

December 1979 Magazine

DECEMBER 1979

Weekend 8&9 CHRISTMAS PARTY, JAMIESON. Lilydale 10am.
Saturday 15 SERVICE DAY. Tom and Jude's. After lunch.
Sunday 16 KILCUNDA. KBCP 10am. Cranbourne 11.15am
Xmas Trip KOSCIUSKO NATIONAL PARK. Details this mag.
22nd onwards.

JANUARY 1980

Sunday 6 FREE DAY. Ride decided on day. KBCP 8.30am.
Sunday 13 MINI-HA-HA FALLS via Hiawatha. KBCP 7.30am
Sunday 20 SWAN BAY NEAR QUEENSCLIFFE. For train ride.
KBCP 10am. Laverton 10.50am
Weekend 26, 27 & 28 CLUBMAN RALLY. Jingellic. No official ride up.
Details this mag.

FEBRUARY 1980

Friday 1 GENERAL MEETING. 8.15pm.
Saturday 2 SURPRISE NIGHT RIDE. KBCP 7.00pm. Lilydale 8.30pm.
Sunday 3 DIAMOND BAY. KBCP 10.00am.

PLEASE REMEMBER THERE IS NO GENERAL MEETING IN JANUARY.

EDITORIAL

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our readers. Please make a conscious effort to ride carefully and safely over the festive period. We hope we will see all our members alive in the coming year. But if the riding standard that is prevalent on our Club runs at the moment is any indication, we have our doubts.

There is a flagrant abuse not only of our Club rules, but of the road rules in general. Passing the leader, overtaking on double white lines and passing on the inside, to name a few.

We know that several of the so-called seasoned riders feel that if this is to be the accepted standard within the Club, they would prefer to ride alone. It would be a pity if we lose valuable members through the attitudes of a few. Not only are you putting your own life at risk and jeopardizing other riders but remember that car drivers in general have a very poor opinion of bike riders. Crossing double lines and passing with only inches to spare does not help our image at all.

So please ride safely.

Editors: Smithy and Jude

He wrote it.

She wrote it.

P.S. We would like to thank everyone this month for the very good articles, especially the Room-Wissman Papers. We hope this will be a continuing saga. Also our thanks to Lynne Rowe who has offered her typing services. We, of course, accepted, and loaded her up with work. We are now working on some way of conning her into doing it all.

SERVICE DAY

Saturday 15th December. Tom & Jude's place. 6 Elizabeth St, East Doncaster. Everyone is welcome. After 12 noon.

This will be a good chance to make sure that your bike is properly prepared for the Christmas camp. So come along and do maintenance on your bike, wash it, or just have a rave.

CHRISTMAS HAMPER

The articles for the Christmas Hamper are not coming in very well at all. You have only one day left to contribute something. Donate an article to the value of \$1 plus and you get one ticket free. Additional tickets 25c each or 5 for \$1.00. The Raffle will be drawn at the Xmas Party tomorrow night. Help to make it a success. Remember it is for your benefit that we are holding this raffle. All money raised goes to improve Club funds.

CHRISTMAS CAMP

This year's Christmas Camp is in the Kosciusko National Park. The Club will be camping between Willis and Ingebyra (on the NSW side) on the Buchan to Jindabyne Rd. The first ones up there will pick the best campsite for us. So ride from Willis with your eyes open.

There will be no official ride up – just roll up anytime from Friday 21st December onwards.

This is one of those places where you bring EVERYTHING.

THE WISSMAN SYNDROME

A week after the World's End Rally, I received a telephone call from Lloyd Wissman and he mentioned that he had written an article for the Club mag, and he added that he had said a few things with which I may not agree with, but that none of the comment was meant to apply to me personally.

Forarmed with this knowledge, I could hardly wait until Greg Smith handed out the magazine. (Lloyd had written a similar story for the Four Owners.) When I read Lloyds article I nearly fell off the Gold Wing I was resting on. Was it a work of fiction, or was Lloyd the victim of some strange mental illness? He had written that I had been reported as saying there was two feet of water over the Warren Gorge road. I had never said this and could only conclude that Lloyd was hearing things. Worse, he added that I had reached the town of Quorn. Since I had never been within 300km of the place, I felt that he must have been seeing things as well.

But worse, poor Lloyd had gone on to write that he did not want to identify the Gold Wing Owners, but apart from mentioning that they camped on the opposite side of the creek from himself, did not tell us why.

Was Lloyd the victim of some delusion, the result of eating some strange mushroom found at the Warren Gorge? Was he suffering from the results of a leaking helmet and had fluid on the brain? Was he practising too hard for a cow milking completion? No, it was none of these things. I found out what has gone wrong with Lloyd. He is suffering from an attack of jealousy, plain old fashioned jealousy.

