
The Good Oil

Volume 28 Number 4 April 2020.



Phil Price on his Velocette - story inside!

HMCRRSA OFFICE BEARERS 2019/2020

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Club Address	PO Box 311 CAMPBELLTOWN SA 5074	
General Meeting Venue (third Thursday of each month)	MSA Office 251 The Parade BEULAH PARK	Committee Meeting (8 PM first Tuesday of every month)
Honorary Life Members	Peter WESTERMAN (†Deceased) Richard RAKE Danny AHERN David MANSON Len SMITH (†Deceased) Ken LUCAS “Doc” WATSON (†Deceased) Trevor HENDERSON Phil BAUGHAN Len DYSON Les Bell Joe Ahern	1998 1999 2000 2001 2002 2003 2004 2005 2007 2009 2013 2018

THE PRES SEZ

It has been discussed and agreed; having a Good Oil out each month has to be a good thing while we are all in lock down, or something similar.

I trust everyone is staying safe, keeping good distance et al. It has been a trying time for many.

I had an interesting call from Steve Mathews from MSA earlier today; the executive have decided that in light of all things going on, we will, as we do each year, need to do the paperwork for affiliation - but the yearly fee is going to be waived! What a lovely gesture knowing the battle all businesses and organisations are going to have for the near future and more. Furthermore, the team at MSA are developing a process whereby we will be able to have people log in, and we can conduct general and committee meetings on-line, should we wish. I know my Kate has been doing this with the Scouts, as have many other workplaces and organisations.

I caught up with my Velocette racing pal from NZ, Phil Price, this week. Phil raced at Mac Pk with us at the Xmas meeting, as well as doing the Island Classic. Phil wrote a pearler of a story that got into The Megaphone, which is the Kiwi Register's newsletter. I asked if we could publish the story and some pics in our own Good Oil, which he was happy to oblige. Enjoy the read.

Phil is keen to come over for the Nationals, but one has to wonder if the Nationals will even get up and going this year; time will tell!

I expect this will fall on deaf ears, but I'll ask anyway. Knowing that many of you are getting into your sheds for a tinker, it'd be great if you could find time for a pic or two, and a few words, to share with your fellow club members. Who knows, if we get bombarded we may need to space them out over a few months ... haha, just joking!

I noticed FB friend in Japan commented that events booked as far off as October in his homeland are cancelled; no big surprise really.

On a personal level, I hope to do a motor strip down and a full rebuild to have a super strong motor for when action recommences. I have run the G50 for 3 years and it hasn't missed a beat - so chuffed with that! Gotta thank the bro' for that effort, as well as me looking after it! Need a few more horses and megga kilos off moi to run with Muzza again!

Danny Ahern, President

The Secretary's Report April 2020

With no motorcycling activity happening for now, we can at least use the Good Oil as a means of keeping in touch. The minutes of the March General Meeting are here for your perusal, so please let us know of any errors or omissions. The Committee is unable to plan anything at the moment, but the activities we've been required to put on hold shall be resurrected once things regain normality.

The first "Les Diener" round for 2020, at the Classic Master of Mac Park, resulted in a 50 point lead for Atujara Club despite our strong duo of Danny Ahern and Nathaniel Wilson. Danny performed strongly on the Matchless all weekend, getting 2nd overall in Period 3, 500cc, and Nathaniel won his first race on the 250 but had a disappointing DNF in the second. Our chance to fight back would have been the Atujara Hillclimb, which didn't happen, and it's most unlikely that the "Old Farts" will go ahead at Mac Park in May. It may well be at the end of the year, at our State Titles, that we resume this battle.

Another project on hold at the moment is the "Barossa Vintage Hillclimb" run by the Sporting Car Club on the October long weekend. After getting on board last year after a couple of unsuccessful attempts, it's sad to find this year's event in limbo. I thoroughly enjoyed the whole experience last year, and, with the cut-off date extended to include all Period 3 machines, I was expecting a much healthier entry this time. All we can now do is watch and wait.

Trevor Henderson, Secretary

Trev's Titbits – High Finance

With no riding or racing, I must admit to being a bit "stir crazy" lately, as most of my excursions from home have been merely to the supermarket. My house and garden should be in tip-top shape by now, but still isn't, though I have spent many hours in my back shed where there is Club stuff to be sorted so that I can look for something and find it reasonably quickly. It's interesting to go through old Good Oils and timing sheets to recall what we all had been doing on whatever bikes we were riding and the venues where we rode them.

