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AUGUST 1982

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**THE
TRIALS
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HARD OR EASY?

HOT TO TROT:

**WARMING UP
EXERCISES**

BIG NEW
IMPORTANT
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TRIPLE-C
CONTEST INSIDE
WIN MORE
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**CAPTION CONTEST
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PEOPLE WHO CAN'T GET IT TOGETHER

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COVER: A trip down memory lane — Geoff Unwin obviously hasn't joined the ranks of the dashing young princes of the new enduro scene, as he powers around a corner in the Maffra Four-Day. It's a classic enduro photo, we feel: a hot, dirty, tired rider aboard a bike set up to last rather than look good. The story is on page 38. Photo by Bob Weeks.

*Recommended and maximum retail price.



MAFFRA'S FOUR DAY ENDURO

The case of the missed gearshift

by Murray Watt

A Championship event is, by definition, difficult. An Australian Championship Four-Day Enduro should be more so. The Maffra Four-Day lived up to expectations, but it was lacking in the length of its special tests. When all classes reach the last test with only 8 seconds in it, you know the special tests weren't long enough.

Photography by Bob Weeks

The Four-Day is something special. It's the enduro of the year and everybody knows it: that's why they are there to ride it. This year there were 221 entries. Ample proof that the original Cessnock Four-Day idea was a good one (see John Hall interview; April ADB).

1982 was the fifth running of the event and the first time it had been held outside NSW. Problems finding a big enough area to stage the event led Cessnock's hard working crew to shift the whole shooting match to the rocky, sandy, dusty expanse of Broken Hill last year, and then to eventually put it in the capable hands of ISDT veteran and former Four-Day winner, Norm Watts.

Norm didn't exactly have a trouble-free run but the end result was an event that did the Cessnock originators proud and achieved what they, and Norm, had set out to do: prepare riders for the ISDE.

The trails were demanding on both riders and machinery but not ridiculously difficult. The times were generally within the abilities of most riders. On the other hand, a problem such as a flat tyre meant that a quick repair and some serious speed was called for if you were to make your minute. Two flats in one section (some did) meant you almost certainly kissed some time goodbye.

On the subject of timing, the touchy point concerning most competitive enduro riders is that of hot, tired assistants using a stopwatch to time to the second, a bunch of half-crazed racers whose brains are turning over at a million miles per hour and whose reactions are millisecond operations. All special tests were timed to the nearest second. That's not bad in your three-minute-plus tests but most were shorter than that. Electric eye timers were arranged for the acceleration test but when they didn't



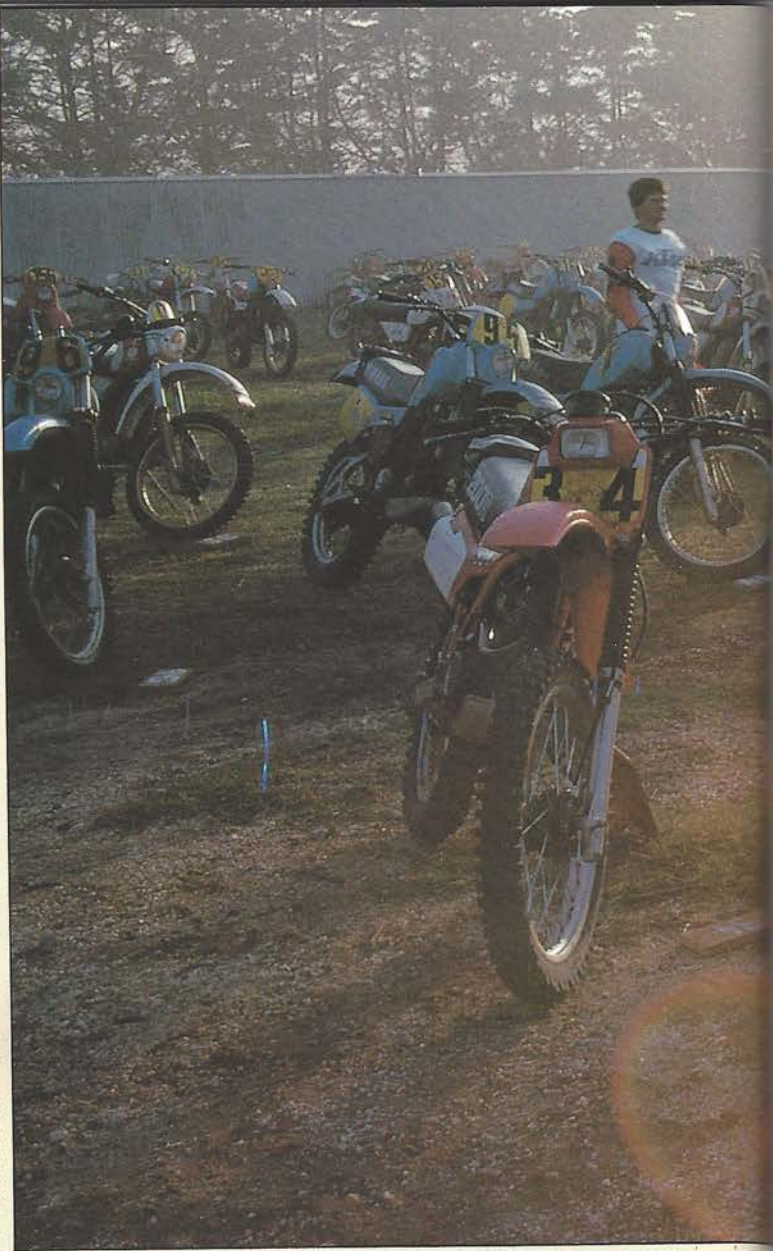
About the author

ADB's assistant editor is an ex-Kiwi, ex-West Australian who of late has been calling himself an Australian (a different country to West Oz) in an effort to get a ride at the ISDE. He turned up at the Maffra Four-Day as a member of an otherwise top class NSW Trophy Team that was all set to make mincemeat of the opposition. His dramatic transfer from riding gear and a 125

Husky to bandages and crutches meant there was a chance of a halfway decent write up on the event in ADB.

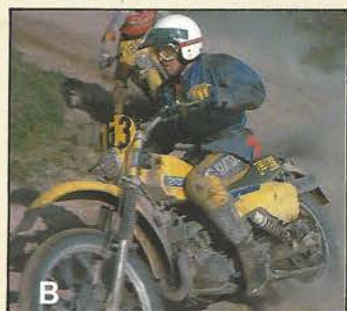
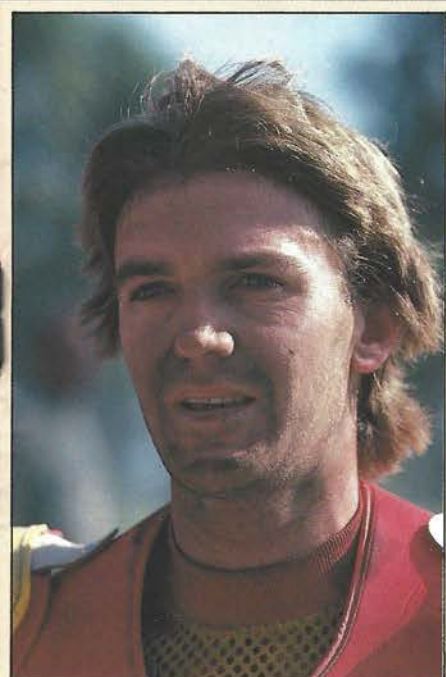
It was not to be. Great team and individual performances by New Zealand, West Australia and New South Wales threw him into confusion as to whose side he was on, and this, combined with the effects of highly restricted pain killing tablets, resulted in a write-up that leaves a lot to be desired.

