

MAY RUNS

Saturday	7 th	Service Day (Marc Sulot's – Fawkner)
Sunday	8 th	Trentham Falls BBQ 9am KBCP
Sunday	15 th	Yarram 8.30am KBCP
Saturday	21 st	Progressive Dinner 5.30pm KBCP
Sunday	22 nd	Maldon 9.30am KBCP
Weekend	28 th , 29 th	Wilson's Prom Camping Cranbourne (BP Servo) 9am SHARP

JUNE

Friday	3 rd	General Meeting (Slide Night) Club Hall 8.15pm
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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT MAGAZINE IS 20th MAY 1983

NOMINATIONS

The following nominations were received at the April meeting. They are, of course, in addition to those listed in the April mag. Nominations close tonight, just prior to the election of Office Bearers.

PRESIDENT – Keith Finlay	Nom – Ross Bradshaw Sec – Phil Duffy
VICE-PRESIDENT – Steve Verdon Chris Young	Nom – Robin Sec – Darren Room Nom – Brenda Pollet Sec – Phil Duffy
CAPTAIN – Garry Lloyd Steve Verdon Phil Duffy	Nom – Ross Bardshaw Sec – Steve Verdon Nom – Brenda Pollet Sec – Steve Verdon Nom – Chris Young Sec – Sue Jean
VICE – CAPTAIN – Gary Lloyd Chris Young	Nom – Bruce Faldon Sec – Steve Verdon Nom – Sue Jean Sec – Brenda Pollet
ASS SECRETARY – Wayne Fitzsimmons	Nom – Brenda Pollet Sec – Keith Finlay
SOCIAL SECRETARY – Robyn Duffy Brenda Pollet	Nom – Chris Young Sec – Steve Verdon Nom – Keith Finlay Sec – Steve Verdon

SNAKES MOTORCYCLE TYRE SERVICE.

Snakes tells us that he can offer us very competitive prices on all brands of tyres, Belstaff jackets, gloves etc. Call in and see him at

Shop 6
87 – 89 Colchester Rd
KILSYTH
Or phone on 725-5080

DAYLESFORD 13/3/83

The morning was overcast and cool, a welcome change from the sticky conditions we had experienced over the previous weeks. I arrived to hear Keith give the corner-marker spiel for the benefit of a couple of newcomers – Vic with an oily boot, (“barrel cracked for the second time”), on a rat Honda 750 “with 900 pistons” and ? On an XS250. Keith also announced that number-plates were no-longer compulsory. I missed seeing Dean topple over onto the bike parked next to him, (with Dean still sitting on it!!). Result! One broken GT550 mirror. As no one volunteered to lead it was left to Keith, with Ted (250RS) as back marker. (Where was Danny?)

We survived the radar trap in Footscray, thanks to on coming vehicles warning lights. Not far out of Melton the XS retired. Ted and I stopped to offer assistance. Puffs of blue smoke and “won’t go more than 90k” symptoms looked bad. We assume he made it home.

As running down into valley towards Bacchus Marsh we were greeted by a misty view across GREEN orchard studded with modern, becalmed windmills with brown mountains in the background. Then headed north via Mt. Bullengarook to Gisborne. This is a great stretch of road rushing along a ridge with views to either side. (Was that the Lerderderg Gorge out to the left?) Evidence of bushfires was clearly apparent.

At Gisborne I refuelled the bike (and myself), and then it was up the Calder Highway and through the Black Forest (ironic) to Woodend. The fire had been right up to the roadside in places. I travelled slowly, almost reverently, absorbing the smell, colour, and sights of destruction. Piles of rubble and lone chimneys were tell-tale indicators of where once stood houses, pubs and sheds. A distinct lack of life – animal, plant or human created an eerie silence, broken only by the hum of bikes. These scenes left a lasting impression.

The railway crossing coming into Daylesford looked okay. I was following Vic and he straightened the kink out. I stayed on the correct side of the road and had to fight hard to stay ON the road. Dips and bumps everywhere. Dean and Chris (pillion) following immediately after didn’t fare much better either. I remembered the crossing (only just) on the way back.

We lunched with members of the Ballarat Motor Cycle Touring Club (?) (Which included a woman on a fully faired CB1100R! She used to ride a hot Z900) at Jubilee Lake, a few K’s outside of Daylesford. Can a standard CX500 really go 190Kmh?

The weather was now perfect. Bright and warm sunshine, but cool enough for riding. The local police van did a patrol around the park and was gone. Keith and Vic, in one hired canoe, and Dean and Chris in another, proceeded to drown each other, after ramming didn’t have the desired result. Very amusing (camera, camera) but chilly without a change of clothes. Keith was alright, even after surrendering one of the half dozen Tee shirts he was wearing. Did Ted eventually go for a swim?

Heading back towards Woodend, I swapped bikes with Dean. He pointed out that the GPz had a lower seat height. My main impression of the GT was its smoothness (rubber mounted). Shaft unnoticeable except “power on” in corners. The power figures are roughly equivalent (61 verses

56Hp) and the GT's three litre larger tank provides for an equal touring range of around 400km, depending on how hard ridden.

