

JUNE RUNS

Friday 3rd General Meeting (Slide Night) Club Hall 8.15pm
Sunday 5th Verdon's Folly 9,00am KBCP
Sunday 12th Erskin Falls 9.00am KBCP
Sunday 19th Nagambie 8.30am KBCP
Sunday 26th Lal Lal Falls 9.00am KBCP

JULY

Friday 1st General Meeting Club Hall 8.15pm

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT MAGAZINE IS 19/6/83

MOTORCYCLE REPAIRS & SERVICE
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IAN 870-6361

NEW MEMBER

The club would like to welcome the following new member:-

Hans Wurster
21 Medford St,
Altona, 3018
Phone 398-5575
Suzuki GSX1100EZ

FEES ARE NOW DUE AND PAYABLE \$10

MOTORCYCLE TOURING CLUB OF VICTORIA STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS 1/5/82 to 30/4/83

RECEIPTS

| | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------|
| Membership | \$369.00 |
| Supper Proceeds | 208.73 |
| Raffle Proceeds | 138.60 |
| Oil products sales | 433.00 |
| Christmas Party | 476.00 |
| Auction receipts | 203.00 |
| Cheque and term deposit interest | 56.22 |
| Sale of T-shirts and windcheaters | 57.00 |
| Sale of badges and stickers | <u>67.50</u> |
| | 2009.05 |
| Deficit | <u>478.86</u> |

2488.91

PAYMENTS

| | | |
|--------------------------|---------------|----------------|
| Printing – Itineraries | \$227.54 | |
| Stationery | 60.81 | |
| Magazines | <u>298.08</u> | \$586.43 |
| Hall hire | | 130.00 |
| Supper Costs | | 138.54 |
| Raffle Prizes | | 104.50 |
| Oil Products purchases | | 428.48 |
| Door Prizes | | 64.79 |
| Postal Expenses | | 72.95 |
| MRA Exhibition | | 185.00 |
| MRA Donation | | 43.05 |
| Christmas Party | | 548.00 |
| Auction-sellers proceeds | | 160.00 |
| Sundries | | <u>27.17</u> |
| | | <u>2488.91</u> |

| | | |
|---------------------------|--|----------------|
| Cash Book Balance 1/5/82 | | \$880.16 |
| Receipts | | 2009.05 |
| Payments | | <u>2488.91</u> |
| Cash Book Balance 30/4/83 | | <u>400.30</u> |

(Includes Interest Bearing Deposit of \$300)

Although finishing a financial year with a deficit is not a good result, it is true to say that allowing funds to accumulate without doing anything useful with them is also not a good aim. The major reason for the deficit was the club's decision to participate in the MRA Exhibition in October; personally, I thought this was worthwhile in public relations, even if there was no significant tangible result in the form of new members. This expense, unlike most of our other expenses, could not be, at least in part, recovered.

Membership declined by 19 over the previous year and is currently 61; however, those who did not renew are almost entirely people who no longer take an active interest in the club, so maybe that is not a matter of particular concern. We should still be watching for active new recruits, as that helps spread the expenses, some of which apply regardless of how few (or many) of us there are.

It seems that the club's good fortune in having had friends in the printing industry has come to an end, as this is now a major expense item. Itineraries, magazines, hall hire and postal expenses at \$728 were nearly double the amount collected in membership fees, but these costs were offset by fundraising activities. Some printing costs, e.g. typesetting, should be a once only cost. It is clear that our \$6 full membership fee is too low and has not been adjusted for inflation for quite a few years. I suggest that it be increased to \$9 pa, with associates \$4.50pa.

To those members who arranged fundraising activities, thank you. They are worthy of our support, because we have to relieve you of money somehow and their ways are usually less painful!

Peter Dwyer
Treasurer.

TAWONGA CAMPING WEEKEND

Saturday morning saw Peter Dwyer, Peter P, Chris Bullen, Ben Warden and myself gathered outside the Fawkner Cemetery for what promised to be a cold and wet weekend at Tawonga. As it was wet it was decided to travel up the Hume H/way and across from Oxley to Tawonga. It rained all the way from Wallan to Winton, where we stopped for hot soup and sandwiches. It was then that Chris, alias tunnel vision rode straight past us.