You see he read a copy of the Gold Wing Club magazine in which there is an advertisement for tee-shirts, one of which had the inscription, GOLD WING OWNERS HAVE THE STIFFEST SHAFTS.

Lloyd, please tell me how I differ from other Gold Wing owners. My bikes are very keen to know.
Kind regards and good winging.

Darren Room, a local Wing Nut.

FOR SALE **FOR SALE****FOR SALE****FOR SALE****FOR SALE******

One fishtank, 3'-15" x 18" deep. Handmade, homemade stand in very good condition. Timber enclosed fluorescent light. Stone and gravel etc. \$50 See Mick Fagan after the meeting or ring 3113047.

Two burner stove. Gas pack. Takes throw away bottles. In good condition. \$10 or near offer. See Greg Smith or ring 5314608.

LICOLA 28.10.79

8.00 am on the first day of daylight saving saw a motley bunch of tired-eyed people leaving KBCP for the Hallam pick up point. The weather looked foreboding. Within the first five kilometres the leader had been overtaken twice and a Club member had gone through a rather obvious RED-light signal. All infringements were by the same rider. A fine start to the day, hey Mick.

By the time we left Hallam we had acquired a few more members, 14 in all. As the weather looked threatening, we put on wet weathers. It was a wise move. The boring 162km to Heyfield were ridden almost in constant rain.

At Heyfield we were joined by Peter Philferan who had slotted in with us sometime during the ride. (He was on his way to visit relations.) Ron Hayward was rear riding and arrived at Heyfield most irate. Apparently, a corner marker mistook Big D (white helmet) for Ron (white helmet) and took off. Ron was not amused. The wiser riders had lunch at Heyfield although Tom assured us that Licola had a shop.

The roads had dried out by now, so everyone had a hard ride (fang) through the beautiful windy roads up to Licola. Great road. Then we had the usual standing around bull-shitting hour. Tom's shop turned out to be a bummer; pies (4 only) pasties or sausage rolls. Not a great selection.

Then came the inevitable debate. Should we go back via Jamieson and the dirt? Or return the way we came? As we could not reach an agreement, Chris and Craig and Chris left the ride to return via the dirt and the rest of us raced back to Heyfield. Keith was now leading.

Torrential rain – so we sheltered under the shop front at Heyfield for a while and then headed for home. Down to Moe the back way (windy roads) and on to the boring Princes Highway again.

At Trafalgar, Tom noticed Mick's left-hand muffler was vibrating badly. No wonder. On closer inspection it was splitting open. Some piano wire and an ocky strap supported it back to our place. By this stage it was only just hanging together. Out with the oxy –and it was welded back together. It is now probably one of the strongest points on Mick's bike!

Tom & Jude, BM

PARENTS' DAY 1979

With beautiful weather on the Saturday before the run, I was really keyed up for a good days' riding on the Sunday. When I awoke on Sunday I turned the telephone answering machine on as I fully expected a call from the US about my America Wing. The phone rang alright, and an American accent announced itself, but not the one I expected. It was Jeff Maltby, a 'California Wing Nut', and a really mad keen enthusiast, who asked if it would be okay if he arrived on the 18th of December to stay until the end of January. He was keen to come to a Gold Wing Rally and the Clubman Rally. Well, this and a few calls to his other motorcyclist friends arranged his Christmas dinner, a tour of Sydney, and better accommodation than I could offer. However, all this took time and I really had to rush to get to the KBCP start of the run.

By the time I arrived a huge collection of bikes, mainly BMW wheels, and even four Wings, were happily waiting. Les had his new BM, a really pretty looking unit. Keith Findlay from Essendon had his whole family in tow. Even the dog was not forgotten. But he had to bring them in the car, not being able to fit them all on the bike.

Well, a little late, thankfully given my own late start, we set off with Keith from Reservoir in the lead and Phil Duffy as the rear rider.

Phil could not fit his wife and three sons on the Wing, despite the fact that I recently saw a picture of a Wing with nine passengers, and so he had to leave his family of motorcyclists-in-the-making at home.

Keith led us on a very pretty tour of the better areas of Mitcham and then on to Ringwood where we picked up the Doncaster BMW speedsters (not to be confused with the Sunshine BM flyer) and on to Healesville for luncheon supplies.

We continued over the Black Spur but there were so many bikes on the road that we were run through by some American riders. Well, they must have been for they passed Stephen (the nearly Doctor) on the left and surely gave him a fright.

