

EDITORIAL

We, the editors of this great mag, would like to thank all the people who answered the call and wrote articles for this month's mag. If this keeps up we will be very happy indeed.

Signed **The Editors**

Now for the information about coming events. **First** of all I would like to bring to your attention is the Treasure Hunt which is on the 2/10/76. Meet at KBCP at 2pm. There will be pizza to follow at the Pizza Palace in Fitzroy St, St. Kilda. If you are only coming for the pizza be at KBCP at 6pm. Fully licensed and a band after 8pm. \$2.50 for all the pizza you can eat. They are saving a place by the fire just for us!

Second of all the notes on Tasmania. Next club meet on the 5/11/76. For those who are going this meeting is a MUST. For further details see Greg Moore.

Third of all Sports day is not that far off. The 14/11/76. More details about this will be in the next mag.

Fourth of all, suggestions (sane) for the club's Christmas party. Those with suggestions can see Julie Rae.

Special thanks must go to all the PARENTS who came to our parent day run. Goes to show that parents ARE interested in the younger generation.

I would like to thank the people who have helped me over the last year that I have been your club captain. It is a job you cannot do alone. Owing to the fact I cannot thank you all personally; I hope you will all take this as my personal thank you to you all.

Club Captain for 1975/6.

Robert Evans

EDITORS

JO and BOB

M.S.C.A.V.
Balance Sheet & Statement of Account for Year Ending
September 30th, 1976
Account Held at S.S.B. Dallas.

RECEIPTS		BALANCES	
Opening Bank Balance	366.38		
Membership Fees	551.00	Hall Hire	120.00
Sale of Metal Badges	35.00		
Cloth Badges	27.85		
Stickers	17.40	Purchase of Stickers	51.75
Supper Collections	58.17	Purchase of Safety Vests	58.90
Bank Interest	12.63	Purchase of Cups	15.00
Sundry	6.06	Postage	37.80
		Printing (see note 1)	151.05
		General Expenses – note 2	26.25
Theatre Nights	195.23	Theatre Nights	229.60
Christmas Party	343.00	Christmas Party	240.55
Camping Refunds	10.00	Camping Deposits	10.00
Raffles	55.26	Raffles –note 3	23.60
Auction – proceeds	51.11	Magazine – note 4	122.57
		Self-defence Night	15.00
		Closing Bank Balance	627.02
	<u>\$1729.09</u>		<u>\$1729.09</u>

Notes to Balance Sheet and statement:

1. Printing: This figure includes the itineraries, envelopes, letter heads, receipt books, and membership cards.
2. General Expenses: A \$10.00 donation to Turana Youth Training Centre, cheque books, folders, and general administration costs.
3. Raffles: Prizes for the Lucky Night.
4. Magazine: paper, stencils, and maintenance of the printing press.

Greg Moore – Treasurer.

ALMOST FULL CIRCLE?

I've just been leafing through the latest issue of 'Revs' and I see there is to be a new 650cc four from Kawasaki, and a 750cc four from Suzuki.

As most of my motorcycling novitiate was served on Triumph Twins of 350, 500 and 650cc, I'm glad the 650 class is to get more attention, even if it has to have too many cylinders. (I'm not a teenager anymore, but I'm still a keen motorcyclist and I know what I want to ride.)

'Revs' mentions the XS Yamaha and the Benelli Tornado as the only current 650's, both twins. Perhaps they haven't heard of Triumph – despite all the press blurbs, they are current.

The 650 is a class that has all the essentials – and in sufficient quantity. It has enough power to tour two-up. It is not too heavy to manhandle when necessary. Those I have ridden and owned were very comfortable. Maintenance was minimal and chain and tyre life were good. Also, fuel use seemed extremely reasonable – 70 or 80mpg on a Thunderbird when touring was normal.

Perhaps we are now starting a review or re-appraisal of what the touring rider wants in his motorcycle/

Do we need 'brute' power? Is it worth the extra fuel, tyres and chains etc that it costs?

