

SEPTEMBER

2011

THE LINK



www.mecgc.net

**OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE MOTORCYCLE ENTHUSIASTS CLUB INC
GOLD COAST**

P.O. BOX 706 SOUTHPORT QLD.
Incorporating **The Sidecar Register Of Qld.**
The Trike Register

Monthly Meetings held on the last Wednesday of each month at our Club Room,
Mudgeeraba Heritage Centre 238 Mudgeeraba Road, Mudgeeraba (opp Milky Way)
Arrive 7.30 pm for an 8.00 pm start.

If undeliverable return to:
MECGC
PO Box 706
Southport, QLD 4215

Surface Mail

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Please don't forget to support the monthly meetings

Last Wednesday of every month – 7.30 pm (Excluding December)

*Club Rooms: Mudgeeraba Heritage Centre
238 Mudgeeraba Road
Mudgeeraba
(Opposite Milky Way)*

Our Web site is www.mecgc.net and our e-mail address: info@mecgc.net

<p>If you have a news item, story or photos that you want published in the Link Please e-mail to gb@coomerawaters.net.au by the 12th of each month. Thank you</p>

PRESIDENTS PRATTLE – SEPTEMBER 2011.

G'day – I hope everyone is getting in some great riding while the weather is fine. We have got the A.G.M. out of the way, so everyone can safely come along to the next meeting. I would especially like to thank Don Kibble for his great effort as Treasurer. Don has carried out an excellent job on the books, which have always balanced. Thanks Don, we hope you enjoy your retirement. Don always has done the books, the old way using a ledger and filling everything in by hand. Our new Treasurer, Ron Hewitt will be doing it by computer, so we will see at the end of the year if the computer is as good as the ledger.

I would also like to welcome aboard several new members.

John and Cynthia Bradbury of Highland Park

Hazel Courtney of Elanora

Guy Cruickshank of Mudgeeraba

Allan and Gloria Farr of Nerang

Vic and Fay Henderson of Nerang

Chris Orton of Mudgeeraba

Raymond Ring of Broadbeach Waters

Thanks for joining our Club and hope you will come along and participate in our Club activities as well as enjoying riding your bikes; our Club is as much about the social side as the riding, so we look forward to seeing you all at future gatherings. That's all for now folks.

Cheers and safe riding.

Warrick

OUR NEW COMMITTEE

The A.G.M. produced a couple of new additions to our Committee. Ron Hewitt has taken on the position of Treasurer and Noel Peck has decided to take on the full position of Secretary with assistance from new member, Guy Cruickshank. Stuart Wood has taken on the job of Clubhouse Maintenance. Thanks guys and welcome aboard.

Club Committee's need to change on a regular basis to get new ideas and to spread the workload. I believe the maximum anyone should serve on a Committee is 2-3 years.

CLUB MEETING WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 28TH AT 7.30PM

Our guest speaker for the September meeting is our old mate, Stuart Wood. Stuart will be bringing along is Russian Dpner Sidecar outfit in which he participated in the Great Sidecar Expedition across Europe. This will be a great night as Stuart had a real adventure. Come along and bring a friend, it will be a great night.

Thursday Riders – 1st September 2011.

By Noel Peck & Guy Cruickshank.

Foreword by Noel Peck.

Now it's funny, no that's not right. The word I'm looking for is perhaps 'uncanny', how things work out by coincidence. Or was by coincidence or was it destined to be?

See if you can work it out. Here's what happened; my next door neighbour and good friend lost his wife to cancer last week and the funeral was Tuesday of this week. Geoff my neighbour is a keen motorcyclist and owns a very nice Honda, Rod Moorcroft and I have tried to get him to join us on our Thursday Rides just to give him a bit of a break. Even his late wife tried to encourage him to no avail. Loralie also requested that there be good friendship and laughter at her wake. How sensible is that? Now enter Guy Cruickshank a new member, and whilst talking to him I learn that he too has lost his wife within days of Geoff's wife and also with the dreaded cancer. Guy rides a rather exceptional Mike Hailwood replica Ducati vee twin. Guy's wife also requested the minimum of tears and plenty of good fellowship and laughter at her wake. She perhaps went a step further by suggesting that Guy join us and give that 'duke' gallop on a Thursday and enjoy the company of the members. How sensible is that? So imagine my surprise after I'd called all eight riders to gather around for a briefing when at the conclusion Guy requested that today's ride be dedicated to the memory of his dear wife. How could I refuse? What a wonderful gesture!

