
The Good Oil



Volume 20 Number 7 April 2012.

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The Triumph TT Racer of our late past Secretary, Ian Corlett is back having been restored by Phil Baughan. .



Photo's in this issue are courtesy of Nick Clarke.

www.historicmotorcycleracing.org

HMCRRSA OFFICE BEARERS 2010/2011

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Club Delegates	Phil Baughan – Road Race/MSA	
Club Address	PO Box 90 HINDMARSH SA 5007	
General Meeting Venue (third Thursday of each month)	MSA Office 251 The Parade BEULAH PARK	Committee Meeting (first Tuesday of every month)
Honorary Life Members	Peter WESTERMAN (†Deceased) Richard RAKE Danny AHERN David MANSON Len SMITH Ken LUCAS “Doc” WATSON (†Deceased) Trevor HENDERSON Phil BAUGHAN Len DYSON	1998 1999 2000 2001 2002 2003 2004 2005 2007 2009

Editorial

Music to the ears!

An interesting article by Nick Clarke this month prompted some nostalgia of my own. When I first went to the Territory we flew in and out in Douglas DC3's for quite a few years. The rumbling of the radial engines are set in my memory for ever. Parafield Airport had an air-show recently and I never left the yard during the day with those old war-birds flying overhead I didn't need to buy an entry ticket to enjoy the delightful sounds of the radial engines flying the circuit overhead.

Last weekend there was an open day at Goolwa for the revamped speedboat club with spirited demonstrations of all types of craft from wooden boats of yesteryear to modern craft with full race engines that would need a mortgage the size of a Vincent to service.

There were small wooden boats with four cylinder engines, larger wooden boats with six

cylinder engines and smaller wooden skates with V8 engines, there were the modern fibreglass versions of rear mounted engines, forward mounted engines and Hydroplane Hulls.

The spirited demonstrations allowed the owners to exercise the muscle and aura of their beloved engines some of which had been sitting in the sheds for some time. The top of the range boats with the modern engines sporting Superchargers vs the Carburetted Ram-tube engines were music to the ears with no indication valve bounce while a possible 9-9.5 thousand revs screamed out.

The fact that most of the boat was out of the water with only the prop and rudder being the only contact reminded me of the similarities that we achieve with that small patch of rubber.

Stay Upright # 55

President's Report

Sadly, I shall be an apology for this meeting, one of the few I've missed since joining this club. Also missing will be our Vice President, Dan going to Broadford for the Vic titles. Running the show will be in the capable hands of the Watson brothers, so no need to worry.

The proposal to give an annual rebate to those who race passed easily at last month's meeting, so hopefully we'll get others to race who don't normally. We do need new blood on the committee though, so put your hand up and give a hand. Sadly, not too many ventured

to Mac Park for the State Titles. Speaking of Mac Park, their 50 – year celebrations went off well. The dinner on Saturday night, parade laps for machines and riders of interest, and some excellent racing made for a great weekend. Next one is the 'Seniors' in May.

I should have the club points for Easter at Mac Park ready for next month's "Oil", and more detail of the meeting.

Trevor Henderson # 55

Trev's Titbits

The Atujara club ran the Laurie Boulter and Hec Henderson Hill climb on 18th March at Collingrove, catering for solos, sidecars and quads. Richard Rake (750 Dominator) and myself were our club contingent. Total entry was 52, not far from the 60 maximum.

Steward was Phil Baughan, who brought the Corlett Triumph to display, and spectating were Bob Glynn, John Whallin, Les Bell, Brian Stuart and Jonathon Gutte. Up to 8 runs were possible, Richard having 6 and myself 7. Paul Cawthorne (Kawa Z1B) won the "Classic"

The Point of Hill Climbing!

class, though Richard was marginally quicker on the first run. My best time was slightly slower than previously, but still good fun, and I look forward t next time. Why not try it?

