

MARCH RUNS

Weekend 6,7,8 The 'Back O' Bourke Bash'.
Echuca 6.30am Saturday. (see magazine).???

Sunday 14 Whipstick Eucalyptus Factory, Huntly. 9am KBCP

Sunday 21 Koo-wee-rup Potato Festival. 9am KBCP

Weekend 27,28 Mt. Buffalo, camping. Featuring the famous
'Down-Hill-Race'. Fawkner Cemetery, 8am SHARP

APRIL

Friday 2 General Meeting. Club Hall. 8.15pm SHARP.

CLOSING DATE FOR ARTICLES FOR APRIL MAG IS MARCH 19th 1982.

EDITORIAL – MARCH 1982

At last month's meeting one of our long standing and respected members stood up and delivered a short statement about the problems associated with the activities and operation of the club. His comments were (at least in our opinion) spot on. It is hoped that those present listened to and have thought about those comments. Unfortunately, our shorthand is not good enough to have taken down the statement for reprinting.

Now for a couple of gripes – looking back over the past 3 months there are quite a few write-ups conspicuous by their absence! We are looking forward to reading them so let's have them please! Secondly – each month we print a closing date for articles for the following issue. You would be amazed by how many people ring us and ask when the closing date is!

Well, that's about it for this issue.

Cheers Faye & Geoff.

'BACK O' BOURKE BASH'

Unfortunately, you will not find details regarding the "Back O' Bourke Bash' as none were submitted to the editors for printing.

DARREN'S DHURRINGLE DALLIANCE 7/2/82

THE DALLIANCE

The ride started at 8.30am, and from the KBCP it went along Flinders St and Wellington Pde, up Hoddle St, out along Heidelberg Rd and then up Station St in Fairfield. Well up to this point the ride was going fine. Along here Station St changed to Albert St, and a group of about five of us got caught at some lights. Thus starting the undoing of a well organised ride. At the intersection of Albert St and Plenty Rd there were some corner markers, at least I think there were some corner

markers. Whatever happened, happened at that intersection. I was just in front of 'Big D' the tail rider and with him I followed a small bunch straight across the intersection and up Bolderwood Pde.

The seven of us that crossed the intersection were unaware at that point, that the main group had gone up Plenty Rd directly towards Whittlesea. Well, there we were going up Bolderwood Pde and we got to the roundabout at Broadway expecting to see corner markers and then make a left-hand turn, but there was nobody. We stopped. Um? After a quick debate we went straight ahead, as per normal procedure, and into side streets and more confusion. So off to the Reservoir railway crossing and up High St towards Epping we went, hoping to catch up with the main group. Well there we were, going north parallel to the main group, on the wrong road and with the tail rider. After some dirt road riding we stopped at the turn off to Wallan, and finally figured out what had probably happened. Oops!

The rough flight path for the club ride was from Melbourne to Whittlesea, Kinglake, Yea, Seymour and Nagambie. Nagambie being the first main stop for the morning, it was decided that we should go to Nagambie and meet the main group there. But there was one problem; what about the corner markers left behind the main group. So, the other six, including the tail rider, went up the Hume freeway towards Nagambie and I became the tail rider 'Mark 2', and went back 16k's to Whittlesea to pick up the corner markers. I got to Whittlesea to see Brian waiting for Mick Fagan, who had gone back to the city outskirts to find out what had happened. When Mick got back after finding nothing, surprise, surprise Mick and Brian headed off, ahead of me, for Yea, saying they would take it slowly. I was not going slow and I didn't see them again until Yea. The word slow has now got a new meaning.

It would have been about this point that Darren, the lead rider, got to Seymour to find 'Big D' there. It seems that three of the group six passed through Seymour and headed on up to Nagambie without seeing Darren. The other three including the tail rider corner marked at Seymour. It would have been interesting to see the reactions of the riders when they saw the tail rider waiting on the corner in front of them. Meanwhile back at Yea I caught up with Brian and Mick, and you'll never guess what we found, or should I say didn't find, yep, no corner markers. Mick dashed into town to see if anyone was there, and then back to us and off to Seymour. At Trawool, 11k's before Seymour, we met up with corner markers. Corner markers? 'What are them things for'? With the Trawool markers, were the Yea markers... from here we went on to Seymour to pick up the proper tail rider and then to Nagambie. In the end we only lost about half an hour.