As a result I have suggested that from this point in time the ride held on the first Thursday in September of each year hence forth be held in the memory of his wife. As you know by now we do have our own Padre the Rev. Ian Dredge of the Anglican Church of Robina, who usually rides with us on a Thursday but unfortunately he was away on official duties. I'm sure had he been present he would have offered some suitable words of comfort to Guy. Guy requested that he write the report for today's ride, so it's over to Guy now.

Hi all. I'll call myself Guy 2 as Guy Wong must be Guy 1 respectfully on a first in basis. In my usual fashion I was running late and arrived just in time .. As Noel has alluded I announced my wife Penny had passed away Thursday 25th of August, hence Thursdays would always be special for me(particularly as she urged me to go to the wintershine rally joining good companions in a shared pastime).

Present for the ride were

Noel Peck BMW
Jeff Marshall Triumph
Ron Hewitt Honda
John Bradbury BMW
Alex Woodley Moto Guzi
Guy Wong and wife Ducati Multistrada
Bob Young alias "Bob Cat Bob" BMW
Guy Cruickshank Ducati Hailwood

Continued on next page

We took off for the Metz with Noel leading and Ron at the Tail. I thought it fitting as newcomer to fall in last before Ron, actually by the time I got ready and kickstarted the beast it just happened that way no thought process at all but it sounded good to put it that way. Wow this was a new experience for me . My last club ride had been with DOQCs and needless to say the throttle was a switch, full on or off and adrenaline pumping ride without scenery. How great it was to take in the gold Coast Hinterland Beauty , I was hooked.

At the Metz I was the only one to order Breakfast(full) but I was pleased to note my companion Guy 1 was a double coffee drinker like myself (Machiato heart starter followed by Cappucino).Plan A for the ride was abandoned when Ron suggested we visit the Gypsy Moth Workshop at the Murwillumbah airfield. All agreed and we headed off over the hill through Beechmont to Nerang Mbah road. What a glorious bit of road and scenery, dam one side coast the other and the dammed best day our maker could provide to enjoy ride, company and scenery.

By the Numinbah road I was in tune with this new and better style of riding, only one glitch, I rudely passed Bob Cat at oneway bridge because I was too busy looking at the scenery in this new found riding style. Bob accepted my apology.

We arrived at M'Bah airfield(almost a golf course) and Ron took us thru The Channellor Bros Gypsy Moth Hanger & workshop) . I always knew planes were expensive beasts to purchase & maintain but it was an eye-opener to learn just how costly these bygone era planes really were. You've heard owning a boat is like standing in the shower ripping up \$100 notes, we'll try \$100,000 dollar notes if they existed. Definitely a gentleman's hobby, hence Bob Cat has his own

Toy plane and of course gentleman Ronny has finger in the pie as well, he didn't admit to owning one currently but had had his fairshare in the past. Ron was a pilot instructor and engineer inspector in a former time, and admitted he retired on bribes, only kidding Ronny.

Headed into town for lunch, losing Jeff, who had an attack of the hungries and plundered a café close to the airport. I had sympathy for Jeff as I was feeling pucky myself. My meal came and everyone else was finished, they looked aghast & decided my name must be "seafood" , get it. Lunch over Ron being the landlord for most of the town plundered his tenants, u could see them scattering in his wake(again only kidding). He had announced he owned the car park where we parked our steeds and hence there would be no trouble.

On our bikes again, we headed up over Tomewin to Currumbin, again a great ride. Noel had a case of day dreaming like myself and missed the Tallebudgera connection road but a small diversion had us back back on track and along Old Coach rd back to the clubhouse. For those who had time to stay I shouted a Drink (no it wasn't water). What a fantastic day all round. It was then That Noel asked me would I mind if the first Thursday ride in September be dedicated to my wife. I was blown away by the gesture and like any grown man cried but accepted with utmost gratitude. Here were guys I hardly new supporting me at a very sad and stressful time .This truly was a new chapter in my life joining good companions in a shared pastime. Guy 2

I just met a fat, alcoholic, transvestite. He just wants to eat, drink and be Mary !!
(Blame Rod Moorcroft for this one!!)

