

EDITORIAL

AUGUST, 1974

Another month has gone by, and we're sorry to say that we, the Editors, have not been on one run in the past month, due to inclement weather (and various other reasons), so the following garbage is pot luck!!

- Figgys attended a run
- It appears that the Four Owners' aren't as independent a club from the MSCAV as they may wish us to think.
- Hairy looks like he finally cracked it.
- No Committee members were present on the Maroondah Dam run on 21/7/74
- Apologies to Russell McMennenin, whose article did not appear this month, due to sufficient articles on the topic. It will however, appear next month. By the way, Russell, all articles should be sent direct to the Editors.
- Is Third Party Insurance being increased to \$145 per year for motorcycles?
- Another article missing is that of the President, as the bloody typist left it at home!
- As of next month, the magazine will have a new name. If you have a suggestion, contact David on 852109 A.H.
- Weekend camp at Phillip Island on 17th & 18th August. The club will be staying at the Municipal Camping Park.
- "Stone" film night will be held on Friday 16th August. It's a good film which will appeal to people of low intelligence, perhaps that's why so many other clubs have already been to see it. Contact Mad Marg for details.
- And don't forget about the "Sting" film night on Friday 12th October. Order your ticket now, as it's a very popular show, from any committee member.
- Members, we need your help – if you have any gossip about anyone in the club (which is printable, of course) contact either David or Marg, as we don't find it possible to learn all about the many new members who have recently joined the club. Also, any articles you think may be of interest to those in the club, not necessarily about a club run.

Stats all this time,

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WHERE SCOOTERS REIGN SUPREME!!

Recently, while on holidays in South East Asia, I made the following observations about motorcycling in the three countries I visited.

MALAYSIA:

Like everywhere else, the majority of two wheelers were scooters; Vespas and Lambrettas, and the rest of the bikes were small Jap ones, mainly Honda 50's and 90's. Helmets are not compulsory here. Riding would soon appear dangerous to us, with no helmets, and at night, most of the taxis drive with no lights on, only parking lights. The Police here ride white Suzi 500's. the capital, Kuala Lumpur, is also infested with Peugeot 404's, with diesel engines.

SINGAPORE:

Again, lots of scooters and quite a few small Jap bikes, mainly Honda's. helmets in Singapore are compulsory, but they are a waste of time, because they are complete rubbish. They look WORSE than the helmets worn by the Victorian Police, mostly the old flat style, not Jet style, and not once did I see a full face helmet in any country.

The Police in Singapore ride white Honda's, mostly 250's or 350's, and we saw one 750 Police bike in the main Honda dealer's showroom. On the showroom floor there were mainly small Honda's with a few 500's, but no 750's. the price of a new K4 750 is 4100 Singapore dollars, or about \$A1150. Here, taxis also drive a lot with only parking lights on at night, and another fairly common sight when it rained or was cool, was motorcyclists riding with their coat on back to front.

THAILAND:

SCOOTERS WERE EVERYWHERE HERE ALSO, MAINLY Vespas. Many are converted to three wheel taxis. Taxis are very cheap by our standards to hire; e.g.: about \$2 per hour in Bangkok, air conditioned. Apart from scooters, there are quite a few small Jap bikes, with a 550 Suzi being the biggest I saw here. The Police seem to ride anything here. I saw one on a 600 BMW, one on a Harley, and one on a beaten up 125 Honda. Helmets are not compulsory here, but the most unusual thing here is the custom for female pillion passengers to ride side saddle. It is considered to be not the done thing for a bird to ride like our pillions must.

Throughout all these places there was the occasional old Pommie bike, usually a BSA, Triumph or Norton. Despite all the things which we consider risky, such as no helmets, no lights, small scooter wheels, I saw no accidents involving scooters or cycles, and everyone seemed quite calm riding along in dense traffic missing each other by inches, if that, most of the time.

Figgys The Jetsetter.

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TARA VALLEY

Sunday, 7th July.

Nine o'clock saw 13 intrepid or enthusiastic motorcyclists and 4 or 5 buddy riders leave on our ride. A few riders met us at Hallam. From here we went to Berwick, then out across to the other highway. I might say here that everyone had their wetties on, and the only difference between the first and last halves of the day was that it rained heavier, till finally it was tropical in intensity, then it got colder and windier, and at times it was really moving the bikes sideways a bit.

