

ITINERARY

NOVEMBER 1985

3 rd	<u>YEA via REEFTON SPUR</u> 9.00 KBCP 10.30 Yarra Glen	Healesville, Warburton through Spur, returning through Whittlesea approx 400km
10 th	<u>LOCH NAVIGATION TRIAL</u> 9.30 KBCP 10.45 Hallam	Ross Bradshaw leading. Run on similar lines to a car trial, travelling through beautiful downtown Gippsland.
Weekend 16-17 th	<u>LAKES ENTRANCE</u> 9.30 KBCP	Vince Green leading; hotel accommodation. See Vince for more details.
24 th	<u>MARYSVILLE</u> 9.00 KBCP 10.30 Yarra Glen	Tom Saville leading. Bound to traverse Black Spur, see Tom for exact route.

SOCIAL SCENE

The 1985 Christmas BBQ is being held in conjunction with the DECEMBER general meeting;
COST: members and kids – FREE

Visitors - \$5.00

Meat, salads, drinks and desserts will be provided.

The Committee is putting \$50.00 towards the CHRISTMAS HAMPER which will include such items as; ham, Christmas cake, bottle of scotch.

Persons attending the BBQ are asked to bring a small item to donate to the hamper which will be raffled on the night. Suggestion for things; nuts, sweets, bottles or cans of beer, soft drink, mineral water, chips, cheezles, biscuits, chocolate, fruit, tins of food or anything else you can think of; (not necessarily food).

Janet Towns (social sec)

PORT CAMPBELL 13/10/85

Ten Bikes:

Yam 1/1 RH (Daryl Jones), K100RS (Hans Wurster), K100RS (Jack Youdan), K100RT (Gary Clifton), GPz900 (Ken Wurster), GPz900 (Ben Warden), CB900F2 (Mark Closter), R80 G/S (Frank Bloxam), GSX-R750 (Damon Cramp), GPz750 (Turbo Jim Davey)

Weather: even better than last week according to Jack.

The Ride:

Laverton pick up, first stop Apollo Bay for food and fuel. I sat on Hans' tail all the way along the GOR. A couple of BM's proved harder to pass than the rest. A blue K clung on till Apollo Bay. He was the captain of the BMW club leading a ride. Damon (GSX-R) riding alone but now riding

with us, was given the corner marker spiel. I put a can of sealant in my rear tyre. The previously plugged puncture was leaking slowly.

Ken and I corner marked at the start of the 9km of unmade road across the Otway's. Frank arrived, the pace a little hot for the rear rider, and soon to get hotter.

I think Ken must have had a good night's sleep. He was riding like a demon. Jim and turbo saw us coming, a tell tale puff of smoke appearing as the motor was stoked up, but was soon out gunned down the straight. The corners were tighter for Jim, and he quickly disappeared from view.

At the Lavers Hill "T" intersection Ken and I marked again. Jim arrived and Ken shot off. Later I heard he set a new club speed record. The Nine re-lines at 10,500 rpm, and at 24 km/h per 1000rpm, I estimate he was just the wrong side of redline. In fact while I was rounding up the "stragglers" through the gravelly, sandy twisties running down and out of the Otway's the pace at the front was hectic. Hans and Damon were trying to see whose bike was the thirstiest, both leaving the throttle wide open for long periods of time. And Jack laughingly begrudged the fact that though he had me in sight (I was tootling along at 6500 rpm), he was not making any headway on me. But I don't think he was really trying.

Port Campbell must do well out of motorcyclists and tourists. There were at least 7 efficient servers in the Milk Bar/Fish and Chip Shop, and the place was still packed. I forgot to buy a lobster. Next time;

While I fuelled up (18.26km/l (51.6m/gal) Melbourne to Port Campbell) the others departed. When I passed the second turn off to Simpson, the idea occurred to me that I would be riding the rest of the ride alone. Didn't Hans say he was going through Simpson? I eventually caught up with corner markers at Cobden, some 38km away. Next stop Colac, then down the Princes Highway to Geelong.

While corner marking with Mark in Geelong suburbia, we almost lost Gary as he missed seeing us, but he back tracked soon enough. We finally regrouped on Geelong road near Laverton. I sold a few raffle tickets before heading off to arrive "home" at about 5.30pm. a round trip of 550km sees the 44,000km mark about to clock over. A great day's ride;

Ben (GPz900)

BREAKFAST RIDE - KINGLAKE

The ride started at the K.B.C.P. at 8.00am, but most of the riders seemed to meet at Denny's in Ringwood with some late arrivals and some new riders.

