

SEPTEMBER RUNS

Sunday	5	Phillip Island. KBCP 9.00am.
Sunday	12	Tonimbuk. KBCP 9.30am.
Sunday	19	Red Rock. (Colac). KBCP 9.00am.
Sunday	26	Matlock. (Reefton Spur). KBCP 8.00am.

OCTOBER

Friday 1 General Meeting. Club Hall. 8.15pm SHARP.

NEW MEMBER

The club would like to welcome the following new member:

Andrea Sirninger
5/1A Greenwood Ave,
Ringwood. 3134.
Ph. 870-2564

PROCEEDS OF AUCTION 6-8-82

Total Receipts	\$203.00
<u>Donated to MRA</u>	

10% of goods sold on commission (\$177.75)	\$17.80
Other goods sold (donated)	<u>\$25.25</u>
to MRA	<u>\$43.05</u>

CLUB MEMBER OF THE YEAR

1 st	Peter Philferan.....	68pts
2 nd	Mick Fagan.....	54pts
3 rd	Bruce Faldon	52pts
4 th	Ted Marshall	44pts
5 th	Craig Dawson.....	39pts

CLOSING DATE FOR ARTICLES FOR NEXT MAG IS THE 17TH SEPTEMBER 1982

SUPPER: The cost of your supper has now gone up, so instead of a meagre 50c it is a mild 60c.

HELP WANTED

Some of you know about the arrangements of supper, and the clearing up afterwards. But how many of you ever offer to help? Hmm. So if you would like to continue having supper, how about some help? It is your supper! Many thanks to those of you who do help. If you are willing to do the supper one meeting please see me. An extra pair of hands won't go astray.

Chris. Social Sec.

RAFFLE

PRIZE: Food Hamper containing lots of goodies

COST: 50c per ticket. See Chris Young or Steve Verdon.

DRAWN: December meeting.

Tickets for this will be on sale after supper at the October meeting.

GOSSIP

Did you hear about the lady who didn't read her itinerary properly? She rolled into the carpark instead of Lilydale for the counter lunch. (She thought she was the only one going.)

SNAKE VALLEY

On a fine morning nine bikes assembled to go to Snake Valley. After leaving the carpark we went via Footscray Rd and then Ballarat Rd. Frank (R/80GS) was the leader with Big D at the rear. We detoured off the Highway at Ballan, through Mt Egerton and Mt Buninyong to Ballarat for munchies.

I had not been to Ballarat for a considerable time and was disappointed to find that my favourite pie shop had gone broke and closed. Instead of having pies as intended, I was content to have a hamburger instead. The chickens at the same place were too flamin' expensive. (\$6 for a whole chicken – no way!)

After lunch we proceeded up the road to refuel. Then out past Lake Burrumbeet, through Carngham to Snake Valley. Frank was unsure of where exactly we were going, so after we had gone through Snake Valley I took over the lead to the mine, as I had been there before.

Upon reaching the mine I found that the entrance had been altered slightly. Some energetic person/s had deepened the cutting leading to the entrance, making it easier to get inside. Once inside Big D leant on a bed frame that was inside the entrance and the other end swung out and clobbered me on the head.

Big D was the only one who brought a torch. Les (Z500) and his wife stayed outside and lit a fire, while the rest of us explored the mine. We trekked slowly along until we reached the end. While returning to the entrance my scone hit the roof very hard at one point. (Fortunately, I have a thick skull!) After we got out of the mine we rested for a short time before returning home. Les, Christine and Bernadette left first to return via the shortest route. The rest of us returned via a longer route: into Linton and then south to Geelong via Rokewood and Shelford.

We enjoyed a fast run to Geelong in most places. It was necessary to slow down three times to avoid collecting some stray woolly jumpers (sheep). At Shelford we had to slow down to negotiate the bridge carefully, due to the twisted wooden decking which needs to be repaired.

As everybody had sufficient fuel we didn't stop at Geelong. Upon reaching Brooklyn we turned off onto Millers Rd to disperse. Two corner markers stopped at the turn off and waited for a while until Big D arrived. We found that Mike (R100) was missing. Big D had passed him just out of Geelong, but was unable to stop because of traffic. Mike appeared to be having a problem with his Bee-Em. One corner marker went back to see if he could find Mike. It was not known if he was back near Geelong, or if he had turned off the Freeway onto Geelong Rd.

Overall it was a good trip, the rain stayed away all day and nobody had any problems with their machine (bar one, maybe). BMWubbleyeys aren't my type of bike. I'll stick to Wings. No problems with em.

Marcus GL1100 Interstate.

EILDON COUNTER LUNCH

Having not been on the back of the Bee Em for quite a few months I was looking forward to the run up to Eildon. Relatively speaking, it's quite a short run compared to YESTERYEAR so my 'out of practise' pillion rump wouldn't get too sore and, of course, there was the meal at the end of the road.

