

MARCH RUNS

Sunday 6th Lyre Bird Forest (Morwell) KBCP 9am
Sunday 13th Jubilee Regatta (Daylesford) KBCP 9am
Sunday 20th Melville Caves (Some Dirt Roads) Note early start KBCP 8.30am
Sunday 27th Cape Paterson KBCP 9.30am

APRIL

Friday 15th General meeting club hall 8.15pm.

CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT MAGAZINE IS THE 1st APRIL 1983

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

Brian Entwisle
6 Carnsworth Ave
Kew, 3101
Phone 862 2111
BMW R100RT

WANTED – CARPENTER

To repair fire escape stairway on receipt, and approval of, a suitable quote, see Keith Finlay.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

To be held as usual, in May and now is the time to start thinking of who you want to run the club over the next twelve months. We are now open for nominations

SERVICE DAY 7/5/83

44 Piper St, Fawkner.
Host – Marc Sulot

PROGRESSIVE DINNER

WANTED: someone to do coffee. Ring Christine Yound on 531 7003

DATE – 21st May
PRICE – \$5 per person
CHILDREN – \$2.50
MORE DETAILS LATER

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Christine Young
46 Byron St
ELWOOD
Phone 531 7003

RAFFLE

PRIZE – Space Blanket (value approx \$16)
TICKETS – 20c each or 6 for \$1.00
DRAWN – April Meeting
See Christine Young or Marc Sulot.

FAMILY DAY 17/4/83

The annual Family day has been planned for this date. The idea was to visit FIRTH PARK in the Wombat State Forest but at the time of printing this mag we are not sure whether or not Firth Park still exists. We may have to make a last minute change of venue so check your next mag for details. An appropriate map will be printed in the April mag.

ITINERARY

It was hoped that the April to July itinerary would be available tonight but unfortunately our printer has gone Kaput, so throwing a spanner in the works. Just to whet your whistle a little, there is to be a family day in April, a visit to the Labertouche Trail Bike Park in July and a camping weekend (Grampians?) thrown in for good measure.

WHAT'S YOUR ADDRESS

We are currently compiling a new membership list to be printed and distributed to all members, but we suspect a few have moved and have not advised us of revised address and phone number. Are you up to date? Let's know please. Likewise, have you changed your bike recently? It appears that lots of us are initially recognised by the bike, rather than the person (???), so bring that up to date too.

T-SHIRTS-WINDCHEATERS

The club is willing to order a supply of T-shirts provided sufficient members are interested to make it a viable proposition. If you would like same, let the Committee know – approx \$6 each. Windcheaters are available on order only – approx \$16 and a \$5 deposit will be required.

Both the above are available in Blue, Black and Red, and of course have the club logo printed thereon.

WHO IS THE MALE INVITING ALL THE FEMALES OUT????

MARYSVILLE

Sunday, January the 9th awoke to be a fine day with no rain and just a few clouds about. The ride was to Marysville, leaving KBCP at approximately 10am, with 16 or so bikes turning up. I came along on the back of my brother Geoff's R100RS. He came down from Townsville during the Christmas period, to spend time with the family and generally have a holiday. Vince Green was appointed to lead the ride, on his new RS100 (Black). Rumour has it that his Honda Turbo and Goldwing are for sale at Peter Stevens. He must have decided that BMW is the only way to go.

We headed off down Beach Rd to South Rd, then on to the Nepean Highway, then across country, coming round the back way into Gembrook. Through Warburton we headed up the Reefton Spur. I sat back and relaxed enjoying the scenery. Geoff took it fairly easy going up the Spur because he did not know the road at all and there seemed to be a lot of debris about. Pieces of bark, sticks and leaves, which made some corners quite tricky. We hit dirt just before Marysville, which I am told by some, was quite slippery in some places. Into Marysville we stopped for lunch. Vince and Peter left about half an hour later and so Ted was appointed the new leader with Peter P. rear rider. When lunch was over we headed off again, coming home through the Black Spur. I must say some riders do take quite a few changes on this and narrow road, giving the car drivers and myself a few scares. I wonder whether it is worth it???

We arrived in Lilydale and dispersed from there. My brother let me ride home with him on the back. I really enjoyed it as it's completely different from my "250". My brother was very impressed with the way the ride was held, leader, rear rider, corner markers etc, and he hopes to come on a few more rides the next time he is down. A good day had by all.