We issue club points for hill climbs and sprints on the basis of one point per run, plus 3-2-1 for finishing position in your class/period.

So for the meeting # 1 of 2012:

Number	Name	Machine	Period	Class	Class Points	Run Points	Total
99	Richard Rake	Norton 750	3	Unlimited	3	6	9
52	Trevor Henderson	Bultaco 125	3	125cc	3	7	10

For those who may have joined recently, or forgotten, the formula for Historic events at road race meetings if 1st = 3 points, 2nd = 2 points and 3rd = 1 point, plus an extra point for starting (whether you finish or not).

Thumbs Up and Change Right

Trevor Henderson #55

Clarke's Occasional Comment

I heard an interesting expression to describe domestic aircraft, the cattle class of the sky. It is “kerosene butterfly”!

That made me smile! The pungent aroma of burnt kero certainly fits, although consumers can only hope that the tin sausage has more directional stability than their prettier namesake.

Is this connected with Historic Motorcycles? Indirectly, apart from the fact that we use them to get to distant race meetings. Last year my job specification changed for “a few weeks”, 25 as it turned out, and the people I worked with reckoned I did a good job, so they all chipped in for a flight in a Tiger Moth. Now we’re getting closer.

I love flying, but can’t afford that either, regardless of the fact that I’m colour blind and can’t tell from the navigation lights if another plane is coming or going. What about the red oil light, you say?

Off we totted on a sunny Monday morning to the Aldinga Beach airfield, to be met by a canary yellow and silver bird. Look up www.adelaidebiplanes.com.au. Vicki and the dogs watched from the verandah and chatted with some visitors while we did the Posey taxi past before taking off.

The history of the “Moth” goes back MANY years, and rumour has it that it was designed rough drawn on a bit of paper using the TLAR principle.....that looks about right. The wing tips were too close to the ground, so they angled them up a bit. The fuel tank was directly over the passenger’s head, being gravity feed from the centre of the upper wing, so they moved the centre of the wings forward a bit. And that was that. Time is testament to the robustness and ability of this design.

Incidentally, this particular plane was based at Mallala in 1940 while my father Norm was posted there (the war, you know) as an aircraft maintenance instructor, specializing in the Gypsy Moth motor, so there is a fair chance that he has worked on it.

The connection with Historic Motorcycles is philosophical. Here we have a device of bare bones basic technology – rocker covers that will leak if you are not careful, all the working bits whizzing about for all to see, open exhausts, the smell of burnt Avgas, bits of wire, and a spare magneto in case one stuffs up. Sound familiar?

Starting is just like in the movies: “CONTACT!” (magneto on) and flick the propeller while not standing in the way of the next blade when it comes around, only a bit more complicated. So off we went down the grass strip, lofting at about the terminal speed of a Bantam....but it didn’t MATTER.

Four controls, six instruments, steel tube, canvas and Bakelite made a docile, robust, beautifully balanced and eminently graceful old lady of the air. Aerobatics over the sea demonstrated an ability that is not immediately obvious. 80 knots, flat to the boards, cruise at 65 knots. Not much, is it.

Equally obvious was the skill and experience of the pilot...it was simply an extension of him, part of him. We progressed as one smooth ballet, just as you see a really good rider that looks a lot slower than the time clock says.

The simplicity, the hands on technology is just so connected to Historic bikes, especially P3 and earlier.

I like that. Nick

We did not go to Phillip Island! There was a grander plan afoot! BSFOS! For the uninitiated that is the Barry Sheene Festival of Speed.

Sometime later this year the Historic National Titles are on at Eastern Creek so this year seemed like a good time to go to Eastern Creek for the BSFOS. I have been talking about BSFOS for a long time but it is an expensive meeting so I kept putting it off in favour of the Island Classic at Phillip Island – yes, that is an expensive meeting too but it is a thousand(ish) kms closer to home than Eastern Creek.

