

OCTOBER RUNS

SUNDAY	9 th	Walhalla 8.30am KBCP
SATURDAY	15 th	10 Pin Bowling 6.30pm Northcote Bowl
SUNDAY	16 th	Allambe 9am KBCP
SUNDAY	23 rd	Matlock (smidge of dirt) 8.30am KBCP
SUNDAY	30 th	Green Creek 9am KBCP

NOVEMBER

FRIDAY	4 th	General Meeting 8.15pm Club Hall
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CLOSING DATE FOR NEXT MAG IS THE 21st OCTOBER 1983

NEW MEMBERS

The Club would like to welcome the following new members:-

John Paynter 66 Kingsley Rd Airport West. Phone – 338 8835 Honda 250RSG.	Darryl Thompson 20 Mavista Ave Glen Waverly Phone – 232 1537 Suzuki GS1000 ST
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AUCTION PROCEEDS – 2/9/83

Gross Sales	\$257.55
Less commission sales	<u>-221.77</u>
Donated items and donations	35.78
10% commission on \$221.77	<u>+22.18</u>
Net proceeds to MCTCV	<u>\$57.96</u>

DWYERS DAWDLE 24/7/83

Since no one else seemed to want to write up this momentous event, (maybe they were too stunned), it looks like I have to; naturally, it will be totally unbiased and I shall refrain from using words like wonderful and superlative, appropriate though they may be.

For some unexplained reason, around 22 riders turned up at KBCP. I can only surmise why-it was the first fine Sunday for many a day/a promise of no dirt/the ride would be the utmost in good taste/they had nothing better to do, or maybe all of those things. Anyhow, we proceeded through the nicer parts of Footisgray to the Western Highway, to leave it at Ballan. Whilst it was advertised by some low types as a dawdle, that wasn't quite right. At least it was fast enough to allow a certain party to be nabbed by the Law at a speed well in excess of what it should have been; the Law in a plain car too, sneaky.

First stop was morning tea at Ballan to compare notes on our good fortune in avoiding a similar fate and to put on appropriate clothing for - what it was now revealed-would be a run to the Ballarat area. Naturally, it was sunny everywhere except there. To amuse the masses, selected tourist spots were included, the first one being Mt Buninyong, which offered quite a scenic view over the plains, then into the outer suburbs of Ballarat and a back road to Smythesdale. This was the lunch stop-a small

but well stocked take away. This was where things went wrong, because on my preliminary check, I had assumed there would be about 12 present and the owners could cope with that; it also happened that this was the first and last petrol stop before Geelong and there was only one pump. Oh dear! (or something like that). So on to the Devil's Kitchen near Linton and surprisingly no one seemed to have been there before. Quite a pleasant place to eat our (by now) cold fish and chips and to harass some gents from, I think, the Ballarat Tourers, who happened by.

More twisty, but sealed roads around the gorges in the area and we came out into the wide, grassy plains that continue to Geelong, via Rokewood and Bannockburn. This part was no dawdle, as the lack of traffic, straight roads and good conditions (hopefully no police) encouraged everyone to blow the soot from their machines.

So to Geelong and the hassle of late Sunday afternoon traffic on Geelong Road, encouraged by some particularly vile coffee at a take away on the outskirts (no stars at all for that one).

Now, you may all look forward to the next in the series genteel and decorous rides open to Ladies and Gentlemen who appreciate the finer things ('hem!) of life.

Peter Dwyer
Suzuki GS1100 G

TAGGERTY

Leaving the Car Park with Craig leading we headed in an Easterly direction via the Kew Boulevard and Doncaster, towards the Gully, we went through the hills, then across country coming out at Lilydale where we took the H/way to Yarra Glen, where we stopped for a drink, then on to the Healesville turn off taking back roads for quite a distance. Eventually we came out near the Maroondah Dam via the "Spur".

We stopped at a Roadhouse near Narbethong for lunch. After lunch we travelled via Marysville to Taggerty arriving about 1.30pm, we stopped about 20 minutes, as it was a one horse town. Some group photos were taken to show we had been there.

We decided to come back via the Black Spur again, with Ben going via Yea. We had a good run, we stopped at Ringwood outside Peter Stevens where we dispersed, and some going back to Ian's to watch the races on TV, after what was a good ride. Thanks to Ross for asking me to do this write up, it was a pleasure to do so.

Bye for now
Peter P. GT 750 & Honda 4.

ROKEWOOD JUNCTION

With the promise of a warm early spring day, twenty-one bikes gathered at KBCP with quite a few new faces. Leaving at 9.30 and with Ross Bradshaw leading and yours truly as rear rider. Out along New Footscray Road then onto Geelong Road for a short run to Brooklyn where we turned off and travelled West taking the long way round to Werribee through Lara passed the You Yangs on a short section of dirt to Anakie Junction to Bannockburn then north to Meredith arriving at noon where a stop for lunch was made.

On the stretch between Bannockburn and Meredith the northerly wind which had been forecast earlier made its presence felt, and made it hard going for some of the smaller bikes.

