

## SOVEREIGN HILL – 3/3/74.

The KBCP boasted many new faces and many bikes of various sizes and colours, including one new looking BMW which belonged to Cheryl who had traded her sweetened 500 for it.

At 10.30am, a large procession of 50 or more bikes left town in an orderly manner westward. After travelling through Footscray, Trevor discovered that his rear tyre was flat, so we waved everybody on, and pattered into a service station to fix it.

Whilst we were replacing it – ripped tube – we noticed Cheryl riding back towards town, probably to get the bike out of the hot sun, after only ten minutes!

After fixing the tyre, we headed out at a very fast 50mph (but Trevor's on P plates!) to make up time. Stopping at Ballarat for lunch proved to be a welcome rest, as those fast 50's are very tiring, although short, before going to Sovereign Hill to meet the rest of the gang.

Some people, deciding that it was too hot to be walking around an open air museum, took off for the pre-arranged swimming area at Pykes Reservoir, with Ian Taylor leading some of the way.

The rest of the group turned up a little while later and the more hardy (prepared) went for a dip. Here, we were told of a problem I had not known existed. It seems that a prospective member, riding a 500 Yami, had been stopped by the Police for some reason, and had taken off with a Candy Car in hot pursuit. Someone said that they had done 105mph for 40 miles in an attempt to catch him. (It's amazing what those Candy Cars can do!) After losing him they had decided to check out the group so they followed them to Ballarat and checked a few licences on the way. It seems that while we were at the Reservoir, the Candy Car had asked at the Entrance about the MSCAV. Then they took off in a hurry towards Melbourne to find us.

Anyway, a nice cool dip, a rest and a read refreshed us ready for the ride home, so mounting up we headed for Footscray.

Now I wish to gripe! On the way home I saw an L-plater going around a lovely sweeper at somewhere between 50mpy, (after all, he is learning) when an experienced rider, who should have known better, raced around him on the outside. The L-plater, scared thoroughly shitless by this thoughtless action, wobbled all over the road.

I realize that the bend was good, but that sort of thing can cause one hell of a mess that I don't like cleaning up at any time. Sorry, but that is just how I feel about it!

Arriving at the cafe, a great meal was had at a fairly reasonable price. The new meals are definitely recommended. Because it was a hot night, everybody thought it a good idea to desert the cafe early.

Les Luke.

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## SOVEREIGN HILL

On a warm day, about 50 machines left for Ballarat to inspect the old mining settlement. On the way, tow bikes pulled up just out of the built up area. One of these was "Mickey T" who, I thought, was okay, but found out later that he had had a puncture. Sorry Trev.!

The rest of the journey was seemingly good until just before reaching the "Hill". A few were pulled up by the fuzz; one guy they couldn't catch, as he was really flying into orbit!

Lunch was then had at Sovereign Hill, before dispersing in all directions to have a look over the place. There was plenty to see with the walk in the Tunnel more than welcome, as it was air-conditioned. Also, Mick got his special edition on Honda Fours.

Drinks were then very much in demand, before returning to Pykes Reservoir, for a swim and general relaxation.

We left at 5pm for home, and I don't know if anybody noticed the convoy branching into a v-shaped formation near Bacchus Marsh, then meeting up again further down the freeway. Well executed, Graham! All arrived at the cafe after a reasonably good day tour, although an unpleasant report came in regarding the riding by a buy called Thompson, on a 500/4, 4into1 type – phew – that's a lot of numbers! He will be given a message the next time he rides with us!

Road safety has to be our policy at all times, if we are to gain the respect of all who come out with us on the club runs. So, please be careful in this matter, as it is most important.

Big Daddy.

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THE TOURING MOTORCYCLISTS' ANNUAL MEET: -

“THE ALPINE RALLY”

The Alpine Rally will be held in the Brindabella Valley, west of Canberra, on the Queen's Birthday weekend, 1974.

As usual, you will be required to carry all food stuffs to the campsite, and you will need to exercise care and thought regards petrol supplies. Water is no problem.

All entrants in “The Rally” are requested to ensure their area of camping is left clean, as all the land camped on will private property – owned by Mr. Dowling of Brindabella, and you are asked to show your appreciation by doing everything possible to ensure a welcome return next year.

Any trail motorcycle riders attending are particularly requested to respect Mr. Dowling's property.

Any motorcyclist attending (as per Clubman Rally) will be requested to leave if he is dressed as one of our famous “one presenters” as a little attention as to how you look will mean the difference whether you attend the Rally or not.

Rallyists are requested to be in attendance on Saturday night and will receive their Rally badges on Sunday morning.

