

ITINERARY

DECEMBER 1984

9 th	<u>TONY GUSTUS' RIDE</u> 9.00 KBCP	Who knows? Except Tony. Ask him yourselves.
15 th	<u>BREAK-UP B.B.Q</u> 6.30 KBCP	on the banks of the Yarra river (free food, BYO drinks)
16 th	<u>SOMERS</u>	Western Port Bay – Swimming?
23 rd	<u>SHORT CAPTAIN'S RIDE</u> 9.30 KBCP	Could be short on distance. Could be short on statue
Weekend 26-31	<u>CLUB CAMP</u>	Paradise Valley. Make your own way. (see Mag. For details).

JANUARY 1985

NOTE: NO GENERAL MEETING THIS MONTH

6 th	<u>BEN'S TWISTIES</u> <u>Mk. IV</u> 9.00 KBCP 10.45 Hallam	Who knows? Ask Ben
13 th	<u>BRENDA'S BASH</u> 9.30 KBCP 10.45 Hallam	Who knows? Ask Brenda
20 th	<u>MIKE'S HIKE</u> 9.00 KBCP	Who knows? Ask Mike.
Weekend 26-28	<u>CLUBMAN RALLY</u>	Jingellic, about 120ks east of Albury. Make your own way, camp at the club flag. (let's see if we can win the highest club attendance Award). <u>SEE YOU THERE</u>

EDITORIAL

I would just like to take this opportunity to wish all my friends and fellow MTCV members a merry Christmas and a happy new year.

WHOOS NOOS ooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo

Who was that member that couldn't let go of the ball during the recent cricket match?

There was a young lady to whom I was to make mention in last issues WHOOS NOOS with regard to her habit of "DROPPING IT", with particular reference to the "Johnny Drop it" perpetual trophy. However, my better judgement overcame my wooden spoon instincts and so I didn't print any such innuendo.

As it happens, this particular young lady heard of impending write-up, but when it didn't appear, BOY! Did she give me a REV UP.? So to make amends here it is: JANET TOWNS your name in print.

Talking of Janet, her secret is out. She has her hair styled by VICTA, or is it Victor?

DON'T FORGET TONIGHT COULD BE YOUR LAST CHANCE TO BUY A TICKET IN THE SUPER U-BEAUT TYRE RAFFLE.

THE BOWLING NIGHT

On the 10th of November, (a Saturday night) the B.M.W club of Victoria challenged our club to a bowling match. We all gathered at the "Northcote Bowling Centre" at 6.00pm and proceeded to pay for our bowling shoes, organising the right sizes and getting in some practise before the actual match began. Due to a rather poor turn up by the B.M.W. club, with Ross Wright (the social-sec) not even turning up, it was decided to have three bowlers per lane from each club. There were four lanes in all. But alas again we were beaten by that much and the B.M.W club retained the beautiful trophy that we brought for them last year. After the match some of us headed in the city for pancakes and other tasty foods at the Pancake Parlour, in McKillop Street. It was a most enjoyable night out for those who were present and next year it would be nice to see a few more faces turn up so that we can win back the trophy.

The results were as follows:

LANE 1 B.M.W

	1 st Game	2 nd Game	3 rd Game
VIKKI:	126	123	109
BRIAN:	134	127	145
IAN:	109	152	160

TOTAL POINTS: 1185

LANE 2 M.C.T.C.V:

	1 st Game	2 nd Game	3 rd Game
MICK:	191	105	78
BEN:	151	125	152
PHIL:	96	106	80

TOTAL POINTS: 1093

LANE 3 B.M.W:

	1 st Game	2 nd Game	3 rd Game
MARIO:	114	102	132
KENT:	99	113	115
JOY:	48	43	59

TOTAL POINTS: 825

LANE 4 M.C.T.C.V:

	1 st Game	2 nd Game	3 rd Game
GARY:	87	106	111
KIETH:	113	108	118
BRENDA:	103	62	85

TOTAL POINTS: 893

GRAND TOTAL:

B.M.W: 2010
M.C.T.C.V: 1986

B.M.W Club won by 24 points.

