

## GOOD VIBRATIONS JULY 1976

### EDITORIAL

We, the hard working editors of this great mag of yours, DO NOT apologise for the very small mag that appears this month. We do, however, thank those who did contribute. If the response is not any better next month the mag will cease altogether. The editors do not want this to happen as we feel that the club needs a mag and it would not be fair to those who take the time to write articles to see their time wasted. Please send your articles in at LEAST one week before the Thursday before the meeting. (Excepting the Sunday write-up just prior to the meeting.)

Thanks to all those who gave their time to amend the Constitution and Road Rules. Special thanks to Jenny Daws who fed the subcommittee doing the Constitution. Thanks also to the young lady who typed out the amended road rules.

Remember the Economy Run. Sunday 11/7/76. Find out the economy of your motorcycle, the REAL economy, not what you think it is.

Bob Hodge's address for those who remember him, is Roebourne Caravan Park, P.O Box 144, Bay 97, Roebourne, Western Australia, 6718.

Congratulations to Gary Osborne, for getting a motorcycle far suited to his style of riding.

Triumph on Lake Bullen Merri Run TWO pints of oil between Colac and Winchelsea?

Sorry to hear about John Emden. Heard that he come in contact with an automobile, and now his front forks are out of shape.

### **EDITORS JO AND BOB**

### MILDURA

After travelling through fog and mist – during which I was grateful for Anthony's assistance – and Paul unluckily being pulled over by the 'wallopers', a group of us arrived at the camp site. We met Greg Smith, Ken and Hans, who were already settled in, and after swapping tales of the journey up, we set about doing likewise – the main quarters being in 'Vinettville'. Thereafter, our interest was directed to the centre strip of the road just outside the campsite, where there was a display of paintings for sale, plenty of 'birds' looking at the painting, and Ken giving a lecture on his GL.

More tale swapping after tea, with Lurch telling some roaring stories. Peter tap arrived on a borrowed water-bottle. Entertainment for the night was a trip to the drive-in in near freezing temperatures.

Sunday started at 9am with the promise of a fine day ahead. Three took off to Broken Hill, while Les and Jo cycled off to the bike races.

The official run took in a tour of Mildura, and then headed towards Wentworth, where we stopped just out of town to visit the bike museum. The smallest capacity was a 98cc machine. As we were strolling through, someone pointed out what must have been the Road Runners' bike – brand name of 'Acme'.

We toured along the Darling River, and inspected Lock 10 before going on to the jail, where a guide gave us a run down on the place before going over it. We went up the tower for the view, and then back to Wentworth for lunch. We then ventured out to the sand hill, where some of us watched

some trail riding, whilst the more energetic ones trampled the sands. We travelled back to Mildura via Merbein.

Back at camp, we checked out what was showing at the drive-in and after tea we tramped across – this time more prepared for the cold. It turned out to be a good night for all.

On Monday, we broke camp at 11am. Anthony led the trip home down the Calder, the first fuel stop being Sea Lake with some people having anxious moments by having to turn on to reserve before getting there. Lunch was obtained after some difficulty in getting served. After by-passing Bendigo, we had a short stop for fuel, and just before we re-joined the Calder, we passed a bad accident. A car had completely turned over, and had its bonnet buried in the dirt.

Nearing home, we turned off the freeway, where we sort of split up unknown to the leader – who was waiting elsewhere. I finished up at his place first, and this ended an enjoyable trip, the emphasis being on ‘Vinettville’.

### **Big Daddy**

## **PRESIDENTS GRAND TOUR – SUNDAY 18<sup>th</sup> JULY**

Briefly, we will be leaving Melbourne and heading in a north westerly direction. The trip will circumnavigate 250 miles. Roads fair to middling. If participating in El Presidente’s Grand Tour, you are requested to follow instructions, the first one being – start the day with a full tank. For further instructions – read (and absorb) the road rules that were distributed at the beginning of this month’s meeting.

### **FOR SALE**

+ 1 SET OF BRAND NEW KONI SPRINGS TO SUIT CB-750  
+ 1 TIMING LENSE FOR GL 1000  
+ 1 WORKSHOP MANUAL FOR GL 1000

\$18 THE LOT.

GARY OSBORN 877 3231

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It was noted, and about time I might say, that the standard of riding on the home journey of the Mildura trip was terrific, If only the standard on day trips could get half as good, it would make riding with the Club a hundred percent more enjoyable and less hazardous.

### **MARYSVILLE – June 6th**

On a cold and crisp morning nineteen or so motorcycles braved the weather to meet at KBCP. The club run was to a place called Stephenson's falls. After a brief briefing, John Hinds led us out of Melbourne via the cunningly placed obstacle course of pylons and town lorries from the MMTB.