After lunch five bikes left the ride, the remainder continuing on to Rokewood Junction. At the turn of to Dereel which is a "T" intersection at the end of a sharp "S" bend as rider having her first ride with the club, ran out of road.

Janet, (don't know your surname) received a broken wrist and arm as a memento of her first outing along with a slightly bent bike-wasn't badly damaged and still rideable. Fortunately a pillion passenger had a licence so after straightening out clutch and brake levers and a rough first aid job, Ben took Janet to the Ballarat Hospital, Ted Marshall rode Janet's bent bike and the licensed pillion from the Katana rode Ted's bike to Ballarat.

As all that could be done had been done the remainder continued onto Rokewood Junction, which with a name like it has, conjures in the imagination at the very least an ancient Pub and Railway Station. Not so however, if anyone ever asks, Rokewood Junction is a "T" intersection, with a house on each corner.

The return trip via downtown Rokewood to Ballarat where a check was made at the hospital on Janet's progress. Some rather involved arrangements were made for getting Janet's bike back to Melbourne, courtesy of Ben and Wayne.

After a good run with really strong cross winds down Ballarat Road and a final stop at Melton where everyone said goodbyes till next time, the round trip being 400km's.

Ross GT 750

MT. CAMEL

The day was overcast and fine. A cold north wind was blowing and would continue for the rest of the day. I picked up Nicola at 9.15am as agreed. Vince (got to be home early) on the XJ900 (flavour of the month) was leader (by default) and the guy with the outfit, the rear rider. There were quite a few different faces from usual. No Keith, Gary, Wayne or Danny. The BMW brigade was out in force.

We went up Mt Alexander Road to join the Tullamarine Freeway and took the Calder to Gisborne. Then headed north-east to Romsey through Riddell's Creek. North to Heathcote through Lancefield and Tooborac where we stopped for lunch at 11am. Covered about 140km without a stop and my bum was ready for a pause.

Then off in search of Mt Camel. It is only a hill. We navigated our way around it looking for a road to the "top". There wasn't. So we headed back to Rushworth and Murchison over some very fast roads. The wind was blowing directly from the west and we were heading east. The bike was and is going like a charm. It will "pull" redline (well 9500 at least) in fifth but not sixth. This is two up and corresponds to about 165-170kmh indicated. I held this speed for a few kilometres. The roads were that good. Fuel economy accordingly suffered and so has tyre wear. We were never much below 110 all day and mainly cruised at 115-125kmh. It was a fast ride.

We refuelled at Murchison East and then it was back south joining the Goulburn Valley Highway just north of Nagambie, then south to Seymour and Broadford down the Hume. (Yuk) Broadford to Kilmore to Wallan and over the Hume to Wallan East and then south to Woodstock. There are a few kilometres of dirt here and Keith Harris managed to throw his machine away. Broken blinker was only damage. The other BMW riders thought it was a great joke. Cause: front wheel locked up in gravel.

Ride ended at the Red Rooster take-away at corner of High St and Bell St at 2.45pm. a round trip of about 430km. The bike has now done 32,500km.

Ben (GPZ550)

ROKEWOOD JUNCITON 14/8/83

Written as a token of appreciation for the time and help received from Wayne, Ross, Robert and Joanne, Ted and the rest.

A forecast of 20 degrees had resulted in a very healthy roll up of 22 bikes and 4 or 5 pillion passengers. Janet, an old school friend of my sister's, was there also. It was her first long ride and the first with the club. She had held her license for about a month. I had helped give her bike (250N) an oil and filter change the day before and had given her a club riding fixture.

We stopped for lunch and petrol at Meredith at about 11.30. Ross had taken a circuitous route through towns and places such as Laverton, Werribee around the You Yangs past the Ford Proving Ground, Anakie, Lethbridge and Maude – about 180km round trip.

Soon after lunch events took a dramatic turn. Janet crashed. It was a particularly nasty corner that turned into a "T" intersection. The sign posting was both inadequate and misleading. The road was long and straight for some kilometres beforehand. A sign indicated a gentle left bend. Yet upon entering the corner one immediately encountered a right hand bend abruptly ending in a "T" junction. One could be forgiven for not seeing the "T" junction sign since it was about 60 feet before the intersection.

I came flying around the corner only to be greeted by a bike coming the other way (to warn the other riders). I was anticipating a fast sweeper. I braked hard and seemed to be heading straight for the oncoming bike. He adjusted and I slowed in plenty of time.

Janet was sitting on the roadside in a state of shock; she and her bike had hit the embankment on the other side of the intersection. Her right wrist was badly swollen on the top and "lumpy" underneath. Otherwise she seemed okay, apart from the shock. No tears or fainting. Tuff!

We hauled the bike out. The front forks were equally bent, headlight and blinkers smashed, mirrors unscratched, clutch lever broken and various other bendable items bent. People swarmed over the bike straightening and removing bits and pieces until it was rideable (brought back memories it did).

I started the bike up and took it for a test ride; motor fine. Clutch difficult but manageable, handling okay – time to go to hospital.

