

GOOD VIBRATIONS JUNE 1977

EDITORIAL

It has come to our notice that the upper crust of our media has decided to brand all motorcyclists as "Outlaws". Therefore it is noted by the editors of this magazine that while we do confess to riding motorcycles, we do not like the image referred to by Judge Lazarus as "Bikies" which is reflected by our club secretary Trevor Vienet in the following article.

The following quote is taken from Saturday's Age, Letters to the Editor on 21.5.77.

"Judge Lazarus warned people joining clubs that they could be ruining their lives." I recommend all motorcyclists to join one of the many sporting or touring motor-cycle clubs in Victoria. Our association has conducted tours every Sunday for the past 22 years and the club members range from teenagers to sixty year olds. We don't like being called bikies. We are normal law abiding people who ride motorcycles and we don't appreciate being associated with the small minority of outlaws by Judge Lazarus or the media.

Signed TREVOR VIENET (Secretary, Motor Scooter and Cycle Association of Victoria)

TIMES TO REMEMBER

JUNE 19th: DAY TRIAL 9.00am K.B.C.P SUNDAY

JUNE 20th: DON LANE SHOW – DETAILS IN MAGAZINE

FOR THE TRAVELLING VULTURES, THERE IS A PROGRESSIVE DINNER ON JUNE 25TH SATURDAY. RESULTS WILL BE PRINTED AS SOON AS THEY BECOME AVAILAVLE.

THOSE WHO ARE INTERESTED IN WILDLIFE CANNOT MISS OUR VISIT TO HEALESVILLE SANCTURARY JUNE 26TH SUNDAY 9.30AM K.B.C.P SUNDAY.

We, the editors, and Ian are sure all the club members wish all happiness to our newlyweds, Mr and Mrs G. Moore. I myself enjoyed leading the motorcycle cavalcade of club members to the reception at Sunbury. Glad I was asked to do it as the LOOKS we all got was a sight to behold. Thanks.

EDITORS. JO, GAYLE AND BOB

LIBERATION OF A Z-LING

Once upon a time there was a Z-ling who lived in a big motorcycle shop. Now, you would think that the little Z-ling would be very happy living in the shop: why he had lots of other motorcycles to talk to, plenty of shop assistants to care for him, and the shop was warm and sheltered from the winter weather outside.

But he wasn't happy, in fact he was downright miserable! For every time some motorcyclists came in to look at the motorcycles on display, they always seemed to pass right by the Z-ling, no matter how bright and shiny he was polished, or how trusting and reliable he tried to look, the motorcyclists stumbled past in their flying boots with a glazed look in their eyes to where the bigger Z's were lined up. He overheard them discussing intelligently the advantages of the air-cooled, 4-cylinder transverse 4 stroke, DOHC driven by a single chain between the centre cylinders engine; the alloy head and barrel with steel liners; the built up, pressed and pinned nine piece crank

assembly, supported by four caged roller bearings; and needle roller small ends and caged needle big ends of the Z 1000.

Now the little Z-ling knew enough of what they were talking about not to be convinced that these were the reasons he was being passed by. After all, he thought to himself, I too am an air-cooled OHC, 4 stroke engine, with the added simplicity of having only one cylinder to be worked on. He looked over at the Z 1000 standing there in all its enormity – and something else struck him. Yes, he was smaller and lighter, and therefore easier to ride, and he would be more economical to run and maintain – all he needed was someone to recognise these advantages. But no-one did.

Then one day the little Z-ling overheard another enlightened conversation quoting the impressive performance figures of the bigger Z's, "What's its top speed and how fast can it get there?" The little Z-ling's piston sank, for he knew now the mind of the discerning motorcyclist. He knew also that he could never compete against such facts, and he resigned himself to a possible future of commuting from one suburb to another, in an endless nightmare of exhaust fumes and big noisy trucks.

Little did the Z-ling know that at that very moment, a small motorcyclist heaved her 4 cylinder, 4 stroke, super sporty motorcycle onto its centre stand to oil its chain. She looked in despair at the rear tyre that would need replacing, again, so soon. She shuddered as she thought of a recent ride that had covered logging and forestry tracks in the Strath Creek area, and of the short stretch of thickly gravelled road between Ballarat and Geelong where she had lost control of the 400lb motorcycle and had come down heavily. So discouraged at the thought of any more joyless riding was she, that the thought of owning a car passed (fleetingly) through her mind. Resisting such rashness, she searched frantically through recent motorcycle magazines for an alternative. The informative publication, Motorcycle News had a full page introducing the new Kawasaki Z model, a single cylinder, 4 stroke 200cc motorcycle, without actually giving any information whatsoever.