Throughout the ride many cattle and sheep along the roadside made riding apprehensive at times. But the animals were unperturbed by vehicles and continued grazing unaware. The fires were particularly efficient around Macedon, even burning paddocks. In the more wooded areas you could see "through" the corners.

On to Romsey and down to Sunbury. Speed were up-up. Back through Bulla to meet Tullamarine Freeway. Afternoon tea was being generously provided at Keith's place, but I shot through to play squash at 5pm.

For those interested:

I was picked up on the boulevard on the day of the Economy Ride, (126mpg), Nov. 82 and charged with:

- (1) Exceeding 260cc while holder of a Learner's Permit;
- (2) Failing to display "L" plates;
- (3) Failing to display front number plates;
- (4) Failing to display registration sticker. (I had it in jacket)

I appeared at Prahran Courts. The outcome was a \$100 fine (\$60 1st charge and \$40 second) with \$15.60 court costs. The 3rd and 4th charges were dropped because:-

- (1) The barrister (\$250) plea-bargained with policeman beforehand;
- (2) The police weren't really out to "get" me.

Crash repairs after Welshpool drama:

- (1) Tail frame section fractured in four places: re-welded at Cosway's \$30
- (2) Mirrors, clip-ons, a blinker lens, rear foot pegs, front brake lever, gear change lever...\$50 approx.

Ben

LAKE CORANGAMITE 28/11/83

(Better late than never)

With my arm out of plaster but no bike to ride I conned Steve into letting me go passenger in his chair. We in turn were conned by Brian into taking his latest flame's daughter as pillion/passenger. Upon our arrival at the car park having tired of being conned we volunteered to go rear rider, and was that a mistake. With Brenda and her rebuilt 250 and Marc and his new 450 we were relegated to a slow 80km cruise to our first stop. (All highway and boring as hell)

At this point we swapped with Marc for the position of rear rider and I took over the controls from Steve for a leisurely cruise around the lake and then to Colac for lunch and fuel. On the way from the lake we passed Mick and Joy heading for the lake. (Mick was obviously running late but was keen to visit the area as mentioned on the itinerary).

It was while we were at Colac that we met the BMW club who were heading out to the lake for a BBQ. So an about face was organised and we too headed for the lake with a combined return run to Melbourne via the Great Ocean Road in mind.

With the BBQ watching, footy kicking and Frisbee throwing over we headed for Apollo Bay, still with me at the controls of the outfit, this in turn lead to some interesting antics, me still recovering from two broken wrists and Steve hanging out of the chair as if his life depended on it.

At Apollo Bay Steve took over the controls for an out of control blast up the G.O.R. I in turn was duplicating Steve's aerobatics in the chair and our pillion was sitting petrified on the back of the wildly gyrating outfit. (Steve was giving any ground to the solos). It was while recovering from a case of left hander's out of controls that I spotted a large group of our riders pulled over to the side of the road (strange place to stop for a smoke, thinks I, but any excuse to get out of the chair). However this was not the reason for the unscheduled stop; the closer we got we realised that a bike had gone down. It was Mick.

Now I'm sure most of you reading this article know all about the whys and where-fore's so I won't go into Mick's free ride in an ambulance or how I got to ride a near new 100CS back to Melbourne as it is all water under the bridge. Needless to say Mick's accident put a damper on another otherwise great day.

Keith Kwaka 1300

CAPE PATTERSON 27/3/83

Around fifteen prospective travellers to the delights of Cape Patterson left under threatening skies escorted by the Presidential Motorbicycle. Just as the weather forecast was wrong, so was it wrong to select the south eastern freeway, because every entrance to it was blocked by the law to allow some kind of fun run to take place. Hence, we had an escorted tour of South Yarra, Richmond, etc. However, finally we reached the Mulgrave freeway (one member who rides a Kawasaki 1100 barely doing so – invitations for the next spectacular will be sent out!) and the passing showers began – 10 minutes shower, I minute sun, etc – nearly all the remainder of the run. Okay until some very mushy, lengthy road works on the South Gippsland Highway near Nyora and a very large grader – yes on Sunday – confronted us.

A bite (of food) at Loch and time to allow the good citizens something to stare at – us! A circuitous route to Wonthaggi, thence to the delights (hopefully) of Cape Patterson. Actually, it was quite pleasant there, with the only lengthy patch of sun. We tried to cover up the “Dangerous for Swimming” sign and induce a few selected members to go swimming, but they didn't alas!

So around the scenic coast road to Inverlock and the local fish shop (three stars), then another circuitous route via Korumburra and Drouin, over the winding Strzelecki back roads and odd pot holed corner to catch the unwary. Yet another back road parallel to the railway, ending up at Pakenham and finally dispersal at Berwick. Naturally, as the run ended, so did the rain.

