

EDITORIAL:

Now that the summer is coming to a close we the Editors trust that all the members will be taking extra care in the coming months. Now for some more wonderful news.

Candid comment of the month:

Overheard at Coorimungle prison farm when Darren had Lyle were explaining the finer points of his dummy tank to the inmates. "That's what you call a captive audience" says Garry Osborne.

Anthony Rae, (Kawa 900), was a victim of a mental car in a gas station. The car ran out of control and crashed thru the gas station and collected Anthony's bike on the way. He rode the bike home but it will be off the road for quite some time. Bad luck Lurch.

Paul McKenna, 650 Yamaha, had a slight accident with a car on the 6th of Feb. Not much damage to the bike. Paul is OK.

Vince Lee is now the proud owner of a green Kawa 900. Topped off with a black lamb's wool seat cover.

Lyle Rae is the proud owner of a new yellow GL 1000, Welcome to the club, Lyle.

Glad to see that Brendon and Sally got a beautiful fine day to tie the knot. You looked lovely, Sally. Also thought that Brendon's hat suited him.

I am not going to tell you who typed this page, so there.

Editors, Bob and David.

DRIVE – IN NIGHT 31/1/76

After riding my newly acquired 900 Kawasaki around most of the day in stinking hot temperatures, I was looking forward to a night at the drive-in. I arrived at KBCP at 6.15pm. There would have been about 25 to 30 bikes lined up. We decided to see "The Man from Hong Kong" followed by "Fear is the Key" at the Toorak drive-in.

After finding out where the club was going I went home for some tea. I arrived at the drive-in to find the turnout had multiplied to between 50 to 60 bikes. I was amazed at the turnout. Pity we couldn't get this type of turnout on a normal run. The club took up the entire front row. A whole row jammed with motorcycles and motorcyclists. The show started. Everybody was seated one way or another.

Then it started to rain. Just heavy enough to be annoying. Never easing up for more than about 5 minutes during the night. Many people, including myself, were not prepared. Some were; they brought their cars.

If you haven't already seen "Man from Hong Kong" then don't waste your money. It's a C grade film. I think they put the type of show on first so you can go to sleep to be ready and awake to see the second feature, which was better than the main film. Most people stayed for the second film.

Anyway, apart from getting wet, most of us enjoyed ourselves and that's the main thing, - isn't it?

Russell Z1B

The men of the local Irish community were on their way home from their annual Christmas get together, some of them being more or less dragged by their mates. One group staggered down a side street outside a two story house. An argument broke out. An upstairs window opened and a woman's voice demanded, "What's all the noise about?" "What's going on?" A spokesman for the group said, "Is this the Murphy house?" "Yes it is". "And would you be Mrs Murphy?" "Yes, I am". "Well, Madam would you mind coming down and picking out Murphy? The rest of us want to go home'.

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A man in Las Vegas decided he didn't have enough money to gamble, so he decided simply to watch the roulette wheel and bet mentally. In no time at all he lost his mind!

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VAUGHAN SPRINGS – 1/2/76:

It was heavily overcast when I arrived at KBCP about 9.45am. By the time we were ready to go, there would have been 20 to 25 bikes in all. Most of them were regulars, but there were some new faces. We moved off in an orderly procession to Melton via Keilor and Sydenham.

Just before we got to Melton, Lloyd was run off the road by a truck driver who had a grudge against motorcyclists. If it wasn't for Lloyds quick thinking and long motorcycling experience he would have come off and been killed. Mick Fagan had to use the full braking capabilities that the 900S could offer to avoid a similar fate. Boy, was Mick wild at the treatment dished out to Lloyd. The truck was stopped as soon as it got onto the Western Highway. The driver was glad he had almost wiped out both Lloyd and Mick and even had the audacity to say so to their faces. He changed his tune when there was about 15 bikes pull up behind him. Next stop – the Melton Police Station. Typically, they were not there. We let him go. I still think we should have beat him to a pulp, after seeing what Lloyd had gone through. He was still in shock.

After that incident we headed to Blackwood where most of us stopped to put our waterproofs on as it had started to rain. The roads quickly turned to glass, so it was very slow going for those that had any brains. After Blackwood, the next stop was Castlemaine for lunch and petrol. I found my newly acquired Kawasaki 900 was getting quite good fuel economy – better than the Suzy.

We didn't stay long in Castlemaine. So we stuffed food into bags and panniers and motored to Vaughan Springs. After paying 10 cents admission we parked our bikes near the picnic grounds, unloaded our food and restarted lunch. For those that didn't bring anything from Castlemaine, there was a small kiosk open.

Lunch of the day goes to Darren's \$60 burglar alarm which was analysed by Mick and a few friends and was found to be of very poor quality. Darren mentioned that he was given this one – no wonder. I wouldn't pay \$60 for it after seeing its weak construction.

