

ITINERARY

JULY 1985

- | | | |
|------------------|--|--|
| 7 th | <u>EAST-WEST RIDE</u>
9.00 KBCP | leader: Ben Warden
approx 350km. <u>NO</u> dirt (Yarra Glen, Whittlesea
Woodend, and Daylesford) |
| 14 th | <u>APOLLO BAY</u> (mini golf)
9.00 KBCP
10.00 Laverton | approx 400 – 450km.
G.O.R. to Apollo Bay for mini golf competition,
home via Otway Ranges and Colac. |
| 21 st | <u>HANS' HECTIC HIKE</u>
9.00 KBCP | leader: Hans Wurster
approx 350km. <u>SOME</u> dirt Eastern Ranges, "Acheron
Way". |
| 28 th | <u>KEITH'S KRUIZ</u>
9.00 KBCP | leader: yours truly
approx 450km <u>MAYBE</u> dirt. Circuitous northerly route |

AUGUST

- | | | |
|-----------------|------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 2 nd | <u>GENERAL MEETING</u> | Club Hall – 8.15pm <u>SHARP</u> |
|-----------------|------------------------|---------------------------------|

FORTHCOMING EVENTS NOT TO BE MISSED

August 17th Chinese Banquet, book NOW. Contact Janet Towns (Social Sec)
6.30pm KBCP

September General Meeting is AUCTION NIGHT, your one chance during the year to pick up a bargain and to dispose of all your unwanted items, all on the same night.

EDITORIAL

Apart from being a bumper issue, heralds in the new automatic mailing system of 'GOOD VIBRATIONS' to members who are unable to obtain a copy at the General Meetings. To receive a copy all you need to do is remain a financial member of the MTCV, which incidentally will now cost you \$15.

Keith....Ed

WHO'S NEWS

There are a number of ways you can get your name in print under the above heading:

- a) be a complete idiot
- b) do something laughable and note worthy
- c) become elected to the MTCV committee
- d) any combination of the above

OFFICE BEARERS: 1985/86

President	Vince Green
Vice – President	Hans Wurster
Secretary	Tony Custus
Assistant Secretary	Ross King
Treasurer	Ray Thomas
Captain	Ben Warden
Vic Captain	Ken Wurster
Social Secretary	Janet Towns

SUE JEAN won the Helmet Raffle, drawn last month

Phil Duffy's outfit didn't complete the BMW Club's ICICLE RIED, passenger Noddy and Phil both cracked the shits, the outfit only cracked the wheel bearing.

Noddy and Brenda have returned from their trip to the 'CENTRE' with lots of stories to tell, only made one mistake, is often heard during Noddy's renditions.

(these are the only two people that I know that will travel over 800k's together just to smash up a bike....Ed)

JACK'S JACOSE JAUNT - (Sth Gippsland area) 12.5.85

There were 5 bikes at KBCP for the day's ride: Ben-GPz900, Janet-GPz550, Chris-CB750, Rod-GPz750, and myself-GPz550, a few bikes less than usual, especially as the weather turned out OK. Ben led the ride off at 9.30 down the S.E. Freeway and the Mulgrave Freeway to Hallam, where we picked up Mick-100RT. After a 5 minute stop there we continued down the Princes Highway to Nar Nar Goon where we turned off and went down through Garfield to Longwarry. From Longwarry Ben led us down a road that was more holes than road, (just to test our suspensions) and then ½ way back up the same road to the turn off we missed.

We followed the road through places like Poowong and Ranceby to Korumburra. It was a good ride through rolling hills to lots of great views – if you had time to look at them. We had a bit to eat at Korumburra just on 12 o'clock, before heading off again towards Leongatha. The winding road to Leongatha gave me an unexpected opportunity to study the back of a horse float at a very close range. After Leongatha we passed through Mirboo north and Thorpdale and joined the Princes highway at Trafalgar, where we all stopped for petrol, except for Mick who continued on to Moe at a great rate of knots – so Rod set off to retrieve him.

After Rod and Mick got back we turned back up the Princes highway and headed to Warragul, where we stopped at about 1.00 for another snack. From Warragul we rode up through Neerim South, Neerim to Noojee where we turned off up a dirt road which was particularly treacherous in places where they were doing the road up. Apart from this small stretch, the rest was a good firm dirt road through the bush until just before Powelltown where the dirt becomes bitumen. Along the Warburton Highway through Launching Place to Lilydale there were lots of Sunday traffic for us to contend with.

It turned out to be a really enjoyable day's ride with lots of variety in terms of different roads and terrain. The ride ended at Lilydale just after 4.00pm

Phil Rich GPz550

A small boy pointed to two dogs shagging in the street, and asked his father what they were doing. "Well," said his dad, "The dog at the back has sore paws and the dog in front his helping him home."

"Just like grownups," said the kid, "try to help somebody and you get screwed every time."

PETER'S PILGRIMAGE 2.6.85

Woke up early Sunday and checked the weather. Didn't look too promising and went back to bed until 9.30am. Then decided to go on the ride after all as my wife said, "here was my opportunity to try out my new waterproof pants." I had the feeling that she wanted me out of her hair for a while.

Left home and joined the ride at the ford factory. Peter D – GS1100 was the leader of course, Peter P on GT750 was rear rider. Others present were bob-XJ750, a new fellow, Chris on a Honda CB750, Danny just back from overseas (Italy of course) on his Kwaka 500, Geoff and pillion on a similar bike, bob – FJ1100 and yes, our Johnny "DROP IT" on his scarred GT750 and myself on K100RS.

