

EDITORIAL

August 1978

Friday 4 – GENERAL MEETING. Club hall 8.15pm sharp. Auction night.

Sunday 6 – Foster. KBCP 9.00am Cranbourne 10.30am

Sunday 13 – Ice Skating. KBCP 1.00pm

Sunday 20 – Tour Arthur's Seat. KBCP 10.00am

Sunday 27 – Hanging Rock KBCP 10.00am

The Editors apologise for the lack of a mag for the past two months due to a printer break down, and thank the BMW Owners Club for allowing us the use of their printer to publish this edition. Also our thanks go to Mr Michael Fagan for his invaluable assistance in getting this addition together.

As members are no doubt aware, the editors are very interested in the forthcoming Lights-on legislation and its consequences, so we have reprinted articles from the ATMA Mag "The Connecting Link" and the BMW Owners Club Mag. We hope members will read it and think about it even though you may not follow the action suggested by the writers.

REMEMBER "ELECTONS" IN OCTOBER AT GENERAL MEETING FRIDAY 6th CLUB HALL 8.15pm SHARP.

Due to work commitments, I find myself unable to continue as editor of the Club magazine. Anyone who is willing to take control of the mag should discuss the subject with the committee at their earliest convenience.

Editor, Lance

MITCHELTON WINERY

One very chilly Sunday morning a few members met as usual at the KBCP. As usual lately I was the only female (pikers).

Our destination was the Mitchelton Winery. With Greg Smith leader and Big D tail rider we set off.

Mick and I were on the Honda twin as the mighty BMW lies forlornly in the garage, its gearbox needing a great deal of work. A stop was made at Fawkner Cemetery where we picked up a few more members who were game enough to ride in winter weather. Even Doris (your intrepid editor Lance) who I have not seen on a run for the last couple of months, was there.

Off again along the Hume, the low temps gnawing our bodies. After a short while it started to drizzle and so we stopped under an overpass to don water proofs. Greg kindly offered Mick the pillion seat of his 750/4 but with the charm and class Mick is, he declined. (Greg had previously dropped his bike due to a carelessly placed drainage grid under his side stand.)

At Seymour we stopped for petrol. It was meant to be a short stop as we waited and waited for the rear rider, Tim Fagan (19-20 stone stripped), on his 350 no-front-suspension-forks Honda. The stop was slightly longer than expected.

Away laughing, well not fast, a bit chilly for that, and it wasn't long before we got to the winery. They only wanted a buck a head for admission and a tour.

While waiting around the reception area of the winery for the tour guide, we enjoyed the luxury of hot coffee and donuts, a welcome break indeed.

In due time the guide arrived and away we trotted past the laboratory and presses through the main factory and down into the cellars - they looked more like dungeons to me and I was happy to leave them.

After the guided tour there was wine tasting. The wines were not very impressive but we had promises of them improving with age.

We then had a look at the view from the tower. The whole area appears to be a very nice picnic location in the summer with a swimming pool, barbeques and a river flowing through the grounds.

After more coffee and donuts we decided to head off home, Doris (your intrepid editor) in the lead. We returned via the Hume Highway taking the Old Hume Highway at Broadford and back on to the freeway at Kilmore with only one stop before parting.

The final break up was at Fagan's place with coffee and toast for the stomach and slides for the visual delight of all present.

Taking everything into consideration including the cold weather, the run was very enjoyable and all who attended had a good day.

Joy 400 twin

Cops in West Virginia are still scratching their heads on this one. It seems there are motorcycle tyre tracks on the top of a 25-foot water tower.

Showing some class: A Marine was recently busted for being AWOL. How'd they catch him? Why, he showed up for his regularly scheduled dental appointment on the very base he had skipped out from. He'd been going to the base dentist for almost a year before they caught up with him. Now that's got to be class.

Taken from Easyrider.

