

Good Vibrations December 1974

EDITORIAL

November – an interesting month for the club and its members. Weatherwise, we have been fairly lucky, with hardly any rain on runs, usually having fine, hot weather.

Quite a few interesting happenings have occurred recently. It seems to be the time of year for engagements, weddings, births, etc. Ken and Judy Holmes had a baby daughter, Amanda, on Sunday, 10th, so were excused for missing the day's run. Les Luke and Cecily Osborn announced their engagement on the 16th; Peter Binnion and his girl Lynn are to be married in January, as are Fred Showler and his fiancée. To all those mentioned, we extend our congratulations and wish them all the best for the future.

Dennis McKenzie was seen on his one-day-old new green Honda 500/4 on the Langi Kal Kal run. Sure beats the old 350, doesn't it, Dennis?

A certain female member got booked (for the first time in three years) on the way to Langi Kal Kal, for speeding, naturally!!

The Editors would like to sincerely thank Mark Coghlan for the excellent cover he has designed for this, the Christmas edition of our magazine. Mark has settled into his new job in Canberra, and hopes to be down in Melbourne for the Christmas break. He notes he isn't very impressed with the lack of service and parts offered by the bike shops in Canberra.

Recently we received a letter from a prospective member offering constructive criticism of the magazine, or at least some aspects of it. To Mr. Avery, we reply that all of his suggestions have been tried in the past. However, due to the lack of co-operation and interest shown by club members, they have all failed. The magazine, we maintain, is of an acceptable standard, considering the time factor involved and the part time nature of the Editorship. However, we can but try to improve on past performances, if help is forthcoming from the members and anyone else who is interested in helping us to maintain the standard.

Cheap Metzler tyres for Christmas!!

C66 \$28, normal block patterns \$24.

Call Geoff Read, 29 Pamela St., Mt. Waverley.

As this magazine is going to print, a welcome phone call (*and disgustingly crude, I might add! – typist*) was received from Wakker Ackland in Rockhampton. He sends Christmas greetings to one and all.

An anonymous contributor has offered the following, for which we give thanks.

DEDICATED TO THE BOYS IN BLUE

In unmarked cars
With strips of black
We lay for hours
Waiting to attack.



For roads must be built
And freeways made
So that we can continue
To ply our trade.

It's nothing personal
We do this to you
For truth to tell
We seek only REVENUE.

As this is the last mag till February next year, we wish all club members and their families a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We, the Editors, "Big Mouth" the printer and the other people who have helped in various ways with the mag would like to thank those club members who have contributed write-ups over the year, and to all the members who take the time to read it, even though, at times, it may have been a bit hard to take.

Any jokes that you hear over the holiday period that are printable, please note them down and send them to us as our supply is rapidly dwindling.

For those who wish to send in any articles or items of interest over the next two months, please send them to either of the following addresses: 41 Belford Rd, Kew; or 7 Peel St, Kew.

If the Secretary is wanted, he can be contacted by phoning 63 6031, business hours, or 41 91049 after hours.

Margaret and David, Editors-in-Chief

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BUNJILS CAVES

Sunday 13th October

The day started off well, with a good number of bikes. It was an uneventful trip as far as Ballarat, where we had the first petrol stop. Refuelled, we then pushed off for Stawell and Ararat and along the way a certain Jam Jar holed a piston at the 77 mile post from Melbourne.

Finally arrived at Ararat at about 1pm, where we were treated to a gourmet lunch of fish and chips and a can of Coke! After lunch we headed off for Bunjils Caves, and arriving there were confronted with the sight of a BMW owner, namely Fagan, doing a bit of motor cross over the rocky slopes.

A 450 Honda owner tried to do the same. Sorry, pal, but you didn't have the same gutsy torque, which you found out when confronted by a rather large rock.

We left for home at about 3.30pm, with fate hitting again at the 114 mile post, where a bloody Norton broke a shocker. We raced the rain from Ballarat to Melbourne to avoid getting wet bums.

We finally arrived back at the cafe in darkness, at the end of a good day's run.

Chris Thorn

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QUOTES FROM THE DICE MAN

LOVE: One of society's socially accepted forms of madness.

