

EDITORIAL JULY 1979

Wanted – New Editor as from Election Night.

Soon it will be Club elections again. So it is time to start thinking whether or not you are prepared to serve on the new committee. Of the existing committee, several members will be ineligible to stand for positions and others will probably decide that one year total involvement has been enough. Give it some thought. Are you prepared to give up your time and energy to ensure another successful year for the club?

This is the first edition printed on our new, second hand printing machine. We, the club, acquired it complete with stencils and paper through the resourcefulness of our Vice President, Les Leahy. So far there has been no financial outlay – but we don't know for certain yet.

Anyway, it has certainly made the printing process much more reliable and less hassle for which we are profoundly grateful.

Tom & Jude

JULY RIDES

SUNDAY 8 TOLMIE KBCP 9am Lilydale 10.15am

SUNDAY 15 SPECIAL TOUR – DARREN ROOM, KBCP 9am

SUNDAY 22 COMBINED RUN – BALLARAT TOURING CLUB, KBCP 9am

SUNDA 29 LAKE MOUNTAIN, KBCP 9.30am, Lilydale 10.45am

AUGUST

FRIDAY 3 GENERAL MEETING Auction Night 8.15pm

AUCTION NIGHT

Don't forget next G.M. is Auction Night. This is an evening which most members really look forward to. This is the night that you bring along your wallet (with money) and anything you have to sell. Not necessarily only bike bits. At other auction nights, bargains have ranged from tents to TV sets.

The idea of the Auction is to raise money for the Club. You can put a reserve price on anything you bring – the club takes a percentage. Or you can donate the item and the club gets the benefit. So go through your 'junk'. Bike bits, magazines, camping equipment, old gear, even what you think is rubbish. You will be surprised what some member will buy.

P.S. There is a rumour that there may be some 'El Cheapo' tyres.

CAPTAIN'S RAVE

The Captain's rave this month is on a sad note.

Through ill health, we are losing a very valuable club member. As you know Bob Evans has suffered as a chronic asthmatic for years and has persevered through many Melbourne winters. But this year Bob found his chest couldn't cope with the cold, and he has decided to call it quits.

Bob has been very involved in the club over many years – as a member, on the committee and as Magazine Editor. It is a real loss to the club to lose Bob and his lovely wife, Sonya, too.

FOR SALE

BMW 750/7 BLUE. 53,000KM.

EXTRAS – TWIN DISCS ON FRONT, PRESSLEY PANNIERS IN SAFETY WHITE.
\$2,800 ONO

RING BOB EVANS 878-6974

CLUB MEMBER OF THE YEAR AWARD

Progressive points as of 24.6.97

Keith Harris	57 points	Mick Fagan	43 points
Tom Saville	50 ½	Les Leahy	42 1/2
Peter Philferan	43 ½	Marcus Haeusler	38

COMBINED CLUB RUN 22.6.79

Combined club run to meet Ballarat Touring Club at Anakie Gorge for a barbeque lunch, followed by back roads tour of Brisbane Ranges. Meeting KBCP 9am.

It's been some time since we sank the B.T.C. at the Lakes Jubilee regatta and had a great day. So come along on this fun run, a good day guaranteed.

EDITOR'S NOTE

You will probably notice a marked difference in the quality of the printing between the front section and back of this edition. This was while we were still trying to work out the idiosyncrasy of the new press.

The machine is definitely now a "U-BEAUT".

THE EPICUREAN G.P.

Where else, I ask? Where else, on a Saturday night in Melbourne, for \$2.50, could you get a four-course meal, a tour of the city under lights and pre-recorded video entertainment?

Where else indeed, but at the MTCV Progressive Dinner! King's Bridge Car Park at 5.30pm and things were looking a little sparse for an expected turnout of 26 people.

Essendon's most recent millionaire, Johnno, was there with the new Commodore, courtesy of GMH and his bank manager along with Chris and her brother.

A few more began to arrive, like Linda who footed it down from Flinders Street Station while Kevin brought the bike clobber from Kinglake.

Then who should arrive but Brendan and Sally. Who was cooking dinner? We'd only just recovered from the shock of having the main course unattended when Tom and Jude zoomed around the corner. And just who the hell was looking after the sweets?