This was ridden with military precision, with neither side scoring, in spite of a lineman's attempt to do otherwise with the help of a red flag.

With Mick BMW Fagan as rear rider, we reached Lilydale. Here we were greeted by railway gates which were temporarily out of control. At Lilydale we picked up a few more club members and then headed off towards Warburton. Our leader keeping a good pace, we were able to enjoy some fast bends and good roads. Blue lamps were rare, but occasionally a strange glow could be seen in the sky. This coincided with brief spells of less chill in the fingers.

Some kilometres past Warburton we found some interesting bends through the hills climbing fairly steadily. On one of these, a right hander, a four wheeled (no-revolving) Holden Six being steered by an amateur stunt man, nearly collected Roger's GL as he skidded round the bend. Roger was not impressed, and was seen to stop and walk into the bushes shortly afterwards.

At this point we reached the junction. Of course, our route lay down the muddy potholed track. (I had spent Saturday cleaning my Honda). Being a complete novice on unsealed roads despite 20 years riding, I slid and sloshed along and was soon last but one, with Mick's silver smoke BMW travelling a lot slower than usual, behind me.

The 350 eventually showed me how to catch up, and after more bitumen we let down through drizzle into Marysville Village for fuel, food and drink. Then we were all off to Stephenson's falls.

We looked at the falls and then sheltered in a picnic shed until John led us out onto the Maroondah Highway via Narbethong and the Black Spur, to Lilydale where we dispersed. Some went home while others went on a run through the Dandenong's. Bob Evans was seen riding pillion on Les Leahy's BMW and on the way home on Mick Fagan's BMW. Was he observing the effect of his words on road behaviour while his Honda was getting repaired? (The answer to that question is YES.) I thank John Hinds for a very good run.

### **Barry (350 Honda)**

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### **FOR SALE**

One Suzuki Trail Bike 185 cc., 12 Months Reg. Fair Condition, Ex Commuter Bike. Price. \$280.00  
See Jolyon Dunn. Phone 489 6912

### **HIP POCKET THOROUGHbred. 20-6-76**

A small group assembled at KBCP but by the time the VC had led us out to Lilydale, we had a total of 15 bikes in tow. Of great interest to all and sundry was club's latest acquisition...the "Hip-pocket Thoroughbred".

Just by way of a change, and to kill a little time, it was said, we headed towards Yarra Glen. At Coldstream we turned east towards Healesville along the road which roughly parallels the railway line. This gave us a change of scenery from the heavily trafficked Maroondah Highway, and took us around some very enjoyable sweeping bends. It also gave us a hint of what to expect of the ... "Hip-pocket Thoroughbred"!

We descended upon Healesville via the Chum Creek road, and as it was a ridiculously early 11.30am, our fearless leader ignored the anguished cries from friend Roger (hunger pains no doubt) and headed straight for Malleson's Lookout, (yes, that's what this load of tripe is all about, dear readers), hotly pursued by....the "Hip-pocket Thoroughbred"!

As you may or may not know, Malleson's Lookout is on the Don Road, which goes from Healesville to Donna Buang, except when it's closed to traffic, which it was on this fine day. Fortunately, it was open far enough up to allow us to reach the lookout, and as the road is a "motorcycle special", an exciting ride was had by all, especially the VC I believe, who had fun and games in his endeavours to prevent a certain Moto Morini 3½ from climbing into his hip-pocket. Yes folks, like most so called Italian Thoroughbreds, the 3½ is a natural for a quick burst around a tight mountain road.

After admiring the excellent view and checking out the rest of the road AFAP we succumbed to the pleas of those present who (a) didn't rise early enough to eat breakfast, (b) don't have a wife to get breakfast for them when they sleep in, or (c) suffer from worms!

As the local footy team beat us to all the homemade pies in Healesville, we settled for the usual hard-crust juicy inside variety, and soaked up some of the glorious sunshine for a wee while (yeah, we did that too).

As we still had the whole arvo ahead of us, the unanimous decision was for a ride up to Yea, via (you guessed it) the Black Spur! This proved really great 'til we crossed the range and rode into the fog, but after standing in the sunshine at Yea for half an hour, we felt fit for the ride home. This was undertaken in beautiful weather via Flowerdale and Kinglake West, down a rather devious and bumpy side road that the leader somehow found, and we eventually found ourselves at the Humevale go-kart track. After watching the action there we again set off for home, and after making a very sudden right hand turn off the main road just south of Whittlesea, we found ourselves on a potholed dirt road that skirted the local aerodrome.

Eventually hit the bitumen and made a bee-line for Melbourne via Epping, dispersing at High St Preston.

Questions:

1. How many bikes were present?
2. How did our friends kill time?
3. Which club member suffers from worms?
4. How many bikes nearly collected Howard when he made that right hand turn?
5. Does John Daws really watch Countdown?
6. Is Bob that hard up for articles that he will print this rubbish?

