Northern Rivers Classic Motorcycle Club Inc.

PO Box 7058, Lismore Heights, NSW 2480

www.nrcmcc.org

Email: nrcmcc@gmail.com
Or phone President
(see page 3)



MAY 2020

Classic Torque

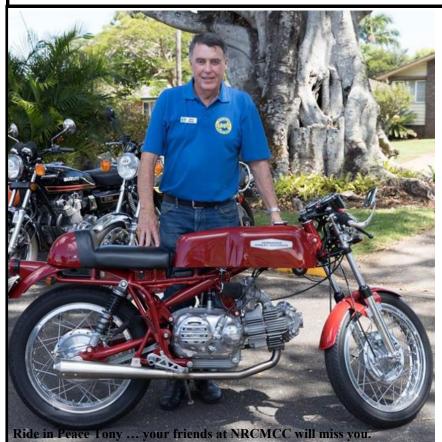
Our Club:-

The objectives of the NRCMC are to encourage the restoration, preservation, and riding of older motorcycles. Through its various activities, the club promotes classic motorcycling and the links to a bygone era with several organised monthly rides as well as our involvement in displaying our bikes at charity functions etc.

The club endeavors to cater for families and all members partners and children are most welcome to attend any meetings or outings. Membership of the club is for those who have an interest in restoring and riding classic motorcycles

Unfortunately—All Monthly Meetings and all Organized Rides have now been cancelled until further notice.

Normally the club holds its annual Classic Rally in September each year. BUT A Decision has not yet made to hold.



The passing of One of our club members...

Tony Evans

02.06.1945—05.04.2020
Passed away peacefully at St. Vincent's Hospital Lismore, in the care of his loving family, aged 74 years. Loved and loving husband of Judith for 52 years. Adored and cherished father of Simon, Benjamin, Nick, Andrew and Philip & their partners. Treasured Granddad to his 9 grandchildren. Loved brother of Vincent "Ron" and Wendy & their families.

Tony seen here at the 2018 Show & Shine Event, with his Harley Davidson, Only one of the many Motorcycles that Tony restored. Also read Presidents report page 2

From the Presidents chair

It was with sadness that we lost one of our good friends in the club. The passing of Tony Evans was quick and a shock to many. We send our condolences to Judy and the family and thank them for including the club members in the funeral service I know many of us attended it in our homes. Tony was a quiet achiever and assisted the club as raffle man for many years, avid motorcycle restorer, Jack Ahearn trophy judge and an admirable club member.

Things have been quite on the home front of the club with the exception of the registration day where we had the Government distancing rule in place. Who would have thought that you would need an appointment to get your machine



checked with our club, but that is what happened, we had 10 machines checked and the morning went well except the 15 minutes I allowed for each check was a little short as the outing for many was a chance to chat. We thank all who attended for their understanding and abiding by the distancing rules. In these uncertain times we need to take care of ourselves and our friends, give your friends a phone call and chat, not the same as face to face, but better than nothing. I have been zooming with our two daughter and their families. Our grandson now 11 months old is having trouble understanding that you can't touch Narnie & Grandad on the tablet, but it is good to see him and watch his progress.

Hopefully we will be able to ride our machines soon, but this has been a great time to work on those projects that you have wanted to do for soooo long. Keep safe, well and remember that friends are only a phone call away.

Cheers Mary

Registration Day 26th April 2020

Sunday morning with the fog still rising and the sun warming up the first of the 9 members booked in prior to the day to get their beloved machined checked and paper work signed.

With the COVID-19 restrictions in place members were given a 15 minute time slot, I should have known that ½ hour would have been a better option. As most of you know when motorcyclists get together they chat and chat and chat. Our front lawn saw one motorcycle leaving as another one arrived.

There was only one registration knock back, that of a Raptor which arrived on a trailer rather than under its own steam. Not only did it have 4 wheels and an unconventional sitting position, but the stick steering was deemed to be unsuitable for highway driving. This machine appeared more suited to the backyard and in the rough outdoor application. The owner agreed with the register office and also informed him that it was more work them fun to

drive so decided that registration was not for this machine. The owner left with the intentions of driving it in a backyard of long grass to see if it would be able to flatten the grass making it more manageable, the thought of work not fun filled his mind as he drove off. We hope the Raptor did the job on the backyard and the job wasn't too hard.





