

## **NOVEMBER 1981 RUNS**

Sunday 8            Tony Daly's Special Tour, 8.30am KBCP  
Friday 13            Debbie's Double Feature, Fancy Dress, Horror Show (Not to be missed.)  
                          Social Secretary's home, Unit 17/28-36 James St, Box Hill. 8.30pm  
Sunday 15            Cambarville, 9.30am KBCP, 10.45am Lilydale  
Sunday 22            Central Deborah Gold Mine. \$1? Entry, 9.30am KBCP  
Saturday 28         Carrum Beach Night Ride and BBQ, KBCP 6pm SHARP  
Sunday 29            Mt Cole State Forest, Picnic Lunch, 8.30am KBCP

## **DECEMBER**

Friday 4            General Meeting. Club Hall 8.15pm SHARP.

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## **CLOSING DATE FOR ARTICLES FOR NEXT MAG IS 20.11.81.**

Magazine articles can be posted or delivered to Faye and Geoff Morgan, 246 Gap Rd Sunbury, 3429. Ph. 744-1189.

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## **EDITORIAL – NOVEMBER 1981**

As mentioned last month, 6 or 7 MTCV members attended the World's End Rally. A good time was had by all. Sure, we had our moments but generally it was a relatively easy 12-day trip covering both the World's End Rally and the Big Desert Rally. Our two bikes covered 2,800km each with no mechanical problems unless you call five punctures mechanical problems. Three punctures occurred in 40km! THAT was a frustrating day. I missed out on pies at Eudunda and a visit to a winery. Still, that is touring. You must take the good with the bad.

Regarding touring, have you thought about the 'Back O' Bourke' run? According to our calculator we're looking at around 2500km and 72 hours to do them. Sounds easy, doesn't it? It could be a really fun trip, but it could be hot (40 degrees+), or it could be wet. (Ever tried riding in three inches of red dust mixed with an equal quantity of water?) One thing is for sure, no matter what the weather, it is bound to result in sore bums and stiff shoulders accompanied by a strangely satisfied grin!

We recently heard of riders getting lost during Club runs. On one occasion a rider suggested that he got left behind when he stopped to check his load after another rider pointed out a problem. There are two issues here: (a) because of the way the ride functions, it is quite possible to ride up to an hour and not see another machine. This is un-nerving and only confidence in the Club's Road Rules inspires one to keep on riding. In due course, one eventually meets a couple of riders patiently sitting on a corner, ready to provide directions. And, (b) if you are a relatively new rider to the Club, or an old rider with a new machine, the rear rider may just miss you, particularly if you pull well off the road.

The problem is one of recognition. If you must make an unscheduled stop, make it obvious by flagging the rear rider down if necessary. Remember, you only must recognize the rear rider whereas the rear rider must recognize everyone, and that could mean up to 40 machines, a mammoth task. We believe the rear rider would never knowingly leave another rider stranded.

Think ahead to the next scheduled stop when someone asks, "What happened to so and so?" Suddenly everyone realizes that a machine is missing. Has the rider got fed up with the ride and

gone home? Did the rider take the wrong turn and get lost? Did the machine run off the road and if so, is the rider lying in the scrub injured? Should we go back and look for lost rider or should we just shrug our shoulders and continue enjoying our ride and to hell with them? There's the question. YOU provide the answers!

**Editors, Faye & Geoff Morgan**

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### **NEW ADDRESS**

Kevin Robertson  
63 Waltham St, FLEMINGTON 3031  
Ph: 376-1568

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### **WANTED**

Travelling companion/s for motorcycle trip at Christmas. Leaving Boxing Day morning and returning New Years Day afternoon. Only a week but should be good. Suggested itinerary includes Hiawatha, (Gippsland), Noojee, Woods Point, Matlock, Aberfeldie, Walhalla, Dargo, Mt Hotham, Swifts Creek, Omeo, Bogong, Myrtleford, Eli, King Valley, Mansfield, and home.

