



THE LINK

FEB/MAR 23

EDITOR

Annya Summers

'JOINING GOOD COMPANIONS IN A SHARED PASTTIME.'

The Official Journal of THE MOTORCYCLE ENTHUSIASTS CLUB INC., GOLD COAST

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THE MASTER LINK

BAZZ'S BANTER

Hello fellow Motorcycle Enthusiasts.

Well 2022 flew out the window and 2023 has already ripped through the door at a great rate of knots.

Firstly, I have to give a big thanks to our committee as, after a few hurdles and hiccups our website is now running smoothly with emails (with links) being sent out to all financial members. Minutes of meetings and other notices will also now be sent out.

Also thanks to Bernadette for producing the clubs membership cards, which are now available for pickup at the clubhouse.

Rides continued through the Christmas break with great popularity. Our first club dinner of the year at the Indian Hut had a huge turnout of club members too! The next club dinner is being organised as we speak.

Bikes and Banter at Garage Twenty5 has also been a huge (multi club) success thanks to Rod. You can read more about this event in this edition.

Also due to the success of Mark Mellor's Mystery ride last year there will be another happening soon!

I hope you enjoy this issue of the Link that Anya has done another great job of putting together.

AND REMEMBER, IF THERE IS A STORY OR ARTICLE YOU WOULD LIKE TO BE PUT IN THIS MAG, JUST CONTACT ANNYA OR MYSELF.

In the meantime Ride Safe!

Bazz.



Saturday 11th February

'Garage 25'

1 Boatworks Dv, Coomera

7.00am to 11.00am



'DONT LOOK BACK, YOU'RE NOT GOING THAT WAY.'



FROM THE EDITOR

Hi everyone.

Happy new year. Not sure where January went, but I wasn't ready and here we are in Feb.

Riding in this hot weather is hard work, so in March I'm joining my amazing partner in crime Andrew Sweaney, Robbie and Annie Murray and Tracey Leap on a NZ South island 10 day adventure. This has been a bucket list item as a non rider for years, so to have the opportunity to do it on a motorbike is next level great.

I promise to take some great footage and come back with some great article fodder to share.

Watch this space!

Don't let my travels stop you from sharing yours. If you have something to share, email editor@mecgc.club.

Cheers

Annya



EVENTS

COME AND JOIN US AT ONE OF THE EVENTS BELOW!

BIKERS BREAKFAST

The First Saturday every month. Open at 7am. Please bring your SIV rego bikes, you can share a BBQ breakfast with us at the clubhouse then head out for a ride. Leave at 9am.

WEEKLY RIDES

Members are reminded that they can use their SIV registered bikes on these and any club activity.

- Monday: Wayne's ride. Meet at Tahbella Cafe, 3 Cottonwood Place, Oxenford at 8am to leave 9.00am.
- Thursday ride meeting at our clubhouse 8.30am leave at 9am.
- Saturday morning ride meeting at clubhouse 7.30am for a cuppa, stands up at 8.00am.
- Last Saturday is a long ride.
- Club Rooms open every Saturday from 7am rain or shine for coffee before we head out.

MUSIC FOR PARTIES/FUNCTIONS

Play guitar and sing old favourites
 Up to 4 microphones - you join in or follow karaoke screen
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ADVENTURE RIDE

Join us for the Adventure Ride (ARM). Visit the MECGC Website for more details.

CLUB COMMITTEE MEETING

Third Wednesday of each month.

All members of the club are welcome to attend the committee Meeting. Club General Meeting—are no longer held each month. There will be meetings called from time to time. Next one is August for the annual AGM.

MOVIE NIGHT

2nd Wednesday of each month.

Open from 6.30pm. Movie starts at 7pm.

For more information, contact Mark 0438 000 3224

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GROWING 'CAFFEINE, BANTER AND BIKES' FOR 2023

Saturday 11th February

'Garage 25'

1 Boatworks Dv, Coomera

7.00am to 11.00am



Saturday 11th February will be the first of four Caffeine, Banter & Bikes' days planned for 2023.

All dates have been set so clubs can add it to their annual calendars.