What To Take On A Big Tour—Part 2 by Alice Leney continued from March Newsletter

Later I also carried a Fire Extinguisher (it looks like a flare, I got it in Austria on the way back northwards). Why? In Slovenia one day I was changing the oil at a friendly workshop (I met the owner in a car parts shop when I was trying to find a replacement inner tube one day) and a guy noticed that Melvin's petrol tank's very fine weep — that had been coming and going for three months - had turned into a very slow drip. 'It'll catch fire' he said. The drip wasn't enough to make it catch fire; however, this is a phrase buried deep in my motorcycling subconscious, as way back in 1979, as a young 'know-it-all' biker, I was told this innumerable times by older people because the 1938 Norton I was riding had a pronounced tendency to gush fuel whenever it was stationary (I couldn't see if it did so when it was running, the clutch was really bad, you were either moving or stopped, but it was pretty thirsty I recall). Today the Norton would be termed a 'Barn Find' and command a suitably inflated price. Back then, it was a very cheap bike for a lad with no money but who fancied he had the flickerings of some mechanical aptitude. It was exceedingly rusty, and whilst riding it one day the end of the left handle bar broke off in my hand when I went over a large bump! You get the picture? These Old Bones have a built in tendency to drip fuel everywhere, courtesy of whoever designed those old remote float carbs, and especially when they are in the hands of complete ignoramus' (ignorami?) such as me and my nineteen -year-old mates. 'Well – it ain't caught fire yet!' was the smart-arsed response ('You stupid old bugger, what would you know!' being implicitly delivered with a suitable smirk). Until, of course, it did.

Let me explain: a mob of us boys had been out for the day on our trusty steeds, ranging from a newish T140V Bonny through various post war Enfields and BSAs to my well-battered and very rusty pre-war side-valve Norton, the bottom of the heap by every measure. After a colossal day's ride of well over 40 miles – well, we thought so - and all our machines actually still going, the Norton commenced to have the fine threaded ring fly off the top of the Amal every ten, then seven, then five, then two... miles. The ring thread was well buggered, and in an age before the invention of cable ties (or at least we had never seen such wonderful things) bits of wire were struggling to hold it all together. Then for good measure the top shook off the float chamber and no doubt ended up in the Dorset hedgerow where is still lies today (I always wondered what those funny little hex-head bolts on the top were for... just another unnecessary part that the British industry made for no good purpose was the usual satisfactory 'reasoning' of the boy).

Everyone stopped for the nth time. It was only two miles back to our country village. They were all getting very tired of my Norton (possibly some of them even began to wonder about the ability of the boy who operated it). "You boys go on, I'll be fine" I said. Off they went. I wrestled the slide and spring back into the carb and managed to get the last skerrick of geriatric brass thread to kiss ever so carefully the final end-of-life moments of the cheap pot-metal thread – now more like the profile of road corrugations – on the body of the old Amal. Off we went: second...third...top-splutter-splutter-bang burrrrrrrr.....I looked below to the Engine Room as the Norton wound down in a deadening drone –OH My GOD!!! I'm on FIRE!!! I leapt off as it staggered to a flamboyant collapse in the middle of the A34. It was Sunday Afternoon, a stream of summer's afternoon day-trippers was heading back to Bournemouth for their evening tea. They were going to get delayed a moment or two, but at least they had a tale to tell Granny when they got home.

The cheap plastic fuel hose immediately melted, and neat petrol fed the greedy flames with gusto. Being in the middle of the road both lanes of traffic had to stop. The bitumen quickly joined the party, and it seemed that it only took a minute before the tyres decided to throw in their lot with the conflagration too. I stood back, completely at a loss as to what to do next. A man rushed from his car and emptied a small fire extinguisher onto the Norton. It made no difference at all. The fire died off a bit, all the petrol gone (young lads with no money don't carry around full tanks luckily) and the tyres sat back and smouldered dense black smoke. I directed the traffic around the bike to clear the queue, and several men kicked the wreck to one side of the road to make more room. I walked down to a farm, back a hundred metres, where the farmer – already looking down the road to see what the smoke was all about – filled some buckets with water, and we drove slowly down in his old LandRover and tipped them over the now quietly smoking mess. There was a hole burnt in the tar seal in the middle of the road. The carb was all gone, except some of the brass bits – like the part that screws on the bottom; the headlamp glass was gone, the bulb a dribble melted onto the blackened reflector; the spokes sagged, all the tension gone out of them; most of the tyres were reduced to the steel reinforcing, but the rear one still had a bit of burn life left in it, and by some miracle the tiny round rear light survived! The farmer and I heaved it into the back of the LandRover and he drove me home. Back in the village, my mates wondered what took me so long. When they saw the Norton they burst out laughing. I burst out crying.

