

EDITORIAL OCTOBER 1979

Well, this is my first attempt for a few years at publishing the Club mag. As you know Jude has gone away for three weeks, so any articles that you have could you send them to me at 5/59 Shelley St Elwood 3184.

Greg

OCTOBER RIDES.

SUNDAY 7. Tonimbuk and Museum. K.B.C.P 10am.

WEEKEND 13&14 Tidal River (camping) Cranbourne 8.30am SAT. sharp

SUNDAY 21 Upper Yarra Dam BBQ, KBCP 9.30am (Lilydale pick-up)

SUNDAY 28 Licola KBCP 7.30am, Hallam 9.00am

NOV. FRI. 2nd. General Meeting. 8.15pm SHARP.

RAFFLE RESULTS

1ST. PRIZE PUMP, TYRE LEVERS & REPAIR KIT. \$20 Went to Alex Peacock from the Four Owners Club.

2ND. PRIZE TYRE GUAGE was won by a prospective member, Mick Stoltenberg.

SEPTEMBER MEETING CLUB MEMBER OF THE YEAR AWARD

Bruce Higgs, an old Club member, gave a very interesting talk on past Club activities, and presented the Club Member of the Year Award to TOM SAVILLE. Congratulations Tom!

The Sports Day trophies and Economy Ride trophy were also presented. Many thanks to Bruce. The trophies were awarded as follows:

Sonia Evans - Musical Bikes.

Greg Smith - Musical Bikes and Footballs in Bucket race.

John McKenna - Footballs in Bucket race.

Mick Fagan - Fast and Slow Weaving and Trial.

John McKenna - Economy Ride Z1R 79.9 MPG

CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Christmas Party is on the 8th and 9th of December. We thought we would have something different this year and the idea has been met with enthusiasm. We will be leaving Saturday lunchtime for a Club ride to Jamieson, then an evening meal followed by Christmas festivities. Motel or cabin accommodation will be available. Then breakfast and a ride home on Sunday. Members can make their own way up if more convenient. The price will be approximately \$20 with a \$10 deposit, to be paid before the December meeting. You will have to see me soon as the rooms are filling fast. Once these fill

up, the only other accommodation available will be at the caravan park. See me or the new Social Secretary for bookings.

MOTEL There are 3 rooms with 2 single beds. One room with 3 single beds, and three rooms with 1 double and 1 single.

CABIN There are two rooms with 2 singles and three rooms with 3 singles.

CHRISTMAS HAMPER

We would like everyone to donate an item, be it tins of food or drink, or whatever. These will be put in a big hamper which will be raffled off at the Christmas Party. Everyone who donates an item will be given one free ticket. Tickets will cost 25 cents or 5 for \$1. Items must cost over \$1. Remember all money raised goes to aid Club funds. We are trying to raise enough money to buy a typewriter for use printing the Magazine.

ELEPHANT STEW

Take one elephant, cut into bite sized pieces. This will take about three months. Cook with 10lb of salt and 5lb of cracked pebbles and cook over a kero stove for 46 hours or until tender. This will serve 3,800 people. If not quite enough you can add two hares, but try to avoid this as people don't like finding hare in their stew particularly if they are old, as it brings back memories.

Sing a song of acid,
Tripping on his bike,
Topping off at 90,
Headed down the pike.
Forty miles away from home,
But back he had to hike,
Cause suddenly it hit him,
That he'd left without his bike.

PRESIDENT'S REPORT 1979

Well, it is now the end of another year for the Club, and I ask myself did the Club go forward or backward? I thought about it for a while and came up with a few things worth mentioning.

The enthusiasm of the members is high! People seem to have a sense of the Club going somewhere and doing something for them. In talking to the people who make up the Club I've found that their apathy seems to have gone and they are now actively doing something in the Club, which is very gratifying.

