

AUGUST RUNS

Friday 7 General Meeting. Auction Night. Club Hall 8.15pm Sharp
Sunday 9 Highlands (some dirt) 9am KBCP.
Sunday 16 Ian Budgen's Special Tour, 9.30am KBCP.
Sunday 23 O'Brien's Crossing. BBQ. 10am KBCP.
Weekend Mini Camping Weekend, Thornton.
29 & 30 1.30pm SHARP, Saturday, Lilydale.

SEPTEMBER

Friday 4 General Meeting. Club Hall 8.15pm SHARP.

CLOSING DATE FOR ARTICLES FOR NEXT MAG IS 21.8.81.

EDITORIAL AUGUST 1981

While reading a recent issue of the 'Green Horror' we noticed that the ABC documentary of the activities at Bathurst during Easter will be shown at 8.45pm on the 11th of September. According to the preview, very little airtime is given to the Saturday night riots (?). The film is about motorcycles and motorcycle racing, so they take priority.

Elsewhere in this rather excellent publication, page 1417 actually, you will find a rather interesting excerpt from someone's diary. Read it and think about it. It could happen to you!

I have just been sitting here studying our new itinerary. Hmmm. Notice that each month we have a 'Special Tour' organised by a Club member. Mystery type rides, huh? Sounds like they might be fun. A couple of camping weekends too. Not too far away, just a couple of hundred kilometres. Hope they are better attended than the Lower Glenelg weekend last November. A lot of people thought that 400km (each way) was too much for a weekend so maybe they will consider half that is more to their liking. Navigation and reliability trial, economy ride, night rides, inter-club gymkhana, damn the shift work! Only one adverse comment, the World's End Rally has dropped from our activities. Why?

Faye & Geoff Morgan

SNOOKER NIGHT

Despite the miserable weather on Saturday night about 15 people attended the snooker night, although some did arrive in cars. The destination for the night was Craig Dawson's father-in-law's residence, only a short distance from the Whitehorse statue.

The night started with a few games of Kelly Pool, a game which involves drawing a number then hopefully potting the ball with that number before someone else does. This was followed by some seemingly long games of Eight Ball with two players per side and endless advice to whoever was playing at the time.

The night finished up with about 5 or 6 games of Kelly Pool for 20c a ball. I think a good night was had by all and the snooker night was a great success. Thanks to Craig for an enjoyable night.

Bruce, Kawasaki Z500

MT MISERY, PORTENT OF THINGS TO COME?

I rose early to find that the weatherman was correct in his prediction that Sunday would turn out to be a cold, inhospitable day outdoors. Deciding to have a day of solitude (no kids) I might as well go all the way and take the wife's solo. A safe move as there didn't appear to be much airborne water about. (Plenty of airborne ice, but not enough heat to melt it!) It's not that I can't handle a solo in rain, it's just more fun on three wheels when one or two decide to lose traction with terra-firma, provoked no doubt by large handfuls of throttle.

Altogether, thirteen hardy individuals rolled up to KBCP by the appointed departure time. We set off via new Foot-es-grey and Sunshine Roads to Deer Park and Ballarat Road. Then plain if a little slow, sailing, in deference to the constitution of new member Don's ageing Suzuki Titan. That brings back memories of the one that I owned which cast me off with very little provocation. Handle, it didn't!

When we arrived at Ballarat most of the others were halfway through their second cup of steaming coffee and we wasted no time in following suit. Keith Finlay had arrived to swell our numbers but made the mistake of expecting refreshments to be available at the observed trial, which was to be our destination. A hot pie inside me and a couple of apples to serve as light repast during the afternoon and it was off to Mt Misery, aptly named according to most, bleak and windswept.

The only good thing about the climb to the top of the mount (on foot) was that it revived the heart which again supplied blood to my super cooled extremities. These trial events are a cross between mountain climbing and weight lifting, judging by the antics of some of the C-grade riders, i.e. ride down this big slope, do a right angle turn, off camber on loose rocks, head up the mountain again, hit rock ledge, fall down, save damage to the bike by catching it and lowering it onto your chest, heave it off, restart it, then sit there with the back wheel spinning, feet flailing, the front wheel pawing the air.