The club stopped at Nagambie to fill and spill some fuel over tanks and let off some steam. At this point there were 19 riders, one of which, from Shepparton, was picked up at Seymour, (Kim, an old club member) and he tagged along with the first three who went through Seymour before Darren.

From Nagambie the club headed up to Murchison and Dhurringle prison. Along here there were markers everywhere. I even became one at the prison entrance. The prison is a minimum security and pre-release prison, and the apparent lack of any security strikes you as you walk around amongst the prisoners. The fence around the place is only a farm fence for the livestock they keep for the prison system in Victoria.

The walk through the prison was very interesting, and the guard who showed our group around made it more so. The entrance consisted of a simple gate, a hundred metres or so further in, there was a right hand turn past the Governor's residence and up through a fruit orchard which partly surrounded the main building, which was a mansion. The mansion was built by a Scotsman for his wife, who never lived to see it; and he himself also died before it was finished. During the second world war it was used as a P.O.W. camp for Germans, with P.O.W's in tents around the mansion which was the guards quarters. Apparently during this period it had fifteen escape tunnels dug around it, thirteen of which still existed at the end of the war.

We signed in at the front office and then went out back to the dining area for coffee. From there we broke up into two groups. First we were taken up the main tower, past some very old restored

coloured glass windows, to view the surrounding area, which we later walked around. Then we were shown around the dungeon and other rooms and buildings: to the old stables which are now guards quarters, and fruit canning and storage area. The old sheering shed with its very thin floors and more stored cans. Also the cannery and its cold storage room, especially the cold room, (you may remember it was about 40 degrees that day). Also the milking shed; vegetable garden, where some people sampled the goods, and the woodwork shop and swimming pool.

At about two o'clock our tour finished and so we left the prison and headed north to Tatura for lunch and fuel. From there I broke off from the club ride with John Stanway and my brother Kim and headed for Shepparton to rest up after what I thought was an enjoyable ride, even with the initial problems.

Ross GS1000 GX

DELATITE ARM

Leaving home I went to Lilydale where Craig was waiting. After a while Keith turned up in his Datsun-Patrol with a detailed map of where to go. Craig went via the Black Spur, while I went up through Yea to Mansfield where I stopped to visit friends for an hour, then continued out to Gouths Bay, picking up a few provisions before going over the dirt, which was very windy in places. On getting there I met Craig, Ian and Lynn in their ute, with trail bike on board and Kara, a lovely black dog, which was very affectionate.

After setting up camp I went for a swim while Ian and Craig went trail riding, Lynn read a book! When teatime came I had an early tea and went to Mansfield to an evening service. As I had to come back in the dark, I had to be careful as there were a few kangaroos around. Reaching the site I joined Ian and Craig for a while. We had a drink, talked about bikes, then called it a day. Lynn went to bed early.

Sunday, I awoke to the noise of a B.M. going home at 8.30am, had breakfast, then packed most of the gear before it got too hot. I went for a swim with Ian just before lunch, at which time Keith turned up with a cut lunch from home. After lunch I went to have a look around the site, which was quite good with a few shady trees, a toilet block nearby, and only a minutes' walk to the water, which I was in and out of until 4pm at which time we departed. We headed into Mansfield for a drink before making our own way home. After a very good and relaxing weekend as only the names I have mentioned were there, a small number, brought about I think because of the Green Horror Rally being on at the same time.

Big Daddy 750/4 & R65

BUNINYONG

Nine of us left at 10am lead by Marcus with Peter P rear rider. Apart from a few who turned slightly left and ended up on Geelong Road instead of going straight ahead, all went well. We went off the highway through Ballan etc then back on to it again later, just to break the monotony. We went straight to the excitement of the festival. One member said to me "I am quite excited about the Morris Dancers". (Me) "You are doing a remarkable job of controlling your enthusiasm". (He) "It's the Valium sandwich I had for lunch!"

There were all sorts of exciting things to do, at least according to the woman on the P.A. There was a pleasant Sunday afternoon in the church listening to the Salvation Army Band, or you could have a hot dog or a Devonshire tea in the fire station. At various stalls you could buy plants, pottery, jams, relish, clothing, fairy floss etc. Then to complete your day you could see a steam boiler and

engine, two actually, a model of the full size, and also see a goat dairy. If you had a ticket, you could inspect a couple of old houses.