RESULTS OF CRICKET MATCH WITH THE FOUR-OWNERS CLUB AT WALHALLA:

FOUR-OWNERS CLUB:

1st Innings.

Phil	:	2	runs
Stretch	:	0	out for a duck
Muscles	:	0	out for a duck
Peter	:	11	runs
Ken	:	11	runs
Hector	:	0	out for a duck
Les	:	6	runs
Chuck	:	12	runs
Liz	:	0	out for a duck
Ron	:	6	runs
Dave	:	4	not out
All out for 52 runs.			

2nd Innings.

Phil	:	7	runs
Stretch	:	8	runs
Muscles	:	19	runs
Peter	:	2	runs
Ken	:	4	runs
Hector	:	2	runs
Les	:	2	runs
Chuck	:	0	out for a duck
Liz	:	0	out for a duck
Ron	:	5	runs
Dave	:	2	runs not out
All out for 55 runs.			

M.C.T.C.V:

1st Innings.

Ben	:	0	out for a duck
Rae	:	2	runs
Phil	:	8	runs
Ted	:	2	runs
Gary L	:	1	run
Brenda	:	2	runs
Tom	:	5	runs
Gary Y	:	15	runs
Geoff	:	4	runs
Janet	:	1	run
Ron	:	0	not out

2nd Innings

Ben	:	3	runs
Rae	:	1	run
Phil	:	0	out for a duck
Ted	:	7	runs
Gary L	:	5	runs
Brenda	:	2	runs
Tom	:	7	runs
Gary Y	:	27	runs
Geoff	:	7	runs
Janet	:	0	out for a duck
Ron	:	7	not out

GRAND TOTAL:

Four-Owners Club: 107
M.C.T.C.V : 106

THE 84 KOSCIUSKO RALLY

Friday the 26th of October saw Brenda, Robyn Duffy, Tony Gustis and myself riding along that some old Hume highway to Albury for the night. This was stage one in the trek to the 84 Alpine Rally. It was a pleasant enough ride with little traffic and starry skies but things were to change as we awoke to find four wet bikes n motel car park and no end to clouds in sight. So it was on with the wet weather clothing and off past the Hume Weir to Walwa and Corryong for a nice hot cuppa. Then it was onto the rally site at Geehi. The rally is organised by the BMW club of the ACT so there is all of 5km of dirt into the site. This makes it great for the part time rallyists not to mention BM owners.

The weather left a lot to be desired for the entire weekend but we all managed to have a good time anyway. The rally is very well organised with free tea and coffee as you arrive, a full table of awards and this year the raffling of a BMW super tool kit. This as you may already know contains not one but two cold chisels.

The awards are presented on the Sunday morning and Brenda won a hand crafted BMW stein for the longest distance BM female. Phil or should I say Andrew Duffy took out the youngest rally entrant which earned him a trophy and Castrol esky. For Andrew?, then again, for Phil ?

By the way Melbourne is further from Geelong than Sydney. I hope we see you there next October 26/27 for another enjoyable weekend away. The more the merrier they say.

NODDY (Gary Lloyd).

SOCIAL SCENE

CHRISTMAS TURN

SATURDAY 15th DECEMBER

This year something different has been organized. The club invites ALL members to a FREE BBQ on the banks of the beautiful Yarra, at the Kings' Bridge Car Park. Meat and salads provided by the club. (BYO drinks) Meet you there 6.30pm onwards.

CLUB CHRISTMAS CAMP

This year the club camp is at Paradise Valley caravan park, which is about 5kms North of Glenmaggie on the Licola rd, Gippsland. We have booked 2 on-site vans from the 26th to the 31st of December. See any committee member for bookings. There are full facilities at the site, it is an ideal spot to spend a few days to relax. See you there.

MERRY CHRISTMAS:

Robyn DuffySocial Sec.

