

## **JULY RUNS**

Sunday	3 <sup>rd</sup>	Apollo Bay (Mini Golf) 9am KBCP
Sunday	10 <sup>th</sup>	Alexandra 9am KBCP
Sunday	17 <sup>th</sup>	Labertouche (Rail Bike Hire) 9am KBCP
Sunday	24 <sup>th</sup>	Dwyer's Dawdle 9am KBCP
Sunday	31 <sup>st</sup>	Lake Mountain 9am KBCP

## **AUGUST**

Friday	5 <sup>th</sup>	General Meeting Club Hall 8.15pm
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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT MAGAZINE 22<sup>nd</sup> July 1983

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## **SOCIAL SECRETARY'S REPORT**

Same old story; I would like to say thanks to those who helped with dishes, voluntary or otherwise, and the preparation of supper. Big thanks to the Duffy's, Verdon's, Morgan's and Ross King with their help of the Progressive Dinner. I enjoyed my time on the Committee, (well most of the time), and I hope Brenda does.

Chris Young

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## **AUCTION NIGHT - AUGUST**

The August meeting is our Auction night, so now is the time to start digging in all those nooks and crannies for all those unwanted items that you no longer have any use for.

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## **TASSIE TRIP 27/2/84**

Cost of trip is \$139.00, deposit \$40.00

See Steve Verdon for more details.

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## **"MALDON" or "JUST THE TWO OF US"**

Quite a nice morning riding down the road singing to myself, which is usual. If people only knew a fabulous talent just going to waste. Anyway that's what I keep telling folks, but nobody seems interested. Frank was first on the scene looking fighting fit and the B.M looking equally good after a shine up. "Did ya hear the forecast?" says I. "Yep" says he! Rain, wind, hail, fog – that's the good news. Bad news was for me – a bloody great rip in the crotch of my waterproofs.

9.30, 9.45, 10am – time to blast off. No more starters. Frank as leader, me tail rider, or was that me leader and Frank as back marker? Who cares?? Would you believe the forecast was spot on? Spot after spot appeared on the visor. Then someone turned on the tap or were we riding through a car was? Should have known there are three things that bring rain – clouds, winter and weekends. There's buggar all to say about the scenery because the visor was continually fogging up, but all was not lost I hear tell there is a helmet that actually lets you see where you are going even on the coldest day, made by "Stadium". Apparently a slide on top of the chin piece opens and/or closes

internal vents letting the air out via a slot on the left of the visor. It is made by the “poms” who have at least one or two cold days a year.

The town of Maldon is one place that hasn't changed for years. It's almost as if it's been locked in a time capsule. There's the Butcher, the Baker and the Candlestick maker all covered in cobwebs and tourist dollars. We would have liked to have a good look around. It's a real nice little town but we were a wee bit damp. Floating back to Castlemaine, the road was almost free of traffic – ‘great stuff’. When we passed Mt. Franklin I'm sure I saw a gigantic hand holding an equally gigantic bottle of mineral water (T.V. watchers would understand) on top of the Mount.

Castlemaine, Trentham, Blackwood, then towards home. Stopped and had a chat with Frank who was going to stop over at my place for a hot drink, but every time he moved he squelched, so being a wise fellow he decided that it would be better to go straight home and dry out before rigormortis set in. Riding in those conditions was, for me, a good experience and being no expert in the art of bike riding I need all the experience I can get.

That's all folks.

See Ya..Tony

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### **CLUB RUN SUNDAY 22<sup>nd</sup> MAY**

This was a late start (9.30am) and for those of you who looked out at the fog that morning and made the decision to stay at home – you made the wrong decision! No fog, only sunshine, at KBCP and it stayed that way all day for the 350km run. With 10 bikes or so, led by Keith's 3,000km BMW R65S (silver, not red, is so right for a German bike), it was out the freeway to Romsey, Mia Mia on bumpy but sealed roads, then Castlemaine for a picnic-in-the-gardens lunch. We didn't really stop in Maldon but at the mountain lookout through it, the views were all sunshine and the “fogbound” members at home missed it.

The home run over the winding Woodend – Mt. Macedon road had us all concentrating to keep up with the leaders – no time for scenery gazing although the fires have made for depressing viewing anyway. Before we finish this run report let us go right back to Romsey and set the following scene (scenario?). The 10 club bikes get flashes, form oncoming car lights, not raincoat wearers, approaching Romsey. Crossing the speed trap wires at strictly the 75 & 60kph limits, we stop in Romsey only 50 metres past the police squad (well only two officers) poised for happy bookings.

The Maurie Quincey Honda run was also on May 22<sup>nd</sup> and they came through Romsey only 10 minutes after we stopped – over the wires and past the police-----the whole 100 plus of them! Imagine the Officer's frustration watching this procession and as one said, we can't book anyone as too many are crossing the wires at once. However as motorcyclists tend to be a win-one-lose-one bunch, we wonder how many got booked on the way back. Thanks to Faye and Geoff for the eats and drinks when the run ended at their Sunbury home.

P.S. imagine again 100 bikes over the limit through a speed trap and none booked – magic stuff!

Jack Youdan.

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### **STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS (WILSONS PROM)**

It was the type of weather that invited you to stay at home. (Dull, overcast and raining). Curling up in front of an open fire with a good book, (or a nice guy and a great bottle of wine) seemed a better

idea. I haven't an open fire so I must get a video-tape of a burning log fire place to supplement the videotape I have of a fish tank.