Any offensive or loutish behaviour will mean instant dismissal from camp. No liquor will be allowed – this is most definite!

Sunday and Monday are free days to do what you will, during the day.

A fair distance of dirt, which could turn a little muddy, will have to be covered by every rider approaching the camp site, so if this does not appeal to you, don't attend, but to those who do attend, they will enjoy the fantastic atmosphere of Australia's premier motorcycle Rally.

The actual campsite is approx 4 miles south of the bridge in Brindabella. Signs will be erected from there.

Rallyists can enter camp from any direction, but any riders coming from Rules Point along Brindabella, are warned of a very slippery ride if conditions are wet in the area.

NO CARS ARE ALLOWED IN THE CAMP AREA. AND ANY RALLYIST WHO USES A CAR TO TRANSPORT GEAR OR TRAIL MOTORCYCLE WILL BE REQUESTED TO LEAVE THE CAMPSITE!!!

TIME: Queen's Birthday Weekend

PLACE: 4 miles south on Brindabella Track (after crossing bridge) Brindabella from Cotter side.

ENTRY FEE: \$2.50 per head

ENTRIES CLOSE: 5<sup>th</sup> May, 1974

NOTE: There will be no late entries, as has been the norm in the previous rallies.

POST ENTRIES TO: The Organiser, Paul Giles, Lot 5 Ghost Hill Road, BILPIN. 2758 N.S.W.

Make cheques or postal notes payable to The Hawkesbury District Motorcycle Club.

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### A BIT MORE ABOUT THE RALLY

Those wishing to attend should immediately arrange to obtain their own entry forms and rules. Anybody can attend the Rally without filling in an entry form, but they won't receive a badge.

It is recommended that everybody attend, as there is nothing to compare with the experience of meeting some 500 motorcycle enthusiasts, including a large number of females and even 60 year old married couples. The location of the Rally serves to frighten off undesirables. The route is set out on the entry form, and will entail dirt roads. depending on which roads are the official route, anyone who travels over the Alpine Way, or the road from Corryong to Kiandra via Cabramurra (as we did last year) or similar roads, it might pay to check with the Police to make sure the road is not closed due to snow. The dirt roads should be no great worry, as these roads have been travelled over on the past 3 Rallies and 95% of the bikes are touring bikes, with trail bikes being in a minority.

The campsite will probably be close to the snowline. Riding through snow is unbelievable. Riding over snow covered roads is quite safe, so long as speed is kept very slow, because you don't know when there will be ice on the road. Ice can be treacherous if you are going too fast.

Last year the weather was quite mild, but make sure you take plenty of warm clothing – long johns are very warm and very widely used. Two sleeping bags, or one sleeping bag and two or three blankets are essential for sleeping at night. Facilities are probably non-existent (toilets are provided), so take all your own food and other requirements. Don't be put off by that fact that the Rally is held in winter. 500 motorcyclists haven't been deterred in past years. All who attend should enjoy themselves. For info, contact Mick Fagan or Ned Borgelt, if any more required.

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### 1974 ELEPHANT RALLY – NURNBURG RING, Germany

Solo this time. Because my BMW outfit is beggared, I went on my 350 Velocette affectionately known as "George".

The line up that left ourhouse in North West London was Mick Sturgess, 500 Trumpy twin (some may remember a Pommy rider on a super filthy Velo at the Southern Cross Rally in '68 or '69 – the same Mick). With him on the pillion seat went Peter Bunker, who lives with me. Also there were brothers Fred and John

Flintley on Fred's BSA A65 Thunder Bolt. Last, but not least, was me on "George". We had to leave our place by about 7pm Tuesday night to get to Oval Cricket Ground to pick up Mick Wilson and Gill (his wife) on their 750 Triumph Tiger. We got there about an hour late (just like MSCAV runs) and then set off for Dover, about 70 miles away.

As usual, I had been having trouble with my Velo lights and had just bought an exchange dynamo to provide illumination. Problem was, all riding so far was at night, so the lights were running off the dynamo as the battery was flat; therefore, high revs, good lights; low revs, poor lights! This problem was aggravated by the fact that "George" has had no third gear for a few months, so, while first and second gears provided good lights, the great drop in revs from second to top was enough to practically extinguish the lights. Once in top gear I had to stay over 50mph, which is a bit of a grid, as Britain has a 50mph overall limit due to the petrol crisis.

