

EDITORIAL:

Good to see that most members got through the Christmas, New Year period without too many mishaps and we hope that like us, you are looking forward to a lot of motorcycling this year throughout Australia under the banner of the MSCAV.

One member who was not lucky enough to enter the New Year unscathed was our Assistant Secretary Jim Coleman. We understand he has broken another arm and done immense amount of damage to his machine. All your friends wish you the best, Jim, and we hope that you will be back on deck in the Committee as soon as possible.

Apologies for a small magazine this month but if you don't contribute, we can't produce them out of the air and Bob's crystal ball developed a crack in it before the holidays thereby making the task more difficult.

We understand Howard had a big surprise sprung on him this week with a surprise birthday party. Many Happy Returns, Howard!!

It's amazing the number of marriages that are to occur this year; we wonder if it's because it's a leap year:-

Ron Hayward on his way to Antarctica decided to tie the knot with Anne over night;

Mark Coghlan and Elizabeth are to get married on the 6th March at the R.C. Church, O'Connor, Canberra.

Brendon and Sally are to be married at St. Marks Templestowe at 2.00pm, 28th February; all friends are welcome to come to the service. Unfortunately, due to circumstances they are unable to invite everyone to the reception.

We wonder who will be next?

Congratulations to Pauline and Les Bennett, who had a baby girl just before Christmas.

Don't forget the trots night – Saturday 21st February – should be a good night – bring plenty of money to back all the winners!!

Heard that Ken Markham has finally got the first yellow Honda GL 1000 in the club. WOW!!!

Editors

Bob and David.

FOSTER WEEKEND 6 – 7 DEC. 1975

We left for Foster at approx 12:00 Friday after the club meeting. On arriving at Foster, we discovered that Les Leahy (750 BMW) was already there, so we set our tent up next to Les. We had a perfect ride to Foster except for some strong wind between Meeniyan and Foster (mainly near the Foster lookout).

On Saturday morning we rose about 10:00am. After breakfast we waited for the rest of the club, which consisted of:

Greg Smith 750 Honda

John McKenna 750 Honda

Keith Anderson 750 Honda
Vin Lea 550 Honda
Lloyd Wissman 350/4 Honda
Ian Taylor 350 Honda

After lunch everybody set out for Tidal River. I bet Greg Smith was glad he went back to the camping ground to get his waterproofs as it was pouring at this stage. The club stopped at Yanakie for petrol. From Yanakie we proceeded to Tidal River, but not before we were relieved of 40 cents at the entrance to the national park.

At Tidal River we went for a walk along the beach and (because of the rain) it must have looked like Sea Monsters out for a walk as everybody was dressed in their waterproofs and helmets. I don't know which was worse, being drowned in your own sweat, or the rain.

A few of the energetic members decided to go bush walking (only a few miles) in the hot sun. Carol and Vin decided it would be better to turn back after walking about one mile. They came back and joined the intelligent people, namely Greg, Ian and myself who had turned around when everybody else had decided to go walking. Well, it was much better sitting in the sun, drinking cool drinks rather than trying to climb mountains.

Our group decided to go to Whisky Bay, so after leaving a note on one of the bikes, we left for the Bay. After the other group met up with us we proceeded back to Foster. On the way back we met up with Paul McKenna 650 Yam and Hans Lentfert 750 Suzi.

When we returned to the camp it was time for tea so some had fish and chips and others went to the pub, but after finding out the exorbitant prices, returned with fish and chips. That night we made a campfire, told dumb jokes around it, and eventually went to bed. In the morning we woke in time to see Les Leahy having breakfast and generally getting ready to leave for home as he had to be back early.

After pulling the tents down and packing up, the club left for the township of Foster where we met Gary O and Jo GL1000, Anthony and Julie 900 Kawa and Michael Formmani and his pillion (Greg McGann) 750 Honda.

