

NOVEMBER RUNS

Sunday	7	Economy Ride. (Phil Duffy). KBCP 9.00am
Sunday	14	Cathedral Lane. KBCP 9.30am
Sunday	21	Tarwin Lower. KBCP 8.30am
Sunday	28	Lake Corangamite. KBCP 8.30am

DECEMBER

Friday	3	General Meeting. Club Hall. 8.15pm
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The club would like to welcome the following new members,

Danny Dallalama
133 Mitchell St. Brunswick. 3056
Kawasaki Z500

Mike Commons
12 Victoria St. Ferntree Gully. 3156
758-4689
Kawasaki GPZ1100

NEW ADDRESS

Brian Milesi
Unit 14 No 20
Laurence Avenue
Airport West.
374-1679.

CHRISTMAS

RAFFLE

PRIZE: Food Hamper (lots of goodies)
COST: 50c per ticket. See Chris Young or Steve Verdon
DRAWN: December Meeting

Dinner, rage or whatever you want to call it.

DATE: Saturday 11th December

COST: \$23 per head

(This does not include your drinkies!!!)

The Committee has decided to hold the annual Christmas affair at the RADIO SPRINGS HOTEL at LYONVILLE which is near Daylesford. For the occasion we have booked out the Hotel and the Pine-Cone Motel at Bullarto.

It has been arranged that everyone going will sit down to a three-course meal and retire whenever at either the Hotel or the Motel, which is a beautiful short ride of approximately 2km down the road and then gather again for a continental breakfast at the Hotel.

Anyone interested in going please see me at the meeting or on a ride, or please send deposit of \$5.00 to 17 Rosella St East Doncaster. All outstanding money will be due at the December Meeting.

FIRST IN-----FIRST SERVED

Accommodation for 24 plus 2 camp beds.

Following breakfast, the Sunday ride will depart from the Hotel.

Please watch mag for departure times.

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT MAGAZINE IS THE 20TH NOVEMBER 1982

Dear, when you smile at me,

I heard a rhapsody...

My heart went tick like a clock,

And when you shed your clothes,

I blushed like a rose,

ZING! went the strings in my jock...

A pretty and curious young American tourist was deep in conversation with a ruggedly handsome, middle-aged Scot at a cocktail party. "Excuse my asking," she finally said, "but is anything worn under your kilt?"

"Nay, lassie," he replied, grinning. "It's as good as it ever was."

PARADISE FALLS

About 9.30am, twelve bikes departed from KBCP and went up Plenty Road through Whittlesea and Kinglake West. Around Hazeldene and Flowerdale there was a section of thick fog, which was unexpected because the weather was fine and the whole day ended up being mild with blue skies, although it was cool in the morning and late evening.

I filled the tank at Yea because I hit reserve while coming out of town, (I was running late when I got to KBCP.) At the same time, half the group decided to make an unscheduled stop to warm up and someone else decided to deflate and reinflate his tyres in an attempt to try and stop the bad handling of his machine.

Then we headed on up to Bonnie Doon and Mansfield where we stopped for morning tea which ended up being lunch. At about 12.00 some character left to get back to Melbourne for a 1.00pm appointment. Darren and one other left a bit later to go back to Melbourne while the rest of us headed east out of Mansfield and onto Whitfield.

The road to Whitfield was good. Even the two small dirt sections that were being prepared for surfacing were flat and packed down hard meaning you could lean the bike right over on the corners. A little voice kept telling me that this was very, very wrong. However, as the dirt road section moved over to the south side of the range we were on, in the shade there were some small wet and slushy sections, on the corners of course.

The views of the snow-capped mountains and the deep green valleys were magnificent and the bitumen road down into Whitfield was great, parts of which reminded me of the Great Ocean Road. We went straight through Whitfield and Cheshunt on towards Typo but turned right before Typo then left onto a dirt road, or should I say gravel...even that is an understatement, because it was a

hard surface with round river stones about the size of your fist sitting loosely on top making steering in a straight line a bit difficult.

This section was real white-knuckle stuff. I found it was better to take this bit of road with speed for better stability, as it was generally straight with almost no sharp and tricky corners. Apparently, the locals like to keep the road in this condition to keep the yobo's out of the area and away from Paradise Falls; well it didn't work did it.

The bad road surface continued up to the Paradise Falls car park. But we didn't know that at the time because the locals had taken the sign for the falls down, and therefore Bruce the Goose led the group further up the hill onto what became a fire track, with a few surprises. The Forestry Department and or Conservation Department have cut trenches across the tracks to stop water from running down the track and eroding it away. These trenches are just the right size to consume the front wheel and mutilate forks and are rather cleverly obscured by small mounds on the downhill side. As I went up the first mound, the pit surprised me a mite, to say the least.

