

EDITORIAL OCTOBER 1980

Well, it's finally arrived, my last magazine. The Morgans will be taking over as of the November magazine. I would like to thank all those who have submitted articles over the past year, without those of course you would have had a very small magazine. I do hope you will keep sending them in and give the Morgans the support that you have given Jude and I over the past year. Thank you.

Smithy

ELECTION RESULTS.

PRESIDENT	KEITH FINLAY
V. PRESIDENT	JOHN McKENNA
TREASURER	PHIL DUFFY
SECRETARY	IAN TAYLOR
SOCIAL SEC.	DAVID SHEATH
ASS. SEC.	MARC SULOT
CLUB CAPTAIN	KEVIN ROBERTSON
V. CLUB CAPTAIN	CRAIG DAWSON

OCTOBER RUNS

Friday 3	General Meeting Club Hall 8.15pm SHARP
Sunday 5	Paradise via Great Ocean rd. KBCP 9am
Sunday 12	Mt Howard KBCP 7.30am.
Weekend 18/19	Camping, Walkerville (near Waratah Bay) 8am Cranbourne.
Sunday 26	Powers Lookout KBCP 8am. Lilydale 9.15am.

NOVEMBER

Sunday 2	Club Captains surprise ride. KBCP 9am.
Friday 7	General Meeting Club Hall 8.15pm SHARP (Darren's movies of USA trip.0

CLUB SAFETY

Over the last few weeks riders have been ignoring the safety aspects of riding. Apart from being against the Law, it is also against club policy to ride without your helmet on. Remember, no matter what speed you're travelling at, you can seriously hurt yourself and spoil the day for the rest of the club.

The club would like to congratulate Les Leahy on him becoming a Life Member. Les has done a great deal for the club over the last few years; it was Les who started off the Club Member of the Year Award and also the design and printing of our T-Shirts to name just a few. Congratulations again, Les.

PRESIDENT REPORT

DECEMBER

Rides well attended except for the Xmas Camp in the Snowy River Valley. Reason for this was the indecision on the committee to make sure there was a specific area for camping. However, it's more my fault as the camp was really my idea. I do not think that the Christmas Social was that great. Looking at it from an overall view that is. (*Bulldust, Ed.*) Christmas hamper raffle was really good and everyone wanted to win it and be in it. If we hired a removal van like we did years ago and went to a pub and then come back, it would be more of a Christmas Social breakup. However, that is my personal view.

JANUARY

Rides not well attended except for the Clubman Rally. We even had one ride cancelled after only four riders turned up in the city and decided that this was not enough to justify riding. Meanwhile at the Cranbourne secondary pick up the four people there decided that there was not a good enough turnout of riders so they also decided not to ride either. All in all, eight people stuffed up what could have been a long but good ride. The weather was cold I might add. Unfortunately, the Committee has been forced to add to the rules of the Club Member of the Year award to stop bickering which could get worse if allowed to go unchecked. I received a complaint from some members, that on the cancelled ride there was not one Committee member along and that this was a disgrace because the ride didn't go on and would have had there been a Committee member there.

That is one of the biggest loads of shit I have heard of in a long while. I will be glad at the end of the year when I retire from this committee and don't have to sympathise with everyone because of my position. I'm looking forward to being a back-bencher. I regret at this stage that we don't have a rally of our own, but on the other hand, the club is not really orientated towards rallies and that is a good thing.

FEBRUARY

Rides very well attended, and people are becoming interested in meeting other clubs and their members more. The Australia Day Weekend was good with about 20 members up at the Clubman Rally, which is a beautiful site. Quite a few of the members went up to Canberra for the MRA, FAM Protest Rally. I will have to be careful and make sure that the club doesn't get too rally orientated and not put on a ride for people in Melbourne area as well as a rally on the same day. We had one of our best rides ever in conjunction with the Ballarat touring club. The atmosphere was great, and that's an understatement. We had a cricket match of two innings in which we (modestly) showed them how to win. A great day and a great time, one of the best rides I've been privileged to be on.

