

TAPPET RATTLE



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The Formalities



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

The opinions contained in this journal are those of the Editor and / or Contributors and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Association or it's Members

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THE EDITORS RAVINGS

Lawrie Kapitzke - Editor



Well it's that time again, time for me to put on my thinking cap and come up with something intelligible to fill this column. It's been a fairly busy two months with club rides to the Kungurri Hillclimb and the annual St. Lawrence ride, both of which were very enjoyable, and I also managed to squeeze in a couple of day rides here and there with a couple of members I regularly ride with.

I recently had the pleasure of assisting a member to fit new fork tubes to his America, arriving just in time to prevent him resorting to the angle grinder in an attempt to get the forks apart. Admittedly they were being rather stubborn however I had read of others overcoming this hurdle by using a sharpened broom handle to wedge the dampener rod in place thus

allowing the removal of the single bolt that holds the two halves of the fork together and, thankfully, this method also worked for us. Once that hurdle was overcome the rest of the job proceeded quite smoothly and we quickly had one fork leg reassembled and were well into the other when we discovered a "spare" oil seal spring in the packet with the one remaining fork seal. This necessitated the undoing of all our good work on the already completed leg, however, by this stage we were well versed in the disassembly / assembly procedure and we very quickly had the fork back together with the offending seal spring in place. The job was completed and the bike back on its wheels by late afternoon, just in time to sit back with a stubby in

hand and contemplate our efforts. You certainly wouldn't want to be paying these two "mechanics" \$90 per hour to work on your bike that's for sure but at least we had the satisfaction of completing the work ourselves and learning a couple of new tricks in the process. Of course Gerry if those fork seals start leaking on the Western ride I refuse to accept any responsibility OK? Ride safe and I'll see you next issue.



R.I.P. Ross (Rosco) Gordon

It is with regret that I must report the passing of BMOA member and past President Ross Gordon (Rosco). Sadly Ross lost his battle with cancer on Monday 3-11-2011 leaving behind his wife Valerie and three children, Jack, Mitchell & Shay.

As a mark of respect, BMOA and Central Coast Touring Club members assembled at KFC Mt. Pleasant car park before riding as a group to attend his funeral service at Newhaven Crematorium on Harbour Road at 10.00 am on the 5-11-2011. I'm sure all members join with me in extending our condolences to the Gordon family in this time of loss. May you rest in peace Rosco as you will be sadly missed.



Ross Gordon (Rosco)



BMOA & Central Coast Touring Club members assemble before riding to the service



The scene outside the chapel as people gather for the service

**MY DEBUT ON A 7.9HP SOLO
A TALE OF HILLCLIMBING AND AD-
VENTURE**

By E. P. Burdett, 2nd Lt.

Taken from June 8th 1916 Edition of
"The Motorcycle" magazine

The dog was the real reason why I bought the Harley Davidson. Outside our camp is a nice little speed track, which is also, unfortunately, a main road. And that morning the powers that be, having previously warned us for the Front, had decided to send us to a certain detestable place whence escape is not for many months; but, relenting a moment, had granted us three days leave before reporting. So there was every reason why I should be blinding down the road at a speed wholly out of comparison with the legal limit, on my tight little 3 1/2HP twin Matchless of uncertain age, to fill up with petrol at our favourite garage.

But love and war wait for no man. Whether it was love or war that controlled the antics of the two dogs concealed from my view by the cart at the side of the road I shall never know. But just as I drew level one of them sprang impetuously across the road, precisely into my front wheel.

I picked myself up about twenty yards on, having turned, I was informed by an eyewitness, and my own sensations confirmed, two complete somersaults in the air. I shook myself, miraculously undamaged. I limped to the spot where a crowd had collected round the heaving corpse: gathered that we were exonerated from blame: gathered that it was a prize dog, and somebody's only joy in life: and gathered that even the owners of the other

mongrel wished it exterminated. The situation was beyond words, though not beyond tears on the part of many of the bystanders. I limped down to the garage and sent for the remains of the Matchless just in time to prevent the number being taken by a policeman.