Do we really need disc brakes on a motorcycle? They look good to some, (but then so do European 2LS drums), and are not so great in the wet due to the cosmetic use of stainless steel for disc material because it doesn't rust and look nasty! Are they really the greatest thing in brakes?

Do we need a bank of coloured 'idiot lights'? (Yes, if you are a coloured idiot!) I manage to know when my indicators are on, high beam, when there's no amp, and also when the oil pressure's down, or the bike in neutral. Even heard a GL going 'cheep' – same colour as a canary too!

Whatever happened to mudguards, and that very useful front mudguard stay-come-front stand that used to be common?

Tail lamps, too, seem to be getting larger and higher – perhaps for car drivers with heads in the clouds?

But to be serious – how do you define a 'Touring Motorcycle' and what is Value for Money? I suggest that perhaps it might be:-

- a) Adequately powered – around 650cc.
- b) Easily controlled – accessibility, ease of operation etc
- c) Very comfortable – range determined by factors such as rider's inclination, rather than sore bum.
- d) Economical without sacrificing performance unreasonably.
- e) Durable – from a practical viewpoint rather than fashion.
- f) Reasonably priced – around say, \$1400.00 on the road.

There are many subheadings which lead off from the above, which are only my thoughts. How about some replies in the magazine (if only to let Bob's beer get warm while he prints them) and perhaps a debate one club night, or at my home – over to you.

I'm quite ready to be torn to shreds, if not convinced I'm wrong.

Barry Barber

PRESIDENT'S ANNUAL REPORT

I would say we have had a reasonably good year again, with functions well attended and the standard of riding good. Apart from the usual thrills and spills there have been no major mishaps to recall, and I would ask all members to keep safety uppermost in their thoughts during the coming year's riding.

We are fortunate to have many interesting guest speakers come along to the general meetings throughout the year and look forward to having more this year. Visits to country prisons were organised as Sunday or weekend runs, and were enjoyed by members and inmates alike. Luckily, nobody from our group was kept there by 'mistake'.

Now with the elections here again, I would like to thank retiring committee members. To Darren, for the wonderful job he has done as Secretary and to Jim and Howard for their help also. Lastly, thanks to our editors for managing to keep the magazine circulating, as it is a hard job with much

time spent on typing and roneoing. Generally, thanks to all who have assisted the club during the year, as it is very much appreciated.

Big Daddy

YEA – WATTLE TIME

On Sunday 5.9.76, approximately 15 motorcyclists set off from KBCP at 9.40am for South Morang. I joined the tour at South Morang, and about 8 other bikes and riders did the same. When I arrived at South Morang, Mick – BMW 90s, Katrina – BMW 90s and Les BMW 750 were waiting. In fact the day was almost a BMW run; eight of the sixteen bikes to remain on the run all day were BMW machines.

After some discussion, Howard Higham was appointed tour leader and the group set off to the right through Arthur's Creek to meet the Kinglake National Park Road. The windy, slushy, muddy, corrugated roads were a forecast of what was to mark the day – plenty of dirt roads for the novice rider.

After reaching Kinglake, we set off for Yea. As per usual the run up the road to Yea was fast and enjoyable. Throughout the day, the weather remained fair, although the clouds frequently obscured the sun, and we all noticed the cold.

At Yea we stopped for a little over an hour to purchase lunch at the Amble Inn Cafe. Most riders also refilled their machines prior to riding over some most exciting narrow dirt roads to Killingworth. Some of the views from the road were spectacular, as were the drops to the gullies below. The road turned out to be simply a secondary route to Molesworth. From Molesworth, the group set off across country to Seymour, where we all rested prior to a fast run down the Hume highway to Campbellfield, where the club dispersed.

We welcomed Ian Budger, Bruce's brother, on his four week old Honda 750 FI SS. It was Ian's first ride with the club, and he enjoyed the day.

