

JUNE RUNS

Friday 5 General Meeting. Club Hall. 8.15pm SHARP
Queens b/d 6-8 Beechworth. 8am LEAVE Ford Factory.
Sunday 14 Apollo Bay Mini-Golf Tournament. 9am KBCP
Sunday 21 Club Captain's ride. 8.30am KBCP
Sunday 28 Spectator Day. Observed Trial. Mt Misery. 9am KBCP

JULY

Friday 3 General Meeting. Club Hall 8.15pm SHARP. Film night.

CONGRATULATIONS

To Brendon and Sally on the birth of their 3.4kg, daughter (Jodie Elizabeth) at 12.30pm on May 12 at the Royal Women's Hospital.

INVITATION

To attend a party to celebrate Mick Fagan's 30th Birthday. All members welcome. Dress – helmet, (except pregnant ladies and kids). BYOG. 1 Carre St, Elsternwick, Arrive 7.30 to 8pm, 27th June 1981.

NEW ADDRESS

Ian Taylor
22 Burwood Ave
RINGWOOD.
Phone – 870 6361

RAFFLE

12 months subscription of Motorcycle News (Green Horror) value \$25.00. Tickets 50c each or 5 for \$2.00. DRAWN TONIGHT after meeting. See Social Secretary BEFORE MEETING.

EDITORIAL JUNE 1981

This month we would like to open by wishing the new Committee a successful year. We hope they will make a few controversial proposals during the year so that we have plenty of material to write controversial Editorials!

This month onwards we are forwarding our magazine to several interstate clubs with the suggestion that they, in return, send us one of theirs. We hope that this interchange of magazines will occur on a regular basis. Besides letting other clubs know what we are doing, and in return finding out what they are doing, it may pave the way for interstate friendships. If we can set up this interchange, their magazines will be available for reading at monthly meetings. More on this next month.

Finally, even though we have a good range of write-ups this month, including a couple are of non-club activities, we notice there are still a few runs that have not been reported. How about it then, eh? You write it, we'll print it!

Cheers

Faye & Geoff Morgan

CLUB FEES

Dear members,

Club membership fees are now due and payable tonight. The only trouble is, I'm on my way to the Alpine Rally as you read this. But don't despair; somebody up front will have a list and an open hand. So get to it!

Failing that, you can put the \$6.00 in the post to:-

Treasurer MTCV
9 Blackmore St
North Sunshine 3020

Phil Duffy

ELECTIONS

The Annual General Elections were held on the May Club Night – or were they? The only position drawing interest was Vice Captain with four hopeful candidates of whom Les Leahy was declared the winner. The rest of the positions were filled by the solitary nominee for each position. So, there you have it, the report of the 1981 Club Committee Election. Below is the new Committee line-up for 1981:

President	Keith Harris
Vice President	Greg Smith
Secretary	Marc Sulot
Treasurer	Phillip Duffy
Social Secretary	Debbie Snell
Assistant Secretary	Phillip Andrews
Captain	Chris Negus
Vice Captain	Leslie Leahy

Keith Harris

FILM NIGHT!

Saturday 13th June. 7pm start at Social Secretary's home, Unit 17, 28-36 James St, Box Hill. Phone – 886 362 \$1.50 per head. Supper included.

CAPTAIN'S COMMENT

See the magazine the report on the Redesdale ride. I don't wish to comment on the ride itself, but rather on the car accident.

In the army, we were taught that teamwork was important above all other things. The conduct of the Club at the scene of the accident was outstanding. Everyone performed like a trained team. The Club members called an ambulance, slowed down oncoming traffic, assisted the victims and ambulance attendants, and provided the police with a coherent report when they arrived.

People are quick to criticize Club members, but not commend them on a job well done. Well done MTCV.

Chris Negus

WANTED: Two Pressley panniers to suit BMW. Contact Club Captain. Phone 886 362.

EX-PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Although not an outstanding year (9 months), I feel the Committee has performed its function well. The resignation by various Committee members during the 'year' hasn't helped the running of the administrative side and the rumblings of some members led to a slight dissatisfaction amongst a few.

Some might say I didn't supply strong leadership and in some instances this is true. I viewed the position as President as one of co-ordination rather than a one-man band. My approach allowed free reign to any member who wished to express his ideas and in turn put them forward to the general membership without imposing my personal views. We therefore had proposed amendments to the Constitution such as the Get You Home fund and the issue of protective clothing. We also have some changes to the itinerary to cater for differing tastes, e.g. the inclusion of spectator events such as Mr Moto-cross and the observed trial.