After standing around a while, a few people went in search of the Springs; some went for a slide on a giant slide, built into a nearby hill. When everybody had taken their fill of the local attractions it was decided to head for home.

I don't know who chose the way home, thank goodness, as I'd probably kill him if I did. It was mostly dirt, dirt and more dirt. I HATE DIRT

Five mph most of the way home, on some of the most grotty Forestry Commission tracks I have ever encountered. Ah! Some bitumen up ahead; accelerate; 100km, 130km, 160km, 180km, trestle bridge, back off the bike wobbling badly, brake, brake, wobble getting worse; sigh of relief as I stopped. The only person that had not passed me was Big Daddy who was rear rider.

I jumped off the bike and took one look at the back wheel, sure enough, I'd had a blowout. SHIT! It was my lucky day. That morning I had chucked a few tools together just in case. There was enough there to get the wheel off and Big Daddy was a godsend as he had a spare tube of the right size, tyre levers and would you believe it – even a pump. Thanks. Big Daddy. They came in handy.

While I was changing the tube some locals pulled up and supplied some moral support. Also, special mention to Brian Avery riding his 750 BMW who came back of his own volition to give a much needed hand as I didn't really know what I was doing. It was really appreciated Brian, thank you.

We put enough air into the tyre to ride on to Malmsbury where there was a general store come petrol station. We asked for air and he showed us a very frail compressor. After some minor modifications Brian made, it started to work. We got our air and he got his compressor repaired. He was very happy he was able to get the compressor fixed as he had had a mechanic in to look at it and all the mechanic did when he saw it was shake his head.

After leaving there it was a quiet ride home via Woodend and the Calder Highway, a run where a few unexpected things happened, which made it worthwhile, I suppose, but personally it would have appealed to other members more.

Special thanks again to Big Daddy and Brian Avery.

Russell Z1B

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Gloria was the most popular girl for miles around and had got around to wondering why. So she asked the current number one on her long string of boyfriends. He didn't seem anxious to give her a reason why she was so sort after, so she settled down to quiz him.

"I've been told my hair is beautiful", she said "Is that the reason". "No", said the boyfriend "it's not that". "Is it my face?" "No". "My figure?" "No, you have a lovely face and figure, but it's not that". "My personality?" "No." "My wealthy parents?" "No". She snorted impatiently, and said, "I give up". "That's it!"

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Did you hear about the frustrated robot? He pulled himself to pieces.

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A streaker was hauled before the Judge and asked what was his excuse was for running down the street naked.

JUDGE; "Are you married?"

STREAKER; "Yes."

JUDGE: "How many children have you got?"

STREAKER; "Eighteen".

JUDGE: "Case dismissed. He was in his working clothes".

BELLS BEACH (8.2.76)

I looked out the window and thought: “Wow, what a beautiful day for a swim. The weather is perfect”.

As it turned out, I was the last to arrive, taking the day's total turnout to a staggering SEVEN bikes. I don't know where the rest of the club's 200 odd members got to. Maybe they went to see Agostini race at Laverton in the Australian T.T. Maybe they were all pikers and stayed home. I know where they should have been and that's on the club run. Even if the run wasn't to the beach, the idea of joining a club like this is to participate in its functions and not lie in bed with a cold beer in one hand and your favourite in the other, watching colour T.V. Enough raving for now.

We left KBCP under Bob Evans leadership at about 10.35am. As there were so few on the run, Bob decided not to have corner markers. Because there was an enormous amount of traffic going to Laverton, we rode sedately down Geelong Road keeping a wary eye out for the men in blue. As we passed Laverton, we could see the races in progress. There was a lot of police, people and dust. We must have looked good as we didn't get pulled up.

We quietly passed through Geelong and took the road to Torquay. By the time we arrived, we were looking forward to a swim, but after seeing the rocks that was once beach we decided to go into Anglesea and see what the beach was like there.

After parking the bikes at the car park behind some sand dunes I decided to see what it was like further down the Ocean Road. I went as far as Lorne before returning. The beaches were packed. Standing room only in the water. The sea was dead smooth with small waves breaking about fifty meters from the beach. Perfect for swimming.

When I got back to the car park, I found Brian Avery had already left to find his own way home. Now our brave little band totalled six. It wasn't long before everybody had finished doing their thing and wanted to head for home as big black clouds loomed above, although the temperature was still very high.

Instead of going the way we came, and also to avoid the traffic from Laverton, we decided to take a few back roads. We followed the Ocean Road to Geelong, then turned off to Bacchus Marsh via Anakie, then home via the Western Highway. It was very quick. I don't know what Bob was sitting on but I as rear rider was doing my best to keep up. As we rode home the threat of rain grew by the minute and no sooner had we arrived at the cafe than a huge dust storm hit Melbourne. One look at the storm and we all headed home before the rain came.