BUNDABURG OR BUST Or the continuing saga of the Z200

The usual question arose when I decide to take my annual holidays – what to do? Seeing as Melbourne missed out on a decent summer the answer lay to the north and so a trip north including a week at Noosa Heads was planned. Originally I wanted to go as far as McKay – just for the hell of it, but I was travelling alone and most people I talked to advised me not to. Anyway, the 17 days away went something like this:

Day One saw me ride through Numurkah and follow the Newell Highway through to Coonabarabran where I set up a tent under one of those incredible nights where every star is known to man is visible. Next day I travelled the Oxley Highway through to Tamworth, then the New England Highway to Tenterfield and finally headed to Alstonville via the Braxner. I stayed at

Alstonville for two nights with a friend's mother, being very well looked after with hot meals etc – all the comforts of home.

Seeing as I was in the vicinity, next stop was Toowoomba to see Beth and Howard Higham who very kindly put me up for a night. To get there I doubled back to Casino and rode up through Kyogle, Woodenbong, Killarney and Warwick. It's magnificent country though to Warwick. The only hassle was big trucks (the roads are quite narrow through the range), and stock on the road, but a very enjoyable couple of hours ride. Warwick to Toowoomba is in my mind pretty boring; straight roads don't hold much magic.

Beth and Howard are well and still ride for those who didn't see them at Bathurst and send their regards to all. Howard has taken leather work up as a hobby and is producing some pretty stuff.

From Toowoomba I kept inland and passed through Crows Nest and Yarraman to meet up with the Burnett Highway. The Isis Highway turnoff is just before Gayndah and this took me to Childers and finally Bundaberg. This trip, Toowoomba to Bundaberg, was probably the part I enjoyed most. The roads were all two lane, predictable and if road works were in progress the side tracks were hard dirt and no reason to panic. Between Crows Nest and Yarraman is some of the best mountain highway I have struck. There is a section of 5-6 adjoining "S" bends that (for you people on big machinery) would have you throwing your bikes from side to side at 120 km/h and going back for another blast. This was the only part of the trip that I regretted not having a larger capacity bike – but I still had fun.

I stayed one night at Bundaberg – actually I stayed at Burnett Heads which is out towards the port area and is surrounded by cane fields. The caravan park is peaceful as opposed to the children-ridden ones in town, and I was able to camp right next to the beach.

The trip down the Bruce Highway to Noosa Heads was okay, nothing to rave about. I guess I was keyed up about getting to Noosa and lying in the sun to notice much. I stayed in the caravan park right in Noosa Heads itself which has the Pacific Ocean on one side and the Noosa River on the other.

What can I say about Noosa except if you have not been there - go! Apart from strong winds towards the end of my stay, the weather was perfect – jeans and windcheaters went on at night only to confuse the mosquitoes. A typical day comprised of getting up at 6 am and walking along the beach, watching the tide coming in and going for a swim. Next was breakfast, then lying around in the sun, swimming or walking around the National Park until 5 pm. Tea was early due to the sunset, then it was up to the pub, or walking around the beaches until you were tired. Christ, it was a hard life.

The atmosphere at Noosa is completely different from the rest of the Sunshine Coast; it is not as crowded or frantic or something. And the area is so pretty and as yet, untouched by big business.

I only did a couple of day trips while I was there due to an addiction I developed to lazing around. The area has some magnificent mountain country just waiting to be explored. The first trip was out behind the Blackall Range and took in Kenilworth, Maleny, and Landsborough. A lot of this seemed like the area around Bright in Victoria, but the roads sometimes plunged into little valleys where the air was quite close and fragrant from the tropical vegetation.

The road from Maleny to Landsborough drops from the height of the mountains down to plains level along the coast in a short distance, and as you come down you get glimpses of the plains and ocean through the trees. Quite something to test your road concentration.

