

EDITORIAL NOVEMBER 1980

Well, here goes with our first editorial, but what does one write in one's first editorial? I suppose I could say how good the magazine is going to be now that Faye and I are the editors etc., but that cannot be right, as the magazine can only be as good as the material that YOU, the members, supply to us to edit and print.

We'll hold up our end of the bargain, i.e. have the magazine available at each Club meeting. Whether or not there is anything worth reading beyond the Editorial and Itinerary will depend entirely on how many write-ups of runs, tit bits of info and scandal that are fed to us. So, if you are asked to do a write-up, or, have some info that you feel may be of interest to other members, get it to us as promptly as possible. By doing so you'll do two favours, one to us by giving us something to print, and one to all the other members by giving them a magazine that is worthwhile reading.

Incidentally, our address is 246 Gap Road, Sunbury 3429 and may be used for postal or personal delivery (the kettle is always warm). Our phone number is (03) 744-1189. (We don't answer it if we're not home!)

Faye & Geoff Morgan

NOVEMBER RUNS

Friday 7	General Meeting, Club Hall. 8.15 pm SHARP. Darren's movies of U.S.A. trip.
Sunday 9	Coppins Lookout. KBCP 8.30 am
Sunday 16	Mt Beckworth. Challenge by Ballarat Tourers. 8.30 am KBCP.
Weekend 22/23	Camping, lower Glenelg National Park. 8am Laverton Shell Service Station.
Sunday 30	Whroo. KBCP 9am (bring torch)

DECEMBER

Friday 5	General Meeting, Club Hall. 8.15pm SHARP Guest speaker, Castrol.
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*******CONGRATULATIONS*******

The Club members congratulate Christine and Craig Dawson on the arrival of a healthy 8lb 1oz baby boy on 6th October. Welcome Cameron.

CHRISTMAS PARTY

WHERE:- Darmodys Hotel, Alexandra.

WHEN:- 6th & 7th December

COST:- \$17.00 per head.

For further details and bookings, see Ian Taylor. Final bookings by 16th Nov.

STOKES (Australasia) Limited (courtesy of Mr Ken Thompson) have donated a complete set of Committee and Life Membership badges valued at \$30.00.

MANY THANKS.

NOTICE TO ALL MEMBERS

MOTO-SPORT SUZUKI of 29 Keilor Road, North Essendon, have agreed to provide a 10% discount on all Spare Parts and Accessories to MTCV members. (Result of the efforts of our President.)

CHRISTMAS HAMPER – RAFFLE

This year the hamper will be of the traditional style, i.e. ham on the bone, Marzipan, glazed fruit, nuts, bon-bons, champagne, fruit cake, plum pudding, shortbread etc., valued at over \$60.00. All tickets for the hamper will be available from either Phil Duffy or Keith Finlay and will cost 50c each. Tickets will be sold to members only.

CRAP FROM THE CAP

It has come to my notice that lately there has been an alarming increase in the amount of what common folks call bullshit about bike 'A' being infinitely superior to bike 'B'. This must stop immediately!

I mean, really the poor uneducated and intellectually inept morons who ride bike 'C' can hardly get a word in edgeways at club meetings, rallies, runs tec. This can be humiliating educating or just sheer pain in the glutinous maximus. Many a time have I been to a function as a member of the majority or as a participant of the other side, i.e. GL owner at the Gold rush rally and a Kwaka owner at a Duke club meeting. My reaction to both situations was just sit back and listen to the amount of 'bull' that was proffered.

We all know our own bike will:

- a) Go faster than everyone else's.
- b) Out handle everyone else's.
- c) Have better fuel economy than everyone else's.
- d) Last a lot, lot longer than everyone else's.
- e) Be more reliable than everyone else's.

So why earbash that poor inept dim witted, brainless, nincompoop sitting or standing beside you? He is probably thinking the same about you.

I'll tell you why, it is because of the human weakness called EGO and it gets to every one of us, except your long suffering, hardworking Club Captain. (For you nongs out there I am talking about myself, the latter part of the paragraph applies here.)