The four of us arrived at Tawonga around 1pm and set up camp at the caravan park which would be a great site in summer with the river flowing through it. Ben then left for home as he only came for the day ride, while the three of us left sat around talking.

The ride from Mt Beauty to Falls Creek is well worth the trip and made a good way to finish the weekend. The weekend was made well worth it by the beautiful scenery of the Kiewa Valley and the good roads even though it was a little wet.

No Name Supplied

BEAR GULLY RALLY

The weekend of April 30th to May 1st the offsidiers MCC held the Bear Gully Rally 24km south of Tarwin Lower. The Rally site is one of those hard to get to places which is accessible by only one road which starts off as a wide gravel affair, but it gradually thins down and becomes deceptively smooth looking sandy tracks, only trouble is, the sand is at least a foot deep. The only way to go is by walking along and staying in the one wheel rut, once through the track and after dropping your bike at least once you are rewarded by a picturesque site which is virtually on the beach.

The Bear Gully is a fairly quiet rally, but the usual few still have their doughnut competitions and shouting matches. The variety of bikes makes you wonder how some of them make it in, even a Z1300 with chair and trailer managed it.

Steve Verdon, Brenda and Mark and Chris all attended and we all enjoyed ourselves.

No name supplied.

DRYCREEK CRYSTAL MINES

All week Gary and I, especially I, hoped it wouldn't rain, as we went through the run the previous Sunday to see what the condition of the dirt road leading into the mines was like. It was a bit muddy but we thought if it didn't get worse it would be alright. A lot of 4 W/D vehicles use the road and it gets churned up in winter.

Sunday morning was overcast, but not cold, a usual autumn day, so we left eagerly for Lilydale. Some club members were already there and those that came from town arrived about 10.20am thirteen riders showed up so we headed towards the Black Spur with Gary leading and Big "D" as rear rider. Keith joined us outside Coldstream rounding the number off to fourteen (not that that brought us luck). Just before Healesville it poured, and I thought I was smart putting my wet weather trousers in Gary's bag.

It was an uneventful ride through the Spur, well for em, as I didn't see many of the members till I got to Bonnie Doon. Just short of Alexandra we turned left down a narrow bitumen road, which takes you out at Molesworth, from there it was straight to Bonnie Doon for our first stop, (drink, food, petrol etc).

A few kilometres down the road was the turn off to the mines, the road was a bit wet, but no troubles, only the occasional spin or slide of the back wheel, as it was up hill most of the way. Gary attended to the B.B.Q while the rest of us explored the mines, and those that were game enough ventured inside, naturally it started to rain again. After lunch a game of cricket was attempted (everyone's bike was hit at least once) Robyn and I went down the road to have a look at the remains of an old pub and its English garden set in the bush, you'd never notice it if it wasn't for the huge chestnut trees in the middle of it. In the general area were a lot of dug up bottle dumps, unfortunately with only broken bottles left.

It was about 2.30pm when we started back, the road had turned to slush after the rain, which didn't make it much fun for some of the bigger bikes going back down the hill. (If you're intending to go to the Alpine, this would have been good practice).

It's not often you get to ride your bike at the bottom of a weir, so on the way back Gary took us under the Bonnie Doon bridge, a sight for itself. After a few pictures and more mud we stopped in the town for coffee. We left about 4.30pm and headed straight back to Yarra Glen where it was coffee and biscuits at our place, the club dispersed from there.

Andrea 250 RS.

OVERSEAS HOLIDAY (part 2)

Singapore to London with a short stop over at Bahrain in the Persian Gulf was the next leg of our "round the world" journey.

We arrived at London's Heathrow Airport at 6.30 in the morning. Even at this hour the airport was jammed and packed with people. Using the "Underground" it took only 40 minutes to arrive in central London. The best ways of travelling in this city are on foot, motorcycle or the underground, a car is more trouble than it is worth with the usual parking problems and traffic jams on a scale that we just do not encounter in Melbourne. For traffic chaos the ultimate is to negotiate Hyde Park Corner or Marble Arch intersections in the peak hour. Buses, cars, pushbikes, motorbikes, semi-trailers all moving in a gigantic circle, at the same time cutting each other off.

In London, Motorcycle Courier Services are big business, with literally hundreds of bikes performing this service. Most of the bikes are fitted with two way radio and cover the central London area.

