

EDITORIAL FEBRUARY 1980

This was going to be our BUMPER issue, but it is unfortunately now a BUMMER issue. Smithy has gone and got posted away to Dimboola for the wheat season. 6 bloody weeks. If he wasn't so money hungry he would have knocked it back and stayed home and honoured his responsibilities to our mag.

Also several articles that were promised never arrived, one ride (13 Jan.) did not happen, plus I got snowed under.

So if this issue is a little disjointed, forgive me. If he does not come home soon, he will be looking for another co-editor. It is a hell of a job on your own.

Jude.

FEBRUARY RUNS

Saturday 1	SURPRISE NIGHT RIDE. KBCP 7PM. Lilydale 8.30pm
Sunday 3	DIAMOND BAY. KBCP 10AM
Sunday 10	TURPINS FALLS. KBCP 10AM. Picnic lunch with Ballarat T.C.
Sunday 17	LAKE JUBILEE. KBCP 10AM.
Weekend 23 & 24	GLEN AIR BEACH. CAMPING 7.30AM Laverton. No facilities.

MARCH

Sunday 2	FRASER NATIONAL PARK. KBCP 8AM.
Friday 7	GENERAL MEETING. Guest speaker ACUV. 8.15PM.

REAT THIS READ THIS READ THIS

The committee has decided to make all club membership fees payable at the July general meeting.

From the 4.7.80 all members will have to pay their membership fees to the Treasurer, even if they have paid their fees only two or three months before but pro rate for the coming year.

Now that you've digested that information you can sit down, stop shouting and read on!!

Apart from the obvious simplification of fee collecting, the real reason for the one collection date, is the annual general meeting. When the AGM comes around it is always a big problem to find out who is, or isn't a current member and therefore who can, or cannot vote. As well as the simplification of voting eligibility there is the simplifying of the treasurers matters from one treasurer to another. There is also some comfort in the thought that the incoming committee will know exactly, how much money they will have in the bank for any projects they may wish to embark upon.

People who join the club during the course of the year, will of course, only pay a pro rata payment fee.

THE COMMITTEE

CLARIFICATION OF POINTS FOR CLUB MEMBER OF THE YEAR 1980

Camping weekends –	if you attend and camp	2 points
	Attending for a limited time	1 point
Attending for only half a ride – on bike		1 point
	In car	No points
Holding a service day – after new itinerary		2 points

ROAD CENTS

Bali, say the ads, is the richest Asian experience and far and away the cheapest. This boast is certainly true in one respect, according to a returning traveller.

A month's motorcycle permit costs \$2.40. groups of young tourists are taken to a paddock near the regional capital Denpasar where they get 15 minutes "practice" then its off to the central police station for a "test".

Two-wheel tyros are asked to follow a straight white line for 30 metres, then to keep inside two circles on full lock. Those who fall or swerve outside the circles do not fail, but are charged form 65c to \$1.30 extra, depending on how badly they rode.

A written test on Balinese road signs is then held. It has five questions. The traveller tells us that if a question is too difficult the supervising officer will supply the answer. This costs an extra 65 cents, and the motor cyclists are then away.

Have you heard of Scrooge McDuck. Remember the way he dives through his money.

Well! We have a member who dives through the rubbish truck at Rallies. Because he keeps his sleeping bag in a rubbish bag!

PORT CAMPBELL 1.12.79

Port Campbell and the Great Ocean Road may not be such a good idea on a day like this, but here I am. Three weeks absence and there are a couple of new faces in the group discussing whether to go via G.O.R. returning through Colac, or reverse. Or G.O.R. returning G.O.R. Colac, Port Campbell, G.O.R gets the nod and off we go, picking up one GS 400 Suzuki at Laverton on the way.

Just before Geelong drizzle sets in and we stop to don waterproofs. While putting on my lovely new garbro (is that GARBO ed) gear some mark calls me an awful name, so I hits him about the head wif me handbag! Serves him right for being nasty.

Through Geelong and on down the Highway to Colac for a coffee break. Somewhere along the way we seem to have lost the non-waterproofed N.R.A chappie. Continuing down the Highway for a while before turning left to Cobden and some interesting back roads. Interesting surface too, made but holey and with road works where you don't want them, plus a longish section of that wet, red stuff.