We arrived at the reserve and had no sooner parked than Mick Fagan raced past on the Spur road in hot pursuit of another (non-club) motorcycle. Mick joined up with us after showing the other rider a thing or two, or so it was revealed.

The parental and other relations of several members and their pillions were at the reserve and a pleasant time of eating, talking about bikes, flying the frisbee, watching the Italian community at lunch, and more talking about bikes took place.

Keith rounded up the party at about two pm for a tour of the Reefton Spur while I left to return to send of a voice tape to Jeff Maltby as I promised to do in my earlier telephone conversation. He had been so excited about his proposed tour that he wanted specific information quickly and a tape is the easiest way to send a lot of news unless one is really a good typist, which I am not, and only my stenographer can read my writing, and even she prefers me to dictate reports.

With great reluctance I saw the Club wind its way up the Don Don Saddle while I took the Wing through Christmas Hills to Fitzroy. In all, the day was a friendly, low key day, one which gives the MTCV greatness. I hope that the California Wing Nut enjoys Victoria's great bike roads as much as we do. I can assure everyone that he is very keen to join the action here.

For the 'Parents' whose day it was, I think they would have gone home wishing they were younger, but confident that their progeny are in the best of company.

Strangely, I think that this Club is getting a new meaning to the term, 'Parents Day' for there were many members who are parents in their own right, and the keenness of the children provides assurances that bikes will be around forever, even if running on tanks of hydrogen rather than petrol. Hydrogen will be the fuel of the future and one which is most suitable for bikes.

Despite the earlier gloom and all the trouble in Iran, the long-term future looks very bright.

PARENTS' DAY 1979 – SECOND HALF

I arrived at the Parents Day site around 12.15pm to be greeted by about 20 bikes and a lot of families. It seemed like a lot of families, anyway. After saying hello to everyone and frisbeeing, it was time to depart.

With Keith leading on one of his BM's and Les bringing up the rear on his new Dunlop K70-shod 650 BM, we set off for Marysville, Reefton Spur and finally Warburton.

The trip was not without incident, would you believe. Upon arriving at the Marysville turnoff, I, along with Tom and Jude, were placed on the corner. Some 15 minutes later Tom and Jude went back to see what was wrong. Approximately 15 minutes after that Craig and Christine back-tracked to see what was wrong! Five minutes after that Tom and Jude returned, mumbling something about CB750 electrics, and took off. Moments later a black CB750 Honda appeared with Les up his rear, Total elapsed time about 31 minutes.

At this point of the write-up, I would like to point out the advantages of two bikes on a corner and also to take note that one corner-marker from every corner went back to the previous corner to see what was happening. If only one rider had stopped at each corner, can you imagine the frustration of that rider would having to wait over half an hour on his own without any communication?

Back to the ride. At this stage we (the various corner markers) all took off for Warburton with a cool drink on our minds and an icypole as well for some.

We lazed around one of the local milkbars until we had lazed ourselves silly and then decided to end the Club ride there and disperse at Warburton.

It wasn't a long ride, but it was sweet. I think in future that we could change the name from Parents Day to Family and Parents Day. My reasoning is that the younger Club members could bring along their parents and benefit in the points system. Members like Keith Findlay who went to the trouble of bringing along his wife and children etc could also benefit in our points system. Afterall, what is harder, threaten Mum and Dad with certain death if they don't come in their car, or packing wife and kids in the car and bringing them along for the whole day?

I leave that last paragraph as food for thought.

Mick Fagan, BM R100/7

APOLLO BAY 11.11.79

After Saturday's scorching heat, and a full day spent dismantling a worse-for-wear Ducati motor, I was looking forward to Sunday's run. The alarm went at 7am. Looking outside I saw that the weather was absolutely disgusting.

On arrival at KBCP, I was amazed to even see several riders noting the absence of the so-called 'seasoned' riders. Given an extra half hours grace to arrive, Fagan was elected to lead with Kevin (Yamaha 750) rear rider.

On arrival at Lorne we met up with a number of members from the 'Goulburn Valley Motorcycle Club' who had just returned from Apollo Bay with ghastly stories of foul weather. After some chit chat we pressed on.

We had lunch at Apollo Bay. Then a few members decided that a game of mini-golf would be appropriate. The following scores will describe the event: Keith Finlay 35, Christine 37, Mick 38, David (BM) 43, Gary (BM) 45, Chris (RS) 51, and Craig (last) 58.

After a brief look at the map, it was decided to return home via Beech Forest, then through Colac to Melbourne. After a quick trip up a supposed CRB detour (a no through road) and a further discussion with a local trail bike rider, he led us onto the correct road?