It is time we changed our ways and started talking some sense. Please join with me fellow club members and pray that we may reduce the loads of rubbish that is written and spoken about our bikes.

I am naturally unbiased because I know that the Goldwing is the greatest and most magnificent piece of engineering knowhow ever released to a world that was conned that the 'Bloody Mess on Wheels' and the spaghetti framed wog bikes were better than best.

I humbly thank you for reading this oracle of truth, justice and the Japanese way.

Kommandant Kevin GL 1000.

TIT – BITS

Overheard a fellow member recently state that the BMW R80 G/S could be an ideal replacement for his current 3 or 4 year-old machine which is well into its second time around the clock. Trouble is the new G/S will not be available for at least twelve months – maybe longer. Anyone care to bet on the total mileage of the current machine when and if he gets a G/S?

Suspect a certain BMW R90 may be about to gain a set of chains on its rear wheel. Something to do with hill-climbing?

Also heard that a certain member now has to flip a coin before he goes riding! CB750 or R65?

Comment made that club camping weekends are becoming a BMW benefit! True or false? – the latter I trust!

QUEENSCLIFF FORT 14/9/80

After taking Keith Finlay up on his offer to ride as pillion on a club run, there I was astride his Kawasaki Z1000 ST one Sunday morning. As we made our way towards the KBCP, I was constantly reminded by the club sticker on the back of his lid, which club he was a member of. A 'RELAX' sticker would have been more appropriate for me on this occasion.

Arriving at the KBCP I recognised some of the faces and their names, from the AGM where I had my first introduction to the club. After listening to some of the morning after the night before gossip, we were on our way with Keith leading and Big D as rear rider.

Doing battle with the strong winds on the Western Highway, I was glad I was on the 'ST' instead of my 250. Turning off Highway 8 at Rockbank, it was time to relax as we had the wind working with us instead of hindering our progress. Cobbledicks Reserve with its creek crossing and smouldering VW gave the tail enders a chance to catch up and the club to look like an organised group.

Geelong via the pastures, green hills and deserted roads of Anakie was the first petrol and tongue wagging stop since our journey started. On leaving Geelong, the clouds covered the sky and turned what had been a clear sunny day into a rain-threatening day.

Queenscliff's Fort looked interesting as we approached, but it was a pity that we had to wait a number of hours before becoming disappointingly bored within its walls.

As the Club members entered the Fort, after lunching at the beach, just what were all the people staring at? Surely they'd seen motorcyclists before. Anyway, with the pinging of rain on our helmets the return journey to Geelong was via Portarlington and Drysdale. A petrol stop outside Geelong was where the club dispersed, everyone hoping to dodge the rain.

Homeward bound, battling the cars on the freeway could only be described as quick. So that was my most enjoyable first Sunday with the club and will definitely not be the last.

Bryce

THOMSON RIVER DAM

Well, this was one of those runs where if anything was going to happen it was going to happen today and in front of an audience.

The route we took roughly paralleled the Princes Highway, down to Drouin. From Drouin to Trafalgar via the Highway and then on to the side road from Trafalgar to Moe where I bogged the 'Wing' on the outskirts of the township. (Refer to Mike Formani for photo and me for the jive.)

At Moe we stopped and had lunch. While I was there, I also washed 'Miss Piggy' for some rather potent and obvious reasons. (No smarties, the wing wasn't S—T on, it sank up to its axles in it.)

From Moe we travelled up to the Thompson River Dam construction site via Erica, where Ian and Dave left us to go to the Walhalla pub. (Damned alco's')

The run up to the dam was good and so was the run back to Erica to hopefully meet up with Ian and Dave. On arrival at Erica they were not to be found, so a quick blast to Walhalla was in order and this is where I found them.

Upon my return to Erica a decision was made that we return home via Tanjil Bren, Noojee etc, but we became lost up a dead-end dirt track. This is where I found out how great a dirt bike the 'Wing' really is.