Trembling in her excitement, the small motorcyclist went to look the Z-ling over. She walked into the shop, and there he was. He, at the very prospect of being sat upon and having his twist grip screwed, nearly burst with anticipation! Ignoring the shop assistant who edged towards the bigger Z's, she asked for the Z-ling specifications. The little Z-ling couldn't believe his blinkers when, despite the lack of information regarding his performances, the small motorcyclist asked for a test ride. Determined to please, the Z-ling started first kick, and made sure that his brake and throttle responses were spot on. Back in the shop, the small motorcyclist remarked that flat bars and a Metzler on the front were more in line with the Z-ling's style, and two days later when she came to take ownership of him, the little Z-ling stood proudly in his new attire next to the yet unregistered, unowned hulks of the bigger Z's.

Now the story doesn't end here, for it is yet to be proven that they rode happily ever after. Let us suffice it for the moment to say that a small motorcyclist on a Z-ling was seen beaming from ear to ear as she rode around the Great Ocean Road to Apollo Bay, changing gears in the middle of corners without flinching: and was later heard giggling hysterically as she 'negotiated' the dirt road on the way to Port Campbell. Refusing offers of a tow, the Z-ling chugged slowly but surely up hills, and being of a mass that is easily corrected, gave the small motorcyclist no reason to blanch when she was confronted with 'bitumen imperfections' in the middle of corners.

The continuing story of the small motorcyclist and her Z-ling can be read from time to time in Good Vibrations – a Magazine worth the reading!

Jo Rowe (who else?)

1977 ECONOMY RUN

1 st	Les Leahy	Yamaha 500	122.1 m/g	.63c Super
2 nd	Jo Rowe	Kawa 200	101.2 m/g	.76c Super
3 rd	Lloyd Wissman	Yamaha 500	96.2 m/g	.80c Super
4 th	Don Spencer	B.M.W 75/7	89.5 m/g	.83c Super
5 th	Graeme Benn	Honda 400	82.7 m/g	.93c Super
6 th	Chris	Honda 750	71.8 m/g	\$1.07c Super
7 th	Ian Taylor	Honda 400	71.2 m/g	\$1.08 Super
8 th	John Smith	Kawa 1000	68.8 m/g	\$1.00 Standard
9 th	Gayle Mitchell	Honda 350	68.7 m/g	\$1.12 Super
10 th	Paul McKenna	Yamaha 650	67.4 m/g	\$1.02 Standard
11 th	Frank Bloxham	B.M.W 75/6	65.2 m/g	\$1.18 Super
12 th	L. Hartwick	Honda 1000	63.7 m/g	\$1.08 Standard
13 th	R. Evans	B.M.W 75/7	61.5 m/g	\$1.25 Super
14 th	Barry Barber	Honda 750	60.6 m/g	\$1.27 Super
15 th	P. Philferan	Honda 750	58.3 m/g	\$1.32 Super
16 th	Dick Bloxham	B.M.W 75/6	57.8 m/g	\$1.33 Super
17 th	Ken Markham	Suzuki 750	52.9 m/g	\$1.30 Standard
18 th	M. Sirianni	Triumph 750	44 m/g	\$1.75 Super

Cost of the petrol per litre.

Super – 0.17.9c

Standard – 0.16c

STOLEN FROM QUEEN STREET BIKE PARKING AREA

76 GOLD/BLACK Suzuki GT250. SLIGHT TWIST ON

STEERING COLUMN. ENGINE NO. GT250 58566.

ANY INFORMATION REGARDING THE ABOVE BIKE CONTACT

MARK MARTIN

32 GNARWYN RD

CARNEGIE 3163 Bus. Phone - 604449

EVER RIDDEN A WATER BOTTLE TO THE WEST?

