

APRIL RUNS

Friday 3	General meeting. Club hall 8.15pm sharp. Nominations.
Saturday 4	Service Day Craig Dawson's
Sunday 5	Secretary's Tour KBCP. 9.30am
Sunday 12	Tarwin Lower. KBCP. 9.00am
Easter w/end	Leave Hallam 8.00 Pt. Hicks. Camping weekend.
Sunday 26	Dereel 9.30 KBCP.

MAY

Friday 1	Annual General Meeting Club Hall 8.15pm SHARP.
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NOTE

The location of the Easter Camp, advertised as being held at Wingan Inlet, has been changed to Point Hicks as Wingan Inlet is completely booked out.

Point Hicks is situated on the Thurra River, south of Cann River. Access is via Cape Everard Road. Limited facilities exist, e.g. fire places, pit toilets, etc. Water is available from the river. Approximately 30km of unsealed road must be traversed, so watch out for sand traps (you know, usually unseen until the bike crosses up). Don't be put off though, the sand traps will be no worse than anywhere else along the Victorian Coast.

GOSSIP

Who is the financial member of the Club who drives (and is suspected of owning) a Rolls-Royce?

Who fronted up at KBCP at 3.30am last Wednesday? Did you enjoy the ride to Rocket Lake? How about you write us an article for the magazine? All contributions gratefully received.

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT MAG IS THE 17TH APRIL

EDITORIAL APRIL 1981

At last we have received correspondence from a member regarding our Editorials! The same letter also has a few comments about the recent Captain's resignation and the attitudes of the general membership. Unfortunately, the writer failed to sign his/her letter, so we have printed it in its entirety, exactly as written. Refer page 3.

Whilst we welcome criticism, it keeps us on our toes and lets us know what you, the member, feel about our comments, we feel that the critic should have sufficient confidence in his/her criticism to at least provide a signature. We don't believe anyone will hold a grudge (or resort to physical violence) when the Mickey gets taken out of them. Besides, we now know at least one person reads the magazine! (It's not all in vain after all!)

We've heard that on a recent Cathedral Lane run one lady rider had considerable difficulty negotiating the prolific number of rocks on the mongrel hill. Seems that she crashed a couple of times. Considerate members picked her and the bike up, offered advice, got her back on the bike and away up the hill, where-upon she promptly crashed again! Repeat the procedure ad-infinitum, till eventually all got to the top. Terrific! Precisely what Club riding is all about.

Thanks to those members that found the run easy and enjoyed helping those that wished they did too! A good, healthy Club attitude. Alas we have also heard that one person stated that the same lady should not have been allowed to participate in the run because she lacked sufficient experience to handle the conditions and therefore was holding everyone up. Unless one participates in runs, how does one gain the necessary experience to participate in these runs? (Think about it; it does make sense!) Besides, where was everyone going in such a hurry that they couldn't spare the time to help a fellow rider!

Faye and Geoff Morgan, Editors

RESIGNATION CLUB CAPTAIN

As stated in the Constitution, the Club Captain's job is to ensure safety on Club rides. The proposal put to the last General Meeting to mandate that all parts of the rider be covered with some form of protective clothing, noting that if the rule had already been in place, it would most likely have reduced injury to riders and pillions. That this proposal was rejected, or more particularly the way it was rejected, leads me to believe I now cannot carry out my Club Captain's job to the fullest, and so resign.

I remind members that a position on the Committee is voluntary, and not as easy as a few members think. Committee positions are time consuming requiring a great deal of thought and effort to do the job properly. The position is needed to run the Club in a satisfactory manner.

For those members who take delight in continual non-constructive criticism, may I suggest that they nominate themselves for the May elections and forget their usual excuses why they can't take a role.

Some members continually write incorrect articles relating to new proposals and other general Club gossip. These articles, while content factual, seem to blow things out of proportion. Perhaps the authors fancy themselves as budding journalists for the "Sun" or the "Herald".

FOR SALE

For sale, a 2-bedroom weatherboard home full of character located in Melbourne's picturesque Dandenongs.

Features include a recently decorated kitchen, western red cedar bathroom, new electric stove, gas hot water system, and open fireplace. Superb views over the city are available from the front of the house whilst the rear of the block looks into bushland.

Also situated on the large (270ft x 51ft) block is a garage containing workshop and room for several bikes and a car. The garage has fluorescent lighting and many power points.

For those days when the bike is out of action, the train station is within walking distance as is the local shopping centre.

The situation gives good access to starting points for Club runs such as Lilydale, Hallam and Cranbourne. Access is also available to the many twisty mountain roads in the area without going through a single traffic light.

Genuine enquiries may be directed to Brendon or Sally. Phone 754 6060.