ATTENTION ALL RIDERS

When was the last time you came to a corner with ONE corner marker and didn't STOP? Thinking "one is enough", is the reason most stuff-ups occur. So – when next you come to a corner and there is only one corner there, STOP! You must be the second person to come through no one in front of you would disregard the club system so blatantly would they? AND if they do, say so! If everyone follows the road rules, stuff-ups will decrease. (I won't say "won't happen")

Phil Duffy PRESIDENT

Do YOU sit in the fast lane when the L/HAND LANE is empty? The State Govt is thinking of legislating to make it all specific offence to us the R/HAND LANE except for overtaking.

How's your road craft?

RIDE SAFELY!

NOTE.....

THE ABOVE IS NOW LAW EFFECTIVE AS OF SEPTEMBER 1984.

...Ed.

CLUB ROAD RULES

9. CORNER MARKERS:

- a) When the leader turns a corner, the following two riders must stop to indicate the way.
- b) They must not proceed until the Rear Rider comes, or his/her messenger advises alternative action to be taken.
- c) If a rider does not appear within a reasonable period of time, one of the corner markers may go back to determine the reason for the delay.
- d) The leader may at any time, indicate additional corner markers.

MAKES SENSE DOESN'T IT? FOLLOW IT, IT WORKS.

A NOTE FROM YOUR CAPTAIN

As you all know summer is on its way and some of you who have been in hibernation over winter will be taking those bikes out of mothballs and coming along on a few club rides; or I would hope so anyway. Well I very concerned with the safety aspects of club riders and having been down the road on more than one occasion, I would like to offer a small piece of advice to all of you.

I know that when the temperature soars it is tempting to ride in runners, jeans and T-shirts, but I'm sure that you know that it isn't very sensible.

I would like to see everyone who comes on a club ride being suitably dressed. What does he mean by suitable you say? Well never ride without gloves and have no skin exposed to the road. I suppose that runners are O.K but remember that having your ankles ground layer by bloody spilling layer is not terribly thrilling experience. Of course it is entirely up to you to wear anything you like, but all I ask is to use a little bit of plain old common sense in the way you dress. You should also use the same considerations in advising your pillions in what to wear.

SO DRESS UP AND SAVE YOUR SKIN.

Gary (NODDY) Lloyd CAPTAIN.

HIGH ALTITUDE CRICKET Sunday 11th November

At around 9.20 the boys and I rolled into the KBCP to greet the assembled throng:- Bob XV1000, Janet GPz550, Don & wife XS650, Geoff Z500, a few mins behind Robyn rolled up on her CX650. I gave the corner marker spiel and a rundown of the route to meet the others at Hallam. Robyn led and I brought up the rear on the chair. The pace was relaxed and we stayed pretty well in sight of each other till the freeway and Hallam.

Waiting for us there were:- Gary and Brenda Z1100, Tom and Jack on matching K100RS'S, Gary and Andrea R100S, Jo and Eric R100, Ted R75, Ben and Rae GPZ 900R. Fourteen bikes in all. Gary and Brenda led and that was the last time I saw them until we stopped at Moe for refuelling,

BODIES & BIKES. The food at Walhalla is reputed to be not that exciting, so we made the Moe stop a good break. Refreshed, we tackled the winding roads to Erica with new vigour, I actually caught up with someone and on the short unsealed sections had no trouble keeping a couple of tailenders in sight.

The Four Owners were already there, having passed us at the Hallam pick-up spot. The actual cricket pitch is situated on the top of the surrounding hills, the top having been flattened for that express purpose during the gold mining boom of the late 19th century. The climb up the steep hill (bloody mountain) was won by the MTCV and the ensuing cricket match by the Four Owners. We played 2 innings each and the result went to the last man in. A very close match.

The climb down wasn't any easier due to the gradient and roughness of the track. The story goes that the locals would hike up the hill the day before an impending match and camp the night to await the demoralized visitors. With Gary and Brenda still leading, Robyn took over as rear rider so that I could give the wing its head on the homeward journey, a fact not conveyed to all the members present, which caused some "minor confusion". More "minor confusion" occurred when one of the corner markers directed everyone in the wrong direction: a case of communication breakdown?

We re-grouped and refuelled at Trafalgar and as it was 6pm we decided to terminate the ride then and there. As I write this, I'm still stiff from the climb up the hill. Definitely one of most energetic outings.