We are expecting bigger and greater things this year with the addition of 2 dealerships and 4 vendors agreeing to participate at each meeting. (See flyer for more info). This should really add to the atmosphere we are attempting to create.

As mentioned in earlier articles, this event creates a great opportunity for our club to showcase itself and grow our own membership, but we need your support.

We will be having our own marquee on the days and really need as many members as possible to turn out with their bikes. Our marquee will be on the right just before the cul-de-sac. We would love to keep all our bikes in the one area if possible.

Please let all your friends know about this day as we are looking for as much support as possible from both within the club and other motorcycle enthusiasts.

For those that don't know, I have a new ride buddy, Lexi, who now has her own spot on one of my V-Stars.

Hope to see you at Garage 25 on the 11th Feb.

Rod Moorcroft.



TribalMoto

GARAGE 25 DEAL

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CAFFEINE, BANTER AND BIKES EVENT



All bikes & clubs welcome!

We welcome you to bring your machine down and join the display and banter with like-minded people and their bikes.

Don't forget, cars are also most welcome to join the party.

We will be kicking off at 7.00am going through to 11.00am, however you are welcome to come & go as you please.

We appreciate the on-going support from the following vendors that should be present on the day with their goods.



The bacon & egg rolls will be rolling out as of 7.00am, along with your morning hit of caffeine by the friendly staff of Espresso Twenty5.

<https://www.facebook.com/esptwenty5/>

For more information, contact Rod Moorcroft.
Mobile: 0411 127 017
Email: rgmoorcroft@bigpond.com

MOTOR CYCLE ENTHUSIASTS CLUB GOLD COAST



Calendar for 2023

- Sat. 11th February 2023
- Sat. 13th May 2023
- Sat. 12th August 2023
- Sat. 11th November 23

Don't forget the Speedway boys will also be there showing off their magnificent machines.



Guest Dealerships present on the day:





HAZARD PERCEPTION TRAINING

What is a hazard?

How do we identify it?

And what do we do about it?

For many decades, road safety researchers have been attempting to identify the key qualities that can make a rider or driver "safer".

One of these key qualities is our ability to perceive hazardous situations. Those who are better able to anticipate dangerous situations are less likely to be involved in crashes.

As motorcycle riders we are subject to specific hazards in addition to those we have in common with car drivers.

The different performance and handling characteristics of a motorcycle compared with a car, our exposed nature and the level of protective gear we choose to wear when riding are just some examples.

Our risk evaluation skills need to be more sharply tuned and take these into account.

Consequently, people who drive a car and also ride motorcycles are generally more easily able to identify hazardous road features and the actions of other road users that are a potential risk to us.



SO, WHAT IS A HAZARD?

A hazard is "anything that may cause us to change speed, direction, stop, or even cause harm."

Hazards could be grouped into categories such as:

- other road users (think pedestrians, drivers, cyclists, horses);
- environmental conditions (weather, road surfaces);
- physical and road infrastructure (bends, roundabouts, junctions); or
- psychological (saying to yourself "I'm not going to make that bend" or "I am going to hit that tree").

Lack of attention to the riding task, alcohol, drugs (both prescription and recreational), fatigue, state of mind and stress are also hazards whilst riding.

HAZARD PERCEPTION TRAINING CONT.

And hazards are not necessarily isolated - they are common, somewhat repetitive, constantly changing and sometimes you'll encounter a few different ones at the same time which will seriously test your abilities, training and concentration levels.

It is important therefore to anticipate, recognise and prioritise these hazards in order to give yourself plenty of time, space and vision to respond to the threat.

DEVELOPING YOUR HAZARD PERCEPTION SKILLS

It takes time to develop hazard perception skills.

We learn from experience, so the best way to hone these skills is by getting plenty of riding experience in lots of different riding situations.

But that alone isn't enough. We need to learn to identify the hazards around us. It's a hard lesson when the hazard we didn't recognise hits us.

There's a couple of techniques we teach on our SMART Rider courses - commentary riding and the "What If?" question.