Whether or not my approach was a success depends on your point of view. One thing is certain is that my approach reflected the views of the Club membership rather than a those of any individual or group.

Keith Finlay

EASTER WEEKEND - THURRA RIVER

It was to be an early start, with a fair day's travel ahead. Gary and I got up at 4am Friday morning hoping to leave Melbourne by 4.30am. We left at 5.35am, in the dark. Our first stop was Morwell for fuel by which time we were quite hungry. We stopped at Sale for breakfast at one of two places open and waited two hours for bacon and eggs, coffee, and some raisin toast for which we paid a very, very generous \$10.00.

After helping a poor guy on to his Laverda, and sticking an itinerary in his hand, we left Sale about 10am.

Travelling at a wise 100km over amphometers, we thought the Club may have caught up to us, seeing we were delayed so long.

We reached Cann River for lunch at 1.30pm with about 30km to go. 3pm and 50 kays later, after a slight detour, we arrived to greet Ian and Lyn (in a car) at the camp site. So where was everyone?

We figured if they did what we did and made a few wrong turns (which wasn't hard to do), they would be here about 4pm. At 6pm we gave up hope, and the four of us decided it was time for dinner.

At 9pm we heard bikes, Paul and Mark, the only two souls at Hallam, the official club meeting point. They had checked out all the 4WD roads in the area before finding the campsite. So now there were six of us, and that was how it stayed.

The National Park was extraordinarily beautiful, the main attractions being fishing, long nature walks, monstrous dune climbs, skiffing, and more fishing. No fish were caught! Facilities were limited but a quick dip in the sea was as good as a shower.

Ian, Lyn, Mark and Paul left Monday morning while we stayed on till Tuesday before returning to the rat race.

Pity not many members could make it as Croajingolong National Park is a place worth seeing. I know I'll be going there again. (But don't think you will see a lighthouse!)

Andrea Sirninger, future (hope) Honda CB250 RS.

FAMILY DAY MAY 3rd 1981

For those who didn't participate, there's no point in reading the following story, for no matter how much it makes you wish you had attended, you can't now! For those who did participate, there is no point in reading the following story, for you were there and know what sort of a day it was.

Having eliminated the only two groups of people likely to read this story, i.e. those that attended and those that didn't, I've decided not to write the story after all.

However, I would like to thank those members who made the effort to invite their families. I would also like to thank those families who made the effort to attend the event.

Keith Finlay

SNOOKER NIGHT MAY 9th 1981

I have been asked why the activity scheduled on May 9 was called "Snooker night". It appears that nobody played, snooker that is, although at least one member was observed sitting in a corner (of the table?) with his hands in his pockets?

During the night those attending were asked for 20c. (Donations for supper?) One member was unable to oblige! Thirsty bike?

Many thanks are extended to Christine Dawson's parents for the use of their home. It wouldn't hurt the Club to send them a thankyou card, that is, if it hasn't already been done.

One further question: who gets the points for arranging the night, Christine or Craig?

(signed) One who was unable to attend.

REDESDALE – MAY 10th

We left KBCP at about 10am on what would have been a fine day, except for cold and drizzle. A quick zig zag through the city via the market and its Sunday morning crowds, and we were on our way up the Tullamarine Freeway. Just before Sunbury we turn north and ride up through Romsey and Lancefield to a confused stop at the Tooborac intersection. A few groups stopped along this section to slap on wet weather gear and check machinery; alas, the joys of motorcycling.

We stopped at Heathcote for morning tea or brunch, but it ended up being a twelve o'clock lunch stop, and BMW convention. Two of our number left to go back home from this point. From here we headed to our destination via Mia Mia, Redesdale... Redesdale? Oops, overshot the runway a mite, and the turn off too.

A quick 'U' turn and it's back into Redesdale for another convention. A head count revealed that three bikes were missing. It turned out that a headlight popped from its socket and the others stopped to assist. One more rider left us at this point. Leaving eleven of us to finish the ride.

From here Fagan took over as leader, on his road/trail BMW. Shortly after setting off, we turned down a dirt track. Along here someone slid at the edge of the track at slow speed and dropped his machine. It turned out that the road was blocked off. We could have crossed the creek bed and got around it, but our leader in his wisdom, chose to go back to the bitumen. This was short lived however, and back on the dirt we went past Myrtle Creek, Pilchers Bridge and up towards Bendigo.

I think I'm getting used to the dirt, even some of these blind ninety-degree sharp corners. Back onto a short section of bitumen and then back again onto dirt, up a little rise and into one of those corners. Seemed like a good place for a little rear wheel lock, and yes, I knew it, it goes and locks on me. A few prayers and the corners behind me and I'm still upright.