This particular road lay prey to myself as one corner took me by surprise and bike and I ended up in a big heap. After checking machine and limbs and finding nothing broken, I continued on to Colac. After regrouping in Colac, everyone proceeded to Melbourne, ending a most enjoyable day.

Craig 750 BM

An Englishman went to live in Dublin but unfortunately died. Two Dubliners went around from house to house to collect money to give him a decent funeral. "Excuse me sir," they asked a Dubliner, "Would you contribute one pound to bury an Englishman." "Heck," said the man, "here is 10 pound. Bury 10 of them."

Then there was the Irish kidnapper who enclosed a stamped addressed envelope with the ransom demand.

Numurkah Sunday 25/11/79

Numurkah! Sounds like a place to visit, so on with the gear, and roll out the bike, and off to the KBCP. I arrived early, and so did many others. In fact people were still arriving fifteen minutes after we shouldn't have been there. And appearances confirmed that those who leave it late to get up will have a sticky end.

We're off-up the Tullamarine freeway. Busy! The tide must be coming in. On to Lancefield, Heathcote, and Costerfield to Nagambie. At last the sun is shining and it's very pleasant cruising the Goulburn Valley Highway to Numurkah.

Lunch time with a lone scrounging dog. What could be better than lying on the cut grass in the hot sun watching the big kids playing on the former farm tractor, and some were contemplating its rebirth despite the fact that the wheels don't reach the ground anymore.

But the sun was going to leave eventually, so we left first. (All downhill now.) Back along the highway and across to Euroa and through Strathbogie on interesting narrow roads and very pretty countryside.

Through now to the Maroondah Highway and home; No! We turn off into the Murrindindi State Forest. The road here gives me the creeps. But I was lucky, as by later accounts it gave someone the 'gallops. Twice.

We all survived to collect at the dispersal point, a little more tired but nonetheless happy for a most enjoyable day. Roll on sunny days. Many thanks to those who worked to make this run a success.

Ian, Suzuki 850

Buchan Caves Camping Weekend 17-18th November

The meeting place was at Hallam at 7am. I rolled up at five past. Where's everybody else? By half past we decided that five solos and my outfit were as many as were going to amass.

A quick look at the map and the heavily overcast sky, then we headed east on the Princes Highway through Morwell to our first petrol-come-breakfast stop at Traralgon. The weather had improved by now and I caught up with everybody again at Bairnsdale. I kept getting left behind as the ride for my boys in the chair is a bit uncomfortable at much over 110 clicks.

We left Highway One and headed North for Buchan via Bruthen, on hilly, twisty, and reasonably surfaced roads. Much nicer than the flat and straight going of the Princes Highway. The last couple of clicks into Buchan never fails to remind me of Disney's 'Happy Valley', tight, twisty road hugging the foothills down to this cosy little village.

We picked up some supplies at the General Store, then rode around the corner of the hill to the Caves Reserve and there were the other half of the Club members. They didn't fancy the early rising, so they rode down Friday night.

After we put up our tents and got organised, we went on a guided tour of the Royal Cave, where Number Two son deposited new and interesting formations (not geological in origin) almost on Craig's foot. You should have seen him move!

The other light entertainment was provided when some of the boys tried out my outfit and weren't over-impressed with the steering. Smithy even tried hill climbing, unintentionally. Kevin liked it despite having to steer the thing.

After the inevitable jaffles we sat around the fire and lied to each other, ate toasted marshmallows and BBQed some milk. (It really was the high point of the evening; Buchan is pretty dead.)

We rose at about 7am Sunday, breakfasted and broke camp. Most everybody decided to make their own way home. I took my boys further on to my sister's place at Goongerah, about 70kms north of Orbost, and stayed the night there.

As it turned out, we stayed there Monday night as well, when the home-made forks fell out of the Wing at 70 clicks on Monday morning, but that's another story.

To sum up, for my first camping weekend with the Club – good fun and well worth the effort.

Phil Duffy (the other Shitwing and DJP sidecar)

A young farmhand has his eye on this pair of boots in the window of the local store. It takes him a long time to save the money as he does not earn very much.

At long last he has enough money to buy the boots. He is so proud of his boots that he shines them so much that they look like mirrors. He decided to go to the local dance and show off his new boots. Every girl he dances with can see the colour of their pants reflected in his boots. So he tells them.

The dance breaks for supper, and all the girls get together and discuss this guy who is telling them what colour their pants are. One girl says, don't worry I will fix him. I will ask him for a dance and I won't wear any pants.

So she asks him for a dance and says, "I hear you have been telling all the girls what colour their pants are; what colour are mine?"

Well, he looks down at his boots and then he looks at her and he has this terrible look on his face.

