

## **DECEMBER MAG 1983**

### **DECEMBER**

4<sup>th</sup> Gary's Gamble, 9am KBCP, 10.15am Lilydale pick-up.

10<sup>th</sup> & 11<sup>th</sup> "Christmas Weekend" Verdon's Shack

18<sup>th</sup> Arthur's Seat, Map Ref 159 E11, KBCP 9.30am

25<sup>th</sup> – 2<sup>nd</sup> January "Christmas Camp", Tawonga Caravan Park.

### **JANUARY RUNS**

NO GENERAL MEETING

8<sup>th</sup> Turpin's Falls, Map Ref 237 G6, 9.30am KBCP

15<sup>th</sup> Cathedral Lane, Smidge of dirt, Map Ref 238 T10, 9am KBCP Lilydale pick-up 10.15am

22<sup>nd</sup> Beauchamp's Falls, Otway's, 8.30am KBCP.

28<sup>th</sup>, 29<sup>th</sup>, 30<sup>th</sup> Clubman Rally, Map Ref 236 Q5, Camp at Club Flag (make your own way)

### **FEBRUARY**

3<sup>rd</sup> General Meeting, Slide Night, 8pm SHARP

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### **MATLOCK** 23/10/83

**BIKES:** XV1000x2 (Con, Dennis), XT600 (Rob), RD250 (pillion), 250N (Janet), Sr250 (Joanne), Z500 (Danny), GPz550 (Ben), Laverda 1200 (13) (Jack), RT1000x2 (Brian, Craig), R80 GS x2 (Frank, Ian).

Still half asleep I knew that I had twenty minutes less than usual. A lightening fast stop for petrol, notice police setting up speed trap on Thomson's Rd, mirrors a blur, (please God no Cops), arrive as bikes departing. Phew.

Frank led us out the Eastern Freeway, Doncaster Road and Lilydale to reach Warburton by 10.15am. New faces abounded, to Peter Dyer's credit. A salad roll eased the hunger pangs. The weather was fine, though cool with a top of twenty degrees forecast. Jack and Brian wisely left the ride at this stage. Craig had departed at the car park, while Gary had arrived in a car, his GT having a cracked/broken down tube and his XT550 a damaged gear select mechanism (any excuse to buy the new four cylinders BM)

I corner-marked with Dennis at the intersection on the Reefton Spur and Upper Yarra Dam roads. I wanted to be last so that I would have someone to chase up the Spur. Conditions were perfect: the wet roads had evaporated, the sun was overhead (less shadows on the road), and we were going "up" the Spur (better braking, scraping potential), I was going to make the most of this road since a "smidge" of dirt and dust lay ahead.

Hanging off, occasionally scraping, racing, passing, set up for corners, power through, accelerating, braking, changing gears, working hard, getting tired, through the plateau esses, look for tightening corner, concentrating, end.

At Cumberland Junction I stopped for a breather. I was hot and puffing, my heart racing. My fastest trip through there. Gradually improving. The rear Michelin was quite chewed up and tacky, the front Dunlop Sport Elite not as sticky to touch. I removed my jumpers, much to Danny's consternation. As rear rider he was cold.

We stopped for lunch at Woods Point, having travelled some 64km of dirt road. We passed through Matlock, but I didn't see it. The road varied from tight twisties, largely covered in coarse gravel, to

pothole littered mini-straight. The dust: blinding, choking, not good for the eyes or air filter type dust. Two theories prevailed: (1) stay far enough behind the next bike such that the dust has settled and (2) pass the guy in front of you so that he eats your dust (doesn't hold if you are chasing the lead bike (Ian now) and he is on a BMW).

Woods Point is an expensive, quite, isolated town. It was like an invasion as we straggled in at ten minute intervals. Somehow I arrived first. Oiled the chain, another salad roll (not as good), wandered down to the creek, and began soaking up the sun. It was cold in those mountains, and a cool wind blew down the creek. Ian encouraged us to sit down by the creek, but everyone wanted to share their sufferings, check out their bikes, and generally stick together. An ugly rumour floated around that there was at least another 50km of dirt. It was true...