Headed off up the Hume to Wallan then off to Romsey. By this time it had started to rain steadily and the weather ahead looked miserable and wet. It was here that Geoff and pillion decided to call it a day and went home. The rest of us headed into the rain like true enthusiasts via Lancefield, Tooborac to Heathcote for our first cuppa. Still raining steadily and Chris, having trouble with his Honda, decided to call it quits and Bob, XJ750 left with him for company. the remaining stayers then again headed off into the rain to Nagambie for lunch. By this time it had stopped raining. A pity it was such a miserable day because given the right weather conditions it would have been a lot more enjoyable. Bad luck, Peter D.

Anyway, after lunch we rode to Murchison where John PAYNTER left the group and went his own way. The rest of us continued on to Rushworth and via Colbinabbin back to Heathcote for afternoon tea. (Not a smoko, as for a change, there were no smokers). While there we decided to break – up at Tooborac some 16km further on and then did so. After leaving the others there, I headed back to town via Lancefield, Romsey, Sunbury, Tulla etc. Although it did not rain between Murchison and back to Tooborac, I copped it full blast between Lancefield and Bolinda.

Over the entire ride covered approximately 400km. It was a relaxed 'NON PRESSURE' ride which but only for the lousy weather could have been real beaut.

HANS WURSTER...K100RS

SHORT DANDENONGS RIDE 9.6.85

It is perhaps strange coincidence that my return ride with the MTCV was precisely the one with which I joined that club some 14 years ago. A few comparisons of the 2 Dandenong's rides may prove more interesting reading than a simple blow by blow description.

I shall, however, dispose of the technicalities first; those present were Hans and daughter Jo-anne, Rod, Ben, Jack, Darren, Ray and myself. Darren led the Dandenong's to Warburton section with all the usual names popping up. Olinda, Monbulk, Sylvan etc. At one stage Darren was mometarily sort of shall we say 'lost' and had everyone riding along dirt roads axle deep with gravel. Having heard rumours of the club's abhorrence of anything not resembling smooth black bitumen, I assumed a lynching party would be convened. But no, everyone seemed to take it in their stride.

At Warburton the rains descended and rod opted for returning home. With Ben in the lead we actually rode out of the rain within a kilometre or two and remained dry throughout the Reefton Spur, Cumberland Junction, Marysville, Narbethong and Healesville.

Now for those comparisons.

On my first ride there were some 30-35 bikes. The Japanese revolution had already begun and the 'hot' set up was considered a Honda 450 twin or Suzuki 500 twin 2-stroke. Those less well heeled rode a Honda 350 twin. All the speedometers were in miles per hour and the sign posts told you how many miles to the next township. 4 cylinder bikes were a novelty and very few riders owned a full face helmet. All the rear ends were suspended by 2 shock absorbers and the disc brake on a motor cycle was still a pipe dream.

The difference in machinery is not as pronounced as one might expect. On that first ride I was riding a Yamaha 650 twin 4 stroke in a mild state of tune with lots of usable torque, today I rode a German 800 twin 4 stroke in a mild state of tune with lots of useable torque. But then, my motorcycle ownership has always been regarded as a trifle weird. (Too true ... Ed)

The biggest difference over those 14 years has been in the riders. In that first group there were several girls with their own bikes and more girlfriends and wives as pillions. At 24 years of age, I was considered quite 'old'! Today we had 7 bikes and the only female was a club member's daughter. At 38 years of age, I came in at about the middle of the bunch.

On the first Dandenong's ride we went to specific places of interest and the day culminated with a smorgasbord at one of the cheaper Dandenong restaurants. Today we sort of fanged around and then went home. I am sure that if I feed all this information into a market research group we would receive a result something like this:-

“MOTORCYCLING IS IN A STATE OF RECESSION,
ENGENDERED ONLY BY ANTI SOCIAL AGING MALES”

But who takes notice of market research anyway? What is important is that today, June 9th 1985, a few bods got out there as a group and blew the cobwebs out for another week.

LES....R80 GS

NOOJEE (CAVES) 23.6.85....No. 1

I awoke early (8.30) Sunday morning, the birds were singing, the sun was shining, the frost was just beginning to melt, what a lovely day for a bike ride. With Ben in the lead and 6 bikes in tow we departed the KBCP, more or less on time. Up through Warrandyte via the eastern freeway and Templestowe, then (I think) to Kangaroo Ground. I'm not sure as we couldn't really see the road at the time due to adverse atmospheric conditions (FOG). It was like a nightmarish haze with bikes, cars and corners looming in and out of your range of vision, never sure of what you really did see. Never mind, back into magnificent sunshine to warm the blood and cheer the spirit for the rest of the day.

The Yarra Glen pick up swelled the numbers to 16 machines (including all 3 marquees of GT750's). The ride progressed at a good pace through Healesville to Yarra Junction, where the SEC were having their Sunday picnic and pole-sit (sic). Turning off at Wesburn we arrived at the caves a couple of K's from town. After a quick reconnaissance of the cave I emerged rather grubby as the tunnel was quite tight in places and very wet and muddy, just like Ben had said all along. No one else cared to explore the secrets of the deep that day, can't blame you (whimps).

Back tracking through Yarra Junction then to Powelltown (superb road) then to Noojee (500m not so superb) for lunch. The Road Conversion Atrocity (RCA) has finally found the perfect road surface to demoralise motorcyclists, clay mixed with copious quantities of loose rock of suitably large size. After lunch, Neerim Nth, Neerim Junction, Neerim, Neerim Sth. (missing Neerim E.) and Jindivick, (where we received a very indignant look from the town dog that was asleep on the road.)

Taking a side track and winding up a very steep switchback road to the top of the ridge, the Labertouch Caves were pointed out with generalised waving of the arm towards the next ridge "there, over there – somewhere". Contented with this we went home. Back onto the Princes at Langwarry north and the ride broke up at Hallam.