Commentary riding is basically talking to yourself as you ride, verbalising the things that you can see, and the things you can't see but can reasonably expect. Things like, "there's a car at that stop sign", "there's a side road", "there's a 70km/h speed sign" and "there's a blind crest ahead of me." By verbalising what's in your surroundings you will actually start to notice more.

Then the "What If?" question kicks in. "What if that car driver hasn't seen me?", "What if something comes out of that side road?", "Am I under the speed limit? (helps to reduce unexpected bills in the mail too) and "What if there's something on the wrong side of the road over that crest?"

HAZARD PERCEPTION TRAINING

If safe riding is partially dependent on hazard perception, and our hazard perception ability

increases with experience, then an important question to ask is whether the process of gaining experience can be accelerated in a safe environment.

Simulator training has been suggested as one option, and has been used successfully in driver education for many years. The drawback is that it is relatively expensive and resource intensive as only one candidate can be trained at a time.

Roadcraft training courses like our SMART Rider course can help you to learn the skills to identify and anticipate hazards and think differently about your surroundings so you have time to avoid a potentially bad situation.

A recent report (Mills et al. (1998)) found that the combination of on-road and classroom hazard perception training led to the greatest reduction in reaction times in perceiving hazards. The second greatest reduction was for on-road training, followed by classroom training alone.



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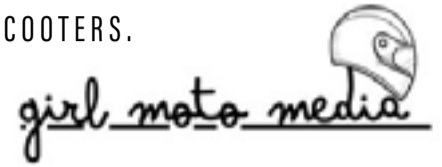
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ROADS THAT MAKE YOU GO “WOO HOO” INSIDE YOUR HELMET!

FOLLOW GIRL MOTO'S LOREN TURNBULL AS SHE TRAVELS THAILAND. THE LAND OF BEACHES, TUK TUK'S, PAD THAI AND SCOOTERS. LOTS OF SCOOTERS.



With scooters being the preferred mode of transport for locals, you could assume that Thailand doesn't offer riding options for "real" motorcyclists. You assume wrong my friend. Let me introduce you to Northern Thailand. More specifically, let me introduce you to the Mae Hong Son Loop.

Forget the sun-filled, cocktail-fueled, bar-pumping coastal regions of the South. If you are looking for a holiday that combines your sense of adventure with your number one love (motorcycle riding), you need to head North.

Yes, "big bikes" exist in Thailand and there is a magical road called Route 108 waiting for you, and your borrowed steel companion, to come over and play.



The playground begins and ends in Chiang Mai. A one-hour flight north from Bangkok you will find the city of Chiang Mai. The city itself offers history, amazing food, café culture, relaxing spas, and beautiful temples—if that's your thing.

For me, it's the striking mountainous regions surrounding the city that put Chiang Mai squarely on my radar. Heading out from Chiang Mai is where the Mae Hong Son loop begins. And my, oh my, what a treasure trove of fun it holds!

The landscape changes with almost every corner. The roads twirl and dance through stunning mountain vistas and valleys, constantly teasing you to stop for just one more photo. But it's so much more than picture perfect. If smooth roads, sweeping corners, technical switchbacks and long rides on a trusty steel steed are your jam, then the Mae Hong Son loop is a literal paradise that will not disappoint.

These are the roads that will make you go "woo hoo" inside your helmet.

NAVIGATING THE ROADS OF THAILAND—IT'S NOT WHAT I'M USED TO. IT'S BETTER!

You might assume the roads of Thailand are pretty rough. I bet right now you're picturing any one of the crazy roads you've ever experienced in various parts of Asia.

Please get those images out of your head, because your assumption about these Thailand roads is wrong! Big time wrong!



Over five glorious days, we ride tarmac that's likely in better condition than your favourite local roads.

Significant investment is made into the upkeep of the roads in this northern region. There's a good reason for that. On the off-chance the Thai military need to offer transport-related assistance to their neighbouring country, Myanmar (you may have heard there is some political unrest in Myanmar), they keep the roads prepared and well taken care of.

