

EDITORIAL NOVEMBER 1979

Another month has passed and we would like to thank all those who submitted articles for this magazine. You will notice I said WE. Yes, she has finally returned, much to my relief, as it takes quite a long time to type up a stencil with two fingers.

While we are discussing the magazine, we have been a bit upset to see our magazine screwed up on the floor after the meeting or alternatively thrown in the dirt bin. There is bulk work, about 30-40 hours per month involved. So, if you have finished with the magazine at the meeting and don't wish to keep it, leave it on the chair. We will distribute them around some of the bike shops. Or if you take it home and don't want to save it, give it to a friend or fellow biker. Perhaps someone reading what a fun time we have will want to join the Club.

Contrary to the rumour going around, the magazine will NOT be raffled.

Editors: Jude & Smithy

NOVEMBER RUNS

SUNDAY 4 PARENTS DAY. HALFWAY THROUGH THE BLACK SPUR. KBCP
9.30am
SUNDAY 11 APOLLO BAY. ROUND TRIP. KBCP 8.30am, LAVERTON (SHELL)
9.20am
WEEKEND17&18 BUCHAN CAVES. CAMPING. HALLAM 7am SHARP
SUNDAY 25 NUMURKAH. KBCP 9AM. PICNIC LUNCH.

DECEMBER

SUNDAY 2 PORT CAMPBELL. KBCP 7.30am LAVERTON (SHELL) 8.20am
FRIDAY 7 GENERAL MEETING
WEEKEND 8&9 XMAS PARTY. JAMIESON PUB.

ELECTION RESULTS

| | | | |
|----------------|---------------|------------------|------------------|
| <u>PRES</u> | MICK FAGAN | <u>TREAS</u> | KEITH HARRIS |
| <u>V. PRES</u> | SALLY GLEESON | <u>SOC. SEC</u> | CHRISTINE DAWSON |
| <u>SEC.</u> | IAN TAYLOR | <u>CAPTAIN</u> | TOM SAVILLE |
| <u>ASS.SEC</u> | KEITH FINLAY | <u>V.CAPTAIN</u> | KEVIN ROBERTSON |

REMINDER

The bookings for the Christmas Party close on 11th November. We are going to have a ball, so don't miss out. So far, we have got over 30 people coming. There is still some accommodation available at the pub. Tickets are available from Smithy. They cost approximately \$20 per person for the night with \$10 deposit payable on booking. Jamieson Pub. Weekend 8th and 9th December.

CHRISTMAS HAMPER

Donations are coming in slowly for the Christmas hamper. Remember, everyone who donates an article (valued at over \$1) gets a free ticket. Tickets are 25 cents each or 5 for a dollar.

INVITATION

In honour of Guy Fawkes, you are herewith cordially invited to a celebration:

- To be held at 10 Crisp St Essendon.
 - On the evening of 10th November '79.
 - A bonfire will be supplied as will BBQ facilities
 - So BYO everything (food, wine, chairs, glasses etc ESPECIALLY fireworks).
 - BBQ from 5.00 pm.
-

FOR SALE

NORTON 750 Interstate 74 model, original 7,000 miles, new paint, tyres, R.W.C. No Reg. \$920.00. Ring Craig 870 8835

PROGRESSIVE POINTS FOR CLUB MEMBER OF THE YEAR 1980

| | |
|------------------|----|
| CRAIG DAWSON | 16 |
| LLOYD WISSMAN | 15 |
| CHRISTINE DAWSON | 13 |
| CHRIS NEGUS | 13 |
| FAGAN | 12 |
| TED MARSHALL | 12 |

Articles for the Club magazine can be sent to the following addresses:

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EAST DONCASTER 3109
Ph. 848 7867

Mr Greg Smith
5/59 Shelley St.
ELWOOD 3184
Ph. 531 4608

WORLDS END RALLY, QUORN (South Australia)

Attended by 17.

Phillip Andrews on his 400/4 and I left Melbourne on Thursday at 6am. The weather was fine until Beauford and then it rained until Keith where it was fine and sunny, with a cloudless sky. Great, I thought, we had left the poor weather behind us. And we had, till just over the Murray River. Then there was a storm everywhere we looked. Well, we were wet anyway.

The weather was fine in Adelaide and we stayed at a friend's home overnight. All that can be said is that it wasn't cold in the rain and thank god for Laundromats where Phillip dried out our gear.

Friday about 10.30am saw us off to the Barossa Valley. We sampled the wines and viewed the vines at Chateau Yaldara and bought some samples. After eating, we departed and again it rained till Port Pirie. From then on it was only the odd shower till the rain cleared altogether on Saturday.

We stopped at Clare where there were a few other bikes parked under a shelter. They left, then we did. Soon after a lot of bikes entered from a side road. Maybe someone took a wrong turn?

I found myself leading to Port Pirie. What they didn't know was that it was a case of the blind leading the blind. Once on the main road, the strangers disappeared, and we continued on to Port Pirie for food. The fact that we stopped 10 minutes at Clare and that it was overcast making it dark earlier meant we had to use our lights for the 21km dirt road section, which was not the best though it was not as bad as I remembered it when wet.

