

## **FEBRUARY MAG 1984**

### **FEBRUARY RUNS**

SUNDAY	5 <sup>th</sup>	Welshman's Reef 9am KBCP
SATURDAY	11 <sup>th</sup>	Mid-Summer Nights Ride 11.30pm KBCP
SUNDAY	12 <sup>th</sup>	Tolmie 9am KBCP Lilydale pick-up 10.15 SHARP
SUNDAY	19 <sup>th</sup>	Robin's Route 9am KBCP
SUNDAY	26 <sup>th</sup>	Lerderderg Gorge (swimming) 9.30am KBCP

### **MARCH**

FRIDAY     2<sup>nd</sup>        General Meeting Club Hall 8.15pm SHARP

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### **CLUB BADGES**

We now have available good stocks of club badges. They are high quality metal badges, yellow and black and are in fact a reduction of the familiar adhesive backed sticker that we have had on sale for several years.

The price is \$5 each and they will be on sale at the meetings. If you wish, they can be posted and the price is then \$5.50. Please send the order direct to Peter Dwyer at PO Box 57, Altona 3018.

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### **NEW MEMBERS - MCTCV**

BROWN, Eric	2/29 Swanson Cr., Chadstone, 3148 BMW R100RSR	544-8687
SEIKEL, Karl	48 Cropley Cr., Laverton, 3028	369-4629
TOWNS, Janet	108 Edgevale Rd., Kew, 3101 Honda CB250N	819-3040
WOODMAN, Darryl	11 Wigton St., Ascot Vale, 3032 Yamaha XJ900	376-8820

### **Rejoined**

ROBERTSON, Kevin	18/51 Buckley St., Essendon, 3040	370-0921
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### **ARTHUR'S SEAT** – DECEMBER 18<sup>TH</sup> 1983

Sunday December 18 will be remembered as the best motorcycling weather for “yonks” – blazing blue sky, high sun and a sea breeze holding temperature to the mid 20's.

Thirteen bikes (yes 13, but this did not prompt a disaster) leave KBCP led by a red Laverda with a black BMW RSR, number 4 of this limited edition, as tail rider. Assorted Honda, Suzuki, BMW, Kawasaki (wot, not British?) run in between.

Now you would think the way to Arthur's Seat would be south, right? – right, but with true touring instinct, we all head east!

This proves to be not as silly as it sounds as the run through Emerald to Beaconsfield includes 120kph plus type sweepers similar to the Great Ocean Road at Laver's Hill – but without the traffic.

Beaconsfield to Frankston is traffic, traffic, traffic, then on to Hastings for lunch. Mick thinks it is great planning to get here at 11.58am, everyone else knows it is pure A! Lunch on the foreshore, kids at BBQ's talk of a bikie gang (us!), Keith Harris strips (well half way down) for his first sunburn, three other bikes arrive for the run, some doze off.

The short run up the back way to Arthur's Seat seems a lot shorter due to the racer type roads. Many bikers using this spot and only one downer mars the day – three bikes with pillions arrive and five aboard are singlet clad. We talk of past great gravel rash epics and can almost feel their hurting when expecting a fall off, even in the car park.

Most of our group ride down, then back up, the steep road to the coast where Andrew Johnson developed early road racing skills. Plenty of adhesion on this warm road with rubber build up on the switchbacks, however Hans observes this rubber would be like oil with just a sprinkle of rain – watch it when next there! We use the back way again to Frankston to disperse after a good 220km ride.

Footnote:- Last time the Club dispersed at Frankston, many were booked by the locals for absence of front number plates and other grievous and heinous crimes against the State, this time not a sign of police-----must be 13 bikes is a lucky number!

Jack Youdan.

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### **SWAN HILL WEEKEND** - 19/20-11-83

Meet at the Gisborne public loos, the itinerary said. Was that why there were only three prospective travellers awaiting there, surveying this noble structure. Whilst we knew some members were already at Swan Hill and having waited a generous time for stragglers, we decided that numbers weren't everything and proceeded at a sedate pace to Bendigo and a suitably magnificent servo lunch.