Amongst the paperwork I've been sorting I found some interesting letters from 1972, when I was scrambling my Bultaco Mk.4 250cc Pursang. I'm now not sure if I was unhappy with Australian spare parts supply or prices, but on the 29th of May I had written to Comerford's, the well-known dealers in Thames Ditton, Surrey, in England for a quote on some parts. Around this time the back cover of "The Motor Cycle" was a full-page Comerford's advertisement, in fact Peter "Harley" Davidson at one stage appeared in the accompanying photo of Comerford's employees with their bikes. They replied on June 6th, quoting 7.91 pounds for a piston assembly, 7.29 for a con rod kit down to 2.04 for an air cleaner element. Then, on the 25th August I wrote to the late Stanley Phelps, whom I dealt with regularly during this period, for the same parts plus a pair of Girling rear shockers and a piston for a 360cc Bultaco Montadero. I believe this last item was for our former member Bill Martin. I'm not sure what engine parts I bought from UK, but I did get a set of Girling shockers from Stanley, whose real name was Stan Rodwell who had run the "C.R Speed Shop" which specialised in goodies for BSA C15 250's for Grass Track racing. Maybe Paul Walker, who started in Grass Track on a C15, can expand on this.

Trevor Henderson

Golden Jubilee Memories – Paul Walker

There I was minding my own business, peeling spuds and feeling miserable; miserable because it's Saturday morning and my friends are out skipping with the lasses or playing soccer behind the mining estate, and because it's Saturday. My dad's fish shop is open for lunch and evening and it's double spud day which means about 4 hours of eyes to get through.

All of a sudden things get better, Uncle Don pops into the spud shed and says "I have entered for the 1957 Golden Jubilee TT, are you coming?" Now I am peeling spuds at the speed of light whilst doing cart wheels round the spud shed.

It's early summer 1956, we've just bought a Manx rolling chassis from one of the Cooper car people. They buy the whole thing and use only the engine, that's why we can't buy a complete Manx from Norton cos' the car drivers buy them as fast as they come off the line.

Don knows Ray Petty who says he will build us a motor from spares. Dad puts a dampener on things and says I have a responsibility to help with the family business so I can't go. The black dog takes over and I consider Army Surplus for a machine-gun to shoot dad, and explosives from the nearby mine to blow up the fish shop. Now I am even more miserable, this is worse than not playing skipping with the lasses.

However, there's a change of fortune; the woman that works in the shop at night has a nephew who will take over from me peeling spuds, and dad says he can manage for two weeks handling my other duties. Joyfulness! I am up there again and change from cartwheels to somersaults, but it is early summer now and the TT is late May/early June next year. That is an eternity away, too far for a nine year old to conceive. How many days to wait, (there was a notice in the scrutineering shed in 2008 that said you are about to go onto and compete on the TT circuit, everything else is waiting!)

All is going well; we race at Cadwell Park, Brough Aerodrome, Esholt Park and Oliver's Mount using the Norton we got from Jack Brett. The new engine is ready. Dad and Don go to fetch it from Ray. When they get there Ray is doing the last minute stuff to the cam box and tells dad there is a café at the corner and to go grab a cuppa and come back in about an hour. Dad says "it's ok, I'll stay and give you a hand". Ray says "the café is on the corner!" An hour and a half later, pound notes are handed over and the engine is wrapped in an old eiderdown, comfortable in the back of Don's Bedford van. It's September now and we are due to race the new bike at Mallory Park – the race of the year, when disaster strikes.