We are about half the size that we were in the early to mid 1970's yet we are now getting almost the same number of people on rides and functions that we had then. There are a number of reasons for this in my book. First and foremost is the slight upsurge in motorcycling in general, coupled with a mild winter. The change of winter rides from two shorties and then a long one to three or four short, late starter type rides, coupled with BBQ's, and actually having the BBQ's regardless of how many had meat, sandwiches, etc, then having a medium type ride with a moderately early start. The advertising campaign coupled with the Club name change to MTCV raised the morale of the members by bringing new active members into the Club, which is vital for its survival in the long run.

This year the Club Member of the Year award got started. Its effect was already evident about halfway through our year, with people realising that you don't have to be anything special in the riding department to win it, you just have to be an 'overall' active Club member. Its contribution to the Club will, in the next year, be even greater, especially now that people know what it's all about.

Fortunately, there have been no accidents of any serious nature during the past year (at the time of writing this anyway) which, when you add up the collective kilometrage of the Club says something of how good our Club members are in the riding department. It also reflects on the organisational capabilities of our two Captains, Tom and Brendan, who have had an extremely hard job and done it well.

This year our poor treasurer, Keith, has had the oil account we have with Castrol added to his workload. We had our teething problems with the oil account, but we appear to have solved them now. Now we have outlets (for want of a better word) in the Eastern, Northern and Western suburbs which is a good distribution set-up for a Club of our size.

Whilst on the financial side of things we set up a sub-committee during the year whose purpose was to raise money for a replacement printing machine. It was one of the few sub-committees that I've know of that didn't actually forget itself or its purpose. Spearheaded by Greg Smith they slowly but surely raised a considerable amount of money for a new press. As luck would have it, we acquired a new, second-hand press which is far better than we dreamed of getting for the price we paid. The old press, which was giving our editors much trouble, will eventually be sold.

As most of you know, being editor of a Club magazine usually entails searching for the promised write-up (similar to looking for the Holy Grail) without much luck, getting stencils set up, printing the damned thing, often into the small hours of the morning, stapling the pages and one's fingers together and then giving it out at the meeting whilst at the same time having to listen to some members rubbish this or that article or alternatively the whole mag. It's often had me puzzled why there hasn't been a murder in the Club before today! We have been fortunate with Tom and Jude, our co-editors who have been editing the magazine for the last six months. Their combined efforts in conjunction with a better printing machine have lifted the magazine to heights that it has only rarely obtained over the time I've been in the Club.

Socially the Club has never been a roaring success. I felt sorry for poor Smithy! He had the unenviable job of getting motorcyclists (who joined the Club to ride bikes) to go out and enjoy themselves in an atmosphere other than bikes, which is almost an impossible task. On top of that he organised the suppers at all the meetings and the other things that go with it.

The Committee you elected has done a very hard job well, and harmoniously to boot, which by the way is no mean feat for eight different people over a year. The Committee has worked so well together that even with our Secretary (the position which so often in the past has held the Club together) moving in February to Thornton, about 150km from Melbourne, the running of the business side of the Club was not affected. With special thanks to Greg Moore who kept up all the secretarial work as well as headmaster of a new school.

Lastly, I would like to thank Leslie Leahy who was the background prime-mover in virtually everything the Club was doing. Also, knowing that he was always there to run the show when I wasn't around and that the Club members as well as the Committee and myself, have complete faith in him and his ability to run the Club. What more could you ask from of our Vice President.

It's been a good year folks; we didn't go backwards!

I'm happy to say that the previous paragraph is really my President's report.

Mick Fagan

VICE-PRESIDENT'S REPORT '79

Oh! What a year it was, it really was!

Organising a Club for motorbike riders is akin to administering a social Club for hermits. We are by nature loners, precarious individualists, cantankerous sods even. But were that not so, we'd all be driving station wagons and living in Glen Waverley.

Aware that a massive re-structuring was necessary, the present Committee could be accused of having thrown out the baby with the bath water. Tender toes have been trodden on, noses put out of joint, and sacred cows desecrated. But let's not forget what it's all about. Pull on your helmet, get on your bike and ride - with the Motorcycle Touring Club of Victoria.