It was along here that the track went into a clearing and disappeared off to the right down and over a creek bed. I stopped for a second wondering, where it went. Going over one of the big holes Wayne's XV1000 stalled and his foot went down into nothingness and the bike fell over. It wasn't too hard to do as this track wasn't made for XV1000, K1300, GS1000, etc.

A rock tried to take off my pipes on one of the rougher sections, which wasn't very nice. Sue on her Guzzi was not very happy with this section, and there was talk of her giving up, but it never happened.

Up top we met up with Bruce at a 'T' intersection if obscure tracks meeting in a clearing can be called that. After figuring out on the assorted maps where we were, we headed back down towards the car park. On arriving there we found that Bruce had gone on further. There was a debate as to whether it was the right place. Anyway, I set off down the track to find out and nobody else was game to follow, as it looked a long way to the bottom of the valley. As it turned out it was only about five minutes' walk down to the Cavern, or should I say Cliff, which has a very small water fall falling a very long way, high up on the mountain side.

The cliff wall was about 30m high, 60-70m across and 10m to the back of the undercut cliff where there was another small trickle of water coming out of a crack into a small garden of ferns. When I got back to the car park everyone was in a hurry to get a move on home; it was already 3pm.

Mick Fagan had already left with his pillion leaving eight of us. Bruce was waiting down the hill. Further down the road and back on the rough section Wayne had another mishap when his rear brake locked up on a bend and bent his foot brake lever.

After the roadside repairs were done, we went back to Whitfield where we filled up. Wayne continued through town and on towards Benalla and the Hume H/way to get home. After another debate it was decided to go back the way we came. Just outside another debate it was decided to go back the way we came.

Just outside Whitfield I believe some of the riders had some fun with a truck. We headed back through Mansfield and finally got to Yea at sundown and demobbed from there. I got back to Melbourne about 7pm.

The mood of everyone in general was not good due to the rough dirt roads, but I had fun that day. But my sanity is questionable. I was the ONLY one who got to Paradise.

Ross GS1000 GX

TONIMBUK

It started out as a clear crisp morning and turned into one of those beautiful sunny days. Well before it turned sunny, I was at the car park there was Ted, Pete, Michael (BMW) and four others. After much mumbling as to who was to lead, Michael on a Kawasaki 1100 led us out of Melbourne through to Belgrave where we turned off in the direction of Gembrook. It was not that far before Cockatoo that I noticed some impatient twerps overtaking on double lines; no they were not Club members.

We stopped in Gembrook for a coffee, then it was off again. We soon left the bitumen and took to dirt which had us rolling down the Princes Highway in search of Tonimbuk and the Cornucopia Museum only to find out that we were meant to turn off miles back for the museum.

While having lunch I was able to get a map, so off again, in search of the museum, except the directions weren't very explicit so several wrong turns were made. A collie decided it would give us a race.

After much time had passed we found the museum.....CLOSED due to the ill health of the owner. Maybe next year or the year after I'll get to see the two headed calf, etc.

It was while standing around and trying to find out which way to head back that Ted noticed that the Kawasaki had a broken fork seal. Take the bitumen some said. Two riders opted for the dirt.

It was an easy ride back. In stopping for fuel, two young ladies tried to interest the guys in some conversation, but the guys weren't interested (strange).

It was at Dandenong that we dispersed.

The riding that day was generally shit-house as people who hadn't ridden together were bunching up in a tight group. Several times as we were heading out along Burwood Highway, we had people spread out over the three lanes, blocking all the traffic from getting through. (There were only eight of us). There were other things also, but some of those that were there didn't seem to be particularly interested in the safety of the others riding or of those in cars.

Chris
Social Secretary

MATLOCK

Gary and I woke Sunday morning, late as usual, to what appeared to be a drab and probably wet day. After a rush to his mother's place to pick up the old faithful BM, we made it to KBCP about 10 past 8. Waiting to greet us was John with a friend, Danny and Rob. By half past nobody else had arrived.

None of us had been to Matlock before, so some time was spent debating on which way to go, not that there was much option. Gary volunteered to lead, so we left about 8.45am with a slow ride through the city out to the Eastern Freeway. Already sick of the traffic, Gary led us to Lilydale and then Warburton where we made our first stop for lots of coffee.

Boy was it cold, and sure enough, down came the rain. Nevertheless, we continued, though we all wondered why we were putting ourselves through this.

The Reefton Spur was wet and even colder, and with a Cheng Shin super slip tyre on the back, it was even more exciting. We regrouped at Cumberland Junction to warm up, and then turned right toward Matlock on the dirt road. It was a bit wet with patches of thick gravel every now and then, which wasn't too bad (for a pillion anyway).