MARRIAGE: Society's solution to loneliness, lust and laundry

There is absolutely nothing wrong with being married which being single can't cure.

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WADES LOOKOUT (OR WAS IT MALLESONS LOOKOUT?)

At 11.30am on Cup Day, about 20 machines led by Howard Higham on the blue Honda, left King's Bridge Car Park on what was to be quite an eventful club run. A few knowledgeable tourers knew that Wades Lookout was located on the Healesville to Donna Buang Road, somewhere in the vicinity of a better known lookout, known as Mallesons Lookout, and that the run, apart from the initial journey to a Youth Hostel to pick up youthful passengers, would be fairly straight forward.

After picking up seven boys at the hostel, it was off to Healesville via Mont Albert and the Maroondah Highway. At various points along the road lengthy queues of "once-a-year" punters were noted entering the TAB to place their investments. Apart from the usual traffic bottleneck at the five sets of lights at Ringwood, a fairly good run was had until just before Chirnside Park.

From there to Lilydale was a solid line of four wheeled machines travelling at snail's pace. Fortunately there was sufficient room for most machines to squeeze past and into Lilydale where more members were waiting to join the run.

The grand exodus of traffic continued at snail's pace out of Lilydale and it was not until we had passed through Coldstream that any motorcyclist was able to accelerate to full legal speed.

A lunch stop was made at Healesville and as most riders were licking the crumbs off their respective dials, Darren arrived in his camper van after a most delightful 40km/h drive all the way from Ringwood.

After lunch we headed towards Wades Lookout, and, after arriving at a section of unsealed road leading rather dubiously through the trees into "them thar hills", Howard finally decided we had gone too far. I arrived on the scene with a Broadbents map, which indicated that Wades Lookout was located about a mile below Mallesons Lookout, a well sign posted spot which we had already passed. So back we went and turned off the road onto what appeared to be an access road to a lookout point but which, in fact, turned out to be the entrance to an old quarry site.

After much peering into the distance and poring over the maps of dubious repute, it was decided to make Mallesons Glen our base for listening to the Melbourne Cup.

Upon arrival, Darren produced a portable television, lest the threatened ban against the direct telecast had been lifted at the last minute. Alas, we all had to be content with Ned's tranni and the campervans radio to hear how Think Big thrashed Leilani, whilst Battle Heights waged war on Turf Cutter.

When the big event was over, interest turned towards selecting a suitable run back to the McFeeters' residence at Lilydale for afternoon tea. It was decided to tour via the Don Valley Road to Launching Place and return to Lilydale via the Warburton Highway and Mt Evelyn.

Once again, our fearless leader went too far, missed the Don Valley turnoff and lead all and sundry on a merry ride through the dirt and the clouds over Ben Cairn and Donna Buang to Warburton. A stop was made in Warburton for petrol before continuing on to Lilydale where an afternoon tea party of magnificent proportions was served in the living room of the McFeeters' home. Special thanks are conveyed to them for the spread that was put on for the club.

A special note: the boys of Harrison House really did appreciate the kindness extended by those who carried them as passengers, and they are looking forward to more rides with the club. So remember, anytime you have a spare rear seat and feel like carrying a pillion passenger, bear them in mind. An advance notice to Darren during the week will be sufficient to allow one or two boys to come on a Sunday run with the club.

Michael Formaini

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The boys from the hostel have sent the following thank you letter to the club – and for all of you who lent the boys clothing and did not collect it after the run, it is at the secretary's flat. So please collect it quickly or it will be sold at the next club auction.
...Eds.

Dear Mr Room and club members,

Thank you very much for taking us out on Cup Day. We enjoyed ourselves and appreciate what you did for us. It was colossal. We all look forward to going out with you all again. Not even the weather deprived us from having an exciting day.

Thanking you again,

The Harrison House Men

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CATHEDRAL LANE

27/10/74

At about 8.40am on 27/10/74 I turned up at KBCP for a mountain-top picnic. As it turned out, I got more than I bargained for, but more of that later. By about 9am we were ready to go, and, as I was under the influence of speed, I elected to be rear rider for the day, to cure me of this habit. The good weather had brought our some really exotic machinery, my Suzi for instance. We made our way, in dribs and drabs, past Lilydale to the turn off to Yarra Glen, where a new rider gave up the ghost on a Yami 650 'coz he was unfortunate enough to be the owner of a jet helmet.

