

JUNE 1976

EDITORIAL

Good News

We, the editors of this great Mag of yours, would like to thank those people who contributed articles this month. As you all know, NO articles, NO great Mag.

Also in this issue you will find the article about The Australian Touring Motorcyclist Association. This has been included as the MSCAV is a touring club and we feel it would be of great benefit to some of our members.

Bad News

As Club Captain I am worried about the corner markers, or to be more correct, the lack of. Some members seem to think that they only have to stay on corners as long as it suits them. Waiting for the rear rider seems to have gone out of fashion. Reliable club members know this is not so. It is a pity that all members who go on club runs do not seem to have the nous to obey this simple but most important club rule. This is why the run to Strathbogie (which should have been a good one) ended up by losing the rear rider and a couple of club members. Their day was spoiled and so was mine. If per chance when I lead club members on a club run and I do not happen to leave a corner marker on a corner the next two members who are behind me could stop and mark the corner till the rear rider comes thru. Owing to the fact that we cannot be tied together on a club run, corner markers are most important. I hope all club members take note.

If we all do our best in this regard, the day's run will be most successful; if not, a good day will be spoiled by a corner marker just not having the patience to WAIT.

Bob

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Long weekend trip

12th to the 14th June. Those who want to go, meet Keilor Shell Service Station 7am.

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Friday 2/7/76. Feature Film. Club Hall. Be there.

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For Sale Dept

Swinging arm to suit Honda 250 or 350. See Katrina. Phone No. 4782773 Home.

EDITORS: Jo-Anne and ROBERT

BENDIGO

I arrived at KBCP about 8.45am to find a bunch of people looking hopefully up at the hopelessly bleak sky. Close on 9am a committee member turned up, (no prizes for guessing it was Big Daddy), and we left soon after to pick up the rest of the club. At Fawkner Cemetery, lo and behold, another bunch of people searching the heavens for a glimpse of blue sky. We left Fawkner with Brendan and Sally leading, Big D, as rear rider, and a good run up in between.

The first stop was Heathcote for petrol and a smoke, and then on to Bendigo – where Brendan took us for a minor tour of the inner city before finding the main street. The first thing on the itinerary for the day, as usual, was food – the big question was where do we get it? Our leader was heard to say that there would be stacks of places seeing as this was the main street. Well, after walking a bit, we found two.

After lunch, the group split up to “see the sights” – the sights being a Chinese wax works; the talking tram; gallons of red paint disguising a Joss House; and the gold mine with its PA system that escorts you to points of interest.

Howard and Beth led the way home down the Calder Hwy to the dispersal point at Tullamarine, where we all stood gawking at the jets coming in. By the way, Roger, I hope your photos came out!

It was an easy run, with the traffic presenting no problems, and it was good to see people riding in accordance with the somewhat dicey conditions.

Jo 400/4

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STRATHBOGIE

(A good experience for all.)

A good turn up was recorded on the Strathbogie run, with about 17 bikes in all. It started out a cold, windy day, but as luck would have it, someone up there liked us and made the sun shine.

Eight bikes arrived at KBCP with Ian on his new 400/4 (congratulations) and the noisy ramble of a GL1000 with megaphones, Paul on his new 650 Yamaha and myself on my new GT550 oil burner. As usual, Big Daddy and Bob were elected rear rider and leader rider respectively.

The rest of the troop we picked up at South Morang, and headed for Yea, all trying desperately to keep our bikes on the road because of a strong cross wind. Arrived at Yea after passing thru a good load of sweepers, and the wind was gone and the sun was shining, so we filled our tanks and stomachs. We even made friends with one of the local dogs.

Some very good roads were experienced after we left Yea, consisting of bitumen roads with bumps big enough to send you flying from your seat, or to cause sump scraping on the GL's!! Also gravel and dirt roads that with one wrong move could send you over the edge to look at the scenery below.

Everyone was wondering whether Bob knew the way, and as luck would have it, he didn't. Many people used a variety of words to describe where they had been and what they thought of Bob.