Don is tightening the fan belt on an old David Brown tractor with the engine running and can't stop it because there is only one battery to start the two tractors, the Quarry lorry and the lorry that delivers timber to the local coal mines, and that lorry is on the road. The spanner slips, Don's right hand is mangled in the fan, vee belt etc. Dad, who is the foreman, rushes Don to local hospital. All the fingers are broken and massively torn. Another disaster, infection sets in. A finger is removed. How could he do this, I want to go to the Isle of Man and it's his braking hand. Don is determined. He starts his own physio, working with doctors throughout winter. He does a few meetings in the Spring, but it is not the same aggressive enthusiasm that he shows. He has to get clearance from his doctor to forward to the ACU. This is not forth-coming. Accommodation is booked and paid for. We are on the Monas Isles steaming across the sea towards Douglas, minus a race-bike and me not knowing we are not about to race. Don and I are on deck looking out to see who is first to spot the island. A journalist from Motorcycle News spots Don and comes over chatting. This is when I get news we are not racing. I am stunned, I was going to be in the paddock around Bob Mac, Dicky Dale, Bob Brown the Aussie and Libero Liberati.

The journalist says he can help, as he knows the ACU doctor who can make the final decision. We are off the ship and as Barry Sheene would say, "off like a rat up a drain pipe" to see the doctor. Doc says he has more strength in the remaining fingers than most riders with normal hands. The physio

paid off! Good job dads got a phone in the house. The knocker and leathers etc. are in his Ford van and on their way to Liverpool. I am not allowed to go with them to collect the Norton at the docks as they are afraid I will pee myself with excitement. I spend the next couple of days polishing the alloy bits waiting for practice week.

Practice week arrives, and in those days there were morning and evening sessions. We were staying in Ramsey and to get to the start it was over the mountain 4.30-5.00 AM-ish for an early start. Can't remember many postponements that year as it was nice weather for the Golden Jubilee 1957. Second day in and Don wakes me and says, "you can come with me, sit on the tank and you will get a good idea of racing over the mountain course". Excitement mounts as he bump starts the bike and I climb on, going through the streets of Ramsey early morning with the mega warbling gently as we approach the hair pin. Life could not be better! No more warbling now as we whoosh past Guthries Memorial, climbing into the cold. The rest was not nice as it was so cold, and at Windy Corner it started to drizzle. Back in the pits I stood shivering until a woman took pity on me and treated me to a cuppa in the canteen. No more early mornings for me until I was 16 and could do it on mad Sunday on my own bike.

I was not allowed in the paddock for the Race as kids were not allowed in the re-fuelling area, so Uncle Roy and Uncle Wilf got to do that while I had to go with the Aunties and little kids to picnic at Ramsey hairpin. After so much talk of nappies and night time breast feeding I managed to slip away and watch with a bunch of blokes. Hearing the MV's, Gilera's, V8 Moto Guzzi and twin BMW coming through Milln Town, changing down for Parliament Square, then rushing up to us at the hairpin, was fantastic. We got a nod from Don as he passed, but the single bangers just didn't titillate the senses like the multiple megaphones did.

Don qualified early and finished the eight lap race exhausted. He had to be lifted from the bike. Afterwards he went with the adults to the Villa Marina to collect his 'finisher's medal' which is odd because the results show him as a 'non-finisher' - but the proof of the pudding is in the china cabinet at my cousin's house in the UK.

Don continued to race the season out in the UK and his last race was the Race of The Year at Mallory Park in September, but the fire had gone out. I guess the TT was his Everest and the rest just pimples on the tarmac. In 2008, after I raced at the Manx, I went to see him. We had a cuppa and shared the passion. Don passed away only a few years ago.

Paulee

MINUTES OF HMCCRSA GENERAL MEETING 19th March 2020

The meeting opened at 8:00pm, with 12 members, no visitors and apologies from Dean and Neil Watson, Bob Balestrin, Kate Clarke, Joe Ahern, Kim Anderson, Claire Harmon and Otto Muller. As of Monday 23rd of March this hall will not be available for use. John Inkster, seconded by Andy McDonnell, moved we accept the previous meeting's minutes, which was carried with no business arising.

President's Report: Danny said he would rather be at Sydney Motorsport Park, but the Circuit pulled the pin. The Victorian Historic Titles, Winton 2+4 and Atujara Hillclimb have also been cancelled. Our Ride Day is still on, with MSA and The Bend being OK with it, the Permit received today and we are fully paid up. Phil Baughan thought the only problem would be if The Bend or MA said no. We shall not look to join the Sporting Car Club event on the Anzac weekend.

Secretary's Report: Trevor offered the membership a selection of posters, magazines, photos, trophies and a book declaring Harley-Davidson the Ultimate Machine. Much of this came from the late Len Smith.

