

# TAPPET RATTLE



*September - October 2013 Edition*





## 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 its Members

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# THE EDITORS RAVINGS

**Lawrie Kapitzke - Editor**



Phew!! - I'll admit it, this issue has been a real struggle to get done, hence the late publishing. I must accept part of the blame due to leaving most of the work until the last week however the biggest problem has been a health issue for myself. I don't know how many of you are familiar with herniated discs but that has been my problem for the last few weeks and going on the ride to Brandon to watch the speedway racing last weekend was probably a mistake in hindsight. I have been unable to sit at the computer for any longer than 10 minutes and resorted to doing most of the work on the Tappet Rattle this time on a laptop at the kitchen bench so that I could do it standing up. Unfortunately the smaller screen size of a laptop is not really suited to desktop publishing and that introduced problems in itself so I was constantly going from laptop to desktop computers to get the job done. Anyway I got there in the end and that's the most important thing.

It has been a busy couple of months for the club with several rides and events attended. I would have liked to have written stories about them all but all I could manage was one on the Keith Sanders Ride for this issue. The beach races at Grasstree Beach were great and the weather was perfect for that event. The ride to Brandon to see the speedway racing was also fantastic and we enjoyed some really close racing at that event. It was somewhat disconcerting to witness several accidents which resulted in injuries to riders at both of those racing events. It goes with the territory I guess but one still wishes it didn't happen. With this issue of the Tappet Rattle out of the way I will now concentrate on getting myself fit enough for the ride to Esk which is only a week away now. I'm looking forward to it however I'm hoping that it is not as painful to endure as the Brandon ride was for me. Health issues aside there should be some good riding to be had in South-East Queensland and plenty of interesting things to see.

For this issue we would like to extend birthday wishes to the following members:-

Mark Botefuhr, Glenn Bradley, Ian Britnell, Lloyd Dornbusch, Lucky Keizer, Daniel Koefoed, Jeff Maes, Andy Mann, Kev Miller, Rod Pike, Maurice Price and Bernie Stevenson.

Best Wishes guys, I hope it is a good year for you all.

Ride safe and I'll see you next issue.



## The Keith Sanders Run 2013

On Saturday morning of 21st September eleven bikes gathered at the Boomerang Hotel car park at 10am for our annual Keith Sanders ride to St. Lawrence. With fine and clear weather and two days of riding and two days of riding & socialising to look forward to, riders were in a jovial mood as we chatted and joked while waiting for our designated departure time and for all riders to turn up. After filling the eskies in the backup vehicle and determining that all participants were present, we set off for Sarina where we were to pick up two more riders before continuing on to our first stop at the Koumala Hotel. Highway traffic was typically fairly heavy until we cleared the town of Sarina, where traffic thinned and we could relax a little and enjoy the ride.



As is the tradition, we stopped for some light refreshments at the Koumala Hotel where the short break out of the sun while clapping a cool beverage was most welcome. We could have easily settled in for an extended period but we had grander plans for the day so we quickly moved on. The ride to our next stop at Carmilla was most enjoyable with light traffic, bright sunshine and wide open roads. We "invaded" the Carmilla Hotel and swamped the one and only barmaid with an order for a total of 15 rounds of toasted ham, cheese & tomato sandwiches with each order accompanied by the phrase "and I'll have a beer with that too please". Consequently the service was a little slow but we were happy to wait for the food as long as we had a cold beer in our hands. Suitably satiated we once again moved on with just a short ride to the Crab Pot Bar at Clairview Beach.





Situated right on the beach the scenery at this bar always seems to make a cold beer all the more enjoyable and today was no different. We relaxed under the shade sipping our beers, admiring the scenery and listening to the various elaborate lies being told for an hour or so before mounting up once again for the last leg to our destination.

The remaining distance to St. Lawrence was covered quickly and we all managed to arrive safely. No time was wasted unpacking our bikes and settling into our digs so that we could get down to the serious business at hand. With riding out of the way for the day we were able to get down to some serious partying so the esky was cracked open and the nibblies prepared. We entertained ourselves chatting with the guys that had come up from Rockhampton, looking over each others bikes, telling yarns and other lies while enjoying cold beers straight off the ice in the esky and munching on savouries. After a couple of hours our President gathered us around and gave a short speech to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the Keith Sanders Ride and we drank a toast to Keith's memory. As night fell we moved into the lounge at the hotel where a roast meal had been prepared for us.