At port Campbell we met Brendan and Sally (XT500) with Ian and Lynne (R90S) waiting to join the ride. They had spent the weekend getting lost around Camperdown, and staying the night with Brendan's parents on the farm.

Things were very cold with the wind coming straight off the south pole and driving large waves into the inlet. By the appearance of seaweed on the grass near the changing sheds I would say it had been rather rough there recently.

The weather picked up a bit during lunch and the ride along the coast was quite good. Heading into the Otways with low cloud and rain once more. A short way before lavers hill there was a sign proclaiming "Roadworks ahead" but I don't see any. Why am I going sideways? This is decidedly slippery, maybe that sign did have a message.

Down along the dirt from the Glen Aire turnoff things are OK until half way, when the road degenerates to slippery slush. By Apollo Bay my nice clean bike that was, is not anymore. A short stop for petrol, just enough to get back. Why pay 32c per litre when it is 26.7c in Carlton? That 24 litre tank comes in handy these days. Now the fun begins. A wee fang up the Great Ocean Road in company with Ted (Darmah) Steve (Lav), Gary (R100S) is good fun and enough to get very warm inside the new You-Beaut GARBO. By Geelong I'm cooked and ripping off the Garbro at the Golden Fleece S.S where we dispersed.

On the day Tom was leader with Frank Bloxham (R75/6) as rear rider. About a dozen bikes covered the 530K of quite diverse roads and conditions. I enjoyed it.

Add one point please.

Keith B.M.W 1000

CHRISTMAS PARTY AT JAMIESON – DECEMBER 8TH AND 9TH

The weekend didn't start very well for me. I had just finished replacing several broken bits of my 400/4 – a rear lens, rear carrier, etc., the result of some rough roads near Numurkah a couple of weeks earlier. All done, I set off around 11 am for Montmorency intending to go through Yarra Glen, Yea, and Mansfield on the way to Jamieson. Just out of Kangaroo Ground, near the Memorial Tower, something went wrong. I don't really know what, but there was a bang, and I found myself sitting in the ditch, with bike upside down nearby and it was on fire. Bikes, when alight, go fast – especially if they have, as mine did, a full tank of petrol. A barbecued bike is not a pretty sight. A couple of cars stopped. One went to call the fire brigade, the other took me to the Post Office where I was able to make arrangements to get home and get the blackened remains picked up. I was lucky; I wasn't injured even though I had clearly hit a tree rather hard. All I had was big bruise on my arm. My helmet, which was almost new, had received a severe blow, presumably when I hit the tree, but some of the helmet fitting I found about 50 meters back down the road. Maybe I got distracted by something and wandered off the road.

Anyway, I certainly wasn't going to let a small thing like a wrecked bike stop me from going to the party. As soon as I had assured myself that I wasn't concussed and that I had no broken bones I set off to Jamieson in my old car. On the road between Mansfield and Jamieson I came across another bike accident – a young guy on a trail bike had crashed and was wandering around in a daze. Apart

from superficial cuts he didn't seem badly hurt, but he didn't know who he was or where he lived. I was going to take him to Jamieson but just as I was about to his parents arrived and, to my astonishment, started to scold him, even though he obviously needed medical attention.

The Jamieson hotel where we had the party is an old style place, but the rooms inside were of motel standard and very comfortable. I wouldn't be too certain, though, of the cabins, which looked vaguely like converted stables. About 40 club members and their friends were there. A leisurely afternoon, spent sipping beer in the garden and inspecting the bikes (including Phil Andrews' 400/4; like me he dropped it on the way to Jamieson). Darren's GW with its (I quote) 12 inch stiff shaft was there, with various insignia obviously purloined from California. But then, I reflected, California has always been the home of all the crazy religious cults.... I mean, doesn't the Archangel Gabriel himself have a pair of gold wings?

Dinner started at about 7.30 pm – and it was first class. Masses of good food, well cooked. We had the dining room to ourselves, grouped at 7 or 8 tables. As the evening progressed the flashers (i.e. camera fiends) were trying to get candid photos, such as of our esteemed President loading other members' portions onto his plate. At my table the Treasurer was seen enjoying about 8 plates of dessert, emerging a dollar or so richer for his endeavours. The Christmas hamper, containing toilet rolls amongst other more traditional items, was won by Chris Negus.

