

GOOD VIBRATIONS – DECEMBER 1977

EDITORIAL

The editors of this fine magazine wish all of sundry a happy Christmas and a prosperous new year.

Congratulations are in order for Tom Saville now the proud owner of an R100RS, BMW. At the time of printing it was believed to be the first R100RS to be owned by an MSCAV member.

MSCAV CHRISTMAS PARTY

Date: Saturday December 10th

Time: 6mp onwards.

Place: Mike Davis' place, 12 Rolland Court, Montmorency (Melway 10th Edition, Map 21, location E6C) Rolland Court is approached through Aanesen Court, a turning off Rattray Road East about 1km from its junction with Sherbourn Road (Route48)

Cost: Tickets \$1.00 each available from Greg Moore. Please bring your own meat for barbecue and drinks. Everything else will be provided.

COMING EVENTS

Christmas camp at Taronga Caravan Park near Mt Beauty. Come and go as you want.

Saturday 3rd: Drive-in Night. Meet 7.00pm sharp at K.B.C.P

Sunday 4th: Safety Beach for a swim. 10.30am K.B.C.P

Saturday 10th: Christmas Party.

Sunday 11th: Pound Bend and Galatys Lane. SWIM?

Sunday 18th: Anahook Forest Park. 8.30am K.B.C.P

Sunday 25th: Merry Christmas.

JANUARY 1978

Sunday 8th: Morwell River and Mt Fatigue. 8.30am at K.B.C.P

Sunday 15th: Mt Buffalo. Fawkner Cemetery at 8.00am

FEBRUARY

Friday 3rd: General Meeting. Club Hall 8.15pm SHARP.

Monday 21st of November

Dear Mr. Lance Roberts,

Could you please do us a favour and write a letter of thanks in the next club magazine?

My husband and I would like to thank all the members of M.S.C.A.V. for sending their best wishes to our son Hans Lentfert and also all the club members who came to visit Hans in hospital in Orange and also in Footscray. We really appreciate that very much. We think that it has helped Hans a lot through these last eight weeks, since the accident. He couldn't believe that there were so many interested in him and he was really surprised.

At the moment, Hans is in Hampton Rehabilitation Hospital. We don't know for how long he will be there, but he'll be coming home on Friday nights and will go back on Sunday nights. So if there are any members who want to visit him, they are welcome to visit him at home. Later on he has to go back to Footscray hospital for more operations. But we don't know yet when that will be.

Yours sincerely

Mr & Mrs. H. J. Lentfert
38 Williamson Rd,
Maribyrnong

HOW NOT TO DO IT (1)

A couple of months ago I had a puncture in the rear tyre of my 400/4. It happened fairly late in the night, in the City. In my experience punctures always occur when you least expect them. Punctures are invariably in the rear tyre – the front one kicks up the nail and it then goes straight into the rear. It makes no difference if you have a new tyre, as I did. It happens just the same.

Anyway, I decided to push the bike a few hundred yards to a service station. I got about halfway, then gave it up as a bad job and set to work changing the tube. Luckily, I did have a spare with me. It took about an hour; new tyres are tough. Next day I took a look at the punctured inner tube, thinking to patch it, and was amazed to find that it was like one of those garden hoses with a row of closely spaced holes around half the circumference. Beautifully spaced holes, each about one mm from the next. The tube was quite clearly U/S.

What had happened? When you wheel a bike with a deflated tyre, the outer casing moves a little relative to the inner tube on each revolution of the wheel. I had not removed the small nail (or pin?) before wheeling the bike, and this pin was neatly puncturing the tube on each turn of the wheel, in a new place each time.

MORAL: remove your nail first!

MIKE DAVIS

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HOW NOT TO DO IT.....(2)

A few weeks back I fitted a bikini fairing to my Honda 400/4. Neat job but a real bastard to fit. I think they must be called bikinis 'cos it was a bit like trying to squeeze a 36 inch figure into a 28 inch brief. In other words, very tight indeed.

A couple of days later I noticed that the dial of the Speedo was a bit warped and had severe heat blistering on it, as though someone had left a cigarette on it – except, of course, it is inside the unit and so could not have been tampered with. After a day's mystification, light dawned – literally – the next morning.

