



GOOD VIBRATIONS

MARCH, 1975

EDITORIAL

* * * After the initial shock at the last meeting, the new policy of the club has, generally, been greeted with approval. There has, in fact, been a very noticeable improvement in the riding and safety over the past month, and we ask that you all please keep it up!

* * * For the forthcoming long weekend in Porepunkah, Les Leahy, the Vice Captain, has arranged for a few day trips to take place during our stay. We believe one will be over the Gap and through to Mount Beauty, so be prepared and join in the activities.

* * * The Easter Weekend in Kerang has now been finalised and the Club will be staying at the Riverside Council Caravan Park in the centre of the town. The charge will be 50 cents per person per night. A few day trips have also been arranged for this camp, one being to the Swan Hill Folk Museum and the other, if numbers so warrant, to the Sunraysia Desert Rally, near Mildura.

* * * After all the long trips coming up, it will be good to relax and have a party, and Mr. & Mrs. Paul Ryan are to hold a house warming party in their new home on Saturday 12th April, at 16 Blair Ave, Frankston. Sleeping bags may be required by a few people. The Ryan's new phone number is 78 12025.

* * * It is with pleasure that the committee announces that Michael Fagan's representation on behalf of 54 club members that Clause 3 of the Club's new policy be amended has been accepted. The committee has agreed in principle that each financial member may bring one guest to each General Meeting. Once final details have been completed, and a Visitors' book has been arranged, all members will be so advised.

KEEP THOSE ARTICLES COMING!!!!

Margaret & David

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CHRISTMAS TOUR TO CLARE, S.A.

December 25th onwards.

This is gonna be a pretty personal account, as the Christmas tour was very much a "do your own thing" affair. Officially, we were to meet at 7.30am on Christmas Day, but those who preferred to spend the day at home, and those who knew that the petrol stations would be closed until 2pm anyway, decided to leave on Boxing Day. I arranged with Jim Coleman to meet at Keilor at 6am on Boxing Day – we knew that another contingent was meeting at 7.30, but decided to get an early start. Dead on 6am we met (setting the club an example that could be followed at KBCP) and headed up the Keilor – Melton road and on to Ballarat. Caught a fleeting glimpse of Garry at Ballarat.

Although cold at first, it developed into a beautifully warm, sunny day – marvellous riding weather. Jim and I sat on about 110km/h almost all the way, stopping every 200 km or so for eats and a short rest. Horsham by 9am; hit the SA border before 11am. Somewhere near Coonalpyn Jim seemed to be swerving a bit (maybe bored 'cos I was only doing 115km/h) so I suggested a rest. Went for a

leak, couldn't find Jim anywhere, then discovered him spreadeagled in a bush, flaked out and dead to the world.

We got to Adelaide early that afternoon, headed up through Prospect and on to Gepps Cross for the Gawler road, and after two or three more stops reached the campground about 7pm, only to discover we were the first arrivals of those who had left Melbourne on Boxing Day. Several other club members had arrived at Clare earlier, but tales of headwinds, rain, lack of petrol etc suggested that we had made the right decision. Some of the club had actually stayed the night at the Clare motel; complete with electric sleeping blankets, didn't you, Dennis and Les?

That night we headed down to the pub, which was to be the centre of nocturnal activities (that's a good phrase, isn't it?). One of the barmen at the pub, a young guy named Peter, proved to be a real good friend of the club. Really rapt in bikes and bikies he was – he was getting a Yami 650 within a week or two – he went to enormous trouble and expense to make the club feel at home, not only in the pub, but also by arranging several parties complete with birds from the local nursing contingent at Clare Hospital. He is coming to Melbourne soon, and I hope we can be as hospitable to him in return.

Next day (Friday) some people seemed to be late getting up. Various plans were discussed. Eventually there were, I think, three main parties going on runs – one to Port Augusta, one to Wallaroo, and a third (led by Mick Fagan) to Wilpena Pound in the Flinders Rangers. Jim and I went with about 6 or 7 others to Wallaroo; I took Roger Holt on the back of my 500/4, as Roger's bike had suffered a mysterious breakdown, and was freighted back to Melbourne. Roger following a couple of days later on the "Overland". (It has since been established that the trouble was a rear chain drive sprocket sans teeth, so that the sprocket rotated but the chain did not.)