Les Leahy

SOCIAL SECRETARY'S REPORT

Well, another year has passed, and I have really enjoyed being Social Secretary. But I will be standing down to make way for someone else as I have taken on the Editors job with Jude. I hope everyone enjoyed themselves with our Social events over the last year. I would like to thank everyone who contributed to the various raffles, Progressive Dinner and the Auction night.

A first for this year was our monthly door prize. We also had some great raffle prizes this year, especially the tool kit, which I am still using. The money raised by that was \$22. For those of you who were fortunate enough to go, the Progressive Dinner was a huge success. Many thanks to the people whose places it was held at. Money raised \$29.50.

Not all events ran at a profit; the Christmas Party lost \$22, but a good time was had by all.

The raffle for the Driving Lights was won by Joy. The raffle was the best boost to the money box, raising \$65. And the last raffle for the year, a pump and tyre repair outfit, raised \$50.

I would like to thank all the people who donated articles for the Auction Night. It was one of the best ever nights out, thanks to Bob Evans, Auctioneer. We raised \$105.

I hope you enjoyed the suppers over the year and I was sorry to have to put the price up to 50c, but I guess that is inflation. I'm sure you'll all agree that it has been worth it.

I have really enjoyed being on the Committee again. There have been quite a few changes in the Club since I first joined 13 years ago and I hope whoever takes over from me gets as much enjoyment out of it as I have.

Greg Smith

CLUB CAPTAIN'S REPORT

Another year has passed. Another year of successful rides. We have had a few accidents, fortunately, nothing major. I've enjoyed the year and hope you have.

Generally, over the year, the riding standard has been good. I have noticed an improvement in the riding standard of the majority of our riders. I would like to think that the variety of roads has contributed to this.

One of the main functions of the Captain is to pick the rides for the itinerary. I have tried to include a variety, perhaps too much dirt for the comfort of some. But if you feel you would like a different emphasis, or if you would like to go somewhere special, have a talk to the Captain or bring it up at a monthly meeting. Or perhaps you personally would like to plan out a ride and lead it.

Remember that it is YOUR CLUB. If it is to satisfy your needs, we must know them.

Tom Saville

VICE CAPTAIN'S REPORT

It's been a good year with the number of active members increasing and a greater interest shown in the Club by many members. There is still room for significant improvement which can only be beneficial to the Club. We've had many good runs, particularly those which departed a little from the norm, like the Christmas trip, the water sports weekend at Welshman's Reef, and our recent gliding weekend.

On the road there has been few incidents, although one member seemed to be endeavouring to set an all-time record for falling off. Where incidents have occurred, a contributing factor has usually been failure to abide by Club Rules or the Road Rules. I suggest that the incoming Captain and Vice Captain always make their speech on the Club Road rules prior to a run, as the time it's not delivered is the time a new rider doesn't know the rules and an incident occurs.

Bearing that in mind, one must also remember Victoria's Road Laws like not stopping adjacent double lines, blind crests, etc.

I wish the new Committee well in keeping riding enjoyable and safe.

Brendan Gleeson

SECRETARY'S REPORT

I have thoroughly enjoyed my term as Secretary although I have not been able to do justice to the job due to my transfer to the country. I have missed out on a great deal that the Club offers and regret that I have been unable to attend more runs. I have, however, in a small way been helping the Club in its efforts to rejuvenate. It has been a fairly quiet year Secretary-wise as we have had no plans for big adventures such as a three-week jaunt around Tasmania. My work, therefore, has been confined to correspondence from advertisers and people wishing to find out more information on the Club activities.

It is pleasing to note that many of the people who have written to me are now riding with the Club and it is good to see the numbers and enthusiasm of the members increasing steadily towards 1980.