Competition Secretary presented Robin Williams, unable to be present last month, the trophy for the highest Period 4 points scored in 2019. There is a 2-Day Ride Weekend at Mac Park on 21st and 22nd of this month. There were no Treasurer or Delegate Reports.

General Business: Phil told of BMW parts on order from Germany for 9 weeks being in a container off Singapore and going nowhere. Parts from Europe will be slow, although airfreight is still operating. Fuel prices down South have dropped dramatically, and Geoff Kelly rode down a deserted Greenhill Road on his way here tonight. It was noted that "Haggrid", poster boy for Sellicks 2019, had passed away. Paul Walker told a story of what can happen to a Tiger 100 when monks are involved. The meeting closed at 8:35pm.

A laugh from the Good Oil January 1999

BORROWED FROM THE BSA OWNERS CANADA NEWSLETTER, JANUARY, 1998.

As we work away on our good old British Steeds, we use a number of really useful tools. But what about the alternative description? Could be this one is actually more accurate than the original intended purpose.

HAMMER: Originally employed as a weapon of war, the hammer nowadays is used as a kind of divining rod to locate expensive bike parts not far from the object we are trying to hit.

MECHANIC'S KNIFE: Used to open and slice through the contents of cardboard cartons delivered to your front door, works particularly well on boxes containing seat covers and canvas panniers.

ELECTRIC HAND DRILL: Normally used for spinning steel pop rivets in their holes until you die of old age, but it also works great for drilling mounting holes in the metalwork just above the wiring harness.

HACKSAW: One of a family of cutting tools built on the Ouija board principle. It transforms human energy into a crooked, unpredictable motion, and the more you attempt to influence its course, the more dismal your future becomes.

AVIATION METAL SNIPS: See Hacksaw.

VICE GRIPS: Used to round off bolt heads. If nothing else is available, they can also be used to transfer intense welding heat to the palm of your hand.

OXYACETYLENE TORCH: Used almost entirely for lighting those stale garage cigarettes you keep hidden in the back of the Whitworth socket drawer (what wife would think to look there?), because you can never remember to buy lighter fluid for the Zippo lighter you got from the PX.

ZIPPO LIGHTER: See oxyacetylene torch.

WHITWORTH SOCKETS: Once used for working on older British bikes, they are now used mainly for hiding six month old Salem cigarettes, from the sort of person who would throw them away for no good reason.

DRILL PRESS: A tall upright machine useful for suddenly snatching flat metal bar stock out of your hands so that it smacks you in the chest and flings your beer across the room, splattering it against the Rolling Stones poster over the bench grinder.

WIRE WHEEL: Cleans rust off old bolts, and then throws them somewhere under the workbench with the speed of light. Also removes fingerprint whorls,

and hard-earned guitar calluses, in about the time it takes you to say "Django Reinhardt."

EIGHT FOOT LONG DOUGLAS FIR 2X4: Used for levering a bike upright off a failed center stand!

TWEEZERS: A tool for removing wood splinters off the 2x4.

PHONE: A tool for calling your neighbor to see if he has another tyre lever.

GASKET SCRAPER: Theoretically useful as a sandwich tool for spreading mayonnaise; used mainly for getting dog doo off your boot.

EeZee OUT BOLT AND STUD EXTRACTOR: A tool that snaps off in bolt holes and is ten times harder than any known drill bit.

TIMING LIGHT: A stroboscopic instrument for illuminating crud build-up on crankshaft pinions.

HYDRAULIC ENGINE HOIST: A handy tool for testing the tensile strength of cable harnesses and control cables you may have forgotten to disconnect.

CRAFTSMAN 1/2 AND 16 INCH SCREWDRIVER: A large motor mount prying tool that inexplicably has an accurately machined screwdriver tip on the end without the handle.

BATTERY ELECTROLYTE TESTER: A handy tool for transferring sulfuric acid from car battery to the inside of your toolbox after determining that your battery is dead as a doornail, just as you thought.

TROUBLE LIGHT: The mechanic's own tanning booth. Sometimes called a drop light, it is a good source of Vitamin D, the "sunshine vitamin," which is not otherwise found under bikes at night. Health benefits aside, its main purpose is to consume 25 watt bulbs at about the same rate that 105mm howitzer shells might be used during, say, the first few hours of the Battle of the Bulge. More often dark than light, its name is somewhat misleading.