The other trip I did I won't forget for a while. A turn off at Nambour takes you to the very ridge of the Blackall Range, and the road follows the ridge for some 30 or 40k's offering an almost uninterrupted view of the plains below, the Pacific Ocean, the Sunshine Coast from about

Maroochydore to Caloundra and the incredible Glasshouse Mountains. The mountains are sheer pillars of trachytes (?) rising from nowhere, and although there was sunshine on everything else in sight (which was a lot) a couple of clouds hung above the mountains giving you the feeling they didn't quite belong there, as if they were some ancient phenomenon just biding their time.

Anyway, the road turned to gravel, and then to a track with two wheel ruts and grass down the centre. After getting down to first to get up some parts, I began to think that someone had turned a sign on me, but then the bitumen reappeared. The road down the range to Woodford is so narrow and twisty that one part restricts up and down traffic to separate parts of the day. I came out at Caboolture and had a typical "Freeway" ride back to Noosa along the Bruce Highway.

End of holiday; I decided to make the return journey the most direct I could. Down to Brisbane and out the Cunningham highway to Warwick. Cunningham's Gap and the neighbouring National Parks make pleasant riding, though the roads wouldn't offer much challenge to "fang" artists. From Warwick it was due south along the New England – Uralla was the venue for camp that night. Next day I crossed to the Newell highway, and at Dubbo headed out along the Mitchell highway, and to Cudal where I stayed at an uncle's farm for a day. (Ever seen a sheep being killed, skinned, gutted and hung in preparation for cutting up into chops etc? I have.) From Cudal it was straight down the Olympic Way to Albury and down the Hume to Melbourne.

I had perfect weather the whole trip, always travelling in sunshine, and warm breezes. Even traffic was no hassle. The bike received minimal attention with an oil change at Toowoomba, and never missed a buzz. Toward the end of the trip the timing etc was a bit out of whack, and consumption hit just below 25km/lit and petrol was being blown back through the air filter. But all the way up to Noosa it was returning 25-30km/lit. Speeds? I sat between 80-100 km/h. Comfort? The seat is the best I have done a long trip on, and all through no vibration reached the foot pegs. For the next trip I will rubber-mount the handle bars. I had a fairing up front which stopped any wind fatigue around the arms and shoulders. I was able to ride 10-12 hours each day and still feel human at the end of the day – I guess that's what counts.

I did well over 5000kms in all and cannot praise the little bike enough; I had such a good time that I plan to do it all again in the near future.

Anyone for a trip north?

Jo & Z200

COMPULSORY HEADLIGHTS ON

This letter appeared in the ATMA magazine the Connecting Link. The editors of this magazine have also looked into the lights on proposals, and can endorse the facts stated in the letter below.

This letter had been drawn up by Peter Matthews and Ed Heyman. For maximum effect rewrite in your own personal handwriting and add your own comments and post it off to your Member of Parliament. If you cannot find the time to rewrite – at least remove this page and address it correctly and post it.

The editors of Good Vibrations think that the whole issue of light on is futile and the answer is in the sentence quote "Riders and Drivers need education NOT legislation..."

Dear Sir,

As an experienced and responsible motorcyclist, I feel bound to draw your attention to the concern felt by motor cyclists at the prospects of legislation under consideration by State and Federal Governments.

It appears likely the Victoria will introduce legislation to compel motor cyclists to use their headlights at all times, in the near future, and other states are considering similar measures. This is despite the fact that overseas data shows mandatory headlights-on for motor cyclists to have been totally ineffective.

Following a study by the American Motor Cycle Association (AMA), some states in the USA have repealed their 'headlights-on' laws yet here in Australia, we seem determined to make the same mistake. Riders and drivers need education NOT legislation.

The Federation of Australian Motor Cyclists (FAM) has repeatedly expressed its opposition to compulsory use of headlights.

I understand that other measures such as the compulsory wearing of 'day-glo' clothing, lowering of speed limits and even the banning of pillion passengers on motor cycles, have been or are being considered by some state Governments.

