

# Good Vibrations November 1978

## EDITORIAL

THE MSCAV. COMMITTEE 1978, 1979

PRES: Mick Fagan, 153 Cornwall Rd, Sunshine. 311-3047

VICE-PRES: Les Leahy, 5/67 Lang St, South Yarra. 26-3179

SEC: Greg Moore, 37 Fisher Gve, Tullamarine. 338-6806

TREAS: Keith Harris, 21 Dwyer Ave, Reservoir. 478-3982

ASSIS-SEC: Greg Free, 78 Gordon St, W Coburg. 386-1755

SOC-SEC: Greg Smith, 5/59 Shelley St, Elwood.

CAPT: Tom Saville, 6 Elizabeth St, Doncaster. 848-7867

VICE-CAPT: Brendon Gleeson, 22 Hughs St Upway. 754-6060

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FRIDAY 3,

General Meeting. Club Hall 8.15pm

MRA SPEAKER

PIZZA NIGHT

SUNDAY 5,

Beechworth. K.B.C.P 8.00am

SUNDAY 12,

Cumberland Falls. Ocean Rd, Laverton 9.00am.

SUNDAY 19,

Moe Folk Museum, K.B.C.P 9.00 Hallam 10.15am

SUNDAY 26,

Mt Donna Buang, Parents Day. K.B.C.P. 10.00 U. F. Gully 11.15am

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Just a reminder about where to send articles for the club magazine. The address is; Rod Fisk, 4 Dubbo St, Sunshine. 3020. Phone 311-2526

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## **XMAS PARTY 1978**

WHEN--- Saturday 9<sup>th</sup> of December.

TIME--- 6pm.

WHERE--- Tom Saville's, 6 Elizabeth St, Doncaster. Phone 484-7867

COST--- \$1.50 per person.

WHAT TO BRING--- Bring your own meat, beverages and TOGS.

It looks to be a good turn in the offing so I hope to see you there. Salads and sweets etc will be supplied so you do get something for your \$1.50.

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WEDDERBURN POP FESTIVAL  
Weekend of 11 and 12 of November

Broadford Hells Angel Concert.  
Weekend 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> of December.

### **CLUB MEMBER OF THE YEAR AWARD**

This is to be an annual award starting from next Sunday's ride (5<sup>th</sup> of November 1978) to Beechworth. It will conclude at the end of August 1979 and the award will be presented to the winner at the September 79 General Meeting.

The winner of the award is the person who has amassed the most number of points over the year and will win a BELL full-face helmet (or equivalent helmet) kindly donated by Les Leahy.

Listed below is what you as an active member have to do to get points.

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#### **AMOUNT OF POINTS**

Day or weekend ride	2
Attending a social event	2
Bringing Parents or Guardian to parents day	2
Sports day:- no points for the ride but ½ a point for every event you enter	½
Holding part of a progressive dinner at your home or flat	3
Introducing a new financial member	4
Getting an article published in the club magazine (maximum 4 pts)	1

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### **RAFFLE**

Tickets are now on sale from Greg Smith (the Social Sec for those with short memories) for a raffle. Price is 50c a ticket no limit on the amount of tickets you wish to buy. The prize: one complete metric socket set 10mm thru to 36mm, speed brace, ratchet, universal joint, extensions etc. Comes in a steel case.

## **PROPOSED CLUB NAME CHANGE, MSCAV.**

Below is a list of the names suggested by members:

- Motor Cycle Association of Victoria
- Motorcycle Touring Club of Victoria
- Highway Riders of Victoria
- Motorcycle Rider and Touring Club of Victoria
- Motorcycle Road Riders Club of Victoria
- Melbourne Road Riders Club of Victoria
- Melbourne Motorcycle and Touring Club
- All Makes and Models Motorcycle Club
- Two Wheels Touring Club of Melbourne
- Melbourne Combined Motorcycle Club
- Melbourne Motorcycle Touring Club
- Melbourne Touring Motorcycle Club
- Riders and Pillion Association of Victoria
- Touring Motorcycle Club of Victoria.

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SIDCHROME TOOLS are available to the public at 25% discount from:

H.N. Davis & CO, 1551 Sydney Rd, Campbellfield.

