

## **DECEMBER 1981 RUNS**

Saturday	5	Gala Christmas Dinner, Healesville Hotel 5.30pm for pre-dinner drinks, \$7-\$8
Sunday	6	Murrindindi Falls. 9.30am KBCP 11.15am Healesville, picnic lunch.
Sunday	13	Mick Fagan's Special Tour, 9am KBCP
Sunday	20	Toorong Reservoir, BBQ 10am KBCP
Friday	25	Christmas Camp commences at Lake William Hovell
Saturday	26	Golden Spurs Rodeo (Myrtleford) plus Nariel Creek Folk Festival on New Year's Eve and New Year's Day.

## **JANUARY 1982**

Sunday	10	Vice-President's ride. 9.30am KBCP
Sunday	17	Turpins Falls. 9.30am KBCP. Picnic lunch.
Sunday	24	Lake Jubilee Regatta. (Daylesford) B.B.Q. 9.30am KBCP
Weekend		Willoughby's Clubman Rally.
30, 31 and Feb 1.		Camp at Club Flag.

## **FEBRUARY**

Friday	5	General Meeting. Club Hall. Slide night, 8.15pm SHARP
Sunday	7	Darren's Dhurringile Dalliance 8am KBCP. Bring bathers.
Weekend		Camping at Delatite Arm 9am Lilydale, SHARP
13 & 14		
Saturday	20	Robyn's Night Ride, 6.30pm KBCP
Sunday	21	Buninyong Festival, 9.30am KBCP
Sunday	28	Beauchamp Falls (Otways), 8.30am KBCP

## **MARCH**

Friday	5	General Meeting. Club Hall. 8.15pm <u>SHARP</u>
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## **EDITORIAL – DECEMBER 1981**

Just a few lines this month as it is the last one for the year. As most will know there is no further mag until February. We have said enough for this year, so we'll keep it short and sweet by saying 'Merry Christmas & Happy New Year' to all. Of course, we expect a deluge of articles about the Christmas Camp and all Club runs from now to the Clubman Rally.

Once again, Season's Greetings to all.

**Cheers Faye & Geoff.**

**ARTICLES FOR FEBRUARY MAG MUST BE IN BY THE 22/1/1982**

## **SPORTS DAY 1981**

The day started about 8.30am at the Taylor's residence in Ringwood. It was supposed to be a return competition for a few clubs, especially the Ballarat Tourers who started the whole affair in a grand manner last year.

The Ballarat Tourers had supplied the main trophy which is held by the winning club for a year. MTCV won it last year, so we sent out invitations to several clubs in the hope of making it a great and exciting event. However, when the crunch came, only our club turned up.

Meanwhile back at the Taylor's residence I was greeted by the Taylors and their ute, Les Leahy and his ute, and Keith Harris on his BM 750. Up Canterbury Road we went and arrived at the sports-day site which had about 20 of the weirdest looking horses you could imagine grazing on it. After setting up the tent, rounding up the horses with the help of the owner on horseback, setting out the trial course, setting out the slalom course, and setting up the barbie, we were ready for the mob.

It wasn't exactly a mob that arrived but a reasonable number of MTCV members and a few families. After moping around for a while, the Clerk of the Course for the day, Les Leahy, called us together for a riders' briefing. He warned us how tough he would be on anybody who didn't abide by the rules, exactly as laid down.

The first event was the Slow Race heats. Ask Craig if the rules were being upheld to the letter as he was disqualified on a technicality - and he wasn't the only one. Then came the slalom events. We started off with a solo rider slalom and, after a dead heat final which was re-run, we moved to slalom with a pillion, where the pillion sat on the bike backwards and grabbed a drum at one end and placed it on the ground at the other. This event proved to be good fun and had no hassles with the Clerk of the Course.

Next lunch, with the Club providing snags and bread for free along with ample tomato sauce and cans of soft drink for 30c each.

Lunch over, it was time for the Observed Trial. The trial consisted of four sections which got progressively harder. At the end of the four sections there were about nine clean competitors remaining. (I'm not referring to dirt either.) The trial direction was reversed, and after doing two sections, a very proud Duffy family was declared the winner. Mrs because her bike won it, and Mr because he rode it.

Final results:

Slow race	Phil Duffy	650 Honda
Slalom	Mick Fagan	R80 G/S
Slalom w/pillion	Mick Fagan	R80 G/S
Observed Trial	Phil Duffy	650 Honda

Footnote: As most people know, wives have their husbands over a barrel. Well, after winning the Economy Test, the Slow Race and Observed Trial on Sports Day on Robyn's bike, I'd say Phil had better tread carefully because if Robyn decided to have him over her bike, it could be very painful.