Just after leaving the last London suburb, Mick Sturgess and I noticed there was no sign of Mick and Fred. After waiting a few minutes, it became clear that something had happened. I went back and found them all crowded over the 750 Tiger. It seems that the oil light kept coming on, so they stopped to check the oil. Eventually we finally got going again, almost. Mike took off and I followed, slipping the clutch out in first (quite a high first gear), and just as I popped the clutch fully home, Mike hit his front disc brake. The flywheel action on the Valo could not be overcome in this time, so I rammed him, breaking his tail light lens, putting out his tail light and bending his mudguard. All that happened to good old "George" was a bent number plate holder and the spacer holding the top of my leg shields fell out, so the leg shields now flap around a bit, oh! Well.

This time we all got going again and stopped at the M2 services for petrol and a cuppa. By this time it was 10pm, and as the ferry was to leave at 12.39, Fred and John didn't want to hang around drinking tea, cutting it a bit fine for the ferry – they departed.

Just as we were ready to leave, Dave and John on a BMW outfit arrived so we waited while they filled up and then departed together. Mike's Tiger went onto one cylinder so I stopped to frig around with this. First it went on two and as soon as we were ready to leave – back to one. They told me to shoot through and they would follow on one cylinder so we could fix it in Oostende (Belgium) and continue on together.

I took off and was merrily blatting along at 60mph or so when Mike caught up. We got to Dover and at about 12.10 rushed in and bought our tickets, thrashed down to the ferry and eventually got aboard about 10 minutes before sailing time.

We caught a few hours sleep on the ferry and were then chucked off at Oostende where we all lined up for border insurance and eventually got Mike's Tiger running okay. By the time we left Oostende the fog had descended and as it was so cold it was a "freezing fog", icing up visors, jackets, mirrors, gloves etc. The lead hiker was setting such a poor pace that my lights wouldn't work in top gear, so I sped up to about 50-55 and noticed that a couple of the others tucked in behind me to use my lights (what a joke). I was able to carry on reasonably safely by following where the taillights in front were going. Then it started snowing. I stopped on the outskirts of Brussels with Mike and Gill. Fred and John (who had rejoined us on the ferry) and another Pom we had collected along the way were also there.

Eventually, Mike and Peter turned up with Dave and John. We all had visors except Mick who uses goggles. With all the ice and snow Mick couldn't use his goggles, so he had ridden "barefaced" and when he arrived he looked like the abominable snowman, with icicles on his eyebrows, eyelashes, nose chin. (All our boards had iced up as well!)

Heading around the outskirts of Brussels, we lost Dave and John on the outfit, and Mick and Peter on the 500 trumpy, so there were just "George", the 750 Triumph and the Pommy guy who came along with us on his 650 Norton, followed by Fred and John on the A65.

We managed to go right through Brussels without getting lost (thanks to John's navigation) and without finding any petrol stations on our side of the Autobahn, we had to take the next exit off that road for petrol. All tanked up off we went again!

Coming to a sign (tea and coffee), Mike and Gill shot up the slip road without any warning. I went back to try to find them, almost getting run down by an oncoming car in the process, as I was going the wrong way back along the slip road. Not being able to find them, we sorfed, hoping they would find their own way to the Rally. The trip was uneventful then, till after Eupen at the border post of Belgium - Germany. Because I didn't have my logbook (rego papers), he wasn't going to let me in, but he finally issued me with border insurance papers and we were away AGAIN!

The first thing that was immediately noticeable (just like coming into Victoria from NSW) was the dramatic increase in the quality of the road surface. We, however, were only doing about 30mph, due to the freezing conditions and high possibility of ice. After we had done a few miles (and no ice had been encountered) the roads became very wet, making it virtually impossible for ice to form. Because of our discovery, our speed on the straight bits (few as they were) went up to 50-55mph, although we still took it a bit easy on the corners.

Just as I thought "George" was going to make the rally with no incident he went (quote) bang-bang-bang (unquote) and stopped. I couldn't work out what it was, but the Pommy guy saw what was wrong. The points cover on the end of the magneto (yes, some motorcycles even have them) was designed to take a plug leading up to a handle bat "kill" button. I had no such plug, so the salt on the road (to combat ice) got into the hole designed for the non-existent plug and shorted the magneto out. Cure: - take the cover off and ride the rest of the way with exposed points. It worked a treat and we reached the rally with non further incident other than my previously loosened leg shields trying to fall off.

John, Fred and I said goodbye to the Pommy guy with the Norton and set out to find a bit of ground to pitch the tent on. Tents finally pitched, we went for a walk and who should we see, but Mike and Gill who had just arrived. We chatted to them for a while and then the rest of the flock arrived - Mick, Peter, Dave and John.

