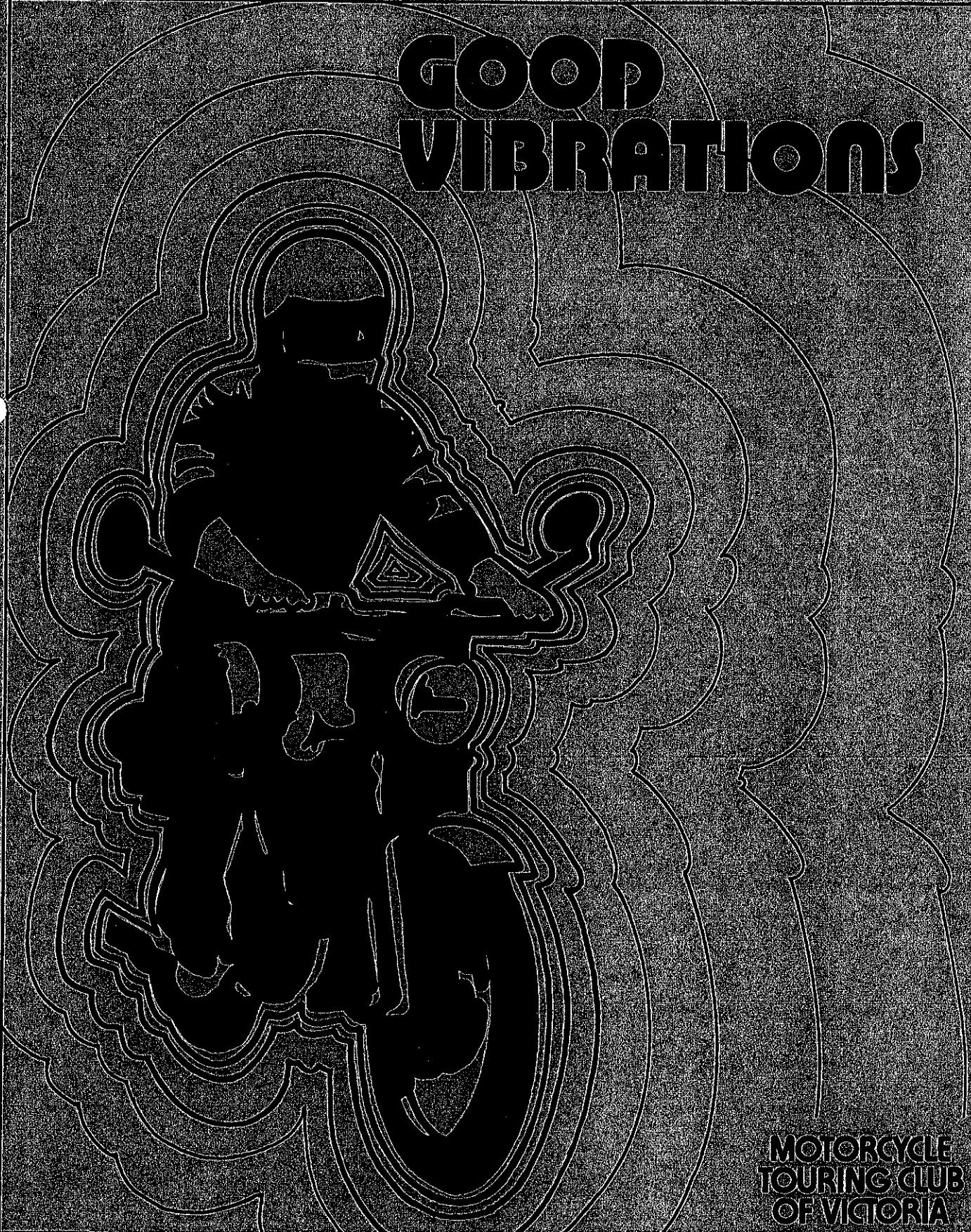


May 1979

GOOD VIBRATIONS



MOTORCYCLE
TOURING CLUB
OF VICTORIA

EDITORIAL MAY 1979

This is our first attempt at a club magazine. We are hopeful that with some help from Bob Evans and a few nameless others we will be able to publish a successful magazine.

But please remember that the magazine is a direct reflection on the interest of the club members. Without your help our task will be impossible.

So we will look forward to you submitting lots of articles. Not only on the club rides but on other aspects of motor cycling. If you read an article that you think would interest others, cut it out and send it to us. Write and tell us of your motor cycling holiday. Some rally reports would be interesting and informative if the club's direction may turn that way. If you have what you think is a legitimate bitch about the club that you hesitate to bring up at a meeting, write it. We will print it. Anonymity may protect you in certain instances. We want your name but it does not necessarily have to be printed.

It is now up to you, the club members, whether we retain the mag. as you have come to expect it or see it deteriorate down to a one-page newsletter.