Written here is an account of my 29 day tour to Perth. In that time I travelled 10,800km, and spent \$580.00. My Suzuki 750 consumed 832 litres of petrol and 10 litres of two stroke oil, turning in an average of 100km for every 13 litres of petrol, (for those not up with metric measurements that's 37 M.P.G)

I was to leave Good Friday morning at 2am, but delayed my departure until 4am because of heavy rain. I cruised at 100-110 km/h through Victoria and stepped up the pace once crossing the South Australian border. After stopping for a meal at Bordertown, I rolled into the Nurioopta Caravan Park in the Barossa Valley at about 1pm. There I met up with thirteen of my friends from Melbourne who had driven across, which was not a bad idea considering it rained for almost the whole trip. Easter was spent tasting wine, and more wine, with a little of the brown fluid consumed as well.

I had a feeling of excitement as I headed north towards Port Augusta. The morning air was crisp and the sun was shining – a perfect day for riding. It was just great to be on my own and being able

to enjoy the scenery as the miles ticked by. I arrived at Ceduna about tea time after travelling 750km and set up camp at the caravan park. I had seen some bikes on the road during the day so I was not surprised when I met up with a few fellow motorcyclists in the hotel that night. One guy from Adelaide was riding a GL1000 and a B.M.W was carrying a Qld couple.

The four of us set off at 8am the next day intending to cross the Nullarbor in one hit, a distance of 1,200km. The BMW led all day and set a staggering pace of 140km/h - not bad for two up plus gear. The GL1000 couldn't stand the pace and stopped for the night at Madura (that's a Honda for you), whilst we pressed on, arriving in Norseman about 8.30pm WA time (i.e. 13 ½ hours later and 1200km further west). We stayed in an on-site caravan that night as none of us felt like pitching a tent.

I looked around Norseman and took a few photos before leaving at mid-day for Albany. The road between Norseman and Esperance, (which is on the coast), a distance of 203km, was probably the worst stretch of sealed road I encountered on the whole trip. The road surface is good but the narrowness of the road forces oncoming cars into the gravel, which means you are showered with stones. I overcame this problem by moving over to the very edge of the bitumen well in advance and found that most cars then stayed on the bitumen also.

By the time I had lunch and moved on, the town hall clock at Esperance was chiming 3 o'clock. I wanted to get to Albany by tea time, as I was staying for a few days at an old school friend's house, so I rode as fast as I thought was safe. I arrived in Albany at 7pm, after stopping twice for fuel over the 480km. I spent four days in Albany and found it had plenty to offer the tourist. Albany has a population of 13,000 people and operates Australia's only whaling station at Frenchman's Bay. We visited the whaling station at about 7am one morning and watched six whales being flensed.

After the weekend I headed towards the west coast, passing through some heavily wooded forests, before arriving at Augusta. The next day I visited the Jewell Cave which is a must for anyone visiting the west. The cave is better than any I have seen in Australia, and is certainly comparable to the Wautoma caves in New Zealand. I arrived in Perth about 5pm that day and settled in at the Youth Hostel.

The weather was beautiful the following day as I walked around Perth taking in the sights. The view of the Swan River and the city from King's Park is magnificent and is worth visiting just to take a photo, (also good at night for taking time exposures of the lights). In the afternoon I decided to visit the nudist beach at Swanbourne, which is only a few miles from Perth. The temperature was about 29c and had attracted a large crowd to the beach, including a surprisingly large number of interstate people, as evidenced by the interstate number plates in the car park.

The following day I left for Rottnest Island, prepared to stay one or two nights. (I left my bike at the city youth hostel.) Private vehicles are not permitted on the Island but push bikes are available for hire. Consequently, I went to bed that night with sore calf muscles, after having ridden right around the island. I went for a trip in a glass bottom boat and saw a couple of ship wrecks and the most southern coral in the world. I decided to leave the next day so I could spend Saturday night out on the town in Perth.

After spending a few more days in Perth, I travelled north to Geraldton, (about 430km), and then onto Kalbarri. Kalbarri is an all year round holiday resort situated at the mouth of the Murchison River. It was perhaps the highlight of my trip. The surrounding National Park boasts many rock formations and gorges carved out by the river. It is well worth negotiating the bumpy gravel roads to see "The Loop", "Hawks Head" and "Z Bend" which are about 30km from the township. I hired a surf-cat and had an enjoyable afternoon sailing on the river.

The next weekend I was back in Perth, and spent the Sunday on Scarborough Beach. You haven't seen a beach until you've seen Scarborough as the beach is about fifty yards wide and the sand is white as a baby's bottom, (except one that's been to Swanbourne).