Food was next on the agenda and remained priority for the rest of the rally. The following night Pete Bunker and I got our mandolins out and had a bit of a sing-song, until about midnight when we were turfed out of the hotel. Walking back at our tent, we were grabbed by a load of Poms and another sing-song was had. I wanted to go to bed early, as we were off in the morning (Friday) to the Polar Bear Rally in Belgium.

We set out at about 11 o'clock - we being Fred, John, Mike, Gill, and me, a French guy and Paul, another Pom (not the same one as before) who took Pete Bunker on the back cos Mick didn't want to come.

Way we went, cruising along at 40mph or so through the mountains. On the way Fred and John stopped to put a bit more air in the tyres and told us to continue and they would meet us near the border post at Eupen. "George" and I led away and reached the border post after one stop to dry out the part where the H.T. lead goes into the maggy. After meeting Fred and John we all trooped into Eupen to change Deutch Marks into Belgium francs and to have a cuppa. In Eupen we also gassed up (petrol being cheaper in Belgium than Germany). Heading out of Eupen and then on to the autobahn, it became evident that we wouldn't reach Mettet (site of the rally) before dark, which was a drag, as at this stage I wasn't sure that my lights were working. (Who said "Typical Velo"? ) I left it until it was dark and then threw the switch, wonder of wonders, lights! Riding on and on we eventually got to where we had to turn off the autobahn to the rally, stopping only once in a lay-by to refix the elastic strap holding on the top bracket of the leg shields. On through the void and I noticed that the funny thing on the front of "George" wasn't showing up as brightly as before. Oh well, back to standard Velo lights.

Eventually (about 7pm Friday night) we reached the cafe/pub/service station opposite the rally site. One lone English BMW rider was all there was to greet us. They had decided to cancel the rally because of the existing petrol crisis, but didn't bother to tell anybody. (Bloody wogs!!) We sat in the cafe drinking "Cafe au lait" and more riders were arriving all the time, including a Pom on a 500/4, who had been with us earlier on, but who told us to go ahead, because of the trouble he was having with water in his electricals!!!

He held out a great paw, and from it extended a Miller voltage regulator given to him by a Belgian truck driver. (So that's why I had no lights!) it seems that when I stopped in the lay-by, it fell off and the truck driver saw it and gave it to the guy with the 500/4, who happened to stop in the same lay-by, and who happened to recognise the article in question. (I get a bit luck at times!) Soon after this we refuelled and prepared to set off for Nivelles which is reputed to have a very good cafe, the name of which someone had written on a bit of paper. I was now taking Pete because Paul (the Pom with the 650 Norton who had taken Pete from the Elephant Rally) had decided to pitch a tent with the many others there and head for Oostende in the morning. So off we went AGAIN! With me in the middle showing a torch and a rear light, and so we continued to Nivelles, where we parked the bikes and proceeded to look for this celebrated cafe.

To our aid came a local 500 Suzi rider, who offered to show us the way (how I blessed those four years of French at High School) He got us there okay, but the only problem was that it was closed. Our guide knew of another cafe and took us there, where we shouted him a cuppa coffee, but the sneaky little devil asked for the bill in French and none of us knew what was going on until he handed over the money for seven coffees. (I'll bet that's the last time he stops for foreign bikies!!)

The guy that ran the place was a real character – bald, moustache, potbelly and really jovial. Four of us had something, the name of which I can't remember, and tow had omelettes. All this was spaced out with slices of beautiful local bread and BULK chips. The chips were beautiful, steaming hot and crisp; it took us half an hour to get through that meal. (English typist's note: Peter is now on a diet, so he won't be able to gloat over the great food he has eaten for quite some time!). by this time it was after 10pm and we were getting warm right through and a little dozy, next trick, a couple of the locals shouted us a round of drinks and time continued passing. It was 1am Saturday morning before we left that place, with a vow to return there if we were ever within 50 miles of it. Back on the road AGAIN!! Then on the autobahn. I was developing a real technique for no light driving now. Fortunately there was not much traffic, so when we approached a car from behind, I would turn my full lights on (the battery was good for short bursts!) then, once passed, I would switch on to parking lights which only illuminated the rear light. This I would leave glowing until we got a long way ahead of the car, then turn off all lights and continue on to the next car.

Old "George" was running like a charm, piled high with camping gear, and now with a pillion rider as well, cruising on 60-70mph, mile after mile. We reached Oostende at about 4am, prepared to wait 4 hours till the 8am ferry to Dover, but were really rapt to hear that there was a ferry in half an hour to Folkston, only 10 miles to Dover.

Straight up to the lounge, where we all crashed until we got to England. Through customs, then off to the services near Tubruck on the A2 road, traditional stop off point for breakfast.

