

ITINERARY

NOVEMBER 1984

4 th	<u>STRATHBOGIE RANGES</u> 9.00 KBCP	S.E. of Euroa
11 th	<u>HIGH ALTITUDE CRICKET</u> 9.00 KBCP 10.30 Hallam	Walhalla (Nth of Moe)
18 th	<u>WHROO CAVES</u> 9.30 KBCP	Goldfield area, sth. Of Rushworth. (bring a torch)
25 th	<u>LICOLA</u> 8.30 KBCP 10.00 Hallam	NNW of Heyfield, settlement by old track via Mt. Tamboritha

DECEMBER

2 nd	<u>WURSTER'S WOOT</u> 9.30 KBCP	See Hans for more details
7 th	<u>GENERAL MEETING</u> 8.25 sharp	Club Hall

EDITORIAL

New itinerary this month looks pretty tricky, lots of member's rides, camping week-ends etc. Lots of input from the following people have expanded the magazine to a format of wider appeal, rather than a collection of ride reports (not necessarily printed by me), we now have cross-word and word puzzles, articles of interest with a motorcycling flavour and not just enough for one issue either; so keep 'em coming'

Treading lightly this month. (It appears as if the criticisms aired in the Editorial have upset a few people to the point of outright hostility, so if you have any bitches you'll just have to speak up at the General Meetings or keep 'em to yourself).

P.S. even though I have a few spies passing on information, I still need more gossip etc. For the "WHOOS NOOS" page.

BEN WARDEN
LLOYD WISEMAN
MICK FAGAN
CHRIS ????

Sorry fellas I left your name off the bottom of page 1, so in effort to make amends, I've put you all at the top of page 2.

EDITOR...KEITH

WHOOS NOOS ooooooooooooooooooooo

The column to which you can all contribute.

Over-heard recently.....

“going on Sunday’s ride”
“nah, the wife won’t let me”
“what are you, man or mouse?”
“I’m a MAN, the wife’s afraid of mice”

A comment made on dating.....

“I’ve given up finding a 10, right now I’d settle for two 3’s and a 4”

If SUPERMAN is so smart, how come he wears his jocks on the outside?

Who were the two members of opposite gender who went off heading towards the adult playground for a bit of mutual investigation?

SOCIAL SCENE

BOWLING NIGHT

The B.M.E. club has challenged us to a bowling night. These turns are usually a lot of fun and if you can bowl “WE NEED YOU” Last year they won, so it would be nice if we could win this year. The venue is the same as last year, being the “NORTHCOTE BOWL”.

Saturday the 10th November at 6pm. Afterwards we will be going to the Pancake Parlor for supper. Do have a good think about attending as you will enjoy a really good night out.

ROBYN DUFFY....Social Sec.

THE PROGRESSIVE DINNER THAT WAS NOT 20/10/84 Saturday 20th October:

Weather Threatening. Place K.B.C.P. Time 6.00pm. Destination Chinese. Transport Bikes and two cars. Plus people.

With Phil and I arriving at 5.50pm I was pleasantly surprised by the numbers who had braved the rather grey skies to come on their bikes. There were 3 extra people who rolled up on spec, Ross and Peter in their cars, and us other people. I gave Ross and Peter P directions how to get to the restaurant in case they got lost, Vince said he would like to lead and off we took through back streets and one red light that wouldn’t change down to Port Melbourne. Along the Beach road to Mordialloc where we turned inland. Peter P at this stage went sailing by the corner markers, and as he had been told where to go we knew he would meet us there. Vince took us over the obligatory smidge of dirt, somewhere between here and there on the way to Dandenong. We arrived with a small detour to the pub for some plonk. Phil took over the last kilometre. Finally we had arrived, Ross and girlfriend were already seated, and we waited until it was clear Peter was LOST. We started to eat and eat and eat; the food was good and the company great. After we had finished we departed to Brenda’s for coffee, tea, bickies etc. More chit chat and finally we headed home. Many thanks to the members who attended. I hope you all enjoyed yourselves. Thanks also to Brenda and Gary for the use of the house and coffee etc.

ROBYN DUFFY.....GX650

THE MYSTERY DINNER RIDE 20/10/84

On Saturday evening, the 20th of October, with the “Progressive Dinner” being cancelled, a night ride to Hallam for a Chinese banquet had been organised. Gary and I rolled up to the K.B.C.P. just after 5.30pm and we were greeted by Peter P. in his car and Vince Green and his lady friend Jan. Slowly more people arrived and just before 6.00 there were thirteen hungry people looking forward to a nice ride with a good meal at the end.

