

A Social History of the VMCCWA

Volume 2
2010 - 2018

Edited by Murray Barnard



A SOCIAL HISTORY OF THE VINTAGE MOTOR CYCLE CLUB OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA (INC)

Compiled by Murray Barnard

2025



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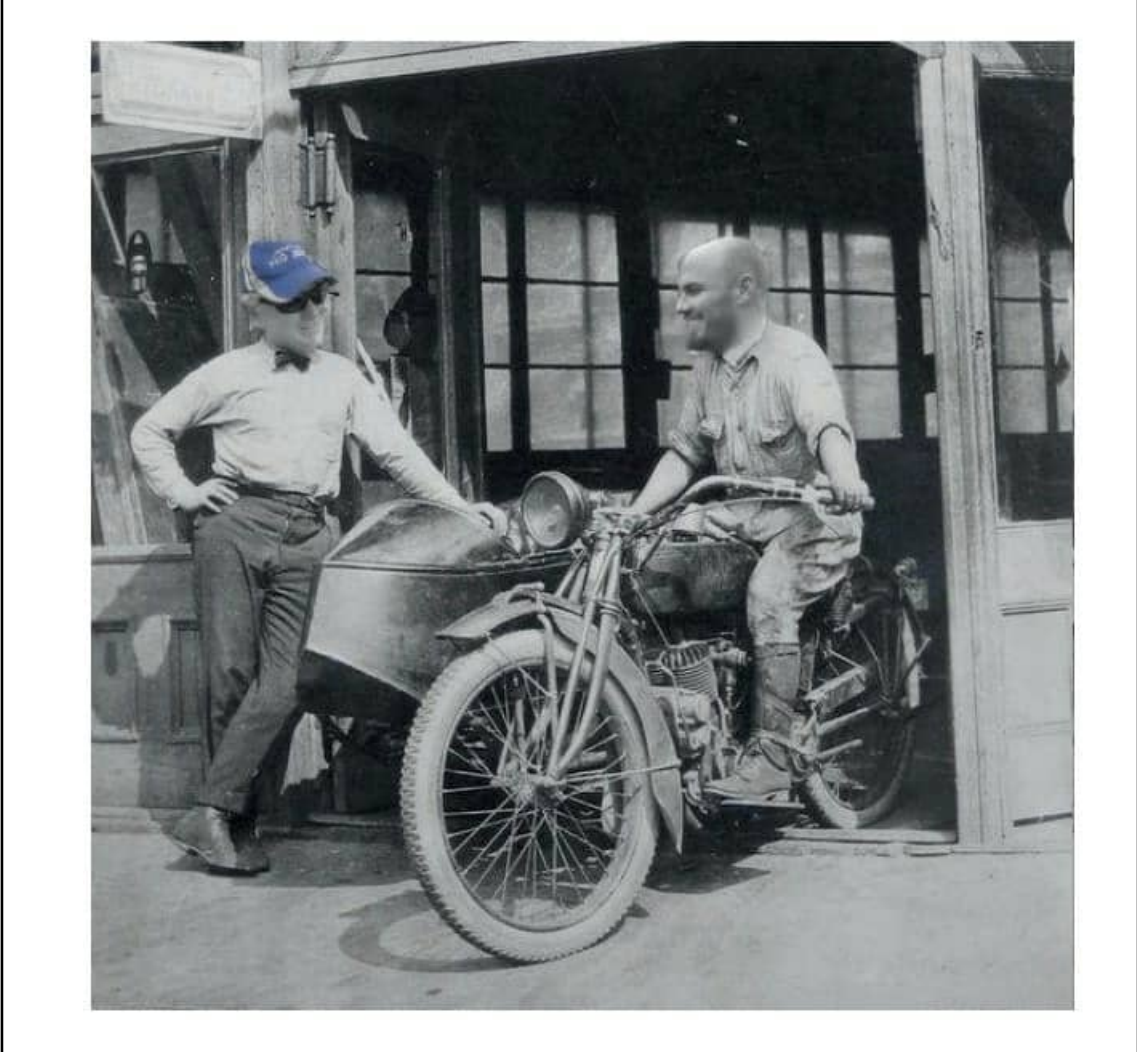
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2010: MASSIVE HAIL STORM HITS PERTH

POINTS SYTEM FAVOURING PRE31 CHALLENGED: At the February meeting Maurice Glasson commented on the new points system to be trialled for 12 months from April 2010. He noted that a member on a "post 30" bike would need to attend many more events to accrue points than a rider on and "Pre 31" bike. He suggested that Rider of the Year and Club Person of the Year should be of equal standing. In reply, the President reiterated that the new system was to be tried for a year and will, if necessary, be fine tuned when the results are available next year. The Management Committee was concerned that some members are riding non Club eligible bikes in events and this should be discouraged. This was discussed and there is not a lot we can do other than ask them not to ride or ride away from the group. Soon members will have to write their bike number on the blood sheet. No number no entry.

THE SHARP END: Well the Tassie rally is over with the usual crop of incidents and visits, and John W. has written part one of his experiences to entertain all. As part of a sidecar crew I thought the title "Tasmania on a ring spanner" would be my contribution, which Cec Sumpton enjoyed quite literally when the side car suspension carked it, and was replaced by a ring spanner. As ever the rally relied on organisation to be successful which involved much work. Keith is to be congratulated for a great effort particularly with so many interstateers involved. Apart from one morning the weather gods also obviously approved. On the way back we were amazed by the m/bike traffic coming from WA until we realised it was the Ulysses Club members returning from Albany and their national rally. *Peter Bennett*

TASMANIA TOUR MARCH 2010: If you were a spotted tailed quoll, sitting in a tree, in the early morning of 6th March, you would have been startled by the shattering sound of a B.S.A. Gold Star, hotly pursued by a pre-war Brough Superior through the twisty bends along the headwaters of the mighty Derwent River. Then it would have been mollified with the arrival of about four perfectly tuned BMW's murmuring mellifluously, two of them combinations. The hairpins sometimes so tight, the rider of one appeared like a statue of Buddha turning in the middle of a 78 rpm record on a turntable, the passenger, bug eyed with the irises swung over to the right on the right hand bends. Then, followed an orange Honda CB500 and two candy apple red CB750F Hondas, cam chains quietly chattering. Lastly, a couple of old Harley Davidsons and a mix of other old British bikes. This was not the Hobart Chapter of the Hell's Angels on a skullduggery mission but the combined vintage motorcycle clubs of Australia on the one-in-every-four-years grand tour of the island.

Organised this time by the VMCCWA we had gathered a veritable team of about 42 riders on 24 bikes and our back up driver, Tony Thurley, an Ulverstone resident, who would prove invaluable as a local expert on fine tuning of plans. We all crossed over on the day sail from Melbourne on Sunday, 28 February, after leaving behind trailers and other paraphernalia at a farm in Bacchus Marsh. Keith Perry handed out folders in which all relevant info, such as route sheets name tags and essential maps were to be found. We burst off the vessel like hot champagne, then dashed off to Ulverstone before nightfall, as at least three of us had malfunctioning headlights (my BMW R100RS, the Horex Resident of Trevor Scholar and Cheryl Fennel's B31 B.S.A.). We booked in at the Beachfront Motel in Heathcote Street and woke up the next morning to a short exploratory run up to Leven Canyon, about 100kms into the interior of the island. Weeksy's Goldie stuttered and died on a high speed bend and on stopping, we noticed that the fuel line coming into the float bowl of the carbie had snapped

off on the soldered joint but a few twists of duct tape and a couple of cable ties to keep the bowl upright, did the trick. On the return, a period of general fiddling took place. Cec Sumption undertook to rewire Cheryl's BSA, placing a new loom in from the headlight switch to the stop light. What he found was a, live, brass knob, under the headlight shell, which when turned clockwise, came up against a metal stop and just shorted out the battery. The single fuse was rated at 20A, probably more suitable in a Mack truck than a dainty motorcycle and had a higher rating than the wiring harness it was supposed to protect, meaning that several charred lengths of old wiring had to be cut away. Cec had nearly finished the job, when the whole bike toppled over and spilt some fuel (most of which had come out of Trevor's Horex, which had developed a tank leak where it bolts onto the frame). Cec also picked up a big cut on his forehead, so Keith rushed him off to the local hospital for three stitches. That night Cec was able to finish the wiring and the BSA had a bright headlight again! The Horex was holding its fuel too, so we all moved off towards Cradle Mountain, through some of the picturesque, 3 letter back roads. We were also joined by a clutch of Tassie riders, including a ruddy faced fellow from Hobart on a glorious Brough and another chap on the scruffiest purple Triumph I think I've ever seen.



Tea was had in the glorious interior town of Sheffield and we moved on to the National Park where most riders rode through the little twisty section to Dove Lake and the fairytale mountain in the background. Then back to Ulverstone via another route to the west, finally ending back the motel, a goodly 300+kms for the day. Most of the bikes were settling in to a rhythm and getting used to navigating the WA way! The next day was farewell to Ulverstone, the whole group moving off towards Strahan, via Burnie and Zeehan, where we stopped for pictures along the coast and the tin mining operations in Roseberry and the transport museum in Zeehan. At one of the stops we had to wait a few minutes for the two Harleys of Barry and Brad Markham to come in. Barry, on his son's 1942 WLA HD had come to grief on a sudden drop off in a hairpin bend but managed to steer the machine sideways through a gap in the hedge alongside the road. All was good and no serious damage was done except for a scratch on the hand and a twig in the helmet visor! Then the final descent into Macquarie Sound, to the massive holiday park complex along the waterfront in Strahan. We all traipsed into the town centre to celebrate Cec and Barbara Scholar's 54th wedding anniversary and merrymaking carried on deep into the night. We all had to be up early the next morning, 4th March in which a cruise took place out to the heads, where we felt the fury of the roaring forties and then turned round to go upstream at a brisk 35 knots up the Franklin river, looking at forest scenes and fishing operations, marvelling at the fact that the river was spared being dammed up 30 years ago. Then we stopped off on Sarah Island, where we told of the convict history of the place,

in which convicts were used for building boats. The guides made it interesting by coercing some of us to participate in reenactments of some of the activities of the day (including a streak by one of the ne'er do well convicts, in which Steve Blackstock, taking the role so seriously he had his trousers down, past his knees, before some of the other male participants asked him to pull them back up) Few remains are to be seen on the island of the 50 year prison history but the feeling of the conditions as they were, was palpable.

A superb lunch was served on the ship making the \$73 a head a very reasonable price for a great day trip out. That evening many of us attended the play "The Ship That Never Was", in which most of the audience were given roles in the play, in the production which explained the disappearance of a recently built convict ship which sailed out of Macquarie harbour, along with 10 of the convicts who had built it while the garrison commander (Cec Sumption) was out fishing, further up the creek, to Chile. The play was interrupted several times with the convicts edict "Liberty or Death!" spoken in harsh tones, the baritone voice of Keith Perry carrying over the other voices. Peter Bennett played the part of a dastardly government official, who let the blueprint drawings and records of the ship's building "go missing" so as to obstruct the Crown's case against the mutineer's in their future trial in Hobart. There was considerable excitement the next morning, with the trip across to Bronte Park in the highlands. Blokes were revving their engines in the carpark early the next morning and we shot off for Queenstown, that copper mining town, two or three hundred hairpin bends away. One of our number came to grief against a van towing a caravan and his foot was broken in a couple of places. He was discharged from Queenstown hospital and taken through to Hobart for a cast to be put on. Peter Bennett was enjoying a session in the sidecar of the BMW R90/6 combination when suddenly the suspension on the sidecar collapsed like the World Trade Centre. It was not too far to go though, to the chalets at Bronte Park and we all made it in good time for evening drinks around the grand fireplace (which must be truly welcoming in the winter when there's 2 foot of snow outside!) The chalets started off life as accommodation for the workers building the hydro-electric scheme up there and then it became a hunting lodge. Three original cabins still exist in which 1952 QANTAS pin-up calendars, valve radios and straw cots still remain as they were when the workers were staying in them. The next morning, Keith took out the offending shock and put in a ring spanner and a length of nylon rope (and winning a jury rig nomination in the process). Cec was "comfortable" in there and Keith said it was almost as good as the original shock.

Then it was along the Derwent River, all the way to Hobart, along beautiful forest scenes, switchbacks and views of misty valleys. We swept into Hobart, like vanquishing heroes, a couple of Tassie riders still hanging onto the group and booked into the Riverfront Motel before rushing off to the Saturday Salamanca Markets. Ask any Tasmanian, how many people live in Tasmania, and invariably they will answer "Enough". We like you to come over and visit, but we like you to go back afterwards! The half million people that stay there are quite well spread out, with lots of open areas, like the wild and remote south west, where the thylacine roams unhindered but Hobart has grown into quite a beautiful bustling city with a reasonable size developed on the east bank of the Derwent too. That Sunday morning was glorious (even though Melbourne had just had the worst storm in its record taking history). We rode up 1270m high Mount Wellington and viewed the whole city, grinding away, far below, with the Tasman Bridge the focus of the view. Some of the group then hired a car and went to the peninsulas in the south east, like Bruny and some rode to Port Arthur, that huge facility for second offenders. We spent most of the day exploring the massive site, and cruising the bay,

before returning via the fabled Tasman blowhole, Devil's Kitchen and the natural arch at Eagle's Neck. Some of the chaps took their bikes down to Dodges Ferry or to the fabulous Tahune Forest Walk towards Tasmania's southernmost town, Southport. That afternoon the weather started to close in but having been dry thus far, we could not really complain. That next morning we had to be ready for the trip to Launceston which took us through Poatina and Longford skirting the highland lakes. It pretty much rained most of the way, particularly around the middle of the day. I was riding behind Dale Kennedy on his Gold star. Going down the escarpment, waterfalls suddenly sprung out from the cliff faces and front wheels threatened to skid away. At the bottom of the escarpment, a rushing brown stream of topsoil rushed over the bitumen and we punched our way through it. Dale, up ahead had stopped and on opening his maggie cover, let out a stream of water. Hedley and Roberta Cook, on their his and hers Triumphs, looked like drowned rats, dustbin bags draped over their riding leathers. Weeksy's Goldie picked up what he described as a seven inch nail in his back tyre but which Tony described as a "small tack" we were only able to change the tube and repair the puncture that evening after the rain had subsided.

By the morning of the 9th March, it had cleared up considerably and everyone congregated at the front carpark of the Treasure Island caravan park, ready for the big move east. Those that had not been to the Launceston Automobile museum the day before, elected to go now, to see the grand collection of automobiles and the 20-30 motorcycles, most of which were displayed on an upper deck. Highlights were a Dover white and Bavarian black pair of R60 BMWs, a glittering '39 Silver Star (only about 30-40 imported to Australia) and a brace of perfect plus Adlers. Back on the Tasman Highway, it was still cloudy but the group made good headway, past the breathtaking view at Targa, looking over Mt Barrow and Scottsdale and into the town of Scottsdale, where most punters plunged into a warts-and-all English breakfast. Cec couldn't start the Norton combination, so went hunting for a battery in the main street (with success). It explained why the bike had been difficult to start in the morning. The group now bobbed and weaved through the hairpins all the way to St Helen's, where most people bought provisions for the dinner, that night, at White Sands. The last 100 kms were of long white beaches, stretching for infinity north and south, and when we arrived at White Sands, just south of Falmouth, you could hear a pin drop at hundred paces, when the wind was down. The resort overlooks a magnificent bay, and most of the group went for a walk along the beachfront. That evening, most of us watched the sun dissolve into the forested horizon, with a pint of Cascade or equivalent, the sigh of the surf just behind us. The next morning, there was a hugger mugger at reception, as their whole computer system went down. Cec was also on the prowl for a stronger captive bolt for the Norton's gearbox and then Keith's 90/6 didn't want to run nicely. Eventually, the bike was loaded up and we all moved off, further southwards, back on the road to Hobart, with more white beaches and a spectacular little motorcycle museum in Bicheno. Most of the lads were in there, gaping at the exhibits. One of the latest acquisitions was a '29 or '30 Sloper and Weeksy engaged in a detailed monologue with the curator regarding that particular machine, then went into B.S.A.'s history through the Sloper and Empire Star era, to the Silver Star and then their crowning glory, the sensational, Brooklands winning Gold Star. They even had a 1955 DKW RT250, a very tidy Adler and a Noriel (don't ask!) on show.

Then we hit the (relatively) high speed section down to Orford, where we left the coast, heading inland towards the historic town of Richmond. There, most had lunch and spent some time visiting the old jailhouse, the 1830's bridge and other landmarks. From there, it was a

short gallop over the hills and into Hobart via the Tasman Bridge, and from there a hop and a skip to our old hunting ground, the welcoming Riverside lodge again, in Berriedale, complete with the ducks, the seabirds and the tranquil lagoon of the Derwent again. Once the Beemer was offloaded, Keith stripped down both carburettors and cleaned out a fair bit of brown sludge from each. When he went to rebuild the stripped carburettors again, one of them was missing a little brass ferrule which sits below the needle jet. Keith roped in Peter Bennett and Steve Blackstock to form a witch hunt sub-committee, to look into first, the other BMW riders, then the British bike riders and lastly Harley Davidson riders to find out where it was. Eventually the missing widget was found under the seat toolbox console of the BMW and all was good. The bad running problem was then diagnosed as being the ongoing Omega Ignition saga, in which it cuts out the motor when the red light goes off. By reverting to points, Keith was able to reconnect the three alternator wires and the Beemer was back to normal again. Once again, there was a rest day so some went down to Bruny Peninsula and others struck off south to where they had not visited previously. Leony and I went for a leisurely ride up to the forest south of Geeveston, returning via Blackman's Bay, site of the Tasman landing back in the seventeenth century and back along the coast between Kingston and Hobart, to see the famous blowhole! via Taroona where the mighty shot tower still glowers over Derwent Harbour.

That night, Paul and Cheryl cooked a fantastic vegetarian meal over at their chalets and the chaps had a whale of an evening, Tony regaling us with Tasman tales and Weeksy had his party "gorilla wig" on, to scare off unwelcome visitors. The next day, the 12th, it was labelled the "Back to Launceston again" day but this time we crossed the Bowen bridge back to the east bank and via windy back roads to the Midland Highway. The big attraction of today was the fabulous little historic town of Ross, where we spent hours exploring the many sights of the old town. Many cups of coffee were drank and loads of scones with clotted cream. Eventually, we tore ourselves away and made off for Launceston, by way of Perth, the snap crackle pop of the ubiquitous Gold Stars heralding once again, our return. Those that had the time, slipped into the city to visit the wonderful Cataract Gorge, with its Victorian gardens and chairlift ride. Some of the bikes were now loaded up into vans that had been left here by some of the QLD and NSW riders. The next morning, neither of the remaining BSAs would start. Like disgruntled sled dogs on Christmas Eve, they refused to budge, not even after the Goldie had been firmly "kicked in the belly" about thirty times. They were both loaded up side by side, in a sulk, and we headed off north, following the west bank of the Tamar, all the way to Beaconsfield, where a compulsory stop and tour took place of the long running goldmine. Just for a laugh, Weeksy tried kicking the Goldie again, and she actually started! So, she was wheeled off for the last little bit of action. Then we headed onwards to Beauty Point, stopping along the way at the world famous Platypus House. In there, we booked a tour in which they showed us all their Echidnas and Platypuses and we certainly were able to glean a lot of information about these fascinating creatures. Thereafter, we headed across the desolate Asbestos range towards Port Sorell and then the "got-to-pinch-myself-I-think- I'm-dreaming, route along the Bass Highway, where, only twelve days ago, we had disembarked from the "Spirit". Then back to the Beachside Motel, with the two aunties that had served us last time. That evening, Cec gave Cheryl's Beezer a look over again, opening the points up slightly and demonstrated to all of us how easy it is to start a big thumper. Yup get it to just TDC, where it's rocking over the top of its stroke, then kick it in the belly! Weeksy tried again on the Goldie but it wasn't having a bar of it, so it was loaded up on the trailer, along with the two HD's. I lent my 6V battery charger to Trevor to see if his battery could be rejuvenated, because the Horex was

cutting out at low rpm and misfiring quite badly, even though the timing was spot on. Cheryl's headlight was on the blink too, so we tried charging her battery too. We were also concerned because Adrian's BMW's back tyre was showing two layers of canvas in several places and we were not sure if it would make it to the ferry. That next morning, we only had a small distance to travel but all the trailer space was taken up with those bikes being trailered home with non Bacchus Marsh trailers. Trevor's Horex didn't start, in spite of the recharged battery, so we resolved to investigate it at the V.C.C. of Tasmania, just down the road in Devonport. Bruce, one of the Triumph riders wired in another power cable to the coil and the Horex was sweet again. Just in case, he also jury rigged a couple of 3V radio batteries in series, just to make sure it made it to the ferry!

The car club in Devonport, along Clayton Road, gave us a very grand luncheon and from there we accompanied them to an exhibition at the home of one of their members, Chas Kelly, a famous Tasmanian racer and owner of an unimaginable collection of two and four wheelers. There was drama, right down to the wire, as the BMW's back tyre blew like a musket on a Gettysburg battlefield between the exhibition and the ferry terminal. Fortunately for Adrian, the one and only bike shop in Devonport's owner lived opposite to where the combination rolled to a halt, so was able to have a second hand tyre fitted for just 20 bucks! I wonder if that same second hand tyre will still be on it for the 2014 event! We parked up our motorcycles outside the ferry terminal and wandered into the local pub. There, Bob Inkson, one of the QLD contingent regaled us with stories of St Kilda in the sixties, when he would walk into a melee of flying beer, mud, guts, glass and barstools in his favourite pub and earning just enough to maintain his surfing existence. After embracing our friend, Tony goodbye, we went up the ramp and tied our steeds down in the hold, then made our way to our cabins. We would be woken that Monday morning by a Daytona orange dawn over Melbourne, and as we blended into the dreary early morning traffic, we mused that they would all have been oblivious of the fortnight's fun we had just completed. Now it was a matter of regrouping at Bacchus Marsh and the long journey home. We got our Grey Mare's back wheel on the Eyre Highway and blazed off back to Perth. It was a pleasant enough three day journey, interrupted with a very lumpy running bike in Adelaide. I put it to the heat, which could have played around with the happy ignition setting of the rudimentary 70's era. We booked in at a run down motel there, much to Leony's dismay and the pockmarked motel proprietor led us to a dingy room (from which a very large cockroach scurried out).

I removed the front engine cover and ascertained that the points probably needed replacing. Imagine my disgust, when I noticed that the 3mm allen (hex) key I needed to remove the points from its points plate was the only one missing from both my sets! I went to ask pimple face at the reception (by now, face back in a porn magazine, and feet up on the desk). Reluctantly, he scratched through a pitiful old box of rusty tools, amazingly finding two off, one eighth of an inch hex keys! After issuing dark threats about making sure I returned the tools I rushed back to the bike but they just wouldn't fit. Feeling a bit like a naughty schoolboy stealing tomorrow's exam paper from the teacher's office, I quickly filed down the one end of one, till it fitted and with a screech, the securing bolt tore loose. The next day, there was a bit of an improvement but I knew there was still something wrong. A large cold front suddenly descended on us, with waves of rain. It was during a particularly heavy wave, that the bike suddenly started running on one cylinder only. Upon putting my gloved hand on the left HT cable I felt like a burglar touching an electric fence. In Eucla, after having run out of petrol, 10kms before the border, I replaced the spark plug cap and noticed that the rain from the wet

day in Tasmania had gotten into the end, just where it screws onto the cap, forming a green layer of verdigris on the copper core. Now with two fat blue sparks, nothing could hold the mare back and we cruised all the way home, stopping off at the 15 sites of interest along the magical Norseman- Hyden road and marvelling at the way the glazing on the rings disappeared and the oil consumption reduced to almost zero (high mileage of sustained moderately high engine speed and uniform temperature). A very big thank you needs to be extended to Keith and Dave, for not only organising such a successful trip, but for bringing their personal vehicles and trailers for back-up and baggage carrying duty. It will be a long time before we forget the Tasmanians (and a long time before they forget us!). *John Wightman*

PERKOLILLI MOTOR CYCLE RACING by *Charles Lawson*. In 1938 when I was 10 years of age, my father Wally took my brother Frank and myself 400 miles (680 kms) to Lake Perkolilli for SPEED CARNIVAL week. Our transport was a 1936 Chevrolet truck fitted with 900 x 20 single rear wheels. The roads were often 'rutted' following rain storms, and the thinking at the time was that single rear wheels were a better choice than duals. On the tray section of the truck was placed a Furphy Cast Iron water tank containing 100 gallons of water, two 44 gallon drums of Super Plume petrol, some tents and old railway tarpaulins and shearers mattresses. Also on board, was a cast iron Dutch oven for cooking purposes, six rabbit traps — food, beer etc. There was Primus Stoves and hurricane lamps, shovels, axes and rakes - all items required for camping in the bush. As I was doing my schooling by correspondence course, I was told by my teacher to keep a Journal of the trip for inspection, and my Mother still had the exercise book 60 years later. I am over 80 years of age now, but still remember awakening in the morning to the smell of bacon frying, hot camp oven bread, tea with condensed milk etc. My Dad had a friend named Ron Duke who had a Chicago model special twin cam Harley Davidson racer. It lapped at 102 mph (170kph) on the 2 mile circuit. The Lake Perkolli surface was a red silicon base (hard and flat) and the race circuit was marked with steel bore casing rods, protruding 4 feet high above the surface. Every 100 yards the bore rods were painted with Calamine, a powder based paint, easy to transport, and to apply. Very effective for marking needs, in colours cream or white, just slap it on any surface, be it wood or steel, then leave it alone — and it would dry very quickly. Arriving in Kalgoorlie, it was like another world. The streets were about fifty yards wide - car and bikes as we had never seen before. Ford models 'T' and 'A' and Chevs etc. Even bikes tied on right and left running boards of cars, and tins of petrol (filled) for the trip. Generally this enabled most vehicles to run about 120 miles on a full fuel tank. There were Lagondas, racing Sunbeams, Auburns, and other makes of cars we had never seen previously. Most of the cars had no body from behind the front seat — just a canvas 'tacked' to the top of seat and sloping to a piece of wood fixed across the lower back of the chassis. No mudguards or windscreens were used. All races were rolling starts. W.A. rider Aubrey Melrose usually got good starts on his Brough Superior. Some of the bikes, mainly Indians and Harleys had special carburettors with NO slides, butterflies or float bowl. Just an adjustable jet. This enabled the rider to ride 'flat out' or slow using a wire from the magneto to a piece of hacksaw blade, which when pressed to the handlebar, gave the rider control of the engine speed. Very highly technical! Each night Frank and I would 'set' our rabbit traps. Later we sold the (dressed) rabbits for 1/6d each. Three W.A. riders had raced in England in 1929, and had purchased three Denley model OHC AJS bikes. They got the formula for racing fuel SHELL 'A', Acetone, Castro! 'R' — 2 tins of Kiwi boot polish, Nitro benzine, some purple dye etc. These bikes were

definitely faster than genuine benzine fuel, but it was half the price!!!! In 1948 there was a terrific storm, 11 inches (250mm) rain overnight, which washed silt and mud on to the racing circuit surface. Racing never re-commenced post War.

REX EDMONDSON (AO) - ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY HALL OF FAME:

The June meeting congratulated Rex on his admission to the RAS Hall of Fame. The honour was awarded as follows: "Farming the fragile soils of Western Australia is a constant challenge. After opening up huge tracts of land between the second war and the 1970s, farmers and others realized that their use of the land was not sustainable. From the early 1980s, the Landcare movement gave farmers the opportunity to redress the rampant problems of salinity, erosion and degradation of soil and Rex Edmondson was the face and a major driving force behind the development of Land Care. Rex began his working life on his parents' War Service Land Settlement farm in the



newly emerging farming region of Jerramungup and realized that farming practices had to change if agriculture was to be viable the long term. He set up and chaired the Jerramungup Land Conservation District Committee, one of the first in the State. Soon, he was serving on, and often chairing, a range of advisory committees and councils to both state and federal ministers about all aspects of Land Care and its administration. For example, he chaired the National Feral Animal Program based in Canberra and the Ord Bonaparte Program, a joint Federal and Western Australian Government plan to assess the sustainable capacity of the region from Darwin to Fitzroy Crossing. At the same time he retained his dedication to his local community as a proactive councillor and shire president in the Gnowangerup, Jerramungup and, later, Albany shires."

MEMBER MANAGEMENT SYSTEM: Acting President Keith Perry advised the July Meeting that we are in a time of change. This change has been made possible by two things. ONE is the availability of technology as used for the Club Website and Member Management System (MMS) to allow us to get a lot of our documentation where Club Officers can access it at any time and without delay. TWO is the hard work of those Club Officers to get the data into the MMS then go through seemingly never ending checking to make sure that it is right. Be patient as these Officers are giving freely of their own time and often have to learn new procedures as they work. When you find an error in say a detail of one of your bikes, think first and don't accuse an Officer of not doing his or her voluntary job. We have to move data from different computer systems into one new one and some of the errors date from around 2000 when the Machine Register was kept in a book. Be patient when you find an error, get your facts right and then contact either the appropriate Club Officer or the Secretary and give the fact clearly. It will be corrected.

A CULTURAL EXPERIENCE IN ALBANY: A Gold Star rider stayed in a chalet in Albany with a couple of mates. 3am and off he went to the toilet, only to find on his return his mates had locked the door. Not amused, he offered them a pithy summary of their ancestry etc then suddenly realised he was knocking on the wrong door!

2011: MASSIVE BUSHFIRES IN THE HILLS

FEATURE: THE OLDER I GET THE FASTER I WENT: My mother used to say that "getting old is a bugger," and as she lived to be over a hundred she had plenty time to contemplate that statement. I am now appreciating what she meant. Nothing works like it used to do, you can't run upstairs, and the memory starts to go, at least the short term. You can't remember what you had for dinner last night, and if you go into the shed for something you can't remember what it was you wanted when you get there. People say that you can recall things that happened many years ago much easier but I am not quite at that stage yet. The other night I was laying in bed waiting for sleep (another sign of ageing?) when for some reason I found myself thinking about the last time I competed in the Isle of Man, the 1960 Manx Grand Prix.



I don't remember many details of the other races I competed in, only some highlights, but this one stands out and thought it might be worth recording. The Manx is held on first two weeks in September and the weather can be cold and wet or warm and balmy, in fact I often think that it is similar to September in Australia, and that year we had a good mix of both, The practice week was mainly wet with a couple of good sessions early on. The last morning practice, which was the Monday of race week, was particularly memorable. I was riding a 500 Manx Norton that I had bought new in 1959 and it was my pride and joy. Bad conditions on the mountain delayed the start, the first riders getting away about six fifteen. Visibility was still down to about a hundred yards over the top, with the mist clearing on the drop down to Creg-ny-ba, the roads were damp and greasy. All went well until I got to the Creg which I thought I took quite gingerly, but as I applied the power both wheels slipped from under me and deposited me on my back. I distinctly remember sliding down the road alongside my bike, watching the sparks flying off from everywhere and thinking, "me bike, me bike, oh, me bike", it looked like a firework display. Luckily it didn't catch fire.

We slid to a stop against the bank and found that we had been chased down the road by a flag marshal who was followed in turn by a big red faced police Sergeant. After making sure I was OK, they picked me up and wheeled the bike back up the road and through a gate into a field, leaned it against a bank, took me back to the Creg and sat me down behind the straw bales from where I watched the rest of the session. In my opinion, as a spectator this is one of the best vantage places on the whole course. Another rider who was staying at the same "digs" as us did a similar thing earlier in the week. His rear wheel slipped, he managed to correct it, but found that the road wasn't going the same way he was. Fortunately the same farm gate was open and he shot through. He did a complete circuit of the field, trying to dodge the cow pats,

out through the same gate and back onto the circuit giving a merry wave to the marshals. The session ended and the "roads open" car came through. The police and marshals went home for their breakfasts leaving me wondering how I was getting back to the pits. As it was a miserable morning there weren't many spectators around, but fortunately one had a van and he kindly offered me a lift. The rest of the day was spent picking up replacement parts from the Norton depot and fitting them. Fortunately the damage was all superficial, seat, megaphone and gear lever, etc. The weather then started to pick up and the Junior race on the Tuesday was run in good dry conditions,

The preparations started on Wednesday evening when we had to present the machines to the scrutineers for the preliminary examination at a garage down near the harbour after which they were then locked up for the night. We were able to pick them up again at 9.30 the following morning, race day. We left the depot just after 10 for a parade down the whole length of Douglas promenade. That was quite an experience. The sound of over a hundred racing machines with open megaphones cruising down the prom' had to be heard to be believed. Mind you there weren't many people to see them because all the fans were already out on the course. But the staff of all the hotels came out to cheer on their favourite riders. Down the prom', and up May hill to join the course at Governors Bridge, on to Glencutchery Road and the start area, where we continued to warm up the engines. At 10.30 the engines gradually shut down as we gave them a final check over and fitted new racing plugs. As I was starting at number 120, I was next to last to start and keeping the oil warm was quite a problem. Riders were wrapping blankets and coats around the oil tanks to try and retain some heat. 10.40, and everyone was lined up in order and waiting for the off, hearts pounding and the adrenaline pumping. 10.45, and the first rider was away, the riders gradually moving forward to wait their turn.

I took the opportunity to walk forward to watch a mate who started at number 85 get away. Unfortunately his bike refused to fire and he had to push back to the pits to change the plug. This time everything went OK and he got away but lost quite a few minutes in the process. Finally it was nearly my turn. A final check to make sure the fuel and chain oiler was turned on, engage first gear and pull back onto compression and push up to the line. Here you are hoping that everything goes OK, and you don't make a fool of yourself by tripping over your feet or something equally stupid. You are by yourself now and all eyes are on you and criticising you, it's not like a short circuit meeting where you can get lost in the crowd. The flag drops and you are away. One step, two, three, drop the clutch to get the engine spinning, four, five, six and drop side saddle onto the seat. The engine started immediately and is turning over at around six thousand rpm with the clutch being fed in hard. By the end of the pits at seven thousand rpm, which on Manx gearing equates to around seventy mph, you swing your leg over and drop onto the seat at the same time stamping into second gear and head down towards the top of Bray Hill.

Into top gear at the cross-roads and line up left for the drop down the hill. Over to the right, then back to the left and aim to just miss the kerb on the far right hand corner of the cross roads in the bottom, all the time holding the throttle wide open. This point is one of the fastest parts of the course and at peak revs, 7200, you are doing just short of 140 mph. Hold the bike to the centre of the road over what is now known as Ago's leap, and on to the right hander at Quarter Bridge, the first corner of the course, braking early and taking it easy as with nearly five gallons of fuel on board and bike is quite heavy. On to the left, then right over the railway line

at Braddon Bridge, and by now you are starting to settle down. On to Union Mills, through the village and past the second milestone marker to start a long uphill straight, and in the distance you catch sight of the rider who started before you. This is good because it gives you a target, something to chase. The Isle of Man can be a very lonely place at times and you can go for miles and not see another rider, and if it is a place with no spectators and few marshals, your mind can start to wander. In fact you begin to think that everybody knows something you don't and they have all packed up and gone home, until you see a rider in the distance or someone comes blasting past to waken you up. Anyway, by now you are getting into the swing of things and starting to enjoy yourself. The bike is handling well and is sounding good.

On to Ramsey and over the mountain for the first time, to Governors Bridge and through the start to start the second lap. This one turned out to be my fastest at an average speed of 90 mph. I lie; it was 89.26, but 90 sounds better. The third was much the same and I was really enjoying myself now. There is something quite satisfying riding flat out down the village street all legal and above board, more so at 6am during early morning practice. The sheer sense of speed going between the buildings and kerbs is exhilarating to say the least. I pulled into the pits at the end of this lap to refuel, change goggles and general check over. Away down Bray Hill again to start the fourth lap. All went well until going down Sulby straight I sensed a drop in power and the exhaust note had changed. Swinging right at the end of the straight I risked a quick look down and saw the megaphone flapping about. I pressed on the few miles into Ramsey and at the square, instead of turning right went straight on up the slip road, where I stopped and leaned the bike against a wall, and found that the megaphone had split just to the rear of the mounting bolt and was hanging on with less than a quarter of the circumference. I grabbed the end of it and worked it up and down until it broke off and was surprised how easily it did so.

I restarted the bike and rejoined the course. If the engine sounded odd before, it now sounded bloody terrible and the power had dropped dramatically. Top gear was a waste of time going up the mountain mile and even on the drop down the other side I only managed to use it a couple of times. Things got worse when on the approach to Governors Bridge I saw a big black board with my number on it and a marshal waving a black flag at me and pointing over to the far side of the corner. I rode over as I was told and another marshal shouted in my ear to carry on but to stop at the pits. This I did and found my mechanic there with a length of wire and a pair of pliers in his hand. Where he got the wire from I never did find out because it was not a normal part of the tool kit. It turned out that what was left of the megaphone had split again, this time in front of the mounting bolt and the exhaust pipe was being held on only by the cylinder head flange nut and was waving about merrily. The pipe was quickly wired on to the frame for support under the watchful eye of an official, who examined it and gave me the OK to proceed. Off again down Bray to start the fifth lap. Things were getting interesting now. Because of having to use lower gears I was going just that bit slower which meant that the braking points were different, as were peeling off points.

One place particularly noticeable was Hillberry, which is a fast right hander. Just before it on the left side is a stone wall, the start of which is the braking point. You ease off the throttle, drop it into third gear and drive hard through the corner. Now not being able to use top gear I was able to hold it hard all the way through in third. Possibly I was maybe going faster than I would normally. Past the start and finish again, this time thankfully no one stopped me and on to the sixth and final lap, all the time urging the bike on and willing for more speed. I was getting

really frustrated by this time. All was going reasonably well until heading down to Ballaugh Bridge every thing went deathly quiet and the engine stopped dead. There is a garage on the left at this point just before the bridge and I coasted on to the forecourt and stopped. A quick look into the fuel tank confirmed what I feared. I was out of fuel. My race was over. A generous local took pity on me and gave me three shillings to buy a gallon of petrol that enabled me to cruise back to the pits where I tried to not draw attention to myself. Dozens of men over the years, including some of the very best, have run out of fuel on the last lap, normally within the last two or three miles, but to run out with over half a lap to go is something of an embarrassment. Thinking about it afterwards we found it hard to believe that the loss of the megaphone could cause such an increase in fuel consumption, but it was the only thing we could come up with. They were filled up prior to scrutineering the night before, and even after the parade and fifteen minutes warming up, there was still fuel in the tank at refuelling. It is possible that we didn't put enough in but both the mechanic and myself checked the level before closing the cap. For the record, Phil Read won the race at a record speed of just over 96 mph. who said after the race that the only problem he had had was a split megaphone!