At Wallaroo we had a rather poor counter lunch, distinguishing ourselves by drinking the hotel clean out of lemonade. After lunch rode along the beach on the damp sand, a novel experience for most of us. Then back to Clare through Port Wakefield and Balaklava, only to find that Mick had managed to go 440 miles to Wilpena Pound, stopping there half an hour, and getting back to camp all within 8 hours. That boy can sure shift!

Saturday was a rest day for me; a bit of shopping, a look around Clare, a climb up to the various lookouts surrounding the town. Saturday night I spent at the pub. After the official closing time at one pub, we adjourned to another which had longer (or more flexible?) hours; and after that we adjourned to the flat of one of Peter's friends for a small party that went on till around 2am. I'd left my bike at the campground, about two miles from town; Jim on the Kwaka 900 was feeling a bit tired after upending all those terrible treble brandies and coke, so acceded readily to my suggestion that he ride pillion. We must have looked odd, 'cos Jim had to stick his unbendable leg out over my knee and have you ever heard of a back seat driver, as that's what Jim tried to do, making a grab for the throttle when he thought I wasn't going to hit 130km/h along the straight.

Sunday morning, some members went to church, others slept it off. That afternoon, some had appointments at the nurses' home aforementioned; most went for a tour of the immediate area, to the lookouts, to the museum (well worth the visit), to an open cut slate quarry. The quarry was of special interest to me; when I was a kid I was brought up on a farm in a Welsh slate mining village. Our names are all engraved on a large slab of slate, including the MSCAV emblem. When we got back to camp, found that Peter had arranged a complete barbeque for us, complete with all the trimmings. During the barbeque, the police car arrived for its daily prowl, but the police generally seemed to think that we were relatively harmless, and they didn't bug us unduly. One reason for this may be that there were they didn't bug us unduly. One reason for this may be that there were reported to be some 200 in bike gangs at Burra, not far from Clare, and by comparison we probably appeared almost angelic. The campground manager didn't seem too unhappy, either.

Next day I set off early for Adelaide, as I intended to spend a couple of days there looking up various relatives. New Year's Eve in Rundle Street is something to watch – about one policeman

every 4 meters in a real show of force. New Years Day I headed back to Melbourne – a very hot day, too, especially in the Horsham/Dimboola area. Some club members stayed at Clare for a few days more than I did; some went to Mildura and Broken Hill.

Things I remember best.....one couple who arrived at camp complete with kitchen sink....Jim's toasting gadget, a cross between a Western branding iron and a medieval torture instrument...Rugby song repertoire of some of the nurses...

Mike Davis

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INTER-CLUB CORRESPONDENCE

Date: 7th March, 1975

TO: All members.

SUBJECT: Streaking.

1. Streaking will be permitted as follows:-
Female members will streak on odd days during camping weekends.
Males on even days.
On normal Sunday rides, all members may streak, subject to the following.
2. Girls who have a tattoo on the lower half of their bodies (this means you, Kate) such as "Sock it to me" or "What you see is what you get" will not be permitted to streak due to inspection regulations.
Men with tattoos such as: "Let it all hang out" will not be permitted to streak (take note, J.C.)
Also, men with tattoos of butterflies, roses or elves will streak with the females (This one's for you, Roger)
3. Two stroke owners may carry their tank bags while streaking, however the usual rule applies – Two stroke owners never carry spare parts but may carry the usual, such as a box of Kleenex, lunch, shopping list, Playboy magazines, spark plugs and old beer bottle tops.
4. Girls with bust size larger than 36B (take note, Kate and Linda) must wear a bra while streaking in the camp area or around any moving machinery (e.g. hot steamy pistons). Girls smaller than 36B should not try to impress people by wearing a bra – No names mentioned, but this applies to 99% of the club.
5. If you streak in any area where food is served, you must wear hair-net(s). These will be available in the left pannier of the Presidents motorcycle.
6. In the event your physical makeup is such that your sex cannot be determined, such as flat chest for girls (there are some) or long hair on boys, you must wear a tag for identification stating "I am a boy". Tags will be attached on girls with hair pins or paper clips, or boys with rubber bands. Please return your paper clips and rubber bands to the social secretary after streaking.
7. Girls may wear jewellery while streaking but in no event may they bend over to retrieve it should it fall. (Due to insurance regulations).
8. No female beyond seventh month of pregnancy or those wishing to become pregnant may streak.
9. Masturbating while streaking is strictly prohibited.