The assembled crowd was thrown into panic. All it needed was for Ronny Hayward to arrive and it would be obvious we were all going to starve for the night. No sooner said than Ron burbles in, large as life, leaving the soup to its own resources.

At this stage I reached for my wallet; it sure looked like take away pizza was the only alternative. But no! The collective chefs calmly assured me that all was well. So we got the bikes together and headed for the Hayward homestead and soup.

Those mounted on two wheels were Kevin and Linda, Tom and Jude, Brendan and Sally, Ron, David and me. I shall ignore those who attended on four wheels, as they're all a bunch of peasants.

20 Hudson Street, and it was wall-to-wall people stuffing themselves with soup and other assorted delicacies. Three varieties and thank you indeed Anne.

'Give us 20 minutes start', called Sally and she and Brendan were off on stage two.

Heavy debate ensued as to the fastest way to get from Moonee Ponds to Upwey. The way the bikes went probably wasn't the shortest, but it sure as hell was fast.

We were first there, and by now had discovered that this was no time for table manners, just let us at that food. Very nice it was too, Sally. Rice, chicken stuff and some other stuff the name of which I've forgotten. Probably cannelloni a la Ducati or something.

'Give us 10 minutes start', called Jude and Tom, and off they motored in the direction of East Doncaster. By this stage there were only two bikes left on the official run, a sad state indeed for a motorcycle club.

How the devil Keith Harris had gotten to the dessert rendezvous before me I'll never know, but the bastard had scoffed three plates of pavlova before I'd even set foot inside the door.

Never mind, Jude had done a great job and there was plenty for all.

Smithy was anxious to get going and have his act together at Elwood, but he needn't have worried – the troops were slowing down in no uncertain manner.

After a while someone suggested that we ring Greg and have him drive back over with the coffee.

But no, we braved the coldness of the night once more for the fourth and final leg of our eatathon.

I don't have a record of how many kilometres we travelled on the night, but I'll swear I've been on shorter Sunday day-runs.

Smithy put on a great show, not only with coffee and cake, but had the Muppets pre-recorded on colour video. For a while it looked as if he would finish up with the entire club camped in his lounge for the night.

Eventually we all disappeared on our respective ways.

You know the really good thing about Elwood? It's real close to South Yarra and home.

The Galloping Gourmet,

Les Leahy, Yamaha XT 500

THANK YOU

The Progressive Dinner was a successful night by all counts. A good turn-up, great food, an enjoyable evening and a small profit as well.

Thank you, Greg, for the organization, and a special thank you to the club members who catered for the evening and opened their homes to the rest of us.

QUEENSCLIFFE FOR SWIMMING 27.5.79

The morning looked gloomy, but I said to myself "Why not?" When I got to KBCP there were not many bikes and they were just starting to leave. There was Les Leahy, Keith Findlay 360 Honda, an outfit, 400 twin Honda, myself and an XT500 Yam with a very big 38mm carb, (rider's name unknown). More about this bike later.

We headed out along Ballarat Road and I waited on the Bacchus Marsh turn off on the Freeway. And waited and waited and waited until Keith Findlay rolled up and said that the guy on the 400 Honda had broken down on the other side of the Lion Park and was going back to Melbourne.

That took about 45 minutes. Then we all got going again and went to Geelong via Bacchus Marsh and down to Steiglitz where we stopped and had a look around. It is a very picturesque little gold mining town with a lot of history. We stayed there for about an hour

and the guy on the 500 38 Miller said he was on reserve and needed fuel. There are no petrol stations around there, so we milked my tank and got around three cups of fuel. Well, that should last a while, but it didn't. We had been about 20 miles and it poured. Boy, did it come down. So we stopped and put on our wet weathers.

Another 10 miles and the rain started to subside and you know who ran out of gas again! This time the bloke riding the outfit gave some fuel. Well, he gave two cups hoping to get him to the next petrol station. No way. After about three miles, we stopped again and gave him some more fuel. As we were doing this, Les came back and said there was a petrol station just over the hill. So we finished giving him petrol (he's got to make it this time).

We got going and I passed him along the road and filled my tank, pushed the bike aside and wondered where was he?

He said he was going to put the stock carburettor back on. Could be a good idea.