I am hoping that the state of the economy with regard to petrol prices etc. will have many beneficial effects on our future activities. I hope that bikes will be ridden to work and for pleasure more often, thereby having less four-wheel monkeys on the roads for us to contend with. Our Club's prospects look good. I wish our new Secretary and Committee every success for their term and look forward to many more years of safe and pleasurable touring.

Greg Moore

Did you hear about the Irishwoman who had an accident while ironing the curtains? She fell out the window. Or the Irishman who took his car for a service but couldn't get it in the church door?

COAL CREEK HISTORICAL PARK 9.9.79

We rose around eight and checked the sky to find it was a brilliant blue. It felt like today's ride would be good. I wheeled the Yamaha out of the garage and fired her up. Aboard we climbed and down the road we motored, towards Tom and Jude's, or Jude and Tom's (for those liberated ladies) as we had arranged to meet Chris (Gold RS) and then head into the city.

On arrival Chris had decided to accompany Tom and Jude, and Gary on his new GS1000 to the pick-up at Cranbourne. (Such an enjoyable thing is sleeping in on Sunday mornings. Ha! Ha!)

We reached Cranbourne to find the rest of the chaps and gals had arrived. The usual regular faces were in attendance: Peter P. (750 Honda), Smithy (750 Honda), Keith Harris (100/7 BM), Mick Fagan (100/7 BM), Ian Taylor (90S BM), Frank Bloxham (750 BM), Ted Marshall (900 Ducati Darmah), Laurie Hartwick (Honda Gold Wing), Lindsay Roberts (380 Suzuki), Peter Dwyer (Honda CX 500), Peter Miller and Kathy (Triumph 750) plus a new rider, Phil Brumley (Yamaha 750).

Time to depart, Tom leading with the Peter on the CX500 as rear rider, heading down the Gippsland Highway towards Coal Creek in the usual enjoyable roundabout manner.

After about 10km we turned off to travel the much searched-after dirt roads, this one being sandy and wet with typical corrugations and potholes (but to some, as enjoyable and faster travelled than the tar, ie Keith). The dirt soon changed to windy mountain roads through some of Gippsland's finest grazing lands - moo! Unfortunately, the cow cockies seemed to have forgotten to shut the barn door, as a wandering cow decided to play obstacles. In another incident, some members helped a motorist push his bogged car.

We arrived safely at Korumburra where we stopped for tucker. Then we proceeded just down the road to Coal Creek Historical Park. Some people were amazed to find that admission was \$2.50. Naturally many of us decided against entering.

To pass the time, many interesting stories of past adventures were told. One that caught my ear was that by our king and lord, Mick Fagan. Mick has circumnavigated Australia a total of 15 times. This must be some sort of record. Some of the means being Vespa, BSA Bantam and Norton, plank and all. Anyway, enough of the head swelling.

We departed from Coal Creek and found we were back on mountainous dirt roads mixed with tar.

A quick trip up a *No Through Road* found us winding our way towards Warragul. We then did a short trip up the Princes Highway, forging our way towards Melbourne. (Fanging, as the road was unusually straight.) We found some of our seemingly quiet riders giving their steeds a good fanging (eg Ian, BM, minus his better half).

We arrived at Beaconsfield and it was time to bid farewell after another interesting day's riding (approx. 250km) had come to an end.

CRAIG (500 Yamaha Twin) Thanks to Lloyd for introducing me to a great Club.

A GASTRONOMICAL BEAN STORY **9.9.79**

Once upon a time there lived a man who had a maddening passion for baked beans. He loved them but they always had a very embarrassing and somewhat lively effect on him.

Then one day he met a girl and fell in love. When it was apparent that they would marry he thought to himself, "She is such a sweet girl and will never go for this type of thing." So he made the supreme sacrifice and gave up beans. They married shortly after.

Some months later his car broke down on the way home from work, and since they lived in the country, he called his wife and told her that he would be late home. On the way home he passed a small cafe, and the odour of freshly baked beans was overwhelming. Since he still had several miles to walk, he figured that he would work off any ill-effects before he got home, so he stopped at the cafe.