At Chateau Yaldara they advised that the Para River was the highest they had seen it for years. Also, the rumour was that Darren had said the river at the gorge had two feet of water flowing and we wouldn't be able to cross it. This was untrue, or at least the water level part was, as it had only been to 6 or 7 inches deep and was now only 4 or 5 inches deep.

Going down the bank was greasy but the riverbed was grippy stones and the bank up the other side was not greasy. I spent a considerable time with my camera waiting for someone to drop their bike in the river but no-one did. The sign said water 6 foot deep and at one time late Saturday afternoon a crowd gathered on the banks to cheer and carry on while some solo, two up, three up, rode across the river at speed splashing those coming from the opposite direction.

I saw one guy near the river with a paint brush cleaning his bike, while other riders just went back and forwards through the water at speed just for fun. The fact that the bikes got muddy going up the bank didn't seem to matter as they were very happy.

I suggested to Phillip at Clare that I would bet anything that Darren had organised himself into a hotel at Quorn, which turned out to be the case. I also said that he would not make the river campsite which also turned out to be true.

We found a spot for our tents near MTCV members Mick and Joy, Tom and Jude, Craig and Christine, John McKenna and Christine, Ian Taylor and Lynne, Chris Negus, Frank Bloxham, Keith Harris, the Morgan family and others, but no-where could I see the Four Owners. There was a fair number of people from the Canberra Four Owners and someone said that they saw someone with a V4 patch. When I looked at the board provided so clubs could mark their locations, I couldn't see them.

That night the sounds were like the night shift at a gold mine as late arrivals put up tents and hammered pegs into the ground - stones, mostly. The organising club was better organised than my last rally two years ago. They had a tent with soft drinks and fruit juice for sale. Also a tandem trailer for getting wood which soon disappeared. This is a necessity as bikes can't carry six railway sleepers. Which reminds me of a married couple who arrived, both riding large bikes, who apparently stopped on the other side of the river to consider the safest route. [How many people went through without stopping?] Did he go first to show how deep it was? You've got to be kidding. No. To wife, "You go first dear," and she did.

The way Tom Saville of the MTCV was chasing up potential members, don't be surprised if he wins the Clubman award without going on a single ride. Unlike some of the European rallies, with one exception, there was nothing unusual here in way of bikes or outfits. The exception being an XT Yammie 500 single with a lightweight chair and a side-car wheel drive. The guy who made this has made a VW engine two-wheel drive outfit with engine slung under the chair. This won a prize at an Elephant Rally. He has also made an outfit with twin Harley motors, and is currently making an outfit with a Corolla motor in it.

The Goldwing Club surprisingly made it over the 21kms of dirt to the rally site. Darren, having met them at Quorn, said goodbye and headed back to Melbourne. However, the Goldwing Club did not dirty their wheels by crossing the river and did not associate or camp with us common lot on our side but preferred to stay on their own side with 30 others.

There were between 500 and 600 people at the rally Saturday night. Saturday afternoon saw as many leaving as arriving with people from Queensland, and a large group from the Perth BM Club. Les Duffield was missing, in hospital. He is 70 years young (don't call me old). He rode earlier this year from Adelaide, where he lives, to Perth for the Black Duck Rally.

Years ago, an MG or a Triumph sports car or a Mustang were called real men's cars, and Holdens and Fords were family cars, while a Morris 1100 was a woman's car.

Back when BMW bikes were the best, you had a conservative older person riding them. Then BM changed their image and quality, and you have a different sort of person riding them today. The Mutual Admiration Society today seems to be owners of Goldwings. Not all owners are like this, thank God, but with too many it's, "Isn't your bike nice." "Yes, I like yours too." And "Aren't we the lucky people having a Goldwing."

I am sure Honda didn't want this anymore than BMC wanted the Morris 1100 viewed as a woman's car. Honda wanted a bike for touring to compete with Harleys on freeway riding, which the Goldwing does. It seems to be becoming a cult, a cult as the Harley is, though in a different way. What I am getting at is that there are too many enthusiast Harley and Goldwing owners, but not enthusiast riders of these bikes. Owning one seems to change people. Those who had a Honda 750/4 or Kawa or whatever and rode anywhere including dirt roads, after buying a Harley or Goldwing, keep off the dirt. There will always be enthusiast owners of bikes who are not enthusiast riders of bikes, and clubs catering for them. It was my impression that at one time the Four-Owners were enthusiast owners. Fortunately, they have changed so that today it is average in percentage of enthusiast owners only. Unfortunately, this owners versus riders situation can affect sales. As an example, I might once have considered a Goldwing, but today because of the image or type of owners (not exclusively) riding them, I would prefer any make or model of bike other than a Goldwing as I prefer to be called a motor cycle enthusiast rather than a Goldwing owner. I feel even stronger about this after seeing the Goldwing Club people.

Back to the rally. Saturday afternoon sports events were held including who could ride the furthest on an outfit with the chair in the air, and the most people on an outfit (22).

Saturday evening a light snack was supplied: bread, tomato sauce, sausages, hamburger and an orange. There was plenty of food for all, and plenty like me who went back for seconds and thirds, and still there was food left.

That night everyone did their own cooking if they had brought supplies with them. There was a group providing entertainment by the main fire.