Out onto the bitumen once more via the Emu Creek Road and we headed south through Sedgwick and Sutton Grange.

Shortly after pulling out on to the Calder Highway, we stopped at a petrol station come motorcycle sales yard, to fill up with petrol and food. From here we headed off to demobilise at Keilor passing through Malmsbury, and Kyneton. Then it happened.

Just before Woodend, in front of the leading bikes, two young bucks, driving in the same direction, drove off the road and square into a metre thick tree. The car ended up a mess to say the least, and the blokes inside, though alive, weren't any better off. It seemed they had been drinking, so it was lucky they didn't hit anyone else.

We stopped, members assisting a doctor who had also stopped and the local Woodend ambulance man. Others directed traffic. The civil ambulance and police arrived together, surprisingly, the tow trucks late.

We ended up demobbing here, riding back to Melbourne through rain and heavy traffic.

Ross CX500 CA

FELLOW CLUB MEMBERS

Thinking about the proposed and now viable proposition of occupying an allotted area of floor space at the upcoming MRA Motorcycle Show at the Camberwell Civic Centre, I have concluded that the MRA and its ideals are very blasé. What brings me to this conclusion are what I consider the following realistic observations.

1. The amount of money that has been quoted for the rental of the site. It has varied from \$200 down to \$70 and it now seems to be agreed that the rental will be set at around the most popular figure (for us anyway) of next to nothing.
2. The amount of bitching and bellyaching about the size of the area allotted. Okay, 70 square feet isn't much, but it is better than nothing. We might be a large club, but we should be grateful for whatever we can get, and since the proposed allotment is in the central floor area, one suspects that we have a prime position.
3. In my 2 ½-3 years as a member of this Club, I have not seen any attempt by the Club to help or associate with the MRA, which I feel is sad and reflects poorly upon the Club. I have heard it said

that people think that the Club is extremely self-centred, and as this comment was expressed by an outsider, I will not speculate on its validity. But it is a pity that this attitude exists.

I feel that a remedy for the above observations would be that the Club takes a more active and supportive attitude towards the MRA and its ideals. Some ways of doing this would take the form of the MTCV going on a Poker Run or a Blood Run or attending MRA rallies as a club.

These actions would lift the Club's standing within the motorcycle movement and therefore (hopefully) encourage new members to join us and promote what is truly a great club.

To those who are working to improve the Club's standing, good luck and I hope your efforts bring the desired results.

Kevin GL1000

FOR SALE

- JVC 7 stage Graphic Equalizer \$100.00
- OR SWAP FOR
- Stereo Tuner
 - Contact Frank 88 2329.

KEIFER RALLY APRIL 25-26

The Keifer Rally caters only for BMW owners and members of BMW clubs, which makes it a little hard to get in to if you don't own a BM. (*Actually, it is easy enough to get in; it's just that they railroad you on arrival. – Ed.*). You may be wondering why this article about a one-make rally is appearing in a magazine of an all-makes club. Because it's got something to do with bikes!

I left Friday night just after midnight (Saturday morning) (*Amazing! ...Ed*) straight after work and headed nonstop to Jeparit for fuel (ANZAC Day, no petrol) and lost 25 minutes saying hello to the family. They kept on mumbling something about four in the morning!

Dawn appeared a little after Bordertown which meant the speed could be upped a little. A quick refill at Murray Bridge which, by the way, was the first bridge to span the Murray.

Tootling along (*Thrashing*), up hill and down dale, it became apparent that one was entering a wine growing district. Everywhere I looked there were little wineries, and some not so little. My destination was the Barossa Valley, South Australia. To be more precise, I was heading for Nuriootpa, hoping to get there before 10am. The reason for the time you ask? Simple, a parade starts from Tanunda (3km away) at around 9am and ends at Nuriootpa at around 10.30am. The parade is part of the Wine Festival, held every odd year, and the BMW Owners Club of S.A, using great foresight, organises their rally to coincide with this festival weekend.

The parade was a ripper, with plenty of novelty entrants and a lot of professional floats decked out with flowers, girls, grapes, girls, wine, and more girls. (*Didn't know that they made wine out of girls – Ed.*)

Having loaded up with ammunition (grapes), I, along with about 30 other rally goers, waited for the best part of the parade to come along, approximately 55 BMW bikes with riders and pillions. I won't go into detail but let me say that a few selected members of the group tried out some grapes in solid rather than liquid form.

The rally site was at an old reservoir (empty thankfully). Now I understood the rally name: Keifer is the German name for *pine* or *pine forest*. The tall pine trees around the reservoir provided a soft layer of pine needles for the tents to be erected on.