After our meal I found myself embroiled in an impromptu darts match involving our President, the wife of the hotel owner and our club secretary. All participants, with the exception of our club secretary, were long retired one time competitive darts players and it was soon quite obvious that we were all very rusty indeed however our devious club secretary managed to pull off the ultimate bluff by claiming complete ignorance of the rules and requiring constant assistance as to what was required of him while struggling to even hit the board. Meanwhile the three "experienced" players had started to get their eye in and had zoomed toward a reasonably competitive game completion only to all stumble at the required



"double to finish". All three "experienced" players muffed both their first and second attempts at a finish. While we were suitably distracted with our own efforts our "stumbling" secretary had managed to catch us up, despite his need for constant coaching, and stepping up to the line, asks once again what he was required to hit. "Double 18" was the call as we all paused to see if he could even hit the board. Without hesitation or preparation he pegs his first dart awkwardly towards the board - straight into the double 18!!!! That put a quick end to any further darts matches as the "experienced" players scarpereed off with their tail between their legs leaving our secretary to brag of his dart playing prowess.



The balance of the night was thus passed with the drink of your choice in your hand while chatting to whichever assembled group you chose, either in the bar, out on the veranda or out in the shed where the bikes were parked up. Everybody certainly seemed to be having a very good time and the jukebox was getting a very solid workout much to the chagrin of those few that had opted for an early night. Eventually I made my way to my shared room to settle down in what can only loosely be described as a bed. A five star establishment the St. Lawrence Hotel is not but then what five star establishment would not only tolerate but welcome invasion by a group of some 20 odd scruffy bikers for a night? Despite the less than optimal sleeping arrangements I had consumed sufficient "sleeping pills" to immediately drop off into a deep slumber despite the fact that the party continued on at full tilt just beyond my door.

Life was slowly restored the following morning after partaking of a hot shower and consuming several cups of coffee followed by a generous bacon and eggs breakfast. Slowly but surely the ride participants resurrected themselves and began to communicate with each other at a higher level than muffled grunts. More coffee and a bit of a wander around outside and the passing of some time eventually resulted in a sufficient state of consciousness being collectively achieved that would allow the consideration of getting ourselves back on the road. It took a little time but eventually everybody had their bike packed up and we said our goodbyes to the Rockhampton guys before mounting up for the return journey.



A stop was made at the Carmilla service station to fuel up and several riders took the opportunity to continue redressing their hydration levels. By now cheer was starting to return to the voices of the ride participants and friendly ribbing about each others activities on the previous night began. It always seems to be a longer ride home than it seemed on the way down so we mounted up once again to get some miles under our belt. The balance of the return journey proceeded fairly uneventfully with the exception of one Meriden Triumph deciding to reject its left side muffler. This minor delay was quickly resolved with the application of a bit of Aussie ingenuity and we continued on our way.

That completes my report of the Keith Sanders Ride for 2013 and I look forward to being able to participate in the ride next year. Thanks to all of those who participated.

Contributed by Lawrie Kapitzke.