Oh well. No fire, no video, no guy, no bottle of wine; might as well go to Wilson's Promontory as scheduled. Wayne was to have pillioned me down but as his bike was ill we went down in my limousine (they do have their uses). Off we went toward Cranbourne to catch up with any other fools without an open fire. Brenda, Keith Harris and Gary Lloyd were waiting there and I countered their comments about cars and 'fair-weather bikers' with remarks about fan driven heaters and music. We were to have turned off at Meeniyan but someone flashed on to foster with others in pursuit. The road into and down the Prom is a great bike road. At Tidal River we warmed up on hot food and coffee, before setting up camp. Strangely enough, there's only one sheltered communal fire place to serve the whole camping area. Tents were pitched close to this fire place and we set off for a walk along the beach. By now Big D had arrived and joined us on our walk. Unfortunately, Brenda hadn't been able to contact Gary to tell him that the expected cabin accommodation was off so he arrived without a tent. After teasing him about how cold it would be on the camp table it was arranged that he's bunk in with Keith.

The parrots around the camp are quite tame and gather in flocks at the promise of food. They'll sit all over you and as Gary found, shit all over you without embarrassment or apology. At dusk we invaded the shelter crowding around the roaring fire. To conduct the "Betty Sydney Most Outrageous Jaffle Competition". Brenda managed to turn out what appeared to be a four gallon drum of macaroni and cheese. Speaking of Gary and birds, he enjoyed himself chatting up two from London, who were travelling around Australia. As they were heading back to Melbourne next day I offered them a lift. We all retired around midnight and spent a good part of the night wondering whether the wind would succeed in pulling the tent pegs out of the sandy soil. Sunday morning was wet. Packing up in the rain wasn't my idea of fun

On the return journey we all pitted into my cousins place at Stoney Creek (and thereby double the population), for a welcome cup of coffee and buns. Cranbourne saw another stop. Funny how the cold weather has that effect. From there we individually made our way home. The Prom is a great place. Cabins would have been better at that time of year though. Must get that video.

Chris

Now proud owner of Suzuki GSX 400

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### **PROGRESSIVE DINNER '83**

Saturday afternoon I left home about 4.45pm and rode over to Chris's place. I decided to go to the "Progressive Dinner" in a quadrocycle with Chris, Wayne and Sue for company. We arrived at KBCP about 5.45. Keith Harris also rolled up in his Alfa. At 6pm we all gathered round and Mick was elected to lead to the first port of call; Phil and Robyn Duffy's for soup. The bikes took off with the cars following behind of course and we had an uneventful trip to Sunshine.

Arriving slightly hungry, we helped ourselves to steaming bowls of warming liquid. Three choices to be exact. French Onion, Tomato and Celery, and Chicken vegetable. Mick avoided the chicken broth being allergic to chicken. We didn't mind, all the more for us. This was topped off with crusty French bread sticks. Well done Phil and Robyn. Ann and Tony Daly arrived at 7pm and Keith and Teddy went straight from home to Sunshine. With the baby sitter engaged, Phil and Robyn hopped on the Kawa 13 and led the ride to the next port of call. Steve Verdons for main course.

We in the quadrocycles arrived before the bikes and headed straight for the pot belly stove. Steve had a billiard table converted into a food table and the spread was magnificent. Full marks to Mrs

Verdon and Cathy for the wonderful job they did. Another fire was lit outside and it was nice and relaxing to sit and talk after the filling main course. Cathy even had her lolly machine out and filled with smarties, hoping to make some money on the side. Faye, Geoff and Peter P had arrived for the main course and Faye and Geoff led the ride to their home at Sunbury for dessert.

I jumped in Keith's Alfa for a fast and slightly hair raising journey to Sunbury. Dessert was fantastic with Pavlova, Trifle, fruit salad, lemon meringue pie, cheese cake etc and a big tub of ice cream to top it off. Faye had excelled herself again and Geoff had better beware that someone doesn't snatch her away. After we sharpened the old sweet tooth we headed to Ross King's place at Essendon, for coffee. Peter P and Sue joined us in the Alfa and strange words and shrills could be heard coming from the back seat. Could it be that Sue doesn't like the way Keith drives? We all crowded into the kitchen and helped ourselves to coffee, tea and port. With lots of different conversations going on, the night ended on a good note. I would just like to congratulate all of the people who put on the food for the night. Robyn and Phil Duffy: Soup. Steve Verdon and family: Main course. Faye and Geoff: Dessert. Ross King: coffee. Last but not least Chris Young for organising the whole night. The food was great and all those concerned did a terrific job. I can only add that next year I hope I will be able to keep up the good work.

Cheers. Brenda BMW R65 Social Secretary.

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### **PRINTING PROBLEMS**

It's happened again!!!! GODDAMN and BLAST!!!%\$\*\*\* Just as we establish a good rapport with a printer, he goes and does a disappearing trick. So now you know why the new itinerary isn't available yet.

SO DON'T BLOODY ASK

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### **NOTICE OF MOTION**

Notice is hereby given of my intention to move an amendment to the constitution, at the August General Meeting. The proposed amendment is the removal of section 4(c).

Keith Finlay

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### **AUCTION NIGHT**

The club auction for 1983 will be held on the night of the September General Meeting. For those of you newer members who may not be familiar with "AUCTION NIGHT", this is when you get the chance to sell all your unwanted belongings – with the emphasis on motorcycling, and the opportunity to 'pickup' a real bargain.

REMEMBER: Yu set the reserve price on the items you bring along. The club only makes 10% of the selling price.

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NOTE: Fees are due and payable as of last month. \$10 each.

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