Tom & Jude

MAY RIDES

SUNDAY 6	Mt. Buller KBCP 8AM. Lilydale 9.15AM.
SUNDAY 13	'Organ Pipes' Picnic lunch then ten pin bowling afternoon 10AM. KBCP
SUNDAY 20	'Mother' Evans Surprise Ride KBCP 8.30 AM.
SUNDAY 27	Queenscliffe for swimming KBCP 9.30AM.

JUNE

FRIDAY 1	General Meeting 8.15PM.
SATURDAY 2	Progressive Dinner KBCP 5.30PM.

Perhaps it is time to re-clarify the position on meeting times for the rides. KBCP at 8.00AM. means the meeting time is 8.00 and the ride departs at 8.30 sharp. The half hour grace gives you time to ensure that your tank is full and also to have a bit of a rave. Pick-up point time is the time approximately that the club passes through, e.g. Lilydale 9.15 means that the ride should pass through Lilydale at about 9.15. On weekend trips the stipulated time is the departure time, e.g. Dandenong P.O. 7.30AM. sharp means the ride departs at 7.30 sharp.

CAPTAIN'S RIDE

At a recent ride, time was wasted and people were inconvenienced because a certain member lacked the knowledge and essential equipment to mend a puncture. It is the responsibility of every rider to carry the basic breakdown equipment, e.g. a selection of spanners suitable for your bike, tyre levers, puncture outfit, spare tube, a pump, spare spark plugs, electrical tape, spare fuses and a spare link if applicable.

The experienced members don't mind helping anyone but trouble may not only happen on a club run. If you feel you have inadequate knowledge ring Tom 848-7367 and arrange a time when he can show you the basics. A pressure pak can is not always the answer. Plus sitting, waiting in the cold for two hours as a corner marker tends to wreck the Sunday ride for everyone.

There is one 20 litre can of XL still in stock at Tom's place (Captain/Editor/Oil Depot). Also available is hand cleaner, tool kit in a can, brake fluid. Remember whatever your individual oil needs (not just for your bike) contact our president, Mick Fagan.

PROGRESSIVE DINNER

We are busy organizing a Progressive Dinner. Final details are not yet available, but this much we do know.

It will be on Saturday June 2nd, meeting at KBCP 5.30PM.

There will be 4 courses.

Cost \$2.50 (so start saving).

Tickets will be available at tonight's meeting and also at the June General Meeting.

Quite a deal of time and effort goes into organizing these social outings so please give it your support and make it a success.

PILLION SPEED LIMIT.

As from May 1st 1979 those riders who have a full license and are fortunate enough to carry a pillion will be now able to travel at 100 km. per hour on the open road in Victoria. This is only for a trial period of two years. It is amazing what happens around election time. In your editors opinion this law is only 20 years late in being passed.

MYSTERY RIDE 1.4.79

Who's to say why ten riders turned out on April 1, maybe it was to meet the Chief Fool, then again, they could have been lonely.

However with a quick glance skyward all mounted and proceeded at a brisk pace through Footscray to Sunshine down the Western Highway. A little bit of history to be seen, one of the first constructed highways (as opposed to the Hume) in Victoria connecting Melbourne with the goldfields of the day.

Proceeding onto more recent roads and rougher going, it was interesting to note while following the outfit, that the two young occupants of the chair only stayed with the ride because they ricocheted off the roof back into the seat.

Although the dirt roads continued, their quality improved and a good pace was kept up as we crossed the Ranges from Gisborne to Castlemaine and thence by sealed roads to Bendigo for lunch.

Lunch and hot water systems aside the ride continued through some good sightseeing countryside, Redesdale, Mia Mia and a slight detour for The Bridge and onto Lancefield.

Lancefield, a place not to wait two hours on a cold windy day, for there is nowhere to hide. A punctured tyre and an empty fuel tank (33km reserve wow) did not mar an all up enjoyable and relaxing day. Many thanks to the Chief Fool for a thoughtful ride.

And for those who couldn't or wouldn't come, the mystery rides on, but only just.

CX 500 (only Honda could do it)
Ian Budger

OLD MINE RIDE TO FLINDERS 22.4.79

Approximately ten bikes gathered at KBCP on a beautiful sunny morning. The ride was lead by Tom Saville on his BMW with Big D. on his Honda as Rear Rider.

It was an uneventful trip down Beach Road (except for a couple of curvy bits there) to Safety Beach.

Then I got interested as everyone had a great fang up the Arthurs Seat Road especially for the Ducati riders who absolutely flew past my Yam. Equally impressive was the guy on the new Honda who was riding well.

After leaving Arthurs Seat and going through a lot of roads that I had not seen for a while we eventually got to Flinders where everyone

OLD MINE RIDE TO FLINDERS cont.

bought pies etc. for lunch and talked bikes and in turn were stared at by the locals who seemed impressed by all the nice, clean motor cyclists and their machines.

