

EDITORIAL – March, 1974.

1974 KAMAKAZI - 2 (feet) MODEL.



Sunday, March 3rd at 2am, daylight saving will cease, and we will be on the thresh-hold of another season of football and had weather.

No response was received from our plea to all members who went to Tassie to write an article for a special magazine. After two years as Editor I have come to expect this from the club, and my final word on the matter is that if no response is received this month, I will resign.

Seems like push bikes are in, what with Les Bennett, Paul Price, Ian Taylor, Bruce Higgs and Howard Moffatt all joined the pedal power association.

Speaking of pedal power; Bruce Higgs has bought himself a new R75/5 BMW. I hear he went to church last week prying that Mick Fagan will get an acute attack of lock jaw until it is run in.

Margaret P has got slack and bought herself a car. (Wonder if she'll over ride the bike again?)

Howard Moffatt has at last proved what many people have been saying for years, and a bought himself a 750 BMW. I must admit Honda's are not a patch on them!

In an endeavour to dispel all rumours about his forthcoming marriage Howard has decided to become a Monk.

Incidentally, Gary O has fitted lucky exhaust pipes to his BMW – lucky they don't fall off and slip up his rectum!

Another hot rumour is that Graeme McFeet DOES NOT like being called McFoot. (Sorry about that, Graeme. I didn't really mean it! – Marg)

Only four people have written articles this month for the magazine, and this is a vast improvement on previous records perhaps it might be a good idea to stop printing the marg?

Keith, Keith, upon the heath,
You finally got it in,
Howard wants to know the way you made
A Christian sin!

Mick is purchasing a brand new BMW 750. A book has already been started to see how long it lasts.

Lloyd is holding a BBQ at 62 Blessington Street, St. Kilda, on Saturday, 30/3/74, after 6.30pm. Be there!

Beth, did you get my card? – David.

David and Margaret.

POINT ADDIS – Sunday 3rd February.

Following Gary Osborn's selection of Ian to lead the day's run, we left the car park, headed for Point Addis, going down Geelong Road. Darren was on his little 90cc, who apparently was on an economy run to Laverton and back. Practising in case of any future credit squeezes?

On arriving at Torquay we stopped for refreshments. It was here we met Howard Moffatt, who had just completed a private tour of Bells Beach. Hairy also arrived at this point, having been a Christian that morning, so he reckons!

The club eventually left for Point Addis, where we spent some time just looking across the beach, then proceeded down onto the beach to laze for a couple of hours. On the way down to the beach, we came upon a guy who was completely naked! Bloody good, hey girls?

Once down on the sand, we were entertained by trail-riding antics performed by Gary Osborn, who was in superb form. Ned and Les set about building a sand castle, and Pauline as usual spent her time getting into mischief.

It soon became time for us to leave, and this we did, going via Barwon Heads. Just after leaving, a newcomer suddenly came off after miss-judging a left hand corner. Then we stopped for fuel and toured on to Barwon Heads, where we spent 20 minutes before crossing the bridge for home.

Came home through Geelong and Werribee, the guitar man (Fred) leaving us at Werribee.

It was an enjoyable run, on which there were 34 machines present. The riding was good and the road rules were adhered to well, thanks to all.

Big Daddy.

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WILSONS PROMONTORY WEEKEND

We have booked in at Wilsons Promontory National Park for the Labour Day long weekend.

We have had to pay a booking fee of \$10, which members will not have to pay. We also had to pay the camping fee in advance, and had to book for three nights. This means that the first 20 people will be allowed in without paying and will pay the committee later, so the others may have to pay at the gate.

We are booked in at sites 412, 413, 414, 415 and 416.

An ardent reader of, and contributor to, the magazine noticed the following short article in a magazine and thinking of the current itinerary, sent it to the Editors for possible inclusion in our magazine.

It will perhaps be of interest to those who intend making the trip to Wilsons Promontory on the Labour Day long weekend, March 9th – 11th.

Our thanks to the contributor!

Editors.

WILSONS PROMONTORY WILSONS PROMONTORY

Wilson's Promontory National Park, the most southerly point on the Australian continent, lies some 150 miles south east of Melbourne. It has outstanding scenic features and is rich in botanical and bird life. Walking conditions vary from the extremely easy to some of the roughest in the state.

In the early days, the promontory was subject to commercial exploitation by timber-cutting, cattle-grazing, mining, and sealing interests. This picture began to change after 1884 when three members of the Field Naturalists' Club, spending their Christmas holiday there, became so convinced of the outstanding value of the area for nature conservation that, on their return they began pressing for its reservation as a national park.