I still have it today. After a week in the garden it was a fabulous shade of red, and my mother told me to 'Get rid of that rubbish in the garden' but when I told her I was going to fix it she chided me with 'Don't be ridiculous, stupid boy!'. I didn't take her advice and attacked it with a wire brush and some industrial green etch primer I 'stole' from the pipefitting job I was on at the time - you can still see patches of green on it today. But I was ridiculous enough to part-exchange the remains of an A7 for a 1946 Model 18 motor which went straight in. The side-valve 16H - which had been seized solid at 65mph several months before - was well rooted. Last year I did 1200 miles in six days on it, up to Cape Reinga in the north of New Zealand, and back, on the VOC Rider's Rally. You can't keep a good Norton down.





Continued from page before

But I digress. But you can see why when the guy in Slovenia told me 'It'll catch fire' I had a severe allergic reaction that sent me on a hunt for a suitable portable fire extinguisher, and it was two days before I found one portable enough for our trip in a chain car-parts store in eastern Austria. It is a funny looking think like a signal flare, you take the cap off one end and strike it on the other and point it at the fire. Presumably powder spews out of it, not flame; it sounds messy, but it was easy to carry, strapped on the top of the pannier, ready to spring into action at a moments notice. Lucky I never had to find out if it worked.

A couple of other general points that may be of interest if you are planning a big trip: I got about 5,000 miles from a set of tyres, (about the same as NZ incidentally) although one of those horrible square Avon SMs did better at over 6,000 on the back. Oil consumption was carefully monitored to keep an eye for impending trouble; plugs used were NGK Iridium BR7EIX and went the whole distance with only a couple of quick cleans at maintenance time. Ignition is standard magneto.

Maintenance: I adjusted the primary chain twice, only a smidgen each time; never took the magneto off: polished the points three times with the stone; checked dynamo brushes once (12V Lucas E3L), Go Joe Lucas! Oil consumption was 730 miles per litre, which is 3,250 mpg or twice the Riders' Handbook value. Six oil changes were done running 15W-40 diesel engine oil, whatever I could buy that looked OK. I sprayed chain spray on the rear chain every morning before setting off: sprockets are still very good after all that time – even the gearbox one - and we did run significant distances with the 50T low gear rear sprocket all through mountain areas; Melvin had a (good quality) 9,000 mile chain on when we started and I changed it about half way through the trip for a new one. Shed the chain once (through my own stupidity) and bent it, so having a spare was important, but I straightened it out well enough in a bike shop in southern France. If you started with a new chain a good secondhand one would do for spare. I greased the Girdraulic forks three times, with molybdenum grease (having the gun also is a source of grease). I'd usually do that much more frequently at home, but then the roads are much more dusty where Melvin lives.

What I should have done but didn't: I should have put new brakes shoes all around and a new rear chain at the start, as the brakes were well flogged out at the end after all those Alpine passes. Should have made two new throttle cables instead of one at the start, as the older one that has now done 30,000 miles plays up in the wet. I carried the replaced one as a spare. A decent bicycle pump is essential: I thought I had one in a fancy modern wee thing from a pushbike shop, but it was not up to it. I ended up with a traditional 2 Euro China Special, but it fell to bits in the end. I didn't spray the speedo drive gear with chain spray as is my normal practise every time I have the front wheel out (cleaning up excess of course) and the speedo drive was well flogged out after 14,000 miles whereas the same distance in NZ with regular maintenance had been fine. These were old original parts, no plastic gear wheel here.

Fuel and tuning: The variety of fuel one encounters can be challenging. France was difficult with much E10 (10% Ethanol) but not often marked as such. High summer temperatures also made this E10 stuff harder to work with: the main symptom was stalling as one came off idle at traffic lights and junctions. Cross a boarder and the fuel is different: this made me reluctant to start serious tuning adjustments as a few days later one would be starting all over again. E5 was pretty benign; we didn't have any problems with melted fuel hoses etc., and although I did coat the fibreglass petrol tank with Caswell liner before starting, it had a series of troubles, but mostly unrelated to this.

Altitude proved no problem with the Concentrics being used, with heights over 2,500 metres being encountered. You can always fine tune your timing by opening or closing the points a bit to find that sweet spot.

Costs: Around NZ\$4000 shipping to UK and back round trip; £268 fully comp insurance from the UK, included a Europe wide breakdown cover. Hotels in Europe ranged over a high of €68 in France to €23 in Slovenia, typically in the €35-50 range. Europe touring budget worked out at about €100/day averaged over 92 days. Start Saving.