My bike is usually parked in a carport, and the front of the bike faces west. In the early morning the sun, therefore, shines on the bike from behind. The transparent acrylate sheet of the fairing is, remarkably, an almost perfect paraboloid, and so focuses the sun's rays to a small point – actually, to a small image of the sun's disc. A little experiment showed me that the focus was almost exactly on the Speedo dial. Although the acrylate is, of course transparent, enough of the sun is reflected from the fairly large surface to make it an effective miniature “solar furnace”. Possible, too, heat rays are more reflective than are light rays. In the summer the “furnace” would be quite sufficient to set something alight.

MORAL: Beware your bikini – it can burn if over exposed.

MIKE DAVIS

MATLOCK BATH

No, not the TV one, nor even the place in Victoria, this is Matlock in England, on the river Derwent in the Peak District between Lincoln and Liverpool. Why Matlock? Mainly 'cos on a Sunday afternoon in summer it has more bikes than anywhere else except, possibly, Bathurst at Easter. New bikes too; proud owners of the latest BMW or Moto Guzzi or Laverda (or even Honda) will carefully refrain from riding their bike until Sunday comes – then to Matlock they will go to exhibit their latest acquisition parking it along the narrow streets to sounds of “Ooh” and “Aah” and generally exclamations of admiration.

Rather oddly, the major A6 road winds its way through Matlock Bath, so there is a steady stream of cars through the place. It is a beauty spot, but I wonder, do all those bikies go there just to absorb the natural beauty of things, or is it the chrome and the leather, the oil and petrol, the blood and guts and general machismo that appeals?

A few miles away there is a splendid tramway museum, at a village called Crich. A marvellous place, full of nostalgia. Melbournians will find much to interest them here, although there is not, sadly, an example of our dear old MMTB's great green monsters present. There is a working tramway with a good selection of trams – double deckers, “toasttracks”, open tops, and so forth, and you get a couple of rides along the half kilometre track as part of your admission fee. Not to be missed!

MIKE DAVIS

REEFTON SPUR ROAD

Eleven of us set off on our bikes. If you include my pillion rider and Greg in the van, thirteen in all. Lance Roberts came to see us off. John McKenna led with Big D rear rider. It was fine, but very windy until after Warburton.

The idea was to have lunch in Marysville, but Greg suggested an idea which was agreed upon, that we buy eats at Warburton and have lunch at a picnic spot along the road. He would supply the tea and coffee, so the fridge was loaded up with sandwiches etc.

About 15km before the dirt road, upon looking in my rear view mirror, Big D and Wayne on a 125 Suzi were no longer in view, so I turned back to find Greg was administering first aid to Wayne, who in official wording *failed to negotiate a bend*. There was minor damage to Wayne and bike, but after setting off, his clutch lever broke. Fortunately, Big D had a spare. I went on to tell the others. Bob Evans was at a corner, or his bike was, to a road where a picnic spot was.

For reasons unknown to me, Lyal and John Smith didn't see the bike and went on to Marysville with Bob in pursuit to bring them back. It was a pleasant spot as was the whole run. The dirt road, being dry, was O.K. Greg administered more first aid to Wayne. It went like this: - rummaging in the first aid kit, pulls out a bottle and says "You haven't got nappy rash have you? No?" Pulls out another bottle. "How about bronchitis? No? Ah well, we'll get there eventually."

After lunch it was off to Marysville for petrol. No petrol. So off to Narbethong for petrol. Steve on his 500 Honda had a slow rear tyre leak at Marysville, which Big D pumped up with his new tyre pump. Again, free air at Narbethong.

After leaving here we saw an 860 Duke, or what was left, being put on a trailer. The owner was sitting on the edge of the road. Also on the road was some oil. There was no seat on the bike. The lesson is – some bikes corner better than others, but all have a limit.

At Healesville we stopped and Bob, Big D, Wayne and I went straight home, while the two Johns, Michael Formaini, and a guy whose name I can't remember but was on a big Kwaka, went straight home also, but via Whittlesea and the Hume Highway. There were many dark clouds after Lilydale and heavy showers at Mitcham, then fine again. It was a nice ride and a nice day, particularly after Warburton.