**Mick Fagan BMW R80/GS**

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## **TONY DALY'S SPECIAL TOUR (OR IT'S A LONG WAY TO BALLARAT) 8/11/81**

I heard a knowledgeable gentlemen say it was a 400km ride with 80km of dirt, which made your correspondent nervous. I thought maybe it was the Grand Ridge Road – where else is there 80km of dirt? Alright, there are lots of places, smartie. And there were! Ballarat is only about 100km from Melbourne, but it is indeed possible to travel 400km to get there.

About 15 of us set out in ideal weather conditions – warm, sunny, no wind. First, Bulla and some obscure back roads to Bacchus Marsh, enroute getting entangled with the traffic to a country music festival near Gisborne. We couldn't go – cowboy hats obligatory.

Tony Daly must have had many spare hours to locate these dirt tracks – there may not have been 80km of them, but there were lots of short stretches. A few farmers were dismayed to find unexpected visitors in their territory.

On to the Brisbane Ranges and lunch at Ballan. As usual, we descended en masse on an unsuspecting takeaway which immediately went into a panic. We retired to the local picnic ground for lunch with only one group of family picnickers to outrage.

Resisting the temptation to go to sleep (really easy), we proceeded onward through the Wombat State Forest – or did we go in and out of it about fourteen times? I'm not sure. Anyway, we arrived at Daylesford much to the relief of those with small petrol tanks, passing through a weird town called Blakeville where I'm sure they found all the extras for that film 'Deliverance'.

Finally, back to sealed road, as the dirt was becoming painful with dust and shadows hiding the potholes. Then to Ballarat to amuse ourselves and its good citizens at Lake Wendouree for an hour or so. No one took a tram ride round the Lake – maybe it's safer on a bike!

A quick trip down the Western Highway completed the day.

Thanks to Tony for his efforts in arranging the route – just as well he lives in the area or we might still be somewhere out on those narrow dirt tracks!

**Peter Dwyer**  
Suzuki 1000G

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## **SUNDAY, 15 NOVEMBER 1981**

Twelve stalwart (or slightly insane) riders set forth from Lilydale at 10.45am. The weather, apart from the grey skies and torrential downpours, alternated from bad to worse to patches of fine. Vince Green was chosen to lead the merry dozen, while Jack Youdan on his Honda Six was our rear man.

The rain-soaked group wound its way up through the Reefton Spur, pursued by a speedy BMW800 who gave our leader little peace. We re-grouped at the start of the Spur to wring our gloves out and remove a piece of Line 7 waterproof pants from a badly located BMW muffler.

Onward we rode to Cumberland Junction with most riders taking the wet and windy roads with caution, except one speedy individual who thoroughly enjoyed himself. We regrouped at the Junction and consulted our maps, looking to the sky in silent prayer. Cambarville was the next point of call where we destroyed the peace for a few picnickers. Photos were a must, and Vince and Mick Fagan tried to shoot each other.

It was decided that Marysville would be our lunch stop. The road to Marysville, besides being muddy and slippery, was coated with fine gravel which managed to keep the adrenaline flowing. Hamburgers appeared to be the main course and we soon spread ourselves out comfortably in front of the local shop to eat and converse. I'm sure our three new potential members could have picked a better day, but everyone, despite the weather, was in good spirits.

The rain continued to be unsympathetic and refused to go away so we decided to cut the ride short and return to home and dry clothing.

Healesville was via the Black Spur with Lilydale being the dispersal point. The day ended about 3pm and I am sure a friendly and wet day was had by all.

### **Susan Jean, Moto Guzzi Enthusiast and pillion**

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### **MY HOLIDAY**

Now that sounds like an essay for kids to do after their holidays. Let me tell you I have no intentions of telling you everything I did. It would take too long so just a few observations and highlights.

I left Melbourne on the 24<sup>th</sup> September. It was cold, wet and windy with the emphasis on windy, not just that day but the following week. All except for two perfect days. Those two perfect days I spent at the beach.

I had about 300 miles of rain riding over to the Worlds End Rally near Quorn in South Australia. It was either drizzle, light rain, heavy rain, or storms until Port Augusta where it stopped raining and the sun came out.

