

## EDITORIAL

**February 1978**

We hope all members have gotten through the Christmas New Year break without scrapes, and are looking forward to the next twelve months touring with the M.S.C.A.V.

WANTED: typist for Club magazine. As from the end of February Gayle will be going interstate, so I am in need of a typist to help out with the magazine. If there is no typist forthcoming this magazine will have to cease as I have no time to do it all myself.

LANCE, Editor.

### COMING EVENTS:

Sunday 5<sup>th</sup>: Goughs Bay for a swim. Meet at KBCP at 9am. Pick up at Lilydale at 10.00am

Saturday 11<sup>th</sup>: Drive-in Night. Show will be decided on the night. Meet at KBCP at 7.00pm Sharp.

Sunday 12<sup>th</sup>: Turpins Falls for a swim. An old favourite. Meet at KBCP at 10.00am

Weekend 18 & 19<sup>th</sup>: Welshmans Reef. Meet at Keilor at 8.30am

Sunday 26<sup>th</sup>: Cowes for a splash. Meet at KBCP at 9.00am. Pick up at Cranbourne at 10.15am.

Friday 3<sup>rd</sup>: March: General Meeting. Club Hall. 8.15pm sharp. Coast Ride, Frankston Pancake parlour.

EDITOR: Lance with Gayle and Bob

### M.S.C.A.V. CHRISTMAS CAMP TAWONGA

Les and I arrived about 1pm on Monday afternoon after a leisurely trip up. We met Tom Seville at the gate, who had also arrived, but after a not so leisurely trip. People already camped were Big Daddy, Greg and Noelene, Darren and John Smith. Darren and John had been set up since Saturday. Ken Markham and Mike Davis arrived later on in the afternoon. The highlight of the day's activities was seeing Darren and John brave the rapids on lilos near the bridge. (Darren's lilo was wet both sides, and that's not from overturning either.)

The clouds forgot to go away Tuesday morning, and it was in waterproofs that the happy troupe (Tom, Les, Greg and Noelene, and myself) set off from Tawonga to Mitta Mitta via a dirt "summer track" through the mountains. On the last section of rough road before Mitta Mitta, both Tom's wheels slipped simultaneously on greasy rocks, and the RS went down. The damage was slight, a bent rear left blinker bracket, and a crack in the left side of the fairing. Here Greg also won a Hero First Class badge for "rounding up" 3 horses that were loose and ahead of us on the road. Had he not got them behind us, they would have been driven all the way to Mitta Mitta in front of the bikes.

From Mitta Mitta we toured to Dartmouth Dam, which should be completed in 1978. Rock they have used to build the dam wall has been mined on site in a series of giant steps cut into the hill next to the dam. At completion these steps will become a spectacular cascade as one of the overflows from the dam will be directed down them.

After Dartmouth, Les and Tom were ahead of me and as I came around a right hand bend, stopped on the road looking back at me. So was the biggest bull I have ever seen. I also stopped (after inching quickly past) to

see how Greg would fare. Well, the bull had either had enough lunch or he was more interested in his lady friend (?) who sat patiently on the grass beside him.

Anyway we followed the Omeo Hwy south (dirt road) to a turn off before Omeo that leads to Falls Creek via the Bogong High Plains. Before the turn off, however, and just about parallel to Mt Bogong, I got a puncture. I found it most unpleasant changing tubes in the cold rain. Luckily Greg remembered an old prayer (or curse) that cleared the skies. The cold wasn't part of the bargain as it stayed.

The road across the high plains was pretty slippery and we had no protection in the way of trees from the very strong and cold winds that did their best to turn the RS fairing into a sail and the rest of us into icicles.

You would think that we were virtually home and hosed once we reached bitumen after Falls Creek, but yet another unfortunate incident occurred. Tom stopped to ask Greg if he would like a ride and unwittingly parked the BM on the side stand pointing down the hill. It rolled off the stand and into a 3 foot ditch by the side of the road. The left rear blinker broke off, the left mirror broke off and scratches were left on the left side of the fairing perspex and seat. What a bummer.

Darren and Big D departed that morning for Melbourne as both had to work that week. Mike Davis had gone off alone early to ride to the bottom of the Mt Bogong hiking track, and then conquer the mountains by foot. Unfortunately, the bleak conditions forced him to turn back about half way.

Wednesday morning looked about as promising as Tuesday and a very low spirited Tom left for Sydney. By midmorning the sun had a monopoly on the sky, and Greg, Noelene, Les and I set out to find Trevor Vienet's swimming hole by way of a personalised T. Vienet's map.

