

TAPPET RATTLE

November - December 2014 Edition



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The Formalities



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REGALIA

Club Belt Buckle	\$25.00	Club Caps (Folding Pocket Type)	\$20.00
Club Machine Badge	\$25.00	Club Singlets "Black"	\$18.00
Club Lapel Badge	\$ 5.00	Club T Shirts "Black"	\$20.00
Club Badges (Sew On)	\$ 8.00	Club Polo Shirts (S/Sleeve)	\$30.00
Club Stubby Coolers	\$ 7.50	Club Polo Shirts "Grey/Black" (L/Sleeve)	\$35.00

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THE EDITORS RAVINGS

Lawrie Kapitzke - Editor



Well ladies and gentlemen do we have a bumper issue for you this time around. This is more like what I had in mind for your newsletter - lots of contributions covering club members escapades over the last couple of months. This is how it can be done if people get off their butts and contribute and every little bit helps so get to it you lot. I'm still mostly seeing the same old faces making contributions however so I'd like to see others giving a helping hand instead of leaving it up to the "regulars". This newsletter very quickly disappears off the shelf at meetings so how about those of you that are so keen to read it actually try and make a contribution to its content? How's that for a revolutionary idea hey?

While I'm giving a pep talk I might as well mention that you lot obviously don't read this newsletter very thoroughly despite your keenness to get hold of it. If you did you might have noticed that the last issue had the wrong months on the front cover (July - August instead of September - October)!!! But no, not a peep from anybody so there, you all failed the test miserably. Maybe I should put a deliberate mistake in every issue just to see who picks it up?

Seriously though I would like to take this opportunity to wish all members and their families the compliments of the season and hope you all have a safe & happy new year.

MERRY MYTHMAS EVERYBODY!!!

This issue we would also like to extend birthday wishes to the following members:-

Sid Bath, Dave Bonato, Harrold Collier, Jenny Dumma, Steve Hammer, Lloyd Harmsworth, Kingsley Honan, Brian Kokshoorn, Steve Lindores, Charles Linsley, Norm Lott, Tim Lucy, Peter Mills, Peter Murphy, Greg Ryke, Arthur Scott and Wayne Leech.

Happy Birthday Guys (& GIRL).

Ride safe and I'll see you next issue.

Gadarene Swine Law

**Merely because
the group is in
formation does
not mean that
the group is on
the right course.**

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The Lions TT Ride

A chance to ride a mountain road closed to all other traffic - now who wouldn't jump at that chance? This was primarily, although not entirely, what the Lions TT event was all about with a section of the Lions Road from the QLD border to the Ripples on the Creek Café in NSW closed to all traffic and riders released from the QLD end at 30 second intervals. Supporting events included a bike show, merchandise stalls & live music at Kyogle and sprint races at the nearby Casino airport.

As soon as I became aware of this event I knew that I was going to be attending and signed up to be a founding member. Despite raising this event at several club meetings and suggesting that it was an ideal opportunity for our club to promote itself and our annual All Bike Show to a wider audience the response of fellow club members can only be described as rather flaccid. With no official club participation forthcoming I elected to "go it alone" if I had to however I managed to coerce one fellow member into accompanying me on the ride and thus planning commenced. A nine day trip was mapped out with three days to ride down, three days for the event and three days to ride home again. To ease the boredom a little a slightly different route was chosen for the return journey. All accommodation was pre-booked, travelling distances and fuelling points researched and a basic ride plan was thus assembled.

Over the few weeks leading up to our departure one other club member decided to accompany us on the ride and another arranged to meet us in Casino for the event and accompany us on the return journey so now we had the makings of a memorable ride coming together. Fate however is a cruel master as events beyond their control sadly forced these two riders to pull out just days before our departure. With rumours of a heavy police presence planned for the Lions TT event the last couple of days before our departure were spent making our bikes a little less likely to attract unwanted police attention. For me this ultimately resulted in a complete change of exhaust system on my Bonny as the original D & D system could not be quietened down enough to risk running it so the system was swapped out for a TEC system that at least had easily removable baffles. This would allow me the choice of sound level depending on the particular scenario. With gear packed preparation was finalised and all that remained was to get on with the job.

Day 1 - Mackay to Mt. Morgan (375Klm's)

An easy day to ease us into the ride and just as well as I discovered that my posterior was having difficulty spending any longer than an hour in the saddle in one stint. Unfortunately it wasn't until after I got home at the end of the ride that I discovered the primary reason for this. I had packed a fairly comprehensive tool kit into a plastic tray under the seat and placed a thick folded towel over the top of it so that the seat held the tool in place which seemed like a good idea at the time however this configuration meant that the cushioning effect of the rubber seat mounts and flexing of the plastic seat base was essentially nullified. With only the foam cushioning sitting on what was effectively a solid base it felt like I was sitting directly on the frame rails. Had the penny dropped a five minute fix could have saved me nine days of pain but it seems that I have to learn these things the hard way.

The first stop at Carmilla for a top up of fuel was most welcome and from that point on regular stops became the norm for the balance of the trip. After another brief respite at the Waverly Creek rest area we pressed on to Marlborough where we lunched and refuelled.. The run through to Mt. Morgan was broken by a rest stop at Yamba and a fuel stop at Bouldercombe before hitting our overnight destination about mid afternoon. On arrival at Mt. Morgan we suffered our first mishap with Max's BMW deciding that it needed to lay down for a short nap. It was my fault of course because I had led Max up a side street in order to do a U-turn because

our hotel was on the opposite side of the street to our approach. The side street was sloped and as Max did his U-turn through a gap in the centre parks he propped momentarily and put his right foot down only to find that, due to the slope, the ground level wasn't where he expected it to be and in a flash the BMW was on its side. After that grand entrance we retired to the bar for a well deserved beer.

I have no doubt that the Grand Hotel in Mt. Morgan lived up to its name when it was constructed in 1901 however it is a bit of a stretch to describe it in such terms today. Suffice to say that the beer was cold, the service friendly, the meals good and fairly priced and the air-conditioned rooms clean and comfortable. On the downside the \$40 per single room was the most expensive of the trip, coffee making facilities were minimal and sleep was broken by a very noisy cool room compressor right outside our rooms. One other potential downside was avoided when the manager allowed us to park our bikes in his storeroom overnight thus getting them off the street.

Day 2 - Mt. Morgan to Chinchilla (437Klm's)

We arose early and enjoyed a coffee or two on the veranda of the Grand Hotel before retrieving our bikes from the storeroom and getting underway. It was shaping up to be a very warm day and by the time we stopped for fuel at Theodore the temp was well into the 30's which, combined with my aching arse, made riding less enjoyable than it might have been but with regular breaks we pushed on through Taroom and headed for Miles. About 40k north of Miles we started to run into regular road-works which delayed our progress a little but that was only a teaser for what was to come. After fuelling up at Miles we headed east on the Warrego Hwy towards Chinchilla and this 40k leg gave us a taste of what we were in for the following day. Traffic on this highway can only be described as very heavy and it comprised mostly of heavy vehicles which, combined with extensive road works, made progress very painful. In the heat of the day this 40k leg was quite an endurance test and we were very relieved to arrive at our accommodation in Chinchilla by mid afternoon where we quickly ordered a beer and retired to the beer garden to unwind.

