

EDITORIAL MARCH 1981

We have heard some discussion of late regarding riding attire. The Constitution specifies that sandals, thongs etc are taboo, and that the wearing of protective clothing shall be encouraged. Fair enough! Ideally, one would be best attired in a good set of racing leathers, but they are not exactly the most pleasant suit for a 40 degree plus day. Shirt sleeves would be far more comfortable unless one has the misfortune to take a slide down the road. So, what do we wear? Well, we think it is up to the individual!

We personally wear heavyweight jeans and a Belstaff jacket in the warmer months, or leather strides and Belstaff jacket when the weather is cooler. On occasion the Belstaff jacket is swapped for a denim jacket, usually for around town use. We consider this is a minimum for our style of riding.

When riding in the lighter type clothing we travel a little more cautiously. Let's face it, skin wears rather quicker than most clothing. (Smarts too!) What should we wear on a Club run? Jock strap and riding boots or a set of leathers? If you front up in the former and manage a trip down the road, a lot of people are going to be inconvenienced in securing your machine and then helping you pick the gravel out of the ensuing rash. (A wire brush helps but I feel would be somewhat painful!) If you are clad in the latter, the same trip down the road will result in a set of scuffed up leathers. Up you get and ride on. Both alternatives, of course, assume that nothing is broken, either human or machine.

So protective clothing should be encouraged, but should it be made mandatory? How would you feel if you were told that you could not ride with the Club until you sported a set of leathers? If a specified type of riding attire was mandatory, who would be responsible for ensuring that it was in fact worn? (Righto you lot, line up for inspection. Ten-shun!)

Think about these few questions. A little bird tells us that you might just be asked to give your opinions on them shortly.

Faye and Geoff Morgan

MARCH RUNS

Sunday 1	Nagambie. 9am KBCP. Bring togs.
Friday 6	General meeting. Club Hall 8.15pm SHARP.
Weekend 7-9	Omeo Round Trip Leave Hallam 8am
Sunday 15	Cathedral Lane 9.30am KBCP
Sunday 22	Mt Avoca 8am KBCP
Sunday 29	Shepparton. 8.390am KBCP

APRIL

Wednesday 1	Rocket Lake. 3.30am KBCP
Friday 3	General Meeting Club Hall 8.15pm SHARP.

COMMITTEE CHANGES

As a result of a couple of resignations from the committee the following two members have agreed to stand in until the next election –

- Tony Daly as Vice-Captain
 - Gary Young as Social Secretary.
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NEW MEMBERS

The following membership applications were accepted at the February meeting:

- Julian Bull, Yamaha XS850
 - Bruce Faldon, Kawasaki Z500
 - Paul Smith, Yamaha XJ650
 - Vincent Green, Moto Guzzi SP 1000, BMW RT
 - Bob Steckelenburg, Suzuki GS850
 - Peter Henry, Honda 750
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CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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NOTICE OF MOTION TO AMEND CONSTITUTION

The following proposed amendment to SECTION 14 of the Constitution is suggested by the Committee.

SECTION 14 sub-section (b) the amendment shall read;

Always proving such disablement occurs –

- Whilst travelling with the Club on an official Club function,
- Whilst travelling to or from an official Club function whether or not there is a stated leaving time or place for the Club.
- Provided such route taken is the most practical or whilst travelling in the company of other Club members on any run originating from an official Club function.

Note: for interpretation purposes the words ‘official function’ shall include any Club activity printed in the Itinerary or included in the Club magazine under the heading Itinerary.

The above amendment is proposed to cover such claims made upon the ‘FUND’ originating from such events as may occur from members travelling to a Club camp or other official functions at times other than those printed in the Itinerary and to cover instances where a member participates in a ride originating from an official function. E.g. a day tour of the area surrounding a Club camp or similar activity.

SECOND PROPOSED ADMENDMENT TO SECTION 14

I further propose to move that the word MECHANICALLY be removed from sub-sections (a) and (I) of section 14 and the whole of sub-section (d)2 also be removed.

The above amendment enables claims to be made against the 'FUND' in such cases of machine disablement not directly attributed to an electrical/mechanical fault or a puncture related spill.

As you will realize, if adopted these amendments will greatly increase the benefits of Club membership in as much as you will be covered by the 'FUND' when and if your machine is disabled anywhere, anytime, provided you are engaged in a Club activity.