MARCH

March kicked off to a good start, when at our General Meeting a representative of the Auto Cycle Council of Victoria, Mr Marc Wigan, gave us a lecture on the pros and cons of our club becoming an affiliated club with the ACUV. He also went on a smidge, about how many committees he was on and how important they and he were to motorcycling in Australia. Most of us concluded that he loves himself although he did appear to justify his existence.

Raffles, service days and theatre nights are getting away again as requested by members. The start of the month saw Phil jetting away to the USA to be followed in the middle of the night by Darrin and Ted. There is now positive proof in the number of active people in the club, that the changes made over the last 18 months are having the correct long-term effect. I am also more than happy that there is no animosity between the people who led the changes and those who resisted them.

Rides were all well attended with the notable exception being the Mt Matlock ride with a smidge of dirt. Pity because it was a wonderful day and a marvellous ride.

APRIL

The start of the month got underway with a General Meeting being held on the first Wednesday, due to Easter, Good Friday being the 1st Friday of the month. A surprise decision from that meeting (from my own personal view that is) is that there is still a rather strong desire to find out more about the ACUV from about half of the members. We will have a look into this matter more carefully and seriously as a club and make sure that if we do or don't become affiliated, we make the right decision for everyone.

The absolutely marvellous weather is still going strong, and rides are very well attended. It's a pity that the 5pm Saturday night theatre show was so poorly attended. Reasons were not really obvious, but I think we should try and persevere a bit more with that style format.

The Cape Liptrap Lighthouse ride was a bit of a no no apparently. Reasons being that the club didn't actually get there (*Close enough, Ed*). Still, getting there is not everything, but it sure helps. The BBQ at Maroondah reserve with the game of baseball was good from almost every point of view and firmly entrenches shorter rides for the winter months.

MAY

Started off with a very successful slide night. The first ride for the month was the Sports Day held on a farm near Mt Macedon. It was without doubt the best organised I've ever had the pleasure of attending. The professionalism of DAWSO as an organiser of the rabble was nothing short of a miracle, and the type of events with their variety and innovation did justice to the hard work that Tom and his helpers put into it. The family day was also a success even though it was a bloody cold day.

JUNE

Well the Economy Ride started off with everyone striving for perfection and a few cheating (refer to Phil Duffy). Les Leahy won the day on his BMW R65 which is probably the third time he has won this event on at least three different bikes. So there must be a moral there somewhere. The General Meeting saw the introduction of an annual membership fee collecting time and it seems to be well liked. Snake Valley was a ripper of a ride with one GL falling into a six foot hole. Tarra Gallaway was a write off as far as attendance goes. We actually got some members to French Island and a lot of people were happy when the President fell off his bike on the ride.

JULY

Well July started off with a movie night which was successful with the members if not the sound. The counter lunch at Eildon was not what I would call a raging success, but it was worth the effort. (*Why not? Ed.*)

The Joss House was a ripper of a ride, one of those rides that comes once in a blue moon. (*Thank heavens, I think he must have his rides mixed up...Ed.*) and the Day Trial was a soppy success for all except Craig. Considering the type of weather, we had and the number of people on rides, it was more than a successful month.

AUGUST

As usual, the Auction night offered some bargains although a few people did buy stacks of books of no apparent value, or did they know something about their contents? The snow ride was terrific with us clearly being the best snowballers around. (School girls by the bus-load aren't much

competition.) Because I'm going away on holidays, I have to wind up this mini revue or the rides and goings on in the club. (*Thank God... Ed.*)

It is history that we made some drastic decisions in the club (the 'we' being all the members.) and that those decisions were luckily the right ones. We were dictated to by a small group and decisions were made without our consultation and it seemed that the people in power were forgetting what their jobs were. Whether they knew what the problems were and didn't know how to remedy them is a matter for conjecture. In reality we should only look to the future.