Phil Duffy GL 1000 and chair

WHROO CAVES Sunday 18th November

It was a fine and sunny morning with an expected top of 33c. We left KBCP at 10am with Ben (on his unscratched GPz900) leading and Janet (K.A.W GT 550) as rear rider. After leaving the car park we made it all the way to Flinders Street before Vince left the ride, leaving 14 bikes to do the run to Whroo Caves via Whittlesea, Yea, Merton and Euroa. A few ks down the road from Euroa, we had an unscheduled stop; in the middle of nowhere, to pull out the map and have a bit of a discussion as to what road we were on, and in which direction we were going. Once convinced that it was the right way, we headed on to Murchison and Rushworth where we had lunch and watched a Harley ride up and down the main street about four times.

After lunch we only had to go about 5ks down the road (of which 3ks was dirt) to get to Whroo Caves. Then it was out with the torches and off to explore the caves which were a bit of a hike to get to. But once there, the first bit of exploring began with a tunnel through the rock about 20-30 metres long. I then following our very own "Leyland Brother" Ben. Simon, Janet, Dave and myself manoeuvred our way down through the dark, narrow depths of the caves searching for another way out. The hardest part of the trek was jumping over the cyclone fence and crawling through the steel mesh across the opening of each cave, which we decided later was put there just as another obstacle.

Then it was back to Rushworth for some light refreshments because by this time the day had become rather hot. John (GT 750) and Simon (Honda 250) left us from there, while the remainder of the group picked up the pace back to Heathcote, Kilmore and back to Whittlesea where the ride concluded at around 6pm.

All up it was a very enjoyable day covering just over 400ks of highways, windys, narrow country roads and just a small amount of dirt. A good day's ride.

Note; also there were two new people on the ride, Barbara on a 250RS and Dave on a Z650.

OUR TOUR UP NORTH by Peter P.

Travelling on my Honda/4, I got to Lightning Ridge in 3 days, “the Opal country” and if you are wondering where it is, have a look at a map, pin-point Dubbo and head in a straight line towards the old border you should see it just past a town called Walgett. Very warm there and for accommodation I stayed in a Tram-O-Tell, (\$11.00 a night). Before I go on I should mention that on the way up, where the road is very good, I hit a sheep with the crash bar, which now just clears the alternator cover by an inch, (I was very lucky not to have come off), now back to “The Ridge” I visited a walk-in mine, (where the dearest opal found is values at \$11,000.00), the Fauna Park and Bottle House and did a trip to Angle Pool and to the Gwarrin opal fields, where the road was pretty rough with plenty of sand.

On leaving the “Ridge” I went down to Walgett, where I stayed at the Leisure World Motel, which is 7km from town, rather than stay in the township itself which has trouble with the “blacks”. Who own one pub and practically run the other I met two “blacks

Begging for money, but it's the sort of place you don't hang around in after dark. I did a trip to Come By Chance, out in the middle and to Burrow Junction, road surface very poor, i.e. you won't get there if it rains. Then went down to Coonamble, where I stayed overnight. The following morning went to Quam Bone then onto Warren, where I spent the week-end looking around and doing a trip to Mt Harris and to the Warren Weir before moving onto Gilgandra, where I did a normal Sunday ride to Arma Tree via Gulargambone, quite a name eh.

As I'm now getting closer to home I will leave it at that. I just thought I'd tell you a bit about my holiday, which I quite enjoyed and with no trouble with the Honda.

TRAVELLING by Hans Wurster

Yes, had 2 weeks off again and decided to ride up to Ayer's Rock and Alice Springs for a little run. No special preparation, bike O.K took sleeping bag, ground sheet, wet weather gear and camera. Just the standard tools, not even a pump, (that's confidence in a bike?)