Thursday Riders- 07.09.2011.

Well now, by 0930 we had nine bikes and riders ready for the off. With another two who would join us at the Metz Café at Canungra. What a great turn out! Plus Bobcat Bob met us at the Clubhouse and put in for leave as he was going to the Physio, (I used the word Physio as I can't spell Chiropractor). Old stalwart Alex Woodley also requested 'leave' because of family commitments. It was a lovely day; I'd previously 'arranged' that with Padre Ian, so off to the Metz café. So who was there you say? Ronnie Hewitt (Honda) and Graham Barker (BMW) were waiting for us at the Metz. Those from the clubhouse were Bernard (BMW) Chris (Honda) Kerry (Harley Davidson) Sorry I don't know their surnames. I'm going to have to do something about that. Then there was Greg Schmidt (BMW) John Pick (Kawasaki) John Bradbury (BMW) Ian Dredge (Yamaha) Paul Harrison (Suzuki) GSXR 1300R (some bike that!) and myself (BMW).

Shortly after we arrived at Metz café who should turn up, non other than Guy Cruickshank on that Mike Hailwood replica Ducati. This is by far the biggest turn out by far! If you count in Bobcat Bob that's thirteen bikes! After coffee and a full breakfast for Guy, boy can this fella eat! I'd rather have him stay a week at my place than stay a fortnight! Sorry to see Bernard leave us from Metz, see you soon. So it was up the Goat Track to North Tamborine and down to Tamborine Village past Joe Schlechte's place, nobody home so we didn't stop. Our best wishes to Ingrid and Joe. Turned onto the road to Beaudesert, at Mundoolun we turned onto the Jimboomba road to visit what can only be described as a true Australian pioneering treasure, The church of Saint John the Evangelist. A truly beautiful sandstone church built in the Gothic style. It would look more at home in the English countryside than hidden in the Australian Bush. Padre Ian had phoned the vicar Fr. Dan Talbot who met us at the church and explained its history. Quite apart from the magnificently crafted stonework the entire ceiling, the Alter, Lectern, Pulpit and pews are made of cedar. Although it cannot be seen from the road it is used for a Sunday service once every month. It also used for christenings and weddings at a very reasonable price! If you want to go to the candle lit mass on Christmas Eve you have to book in advance. Somebody asked Fr. Dan if the church could be used for the motorcycle club event. He said he could see no reason why not but would need more details, now I wonder...??

After saying our goodbyes to Fr. Dan we set forth for Beaudesert RSL for lunch, where we were well received by the staff and made to feel very welcome. We were shown to a table for our riders, helped with the selection of good food and drink, all a reasonable prices. I'm not going to tell you what Guy had to eat but it came to the table on a huge platter! I had the Pensioner's Special, a desert included. The fellow who sat opposite me ordered a Caesar Salad which did not include desert and he expressed his surprise when I was served with mine. So in an effort to appease him I offered him a spoonful of my desert, but he refused. Well he was eating lettuce at the time! 'til next Thursday and more fun.

Noel.

The Great Sidecar Expedition. (Part 2)

This is the second chapter in the story. We actually got possession of our outfits on the 1st of Sept, after unloading the two containers the morning before.

I fabricated a handbrake assembly, a copy of the factory built one, this last weekend. So the registration process is under way.

Talking of factories, whilst doing a tour of Kiev, Ukraine, we went to the now disused factory where the Dnepr bikes were built in there thousands up until 1993.

There is an outfit mounted high on a pole at the front of the old complex.

I think the Ukrainian authorities took a dislike to 20 of their Dneprs leaving the country. They certainly made our departure from Ukraine to Romania quite difficult.

We arrived at the border at mid-day on a Sat. I, along with 3 others, finally stepped onto Romanian soil at around 2.30 am on the Sunday. And I was one of the lucky ones.

The two Americans with us took 36 hrs. to get across the border. Getting from Bulgaria into Turkey took around two and a half hours, but there were a lot of people being processed at the time.

Several soldiers, toting big weapons, were disguised amongst the trees as they observed the "gate" from high ground.