After lunch we went over some really good roads till we came to the entrance track for the old mine, which has been abandoned for about 25 years but looks as though it has been rusting away for 50 years due to the corrosion from the saltspray as the sea is only about three hundred yards away. We all went down to the shore and browsed through the rockpools. One of the newcomers found a lot of sponges which Brendan later souvineered.

After an hour of standing around talking/bullshitting/yarning (usual club run non riding activities) we saddled up and left for parts known (or unknown in my case) over some vicious, grotty dirt roads. Some of it was good but some of it, especially near where the farmer was driving his cows, was terrible - very loose surface.

We eventually arrived on the Princes Highway and got stuck into some really good stuff around Emerald - nice and windy roads. Yours truly tried to follow Les. Leahy (XT 500) through a sweeper but the Yammy wanted to go straight ahead. No damage apart from my pride. Les. rode on oblivious. Somewhere along this section David on the Ducati 860 dropped it on a very wet slippery corner, fortunately with only minor damage to himself and the Duke has a smashed bikini fairing.

The club then split into two sections, one small section led by Brendan went to Brendans via the Sherbrooke Forest and the others led by Tom (after making sure David was mobile) went the normal route. I went with Brendan, boy he knows some lousy, grotty, bumpy, winding, slippery, narrow tracks near his place. We eventually arrived about one minute ahead of the other bunch.

Sally put on a good spread with some beaut scones which were greatly appreciated by everyone, washed down by coffee/tea/bonox etc., then we all sat down and Greg and Big D. reminisced about the early days of the MSCAV and some of those characters.

About 5PM. everyone split up and went their respective ways.

Ron 650 Yam.

MT. PARORA 19

Jam the sleeping bag into the compactor sleeve, throw in the li-lo and extra sleeping bag (Easter is kinda cold), the cloth hat for the hot sun, and oh! mustn't forget the dunny paper, that's a luxury on the mountain.

Phone rings. O.K. Bob, just about got the act together, everything right for 4.30: good, see you then.

Prelude for Bathurst. But this year was kinda special. It was my 10th; but really not all that long since I wheeled my Honda 305 Super Hawk out of the garage into the crisp 3AM. Queensland morning and headed south for my very first Bathurst.

Things looked pretty dark at Esdale St. Nunawading at 4.20AM but the bikes were out the front and packed. The porch light snapped on as the 500 thumped its way into the front yard and I knew everyone was on deck.

Sonya, Bob, Big. D. and myself.

Without any hanging about, we fired up and slid into the night. It seemed a good idea to give the Lilydale-Yarra Glen-Yea exit a try-out as the Hume is literally bumper to bumper for the great Easter exodus. The idea proved good, and we were making good time except for patches of mist around Mt. Slide. I waited for the tell-tale single headlights to appear behind me at Yea and then off again calculating that dawn would catch us at Bonnie Doon. Yes, there it was, that first silver grey light reflecting across the water of Eildon.

The others were finding the cold pretty hard going (wear long woollies m'self) but it obviously didn't deter the motorcycle Policeman with a motorist bailed up the other side of Nillahcootie. There he was, 750 Honda at the roadside at 6AM., a freezing mist still rising from the paddocks, pencilling in a ticket, and wearing his normal blue regulation uniform.

He got our 'KEENEN' award of the year.

First stop was Wangaratta where our worst fears were realized - Frozen fingers, Belstaff waterproofs and full bladders don't make a good combination.

By now the day was shaping up nicely. Blue sky, sunshine, no wind and no rain. NO RAIN, first time since '75 I was told later and I believe them.

On and running strong through N.S.W., with that gloriously monotonous sunny day stretching ahead of us forever.

Wagga, Gootamundra, Young, thwack! Thwack! again, the little bastards were everywhere. Grasshoppers leaping out of roadside grass, hell-bent on suicide. A quick re-fuel at Cowra and an equally quick Mr. Sheen of the grasshopper graveyard which was actually my helmet.

PTO

179 cont.

Bathurst was just around the corner, and so were the Police Inspection camps. This next corner for sure; no, must be soon; here's the city; I don't believe it, no search and destroy Police squad this year.

2.15PM. Bloody good going for not exceeding the speed limit all day. Four pairs of gluttonous eyes surveyed the cafe menu, my religious friends having to by-pass all the meat dishes. Friday you know.

After this feast we stocked up on all the camping essentials like bread and more bread, and headed up the main drag to the track.

Big D. is the only guy who can travel 800km. and then get lost riding from the cafe to the track entrance. After running him to ground, we were relieved of our £8 (£16 for the wedded Mr. Evans) and a few minutes later we were there. Mt. Panorama, the only road racing track in Australia.