Left Altona 4am Sunday 4/11/84, (Speedo 16380K). Weather mild and pitch black. In fact I only rode about 4km when I had to stop to put on my pants as it started to rain quite heavily. Then onto Ballarat road and headed west. Needless to say as I got to the Pentland Hills it became very foggy and cold on tip of the wind and rain slowing me down quite a bit. I got a bit of a fright when I passed a stationary wombat within about 5ft. The rain continued, on the other side of Beaufort I headed into some unexpected road works at a fast rate of knots and I still don't know how I got through this very greasy dirt area OK. The rain persisted at Ararat where it cleared a bit. At Horsham I had my first scheduled fuel and coffee stop. Then onto Bordertown. More coffee and oiled the chain, then onto Coonalpyn for petrol a bit of a spell. Then onto Tailem Bend to Adelaide where again it started to rain and became very windy. Then north to 2 Wells, Port Pierre and Port Augusta. After leaving Adelaide the weather cleared. It became very hot, not a cloud in the sky but very windy. After a soft drink and some junk food at Port Augusta I headed off to woomera where I arrived at 4.15pm (1229km). Stop for petrol and a stubby with the locals. The country looks like the 'arse' end of the world. Very hot and blowing a gale across the Cassen flat country. I asked about the road conditions ahead and was told that the next 100k was okay but then the next 400 plus k's “not so okay”

In fact they gave me 3 propositions:-

- 1/. If you want to wreck your bike, keep going.
- 2/. If you are smart, put it on the back of a truck.
- 3/. If you are really smart, turn around and go back.

I spent quite some time talking about various things and as I didn't have any spares, not even a pump or tyre levers, I decided on option no. 3. I rang my wife and told her of my decision. I felt like a 'WHIMP' but I still think it was a smart move because if you can't help yourself in the outback you shouldn't be there. I took some pictures, and then headed back to Port Augusta for the usual petrol, chain-lube, food and drink. Shortly after headed off to Port Pierre. It was still very hot and windy. I decided not to camp and paid \$14.00 for a cabin with shower and TV, a good sleep in comfort. (Today travelled 1497km)

2nd day – Monday 5th. Packed up and left for Port Wakefield at 6.30am for breakfast and petrol. Then Tailem Bend via Adelaide Hills for more petrol and coffee, then onto Bordertown. Just outside Tailem Bend was overtaken by a Qld rego FJ1100 Yamaha who was cruising about 180-200ks. Good enough for him is good enough for me. Sat right behind him. After a while, it seemed only minutes but actually was about 100ks of this he stopped at a small servo and I never saw him again. I then had my scheduled stop at Bordertown then at Horsham for lunch and a stubby, petrol and chain-lube, very warm and still windy. Then off for home via Ballarat etc. And arrived at Altona at 3.30pm. (Speedo 18831k)

Total distanced	-2451km.
Total riding time	-21hrs 5mins
Total fuel	-153lt
O/A consumption	-16km/lt. Or 45.5mpg
O/A ave speed	-116.7km/h
Fuel cost	-\$78.30
Accommodation	-\$14.00
Phone/Food/Drinks	-\$8.64
Total Cost	<u>\$100.94</u>

CONCLUSION

After my 14420k run around Australia, 28/10 – 11/11 last year on a GSXA1100 EZ I wondered how my new GPz900R would perform on a reasonable run and I am now of the opinion (since getting used to the riding position) that one can tour on a Kwaka just as well as on the big Suzi. After this 2 day run I had no aches or any other side effects.

WURSTER'S WOOT 2/12/84

Bikes: GS1000 Ross, GT750 Pete, XJ900 Vince and son, R650 Ian, R75/6 Ted, R100SR Brian, GPz550 Janet, GPz900R x3 Peter, Hans and Ben. 10 Bikes.

Weather: fine, hottish, strong southerly wind blew all day.

It that an XJ1100? No, another 900R making the third. Peter had sold his GPz1100 and Ducati. And here's Keith and family (including Bo) trying to flog off the last of the raffle tickets before going out to move furniture. No takers though.

Vince barrelled in setting some sort of personal record from Edithvale. Ross worded up Ian, a new rider (via the MRA), on the corner marking system. Big D resumed his rear riding position after being away on his annual trip – 5000km on the old Honda 750 four; 200,00 kilometres yet Pete?