LLOYD Yami 500 XT

THREE DAYS OUT OF AFRICA

The name, (Jim Jim) Falls might sound odd but then so do so many places in the Northern Territory. Like most out of the way areas here, it proved its worth in three days of riding through country you could never forget.

Our plan for the 30th July included, after an awful amount of argument, a Toyota Four Wheel Drive. You see, the falls are located on a reserve 68kms down one hell of a track where, within less than a mile, in parts you can ride through loose sand, gravel, mud, water, ruts and trees. The idea behind the Toyota was to carry much of our food and water etc, - less weight for the bikes and its hell to carry any broken bikes or riders. If you don't agree with the Toyota idea, take a trip there sometime. The bikes included three 750 BM's, one 900 BM, an XT500 Yam and a 250 Yam trail, with four pillions.

Darwin was behind us at about 7.30am that morning as we headed for the falls road turn off. Most of the ride to this point is all tourists usually see and remember of this neck of the Northern Territory. The Arnhem Highway is one beautiful long tar drag strip. There are no candy cars or radars set up, just you and your bike. With due respect for kangaroos, buffalo, cattle, dingoes,

eagles and other critters to name a few obstacles, you can go like a bat out of hell at whatever speed turns you on.

I decided to ride last on the track to the Falls as my pillion was on her second bike trip ever. Her feelings were soon felt in the first few kilometres with hands wrapped tight around me. Didn't prove very romantic though, keeping up with the mob, and upright at the same time. She couldn't do much right; every time the bike bucked, so did she, except the wrong way.

Our first prang was classic as far as BM's go. I rode into a rut slightly wider than the motor. That was hairy enough until it suddenly went deep and narrow. I must admit it was good for the ego to see someone else, usually two up on their bike, part the scene in spectacular style where somehow you had managed to ride through. We decided to stop about every 10kms, mainly for safety reasons so everyone could re-group, plus the Toyota had an old canvas water bag to drown the thirst.

After 4 ½ hours and 68km, mostly in and occasionally out of the saddle, we made it to a shady little river crossing near the falls. My legs felt like those of a packhorse, aching from the number of near spills I had avoided. Shades of enduro work would be a fair comparison with a touch of trials.

Everyone appeared exhausted, including the pillions who had endured much more than a simple ride as their passage on the trip involved a fair share of the work. The last two kilometres could fill this page and more. Like a scramble thrashed out in sand around trees where the track virtually disappeared.

Frustration bugged everyone. No sooner would you stretch a limb or two, lift the bike and jump on, than in next to no time, you'd be racing pillion to the ground.

Our first night was spent relaxing. It didn't take long to strip off for a swim either, and that first cup of billy tea went down really well. We had a bit of a sing song round the fire after steak and eggs and more tea, while a few relished the tinned stuff. The damper that followed was a ripper as it had "you name it" in it! Plenty of good bush cooking and imagination to chew on.

Sunday dawned stiff and sore for everyone. We could not risk following the track any further beyond the river as the map was poor and the terrain too unpredictable. We decided to leave the BM's at the campsite and venture on with the Toyota and the Yams. The trail bikes proved tremendous in finding the Twin Falls Gorge, another spot almost inaccessible, but well worth the effort. It would have been about 10kms to the falls, but then if you're a crow, that's alright. Our trek was twice that length and no doubt the BM clutches would have been burning to have got there.

The Twin Galls Gorge is about a kilometre long of which half we biked and the rest swam with the cameras wrapped up on an air bed. These falls, like the Jim Jim Falls, are truly magnificent in that they simply absorb you with their rugged, unspoiled beauty. The water is cool and crystal clear beneath them and laced with pure sandy beaches. I am not raving on in comparing it to somewhere out of this world which it is. It has to be seen to comprehend what can be found in the Northern Territory. It is not in the tourist brochures either.

That night we were back in camp again on the river.