The Deal

After I had been bandaged up by the nearest doctor the position began to crystallise. The Matchless was intact ("some" frame), except that as we were somersaulting something had caught the rod of the hub gear, and yanked the gear suddenly into Bottom, finally breaking the rod. At the speed we were going this had stripped half the pinions, and ghastly noises were audible from the hub. Consequently the 'bus was useless until parts had been obtained - and everyone knows what it is to get parts for Armstrong gears. Also, most insistent fact of all, I had three days leave.

It is characteristic of great minds to make rapid decisions. There in the garage stood a great beast of a Harley Davidson. I knew whose it was, S., one of my comrades - in - arms, had it for sale because he was afraid of straining his heart in trying to start it. The garage proprietor wanted £55., but might take £50 cash. The Matchless was surely worth £35 even with the damaged hub. A rapid consideration of the situation at Cox's. "Would he take the Matchless and £20?"

With some persuasion he would. So I gave him a post dated cheque, poor fellow, and left the tyres to be changed round, and most of the bolts holding the engine to the frame replaced. Thus at 10:15 next morning I started off to lunch with H. at an appointed hotel in Grasmere, which is eighty miles away. And it rained forty days and forty nights. At all

events all the way to Grasmere. It was with some trepidation that I let in the clutch, as it was my first ride on any motorcycle of over 6HP, let alone solo on a wet day. However, I reflected that if I were killed I would certainly not go to the detestable place before referred to, which would be all to the good.

But T. T. bars and perfect balance soon give confidence, and I slushed through the mud at a speed which was never much below 30MPH, for I regret to say that the un-tuned carburettor did not promise the 4MPH on top which we read about in the advertisements.

I paused for ten minutes in Preston in an unsuccessful attempt to buy sparking plugs, and then started on the fine stretch to Lancaster. In spite of the rain, this was in good condition: it is a road which never gets muddy. Then on to Kendal, which is a particularly greasy town in wet weather; and slowly, in fear of skids, on to Windermere and finally to Grasmere, where I arrived at 5 minutes to one - not too bad for a maiden ride. I found to my surprise that over this eighty miles I had used less than a gallon of petrol, which was just as well in view of the distinctly inferior tank capacity of the 1915 model; this, of course, has been improved in the 1916 tank.

Testing the Hill-climbing Powers

H. rode a 1913 Rudge - multi, and after lunch we set out to try our luck on the local test hills. Red Bank comes first on the list, and I had heard so much about the terrible gradient that I changed down to Middle early on, as I had not thoroughly mastered the Harley gears, and dared not risk a sudden change down at the last moment. We sped up to the summit in fine style, and I could not help thinking that I could have done it on Top, but on maturer

reflection I doubt this. The Rudge got up all right in the end, but here and elsewhere was slowed by a slipping belt on Low gear, due to a worn pulley.

We joined the Windermere road, and turned off at Ambleside for the Kirkstone pass to Ullswater. There are two ways up Kirkstone; a comparatively easy way by Troutbeck from Windermere, and the steep ascent from Ambleside. The Harley again took the long grade on Middle, though we were all out in places, and I halted outside the Kirkstone Pass Inn to watch the Rudge.

I never expected it to get up. But H. took the hairpin perfectly, and bought it up by very clever riding, moving the gear lever all the time to get a grip on the belt. The Rudge cylinder at the top was as cool as the Harley. We went on to Ullswater, most beautiful of the lakes, and thence on to Penrith and Keswick, a splendid road all the way, and so back to our base at Grasmere, very well pleased with ourselves.

The next morning dawned fine, and we set out for Keswick, taking the prettier road to the left of Thirlmere. We left Keswick by Whinlatter Pass, past Derwentwater. The road surface here is terrible, and for the first time I used Low gear in order to go slowly through the ruts. We turned off to the left at bottom, and rode past Crummock Water and Buttermere to the foot of the most famous hill of all - Honister.