Not sticking to a hard and fast timetable and working on the theory that it's better to travel than to arrive. Only money needed will be for gas and goodies. Camping all the way. Can be any sex, colour or creed but age must be somewhere between 18 and 80. A reasonable bike and some camping gear is essential. You can bring your dog if it fits in your pack. If you're a starter ring Don on 82-3791 during business hours.

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### **CHRISTMAS BREAKUP SATURDAY 5<sup>th</sup> December**

The Christmas breakup will be held at the Healesville Hotel, Healesville. Starts 5pm in the bar for pre-dinner drinks and then 6pm into the dining room for dinner. This will cost \$7.00 a head for a three-course meal. About 8pm there will be a band to kick off the night's entertainment in the back room, \$2.00 per head entry fee. If you wish to stay overnight, bed and breakfast at one of the motels will cost about \$28.00 per double. For more information contact Keith Harris on 478-3982 AH. See you there!

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### **NAVAGATION & RELIABILITY TRIAL Sunday 13<sup>th</sup> September**

We left KBCP about 9.30am after the initial briefing from organizer, Tom Saville, on the day's fun. We proceeded out the Eastern Freeway to Templestowe and Warrandyte and then to Kangaroo Ground where we stopped at the Yarra Glen turn off. Travelling some of the way in company of Mick ("my bike don't wallow") Fagan, it was most interesting to watch his BMW R80GS "NOT" wallowing on Trials Universal tyres through fast sweeping corners.

At Kangaroo Ground the ride split into two, one group comprising Frank R80GS, Mick R80GS, Ted Honda 250 RS, Bruce Kawasaki 500, and me R75/7. We are for the hard run. The others, mostly Lead Wings and assorted oriental heavy metal, wisely chose the not so difficult course.

The first section was a navigation test at an average speed of 50 km/h through most of the back roads from Kangaroo Ground to Yarra Glen and on to Toolangi. Not knowing the actual distance to the first control it was essential to keep an eye on the clock and odometer to gauge the 50km/h average speed. Oh yes, just to make things interesting, participants were sent off at two-minute intervals. One individual tried to lead another astray and stuffed himself up, and it was not me!

15km into the State Forest from Toolangi there was Les Leahy at the first control. Ted and I came in spot on time.

The next section was in rugged bush tracks including an observed section, at an average speed of 25km/h. The 25km/h may sound easy, but the tracks were not. Leaving the control proved to be difficult on wet grass but after a couple of tries I was under way.

It was quite easy following the markers along the tracks to the first decent. This little number, while not being super steep, had a liberal sprinkling of large rocks and loose dirt. I got down intact although at one stage I nearly had to bail out, involuntarily of course.

Now the observed section. It started with a 45 degree drop of about 5 to 6 feet from the road with a 90-degree left turn at the bottom to miss a neatly placed log. This was followed by a straight run of some 50 yards of tree branches, rocks and logs neatly arranged by Craig. Then a right turn downhill for some 200 yards over much the same type of ground. Okay, here we go over the edge, front wheel digs into the soft earth and Keithy jumps over the bars. BM goes down engine screaming. Fortunately, Craig quickly hits the kill switch. Thanks mate! Pick up bike, red face and continue.

No further trouble apart from clouting a log with right crash bar, pushing it back onto the cylinder. Now back on something resembling a road and a flat out run down to Narbethong, trying to make up for lost time.

At Narbethong I'm greeted by Jude who notes my arrival time. Then we have two more tests along the lines of, 'Do you know your bike?'. Firstly, guess your tyre pressures, then measure with tyre gauge, followed by fill your petrol tank and guess how much. Thus finished the day's competition. This was followed by lunch while the organizers figured out the results.

After lunch the Club once again divided with the more dirt-oriented riders heading for the bush while the others returned to town by a more civilized route to finish an excellent day.