PHILLIPS SCREWDRIVER: Normally used to stab the lids of old style paper and tin oil cans and splash oil on your SST t-shirt; can also be used, as the name implies, to round off Phillips screw heads.

AIR COMPRESSOR: A machine that takes energy produced in a coal burning power plant 200 miles away and transforms it into compressed air that travels by hose to a Pneumatic impact wrench that grips rusty engine bolts last tightened 40 years ago by someone in Small Heath, and rounds them off.

by Ken Hastie (ken.hastie@elfab.co.uk)

A 'TEENY TINY VELOCETTE' GOES DOWN UNDER - Phil Price

Following the horrible loss of our dear friend Chris Swallow at the Classic TT in August, I felt strongly compelled to get back on the race-track again. I can't explain why, I guess it just takes all sorts. Something to do with picking yourself up again after a fall, or in this case metaphorically and literally getting back on the bike. I'd been so busy with my work the last few years and since the birth of our twins in 2016, that I had spread myself somewhat thin with bike activities. I had largely left matters with Chris and Nick Thomson to carry on development of the twin-cam works 350. We had decided to build this for Chris to race at the TT following taking the Eldee to the Isle of Man with Bill Swallow aboard in 2014.

Back in Melbourne and spending a lot of precious time with our little angels Billie and Pippa, I reflected sadly on how Chris would never again have this experience and that Eibhlin and Aoife now have to grow up without a bond to their dad.

A plan was hatched and implemented to bring a Mk.VIII KTT we had, which was dubbed the 'Hot Rod', to Australia and enter what is called the Broadford Southern Classic. A quick visit with said 'Hot Rod' to the Velo oracle of Ngaio, one Nick Thomson Esq. saw the bike prepped, boxed and flown to Melbourne straight into the hands of Australian Customs. They immediately impounded the consignment for two weeks. It must be me, because every time I send goods internationally these days there is always a drama. I had more time to think than tinker which was fine, as the bike had always been good from the off. It had, though, nipped up a couple of times in the early days following a transplant of roller rockers and a new cam. This happened once while en-route to the top of Bluff Hill in pursuit of what I hoped might be a sub-minute ascent. It came to a halt just before the bales on the turn into the steep straight, a cheering crowd astounded we did not end up in the forest! The culprit was a rogue stud tightening against the rocker when hot.

Chris had ridden this bike unbelievably well. I'll never forget him at Levels beating John Carter (T500 Suzuki) and Colin Tait (500 Manx), both powering past him on the straight only to be reeled in by that unmatched Swallow corner speed. Bill also had ridden the KTT, at the Burt Munro Challenge in 2019, coming in after the last race to tell us "Good thing that Hot Rod, whatever you do, don't touch it! It also opened my eyes to the wonderful world of overhead-cam racing Velos. This had started Nick and I on what Ivan Rhodes in the release of his book, *Passion of a Lifetime*, calls "the Cammy Revival".

Nick, Andrew Drake and I spent a welcome few days in Ivan and Graham Rhodes' company after The Island and very welcome it was too. We were still all in shock but realizing that this interest which had brought us all together still remained. As life unfolds, the bikes just become more entwined, not less; something which is hard to explain to those who don't share the passion. Dear friend Pat Clancy is often saying how the bikes were his salvation following the loss of his wife. In our fragile state we were all simply trying to look after each other and be together, so the shelter in Borrowash, full of the history of our favourite marque was a real comfort.

Broadford is a State-funded motorcycle complex just an hour north of Melbourne. It has moto-cross, speedway and a nice sealed circuit with quite a bit more elevation than anything in New Zealand. At Riders Briefing it's all strangely familiar. While I don't recognize any faces, they are all of a type, a fairly bedraggled and unremarkable looking bunch of individuals. I guess most classic racing clubs worldwide look a bit similar. I was pleased to have Friday practice and after four or five short excursions around the 3.2km track I was feeling okay, until a rather quick girder-forked ES2 disappeared off in front of me, knocking me off my smug little girder-forked perch.