In "The Strand" near Australia House is one area where the couriers wait for calls, and on most mornings there would be at least 100 to 150 bikes gathering for a day's work. This scene is duplicated at a number of places all over London. In London for a week where we visited most of the tourist sites, Tower of London, Crown Jewels and all that, British Museum, St Pauls, Trafalgar Square etc, etc. Having visited London, the new famous quote of Dr Johnsons "When one is tired of London, one is tired of life" really has some meaning.

Travelling around England in a clockwise direction with our first stop at Canterbury, famous for its old town and Cathedral where Thomas A' Beckett was murdered. Onto Dover, Brighton, Portsmouth and a visit to Nelson's ship "HMS Victory" – still the flagship of the Royal Navy. To Salisbury and a look at nearby Stonehenge – a remarkable structure. (In all of my travels, it was here that I saw the only GT750).

Into Devon the home of "Devonshire Teas" absolutely delicious with clotted cream. From Devon to Cornwall then north to the magnificent Roman but more lately Georgian, city of Bath. Further north into the Cotswolds with many quaint picturesque villages, then west to Wales which is quite

mountainous compared with the rest of Britain. Wales has a number of narrow gauge steam railways which provided some interesting side trips, one in particular to the slate caverns at Festiniog, high in the mountains of Snowdonia.

After a visit to Canarvan, east of England and the industrial town of Stoke-on-Trent where the Belstaff factory is located. Visited Belstaff and came away with a set of bike gear at a much reduced price – well worth the visit.

Continued north through the Lake District then into Scotland travelling as far as Inverness via Edinburgh, Dunkeld and the Grampians (sounds familiar). Past Loch Ness – no monster to be seen, returning to London via York with its fantastic railway museum, Lincoln – Robin Hood country and Cambridge – University town with a short visit to Windsor Castle (she wasn't receiving visitors from the colonies this day).

Arrived back in London after touring Britain for four weeks and prepared to visit Paddy Murphy in Ireland, the next part of the journey.

Ross King.

TAWONGA 23 – 25/4/83

Fawkner Cemetery – not a very inspiring place to start a run, even less so with the rain and promise of more to come. However, five prospective travellers awaited the camping weekend at Tawonga and we set out at a sedate pace along the Hume, where the Law are ever watchful. Fortunately, this time they were more interested in the car drivers. Heavy showers en route made us glad to reach the first stop – Winton roadhouse – and a coffee break; however, one of the group must have been mesmerised by the road (or following a pretty car passenger?) and went straight past, never to be seen again (well, not that weekend, anyway).

After drying out in the cafe, we were ready to get wet again and tackle the last leg to Tawonga via Myrtleford and some slippery sections of road works over the scenic range into the Kiewa Valley. Here, we thought one of our group had perished, but had only run low on petrol.

Tawonga Caravan Park was a welcome sight, but the dark clouds and mist everywhere decided us on taking an on-site van as well as the tent sites-at least, it was somewhere to gather rather than just crawl into a tent (your own, naturally!). A brief inspection of the Kiewa River was about all we could do, as it was quite dark about 5pm and the best move was retire to the van. One rider was only present for the day and left for Melbourne via some circuitous back roads around Whitfield – glad it was him and not me! Meanwhile, our missing camper was, we discovered much later, camped on the other side of the river, as he arrived before us and thought we had gone somewhere else.

The evening meal was at the Bogong Hotel – expensive and just so-so; not only was it the only eatery in the area, but they had bought out the former takeaway in town. Oh, to be a monopoly! Sunday was still wet and I had to go home anyway; however, I believe one member stayed on until Monday not sure what diversions he found!

All in all, not a very successful weekend, in terms of either weather or attendance. Surprising so few turned up when there appeared to be quite a demand for camping. Although I had been to Tawonga one a previous summer camp and found it very pleasant, it is evident, in hindsight, that cold weather runs where we cannot have a campfire (not allowed to Tawonga) are not a good choice.

Peter Dwyer

LOST LONG WEEKEND AT HALL'S GAP

FRIDAY – day 1

The day dawned fresh and crisp and I hastily checked my last minute packing. I'm sure I put the kitchen sink in the night before.

