

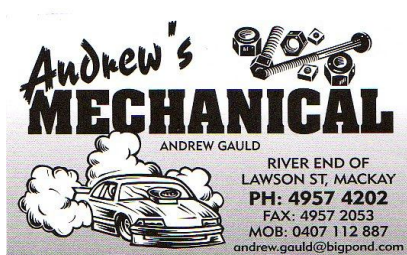
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This Journal is produced six times per year, and distributed at the 'even number' meetings. Contributions for the journal should reach the Editor no later than the **25th of the month prior to the distribution meeting.**

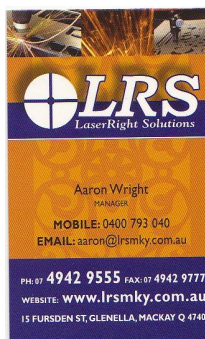
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Sept-Oct 08



TAPPET
RATTLE

Official Journal of the
British Motorcycle Owners Association Incorporated of Mackay

Made in England

Editors Ravings

Hello everyone. I trust that the winter chill has long passed and we are coming into some great riding weather. The August meeting was also the AGM with a couple of changes to the Club executive. A big thank you to all the outgoing executive, the ones staying and of course the newly incoming. The Club certainly is in good hands so support the office bearers for the 2008/09 year. For further details regarding your new executive, see the last page of this journal.

We recently took part in the St Lawrence run, together with riders from both the Rockhampton and Gladstone clubs. I was unable to make it this year due to commitments, however, reports were of yet another excellent gathering of bikes, fellowship, lies and of course massive mixed grills. Jim Melling from Gladstone recently emailed me expressing the thanks of himself and the other members that made the ride to join in, and I said I would pass it on.

I have only just returned from Phillip Island where Robyn and I attended the 2009 MotoGP. I have attended many motor sporting events, including world class events, but nothing can prepare you for the visual and audio feast of the GP. This year included historical races, (with the unfortunate demise of one Irving Vincent I might add). However, it is the 800cc bikes everyone comes to see. I much say to see the speed and skills of those riders is breathtaking. You get the best idea standing at the end of the straight as they enter the tight first corner, braking from over 200mph. It is literally almost impossible to photograph them with normal gear. Do this trip at least once in your lifetime.

Members of the Club were deeply saddened hearing the news of the passing of life member, stalwart and friend Keith Sander. He died on 27 August 2008 aged 82 following complications after a fall. Keith was an active club member to the end. He assisted me greatly in resurrecting Tappet Rattle this year. He had been the editor for many years, and did it all by hand without computers. I met Keith when he started the St Lawrence Run with some Rocky members. His fellowship, catering, humour and wise counsel were a highlight of those runs. One of the pleasures of coming to Mackay was being able to spend more time with Keith, but alas, that time was shorter than any of us expected.

Keith had a love of motorcycling and in particular Vincents. He was also quite a dab hand at repairing magnetos. He got lots of people out of trouble with his handy advice, and all round generosity. It was great to see so many members past and present, near and far attend his funeral at Sarina.

The thoughts and prayers of all of us are with Joan, Helen, Roslyn and Michael. You have lost someone irreplaceable to us all.

Vale Keith Sander

For Sale and Wanted

For sale

1961 Velocette Venom Clubman. Electric Start conversion
A1 condition \$21,000
To view this magnificent motorcycle call
Lloyd Dornbusch on 49593452.

Wanted:- Any electric start gear (starter motor, sprockets/jackshaft, etc) for
Ducati Darmah

Swap:- Have an early Ducati 860 clutch cover (electric start side) in excellent
cond want to swap for Darmah type in similar cond **Call Rowan on 0419
775006**

For Sale – Replica **Manx Norton** Featherbed Frame locally made and to
original dimensions. Contact **Lucky Keiser 0419 787620** for details

For sale 1962 Norton 650SS. 98% original Slimline Featherbed Frame.
Needs some TLC but Club Registered. Alloy Rims and some spares, including
tin ware, crank cases and barrels, pistons etc. Matching Engine and Frame
Nos. **Keith Wood 0439 440 244**