Brenda GSX 250

TREASURE HUNT

Sunday the 6th of February was the Treasure Hunt. With the "250" not running very well, I became navigator for Kevin Robertson in his four wheeler "Moke". We arrived at Lilydale to find Steve Verdon, armed with questionnaires, pencils etc.

Slowly people started arriving from the City, each was handed a big white envelope, with the questions, an envelope to open only if you got lost, and of course a trusty pencil. Mick and Joy set off first, with some ten minutes approximately between each rider leaving. Some of the questions were very tricky and some were not consecutive, but we couldn't have it too easy, could we?

The treasure hunt started towards Warrandyte, then on to Christmas Hills and Yarra Glen, finally arriving at Steve Verdon's "SHANTY" at Glenburn.

It was a very hot day and was hard going for those who did not have a pillion to help. It has been said that at the Yarra Glen Cemetery when looking for a grave, someone yelled out "Here it is, Here it is", for all to hear. Well all I can say is that who wants to run around a cemetery, of all places, on a stinking hot day, with the buzzing of flies as music. Wayne Fitzsimons, Steve Verdon and Peter Dwyer arranged everything and I must congratulate them on a fine effort. Especially Wayne, who's generosity, gave us free drink, food and two great carry bags as prizes for the winners. This was all paid out of his own pocket, and I would just like to say thank you Wayne for your generosity, kindness and thoughtfulness.

Ross “GSX 1100” and his lad came out with the top score, closely followed by Mick and Joy, who were the first to leave and the last to arrive. They must have gone through everything very carefully. All together it was a very successful day with a good attendance, good food, drink and company and a little creek to escape to from the hot sun.

Cheers, Brenda. GSX 250

CLUBMAN RALLY

The Club’s run on Australia Day weekend was attendance at this Rally, held yet again on the river at Jingellic NSW – one of the best rally sites so why change? As it gets more popular every year, with 1500 – 1600 bodies, early arrivals are getting to the rally site earlier each year – understand all that? This year our club had to be spread throughout the site as all the best (shady beside the river) spots were gone by the Thursday.

However we soon knew who was beside the big gum due east of the toilets, who was near the 4 owners flag, etc, etc. This is a very orderly rally with the minimum noise content on Saturday night – Sunday morning, although a certain editor and captain of the certain club (ours!) had a go at livening it up at 12.30 am with an interchange of what is noisy and what is not – made noise doing that too, but it was all in good fun.

A new aspect of rallies was the area reserved for families and it was interesting to wander over on Sunday morning and view varied life styles of this elite species – rumour has it that next year a viewing platform will be provided for us spectators!

Speaking of Sunday,)no we will not write of the “usual award presentations”), someone in the club got the bright idea for a club run and after many decisions on go and no-go, complete with much map reading and distance calculations, a group of club members took off for a place (we cannot remember the name of). Sad to say they did not make it, but they got as far as the Jingellic Hotel for a counter lunch, a whole 8km from the Rally site! Well not much else to say about this pleasant club outing except those returning home in Monday’s plus 40° heat probably wished they were still in the cold river back at Jingellic.

Jack Youdan.

AN ART FORM?

As members, we go on many club runs designed to keep us busy on bike maintenance for hours.

A large part of this work can be cleaning (polishing even) and dirt roads provide plenty dust, or mud, for the purpose of.

Trying too hard to keep the machine in as-new condition, for “unimportant” reasons like resale value, can be just that, trying. As one member put it, “spend all Saturday cleaning and one hour Sunday dirtying it”.

Well members, here is an outline of the effort needed to raise the subject to an art form. As Pluto (no not the dog) said

“It is almost as noble to restore and preserve as it is to create”.

1. Wash and scrub with detergent – leaves everything streaky and those black engines still a tan colour – 1 hour.
2. Coat seat and all rubber/vinyl parts with preservative – draw the line at tyre side walls – ½ hour
3. Wax all painted surfaces and polish – find all the bits you missed in the wheels and re-do – 1 ½ hours
4. With Golding's Glow polish (laboriously) uncoated alloy – yes we know the Japs are now covering much with plastic, get into this with vinyl polish – 1 hour (2 hours with much alloy)
5. Polish fairing screen and light lenses with Mr Sheen stuff, use visor polish if scuffed – ½ hour
6. Spot paint any chips found (they will be found) – ½ hour
7. With petrol/oil mix, paint every nook and cranny of black engine to make it look black – ½ hour
8. Go on Sunday dirt run and destroy it all (well almost)

The above does not include cleaning up oil seeps, weeps or leaks and if you say you can do it in less than the 5 ½ hours you are just not into this as an art form.