From Foster we set a quick 100 km/h until we arrived in Yarram at 10:30am. We waited in Yarram for the BMW club and Four Owners club to arrive. After the arrival of the two clubs (the 3 clubs gave a total number of bikes in excess of 50) we left Yarram for Won Wron prison.

At Won Wron we had a BBQ. After lunch some members of the clubs took several inmates for rides on their bikes while others went swimming in the pool.

On leaving Won Wron the clubs split up into several groups. Some groups went back to Melbourne via Traralgon and others went via Foster. The ride back was uneventful with moderate traffic even along Dandenong Road.

CAROL and TREVOR MICHIE R60/5

CANBERRA TRIP

About a dozen or so bikes left Fawkner Cemetery at 8am on Boxing Day for Canberra. The Kombi (Darren + three), en route to Qld also came up with us.

Just the other side of Kyneton, Gary O got a flat. Removing the back wheel etc posed no problems, and the GL was soon mobile again. We noted that the offending nail was tucked away in a pocket to be framed later on?

I got ahead after this, trying to catch up to the main group, and when I stopped for petrol at Benalla, Gary and the rear rider must have passed me as I didn't see anyone until I got to Canberra. I went up the Hume, not trusting Suzi's petrol consumption enough to follow the club through the Snowy Mountains roads.

Because I waited at both Benalla and Wodonga, I must have missed the peak traffic, for I would have passed maybe two dozen cars between Albury and Canberra, and didn't encounter any little blue, white, fawn or candy coloured men. Grateful to the gods nothing went wrong, I enjoyed the relatively new experience of touring solo, though Canberra was a welcome sight for sore eyes (and hands, legs, back, shoulders).

Riding into the city the next day was like riding into a motorcyclists bad dream. I had never seen so many cops. They literally swarmed the place on bikes, in cars and Kombis. (We later found out the Komis were used for accident appreciation.) Yet, out of Canberra city, we rarely came across them. Anyhow, none of us were hassled.

One of the first day trips we did was to Cotter Dam for a BBQ lunch. It was good to see Howard Moffat, who came down for the day in his car from Sydney. That afternoon, Gary O and I visited the Tidbinbilla Tracking station, and Mt Stromlo Observatory. We went back to the observatory that night in the hope no other tourists would be there: this turned out to be and we were lucky enough to be shown how the telescope and associated paraphernalia worked by one of the astronomer guys. He told us some of what he was trying to do and that several good night's "viewing" meant weeks, even months of sorting and analysing the data.

Sunday saw us at the Australian War Memorial, which is everything it's cracked up to be. Later we learnt that Dick Bloxham had recognised his father in one of the World War 1 photos!

On Monday, the weather couldn't decide between out and out rain, and drizzle. That afternoon, jokes and stories were told under a sheet of plastic bungie-corded to nearby trees and bikes. Les Leahy arrived late in the afternoon on his blue BMW.

Anthony and Julie, John and Paul McKenna, Vin Lea, Greg M, and Hans left on the Tuesday to go to Anthony's aunt's place (somewhere north). Les L, Keith Anderson (+ brother-in-law), Gary, Andrew Buckmaster and I went to Mt Kosciusko. Unfortunately, the last bit of the road to the top was deemed to be dangerous, and ONE bus was hauling people up and back. The other equally undesirable alternative was to wait until after 6pm, and then go up on the bikes. We got back to the camping ground well in time for tea!

Gary and I decided to head back to Melbourne on the Wednesday. We went south to Cooma, then along the Monaro Highway to Bonang. From there we took the 'highway' to Orbost, covering some 80 miles of dirt road. I had never SEEN so much dirt road, much less ridden on it. I was OK until we hit the mountains, where I slowed up considerably – Gary waited ¾ hour at Orbost for me. Once on the Princes we made fairly good time home, with neither traffic nor cops presenting problems.

Finally, I think all who came enjoyed the trip. Thanks to Darren for his letter to the ACT cops. I'm sure this was the reason none of us had any trouble up there.

