

EDITORIAL

May 1978

STOLEN: Blue 1973 K2 Honda 750-4, rego No LK 952, engine No B750E2066189.

Would anyone seeing this machine or hearing of any suspiciously cheap parts please contact the editors so the appropriate action can be taken.

COMING EVENTS

Friday 5th: General meeting, Club Hall 8.15pm Sharp. Guest speaker.

Sunday 7th: Upper Yarra Dam. KBCP 9.00am Lilydale 10.00am

Sunday 14th: V.P. Mystery Tour. KBCP 10.00am

Sunday 21st: Murrindindi Falls KBCP 9.30am

Sunday 28th: Historic Bendigo. KBCP 9.30am

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Dog Baited.

6 foot Cyclone Wire Fence Cut.

Parked within 5 foot of the back door.

STOLEN between 3.00am and 6.30am.

This is the extent the people who stole the above bike went to.

Is the bike safe? Can it be seen from the street?

Is it secured if they do try to steal it?

Do not become apathetic about this. My bike was only parked at the house it was stolen from for one week and a very professional theft was performed.

HOW LONG HAS YOUR BIKE BEEN WATCHED?

TO QUOTE AN OLD SAYING "IT COULD BE YOU NEXT"

COHUNA LONG WEEKEND

The long weekend was coming up and I was coming up and I was still on sick leave. I left home around 11.30am Wednesday morning and headed for Wangaratta via Healesville and Benalla.

About 10 miles out of Benalla I smelt something burning and pulled over to the side of the road. I discovered that my battery was burning due to the battery holder caused by a short between the two poles. I also discovered that my fire extinguisher did not work, but I put the fire out after a few minutes. I flagged down a passing truck and he went into Benalla and called the RACV who towed me in. I purchased a new battery and was on my way again after about a delay of only 1 hour.

I stayed overnight in Wangaratta in the caravan park and the next day I headed to Rutherglen to buy some wine. After going to three vineyards, I headed to Corowa to visit a friend of mine who is the publican of the Corowa Hotel. I found out that I had missed him by half an hour; he had just left for Melbourne. I had a long chat with the barman who owns a 750/4 also. He was having a lot of trouble with the local law as he had no baffles in his pipes and every time he rode it, he got booked.

After lunch I headed for Yarrawonga at a fast pace (45mph if you believe).

At Yarrawonga Caravan Park I discovered some friends of mine staying there also, so I stayed on an extra night.

On Saturday morning at 9am I left and proceeded to Cohuna to meet the Club, or so I thought. I arrived just on 12 noon to find they had not arrived yet. I had just settled down to lunch when Joanne arrived on her BIG SINGLE. She had left at 9am and had not sighted anyone either.

We thought this rather strange as we knew Big Daddy was coming up as I bought all his gear. About 4pm we began to get worried, so Jo enquired at the police station if there were any accidents on the highway and we were relieved when we were told there were none.

About 5.30pm Big D arrived all by himself. He had some trouble with No.3 cylinder on the way and he had not seen anyone from the Club either. After tea Jo and Peter went and had a few drinks at the pub. They were only gone about an hour so when they came back and we all had coffee in the van and went to bed rather early.

Next morning Jo-Annewas up quite early (8am) and decided to head back and see some friends on the way home seeing no one else had arrived. After saying goodbye to Jo, Peter and I went for a drive around the district arriving back in time for lunch. After lunch I was talking to the man at the campsite next to us and he informed me that his boss also was a member of our Club about 8 years ago. Some members might remember him, it was Tony James.

We decided to visit Tony but when we got to his place a neighbour informed us that he had gone to Melbourne for the weekend. Back at the camp later on after tea another rider turned up. Turned out it was Brendon's cousin Simon looking for Brendon and Sally who told him they were coming up. He had come up the long way through Swan Hill.

The next morning Peter and Simon headed back to Melbourne in rain, whilst I went back to Yarrawonga to see my friends. I stayed there overnight and on Tuesday I proceeded home.

It was a very enjoyable week away and I would like to say that all who went to Cohuna enjoyed themselves. It is a beautiful caravan park with very good amenities and quite a reasonable price.

Greg Smith. 750/4

Are you an active member, the kind that would be missed?
Or are you just contented if your name is on the list?
Do you attend the meetings and mingle with the flock,
Or do you sit at home and criticise and mock?
Do you take an active part to help the work along,
Or are you satisfied to be the kind that just belong?
Do you push the cause along and make things really tick,

Or leave the work to just a few and talk about the clique?
Think this over members, you know the right from wrong.
Are you an active member or do you just belong?

Anon.

TRUE GRIT

The smell of racing fuel filled her with excitement. There were bikes everywhere. Big bikes, little bikes, black ones, red ones, even a purple one which he decided was a Triumph. What a day this was going to be – her first scramble meeting.

There were people by the dozen milling about and numerous hamburger and pie stands were here and there with people jostling each other to be served first. Some people had barbeques and her mouth watered as she caught the aroma of sizzling steak and sausages.

