

**EDITORIAL**

As the co-editor of this great mag I cannot help but wonder if it is all worth it. I mean by this, the work that goes into this mag is a lot more than most of you realise. I hope that from now on that a few more so called club members could write more and whinge less. Never has so few done so much for so many for so little thanks.

If you want to know how to thank us just write articles about club runs, or anything else that you think that is interesting, and send them to me and I will print them. Otherwise this great mag will die due to lack of interest. I hope these words of truth sink in as I do not want to see this mag cease. So now it is time to come to the aid of this great mag.

Signed **Bob Evans**

Now here is the news you have all been waiting for:

**AUCTION NITE** The auction nite will be held on the 3/9/76, that is, the next club meet. This is your once a year chance to sell some of your surplus goods that you have collected over the last twelve months. We hope to get the best auctioneer in the business to do his thing.

Now for more good news, news you have all been waiting for. On the same nite it will be time for nominations from people to be elected to serve on the committee. This is a most important time of the year as your nominations could end up on the committee. Remember these people are there to help you, so choose wisely.

And still more good news. Those club members who went on the run to Murchison's Gap will remember (how could they forget) Mick Fagan's words of wisdom. It all concerns elephants and tree shaking in the sprint at Broadford. Well, all I can say is that Mick's elephants must be very small ones as the average elephant weighs about five tonnes.

On a more serious note I would like to point out while the riding of the club on runs is improving, I must give credit where credit is due. I do not want to see members resting on their laurels. Remember, **RIDE TO SURVIVE**.

Special thanks must go to all the wonderful ladies who did most of the typing. Thanks to "the man" who came to my place and checked over the printing machine.

REMEMBER – to write more is to read more

**EDITORS – JO AND BOB**

Oh! What a beautiful morning ...until Hallam, that is. With yours truly leading, and Bob Evans bringing up the rear, the club headed from KBCP to Hallam by a most unusual, but pleasant route along Alexandra Parade to Williams Road, then along Dandenong Road to Wellington Road, and finally along the Mulgrave Freeway to Hallam.

This diversion was taken to avoid road works in Flinders St and the Sandown Park Motor Racing traffic, and was a pleasant change for all. But lo and behold! As we approached Clayton, a big grey cloud moved steadily across from the west, and it was waterproofs' time when we arrived at Hallam to pick up the rest of the club.

There were about 20 bikes that made up the convoy down the Princes Highway, with occasional showers gradually turning into a miserable drizzle. We had a fuel stop at Moe, and then converged on John's Café for lunch – always the best eating in Moe – for here one can demolish one's mixed grill in comfort whilst watching the wrestling on TV (black and white, but who's complaining?).

After lunch, we journeyed via Newborough to Yallourn, where a guided inspection of 'D' and 'E' Power Stations had been arranged. The fanging possibilities of the Haunted Hills Rd were dismissed in favour of the direct road on account of the weather.

At the Visitors Centre, we were treated to an excellent discourse on the history of the Yallourn Development and a demonstration of the marvellous changes in technology that marked each new development – from the original 'A' station (now demolished) up to the new 'W' station (nearing completion)

After this, our guide led us to the 'D' and 'E' stations where we could see for ourselves some of the fundamental differences. (Note: that 1500°F heat coming from the boiler fireboxes was much appreciated by all.)

The drizzle had stopped by the time we emerged from the Power Station, so our guide had the bright idea of leading us in convoy on an 8 mile drive around the open cut, and deep into it. The sight would have been worth a photo if we had had a stop in the open cut.

Here we saw huge dredges at work, scouring the coal from the sides of the open cut, and delivering it to the huge hoppers for onward transit to the power station by narrow gauge railway. A complete contrast to the modern methods used at Morwell and Hazelwood, where a conveyor belt system ensures a constant rate of coal supply to the boilers.

On arrival back at the Visitors Centre, we thanked our guide and headed back to Moe for coffee at John's Café. From here I left the club to visit friends, and returned to Melbourne after dark.