But then the road for the next 50 kms. was the most amazing new divided double lane route, gently winding through undulating countryside. I found out later that this is for strategic purposes, for quick transport of tanks and artillery to the border.

As for roads, the Ukraine infrastructure was deplorable. And the police weren't much better. They are obviously paid poorly as they are out to "line their pockets" whenever possible.

We had seven ferry crossings, from memory. The first was simply to cross the Danube River. Another, in Montenegro, took literally less than 5 min. but saved us a drive of 50 kms. The longest was overnight, from Zadar in Croatia across to Ancona on the east coast of Italy. The ferry departed at 10 pm and arrived at 6.30 am.

We travelled through many many tunnels throughout the trip. They are just so common, especially in Italy. The first one we encountered, I think in Turkey, was quite formidable. No inbuilt lighting whatsoever and you couldn't see the other end because of the curves. Imagine driving from bright daylight into total darkness. I was very lucky as I was able to sit on the tail of a truck and use its taillights as a guide.

The intention was to never travel in convoy, and that's certainly what happened. One or two guys, though, were so paranoid about getting lost that they never ever lost sight of the bike in front of them.

I had the attitude that I would find my way to the days destination, one way or another. Between carrying detailed maps, sat nav., the sun and sign language with the locals I was well able to navigate.

More difficult was finding the designated hotel once you reached a city or regional town. On many days I ended up travelling alone for several hours. This happened for one of many reasons.

I then enjoyed the freedom of stopping, at will, for photo taking, without bothering anyone else. But then a couple of guys had considerable faith in my navigating, so would never be too far away.

I have reached my one page limit for "The Link", but will have plenty to talk about at the Sept. monthly meeting.

Stuart Wood.

Banjo Wrote It!

This is a tale, of adventure and more, as a group of bikers went to Longreach on tour.

They travelled this land with its grandeur, and might, companions, and happy about that, you'd be right.

Every day was a new dawn, with skies blue and clear, but they couldn't understand, dead roo's everywhere.

They saw bulls, and emu's, and two pigs on the road, it's a little more daunting, than a flattened cane toad.

Then as we rode out, to the bush and back, we saw the menace full speed on the track.

It's awesome, and noisy, and runs through the night, with 72 wheels, and bull bar with light.

Some with three trailers, and others with more, huge power and presence and the foot to the floor.

They run through the night, and the next day it's all clear, as we rode on the bikes, dead roo's everywhere.

And as the miles unfold, and more road up ahead, it's a sad sight to see, these animals all dead.

But that's the way of this country seen by the eagle up high, he sees it all with his ever eagle eye. And as he soars on the wing it's all very clear, it's another new day with dead roo's everywhere.

So as we rode along with our rambling sound, the bikes all as one roaring over the ground.

The country unfolded with its scenic fresh air, but every few meters dead roo's everywhere.

So there is my tale, that Banjo didn't do, I just thought I'd say that to fool with you.

So now you know and I'll make it clear...it was Sidecar Phil and dead roo's everywhere.

So next time you drive, and into the night, watch out for the road train the awesome sight.

And when you see it coming move over and clear, cos I'm telling ya clobber, there'll be dead roo's everywhere.

Ride Diary from 'Sidecar Phil': (The Long Run to Longreach) With added comments by Rod



Well Readers, and Riders.

The idea was born from Thursday club runs, and just going longer. Something bigger...it seemed to take forever to come about ...and now here we are to tell you all about our run...TO LONGREACH...we did it ...it's done, and now we plan the next one!

We ended up with four bikers and a blonde. Greg on his BMW,.Rodders on his yammy, all new and repaired from his shunt up the rear axle, Sidecar Phil, on his freshly serviced Harley outfit with wife Blondie, and Ron on his Honda, and we all arranged to meet at Yatala pies for a lazy late start after the big weekend, and work for Phil and Blondie.

On arrival all the boys were waiting and all the bikes looked the part loaded to the hilt with stuff ya need when ya go touring and camping. The plan was to camp and let it all happen. If it rained we would deal with each day as it all fell into place. As it turned out, every day was perfect, no wet, and a new and exciting experience for the first timers. Rodders was the Road Capt, and with Greg and his GPS, the boys conferred on time, distance travel, and did a grand job over seeing the distance and range thing, re fuel and coffee stops etc. We went via Esk, Nanango, and headed toward Kingaroy.

