

## **ITINERARY**

### AUGUST.

- 5<sup>th</sup> General Meeting
- 7<sup>th</sup> Mt Camel 9am KBCP
- 14<sup>th</sup> Rokewood Junction 9am KBCP
- 21<sup>st</sup> Taggerty 9am KBCP
- 28<sup>th</sup> Steiglitz 9.30am KBCP

### SEPTEMBER.

- 2<sup>nd</sup> General Meeting (Auction Night)
- 4<sup>th</sup> Ross's Ramble, Nth Wonthaggi 9.30
- 11<sup>th</sup> Mt Cole State Forest 8.30am KBCP
- 18<sup>th</sup> Puffing Billy (see mag for details) barbeque, Lilydale P/U 9am

### OCTOBER.

- 2<sup>nd</sup> Winton, \$11.00 to race, barbeque, 9am KBCP
- 7<sup>th</sup> General Meeting
- 9<sup>th</sup> Walhalla 8.30am KBCP
- 15<sup>th</sup> Bowling Night, 166 Victoria Rd, Northcote. 6.30pm (see mag for details)
- 16<sup>th</sup> Allambie 9am KBCP
- 23<sup>rd</sup> Matlock, (Dirt) 8.30am
- 30<sup>th</sup> Greens Creek, Stawell. 9am KBCP

### NOVEMBER.

- 4<sup>th</sup> General Meeting
- 6<sup>th</sup> Leading Ladies, 9am KBCP Barbeque.
- 13<sup>th</sup> Cartiel River, (Otways) 9am KBCP
- 19<sup>th</sup> & 20<sup>th</sup> Swan Hill, (Camping Weekend) Gisborne 9.30am
- 27<sup>th</sup> Grand Ridge Road, 8.30am KBCP

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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT MAG IS 19<sup>th</sup> AUGUST 1983

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## **VERDON'S FOLLY** 5/6/83

We left KBCP at 9.30am with Steve leading and Ross rear rider. With a temperature of 17 degrees forecast and fine blue sky, an average number of bikes had turned up for what promised to be a fine ride. We headed north through Thomastown, Epping and turned right at Woodstock to reach Plenty Rd and Whittlesea. On to Kinglake West via the old unused section past the Whittlesea Country Club and go-cart track. The road narrows down to a single lane. It is tight and twisty with every corner offering something interesting whether it be sand, mud, grave, broken and bumpy surface, a hairpin bend, water on the road or just shadows interspersed with brilliant blinding sunshine all while climbing steeply. This 8km section caused the group to stretch out. We regrouped at

Kinglake West. After removing my rear left hand side blinker which had “waved” itself silly, it was off to Kinglake and Toolangi.

One particular corner really sent the adrenalin pumping. It was a right hander at the end of a long downhill stretch taken at high speed. The first thing I knew was that the front wheel was “gone” and I had that awful “falling” feeling. Gulp. I did something and it gripped, slipped and gripped. I now had only to contend with a fearsome wobble and frame flex. She straightened out and on we went....

At the next intersection I discussed the incident with Jack. His front tyre had also slid. After checking our tyres it was decided that it was probably water or black ice on the road. It turned out that a number of other riders had encountered similar problems at the same corner.

We stopped at Healesville and then it was up over the Black Spur. Confidence was rapidly returning. And then that silver 750 Ducati blitzed past, really going for it: He was jumping all over the bike, flicking it around corners, sparks flying, left leg out when going round a right hand corner. Amazing. And nuts, I passed him dismounting at Narbethong.

On to Marysville for lunch. Along the way I saw Keith pull into the side of the road. I did a “U” turn and joined him. A four wheel drive club was playing in a hole in the dirt. Range Rovers and all.

After lunch we rode the few kilometres to Stevenson Falls. Quite spectacular, but a lot harder and more dangerous to climb than it looked. The six kilometres of dirt road before Cumberland Junction had a fresh layer of moist sandy gravel and was heavy going. After passing the trail bike I heard him right behind me in a corner and then nothing. Ho-hum. It turned out that he had pulled up in a straight line with no dignity lost but needed a push.

Danny joined the ride at the Lake Mountain turnoff. He was going the other way! Then it was down the Reefton Spur. I worked hard and was glad of the stop at the bottom. What a road. Gary (GT750) arrived a bit shaky. A red Mazda on the wrong side of the road had nearly collided with him, forcing him into the dirt.