Up Honister Pass

The climb up Honister from Seatoller is a mere trifle to the Buttermere side. Nobody who wants long life from his tyres is advised to try the climb from Buttermere. The gradient is probably not much worse than Red Bank, and the length is not

much greater, but the surface is entirely of loose pebbles, in which the wheels sink and cannot get a grip. I was climbing the hill on Middle before I had realised I had reached it. I came on the bad surface. and bungled the change down (on the Harley system the clutch must be taken right out before the gear lever can be moved). Before I had the gear in we were going backwards, and I only saved a fall by jamming on the brakes. The Rudge, better ridden, passed me, but soon came back again, and H. said that further on it was impossible.

However, I made a restart, and by throwing all my weight on the back wheel, climbed without much wheel slip to the steepest part, about a hundred yards from the summit. Here, on looking up, I saw an Arrol - Johnston coming down fairly fast with both back wheels skidding. There was just room to run into the rock at the left-hand side, and the car just cleared me, the driver shouting out an apology as he passed. H. says the car got to the bottom in safety, but it must have taken good driving. When the car passed I had to drop the Harley, which fell over sideways in the stones; but by and by two or three men came along and with vast exertions we lifted it and pointed it up the hill and choked the back wheel with an enormous stone. I started the engine and let in the clutch very carefully. To my amazement the machine responded at once and moved up the hill, and we reached the top in style amid cheers from the onlookers.

I rejoined the Rudge at the foot of the hill and we went on to Cockermonth and back by Bassenthwaite Lake. On this trip the Harley averaged no less than 70MPG.

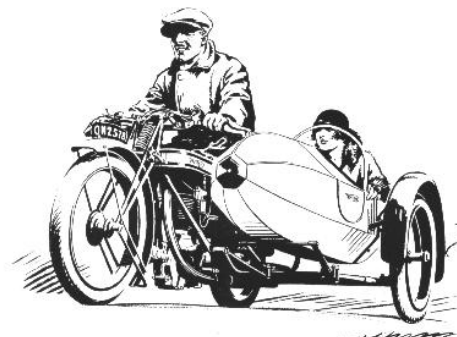
A Quick Return

All good things must come to an end, and

next morning I set off back to camp. On the way misfiring began. The "Silent Grey" ran perfectly on the level at any speed, but up hills misfiring would set in, so that sometimes I could hardly get to the top. I was secretly pleased to find a flaw in the Harley's armour of reliability, and proceeded to dismantle the carburettor. It was an interesting task to examine the workings of the Schebler, but all my cleaning made no improvement. Suddenly I remembered an experience on a Calthorpe - Jap before the war. I investigated, and sure enough the porcelain of one of the sparking plugs was cracked. It is curious that this should give rise to misfiring on hills only, which generally makes one think of choked filters and low levels.

My little tour ended dramatically. I had to report at nine o'clock next morning, and for one reason and another did not leave the place where I stayed the night, 12 1/2 miles away, till 8:41. The road is abominable, and there are eleven right - angled corners. But, spurred by thoughts of courts - martial, I blinded wildly all the way, just missing the hedge each time, and arrived triumphantly at 8:58. Average 44.1MPH.

I am now, alas, at the detestable place I have spoken of, but my Harley is down in the shed waiting for one kick - and then we shall see.



ST. LAWRENCE RIDE - 17th & 18th AUGUST 2011

Contributed by Lawrie Kapitzke

On the weekend of 17th & 18th August approximately 17 members went on an overnight ride to St. Lawrence staying at the St. Lawrence Hotel. Gathering at the Boomerang Hotel car-park at 11AM on the Saturday morning the back up vehicle was loaded up with the necessary refreshments and those who didn't wish to carry their gear also loaded it into the back up vehicle. After having a good chat and some "discussion" over stopping and fuelling points the procession finally got underway. It was certainly excellent weather for riding and we were soon free of the heavy city traffic and cruising along at highway speeds. There was an unplanned stop and some confusion at Sarina where we were scheduled to pick up another member however we were soon back on the road and heading for our first planned stop at Koumala. Chris Mills had a lucky escape when a semi she was following suddenly braked to avoid a vehicle turning in front of it. Apparently the semi locked up all wheels with the trailer slewing sideways to the left and it was only this that saved Chris, who had her Bonnie also locked up and starting to go sideways, from running into the back of the semi. If the semi driver had managed to keep his vehicle tracking straight while braking the outcome might have been very different. The incident understandably shook Chris up a bit and it serves as a reminder to give yourself an adequate safety margin when following vehicles at highway speeds and to be alert for the unexpected.