The decision to go this way was made shortly after the SA State Titles at Mac Park – yes, after that meeting where I crapped a gearbox! So, what did that decision mean? Well rebuild a gearbox to start with. But wait, if I am going to Eastern Creek the next meeting after that is at Mac Park at Easter time - just two weeks later – so if we go from EC to MP without going home there is near enough a thousand kays saved! So that means I need a good spare motor too. Now I have a dodgy spare and a standard motor so it means that I need to work on one of them to build a good motor. I decided to keep the dodgy one as is and take the ‘convert a standard motor into a race motor’ option. Mistake!

Oh, and I did not have any brakes either because a deal done a long time ago has so far only proved to lighten my bank account!

So, after a number of nights in the shed over the two intervening months I loaded a bike into the trailer that was very much ready to go and put a dodgy spare motor in the bus alongside a half converted motor (‘coz like all jobs that takes a lot longer than you think it is going). The bike had the old brakes reattached!

In the meantime, the realisation that Craig’s lectures meant that he would not be able to go left me without a passenger. Phil Treacey from Victoria filled the void vowing that he was looking forward to riding with me (Why????).

The couple of weeks prior to our departure saw a lot of rain happening in a lot of places. Most of those places poured their run off into one of the four main rivers that Australia owns and those rivers were not coping so there were flooded roads. We still left home with a positive attitude – until we got to Piangil. There we rang Hay police station to be told that if we took a number of detours we could get across. We thought it might be wiser to follow along the Murray and then go up the Hume. Well, that was OK until just past Echuca we met a sign saying ‘floods in progress, please turn right’. Well ‘right’ was ‘wrong’ in our opinion but we had no choice. So after visiting Benalla and Winton we started making our way north eventually arriving at EC on Thursday afternoon to find that there was secret Audi business going on and we were not allowed into the track. After waiting an hour and a half we found out that we could actually go to the camp ground – just not into the pits!!!

We ventured toward that camp ground to be greeted by the biggest brightest flood light you have ever met – and it looked like staying on all night – which ultimately it did - so we parked skewiff with our back to the light. Barbara and I then walked the track before dinner so that at least I had some idea of where it went. In the meantime Phil had called to say that he had been delayed and his planned 9pm arrival at the track is now going to be midnight-ish!!! Oh well Phil, that beer we were going to have when you arrived is in the fridge and we will leave the light on for you... Goodnight!

Friday morning, get the bike out, do all the scrutineering, briefing, transponder collecting, greeting, picking up tips etc and then we start the bike. Well some say two out of three ain’t bad but on a Kawasaki triple that is not good! Fiddle, fiddle.... hmmm seems like there is no spark on number 3! Check stuff and isolate a problem at the pickup... no trouble, resolder and all will be good... oh what, still not good... bit stressed now, first practice imminent and still only on two. Finally replace whole unit

with another standard one... all works good, helmets on and out we go. Darn, did not quite get to have that chat about where the track went so Phil is swinging blind! But we get around and are only a couple of seconds slower than Terry – our target.

Second practice, we get quicker, start to have a bit of confidence that we know which way the next corner is going and are starting to have fun.

Qualifying commences and we are out early with a plan, warm up lap, speed up lap, fast lap and call it quits. The plan works and we are less than a second slower than Terry so we will be next to him on the grid.

First race, slow start because I completely misread the starter's actions, but we were up with Terry at turn two and stay with him for a couple laps but then it is clear we are not going to get past him so settle for second and trail him by quite a bit over the line.

Second race, awesome start, swapped positions with Terry several times each lap for first two and a half laps and then a red flag brought the fun to an end. Confused about proceedings from there on we reformed on the dummy grid and eventually went out for a restart. Same antics swapping places with Terry until second lap as we came onto the straight big hiccup and Terry passed us on the run onto the straight... What the? He can't usually do that! But he did and we hiccupped down the straight but got going ok and cruised around for a finish to reap a few points. Back in the pits, start to consider ignition again but gut feel said it was something else... check fuel... less than a litre left! In a big flat tank that represents nothing! Think about it and oh bugger, the farting around with the red flag meant that we actually did around 8 laps with all but one at some speed and several at full noise. Some calculations and thinking and we realise that we may be in trouble on full noise for a whole race. We reduce the main jets but a bit, and then worked on a plan based on filling the header tank as well as the main tank before starting. This gave us a start load of 25 litres!

