

Good Vibrations February 1977

EDITORIAL

Good to see that most members got thru the Christmas, New Year period without too many mishaps and we hope that like us, you are looking forward to a lot of motorcycling this year throughout Australia under the banner of the MSCAV.

Jo-Anne Rowe's new address is 5/67 Lang St, South Yarra

Beth and Howard Higham have moved to sunny Queensland to live. Toowoomba is the place. The exact address will be in the next month's mag.

Saturday the 12th of February is drive-in nite. Meet at KBCP at 6.30pm to find out which show we will be seeing. The committee hopes for a good turn up of members, remembering it is best to be seen and not heard.

We congratulate Hans and Ken (yes Ken Markham) on their choice of new motorcycles. Both have 750 Suzuki's.

For the touring types in the club, there is a rally about 120km north of Brisbane in early April. Queries should be directed to the BMW MCC of Qld, or Mick Fagan or Ned Borgelt.

For the super tourers there is a rally being held in the South West of W.A (near Dumbleyung) and any queries can be directed to Mick Fagan or Ned Borgelt.

Would members please start to think about what runs, and what kind of runs they would like to appear in the next itinerary? Also, the venue for the Easter Run has not been worked out, and the committee would appreciate some brilliant suggestions as to where we could go. It would have to be within about 2 ½ hours easy riding distance from Bathurst. The last two camps were at Oberon and Orange.

STOP PRESS

CONGRATULATIONS TO GREG MOORE AND NOELENE REDDALL as ever, Bob and Jo.

MT MARGARET TRIP 23-1-77

It was a bright and sunny day, 'just right for a club run', I thought. So I got on my trusty 4 cylinder and proceeded to KBCP. On arriving I saw the same old faces, plus a few new ones. Hans Lentfert even had his new 750 Suzy waterbottle, as did Ken Markham. Ken's is blue and Hans' is red. Came 9.30 and off we went to Lilydale with Paul McKenna in the lead, and Bob Evans rear rider.

At Lilydale we found some more of the old faithfuls, and then it was on to Marysville for grub and gas. Having eaten and filled the machines (the wise ones did anyway) we headed towards Mt Margaret. This time Michael Formaini led with the trusting following. The road could have qualified for the I.S.D.T or something similar. We pushed on.

We stopped at the cross roads near the 'summit', to find Tom (Ducati) waiting for us, dozing in the sun. M.F talked to a female automobile driver, who told him we could take a different way back to Marysville. Believing all he was told, we went down the mountain in the direction we had been shown. (I bet those girls in the car laughed all the way home.)

The road? Checked us all out plus the bike's dirt holding ability. All made it through, which was good as it was very tricky indeed.

Back in Marysville for the second time, it was decided that we would go back via the Reefton Spur Road and through Warburton. Roger declined the offer, saying he would meet us in Warburton. Maybe Roger knew something, because gravel road (recently graded) was there to greet us before we got to the Spur Road. It all proved too much for one new member as he tried to cut a corner and ended up in the middle of the grill of a car coming in the opposite direction. This chap was very lucky to have remained with us, indeed to be able to walk away from the bike. The car had to be towed away due to a new leak in the radiator. The Honda 500/4's forks were somewhat nearer the vertical, and one of the header pipes was dented, but was able to be ridden home. Cutting corners is just not on.

Some people stayed to help, others continued their journey home. It must be mentioned that Roger was seen in Warburton, at least a GL was parked outside that milk bar on the right hand side!

MORWELL RIVER PRISON

Sunday 12th December was pretty overcast at 8.30am, but 15 or so bikes rolled up for the trip to the Morwell River Prison. After his spiel at the December meeting, our leader for the day chose not to see the 'fabulous views' through a visor, and actually turned up in his car.

Bob Evans led the club to Morwell, with Big Daddy inevitably bringing up the rear, stopping at Hallam to pick up eastern suburb dwellers and to wait for Big D to catch up that we might proceed in one group. As it happened, Big D, Les and Mick had stopped to help Lance (400 Kwaka), whose counter-shaft sprocket had come off the spline and was only held on the shaft by the thread. The nut had worked loose, and though it hadn't fallen to the road, the spacer had, and Lance returned home not having even gotten to Dandenong.

