

APRIL RUNS

Saturday	3	Progressive Dinner. KBCP 6pm SHARP. (\$1 deposit)
Sunday	4	Creswick 9.30am KBCP
Easter weekend		Beechworth Festival.
9,10,11,12		Camping at Reid's Creek Fawkner Cemetery 8am (Friday)
Sunday	18	Walhalla. KBCP 9am. Hallam 10.15am
Sunday	25	Lerderderg Gorge. KBCP 10am

MAY

Sunday	2	Bendigo Pottery. Epsom. KBCP 9.30am (Entry Fee)
Friday	7	Annual General Meeting & Elections. Club Hall. 8.15pm SHARP.

CLOSING DATE FOR ARTICLES FOR MAY MAG IS 23rd APRIL 1982.

EDITORIAL – APRIL 1982

Just a couple of reminders this month – tomorrow night, April 3rd, is the progressive dinner; the last one was a great night so be in it!

Next meeting is the AGM and along with it comes the election of the next committee. Would you like to be on the Committee? Yes, but you're not sure whether or not anyone will nominate you, eh? Well, chew a few ears and drum up a bit of support, and you never know where you might end up! Don't forget, nothing ventured, nothing gained.

Finally, many thanks to those who have forwarded material for this month's mag. It is very satisfying to have such a selection of articles to print.

Cheers Faye & Geoff.

FOR SALE

MARS LEATHER JEANS, BLACK, VERY LITTLE USE
SIZE 38, \$50 O.N.O
PHIL DUFFY. 311 - 1013

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following new members to the club:-

Christine Young CB250T, Michael Barnes GS1000G, Robyn Heath X7 250, Brenda Pollett GSX250, Bernadette Nechwatal Z200, Pat Verdon, Steve Verdon XS1100RH.

FOR SALE

BMW R100, 1982 Model
BLACK WITH RED/WHITE PINSTRIPES, BMW PANNIERS
TANK BAG & COVER, TWIN HORNS.
JUST SERVICED, ONLY 5500Kms. RIDDEN IN EUROPE
12 MONTHS REG. \$5100.
CONTACT Ian Taylor 8706361

UPPER YARRA DAM (Un-official club ride)

Several of us had decided that we wanted to go for a ride on the Sunday. At 9am we met at the car park. There was Keith Finlay, Ross (Suzuki), myself and the guy from next door, Paul on a Kawasaki 250. The trip out of town was very round-about as the roads were closed off due to the Moomba festivities. Anyway, I can now say I have gone all the way along the Boulevard (potholes and all) and on to Montmorency to pick up Pat. We then wound our way through Christmas Hills and along the Spur for a lunch stop at Marysville. Only we were taken to a shop that didn't serve any food, so back up the road for lunch. After lunch we went on to Cumberland Falls where we went for a wander. It was then on up to Upper Yarra Dam where once again we stopped.

Some other riders rolled in and told us that due to the lousy weather on Saturday night they decided to camp in a motel instead of at the site of the Mother Hardy's Rally.

On to Warburton for a petrol stop, and back to my place for a coffee. A very quiet and uneventful day.

Chris Young

NIGHT RIDE

Arriving at the car park around 6.45pm, no-one there. Surely someone will turn up for Robyn's ride although the thought of a lady leading, not to mention a night ride, did send shivers down my spine. Ten minutes later Fagan rolled in with a lovely lady on the back, Brian Milesi, Les Leahy, Phil Duffy with kids (no Robyn), Keith Finlay and a couple of young members on a showroom-new black Yammie. On inquiring of Phil the whereabouts of Robyn, he replied "At home minding the kids?"

Phil was to lead in the general direction of Cobble Dicks Ford Things were shaping up to be a good ride. We departed under West Gate, left at the new and old Newport Power Station, right along Williamstown Esplanade then down along Willy beach, out towards Altona and along Altona beach, and around Laverton, down past Avalon Speedway, down into Cobble-Dicks. At this point everybody watched each other to see who would come a gutser in the Ford. Yours truly nearly did. Something to do with trying to ride standing on the seat.