A police car continued up to the Upper Yarra Dam and then returned (after realising the bikes were mainly Japanese). He checked us out. Keith did the talking and he left amicably Keith Harris rolled on his as new R65. I convinced Steve to head back towards Healesville by turning right at Launching Place and heading north on good quality touring road. Sure beats going through all those little towns.

At a corner Robin (XJ550) and I compared our rear Touring Elites. Handling was significantly worse but grip better than with the stock tyres. Both bikes weave in corners at speed. Back to stock size next time.

We rode from Healesville to Yarra Glen where we disbanded. I refuelled. Keith came over and told me we were having supper at my home and did I want to make a phone call. I led back through Christmas Hills and Kangaroo Ground. This road gave Wayne an opportunity to clang his undercarriage while trying to keep ahead of Keith.

One of the most pleasurable rides I have been on.

Ben (Gpz550)

The Nagambie ride set off from KBCP around 9am. This was after a few late arrivals and some deliberation. The deliberation was due to the close proximity of Nagambie a long enough route had to be decided. Ross Bradshaw was leader with Steve Verdon as rear rider.

From the City we headed out along High St to Epping (through numerous red lights) on to Wallan East and to Whittlesea. We then took the Humevale turnoff to Kinglake West to Flowerdale and Strath Creek. The route to Strath Creek included some dirt and drizzle which continued off and on all day. At around this time (as we continued on to Kerrisdale) the chain on a 250RS fell off causing a lengthy delay. The only reason for the chain coming off was the lack of maintenance – at least no damage was done where there could have been.

From Kerrisdale it was on through Yea to Merton for an extended (more like lunch) break at around 11am. After sufficient meat pies – Big M's etc – etc – etc it was on to Strathbogie. After a quick "U" turn a sign was found which led us to Mt Wombat and two more "U" turns before getting back on the main road to Kelvia View.

We continued on to Sheen Creek and Euroa via some interesting (but slippery curves). After the curves a fast run was made to Nagambie, arriving around 2pm. Lunch was fairly uneventful except for one club member who experienced some difficulty in reading "LADIES" and "GENTS" signs.

With lunch over we refuelled and continued back to town via Gray Town to Argyle on the Northern H/way to Pyalong (after another U turn) we continued along a narrow road to Lancefield. From Lancefield we went on to just outside Tullamarine, where the ride dispersed with the purchase of donuts. Some went on to Keith's in Essendon for coffee, while the rest went home.

In all the ride was around 500klms taking in some very interesting roads, proving the route decided on to be very successful.

Mike Barnes.

P.S. Thanks to Ross for writing out details so this article could be written.

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## **APOLLO BAY**

After leaving fog bound Melbourne at 9.30am with Hans in the lead and Peter rear rider, we proceeded on our tour of Altona and Williamstown before entering (finding?) Geelong Rd. Along the way we were net by Tom and Keith. The first stop was just outside Geelong for coffee and rest rooms. After about 15mins we left and travelled through Geelong then turned off towards Anglesea. There were a few spits of rain of rain before arriving there for more coffee and toilets.

Everyone left with glazed looks in their eyes awaiting a good fang along the G.O.R. Apart from a few boy-racers, most people took their time allowing for the rock – slides, wash – outs and wet roads. Nothing better than scraping around a corner to find a small river flowing across the road half way round!

We all arrived in one piece at Apollo Bay and proceeded to devour the local take-ways. I managed to find one with the slowest service and the worst hamburger I have tasted for a while. The local dog liked it though. After lunch the serious business of mini-golf was attended to. Much yelling and a lot of dubious shots were played. (Results below)

Going home we turned off towards Beech Forest along some more slippery roads which finally dried and straightened out. At this point the leader started to liven things up by trying out the top end of his 1100. Three rattly old BMW's kept him honest, and some said we passed him (but that couldn't be true, could it?).

We stopped at a garage just outside Geelong to disperse and check how much we had worn off our tyres. All in all a good run with surprisingly good weather and very little rain. Approx distance from home 440km.

### Mini Golf Scores

Ian 31, Steve & Lorraine 34 (Lorraine score keeper), Keith 35, Ben 35, Tom 41, Brent 41, Hans 42, Keith 43, Craig 57, Bruce 60, Chris 67, Michael, Peter & Danny to slack to play.