The trip from home (Ringwood) to Lilydale only took about 10-15 minutes and the weather was surprisingly mild. Approximately a dozen bikes were assembled, most of them and their owner's faces new to me. Nothing makes you feel more like an old member than a stint of absenteeism and a group of new faces!

We headed up the Maroondah Highway to Healesville with Craig in the lead. This was the bit I was waiting for – the Black Spur. I've always enjoyed the 'lay-back' role of the pillion through the Black Spur. Just lay back and enjoy it! I was eagerly awaiting such a trip. Ian didn't disappoint me. It was great.

Turning off at Taggerty we headed through Thornton and on to Eildon. The weather turned a bit cloudy and chilly, but with little traffic to bother us, and nice roads, I was really enjoying the ride. Lunch was a leisurely affair with a visit from Greg and Noelene Moore thrown in for good measure!

At 2.00pm, with lunch over and digested, we headed up towards Jamieson to check out a possible camping spot for the club at Christmas. The winding road and occasional spot of gravel soon had everyone well and truly spaced out with Craig and Ian out in front.

After the camping spot had been walked on, looked at, and ridden over, we headed for home with Ian and I in the lead. The weather by now was overcast and definitely cool, so we decided to simply go home the way we'd come and disperse back at Lilydale.

Traffic was fairly uneventful until we got to the Spur. With two tour buses trying to negotiate the bends there was quite a backlog of cars virtually crawling along bumper to bumper. Muttering a quick 'Hail Mary' as we began overtaking, I soon lapsed into my 'enjoying the Spur' mood and before I knew it, it was over. I would've been quite so agreeable had my trusty better half decided to give it all 'another bash'.

While waiting in Lilydale with Ted, the rest of the club slowly rolled in with news of Bruce Faldon breaking down and the subsequent possibility of a very long wait for the whole club to re-group. Ian and I headed for home and warmth.

That was about it. My first ride in more months than I dare to mention. You might see me again some time!

Lynne. Pillion 90S.

BRUCE'S RIDE

It started out as one of 'those days'. Really miserable. When we got going it wasn't too bad. On arriving at the car park there was Bruce, Big D, Peter Price, Craig and Ross. Anyway, off we headed to Powelltown where we stopped for the morning munchie session. Craig and I had a game of pool. (I think he was worried for a minute). Anyway, he won.

It was here that Craig decided to leave us. So we headed off. Then Ross, due to lack of tread on his tyres, decided to give the gravel a miss and headed back along the bitumen only to take a wrong turn and strike a lot more dirt. (That's what you get for piking it!)

The sky soon cleared, and the sun shone as we rode at an easy pace along the back roads through Noojee and into Warragul where we stopped for lunch. After a great lunch we headed for home with a coffee stop at Bruce's.

Chris. Pillion that day, (it was warmer on the back)

WINTERMANIA

The mad, care-free days of winter accompanied by squalling, rain-soaked winds and sub-zero temperatures usually lasts from mid-May to mid-September. These months find an abundance of motorcycle enthusiasts, eager for club runs.

These stout hearted individuals, clothed in everything they possess, set forth every Sunday, managing to skilfully locate and traverse every muddy bullock track they can possibly find in one day.

It is always advisable during these fun-filled months to bring a change of warm clothes along, or even a water-bottle and/or a warm-blooded pillion who clings frantically to the rider. During frequent stops for coffee, it may prove a good idea to just refill your water-bottle instead of drinking it. That's if you manage to pry your hands from bike.

Upon vacating the bike, it is a sound winter policy to leave your good leather gloves smouldering on the engine and, if fortunate, kindly ask your pillion to warm your seat. It is also advisable during the lunch break to play a fast and furious game of cricket where everyone runs at the same time. If no cricket, it may be better to just huddle together and get to know one another. Body heat they call it.

Homeward bound finds muddy bikes, numb fingers and feet, blue smiling faces, frozen happy pillions and leaking water bottles. But hasn't it been fun? I can hardly wait to repeat everything next Sunday.

There is nothing more invigorating than a late Saturday night just for the ultimate satisfaction of jumping from a warm and comfortable bed early on a cold and drizzling Sunday morning.

Thank goodness, I woke up and found it all a nightmare!!

Anonymous.

DIRTY WEEKENDS

Hard core and dirty weekends were discussed at the last Committee Meeting. It seems we are down to a hard core of riders, the majority of whom seem to revel in traversing goat tracks, fire trails and off-road antics when not engaging in road racing.

It was felt that the above image (as well as inclement winter weather) may be the reason that few familiar faces and fewer new faces are riding with the club. Thus, we are now making a conscious effort to do several things:

- Reaffirm that we are a touring club rather than a road-racing club requiring mega-bike ownership.
- Endeavour to include only a smattering of good, unsealed road on our tours.
- Attract new members and woo established members back to our rides.