As these proposed amendments involve a major constitutional change, I will move the amendments at the APRIL General Meeting, thereby giving all members the opportunity to study the proposals carefully before having to cast their vote.

Keith Finlay

RYE BACK BEACH 11/1/81

First of all, I give my regards to Faye and Geoff, and wish them all the best for 1981.

As normal we all met at KBCP on a rather overcast Sunday morning. A lot of new bikes arrived, with most of them were the Honda CB 650's with Mick's very nice-looking new trail BMW the exception.

Craig gave a run down on the route to be taken to Rye. Darren on the Goldwing was our leader with Lindsay being our rear rider on his new Honda. I think everyone knew the route down to Rye, being the Beach Road most of the way. The traffic was light.

On the way we detoured up through Arthurs Seat which was nice and twisty and arrived at Rye beach around lunch time. A mad game of cricket was enjoyed by all, especially tall Lindsay. Everyone enjoyed the beach outing.

The route home was through Flinders township and eventually on to the freeway where most of us split up and went our own ways.

It was the first Sunday ride of the year, fairly short, but very enjoyable. The coastline from Rye towards Phillip Island and Wonthaggi provides fantastic scenery as well as some terrific beaches.

Julian Bull
Yamaha XS 850

CLOSING DATE FOR ARTICLES FOR NEXT MAG IS 20/3/81

CLUBMAN 1981

The Clubman Rally is put on by the Willoughby and District Motorcycle Club, the same club that runs the Castrol Six Hour endurance race for production motorcycles at Amaroo Park, NSW. Over the years the Six Hour has gained a reputation for its importance to the motorcycle community as a yardstick for settling arguments about the performance levels and handling ability of the bikes that we buy off the showroom floor. Therefore, the prestige of winning the six hour is so great that as each race went by (we've had 10) the cheating became better and better and at the same time the officials became more hardened and cynical. Cynical to the point of being ridiculous that is. However, you may be wondering what the Six Hour has to do with the Clubman.

Well, it's quite simple really. The Clubman when it first started in the early seventies was nothing more than an exercise in making money and having a bit of fun at the same time by a large organisation called a motorcycle club. The intentions were there by a few people to organise a rally like others with small profit but the people who said yay or nay wanted bickies to justify printing the rally on its club itinerary.

It all came to a head in 1976 they charged \$5 per head and offered a badge in return and absolutely nothing else. To top it off the organisers arrived late and were in cars. Combine this with eight inches of rain in three hours (it was held in a rain forest not far from the QLD border) an alternative rally in S.A. and you have the demise of a rally.

Willoughby and Districts MCC was going through a power struggle on the touring side of things and a small group of people who did a lot of work in the racing scene and dedicated tourers finally got control of the rally. They moved it from Warrumbungle National Park after the 1977 Heatwave Rally (as we all called it and vowed never again) It was 48 deg Celsius at West Wyalong.

The new site was private land on the banks of the Murray River near Jingellic in NSW. It has proved to be a popular site mainly because the weather in January is dry and the location is on Australia's most well-known river situated near the centre of the triangle of capital cities, Melbourne, Sydney and Canberra. It could hardly go wrong.

Every year the number of rallyists attending grew. This year I was very interested to see how the rally operated as I had worked at last year's Six Hour and knew who did what and why. The Six Hour is a money-making machine of the first order and the people who run it ensure that it stays that way. The same people who hold positions of real power in the Six Hour were running the rally, ensuring that everything went according to plan and making sure we weren't ripped off!

The reason for that history is because of a 1976 quote by a senior Willoughby official who said, "It is not the intention of this club to run a race meeting unless we are certain of profit, and it is not our intention to run a rally unless a percentage of the entry fee is earmarked for our funds to be distributed fairly amongst our various internal factions eg mini-bike, Learner, Road Race, Motocross etc".

Happily, that official was asked to step down along with others some time ago and so we have a new look rally committee who are unique in that they run the biggest single rally. One is totally professional and the other is totally amateur.

Well after all that discussion, my trip to the 1981 Clubman Rally was a little different from other rallies in that I was riding a new bike and that's something I don't do every day. Arriving at the rally site and hitting the check-in tent and finding on a good map where the MTC was, we proceeded to our club site where the tent was put up amid mutterings of what will happen when we throw ourselves in the river to cool off. I might point out that it wasn't overly cold at that time the temperature was somewhere around 38-39, perfect weather for not putting up man-made contraptions which have the sole purpose of keeping us humans dry and warm.

