

**EDITORIAL**

The Committee of the M.S.C.A.V wishes to thank the members of the B.M.W. Club, Four Owners Club, and Ducati Club for their participation in the combined club run to Anakie Gorge and Steiglitz on Sunday 16<sup>th</sup> October.

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As you know by now the new magazine editor is Lance Roberts. His address is 53 Lois St, St Albans.

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**COMING EVENTS:**

Sunday 6<sup>th</sup> November 1977 – Day Trial, Kings Bridge Car Park, 10am

Sunday 13<sup>th</sup> November 1977 – Ararat Prison Tour, combined Clubs run, K.B.C.P, 8.30am. Pick up at Melton 9.45am.

Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> November 1977 – Goat Tour, leader is Billy Vienet, K.B.C.P 10am. (learn how to ride in the dirt)

Sunday 27<sup>th</sup> November 1977 – Rowing Regatta, Lake Jubilee, Daylesford, K.B.C.P 10am.

Friday 2<sup>nd</sup> December 1977 – General Meeting, Games Night 8.15pm sharp, Club Hall.

**EDITORS: LANCE & GAYLE****ANNUAL MEETING**

A big number turned up for our Annual General Meeting. A minutes silence was held for Paul McKenna, who was killed in a road accident. Also many signatures were put on a get well card to be sent to Hans for a speedy recovery.

The elections created a keen interest. There were more nominations than usual, so the selection of the Committee had a good result.

I would like to sincerely thank retiring members Bob, Trevor, Jo, Greg and Julie for the work they have done during the past year. They certainly helped the club along, and I hope those who have taken over will do likewise.

**BIG DADDY**

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As most members know Hans Lentfert is in the Western General Hospital, Footscray. The visiting hours are between 3pm and 4pm in the afternoon and 7pm and 8pm at night.

We would like members to visit Hans every once in a while. Hans looks like being there between 5 and 5 ½ months.

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After doing the Mag for two years, I am handing the job over to Lance Roberts. He was the only one who took it on and in doing so keeping the Mag alive.

I hope that more members will write articles for him than they did for me. It takes a lot of effort to run the Mag, and having no articles makes the job a thousand times harder. I myself hope all goes well for Lance as the club has just spent a great deal of money buying all the paper, ink and stencils needed to keep the Mag going. I will keep an interest in what goes on and wish Lance all the success in the world.

Last but not by any means least is the wonderful young ladies who typed all the stencils and put up with me. Thank you all very much. All correspondence relating to the Mag must be sent to Lance whose address is: - 53 Lois St, St Albans.

## **BOB EVANS**

### **WORLDS END RALLY – FLINDERS RANGES S.A** (1<sup>st</sup> & 2<sup>nd</sup> October)

My brother Trevor (Suzi 550), his girlfriend Margaret, my girlfriend Kerrie and myself (Suzi 750) set off from Melbourne at 7.15pm on Friday and headed out on the Western Highway. The weather was mild and the traffic medium – a great start to the weekend.

Last year Trevor and I did the same trip solo, but because our cooking is not up to scratch, we decided to bring the girls along. Consequently, we travelled a bit slower and found ourselves stopping a little more frequently. Once past Ballarat it began to get colder and we were grateful for our handlebar muffs which kept our hands from dropping off. By the time we had travelled to Keith we were almost freezing, and at 2am Trevor decided it was time to lie down. Trevor had been off work all week with the flu and so was excused for feeling tired and cold. Kerrie and I pressed on to Tailem Bend, where some newspaper in front of Kerries knees seemed to make her feel a little warmer.

As we rode through Adelaide at 6am, the sun was shining as the lucky South Australian Motorcyclists began joining us on our route up north. At Port Wakefield we had breakfast and wondered whether Trevor and Marg were on their way. Finally, at 11.30am we arrived at Quorn, stocked up with provisions and then followed the gravel road to Warren Gorge which was the site of the rally.

Approximately 200-300 bikes had turned up for the rally, from all over Australia and a few familiar faces from the club were seen – Ducati Tom (alias Yamaha Tom), BMW Mick, Katrina, Don and Ned, Honda Lloyd, Waterbottle Ken, Yamaha Ian and Anthony and Julie Kawasaki plus a few others whose names have slipped my memory.