I left Perth about lunchtime on the Monday and regretfully pointed the bike eastward towards Kalgoorlie. About 100km later I overtook Bob, "The Wheel Barrow Man", from Sydney. He had been on the road for two years and had been to Qld, Alice Springs, Port Augusta and was now returning from Perth. He had worn through 11 pairs of boots and 20 pairs of socks. I arrived at Kalgoorlie about 7.30pm.

The following day I went on a 1 ½ hour guided tour of the Hainault Tourist Mine, and found it to be most informative. Just as I was leaving Kalgoorlie it began to rain and it continued for the next three days. I booked into the Railway Hotel for dinner, bed and breakfast and enjoyed every moment as it was a pleasant change from a lilo and jaffles.

I left Norseman at 7.30am the next day. Thirteen hours later at 10pm, I arrived at my destination tired, cold but not wet as my waterproofs had done their job.

When I woke the next morning and climbed out of my tent, it was still raining. I examined the back tyre and realised that I would have to put on a new one if I was to go home via Broken Hill. It did not take much to convince me that the best alternative was to head straight for home. And that I did, and here I am.

I have learnt many things from this trip which will make future adventures better. I now know that one doesn't need as many clothes as one would think, and that travelling with a companion is preferable because one gets tired of talking to oneself. I wouldn't swap bikes for all the tea in China as the Water Bottle performed well in all conditions. The only money I spent on it, besides petrol and oil, was \$15.00 for a speedo drive unit.

For those of you who are still reading this account of my trip and think it's boring and long winded, wait until you read my next report after I've travelled overland to London.

Graeme Vienet (Suzuki GT 750)

ECONOMY RUN 1977

I arrived just in time to sign on for the annual event. Paul McKenna led to Bundoora where we pulled into a service station to fill up our tanks. With Paul taking speedo readings of all machines before leaving, he then left to get a head start on the rest of us who left a quarter of an hour later. I myself sat on a reasonable speed of between 80 and 100km. Paul led us through Whittlesea, Kinglake, Flowerdale and Yea, then down to Tallarook and through to Kilmore where we all went on to the Shell garage to fill up.

Checker, John Smith, noted how much petrol everyone took. My own personal tally was \$1.33 which wasn't bad really considering I was rear rider (besides it was a 74 model). We will not mention a Triumphs MGP. A well planned tour thanks to organisers Paul and Bob who made all this possible. Hope the same thing happens again next year.

BIG DADDY

CONSPIRACY OF EVIL

“Motorcycle clubs are a conspiracy of evil. They dehumanise their members, and those with whom they associate; they enshrine sacrosanct rules and customs, a code of conduct which at its best is puerile, and at its worst features bestial, degrading and depraved in the extreme. Their attitude to women and girls is at least as vicious and despicable as that of any cult, past or present, of which I am aware.”

...His Honour, Judge Lazarus, reported in the “Age” Newspaper of the 19th May, 1977, when sentencing six members of the Coffin Cheaters Motorcycle Club.

Doubtless the Judge was shocked (as would anyone, whether bike rider or not) by the gravity of the offences which the Coffin Cheaters had committed, and I make no excuse for what they did, although when the offences had been committed, they had been travelling in cars, not bikes. However, for the Judge to infer blame on ALL motorcyclists is as unfair as it is grossly inaccurate.

I have been dealing with criminals in Victoria for over 17 years and apart from a short period when I was a motorist only, I have been riding bikes for over 22 years. I just cannot square the Judge’s comments with the facts.

These are the facts as I know the:

I have personally met eight members of motorcycle clubs in Victoria Prisons in my career of 17 years. Because of my interest in bikes I ask prisoners if they ride bikes. Almost none do, so, perhaps because they are too frightened and weak to meet such a challenge. Of the eight members I have met, SIX are the Members of the Coffin Cheaters. Andrew Buckmaster (Kwaka 650/4), who works for the Parole Service, tells me there is a Hells Angel I have not met and who is in Pentridge for rape, and I don’t know if his illegal activities were in any way connected with bike riding.

What of other groups in the community? Rarely a month passes without a lawyer getting a long sentence for stealing money from his (and often her) client’s trust accounts. Judge Lazarus might ponder whether his profession is a conspiracy of evil. The number of clergyman’s sons who commit offences is quite large, and one might wonder if the church is a conspiracy of evil. I might add I don't condemn ALL lawyers or ALL the progeny of the cloth as bestial or degrading.