A short break was enjoyed at Koumala where some light refreshment was partaken of while chatting on the veranda of the Koumala Hotel. Shortly we were back on the road heading for Carmilla where most of us topped up with fuel and had a bite to eat at the roadhouse followed by a visit to the Carmilla Hotel for another chat and some light refreshment. The leg to Clairview was uneventful and the sight of the clear blue sea as we rode slowly down Colonial Drive at Clairview was awe-inspiring. We stopped at the Clairview (Crabpot Caravan Park) for half an hour to sit at the beach-side and admire the beautiful scenery while enjoying a refreshing drink. I can see why people are attracted to this little sea-side hideaway as, on this day at least, the scenery was postcard perfect. We then proceeded on the last leg to St. Lawrence which again proved to be uneventful. With good weather, fair roads and traffic from Koumala south being fairly light the ride down was quite enjoyable.

On arrival at the St. Lawrence Hotel we quickly acquainted ourselves with the guys from Rockhampton who had made their way up to meet with us. We eventually settled in to our modest but comfortable accommodation and gathered in the shed outside with our brothers from Rockhampton for pre-dinner drinks and nibbles. After some time most of us were eventually driven indoors, if not by the mosquitoes then by a desire for something more substantial than biscuits and dip. A second and possibly more plausible reason for this migration indoors was that the supply of free beer had run out. The public bar of a country hotel on a Saturday night is often quite entertaining and this one proved to be true to form with some colourful characters present and lots of friendly banter. The barmaid was incredibly efficient with your empty glass barely hitting the bar before it was quickly replaced with a full one and this turned out to be a bit of a hindrance when you were wanting to finish your drink to go and get something to eat. I found that the only way I could get away was to hold up my hand in a stop signal while I put my glass to my mouth to swallow the last mouthful thus successfully avoiding the sudden appearance of another full glass on the bar in front of me. The Hotel had put on a barbeque for dinner and a healthy sized steak burger was most welcome at this point in proceedings. After only a few more drinks while soaking up the atmosphere and chatting to locals I decided to retire for the night however I am reliably informed that many continued well on into the night.

I usually have no trouble sleeping, especially after the consumption of alcohol, and this night proved to be no different however I do recall that later in the night I was awoken by what at first sounded like the approach of a small earthquake but, after giving due consideration to the plausibility of such an event actually happening, I came to the realisation that the occupant of the



adjacent room was snoring rather loudly and this was the source of the loud rumbling. Apparently I was not the only person to be awoken by this and there was some discussion the following morning regarding the merit of awarding said gentleman a suitable trophy such was the consensus on the quality of his performance. We cant name the person but it is reasonable to assume that the Culprit is a member of the BMOA but does not reside in Mackay and once held a position on the Executive (God Bless His Soul).

We awoke to a rather foggy morning, both literally & mentally, and most of us found the need to consume several cups of coffee before normal function was returned. The Hotel organised a barbeque breakfast for those whose constitution was up to solid food at that early hour while the rest of us milled around organising our gear, checking our bikes over and preparing for the return ride. After breakfast was consumed the fog had started to clear locally so we started to head off in small groups. Once we reached the main highway we again struck heavy fog which persisted through until Clairview and required that we travelled at a much slower pace than would normally be the case. On reaching Carmilla most again topped up with fuel at the roadhouse and those of us that hadn't partaken of breakfast in St. Lawrence decided that it was at last a suitable hour for the consumption of solid food.