Ian led off, Rob (XT600) next. I passed Rob at the earliest opportunity. (He didn't see me coming). So for the next 50km we both applied theory two above. He's catch me up in the corners, but could not get around, and then I would get ahead in the straights as he had carburetion problems (the bike was at the dealers the day before) and could not go more than 130kmh in the straights. He was always in my mirrors hassling me though. Quite extensive road works had been carried out along much of the road making high speeds possible. We were travelling alongside the Goulburn River. Quite impressive after all this rain. We passed only one car in this stretch.

Coming into Jamieson there is about 10km of windy bitumen. Racing again.

We regrouped at Jamieson. More visor washing. The ladies were making hard work of it. Con's skin-head (very mean looking) was the result of winning a \$65 bet. His wife didn't think much of it. Ian wouldn't do it for less than five hundred dollars.

The 10km heading out of Jamieson was excellent mountain climbing road. Rob zipped past, shaking a leg. The first thing to scrape is his elbows. The bitumen ended abruptly. Another 25km of fish-tailing, snow-ploughing, power slides. The faster you go the quicker it is over.

Then 27km of more heaven sent twisties. But some of those corners really tightened up. Visibility was a bit of a problem since the visor was again dust covered. Already scratched, and the sun was getting low and we were heading westerly. So I rode with it up, battling the multitude of insects. Poor eyes.

Rounded a corner to see two bikes following a tow-truck. A wrecked Gpz550 was dangling from two chains, quietly bashing itself to pieces against the truck. That's life.

We reformed at the intersection of the Goulburn Valley Highway near Snob's Creek Fish Hatchery. I was running low on petrol. The last dot had disappeared a while back. Alternative routes home were evaluated. Yea; and I would lead.

Thornton petrol station was closed. Joanne took the direct route home down the Maroondah and over the Black Spur. It was getting late. Janet and I refuelled at the next "town" down the road which I see doesn't rate a mention on the map.

Reformed at Yea, and then a quick blast through Flowerdale and Kinglake West stopping at the fast food outlet in Whittlesea, travelling the 60km in under half an hour. Janet almost overshot the corner when Rob left it, thinking there was no-one else coming. She said it would take a week to recover from the ride. Con and Dennis seemed to have appreciated the last stretch of windies to finish off the ride, even if we did make a mockery of the double lines, and the blue Datsun 280ZX horn-blower.

Home by 6.30pm. a round trip of about 450km. Passed another odometer milestone of 40,000km, the same amount as I did on a Z200. Now which movie was I going to watch? Apocalypse Now, Being There, or Antarctic Man.

Ben (GPz500)

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## **WALHALLA** 8/10/83

On what promised to be a beautiful spring day a good turnout of bikes left KBCP at 9am with Craig Dawson leading the ride and Phil Duffy with his kids in the chair and Brenda as pillion, rear rider.

Down the south Eastern Freeway onto Burwood Highway, then Springvale Road to the Mulgrave Freeway, arriving at Hallam about 9.45 where we picked up more riders making a total of 21 bikes on the run. Craig was concerned about his BM clutch cable which was only holding together by 3 strands and hoped it would stay together for the day.

A straight run down the Princes Highway to Berwick and a turn off onto the old highway, passing through Garfield and Bunyip to Drouin, then onto Moe arriving about 11.15. Here we had a stop for a snack and to buy lunches and fill the bikes etc.

Leaving Moe about 12.30 for Walhalla, the road between Moe and Erica being really good – very enjoyable riding along in the sunshine. From Erica the road to Walhalla is a gravel surface winding around the Thompson River Gorge. At the trestle bridge crosses the Thompson, the road again becomes bitumen for the last 2km to downtown Walhalla.

Stopping for lunch opposite the “Live and Let Live” bakery – now tea rooms and the oldest building remaining in Walhalla. After lunch a walk around the remains of this historic town. Not much remains of the town that 70 years ago had a population of 4500. Most of the houses and other buildings from the town’s heyday were dismantled and removed after the gold ran out. The buildings still standing are those which have escaped the ravages of bushfire and flood. A few riders left to take the long way home via Woodspoint and Healesville via the back route – about 170km.