He looks again and the look on his face gets worse. She says what colour are they? "I don't know," he says looking worried. "That's okay, I haven't got any on." "Thank god for that, I thought I had just put a big split in the leather of my boots."

What is 12 inches long and hangs out of pyjamas? A foot.

What had promised to be a happy holiday on his grandfather's farm, wasn't turning out that way at all. The boy found himself stuck with a monotonous job, digging potatoes. All day, every day he helped grandpa dig potatoes. Potatoes...potatoes...potatoes...it seemed it would never end. Eventually the boy complained. "Grandpa," he said, "what makes you bury these damned things in the first place?"

DID YOU KNOW?

Departmental cars have the following features rarely found in private cars:

They travel faster in all gears, especially reverse.

They accelerate at a phenomenal rate.

They enjoy a much tighter turning circle.

They can take ramps (or any other hazard) at twice the speed of private cars.

Battery, water, oil and tyre pressure do not need to be checked nearly so often.

The floor is shaped like an ashtray.

They only burn high octane fuel.

They do not require to be garaged at night.

They can be driven for miles with oil warning light flashing.

They need cleaning less often, especially inside.

The suspension is reinforced to allow carriage of concrete slabs and other heavy building materials for urgent weekend work.

They are adapted to allow reverse gear to be engaged whilst the car is still moving forward.

The tyre walls are designed to allow bumping into and over kerbstones.

Unusual and alarming engine noises are easily eliminated by the adjustment of the radio volume control.

No security needed – may be left unlocked with the keys in the ignition.

They are designed to tow loads far in excess of normal and are suited for backing into water at loading ramps.

Government Worker.

Submitted by Franko "El Wanko" & KT (BM)

It all started when I bought my BM.

Most of you Club members know of my continuing saga with the machine. What I thought was a good bike turned out to be a pile of trouble. That is what you get for trusting a good ex-friend, and one's own judgement.

Whilst working flat out to get the BM organised for World's End Rally (I had to take the Duke), I unfortunately missed out on quite a few Club rides. This isn't so bad in itself but working in the garage one Friday night I realised that it was the Club meeting day and an important one at that, as a new committee was being elected. Well, it was a bit late at 10pm to think about attending.

What this letter is all about is that its bad enough being a member of the Club and letting myself down by not attending Club functions, but I am letting the Club and my friends down as well, which is worse.

I feel that if anyone is keen enough to be a member of a club (any club), then they should be an active member if possible.

This article is not only to clear myself with the Club and put my mind at ease, but to remind you all that it is you, the members, that make up the Club. An active member can add to the progress and continued running of this great Club; don't let yourself down like I did.

I am glad to say that the BM is a going concern at last, but now that I am a student, my pocket dictates whether or not I go for a Sunday ride.

Dave, Ducati 860 GTS and BM

GUY FAWKES NIGHT AT FINLAYS

Despite a lack of attendance by Club members, the evening was quite enjoyable. Those who did turn up were Lloyd, Marcus, Phil and his two sons, Ron and Anne Haywood, me, and of course, Keith.

When I arrived, the BBQ was well alight and people were getting stuck into their food. Before darkness fell, a group of us, led by Keith, trudged down to the local shop to buy some fireworks. Upon our return to the Finlay home, we began the aerial bombardment of the surrounding neighbourhood. When the rockets and such had been used up, the gathering of people gradually broke up and returned to their respective homes.

I would like to thank Keith and his wife Teddy on behalf of all those from the Club who attended the BBQ, for inviting us to come.

P.S. Happy Birthday, Keith

Kevin, 750 Yamaha

ADELAIDE ADVENTURE 1979

At 7.00 am Saturday November 3rd, I said a cheery goodbye to my still sleeping parents and set my sights on Adelaide.

My first stop was at 8.30am in Melton to top up the tank before heading off to Horsham. Three hours later, I pulled into a Shell Restaurant for a full tank of fuel and a bite to eat. From here Adelaide was a straight run with fuel stops at Keith and Tailem Bend. Needless to say, my stead of steel performed faultlessly.

Approaching the South Australian border the air temperature began to rise uncomfortably. (Later I heard it reached 34 degrees.) This made the escapade more of an ordeal than a fun ride, but the bike and I survived. (Me with a very parched throat, and the bike with a very hot donk.)

After 6 hours on the road, Tailem Bend appeared with the new South Eastern Freeway on the horizon beckoning me onto Adelaide. This road is first class and is a welcome sight to the weary traveller. The freeway bypasses many towns and winds through the Mount Lofty Ranges and provides some really good "fanging" road. A short time later, I spied the city of Adelaide from the crest of the range and then descended downwards to this beautiful city.