*Top: resting motorbikes
Second top: Thailand Road
Middle: Arriving in Chang Mai
Below: Thai military*

CREATING THE 2022 GIRL MOTO TOUR

I had the pleasure of riding the Mae Hong Son loop in March 2022. After returning to Australia, I couldn't stop thinking about my experience. It wasn't just the stunning landscape of mountain pines, rice paddy fields, Thai jungle, and the scattering of authentic villages that had me buzzing.

No. It was the sense of achievement I experienced after conquering five days of riding through the magnificent and, at times, challenging twisties on offer. It had me high fiving myself for weeks after returning home to Australia.

This feeling of achievement was euphoric, and I wanted to replicate that for other riders. I wasn't wasting any time either. I rode the Loop in March 2022. This tour had to happen in November 2022.

WHY NOVEMBER? GLAD YOU ASKED. TWO REASONS

Weather. March was HOT! Not unbearable. But November is much cooler. Having now had the benefit of comparing the two seasons, I don't regret putting a rush on getting this tour organised for November 2022.

Flowers. Yes, flowers. Each year in November there is a region along the Loop where over 200 acres of Mexican Sunflowers come into bloom for a very short time. It's worth seeing.



CALLING IN THE EXPERTS

Despite my first-hand experience only a few months earlier, this time, I went to the experts. This tour never could have happened if not for Bike Tour Asia. When I did the Loop in March, I self-guided, hired my own bike, booked my own accommodation, and set out with no support or backup.

Yes, I had a great time.

Yes, I saved some money.

Yes, I even got through the tour without any major incidents.

But I won't ever do it again on my own, and here's why:

1. The bikes are better at Bike Tour Asia

Whilst the hire company I used in March was friendly, had a decent size bike fleet, and really tried to take care of me, it was only after using Bike Tour Asia's bike that I realised the difference a premium quality bike makes to the experience.

Bike Tour Asia's fleet of bikes is brand new, meticulously maintained to Western standards, and with the option to select from BMW GS or Triumph Tiger models. Plus they offer top boxes and panniers as part of the tour price.

The even bigger plus is there is no requirement to leave your actual passport with Bike Tour Asia (yes - that's a thing when hiring a bike in Thailand - yikes!)

2. Bike Tour Asia's premium accommodation added to the experience

Bike Tour Asia offer a premium tour experience. Sparkly new, top-quality European bikes is just the beginning. A Bike Tour Asia tour also means staying in top quality hotels for the entire trip.



*Above: flowers of Thailand
Middle: Bike Tour Asia bikes
Below: our hotel pool!*

At first, I questioned whether the additional cost this added to the tour – compared to my self-made tour in March – was worth the dollars. I cannot express more strongly yes. Yes! A thousand times: YES.

It is worth the extra dollars for premium accommodation.

3. Self-touring is all rainbows and butterflies–when nothing goes wrong!

Thankfully nothing went wrong during my March self-guided tour. But if it had, I literally had no backup.

The mountains are remote, with quite a distance between villages. In the event of an incident, even if I had made it to a village, I doubt there would have been much help on offer. Thankfully nothing went wrong on our November tour either. However, booking via Bike Tour Asia was insurance (and peace of mind) that if anything serious did happen, their team was a phone call and only a 2–3-hour drive away.

We could have opted to have a support van on tour too. Even though we didn't take that option, it's certainly one of the added bonuses of booking through an experienced tour operator.

4. A Thai-speaking guide creates more experiences

Thankfully Thai people are extremely welcoming of Westerners. With a small number of residents in the regional mountain areas able to speak English, one can certainly get by for five days. And in March, I did.

For our November tour we were accompanied by our Thai/English speaking guide, and that certainly elevated the experience.

It was particularly noticeable when we attended a night-market in Mae Hong Son town for dinner one night. This market is for locals, not tourists, so none of the signs are in English. Our guide ordered and negotiated and conversed on our behalf, which meant we were introduced to an array of food and experiences that would never have happened if not for our guide.



IF MOTORCYCLE TRAVEL ISN'T ON YOUR BUCKET LIST, IT SHOULD BE!