Lunch and petrol were obtained in Morwell, and those who hadn't already donned water proofs did so, as horrible black clouds were beginning to dominate the sky. The rain didn't take long to come. The car led us off the Princes Highway and was heading towards the mountains when she came down hard. The roads were very wet for the most part; they seemed to hold water instead of letting it run off. The Morwell River Road became dirt road and took us through some very beautiful mountain country to get to the prison.

The prison itself is a low security one, the work being done there is in league with the Forestry Commission. It is similar to Won Wron (near Yarram) in the nature of the work done by the prisoners and the recreational facilities for them, but had smaller grounds and the buildings were crammed quite close together. Unlike our visit to Won Wron, we didn't get to mix with the prisoners at all, but were given an interesting tour of the work camp.

After coffee and afternoon tea (which was much appreciated) we headed for Mt Fatigue to see what the rain looked like higher up. From the Mt we rode on to Boolarra, then Mirboo, finally hitting the South Gippsland Highway just east of Foster.

Late afternoon tea was procured by some as we settled to wait for the remainder of the group to arrive. But seeing as it was virtually all dirt from the Prison to Foster, it looked like being a long wait as we had become rather spread out. Les, Ned, Greg Smith, the Bros Vienet, myself and a few others decided to head for home ahead of the official club group as the time was already 4.30pm. The car had left Foster almost as soon as it arrived some 20 minutes before.

Bob Evans and a few peoples stayed back to make sure all eventually came out of the wilderness in one piece. The only mystery for the day was Nick Peoze, who was last seen by a one pump petrol station owner just before Foster heading back towards Yarram. Big D couldn't believe his ears and just sadly shook his head. We can only hope it wasn't the Mallacoota sign that made him realise his error!

Jo 400/4

THE CLUBMAN'S RALLY AT WARRUMBUNGLER NATIONAL PARK (central N.S.W)

Setting out at 6.30pm Friday night, I headed north towards Tocumwal, where I filled up. Heading north still, I was attacked by every bug known to man as night approached. At about 9.15pm, a Fairlane with a six wheel trailer went slowly past at about 140km/h. I decided to follow him and make things easier for myself.

Upon reaching Narrandera, the Fairlane pulled into a service station. Whilst chatting to the three guys thereof I found that they had to be in Brisbane by 12 noon Saturday, and they reckoned it would be no sweat. I stopped at Narrandera and slept out in the open with Gordon and Chris (Z1000, Gippsland).

Saturday morning at 7am saw us on the road, and we travelled virtually non-stop to Coonabarabran. It was noticed, however that it was rather warm on account of the fact there was bulk sweat all over the place.

At the rally site, we ran into people from all over Australia as usual, but also found that a lot of people had left the designated area in preference for the old rally site. The organizers (Willoughby) had gone to what seemed a lot of trouble to procure the woolshed, so that it could be used as a disco at night with the aid of a generator etc. They also organized films in the park's open air theatre.

The actual rally site was a hot, dusty place with nettles: now, this is not the organizers fault entirely, as they can't predict the weather, but they should take into account that the type of people who travel a few thousand kilometres in a long weekend are used to making their own minds up as to what they want and what they will do. Some of the people running the show were very used to telling racing riders what to do, and not getting rebuked for it. One organizer who told some people rather sharply to stand in a straight queue was told by a little female type person to shove his mouth somewhere. That kind of petty officialdom obviously won't be tolerated by touring types.

At this stage of the proceedings, I made up my mind to go back to the old rally site. At the site there were nearly all of the South Australians, and quite a few of the Victorians who wanted to rest quietly and talk to other rallyists before heading home on the long and possibly very hot ride home. Basically speaking, Ned, Kelvin, Paul, Phil, Cheryl, Stewart, Jeanette and myself did that all weekend.