These speeds might seem laughable now compared to modern day, but back then we were not allowed streamlining of any type and our 500cc bikes might just develop 52 horse power. Today they have 1000cc and at least three times as much horse power, not to mention better tyres and brakes. Also the road surface is better and has been widened in several places. A few corners have been straightened out as well. My mate, who had the trouble at the start, finished a creditable 32nd. Analysing and comparing the lap times I was lying in about 13th place at the end of the first lap, and 18th after 5 laps, just within replica time. This is where "the what if and if only" syndrome comes in. What if it hadn't rained that morning? What if I hadn't fallen off and had to replace the megaphone with what I think might have been an inferior one. Actually the new seat wasn't very comfortable either, having very little padding, and not having much personal padding in that area, I was quite saddle sore at the end. It was quite adequate for short circuits but not for the bumpy mountain circuit. Also, if only I had checked the fuel when I was pulled in for repairs things might have been different. On the other hand it could said that I was one of the lucky ones as the rider who started behind me, the last man away, collided with another rider at Kirk Michael, on the second lap and was killed instantly. Another reason I decided to record this is that as I look out over the snow field that is our monthly meeting, I can't help but feel there are many similar stories just waiting to be told. Hopefully this might encourage some to be dragged out of the cupboard. *B. Betts*

FRANK COCKS. AWARDED O.A.M. : Two years ago whilst attending an Ariel Register Rally in Canberra, a familiar face was noticed in the crowd of touristy types at the Australian War Memorial. It was our member Frank Cocks who explained he was there with a small Committee that was lobbying to have the National Service members honoured for their service to the Australian Military.

This included service overseas in their duties. Frank and the Committee had already spent eight years



2011 Girder Fork Run, top picture. Arthur Grady Run, below.



POINTS SYSTEM: At the November 2011 Meeting, the Committee presented their new points system to the members, which had been amended after a year's trial. The system was aimed at encouraging older bikes out by giving Pre31 machines preference with several times more points per event than more recent machines. Not only did the new system not get more Pre31 machines out but it had the reverse impact of discouraging members with newer machines. The points system was abandoned several years later as it became meaningless nad the system has never recovered. The points system applied was as follows: Committee has agreed to amend the points allocated as follows: and to be effective immediately.

Pre 1919 - 20 points, Pre 1931 - 15 points, Pre 1950 - 10 points, Post 1950 - 5 points

MEMBERSHIP DENIED: Two applications for membership of the Albany Section had been lodged in October. The Secretary received many objections to these applications and in a rare move the Committee moved that Club membership be denied to the two applicants.

ANNUAL INSPECTIONS CEASE: DoT had advised that annual inspections would no longer be

needed. The Committee felt there was some confusion with the proposal. Considerable discussion took place with differing views of the effects of the proposal mainly on where clubs stand in respect the ascertaining the authenticity, modifications and roadworthiness. Annual inspections would continue until the matter was clarified.

2012: CLIVE PALMER'S NEW MINING PROJECTS BLOCKED BY STATE GOVERNMENT.

THE SHARP END: A recurring problem for discussion is how to keep the Club relevant in an ever changing world of members and machines. No problem if a young member is an old bike enthusiast, but if they prefer the more modern machines, which every year grow in club numbers, does the Club meet expectations? There have been many attempts since early days to have a cut off date to keep out modern machines, but this seems self defeating rather like King Canute. A more recent thought has been the formation of a post 70- 80-85 or whatever section to cater for the modern bikes similar to the pre 31 section. How this will function and provide better service is again a matter of opinion, but I feel it is a matter we should all be considering so the membership etc gets maximum enjoyment out of being a member regardless of age of member or their beloved steed. *(The question of the name of the Club came up as well at this time, yet again, but how that would keep a focus on older machines was never explained. It is notable that VMCC UK membership is open to those who have an interest in motorcycles more than 25 years old with many of their members owning modern machines as part of their "stable". They cater for enthusiasts of all ages and levels of experience & you don't even have to own a motorcycle to become a member! There are many ways of preserving an interest in Vintage motorcycles without owning one. Preservation takes many forms and motorcyclists who love old motorcycles should not be penalised for not owning one. However, by the end of the decade even the VMCC UK had changed its name to the Vintage & Classic Motorcycle Club).*

President, John Wightman advised that the Management Committee is currently engaging with the VCCWA and the Shire, with regard to our lease, which is due for renewal at the end of the year. It is hoped that we continue our cordial relationship with the VCCWA and participate in some shared events, to experience some of the enjoyment that the use of older vehicles bring to us. The Committee has advised the VCC of our desire to maintain the status quo with respect to our agreement as a tenant in the Hale Road complex. A successful renewal of the lease from the Kalamunda Shire will ensure the future of the Club for many years to come. *(The reality is that the Shire agrees the lease with the VCCWA and the VMCCWA has to negotiate with the VCCWA to remain a sub- lessee).*

In April 2011 a full review of the concessional license scheme was ordered by DoT and it appeared that some of the recommendations would not be to our advantage. This situation has been closely watched by the CMC and it was complicated by the fact that six different government departments were involved. The good news is that the Minister intervened and stopped the review. The result is that the concessional licensing system will not change. Ern thanked the CMC committee on behalf of the Club for the work done to protect this valuable concession.

EMAIL CHATTER: After much resistance, the July 2012 Vintage Chatter was the 1st issue approved for delivery by email. Prepared by the webmaster the digital Chatter included colour

photos and an improved appearance, plus immediate delivery rather than waiting for the postal service. This service did not come without pushback from some officials, even though the digital Chatter cost nothing and saved on printing and postage expenses for those who opted for the service. They may have felt that their control was threatened.

INAUGURAL ROARING TWENTIES RUN 19-20

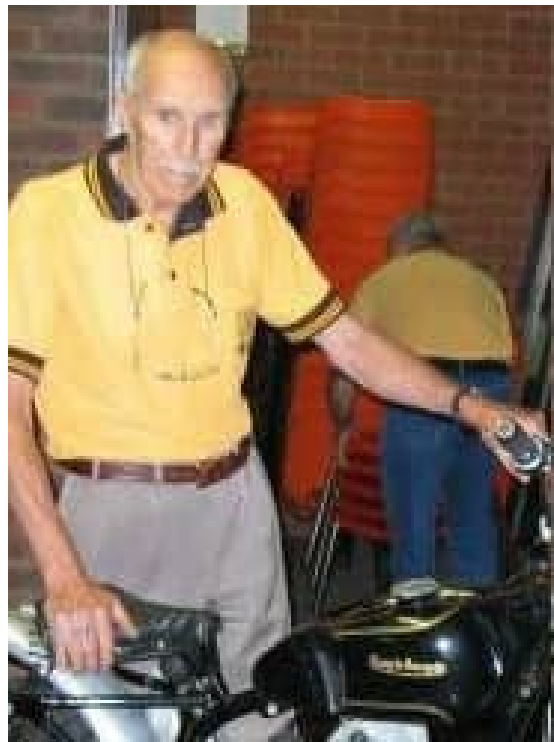
MAY: After a week of watching the weather forecast the was bright and sunny as the 23 starters gathered at the Boyanup Railway Museum for the inaugural Pre 31 Section Roaring Twenties Run to Nannup and return. The veterans got away at about 10.15, however Kevin Badby, Weeksy and Sharon Rudler all had problems at the start, with



Kevin and Sharon returning home and the BSA Sloper being put on the trailer, soon to be joined at Capel by Pat Miller's Harley-D. The rest pressed on towards Kirup via the "smooth" dirt road section, (just to give to give you that sense of what roads were like in the 1920's), only to face "Moonrising". This hill, with its length, steep gradients and bends, while challenging for some, did see the two 1912 Rudge's have some difficulties due to high gearing on my TT model and oil on the belt of Muzza's Multi. In the end everyone did see the top, (after a bit of pushing and pulling), arriving at Kirup for plug changes, fuel and lunch. It was then on to Nannup for the night at the Nannup Hotel, with some die-hards reliving the 70's with Deep Purple, AC-DC etc to well after midnight. Next day we set off again with some great twisty and scenic roads (and more hills) via Balingup to Donnybrook for coffee, than on to Muzza and Sharon's for a sausage sizzle, a raffle, badges and awards. There were a few more casualties that day with Sheffield's on the 1917 Harley-D having carby problems which where resolved at the roadside, and the Cherrington's had some oil pump trouble with the 1914 Sunbeam outfit which sadly meant they had to wait for the backup. It could have been a long wait if not for Sharon who turned up with a trailer, as the official back up van had broken down somewhere between Balingup and Donnybrook! All in all it was a fantastic run of 150 miles in true Pre 31 section style. I believe I speak for all the riders and give special thanks to the supporters and organisers, especially Ken Vincent who put it all together. *Andrew Bartleet*



VALE JOHN ROCK: With a great sense of loss I report that John Rock passed away early today, 15th July, in the Osborne Park Hospital. To put it in Rockies terms "He has cleaned the Final Section" (rode without fault). John rode for James as a member of their Factory Trial Team in events such as the Scottish 6 Day Trial. He also rode in the Jawa ISDT team. He won the Australian Observed Section Trials Championship. He was a Founding Member of the VMCCWA as well as a Past President and Life Member. John competed in all forms of motorcycle competition except Speedway. He was always fair and helped newcomers to the sport with good advice and assistance. He always showed the depth of his skill by watching to see how you improved. He was patient and caring. He is greatly missed. *Keith Perry*



CLUB HISTORY: Maurice Glasson was authorised to prepare a *History of the Club*. The Committee was seeking a quality hardcover book for sale to members. At the August 2012 Committee meeting Maurice provided an estimated cost for printing and binding of an appropriate history at \$43,000. The Chair, John Wightman tabled the estimate as "food for thought only." No decision was taken to publish and the matter lapsed and despite the work done to draft the first chapter and layout Maurice heard no more.

FEATURE: ELLIOTT MONTAGU'S 1927 TRIUMPH N MODEL RESTORATION: In October 2008 I bought a frame, wheels, tank and some engine bits that were parts of one of six 1927 Triumph N models imported into WA. There are many Club members who steered me in the right direction for obtaining parts and general info on the machine. Some bits took over a year to find. Peter Cornelius, the Vintage M/C of United Kingdom's early Triumph expert was also very helpful. Peter who lives in NZ visited this club a couple of years ago and gave a talk on early Triumphs.

The frame and forks needed a little work but were generally OK. The wheel bearings were replaced, the brake drums skimmed, linings renewed, new axles made and the wheels respoked with stainless steel spokes. It was a physiological lift to see something that resembled a motor cycle standing in the shed. I needed a set of flywheels but in the meantime the cylinder was rebored and a piston obtained. Fortunately the engine came with the cams. Valves were manufactured from new car valves, guides were turned up and springs obtained from the UK, main and big end bearings were bought. After about twelve months I sourced a set of fly wheels but on dismantling them I found they weren't much good. The lack of fly wheels was becoming a major problem but was fixed when a Club member who had heard I needed flywheels brought a set along to a Club meeting and kindly donated them to the cause. I had two conrods both of which were checked for straightness and twist. The lathe bed does as a flat surface for this. The flywheels were assembled using the best conrod and the assembly trued using a dial gauge. Engine retaining bolts were made and bolt heads and nuts were turned to replicate the original article. The engine was assembled and I then turned my attention to getting something to put inside the empty gear box that came with the bike bits.

was also short of a carby. Surprisingly the carby wasn't difficult to obtain and it came from the UK in excellent condition with inner and outer cables and complete with a float and needle. The gearbox casing I had was compatible with the earlier scissor type clutch but my machine was fitted with the pushrod type which requires lugs on the casing. I took some measurements off another bike. Made some lugs and had them welded in place. My attention then turned to getting something to put in the gearbox. After twelve months I still



hadn't been able to source the innards for the gearbox. My luck changed at the Bunbury IHC Rally. One day's riding ended at Boyanup and while waiting at the finish line I got talking to an IHC member. After telling him about my search for gearbox bits he said he thought he had the right gearbox in his shed which was about 300 meters from the finish line. We went over to the shed where he rattled around in his collection of bits and pieces and produced a gear box full of gears. It was exactly what I needed. A price was negotiated and he brought it to Perth when he came up for the Swap Meet. The gears were in good condition. I fitted new bearings, turned up bushes and made leather seals. I also needed the part which attaches to the lugs we had welded to the gearbox. It has the rather grand name of a 'gearbox clutch control buttress'. (I still didn't have a clutch for it to control but more about that later).

Eight months of trying to locate one of these buttress things proved fruitless. Once again a Club member came to the rescue and offered to cast one for me. I borrowed a buttress off a mate's bike and we used it for a pattern. Each side of the part to be made was pressed into special sand contained in two halves of a box. Before the two halves were joined small channels were gouged in the sand to allow the molten metal to reach all corners of the impression. The furnace was fired up, metal scraps and off cuts dropped into the crucible. When the metal was molten it was carefully poured into the mould and on the second attempt we had a gearbox clutch control buttress. In the Club parts store I found a control rod that was so close to the original that with some minor modification it did the job. I turned up a stainless steel pin to secure the control rod to the buttress and another problem had been solved. Solving the clutch problem didn't prove to be so easy. After months of trying to source an original clutch it became obvious that there just wasn't one available. A friend of mine in the Club said no worries we will make one. (I'm not naming people because I might forget someone who helped me). I had one component of the clutch and that was the splined 'clutch driving member' that fits the driven shaft of the gearbox. The clutch driving member also has a large diameter track to take the bearing on which the basket runs. I was fortunate to have this component as manufacturing it would entail machining splines and case hardening the bearing track. The basket that holds the clutch friction discs and clutch plates was spun. A flat steel disc of suitable thickness is retained in a lathe and as it turns the operator applies a tool with a long handle and bends the metal as it turns until the metal is shaped as in the picture. Slots are then cut to take the friction plate lugs. The first attempt using the spun basket didn't work too well. I welded a band around the basket to stop it opening up as pressure was applied



during the operation of the clutch but the addition of this band caused some distortion and balance problems. The fix was to machine a basket out of a piece of large diameter aluminium bar. Another friend machined the basket and milled the slots to take the clutch plates. New AJS parts are used for the plates, the clutch springs are modern Triumph and rollers are used in the bearing. The clutch is driven from the engine via a chain wheel attached to the basket. The number of teeth that can be accommodated on the clutch chain wheel depends, to some degree, on the overall diameter of the clutch

which itself is governed by the diameter of the clutch plates. The clutch and chain wheel and chain have to fit into the primary chain cover which is designed to accommodate fore and aft movement of the gearbox to allow tensioning of the primary chain. The unit had to be made to fit or else the primary chain case cover would need to be modified.

My main consideration, however, was to keep the final ratio the same as the original bike. The ratio is all about how many times the engine crank shaft turns over for one revolution of the back wheel. If the ratio is considerably different from the factory spec. the engine will either be revving fast or labouring in a particular gear for a given road speed. Apart from the design of the gearbox, the ratio depends on the number of teeth on the engine, clutch, gearbox and rear wheel sprockets. In my case the gearbox and rear wheel sprocket were factory original and the clutch sprocket was fixed by the dimensions of the homemade clutch so the only sprocket I could change to achieve the original ratio was the engine sprocket. The final ratio is calculated by dividing the product of the number of clutch sprocket teeth and rear wheel sprocket teeth by the product the number of engine sprocket teeth and the number of gearbox sprocket teeth. The original ratio for the bike in top gear was 5.06:1. That is the crankshaft turns 5.06 times for one turn of the rear wheel in top gear. I had the clutch with 36 teeth and the rear sprocket with 38 teeth. Multiplying these together we get 1368. The gearbox sprocket had 15 teeth so I chose 18 teeth for the engine sprocket. Multiplied together, 15 and 18 equals 270. Divide 1368 by 270 and we get 5.06 which is the ratio required. I bought a blank sprocket with 18 teeth, machined the original engine 15 tooth sprocket off the boss and welded the 18 tooth blank in place. When everything was assembled it all fitted OK in the primary chain case cover. The slotted holes in the frame that take the gearbox retaining bolts were long enough to allow proper adjustment of the primary chain which meant that the rear wheel chain adjustment available was still OK. It all looks good but the question yet to be answered is does it work? After the clutch was finished my attention turned to the handle bar fittings and cables.

I emailed UK seeking a period clutch and brake handle. I should have said that I want a period clutch handle and brake handle because the recipient read it as I wanted a clutch and a period brake handle. He could supply both. After making one I was now offered the genuine making a new needle and attaching a short rubber tipped needle from a modern carby to the needle. This didn't work because when the diameter of the short rubber tipped needle is reduced to fit, the flutes disappear and the fuel flow past the tip is reduced. The oil system on this engine is interesting. It is a total loss system. Oil is carried in a tank integral with the fuel tank and is

delivered by a hand pump on the tank or alternatively by a dripper type system that is driven off the end of the crankshaft by a helical gear. This system was intended to be the primary system and even though a sight glass was incorporated the hand pump was retained because of customer distrust for the automatic system. We had several goes at making a helical gear which drives the automatic dripper but it was not successful. The shaft on which the gear is fitted runs at right angles to the crank shaft and is mounted directly in the crankcase. There is no bushing and it's difficult to fit bushes so as



the casing wears the gear doesn't mesh properly. I decided to stay with the hand pump. Prior to starting the engine for the first time the pump is operated four times and oil runs down the pipe from the pump, through a non return valve and directly into the crankcase. The spring loaded non return valve in the pipe prevents a continuous feed into the crankcase. The revolving flywheels throw the oil up into the cylinder to lubricate the piston and the cams and associated gears located in an adjacent chamber are lubricated by oil mist. The external valve stems are not lubricated but do run in guides. I'm told that as money saving measure valves in earlier Triumph engines didn't have guides. The stem ran in the barrel/head casting. Riders now give the valve stems a squirt of chain lube at refreshment stops. I couldn't get the piston in the oil pump to seal using two leather buckets as was the original set up so I made a brass piston with two rubber rings and fitted it to the plunger. This was tested by pumping into a container and the volume of oil delivered was consistent with the volume of the pump cylinder.

When riding the bike the idea is to operate the hand pump every ten miles and if you're worried that there isn't enough oil in the engine the operator's manual suggests an extra pump and observe the exhaust. A slight blue trail of smoke behind the bike indicates you're OK. I bought one of those \$15.00 matchbox size speedo odometer things so I would know when its ten miles since the last pump. I was told that initially one gets over concerned about the amount of oil in the engine and the rider pumps too often. Even after being told I did this on my test rides at home and oil ran out of every orifice onto my rather lengthy drive. I was able to ride on my drive but as the bike is fairly highly geared I couldn't get past second gear.



The hand change is challenging but I'm sure I'll get used to it. I contacted a 1st Time Examiner and made an appointment for an examination. The machine was loaded into my van and we went to the Club rooms on a fine Wednesday morning where Norm Chester carried out the inspection. The bike was passed and the paper work was submitted to the DOT who wouldn't license it until I produced a receipt and a statutory declaration saying where and from whom I purchased the bike. This is not necessary if you can produce the transfer papers that go

with the purchase of a licensed bike. They also wanted a statement from Canberra to the effect that according to their records the bike wasn't imported after a certain date.



Surprisingly DOT in Canberra was able to respond in about nine days. The statement was duly provided and a plate was obtained after the usual hour wait at the licensing centre at Midland. With a plate I was now able to try it on the road. The road that goes past my place is downhill in both directions which means an uphill climb to get home both ways which is not good for a new engine. There is one shortish flat road off the main one so I decided to use that. I put a temporary basket on the carrier and loaded up some tools and went for a ride. The bike rides quite well. The front forks absorbed the bumps in the road and the generously sprung seat took care of the rear. The front brake, when applied, doesn't produce any detectable change in the speed of the machine but the rear brake works well. One has to judge these things by the standards of the day the bike was built. The gear lever isn't all that positive as the gear box is connected to the handle with a turnbuckle. The original connecting rod had a spring arrangement in the rod which apparently makes the gear selection more positive. I'll have to borrow one as a pattern and make one. Hopefully that will fix the problem. I think I'm going to like this old bike and now I must get a few k's on it before the roaring Twenties Ride on the 4th of May. There are a few other jobs to complete. I managed to scratch the tank when the valve lifter control made contact on full lock. The lighting set (which took a couple of years to collect) has been panel beaten and nickel plated along with some more bolts and washers. These items and a more suitable basket have to fitted. It's been a long time since I started this project and at times it's been challenging but always interesting. I've learnt a lot and had a lot of help and advice from members of our Club. This is part of what this Club is About. The 1st object of

the Club is “to encourage the ownership, use and preservation of motorcycles and other similar vehicles more than 25 years old” That doesn’t only mean old English bikes it means what it says and that is bikes over 25 years old. You don’t have to be an expert (this is only the second bike I have restored). The way I see it is that you should start with a bike that is not too exotic, one for which parts are readily available eg Matchless, Triumph, AJS or BSA etc. You need some mechanical knowledge, a reasonable tool kit and at times, access to a lathe or someone who can turn bits up for you. Parts sometimes need to be bronze welded, silver soldered or electric welded. There are people around who can do this for you. Why don’t you consider giving it a go?

THE SHARP END: On the last page is a letter from a Club member who lives overseas who is writing to say how much he enjoys the internet copy of his Chatter. He goes on to describe motorcycling where he lives but for space reasons I have omitted the last part from the print copy but it will be in the online Chatter as will be the colour shots of Club activity that Murray includes. I feel this further demonstrates the use of the modern technology which we are at last using. *Peter Bennett*

LETTER FROM TIMOR - LIONEL RUDD: I am currently living in Dili, Timor Leste. My partner and I have been here for nearly two years now working with St John of God Health Care in the National Hospital with a team of nurses and pathology scientists assisting to build capacity in the Timorese staff. I am primarily writing to congratulate the webmaster for publishing the online copy of the Vintage Chatter. It is my only link with the club apart from my occasional visits back to Perth which I try to align with a monthly meeting at the club. Unfortunately this is not always possible and the cost of flights between here and Perth prevent regular casual visits. The mail system here is only just getting back on its feet and as such, getting the paper copy of the Chatter delivered is not a viable option. When we want mail we get it forwarded to our Melbourne office and when someone comes to visit, they bring the mail. In that way on an irregular basis I receive my subscription of 'Old Bikes Australasia'. To catch up on news from the club, see photos of faces I recognise from meetings and read of the escapades of riders on team rides makes it worth persevering with the unreliable and slow internet connection here.

I am really impressed with the colour photographs brightening up the issue. Including the stories of peoples' visits overseas adds another dimension as well. Can't see myself getting to Tan Hill Inn any time soon but, in my mind, the article is nearly as good as being there. Having just read and viewed the photos about Elliott Montagu's 1927 Triumph restoration gets me itching to be back in my shed at home. I'm looking forward to more of these articles if more of



our members can be encouraged to document and publish their work to encourage on going restorations. A month doesn't go by without me checking out the parts / bikes for sale and dreaming of additional projects. Best left alone! I'm currently "working" on a couple of Triumph Speed twins (1947 & 1951) as well as a 1948 BSA M20. "Work" at this stage consists of hunting down parts across the internet world and getting them sent to my sister's place in Beverley, to wait for me when I can make it back to Perth.

Trips home are like Christmas all over again. It also involves bringing parts from Perth to Dili on my occasional trips home so I can sit here with a beer on the weekends cleaning and polishing the alloy. It's amazing what can be achieved with the occasional Bintang, a good range of wet & dry and a lot of time on your hands. Intrigues the locals and the myriad NGO people who pass through the garden area of the apartments where we live, to see the "Doc" sitting with his bucket of water and chain and gearbox covers, manifold and rocker boxes, polishing away. Trips home include a suitcase of polished alloy which is then replaced with more old parts for the return journey. I considered bringing more substantial components up here to work on them but was scared of issues that might arise with import / export considerations. Things we take for granted at home can be somewhat dysfunctional here. Further to commending the online Chatter, I wondered if club members might be interested in some observations about living and working in Timor Leste from the perspective of a motor cycle person. Timor Leste is a motor cycle country. For the majority, transport consists of walking, microlets (small buses), larger buses and trucks.

It is not uncommon for people to walk 10 kilometres through the mountains to market, load up with produce and do the return journey in bare feet or thongs. Children walk two hours to school each day and then home again. Normal fare for a microlet in town is 25 cents, the three and a half hour trip to the next large town to the East by bus is \$4. Many people in the rural areas cannot afford these rates so resort to going long distances on foot. Very few people have their own car and roads are diabolical. Purchasing a motorcycle is a large expenditure for many. Many drivers are not licensed and driving skills range from non existent to very poor. Helmet laws are in their infancy and often only the person on the front has one. This usually means mum and the children (which could be three or four on the bike) are not covered. Child sized helmets are a luxury for the children of expatriates, brought from overseas. When driving in Dili, there is a constant stream of motorcycles all around you passing wherever they can, including driving along footpaths if it will get them ahead. One guy who writes in a newspaper here refers to them as "Road Rats". They swarm in and around you crossing multiple lanes in a couple of car lengths, and should traffic stop for whatever reason, they will find a way to pass you. Road accidents are a way of life, the results being a significant part of the work done in the emergency ward at the hospital. Much of the travel through the mountains is by Angguna; open backed trucks packed with people. In the wet season a tarpaulin is pulled over the top to keep passengers partially dry. These too regularly roll off the side of the mountain with significant loss of life. If the driver survives the accident, they often flee the scene and try to get to a safe place such as a police station as they will often be blamed for any deaths and pay back is a part of life here.

The small two wheel drive microlets also travel out through the mountains and are driven places most of us only go in a 4WD. Travelling into the mountains the roads are full of people riding their motorcycles back to their villages to meet with family. Common practice is to beep the horn to let drivers know you are there. It is a polite exchange for the safety of all

involved unlike the abusive interpretation commonly encountered in Australia. Many vehicles do not have rear view mirrors and if they do, it is not common practice to pay much attention to them. Hence the need for the horn. Likewise for everyone's safety, it is common practice to sound the horn when approaching a bend as they are invariably blind corners and you have no idea if anyone is coming the other way. The motorcyclists pay little attention to indicators if they work and assume you can see them and will avoid them. Tail gating is a regular occurrence with the consequential motorcycle ploughed into the rear of a 4WD. Likewise they regularly pass on the right (if you are lucky) then turn left immediately in front of you. Taxis seem to set a challenge to see how many lanes they can turn across, regularly turning right from the third lane over to the left or vice versa. Many of our vehicles have had motorcyclists drive into the side of the car when doing either a left or right turn. A crowd then quickly gathers and can turn angry if the "malae" (expatriate) does not promptly pay compensation. Taxis will stop in the middle of the road to pick up a passenger from the footpath and if the taxi breaks down, they stop where the issue arises so a taxi in the middle of the street jacked up with a wheel missing is not uncommon. Basic rule of driving is "Assume nothing is as you would expect".

Dogs here lead a charmed life, at least until they get eaten. Regularly you come across them asleep in the middle of the road or an intersection or they will wander out into the lanes of traffic as if they have a right to the space, oblivious to the vehicles taking evasive action. I have on a number of occasions pulled up to a stop at a sleepy dog only to have it wander around the driver's side of the car to see what the fuss is. One floosy often wanders down the middle of the road in front of my car at the hospital. With a smile on her face, glancing back over her shoulder as she strolls along with her udder flopping from side to side. Eventually she moves over and lets me go on my way to the office. She'll be back there in the afternoon sleeping on the warm asphalt until I come along and expect her to move again.

For we expatriates there are two main rules of the road; 1. If you have an accident it is your fault, 2. If it wasn't your fault, refer to rule 1. We just pay because language difficulties and potential for violence make for a poor negotiating position. If you hit an animal while driving you have to pay the owner (whoever claims to be the owner) and you don't get to keep the animal. Can be quite expensive for chickens, pig or goat. Hitting a larger animal such as a buffalo would be horrendously expensive without considering vehicle damage. Motorcycles here are normally road bikes in the 100-200 cc capacity range, consisting of step throughs to small road bikes. Honda (Indonesia) is by the largest supplier although many of the smaller bikes are Chinese. Models such as Tiger, MegaPro and a whole other range of models never heard of in Australia fill the streets. Yamaha's main product is a water cooled 150cc which to me is probably the most modern bike design here. The Hondas are pretty much 1970's air cooled design which is perfectly adequate for here given much of the repair work has to be done in sub-optimal conditions on the side of the road in the mountains. There is a thriving spare parts market with most bengkels (roadside workshops) able to supply a range of genuine and non genuine parts, depending on the buyers' budget. I travelled across the border into West (Indonesian) Timor a couple of weeks ago and was asked to buy some parts for a friend's Honda Megapro in Atambua because he knew they would be cheaper there than in Dili.

I bought new barrel, piston set, cam shaft and bearings, cam chain and cam chain tensioner, top end gasket set, chain, primary and rear sprocket set complete for \$88. Can't see myself doing that in Perth if I could even locate the parts. In Atambua, it was as easy as walking out the front door of the hotel, cross the road to the bengkel and lay the money down. When I tell

people the parts I am cleaning are for a 1950's 500cc bike they are usually shocked at the capacity and the age. They have not seen a bike that big.

Very few old bikes of consequence exist here with most of the local bikes being from the last fifteen years. In my travels, I have seen one Royal Enfield (good condition) and a couple of Vespa scooters (terrible condition); nothing more and it hasn't been for want of looking. Over the last year there has been an increase in small 150cc Kawasaki trail bikes. A Chinese trike with a 250cc motor and a tray on the back has been imported in the last two years and these are being bought by people in the rural districts for family transport and agricultural work. They are used by the Saniamentos (Street cleaners) in Dili to ferry the cleaners around Dili and transport the rubbish they collect. (The streets are swept by hand) We followed one in the districts travelling at 50km per hour with 5 people on board. On the return journey we passed another with 11 people on board, all be it travelling at a much more sedate pace. I think these may be the next contender in road accidents statistics. Timor Leste has a long way to go developing infrastructure and the governance processes we take for granted in Australia. Even so there have been significant improvements in the two years I have been here. For those of us for whom owning a motorcycles means getting your hands dirty, this is an interesting place to be.

Lionel Rudd

BUSSELTON 2 DAY 2012: Photos below -



2013: WA RECEIVES JUST 30C IN THE \$ FROM GST

POINTS SYSTEM DROPPED: The following motion was passed at the February Committee Meeting. It was moved and Seconded that “The current points system for Rider of the Year be discontinued in its current form from the 1st of April 2013 and all bikes attending be awarded 5 points. Awards for 1st, 2nd and 3rd be continued and appropriate awards for the remainder of the first ten be considered by the end of this calendar year.” Carried.

EDITORS PREROGATIVE: Decided to use the above privilege to comment on the last couple of weeks of the Club’s activities. But the main reason for this foray into print is a genuine sadness that I feel over the debacle at the last monthly meeting and carried over to a degree into the committee meeting. The above farewell is but one factor. As very much an observer of this farrago the whole matter consists of everyone doing their best but without making sure everyone else was on the same agenda quite literally. The simple ingredient vital but missing in this effort is called COMMUNICATION! I could fill the Chatter with if this and if that etc, but the bottom line is that we are all human and circumstances seem to delight in our human weaknesses leading to disasters of varying magnitude. You only have to read about aircraft disasters where a series of often unconnected or random events culminate in total disasters. Thank goodness we don’t fly planes but the effect of such events resonate around our club just like a Jumbo crash in the aviation world. I will ask everyone involved to take a deep breath and no matter how badly you feel about wasted effort personal affronts etc. just remember that nothing that happened was intentional, nothing. *Peter Bennett*

JEAN AND BRIAN LAURENCE: It is with great sadness that we inform you that the cancer fundraiser run will now actually be cancelled. We would like to thank all the really good friends we have made since joining in 1986 for all their support and kindness, please feel welcome to visit us for a cuppa and chat in our home. Unfortunately the events of the February meeting have destroyed the feeling of respect and camaraderie we thought was part of being a VMCCWA club member. Regards to all, Brian and Jean

POST 70s SECTION: In October it was agreed that a Post 70s section be established. Nic Montagu was the proposer and he will promote the Section, recruit members and lead the process.

WATTLE GROVE LEASE: The Club has unofficially been advised that the lease for the Wattle Grove Precinct will soon be renewed for 21 yrs at \$1.00/year. Committee talk of placing a container on the site widened into a discussion of options to provide more storage space and Club services (eg) workshop).

ANNUAL INSPECTIONS: With DoT advice that annual inspections are no longer required the planned Club Inspection Day was no longer required. The Committee had wanted to continue the process in 2014 maintaining only Club inspected bikes could participate in Club events, however it was not possible to make members attend.

BILL COWLIN: At the March Monthly meeting it was announced that Bill Cowlin has officially retired from his many years as the Spare Parts Official and K. Weller has been appointed to the position. B. Rodwell has been appointed Assistant Spare Parts Official. Brian will be away for two months and Keith could do with some help in the spares area. Brian pointed out what goes

on behind the scenes with spare parts which includes travelling around looking at collections and parts for sale and hours in the parts area outside Club nights. He congratulated Bill on his contribution over the years and the meeting thanked Bill with a round of applause

ERN SERLS: Controversy continued at the March Monthly Meeting. Brian Laurence was given permission to speak to the meeting regarding the VP's chairing of the Feb. 6th General Meeting. Brian spoke in support of the VP's actions and was critical of some other member's attitude towards the VP. He made some remarks about the Officers of the Club. The Treasurer found the remarks to be insulting and rose on a point of order. Ken Duperouzel said we should "bite the bullet and move on." G. Boothey said the presentation was his idea as he thought the members would be interested in what these Club members were trying to do. The members who were making the presentation had made the VP aware of the fact that there was to be a Machine Presentation that evening. E. Montagu said the Committee was aware that this issue has the potential to cause division in the Club. Regardless of what occurred, the events do not signal a change of policy or ideals and objects of the Club. Personal opinions on the events of Feb 6th are just that and belong to the person not the Club as a whole.

MACHINE INSPECTIONS: G. Boothey asked the First Time Examiner why authorities are initially rejecting some applications for first time licensing of machines. Norm gave reasons and the discussion widened into many aspects of building a bike from bits, written off frames, buying back the wreck of your bike after an accident, getting a receipt for Swap Meet purchases etc.

SWAP MEET: What a perfect day for our annual Swap Meet!! However I would like to raise a matter that concerns us all. I believe that the motorbike display in the hall on Swap Meet day is at least half of the value, attraction, and highlight of the day and is a major draw card to the event. When I first joined this club 16 years ago, I remember attending my first Swap Meet, walking into that hall and seeing the magnificent display of four rows of tightly packed machines. What a wonderful and delightful sight!! Sixteen years ago there were less than 250 members, who averaged 2 bikes each thus a probable total of 500 bikes in the club. Now there are over 500 members and if we average them to have 2 bikes each, that equals a probable total of 1000 bikes. At this year's Swap Meet I viewed a wonderful collection of bikes on display butwidely spaced, with many vacant cardboard vintage bike parking spaces - all EMPTY. What can be done about this?? Viewing the preparations from the outside I see various members heading up teams to take care of the many different tasks that need organising, for example: manning the gate, supplying the morning teas, cooking the sausage sizzle, selling the cool drinks, parking the sellers' vehicles and stalls and, of course, arranging the vintage bike display and the many other activities that make up such an event. Once again, observing this from the outside, it all seemed to go off like clockwork but would obviously have involved much time, organisation and effort by all concerned!! One suggestion that occurs to me is that maybe another team could be set up comprising some of our most charismatic, enthusiastic, persuasive and/or popular members be put together to ask, demand, persuade and or outright threaten the other 450 members to commit themselves to promise to bring one or two of their bikes for next year's vintage display at the Swap Meet – how stunning that would be! You may think this is far too early to be doing anything about this as the Swap Meet

2014 is about 360 days away, but I understand that the venue is already booked and I am sure team leaders are already thinking about next year's event! STAN READ

REX EDMONDSON LIFE MEMBERSHIP: Rex (seen right) was elected as a Life Member at the 2013 AGM.

2014: MASSIVE SHARK CULL, MANY MORE UPSET ABOUT IT THAN THE SHARKS WERE!

POST 70s SECTION: The Section is progressing well. They had their first section meeting for 2014 at the Brown Fox in West Leederville with 8 attendees, 5 riding bikes. Ideas



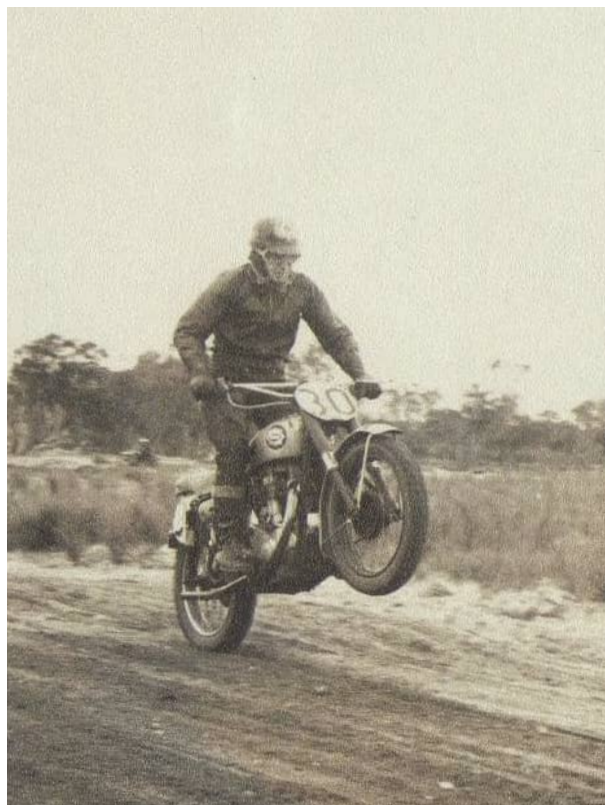
GOLD STAR RUN:



for runs in 2014 were discussed. The first event is on February 2nd with a coast run beginning in Leederville and a ride to Fremantle for a coffee then along West Coast Hwy to Mindarie, returning back along the coast to the reserve Trigg, for a BBQ. So far 28 Club members have indicated that they will join. Facebook is operational and they plan for this to be in full effect after the first run in early February.

MOTORCYCLING WESTERN AUSTRALIA (MWA) – ANNOUNCES HALL OF FAME INDUCTEES: It is worth noting that three out of the inductees announced are members of the Vintage Motorcycle Club of WA.

TREVOR LAURENCE: MWA is pleased to announce the induction of Trevor Laurence into the Motorcycling WA Hall of Fame. Trevor was born in 1937 in Nedlands and his love of motorcycling began as a 9 year old when he started attending the Harley Scrambles at the Ropeworks circuit and the Speedway at Claremont. His dedication to the Speedway led to a collection of over 1,060 issues of event programs – surely a collection not matched anywhere in WA. He was appointed the Speedway Scrutineer in the early 1960's and this progressed to the role of Commentator (known as the Public Address Coordinator) for the next 31 years. Trevor joined the AJS MCC in 1955 and competed in scrambles, short circuit and grass track events over the following 8 years. A serious accident in Albany at a short circuit event severely hampered Trevor's ability to



walk for nearly 4 years and ended his racing career. In the late 50's the AJS MCC elected Trevor as their Council Delegate to WAMCA (now MWA). Trevor held this appointment for nearly 40 years. During this time, Trevor committed to other roles within MWA included time spent on the Motocross sporting panel and Stewards panel. He was also appointed the Steward for a series of World and Australian Land Speed Records at Lake Lefroy in the early 1970's. In 1974, he was elected as a State Delegate to the ACU (now MA) and that role continued for 21 years. It was a role that Trevor considered to have been a great privilege and honour. Representing WA, Trevor was involved in landmark decisions at a national level. These included the AS1698 compliance for helmets, the controversial name change to Motorcycling Australia, MA's affiliation to the FIM and the imposition of noise control measures. Although volunteering for MA was serious business, sometimes the opposite was demonstrated when Trevor attended a Brisbane conference where MA needed to decide what the correct definition of "a wheel" was! In April 1992, Trevor retired from his 32 year employment with Woolworths as Sales, Promotions and Advertising Manager. He was "coerced" by MWA into the position of Operations Manager for the upcoming Motocross Des Nations - by far the most successful international event ever held in WA. Trevor continued in the following year with a round of the 125cc World Motocross Championships. Trevor described those 18 months as "high pressure, but a very enjoyable involvement". In 1993, he received the Castrol Award for outstanding services to motorcycling and Life Memberships have been bestowed on Trevor from the AJS MCC, Motorcycling WA and Motorcycling Australia. His last active involvement with MWA was as part of the committee which organised the inaugural Night of Champions in 2001. Today he is still actively involved with the Vintage MCC of WA (Albany Section) where he and his wife Sandra, enjoy riding a 1979 650cc Honda 4 sidecar outfit. The machinery has been described as "very smart". At age 76, Trevor describes life and motorcycling as "still fun!" The

Hall of Fame recognises Trevor's contribution to motorcycle competition and to the sport in Western Australia, together with his volunteer roles within Motorcycling WA and Motorcycling Australia over an extended period of time.