I strongly urge you to oppose these unjustified and misguided measures and to listen to these views and experiences of motor cyclists themselves.

Yours faithfully,

VALE

DICK BLOXHAM:

On the 26th of June Dick Bloxham was killed in an industrial accident at work.

Dick will be fondly remembered by quite a lot of the members, especially those who went on the first Tassie Trip Xmas 73/74 on his old slow 600 Be-em and on the second Tassie trip Xmas 76/77 on his newer and faster 750 Be-em. It's when one remembers back to trips of this nature and thinks of all the good and slightly stupid type of things that you only do on holidays with close friends that the enormity of the loss hits you.

On behalf to the MSCAV members I extend their deepest sympathy to Dick's mother and his brother's Frank and George and George's family.

Mick R1000.

SUNDAY ARVO ON A 250 BMW

After about 3 years of restoration or to put it simply “much mucking around” my racing 250 BMW is a goer.

No, it isn't actually a racing model, far from it. Just a 1954 R25/3 the type of bike you see more of in books unfortunately. I call it my 'racing 250' cause at 40 mph it feels like you're doing 80 mph. It handles well considering her geometry and, being a single, it feels strange as it wants to lean over in corners. I am not really raving on, if you have been missing from the ears hists ya. Anyhow, back to Sunday, today.

Left the RAAF Base here in Fairbairn at about 10am for a burn across suburbia to Charnwood, way over the other side, (check out the map if you're puzzled). Had been gone 10 minutes when troubles started. Stopped for fuel at the airport, and then despite much kicking and a few words thrown in, the bloody thing refused to fire up. I didn't receive much moral support from the attendant either, he just laughed with a dig about useless old bikes and the nuts who ride them. He could see I was boiling and walked off grinning ear to ear.

Out with the tools and off with the carbie, dismantled and thoroughly cleaned. Mobs of spark but no go as all the fuel was pissing out all over the gear box from the mixture screw. Great bloody darts this is, I thought. How a bloke can ride under these conditions it is almost as if someone above doesn't like you. Can you imagine the situation, not much more fuel could have run from the float bowl with a 1/16" drill through it.

Well by some stroke of luck (still don't know what caused the trouble) my now beaut little 250 fired up like a rattly singer sewing machine and the two of us were away. Miracles will never cease.

The Sunday arvo of my burst starts here as it was just after lunch when I arrived at Charnwood. A friend of mine, Lorry, had just fired his R90/6 after 3 months of hassles with insurance companies following a prang. We had it turn its first few revs the night before and like most of these special occasions, Canberra turned on its winter weather and put on mobs of rain and freezing winds. A quick tune up and we left at 2pm for Yass, Lorry on his 900 and me 'following' on my 250 some distance behind. Before we left I said something about stopping at the Golden Fleece Roadhouse in Yass before returning.

I didn't see him again till then, cruising at 45 to 50 mph. Do you blame me. The 250 ran like a clock all the way and proved very scenic on the hills. I had time to see for miles and admire the scenery.

On the way out to Yass I cracked open the throttle to 60mph down this hill, fair to flying I was. Down the bottom there was about 200 yards of corrugations (I don't have to explain NSW roads) and was damn near launched from the saddle (tractor seat model BM). You see her suspension went ape, multiplied by my weight and some speed it resembled going bareback on a kangaroo. Her old seat has a big adjustable spring beneath which also got in the act. The excitement didn't end there either.

Turning south off the Barton and on to the Hume I had just beaten a Mack truck for right of way but hadn't actually seen him. You see my over adjustable rear vision mirror had decided to focus on the sky and the Mack must have been some distance back at the start, but not far because when I adjusted the mirror, it was engulfed by an enormous set of steel crash bars. Think that wasn't a thrill for the system.

It is a rather lonely feeling on a 250 being slipstreamed by a Mack. It and I parted company very quickly in a truck type bypass lane and I don't have to point out which one I was racing in.