I have been blessed to do a lot of travel over my life so far. For some reason it took me until 2022 to combine my love of motorcycle riding with overseas travel. Perhaps I was hesitant about the safety of riding in an unfamiliar country. Perhaps it seemed all too hard making the arrangements. Who knows.

What I do know is that my Thailand riding experience is right up there with one of the best experiences of not only my travelling life, but my whole life. So much so that I'm doing it again in November 2023.

I think I might be hooked...

- Check out the GirlMoto website: www.girlmoto.com.au
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GIRLMOTO PROVIDES CONTENT THROUGH THE LENS OF FEMALE MOTORBIKE RIDERS, HELPING TO AMPLIFY THEIR VOICE ACROSS THE GLOBE.

IT'S FREE!



*Above: Our guide Tik
Middle: Our new tattoo's
Below: our hotel*





1972 DUCATI 750GT—THE REBUILD

Written by Derek Stevenson for a British readership a year or so back.

Every now and then a project bike pops up which has so much history and context, that it just HAS to be done.

Short look back: in about 1975 a black Ducati 750GT lost a jousting match with a car in Hurstville (Sydney, Australia). Its previous owner was sort of known in passing (bad choice of words I suppose, because he lived, to the best of my knowledge). The insurance company decided the Ducati couldn't be resuscitated but one of my groomsmen, Alan, decided they had erred. He bought the wreck and in doing so, stepped on the boat on the river Styx. It didn't go well. Fast forward and another mate, my best man, Allan (yes), bought the part finished project from Alan and in due course, in 1979, the job was done.

To be fair, he did a pretty good job, considering we were all terminally poor back then. Allan is a very methodical guy. The wiring harness he produced himself was a work of art. Tied together with little strings at accurately



repeated intervals and finished with perfect reef knots. Stunning. Unfortunately, due to his poverty, he used almost exclusively brown wire in said harness. He was an apprentice sparky, so it was available at the "right" price. The harness bears no resemblance to the one described in the manual. Still not sure if this is a good thing or a bad thing.

The relationship between Allan and the bike was strained and in latish 1979, after he had only put 3,000 klms on the bike, Honda decided to unleash the CB900F on an unsuspecting public. Allan's eyes glazed over and he somehow handed over enough money to buy one. (He may have sold a kidney). The Ducati was despatched to the back corner of the shed and there it languished for 40 years. That's over two life sentences. The last 30 or so years of that time, it was in a shed about 200 metres from that grand purveyor of corrosion, the Pacific Ocean. And purvey it did!

Over the years I couldn't bear the poor bike cowering in the corner like a whipped dog that didn't know what ghastly sin it had committed against its owner. After much hissing and spitting and gnashing of teeth (mine that is), I convinced Allan that this was no longer acceptable. He finally admitted that if I didn't do it, no-one was going to. That was in December 2019.



I should have taken the hint about what was to come when, in February 2020, I managed to get my foot jammed under the tail gate of the delivery truck. It was maybe 100 kg, the bike 200 and the driver maybe also 100. My yodelling was heard in adjacent suburbs, though no offers have been forthcoming from "The Voice" or similar. Have I mentioned my clumsiness yet?

The true extent of the damage soon became evident (to the bike that is). Many of you will appreciate the difficulty in dismantling anything jammed in place by the horror of corrosion. Gallons of WD40, Inox and other products combined with brute force, heat and ignorance, finally overcame. Moving heavily rusted forks through tight triple clamps is, for want of a better word, challenging. I discovered during the process that the fork caps were in fact not steel, rather some kind of alloy. One had apparently mushroomed slightly during my repeated assaults, enough that it would NEVER have passed the triple clamps if I hadn't worked it out after several days of applying brute force. It later fell apart anyway. Even the spokes had to be cut out with bolt cutters. The whole exhaust system was toast and despite some of it falling apart in my hands, resolutely refused to come apart. Enter from left stage, the hacksaw.

What followed over the next year and a half was a stubborn battle of wills, with much cursing and swearing and consumption of alcohol. The last three were me, not the bike. I now have a larger array of tools in my kit than before, including a burgeoning hammer collection.

