

JULY RUNS

Saturday 4	Service Day. Club Captain's place. After lunch.
Sunday 5	Raffle ride. 9.30am KBCP.
Saturday 11	Film night. 7pm. Club Captains place.
Sunday 12	Tar Tour. 10am KBCP
Weekend	The Lakes National Park.
18 & 19	8am Leave Hallam.
Sunday 26	Mt Eccles. Smidge dirt. 8.30am KBCP.

AUGUST

Friday 7	General Meeting. Club Hall 8.15pm SHARP. Film night.
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FILM NIGHT.

Saturday 11th July. 7pm start at Club Captain's place.
Unit 17, 28-36 James St Box Hill.
Ph: 886 362.
\$1.50 per head. SUPPER INCLUDED

DCP PRODUCTS.

The manufacture and supply of these products are now being handled by TREVENA MANUFACTURING, 281 MAIN NORTH ROAD, ENFIELD, S.A., 5085. The telephone number is (08) 44-6600. The man to contact is DARRYL PAINE.

Club members are being offered a 10% discount upon proof of membership. The Club membership card will suffice. If you are doing business by mail and don't like sending your card away (Darryl has said the card will be returned) then perhaps the Committee will oblige with a letter confirming your membership.

EDITORIAL JULY 1981

During tonight's meeting you will be handed a questionnaire regarding the lub's activities. The request is that you fill it in and return it to a nominated person. When the results are compiled, they will allow the Committee to select activities that will appeal to most members. Look at it this way: the Committee obviously wants to please the members, but if the members don't tell the Committee what pleases them, then how can they oblige?

Later in this mag is a letter from a member regarding the 'Club Member of the Year' award. We feel that this letter is worth reading and thinking about as it contains some valid comments. We have no doubt that the subject will be brought up under General Business so be prepared to put in your 'two bobs worth' of constructive comment at the next monthly General Meeting.

Cheers

Faye & Geoff Morgan

CLUB MEMBER OF THE YEAR AWARD

I was led to believe the 'Club Member of the Year' award was brought into being to revive Club spirit and encourage all members to become more active in attending Club functions and rides. Quite a fuss was made about it for probably 18 months and then a gradual disinterest took hold of members and Committee alike. There is now no mention at the General Meetings or in the Club monthly magazine. This award was designed for all members, and in my opinion is now only being directed at a few. Most of the time new members never hear about Club Member of the Year let alone know that they are competing for this award. I think it's time to decide whether to axe the award altogether or to set down firm rules and guidelines in the Constitution. All members would then know what the rules are, and new members could read about the award when they received their copy of the Constitution.

As it stands, any Committee can change the rules or interpret them as they feel.

Craig Dawson, BMW.

MR MOTORCROSS MAY 25th

Sunday 25th May was somewhat of a departure from the normal for the MTCV. We actually paid \$5.00 to watch somebody else ride a motorbike and money well spent it was too, especially for the Wallis/Saville duo who rode in for nothing. (My letter is on its way to the ACU now, smarties.)

Yes, folks, it was the Victorian round of the Mister Motocross title at the Reg Hunt circuit, Broadford.

A goodly number (which means I didn't count 'em) fronted at the KBCP with rather ominous skies doing all sorts of things above. Our immediate past president made a welcome return to the riding ranks on his immediate past Kawasaki.

Accompanied by showers, we zoomed straight up the Hume to join a long queue of cars at the Broadford overpass. It was good to see such a huge crowd turn up to support the Cinderella of motor sports.

The motocross circuit has an excellent layout for both spectators and riders. The riding track snakes up and down a steepish slope, offering a variety of big jumps, steep drop offs and tight berms (that's motocross talk, ya know). Spectating from literally anywhere on the perimeter gives 100% vision of the action. And throughout the day, the scattered showers were just right to lay the dust.

After a few preliminary races the big boys fronted for what it was all about, 'Mr Motocross'. Four ten lap races, one after the other, with only about five minutes between for a breather. I was exhausted just from spectating, so God knows how the riders cope.

Most of you being road riding peasants, and not students of the genteel art of motocrossing (or 'scrambling' as it used to be called before everyone became trendy), I won't bore you with details of 'who' and 'what'. I have to say that the 'star' won all the races. The 'up and coming' young rider came mostly second and the 'old champion' on the way out did lots of crashing and making his way back up through the field.

A bunch of skydivers dropped in out of the clouds and did very well not to impale themselves on the 2-inch water pipe uprights surrounding the track. The Channel 10 helicopter zapped around taking lots of news footage and nearly blew our bikes away when it landed right next to them.