Unfortunately, the Bendigo-Swan Hill road must be one of the most flat and boring roads in Vic, and there's nearly 200k of it. With only one town of significance in between, a breakdown could be a real problem. However, we didn't have one and the beautiful day and straight road were almost hypnotic after a while and speed was the only way to avoid nodding off. Our nimble L-plater Joanne was well able to keep up with the bigger bikes.

Near Swan Hill, the only worthwhile features on the road were a couple of very pleasant lakes and this indicated the outer suburbs and our caravan park, chosen at random, I may add, since my bike did not appreciate dirty petrol on an earlier ill-fated preliminary run. But relief it proved to be an excellent place and we found about half a dozen of our members draped (elegantly) around the pool. They informed us that on-site vans when shared were the same cost as tent sites, so not being avid tent folk, we thought that a very wise suggestion; why not a little decadence now and then.

After visits to diverse amusements around the area, we found our group had risen to about 12, including 2 Ballarat visitors. Naturally, we checked out the Pioneer Museum and gave it quite a few stars, but not many to its kiosk. Whilst there, some of us were invited to travel around the museum in an ancient car; we waved to the peasants walking around in the hot sun. One of our members arriving late in the day had the misfortune to encounter a radar on the long straight-never mind, we'll send you a cake with a file in it!

The evening meal was at a local hotel-a huge place, half empty and obviously it was not tourist season yet. There seemed to be more bouncers (very large) than customers and they looked at us strangely, but none of our group felt like the expected raping and pillaging (shame!). Speaking of matters strange, we met the mysterious Mr Carey there – does Big D work for the KGB after all?

Tiring of the hotel, we returned to the park for the most peculiar card game where the rules changed the more the wind flowed and where some people were revealed as brazen liars (gasp!). Sunday was another perfect weather day and encouraged a ride on the paddle steamer along the Murray. After some red tape about tickets (watch out that you don't get charged twice for the museum entry), we spent a pleasant hour or so admiring the muddy banks and hearing a potted history of Swan Hill over the p.a. No one fell in.

So, back to the long ride home, with a stop at Bendigo for a repeat lunch of some magnificence and an uneventful arrival in Melbourne. In all, a very nice weekend and one that we could well repeat. The van park is called Kisimul, should you require its services and highly recommended (except for its video games, Steve) and, no, my uncle does not own it.

Peter Dwyer  
Suzuki 1100G

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### **BEN'S TWISTIES** 15/1/84

Bikes: RT1000 (Mick), R75 (Tom), GS1000G (Craig), Laverda 1200 (Jack), R80GS (Frank), Mongrel 440 (Phil), GT750 (Pete), Z500 (Danny), 259R, (Gil), Z1300 outfit (Keith & Teddy), Z1300 (Gavin), Z100 (Poor (Bear)), RT1000 (Gary), 250N (Janet), GPz550 (Ben).

The forecast was thunderstorms and showers with a maximum temperature 30 degrees C. Melbourne was to receive 21 mm of rain during the day. I arrived at about five minutes to nine. Keith kindly recited the corner marker spiel and then we were away. Pete took up the rear rider position. Janet left, the constant drizzle a bit much.

Along Thomson's Road Craig passed me indicating he needed fuel for his new/second hand four day old Suzuki. The roads were rather slippery, the rain being the first in weeks. My bald rear Michelin (8000km old) was already making its presence felt. Through Warrandyte, Kangaroo Ground, Yarra Glen, Healesville and south to Launching Place and Warburton where we stopped for morning tea at about 10.30am having avoided the majority of highways.

Gary had removed his battery and battery box (for painting) without removing the rear mudguard or air box. This created turmoil, anger, and confusion amongst the other BM sceptics. Mic declared categorically that it could not be done. The manual said so. Craig was more philosophical about it: an ex Kawasaki rider approaching the problem logically could achieve the impossible. Tom, (is he a gambling man), was all for setting up a bet between Gary and Mick. Gary didn't want to argue with Mick because he knew he would end up believing that he didn't even own a BMW, let alone painted its battery box! Now Cosway and Pooh looked at each other as if to say it was the biggest load of trivial bullshit they had ever heard. Gavin mentioned something about his "gas-axe" and some "modifications" he could make.