JOHN ROCK: Motorcycling WA is pleased to announce the induction of John Rock into the Hall of Fame. John Rock often said that you make your own luck. Following the infamous 1955 Australian Scramble Championships at the Ropeworks Course (where Mosman Park is today), John said that he knew the course was pretty rough and that was proved true by half of the field not finishing. With a smile he said that he took it easy and rode around the bumps and holes and somehow ended up in front. "Nothing broke, nothing fell off". There were a lot of good riders that day who were not so lucky and John won his first Australian Championship in the 250cc Scramble class. Born in Subiaco during 1931, John grew up in the western suburbs as a street wise kid and head of the household after his Father died. As soon as he could, John left school and took up an electrical apprenticeship and his introduction to motorcycles



came through the National Safety Council where he learnt to ride. One Saturday, an Instructor failed to attend a riding lesson and John was seconded to fill in and he quickly progressed to a permanent Instructor and finally to the Captain of Instructors. This was a little contradictory as on Saturday John taught motorcycle skills and rode carefully and responsibly at the Council. But come Sunday he would compete wherever an event took place. Hill Climbs, Road Racing, Scrambles & Observed Trials – John loved them all and he was good. As a member and Secretary of the AJS MCC, John could always be found wearing a grin and was most often found at the front of the field on whatever bike he could beg, borrow or buy including BSA Slopers, 3T and T100 Triumphs, 350 ZB Gold Star, AJS 350, Ariel VB, 197 Dot and the Francis-Barnett 197.

Winning races wasn't enough for John and in 1955 he set off for the UK "to see why their riders were so good". Because he was well respected in the Perth motorcycle scene, he received many letters of recommendation and the James Factory immediately offered him a ride in the Scottish Six Day Trial. John rode three Scottish events and was awarded two first class awards. In 1956, John won a trip to the Isle of Man with accommodation included. Heaven for a motorcyclist! The Island was a fabulous experience that saw him finish a very credible 14th on his first outing and included an introduction to his future Bride – Maureen. The next year, following the British boycott of the Czechoslovakian I.S.D.E., John formed the first Australian Enduro Team to compete in the event and finished with a bronze medal riding a CZ. Returning to Australia in 1958, John brought with him a BSA Gold Star – in pieces, included in his luggage. In 1965, he entered the first Australian Observed Trials Championships in Victoria and won the championship on a Francis-Barnett 197cc machine. The same machine that he won the

1955 scramble championship with! John is still revered within Trials and the John Rock Memorial Medal is awarded each year at the national championships to the best placed Australian rider. John was awarded life membership of AJS MCC in the early 1970's after retiring from active competition. He then joined the Vintage MCC where he gained notoriety as a font of knowledge and enthusiasm for all things Triumph. Following 30 years as an active member, he was awarded life membership of that Club. John Rock was a strong, proud and generous man. In his final days he said that he'd had a bloody good run and asked his Son Michael, to shout all his mates a beer. John died in July 2012.

PETER NICOL: MWA is pleased to announce the induction of Peter Nicol into the Motorcycling WA Hall of Fame. Peter was born in 1931 in South Fremantle and it is no surprise that marine pursuits mingled with motorcycles during his life. Peter's Father Alf was a keen supporter and mechanic to the famous solo rider, Jack Sharpe at Claremont Speedway and this led to Peter, then aged 15 years old, becoming Jack's "pitboy". Pitboys would clean the motorcycle after each race and once deemed competent, they would be allowed to refuel the machine between races. Peter wanted to take up motorcycling racing to follow his dream of emulating his racing heroes, however his Mother refused to sign his licence application for speedway and he was forced towards scrambles and road racing. He joined Coastal MCC at 16 years and was elevated to Club Captain at 20 – a rare honour for one so young. His association with the club continued over many years and it was no surprise when he was elected a life member. Peter's first bike was a 1928 AJS bought for £6/10- in 1947. At age 17, Peter was able to start scrambles and road race competition by simply removing the lights and other unnecessary equipment from his machine, finding a helmet and off he went! Peter showed true class and it was not long before sponsors approached him to ride under their banner. Peter was one of a not too many sponsored riders and had the opportunity to earn up to £200 for a race win, while the promoters only paid £10 to £20 for an open win. His motorcycle sponsors included Carlyle & Co, Mortlock's and race team support by Harry Gibson (the then Australian land speed record holder), while his oil sponsors included Vacuum Oil Co, Castrol and BP. Peter won his first Western Australian title in the 1951 Scramble Championships. At that event he took home the 350cc and 500cc championship classes. Another 12 titles followed over the next seven years as well as five Harley Scramble titles. Other scramble titles included Australian Championships in 1955 and 1956 together with a New South Wales Championship in 1957. Proving Peter's versatility and talent, West Australian titles were also won in Grass Track and Road Racing during the 50's. Peter also finished 2nd in the 1953 350cc Australian GP in Tasmania and subsequently was selected to race for the Australian Team at the Isle of Man TT and in Europe in 1955. In all, Peter amassed 14 State titles, another one in NSW and 3 National Titles. Peter was also a busy man in business, opening up two motorcycle shops in Perth, marrying Berice Johnson and raising the first of two children. He opened a shop in Wellington Street selling and servicing BSA, Matchless and Velocette. Peter had decided some time ago, that scooters would be popular, but were an entirely different market to the traditional black and chrome machines. So he opened another shop at the corner of Hay Street in central Perth to sell Vespa scooters predominately to female clients. With all this happening in his life (including test riding for the successful attempt at the Australian Land Speed Record by Harry Gibson), Peter made the conscious decision to retire from competition due to increasing business interests and potential liabilities. In the late 60's, Peter had returned to sailing yachts in Australia and in

Europe. He had sold his motorcycle businesses earlier in the 1960's and bought a dry cleaning and laundry business. He ran this for 10 years prior to operating a marine brokerage business at Pier 21 in Fremantle. He was deeply involved with Alan Bond and the first America's Cup challenge and also skippered Bond's yacht "Apollo 1" in the 1969 Sydney to Hobart race. Peter retired from the paid workforce aged 75 years. Peter is still a member of the Vintage MCC, is still fit and healthy playing golf twice a week and restores beautiful old machines in his retirement. Occasionally he still ventures on another motorcycle ride – his last competition was at the Albany Hill Climb in 2010.

VMCCWA FACEBOOK - April 2014 and the Club now has a Facebook group available for every member to be a part of. The purpose of this group is to increase communication between members outside of general meetings. Here you can post images, video and messages about all things vintage motorcycles for all Facebook Club members to see. We encourage you to be involved. It is a private group that can only be seen by financial members.

RAY OAKES: (SEPTEMBER 1929 - MARCH 2014) Ray Oakes passed away early on the 10 March at an aged care home in Ellenbrook. Life had not been kind to Ray in recent years, as he had several unpleasant operations for cancer and Joan (his late wife) had passed away 23rd July 2012 after a couple of years of bad health. Ray was a long time member of the Veteran Car Club as well as the V.M.C.C. of which he was made a life member in 1992. He was a machine examiner and dating officer and along with Eric Langton had been the driving force behind founding the pre- 31 Section. In recent years he had sold his bikes and joined the M.G. Car Club with an M.G.B. Ray was a keen events organiser who put on many one day events; the fuel consumption run, being one which is still going now. On a visit to New Zealand to see his daughter he met up with a Kiwi named Glen Bull, another keen m/cyclist. Together they hatched a plan for a trip to N.Z. by the V.M.C.C. of W.A. In 1983 15 bikes and 35 members travelled to N.Z. to tour the North Island for a couple of weeks and take part in several rallies. This ambitious event led to Wheels West 87 which was promoted as the first national m/cycle only rally and attracted 116 entries from all over Australia and including 25 from N.Z. Once again Ray had been the driving force to bring the event about. He was a generous man who loved to help members with restorations, and was always happy to lend a bike to encourage others. I discovered the joys of sidecar riding on Ray's B.S.A. Sloper outfit, and the novelty of an old Vee twin with hand change and lever throttle on his Grindlay/Matchless. Ray restored several cars and at least 10 bikes - all different - that I can recall. A unique man who did many good things for this club. *JIM ti*

SWAP MEET: The Swap Meet was a success and thanks must go to the organising Sub Committee members Chris Whisson, Terry McKie and Rex Edmondson. Thanks also to the Club members who worked hard on the day in various areas namely gate, kitchen, sausage sizzle, soft drinks, parking, bike show and cleaning up. The President thanked the businesses that donated prizes. There were about 100 machines on display, and about 1000 buyers and 61 sellers came through the gates.

AWARD TO SCRUTINEERS: The Club is no longer required to annually inspect member's machine as a condition of concessional licensing so it is no longer necessary to have Club Scrutineers. The President said that the Scrutineers have served the membership well over the

ARTHUR GRADY 2013: Display at Fremantle





years and he presented Certificates of Appreciation to the twelve Scrutineers, B. Berkshire, S. East, P. Armstrong, D. Fawell, N. Chester, Kevin Badby, Spencer Sheffield, Clive Glands, Ron Chave, Phil Skinner, Richard Blackman and Allen Barnes.

MACHINE PRESENTATION: Charlie Lawson, his son, and Terry McKie between them brought three camshaft Nortons to the meeting. Terry described the fun and frustration of restoring his 1931 model. He had to make some parts and others were sourced overseas. Charlie showed a 1933 model that has been in the family for over 50 years. These machines were available with a brass cylinder head, close range quick change gearbox and other interesting racing features. He also showed a twin carb bowl designed to ensure a supply of fuel when cornering in both directions during a race. The third machine was a 50's model that had recognisable design features taken from the earlier models. *(Photos by Nic Montagu - over page)*

1 June 2014 - CLUB AUCTION. This event required a lot of organising. Two members did a return day trip to Lake Grace to get parts. Items have to be catalogued, tagged, priced and put on tables. More helpers would have been appreciated. Thanks go to member Alex Marshall who did an excellent job as auctioneer. Post 70 Section members helped. A team effort by Club members made it all happen. The event was financially successful. *(Photos by Murray Barnard)*



BILL COWLIN ELECTED LIFE MEMBER: Bill has been a member since 1993, 21 years. He has been Club Member of the Year three times, served as Spare Parts Official for six years and put on countless runs. There is no record of how many however the number would be a record no doubt. Bill has travelled numerous times to rallies in the Eastern States where he makes everybody aware that he is collection that is available for purchase. Bill has been a Management Committee member over a number of terms and currently holds a position on that committee. From the VMCC in WA Bill is the first to volunteer for a Club busy Bee or to travel to value a collection that is available for purchase. Bill has been a Management Committee member over a number of terms and currently holds a position on that committee.



KEITH'S UNDER 200cc BBQ: A very popular event, wet weather did not hold back members from attending Keith's 200cc meet in his shed. A great display of 200cc machines with a few others scattered about. Yanti and friends provided the delicious Indonesian lunch. Door prizes were given, Gordon winning the best motorcycle, and the 1st kick start contest was attempted by a few determined riders.







Busselton Two Day Rally 2014 (Photos courtesy Nic Montagu)







COMMITTEE NOTES - SEP 2014

ONLINE TECH LIBRARY: A project is under way to scan and digitally store all the valuable technical Club books and documents. The Club Webmaster, Murray Barnard, has bravely volunteered to lead this project which will take many years. The Committee has taken this step as a fire could destroy irreplaceable books and documents. *(Note: the Technical Library eventually went online in 2020 after much effort).*



DGR 2014: A hardy group of gentlemen attended the DGR which ended at Clancy's in Fremantle. Greg Macham attended with his foot in a cast after his recent altercation with a car.



Above: Photos from Keith's Under 200cc BBQ

LAKE PERKOLILLI - RED DUST REVIVAL: Lake Perkolilli. Racing in the pioneer days was on dirt roads largely and maybe none are more dusty than those in the Outback of Australia. In the Goldfields of Western Australia in 1914 a group of motoring enthusiasts started racing on a

claypan at Lake Perkolilli some 20 miles from Kalgoorlie (which is 365 miles inland from Perth). The racetrack skirted the dry lake bed and is 2 miles long. In its day it was known as Western Australia's premier racetrack and was popular in the 20s and the 30s and saw some very fast speeds obtained on the track. To celebrate 100 years since the first race a group of motorcyclists and cars returned to the track to re-enact the event. I scored a ride on an old Nimbus 750. It was fabulous to tear around the circuit however the dust and conditions inevitably took their toll on the machines. Conditions were primitive. Two days of trials were completed but the planned 2 days of public spectacle were wiped out by massive unseasonal thunderstorms, wind and rain which turned the place into a muddy quagmire and vehicles were covered in mud and lucky to get out. It was great to be part of a historic road racing event regardless. *Murray Barnard*





ALBANY HILL CLIMB: A popular annual event with regular attendance by a small band of dedicated Club members. For 2014 Murray Barnard and Nic Montagu took a 1974 Suzuki T500 to the event. *(Photos*





Chapter 11: 2015 - 18



2015: HARRY BUTLER DIES IN HOSPITAL & NOT IN THE WILD

JANUARY MONTHLY MEETING: The Secretary (Elliott Montagu) advised that he had attended a meeting in relation to the proposal to introduce No-Fault Catastrophic Injury Compulsory Third Party Insurance (CTP). This is a proposal to increase vehicle licences by a maximum of \$109 pa to pay for the changes to CTP. The meeting was told that the intention was to reduce the \$109 increase in line with the perceived risk associated with different classes of motorcycles, i.e. concessionally licenced bikes would attract a lower increase. K. Badby voiced concerns that too many non- Club eligible bikes are appearing at events. The President pointed out that, under the Club By-Laws, non- eligible bikes can attend events under the conditions that the riders understand they are just coming along for the ride, they cannot enter the event and will derive no benefit that may arise from the event. The By-Law is intended to ensure that members who don't currently have access to a Club bike or a Club eligible bike may still enjoy the camaraderie of a Club event. This particularly applies to new members. In the final analysis the road is a public place and the Club has no control over who uses it.

MACHINE PRESENTATION: The Post 70 Section brought along six machines belonging to Post 70 Section members. Post 70 Section Chairman Nic Montagu made a short introduction and Greg Eastwood described his three bikes. They were a 1987 Honda CBR. It's a 250cc two stroke machine weighing 145kgs, revs to 18,000rpm and has a top speed of 180kms/hr, a 1986 Honda GB400TT café racer style single sporting dual inlet and exhaust valves and a very interesting 1959 Heinkel scooter style machine. The German made machine is a 175cc four stroke with a 12 volt electric start, weights 165 kgs, has a top speed of 100kms/hr, is equipped with luggage racks and is reputed to be a comfortable touring bike. Brian Rodwell showed a Honda GL 700. This 673cc water cooled twin has push rod overhead valves, four per cylinder and revs out at 10,000rpm. 800 were built. Keith Weller showed a 1972 175cc Yamaha and an immaculate 1974 125 Motobecane. The owner's manual states that to move off one should set 6000rpm!

NEW SECRETARY: Thanks were extended to Elliott Montagu for 9.5 great years of service & dedication to VMCC of WA. He has contributed an enormous amount to the running of the Club behind the scenes. Introduced new Club Secretary Warren McEvoy.

A TALE OF THREE FIRSTS - WEEKSY: First there was the Bayley's Dam Early Run, no not a first for Chas & Caryn; they've been running this since Old Man Stocker handed the event over back in the Dark Ages. No, the first was of me riding since a 3 month surgical ban from 'bikes ended. The route was the usual gentle ride round a few dams & through nice country in between, before bunking back to be early in the queue for bangers, hash browns & beans, tea & toast breakfast. 35 bikes attended, their owners enjoying a great ride, good company & the usual good tucker. Unfortunately the Goldie didn't appreciate being woken from its 3 month's slumber, made expensive noises, & so the trailer was called for. Thanks yet again May. Also thanks to Chas, Caryn & her culinary assistants. The 2nd first was the Peter Groucott Remembrance Run, with Roger Bowen taking over the reins from the grey-nomading Jeff Seiber. The new route was entertaining & well plotted, linking up with Jeff's route after a country loop, & similarly on return. The event was well supported, by 49 riders, with a good show of Veterans & Vintage bikes, & with a goodly cross-section of makes & models. Unfortunately May had to make 2 trips to rescue all of the breakdowns (not including me this

time, as I used the Sloper, a veteran of 2 trips around the UK). On our return, a roast lunch & pud was rolled out by Roger's better half, & was enjoyed by all. Jeff's running usually smoked out a few of Peter's 'bikes, (but not the R 68, John) & at least one, the Coventry Eagle, was there for Roger. A great day, thanks Roger & your Lady, also May, for all those (other) break downs. The 3rd first was our Xmas Ride & Display at Wightman Park, organised by Adrian White & Barry O'Byrne. A good day with a fine turn-out of 'bikes, & a good ride through farming country, (although printing the double-sided route-sheet added its own interest). On our return, bottles of water, cold drinks & a sausage/burger in a bun were available free of charge. Thrown in was also a half-price Museum entry, & this was the last chance to donate to the Salvo's. Another good first, hopefully to be repeated next year. So, 3 firsts, 3 lots of good weather & 3 good feeds...if this hasn't got you out of your armchair then there's no hope & you will just have to keep polishing away.

SWAP MEET REPORT: The Swap meet was again carried off with a measure of success, as with most things there is room for improvement. The display was very successful with great variety and presentation and on behalf of the Club you are all thanked. I think the buzz in the hall was louder this year. We can encompass a great variety of bikes in our hobby, and this is where I think a lot of the interest comes from. We must give thanks to the gate crew, Ron and John, and all their helpers. It gets very hectic first thing in the morning and they managed it well. Rex and his sausage rollers did a great job of keeping us fed, and Stuart Barker the same with soft drinks. Bill Cowlin did the hall which is very involved, and with his helpers restored it to its tidy state after the event; all went very well. We must also thank Ron Chave who year in and out has loaded his ute up with all the Club stuff that we use on the day, carted it out to the hall, then loaded it up again, and returned it to the clubrooms. (Not a small job). Owen Page will need a helper next year, as we will be sharing the site with the construction of a Bunnings warehouse store, being built between the hall and the Carousel. (Not on the grass that we use). The dog track will be demolished. The kitchen crew, who this year were Linda (wife) and Lauren (daughter), and Delys Brazil, who had to assist as they were so busy. It can get very hectic in the kitchen and they carried it off well. We must also thank those ladies that donated cakes and food to sell. My plate is clean for this year, so we can all get out in the shed and start getting ready for next year. *Chris Whisson*

CLUB WEBSITE: Some recent statistics on use of the Club Website: The Club Website is over 16GB in size, incorporating the Chatter, photo galleries, Club Database and many reports, articles and the technical library. 1GB is equivalent to 10 yards of books on a bookshelf. Each month visitors to the site download almost 8GB of data. The Club Website only costs the Club \$5 a month to host, which is a bargain, and most of the Club Website content is available only to financial members. The public access to the Club Website is restricted to a Club Blog - The Bike Shed. The number of unique visitors to The Bike Shed since June 2012 has been 47,165. The number of page views has been 109,321. Elliott Montagu's 1927 Triumph restoration has been the most popular post with almost 20,000 hits. "Swap Meet," "Club Contacts," and "Club Benefits and information" are also popular posts. I don't have statistics for use of the Club restricted part of the website as these are not captured. I do however have stats for the latest Online Chatter. From March we have had 1214 reads on the site (a read means someone clicked on an article and opened it, as distinct from browsing the Chatter which is not

recorded). For March/April we also had 431 unique visitors to the online Chatter. The most popular posts on the online Chatter are "The Classifieds" and "Club Contact Details." The online Chatter can be accessed anywhere in Australia or overseas. In March/April we had 3 members reading the online Chatter whilst in Europe, 3 in South East Asia and one in the Sudan. Of 603 financial members, 543 have an email address, that is, 90% of financial members. Email is being used at times, for advising members of late breaking news so it is important to ensure the membership secretary is aware of your current email address. *Murray Barnard, Club Web Admin.*

NEW PRESIDENT'S REPORT: Hello members, I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for having the confidence in me, to serve as your President for the next two years. I would like to thank John Wightman for his tireless effort over the past four years, and look forward to his assistance and advice in the near future. I would also like to take this opportunity to thank Terry for his outstanding job as past Treasure/Secretary and committee member over the past years. His contribution without doubt has been second to none. For the retiring committee members on behalf of all Club members we thank you for donating your time and effort and I can only hope we can maintain the high standard going forward. I welcome the newly elected committee, which has met for the first time and I feel we have a good mix of new and old to progress with the day to day operations of the Club. Those whom attended the past AGM would and should be disappointed with carry on that took place, for I feel these issues should have been sorted out at committee level, prior to the AGM, and I will do my best to ensure it doesn't happen again. What's in the past is in the past and I look forward to the future. Barry O'Byrne President

"WALK THRU THE WEB 11 JULY 2015:" EXCELLENT information session at the "Walk thru the Web" event, thanks to Murray, Greg, Nic & Erin for being teachers for the day when we were shown how to navigate our way thru the Club web site with emphasis on the Chatter magazine. We found out more about what the newer digital version can do to bring us the most up to date info, without waiting for the postman. Also, how to navigate Facebook, Ebay, & Gumtree; how to go about making secure purchases on the net, and paying for them. Thanks again for organising the event, and thanks for the refreshments. *Ian Curtis.*

Muzza showed us how to get onto the VMCCWA website & its many glories. After lunch (supplied gratis by the Post-70's section) Nic took a smaller group through the joys of access & use EBAY, GUMTREE & PAYPAL. This was followed by a one-on-one session of general trouble-shooting by Muzza, Nic, Erin & Greg. I would like to thank these guys for their efforts to drag us dinosaurs into the beauties of computer use. WEEKSY *(Photos by Nic Montagu)*





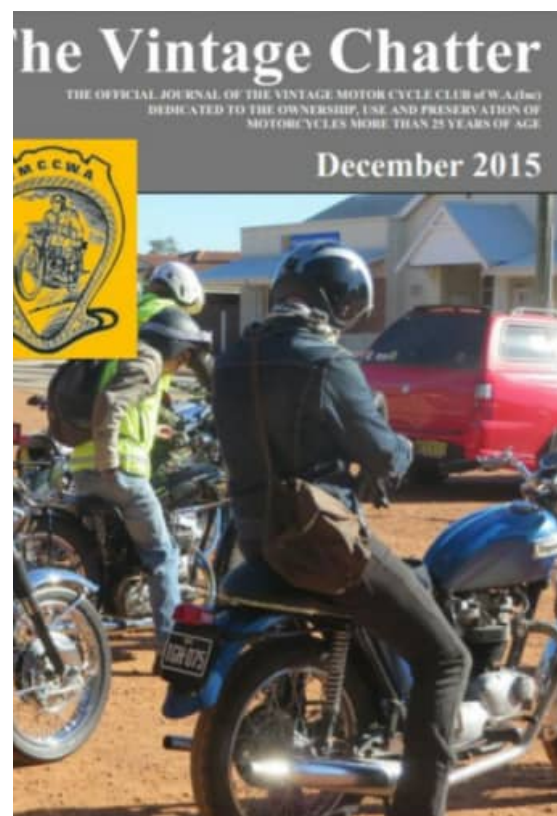




THE SHARP END: Well what does one say about the last week or three, except to say it rotates about a favourite subject of mine communication!! Refer of course to the AGM where a lack of clarity, about exactly what was said or printed and when, seemed to be the root cause. So much of the furious discussion rotated about various opinions on this subject and throw in the various understandings of certain words and it was on for young and “not so young.” The changes to the constitution ran aground firmly as very few appeared to have read the proposed changes printed in July for them to consider in advance of this AGM. I value the job of Editor as a means of informing all Club members of the activities, meetings etc. which hopefully you all are interested in for whatever reasons. So if we publish information about coming meetings etc. please read!! As the Club changes in membership we all still have a common interest in bikes so we must all make allowances for generational differences even though to some members it may seem quite foreign. I welcome any suggestions for change as the Club and all members must move with the times. ED (Note: at the AGM 5 motions were put to the members to *change the Constitution. Discussion of the motions was hijacked at times, became personal and deviated from the issue. It was evident that many members had not read the proposals and the reasons for change were not clearly defined. In addition the voting procedure was complex and confusing. The adjudicator took the votes away to report back to the meeting. All five proposals were lost*).

COLOUR CHATTER: The December 2015 postal Vintage Chatter featured a colour cover page for the first time.

PRESIDENT’S ANNUAL REPORT- 2015: If I reflect on the last year, I can only be proud of the Club’s achievements, continuing in its mandate to promote the preservation and use of vintage motorcycles. We have negotiated a very favourable 20 year sub lease arrangement with our cousins at the VCC and are busy preparing another of our very popular “Wheels West” events, which is attracting participants from out of state. I have so many people to thank for service rendered over the last year. Norm Chester, our ever untiring, first time machine examiner continues to perform this crucial role for us so that we can enjoy the benefits of concessional license. Chris Whisson, who led a very large crew of volunteers in pulling off another Swap Meet, to our usual high standard is worthy of praise. Ken Vincent has performed tirelessly in his perennial role as librarian in our ever burgeoning library. I want to make special mention of Murray Barnard who have selflessly put in hours scanning our old photographs and records, so that our history cannot (literally) fade away. Peter Bennett for collating our monthly magazine into such a readable document, Keith and the indefatigable print crew for issuing 500 copies every month and Murray for manipulating all the entries into such a user friendly, blog format and updating the web.



Deserving of our thanks too, is Maurice Glasson, who has taken up the role of dating officer, and retains his portfolio of historian and unrecognised refreshment executive. We hope that Maurice has patience with us and continues to explore possibilities for a coffee table style book, which can be published at a price which we can swallow. Paul Peghini is our silent achiever, creeping into the hall before we all get here and setting up the hall with all the associated paraphernalia. Also John Laurance for performing the important role at the door by holding the register and taking ridiculously low payment for raffle tickets. Our thanks go to Bill Cowlin, who organises the raffle prizes. May Makin, our patron, performs back up duty for more than half of our runs. We must not forget this valuable contribution to our cause. May's enthusiasm rubs off on many other members, such as Tricia Sandford and Barbara Fawell and we hope that you continue to contribute. Keith Weller, Chas Bayley and a dedicated group of other volunteers regularly attend to matters in the parts shed, so that you have fresh stock to avail of as it gets to the shelves. I would like to thank the management committee for their dedication over the last twelve years and wish the new committee every success in the forthcoming year. Somehow, if I am to reflect on the last period, I would be proposing that the management committee look at becoming leaner and meaner, by dropping some committee member positions and incorporating a webmaster as a permanent as a permanent position on the management committee. Nevertheless, the fact that we have so many aspirant committee members should be welcomed by all of us and I would encourage all those who miss out this time round, to consider renominating and/or joining our various subcommittees. Next Year's Swap Meet is a prime example of an event which requires further member input. At the end of it all, those probably most deserving of cheer, are those that organise our runs, and they are too numerous to name here but I cannot think of anyone more capable and worthy to lead this Club for the new two years than Barry O'Byrne. Thank you for your patronage of the last 4 years. *John Wightman*

WELFARE OFFICER: Adrian White has agreed to be Clubs Welfare Officer working to help members in need of support via. WE are large Club with 650 members and some who are ill etc. slip through the system of gaskets, well wishes or assistance. Please give Adrian all support you can with Club members who are in need of some support or help.

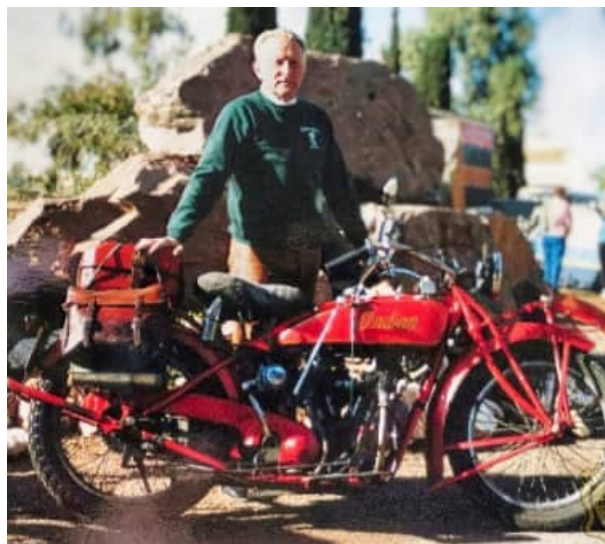
WHEELS WEST '15: celebrating our 40th Anniversary. Most entrants travelled down on Saturday 10 Oct, the event was attended by a reduced entry from VMCC Perth & Albany section, IHC (Bunbury) & from Eastern States (Qld & SA). The 1st week was based in Geographe Bay Chalet Park west of Busselton, & the 2nd week at Emu Point, Albany, in Havana Villas. A shake-down run was held on Sunday (I didn't attend as I was visiting my son & his family in Margaret River). The day was finished off with a BBQ & happy hour. The 1st official day's Ride on Monday 12/10 to Augusta, Back roads to Witchcliffe for coffee, on to Augusta for lunch in the pub & a visit to Leeuwin Lighthouse, returning via Caves Rd, to Preveley to look at the beach in beautiful sunlight, then on to the Cheeky Monkey brewery for smoko, returning to base & a happy hour. Day 2-Witchcliffe/Margaret River/Cowaramup, back roads to Marg's then on to Witchcliffe for coffee, returning to view the Belleview Shell Collection. On to Margaret River for lunch then to Cowaramup to sample the chocolates &/or coffee, returning for the Happy Hour. ay 3 Dardanup/Bunbury. The ride took us to Dardanup Heritage Park for tea & cream scones & to view the machinery/military museum, then into Bunbury for lunch. We returned

via Capel & the Tuart Drive to base & (you've guessed it) Happy Hour. Day 4 to Donnybrook, via Sues Rd to the Blackwood Cafe in Nannup for breakfast, up the Nannup-Balingup road through Kirup, lunch in Donnybrook. Afternoon stop was in Capel & back to base via Ludlow Rd for the usual happy Hour. Day 5- Friday 16/10. Breakfast at Bunker Bay, on through Caves Rd to the Ugg Shop for a shearing demonstration (there is a photo in circulation depicting me holding the sheep about to be shorn, with the title "wha', nay kissen?" – I deny it all!) We then went to Busselton Pier to collect travel info'/ ice creams before back to base. By now I was on the trailer...I'd dropped a valve but wouldn't find out till Albany. The evening was completed with the usual drinks & a BBQ as a 'wind-up'. Most people made the move to Albany on the Saturday. On Sunday the Albany Section organised a run, a second shake down. Monday 18/10 Day 1 Albany. Morning smoko in Denmark, lunch on the beach, then return via Elleker Store. Tuesday, Day 2 Morning tea at Cosy Corner, lunch at 2 Peoples Bay & back to camp, then an optional short ride to the Spark Plug for a photo opp' after an hour's rest. Wednesday, Day 3. (By now I was back on board, having raced back to Perth & fitted another engine). First stop was the Wind Farm, then onto the Waling Station for coffee, lunch at Little Grove Chalet (laid on by the Albany Section) & visited the National ANZAC Centre, then back to base. Thursday, Day 4. Up & over the Porongurup's, to lunch at a great bakery in Mt Barker, then looping back to base. There was a short ride to the Hill Climb course later. Friday, day 5, the last day. Morning tea at Many Peaks Store, onto Cheyne's Beach for lunch at the Caravan Park store. The owner took a group picture, after finding that organising motorcyclists was akin to rounding up chooks with a fox. Then back to base for the grand dinner at the Bowls Club. A sweepstake was secretly organised, for \$5 an hour was allowed for when I would break down. ..unfortunately their avaricious hopes were dashed as I finished intact, so the money was donated to the Bowls Club as a thank-you as we gathered in their bar most evenings. The event was well organised, was blessed with fine weather almost every day, & although the route sheets were sometimes challenging, those who do nothing get nothing wrong.. *Dave Weeks*

VALE: KERRY LOWE nee YOUNG - Sadly Kerry passed away on the 29th November, and life could have been kinder to Kerry as she had many years of deteriorating health, and would have turned 60 in January 2016. Kerry's father Bill Young, was a foundation member of this Club, a well-known motor cyclist in Perth, having had a motor-cycle shop in N Perth, and membership of the A.J.S. Club, winning a number of trials championships. He also rode speedway at Claremont. Bill won the first Busselton Two Day Trial and when he passed away his widow Betty began a tradition of donating and presenting the winner's trophy. After Betty passed away Kerry carried on presenting the trophy A quiet unassuming lady, Kerry occasionally rode Bill's 500T Norton on events, and as a computer programmer, assisted with the office work side of Club auctions. Kerry was married to Ross Lowe who was also a Club member, passing away a few years ago. They had a son Tyson, who has recently joined the Club, so as we welcome Tyson we also sadly say farewell to Kerry. *Jim ti*

VALE: JOHN FORBES - John Forbes passed away on the 5th. December 2015 at an aged care facility in Perth. Barbara, his wife, died several years ago and John devoted his time completely to caring for Barbara prior to her death. John & Barbara joined the VMCCWA in 1988 and from day one became active members, attending most Club events and contributing to the

operation of our Club in various ways. John was also an active member of the Model A Restorers Club with a 1929 Ford Model A vehicle. John's collection of motorcycles included many makes and his standard of restoration work was to be admired with emphasis on period detail. In 1990 the VMCCWA organised a commemorative event based on a 1927 Overlanders Ride from Perth to Sydney and return. John & Barbara, both in their sixties, joined riders with some 25 motorcycles. John rode a 1926 Indian Scout and Barbara a 1924 350 cc SV AJS. Both riders and machines completed the



epic event. John was always willing to assist members with their restoration projects and to provide helpful comments. When it became difficult for John to participate in Club activities due to illness, some of his motorcycles found new homes with Club members and the remainder of his machines went to his son in Dampier WA. John, and Barbara, enjoyed a great friendship with all that knew them and were true Club members. Sadly missed. *John Moorehead*

2016: NEW ASSOCIATIONS ACT CAME INTO FORCE

PARTS FURORE: Letter received and signed by 50 members appealing against a decision made by the Club Management Committee concerning parts removed from the spares store after the auction. The Management Committee will revisit this decision and explain the rationale for whatever decision is finally made. Members should expect a reply at or before the next General Meeting. *(A meeting was held with the management Committee and the Parts Store Officers. Phil Skinner chose to resign from the Committee. It later appears that there were concerns at the control of auction parts and a lack of clarity on the role of the sub-committee and the role of the parts officials. As a result of the discussion, the parts officers were made permanent members of the sub- committee.)*

TEAM NIC MONTAGU & MURRAY BARNARD ACHIEVE AUSTRALIAN 500CC LAND SPEED RECORD AT 122MPH LAND SPEED WEEK: Nic Montagu and Murray Barnard have been working for almost 2 years to get a bike together to take on the 500cc Land Speed Record for a modified production bike. The Australian Land Speed records are contested once a year at Speed Week held on the dry salt bed of Lake Gairdner in South Australia. The



2016 Speed Week Titles Event was held in the 1st week of March this year. A 5000 km return journey to the lake, 100s of kms of corrugated and dusty road, salt and 47C heat, tested the resolve of the team but after two frustrating days of engine failure, on the 3rd day Nic rode through the difficulties to secure the Australian title at just under 122mph, an excellent result under the conditions on the salt.



VALE FRANK SLEEGERS: Albany Section. Taken from the eulogy delivered by Paul Armstrong. I met Frank in the Albany section of the VMCC. From our first meeting it was apparent to me that this was the type of man most clubs would dream of having as a member. Hard working, involved, part of the committee, always one of the first to attend any club busy bee, club run, or coffee run. He just loved going to Nippers for his coffee and scone, with the group on a Wednesday. Frank was of those motorcycle riders that you could always be assured and know what he was going to do, and so was very easy and safe to ride with. He seemed to enjoy himself on his motorcycle immensely, and always had a big smile at the stops. About four weeks ago, Frank said to me that he was worried he was pushing his Honda a bit hard, and was afraid of blowing out the engine. I laughed and said, "do it Frank, how many people can say to their grandchildren, I blew up a motorcycle engine at eighty one years of age, not very many". And we both laughed. The passing of Frank makes me think of the words of a Louis Armstrong (absolutely no relation) song , Over the Rainbow, the verse is, "I see friends shaking hands saying how do you do, they're really saying, I love you." A vacancy occurred upstairs for a good motorcycle rider and you were called for that position. "Ride the clouds forever Frank". It was a pleasure to have known you

VALE BILL COWLIN: A workmate at Alcoa showed Bill a very scruffy early BSA A7; little wonder it was a mess having been used for mustering on a farm, and later had a sidecar attached as a scrambler in Kalgoorlie. Peter Groucott advised this was a rare bike, so Bill decided he'd restore it, a difficult task, but the end result was a credit to him. A Triumph Twenty-one, a very rough BSA Sloper, and a BMW and sidecar followed. Soon he became a Committee member serving for many years. He ran the spare parts store for eight years with all his natural enthusiasm. Every Wednesday morning he'd battle the traffic from Baldivis to Wattle Grove and home again, providing Club members with an invaluable service. He and Val organised an annual run from their house, the run was good and the food excellent. He rode in just about every run, and was rewarded with Clubman of the Year several times, and then awarded richly deserved Life Membership. His interest moved to older bikes. He was intrigued by the solutions designers had found to requirements on the primitive machines of the veteran and vintage eras, and restored beautifully a 1915 Sunbeam and a 1927 BSA V twin, both of which saw many Club events. He liked to take what was basically a pile of scrap, and turn it into something financially and historically worth a lot of time and effort. He toured the UK in 2013, riding his 1929 BSA Sloper. When the 2016 rally was planned, his was one of the first names entered. Then, in April 2015 a visit to the doctor for a persistent cough produced the awful news – "You have a shadow on your lung, we think it might be TB". The last bit was puzzling as ten pound Poms were checked for this before being accepted; further tests diagnosed an equally awful verdict – cancer. The affected part of the lung was removed; however hopes were dashed by discovering the disease had spread to his lymph glands. Bill was incredibly strong through all this, and the subsequent chemotherapy which remarkably didn't cause his fine mop of hair to fall out. Then Bill tried an alternate treatment which initially seemed very promising, but the disease was too aggressive and in April 2016 he was told that he would have only 3-4 months to live, at most. Inevitably, he moved to palliative care with full time oxygen and home care from Silver Chain soon after. Bill was brave and strong to the end. We miss him already. We won't be the only ones missing Bill. At his home several families of

bandicoots and blue wrens will be wondering where the kind soul who feeds them daily has gone. Bill took great pleasure from this kindness. Rest in peace Bill. Goodbye. *ADRIAN*

PUBLISHER: Keith Perry a long serving member of the club has decided to hang up his print finger and unlock the padlock to the copier. October will be his last print of the Chatter. A special appreciation card was presented by Barry O'Byrne to Keith at the Presentation dinner for his long service to the club. The print team also decided to stand down. Murray Barnard as digital publisher of the Chatter will also edit and publish the postal Chatter in future, Printing will be out-sourced and mailing also automated. The Chatter will also be produced in colour.