The Commercial Hotel in Chinchilla proved to be the gem of the trip as far as accommodation went with modern air-conditioned rooms and excellent facilities including full coffee making provisions. At \$60 for a twin share room this was also the best value accommodation we enjoyed over the nine days of our excursion. The only downsides that I can think of are that the excellent meals were a little expensive and that we had to park our bikes in an open car park at the rear.

Day 3 - Chinchilla to Casino (427Klm's)

With the experience of the previous afternoon fresh in our minds we arose very early in an attempt to minimise the heat and traffic we would encounter. After enjoying a quiet coffee or two our departure was delayed a little in the car park by a passerby who wanted to talk bikes however we had to make our excuses and push on as time was ticking by. Our early start certainly avoided the heat, at least initially, as the morning was quite fresh and in summer riding gear the first few hours were bordering on the uncomfortable due to cold. Traffic and road works proved more than true to our expectations and the run through to Toowoomba turned into quite an endurance test. As we approached Toowoomba traffic density increased and riding became even more stressful as I tried to recall my Google Maps research on the run and pick out way around the outskirts of the city which, after one missed turn and some confusion, we managed to do. After fuelling up on the southern side of Toowoomba we headed off down the New England Hwy at a great rate of knots much enjoying the reduced traffic density and far better road conditions and the ride became enjoyable again.

The run through to Warwick was marred by only one minor incident when we passed, at speed, through a very heavy swarm of small insects. These insects were invisible to the eye but you were suddenly made aware of their existence by your visor being virtually blacked out in an instant with a slime that had a marked similarity to liquid cow manure. We made a stop at a service station just outside Warwick to clean our bikes and helmets of this mess and consumed many metres of paper towelling to do so. As we didn't need fuel we elected to buy some lunch to help compensate for our high consumption of complimentary paper towelling however this proved to be a mistake. We had obviously arrived at a time of high customer demand or low staffing levels or both as service was almost impossible to obtain and we were dealt with almost dismissively when we did finally attract somebody's attention. Under the circumstances we elected to just grab something "prepared earlier" from the food warmer.

Once back outside we unwrapped our "delights", now Gerry often refers to service station food as "cholesterol enhancing" and if ever that statement applied this would undoubtedly be such an instance. Soggy is an insufficient word to use in describing the spring roll I had purchased, I have no doubt that I could have extracted half a cup of oil from that thing with just a gentle squeeze and the "item" that Max was holding was no different. After a couple of mouthfuls they were both consigned to the bin and we continued on our way. We turned towards Killarney and headed across the border into NSW where our adventure took another interesting turn.

Of course, as the person responsible for the choice of route for this ride, there is no possibility of me avoiding responsibility for this next development however I can at least attempt to plead ignorance. If you look at any map the road from Warwick through to Kyogle is shown as a major road / Hwy and the standard of the road matches that indication with one small, but not insignificant, exception. There is a 45Klm section that runs from a little place called Legume through to Woodenbong that can only be described as taking a step back in time - by about 50 years. This road is narrow in most parts with poor shoulders and a surface not dissimilar to riding on cobblestones. Combine this with sharp twists and turns and changes in elevation and you are just starting to get some idea of what this road is like. If I was to take a guess I would say that this road follows a route mapped out by the early settlers when horses and drays were the primary means of transport and that sometime around the middle of the last century it received a single lane width bitumen coating. Other than copious patching little has happened since.

Second and third gear were mostly used with fourth and fifth required only occasionally over the 45Klms and your average speed will amount to only 60Kph. Surprise and some alarm were the emotions we experienced when we encountered this section as it was totally unexpected. Part way through we were stopped at some road-works and, as I was some distance ahead of Max, I struck up a conversation with the traffic controller prior to Max's arrival. I relayed to him that I had a mate following me who should arrive on the scene any minute and that I could guarantee



that he would be "spitting chips". Max duly arrived, pulled up alongside, lifted his visor to reveal a scowl and poses the question "What sort of bleeping road is this?" only to be greeted with an outburst of laughter from both myself and the traffic controller.

After being advised by the traffic controller that the road continued in a similar vein for another 20Klms to Woodenbong we reluctantly trudged on. On arrival at Woodenbong we stopped for a rest break and mulled over our experience before refuelling and setting off for Kyogle. Thankfully road conditions improved dramatically and



progress resumed its normal rate, much to our relief. We made a brief stop in Kyogle expecting to see some evidence of preparations for the upcoming event however the indication of what was to come was a banner in the main street. Due to all accommodation in Kyogle being booked out for the weekend we had secured our accommodation in Casino 40Klms further to the south so we pressed on arriving at the Tattersalls Hotel mid afternoon. After parking up out front we adjourned to the bar for some well deserved refreshments causing some confusion when I requested two pots of XXXX Gold. The bartender stared at me blankly as I mentally

tried to decipher what the problem was, I could see a XXXX tap so I knew they sold the product and I couldn't see what the difficulty was. The bartender advised me that if I particularly wanted to drink my beer from a "pot" he would have to go upstairs to get one however the alternatives of a "midi" or a "schooner" might be more appealing. OK, so we've crossed a border and they speak a different language here - mental note made for future reference.



After enjoying a couple of beers we obtained the key to our \$50 per night twin room and ventured upstairs to inspect what would be our lodgings for the next three days. The Tattersalls Hotel is apparently one of the oldest buildings in Casino and, while it has been renovated downstairs, the accommodation upstairs is a genuine early twentieth century standard. Our room was very small and the provided facilities very limited and somewhat confusing, there was a fridge, cups & plates, a couple of spoons and a toaster but no jug or kettle?? No coffee, sugar or milk to be found either. An

exploratory expedition revealed the existence of a communal kitchen however the prevailing odour in this area prompted one to make any visit as fleeting as possible. There was however an electric kettle which we "stole" and returned as required and a quick trip to a nearby Woolworths secured the necessary supplies for our essential morning coffee. On these rides we don't require a high standard of accommodation however this establishment failed to meet even our lowly standards.

At \$25 per head per night one couldn't expect five star accommodation of course but clean bedding is not too much to expect surely? Somewhat disgruntled we returned to the bar where the beer at least was of an acceptable standard. That night we ate at the pub where the meals were reasonable but nothing exceptional however no meals were served for the next three nights we were there so we had to cater for ourselves.



Day 4 - The first day of the event.

We arose early (I can see a pattern developing here) , stole the kettle to make our morning coffee and quickly got ourselves on the road. As I was booked to run the TT ride and Max wasn't our plan was to part ways at the turn off to Rathdowney with Max intending to ride on to Woodnong before returning to Kyogle where he would entertain himself until my return. The run from Kyogle through to Rathdowney gave me my first opportunity to appraise the route over which the closed TT was to be run and despite running it in the opposite direction it at least gave me some forewarning of what was about to come.