From here it was a pretty normal ride. We rolled up at Geelong and it was drizzling. We had some lunch and a thaw out and were just about ready to go and the guy who rides the outfit had taken a carby off and was performing an overhaul on it. Oh well, that done, down to Queenscliff for five minutes and back home along Geelong Road. (Too late to stay longer). Keith Findlay invited us all back to his place to have a cuppa and a warm.

Well, it was the most eventful run I have been on. And our warmest thanks to Keith and his wife.

Greg Free, Ducati 900.

CHEWTON – CASTLEMAINE 10.6.79

My alarm went off at 7.30am. It was just grey outside, and the rain was beating on the bedroom window. I'd got home from the party the night before at 2am and if I could find the cocky that shat in my mouth, it would be dead for sure.

Still, I knew I had to make the run as it was my last chance to road-test the bike properly before my biking holiday, planned to start the next weekend. I had also lost my itinerary so I guessed to be at KBCP at 9.00 to be safe. The rain cleared as I rode in and it looked generally promising. So with a full tank in KBCP at 8.45am I waited to see how many crazy people would turn up...

9.35am and it's starting to rain again, still all alone. I decided a friend in Bendigo warranted a visit and was just pulling on my other glove when Chris smoked in on his Titan. Then over the next 15 minutes John McKenna and Chris ZIR, Tom BMW, Keith BMW 1000 and Big D on his 'never say die Honda' arrived.

By 9.50am under the shelter of the viaduct, with the local paddy van cruising and closing in on us in ever decreasing circles – we decided "us was it" and off we went. Up the Tulla, still drizzling but clearing by Bulla cutting. I had new tyres front and back, semi-dirt ones too,

K70's. But after the Bulla test I decided that they were not too bad on road work either. With the XIR leading the way and Big D. holding onto the tail, we snaked on up through Riddells Creek. Only two things really happened along this stretch: Big D. decided he had only a cup of petrol and Tom on the RS gave the ZIR a fright. (Just ask Tom to fill you in. It won't take much prompting.)

Woodend and we regrouped as Big D. filled up with juice. I think he actually ran out but the bike has been running for that long it just forgot to stop. We decided it was Malmsbury for coffee and took off into the Black Forest. Well, it wasn't black, just wet and very cold. By Kyneton most of us were as cold and wet as we could get so Malmsbury was looking really good.

We lined up seven coffees and found one cold person, four wet and cold people, and two people warm and dry. Tom especially, his only complaint so far was about Kyneton; every time we slowed up to 45km/h his tank started getting wet. Shame! Both he and John also had electric vests and trying to warm up several pairs of hands by shoving them up warm jumpers in turn must have looked pretty strange to the locals.

We talked and talked while us more Spartan and real motorcyclists (?) warmed up. Funnily, the subject was always turning to fairings and heaters, and yet none of us could understand why more members hadn't turned up for the ride.

Half an hour and on the road again with only slight drizzle. Not far along we turned left off the Calder onto Conlon's Road, otherwise known as McKenna's Highway! At this point I was riding No.2 when down from the hills on the left came a great herd of stampeding cattle. They had horns and all, so I gave way. While John and Chris zoomed off, oblivious of the situation, the rest of us played jackaroo to this mob of four.

Well, we snuck past them and were able to concentrate on the dirt, and dirt it was. The weather was still spitting to drizzling and the track covered everything from fast surface to loose, large boulder strewn mud. It wasn't 4WD stuff but it sure did break the monotony of sealed road. We hit the seal again and headed for Chewton, not far up the bitumen goat track.

Twisting through the town we saw a group of wet people heading into the mine on tour. But we kept on moving, to Castlemaine for lunch. Arriving around noon and still it was drizzling. I can tell you after seeing Tom hop off the BM bone dry, I cast more than a sideways glance at the Milk Bar pie warmer. Pity it was not 12V. But we stood and talked and debated for an hour or so. We generally enjoyed just being on bikes, even if it was wet. The locals even put on a bit of a car show for us.

By 1pm we had decided the mine wasn't so attractive and motorcycling was, so we twisted off down the Calder, cutting in at the Elphington Flyover and pulled in at Kyneton for the ZIR to fill up. I was amazed as I worked out that the Duke had got 70 mpg on the 135km up to Castlemaine. But this was John's full tank run out already.