After breakfast, Fred and John went off alone, as they had to go a different way to Mike, Gill, Pete and myself. We continued (AGAIN) on to London. About 40 miles from there, it started pissing down. Oh well, I thought, we ARE back in England! Just near London, Mike and Gill split to go to their place and Pete and I continued on, eventually reaching Mill Hill East at about 10 or 11am. I gave "George" a big rev to herald our arrival, and people came rushing out, unable to believe that we had made it!

Peter Sanders.

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## BOOK REVIEW:

TITLE: "Motor Cycles – Classics and Thoroughbreds."

AUTHOR: Not given, but the book is introduced by Roberto Patrignami and Mario Colombo.

PUBLISHED BY: Orbis Books

PRICE: \$3.95, 64 pages.

OBTAINED at the Technical Book Shop

The first impression of this book is the excellence of its 112 colour prints and many black-and-white illustrations. The book is not up to date, but it covers the motorcycle scene to about 1970.

The introduction to the book states “This book is really dedicated to those who have just discovered the motorcycle. It does not pretend to be an encyclopaedia of motorcycling, nor an advanced technical manual, but an introduction to the most representative and prestigious models of the world”. The book lives up to its aspirations. The technical aspects are thoroughly covered for the non-technical mind and suggestions for the novice riders are given, in particular in regard to dress. No mention is made of full face helmets (there were few, if any, in 1970) and comments: “In recent years the Jet Helmet has become more and more popular.” For the novice, the very comprehensive coverage of the mechanics would be of value.

The real strength of the book is the brilliant pictorial coverage, complemented by short notes of the history and development of 24 different marques, or types. The brands or types covered are as follows: - \* is Italian

* Aeromacchi	*M.V. Augusta	Triumph
*Benelli	B.M.W	Kawasaki
*Ducati	B.S.A	Honda
*Gilera	Harley Davidson	Suzuki
*Laverda	Mammoth	Egli Vincent
*Moto Guzzi	Norton	Lightweights

The substantial coverage of Italian machinery no doubt results from the fact that the book was originally published in Italy, but all the translations are superb. However, the jacket has a fascinating photo of the rear wheel of a Mammoth (Munch).

The reviewer could find no errors of part, and doubtless this book will find its way into the library of most “real” motorcyclists. It is highly recommended!

Darren.

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The Oxford Dictionary gives the following definition for EDITOR – One who prepares the work of others for publication.

We now request the following people to submit one article on any subject they would like to write about (not necessarily club activities) for next month’s edition.

Keith Anderson – 750 Honda, Mont Albert.

Mick Bames – 750 Suzy, Watsonia

Kenton Bowden – 550 Suzy, Laverton

More names will appear next month and we will inform you of the response we receive.

New bikes: M. Fagan – 600 BMW, B. Higgs – 750 BMW, Claw – 750 Honda, H. Moffat – 750 BMW

Peter Binnion has announced his engagement to the bird he met in Tassy, Lynne. They plan to marry in the new year and go on a world cruise (must be money in fixing Honda’s)

Rumour has it that Don Sexton will take up racing if he loses his appeal against his 9 months cancellation.

Ex-member appeared in court recently caught smoking Marijuana in a public place.

Jinkey has done it again, bought a set of number plates BM 900 anyone would think he was going to buy one.

Just as well Ian (cuddles) Taylor broke his screen in Tasmania for he most certainly would have at the sports day, the way he was putting it down.

Mick did not turn up at the Sports day as he realised the competition was too great.

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### RESULTS OF THE SPORTS DAY

<u>Event</u>	<u>Winner</u>
Fire Alarm	D. Cumming
Weaving – Solo	P. Nash
Weaving – Pillion	J. Cecil
Flag & Barrel Race	J. Cecil
Slow Race Weaving	P. Nash
Slow Race Straight	P. Nash
Musical Bikes – Male	S. Robenson
Musical Bikes – Female	P. Bennett
Push Bike Race – Male	T. Ryan
Push Bike Race – Female	P. Bennett
Egg & Spoon Race	B. Higgs
MSCAV Gift – Male	D. Ackland
MSCAV Gift – Female	M. Peart
Clover Leaf Time Trial	T. Ryan

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### AROUND TOWN or AUTUMN IN MELBOURNE – 17/3/74

Despite Sydneysiders' remarks about the vagaries of Melbourne's weather, March in Melbourne is usually reliable, mild and enjoyable and is particularly suited to motorcycling.

To tour of Melbourne on Sunday 17/3/74 (the old St. Patrick's Day) was blessed with superb weather which really made the day. The mileage was 40 miles (64.4 kilometres), which was one of the shortest runs ever, and, equally, was one of the most interest filled.