Still, he needs the practice so we let him do some (not all) of the Four-Day story.



ABOVE
YEEE-HA!!! Berserking the speedway special test was the best part of the whole event for riders and spectators alike.

RIGHT
The winner at last. It took a few years but Geoff Ballard finally got the Four-Day win he's deserved for so long.



A UNREAL shot! Steve Grant on his way to the 125 win complete with front wheel off the ground. Mr Casual normally, but Mr Wide Open when he's on his bike.

B Martin Bissels entered his 250cc PE in the 350cc Class and the crafty bloke went out and won it!

C This is Stephen Phillips, winner of the 175cc Class. We can't believe that anyone who can ride so fast still wears one of those — gasp! — padded alligator-look-alike Tycon jerseys — gag! —

D Kiwi Tim Aston in the process of psyching out the opposition as he powers to the 250 win and second overall.

MAFFRA FOUR- DAY ENDURO

work it was back to timing to the nearest second with stopwatches. At five points per second it wasn't the best.

The 1982 Four-Day was the most hotly contested thing you've ever seen. There were days when dropping five points (0.1 of a second to turn you either way on your acceleration run) would have meant the difference between leading your class and coming fourth. Frank Grant, who took second place in the 125 class, was beaten by five points in the acceleration test. He lost the win by one point! Maybe all the timing equipment in the world would have given the same result but Frank must have wondered about it.

All the classes were much the same. Everything hinged on the dead motor start and handlebar bashing confusion of the final motocross. Every class. That's great! It's fantastic! That's the way it should be. It's hard to believe how many good riders are into enduros these days. It seems everybody is so damn fast: it's a credit to the organisers of Australian events, and in particular the Four-Day, that so many excellent riders are emerging. But when, after four days riding, there are still a handful of riders worrying that little more than a missed gearchange could cost them the class win, then it would be nice to have a little more confidence in the scores.

Don't get us wrong. This Four-Day was very well run but the intense competition indicates that precise timing is becoming essential. Hopefully, finances permitting, more sophisticated timing gear will find its way into at least the shorter special tests of our more important enduros.

Like we said earlier the Four-Day is the enduro of the year, but this time it's official. What used to be the Cessnock Four-Day Interstate Challenge for six-man teams from each state (or country), is now the Four-Day Australian Reliability Trials Championship for six-man teams. Members of the winning team get medals and trophies with "Australian Champion" engraved on them. Good stuff, eh? Class winners get certificates of merit from the ACU proclaiming their individual achievement at the event. Chances are that's the closest you'll ever get to National Champion status from a single event.

Further evidence of the importance riders were placing on the Four-Day was seen when the Maffra Showground started filling up with tents and vans days before the enduro was due to start. There were less examples of utes sliding into the pits ten minutes before start time, and more examples of "yeah, I walked both special tests yesterday. I'll have another look this afternoon."



Consequently most people were ready in plenty of time and could spend the hours chewing their fingernails. The riders on Paul Rooney's Husqvarna Team were chewing their fingernails right up till the last minute but it was because they weren't ready. They didn't even have their bikes, in fact. Paul's F100 Huskymobile broke an axle on the way down from Lismore and he only just scraped into the short scrutineering session on race morning. Craig Woosley, one of the riders on Rooney's team, didn't have much better luck. He hit a roo on the way down, tearing the bonnet off his VW Golf. They punched holes through the bonnet with a screwdriver and tied it down with wire and pressed on. It's an expensive business this enduro riding.

ADB's editor approached the subject of economy from a different angle. Ever aware of the roo problem, he "invested" in a 1972 model American Ford two-door aircraft carrier just before the event, reasoning that the extra fuel consumption (6 mpg) would be balanced out

by the vehicle's indestructibility should he collide with a roo (or a fully laden cattle truck for that matter). He was proved right when, in the early hours of Friday morning, he ploughed into the biggest roo he'd ever seen (while sober). The only noticeable effect on his vehicle was a little fur still stuck to the chrome bumper, chrome mock air scoops, chrome indicator mounting fins, chrome grille and chrome hood ornament. We're not as silly as we look here at ADB.

The Cairns guys were there in force after their "easy" three-and-a-half-day drive, and the West Ozzers, who had to travel even further, arrived earlier in the week with a semi-trailer full of bikes (including twenty-one race bikes, and without any stock of Emu Export, the slackers) and smarting from pessimistic comments that warned against wasting their time and money travelling thousands of miles to compete against the "fast guys."

Even the New Zealanders were there to try for two out of two with

ABOVE
Phil Lovett as he was for the whole four days: holding over fifty horsepower wide open.

their four-man Vase team.

Anyone who was anyone was there, plus a whole lot of unbelievably fast riders who weren't anyone but sure as hell will be soon. That was the most outstanding feature of the whole weekend. There are so many good fast enduro riders around now. People you have never heard of but who must have been applying themselves to learning the enduro art. They are organised, they have good, well prepared bikes, and they know how to keep them running. They are fit enough and smart enough to know how to keep up with fast trail times and out of trouble all day long, and when it comes to the special tests, they are *fast!*

BELOW
Jacques Cousteau Chapman on the Calypso 250 seen here setting out on another scientific voyage.



THE NEW ZEALANDERS

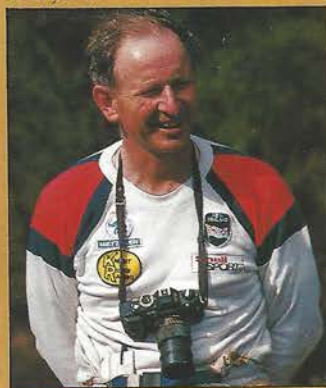
It's a joke! We're so serious about all this enduro business these days, and some farmers with trail-bikes come over from New Zealand and blow us off," — overheard at the final motocross test.

The first time the New Zealanders had anything to do with the Four-Day was when they sent a four man Vase team over to check things out at Cessnock in 1980. They took out the Vase Trophy and in the process shut up the people who figured they could only ride four-stroke trail bikes through swamps and tight bush.