Once again we headed into the Black Forest. It had stopped drizzling and was now raining. I just could not see how Tom or John could be enjoying this spin, not even wet!! But what was this. Yes, south of the Great Divide the sun is shining. Dry roads. Yippee!

Off the Calder and through Riddells Creek. I was even drying out. Our speed increased markedly down this fantastic stretch of road. Even Chris on the Titan was percolating. Best yet, he kept saying. Even passed a Duke. Pity I was only cruising.

Anyway, down Bulla, damn cars held up progress, and John said back to Niddrie for tea. And he knows some great streets around Tulla too. Nice dry sweepers.

We finished a great day's run at John's folk's place. We also saw pictures of his Bali holidays. Neat place to go. And his new Commodore car.

We parted and headed home. A great day. Tom, Chris and I took a side trip along the Boulevard and back which proved fun too.

Those of you who were turned off by the rain missed a treat and a drenching.

Bruce, Ducati 750

METUNG WEEKEND

16, 17, 18 June 1979

What camp?

The members of the club, Tom, Keith, Big D, Kevin and unfinancial me (Linda) attended the Metung camp.

We assembled near the Dandenong clock tower around 7.30am on Saturday morning. We left Dandenong at 7.45am and travelled along the Princes Highway (which was quite hectic with all the holiday makers) to Sale, where we stopped for morning tea. By the time we were ready to leave, the traffic had thinned considerably, leaving a pleasant ride ahead of us.

We arrived at Metung around lunchtime and set up camp in a CARAVAN PARK! (to Tom's disgust.)

In the afternoon Keith and Tom went fishing at Lakes Entrance. Kevin and I went for a ride around Metung and Big D. went to Buchan National Park for the night where the Four-Owners Club was camping.

Kevin and I later joined Keith and Tom at Lakes Entrance, fishing. YES, we did have fish for tea... and chips and scallops, and dim sims, from the shop near the jetty. I caught as many fish without a fishing rod, as the three great fishermen did with their fishing rods. The closest we came to catching a fish was about 20ft away.

The guy on our left caught a fish, but wasn't game enough to take it off the hook. So big, brave Keith went to the rescue.

On our right, 20ft away a man caught an eel. Quite a slimy revolting thing really! Slithering around as the man made two attempts to dissect the head from the remains of its body; and the blood just poured out.

The only fish story we had to tell was when Tom was momentarily distracted by two females walking past. The fish suddenly became interested in what was on the end of his hook. But as usual, with any fish story “that was the one that got away”.

Nobody could possibly sleep in on Sunday with the racket at sunrise from the bird in the tree near us, and the rest of its feathery friends.

After breakfast, Tom decided he would return home as Judy was ill. Keith also decided he would go with Tom.

Big D returned from Buchan, via Bairnsdale, and we decided to move the remains of the Metung camp to Buchan and to join the Four-Owners.

After erecting our tents, we went over to join the people around the campfire.

The Victorian Wood chopping championships were held over the weekend at Buchan and the logs were brought to the National Park and used on our camp fire.

In the morning after breakfast quite a few of us began packing our gear up. We thanked the Four-Owners Club for their hospitality while we were at Buchan and then departed for home.

In conclusion, the METUNG CAMP was a “disaster”.

PS I have now been on two club camps, and both were poorly attended. The effort put into arranging the camps has been purely wasted. Will the camps arranged in the future also be a waste of effort to organize... and attend?

Linda Delahoy

LERDERDERG GORGE 24.6.1979

7am saw us crawling out of bed and eyeing off a bright red dawn. Remembering the shepherds warning, we wondered just what sort of day we were in for. Three hours later saw us at KBCP with full tanks and raring to go. By the time Tom was ready to brief us, there were 18 machines present (16 solo's and two outfits). Right on time at 10.30am Tom led us out via the city, Flemington, Racecourse and Ballarat Roads to the highway and Bacchus Marsh.

Big D held the tail together. On arrival at “the Marsh” we were down one machine as Keith (Honda 360) had pulled out around Maidstone due to a rather whiskery clutch cable. He managed to procure a replacement and eventually rejoined us just after lunch.

After the break at Bacchus Marsh we continued on to Lerderderg Gorge. Our arrival saw the fireplace cleaned out, wood scrounged up and smoke made. Just as the cooking was proceeding nicely, who should turn up but Mick and Joy. (Good noses!). Two weekends in a row I've seen Mick, and both times he was busy stuffing jaffles down his throat. Any significance in that?