Peter Dwyer. Suzuki 1100G

MOTHER HARDY'S RALLY 83

I have only recently started to get around to bike rallies and I would like to say that they make a great way to enjoy a long weekend. What is better than a weekend of good company, riding and the great out-doors all together?

Mother Hardy's Rally was held on the Labour Day long weekend at a site close to Mother Hardy's gap north of Sale out past Stratford. No fires were allowed at the camp and even a Forestry Officer came in to check if the rules were obeyed.

About 500 people attended the Rally, and all had an enjoyable time, which was made possible by good weather and good organisation. Hot water and coffee was always available and a Gymkhana was held on the Monday morning, our own Mick Fagan won the slow race, other events included musical bikes, slalom races and the very interesting water jousting.

Next year will see me back at this site just out of Briagolong. It is a good rally which must be one of the closest to Melbourne.

Gary Lloyd GT750

BATHURST (A first time for everything)

After a great deal of careful thought I decided to go to the Easter meeting at Mount Panorama and stay on the Mountain just to find out if what you hear is all true. I rode to Bathurst with a few friends from the Breakaway Motorcycle club. They decided to take a very interesting route leaving Thursday night and stopping at midnight at Cann River. The next day consisted of a ride not to be missed. To Bombala and then via the magnificent Snowy mountains Highway to Cooma and Tumut. This must be one of the best surface windies in Victoria. from Tumut onto Cootamundra, Young, Cowra and then Bathurst, you can't miss Bathurst, there were bikes everywhere.

When the tents were set up and dinner cooked it was off to see the doughnuts, burnouts and other nightly excitements. The atmosphere is one of a big rally with just a bit more to look at. The amount of beer consumed is incredible and I feel that this combined with the bus loads of riot gear clad; handpicked police is what causes all the trouble, which I might add is blown out of all proportion by the sensationalist press. during the Saturday night I stood approximately two hundred yards from the police lines and saw rocks being thrown and the baton charges but I didn't see anything resembling gelignite or alike. Let's face it, if the crowd did riot then the police would never be able to contain it. The racing was very exciting with big crowds and good competition on the track. It is a shame that the press makes Bathurst stand out as a place where 'bikies' go to kill cops. More than 32000 people saw a wide range of events, everything from 250 productions to superbikes and the incredible grand prix machines and sidecars.

It wasn't until I left for home through the piles of empty cans and rubbish that I realized what a job the race riders have. I took about five laps of the track; it is absolutely unbelievable to imagine how anyone could race around it. The ride home saw me riding for ten hours in continual rain and bumper to bumper tin tops. Smashed cars littered the roads and police were quite conspicuous as well, but I will do it all again next year, if there is a next year.

Gary Lloyd
GT 750

ARE YOU AN ACTIVE MEMBER? – something to think about

Are you an active member?

The kind that would be missed

Or are you just contented

That your name is on the list

Do you attend the meetings?

And mingle with the flock

Or do you just stay at home

And criticize and knock
Do you ever visit
A member who is sick
Or leave the work to just a few
And talk about the clique
There is quite a programme scheduled
That I's sure you've heard about
And we will appreciate it
If you will come and help us out
So come to the rides often
And help with hand on heart
And say that you're a member
Dig in and do your part
So think this over member
And know your right from wrong
And you just a member
Or do you just belong

Gary Lloyd GT 750

FIRTH PARK

When we left home on the sixteenth, it looked as if it was going to be one of those perfect days. There was not a cloud in the sky and just a slight cool breeze. When we reached KBCP the only one there was Peter P. however within fifteen minutes eight bikes had arrived and it was decided we were to lead the ride, even though we had no idea of where we were going. So after a few basic directions from Keith we were on our way.

First stop with Gisborne where we had a coffee break and smoko and obtained some more directions. We headed towards Bullengarook and from there to Firth Park we hit dirt road, but it was quite good to ride on. About 12 o'clock we arrived and were greeted by Keith's family and Bo the dog. We immediately set out to find wood to get the BBQ going because by this time it was getting a little bit nippy.

Whilst the chops and sausages were cooking, a few played kick the kick with the football that someone had brought along and later on we were joined by Tony and his tribe. After lunch some of us went for a walk to the top of the hill to survey the damage that the Trentham/Macedon fires had caused on 'Ash Wednesday'. It was amazing how the fire had entirely surrounded and burnt out everything except this particular BBQ area which was still amazingly green. Then it was back to more football, dodging Peter P's low flying Frisbee and playing fetch with Bo.

At about 2.30 we departed Firth Park and headed towards Woodend and Mt. Macedon with us still up front. Mt. Macedon was a most depressing sight. It had almost been completely gutted, however, there were still some houses which were the lucky ones, and the traffic was really bad through Mt. Macedon with all the sight seers that were still going through.

From there we headed back down the Calder H/way to Keilor where we dispersed after a cool but good days ride, and the experience of being lead rider as it was our first time.

Darren & Di
(CX 500)