Next morning we did not wait for the Mayor of Quorn to arrive to present prizes, but left the rally at 8.30am. By then the road was mainly dry and we rode to Port Augusta to look around, and then on to Adelaide.

I rode back to Melbourne on Monday in 8 hours and 10 minutes. Not fast, but quick for me. Phillip came back on Tuesday.

Both days the weather was fine with a tail wind. What a difference to going over. All will agree you don't have to be mad to ride a bike in the wet, but it sure helps.

LLOYD 750/4

Did you hear about the bee that broke its leg? It fell off its honey.

Did you hear about the bus driver who broke his leg? He fell off the couch when he swerved to miss a child.

Why are farts always followed by an aroma? So deaf people don't miss out.

Did you hear about the Irishman who took his tie back to Myers? It was too tight.

Little Audrey was taken to the railway station by her father. He showed her the Overland and said that was a big train and therefore that was the Daddy train. He showed her the Spirit of Progress and said that was a smaller train, so it was the Mummy train. Then he showed the Werribee train and said that was a little train therefore that was the Baby train. Little Audrey laughed and laughed because she knew that was not true because she knew that trains always pulled out on time.

Little Audrey was flying in an aeroplane and the pilot said if you all look out the window you will see beautiful virgin land. Well, she laughed and laughed to herself because she knew what Big Mal and done to it.

What is a ball bearing mouse trap? A Tom Cat.

A housewife bought a new refrigerator. When it was delivered, she opened the door and there was a little white rabbit. "What on earth are you doing in there?" she asked. "This is a Westinghouse, isn't it?" said the rabbit. "Yes." "Well, I'm Westing."

The young man was greatly smitten by the charms of the attractive hotel chambermaid. On the last morning of his stay, his usual cup of tea was bought up to him by a waiter. "Where's the chambermaid?" the young man asked. "I couldn't say for sure, sir," the waiter replied. "But the cup and saucer were made in Japan."

1979 WORLDS END RALLY REPORT 29th and 30th SEPTEMBER

Even though this rally was listed as an Official Club function, travel to and from was not as an organised ride. It was left up to the individual members to find their own way in their own time. We did, however, have quite a good representation as I believe some 17 members were present. I'm not going to name names as I must confess that whilst faces were familiar, names were not necessarily so. To those who made it, I trust you enjoyed the run as much as Faye and I; and to those who didn't make it, try it sometime. It really is worth the effort.

To report on something like this is rather difficult due to the individual run each member made so this will be written as Faye and I saw the rally (from start to finish) over a period of 10 days and 2,909 kms.

We headed out at 6.45am on 26th September for Mildura via Bendigo, Kerang, Swanhill and Robinvale. We made Swanhill for lunch. During the stop I checked around the outfit for a crook wheel bearing due to abnormal noises. Unable to find anything suspicious, we continued on to Mildura. By the time we reached Mildura I had convinced myself that the noise was emanating from the rear wheel area.

After collecting some tucker in town, we found our way out to Apex Park, a camping park on a bend of the Murray River amid a cloud of mosquitoes. After we got set up I pulled the rear wheel out to find the bearings in perfect condition. I put the noise down to the tyre tread pattern. It was a new tyre fitted for the run, a brand and pattern I had not previously ridden on.

Rising the next morning before seven we found the same cloud of mozzies waiting for us. Rain was threatening, quite a contrast to when arrived in Mildura yesterday evening in bright sunshine and 27 degrees. A quick coffee, break camp, don waterproofs and hit the road. We really didn't want anything wet just yet and brekky could wait a while.

The roadhouse at Cullulleraine satisfied the worms. From there to the South Australian border must be one of the most miserable stretches of road I have come across. Undulating, in places narrow and rough, it just seems to go on and on and bloody on! Once across the border however, things changed.

Renmark appears, refuel, coffee and on we go. Just beyond Berri a bag of oranges is added to the kit. About Blanche Town we found a roadhouse and decided on lunch. There we met up with a chap from Sydney aboard an R69S, also was heading for the Rally. The bike was interesting as he was running a 40 litre tank atop of which was a generous size tank bag which made a good chin

rest! He said the 40 litre tank was beaut as he only had to refuel once a day, 'cause he didn't normally ride more than 450 miles in any one day. That's what I call reasonable range.

We continued on through Nuriootpa, Kapunda and Tarlee to Clare. Approaching Clare we copped the worst rain storm I have ever encountered. Visibility was reduced to about four feet. The only part of the road I could see was the yellow line provided I looked directly down along the fork leg. Faye stopped while I continued on to a roadhouse. Over a coffee we decided that we should continue north as the weather appeared to break that way. We eventually set up camp at the park in Gladstone.

Next morning we continued northwards to Wilmington only to be diverted across to Port Germein when we were just short of Murray Town. Road works on the Horrock Pass between Wilmington and Port Augusta had this road closed during working hours.

Between Port Germain and Port Augusta we were running into a 40 km/h wind. Hard riding and hard on the pocket. The Wing could only range 28 mpg this stretch.

After lunch at Port Augusta (and fuel), we headed up through the Pichi Richi pass to Quorn, picked up the weekend's tucker, and then headed out to Warren's Gorge and the Rally.