Heading home on Sunday, we left rather late, and travelled at a nice easy 110-120km/h. At around midday it started getting very hot, and when we got to West Wyalong, we dived for some shade.

While having drinks and ice cream and anything else that kept oneself cool, we stood in the lovely cool shade of the service station veranda, and talked to the attendants. I casually asked one guy what the temperature was and he said, "dunno, 'bout a hunnert I guess". His mate said there was a thermometer and looked for it: "a hundred and bloody ten" he said. (Actually 109 for what it's worth.) At this stage a unanimous decision was made – let's hit the local pool. Which we did 'til about 8pm. Some lovely boobs, er birds, at West Wyalong.

The intrepid travellers then set off in the cool of the night and we reached the Victorian border, staying on the banks of the Murray. Monday morning and we set off for Numurkah for breakfast, and got ripped off by the local greasy joint. We arrived home about 11.30am pretty stuffed, but we had a good time.

Mick R90s

SUNDAY 12/12/76

The morning started off fine but this did not stop the leader of the day's run to lead in his car. Mr D. Room said that as he was buying a new car this would be the last chance to drive the old one, but we think that he knew that it would rain later on, which it did. So without further ado, we were led down the highway towards Hallam where we picked up a few more club members. We lost one club member before this owing to the fact that his nut that was holding his sprocket on the front came loose and he thought it wise to go back home, which was a bit of bad luck; it pays to check these nuts now and again.

Bob Evans led to Morwell with Big Daddy rear rider. After we had eaten at Morwell we then went on to the prison with Darren in the lead. Only then did we understand why Darren came with a roof over his head. That's right, rain, and rain it did, poured it did, and us on dirt road. Made it very slippery indeed.

The scenery in that part of the country is truly a sight to behold; pity we did not have more time to see it as we had to push on.

At the prison we were greeted with a cup of tea or coffee and cake. It was very good and much appreciated. Afterwards we were all shown what they do at the prison. They look after the forests and plant new trees and look after the forest in general.

After all this took place we then were taken to the top of Mount Fatigue. The mountain was high and windy but the view was well worth it. Some members even climbed the fire watch tower for even a better look. We then went home, after thanking the officers in charge of the prison for their great help and hospitality. We will not forget that Darren rang through to the Morwell police to tell them that we are a respectable motorcycle club. It worked as we were not bothered by the police all day. As you know, they have had a bit of trouble down Morwell way prior to our visit, so thanks to Darren's phone call, all went well.

The ride home was uneventful even if it was a wet one.

P.S I did buy one of those paintings.

Lloyd 750/4

'TOUR OF TASMANIA'

Since arriving back from Tasmania, I've put a lot of thought into what the trip meant to me personally, being President and all that. It certainly didn't lack anything. In fact, I would say it was one of the best conducted tours the club has done.

Publicity wise, it was good – everybody knew who we were – and the conduct of members was excellent throughout the trip. The day tours were interesting and the weather exceptional. Members took full advantage of the rest days incorporated in the itinerary set out. The roads were certainly made for motorcycling, but you had to have your wits about you as gravel had a nasty habit of appearing half way around a bend or corner!

During our travels we met ex-members Margaret and Chris Bowers. I was very sorry to have missed seeing Ted Allsford who was secretary of our club about ten years ago. He now runs a pub in Wynyard and drives a Mercedes Benz around.

Much happened at the Christmas and New Years' Eve parties to make them exciting and memorable. There was plenty of action, the most popular recreation being the pool!

I must mention, too, that it was nice to meet our veteran motorcyclist Roger Heep, whose chari was the envy of all our cameras.

The police were very efficient, and at Hobart they took a special interest in the GLs. At Hobart we were lucky enough to see the finish of the Sydney to Hobart Yacht Race – a truly spectacular sight.

All in all, it was a great trip, and a very pleasing result for the committee who went along. All who went will have much to talk about, and much to remember – I know I will, what with my teddy and all!