**Michael Formaini** (alias Formaldehyde) 750 Honda

### ECONOMY RUN 1976

If ever there was a time to test your fuel consumption, this was it, with the course set by Mick Fagan and Les Leahy. It incorporated everything that you could normally encounter to keep your fuel consumption down. (Poor)

This year I was going to take it more seriously than last year, and try out do a Water Bottle on my 900. We all filled up at a Shell self-serve garage at Fairfield, all trying to put as much fuel into our petrol tanks as possible and then set off for Kinglake via the back roads. As I did not know the roads listed on the handout sheet, I thought best I follow somebody who knew the way, as the club eventually split up – some travelling faster than others.

A group of five of us managed to stay together for the whole trip, travelling at around 80 km/h. Dick Bloxham led the group of us, followed by his brother Frank, then Hans, Paul and me.

By the time I reached Yea, my arm was nearly ready to drop off from holding the throttle in the same position. When I reached Jerusalem Creek, I was about 10 minutes behind the group I travelled up with because my face shield blew off my helmet in a gust of wind.

Mick Fagan was already there and had finished his lunch, being apparently 55 minutes ahead of our group.

Bob Evans, unofficial rear rider, arrived 30 minutes behind me – he said he was travelling at 60kmh behind a 380 Suzuki. After filling our trusty steeds, it was time to blow out the cob webs and tear arse down the mountain – during which Ken Markham nearly wiped himself out on his GL. AGAIN! Typical GL's – no ground clearance.

At 3.06 o'clock in Eildon, we all departed for Melbourne via the Black Spur, and split up at Lilydale. Some went to Bob Evans place for a drink.

### A NOTE OF THANKS

I would like to thank all the club members who came along to my birthday party on the third of July. Those that came would all agree that a good time was had by all. Special thanks must go to Mick Fagan for the wonderful cake.

Signed, **Greg Smith**

### MURCHISON'S GAP                      SUNDAY 25<sup>th</sup> JULY

On arriving at KBCP at 9am, I found only Jo and Bob. The weather, being perfect for riding, got a quite a few more out by 9.30.

Two new bikes made their first appearances on a MSCAV run. Katrina on her Daytona orange R90/s BMW, and my brother Frank on his blue R75/6 BMW. (Seen the light at last). Bob was seen studying road maps before leading us out of the city.

After passing through Whittlesea and Kinglake, we got onto a dirt road. Tony, on the 350 Honda, punctured his rear tyre. Repairs took about an hour, as it was a bit of a squeeze to get a 4.00 tube into a 350 tyre!

Thanks to the very patient corner markers, I was able to catch up to the club, but unknown to me, they were watching me come up the hill from a vantage point at the top. After watching the rest come up, we went off to Broadford for a long awaited lunch. It was the quietest Broadford I have ever seen. Almost no through traffic, the result of the new freeway.

The return trip repeated the hilly, windy section. After Strath Creek, we came across a group of hang glider enthusiasts. They took a long walk carrying their kites up a very steep hill, and after waiting for favourable winds, took off. Some were very good at it, trying to stay up for as long as possible. One beginner on the lower slopes managed to get a few feet off the ground – at last.

I suppose the thrill of a couple of minute's flight did compensate for the long uphill walk. At least it's one way to keep fit. Setting off again, we joined the Yea-Whittlesea Rd. We took a bumpy detour through Humevale, then onto Whittlesea, Plenty Road and home.

A very enjoyable run on some very good roads in near perfect weather. What more could we ask for?

**R. Bloxham** BMW R75/6

**FOR SALE:**

YELLOW GOLD WING 27,500 km JUST BEEN TUNED. H4 HEALIGHT, LOW HANDLEBARS . WITH THE BIKE WILL GO 20 LITRES XL OIL.  
PHONE KEN MARKHAM 5093510 AFTER 5pm WEEKDAYS

**GRAND TOUR 18-7-76**

The President's Grand Tour was a most enjoyable day, but unfortunately there were a few mishaps. A total of 26 bikes and two cars left the KBCP after a brief discourse on the day's run and Bob's short talk on safety. We headed out on the Western Highway with blue skies and sunshine. But, being the middle of winter, it became overcast and quite cold as we approached Ballan.

By the time we reached Daylesford there were many frozen hands and, would you believe it, snapped visor screws. Greg Moore, being very well equipped, supplied spare screws and tape to the victims. We all grabbed a bite to eat and some collected petrol. Then Big D led the club out towards Maryborough.