TONY....GT 750

NOOJEE (CAVES) 23.6.85....No. 2

Just a brief summary of the Noojee Caves Trip. This was our second trip with the club and as we were running-in the GT 750 (28km on the clock) we elected to be back marker. Left Melbourne and proceeded out to Yarra Glen, encountered plenty of fog which reduce visibility and made interesting riding, also made us think of the benefits of electric vests and gloves. Stopped at Yarra Glen and met the rest of the group, after the pee and tea stop we headed to Wesburn via Healesville and the infamous caves.

The caves were slightly waterlogged, but this didn't stop Tony from investigating, his appearance on emerging was enough for the group to leave it until summer for their look. From Wesburn to Yarra Junction to Powelltown and Noojee, also MUD, this we approached with great caution, not knowing the bikes handling and 2 up I hoped we wouldn't drop it. "Phew, made it."

After a relaxing lunch we headed towards Jindivick and the mysterious Labertouche Caves (near Sth. Hells Gate?). They are still mysterious as we couldn't find them. Out to the Princes highway and back to Melbourne, with some of the group departing at Berwick and the rest dispersing at Hallam.

Another great trip and a fine christening for the bike.

We'll be back for more.

KERRIE and IAN...GT 750

FOR SALE

RIGHT HAND PANNIER AND FRAME UNIVERSAL FITTING, STRONG AND FULLY ADJUSTABLE. CASE IN SAME OF FIBREGLASS IS SIDE OPENING AND DETACHABLE, COMES COMPLETE WITH WATERPROOF NYLON COVERS.

SIGMA brand. (English) \$50.00
Contact: Greg Moore Ph. 744.1961

FOR SALE

PANNIERS AND TOP-BOX, UNMARKED. (3 CASES INTERCHANGEABLE AND DETACHABLE). 2 UNIVERSAL FRAME KITS.
NON-FANGO brand. \$350.00
Contact: Vince Green

WANTED

THROW-OVER SADDLE BAGS, MUST BE IN GOOD CONDITION AND CHEAP

Contact: Craig Dawson

(might as well ask for a bag of rocking horse shit....Ed)

DON'T FORGET AUCTION NIGHT, SEPTEMBER

PETERS PILGRIMAGE (RUSHWORTH) 23.6.85

Pilgrims were in fairly short supply on June 2nd – five at KBCP and four more at the Ford factory. Not surprising really, as the weather forecast was ominous and what's more, it turned out to be right! But too late, we were already away and the temperature continued to fall as we headed north to Rushworth, when that location was deliberately chosen so that it would continue to rise!

An uneventful trip to Wallan via the Hume and then an amusing little road (sealed, of course) to Romsey. From here on, the wind blew, the rain fell and I thought I could see snow; meanwhile, the pilgrims progressively disappeared – just as well we weren't going to Hanging Rock! Come Heathcote, we were down to five, as well as one bike having a seizure through water soaked electrics. Faint glimmer of blue persuaded us to continue to Nagambie, where the original plan was to partake of lunch in some style at the Lake Kitchen (recommended) and recline in the winter sun at the lakeside. Unfortunately, that was cut short, as was the viewing of Goulburn Weir wall and sundry tourist delights at Rushworth. Not surprisingly, the place was deserted and everything shut.

From here on, things began to improve (bad luck, Chris!), but that was a bit too late; however, the roads were good through Colbinabbin, with just the odd sheep or mud slick to ensure full attention, then past Mt Camel to...where? Why, Heathcote again! Momentous decision here, whether to continue on down the Northern Highway to the home fires, or take the longer (but more interesting) way via Kyneton. That large black cloud convinced us (well, not Wurster Snr, who is a masochist at heart, his new BMW notwithstanding) that the Northern was definitely it!

We dispersed at Tooborac, so that some didn't have to make long detours and your correspondent, no doubt like the others, arrived back very wet and rather chill. Sorry about the weather, folks, and the necessity to bypass selected (at great trouble and expense) tourist traps en route. I seem to recall it rained on my last run (Daylesford) in 1984 – couldn't possibly happen in 1986! Contain yourselves till then.

Peter Dwyer
Suzuki 1100G

ROBIN'S ROUTE II 26.5.85

BIKES: GPz1100 John, GPz900R x 2 Ken, Ben, GPz750 Rod, VF 1000R Jack, K100RS x 2 Tom, Hans, GT750 Big D, R80 G/S Frank, FJ1100 Rob, GSZ750 Ray, RZ350 Mic, RD350 Robin.

That guy (XJ900) looks lost. I led him to the car park. He was meeting someone else somewhere else, but scored an itinerary for his curiosity.

We played catch the red light out to Yarra Glen via the boring Naroondah highway with Robin leading. Oh Christmas Hills, oh Christmas Hill, I pondered. Woosh. The fast black and white Cortina had caught us up again. Didn't he nearly run over Robin as she struggled (yes, struggled) to

get power to ground at the Ringwood lights? Didn't he just cut me off? Ho-hum. I'll go and glare at him. He turned left at the next lights.

A brisk stop at Yarra Glen picking up the rest of the riders. What an expensive assortment of machinery on display. Mt Slide was cold. They say it snow in the Kinglake National Park. The pace was gradually rising. After being the barman at a friend's 21st the night before, I told myself to "take it easy". I just cruised. Yea came and went. Hell, if I was a smoker I'd have severe withdrawal symptoms by now.

First left at Merton saw twisties, the end of the highway, light drizzle and a switch to reserve (50km+). At least when it is wet I have a better chance of keeping Tom in sight. My, it is slippery through the tight stuff. Tome corner marked at the Strathbogie turnoff. It's years since we have been along this narrow winding road. Some tricky corners for the unwary. Now I rode alone behind Robin, enjoying the scenery, keeping a steady throttle hand to conserve fuel.