A MILESTONE VINTAGE CHATTER: From 1975, when our Club seceded from the Veteran Car Club and became the Vintage Motorcycle Club of W.A. Inc. (and when those messy Gestetners were in vogue!) our magazine has been published, printed, assembled and posted by a team of volunteers. The Makin family ran this for fifteen years before handing the reins to a tireless servant of our Club, Keith Perry. For sixteen years, Keith has started printing at the Clubrooms at 4 a.m., thus ensuring the rest of his team arriving at 6 a.m. had work ready for them. So efficient was this production line it was all done by late morning. The final team comprised Keith, John van Bockxmeer, Brian Higgs, Mick King, Ron Gordon, Kevin Shugg and Allen Johnstone. Keith gave three months'



notice of his wish to retire, so, the Club sought a replacement. None was forthcoming, so the Committee, after suitable research, has decided to have the "Chatter" professionally printed. This will result in an improved product, with more scope for photographs at a cost surprisingly close to that of producing in-house. To all those who, over the years have been part of that team, THANK YOU! It's the wonderful contribution of people like you, that makes a Club a success. *Adrian White*. The retiring print team were featured in this issue. Below: L to R - Brian Higgs, Ron Gordon, Kevin Shugg, Mick King and Keith Perry. Not in the picture is John van Bochmeer and Allen Johnstone and the long suffering photocopier.

VALE: PETER WELLS: With the sad loss of Peter, our Club has lost another link with August 1975 on which date the Vintage Motor Cycle Section of the Veteran Car Club of W.A. seceded from its parent body to become the Vintage Motor Cycle Club of W.A. Inc. it is today. Peter was the inaugural secretary, edited the "Chatter" and served four years as Vice President. After quitting the committee he became dating officer for nearly ten years, at the same time enthusiastically riding an Ariel and a 1926 Douglas outfit. He helped to run, and competed regularly in the Club's major annual event, the Busselton Two Day. 1988 is the last record we

have of Peter riding with our Club, after which it seems his enthusiasm was transferred to four (old!) wheels, namely a Riley. To Peter's family and friends, we offer sincere condolences.

CLUB UNIT PROPOSAL: Correspondence had been received from members, Terry McKie et al, proposing that the Club purchase an industrial unit for the storage of spare parts; there being a need for such a facility and the price of these units is at a discount at the present time. This could go a long way towards dealing with our severe lack of space, which is inhibiting our potential for future capabilities. Any investment of this nature would be a valuable asset to the Club. A sub-committee has been formed to consider this proposal in more detail, and to look at premises within a short distance of the clubrooms. There will be a need to consider the full cost implications of such a proposal. After consideration of available units the Management Committee agreed that Unit4/4 Malcolm Road be purchased by the club. Motion passed unanimously. Barry O'Byrne formed a working group to move on making the unit usable by the club. The price for the unit has been settled at \$210,000 and we have a settlement agent in place to handle the purchase. The Unit can be used for storage and meetings once some refurbishment takes place.

EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING - 3rd AUGUST 2016: The Committee of the VMCCWA served notice on the membership of an Extraordinary General Meeting to be held on the 3rd August 2016 to consider the adoption of the Model Rules as provided by the Department of Commerce as the replacement of our Constitution/Rules of the Club. The motion put before members will be that "The Vintage Motorcycle Club of W.A. (inc) will adopt the Model Rules as provided by the Department of Commerce and adopt the new By-Laws." The reason for this change of Constitution is to ensure we comply with the New Act governing associations such as ourselves, which becomes Law on the 1st July 2016. The Model Rules have greater protection built in for Members in the way the Club is run into the future. The Committee fully endorses the adoption of the Model Rules which will allow the Club to not have to re-write the rules every 18 months to 2 years which has been the case in recent years. A presentation was made by Jim Douglas at the July Monthly Meeting on the Constitutional changes. New Associations Act coming into play on 1st July and our constitution is in serious need of amendment. Opportunity to therefore adopt the Government created "Model Rules" as our constitution (legal framework) and embody all the procedures for running the Club in a new set of by-Laws and procedural instructions. This is our opportunity to never have to re-write the "Constitution" ever again. There was some dissent at this proposal, one of the major ones coming from John Wightman who wished to remain on the Committee in the un-elected position of Past President. In adopting the Associations Act it is compulsory for all Management Committee positions to be elected. John Wightman chose to resign from the Committee rather than commit to the adoption of the "Model Rules." The Extraordinary General Meeting discussed the proposal in detail, speakers for and against were heard and as over 75% of members in attendance voted to adopt the "Model Rules" the motion was successful.

ROLEY TT SUNDAY OCTOBER 9TH: The event was threatened by clearing showers, but was fortunate to avoid the drenching rain on the Saturday before. 29 riders and machines braved the lingering showers and cold wind to front up to the TT start line, which was at Douglas aka Borello Park in Roleystone. Another ten or so members and family attended to watch and participate in the BBQ held after the event. Machines ranged from Ken's genuine TT machine,

KTT Velocette, Gary's Ariel Square Four, Richard's Velocette Thruxton, Colin's Moto Guzzi T3, through to Ian's Honda CB250 Four. The circuit through the picturesque Roleystone Hills was a motorcyclist's paradise, with winding roads and ascents and descents in and out of



the Canning valley. The only untoward events were a wrong turn on some of the route sheets, (science needs to look into how this error escaped triple-checking by 3 different people...we must all wear the same rose-coloured glasses!) and a very slow truck up one of the major hills. The BBQ was a success despite cold winds doing their best to blow serviettes and foil trays all over the park and knock the heat out of the sausages. The event was based on a circuit through the hills matching the exact length of an Isle of Man TT lap. Key locations on the Isle of Man circuit were marked on the Roley TT route sheet, and signs were placed along the route to let riders know where they were. In the event I think riders eyes were squarely on the road where they should be, and none of the signs were noticed. Thanks to Jacqui for her help on the BBQ and Jim Douglas for stepping in as backup driver. *Murray Barnard.*

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 2016: A number of reports were provided and the new committee elected. The Committee Annual Report was presented by Barry O'Byrne: A very challenging and interesting year for the committee with many successes and significant changes to the way we are conducting our business going forward. The committee believes that 2016 will go down in the club history as a very significant year in our evolution. The Committee would like to thank the members of the club for their support in these times of change. Notable successes include the change over to the Model Rules (as provided by the Department of Commerce). This change strengthens our compliance with a legal framework to correspond with the new Associations Law. It also gives far greater democracy and safeguards to members of the club. Secondly the club is in the process of completing the purchase of a storage unit for parts which we obtain for auction. This unit overcomes a problem with lack of space for the club which is limiting our ability in a number of key areas. This is also financially, a good investment during a down turn in the WA economy. During the year we managed two motorcycle parts auctions which gave members the opportunity to acquire elusive parts which may otherwise be difficult to obtain. We are fortunate in being able to find collections of old parts from a number of different sources for the benefit of our members. Earlier this year we started a process of improving the Chatter by providing Colour pictures to the front and inside cover. Probably the first major change we have made to the Chatter in 40 years. We are anticipating continuing with improvements to the content of our monthly magazine in future. In addition our website continues to improve all the time and is the envy of other motorcycle clubs throughout Australia. The content of our website changes daily as new information is received, rather than waiting a whole month to see the latest news.

For members who have not looked at our website we would encourage you to do so for the latest news, events, technical information and pictures. Early in 2016 we were able to come to an arrangement with the car club for the use of their audio and video equipment for the monthly meetings. Prior to this we struggled with a mouse (battery) driven set of speakers which were barely adequate even on a good night. During the year we recognised a need to revisit our technical procedures for 404 licensing and ensuring motorcycles in the club comply with the objectives of the club. Dating officers, first time examiners and club registrar were involved in this consultation process and came up with a modified set of instructions to ensure we comply with 404 rules and that bikes used on club events are all correct. The requirement for riding a safe motor cycle remains with the owner as part of his statutory declaration to DoT. During the year we have set out a survey so that all members have the opportunity to give input into the future direction of the club. The survey has now finished and we eagerly await the results. Our recent annual presentation day saw a fully catered event, featuring a pig on a spit with liquid refreshments as part of the arrangement. This event was well attended and most members we talked to enjoyed the day. Lastly the committee would like to thank all the officials, volunteers, auction team, publishing team and all the members who put their time and energy into making the club a smooth well-oiled management machine.

ALBANY REPORT: I would like to report on the running of the Albany section of the Vintage Motorcycle club of W.A. in the last twelve months. The club has managed to keep its finances and accounts, quite strong even after becoming the sole tenant, of the chalet, the gold coin donations from the coffee runs bi-weekly, are just about paying for our annual rent of the chalet. The coffee runs have been strongly supported by the club members, also resulting in a new group of riders becoming members and interested in the club, some even purchasing vintage motorcycles. This is great news and can only result in the section growing stronger. The club runs have been quite well attended, we have had some weather incidents, but on the whole there have been some quite outstanding club runs, to put a name to a few, Ian Redmans Cambodian Aids in women charity run, was quite outstanding, as was Lloyds poker run, Rogers run, Mike Hylands fuel economy run in Denmark, Norm bunkers shed run, an eye opener for many who have never been there just to name a few. These events and others bear us well into the future, and I thank all of the members for their efforts. Also club events such as the Christmas tree and barbeques at the chalet have been very successful. The Salvation Army charity run was also very successful event with over four hundred riders taking part raising a new record total of cash and goods for needy families was raised and I would like to thank all of the members who participated and took part, gave their time in the management and running of this event. The section needs to still attract more members, or people with similar interests, it would be nice to have a dedicated back up driver again, as we did in the past with Kevin, who has given the dub sterling service throughout the years. A roster system may have to be introduced to provide back up for club events. Perhaps this year coming we may be able to recognize Ed Sheckels contribution to the section, he is a justly deserved of a life membership, and maybe we should lobby, this coming year, the senior section for this to happen? Ed is always at the front for helping, advising, providing service, to all of the section members whenever asked, and this honour is richly deserved. We have a great core, group of riders and members, who enjoy motorcycle riding, restoration club runs, coffee runs, busy

bees and socializing, the meetings are well attended and the sections future looks assured. Sadly this April we lost our friend, club member, and assistant secretary Frank Slegers, then in May we lost a life member, rider of the year, clubman of the year Bill Cowlin from the senior section, ride on forever to you both RIP. This puts a special meaning to the deceased riders run, to remember and not forget the memories or friendships that we have had together riding motorcycles. In closing the club has I feel, a great liking, and fellowship about it, with great members. *Paul Armstrong - Chairperson*

CLUB UNIT RENOVATION: Stan Reed commenced work at renovating the Club Unit in Maddington. He didn't get much help despite an appeal to members. Stan work deserved greater recognition.

JURIEN BAY RUN – 10/11 DEC 2016 – RUN REPORT BY JIM DOUGLAS: Just over 20 souls rocked up for the run up to Jurien Bay on the Saturday morning 10th December. Was this a precursor to the Christmas bash or just a fun week-end away. Well the temperature on that Saturday was forecast to be 37 degrees so only the bravest arrived at the start. A few choose to use a bike with more of a modern vintage but the crew were soon away at 11 am. The first part to Lancelin was reasonable easy with heavy traffic in the Perth northern suburbs but once north of Yanchep we could opened up the throttle and give it some. Lancelin was soon on the radar after about one hour's ride. Quick stop for fluids, a pie of two and some gas then time to move on. Were people reluctant to start or was the general ambiance in Lancelin to everyone's liking. Not sure but our outbound journey followed the coastal route. So away we went for day one part two. The first casualty was found about 30 Kms north with a B33 stopped on the roadside. The first customer for the backup trailer. This bike had recently completed the tour of UK without missing a beat but had decided to fall over once it returned home. Thanks to the talented Mr. Tie the bike was soon fixed once we arrived in Jurien. The magneto timing wheel had decided to fall off. So, a re-time of the magneto and the bike was back on song and remained so for the rest of the journey home. The highlight of the trip was the visit to Ian Boyd's museum of motorcycles. Not just Vincents but a number of other classic bikes of old and an E-type Jag were on display. As you would expect Vincent's were there from the very early years right up the mid 50's when this expensive marque of motorcycle finally ended. Many of the team visited Ian's kitchen where a Vincent engine took pride of place on the marble worktop. Could not see the "trouble and strife" accepting that. The next day after a simple breakfast from the local Roadhouse we started our return journey. Some of the group started early but the majority got away at 9 am after the grumbling shower facility woke everybody at 5:30. A few stragglers finally left at 10 am well after the backup got underway. First casualty of the day was Kevin Badby who had hit a kangaroo about 25 Kms from the start. His immaculate Vincent had suffered some severe damage and Kevin himself was not looking to flash. After loading the bike on the trailer (it took about 6 strong men because the wheels would not go around to lift/drag it on) Kevin was dispatched to hospital in Perth. Those Vincent's are a heavy lump. The rest of the journey was through the farm country of Dandaragan and then onto Bindoon. Great bike riding country. Very few cars and terrific open roads. We had a few more dramas on the way home. Colin's Goldstar went like a trouper once under way but what a little s@#t to start. But the "bump start" team were always there to lend a hand. Then Ian's battery was flat at every later stop, so we had to improvise jump start leads



from the trailer battery to get him going. Terry's Laverda made it to the finish but he decided to load it on the Ute to save the trouble of nursing it home. We all made it back to the finish with a few riders going off piste with some excursions which were not on the route sheet.

2016 UK TRIP - BY ADRIAN WHITE: It's a well and variously travelled road, 871 miles that have been walked, cycled, ridden on horseback, walked backwards! and in 1934 a rider, in the days when you could set such records, completed the journey in less than 24 hours on a Royal Enfield V twin; and that before motorways were thought of. The name rolls nicely off the tongue too, Land's End to John O'Groats. Over two years planning finally saw ten members of the Vintage Motor Cycle Club of Western Australia, based in Perth, reunite with their bikes in a Liverpool warehouse, all undamaged and all starting well enough once refueled. Not truly Vintage, that ends in 1931, but all around sixty years old and most had been painstakingly restored from rusting piles of scrap to as-new condition. We had Dave Weeks on 1951 B.S.A., Adrian White 1956 Royal Enfield, Sheryl White 1976 Honda, John and Leony Wightman 1960 B.M.W., Keith Barnard and Linda Green 1959 Norton, Martin Robinson 1956 A.J.S., Warren and Joyce Reynolds 1958 B.S.A., Nat Brazzalotto 1953 B.S.A., Bowe and Sally Wilson 1966 BMW, Mal and Melinda Cox 1970 B.M.W. riding out of that warehouse, eagerly anticipating the pleasures to come. Reliability of the bikes was generally good. One B.M.W. had an electrical

shutdown the combined expertise of our group couldn't fix, professional help could and did. Riding was optional every second day, allowing routine maintenance like cable and chain adjustment and oil changes. The 1951 B.S.A. made Dave Weeks wish he'd had more "shake down" time available in Perth with several teething problems, including a spectacular oil leak which must have lifted the odd oil company's share prices! All machines finished the over 3000 mile trip. This was no point-to-point sprint, but a leisurely tour over country roads, into villages and avoiding cities, (some old bikes don't mix well with modern traffic), enjoying all this wonderful country has to offer, and there's plenty. First and foremost, people. Friendly, courteous, helpful and very interested in our trip and our bikes. "Of course you didn't bring them from Australia" and "My Dad used to take me on the back of one like that" were regular sociable greetings. These same people didn't have a personality transplant as soon as they got behind the wheel either; driver behaviour, even in trying circumstances, was exemplary, a refreshing experience. Hospitality was a pleasant surprise too, with even modest establishments serving nice food, nicely presented, with a few extras, and where needed, a warmed plate. Staff were invariably helpful and pleasant, suggesting this was their chosen job, and not just life support for back packing or tertiary studies. The acceptance that dogs are treasured, loved, and often vital companions, and thus welcome in pubs, appropriate shops, buses and trains was to me, as it should be, and we saw no problems. Dogs were well behaved and socialised with most looking fit and healthy and dog mess seemed none existent. Highlights, there were plenty, in no particular order.

Standing looking out to sea at Land's End and John O'Groats, and in fine weather too. Mission accomplished! And in between..... The Cavern Night Club, sure it's a tourist item but it's still a working night club and it has ATMOSPHERE! Loud, crowded and with lighting just right, though our general opinion suggested none of the bands playing were about to become the next Beatles. The fact most of us are older than our bikes may have influenced that! Castles and abbeys, even in ruins, never failed to amaze; such beautiful and complex design and detail, and how were such huge buildings built before any form of mechanical assistance was invented? The number of buildings thousands of years old still in normal daily use, sure the maintenance of same would no doubt be considerable, but locally, a major civic building is about to be started, with an expected lifespan when finished of eighty years. Seemingly even quite utilitarian buildings were built to look nice, with ornate window and door treatment as a minimum. Well tended flower boxes in towns and villages were a happy sight and surprisingly common. The Scottish Highlands were every bit as beautiful as we'd been told to expect, green and peaceful lower down, where the perfect motorcycling roads ran, sheep ignoring our passing against a backdrop of majestic high country, and we enjoyed fine weather. The sausage rolls in Inverness bakery were declared the world's best!

History is everywhere and nowhere better than The Forts of Hadrian's Wall, site of Roman ruins. Soldier's quarters which they shared with their horses, dwellings for officers and for families, and the huge and complex communal bath house, all built so precisely in grey bricks still as good as when they were first laid, but now only standing waist high, as the quality of those bricks was their downfall. Subsequent inhabitants had used them for their own buildings. The Cheddar Gorge adjacent to the town of that name (which didn't produce cheese, but was a market town for that product) was awe inspiring, high, rugged, and steep

so much so it was near impossible to produce a photo that did it justice. The road was another to savour on a motorcycle too but our return run was choked by truly hundreds of struggling Lycra-clad cyclists. We were amused to note the fastest man up the hill wore only a T shirt, jeans and sand shoes, and rode an old grid of a bike. Viaducts by their very nature tend to be spectacular, and watching a steam train speeding across the Glenfinnan viaduct was doubly so. Even more incredible was the extraordinarily high Pontcysyllte aqueduct built when travel by canal offered by far the cheapest way of moving goods and people.

Travelling canals takes boats through numerous locks to ascend- descend gradients which in their natural state would have been non – navigable waterfalls, interesting to watch. The fishing – smuggling villages of Mousehole, Robin Hood's Bay, (Mr. Hood had no connection to this), and Clovelly, nestled as they are against steep ocean side cliffs with only one cobblestone, steep and tortuous access road offer more fascinating history. Small houses all jammed together, linked by a labyrinth of narrow lanes and the occasional tunnel meant bolts of cloth, liquor, spices and so on could find a way inland and barely see the light of day, to the chagrin of Customs and Excise men. Smuggler's wives were known to "accidentally" throw a bucket of boiling water out of windows to dissuade such investigations, amongst various other nasty little tricks. Also, perched on a steep coastal hillside is the Minack Theatre. The inspired and tireless work of one woman, transformed a barren hillside into an outdoor theatre like no other. Many steep terraces allowed patrons to sit on stone or grass seats, watching a performance below, whilst just beyond the stage crashed the waves of the Atlantic Ocean. Still on the coast, the history of the Life Boat Service and the courage and resourcefulness of their crews in foul and deadly circumstances makes for stirring reading. The technology and design of these boats allows them to roll completely over and right themselves, so tightly sealed are they. Many hotels have collection boxes on the bar supporting this service.

Dover's famed white cliffs are exactly that, long and high, giving a scene you can stand and look at for a long time, as they are very impressive. Fortunately, one in our party was able to describe how air in underground tunnels at the ruins of the lead mine, was kept the right temperature, and clean, by circulating the air through a series of brick built tunnels above ground. Quite a lot of the mine buildings, including some tunnels still stand, very interesting. The Dumfries Museum's camera obscura in action was a unique experience. Built in 1836 in the tower of a disused windmill, this amazing instrument allowed us to view the surrounding town in great detail and clarity; local legend suggests it was commissioned by a wealthy lady to keep an eye on her husband, who she suspected of being a bit free with his affections around the town. The design of this is relatively simple.

No motorcycle holiday would be complete without visiting the Sammy Miller Museum, in New Milton, Hampshire. Hundreds of beautifully restored-in- house bikes ranging from basic ride to work types, to some of the most complex and historically significant machines ever built. Sammy himself, arguably the greatest trials rider of all time is still to be found at work there, and rides some of these rare and valuable at motor cycle events, though as display only. The museum also houses hundreds of items of motorcycle memorabilia, what a day! With a big day of travel ahead of us we only allowed an hour to see the Bovington Tank Museum, reckoning you can only look at so many tanks, surely you've seen a couple, you've see the lot. Wrong! This is a huge collection from the very first tank ever built, to ominous looking giants from Soviet

Russia, plus a reproduction of World War One trenches from both sides, giving a chilling glimpse of the reality of war. We are a very varied group of people, brought together by our shared passion for old motorcycles with that factor assuring a pretty good natured trip. I can't imagine a better holiday. Thanks, England and Scotland! *Adrian*



(Photos by Murray Barnard)

Post70s Car Boot Sale (Photos by Nic Montagu)



2017: 10 TRUCKS IN ONE YEAR HIT THE BAYSWATER BRIDGE

DAILY NEWS THURSDAY JANUARY 1 1925: The New Hudson motor cycle, for which Bays Motor Cycle Agency, of 376 Murray Street, Perth, are representatives, is attracting the attention of prospective buyers. It's a fast road machine which has proved itself over and over again in open competition. Its exceptionally large valves and lightened reciprocating parts enable the engine to develop far beyond its rated horse power. Machines in 2½, 3½, and 4½ h.p. are available. Mr H. A. Hammon, carpenter, of Cottesloe Beach, secures riding comfort and speed combined in the 2¾ h.p. O.H.V. engined Sunbeam which he has just bought. If there be anything more handsome and faster than this model for its power we have yet to see it. Not because patients are few and far between, but because they are plentiful, but far between, Dr. Thorn, of Wydgee Station, Mt. Magnet, finds that a 3½ h.p. electric model B.S.A. is immensely useful to him in reaching them. It is so dependable. No trouble about starting, light always available, plenty of power and speed, and comfortable riding all the time. And those qualities count for a lot when a doctor is selecting a mount, for his calls are usually "hurry-ups" in the back country you can go to Bunbury and a good way on the return, .journey on the petrol that can be stored in the tank of the 2¾ h.p.B.S.A. For little fellows they have a surprising liking for spirits, but when their tanks have absorbed their fill, they are ready for a 150 mile trip, to the great comfort of their riders. Mr. G. E. Prout, of the State Implement Works, has just bought one of these models. Possibly the bad state of the Armadale Road prevents motor cyclists from going that way, but once Kelmscott is reached, the road becomes almost perfect for the run up to Jarrahdale, which is well worth a visit, The scenery all along the way is delightful. Everything at this time of the year is bright green, and the glimpses of shady nooks, of rippling brooks, and little farmlets nestling in the hills being ample repayment for any trouble in reaching them. The old town— Jarrahdale has been a village for nearly sixty years — is well worth a trip, and all the roads out into the bush are good.

TALKING POINTS – PRESERVATION: What is it about the VMCCWA? Is it just a club of old people wanting to relive the past? Why is the club so obsessed when it comes to machine originality? How is it ever going to compete with custom bike clubs and social media café racer sites? Why doesn't the club get with the times and allow members to swap out ineffective old brakes and spice up the bikes with new custom parts? Is the club just going to be an elitist group of old men which discourages innovation and new fashion? Having first joined the club almost 35 years ago, I really could say not a lot really has changed in the interim, but that is not entirely true. As a younger, enthusiastic motorcyclist then, I found the club very cliquey, very hard to get to know people and also just not really my cup of tea. I still wanted to race motorcycles, so the vintage club was a bit staid. Whilst, I had old British bikes from the 30s and 40s, no-one in the club was particularly interested or supportive. My bikes weren't Norton, Triumph or BSA, so no-one would talk to me. Also I loved Japanese two strokes and the club was in the throes of experiencing the first Japanese bikes to be club eligible, so going Japanese was definitely not a popular subject. I was looking for parts and advice; but, no-one would help me. Oh well, historic racing called, and there was a lot of innovation, camaraderie and interest there. I t took quite a while for me to come back to the VMCCWA, and by then I was slowing down, had less money to spend on speed and my old bikes, Japanese or otherwise, were more acceptable. Was it a case of I wasn't ready for the club and the club

wasn't ready for me? Maybe. A club such as ours, after all, is made up of a diverse range of people with a diverse range of views. If it doesn't suit you, maybe you need to adjust rather than the club adjust to you. If the club doesn't suit you, then get active and influence how it is managed, don't just sit back and be a critic. The Chatter is a great example every time it is issued (after ridiculously short lead-times) the 2 people who compile it are subject to the views of 500 amateur proof readers, but only after the event. How nice it would be to have the time and opportunity for more proof readers beforehand. Such is the nature of a club run by volunteers. So, what can be done? Are we a club of old pharts who can't adjust to change? The past 12 months have seen significant change, possibly more than the club has seen in 50 years. It is all part of adjusting to change. What hasn't changed however is the purpose of the club. As a motorcycle club, we are an associated body and our purpose is enshrined legally by our Rules. The primary purpose is the preservation and enjoyment of motorcycles over 25 years of age. Preservation is the key point. We are not a custom bike club. We are not leaders in motorcycle fashion. We don't embrace the latest poseur style. As such the club has rules in terms of originality and the spirit of the times. If that is not your scene, then perhaps this is not the club for you. Or perhaps there is room for variety. You choose. You can join the club, well knowing that it is established to preserve machines over 25 years of age. That is why the club exists. The side benefits are rides, events, social activities, library and spare parts etc. Most members join because they support that aim. That is why the club exists. That doesn't, however, stop us from enjoying a nice café racer or custom. In fact, the club accommodates modified machines that meet our guidelines, particularly old race bikes. They just can't be licensed under the concessional license regulations. They can be fully licensed if you can persuade the Department of Transport to license them. Even unlicensed, a modified machine, true to the spirit of the times, can be displayed and added to the club register. So where does that leave me, well, I have grown into the club, sought out suitable machines and actively engaged to support club activities. It hasn't stopped me from working with Nic to build race machines and to participate in speed events, they are just not VMCCWA events. The club doesn't stop club members from being interested in other motorcycle events and motorcycle sport, they are all facets of our motorcycling identity. The VMCCWA is just one facet of that identity. Getting to know club members better, making friends, participating in events and club management has been a rewarding experience for me. I'm glad I came back into the fold.

Murray Barnard

IMPORTING A BIKE FROM THE UK, (MZ ES 250/2): I have always admired this model and knowing there are 5 or 6 of these in Australia I would have to wait some time to get one. I don't think they were imported by dealers so the Oz bikes are probably private imports (?). These bikes the MZ ES 250/2 (this one is 1973) are becoming difficult to source, lately prices have firmed as have all other vintage/classic bikes worldwide. Check the UK, and now Australia is catching up, are we in bubble on prices? Some of the less sought after manufacturers, Villiers, James, Francis Barnett 2 strokes are not giving much change out of \$4K, other utility bikes such as the sixties BSA/Matchless/ AJS 250cc bikes are firming up, probably because most of us have given up on owning bikes of choice such as the 60's era Bonneville's, Norton SS, Goldstar, Velocette, Thruxtons, or Tritons. (I built one with nickel plated frame and 6T engine way back in their day) not to mention Vincent's, Brough Superiors or the other investment vehicles(!) So are the utility bikes of our earlier years about to see a renaissance, because they

are cheap, relatively speaking, to the other bikes on the market? In the early 1970's I went to a used bike dealer in Wales to try a Bultaco trials bike out. Tucked away in the shadows at the back of the shop was a Vincent Black Shadow at UK725 pounds/\$1400, about the price of a new 750 Honda 4, also finding a 350 Manx Norton outside a shed, to be told 'I won't accept a penny under 600 quid' Or even worse I sold a 1949 BSA A7 plunger in oily rag condition for 40 quid to buy my son a radio controlled model car. When I looked at the model car in my hand and compared it to the heavy metal of the BSA I knew I'd made a big mistake...easy come easy go. I only paid 15 quid for it!! I bought this MZ from a dealer Spinning Wheel Classic Cars in the UK. I checked another one out on our visit home to Wales in May/June at a dealer called Pembrokeshire Classics and failed to negotiate a price. This is a better bike, not perfect or concours but a usable classic.



Mike Williams' MZ 250 gets the Biosecurity once over!

Elite Shipping Limited Chesterfield, Derbyshire, UK handled crating and shipping to Fremantle; comments from the Custom Broker and the Border Protection Biodiversity officer when opening the crate for inspection (they are keen, doing a great job looking after Australia for us) "Bugger they put this crate together well" The bike was held firmly with tensioned

webbing at multiple points, and delivered with no damage or rubbing marks. A tip- make sure no plant or animal life on the tyre treads, or inside the mudguards! I'm pleased with the service, just need to check the fluids, battery, tyre pressures, brakes, and take her for a ride before I can say all is perfect. My experience with importing this bike. The largest cost was the bike itself, followed by the cost once landed in Fremantle and then transported to the bond store just a few kilometres away in Canning Vale, as this cost of \$1974.60 was 62% higher than the cost of crating, transport to the docks and shipping in a container to Fremantle from the UK!! (\$1212.75). Total charges were \$3187.35.! In all there are 19 different fees and additional costs/GST in the total of \$1974.60. So you buy the bike you want on emotion it doesn't cost that much more to bring a Vincent in (GST excluded), .but we buy bikes we like don't we. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING! When I transferred funds via the ANZ bank to the shipping agent, the contact there was a gentleman named "SY" I made reference to him in the transfer, and the ANZ refused to allow the transfer until I gave assurance that I was not sending funds to SYRIA, I kid you not. The ANZ contact even requested I supply the full name, DOB, nationality and home address of "SY" which I refused to do and suggested they contact him in person with the email address, company details, and ask for the information direct. Eventually they cleared the funds. If you have seen the film SNOWDON, you will appreciate the power of software being used for surveillance. *Mike Williams*

VALE JOHN CANNAM : John came to Australia from England in 1967. Fairly soon he bought a WLA Harley and joined the Harley Club, which was a predominately scrambles club at that time. In 1973 he was working as a gardener at the Subiaco council. He married Olive and they bought an older house in Subiaco and then misfortune struck. While doing private weekend work, an accident with a tree resulted in spinal damage, which caused the loss of use of his legs and the need of a wheelchair. John worked for a couple of years in the printing department at Shenton Park Paraplegic Centre, then in the late 1970's moved to a purpose built house in Busselton. He joined the VMCC prior to this and has membership no. 103. When I asked him his number, he replied "I don't think I have one, the buggers won't let me pay." He has been an honorary member for many years as thanks for the assistance in Busselton with the 'Two Day Trial' and the 'Wheels West' rallies there. Early on in Busselton, due to a competitive cycling background, he was repairing push bikes and showing the local kids how to look after theirs. This led on to repairing and restoring old lawn mowers and ultimately stationary engines, with membership in the Machinery Preservation Society. John has for many years had a motorised trike, which was accessible for his wheel chair, and capable of generous speed and distance. This gave him a large measure of independence, of which he made full use. John was an active member of the Historical Society, had a gardening program at the



high school and community garden centre, was involved with a junior MX Club, coached junior soccer, ran a Boules competition and was a highly valued member of the Lions Club. John was jokingly referred to as the mayor of Busselton. Not far wrong, as he and Olive were invited to a formal dinner where it was announced that a new recreation hall would be named in his honour. Through all of this, John's wife Olive needs a strong mention. Very early in married life Olive became a carer and supporter, a full time responsibility over many years. Olive has lived in John's shadow for a long time, but if you looked she was always there supporting him. These are two people who have lived generous, and giving lives. I am proud to be among the many people who have known them. Olive passed away on the 9th May 2016 and John on the 10th December 2016. *Jim ti*

THE CHRISTMAS CHEER BIN This year the Vintage Motorcycle Club of Western Australia took the opportunity to seek to brighten the festive season with a collection of non-perishable food, toys, household



items, and so on, to donate to the Salvation Army or Christmas. As a result the Marshall Room at the Clubrooms has been overflowing with donations of food, toys, push cycles and play equipment for some time. Club Vice-President, Adrian White, delivered the donations to the Salvation Army who assured the Club that the items will be put to good use in helping needy families through the Christmas period.

FEATURE: SYDNEY - PERTH MARCH 1973: by Adrian White (illustrations by Jim ti). Today we can only look back in awe of the courage, tenacity and ingenuity of those motor Cycle pioneers who crossed the Australian continent on primitive machines, with even more primitive tyres and “roads” which in fact were almost non existent. A journey of this length 11 a bit of an adventure, though of a different kind. Sydney March 1973: Bathed in sunshine, busy, cosmopolitan and exciting and my setting off point for a ride to Perth on a yet to be found motorcycle. The People’s Palace, run by the Salvos was the cheapest place to stay in the heart of Sydney and was clean and basic, and inhabited by some of the most oddball people. Eye contact was totally shunned, let alone a spoken greeting, none of which really mattered. On my way there I stopped for a celebratory beer and got a lesson in Australian beer ethics. The bar was quite empty but two guys near me were served what to me were perfect beers — condensation running down the outside, visible effervescence within and a nice creamy head. Beautiful, but the barman was told “How about filling the bastard up mate, if I wanted bloody ice cream I’d have asked for it!” Without a word, it was done. My beer was another visual masterpiece but didn’t quite live up to it’s appearance by having very little flavour, possibly as it was icy cold. Refreshing though! My accommodation was several stories high, four sides built round a quadrangle. My room was toward the bottom. During the night the guy in a top floor room decided he was sick of his furniture and removed it by the simple process of throwing it down into the quadrangle. It sounded as if we were under attack, the Police arrived and peace was restored. I wondered what he’d been smoking. Naturally I spent some time in the infamous King’s Cross — what a mix of people! Including a guy so off his tree he asked me at least five times for money without recognising me from five minutes ago. I was

very surprised at the amount of hard core porn you could view, and I did, and the lewdness of the live shows, no I didn't! In New Zealand such porn was underground.

I wanted a British bike. I knew my way around them and you could fall off one and (with luck of course!) not disable it. I'd seen a surprising number of Japanese bikes written off from relatively minor crashes. Their wide engines with electrics mounted on the end of the crankshaft were prone to terminal damage when a machine, skidding along on it's side hit a kerb or similar, destroying the electrics and in many cases bending the crank. Also, "riceburners" as they were often called were generally much heavier than Europeans and I needed a bike I could pick up. Reading Australian Motor Cycle News and other magazines suggested Sydney was full of the type of bike I wanted and all at bargain prices, so with a spring in my step I started around the dealers. I had decided not to pursue private sales, they had no guarantee of title and Sydney was too big a place to get around without transport to look at bikes. Anyhow, the dealers would have plenty wouldn't they? By the end of a very discouraging day I'd seen every available dealership and the only British iron was a number of ex Police Triumph Saints, all of which bore the scars of a very hard life and were priced way beyond their worth. In Hazell and Moore's nice new shop I asked the guy Where all the British bikes had gone and he said "you're standing on some of them. We had heaps of them out the back so we sold the engines for scrap and chopped up the frames for concrete reinforcing!" They did have a couple of Suzuki T500s which I thought might do the job though their engines still stuck out the side and fuel consumption could be an issue. One very small shop had three new Norton Commando Interstates on the floor, love at first sight but beyond my means. I spent a couple of days sightseeing, figuring this would enable dealers to trade in heaps of bikes. Not so. I had another look at the T500s, nice bikes but quite small fuel tanks and a reputation as thirsty kept my wallet in my pocket. A bit more sightseeing, another fruitless day and I decided I'd do one more round of the shops before I owned a Suzuki. I'd visited the Yamaha dealership, they'd had nothing, but on this final visit I was left unattended in the shop and wandered right to the back of the showroom and there, lying in the gloom was a B.S.A. twin. The salesman, who had lost interest in me days ago when he knew my quest eventually decided to notice me and became quite keen when I asked was this for sale? He assured me it was, came out with a line of bollocks "production racer, hot cams, semi close ratio gearbox blah blah blah Spitfire \$800. "Does it go?" I asked. "Well it was ridden in here" he told me and with a few kicks the bike came to life, sounding a bit rattly, not badly so and making almost no exhaust smoke. It was filthy but looked quite original and relatively unmolested. And then Mr Super Salesman turned it off and announced he'd leave me to have a good look at it whilst he and the rest of the staff enjoyed morning tea, which seemed to go on for a very long time; finally the lady in the office invited me in for a cup of tea and a biscuit. We chatted a while, I told her of my plans to ride to Perth which she thought was quite exciting and said "If it's any use, I'll tell you they paid \$500 for the BSA and they're keen to get rid of it as it's been around a while and we really only sell Yamaha. But don't tell them I told you!" Finally Mr SS reappeared so I told him the bike looked OK but I'd like to ride it. "No way" he said, "I'll take you for a ride."

This I refused, telling him no ride, no deal, "We don't let Kiwis test ride. The last one went that way (pointing left out of the shop), that was three months ago and we're still waiting". I pulled

out my wallet and traveller's cheques saying I'd leave them and my watch. By now the boss had joined in "No way!" he said, "We know what you'll do, you'll ride our bike to the nearest bank, cancel the cheques as lost and disappear. The bike's worth more than the watch." I stuck to my guns and eventually they said "OK, but only round the block!" I said I'd be at least twenty minutes, needing to get the machine hot so off I went on a bike which rode well, increasingly so as it shook off the lethargy from having sat idle for so long. It still rattled a bit but the smoke was gone. Talking price was delicate so as not to implicate my office lady friend, so I mixed it up a bit, saying it certainly wasn't worth \$800 but I'd give them \$600 if they



put on a much needed chain and front tyre. After much play acting, eye rolling and deep sighing we settled on \$500 and I'd pay for the tyre and chain. After another cup of tea whilst the tyre and chain were fitted I bought a bottle of polish, my friend gave me a bundle of rags and off I went to the licensing place and then to the top floor of a large multi storey car park where I took off my shirt in the beautiful weather and spend a couple of hours cleaning my new treasure. I had basic tools with me so I ran over all the nuts and bolts, all seemed to be good. It was better than I'd hoped and looked really nice and now I was impatient to get on the road. Next stop was Ryan's Motorcycles to have a luggage rack fitted; I had one bag on that at the rear and a duffel bag on the tank. I'd been warned of the remoteness and dangers of the fabled Nullarbor Plain so I carried numerous small packs of fruit juice (more nourishing than water I thought) and some chocolate and a few bars of dried fruit and seeds. A Sydney bred friend in NZ told me about traffic there - "They'll be so polite, letting you into the traffic but that's only so they can then kill you!" The traffic certainly was hectic and road rules I didn't know of saw me nearly have a coming together with 50 tons of truck which in NZ would have to give way to me, but not so in Sydney. How lucky are we to have discovered motorcycling all those years ago?