When I got my bearings, I headed northwards to Dave Currie's home and business address (DCP Motorcycle Improvements, Pennington).

Before I left for Adelaide, Darren Room gave me Dave's phone number and suggested that I give him a call, which I did. Dave most kindly invited me to stay with him for the duration of my stay in Adelaide.

My westward journey ended at 4.15pm CADST* with approximately 8 hours being spent on the road. After a number of ales and meeting some of Dave's friends, it was beddy-bye time for me and so Day 1 of my four day adventure ended.

Day 2 soon arrived with the promise of more hot weather to come, which came and with a vengeance. Dave went scuba diving while I went to see some friends at Reynella. On my way back to North Salisbury, where I was invited to have dinner at Dave's sister's home, I somehow became lost and found myself at Masling Beach (the local skinny dipper beach). Unfortunately, it was 4.30 pm and I was expected at Jenny's home before 5.00pm so a look-see at the beach was out of the question. (Drat and double drat.) A hurried trip northwards had me at North Salisbury at around 5.45pm. After a very pleasant meal Dave and I returned home and Day 2 finally drew to a close.

Day 3 dawned and saw me packing for my homeward journey, but not before I saw how DCP fairings and Pressley Panniers are manufactured. 11.15am rolled around and it was time to say farewell to my kind host.

My sights were set on Koroit via Tailem Bend, Mt Gambier, Casterton and Hamilton. I stayed overnight at my uncle's farm near Koroit.

While I was refuelling at Tailem Bend, a guy on a 750 Water Bottle rolled in and came over to say hello. Apparently, it was seven weeks to the day since he left Sydney on a round-Australia ride, heading north first, then over the top and finally eastwards from Perth.

Following Highway 1 down the South Australian coast was quite pleasant except for an annoying headwind which played havoc with the fuel economy and my upper body (It was cold as well as painful.). I finally arrived at Koroit 7 hours later, very tired and hungry. A nice warm bed and Day 3 ended.

Day 4 greeted me with an overcast sky and a cold southerly wind to go home with. I left my relatives at 11am and arrived at Darren's around 2.45pm. After welcome cups of coffee and toasted raisin bread, Darren and I went for a fang around the Boulevard. We then headed north, I homeward bound and Darren to see a friend in Preston.

Home was finally reached at 5.00pm. I had spent four days riding 2,050 kms costing \$35 in a most pleasurable way. The 75's fuel economy averaged between 45 and 50 mpg (130 km/h plus into a headwind) and 60 mpg with a slight tailwind at 110-120km/h. This gave me a range of between 290-340 kilometres per 17 litre tank.

If anyone is interested, the Honda Gold Wing Club of South Australia is holding a tour of the Victorian and NSW Alps from 27.12 to 9.1.80. if you are interested, see me for a copy of their itinerary.

*CADST (Central Australian Daylight-Saving Time)

KEVIN 750 Yamaha "The rickshaw rides again" (see March mag)

STOP A THIEF!

It's a sick feeling: you walk out to the curb and just manage to stifle a muscular response to reach for the handlebars of a motorcycle that is no longer there. Panic, then control and finally that cold sweat, and the realization that someone has stolen your wheels. Fortunately, the initial impact of shock is dulled by ignorance of the real facts; less than 20% of all stolen motorcycles are recovered.

Within minutes after a machine vanishes into oblivion, it is expertly reduced to a pile of components at its first destination, the point of disassembly. Then just as quickly, it is packaged in smaller and more portable, less identifiable parcels and distributed to widespread points of storage for quick sales. For all practical purposes, a stolen motorcycle has already started to disappear by the time the ink is dry on the police report, making the officer's recovery job almost hopeless from the outset.

Recognizing this, let's turn back the clock to see what precautions might have been taken to thwart the theft. Hopefully it hasn't happened to you yet, and there often is some significance attached to an initial theft. Strangely enough, your chances of losing a second or third motorcycle are potentially greater than the first. Here's a real life for instance, that of a personal friend who lost two new Sportsters in a matter of months and is now sweating on who's going to win the battle for possession of his third.

His experience tells us that once your bike has been 'fingered' your mode of operation determined, and the 'heist' successfully completed, a second robbery is not only easier but almost guaranteed if the theft was done by professionals.

Our victims first bike, though locked, was innocently left in view of street traffic in the driveway of his home. His second was 'safely' placed inside his closed garage, chained to an anchor cemented in the foundation! They took it one night. It was the old story about locking the barn after the horse has bolted.