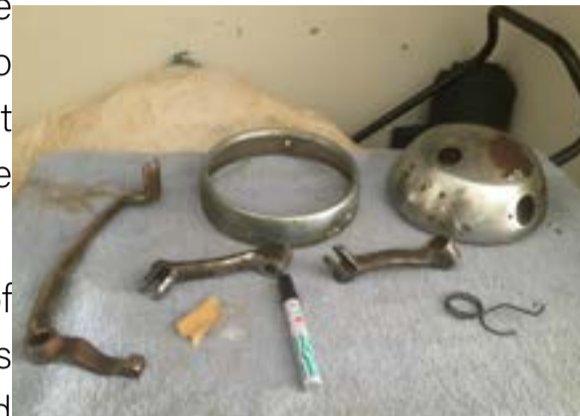
Next thing I discovered when obtaining the necessary parts was that apparently "Greed Is Good". I must be getting old, but I was brought up in the days when most of us gave parts away to others on a needs



basis. Actually, no. I won't go there. It isn't good for my blood pressure. So we just saved several thousand words there, mostly expletives.

I didn't even consider trying to start the engine for fear of adding insult to injury. I got it to turn by hand without ignition. That was enough for me. Brook Henry at Vee Two Australia, in Perth, rebuilt the engine. It was in a sorry state. \$12,500 for his work and numerous parts.

The usual polishing and painting was undertaken. And the constant discovery of the most insane engineering imperatives I have even seen. Too many to list without writing a book. Those Italians!



Oddly, the inside of the petrol tank was nowhere near as bad as I had feared. One in the positive column. Evaporust carried the day pretty well.

Dunlop K81 TT100 tyres were my choice and have worked out beautifully. New chain and sprockets. The chain was surprisingly cheap. I went with the factory spec, ie, no o-rings. I don't anticipate riding around Australia on it anytime soon, so I'm sure it will be fine.

The complete exhaust system including clamps was supplied by Reband in South Australia. \$2,600 and a pretty tidy job. The packaging for the delivery was impressive. They certainly didn't want any of it damaged.

The parts for the AP Lockheed abomination on the front wheel were unavailable at the time so I ended up with a Brembo which was made for fitment on the same mounts. It turned out to be an abomination too. I'm certain I could pull the bike up more quickly on the rear brake alone. One job for future pondering.



Of course, every bearing was replaced, new hydraulics and all new cables. The rear brake cables for these Ducatis were also apparently unavailable and they contain the switch for the brake light. I had to fashion a separate switch mechanism and mount as a work around. I also had to wire in a switch for the front brake as there didn't appear to be one. I wasn't savouring telling my roadworthiness examiner that no, this bike



never had indicators when new, let alone that it didn't have a front brake light switch either. I surprised myself when all of this electricity went where it should when tested. Backed up by a nice beefy Motobatt AGM battery. Electricity has never been my friend. So, bonus! I didn't have the money for a factory fresh rebuild but aimed instead for what the bike should have looked like at age 50, with regular use and maintenance. None of the finish is beyond factory level. What we now have is a tidy, clean, oh God yes, clean bike. The refurbished original 1972 engine in a 1973 electric start chassis, an aftermarket seat cover and a steel tank from circa 1973 (the original fibreglass one was totalled in the famous battle of 1975). The spoke counters will have a field day with me. Some of what should be chromed is painted. The depth of rust would have driven the price of the chrome through the already lofty roof.

They say experience is something you get just after you needed it, so when a member of the Ducati Owner's Club started offering helpful hints, I made sure to stay in close contact. Unfortunately, Franco lives over 60 kilometres away. He has and still does build old Ducatis. He has the scars to prove it and no doubt the canvas sports coat that buckles at the back. One

case in point was the horrendous starting. Despite an apparently correctly set up Sachse ignition system, it just dug its heels in. It would start when it wanted to. The rear cylinder seemed to be the recalcitrant one. He advised me to bin the Amal chokes and to check to that the rear throttle cable hadn't popped out of its adjuster. It had. Obviously putting the slides from each cylinder in a similar position and working harmoniously would be useful. I re-routed the cable to get a better vertical entry on the adjuster. First kick. Bingo. You gotta love wisdom. Especially when its free. Anyway, the cable hasn't popped out since, so, happy days.