Breakfast was enjoyable and after being well fed we headed off with Ben as leader and Peter as tail rider. There were 19 bikes in all, 13 of them being Kawasaki's.

We left Ringwood and headed to Kinglake and then wound our way through the Great Dividing Range to Flowerdale, (I think), where we stopped for a short break.

Between Flowerdale and Yea we stopped again so that Vince could try out his new puncture repair kit on Ben's rear tyre. A few of the bikes fuelled up at Yea and then we proceeded at a rather fast rate along the Goulburn Valley Highway doing a left hander at Kerrisdale and then journeying through the sleepy hollow of Strath Creek towards Broadford. The pace was fast.

One of the riders accompanied by a fearless pillion tried to find a shorter route to Broadford via the trees on a left hander. Fortunately the bike, the unsettled rider and pillion came away unscathed.

We stopped for a snack at Broadford and rested in the spring sunshine. After leaving Broadford we had a sedate ride along the Hume highway turning off to the final destination point which was somewhere in the vicinity of Merriang.

At 3.00pm and after covering some 300 kilometres we all left for home.

Peter & Sure Moreland.

OCTOBER 6 RIDE TO WHERE

Where is where? Bendigo of course if you read the club green card. Either not many read it, or did and went to a Rally or watched the Bathurst car event on TV.

Well, for those who watched the XJS (no, it's not a Yamaha!) win or the Horde of BMW (no, not K series) do their thing; they missed the best spring weather for a ride this season.

Sometimes bike speedos lie, as on return home you would not believe a Melbourne – Bendigo – Melbourne trip would rack up 414.82km (approximate).

Unless you tell yourself that Ben's GPZ900R was leading, then its quite understandable (plausible is the right word but understandable is more understandable)

Come on, how about reporting the ride instead of all this stuff!

Ok, here comes the blow by blow details.

Four, yes only 4 sadly, bikes left KBCP, Mark (CB900F), Gary and lady (GPZ1100), Jack (VF1000) and Ben (everybody knows).

Supposed to go to Romsey but went to Kyneton through error, talked to QL Club members passing through to Maldon....funny how many 250cc bikes are around with 750/900/1100 decals on the side covers. Oops, forgot, we did the via Mount Macedon bit before this.

Bendigo on Sunday is still full of warm to hot cars doing the streets, as Gary said; petrol must be cheap in Bendigo. Lunch was in the mall, but won't tell you who ate what, just too boring.

Returned via Tullaroop and (forget) and (forget again) and Mildura (I think) and Romsey – Wallan – Lalor..... No wonder we did so many k's!

No, speedos don't lie but if you take into account a 76.73% worn rear tyre, we really only did 407.67km, but on the other hand the air was warm...blah, blah, blah.

(signed VF Rear Rider)

COOBER PEDY.....

Had 4 weeks leave recently and after taking my better half for week touring Victoria, N.S.W and S.A. by car and camping in motels, returned home for a few days when I again got itchy feet and decided to go for a short run on the bike. Thought I might have another go at Ayres Rock and Alice Springs.

Having just recently changed the oil in the bike etc I knew the bike was OK for the intended run. Packed up a few things and on Tuesday 3/9/85 at 7.40am I headed west, with 17015km on the

speedo. It was raining at the time and continued to do so until I reached Horsham. It cleared a little and again started to rain between Tailem Ben and Adelaide.

Between Tailem Bend and Adelaide was forced to sit on the speed limit due to the police highway car immediately in front of us for the whole of the distance. A slow run indeed. After Adelaide headed north to Port Augusta and the weather steadily improved. Arrived at Port Augusta at 5.30pm (1043). Decided to camp there in the fauna caravan park. (Didn't cost a cent due to certain circumstances)

Next morning was up at 7am packed up and left shortly after for Pemba and Glendambo. Beut weather. After coffee at both places left Glendambo (288k) for Coober Pedy. The first 150km was good road, but the rest of the 130 plus km was horrible, red dust inches deep, gravel and continuous corrugations, conditions which must be seen to be believed. I nearly lost the bike at least a dozen times. Definitely not a road for a large road bike.

Cutting a long story short, I arrived at Coober Pedy at 1.40pm (3 hours). It is a hot and dusty place with tourists and aboriginals everywhere. (Sober or otherwise). There were a lot of dubious looking characters about and I wasn't going to leave my bike unattended for more than a couple of minutes at a time as I was sure something would have been missing from it on return.