Darren led in the outfit, and had one gallon of hot water for tea and coffee. He was certainly being an optimist..still, better too much than not enough!

First stop was Korrumburra for petrol and coffee in the shop. Here Charlie Jacobs left us and returned to town. Jill (Honda 100) was wary of what was ahead, but that did not deter her, the only thing was that she thought she might be too slow and hold us up. All I can say to that is.. that will be the day! Very few people ride my bikes, but I consider Jill good enough to ride my bike, so before leaving Yarram, which was our lunch time stop, I let Jill try it out.

From Yarram we left five minutes late, according to Michael Formaini's itinerary drawn up for us for the Tara Valley trip. I arrived to find Darren already dispersing tea'n'coffee in a shelter shed. Apart from seeing each other, the rain, threes and other things visible from the aforementioned shelter shed, all we saw was the loo. Had a vote here to decide whether to return via Leongatha or Traralgon, with the latter being decided upon, due to the weather conditions and the dirt road. After arriving at Balgo Park. We decided not to spend 20 cents and see the suspension bridge, but to leave it for another time.

I must comment on what a great, though small, group we were, and also what good sensible riding was displayed, under really bad conditions. There were no mishaps, and I have seen falls on club runs on the same road under perfect conditions. The group was similar in one way to the Tasmanian contingent who arrived soaking wet at Strachan. Similar in that we were a bit wet, very cold, with vile weather and still halfway to go, and you couldn't have had a happier group. It's wonderful to see!

We stopped at Morwell for petrol. We were asked back to a couple's place in Dandenong, with those wishing to buy food to eat there being quite welcome to do so. So thank you to the couple on the 750/4 into 1. Thank you, Darren for the tea and coffee. I hope the weather didn't put off the two first-timers who went as pillions. The day was enjoyable, with the togetherness of kindred peoples uppermost, in a world in which it is becoming more difficult to communicate and meet other people.

Lloyd, 350/4

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THE KEY TO IT ALL

People in this world are basically dishonest – they must be, because everywhere you go, things are locked, locked and double locked, and you need keys, key and more keys. To show you what I mean, lets' consider part of an average working day in my life. The locks I many operate are shown in brackets.

- Jump out of the cot, splash the boots and prepare to leave for work. Lock the wife's chastity belt. Put lunch in your briefcase, which you can lock if you don't want your lunch to get pinched. (2)
- Lock up the house or flat, and you probably have at least a front and back door. (2)
- Unlock the shed or garage and don the tin lid, gloves, jacket etc (1)
- Whack it in; the ignition key that is, and the machine is fired up. (1)
- The bike is removed from the shed, the door slammed shut, and I'm now ready for the big ride.
- Ride 10 yards to the carport and stop to unlock the roll-a-door. Open roll-a-door and don't forget to lift it right up or else you'll hit your helmet on it and it will make you swear. (1) Ride out of car port and re-lock roll-a-door. Now for the big ride.
- Yes, ride to work. Of course, on the way to work it starts to rain and you have to get out your waterproofs, and wouldn't you know it, your panniers are locked! So unlock the panniers and whip out the old jockstrap and gumboots. (Must be a waterproof jockstrap) (2)
- Now, assuming I had to park my bike in the street, which I don't, but used to, I would have to lock the panniers, lock the steering, remove the ignition key and put the chain and padlock around the pole and preferably a post. (5)
- Then up to the office where I would unlock the top drawer (have to lock this so the cleaner wont knock off my French letters), and unlock my filing cabinet. (2)
- So you see, that's about 16 locks I've had to fiddle with just to get to work, and then I have to go through the same process at night going home, not to mention any locks I come across during the day.

MORAL OF THIS STORY

“Become a master locksmith and pick your way through life”.

Figgysy.

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GO WEST YOUNG MAN

(Excerpts from a letter written by Mick Fagan to a club member)

P.O. Box 51,
NORSMAN. W.A.
6443

Dear ...,

Just a short note to tell you what I'm doing and where I am. Am living about two miles on the Perth side of Norseman on a railway camp. As you've probably guessed, I'm working on a line gang installing a standard gauge line, ain place of a narrow gauge. Am living in an 8 foot square box, with a door on it and a bed of sorts in it. The work isn't that easy, but it pays the same as the mine, for Arabs like me, that is!