The idea appealed to many Victorians and as a result they received great support. Public meetings were held to consider the matter, and deputations to ministers followed. However, in spite of assurances by the government that there was every prospect that the Promontory would be preserved, no action ensued and developers pressed on with plans to sub-divide the area.

Even when, in 1905, the Government Gazette announced that 75,000 acres were to be permanently reserved from sale, it was noted with concern that a half-mile wide strip around the whole of the coastline had been excluded. More pressure was brought to bear and at last, on 18-8-1908, the Promontory, including all but a small section of the coastline, was established as a National Park of 101,000 acres.

Since then several small areas, including mainly the Yanakie buffer zone, have been added to increase the area to its present size of 120,875 acres, or slightly less than 190 square miles.

DISCOVERY: In 1753 Captain Cook’s companion, Furneaux, had sighted a land mass through the murk while the ships were battling against violent storm off the south-east coast of Australia. They assumed it to be an island. Some 44 years were to elapse before any further official contact was made by white men. Then, on 3.12.1797, George Bass and a crew of 6 left Sydney in a whaleboat intending to explore the coast south of Sydney and complete the rather murky sketches and charts prepared by Cook so many years before. They sailed as far as Western Port, observing the Promontory on the way.

From these observations Cook was convinced it was part of the mainland. He also deduced that a strait existed between Van Diemen’s Land and Australia, a discovery which shortened considerably the journey of ships sailing between England and Australia. Originally, Bass called the Promontory “Furneaux’s Land” but, following a later recommendation by him to Governor Hunter, it was called Wilsons Promontory. It is not definitely known if this name was intended to honour Thomas Wilson, a London merchant who was a friend of Matthew Flinders, or William Wilson, one of Flinders’ officers who was with Bass in the whaleboat and who is believed to be the first European to have set foot on the Promontory.

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MOTOR CYCLE COUPLETS

The Yamaha is a strange beast,
The strangest you could see;
For no-one really knows for sure
Whatever it can be.

The Honda is a quiet bird
Silence is its feature,
For when it stands and revs its donk
No other sound will reach yer.

The Suzuki is a marvellous machine,
So marvellous it’s a sin;
For no other has an engine
Made entirely out of tin.

The Jawa is a nice animal
The nicest you could find;
For when you stand, and stare and laugh
It doesn’t seem to mind.

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DEFINITION OF AN ANGEL

A female spirit who probably spends most of her time wishing that she could trade her harp for an upright organ.

Big Daddy.

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EDITORS' COMMENT

After reading the latest issue of "Rumbull", we have decided that the M.S.C.A.V, the largest touring club in Victoria, is lacking in areas.

At Caulfield Tech, all membership cards list dealers where discounts on motorcycle parts etc are available. From our own understanding in this regard, we know of only one place where M.S.C.A.V. members can receive discounts, and this has not been well advertised.

We say it is time for the committee to make an all-out effort to obtain discounts for the club, as all large car clubs can do, and obviously, Caulfield Tech can do.

Next on the agenda is the fact that the Tech, out of their own funds, is buying tyres in large quantities for the members to purchase.

As our club made a substantial profit in the last year, it may be time for something useful to be done with this money. In our opinion, too much money is tied up in procuring sweaters and badges, instead of something that is useful to ALL members.

We hope that members will support us in this regard, for it is not good enough for a Technical College to have such advanced thinking when their funds are far more limited than the M.S.C.A.V.'s.

The ball is now in the court of the committee. How about a bit of action, some 20th Century thinking and putting our money to use, instead of tying it up for months and months on novelties.

Any correspondence received from members or the club Secretary will cheerfully be printed in the next magazine.

The Editors

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REPLACING PISTON RINGS

WHEN FITTING RIGNS TO A FOUR STROKE PISTON...it is a good idea to position the gap of the top ring opposite the sparking plug. Then, if any oil gets through the gap, it is less likely to foul the plug.

The gap for the second compression ring should be opposite that of the top ring and the scraper ring gap should be at the front of the piston.

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A THOUGHT...

One should not exaggerate the importance of trifles. Life, for instance, is much too short to be taken seriously.

Nicholas Bently

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WHAT A DAY IT WAS!

HORST-RIDING AT BROADFORD

The Broadford trip for horse-riding was one of those where everything goes wrong, but eventually turns out well.

The gathering at the KBCP encompassed many large bikes (there were 3 Kwaka 900's on the run!), but the bike of the day was without a doubt Bruce Higgs BMW 75/5, which is a beautiful plum colour.