There was Lorry feeding his face and looking at his watch as I pulled into the roadhouse. His comments I ignored as I reset the carburettor and tightened a few nuts and bolts here and there. Half an hour later we were off again for Canberra though little really happened. Lorry set a new Yass – Charnwood record and I checked out the old paddocks to see if the sheep had moved. I wondered coming home this arvo how many rides I'll be doing around Canberra. That cold winter wind I could feel off the snow in the distance really cuts you up. Made it back before sunset and believe me, it's well worth it; makes holding that first cup of coffee a lot easier.

MOFF (Howard Moffat)

LUCKY

But luck wasn't enough

The sun had lifted its fiery head high into the sky everyday when he returned to the city. Listening to the deep music his V-Twin made, he entered the downtown interchange. It was too hot to stop in the city, so the rider kept the air rushing through the cooling fins of his motor as his scooter sped steadily through the midday traffic.

Through the slalom course, the shovel sat steadfast in the rigid cradle as the bike leaned, dodged, and manoeuvred through the cars, trucks and lumbering buses like good rock'n'roll pouring of a stage thundering toward thousands of anxiously awaiting ears. Lucky's shovel left its musical impression on the surprised spectators, the motley vehicles strewn across the highway.

His gloved hand clasped the throttle that seemed like a guitar pike in the hands of a strummer, playing an impromptu set for the drab motorists. Both tyres played leery blues as they sporadically made contact with the rain grooves. He felt secure behind the massive wide glide, strong and large but responsive and capable of handling chunks, bumps and discarded car parts strewn along the generally clean pavement.

Occasionally faced with the domino effect of one car's erratic movements and the reaction of closely spaced following vehicles, his eyes peering through oil coated, bug splattered shades. He noted the panic, and, with a slight shift of weight, was two lanes away, while the hurried and half asleep motorists tried to make up for their lack of foresight and judgement.

At first awkwardly, the bike had made a jagged trail through city traffic. But day after day his responses grew keener, and were sometimes touched with uncanny perception. As on a race course his motions on the field of lanes grew as a challenge to his skills. He felt like a jockey with only his toes resting lightly in the stirrups, the bike becoming a steed with a racing, jumping, frantic rider resting atop its rhythmic back – demanding control and immediate response.

It began as a ride from home to work, and eventually became a timed race. It wasn't enough to survive through the maze of asphalt hazards. It became less than successful just to avoid smoothly an obstacle or collision.

Now, as if no other vehicles existed or by some inhuman force they became docile, unable to function unpredictably, perhaps even immobile, the municipal traffic system became a time test. How fast could this thundering Harley take him from point A to point B? Lucky was no longer bound by mundane concerns. His mind quit – no more self preservation, family, friends, or thoughts of the future. He concentrated only on a dirty white line and how fast he travelled over it. His front end bounced and allowed the vessel to lift and sink like a schooner racing unencumbered through the ocean to the finish line.

His bike was not at fault. It ran like a jewelled watch, except the watch was wound by an unthinking fool, winding for speed, not paying attention to the movement. But the time ran out. Even a number of close calls didn't sway Flash Freeway. Overconfident wasn't the word for his attitude toward the race. Cocky was a better description and his attitude determined his actions. And a Volkswagen was his demise.

Taken from EASYRIDERS (February 78)

THE HONDA CX 500 TWIN

One Saturday morning about a month ago I was shopping for some oil at Peter Stevens in Elizabeth St, Melbourne, when Steve Chiodo, a co-owner of the shop, asked if I would run-in one of the new Honda CX500 V-twin bikes which he planned to use as a demonstrator. Phillip from the Four Owners was with me and added, "Oh good you can bring it on one of the Club rides and we could all have a go on it". Steve's face dropped and I added that if I ran it in I alone would ride it while it was under my control on the highways.