At this point it was suggested that we take the track that leads between paddocks and comes back on to the main road. Fagan lead with me up his clacker with Brian in hot pursuit. Some 20km's and an hour later, in complete darkness, we emerged back onto the main road, after negotiating farm fences, ruts and pot holes. Fagan was the only rider to down it, after trying to pass in the rough. Phil wasn't impressed, something about holes in the crankcases and kids heads cracking into the top of the chair.

On arrival at Bacchus Marsh, Brian was desperate for fuel, as he never filled in town. Naughty Brian. Brian disappeared into the night, Les Leahy departed also. The remainder, lead by Phil,

made our way through various back roads across to the Bulla-Pass (fang-fang). I heard Fagan mention something about red-line after being the last corner marker before the Pass. We all pulled into the Tullamarine station. Phil invited us back to his place for goodies. I declined and departed for home. An excellent ride bringing back memories of rides gone-by, not a festival in sight.

Craig BMW Road/Trail

IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR NURDPOWER

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE NURDIC PEOPLES

The origins of the Nurdic people were obscure until an amazing find in 1925. Two school children playing near the village of Neaurdeaux in Northern France, discovered a system of caves full of remarkable pre-historic cave drawings. One clearly showed a bison attacking a humanoid creature wearing glasses and carrying a briefcase.

Some four years later, archaeologists were astounded by an even more amazing discovery in Flanders: several perfectly preserved bodies were dugout of the frozen bog, and they have since become known as the 'Bog People' of Ostend. Two of these frozen bodies had multi-coloured biros in their top shirt pockets, and one was clutching a clipboard with his name and address written on the back. Carbon dating proved that these bodies were over 25,000 years old.

By biblical times the Nurds had spread too many corners of Europe. For instance, Jesus Christ was definitely a nurd. He didn't rise from the dead – he was buried in a case he woke up.

In the Middle Ages the Nurdic People had become prominent in the Arts and Sciences, discovering exciting new ways to use witches as cigarette lighters.

Little was heard from Nurds during the Renaissance. During this period, they mainly worked as great traders, exchanging their large reserves of gold for cheap cloth and often worthless objects. They travelled with Columbus to America and called the natives, 'New Penguins' because they thought they were meant to be discovering the South Pole.

During the 19th Century, Nurds gained a bare living as characters in Dickens novels. When Dickens died, they were forced to find other employment and many emigrated to Australia, in the so-called 'Water Rush', when they learned that water had been discovered south of Melbourne.

When water failed, these Australian Nurds turned to the professions for income. But since they couldn't find any doctors or lawyers that would give them money, they were forced to become Tasmanian Tigers so the government would try and preserve them. The children of this generation of Nurds began to seep into Melbourne University during the 1950's. At this time their power and future seemed assured. The leaders wore reefer jackets, shirts with button-down collars, fashionable slacks and black ripple-sole shoes. However, they became extinct during the blood purges of the 1960's.

But today their numbers are increasing again, and you, as a University student of the 1980's have the chance to make it big as a vanguard of the NURD REVOLUTION. Now read on....

THE A TO Z OF NURDS

A IS FOR ART: Nurds tend to favour Turner, Renoir, Van Gogh, Breughel and white stallions running along seashores at night.

B IS FOR BEER AND WINE: Nurds often have pretensions about knowing their wine. They often dig a hole in the backyard and then refer to it as a ‘cellar’. They are fond of visiting wineries in Northern Victoria. Although they prefer dry cider at social functions, they can sometimes be persuaded to take a glass of beer, which they will fiddle with for the remainder of the evening. They would probably prefer shandies but think they are something that Aborigines live in. Nurds are very fond of using their old wine bottles to hold dripping candles or peacock feathers.

C IS FOR CONTROL KNOBS ON STEREOS: Nurds will simply never shut up about their record players (‘sound systems’). They love hundreds of knobs on the amplifier, even if they serve no apparent function. The speakers are small boxes which can be placed on shelves or in a bookcase, or, more imaginatively, on opposite sides of the turntable. Their record collection will include Wings, Neil Diamond, Steely Dan, Jackson Browne, Elton John and The Eagles.

D IS FOR DEATH: Nurds think that death is just nature’s way of telling you to speed up. One nurd who committed suicide left a note promising to write to his mother in two weeks to tell her there was an after-life or not.