In summary, a most enjoyable run only marred by very poor attendance.

Did Bob Evans take his Bellstuffs off before going in for a swim?

KAWASAKI KAPERS

AUSTRALAIAN TOURING MOTORCYCLISTS ASSOCIATION

P.O. Box 23, Aldinga Beach, South Australia. 5173

The association plans to enable members to find basic overnight accommodation, aid in emergencies and friendship whilst touring both in own State and Interstate. The proposed anonymous book concept will enable members to extend mutual hospitality without the use of non members. The listings supplied contain phone numbers and first names so the prospective “host”

can only be contacted over the phone and has the freedom to make positive identification of that person as a member.

We plan to produce a 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 \$4.00. A membership card will be forwarded to each member for identification purposes. The present committee consists of Bob Evens, Martin Bell, Steve and Maureen Evans, and we are sure that the association will be rewarding to all concerned.

Send to the above address for membership form.

FOR SALE

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4 into I for 500/4 \$80.00 almost brand new.

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DARREN'S DAY (1976 "Sec's Tour) 18/1/76

The weather was perfect, one of those rare Melbourne days. On the itinerary it mentioned the possibility of a swim and I was all for it. By the time everybody was ready to go there were approximately twenty-five bikes of various models. Kawasaki was conspicuous because of its absence (in actual fact it was a "GL" run but we won't tell Darren). There was not one non-Jap bike on the run. There were a few Yamahas on the run once again. (Nice to see you on a club run, Tim).

Under Darren's leadership we left KBCP about 10.30am bound for Lake Eppalock and a refreshing swim (piker's excluded) via Mortlake. After an uneventful (read 'fang') trip up to the Lake via Whittlesea, Kilmore and Heathcote, we had to pay an outrageous 40 cents to get in. It was the same price cars pay, and look at the difference in size! For our 40 cents you got a patch of bull ant infested beach and water, so murky and dirty you couldn't see the bottom – even in the shallows!! There was hardly any shade and what there was comfortably shaded most of the bikes.

After having a bite to eat it was time to weed out the pikers (no names) from the people who genuinely came about 100 miles in the boiling hot sun for a swim. Even Darren went for a swim, and enjoyed it. The only bad thing about the swim, apart from the colour of the water, was the very muddy bottom. Those that didn't go for a swim, sat either on their bikes or bull ant nest, but most decided to stand. There were a few people who were sitting on bull ant nests without knowing (eh Jo).

After our swim and a read or chat, it was time to go. We left and had an uneventful ride (see "fang") home. In short, an enjoyable ride for those who went in for a swim as the conditions were ideal. A hot ride for those pikers who will have a wash next year (hopefully), and those dodos that didn't come on the run don't know what they missed.

A certain ward was staffed completely by nurses who looked as though they were finalists in the Miss World contest. But every time one of the patients saw them, he stared intently and said "Rubbish". The man in the next bed couldn't understand it at all. "Gorgeous nurses like these to look after you, and all you can say is rubbish. Why?" "I wasn't thinking of the nurses", said the other sadly. "I was thinking of my wife".

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NURSE: "They brought a case of gangrene into the hospital this morning".

PATIENT: "Thank goodness for that. I'm getting fed up with orange juice".

NAGAMBIE 22 February 1976

About two dozen people turned up for the club run, many being new faces. With Bob Evans as rear rider and Brian Avery leading, the club kept off the main highways thus attempting to avoid the four wheel variety of pests.

Food and fuel were obtained at Nagambie and then we all headed for the Lake. The first place was too cold (water that is) so we all agreed to go to the picnic area where the water was a little bit warmer. The swimming area here was marked out so that swimmers were not terrorised by speed boats. Being thus assured, 10 or so members cooled off in the water, the others being content to lay under the shade of the trees.

It must be mentioned here that Bob Evans not only removed his Bellstuffs, but also the bulk of his clothing, save his swimming togs. For those who do not, or cannot, or do not want to, take this as the truth, I have it on film. The trip home was also kept to the back roads, and was uneventful?

One Yam 250 had plug trouble. The weather was maybe a bit too warm, but the roads were great and I think all who came enjoyed a day of good riding.

Jo 400/4

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

As Captain of this club I have, over the past month, become very perturbed at the way some members have not been pulling their weight on club runs.

Therefore, I feel it is time that a few important points should be brought to the attention of members again: Firstly, Club members when summoned by the leader to become corner markers, must stay put until the rear rider arrives, or until advised otherwise when special circumstances arise.