By the way, the trip across was good, met two yanks on BM's of course, travelling around Australia and you should have seen their gear. It was about the best I've seen.

Arrived in town on Saturday at dusk, and stopped to look for Colin, with the blue water bottle. He has replaced the drum up front with a Z1 disc unit. The radiator is off a car, behind the engine under the carbies. The exhausts, although the originals, have been aborted to make it 3 into 2. Anyway, getting back to Saturday night, there I was in the main street and asking the local fellows if they knew Colin, and one said. "It's 7pm. Sit here for 5 minutes and you'll hear him." About 10 minutes later, one of the guys said "Listen!" We listened, and sure enough a long way off you could hear what sounded like a racing two stroke. After almost two minutes of racing type commentary on which streets he was coming along, he appeared in the main street, mounted the footpath and proceeded to do a wheel stand straight into a picket fence. Colin had found me!!

On Sunday morning down to the local track for scrambles. I, along with 3 girls on bikes, manned the gate. (Fast moving, eh?) The conversation got around to virginity and I said: "Of course, I screw, don't you?" Anyway, more importantly, two R75's turned up, one from Kalgoorlie and the other from Esperance, both about 120 miles from here.

Funny thing happened crossing the Nullarbor. While negotiating a mud hole (it had rained) I was travelling at stalling speed with visor up when an abo ran out of the bush and said. "Hey, Jack, me wannee you gimmee life". Summing up the situation, in a split second, I very wittily replied "Get F...d". He didn't blink and replied with a smile, "orright Jack". He then ambled off, seemingly content to wait for the next vehicle. Have lots more stories to tell you, but I'm rooted and have to sleep.

Hoo roo,

Mick.

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BOOK REVIEW

TITLE: "Ride and Really Live"

AUTHORS: Peder Davis and mike McCarthy

PUBLISHED BY: Angus & Robertson

PRICE: \$2.50, 120 pages, 16 illustrations (black and white) hard cover.

OBTAINED: At any Honda Agent.

When I first saw it, this book was the best I had seen for assisting any new rider. The last book I reviewed is really far better, but unfortunately is now no longer available. (That book was "Cycle Guides Street Riding Handbook) However, "Ride and Really Live" is now nearly two years old, and while it is sold by Honda agents, there is nothing in the text and the illustrations that shows any bias towards the Honda brand, and the illustrations even include a picture of a Yamaha. At the back of the book there is a comprehensive list of Bennett & Wood agents in the three Eastern Mainland States, and this is the only concession to the sponsors, who probably have kept the price down, for it is very good value for money.

My major complaint about the book is in relation to the illustrations. They are in a block of their own, and they don't have any relation to the text, and the book would have benefitted from having more diagrams, even at the risk of greater cost.

The authors have written for the completely inexperienced, and they assume that their readers are completely ignorant, although riders of many years will find the book to be very refreshing. Its best use is as a gift for a friend who is contemplating the purchase of a motorcycle, or for a companion who is recovering in hospital.

In the first chapter, there are descriptions of the basics, such as when at mini bike, for example, happens to be. Near the end of the book is a large section or glossary which covers everything from Gaiters to Gussets! The different chapters cover the background to motorcycling, defensive riding, clothing, eye protection, helmets, the controls, road craft, and the menace of the car. There are sections on the importance of being visible, night riding, carrying a pillion or luggage, as well as off-roading and it concludes with a section on looking after the machine. There is no section on racing or competition riding. All the advice is very sound, and while of a fundamental nature, it is impossible to draw issue with most of it. My only gripe is that the authors feel that luggage straps are more satisfactory than the elastic BUNGE cord.

The authors are both very experienced motorcyclists and have been writing on the subject for many years, and they frequently write for the Two Wheels magazine.

Darren.

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TARA VALLEY

Sunday, 7th July.

On the itinerary, the run was listed as being to the Tara Valley, but I would have titled the run as: -

1. 300 miles of riding in the rain
2. How to freeze the marrow in one's bones, or
3. How to become a human icicle.

Nine brave souls left the KBCP to meet some more brave souls at Hallam, with Darren leading, and we arrived there to meet the remainder of those who turned up to brave the elements. With Darren and the chair leading, Les Leahy patrol and Bob Evans as rear rider, we all set off for the Tara Valley, according to the itinerary set out by Michael the train lover. We all motored down the Princes Highway aways, then Darren turned off so we could try our hands at travelling along the dirt for a while.