At 10pm we departed. Hans, having made it back just in time from his foiled attempt at Ayer's Rock, (on his way to the mild bar at the time), led us out via a mysterious route (I was lost) through the suburbs (love those twisties) to pick up the Calder highway. Earlier, drifting past Tullamarine Airport, I was held in awe by the approach and landing of a Continental jet. I rode directly under its flight path. So big, so quiet, so ingenious...

Mt Macedon, once through the "Guess which way he is going to turn – WRONG!" shopping centre situation, was fast and fun. On to Woodend for morning tea. Next time I'll remember to hold the salt and pepper and onion on the salad roll. It was h-h-hot.

Is that the Four Owners Club parading by. No, the Ulysses Club. And there's Danny Dalalama, Tom Daly, Ray Thomas and Les Bennett enjoying a Clayton's ride, the ride you're having when not on a club ride.

Am I seeing things or is Vince really on every corner? I like his idea of using the bike as a pointer, rather than just blinking. He must be applauded for the occasional extravagant lengths he goes to (pirouettes, wheelies, doughnuts) to achieve the desired result, even if one or two bikes slip by in the process.

The road running down into Greendale (near Ballan) was one of the highlights of the day. Wide, fast, twisty and smooth. It was perfect – good visibility, no cars, crisp bitumen. I indulged. Zoom. (So much for taking it easy after the night's delights. This self imposed restriction usually lasts about two and a half corner, or three quarters of a "Treasurer's Tasteful Trek".)

The next piece of road was not bad either, except for the occasional mid-corner bump, later promoting a discussion on tank slappers with Vince. Steiglitz, dirt, dust, concrete bridge. So Ross, your bike weighs 255kg dry, excluding the fairing and you find the bike leaving tracks in the bitumen! Some long straight sections heading south. The wind. Blah. At last the road disappeared down a volcano (extinct). Zoom – zoom.

Woops. Here's Hans coming the other way. A casual U-turn. Whispers that the BM's are running out of petrol are becoming persistent. A quick fuel stop at Anakie ensues. Peter and Ted decide to leave. Brian overshoots a corner disguised by a cloud of dust thrown up by an approaching car, and is never seen again. Hans later told me Brian passed him, possibly in search of petrol.

Locked up the front wheel coming to a stop corner marking. Sand. Notice how the bike weaves and the steering feels light and pot holes aren't nice. Do you remember hitting this sand at 120km/h going the other way on the 550? Yes – so stop closing the distance between yourself and Hans. Tank slappers are scary.

Here's Vince feigning interest in the countryside and slowing to a pedantic 40 km/h. up to something sinister no doubt. Vince HATES being passed, but here he is baiting us. Hmm. He later told me he was avoiding corner marking, aware of the approaching dusty road, or not wanting to be held up. And that he miscalculated!

But there is no food up in the You-Yangs, my stomach grumbled. Oh yes there is. Hans's wife and kids had barbecued the sausages, cooled the cans of drink, opened the sauce bottle, tossed the salad and done an absolutely excellent job of preparing lunch. Unbelievable. Incredible. What a precedent! I take back that bit about Hans on his way to the milk bar. I made it up. He was really on his way to the service station.

Vince, after hobbling around on one leg for a while, (direct result of a sexist remark), opened up about his car racing days. A V8 Veedub, and how he was third fastest in Australia, holding the lap record at three tracks around the country including Winton and Adelaide, and how one time a Calder he passed 16 cars from the rear of the grid (after no practice) to be up Brock's proverbial going into the first corner. And he's off to see Yamaha tomorrow to determine why a holed side

cover (dropped the bike in his garage popping front wheel monos under braking) costs megabuck. And if he is dissatisfied it will appear in Australian Motor Cycle News next issue.

With Hans about to charge off (I mean leave sedately) the local constabulary and forest commission officer roll in. I fight off rising panic. Apparently Simon, aged two and a half, wearing red tee-shirt and blue overalls, has gone walkabout, has been lost for at least an hour, and would we help search for him. Sure.