After reading of all the exciting things to do you can appreciate the fact that a lot of people appreciated the fact that we, or at least the bikes were there! In the 1 ½ hours we were there we must have had around 100 people looking at them as if they were on display. A great pity Darren wasn't there with his trailer! Most of the bikes were, as one person put it, different to what they normally see there. Of particular interest were the two Honda interstates, a CBX (new one), a 1-1 Yami Midnight Special, a couple of BMW's, one of which was Frank's trail bike and even my 850 Yam was of interest to a few. While we were there Brian arrived on the gold BM and also Tony from Bacchus Marsh (CB650)

Having had our fill of this wonderful festival by 2pm we left to return via Geelong where we stopped for fuel. It was an excellent ride and perfect weather which was a change after the past month. A pity more weren't there but I guess after a couple of camping weekends already this year people have some chores to do around the house.

It was an early finish as I was home at 4.30 which was fortunate as two visitors arrived, one from Sydney and one from Charleville on 750 and 1100 Kwakas. They stayed the night and went to Tassie which was part of a six month round Australia trip. Well, that's it.

Lloyd, Yami triple.

MOUNT COLE STATE FOREST 29/11/81

Where the hell is Mount Cole State Forest? This is what I thought to myself when I read the itinerary and failed to find it on the maps. Also, being a newcomer to the club and riding a near new CB750F, I was a bit perturbed about the thought of a State Forest, knowing that some members don't mind a bit of dirt. Who wouldn't with an R80GS? Anyway, always willing to give it a go I rolled up at KBCP at 8.30am and was relieved to see a spotless CBX1100. Now would you take a bike like that dirt riding?

Finding out that we were heading to the other side of Ballarat, another thought crossed my mind. Clouds. There were plenty of 'em and talk started centring around rain. I thought if it's going to rain anywhere in Victoria it will rain in Ballarat. But believe it or not, as the 12 riders left the outskirts of Melbourne, the sun broke through and you couldn't have asked for a better day's riding.

Geoff led at a reasonable pace and with Frank keeping an eye on the rear, we made good time to Ballarat. Here we topped up with fuel and munchies, then headed for the hills.

The dreaded dirt didn't take long to show up, but it wasn't too bad. Bruce and a bridge nearly had a coming together (best fish tail I've seen on a BMW yet). They tell me the faster you go over dirt the smoother it is, so maybe that's what he was doing. We pulled off the road about 12 noon for some lunch at a picnic spot, where two riders (I am one of them) had the pleasure of emptying their gear sacks of milk. They don't make milk cartons like they used to. We also found out the gliding ability of Peter P's teeth when he gave us a demo after a sneeze. (About 5ft!)

Next it was to the top of the hill for a pic from Mick's camera, and then homeward bound via Daylesford and Woodend and back to Faye and Geoff's place for coffee and bickies. A good day's ride.

Graham, Honda CB750F

CLUB MEMBER OF THE YEAR (Progressive Points)

| | |
|-----------------|----|
| Mick Fagan | 34 |
| Bruce Faldon | 26 |
| Les Leahy | 23 |
| Peter Philferan | 23 |
| Craig Dawson | 21 |
| Keith Harris | 20 |
| Frank Bloxham | 20 |

GREEN HORROR RALLY (or Delatite's Demise)

None of us at the Committee meeting (10/2/82) knew of anyone definitely going to the scheduled club camp at Delatite Arm 13th & 14th Feb rather than the Green Horror Rally. Unfortunately, the clash was unavoidable. Our projected activities list four months venues in advance when drawn up, and are printed a month before that. At the time, the Green Horror Rally venue and dates weren't available.

Chris Young, Marc Sulot and myself left Fawkner at 6pm Friday. Chris, obviously not intimidated by the X7, elected to ride it in preference to her CB250T. We took the back roads to Tooborac on the Heathcote Road for no other reason, it seems, that no tourer will admit to using the Hume Highway when an alternative (be it a good track) exists.

After the few stretches of dirt thus encountered, Chris was visibly more relaxed, extolling the virtues of the X7, and I believe is now looking for sponsorship.

Off the record, I notice she is developing the slightly crazed look common to motorcyclists and people who collect string. Later, at the rally, I'm sure I saw her transfixed at the sight of a GSX 1100. The memory of her frenzied high-geared assaults on low hills, with chin on tank, using two or three downshifts and the humiliation of being passed by a heavily laden Ford Prefect still fresh in her mind.

We gassed up at Heathcote, and the three of us got jammed in the shop doorway in our efforts to beat the approaching horde from a tour bus, to the counter. Clutching our culinary delights from the take-away, we dined on the kerb outside watched by a thousand eyes from within. I almost felt compelled to bite the head off a live chicken so the tourists wouldn't go home disappointed. Still, Marc didn't let them down when he walked into the women's toilet.