After we'd taken our fill of tucker some bright spark (!!) suggested that we try throwing a frisbee back and forth across the river. Result, much splashing, stamping and throwing of water! Once we got tired (wet) of that we went back to yarning.

Mick decided to find out how deep the water was at the crossing and decreed that it was up to the tank on the Boomer! I noticed that he came back via the shallows though refused to repeat the performance for the camera.

By this time, we were just about ready to leave and then discovered that we had lost two of our ladies. Joy and Judy had gone missing (per boot!). To pass the time while we waited, it somehow evolved that a few would play with Les' XT 500. Tom went for a run and brought it back. Keith (R100/7) went for a run and also brought it back. Mick went for a run, across the shallows, down the other side of the river, back to the crossing and in he went. Two thirds of the way across he drowned it. No, he didn't drop it, but it didn't make noise no more!

Mick dragged it out of the water, pushed it back to the group and started artificial respiration. You know, the usual things, check the points, dry the plug, drain the carby. About this time the girls returned and got blamed for one wet Yammy, not to mention the two litres of water each of Mick's boots held. Oh well, boys will be boys!

A few kicks resulted in no noise. More kicks, then more, a push up the road, then down the road and still no noise. A couple of kicks and lo and behold, NOISE. Let's roll.

Up the Gisborne-Rockbank Road and up over Mt Misery to the Melton-Keilor Road. A left turn here and down to Sydenham. A right turn here led the majority through to Sunshine and dispersal, though Faye and I continued straight ahead to the Calder Highway and up to Sunbury. All in all, a great day. Good ride. Good laughs and good natured ribbing.

Bye for now

Fay Duffy (Honda 550F) and Geoff Duffy (Honda 750 outfit)

PRESIDENT

- Leaps tall building with a single bound.
- Is more powerful than a locomotive.
- Is faster than a speeding bullet.
- Walks on water.
- Gives policy to God.

VICE PRESIDENT

- Leaps short buildings with a single bound.
- Is more powerful than a switch engine.
- Is just as fast as a speeding bullet.
- Walks on water if sea is calm.
- Talks to God.

SECRETARY

- Leaps short building with a running start.
- Is almost as powerful as a switch engine,
- Can almost match a speeding bullet.
- Walks on water of indoor pools.
- Talks with God, if special request is approved.

TREASURER

- Barely clears medium gum trees.
- Loses tug of war with loco.
- Can fire a speeding bullet.
- Swims well after rain.
- Is occasionally addressed by God's clerk.

EDITOR

- Steps over dog house with ease.
- Recognises loco easily.
- Can fire air gun.
- Can float on back.
- Can talk with God's clerk with permission.

CLUB CAPTAIN

- Runs into buildings.
- Recognises loco three out of four times.
- Is not issued with ammunition.
- Can stay afloat with aid of water wings.
- Mumbles to himself.

BIKE SHOP OWNERS

- Falls over doorstep when trying to enter.
- Says "look at choo choo".
- Wets themselves...with water pistol.
- Plays in mud puddles
- Talks to walls.

THE BIKE RIDERS

- Lifts buildings and walks under them.
- Kicks loco off tracks.
- Catches speeding bullet in teeth and eats them.
- Freezes water at a single glance.
- Is God.

David DUCATI 860 GTS

**EXPLANATORY SHEET RE THE “DEMERIT POINTS SYSTEM” WHICH CAME
INTO OPERATION ON THE 1st MAY 1970**

In accordance with the provisions of the Motor Car Act, a number of “Demerit Points” must be marked against your drivers’ licence in the following circumstances:-

- (a) If you are convicted before a court for any of the offences listed hereunder, and/or
- (b) If you expiate a “Traffic Infringement Notice” which was issued for any of the offences listed hereunder which are denoted by an asterisk (*).

(Note: a “Traffic Infringement Notice” is NOT a conviction.)

