

EDITORIAL

We, the editors of this mag, wish to thank the people who wrote articles for this month's mag. Otherwise, there would be no mag at all, and once it stops, the club as a whole will suffer. We, the editors, do not want this to happen, so we ask you to write some articles and send them to us.

As you have seen in the new itinerary we will be having our Christmas Party at our new club Secretary's place. Only MEMBERS and their girlfriends or wives will be allowed to attend. This is to ensure that the conduct will be of the highest standard as befits a club party of this kind.

I would like to thank everyone who wanted me (Bob) to remain as your club Captain. I am sure that I will have a great back stop in Paul McKenna, but we still need the support of all club members to do the job expected of us.

The new club committee elected by you will welcome (sane) suggestions by you, so do not be backward in coming forward. Remember, the committee can only do as well as the members allow.

A certain couple on a British Motorcycle talk to each other as they ride along; I wonder what they say?

What did Bob Evans say to those two young ladies at Leongatha?

EDITORS

JO AND BOB

TREASURE HUNT 2-10-76

Thanks to those members who turned up for the Treasure Hunt. Also to those who came to the Pizza Palace afterwards. The pizzas were great – they kept coming for as long as we could keep eating, and for only \$2.50 a head!

Everyone enjoyed making clowns of themselves, stirring up the guys in the band, having a riotous time singing along and giving cheek to the lovely waitresses! Some hardy souls even went over to Luna Park afterwards, where rain put a damper on their high spirits, but not enough to stop the Rae Boys (and co.) making spectacles of themselves (again). Good on 'em I say. Wish we had a few more club members prepared to 'hang loose' and enjoy kicking up their heels more often.

For those who weren't there on the day, some of the items required to be collected were:

Three matching ear rings.

A decomposing torch battery.

Part of a 1975 Grand Final Ticket. (Nobody scored here)

A dead snake. (Smithy was the only success on this one. Boy was it high!)

A half eaten apple.

A Bentleigh to McKinnon train ticket.

And many more dumb things like that! The girl at the Melbourne Zoo must've been tired of people asking for dead snakes!

Tom and Pam were penalized 90 points for not obtaining the name of the middle Park Life Saving Club pavilion.

Points scored:

Greg Smith.....	475
Greg & Noel.....	410
Julie & Leith.....	360
Tom & Pam.....	225
Hans	210
Anthony.....	210
Vinny & Lyle (YOU BLEW IT)....	125

Hairy

Gembrook 17.10.76

Sunday morning was a mixture of blustering winds, a bit of blue sky and a great amount of grey ominous grey clouds centred over the Dandenong Ranges area. No prizes for guessing where we were going!

Anyway, 8 bikes turned up at KBCP, but this number dwindled to 6 as Darren and an American on a 750 Honda decided that wet weather and motorcycling don't mix. This left Bob 750 Honda, Lloyd 500 Yammie, Greg and Noelene 750 BMW, Gary O Morini 350, myself and a new guy and his bird on a Norton Commando 850 (nice bike).

After donning waterproofs in readiness for the expected downpour, we headed out with Bob as leader, and Greg bringing up the rear along the freeway, then Burwood Highway to Ferntree Gully, then turned off towards Gembrook. The road was a bit damp in places, so caution was essential, but we still moved at a respectable pace to Gembrook, where it started to rain just as we pulled up. Good timing, eh?

We had lunch at the local milk bar whilst watching the rain set in, and after Greg came back from a scouting mission, we departed, turning left at the first road we found, which led in the vague direction of Launching Place along some nice dirt roads. We finally ended up at the Warburton Road, where we stopped for petrol, and Bob had a ride on Gary's Morini. It gave him a chance to find out what a bike with front suspension feels like!

From there we headed towards Lilydale at a blistering pace, with the Morini trying to break the outright land speed record on some stretches (well, nearly!) We dispersed from there at about 3 o'clock. All in all, apart from the rain, wind and traffic, it was a good ride.

Ian 400/4

I met Big D at Fawkner Friday afternoon. After a leisurely ride via Shepparton and Tocumwal we arrived at Deniliquin in time for eats. After having taken care of the inner man we went to the caravan site.