I checked the place out. They sell opals everywhere but not being familiar with quality I decided not to buy any. The prices were no cheaper than anywhere else. Got talking to some tourists and their bus driver regarding road conditions further north and was told that they were comparable with what I had just covered and much worse in places. I decided then that I wasn't going to wreck my bike and soon after headed back the way I had come to Glendambo

On my way back I came across two guys, both on BMW's (Boxers). We stopped and talked for about half an hour about the road ahead for them. They decided to turn back. In the 8km they travelled into the dirt section they had already lost luggage (recovered) due to the bumpy road, one had blown a fork seal and both had nearly dropped their bikes a few times.

Later we camped together at Glendambo and spent the rest of the night (till stumps) in the hotel there. The town consists only of the hotel and a general store. When I filled the bike with petrol that night there, I noticed that I had oil all over the back wheel and diff. On checking the cause I found the rear shocker had blown its seal and all the oil and gas had escaped.

Next morning, after packing up, left there at 7.15am for Pimba and Port Augusta. Then on to Adelaide where I went to Pitman Yamaha, who are the BMW dealers there. It was amazing. I drove into the service department, told the manager of my predicament, they fitted a new shocker (complete unit) and I was out of there within an hour. No hassle at all and on warranty. Very impressed.

Then headed out of Adelaide back to Tailem Ben, to Bordertown where I decided to stay for the night. Camped again for free. Had a feed and a few stubbies before going to sleep.

Next morning 6/9 woke up early and packed up. It was very cold and foggy. Headed off towards home quite slowly due to the lack of visibility. Speed increased as the weather and visibility improved. Stopped at the various places for petrol and coffee on the way and arrived home at 12 noon after (458) that morning.

The run from Bordertown to Melbourne was straight forward and uneventful.

Total distance for the run was 3215km. Fuel cost \$121.37. Camping \$2 and other expenses for food and drinks were \$38. Average speed for travelling time only was 119.1k/h. fuel consumption averaged out at 15.51 k/lt or 44.1 mpg.

Hans Wurster K100Rs.

After arriving home from the Coober Pedy run, decided to do a bit of work at home to keep everyone happy. After about a week I felt I had to go for just another ride before going to work again. Was a bit undecided which way to go but finally decide to head east.

Left home 7am on 19/9/85 for Bairnsdale etc to Genoa. It was there it started to rain and continued through to Bega then to Cooma, where I arrived at 3pm after the usual coffee and fuel stops.

As it was too wet for camping decided to stay at the Alpine hotel for \$12 for the night with a light breakfast. It was a good spot and the bar was naturally in the same building just downstairs. Had enough time in the afternoon to check out the town and sample most of the hotels before retiring to my own dunghill. That day travelled 747km.

The next morning it was still raining steadily and after a light brekkie headed for the Snowy Mountains Highway and into the hills. After only about 20 or so km was high enough in the mountains for the rain to turn to snow. I had a strong headwind and it was very hard to see with the snow stuck all over my visor. It was a continuous job wiping the visor with one hand and hanging on with the other on the now very slippery road. I also had trouble with the inside of the visor fogging up. At times it was slow going due to many curves, snow and ice on the road and visibility problems. The scenery was beaut if only I could have enjoyed it more. 4 wheels would have made a lot of difference. I actually was quite frightened a couple of times. Everything was white as far as one could see. I wondered what could happen if I fell off and slid off the road or something. Over the distance from Cooma to Tumut 183km I saw only 3, (4 wheel drive) vehicles. Of that distance about 30km was covered in rain and about a hundred in show. The rest was ok when I came out of the Kosciusko National Park area on the northern side.

From Tumut the weather improved rapidly until Wodonga where I arrived at 12.05pm. I stayed there with my mum for the night. Visited friends and drank a few ales.

The next day returned home to Altona straight down the Hume. Total distances for ride 1490km. Used 94lt fuel. All inclusive cost \$95. Aver speed for riding time only 117k/h. Average fuel consumption was 44.7mpg. The bike went like a clock.

HANS WURSTER K100RS

BIKE CLEANING AS AN ART FORM

Cleaning your motorcycle means different things to different folks, all the way from one belt with pressure cold water to the hot water-soap treatment to the full house of some disassembly to polish bits you can't see.

The last approach can really take bike cleaning into the realm of art or at least provide the owner with a form of therapy.

You either end up with a warm inner glow from satisfaction of a job-well-done or a deep seated frustration over it taking so long when you –could-be-doing-better-things, even riding it.