Before leaving, he had eaten three large orders of baked beans. All the way home he putt-putted and after arriving felt reasonably safe that he had putt-putted his last. His wife somewhat agitated and excited to see him exclaimed delightedly, "Darling, I have the most wonderful surprise for dinner tonight".

She then blindfolded him and lead him to the chair at the end of the dining table. He seated himself and just as she was ready to remove the blindfold, the telephone rang. She made him promise not to remove the blindfold until she returned, then went to answer the phone. Seizing the opportunity, he shifted his

weight to one leg and let go. It was not only loud but as ripe as rotten eggs. He took the napkin from his lap and vigorously fanned the air about him.

Things had just returned to normal when he felt another one coming on. So he shifted his weight to the other leg and let go again. This was the prize winner. Whilst keeping his ear on the conversation in the hall, he went on like this for ten minutes until he knew the phone farewells indicated the end of his freedom. He placed the napkin on his lap and folded his hands on top of it, smiling contentedly to himself. He was the very picture of innocence when his wife returned, apologising for talking so long, she asked him if he had peeped, and he of course he assured her he had not.

At this point she removed the blindfold and there was his surprise: twelve dinner guests seated around the dinner table for a Happy Birthday Party for him.

BENALLA GLIDING WEEKEND

15th & 16th September '79

Friday night saw us leave early to ride up to Thornton. It was cool as we made our way through the Black Spur, but a warm house was waiting for us. Soon after we arrived at Greg and Noeline's home in Thornton, Les Leahy joined us.

We warmed up the next morning push starting the BM and then we were on our way. Soon after stopping at Yarck, John Jarrold and Bill (500 Morini) joined us. What's this, no Kevin!? Well, after some discussion we decided to ride to Benalla. The weather was sunny and warm. Roll on Summer.

Brendan was leading as we took the Benalla turnoff just past Bonnie Doon. Unfortunately, a combination of circumstances saw John Jarrold sliding down the road. Les rode into Mansfield and arranged for an ambulance to take John to the Mansfield Hospital for a check-up.

Greg, Noelene and Bill continued to Benalla while Les rode John's bike to the police station. I rode Les's bike and Brendan rode his bike into Mansfield. Tom and Jude arrived shortly after. We spent some time at the hospital talking to John and arranging for his family to take him home that afternoon. Bruised ribs and other bruises were the only injuries.

So we left John in capable hands at the hospital while we continued to Benalla for lunch and then made our way to the airfield where the gliding was well underway. Mike Davis was on the airfield, waiting for his ride in the glider.

Noelene was the first off, followed by Mike, Greg, Bill, me, Judy, Bren, Tom and Les. My turn came and I was directed to the front seat, strapped in, and then given a rundown of the glider's controls. The gliders waited in a line, solo and two seaters, as ex-crop-dusters towed them up into the air one at a time. The sky was clear as the snow fields in the distance could be seen. The glider was very sensitive to the controls as we circled around, dived and soared in the sky. We soared for approximately 20 minutes in total before landing.

5.30 pm saw us heading to Eldorado. Mick and Joy had already set up camp, together with Keith Harris, Greg Smith and Big Daddy. The tents went up quick smart as darkness set in. After tea, we sat around the campfire and had a yarn.

Not far from the camp a floating dredge sat. Built in the 1920's, it was used to dredge the creeks for gold. This huge dredge, 200 feet in length, ran on electricity and the noise that it made crushing rock could be heard for miles. There were several of these dredges in Victoria, some of which are now in Malaysia. The dredge at Eldorado had travelled four miles devouring the stream and its banks. It was the biggest single user of electricity at that time. It was constructed off-site and then transported to the site for assembly. The buckets of the dredge weigh one ton each and travelled approximately 100ft using steam-driven winches. So there's our history lesson for this week!

The following morning we decided to go our separate ways, either fishing, touring or straight home. We visited relatives in Wangaratta and rode home, trying to keep out of the way of weekend skiers.