Wanted, Any parts to suit BMW Earles fork models, R50, R60, 1955 to 1969.
Consider anything, **ring 41232570, Greg.**

Wanted:- Triumph parts Girder parts, 1934-1940, Page and Turner, both light
weight and heavy weight, as well as generally any thing for any of the models
made between those years. (1935 model 3/5, 350cc OHV; 1937 model 6S,
600cc SV; & a 1939 model 5S, 500cc SV **Call Jack 0428231028**



Bob at rest – see report

the future. Was a busy day racing both the solo and sidecar, the meeting was run very professionally with little interruption and hardly any down time between races. We were out in our last sidecar race for the day and running third. We had experienced what I thought was fuel problems at one stage and when the engine slowed I thought we were running out of fuel (it used 3 litres of fuel a lap at Eastern Creek) as it was the last lap I slowed a little, we crossed the line, feeling happy with a third place and BANG, in Bernies words "I let the smoke out of the engine". Still have not stripped the engine but from the holes in the crankcase, we can see the con rod appears to be in many pieces, the big end is shattered and we think the crankshaft is in two pieces. BUGGER.

Load the sidecar on the trailer and cover with a tarpaulin. That does not stop the pilgrimage of fellow racers making a bee line to the out fit, offering words of condolence and in some cases, attempted wisdom, and wondering off with comments like, that will cost plenty. Racing over that day (Due to the track being covered in oil), so it is off to the pub for another round of festivities and lies, funny how the lap times improve following a short time at the bar.

Sunday was a good day for the solo, best I could do was a third. Just prior to the last race we noticed an oil leak. On closer inspection we could see the oil tank had split. Lucky it happened late in the day, not first thing Saturday morning. It now all starts again but in reverse, packing up and setting off. We only made Nernag on the Sunday night, both Bernie and I happily exhausted,



and guess what, off to the pub for yet more lies. Got to Mackay around 17:00 Monday, unpack and discuss repairs required prior to the next event, hopefully that will be Lakeside, fingers crossed. There is a meeting planned for Warwick on 21st, 22nd September, may have to mark that one on calendar as well.

By the way, my sidecar is now off the market for a while but if anyone is interested there are a couple of outfits (Modern) on the market at the moment and are reasonably priced. Give me a call if keen.

BISCUIT RIDES AGAIN

This is a story that has achieved legendary status in a S.E.Qld.town. It happened in the mid 1960's and involved two young men of my age. The names will be withheld as two of the three people involved are dead. It happened on a normal drunken Christmas break-up day of a large engineering works. It was normal for employees to "jump the fence" on the last day of work for the year and go to the pub to celebrate, it did not matter whether you were twenty one years old and legal or not as a beer could still be had if you knew the publican or the barmaid and sat near the door ready for a quick exit.

Pay packets were handed out at three o'clock and this was the start of the Christmas holidays for three weeks. Enter the main players, one of whom owned a BSA.Flash 650cc, and the other who owned a rusty, old, fixed wheel pushbike with no mudguards or brakes. Having picked up their pay and slightly inebriated, the next step was to get home. It was ok for the BSA rider but for his mate on the pushbike it was a six mile ride on a hot summer afternoon. No problems says Mr. BSA rider just hang onto this rope and I will tow you .Yeah ok says the pushbike rider but take it easy as I have no brakes because it's a fixed wheel and the pedals turn with the rear wheel. All went well until the big long straight that runs beside the golf course was reached and the BSA rider thought he would see how fast a pushbike could go. At forty mph the pushbike pedals were a blur so his feet were resting at the top of the forks and the rope had a turn round the steering head and was held by one hand. Enter the third player who was a well known motorcycle policeman who through previous exploits was a legend in his own audio space. The policeman was parked in the shade of a large tree just around the corner off the main road and all was quiet except for the approaching sound of a motorbike travelling perhaps a little better than the speed limit. Into view came a motorbike and a push bike which appeared to be keeping up without pedaling. Tally-ho! Mr. Policeman starts up his BSA and gives chase.