How good it was to be on a bike I was really getting to like more with every passing mile, cruising along in beautiful weather on good roads I'd never before seen. The miles ticked by at the speed limit — I couldn't afford any fines and I wasn't in a hurry anyhow — and I approached Canberra with interest. What a strange place to find — one minute you're being pointed ahead to the city by road signs, next minute those signs are pointing back the way you've just come with not a sight of the city, so I found a cheap motel and made a good start in the morning. The bike was running well; not using enough oil to worry about but as I stopped in Wagga Wagga I smelt petrol and discovered fuel was leaking from the bottom of the fibreglass tank, which was touching the engine as the rubber tank mounts were absent. This was Saturday afternoon so I was unable to buy my repair material. I went in search of somewhere to stay until Monday morning but there wasn't a single bed available in all Wagga Wagga. As a last resort I went to the Police Station hoping maybe they would lend me a cell for the night but I found two young officers who'd obviously seen too many American cop shows

on TV. With some sort of sinner spreadeagled over the counter being very roughly patted down whilst being verbally given his apparently nasty pedigree. "Whadda you want?" asked one. "My vehicle is unserviceable until Monday, wondered if you had a spare cell for a couple of nights" I said. "No. We've got this beep now so we're full up!" "Can you suggest where I might find a bed?" "Try the Y.W.C.A." "Do you mean the Y.M.C.A.?" "I said the Y. beeping W.C.A! Now beep off, we're busy!" I beeped off, found the YWCA and much to my surprise was made very welcome by the manager though most of the dozen or so residents looked at me with ill-disguised suspicion. One younger lady showed me round and I found space out the back where I removed the tank and gave the contents to one of the women who had a car. A clean bed, a hot shower and good food made for pleasant waiting for Monday. What I assumed to be an urban myth said you could repair petrol tanks with chewing gum which turned rock hard with the petrol but with the Nullarbor ahead I wasn't game to try it, I've subsequently found it does in fact work quite well. Monday morning, I bought a few inches of heater hose and some "bog", taped the hose to the top frame rail to lift the tank to it's proper place and carefully filled the hole which I'd prepared with special effort to ensure I got a mechanical as was as adhesive bond. Within the hour I was fuelled up ready to go, fingers crossed. Didn't need the latter, over 40 years later that repair still holds!

I reached Gundagai and checked out the famous dog on the tuckerbox, very handsome. I rode over a newly prepared stretch of road in the town, graded smooth and perfect, obviously prepared for sealing. Having dinner at the local pub later I met the crew responsible for that bit of road, one of whom was, for obvious reasons called "Baldy". The rest of the gang were giving Baldy a good natured but very thorough teasing about something and when I asked, told me how they'd finished that road to perfection and packed up for the night, when Baldy turned round and saw someone had left a long curved stick on their handiwork; an indignant Baldy had removed the stick which happened to be a very lively snake. Poor Baldy had a phobia about snakes and his body had responded in a way only he and his laundry should know about. I wonder still if he ever lived that day down! He was lucky not to be bitten. Somewhere out in rural N.S.W. I stopped at a small petrol station, parked the bike and removed the oil cap with attached dipstick and went looking for a cloth to wipe it. A teenage girl bounced out from the office and said "Fill it up?" "Yes please" and I heard the pump start and almost immediately, stop and she said "Didn't take much!" and I turned round to see her withdraw the hand piece from the oil tank. When I pointed out her error she asked "Does it matter?", on being told we'd have to change the oil, she got Dad out Dad was pretty grumpy about it, unreasonably so I thought but with his daughter firmly on my side he reluctantly agreed for me to do the change. Morning tea time produced cake and a cup of tea, we all sat and had a chat and I left there on a happy note with a tank full of oil for which Dad had refused payment. Mildura, home of speedway champion Phil Crump was otherwise notable for the intense scent of ripe grapes in the air; it was almost like swimming in a bath of wine.

I hadn't set myself any miles-per-day targets, I was sightseeing and just tried to end each day at a township where I might get food and a cheap bed plus any repair facilities I may need. I arrived late afternoon at what looked like a town on the map, but in fact was only a roadhouse. The proprietor said it was a long haul to the next town and lots of wildlife on the road but he sold food and I was welcome to sleep on the workshop floor, which offer I gratefully accepted.

I awoke from a very nice sleep in early morning light to the sound of someone yelling out — “oh that hurt ya bastard, oh you bloody bastard that hurts!” so I bolted out of my sleeping bag in my jocks thinking someone was robbing my host. I grabbed a heavy metal tool from the bench as I ran but found no-one though a couple of steps led up to a white wooden door which looked like a toilet and I could hear muttering from within, so I knocked on the door and called out “are you ok?”. After a few moments of complete silence — “oh geez mate, I clean forgot you were there, I’ve got the worst case of the old “Farmer Giles” and they give me buggery every morning. My missus has banned me from the house dunny. as she can’t stand the swearing. Sorry mate!” Goods roads, nice weather and a sweet running bike made the journey to Adelaide a pleasure. I found cheap board and as the day was hot, changed into shorts and jandals and walked round the town. I passed a couple of up market looking hotels but thought my very casual attire might not fit their dress code though I was thirsting for a cold ale. I found a very less elegant pub with the few patrons all of the steel caps and blue singlet brigade but the barman said “Can’t serve you mate!” “Why?” I asked, “You’re wearing thongs mate” “So what?” “Can’t serve you!” “What difference does it make? Nobody is actually dressed up in a suit!” “Rules mate. Can’t serve you so you better leave!” So I did, not very impressed and with nothing to lose walked into the next pub, an up market venue and was served that longed for ale by a cheery barman.

Couldn’t figure that out. I was travelling through nice countryside but I was keen to keep moving; the mighty Nullarbor I’d heard so much about was beckoning. Ports Pirie and Augusta came and went each providing me with memorable meals of locally caught whiting, every bit as good as it’s reputation. Sometime on this leg I noticed an elderly pale blue Ford Falcon sedan. The three guys in it were travelling the same route as I at similar speed and I’d exchanged “G’days” with the driver a couple of times in service stations. At last, the Eyre Highway! The already sparse traffic thinned out even more but still the road was good, though I knew over 400 miles of gravel and “bulldust” (whatever that was) lay ahead. This didn’t worry me as I’d ridden plenty of gravel roads at home. The countryside became progressively less populated and the trappings of civilisation, with one exception, became less frequent making me very glad the Spitfire had the 5 gallon tank. Disappointingly, the one item of civilisation that was always in evidence was rubbish, no matter where you stopped there were cans and bottles, with dirty nappies everywhere and sadly this was to be the situation right across the country. Gradually the rolling hills toward Ceduna give way to flat country. Ceduna was a welcome break to fill the tank and tummy and stock up juice and snack bars. Then on to Yalata and NOW! Stretching endlessly West, the fabled Nullarbor. And the gravel road is as smooth a road as I’ve ever seen; looks like the grader has just given it a polish up. So — let’s get on with it! even at my lowly level helped greatly and I managed to convince my wildly bucking bike



to stay right side up and we rejoin the road, heart rate in the red zone, and ride back to see what we hit. The hole is big enough to enable two big men to lie in end-to-end with cliff-like edges. It's full of loose powdery material the consistency of talcum powder which wouldn't support a mouse, never mind a motor bike. So now I know what bull dust is! An exciting way to find out, for sure. Looking closely at the road revealed a clue or two about the locations of the holes. The dust was a slightly different colour and the holes seemed mostly to be in the wheel tracks between which lay a thicker and very unstable layer of gravel and stones. I'd had doubts about the quality of Ryan's fitting of the luggage rack and I hit enough holes in the road to fracture this but bungee cord repairs stabilised the plot.

Now I saw how vast this country truly is and how appropriate the name "Nullarbor". Flat as far as the eye could see in all directions covered only by low standing very unfriendly scrub. For hours, on my own with no other traffic the bike hummed along in this almost alien place. I stopped on occasion and just stood and absorbed my surroundings, so different from New Zealand. The silence, unbroken, even the wind was silent as there were no trees, no birds. Fascinating. A detour down a little side track led to the high cliffs overlooking the beautiful powerful looking blue Southern Ocean. In hindsight that wasn't the smartest move, the track was rough and a puncture would have been a real problem though I carried tyre repair gear. In the distance ahead I saw what I thought to be a lost hubcap shining in the sun and it wasn't until I was quite close I realised it was a large snake sunbathing. I'd never seen a snake in the wild before so, very interested I parked the bike for a good look hoping my boots and heavy jeans were protective enough if the reptile was grumpy. I needn't have worried, he must have got non aggressive vibes from me and we viewed each other from all angles for quite some time. Such a beautiful animal. There was no traffic so maybe he didn't get run over. I hope! Road houses were still frequent enough, I wasn't worried about petrol with the big tank on the bike. I learned about flies the hard way. The bike was cruising nicely when suddenly the engine feel changed; it wasn't misfiring but it didn't feel right and I'm in the middle of nowhere! I was lucky. Anxious, I stopped the bike and was doing the usual blipping the throttle and listening when I noticed a puff of black smoke from the left hand exhaust, suggesting a rich mixture so I tapped the float bowl in case the float was stuck which made no difference. Removing the air cleaner revealed the choke was fully closed, problem found, but why? Off with the tank with already the help of about a million flies. The choke is operated by a single cable at the handlebars and is divided into two via a plastic device to service each carburettor and here was the problem. The plastic splitter was damaged, not terminally so, and the left cable was disengaged so basically all I had to do was re-assemble it. This was a task needing at least two hands as it is spring loaded device and damaged and now my million little helpers had me at their mercy. I could barely breathe, they were up my nose, I couldn't see, so many wanted the moisture in my eyes. I'll never know how they all found me so quickly and I didn't know there were that many flies in the whole world. Anyhow, finally the job was finished and my trusty BSA was good again.

I was very pleased one evening to find some bushes sufficiently high to hide me and the bike for the night so I parked up and had dinner and settled down to read my book until dark when the elderly blue Falcon arrived, obviously with the same thought. I wasn't that pleased by their arrival but nothing I could do and hope they were OK. Shortly, the guy I'd greeted in service

stations, a tall bright eyed guy with black hair and beard appeared round my bushes and introduced himself as Kelly and asked me to join them for a beer. I declined, telling him I was travelling light and had no beer to return the gesture upon which he gave me a lecture about how I was now in country Australia and it was bad manners to refuse, so I joined them for the evening. The beer was most refreshing. Their destination was Kalgoorlie where a lady could be found to pretend to love you for an hour or so, if you paid her, and this without any threat from the law. Whilst prostitution was illegal, Hay Street Kalgoorlie was famous for the bordellos which flourished quite openly. I assumed the powers that be saw this as an asset in such a male dominated mining town and as it was so open Police and health authorities could influence proceedings. Kelly was likeable, smart and intelligent. The youngest of the trio was a bland teenage gofer; the other was a Scotsman to whom I took an instant and profound dislike and distrust.

We went on our separate ways saying perhaps we'd meet at the border. More miles, more stops just to absorb the space and solitude, it's such a big country, and another look down a side track to that beautiful ocean. Finally the gravel road gave way to tar seal. I celebrated by changing down and wringing the bike's neck. With the speeds somewhere around the old "ton" and the bike vibrating as only a parallel twin under pressure can I decided this was all a bit silly and slowed down — there's a long way to go. Another reminder of the size of Australia — I was in the right state but it was still 900 miles from Perth. Kelly knew of an area adjacent to the border caravan park where you could roll out your sleeping gear, have a fire and nip through the fence to enjoy free the amenities of the camp. We congregated there for a few beers and barbeque and were joined by a recently married young couple; he was a bank employee and had been promoted to head office in the East and pretty pleased by this. The evening didn't end well. We'd eat-en and drank and yarned till well after dark when suddenly Mrs Bank noticed in the shadows of our now dying fire Mr Bank and the Horrid Little Scotsman were cuddled up together under a blanket. Shocked and horrified she burst into tears and picked me for her crying shoulder, which role I accepted well enough but couldn't really say or do anything to make a difference. This didn't bode well for their future — I still wonder how they fared. It certainly broke the party up! The boys bolted early — they were almost in Kalgoorlie and I never saw them again.

I rode on, the countryside changing beside me. The scrub became bush and eventually, farmland. I stopped for a meal at a nice roadhouse in Coolgardie and was moved to tears, reading my book as I ate, the account in "Leviathan" by John Gordon Davies, of the shooting death of a whale calf's mother. I loved Coolgardie's gold rush buildings, and atmosphere, vowing to return with a day or two To spend there. For the rest it Was an easy ride in good weather on a bike which showed no sign of tiring. I became a convert to a full face helmet. There was still a lot of discussion on the merits of the then new full face vs jet style and I'd stuck with jet style.



Full face had several questionable features— the extra weight, and some were really heavy, had whiplash potential, were more difficult to remove from an unconscious and potentially neck damaged rider and one dreadfully unfortunate road race crasher in the U.K. drowned in his own vomit before he could be helped. My conversion to full face was very simple. Riding through agricultural WA I encountered a small swarm of locusts. The yellow gunge they all splatter over your clothes is nothing compared with that same yellow gunge in your teeth! You have my word on this so — top of ' the shopping list a full face helmet! I duly arrived in Perth. What a wonderful trip it had been! Now to begin the next chapter in life. *(Note: same month, same year, I and a mate set out East over the Nullarbor and experienced the same appalling road conditions on the 250 mile unsealed section. Can't remember a BSA going the other way sadly. We took Suzuki T500s, the touring bike of choice then, thoroughly reliable, durable and good fuel consumption, averaging 50mpg at 70mph. Maybe I will write up our experiences. My trip ended up badly, for my mate unfortunately - Murray Barnard)*

ROLEY TT – 8 Oct 17: Great day for a ride, rain held off and despite some chilly sections the weather Gods smiled upon the Roley TT. The run started at Keith Weller's place in Hazelmere and followed a nice, winding route up and down through the Hills to Karragullen. The run largely held together, however; some Corner Marshall discipline is still required to make a route sheet free run work well. Turnout was excellent and over 25 machines completed the 60km run without any breakdowns. Thanks to Keith for backup trailer, even though it wasn't needed and Shane Weller for acting as Tail-end Charlie. The run route is free flowing, scenic, with many bends and tree lined roads thrown in, with little traffic and hardly any stops were required along the way. The route is approx. the length of a lap of the Isle of Man TT circuit and although we did not average over 130mph for this run I think it gives some indication of the challenge facing riders on the Isle. Paddy's Bar & Grill proved to be a popular end destination with some yummy burgers and chips available and Ian's roast dinner was enough to leave us salivating. Some members propped up the bar for a while and seemed well satisfied. A relatively short run with a social side to it, those that attended loved the route taken and the Bush Bar made for a change from a sausage sizzle. Thanks to everyone who participated.







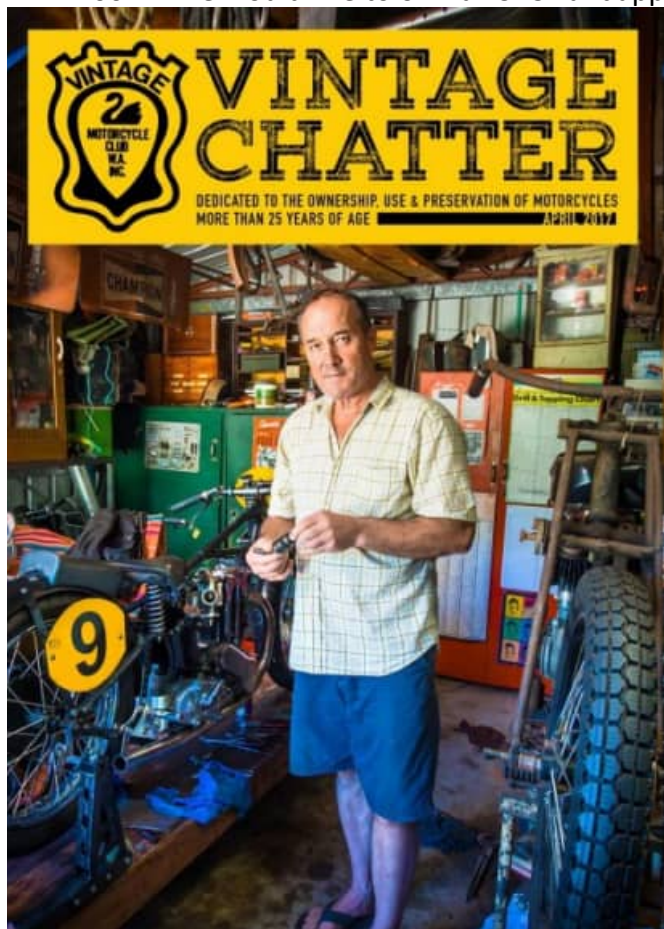
THREE UP: Working in a large glass making factory was somewhat boring, though the pay was quite good and socially it was good, as girls outnumbered guys about three to one. I became good mates and socialised with identical twins, Louise and Jenny , who lived quite close to the factory in a grand old home converted into a boarding house for young ladies. Often I'd take one or both home on the back of my Royal Enfield 500, none of us being big so we could easily squeeze the three of us on for the short back street ride. The house was at the end of a long gravel drive with a spectacular circular rose garden at the end. I found when leaving I could lock the bike up a little, speedway style, around the rose bed, hopefully impressing any spectators and getting faster with practice. My ability and my ambition were unfortunately not matched. The back wheel suddenly found traction, spearing bike and rider into the roses. It was a painful and harrowing effort extricating both with the constant threat of being sprung by the fire breathing house mistress (" I'm not sure if I approve my girls coming home on that noisy thing, and I'm not sure you're allowed to have three on it either!"). But get out I did, to the amusement of my bigger than usual audience. *Adrian White*

TALKING POINT – VINTAGE BIKES: At vintage meets here and overseas the majority of entrants are 60 plus. There are younger people there of course, but grey power seems to predominate. I know our own Post 70 Section is partly a response to this, as a taster course for younger riders to have a go on vintage bikes to interest them, and it does work. I wonder though, here and oversea if we are soon going to be in situation where rather a lot of old bikes start appearing on the market as numbers get called and owners depart for the pit bay in the sky where I believe that old motorcyclists go. If that happens, are some the large sums paid for old machinery going to evaporate? It certainly seems to be happening in the other markets – a few years ago, a loco nameplate went for over 60,000 quid in the UK, yet recently similar ones were only fetching half that. In 20 years time, when all the steam buffs who remember and loved those items have chuffed off into the sunset, will they be so much scrap iron? Is the age-profile of the club safe, or is it looking grey around the temples? Some people overseas are quietly downsizing their British bike collections and turning to classic Japanese, maintaining this will be the future as younger riders start to age and become nostalgic for what they knew. Of course that is somewhat a simplistic view as collecting bikes for investment value is more often than not a loss making venture in real terms after considering maintenance, licensing, insurance, depreciation and restoration costs for the average bike. If you don't believe that the focus is changing, take a look at the old bike magazines these days. Many of these periodicals used to avoid Japanese machines like the plague; but, now, to maintain sales and interest they have had to change their attitude, which is not a bad thing in itself. OK, the expensive stuff Vincents, Broughs etc will hold their price with collectors in much the same way as Bugattis, Ferrari 's etc are still finding mega rich buyers in the car world, but a heck of a lot of these are locked away in private museums never to be run. Equally the price of more accessible bikes has become inflated, you can see 'grey porridge' bikes, cycle motors and autocycles being sold for impressive figures these days especially if customised to suit today's fashion conscious buyers. In this circumstance, who can blame people looking at cheaper Japanese club eligible bikes. Also, many older club members do find an eligible Japanese bike easier to ride and maintain and the electric start is much desired by those with tired old legs! Back to the Post 70 section....some people did denigrate this as a bad thing, even suggesting an 80's Japanese bike can hardly be a Classic. To put that in perspective though, I guess when

the VMCCWA started in 1975, a 1940s bike also would have been considered rather ordinary! This does miss the point somewhat though, when we consider that the club ethos is about preservation of machines over 25 years of age. Focusing on that, it makes complete sense to grab 25 year old Japanese bikes now, to start preserving them. Waiting 40 or 50 years defeats the aim of preservation. The Post 70s section is an excellent means of encouraging the preservation but also the active use of these machines. In time, it is inevitable that these machines will become rare and collectible in the same way as earlier machines,. In fact it is often easier to find parts for pre70 machines than it is for Post 70! In the end, it is always the case that each succeeding generation has a primary interest in the machines that were new when they were in their teens and 20s. The focus just rolls along and changes over time. It is important that the club embraces newer machines and new members or we risk a crisis similar to other vintage clubs overseas which have not adapted to change. We also live in a small State with a finite number of machines. I suggest we can encourage younger members, by example, to also embrace the older vintage machines, if they are to remain on the road, out of museums or not sold overseas. At present a lot of vintage machines remain largely locked away and rather expensive to buy and maintain. Lets hope when they do come on the market that we have keen members, with a keen interest in them, and that we have not alienated the younger generation through disdain for their personal choice (and accessible) of motorcycle. *Murray Barnard*

PROFILE - MANFRED FEICHTINGER: He rode his first bike at age 16, A Puch DS50. First bike he owned was a BMW R60/6 at the age of 18. The favourites of all the bikes he's owned are, A BMW R110R, BMW R100R Mystic and a BMW 1200RT. He would like to own a 1943 Zundapp KS750. Asked what he owned for the longest, his answer "hard to tell", since arriving in Australia in 1979 he's owned 10 bikes, mainly Beemers. His favourite bike rides are the winding roads around Denmark. The ride from Albany to Walpole is a pleasant trip, best of both worlds in winding and open roads. Manfred joined the VMCC two years ago as he didn't want to become "a lone rider" and looked for friends among equals.

A SHORT TALE OF TWO NAGS: (Photos & text by Nic Montagu) Both Gary Tendardi and Terry Mckie have been building Ariel 500 short strokes for Period 2 Historic Motorcycle racing and have approached sourcing competition cam profiles in 2 different ways. "I thought it would be a challenge." Gary had a spare race motor and wanted to





match the same cam profile in his 1935 VF short stroke 500 which uses a Hilton McGee J.A.P. 500 speedway cam. So rather than sourcing a cam, Gary decided to make one. His existing Hilton McGee J.A.P. cam timing is: inlet opens at 35 and closes at 90 and exhaust opens at 80 and closes at 35. Gary explains that it is a very wide duration which is good for getting more fuel in and has been suggested as the best cam for Ariel 500 racing. To make the cam Gary started from a length of steel bar. "Colin Tie suggested I use 4140 bar, so I sourced a length locally and put it on the lathe and turned the cam up" Matching all the measurements from his existing cam, Gary skilfully turned the thread and taper and then moved over to the mill to cut a rough lobe profile. "The finished profile was then completed by the camshaft people. Ken Vincent had a mate that could case harden steel and it has been hardened to 55 Rockwell" The timing gear was cut separately and is located via a keyway cut using a woodruff key cutter on the mill. This differs from the original cam, which is in one piece. To accommodate a more efficient oil pump for racing Gary cut a thread at the shaft end to drive a Morgo type pump rather than the original eccentric shaft type. "I knew Terry was assembling an Ariel Short Stroke 500cc and passed on the cam profile timing to him," says Gary. With the known cam timings Terry was able to compare the durations and choose an appropriate cam. There are limited options available for sourcing competition cams, whilst Gary fabricated his own, Terry decided to purchase an exchange competition cam



from dragonfly.co.uk. "I decided I wanted to make a short stroke motor because they perform a bit better (than standard 95mm stroke) and for the purpose of racing I wanted the big difference in performance you experience with competition cam timing. The cam has 2mm more lift than standard and longer inlet duration opening at 23 BTDC and closing at 90 ABDC. This has a little less inlet duration than Gary's Hilton McGee J.A.P. cam" Says Terry. Terry's Ariel is not yet finished and he still has few items to complete such as chroming. The two tone blue paint really sets it off. When complete the bike will compete in Period 2 Historic Racing alongside Gary Tendari's Black Ariel. *Pic below: Gary Tendari*

VALE PETER STOCKER: Peter Stocker #245L, an assertive, sometimes bombastic fellow, Peter joined the Club in the early eighties and made his presence felt quite soon. Through his active years he began as librarian moving on to events coordinator before a term as President and eventually Secretary. These events meant a place on the management committee which he held pretty much from 1983 to 1994. In 1995 I nominated Peter for Life membership. At this time he was an ordinary committee member; I was editor. The nomination was read out, unnamed, by the Secretary where upon Peter thumped the table saying we have too many life members now! We don't need anymore - who the devil is it this time? It was him and the nomination was carried. In 1983 Peter started the Dam Early run which went past Canning Dam, through Serpentine and back to Peter's home in Stocker Rd. Kelmscott. Here we breakfasted on one of his favourites - baked beans. The house in Stocker Rd was an old family home and this was apparently how the street got its name. The event ran for many years and was very popular. In the year 2000 a book - the history of the VMCC of WA - the first years - 1975 to 2000, was published. It was Peter's drive and a friend Bill Coackley that brought this about. It had been talked about for many years and Peter made it happen. This is a useful record of the Club and its officers etc., which sadly doesn't cover some major events and perhaps personalities to make it complete. Sad to say, Peter spent his last few years in an aged care facility before passing away early February 2017. *Jim ti*

MAY MAKIN: It's often said "no-one is irreplaceable" but some are so close as to bring doubt into that cliché. Such a lady is May Makin who has served as back up on countless Club runs over many years. And May did this with such good grace, taking bikes and riders to all parts of this sprawling city and its environs, often many miles from her home in Herne Hill and frequently refusing petrol money. Now, with a couple of health issues to contend with, May has decided to retire, saying "I did it because I enjoyed it, I like helping people and liked the involvement with the Club and its members. You haven't seen the last of me though, I'll be at meetings and the occasional run. "Clubs can't exist without the May Makins of this world. From all of us, THANK YOU! *Adrian White*

REVIEW OF MEMBERSHIP FEES ANNOUNCED: The committee have considered over a period of some months the fees payable by members. In considering all aspects of the way the club is run we have looked at the costs which are now increasing due to the purchase of the unit in Maddington and the cost of the Chatter. These two elements constitute the major costs of running the club. We were also aware that the club has only increased its fees once in the last 20 years. In fact it may have been 1992 when the last fee increase occurred. Our aim is to balance the income against the costs such that we run at break even or as close to break-even as possible. We continue to move the club forward in a positive way, and the fee structure is

a way of planning such that we are prepared for the future. The fees for each class of membership will increase by the modest amount of \$5 per year. There be an additional charge of \$30 per year if a member wishes to receive the printed Chatter. An electronic download of the chatter will continue to be free.

CHAS' SHED: Chas Bayley has been a member for many years and recently invited me into his shed to share a few of his projects. Many parts have been sourced through the club (parts store, swap meet or other members) and demonstrates the great resources the club has to offer. One Interesting motorcycle is his 1976 Aermacchi SS250 in a Suzuki frame. " t h e main reason for building this bike is that I had new Aermacchi SS250 1976 engine that I bought in America 10 years ago as a spare for a road / trail motorcycle (sold last year) So left with the spare engine I thought I need to get it into a frame rather than left on the floor. The original frames are hard to come by "so searching through the parts store I came across a Suzuki T250 frame that looked very similar to the Aermacchi frame and thought perhaps this would be a good start. Building up the special, all the parts came from either my shed floor, the parts store or from eBay. it's basically a Harley Davidson with a few Suzuki bits. The parts store is a good source for odd bits that you don't find often. We get a lot of members come in ask for a particular part and more often than not they walk out with something to help finish their project." Chas is also finishing off a 1960 Rocket Goldstar replica that he has been building over the last 3 years (along with a few other A65's and a couple of A10's) working from one to the other. "Allot of parts I didn't have, I made myself." You will find Chas behind the counter in parts store and is always happy to assist searching for that odd or needed part.



VINTAGE STEEL: (Text and Photos by Nic Montagu). Vintage Steel are manufacturers of the finest quality veteran and vintage motorcycle mudguards and fenders. Business partners, Michael Rock and Andrew Repton formed 'Vintage Steel' in July 2016. Andrew says: 'We were



both at a stage in life where hobby and work could merge. It grew from a need to find or make unobtainable parts which soon included making parts for other restorers. Good Mudguards were very difficult to find so our first simple aim was to help other restorers around the world get access to quality reproduction mudguards and fenders in a timely manner. I'm happy to say we're achieving our aim of a maximum 30 days turnaround from receipt of deposit to finished guards. As the enterprise gained

traction and invested in the tooling and processes developed by Adam Higgins in Victoria, the aim grew to establish a sustainable guard making business supporting the historic and custom vehicle market. Initially the focus was on making accurate copies of mudguards and fenders for Vintage and Veteran motorcycles of all brands. This quickly expanded to include historic race cars, open wheelers, caravans, trucks and trailers. The Hot-Rod and Custom Bike markets have now also found value in high quality hand-made guards and fenders. Andrew Repton As Michael says: 'We understand the pride you have in your project and we want to be just as proud of our part in it. To achieve this, we have to pay a lot of attention to the tiny details because we love getting it right.

With accuracy in preserving history as one of our guiding principles, we aim to work closely with you the restorer to ensure that our products not only give you the result you want, but historical correctness is maintained whenever possible.' 'In most cases, convincing the metal to form a compound curve to exactly the shape we want is not a simple process. Unlike with more modern thousand tonne presses, where panels are made in a single process, we coax our steel through many processes to get the shape we need. After at least six processes to get the steel ready for rolling, we push and pull the sheet metal through a rolling machine from 50 to 180 times to massage it around to the curve we want. That's when we start work on the blank guard to shape it into a Norton, Harley or whatever you desire.' With over 100 sets of form rollers and dies, Vintage Steel make guards and fenders for anything from AJS to Zenith or if you're on the other side of the fence, from Ace to Yale, and many other manufacturers. They can be supplied as unfinished blanks, semi-finished, or in most cases, as fully finished products with ribs, shaped ends, valances, brackets, pressings and cut-outs as exact copies of the originals. Andrew says: 'We respect the trust that you put in us to get it right. As enthusiasts making parts for enthusiasts, we understand how important the fussy details



are. Unfortunately, fussy takes time so we have to connect with you regularly to help with the details. The more you can tell us about your project, the better the result all-round.' With valance templates for over 120 different models, valances and skirts can be manufactured and fitted using either a roll seam joint, rivets, bolts or spot welding, just as the original manufacturers did. This range is increasing weekly as new guards and valance templates are added to the range. In many cases custom made steel and alloy guards and valances are made as one-offs to suit custom bikes, sidecars and even hot-rods. 'We are proud to say that all our manufacturing is done at the Vintage Steel workshop in Donnybrook, Western Australia using Australian Steel.' says Michael. 'Our Mudguards and fenders are hand-made by traditional means whenever possible, just as the original maker produced them. We have made guards for machines ranging in age from zero to 106 years old so far and enjoy taking time out to show how it's done.' One thing I've been working hard on is trying to show people everywhere what to expect if they order a guard from us.

VALE KEN DUPEROUZEL: Ken Duperouzel, a long serving member and motorcycling identity sadly passed away 15th July.

PAL & PANTHER MOTORCYCLES - A PERTH MOTORCYCLING LANDMARK:

From an article by Murray Barnard published in 1987 in Classic Motorcycling Australia Jim Howe has had a lot to celebrate about lately; whilst most of the business world has been



worrying about the declining motorcycle market and the crash of the stock-market Jim has looked ahead and built a new shop in North Perth. The new shop has been built on the site of the old shop, which has been in Angove Street since 1929. Pal and Panther was established in 1929 by Cyril Collins and in that time has become a familiar landmark to several generations of motor cyclists. Cyril chose a bad time to set up a business having to cope with the Depression soon after, an event which Cyril never forgot. Cyril's mainstay at that time was the building of push-cycles to order, using proprietary parts. His standard model was called the Pal cycle and his deluxe model was the Panther cycle. This model featured Sturmey-Archer half width drum brakes, front and rear, with a Miller generator and headlight. A genuine Panther pushbike, assembled and painted by Cyril in 1933, has pride of place in the new shop. Cyril was one of the lucky few to survive in business through the Depression.

It was because of the hardships suffered by Cyril at this time that he developed the habit of a lifetime of not throwing anything away regardless of condition. Motor-cycle parts and pushbike bits were stored in old lean-to sheds and in every conceivable corner and shelf in the shop. It was this very collection of cast-offs that proved to be such a boon to Perth's Classic motorcycle buffs. Cyril knew that survival through the Depression meant that radical business methods (for the time) were needed and so Cyril developed a core of customers loyal to his shop through the use of credit and pleasant service. Cyril would sell cycles to struggling customers on minimal deposit and small weekly payments. This ensured for Cyril a good reliable turn over of customers and regular work servicing and repairing machines. In addition Cyril was an adept gunsmith and supplemented his income with work on boat motors and

lawn-mowers. Cyril soon developed a reputation for his ability to set-up sidecars, re-align bent frames and to rebuild wheels. His skills in these areas were well attended by the Perth population of the time. In addition Cyril had a speciality which he refined to a fine art, hand pin-striping. Incidentally Cyril has been an avid oil and water colour painter, adept in portraits and landscapes. Cyril is an enthusiast for two motorcycles in particular, Harley-Davidson and Matchless. He found the Harley to be particularly suitable for the sandy and rough roads that were everywhere in Western Australia at the time. Cyril's Harley still exists though only in bits at present, the result of a bingle with a tram, by a friend of Cyril's. The Harley suffered a bent frame and a badly bent front fork. When the old shop was cleaned up a new frame and a front end was discovered and restoration is now under-way for the 10-12. Jim's son Craig has collected enough bits to see Cyril's bike back on the road again some 40 years after the prang. Cyril was an avid motorcyclist of the time and he would ride his Harley and sidecar into the South West bush regardless of the primitive state of the roads of the time. The sand was the worst obstacle especially as the side-cars needed to be loaded up with fuel and food. Cyril described one trip through the Karri forests and the Stirling Range where the side-car chassis would dig into the sand track making progress slow and arduous. Creek crossings were another hazard due to the limited traction offered by the tyres of the time and limited power available for climbing up the steep banks.

Cyril's 1952 Matchless is still complete, running and fully licenced for the road. A 350cc 3GL model, the Matchless was Cyril's regular transport and was used daily. I remember clearly scenes of Cyril tearing off down Scarborough Beach Road with his pudding basin helmet on and his shoulder-bag flapping in the wind, on his way to the Bank. Cyril is now 81, but he is still strong and has his wits about him and a good memory. He remembers Sig Schlamm, a Speedway star of the 1930's coming to see him one night before heading to the WACA ground for a speedway meeting on the grass. Sig rode a Douglas speedway bike and was unbeatable on the cinder track. The meeting this night however was on grass and Sig told Cyril, "Someone's going to get killed to-night!" That night was a tragedy for Australian speedway when Sig's Douglas flew up on a bump, hit him in the face and killed him instantly. Speedway at the WACA was doomed after that event and Perth has never forgotten it's hero.

Jim Howe is the current proprietor of Pal and Panther having become apprenticed to Cyril in 1952, at the age of fourteen, after getting sick of school and wanting a job. Jim has a love of motorcycles himself and whilst never a regular rider he has a wealth of knowledge on old British motorcycles and can recognise most parts. Jim is currently restoring a 600cc Panther, a rigid rear end model with Dowty Oleomatic front forks. Jim bought the shop from Cyril when he retired and soon expanded the business with the help of his wife, Pat and their two sons Wally and Craig. The old shop has been in Angove St North Perth since 1929 but has had a couple of moves back and forth across the road. In this time Pal & Panther has outlasted every other business in the street, including butcher shops, barbers and a brothel. The old shop was a butchers shop originally and bike parts were stored in the stables for the horses used to deliver meat. The old shop also proudly displayed the Panther Motorcycles emblem on the shop front. Possibly one of the last shops in the world to do so. Clearing out the old shop to make way for the new building was like opening Alladin's cave as old motorcycles were wheeled out into the sunlight. Numerous BSA C11s and the odd A10 and 500 were hauled out



Jim Howe



Jim Howe & Murray Barnard - 1974 Castrol 3 Hour



Cyril, Pat, Jim and Craig



The old Pal and Panther shop frontage.



Pat Howe

Pal & Panther - Angove St, North Perth

from the junk pile along with scores of generators , mudguards , frames and wheels . An old Moto-Reve v -twin motor was recovered along with many BSA M20 side valve motors and a Panther Model 65 motor and AMC gearbox . there were too many parts to mention but needless to say the clearance of possibly the last storehouse of old British bike parts in Perth was the cause of some hectic buying. Jim has now opened his new shop but he intends to to maintain contact with the old bikes and is able to supply tyres and service and some parts. Pal & Panther has lost some of its old style, charm and chaos but as a pioneer motorcycle shop in Perth I am sure it still has a secure future. *(Postscript: Cyril passed away in the early 90s. Sadly Jim's wife, Pat, also passed away in the 90s. Jim still works in the workshop helping out and his son Craig has taken over running the business. Several years ago the shop moved to Osborne Park, renamed as Motorcycle Pitstop. Angove St in North Perth became too crowded and expensive as the street became very trendy and busy with coffee drinkers).*



Riding in the 1974 Castrol 3 Hour at Wanneroo for Pal & Panther. Jim Howe on the left, Murray Barnard on the right.



isle of man **CLASSIC TT**

One thing I enjoyed most about the Isle of Man Classic TT is viewing 1000's of spectators motorcycles parked up around the Isle. Notably the patina of vintage motorcycles here in the UK - dust and oil conditions are different to Australia and they carry grime and shine in a special way.

The Classic TT attracts a vast variety of motorcycle enthusiasts from the UK, Europe and around the world that come for 1 week of classic racing. What makes this such a special event is that its free! including access into the pits. The 37.73 mile course around the isle offers many vantage points for spectators to literally sit on the road side and experience machines fly violently by.

The Senior TT race was a highlight of the week. Watching a variety of 500cc Norton's, Paton's, Hondas and MV Agusta's race past at +130mph is awesome. MV's are by far the loudest.

In Douglas, I caught up with Roger Bowen and Phil Skinner on his BSA M21 (front cover) who are part of a group of VMCCWA riders touring the UK.

The racing is on alternate days, which allows you the ability to tour the isle and the various pubs and unique landmarks on the off days. The sound of ambulance sirens is not uncommon due over excited motorcyclists taking to the course and coming undone. One needs at least 3 or 4 years attending to experience the racing from all parts of the Isle of Man such as Creg-ny-Baa, Ramsey, Bray Hill, Sulby Straight, Parliament Square and Union Mills to name a few. Certain roads are closed during racing which limits access across the Isle.

If you would like to experience sounds of the Senior TT race, a recording will be available on the Oily Rag. - Words and images by Nic Montagu



CLASSIC TT 2017 - ISLE OF MAN



Graeme Hardy AKA "George Formby" is a keen motor cycle Road Racing fan. He is a regular visitor to the Isle of Man TT Races. This is where he first came across the 1935 Film "No Limit" starring George Formby. The Film is a Comedy Classic, filmed on the Isle of Man, where a budding Road Race enthusiast George Shuttleworth (George Formby) decides to enter the TT Races in the hope of winning £1000 on a motor cycle he has built himself called the 'Shuttleworth Snap'. Graeme decided to recreate the Shuttleworth Snap and with his Ukelele has now performed at many events and functions both in the UK and also Europe.