Howard H, who turned up 15 minutes before departure time (what happened?) led the day, first for a run around the charming old areas of South Melbourne and St. Kilda beach area to Elsternwick, past channel 2, to the home originally built by the Sargood family, and now know as "Ripponlea". Despite the 50 cents entrance fee and later 30 cents fee to tour the ground floor of the mansion, members were almost overwhelmed by the magnificence of the gardens, particularly the lakes and the waterfall, but the swimming pool area took pride of place as a most beautiful area. No-one fell into the pool, although Pauline, and earlier Mick Fagan, were seen on the diving board, and fortunately, no-one gave them the push.

Howard next led a tour of the Toorak area, where its wealthy inhabitants stopped watching their Rolls Royces to see over 20 bikes go by. The Richmond, and later, the Kew Boulevards followed with a stop to look over the Dight's Falls reserve. The huge scars caused by the Eastern Freeway were noted with regret, although the road and railway which constitute the programme may be appreciated by members travelling east in 1976.

We travelled through Collingwood, the big little city of Fitzroy to the Fitzroy Gardens which are actually in the city of Melbourne. It is no wonder tourists to Melbourne remark on the excellence of our city gardens. They are really great in every way, are well kept, and are very clean.

Noted on the day wer Kay and Graham McFeeters, who are keeping an eye on graham's sister, Margaret, who was pillion on Fred's four. The sisters, Margaret and Pauline, were on Margaret's bike, and were reported



doing scrapies on the Boulevard. Keith Anderson had his brother, Mark, on the pillion, and they too scraped a little – you had better not show this to your folks, Keith! Mick was doing great things on his Honda 90. It will be good to see him back on a BMW.

We had lunch at the Fitzroy Gardens' kiosk. The sit-down part was good but expensive, and most went to the take-away section and ate in the Gardens.

Howard H, Dennis McKenzie (Honda 90) and myself spent a short period visiting the St. Patrick's Cathedral, with its new underground church offices, and nearby St. Peter's, with its new pipe organ in the process of being erected.

We regathered at 1.45pm and found Howard M (BMW 750) had joined up. Most walked, but a few lazy ones rode, to the Jolimont entrance of the Underground Railway, where we saw the magnitude of this important improvement to the suburban railway system.

From the Fitzroy Gardens, at Mick's suggestion, we took a most unusual trip to the shrine. We proceeded down Lt. Collins Street to the Causeway to Bourke Street. Through the Causeway, Lou's TX750 really roared! We crossed Kings Bridge (lower level), went through a car park and under the Port Melbourne railway in a tunnel, the approach to which was just big enough to allow a Moto Guzzi to pass. We passed around the Royal Botanical Gardens and parked near the shrine, where the fit members walked up to the balcony for a great southern view of the city and Albert Park Lake. I had not been to the crypt there, either. The unfit members rested under a tree. Later, some of us went passed Government House, but we were not allowed in, nor invited in. The music bowl was the venue for the free concert, which was enjoyed by most. Everyone seemed too tired to bother to go to the Art Gallery. (Earlier, only Howard H and shown any keenness to go to the Captain Cook's Cottage)

Anyway, we rode past the Art Gallery later, only to see Bruce Higgs' Triumph outside, the BMW having had a clutch cable fault. Prior to this, we saw the Fire Brigade extinguishing a fire in some derelict South Melbourne houses.

The day was completed by having tea at Footscray. Thanks to Howard for mapping out a very interesting day, to Neville for being patrol, and to Big Daddy for being rear rider and for organising the excellent weather!

Darren

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#### THE WEEKEND RUN TO WILSON'S PROMONTORY – 9<sup>th</sup> – 11<sup>th</sup> March, 1974

Firstly, the weather was as near perfect as one could get. We left Dandenong as arranged, Darren coming along just for the day. The ride was good except for one incident when yours truly, who was leading, dropped his bike on a patch of sloping wet clay in a section of road under repair. My policy is: if there's any danger of falling off, go slow, which is what I did, and the only damage sustained was on the bent crash bar and a broken air horn.

On arrival, we found quite a few had arrived the night before, and during the following hours, a few more arrived. Late in the day J.C, Claw, Bruce and Garry Penhall arrived and promptly disappeared, not to be seen again until Sunday night. They went to see if the lighthouse was still there. Did they all need to go just to find that out? There were plenty of others doing the same. I was content to take their word of its still being there. Apart from seeing the lighthouse, they saw a woman helping a snake up onto a rock. I suppose the snake was really trying to get off the rock.

Our allotted space at Tidal River, although isolated, was well protected from the winds, and also from the other campers – very good!