My stint as President has been one of great rides and events. I look upon the club as one large club ride. We are unique in Australia if not the world in our ability to have a ride week in, week out, with a never-ending cast of riders on a never-ending ride. Sounds soppy, doesn't it. Well, if it is, I don't mind being soppy. I also believe that the club is a direct reflection of motorcycle booms that occur in this country. Over the past 24 years of the club, the members have ridden the machines of the day that are selling in great numbers. With this in mind I forecast that the majority of people in the club will be riding mid-range bikes that have a good touring speed and get good economy. This won't happen overnight but will probably take about the same time as the superbike did which was early 70's to 80's.

I hope that people read this part, as it was written piece-meal through the year to give you an idea of what their President thought of things that made an impression on him, be they be good or bad.

It is with mixed feelings that I stand down. One is relief that I no longer have to carry the decision-making burden of being an active PRESIDENT and the other is regret that things that could have been done and changed weren't.

Overall results show we didn't go backwards and that's all that really counts.

Mick Fagan BMW R100S

MT IDA (or the lost club run)

Mt Ida is a small hill crowned with a fire tower and a trig point near Heathcote. But it was to prove rather elusive for some of our members on this run.

We started as usual at the car park with about 21 bikes led by Craig. We set off via the Bulla, Romsey, Lancefield route. A windy but otherwise uneventful ride found us at Heathcote for lunch. Our leader, relying on a rather poor map clipped from a newspaper, set off for Mt Ida, our final destination. That's where things started to fall apart. Our first attempt after several kilometres of dirt road found us at Costerfield on the Nagambie road. After enquires it was back to Heathcote for another try. Somewhere on the way we lost part of the club.

Back in the town we tried another road, this time with success. It was a rough and rocky road to the top, the last section leading to the fire tower suitable only for motorcycles or goats. While taking in the view a bright orange dayglo helmet was spied in the distance. Ted on his Morini eventually made it to the top. Although his Morini balked at the last section. The rest of our straying sheep we never saw again for that day at least.

Heading back to Heathcote to see if we could rejoin the lost ones, our leader decided to add a bit of variety by avoiding the road down and trying the fire trials. Some members thought it was a bit rough and took the direct route while the remainder went rock hopping or trial riding until we ran out of trial, around a few fallen trees and across a boggy paddock, over a fallen fence and back to the road. Back at Heathcote we rejoined the sensible ones and decided to return home via Yea and Yarra Glen except for a couple who had to get home early.

It was a good ride on excellent roads to Yea where we dispersed. Eleven bikes completed the run out of 21 who started. The missing ones will no doubt have their own tales to tell.

Frank BMW 750

LOGAN FOR A RUN

There were a few rallies held on this weekend, so only a few riders attended the ride. Craig led while I watched from the rear. Up the Tullamarine Freeway and then through the Bulla Cutting, Gisborne and Woodend where we turned west. The sky was looking gloomy at this stage.

Going via Trentham Falls, I had to wait while the GL got fuel. Moving on, we passed through Hepburn Springs, gradually getting out onto the open road. The weather changed into a perfect day. The scenery was a treat to see.

We seemed to travel a long way before reaching Maryborough, where we bought food and got mixed up in their Wattle Festival.

Craig took us on a little tour before we finally left for Logan. I was starting to wonder whether we were ever going to get there.

Our next stop was at St Arnaud where we sat in the park eating lunch while the very noisy locals carried on.

On leaving we headed towards Bendigo, with a slight diversion taking place just out of town, the sign saying 'Logan 21km'. Passing through Logan, the only thing I saw was a garage. Lucky we didn't buy lunch there as there were no shops.

Not long after we went over a section of good dirt road with a couple of nice dips. Through to Tarnagulla via Marong before stopping on the outskirts of Bendigo for afternoon tea. Then we continued along the McIvor Highway to Heathcote and Kilmore where we met Don and Jan, who went on a short ride rather than go on ours, as they felt it too far to go for them.

We dispersed in Kilmore after a good long ride. Being a pillion rider for the day is not the same as riding your own bike for the day.