Still, we plunged into the unknown only to discover we had lost Big D and a GL Honda – BECAUSE OF SLACK CORNER MARKERS THAT WEREN'T THERE. The club wishes to apologise to those two riders and hope they found their way home okay.

Greg, on the BMW 750, became the rear rider after losing Big D. Thanks Greg. We stopped at Yea again for afternoon tea, and then came home through Christmas Hills along some good twisty windies. The traffic wasn't heavy, and we stopped at Eltham to disperse.

Everyone enjoyed themselves, and I felt it was a great day for the experienced and inexperienced alike, with every type of road possible. I would like to thank the organizers on a job well done.

Alan 550 Suzuki (new one, even!)

THE HONDA CB750 The Greatest Motorcycle of all Time.

The history of the largest selling road bike of all time had its beginning in 1959, when the Honda Company of Japan established a branch in the U.S.A, called Honda America Inc.

During the early 60s the Honda Company did well in the European racing scene and the success led to the wide sale in the U.S.A of the small Honda motorcycles such as the CB 72, a 250cc machine, the antecedent of the CB250 and CB350 which sold well too, and to enter the field of heavier machines, Honda released the CB450. These CB450 machines had a performance which exceeded that of the Harley Davidson Electro glide, a 1200cc unit. However, this machine did not have the appeal of the European competition, and in the spring in the U.S.A in 1969, Honda introduced the CB750, its first heavy class road motorcycle and it was quickly to capture this market in the U.S.A with 2,000 units a month produced. It was designed for long distance touring, and to have an ample reserve of power, good brakes, stability on the road, and above all, reliability.

The four cylinder principle was adopted to cut down vibration, one of a long stroke to keep the engine as narrow as possible. The SOHC was adopted rather than a duel system for reliability and simplicity. For the same reason, compactness, a dry sump was used, although this system is more expensive. The double cradle frame, Honda's first, was used to improve cornering and handling.

The tyres, Dunlop K87 were developed by Honda and Dunlop especially for the CB750. The Tokiko single calliper disc brake was designed for the bike, the first mass produced bike with disc brakes. Other first were large instruments, separate tacho and speedo, and a kill switch.

Despite all the new features, the CB750 was a refined bike and one which was very easy to ride. Honda described it as the "Ultimate" motor-cycle, and I refer to it as a gentle but reliable and easy to maintain. It has become a legend whilst still being manufactured!

NUMURKAH 1976

Well, we arrived at Fawkner Cemetery and most of the club was there, chain drives being the most popular. As they were all ready to go, we left almost at once. The weather was not the best until we hit the new section of freeway to Seymour, from there on it did not rain. Made very good time to Numurkah.

We already found that the early risers were there waiting for us. All the tents were neatly aligned along the water's edge, but just to be different the "Lurch -ville" was erected under the shade of a coolabah tree. This grand structure seemed to attract all comers. It also was the place to meet and talk about bikes.

A contingent set fourth (or fifth even) to see just what the pub and the rest of the town had to offer. The local was just the place to shout "Johno's" tea as the next day was his 21st birthday. After doing that we then went back to our cold tents, to have a bit of a yarn and hit the sack.

Sunday: The sun did not want to get up and neither did I. Most of the club set off home via the Hume Highway. The remaining five detoured, and without a map, plus the directions of a misguided Nathalian, got lost. So what else is new? After all that, we finally came to a good dirt road and then ended up at Echuca.

Only one shower was encountered just before the Barmah State Forest. We were told later that those who went home along the Hume Highway were soaked to the skin. Arriving home like the “Brass Monkey” we all went and attended John’s 21st. Goodonya Johnno.

Everyone who made the effort to attend found it to be most enjoyable. The park had good amenities and a nice camping area. We hope to visit it again sometime in the future.

Lurch (Kawa 900)

BENDIGO 16/5/76

Despite the wet and most unpleasant conditions a good turn up was en-counted at KBCP. Our first stop was at Heathcote to refuel – this was after a battle thru wind and rain to get there.