The dirt road in from Quorn to the rally site has been worked on. In places it is worse when wet but when dry you can do 160km/h on it. Some wet dirt roads looked dry but you wondered why the tyres were sinking in two inches. Mick Fagan flew past frightening the hell out of me. He wasn't supposed to be there till next day.

The Morgan's had arrived a few minutes before me and as there were ominous clouds building, it was a rush to put up our tents. I had the fly almost secure when the rain came. This was the last of the rain and I had perfect weather for the next five weeks except for a couple of hours in Bundaberg and between Parkes and West Wyalong on the way home.

The official figures for the number of bikes at the rally was just over 1100. There were 700 entries, but no unusual bikes, just a lot of manufacturers, unlike the Centre Rally where about 80% of the bikes are BM's.

I wish a rally went for a week; it seems you just get there, spend a little time meeting people, and you are off again.

I was persuaded to go into Quorn on Saturday and I am glad I did. I took Tony Morgan in with me. The sight of hundreds of bikes and overflowing pubs was incredible. I didn't see any police, though they did drive through the rally camp once. There was no trouble in Quorn and the police showed good sense keeping out of sight, though I am sure they would have magically appeared if there had been trouble, crushing immediately, not wishing to emulate NSW Bathurst riots.

I had no plans and thought I thought I might stay till Monday, but the empty feeling with everyone leaving influenced me to leave at 11.30am Sunday. I was in no hurry but with the wind behind me I

sat on 130km/h and was in Broken Hill at 3.55pm. The rains of the previous week had reached as far north as Tamworth leaving unusual lakes of water on the side of the road near Broken Hill.

Monday morning, I left 6.45am after the kangaroos had gone to bed. By 3.45pm South Australia time I was in Tamworth after riding 1000km in 9 hours at 109km/h average including stops.

Tuesday took me via Glen Innes and Grafton to the Gold Coast and Miami Caravan Park. I could tell some interesting stories about that park, and a couple of others nearby, but will restrict the stories to a select few.

You will always find a lot of young people on the dole living in tents along the Gold Coast and further north. Fair enough. A great life for a few years. What gets my gander up is the number of camper vans at night with their TV antennas up, camped in the public car parks near the caravan parks. They run power leads into the caravan park and consume free electricity even though the sign prohibits camping with penalties stated. These same people probably run down and talk about dole bludgers. At least they pay the \$3.50 a night to camp.

Saturday to Brisbane. Sunday with a friend to Bribie Island nude sunbathing area. Very busy, very interesting and truly a beautiful beach. Far better than the Gold Coast beaches and only one hour's drive from Brisbane. Went there again Monday.

Tuesday I rode up and stayed at the Sunshine Coast and returned to Brisbane via Nambour and the Maleny Range the next day. Following day I rode to Bundaberg for a few days. Then on the Monday I visited a relatives farm between Rockhampton and the Capricorn Coast.

There were about 3000 army vehicles on manoeuvres just north of Rockhampton, so for days there were about 80 vehicles a day heading north. You don't realise how much double-line there is on the road till you strike convoys.

There seemed to be an average of 15 touring motorcyclists heading north and south each day. I did see dozens on the Friday I left Bundaberg for Brisbane.

Heading north I saw two MRA signs, 30km this side of Maryborough. I suspect there was a rally on.

I had been asked to go with a group of 26 people for a camping weekend at Cabarita Lake which is 2km from the ocean, 25km south of the Queensland NSW border. It was \$15 all food and grog supplied. I rode from Bundaberg back to Brisbane, collected my tent, sleeping bag etc and headed there. I had a tail wind from Bundaberg to Brisbane, then a head wind. The Gold Coast area is noted for strong south or south-east winds every afternoon.

It was a very good weekend with a terrific group of people.

Back to Brisbane early and did the rounds of a few interesting bars till closing time. Queensland may be *backwards*, but not in pub hours.

Tuesday and Wednesday I went to Bribie Island again. At my age I am not interested in walking around cities. I would sooner get tired riding a bike.

On the Thursday before Melbourne Cup I left Brisbane and rode to Dubbo via Goondiwindi. This turned out to be the hottest day of my leave. The only interesting part was the fact that as it had rained recently so the country on the Newell Highway was as green as when I was up here in August which of course meant I collected more insects than anywhere else.

For the remainder of my leave, I went camping on the Goulburn River near Shepparton with a group of 58 people. \$50 all food and booze supplied. Here I stayed till Cup afternoon when I headed home to be back at work the following night.