They never turned up at Broken Hill for the 1981 Four-Day. The idea of a desert race (it wasn't) didn't really appeal to them but Tim Gibbes, the New Zealander who for several years was a Pom and before that an Aussie, did come over, to ride Broken Hill and return the Vase. No doubt the idea of launching another attack was on his mind as he observed the goings on.

Tim Gibbes' brain is clicked into enduro thinking and he has six ISDT gold medals to prove it (riding on the English team) and this year he turned up with a very well organised group of riders including a Vase team with an excellent chance of making it two out of two for the Kiwis. Tim is as cunning as the proverbial shiphouse rat when it comes to interpreting the rules and this alone is quite an asset. He knows his stuff. He makes sure of it. He always had all the relevant information plus accurate maps that allowed him to get around the course and make sure his boys knew what was going on as well.

The riders respect his ability and decisions and Tim, in turn, seems to have a lot of confidence in the ability of his riders. But it's not all deadly serious. There's a lot of Reiher style friendly slugging (NZ phrase meaning putting down) that goes on between them. But Tim met his match with Phil Lovett. Doesn't everyone?



ABOVE Tim Gibbes, NZ Team Manager. Humbled by Phil Lovett, Tim expressed a love of fine old Aussie cars in the under \$10 price bracket while talking to ADB during a chance meeting at a petrol station.

At a shallow creek crossing on day four, he got down on his knees in mid-stream in an effort to disguise the depth of the water and try and direct Phil off downstream. Phil was too shrewd. He rode straight past about two feet away and showered him!

The Kiwis flew into Melbourne with their bikes, hired cars and got on with the job. They bought the tyres, oil and other gear that they would need and the riders made the most of the cheap (compared to NZ) accessories; but the main step was the acquisition of a few vehicles.

Obviously they would need transport for themselves and their bikes to the event and to and from their hotel each day; and they would need support vehicles. Hiring was going to be too expensive so the plan was to buy a few cheap (and hopefully reliable) "Lever Cars". They work pretty well as long as your luck holds out. They don't cost much and when you've finished with one you just "leave'er behind".

They decided to try to get by with just two vehicles. One was a camouflage grey EK sedan that they



ABOVE Is this the stuff dreams are made of? A genuine NZ "lever car".

haggled down to \$250 then got for \$200 when Barry Reiher won a \$50 coin toss with the salesman.

The other was a brushed yellow '70 model Valiant ute that they hired for \$100. Included in the deal was some assistance with getting the bikes to Mafra providing the Kiwis first mobilised the ute with a new clutch.

At 5.30 each morning the two vehicles lurched from their hotel rooms into the mist and headed for the Mafra showground looking something like a refugee convoy. Both vehicles would be packed to the eyeballs with riders and a mini-crew including the team mechanic on crutches.

But things were looking good on the result sheets. At one stage the Kiwis were leading three individual classes (200, 250 and four-stroke), the Vase, and were running second in the Trophy with their last minute team (an ex-Kiwi made up the sixth man).

They certainly destroyed any lingering ideas that they were trail specialists with some impressive special test results on a variety of terrain.

From their outright times on the gravel hillclimb circuit to the

tight, narrow switchbacks of the BMX track, to the risk-everything right hand turn of the speedway.

As one happily impressed rider commented as the Kiwis won heat after heat at the speedway: "The bastards know how to ride."

Tim Aston YZ 250J Yamaha

Tim Aston was simply too fast for our best 250 riders.

Twenty-four year old Aston knows what he's doing but it hasn't always been that way. Six years ago he burst onto the motorcycling scene by finishing last in an observed trial. Not exactly a ragingly successful debut but it didn't seem to do him any harm because four years later he took out the National Championship plus he picked up a First Class Award at the Scottish Six Day (a trials version of the ISDE but with observed sections instead of special tests).

With those couple of achievements out of the way, Tim turned his attention to enduros for 1981 and won everything he went in (plus a few events he didn't; such was his reputation) and picked up the North Island and National 250 Titles for his efforts.

Tim normally just smiles, says nothing, and gets on with the job with so little drama that you'd forget all about him if he wasn't blowing your doors off. But he pulled a stunt at the acceleration test that should give the boys something to talk about for a while; he produced a tie-down which he hooked onto the bottom of the forks and over the bars and compressed the front end as far as he could for the drag down the bitumen. The theory was that it would eliminate all the weight transfer caused by surging front suspension and make the initial part of the run more controllable by being less prone to surprise wheelies or excessive wheelspin. Nobody in the 250 class beat his time, but then again that was pretty much the story for most of the event.

Dashing Dazzle August Kawasaki KDX 175

As his nickname suggests, Darryl August has an aura of wild unpredictability about him.

Come to think of it, all the NZers who were in the Vase Team were good for a wild story. It was always a case around the pits of "Hey! Did you here what those crazy Kiwi bastards did this time?!!!"

Dashing Dazzle has only been into enduros for 3½ years, but in that time he has scored consistently high places. We can't exactly say he's won every event he's been in, because he's usually too busy providing the press with more fodder for his image. But at the Mafra event, he kept fairly quiet.

Like the rest of the Vase Team, Dazzle is a farmer. A dairy farmer, to be precise. Which means he

spends a lot of each day wading around in b.s., so maybe it would be better if we stopped this profile right here before we have to resort to b.s. of our own.

Mark McDonald Suzuki PE 175X

Mark McDonald has been riding bikes since he was a kid and he rode motocross for a couple of years after leaving school. Getting educated and making money cut into his riding for a while but he got back into it by starting to ride enduros 18 months ago and quickly made his presence felt. He won the North Island under 200 class last year and took the overall at the first round of this year's National Champs.

Riding the Four-Day was part of some big plans this year for Mark. If he can get over some stumbling blocks (the New Zealand ACU is virtually part of the governing body in England, a big problem in this case) he plans to compete in the 1982 European Enduro Championships and the ISDE in Czecho. A win at the Four-Day would have been a really well timed confidence boost for him, and watching from the starting line of the final motocross as his win disappeared off down the track must have been a real heartbreaker.

It was fellow Kiwi Darryl August who had the 200 class by the throat right from the very first special test but on the final day he picked up an extra 60 point penalty. This put Mark into the lead but that was short lived. Riders in the earlier heats of the final motocross weren't permitted to warm their motors before the dead motor start. They were told it was to be a *cold* motor start. (Riders in the later heats warmed their motors anyway).

Mark's bike took twenty-one seconds to fire up. He lost the win by seventeen seconds.