After we left Heathcote down came the rain once more and stayed with us until we reached Bendigo, which could have been described as “Brass Monkey Country”.

We stopped outside the RSL and found a café to get a hot coffee and something to eat but the shop attendant, when we arrived, was very disturbed about our presence and refused to serve us and kicked the rest of us out.

Cold and hungry, my Hubby and I found a pizza place and enjoyed our lunch. We met back at the RSL at 1.00pm and discovered that everyone had split up into different groups, so we tagged along to see the gold mining museum. Some of the attractions visited were the pottery museum, the joss house, the tramways, the gold mining museum and doll and toy museum.

We spent a couple of hours in Bendigo and by the time everyone had visited their desired attraction, the sun came out and we had a nice run home. Personally, I was very glad to see so many on the run considering the early morning weather was so bad.

K900 Pillion

AUSTRALIAN TOURING MOTORCYCLISTS ASSOCIATION

P.O. Box 23, Aldinga Beach. S.A. 5173.

The association plans to enable members to find basic overnight accommodation, aid in emergencies and provide friendship whilst touring, both in their own State and interstate. The proposed anonymous book concept will enable members to extend mutual hospitality without the risk of the system being misused by non-members. The listings supplied contain phone numbers and first names, therefore the prospective “host” can only be contacted over the phone, and has the freedom to make positive identification of that person as a member.

The extent of hospitality offered to a member, past the stage of basic overnight shelter, is entirely up to the host concerned, and visiting members shall conduct themselves in a manner which will make any return visits welcome. Directors will be arranged in each state, so that members will have a personal contact in the organization wherever possible and any suggestions or comments may be

passed onto us. It is proposed that after the initial stages, the positions of State Directors and our organization committee will be subject to annual elections.

We plan to produce a printed book, but for the early stages, the anonymous listing will take the form of newsletters, updating listings as the association expands. The membership fees will consist of a \$2.50 joining fee, and an annual fee of \$4. A membership card will be forwarded to each new member for identification purposes. The present committee consists of BOB EVANS, MARTIN BELL, STEVE AND MAUREEN EVANS, and we are sure that the association will be rewarding to all concerned.

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

NAME IN
FULL.....
.....

ADDRESS.....
.....

PHONE NO..... CLUB (if
any)

TYPE OF
MOTORCYCLE

I OFFER THE FOLLOWING – OPEN INVITATION FOR COFFEE AND CONVERSATION ()
TENT SPACE FOR (), SHELTERED BEDROOM SPACE FOR (), SPARE BED (), TOOLS
FOR REPAIRS (), SHELTERED WORKSHOP AREA (), MY MECHANICAL SKILLS ARE
POOR () FAIR() GOOD() PROFESSIONAL(), I HAVE A TRAILER OR SIMILAR TO
TRANSPORT A DISABLED MOTORCYCLE (), I AM WILLING TO TRAVEL () KM TO
HELP A STRANDED MEMBER.

SIGNATURE

I enclose joining fee \$2.50 and annual membership fee \$4. TOTAL \$6.50

PUFFING BILLY

It was one of those rare days when the weather was fine. There was a good turn up for the ride thru the hills on Old Smokey. We had a carriage reserved for us for the spine jarring ride up, but on the return trip it was every man for himself to obtain a seat.

The ride starts at Belgrave and goes all the way to Lakeside which has some spectacular views thru the hills.

Most people brought their lunch but some people chose to do it the hard way and B.B.Q. their own. Some people went for a paddle on the lake in the paddle boats which looked as though they would fall to pieces after a few turns of the paddles. One very keen fellow went for a swim in the freezing waters. Poor fellow. A lot of people were just relaxing or walking around in that funny thing and seldom seen sunshine. The amusing event of the day. Garry O brought his dog in one of his panniers. The dog was sitting up in the pannier with a grin from ear to ear, just like Jacky on a log.