It was decided that Vince would lead with Ross King bringing up the rear. Ross Bradshaw (who was also in a car) and Peter P. would make their own way to Hallam. Vince led us out of the city and onto the Beach road. We had some trouble with the traffic lights at the corner of Whiteman street and City Road. It took ages for the lights to change and so everybody went through the red light, including all the cars behind us.

Out on Beach Road it started to rain but this didn’t last for long. We continued on down Beach Road till nearly the end, where we turned off at Parkers Road. This is where we lost Peter P. Apparently he had been following us down Beach Road and Ross stopped at the corner to indicate to Peter that we were turning, but Peter kept driving on. Gary and I turned back to see what was taking Ross so long and it was decided that Peter must know where he was going, so we continued on. We travelled around the back of Mordialloc, up Governor Road and then on to Hutton Road and Greens Road. These roads take you directly to the south Gippsland highway. from here we got on the Princes Highway were we made a pit-stop and the Prince Mark Hotel. Some of us went to get drinks for dinner.

After our stop we continued on, turning up Doveton Avenue, which brought us to our destination. With bikes parked and helmets off we walked into the restaurant, where Ross and girlfriend had already arrived. We put our helmets and jackets on the dance floor and were seated at a large round table which was great because everybody could talk to one another. As the night rolled on and we worked our way through eight or so course, interesting conversations were going on. I learnt some interesting facts about trail bike riding from Vince and was surprised at the cost of doing the sport. At 10.30pm with stomachs well and truly filled and the bill paid for, it was decided that those who wanted to would come back to my place for tea and coffee. Gary led us back to Cheltenham and Robyn Duffy and I organised supper, while some talked in the lounge room and others watched “Hey Hey it’s Saturday Night”.

About 12.00am everybody left and I was glad to hit the sack. I’m sure everybody enjoyed themselves, apart from Peter P. who got lost and decided to go home. I’m told he had McDonalds for dinner. I would like to thank Robyn and Phil for organising the night and I must say it was a very enjoyable night out.

BRENDA POLLETT.....R65

DAYLESFORD RIDE 7th October

It was a perfect day; I was first at the meeting place, as usual. A number of riders slowly turned up, at one stage the charging elephant made his way in with his master Keith Finlay riding it. The second to arrive was Mick, he reminds me of my younger days when traders used to come on their Motor-Guzzi with flying wheels speeding around loaded up with boxes and parcels to sell things at the markets. Keith took the lead with Janet as rear rider, one thing is for sure, Keith knows how to lead.

It was a nice ride all the way to Woodend where we had some coffee. As we were leaving a familiar face turned up; Tony joined the happy group, then off to Daylesford for lunch and a bit of a chat about bikes of course and other things in general. Mick tried to make a speech which nobody understood but everybody guessed. We all followed him in and out of the freeway; the view of the

country side was magnificent, all green. We stopped near Melton where we all departed on our own separate ways. All in all it was a wonderful day.

DANNY.....Z500

DALESFORD 7th October

Sunday the 7th of October dawned fine and sunny with the promise of more good weather to come. 11 bikes turned up at KBCP and the roll call revealed that Keith-Z1300, Tony-GPz550, Ben and pillion GPZ550, Mick-R100, Pete-GT750, Danny-Z500, Joanne-SR250, Simon-CB250T, Frank-R80gs, Hans-GPz900 and myself-GPz550 were present.

I volunteered to be rear rider and at 10.00am Keith led us out to the Tullamarine freeway with Ross-GS1000 catching up just as we disappeared around the first corner. Up the freeway and then through some nice twisty roads to Woodend where we stopped for morning tea. Off to Trentham Falls next, where after 15 minutes admiring the scenery Han's GPz900 mysteriously disappeared. The culprit owned up and after the bike was retrieved it was off to Daylesford for lunch.

After the usual take-away lunch Mick Fagan took over the lead and took us for a ride through the Daylesford gardens to the lookout tower which we climbed. Was it 212 steps? I've forgotten.

Mick then took us on a circuitous route crisscrossing the Western Highway with a few sections of dirt and a difficult railway crossing keeping everyone on their toes. The ride broke up at (?) Melton. I arrived home at approximately 3.30pm having done about 300km for the day.

Janet...gpZ550

TREASURES TASTEFUL TRECK 23/10/84

8.30 Sunday morning the weather a bit overcast just enough time for a quick breakfast, waterproof the boots, and off to K.B.C.P. for a 9.30 start on our Treasures Tasteful Trek.