After dinner we moved to the games room where most members were content to chat, have a few more drinks, or view some of the local talent. Around midnight most drifted away to their rooms, where perhaps further celebrations were planned? Anyway it seemed, to me, a quiet night thereafter, or maybe it was all the wine I had.

Next morning most of us were up early enough to enjoy the excellent breakfast, a full breakfast, bacon and eggs and all the other trimmings. Some members went on up to Mt. Buller, but I decided a quiet ride home was the thing.

Especial thanks are due to Les Leahy, who did most of the organising and who provided the music; to Greg Smith, who efficiently extracted money from everyone with a minimum of fuss; to the hotel management, who gave us a very good weekend at a total cost of \$23 each – excellent value.

Mike (late) 400/4

CHRISTMAS PARTY/ CHRISTMAS CAMP 79

On the Sunday morning after our Christmas dinner/party at Jamieson, Jude asked me if I'd do a write-up. I said yes because

- (a) At that point in time I thought that I could, and
- (b) I find it impossible to say no to Jude.

Within the next few days I received feed-back on still more events that wishfully should never have occurred.

My feeling was that a full write-up was impossible, but then I was probably too close to the whole scene anyway. So here are just a few jottings. Let it go on record that all the ladies looked absolutely stunning for the evening. We force them to wear heavy boots, jeans and grubby coats all year in the name of motorcycling, and to have them able to emerge looking very, very feminine for that night was just great.

'Man-of-the-match' award must certainly go to Mike Davis. After an incredible crash and burn performance on the ride up, he casually returned home to pick up the car and set out once again for Jamieson and arrived as if nought had happened. Unreal.

‘Snappy dresser’ would have to go to Smithy, who fronted wearing probably the only tie still alive in captivity. He took loads of abuse, and by sheer weight of number was finally forced to remove the offending article of clothing.

If you had a good time at Jamieson, I’m glad. If you were involved by any of the problems, you have my sympathy. Seeing I have opted out so-to-speak, I shall press on with an account of the Snowy River camp to re-establish credibility and warn my one point.

Some of you might well ask; what camp. Oh, there was one alright, and if a few more people had done what they were supposed to do there would have been a damn site more club members there. Perhaps the instructions, first one there picks the site and establishes camp, involved too much initiative for anyone in the MTCV.

Anyone about on Christmas morning at 8 am would have seen the lone R65 heading east onto the Princes Highway. After picking up a welcome tailwind the towns quickly disappeared behind with only a single stop in Bairnsdale to buy petrol and a loaf of bread. After Buchan I made an attempt on the land speed record through Wulgulmerang and onto Willis. Dropping back to idling pace, my eye searched every nook and cranny for sign of motorcycle life.

Two things were in my favour. Firstly, I had been through here last Christmas and knew the terrain; and secondly, somewhere up ahead were Helena and Harry who had made it first part of the trip the day before.

After a further 10kms, I was beginning to have grave doubts when up ahead the familiar bikes of K and H appeared on the horizon, so to speak. They had been right up to where the Snowy diverges so we concluded that we were it and decided that where we were then was the spot for a village. Clear running creek at one side for drinking, the Snowy in front for swimming, luxuries of barbecue/table and dunny and the all important scattering of shade. The entire valley is some sort of rain shadow area and is one of the driest, hottest holes I’ve ever spent 4 days at in my life.

Three friends of Helena and Harry’s were due to arrive that day by car and finally made it in darkness at 9.30 after a mammoth 12 hour journey. So that made six and when Mike Davis arrived next day we didn’t need a pocket calculator to establish a final tally of seven. And that’s how it stayed with nor more MTCV riders coming through from either north or south.

We whiled away the days with Helena and Renate collecting botanical specimens, two trips up to Kosciusko to escape the oppressive heat, a trek over to the Blue Lake, Helena falling off her bike on the dirt, Harry and Helena falling off next day at precisely the same corner just to keep in practise and me going fishing and catching buggar all as usual.

In all fairness though, the early mornings and the evening were superb with semi-darkness changing the mood of the countryside completely.

We finally broke camp on the Sunday with myself making an early exit only to disappear like a grease spot on the horizon in one of the hottest days of riding I can remember. Keith Harris on his way home from the BMW camp and an hour behind me, would describe the heat with more graphic detail.

Well, the poor old Christmas camp earns a D for disaster, but then you can’t win ‘em all.