I corner marked at Euroa. Hans came and then no one. It was 12 noon. Hans knew intuitively that Ken had fallen off. He was fidgety, worried.

Ken had dropped the Big 9 smashing the engine cover and dumping the sump oil the bike was left at a farmhouse. Ken was apparently okay. All bikies walk with a limp don't they? The rest of the troupe rolled into Euroa at about 12.45pm. Lunch was taken, tanks filled, the sun shone brightly. I gave out more itineraries to interested onlookers.

Hans dinked Ken home down the highway. the ride proceeded via Longwood parallel to the Hume to Seymour. Have you ever tried doing a U-turn in a narrow street, up a hill, with a machine that stalls anywhere blow 19,000 revs, when your legs don't reach the ground; then getting half way round and applying the front brake, all in front of a gang of heartless bikies? Robin has.

Seymour to Strath Creek to Kinglake West is racing country. Tom, mic (for a while) and I played "lag" the leader. Tom would give me 400km head start, I would sit on 200 km/h and Tom would pass me at 300 km/h. Within no time we would be investigating Robin's exhaust pipes, and so would stop. Then do it again! It is a little hectic for the rear rider. Sorry Ray.

I bet the family in the big Valiant turning across double lines around a blind sweeper were surprised to see me, with Tom up my clacker. Escape Plan B (Head for the hills!) was under serious consideration when, luckily, they stopped half way across. And the monstrous front wheel slide two minutes later through the 70km/h twisties running into Kinglake West was a mite disconcerting. Phew.

Broke up at Kinglake West, most heading back towards Yarra Glen. Conversations revolved around rear end wobbles. Robin's RD was chronic at 120km/h, Mic's little better. (The problem was later traced to a finger tight steering head nut on Robin's bike.) The 900 also weaved at higher speeds. A new rear tyre and a stiffer damping setting (3) would later mask the problem. I fear the rear shocker is *tired*. I have already replaced the fork springs at 18,000km. The forks bottomed out continually and are fine now with stiffer springs (\$55) and **no** air.

Home at half time. Ablett kicked six goals in the wet. The bike has done 28,600km and is easy to live with.

Ben (GPz900R)

Z1300	Keith Finlay (until Euroa)
GPz900	Ben
GPz750	Peter and Sue (new)
GPz550	Janet
Z500	Geoff Webb
K100Rs	Jack Youdan
R80 G/S	Frank
XJ750	Bob Steck
CBX1000	John (Jacks old bike, until Euroa)
CSX1100	Craig Dawson (until Yea)

JACK'S RIDE 6 BIKES 12.5.85

GPz900	Ben
GPz750	Rod
GPz550	Janet
GPz550	Phil
CB750	Chris (1 st ride)
R100RT	Mick Fagan

BANK CARD TOUR (PORT CAMPBELL) 20 BIKES 18,19.5.85

Z1100	Brenda and Gary
GT750	Tony Gustus
GT750	Ross King
GPz750	Peter and Sue
GPz550	Ben Warden
GPz550	Janet Towns
Z500	Geoff Webb
K100RS	Jack Youdan
K100RS	Tom Seville
K100RS	Robyn and Phil Duffy
R80 G/S	Frank Bloxam
VF1000F	Wayne and Sandra
CB750	Chris
CX650	Wayne Fitzsimmons
GS1100	Peter Dwyer
GL1100	Vince and Sue
GS1000G	Ross Bradshaw
RD350	Robin Heath
RZ350	Mick Barnes
V65	Sue Jean

ROBIN'S ROUTE II 12 BIKES 26.5.85

GPz1100	John
GPz900	Ben
GPz900	Ken (dropped bike)
GPz750	Rod
GT750	Big D
FJ1100	???
RZ350	Mic Barnes
RD350	Robin
K100RS	Tom Seville
K100Rs	Hans
VF1000R	Jack

GSX750 Ray

PETER'S PILGRIMAGE 9 BIKES 2.6.85

GT750 Big D
Z500 Danny
Z500 Geoff Webb
GS1100 Peter Dwyer
CB750 Chris
K100RS Hans Wurster

SHORT DANDENONGS 7 BIKES 9.6.85

GPz900 Ben
GPz750 Rod
K100RS Jack
K100Rs Hans and Joanne
CX500 Darren
GSX750 Ray Thomas
R80 G/S Les Leahy

KEN'S CAVALCADE 9 BIKES 17.2.85

Z1300 Keith
Z1100 Gary Lloyd
GPz900 Hans
GPz900 Ken
GPz900 Ben and Janet
GT750P1 Peter (Big D)
GT750P2 John (dropped in creek)
Z500 Geoff
XJ750 Bob

CAVES 16 BIKES 23.6.85

GPz900 Ben
GPz900 Ken
GT750P1 Big D
GT750P2 Tony Custus
GT750P3 Kerry and Ian
K100RS Tom
R100 Gary and Andrea
R80 G/S Les Leahy
R80 G/S Frank
VF750 Geoff
CB750 Chris
CX500 John
XS1100 Craig
RD250 Harry
GS1100 Vince
GSX750 Ray

BARNE'S BLITHE BLAST 10 BIKES 30.6.85

XS1100 Craig
XJ750 Bob Steck

RD350	Mic
RD250	Harry
GPz1100	Bruno (1 st ride)
GPz900	Ben and Janet
GPz750	Rod
VF1000R	Jack Youdan
VF750	Geoff

THE ORIENTAL EXPRESS

It can be a challenge travelling on the road and let's face it challenges are what make life interesting, but it's also nice to have the odd relaxing moments scattered in amongst the never ending "interesting bits", agreed? Well then can you please explain to me why this is happening to me only one hour after I left home to begin my 3+ weeks of planned self indulgence (holidays to you). I mean surely fate could have waited at least until I had worn in my new helmet.