The A-graders by contrast made it look easy with not even a dab to maintain balance over the biggest of rocks or slippery ruts. Another section required the A-graders to ride up a two-foot rock ledge and then over the top of an upended football shape rock sticking about five feet out of the ground, followed by a hard right turn over some nasty rocks. I doubt that I could have crawled through the section on all fours, let alone ride a bike through there.

The next thing to grab my attention were the outfits. They had their own set of sections on the lower slopes of the mount as the solo sections were too narrow for the chairs to negotiate. As it was starting to sprinkle and getting colder (impossible) we decided to head for Ballarat and more hot coffee.

I was relieved of the rear rider duties on the return journey by Les Leahy who reported better progress helped no doubt by the brisk tail wind. We stopped at Melton to de-mob and pass comment on that bike we passed that was blowing all that smoke. I thought it was a two-stroke running badly, but Fagan maintained it was a four-stroke running terribly! Most of us ended up at my place due to its proximity to Ballarat Road, much to the surprise of my ever-forgiving wife Robyn.

And so ended another interesting day. No great distance, only about 300k's, but lots of nice memories. Those A-graders are something else.

Phil Duffy, borrowed Kawasaki Z650

(I'll tell Robyn you wanted to enter her 'Z' in the trial, except that the organizers looked down their noses at it! Ed.)

RAFFLE RUN 5/7/81

Maybe it was the threatening weather or worse, what (who?) was the raffle prize, but only four riders waited at KBCP. No raffle was warranted, so ideas for destinations were sought and such is the perversity of human nature that the majority vote was to even colder climates – the Mornington Peninsula. You may have deduced that your correspondent wanted to go north, not south!

We decided (democracy at work again) to change leaders at intervals on the ride, but first stage was a terribly legal pace around the bay to Arthurs Seat. Lunch was at a rather windswept takeaway in Dromana, where one of our group ate a white mouse for lunch. (Gasp!)

We had a 34 second tourist view of the mist at Arthurs Seat summit, and then followed a new leader over a confusing criss-cross of muddy tracks, finishing up at Flinders. Bleak weather was all around, so we posed for a photo (\$1 each fee please, Mick) to record this event for evermore on Mick's talking camera, before fleeing to a patch of blue and Devils Bend reservoir. After everyone had recovered from gazing at this awe-inspiring tourist gem, there was nothing further to do but go home.

Well, not quite home yet, as Mick had quite a collection of slides for us. I suspect that he took out all 'those' (nudge, wink) slides beforehand.

Peter Dwyer, Suzuki 1000G

FILM NIGHT...

Saturday 15th August, 7pm start at Social Secretaries place

Unit 17, 28-36 James St, Box Hill.

Ph 886 362

\$1.50 per head. SUPPER INCLUDED

TAR TOUR 12/7/81

Half past ten or 10.30 sounded too good to refuse. Maybe there will be rides that start at high noon or midday (whichever comes first) one day so a teenager like me can sleep-in. I hate going to bed but find getting out of the cot early much more irritating. Something to do with age! Anyway, out of the pad and on to the mighty Honda. "Whoops" nearly forgot to wind the rubber band; must grease the pedals too when I get home.

With Darren leading the convoy of 12 bikes, we left town down the south side of the Yarra heading towards the Strzelecki Ranges. Going past the Waverley Park footy ground at a pace I could handle, we came to a corner which I am to mark or be a marker of, commonly called corner marking, and waited. Chris and his better half also joined me corner marking and waiting. Apparently, Paul was having a wee bit of spark trouble, or should I say his bike was, which turned out to be a lot of spark trouble, so he left us. Paul telephoned his dad, who has a trailer on which to put a sparkless bike. Bright spark is our Paul!

Moving right along folks, now following Darren through some very beautiful hilly and twisty country roads. Since joining the Club, I have seen places I didn't even know existed, being a main road man from way back (read highway man). Thanks fellers (woops) persons.

Munchies at Warragul and talking bikes! We decided that a Honda of 200cc or less is too small to be a rear rider's mount because it takes too long to gather speed after slowing down. So I took on the job.

We finished the day at Chris Negus' place. By the way, Chris has some great movies which I had the pleasure of seeing the previous night, videoed recorded through the TV. Lucky chap.

It was a great day's ride thanks to Darren. We saw some beautiful scenery. Maybe someday he can show me around America and Canada when I win Lotto.