**Keith Harris, R75/7 today!**

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## **MALDON SPRING FESTIVAL**

A beautiful sunny morning saw Ian and I heading off to KBCP, picking up Keith and Jude on the way. At Jude's, I assured her that indeed it was a nice day to ride pillion. Ten minutes later we were on our way with Keithy leading us into the city via the Kew Boulevard.

Quite a shock awaited me at KBCP. Jude and I were astounded to see very few familiar faces, in fact most of them we'd never seen before. Just shows how quickly you lose contact if not riding consistently each Sunday. We really felt like a couple of 'old' semi-retired members! Well, I suppose four years membership almost puts us in that category which leads me to ponder the 'vintage' or other even older members!

Keith and Jude led, and Les was rear rider. By the time we were out of the city things started getting colder and colder. (God, will I never learn?) Setting a nice speedy pace, Keith led us

through the Bulla Hills to New Gisborne, the Black Forest and on to the Calder where we stopped at Taradale, just outside Castlemaine, for petrol and refreshments.

Several KitKats and coffee later, our rear rider appeared with the news that Bruce Faldon had broken down and had headed home. Another coffee and we were off again heading through Castlemaine and out to Maldon.

A brief burst of sunshine heralded our arrival. After shedding our numerous garments and waiting whilst Jude had another life sustaining coffee, we headed off for a look see, keeping in mind that we had to be back by 2pm. Numerous craft shops had their doors open to the public and we viewed a host of beautiful pottery and home spun garments. I was disappointed that (a) there was very little originality and design in the leather work and (b) the prices were indeed indicative of the 'killing' the owners hoped to make on the tourists.

Hunger pangs were quickly sated by a generous, (if not wholesome) helping of Boston bun with pink icing (courtesy of Mr Les Leahy) and sponge cake (courtesy of Mrs Jude Wallis). We were then treated to 20 minutes of bagpipe playing by the Maryborough Pipe Band, most enjoyable and colourful. Jude was treated to a peeping tom in the ladies toilet and Les was seen getting into the true festival spirit by accepting a flower to wear in his Belstaff.

It was 3pm by the time we all regrouped and headed for home with Keith again in the lead. Owing to the doom-laden sky, our trip home was both direct and speedy with no mishaps.

**Ian & Lynne Taylor, BMW R90/S**

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### **GARY YOUNG'S SPECIAL TOUR**

Our leader Gary arrived right on the knocker of 10am at KBCP with his pretty girl Velga on board. He led us out the South Eastern Freeway where at the end [Springvale Road] Sue decided to leave the ride as her Moto Guzzi was running poorly.

On to Ferntree Gully, Emerald, Cardinia Dam, back roads to Launching Place, across to Healesville, and through the Black Spur to Buxton for morning tea and petrol. While here Craig and Brian (BMW's) left us to go home.

We continued on to Alexandra and up into Fraser National Park. At a sharp right hander, a potential new member riding a Honda CX500 crashed. He was sore but otherwise okay. We spent 30 minutes re-aligning the bike's front end before we finally got going again, taking Skyline Road, with a lot of dirt, to Bonnie Doon before turning left on to the Maroondah Highway.

Near Merton we turned right on to the dirt heading for Strathbogie Ranges and finished up at Polly McQuinns Weir for lunch, except there are no shops.

Break over, time to continue down through Merton where we fuelled our bikes and ourselves. We then headed back along the Goulburn Valley Highway to Yea, and the Melba Highway through Dixons Creek to Yarra Glen to finish at Lilydale where we dispersed,

Thanks to Gary for inviting me back for tea after what was a very pleasant day's ride, the weather near perfect.

**"Big Daddy" [Peter Philferan] Honda 750/4, and BMW R/65**

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Eleven eager souls awaited the 7.30pm departure time at KBCP. After a brief rundown of the corner marker system for the benefit of our two visitors, we set off up Flinders St, left at Hoddle Street and down to the Eastern Freeway to put a little distance between us and the Saturday night city crush.

From the end of the Freeway [Springvale Road] we headed through Templestowe to Warrandyte, and then turned on to Jumping Creek Road, quite a nice piece of road, hilly and twisty with a posted 75km/h limit, obviously meant as a personal insult!