ANGELSEA February 1st 1981

With the promise of fine weather, a run to Anglesea seemed too good to miss. So a crowd approaching 25 persons was waiting at KBCP, looking forward to a swim and the chance to ride along the Great Ocean Road (GOR).

The crowd included several visitors including a lady from Queensland on her pink BMW and a couple of Americans travelling with Darren Room in his car.

Craig Dawson led the run towards Geelong and, although the highway traffic was fairly heavy, a safe and steady speed of around 100km/h soon saw us stopping in Geelong.

After a very lengthy delay we set off towards Anglesea, twist grips rotated considerably further. On this stretch Lyn tried the back seat of the Ducati to see if it was as comfortable as initial impressions suggested. (Ask her if it was if you really want to know?)

At Anglesea shortly past the town centre, a group of bikes stopped, and as the numbers grew, those stopping thought it was the official Anglesea stop. However, it was soon realized it was just a temporary halt to watch Brian Melisse's RS BMW begin self-destructing by blowing its headlight glass into pieces on the road. Listening to the learned BMW riders expounding on why this was so was about as exciting as watching a chook turn in a rotisserie, so we headed off and found Craig at the beach carpark.

Lunched and refreshed, most of us took to the beach while a couple headed for the GOR. The old 'get changed inside your towel' trick caused a furore when someone announced 'my bikini is on backwards'. At any rate, the afternoon passed quickly and pleasantly with people laying on the beach, eyeballing the girls, playing cricket, eyeballing the girls, swimming, and loud advice from Mick to a bloke who'd been mauling his girlfriend all afternoon.

Around 3.30pm we headed for Lorne. It was very pleasant, and everyone enjoyed the ride.

The Deans Marsh exit is hard to see as you enter Lorne from the Melbourne side and Craig missed the turn, so after discussion I led the run back to Geelong. The road climbing out of Lorne is tight, bumpy and nasty. I found it annoying on this section to find a gold RS hovering around my rear wheel. I would like to draw the rider's attention to our Road Rules.

The road soon opens into big flowing sweepers where the Ducati just loped along. All too soon we were back on the highway heading for a service station in Geelong where we dispersed.

I think everyone enjoyed the run. Even after the dispersal point and ride end, the emotional high that exists after a good ride lingered as glimpses of the other bikes were caught on the way home.

Brendon, Ducati 750 GT

BBQ AND NIGHT RIDE FEBRUARY 7th 1981

After reading the latest magazine at home after the general meeting, I noticed the great lack of stories which has prompted me to give my views on the Night Ride.

We arrived at the barbecue which was yummy, and I noticed that there were not as many bikes as I had expected considering it was a beautiful day and promised to be a lovely night. What is the matter with all you slackers? Are you afraid of getting frost bite or something?

We left about 8pm and rode up through Kinglake and the surrounding district ending up at Healesville where our leader took a wrong turn. He noticed this about one kilometre up the road and turned around.

We continued on the trip, so far no dirt, and I thought, 'how lovely for a change'. I should have known better.

Heading towards Mt Dandenong along back roads, I thought I must have taken a wrong turn as it got very dark, and the road turned to dirt. I continued riding and when no-one came, I worried that I had taken a wrong turn and started back. Eventually someone arrived and said it was the right road, so off we went.

We arrived at Mt Dandenong and found a great spot upstairs, probably previously booked given the parking space was full of cars.

Everyone dismounted and enjoyed the spectacular view. We spoke to the law, who are very sneaky, driving around in cars with roof racks and not looking like cops.

We stayed for about half an hour and then left for either home or a pizza.

I love the night rides and wish there were more during the summer months when the nights are not as stinking hot as the days.

Robyn Duffy, Kawasaki 650

Definition of a Committee?

A group of people who individually can do nothing, but collectively can meet and decide that nothing can be done.

JERUSALAM CREEK FEBRUARY 22nd 1981

Or: If God were a motorcyclist, he would have been a Hell of a rider!!!

The day started like a normal Melbourne morning: damp, cold, misty, radar everywhere, and lots of four-wheeled tin boxes. But it was still good to be on the road.

Arriving in the city, about ten bikes were already waiting; we eventually had a dozen or so bikes on the ride including three visitors. We rode out on the F19 Eastern Freeway towards Christmas Hills and back across to Healesville via some great back roads. Some of us had to take it a little easy as the roads were damp.

There was very thick mist on the road to Healesville making riding extremely hazardous as mud and gravel were also present on the road surface. Then a slow ride through the Black Spur took us out of the fog and into a warm, sunny climate. It felt like we had crossed the state border.

Lunch was devoured at Eildon which is a hop, step and a jump from the end of our journey, but we didn't make it there without upset. (Incidentally, the takeaway at Eildon is super slow and I ended up throwing away half of my steak sandwich when I did get it.)