Things happen in quick succession at his stage. Push bike rider becomes aware of Motorcycle Policeman riding in formation with him and pointing to the side of the road. Push bike rider lets go of the rope which was wound around head stem. Motorcycle Policeman indicates to pull over. Mr. BSA and Policeman both on motorcycles pull over only to be blown away by Mr. Pushbike rider who has no hope of stopping until the bike slows up enough to use his boots on the tyre as a brake. Police man instructs Mr. BSA to "Wait Here" and gives chase to runaway push bike which has just crested a medium sized hill and was again accelerating down the other side

All this was trying the patience of the Police Officer who continued to point to the side of the road. But all the push bike rider could do was look at him and shrug his shoulders and point ahead to an even bigger hill that would eventually stop him. Mr. BSA rider could see what was happening and disregarding the police instruction gave chase to the motorcycle/pushbike pursuit. Eventually, half way up the hill the push bike stopped. The policeman stopped and Mr. BSA stopped

The policeman by this stage was livid and flew into a rage at Mr. BSA. firstly, for his idiocy and secondly for disobeying his directive. He then directed his rage at the Push bike rider for his idiocy. He then reached into his saddle bag, waved a little gun in the air and in his usual stutter said " I should dddd the pppublic a sservice and sshoot the bloody pppair of you The surprise of the afternoon was, No one was Booked. Maybe on reflection, I think entertainment and bragging rights prevailed. A rare commodity these days. It has been forty years since the above event but, the facts are as I remember them Regards

Jim Schibrowski.

BMOA Western Ride Sept 2008.

The planned "BMOA Western Ride" consisting of 10 riders, (Gerry Dempsey (Triumph America), Max Anzolin (BMW), Tim Lucy (Moto-Guzi) , Maurie Price (Spyda), Bob Inkson(Harley Davidson), Kingsley Honan (Kawasaki Klr650), Alan Crane (Triumph Rocket), Lloyd Harmsworth (Triumph BonnevilleT100), Dennis Laydon (Moto-Guzi),& Garry Miller (Triumph Speedmaster), got underway on Monday the 15th Sept leaving the Shell City gates at 9am with the first stop being Nebo for a leg stretch. The first problem encountered was when one of the Italian Stallions faltered about 20 Klms from the Moranbah Shell Servo. Bob Inkson showed his unique management style and went for a walk and just happened to come across some one he knew and in Bobs unique style organised for the bike and rider to be transported back to Mackay. The remaining group ventured onto Clermont for a well earned lunch break where it was found that the ONLY American Steed had blown a front fork seal so with much haste everyone headed to Emerald our first planned overnight stay and with a lot of luck was able to secure a replacement seal. Having got the seal we hurriedly headed for Ron (Sao) & Ann Kay's Fantastic Repair, Maintenance, & Accommodation Facilities where the necessary repairs were carried out. The hospitality of Sao & Ann is beyond belief as everyone was more that adequately Fed, & Bedded and had their Liquid Levels more that adequately replenished. Tuesday saw the remaining 9 riders head to Longreach via Alpha & Barcaldine arriving at the "Well Shot Hotel" at Ilfracombe around 2pm for some well earned refreshments.

I digress, sorry, but thought it a good opportunity to pass on some news about Lakeside, both past and future.

The weather on the trip down was atrocious to say the least, wet and cold (BLOODY COLD) Sat morning we rose at sparrows fart and tried to survey the sky. At -1 degree, and a heavy fog covering, we could not be sure. Out to the track, set up camp, unloaded gear, and the sky was a cloudless blue, you beauty.

Push the bikes up for scrutineering, all gear checked, licenses good, riders briefing and prepare for practice. Tyson had agreed to do one practice and the first race for me on the side car. It was his first go, and as I was running the



sidecar in we were to take it easy. Oil almost frozen (Did I mention it was cold) in the sumps of both bikes, buggers will not fire, (Methanol and the cold are not a good mix) get spectators to push (Bernie Peter and Tyson buggedger from pushing) bikes fire, huge sigh of relief. It is not long before

the sidecars are called up for first practice (the sidecars usually go out first to clean the track and lay some rubber down) some final instructions to Tyson (Hang On, Hang On, and above all HANG ON. (Keith Piercy would remember these same instructions when he had a practice swing some time ago)

A good group of sidecars present, 11 in all so practice was hectic. We were split in to two groups and we were in with the moderns. Practice went well with Tyson doing a good job, his jaw did drop a bit when I told him we were only 2/3 rds throttle. Out on the solo and all is good with the Norton. The tyres the club donated to us work well with most of the tread now being used without loss of adhesion.