We emerged on to the Maroondah Highway at Wonga Park just before Lilydale where we picked up another visitor to swell our numbers to the even dozen.

Montrose loomed and then the road really became interesting as we took the Olinda turn off and followed through to Monbulk, Emerald, and Gembrook, twisty all the way. Great bike territory.

As it was still early, we took a detour to Upper Pakenham, then over some reasonable dirt (we never seem to go anywhere without dirt, I wonder why?) to regroup and have a short stop for a smoke at the intersection of the Beaconsfield-Emerald Road.

Back into Emerald we rode and then toured via Clematis to the urban sprawl at Rowville via Wellington Road. Some of the thirstier bikes required a top-up before we called it a night over a coffee and a chinwag at Dandenong Road.

**Phil Duffy**

Lead Wing & Chair.

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**1981 M.T.C.V. FUEL ECONOMY TEST RESULTS**

1 <sup>st</sup>	Phillip Duffy & Son	650 Kawasaki	33.8 km/l
2 <sup>nd</sup>	Bruce Faldon	750 BMW	24.4 km/l
3 <sup>rd</sup>	Keith Harris	1000 BMW	24.9 km/l
4 <sup>th</sup>	Mick Fagan	GS 80 BMW	24.2 km/l
5 <sup>th</sup>	Gary Young & Andrea Sirninger	1000/S BMW	22.9 km/l
6 <sup>th</sup>	Keith Finlay	1000 Kawasaki	22.6 km/l
7 <sup>th</sup>	Jack Youdan	CBX 1000 Honda	22.4 km/l
8 <sup>th</sup>	Frank Bloxham	GS 80 BMW.	21.9 km/l
9 <sup>th</sup>	Mark Lapirow	XV 1000 Yamaha	21.7 km/l
10 <sup>th</sup>	Ian & Lynne Taylor	900S BMW.	20.9 km/l
11 <sup>th</sup>	Chris Negus & Debbie Snell	1000 RS BMW	19.9 km/l
12 <sup>th</sup>	Tony Daly	lost in action	

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**TASMANIAN TOUR 1981**

The main reason for writing this belated story of our trip to Tassie (last Christmas for God's sake) is the Editor's threat to put blank sheets in the mag 'coz there's not enough news to print.

Probably most members of the MTCV have been 'across the water' with their bikes, but for those who haven't, this article could be of interest if they are planning such a journey. For starters, we had a fantastic time. The weather was perfect, in fact it was the hottest summer for ten years, and when it's hot in Tassie it's really hot. They don't have air conditioners over there, only heaters.

The place is like Pommie-land in more ways than one. To anyone contemplating touring Tassie by motorbike, I say, "Go instantly, don't hesitate." It's like Melbourne used to be 20 years ago. No fuss, no rush, hardly any cars and very good, very cheap take away food.

We met lots of other bikers on the trip, all with different bikes, different appearances, and different stories, but all with same easy going laid-back biker attitude. Top people. If you're a Harley rider, you'd be well catered for in Launceston. I've never seen so many stump-pullin' great American freedom machines gathered in such a small place.

In three weeks we covered just under 4,000kms and travelled just about every road on the island (or so it seemed) and saw the majority of the towns both big and small. No one place was better than the rest, just different.

I'd be hard pushed to put a finger on the highlight of the trip. However, the biggest downer for sure was the camping ground at Cradle Mountain. More on that later.

Boxing Day arvo saw amongst the usual contingent of tin tops, about 50 motorcycles loaded into the bowels of the Empress. Two were ours. The crossing, which we were told was one of the roughest in five years, got progressively worse as the night wore on. By 9pm the port deck was out of bounds and the best place to seek refuge was the lounge. Much good talk abounded here, mainly about bikes and birds. The jugs of beer weren't hanging around too long.