One minor ongoing issue is an oil leak from the rear cylinder head where the bevel tower attaches. It dumps oil on the top of the crank cases. I'm not riding it that far that I can't just wipe it off in the short term. I am reticent to test myself working on bevel driven heads so I will wait for when Brook is next in Queensland for a visit. If you haven't kept up with Australian affairs, Western Australia still has the drawbridge up. Getting to and from is fraught with peril and expense. They appear to want to secede. To put it in perspective, Perth to The Gold Coast where I live is about 4,335 kilometres. John O'Groats to Lands End is about 1,351 kilometres. The tyranny of distance. So, we'll see him when we see him. Meantime, the Ducati is a delight to ride. I have extensive cane fields starting a few hundred metres from my house with very little traffic. The steering is remarkably light and precise. The chassis is rock solid and the Contis are an aural delight.

A big thank you to my wife Robyn for indulging me.

Cheers.

Derek Stevenson

Equitare ergo sum



POEM PITSTOP

WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG?



"Take a little bike trip" they said, "Take your lovely wife along."

"Weather's been great for so long now, what could possibly go wrong?"

I pulled the bike out of the garage, and so we started to pack,
What we needed for our trip out, and hopefully to get us back.

I gazed in trepidation, at her pile of must have stuff.
And knew it'd be difficult. I was going to do it tough.

The domestic started early, over what we'd need to take.
My wife just dug her heels in and nil would she forsake.

"You really are an arsehole" she said. "You don't know how I feel!"
I'd rejected her big hair dryer and indeed her red high heels.

She stormed right off and into the house. She said she'd had enough.
She screamed at me and slammed the door, and went off in a huff.

It seemed I was going solo, and packed a little less gear,
Including my favourite canvass swag, that hadn't been used in years.

My diplomacy had failed me and her words they really burned,
The dog house would certainly be my reward, when I later returned.

I set off down the highway, enjoying the clement weather,
Feeling the wind upon my face and feeling as light as a feather.

It was a couple of hours out of town, when my bones began to ache.
A good time to pull over I thought, for a welcome and needed break.

I'd packed a thermos of soup, better than shop bought, I thought instead.
Now upside down within my bag. Spare clothes all drenched in red.

It dribbled down and out of the bag and all over the bike's rear wheel,
Where no doubt it would get in everywhere, and later on it would congeal.

Then I noticed the missing swag, and in vain I tried to guess,
Just where it had departed, and where it had come to rest.

I rang ahead to a cheap motel, in a small one-horse ghost town.

They took my booking to my relief and reduced my horrible frown.

I ploughed ahead regardless, toward the dark and massing clouds.
The lightning flashed and thunder roared. It was quite disturbingly loud.

And then of course it started to rain. I was prepared, it didn't matter.
But the rain suit had tried to escape and was now reduced to tatters.

I looked back on down the road, bits of rain suit were strewn confetti.
The rest was still attached to the bike, and hung down like wet spaghetti.

The storm was brief but heavy, and it soaked me to the skin,
I marched right up to the motel desk, like something the cat dragged in.

But then there was a problem. My booking was given away.
"Yeah, but these things happen", was all the sage clerk could say.

No spare rooms were there to be had, nor anywhere else around.
I gazed in horror and disbelief at this over-paid motel clown.

And then he tried to placate me, with nothing but platitudes,
But when I just got angrier, he scorned my attitude.

I rode to the pub for a drink or six, and everyone a double.
I spent the night in the Watch House, for causing the coppers trouble.

At least they gave me breakfast, then kicked me out the door.
They pointed out the highway and said: "The road is yours once more".

I staggered back to fetch the bike, still parked behind the pub,
Shaded by very tall gum trees and the thickest of mulga scrub.

I was lucky to escape charge free, from the night's drunken farce,
Then a snake crept up behind me and it bit me on the arse.