Track temperature would have to be minus 10 degrees.

Tyson swung in the first sidecar race and again performed well, from memory we got a fourth. He is hooked and has offered his services in

Racing Warwick Style - by Keith Wood

The race meeting, was run by Q.E.M.S.C. (Queensland Early Motorcycle Sporting Club) the Interclub Race meeting was held over the 26 / 27 July at Carnell Raceway Stanthorpe.

A Little History

- The track is approximately 1.3km long. While only short, it is very demanding as there are no spots that you can take a bit of a breather. The straight is only approx 300 m long. The track is relatively wide so there are some good overtaking opportunities.

Getting Sorted

Bernie, Tyson (My Son) and I finalised packing on Thursday night for an early departure Friday morning. 2 solos in my ute (Ducati 750 and ES2 Norton) and the Honda outfit on the trailer. We were well loaded with bikes, spares, tools, oil, fuel (80 litres of methanol) and other requisites for a weekends racing. Travel light we do not. Tyson had loaded his recent acquisition, (the Yellow Norvil Norton) on his trailer for the trip to Sydney, he was to accompany us to Stanthorpe and continue on the next day to Sydney.

Departure

We collected Bernie around 02:30 Friday morning, as usual he was pacing up and down his driveway waiting for us and certainly keen to get going. Traffic fairly light and we made good time. Travelling through Gin Gin we added to the convoy, my sidecar passenger Peter Blackburn from Gladstone was fuelling up and had seen us go past. It was not long and he had joined the pilgrimage on to Stanthorpe.

Arrive

Reached Stanthorpe around 17:30, found the Motel, put the bikes to bed, covered the equipment and in fine British Owners tradition, headed straight for the pub. Run in to some fellow competitors and had a fine evening wining dining and telling lies.

On a promising note Ian Milton (An activist for the resurrection of Lakeside Raceway) did say that they were madly trying to organise a Historic meeting at Lakeside for late August. Each time a meeting is discussed it generates a lot of enthusiasm as Lakeside is a fantastic track Last I heard the promoters could not firm up an insurer, this was the only block, all be it a major one. We hold our breath in anticipation of a meeting being run this year, will we be going, YOU BLOODY BET, if not as a competitor, certainly as a spectator. Those of you who are long time members of the British club will recall our trips to Lakeside, (Unfortunately, usually in hire cars) Depart Friday afternoon flowing work, drive all night. A few hours kip on arrival in Brisbane, hit the bike shops Sat morning, out to the racing Sat afternoon, party Sat night, (Getting asked to leave several establishments) race track Sunday and drive home Sunday night to start work Monday. What a weekend. These meetings would see over 270 competitors, travelling from all states, the racing was serious and very competitive.

While we were being refreshed and entertained by the resident Border Collie Sheep dog who had a phobia for Leaves & Bitumen Stones Bob received a message telling us that our accommodation in Longreach was non existent, So with much haste we downed our remaining refreshments headed for Longreach to get the problem sorted. This we did by obtaining accommodation at the Commercial Hotel which also had an old motel adjacent. Mostly 2 to a room but in one case we ended up with 4 soon to be 5. During the late afternoon Bob received a phone call from Dennis Laydon saying the "Italian Stallion" was fixed and He would be in Longreach on Wednesday afternoon to rejoin the ride.