Big "D"

P.S. My Honda is being reconditioned.

PUMA RALLY 6th & 7th September

Although the Puma Rally wasn't an official club run, this write-up was done not only to fill in more pages of the magazine, and to keep Smithy occupied, but also to give those people who don't attend rallies a general picture of a typical rally.

Looking out the window at eight o'clock on Saturday morning revealed a beautiful day: a beautiful day to mow the lawn, wash the car or do some gardening or do whatever else suburbia does on a beautiful Saturday morning. But not me. I packed the bike and headed for Keith Finlay's residence. By 10.30am Marcus, Dave Sheath, Kevin Robertson, Keith and I left Essendon. Our first stop was Ballarat where we regrouped. From there we headed along the Glenelg Highway to Skipton for lunch. The good weather continued throughout the afternoon and the rest of the weekend without change.

After lunch we continued our journey through Dunkeld and Cavendish and finally arrived in Balmoral. Incidentally, Balmoral is the closest town to the rally site which is about 30km away. Arriving at Balmoral brought a pleasant surprise; the main street was lined with bikes to a greater extent than Elizabeth Street on a Saturday morning.

The Puma Rally has a reputation as being the hardest rally to reach because of mud. This year was quite different; the rally site location was changed. There was no mud, but plenty of dirt and gravel.

Dave decided to leave the gravel and make his own way through the bush. The main problem was that there was an 8-inch-high dirt gutter between the road and the bush. The BM disliked the idea of hitting the gutter at speed. The results were: 1st right pot; 2nd left pot; and, 3rd headlamp. And one badly shaken rider. Dave decided to stick to the road after that little incident.

At arrival at the rally site we collected our badges and picked a camping site. Thanks to Marcus who bought a little electric pump, blowing up our lilos was a lot easier. In the evening we visited most of the campfires. A lot of good stories were exchanged amidst a little amber fluid; it beats watching TV on a Saturday night.

The next day we left the campsite around 10am and headed through the mountains instead of around them. After about 90 minutes riding we left the dirt and discovered some superb winding roads. Everyone seemed to have a good time including Dave on his trials universal equipped BM.

We finally arrived in Halls Gap where we fed the bikes, ourselves and then went sightseeing. By the time we got back into Halls Gap it was well after 2 o'clock so we decided a move towards Melbourne would be pleasant.

We headed back through Ararat for our next fuel stop and then to Ballarat for tea. By the time we finished our pizzas, dusk was very close. Nevertheless, Dave seemed to have a great time cruising around 130-140km/h, without lights, down Ballarat Road.

We stopped at Keith's place for coffee before making our way home. We did around 800km that weekend, with around 150km of that on dirt. Possibly the worst thing about the weekend was the thought of going back to work the following day.

Marc. Suzuki X7 250

A LETTER FROM AN IRISH MOTHER

Dear Son,

Just a few lines to let you know that I'm still alive. I'm writing this letter slowly because I know you can't read fast. You won't know the house when you come home – we have moved.

About your father. He has a lovely job. He has 500 men under him. He cuts grass at the cemetery.

There was a washing machine at the new house when we moved in. But it hasn't been working too good. Last week I put 14 shirts in, pulled the chain, and haven't seen the shirts since. Your sister Mary had a baby this morning, but I haven't found out whether it's a boy or girl. So I don't know if you are an aunt or an uncle. Your uncle Dick drowned last week in a vat of whisky in the Dublin brewery. Some of his workmates tried to save him but he fought them off bravely. They cremated the body and it took three days to put out the fire.

I went to the doctor on Thursday and your father went with me. The doctor put a small tube in my mouth and told me not to talk for ten minutes. Your father offered to buy it from him. It only rained twice this week, first time for 3 days and then for 4 days. Monday was so windy one of the chickens laid the same egg four times. We had a letter from the undertaker. He said that if the last payment on your grandmother's plot wasn't paid in seven days – up she comes.

Your loving mother.

P.S. I was going to enclose \$10 but I had already sealed the envelope.