After that pause, speeds of up to and over the ton (*WELL! ANYWAY!! – typist*) were necessary to catch up to the last rider. Through Healesville and up, over the Black Spur to a service station-cum-cafe, complete with billiard table. Unfortunately, just as I arrived, the main party was about to leave. After seeing how hungry I was, they decided to stay another five seconds to allow me to get a steak sandwich and eat it before leaving.

Onward:

As thunder clouds began rolling in from the west, a decision to evacuate the pleasant surroundings was made. Les Leahy led us on a mystery tour to Ballan via Meredith, Steiglitz and Durdidwarrah. Just after we passed Durdidwarrah Reservoir, the sky decided to leak and an emergency stop to don waterproofs was made.

A further stop was made at Ballan for petrol, prior to returning to the Footscray cafe. Apart from the wet ride home, a good time was had by all.

M. Formaini

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WARRNAMBOOL (by train)

9th & 10th November

It was just my back luck to be landed with my final examinations on the Monday after the club trip to Warrnambool. Unfortunately, study for exams and a weekend away are two things which just don't mix – well, not successfully, anyway!

A day trip was contemplated for the Saturday. Hmm! No, it's a bit too far for the new Honda just for the day, and the weather changes half a dozen times a day beyond Geelong. Aha! The perfect solution – the train! I can study on the train there and back and still be with the club for a few hours, and because I work for the Railways, it only costs \$3.55 return, the cost of petrol for the trip by bike.

And so I ventured forth from Spencer Street on the 8.25am train on the Saturday morning. As the train flashed through Laverton, I caught a brief glimpse of several motorcyclists assembled at the Shell service station ready to commence the official run at 9am. The train arrived at Geelong at 9.20am and departed at 9.35am through the half mile long tunnel and over the Moorooobool River bridge, opposite Kardinia Park, from which point I hoped to catch a glimpse of the club moving south. Unfortunately, I was too early and no further sighting of the club was made until about halfway between Birregurra and Colac.

As the train swept around a slight bend approaching the Warnoort level crossing, a convoy of five riders was noticed. But before positive identification of the riders could be made, the highway veered to the left and the railway went straight ahead. As we drew closer to Colac, the riders were again seen up on the big hill overlooking town. They had to cross the line prior to entering Colac, so it was neck and neck racing to get to the level crossing. The lights commenced flashing just as the riders were approaching, so yours truly decided to hang out of the window and give them a wave.

Just as I was pulling my head back inside the window, disaster struck. A loose piece of metal flying up from the train's brake blocks struck me in the left eye and made things rather uncomfortable for the remainder of the journey. I saw no more of the riders beyond Colac due to the schedule of the train and that bit of metal.

On arrival at Warrnambool, I visited the local public house to procure a counter lunch, after which I strolled down to the caravan park to see the club. The eye didn't give me much trouble at that time and I assumed that my rubbing had removed the piece of metal.

I strolled onto the camping ground and received the attention of several pairs of eyes. "Where did you come from, Formaldehyde? Where's your bike?" "At home", was my reply. "How did you get here then?" "On the train". "Wouldn't you know it!" from Fagan. "Didn't you see me at Colac?" "No!" "Oh that lot can't have arrived yet". Sure enough, several minutes later, the five machines on the official run arrived. They had stopped somewhere along the way for lunch.

By this time the itch in my eye had come back and close inspection revealed that the metal was right on the face of my eyeball and required a magnetic needle to remove it, and so it was off to hospital.

When I emerged from the casualty department as a one-eyed bandit, Darren and I went for a Cook's Tour of Warrnambool and Allansford, visiting Thunder Point, the Breakwater, Fletcher Jones gardens, the Hopkins River Valley and Jubilee Park. Darren then returned me to the railway station in time for the return train to Melbourne.

Michael Formaini

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SLIDE NIGHT AND GENERAL MEETING

1/11/74

Eight more people became new financial members at our last General Meeting. This number includes John Dawes, Superintendent of Pentridge Prison. The minutes were read, followed by the correspondence which Darren (*and everyone else, I might add – Ed*) found to be quite long.