On arrival at Rathdowney I discovered not only the expected large group of bikes preparing for the event but also the heavy QLD police presence of which I had been forewarned. Sadly the QLD police force adopted the attitude that they would do everything in their power to prevent, discourage and disrupt this event. There were officers on motorcycles, marked cars, unmarked cars, a booze bus, radar traps, video cameras and dozens of officers in attendance. Riders were subjected to breath tests, licence checks and recording of their rego numbers all while being filmed for posterity. The cost to the QLD taxpayer can only be described as substantial and all for what purpose? Personally I felt that what was occurring here amounted to unnecessary harassment and I felt ashamed to be a Queenslander. As a PR exercise it was a dismal failure and bloody shameful. There is considerable background to this story which I am unable to publish but I will say that what occurred on the QLD side of the border was nothing short of disgusting. 'Nuff said.



After registration and scrutineering we were addressed by officials and what was expected of us was made clear. Groups of 15 to 20 riders were released at intervals to ride to the border where the closed section began and, after passing through the QLD police checkpoint, we queued for our chance to ride the TT section. As I waited my turn I took the opportunity to remove the baffles from the exhaust on my Bonneville as it had been tuned for a free flowing exhaust and with the baffles in it ran like a constipated donkey. I also tried to setup my GoPro camera which for some unknown reason was being troublesome, I later learned that the rough roads on the way up had dislodged the memory card from its slot and as a result I got no footage of my run through the closed section. I did however manage to get video of the police harassment at the checkpoint



where I was breath tested, my licence & rego details entered into an officers iPad while another officer filmed the proceedings.

Once my turn came and I was released onto the closed section the fun began, without fear of opposing traffic the full width of the narrow mountain road could be safely used and I made good use of this opportunity. I tackled the course moderately hard but keeping some in reserve as a precaution as this road could easily bite you if you went at it 10/10ths. I passed half a dozen other riders, as and when it was safe to do so, and I in turn was passed by two other riders over the course. I thoroughly enjoyed the run and looked forward very much to repeating the exercise the following day. Stopping at the Ripples on the Creek Café at the end of the run I discretely refitted the baffles and continued on to Kyogle to hook up with Max again.

I found him at the pub as we had previously arranged and he was looking decidedly bored. The TT run had taken more time than I had anticipated so my arrival at Kyogle was later than expected, the displays etc in Kyogle were only limited and with the need to ride back to Kyogle later in the day Max had found himself stuck at the pub waiting for me but unable to enjoy more than a couple of light ales. So it was an unhappy Max that I dragged around to look at the displays and, more importantly, the many and varied motorcycles that had turned up and parked in the main street of Kyogle. Oddly enough we ran into two other BMOA members also wandering the streets of Kyogle - odd because the interest in this event when I raised it was practically non existent and nobody had given any prior advice that they might attend.

After lunch and a quick but unsuccessful look around for the live music that was supposed to be happening we decided to head back to Casino to have a look at the sprints that were being staged at the local airport. The sprints were almost finished for the day when we got there but I pulled the baffles once again and tried my hand at standing starts. I've always been reluctant to perform hard standing starts on my bike as I consider it to be very hard on the clutch and driveline and, considering that I was well over 1,000K's from home, my concern was that something would break on me and I would find myself performing (yet another) retrieval operation. Despite this I threw caution to the wind, gave the bike a fistful of throttle and dumped the clutch. Surprisingly nothing broke and I found myself aboard a machine that was suddenly bouncing off the rev limiter in first gear with the back wheel spinning furiously - Hmmmm, didn't expect that. After a few more tries with less initial RPM and more delicate clutch control I was starting to get the hang of it and, most importantly, the bike seemed to take it in its stride.

It had been a long and hot day so we headed back to our hotel to have a couple of beers and chase ourselves up a meal. Later that evening we ventured down the street just to get out of the bar for a while and we came across a pub that had a live band playing so we enjoyed a couple of ales there while checking out the band before returning to our hotel for an early night.

Day 5 - The second day of the event.

Another early start as I yet again had to make my way to Rathdowney for another chance at the TT run. Max elected to entertain himself for the day in Casino as he figured he had seen all there was to see in Kyogle so it was a solo run for me. Much the same scene greeted me on arrival at Rathdowney, bike numbers were down a little but police numbers were not and we were once again subjected to the same harassment. Registration, scrutineering and the pre-ride pep talk went off smoothly and once again we headed off for the border to queue for our turn. This time I had ensured that my GoPro camera was functioning by applying a strip of duct tape over the card slot to encourage the card to stay put and I was keen to get some

footage. I was in the second group that made the trip across from Rathdowney to the border and when we arrived at the starting point we were informed that a rider from the previous group had come off in a big way on the closed section and that no more riders were being released until he had been retrieved by ambulance. News trickled through slowly as we waited at the border, firstly came the news that the riders injuries were significant and included broken bones and next came the news that he was being air-lifted out to Lismore hospital. This was expected to take some time and the mood among the riders was quite glum as we considered the riders fate and pondered how long it might be before we got the show on the road again. An hour or more passed, QLD police turned up on the scene and telephone calls were made back and forth between the organisers before finally it was announced that the ride was being called off and that QLD police had closed access to the border for any more riders.



We were advised that we had two options, the first being to wait at the border until Lions road was reopened at which time we could proceed back to Kyogle under normal open road conditions and the second option was to return to Rathdowney and make our way back to Kyogle via the Lindsay Hwy and Summerland Way. Both were disappointing options after fully expecting another TT run however I opted for the latter rather than waiting around at the border. The run back to Kyogle was enjoyable enough and there was still plenty to see on arrival however I proceeded back to casino and headed out to the airport for another crack at the sprints - this time with a functioning camera. I pushed the bike for four runs before putting together a run that I considered reasonable enough and then shut the bike down to let it cool off while I enjoyed a delicious burger from the Rotary Club food stall.



Once back at our hotel I learned that during the day Max's BMW had once again suffered from sleep apnoea and laid down for a quick nap. This time I wasn't around and so couldn't be blamed but it wasn't the last time this was to happen before we made it home. Today was Grand Final day so the pub put on a free barbeque that evening and even shouted us a couple of beers. There were two downsides however, the party went on well into the evening making it difficult to get to sleep despite retiring early and the free barbeque food disagreed with me violently resulting in numerous trips to the toilet from about 3am til dawn.

Day 6 - A lay day (sort of).