Pictured at the Festival of Motorcycling at Jurby on the IOM by Nic Montagu.



VALE – KEN DUPEROUZEL - As previously announced it has been our sad duty to have to record the passing of a fellow club member and friend. Ken was a motorcycle enthusiast and he was active in participating as a rider and as a commentator for many years. Ken was keen to document motoring history in WA and he wrote many articles for magazines and papers in his time. His most recent work was in Old Bike Australasia. With his passing a massive living memory of the sport in WA has been lost. I remember first coming across Ken way back in 1969 when I was dazzled by a beautiful racing Aermacchi parked outside Ken George Yamaha in Victoria Park. I later came across Ken still racing these same bikes in the late 80s in the historic racing class. Ken was active in the VMCCWA for many years and we shared an interest in history as well as racing and motorcycles. Whilst illness deprived him from active participation in the last 4 years I am glad to have had the honour to consider him a friend. Farewell Ken.
Murray Barnard

Ken's son, Ian, kindly provided the following eulogy for his father: Kenneth James Duperouzel (9 May 1929 – 15 July 2017) - Ken is the oldest of four brothers and one sister born to Mary and Alec Duperouzel. Alec was a police officer and the family lived at Gingin, Wagin, Perth and South Perth. After attending a course at a business college and working in a few jobs, in 1951, Ken set off on a great adventure to ride his motorbike across Australia with his friend Gerry Smith. Ken rode his 1948, 350cc AJS motorbike and Gerry rode his 1950, 350cc Douglas motorbike. Back in those days, the bitumen finished at Southern Cross in WA and then the road became a rough dirt track for hundreds of kilometres before the bitumen started again near Port Augusta in SA. The so-called road was full of corrugations, rocky limestone outcrops and huge bull dust holes. The two mates left Perth on 1 April 1951. Ken's father Alec told him that April Fool's Day was an apt day for him to be leaving as Alec didn't think the trip was a very good idea given that both mates were very inexperienced and had never been away from home limestone rocks, with lots of huge bull dust potholes to have to go through. They had to advise the police at each stop and the police would telephone or in some cases telegraph to the nearest roadhouse for the people there to keep an eye out for them. Several times their lights would fail and they had to drive in the dark.

One night, they were following a car that had its headlights on but there was so much dust, both fell off their bikes several times. Gerry's bike broke down about 20km before the Madura



Roadhouse so Ken had to ride on ahead to get help. By the time he went down the famous escarpment pass, it was dark and his lights had failed. Ken made it OK by moonlight but when he had a look at the Madura Pass the next day after they had rescued Gerry, he was shocked to see that one side of it dropped away about 4m into a gully. If he had gone over that in the dark, they wouldn't have found him for days! The two mates earned their keep for several days at the old Madura

roadhouse (now in ruins about 2km west of the new roadhouse) by loading and stacking the old 'long neck' 26oz beer bottles in crates. They took the crates to a huge heap of bottles about 1km away because it was too expensive to return the empty bottles to Perth. The road from Madura to Eucla was better and they finally made it to Penong in South Australia and on to Port Augusta where the bitumen began again. Ken tells people that he rode an AJS, which stood for 'all jerks and stops' because he knew that BSA stood for 'bloody sore arse'. Ken continued to Tasmania for a six week visit and ended up staying six months because he liked the place so much. After that, he headed up the eastern coast to ride his motorbike to Bathurst in New South Wales where the famous Mount Panorama race circuit is located. In 1952, he entered the Clubman motorbike race there during the Easter Classic. Ken would take the lights and other superfluous gear off the bike to trim it down for a race, go in the competition and then when race day was over, he would put all the bits back on the bike again and ride home to where he was staying. Ken met his soon-to-be wife Audrey while he was in Bathurst working a part time job at the local Edgell's factory where they were both packing vegetables. Audrey's family lived in Lloyd Road, Bathurst and from their front gate post, they could see the Mount Panorama race track and watch the cars and bikes racing there.



The couple did all their courting on the back of Ken's motorbike and when he raced in the Easter Classic at Bathurst, Audrey was there cheering him on. When they decided to get married, Ken came back to Western Australia as he couldn't get a permanent job. Over the next year, they both skimped and saved for their wedding and wrote regularly to each other. Audrey finally flew to WA and they were married on the following day on 15 September 1953. Ken and Audrey didn't have a lot to start with and Ken made all the tables and chairs and other

furniture out of old timber and packing cases. Initially, they slept on a mattress on the floor until Ken could make a bed base out of timber. They used to budget right down to the last halfpenny. Their four children - Roy, Lynette, Ian and Bronwyn soon arrived. Ken continued his love of motorcycling and the family would regularly spectate at race meetings but because of family commitments, Ken could no longer afford to keep racing himself. Ken had several salesman type jobs while Audrey raised the kids.

Then on 1 April 1963, Ken and his brother Jack, who had recently been discharged from the Navy, set up WA Chain Saws Sales and Service and they became the State Distributor for Stihl Chainsaws. The company continued to grow and was very successful. In his 40s, Ken was able to import a stunning, Italian racing red, 350cc Aermacchi works racing bike and he raced it for several years at Wanneroo Raceway before finally hanging up his leathers for good and adding the Aermacchi to his growing collection of racing bikes. Ken was the President of the Motor Cycle Racing Club of Western Australia and was made a Life Member of that organisation in 1972. Around that time, Ken became good mates with the then current Australian Motorcycle Champion Brian Hindle. Ken led several Australian motorcycle racing teams, made up of Brian Hindle and other top Australian riders at the time, to events in South East Asia, including the Singapore, Malaysia, Indonesian and Penang Grands Prix. After 22 years in business, Ken retired at the age of 55 and he and Audrey set off to travel the world. In 2008, they travelled to Doha in Qatar in the United Arab Emirates to watch the very first Motorcycle Grand Prix to be held there under lights. Ken and Audrey had been married for more than 62 years when Ken passed away at the age of 88 on 15 July 2017.

STIRLING RANGE GYPSY TOUR: 9-11 Dec 2017 by Murray Barnard: The Gypsy Tour to the Stirling Range started off well, fine day and the open road ahead of us. Terry McKie met us and headed off ahead of us on his big Honda. Richard Blackman, Karen, Ian Curtis and Jacqui & I headed off in convoy along Brookton Highway, through the forest and into the wheatbelt once past Pingelly, Narrogin and Katanning. Turning off out of Gnowangerup we headed directly for the Stirling Ranges and finally arrived at the Stirling range Retreat near the Bluff Knoll turn-off. Keith Weller and Yanti. Ken Foster, Jim & Li Huai, Martin Robinson and Leon Spicer were already there. Terry Burrows & Karen arrived soon after. Andrew Hobday went down separately and would meet us at Albany. Some camped and others took cabins but we all met up in the camper kitchen for dinner. Saturday dawned sunny and clear and by the time we gathered to head off to Albany the day was warming up considerably. Clad in our riding gear we soon were pretty hot. The bikes rolled out of the Retreat and heading through the Ranges towards Albany along Chester Pass Road. Other than the heat the only problem was road trains heading to and from Albany, they could give the bikes quite a buffeting as a hot wind was blowing. There was a short stop for Martin whose SR500 seemed to start running hot in the heat. After a break we were off again and rolled into Bakers Junction where a large crowd from the Albany Section was waiting for us. After a drink and greeting members of the Albany Section, we headed off following Paul Armstrong along some great roads particularly around Elleker and up to the Wind Farm. About 40 bikes were lined up at the Wind Farm as we went and looked at the coast and along West Cape Howe. The day was getting hotter and the water looked inviting. Soon we arrived at the Albany Section's club room set on the shore of Princess Royal harbour under

some peppermint trees. A virtual paradise except for the beating sun. A BBQ and chat with section members ensued and the hospitality was gratefully received. Everyone on the tour thoroughly enjoyed the occasion. Ed Shekell was awarded his well earning Life membership certificate to the acclamation of assembled members. Soon the gang gathered up for the return to the Stirling Range Retreat.



The ride back was like being in a fan forced oven, the hot wind making the ride difficult and wearying. The temperature had hit 41C during the day. Consequently, most of us ended up in the pool at the retreat for quite a while trying to cool down. Sunday, we headed up early to try and avoid the heat. We headed off along Salt River Road which follows the Range Westward for quite away. We turned off at Tenterden and then hit Albany Highway in search of our destination, the Mt Barker pie shop. Here a veritable treasure house of pies, pastries and cakes awaited us and it was met with great approval all around. After refuelling we headed out along the delightful Woogenellup Road which follows the Range back to Chester Pass Road. After a few miles I noticed I had lost Ian so turned around to find him. His generator wasn't charging his bike's battery and he had lost power on the Suzuki T500 and stopped on a rather sun blasted hill. We pushed hi bike up the hill to find some shade and waited for the back-up vehicle. Eventually we all got back to the Retreat, hot & bothered and sought out the pool again as the day has heated up again. That night the camper kitchen rocked to discussion on the finer points of the meaning of life and much liquid refreshment was consumed. Meanwhile a thunderstorm came in & cooled the place down with a massive drenching of 15mm of rain. Lucky it didn't hit when we were out riding! The next day the Gypsy Tour was over for most of us and the location and the event was judged a great success. Everyone had a ball. Special thanks go to the Albany Section for making it a fabulous experience for everyone and for the great hospitality shown to the Gypsy Tourists. (Pics overleaf)

THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL VETERAN RALLY, SOUTH AUSTRALIA by Lat Fuller When I found my 1917 23/4hp Douglas in 2015 I joined the Douglas Club of London, mainly for the purposes of obtaining information on the bike on the site forum, to obtain spares, and to make contact with other Douglas owners both in Australia and abroad. In doing so other members took notice of the new find, and one of the Australian members alerted me about the National Veteran Rally which was to take place in September 2017, and suggested I bring the Dougie. Well, at the time I could not envisage finishing the bike, but I had set a target to get it going for its 100 year anniversary, so I made a mental note of this event. I did manage to get it going in 2017, but as with all rebuilds like this, I initially had a lot of teething problems. I did manage to complete 2 runs locally in Perth, so, with not a lot of confidence, I put in an entry for the Veteran Rally. I was very lucky to get a place, and was the last entry accepted. Then came the task of trying to convince my dear wife Cynthia that we should take on the great adventure of





driving 3000 kms with a trailer on the back of the car. This accomplished (with some difficulty I may say) we took 4 days to get to Nuriootpa in the Barossa Valley, about 60 kms north of Adelaide, and arrived in time to take part in the event. On Sunday morning, the 17th September 2017, I unloaded and fired up the Dougie, and went to the start. My eyes absolutely boggled at the sight of 141 veteran (pre-1918) bikes lined up. There were bikes I had never seen in my life, and crowds of spectators from allover. I discovered that there were no less than 28 entrants from Western Australia. I had thought up until then that I was the only entry from here!

So much for communication in our club (Ed. Yes, it seems to have been a bit of a secret). We started by doing a short (24km) shake- down run, up a couple of fairly steep hills, but all went well (except for my tappets coming loose which I dosed with Loctite). The following day we rode out to a small town called Hamley Bridge. The roads were gloriously quiet, and we did around 100 km. On the Tuesday, we rode to the Birdwood museum (in Birdwood), again a round trip of 100km. There we put on a display for the museum, with all the bikes lined up. Birdwood is a very popular and large museum dedicated to transport, and it houses an amazing collection of cars, bikes and anything related to road transport. My Dougie is a 2 speeder. On the first couple of days I must have had some convenient belt- slip, which helped me get up the steeper hills. I seemed to go sailing past a lot of riders (including other Douglas's) struggling to get over the hills, some pushing, others slipping the clutch (if they had one) and running beside the bikes. I happened to mention the belt slip to one of the other participants, and he said "no problem – just go and buy a tin of brake cleaner, and spray your belt and pulleys". I did just this.



Well the convenient belt slip went away, and I joined my colleagues pushing up the steeper hills –(bad mistake!). Wednesday we had 2 rides to local sights near Nuriootpa, one morning, one afternoon, again about 100 km. Thursday we visited 2 historic towns, Kapunda and Eudunda. A run of about 120 kms, but very good quiet and fairly flat roads. This whole area has a German background, mainly as a result of Germans having been persecuted in the 1800s at home by Catholics, and there was a mass emigration to South Australia. They grew crops, such as wheat, barley and grapes, and also found good copper deposits in the area, so the area developed rapidly and is now a rich farming and wine growing area. On the last day, Friday the 22nd September 2017, we rode out to a town called Mount Pleasant, which was also

very pleasant. But on this day, there were some steeper hills thrown in, just to test us old bikers with our very old bikes.

We were given the option of taking the “short route”, but that was too much for our pride (myself and the Dougie), so we did the long route. And with no belt slip, etc etc. the Dougie every now and then lost 1st gear. So I, 2nd gear, and the clutch had a lot of work to do that day. But we got home (still looking for 1st gear and hope it did not fall out on the road!) On Saturday, my very happy wife (now that it was all over) Cynthia, and I headed back for home. We took 5 days to come home, and took in the South Coast on the Australian “bite”. On the way we sighted whales very close to the shore, and stopped at some very interesting places. Did you know that there are some 200,000 camels roaming the bush in that area (having been brought here in the 1800’s by some enterprising Afghans), and that camels are now being exported back to their place of origin in the Middle East as high quality stock with no in-breeding etc. For me it was a wonderful experience. There was an amazing sense of achievement in getting the old Dougie closely back to its former glory.

THE 11TH NATIONAL VETERAN MOTORCYCLE RALLY, SEPTEMBER 2017 - *Photos and report by Paul Armstrong* We left Albany on the Friday sixth of September, that is myself and Patricia, loaded up with 2 motorcycles, a 1915 BSA belonging to Eric Summers, and my own 1918 Harley Davidson. First bush camp outside of Norseman for the night. Up next morning and across we go, this is our ninth crossing, two more bush camps, stop at the lookouts and the head of the bight, and see a white whale calf with its mother. and after lot of driving, we arrive at Port Augusta, a night at a caravan park. Some shopping to do. We broke a caravan handle, I thought motorcycle parts were expensive, \$49.50 for a plastic handle, stunned me a bit, also diesel at the Nullarbor roadhouse was \$1.78 a litre. From Port Augusta up through the Flinders ranges into Wilmington, a look at the toy and land Rover museum, then to Peterborough, down to Burra for pies for lunch, (good pies at Burra) then into Nuriootpa, Barossa valley caravan park the hub of the rally.

After some touring and unloading we were joined by Dave Summers, then John and Sue Summers and the park started to fill as all the rally entries arrived, there was one hundred and forty-one entries listed, one genuine Veteran rider riding from Tasmania on a 1910 FN with side car attached, this outfit has also been ridden around the world. There were twenty-nine entries listed from Western Australia, making it the second highest state represented after Victoria. All over the park one could hear “took took took” sounds as the Veterans were started and run around the oval, some of us, no names mentioned, got in trouble for speeding. Sunday short shakedown run, Harley a bit hard to start, enter Dave Summers, who became my starter for a while. Monday a run down to Hamley Bridge, an old railway town starting at 9/30 am lots of bikes on the side of the road as everyone gets sorted out. Harley went great is quite quick for a hundred year old motorcycle. Tuesday starting at 9.30am a run to Birdwood to the National Motor Museum, about 58 kilometres, well worth seeing as is Bills Bike Bits located across from the museum, and return great scenery, it was about a 118 kilometre run today. Wednesday starting at 9.30 am a short ride to view the Barossa Valley from the Menglers Hill lookout, not to be missed if in the area, followed by the National Veterans motorcycle meeting, it is decided that the next Veteran motorcycle rally will be held in Tasmania, in March 2019, followed by the 2021, to be held back in Western Australia, possibly Manjimup.

Thursday starting at 9.30 am we went north to Kapunda and Eudunda, great scenery and good roads to ride on. Friday starting at 9.30am we ride to Mount Pleasant, again great ride, good roads, and great scenery, I would recommend this area to any tourist travelling in the location, in total we probably travelled about five maybe six hundred kilometres in the week, which is a long way on one of these machines, the Harley went well, losing a small part and wearing out a bush in the speedo drive, but otherwise I was very pleased with it, it completed the full rally. The South Australian club made us all very welcome, hosted a great event, the catering, and organisation, was very good, as was the final fair well dinner Friday night.

Saturday, we start packing for a Sunday departure, we leave Sunday Morning with John and Sue and travel north to Melrose again great scenery at the bottom of the Flinders ranges, from Melrose through the Flinders and back to Wilmington. John had not seen the toy and Land Rover museum, then back into Port Augusta caravan park. Monday John and Sue depart to return to Western Australia. We decide to go down around the Eyre Peninsula and stop in Tumby Bay for two nights, and have a day trip to Port Lincoln. Finally back into Albany at about 10.30am. Saturday the 30th in all about six thousand kilometres travelled, and attended a great event. In Closing to see more than one hundred and forty pre-1919 motorcycles running, and being ridden, is quite amazing, as is the number of motorcycles which were made in Australia. Names such as Maldon, Whiting, G.C.S., Sovereign, Craig, Bell, B&B, Cherrington, A.N.A. which are no more than a memory, but to see these running and being ridden is quite awesome! Some of the engineering on these motorcycles, the restorations, the completely originality, and not restored condition, just takes your breath away. There were 29 riders and 34 Bikes from Western Australia, there were eight riders from Albany.

OCT 2017 - PRESIDENTS REPORT - Barry O'Byrne: We had a disappointing number of nominations for Committee which was surprising given the number of comments made by members during the year on Committee issues. Greg Dodd our post 70's dating officer has resigned as he moving over East for employment. Greg has done an excellent job with this busy area of dating. The fees survey has now finished. Thank you to all the members who gave their views. More than 80% of members who responded supported the Committee view.

INCOMING RESIDENT'S REPORT - Adrian White: Barry O'Byrne presided over a fairly tumultuous two years in our Club. We purchased a factory unit. We raised fees, never a popular move, which could have been done better, progressively over the last few years. The Chatter print team retired necessitating we go outside for production which was achieved with only a very minor increase in cost, for a much-improved product. Despite holding a full time responsible job Barry was always available for management committee business. I know he found some arguments as to the running of the Club disturbing and too personal, and some members attitude was inappropriate at times. We all need to remember that the Club is run by volunteers, and the Club's purpose is to foster the preservation and enjoyment of old motor cycles whilst enjoying the company of like-minded people. Barry, thank you for a job well done! Hopefully you'll have more time to enjoy your bikes and life, and we look forward to your company in future Club activities. Cheers!

EDITORIAL - DEC 17 by Murray Barnard: I am pleased to see Albany making a significant contribution to the Chatter and being proactive in this regard. Roger Bittner is to be

commended for his efforts. The recent elevation of Ed Shekell to life membership was well received by the club and it is good to see the section also developing its own awards system as an initiative to acknowledge section members. It is also a measure of the main club on how well we engage with a remote section of the club and we all know relationships require constant work. It is thus instructive to look to Albany as a model for how all sections could operate within the club. On another matter, there are emails circulating among a number of members about forming a separate club. I have no objection to anyone forming their own association but it needs to be clear that these emails are circulating without the courtesy of advice to the management committee and without discussion of any issues of concern. A club should act as a team and honesty and trust must be key principles for any club.

LIFE MEMBER NOMINATIONS: Metro Member Norm Chester was put forward to become a Life Member based upon his outstanding service of more than 20 years as the club first time examiner. By show of hands the meeting voted in favour of Norm becoming a Life Member. Albany Member Ed Shekell was put forward to become a Life Member based up his leadership work over many years in the Albany section. A letter signed by a large number of Albany members supported his nomination. By show of hands the meeting voted in favour of Ed becoming a Life Member.

MY VINTAGE MOTORCYCLE LIFE by Jim Robertson. In the 1970s I bought 2 vintage motorcycles. A 1925 800cc AJS with sidecar, my number one bike, and a 1938 1200 Harley Davidson, since sold. At that time I joined the VMCCWA, but because of distance, farming and family I dropped the membership. On retiring to Albany I rejoined. Now I have a 1957 Harley Davidson with sidecar, restored by a chap in Perth. Ex Vietnam bike was used as escort when the US moved out. I started restoring a 1929 250cc Levis 2 stroke, an ongoing project. A nice bike I bought is a 1915 Sunbeam, ex Bill Cowlin. Last year I obtained the bones of a 1929 Baker, lots of parts needed, like a Villiers 2 stroke motor and an Albion gearbox. A month ago I bought a BMW R75/5 electric start, like all old bikes they like to break down, part of the game!. The Albany members are good to be with and



VALE – DERROL MELBIN: Derrol was born in Northam in 1933 and grew up in Kalgoorlie. He completed National Service with the R.A.A.F., their first intake. He bought his first motor bike, an elderly Ariel 350, when he turned 18. This was transport plus a weekend scrambler. In 1955 he turned to speedway as a sidecar passenger, initially for Henry Jorgenson, then with Jimmy Davis. In 1956 he bought his first solo, a J.A.P., competing at Claremont, then in 1959 he worked his passage to England aboard S.S. "Narandera," then set about finding rides in the English Leagues. The smaller English tracks were hard to adjust to so he spent some time "bouncing off fences and sitting on his bum" (his widow's words) before he came to groups with it all. Speedway in U.K. meant travelling all over Britain six nights a week to compete against different teams. Riders got £3. 10 travel allowance, with payment dependant on performance, typically £1 per point scored. He signed with Belle View for a year in 1960, then rode for Sheffield before returning to Perth in 1964 and retired from Speedway. He restored

a most impressive list of Speedway bikes: 1930 Rudge Whitworth, 1958 E.S.O., 1964 Jawa, 1975 Rotrax J.A.P., and a Star Ride J.A.P. and also had a Vincent Comet in his collection. We're very sad to lose such a Club member and we offer his widow and family our deepest condolences. *Adrian White*

2018: YEAR STARTED WITH 11 DAYS OVER 40C

NOT SO CLEVER by Adrian White: It was a cold, wet, miserable Sunday in New Plymouth. It was also the day the NTMCC'S annual one day road trial was to be run. I had entered the event but a look outside had me searching for an excuse to pull out. I couldn't find one that even convinced me of it's authenticity so I water-and wind-proofed myself as best I could, and hoped the bike wouldn't start. It did of course and I headed to the assembly point. We sat round mumbling about our sanity, as the rest of the riders, one by reluctant one, joined us. One such arrived on a new Kawasaki Big Horn; even the miserable weather didn't dampen our interest in this, the latest of the new breed of Japanese big bore two stroke trail bikes. Awesome, peaky power, wheelstands on tap! Of equal interest was this rider's helmet. Full face, but with a skirt of black plastic taped around the bottom, the cunning gent then tucked the plastic into his jacket and was truly wind and water proof. We all wondered why we hadn't thought of this too and vowed to correct our helmets next time. Eventually the trial started. We weren't long into it when a rider following Mr. Clever Big Horn noticed the Kawasaki rider was becoming more and more untidy, weaving in the straights and taking some very unorthodox lines through the corners. Ray, the following rider became concerned enough to pull alongside the Kawasaki and motion the rider to pull over. Ray asked if he felt all right, and was told "well, I felt a bit off but I'm OK now". Then it dawned on them. The clever weatherproofing meant that with the visor down, virtually no air was getting to our warm, dry rider and he was suffocating. The black plastic is possibly still beside that back road in Taranaki, and that idea was consigned to the rubbish bin.

CAN A MACHINE BE EVIL? By *Adrian White*: Surely not, you'd reckon, after all ,it's just an assembly of carefully designed and manufactured parts which will do our bidding if used with the right skill and care. Len, now a senior citizen, and his wife Julie wouldn't dismiss the idea so quickly. Read on. Len finished school and very happily began a motor mechanic's apprenticeship. It didn't take long for him to wish for transport that didn't require pedalling; some very frugal living enabled the purchase of a rather tired B.S.A. Bantam. Repaired and running nicely the trusty Bantam served him well but wasn't exactly a young man's ideal, so when a swinging arm AJS 350, slightly damaged ,became available at a truly bargain price Len jumped at the offer. The previous owner had crashed the machine,hence the quite minor damage, but sadly he died in the accident. The crash itself was a bit of a mystery- fast left hand bend, good surface, good visibility and dry road with no other vehicle involved. The Police attributed it to excessive speed though nothing at the crash site or in the rather conservative rider's history in any way supported this. Len wasn't worried, the young see themselves as bulletproof and he soon had the AJS looking and running like new. Riding it was a delight, powerful, comfy, didn't scrape every time he cornered and of course that beautiful sound! Len spent many happy hours, sometimes with Julie on the back exploring all the back roads in the surrounding countryside .Then one day ,toward the end of a fortunately solo ride the bike refused to straighten up exiting a slow left hand bend. A minor crash ensued with minimal

damage to man and machine. Back in the workshop Len removed front forks, wheels and steering head, he found all to be in perfect order, assembled the bike very carefully and put the crash down to bad luck. More miles, more pleasure. And then the same thing happened again, once more with little damage to bike and rider. Len and Julie recalled the sad end of the previous owner; something must be amiss so he stripped the bike down to bare bones and sent all relevant parts to the A.J.S. factory in nearby Wolverhampton.

Meanwhile some very persistent rumours surfaced in the local motor cycle community. Len's machine, they said, had been involved in another fatal crash at the other end of the country though details were sketchy at best, but it was known the bike came from that area many-many-wondered why it had been sold so far and so cheaply from it's then home. Len was naturally concerned by all this but when his parts returned from the factory with a clean bill of health he once more, with meticulous care put the bike together and continued to enjoy it. His third crash was far more serious. A high speed, delightful left hand bend, cranked over, throttle nailed loving the moment and no way would the bike straighten up even though by now Len had become a seasoned rider and didn't panic. Bike and rider crashed hard, Len wound up in hospital for a spell and the A.J.S. did itself considerable damage en route to smashing into a deep drainage ditch beside a field. And there, as far as Len and Julie know it still lies. Maybe someone found it and wondered about it's history, maybe winter storms buried it in silt. Len wasn't put off by the experience though Julie worried a bit. They ultimately shared a Vincent and never crashed again, the seemingly evil heart of the AJ just a memory.



VMCCWA AND SALVATION ARMY TEAM UP TO DONATE BIKES AT XMAS: Adrian White. ONE child's trash will be another's treasure this Christmas, thanks to the Vintage Motorcycle Club of Western Australia. Members of the Forrestfield based club spent the past two months fixing up discarded and unwanted bikes then donated more than 30 of them to the Salvation Army in Northbridge this week. Adrian White said he got the idea when he spotted bikes on verges while walking his dog. "It started with the verge collection at my place – walking the dog last



Christmas, there was kids' bikes on the verge," he said. "And kids don't wear bikes out, they outgrow them, then they throw them in a heap, the chain goes rusted, tyres go flat and redback spiders get in under the seat. "I thought I would take a couple of them home and refurbish them." Mr White said he got help and additional used bikes and spare parts from Bicycles for Humanity WA. He said the organisation sent

up to 100 bikes at a time to Africa, but did not refurbish kids' bikes. "They were happy to help me with kids' bikes," he said. Salvation Army Major Paul Hateley said bikes were expensive and many parents could not afford them for their children. "We get bikes donated sometimes, but one thing we find is that for many parents a bike is a substantial outlay financially and many of them cannot afford them," he said. "Bike riding provides a sense of freedom for a young person, fitness, and being able to get out with their mates." Major Hateley said the bikes would be among other items available at its distribution day ahead of Christmas.

VITA BREVIS: Murray Barnard (Vice President) The Club is entirely dependent on volunteers and being a large club the workload can be considerable as the club offers a considerable range of services. For some the workload is steady, for others very seasonal and there are some jobs that are almost full-time. Most of the work done to keep the Club going is low key and not always recognised or appreciated. I suggest everyone should greet and acknowledge Club officials, whenever possible, as they are performing valuable tasks for all of you. It would be hard to imagine the Club fees we would require if we didn't have active volunteers. To have to pay people to do the essential tasks we have in the Club would give pause for thought. So, to start, I would like to acknowledge our long time serving dating officers without whom there would be few machines licensed for 404 in the Club. They are the frontline for the Club. Maurice Glasson and Michael Rock provide a sterling service and have accumulated a wealth of knowledge on motorcycles. The task can be difficult at times, so be considerate and don't dump half a dozen bikes on them at once, plan ahead.

A service I am sure everyone appreciates is provided on a regular basis by Keith Weller and Chas Bayley. The parts store is open nearly every Wednesday morning and every Club Meeting. Keith & Chas are hard working & bring a wealth of knowledge to the role & the parts store inevitably rings with much discussion and sociability. I am sure that you are aware that a lot of extra work goes into securing parts and supplies and especially into sorting them out. Rob Litster & Jeff Russell consistently assist Keith & Chas and most Wednesdays Rob & Jeff can be seen in there sorting parts and helping tidy the store. Rob has been especially active building shelving & parts boxes & the assistance is much appreciated.

Ken Vincent & Gary Tenardi quietly operate one of the best motorcycle libraries you can come across in the country. There is a wealth of information there and Ken & Gary work hard to keep the material sorted & accessible so give them a hand by returning books on time. They don't need the extra work of chasing people up for borrowed books. A work of love, the library is a precious resource and always a favourite place. Ken & Gary are amongst the longest serving members of the Club and their work is greatly appreciated. Mike Williams works quietly away in his little cubicle in the Marshall Room. Mike knows what technical information we have on a wide range of machines and can help you track down tech and service material on many a rare beast. Drop in and say hello to one of our quieter and less visible officials. Mike provides a service many have found particularly useful.

John Laurance patiently sits at the door at every Monthly meeting and manages both the attendance log and selling raffle tickets. Without John's dedicated service recording and running the meeting would be that much more difficult. So be sure to give him a nod and a greeting when you come in.

SUN, SAND & SPINIFEX

Four European motorcycles and one Japanese motorcycle left on a dismal August morning in 1981, planning to do a loop-Perth - Darwin - Adelaide and back to Perth, but only the four Euro-bikes made it back intact. The five bikes and riders, all members of the West Coast Motorcycle Touring Club, were: Carl - 1978 Motor Guzzi 850T3, Shane 1978 1000 cc Laverda Jota, Kathy - 1980 BMW R65, Clyde 1978 Kawasaki Z650 and myself on a 1978 850cc Moto Guzzi le Mans.



The rendezvous point was Bullsbrook 45 kms North of Perth. As I pulled up, Carl was already there, lying on his back, looking very pale and decidedly unfit. He was in the throes of a bad attack of Gastro-enteritis. (Setback No 1. to our tight schedule?) Shane and Kathy arrived on time but Clyde set the pattern for the trip by arriving an hour late. Heading North along Brand Highway we rode through a gathering rain-storm.

Our first petrol stop was Eneabba where we noticed Carl still staggering about clutching his guts so he was sent off to the local nursing sister. She gave him some Staminade and clay to swallow and told him to go straight to bed! Fat chance of that on the first day of the trip. We pushed on through the drizzle to Geraldton where we rapidly heated up in our wet-weather gear when the sun finally came out. Carl hobbled about like a broken old man and was clearly well and truly stuffed so we threw our itinerary away and settled into an on-site van so that he could sleep the afternoon away.

The next morning we were up and packed by dawn. The rain was still around and the Chapman Valley was swathed in clouds of mist. Overlander Station, adjacent to Shark Bay was our morning tea-break stop and here we chatted with the only BMW we saw on the road during the whole trip! Overlander is where the enterprising tourist can detour 10 kms West to Hamelin Pool which is the southernmost arm of Shark Bay. Here there are no currents to replenish the sea-water and the high evaporation rate has left the water too salty for marine creatures to survive.



As the sun set the rain began to pour. Blinded by the rain we stupidly pushed on after dark scared silly of hitting roos, emus or cattle. At long last the lights of Fortescue Crossing shone up ahead, just as we zoomed past a steer standing on the road in the dark! We'd covered 1000 kms and Carl was still very crook and none of us felt like going on. A road-train had rolled over, just up the road, and 69 injured and very angry cattle were waiting for us in the dark, so we decided we really didn't want to carry on any further, any way. Carl was now placed in quarantine as we were all in dire fear of catching his virulent wogs. The next day we took Carl to Dampier Hospital and he spent the whole day recuperating whilst the rest of us pushed onto Pt Hedland. Just past the Whim Creek Pub we passed a patrol car going in the other direction. He was going slow holding a little black box at us and we were going very fast luxuriating in the thrill of the open road. The thrill evaporated quicker than methylated spirits on a boil when we noticed the patrol car slam on the skids and swing violently off the road in a huge cloud of dust to commence a U-turn. He never did catch us so we can only presume he stalled his car in his excitement!

The next day Carl caught up with us and we headed up the coast to Broome. The country began to flatten out with few features to talk of as we travelled on what used to be known as the Madman's Track. The road is now beautiful smooth bitumen and was only sealed early in 1981. After 300 kms we stopped for fuel at the Sandfire Flats Roadhouse (half way to Broome). Sandfire is the only Roadhouse between Hedland and Broome and makes some fine sandwiches. The mechanic seems to be continually under the weather so don't breakdown and need something repaired whatever you do. The first bloke through here in 1879 had written in his diary that the sun played upon the scrub in such a way that the sand appeared to be on fire! That's how the place received its name and just as well as there is nothing else there of distinction. We didn't see the sand on fire but we certainly got burnt by the price of petrol; almost \$10 to fill my tank (5 gallons). By the means of some more slow

night-time riding we made Broome and camped at the Cable Beach Caravan Camp right next to the zoo (which has gone now along with the caravan park). Not a bad spot but a bit pricey. Whilst parked in town Carl's bike fell over destroying a mirror and knocking the headlight housing around. Only minutes before Carl had been in desperate need of a tom-tit and yet the local garage refused to let him use their dunny. So much for Broome hospitality and so much for Carl's day!

That night the Laverda's centre stand broke so we had to stay the next day to get it welded. The most noticeable thing about Broome is that it is full of hippies and has the biggest Commonwealth Employment Services office I've ever seen. Streeters jetty in Chinatown still had pearl luggers tied up at it and by the jetty men were sitting cross-legged in a tin shack opening pearl shell by hand. The tourist bureau was an Indonesian DC3 that had crashed at the airport one day and was written off (Initially built by Americans for use in the second world war, then later used as a passenger plane for Garuda Airlines, the DC-3 then belly flopped in Broome in 1974. It then spent a decade as a tourist information centre, before spending several years in pieces in a suburban backyard in Armadale - a wing hanging over the neighbours fence. Last heard of, in 2014, seven decades after it was built, the old plane is now perched on a hill at Amelup, near the Stirling Ranges, getting ready to be used as a tourist accommodation facility).

Cable Beach is beautiful and full of bare bums and naughty bits (a man could waste his whole life upon the sands of Cable Beach!). The first night we went to a Chinese restaurant (not hard then as there used to be one on each corner at Chinatown) and we all fell instantly in love with a very cute and sexy young waitress. Heading back to camp Clyde said he had arranged a rendezvous with the young woman. We all were very jealous when he headed off but he was soon back all despondent. He went back to where she had said to meet her; but, she never turned up. We saw her the next day in the arms of a wealthy



Japanese pearler. Guess his charms were more attractive than dusty old oil stained Clyde! On day 6, we heading off to Gantheaume Point to try and see the dinosaur prints. Carl decided to show us all how to ride on the dirt and promptly ended up on his posterior. Kathy immediately copied him and the road was soon packed with caravaners getting hernias helping to pick up the grossly overloaded bikes. We never saw any dinosaur prints but the view of the red cliffs was worth it. Broome has a fascinating but grim history. There are still 5 pearl luggers operating but the industry's history is ugly. Hundreds of aboriginals were doomed to die when pearling began in earnest in the 1860's. To obtain labour, raiding parties would scour the

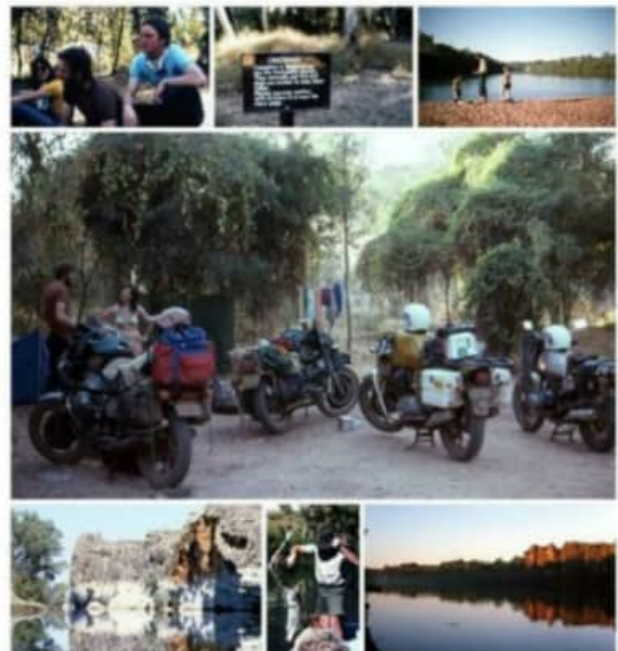
bush to impress the aborigines as divers. In the depths mishaps and drownings occurred frequently and cyclones took a heavy toll (150 men were drowned by a willy-willy in 1908 and 140 in 1935). Diver's paralysis also took its toll and in 1914 alone 62 men died from this cause and uncounted numbers were crippled. In Broome itself there is a huge and interesting Japanese cemetery with a memorial to 40 Japanese drowned in the 1908 blow. Scattered about the town are numerous corroded aircraft engines. These are reminders of the Japanese air-raid in 1942 which sank 16 flying boats in Roebuck Bay and destroyed 7 planes on the air-strip, killing 75 people.



Leaving Broome behind we began to notice the heat and found the 400 km ride to Fitzroy Crossing exhausting. We stopped at Willare Bridge for a break and a welcome ice cream but standing by our bikes we had to protect our rapidly melting treat from the whistling kites. The bush surrounding the roadhouse was littered with disposable nappies. Not a good advert for caring for country we thought. After stopping to cool off at the odd Boab tree on the way we headed to the Fitzroy Crossing pub for a drink and a rest on the only patch of green grass we could see. I headed to the bar but couldn't get served. After a while it dawned on me, I was standing at the "black" bar! Walking around the wire mesh fence I was soon able to acquire a cold drink (*one assumes this sign of apartheid has long gone*). All around the pub, the track back to town and local bush was covered with scattered cartons bottles and cans, glinting in the sun. I was advised that each year the Fitzroy floods and washed the litter away.