What do you mean what am I talking about? This bloody fog of course, can't you see it? Are you blind? It's been steadily getting worse for the last 10kms. In fact it's so thick now it's raining on my visor and my waked cotton over mitts, which are great for keeping the water off my leather gloved hands but are not terribly effective as visor wipers. They tend to leave a black waxy steak across the visor in a way no doubt scientifically calculated to provide maximum blocking of vision with the minimum effort on my part. I'm convinced they (the fog and over mitts) have joined forces to make these few hours of my life most miserable.

But, if the fog and the waxy streaks don't convince you of my dilemma then the chin piece on the new helmet will surely leave a lasting impression. On my nose that is. See here where this bit of moulded foam rubber raises up to form a sort of nose guard. Well it too has been scientifically designed, probably by a computer, to aerodynamically deflect an icy cold jet of air straight up into your eyeballs but, and this is the beauty of it all, it does this whilst at the same time flattening your nose to the extent that you can't breathe through it. A truly remarkable piece of high technology isn't it? Probably some highly paid computer programmer spent months writing a program that took into account all the variable and data relating to the shape of the human nose and where it is positioned, and then forgot to include the reason for its existence, and before you say that its probably my own fault for buying the wrong size helmet your wrong.

I did indeed try it on at the shop before I bought it but the fact is these problems only occur at speeds in excess of 80kph which is a condition a little hard to create in your average motorcycle store. Anyway enough idle chat lets' get on with the story.

As I've already said I'm on holidays as of today and ahead stretches three and a bit glorious weeks of fully paid hedonism. Naturally I'm excited, which is why I'm determined not to let all the incidents I've just mentioned get the better of me. I had hoped to be in Port Campbell by sunrise but I decided that instead of turning off ant Colac I would continue on to Camperdown and wait for the sun to rise and dissipate some of the fog. So at Camperdown I headed up to Mt. Leura lookout and took some pictures of the sun rising over the fog shrouded valleys, I hope they do the sight justice.

After the fog had mostly lifted I made my way down from the lookout and followed the signs to the Port Campbell road. It was looking like the start of a great day, no clouds about and the road was getting good now winding its way down the side of the hill through some fast sweepers. The bike seemed to be handling well despite the huge amount of luggage I was carrying. I wouldn't normally carry that much gear but I thought seeing it was only myself on the bike I might as well take everything I might need, including a change of clothes (or two or three).

I was beginning to feel really good now and came upon a tight left hander, posted at 45km/ph but good for 80k/ph or so, and went around. As I exited the corner I quickly accelerated to about 120kph, straightened up the bike and saw.....more bloody fog, and it looked thick!

As I crossed the dividing line between sunlight and shadow my visor instantly fogged up. I could barely see the edges of the road as I slowly, slowly eased the bike down to about 25kph and raised the visor a couple of inches so I could peer out over the fairing screen at the road immediately in front of the bike. With visibility down to about 2-3 metres even 25kph seemed too fast but I was bugged if I was going to stop again and wait for the fog to lift. This far down the valley it might have taken an hour or more, so on I went. This fog was so cold that my 'bluey' overcoat was turning white with frost before my very eyes.

After this had been going on for about 15-20 mins and just as it seemed to be thinning out, poof! it disappears altogether and I'm in sunlight again. I eased the speed up a bit but I had learnt my lesson now, I didn't want any more little foggy surprises.

I did get a little light fog later on but after a while I was out in the open farm land and I was obvious there wouldn't be any more fog so I picked up speed a little and arrived at Port Campbell not long after.

It was only about 7.15am and there weren't any stores open so I decided to park near the camping ground at the end of the harbour to make my own coffee and soak up the sun for a while. After about 45 mins I packed up and headed off along the coast road towards Warrnambool. I had wanted to take some photos of the "Bay of Islands" but when I got there I found that I couldn't see it from the road, it looked as though I would have to walk in over the rocks for about 4-500 metres to the edge of the bay so seeing I wouldn't be able to get the bike in the picture I decided to forgo the picture taking and go on to Warrnambool.

I should say here that I have a problem when I start holiday of always feeling a false sense of urgency and invariably I cover a lot of distance in the first few days at the expense of some of the scenery, this condition undoubtedly contributed to my getting a speeding ticket in Warrnambool as I was riding in. I'm usually very careful about speeding in obvious danger areas but this morning I was running on auto pilot and not paying much attention to what was behind me and so I got booked. Fortunately, for me, the cop hadn't been able to get too close to me at the time I was speeding because of the traffic. So when I asked him what speed I had been doing he couldn't give me an exact figure, only that it was between 120 – 140kph. I didn't agree or disagree with his estimate as he took down all the details to fill out the form later (He didn't have an "on the spot" book with him).

I expected to be put down for exceeding the speed limit by more than 15kph (\$90 fine), but much later when I got home the fine was only for exceeding the speed limit by less than 15mph (\$55 fine) so he must have decided to play it safe or something.

After having a coffee at a nearby cafe I got some petrol and headed out of town. I forced myself to stay near the speed limit once on the open road and a good thing too because about 5kms after the tower hill turn off. As I rounded what would have been a nice 160kph right hander leading into a "mach 1" straightaway I saw off in the distance a figure standing on my side of the road pointing a radar gun at me. I wasn't exactly sure what speed I was doing but I thought it would be close to 100kph and my estimate was confirmed as I got closer to him and he lowered the radar gun and stood there looking at me in a very downcast manner at I rode past. At this point I successfully resisted the urge to give him a wave and kept on riding with my licence and halo intact.