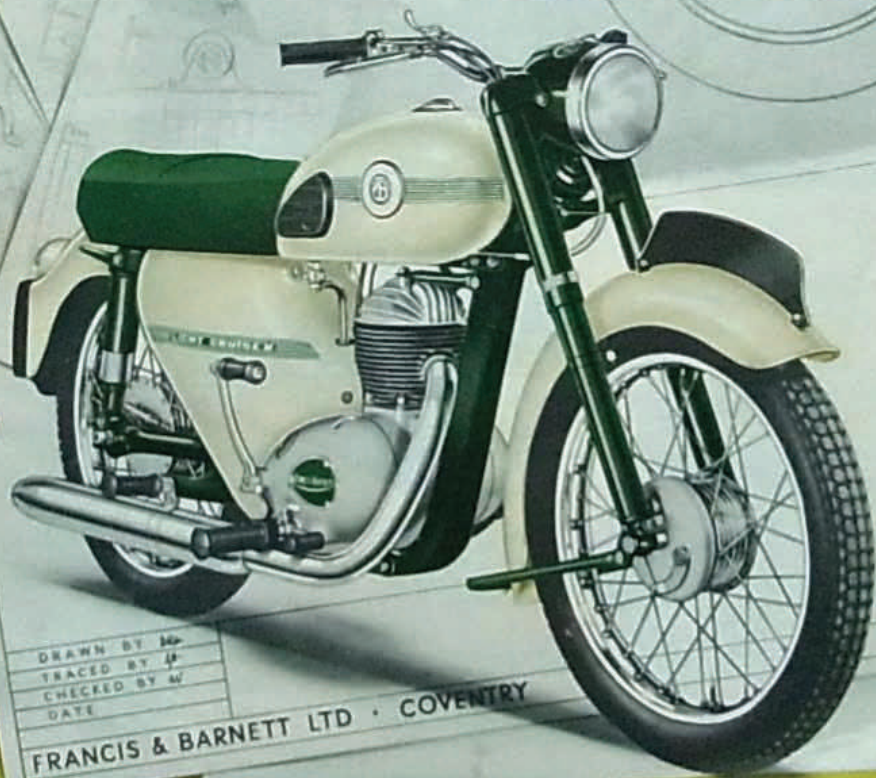


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## Grasstree Beach Beach Racing



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# Brandon Ride



## Gearing up to break land speed record

It's been Lucky Keizer's lifelong dream to ride on the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah and now at 63-years old, he's getting "fair dinkum". After battling prostate cancer last year, the self-professed speedster is strapping on his leathers and preparing to leave behind his home in Slade Point near Mackay in Queensland to try for the Land Speed Record in the Modified Production 500 cc category. And he's designed just the bike for the job.

"This bike's unique because it's an ex-speedway bike set up for the salt and it only weighs 69 kg and about 80 horse power," boasts Lucky. "Now I worked it out and the combination of those two and me the way I sit on it will probably do around 150 mile an hour, where the world record is 143 in that class."

The bike he'll be racing has already arrived ahead of time at the San Francisco Port, but even in the photos you can tell the bike's not set up for comfort.

"Well you don't want to be out there for a long time". "The handlebars are shortened and turned down, the footrests are back and the motor's tuned for flat out for a mile." "There was a chap in 1950, Rollie Free, (who) rode a Vincent in his bathing trunks and he just lay down on the bike. "Now I'm going to do something similar, not in my bathing trunks but in an all leather suit."

To break the current record, Lucky has to hold 150 miles per hour for exactly one mile.

"It's not a drag race, it's a measured mile and you have a fair bit of lead up to it. "You can choose one to two miles to get up to speed and then you've got to hold it flat for one mile and they will time you over that. "You've got to back it up within an hour back the other way."

Lucky says the record attempt is more of a mental than physical challenge.

"You've got to be psychologically fit for this because things can happen at those speeds. "I've done 300 mile an hour so the thing is, 150 is quite slow compared to what I've done, so I feel safe on it". "But the bike's going to be a handful."

Lucky says he's been preparing for this moment for a long time.

"When I was 11 years old, I got booked for speeding in a pram". "I pinched the engine out of my old man's cement mixer". "I was so proud of it I took it down the Gilgandra Highway out of Dubbo and I got booked for speeding. Unregistered, unlicensed, cost me five pound 10, took two years to pay it off ...so that's where it all started.

From then on, Lucky couldn't stop tinkering with engines.

"Mini-bikes with lawn mower engines in them and dragsters and TQs and anything I could get my hands on."

This time last year, Lucky didn't think he'd have the chance to live out his dream.

"I had cancer last year, prostate cancer. But I got over it. A lot of men seem to get that at

my age". "It was one of the biggest wake up calls in life because a lot of my mates have passed away and the thing is, you're not here for a long time, you're here for a good time."

Lucky arrives in America on Tuesday 20 August and will make his record attempt the following weekend.

**Story taken from ABC web site:-** <http://www.abc.net.au/local/stories/2013/08/14/3825276.htm?site=tropic>



## Prologue

Unfortunately Lucky's efforts at the Bonneville salt flats didn't go quite according to schedule. On his very first run at a speed of approximately 150Mph the engine of his bike missed a beat and this was enough to put the bike into a "tank slapper" which resulted in a high-side and Lucky testing out the effectiveness of his leathers. In typical style this feat was performed right in front of the main viewing area thus ensuring he had the biggest audience possible. True to his name Lucky sustained no serious injuries although he was unconscious for 20 minutes after the accident. Lucky's greatest lament about the accident is that his 40 year old leathers were cut off him by the paramedics and thus destroyed. The bike was also unfortunately virtually destroyed with only the engine and wheels surviving the excursion however Lucky has plans to build a new frame for the bike with geometry more suited to high speed straight line travel. A group of salt racers by the name of Sodium Distortion has already raised \$20,000 to get Lucky back to the salt flats next year because they were so impressed by his efforts. Rather than being the end of this story I suspect this is just the first chapter.