Discussion was then had on our coming Christmas party, while the girls attended to the finalising of the catering needs. The Christmas camping trip to Clare was then mentioned, and it sounds as if it will be a beauty. After which there was a little bit of general business.

We then relaxed and watched silent movies and slides of past functions, which were most interesting and well photographed. To Mike Davis, Greg and Formaldahyde, sincere thanks for making it an interesting evening for all.

As this is the last magazine for the year, I hope all members will have a happy Christmas, and please drive with care, wherever you are, as I would like to see you all again in the New Year.

Big Daddy

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NEW ZEALAND

ON WINGS AND WHEELS – (NOT TWO)

I don't intend boring you with a day by day story of where I went or a tour to tour screw. Just a few jottings.

Petrol price is 70 cents per gallon, and diesel fuel 18 months ago for 15 cents is now 48cents. Speed limits are 30mph in towns and 50mph elsewhere. They are supposed to be in kilometres and are, in most places.

Mild is four cents a pint, butter is 31 or 32 cents a pound. The rate of exchange of currency is approximately the same. Petrol seems to be mainly Atlanta or Europa, but so that you don't feel lonely, they have many 1914-18 war memorials, not to mention Coca Cola and Colonel Sanders Finger lickin' etc.

Some places have passing lanes, and in most places these are called crawler lanes. Railway crossings are marked with a diagram form showing the angle of the road to the line and any other

roads thereabouts. The roads are good, although quite hairy at times, with a lot of single lane bits with some corners so sharp and blind they have mirrors situated so that the uphill traffic can see what is coming down.

The West Coast of the South Island is like Tassie, but with more mountains. Compared to NZ, we have no mountains. The lover of old single lane bridges would love this part, being so narrow that a coach has literally three inches to spare on each side. The sides, if any at all, often lean out at 45° angles, and if this is not enough for you thrill seekers, a few bridges are still shared with the NZ railways, with tracks right down the middle. Mark you, not at the side, Murray Valley style. So that, if you are sensible (not a Give Way sign, sometimes a *please* Give Way) look to see no other car is coming towards you, no trains in either direction, then hurry across.

Mind you, the traffic on the West Coast is so light that you are more likely to see a Martian than a policeman! And the bus stopped a few times in the middle of a single lane bridge to allow the photographers to do their thing. For the train lovers they have electric trains in Wellington suburban areas.

They have trolley buses in Auckland, Wellington and Dunedin. And while I was there, the bikies had a convention at Napier, with no trouble being reported. Would you expect it, with police escorting front and rear and another hundred watching them? The gang names are fairly universal, although Invercargill being the city most near to the Antarctic decided to call themselves the Antarctic Angels. One group was called the “Mothers” which seems queer to me, but they didn't look it. There aren't many big Jap bikes, with only 46,000 bikes in NZ altogether. But there are 60 Trumpys to every big Jap bike, and ape bars are the in-thing, the bigger the ape you are, the bigger and higher the bars, and most are forehead level at the highest point.

I could write a lot about Rotarua, but believe me, it is most fascinating in ways you have never heard about. If you are travelling in this region and your bird says “Stop quick, I want it now!” you had better be extra careful where you stop coz sure you will get it hot, but unless you are kinky and a masochist for boiling mud, baby that's what you might get! Seriously, in one place, only in 200 yards between road and fence of a paddock, but not fenced in, and with trees and grass growing right to the edge, were two six-foot wide boiling pools. This is not unusual and you can, and do, find clouds of steam appearing from holes in the ground, anywhere, not just in National Parks. I saw some great places for getting rid of certain friends, those spelt enemies!!

I did not mention the reason for the lack of bikes in the South Island. It is because of the cold ice and snow, and bikes can be used only 3 or 4 months a year in some parts.

While in Picton, I saw Ron Liebe walking down the street. He had arrived on the ferry before me from Wellington. It was quite a coincidence when you think of all the places both he and I could have been, although I knew he was in NZ somewhere. We later partook of a few jugs of beer at 48 cents a jug and had a good talk. He hopes to be back here for the Christmas party. His Suzi is being looked after in Brisbane.

