

EDITORIAL – April 1978

The editors of this fine upstanding (?) magazine would still like to hear from persons who are interested in the Lights On campaign.

This magazine will always keep members informed about pending legislation concerning motorcycling if and when it is released.

COMING EVENTS

SUNDAY APRIL 9 – Rushworth – KBCP 9am

WEEKEND 15&16 – Portland – Laverton 7am.

SUNDAY 23 – Lake Goldsmith Rally KBCP 9am.

TUESDAY 25 – Wycheproof – KBCP 9am

SUNDAY 30 – Bulga National Park KBCP 8.30am, Pick up Cranbourne 9.45am

MAY

FRIDAY 5 General Meeting club hall 8.25pm SHARP. Guest speaker.

SAFETY

It has been noted by the eyes and ears of the world that some members are getting very lax in their attitudes to road laws and safety procedures. These practices will cease forthwith. More about this later.

THE ONLY THING THIS GREAT AND WONDERFUL MAGAZINE OF YOURS NEED IS YOUR ARTICLES. OTHERWISE,THE COVER WILL HAVE TWO STAPLES AND NOTHING ELSE FOR YOU TO LOOK AT. WON'T THAT BE INTERESTING VEIWING?

DARGO OVER THE TOP

The keen few who turned out for the long weekend trip through the high plains will remember it as a classic, one that in twenty years' time will be told as "Will you ever forget the time we..."

To those who didn't make it "Eatcha heartout"

Saturday was hot. Very hot. Very, very hot. I was glad to be lying in the shade of a tree in the main street of Dargo (after making an early start) to wait for the Club's arrival. Just before 2pm a few black dots appeared in the heat haze and a sound resembling the flight of the bumble bee.

I should have known it was the expansion chamber of Trevor V's 550 with Ken (750 Suzy), Noelene and Greg (750 BMW), and Keith (750 Yam). But where was Big D? "Coming later" they said. So we sat it out in the heat amongst the cattle grazing in the main street. We drank soft drinks, we ate hazel nuts, we devoured icy poles and still no Big D.

So, with Trevor's mate in the "U-Beaut-Ute" up ahead, we set off into the dust and the heat. Mountains are funny things especially where weather is concerned and soon it was raining. We stopped and put our water proofs on and it stopped raining, then we took them off and it started again, ad infinitum.

By this time Trevor had laid a trail of arrowed cards into the scrub that even a black tracker couldn't follow, "God help Big D" we thought. This part of the country is steeped in history – graveyards in the middle of the bush – towns that had been surveyed for thousands of residents and only a bare clearing remained – old mine shafts and nothing more.

Onward, into the bush, clearing a huge fallen gum tree from the track so the ute could pass. To those who scoff at taking a street bike into territory like this; Noelene and Greg did it two-up full pack – the lot, and never put a foot wrong. In fact, the only one to go down was a well-known XT 500 rider who had the kick start lever shoot up the leg of his water proofs just as he was about to halt the forces of gravity with that leg. Result: the forces of gravity won easily and said rider had to be extricated from the mud.

Talbotville, our destination, lies on the floor of a valley some 15,000 feet (true I swear) below where the track begins to point in the direction of down, down and down with arms locked rigid and the crotch of your trousers being torn out from under you. Then finally, there it is, Talbotville. Four hotels, houses and streets, thousands of people, gold mines – and now, nothing, a small pile of stone, a couple of fruit trees and nothing.

We set up camp on a long-gone promenade overlooking the creek and ate tea and relaxed after a long, hot dusty ride.

The night was warm and pleasant and then Trevor produced his trump card – the moonlight frisbee. With the help of Keith and his camera flash they could "Zap" the frisbee and the eerie glowing platter would zoom through the night lighting a ghostly glow as it soared. (This has to be seen to be believed.)

And so to bed.

Sunday morning promised to be hot again, and we spent the morning ferreting around the old mines, with Trevor V being the chief ferret. Then a little bit of zapping of slops where only 500 singles dare to go. This is 4-wheel drive country and those of that calling who had been camped near us, thundered off to do their worst.

The opposite of down is up and that is the way we went to rejoin the Dargo-Hotham Road. Ken's water-cooled Suzy recorded temperatures to rival Dante's Inferno. Three miles of first gear up was all it took.

Fortunately, the U-Beaut-Ute picked up a bit of shrapnel in one tyre and had to be FSSSH'd up. Fortunate, because (a) it wasn't my tyre and (b) if it hadn't been for the tyre Big D and Peter (Kawa 900) would still be combing the face of god's earth trying to find us.

Big D had spent the night with a group of motorcycle hoods called the Inca on the banks of the river in Dargo which was posted "No Camping Allowed" Good on you, Peter.

So now, at this dusty intersection, we added two more bikes to our small convoy.

The gravel road up through the Dargo High Plains is the closest thing to a natural speedway – 100 mph down over the bank and slide the back wheel – UNREAL. Snow country in the summer is impossible to describe, so go see it, its beautiful country at its best.

Soon the Hotham Road loomed up ahead of us out of the dust and was it? Yep, Sally and Brendan with dirty Duke, who had passed like ships in the night and slept in an old roadside stockyard.

So now there were more.

We had a little to eat and a rest while Trevor buried food for his forthcoming mammoth trek through these woods. "Down" led us to Bright and icy-poles and then "up" and "down" saw us arrive at the now famous Tawonga camping ground where we were greeted like long lost cousins by the proprietor.