He looked as though as if he was really enjoying himself. I think everyone who went on the trip enjoyed their day out in the hills.

Bruce and Sharyn

TARRA VALLEY

The day started off very early 7am, to be exact. One of the earliest start to a club run for a long time. Greg Moore and one other fellow were the only ones to come from KBCP. All the others who were to come on the run were already at Cranbourne.

Our club Captain (Bob) told us as it was a long run and there was no time to dilly dally. After that came the ride that separated the men from the boys. The story I am about to unfold is true; only the names are the same to protect the innocent.

When we left Cranbourne our club Captain took off at the speed of light, and then accelerated. We came to Korumburra in the twinkling of an eye, gassed up, and on our way once more.

Heading towards Yarram proved to be an education to the newer members of the club. Bob took off at Korumburra and only for a selected few, was not sighted until Yarram. At Yarram we stopped for lunch, then on our way once more. Out of town past the hospital turn left. Tarra Valley here we come.

Dirt roads were taken in our stride. The club captain rode like a man possessed. Fearing nothing our brave band followed him into the valley. Reaching our final goal we stopped for a short time to observe a Lyre bird taking a stroll, then on our way once more.

Grand Ridge Road, need I say more? Once our club captain saw that road, there was no stopping him. He accelerated at the speed of light squared, (all this on a Honda four, mind you. The mind boggles.) and came into Traralgon with both tyres smoking and much less rubber on them than when first started out.

Stopping at the outskirts of Traralgon waiting for the rest of the group to arrive (which was not long) we all proceeded towards Morwell where we had some refreshments and waited for our adrenalin count to go down to normal. Then we headed for the big smoke at much reduced rate of K/P/H.

Those who made the effort to go found it most beneficial. I hope that there will be more runs of this nature as I found myself to be a lot better rider after this type of run.

Observations made: who was the person that seemed to be behind the club captain no matter what? Whose exhaust pipes were scraping? And who had the four legged footed animal in front of him for a short time? Sorry to hear that the only female on the run fell off going around a corner. She was not hurt and that is the main thing.

Anon.

NUMURKAH (OR A STUDY IN DUCKS' MATING HABITS!)

Well peoples, the Numurkah ride started for me early Friday afternoon when I met Roger (R75/5) in Glen Iris, where he is staying. We decided not to go up the Hume Highway, as it was bound to be full of cops and all kinds of 4 wheeled tin things. We opted for the back roads up through Kinglake West, Strath Creek etc. to Seymour, where we virtually crossed the Hume to get on the Goulburn Valley Highway. Stopping at Shepparton for flake and thirsty, we arrived at Numurkah around 5pm, where we found Greg and Noelene already settled.

Much to the amusement of the peoples there, I proceeded to erect my new tent for the first time. However, being “the expert I am”, it was up quickly with no problems – except for sore hands after putting in the 30 pegs.

In the morning, our population had increased dramatically with the midnight riders’ award going to Jo and Les. With Greg Smith’s arrival, he was asked if he was the club, but no. With the arrival of Malcolm and Pat Frew, Russel and a guy on a 750/4, we asked if they were the club. No! Upon the arrival of Anthony and Julie Rae, Vince and a few others, we found that it was third time lucky, on account of the fact they were the club!

Mid-morning, a small group decided to go to the Barmah Forest and have a look around. High average speeds were obtained on the way there, and spirits were high as we entered the forest.

Ken had given us a warning that he wasn’t going to take the GL trail riding, and wouldn’t venture off the made roads. As we travelled further and further, the road, or construction thereof, got less and less, until we came to a large dried up clay pan or lake, where it virtually ended. At the sight of this we took off across it to see what was on the other side, and found that the other side was the same as the first side.