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LAKE BULLEN MERRI

15th & 16th February

This was a particularly exciting weekend as the lakes were the most picturesque I have ever seen, and the campsite which overlooked the lakes was superb.

These two lakes are a rather interesting phenomenon, as one is of freshwater and the other is salt water, and they are only about 1 kilometre apart.

The camp was set in a very romantic setting and, unlike most camp grounds, we were not cluttered and each tent had its own tree. I, however, did not rough it and stayed the night in a motel, as I was still negotiating to buy a new tent.

Many new faces were sighted on this weekend, along with many bleary eyed people who came up after the surprise bucks' turn for Bruce.

During the day, nearly everyone present took a trip to the top of Mt Leura to take in the beautiful view of the flat surrounding countryside, and the many lakes in the area. Most of this area was formed by volcanic action.

On the Saturday night, the bulk of the club visited the local flea pit to see "Enter the Dragon" a Kung-fu movie. We were forced to sit upstairs at the pit as all the locals sat downstairs and made a lot of noise. Those who didn't go to the movies returned to camp and played cards.

During the weekend a few of us attended an open air church service and to our surprise were given a barbeque afterwards.

On the Sunday in beautiful sunshine, the club moved off in dribs and drabs, some going via the Great Ocean Road and others straight back to Melbourne. Finally, I would like to touch on an incident which occurred during the weekend and to point out that, irrespective of whether a member is within the confines of the camp or by himself in town, his conduct is most important as far as the good name of the club is concerned. So please be careful of your conduct when you come away with us for the weekends.

P.S: Also, I would like to thank Graham and Helen Weston for the nice evening presented to members who went along to a party at their home recently and I hope that you enjoyed your sleep, Helen?

Big Daddy

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QUEENSCLIFF

5th January, 1975

After addressing the members at the car park, Howard led the club off down Geelong Road via Point Cook and into Werribee. Then we headed towards the You Yangs where the road narrowed and we contested patches of gravel and pot-holes before nearing Geelong. Then it was off around the foreshore and out onto the main road to Queenscliff, with the riding being very good. Sam James was a picture of elegance on his BMW, while Linda was seen raising her posterior.

Finally getting to our destination, we found parking pretty hard to find and had to do a little tour before we succeeded.

Having lunch, we rested, talked about bikes and lazed in the sun. As for swimming, nobody was interested, except for Joy who found it to be quite alright, until she came out. As for the wog music in the area, wasn't it beautiful!!

On leaving we went through Ocean Grove, where there were fishermen galore on the bridge. Eventually we reached Geelong and headed on the road to home. At one point the convoy was pulled up and given a lecture about the bad riding by Howard, whom being the captain has the power to do at anytime, as he is responsible for the club while out on the road.

We eventually arrived at the cafe, after, I might say, a most pleasant first run for the year.

Big Daddy

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LUST

Firm young breasts, generous lips,
prominent crutch, pneumatic hips,
sprayed on jeans, pewter bangle
O my God I'd love to tangle.
Touch and know passions grow,
shaking hand, mounting rand
exploring tongue, not too young
to know me better, and I'll let her.
Close my eyes, fumbling flies
big surprise....
We're both guys!

---Ted Neilsen.