Suzi 250

Bob Hodge's 21st – December 20th 1975

B.Y.O meat and grog, 7pm, it said in the club magazine but despite the beautiful weather, not many members were at Phil Nash's place in West Heidelberg when I got there around at 8pm. Maybe quite a few were sleeping off hangovers from Ron Howards "Off to the Antarctic" party the previous evening.

Some people, in fact, seem to have started pretty early in the afternoon: Phil and Rusty had picked up Bob Hodge earlier in the day off the train from Perth and had decided that such an event called for an early start to the day's celebrations. Nice to see Bob back in the fold.

Later that evening one or two people, got a bit stoned and started to act up. One became distinctly pyromaniac, taking petrol out of a bike tank and throwing it on the barbecue, narrowly avoiding having all his eyebrows singed off – or worse. We nearly had some barbecued bikies. The same gentleman also began boasting about the size of a certain part of his anatomy, usually concealed from view. He was challenged to produce the evidence but, even with an offer of 20c a round, he declined (couldn't find it eh?).

MSCAV members are, however, not easily put off by such refusals, and suddenly Superman (Superdick) was seized, disrobed, and the aforesaid portion of his anatomy inspected. Unfortunately, nobody had a metre ruler handy for measuring purposes. Superman then found himself in the unfortunate situation of being so pissed as to be unable to restore his garments to their normal positions: perhaps it was just as well he didn't try to ride his Honda 750 after all this.

Mike Davis

FOR SALE

Partly used Metzeler front tyre, 3.25 X 19 inch. Rille Pattern; Plenty of rubber left yet. \$10.00. Contact Les Leahy

550 Suzi and bits, see Ken Holmes.

Chain Breaker-staker. Genuine Honda part, for joining endless Honda chains. \$15.00, see Darren Room

In 1973 the following article, written by Les Leahy, was printed in the magazine. Due to the large number of new members that have joined the club since this time, we, the editors, feel that its rewriting will be of assistance to them...

A PRACTICAL SURVIVAL KIT FOR THE NOT-SO-MECHANICALLY-MINDED MOTORCYCLIST

Oh! So you've met him already; the guy in the group who is forever bending your ear about how he can strip down a double overhead camshaft Yamakazi using only a Singer sewing machine screwdriver and a pair of side cutters. Bully for him; but for you and me, here is a bundle of goodies that will make you look cool under the most disastrous circumstances.

VINYL AIRLINE BAG:

Contrary to general opinion, this is the most important part of the kit, as it keeps all the items in one area, and avoids spillage onto the roadway.

Rip out the studs at the bottom, and throw away the now loose piece of masonite from inside the bag.

For approx \$2 you can have yourself a real bargain which in conjunction with an elastic bungee cord is perfect for stowage.

TYRE LEVERS:

Immediately we have set the scene for the single most important factor which causes a motorcycle on tour to stop - lack of inflation of that part of the tyre adjacent to the carriageway. Let me point out the cold hard facts:

- a) Riding a motorcycle with a flat tyre is not on.
- b) Pushing a motorcycle with a flat tyre is not on
- c) Running alongside with your motorcycle driving in first gear is not on.
- d) Flagging down assistance from passing motorists is not on. (A 38" bust sometimes helps!)
- e) Carrying the wheel to a service station is not on.

So your two tyre levers should be of a variety with very, very blunt edges.

SPARE TUBE:

One of these to the size of your rear wheel will save time and foul language, as patches have a nasty habit of lifting. If the front wheel of your cycle is larger than the rear wheel, no need for concern, for a desperate rider can stretch a tube to incredible proportions.

Footnote: - punctures of the rear wheel are more common than of the front.

PUMP

This is an inexpensive item readily available at any motorcycle shop. 26psi is extremely difficult to attain with the human lungs.

TYRE PRESSURE GAUGE:

Not essential, but better than guessing.