Like lambs to the slaughter we next headed up the Geikie Gorge road. Just down the road the track crosses a creek bed and the Guzzi struck a lump of concrete curbing going into the creek bed. Whack! All was OK, but Fitzroy was no place to put a hole in the Guzzi's extended sump. The number of bulldust holes, sand drifts, creek crossings and corrugations in the next 20 kms soon had us wondering how far we would get on the trip. The road was abysmal and the bikes and riders were soon overheating. Delighted at arriving, but hot and tired, we set up camp near the river and went for a swim. Despite the warning signs of crocodiles, we went in taking care not to dog-paddle too much. Signs warned no dogs or children, but not having any on us, we were unperturbed. The beady eyes of freshwater crocs watched us but we didn't care, the water was so refreshing, that is until they submerged and we lost sight of them! Geikie Gorge itself was a beautiful sight as the sun-set lit the limestone walls up in its red glow. The Gorge was cut by the Fitzroy River through a fossilized reef (the Oscar Range). The Range winds across the countryside for 300 kms reproducing the original reef topography of 300 million years ago. The Fitzroy river is stocked with barramundi, crocodiles, stingrays and sharks, which normally inhabit the sea. The area we camped in was surrounded by beautiful cajuputs and river gums which were

covered with climbing vines. It was hard to visualize that during the Wet our campsite would be 7m under water! That evening the Ranger came around and gave us a beautiful Barramundi he had caught that afternoon. We enjoyed a great freshly cooked meal in a wonderful setting (note: camping is no longer permitted in the park). In the morning, we took a boat tour up the Gorge with the Ranger which was a bargain at \$3 per person. The ranger caught Barramundi as we went. We then attempted the Gorge Road again and banged and bounced back to Fitzroy Crossing but not before Kathy had dropped her BMW four times and Shane's Laverda had fallen over in sympathy.



Fitzroy had no petrol! we tried the Pub but they didn't even have any beer, which explained why there were no locals around the place! (Set back No 2 to our fabulously well planned itinerary!) A helpful local finally informed us that petrol was available at Brooking Springs Station, so with sinking hearts we set out some 12 kms back out along the Geikie Gorge Road!

Riding into the setting sun we rode into Brooking Springs station along a dusty track and filled our empty tanks. Brooking Springs looked like a scene out of a Marlboro ad with horses and stockman all around. Struggling back into Fitzroy in the dusk we avoided several near get-offs and finally set-up a bush camp, down a rough track, 10kms East of Fitzroy where the bitumen road had come to an end.



Day Eight arrived and we bounded onto the dirt road to Hall's Creek all fully refreshed and confident. Clyde confidently told us that the only way to tackle the dirt was flat-out, within minutes however the road had shaken him out of his complacency. We had to learn to hang on for grim death in the dust and loose gravel. After 30 kms of battering the Kwacka stopped dead when it's battery lead broke. The Kwacka was quickly bodgied arid we carried on only to have Carl's mammoth pack almost bounce off his bike despite having at least 300 "ocky" straps holding it together. While we were stopped for that problem, the Laverda rolled up with its petrol tank sitting on the rocker-covers. The weight of the extended tank (up from 19l to 36l) had bent the tank mountings. A great quantity of rag, torn-up tea towels and T-shirts wrapped around frame soon fixed that. Another 30 kms of fighting for control passed and

this time the stitching on one of my saddle-bags had broken and all my tools were draped along the road for miles. Not worrying about the tools, the bag was quickly laced up with wire, permanently fixing the problem.



Sitting at 80 km/h on a good stretch of dirt, 150 kms out of Fitzroy, Kathy tried to change from one wheel-rut to another without slowing down. As she crossed the mound of dirt between the ruts the BMW bucked, propped in a huge cloud of dust and crashed to the ground. Kathy landed heavily on her shoulder didn't move. Her shoulder was badly bruised and Kathy was unable/unwilling to ride the BMW any further (Set back No. 3). Fortunately, a concerned group of caravaners arrived and took her into Halls Creek for a check-up whilst Clyde and I waited with the bike. Shane and Carl went on to Hall's Creek and the plan was for Shane to get a lift back to pick up the BMW.

Clyde and I sat out there for the next 20 hours in country so bare that even a wallaby would need a cut lunch to get a feed on it. We crawled under a shrub trying to keep out of the burning sun whilst the flies and Clyde drove me raving mad. We soon used up nearly all my water and were reduced to eating cold bully beef. Shane arrived after dark so we pitched camp to the sound of wild donkeys braying in the near-distance.



In the morning, we started on the remaining 160 kms of dirt to Halls Creek but found the glare of the sun and the dust was so bad that we couldn't see the loose sand drifts. We solved that by taping paper to our visors to use them as sun-shields.

When we made it to Halls Creek we found that Kathy couldn't ride for at least another 5 days (Set back No 4!) Halls Creek however was about to have its annual races and the town was full of stockies and desert aborigines. A side show was in town and it was an eye-opener to go down and watch the locals throw their money away and beat each other up. The lock-up was chocka full the next morning. Day 10 came before we knew it and Shane and Kathy hadn't decided what to do with the BMW so we booked a plane flight to Wolf Creek Meteorite Crater which is 130 kms south of Hall's Creek.

The plane barely got off the ground in the heat and hugged the hills closely on the way out. What with the engine noise and heat it was only a matter of time before the 1st liquid laugh occurred. Just as we had a good view of the crater there was a muffled shout from the back seat and as we all turned around a huge fountain of vomit sprayed out from Shane. Reacting to the sight and smell I soon imitated him, using my camera bag as a receptacle. The pilot, regardless, flew sharply down into the crater. Carl panicked and grabbed at the controls so the pilot gave up - banked over and circled to gain height, levelled the plane out and flew back to Halls Creek. Shane and Kathy, amidst the retching, didn't dare look out the window and missed seeing the second biggest meteorite crater in the world.

That afternoon, after recovering, Carl, Clyde and I explored the rugged surroundings visiting Old Halls Creek, Caroline Pool and the China Wall, a quartz formation well worth the rough road to see. Gold was found at Halls Creek in 1885 and the diggers poured in from Derby across 750 kms of trackless waste and faced disease, thirst, crocs, mosquitoes and hostile locals as a reward. Diggers were speared by the war-like Kimberley aborigines and



in one shocking case 200 aborigines were reported slaughtered by miners near the town in retaliation.

Day 11 arrived quietly in Hall's Creek and Shane had decided to carry Kathy as pillion on the Laverda and put her BMW on a truck to Darwin. The road to Wyndham was enjoyable after the dirt and it was good to be moving again. Wyndham retains some of its old character, clinging to a narrow strip of land between the Bastion Range and Cambridge Gulf. There is a particularly worthwhile look-out, at Wyndham, called the Five Rivers Look-out. From there a panorama of the Gulf and the King, Pentecost,

Durack, Ord and Ivanhoe Rivers can be obtained.



The road to the lookout is very rough, rocky, steep and difficult as Clyde soon found out to his cost. Battling the road and 40°C of heat, Clyde hit a huge rock which speared the Kwacka off into even more bigger rocks. The end result was that the Kwacka was left lying upside down on a steep slope with a broken fairing and a bruised rider underneath. Little did we know this as the rest of us had fought our way up the loose and rocky steep road to the lookout. "Where's Clyde?" was my plaintive cry as I stood hot and bothered at the lookout trying to take in the magnificent view. Everyone looked at each other in the hope that one or the other knew.

No-one made a move, being hot, dusty, thirsty and tired. I reluctantly eased the Guzzi off its centre stand and made my way down the difficult road keeping an eye out for an errant bike and rider. Half way down I espied a Kawasaki poking above the rocks beside the track. Parking the heavily loaded Guzzi with difficulty on the steep slope I helped Clyde to his feet, checked



he was OK and together we got the bike back on the track. Deciding we had both had enough we rode back down the hill to await the others.

The heat was by now oppressive and it was a relief to get back on the road and to reach Kununurra where we camped for the night beside the Diversion Dam. Kununurra is a town of 1500 people mainly public servants who service a mere 28 farmers. The farmers are in fact outnumbered 2:1 by Dept of Agriculture employees. Over the last 20 years over \$1 Billion has been poured into the area with very little to show for it except 2 large lakes. Lake Argyle itself is very scenic but very little of it can be seen from the Dam in a fleeting visit. Next day we crossed into the Territory and noticed an immediate deterioration in the road surface.



further to the left and he would have cleaned me up! The truck had suddenly gone onto the shoulder because of the oncoming car. We had no warning but fortunately everyone survived albeit somewhat wiser. Eventually we passed the truck by taking to the bush beside the road and motocrossing the bikes to the front. We made it to Katherine where we camped at the Katherine Gorge National Park. The infamous "man-eating" Emu at the park, in fact, had a preference for Moto-Guzzi tank-badges, a sign of good taste, perhaps?



Heading towards Timber Creek Carl discovered an unexpected hazard when a galah or some similar parrot swooped low and exploded in a cloud of feathers on his chest and helmet at 70 mph. Dazed by the impact and the shock of it all, Carl managed to pull up OK and we were soon busy removing the remains from his bike and riding gear. Riding was now very hot and tiring work and by the time we reached the Victoria River we were ready for a swim. The river however is tidal and even though we were 200 kms inland it is packed full of the biggest and most dangerous salt-water crocodiles you would never want to meet. Swimming was out of the question.



We met another particular hazard 100 kms out of Katherine when we came up behind a slow-moving road-train. The road was only one-lane wide and the next moment he pulled on to the shoulder and we were instantly blinded by a shower of red dust as his wheels went off the sealed surface. Riding blind is no fun and we all unintentionally ended up heading in different directions, on and off the road. In the cloud of red dust I tried to stay straight but then I saw a white guide post pass my left knee and then in a flash a car zipped by, also on my left, being barely visible in the haze. Whoa, that was close, a few feet

The next morning we went on the boat trip at Katherine Gorge which we in general we felt that after Geikie Gorge, Katherine Gorge, was interesting if somewhat disappointing. That afternoon we cruised into Darwin. We had a very difficult time finding anywhere to camp. After numerous phone-calls we finally found one on the outskirts of town near the Airport. That night we found out why it had places left. The US Air Force/Navy was conducting touch and go exercises at night with their fighter jets on the RAAF strip and the noise was incredibly loud when they quickly went back to full power. Sleep was difficult to say the least. We found Darwin so soon after Cyclone Tracy, a grotty place and the street verges were covered in litter, mainly beer cans. Quite a few buildings were still in ruins with many a house just being a pad on stilts. After replacing back tyres, chains (on the Kwacka and Jota) and oil we were ready to leave for the Red Centre. But where was Kathy's BMW? It had not arrived from Halls Creek we were told and there was a transport strike on and no fuel to be had down the Stuart Highway (Set back No 5 and our itinerary is in rags!)

While we waited for the bike, we went for a boat-cruise down the South Alligator River, where we spent the day hanging out of the boat looking for crocs and buffalo and expected Tarzan to come out wrestling a croc at any moment. We chewed on delicious barbecued buffalo steak and barramundi beside the river for lunch and basically had a relaxing day for a change. The highlight of the day was the jumping croc. Almost unknown at the time, but since become famous, the jumping croc was a huge salty that came up beside the boat and leapt straight up out of the water to grab a lump of meat hanging from a boat



hook. The croc was invisible in the muddy water and came lunging up out of nowhere at least 8 feet out of the water. Reminded us to keep our hands inboard at least! On the road we came upon a car which had hit a water buffalo at speed. The front end of the car was shoved back to the wind screen. We rode with wary eyes looking out for water buffalo after that. We found Darwin interesting as there were signs of

the war still evident in the fortifications at East Point, the museum at Mindi Beach was well put together, the prison at Fannie Bay eye opening and the Air Museum at the airport fascinating. The only problem was, we were all suffering from



Darwin-type Belly, to varying degrees.

Day 18 dragged around and we are still stuck in Darwin without the BMW. Frantic investigation finally uncovers the fact that the bike is still in Hall's Creek for some unknown reason (setback # 6). To compound it all there is a truckie strike starting, making it impossible to get past Alice Springs, as there would be no fuel. Plus, Shane and Kathy are adamant that they not prepared to ride the unsealed Stuart Highway to Port Augusta. There was no alternative but to abandon the rest of our, by now useless, itinerary and head back the way we had come and look at the things we'd passed by. For some reason Shane and Kathy decided they were in a hurry and took off ahead of us and disappeared.

We looked for them in Katherine but it turned out later that they had gone straight back to Perth (odd behaviour, but then travel does odd things to people). The rest of us were in no hurry and continued to meander back towards W.A. We paused to look at some Aboriginal Crafts at Katherine and tried to play the Didgeridoo and start a fire by rubbing two sticks together. The next morning, we rode to Victoria River and spent some time looking at the river and gorge. The cliffs form, more or less, a continuous barrier and have become the dividing line between Eastern Australian and Western wildlife and vegetation forms.

That night we camped out of Katherine on the road to Kununurra. Wandering about the scrub near our camp I came across a beautifully shaped aboriginal hand axe, just sitting

on the sand and possibly been there for ages.

The next day we crawled into Kununurra, feeling very tired



and sapped of energy. The weather was very hot and for most of our trip had been consistently hot. Locals told us that we had been unlucky as an early wet season was approaching and it was 10°C hotter than normal. At Kununurra we finally tracked down Hidden Valley which is located almost in the town, but unsurprisingly we couldn't find it until we asked some local kids. Hidden Valley is a cul-de-sac formation formed from sandstone which was laid down under the sea many years ago. The valley has many beautifully coloured narrow gorges and an eerie atmosphere exists possibly because it is a semi-sacred site and was used for centuries by the aborigines as a corroboree ground. There are aboriginal paintings if you look hard enough for them and evidence of spear sharpening and rock art. Camped beside the diversion dam the chattering of several million birds woke us up very early. Lake Kununurra is a haven for birds as well as giant mosquitoes. The mosquitoes are so prolific that the Government could make a fortune by catching them and boiling them down for their fat. We went for a cooling swim in the dam only to see a freshwater croc sail by. Fortunately, salties weren't known in the dam at this stage. That night we headed off South and camped at Halls Creek.



Camped with us were 2 Swiss blokes on a Yamaha 500 and a Kwacka 9, a French West African on a Honda and a Canadian on a push bike. We were a real-life United Nations! My washing disappeared overnight from the washing line. The campground laundry being on the route between the town and the pub I guess I should have known. I only had what I was wearing now to get home to Perth. On day 21 we headed back onto the dirt section of National Highway No 1. Three hundred kilometres of disgusting sand and gravel again. The road was

better than it was 2 weeks before but it soon deteriorated. The sun was very bright and made it rather difficult to see the soft patches. Struggling through these problems I was amazed to see ahead of me a pair of bare breasts. Attached to the bare breasts is a girl waving to me to stop. Without hesitation I pulled up to assist her in whatever manner she needed assisting. A fair change from dust and mulga, I thought at the time. The car she was travelling in had a mutilated tyre and although she was travelling out in the middle of nowhere she had absolutely no tools in the car! You wouldn't believe it if you read about it. With her were a couple of other hippie types who'd been having fun at Broome's Shinju Matsuri Festival and were now heading for Darwin. We got them going again but couldn't understand why people would travel so unprepared in such country. Anyway, she got my attention. At the Mary River Crossing we stopped for some photos and



Carl rode around in circles in the bull-dust for us. Just as I focused on him he rode into a deep bull-dust hole and his front wheel almost disappeared. As the Moto Guzzi hit the ground I snapped the picture, thanks Carl for an action shot! One hundred kms out of Fitzroy Crossing we stopped for a rest



and began examining the hills around us. One of the Ranges consisted of layer after layer of sandstone tilted up and exposed by some ancient earth movement. Fossicking among the rocks we found layers of fossilized coral and primitive crinoids which had been laid down under the sea some 300 million years ago. Carl was most excited as he'd always wanted a fossil to put on his mantelpiece. Our saddlebags soon carried even more weight than usual. That evening whilst having dinner at Fitzroy Crossing Clyde noticed that his back tyre was deflating. It was his first puncture in seven years of riding and the only one we had on the whole trip. By the time we'd fixed the puncture it was dark and we still had to find a spot to camp.

We had no trouble however finding our planned turn-off as it was surrounded by bushfires. Being tired we beat out a small fire near us and then settled down for the night in a non-flammable blue-metal dump.

Day 22 arrived and the road to Leopold Downs wasn't too promising. It was narrow and varied between being soft and rocky. The first section was very sandy and loose however it improved once we had passed through the Oscar Range. We reached a point where the track went off in at least 7 directions. We were sitting there wondering what track to take and concerned about how far we could get on our fuel tanks, when a Toyota Landcruiser stripped back to the basics came roaring up one of the tracks. Hanging off the 4WD were half a dozen stockies. They soon pointed in the right direction which we considered very fortuitous.

The track was just two-wheel tracks through sand and as we



had to use a lot of care to negotiate several creeks and bull dust drifts. For some obscure reason I was always nominated

to lead. The inevitable had to come and whilst negotiating one particularly long stretch of bull dust the sand built up around the front wheel sending the Le Mans into a wobble. I brought it to a stand-still but still lost my balance and the bike tottered over onto its side, ever so slowly. Still, time for a photo before picking it up.

(Postscript: nowadays the track is a wide gravel road frequented



by Grey Nomads and caravans and bears no resemblance to what it once was). We finally made it to our objective, Tunnel Creek, after 75 kms of rough riding. Tunnel Creek was well worth the effort and the highlight of the trip. The creek has eroded its way through the Napier Range and formed a cavern 750 m long. The cave was a welcome relief from the heat & flies and we waded through from one end to the other looking at the stalactites hanging from the roof and resting in the middle reaches which are lit by a collapsed cave leading to the top of the range. Tunnel Creek is a natural wonder well worth a visit. It is also renowned as the last stand of Jandamarra (Pigeon) whose story as an outlaw was popularised by Ion Idriess in the 1930s, but these days is better known as a Bunuba freedom fighter.

About midday we covered the remaining 35 kms to Windjana Gorge along a loose bulldust ridden corrugated road. The Gorge is a picturesque narrow canyon which has been cut out of the Napier Range by the Lennard River. The Gorge is walled by vertical cliffs of dark lime-stone which reach up to 100 metres in height. The cliffs cut the skyline with sharp pinnacles and rugged patterns and the screams of cockatoos echo in the depths of the Gorge. Just before reaching the Gorge we paused for a look at the ruins of the Lillilamoora police out-post. In 1894 an aboriginal uprising, led by the renegade Police tracker Pigeon (Jandamarra), erupted at this remote spot. Pigeon murdered a police constable at the outpost and freed the prisoners in the 1st act of a 3-year war against invading white settlers. The gang's next attack was on 3 drovers at the entrance to Windjana Gorge. The drovers were shot down on the sands of the river's dry bed. This was later followed by a battle between police and aborigines in the Gorge itself, involving the now notorious Police Inspector, Pilmer. Pigeon used Tunnel Creek as a hideout but was finally tracked down and killed in a shoot-out outside the tunnel entrance. The story of Jandamarra and his resistance fight is well worth a read.

The Napier Ranges themselves where this recent history was

conducted, were formed 300 million years ago and were formerly a massive barrier reef comparable with the Great Barrier Reef today. This fossil reef complex is recognized as the best example of its kind in the World and is a source of wonder for anyone lucky enough to visit the area. Leaving this fascinating area behind we traversed the Gibb River beef



road to Derby.

The corrugations along this road were so bad that the Kwacka's carrier fractured in 4 places under the load. The next day after welding the Kwacka's rack doing oil changes and cleaning the Guzzi's air filters we left the Kimberleys behind and rode to Broome in time to catch the final events of the Shinju Matsuri Festival. The judging of Miss Cable Beach received our unanimous vote for the most interesting tourist attraction. That night we decided to wash some clothes and headed out to the local laundromat. Whilst waiting for our washing to finish we noticed the local taxi head out on a call. Later we saw a bloke walk into the Pearl and souvenir shop next door. We noticed he couldn't raise anybody, grabbed some smokes and took off. We checked and found the shop open and no-one there. The Office was open as well. The shop owner was the local taxi driver and had forgotten to close up. Realising that if anything went missing a group of scruffy motorcyclists would be the prime suspects we blocked the door and Clyde went down into town to tell the Police. Not long after being advised by the Police the shop owner roared back in alarmed and concerned. He started checking if cash and stock was intact and we took off back to camp.

I don't think he we even got any thanks, but at least we weren't going to be hauled up by the Police! Heading south we detoured to Eighty Mile Beach near Wallal station. After riding up a pretty bad dirt road, dreaming of a beautiful deserted beach, we crested a sand ridge and sighted at least 2 dozen caravans stretched out before us! It was hard to visualize the sight 90 years ago when a cyclone pushed a pearling fleet ashore drowning 200 men. Cattle at the station were panicked and blown onto the mud flats only to be drowned when the tidal surge came in.

We continued to Port Hedland rather than face all those friendly caravanners. The remainder of the trip back to Perth was uneventful except for Clyde who never satisfied decided to upstage us all. He was only 70 kms from home when he parked beside the road for a call of nature. Just as he was about to climb back onto the bike a woman driver came along and drove straight over his Kawasaki, writing it off. To add insult to injury, the woman suffered a flat tyre in destroying his bike and Clyde had to change it for her. Not the best way to end a great trip. *Murray Barnard*

PERTH RUN: In 1962 a group of riders from Albany myself included, decided to ride to Perth. There were about five of us if my memory serves me right. It was a long time ago. We left Albany Friday night after work, at Mt Barker I suffered clutch slip, I was riding a 1959 Triumph T110 and also had a pillion Colin Parker on the back, we must remember that we probably only weighed in at about 70 kilos in those days past, the others kept on going. Colin (Fuzz) and myself stripped the primary case and clutch, on the side of the road, washed the fibre and steel plates in petrol, burnt the fibre plates as well, reassembled the clutch etc. and continued towards Perth.

At about 1pm, somewhere about Williams, we had, enough, and decided to camp on the side of the road. Here we decided to light a fire for warmth as it was freezing. To light this fire, neither of us had matches, unusual as we both smoked, what to do, inspiration, let's take off an exhaust pipe and light some grass, this failed, which quite surprised me. Next, let's put petrol on the grass, what an outstanding success, after putting out the motorcycle, and spot fires everywhere, we had a camp fire, and proceeded to try and get some sleep, the only problem was that we had motorists stopping all night, to see if we were O.K. Sparks were rising and drifting to the east all night, and when we woke at daybreak, after sleeping on the ground, something that I could never do again, we saw a crop which was ready for harvest on the other side of the road where the sparks had been drifting. We left in a hurry I can tell you, continuing

to Perth, arriving early in the morning we caught up with our mates at a B&B by Royal Perth hospital. We had a full on weekend, with Perth riders at the Bright Spot? South Perth, other riders



from Albany were, Butch Sharp, Trevor Harding, Tony Moore, Black Mac, Macdonald and possibly some others, the memory is fading. After a great weekend we met up at the causeway, and left for Albany Sunday night, it was pretty much full throttle from there, we made Williams in about an hour and twenty minutes, not bad on the old roads, we were sitting on about seventy five or eighty miles an hour, going quite fast for the prince of darkness headlights, nothing passed us!

At Williams after refueling, and the mandatory pie and coffee, we set off for Albany, and it rained and rained and rained some more, it was very heavy, causing us to stop under trees and seek whatever shelter we could find. These were the days of no helmets, and we used to wear balaclava's for the cold. Just short of Arthur River, Trevor Hardings A10 Gold Flash gave up. Securing a tow rope wire from sources unknown we proceeded to tow it to Arthur River, by motorcycle. Where we left it. It was then that I realised, that I had left my rabbit fur lined motor cycle gloves behind, it was also freezing on the return trip.

After more and more rain, nearly all the bikes now with pillion passengers, we arrived back in Albany, at about five am. Butch Sharp worked for Day Brothers, bakers in Lockyer, and went straight to work, we all gathered around the ovens, and clouds of steam and condensation

arose. After drying and thawing out, we realized that after making Williams in about an hour twenty the rest of the trip took about an extra ten hours, it was a long night, home for a short sleep and back to work that morning. I think this is where my aversion to riding in the rain began. *Paul Armstrong*



LEIGHTON BATTERY: Beautiful day for a ride and a lovely shady start to the ride from King's Park. Good turnout of riders, all keen to get down the Tunnels at the Leighton Battery. The tour takes about 20 minutes but this group of keen enthusiasts managed to draw it out by an extra hour. After Leighton the run continued to Woodman's Point where lunch was devoured.



ROGER BITTNER: My Dad's Ariel Huntmaster twin and side-car was the first bike I rode, I was about 12 and went round and round his workshop yard until I burnt my leg on the exhaust. I got my first real bike, a Triumph Tiger Cub when I was 17, it felt fantastic. I had a Mobylette moped before that, bit embarrassing really. Favourite bikes: a Triumph Speed Twin when I was 18, I stripped it down, fitted clip-ons and thrashed the life out of it trying to do a ton, I didn't realise the poor old bike wasn't capable of a ton, ignorance is bliss, I really wanted a Bonnie but couldn't afford one. A Honda CB 750 Super Sport. And a BMW R80 - it was a good all round bike, wish I'd kept it. Longest ownership was the CB 750, it felt real fast in those days. I've always wanted to own a 500 Goldie, but probably couldn't start it these days (left it a bit late) so I'd settle for another R80. My favourite ride was a trip round the south island of NZ on a rented Bonneville, fantastic winding roads and amazing scenery.

MEMBER PROFILE. PETER OGBORNE: rode his first machines, a BSA Bantam and a Lambretta Scooter when he was 17. At 21 he got a 125 James. His favourite bikes are the Sol Invictus. SWM Grand Milano and the newly acquired LE Velocette, all of which he currently owns. When he worked on Christmas Island some years ago the company had a fleet of LE Velos, when they were 2 years old the company used to dump them in the sea and provide new ones. Peter would be happy to own any Italian or British bike. The longest he has owned a bike is 2 years. Favourite bike ride, out to Nippers, the ride provides a bit of everything, round our mountain across two bridges and a good coffee at the end. Peter joined the club for the social events and good company.

NUMB BUM & OILY RAG by Adrian White: Temperature at either end of the thermometer obviously plays a large part in motor cycling. I've been so hot in Perth WA with high ambient temperatures and the heat radiating up from black bitumen I've actually stopped and made sure the bike wasn't on fire, so hot were my legs, even through thick denim jeans. At the opposite end of the scale, I rode from Christchurch to Mount Somers, which is inland mid Canterbury, one frosty clear night. I'd gradually felt the cold seeping through me but on arrival at the farm where I worked I found my legs reluctant to straighten when I dismounted to open the gate. This condition contributed to the bike falling over and I had great difficulty in righting it. Still not feeling particularly cold, I undressed and showered. Oh the bliss of that warm water! Imagine my concern, however, when I turned the shower off! I'd adjusted the taps to what felt like a good warmth but the hot tap was actually turned off. I'd been showering in cold water. I realised then I might be seriously cold, and so piled all my clothes and blankets on the bed and got in and started to thaw. It hurts! It aches, you shiver uncontrollably and cry for what seems ages. Nothing you can do, just endure and hope it improves. I awoke next morning none the worse for wear.

Another cold trip occurred on the same journey one winter's afternoon. I'd delayed leaving for a day because the weather was truly foul, but, unable to delay any longer, I departed, in driving rain and very low temperatures. A hail storm livened things up further but the stones were small so I was able to continue. Reaching the town of Ashburton 50 miles on, I stopped for some hot food and drink, parked the bike and walked down the main street. I was puzzled by the looks of distaste given me by fellow pedestrians - I know motorcyclists, especially those in black leather jackets and flying boots were regarded with some suspicion by many sober and decent citizens, but even children, who usually offered sneaking admiration (because their parents didn't!) were looking somewhat aghast at me. I looked in a shop window and there reflected, was an awful sight! These were the days of the pudding basin helmet, leaving

the face exposed though I did wear a silk scarf round my chin. The hail stones had caused dozens of pin-pricks on my face, they'd bled a little and on my damp face the blood had spread all over. It looked like it had been skinned! I'd felt no pain because my face was very cold and the injuries were minute. A quick wash and I rejoined the human race and kids thought guys like me were OK again!

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CONSULTATION ON SECTIONS: A meeting was held recently with Section reps to review current club arrangements for sections. It was agreed that we don't want "clubs within the club" and it was recognised that Sections provide a valuable focus for particular era machines and the opportunity for advice and shared interests. No significant issues were identified and it was agreed that current opportunities for logging impromptu runs were working and sufficient for Section activities.

MEMBER MUGSHOTS: Richard

Argus – Richard is a Kalgoorlie boy (or more correctly Ora Banda) who flits frequently between the Goldfields and Perth with his business interests. Richard has a brace of machines and one of his favourites is this BSA Super Rocket. I am reliably told the last time his wife went on a bike with him was on the back of the RD Yamaha when Richard was a mere spindly youth (see below), the resulting wheelstand leaving her less than enthralled.



ALBANY SECTION IN THE BEGINNING: Prior to the forming of an Albany section of the VMCC members had to travel to Perth if they wanted to take part in rallies, runs etc. Early in 1982 a group of motorcyclists decided to seek approval for the formation of a section of the VMCC in Albany. Neil Bromilow contacted Perth branch and was asked to submit a formal request, including a proposed name for the section along with a list of ten foundation members. The request was sent to Perth on the 17th May 1982. The foundation members listed were, Neil Bromilow, Robin Bromilow, Neil Cameron, Andy Cameron, Paul Ashboth, Ian Jury, Derek

Padgett, Bob Shanks, Bill Morrell and Bob Rees. A letter from Perth dated 25th August officially approved the formation of The Albany section. The letter also included a cheque for \$100 as start up capital. The then Perth secretary, Bob Veitch, also wrote "I trust all goes well and that the section continues to expand and prosper". Well we certainly have!!!. After finally receiving a letter approving the formation of an Albany section, a camp out at the Stirling Ranges was held on the weekend of 11th and 12th of September 1982. According to hand written notes on a letter from Perth dated 25th August 1982, requesting the names of proposed office bearers, the first committee consisted of Bob Rees, Chairman. Neil Bromilow Secretary and Chris Harrison Treasurer. The section was now up and running, but they didn't have a clubroom. Meetings were held at members houses until they were moved to Ryan's Premier Hotel, Winter Court, on the 5th September 1985. Among the club records is a list of the events staged from 1982 to 1988, the members were very active and the list makes for interesting reading, along with the accompanying photos. One item that stood out for me was the first Toy Run, held on the 12th December 1987, organised by Shirley Morrell it attracted approx 30 riders and collected 2 large sacks full of toys, which were donated to The Salvos.

BUNBURY 2 DAY RALLY. 10TH & 11TH MARCH 2018: Having never been on this Rally before, I took the advice of others that have. "Camp onsite" was the order of the day. So I did. I arrived on Friday Afternoon leaving plenty of time to prep the bike after towing it down to Bunbury. There were lots of other club members there & we set up camp with a mind to being "sociable" in the evening. As more folk & their bikes arrived, the camp site filled up and new friends were made. Saturday morning dawned absolutely perfectly. Not a cloud in the sky, not too windy. Wander along to the Indian Harley Clubhouse where it was a self-service tea & coffee & any type of bread you could want for toast. (with a vast array of jams etc.). As the event started to get into gear, People brought their bikes into the starting area from which we would be dispatched at our allotted times. With 175 entrants, that's a lot of bikes. There were 100 year old veterans, solos & outfits as well as more modern bikes although all had to be more than 25 years old. Once on the road, we were greeted with good roads and nice distances between directions. For the morning break we stopped at a wonderful old country community hall where there was a team of ladies bringing out sandwiches & tea & coffee for the riders.

After a 30 min break it was off again for some more excellent twisty roads in some magnificent countryside. The lunch break was in Collie so an opportunity to refuel both the bike & the stomach. Then it was off again. All along we were being timed in & out of stops, a task made easier by barcode scanning. The afternoon break was again in another country community hall with more refreshments made available. I was impressed all along by how well all these buildings have been maintained by the local communities. More great roads brought us back to the clubrooms on the outskirts of Bunbury. The long course was about 250k's over the whole day, so we were looking forward to a cold beer on our return to the clubhouse. Saturday night you had the option of buying a DIY BBQ pack with ample salads provided by the good ladies from the club. There was a band who got the place rockin' & rollin' to aid the imbibement of liquid refreshment. During the afternoon, the wind started to pick up & there was a bush fire not too far away. As the clubrooms are right next to Bunbury airport, we were treated to some fairly spectacular sights as the water bombers & helitankers were taking off & landing regularly. Fortunately, the fire was put out before nightfall but there were still some



road closures in the affected area. Sunday Dawned much the same as Saturday except that it was VERY windy. Same order as Saturday but a much shorter course. Because of the road closures, the organisers had to come up with an amended route. No problem. Whoever it was produced 2 new route sheets overnight to bypass the affected areas. There were 2 groups travelling on opposite directions in a bid to ease any congestion. A great idea as the morning tea stop was much less congested since the 2nd group arrived there as the first group were leaving. This time we had access to Brunswick Junction showgrounds for our refreshments. The 2nd half of our ride was as good as the rest although the wind made itself apparent in some of the more exposed areas. We ended up back at the IHC headquarters in time to be fed YET again. In Summary, it was a VERY well organised event, and I for one look forward to doing it all again next year. *Pic and report by Ian Curtis*

FEATURE: BLASTING THE BUSH by Kevin Kerr: A friend of mine, Bill Baker, a motorcyclist through and through called to my workshop just in time for afternoon tea. It was good to catch up with him as he'd been away for over a month enjoying the adventure of a lifetime. As an accomplished motocross rider he was well qualified to take his fully laden Honda trail bike west to east , the length of the notorious Gunbarrel Highway. For over four hundred exciting kilometres from Wiluna, all went well but then the skies opened up; it bucketed down leaving no option but to ride on the very rough but raised section off the side of the track. Then - disaster. Misjudging a section he crashed heavily into deep water. Being alone and injured it was an almighty struggle keeping his head above water as he tried desperately to get from beneath his fully laden Honda. Finally free but very sore he rode the painful hundred kilometres back to Carnegie Station where the owners cared for him for two weeks, letting

him return home when they considered him fit. Bill mentioned the dedication of the Len Beadell Memorial, saying he'd love to ride the Honda there but after his last crash, he wouldn't attempt the trip solo. After Bill left we all carried on working but my mind was far from work, out in the desert actually, on a motorbike. I rang my wife, Barbara, told her of the idea I was developing and was delighted when she said "Let's go for it!" We had only five days before leaving to be there in time. I rang a delighted Bill who agreed his F100 Ute was ideal bike transport, then phoned John Boyd, sure he'd be a starter (he was). Motocross rider Colin Cook and Mark Kinsman from work were both keen starters, all within a couple of hours. The day before leaving Club member Peter Stocker arrived up with a small machining job and watched us loading bikes. Peter was very knowledgeable about Len Beadell, having read most of his books and lamented he didn't have a suitable bike for such an adventure; when I offered him my Kawasaki KLR 650 and told him he had to be back that afternoon, with a camp stretcher, sleeping gear and clobber for three weeks he bolted, returning with Alison and all the gear. Barbara prepared a positive mountain of food and all necessities including travel permits; she'd done desert trips before and knew the ropes. Barbara drove our Range Rover with all the supplies, I drove the F100 with five bikes, fuel and swags.

Laverton: Time to unload, to fuel man and machines and GO! The Great Central Road was all gravel but an easy ride with stops here and there for sightseeing, toilet breaks etc. 500 kilometres later we arrived in Warburton. I'd been there previously with Bill so we sought out a mutual friend who worked in the hospital and was the town's general fix - it man. Socialising and sightseeing over, we headed back west to the Heather Highway. Routine was quickly established with breakfast at 6am extending into chatting round the fire. The riders go on about how brilliantly they will ride the day, with no one believing a word of it. With everyone helping swags and cooking gear are soon stowed, the bikes fuelled and checked and the boys are gone, carrying only water and medical kits. Barbara catches up the waiting riders for morning tea then away we go. Lunch is an opportunity to have a well deserved rest along with fuel for bodies and bikes and to hear riders comments on their ride. Apparently they are traveling just under the speed of sound! I mention how hard it's been in the 2wd F100 not to become bogged in some of the washouts; comes the answer "what washouts?" With comedians of this calibre who needs TV? They might just remember I'm their backup. Dinner means unpacking swags and food then an evening round the fire listening to more outrageous claims of speed and skill, then so to bed. Go back twenty years, I'd been here with another friend. We couldn't get into Warburton and on to the Gun Barrel so we forged a track through the scrub to the north and found the highway that way.

My mate noted that Beadel named his tracks after his children and he'd like to name our track after our daughter Heather. We found a bit of wood, lashed a piece of broken spring leaf to it, wrote "Heather Highway" on it and dug it in. The name appears on the maps of today. On a trip such as this a few simple rules were necessary for the safety of everyone. One example - Barbara came



across John sitting in the shade of a bush, he wanted to go off track to see a lake so Barbara and I, having just caught up sat and waited for his return. One hundred and fifty kilometres from Heather Highway we arrived at Mount Beadell, the same time as the Beadell family and friends. Setting camp before night fell was the first priority, then eating and drinking, then sleep as we were all tired out. Next day dawned fine with excitement in the air knowing we'd meet so many interesting people who had made these outback tracks. Mrs Ann Beadell has a 1500 kilometre highway named after her, ex surveyors, Land Department staff were there to talk with along with various others and visitors, in total 163 people, 71 vehicles. The formalities, mounting the plaque and a few quite interesting speeches over and we had time to socialise with some very interesting people, the highlight being four Aboriginal men telling us how to survive in such tough and remote country. Truly fascinating. Bill was asked to write an account of proceedings but declined, handballing the task to Barbara who wrote a good story which later appeared in a national magazine. 6AM the next day, time to attack six hundred kilometres of dirt track which was easier said than done. Challenges included constantly changing surface, grooves, loose gravel and washouts plus two dead donkeys, three wrecked trailers and a camel could walk out on you anytime. Some of the bushes hung over the track, miss one and hit two. Bill was the best rider despite his seventy odd years. Everyone tried to match him, it was on for young and old! This was living!