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TYNONG MUSEUM

2nd March, 1975

The meeting time for the run to Tynong was 10am and I am pleased to say that nobody arrived any earlier, thereby showing that we and all remembered to put our clocks back one hour on the completion of Daylight Saving.

The car park on this day was a hive of activity, what with Mick Fagan collecting signatures on a petition against paragraph 3 section 1 of sub-section 211xy2 of the new policy of the club.

Spot on 10.30am the convoy moved off with Howard in the lead and Chris Thorn doing what he does quite well, that is, bringing up the rear. Only one casualty was encountered in the car park, when our new secretary Jol Dunne went out the wrong exit and headed in a different direction to the club.

The trip out of Melbourne was via the Moomba site on the Yarra and down the South Eastern Freeway. From here it was a very peaceful ride through Ferntree Gully and onto Belgrave. At Belgrave a sign post was encountered stating that Gembrook was 32 kilometres away, which was where we were to stop for lunch. Those of us who, upon arrival, had accurate speedos found it to be only 22 kilometres. It now seems obvious that even the chaps who change the signs didn't understand metrification.

At first, the stop at Gembrook was meant to collect lunch and go on to the museum, however, this was not to be so, as we spent over an hour here sitting among the flies and dogs' dirt, while many people ate their lunch. Very poor planning in my opinion.

When finally everybody was ready, we headed off to the Princes Highway and then into the turnoff to the museum.

The museum was situated three miles up a dirt road, comprising three buildings and a picnic area, which was a lovely surrounding and much better than the footpath in Gembrook.

I was lucky enough to have visited this museum in 1970 and the admittance fee of 40 cents was still the same, as were the jokes of the owner, Mr Westhead.

The museum comprised every article conceivable, from a pair of ice boots used in the Scott Expedition to a two headed sheep. There was also a barn full of old carriages and a "smithy's" shop, as well as many very old tractors.

About 2pm, it was decided that we should look for a swimming hole. When none could be found, we decided to ride down to the Yarra at Kew for a swim. By the time we reached Caulfield, those of us who were left decided to travel to Alexandra Avenue to see what Moomba had to offer.

Verdict: A very interesting museum, really good riding, beautiful weather and well worth a return visit in a few years.

David Cumming

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PETROL – WHAT NEXT??

Australia has proven oil reserves of about eight years and perhaps with further discoveries there may be enough for another twenty years, but even so, the end is in sight. What will be the new power source?

For many people in Britain, the energy crisis was an uncomfortable few months in late 1973 and early 1974, created by the coincidental militancy on the part of various Arab oil groups. The truth is far more complex and long term. In effect, the bleak spring in Europe in 1974 marked the real beginning, not the end, of the energy crisis. World demand for energy is expanding continually at a rate roughly related to the rate of economic growth (which is about 3% to 5% a year in developed nations and higher in the developing nations). Between 1960 and 1970, total consumption of energy rose 56%, that is 4 ½% a year. Oil consumption over the same period rose by no less than 97%, that is 7% a year. Most authorities see this trend continuing into the indefinite future.

The industrial power of the developed nations was built, during the century up to World War II, mainly on coal. Major growth since then has been in the consumption of oil. It is a convenient fuel to use in light machinery and motors and is easy to control in heavier applications including electricity generation. It has made widespread mechanical power available for the first time. It makes possible the road transport, light industries, easy space heating, and the widespread use of plastics that form the basis of an advanced standard of living. There remains only one snag, the amount of oil under the earth is limited.

For decades it seemed that discoveries of new sources would go on forever. In recent years, however, companies and authorities have generally agreed on a range of oil reserves, roughly 170,000 to 270,000 million tons, of which 90,000 is proven. This sounds enormous, especially since the annual world use at the moment is about 2,500 million tons. But at the present growth rates, the entire supply would, in fact, be used up in 30 to 35 years time.

If present policies continue, then children, who are just starting to attend primary schools now, will be still carefree bachelors or at the most, the parents of young families when the world is going through the traumatic experience of trying to find an alternative fuel with which to operate their industry, let alone their motorcycles and cars.