In qualifying those aims: firstly, although our front and rear rider system works well and allows the individual to ride at a speed they and their bike are comfortable at, we are in dangers of having an image of mega-bike scratching. We will pay more attention to the pace of our tours. It also suggested that we have more frequent short stops at places of interest enroute e.g. views etc. What are your feelings on that? It seems the only time I get to use my camera is at the destination or outside a take-away food shop.

I would propose that lead riders use their discretion and stop at the odd beauty spot. Briefly, back on the pace of riders: quite obviously twisty roads are more interesting on a motorcycle than long boring straight roads. We each improve our riding skills not so much by testing our absolute limits with white knuckle riding, but by riding as eight tenths of our ability we continually up-grade our ability, hone our reflexes and become smoother and more confident.

My particular concern is for those who choose to ride at the absolute limit through the curves. It is inarguable that many club members are equipped with the skills and long experience to handle it. (Some may have also had a frontal lobotomy.) However, my concern is for the unknown factors. I usually ride at a speed at which I can stop in the distance I can see. If I can see right around a curve, fine, I'll go for it white knuckles and all if I'm in the mood for it.

Unknown factors: some are well known to all of us e.g. wet or frosty patches on an otherwise dry road, sand or diesel patches on the apex, fallen branches etc., and usually only result in an alteration of line, intentional or not, along with the mandatory tightening of the sphincter muscle.

But it's the hard things like farmer Brown in his tractor at 10kph, the caravan or truck going the same way as yourself. Just where do you go when confronted with these with 110km/h on the clock, 70km/h on the advisory sign, the foot peg scratching and oncoming traffic blocking a passing manoeuvre? Fortunately, such hazards are not often encountered, but I'll continue to ride at a speed at which I can stop in the distance I can see. While I'm harping on bends and vehicles, I've noticed too many members surprised on bends by Joe Average in his loaded Kingswood on the Sunday drive. Please be careful cutting the apex on blind right handers.

Moving right along. On the subject of dirt, we will endeavour to include only good, unsealed road where possible. Obviously, were we to do tour only highways, you'd get so bored your whole life flashes before your eyes and you don't get to see many of the beauty spots and places of interest in Victoria. The network of intermediate and secondary roads is not all sealed. We do seem however to have a better standard of roads than several other states. So, if you want to see these places some dirt will be a fact of life. We will not however, seek out the most difficult route possible as has sometimes been the case.

Let's face it, had I not been introduced to dirt roads by the club, I wouldn't have sought them out. Consequently, whilst my standard on the dirt is not up to the same standard of some of our members,

I now traverse dirt without fear having found that being relaxed is the key to it. Must admit that I'm not ecstatic in mud or on six inch deep round river stones though. Haven't tried much sand yet, but it's all part of the rich tapestry of life, my son.

New members. Whilst we are not a growth-oriented club, we will be attempting to attract more new members. We would ask members to invite the guy/lady with the bike just down the street and workmates etc to join us for a ride. We are putting a stand in the MRA Bike Show which may attract new members. Incidentally, we'll be needing the odd (not too odd) volunteer to man it (person it?). Keith Finlay will provide more details.

A consistent if not copious flow of new members is desirable. We have a natural fall off (poor choice of words) due to the unreasonable demands of families, children and jobs on time better spent riding. Don't let people tell you motorcycling is dangerous – just look at the death statistics in lawn bowls.

Well, that's all for this issue. Keep it shiny side up.

Wayne. XV1000

THE SAGA OF HUMAN EVENTS.

From 1 to 20

It starts to grow and before you know it's all systems go.

From 20 to 30

There's a lot of might. It's once in the morning and twice at night.

From 30 to 40

Something's gonna give. So skip the morning, get ready at eve.

From 40 to 50

Comes crisis or energy. It's MWF or TTS but never on Sunday.

From 50 to 60

Efforts get to strain. Then you start to sing "Let Me Try again".

From 60 to 70

Time to retire. You still can do it but once in a while.

From 70 to 80

There's a nibble. The harder the struggle, its mission impossible.

From 80 to 90

You are fully primed. You still can make it only in the mind.

From 90 to 100

It's heaven or hell. Imagine the wonderful stories you can always tell.

FOR SALE

RD 250 BIG VALVE CONVERSION:

Inspired by the old conversions for the Norton twins, this promises to do for our Yamaha what those kits did for the Commando. Utilising easily available over-the-counter parts, the kit may require strengthening of the bottom end. The valves themselves have ultra-short stems (6mm) to allow them to fit into standard RD head £23rrp.

LAMBRETTA TANK BAGS:

A marvellous design for today's scooters. Puts the weight where it should be. Firmly secured, no more holding on with knees or chin! Transparent pocket for instruction manual, etc. £10-86rrp.