The CX duly arrived and I took delivery, and took it to a meeting of the Four Owners Club that night, a very wet night indeed. I must say that I was sorry at the prospect of getting the bike dirty, but English magazines said the bike was very stable on wet roads indeed, but I was still very wary at first.

As I ride a Gold Wing and a Yamaha 750 shaft drive, my views of the new Honda are contrasted by the bikes I already own. I am not attempting to write a full review of the bike's mechanics or go into contrasts with other bikes.

The first view of the bike is its unique appearance which I rather like except for the headlight treatment. The bike is large, much larger looking than the 500 four Honda. The narrow handle bars which are rather flat are comfortable but the mirrors are too narrow and obscured my rearward view. If I purchase one, I would like different bars and mirrors with longer stems. The other aspects such as hand controls and seating are excellent in all respects. The seat was most comfortable the whole day I was on the bike. The gear lever works on a plane at right angles to the line of the bike, the only bike I have seen this arrangement on, and while it looks very odd it is very good to use, better than the usual, and better than the one on the Yamaha. The side stand has a rubber retraction toe like the Gold Wing, but it is awkward to use, and I had a constant fear of the bike rolling off the stand. One would have to use care when parking the bike. The main stand is very light to use, however.

On the roads the bike is very stable, and its disc brakes at the front was excellent in the wet, due I read to new linings or pads developed by Honda for use with stainless steel discs. The result is good braking in both wet and dry. The bike offered in Europe has twin front discs, but the American version we get here has only one. The rear drum was OK.

The bike was easy to ride, and it cornered so well that I could hardly believe it. It goes like the 750 Yam and has the low-down power that makes the bike exciting and gives it a character of its own. The biggest surprise was the response of the engine; it is smooth - very smooth, but nevertheless it has a throb low down. There is very little vibration, and the rear-view mirrors remain clear at all times.

At the meeting of the Four Owners, the bike created considerable interest despite it being a twin. It was pointed out that one of the two taillight bulbs were not working. Many members commented on the very large tail light and the seat which lifts off and does not hinge. The lack of a kick starter was also noted. The shaft drive was discussed as was the large flat tank, and the petrol cap with its outer locking cap. The CDI ignition and easy maintenance appealed to me. The bike starts easily and sounds good although it is louder than the Gold Wing, but it is still quite legal.

What I was looking forward to was riding the bike on the streets and so I took it around the Boulevard. It was apparent that it really was a fun bike, and a great day-touring machine. It is a very predictable machine on the corners and does not have the clearance restrictions of my machines. I took it around to the homes of some members of the MSCAV and great interest was shown. One member has already ordered one. He said, "The pillion seat is very comfortable, and the hand grip is in just the right place".

Next day I joined the MSCAV tour and in fact led the trip to Murrindindi Falls. The ride started down the Eastern freeway and the 500 was quite at home on the wide road at 100 kmph, with very little vibration although more than the Gold Wing. The ride is soft and plush in contrast to the firm ride of the Wing. The response of the engine was remarkable and on the dirt road to Kinglake the bike was able to be ridden with ease and certainty, but on the corrugations the back tended to hop about. The front still steered with certainty and accuracy. The CX stayed upright as I had no wish to return a damaged bike to Steve. However, it clearly showed the ability of the bike to handle very bad conditions.

Later, after the road rally had turned off, the road became a firm but potholed dry clay over which the CX just floated and the suspension, (which seemed to have little fork length), coped so well that the road seemed almost like bitumen. The bike seemed certain and sure and was really a delight to ride. Its light responsive handling makes it a most pleasing fun bike which is adequate for touring or commuting.

On the beautiful new road from Yea to Flowerdale, and up to the Murchison Gap, the bike felt like it could go faster and faster and could be lent over so far because of its excellent clearances.

Next day it was with great reluctance that I had to return the machine to Steve Chiodo of Peter Stevens. I have only seen the black and red ones but a smart red one is available as well as a bright blue one. The red one appeals to me. When I come back from my long service leave, I hope I can buy one of my own. Meanwhile I will go green with envy every time I see one on the road.