At Portland I bypassed the town itself and turned off at the outskirts for a road that is closer to the coast than the Princes highway. This road passes Mt Richmond National Park and continues on to go through the edges of Glenelg National Park nearer to Mt. Gambier. It is a very good road with

lots of straight sections and so my right hand took over again and I ended up arriving in Mt. Gambier about noon.

I had been in Mt Gambier some years ago and I made my way to the “Central Caravan Park” which is just off the main street and very close to the centre of town. After checking in and setting up the tent I decided to do a bit of shopping for some items I needed, a sleeping bag liner and a camp stool, and to have a few beers at the pub. This led on to dinner at another pub and I finally fell into bed about 8.30pm totally stuffed, I was particularly tired this night because I had got only about 3 hours sleep the night before.

The next day, Thursday, I woke about 6.00am and saw it was very overcast so thinking that it might rain soon I decided to pack up straight away while everything was dry. I then spent the next one and a quarter hours parked out the front of a cafe in the main street waiting for it to open watching all the clouds disappear and the sun start to shine. Oh well!

After breakfast I rode out of town on the Princes Highway I had decided to follow the coast all the way to Adelaide on this trip and if possible to cross the mouth of the Murray river between Meningie and Goolwa on the Fleurieu Peninsula. According to my map there was a road heading west from Meningie and it appeared to cross some barges laid across the mouth of the river (to keep salt water out) and continue onto Hindmarsh Island, then there was a ferry across to Goolwa.

But at this stage I was still only 36kms out of Mt. Gambier and going into a town called Tantanoola, renowned as the stamping ground of the “Tantanoola Tiger”. If you’re ever in town during pub hours force yourself to go inside and have a beer and find out what it’s all about!

After Tantanoola I got back onto the main highway and headed off with the intention of turning off at the appropriate road and having a look at Robe, a holiday town on the coast. Unfortunately after Millicent the highway is very boring and in order to get it over with as quickly as possible I was forced (honest!) to maintain speeds of up to 200kph and somewhere along the way I went past the turn off to Robe. This was no easy feat because according to my map there were up to 3 turn offs that I could have taken, I managed to miss all of them!

The next main town I came to was Kingston and I arrived here about 11.30am. I wasn’t particularly hungry at this stage but I decided to have something to eat in case I didn’t get a chance again before Adelaide, and that was my big mistake! My snack when it arrived consisted of one cup of instant detergent (coffee) and two slices of burnt cardboard (toast) covered with a rather constipated jam like substance that just laid there daring you to eat it.

I would like to say that at this stage I returned the food (?), threatened to report them to the health dept and stormed out the door. I’d like to say that’s what I did but of course I didn’t, I just ate it paid my money (even mumbled thanks) and quietly left, how sickening! But I got my revenge after, when leaving the town. I rode past the “Big Cray(fish)” and didn’t even stop to take a photo if it, so there!

The section of highway from Kingston to Meningie, about 150kms, is more interesting than the section before Kingston due to the former running next to the foreshore nearly all the way. The section of road between Salt Creek and McGrath Flat is particularly spectacular as it looks out over the water towards the Coorong national park and there are also large open salt flats everywhere. It is worth stopping anywhere along here for some of the views.

On arrival at Meningie I filled up at the service station and asked if there was a road across to Goolwa but I was told there wasn’t and that I had to go about 40kms up the road to Wellington and cross on the ferry there, the road then takes you to Strathalbyn. Despite being told there wasn’t a road across the Murray Delta I still think it could probably be done but you might need a trail bike because there would be a lot of sand around there.

From Strathalbyn I headed through the Mt. Lofty ranges on roads that have great views as well as good surfaces and “twisty bits”. I eventually came out from the ranges and dropped down past the Happy Valley reservoir and onto the main road leading into Adelaide from Port Noarlunga, Victor Harbour etc from this point it was only 30-40kms through the Adelaide suburbs to where I was staying at Semaphore. It was now Thursday and I still had 3 weeks, 2 days and 9 hours (approx) left of my holidays. Oh joy, oh bliss!

End of part one.

NEXT EPISODE:-

Bathurst – site of the N.S.W bi-yearly tactical response group display and demonstration (n.b. they even put on some motorcycle racing this year)

Darryl Woodman (XJ900)

MY “LAST BIKE”

BMW K100 RS

First 8000 km impressions.

On 17/4/85, I decided to have one last fling and traded my exactly 1 year old, 31000km GPz900R Kawasaki, on a brand new 85 K100 RS BMW, hopefully my last bike. During the time I had the Kawasaki it was a top performer, most reliable and completely trouble free. Hooray for Kawasaki.

On the day I bought the BMW in a nearby country city, I rode it home feeling like a king. I could hardly believe that I was the new owner of a ‘great’ BMW.

About 20km from the place of purchase I noticed that the warning light came on indicating that I had approx 7 litres of fuel left in the tank. No worries. About 10km further on another light came on, now RED indicating that only 4 litres of fuel remained. Quick mental calculations. If the lights are accurate, 3 litres for the last 10km is certainly not good economy, therefore lights must be inaccurate. Anyway, to be on the safe side, called into the next servo and filled the tank to the brim. It took 13.5 litres. Therefore it follows that if the tank holds 22 litres there should have been approximately 8.5 litres still in the tank. This is actually not so. A later test by me revealed that when I ran out of fuel on the highway on purpose; it took exactly 18.5 litres to fill it to the brim. In other words in this 22 litre tank there are only 18.5 litres of fuel which can actually be used in practice. This is due to the fact that the BMW tank also contains other junk inside such as an electric fuel pump, filter and fuel sensor which is most inaccurate. Also I am told that the fuel pickup inside the tank does not go right to the bottom of the tank leaving fuel in there that can’t be used.