The remainder took the guided tour of the Long Tunnel Extended Goldmine. The mine is slowly being restored for tourism since being closed in 1915. The only thing to come out of the mine these days are tourists who pay \$2 to “ave a look”.

After a visit to the mine it was back to Moe. I stayed behind to take some photos and left about an hour later. At Berwick where the ride had finished I caught up as everyone was having a break. Here I learned that Wayne (GT750) had dropped his bike about 10km from Walhalla, fortunately apart from a smashed fairing, bent crash bar and dented pride, no other major damage.

So ended a really enjoyable day. From my point of view Walhalla was a really good place to visit, with many interesting things well worthwhile taking time to see.

Ross King (GT750)

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## **TRIP TO EUROPE**

Well folks I have been asked to say a few words about my trip to Europe. After setting out for a trip of at least 6 weeks I was bored to death with the long flights between fuel stops on the trip to London.

I left Melbourne on a cold rainy day and arrived in London which had the same weather. I got a taxi to the hotel and looked forward to a sleep, but I couldn’t get into my room until 12pm it was

only 7.30 when I arrived. So in my dazed state I went for a walk around the block and got lost. They let me into my room and I slept for 12 hours straight. Do you know you can't do anything at 2am in a hotel room by yourself? They don't even have 24 hour T.V. So I wrote a long letter to the family, the first of many. Then morning arrived thank goodness so I could escape into the throng of tourist. I did all the tourist things while there, saw it all in the rain and wind every day. I brought Phil and a friend a pair of Derry boots and as yet they still have not arrived eight weeks later. Poor Phil waited 13 days for the first mail, the lady up the street got her card before he got any mail from me, and British Post is very slow. I was glad to leave England the traffic is Yuk, you have to be a hero to ride a bike in it. It's even dangerous being a pedestrian. I caught the hydrofoil to France and a bus to Bruxelles, boring roads, they are very flat and the only hills are the over passes.

I went onto Luxembourg, after that I caught my first train in Koblenz in Germany, through beautiful valleys and beside a river, the mountains had grape vines right to the top. After Koblenz, Switzerland. I had to meet people in Bern, while with them we went to the mountains for a weekend in a chalet. I decided right then we would all come back here one day and tour on bikes. The roads in Switzerland are made for them. Anyone who has been to Switzerland knows what I mean. They wind and climb through the most beautiful country (real chocolate box lid stuff). Cows with bells, chalets, villages, mountains and lovely roads. there are a lot of bikes that come through there on weekends, I spent a total of 10 days in Switzerland, in that time I covered all sides of it from top to bottom, I left sadly and went to Austria another beautiful country, much like Switzerland and definitely another on the list to see.

After Austria I went to Heidelberg a lovely city to look at, the countryside had changed from mountains to hills and farms. After there I pushed on to Joy's mum and dad in Odense. The weather had changed back to bad again; it must have known I was heading for England. Joy's parents made me feel very welcome and her mum had nearly convinced me to stay on but I told her that I was tired of travel and still had to get to Scotland to see more people. I caught the ferry back to England where it was still raining and colder. I just couldn't take anymore, I had to go home. So I went to Qantas and said let me go home, that night I was on my way. I arrived in Sydney where I rang Phil who was surprised to hear from me, he got rid of the woman under the bed and met me at the airport, he even had flowers for me. I was home.

Friends if you get to Europe do so; it is so different from here. Bike riders are people and everyone seems to have one, even if 75% are mopeds. The roads in the mountains areas are great but the city areas avoid if you can. I was glad to get back home for the space we have but don't appreciate. In Europe every valley has a different village, not like here where you can ride for 120kms without seeing more than half a dozen houses, while going through mountains, as we did last weekend coming home from the Kos. Rally. One day I hope to take the family back and do it all on bikes, I wouldn't get so lonely and cut the trip short by two weeks as I did this one. Bye for now, your world traveller.

Robyn Duffy.

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### **GREENS CREEK** 30/10/83

Arriving at KBCP, I was surprised to see so few bikes, as the weather seemingly promised a nice day, and then I remembered it was the weekend of the Kosciusko Rally.