Ian Taylor had arrived ahead of us but without his tent pegs. These were soon taken care of by making do with cracked branches. Big D forgot his torch but we were lucky and had enough light to put up the tent by.

Next morning our new secretary, Trevor, arrived with Meo in tow. Next to arrive was Ken Markham. Two others arrived, one on an ex-police Honda, the other on a Honda 400/4. I do not know their names but one was called Flasher; more about that later.

Six locals came and wanted our group to drag race with them. Our group had more sense.

Saturday was cloudy with a few afternoon showers. After doing nothing but talking and eating and doing it very well indeed, we all went to the cafe for tea, and then to the pub where some had two glasses and then back to the camp site for sleep. This was at 9.30pm.

At 10.30pm is when the fun started. This is where flasher comes in to the picture. An automobile was heard to pull up and a girl was heard to say with a lot of bad language, "Flasher, Flasher, where in the ??? are you?" We, in our tents, kept quiet and said nothing. But this girl was not going to give in that easily. She started to call out "Meo, Meo where in the ??? are you?" and then she went into Big D's tent. Poor Big D. He did not know if he was shot or poisoned. After that she left. But not for long.

At approx 1.30pm another girl came to our camp site, same bad language, also after Flasher and Meo. Good story so far is it not? Finally, she left also. This is when Meo left. Poor Meo, how could one live in Deniliquin after that.

Next morning Paul McKenna arrived about 10 o'clock. We then packed up and headed off for home. We stopped at Kerang for eats, except Ian. It was his birthday and he did not tell anyone.

Was not much to watch at Kerang so we watched a crazy motorcyclist do a u turn at 100km across an intersection. No wonder these type of people kill themselves.

We went home via Bridgewater, where I nearly ran out of gas. 82 miles on 2 and a half gallons. Not good. Honda 350/4 is not meant to be overloaded and then do 100kms per hour, at 8 grand.

It was a very interesting weekend for those who made the effort. Pity the weather was not better. It must have been a long ride for our new vice captain Paul, but then he has got what it takes for long distance riding.

Lloyd.

BELIEVE IT OR DON'T

MALDON SPRING FESTIVAL

Sunday 3/10/76

As per usual, it was a rush to get out of bed as I had a hard day before with the Treasure Hunt and the pizza in the night time.

I arrived in town just to see the last of the bikes going down Flinders St. I caught up to the group and then proceeded to fall in. There were quite a few on the run, some new faces, and of course old faces.

At New Gisborne I wondered why I was getting poor fuel consumption and then it dawned. I had left the choke on. I was also running my cycle in again as I had just had new rings put in.

Nice to see new girls on a run. Unfortunately they had to leave us when we got to Calder Highway as it started to drizzle and they had to turn back cos they did not have any water proofs. (A MUST FOR ALL RUNS).

We finally arrived in Maldon at 11.30, had lunch, and then went on the grand tour thru Paddy's Market. Candle shops, spinning wheels, weaving shops and watching the kite flying exhibition topped off by a blood red steak sandwich (half raw).

We all assembled back at the motorcycles at about 1pm and then went up to the lookout and then into an old gold mine. Tour was arranged, courtesy of Roger, who had a tough torch. We all plodded down the dark tunnel, stumbling all the way cos you know who, who had the tough torch went on ahead forgetting the others behind him. After what seemed like an hour, but was only five minutes, we all came to a sudden halt cos the tunnel came to a dead end. All ahead back. We headed back with John giving out the most awful sounds of screams we have ever heard.

Then it was back to Maldon for the arrival of K 184. You know what that is, but we all missed it. Then we watched a Scot band tune their bagpipes. Sounded like a thousand two strokes all blowing up.

Meanwhile, back at the Candle shop. We had decided to leave by 3.30pm but Greg and Noelene wanted to watch a kite demo so we stayed till 4pm. Ken left at 3:30pm because he wanted to get home before his motorcycle got the shakes.

It was a very uneventful ride home, but very picturesque. We went thru Guilford, Newstead, Daylesford and Ballan and then down the highway to the cafe for eats by 5.45pm. A very good run on a near perfect day.