But the real action of the day was missed by those wot nicked off after the feature events. The final supporting A-Grade race was a bobby dazzler. In the field of top riders on machines up to 465cc, 2 bods on water cooled 250 Hondas (very similar to my XR 200; the tank badges are indeed very similar) absolutely ran away from the field. That well used proverbial blanket would have covered them for the entire distance and then on the very last jump, only yards from the finish line, the leader grabbed a big fistful and threw the Honda away. Everyone had cardiac arrest as he scrambled to his feet, kicked the beast into life, and, with the third-place man coming home like a Bondi bus, just squeaked over the line to take second.

A good day with good spectating.

Les Leahy, Honda XR 200

MT SELMA or BUST (we busted)

Four miserable peasants met at KBCP. Of those four only Les Leahy proceeded to Lilydale. The three pikers were Brian Milesi (he reckoned the BM Night Ride the previous night was too much), Paul Smith - just plain piked out, and Darren, well he was on a Goldwing.

At Lilydale Les met a few more peasants (miserable types, that is) and they all went to Noojee and waited for Fagan to arrive.

With everyone now together we set off and immediately separated again. Gary Young and Les took the easier route while the rest of us went the slightly harder trail. Tom's bike was the first to die. After a short stop, off again, and then stopped again. This continued for four stops after which Tom found the problem: fuel starvation. Soon we met up with Les and Gary again and continued on in ever worsening conditions.

After following Tom for seven kilometres past the turn off, we back tracked and took the correct road which was the living end for us. Gary on the standard R100S had lots of problems with the front wheel locking up. We had to turn back. We then headed for Tanjil Bren to warm up with hot coffee and a hot dog or two. We then back tracked to Noojee to regroup again. Then a fast pace was maintained until we hit the city where we headed to a car wash to clean the bikes. All in all, we had a ball.

Those who participated:

Tom.Saville Honda XR 200	Chris.Negus Honda XR 200
Les Leahy Honda XR 200	Keith Harris Kawasaki KL250
Gary Young BMW R100S	Craig Dawson BMW R 75/5

Mick and Carolyn R 80 G/S the only one that was two up, dig dig.

Mick Fagan, BMW R80 G/S

PORT ALBERT MAY 31st

I arrived 15 minutes before departure time to see a small group ready to go to Port Albert. We left Craig behind, still working on his BM. Chris was leading, while I brought up the rear on my BMW R65.

We rode out the South Eastern Freeway to Mt Waverley and then took the Monash Freeway to the South Gippsland Highway. Not long after going through Tooradin we ran into bad weather and eventually had to stop to put on additional waterproof gear, as the rain was really heavy.

Continuing on in the rain, we headed down towards Grantville, but turned off beforehand going up a narrow mountain track and down through valleys on lots of windy roads which seemed never to end. At one stage I had sheep running alongside my bike. Stray cows were also a hazard, especially as visibility in the rain was very poor.

About 10.30am we reached Wonthaggi, stopping for a welcome break and morning tea. While here I was approached by the Club Captain to see if it was alright to alter the route due to the bad weather. I thought it was okay to do this, so Chris put his proposal to those present, the majority in favour.

So we didn't continue on to Port Albert, but instead rode up to Warragul where we stopped at a roadhouse for lunch, and to dry out a little. Then we rode to Noojee and Powelltown via Neerim South.

Jeff crashed his BMW R90S on a sharp corner as we proceeded down a steep incline, luckily unhurt. He damaged the rocker cover which Chris reversed to stop the oil from leaking. He reinstalled his headlight too which had popped out. Within half an hour we were on our way once more, travelling over a lot of dirt before reaching good roads through to Powelltown and Yarra Junction.

Next the Maroondah Highway to Lilydale and Coldstream, taking the Yarra Glen Road. After we crossed the railway line, our leader took more back roads through to Wonga Park, Warrandyte and eventually down to Doncaster and Box Hill where we were invited back to Chris and Debbie's home for afternoon tea.

All in all, an enjoyable ride except for the weather which was miserable until mid-afternoon.

“Big Daddy”. [Peter Philferan]

SOME FACTS ABOUT 25 YEARS OF MOTORCYCLING AND TOURING AND THE MOTORCYCLE TOURING CLUB OF VICTORIA

When formed back in 1955, this Club was named the Motor Scooter Association of Victoria and it catered for all motor scooter enthusiasts.

The Club, a non-profit making entity, was originally formed as a social organisation with planned tours, dances, barbecues and picture nights for its members. The same traditions continue today.

During the first years, members would meet outside The Argus newspaper office on Spencer St each Sunday and ride out for a day in the country. In the first year, members logged over 4,500 miles of touring throughout Victoria and New South Wales. Now we meet at the corner of King and Flinders Streets and maintain the same focus on riding around the highlights of our attractive State with its many and varied roads.