Green Creek, Greens Creek!!! Does anyone know where this place is? As I had the only map a "Greens Creek" was located, roughly between Stawell and Avoca, so we decided to head in that direction, not knowing for sure if the place on the map was the same as on the itinerary.

As I had the map I was nominated to lead the ride at least as far as Ballarat. So six bikes left KBCP out along Footscray Rd to Ballarat Rd. Obeying the speed limit all the way to Ballarat as the Western H/way was literally “crawling” with the Law.

The closer we got to Ballarat the colder it got. By the time we arrived we were all just about frozen. A stop for coffee, soup and whatever else was needed to thaw out, we decided our next leg of our ride.

Ben took over as leader. Out along the Sunraysia H/way turning off at Lexton and getting to Avoca via Talbot. At this point we decided to give Green Creek a miss, as by now the sky was really overcast. Avoca to Maryborough where we stopped for lunch at a picnic area.

After lunch Jack Youdan decided to return to Melbourne, so the remaining five continued on through the cold, I mean gold country to Dunolly, Tarnagulla, Laanecoorie and almost back to Dunolly, Ben decided it was time to consult the map again and realise we had gone almost in a full circle, so off at a tangent to Maldon and a stop at Castlemaine where Joanne was confronted by a man in the ladies loo – to the embarrassment of both – all quite innocent I might add.

From Castlemaine to Redesdale, Mia Mia and a 3km stretch of dirt down into Lancefield. We arrived at Essendon about 6pm after an approximately 450km round trip.

Ross (GT750)

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### **CHRIS YOUNG’S RIDE** 6/11/83

The weather forecast was for 25 degrees. Whether it was this or the prospect of good ride, 21 bikes turned up plus a few pillion passengers. I went to Lilydale and with others met the others when they came through. After 20 minutes it was off to Wandin on the Warburton road, thence to Healesville and Yarra Glen. From here it was to Coldstream and again to the Warburton Road. Via various back roads. A lot of these roads were narrow and with a rough surface. It was all beautiful country, so green after the recent drought. While it was not said Chris, a fast ride it was not according to me a slow ride, considering the road surface. In fact when on the road to Cockatoo Wayne’s top case flew off which must have provided a few interesting moments for the next rider as it bounced along the road.

After being at Cockatoo for 20 minutes, and it being announced it was time to go, someone decided they needed petrol while another had to go to the loo, so what’s new about this? From here it was via good but rough and dusty roads to the barbecue area at a state forest in Gembrook.

It was a good run with a lot of time put into it by Chris who went riding three times in the area looking for suitable roads, two trips alone and the other accompanied by Sue Jean, which is a bit different to some runs in the past, where the tour leader of the day gets out a map on the day of the run.

Mick Fagan put the brakes on himself a little, very little actually, by riding at 125. The good old days of Mick scraping plenty off a step-thru when cornering are gone. The idea of a medium ride, we did about 230 to 250km’s with a couple of hours for a barbecue or whatever is one which meets with my approval, let’s have more, as it gives people more of a chance to get together and socialise which is hardly possible on long runs.

We stopped at Emerald after leaving Gembrook which was decided on as a dispersal point, one reason there were too many cars for a good ride as we would get strung out, secondly it seemed to suit most as Gary and Andrea went across to Yarra Glen and Ted from there directly home. With the membership being well scattered geographically dispersal points need to be a fair way out.

Younger people will not remember that 10 years ago and beyond that, we always finished up in the heart of the city for coffee and farewell. Once it was in Russell St, and after that in a cafe in New Footscray Rd. In those days the city was not as large or members scattered so far.

That's it, a good day and ride plus companionship and a pleasant change for members of other clubs who get 5 to 6 members on a run, the BM Club or Four Owners which seem today to be more social or technical clubs.

Lloyd SX850 Yami, CX Honda Custom.

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## **THE ROADS TO THE NORTH**

The Northern Territory has now been self governing for over five years. It has a poise and confidence it never had before. Darwin has recovered from the cyclone; it is larger and wealthier than ever before. It is so rich and so full of people of all races and with its fly-over's and superb roads, it seems to be a real miniature Los Angeles.