A diet of spaghetti and balls and baked beans was what we suppose blocked up the toilet system. But seriously, a dietician would be fascinated by one breakfast which consisted of one Chicko Roll and one can of beer. The same person had five chicko rolls in one day.

Linda and Fagan tired not too successfully to get us to go and see if the nude moll was on the beach. Most were more interested in taking about bikes. If anyone had tried to rope the nude, well it would have been instant circumcision, as the moll, I suspect, was made by the aforementioned out of sand and drink cans. Ever seen you-know-what made out of a coca cola can??

The local cinema was well patronised by the club, me being the only one not there on the Saturday night, and the lighthouse – seekers and Bruce the absentees on Sunday night. I didn't see much of Roger Holt. Rumour has it that he had all his meals at Foster (whether or not this is true, I don't know!), and therefore would only have been back at camp a few minutes before it was time to leave for the next meal. Some of us left before lunchtime for Melbourne. With Police and traffic it seems one is advised to leave early or just before dark. I think I can answer for all in saying we had a very pleasant weekend.

Lloyd – Guzzi 500.

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### OIL IN THE PETROL TANK – YOU MUST BE JOKING!!

When I first heard of and started riding two wheels, most cheaper scooters and motorcycles were lubricated with oil mixed with petrol. Two stroke Hondas still do this.

At a recent meeting of an unmentionable club, it was suggested that extra life could be gained from Honda Four exhaust pipes by placing a cup of oil in the petrol tank, once every six months. I was sceptical about this, I must add, but tried it on the 750/4 outfit, and with no obvious problems.

When I tried it with the solo 750/4, a very different picture emerged, and how! The first obvious reaction was violent backfiring in the no4 exhaust pipe. The bike lost its usual very smooth performance.

One hoped that a long trip might have cleared the motor, and so the trip to Wilson's Promontory seemed the answer. Rather than get better, the situation steadily got worse. Geoff Harrison warned about burnt out valves, following putting Redex in his Ducati. Travelling home, followed by Ian Taylor, the performance grew worse, and Ian noticed that smoke coming from nos. 4&3 exhausts and the backfiring continued after cutting the throttle. Ian said kindly that a good clean out should fix it.

Perhaps it is worth a small historical note. Howard Higham had told me some weeks before that the Honda was burning when showing down. While I appreciated being informed, nothing seemed to be wrong, and Hondas do burn oil when slowing, or when cold, and this is of no consequence. In this case, through, this oil sign was a preliminary to what followed.

Don Sexton called round on the Sunday afternoon of the long weekend, and, with his assistance, the petrol tanks and carburettors of both 750's were completely washed out and cleaned. The outfit showed no sign of oil, but the petrol tank had considerable dirt and mud, perhaps a result of the trip to Darwin. The carburettor bowls had small amounts of water in the bottom, the solo was affected by oil in the bowls. An inspection, after removing the exhaust pipes, showed us valve damage, but a large amount of oil in the top of the exhausts. The bike was reassembled and Don drove both bikes' tanks to a service station, using his car. Both bikes were re-tanked, and the outfit fired away and ran as smoothly as ever. The solo was as bad as before and was prone to violent backfiring. A check of the spark plug showed a very small spark. The points were cleaned and new plugs used, but no improvement resulted. Now, Hondas spark on every second stroke, and so the nos.2 and 3, or 1 and 4 plugs can be transposed. This was done and the trouble was completely cured! A check on the no4 lead showed a break in the wire, and the results of arcing in the lead were seen.

Peter Binnion later assisted with the fitting of a new lead, and the leads were again fitted to their correct plugs. Gradually, the improved spark has been cleaning out the gummed up cylinder. My thanks to those who assisted in the de-fouling. My advice is, "Don't put oil in the tank, if you must oil up the exhaust pipes, squirt it in the pipe direct." – Or buy a two stroke.

Darren

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WILSON PROM – 9 – 11 – MARCH, 1974

We left drive-in at approx 8.30am, the trip down was good, going via Foster, only had one accident, when Lloyd came off his Motto Gutzi in some clay in new formed work. The camp site was half full, with Friday night arrivals.

Have you heard the one about Fagan changing sleeping accommodation when a new member arrived with D.R. Big things could develop! Late afternoon four members being Claw, Higgsey, J.C and Penhall Left on their fearless trip across the unknown – 26 miles round trip to a light house, most prominent incident – killing a 6ft brown snake bare-handed by Claw, well that's what he told me.