I said farewell to the mob and headed once more to the Marsh.

Little Tony [Daly], Honda 650

CLUB MEMBER OF THE YEAR

Well folks, it's Club Member of the Year time again. In last month's magazine there was a deserved blast from Craig Dawson regarding no information printed in the magazine over the last year about the Club Member of the Year award.

About the only thing one can write about is a tally of the points and in this case, this year. If you didn't know that Craig was going to win it through sheer perseverance, well, I don't know what to say. Given that there will be some new people in the Club due to the recent bike show membership drive, I'll provide a brief background and history of the award.

The award can be won by any Club member, male or female, simply by being an active member. No skill is required, just attending a Club function gets you points. The idea of the award was to provide recognition of the person who supported the Club the most by attending MTCV functions and rides, with the emphasis being on the rides.

Here is a list of points and how one can obtain them:

- 2 points for attending a day or weekend camp
- 2 points for attending a social event
- 2 points for bringing parents or family on Family Day
- ½ point for every event entered at sports day (no points for attending)
- 3 points for holding part of a progressive dinner at your home or flat.
- 2 points for introducing a new Club member
- 1 point for each article published in the Club magazine (maximum 4 points)

The award is now entering its' fourth year. The first year was won by Tom Saville with a total of 72½ points followed closely by Keith Harris on 72 points and a rather distant third on 61 ½ to me, Mick Fagan.

The second year was a full year, August to August, whereas the first year was September to August reflected in the higher points scores. First was me on 97 points, second Craig on 87½ points and third Keith Harris on 76 points. Ian Taylor was fourth on 75½ points which gives some indication of the closeness of the competition.

This, the end of the third year, was won by Craig Dawson with a total of 75 points, second me on 57 points, third Peter Philferan on 55 points, and fourth Marc Sulot on 53 points. On 49 points and equal fifth we have Ian Taylor and Tom Saville, sixth Marcus Haesler on 48, seventh Les Leahy on 47, eighth Keith Harris on 44, ninth Keith Finlay on 38 and tenth Ted Marshall on 36 points.

Now you have the top ten but I'll leave the printing of the complete list to the new Club Member of the Year, Craig Dawson, for inclusion in a later edition of the magazine. I'm sure that we will see something interesting in the magazine soon.

It has been pointed out during the year that a lot of the people only come on rides with a view to winning the trophy. WRONG! In fact, this year it was almost a certainty Craig would win due to his sheer determination. The people who did turn up week in week out mainly did so because of the enjoyment of riding with a like-minded group to all sorts of strange places.

As an interesting aside to the points scores, I checked the actual rides attended by a few people and came up with Craig 33 rides, Mick Fagan and Peter Philferan 25 rides, and Marc 23 rides.

I hope people enjoyed this article as much as I did writing it. I also hope that next year someone else wins the trophy and values it as much as I did. I know Craig will value it.

Mick Fagan, BMW R80 G/S

THE LAKES NATIONAL PARK CAMPING WEEKEND 18th & 19th JULY

I hadn't been camping for close to two months, so I was looking forward to a weekend at the Lakes National Park. Camping would provide a short break from suburbia and my daily routine.

One problem in meeting in Hallam is that it's such a long distance from Fawkner. I woke up at six, fumbled my way through breakfast, got dressed and started on my journey. The first step was to pick up Karl. Arriving at his place, there was no movement. Knocking at his door brought a cry of "Oh shit!"

Leaving late is not a great way to start a weekend. Regardless, we arrived in Hallam at ten past eight but there wasn't a single bike or rider to be seen. Paul appeared, so three bikes set off from Hallam, me on my X7 Suzuki, Karl on his Yamaha XS 250 and Paul on his XJ 650 Yamaha.

I was looking forward to a solid ride to Sale but about forty kilometres from Hallam, my cycle developed an internal sickness commonly known in the motorcycling profession as *seizure mortis*. A short tour to an orchard followed where upon the fruit grower found some room in a shed to leave my bike. I'd come back Monday to pick it up. Luckily, I was travelling light (sleeping bag, tent and food), so I continued the journey on Paul's cycle as a pillion.

