushed onwards to Riviere du Loup, where I stopped and bought a tent and had a bite to eat. I left for New Brunswick, and managed to make it just past Edmundston, when the exhaustion set in. I found a spacious hidden field and set up camp for the night.

I awoke at 11am the next morning, and was on the road by noon. It was a pretty uneventful trip the final day, although I thoroughly enjoyed the ride on the Plaster Rock highway in the non-rain conditions. (Although I was heavy on the throttle

and overheated the bike once more...) The highway is a bit of a kidney-killer, but I think maybe I saw about 6 other vehicles on it the whole 2 hours I was riding. I rolled through Wentworth valley at dusk, and was home by midnight.

All in all, I think I had the time of my life. The people I've met were all incredible, and I've proved to myself and everyone around that these XJ's are completely indestructible. The sheer amount of knowledge I gained at the Verhey's is enough to bowl me over. My brain still feels full!! Thanks all who attended and made it such a memorable weekend!

Aren't you supposed  
to be at work now,  
windburnt boy?