By 6am I risked a coffee and some toast and things seemed to have settled down so we headed across to Kyogle to attend a breakfast the Lions TT event organisers were putting on. It took us a little time to locate the proposed venue and when we did find it there was nobody else there which had us scratching our heads. There was a coffee shop however so we ordered a coffee and sat around to see if anybody else would turn up. After a little while we struck up a conversation with another coffee shop customer that happened to be not only a fellow biker but had also been one of the volunteer marshal's for the TT event. On discovering our predicament

he made a call and we were informed that the venue for the breakfast had been changed to the showground where most of the riders were camped. We thanked him for his assistance and for his marshalling work and headed over to the showground.

On arrival we discovered that the breakfast was already over and done with but I did get to speak with one of the event organisers and we had a very interesting conversation regarding things that had occurred before and during the event. With the balance of the day to fill we set off for Nimbin and yet another adventure. The road to Nimbin proved to be somewhat tortuous and this caused Max some difficulty as I discovered when I stopped about halfway through the journey to wait for him to catch up. "Me bloody hands have gone numb" he says, followed by a colourful description of the road we had just covered and his opinion of it. "I can't feel the bloody controls" he says, so we rested up for a while until his blood pressure and circulation returned to something approaching normal before proceeding on at a reduced pace. We parked up in Nimbin for a while and eventually headed for the pub so that Max could fully settle his nerves. We enjoyed a couple of beers while observing the local "wildlife" before mounting up again and heading off for Lismore. Max had decided that he wanted to find an auto store in Lismore so that he could buy some silicon spray to quieten the alternator belt on his BMW so we headed to the local Supercheap, after getting directions from the local tourist info centre, and picked up a tin.

Back at our hotel in Casino we both gave our bikes some attention in preparation for our return journey and then retired to the bar. A free barbeque was once again on offer however we declined and decided to self cater. A quick walk around a couple of blocks of town failed to find an open takeaway shop so we hit Woolworths and ended up dining on ham and tomato sandwiches that evening before hitting the sack early.

Day 7 - Casino to Jandowae (395Klm's)

There had been much discussion and consultation of maps in the previous couple of days after Max had expressed a desire to avoid the rough section of road between Woodenbong and Legume by seeking an alternative route. I was now familiar with the road conditions to the north and we had received advice from a local that the road west to Tenterfield was quite "twisty" and this, combined with the additional mileage involved, led me to insist that we stick to the plan and go back the same way we had come down. I could see that Max was not impressed with this idea however I made the arguments that it was only a 45Klm section, we now knew what to expect, we could take a break either side and just ride it at a steady pace. Reluctantly Max agreed.

So with an early start we fuelled up in Casino and headed off in the cool of the morning making our first stop at Woodenbong where we psyched ourselves up for the terror stretch. For whatever reason this time around the 45k section was covered with much less duress, there were even a couple of half reasonable sections in the middle that I couldn't recall encountering on the way down. We arrived at the other end unscathed and as we rode into the small hamlet of Legume I looked for a spot to pull over and see if Max was OK to continue. I knew that I had to find an area of solid flat ground to pull up on otherwise the BMW might decide that it needed a nap again and I would be in trouble but such opportunities seemed to be in short supply. Eventually I came to the intersection with the main Killarney - Tenterfield road and spotted an opportunity on the other side of the intersection so I swung my bike over and awaited Max's arrival for a landing.

Here he comes, nice and cautious as he heads diagonally across the intersection straight towards me at not much more than walking pace. I'm looking at him, he's looking straight at me and then it happened. There was a small patch of gravel that had built up on this intersection, just a small patch a few feet square and Max rode straight into it and then HIT THE

FRONT BRAKE!! I watched incredulously as once again down the BMW went with Max still affixed in his usual riding position. Not only was he down but he was making no attempt to get back up again and it was then that I realised that his leg was trapped under the bike so I hurriedly dismounted and ran over to lift the bike off him. My initial thoughts when I spotted how his foot was twisted up under the bike were that he might not be riding from this point on however once I got the bike off him he bounced to his feet quick as a flash. Sturdy footwear saved the day and although he wasn't completely pain free at least we were able to ride on.

Not before I got a blast of Max's temper though "What to bloody hell are you doing stopping here!!!" he says - so once again it was my fault. By the time we rode into Warwick things had cooled off a bit so we fuelled up and headed for the big smoke of Toowoomba. I don't know what it is about Toowoomba but I always find navigating my way through it difficult and confusing but we managed to fuddle our way through via a bypass road that seemed to be different to the one we had used on the way down?? We were back into the heavy traffic and roadworks of the Warrego Hwy but thankfully we only had to endure it as far as Dalby where we refuelled and turned north towards Jandowae.



Despite the slight deterioration of pavement surface it was good to put the traffic and road works behind us. This 50K last leg was covered quickly and soon enough we were parking up outside the Jandowae Hotel. The regulation couple of beers were had before we moved our gear into our rooms and secured our bikes for the night. With the formalities out of the way we settled into the bar for a few more ales before taking a little walk "downtown" later in the afternoon, just to check the place out, then returned to the hotel to enjoy a nice evening meal. After a couple more beers we organised the necessities for morning coffee and retired early.

The rooms at this pub were basic "old style" pub rooms but comfortable enough and the bathroom facilities were brand new. The only downside to our stay was very noisy plumbing that rattled and juddered throughout the building all night.

Day 8 - Jandowae to Mt. Morgan (468Klm's)



We made a very early start (see I told you there was a pattern developing) as we had a fairly big day ahead of us and the road started off quite OK. We enjoyed the first hour or so of riding in the cool of the morning with only very light traffic and made good progress initially. The road slowly deteriorated from about the Darr Creek Oasis on and by the time we passed through Durrong it was starting to get a bit painful. Unforseen bone jarring bumps were the problem and I spent a long stint carrying most of my weight on the footpegs to minimise my back pain. For a significant section the road narrowed to a single lane and the surface

deteriorated further but eventually we emerged out the other end and once again found ourselves travelling on a Hwy of acceptable standard much to the relief of my back and legs. We fuelled up in Munduberra and pressed on again through Eidsvold to Monto where we fuelled up again and took a short break in the heat of the day.

With quite a distance still to be travelled for the day we pushed on through Biloela and on to Jambin in one stint and then rewarded ourselves with a couple of beers at the Jambin Hotel before pushing on again to Dululu for another couple of ales (well it was a hot day). We made it into Mt. Morgan by mid afternoon and made camp once again at the Grand Hotel. This time around our rooms were \$10 cheaper so that was a bonus at least. We moved our gear upstairs and then settled into the familiar surroundings of the bar. Another excellent meal that evening before retiring early to our air-conditioned rooms. It had been a long hot day and I slept like a log.

Day 9 - Mt. Morgan to Mackay (375Klm's)

Yet another early start as we sat on the veranda of the Grand Hotel enjoying our morning coffee and observing the awakening of a small country town. Very shortly we were mobile again down the range and back onto the coastal plain to refuel at Bouldercombe once more before riding straight through Rockhampton and on to Marlborough. This time we refuelled at the reopened Puma service station at Marlborough and had a bite to eat before getting back on the road. We made another stop at the Waverly Creek rest area for a short break and while discussing our next stop at Carmilla Max decided to continue on without stopping. Unfortunately my posterior and shorter fuel range precluded that option for me so we parted ways at Carmilla and made our separate ways home.