Despite this fact, no very significant changes in policy have taken place to orientate fuel consumption away from oil. Obviously, consumption will not continue to increase until all the oil is used up; economic forces will push up the prices drastically as the supplies run down. No one will actually look into the last oil well, but 30 years remains a good measure of the time span available to us.

Whenever change occurs, industry and domestic users have alternatives: electricity from coal (of which there is several centuries' supply left), electricity from other sources, and even wind power could be used.

For road transport the matter is very different. Petrol can be produced from coal, but the projected cost is 10 times the already high cost of Middle East oil. Here in Victoria, the government is making urgent investigations into how to convert our brown coal into petrol, and brown coal has been flown from East Germany for further research.

The two most likely alternative power sources appear to be battery stored electricity and liquid hydrogen. Battery vehicles have been in use since the First World War, but even today they remain practicable for short distance movements only. Hydrogen vehicles have been the subject of successful experiments, but they are too limited in range, and hydrogen only gives $\frac{1}{4}$ the power of petrol per volume unit, and it needs to be kept in a heavily secured refrigerated container. In any event it needs electricity to produce hydrogen. Europe and now New South Wales have stepped up electrification of their railways, but this does not answer the needs of the individual who requires personal transport.

Two points of argument might be raised against this rather simple theme. First, there is the popular point of view that science will find a way. However, almost all the technological developments underlying our current civilisation (including the computer) were discovered and under clear development by 1900. Since the present period of rapid technological advance does not appear to be producing a realistic alternative to the internal combustion vehicle for long distance transport, it would seem very risky to proceed on the assumption that something will turn up. Second, it has been suggested that the development of an alternative system will make little difference in the energy stakes. This is far from true. Average fuel efficiencies included in recent announcements of the Spanish National Railways, measured in kilo-calories per net tonne-km are: Road 446; rail (diesel hauled) 248; and rail (electric hauled) 81.

Whatever the future may hold, it is likely that the cost of operating a private vehicle, particularly a petrol driven one, will rise significantly in the next two decades. Two trends will result. There will be a return to the railway since it alone can be electrified readily for long haul transport. Secondly, private vehicles will become much smaller, and the era of the small car, the electric town car and of the motorcycle is upon us. Cheap overseas travel, low registration fees for the buildings of roads, the extravagant use of motor cars for commuter travel are aspects which will follow the sailing ship into oblivion. Well, not quite, the sailing ship may return from the past, and the "White Horse" symbol of the M.S.C.A.V in its early days may take on a new relevance.

Darren Room

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The attractive but obviously small town girl was laboriously filling out the deposit slip in the big city bank. Then, with some effort, dropped a jingling canvas sack in front of a middle aged teller.

After he had opened the bag, the teller smilingly asked, “Young lady, how long have you been hoarding these quarters?”

“Right about since I was sixteen,” replied the girl, “but my sister’s whored half of them.”

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GOORAN FALLS
Sunday 9th February.

The party at Graham and Helen Weston’s on Saturday night had the usual affect on the Sunday run, namely numbers were down to around 20 bikes and quite a few pillion riders. Fortunately there are always a dedicated few who can stand a party and a day’s outing the next day. Bob Hodges had a good time at the party and was red eyed to prove it. However, the thought of a good day after a good night must have proved too much and he disappeared around Kinglake.

We did have a 250 Honda trail, 900 Kwaka and a two-stroke, also a Triumph Trident, otherwise it looked like a BMW and Honda 750 outing, except (I had better not forget) our vice captain and leader for the day on the Guzzi super sport. Our rear rider was our newly appointed Secretary Jol on his BMW, soon to feature Ian Taylor’s fairing. Jol was very patient sitting behind the few conscientious riders who, two-up, stayed at the limit on the Hume Highway at least.

People were bright early in the day. When Les was asked by Mick Fagan how far we were going, the answer was “about 3” of the map”. Somehow, Les managed to take us over 10 to 15 miles of dirt roads. It’s alright for him, shaft driven, also the BM’s.