Those who read the fine print in their MPH will see that Melvin won the Ken Pettiford Bowl for 2019, being for the best touring effort on a Vincent that year. Melvin is a 2015 Barn Find (40 years snoozing) and appears to have never suffered a 'restoration', but was in a lot better nick than that old Norton was forty years ago.

The 1938 Norton at 'Full Tit' in 1978: power to weight ratio would have been considerably improved if the 50 lb canvas Dispatch Riders' coat had been dispensed with, as the rider didn't weigh much at that time.



Cryptic Motorcycle Brain Teasers Many Thanks to Newcastle Motorcycle Club for these gems. **Hamamatsu sword**. Is the clue .. The answer has to be a Motorcycle Answer below





NRCMCC Market: You can advertise here 'For Sale', 'Wanted', 'Swap', 'Advice needed', 'to Give away', etc - ie, any deal you can imagine to do with motorcycles.

Looking for Triumph Conical Hub, Complete wheel of just the hub. Any condition. Please phone Dean Marsh, Ph 0428 381711

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Club Patron , The club does not currently have a patron. Our immediate past patron was Jack Ahearn {1924-2017}

Be Advised

- · Avoid crowded spaces= Ride Motorcycles
- Do not use public transportation =Ride Motorcycles
- Well ventilated spaces are virus free = Ride Motorcycles
- Protect your nose and mouth = Ride Motorcycles
- · Recommended use of Gloves = Ride Motorcycles
- Try not to touch contaminated surfaces = Don't let anyone touch your Motorcycle
- Avoid shaking hands = Do not remove your gloves when getting off the Motorcycle
- Keep a Safe distance from people who sneeze or cough = Ride Motorcycles
- Maintain a positive and prudent attitude = Only way to ride a Motorcycle

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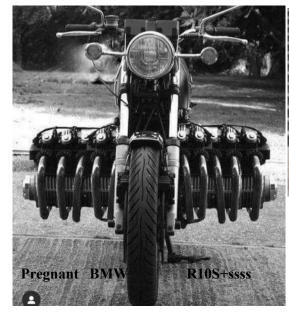
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Answer to Hamamatsu sword.

Hamamatsu is the home of Suzuki. Katana is a Japanese sward = **Suzuki Katana**. Get the idea

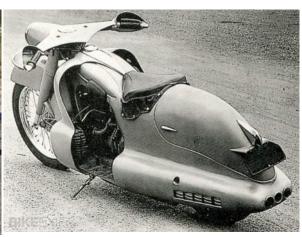
Next Teaser Mary's shadow packing an Italian Pistol ? { no! Not Brysons Ducati } Answer below





You can never get enough Of BMWs, but I try....









Mary's shadow packing an Italian Pistol ?
Mary's shadow = LAMB. Packing an ITALIAN PISTOL = Beretta

Answer: Lambretta



The new heavy "duty" motorcycle









Brain teaser Chew a hairy pachyderm.? Answer. **Münch Mammoth**.



Growing old gracefully is for pussies.





McGonagall's gift when Harry joined the team. Answer = Nimbus Well ...you would have had to have read the Harry Potter books to get that one

Also this motor was locked up In the same room ...



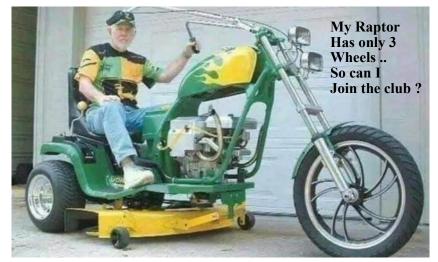
















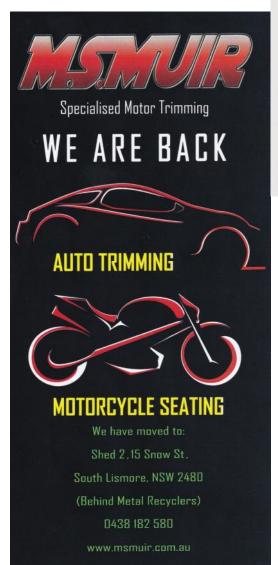






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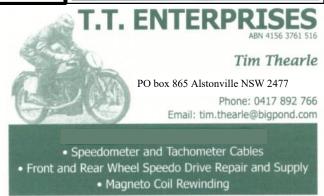
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