Thirteen bikes and riders turned up in all, even a few of those who braved last week's ride to Simpson. (Others who will remain nameless stayed in bed)

At approx 10.05 we all thundered out of the car park with Peter Dwyer GS1100G leading, and Peter P Gt750 as rear rider. We headed towards Ballan at a nice leisurely pace, a pace between 140-160 km/hr which left Simon on his 250N with a bit of a challenge on the hills.

At Ballan we stopped and had morning smoko. Up until now it had been a straight run up the Western Highway, it wasn't until after Ballan the scenic ride really started. First we had a look at the Morrabool reservoir in the rain, from there a quick 8km to the Spargo Mineral Springs. The springs were down a little muddy clay track which proved to be a bit of a challenge for those of us who rode on it. Most left their bikes at the entrance and walked the rest went about half the way. What we all saw at the end of that track is undoubtedly another wander of the world, I, mean, the way the mineral water flowed out of that ½ inch galvanized pipe was just too much. From Spargo Springs we travelled another 10km to Sailors Falls, which was a real pleasant sight, especially after the rains. A few pictures were taken and once again we sheltered from the rain before heading towards Daylesford for lunch.

We left Daylesford in time to miss being rained on one last time and headed towards Mt. Franklin for a bit of a look at the country we had just travelled. Afternoon break was had at Creswick before

a straight run back down the western highway to Ballan. From Ballan we headed for Melton where we regrouped before breaking off and heading home. Overall the ride was very enjoyable for everyone. I think it was said many times that the ride will have to be run again in finer weather.

OH yes, who was it who passed police at 180km with their eyes closed?

KEN....GPz900R

MT LEURA

BIKES: GPz1100 Jeff, GSX1100 Daryl, GPz900 x2 Hans, Ben, Z500 John, GT750 Ross,
(8) R80G/S Frank, R100 Mic Barnes.

Weather: mainly dry, strong southerly blowing all day, cool.

I glanced over the overpass to see no bikes in the car park. They had parked at the other end. Phew, I had not miscalculated daylight saving, unlike xxxx who rolled up an hour late, blissfully unaware (!). I gave the corner marker spiel to the tree guys and we were away, once the Volks Wagon Club had passed by Mic led with Frank the rear rider.

It was only that morning that I discovered where Mt Leura was, it not being on most maps.

At Laverton we picked up Hans and Ross before setting off for Geelong and the Great Ocean Road (GOR) stopping for morning tea at Lorne and lunch at Apollo bay.

With the army on the move down Geelong road and the surprisingly heavy traffic, speeds were reduced to 70km/h in places. A shower passed through, the only one for the day thankfully. The GOR was a treat. I was pleased to see Mic lose the new guys through the corners, with only Hans on his hammer. Mic's side stand took a battering though.

There were many bikes on the road with the main streets of Lorne and Apollo Bay lined with them. The Ducati Club(s) seemed most active. Ross left us at Apollo Bay, the pace less than sedate. There was a long way to go. We refuelled. A demuffed GSX250 buzzed by for the fourth time. Over the Otway's via Beech Forest and Lavers Hill (to avoid the majority of dirt – remember Simpons?) was the least attractive feature of the ride, but quickly dispensed with. Up through the Otways had been tiring with plenty of gravelly dirt along the centre of each lane, especially in the corners.

I was leading now. Picking up the GOR again we headed west towards Princetown. Cruising at a relaxed 130-140km/h through the rolling hills on wide, al lweather bitumen was magic – bike purring, sun overhead, clear sky, no wind temporarily, no cars – idyllic. Hand and Mic slotted in behind me as we rode in formation for many miles. No lagging through the corners now.

The road straightened out, sparkling dark sea appearing on the left. The Twelve Apostles slid by as we ran down into Port Campbell. Refreshments were in order. It was hot and dry. The occasional arthritic old war wounds amongst some rifers began to make their presence felt.

Heading north to Camperdaown we reached the stipulated destination, Mt Leura. It is a small mountain (bigger than Mt Camel) famous for its annual motorcycle hill climb race. The road is unfenced, narrow and cliffish. No room for error.

We rode to the top, had a look around, then departed, after refuelling Frank's guzzling BM. Homeward bound now, after all it was 4pm. The Glenelg Highway is long and straight. I saw 220km/h, Hans ranged up alongside to pass the time of day, slowing from 240 km/h; the 500 ran

out of legs at 190 km/h, and the rest tagged along for the ride. I followed a maroon Jag for a long while cruising at 150-160 km/h, a totally reasonable speed in the prevailing conditions.