After riding around the closed gate at the beginning of the track we descended by way of one of those incredible roads that zigzags down a very steep mountain face, which gave a view of the road to come, or just past, when one looks down. At the bottom was the Kiewa River (or tributary), which was a bit too deep for Greg's liking (the Yam made it across and back safely). We found, not far downstream, the deepest rock pools I've seen. The river flows swiftly, but the stillness of the pools mirrored the image of the overpowering mountains on either side; it is a fantastic spot.

Oh yeah, Mike hiked to the top of Bogong in less than half the given time, so he thought he would go back via a spur that followed another side of the mountain, and hike around the base to meet up with his bike. (Thought you would like to know.)

That night we raked up enough wood to have our own bonfire down by the river near the camp; shame no one thought of marshmallows, although great fun was had by all (we threw rocks at cans).

The swimming hole was the venue at Porepunkah after a very lazy Thursday morning. It was also the venue for all 13-19 year olds living in Bright and surrounding area. Still, it is a very good swimming hole complete with rope for those that are game (Yah Greg.)

Ken and John then left for home, and the rest of us for camp. There we found Keith (750 Yam) talking to Mike, who was packed and ready to leave.

Friday morning saw the Moore household rearrange itself into panniers and depart and then there were three. So we three tripped up around Mt Hotham via Harrierville. The view from Hotham is truly magnificent and we were lucky to get a clear as well as a fine day.

The remainder of the day passed slowly, and nothing of note happened until midnight. FAGAN ARRIVED, bearer of bright lights and such. Like a young gazelle Les leapt from his sleeping bag and aided Mick in the setting up of his tent. (Well I think he held the light and gave directions – I dunno cos I went back to sleep).

Well, Saturday was our home day and we left Mick and Keith eyeing off maps (would you believe it) and deciding which course of action would give greatest variety. We took it pretty slowly, the little Z-ling doesn't mind sitting on 100kmph but the hills tire him out pretty quick. (But, dirt and Z-ling = FUN).

It got hotter and more stifling the closer we got to Melbourne, and dropping down from Kinglake was a shock to the system. We were glad to get home to a hot shower and a cold drink.

You missed out if you didn't come, as the camping ground itself is superb and the area is bounded with good day trips. But I had a good time despite your absence, so I hope you had a good time too...

**Jo**

### **FOOD FOR THOUGHT** (re-printed from The Age, 12/1/78)

#### **Experts want ban on pillion passengers.**

The Road Trauma Committee has asked the State Government to ban pillion passengers on motor cycles.

The committee, part of the Royal Australian College of Surgeons, sees the move as a means of combating fatalities and serious injuries on motorcycles. It has also asked the government to restrict the right of P-plate car drivers to carry more than one passenger at certain times.

In a speech presented to the Eltham Lions Club recently a committee member, Mr H. G. Lander, said there had been an alarming yearly increase in motorcycle and bicycle deaths and serious injury.

Mr Lander said motorcycle fatalities rose from 70 to 90 from 1975 to 1976. Serious injuries increased from 1614 to 1748 he said. He said 20 per cent of drivers and motorcyclists involved in fatal or serious injury accidents were P-plate drivers.

Mr Lander said 12 per cent of drivers in fatal accidents had held a licence for less than six months. He said the move for passenger restriction on P-plate drivers was taking into account that more than 80 percent of accidents occurred between 6pm Saturday and 4am on Sunday.

\* \* \* \* \*

If people read articles of this type, could they please put them aside to pass on to the Editor Lance, so that we can put them in the magazine for everyone to read, and so will be able to keep up with what is going on in regards to their own motorcycling interests.

### **TASMANIA FOR A DAY**

I had had a very bad week. Life had been very busy. On the Friday I had been driven to Bendigo and back in an Australian car which is the best reason for buying a Japanese motorcycle for the car was cramped, stuffy and uncomfortable.

Consequently, I was really looking forward to the ride to Mount Fatigue and Morwell River. It is so like when I was brought up in Tasmania, that a trip to that part of Gippsland is really like a tour of Tasmania's Northwest coast hill country.

I took the Yamaha shafty, and on the pillion seat I conveyed a young constable who had left his car with his girlfriend at Foster, the car having broken down there earlier. He too is thinking of getting his own bike, and

he has an idea of getting onto the F2s with the Mobile Squad. Fortunately, the Sunday of the run was perfect for riding since a person new to bikes would enjoy them more if his first session were pleasant.

The early start and the holiday period meant that the roll up was small. Keith was there with his Ducati, Ted with his BMW, Ken on the Suzi, and Les was out on the Yamaha and he showed no trace of a limp after being off the road for so long. Peter P was rear rider.

I led the way via Alexandra Parade but did not have time to count the trees like Norm. The Mulgrave freeway soon had us out of town and reasonably light traffic in the hills to Leongatha allowed some spirited running. It does no harm to have a constable on the pillion. Incidentally, he is stationed at the Fairfield Station and often sees our bikes in the streets at meetings.