Despite its ups and downs and the disappointments at the Lions TT event itself the ride overall was still very enjoyable. I covered nearly 3,500Klm's in total over the nine days and although we rode over some roads that we would rather avoid in the future and stayed at some accommodation that was certainly not five star the experience was still worthwhile. I'm sure the Lions TT event in 2015 will have some of the kinks ironed out after the experience of the inaugural event this year and I will certainly be attending if I can get all my ducks in a row. I'd like to thank Max for sticking with me for the trip despite some of the endurance tests that were forced onto him and yes Max I accept full responsibility for your BMW's tendency to fall over at slow speeds :-)

Contributed by Lawrie Kapitzke



BMOA Annual Week Away Ride

Saturday Day 1: Various Start Points destination Biloela - 491 Kms

This year's "BMOA Annual Week Away" ride got underway with a number of separate groups departing at different times and from different locations. Keith & Val Pearce had been on the road for just over 3 weeks with the Keith's Trusty Matchless in the ute, so Toowoomba was the end point of their yearly expedition. Harold Collier had travelled down by car earlier in the week taking his Daytona with him, and Bob & Julie Inkson left on Friday with Bob taking his BSA Super Rocket and my Bonneville with him. Bob, Julie, Keith & Val met up at the HMSCQ Rally at Kenilworth, with Ron Kay (Sao) from Emerald.

There were two groups riding down with one group from Mackay comprising of Maurie & Joyce, Lloyd Dornbusch, Lloyd Harmsworth, Jeff Burt & Gerry Dempsey who departed from Mackay on Saturday morning at 8.30am, with their 500Kms overnight destination being the Settlers Hotel Motel in Biloela. The second group of Robyn Patton & Walter Bruine & Grahame Elliott departed from the Sunshine Coast at 10am and rode north-west to Mundubbera for their overnight stop. The only minor detour on this ride was that Jeff B was having some withdrawal symptoms as we got close to Dululu, so we called in and let him reminisce at the Dululu Hotel before continuing onto Biloela. The Biloela overnight event was a pretty normal BMOA occasion with us having the occasional refreshment and dinner in the hotel restaurant. However, the Sunshine Coast contingent apparently got involved with a mob of SEQ Caravan Club members at Mundubbera and from all accounts they apparently tried out every known alcohol concoction that was ever contrived; lest to say, they were feeling pretty ordinary when we met them mid-morning at the coffee shop in Mundubbera on Sunday morning.



Sunday Day 2: Biloela / Mundubbera to Toowoomba - 488 Kms

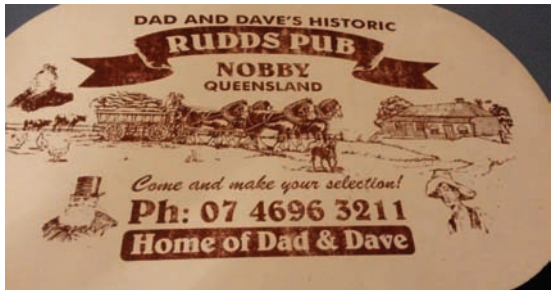
The Biloela contingent were on the road early leaving Bilo at 7.30am. Yep that's right 7.30am heading to Mundubbera to meet up with the Sunshine Coast riders. All was good until about 30kms out of Biloela when Gerry hit a huge bump and his engine management light came on, so it was a bit of a panic for 10 minutes while we figured / hoping it was nothing exciting to worry about, as there did not appear to be anything malfunctioning and it eventually reset itself when he refuelled at Mundubbera. We met up with the Sunshine Coast mob in Mundubbera and had a 45 minute coffee break before heading off on the next 200Kms to Dalby. Lawrie Kapitzke warned us about this road as he and Max Anzolin had travelled it a couple of weeks earlier and found it "Not the Best". The BMOA have ridden just about every major arterial road in this state and this section of the road would have to have been without a doubt, the "Roughest Stretch of Bitumen Road " we have ever encountered. We were absolutely hammered for about the next 180Kms until we got



to Jandowae. From there, it was into Dalby where we refuelled and had a lunch break before continuing onto Toowoomba. The ride from Dalby to Toowoomba was pretty sedate, as there was literally Klm after Klm of roadworks being done for at least the next 80kms with Highway Patrol's actually saturating the road works at either end. Our destination in Toowoomba was the Toowoomba Motor Village which was ideally located in Toowoomba, with Service Stations, Hotels & Restaurants located immediately next door. The rooms were large and spacious and were excellent, apart from the fact that they were supposed to cost \$114 ea per night, however, at book in time there, was a misunderstanding with some members being overcharged by 2 days and/or \$204.00 which the management were finding very reluctant to refund. For those not familiar with these "Away Rides", in all cases we always attempt to stop in Hotel / Motels and or Caravan Park Units and in all cases it is generally shared accommodation with all costs being divided equally in the particular room.

Monday Day 3: The Daily Local Rides Begin - 200Klms

Lloyd Dornbusch had organised his "Brother Brian" of Toowoomba to escort/direct us around for the week and subsequently Brian had organised a pretty full few of days riding for us. However, Brian had had an operation on his left ear and was unable to put a helmet on, so it was decided that "they" would escort us around by following "Lloyd & Brother Brian" in his motor vehicle. Like all planned BMOA rides, we would use the



"Second Person Drop Off System" and yep you could have guessed it, first ride out and it failed! I was nominated to follow the lead vehicle "Rego Number 109-VDR" and indicate when and where the second person drop off would happen and be located. This went well for about 7 or 8 turns until it became Robyn's turn for drop off and then it all went to shit with Jeff Burt ending up over in Gatton. It ended up with about 5 of us sitting under a tree while Bob & Julie back tracked around the south-eastern side of Toowoomba Range finding other riders

still sitting on their nominated drop-offs waiting. The penny finally dropped when we realised Robyn had missed the riders briefing and was not aware that Jeff was the "Tail Ender", as she was trying to retrieve the \$204.00 she was over charged for accommodation. "Errrrrrrrrrrrragh so what " is the easiest way to explain it. However, with the aid of mobile phones, all was made good and we all met up again on the other side of the valley at Nobby the home of "Rudd's Pub", which is where Steel Rudd penned the famous "Dad & Dave Tales of the 50's & 60's".



Tuesday Day 4: Local rides - 200Klms

The Daily ride got underway with yours truly again following the "109-VDR" again and indicating drop off positions (this time the system worked perfectly). We were off to more criss crossing of the Toowoomba districts numerous back roads and 99% of us did not have a clue where we were going but I can tell you, we went up and across and around every front road, back road, side road, cross road, in the surrounding country side, until Bob's BSA snapped

the drive chain out in the middle of nowhere, putting a bit of a stick in the proceedings. It was then decided that Maurie would pillion Bob back to town and get Bob's ute to pick up the BSA, while the rest of us "Under the guidance of Brother Brian" would continue on and ride back to Toowoomba and onto the Cobb & Co Coach Museum, where we had lunch and viewed the museum. This museum is a must do thing if you are ever in Toowoomba, as it has static displays as well as interactive Blacksmith & Wagon Building workshops, that are available to view and talk with the workers.