Saturday night saw films being shown and, if one looked hard enough, one could see the odd BMW logo or two. Late that night the usual rally presentations were made and surprise of surprises, Joy (currently residing in Denmark) took out the Longest Distance Female from home.

Sunday morning, rising late, Joy and I packed up and left. We had lunch and did some sightseeing in Murray Bridge. From there we travelled to Horsham and motelled it with bed and breakfast for the night. An early start Monday morning saw us home for lunch.

That was the Keifer Rally. Unusually, there was a BMW R80 G/S demonstration bike ridden by all and sundry, very thoughtfully provided by Pitmans of Adelaide. That bike, when it is eventually sold, if it lives that long, will need some mighty fine servicing.

Mick Fagan, BMW R80 G/S

EASTER IN EASTERN AUSTRALIA 1981

For two years there has been truly excellent weather in the Eastern States of Australia for Easter, and this year could not be faulted. Even at night, with clear skies and full moon, shadows were cast by the glow of the moon. By day the riding conditions were great - warm without being hot, whilst the nights had sufficient chill to enjoy a campfire, yet they were not too cold to allow a good night's sleep in the tent.

This account is being prepared not only for the members of the Four Owners clubs in Australia, but also for my friends in the USA. Hence, I have taken care to explain what might be obvious to Australians.

Easter is a great time for bike riders in Australia as it means a four-day break from work, and for many like me who work for the Victorian State Government, it means five days away from regular toil. Many motorcycle functions are held at this time, and I had a real option of three. Of course, the great bike races at Bathurst in New South Wales are the Mecca for all bike racing enthusiasts, and for those one per cent people (from Sydney for the most part) who enjoy a good fight with the NSW Police Force. I was not keen to be caught up in any fracas there. Really, my choice was clear: the Four Owners National Rally was on, this time organised by the Sydney Chapter. They had kindly invited members of the Goldwing Road Riders Club along too, as riders of four-cylinder bikes, and being a member of both organisations, I was keen to attend.

The rally site was well chosen at the Wyangala Dam, a huge water reserve which holds 2 ½ times the water volume of Sydney Harbour, but due to three years of drought, it was almost without water. The area is grand, surrounded by a ring of mountains with stimulating twisty roads into the area. For those who also wanted to visit the races at Bathurst, that city was only 110 kilometres away. The site presented as centrally located for the four chapters of the Four Owners to get there as well.

I planned to set off with the Four Owners from Melbourne at 7.00am, meeting at the Ford factory. However, as I woke up at 3.00am, and was not likely to get to sleep again, I decided to get on the road early. By 4.00am on Good Friday, the Goldwing LTD with heavy load was well on its way. There was very little traffic on the Hume Freeway and by 8.00am, I was into New South Wales and on the Olympic Way. Victoria's smooth roads were now behind, and I bounced over the poor surfaces of the Olympic.

Most of the traffic must have opted for the better conditions of the Hume, for there was almost no traffic on the Olympic Way, except for the many hundreds of bikes on their way to Bathurst. It was as if cars had been banned from the road. All along the highway until about 10am there were groups of riders camped at the side of the road. Most were making ready to set off as I went by. There were all types of riders too, from the racing to the touring, and the unwashed coloured (on their backs, that is) ones as well. Plenty of sidecars too. No police were seen as they were likely all near Bathurst getting ready for the affray.

By 11am I had reached Cowra, the last large town before taking the road to the Dam. The scenery is spectacular, as is all the mountain country of New South Wales.

I recently received a letter from an English Goldwing rider who told me he thought Australia was flat. I only wish he could visit Eastern Australia where there is hardly a flat or straight road inland 300 kilometres from the sea. This Easter trip would have blown his mind, but more of that anon.

There is a large caravan park at Wyangala Dam, and it was well occupied. However, the ranger had provided the Four Owners a site on top of a hill away from Mr & Mrs Average except for one couple in a large caravan. When I arrived there were few bikes and I was greeted by the friendly, cheerful President of the Sydney Chapter, Shane McCloy, who has a superbly equipped Suzuki, with all the touring gear. The man who owned the caravan left and made off in his four-wheel drive for a day's fishing.

During the next few hours, members of the Sydney Chapter arrived in small groups and sometimes singly, and then a huge group arrived from the Canberra Chapter. Their diminutive but cheerful and alert President, Keith Andrews, and his wife arrived along with an old friend, Derek T. Derek has just purchased a Goldwing to use with a side car to accommodate their 1-year old infant. Ole Anderson from Canberra was there in his outfit along with his wife and two well behaved kids.