Now, just out of curiosity, my unlucky friend often sits and watches, in the evening after work, as an occasional bike rider cruises slowly past his home suspiciously looking back at an open garage devoid of motorcycle. The third new Sportster? Oh, its nearby all right, chained inside a commercial garage with big steel doors, but what a concession to have to make for that initial mistake of letting his bike be seen.

What have we learnt?

(1) Don't leave your bike in plain view in front of your house, not even for a few minutes. Immediately on pulling in, run it in the garage and close the door. If the cycle thief does not see it, he won't know it exists.

(2) Let adjacent neighbours in all directions (including the house across the street) know that motorcycle theft is common and ask if they will be so kind as to call you or the police if they witness any suspicious actions by strangers. Good, tight neighbourhood control can be the downfall of any kind of organised theft.

(3) In addition to using the fork and ignition locks fitted to your bike, invest in a tough steel chain or cable lock device that will secure the main frame of your machine to the most immovable object in your garage. Don't lash it to a wheel or bolt on object attached to the bike; that's making it easy for the guy. Also, you're simplifying the thief's work if you attach the chain or cable down low, where he can use the floor for additional pressure when he leans on his bolt cutters. Make him work for it by placing the line up high, where he must utilize only the strength in his arms to cut his way through – he may not be that strong.

Regarding chains to be used at home, get tough! Buy one that will be hard work to cut. You won't find it in the average hardware store. Check the Yellow Pages for your nearest chain company and ask for the necessary length of 'cargo sling' chain with 3/8" diameter links, the kind used on logging trucks and dock hoists. And if the salesman grabs the nearest pair of arm-long bolt cutters and whacks you off a length, just turn and walk out. The chain we're talking about takes a 180lb operator using a pair of three-foot-long bolt cutters, with one handle on the ground, both feet in the air, and no past hernia record. It's heavy stuff all right, but if it's to be used only at home, you're not going to have to lug it around anyway. Away from home, the available cable lock devices or lighter hardened chain are more practicable.

Other than a big expensive lock on the garage door, you've now done about all that is practical in slowing down motorcycle theft at home. About that lock however, take a hand punch or file and

erase or otherwise make illegible any identification numbers on the body of the lock or the cylinder block. With these numbers, the thief can have a duplicate key made and save himself the trouble of opening it the hard way.

There's more. Like how do you convert these learned advantages for situations away from home? An evening at the movies might serve as a typical scene; let's take a look at it.

After locking the bike up tight with its own devices – admittedly nothing when an illegal tow truck or van with swing-out hoists throws an anchor into it and speeds away – try to chain your mount to a lamp post or bicycle rack in front of the theatre, but always in full view of the cashier or doorman. And despite your feelings on the subject, I'd slip the cashier a greenback as I asked her if she'd call the police should anyone other than yourself try to make off with your motorcycle. (Be sure to point your bike out to her.) Expensive movie? I'd rather think of it as cheap insurance.

In other instances, never park the machine alone on the street. Ride to the nearest service station and pay whatever is necessary to leave it inside the mechanics' garage. At a friend's house, don't be too bashful to ask if you might slip it inside his garage while you visit, even if it must be squeezed alongside his car. In any event, get it out of sight and lock it up if possible. If you must park on the street, hope it isn't on the crest of a hill; statistics show losses here to be higher than on level ground, since it is obviously easier for the thief to buy time, so to speak, by rolling the bike down the hill to a more secluded spot where he can work in relative secrecy.

There's one thing, a new twist that you may profit from knowing: a little black bolt-on about the size of a small box of chocolates. It's a steel shelled deterrent called Theft A-Larm that, when secured to your motorcycle, lets out a scream whenever the bike is moved or jarred in any plane. The slightest bump and this little night watchman starts sending a loud beep beep signal that can be heard from a considerable distance – like maybe your bedroom. After being set off, the alarm continues its call for help until you unlock the cover and deactivate the delicate sensing element. Measuring 6 1/2 x 4 1/8 x 2 5/8 inches and weighing 3 3/4 pounds, the instrument is constructed of heavy cold-rolled steel and is virtually tamperproof and weather-proof. Since it utilizes solid state circuitry and its own alkaline batteries, there are no wires that can be cut, or no attachment bolts that can be reached without removing the key locked cover or setting off the alarm. And at least one insurance company has already advised that premium discounts will be given users of this new device manufactured by the Dunleer Corporation of Los Angeles. Looks like someone has finally come up with a way to keep the honest people honest and the hijackers on overtime.

Another clever device that is brand new on the market is a hardened ball joint cable manufactured by the Automatic Motorcycle Lock Company of Franklin Park III. The novel feature of this articulated mechanism is its very diameter, or thickness. Steel balls of 7/8-inch thickness through a series of sleeves over which a 2 inch round lock slides down and locks to the desired length. The diameter of the cable, and the hardened treatment of its steel, makes it unable to be cut according to its manufacturers. The locks alone would discourage most thieves. Available in 30 or 50 inch lengths, the shorter units list at \$22.95.