The highlight of the day for me, was riding down a dirt road hanging on for 'grim death', trying to avoid getting lost in pot holes, when Mick came flying past on his R90s – he flipped up his visor and said, "You are supposed to ride around the pot holes, and not through them!"

John 750 F1

FRASER NATIONAL PARK – 11/12 OF SEPTEMBER

On Saturday morning I arrived at Lilydale at 8.30am closely followed by Bob Evans, who came down to see the club off only, as he had work to do that day and said he would come on Sunday, which he did. By 9.10am no other motorcycles arrived so Bob suggested the official club be off.

So there I was, and off I went, first, last and always. I did have a breakdown van following me, namely John McKenna in his ute. It was great to set my own pace and not have to worry about the guy in front or the guy behind me. I set a fair pace as I was lucky not to have any rain going up there at all.

I had not looked at the man and when I got to the boat harbour I knew weather was a mixture of rain and more rain and a bit cold in between. On arrival we found THE BIG D and Greg, having arrived there on Friday nite at 10, o'clock. Vin, Anthony and Julie and two other girls were all ready there

and had their tents up taking advantage of the trees and tied up a very heavy tarpaulin (as in ventilated) for a wind break. To do this great feat, Greg jumped up on Anthony's shoulders. They worked on signals back, forward, side, lift, lower etc. A couple of times Greg seemed to have some trouble sitting on Anthony's shoulders but it came out alright in the end.

The weather was still a mixture of you know what. On Saturday about lunch time the lovely ladies decided to go to Alex. The time that they were away makes one think of all sorts of things. A few kangaroos and parrots were to be seen. Also a friendly Greg who took John McKenna for a burn in his boat.

Saturday night at the pub was a night to remember, or so the barman said. It happened like this: after walking up the main street of the town three times, we all decided to go into the women's lounge and ask for, one jug and ten glasses, fill the jug up with sars. The barman was most surprised cos motorcyclists do not go into a pub and order like that. But we got what we wanted and we drank another nine jugs of sars and had twenty packets of chips, and told about one hundred jokes at the top of our voices. One joke had THE BIG D nearly choking on his sars.

After all that we went back to camp. Funny sounds were coming from Vin and Anthony's tent.

Sunday morning the weather was still a mixture of you know what.

Then along came Bob Evans. Then along came Roger, so there. After that (if that wasn't enough), along came Les and Ron making enough noise to awake the dead; even Bob heard them. The three lovely ladies, or was it four, were still away on their trip (the one you take when you are in a car) so Vin and Anthony took off and we did not see them either. We left a note saying that we were all going to get lunch at Eildon as Roger was getting hungry. Then Bob invited us for coffee at his sisters place at Eildon.

At 2.30 we left Eildon and filled up with go power so that we could head to Melbourne via Yea. For this part of our journey we were put in the very good hands of Paul McKenna who led like he was doing it all his life. Roger went home via the Black Spur. Paul took our group via Yea and Whittlesea.

Those who went I know enjoyed themselves and I hope a lot more go on camping trips more often.

Lloyd Honda 350/4

OBRIEN'S CROSSING 19TH SEPT

Leader: Mick Fagan

I often wonder if it's done just to create an air of mystery, or perhaps just plain confusion, or then again, maybe I'm the only one who doesn't know. I refer of course to the location of the named destination (itinerary wise) of quite a few of our Sunday runs – not that it really matters a damn – after all, a run's a run, who cares where.

This one was without a doubt a beauty, made all the more pleasant by the perfect weather Mick Fagan arranged for us. (Well somebody must have put in a good word for us, and afterall, it was his day.)

A good muster of about 30 bikes, mostly big machines, comprised the field for the day – these being supplemented by 4 or 5 cars with parents or members and family aboard. After leaving the car park, we enjoyed an easy ride to Melton, there a brief stop to 'Collect the Others', and then a short run up the highway to the turnoff at Pykes Creek. At this point, the peg scrappers and even the

'would be if I were game' types like myself came to life and really enjoyed the next few miles of winding bitumen, particularly as we all knew Mick was up front, and therefore couldn't scare hell out of us from behind.