There is of course a “Final Solution” – keep the as – new bike at home and buy a never – to – be – cleaned machine for riding!

Jack Youdan.

BUCKLAND VALLEY

Marc had left Christmas morning for the Buckland Valley, and Brenda and I headed off in the afternoon. Our ride was rather slow. Yes we sat on the limit most of the way. Well...., to Benalla. Brenda, same old story had no P's on and I was on the 450 Suzi. While stopped in Benalla we met a couple called Fred and Anne who were also heading to the valley, they then set camp up just near us.

On arriving we found that Marc had the two tents up. Oh well, nothing else to do but sit back and enjoy ourselves. Shit a little bastard just bit me. (The jumping ants and bull ants were having a feast). Many things similar to this were said over the next two weeks, as many people were stung, Brendon had to rescue little Jody who found herself standing on a next screaming for help, Fagan was nearly bitten somewhere within the front of his shorts and Allan, a Danish guy on a BMW from S.A. had a friendly little chap nip him on the bottom, and I on the ankles only my ankles swelled up. I was allergic.

The days were spent just lazing around the camp and the swimming hole, we didn't manage to exert ourselves at all. During Marc's and my stay many people wandered in and out of camp, some stayed for several days, others just visited for the day, some came back the second time. The days were fairly uneventful for most people, but Craig Dawson. He and Ian had headed up for a few days trail riding, but as usual Craig had no luck in the valley, firstly he had trouble with his chain, then after all that messing about, he Ian and Tom were all set to jump on their bikes and head off to the Amtra Camp in Licola. When they found that Craig had a flat tyre, much stirring and ribbing from Craig, I think by this time he was ready to get on and go. Oh well. Finally they set off only to come back as Craig had ripped a knobby off his tyre.

The same story as last year Craig packed up early and headed for home. Tom & Jude had decided to take everything with them, but couldn't find room in the car as there was already two tents, little fridge, great camp oven, plus much more. It was probably just as well that they had two tents as one had its floor covered in water after one of the downpours we had.

1st prize went to Keith, Jude & Tom for the delicious looking meals they turned out every night in their camp oven. One night they dined on a rabbit dish, every night was something different.

Talk about Ragers on New Year's Eve, I think they were all in Melbourne. Even those from the B.M.W. club were quiet. Anyway after many days everyone packed up and headed for home.

Chris Young

I am a private eye. Yesterday I was sitting in my New York office when there was a knock on the door which scared me half out of my Secretary. Then my first case came in and I polished off two bottles. I am so tough that I wear my clothes out from the inside.

Suddenly a tall blonde walked past. I knew she was tall because we were on the seventh floor. The phone rang and I knew there was something wrong cause I don't have a phone. It was a girl and I knew there was definitely something wrong as she told me there was. I raced downstairs and called a cab. The cab stopped with a jerk, the jerk got out and I got in. The driver took the corner at 80 miles per hour. The cop stopped us and made us put it back. We kept on the footpath cause there was a sign saying, "Keep deaths off the roads". Then we were out of the city. I knew this because we weren't hitting many pedestrians. As we came to my client's house, she greeted me with a burning kiss, then she took the cigarette out of her mouth and kissed me again. She pointed two thirty eights at me, she also had a gun. She had the most beautiful blonde hair, on her head too. She had teeth like the Ten Commandments, all broken. She had the most beautiful eyes I had ever seen, in fact, one eye was so beautiful the other eye couldn't stop looking at it.

There was a man on the floor, he had a stab wound to his heart, and bullet wounds to his head and his wrists were slashed. He was dead. So took her for a drive in the country and a brick came through the window and hit her on the left tit and broke four of my fingers. We got a flat and she pumped and I pumped and she pumped and I pumped and pumped and then we got out and fixed the tyre. Then I took her home and she asked me in for a root beer, the root was nice, but the beer was flat. I was giving her a good night kiss but she closed her legs and broke my glasses!