The Velo Hot Rod with Swallow motif on the tank

Two things did not go my way on Saturday race day. One was that I had chosen to go up a tooth on the final drive following practice and a bit of evening ruminating. I thought it could pull the tooth on the straight and be in a better place in a couple of the turns. Number two was the 'Wet' declaration at the end of riders briefing, which was a signal for the heavens to open and stay that way all day, although the next day, Sunday, was fine. With ample time to think, I had convinced myself that if there was a possibility of getting in front of the 8-valve Indian, ably ridden by Stan Muccha, it had to be by the end of the straight, peeling off downhill to the right. It would mean staying on the power from the start and up the sweeping right hander so that maximum speed could be got at the start of the straight. I did actually manage this, but over-cooked it under braking and more or less cut-off everyone else, much to my embarrassment. The Indian rider duly gathered himself and disappeared off down the hill, not to be seen again! Thus, I had to settle for third behind the ES2 all day and the same again on Sunday.

In the back of my mind was the Island Classic at Phillip Island, something that Chris and I had talked about doing. I loved the idea of punting the Hot Rod around the full GP circuit, regardless of the competition. But in talking to local punters, they all preferred Mount Gambier, or 'Mac Park' on the border of South Australia, where they were holding club championships between Christmas and New Year. This reputedly has a relaxed atmosphere and in the words of new friend and BSA riding Nick Umek, is 'my favourite circuit in the country!' So, I entered both, gently encouraging my brother-in-law Pete to accompany me on the five-hour trek to the town of Mount Gambier and for us to spend four days in each other's company.

Once again, a practice day on the Friday was the saviour for my confidence. That was along with one stalwart local assuring me that 'you'll never find the limit of grip here!' The big Indian is here too so I'm settling into the notion that second is the best I can hope for. Even that seems to slip away from

my grasp when I get a terrible start in the first race, finally getting to the first corner about seventh behind a brace of American iron and little two strokes. I decide to settle in and try and pick them off which seems to work fine, getting me ahead of the fastest V-twins at the start of the last lap. I'm thinking the big Indian is likely out of reach some twenty or more seconds ahead until I spot it standing still on the infield, the rider's arms crossed watching me go past: I must be in the lead! Until, on the entry to the main straight when the pesky Morbidelli screams past on a better line, having got on the power really early with his nimble size and good suspension. The KTT wound up well down the back straight and I was able to sail past him at full tilt, heading fast into the right hander and holding him off for the last few corners. Pete said later the commentator said of the two-stroke as we approached the last corner before the flag, 'he can't get past him now'. That is indeed a tight right-hander just before the finish and you'd have to be game or desperate. So, I won that race, then in the second I was second. The Indian was still out with sheared sprocket bolts, but the Morbidelli found something, probably a bit of embarrassment at being beaten by a Vintage. The Indian was back on deck Sunday and was out to demonstrate dominance, but it was too late as I had secured the P2 championship. Fancy that, 'little old me' and what my wife Claire had dubbed the 'Teeny Tiny Velocette'.

Mount Gambier is Les Diener country. The atmosphere and the locals were all very personable as you might expect out of the big smoke (the city that is), although there was actual big smoke around, but not enough to curtail activities. Danny Ahern is the president of the South Australia Historic Club and a top bloke. They are hosting the National Historic Champs there in November, which is where all the state clubs join in. I'd love to go along to that from NZ, does anyone want to join me?

Now the hoops to jump through to get a start at the Island Classic for a non-resident of Australia aged over 50 are many. Not least of these was getting an FIM licence for which a full-blown fitness test is required. Thankfully my ticker is in good fettle and to be honest I'd been more worried about the bike. I knew pretty much that anything semi to major happening to that would have put me out of contention. I had been telling myself and others that KTT's were built for hard racing, so I should have been more pleased than surprised that all was well with 'Teeny Tiny' following Mac Park. No amount of bleating about large Indians was going to help. The reality of vintage racing and likely the future of classic racing too, is 'no capacity classifications'. That's just the way it is and after all it was Phillip Island: what a terrific opportunity to turn on the tap - regardless.

The week of the Classic and if I ever wanted a reminder that my interest in racing old Velocettes was something of a dinosaur activity, learning I was the only pre-war entry at the Island Classic was it.