Why the hell did it pick me, and really, what's the chance?

I leapt and kicked in fright and fear, in a convulsive Riverdance.

WHAT COULD POSSIBLY GO WRONG? CONT.

"It bit you where?" the poor nurse asked and she was truly not impressed.
Then she hit me with anti-venom and the tiny wounds were dressed.

While checking the bike over again, an occy-strap slipped out of place,
I was far too slow to duck or weave and it slapped me in the face.

One more hospital visit. A metaphorical dunce's hat.
And there within their rolling eyes: "Who IS this useless prat?"

Then wearing a stylish eye patch, in the most fetching shade of black,
I cackled like a mad man, my reality not yet back.

I rode away at a breakneck pace, lest more disaster might find me,
When suddenly and inexplicably, I came close to clouting a tree.

It seems you must have two good eyes with which to navigate a course,
At least with a bike or even a car, though not as tragic upon a horse.

No way would I admit defeat, which was a terribly stupid notion.
You can't argue with Mother Nature, or Science or Laws of Motion.

And so I missed a right hand bend, with the bike right over heeled.
I ran wide and off the road, at a rapidly approaching field.

Not happy with my current woes, or my impending fate,
I finally hit a lucky streak, and rode through an open gate.

No braking on the slick wet grass, into a mercifully soft hay stack,
But hidden right behind it was a well-built wooden shack.
Ouch!

The bull then turned, gave me the eye, or at least it did seem so.
"This field's not big enough for the two of us, and one just has to go."

He dropped his head and began to charge. I ran with no defence.
But I forgot the open gate and instead ran into the fence.

For some reason the bull, he pulled up short-sure he was laughing at me.
While the barbed wire held on tightly and just wouldn't set me free.

And so I got home late that night, and I'd really had my fill.
A broken body and a broken bike, and a very large towing bill.

No sympathy at all did I receive from my fuming irate spouse,
And just as I predicted, my new residence was the dog house.

I limped to the pub to find my mates, in the drunken rowdy throng,
And answered them their question: "What could possibly go wrong?"

So next time you take a bike trip, well here's some free advice.
You know that Santa's always watching, so try hard to be nice.

Try your best to pack lightly and never be in a rush.
All you need is your credit card and of course your favourite toothbrush.

Guard closely your drunken opinions about stupid Motel clowns.
You know he'll surely have some friends in a small one horse ghost town.

Try to control your language and be frugal with your curses.
Be nice to pub owners. nice to the cops and of course be nice to nurses.

Remember you need two good eyes so you can navigate the bends,
And watch out for large black bovines, who are usually not your friends.

And you can't outrun your personal fate. We don't know what's to come.
Because just like Aussie wildlife, it can bite you on the bum.

By Derek Stevenson.

**GOT A POEM
OR QUOTE TO SHARE?
EMAIL: EDITOR@MECGC.CLUB**

THE MOTORCYCLE ENTHUSIASTS CLUB INC. GOLD COAST

'JOINING GOOD COMPANIONS IN A SHARED PASTIME'

WHO ARE WE?

The Motorcycle Enthusiasts Club has been around for 30+ years. As the name suggests, we are enthusiasts of all forms of motorcycles, including classic, modern, sidecars and trikes. We cater to all ages and styles.

Enjoy weekly, monthly, weekend and week-long Club runs, as well as other casual rides organised to motorcycle rallies and events held by other clubs.

WHERE ARE WE?

Heritage Centre, 238 Mudgeeraba Road, Mudgeeraba. Entrance to Heritage Village is opposite Milky Way.

WHAT'S THE LINK?

The Link is our Club magazine, emailed bi-monthly and includes information on Club runs, activities and rallies held by other clubs, club events, ride reports, photos, videos and articles contributed by our club members.

HOW CAN I CONTRIBUTE?

Email articles, photos, items for sale to editor@mecgc.club by the 25th of the preceeding month.

MEMBERSHIP PAYMENTS

MECGC Club

Bank of Queensland

BSB: 124 387

Account Number: 2247 6848

CLUB GARMENTS AND MERCH

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