GARY YOUNG'S RIDE

Looking out of the lounge room window, all I can see is smoke and where there is smoke there is fire. Everybody up here (Bacchus Marsh) are on "tender hooks" very up-tight, it's been like this for about 4 weeks. It was great to jump on the bike and go for a ride, and not even smell smoke, except for the occasional puffs of exhaust smoke from the R.D. Yammie which I followed down to town.

Gary must have joined the (explorers club) how else could anyone find ROADS!! like that, and come back to civilization without getting lost, I even get lost on the way home from work.

Twenty one people left Lilydale at about 10.30 with Jack on the big Honda '6' as rear rider, heading towards the Black Spur and on to Lake Eildon. After that, don't have a bloody clue where the hell we went. After the ride at Gary and Andrea's place I asked Gary to show me on the map, and the roads or tracks weren't even listed. It was one of the best rides I have had the pleasure to struggle on.

When you read in the papers about the water level being low in the dams, it just doesn't sink in, (no pun intended) until you actually see for yourself. Going across the Jamieson Bridge over what was once Lake Eildon and seeing only mud, and I thought (Pikes) was low on water but I suppose it helped me stay on the bike with the tracks so dry. Riding the same route in the wet would be a little tricky even for the good guys.

Coming to one corner I was following Gary and was assigned as marker, seeing the others coming up the road leaving trails of dust was quite unusual. Bikes don't usually leave such thick dust trails.

One guy (sorry mate don't know your name) on a motto Guzzi pulled up and said "Is this somebody's idea of a good time? If I had known it was going to be like this I would have brought my air conditioned Commodore".

As mentioned earlier when we got back to Gary and Andrea's place we all had drinks, which were drunk with great passion and noises. By the way, speaking of being cool I hear the Yanks are working on air conditioning bike helmets. Just think frozen around the snoz and sweating under the arm pits. And also on the same subject, one thing that always intrigued me is the way the "Cowboys" that you see crawling across the desert, ALWAYS – repeat – ALWAYS throw their water bottles away when they find it is empty. I personally carry mine in my tank bag, and usually fill up when I find some water.

But on Gary's ride I left it at home and nearly died of thirst. But luckily had a bottle of Grand Prix which went down the gullet quite well, and made the dust easier to swallow. Wow just spotted the time, (Days of Our Lives) is just starting, so till next we meet this is your compatriot on two wheels saying farewell.

P.S. thanks for the great dust up! Gary.

See ya, Tony

EDITORIAL COMMENT

Whilst Faye and I have not been able to participate in a club ride for more months than we care to mention we still get to hear most of what occurs on rides. A couple of comments we've heard recently reminded me of a story about the Isle of Man of a few years ago. It appears that a spectator was wandering along a portion of the circuit (on a non – race day) when he was somewhat surprised by a gaggle of 3 BMW's scratching around a corner with the inside pots attempting to tear up the bitumen. Behind the BM's came a Guzzi, also with a cylinder head on the deck! Behind the Guzzi, came the Guzzi rider, sliding along on his bum and a rather thoughtful look on his face!!! From what we hear this Club is trying to emulate the aforesaid Guzzi rider! So, if you have recently dropped, or nearly dropped, your bike, think about how and why. If it was because your bike handles funny in corners then talk about it with other members, they may be able to help you sort it out. However if it was due to over enthusiasm, or trying to keep up with the rider in front of you - COOL IT! Maybe the rider up front has a better handling bike, better tyres, greater rider skill etc. The last thing anybody on the club run wants to pick up is a bloody bag of bones! Mind you, the above comments apply mainly to bitumen riding – everybody falls off, usually below 30k, in sand, gravel, mud etc. That's the fun of riding a single track vehicle, it's the throw down the bitumen that usually displays bad riding, i.e. bad handling bike, bad rider technique, lack of rider experience, or lack of attention to road surface; e.g. failing to notice those small patches of gravel on the bitumen, or a few fallen leaves (particularly valid as we come into autumn); a couple of damp patches or that mid – corner bump that is likely to cause the back wheel to leave the road for just a mere fraction of a second. Think about it! If one of the above caused your last embarrassment, then resolve not to let it happen again. If not, wait with bated breath for next month's instalment on the mechanical intricacies of painfully bringing bum to bitumen.

Cheers

Faye & Geoff.