Les R65

Sunday the 16th and the itinerary said “Kilcunda”. Well, I was buggered if I knew where it was but it had to be somewhere on the south east side of Melbourne, on account of the Cranbourne pickup.

After spending the previous day working on my bike and replacing the cam chain, then going to the BMW club end-of-year do that night, and staying until stumps and getting home around 4am, it was with great difficulty that I got up at 8.30 and tried to wake up my QLD guest Don Barker (R100S)

Consuming a healthy breakfast of a glass of mild we set off for KBCP. Don being a member of various QLD clubs was eager to see how our club worked, especially after I had told him of the huge numbers (in comparison to the clubs he knew) that our club had on rides. Well, at KBCP, we had eight bikes and I told Don not to worry, there'll probably be ten or more at Cranbourne, would you believe only two more to bring our total up to ten bikes. (which included a certain sidecar with two little kids one of which is famous for going to the toilet).

Keith led (on his 750, I think) and the Duffy contingent brought up the rear. The ride from Cranbourne to Kilcanda was the usual straight forward, indirect route that we normally take to go anywhere.

Arriving at Kilcunda for lunch in a shower of rain, we proceed to buy out the local food palace. After lunch we decided to go down to the beach and onto the rocks to have an optic at the sea and also to engage in a short but spirited muscle/mussel fight. Not humas ones! We also had a gander at a dead seal which was on the beach.

Setting off back home we decided to go by Mt. Martha and stop off at Mark Spicer's place. On account of the fact that he had a good second hand Metzler tyre for sale. As we headed closer and closer to Mt. Martha it became increasingly clear to all and sundry that we were also getting closer and closer to Arthur's Seat. It took Keith about one second of persuasion (threat of death) to make a slight detour to the Seat, which was enjoyed by all.

Upon arriving at Mark's place and purchasing of said tyre and one or two others by Craig, we disbanded and went our various ways.

Just after we disbanded, I myself, realised that we should have gone on at least to Frankston, before breaking up. However that aside, I think it was a very good day and our guest, Don, seemed to be favourably impressed with the way the club works; our leader, rear-rider and corner marker system.

Mick R100/7

FREE DAY – MT. ALEXANDER STATE FOREST – 6.1.80

The mystery of where this 'free day' run would be was revealed when, after numerous helpful (?) suggestions, the decision was to the Castlemaine area. Fifteen bikes (yeah, with riders, smartie!) headed through the quiet Sunday morning traffic – Suzuki, Ducati, sundry Hondas and six BM's. (is it true that a recent survey by Notwell and Dullard found that the length of a BM owners – um – lawn, is more than the natural average?). Grey skies and cold winds weren't to promising maybe those who didn't front up thought the word would be misery rather than mystery run.

Through Bulla – with interesting steep hill – Sunbury area, unscheduled stop at Clarkefield to escape from the dead end railway yard – were we going to travel with the VR? Then to Macedon via a pretty rough dirt stretch (to the horror of your correspondent) and a return to winter near the Macedon lookout. The weather changed dramatically over the Divide and the rest of the run was in great weather. Finally, back to the Calder Highway to Castlemaine, keeping a sharp eye for the Law, as they were really out in force.

In Castlemaine, we provided something for the locals to stare at, also proceeded to search for local delicacies – those who lusted for limburger liquorice or spinach fudge ice cream were disappointed. Onto the koala sanctuary at Mt. Alexander State Forest near Harcourt. In this rather dry and desolate location, it seemed unlikely that there would be any koalas, or maybe they – along with the family picnickers – fled when they heard us arrive. Only one koala was seen – was it a clockwork one? – two mechanical wallabies and assorted hot and bothered tourists. Those who didn't see the koala but paid the 20c admission regretted their generosity and wondered how to break open the donation box. Here, a few riders were noticed to have disappeared – had they ventured too close to Hanging Rock?

Back home was uneventful, via Kyneton, Trentham and the Western Highway, although those who ignored the road works signs near Trentham would have received an unpleasant surprise, not to mention those evil corner markers at Tylden threatening to throw gravel in front of those turning. Thankfully, we by-passed the Lion Park! Approaching Melbourne, Police were everywhere and there were many anxious glances in rear vision mirrors. However, as far as I know, no one suffered the fate worse than death. In fact, we got a friendly wave (I hope it was a wave) from two motorcycle cops near the break-up points. A good day concluded and again some little known areas visited.