I was up at dawn, stirring the fire with a few people near it. Ahead lay that long haul home with a detour to Jim Jim Falls. Once more we took turns at falling and trying not to run over one another in the process.

The detour to the falls was no different, but within the scope of the BM's. "No stopping them at different, but within the scope of the BM's. "No stopping them at times."

To reach the falls you have a hike of about three quarters of an hour in a deep, spectacular gorge. You follow a creek comprised of more crystal clear water, between huge boulders of every description. The falls, which are 3 to 4 hundred feet high, descend down a polished cliff face into

one freezing pool. Whilst there, we found a python basking in the sun, not disturbed by our curiosity in the least.

The next few hours were spent swimming and lazing around, returning to the bikes much later than planned.

Shortly before we left, a land rover departed which we caught up with soon after. The fools in it decided to follow the Yams on a dry fast stretch through trees and patches of soil erosion. Things were going well until the pace stepped up to about 70-80kms. It might not sound much, but believe me, it must be hairy to fly into a 4 foot ditch at the speed. The Yams luckily avoided it, but the Land Rover handled like a guided missile, straight in. The occupants were alright and the Toyota did the honours for them.

Two and half hours later and the Jim Jim Falls track was behind. Soon we were back onto the tar of the Arnhem Highway and parked outside the new South Alligator River roadhouse. Stops like this place you can't avoid in the Territory. Dehydration and hunger do nothing for you and the stops are generally miles apart.

Except for a few odd wandering buffalo and kangaroos, nothing more for our weekend happened.

At night on the Arnhem is an experience that would again fill this page, but then I'll leave this burst here.

MOFF

P.S. About time I wrote something for the magazine; hope it is alright.

FOR SALE

DUCATI 750S

1 tool compartment for under seat \$2
Pair shock absorbers, used, can be rebuilt \$5
Double seat and brackets also suit 750SS 900SS \$45
Pair clip-ons, one slightly bent, can be straightened \$5
Filtron sock filters \$4

DUCATI 750GT 860 750S

Needle roller bearing swing arm, new \$25
Bolt on bracket and all attachments for 900SS fairing and slightly damaged fairing will fit 750GT, 860 all models, and 750S \$25.

Two sets rings for 750S 750GT, new, standard, \$12
SET of points, new, \$4
Set of Imola pipes minus mufflers, new, \$40
Two rear brake cables \$3
One valve guide, new \$2
750S, 750GT Parts Manual \$4
Set Conti exhaust pipes, new?
Set 40 mil pumpers with bell mouths and manifolds off 900SS, new?
Set Pressly pannier racks with indicator \$45
R/H Conti slightly damaged, not rusted yet, \$6
860 front mud guard \$5

XS 750D Yamaha

Pump bracket, fit under seat for BMW pump \$1

Service manual work shop \$5

Set Pressly pannier racks with all wiring and attachments, bolts straight on \$45

Special tappet tool \$8

Fairing with brackets \$25

Pair standard handle bars, Free

TYRES

Bridgestone 325/19, 400/18, done 1000km \$25

Metzeleer 350/19 block c7, racing profile, GC \$10

General

1 Stag Marlon Brando style leather jacket, large, red, GC \$30

Set leather panniers \$15

All enquiries Tom Saville 8780397

Yamaha XT500, 3000km, 11 months rego, as new condition, PRICE \$1200.

Stag lamb's wool ves,t size mens, very warm, \$10, PHONE 8786974

Honda 750 many extras: stack hat and leathers, tuning equipment, oil cooler, spare exhausts, spare tyres. PRICE \$1200 ONO PHONE 685380

DAY TRIAL

That beautiful Sunday began with about 15 bikes ridden by the more intelligent members of the club I thought; still a guy can be mistaken can't he?

The trial had no time limit. Thank ("he who governs from above") as at least five of those bikes are still out there wondering where everybody else is, being taught Spanish by a funny little Philipino guy and drawing straws on who's to have the pleasure of beating Bob Evans and Co brains in and anything else that comes to mind.

As you may gather, all was not a bed of roses as some very sharp thorns were showing through. The first section before lunch was relatively straight forward. Would you believe that some twits said that the Tullamarine Radar Beacon rotates in a horizontal direction?