The Harley with a full load, and side car had not done this before, so its range and fuel consumption was a learning experience, and depending on the country, proved to have a reliable range of around 170ks. So Sidecar Phil needed fuel at just about every petrol station in Queensland, BUT!! Readers, it wasn't that bad, and we never spent more than \$47.00 per day.

The other bikes used exactly half so considering the two people combo, it was about normal. After an enjoyable first days ride, and everyone excited about it and enjoying the camaraderie, we arrived late afternoon, and settled into building our tents. Ron had his up first, and the camp ground at Gayndah, proved very nice, and "Ron have a chat Hewitt," wasted no time in chatting about the camp, and meeting all the guests .The boys had showers, the billy was on, hot tea and coffee, and our first night sleeping in our tents. \$14.00 per tent. That camp had a dining room so we all did our own thing. Meals were a sort of, who wants what? How do you want to do it, sort of thing. Nice friendly camp manager, and the bikes attracted allot of attention wherever we were.

Rod's Comment: First stop at Esk had us all concerned when it looked like Phil's sidecar was leaking automatic fluid. It turned out to be much worse; it was red wine! After lunch we were hit by several whirlwinds. One invisible knocked me one way then the other. Greg was trying to set his cruise control and was really shaken; Ron was asleep and was rudely awakened.

DAY 2...

The next morning we woke to the usual chorus of Good morning Rod, Greg how did you all sleep, toilet run, and someone put the billy on. We always had lots a hot tea's and coffee happening. Then our assorted different breakfasts, and BREAK CAMP. It takes about the same time to break camp as it does to set up, and each day we got better and more organized. It becomes routine, and fun. I had a little broom which was great to brush off grass etc. and I also had the only hammer. IE tent pegs. Well Rodders started off with his own, but we think he donated it to the maly hammer collection of the camp manager, who told us he had lots of hammers.

On departing first camp, Ron's bike wouldn't start. 1st problem! Flat battery, so the boys push started him, and we were off. The first fuel stop was at Monto, and then on to Biloela. Rodders, has arranged a meet with a lovely bunch of fellow bikers from the Twin Valley Motorcycle Club, and after sorting out a new battery for Ron's Honda, we all went with the lads from our welcoming committee, and did lunch together at their local RSL...great guys: Frank, Marty, Keith, Jimmy and Gary. They actually waited for us at the Mobil garage where we all gassed up, and then they took us to lunch. Gift vouchers as well...a nice time had by all, and new companions... we will see again.

After lunch we hit the road, and all enjoyed the changing country side, and riding was great. The Harley was running well and well into the afternoon, I was pushing it a bit up a hill, and the traditional sound a Harley makes changed drastically. I thought...OH SHIT...done the donk...it went BLATT BLAST blatt burgle waggle spit COUGH, Blatt. Now readers unbeknown to me, Rodders, and Greg are ducking and diving behind me at 110ks, as my left pipe decided to spit out its guts, and dump its baffles all over the road.

Round about now we are on route, and following the signs to Rockhampton. I pulled over, the boys all stopped, and we worked out what had happened. I still had power so we were good to go, BUT JESUS, was the Harley loud. That will get fixed asap...but not here on the side of the road. I needed a work shop.

Late that afternoon, and all a bit weary, and sick of the noise Wally (Phil's Harley) was making, we all pulled up at a free council camp ground at a place called Duaringa...Just before Blackwater, on the way to Rockhampton. Nice park and "Have a chat Ron" was first set up, and doing his meet and greet. Rodders was usually first in the shower, but these had had the taps damaged so Rodders fixed them, and all the camp stayers were grateful. It's a wonder what a man can do with a pair of pliers, and that night our neighbours with a wonderful fire invited us all over, and drinks and sing songs and a guitar, and late into the night. I can't remember much more. OH SO SICK next morning! Everywhere we went we made friends and each night was a great occasion and fun. Breaking camp next morning a bit slow for me and the blonde...

Rod's Comment: It was great to catch with some of the guys from the Twin Valley Motorcycle Club. They have a long ride every two years which we should look at joining. I have been travelling a bit lighter today as I left by folding chair in the rubbish bin at Gayndah. Will now be staying well back from Wally. It shoots things at you.