Practice day, rain. No one wanted to go out except me, so I did a few wet laps just to keep my nerves at bay more than really learning anything. The weather was due to clear, so all the big boys kept their slicks on and must have thought I was mad. Clear it did, so by Friday morning qualifying the track was dry and fast. I'm in the middle of the grid with about seven early '90's RS Honda 125's, a swag of two-stroke 250 twins and a couple of 250 Ducati's ahead. I just beat the fastest Ducati in the first race and had the confidence to go up to the 23-tooth final drive sprocket which 'Teeny Tiny' pulls no problem. They are left about 3 or 4 seconds a lap back in the next race! Really, I'm in 'no man's land', but I am the fastest four-stroke in the field so comfort myself with this and my decreasing lap times, just concentrating on my lines. Pete and I go back to Melbourne for the Friday night to break the weekend up, which was welcome.



Phillip Island is a really rewarding circuit to ride as I improve and gain confidence. The feeling is just so good. I make a bit of a scrap with a couple of T250's over the weekend and have a thoroughly enjoyable time thrashing around with absolute reliability from the Hot Rod. Many thanks to good design and development in the day by the Goodman family and in my lifetime by Nick Thomson. Velo's are delivering much pleasure once again.

Question. If you are the only one in your class, do you still call it a win? I had no time to commit my small brain to such a conundrum as the Pukekohe Festival was calling the next weekend and so I leave the 'Teeny Tiny Hot Rod' for now and upgrade to the dohc bikes Nick and Bill are preparing for this event and the 'Burt'. Some kind of life.....

Article and photos courtesy of Phil Price and with thanks to the New Zealand Classic Motorcycle Racing Register

2020 Dates

Date	Event	Venue
Cancelled	Classic Master Mac Pk	Mac Park, SA
Cancelled	Vic Historic Titles	Broadford Vic
Cancelled	Winton 2+4	Winton Vic
Wait and see	Southern Classic	Broadford
Wait and see	National Historics	Mac Park, SA

2020 Les Diener Point Score								POINTS					
<i>Atujara</i>													
<i>Master of Mac March 1/3</i>													
Rider	Age	No.	Machine	Bike Age	Race 1	Race 2	Points	Points	Rider's Age	Bike's Age	Total	Accumulative	
Race 1	Race 2	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	
Rider 1	Richard Metcalf	71	41	Bultaco TSS	54	1st	1st	25	25	71	54	175	
Rider 2	Nick Berry	54	12	RDLC 250	40	7th	6th	14	15	54	40	123	
											298	298	
<i>Collingrove 29/3/20</i>													
Rider	Age	No.	Machine	Bike Age	Number	Overall	Points	Points	Rider's Age	Bike's Age	Total	Accumulative	
Runs	Position	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	
Rider 1											0		
Rider 2											0		
Rider 3											0		
Rider 4											0		
Rider 5											0		
											0	0	
<i>Mac Pk Seniors</i>													
Rider	Age	No.	Machine	Bike Age	Race 1	Race 2	Points	Points	Rider's Age	Bike's Age	Total	Accumulative	
Race 1	Race 2	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	
Rider 1											0		
Rider 2											0		
Rider 3											0		
Rider 4											0		
											0	0	
<i>Mac Pk State Titles</i>													
Rider	Age	No.	Machine	Bike Age	Race 1	Race 2	Points	Points	Rider's Age	Bike's Age	Total	Accumulative	
Race 1	Race 2	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	Points	
Rider 1											0		
Rider 2											0		
Rider 3											0		
Rider 4											0		
											0	0	
								HMCRRSA	248				
								Atujara	298				

For Sale/Wanted

Wanted	Single downtube frame to take 150cc Bultaco engine which is 375mm long	Trevor Henderson 8384 5284.
Wanted	JAP 350ohv timing cover and cylinder head from mid 1930's	Bob Glynn 8263 9133
Wanted	Central oil tank to suit BSA duplex frame	Trevor Henderson 8384 5284.

The Good Oil is published monthly by the *Historic Motor Cycle Racing Register of South Australia (HMCRRSA)*. Articles, letters, photographs and artwork are all welcomed. If possible, **please submit text electronically in MS Word and images in JPG formats** to danny.ahern@senet.com.au alternatively, items may be posted to the Editor at PO Box 256 Campbelltown SA 5074 no later than the **Friday prior to the General Meeting**.

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