The red soil, the beauty of Katherine's thirteen gorges and the magical magnificence of Ayres Rock are well known to Australians who have ventured to Australia's Outback, as the Territory number plated proclaim.

The Territory is as businesslike as Queensland; it is as friendly as Australians are supposed to be, a really polite place and its weather and deep blue sky are justifiably famous. However, visit it soon, for the place is getting polished and civilized.

The new standard gauge railway and luxury train is operating. The bitumen road from Melbourne to Darwin, via Townsville, and Mount Isa is open. Route 66 via Winton and Bourke is now bitumen except for one small gap and this should be closed in three years.

The road from Alice Springs to Ayres Rock (but not the Olgas) is now excellent new bitumen. The road to Katherine Gorge, to Lake Argyle, and Wyndham from Katherine is sealed and a new boat cruise has opened on the superb Victoria River, half way from Katherine to Lake Argyle and the great Ord River project. Do take a ride on it – the cliffs – awe inspiring.

The road from Katherine to Darwin is new and the creeks are bridged and the road is open all year. No more fords which closed in the wet summer. The winter is the time to see the Territory that is unless you like rain and tropical thunderstorms. From Darwin a splendid new road to Jabiru is open. It opens up the great Kakadu National Park, a world heritage area full of wonderful bird life, animals, crocodiles and superb vegetation and cliffs and mountains, waterfalls and the like. Jim Jim Falls is a popular area, but the bitumen does not go beyond Jabiru and four wheel drives are needed beyond there, but plenty of tour operators exist.

In my recent trip, I travelled from Barry's Caves on the Barkly Highway (Route 66) to the Tablelands Highway to Cape Crawford – nowhere near the sea – to join National Highway one to Daly waters and ultimately, Darwin. Between Barry's caves and Cape Crawford there is no petrol for 470 kilometres. It is truly a lonely road indeed, but the surface is excellent bitumen. It passes Burnet Downs, the largest cattle station in Australia and Macarthur Station on its lovely river. On this road you certainly get an idea of the vastness of Australia.

The Stuart Highway is in good condition all the way from Darwin to the Alice and on to the South Australian Border. It is being improved and the huge road trains are much less of a problem to overtake. No country had longer vehicles than the Northern Territory trains and trains between 100 and 150 metres long are very common.

The road to Kalgoorlie from Ayres Rock is seldom used but is open to ordinary cars. The road from Alice Springs to all its tourist things – all fantastic – are all bitumen, but the Tanami Desert Road is open to four wheel drive vehicles only.

The South Road to Adelaide from Ayres Rock and Alice Springs is sealed only to the border. It will be sealed by the end of 1987 and today reportedly in very bad condition. All bike riders and car drivers who had used it recently complained at how really bad it is. No wonder the Ghan express train had a whole van to carry motorcycles and there is a special ramp at the new Alice Springs Railway Station to load – and unload – the bikes. About fifty were seen ready to load when I visited the train, but I returned to Victoria via the bitumen through Western Queensland.

For those who are interested, the road from Bourke to Cunnamulla is superb bitumen throughout. The Royal Automobile Club of Victoria still had not heard of that!!!

National Highway One is soon sealed from Fitzroy Crossing to Halls Creek in Western Australia. Despite this gap, plenty of Western Australian vehicles are seen in the Territory having come up from Perth this way. It should be sealed throughout within two years. This will mean that it will be possible to go all around Australia on sealed roads. However, recently number One was extended to go from Cairns via Croydon, Normanton, Bourke town and Cape Crawford to Darwin making it a coastal road around Australia. However, from Croydon to Cape Crawford there is very little bitumen and the road is closed during summer in the 'wet'. Even in the dry it would be a very difficult section to cover. Most people use the all bitumen Flinders Highway from Townsville to Mount Isa and then 66 to Three Ways in Northern Territory.

You still need to carry water, and even in winter two children died this year after their mother's car broke down on the Tablelands Highway. (The mother came close to death and was found only at the last moment and this was in winter, in July this year!!!)