We stopped at Sebastopol (near Ballarat) for fuel and food (for me anyway). Then a leisurely (almost) trip down the freeway to Melton where we disbanded. New riders John, Darryl and Jeff were all for signing up there and then, they had had such a good ride, even if it was going to take a day to recover. Across through Keilor and home by 7pm. A round trip of 620km. The bike has now done 2700km, and I love it.

Ben ZX900A2

ROOT TOO TO A BAA BAA KEW!

Well peoples on the 21st of October 1984 a whole lot of riders and their machines turned up at the car park for a ride through the boulevards, or so they thought!!

With Ross on the Suzuki leading we left the car park and immediately got on to the road alongside the river Yarra. It was a glorious day for a ride, it twas. Past all the Mega-trendies having a barby or pushing a pushy along we sped. Or should that read "motored along at a respectable speed". Any way hung a lefty at Como house and positively whored along with great expectations of hanging it out on the Richmond Boulevard as it is the smoothest and fastest. Upon crossing the Yarra and just about to roar around the round a bout and head into the Richmond section when we were confronted the sight of Ross talking with a guy driving one of those big yellow fords with blue lights on top.

With split second timing we diverted and went straight ahead and propped. After a short wait we again played follow the leader and hit the Richmond Boulevard. Cries of horror and gnashing of teeth were heard coming from behind full-face helmets. What had gone wrong? Were the organisers of today's ride not in tune with the activities of the other good citizens of this great city? Yes folds I can report that there we a fun run on and it was being held on the Richmond Boulevard! Not only was it a fun run but it was a fun run for "KIDS". I mean to say if we are going to be treated to all these hassles we could at least be able to do a bit of decent perving? But no, it was a boiled lolly job;

After that traumatic experience we headed off on a tour of the rest of route 2. Hitting the Kew, Ivanhoe and Heidelberg sections. After these were traversed we then stopped for a leader change. Our new leader was to be Ben who as most people know always travels in the straightest line possible (as long as it's still daylight) between two points. Ben announced that we would go direct to Warrandyte, "via Kinglake". There was deafening silence as watches were consulted (they didn't reply). Then it hit the fan as Ben was politely told by some that did he think we would be in Warrandyte by lunch time? With a glance at his new 24 valve head thingo he replied "mmmmmm".

Anyway we were off like the proverbial flock of pigeons and even I must admit it wasn't a bad ride, at least this time the weather was good and the roads were pretty clear of traffic. One and a half hours later we hit Warrandyte, where Ben propped opposite a very nice sandwich shop. Whilst I and several others scoffed some delicate type cuisine (pies etc) Ben went off in search of a BBQ so that those people who had the audacity to bring food along to cook could cook it.

Arriving at a BBQ a little later than the others (pies are delicate food you know!) I had a little difficulty finding the club. At the time I couldn't put my finger on it, but a little later it hit me with about as much force as Tracey did to Darwin. Yes folks are you one of those peoples who believe that statistics don't like! Well one of the statistics that I was led to believe was that every 2nd bike on the road was a Honda! WRONG! Looking at the line of bikes I could see my machine at one end of the line and the rest of the bikes were Kawasaki's!!!! Aha I thought Ross isn't here, didn't

matter he rides a Suzuki anyway, Danny had also left but he also rides a Kawasaki. Now if we are the MTC of Victoria then one supposes that we represent an unbiased section of the motorcycling community as far as wanting brand X as opposed to brand Y. If that is the case then as all of the machines except mine were Kawasaki then I could say that generally speaking one in every ten machines or 10% of the machines were BMW's. Do you believe that statistics don't lie????????? Also whatever happened to Honda and where the hell was Vince and his BETTER MACHINE!!!!

Most of the good peoples on the ride broke up from Warrandyte except Ben and a few others who decided to go to Ben's place via some twisty roads for afternoon tea. It was a pity that I didn't have a camera with me to take a picture of Ben's new wonder bike coz it hadn't up to now been decked or rooted like poor other heap that he has.

MICK FAGAN R100 CS.