While checking in, we met up with Chris, Craig and a rider on a Honda CB900 who also had just arrived. We all teamed up and selected a camp site. As the afternoon progressed, we (MTCV) continued to arrive. Jude and Tom, Keith, Chris, Joy and Mick, Porky, etc etc. By nightfall we had quite an area occupied. When Frank arrived there was much conjecture as to just where he should pitch his tent. Some suggested it should be at least 100 yards away. It appears Frank has a reputation for snoring rather loudly!

About midnight Faye got up to investigate activity around our campfire and found a chap from Horsham stoking it up. Wet, cold tired and hungry. He had knocked off work, jumped on the bike and headed for the Rally knowing that a couple of his mates had left earlier. They had arranged to meet at the Rally. When he arrived he rode round the area a couple of times but he couldn't find them. He saw the coals in our fire and figured (correctly) that we wouldn't mind if he had a warm and cooked some tucker. He found his mates next morning, when they arrived! They had found the going a bit wet and had dossed in a pub in Adelaide overnight. Small wonder he couldn't find their tent!

Saturday morning there was little activity other than people arriving. Fay and I decided to run into Quorn for some extra supplies and pick up a load of wood on the way back. The question "Anybody want anything in town?" left us with quite a list of things required by people in the immediate vicinity. A couple of hours later, shopping and wood duly delivered to camp.

During the morning a couple of my work mates arrived and after lunch three more. As a result I missed the start of the gymkhana. Even so it turned out an amusing afternoon. A few interesting incidents, like when the chap tried a new way of getting off his R75. He stood it up on its front wheel and tried to step off over the bars. It didn't work out too well! Then there was the outfit that rode the course with the tyres squashed flat. 22 persons on board. In the slow race Fagan got a bit of a ribbing for stopping (feet still on the pegs of course) to see how the competition was going. Even an XT couldn't get slow enough to stay behind him. Final event was a variation of Musical Chairs. Bikes riding around in a large circle, lady pillion side-saddle, witches hats in the middle and on call, the ladies leap off, race into the circle and grab a witches hat. Trouble is, there was always one more lady than witches hats. Boy, did the girls get into it. Incidentally Mick was top dog in the Slalom and Slow Race.

The evening's entertainment consisted of group singing folk songs. Well, that's how it started off. When I left they weren't singing exactly what you would call folk songs.

Back at camp the entertainment wasn't of quite the same calibre. It consisted of a member curled up on the wet ground by the fire, cuddling his favourite bottle, snoring his head off. A nudge in the ribs (with boot) only brought forth much rumbling, a sigh and more snoring!

Sunday morning saw the majority breaking camp to head home. Trophies were presented around 10am. The BMW Club (Vic) got the highest combined mileage (forgot the exact figure). A chap from Perth got the hard luck trophy. Seems the bloke that timed his Guzzi for him before he left set the tappets too tight and it ran out of valves. The bike went back to Perth on the train and the rider pillioned with his mate.

Two awards that caused some controversy were the longest distance male and female solos. They were both MTC (SA) members from Adelaide who arrived at the Rally via Queensland. From memory about 5,000km each, when in fact they were only 350km from home. A lot of people felt that these awards should be on direct mileage, not, as this was. Longest distance outfit came from Hobart.

Sunday night saw the Club's contingent down to Jude and Tom, Keith, Chris, Faye and myself and kids.

We had a bit of a flap at breakfast on Monday morning when a couple of members discovered that the hamburgers, on which they had dined the previous evening, had lots of funny little white things crawling around in them. We saw a couple of puffy cheeks! Guess the moral is, don't keep society hours when camping. At least in daylight you can see what you are eating and don't have to wonder about it next morning.

After brekky we broke camp, rode into Quorn to replenish tanks and tucker boxes, and headed off to the Wilpena Pound area via the Station Tracks. We eventually wound up in the Moralana Scenic Route (just south of Wilpena, Flinders Ranges) looking for a spring. When we were unable to locate it we decided to head up into the Parachilna Gorge between Parachilna and Blinman for a couple of days.

Before heading out into the Gorge we had a break at the Parachilna Pub. After all it is the only thing at Parachilna. Peoples and bikes satisfied, we headed out and found a satisfactory site just on darkness. A good day's riding though not without incident.

A certain RS apparently thought it wasn't pretty enough and tried for a mud bath. BM god and red mud didn't really go so well together.

Then there was a 500 that opted for a bath (presumably to get rid of the dust) but the water wasn't deep enough and it only managed to rinse one side.

Another RS just got plain tired after clambering over a mound of earth left by a grader. Its rider doesn't believe in letting sleeping dogs (bikes?) lie so it was forced to continue.

The outfit decided that the little sidecar wheel was taking too much of a punishing and tried two wheeling. A kick in the ribs soon brought it back into line.

The BM R75 seemed to be more determined than most. It just wanted to go. Rolling the twist grip off didn't seem to have the desired effect. It just kept on going! Removing the stick jammed in the right hand throttle linkage brought it back into line. Quite a day.

Tuesday was a rest (?) day. We scrounged up some wood, the dirtier (?) ones bathed (!!!) and Tom set a snare for the bunnies. However, the bunnies wouldn't co-operate.