Secondly, if a bike breaks down, the next two following bikes must stop and assist. One of these two bikes must advise a Committee member as soon as possible after the problem has been located. The other two bikes should stay put until a Committee member returns, (which you can be assured he/she will!). If you move it makes it very hard on everybody as it wastes time, and frays our patience. So please stay put!

Club Captain

HELP WANTED

This edition of the magazine is shorter than usual due to a lack of effort from members. Next month a major change will be made in the production of the magazine, which will require a total effort by all members if they wish the magazine to remain the major source of communication within the club.

Over the past three years it has become increasingly apparent that members are becoming apathetic towards helping out the club which serves them so well, especially in the area of the magazine.

The days have now gone whereby the editors would write over half the magazine to keep the number of pages up to the expectations and demands of the members, for it is a very demanding job that after all must be done during one's spare time.

So if the magazine is to keep up the high standard that other clubs strive to attain, we need your help.

David C.

VIEWS FROM THE REAR RIDER

While travelling back from Nagambie I witnessed a two door sedan lose control in gravel, flip once, land on its roof, and skid into a ditch on the side of the road.

What to me was a great shock turned into elation, when upon being a good Samaritan and helping the occupants of the vehicle climb out of the passenger side window, (who were luckily unhurt), I was rewarded for my trouble.

The moral of this story is that motorcyclists help anybody.

Bob

FOR SALE:

750/4 HONDA K2: New paint job, fairing, craven panniers, 12 months rego, plus many extras, Only 19,000km. \$1400 as is, or price can be negotiated without extras. David 853109

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TYRES For all motorcycles and all makes. Show your membership card and you will receive a \$4 discount at

Motorcycle Tyre Services
536 Elizabeth St.
City. Ph. 3473433

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THROTTLE CABLE, REAR BRAKE CABLE & TWO FRONT FORK SEALS FROM SUZI GTK250. NEW - \$8 THE LOT. SE JO.

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Blue, one-piece rain suit, made by Belstaff, in waterproof nylon: this suit has had very little use. Medium size, \$15. See Les Leahy.

Thanks to the invitation of a New Zealand friend of mine, Ross, I was able to spend about three days riding pillion on a Suzi 750 in the North Island. Ross knew I was going on a coach tour with Greg, and suggested I went over a few days early. So, on Saturday 14th, I arrived in Wellington from Melbourne, bleary-eyed from an uncivilised departure time of 3am.

Ross brought his car, wisely, as I might have fallen asleep on the back of the bike – and after a quick tour of Wellington, we headed up to a friend of Ross's, Graham, where we all had breakfast. Around midday Ross and I headed for Palmerston North and Ross' home, where we swapped car for bike. Then out towards Napier on the East coast. It started to rain on the way, and by the time we got to Napier it was as heavy as a Melbourne winter.

The Ocean View Hotel was a very English like place, all portraits of the Queen and Prince Phillip, dinner at 5pm, and a clientele just like those of Bournemouth, Bognor or Brighton. Later that night the rain stopped and we took a walk around Napier. There, patrolling the streets, were a couple of very English looking policemen, complete with helmets. In fact New Zealand seems much more like England than anywhere else I know. The country is very lush and green, all the shops close promptly at 5.30pm, and it is very difficult to find an open cafe or roadhouse after about 7pm. Lots of English cars on the roads.

After Napier, Ross and I went to Tanpo and Tokaanu, staying at a motel at Tokaanu. Here they have thermal pools, big baths, about 2m by 3m, and 1m deep, filled with hot water from the geothermal areas in Tokaanu. These baths are incredibly relaxing after a long bike ride – I would stay in one for hours – and are a “must” for any visitor.

During the next couple of days we explored the Tongariro National Park, both by bike and occasionally on foot. At the centre of the park are three mountains, Tongariro itself (1968m), Nijuarhoe (2290m) and Ruapeha (2796m). All are volcanoes and all have erupted within recent times – Njuaruhoe in Feb 75. Ruapehu had snow on the upper reaches, and is a magnificent sight – stand by for photos of the 750 with a background of snow capped mountains.

Tuesday Ross took me to the railway station for a train to Auckland, where I was to meet Greg Smith and start the tour. Rail fans will have heard of the Raurimn spiral where the track goes round in ascending circles to gain over 200m of height. Fantastic!

In Auckland I was sitting outside the main post office when I saw a BMW R75/S with Victorian license plates. On the back was a “La Trobe University Agriculture” sticker, so I waited for a few minutes to see if the owner would appear. He didn't, so I left a note on the bike asking him to contact me on his return to Melbourne.

Some club members might be interested in organising a tour of New Zealand. If anyone is, I'd like to hear from them. New Zealand, in summer, is a great place for bikes – marvellous terrain, excellent roads, generally good weather – and although there would be problems in taking bikes across the Tasman, it could be done. How about it?

Mike Davis