Barry Reiher Suzuki PE 175 Floater

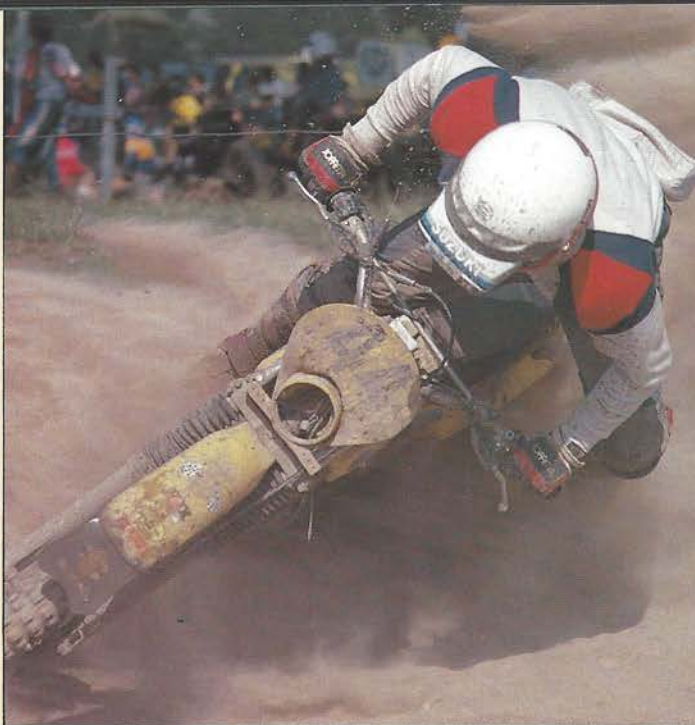
"Mister Popularity". Barry made a lot of friends when he came over with the 1980 Vase Team but there were also a whole heap of people who figured he was nothing but a loud mouthed wanker. Understandable I guess. He certainly makes himself heard and there is no doubt whatsoever that he is a bit of a wanker.

There's nothing he likes better than someone who can match him in the dishing out of good natured insults but the big problem is that he usually backs up his talk with his riding and then you're really in trouble. Fortunately he had a problem with his rear brake pedal day three and panic set in. He charged off into a wild orgy of corner overshooting, turn missing and crashing to lose a sizeable sixteen minutes on one section.

Now we've got him where we want him. He'll never live this one down.

RIGHT

It's not often you get a chance for one-upmanship with Barry Reiher, so when you do you grab it: Here he is about to lose control. He's probably yelling out about it inside his helmet.



MAFFRA FOUR- DAY ENDURO

125 CLASS

Twenty-seven 125 riders fronted up on Friday morning. Waiting for your minute to come on the first morning is always nerve-racking but even more so for the 125 riders. Doing well means flogging the hell out of the motor (someone roughly estimated that a 125 would do twelve million revs during the course of the Four-Day) and whether or not it will last is a real worry.

Plus the talented 125 line-up at Maffra meant that there was going to be no chance to nurse things along.

I was trying my luck for a hat-trick of Four-Day class wins. Jeff David was there on his Brissoni Replica Fantic; just Brissoni's name on the bike is enough to put you in a winning frame of mind. Peter Olholm was there on his KTM LC125; keen for a win and with the bike and ability to do just that. Andy Goddard was there looking for the change of luck that would finally give him a chance to prove his ability and put his Can-Am into the winner's circle. Darryn Bruce was there on his new Moto Villa: he'd sure be fast enough and his bike had proven itself with a class win a few weeks earlier. The fast Rooney-tuned Huskys from Lismore were there too; ridden by Craig Woosley and super-cool (when he's not on his bike) Steve Grant.

Victoria's Bryan Noble was there on his KTM. Peter Johnson, with the only XC125 Husky in the country at the time, was something of an unknown quantity in the 125 class but the fact that he is well established as championship winner in West Australia meant the boys in the know were keeping a wary eye on him.

Another rider worth a mention is Frank Grant from Coffs Harbour. Frank gave bikes away for a couple of years while he went surfing but decided to buy a 125 Husky and try his luck at the Four-Day. The bike was stone stock WR125 and Frank must have been out of touch after a two-year lay-off so he was definitely considered a long shot in the pre-race eyeballing of the competition.

Zero hour clicked up and away on the first minute with myself and Jeff David was Queensland's Warren McFarlane on an exceptionally spoo looking watercooled Kawasaki. A couple of ks later he became the Four-Day's first DNF when his bike's big-end gave up the ghost. It happened when he shut off to turn off the tarmac and he was able to coast onto the dirt road to at least get a film of dust on his machine before he loaded it up for what must have been a hell of a long drive home.

over ▶



ABOVE

That's the chooks fed, now back to the racing. Eric Winton powers out of a tight special test turn that offered no wide lines.

RIGHT

ADB's photographer extraordinaire Dave King left his cameras at home over Easter and used his 250 Maico instead. He pulled out in disgust at the end of the second day when he realised he still had the lens cap on.



RIGHT

Why is Reece Yarnold smiling? This reeks of a good caption contest, but we don't have time right now. Too bad.

FAR RIGHT

Murray Tainton on a rare KDX250. Another rider to be disqualified for looking too "snappy".

BOTTOM

The things people will do to get their picture in ADB! Arvo Poldmaa lost twenty minutes trail time wheelying back and forwards across this creek in front of cameraman Bob Weeks.



RIGHT
 "Two Wheel Wizards" the daredevil, precision-bike-pushing stunt team demonstrate their skills in a shallow river.
BELOW
 Hans Appelgren nailed down second spot in the open class after he somehow managed to jack himself up with a 430 Husky to ride.



MAFFRA FOUR- DAY ENDURO

Almost before the riders were warmed up, they were at the first special test and despite all the whinges about clumsy, slow runs, it was obvious who was in the running for the win. Darryn Bruce set fastest time with a 272. I was one second down from him, two seconds behind me was Craig Woosley and both Steve Grant and Frank Grant put in 276s. Peter Olholm was one second further down and one second behind him was Andy Goddard. That pretty well established the cream of the class but these riders started dropping out of contention even before the second special test that afternoon.

Craig Woosley kissed it goodbye when he lost fourteen minutes (840 points) on the trail.

Darryn Bruce let go any chance of the win on day two, with tyre problems.

Disappointment for everyone (except Grant, Olholm and Grant) on day three when bike problems caused Goddard to drop some trail time and let the chance of a win slip away yet again. Peter Olholm was absolutely flying on the trails. His LC125 KTM always seems to be the fastest bike in its class (including other identical KTMs) and he proved it with the fastest run through the acceleration test (by one second, five points) and a good run through the BMX Track special test that would have put him within three seconds of Steve Grant's lead. A flat tyre in the final section, which included the special test and consequently was fairly tight, cost Peter five minutes (300 points) and left the final day clear for a down-to-the-line battle between the Grant boys (no relation).

Normally the 125s fire up quickly but not one bike jumped away from the start of the final motocross when the flag dropped. Eventually four Huskys got off the line and among them were Steve and Frank. Craig Woosley put in a successful last minute bid to save face by leading the race from start to finish and Frank was running a strong second. Steve had his hands full trying to get past Charlie Boyes in third place before Frank pulled too far ahead but when Boyes dropped it, down went Steve as well. He got up and looked to have lost it when he dropped it again! No chance now. But somehow Steve got a fresh burst of determination and worked his way back to finish seven seconds behind Frank. After four days riding he had won the class by one second!!