The club Captain turned up at the dead knock – why can't he arrive 10 minutes earlier? – and as he powered over the overpass, the visiting Police car's occupants eyed him suspiciously. The Police have taken a real fancy for the MSCAV, for they have frequently visited up prior to departure this year. Anyhow, the policeman owns a Yami 650 and he was invited on a run, an invitation he hoped he would be able to accept.

With Michael Fomaini as rear rider and Garry O as patrol, Howard H led us for an attractive tour to Whittlesea, where the first refreshment stop occurred. Mick Fagan was there heard being blasted by a very rotund visitor, who looked more 1%-er than MSCAV, namely Jeff. Seems someone was cut off – well! well! Jeff was later to prove to be the life of the party and a natural, if profane, comedian. No doubt an excellent chef, too, if his build is any clue.

From Whittlesea we whisked up the range to Kinglake West and then up towards the Murchison Gap, where our Evil Knevil went over a cliff 18 months or so ago.

Blocking the road were a large group of Finks, Rats and Derelicts, drinking and urinating at the end of a bridge. Fortunately, Bernie Paul (Norton 850) was corner marker. They insisted that he have a beer, and likely as not they would have poured it down his neck if he had refuse. Terrified motorists looked on. When I arrived, a very narrow path was open to me. One Fink remarked: "Honda four – a supply of spare parts!" None of our members was molested, and on we went.

At Strath Creek, where the overall settlement was recovering from a 2am stoning by other bikies, Keith Anderson had a hard job convincing the storekeeper that he was a respectable, decent young man.

On the corner immediately before the place where Evil Knevil came off, poor Bob Evans had run off the road, demolished a guide post and seriously damaged his bike, particularly the front end. Fortunately he did not damage himself and he rode the bike the rest of the day, after Mick Fagan and others had forced it into reasonable shape. Mick related that he had dropped his Four, although no serious damage was done. (Luckily for you, Mick!! – typist)

After lunch at Broadford, we planned to go horse riding. At Broadford Les Luke rode up on Jeff's 900/4 with Jeff on the pillion. Eddie and Doris Veith, Paul Reaby and his Allie, along with Doris' brother Joe, also met up with the run here.

At the riding school, it was found that no bookings were recorded for the MSCAV, and so that was that. Meanwhile, Jeff related a variety of new jokes about Popes etc. They were really good too.

While a few dipped out, most of the run proceeded towards the Eppalock Dam for a swim. We went north along the Hume, and past Puckapunyal to Heathcote for fuel and a drink. An 850 Norton needed to be rescued after having run out of fuel. Then, after a circuitous route, we ended up at a pleasant secluded spot for a swim. Bernie and I rode around Eppalock, and we were severely battered by a locust plague.

Howard announced that we would travel home via Kyneton, but he meant Lancefield. The route was an exciting one with a short section of exciting dirt, where Wild Bill was nearly written off by a 350 Honda, and a dirt bike nearly took a lunge at my 750, but no casualties occurred.

From Lancefield to the cafe, the run was uneventful and it concluded with the general opinion that it had been a most successful run, despite the lack of horses. I felt sorry for Bob Evans and for Paul Reaby and his girl – Bob because of his fall, and Paul because he was looking forward to the horse riding.

Jeff continued to entertain the troops at tea. Not bad, since he had had no sleep the night before, as he had been working. He was so tired earlier that Les Luke rode his 900 back from Eppalock, and Neville transported Jeff, no mean feat for the BMW, since Jeff is equal to three ordinary mortals!

Wild Bill mentioned that he was getting a silver and blue Honda Four. Howard H turned green! I, too, am looking forward to seeing it. No doubt it will have arrived by the time this report hits the deck. Don Sexton called by to mention the sad news about the Fuzz. I hope he still has a licence, when he reads this – a case of Roberts to the rescue. The odds are not too hot, though.

Noticed that the cafe now has a printed menu! They tended to vary before – generally upwards, but the listed prices are not steep, I thought. Despite Bob’s fall, the riding was of a generally good standard, and the run was a pleasantly slow trip.

Darren.

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BOOK REVIEW

TITLE: - “Historic Motor Cycles”

By: - David Burgess Wise

Cost: - \$3.95 – 96 pages

Published by: - Hamlyn

Obtained At: - Collins Book Depot.

On picking up this book, three immediate impressions come to mind. First the book is excellent value for money. The lavish illustrations, both prints and photographs in colour and black-and-white, are a brilliant collection, with the drawings giving great care, even to the smallest details.