The Royal Flying Doctor Service covers the area, but away from the main roads, great care is still necessary as help would not be certain. It is still the Outback, even if it is fast being very civilized. Motorbikes should travel in a group and be in good condition, but, apart from the huge distances, there should be no undue problems travelling in the Territory by day. The huge number of dead animals on the side of the road show that it is very dangerous to travel at night.

Winter travel should pose fewer risks these days, but it still takes time to cover the long distances, and petrol stops are far and few between but petrol is generally available within bike ranges, with a few notable exceptions. Frewena has closed between Barry's Caves and Three ways leaving a gap of three hundred kilometres.

The Northern Territory is flooded by English, Canadian, New Zealand and American tourists. Australians can still be found. The scenery is always superb, and the colour is so rich and the greatest attraction to the traveller is that, outside of the towns there is no speed limit in the Northern Territory. It is a great place to ride, drive or even ride a camel. There are plenty of long haul bike riders to wave to or ride with and if you should have a problem, you would get plenty of help from the other riders I'm sure.

My suggestion: - Book your holidays, for July next year. Don't delay, for as the roads get even better you will find half of Victoria up there each winter.

Darren Room (GL 1100)

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**KOSCIUSKO RALLY**

Just a short story about my trip to the Kosciusko Rally. Phil and the boys and myself left Melbourne Friday afternoon a cold rainy type of day that made me wish I had stayed home by the fire. We arrived in Wodonga found a motel and showered after we had Chinese for tea and into a lovely bed with telly going. When we woke in the morning the weather had cleared and we pushed off to Corryong where there was a gathering of the gangs, ours and the touring club riff raff. We all pushed on to the rally site, which was a lovely river with snake infested treed area on the other side of it. Phil and I kicked Keith out of the spot he had selected because our tent was bigger than his and fitted into the spot he found. Our boys spent the rest of the day finding lizards to torture and the day flew by. Night fell out came the booze, a young chap who shall remain nameless had a bit too much and was most amusing for the rest of the night; he also had help form a more senior member. Between them they had Brenda, myself, Phil and Steve in stitches until Steve left to go to bed. I can't say sleep because we were making too much noise for anyone to get to sleep. The young chap was put to bed where we all went into say good night and he ended up sleeping in a cup of booze that the more senior member had spilt all over the tent. It was around 1.30 when Phil and I went to bed, when I got up next morning several of the members had already left for home. It was decided to go further up the road for this night's sleep so everyone packed up and off we went. Brenda, Keith and son, Steve and Wayne and the Duffy gang descended upon Jindabyne where a discussion was held and the result was everyone except Keith and son stayed in caravans for the night. A lovely shower then a hot meal and onto the card games for the night. At one time during the night Brenda heard a noise but wasn't to find out what it was until the morning, her bike had fallen over and hit the caravan breaking her screen. We had breakfast and headed off to join Keith at Buchan Caves. The road was very, how shall we say, interesting, Wayne saw the dirt form a close angle lucky he was going slow at the time. Several hours after we started we arrived at the caves, met Keith who had already gone through with an earlier tour so we went and had a tour through the caves then left to go onto Lakes Entrance. Brenda was left to find the last two caravans in captivity and we all settled down for another great night. After fish and chips for tea, a game or two of ping pong and also snooker we all met back at the caravans where more cards were played until tiredness took over. In the morning the group broke up into them and the outfits. Them left first, and we caught up to them in Morwell where they were having a cuppa. Phil and I sat down and had ours, somewhere we had lost Keith, the others left and I dragged Phil and the boys around to the TAB so I could lose my money on the Cup. When we got back to the bike a little note from Keith was waiting, he had pulled into a petrol station and we didn't see him. The rest of the trip home was quiet enough, and yes I lost my money. My thanks to the members of the club who combined together to make my weekend away so very enjoyable. I look forward to next year's rally and hope it is as good as the one just gone.

Robyn Duffy

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DON'T FORGET THERE IS NO

CLUB MEETING FOR JANUARY

SEE YOU ALL IN 1984

RIDE SAFELY

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