Ian R90S

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My name is Danny, I was born in Italy and I love motorcycles. My love for motorcycles started in 1950 in Italy. One of my earliest experiences was taking my father for a Sunday ride to his favourite coffee bars, where apart from coffee they also sold liquor, and by the time he finished his rounds he was well past .05 and I had to drive him home. It was a very responsible job, because the road was a very narrow dirt road with a ditch on each side. I did this job for a long time without any accidents and always delivered him home safe and sound. From that time onwards I rode many different types of motorcycles. My most loved motorcycle was a Parilla 250 racing bike, which I completed on, on many occasions with some good placings and few minor accidents. Then I came to Australia and discovered my love for big V8 motor cars and stuck to them for a few years. But I never got motorcycles out of my system; they were always there at the back of my mind teasing me until I decided I had to get one. Since my first ride with the Club I have enjoyed every single outing we have had. I have seen some beautiful places, where I would like to stop for half a day with a big armchair a good bottle of wine and a pipe just admiring the view. I am very pleased the way the Club is so professionally run with a lot of nice people. I hope you all like hearing from me, as it has been a great effort to write, as I am not a good writer.

See you all soon

Danny. Kawasaki 500

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### **WORLD TRIP part 3**

The night train from Euston Station London to Holyhead on the extreme North Western tip of Wales was a very crowded and long trip arriving at 2.45am. Then onto the ferry for Dublin. We arrived in Dublin at 7.30am where we picked up a previously arranged hire car and drove south to Waterford, famous for its crystal glassware – onto Cork and Killarney where we propped for three days toured the area. This part of Ireland is particularly beautiful. A short distance from Killarney via Castlemaine is the Dingle Peninsula. This is where the film Ryan's Daughter was shot. The road winding around the Peninsula would be great to experience on a bike, very narrow just wide enough for the donkey and horse drawn milk carts that abound in Ireland. The road snakes around the cliffs with a sheer drop into the Atlantic Ocean below.

Travelling north to Limerick, Galway and onto Lligo in the extreme north or the Irish Republic. The road maps indicated a direct route from here to Dublin, although it did necessitate crossing into Northern Ireland. The border crossing was no different from going from Victoria to N.S.W. Travelling along the road indicated on the map which in condition was not unlike the two way sections of the Calder Highway.

Continuing on we came to a deserted small Fort built out onto the roadway and looking very ominous. To pass we had to manoeuvre the car past, crossing from one side of the road to the other.

A mile or so further on a British Army Patrol consisting of six heavily armed soldiers stopped us for an I.D check. A radio check was done on the car and after about 15 minutes and some interesting conversation we were able to continue. About four miles past this point the road came to an abrupt end at what first appeared to be a landslide. We later discovered that many roads between Northern and Southern Ireland had been sealed off this way to limit access between North and South. Having to detour we were next stopped by a heavily armed contingent of the Northern Ireland Police – another I.D check. The third I.D check came at another of the small Forts we had to pass. Once cleared we continued on and were waved through the border checkpoint, our I.D obviously radioed ahead. This small incident certainly bought home the stress that must exist for those living in Northern Ireland.

Onto Dublin via Roscommon where we spent a couple of days before travelling by train to Rosslaire, the port for the ferry to France.

The ferry runs between Rosslaire and Le Havre in France takes 21 hours but is more like a cruise ship than a ferry with restaurants, bars, disco, movies etc.

We arrived at Le Havre about 3pm, having left Rosslaire at 6pm the previous day. Crash courses in French, German and Italian were to follow as this was our gateway to the continent.

Ross King.

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## **ALPINE RALLY**

The annual “Alpine Rally” was held on the Queen’s Birthday long weekend, 11<sup>th</sup>, 12<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> of June. I arranged to go pillion with Keith Harris and arrived at his place at 5.30pm on the Friday night. Expecting to go on the 750/7 BMW, I was greeted by a brand new pearl essence R100/RS. Keith had bought it that afternoon and thought he would run the bike in by taking it to the rally. Gary Lloyd (vice captain) was travelling up with us and we set off about 6.30pm. It was a very cold ride to Albury, freezing in fact. This was our first over-night stop. After trying to find accommodation at several caravan parks we finally found a vacant on-site caravan, the last one left mind you. There was nothing in the van except for the bare essentials and we had to rent a heater, but at least it was somewhere to stay.