DAY ...3

Leaving the park, and saying goodbye to our new found friends was timely, and the wind in our face as we headed off was refreshing after the night before. Ron, Rod, and Greg went to sleep early, and were painfully cheerful at breakfast. They rode well ahead of us to avoid the noise Wally was blowing from his baffle less pipe, and we roared on to Emerald for our first fuel and tea stop. We all fancied Red Rooster for lunch, and so that was good and by now the Blonde and I had recovered, and were back to our happy selves. Rod and Greg were always happy as was Ron. We all socialized but found enjoyment meeting other travellers, and Ron was always off somewhere chatting. Hence the name "Have a chat Ron."

By now we had a nice routine thing happening, and all enjoyed the riding. Lots of road work stops so we switched off and walked and talked, and stretched etc. By 2.10 that afternoon we stopped for our second fuel up and this was my first long leg and arrived on fumes. The Harley took 18.56 litres...it has a 19 litre tank. I was however carrying a 4 litre back up. That fuel and tea stop was at a lil place called Alpha. Under a tree and all drinking tea a spunky lil chicky babe approached Greg, and asked if he was from these parts. Rodders moved in and rescued Greg so he could finish his tea in piece, and the young lady finished her smoke and said bye. Just goes to show ya readers, when you ride a bike, they are chick magnets. Wait till I tell ya about the woman that told Ron she was alone; about day 5...you will have to wait!!

4. pm was usually about camp site time, and day three found us all at Barcaldine. The Homestead Van Park and a real swanky place with great showers, and a camp kitchen. This was the beginning of the CAMP KITCHEN experience. A lovely communal cook and meet place, and some nice chats and talks with fellow travellers. And the nights were getting cold now, and extra woollies needed. The routine was always the same...Tents up, blow the beds up, with the lil pumps running from the bikes, andsomeone boil the billy, then we made plans for what we would do about food. Every night was a treat, and the best part of the day, plus the sleeping in the tents thing ...GREAT GREAT GREAT !!! Apart from the noise from the Harley, all the bikes are running well, and covered in dead bugs.



Rod's Comment: Barcaldine was a hot little town as I discovered during my compulsory morning walk. The town used to have 13 pubs. Only 5 are still in operation today. Every building in town had its history on a sign outside. It seems every original building had been burnt down several times through its history. The morning started with rosters crowing at 3.30am. At 4.30 the only thing louder than the rosters was Greg's voice yelling "will someone shoot those bloody rosters".

DAY...4

Day four began much as the others. Someone would cough, sneeze, make a comment; "JESUS, its cold", and Rodders was usually the first up. ".OH C'mon, I have just walked around the town, had my cereal, OH, and the waters hot". About then, the zips would open, heads would poke out of tents, and the boys staggered out for coffee. The Blonde always had hers in bed. We all woke early as we slept early most nights, and the routine soon settles and it almost becomes a natural way to live, and all the ornaments and furniture and junk back at our homes is the furthest most thing from your mind.

Day four had worked out differently as there was no set plan, so by 8.55 we were loaded and fuelled up, and only a short enjoyable 90 k run from Barcaldine to our destination, Longreach. On this stretch Sidecar Phil lead the way with the other bikes well back to stay clear of my roaring cackling pipes, and as agreed, the first "Welcome to Longreach" sign appeared so we stopped next to it ,and did our "here we are at Longreach picture."



BY 11.15, we were in the Discovery caravan park, settling in, and this one was quite classy with great camp kitchen, and restaurant. Ron did his usual get to know the other campers, and Rodders and Greg were outta there and straight over to the Qantas display. You can't miss it; you gotta drive right past it to get to the Town. Road trains are an awesome spectacle, and they are all over the place once you get out back.

Blondie and I headed off to town with Greg later that day, and I found a very helpful country engineering workshop, who let me drive the Harley into their shop, they gave me a truck air cleaner from a big Merc, and let me use all their stuff to build a new exhaust baffle. 45 min's later a hand shake, and great full thanks, and \$20.00 to shout the boys a drink, we rode Wally home, with a much more pleasant rumbling exhaust, and all was well.

That night we all ate together in the camp Restaurant, nice menu choice, and about \$25.00 each. Had a few drinks talked with some colourful characters, and off to bedBRRRR it's cold in Longreach at night.