Chris climbed up Mount Mary. A near sheer face, god knows how high. Lots of loose shale kept clattering down to the creek bed. Every time some more rubble came clattering down, we anxiously

looked up and sure enough there was Chris, still clinging to the face. He must have had claws like a bloody cat. That sort of caper is not for this lad I'm afraid, not enough hairs on the chest!

The bikes got a bit of tender loving care too. One RS was washed, the other had repairs to a plug lead. The R75's clock had given up the ghost in the rain on the way to the Rally so we had a go at repairs. After dismantling, which required a soldering iron, we found a break in the printed circuit board. A short circuit when the case got water in it had caused the problem. We soldered a strand of copper wire over the break but no joy. Apparently, the electronics had also suffered a haemorrhage and that was just a little beyond us in the bush.

The 550 was calling for a tappet check and this was soon dispersed with. The outfit had been behaving reasonably well, so all it got was a kick in the guts. It got its own back that afternoon though; it went bush twice.

Tom and I had been into the Pub to get some cool drinks and we were on our way back to camp when Tom got caught out with the classic outfit boo-boo: not enough power available for a left hander. Not really Tom's fault, after all he is used to the torque of the BM and the Wing just doesn't have it under three grand. He had done everything spot on, washed the speed off, got onto a good line, but hadn't dropped a gear or two to keep it on song. When he cranked it open, we just kept going straight ahead.

I feel I owe Tom an apology as I could see what was going to happen and really had enough time to yell instructions, but I was too busy laughing at his facial expressions as he realised it wasn't going to go round that corner.

We left the road going up a 12-inch-high bank left by a grader, through a water course about three feet deep and 10 feet wide, and slid to a stop. I was still laughing and was bemused by a lot of froth flowing past the sides of the sidecar seat. Then I realised what had happened. One of my bottles of beer had broken! Pooh! However, that was the extent of the damage.

We had a fag and continued on to camp. Tom grabbed the sidecar seat though. I think he'd had enough of those weird three wheeled things that don't necessarily go where you point them. I'm always somewhat sympathetic to a long term solo rider getting into trouble with an outfit. He is so conditioned to keeping the bars straight that it really goes against the grain to heave them round. Initially, it can, in fact, be terrifying!

When we got back to camp Jude indicated that she would like to try a ride in the chair. She implored me not to frighten the daylights out of her. I took it easy. In fact, I even picked the chair up over the worst bumps so she wouldn't get shaken up too much. We slid through a U-turn to go back to camp and still as calm as a cucumber. Hmm, got to do something to stir her up. The creek crossing has got to be it.

About a foot deep, smooth, should just about be able to dump the rooster tail from the front wheel right into the chair. Sorry Jude. I just couldn't resist it!

Then Chris said, "My turn". I took him up the road, told him what I was doing, chair up, chair down, power off on right handers, on for left handers etc. We broadsided through the U-turn and I pulled up to let him take it. Off we went, no hassle, over a rise, roll off and she goes away to the right. Oops, a bit of brake, harder to the right. We left the road but stopped short of a sheer two foot drop into a gutter. We manhandled the beast back onto the road and continued on. No problems until we pulled up just prior to the creek crossing. Again the drift to the right during deceleration had the solo rider beat. I took it through the creek and to camp. Incidentally I don't knock the solo rider who has trouble with an outfit but it is amusing to watch the reactions. And so ended Tuesday.

Wednesday was a sad day for Faye and I as we had to start the journey home. Oh well, all good things must come to an end.

We broke camp and rode into Blinman. Refreshed, we headed south to Hawker, some 110 km. The only drama was an RS that coated its rear wheel with oil. Tightening a loose oil cooler hose cured that.

At Hawker we refuelled, lunched, and so came to the parting of the ways. Jude, Tom, Keith and Chris were heading for Broken Hill via the station tracks. Faye and I, Sunbury via the highways. Pooh! We rode on to Orroroo and camped overnight.

On Thursday we continued on down through the Clare Valley across to Eudunda to Morgan. The run from Eudunda to Morgan is a newish section of road: wide, straight, smooth, uninteresting. A good road to get over quickly. Up went the speed, 130km/h the order of the day.

While refuelling at Morgan I happened to glance back at my rear tyre. "Cor, where did all the rubber go?" I said to Faye. Back to 110km/h cruise or we will not get home on that tyre.

We camped overnight at Lake Cullulleraine. Highly recommended! On the shores of the lake. Good facilities. Good grass, trees, just a beautiful, quiet, relaxing place. We could have stayed several days.

Friday saw us head across to Mildura and then down the Calder Highway to home. There were quite a few motorcyclists on the Calder heading up to Mildura for the Classic Rally, including a Wing with trailer attached, on which rode a Velocette.

From Wedderburn down, the Wing gave us a few hassles by going all over the road without warning. Had me beat for a while. In fact I even stopped and checked the tyre pressures but found them to be okay. Finally I woke up that the chair was aquaplaning on the water on the road. Bald tyres on the chair and the rear of the bike was the problem. We dropped the speed from 110 to 90km/h and got along okay. 6.30pm saw us in Sunbury.

I dropped the battery into the 750, climbed on and we headed for Fairfield and the Club's AGM. Made it too, via MacDonalds. And so that was our World's End Rally run.