By this time a large group of bikes had arrived, and then came the folk from Melbourne. Their rear rider, Phil Russell, somehow arrived first having become detached from the rest of the group. He was alone after travelling along the Newell Highway and must have done a one-day tour of New South Wales. The Newell is a fast straight road but lacks interest except for the speeds one can travel on it. Phil must have been going for it as he had to cut back towards Cowra, a most excursive route.

The caravan owner returned to find his vehicle surrounded by bikes. Well, he should not have been there in the first place. He exploded, "Bloody Hell", and hitched up his van and made off never to be seen again, and so we had the whole area to ourselves for a while. Then a motorcycle touring club from the Macquarie University arrived and camped next door, adding to the occasion. They consisted of four-cylinder bikes. except for one BMW. They were well organised and well behaved and several asked about joining the Four Owners.

Three campfires were lit as evening approached, one for Canberra members, one for the Sydney folk and one for the Melbourne group. However, there was soon mingling between all groups. Melbourne set up its tent, gas barbeque and table and chair set. This had all been conveyed on the club trailer hauled by Graham with his comfortable panel van. Considerable New South Wales beer was drunk by some, but no hassles resulted. Some comment was made about the quality of the beer, mainly by the Melbourne riders.

Conclusion next magazine.

Darren GL1000

FAMILY DAY MAY 3rd SHERBROOKE FOREST

Both sets of our parents had been notified well in advance about the MTCV Family Day, and the lunch menu requested, carefully articulated over numerous phone conversations. We were looking forward to the day as we hadn't been on a Club ride for a few weeks and lunch always taste better when it is cooked and ready upon arrival. We even (gasp, this is not a lie) washed the BM or rather, scraped great amounts of dirt off it and then washed it. In a final fit of extravagance, we polished the little devil. All was set for a good day's riding and eating.

The morning of said event dawned dark and wet. Great, I thought, what on earth do you do with a dozen motorcyclists and their relatives on a wet day in Sherbrooke Forest? Undaunted by this burning question, the dismal weather, and our warm cosy bed, we sprang into action. We got as far as the garage before gloominess in weather and state of mind set in. Donning waterproofs and scarves we set off.

Arriving at Kings Bridge Car Park (*corner Flinders and Spencer*) I detected a glimpse of blue sky. With glee I took my waterproofs off and lit up a cigarette. Things were looking a smidge brighter.

About 10 bikes left the KBCP with Smithy in his car. The ride out was to be direct as parents, warm fires and sizzling snags were awaiting us. Travelling out along the Burwood Highway we had Chris and Deb leading with Big D (*Peter Philferan*) bringing up the rear.

Now the weather wasn't too bad; some rain and a lot of grey cloud but there was that ever-hopeful patch of blue.

Things were progressing in an orderly fashion until we were just out of Ferntree Gully. The road divides into two, the main road continuing up towards Brendan and Sally's home, and the second, arm towards the Sherbrooke Forest. We, no Ian, took the second road whilst the Club rightly continued along the main road. Quite a few kilometres later we were wondering why we hadn't caught up to Lindsay and equally wondering why no-one had caught up to us. After assessing, we turned around and half an hour later we found ourselves at the reserve with the rest of the Club and our parents organising the festivities. The sky was looking bluer, and dad had the fires going so, with another cigarette lit up, I proceeded to forget our little detour.

Lunch was a success and with a few more bikes and parents arriving, we became quite a group.

After lunch the Frisbee started flying around with a few Frisbee-ers seeming to be hell bent on scoring, or should I say, scalping parents, Club members and babies alike. Several times prams and babies had to be moved to escape the mad Frisbee flingers. Meanwhile a cricket match was in progress. Indeed, we almost had enough members to make a full team. Many a catch was caught and many a catch was dropped.

By three o'clock most people were starting to pack away their BBQ tongs and talking about heading home. However, Ian and I decided to stay and keep Sally company, as her husband had wandered off on a 'bit of a walk' and alas, taken the car keys. Most people had by this time got themselves organised and headed back to Chris and Debs' for coffee. Sometime later Brendan reappeared so it was on with helmets and jackets and a decision on our best exit path. Traffic was inevitably heavy as only Sunday late afternoon traffic can be, but this did not stop us having a good ride up to Sherbrooke and a very pleasant afternoon socialising.

Ian & Lynne R90S

P.S. Which Club member takes delight in throwing a full cup of petrol on a fire already ignited thusly succeeding in setting himself alight and creating quite a spectacle for Club members and others? Good Public Relations?