Back on the highway again and straight to Korumburra, where we stopped to top up with go power and coffee. Onward and onward we went towards Tara Valley, and colder and colder we got. All went well till our next stop, where we topped up again and had some lunch. One young lady even rode a 350/4 up and down the main street, twice, I think it was. Is she toying with the idea of getting a 350/4?

Again, onward and onward towards Tara Valley. Into the Valley rode our little group, on dirt roads, miles (or should I say kilometres of it?) but at last we arrived at the cold Valley, sorry it should be the Tara valley,

where we paid 20 cents to stay a short while just to get a bit warm by a fire, and to drink Darren's tea and coffee before we went on.

A few kilometres on, we had a quick look at the entrance to another park but did not go in. then we headed for home. Rain beat on our backs like steel rods but we continued on to Traralgon. We filled up with some more go power once again, and then on to the Queen City of the South. The ride from Traralgon to the Queen City can only be described as a cold bleak trip to Dandenong, where we all went our own way home. Some went to graham and Helen Weston's place, I think.

There's nothing much else to say, except that the trip to the Tara Valley would have been much better had it been summer, as it's a bit long for winter, 300 miles I made it.

Unsigned.

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THE EDGE OF EXTINCTION

Many young motorcyclists are riding on the edge of extinction according to figures released by the Road Safety and Traffic Authority. These show that motorcycle fatalities have doubled in the past few years.

The disturbing feature of the figures is that 73% of the deaths occurred in collisions with other vehicles. There is proof that in a high percentage of these accidents the motorcyclist was not seen and this factor of ensuring that the bikes and their riders are instantly visible to other road users is a major concern to the Authority.

Motorcyclists themselves can help reduce the odds on being involved in a collision with another vehicle by creating a "visibility shell" which would ensure they were noticed more easily by the motorist. This visibility shell can be created by following three measures:

- 1) Wear bright coloured protective riding and rain gear in either leather or vinyl and ensure that jacket, gloves and boots are worn for additional protection and that goggles or plastic lenses are clear and not scratched or distorted.
- 2) Make full use of materials with reflective properties and luminescent paint on helmets, mudguards, sides of the bike, as armbands or patterns on riding clothes and jackets.
- 3) Keep headlights on at all times especially in built-up areas as well as the open highways.

The first two years riding a motorcycle on the road are critical and if a rider manages to survive this period then the odds of being killed or injured drop dramatically.

Motorcyclists tend to be camouflaged into the background when wearing dark clothes and with their relatively small profile they are difficult to see. This plus inexperience amounts to a totally hostile environment. To offset this, bright clothes in contrast to the surrounds and a truly defensive riding technique are necessary. Riders must be instantly visible and be prepared to avoid collisions at all times.

Statistics show that motorists turning across oncoming motorcycles and collisions in give-way-to-the-right situations account for 63% of multi-vehicle fatalities. Another 17% died in head-on collisions. Thus a visibility shell is a vital aid in making the motorist aware of the motorcycle as another road user entitled to the same courtesies as other vehicles.

The change of light periods around sunrise and sunset are the most dangerous. During the six hour period, from 5.30am to 8.30am and 5pm to 8pm, 46% of motorcycle fatalities occur. The afternoon period through to midnight accounts for 69% of the deaths.

Cheryl

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MITCHELTON VINEYARD

(The following may be of interest to those who intending making the trip on Sunday, 11th August.)

Mitchelton, one of Victoria's newest commercial attractions, is located on the banks of the Goulburn River near Nagambie. On the other side of the river is the well-known Chateau Tabilk.

For some years travellers in the district were intrigued by the opening up of a large area devoted to the growing of vines. Except for those in the know, the reason for this activity was something of a mystery. Then, one day buildings began to rise, eventually to be capped by a spectacular tower surmounted by a square "witches cap". Then the \$3,500,000 complex was opened, and so Mitchelton was born. Here are to be found a wildlife reserve, a display farm, a market, a waterfall, a swimming pool, an aviary, three restaurants, and the incredible tower.

TOURS OF MITCHELTON:

These are conducted by hostesses who are equipped with two-way radio sets in order to facilitate communication with each other and the administration. On being met you will be escorted through beautiful white cloisters softened by flowers and vines, beyond which is the winery. Unlike the traditional winery, here you will find that the floor is fully tiled, the roof is covered with green tiles, and yellow lights shaped like great balloons bathe the immense hall in a most attractive light.