Or if you prefer chain, Lynn Abrams of Racecrafters International, in Los Angeles, offers a giant hardened chain and one-piece American lock that stubbornly resists hacksaw or bolt cutters. Measuring four feet in length, this Paul Bunyan special is amply long enough to reach around the frame and an adjacent post of considered diameter - \$18 well spent.

But all such devises are second stage deterrents at most; remember that your frontline protection against theft is invisibility. Keep your jewel out of sight whenever possible and maybe no one will entertain the thought. Your only other out is to buy a fine handling, high performance motorcycle that is so ugly nobody wants it. And according to some of the guys, there's quite a few of those around.

Submitted by Lloyd.

Man walking around the street with a golf club wrapped around his head. His mate spots him and asks what happened. "Well, you wouldn't believe it. The other day I was playing golf on a country golf course, cows and sheep were wandering all over the fairways. This woman tees off and then when she goes to where her ball landed, she can't find it. Well, I saw what happened. A cow was standing there with its tail up in the air and the golf ball popped in. I told her what happened and took her down and showed her the cow. I lifted its tail, and all I asked her was, did that look like yours?"

Two sheiks were talking about the problems they were experiencing with the guards that were looking after their harems. One sheik said, I have the solution to our problem. When the guard goes to the toilet, lift up the back of the toilet, and, with two bricks hit them together underneath him. The other sheik said, "But wouldn't that hurt?" "No, not if you keep your thumbs on top of the bricks.

WILLOUGHBY DISTRICT MOTORCYCLE CLUB

THE 1980 CLUBMAN RALLY 26th, 27th, 28th JANUARY 1980

To be held on the MURRAY RIVER between JINGELLIC & TALMALMO NSW. Signs will be posted.

This RALLY is a camping get-together for the road motorcyclist of Australia. The event envisages nothing but a social weekend. Bring all provisions for the weekend. Water available from the river and firewood is available, although bringing a small cooker may be a good idea in case of fire restrictions

NO LIQUOR WILL BE ALLOWED.

NO FIRES ALLOWED IF TOTAL FIRE BAN APPLIES.

All entrants are strongly urged to keep the area tidy by placing all rubbish in bags which will be provided. Better camp sites are available under the trees near the water – remainder of area is clear and flat. Any loutish behaviour will mean instant dismissal from the area.

Campsite is only 90km from Hume Weir for those who wish to attend both the Rally and the A-Grade race meeting on the weekend.

No responsibility will be accepted for any injury to any person or damage to machines during the rally.

There is no time limit for the trip – only arrival at the campsite by Saturday night. Badges will be provided on arrival at the site.

ENTRY FEE \$3 PER PERSON

The following awards will also be presented:

1. Longest distance travelled direct from home for solo rider.
2. Longest distance travelled direct from home for side-car rider.
3. Longest distance travelled direct from home for solo female rider.
4. Highest combined club distance.
5. Distance award for motorcycles under 250cc.

All documentation for awards to be handed in by Saturday evening.

ATTENTION

1. We request that you send in only the ENTRY FORM attached and keep this form for your records. Documentation will not be valid unless accompanied by a dealer stamp.
2. In order to eliminate disagreements over qualification of awards we also request that all participants use the OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM only for the documentation of mileage/petrol stops. These can be obtained from P.O. Box 59, Willoughby. 2068.

ENTRIES CLOSE DEFINITELY ON THE 11TH JANUARY 1980

ADDRESS ENTRIES TO:

THE SECRETARY
CLUBMAN RALLY
P.O. BOX 59
WILLOUGBY 2068

Telephone (02) 92 8907

NOTE ALL ENRANTS.....NO CARS WILL BE PERMITTED.

KEY TO MAP.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Hume Hwy to Melbourne | A. Albury |
| 2. Murray Valley Hwy. Yarrawonga | B. Wodonga |
| 3. Riverina Hwy. to Finley | C. Tallangatta |
| 4. Hume Hwy. to Holbrook | D. Shelley |
| 5. Holbrook-Jingellic Road. | E. Cudgewa |
| 6. Tumbarumba – Jingellic Road. | F. Corryong |
| 7. Road to Kiandra. | G. Cudgewa Nth |
| 8. Omeo Hwy | H. Guys Forest |
| 9. Kiewa Valley Hwy. to Mt Beauty | I. Jingellic |
| | J. Talmalmo |
| | K. Mullengandra |
| | L. Walwa |