Rod's Comment: We made it!

To be continued in October Link !!!!!!!!!!!!!

FUNDRAISING REPORT by Joan Graham

Hi Everyone

Well the AGM has been and gone

I wish to thank Don Kibble for all this hard work and effort he has given the club since I have been involved and all the assistance he has provided. Enjoy yourself Don.

Welcome to all the new members you will soon get to know me as I am always selling tickets for something so as to keep our bank balance in the black

Next opportunity for you to purchase some entries for some great prizes will be the next social night on the 16th

So come and enjoy a meal and some great fellowship and the opportunity to win some nice stuff

Still awaiting the outcome for the Volunteers grant and that should be in September so not long now

Till next month

Joan Graham

With the great success of the weekly Thursday ride, the club will commence a second weekly ride for Saturday mornings.

Wayne Bryan – Club's Vice President has been organising these rides with a few mates for some time. With Wayne's and the club committee agreement, as of the 1st October 2011, this will now be a weekly club event.

The ride will leave from Shark Leather 142 Siganto Drive, Helensvale at 8.00am for Metz Café Canungra where riders can have breakfast and decide where to ride for the remainder of the morning or day. You can join the group at Canungra around 9.00am if this venue is more convenient to you.

So as of 1st October, all club members and friends can join in on the weekly Thursday ride and/or the Saturday ride.

BERT SKUSE

Just a quick update on Bert Skuse, a long time supporter of our Winter Sunshine Rally. Bert had a serious accident whilst racing his historic bike with the Editor (GB) up in Townsville.

He was in Townsville hospital for four weeks and I am glad to say he has now been transferred to the Wesley Hospital in Brisbane and is improving every day.

We wish him all the best and a speedy recovery.

GB Editor



**Eagle TRIKE
CONVERSIONS**



10 J Q K A
♠ ♠ ♠ ♠ ♠



MEET 8AM CLUB ROOMS
238 MUDGEERABA RD.
HERITAGE CENTRE FOR BREAKFAST

Sunday 20th November 2011

Ride Departs 9.30 am

\$

*\$20.00 Entry includes Breakfast and Lunch at
Club House*

Cash Prize

Rolling Bike Show



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CONCOURS 2011



CLEVELAND BIKE SHOW

Cleveland Show Grounds, Long Street Cleveland
 - Sunday 9th October, 2011

Bike show: 8.00am to 2.00pm - Trophies 2.30pm
\$5 ADMISSION (over 15yrs) this includes offstreet motorcycle parking
 "Motorcycles must be in complete running order to be eligible for entry" Entries close 10.30am

For more info ..

 www.clublaverda.org

WIN CLASSIFICATION WIN

1. Continental up to 750cc	5. American - pre - Evo	9. Classic	13. Best Point
2. Continental over 750cc	6. American - post Evo	10. Street Special	14. Custom
3. British - pre - 1985	7. Japanese - pre - 1985	11. Competition	
4. British - post - 1985	8. Japanese - post - 1985	12. Outfit or Trailer	

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For further information contact: Big Al 0401 980 369

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FRIDAY NIGHT SOCIAL

**Come Join us for great food and entertainment
3rd Friday night of each month**

Happy hour 6-7 with half price Drinks

Food served at 7pm Movie at 8pm

Clubhouse at Heritage Centre 238
Mudgeeraba Road Mudgeeraba
RSVP to Joan on 0412477754 for
confirmation of Catering Numbers

NEXT SOCIAL NIGHT
September 16th 2011

Events Calendar for MECGC and associated Clubs - 2011

September

16 th Sept	Fri	Club Social Night from 6.00pm at Clubhouse
24-25 Sept	Sat/Sun	HMCCQ Pine Rivers. Mostly Ariel Rally. At St Michaels College-Jondique Ave-Carrara (Behind German Club) Details: Gary Lamb 0411085850
24-25 th Sept	Sat/Sun	Northern Rivers Ballina Rally
28 th Sept	Wed	MECGC: Monthly Meeting at Clubhouse