The ride from Carmilla home was somewhat splintered as some just fuelled up and bolted and others had a leisurely breakfast and a chat before heading off again in small groups or individually. Traffic was light from Carmilla through to Sarina allowing a quick and safe run through but from Sarina in to Mackay traffic again became a factor and I was glad to finally dismount at home. As somebody participating in the annual St.Lawrence run for the first time I found it to be enjoyable although long straight highway runs aren't usually my cup of tea as far as rides go. What made the difference here was the company, the regular stops and the country pub atmosphere. I would like to thank my fellow club members for an enjoyable weekend and I would particularly like to thank Mick Ryan for driving the back up vehicle.

BREAKFAST RIDE - SUNDAY 21ST AUGUST 2011

Contributed by Lawrie Kapitzke



Members of the Mackay British Motorcycle Owners Association went on a breakfast ride on Sunday 21st August 2011 with a country breakfast at the General Gordon Hotel followed by a ride out to the Kungurri Hill Climb event. The weather was excellent with a good turn out of members for the ride and the trip out to Kungurri along a carefully chosen route was very enjoyable. This was the first time I've at-

tended the Kungurri Hill Climb and I can tell you the picture below simply does not convey just how steep or rough that climb is.

In the time I was there only a handful of competitors made it all the way to the top and their success was always followed by a hearty cheer from the crowd. For the most part though the plan of attack seemed to be just charge at the hill as hard as you can and see how far you got before you fell off. Entry to the event was only \$6 for adults and food and refreshments were available on-site. The terrain allows for ample vantage points without straying too far from the refreshment tent with the only serious problem being that you were facing directly into the very strong mid morning sun. There were no doubt many red faces around the town the following day and they wouldn't have been limited to those that fell on the hill.



It was a good day and well worth the trip.



the Rust Bin

For Sale - Manx spec featherbed frame (no engine) which was built to take a Hinkley Bonneville engine / swinging arm. Would make a very unusual / nice modern Triton. **\$2000 Contact Lucky Keiser 0419 787 620** for details.



For Sale - New Bonneville Crankcases. One set of 2008 Bonneville crankcases. Very low mileage. VGC. **\$700 firm Phone Lawrie 4955 2337**



For Sale - Hinkley Bonneville front forks & triple trees. Complete, straight & in good condition. Will sell as is or rebuilt. **Price negotiable. Phone Lawrie 4955 2337**



For Sale - Staintune Stainless Sports Mufflers suit Triumph Rocket III Touring, part no. TR MS ROC T. As new condition. **\$750. Phone Col 0409 582 823**

For Sale - 1x Pair Of Size 10.5 Thomas Cook Johnny Reb Boots (Minus Buckles). Excellent condition. **\$75 Phone Gerry 0407 171 898**

Make an Offer Phone Gerry 0407 171 898

1x Set of Chrome Standard Dampening Triumph America or Speedmaster Genuine Rear Shock absorbers (6,000Klms) 320mm Centres 14mm Dia Mounts.

1x Set of Triumph America or Speedmaster Rear Foot Rest Mounts (Silver). New.

1x Set of Triumph America or Speedmaster Front Sprocket Chain Cover (Silver). New.

1x Hinkley Triumph 790 or 865cc Cam Cover (Silver). New.

For Sale - Replica Manx Norton Featherbed Frame locally made and to original dimensions. **Contact Lucky Keiser 0419 787 620** for details

For Sale - Large tank bag, two layer, like new, with straps & magnet type side flaps **\$160. Phone Andrew 0407 112 887**

For Sale - 1979 BMW R100RS. Owned bike past 23 Years, Nut & Bolt Rebuild, Heaps \$ Spent, Bike is as New Condition Plus Spares **\$12,000 Neg. Phone Arthur 4942 9679 or 0438 126 184**

For Sale - DBD34 G.S. Gold Star 500cc \$25,000. Phone Ian 0437448590.



For Sale - 2011 Triumph Rocket III Roadster. Less than 7,000K's, Flyscreen & sissy bar / rack. As new, genuine reason for sale. **\$19,250. Phone Col on 0409 582 823**



For Sale - 1959 Triumph 3TA T21 - Phone Sam on 0429 050 580

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