With the motorcycle boom of the late sixties came a new wave of machines, and the scooters gave way to a new generation of reliable and larger motorbikes. Thus it was decided to allow all makes and models of motorcycles to join, and the lub name was changed again, this time to the Motor Scooter & Cycle Association of Victoria.

Two years ago, with almost no scooters around, the name was changed once more to what we call ourselves today: the Motorcycle Touring Club of Victoria.

The aim of the Club remains the same, but we now travel further than we did 25 years ago. Interstate camping tours are now a feature of our activities.

The Club is run by an elected Committee which arranges tours and social events. We maintain our unbroken tradition of having an event each weekend, either a Sunday tour or a weekend away, and members are free to choose the events to enjoy from the many offered.

Regular meetings of members are held on the first Friday of every month at our hall at 167 Wingrove Street, Fairfield, at 8pm where all members are welcome to take part in the running of the Club. At these meetings our monthly magazine is distributed, and a fine supper is served.

You can meet members at our regular meeting place for rides, namely the King's Bridge Car Park, situated at the corner of King and Flinders Street, Melbourne, where we depart on our planned tours riding our motorcycles. You are welcome to a copy of our programme of trips which lists the destinations and departure times.

As our tours are planned well in advance, we can offer interesting itineraries which by now we trust you may have seen. This itinerary allows members the chance to plan their weekends according to the tours they wish to attend.

At present we have about 100 members, both male and female, married and single, from all walks of life, and from all age groups. Our members have a common focus, their love of motorcycle touring.

If you wish to be more than a commuter, or if you are seeking good friends with whom to ride with safely, for we do not permit alcohol to be consumed on our rides, then it is time you joined our Club with its many experienced riders who are only too pleased to share their knowledge. Two strokes and four, big or small, all riders are welcome to join us, on a ride short or long, or taking part in activity or simple relaxation, like lazing on the beach after riding with either a bracing wind or drifting along in some warm breeze. Either way, you can be sure of genuine friendship with the Motorcycle Touring Club of Victoria.

For further information, without obligation, you are welcome to contact any of our Committee Members whose names are found on our itinerary. You will find their telephone numbers listed there for your convenience.

Peter Philferan, BMW R65, Honda 750/4 and **Darren Room**, Honda GL1000

The next day was superb as was all the weather during the Easter break and for the week following as well.

I went off to Cowra via the twisting road to Woodstock and met Shane McCloy and Chris and another rider who sadly had dropped his bike the day before and was riding with Chris on the pillion. We saw the Japanese Gardens, while of some interest, was not worth the \$2.00 entrance fee, and besides, the gardens can be seen over the fence.

We saw the Japanese War Cemetery which has the graves of over 250 Japanese prisoners of war who were at a nearby prisoner of war camp, and who during the war tried to break out in a suicidal gesture. The graves are very well maintained, and a grave of one fellow was found whose name was Honda. I wonder if he was any relation. We next went to see the site of the camp itself but very little remains except for some foundations, and it was difficult to imagine the shooting and violence which had occurred there nearly 40 years ago.

We returned to the camp where several inter chapter events took place. Some Queensland fellows had arrived, and they all looked very brown, and so it was very easy to see who had travelled down from the 'Sunshine State'. 'Bear', christened Greg Evans, spoke with a superb outback drawl as I did after working for a year in outback Queensland. Sadly, this accent is dying out but it is great to realise that it can still be found. Greg told me he had been born in Grafton in New South Wales, but he had lived in outback Queensland and in the Northern Territory for several years.

During the afternoon of the Saturday of the holidays, several competitions were held between the different Chapters. However, the heavy weight Melbourne members had travelled off to watch the races at Bathurst, so no teams were entered from that Chapter as only I and a few lightweights were left, not that I happen to be one of the lightweights. After a hectic competition the fit Queenslanders won the tug of war, and their member Greg Evans won the trophy for the person who had travelled the longest distance to the rally. Shane McCloy won the prize for the best equipped touring bike, the small table and stool set with the table fitting to the bike having done much to excite the interest in his beautiful machine. A young lady with a well-kept outfit won the best custom bike.

That night the campfires were burning again, and many traditional Australian songs were sung to the tapes someone from Sydney had the sense to bring. The night was superb with clear skies with the stars were so bright that lights were not needed to see one's way around. A full moon helped of course. Plenty of beer was drunk too.