By the time we got to Matlock it had stopped drizzling. We were still cold and now hungry as well. There was nothing at Matlock except a lookout which Gary and I decided wasn't worth looking out of because it was overcast. So we then continued another 6km to Woods Point.

We got there at 1pm. The sun was shining with not the slightest hint of rain, the road bone dry. When we finally got our lunch with super quick service at the takeaway, we sat in the sun discussing which way to go home. We originally planned to go down towards Noojee but decided it was much more sensible to go north, where the warm weather was coming from. Besides, this road looked much better.

Leaving Woods Point at about 2pm we headed towards Jamieson. The road was great even though it was dirt, and it's times like this you appreciate being in the lead (no dust), even with a GS80 up your rear. The road winded for 90km alongside a beautiful river in between a narrow valley. Every so often you'd come across a little town with houses built into the hillside on both sides of the road. Forgetting about the gloomy morning, I was just absorbing the magnificent scenery when we met Ross coming from the opposite direction. He had left Shepparton to join us.

At Jamieson we turned left towards Thornton along a winding bitumen road. Gary got a bit carried away, exploring the limits of both the tyre and the clearance of the bike. At one stage I could see a white guide pole coming at us with great speed but thank goodness it missed us.

We headed home through the Black Spur, and then departed at 5.30pm in Lilydale. The day turned out to be very enjoyable even though we were all rather tired at the finish.

Andrea
Kwaka 100EL

VENUS BAY

Sunday dawned and a multitude of eight riders turned up at 8.30am for a short ride. We sought to venture forth instead of implanting ourselves in front of the TV for Bathurst. It appears that the more fortunate were roughing it at Daylesford for the weekend.

Having unanimously elected Dick on his BMW 800 leader, off we went. He didn't really have a choice; he was voted down. Robyn had her very clean and very new Yammy and Jack was on his usually immaculate Laverda. Doesn't that bike ever get dust on it? Amazing!!

The ever-reliable Peter brought up the rear. Although only a small group the riding pace was still brisk. We headed to Inverloch for lunch and had trouble finding a parking space in the main street. The entire population of 10 must have been in town for the day.

Delicious egg and bacon rolls seemed to hit the spot well. Marcus again appeared to be eating the shop out. After a sociable break we set forth for the focal point of Venus Bay, about 27km from Inverloch. The beach was deserted apart from some insensible surfers struggling against the rough surf. Venus Bay would certainly be a great venue on a hot day. It's close to Melbourne and has a great beach. We sat around for a while and just took in the scenery.

We departed for home via Leongatha and stopped at Korumburra where Marcus bought six large bottles of Portello lemonade. Thank goodness for strong panniers and a big bike. The ride dispersed at Cranbourne.

Over coffee at my place, Robyn, Mike and Peter watched the finish of Bathurst. It would be nice for more riders to turn up occasionally, say, at least once a year, to let us know they are still

breathing on Sundays. Naturally, those with broken ailments are exempted for a short while, so long as they don't make a habit of it. See you all soon.

Susan Jean
Motto Guzzi

RED ROCK

This club ride was my first for a long time due to me wasting my time studying and working. The Club was going to Red Rock which is near Colac overlooking Lake Corangamite. When we arrived at KBCP we were quite surprised to see a lot of new faces with a lot of old faces absent.

The Club left for Geelong via the freeway and rode through some back roads around Geelong which Ross seemed to know quite well. We ended up heading out of Geelong along the Hamilton Highway towards Cressy where we turned off and headed to Beeac and then to Alvie where we had a brief hail storm and rain shower.

The lookout was just out of Alvie, some people took photos of the 360deg view which was quite good. By this time everyone was getting hungry, so we went to Colac and had some takeaways - vegetarian hamburger.

We rode from Colac to Forrest to Apollo Bay and then back along the Great Ocean Road until Lorne where we turned off to Winchelsea and back to the Hamilton Highway. In a roundabout way, we arrived at Geelong where the Club dispersed.

The Club was well led by Ross and we had a good day's ride of about 500km.

Gary Young
BMW R 100S

FOR SALE

LAVERDA 4 INTO 1 EXHAUSTS: The Laverda's characteristic off-beat exhaust note is further enhanced by our performance exhaust. Engine power is completely altered as a result. A unique feature is the 'through cooling' (Patent pending) effect. State whether you wish the 'through cooling' pipe to extrude to the right or left. £78 RRP

KAWASAKI KH 250/350/400/500/750 ANTI-FREEZE: Special cooling fluid prevents the overheating and seizures to which these models are sometimes prone. Check that the radiator hoses are corrosion-resistant before use. If difficulty is experienced in tracing these hoses, consult your dealer. 33p RRP