Sunday, start bike, seems OK but there is no warm up so straight out for the first race... Sighting lap is crap, won't run cleanly on three, lift a plug cap to make the spark jump and hopefully clean the plug but still not good. Start race and still on two, persevere for a bit with the hope that it will clean up but just about to give up when I see a red flag. Phew, into the pits, get Phil to top up fuel while I change the spark plug and we are back on the dummy grid ready to go again. Sighting lap, still on two so pull in. Investigate and find that the metering needle has jumped out and there is no metering happening... Doh! At least it is an easy fix... but given that we have just missed a quarter of our races it is very frustrating.

Meantime the powers that be decided that they would change the program. Phil had a plane to catch that evening and on the original program we were fine because our last race would have been about 3.00pm but for some inexplicable reason those Ps that B decided it would be better to run my race at 5.15pm, this meant that Phil could not do it. Once again, I had no passenger! Start asking around to see if there is someone who might like a bit of fun and quickly have several options. I go with the athletic looking lad who is so eager to have a ride that I could not say no to him. Even though it was still over an hour before we went on track Charlie was there, ready and eager, and assuring me that he was ready.

Finally the time arrived, Charlie had his helmet on and I think he was half way around the track before I got my helmet on, he was that keen!!! We did the sighting lap and he was in the right place at the right time so it was looking good. We lined up and when the lights went out I dropped the clutch and went for it. BUT, about ten metres and it jumped out of gear...I let the revs drop a bit and pulled the gear lever up to make sure I didn't do too much damage and found second gear and it bogged down but we finally got going just as the last outfit disappeared around turn one. Well the red mist came down and I went for it. Charlie did a fantastic job and it was not long before we were up with Terry and an F2 (which turned out to be my friend Chrissie Clancy). We

fought with Chrissie for a bit and finally got around her and went after Terry. We came up on him in turn two and lined him up through three and then went around the outside of him in four before blocking him in five. In previous races Terry had cut under us in turn nine, I defended that line so that we headed onto the straight in front of him to take the chequered flag. Big smiles for both Charlie and I... until... getting off the bike we see oil everywhere... What the?

Obviously it is gearbox oil but why and how did it get out? It certainly did explain one thing though and that was the big slide coming out of turn three on the last lap.

I removed the covers to inspect everything and while it was clear that the oil was mainly on the left hand side it certainly was not clear as to how it got out. Oh well, I have a couple of days arranged at Patterson and a couple more days at my sister's place at Geelong – I would sort the problem then. For now, the win in the last race gave us second overall for the weekend and showed that we could possibly have beaten Terry if we had had a good run for each race.

We left the track quite late on Sunday evening, after presentations, packing and a shower, we headed north toward Patterson for our few days with Bill and Penny. But before we got there we parked at Hawkesbury River and caught the train into Sydney for a day of walking around 'coz Barbara had not really been around Sydney much. We visited The Rocks, Circular Quay, Darling Harbour, rode the Monorail, China Town and more. It was a great day. The train trip in and out was excellent too. Next morning we headed on up to Patterson and after a short stop to change a front tyre that gave up the ghost we arrived just in time to have a beer with Bill at the local. And just for fun we drove through the breath testing station in the bus but they didn't seem to think it was worth testing me for some reason.

That night we had a delightful BBQ with Bill and his son. The evening was topped off by Penny calling by to say hello with her two sons in tow. It was great to meet the respective kids.