Tent up, it was time to join the multitudes and hit the river upstream of the camp, float past everyone yelling all sorts of ridiculous things at various people that one knows, and then drag oneself out downstream of the camp and proceed to walk upstream through the camp, with comparisons being made between wet rags and oneself etc. All extremely good fun, helped by the fact that people were mingling more because of the Total Fire Ban. They weren't stuck around their fires.

Sunday morning dawned bright and sunny and saw more than a few smart people heading to Walwa in Victoria for provisions and then back to the rally site to beat the heat, or is that beat the river.

THE RACE

It was Sunday morning, the sky clear and I was drifting down the river without a care in the world when I was casually asked by a gentleman from Sydney, "Was I game?" Was I game? What a stupid question I said, asking him if Gunga Din was a coward. Good, he said, we're going in a raft race! And that is how I was sucked into the race.

We tied four air beds together with bungee cords. Two small bags were deemed 'life jackets' (organisers requirements). The four paddlers used three fold-up shovels and a Frisbee as paddles, not exactly your 1981 *Head of the River* team but you just never know do you.

Prior to the start which was in Walwa in Victoria we were inspecting some of the other craft and noticed that they all had five-gallon drums with millions of flies around them. It made us wonder what we had let ourselves in for, I'll tell you.

Getting ourselves a good grid position, we got off to a good start amid what could loosely be termed a barrage of all sorts.

Once away from the spectator area we found out that those five-gallon drums contained nice wet cow-shit and did they throw it around! Our raft, whilst not the best looking or fastest, managed quite well and we were keeping up with most when we struck a problem in the form of a large raft with fifteen people on board. They were organised like you wouldn't believe. They employed drummers to beat the drums so they could paddle in unison, and they had someone steering at the rudder. When they got near anyone, they called for their Bombardiers who were a right and left-handed pair who fired a constant barrage of cow-shit making it seemingly impossible to pass them. Or was it?

A large left-hand bend in the river was our answer. While they followed the river, we hit the shore, picked up our raft and ran like shit, passed them and a lot of others. And that, folks, is how we finished fourth outright!

After the end of the race which finished at Jingellic in NSW, we floated back to camp with a whole lot of others from the rally. The race started at 1pm and we got back to the rally site at 6.30pm, totally stuffed with only one shovel left and one air-bed knackered from hitting a tree. That's how I spent my Sunday relaxing.

Others were not so fortunate. Our resident President went for a ride and got a dent in his bike. Actually, a few MTCV people went for a ride in the Snowies, God knows why as there isn't much around this time of the year and with the temperature in the low 40's, they must be mad. I don't know what happened because on Sunday night I was too stuffed to ask and on Monday morning Keith was too stuffed to talk.

Monday morning saw us on the road at 8.30am trying to beat the heat without much success. We pulled into Wangaratta at 10am and it was 40 degrees. So we just had a drink and continued home to lovely hot Melbourne.

That, folks, was my 1981 Clubman Rally trip, and that's that.

Mick Fagan R80GS

ANGELSEA 1/2/81

About twenty riders set out for Anglesea beach on a perfect day. I was rear rider. We went straight through to Geelong where we stopped for no apparent reason before setting off again to stop at Anglesea. One thing I noticed was the number of different cylinder arrangements on the bikes. Practically every combination was on display except for the Moto Guzzi east-west V-twin configuration. There was a single cylinder Yamaha, a parallel twin Yamaha, a parallel triple, and 4 fours plus a flat four, opposed twins, a 90-degree V-twin Ducati and a 72-degree V-twin Morini. Motorcycle manufactures have always been adventuresome with their motor configurations.

Craig found a piece of 2"x2" wood of sufficient length to be used as a bat, so a cricket game was started. For me the beach is for swimming and lying in the sun. I had worked all the night before and come straight to the ride.

For some the call of the Great Ocean Road could not be resisted and they rode to Apollo Bay and back. We also saw Marc Sulot and a friend returning from a camping trip to Port Campbell. Yes, all that way on a 250 with only two cylinders.

A certain second cousin of mine, who lives in Queensland, once said when I visited him in Cairns driving my 600cc Honda twin Scamp car, "You mean to tell me you came all that way in a car with only two cylinders?" The big three car manufacturers certainly have brain washed him, no doubt a 6-cylinder man. Unfortunately, there are a few like-minded souls in the Club who are similarly brainwashed to the extent that they try to persuade everyone that they need at least four cylinders and 750cc to ride anywhere.