Bing a new bike, naturally I wanted to ride it often to get used to it etc. Running it in was a bit tedious but had to be done. The first night at home I sat next to the bike with the manual and pulled a few levers. Suddenly there was a flash of sparks and a fuse blew. A check revealed a faulty connection to the ‘Power Point’ which was aggravated by the clutch cable pressing on it. I fixed this for good, my way.

On 21/4 I decided to go and take the 400+Km bike on its first club ride. Headed for the KBCP but as I stopped at one of the traffic lights, everything went blank on the dash and the bike stopped. Again I found that a fuse had blown. I replaced this and on doing the recommended test it blew again as I actuated the rear brake lever. Brain working overtime trying to figure it out. Decided it must be rear stop light switch and disconnected it. Put in another fuse. Held my breath and crossed fingers. Test and all OK. By this time having grave doubts about the ‘great BMW’s reliability’. I

wondered why MBW supplied all these various fuses with the tool kit. Anyway, arrived at the KBCP just in time for the ride and volunteered as rear rider. Before leaving I instructed the corner markers to come looking for me should I not turn up in a reasonable time. Fortunately everything went well and the bike did not miss a beat again.

By the time the first service arrived I had done 1750km and also had my rather lengthy list of faults and complaints attended to and rectified. Since I travel quite a bit I like to have more than just a little trust in the reliability of my bike. I decided to take it for a short run around a small block before taking it further afield.

At 6am on 2/5/85, left Altona for Wodonga where I had coffee and spent an hour with mum. Then headed via Myrtleford, bright, Hotham and Omeo to Bairnsdale where I spent another hour with friends before returning home to Altona along the Princes highway in time for tea at 5pm. On this day travelled 1005km all round. The bike never missed a beat and ran and handled as I thought a BMW should. Starting to get impressed by it. I had a couple of close calls though on the way. One in particular was going up to Mt. Hotham. Very rough dirt and gravel surface. Steep uphill right hander in 3rd gear at about 60 or so km/h. amongst the normal rocks and large gravel on the road saw a larger one about the size of a brick in my line of travel. Hill side on my right and steep drop on my left. Armco on bend. Must not hit this big rock. But rock was like a magnet. First the front wheel then the back wheel bounced over this nasty rock. When the rear wheel went over it, it bounced my body into the air and my feet left the foot pegs. I was then just hanging onto the handlebars. No drama yet. The problem started when I again landed on the bike. My left foot found the foot peg but my right one missed and landed on the foot brake lever. This of course locked the rear wheel and I found myself skidding towards the Armco and getting awfully close to the steep drop before I got my weight off the bloody brake pedal and regained control of the situation. Sit, that was close. Heart beat was at least double the normal for some time. But all's well that ends well. Someone up there must be looking after me.

At 6am on 6/5/85, the BMW now with 3400km on the clock left Altona yet again for Wodonga. Then after coffee at mum's and chat for about an hour, left for Wagga Wagga to West Wyalong then Forbes. Between the last two places struck the worst rain/electrical storm in my 30 years plus of motor cycling. (Yes, I am that old). There was no shelter at all anywhere and the many road works with their saturated greasy clay surfaces made riding the bike quite interesting and a few close calls encountered. The rain and wind were so strong that even cars stopped at the side of the road due to bad visibility and water, water and more water. The people in the cars must have thought I was a NUT riding in this weather going along at about 45 degrees angle in a straight line due to the side wind. (Anyway, if it wasn't 45 degrees angle it felt like it). At the time I felt I might as well keep moving and be wet then sit at the side of the road and still be wet. As it turned out later I was only slightly wet under my pants. By the time I got to Parkes I stopped raining, then on to Dubbo, Coonabarabran and Narrabri for the night at 5pm. Settled down in tent with a hamburger and a ½ dozen XXXX. Today travelled 1146km.

The following morning, Tuesday, 7/5 at exactly 5.04am I was awakened by drops on the tent. Looked out and saw that it was about to really pour any minute. Jumped out of the cot and just managed to pack up camp before it came down in buckets. I rode to a nearby servo and sat out the downpour until 6am. It was unbelievable the amount of water that fell from the sky. I was not going to wait any longer and now wearing two pairs of 'waterproof' pants headed north into the rain towards Moree where the rain subsided. By Goondiwindi the weather had improved dramatically and by the time I reached Warwick then Toowoomba it was beautiful. When leaving Toowoomba and rounding a blind right hand sweeper I was stopped by a local gendarme. This smart gentleman had positioned himself on the exit side of this fast sweeper with one of those radar gadgets, and trapped yours truly. Needless to say he was VERY UNDERSTANDING (had to tell him a secret). Then on to Esk, Kilcoy, Beerwah, Nambour and then to my friends property at Pomona by 2pm. Today travelled 881km. I relaxed with a few stubbies for the rest of the day. Also stayed there the following day and visited other friends at Buddina Beach.