Walking along, she came to a group of BMW's and thought how nice they all looked. She felt proud as she thought of her own little bike parked out near the gate and wondered how many people would guess that she rode one.

The first race was about to begin so she ran over to the fence. About twenty bikes were lined up at the start – she could hardly hear herself think above the noise of their revving motors. She giggled at the way the riders seemed to be jumping nervously, anticipating the sign to go. Suddenly they were away – the roar nearly deafened her. They disappeared over the first hill and, after a couple of seconds, they appeared again, still in a bunch, and tore along the top of another hill. On the way down, two of them spun out in the loose dirt and fell off, but they were okay as they didn't waste much time getting back into the 'scramble'. Then they were out of sight again, but she could hear their buzzing like the sound of a model aeroplane coming from behind a clump of tress at the edge of the track.

“Here they come”, said a little boy. As she looked down the track she could see a mound of earth in their path. Two of them close together took the jump and flew into the air – the green one with the girdle on was winning. She caught flashes of red and yellow as the rest came hurtling past. Suddenly, one of the riders lost control as he landed on his front wheel after taking the jump. The bike pitched roughly, skidded on to its side and crashed into the fence, throwing the rider clear. The crowd gasped. The last two machines went by and the St John's boys raced across the track to the motionless rider. Quickly they examined him and gently swiftly lifted him onto their stretcher, hurrying back across the track just as the first three bikes came round the corner again. “He's got a broken leg”, someone said. Her stomach turned over. But I guess it's all in the game, she thought to herself. The first race ended and she ran over to a nearby stand and bought a juicy hamburger.

The second race was to begin shortly so she crossed the track with a group of people and went over the hill. “This ought to be fun,” she thought, looking at the two great patches of mud. The race began and she could hear the deafening roar again, glad she wasn't as close as last time.

Down the hill they came, and into the mud the first two got through okay, the third and fourth riders also without much trouble. But the next couple of riders weren't so lucky – they were slipping and sliding everywhere. One of them was off the track and heading for a tree. “Look out”. He jumped off the bike and it fell over. There was one bike going the wrong way! What a scream! This viewing location was much better than up near the start.

Suddenly SPLAT! A clot of mud hit her in the face. "Yuk!" She wiped it away just in time to see one of the bikes sink up to its handlebars in the mud. Somehow the rider got it out and slithered off again. She was killing herself laughing, embarrassed because she was by herself.

And so the day passed. The sun sank low in the sky as she made her way home, singing merrily to herself. One day I might even race in a scramble, she thought. And she could smell the racing fuel again and hear the roar of the engine; what a great day this has been.

Lyn

PS A past member. Presented by B.D.

PORTLAND

Friday evening, clear and pleasant, saw half a dozen motorcyclists – Greg, Ken, Ian and Lyn, Sally and me gathering at Laverton. Another three persons who shall remain nameless to protect the guilty had, with the onset of years, decided to journey by car.

Geelong Highway saw us cruising at a pleasant speed not fast enough to attract attention or get too cold. Through Geelong and we were soon moving respectably along the traffic-free Hamilton Highway. As it became darker Greg shot past to floodlight the road, triple Hella style. Heading through the back blocks after Cressy warm air pockets made the trip even more pleasant and it was not long before we were greeted with coffee and heaters at Kildara.

Dawn didn't quite see our tough motorcyclists back on the road. Indeed it's rumoured some were seen exiting from sleeping bags after 10am. Then what with talking to the sheep and comforting those sheep who'd lost their woollen coats, the day was slipping away.

Vinnie demonstrated his mechanical expertise with the quickest carbie rebuild you've seen after which I chauffeured some members about in the 'Olden.

Car travel was unanimously voted too dangerous and claustrophobic, so feeling some sympathy for those travelling by car, we rode towards Portland. The day was quite warm and it was a very pleasant trip through the scenic areas around Warrnambool and Port Fairy to Portland.

At Portland, Keith and Greg, who apparently had driven trains all night and motorcycles all day, greeted us. Mike Davis fronted shortly and led a conducted tour of Portland which almost got us into deep water. Much fun was had skylarking on the wharves and riding in and around grain silos. The day passed with people doing their own thing and darkness and Big D arrived about the same time, Big D having left at 2pm for the weekend run.

Sunday morning saw Mike Davis leaving early, Lyn and Ian heading towards the Great Ocean Road and the 750's making their own pace in the Melbourne direction. What, no 1000cc, 4-cylinder beasts? No, too expensive to take as far as Portland!

A quick tour of the attractive old township of Port Fairy was undertaken especially for Greg Smith.

Lunched at Terang and stopped at Nilda once again, to return young brother Kieran and partake of country hospitality. Then on to Geelong using the old dirt road here and there which Greg found reason to hang onto his BM and Greg Smith to swap his Honda for anything, perhaps a Citroen.

Traffic wasn't bad on Geelong highway but my apologies for being unable to find a gravel shortcut between Geelong and Melbourne.

Brendan, Club Captain.