### **OF NONGS IN THONGS**

When the warm weather was here I had a fine opportunity to study some of the less well known types of Australian animal life. One of the most interesting of these to the non-specialist researcher, is the Australian Blue-Footed Thong Nong (Thongus Nongus Idioticus)

Thongus Nongus Idioticus, or thong nong as it is more usually known, may be easily recognised by the characteristic blue pigmentation of the soles of its feet, which are composed of a very interesting spongy material.

The Thong Nong may be observed anytime, day or night, roosting on the back of most types of motorcycle, although the products of the Bayerische Motoren Werke appear to be immune to infestation by Idioticus. The reason for this is not well understood, but one interesting theory, postulated by Dr Metric Wrench, of the University of Sydney, holds that the product of this company is of a greatly superior nature and is thus beyond the means of Idioticus. Research is continuing into this interesting question.

Many examples of Thong Nong have small areas of pale skin on their feet, which on close examination prove to be composed of scar tissue. This scar tissue is believed to be caused by a process known to the motorcycling fraternity as *dropping it*. Precisely what is dropped, and why such action should result in scarred feet is not known, but studies are proceeding.

It has been noted that some examples of Idioticus prefer to roost wearing only a flimsy covering of linen material around the middle of the body, thus leaving the legs and torso completely bare and exposed to the inclemency of the weather. It might be thought that debris thrown up from the road would cause a certain amount of discomfort to the Thong Nong, but in fact the brain of Idioticus is at a very early stage of development, thus the transmission of pain sensations along neural pathways is not a problem.

One very curious phenomenon has been observed by all in this field, and it is that all examples of *Thongus Nongus Idioticus* wear brightly coloured shells of a hard material over the head. Why this should be so, when the rest of the body is left in an unprotected state, defies analysis. More work must be done before a completely satisfactory explanation is possible, but it is believed that a type of compulsion is responsible for this aberrant behaviour. Whether the compulsion in psychological or corporeal is not known.

I recently had an opportunity to study a specimen of this creature at first hand.

The unfortunate beast had inadvertently strayed into the path of a mobile lounge room (known to its owner as *a car*) and had been dislodged from its roosting place. Having been precipitated onto the surface of the road while travelling at high speed, the carcass of the specimen was naturally in a very bloody state. The last words I heard from the creature before attendants removed it to a place of sanctuary, were 'never again'. I am still at a loss as to the meaning to this cryptic statement and I fear we may never know, as I understand that the beast latter succumbed to its injuries.

It will be seen that the Australian Blue-Footed Thong Nong is a fascinating species. We must gather all available data before the species becomes completely extinct.

### **Taken from TWO WHEELS, May 1978**

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Last year in July I was on tour in South Australia on the Gold Wing, and I had stopped at Ardrossan for a counter lunch at the splendid local hotel. The lounge was large and few were eating there when I called by. Therefore I was amazed when a distinguished middle aged couple joined me, particularly when I was dressed in my leathers, and my helmet was on the table. They told me of the local tourist features and were most helpful. They said they were off to see their daughter who had married a lawyer and lived in nearby Maitland. I also noticed the husband was suffering from Parkinsons disease. They also said that their son was a keen rider and he owned a BMW and was a member of the Motorcycle Touring Association. They added that he was doing psychology at the Adelaide University. They admired the Gold Wing after lunch, and then we parted and I never expected that I would ever see them again.

During my long service leave, I had just entered the flat when my phone rang and the voice at the other end said he was Norman Morris, whom I had never met but he said that he had phoned me after picking my name from the Motorcycle Touring Association code book. He had come to visit a girl he knew but found her unexpectedly out of Melbourne, and asked if he could stay at my flat until he returned to South Australia. I agreed wondering what sort of wanderer he might be. On his arrival, Norman seemed a presentable, clean cut young man who was very keen and protective about his well kept BMW. Although he came for a brief stay here, he stayed nearly a week and I was able to show him something of Victoria's great motorcycling roads.

During a conversation sometime after his arrival Norman related something of his father who had Parkinsons disease, and about his sister who lived in Maitland. I thought the coincidence was too close to be true and added that I had met his parents a year earlier. He was amazed and in later conversation confirmed that I had in fact met his folks.

Norman mentioned he was unemployed and that he was on holiday and was waiting to return to South Australia to try and find a post near his home. Well, jobs are not easy to find for young graduates in South Australia, but the prison service here is desperate for staff, and I referred Norman to my colleagues as I was still on leave.