Darren Room

To the editor from Big D.

Recently I received this letter, which would be of great interest to all members of our club to see. It reads:

Dear Sir,

I wish to apply for membership of the MSCAV. Over the last couple of years I have been on three of your rides, Vaughn Springs, Lake Eildon and Mount Fatigue and have been very impressed with the organisation of each run.

I own three bikes, a Suzuki (recently acquired) a Honda CB 350 and a Honda XL 350 which I have converted into a road bike.

I have been riding for over four years and especially enjoy touring and day rides in the company of other motorcyclists. I look forward to joining your club as other clubs I have ridden with are badly organised and only seem to cater for their established members.

Yours Sincerely,

Peter Trathen

The Editor M.S.C.A.V.

Dear Lance,

Would you please include in the next edition of the magazine the following notice?

On behalf of my family I wish to thank all members of the MSCAV for their sympathy and support on the recent death of my brother Dick.

Frank Bloxham

ROAD SAFETY REPORTS RELATING TO MOTORCYCLISTS

Seventeenth Progress Report.

Summary of recommendations.

Headlamps.

The committee recommends, as an immediate road accident countermeasure, that all motorcycles should have their main headlamps alight, on low beam, while travelling on the highways of this state during daylight hours. The committee recommends that the Commissioner of Police should have discretionary powers to exempt certain machines from this requirement because of design problems. Similar powers of exemption apply in regard to the fitting and compulsory wearing of seat belts.

The committee considers that this discretionary exemption should be for a limited period, and that over a period of two years, all motor cycles should comply with the requirement.

Light Coloured clothing

Helmets and Clothing

The committee recommends that protective helmets, now worn as a compulsory accident casualty countermeasure, should be white or yellow in colour unless they are reflectorised. The committee recommends that industry and the various motorcycle organisations could play an important part in supplying and encouraging motorcyclists to wear, light coloured and /or reflectorised jackets.

Motorcycles

The committee believes that the industry could play a major part in improving the conspicuousness by discouraging the use of darker colours and promoting the use of light colours, especially on fairings, and/or lateral reflectorisation on machines.

Grading of Motorcycle Licences

The committee recommends that learner drivers be restricted to motorcycles with a max weight of 160kg (360lbs) and a power capacity of 260cc. The committee recommends that licences to ride motorcycles on the highways be graded to restrict riders to machines with a maximum weight of approximately 160kg and a power capacity of 260cc, for a period of two years following the issue of their first licence to ride motorcycles. (What about V8's?)

The committee also recommends that following the introduction of graded licensing the Road Safety and Traffic Authority should undertake a study and evaluation of its effects on the accident pattern of motorcycles in Victoria.

Design Rules for Motorcycles

The committee recommends that early consideration be given to introducing regulations requiring minimum standards for design and modifications to motorcycles.

The last sentence seemed the only part interested in the people without squashing their freedom of choice. Even if you are happy to go along with any regulations that our kind government cares to deal out to us, there are thousands of your brothers and sisters motorcycling along out there with their freedom of choice about to be knocked.

In case you were not familiar with the proposed legislation pertaining to motorcycling, and motorcyclists, we published this in your interest. Perhaps you could pick out the points which grip you most and write to DICKIE TODAY. Write in the interest of us all.

Extracted from the BMW MCC VIC mag May 1978

LIGHTS ON, GRADED LICENCING ETC ETC AND US

Us, the poor misguided fools who ride motorcycles for transport and pleasure. Us, the poor misguided fools who presume to think that because we know from experience what is most suitable and right for ...us.

What right have we got to think that the government in their infinite wisdom is not trying in their own way to get us off the roads of Australia in the long term by the legal method of legislation?

As you have probably noted, the recommendations have struck a discord within me. I daresay you probably felt a twang as you read the previous article.