We all wish Lucky all the best in his future efforts on the salt.

## T509 Destruction

At over fifty miles per hour and only inches from your face, asphalt appears in soft focus, almost fuzzy, as if Motor Trend magazine had commissioned Hugh Hefner to shoot the centerfold for an upcoming feature on Roads of the West. The reality is quite different, of course, and if your eyes are easily taken in by the illusion, your skin will set you straight regarding the texture of pavement. Eyes, whose only function is to interpret light, are artists and can afford the frivolity of Impressionism, but practical skin, the body's largest organ and first line of defence against a perpetual onslaught of viruses, bacteria and (sometimes) pavement is no dreamer.



It's September second, year two thousand and thirteen. A group of five, I included, had set out on an afternoon ride on the twisty paved roads through the majestic forests of Placerville county California. The warm California sun was shining brightly after the rain ridden clouds had diminished to puffy white cotton balls in the bright blue sky. A light breeze cooled the warm air just enough to stop the body from sweating. The breeze was clean and crisp that blew along with the scent of a summer day. The only noise was the roar of the engines as throttles twisted and accelerated through the windy roads. As everything raced by, I felt a rush of adrenaline. Hours of joyful and exhilarating riding had passed us by. We came to a stopping point and decided to turn back to the next nearest rest stop for an afternoon meal. We headed for Georgetown California, just 30 minutes up the road. I had moved from third to second in the pack. My wolf pack was ever-changing. Turn after turn, the smile on my face continues to grow and I settle into a spear-headedly focused consciousness way of riding. Taking everything that I know and putting it to use in such a way that takes an ordinary mountain road and creates a seamless imaginary ribboned race track. Carving through the mountain, turn after turn things are going absolutely perfect; then, the unknowingly fateful turn approached.

As any rider knows, those yellow signs are warnings to people who drive lumbering Buick's, and my eyes told me that the visible sweep of the curve could easily be negotiated at sixty miles per hour or more. Dropping a gear to decelerate the bike and raise the RPM, I leaned into the curve at sixty-five miles per hour, visions of Grand Prix knee draggers flashing in my brain. This apparently lazy curve was actually what is known as a diminishing (or decreasing) radius turn, that is, a curve that tightens as it continues. As more of the curve came into view, my eyes, which had only moments before confidently estimated an easy sweeper, corrected their earlier guess and screamed for my brain to do something, NOW! Surrounding me was a forest of trees, large embankments and sheer cliffs eagerly awaiting a crack at my anatomy. Still, my Superior Primate Brain remained calm, for this

was not the first time it had been required to compensate for the temerity of the machine it travelled in. At this moment in time my perfect apex had been compromised. The decreasing radius turn had moved me toward centreline of the lane which I had occupied. Everything slowed down as the workload on my brain and body suddenly increased to meet the new demands of the road. I notice a small cloud of dust wisp from underneath the rear tire of the rider in front of me. He had barely missed an unassumingly small amount of dirt and debris on the road. This debris, under many circumstances, may go unnoticed; even if ridden over in an upright posture. This debris, however, was in my direct line of travel.

Take a moment to step back in time to the training days of a motorcycle rider. You instinctively know that a bike must lean in order to maintain balance in a turn: the higher the speed or smaller the turn radius, the more lean required. This balances the roll torque about the wheel contact patches generated by centrifugal force due to the turn with that of the gravitational force. This lean is usually produced by a momentary steering in the opposite direction, called counter-steer. Counter steering skill is usually acquired in the early stages of riding and executed via procedural memory rather than by conscious thought.

My procedural memory, my instinctive and subconscious responsive action steered me to make the most correct and logical split second decision given the set of daunting circumstances that lay just feet ahead of me. Breathe in just slightly, fuel the brain and body with oxygen. Handlebar grip loosens ever so slightly, and a steady push into the left-hand grip and simultaneous increase in engine RMP dips the bike to near max lean angle on its left side. My body's posture is correct, hanging off the side of the bike like a Moto GP racer would around every turn. I feel the vortex of wind between my knee and the asphalt as the gap begins to close. My effort to avoid the debris which is now fast approaching has been seemingly futile. There is no avoiding it. Just stay steady. The tires are up to optimum operating temperature by now, the grip will hold. I surely thought this to be truth but was painfully mistaken when the front tire lost traction. I went from



motorcycle rider to superman in 0.01 seconds, but I was not wearing my steel skin. What happened to my cape? This can't be happening, can it? My body slowly separates from the screaming motorcycle. Front end sliding away first as the gravitational forces took hold. The bike slides out of my peripheral vision. The asphalt is warm and has a slight hint of morning rain that had befallen just a few hours ago. It seems as though I had been sliding for ages, and then it hit me. Or I hit it, the curb that is; face first. As its job description depicted, my shiny black \$550 Shoei RF-1100 full faced helmet took the blunt of the impact. And my brain, as any intelligent creature might do in such a situation, blacked out.