We were the last to leave, along with Bob Evans (who was rear rider), Vinney, Lee and Jo. Unfortunately, we didn't make it. A car crossed our path just as we accelerated off and Anthony, I and the bike landed on the ground sideways. Due to low speed, not much damage was done to either party. This left us half an hour behind the club. Our thanks to the people who helped us after the accident.

The road between Daylesford and Maryborough was in good condition and good speeds were reached. We all had lunch at Maryborough, then Darren – in his car – gave us a tour of the town.

Corner markers were left, but unfortunately Bob took a wrong turn, so half the club was strewn around Maryborough. Once this was understood, Bob and ourselves rounded up the stray sheep and we all congregated at the historic railway station where the boys all played "Choo-Choo-trains". It honestly looked like a kindergarten.

After they got that out of their systems we were ready for the return trip, but once again misfortune struck and Hans got a flat front tyre. Big D decided that most of the club would start back so Allen, Paul, Vinney, John and Julia accompanied Hans to the nearest petrol station. They said they would meet us at Ravenswood which was our next stop for fuel.

As always, we were last to leave with Bob and a few others. We picked up the corner markers and headed towards the open road where the blue light men (cops) stopped our group. Unknown to us, Peter Tapp had been speeding, so consequently he was booked. A new guy, John, on a green Suzuki, had his name taken and the rest of us had our licences checked. "PHEW!"

From there on it was smooth sailing with corner markers on every corner and us travelling over really good roads, we reached Ravenswood. Just after we arrived, Hans and his group re-joined us. GOOD TIMING HUH???

It was now 4.30pm and, although it was very overcast, it started getting slightly colder. Riders were now deciding whether to meet at the café or go home. Big D led off and we came home via Sunbury and Bulla. Many took their own routes from the Tullamarine Freeway. A few of us met at the café for tea with everyone talking about the day's events and congratulating Big D for such a well organized run.

WELL DONE BIG D....

**Anthony Rae** (K900)

## ECONOMY RUN 1976

I would like to thank all those who took part in the '76 economy run. Thanks must also go to Les Leahy for organising the most varied (terrain wise) economy run yet.

Whilst we must congratulate Nick Peoze for getting the most mpg. I would like to point out that since Nick and Kath O'Neill are not financial members of the club, they cannot be hailed as the MSCAV Economy Champs. Therefore this makes Paul McKenna the winner of the '76 Economy Run, and in so doing, has the honour of organising the '77 Economy Run. Congratulations Paul!

### **Bob Evans**

Club Cap

Average Distance Covered = 161.76km

Cost of Petrol – Super=17.4c/lit. Standard=16.4c/lit.

	<u>NAME</u>	<u>BIKE</u>	<u>Km/lit</u>	<u>Mpg</u>	
1	Nick Peoze	500 BMW	30.93	87.37	
2	Kath O'Neill	380 Suzi	29.32	82.82	
3	Paul McKenna	650 Yam	28.22	79.71	(standard)
4	Ian Taylor	400 Honda	26.81	75.73	
5	John McKenna	750 Honda	24.91	70.36	
6	Frank Bloxham	750 Honda	23.65	66.81	
7	Vincent Lee	900 Kawa	23.27	65.74	(standard)
8	Ken Markham	1000 Honda	23.26	65.71	
9	Greg Moore (&Noelene)	750 BMW	22.70	64.12	(pillion)
10	Neville Borgelt	600 BMW	22.70	64.12	
11	Dick Bloxham	750 Suzi	21.32	60.23	
12	Hans Lentfert	750 Suzi	20.72	58.54	(standard)
13	Roger Holt	1000 Honda	19.96	56.39	
14	Noel Gilliland	750 BMW	17.70	50.00	
15	Mick Fagan	900 BMW	15.21	42.98	
16	John Emmerton	1000 Honda	14.00	39.56	

## MT MARGARET: THE SNOW OR BUST

Sunday 1<sup>st</sup> August 1976

At precisely 9.32am, a leader and a rear rider left KBCP – great stuff! Darren was there in his little Honda car to give us moral support – slack! (Where's that new LTD Gold Wing, Darren?)

Ken Markham turned up for a sticky, and promptly departed to join that other club – traitor!