We returned to Moe where I felt that with the traffic that was going to be encountered on the highway that Moe was a good place to disperse.

Kevin GL 1000 (BMW...a poor man's Goldwing)

MT HOWARD? MT HOWITT? MT BULLER? 12/10/80

There was a fair gathering of bikes at the KBCP when I arrived at 3 minutes to 8am. The morning was cool and overcast as it remained all day. Craig called the group together to give us a rundown on the day's ride and I find we are heading for Mt Howitt at the back of Mt Buller, not Mt Howard as printed in the itinerary.

At 8am we head off through Ringwood and Lilydale, taking a devious back road to Coldstream, Yarra Glen and Healesville.

We had a good run up the Black Spur on a dry road with only light traffic. We stop at Merton for coffee and to feed some of the hungrier machines. At this stop our rear rider Phil Duffy decides to return home as there is an ominous grinding coming from the rear wheel area of the outfit. Craig says that we will have lunch the other side of Mansfield.

Marc Sulot is volunteered as rear rider and we get going. Up through Mansfield and Merrijig to Mt Buller. No food stop. Oh well, we will go to Mt Howitt and then Mansfield for lunch, says Craig.

Tom Saville scorches down the road from Mt Buller arriving at the bottom with a glowing blue disc. The Mt Howitt road is a right-off and we return after about one kilometre. Lunch stop is a BP station just east of Mansfield.

Mick and Joy go into Mansfield for fish and chips. Mick declares the petrol is 0.1c a litre cheaper in Mansfield. A big saving for Mick; he probably burnt up the savings getting there and back. El Presidente elects himself rear rider as the Kwaka ST has an internal upset and is gobbling juice at a rate of 32 mpg.

After lunch Craig leads us down through Jamieson and across to Snobs Creek. On this section there is some excitement as I have a good scratch with Tom Saville and Chris Negus. There has been a lot of work done on this road including a few kilometres of new bitumen. Also, on this section one of three visitors runs off the road on what was an immaculate F2 Honda. Have you ever seen the star plate spokes ripped out of a Comstar wheel and banana fork legs? I have!

The F2 remains are lifted into a friendly Forestry Commission Toyota and deposited at Taggerty for later retrieval. The remainder of the ride is rather uninspired with the Black Spur littered with cars and very slow caravans. The ride breaks up at Healesville and I return home through Christmas Hills in pouring rain. The 'Garbage Gear' is still waterproof, I'm glad to say.

Keith Harris BMW 750 this time.

FOR SALE

1976 Honda GL1000 Goldwing & DJP Sidecar.

This extremely well cared for machine is now offered for sale to discerning buyers. The sale will include all those cosmetic and functional modifications currently incorporated. These mods include the forks, which now operate on an emulsion consisting of Castrol Fork Oil and Red Dust, (the exact proportions of which shall remain the secret of the writer) and results in the appropriate variation (deterioration?) in damping as well as a slight change in rake (de frame she bruk!) which results in a certain degree of steering vagueness which is guaranteed to increase the flow of adrenalin under most conditions. Whilst the above mods are obviously of a performance nature, maintenance has not been overlooked as it is no longer necessary to change oil in this machine. In

fact, pouring oil in usually results in a long face as it tends to stain the concrete below the scientifically positioned hole in the crankcase, the result of rock attack, not leaving the plug out!

Finally, is the finish! A beautiful burgundy with shades of grey primer and spew green peering through the wear spots has resulted in a rather (un)-attractive triple toned colour scheme.

I guess one should also add the breakaway feature of the sidecar which any day now will separate from its wheel and suspension unit and will no doubt prove the riders proficiency at flying the chair. (Or otherwise.)

The price for this very desirable machine will be disclosed to interested parties should they care to contact the owner (who isn't admitting he is !?). No offer under \$10,000.00 will be considered.

POINT COOK

There is a proverb 'Better late than never'. Well, this report is so late, it probably should never have been written, but here goes anyway.