Up early the next morning, breakfast at a roadside cafe, we met up with some people from the BMW Motorcycle Club, at the de-restriction sign just out of Albury. After ten or fifteen minutes of gossiping we set off up the Hume Highway through Woomargama, with a quick wave to Charles and Di, then on to Gundagai and Yass. Quite a few of the group left us at the turn off to Tumut, deciding to ride the hard way in. We stopped at Yass for lunch at a service station restaurant. I headed straight for the heater with the others following close behind. After finishing our nice hot lunch we headed into Canberra. After a scenic tour through the outskirts of the Capital City we took the Cotter Dam road that would eventually head us to the rally site.

Quite a nice road with lots of corners. As we rode up the little mountain we hit dirt and then eventually snow. There seemed to be a lot of bikes going into the rally. We stopped to take pictures a few times, but had to be careful stopping because the road had become quite slippery. A lot of four-wheelers had decided to take a day-trip many didn’t bring chains. This meant that their cars got up the mountain so far, and then couldn’t get any further. There was a big traffic jam with cars and bikes blocking off the road in both directions. After finally bypassing cars, bikes and numerous out-fits, we slowly made our way down the mountain, through snow, slush and mud. We passed quite a few people coming the other way, who had turned around saying it was too difficult to get through, but we pressed on. At one rather steep and slippery part of the road some rather stupid people had parked their bikes in the middle of the road to take pictures. Someone coming down the road could have easily slid into one of the bikes and nothing could have been done to

avoid a collision. Finally coming down in to the valley, the dirt road improved 100% and the rest of the ride in wasn't so nerve racking.

Arriving at the site we were greeted by the Duffy clan, Steve Verdon, Marc Sulot and Mick and Joy. They stayed in Canberra on the Friday night and rode in the next morning. Phil had a great fire shelter built and after the tents were set up it, was time to warm up around the camp fire. Travelling very light, I only brought my medal boots along, so luckily Robyn donated her runners to me. After Keith had cooked dinner (He's great to take to rallies), Marc and I wandered around to different camp fires, talking "bikes" etc, meeting new people. It started getting quite cold so around 12.00 o'clock I decided to hit the sack. Luckily I bought a new sleeping bag, which kept you warm to minus 10 degrees. It didn't get quite that cold that night. Minus 4 degrees in fact, but when I woke up the next morning everything was white with frost. Some people hadn't even bothered going to sleep that night. Standing around the fire was the warmest place to be I guess. Nature wouldn't wait so I got dressed and went out to face the cold morning. The fire was still burning so we stayed close to it keeping warm.

After breakfast was over we started packing up getting ready to leave. The organizers called everyone together about 10 o'clock that morning and gave a speech, then handed out the rally badges. Mick Fagan had a little trouble starting his bike that morning. He discovered that his throttle cable had frozen over night and couldn't get any throttle. He then had a brilliant idea of placing his lighted petrol stove under the bike to throw heat up to melt the ice. It seemed to work because the throttle became unstuck. Another one of Mick's strange ideas.

After drying out the tent and packing it away, we said our goo-byes. We decided to go the same way out as we came in, as this was the safest and easiest way out. The road was muddy and slippery on the way out with the snow melting. We headed into Canberra and met up with Gordon and two other guys from the BMW club, who were going our way. Then it was on to Cooma for a stop for petrol and to also clean the muddy bikes. A high powered water hose was found which made the job easier. After a late lunch at a road side cafe, we were off again, heading down to Merimbula, through Bemboka, Candelo and Wolumla. This is a great windy road with not much traffic it made the journey more interesting. Arriving in Merimbula we couldn't find a motel or caravan vacant for the night due to the fact that there was a jazz festival and bowls carnival on. Keith and I pressed on to Eden and finally found an onsite van for the night.

We couldn't be bothered setting up the tent for the night. The others camped in Merimbula. The van had a little black and white television so after eating out we came back to watch "Star Wars" the Sunday night movie. Up early the next morning we left at nine and headed down the coast. After stopping at Bairnsdale for lunch we set off again. It was off to Cheltenham and I must say that I was glad to get off the bike that night. All in all it was a great rally and I think everyone should attempt to go to the Alpine Rally at least once.

Well that's all for now.

Cheers Brenda. BMW R650

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