The amount of back roads and small little towns / settlements that we came across while criss crossing the Toowoomba district, is absolutely mind boggling and "Brother Brian" knew every-one of them.

Wednesday Day 5: Local Area Rides - Approx 150Klms



This day was a lot less that previously, as we headed west out of Toowoomba to Oakey for a morning coffee break and a planned visit to the Australian Army Air Museum. Many thanks must go to "Brother Brian" for his "Blood Connections" which were able to get us special access (due to Australia's heightened Security Levels) to the secure on base facilities and personally escorted tours of the Base, Military Air Museum, Workshops and the Army Air Museum which is located just outside of the base. This was really appreciated as we were shown things that the normal Joe Citizen does not get to see. This took us up to about 1.30pm and as

usual "Brother Brain" had organised a booking at the local Oakey Tavern for us for lunch. After lunch we again dutifully followed 109-VDR for another 100klms in a different direction back to town.

Thursday Day 6: Local Area Rides - Approx 150 Klms

Once again we got under way about 9am. The difference today, was that Lloyd had extradited his Spyda from hybernation and was leading today, as Brian was working at his local charity. Our first stop was in town at the Picnic Point lookout where we could view the recently completed Toowoomba Range roadworks, plus "Pup met Puppy" at the lookout park. From there is was down the range with an agenda of viewing the towns in the Lockyer Valley that were damaged in the floods a couple of years ago. It was then off to Gatton for a coffee and a look around via Grantham. There was nothing really to see of the Old Grantham but the new relocated Grantham can been seen up on the hill on the LHS. Having looked around Gatton and had a coffee break, it was back across the valley and heading up the range via Murphy's Creek and then onto the Highfields Historic Village for a



Sausage Sizzle and Damper lunch. We spent the rest of the afternoon at the Historic Village which is also a "Must Do " thing to see as this Historic Village is still ever evolving and changing, and the changes are quite noticeable since we were here about 4 years ago.

Friday & Saturday, Day 7 & 8: The Return Trip HOME - 992 Klms

Bob & Julie and Keith & Val stayed on another day and Bob & Julie visited the Milne Bay War Museum and the Cobb & Co Museum, as Bob had missed the latter while picking up the BSA with the broken drive chain on Tuesday. Bob & Julie & Keith left Toowoomba on Saturday, going over to Laidley to the "Annual Gatton Swap Meet" which is held over 2 days with Saturday being the main day. On all reports from Bob & Keith, this is a unbelievable successful event, with up to approx 10,000 people attending the Swap Meet. After attending the Swap Meet, Bob & Julie left for home with Keith & Val departing on Monday morning.



The Sunshine Coast crew departed just before 8am for home going via Crows Nest and Esk, before splitting up and getting home well and truly before lunch time.

Most everyone was ready to depart at 7.30am, however we never actually got away until 8am. The Mackay bound group consisting of Lloyd H, Gerry D and Maurie & Joyce and Jeff Burt on the Spyda's left just on 8am and had to contend with the rush hour traffic getting out of Toowoomba. The next battle was the extensive roadworks again, being conducted westwards all the way to Miles (205 Klms) which was our first stop for a refuel and leg break. From there, it was north via Wandooan, Theodore and on to Taroom for another refuel and catch up stop and then on to Banana for our overnight stop at the Banana Hotel Motel. This establishment is becoming a regular resting place for the BMOA and we highly recommend it as the publican Finn goes out of his way to accommodate us and look after our every need.



Saturday morning saw us all on the road just after 7am, steadily heading the 160klms into Rocky for our first stop and breakfast. With that out of the way, it was off to Tooloombah Creek for a refuel and leg break before heading for home. We got home just on 1.30pm which was a pretty reasonable run from Banana to Mackay, considering we went through Rocky and also encountered MORE roadworks which had to be dealt with.

A special thanks to Lloyd Dornbusch who coerced his "Brother Brian" into being our guide and escort for much of the week in the Toowoomba area and for "pulling the strings" to get us onto the Army Air Base & organised the escorted tours.

Once again an excellent "Week Away" with a mix of modern and old bike rides with like minded people having a great time living out their passion. Members should not hesitate putting your hand up should you have an interest, as I am positive you will have a very enjoyable time and we guarantee that you will see some very different things and meet some very different people.

Contributed by Gerry Dempsey



Brandon Speedway Ride

On the weekend of the 11th October about 13 members (including Stuie who is not quite a member yet, but is clocking up more rides than me) headed up to Ayr for the Gary Moon Memorial Speedway Weekend and for some of us, this was our third year in a row.

On the way up, Artie mentioned that there was a show and shine on at the Bowen showgrounds and this was confirmed at the service station at Bowen so we detoured in for a look. It was a reasonable affair but not many bikes and when Lucky was sent to round us up at the bar to get going, we all went and Lucky rode his bike into the bar area and stayed. Could have had another.

This was a great weekend as always and the competition this year was as fierce as I have ever seen it. This meet went off with no mishaps for the competitors, so that makes it even better. As always we stayed at the Brandon Tavern and in keeping with tradition, confusion reigned supreme with the accommodation. As the ride coordinator, I am always looking for ways to get out of the role, ways to improve and next year, I am putting "PLAN B" into operation with regards to accommodation. I am keeping Plan B a secret because I don't want it becoming a stuff up before I get a chance to personally stuff it up. Only time will tell.

After a top night at the track, it was back to the units for coffee, beer, lies and whatever else we could come up with. Next morning Gerry was up early (unusual) and he and Sledge headed off to Mackay to attend the Monthly meeting. Apparently someone mentioned that a motion was being put forward to buy new club tents and Gerry wanted to be there to ensure it went ahead.

Chris and Gill and Lucky headed off as well and the rest of us went over to Homehill to the Malpass Pub for breakfast and to help them celebrate their 90th Birthday.

After a top feed as usual, we headed for home incident free to cap off another great ride.

Contributed by Bernie Cannon

October Club Ride

On Sunday the 19th October about a dozen bikes gathered at NQ Water for our Monthly ride. Most of our regular riders were off on the Toowoomba ride starting that weekend, so it was good to see we still had a good turnout. We headed up to Seaforth and parked up on the Beachfront near the old shop and the weather and view was superb. Riding conditions were about 10 out of 10. A few members ordered coffee at the shop and we spent a good 3/4 hour just chatting and enjoying the view. From Seaforth, we headed through the twistlers of Mt. Jukes road to Kuttabul and stopped in at the pub for a coldie. The Kuttabul Pub has improved out of site with the new management and it's well worth a visit. As most people had commitments that afternoon and the bike racing was on the telly, everyone headed for home early.