At this point in time I continued my holiday in South Australia where I met Norman again and met his parents and grandmother and they were amazed at the coincidence of our meeting again. Norman was good enough to show me some of the sights around Adelaide.

After my leave was over I arranged for Norman to return to Victoria and his friend, Anne-Marie, was also back in town and he seemed glad to meet her. So was I for she is a most fascinating French lass who owns three bikes. Norman also met the Director of Correctional Services and he was offered a job. He will start with us on the 9<sup>th</sup> of October. Things did not end there.

A keen member of the MSCAV and Four Owners lives around the corner from Anne-Marie and he had a spare room and an interest in music, one of Norman's interests too. It was quickly arranged for the two to make some arrangements and now Norman has a job and an address. He already knows many of Melbourne's motorcyclists, instant friends you might say. I might say it's a shame he doesn't own a four, but he will doubtless be an acquisition for the BM Club. For the prison service he is the third motorcyclist Assistant Superintendent. Our Director and the Deputy Director are or have been keen motorcyclists.

Now if anyone else is looking for a job...

**Darren Room (GL 1000)**

### **NEW FAIRINGS FOR POLICE END HIGH-SPEED WOBBLE**

Queensland's motor cycle police have had to face an extra danger during high speed chases until lately. At around 140 kilometres an hour some of their machines have inexplicably gone out of control with front wheels violently wobbling with forces wrenching the handlebars from the rider's hands. But not all policemen, riding similar Hondas, experienced the trouble.

One officer felt the wobble start as he was chasing an offender, and stopped it by gently easing back on the throttle, but later during the pursuit the wobble returned. He crashed and was injured. Other similar crashes were reported.

Worried by the phenomenon, the police union made checks with other state police forces and it emerged that the speed wobble was prone when the bike rider weighed under 77kg, irrespective of riding experience. Sergeant second class Ron Gee said the police believed they had solved the mystery. The problem lay in the fairing design.

When Queensland police first started using Honda motorcycles a bulbous-shaped fairing was used. At high speed it made the front end lift. This was corrected by a re-design which made air flow hold the front end down. Mounting position of the fairing directly onto the handlebars is thought to have contributed to the wobble problem.

The police went to the drawing board and with improved stability, rider comfort and cost in mind, designed a smaller fairing. A former British police motor cyclist (Senior Constable Adrian Hall), got the job of testing the prototype fairing.

Based on the 'Murphy' style windshield used on old British motor cycles, the new perspex and plastic fairing eliminates speed wobble, provides reasonable rider comfort and is angled to minimise danger to the rider if he is thrown forward. The fairing, manufactured by a Brisbane firm, has now been fitted to most of the Metropolitan division Honda K7 750cc specials.

The police are looking at a Suzuki 750 and Yamaha 750 and 1100 police specials as possible future replacement vehicles.

Brisbane 'Courier Mail', 9/7/78

## **WANTED**

After going through back issues of the magazine I found that quite a number of issues were not kept or have been lost. Below is a list of issues needed to complete the set from 1976 to 1978.

<u>1976</u>	<u>1977</u>	<u>1978</u>
January	January	January
February	April	June
April	May	July
June	June	
July	August	

Any member with these back issues and would like to donate them back to the Club should see myself or one of the committee.

Rod  
(Editor)

## **WARRNAMBOOL WEEKEND 21 & 22 OCTOBER**

Saturday morning's blue skies and sunny weather promised to be the ideal beginning to a camping weekend by the sea.

Greg and I arrived at Laverton at 8.45am. We had an impressive roll up of nine machines and were greeted by Hans and Vincent in the blue Gemini. By nine o'clock there were Greg Smith, John McKenna and Christine, Sonia, Tom, Bob, Marcus, Keith and Kevin. We headed off for Warrnambool via the Great Ocean Road to Apollo Bay and Port Campbell with Tom leading.

On our way through Geelong, Geoff and Jenny on the Yamaha 1100 caught up with us, boosting the number of bikes to ten.

The weather was great and the scenery along the Great Ocean Road was beautiful. After a brief fuel stop at Apollo Bay we headed towards Port Campbell for lunch. Not far out of Apollo Bay Greg and I were corner markers. Most of the club came through but where was Bob Evans? After we had waited for about 20 mins a lady in a car informed us that one member had come off but was on his way. Well, after about another 20 minutes, Bob and Marcus came into view. Marcus's bike was considerably crippled by a broken throttle. Temporary repairs were made and we were on our way, but alas the temporary repairs were more temporary than expected. This time the mechanics made a slightly more permanent attempt at repairing the throttle. They disconnected the throttle return spring and bandaged it with more tape. Once again we were on our way.