It's great when a couple of surfers who don't seem to give a damn, can turn up at the most prestigious event on the enduro calendar, ride fast because that's the way they always ride, and end up blowing the serious boys to the weeds.

RIGHT
 Cliff Maggs was either going to win his speedway heat or crash trying. A most admirable attitude. Unfortunately, he crashed... and crashed... and crashed...



ABOVE
 Gary Flynn prepares his knuckles for another pounding and makes a mental note to check out the width of the handlebars on Norm Watts' Husky.

RIGHT
 Nev the Rev Varley showed the youngsters how to change tyres in double quick time. The thought of the \$150 first prize gave Nev a big enough adrenalin rush to see him through.



RIGHT
 Peter Olholm was absolutely flying on the trails but unfortunately he flew into a flat tyre on day three and ruined his chances. We can't figure how he got a flat on a smooth dirt road just outside town, though. But he did. His Cairns air in the tyres probably didn't like the Victorian atmosphere.



Only two other riders were able to keep close enough to the pace set by Steve and Frank, to stay on gold. They were Bryan Noble from Victoria and West Australian Trophy rider, Peter Johnson.

200cc CLASS

By Geoff Eldridge, who was there doing nothing much in particular.

A "200cc" class eh? Smells of a Honda XR200 concession to me. As far as I'm concerned (and anyone else in the class on a genuine 175) they should have made it a normal 175cc class just like in Appendix K and in the ISDE. That would have gotten rid of those damn trailbike Hondas once and for all.

But enough. There were 49 starters and 28 finishers, with 10 Golds.



New Zealand threw their best riders into this class, with the obvious exception of Tim Aston: Mark McDonald, Barry Reiher, Barry Watkins, Dashing Dazzle August and Shaun Stanbridge. It reflects the emphasis the NZers place on 175s.

But just like all the other classes, this one went right down to the wire, and Stephen Phillips from NSW finally won by 17 seconds from NZ's Mark McDonald, whose bike took some 21 seconds to fire up in the final test. Just exactly who Stephen Phillips is escapes me at the present moment; another up-and-coming star to give us older riders a case of "time to retire."

For the whole four days, though, it was a story of try your best and then wander over to the score board to see by how many tenths of a second everyone else beat you by. It must have made all the New Zealanders laugh themselves silly, the way day one was decided on a mere five minutes of special test, day two went down to a mere four minutes, and day three sagged to a pitiful 2½ minutes of special test. In themselves the tests were fine: well designed, well marked and varied. Oh, except for the second test on the 3rd day, which was a rider's nightmare of zig-zagging tapes and bikes which appeared to be flying dangerously close every way but the right one. If you're going to mark a special test, please don't do it like this one.

But there simply weren't enough tests or enough time spent doing them to allow a rider to make up for even a missed shift.

Anyone who knew anything at all about New Zealand riders knew that there was a heavy chance they'd take out all the top positions: their aggressive never-say-die riding makes Australian riders look weak by comparison. But enduros are nothing if not unpredictable.

Barry Reiher, who not only talks at a zillion miles an hour but who rides the same, managed to hook his PE rear brake linkage on a rock and tear it off the bike, dropping 16 minutes of trail time on the third day and receiving a sound thrashing at the hands of yours truly. He claims he's going to write a letter to complain about the verbal abuse I gave him at the bottom of one nasty hill, but I doubt if he'll ever find time in his busy schedule of talking to pick up a pen.

Dashing Dazzle fiddled around in one tightened section, dropping a full minute which no matter how hard he tried he couldn't regain. Barry Watkins turned up on an XR200 and blitzed everything he

put a tyre on, but chipping several teeth from 3rd and 4th gear slowed him down enough to put him well down in 13th spot when he dropped three minutes on the third day. Trophy Team rider Ross Wheeler broke the cam chain of his XR, making him wish he rode a two-stroke, where such things are almost unheard of. Meanwhile, Shaun Stanbridge quietly motored around to finish a creditable 7th in class.

So much for our friends across the water. What of Oz riders?

Three riders who, to date, have been consistent and fast but who have never walked off with the class finished in the top six: Mitch Hefernan (Kaw, NSW), Neil Jesberg (Suz, Qld) and Reece Yarnold (SWM, NSW), 3rd, 4th and 6th respectively. Consistently fast special tests kept them way up there throughout the whole event.

Next was Colin Tregonning. You don't hear much of Colin these days, since he transferred from European machinery to Kawasaki's BTX team, and you're sure not going to hear much more of him in the pages of ADB since he high-sided me over a berm in the final special test.

And Dave McDonnell? Good old Dave! What of happy-go-lucky trailrider Dave with his little XR200? Unfortunately for Dave, being blindingly fast and consistent on the trails wasn't good enough with so many other riders doing exactly the same, and the XR couldn't quite match the two-strokes in most of the tests so he finished well down in 9th (he won the class in 1981 and finished second in 1980).

Popgun Phil Geilis from Cairns was next. Popgun decided to try Metzeler's "Perfect Cross" tyre in the Four Day, much to his horror: designed for use in soft loamy motocross stadiums in the US, the Perfect Cross lost every single knob by halfway around the 1st day! Ross Bedford, Queensland's fastest 175 rider, suffered the same fate as Dave McDonnell: he wasn't fast enough on the sprint race special tests. Had they been decent cross country tests, Ross would have let everyone know he was there. His two flats on day one didn't do a lot for his score, though, so he took a nosedive to 21st in class.

The rest of the time, like several others, he wondered at the sanity of riding over your head for a few precious seconds each day in tests where outrageous stunts like using a tie-down on the front forks meant an outright fastest time.

250 CLASS

There were sixty-nine starters in the 250 class and surprisingly, eighteen of them never made the afternoon special test on day one. In fact only thirty-one finished the event. This seems to shoot down some of our reliability theories about the larger capacity machines.

Among the DNFers were a whole line-up of riders who would normally be considered to be in with a chance: Bruce Moir, Richard God-

dard, Geoff Olholm, Nev Varley, Allan Cunyngname and Michael Goddard. But their weak-kneed excuses relegated them into insignificance when compared to the star turn of Mr DNF himself, Geoff Woodham.

Woody really showed his experience and natural ability by pulling off a DNF befitting the stature of this Australian Title event. Sir Woody (as we must now insist on him being called) had been experimenting with an intake cannister (YEIS for those Yamaha readers among you) on his 250 Husky and claimed definite improvements. But rejetting problems as the Four-Day drew near made Sir Woody elect to temporarily shelve the cannister project until he had more time. He left the mounting brackets in place, however, and this is how he cunningly engineered his finest hour. The vibration wore one of the clamps through the Husky's alloy tank and fuel started to leak out. Coming down the hill into control seven, the bike burst into flames.