On Thursday, 9/5/85 at 7am, I left Pomona and headed for Brisbane. The weather was fine and cool. Not a cloud in the sky. Rode south via the Gold Coast, Tweed Heads, Ballina, Coffs Harbour to Newcastle. Whilst on the freeway heading towards Sydney I naturally sped up a little. By this time it was again getting dark and lights were used. At this stage I was literally going to 'fly' past the Commodore ahead when I noticed the letters P.O.L.I.C.E. on the top of the boot lid. Panic stations. When I noticed the sign I was nearly on to the commodore and travelling about 80km/h faster. Hit the brakes and by the time I slowed to his speed was about 3 feet ahead of it. I tried to act natural. The Police car stayed behind me obviously checking me out. Suspense...short time later it started to overtake me and I thought, here we go again...but to my surprise he kept going and a short time later went off on one of the exits from the freeway. Sped up again and headed into Sydney proper via various routes to the Harbour Bridge. Traffic was very heavy and not really knowing where I was I ended up in one of the lanes leading to the toll gates. Once there I had to stop the bike, get off, take off my gloves, poke around under my wet weather pants for coins, pay the toll, get dressed again and get under way. Don't ask me how long it took but judging by the many car horns tooting from behind it must have taken too bloody long. After that I spent about an hour trying to find my way out of there and eventually only with the help of a guy on an XJ650 was steered in the right direction. Very grateful. Resolution:- "I will never go through Sydney again if I can possibly help it". At night at what seemed peak hour traffic and a lack of signs, make it very difficult for such as I to traverse a place like Sydney. Anyway again found myself on another freeway heading to Wollongong. Took turn off via Bulli Pass. By this time I was getting tired. The sudden drop down the pass to Bulli is dramatic. Especially at night. It appeared that at every one of the many hairpin beds I was blinded by oncoming traffic making the descent even more hairy. Also trucks must go down in low gear. Coming around one left hander suddenly saw this big semi right in front doing about 5km/h. I was going a hell of a lot faster. After that I slowed down a bit and reached Wollongong safely. Checked around for accommodation and finely stayed in a motel. Initial cost \$39 but I finally got in for \$20 because business was slack and I told the fellow I didn't want to buy the place but just sleep there. After a terrific shower I settled down in bed at 9pm with a ½ dozen XXXX and watched tennis on TV. (I didn't drink all the cans) today travelled 1250km and slept like a log.

At 7am on Friday, 10/5/85 after several cups of hot coffee, I left Wollongong heading for Batemans Bay. The weather was fine and cold and I could not find any clouds in the sky.

After Batemans Bay headed along the coast to Eden, Orbost, Traralgon, Morwell and home to Altona by 5pm in time for tea. Today travelled 998km.

On this run travelled a total of 4328km. Used 270.3 litres of fuel = 16.01 k/lt or 45.5 mpg. All inclusive cost \$206.50 after filling tank at home.

Having owned the BMW K100 RS for 3 weeks and travelled in excess of 7800km, I must say that I am very happy with the bike. The initial problems have been sorted out between the first and second services. The bike handled beautifully at all times especially over the rough sections and bumpy bends between Taree and Kempsey at very high speeds. This was highlighted in the company of a FJ 1100. Having previously owned a GPz900R I know how that would have handled on those roads with the smaller front wheel. As it turned out, at 160km/h plus around those bumpy sweepers left the more powerful Yamaha obviously floundering and in no time at all it had disappeared from the view in my rear view mirrors. (And he was trying) Over the whole trip and in fact between the first and second service the engine oil did not have to be topped up. There are no oil leaks. The speeds normally sustained by me were well above the states limits and therefore the fuel consumption at the rate of 45.5 mpg over all is comparable if not better than the GPz900R and my previous GSC1100 Suzuki under similar conditions. It was also very pleasing and convenient that since I invested in this BMW I have not on any occasions had to clean, lubricate and adjust the rear chain. (Secret is the Shaft drive)

Apart from the many stone chips to the front of the fairing I felt that it was a good run all round. The bike never missed a beat and it now has my full confidence to go anywhere at any time with just the normal maintenance every 7500km.

Hans Wurster BMW K100RS (Ex GPz900R)

BANKCARD WEEKEND

On a cold wet Saturday morning of 18 April, 26 eager people (22 riders) assembled for the weekend jaunt to Port Campbell via the Great Ocean Road. The Geelong road proved to be uneventful until we neared the coast. The rain was intermittent, but nevertheless spirits were high. Apart from the Guzzi plying up and with hopeful doctoring by Phil and Tom we continued on. Although raining on the Ocean Road riders mostly took the corners safely.

First stop for the Bankcard was Port Fairy pub. After divesting ourselves of many layers of clothing, the molars were soon at work into good hot tucker followed by hot coffee. The Guzzi was still misbehaving and proving to be a real nuisance. Onward rode the fearless 22 to the Otways. Surprisingly, the Otway mud was very rideable and all sailed through cautiously with no mishaps. With dirty bikes and dirty gear we headed straight for Port Campbell and warmth. There were some nice stretches of wet windy roads to keep the more adventurous riders happy.

The wild grey sea pounded at the Apostles and the black storm clouds gathered above as we sped towards our rendezvous. The motel was a true haven for our cold and wet bunch. Thank goodness we didn't have to pitch tents and crawl in and out of them in wet gear. After hot showers, hot coffee/tea and warm clothing we were fighting fit, ready for a good night at the nearby pub. We took over the dining room and quickly re-arranged the furniture. A fire was soon merrily roaring away, thus setting the scene for a warm and merry night. Beer and wine flowed and everyone mingled freely, a real feeling of togetherness prevailed. The counter meal was plentiful and pretty good for some very hungry people. Everyone dispersed when asked to contribute to the pub's meal ticket. Some went back to their rooms to sleep or something, while the others went to Vince's room to party on.

Sunday breakfast was at 8.30am at the other motel which put on a great cooked meal at very reasonable prices. Scheduled time to depart was 10am. Right on time the rain came down to bid us farewell. Unfortunately, two riders who will remain nameless headed off in the wrong direction to Colac via Cobden, while the others travelled to Peterborough, Cobden and onto the Princes highway to home. As luck would have it, these nameless riders met up with the rest near the pizza hut in Belmont, Geelong. Some riders went straight home while others decided on a cup of coffee and a pizza. Well fortified, the small band sped homeward.

On behalf of everyone on the Bankcard Tour, I wish to thank Vince for his organisation of the weekend and for not getting lost while leading. It was a great success with everyone thoroughly enjoying themselves from start to finish. Hopefully Vince may have another weekend adventure lined up for later this year. If so, book early!!

Susan Jean

Ex-Guzzi Rider.