We pressed on through Elmore, night fell, and the ride from Echuca turn off to Gunbower was so boring my whole life flashed before my eyes. Two bikes ripped past, and this struck a responsive chord in the grinning and riding portion of my brain (which occupies most of my cranium, except for a small walnut sized lobe that warns me when I'm cold/hungry/thirsty). I was just about to give it heaps to alleviate boredom when the fast-closing car behind me became a candy car. Whoops! Anyway, I didn't hear of anyone being booked on the way to this rally, unlike the Clubman a fortnight earlier.

At Gunbower, we filled up and were entertained by the inebriated antics of the pump jockey's mate, who slunk off into the night when Chris took off her helmet and became identifiable as female and within earshot.

The only thing open all night in Gunbower is the mailbox, so the appearance of so many bikes drew a few locals out to stand and stare, much as they do when watching grass grow.

Signposting to the site was poor, but I later learned that some signs had been removed by fun-loving souls to whom such acts are about the most fun you can have standing up. Fortunately, I followed a guy riding his “250 Esky” from the pub to camp, but Chris and Marc didn’t arrive for a further half hour or more. They, along with so many others arriving at night did the complete circuit back into Gunbower due to missing signs. Oh well, it’s all part of the rich tapestry of life.

At the control tent where badges and commemorative T-shirts were on sale, I was met by Bruce who had left his single cylinder BMW at home to pillion up with Faye and Geoff Morgan on the outfit.

Some aspects of the rally might have been better planned such as the generator incessantly chugging away through most of the night in the midst of the camping area with the important task of driving one small fluorescent way over in the control tent. From my tent I heard pleasantries exchanged when an insomniac apparently began to remove the generator’s spark plug. Advice as to whom should seek the services of a taxidermist was bandied back and forth before relative quiet ensued.

Saturday morning dawned hot and saw many more bikes arrive including Marcus (looking more like a ship’s captain than a rider on his fully dressed Goldwing) along with his wife Lorna. The shy and retiring Mick Fagan prepared to strike camp nearby before learning that the band would be playing some 10 metres away. So away he went to pitch his tent elsewhere, coincidentally beside a lovely lady reclining on a towel. We wandered over to watch the marvel of domed tent erection and received much information. E.g. there is enough room inside for someone to lay on their back with spread legs in the air. Why would anyone want to sleep like that Mick?

The Duffy clan and others also elected to camp away from the potential rage area.

Facilities and amenities were good. The line-up of loos arrived Saturday morning and were soon open for business, so to speak, to the relief of many. A welcome modification would be the addition of “Engaged-Vacant” door locks. Nonetheless it was mildly entertaining to watch people stroll over and try to appear nonchalant as they discreetly sought vacancies whilst fighting the urge to hop on one foot. By Sunday, paper was depleted, and I understand scalpers were furtively selling Lady Scott tickets at rip-off prices. If more can’t be provided, would they erect a sign advising the use of both sides?

Wee-chilled Vic and Melbourne tinnies were provided in copious amounts by the local Lions Club at the quickly erected bar. Despite their dismay at seeing towers of ocy-strapped cans arriving on the bikes, according to Vince Green (an interested observer) they enjoyed brisk trade.

The bikers breakfast of Green Ginger wine was in evidence, as were various other concoctions. One guy offered me a drink from what appeared to be a large bottle of Coke. Boy! Some drinks will put hair on your chest but this guy was destined to become a full-on were-wolf. My comment to him that I once tried sniffing Coke but the ring-pulls got up my nose, was met with a blank stare.

Soft drinks, cigarettes etc were available from a caravan. I wandered over when it opened and asked the lady if they served coffee only to be met with a look as though I’d requested dope and a couple of young virgins. Later however, coffee and tea were available and free too! Steak sandwiches etc were available at almost reasonable prices, but by evening these were turned off, obviously to promote the \$4.50 rip-off of pork and salad.

Despite the heat, those who had committed themselves to bringing food to the site pooled resources at lunch. Marc had 15W-40 butter and Chris is releasing a book ‘1001 Ways with Sardines’.

I set about producing a gourmet luncheon “Fillet de Boeuf an Pasta” (steak and spaghetti) and have always thought that only Richard Cranium would pick up something obviously hot with bare hands.