I could, if constraints of confidentiality were to permit it, tell more than twenty stories of how motorbike clubs keep men out of prison, and many young delinquents have been give interest and legitimate excitement through the interests and social contacts they have made through their motorcycle. Several have made it to senior committee status in clubs of which I am a member, and others have risen to be holders of executive status in other clubs, and one is now President of a Sporting Club. The curious thing is their pattern of offending (except for traffic offences) stops when they get riding their bikes. One father told me, “I thought you were mad telling T... to get a motorbike. However, it was the greatest thing he ever did... meeting up with your club... Do you know that the psychiatrist told me not to allow him a bike as it would be too dangerous.” T... had over two pages of very serious offences, including arson. Another, a current member of this club, who has many offences, including armed robbery, attributes his rehabilitation to his interest in bikes. He has not offended for over 10 years.

There are other positive contributions which motorcycle clubs have clearly achieved. An interest in road safety is obvious. In the clubs of which I am a member, many members have achieved a high status in their professions and include University lecturers, tradesmen, and most are good family people. Many are connected with community standards, and include several constables and another who works for the Police Department, and many who work for the Social Welfare Department, including the Deputy Director of Prisons and the Assistant Superintendent of Pentridge. There must be over 12 Honorary Probation Officers who help kids with their problems – usually family – and with their difficulties which have led them to offend. Another member is currently nominated for

membership of the Prisons Advisory Council. It is impossible to say how many people through their interest in bikes avoid the boredom that is so commonly what leads to drink, drugs and crime.

The Coffin Cheaters I met (all six) are not the evil types one would imagine after reading their offence. Only one has been in prison before, and none had any long history of crime. One, after saying that Gold Wings were a superb big bike (wise man), added that no Japanese machines were admitted to his club. He said, "I suppose you blokes are not too happy about all the publicity about our case. We have really let the side down, haven't we?" I was in no mood to disagree. He will have eight years to ponder his behaviour.

Darren...GL 1000 & XS 750

Cinema Night 21-5-77

Many thanks to the club members and non-club members who came along and gave support to the Cinema Night. All in all, 33 people attended, including the newlyweds, Mr & Mrs Moore. Welcome home from your honeymoon.

The film, from very enthusiastic viewers, was regarded as excellent – "a change from all the movies of sex and violence".

Thank you once again...

Social Sec.

GL 1000 vs XS 750 D – A COMPARISON

Being disinclined to risk the beautiful finish of the Gold Wing LTD by taking it out on wet days or over dirt roads, I had been looking around for a bike I could use without undue concern, and one I could feel happier leaving unattended, for the GL attracted too much attention from small boys when left alone, as well as attention from their fathers who would sit the kids on the seat without any permission from me.

I had been looking for a dirt bike and was astonished to find a Yamaha off road or road registered bike was now over \$1600. Also, I was in no mood to start with a chain drive again as these have been the bane of life earlier. Consequently, when Yamaha reduced the price of the XS 750 from \$2599 to \$1999, I became interested and a friend bought one on my advice.

Then I saw that the price had been further reduced to \$1699, I felt it was time to act. I contacted the Northern outlet for Yamaha who said he could not buy the bike wholesale for \$1699, and that I should buy one as soon as possible. Apparently, the bike had not sold as riders had memories of the ill fated two-cylinder 750 Yamaha which was a completely different bike, and with two new models soon to be released, along with the new laws which will limit riders to 260cc for the first two years of their licence, it was perhaps no wonder that Yamaha distributors were keen to clear their stocks.

Friends have asked me how I rate the two bikes I now have in the garage and so I am writing this article to give some impressions of how the two rate.

The Yamaha City people had detailed the bike better than the Honda have ever done, and they had it ready a day earlier than I expected and there was no charge for pre-delivery. It seemed a pity to have to ride it home in a severe rain storm, but after all, I had bought it to ride in the rain. I was able to get a spare clutch cable, but throttle-cables...well no, they would get one in ... I had heard that before elsewhere.