Kyneton was the lunch target and most got there with varying degrees of success but the gem direction of the day came with the second part which required one to leave Kyneton, noting a red and white sign, and a street particular to King. Well Kyneton's MANY exits had enough red and white signs that we expected Lenin to come parading from any direction to the thrill of the many bystanders. The crowds quickly dispersed after a particular bike mob went up and down streets glaring intensely along the sides, you guessed! We were bloody lost. I know an Irishman who had better success than us and all he had to do was stand in a 44 gallon drum and urinate in the corner.

Bob eventually broke down and gave us discreet hints that preserved his miserable hide and got most of us in the right direction via Malmsbury, Daylesford, Ballan and eventually finishing at Peter McKenna's house at Niddrie. Mrs McKenna had food and drinks there for those lucky ones who have more luck than the Irish and a little bit of final deduction.

In all, it was an interesting day, although it seemed much longer than it actually was. But still, that's nothing; just imagine the laundry job Bob will have when three little mean guys come knocking on his door asking him (torturing him) on the where-about of another little guy.

David Evans.

Suzuki GS 750

In the next one or two months, legislation is being presented to the Victorian State Government which, if passed, will be to the detriment of all motor cyclists in the state. There are four main headings in the legislation.

1. Compulsory low beam headlights 24 hours a day.
2. Helmet and clothing. Helmets – white, yellow or reflectorised – not specified how. Clothing – motor cyclists to wear bright clothing – but in the draft there is no statement to say whether this bright clothing is to be compulsory or not.
3. Motor cycles – restriction to 260cc 360lb bike for the first two years of actual licence.
4. Motor cycle design – standard design of motorcycle specification to do with placement of reflectors, also the standard colour of the motorcycle is to be in bright colours, e.g. white, yellow or red.

If the legislation is passed in parliament, it leaves open the possibility of stricter legislation being enforced upon the motorcyclist, thus taking away the small amount of rights that they possess at present eg. Total banning of pillion passengers. Special blanket speeds for motorcycles.

There has been a carefully prepared get-together of all Victorian motor cyclists to be held at Broadford on December 3rd & 4th. The reason for this get-together is twofold: firstly, to gather as a group to discuss and find out all about the proposed legislation and, secondly, a two day rock concert has been organised as an incentive to get us together.

A lot of time and money has already been expended in drafting up documents to present to the State Government (a petition will be at Broadford to be signed as one of these measures). Therefore, it is up to every motor cyclist to make sure that they gather at Broadford to find out what is being forced upon them, and to arrange further organised action.

Go to Broadford. There will be directions in Broadford as to the location of the farm. The charge will be \$10 for the two days. This includes the rock concert. Food will be supplied by the Broadford Rotary Club. Tickets will be sold at the gate and numbered for a raffle.

As there has been no “real” organised effort on behalf of the motorcyclists, this event, and all legal arrangements so far, have been undertaken by the Melbourne Hells Angels - because no one else had either the finance or the initiative to get something done.

To most people the name Hells Angels conjures up the image of the Bikie. But as far as this legislation is concerned it is going to affect everyone, whether they ride an 80cc putt putt, or a 1200cc road burner. Therefore, it is up to all of us, no matter what our personal taste is in motorcycles, to band together as an organised, united group of motor cyclists.

ANSWERS TO THE DAY TRIAL

1. K5 and K23
2. Clockwise
3. 1859. Presbyterian.
4. 10801 population
5. Diggers Rest Pub.
6. 18
- 7.
8. 620 Metres
9. Clock
10. J.C. Keating. 26/12/1924
11. Loadmaster
12. Two

13. Eight
14. McKenna
15. When a member of the R.S.L of Kyneton dies.
16. Danger
17. George
18. Turpins Falls
19. 33K
20. Bluestone
21. 10
- 22.
- 23.
- 24.
- 25.
26. 20
27. Petland Hills
28. Presbetarian 1859
29. Pedestrians, bicycles, animals agricultural machinery
30. Lerderderg River
31. Kororoit
32. 65 McKenna's place.