If anyone is thinking of riding to New Zealand, don't, as the Tasman Sea is very wet, but I would be willing to tell any interested member about it and show them slides of my trip.

Lloyd

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Dear Editors,

This is the first time I have written in to the mag. This small article is about Clifton Hill Motorcycles. Since I found out that our club gets a discount there, I have gone a few times to him and have had great service.

I have shown him the magazine a few times and he is a bit disappointed that in the three editions I have shown him, his shop has only been mentioned once. As he is kind enough to give the club a good discount, surely it is only proper to mention him in the mag. It doesn't have to be a big ad, just mention the shop now and again. The service all members will get will be first class.

Trevor Ryan

185 Suzi trail

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LANGI KAL KAL

24/11/74

Well, people, this write-up is hot off the mark, as it was started before you cafe goers had finished eating. While you were eating I was at work.

The weather was perfect and it was good to see such good numbers attending, although it was only slightly up on last year. I believe there were 70 bikes at Langi Kal Kal after Brendan had arrived from Camperdown or wherever he was. There was a couple of cars as well. The Bennetts were in what someone described as a yellow painted travelling dunny, but don't take any notice, as it is better go by Moke than not at all. If you were not there last year, I hope you enjoyed it, not just the Bennetts, but everyone, the cyclists, both members and visitors alike, and also the staff and people at Langi Kal Kal.

Club Captain Howard Higham lead, while vice captain, Les Leahy was rear rider. Eddie Veith on his 750 Ducati was patrol, and good to see that he still had what it takes to get from the back to the front – and quickly!! Try being patrol on a 500 Guzzi!

Formaldehyde was seen riding ahead to get some good films of the club coming through certain spots. I saw Darren on a 350 Honda one time, looking most unhappy about it, too. Are you going to Cairns on it next year, Darren? I must say it was not becoming.

We were half an hour late for our appointment with the police escort...a car, would you believe? Definitely not right! They were short staffed, I believe. We thank the Chief Secretary's dept for giving us an escort. For those like me who were directly behind the car and who like doing 60-70km/h, okay. Pillion riders, L platers, P platers, good riders and bad riders, indifferent riders all riding together apparently were not considered much, if at all, and a slower speed would have been safer and left the riders together and riding in a much more orderly formation. For those who were there last year, it was a wonderful example of how much better a motorcycle escort is than a car. However, although not as orderly as last year, I believe it was a terrific sight to see so many bikes in line together. Unfortunately, I didn't see it, as I was behind the car and near the front the rest of the time. But I did have a wonderful view of Fagan's helmet! Those who were on the run the week before will have noticed that Fagan didn't have a hole in his jeans this time!

The people at Langi had tea, sugar, etc out for us and new barbeques, not hot plates, but grid type this time. I hope staff and boys enjoyed our trip. As I said, last year it was very difficult for two

groups of strangers (forgetting the circumstances) to hit it off straight away, and probably, if it were not for us being a motorcycle club, it would not have been as good as it was.

Quite a few of the lads were taken for rides, not to mention people riding other people's bikes. Just a thought for the staff: I wonder if, in the future, some way could be arranged so that anyone who wants a ride could be sure of being taken. We are all willing to oblige, but as some lads are shy, not generally speaking, but shy to ask for a ride, and the way we just pull up and ask if anyone wants a ride, surely some otherwise keen lads may miss out.

Some of the athletic types (*Wot! No sex the night before?*) were playing cricket, not the usual Frisbee.

On the standard of riding: whether there were accidents or not I cannot comment, having been at the front and then being whizzed off to the hospital for work I heard nothing about any.

So that's about it, folks. I am sure we all enjoyed the day. Thanks to the Social Welfare Dept, and we hope we are invited again. Also thanks again to the Chief Secretary's Dept and all club officials. And last but not least, to the members for coming along and other guests, for but for the work of the club's officials, their work would be for nothing if no-one turned up.

Notice new members John Dawes there on his Honda 200. I believe he was on the staff there last year.