One of the visitors on a P-plated Yamaha 400 got a little carried away just half a mile from Jerusalem Creek and went wide on a sharp left hand corner; unfortunately colliding with a boat trailer.

She was shaken, the bike slightly bent, and the trailer sustained two punctures. After a quick repair job on the bike, we helped change the flat tyres on the trailer as the driver didn't have a decent jack. (Many hands make light work.) I even had problems executing a super-fast U-turn and managed to jam my front wheel into a small tree which wouldn't let go.

We regrouped at Jerusalem Creek, completed the repairs on the Yamaha, had a drink, a rest and a chat. An easy straight forward ride home was in order which included the Black Spur again. Not to be out done, Craig Dawson also ran wide, off the road and down a ditch. No damage to either bike or rider so we continued to Healesville where we dispersed.

Some of the Club members returned to Craig's place via more back roads where we saw the last of the Castrol Six Hour race and had a refreshing cuppa.

On route to Craig's place, Tony Daly's Honda 650 rolled off its side stand and broke two indicators, the third bike down for the day.

A good ride and a memorable day. It's not every day I'm accused of malpractice while riding my motorcycle.

Dave 75/6 and Duke

DRIVE-IN FEBRUARY 28th 1981

I snuck out of home early to get away from the screaming kids and headed to KBCP, arriving at 6.40pm to wait for the crowds to arrive at their leisure. The weather during the day had been hot and the evening promised to be pleasant, a positive, seeing we would be sitting in the open.

At 7.15pm Craig Dawson arrived followed by a new chap on a beige RS BMW. Craig produced a Sun newspaper and a quick perusal confirmed our suspicions that the choice would be very limited, ie rubbish, rubbish, or Mad Max. Guess which won? Then it was out with Craig's chalk to leave a message on the wall for Smithy, but we needn't have bothered because Smithy was playing with his trains up Seymour way.

Craig decided he had better things to do because of the low roll up, (eg feed the baby, sleep, etc) and left us two to fumble on alone. We decided to dispense with the corner marker system as there was only a leader (me) and a rear rider (him).

The ride was reasonably quick considering the heavy traffic out to Croydon twin drive-in. The queue was only about 200 meters long and it took about 15 minutes to pay our bread and get in.

At first I thought all speakers were broken but they were those new -tyle radio clip-on things. Now we didn't have radios with us, so we scouted around and found the speakers up the front. We settled in beside a guy and his girlfriend on a couple of 250 Yamahas and proceeded to watch one of the most action filled shows I have ever seen. The bikies were portrayed with more depth than usual, and the acting in general was excellent. One of the best low budget Australian films I have ever seen. I can understand why it grossed millions in the USA.

Munchies were the next event after a twenty-minute wait for the crowds to clear. The second feature was a thing called SLAVES set in Africa in Victorian times. There was plenty of bums and boobs and Tarzan getting around putting shit on the natives.

About midnight things wound up and we made it back to the city at slightly less than frantic speed .(We were running slightly late and so went our separate ways in King St.

It was a shame we did not have more starters, but those that went enjoyed it, as least I did, and I was 50% of the turn-up.

Phil Duffy, Goldwing and Chair.

P.S. the chair was a lot more comfortable to sit in than the BM seat was to sit on.

NAGAMBIE MARCH 1st 1981

Thirteen bikes participated on our trip to Nagambie. Ian Taylor was leading on his BMW while Bruce Faldon on a 240cc machine was relegated to rear rider.

We headed out via Romsey, Lancefield and Tooborac to Heathcote where we stopped for drinks and icy poles. The weather was quite warm.

On leaving Heathcote we rode a couple of kilometres south before taking the Nagambie turn off. The ride was very pleasant until I saw a frontend loader coming slowly around the bend and a white ute pulling out to pass him. When he saw me performing antics, he pulled back smartly. I had my headlight on, which may have alerted him.

It seemed like a long way to Nagambie where we eventually stopped outside a shop, purchased lunch, and walked over to the nature strip and sat under the shade of a big tree to eat. One guy bought half a watermelon which he shared with the other riders.

Every now and then you had to close your eyes to combat the dust that was coming off the street, thrown up by the passing vehicles.

Marc Sulot arrived having travelled via another route.

After lunch we went for a swim in the lake at a beautiful spot called Picnic Reserve. Some swam, while others just relaxed. I had brought a ball along to throw around. The water was lovely, once you acclimatised. It was very cold.

The scenery seemed to be somewhat of an attraction.

On leaving we made our way back to the shop for more drinks before heading home.

We rode down to Seymour, taking the Tallarook turn off to Yea. Then on to the Flowerdale Road, enjoying the lovely long sweepers through to Kinglake West and Whittlesea where we dispersed.

It was a good ride. Ian did a superb job of leading the group, and credit given to Craig Dawson for looking after us while out on the road.

'Big Daddy'

750/4 and R65