They arrived back very hungry Sunday night and brought the camp out of all foodstuffs. Saturday night nearly all the club went to the Air Conditioned Theatre and watched "Stork". Sunday we all had a beaut day on the beach, creating a well formed master piece in the sand (the mole) – what was Fagan doing on the sands that night!! We saw M.A.S.H that night at the theatre, what a sick show. There was more action on the lawns. Everyone left fairly early Monday morning. I had a lovely scenic trip back, you can see a lot from Beer Gardens. Really, it was a fun filled weekend with no trouble at all, even if the newspapers reported "Bikies on rampage all over state", in Saturday's papers. What a lot of Bull.....!!

L. Loveloose

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STOLEN BIKE

Owner: John Wolff, former member.  
Bike: 1950 MK1 Ariel Square Four, fully restored, Bogner paint (Black frame, red tank, gold lining), panniers, VW oil cooler.  
Engine No: RD861  
Reg. No: AZ476  
Reward: Contact Bruce Higgs or John Wolff, 250 Barkers Rd, Hawthorn.

If you see this bike in one piece or in bits.

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THE REAL COST OF A Honda

It isn't the initial cost that flattens the bank account of the Honda owner. Instead it's the hidden cost. I offer in evidence the record of an office accountant, a systematic and orderly type.

May 1 – 8 <sup>th</sup>	Flowers for old bike whilst looking in used motorcycle shops	\$1.80
May 8 <sup>th</sup>	Flowers for girlfriend to introduce subject of bargain Honda C.B72 – 250 Super Sports	\$0.75

May 8 <sup>th</sup>	Evening at O'Brien's Bar after argument	\$0.70
May 10 <sup>th</sup>	Bought Honda	\$450.00
May 11 <sup>th</sup>	Bought scarf for girlfriend so her hairdo wouldn't be blown to pieces.	\$1.50
May 12 <sup>th</sup>	After dramatic scene, traded scarf in on a safety helmet.	\$15.00
May 13 <sup>th</sup>	Friend who claimed to be expert rider, demonstrated high speed gear changes. New 3 <sup>rd</sup> gear and sundries.	\$16.50
May 18 <sup>th</sup>	Booked for speeding while racing with another C.B 72 Honda in stage seven tune.	\$30.00
May 20 <sup>th</sup>	Had Honda modified to stage 1 tune, raced against stage 2 Honda. Speeding fine	\$210.00
May 21 <sup>st</sup>	Neighbour's five year old son drew crayon pictures on fuel tank. Washed & polished.	\$1.25
May 22 <sup>nd</sup>	Settled out of court for clobbering neighbour's son	\$55.00
May 25 <sup>th</sup>	Expert friend showed me how to adjust carbies replaced two burnt and melted pistons	\$8.00
May 26 <sup>th</sup>	Raced with stage 3 Honda on way to work. Fined.	\$50.00
May 26 <sup>th</sup>	Modified Honda to stage 3 tune.	\$150.00
June 15 <sup>th</sup>	Expert friend showed proper cornering technique. Repairs to front end	\$25.00
June 19 <sup>th</sup>	Party to placate expert friend after heated discussion. Gin, vermouth, beer etc.	\$17.00
June 21 <sup>st</sup>	Taught girlfriend to ride Honda. Another new front end and repairs to rear end of Rolls Royce.	\$312.00
July 12 <sup>th</sup>	Gave girlfriend second lesson. Evening at O'Brien's.	\$1.40
Aug 1 <sup>st</sup>	Girlfriend raced against Bridgestone 350 Booked for speeding.	\$6.00
Aug 2 <sup>nd</sup>	Bought Bridgestone 350	\$750.00

I have heard recently that the girlfriend has been booked again while trying to go against a Honda C.B. 450.

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## NOTICE

No reply has been received from the committee on our article last month about their lack of interest in subsidising members. \$1000 is far too much money for a non-profit organisation to have in the bank.

We'll keep you informed when and if the committee replies and gives us a fair deal.

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DISCOUNTS

AUTOSPORT  
1119 Whitehorse Road  
Box Hill, 3128  
Phone" 89 3991 or 89 5714

Mainly a car accessory place, but they have a good range of driving lights, exhausts etc.

Trace prices available on producing club membership card.

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CLIFTON HILL MOTOR CYCLES  
Queens Parade  
Phone: 489 0352

A discount of approximately 10% is available on producing club membership card.

APRIL SPECIALS

\$10 off fully approved full face helmets.  
HA down from \$39.95 to \$29.95

Spark plugs down from 99c to 85c

Rocol chain lube down from \$1.99 to \$1.65

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My special thanks goes out to mike Davis for being the only one in the club who asked me not to resign my post as Editor – it goes to prove that at least one person appreciates the work done and I will stay on as long as support of the members in submitting articles continues.

DAVID