Lloyd, rear of Fagan, 350/4

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MURRINDINDI FALLS

Sunday 1/12/74

CLICK: "West to northwest winds with slight to choppy seas. The forecast for Melbourne is for a fine day with a maximum of 21 degrees, repeat 21 degrees. On the Bay 10-15 knot west to northwest winds. "CLICK." "That settles it, Jude, we're going!"

The quiet streets of Williamstown reverberated to the sounds of the 900's megaphones and the crunching of Judy's missed shifts on the RD350 as we headed for KBCP.

The itinerary said Murrindindi Falls, KBCP at 1000 hours: mustn't be far, a good run to see if she can keep up, I thought, as we arrived at the car park. The goodly sized crowd paled visibly when it was announced "Fagan's leading". Visions of Alpine rally routes flashed through members minds. A patrol rider was press-ganged into service and we were away.

The indigenous population of Whittlesea had an interesting 1½ hours gaping at Rusty (750 Suzi) and myself as we waited for a flat tyre to be fixed further back along the route. (I think some sort of waiting award should be presented annually to the longest waiting corner marker.) Although having to catch up to the main bunch along a windy road does have its compensations! Rusty Read and Peter Agostini can vouch for that!

At the BP garage in Kinglake West, the first of the day's mishaps was revealed. We were short a couple of new riders. A friend, on a 350 Kwaka, of the members took off with a sound akin to a can full of nuts and bolts to look for them, as the rest of us pushed off for the Falls, or so we thought. "Good trail bike country", I thought, as we passed through the hills around Kinglake. Some miles later as we took the Murrindindi turnoff and on to the dirt road for mile after mile, I was checking to see if the sticker on the riders' helmet ahead of me was really MSCAV and not AMTRA.

After doubling back twice I had my doubts about our leader's knowledge of the area. As it turned out, it was nil. Finally, a compromise was reached and a good spot by a stream was selected for lunch, as the two trail bikes, now in their element, blasted off to look for those elusive Falls.

A small crowd gathered by the ford to watch the approaching Honda outfit cross. As it sped for the crossing, the passenger was seen to be white knuckled and tense in the chair. As the outfit splashed in, a great wall of water, and cheers from the crowd, went up, with most of the water landing on the passenger. Much laughter!

The trail bikes returned with stories of impossible hills (only due to his exceptional ability did he manage to get up) and long walks to the Falls, which put paid to any idea of us going.

After a restful lunch we set off for Yea with old "Wrong-Way Fagan" leading in his usual sedate manner and that was the last we saw of him till back at the cafe, although I didn't know it at the time. At the fuel stop at Yea the earlier lost riders were reunited with us after searching all day around the countryside.

On the Yarra Glen road home I could see the leader about a mile ahead (whom I presumed to be W.W.F) and on reaching "boy racer" country I couldn't believe it was old W.W.F., as the pace was too slow. To my charging, on closer inspection I found it wasn't. Thinking that a group must be ahead really getting it on, I wound the 900 out to the red line and keeping just under the legal speed limit, took off in pursuit. But it wasn't a successful chase, serving only to wear out my boots and startle the Sunday drivers. (That's my story, anyway, and I'm sticking to it).

On arrival at the cafe there was much "Where did you get to?", "How'd that happen?", and "What's a corner marker?" over our coffees. But for all the confusion everyone that I spoke to had enjoyed the day. One person summed it up by saying "It was different." How did Judy go? Well, except for a cracked mirror and a sore bum after taking a dive over the handle bars, ok. For the complete WWF saga, you'll have to ask him, he'll be only too glad to fill you in. See you next time around!!

P.B.

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WHO ARE THE FIVE MOST IMPORTANT "MEN" IN A WOMAN'S LIFE?

1. The Doctor
2. The Dentist
3. The Woodman
4. The Paper Hanger
5. The Bank Manager

REASONS BEING:

The Doctor says: "STRIP"

The Dentist says: "OPEN WIDE"

The Woodman says: "HERE IT IS. WHERE DO YOU WANT IT?"

The Paper Hanger says: "NOW IT'S UP, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?"

The Bank Manager says: "IF YOU KEEP PUTTING IT IN AND TAKING IT OUT, YOU MUST LOSE INTEREST!"

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A successful Committee is one who can delegate all the responsibility, shift all the blame, and take all the credit.