The mountain is uncomfortable, noisy, dusty, smelly, cold, hot, wet and the only place to be to get the real vibrations of what it is all about. It is that incredible pot-boiler of humanity that gathers from all over Australia on one weekend every year.

The two days of racing always hold excitement somewhere. Even if its only the 250 production. This year it was the Lightweight GP. (a four way dice), the Unlimited (a three way scrap for every foot of 25 laps) and who could forget Tony Hatton and the 900/4 keeping the massive 1300 King Kawasaki at bay to take out the production.

And then there were the old faces around the campfires at night - Tiny, Little Mick, Rusty, Wacka.

Excitement was everywhere. Bob threw the bit BM away (yet again) in the only mudhole for a radius of 50 miles. Sonya has strained muscles from picking the machine up.

On Saturday night I led the troops downtown to the R.S.L. club for hot showers. Unfortunately everyone else had the same idea. It was like a Japanese sauna. Bob thought he was giving himself quite a scrub, only to find he was soaping the bloke 3 places up the queue.

So, Bathurst had come and gone. Everyone was heading to all points of the compass on their way home. Everyone except Ron Toombs. A silent reminder that the mountain gives but it also takes.

Monday was more boring repetition - blue sky, warm, no wind, sunshine - and you know its all too good to last. But this time it did.

Wagga, Albury, Wangaratta and then. What's this? It can't be. You're kidding. Stationery, bumper to bumper traffic, slap dab in the middle of the Hume Highway 150 miles from Melbourne.

PTO

MT. PANORAMA '79 cont.

And that, my friend, is what will finish Bathurst for us Melbournites.

But, now if I was to take the Tuesday off and camp halfway on the Monday night, I might just be able to sneak through on the

500 XT LES.

FOR SALE

SUZUKI 400 GS twin 4 stroke, one girl owner (Sonya). 11 months old, 13,000 kms. Crash bars, carrying rack and Metzler tyres fitted. Ring 878-6974

CLUB MEMBER OF THE YEAR AWARD

PROGRESSIVE POINTS AS OF 29.4.79

Keith Harris	42 points	Mick Fagan	31 points
Les Leahy	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	Bob Evans	27
Tom Saville	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	Ted Marshall	26
Marcus Haeusler	32	Sonya Evans	22
Peter Philferan	31 $\frac{1}{2}$	Kevin Robertson	21

There is a battle for last place. On 2 points are Michael Formaini, Roger Holt, Michael Sirianni, Trevor Vicnet, Steve Bernard, Mike Davis.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

I'm afraid I'm a sucker for a woman's smile for within minutes of being asked to write a short note for this newsletter, I was offering to write a 15 page essay.

The idea being to write down my impressions of my first ride with the club; however little can be said without sending each and every member on an ego trip, as the organization and execution of the run was superb and congenial company abounded.

The route chosen was very good considering the limitations imposed by a one day run; the after lunch outing was both interesting and informative; with the days outing rounded off with afternoon tea compliments of a member's parents.

Fraternally yours
KEITH FINLAY Honda 360

'BIG D.' SURPRISE RIDE. 29.4.79

The day dawned fine but a bit cold. I thought to myself about 15 to 17 bikes, if that, will turn up at KBCP. When Sonya and I arrived much to our surprise, 27 or so motorcycles were all there and ready to go.

Just goes to show what the 'OLD' Big D. can do. The troops came out in force.

Big D. gave a short talk on where we were to go. Portarlinton was the destination that he had chosen.

Geelong Rd. kept the troops in line and Geelong's traffic did not bother us a bit. Left turn at the Barwon Heads sign and straight to Portarlinton. A little bit of dirt bothered some of the shaft drive 4 cylinder machines. Over that, 100K once more.

Portarlinton loomed up and 60K was in order. Stop for gas for the smaller tanked bikes, then on to the park for lunch.

Lunch was had and the younger and more energetic ones (myself included) went for a walk along the pier. Les Leahy said that there were no fish in the water cos he could not see any and he didn't have his collapsable rod. We saw some boats but the remark was made that the African Queen was better than some.

Back to the park. Don Belstaffs. Short ride. Stop. And there you are. 1856 Mill. Flour, that is, not wood. 30 cents was what Big D. got us in for and I thought it was well worth it. Low beams kept the tall ones bobbing.

Outside and a short wait for those inside and once again on two wheels, heading for the Cat city. The fellows on the BM IOORT and the Harley thought we were OK too. We cruised through Geelong and then towards the Queen City of the South.

Altona was to be our next stop. Mrs. Looyen was not as surprised as she might have been. Sonya rang her from Portarlinton telling her to expect 30 people, more or less. Neighbours had a good look as we all pulled up. The afternoon tea was superb. Just ask anyone who was there. Once everything was devoured, the troops went their own way home.

All in all, a very good trip for those who went. Big D. always rises to the occasion. Thanks Big D.

BOB BMW 75/7