A special thanks to our new vice captain for a most enjoyable run. Thanks Paul.

Some Cryptic Comments

1. Want to buy a "2 by 3" kite, Greg?
2. Who was seen looking up the Scotsman's kilt?
3. Who was the poor sod who ended up by eating the SNAKE pizza the nite before?

Greg Smith

ROADWORTHINESS CERTIFICATES (RWC's)

Ever had a hassle with a Licensed Testing station? If so, read on... this is for you.

Recently I bought a 400/4 and so needed to sell the 500/4 I have had for the past year or two. If you sell a bike privately (as distinct from trading it in) you are supposed to get a RWC for the bike, and hand it to the new owner when the sale is completed. In any event, ownership of the bike cannot be transferred officially without a current RWC being produced.

I checked over the 500, then took it to a service station near where I work, and asked them to run a RWC test. The bike was left there during the day; when I collected it later that evening I was very surprised to find that the Licensed Tester, (the LT), had rejected the bike as un-roadworthy on three counts:

- a) Headlamp not working
- b) Front brake disc pads worn out
- c) "Rear mudguard"

I was surprised, yes indeed, as the headlamp was working when I left the bike there, and the disc pads had been replaced just two months previously. The form didn't say what was wrong with the mudguard. The LT was no longer on duty, so I arranged to call in the next day to see him. However, before leaving the service station I switched the headlamp on, it was working perfectly, as it has always done.

Next day I saw the LT. He said (or rather, insisted) that "the headlamp hadn't worked when he tried it"; the disc pad was worn out because "the red line was showing"; the rear mudguard was un-roadworthy because the metal mudguard (as distinct from flap) didn't go down far enough – according to him it had to be metal all the way down to the level of the rear axle.

After some discussion and demonstration, he agreed that the headlamp "seemed to be working now"; and that perhaps the disc pad was OK after all. However, on the rear mudguard, he was quite sure it had to be 'down to the axle' and the only way I could get a RWC was to replace the entire metal mudguard or (perhaps) bolt on an extension. A flexible flap (as I had) wasn't good enough.

At this point I formed the opinion (as the police say) that the LT didn't know very much about bikes, and I pointed out that the same testing station had previously issued a RWC for the bike when I bought it, and that under their rules about 99 percent of bikes sold in Victoria were un-roadworthy. Oh yes indeed, said the LT, nearly every bike brought to that service station for RWC's was failed on the rear mudguard. What do the owners do? Oh, they take them to another Licensed Tester (paying another \$3.20, of course).

As it happened, that day I had to go down to the Motor Reg Office in Lygon St, so whilst there I went over to the official inspection station on the other side of the road. The constable on duty took one look at the rear mudguard and said, "That's perfectly OK". He suggested I return to the LT and ask him (the LT) to phone Lygon St.

Ah ha, thought I, a RWC at last. But no, the LT still insisted he was right; no, he wasn't going to phone the Lygon St people; all I had been given was a verbal opinion, and until he had it in writing, otherwise, from the Chief commissioner of police himself, my bike would stay un-roadworthy.

I suppose most people would, at this stage, have taken their bike elsewhere and kissed their \$3.20 goodbye. I have, however, a strong aversion to be ripped-off, so that although I did take the bike elsewhere – where it was passed without the slightest difficulty – I also wrote a letter to the Chief Commissioner setting out the facts, complaining about the LT, and asking for my money back on the grounds that "the original inspection was not competently carried out".

A week later, a Senior Constable from the Motor Reg Branch phones. They had had some discussion with the service station, and the proprietor was now willing to make me a refund!

Unbelievably, the LT still insisted that he was right; everybody else (presumably including the entire Motor Registration Branch) was wrong.

I suppose I must have seemed a very awkward customer, but how else could I get satisfaction? Why should I pay \$3.20 for an incompetent inspection by an ignorant Licensed Tester? Had I known little about bikes, I might have felt it necessary to replace both headlamp and disc pads at a cost of \$25 or \$30, to say nothing of the rear mudguard. Does this sort of thing go on with cars? A similarly incompetent inspection of a car might involve the owner in unnecessary repairs costing hundreds of dollars.