I think all would agree that the gravel section down to the river at O'Brien's Crossing was interesting to say the least, but well worth the effort, for it is truly a tremendous spot. I hear say some of the car people weren't too rapt in it – the road that is.

Although we arrived about 11am, fires were soon going, and steaks etc sizzling on the barbecues, which are well provided along with picnic tables. Later, some of the more energetic among us started out on what was to be a good long walk, only to return about 10 minutes later. Either they got lost, and walked in a circle (a small one), or they had second thoughts about the whole idea. Others were just content to lie in the sun, or sit around and talk of many things whilst two even more energetic souls – who shall remain nameless, sufficient to say one on a big BM and the other on a small BM – just had to have a bash at some trial riding, creek crossing and all.

The return run was via Blackwood and Trentham, joining up with the Calder highway at Woodend. Most seemed to take advantage of this tremendous stretch of road, with those long sweepers, and some a bit tighter, and really screwed it on. As they say in the adverts – 'it's the only way to travel'.

The run down the highway was, as always, fairly crowded, but uneventful, with the bikes finally dispersing I know not where – I lost the bunch somewhere between the airport and the city.

A wonderful day that must surely have been enjoyed by all.

The Old Bloke

750 K4

FRASER NATIONAL PARK (weekend)

From what looked like a lousy weekend weather wise, it turned out to be another great weekend enjoyed by all. I don't know much about records as far as club weekends go, but there was nearly as many cars as bikes. Anthony and I left his place about 8.30, after he had helped finish packing the car – Julie, Leith and Julia drove up in the 180B.

We rode on ahead, and waited for the girls at Yea, and when they arrived, we went on to Alexandra, where we got petrol before going onto Fraser National Park.

When we arrived at the Park, we went to the Rangers Office, to find out where to camp etc. As we had just finished talking to the Ranger's wife, Greg Smith walked in the door. He had come up Friday night with Big D in his Ford Transit van, with his boat on the back.

After finally deciding on our camp site, thanks to Anthony, we set up our tents and tarpaulins with a hand from Greg, and then it started to rain lightly.

Just after we had set up our tents, Lloyd on his 350/4 and John in his ute arrived – they were the club.

Greg wanted to launch his boat before lunch, so Anthony, Big D and I decided to give him a hand. As we were leaving the camping area, Greg, Noelene and Hans rode in, so we turned the van around and went to say hello, and then went off again to launch the boat.

After many minutes of trying to get the boat floating off the trailer, and then Greg having to take his shoes off, and getting into the cold water, and generally trying to figure out why it would not come

off, a water skier pointed out to him that he forgot to untie one little rope – which is usually a big help.

After getting back to the camp site, we had lunch. The women (which just quietly, outnumbered the men) went off to Alexandra for lunch, ex Noelene.

After lunch, Anthony and I decided to climb to the top of the mountain ridge behind our camping area, which turned out to be one hell of a walk – just on three hours. Paul turned up on his 650 Yam around 5.00 o'clock, and everybody decided to go into town, some in Greg's van and a few in John's ute.

The three girls had decided not to go, not having finished their tea, and not being particularly interested anyway.

When we arrived in Alexandra, we found the main street was packed with cars. Every man and his dog must have been there. Considering the only night life is the pubs, it's not too hard to figure where they were. After walking up and down the main street three times, we decided to go into the pub halfway down the main street.

It turned out to be a drinking night with a difference, jugs of sars and lemon squash all round, with loads of potato chips and peanuts. It was a great night with jokes being told left right and centre; it seemed nobody could stop laughing.

Around 9.30 we finished our drinks and went back to camp. The next morning things were slow to start, as everybody had slept well despite the cold – except for me as I was kept awake by a certain person who snores in his sleep.

A certain person woke up with a hangover, from what we were not quite sure. After breakfast, somebody produced a couple of porno books, which made quite a bit of amusement for some people. Anthony and I decided to go for a ride and check out the park, and then go into Eildon.