I sincerely hope that you have enjoyed reading this report (novel?) as much as Faye and I enjoyed the trip. Cheers!

Faye (Honda 550F) & Geoff (Shitwing & DJP sidecar)

Darren Room

10-4-79

Hi, sure was a nice phone call and surprise, hearing from you over 7,500 miles away. I will be looking forward to seeing you here in the States in March and September as I have a room for you that you may use as a base camp and if you bring your friends, we can fix them up too. I should be able to get some time off work to travel with you.

I believe "Wing Ding 80" will be held the same date as this year, Sept 1-3, so you wouldn't want to miss it. I hope you can rearrange your schedule, for Phoenix is 800 miles away from my home, which is two days travelling time.

I just got back from the "1980" Honda showing off their new bikes and the new features on the old Wing are as follows:

It is now a GL 1100 with electronic ignition vacuum advance, driven off the crank, thus the point housing is no longer there. It has air forks up front with Dacron bushings for friction-free riding and the rear is an air shock with spring. The rims are Comstar, black, reversed, and highlighted edges, tubeless tyres 17" rear and 19" front. Tyres have a new tread design. It has a new "CX500 style" rear end with a new massive swingarm and driveshaft housing and swingarm bearings. I would imagine it has a different rear end ratio?

A new larger rear disc with a new repositioned calliper. It sports a sleek new fake gas tank and covers, and the gas tank has had a litre added to its 5 gals. A new adjustable touring saddle, single bucket seat. New painted front and rear fenders. New gauges moved off the pod to above the speedo and tacho gauges. Appears they did something to the carburettors. There is now a standard model and an "Interstate" full dress version which is beautiful. No doubt made for we Americans. That is all I noticed, as I didn't get much technical information.

Are you interested in buying a certain model GL? Mine is a full dress 1978 model with the three gauges on the tank, it has 20,000 miles on it and is in perfect condition. It sports air shocks rear, STH springs front, Vetter fairing with lowers and a Vetter rear trunk. Has Samsonite panniers as you call them, which are like suitcase, great for carrying clothes. An AM*FM cassette tape deck in a Cycle Sound housing. A Dyna III electronic ignition, front and rear crash bars, front chrome calliper covers. Cruise control, pull-back handlebars, Hang Two custom double bucket seat. Custom Malotte fibreglass front fender and chrome radiator grille and Fiamm air horns.

I've over \$4,700 invested and would like to sell it for \$3,900. Enclosed is a picture of it, but a lot has been added since that picture was taken. The only problem is that you are interested I don't know if I could wait till March to sell it, as I am planning to buy a new 1980 GL though I'm not sure when myself. When do you plan to arrive in March?

Anyway, let me know what you think about the matter and we'll see what can be worked out.

The following are two addresses of GL friends in Australia whom I've been writing to:

(GWC) Phil Gresham
1213 Burke Rd.
Kew, 3101
Melb.

Terry Keating
174 Oak Rd.
Kirrawee 2232
NSW

To work I go and I look forward to your letter in the following weeks.

Your friend and AMERICAN WING NUT.

TONIMBUK & MUSEUM SUNDAY 7th OCTOBER 1979

There we were at 10.10am, all three of us, Kevin, Lindsay and myself trying to decide if we would be the only silly wackers to front. The weatherman had been forecasting rain, as he had been doing every day for the past week, and he had been right every time. In fact, we encountered only two light showers during the whole day, and ate lunch in brilliant sunshine. By 10.45am assembled at the car park were, apart from us three, Mick, Craig and the Morgan family, less Candy, as Geoff was riding his 750 solo 'cause the outfit had three bald tyres. (He'd been to the World's End Rally.)

Oh! And Smithy fronted on his full fairing machine, the one with the two training wheels. But he just came to wish us good luck with the weather and to advise of the mud tracks we would find. (We never did.)

With Mick leading (as Kevin gets easily lost in the big smoke) the run down to the museum at Tynong North was uneventful, travelling via the South Eastern Freeway and Gippsland Highway as

far as Pakenham. I did learn one thing as rear rider on the way down: it doesn't pay to ride too closely behind Lindsay as his Suzie 380 smokes.

The museum, where some of us had a BBQ lunch, had within its walls a collection of such diverse items that the word museum is inappropriate i.e a collection of 1970's drink cans, mounted deer heads, aboriginal artefacts, pickled snakes, a Turkish fez, plastic model cars, garments from the early 1900's, several butterfly collections, etc.

For your 50c you not only get to see all the above items and many more besides, you get to meet Max Weatherhead, the guy that started the whole concern, who can, and almost does, tell a story about each exhibit. As a break to his well-practised patter, Max gives a short rendition on the gumleaf and ... as time was getting on, we decided we must too.

Now with Craig leading we headed back to his home in Ringwood for coffee and cake via Gembrook and a circuitous route through the South Eastern suburbs. While enjoying the Dawsons's hospitality, the conversation centred around such topics as Newtons Law of Relativity, nuclear powered naval ships, various fighter planes, etc, ... Really good stuff.

Well, that's it, Tonimbuk (wherever that is) and the Museum. Those that didn't come missed a good run.

Keith Finlay Honda 360

Does your nose run, and your feet smell? Well, you're built upside down.