E SI FOR EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL LIFE: Nurds do not believe that intelligent life exists in the solar system except possibly on Earth. They disapprove of racial stereotypes such as green Martians.

F IS FOR FILM: Favourite nurd films are 2001, The Graduate, An American in Paris, Room at the Top, and Close Encounters of the Nurd Kind. Their favourite mystery is Dial M for Murder; Watership Down and Jonathan Livingstone Seagull are also popular.

Nurds dislike horror films, although they will tell you that A Clockwork Orange presents a terrifying version of a future society. They believe that the cinema has a profound responsibility to give Meaningful and Responsible guidance to the public. They only attend the pictures to see ‘important’ films and very proudly and obviously show their Union card to the ticket-seller, hoping for a concession.

G IS FOR GAMES: (1) Outdoor – hockey, squash, soccer (in preference to ‘Rules’). They don’t really follow any VFL team and their favourite football position is the boundary umpire. (2) Indoor – scrabble, solo, Mastermind and playing the acoustic guitar. They enjoy ‘helping’ with cryptic crosswords.

H IS FOR HYGIENE: They wash themselves with Pears or Velvet and their hair with Blue Clinic. They shave with an electric razor (18th birthday present). They clean their teeth according to the charts at the dentist and always eat an apple after masturbating. They have an incomprehensible liking for putting blue dye in their lavatory cistern. Nurds use cotton buds, but don’t push them in too far because the nose is a very sensitive organ.

To be continued next month.

BEAUCHAMP FALLS 28/2/82

The promise of a fine, cool day attracted some 15 eager riders for the mysterious Beauchamp Falls. A commendably law-abiding group travelled down the Princes Highway to Geelong (no radar seen, tho’), with a fuel stop there for the small bikes. We found ourselves among a large ethnic group probably waiting to join a picnic and who looked at each other in horror with “Who invited them??” type glances.

The clouds vanished as we approached the Great Ocean Road, where those who wished could watch the bitumen at high speed or the scenery at lower speed, but not both. Nothing much of interest to Apollo Bay, but a surprising number of motorcyclists coming the other way. The regulation Apollo

Bay mini golf was held during the lunch break (no, he didn't win this time) and much to the relief of the leader Bruce, a map showing Beauchamp Falls was produced. Whilst contemplating the numerous other bike riders in town, sundry sunbathers, etc, we noted the law cruising up and down the street every ten minutes or so. Keen.

Off towards Lavers Hill and the inevitable unsealed road (but not too bad), branching off on to a lesser track for the Falls and Beech Forest. Here disaster struck when leader Bruce had a confrontation with a car on a blind corner. The car won, narrowly though, and Bruce's BMW had a mangled front wheel. Probably the car driver and his wife felt just as bad as Bruce when confronted by a crowd of motorcyclist wanting to know how and why. Fortunately, no one was hurt and again fortunately, along came an angel of mercy in the form of a farmer with a utility, as a result of which the bike was transported to Colac.

Due to the late hour and concern at the incident, we only saw the sign to Beauchamp Falls (yes, they did exist) and went directly to Colac ourselves. Enroute from Beech Forest, we encountered some nasty surprises in the form of unmarked rough gravel stretches on the otherwise sealed road.

After arranging for storage of the damaged bike, we left to join the usual Sunday afternoon traffic tangle via Geelong (where a few of us managed to get mildly lost), to disperse on the Westgate Freeway.

Peter Dwyer Suzuki 1000G

THE DUD SPUD AFFAIR or KOO WEE RUP POTATO FESTIVAL

We met at KBCP at 9.30am but didn't leave till 9.45am. There were 12 bikes but one didn't go on the ride so 11 bikes headed off in beautiful sunlight and 27 degrees.

Kooweerup is in Gippsland, and as this club never goes anywhere in a straight line, we went via Monbulk, Emerald and Cockatoo through twisty roads which everyone except myself seemed to enjoy.

We stopped at Cockatoo for drinks and we were joined by a chap and his wife on a super Honda CB1100R who went with us to Kooweerup. Once there, disaster happened. We had missed the festival by 24 hours.