By the next morning Jan was near death and green as a Kawasaki KL250. The dogs in the cages on the top deck all thought they were headed for that big club house in the sky, and only a handful of people turned up for brekkie. A pity really as it was very good and free.

I wasn't feeling too bad and by 8am I had consumed a decent feed. By 8.15am it was on its way back to Melbourne and by 8.30am I'd got outside another serve of bangers and mash and no more problems. Perseverance, that's the key.

On the first day ashore, we headed west to Boat Harbour and many points in between. Six bells brought crayfish, French bread and cold cans for tea which soon took our minds off the fact that we were quite damp after riding round in the rain for seven hours.

Still raining and blowing hard and cold, we pulled into Stanley.

Next morning, we said goodbye to Steve and Werner on Honda XL500's after checking out Stanley and nearly getting blown off The Nut. Next Pieman River on the west coast while Steve and Werner headed to Smithtown for some rugged off roading. We didn't know it at the time, but we weren't to meet up with those guys again till the boat trip home.

Our wanderings took us in a roundabout way to the Pieman River at Corinna. The track was like any rally site you've been too. We hit the camp area at dusk, wet and cold, as it hadn't stopped raining all day again. Log cabins at Corinna were only \$2.50 per night per person so we indulged ourselves and dried out in front of the biggest fire ever.

Next afternoon as we departed Corinna, the sun started shining and heralded the hottest Tasmanian summer in ten years. We checked out Roseberry, Zeehan, Queenstown, and Derwent Bridge setting up camp for a couple of days at Lake St Clair.

The Derwent Bridge pub gets our vote as the best watering hole in Tassie. It is owned by the Forestry people who also control the National Parks. Under a shady oak tree, we met a New South Welshman who had just finished rebuilding his Honda CX500 after busting a cam-chain tensioner (Funny, never heard of that before.)

At Lake St Clair, we wore ourselves out in grand style climbing a mountain (I think it was Mt Rufus) and taking long walks. This place rates as an absolute must. Five stars. Actually, it has looked better as it had just been ravaged by bushfire.

Back three paces. The night after the Pieman found us at Strahan on the west coast. We took an all-day tour up the Gordon River, visited some Huon Pines, and saw a movie on Saving the Franklin River.

Later that night we met Polly and Ray from Adelaide astride a 750 Suzuki Waterbottle with a worn-out rear tyre and a very noisy muffler. They were doing every inch of Tasmania in five days. She rode, he pillioned behind with the gear. They didn't talk much, they had to go.

One more word on Lake St Clair: I think it must be a top location for trout fisherman as we met a couple of guys who had towed their boats all the way from Queensland just to fish the lake.

Lake Pedder called us after a day or two. Strathgordon as a town wasn't worth visiting but the trip by road is motorcycling at its best. Utopia.

New Norfolk, Hobart and surrounding suburbs didn't hold our interests for too long, so we putted on to Port Arthur.

A word of advice: while Port Arthur is a must for all tourists, and a top place to see, if you're planning on doing the prison tour make sure you are in the first intake at 9am because at 11am about two million buses arrive and disgorge more little old ladies and little old men than you ever thought existed in the entire world.

We figured North was where the action was, so we headed inland through some very historic old towns of great architectural interest. To name but a few: Richmond, Ross, Campbelltown and Launceston.

Launceston is big on lots of things but very skinny on camping spots. By far and away the best camping location is Longford, about 22 km's south of Launceston. It is one of the best camp spots on the island. Here we met BM-Frank and Bill-Guzzi, their mounts you guess.

We decided to stay a few days in Longford and use it as our base. Frank and Bill were doing the same. Next morning, we watched them prepare for a ride. Bill decided to warm up his motor, but instead of straddling the bike he just switched it on, leaned across the tank and hit the electric foot. The old spaghetti burner fired up first shot. That was okay except that the bike was on the side stand and in first gear. It was cool fun watching their tent get half demolished by a runaway SP1000.