So you think an immaculate machine, and most bikes for sale are advertised so, is just a result of someone buying new from the showroom floor and not riding in the rain or on unsealed roads? well

think again as most new bikes are picked up still with some protective grease showing, see those finger prints in it, and a total absence of chrome and paintwork polish.

For a rundown on this art form practised at your very own drive or footpath or garage or other place, read on.

- Find all the oil weeps, seeps and leaks, they show up through the dry dirt, and petrol-solvent-spirit them away.
- Hot water – soap the whole thing, hard scrub the very dirty areas, hose off.
- Looks good when wet he? Let it dry and that all-black engine still looks a brown grey shade with baked on dirt. Brush it over with a petrol – oil mix or similar dust collecting fluid to look beaut black.
- Find all the parts you missed in the wash-and-scrub trick and re-do, especially those wheel centres behind the brakes.
- Go heavy with vinyl protector on seat, instrument surrounds or anything vinyl, rubber or black plastic.
- Polish the bright bits with chrome polish and wax polish the paint work, find many chips in the paint and touch up.
- Reassemble those panniers, fairings and other accessories taken off to get at the dirt.

Do you know all this, practice it often, takes more than three hours each time?

If so congratulations, you are really into this art form.

Do you then take the bike out and wreck all the effort on one short wet stretch of road repairs and consider the whole thing an exercise in futility?

If so, you are obviously very dependent on the therapy...or are an out and out masochist!

J. G. Youdan

CLUB RIDE ON 27/1085

STARTERS: Les LEAHEY (leader) R80GS; Frank – R80GS; Mick FAGAN R1000s; John R80; Ben and Ken both on GPz900R; Peter GT750; Greg – CB 750K and Mans with Joanne as pillion – K100RS.

I nearly missed this ride because of the change in time to daylight saving and at the last minute my daughter, Joanne, also wanted to come along as my pillion. It was a bit of a rush to get there on time. Most of the above were there having a bit of a natter. FAGAN was in good form. Ben arrived last. It was a beautiful morning. Not a cloud to be seen and everything pointed to an enjoyable ride.

Whilst at the KBC we all had to admire one bike in particular. It was John's red R80. With just 8000km on the clock it was immaculately clean. As this ride was supposed to include quite a bit of dirt, it was obvious at the start that it would not be so sparkling in appearance when the ride finished later that day. But little did we know of what was to come.

After a quick rundown on the 'marker system' we left the KBC with Les leading and Peter on the GT750 as rear rider. Headed up through North Melbourne to Footscray, Braybrook, Sunshine, Deer Park etc. Turned off the western highway before Melton with the corner markers taking up their correct positions.

A short time later whilst marking a corner with Greg, we waited for quite some considerable time and no one came along. I decided to go back about 10km to the previous corner markers and was told by Frank and Ken that Peter was marking the corner at the highway waiting for Ben who had waved him on back in Brooklyn when he decided to get petrol for his bike. (So much for the rule that tanks should be full at the commencement of the ride)

I then returned up the line to the leader who was now also coming back to find the cause of the delay. I told him of what had taken place back there and Les, Joanne and I then waited for at least another 20 minutes before going further back thinking that surely Ben would have caught up by now and someone else might have had some problem. Ken then came along and informed us that he had gone right back to Ashley street Braybrook checking all the servos and couldn't find Ben anywhere. We then decided to go on without him, after stuffing around for at least an hour.

We then headed u through the back roads into the Brisbane ranges. There was a good variety of road surfaces and plenty of bends. Sometimes quite tricky; at Steiglitz, the locals and others had a 'back to Steiglitz' celebration. This turned out to be an unforgettable function for a lot of people and it also spelled DOOM to John's immaculate R80. As John, followed by Mick, came out of Steiglitz and up over a rise, an elderly couple in an old Morris or Austin 1800 decided to d a 'U' turn on the highway in front of the two bikes. John apparently tired his hardest to avoid the collision which followed. He collided with this car dead centre on the driver's side. Fortunately he was not visibly hurt but his pride and joy actually broke in two. Everything forward of the steering head, wheel, forks, broken head light and handle bars etc was now just attached to the rear section by a few electrical wires and the clutch and throttle cables. This accident held us all up for at least another hour before we had it transported in parts to Anakie for storage to be picked up later. John was then driven home by the people he ran into.