Next are the cellars. These are startling indeed – their size is enormous, and they are notable for having been built with 100 years old, handmade bricks. Then there are the bottling, labelling and champagne making sections. These can be observed through glass inspection windows.

The chapel is pure white with heavy brown beams overhead. A shaft of light illuminates a bowl of earth, a crystal of water, a bunch of real grapes, and a fresh loaf of bread – symbols of the good life.

Two great doors give access to the tasting room. Before going in, the guide will generally check that the previous party has cleared, using her two way radio. Here all the products of Mitchelton are on display. Next door is the Majors Crossing cellar bistro, where restaurant type meals are available. From here you take the lift to the famous tower to see the extensive panoramic view available from the top. Back down below again, you can visit the market where there are shops selling many products of the area, including fruit, meat, bread, moleskin trousers, farm equipment, and such like items.

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THE 1975 COMPULSORY CHILD ACT..

Wife: "Well, it's come, dear. Our fifth anniversary and no children yet. If only I had known they would pass a law like this."

Hubby: "Yes, there's no way around it either. I have read and re-read it and can't make it any different. Here it is "Married couples to have at least one child within the first five years of marriage. Failure to do so will entail the services of a Government agent who will be brought in to assist."

Wife: "Oh dear! I suppose the man from the Ministry of Births will be here today, then."

Hubby: "I suppose so. Well, I must be off to work now". (Exits) (Later a knock sounds on the door and wife answers it.)

Wife: "Oh come in. I suppose you're the man from the ..."

Man: "Yes, I have come to..."

Wife: "Yes, I know. Will you excuse me for a minute?" (Exits)

Man: (To himself) – "I suppose this is the right address. I don't see why these proud mothers can't bring up their children to the studios to be photographed. Still, she appears to be expecting me, so I suppose its okay." (Enter wife)

Wife: "Won't you sit down, Mr...er...?"

Man: "Jones is the name Madam. I suppose your husband is agreeable to this arrangement?"

Wife: "Yes, Oh, yes! He thinks it is the best thing as he cannot do it himself."

Man: "Yes, a professional touch is necessary for perfect results. Well, I might as well get busy. May I suggest tow on the sofa, one on the mat, one in the bath, and one in bed?"

Wife: "Good Heavens! I didn't think so many would be necessary".

Man: "Well, then, even the best of us cannot get a good one every time, but one in five is bound to take."

Wife: "Forgive me, but it does sound a little ...er..."

Man: "Informal?"

Wife: "...er..yes"

Man: "The charm of the whole thing, Madam, is in its informality. Would you like to see some samples of my work? (Shows photos) "Now look at this baby. Took me five hours to get it, but isn't it a beauty?"

Wife: "Yes, a lovely child to be sure, but five hours???"

Man: "Look at this one, done on the top of a bus in one shot. That was a tough assignment."

Wife: "Good Heavens...On top of a bus?"

Man: "Yes, it's not really difficult after some practice. Now here's one did in Woolworth's."

Wife: "Well, that does seem a little public."

Man: "Yes, but the mother was a film star and she wanted some publicity. Now this one was my toughest job. I did this in Hyde Park on a snowy afternoon in February. Took me from two o'clock till five."

Wife: (Weakly) "Hyde Park?...Snowing?...and Twins?"

Man: "Yes, it was some job. People were crowding around four and five deep to get a good look at me on the job."

Wife: "Oh, oh, oh...!"

Man: "Yes, I could never have finished it without the help of two policemen – and if it hadn't been for the squirrels I would have had another shot, but they dept nibbling at my equipment. Now Madam, if you will kindly help me get the tripod ready..."

Wife: (Hysterically) "Tripod?"

Man: "Yes, I use a three foot stand...My gosh!! She's fainted!!

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WHAT IS AN ENGLISHMAN?

Four different races make up the British people.
The SCOTS who keep the Sabbath and everything else they can get their hands on.
The WELSH who pray on their knees and their neighbours.
The Irish who don't know what the devil they want, but are willing to die for it.
And the English who consider themselves a race of self-made men, thereby relieving the Almighty of a dreadful responsibility.

From the BRIG-ADIER

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CHILDREN

Nothing makes a child worse than belonging to a neighbour.

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