The 25th wedding anniversary party was in full swing, but the host was nowhere to be seen – until one of his friends came across him sitting alone in a room and looking very gloomy. “Peter”, said the friend, “What's wrong? You look very depressed. Why so sad? Why aren't you celebrating with your guests?”

“Why shouldn't I look depressed?” said the host. “I AM depressed; and I'll tell you why. When I had been married for five years I decided to kill my wife. I told a lawyer friend of mine and he talked me out of it. He said I'd spend twenty years in jail. Just think; tonight I would have been a free man.”

A contractor visiting a building site where he had men at work was surprised and angered by what he saw. Instead of the men working at various points around the site they were all congregated at the same point, digging in a trench. “Hey!” said the boss, “What's going on here?” Without interrupting the digging or even looking up one of the men said, “Trench caved in”. “Does the foreman know?” “Dunno,” said the digger, “but if he doesn't we'll tell 'im as soon as we dig him out.”

The lady in the bus was irritated by the continual sniffing of the small boy seated next to her. “Have you got a handkerchief?” she asked. “Yes”, said the small boy, “but I'm not allowed to lend it to strangers”.

TIDAL RIVER CAMPING WEEKEND OCT 13-14

Saturday morning arrived with torrential rainstorms, so goodness know why we did it – but we did! Donning numerous skivvies, jumpers and waterproofs, Ian and I braved the cold and headed off to Cranbourne to meet “any other fools” from the Club at 8.30am.

Arriving at Cranbourne at approximately 8am I had plenty of time to moan and groan about the weather and everything in general whilst Ian filled the bike up and tried tactfully to ignore me. Already waiting was one of our newer members with a surprisingly light load on his bike. By about 20 minutes to nine, Mike, Chris, Christine and Craig had arrived. After a quick fag and comparison of numb fingers, we set off with Chris in the lead and Mike bringing up the rear.

Apart from the annoying rain, the ride down to the Prom was uneventful. When we arrived at about lunch time we met up with Mick, Joy and Smithy. Without further ado, and with many anxious glances at the gloomy sky, we put our tents up, with a select group of newer members deciding to branch off and set up camp elsewhere. However, fortunately or unfortunately, throughout the day and evening we were spasmodically graced with their presence.

A trip to the store to buy milk, bread and other necessities turned out to be quite an enjoyable excursion as Ian and I were continually ‘mugged’ by bold rosellas enticing us to give them pieces of bread. When we all had assembled back at the tents, we spent an enjoyable half hour or so feeding the many birds with sunflower seeds which Joy and Smithy had bought. However, the novelty wore off when it came to cooking lunch as we soon discovered that rosellas are extremely partial to jaffles – particularly Smithy’s.

After lunch we rode down to Squeaky Beach for a leisurely stroll and a chance to admire the scenery. Due to the unpredictable weather and general laziness we then headed back to camp. After a walk to the shop and information centre I decided that an afternoon nap was in order so I left the ‘men’ to rave and subsequently slept until about 6pm. When I awoke I found that Big D and Kevin had arrived.

Soon, everyone was settling down to the serious business of cooking tea, whilst one member, having neglected to bring any food (amongst other things) tramped down to the shop to buy something. The evening was quite pleasant except for one persistent member speaking in tones loud and raucous enough to wake all sleeping rosellas within a five-mile radius.

Shortly after tea Les arrived making our total number 12. When darkness had well and truly fallen an early night was decided on by most.

Sunday morning dawned fine, the only cloud being the one Ian erupted into when he realised that Smithy and Co had carefully put sunflower seeds on our tent, thereby encouraging five million rosellas to fight loudly and continuously right overhead. We emerged from the tent and set about having breakfast, the only bodies still cocooned being Mick and Joy.

Chris, Christine and Craig were already packed and ready to leave as they were heading off early. After watching us nosh into numerous slices of toasts and cups of tea for some time, they finally departed. Alas, with the smell of breakfast we were once again besieged by rosellas. By this time, the novelty had really begun to wear off and threats pertaining to their physical wellbeing were heard from Les, Mick and Smithy. After much fiddling around we finally decided to pack our gear and head homeward, diverging slightly to take a leisurely trot along the Lilly Pilly Gully walk.

Two hours, five kilometres, and much undressing (!) later, we emerged back at the car park from our leisurely walk! Many thanks to Mick ‘Harry Butler’ Fagan too!

And so, we mounted our steeds and headed for home. As on the way up to the Prom, the ride home was uneventful except for some confusion as to whether there was indeed a dispersal point arranged or not. All in all, a very enjoyable weekend.

YARRA DAM and BBQ 21.10.79

We left KBCP at 10am. Including the Lilydale pickup riders, there were about 15 bikes. The weather was really good.

Kevin (750 Yammie triple) was the lead rider and Big D was the rear rider. We went to the dam via Healesville along about 60km of dirt and stone roads, which were in reasonably good condition. There were a lot winding roads which everyone seemed to enjoy.

We stopped at Warburton for petrol, food and for some, an unofficial lunch break. We reached the dam at about 12.45pm where we had a BBQ (some of us anyway). There were two new riders on the run. (Not on the run, on the run!) They were Lloyd (500 Yammie twin) and Peter (500 Yammie single). Both were via the courtesy of Craig.