After sufficient sun (I was sunburnt) and exercise playing cricket, we headed back to Geelong via Lorne and Mt Moriac.

It was good to see Sue Jean again after quite an absence. My memory is such I could not think of her name but could still remember her and Kate swapping recipes for Beef Olives in Hobart in 1976. She had a 400/4 then, followed by a larger four soon replaced with a 500 Guzzi. We will see how long this bike lasts. I know another woman who was going to buy a similar Guzzi but ended up with a 650 BMW.

As Les Leahy says, it's not easy to do a write up if nothing happens, and the ride was perfect: no storms or trees across the road, no accidents or bike troubles, not even meeting a nice policeman to make the day noteworthy.

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I will not be at the next couple of monthly meetings, but I have an issue to raise.

Years ago we used to finish the rides at a cafe in Melbourne town, and then disperse. If anyone was turning off earlier, they would notify a committee member who would then advise the remaining riders at the cafe. That way everyone was accounted for. It was a clever idea and practical, noting in those days there were fewer riders. Now we disperse in the outer suburbs such as Dandenong, Ringwood, or Coburg. Fair enough. But Geelong is not an outer suburb and dispersal should be at Footscray.

The issue is that some members know nothing about bike mechanics, or fixing punctures, and who only ride with the Club because someone can help in case of an accident or breakdown. So what

happens if something goes wrong between Geelong and Melbourne if we break up in Geelong? It makes no difference to me as I carry tools and can fix any minor things roadside.

Members could ride back from Geelong with another member accompanying them, but they shouldn't have to – it is a Club ride and as a Club we ride together, looking after everyone.

I once heard Mick Fagan say a ride to Anglesea means what it says on the itinerary: “Melbourne, Anglesea, Melbourne.” I am not talking about people who want to ride to Apollo Bay and back, or go hill climbing, as that is a private ride, not an official run.

Anglesea has a beautiful beach, and the day was designated as a beach ride, so why leave early to ride to Apollo Bay? We already have dedicated rides to Apollo Bay. Why see a quarter of Victoria on every ride then stay home for three months? Adhere to the itinerary and ride with the club more often. If today we had gone home via Apollo Bay and Colac, and in a few weeks' time there was a run to Colac, then some members would not ride as the Club visited Colac only a few weeks prior.

I see no point in having an itinerary if we do not abide by it. We try to have round trips but can't always. On this ride the emphasis was on the ride destination, Anglesea Beach.

I ride about 50,000 km per year, so it is not long rides I dislike. I just do not like changing the itinerary route unless necessary. Think about it and air your views at the next meeting.

Lloyd XS 850

If you have participated in a recent run and have been eagerly awaiting the report on that run and are now disappointed to find it not included in this magazine then it is because the requested author has failed to authorize (?) authenticate (?), ---he didn't bloody write it yet, Mate!

We, the willing, led by the unqualified, have been doing the unbelievable, for so long with so little that we now attempt the impossible with nothing.

IT PAYS TO SHOP AROUND

I sold my Honda 750/4 and Yamaha XT 500 and bought an 850 Yamaha. No matter what you buy it pays to shop around.

I was really surprised at the difference in price, even at two different Peter Stevens shops. At Springvale I was quoted in writing for a Suzuki GS 850 \$2,799 plus \$150 rego and other costs, on road total price of \$2,949. In the city shop, \$3,190 on-road which is roughly \$240 more, but Springvale offered me \$1000 trade in, as against \$900 in the city. If I wanted an 850 Suzuki I would be \$340 better off to buy at Springvale. On a Suzuki GS1000 at Springvale \$3,149 on the road, in the city \$3,600, or \$450 more and the same trade in, so I would be \$550 better off at Springvale.

The deal on the 850 Yamaha from Yamaha City was equal to Peter Stephens at Springvale except I got things like a Hallmark pack frame, panniers, and a few other things at cost, about \$60 saved.

City Peter Stevens said if I paid cash, I could have the Suzuki 1000 GS for about \$3400. The Suzuki people further down Elizabeth St said I could have one for cash \$3000 on the road, again \$400 cheaper.

I would have been happy with either bike but thought it would be easier to remove the rear wheel and a fit pannier frame to the Yamaha 850, plus I still have four new rear tyres which fit 18" Yamaha wheels and not the Suzuki 17" wheel. So I settled on the Yamaha 850.