Finally, many thanks to all for contributing to what I think everyone would agree was a successful tour.

Big Daddy

STEIGLITZ 16 JANUARY

Nine members turned up for the run, six of whom returned only on Friday from Tasmania. How keen the club committee is was shown by the fact that Captain, Vice captain and President were there. After the hassle of getting the troops around the Apple Isle safely, they could have been excused for not riding on this run. Apart from Big D, Bob Evans and Paul McKenna, Fagan, Ned and myself were there from the Tassie group. Also present were Charlie Cord Kwaka, Kelvin BMW, and Darryl 750/4.

At 10.40 we set off for Ballan, with Bob leading and Bid D rear rider. The ride was very leisurely and uneventful. The wind was a bit gusty, and six drops of rain were encountered.

After eats at Ballan, we set off again, and after several stops to consult the map, we arrived. Almost immediately, we were joined by a BMW owner and pillion who had just missed us on departure, and who came by way of Geelong. I think this chap is Peter Tapps' brother. This was at 12.45. At 1pm, 12 Grand Charlie went off home to do some work, and 1/15 saw me off to the hospital to work.

It was a very pleasant, leisurely ride for the first run of the year. As I was leaving, Fagan, Kelvin and Paul were doing some trail riding and hill climbing.

That's all.

Lloyd 750/4

The saga continues.....

When Lloyd left, we saw a 750/4 do a nice mono downhill, running on metho. (the cycle, that is)

Mick and Kelvin got into water that was more than six inches deep... ask Mick about it. Paul McKenna went the other way; no flies on him.

All of a sudden there was a clap of thunder that nearly shook some of the Tassie dust off Fagan's BMW. Right, says Mick, time to leave. Paul led from Steiglitz to Bacchus Marsh, where we stopped for petrol, and some bought a book or two.

The troops then found their own way home. The ride was quite a good one for the first trip of the year.

Bob Evans

CAPTAIN'S COMMENTS

Or: Emergencies take more presence of mind than just puckering your behinds!

Whilst I hope that this year will be a happy and safe one for all, I'm afraid that this will not be. I have seen things that tell me that all is not what it should be, as regards to riding in convoy on Sunday club runs. It does everyone good to pause and think for a while that they are on a machine that, if not used with a lot of common sense, could be the death of them. So if you want to stay alive for all of 1977 and beyond, I urge you to read these few thoughts I have put together. It's too late after the accident has happened. Lapses in your concentration will be your downfall. If you're watching for hazards, you will be less likely to end up in emergency riding situations.

1. Usually the car driver will not see you, so act accordingly.
2. Watch cars when they are backing, as they won't see you.
3. All obstacles on the road must be avoided at all times, e.g. a paper bag might look harmless, but could contain something which may bring you down.
4. The old car door trick still claims a few each year. If there is a driver in the car, make sure you leave enough room for him to suddenly decide to exit the vehicle!
5. Rain consists of water, which reduces braking and cornering. Any white line on the road becomes very greasy, so watch for the lines at stop signs as well as cross walks. Tram lines tend to grab tyres even more in the wet also.
6. Watch for dogs, children and pedestrians on the footpaths. They, like cars, don't often 'see' a motorcycle.
7. Erratic car drivers – learn to spot them, and give them as wide a berth as possible; get out of their way.
8. If a car driver turns in front of you, turn with him therefore making the impact as soft as possible. Maybe you will out turn him and avoid the accident altogether.
9. Blow out – hold the bike upright, leaving the brake alone. Try to coast it out. Pray.
10. Just because you have the right of way at an intersection, don't take it for granted that the car will stop – do you always give way to others when it's their right?
11. When is it time to lay a bike down? When all else fails.

All of these are merely common sense, but it doesn't do any harm to review them occasionally. The committee will act strongly against members who break road rules, and put other club members at risk while on club runs. Remember, just because you've paid for a year's membership doesn't mean you stay in for all of that year. My personal view is that if you have a bad apple in a barrel, you get rid of it permanently.

Bob Evans