At the car park 12 braved the freshness of the morning. I personally was wearing everything I brought. The 8am sharp start became 8.30 sharp as Ted our leader wanted to give any late starters more time. There were frantic petrol fill ups and eventually we left.

Jack and Steve were coming up for the day ride. They are either really enthusiastic or insensible to pain. Oh well! Back at the ranch, we headed out of Melbourne and onto the highway, skilfully dodging the traffic. We managed to get well ahead of the cars until we heard the call of bladders. It's amazing what cold weather does. While we lined up we watched the traffic pass by.

Feeling better we again set off for Zumsteins in the Grampians. Someone (who will remain anonymous) forgot to go at Ballarat, who wants to go camping anyway. We turned off at Halls Gap for Zumsteins. Nice windy roads except for the fine gravel on the road. A few were sliding around corners.

After finding the camp manager and smiling nicely Chris inquired about our booking. What booking he said. He had replied to our letter saying the park didn't take bookings for unpowered sites. I'd murder the secretary, but it's me. Sorry, the letter must have arrived within two weeks of our camp trip. Chris and I disappointingly trudged to the phone box to make a booking in Hall's Gap. Luck! After sweet talking the manager about how nice and quiet we all were, we returned to Hall's Gap. The mix up turned out to be a blessing in disguise. Nice grassy sites tucked away in a corner. Quickly we unpacked, and tent city arose.

Everyone was feeling energetic (so he went home) that we decided to walk into town and check out the town and the talent. Every man and his dog was there. It was worse than Bourke St. There was a fold festival on Sunday. After munching, drinking and buying groceries (some wanted to buy the shop out) we wearily walked home. It was better fun going to town.

Back at camp a shower seemed to be a great idea. Chris and I had showers that ran hot, cold or not at all. Brenda said her shower was wonderful. We might not speak to her later. Mick and Joy had arrived earlier and were comfortable settled. With no camp fire due to particular camp specifications we adjourned to Chris and Brenda's tent for a game of cards, with the help of Wayne's fluoro light. The camp had settled down early for the night. We were the only night owls.

SATURDAY – Day 2

The camp rose early – too early. It was decided to ride to S.A to look at a cave at Naracoorte, with Wayne leading (well, most of the time) we somehow managed to find our way over the countryside. Thank goodness I made a will. Some were really buzzing down the road. The Fossil cave was recommended and proved to be very interesting, but too crowded. Back to Naracoorte for lunch and a leisurely relax in the park. Time to trek homeward. We stopped at Zumsteins to watch the kangaroos feeding. A moving experience.

Brenda, Chris, Ted, Wayne and I had booked in for dinner that night at the local motel. (some people don't like their own cooking). After invading the gentile atmosphere, we totally disrupted

everyone with our witty conversation and our charming personalities. The food was good, the wind, superb and the company perfect. Great time had by all.

Back to camp and a smouldering fire (approved). We built up the fire and contemplated the day. At about 2am after keeping the camp awake we hit the sack.

SUNDAY – Day 3

The camp awoke to a sunny morning and bushwalking seemed to be the best way to enjoy it. We waved goodbye to Robyn and Michael. Dressed in bare essentials we set off for the bushwalking point (I forgot the name). T-shirts, rucksacks and sand shoes advanced onto the bus trails. It was invigorating and enjoyable to be out on such a wonderful day. Brenda was striding out in front with her long legs and Ted was not even warmed up. The views over the Grampians and surrounding countryside were spectacular.

We found a very friendly Koala who seemed unperturbed about our intrusion on his privacy. After a few tentative pats and some close up snap shots we left him alone for the next group. We lunched on sultanas, fruit bars and apples. Anyway back to the bikes and on to the Silverband Falls. There was only a small stream of water. Ted attempted to climb the rock face but it was too slippery. Back to camp and the showers. We said goodbye to Ted our enthusiastic rock climber. The fire was soon roaring and we sat around it trying to get warm, the camp settled down for the night.

MONDAY – Day 4

Monday came and so did the rain, it wasn't going to let up so we decided to pack up. With everything wet we headed for home. Brenda, Chris, Mark, Frank and I kept well together going home. The rain never stopped. I don't know about the others but us girls were wet through it took a long time to warm up. I think my bike is slowly rusting away. Nevertheless, I believe everyone had a good time and I look forward to next Easter's camp.

Susan Jean.