I visited South Melbourne Yamaha and asked for a trade-in price. I was told they could not provide one as their sales manager was in Japan and wouldn't be back till the 25th, so please revisit then. I said, "You mean to tell me that while your sales manager is away you can only sell for cash, or deposit and hire-purchase?" He said, "Yes". I replied, "You have lost a sale for I am buying a bike today or tomorrow, not after your sales manager returns.", and walked out.

It pays to compare prices, even for parts. In Malvern I was quoted \$20 for the two throttle cables for an XT 500 and in South Melbourne I bought them for \$12.95.

Lloyd Yam 850

Heard it said the other night that it appears that the Club is drifting away from the "Touring" aspect of riding. The speaker felt that we are developing into a bunch of hard chargers playing boy-racer most of the time.

Is it true that our Captain (who always asks for someone to volunteer for rear rider) refused to take on the position when others at the briefing suggested he volunteer himself?

CHRISTMAS 1980 Part 2

I now have the greatest respect for Les's instinct. Had I realised exactly what lay ahead of us, there would probably have been three BM's fighting for first position on that fragile quivering suspension foot bridge, leaving the ride.

The previous couple of days riding seem like a walk in the park compared with today's torture, subjecting the poor 750's to conditions that would cause their designers to have a seizure.

The lush ferny growth, like Sherbrooke Forest, that we initially rode through after leaving Les, lulled us into a false sense of security as we followed the ridge line. Then the track descended steeply, down, and down, and down. There was no turning back. As we manhandled the bikes down one by one, two four-wheel drives came creeping past in first gear, low range.

Congratulating ourselves on having overcome this section, we met the two 4WDs. "If you think that last bit was steep, just take a look at this one," said the grinning 4-wheel driver. "You go first, and we'll pick up your remains on the way down", he said.

And so we began the decent. The track was plenty rough with deep erosion trenches and lots of loose rock strewn about. Approximately 500 yards down the track took a 40 degree right turn with a rock ledge that dropped three feet in one foot. We gradually edged the BM's over and down, one by one, without any damage. At one stage I slid for about 20 feet with both wheels locked and Tom hanging onto the pack rack.

From here the grades began to lessen till we reached the valley which had its own set of obstacles in the form of seven river crossings. Some of these crossings were up to the petrol tank and all were rock covered, like the Lerderderg Gorge area.

Tom attacked the rivers with speed and strength, to make it look easy, only being stopped completely within feet of the opposite bank by a flooded engine on one occasion.

On the other hand, yours truly did not quite have the technique fully sorted, flinging bike and self into the depths on four or five occasions for a complete drowning. At least the watering took the edge off the hot day.

On reaching Wonnangatta we collapsed exhausted onto the ground for a well-earned rest. "Mmmm, I don't like that looks of those clouds; it could rain," remarked Tom. "No!" says I. But half an hour later we were putting up the tent and lashing down the tarp in double quick time, getting inside just as the storm hit. Thunder, lightning, hail, rain and heat; we had had everything that day.

The following day was spent relaxing and drying out. In the morning we went fishing in the river at the tent door. Tom immediately caught a good size trout; three in total that morning, while I thrashed away at the waters, to no affect whatsoever.

In the afternoon we took a leisurely stroll down the track to the old Wonnangatta homestead site. This must have been a great place in its day on the river flat surrounded by mountains. But these days all that's left is one corner of the old homestead, the mustering yards, and a stockman's hut which is still in use.

Back at camp a couple of 4-wheel drivers stopped for a chat and informed us that we may have trouble getting out as the track degenerates to bog holes north of the homestead. They had to winch their way through that morning.

The next day feeling refreshed, we negotiated the bogs without trouble and proceeded to the last river crossing. You know who blasted through in usual style and I followed for the mandatory dunking, this time pinning myself under the BM in 2ft of water. Tom came to the rescue and lifted the bike off; and we began pushing it to the opposite bank. A couple of yards on, I stumbled and pulled the bike down on the other side and pinned the other leg, thus showing my versatility and proving that practice makes perfect.

From here things got progressively easier with only a couple of steep climbs and descents, like say the Shortcut Track near O'Briens Crossing which had become the norm rather than the exception.

By 12 o'clock we were having lunch on the footpath outside a cafe in Myrtleford. Thus ended one Christmas jaunt that I will never forget.

Keithy Harris and Tom Saville.