We stopped for a counter lunch in Sale and then finally arrived in Loch Sport. The lady in the shop hadn't seen a group of bikes but there was a small trail bike that came through earlier in the afternoon. We later found out that Mick Fagan had travelled by himself although we never caught up with him.

By the time we arrived at the camping spot, natural light had vanished. However, the picnic shelter made a great garage for the bikes.

Our return trip next day was via Seaspray and the South Gippsland Highway. We stopped for a quick lunch at Foster and from there continued until Korumburra where we turned right towards Warragul. This road with its beautiful scenery and dozens of curves makes a much better alternative than the highway. Incidentally, I know a few people who didn't ride because of the cold. All I can say is that the weather was superb.

I've since found the problem with my bike: big end bearings. Could the X7 be the oriental version of the Ducati Desmo?

Marc Sulot, Suzuki X7 250.

EUROPE 1981

Apart from a one-hour delay departing from Tullamarine, the Qantas flight to London was up to its usual high standard of service and friendliness. It was also quite boring, the highlight being a screening of Popeye the movie.

It would have been nice to stay in England for a few days, but due to the last-minute decision to buy a Moto Guzzi, 'tourist delivery', my funds were too low for such extravagance. So after a few hours in London I continued via train, ferry and more train to Denmark. Finally, around 4pm the following day, I was saying hello to Vicky at Odense railway station.

One and a half weeks and several Telexes between Peter Stevens, Moto Guzzi Italy and Mothers Work later, I was once again on a train, destination Italy. The train leaves 10.15am, you change a couple of times in Germany, and then you are in Como, Italy 6.15am next morning. In Como I had to wait till 8.10am for the train to Lecco. Unfortunately, they have two number one platforms, the correct one around the corner. Guess what happened? Anyway, the weather was beautiful after almost two weeks of rain in Denmark and there was another train at 10.20am.

Once in Lecco there was half an hour to kill whilst waiting for the bus to Mandello del Lario. The bus ride only took 35 minutes. At last it was only a 300 yard walk with the back pack, tank bag and helmet. I was at the factory a few minutes past 1pm and the guards told me that everybody was at lunch till 2.30pm. So I left all the gear with them and wandered around the village.

At 2.30pm myself plus gear were at the reception desk. From then on things happened quickly. All the people I had to deal with could not have been nicer. They said that the rest of the Australians with tourist deliveries were a day late due to a flight delay in Bangkok, so there was a chance to meet them.

Moto Guzzi organised for the distributor from Lecco, who had my bike ready, to give me a lift back to Lecco, as he had to pick up a bike from the factory anyway. Mr Riva, the distributor, understood no English or German, so it was explained to him by others that he had to drop my gear off at a camping ground on the way into Lecco and fit panniers to the bike.

To cut a long story short, with me obviously more and more tired, about 8pm, after several gelatis and cappuccinos on the house, a drive out to a factory to pick up panniers and racks, an invitation to dinner (declined), much sawing and hacking, the V50 Monza finally had panniers and a big ugly rack on the back.

It was good being on two wheels again, the beautiful coastline back to the camp inspiring me to head north the following day.

I pitched my tent and had spaghetti with 22 very tired Australians. They had endured an awful flight with a delay of 5½ hours in Bangkok. On Tuesday morning they trotted up to the factory to pick up their bikes.

After four fun filled days, I had no more excuses to stay, so I packed up and set off towards the Alps with a guy from Queensland. It was Friday and a beautiful day. We intended to cross the Pass del Stelvia and by midday we were in Barimia, the town closest to the Alps. The bikes were tanked up and we continued riding upwards.

About 10km's on, there was a guard. The pass with its famous 59 hairpin bends was impassable due to snow. He very kindly gave directions to the other passes Pso di Toscagno and Pass dal Twori. It turned out to be a detour of about 200km's. The further north we rode, the cloudier it became and soon it was raining.

Crossing Pass dal Twori was like a kick in the guts. The wind was bitterly cold, and in certain sections the roads were icy and there was plenty of snow on the mountains. The scenery was stunningly beautiful, and it was very lonely. My friend had disappeared into the blue ahead. The height above sea level is 2291m while Pass del Stelvia is 2758m, so that would have been even colder.

Down on the other side there is a 4km tunnel straight through the next Alp. The change is drastic; one minute you are on top of the mountain, the next minute you are going through the centre of it. The sounds echoing through the tunnel seem to reverberate through my bones.