Type of offence

Points lost

Driver of vehicle transporting more than 2500 litres of inflammable liquid failing to stop at a railway crossing.....	4
Failing to give way at a pedestrian crossing.....	3
Failing to stop at a school crossing whilst any person is thereon.....	3
Passing a vehicle stopped at pedestrian crossing or school crossing.....	3
*Disobeying traffic control signal.....	3
Overtaking or passing on a bridge when not permitted.....	2
Not keeping left of vehicle travelling in opposite direction.....	2
*Exceeding speed limit.....	2
Failing to pass through intersection at such a speed as to be able to stop to avoid a collision.....	2
*Driving an unroadworthy vehicle.....	2
Careless driving.....	1
Incorrectly overtaking or passing.....	1
*Failing to obey a “Stop” sign.....	1
*Disobeying a minor traffic control item.....	1
Failing to pass to the left of a vehicle about to turn right.....	1
*Failing to give way to pedestrians or vehicles.....	1
Driving between sunset and sunrise without lamps being alight.....	1
*Passing a stationary tram car.....	1

Driving to right of safety zone.....1

*Failing to keep left of double lines.....1

*Failing to give stop or turn signals.....1

Effects on your Licence

When, and if a total of twelve (12) ‘points’ is recorded within the last preceding twelve (12) months, your licence will be suspended for six (6) months. If the same number of ‘points’ is accumulated in the last preceding three (3) years, then the period of suspension will be for three (3) months.

Drivers are expected to keep their own tally of points accrued, and the only notification given before a “Suspension Notice” is issued is a courtesy ‘Warning’ letter advising a driver that he/she has accumulated six (6) ‘points’.

Surcharge payable on renewal of Licence

If during any three (3) year period a driver accumulates nine (9) “Demerit Points” arising from the traffic offences as listed on this sheet, OR if a person is convicted before a court of the following offences:-

- (1) ‘Manslaughter’ in relation to the use of a motor vehicle.
- (2) ‘Negligent Driving’ causing grievous bodily harm.
- (3) ‘Culpable Driving’ causing the death of another person.

then a SURCHARGE of \$100.00, is payable in addition to the renewal fee of \$30.00, before a licence will be issued.

Sole Grounds of Appeal against suspension of Licence

A driver may appeal in writing to the Magistrates’ Court, on one or more of the following grounds, namely:_

- (a) That demerit points have been recorded against him/her in error or because of wrongful or mistaken identity; or
- (b) That a miscalculation has been made in the assessment of the total number of demerit points recorded against him/her.

(Printed with the courtesy of BMW Club of Vic.)

WORLDS END MOTORCYCLE RALLY

The 1979 World End Motorcycle Rally is being held at Warren Gorge (in the main area this year) near Quorn in the Flinders Ranges, S.A., on the weekend of September 29th and 30th.

Entrants should carry all provisions needed for the weekend. Water is available and firewood will be supplied. Garbage bags will be provided so that entrants can leave their area tidy.

Cool drinks and fruit juices will be available on the site at near cost price.

For those wishing to partake, a light meal will be provided on Saturday evening (be early 'cos there won't be any leftover).

No cars will be permitted on the site. This is a motorcycle rally!

Offensive behaviour is not appreciated. Clubs will be held responsible for their members. Trophy points will be deducted for excessive rowdiness prior to presenting the club award.

As usual, an informal (friendly?) gymkhana will be held on Saturday afternoon and the various trophies will be given out on Sunday morning by the Mayor of Quorn.

Badges will be given to rallyists as they arrive. 500 badges have been ordered and preference will be given to the first 500 entries received before the closing date, September 1st. Entries after that may have to wait until more badges are available.

Trophies will be presented for the longest distance male and female solo riders, longest distance pillionist, longest distance sidecar, highest combined club distance, highest combined age of rider and machine and to the unluckiest rallyist. With regard to the long distance trophies, the distance covered in the preceding week may be claimed, provided it is properly recorded. If you want to be considered for a trophy, you must nominate yourself on checking in. Only those people who nominate will be considered.

WHEN September 29th and 30th 1979

WHERE Warren Gorge, 18km north of Quorn in the Flinders Ranges, S.A.

HOW MUCH \$3.00 per person

ENTRIES CLOSE Saturday, 1st September 1979

POST ENTRIES TO MOTORCYCLE TOURING CLUB OF S.A. INC.
P.O BOX 12
GOODWOOD S.A. 5034

Please make cheques and money orders payable to Motorcycle Touring Club of S.A. Inc.