Not a big one but very enjoyable and amongst good company just the same.

Contributed by Bernie Cannon

Lakeside Trip September 2014

On Thursday 25th September, a few members from the club travelled down to Lakeside Raceway for the Shannon's Classic Races. Dale and Mick Ryan headed down in Dales van with Mick's Rocket 3 in the back and whatever gear us riders did not want to carry on the bikes. Bryan Baker took his own vehicle down with a trailer and bike and set up beside us. Those blokes got there well ahead of us and set up camp. Bob, Lloyd Harmsworth, Andy, Chris Percy, Steve Ruffle and myself rode down. Chris rode in from Moranbah the morning we left and met us at Sarina and we rode as far as Gympie, so that was a big ride for Chris that day. The ride down was fairly straight forward for most of the day but by the time we neared Tairo the thunderstorms that were predicted started to roll in. Dale had contacted Bob previously that day and advised that a storm went through the camp at the track the night before and took out the tent so be wary. At Tairo we stopped at the pub to enquire about accommodation, as it did not look good ahead. Needless to say, none was available and after a local assured us that the storms did not "come from that way", we decided to press on for Gympie.

You guessed it, three kilometres out of Tairo and in she came and we got well and truly dusted. Night time, thunder, lightning, large raindrops, no vision, roadworks and traffic that simply ignored the reduced speed zones. I will admit I was shit'n myself at times, especially when I hit a ridge in the road that I could not see that threatened to send me into the Armco rail. I found out later that Andy and Chris suffered the same fate. We eventually got to Gympie in the dark totally drenched and parked up in the main street to seek out a pub for the night that could safely store the bikes. Whilst looking unsuccessfully for one, it now decided to really rain. I mean, piss down, so we rode the bikes up onto the footpaths and parked under the shop awnings.

Eventually we decided to head out again in the rain and look for a motel on the highway. It was at this time I decided to test how far my bike would go if I left the fuel tap off. It went from the main street to the centre of the roundabout on the main road in. Not bad I thought but as it was pissing down and only Andy waited to see the results of the test, I decided to turn the tap back on and get going so the backed up traffic could get through. Strange time and place to test a fuel tap I know but it's good to know these things and besides it provides topics of conversation at the drinking session that invariably follows these long days.

A special mention and a thank you must go to Bob here, because after securing a good motel at a good price bob volunteered to ride back into one of the pubs in the pouring rain and grab a carton of grog. Thanks Bob!!! All in all it was a slog but we all agreed it was a great ride and not a bad day really. The camaraderie and truth stretching that goes on after a ride always makes it worthwhile.



Next day we were up and gone fairly early with everything dried out and all bikes ok. We arrived at the track to see that Dale and co had secured a brilliant spot and had things set up just right. The camping was great and the facilities more than adequate and the best part was that you could wander at will through the pits and chat with everybody and a lot of riders simply had their bikes set up at their camp spots. Being older bikes and hence a predominantly older rider and spectator group, the eye candy was mainly in the form of bikes as you can see from the picture below. Mind you, some twisted male was seen flashing his man boobs at our club members which I thought was disgusting but the crowd obviously thought it was ok. I think Dale egged him on?



The racing was very competitive and we lent a lot of support to Woodsy who I am sure appreciated our applause and carrying on each time he came past and he even gave us a right handed wave on the last lap of the day. It was a treat to see Cameron Donald race as well and for someone who broke two wrists only about six weeks prior he certainly gave it his all. The most unfortunate thing for the meet was the death of a rider at the very closing stages of the final day and it cast a very sombre mood over things from then on. If there is any truth or sense in the saying "he died doing what he loved" then he certainly went out in style. Condolences go to his family from the British Motorcycle Owners Association of MacKay and may he still be racing wherever he is.



On a lighter note we had many and varied visitors to our tent over the 3 days due to our banner being on display out front. Cold beer was always available for \$2 a can thanks to Dale and various offsidars doing a beer and health food run each afternoon. On the last night Andy decided he would like to cook something more home-style and sophisticated so it was snags



and beer which was a good change. There was a beautiful Bonny parked beside our tent and a couple of the blokes decided to put a "For Sale" sign on it. We had no idea who the owner was but the phone number looked familiar. It looked the same as one of our club members who by the way excels at organising long distance trips. I wonder if he got any phone calls? I also wonder which club member did this horrible deed.

In all the whole weekend was great fun and a few storms, rain at night coming through the tent and a cold spell didn't bother us at all. My brother in law, Brad from Brisbane, who was also a mate of Bobs from way back, came and stayed for one night as well but had to leave at sparrows to start work and due to a locked gate had to make his own exit. Good thing he came in a cruiser ute otherwise he would have had to do a Steve McQueen to get out.



Chris Percy left on Sunday to head home on his own as he had extra distance to travel and had to start work. I contacted Chris upon our return to ensure he made it safely and things went well and he advised that he stayed overnight along the way, went shopping in Rocky for a shirt or boots or something and got a haircut in Sarina before heading to Moranbah. Is this a bike ride or a shopping trip mate, what's the go. Anyway with one less it was more beer for us on the last night so we made the most of it.



On the Monday Dale headed into Brisbane to conduct business, Bryan was heading to NSW but I don't think he got that far then made his way north and Mick stayed on to do a rider training course at the Lakeside Track which he advises was great value. Sadly he shat a gear box on the Rocket after leaving the course but that's another story that we will leave for Mick to tell.

Bob, Lloyd, Steve, Andy and myself headed to Mackay and left about 8am and got into Mackay about 7pm without mishap so it was a great end

to one of the best weekends I have had in a long time.

I say it all the time and I am going to say it again, we have a great club with great members and the fun and friendship that goes into a stint away has to be experienced to be believed. If this event is on again we are all lining up to go and I can only urge others to come along. We could possibly do with a newer and better club tent and a better travel budget so if we can get that past the treasurer one day you never know.



Contributed by Bernie Cannon

Dingo Beach Ride

On Sunday the 16th of November 9 riders from Mackay met at Dingo Beach with about another 9 or 10 returning from the Speedway in Ayr to have a look at a private car collection. Thanks to Dale for putting me on to Alan who owns this collection and houses them in a private museum. The ride up was a little hot but a great run nonetheless and we had heard on the grapevine that we were in for a treat but let me tell you, once we arrived we were blown away.

Alan calls his establishment "Big Al's Cafe and Museum" and in a word it is "SUPERB".

We were greeted by a full size cafe modelled on the Happy Days theme and colours complete with Wurlitzer jukebox, Elvis Presley pinball machine and a genuine American Coke machine in as new condition with coke in glass bottles. Sadly it only accepts US 10cent coins. Alan's wife spoils us with complimentary sandwiches, tea, coffee, water or a Soda.