Yes, I burnt two fingers whilst preparing lunch and trying not to appear at all interested in the two ladies skinny-dipping nearby.

Throughout the day we alternately wandered among the various groups on site and swam in the Murray. We watched the BMW riders preening themselves and patting each other on the Belstaffs. The Goldwing club members talked of over-width permits and weighbridges.

Simon Perry of the Guzzi club wandered about with a piece of green garden hose protruding from his bathers explaining the origins of the Green Horror.

One of our group (of R80 GS persuasion) allegedly spent much time telling people what he believed they ought to know. "No! No! You're wrong. It was a Thursday at 2.35pm, 1974, and I was leading.....".

Diverse groups abounded including out of state plates and one or two foreign plates and apparently, foreign languages. I recall a strange ritual requiring males to line-up on the bank to frequently shout in unison "SHOWUSYERTITS" which is obviously some form of greeting given to bikini clad ladies in water.

Haven't seen so many cars at a rally. Must have been 30 or more at one stage. Apparently, most of them belonged to locals who had come down to view the sub-culture. Admittedly some of the can-clutching riders (some obviously on the Clydesdale diet i.e. a keg of beer a day) were not the type they'd meet at their Tupperware parties.

It was hot! The underarm deodorant failed under the Belstaffs which common sense demanded I wear despite the temptation to ride in a T-shirt. I recall when I bought the deodorant the girl asked "Would you like the ball type?" So I said "No! It's for under my arms!"

The river was great to cool off in, and with progressively more people in it, strange things were found underfoot e.g. the dreaded blue-ringed ocky strap, various species of CANNIS ALUMINA, NIPPON THONGUS and the indigenous BIKINI TOPPUS AUSTRALIS.

My leisurely lilo drift down-river was rudely interrupted by attempted boarding parties. I have since learned to command a lilo with valves downward after being scuttled in mid-stream. So to squash those rumours, I was in the tent re-inflating the lilo. I did not bring a blow-up lady, as they go down on you.

Saturday evening we were entertained by "Bush Turkey", the doughnut competition and a wet T-shirt competition for the fairer sex which Keith Finlay believes only had two good things going for it.

Sunday morning we woke early (due to someone checking out his engine for valve bounce) and set about packing up. While clearing up our site, Goose solemnly handed me a green garbage bag and said "I dunno whether your bike will fit in it Wayne but give it a go anyway". Thanks mate.

With the bikes loaded, we had a final swim and set off. Keith led us by an obscure route from Torrumbarry towards Elmore before he turned off to visit a mate at Rochester whom he hadn't seen for three years. Strangely enough he wasn't expecting him so Keith rejoined us at Elmore.

Overall I believe it was a good rally. There seems to be divided opinion as to whether so much should be provided in the way of amenities and catering. Whilst not wanting a mobile McDonalds, 5 star motels and space invaders, I vote it a good thing, as more ladies and families are attending.

Regards to all.

Wayne CX500

1982 RALLY CALENDER

| RALLY | DATE | ORGANISER |
|------------------------|----------------|--|
| <u>JANUARY</u> | | |
| CLUBMAN | Jan 30 – Feb 1 | W&D.M.C.C. P.O. Box 59 Willoughby, N.S.W. 2068 |
| KARUAH RIVER | Jan 30 – Feb 1 | B.M.W.T.C. of N.S.W P.O. Box 53 Rydalmere, N.S.W. 2116 |
| <u>FEBRUARY</u> | | |
| GREEN HORROR | Feb 13 – 14 | A.M.C.N. P.O. Box 87 Albert Park, Vic. 3206 |
| SWAMP | Feb 20 – 21 | The Disciples C.M.C.C. P.O. Box 92 Padstow, N.S.W. 2211 |
| M.R.A. Tassie | Feb 27 – Mar 1 | M.R.A. P.O. Box 48 Sandy Bay, Tas 7005 |
| THE INVITATION | | The Organisers P.O. Box 262 Lutwyche, Qld. 4030 |
| <u>MARCH</u> | | |
| ELLENBOROUGH FALLS | Mar 6 – 7 | Gosford D.M.C.C. P.O. Box 482 Gosford, N.S.W. 2250 |
| MOTHER HARDY'S | Mar 6 – 8 | The Organisers P.O. Box 253 Morwell, Vic. 3840 |
| COASTAL | Mar 20 – 21 | C/- Newcastle Tech College Union Maitland Road Tighes Hill, N.S.W. 2297 |
| <u>APRIL</u> | | |
| ALL British | April 24 – 25 | Ian Jensen-Schmidt 18 Hanley Street Narre Warren, Vic 3805 |