Peter Dwyer Honda CX 500

WANTED WANTED WANTED.

250cc 4 stroke motorcycle.
Reasonable condition.
Will pay up to \$500.
435 0246 – or see Smithy.

FOR SALE FOR SALE FOR SALE

E.K. Holden Hydramatic.
5 month rego. RWC.
\$300 435 0246

A lot of bikers wake up in the morning feeling like an eighteen year old. But where are you going to find one at that time of the morning.

Sex is one of the few businesses in which a man doesn't mind starting at the top end working his way down.

'I insist on knowing one thing', said the groom as he lay beside his bride in the darkness of their honeymoon suite. 'am I the first man to sleep with you'. "You will be darling," answered the bride, "if I doze off".

Two stoned hippies were staggering along a railway track, when one complained to the other, "I sure wish we'd get to the bottom of this flight of stairs". "The stairs are not the worst of it", grumbled the second, "it's the low handrails that bug me."

THE 1979 CHRISTMAS RALLY 'HO HO HO'

I only decided to go to the rally on the Thursday before it was on, because a lady friend of mine was looking for a ride up there. I, myself, had been studying pretty solid for the last six weeks and needed a break but couldn't be blowed riding all that way myself; maybe I am getting old.

Anyway, we eventually left at 5pm on Friday afternoon, with the BM performing very well, we rode into the sunset. (Well, not really because it was behind us.) I might add that the BM had been running so well I figured on taking it on a long ride. This proved to be a mistake.

We made Cootamundra that night and agreed to rest up. Upon waking at 6am we found frost on the ground, could also explain the lack of temperature. Do you think the bike would start? No way. It turned out the points had closed up overnight which meant I was in the middle of the camp site at 6am playing with the points and being informed as to how cold it was; good fun.

After mobilising the BM, we both more than needed breakfast, which as we found isn't easy to buy that early in the country towns. We decided to continue our journey, eventually having breakfast some fifty miles down the road at Young. Boy was I hungry.

Continuing on we rode through some beautiful countryside, eventually making the really site at about 1pm. The road was good in, if you like corrugations and potholes but it did keep your speed down so one could enjoy the scenery.

The rally was based around the township of Newnes which isn't hard to do as only the pub remains. I parked the bike and proceeded to find the registration tent, only to be told it was another ½ mile down the road to the official rally site; it seemed I parked in with the BM owners of NSW who preferred their camping site and they had the right idea as the official rally site was flat with only a couple of trees for shade. The temperature was close to 34c. The other guys had plenty of shade, smart fellows.

Once I had put up my tent, had a couple of ales and a sleep, I was ready for a walkabout to find some of my friends who I had expected to see, as well as some people I didn't expect to see. This takes a while because if you spend half an hour talking to anyone person it takes an awful long time to see everyone you know.

Well, as time passed by I was starting to feel hungry and as at most rallies tea was provided. But because of the strikes and things the tea was very limited. It consisted of steak, a sausage and mashed potato.

Now no offence to anyone, whoever it was who made the tatties, it was the closest thing to plaster I've ever eaten (or tried to eat). I reckon you could use it to fill the cracks in your home and be assured your home will never fall down.

In the evening we were entertained by the screening of "Easy Rider", which was good to see again but after watching that I was really ready to hit the sack.

The morning came quickly, it always does when you're tired. It was going to be a hot day. I busied myself packing up and saying good bye. I had breakfast and eventually hit the road about 8am. I decided to go back to Melbourne via Canberra so as to see some more friends. This meant a detour

through Katoomba. I should have known better as the road was packed with Sydneysiders out on their Sunday drives and the closer I got to Sydney the hotter it became. Most of you know what it is like in Sydney when it gets very hot. Unbelievable.

Lunch was procured at Picton which turned out to be my big mistake as when I pushed the starter button all I got was a buzzing noise and a cloud of white smoke. Yes folks. The starter motor had destroyed itself, which meant push starting a fully loaded R90S; and that's not funny

Well, I decided to still call into Canberra as my friends house is on a hill, but you guessed it, no one was home.

The ride home was uneventful in that I virtually didn't stop, so nothing could go wrong. I did in fact stop twice to eat and refill at Yass and Wodonga, arriving home at 1am Monday morning.

That's what I call an eventful weekend and one I won't forget for a while, but remember this is what makes life interesting, ay!

Dave