We left the dam for home at about 3.23pm. We dispersed at Lilydale and ended a good day out.

Phillip Andrews, Honda 400/4

An aeroplane crashes in the desert. The only survivors are three handicapped people. One is blind. The other is in a wheel chair, and the third is lame and on crutches. They decide that they had better try and find their way out of the desert. So they start off and not long after they come across an oasis. The blind man smells it first and runs down the hill, straight into the water. Suddenly he finds that he can see. He calls to the lame man and says that it must be magic because he can see. The lame man struggles down into the water and suddenly he can walk without his crutches. The man in the wheel chair gets so excited that he speeds down the side of the hill straight through the water and out the other side. He got a new pair of tyres for his wheel chair.

AMAROO AND ALL THAT

The big thing about the Six Hour is probably not the race, but the fact that you're there. Anyhow, this is No. 10 (doesn't seem all that long since the first one, does it?) and that was as good a reason as any to attend. I kicked the 500 into life at 6am Saturday morning and rode off into a perfect touring day. The Yam knows its own way up the Hume, so I just sat back and enjoyed the sunshine and the scenery.

It was sort of one of those rides where nothing was happening when a rider quietly cruised past me just before Yass. You never forget the way somebody sits on a motorbike and sure enough, it was Wacka Ackland, who was big in the Club when everyone was riding 450 Hondas.

Wacker and I last rode up to the Six Hour together about 6 years ago and he's still on that same goddamned 750 Honda. Everything's been changed or replaced except the dipstick, but that 750 is getting mighty close to completing its second time around the clock.

This was the year of Plan B. Plan B instructions are as follow. Ride to Mittagong (just short of Sydney). Put up tent. Leave 6am Sunday for Amaroo. Return that evening to previously erected tent. Leave 7am Monday for home.

Plan B is pretty cool compared to Plan A, which, unless you are a Six Hour regular, wouldn't mean a thing anyway.

Wacker and I yarned a bit while putting up the tent at Mittagong and he then pushed onto friends at Parramatta. Sunday morning saw the white single fly around the corner at the circuit gates right on 7.45am. Joy and Mick flagged me down and Katrina had sold me a special entry ticket come pit pass (probably black market jobs) before I could say 'Graeme Crosby'!

So there we were, all set up in our ace spectating spot before 8am, ready for action. Well, the rest is history. You probably saw it on the box anyway and saved yourself a thousand miles of bum numbing vibration. After the spoils of victory had gone to the best team, Mick dropped Joy off in town (she was to fly back that night) and headed on to the Leahy establishment at Mittagong.

Kelvin, Phil and Lamburger the Hamburger (or whatever Mick calls him) from the BMW Club, rolled in too and rented a caravan for the night. No sign of Judy, Tom and Keith. We figured they'd had enough motorcycling after the World's End rally and weeks of touring up through the Centre and decided to return home a little early.

Spectating all day in 32c temperature sure takes it out of you and Mick even gave up the chance to see the 'French Connection' on the telly in the van to get a good night's sleep.

7 o'clock next morning we were on the road and headed south for another day of blue skies and sunshine. All the way back groups of us were passing and repassing each other as pulled in for petrol and a break and then catching the others further along.

A nice sort of feeling, with everybody giving the nod because we were all from Amaroo.

The grandmother of all storms caught us between Benalla and Euroa. But it was soon over and we were in by 4 pm.

Nice riding. A great weekend for Castrol's No. 10 and you? Well, you missed it all, didn't you?

Les XT500 (Its last trip under my bottom; and I'll miss it.)

There was the guy who didn't believe in wife swapping until he got a BM for his wife.

LAMENT

He seized me by my slender neck,
I could not call or scream.
He dragged me to his dingy room
Where we could not be seen.
He stripped me of my flimsy wrap
And gazed upon my form.
I was so damp and cold and scared,
And he was flushed and warm.
He pressed his feverish lips to mine,
I could not make him stop.
He drained me of my very self
I gave him every drop.
He's made me what I am today, that's why you find me here.
A broken bottle, thrown away, that once was filled with beer.

KARUAH RIVER RALLY

The Karuah River Rally, will be held on the Australia Day weekend (26th, 27th, 28th January). The venue for the rally will be Chichester State Forest, 31 kilometres north of Dungog. A map is provided in this magazine. The rally will be catered for motorcycles only; no cars will be allowed.

The standard of behaviour is left up to the individual, but don't spoil it for others.

The entry fee will be \$3 per entrant which entitles you to an enamel rally badge, awarded upon reporting your presence at the rally to the organisers.

You will be required to provide all camping gear and food stuffs. Water and toilet facilities will be available.

Postal entries definitely close by 20th December. Entries should be addressed to:-

**THE ORGANISERS
KARUAH RIVER RALLY
P.O. BOX 53
RYDALMERE, N.S.W. 2116**

This rally, in its third year, is presented for your enjoyment by – **THE BMW TOURING CLUB OF NSW.**

The usual rally awards will be presented to successful entrants. All distance award applications must be lodged when registering along with proof of distance travelled (receipts, official stamps tec.)

The organisers take NO responsibility for rider, pillion or machine.