We met Vince and his wife and a visitor and wife in Kooweerup. There were two shops open in the sleepy town so lunch was the next order of the day.

As it was only early, we went down to Sue Jean's house on Philip Island for a cuppa then a stroll down to the beach. It was most relaxing - too relaxing in fact. I didn't want to leave. But leave we did.

Stopped at San Remo for more drinks and a pit-stop for the boys. By this time the troops had dwindled to about 8 bikes as some had to leave for dinner engagements etc.

The ride up the Bass Highway was due to blinding sun and the traffic. Once on the Freeway it was a little better speed wise. But my goodness, that sun.

At the end of the Freeway there were five bikes left, so we split for home, just in time for Robin Hood. We only missed 10 mins of it. To all who missed the ride, you missed a great day.

Robyn Duffy Kawa 650

THE WHIPSTICK EUCALYPTUS DISTILLERY

Hi, my name is Brenda and I was asked to write about the trip to the Whipstick Eucalyptus Distillery, so here it is.

I arrived at KBCP at 9am and there were only two other riders present. But being early hours yet, I was sure more people would turn up, especially since it looked to be a fine and sunny day. I was right, with nineteen riders showing up, three being pillion passengers. We set off about 9.30am, with Kevin leading and Peter P rear rider. We headed up the Tulla Freeway to Sunbury, then to Lancefield, Heathcote and finally Bendigo.

When we reached Heathcote, we found that the SEC were putting up some power lines and had blocked off the road. It looked as though it would be a long wait till we could get through. A couple of us decided to try some trail-bike riding through the long grass at the side of the road, thus avoiding the powerlines etc. This proved fruitless because just as I had got past the obstruction the road was cleared, and I had to wait some time at the side of the road for the build-up of cars and bikes to pass. Patience is a virtue I suppose. We refuelled, quenched our thirst, and paid a penny at Heathcote, with one rider from Shepparton, and then proceeded on.

We stopped for lunch at Bendigo, parking our bikes underneath a grove of trees near the gardens. We spent a leisurely hour or so eating our lunch and relaxing under the shade of a big elm tree.

Just after 1.00pm, we headed up the Midland Highway a couple of K's to Huntly. We had to pay a \$1.50 admission into the Eucalyptus Distillery and that covered a guided tour as well. The owners remarked that this was the best Sunday they had had in a long time, and I honestly think they didn't know what had struck them when we rolled up on our bikes. At this stage another rider joined us. He had taken a different route from Melbourne.

On our guided tour we were shown some of the different aspects of farming from years gone by. The tools and vehicles used especially. We were shown the original stables and furniture, clothing and cooking items still intact. We then had a look at the process of extracting the eucalyptus oil from the leaves. After this we were able to buy some bottled eucalyptus oil, soap or other products that were available. The lady who was our guide obviously knew her job well as she was able to relate the information about the place, like it was written on the back of her hand.

The tour lasted about an hour, and after filling our lungs with the aroma of eucalyptus and making sure our bottles were securely packed, we headed back to Bendigo. At this stage things started to go wrong. Kevin our leader took us up rocky hill and down rocky dale. When I say rocky, we were literally riding on a road of rocks, at one stage. You had to be there to understand.

After a few K's of going here, turning around and going back the other way, and proceeding on a different way again we found that we were lost. In the middle of nowhere I might add. Kevin went off to find a farmhouse to ask for some directions, to get us back on the right track. The rest of us "clam baked" on the side of the road. At this stage a few tempers started to fray so I decided to take a walk down the road to see what I could find.

Steven decided to join me and about ten yards from where we were, would you believe it, we saw a house. I let Steve go first, just in case a dog attacked us but he decided we should go together, so we knocked on the door. Some 'farmer Brown' gave us directions to put us on the right track. We walked back and told the others which road we had to be one, but I don't know whether Kevin, who came back, was listening or not, but he jumped on his bike and took off down the wrong road. A fast BMW took off after him to try and catch him and 10 mins later we were all back together again.

We ended up going back through Sedgwick, Sutton Grange, onto Woodend, Gisborne and back onto the Tulla Freeway. We stopped at a parking bay just outside the city and Keith invited

everyone back to his place. Some decided to push on for home, while others decided that the thought of hot coffee was too tempting to resist.