What I can tell from the position of my body when I regained consciousness is that I had tumbled along the embankment. Waking now in the opposite direction, feet are downhill and my helmet protected head is tightly snuggled up against the rocky curb. With battle scars to show, it had done its job. I was promptly overcome by an immense pain in my left knee. Was broken? Should I look? Curiosity brought me to lift my head and gaze into what I thought had been my kneecap peaking through my worn down skin. It looked like an electric sander bound with the coarsest sandpaper you could find had run away at my knee. I felt warm; if I just close my eyes this will all go away. I lay there trying to take my ever so conscious brain into my happy place. Little people are riding red tricycles all around, unicorns prancing in the field, and Chubb's is playing a white piano; oh look, he has his hand back! Yet another dream I had only hoped was true. My consciousness is fading in and out as the waves of nutrient rich air flow to and fro from my mouth. Through my blurred vision I soon see two familiar humans dashing toward my still body. One lifts my head ever so slightly, and carefully takes off my helmet. The other stood over me in shock and said "don't move". I assured him that I wasn't going anywhere. I'm fading back out of the reality which my eyes are currently viewing; everything is turning bright white. I can't see. I think to myself, I'm blind! Tell someone! Out loud I say to my fellow riding friends, "I can't see anything, it's all white". I hear a muffled familiar voice speak out reassuring words: "Dude, open your eyes".

Everything began to move at a normal, or even, dare I say, an accelerated pace. The other two riders in my pack arrived. Shortly afterwards, other road going motorists came to the scene. As vultures and jackals are drawn to a fresh kill, so spectators are attracted to the scene of a vehicular accident. I quickly drew a pack of horrified/thrilled onlookers, each craning his neck to get a better view without getting too close. Some tried to offer help, but most came simply to gawk. At this point everything seems to blur together. One man had a medical kit and came to my aid. When he was done, it looked like MacGyver had cut open my pants and tried to bandage my knees up. The Emergency Medical Technicians quickly arrived, and not a second too soon. They evaluated my situation and after checking for brain damage with the usual crash site questions ("What's your name?" "Stupid Dana." "Who's the President?" "Reagan, but I didn't vote for him." "Do you know what time it is?" "Time to go to the hospital."), they began packing me for transport. From there it was onto a backboard and into the meat-wagon for the turbulent ride to the hospital. Naturally, the first step was to cut almost every stitch of clothing from my body, leaving me flat on my back in only underwear. I am now realizing the reality of the situation, combined with the painfully rocky ride; I was overcome with a sensation which elicited a strongly worded critique (consisting mainly of speculation about the paramedics' relationships with their mothers) from the heretofore cooperative patient.





Arriving at the Hospital, I was bombarded by women. Dragging me from one room to the next, bed to bed, I had only wished this was in a more fortunate setting. After many x-rays and close examination of my body, amazingly, they found no broken bones. I had many sprains but the only serious physical abrasions' I occurred were to my knees. I explained to them that the gear I was wearing was top of the line. The only piece of gear I hadn't worn was riding pants, and for this I suffer. I had a glimpse of the street from a tires perspective and all in all got off lucky. My Dainese leather jacket, gloves and boots lost much of their composure as the asphalt chewed through them with its broken black teeth. They did their job just as well as my ever so sturdy helmet.

I will work this day with all my strength, content in the knowledge that life does not consist of wallowing in the past or peering anxiously at the future. It is appalling to contemplate the great number of painful steps by which one arrives at a truth so old, so obvious, and so frequently expressed. Whatever it offers, little or much, my life is now. I will pause whenever I am feeling sorry for myself today, and remember that this is the only day I have and I must play it to the fullest. What my part may signify in the great whole, I may not recognize, but I am here to play it and now is the time. I will count this day a separate life. I will remember that those who have fewest regrets are those who take each moment as it comes for all that it is worth. I will heal this great body given to me, and I will ride another day!