After the forest was inspected to our satisfaction, we left for camp and a late lunch. On the way back, Hans (water bottle), Ken (GL) and myself (90S), had a top gear test between each other. It was interesting to note that each machine was very close in performance, and only at extremes of braking, cornering, accelerating, and top speeds was there real differences – which in normal circumstances would go unnoticed. Overall, the three machines, with varying kilometrage: GL 20,000, 90S 40,000, GT750 Suzi 70,000, on the clocks were capable of doing virtually anything as good as the other. It would be more interesting if the three could be tried out with identical odometer readings of about 80,000kms or more.

After the test, the three bikes then stopped and waited for the others at an intersection. It was there that an interesting conversation took place, which went like this: Kent to me, “Did ya that time, eh! And it’s a thousand bucks cheaper than the S.”

Then Hans, laughing, to Ken, “It’s got 70,000kms up and your GL JUST did me by a whisker, and she cost me a thousand bucks less than yours.” At this stage of the conversation, both Ken and I started to smell what was suspiciously like a clutch burning. We looked at each other and then at Hans’ bottle, and saw smoke coming from the engine (not the exhausts). Hans stopped laughing!

Back at the camp we had a late lunch and got under cover as a light rain came down. That evening most went to the pub for a counter tea, and stayed a little longer coz the meal made them thirsty.

Sunday morning mostly saw everyone packing their gear. When just about everyone was nearly ready to leave, who should arrive looking like a refugee from Cyclone Tracey, with tales of rain and water down in Melbourne? None other than Mother! Everybody travelled back in small groups, on account of the fact they all went different ways.

We followed the main highway to Seymour, whereupon we took the Pyalong road to Tooborac, where we headed to Lancefield, and then on to the Tulla Freeway and home.

Below is a list of peoples, in order of appearance, who came and, on account of the fact I’m only human – debatable sometimes eh? – I couldn’t remember everyone or all the names, so I apologize.

Greg & Noelene R75/5
Mick R90s
Roger (SA) R75/5
Ned R60/5

Greg Smith CB 750
Malcolm and Pat Frew CB 750
Russell 900 Kawa
Guy on red CB750

Ken GL
Hans Water bottle
John New Type 750/4
Les R75/5
Jo 400/4 Type Honda

Anthony & Julie Rae 900 Kawa
Vince 900 Kawa with Julie's brother's girlfriend
Julie's brother 550 Suzi
Paul 650 Yammie
Mother on Sunday CB 750 (or what's left of it)

Mick R90S

For Sale Department:

New Throttle and Front Brake Cables to Suit Honda CB 350. Also Service Manuel to Suit Same.
Price \$11 or Offer. Contact Ian Taylor Home Phone. 563123

One Tent. Excellent Condition. Clark Rubber Type. Two Man, lots of room for luggage. Has extra fly. Canvas type tent not plastic. Price \$45.00. See Mick Fagan. Phone 478-2773

APOLLO BAY

The club left the car park at around 8.30am led by Les Leahy and with Big Daddy at the rear. We made our way towards Geelong Road with about 19 bikes: the usual number of Gold Wings (5 all told), 2 BMW's, 3 Kawasaki 900's and various others.

Our first stop was to be Laverton, where we picked up 2 riders, Paul on his new 650 Yamaha, and a fellow on a 400 Kawa. We left Laverton at 9.15am, and made our way up Geelong Road, our first fuel stop to be at Lorne.

We arrived at Lorne without any incidents. The fellow on the 400 Kawasaki had somehow got left behind, probably because he was running in his new bike and could only do 80kmh, but Big D had been informed that he had been to Apollo Bay before, so there was no need to worry about him getting lost.

As we were about to leave the petrol station at Lorne, we were paid a visit by the boys in blue, just making sure we were keeping to the limits! But little did they know that people on bikes can't resist the Great Ocean Road for a fang.

We arrived at Apollo Bay at 12.05pm with everybody still in one piece, the Gold Wings missing metal off the mufflers and crash bars after scraping their ways around corners. After about 30 minutes Roger rolled up – he had ridden across from Ballarat. We were due to leave at 2.30, so there was plenty of time to do what you liked; some went to Paradise whilst others went over some new territory.