Ross and a few of the others weren't back from the front and there was a general lack of decision making. We were thirty kilometres from Ballarat and seventy from Geelong. I pillioned Janet, Ted rode the 250N, and Joanne (a pillion with Robert on the Katana) rode Ted's 250RS. She had only ridden a SR250 chopper before and as a learner wasn't too keen to ride anything else, but she managed. Robert came with us for moral support while the club continued the ride. We left before Ross returned.

After seeking directions from the local milk bar, we arrived at Ballarat Hospital at about two o'clock. Janet was told to follow the yellow line. Soon after we decided to follow the yellow line also, discovering a second waiting room. Later Joanne and I were allowed to visit her. The hospital staff had told her little but were giving her injections (pain killers, sedatives, etc) and turning her into a patient (clothes off, filling out forms). I questioned them. They couldn't tell us anything until she was x-rayed. From the x-rays they could determine if the arm was broken, whether a

general or local anaesthetic would be required, and if she could go home that night. A minimum of four hours waiting time. I told Janet all this and then we went outside to the others.

Ross had arrived with the rest of the riders and I told all this to him. The next job was to determine what was to be done with Janet's bike. Ideas such as leaving it at Ballarat were rejected in favour of returning it to Melbourne to her house. The problem was who would ride it. Joanne declined which was reasonable enough and none of the other pillions were riders.

I thought there was time to go to Melbourne and return. All I needed was someone to pillion me back. I persuaded Wayne (GT750) into doing it as he was the rider living nearest Ballarat: Keilor.

I went back to explain this to Janet. On the way I noticed that my rear tyre had a deflating look about it. Ahem. After wandering through the maze of corridors we caught sight of her being wheeled away on a trolley to be x-rayed. I told her we would be back later that evening. She was pretty doped up. On the way out I noticed her jacket and helmet lying around. I queried whether they would look after them. The nurses said they would remain there at the owner's risk; like fun they would.

Ross gave me some instant tyre inflating repairing mixture just before Danny could give me his. Great guys. I left my bike parked out-side the front of the hospital and hoped it would be okay.

Wayne stowed Janet's jacket and helmet in his JAB pack for the ride back to Melbourne. We rode with the club. The Honda seemed quite rideable though the clutch was gradually self destructing. The bike suffers from lack of power; it struggled up hills, though the following wind helped. I managed 140kmh down a long straight.

First stop was Melton where the remaining riders were disbanding. Ross washed most of the mud off the bike so that it wouldn't shock Janet's mother as much. He also coached me in how to break the news gently! Then it was off to Kew after consulting the street directory, (I had written down her address back at the hospital).

The clutch was almost useless now. Another difficulty was that the bike would only start in neutral, so a standing start was tricky since it would stall as soon as put in first gear. It was decided that I would lead so that I could 'judge' the lights and traffic.

Down the Tullamarine and out the Eastern Freeway to the Chandler Highway went well. The clutch could be slipped in first at traffic lights. Then I took a wrong turn and lost my bearings. We stopped at a milk bar in High Street to ask for directions. Fine. We arrived at about 6.15pm.

Janet's mother took the news well; the hospital had rung and told her the details. She was to stay overnight; two bones were broken and one had been pushed down (the lump under the wrist). So we parked the bike in the shed, unloaded the helmet and jacket, put some air in the suspension, escaped the generous hospitality being offered (except for the bag of Easter eggs), and headed off.

We stopped at Wayne's house to let the family know what was happening. Then it was back up the road. I feigned sleep though the wind buffeting and noise made this unpleasant. I was impressed with the comfort of the GT and it's power; kills mine, though it is pretty heavy.

We arrived back at the hospital at 7.30pm with half an hour of visiting time left and tracked down the ward she was in. Up the lift and more quick directions and we were there. She had plaster from just below the shoulder to the finger tips, yet was in good spirits and wanted to know about the bike's damage. I unloaded the Easter eggs and told her to ring me when she arrived home.

Now for the tyre.

I pushed the bike around to the service station on the corner so as to be able to work under lights. Removing the steel splinter from the tyre required the use of pliers and a screw driver. After reading the instructions on the can. The results were immediate and impressive; the tyre was rock hard. But would it last? Now for some food.

We rode down the main street and stopped near a fish shop. I had a hamburger. Wayne ordered minimum chips; salt and no vinegar. He ended up (amusingly) with extra salt and double vinegar – not his day.

On the outskirts of Ballarat (after negotiating the prowling marked police cars patrolling the main street) Wayne flashed high beam at me. His visor had become unsprung but was quickly remedied. Staying with the traffic we were soon back in Melbourne. We separated at the Keilor turnoff and I arrived home at 10.05pm. I estimated about 650km for the day including riding pillion. Janet rang the next day. She was sore all over with many bruises and grazed legs – possibly from clipping the corner marker bike. Nevertheless she was happy to have escaped the needle jabbers (on the hour every hour throughout the night).

The punctured tyre has done 14,000km (Dunlop Touring Elite) and is still inflated hard. I'll change it when it wears out or when it fails. I am still carrying the remaining half can of "tyre Inflate" around with me.

Ben (GPZ550)