I did have a little 'incident' later that night as I went across the road to ditch a cup full of old gravy. It seemed to be a better idea than pouring it down the sink but what I didn't bargain on was the meter deep ditch just off the road with a concrete edge all around it. It was pitch dark and I did not see the ditch at all so I simple stepped off the edge of it and landed hip first on the concrete edge. It hurt so much that I could not breathe so I just lay in the mud for a bit wondering if I had actually broken something. Well the short story is that I had broken something – the cup! And that annoyed me because it was one of my HMCRRSA cups! The pain in my leg subsided a bit so that I could hobble back to the bus and over the next few days I developed a big black bruise.

Next day I got the bike out to investigate the oil leak. Lots of staring and pondering did not reveal anything except for confirming what I had seen at the track so I cleaned the bike thoroughly before firing it up to ride up and down the road for a bit to see if I could make it leak again. Alas it was all to no avail... Although Liam sat on the side for a bit and it was great to see his big smile. He had not anticipated the rate of acceleration and came off with his arms aching from hanging on. But there was no sign of any oil leak so I pondered some more and concluded that it was either something strange happening with the breather or the seal behind the sprocket. I removed the sprocket to check out the state of the seal and as I removed the bush oil ran out so I concluded that the seal was not leaking because there should be some sign of leakage given that the seal was under oil all the time. So that left something strange happening with the breather. I put the bike back in the trailer to ponder some more when we got to Geelong. In the middle of all of this I also managed to lose a contact lense so for the rest of this trip I was reduced to wearing my glasses.

Meantime Bill had been busy with his artistic skills in conjunction with his plasma cutter to create an impressive image of a Red Hen which will look great in my train room. Barbara filled

her time graffiti-ing the bus – it looks really neat.

On Thursday we bid farewell to Bill and Penny and headed south. On our way we did a bit of touristy stuff. We drove across Sydney Harbour Bridge (and yes we did pay the toll!), visited Berrima, walked around Albury, caught the train from Seymour into Melbourne and visited Victoria Markets, St Kilda markets and the Art Precinct Markets (and did well scoring some new team shirts, some great Kombi stuff and a few other things). We then walked around Melbourne for a bit before catching the train back to Seymour – another great day. Oh and we did have another incident when the steering wheel disconnected itself from the steering box! It was a bit of a worry but after investigation I decided I could get to Geelong with it as long as I didn't lift the steering wheel up...

We did some more markets (Mill and How Bazaar) on the way through Geelong and rocked into my sister's place in time to have a couple of drinks and a wonderful dinner. Tuesday morning I got the bike out and started working on it... changing gearing, pondering

oil leaks, welding up the frame, replacing a couple of lost bolts, and cleaning it a bit more... but that is probably the beginning of the preparation for Mac Park so I will leave the those bits for the Mac Park story.

That's it from the Cupboard for now.

Geoff

Sidecar #30

geoffpgrant@hotmail.com (Please note the new email address)



MINUTES of the GENERAL MEETING of the HISTORIC MOTOR CYCLE RACING REGISTER of SA held at MSA Clubrooms on Thursday 15 March 2012.

- Meeting Opened: at 8.00pm.
- Apologies: Graham and Judith Rowley, Claire Harmon, Rob Ritchie, Glenda St.John, Nick and Vicki Clarke, Lorraine Rake, Len Dyson and John Whallin.
- New Members/Visitors: Curly Corlett and the “the” Triumph and Andrew Vause was warmly welcomed to the club
- Minutes of Previous Meeting: held January 2012 were moved for acceptance by Phil Baughan, seconded by John Kroon, and carried.
- Business Arising: Nil.