The 850 Yamaha shaft-drive ran perfectly. It is a much nicer bike to ride than the Honda 750, though only time will tell if it is as trouble free. The 24-litre tank was appreciated between Wilcannia and Cobar, 260km without petrol or other services. On the Honda I would have had to carry extra fuel. This stretch is about 80km more than the longest distance without fuel between Townsville and Alice Springs or Darwin. Running on Castrol R Synthetic oil meant no oil changes and, for the first time since my 15 years of riding BM's, no chain to oil.

For my next trip I hope to go to Alice Springs for the Centre Rally via Adelaide and then back to Adelaide to continue around Australia.

**Lloyd Wissman**

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### **NEW ADDRESS**

Kevin Robertson has moved again. He found out that two females were too hot to handle so he has moved in with just one. Better luck this time, Kev. His new address is

Flat 2, 519 Mt Alexandra Rd, FLEMINGTON.  
Phone 370 6220

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### **ROAD TEST: YAKIB 431cc**

While the Spaniards and Japanese fight for the lucrative dual purpose off-road/on-road market, the incredible Burma Motorcycle Company strive to perfect their own split personality bike that is claimed to be good for both road and street.

Rippling with technical features from a revolutionary valve-in-head three stroke to a suspicious dry-tank lubrication system, the BMC ALTMX-RRSF 431cc Yakib is sure to be a sell-out should the back yard Burmese Distillery ever get around to producing it.

We picked up the bike after it had been gently run-in by 84 other testers. The mileometer showed just 2.3 kilos demonstrating the legendary reliability of this make's instrumentation. Not that the speedo was of inferior design, for this unit features close ratio numbers, balanced needle and overhead glass. What a pity it was on the optimistic side for when the ignition wires were connected it registered 64mph!

The quality is reasonable except for the cheap plastic badges on the instruction book. But that marvel of 'pidgin English' has a unique feature in that the pages can be torn out and cut for gaskets to save rebuilding costs.

We are pleased to report that since riding the mark one, the makers have improved on comfort by fitting a seat. The actual riding position of the crankshaft can be adjusted to suit a rider's personal preference.

While some bikes have flywheel magneto and others have coil, the ignition on this Yak is remarkably simple in using the sinusoidal constant discharge deplenerator that turboencabulates the nivelsheave. (Devilishly clever those Burmese.) So efficient is this system that a towing eye is fitted to the front mudguard to get the motor turning on cold morning starts.

Once underway the Yakib seems to lose at least 820 pounds and the intermittent coughing of the exhaust more than drowns the constant squealing of the belt drive to the oil filter. As regards handling, the inherent instability of the two-wheel steering layout did cause many anxious moments but our testers soon got used to stopping on the bend and lifting the back end around before proceeding in the new direction.

Vibration is minimal except for a bad case of the shakes between 2,100 to 3,200rpm, 3,400 to 4,500rpm, 4,900 to 5,800rpm and above 6,000rpm. We were disappointed that a violent weaving could not be cured when riding in the top three gears.

Unfortunately, neutral is hard to find and is best located down on the workbench. But dismantling the power unit is no trouble as the makers are ever willing to point out that no special tools are required. We found the boxing glove and shovel that came supplied as standard are perfectly adequate to reduce this remarkable machine to unrecognisable pulp in minutes (such was our patience).

With claimed dry weight of 15 pounds and a compression ratio reduced to 1:9 we are pleased to report the fuel usage has been slashed to only 1.9 gallons per overnight parking. Sure proof that the new Yak-Vac fuel tap really does something.

Our only complaint with this marvel of the jet age, which costs only 1,827,346 drakibs ex-Afghanistan, is the method of adjusting the rear chain. Necessary every 10 revolutions of the rear wheel, it requires removing the seat, tool sack, lifting hook (oh, what a giveaway), air cleaner, mudguard, battery and by finally hacksawing through the lower part of the rear sub-frame, the position of the back spindle can be altered with plastic shims.

Summing up such a multi-purpose bike is hard other than stating it must surely be an investment since this kind of exhibit is bound to be of value in several centuries and, as such, is just the machine for the non-motorcycling minded.

**Submitted by Les Leahy, "Courtesy of Track & Trial Magazine"**

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**DON'T FORGET**

**NO JANUARY CLUB MEETING**

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**MERRY CHRISTMAS**

**HAPPY NEW YEAR**

**TO ALL FROM**

**FAYE AND GEOFF  
(MAG EDITORS)**