Sally () - watch this space!

GLIDING WEEKEND (OUR RIDE) Sunday 16.9.79

Craig, Christine and Chris were unable to go on Saturday as we were all working.

We left Melbourne at 8 am Sunday and headed for Lilydale, Yarra Glen, over Mt Slide and through Yea to Merton to fill the Yamaha with fuel.

Christine rode with Chris to see what a class bike felt like. Just outside Merton a car driver thought it was about time he wiped another bike off the road. However, after a bit of dirt riding the Yamaha won, and the car disappeared into the distance. Meanwhile the BM, after watching the expertise of the Yammy rider, nearly ran into the back of a caravan.

On to Benalla, the BM (of course) leaving the Yammy for dead, and then to Wangaratta.

Just outside Wangaratta we ran into the Club returning from gliding. We continued to Wangaratta and stopped for an early lunch. Craig and Chris (boy) decided to take a scenic route back to Melbourne.

Because we had missed the normal windy roads and dirt we decided to go back through Whitfield and Jamieson. The Yammy filled up again (ran out of petrol 2 km from Jamieson but rolled the last section.) Back to the Eildon turnoff and through more windy roads and dirt, lots of dirt. Fantastic views of Jamieson and Mt Buller. Stopped at Thornton for afternoon tea, hot scones and chocolate.

Through the Black Spur where Chris decided to show a Commodore V8 just how fast a BM can go. But the car dropped so far behind that he slowed down. Stopped at Healesville to fill the Yammy again. (BM had just about run out by then.) Craig decided to take the easy way home and Chris (boy) being a fool decided to blindly follow, forgetting Craig was a dirt rider.

Back road to Yarra Glen, 25km/h corners, then onto Wonga Park. Dirt road from Lilydale airport to Wonga Park onto Warrandyte and dirt road into North Ringwood.

Following Craig over a small rise Chris was confronted by an absolutely enormous dirt hill that went straight up. He closed his eyes, prayed, and opened them after he got to Chris and Craig's place. Very interesting road. Craig and Chris provided dinner and entertainment.

We covered 580km of very enjoyable roads.

Craig & Chris. (Yam. 500) Chris (R100RS)

Overheard at Eldorado: Did you hear that Kawasaki has bought out Triumph! I suppose they'll call them KaRumphs.

CATHEDRAL LANE 23.9.79

About 15 bikes turned up at KBCP. We left at 10am with Keith leading on the R75/7 and Geoff on the Leadwing as rear rider.

We went via the freeway to Doncaster, then along the Maroondah Hwy to Buxton, where we had lunch. We then travelled about 5kms down the highway and turned off onto a dirt road. A little way along this road we hit a real rough stretch; it had big pieces of rock sticking out, potholes, you name it, it had it.

Then we came to a tree which blocked the road. One end was on the ground, the other was about 4 ft off the road. We managed to get 14 bikes through without any problems, the 15th was the Leadwing. Then the fun started!

Some of the guys started to dig away the side under the tree. We then turned the sidecar around and tied a long piece of rope to it and pulled it through with just enough room to spare.

We then proceeded to Marysville for afternoon tea. After everyone had had their fill we started the journey home, which was uneventful, and a happy ending to a pleasant day's outing.

Signed: OILY LEAK.

(Peter Triumph 750)

After breaking a primary chain and pushing his bike a mile down a hot, dusty road, the biker went into a bar to have a cold beer. Slurping the brew and thinking about the bike, he got cheesed off. The more beers he had, the more cheesed off he became. Finally he stood up on the bar and shouted. "Everyone on the right side of the room is a bastard!" He waited for someone to challenge him, but no one did, so he sat down and had a few more beers. After a few more beers he jumped on the bar again and shouted. "Everyone on the left side of the room is a Queer." Suddenly a guy on the right side stood up, and the biker sneered. "Well, are you going to do something about it?" The guy answered, "Heavens, no! I'm just on the wrong side of the room."

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