Secondly, the title gives a false impression of the scope and compass of the book. While it goes back to the 1818 Velocipedraisiava Poriana, and the early steam motorcycles of the 1860’s, including Roper’s Velocipede, up to Daimler’s 1885 machine, the book covers the complete history of motorcycles up to the end of 1973, and includes the Honda 350 Fours, and the BMW R/75.

Thirdly, the whole story of the motorcycle, its road, racing and motor cross use, is covered.

During a day’s sick leave, the reviewer could hardly put the book down, so fascinating was it. The emphasis is British and European. The author appears to be a careful researcher, and no obvious errors of part were picked. Moreover, he was a way of making the history fascinating with an eye to humour and human interest, but there is gore as well: - “He looked around, steered off the road, and hit a telegraph pole with his head. Poor Arthur! I rushed up – there was his helmet with half his head inside – it was terrible!”

The history of different carburetion systems, various transmission forms (belt, chain and shaft) and of cylinder configuration is given. The early 1911 pictures of club outings look like the MSCAV in period costumes.

Wise brings the picture up to date dealing with such bikes as the Suzuki GT550J. Comments such as these are interesting: - “Suzuki, originally manufacturers of weaving machines,...” – “So did Yamaha, makers of musical instruments,...”.

Scooters, cycle cars, mopeds and side cars are all shown in the stages of their historical development. The different and famous makes such as Holden, Scott and Cotton and Velocette each have their place, as have many others. The early speed limits in this century were 12mph, later raised to 20mph. It makes for

reflection! For the motorcyclist this book is full of interest. For the enthusiast of European bikes, it is a must. But if your father sees it, you mightn't get it back!!

Darren.

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PIONEERS OF THE WILDS – 17/18-2-1974

When I rolled up at the car park, I was totally unprepared for most of the things that were to happen during the day. I expected to do 300 miles, not 385. I didn't expect to be lead rider, therefore carried no maps, and I certainly didn't expect to get back home at 4am on Monday!

Setting a fast speed along the Princes Highway, Warragul was reached without trouble and a quick stop made to refuel. We then continued down the Highway and turned off at Moe, intending to take back roads to Heyfield. However, all we achieved in so doing was to have a quick guided tour of Yallourn. In doing so, we passed numerous power stations, with many members being disappointed in not stopping to look over them. After numerous corners, we found ourselves back on the highway.

A second attempt to reach Heyfield made at Traralgon, where a brief stop was made while Les Leahy scouted ahead to find the turn off. Having found the turn off, it was off again and on to the first accident of the day.

While heading out of town, David Swallow, on a 900 Kwaka, clipped the back of Wild Bill's brand new, computerised, push button 550 Suzi. Fortunately, Bill's bike only suffered a bent number plate. David was not so lucky, as he landed on his head and was suffering badly from shock. While not wanting to be ruthless, David had it coming to him. He is renowned for travelling close to other riders, and for passing dangerously. This incident emphasises the need for all members to observe religiously the club rule of maintaining at least 50 feet between riders, and of riding in single file.

Eventually everybody arrived at Heyfield for lunch, and from there we proceeded to Glenmaggie for a swim. Following the swim, it was decided (on my suggestion, but tell anybody that!) to split into two groups. Those with a sense of adventure were to continue on to Licola and take the Forestry tracks through to Matlock, Healesville and Melbourne, or so we thought! The second group was made up of those with new bikes, or less experience, and took the sealed roads over which we had come. They made it back to Melbourne in a reasonable time.

The bush-bashing group set off with Les Leahy leading. The roads ranged from formed compact dirt roads to bush tracks transverse by wash-ways and strewn with rocks and gravel. As the leader for this section left no corner markers, it was a matter of stopping at forks in the road (there being no sign posts) and looking for tyre marks or faint directions scratched on the ground to decide which track to take.

It is believed that the front section of the trail riders made it through to Matlock, but the tail-enders did not. We ended up in Walhalla, some 45 miles from where we expected to come out of the forest. You might say that we got lost. In making this expedition, Bob had to be helped up a very steep hill, Greg punctured a tyre and later blew out an oil seal, losing all his oil, and Linda dropped her bike in gravel, badly bruising her shoulder.

Greg to abandon his car to ride Linda's bike, while Graeme and Kaye carried Pretzel (of "Missing-your-body" fame!) and Linda went pillion with me. We were able to get a car to take Linda from Walhalla to Moe hospital for x-rays, while Greg rang Big Daddy, to get him to come from Melbourne with his car. The intention was to tow Greg's car back to Melbourne. Peter did not arrive in Moe until after midnight, so we abandoned the idea of retrieving Greg's car, and just packed up Linda and brought her back to Melbourne. It was 4 o'clock Monday morning before I finally got to bed. This was 19 hours after setting out from the car park – not bad for a day run!!