After we finished rolling around on the ground, we went over to lend a hand and there started a week-long association that was bulk fun from sunup to sundown. Bill-Guzzi was an ex-Merchant Navy seaman. A wind breakin', rollickin', joke crackin', fun lovin' crazy Dutchman. BM-Frank was a trifle more subdued. Both were bikers in the true sense of the word. Together we toured Launceston, Evandale, and all points around.

We saw Entally House and other old homes, played with the monkeys in the park, went swimming, fishing, exploring at night, scabbed around, consumed numerous malt sandwiches, and generally had a ball.

We cried uncle after five days. Bill and Frank rode to Hobart while Jan and I rode to Cradle Mountain. What an awful bloody trip that was, 75 km's each way on the roughest road you'd ever find. Jan got a puncture on the way. It was Sunday, nothing open, so we had to patch and rebuild the tube. No big deal but we had to load the heavy stuff onto my bike just in case.

We limped into the Cradle Mountain camp area about 8pm, ate, put the tent up and crashed.

The next morning when I woke up my hands were covered in blood, likewise my face, neck and feet. I thought the grim reaper had come looking for me during the night. Also, I noticed I had developed these dreadful black spots all over me. After a closer examination which took a quarter of a second, I could see they were leeches. They were all over everything. We thought we must have camped in a swamp. Shift the tent quick. By the time we had the tent erected on the new site, our legs were covered in leeches. 1981 was a good year for leeches. They won that round.

We packed everything up, loaded the bikes, took a six hour hike up Cradle Mountain, and then split straight out of the place. When we arrived back from our hike, the entire camp was empty! Funny that, eh?

Back to Sheffield where we stopped on a lonely siding for a billy of tea and a smoke when we heard what we thought was a Boeing 727. It turned out to be about 30 blokes on choppers. They all wore cut offs, earrings, and bones in their noses. When they spotted us sitting under a tree, they ground to a halt alongside. None of them looked as if they had been to bed for about six years. I thought to myself, 'What the bloody hell is this?' As luck would have it, one of them was from Melbourne and when he spotted our MRA badges he declared us brothers. A few anxious moments but no real problems. We chewed the fat with them for an hour or so and then we had to move on as we were meeting Bill and Frank in the next town.

That night in the pub at the foot of Mt Roland we let the good times roll. We had met up with some other bikers from Melbourne as well as the boys and we made that much noise in the lounge that the publican stuck his head round the door and asked us if everything was all right.

In our last week we toured the east coast visiting St Helens, St Marys, Bicheno, Scottsdale, the north coast and anywhere else we thought we hadn't been. As they say in the States, "we just keep on pullin' clutch".

We said goodbye to all our mates, got aboard the boat for home, and who should be waiting for us in the lounge? Steve and Werner, XL 500's.

"Life in the best lane."

## **Don 650 Yamaha**

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### **FOR SALE**

White BMW 75/5 long wheelbase model.

- Registered to 9/11/1982.
- Good tyres, new battery, stainless steel mufflers, heavy duty front and rear springs, halogen headlight. Has done genuine 51,500 miles.
- Extras include driving light, crash bar, Pressley panniers and rack, and rack above each cylinder.

It is running beautifully. The only reason for selling is set up for two-up touring and it is rarely used.

Price \$2150. If interested contact Greg Moore on 057-732228.

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Just a few lines regarding the content of this mag. It seems that last month's editorial evoked a positive reaction from at least one person. He put pen to paper and promptly filled five pages of the mag. Sure, it is of a personal trip but as members of a touring club I would imagine most will find it good reading (I did). We have perhaps half a dozen members who will feed us an article like this. How about a few more getting in on the act? Don't be afraid if they are a bit long; we'll serialize them if necessary! With a bit of luck this month's contribution will have started a fad – thanks Don.

**Geoff Morgan**

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**FOR SALE**

English made fibreglass chaincase (fully encloses chain) to suit Honda CB750 K1-K6. \$27 Contact Phil Duffy 311-1013 or Geoff Morgan 744-1189.

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