As Greg lurched the BM off the centre stand, gravelly rumbling rent the air. Hell, what was it? Try it again. coming from the bike sure enough. Oh well, investigate later as the river was calling and lots of dusty little bodies raced to submerge.

Sometimes on a motorcycle ride, you're in the right place at the right time, and this was it! SPLASH

After a leisurely tea and quiet walk in the mild evening we took torch and went once more to investigate the case of the rumbling BMW. Yes, there it was. A mysterious black shape lurking in the depths of the petrol tank. Could it be? Yes, it was a large rock. I could swear it was doing the backstroke. Oh well, leave it there till morning and as a sudden shower fell, we all scattered for bed.

Monday morning was overcast but heading toward warm. We casually wandered about, absentmindedly packing, leisurely removing petrol rocks. Just the usual sort of things.

Fire up the machines, ride up the cutting and sweep down through the rapid bends toward Bright. A quick goodbye wave to those intent on Porepunkah (*I think. ED*) swim and homeward bound.

I wouldn't have missed it for the world.

LES
(500 single)

PS thanks for showing us the way Trevor.

ADELAIDE HILLS

At 9.30am I passed through Melton heading for Adelaide, fuelling at Beaufort before moving on with the traffic which was fairly heavy, noting the police were out in force. I had a nasty fright in Ararat, (fortunately, I survived).

On reaching Dimboola I met Michael 750/4 and his boyfriend pillion named Wally, just about to have lunch, (I timed it nicely.) As we were waiting for our orders, Ken on his Suzy 750 arrived and joined us for lunch.

After lunch I tagged along with Ken as his pace of riding suits me right down to the ground. The weather was perfect with not a cloud in the sky. I only stopped for petrol and just enjoyed the ride and scenery.

This side of Adelaide near Tailem Bend on top of the hills I encountered some sharp cornering. Adelaide's South Eastern Freeway leaves ours for dead.

We arrived at the camp site about 6pm to be greeted by Darren (in his car mixing business with pleasure), John Mc and his girlfriend Christine, Allen, Vincent and Leigh (who I call Little One) and Julie and Anthony (who are living in Adelaide at the moment), on their Kawa 900. Both looked well and were very interested to know how the MSCAV was going etc Everyone was going out for tea.

Many willing hands helped put up the tents in quick time so we could all go into town together for chicken and chips. I had to be content with fish being Good Friday and then retiring reasonably early for bed. It had been a long day.

On Saturday some members went on a trip down to Glenelg Park, forsaking the bikes there for a tram ride into the city for a stroll around. Lunch was at Hungry Jacks (like McDonalds) before visiting the art museums, and then down to the river for a ride on the paddle boats. There was a half hour wait so it was decided to return to camp as time was slipping by and someone was getting tired and leg weary, wouldn't you agree Ken?

That evening some of the diehards went to a strip show. Please don't ask me about it as I plead innocent to all charges. All I know is that John likes blondes and Vincent liked the first girl who appeared. It was a late night.

Sunday was a restful type of day with a surprise visitor, being Gerard Cahill on his Kawa 1000 who arrived at an ungodly hour the night before. About 4.30pm we all congregated to go to a barbecue at the invite of Allan and Julie's relations at Smithfield they really laid on the tucker and drink for all concerned. Many thanks from us Melbournians. We left there at about 9.30 well fed and watered to give an early start to bed.

Monday morning saw the intrepid travellers breaking camp and setting off home with Vincent in the lead. We rode through the Adelaide Hills accompanied by a light drizzle, a wonderful sensation. We stopped for fuel at Murray Bridge and then made for Nhill where we had a bite to eat before going on to Ararat then Ballarat. By the time we got there it was tea-time after which we headed for Melbourne with traffic chock-a-block on the highway. Not that it made any difference to us as we arrived on the outskirts of town at about 7.30pm, eventually going our own ways after a marvellous trip, Adelaide well worth visiting.

“BIG DADDY”

P.S. Who do you think still persists blowing his horn?

Yeah, it really is dangerous to ride without a helmet. A cop in North Carolina has been suspended for killing a biker after he forced him off the road and shot him six times. The reason: not wearing a helmet. How about that!

TURPIN FALLS/ THE FRENCH CONNECTION

After the trip to Turpin Falls on Sunday 12 February, the MSCAV may become famous the world over. The reason for this statement comes as no surprise to the Club members who rode that day, because we had two French sailors ride with us. From all reports they thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

On arriving at the KBCP we found about eight others on bikes, including the two sailors. One was taken pillion by Mick Fagan, and the other by John Smith. John McKenna led the ride, and we set off through Sunbury, Riddell and all of the back roads of Mt Macedon and Kyneton, then through to Turpin Falls.

Some of the roads we travelled on were dirt, which provided good experience as well as fun. Along the way we picked up two strays, Greg and Noelene Moore. Then we met a girl called Kathy on a BMW at Kyneton, our lunch stop. We then continued on to the falls.

Unfortunately, as the weather was so bleak in Melbourne when we left that morning, only about five people brought their bathers, including the sailors. But the people who forgot their bathers were laughing on the other side of their faces when the day turned out to be a real sizzler.

After the swim, the group congregated around Greg Smith's van for a cuppa and a talk to the French sailors. Alas, they spoke very little if any English, and we spoke no French.

Overall, it was a good day, and everyone had a very enjoyable time.

Allan and Vincent.