While a few people were a little upset with the return journey, I think it was good experience for all who attempted it. The trip will be remembered by all who went as one of those mad things we do when we are young. Let us have more trips like it!

Neville.

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SPARKS OF WISDOM

WOMEN: Women are unpredictable. You never know how they are going to manage to get their own way.

TEMPER: What a splendid thing it would be if those who lose their tempers could never find them again!

INTENTIONS: In life it's difficult to say who will do you the most mischief, enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.

ANTIQUES: Today's antique is a piece of furniture on which the last payment has been made.

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SUNNYSIDE BEACH – Sunday 24th February.

The day was overcast when the club departed for Sunnyside Beach, near Mt. Eliza.

The trip along Beach Road was at a brisk pace, and the only excitement was when a certain very ignorant policewoman decided to show us how to drive, and diverged across two lanes of traffic in a very dangerous manner, in order to follow the bikes.

The result of this dangerous driving was that three police cars met us in Frankston to see what we were doing. Darren, of course, flashed his badge (Yawn) and he politely told the cops to get stuffed. There was a funny twist to this story in that the plain clothes Dee's backed into another police car on leaving. (Hope they put in an accident report – Ed'I'tress.)

I personally feel that the ignorance of the police in handling this incident showed up the narrow mindedness and victimisations of motorcyclists by the police, and I hope the committee takes the matter further and lodges an official complaint.

Arriving at Sunnyside Beach, we were greeted by more grey skies and cold water, and no-one was game enough to venture into the icy white surf.

The beach, however, was a hive of activity with a private party in full swing, and three kegs on tap. No matter how hard we looked, not a drop came out our way.

It was decided to leave for Arthur's Seat at 2pm, but we all pulled out as the weather was definitely not good by 1pm.

A quick fang up the Seat saw the leader left dismally behind, and the usual experienced riders arrived first.

After a brief rest, it was a quick (far too quick) run back to the cafe.

SIDELINES: Peter Tapp (rear rider) got lost twice. (That boy has real brains!) Peter Tapp has also painted his bike the same colour as his leathers.

Margaret P thinks Mick didn't thrash her bike. (Silly Girl!)

Many new faces (to me, anyway!) were there.

Claw.

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“YOU CAN’T WIN” or “POOR BRUCE”

The hardest worked man in the club is the Secretary. A cynic once wrote the following lines to emphasise a Secretary’s problems:

- If a Secretary writes a letter, it’s too long
 - If he sends a post card, it’s too short.
 - If he issues a bulletin, he’s a spend thrift.
 - If he offers a suggestion, he’s a know-all.
 - If he says nothing, he’s useless
 - If the attendance at a meeting is slack, he should have telephoned the members.
 - If he telephones, he’s a pest.
 - If he doesn’t, he’s lazy.
 - If he asks a member for his subs, he’s insulting.
 - If a function is a success, the committee gets all the praise.
 - If it’s a failure, the secretary gets the blame.
 - If he doesn’t, he’s running the show.
 - If he asks for advice, he’s incompetent.
- Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
If others won’t do it, the Secretary must!

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ALCOHOL AND SEXUAL BEHAVIOUR

A study by two American researchers suggests that heavy use of alcohol may have irreversible adverse affects on sexual functioning in some people. The authors, a psychiatrist and a medical director, having treated over 17,000 patients for alcoholism during thirty seven years, have become increasingly aware of male impotence as a serious complication of prolonged drinking. At least 8% of the male patients complaining of impotence, and in approx 50% of these cases, the condition persisted even after years of sobriety. The authors believe the condition is caused by the destructive affect of alcohol on the neural reflex arc produce irreversible changes resulting in permanent impotence. Supporting this theory is the fact that few if any of the female drinkers complained of impotence caused by drinking. In addition, nearly all the men still had a strong desire for sex, but were incapable of any performance.

The impotence did not seem to be due to a resurgence of psychological factors that were formerly suppressed by alcohol, since most of the patients had had a normal sex life with or without alcohol until the sexual ability was destroyed. Neither did the case appear to be hormonal because testosterone was of no help to the patients.

No treatment for the condition has been found except to warn heavy drinkers who are experiencing early signs of sexual failure to stop drinking in the hope that sobriety and time will restore sexual vigour.