The club left Apollo Bay at 2.30 via Wild Dog Road, which after you had travelled on you knew where they got the name from – it was as rough as guts. Some people, whose names I will not mention, decided that they would do it the easy way, and took a slight detour to miss Wild Dog Road – some people were not pleased.

As corner markers at the end of Wild Dog Road, Ken Markham and I vowed that we would catch the main bunch of riders as there was plenty of good road ahead. After waiting about 7 minutes for Big D, we headed off. I did not see that GL for the rest of the section. We went back through Winchelsea, and down to Geelong for our final fuel stop, and then headed back to the café.

Vincent Lee

SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT SAFETY

I have noticed over the last few months that the general riding of the club has improved. However, this does not mean that I am completely satisfied with all the club members' riding. With winter already here, we must take more notice of what goes on around us. As you know, on a motorcycle you do not have any protection once you hit the ground, (some club members already know this much to their sorrow). I don't like to get up at club meetings and damn and blast club members but sometimes it is necessary as I find that on some club runs members are not riding as they should.

The safety of the club while on a run is the responsibility of all the members to ride as carefully as they can. One foolish move by a person could bring down himself or more (as often is the case if you do not allow enough room between yourself and the rider in front of you) if you are not alert.

Two things that the average motorcyclist has going for him (or her) is one, the ability to get out of the way when the need arises, and two, vision, a quick turn of the head is sometimes needed to avoid a serious accident. Nowadays, with traffic going the way it is, motorcyclists must be more alert than ever. Too many young people are getting killed on our roads due to lack of attention on their part. Motorists cannot be blamed all the time, so motorcyclists must take more care and know just what is going on around them.

The MSCAV committee hopes all club members have a safe winter, riding with and look forward to the better weather which will come no matter how long it takes. So remember to look around you and LIVE.

Club Captain, Bob Evans

WANTED

Pannier Rack to suit Honda 500/4. With mountings, and of solid construction. Must look neat and tidy. N.B. Only rack required. Any type or make will be considered. If you can help please contact, Les Stevenson. Phone 763-9158

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The ads that go in the mag are for the financial members only. All ads must be short and sweet. Limit of three ads, in one month's mag., for one person. Only to do with motorcycles and accessories. This also included want ads. For more information see Editors.

ROAD RULES

The club road rules shall be issued to all members and shall be recognised as a component part of the Constitution.

- a) All State Road Laws are to be observed at all times. Speeds travelled shall be determined by machines present and road conditions.
- b) Start the day with a full tank. Switch off your machine as soon as you arrive. Do not start it again until ready to leave.
- c) The Club Captain shall appoint a Leader and Rear Rider. Observe who they are.
- d) Line up in single file behind the Leader when asked to do so and proceed in single file.
- e) Do not overtake the Leader. Follow the Captain's requests to keep a safe distance from the machine in front. (50 feet)

- f) If you stop at a corner to point the way, wait for the rear rider regardless of time unless otherwise directed by a committee member.
- g) If a machine breaks down, the following two machines and the rear rider shall stop. When the fault is located, one machine will proceed and inform the leader of what is happening. The rear rider shall not overtake any other machine.
- h) No rider shall stop for refreshments or fuel until the leader stops. Check fuel after each stop and top up if you have any doubts at all.
- i) All cars travelling with the club shall travel at the rear of all the machines or in front of them if so desired. Endeavour shall be made to avoid travelling in the convoy.
- j) Any member wishing to leave the main body on the home journey before the dispersal point is reached must first obtain permission from the group and the leader. This will prevent a needless road search from being organised.

FOR SALE

R75/5 –SWB- Craven Panniers – Fiam Electric Horns – new genuine mufflers – 30,000 miles on fully reconditioned engine – new clutch and R90S rocker gear fitted – will sell with 4 leading shoe brake and spare linings, plus spare BM wheel and drum \$1950 or with standard drum \$1700 price includes tool kit, hand and spares manual and crash bars and near new Metzlers front and rear.

Katrina 4782773 ah 8700222 bh.

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