PATCHES:

Tube mending patches come into play at the onset of your second puncture, the spare tube already being in use. These should be of the burn-on nature and you will find a box of matches an inexpensive but worthwhile investment to keep with you at all times.

CLAMP:

This is a fair sod of a shape to pack away neatly, but is advantageous for clamping the burning patch to the tube.

TYRE VALVE:

Silly you, it wasn't a puncture at all, just a leaky old valve. Never mind, you've got a couple of spares tucked away in your jacket pocket, haven't you? A few valve caps of the variety for tightening the valve core are also handy.

RUBBER MALLET:

Topline moto-cross riders replace knobby tyres onto rims with a few swift blows from a rubber mallet. This is a difficult manoeuvre to perfect, but I personally give the tyre a couple of taps with the mallet after fully replacing with the conventional levers. Unknowing bystanders will be left gaping at your professional aplomb.

The rubber mallet is also excellent for driving tent pegs, loosening reluctant bolts, and in cases of extreme wipe-out, straightening cycle frames.

CHAIN BREAKER:

Now here we have the most technical piece of equipment in our kit. Although a good one is fairly expensive, it is becoming more and more essential in these days of soft links, hard links, not-so-hard links, cuff links, golf links, rusted links and just plain ole broken links. Real desperados will also carry a spare 6" from their old chain before they threw it away, plus one or two connecting links which fit.

With so many different methods being used, it is almost impossible to describe how your particular chain will affect rear wheel removal or breakage, for that matter.

A good rule is to have a practice run through at home on Saturday afternoon. While you're at it, remove the front wheel, too. If you have a bike like mine, there just happens to be a nut up there that no spanner in the tool kit is large enough to fit. Better to find out in the convenience of your own home than 60 miles from Queenstown.

PLASTIC SYPHON HOSE:

When your buddy runs out of petrol, it is interesting to note how many receptacles you don't have at the time to transfer petrol from your tank to his. Five or six feet of tubing takes no space at all and will have the job done in a jiffy. Clever types will buy it of a diameter to slip onto the tank petcock. This avoids the nasty sensation of a mouthful of supergrade.

SHIFTING SPANNERS: (ADJUSTABLE SPANNERS)

It is a handy practice to carry one teeny weeny shifting spanner (good for tightening spokes) and one dirty big shifting spanner (good for that one nut my tool kit didn't include). Owners of Japanese machines should be careful to select a metric shifting spanner. (My apologies for that attempt at humour!)

SCREWDRIVER: (Phillips, impact, for the use of)

Phillips screws, the ones with the crossed slots in the head, have brought many a tough motorcyclist to his knees. Firstly, take the screwdrivers in your Japanese tool kit and throw them as far away as possible, then go out and buy some really expensive Phillips drivers that fit the screws on your bike.

If you fancy the impact driver, go ahead and buy it; penny pinching is no way to combat the fiendish crosshead screw.

BULBS:

Riding in the dark without lights is very difficult, if not impossible. Carry a spare of all bulbs, wrap them in foam rubber and tuck them away where they can't be broken.

ELECTRICAL INSULATION TAPE:

Electrical insulation tape is rarely used for electrical insulation. Indeed, one member of our club uses it to attach the soles of his boots to their uppers. Carry lots of it, and you too will discover 101 ways to use it as never before.

This "Survival Kit" has been documented purely as a guide. There will be items not listed you should include for your particular cycle. It was not meant for instruction on 'HOW' but simply 'WHAT'. Thanks for your patience and attention and remember, if you should break down, DO make sure that you're way the Hell back behind me at the time!!!

MT COLE 11th JAN 1976

Apart from minor directional problems getting out of the city area onto Ballarat Road, the day's ride to Mt. Cole proved to be an enjoyable and interesting run.

As we were running late in the opinion of the leader David C, no stop was made at Melton to collect members who chose to meet there. Instead, they were beckoned to join in as the club slowly travelled through town.

The first stop was made at Ballarat to collect food for lunch, as the picnic area chosen was some 50 miles away, with no shops in close proximity. After refuelling for the smaller bikes and large Hondas, we were able to leave within thirty minutes of arriving.