If this was the entree' then what awaited behind the Cafe was certainly the main course, 32 restored or original vehicles of varying make, model and type and of these 31 were registered. The only unregistered vehicle was a Simca V8, didn't even know they made a V8.

I unfortunately cannot recall all the vehicles but there were Holden's, FX, FC, FJ, EH, Fords, Chryslers, including a Charger, Dodges galore including a Desoto ute apparently the last registered unit in the world. Too many to recall but the photos give you an idea. Alan has another 30 vehicles in various stages of readiness to join the display and once stage 2 of the shed is complete they too will be on show.

Speaking of sheds I should mention the man cave. Flake flooring that I would be happy to eat off, insulated, dust free, high clearance and about to be lined and have the walls covered in memorabilia.

Alan has extended an invitation to us to visit again next year to look at the others. An offer I am sure we will be taking him up on. We have sent Alan a thank you letter in appreciation of he and his wife's generosity and even though we visited a car museum and no bikes were on display it must be said that we had a great days ride and without a doubt we were in the presence of something rare and special that is not open to the public.

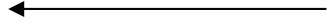
A fantastic day was had by all who attended.

Contributed by Bernie Cannon





Does anybody recognise this member?



Seen gadding about at a recent local social function. If you recognise him please contact the editor as he left his stash behind when he departed the premises.

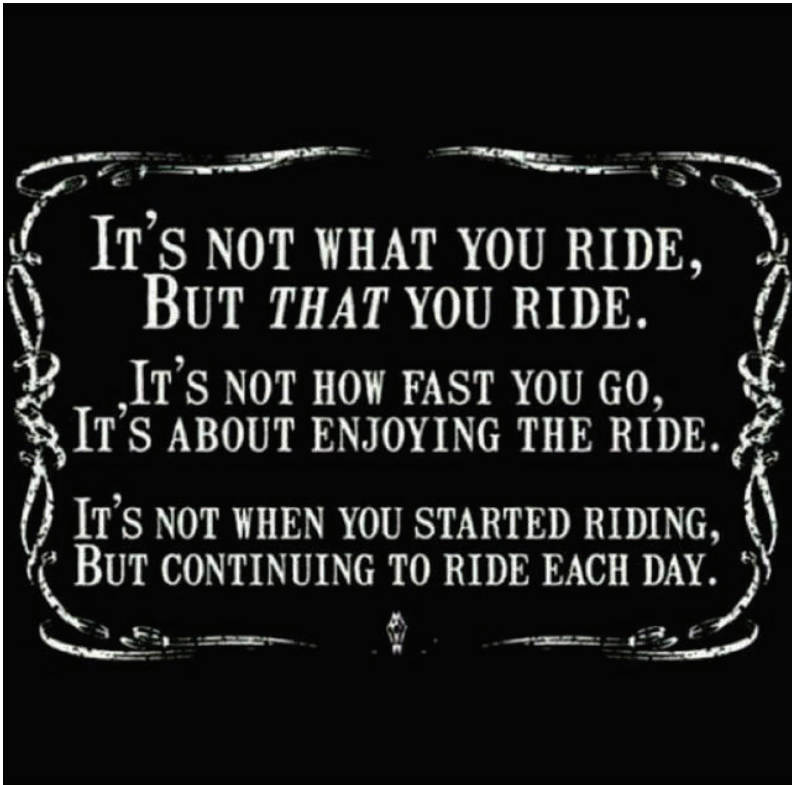




Pauls New Hog

Tennis court roller at Rubyvale tennis court, it has all the good gear, Briggs and Stratton motor with old type mini bike clutch, and an old skate board for a seat.

Contributed by Paul Eyles





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**

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**



For Sale 2012 Speed Triple R. 5,600Klm's \$4000.00 worth of extras (pipes, mirror, cowl etc) one owner **\$18500.00, Ph Brian 0420 978 136.**

Wanted - WLA Harley Davidson Parts or Complete Bikes. **Phone Micah 0749595597, micahbutt@bigpond.com**

For Sale - Honda VT250 \$500. **Phone Allan 49 551 045**

For Sale - 1974 Triumph Trophy TR6R. Boyer ignition, new tyres, throw-over saddlebags. **\$6,000. Phone Alan 49 551 045**

Wanted - Royal Enfield Meteor fuel tank, have 500 and 700 Twin spares for swap. **Phone Colin 0403 766 088**



For Sale - Genuine Triumph Touring gloves. Brand new & unused, size XXL. **\$50.00, Phone Gerry 0407 171898**

For sale - 30hp mercury outboard motor, good condition and very reliable. **\$1200 ono Phone Gil 0432 862 619**



For Sale - 2008 Mini Cooper S Clubman Chilli, excellent condition, all the extras you would expect from a BMW. **\$25,900 ono. Phone Gil 0432 862 619.**



FOR SALE - 2007 Triumph Bonneville 865. Recent major service, new chain & sprockets, registered until May 2015, RWC supplied. Immaculately presented and rides like new. Inspection welcomed. **Priced to sell at \$6,500 firm. Phone Lawrie 0407 639 884**



For Sale - Pair of 41mm Ricor Intimator fork valves. Brand new in box, suit all Hinckley twins. Best performance modification for Triumph dampener rod forks available today. Smoother ride, less fork dive & less bottoming out. **\$240. Phone Lawrie 0407 639 884**





For Sale - 2007 Honda CTX200 Bushlander, 2200 ks near new, perfect condition, registered with RWC. \$2,600 Phone Lex 0429 966 850.



For Sale - 1975 Triumph Trident T150. Rebuilt engine including crank grind, new bearings, New conrods, pistons and rings. Head was totally rebuilt a few years ago. Has been run but not been on road, heaps of new parts included but not fitted. Bike is rideable but unregistered & unfinished. **\$7500 Phone Lex 0429966850.**



For Sale - 1937 Triumph 600S. Local bike, 600cc single. Engine has been run, 90% overhauled mag and dynamo included (not shown in photo). No forks, only frame, rear wheel & oil tank. Engine has broken sidecase. **\$400 Phone Lex 0429 966 850.**



For Sale - Leather Triumph throw over bags. Externally GC, internal liners FC. **\$80 ONO. Phone Charles 0400 051 211**



For Sale - 1993 BMW R1100RS. One owner, purchased new in 1994, 46000km. ABS, panniers, books, spares, footrest lowering kit fitted (originals incl.). Recent update to alternator belt, drive shaft service, front brake kits and pads. Registered 'till 10/14. Good order however could probably benefit from fine tuning. Excellent Tourer. Genuine reason for sale. **\$5,000 ONO. Phone Jeff 040 728 4420**



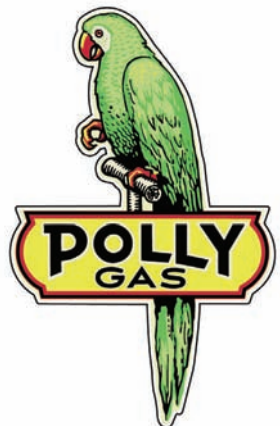
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