Jeff Permut, California, USA

## Real Life Motorcycle Signals

@charlie



Potholes on Left



Potholes on Right



Road's Completely Fucked



Parts Falling off Motorcycle



Hooker on Shoulder (rated 1-5\*)



Beer / Rakia Stop



I Forgot to Bring the Beer



Stop Following me Assholes



Bad Driver Ahead



Brick Asshole Driver Ahead



Prybar Asshole Driver Ahead Talking on Mobile



Dance Like an Egyptian

# Blackburne Motorcycles

*Blackburne*

Burney and Blackburne of Tongham, near Farnham.

The company was formed by Cecil and Alick Burney who bought the rights to the Geoffrey de Havilland engine. They built motorcycles with Major Blackburne. Built by Burney and Blackburne of Birkhamstead, Hertfordshire, the Blackburne was first known as the De Havilland.

Blackburne motorcycles were produced from 1913 to 1922.

1913-1917 For a list of the models and prices of motorcycles see the 1917 Red Book

1913 The first Blackburne model entered the market early that year. It had a 499cc 3.5hp sv engine with a large outside flywheel and a one-piece forged crankshaft. This combination made it one of the smoothest running engines of the period. It also had a belt-driven three-speed hub gear and Saxon forks. Late that year the company moved to Tongham, Surrey.

1914-1915 The model adopted a three-speed Sturmey-Archer gearbox, chain-cum-belt drive and Druid forks. A single-speed TT model was also listed.

1916 Both models were still listed that year and then joined by a 3.5hp model with three speeds.

Post World War I. Manufacture went over to OEC at Gosport, Hampshire.

1919 There were three models and the 1916 machine now had all-chain drive and was rated at 4hp. The other two were a 2.75hp two-speed single and an 8hp V-twin combination. The company then sold its own rights to OEC.

1921 Only the V-twin combo and 4hp single were listed that year.

1922 The twin alone was in production. With the involvement of OEC, the company names combined, and thereafter Blackburne concentrated on producing engines for other companies well into the next decade.





# the Rust Bin

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

**For Sale - Johnny Reb Boots.** New, Size 10. **\$100 ONO. Phone Lucky 0419 787 620**

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

**For Sale - 2000 BMW 318 TI,** Immaculate condition t'out, only 1 previous owner, regularly serviced & maintained by Andrew Gauld, rear wheel drive, alloy wheels with 75% tread on tyres, 1.9ltr, 4 cylinder, 5 speed manual. Power steering, air conditioning, power windows, sun roof, dynamic stability & traction control, ABS, lamb's wool seat covers & pioneer cd player. Brilliant reliable car, sad to see it go. **\$5,500 RWC & rego. Phone Chris 0432 862 619**

**For Sale - 1968 Triumph TR6 Trophy.** Ex Tasmanian Police bike. Excellent condition. **\$5,500. Phone Rob 0423 170 096**



**For Sale - Honda VT250 \$500. Phone Allan 49551045**

**Wanted - AJS parts** {1950 / 18 Model}, Tin chain case, Mudguards, Wheels, Chain guard, Fork covers & Head light. Any parts would help. **Phone Norm 0412 223 496**



**1964 EH Holden Special Sedan - unfinished project.** Requires re-paint, some re-chroming & some assembly to complete. All required parts included. Stock EH Special Sedan Auto body with Premier interior. Modified 202 engine with 12 port head, Celica 5 speed trans, HR disc brake front-end, All mechanicals totally re-built. **\$9,000 ONO. Phone Lawrie 0407 639 884**



**.For Sale - Ikon Progressive fork springs.** Suit Hinckley Bonneville. **\$100. Phone Lawrie 0407 639 884**



**For Sale - TEC 2 into 2 full stainless steel exhaust system suit Hinckley Bonneville.** Less than 1,000K's use - as new. **\$350 Firm. Phone Lawrie 0407 639 884**



**For Sale - EBC Brake Pads** suit Hinckley Bonneville. FA214/2 organic rears **\$35 set.** FA196HH Sintered fronts **\$40 set. Phone Lawrie 0407 639 884**

**For Sale - Genuine Triumph T1210444 oil filters** **\$20 each. Phone Lawrie 0407 639 884**

**Wanted - RE Meteor 700 crankshaft.** 53-56 for restoration project. **Phone Colin 0403 766 088**

**For Sale - AU11 Falcon ute.** Needs some work for road-worthy, runs well, selling as is. 170000km. **\$3500 Phone Chris 0432 862 619**

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