The camp site was on another branch of the creek this year, and proved better, although the water supply was a little sparse. The gymkhana was held as usual in the afternoon with the skill, balance and control of Mick Fagan shining through, as he rode his BMW to victory in most of the events he entered. Trev and marg finally rolled up with the 550 having to be pushed up the bank from the creek to the central check.

The weather was fairly hot with a strong wind and the Suzi (with its mighty load) had weakened, but only temporarily. A quick tune up by mechanic Trev (removal and replacement of points cover plus extensive examination of foot pegs) had the bike running smoothly again.

On Sunday morning the trophies were presented by the Mayor of Quorn who gave his customary long speech and welcomed us all back next year.

The longest distance trophy went to a guy who came down from Darwin and two girls from Perth shared the longest distance travelled for females. The greatest combined distance travelled was by the BMW Club of NSW with approximately 14,000 odd km (may be the M.S.C.A.V could have a try next year?)

The four of us, plus Anthony and Julie Rae, left about 11, and headed for Wilpena Pound, 120km north of Quorn. The weather was perfect as we cruised along stopping to look at the Kanyaka Ruins and the Aboriginal paintings at the Yourambulla Peak Caves on the way.

We pitched our tents at the caravan park at Wilpena Pound and spent the afternoon relaxing in the sun. Next morning Trev, Kerrie and I took a joy flight over the Pound in a Cessna to get a bird's eye view of the Flinders Ranges. Then at 10 o'clock the six of us set off on what was to be a 6 hour walk through the Pound. It was very hot as we marched on and I think we were all glad when we had made it back to the camp. Some of us even got sun burnt.

Tuesday morning saw us packing up and heading for home. We left Anthony and Julie near Port Augusta as they headed back to Adelaide to collect their bus and continue on their working holiday around Australia. There was a very strong NW wind blowing which made riding difficult until we reached Eudunda where we turned west towards Mildura. From there, our speed and fuel economy increased until we arrived in Mildura.

We had missed the cyclone at Mildura and Red Cliffs by about 3 hours although the up-rooted trees and water on the ground was evidence enough that the towns had taken a battering. Tiredness and laziness resulted in us having a meal at a restaurant and then bedding down in an on-site caravan for the night.

The next day we left Mildura at 10am and began the last 350 mile leg of our journey, arriving home without incident at 6pm.

All told we covered 2558km in the five days with the water bottle turning in an average for the trip of 36.6mpg. The four of us had a really enjoyable time and I encourage everyone to make the effort to attend a rally in the future, and to experience for themselves the feeling of being one of 200-300 motorcyclists congregated in the one place for a common cause.

## **GRAEME VIENET WATERBOOTLE**

### **COMBINED CLUBS RUN – ANAKIE GORGE & STEIGLITZ**

Members of the M.S.C.A.V, Four Owners Club, and Ducati Club met at K.B.C.P, at 10am. The newly appointed Captain of the M.S.C.A.V., Brendan Gleeson, led the merry band to our first stop which was Bacchus Marsh to pick up eats. As always, the ever reliable "Big D" was rear rider.

Regrouping the troops, Brendan headed off towards Anakie Gorge, where we stopped for lunch. While some of the more enthusiastic members went for a walk, the others engaged in conversation with the BMW Club, which was already there. One chap arrived for the run on an old BSA and a side-car, which was carrying his wife and a bull terrier.

After watching Charlie Cord polishing his bike for a paint mob to photograph, those who were interested mounted their bikes and headed off to Steiglitz. (The bird watchers weren't impressed.) After watching the "white drag racer", some who were thirsty had drinks at the Smithmobile.

The trip home entertained the troops, and Brendan finally came to rest outside Melton. From there people found their own way home.

Questions for the day.

Were there more than 65 bikes, and can we do better on the Ararat Prison Tour, Sunday 13<sup>th</sup> November, which is also a combined club run?

Would people like to see more runs of this nature?

**LANCE ROBERTS....XS 750**