On the second leg, the road chosen was the North Western Highway where no vehicles were encountered, and with just a slight headwind, the club was able to make good time to Lexton. Here we turned off and headed for the Pyrenees Highway, still making good time. About 3 miles from Elmhurst a turnoff was made, which brought us to the base of Mt. Cole, and the picnic area.

While most people sat around eating etc, the leader turned off to find the road that led to the top of the mountain and the TV station. Unfortunately, the road would not be found, and to my surprise, the club decided to follow the leader even though they were warned that they may get lost, and that all the tracks were dirt.

By this stage, approx 15 bikes were on the run, and up the mountain we headed. After a time we came upon a track named Lookout Hill Track. Now I ask you, wouldn't you expect this track to lead to the top? Alas! It didn't, and, in time it turned into a goat track which obviously was used nowadays only for bulldozers.

The club was now spread out over some considerable distance, and during a brief stop for consultation, Les Leahy passed this comment with a smile on his face that "we don't know where we are but we're still with you". This was very reassuring, especially as the leader didn't know where he was either. It brought back memories of the tale we had all learnt at school about the brave 500 that rode into the valley of death. Mind you, by this time, there was little point in turning back, as the road we had just traversed was full of holes and uphill.

As good fortune would have it, the track did lead in time to a major dirt road which eventually led to the TV tower. At the top, it was found that four bikes came to grief on the way up, but nothing serious. Those concerned were Greg Smith, Joanne Rowe, Hans Lentfert, and Brian on the 500 twin Honda.

After running repairs to Joanne's bike, it was back along the track to Beaufort, where we all refuelled, and relaxed while further repairs were made to Joanne's bike, which had a busted chain link.

By this time the weather was nice and pleasant, and after a brief consultation with a policeman in a candy car who was so poorly educated on motorcycles – he called us bikies – we headed back to Melbourne.

The ride back was completed in just over 1 ½ hours in glorious riding weather, with just a slight tailwind.

I must give a mention to Sue here, who was on a Honda 400/4, and who has not had much experience in dirt riding. Although she was wary of the roads we went over, she kept going at all costs, and this type of *Guts and Determination* is what's needed to become a good rider.

The day's outing proved to be good experience for many of us to brush up on our off road riding, and I hope that the mountain will be visited by the Club again.

COBBLEDICK'S FORD 21-12-75

A large number turned up at KBCP for this tour, and as usual, Mick was late. Bob insisted that members kept their distance while travelling in convoy. Darren led us via Melton, where lunch was obtained. NB Roger was the last to leave!

After a quick look at the reservoir, we continued on to the Ford, where the roads were so rough, my "teeth" started to rattle.

At Cobbledick's, we relaxed, and were predictably entertained by trail riding feats. The crowning performance, however, was a GL biting the dust!

Soon the group became restless, and seeing as a few began to leave, the Secretary proposed a trip to the You Yangs, which all favoured. We stopped at a roadhouse near Werribee, and left an hour later after being expertly shown by one fellow how to 'hot wire' bikes. Darren received a lecture about the behaviour of bikies in the area.

We took the back roads home, and all, including a few new faces, enjoyed a most pleasant outing.

Big Daddy

P.S An enjoyable evening seemed to be had by most at the Christmas Party. I felt, however, that the setup appeared to lack that atmosphere which makes a night really go.

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The early bird catches the worm, but look what happens to the early worm.

Now-a-days, most bank accounts need month to month resuscitation.

If you think talk is cheap, try paying a phone bill.

Crime does not pay as well as politics.

Only those who are already born believe in abortion.

God isn't dead, He just got the hell out of here.

Q. Is it true that you can cure a cold by drinking orange juice after a hot bath?

A. It helps, but very few people can drink a hot bath.

Q. What do you suggest a person do if he swallows a pen?

A. Use a pencil.

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