Climbing up Mt. Donna Buang was tricky. About half way up we encountered low cloud, reducing visibility dramatically. The views across the Warburton Valleys were non-existent. It was hard enough reading the corner speed signs. With cooler temperatures at higher altitudes, visor fogging became a problem and further reducing visibility.

Arriving at the summit first, I climbed the tower – without removing my helmet (it was that wet), to observe a dismal view of cloud and rain sweeping across in sheets. Blah.

The other bikes sheltered under the barbecue area. Some talked of leaving to return home and watch the cricket (washed out!) and at the bottom of the mountain Gary (the instigator), Gavin, Pooh, Keith and Teddy, and Danny left.

At the Upper Yarra Dam we rejoined Mick and Gil who had by-passed Mt Donna Buang in favour of the direct route. Tom (I think) confessed to not knowing where he was, yet earlier he (I'll wager) recounted the time he was caught trout fishing in the dam and had to pay a \$150 poaching fine. More talk of going home.

At the Reefton Spur turnoff only Jack, Tom and Frank followed me. This road is great wet or dry. I had no problems at all with tyres, the front Pirelli Phantom SP +1 Silver Dot (ie sticky) is absolutely magic. Faultless all day, including the panic stop, where even then it didn't lock up. Beautiful. The only problem is that it is a mite too large (file mudguard type mite) at 3.5x19 (stock 90/90 which equates to smaller than a 3.00x19) which seems to accentuate/aggravate a high speed weave – nothing unusual – which now starts at about 130km/h in the straights and 100km/h on a bumpy corner. Blah. It is the smallest silver-dot Pirelli makes. The advantages outweigh the disadvantages.

We stopped at the Narbethong service station where I met a couple of guys who lived down the street from me. Each of us never knew that the other rode bikes. They also recognised Tom from endure riding and struck up a “dirty” conversation. Jack especially enjoyed the Spur, though the six kilometres of dirt near Lake Mountain slowed him considerably. Not so Frank and Tom on BM's. I waved Tom by.

We broke up at Narbethong. The rain had stopped. The sun was out. The roads were drying fast. The Black Spur was dry and confidence inspiring. Tom and I flashed through the cars. At Healesville we headed for Yarra Glen and then home through Christmas Hills. Tome lead it was as much for me to keep him in sight at speeds around 120-140kmh. Swish.

It took less than an hour from Narbethong to be home by 2.30pm. The bike has now done 46,000km. The new O'Brien four into one exhaust system (replaced originals at 44,000 since rusted, and welded, and finally broken with the last excursion down the road) improves midrange (3,500-6000rpm) dramatically, though it is running lean throughout the rev range. I am in the process (trial and error) of rejetting the carburettors. While awaiting 90 and 95 replacement main jets (stock 86) from Suzuki – Kawasaki offered no replacements – I have raised the needle two notches with a marginal improvement. Top end still seems down.

Ps. Is there any truth in the rumour that I am getting another ride on the next itinerary?

Ben (GPz550)

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## **NOTICE**

For B.M.

KENIENT (le ni ʔnt), mild; gentle; merciful.

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## **QUESTION???**

Who's the owner of the lazy BM---you know the one that laid down for a rest on the way out from the clubman rally! (Didn't think it was that tiring)

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Who's the intrepid tourer who likes to travel light? Well, he came to the Clubman without pannier keys and sleeping bag! As if that wasn't enough he left his chairs for some-one else to carry home.

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Who likes lamb burgers?

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Do you know why the Arabs are so rich? Is it because one of our members buys the oil they sell, puts it in his bike, which promptly puts it back in the ground for them to sell again? (RE-CYCLED oil!!)

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Is the above true or is it a conspiracy between the Arabs and the Germans?

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TO ANDREA,

FROM ALL MTCV MEMBERS –

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR 21<sup>ST</sup> BIRTHDAY

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