We arrived at Port Campbell 'slightly' later than the rest of the Club and devoured some lunch. After a short break, much welcomed by Marcus, we headed for Warrnambool.

While we were deciding on tent sites, Ken Markham drove in, in his blue Volkswagen. The number ever increasing, we now had a total of sixteen people.

By three thirty everyone had pitched their tents and was enjoying the summer time conditions. The afternoon was spent by most of us just sitting around talking, followed by a stroll along the beach.

When the hungries hit, several people headed towards the Colonel's place and bought some Kentucky Fried.

Across the road from the camping ground was an adventure type area. We explored the various pieces of play equipment and then Tom produced the frisbee. Until darkness descended upon us, and the mosquitoes all but carried us away, we played with the frisbee. Then we headed back to the park and sat around the camp light telling jokes and other things. Big D's (yes, he had arrived sometime during the afternoon) jokes indicated that he needed cooling off, so we headed (on foot) into town for drinks. After the walk home most people retired for the night.

Next morning Greg Smith, bless his heart, awoke at 7.30am and heralded the start of another beautiful day. We packed up our tents and planned the day's itinerary.

Firstly, we visited the underwater observatory and then went on to Tower Hill, which is an extinct volcano. Everyone found Tower Hill interesting and even suggested it for a day run.

From Tower Hill, the tanks were filled, and our sights were set on home, via Camperdown and Geelong. While we were having lunch at Camperdown, Sonia invited us in for coffee and to watch the remaining time in the Castrol Six Hour race. At about three o'clock we rumbled up the driveway at Sonia's and enjoyed the last hour of the race on colour television. Most people left Sonia's soon after 4 o'clock.

The excellent weather and attendance contributed towards a most enjoyable weekend. Thank you to Sonia and her mother for their hospitality. Also it was good to see Hans back with us. I hope we see him more often.

**Noelene.**

### **SALES OF BIKES EASING**

Australians have always had a yen for Japanese motorcycles. Price, reliability, simplicity, strength, ease of maintenance and a switched on back-up service all neatly packaged in a calm and conditioned 'this is what you want' marketing deal is the reason. Australia is not the be all and end all of Japanese motorcycle sales. But Honda, Kawasaki, Suzuki and Yamaha are not above selling us what they can.

New motorcycle registrations (all types) peaked in 1974 at 80,538. It was a steady climb from 1969. In 1970 registrations rose 49.1 per cent; 1972 up another 12 per cent; 1973, up again 41 per cent; and in 1974, they rose another 4 per cent. Registrations dropped 22 per cent in 1975; another 7 per cent in 1976 and a further 28 per cent last year. Which brings sales down to 6412 for the 12 months to June of this year. Of those 5719 were Japanese.

Yamaha topped the sales with 2077 units being registered; Honda 1655; Suzuki 1004; and Kawasaki 983.

Unlike the car market, the Japanese motor cycle manufacturers have no local opposition to compete against. A few attempts were aborted, partially attributed to a lack of backing, government or investment. Ironically, one of the best motor cycle designers of his time is an Australian, Phil Irvine, currently living outside Melbourne.

The models which made the Japanese manufacturers famous in Australia are now a matter of record – the triple cylinder scorching Kawasaki triples, the 900; the Honda four strokes, particularly the 750; the GT 750 Suzuki 'waterbottle'; and the race bred Yamahas.

Now the trend is to four strokes with each of the manufacturers running a heavy line of them.

Sports purists espouse the magic handling and guttural throbbing of the Ducati Vees, the MV Augustas, Moto Guzzis and Laverdas. The English traditionalists worship their 'old twins' – Nortons and Triumphs. Yamaha bounced back at them this year with the release of the RS 500 single 'thumper'.

Others have gone for the Harley Davidson, some with the express purpose of chopping them up.

Top superbike racer, Mick Hone (who under the banner of Peter Stevens sells both Japanese and continental motor cycles) describes the success of the Japanese this way: "The Europeans have no switched-on specialised marketing style."