Peter Stocker failed to show up at our chosen camp site one evening which puzzled me as I hadn't passed him in the back up. After waiting awhile we sent two bikes, one north, one west searching. Colin, going west found him sitting on the Kawasaki in one of the heaviest sandpits we'd seen, arms folded on the bars, head on arms, exhausted. Peter had believed himself to be somewhat behind the rest, attempting to catch up he'd flown by the campsite without seeing us. It was a happy reunion. We stopped overnight at Carnegie Station where Bill enjoyed catching up with the owners who had looked after him so well previously. Next morning we headed out to cover the last three hundred and fifty kilometres west of the Gunbarrel Highway, aiming for the Wiluna Caravan Park where we unpacked, serviced the bikes then enjoyed the delightful luxury of electric light, a couple of beers and a pub meal before crashing into bed. Wiluna is an interesting place with every visit a bit different. Another day, another gravel road, this one to Sandstone meeting up with a character Bill and I knew. Payne's find was our next stop to gather in the pub to share a beer and tell the very interested locals of our adventure. Next morning fuel up and head east for Bimbijy Station to visit the folk there; Barbara and I had previously stayed there. South of Bimbijy lies Karroun Nature Reserve, standing on the hill there looking east on the thirty degree latitude line there are almost



no inhabitants except Woomera in South Australia and Bourke in New South Wales. Just thought I'd drop that fact in to let everyone know we did take in what was going on all around us on the way. Finally it's time to go south to Beacon and load up five tired but happy motorcyclists and reluctantly head for home, with the wonderful memories of nineteen hundred kilometres of dirt tracks and gravel roads. That equates three trips to Kalgoorlie plus the twelve hundred and twenty five kilometres transit on bitumen. Sadly, both Club members Peter and John have subsequently passed away, leaving behind a wonderful memory. Kevin Kerr (with thanks also to Adrian White for typing up this report) (*Thanks Kevin, very jealous of that adventure – Ed.*)

PRESIDENT'S REPORT - JUNE 2018: There comes a time to walk away. That time for me is now. I've never been a quitter, but I see no realistic alternative. Our great, successful and strong Club is being torn apart, on current levels of activity it will become worse far sooner than any improvement is likely to show as - allegedly - more members find fault with what I know to be a very good Committee. And when those dedicated volunteers who spend a great deal of personal time, and some expense too, find their private lives intruded by Club events in the most sordid and depressing way, it's time to go. This is not the way I wanted to end my presidency. To those who supported me, thank you. To those who might think I've let them down, I'm sorry but I see this as the only way to stop the rot. Let's just get on with the pleasures of fixing and riding old motorbikes with our friends of similar persuasion, having fun. Life is indeed too short. For the record, I did make a final attempt to re-unite members, but this failed, as I now believe the plans of the discontented members were already too far advanced to be abandoned. *Adrian White*

VITA BREVIS: The warm start to Autumn has provided a host of opportunities to enjoy your machine or machines before Winter arrives. Crisp mornings soon warm up once the Sun begins to bite and the mist starts to lift. The beat of a big V-twin soon alerts the neighbours that I am heading out. The engine a bit slow to pick-up from cold but soon rumbles up the hills and onto the highway. The Lanfranconis bark and a deep growl comes out of the pipes as the bike picks up speed. Soon we are out of the city limits and on the open road and the Guzzi can be given it's head. As the throttle opens the Guzzi squats and settles into a smooth purr. The bike holds the road without any effort and the crouched position becomes natural as the wind on the chest lifts your weight from the clip-ons. Watching for kangas or emus is essential in the early morning but one advantage is the lack of traffic at this time of day. The bike swings though the bends and smooths out the bumps and never shakes its head. The motor is itching to go faster but the days of giving a machine its head are more limited these days with patrolling police and mobile radar guns. Home again and hopping off the legs, back and wrists complain. Once I rode this bike everyday, commuting through traffic into the City Centre. Nowadays it is just a few times a year and the body complains about assuming old contortions. Hard to imagine riding this bike 1200kms in one day as I did back almost 40 years ago or riding it for 7 weeks through the Kimberley, Gibb River and the Northern Territory. Still the bike runs better than I do and will outlive me. It's strange how we cherish old machinery and especially ones we grew up with. Not something I can always discuss with non-motorcycling colleagues, old friends or new acquaintances. They just don't share the passion or have never experienced a fine motorcycle. Thus it is a rare pleasure to share the love of old motorcycles with others and the Club is to be

valued and treasured for the role it fulfils, not just in my life, but in all who join to just revel in the joy and beauty of old machinery.

On a sadder note, a lot of energy in the Club is being expended by some to express dissatisfaction at the committee minutes from a meeting in February. Whilst understandable that some members may be offended by the tone of the minutes, and the committee has expressed regret at that offence, the dispute cannot be allowed to cloud the fact that the committee had cause to believe that serious breaches of the Associations Act and Club rules had, on the balance of probability, occurred. This matter is still being explored through the appropriate process within Committee. It is important for members to allow procedural fairness to take its course. Unfounded allegations made against the committee have only delayed this matter and inflamed emotions. Unfortunately, recent events and an orchestrated campaign against committee members by a small number of vocal members, has taken its toll. I cannot justify maintaining the level of motivation and commitment of time and energy that my roles require in an atmosphere of personal attacks and misrepresentation. Volunteers can only flourish in a climate of goodwill and not in an atmosphere of mistruth, distortion and falsehood. As well, I intend to resign from the committee, as in all honesty, I cannot serve on the committee when I believe the Associations Act has been breached and the behaviour concerned is applauded by an element of the Club. Breaches of the Act are a serious matter and the Club and individual members can be fined where actions are detrimental to the Club. When you join an association you enter a contract to follow the Rules. When you join a committee you also have legal obligations to put the best interests of the Club forward at all times. As you read this, a group of members are scheming to take over the committee. I hope for the sake of the Club that they take the time to read the Legal Requirements of Committee Members and discover that they have to put the best interests of the Club and all members first and foremost, before personal and factional interests. Thanks are also extended to some of the men of integrity whom I am proud to have worked with to achieve significant steps forward for the Club over the years, namely Elliott Montagu, Barry O'Byrne, Adrian White, Jim Douglas, Greg Eastwood and Chris Davis. *Murray Barnard*

NOTICE OF AGM: The club AGM will take place on the 4th July 2018 at the club rooms starting at 8pm. The committee have decided to bring forward the AGM as there has been some dissatisfaction expressed by a minority of members concerning the club involvement with the York Hill Climb. We believe it is important that the members have their say in the management of the club going forward. This committee have been strong on ensuring that all members observe the Association Act and rules of the club irrespective of allegiance or position. Therefore, we believe it is in the interests of the club to call an AGM now rather than wait until later in the year.

PROFILE KEVIN PALFREY: At our April general meeting Kevin Palfrey was presented with the Outstanding Service Award. Congratulations Kevin, and thank you for your many years of service to our section. In the early days I was a mechanic for my Uncle when he raced TQ's. The TQ had a Triumph Motor Cycle engine in it hence being the start of my interest in motorcycles. My motorcycling days began in the late 50's - early 60's when I joined the AJS Motorcycle Club which was to become the Albany Motorcycle Club. When I was Secretary of the Albany Motorcycle Club I was mostly involved in the running of events - Scrambles - Club Sports, Short

Circuit Racing & Beach Circuit Racing. (Which was held at Ocean Beach at Denmark WA). I then went on to running Open Scramble Events. I travelled to the east coast in the late 60's as a mechanic for a local rider taking part in an Australian Title Scramble event. The largest race meeting I ran as Secretary of the Albany Motorcycle Club was the Australian T.T. Road Racing in Albany in 1968. I had a 1950 ZB33 500cc set-up for short circuit racing. The motor was full of gold star parts, running on methanol. I have owned approx 20 - 25 Motorcycles. British - European - Czechoslovakian & Japanese. I have restored a 1935 Triumph S5 550cc - 1950 ZB500 BSA - Jawa Speedway Bike & several Japanese Bikes. I currently own a 1935 Triumph S5 550cc. 1950 BSA ZB 32 Gold Star - Basket Case. In closing I have met a lot of interesting people & had a lot of enjoyment from motorcycling. My best bike I have owned is the 1950 ZB500 BSA which was set up for short circuit racing. In the early days Frank Bevilaqua's back fence was my side fence & quite often we would scale each others fence with a couple of large bottle of "refreshments" to compare what each other had done on their respective bikes as they were the same model. Since joining the VMCC of WA Albany Section I have been Chairman for 3 Years & I have assisted at every Charity Run. I have been full time trailer back-up for many years. I organised & did the recording at the Hill climbs in Mt Barker & Albany. I have organised & run the Spring Rally for many years which I still do. I ran & helped at Sports & Gymkhana Days, Static Displays, Trach Mach and have always been there to help out when required. I am very honoured to have received the Outstanding Service Award Certificate & Badge, which were presented to me for my years of service to the VMCC of WA Albany Section. *Kevin Palfrey Kevin Palfrey on the left and Paul Armstrong on the right, making the presentation.*



MIDLAND WORKSHOPS 9 JULY 2018: Big turnout on a cold morning to the Midland Workshops for the Machinery Preservation display. The ride from Keith's place to the workshops wasn't even enough to warm the spark plugs never mind my feet. Riding to Keith's first up through Karragullen, Pickering Brook, Bickley Valley, Gooseberry Hill and Helena Valley was enough to remove any feeling from my hands. Great range of bikes in attendance as can be seen from the photos. Some of the machinery on display in the old workshops is impressive. Pics & report - *Murray Barnard*



AGM 2018- COMMITTEE REPORT:
Committee Annual Report: An eventful year

for the committee with most of its members deciding that retirement from this voluntary work is now the best option. This follows the negative energy around the club at present most of which is absolutely unwarranted. The members of this committee have been involved in some major modernisation changes to the club over the last three years. This started with the modernisation to the club's constitution which was long overdue. A necessary change to bring us into line with the Associations Act. We adopted the WA Government supplied Model Rules which cost the club zero in expenditure and ensures that we will always have a constitution which is in accordance with the new and future Association Acts. It also substantially reduced the number of rules in the club and simplified administration. We purchased a storage unit for the club which gives us greater long term financial security and the flexibility to make other changes to our buildings, e.g. this year we have embarked on a revamp of the Ken Marshall room to give the spares stores and the library considerably more room. This would not have been possible without a facility to store our equipment and future parts purchases. Most of the work required is complete but some small items remain, such as electrical work. Over the last three years we have created a club monthly magazine which is the envy of many other clubs in Australia. It is now a full colour mag with current events, pictures from the past, technical articles and members adverts. Something for everyone is contained in the Chatter. We have even had past members, who are no longer members asking to pay a fee to receive a monthly copy. A recognition of how good the chatter has become. Last year we changed the fee structure for the members to be consistent with the results of the fees survey which was carried out. Never an easy task to review and propose a new fee structure as someone will always find fault. However, the fees for membership now dovetail clearly into the areas where members benefits are clearly identified and paid for. We have seen new events created such as the week- end Gypsy Tour. This event is primarily social which builds upon the relationship with the Albany section. The committee continues to be concerned about the low number of members who attend our events. As the older motorcycle enthusiasts are retiring from riding the new members who would normally take their place have not appeared in the same numbers. Something for the committee to consider in future to see if anything can be done to change this sad decline. With 600 members it is strange to find only 30 members out riding their motorcycle. The exception is the Albany section, where with only 60 members they regularly get 30 on an event. In mentioning Albany, we acknowledge their excellent initiative in providing Section awards for deserving members. Positive contributions should always be recognised. Finally, the committee would like to thank all of the volunteers, officials and organisers who have contributed some much over the past year. Without their efforts the club would not be as successful as it is today

PRESIDENT'S REPORT - August 2018: I will take this opportunity to thank all members who attended the AGM, also to thank all the members who voted, with a special thank you to the Albany section. We as a club must move forward planning for the future. Please take some time and think in a positive manner, any ideas you can think of, no matter how crazy that can improve your club. *Trevor Stephenson*

OBSERVATIONS - Richard Argus: I am honoured to have been invited to the committee of our significant club. Everyone I have met in the club since moving to Maida Vale (from Kalgoorlie). In 2011, shares an interest in motorcycles, and for many of us it is a life- affecting passion. I

started riding motorcycles at the age of 10, mustering sheep on Mt Carnage Station (Ora Banda) on Honda Benlys (dad preferred them to the Bantams); hopefully I can achieve another 20 years on two wheels going forward. Like most / all the club members. I have found that one motorcycle is not enough; I always avoid answering my wife's question as to how many are in the shed. Our club has a new committee, and after attending the first meeting of the newly elected team last week, I was impressed with the commitment of the committee members to making the right decisions for the club, and for following due process.. The committee welcomes visitors, and the visitor who attended gave us positive feedback on the experience. I wish to see a survey conducted so that we can understand more clearly what members want from their club, and to improve membership participation across the board of club activities.

LIBRARY RENOVATIONS WELL UNDERWAY:

Recently the old wall to the library was demolished by Trevor Stephenson, Ken Vincent, Gary Tenardi, Jim Douglas and myself. This now provides the opportunity to expand the library once carpet is fitted and electrics installed. The enhanced utility of the Ken Marshall room has been facilitated by using the Maddington unit for overflow storage and committee meetings.



MACHINE ELIGIBILITY: the question of machine eligibility was raised at the October general meeting. There was a suggestion that machine eligibility was not in Club procedures. To clarify, machine eligibility is described in Procedural Instruction #5 which is on the Club website. The key elements of machine eligibility are that the machine be over 25 years of age, be largely original and true to the period for inclusion on the club register. This definition is used by dating and appraisal officers in assessing club eligibility. These officers have full autonomy and exercise flexibility to assist members in getting their machines registered. Road worthiness checks are entirely independent of the Club and conducted by DoT approved machine examiners.

WELFARE MATTERS: Several members have asked why, following the death of a Club member, we no longer place a notice of condolence in the newspaper. As soon as we hear of a death in the Club, we send a "gasket," Club-speak for a card (so called as in days gone by, the card could be used to make gaskets). In this we write appropriate condolences, believing our words can be more personal than is usual in a printed commercial card. We also offer to provide any assistance the Club can give. This process is very well appreciated, as witness the number of thank you calls, and occasionally cards we receive. When we used newspaper notices, and flowers, recipients often said "thank you, but we'd have been happy for you to donate the money, instead, to whichever research foundation was most relevant to the deceased's death. The research foundation then send a card to the family, acknowledging the donation in the deceased's name. Keep the information coming, I can only act on what I know. *Adrian White - Welfare Officer. (Adrian is a volunteer, like all Club officials, providing a service where time permits. If you know of any member needing assistance, ill, injured or sadly passed away, please let Adrian know.*

GOLD FEVER: Report and pics from Richard Argus -

This is my dad's plunger Golden Flash he bought new from Jack Johnston; Kalgoorlie's BSA dealer. Here is Dad on the bike out the front of the homestead at Ora Banda, after buying it (40 miles of gravel road from Kal to Ora Banda). He had intended to buy a Triumph. Ken Marshall (who the Ken Marshall room is named after) was the local Triumph dealer, but he was famous for being hard to deal with (cranky on occasions, and very tight). Dad managed the family pastoral station (Mt Carnage) at Ora Banda, and had bought bikes from Ken for the station. However, Ken wouldn't give him the deal he wanted, so he crossed over Hannan Street to Jack Johnston's BSA shop and bought this bike. It had the Rego number K363, and the date was 1951. Dad would ride to Kalgoorlie every week-end, with the Italian and Yugoslav miners from the Callion/Davyhurst mine, to paint Kalgoorlie red. He said they had all got rid of the mufflers, but would stop on the outskirts of Kalgoorlie (near the two-up) and stuff twigs, etc down the pipes to quieten the bikes. Below: Dad on the bike, after fitting a sidecar. I am wearing the Essendon football jumper. 30 minutes later the sidecar detached as we were on the maiden voyage up the Siberia road; very exciting for a kid! The sidecar was never re-fitted!



Above: Richard's Dad on the right

PRESIDENT'S REPORT - Oct 18 - Trevor Stephenson:

This being my second report I will give those who did not attend the August monthly meeting first item a bit about my past,

1. For the newer members my name is Trevor Stephenson, I have been in VMCC since I was born, I joined the VMCCWA in 1986 while on holiday from Europe, I re-joined in 1989 and was immediately put to work as assistant membership secretary, helping Ron Cherrington when Ron retired from that position I was asked to continue as Membership secretary, I relinquished that position in 1990 to Patricia Sandford. In my years in the UK I was an active member of the racing section, riding 250cc New Imperial GP, a 500cc 1939 T100 Triumph, and 500cc 1924 Sunbeam, I rode in trials on a 1954 Triumph Trophy, which was also my ride to work bike, and raced a modern (1964) T100SS, I was for many years the organiser of the Chalfont hill climb and Ivor grass track.



2. Having been elected as your chairperson by the majority of members present at the AGM, I am somewhat dismayed by the members who put themselves forward and you elected then resign, if

you, as I do, wish to make changes to the VMCCWA, you must do it from the management committee, having said that, the monthly meeting is not the place to air your displeasure at your elected committee.

3. I would like to thank the outgoing committee on the introduction of the Model Rules, by the way I did not vote for the acceptance of the Model Rules, I have now read them and like them as they are easier to follow.

I have implemented job descriptions for each committee member including myself, so if you have a suggestion, comment or complaint please seek-out a committee member, DO NOT STAND ON YOUR HIND LEGS AND WHINGE, find a committee member who will be wearing a badge of office or ask to come to a committee night (Max. 2 financial members) 2nd

Wednesday of the month at the unit in Maddington. NOTE: All positions on the club committee are now filled. We have a vibrant and diverse range of ages and skills on the committee accompanied by enthusiasm and commitment to the best interests of the Club. Welcome is extended to the latest committee members, Nic Montagu, Les Vogiatzakis and Stephen Hill.

MEET & GREET – 2018: Good turnout on Sunday at the Club Unit in Maddington for free sausage sizzle, drinks and cuppas at the President's Meet & Greet new members. The weather Gods smiled upon us as after days of heavy rain and cold winds the morning was clear and bright, sunny if a bit cool. Big turnout in an atmosphere of camaraderie and good cheer.



Pics by Nic Montagu



FEATURE: A DANISH IMPORT: *By Murray Barnard.* Originally published in the magazine *Classic Motorcycling Australia* in November 1989. Jens Gylling is still an active member of the VMCCWA and is in the Albany Section these days.

Jens Gylling won the 1986 spring rally to Pioneer Village, Armadale W.A. despite having a broken speedo cable. Jens had needed to judge the rally speed from the sound of his engine only and no-one was more surprised than Jens when he was presented with his trophy. The machine he won the rally on is an unusual and interesting bike, the four cylinder Danish 750cc Nimbus.



The Nimbus motorcycle was built by a Danish Vacuum Cleaner Company, Nils and Fisker of Copenhagen, between 1919 and 1959. Only 12,000 motorcycles were built by the company and due mostly to the solid and under-stressed design and the ready availability of parts at least 5500 are still on the road, mostly in Denmark (there is another estimate that 8,000 survive all up). Despite the depredations of time the Nimbus motorcycle remains popular and the Danish Nimbus Touring Club has 2000 members scattered worldwide, including

such contrasting landscapes as Greenland and Australia. Jens spoke of the 30 members in Norway who mainly ride the remnants of 100 machines originally hidden from the Germans but eventually discovered and used in their invasion of Norway in April 1940. The touring club maintains contact with its members through a well produced and detailed newsletter. In addition the club produces calendars and posters featuring the Nimbus. Jens advised that 95% of all the Nimbus parts can still be purchased, including new cylinder heads (a necessary item apparently if high speed is maintained). The Nimbus factory was very aware of the need to provide a good supply of parts to their patriotic supporters. Owners today can be thankful that the parts situation has remained so good mainly due to the factory's foresight.

Reliability, the word keeps on cropping up in respect of the Nimbus and Jens is not short of tales to illustrate his machine's reputation. For example, he showed me a photograph of a Danish fishmonger whose Nimbus has done 500,000kms, out-lasting his sidecar even which had eventually rusted out from the salt. Nils and Fisker had won their strong reputation for reliability mainly from the high standard electrical products they made; witness the Nilfisk industrial vacuum cleaners still available.

The introduction of the Nimbus in 1919 was certainly an eye-opener; the machine was very sophisticated using an inlet over exhaust 4 cylinder engine with shaft drive mounted in a pressed steel frame complete with a rear swinging arm and springs. Production of the "stovepipe" model continued until 1928 by which time the motorcycle was becoming a first class machine mainly due to the factory policy of continued development of only the one model.

Production ceased when the company could no longer cope with the demand for both the Nimbus and the Nilfisk vacuum cleaner. By 1934 the company's financial stocks were so high that a huge new factory was built and production of a revived Nimbus was commenced. The new Nimbus continued with tradition being a four cylinder motor of 746cc driven by shaft drive. The front suspension however was advanced for the time consisting of sliding telescopic forks. The forks carried a deeply valanced mudguard mounted on the fork stanchions, thus reducing unsprung weight. This was changed post war when the mudguard was mounted on the sliders. Thus a rather small company had beaten the

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major factories to the production of tele-forks, even pipping the likes of BMW to the post by a few months. The ingenuity of the front end was not matched at the rear however, where rider comfort and bike stability was maintained only by a rigid rear end and a sprung saddle. The rider's saddle and the pillion seat are cushioned ingeniously by large rubber bands. The Nimbus engine to all intents and purposes looks like an automobile engine and closely follows sports car practice of the time. The upper half of the crankcase and the cylinders are a one piece iron casting. The lower crankcase half sump is an aluminium casting with an oil capacity of 2 litres.



Considering the physical size of the sump the oil capacity seems almost miserly. The head and the induction manifold are one piece with the exhaust valves on the right-hand side and the inlet valves on the left, both exposed to the cooling air and dust. Fortunately the valve guides are removable and the inlet guides are also automatically lubricated. The camshaft housing is an aluminium casting which carries the rockers on ball and socket bearings. The cam drive runs vertically and incorporates the dynamo which is mounted forward of the cylinder block. The vertical camdrive also operates the oil pump and to top it all off the points are located in the front of the camshaft housing and driven by the same shaft. An interesting arrangement and one that evidently works well and with all the electrical reliability that Nils and Fisker had developed in their domestic appliances.

The clutch is a large single plate item which is attached to the flywheel. The 3 speed gearbox is behind the clutch case and is operated by a foot change which incorporates the selector mechanism in an external mounting. The gearbox is lubricated by oil returning from the cam drive. The engine oil is connected to the carburettor by a tube which

removes fumes from the crankcase. As this lowers the oil pressure, oil leaks are prevented while the engine is running. The engine oil level can be checked by using a car type dipstick.

Riding the Nimbus reinforces the fact that the bike was not built with ultimate power in mind but with regard to smooth and progressive slogging power. The controls are as simple and utilitarian as could be. The handlebar instrument panel is sparse, consisting only of a speedometer, damper knob and ignition key. The low compression ratio of 5.4:1 makes starting with the kick pedal a simple chore. The motor idles readily with the rockers chattering up and down in a seemingly random manner. First gear is engaged without any of the grating one gets used to on a British bike and the flexible motor allows you pull away smoothly as the clutch is dis-engaged. The low centre of gravity is immediately noticeable and the Nimbus is very easy to control and steer.

The stability is very reassuring and the only drawbacks are the lack of rear suspension and the sponginess of the forks. The throttle is operated by the righthand grip which is connected to a hook which pulls the throttle cable away from the cable outer in a primitive but effective manner. The left hand grip is turned to operate the lights. The wiring is very accessible under the handlebar plate and explains the lack of messy wiring so normal on other machines.

First gear is useless except for climbing mountains or escorting the Pope. Second gear likewise is only of nuisance value as top needs to be selected before reaching 30kmh. The unique exhaust sound of a vintage four cylinder is pleasant to hear when riding but is anything but obtrusive. The riding position is high with a short reach to the bars and is very comfortable.

The knee pads on the tank are actually bolted to the frame members and are adjustable to suit different riders. The engine produces 22bhp at 4500rpm but with the low gearing a speed of 70kmh was all that could be maintained comfortably. Owners of a Nimbus can probably cruise faster but grateful test-riders are more circumspect. The brakes are quite effective at the speeds attained and gave no cause for alarm. It is easy to see why the Nimbus was so popular with Danish working men and the armed services. The bike is largely vice free, solid, easily maintained and handles predictably. Compared to the British

motorcycles available at the time the Nimbus was advanced in design and reliable. This was reflected in sales in Denmark at the time where Nimbus outsold BSA, 2:1 in the mid 30's. The Nimbus is a clear demonstration of what sound engineering a small country is capable of, how about it Australia? The reliability of its design will ensure this bike stays on the road for many years to come providing the satisfaction only a well engineered machine can provide.



JASMINE'S RIDERS PROFILE - ALBANY: First bike owned and ridden was a 1960 Bianchi 50cc (3V) when she was 14 -15. Three favourite bikes Jasmine has owned are a 1953 AJS 18s 500cc, a 2010 Kawasaki Ninja 250R and a 1970 Honda CB125. She would like to own an AJS 7R (the most sensuous thing made of magnesium and steel). The bike she has owned the longest is the AJS 18S, 3 years. Her favourite motorcycle ride is - Adelaide River; Mount Bundy

Station, 200 miles round trip through some of the most beautiful country in Australia. Jasmine's reason for joining the VMCC, "I wanted to have a club full of people , my age (circa) who I could relate to and go on rides with (motorcycle rides that is)."

KEITH'S BBQ: Good turnout for the BBQ lunch and machine display at Keith Wellers late August 18. (Pics by Nic Montagu)



VALE - RON CHERRINGTON: With great sorrow we



record the death of Club founder member # 41 Ron Cherrington. Ron passed away on 3 July 2018. The Life Membership awarded Ron in 2002 speaks volumes for his long contribution to our Club. Ron will be remembered riding, with wife Merle in the the chair, his o.h.v. Jap

engined Zenith outfit which twice took them to South Australia and back, and remembered too for his unfailing good nature and his willingness to help anyone, anytime. Lionel Bridle was Machine Examiner but this was always done at the Cherrington residence. Ron served seven years as Membership Secretary during which time he introduced the name disks we still use today. His motorcycling finished with the sale of the Zenith which was replaced with an Austin Seven sports car which featured a very pretty boat tail body built by Cliff Byfield. Ron is survived by wife Merle, children Wayne, Brian and Louise to whom we offer our deepest condolences. *Adrian White*

ALBANY MEMBER PROFILE: MEMBER'S PROFILE:

DENNIS LOHOAR: The first bike Dennis rode was a Triumph T110 when he was 18. And the first he owned, and still has, is a Ural with sidecar which he got when he was 71 years young. But for six years he worked at Vansteeg Honda and Mortlocks, they supplied him with bikes to use. His 3 favourite bikes are , the Ural, a Honda 250 and an 880 Harley also with a sidecar. Dennis would like to own a Honda Goldwing. His favourite ride is out to Two Peoples Bay and he joined the club to meet fellow bike riders and enjoy their company.

(Scribes note. I had heard around the club that Dennis used to drive TQ's, so because they were fitted with motorbike engines and Dennis was very successful I thought members might be interested in his history, so I asked him for his story). In 1962 I started racing TQ's (now known as formula 500's) My first car was fitted with a Triumph Twin motorbike engine. This sport suiting me, soon I rose to higher levels, having a new car built and fitted with a BSA Gold Star motorbike engine. A black car number 3, a real little ripper, bringing me or winning me many

rewards. 1964 TQ open Championship at Narembreen. 12th December second place in Eastern Districts Speedcar Championship at Kellerberrin driving this TQ. 1965 June 12th Australian TQ Championship at Bibra Lake. March 19th WA TQ Championship at Claremont Speedway, then the following night won the Eastern Districts TQ Championship at Kellerberrin. Over the years from 1962 to 1975 broke many lap records and had many successes in my sporting hobby, racing all over the state of WA.

RICHARD MATTHEWS PROFILE: I was born in Folkestone, Kent in 1931. According to my mother a neighbour who looked into my pram saw a small, sickly baby and informed Mother I would not survive. (charming! Ed) Obviously she got it wrong, eighty-six years later, by the grace of God. My motor cycling bug bit at fourteen years old when an ex school friend turned up at the library on a two stroke GTP Velocette and gave my older brother and I a ride, pillion, round the block.

We were both hooked. Next weekend we saw a MSS 500cc Velocette for sale in the paper for £80, my brother was a butcher, had some savings so we cycled the three miles for a look. I shall never forget our admiration and delight when the owner uncovered this 1938 Velocette and wheeled it out of the shed, immaculate in its black and gold livery and fishtail exhaust. Fuel siphoned from a lawn mower and a few lusty kicks brought this long unused bike roaring to life, beautiful. After a briefing from the owner Ron rode home.

This was in 1945, driving licence examinations were suspended until hostilities ceased. That afternoon Ron took Mother about twenty miles into the country to visit Grandma. On the way back the Velo stopped, a friendly gent who offered help declared the spark plug cracked and asked Ron how he was getting on with the gears - "gears"? said Ron - he'd done the trip in first! We had lots of fun with that bike though it had a habit of breaking kick starter return springs, no doubt due to incorrect use of the said starter. A knowledgeable motorcyclist offered £90 and became owner of the Velo. Father, a butcher, purchased a shop in in nearby Hythe and needed a delivery vehicle to be operated by Ron, who was only sixteen, old enough to drive a motor bike but not a van so a new Matchless G80 500cc with Watsonian box sidecar was purchased. Ron was later conscripted into the Army so I inherited the delivery job on the outfit with many prangs along the way!

In post war Britain you expected to wait about a year after ordering a new motorcycle so I ordered a Triumph 3T and settled down to wait but to my surprise the local dealer phoned soon after asking did I want my bike now? Did I what!? He'd had a cancellation. Despite having no licence I rode for several months, fortunately with no accidents. My brother by now had a Triumph Speed Twin, all that power! I wanted one too but none were available in the foreseeable future so I settled for a Matchless G80, followed by a Tiger 100 and another two Speed Twins.

In those days we spent most weekends riding to various grass track, trials and scrambles events, plus road racing at Cadwell Park, Brands Hatch and others. By this time my turn had come to be conscripted into the British Army, taking my Speed Twin wherever they posted me. My most memorable occasion came when I was selected to ride as part of a Regimental three bike team in an A.C.U. 24 hour rally. We were given a week off to ride from Warminster in Wiltshire across England to Liverpool, then through most counties and back to Kent. I rode a girder forked 350cc Ariel. On my de-mob in 1951 I resumed butchering as manager of various shops. I met Margaret, we married in 1954 and we've enjoyed sixty-three years of happy life together, being blessed with three sons and a daughter.

We purchased our own butcher shop in 1955, in Handcross, Sussex; selling the Speed Twin in the process. An Ariel Colt 200cc was our next transport and we spent many happy miles two up on this bike. In 1970 we emigrated to Western Australia. Margaret and our three boys all attained motor cycle licences, together we spent many happy hours touring the state. We had number of modern bikes including a Honda 400/4, Yamaha 750 triple and various B.M.W. machines. In 1993 I retired, bought an immaculate 1968 Triumph Bonneville and joined the Vintage Motorcycle Club, making many good friends and very much enjoying weekend rides. Eventually I organised rides including the annual Toodyay Tootle which was well supported. Now living in Mundaring Retirement Village I have only room for one bike. Finding maintenance a chore on an older bike I purchased a new Indian Scout and at the ripe old age of eighty-six I am fortunately able still to ride, most weeks covering five hundred kilometres or so around the pleasant country towns in Western Australia. I have found that with motorcycles you either love them or hate them; for me they have

bought me much life long pleasure, there's nothing like a winding country road with a powerful motorcycle beneath you. *Richard Matthews*

HONORARY MEMBERSHIP - JIM HOWE: Jim Howe presented with his certificate of Honorary Membership for his service to Motorcycle Community in WA for over 66 years with Murray Barnard as sponsor for the award. On display a T500 Suzuki Production racer. Jim sponsored Murray in 4 Castrol 3 Hour production races in the mid 70s.



VITA BREVIS: by Murray Barnard - Been a busy month traveling to UK for a wedding. Of course, I had to sneak some motorcycles in there somehow. First stop was Llangollen a picturesque village in the Berwyn Mountains on the River Dee near the border with England. Ruins of a 12thC castle soar over the town and the substantial remains of Valle Crucis are nearby, a monastery destroyed by Henry VIII in the 16thC.

More importantly Llangollen is home to a family owned Motor Museum with quite a few motorcycles included. The Museum is stacked with memorabilia and has a nice collection of machines on display. Most of the motorbikes are old British bikes, for example Norton, Triumph, Ariel, Sunbeam, DOT, Royal Enfield, Velocette, Neracar and B.S.A. to name but a few. The Motor Museum also has a rather special New Imperial Motor Cycle on display. This particular New Imperial model, sports the registration number "VN 8255" which would indicate its origin as being first registered in Yorkshire. It is a 250cc single cylinder machine manufactured in 1935 and retailing in that

year for the princely sum of £35-15s. There is a big pile of used and NOS parts in the museum but I found nothing that would suit me. The founder of the museum passed away in 2016 and the museum is showing signs of decay. If you want to see it I suggest you go soon.

Next stop was Berlin where I enjoyed several outings on Suzuki triples with the local Water Buffalo Club courtesy of an old fiend and keen GT750 Suzuki racer and collector, Martin Krause. Other than the occasional very old cobblestone road (which are very rough), East German roads are very good, clean and not too busy. Martin took me to several Biker Cafes in the country outside of Berlin which were packed with new and old machines. In summer the bike scene is very alive, in Winter it can be 20 below and snowing. Bikes are a definite no no then!

JIM FORSTER'S 100 BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION – 27

Oct 2018: Jim Forster was born on the 13th October 1918 and was 100 years old just recently. He is still sharp as a tack. He was always out riding his motorbikes until the powers to be took his license off of him. He always said that if he still had his motorbikes on his 100th birthday he was going for a ride around Rockingham whether he had his license or not, but unfortunately they were sold at auction last year. Jim had 10 Classic motorbikes, four Harleys, three Ariels, one BSA, one Velocette and a 75cc scooter. He also had a 1918 Model T roadster, 1927 Chrysler C cab ute, a 1962 Rover and XB/GS Panelvan. The XB and Rover he owned since new.



One of his school mates bought an early Triumph with the proceeds from selling a push bike to Jim. Jim was a bit peeved about this but was very pleased as he was the only one able to fix it and he got to ride it quite a bit. Jim's knowledge on mechanics started on his family farm in Kellerberrin W.A. and as necessity

is the mother of invention and fuel was in short supply he converted all the farm machinery, both mobile and fixed plant, to run on gas producers (ie burning charcoal). He made a small one of these machines a few years ago to run a single cylinder engine to show people how the system worked. It's funny to see their faces when they realise the fuel hose is disconnected. Jim's first foray into sidecars was when he was stationed in Applecross, one morning the Sergeant came down and told Jim he was to take Major Potts to Fremantle in the Sergeant's bike and sidecar, and before Jim could say he had never used a sidecar Major Potts was standing alongside the outfit ready to go. They made it down to Fremantle with no mishaps and on returning the Sergeant asked how he went, and Jim replied I got there, the Sergeant then asked what he meant, and Jim said he had never ridden an outfit before. The officer went off his brain and said why didn't you tell me, Jim's answer was you never gave me a chance and just marched off. Some members may not realise that Jim put a V twin JAP motor into a girder fork Ariel Frame. When asked why he was doing it, he said because somebody told him he couldn't.

I rode with Jim in the breakfast run one day from Roleystone across to Karnet Prison Farm and coming down the Karnet Hill to Southwest Highway I couldn't catch him, coming up the highway was keeping up with all the traffic and when we stopped at Armadale lights I asked him what speed he was doing, his reply was the bloody speedo doesn't work but she's going good, hey. Jim was also a rider in the re-enactment of the Overlanders ride from Perth to Sydney with his WLA Harley and sidecar. This is a very interesting man to talk to especially on all the things he's done in his lifetime, and considering he only had three years of schooling – *Norm Beecroft*

Super day for a ride with no rain and warm weather. When I arrived at 11:00 there were already a good number of bikes on display. Mike Davie rocked up a short while later on the BMW with the chair which was Jim's transport for the day. By 11:30 we had the full complement of riders plus all the event attendees. Everyone was reluctant to start their bikes. Enjoying the company of like-minded old bike fanatics I suspect. The ride was led out by Mike with the outfit on loan from Clive Glands. The route took them around Rockingham with a few minor incidents. Fuel and gear change problem for the BMW but all arrived safely at the venue for lunch. A good lunch with a speech from Trevor the Chair, with information

kindly provided by Norm Beecroft. Presentations were made to Jim with a book "The hundred year old man who stepped out of the window and disappeared" and a certificate to commemorate the event from Trevor. There were 29 folks at the lunch. The most memorable moment came when Jim, himself stood and gave a speech thanking all the members present for attending and for the friendship provided by the club and its members over many years. Special mention must go to the following who helped make this event so special: Norm & Georgie Beecroft for the speech writing and liaison with the family, Mike Davie for finding the lunch venue and driving the Outfit, Clive Glands for providing the Outfit, Trev Stephenson for the speech and providing the commemorative certificate and to all those who attended and made this a special day for him – *Jim Douglas*

VALE- CHARLIE LAWSON: Very sad to report the passing of a stalwart club member, Charlie Lawson. Charlie has been an active club member from the founding of the club in 1975. For his contribution Charlie was made a club life member. Commiserations are extended to the Lawson family on their loss.



VALE ERN SERLS: Sad to report that past President and Life Member Ernie Serls has passed away. A private memorial service was held by his family.

GYPSY TOUR – 9/12 NOV 2018: What a grand turnout for the 2018 Gypsy Tour, 28 people from the metro area/Kalgoorlie and of course a fabulous attendance from the Albany Section.

The weather was kinder on us this year, last year we were hit with temperatures over 40C in early

December, this year low 20s was the norm which made for great riding. On the Saturday a light mist blew in early in the morning but from then on the day was perfect. Sunday was also a great day.



The Gypsy Tour started on the Saturday with a ride up and along the Scotsdale Road out of Denmark, a nice twisty road through the trees and amongst vineyards and green fields. Very soothing on the eyes. First stop was Duckett's Mill where lots of purchases of cheese, chocolates and coffee were made. Many a Gypsy was seen leaving the Winery with bags of goodies and I even secured a very tasty peanut chocolate slab which was devoured with relish! The tour continued West to the Valley of the Giants before heading back Denmark way and stopping again at the Denmark Cidery and Toffee Factory.

The starving masses devoured enormous hamburgers and plates of chips whilst tasting the ciders and the extra tasty toffee choices on offer. The group sated from lunch then trundled back to Denmark for a rest. Sunday we were up bright and early and the Gypsies headed off towards Albany to meet with the Albany Section riders at Young's Siding.

In remembrance at 11am a moving one minute's silence was lead by Paul Armstrong being 100 years since the Armistice. The combined group of riders

then rode to the Section clubrooms at Little Grove via Mutton Bird Island. The Albany Section laid on a magnificent BBQ feast for the Tourists and it was great opportunity to catch up with members of the section. Again, the weather was kind and Princess

Royal Harbour made for a wonderful location. Thanks to those who joined the Gypsy Tour for making it a great event and special thanks to Albany for your hospitality. *Murray Barnard*





John Moorehead – receiving a Certificate of Appreciation for service as CMC Rep, presented by Rex Edmondson



John Laurence - receiving a Certificate of Appreciation for service as Meeting Registrar, presented by Rex Edmondson

KALGOORLIE TOY RUN & RIDE TO ORA BANDA – 1 Dec 18: The club event over the weekend to Ora Banda, Broad Arrow and the Kalgoorlie Toy Run was a big success. Once arriving at Kalgoorlie, we covered about 300 miles (just under 500 Km) throughout the district with four 1950's BSA's and a 1974 Kawasaki Mach 111. Later joined by a '77 Yamaha XT500 road/trail bike.

Appreciation to Richard Argus for organizing the event and providing excellent historical commentary in our travels. Big thanks to Mario and Cathy Cudini providing a base and hosting Colin and myself. We all enjoyed the event immensely and will be looking forward to next year – *pics & report by Andrew Hobday.*



BOXING DAY BREAKFAST – 26 Dec 2018: Good turnout on a largely fly free day that wasn't too hot, sadly without Ken, who was unwell. Trevor never made it on his little ag bike having to hitch a ride in the ute. Pics: Murray Barnard



MACHINE PRESENTATION – 1933 TRIUMPH SILENT SCOUT – KEN VINCENT: In 1978 Ken obtained the machine as an incomplete box of parts. The engine came from the late Peter Groucott. All the parts were broken and had been passed on between many hands including the gearbox that was in very bad condition. Michael Rock provided another gearbox. Ken also sourced a clutch 20 years ago whilst in the UK. Restoration commenced 2 years ago. One of only a few running examples in the world and a credit to Ken's dedication.





END VOLUME TWO