My first impression was that the Yam is very small indeed and the pulsing vibration was very different to the Wing. It seemed keen to go with thumping low down power which is exciting and the bike proved to be exhilarating to ride. While it has much in common with the Wing, and the brakes feel the same, as does the gear box, clutch and hand controls (except for the left thumb controls or switches), they are very different bikes. For the Gold Wing is a touring bike and without apology, if I plan any long tours, they will be on the Wing for sure, for it is a comfortable, predictable and smooth and fast in a very certain way, but it lacks the elements which make the Yamy really fun to push around.

The Yam is described as a sports-tourer, but it probably did not sell simply because it was not one thing or the other. However, it is probably ideal for outings with the MSCAV and it seems to be easy on fuel. Mechanic, Daryl Smith, who works for my brother-in-law, told me they would be easy to maintain as everything is very easy to get at, and for example, both ends of the clutch cable can be got too easily. The valves are adjusted by shims, and the double overhead cams are worked by a chain which has an adjustment on the outside of the engine. The saddle is very good both for the rider and the pillion and the suspension is far less savage than the Gold Wing's, although the Wing feels more certain in corners, but the Yamaha has great clearances and I have yet to scrape it, but I have heard one has to watch the single right hand muffler.

Constable Brian Rix followed me along the Boulevard and told me that I had a mile to go before I would scrape and I was riding harder than I would ride the Gold Wing.

The steering lock is a bit difficult to apply as it is stuck on the side of the steering head. The turning indicator is a pest as it turns off too soon or too late and when cancelling by hand it is all too easy to sound the horn by mistake. The horn on the Gold Wing sounds well but on the Yamaha it is a high pitched squeak. The exhaust on the Gold Wing only sounds good when under power but the Yamaha sounds good all the time. Access to the plugs on both machines is easy to get at and the instruments on both are very good. At four thousand revs one is going at 97kph and the torquey engine is always very keen to go. My first impressions are these:

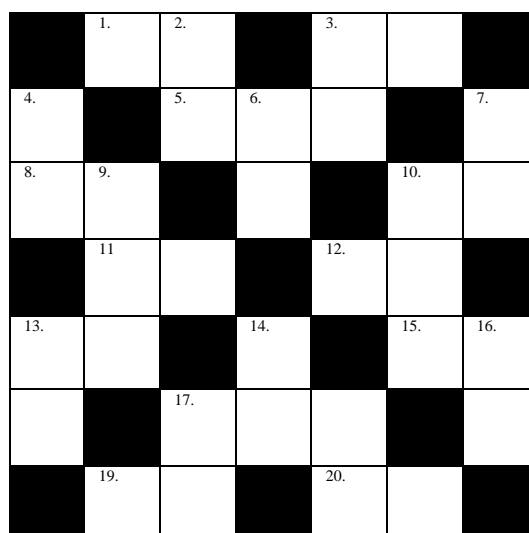
1. G.L. 1000. Big, solid and reliable, very smooth and comfortable, and a delight on a long fast trip. Best ridden solo in my opinion.
2. YAMAHA X.S 750 D. Nifty, light, responsive, exciting and good in town and for short haul work, and very good two up.

PERSONAL NOTE: I am pleased that I do not have to worry about a chain again.

BEST BUY: The Yamaha wins hands down at \$1,699. New models may be almost twice the price e.g. most 750 bikes will be over \$2,500 in the next six months.

Darren Room

CROSSWORD WITH A DIFFERENCE



ACROSS

1. Sum of the digits of 5 across
3. Sum of the digits of 6 down
5. One third of 9 down
8. Sum of the digits of 9 down
10. Sum of the digits of 18 down
11. 12 across minus 20 across
12. 10 down minus 7 down
13. 1 across plus 3 down
15. 16 down reversed
17. 13 down squared
19. 3 across plus 11 across
20. 13 down minus 1 across

DOWN

2. 1 across plus 10 across
3. Half of 2 down
4. 13 down plus 16 down
6. 15 across plus 7 down
7. 13 across plus 13 down
9. 10 down plus 17 across
10. 1 across squared
13. 15 across minus 8 across
14. 17 down minus 3 down
16. 3 times 8 across
17. Last 2 digits of 9 down
18. 8 across plus 17 down

A puzzle to test your maths. Send your entries to Julie Rae, (address on itinerary) by 1st July or hand it in at the club meeting (July).

The prize goes to the first of the correct entries drawn out of a hat at the August club meeting. Results will be in the August Magazine.

NAME:..... TYPE OF BIKE:.....