Sir Woody couldn't believe how the riders were scattering in all directions as he approached. He maintains he didn't know his bike was burning at this stage but it certainly became obvious when he slowed down. Realising the seriousness of the situation, Sir Wood stepped off and threw the bike down with the idea of "letting 'er burn" (a real pro).

Chris Cater was quick enough to take charge of the situation before it



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RIGHT
Denis Pringle eventually won the hard fought battle for second spot in the 250 class. Quite an achievement considering the competition.

BELOW

Ross Bedford was caught posing for this "What sort of man reads playboy" advertisement and consequently wasn't allowed back into Queensland.



MAFFRA FOUR- DAY ENDURO

got out of hand, putting the fire out with a mattress from the back of someone's van. It will definitely go down in Chris's long list of campfire tales, although we haven't spoken to the owner of the mattress yet.

But the riders doing the winning were making for good campfire talk themselves. As far as most people were concerned it was a four-way battle between three well known riders they knew to be fast, and the Kiwi who grabbed their attention by jumping to an early lead. As it turned out, lesser known riders Martin Orchard and Jeff Thomas were up there too and they both stuck it out to claim gold medals. Orchard finished only ten seconds down on Chapman's final score but it was the New Zealander Tim Aston who attracted most interest as he proved himself and his YZ250J Yamaha more than a match for Chapman's single-shock KTM and the Husqvarnas of Denis Pringle and Geoff Dawson.

Jeff Thomas made his presence felt by fighting his way into the lead at the end of the second day with a total score of 538. Next came the determined Dawson on 539, Aston had dropped to third with 544 points and Pringle and Chapman were tied for fourth, one second further back.

The acceleration test on day three would cost you five points per second and being timed to the nearest second meant, in this case, that the blink of an eye could cost you two or three hard-earned positions.

Chapman pulled fastest 250 time but Aston, complete with tied down front suspension, equalled that time and capped it off with a run that was five seconds in front of the next best, Denis Pringle.

At the end of the day Aston was back in front on 739. Chapman was on 747, Dawson, 748 and Pringle on 750. Thomas had gone from first to fifth on 757 when he put in a slow(?) time on the special test and this allowed Martin Orchard to get within one second of his total score.

As happened in the 125 class, the 250 leader went into the final motocross on day four with eight seconds on second place. Unlike the 125s though, there were five riders within nineteen seconds of the leaders. Once again the start would be everything.

Aston confirmed his class leading position when he came out. Thirteenth off the line, he flew past riders to be up around seventh position coming out of turn two. He rode almost faultlessly. Moving rapidly through the field, he passed riders wherever he caught them. He virtually spun his Yamaha out on one slippery turn but he calmly held the bike on full lock until the front

Continued on page 76



RIGHT

Guy pushing: "Hey AJ! Is that a plug spanner down your pants or are you just pleased to see us?" (Caption written and approved by Geoff Eldridge.)



ABOVE

Just because he drove all the way from Cairns, Geoff Olholm figured he could dress up all razzle dazzle. He was disqualified for looking too "flash", although a broken reed petal didn't help much.

RIGHT

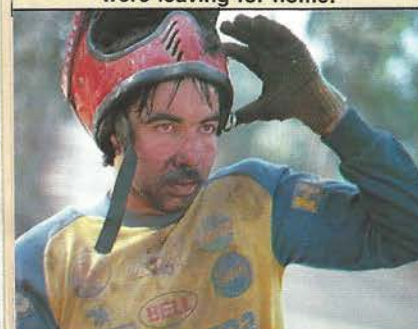
No chance of breaking into a slide with all that weight over the rear wheel. Geoff Udy motored away from the opposition in his speedway heat.

RIGHT

Mitch Heffernan is another rider the 175 boys are going to have to watch out for. He finished third in the 200 class.

BELOW

"Grub" McGrath stopped by the primary school and tried to scare the little kiddies as they were leaving for home.



MAFFRA FOUR- DAY ENDURO

Continued from page 46

wheel ran off the track and found some steering traction to get things headed in the right direction again.

Despite his bad start, Tim came through to win his heat with the fastest race time for the class and in doing so took the 250 win and second overall behind Ballard.

350 CLASS

The bludger's class. With eleven entries (many of them 250s) and six DNFs, you're in with a good chance to pick up a trophy as long as you finish. I'm buggered if I know why this class exists really. The 250s should be racing in the 250 class, for goodness' sake, and anything bigger should be able to hold its own in the open class. There was the odd 280 SWM and 350 KTM to give the class a touch of authenticity and Chris Cater had a genuine 350 as well. A 350 Moto Villa to be exact. He was looking for a repeat of his 350 class win at the 1979 Four-Day and powered into the lead on the first day but lost it on day two and eventually wound up at the final motocross with seven seconds to make up on Martin Bissels.

The dead motor start saw Chris having to put the choke on to start his bike and then, in the confusion, forgetting to turn it off. The bike blubbered away for ages before someone ran over and wised Chris up. Martin Bissels had almost a lap on Chris by this stage and came home for the class win and the only gold medal in that class.

Chris Cater may have blown the win but he certainly did a great service to motorcycling in general. At the speedway on day two Chris held 'er wide open coming out of the first turn and was still sideways halfway down the straight. Suddenly the bike let go a little further and when Chris shut off, the bike caught and snapped back so violently that he was spat off the high side into a complete somersault before slamming down flat on his backside and sliding along in the sitting position while his bike, having now unloaded its throttle-happy burden, straightened up and cruised off perfectly upright to the end of the track and slammed into the wall. Chris got up and finished but he lost a lot of time.

It was one of the most spectacular get-offs ever and will keep riders talking and spectators coming back for years.

OPEN CLASS

Fifty started and twenty-nine finished, five of them with gold medals. It was mainly the hard-core big-bore riders with a wealth of talent and experience that took out the gold medals. Robert Haskins was the exception and he lost any

chance of a high finishing position when, on day three, a rash of flat tyres cost him over half an hour. Odd man out taking over for Haskins in the gold medals was North Queensland's Alfio Musameci, not so well known down here but a renowned speedster up north. He held on to finish fourth.

So it was Geoff Ballard, Phil Lovett, Hans Applegren and Laurie Alderton, with relative newcomer Alfio Musameci thrown in to make up the five golds.

From the word go it was Ballard and Lovett. Lovett made no secret of the fact that he would go all out for a win. Everyone knew he would have to if he wanted to beat Ballard but everyone also knew that Phil Lovett was probably the only rider capable of doing exactly that. They all watched the daily showdown and every other rider in the open class ceased to exist.

Geoff Ballard's ability to ride enduros without running into problems has, in the last year, begun to match his ability to consistently put in fastest special test times. He was riding faultlessly and set outright fastest or equal fastest time in every special test except the acceleration run. When he had a problem on the trail he simply rectified it and came in without losing time.

With that in mind, what was really impressive was Lovett's ability to match Ballard closely enough to be a mere four seconds down at the start of the final motocross.