First stop was Yea for petrol and eats to be eaten at the Falls, but in the typical fashion it was eaten on the spot by everyone except Les. The Gooran Falls turnoff came up quickly, and on with the anchors. One BM owner, while turning doing about ½ mph, rested his BM neatly on the right hand side. Here, a mix up occurred. No one stayed to mark the corner for the last four riders. They could have seen us had they looked to the right, but the good riders watched the road. Chris Thorn went back on foot and yelled out to them, but to no avail. Ian Taylor was heard to say “These people will be disappointed when they get to Sydney and realise they missed the turnoff”.

It wasn’t long before the riders were back. Then Les proceeded to have his picnic lunch. Gary O and his bird went for a walk somewhere. Pat and her sister, Cheryl, and another girl also went for a walk. That reminds me...not all 750’s, one 500/4 as well. Half the remainder of the group took grandstand seats and watched the others bomb each other with rocks and they all managed to get partly wet.

Then Fagan and Co laid in a stock of ammo (rocks) to splash Gary and the girls on their return. On sighting the return of the girls, Fagan said “act innocent and nonchalant” and they took up positions to throw rocks into the pool to splash the girls. Without going into further detail, you can see it was good clean fun, although wet. Jol showed how to turn a 600 BM into a 750 by wearing a tee-shirt with a BM on it, then breathing in and out, or rather, let your stomach muscles relax.

At this point some left for home and 14 of us went to Euroa for fuel and drinks, then down the Hume to Melbourne. Summing up: good weather, no mishaps, good standard of riding, mainly because of the smaller number, and especially the group were sensible riders.

Lloyd Wissman

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Peter Sanders, our overseas member and correspondent, wrote recently, and included a sequel to the ditty "Me Muvver", which was printed in the November mag, so we have now printed it as well.

He is working in Berlin at the place called the Blumengrossmardt, which is a big flower market. He hopes to learn German while he is there, although quote: "I'm beggared if I know what I'll do with it when I eventually get back home!!" unquote.

He attended an ice-racing meeting, which is sort of speedway on ice; fantastic, he says. The fastest bike was Swedish and did a lap at an average of 88km/h (55mph) not bad on ice with no brakes and bloody great spikes sticking out of the two tyres! (Peter's very own words, I might add)

ME BRUVVER

Who put jam in mothers' shoe
Who made me a caterpillar stew
Who locked grandma in the loo...Me Bruvver.

Me Bruvver said it wasn't he
Who put shampoo in grandma's tea
Me Bruvver said that it was me...Me Bruvver.

Who squeezed toothpaste round the hall
Who put soot on the baby's ball
Who drew things on the kitchen wall...Me Bruvver.

Whose pet mouse made Aunty shried
Who ate glue then couldn't speak
And then who was sick for a week....Me Bruvver.

Who keeps maggots in a tin
Who plays the twist on his violin
Who's been getting at the gin (hic)...Me Bruvver.

He looks just like a chimney sweep
But dirt, they say, is just skin deep
I know he's good when he's asleep.... Me Bruvver.

* * * * *

I like girls who say they will
I like the girls who won't
I hate the girls who say they will
And then they say they won't
But of all the girls I like the best
I may be wrong or right
Are the girls who say they won't
But look as if they might.

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FOLK MUSEUM AT MOE – 8/12/74

KBCP again echoed to the sound of motorcycles as the club departed on yet another Sunday excursion for Hallam where other club members would be waiting. From Hallam we continued along the Princes Highway with Howard leading, Peter Philferan as rear rider and Formaldehyde as Patrol.

Two club members created a bit of interest, namely Jim Coleman on his 900 Kawasaki, who was finally mobile again after his run of bad luck involving the motorcyclists' nightmare – the car. Les Leahy was also seen proudly riding a brand new 750 Guzzi.

Formaldehyde was so involved with his job as patrol that whilst signalling to two people to move over, he neglected to watch the road and narrowly missed being hit by oncoming traffic. The bikes he was signalling had no alternative but to move over to make room for a panicking patrol.