Mike Davis

FOR SALE

Shoei S-12 full-face helmet, appears brand new, size S (small), red colour. New cost of these helmets is now around \$40; this one's up for grabs at \$20 or near offer. See Mike Davis at tonight's club meeting, or phone 439-2378 any evening.

LONGFORD 31/10/76

It was the first day of day-light saving and some tired looking riders turned up at KBCP at 8am (or 7am in the land of Holy Joh) (Where they have the right time. I put that in myself.)

Because there were few petrol stations open, I was asked to lead to one of the few 24 hours gas stations for a refill, and then was asked to lead for the rest of the day. It turned out to be one of the longest day runs for some time. I made it about 641kms. I enjoyed it all as there was very good riding by all those who took the time to get out of bed and go on the run. We stopped at Hallam to pick up the majority of riders and then went straight on to Sale.

We all stopped at Sale at the right time for lunch and had fish and chips at a shop Mick Fagan, rightly, recommended. After eating lunch we rode around Sale Lake which was unsealed road. (Who says I don't ride on dirt?) Then we were to ride alongside the Sale Common, with the country looking very green, to Longford and then onto Esso-BHP gas works where we were politely refused entry, although you can see from the road that it is a very big place indeed.

Back to Longford and then on to Golden Beach, an area that once was sold to a huge resort on the Ninety Mile beach. Few houses were built and all that is left of the development is the abundance of road signs, but roads have all being over grown now. The only exception is the very useful road along the coast to Seaspray. We could not see the sea owing to the fact of sand dunes on our left blocking our view. However, the wild flowers and blossoms are well worth looking at, and the large lakes on the right had the largest flocks of wild swan that I have ever seen.

We stopped at the river mouth at Seaspray and repairs to Martin's Norton were carried out. I have not seen Martin since. Bob Monahan was rear rider for that run and I have not seen him since either.

Earlier, we had Michael Formanie who left us at Sale bound for other parts. He told us earlier on that he would be doing this. We have not seen him since either. Burke and Wills thought they had troubles.

I was looking for a short cut to Yarram but being unsure, I went via Longford. Mick Fagan and Gary O went via Gilpin by per arrangement, and were waiting in the shade of a coolabah tree, when

we picked them up at Yarram. A fast run thru the mountains was most enjoyable and the LTD felt very stable on the corners, fortunately, since Mick and Gary O were right on my hammer.

We stopped at Leongatha for gas and a drink. Mick Fagan, Peter BMW 900, Gary O left Leongatha earlier than us cos Mick had to go home to catch a roast dinner at 6.30. It was already 5.30 at Leongatha.

Howard and Beth turned up after having waited with Jeffery (Yamaha 650) for an hour for the rear rider who was most probably repairing a Norton on some deserted road somewhere.

The ride back was uneventful to Dandenong and we waived to some three police cars (two unmarked cars and one bike) near Nyora and progressed to Dandenong in heavy traffic from the Island (Philip, that is) using a type of leap frog technique. We then dispersed at Dandenong, Howard and Beth to see how their famous crock pot was cooking. A few came around to see my new electric BBQ. All in all a very good run; motorcycling at its best.

OVERHEARD OR OVERSEEN ON THE DAY

1. John Dawes: This is my longest and fastest ride, would this account for my getting 30 mpg?
2. Dick Bloxham: Having taken the wrong turn. I thought we were going to Paradise. At Leongatha he was heard to say. "I wonder why I only got 20 mpg? Question. How many litres did Dick put in the tank of his BM?"
3. Mick Fagan: after having taken the short cut. We have been waiting for twenty minutes.
4. Roger Holt: Which cafe?
5. Howard Higham: Don't be surprised if I don't come back from Toowoomba. (Half his luck)
6. Beth Higham: I would like to live in Toowoomba too; it has more to offer and no traffic jams. (after travelling from Bass Highway turn off in usual traffic mess)
7. Frank Bloxham: Yes, it is a caterpillar hat really. (It looked like a cotton hat really.)
8. Gary O: The wire is to hold the exhaust on?

Darren Room