This is how they stood as they waited for the flag to drop to start the final motocross: Ballard led with 705 points and Lovett was four seconds back. Applegren was 745, Alderton on 750 and Musameci just over a minute down on 768.

In the final race Laurie Alderton crashed the hell out of himself coming off a jump behind a slower rider. He bounced up quickly but he didn't do himself much good as far as picking up a position or two at the last minute.

Hans Applegren had motored away from the opposition in the heat before just like he had done at the speedway. He won by far enough to start people wondering just how close to the leaders he was.

But there was no time for that now. Ballard and Lovett were lining up!! Everyone stopped what they were doing, found a vantage point and stared at the start line. If both riders started well this would be a race to beat even the speedway clash. As Lovett said: "Hey Ballaroo! If my bike fires first kick you'd better be on the gas 'cause I'm gonna be!"

The race never eventuated. Ballard's Maico was throwing a roost before the kickstarter had travelled the full throw. Lovett on the other hand kicked away until almost everyone in his heat had disappeared and then, in typical never-say-die fashion he berserked off only to stall his bike in turns two, three and four. A high speed get-off near the end of the race just rubbed salt in the wounds. Ballard had won it easily. Much easier than the results of the last four days riding indicated. Hans Applegren hadn't put a foot wrong the whole time and

STORMIN' NORMAN



by Geoff Eldridge

There's a story doing the rounds that there is only one rider in the world sponsored fully by a handgrip company. Norm Watts.

To Norm, Australia's wide open spaces are anywhere you can ride between two trees without ripping the ends off your handgrips. And it's with that philosophy that Norm sets out to design an enduro course: Norm isn't fond of wide, open spaces.

Mind you, he also belongs to the school of Old Salt Enduro Riders, who firmly believe that today's dashing young princes with their colourful, monogrammed riding shirts (not jerseys as in the good ole days), their classy pinstriped nylon riding pants and their space age plastic boots are nothing but a weak bunch of sheilas.

So it's to teach these fellers the fine art of Real Enduro Riding that Norm arrows his courses.

I've ridden a few Norm Watts' enduros before. They're always the same: bloody hard. Hundreds of kilometres of rugged trails. Trails? Hah! More like hand cut knuckle crushers through the trees which grow between rocks which slope up, then down, then off-camber, then down some more into slippery rocky creek beds which go for miles. That's real Norm Watts country.

As far as the Four Day goes, he figured that if it is the Australian Championship of enduros (it is), then it would be for real champions. Finish a Norm Watts' Four Day and you're a real champion, feller. Finish in the placings and you should be queued up at the closest Qantas office the next day buying an air ticket overseas to the very next ISDE.

When I started this Four Day I wasn't even vaguely interested in finishing in the places: let the lucky riders go for them. No, I was more interested in finishing. Finish, I figured, and that would be plenty of reason to be happy. Finish with an intact bike which could be ridden again without a major overhaul, and you could just about swing from the tree tops with glee.

Trouble was, my thinking was way off base.

To finish in the places at Maffra,

you not only had to keep your act together for 1,000 kilometres of the toughest, tightest, rockiest, dustiest riding you can imagine, but you had to be mentally and physically able to berserk it for two minutes per day during the brief special tests.

Last year we said the same thing: you ride for days and days, yet it all boils down to class places being decided by mere seconds because the special tests are way, way too short. Fair enough, they were excellent special tests. We should have done them all three, maybe four times a day to get some consistency into the special test side of the event. Or we should have had a Norm Watts special cross country test. No danger in that, because you're too busy trying to fit your handlebars between a non ending succession of trees to get any speed up.

We can't criticise the course, though: it was excellent. Tough, long, consistent. A real reliability, concentration and fitness test. We can't criticise the arrowing, either: it was excellent. Couldn't get lost, that's for sure. Nor can we criticise the fuel dumps: well placed, well run.

Mind you, the New Zealanders complained like the mad fools they are: anything different to the mucky slop they're used to and they complain non-stop. Too bad for the New Zealanders it didn't rain like it usually does in Victoria. Then they'd have been happy.

All the while, Norm applied his own timing to the ride: the good riders could bank on arriving a mere two, maybe three minutes early at every control. No more, no less. Over four days of hard riding, that type of timing wears you down.

When it was all over, though, it ended as it should have, I suppose. The good guys won, as usual, although some good guys were penalised too much for a simple mistake like a missed gear shift in the all-too-brief special tests. But the feeling around the camps at night was one of a course well done. Finish the Four Day and you were a champion in your own right.

And as you dozed off to sleep you could hear the hills ringing with the sound of Norm's dry chuckle



picked up second position; 1383 to Ballard's 1312. Lovett finished on 1407, Musameci on 1432 and Alde-ton on 1439.

Ballard's open class win was, of course, good enough to give him first outright which meant he collected the giant trophy awarded for the overall win. If they'd shown Phil Lovett the size of that trophy before the Four-Day started, no one in the world could have beaten him to it.

FOUR-STROKE CLASS

Whoops! With our put-down of the 350 class we'd better come up with a good excuse for the validity of the four-stroke class, because we don't mind the idea at all. It only had fifteen entries and nine finishers but at least they were all four-strokes. Do we hear cries of "Let the over-weight underpowered mongrels compete with the two-strokes!"

We can understand that attitude. Why make allowances? Let 'em sink or swim.

But just because we understand doesn't mean we agree. We figure a four-stroke class is just fine because four-strokes are something special. They sound good, they do good long wheelies and they do big smooth slides. OK? No more arguing.

Another thing: all you two-stroke fanatics who claim the above mentioned disadvantages of valves and cams should first check out the final score of New Zealand's Graeme Harris. He took out the four-stroke class on an XR200. If he had chosen to stay in the 200 class where he was originally entered, and raced against the IT, PE and KDX 175s he would have won that class instead.

Barry Watkins, another Kiwi XR200 pilot, did choose to stay in the 200 class and do battle with the two-strokes and had it not been for bad luck on day three when he lost three minutes trail time he would have finished two seconds off the class win. Watkins stunned the crowds on day one when he hurled his XR200 around the gravel hill-climb circuit to become the only rider to equal the time set by Ballard's 490 Maico.

Right then. Let's take a look at the perfectly acceptable four-stroke class.

Ted Goddard was there on a new Can-Am 500 but admitted it was a bit of a handful in the tight going. So much so in fact, that he got off line, slammed into a tree and knocked hell out of himself. He came up all black and blue and decided to sit the rest of the event out.

That legend in his own time, Elmer Burbergs, was there on what looked like the same 500 Yamaha he's been riding at the Four-Day for the last three years. Lookin' good too. He picked up a silver.

Long time four-stroke worshipper Alan West drove down from the beaches of Coffs Harbour. He was on an XR500 Honda but DNFed on the first day. We got some good photos of him, too, but we're not going to print them because he hasn't sent my running shoes and brand new fluffy socks back yet.



TOP
WA's Todd Johnson overcame culture shock to help take out the Trade Team award for the West Oz Husky Team.