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| RAIN FORREST | April 24 – 25 | M.C.T.C. of Qld P.O. Box 195 Lutwyche, Qld. 4030 |
| CANE TOAD | April 9 – 12 | B.M.W. M.C.C. of Qld P.O. Box 669 South Brisbane, Qld. 4101 |
| Kelly Rally | | Southern Riverina M.C.C. P.O. Box 32 Jerilderie, N.S.W. 2716 |
| <u>MAY</u> | | |
| BEAR GULLY | May 1 – 2 | The Organisers P.O. Box 419 Clayton, Vic. 3168 |
| ROO RIVER | May 29 - 30 | F.A.M. (N.S.W.) P.O. Box 131 Parramatta, N.S.W. 2150 |
| EMU RALLY | May 8 – 9 | Ararat M.C.C. P.O. Box 35 Ararat, Vic. 3377 |
| CROWEATER | May 22 – 23 | Crow Eater Rally P.O. Box 151 Woodville, S.A. 5011 |
| WHITE ROCKS | May 1 – 2 | M.R.A. Tourers 90A Greenhills Street Croydon Park, N.S.W. 2133 |
| <u>JUNE</u> | | |
| THE VEE TWIN | Queen's Birthday Weekend | D.O.C.Q. P.O. Box 302 Nundah, Qld 4012 |
| ALPINE | Queen's Birthday Weekend | Paul Giles Ghost Hill road Bilpin, NSW 2758 |
| SAPPHIRE | Queen's Birthday Weekend | Kogarah Tourers PO Box 145 Kogarah, NSW 2217 |
| HOWQUA | Queen's Birthday Weekend | MRA PO Box 64 Collins St Melbourne VIC 3000 |
| <u>JULY</u> | | |
| WINTER | July 17 – 18 | Sydney Tourers P.O. Box 520 Fairfield, N.S.W. 2166 |

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|-------------------------|--------------|--|
| MUDLARK | July 10 – 11 | Colonials M.C.C. 40 Cardigan Road Mooroolbark, Vic. 3138 |
| <u>AUGUST</u> | | |
| CENTRE | Aug 26 | Centre Rally P.O. Box 135 Smithfield, N.S.W. 2164 |
| GOLDRUSH | Aug 21 – 22 | M.R.A. Touring P.O. Box 346 Preston, Vic. 3072 |
| ARATULA | Aug 21 – 22 | Aratula Rally P.O. Box 238 Paddington, Qld. 4064 |
| <u>SEPTEMBER</u> | | |
| PYRAMID HILL | Sep 25 – 26 | Ducati Owners P.O. Box 16 Box Hill, Vic. 3128 |
| CAPRICORN | Sep 11 – 12 | Rockhampton M.C.T.C P.O. Box 860 Rockhampton, Qld. 4700 |
| JACK FROST | Sep 18 – 19 | Campbelltown & D.M.C.C. P.O. Box 199 Campbelltown, N.S.W. 2560 |
| PUMA | Sep 4 – 5 | Horsham M.C.C. 45 Francis Street Horsham, Vic. 3400 |
| DARGO HIGH | | Monarch M.C.C. P.O. Box 20 Chelsea, Vic. 3196 |
| <u>OCTOBER</u> | | |
| WORLDS END | Oct 2 – 4 | M.C.T.C. of S.A. P.O. Box 12 Goodwood, S.A. 5034 |
| BIG DESERT | Oct 8 – 10 | The Organisers P.O. Box 419 Clayton, Vic. 3168 |
| HALLOWEEN | Oct 30 – 31 | The Organisers P.O. Box 346 Preston, Vic. 3072 |
| SPAGHETTI | Oct 23 – 24 | Moto Guzzi Club Vic P.O. Box 379 Boronia, Vic. 3155 |

THE WIDE BAY

Oct 23 – 24

M.R.A
P.O. Box 178
Maryborough, Qld. 4650

NOVEMBER

THOR

Nov 6 – 7

Thor Rally
P.O. Box 35
Ararat, Vic. 3377

SOUTHERN

Nov 14 – 15

V.T.C.
P.O. Box 287
Geelong, Vic. 3220

DECEMBER

CHRISTMAS

Dec 4 – 5

Campbelltown & D.M.C.C.
P.O. Box 199
Campbelltown, N.S.W. 2560