Lunch was had at Moe, with plenty of hot pies to go around. After we had been there a while the Rear Rider finally appeared, a 350 Kawasaki had fouled its plugs. The sight of so many bikes in one place attracted the local "bikies" who rode up and down the street. One young lad on a pushbike was demonstrating his ability to control his bike by mono-wheeling down the street. A loud crash was heard behind me (sounded like a bike falling over), I turned around in time to see Kees, on the Laverda, sprawled on the footpath with helmet floating in a sea of chocolate malted. We left shortly after to go back to the Museum.

A few of the members preferred to bask in the sun while the others paid their \$1 to see the relics of a by-gone era. The sun was lovely and warm and apart from the occasional burst of conversation, everyone was content to consume soft drinks and doze in the unaccustomed warmth.

Upon departure Howard decided to go a different way home, via Noojee and Powelltown. There was talk of dirt roads and Jim Coleman wisely mentioned he wouldn't like to attempt riding on dirt because his leg still wasn't 100%, I accompanied him back to Melbourne.

The remainder of this write-up was given to me by Big Daddy.

The run back through Noojee was quite eventful, especially on the dirt where visibility was very poor due to the thick swirling dust. Darren at one stage was completely airborne and Kate dropped her bike on one particularly dusty corner. A person somewhat blinded by the sun came to grief on another corner with the 750/4 outfit coming to the rescue and taking the rider to hospital.

Big Daddy wishes to thank the corner markers for being so patient while waiting for the reminder of the club to sort themselves out.

Cheryle

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CONTINUED FROM LAST MONTH::::

750 Honda power exhaust	60.50
650 Yamaha power exhaust	54.00
Dunstall Power decal	.85
Dunstall Honda decal	.50
Dunstall Norton 810 decal	.50
Perspex clear or tinted	19.96
750 Honda fairing	89.90
500 Honda fairing	89.90
Kawasaki fairing	89.90
Triumph GT fairing	78.50
Atlas GT fairing	78.50
Commando GT fairing	78.50
Commando fairing	89.90
Honda 350, 450 fairing	89.90
Trident fairing	89.90

Perspex clear or tinted	17.90
Norton GT seat	53.30
Norton alloy tank	85.00
Norton 'S' lowline tank	63.28
4 gallon commando tank	63.28
750 Honda fuel tank	79.00
750 Honda GT seat	68.00
500 Honda fuel tank	79.00
500 Honda GT seat	65.00
Tank seat unit combined	105.00
Norton 10 to 1 piston	48.97
Norton inlet valves	5.68
Norton exhaust valves	5.68
Bronze valve guides SET	13.50
MK 5 SS camshaft	72.00
MK 4 race camshaft	74.00
Finned rocker covers	12.80
Norton 1 5/8 inlet valves	6.75
Valve oil seals	.65
Copper head gasket	3.88
Yamaha 10.5 to 1 piston	46.20
750 Honda 10.25 to 1 piston	64.80
Rocker feed bolt	1.10
Double speed oil pump gears	9.95
Pressure oil feed kit	4.95
Flexible rocker oil feed kit	3.95
Dunstall valve springs	8.90
High capacity main bearing	19.68
Norton gear box sprockets	12.25
Triumph gear box sprockets	12.95
750 Honda gear box sprockets	12.95
900 conversion kits	**130.00
750 Honda points cover	10.80
750 Honda stator cover	10.80
810 alloy conversion	263.26
Triumph inlet valve	5.00
Triumph exhaust valve	5.00
Triumph 10.5 to 1 piston	34.92
Triumph 750 conversion	189.90
Norton cylinder head	299.00
Timing pinion extractor	11.60
Sprocket extractor	8.50
Clutch extractor	8.50
Dunstall Norton tuning manual	5.20
Honda electronic ignition 750-500	115.00
Triumph Norton electronic ignition	110.00
Trident ignition (electronic)	115.00

**NO TRADE PRICE

PRICES ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

The about list is suitable for owners of Honda 750cc and 500cc fours, Norton 850cc and Yamaha 650cc.

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