Just outside the tunnel we crossed the Swiss border. Further on we again crossed the Italian border.

By now it was late afternoon, so it was time to find accommodation. I decided on a rooming house. This is where things became a bit confusing after crossing so many borders. The last one was presumably Italian, but the houses and people did not look Italian. The people spoke German and so did the radio, but the prices in the adverts on the radio were in Italian lire. At breakfast next morning a German lady explained that we were in Tisot, and that the rule was Italian, but the people are German!

The weather had improved remarkably and I was quite cheerful with the prospect of crossing another Alp.

Riding up Pas di del Giovo (2094m) is a breathtakingly beautiful experience. After coffee on the top, riding down the other side took just 15 minutes. By now we were close to the Autobahn, and my friend from Queensland turned south, to return to his sister and the camp.

I continued north towards Munich arriving around 2pm and thought, great, only one hour's ride to Augsburg. In Augsburg it took a while to find my relatives home, which turned out to be very disappointing because one month earlier they had moved to Munich. Luckily, the people upstairs had their address. I finally parked the bike about 5pm.

The following Thursday I had had enough ice cream, popcorn and pizzas to last me for a month, so it was north again. (My relatives are American.) It was the first day the sky did not look dark with clouds. It rains every day in Europe. At dusk 700km's up the autobahn I camped in a village.

The Italian tourist number plates were a good talking point, because people can't work out where they are from. The camp managers stopped by for a chat and to tell me about Europe's biggest motorcycle rally being held in the next village that weekend. Friday morning, I packed up and rode 10km's back down the road.

It was big alright. By Saturday afternoon 25,760 motorcycles had each paid approximately \$4 to enter. It is Continental tyres who organises the rally on their test tracks. For entertainment you could race your bike on their test tracks, pay 25DM for a sightseeing ride in a helicopter, enter the Miss Continental Beauty Contest, see the tyre tests on BMW bikes and BMW, Mercedes, VW's, and trucks. There was a mishap where a Mercedes car crashed doing brake tests while aquaplaning.

There were veteran races, stuntmen and scramble bike football, and a very spectacular show with the Hamburg Police Corps doing acrobatics on 20/5 or earlier model BMW's. At night they showed films and had live bands, rock on Friday night and jazz Saturday night, and beer was sold. I saw no violence in the three days, possibly because there were plenty of police including a helicopter with Hamburg Police cruising around.

Sunday morning, I packed up again, rode over and said goodbye to the four Danes I had been running around with for the two days. It wasn't practical to ride with them as they were sitting on 140-150 km/h and I was supposed to be running the bike in.

It was the first day since leaving Italy with only one or two showers. It was a pleasant day's ride and at 3.30pm Sunday afternoon, with 2,700km on the clock, I was back at my folk's place in Denmark.

That's all until next time.

Joy V 50 Monza

If you've read this far then I guess that you noticed a blank area on Page 9. You did, eh? Good! Now I'll bet you're wondering what should be there but is not. Well, I'll tell you...NOTHING!

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I cannot date the pages of this diary. I don't think anyone else can, either. The Bureau of Information stopped the publication of calendars some time ago, and it is only through these numbered pages that I have any sense of daily time. Otherwise our time is divided into three periods: work, sleep, eat. The beginning and end of the time periods is announced on the television, and loudspeakers are everywhere. At the end of each work-sleep-eat cycle, a signal is broadcast which causes everyone to forget what happened the day before. That is why I keep this diary. I know I cannot show it to anyone else. All writing is controlled by the Bureau of Education and all private writing is strictly forbidden. But down here in the storm sewer beneath the Motor Vehicle Bureau Garage where I work, the camera can't see me, or my diary, or.... I am almost afraid to put it on paper...my UNCAR!

Uncars, like so many other things, were outlawed a long time ago. Memory of anything from before the Marked Change is a crime. I not only remember uncars... but I have one!

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Strange, that I find comfort down here with an old machine, when up in the Bureau and in the streets the people I see are like machines. It is hard to believe that they were unable to totally erase my memory as they have with all the others. Of course, my position as supervisor may have had something to do with it. When everyone was treated at the Bureau of Facts, those in important jobs were programmed to retain their technical knowledge. That I was able to retain even a memory of the treatment indicates some failure. If the computer ever realized its mistake I would be sent to the Bureau of Statistics for sure.