On the way out of the park, we passed Bob Evans boring down the mountain.

On the way across to Eildon via the dirt is what I would say is some of the best scenery in Victoria, overlooking Eildon. We had lunch in Eildon, then rode across the dam wall and over to Taylors Bay, which is about 9km from Eildon on the road back to Fraser National Park.

When we arrived back at camp, everybody had packed, except for tents. Bob had left a note which said to meet him in Eildon, but considering it was 3 o'clock before we left, we decided to head for home. For the people that went, it was another enjoyable weekend for all.

V. Lee K900

PARENTS DAY. 19th SEPT

I arrived late at Melton, but was fortunate to find everyone still there. The trip from Melton to Blackwood passed through some of Victoria's most picturesque countryside. I did find the going somewhat hard, though, as the hills knocked my speed down to 20mph at times. The compensation was, of course, that what goes up must come down, and on the downhills, several times touched 70.

At the picnic ground, there was a babbling brook, plenty of open grassy space, and even a large knobbly-kneed scout master to provide a comic air to the scene. As is usual in such situations, various people went trail riding, and some bikes got a free wash going through one of the creeks. A

certain two-stroke went through the creek, but in front of everyone, snuffed, and had to be pushed up a slippery bank.

Leaving the picnic area, we took the road from Trentham to Woodend. Perhaps there weren't as many hills, but I was sitting on 55 to 60, and really enjoyed the road. For me, this was the best riding section of the day, and thanks must go to Mick for choosing all the right roads.

I have not been on a ride for quite a while, but now my 250 BM – repaired with a great deal of help from friends within the club – is going better and better. The day was a good test for the BM, and I know it will make it around Tassie okay. I may have to go tail-ender since, as Bob found out, I can be a bit slow at times.

J. Dunn 250 BMW

'WANTED'

One trail bike. 150cc to 250cc. Must be a four stroke. Ring after 5am. 850 5361

There was a young man from Montrose,
Who had pockets in none of his clothes.
When asked by his lass,
Where he carried his brass,
He said 'Darling, I pay thru the nose!

SHOW-DAY RUN – WATERFALL GULLY

For all you slack members who chickened out because of the lousy weather, or who were unfortunate enough to have to work, thought you may be interested to know where this Waterfall Gully place is. Well I'm not going to tell you. As there were only 3 people (Greg Moore, Noel and myself, i.e. 2 bikes only), and as it is a great little spot, we thought we'd save it for a Sunday barbecue trip on a later itinerary. Following all the rain there was plenty of water coming over the falls.

After a quick Bo-peep we headed off to my niece's place at Rye for lunch, checked out Noel's family holiday house nearby, to make sure it hadn't disappeared, been broken into, the lawns are mowed etc and then we zapped home. The weather held off for us all day and the road up to Arthur's Seat was nice and dry (very important) so it was worth the effort of getting up on a cold and miserable morning.

Thanks for your company rear rider and pillion.

Howard

FOR SALE

Orange leather jacket, size 40. \$40.00
1 set of mufflers to suit Goldwing. \$60.00
1 set extractors suit Honda 750 \$20.00

Ross Murray. Phone 874 6536

There is sufficiency in the world for man's need but not for man's greed.

O'BRIEN'S CROSSING MSCAV RALLY

"You'll come to the Family Barbecue won't you Dad and Mum?" This was the question asked by our family and we were pleased to be included and wanted in the day's outing.

10.15am. Time of departure from Melton was ideal, as it gave us time to collect all the necessary articles for the barbecue without a rush.

10.30am. The group all donned their crash helmets and started their bikes. The leader went off and others followed at sensible speeds. I noticed that care was taken when entering the highway. I don't know if they were aware of the fact, but they were being photographed by a movie camera. As we journeyed along the road, we were almost envious of the boys on their bikes ahead of us, enjoying that wonderful feeling of freedom one gets when riding a bike on such days.