S'all

FLIBBERTIGIBBET.

PS anyone answering less than 3 questions correctly will be strapped to a speeding Gold Wing with an Inoue rear tyre and Ken Markham driving. OOHDATSMEAN.

### **TURNS OF THE MONTH**

- a) The first high class social event of the month was held at Bob Evan's abode on the 19<sup>th</sup>. The cream of the MSCAV, approximately 20 in number, attended. With the bath stocked with various containers of alcoholic refreshment, people settled in for what turned out to be a most enjoyable evening. The host for the night was seen flat on his back, with a glass still half empty in his hand as the last of the guests were leaving. Thanks are extended to all who braved the cold weather to come.

- b) Which well-known owner of an R90S was greeted by a camera flash and a chorus of people yelling 'SURPRISE' when he came home on the night of his birthday? Among the gifts received was a sheepskin rug with a certain four lettered expression incorporated in its design. The rug is now to be found as his pillow. Anyhow, Happy Birthday Mick.

### **TURNS OF NEXT MONTH**

You will all be invited to our Vice President's Birthday Party.

Time. 8 o'clock on the night of the 3/7/76

Place: 50 Wallace Ave, Murrumbena.

Greg wishes as many members as possible to attend.

### **LAKE BULLEN MERRI      27<sup>th</sup> June 1976**

Yes folks – I thought it was about time I turned up for a run, but brrr! Who ordered the weather? It seems our long drought has well and truly ended. A certain gentleman, who occasionally puts in an appearance of his yellow F1 Honda 4 and brings with him nasty weather almost without fail, was present. Add to this fact that just about every time I venture forth for destinations beyond Geelong, the clouds roll in, and you have an excellent climate for road touring. Brrr!

Undaunted by these threats of rolling clouds, strong head-winds and occasional drizzle, fourteen riders, lead by John McKenna and reared by Big D, left KBCP at 8.35am and headed in the general direction of Geelong. A stop was made at Laverton, where Big D remained faithfully until 9.15am, the official meeting time for members at the location.

Enroute from Laverton to Geelong, we got a taste of what the day was going to be like. Several wise riders were noted at the roadside donning waterproofs, and seeing that it was only one isolated shower at the time, I decided against stopping. Oh, fool of fools! After Geelong, the skies became a duller shade of grey, and whilst I managed to dodge the worst of it, I well and truly copped a wash in the last two miles into Camperdown, our lunch stop.

Yours truly finally got the message, and donned his waterproofs – after squeezing out the worst of the rain from the bottom of his strides.

The run from Geelong to Camperdown was via the back roads through Bannockburn, Cressy and around the north side of Lake Corangamite. On arrival at Camperdown, we met Howard Higham at the Ampol Petrol Station, and after filling up, we all descended upon the local eatery.

Certain privileged members were invited to a feast at the Gleeson Homestead, whilst the rest of us had to be content with the local variety of meat pies, hot dogs etc. Whilst we were consuming these wholesome goodies, who should arrive but the club's Best Eater, Roger the Dodger, on his Gold Wing, accompanied by Les Leahy and Jo on the blue BMW.

After lunch we did a quick zap up to the summit of Mt Leura to get our bearings, and to purvey the scenery through the gloom. Then we went back down the hill, through Camperdown and almost missed the turn off to our destination.

Lake Bullen Merri and its companion, Lake Gnotuk, are located inside the blown-out crater of an extinct volcano, about two miles out of Camperdown. There is a pleasant 8km scenic drive around Bullen Merri well worth taking on a good day – but – oh Brother! What a health hazard in the wet! A clay surface and road tyres aren't a very good combination, but fortunately, no-one came asunder.

A stop was made at the bottom car park to enable certain persons to ablute at the local convenience. Back at Camperdown, the general consensus was to head for home. Howard took the lead, and petrol stops were made at Colac and Geelong on account of the chopper on the run having insufficient fuel capacity to go more than 60 miles (100 kms) at a single hop.

Enroute between Geelong and Melbourne, we were struck by a heavy, consistent drizzle, that combined with the backwash of dozens of those little four wheeled wonders, served as a tremendous test for all waterproofs as well as driving skill and patience.

Despite the miserable weather, there was a great spirit of togetherness on the run which wasn't dampened. It was good to come on a run again after several months' absence, and enjoy the companionship that goes with being a member of the MSCAV. Let's keep it up folks.

**Michael Formani**

(alias Formaldehyde) 750 Honda.

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### **Ant and Eleph-Ant**

Said a tiny ant  
To the elephant,  
'Mind how you tread in this clearing!'

But alas cruel fate  
She was crushed by the weight  
Of an elephant, hard of hearing