The next morning the camp started to break up with members setting off for the various parts of Eastern Australia. I had a great ride to Sydney over the Great Divide and the Blue Mountains with Shane McCloy and Chris from Sydney. The mountain scenery of the USA can equal the spectacle, but not exceed it. This is grand country, and the Bell's Line of road, that superb road which was built by the USA during the last war, is most exciting to ride, only marred by motorcars which regrettably are also allowed to use it too.

I also enjoyed the Great Western Highway; I did not mind which road Shane chose. He certainly knows his way around Sydney, and it seemed we were riding around that vast city for an hour before reaching his house. Shane's garage is filled with motorbikes. However, his wife and children had gone to The Entrance for Easter, and after breaking into his own house without attracting any police attention – for his wife had taken the keys – I shared in a pleasant afternoon tea since Shane's wife had stacked the refrigerator with cakes, the residue of his son's birthday party.

I next made my way to stay with some railway enthusiast friends and spent the Monday riding Sydney's fantastic train service with its double deck electric cars. These trains were well patronised due, no doubt, to the Royal Sydney Show being on at the time.

Sydney is an exciting city, the Harbour as beautiful as ever and the weather still perfect. The new Eastern Suburbs Railway, which is mostly underground, is so well patronised that it carries over twice the number of passengers than expected, and trains run through Kings Cross and Bondi every five minutes. Kings Cross is still quite an exciting place, and Sydney is always an exciting city. Thus, I was reluctant to return home.

Leaving Sydney, I took the new F5 Freeway to Mittagong. This road is so good that it cut an hour off my travelling time, as it bypassed the Razorback Mountains, Picton and many other towns on the Hume Highway.

The Hume from Goulburn has been greatly improved in New South Wales with the building of not only a better surface, but also wide emergency lanes on the sides of the road which stops the trucks throwing up dust and stones.

I had a slow ride through Victoria where most people get a Tuesday vacation, but I was still home by 3pm with the Wing stowed in the garage. I was able to relax a while in preparation for work next day.

Thus, concluded a superb Easter without any poor weather and without mishap. Well so far anyway.

I had not been long back at work on the following Wednesday when I received a telephone call from John English of the Goldwing Club of South Australia. He told me the sad news of the death of David Currie, a onetime President of that Club, and a friend to all Goldwing riders in Australia, as well as to most touring riders. He operated the firm SCP, makers of Concord Fairings for Goldwings and Pressley Panniers for all bikes.

On the Thursday, in perfect weather yet again, I rode to Adelaide with John English, John Lelean from the Goldwing Road Riders in Victoria and a friend of John's. I stayed with Darryl Payne, the current President of the South Australian Club, and along with a huge and saddened crowd, I attended the most moving funeral.

I learnt that David had died whilst travelling across western New South Wales near Balranald when a car veered into his path. It was late at night, and David was returning from the Bathurst races. One can only speculate on the cause of this accident. The occupants of the car were still gravely ill. Sleep deprivation, kangaroos, inattention, or alcohol? So far no-one can reason why the car should veer off course. A tyre failure perhaps? The result is a terrible loss of a young man known for his hospitality and skill and one who seemed so much older than his 31 years.

That evening after the funeral, Darryl and his wife Chris turned on a superb barbecue for the sad travellers from interstate, some of whom had ridden all night from Sydney, two up at that. It was great to meet up with that keen group of SA Gold Wingers, despite the reason for being there.

Next day I ordered a LASER motorcycle trailer to haul behind my new GL 1100 which is expected soon, or at least that is what Honda says, and has been saying almost monthly since last June.

On the next day, I went on a steam train ride to the Wine Festival at Tanunda in the Barossa Valley. Although I don't drink alcohol, the event was exciting, and the German flavour of this town is interesting. German is still spoken by some oldies in this area, and the neat and tidy valley was full of well-behaved tourists. A constant supply of German food and music as well as wine, along with the superb weather, made the day one to remember.

I sat on the rear platform of the train and watched a Goldwing pace the train back to Adelaide. It was owned by the boyfriend of one of the barmaids on the train. The Bar Car was the most popular car on the train.

On Sunday, I left Adelaide riding that twisting freeway that is like the I5 as it winds its way through the mountains into Los Angeles. Very little traffic was encountered. Perhaps the good people of Adelaide were getting over the effects of all that wine.

I reached home in eight hours for the journey of 750 kilometres. The Wing had done well, and the new electronic ignition had made it much cheaper to run over what had been nearly two weeks of solid highway riding.

It was back to work on Monday, and for the first time in over two weeks, the weather turned cold and clouds were seen. I had really been most fortunate.

Now to write to those who had been so hospitable, but that is for when I get home from work.

The phone rings, a call from Ball Bearing, Secretary of the Hells Angels. That led to another story, which I will leave it to next time.

Darren Room, Honda GL 1000