Arrived at O'Brien's crossing, which is 6-8km in from the highway along a dirt road. It is such a peaceful spot on a creek edge, which wanders along the lower edge of steep rocky hills. Dotted along the creek edge are barbecues etc. Lunch consisted of steaks and sausages done on the barbecues.

After lunch, some chose to walk along the tracks for some distance, others to play with a Frisbee, others spent time throwing rocks across the creek to see who could skim them across the best. All in all, everyone enjoyed a very relaxing afternoon.

These young people have beautiful machines, which they keep in A1 condition and performance. Their riding gear, helmets, leathers and boots, which are so essential when riding, are very smart and attractive. They are very friendly to everyone, and have a good club spirit. Congrats to their leaders, who show concern for their welfare when out on rides. We are very pleased to see how well their rides are conducted, and would have no hesitation (if asked) to recommend their club to any person who is a bike enthusiast. It is a delight to see a young group so well behaved and yet enjoying themselves so much. Congrats to you all. Happy riding and touring.

Thanks once again for having us at your rally.

Appreciative Parents

O'BRIEN'S CROSSING

After meeting at KBCP and later collecting more of our club members at Melton, we all headed for O'Brien's Crossing led by Mick Fagan. We had a very good run with the parents following in their automobiles. The corner markers did a fine job of waiting for the rear rider and there were no hassles anywhere.

I did notice a Morini 3½ slipstreaming us a while, along the flat on our way to the crossing. There was a good stretch of dirt which led us to our destination ultimately, which was a good test for fork seals, however I was not fooled.

After setting up our Bar B Q we had lunch in a true bush style and later discovered that a group of boy scouts had got themselves lost and four wheel drives and the police were called in. This made interesting conversation point amongst many of us.

After lunch some of us went for a walk. This track led up the hill, then down the hill, then continuously around to the right. Seems O'Brien had an adventurous idea, then shot off, then smelt lunch cooking and headed back to camp.

So much for the walk. Others went trail riding and some others did nothing. Then eventually we all headed off for home, splitting at Woodend. Liz and I and the rest of the tribe had a wonderful day. Once again a big THANK YOU to Mick for arranging a great trip.

Mark and Liz G.L 1000

GRAND RIDGE ROAD RUN

Approximately 20 motorbikes set out from Cranbourne on Sunday, 27th September, which included the real enthusiasts who started from KBCP. I think the majority decided on a few extra winks of sleep. Everyone set out merrily, with Bob leading the way. Lunch was to be at Yarram, so there wasn't much time to appreciate the scenery. The wind, on a couple of corners, played havoc with a few bikes. About 12.00, we ransacked the local restaurant, and sated our hunger with nutritious food such as hamburgers, Chico rolls and chips, not leaving out the chocolate bars.

Michael Formaini led the troupe from Yarram for some adventurous riding. Apart from the winding, mud splattered, gravel strewn and pot holed road, the experience was enjoyed by the mountain enthusiasts. Apart from eating most of the dust on the road, I did manage to see Tom and Gary racing neck and neck around the corners. I am sure Mick would have given them a run for their money. I wonder who won anyway.

The mountain road took us through Tarra Valley, where Damien on his Honda 400F decided to go mud collecting, which from his fairing's viewpoint was a no-no. Except for wounded pride and a few bruises, Damien and Honda were once again mobile.

We passed through English Corner, Boolarra, Thorpdale and then onto Trafalgar. After stopping for light refreshments and chocolate bars, Bob again led the group back to Dandenong. I must say that Bob set a very hairy pace, zooming in and out of the traffic, with a few near misses by his followers. However, we managed to land ourselves in one piece in Dandenong.

Apart from a few cold knees and noses, the day was enjoyed by everyone, including those who didn't eat a chocolate bar.

Sue Honda 400F LOVER

FOR SALE

BELL HELMET, ORANGE, 6 ½
IN EXCELLENT CONDITION

See Sue Jean