LEFT
Dave McDonald rode the Four Day as if it was an organised trail ride. He's seen here wondering if he put the lid on the esky properly.

LEFT
Geoff Dawson carves a well controlled groove into this typical section of Four-Day terrain.

Geoff Udy rates a mention if only for the fact that he ate five dozen oysters and drank a cask of wine every night to prepare himself for the next days' ride. I guess when you ride a DR500 Suzuki you can get away with that sort of behavior.

West Australian Steve Muhling rode a special looking Honda and despite dropping four minutes on day three, kept himself well up in the placings.

Eventual winner Graeme Harris was the fastest around both special tests on day one. Steve Muhling and fellow West Ozzer Byron Geneve had identical special test times but Geneve lost trail time leaving Muhling in second spot.

Harris was beaten in both tests on day two but maintained his lead. Gary Pye moved his Kawasaki into second spot, five seconds down, with Udy five seconds behind him.

Day three: Harris' XR200, naturally enough, dropped time on the acceleration run to the larger machines of Pye and Udy but he more than made it up on the BMX track special test. Pye pulled a further three seconds away from Udy on this special test to give himself an eight second edge.

None of these three riders lost trail time on the final day and Harris started the final motocross with seven seconds on Pye and fifteen on Udy.

Graeme Harris rode a separate heat and put in a fast time to sew up first place so it was left to Udy and Pye to see what they could sort out between themselves in their heat. Despite a slow start, Udy ran away with the win in his race and stole second place from Pye by one second. Every race was a cliff hanger.

THE TROPHY

The Australian Championship. Let's get out there and win a title. "National Champions." Sounds real nice but nothing is more uncertain than enduro riding; except team enduro riding.

Team managers from Queensland, New South Wales, the Australian Capital Territory, Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia and New Zealand tried to juggle their best riders into a winning six-man team (except New Zealand who had their best riders in the Vase team) and then performed a few primitive rituals to appease the enduro gods.

Qld, NSW and Vic teams were full of well known talent and looked to be good bets on paper. West Australia was a relatively unknown quantity but there was a lot of talent and experience in their team as well. Peter Johnson rode at the French Six Day in 1980 and has been doing a lot of winning in WA ever since. He took fourth in the 125 class.

Don Hewison has been riding and winning enduros longer than anyone in the team plus he'd ridden the Four Day in 1979 so nothing was going to surprise him. He dropped time on day four, of all days, and lost his gold medal; dropping to fourteenth place in the 175 class in the process.



ABOVE

Allan L'Strange checks out the form of the rider who just slipped under him on the speedway.

LEFT

Jim Stevens, ever one for economy, manages to squeeze two photos of his SWM into one frame.

TOP RIGHT

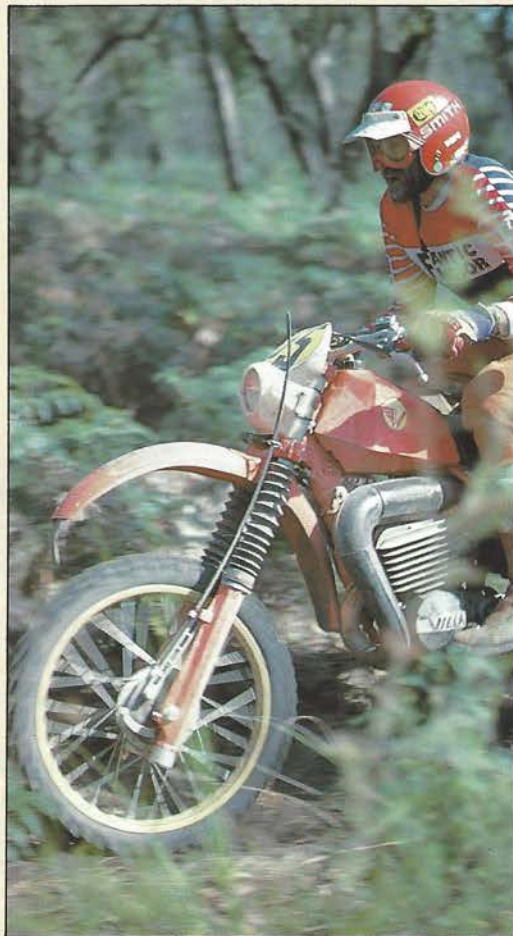
A classic example of how a potentially great shot can be ruined by sloppy camera work. Oh well, at least Lance Fisher's KTM is in focus.

RIGHT

"Laurence!! Get back to your room at once! Just look at the mess you're in you naughty little boy!" Laurie Alderton has liked playing in the dirt for the last twenty years or so.

FAR RIGHT

Chris Cater and his Villa. He says he really likes the bike, but seemed to be still coming to grips with the power during the Four-Day.



Greg Harewood took the heaviest blow to the team when he lost his card and picked up the 2000 point penalty. That was another otherwise certain gold up in smoke. The loss dropped Greg to twenty-first in the 250 class.

Ian Hesford took out fourth in the 250 class to pull the average back up and Steve Muhling, despite losing some trail time on day three, came home fifth in the four strokes.

Rob Hewison was putting in a good ride to start with but started running into problems on the third day. He lost trail time on days three and four and picked up the 1000 point penalty at the final motocross. But he finished, and as it turned out, no other team could manage to equal WA's full six-man finish. They'd done it. They took the Trophy home to Western Australia and if anyone wants it back they will have to go over there to get it in 1983.

THE VASE

Dammit! We're not even going to write up the Vase Team results because those good fer nuthin' banana benders are always coming down here and winning all the teams events and we're sick to death of it. No matter what we do they always go home with at least some of the team trophies. How do they do it? What's their secret? Just look at this Queensland Vase Team: Steve Grant on a 125 Husky, Neil Jesberg on a 175 Suzuki, Duncan Randell on a 250 Husky and Philip Fischer on a 465 Yamaha. What sort of a team is that? A crazy man and three unknowns!

And look at the results!

The crazy man wins his class and the others run fourth, tenth and eleventh in their classes and they take home the Vase.

Surely the depth of riding talent in Queensland isn't that deep. The Vase results must have been rigged. We've already put in a protest.

TRADE TEAM

As an added bonus the West Ozzers also took home the Trade Team award. The Husqvarna West Australia team consisting of Peter Johnson's 125 and brother Todd Johnson's and Ian Hopkins' 250s took the second big victory for WA. It was another win for West Oz Husky dealer John Kirkpatrick who has steered more riders to victory than you could shake a stick at since he imported the first Husqvarna into Australia many years ago.

CLUB TEAM

As if they hadn't done enough damage, the New Zealanders also took home the Club Team award. It was the Waitemata Club consisting of Peter Finnegan and Vase riders Reiher and McDonald. They won easily. By almost 3000 points in fact. At least they stopped the West Australians taking yet another team award. WA's T&E Club took out the second place trophies.