October

1 st October	Sat	First of weekly Saturday morning rides. 8.00am from Shark Leather, Siganto Drive
5 th October	Wed	MECGC: Committee meeting
6 th October	Thur.	Mid-week run. Meet clubhouse 9.00am for 9.30am run.
9 th October	Sun.	Club Laverda QLD Concours 2011. Cleveland Showgrounds. Meet Yatala Pie Shop 8 am for 8.30 am
16 th October	Sun.	Australian Moto GP. Club ride then BBQ Lunch back at Clubhouse to watch Moto GP on big screen. 125cc race starts at 1.00pm
21 st October	Fri	Club Social Night from 6.00pm at clubhouse.
22-23 October	Sat/Sun	HMCCQ Sunshine Coast, Annual Rally.
26 th October	Wed	MECGC: Monthly meeting at Club House
28-29 October	Frid/Sat	HMCCQ Toowoomba, Annual Gatton Swap, Bikes only

Mid-Week rides now leave from clubhouse every Thursday 9.30am
(If departure time & meeting place changes, special notice will be posted & distributed)

Weekly Saturday morning rides will commence 1st October departing Shark Leather 142 Siganto Drive, Helensvale at 8.00am.

FOR SALE

Note: Ads will run for 3 months. Please advise when item is sold.

1994 CB400 Honda 4 – good condition – sold with roadworthy
\$3000.00 ONO - Ron 07 3807 4189 for owner details

650 BMW with panniers – too heavy for lady owner
Contact Ron 07 3807 4189 for owner details

250 Yamaha Virago – new battery – contact Linda 3209 5699

Security Cable with card padlock \$10.00 – Gary (Barman) 07 55 466230

Need **Tyres** for your car or 4WD. Bridge Tyremart – 55 800590

Trike, sidecar or general engineering – difficult jobs a speciality.
EAGLE TRIKES – Hoppy 07 55 934750

CAMPHOR TIMBER – Natures Own Cutting Board
Keith Park 0418 728 761

WANTED

1916 Indian back wheel complete with brakes if possible, or just parts will be OK
Ring John Finch 0412332467

WANTED

An old bike to work on....something small....ie a BSA bantam or a small scooter for a neighbour of Sidecar Phil. If anyone has something like this that they will never get around to working on please contact Sidecar Phil..... Tel: 55 560265



THE MOTORCYCLE ENTHUSIASTS CLUB INC. GOLD COAST

P.O. BOX 706 SOUTHPORT QLD 4215
Web page www.mecgc.net

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

RENEWALS \$50.00 PA. SINGLE OR COUPLES
NEW MEMBERS \$50.00 INCLUDES CLUB NAME BADGE
FINANCIAL YEAR 1 JULY 2011 TO 30 JUNE 2012

The Committee reserves the right to refuse membership to any person deemed unsuitable in character or for any reason and will not be obliged to explain to the applicant.

PAST, PRESENT and NEW members are required to complete this form annually because it will be bound into book form at the end of the year to form a completed volume within the Club's formal records.

RENEWAL

NEW MEMBERSHIP

NAME.....SIGNATURE.....

SPOUSE..... SIGNATURE.....

ADDRESS.....

.....P/CODE.....

PHONE (Home).....(Work).....

EMAIL..... OCCUPATION.....

MACHINE DETAILS (Optional) For the Club Register only not for publication

YEAR	MAKE	CAPACITY	CONDITION	REG. NO.
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New applicants must be nominated and seconded by existing members, only then will the application be considered by the Committee

Nominated by (Print Name).....Signature.....

Seconded by (Print Name).....Signature.....



The Motorcycle Enthusiasts Club has been around for over 30 years. As the name suggests, we are enthusiasts of all forms of Motorcycles, in particular our interest is in classic bikes.

Our Club also includes modern bikes, sidecars and trikes. We cater to all ages and forms of motorcycle riding.

There is a monthly meeting held on the last Wednesday of each month at our club rooms:

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

Come along and enjoy a cup of Tea, coffee or a beer and have a chat with our many experienced riders before the meeting commences at 8.00pm.

We also have guest speakers each month, when available, and these talks are always very interesting and informative.

At least once a month there is a club run, with other casual rides organised to similar rallies and motorcycle events held by other clubs.

"The Link", our club magazine, is e-mailed directly to you (or posted if you do not have internet access), on a monthly basis. The magazine has information on our club runs and also activities and rallies held by other clubs. There are also reports, photos and articles which have been sent in by our club members.