L	O	S	S	X	R	U	I	K	A	S	A	W	A	K
A	Y	T	T	E	U	V	M	Z	A	P	P	Q	M	R
H	E	R	E	P	T	S	O	C	B	U	U	R	A	A
P	T	E	Q	R	T	I	L	L	W	R	I	P	R	U
Y	O	B	B	O	E	Z	A	J	I	T	N	H	Z	S
A	U	O	C	P	R	M	K	L	H	G	D	A	O	E
M	O	R	B	I	D	E	L	L	I	S	I	N	P	R
O	W	R	M	N	A	T	D	A	R	N	A	T	E	F
N	B	T	I	K	U	Z	U	S	M	A	N	O	B	L
Z	X	S	V	Q	G	L	P	P	Y	N	A	M	Q	F
A	O	F	S	U	R	E	J	A	P	A	G	H	K	L
S	K	N	T	E	C	R	B	O	I	X	M	O	Y	Z
N	O	N	E	O	R	R	O	S	T	A	S	A	T	E
V	Y	T	E	Z	I	T	W	X	I	K	J	D	H	N
H	S	I	L	V	E	R	S	T	O	N	E	M	C	A

AMA	LOSS	PIRELLI	STEP	ZONE
CRB	MONZA	PHANTOM	STEER	
DARN	MORBIDELLI	ROBERTS	SPURT	
HERE	METZLER	RUITER	SIVERSTONE	
IMOLA	MANY	ROSTA	SATE	
INDIAN	NONE	SPA	TEAM	
KAWASAKI	OKO	STRESS	YAMAHA	
KRAUSER	PINK	SUZUKI	YOBBO	

GAS AND ELECTRIC LIGHTING

ELECTRIC LIGHTING

On account of its perfect cleanliness, the excellent light it gives, and its extreme hardness electric lighting is becoming very popular for motor cycles. So far it is found only on the more expensive sidecar combinations, but its adoption on solo mounts of the medium-weight variety is probably only a matter of time. The outfit consists of an electrical generator or dynamo accumulators, which either supply the lamps when the machine is stationary or provide the current all the time, being kept up to the mark by the dynamo, which is always charging when the lamps are alight. When the dynamo is used to light the lamps direct, a magnetic cut out or solenoid is used to cut off the dynamo and switch on the accumulators on occasions when the speed is too slow for direct lighting. Electric lighting is exceedingly convenient – the power of the lamps may be controlled, and the light may be switched on while the driver is in the saddle, and there is no difficulty about having an inspection lamp, which is invaluable in the garage or when repairs have to be executed on the road at night. Good electric lighting systems of unimpeachable reliability are necessarily expensive, and riders are warned not to purchase cheaply, as an unreliable system is troublesome, and may also be dangerous.

Indian Lighting

The Hendee Co., the makers of the Indian, were among the first motor cycle firms to adopt dynamo lighting. Their side car model was also fitted with an electrical starter, but the firm have discarded this in favour of a dynamo only.

The Motosacoche dynamo is quite a small affair and is supported on a bracket carried by one of the saddle fork tubes. It is friction driven as shown. The machine itself incorporates a single bell-shaped magnet of the permanent type, and the armature reaction which follows upon the use of such a magnetic field is relied upon to prevent the voltage rising too high. The case of the dynamo contains an automatic magnetic cut-out, which disconnects the dynamo from the battery when the former is running at an insufficient speed. This occurs at a speed of the machine equal to about seven miles per hour. The dynamo light the lamp through a battery which it keeps constantly charged. The dynamo output is about 9 watts, or 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ amperes, at 6 volts. The head lamp is a neatly constructed unit; and although of comparatively small size, gives a very large volume of light.

Lucas Dynamo

In appearance the Lucas dynamo is a neat cylindrical device, sufficiently small to be carried conveniently on any machine capable of hauling a fully equipped side car, and yet large enough to produce a steady current sufficient for the maximum demands to be made upon it.

The Ariel decompressor has a small double pedal A B mounted on the crank case. When this is in the forward position it pulls down an additional exhaust valve rocker, which is then operated by a small dummy cam. This causes the exhaust valve to open the least trifle on the compression stroke. This and all other decompressors destroy the full force of the explosion by allowing part of the charge to escape. After the rider has started by means of a pedal or lever he puts the decompressor out of action. The Triumph device brings about the same effect in rather a different way. The Humber and several other machines are also fitted with decompressors as a standard.

CHAPTER III

MULTI-CYLINDER MOTOR CYCLE ENGINES.

The single-cylinder engine is reliable, and if properly balanced runs comparatively smoothly; but since it only gives one impulse ever two revolutions, it has not what engineers call a very even torque, or turning movement. To get over this difficulty we have motor cycle engines of two and four cylinders.

First of all we will consider the commonest form – the V type of twin-cylinder motor. Here we have two cylinders set at an angle of 45° to 90°, with their connecting rod bearings both running on one crank pin. This type, of course, is ideal for motor bicycles, since it is easily carried in the frame, and the crank case is no wider than in the case of a single-cylinder.