With yours truly in the lead, and Rusty on the black BMW bringing up the rear, the "Club Run" arrived at Lilydale where a small, but somewhat more respectable group of members awaited us.

There were eight bikes altogether, plus Greg Smith and Pretzel in a big blue van. Greg had hot coffee for all, and a bit of shelter should it be required at our destination. (Yes Darren, we miss that Mobile Coffee Shop badly.)

Greg's machine wasn't all that sporty, so he decided to head for Marysville and meet us there for lunch – at least that was the plan.

Bob Evans decided he would like to go rear rider instead of leader, after last week's grand tour to Murchisons Gap via Kinglake, Glenburn, Yea and a few other little places to which his nose led him.

Yours truly decided that it would be a pleasant change to go to Marysville via the Reefton Spur Road, rather than the Black Spur. That way lunch would not be too early and not too late. The club's Prize Eater had other ideas. "Too Dangerous!" said Roger. So Roger was left behind and hasn't been seen since.

We had a fairly uneventful trip along the Warburton Highway (including a section of the old road) enjoying all the corners until rain descended upon us near Wesburn. From here, the ride was more cautious and very, very cold. The Reefton Spur was negotiated with considerable care, as all sorts of hazards such as sleet, ice, twigs, and falling eucalyptus leaves made the going very tricky.

At the top of the Reefton Spur we all decided to stop and thaw out our frost-bitten fingers. Bokie Bob arrived, bringing up the rear, took off his helmet and gloves, looked up and gasped – "My God, it's snowing!"

Sure enough little flakes of white stuff floated down to earth. After several minutes of thawing out and gawking, we headed off in the general direction of lunch. There were several miles of gravel road to be negotiated in the twelve mile ride from the top of the Spur to Marysville. En route, it snowed and our visors fogged up.

Now folks, it is one thing to say we are going on a snow trip, but motor-cycling on unsealed roads whilst snow is falling has just got to be the best endurance test for riders yet. Visibility was very low, and several on coming four wheel wonders full of gawking Sunday Tourists didn't help matters.

Anyway, everyone got to Marysville without mishap – well almost everyone. We looked left, right, high and low, waited for ages longer than was necessary, but Greg Smith and Pretzel were nowhere to be found.

After lunch, everyone agreed that it was too miserable to continue with the run to Mt Margaret. After all, we had seen the snow and that was what mattered most.

After a petrol stop at Narbethong, we headed through consistent drizzle in the general direction of home. One of Darren's favourite toys was noted on the right hand side at Healesville, puffing away merrily in the rain.

The ride from Healesville to Lilydale was one of the hardest I have had since Step-thru Days. A gale force wind kept everyone alert insofar as sense of balance was concerned. Spray from cars was flying in all directions, as was foliage from roadside trees and bushes. Near Lilydale, one tree had given up the ghost, and was causing considerable congestion whilst civilians and boys-in-blue worked in unison to clear the offending obstruction.

At Lilydale, we all dispersed and headed for home.

**M. FORMAINI** (750 Honda)

With assistance from **D. SNAITH** (400 Honda)

## **BIG MAC NITE**

Well, as the story goes, the bunch of us were always saying, “We must all go for a ride somewhere one night”. Well you know how it is, that night never seems to come, so I thought it’s about time it did.

Got the old matter working and decided to have a ride through the Dandenong's, and end up at a MacDonald’s eat-up-joint for coffee and a burger, or whatever took our fancy. I thought up a few words, and put them on paper as an invitation, and made sure everyone in the group got them, with a foot note, “NO PIKERS”.

A 100 percent turn up was experienced. I might note that only MSCAV members were invited, and all from the north-western suburbs. Those who took part were:

Hans Lentfert	750 Suzi	Allan Watson	550 Suzi
Paul McKenna	650 Yam	John McKenna	750 F1 Honda
Greg Moore	750 BMW	Lyle Rae	GL1000 Honda
Vin Lee	900 Kawa	(me) Anthony Rae	900 Kawa

The weather lent itself to the night – cold but quite a fine evening. Terrific view from the top of the mountain. The whole round trip up thru Olinda, Lilydale then back to Croydon and home took us approx 3 hours.

The final remark of the evening was “That was great – we must do it again”. I wonder how long that will be?

**Anthony Rae K 900**