This run was held on the same day as the Castrol 2 Hour Production race at Calder Raceway. With my vast knowledge of exit routes of Melbourne, I reasoned that if point 'A' KBCP, and point 'B' Point Cook RAAF Base, were only 35 minutes apart by taking the most obvious and direct route, and that we had approximately three hours to fill, a cook's tour of the local Sunday bottle neck was just the thing to do the job magnificently.

After extricating myself and everyone else out of the thickening traffic that was heading towards the races, we cut across to Melton, south towards the You Yangs (did you know it was possible to get lost in this area) and then east to Werribee South where we had lunch.

After lunch we wandered over to the RAAF base and spent a few hours inspecting the many interesting artefacts and restored aircraft.

Kevin GL 1000

WALKERVILLE 18TH & 19TH OCTOBER

Saturday morning dawned fine and bright in Upwey, ideal for the run down to Walkerville. Fortunately for us, Ian Taylor wanted his Suzuki trail bike transported to Walkerville, so we were both able to ride solo, a lot more comfortable for Sally these days. A mental block saw me heading for Hallam at 8am, not Cranbourne, so of course by the time we reached Cranbourne the Club was well gone. However, this didn't matter greatly as we travelled at a leisurely and legal speed on the two trail bikes.

Grantville was the first of many petrol stops for the Suzuki during the weekend with its thirst, around 50mpg, and tiny tank. At Grantville was a convenient polling booth where the local Country Women's Association made all visitors feel welcome at their stall selling home-made cakes.

Back on the road, travelling was very pleasant with very light traffic, the sun bright and warm. The countryside was green and pleasant with occasional glimpses of beach and ocean from the road most refreshing.

Tarwin Lower is the last township before Walkerville so a quick stop for milk and bread soon turned into a leisurely wait in the sun. However, no sign of the Club so on to Walkerville we rode. A few kilometres of the road are fairly sandy but proved no problem on the trail bikes. We found the Club had ridden via Fish Creek and were safely tucked away from the sea breeze amongst the tea tree scrub in the Walkerville camping ground.

Present were Tom, Jude, Keith, Kevin, Marc and a very relieved Ian and Lyn, seeing their trail bike arrive safely. After lunch Ken Markham arrived with a mate and his wife who, judging by the number of accessories on their Goldwing, felt that the Wings are not heavy enough in standard trim.

Later in the day a few of us rode to Cape Liptrap, and then to South Walkerville and North Walkerville which are only a short distance apart. The only means of travel between them is by footpath, beach or a rather long sandy road. Exploring by bike eventually found us on Walkerville South beach where we played on the firm sand till most of us fell off. Kevin's GL got bogged and it started getting decidedly dangerous.

So then for something safer, we went trail riding. But after Ian skidded down an almost vertical track and it took much pushing and three attempts by Tom to ride the Suzi out of the gully, we gave trail riding away too.

Back at camp those people who hadn't brought supplies voted Ian and I to ride to Fish Creek. As much of the road is sand and Ian was setting the pace, it became a ride on the wild side. There is no truth in the rumour that I had to take evasive action to avoid a high-speed tree.

Sunday morning revealed reasonable weather. We went beach combing while others explored or continued Saturday night's discussion (argument) of what is the best bike. During this time Keith Finlay arrived and a short ride on the beach quickly proved that it's possible to bog a Japanese one litre bike unladen, whereas a heavily laden BMW will continue without trouble.

As low tide was about 11am, most of our intrepid band were soon following me down the beach to Walkerville South and on to Tarwin Lower. Ian Taylor took over the lead at Wonthaggi and led us to his friend's garage at the Gurdies where we lunched before dispersing for home.

All in all, Walkerville was a very pleasant weekend, the type of run that does much to improve Club morale.

Brendon Gleeson

DON'T FORGET

For bookings for the Christmas Party see Ian Taylor at Club meetings or give him a bell on 568 4875. Bookings must be made by 16th November.