The rest of us then continued the ride to the outskirts of Geelong where we had our lunch at about 1.30pm. (Our first opportunity for refreshments and no chance of the normal morning tea etc) After lunch, headed off via back roads to the Ottways and plenty of dirt roads. stopped at a fire lookout tower (Peter's Height Lookout). Some of our more energetic fellows climbed to the top and were rewarded by when they described as a breathtaking view all round. Mick made use of his camera there as he also did at the scene of the accident earlier. After a smoko headed along various tracks to Anglesea for another smoko and some refreshments. The weather was very warm once one got off the bike.

Due to the great weather there was the corresponding number of extra Sunday drivers and riders along the coast road.

After the short break we headed along the main road towards Geelong. Les turned off at Belmont, and then via Newtown, Moorabool etc found our way out onto the Bacchus Marsh road. Turned right and then headed towards Werribee with the Ford proving grounds on our right, and the You Yangs similarly so.

At Werribee we decided to break up after a short rest and talk about the day's incidents. Overall the ride covered about 350km of all kinds of roads and good scenery in the Brisbane Ranges and later the Otway's. It was an interesting ride and on many occasions ideal for the two road/trial bikes present and Mick with his dual purpose tyres. We others had to fight a bit harder to stay upright and correspondingly adjust our speed to conditions.

On reflection, at the start at the KBC, it promised to be a terrific day and a terrific ride and ended up with the time consuming muck up with Ben and worst of all, for John it eneded up as a disaster. His bike is not insured and hopefully the car owner is insured and john is duly comprnsated.

Joanne and Hans Wurster K100RS.

A SUNDAY MORNING RIDE

This is a tale about experiences and impressions of a pleasant Sunday morning ride, not of any one specific rider and bike but a ride typical of hundreds each week. Any road rider into this motorcycling scene prepared the bike Saturday and has a favourite 150-200km run over winding roads, preferably out one way back another, at a time when the Sunday drivers are still at home or already in churches, etc. With cars parked.

The run's curvy bits are close enough to the starting point not to need an hour's ride to get there and as the whole run is relatively short, extra heavy gear for the cold and wet is not a must. So, the experiences and impressions are the all-important buzz on such a ride, ones like these.

Forget scenery gazing on the move, must concentrate on riding. Smoothly through these esses with braking, gear changing, throttle on. Do it smooth means do it faster I read somewhere. Bloody fool, too fast into this curve, hell, now in wrong gear and too slow out. Now eight cars behind a heap-towing-trailer, take two at a time in passing spots, that's a good plan.

What's this? A 60's Brit single coming hard the other way, that's what I should have for Sunday mornings! Clay on inside lane washed from cutting, just as well I'm in the outside locking the back wheel – heavy foot ba.... Look at that bike coming through that sweeper, leaning right over and going like stink. Don't think I get over THAT far, do I look like that to him-her?

Yes, the smart go is to wave at bikes cranked over, no wave back means they are on 8-9 tenths – or just won't let go! Great secondary roads around here, no speed traps but rotten bumpy surface, wish the suspension was more compliant or even slushy soft. She..., why don't the Council fix this stretch. Half way through ride now, getting better in curves. Confidence going up and lap times coming down, eh? Blast, how did that other bike catch up in this winding bit, never mind, just concentrate on these tight bends ahead and lose it. What, it's passing on this curve? Hey, that could have only been Ajay out of practice, no one else could do that when I'm going hard and really cranked over.

Right, now I'll pass this obvious learner wobbling round the bends on the next good curve. Now, now, the blow-into-weeds treatment, heaps good for my ego. Yeah, that HAD to be Ajay before. Back on the main road, practice that reverse steering through this five clicks of fast sweepers, really works on these latest bikes also. Three quarters into run and tired of concentrating, watch it, too fast into this one. Look, now over wrong side, what if a truck comes around this corner?...dickhead!

Cruise on this long straight but watch for speed traps. How long ago did I check the battery lever? Is it dry and about to expire? Know this small town but don't remember the name. Look good in shop windows real cool racer image. Look at those bikes outside the take away, they'll wreck their times stopping, I won't.

Here we are back home, must check fuel consumption but know it will be horrendous, that's what my speeds do. What only averaged 86.5k's speed for trip? That's nearly 2 clicks slower than two weeks ago, must go again next Sunday and really give it stick. Just a moment we hear you say, this tale started out with a pleasant Sunday morning ride theme, not as a GP or six hour or other fast mover contest for scratcher freaks.

Yeah we all know, but it's great to play boy, or girl, racer on THAT run!

J.G. Youdan