REPORTS

1. President’s Report Trevor Handed two trophies to Richard Rake, movie passes to state title helpers, and spoke on AIR reunion
2. Correspondence:
 1. Café Racers. re Reece Bancell night and ride day on 24th March
 2. Tailern Bend Update
 3. Mildura meander on 5th 6th May.
3. Treasurer’s Report: Dean detailed the club’s finances, which was moved for acceptance by Danny Ahern, seconded Neil Watson, and carried.
4. Competition Secretary: Danny and 2 more are off to Sydney for the “Barry Sheene” at the end of the month. Jamie Smith and Levi Day are also entered. Easter is looking good with 20 Period 3 out of 40 Historics from a total entry of 120.
5. Road Race: Phil spoke of appeals against rider gradings. Ralph Splett is the new Sports Manger, and there are now guidelines for specific discipline committee. Café Racers wish to run Historic races, and Phil has invited Ralph Splett, to whom he will give Danny’s phone number, to visit one of our meetings.

General Business:

1. Danny spoke on the proposal to reimburse racing members @ \$50p.a for 5yrs membership and \$100p.a for 10yrs upon entering a race meeting. This was moved by Phil Baughan, seconded John Kroon, and carried.
2. John Kroon said Mount Gambier have a temporary building, which was used a lot at the Hartwell meeting, as a medical centre.
3. Tony Tildesley reported Atujara is planning a club day in early September, and we should get on board.
4. Phil then spoke of restoring the Corlett Triumph, whilst Stuart Penn projected Clipsal photos of Ian and the bike. It will be on display at the Hill climb on Sunday and at Mac Park over Easter, where David Corlett will do a tribute ride. Curly said it was a relief to have it back, which took a reward, and expressed her appreciation Phil

Meeting closed 9.10pm.

For Sale/Wanted

Honda 400 four 1975 Period 5 race bike #136. Log book, consistent finisher Mac Pk with std motor, Boyer Bransden ignition. Plus almost complete spare bike with some new spares inc Big Bore piston kit and another unmodified road frame.	FOR SALE \$4750 O.N.O.	Peter Strawhan ph 74238339, 0432205296 04/12
Parts to convert R5 Yamaha twin into Race Bike, fibreglass tank/seat/fairing, clip-ons, alloy rims, pipes, tuning info. Any assistance appreciated.	WANTED	Paul Glode # 30 Phone 0458352276, 86713361 02/12
'86 Suzuki GR 650 Parallel Air Cooled Twin. 32000 Klms, Full floating suspension, great 5 speed. Mech A1 Just spent \$350 on Electrical tidy up 1 prior owner.	FOR SALE \$1700 O.N.O.	Romy 0405 782 755 11/11
9" Hircus Metal Lathe – 3 & 4 jaw chucks + heaps of tooling, thread cutting etc single phase oldie but a goodie!	FOR SALE \$1000 O.N.O.	Les Bell 07/11 Ph 0419 272793.
Doherty quick action throttle grip, used \$20 Tacho: Yamaha, unknown model, 0-10,000rpm (7000 red line) Likely 5:1 ratio. New, still in box \$100	FOR SALE	Nick Clarke 0417 871 532
Bultaco Metralla (M23) – Engine or parts thereof. Complete bike considered.	WANTED	Trevor Henderson Ph: 83845284 05/09
Club Shirts – \$35.00 Club Caps – \$15.00 Club Hats – \$18.00 Club Mugs – \$4.50 Cloth Badges – \$10.00 Club Transfers – \$2.50	FOR SALE	

UPCOMING EVENTS

Mac Park Ride Days Last Saturday of the Month followed by Working Bee's on the Sunday. All help appreciated	<i>Mallala Motor Sports Park Open Practice Days Phone 8276 7744 during business hours to confirm dates</i>	
Date	Host Club – Event	Venue
12 – 13 May	Seniors Meeting	Mac Park
4 – 5 August	Phoenix Road Race	Mallala
29 – 30 September	Master of Mac Park	Mac Park
27 – 28 October	South Aus RR – Café Racers	Mallala
10 – 11 November	Phoenix Road Race	Mallala
8 – 9 December	South Aus RR – Café Racers	Mallala
29 – 30 December	South Australian Road Race Championships	Mac Park