Page 1419

My department of the Bureau of Motor Vehicles is called the Restoration Division. We restore all types of motor vehicles to raw materials. Our pride is a machine that can displace an entire car into a small cube of metal in one crushing motion. I have been worried because there is now little work for our division since we have restored practically every known vehicle in the land. It is through the Bureau that I came into possession of the uncar. We had been falling behind in our work. As Supervisor I had to do something about it, so I led the workers into a strike for longer hours. We won easily. But the Bureau Chief refused to allow the men to work without a break, as we had demanded, so they were stuck with a short break at mid-work. None of them like the idea, (they were programmed not to) but to me it was a blessing.

During the breaks I was able to dis-assemble the uncar and sneak it past the cameras and down into the storm sewer. The uncar was slated for restoration. It was one of the last to be found by the police. They had gotten a tip from a citizen and found it in the bathroom of an apartment in the city, hanging from the ceiling out of view of the camera. The woman who occupied the apartment was sent to the Bureau of Statistics.

The Stat Bureau is a peculiar building, made entirely of glass. You can see right through it. But there isn't anything inside. People go in, and once they are inside, you cannot see them anymore. No one really knows what happens, but I think that upon entering the Bureau, a person is somehow converted into a number. People have no fear because they are conditioned to obey.

My uncar is a fascinating example. Evidently built well before they were banned, it has neither the two smaller sidewheels, nor the speed-limiting device I have found on later models. The motor has three cylinders. The fuel tank bears the letters 'MV'.

It is beautifully made. Every care seems to have been taken in its manufacture. I can understand why someone chanced a trip to the Bureau of Statistics to keep it. I come down here to the sewer and sit admiring it. I wish I could remember seeing them in action. I can just picture them whispering along at high speed!

For appearance, there is nothing on the road today to compare with its fiery red tank and silver streamlining shell. The black numbers at the front and sides stand out in stark contrast to the white circles they are painted on. It does seem a peculiar way of displaying the registration numbers. The original owner must have been very important, because the number is so low.

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If these notes seem disconnected at time, it is because I must climb to the Bureau every few minutes, to put in an appearance in front of the camera. The cameras do not see everything. And they need not because everyone is supposed to be under complete programmed control.

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I have made the decision. Today I began stealing gasoline. I soak a rag, presumably for cleaning purposes, and then hurry to the sewer and wring the fuel into the tank of the uncar. I have been obsessed with the idea of running the motor, and maybe even riding the machine. The risk is great, but if the uncar is as quiet as our government cars, no one will hear it down here in the storm sewer.

Michael Shuter

Cycle, June '67

APOLLO BAY GOLF TOURNAMENT 14.5.81

I think I was conned. In fact, I'm sure I was conned. Perhaps if I had arrived at KBCP in time for the bullshit, they would have told me, but my lady had me running late, so I arrived as the group was just leaving.

So down the Geelong road, fantasizing about the Great Ocean road.. The Ducatis at Geelong had me convinced I was in for a real bang, but somewhere along the way they vanished. So all I was left with was Fagan and the GS 80. Now that combination should have given me some heart in the mouth moments, but the GS definitely had handling problems. We worked out that it was probably due to the spare gear box ockied to the RH pot rack.

After a scratch, Apollo Bay and lunch. And then the Mini Golf Tournament, with the first few holes played with helmets on, (very heavy rain). I played with my usual flair and form and won.

Tom	28	Les	32	Gary	36	Chris	42
Keith	29	Mick	34	Craig	39	Bruce	61

After Keithy had added and re added the score sheets, and I had been declared the official winner, then, yes, THEN they told me the winner had to do the write-up. Had I known earlier, it would have most likely turned me off my game.

It rained on and off all the way back to Geelong, with Keithy setting the pace through to Forrest. Even without the second gear box, the GS 80 was outclassed by the RS's.

Back down the Geelong Road, and home – to do the bloody write-up.

Tom Saville

For sale:

Yamaha IT 175F 79. Reg. Till March 82. 2,000 km.
\$900 no offers. Ring 458 2027 and ask for John.