The run to Mirboo North was good fun too, except that Les was delayed slightly wiring in his silencer baffles. Peter made some minor repairs to his front brake while everyone purchased a drink or some food. Due to the local water the coffee is not the best at Mirboo North, and Peter P remarked that even I make better coffee. A compliment?

The fun really started after that on the Grand Ridge Road, and the part we rode is about the grandest. We took to the dirt down the road to Morwell River which we crossed at the prison where a helpful prison officer gave me some minor but necessary advice on the turn off to Mt Fatigue. The Hatchery road, which was the next we took, was notable for the tree ferns, wild flowers and very colourful birds, parrots of a vivid red and blue being common.

The road to the mountain went past some splendid examples of Mountain Ash gums, trees which grow higher than almost any other tree in the world, although really tall examples are now hard to find with timber-getting and bushfires. Les kindly checked out the turn off to Mt Fatigue while I marked the corner, but we were not in error, and the small group had lunch on top of the mountain, one of the best vantage points in the state.

Lunch time conversation dealt with Ken's many mechanical difficulties. I wonder if he will ever find a bike which does everything he wants faultlessly. We discussed the batch of forthcoming new big bikes, and covered bike crashes we had known. Some of the more athletic climbed the nearby tower. Keith was bitten on the top of his leg by a vicious insect that had somehow found a way around his leathers and he promptly shed his trousers to find out what it was. The bite was not fatal, neither was Keith arrested.

After lunch we rode down the twisty road to Foster over good dirt. At Foster, I left the run to deliver Constable Terry Lowe to his beloved and to pick up his car which he planned to drive to Melbourne the next day. We called by at the local police station where the Sergeant said something about bikies. The local unmarked police cars were duly noted.

The return run which I did alone, was fast and fun, up through the hills to Leongatha and then on a little used but very twisty road to Drouin. I followed the railway to Pakenham on a road which had hardly a car on it. On joining the Princes highway at Pakenham, I was amazed how very heavy was the traffic using that road, but was pleased to see duplication works in progress all the way to Pakenham. On the Mulgrave Freeway I caught up with another bike and invited him to come along to a run with us. He replied, "You must be Darren Room, and I have heard my brother-in-law mention you." He said that he had been meaning to join but had never gotten around to joining. He said there was someone called Big D in the club and he asked if he was still around. I was able to reassure him on this aspect.

The only pity about the day was the small numbers who enjoyed it. For those who did come along it was a most pleasant day in all respects with good riders and good company.

DARREN ROOM  
Yamaha XS 750 D

## **SAFETY BEACH**

As there was only a small number, it was decided to alter the run. Mick and Kate saw us off. Darren took us up through the South Morang, Whittlesea, and Wallan area where we saw a number of bikes, choppers and the like, broken down along the way, returning from the rally.

Going down under the freeway we finished up at Kilmore at the Golden Fleece for lunch. Here we met the brothers Dennis and Gerard Cahill who were also coming back from the rally. They said it was well organised and there were about 1,200 people there. When we left we only went a little way down the road and called in at the Tram Museum. We went for a ride on the Horse Tram, and being a single track, the driver had to change the horse over each time he got to the end. Quite funny, particularly if you were there to see it.

Leaving, we went a distance then turned right going towards the Derwent Dam, travelling along some nice windy roads until we came to some dirt. The leader stopped to see if it would be alright to carry on, and with a little bit of encouragement, he did. It went for about 6km before we came to the main road which took us down near Greenvale. Here we went round the dam non-stop before heading towards the city, coming through Glenroy then onto the Freeway.

Eventually all finished at Darren's place at 4.00 o'clock for afternoon tea, and TV with a new chap named Keith on a 750 Guzzi present.

Under the circumstances it was a pleasant day's outing.

## **BIG DADDY**

## **MOUNT FATIGUE**

Sunday the 8<sup>th</sup> January dawned shiny bright for the run to Mt Fatigue, about 15km North East of Foster. At 9.00am six motorcycles left KBCP along Alexandra Avenue to the South Eastern Freeway and Malvern Road Waverley road to the Mulgrave freeway for Cranbourne.

We travelled via Korumburra and Leongatha to Mirboo North for a coffee break at 11.00am and to buy some lunch. Shortly after leaving Mirboo North, Grand Ridge Road turned to dirt, winding through the mountains with pine plantations, eucalypt forest and fern gullies to Mt Fatigue for lunch.

At the top the views out over Toora and Corner Inlet towards Wilsons Promontory were most impressive. So was the bee that got up my leathers, the little sod got me three times before I got him.

After lunch we continued down to Foster and Leongatha. At Leongatha we turned north over the hills, more dirt in Warrigal. Then we went to Drouin following the railway to Pakenham East and the freeway home.

It was most enjoyable run with good weather, roads and interesting scenery.

Keith Harris