But the boom has passed and the Japanese were up there in the highlight years. Their bikes are getting better with every new model released, but they are getting more expensive. There's never trouble with a new Japanese bike – you hit the starter and it fires, first time every time... "It's that simple; and when it comes to spares, they are really organised".

Another big feature is the seemingly built in unstressed mechanicals. Hone distributes Yoshimura kits – developed components such as cams and pistons, which can be added in various degrees of tune. Hone says the beauty of the Japanese machines is that you bolt on power without the bottom end dropping on the road. "The Japanese cultivate the after-market sales themselves."

It's also interesting to note that Honda Australia sells 40 per cent of its hardware to the Australian farmer. The general sales manager of Honda Australia, Greg Fayers, predicts a revitalisation of the industry, if it happens, will come from the commuter class. "This will come if the government introduces some incentives such as low registration costs and a practical graded licence system."

Taken for "THE HERALD" 9-10-1978

**THE AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY AND THE MRA**  
**MOTORCYCLE EXIBITION AND SWAP MEET                      SUNDAY NOVEMBER 12 1978**

Following the success of their last bike show the MRA are putting on another one this time incorporating a swap meet. There will be food stalls to cater for the stomach and a band for the head.

Talks will be given during the day on motorcycle safety and tips on maintenance and features of the various machines exhibited. In addition your attendance will assist Red Cross in its vital humanitarian work.

ENTRY FORMS AVAILABLE FROM:

Mr Damian Codognotto	or	Mr Dick Millott
M.R.A.		Appeals Dept
P.O. Box 64		Aust RED CROSS (VIC DIV)
Collins St		171 City Rd
Melbourne 3000		South Melbourne 3205
		616 9837

Admission \$2.00

MRA. Members \$1.00

A chance to make a few dollars on some bits and pieces while helping a worthy charity and strengthening the motorcycle community. Come along for the fun of it. Where else will you get a rock band – The Jivers - for \$2.



## DONT GET SICK IN THE USA

While in the USA I spent four days in hospital in Philadelphia in the Pennsylvania Hospital, which is poor compared to Prince Henrys. Far from being the newest, it is America's oldest, being in use from 1751, nineteen years before Captain Cook discovered Australia.

This cost me \$2200. Yes, you read it right. I knew costs were high but not that high. Unfortunately, I only had travel insurance to \$1500 for sickness. Even with what Medibank pay it will still leave me out of pocket.

So if you know people who are going overseas, advise them to carry a cover of \$3000. God help anyone who has an accident and has a month or more in hospital.

Lloyd 750 Honda.

## GUESS WHAT?

I'm sure you can imagine. It's easy as can be. The place is Piccadilly. The time is half past three.

She whispered "Will it hurt and will it spoil my dress?" He said, "Don't worry dear; I'll try to avoid the mess".

She said "I'm rather frightened; I've never had it before." He started to convince her, it's not against the law. Now calm yourself my dear, his voice betrayed his grin, just a little wider and let me put it in.

It's hurting quite a bit now, the tears are in her eyes, it's getting rather painful, it must be quite a size.

Quite suddenly he gave a jerk, she gave a frightened shout. 'Thank God' was the exclamation I'm glad he pulled it out.

Now if you read it carefully, a dentist's chair you'll find and not what you expected; it's just your dirty mind...

ANON (Type of machine unknown)

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This is a copy of an article written obviously by someone who doesn't like modern bikes and certainly not Japanese bikes.

My 1934 Herniaglide MKV. (the model with the inverted V5 radial engine) returns 45.735 MPG running on paraffin, handles superbly and is utterly reliable, providing one remembers to dole a little pile ointment on the recirculating slug and toggle steering gear every five miles or so and keep the wicks correctly trimmed. A quick 100 yard shove will start it every time once the paraffin is properly ignited and once started the brakes will stop it quickly and safely on any surface except tarmac.

It may be a little slower than my mates Sopwith Suicide but the superb handling of the crankshaft on the frame chassis more than compensates for this and I don't have the worry of keeping the rotating valves in alignment.

I wouldn't swap it for a dozen Hondas or even a new Meridian Museum piece; they don't handle, won't last more than 10 years and are prone to corrosion, something which was unheard of with the old unregulated discharge systems. In short, I feel that mineral oil rash and complete rejection by the female half of the human race is a small price to pay for the joy of owning a real bike.

Written by a member of the Bradford Skin Rash Society.

Sent in by **Lloyd** 750/4