Wednesday saw us do the Tourist thing in Longreach visiting the Power house Museum with Garry Miller organised us some early entry along with a Group of School Kids. Once this was completed we then went onto the Stockman's Hall of Fame which was also very interesting. Most ride members had a relaxing afternoon just rubbernecking around Longreach except for a few who had to try out their western fishing skills in the nearby Thompson River. All to no result as the expert in the group who had gone and bought the "Locals Favourite Lure" forgot to take his fishing line with him.. Dennis arrived at 3.15 pm which in anyone terms was a sterling effort having left Mackay at 7am. However the Stallion was still not healthy as it was encountering some perceived battery problems which Dennis promptly took care of once he had become rehydrated.

This is where the 4 in 1 room became 5 and guess who had the only double bed? So there was one who didnt get a lot of sleep that night as his one eye was being kept fairly active trying to get some sleep and also keep a watch on Laydo.

Thursday saw us all (Well 8 out of 10 Laydo & Bob stayed behind to do battle with the local bike shop who were keen on getting out of bed early) heading for Charleville via Isisford (where Bob & Dennis caught up), Blackall, Tambo for a Counter Lunch and then onto Augathella for a refuel and arriving in Charleville just after 4pm. We overnighted in Charleville at the Charleville hotel. I think everyone on the ride was at one time or another was exposed to this strange western phenomenon that we hadn't come across before. The Locals call it a "Swamp Donkey" must be something like the Mystical Min Min Light ????. Apparently they are only out west ????. Friday saw us leaving Charleville heading for Taroom via , Morven, Mitchell, Roma & then onto the next refuelling stop at Jackson which was non existent as we headed across to Wandoan, I can tell there was some nervousness on this stretch as the road was one of the best we had been on but putting 16.1Ltrs into a 16.3 Ltr tank really gets the mind going especially when the only BMW with the Large Dakar fuel tank heads off merrily into the distance after negotiating a flooded road dip that one lead rider went into a little to fast and couldn't quite successfully complete the crossing under power.

Lunch & Refreshments were had at the Wandoan Hotel and we then headed off to Taroom for our next overnight. The Leichardt Hotel in Taroom was by far the best and most enjoyable overnight stay and there were no further encounters with the western phenomenon that we had encountered further west.

Saturday saw us up and at it again at 7.45 am heading for the rendezvous with the other BMOA riders at St Lawrence for the annual St Lawrence Ride. This took us via Theodore, Banana, then onto Westwood and into Rocky behind numerous delightfully smelling Bull Carters. We had lunch in Rocky before venturing onto St Lawrence, Most were Ok but some had a problem getting past Yamba for some reason. We arrived at St Lawrence at approximately 3 pm after encountering a number of the Rocky riders also heading north for the meeting. This was a great meeting as the BMOA Club and the Rocky Club Members under the guidance of Andrew Gauld propose and drank to the renaming of this ride as the "Keith Sander Ride" as Keith was the original instigator of the get together. The night went well apart from some who ordered meals at 6.30 pm and got them at 10pm. and also one person who was "apparently just overcome by the whole week's events which must have caught up EVENTUALLY" adjourned early. And left the other club members to carry on the tradition. (See the attached photos) '.

The Western Ride was a total success with us covering approximately 2500Klms in the week. The group of riders were all good company. Special mention must go to Maurie Price on his Spyda that cause an enormous amount of interest where ever we went including the "Boys in Blue" in Longreach, There would be numerous people left out west with sore necks as Maurie passed them on this new type of motorcycle. The other credit must go to Kinsley Honan who after some early ongoing education re "Kitting Up" in the first couple of days managed to keep the Chook Chaser bringing up the rear and was never more that 1 or 2 seconds off the pace.

This type of long ride could be organised on a regular basis but we would most probably have a couple of rest days along the way and after the Longreach stay it seemed to be just full on going from one stop to another without taking in the more of the local experiences.

Reported by G C Dempsey

Remember:- Old and Grey haired riders don't get that way from pure luck.

SOME MORE PICTURES OF THE WESTERN TOUR



Bleary eyes at St Lawrence



Sao's famous shed

*By the way – who was the rider who thought that he could get through the water after taking not much notice of the “dip in road” and water over road signs. Didn't get too far across before filling the boots when the bike snuffed. He complained bitterly that the road was **gerrybuilt** but I don't know about that*

REMEMBER:- One bike on the road is worth two in the shed.