Apart from a few mix-ups, it was a very enjoyable day, with the weather being near perfect. I had hoped to see more female riders but perhaps next time. I apologise if I have names of towns and people mixed up, or left some names out but I am fairly new to the club and hopefully with a few more club runs and meetings under my belt, I can put a few more faces with names.

Well that's all folks.

P.S. For anyone who is interested "clam baked" means 'hanging around'.

Brenda Pollett Suzuki GSX 250

MOTHER HARDY RALLY

Just a short resume of the weekend from our eyes. Faye and I left home 6am on Saturday and 10 minutes later at Bulla put on the waterproofs. Well, they were waterproof last winter! By the time we got to the rally site we were rather soggy. A fine afternoon gave us the necessary sunshine to dry out.

The return trip home on Monday was a repeat performance. However, Sunday was a beautiful day and thoroughly enjoyable. The morning's gymkhana started with the usual slalom, slow races and the motorcyclists version of musical chairs, followed by the joust! You know, two bikes, complete with riders and pillions on opposite sides of a row of witches hats. Pillions were complete with a container of water. Well, it went well for a few minutes and then steadily degenerated into an all out water fight. Quite amusing but was rather up-staged on Sunday evening when one of our intrepid members and his lady sat down to dinner, yes DINNER! Picture this: beside the tent is set up a picnic table and chairs above which is an umbrella complete with a fluorescent light so that the scene is aptly lit. On the table is a cloth upon which sits, a candle, an ice bucket (with champagne) and two long-stemmed glasses. On one side of the table sits Dorothy, resplendent in long black strapless evening dress but devoid of shoes. On the other side sits Wayne, debonair in riding boots jeans and tails! Don't believe it, eh? Well, I got the piccies and they are here at the meeting tonight. Anyway, they brought the rally to a stand-still.

So there you are, the highlights of the Mother Hardy, at least as I saw them.

Geoff CX500

CLUBMAN RALLY

It was about 2.54am Saturday when I awoke to find that an electrical storm was upon us. I didn't really feel like going, especially in that.

Anyway, Marc and I finally got ourselves together, which by that time Bruce, Keith and Patricia, Rob, Rael, and Steve and Pat had arrived. It was about 4.30am when we left. Our run to the Clubman was uneventful, arriving at the site about 11am. Faye and Geoff were already there. After setting up camp a few people went off for a swim.

Saturday night saw the donuts take place. I heard that a spectator had his legs run over by some idiot on a trail bike trying to do a donut yet not quite getting there. One of our members was so keen on flashing a brown-eye, his wife had to hold him back. I think he had been encouraged by

the Dance or the FLAMING ARSE-HOLE. What a sight that was! You had to be there to believe it!!

Sunday saw some go off for a ride whilst others went swimming. Whilst in the river on his lilo, Bruce decided it must be of a Japanese make due to the handling difficulties he was having.

THE RAFT RACE

Guess who was 30ft in front of everyone else when his lilo hit a tree and he came a cropper (no he wasn't cheating by taking a short cut on a bend, he was in the water paddling like hell!) Sunday night saw some idiot on a trail bike who kept scattering the crowds every time he tried a donut. The guy was crazy. Anyway, after being booed for so long this guy finally put his bike down, to find he couldn't start it again.

A Life Member of the club who had been drinking started shouting "Show us your tits" only to start giggling when he realized he had said it. Finally, this trail bike dude had his keys taken from him after someone realized he was the idiot who had run over someone's legs, rolled back into someone else and cracked a fairing. The guy wasn't very popular.

Monday saw us leaving about 10.30am, yet we didn't get back until 7pm that night. Someone had decided that he would take a fire track instead of the road only to lead to disaster. He was lucky some people living out Mansfield way kept his bike on their property and offered us all a cool drink. Very nice of them as our mouths were full of dust. Kevin Robertson was kind enough to make room for Bruce so he brought him back to Melbourne.

Anyway, we all went our separate ways after agreeing that it had been a good weekend.

Chris Young. Marc Sulot.

Who or what does donuts on a step-thru???