The forest commission guy led us up to the top and said search along a walking track on our bikes. Ian, keen as mustard, gave up after thirty feet and backed out. We decided that Simon would not have gone up there anyway. We regrouped at 3pm, after some of us searched the nearby thick scrub.

A bund of local lads driving around had seen a crying child matching the description pelting along the road some kilometres away. Someone else had seen him in the plantation.

The plantation was accessible to bikes with millions of tracks criss-crossing the fairly open scrub. I took Joanne Wurster and Janet took Simone as pillion observers ("lean into the corners" warned a worried mum). We wandered around for ages in first and second gear, occasionally bumping into a bike and deciding where next. The thematic fan worked overtime, and the belly pan is only scratched, not cracked. Eventually we heard that Simon had been found by the ranger and the mother. And I was quite enjoying myself too.

The ranger estimated that Simon had travelled 7 miles along tracks and roads (and that is ever further in kilometres). He was still going strong at the end. Watch out De Castella.

The parents, policeman and ranger thanked us and told us how great we were, but Ross convinced them that we were really bad gun-toting bikies who rape and pillage and are body searched at the border on the way to Bathurst every year.

Straight up the highway and home by 5pm. A round trip of 370 km. The bike has now done 7,300 km. I had a great day. Roll on "Son of Wursters Woot"

Ben (GPz900R)

THE MACHINE ON THE ROAD.

Before starting on a tour, the machine should be carefully over hauled, and to ensure a pleasant time, everything should be in perfect order. The machine should also be attended to at the end of every day's run. As much luggage may be taken on a motor cycle as it will conveniently carry. The writer generally manages to take a change of clothes with him. The possibility of doing this, however, rests with the capacity of the rider's bag.

A very good way of carrying a spare valve complete with its spring and cotter is to procure an empty metal polish or Vaseline tin as nearly as possible the same size as the valve head, and open a hole in the base of it with the tang of a file. When the valve stem is thrust through this, the lid can be put on over its head, and the valve held in position by its own spring, the larger washers which serve as spacers acting very efficiently as distance pieces to keep the spring at a reasonable tension. A substitute for washers in this connection is a cork with a hole through it, such as can be bought for a penny at almost any chemist's. If necessary the lid of the box can be tied on with string or secured with a little insulating tape.

In the event of a petrol pipe fracture, this proves quite invaluable, and is much more effective, especially when tied round and round with string, than a piece of rubber tube. The latter always perishes very quickly, and is generally as much trouble as it is worth.

Small screws, studs, bolts and pins are very difficult little fellows to store away in a tool bag. If they are put in loosely, the threads rapidly become worn off, and if they are wrapped in rag it is ten to one that the first time one wants some other portion of the kit, the rag is accidentally pulled out and spurts its contents over the roadside. A 2 oz tobacco tin will generally be found deep enough to take most of the spare studs, etc., if stood on end. All one has to do is to cut a piece of cardboard to fit the tin, pierce it with holes and stick the studs through the holes, so that they stand upright, and are prevented from knocking against one another. Their nuts can also be screwed down on to them. This method keeps them better than anything else we have seen, and only a second or two is wanted to get the particular bolt required ready for use and without disturbing the others. The same tin can also be used to hold the copper washers for the plugs and valve caps.

There is a very easy way of keeping the vast collection of small nuts and split pins, small washers, both of the spring and flat type, etc., which should find a place in every tool bag. To overcome this difficulty, they should be one and all threaded on a short loop of thin copper wire, as shown in the sketch. With regard to the carrying of luggage a good sized suit case for motor cycle work measures about 20 x 13 x 6in. It should not be fixed on longitudinally, but athwart the carrier, so that it sticks out to the rear to the least possible extent. As the cases are made of leather, some area of support is required and this can be given by carrying a square of three-ply wood to insert between the tubes of the carrier and the base of the case. When the case is taken off, the wooden platform can be put inside it.

To secure the case firmly, procure four bent plates. At each end they have oblong holes through which the strap passes. The way in which the metal clips work is almost self-evident, since with the strap sharply....

Continued in the Feb 85 mag.