

ITINERARY

APRIL

Sunday	8 th	Ben's Twisties MK2 – 9am KBCP
Sunday	15 th	Sports Day – See Mag for details
Easter	20 th -23 rd	April
Weekend		Camping: Buffalo National Park (make your own way)
Sunday	29 th	Economy Ride – 8.30am KBCP

MAY

Friday	4 th	ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 8.15pm SHARP (Election of office bearers)
Sunday	6 th	Cathedral Lane – 9am KBCP (Lilydale pick-up 10.15am sharp)

CLOSING DATE FOR THE MAY MAG IS April 20th

NOTE:

MAY IS THE MONTH OF OUR A.G.M. NOW IS THE TIME TO DECIDE WHO YOU WOULD LIKE ON NEXT YEARS COMMITTEE. NOMINATIONS ARE NOW OPEN SO PASS YOUR CHOICE TO ANY CURRENT COMMITTEE MEMBER. MONIMATIONS REMAIN OPEN UP UNTIL JUST BEFORE THE ELECTIONS COMMENCE AT THE MAY MEETING. THINK HARD & ACT! NOMINATE SOMEONE-NOW! DO YOU PERSONALLY WISH TO BE ON THE COMMITTEE? WELL, GET OUT AND LOBBY SOMEONE TO NOMINATE YOU FOR THE POSITION YOU DESIRE. WHILE YOU'RE AT IT YOU MIGHT AS WELL CON SOMEONE INTO SECONDING THE NOMINATION TOO!

LERDERDERG GORGE

When we arrived Mick was flogging BMW raffle tickets. Others were admiring Vince's latest acquisition: the integral fairing version of the K100 BMW. It was bright and sunny, warming up fast. A northerly wind was picking up. Vince and Mick left for the BMW ride to Upper Yarra Dam.

Hans led us out of the car park at ten past ten – the latest start for quite a while. Under the West Gate Bridge, hugging the coast line through Williamstown and Altona was a new route for many of us. The beaches and parks thronged with people out enjoying the weather.

Through Werribee South (market gardens everywhere), Werribee (pillion foot scraping twisties) and on to the You Yangs speeds picked up. Ted was enjoying his new RX350, revelling in the power along the straights. Later, on more than one occasion, he could be heard espousing the technological sophistication of the machinery. He was rapt.

The group stopped at the car park at the top of the You Yangs to absorb the view, and rest. We climbed a little way but various summits were not within walking distance in the time available. On the bikes, the sandy road leading down required care and concentration. We came up fast behind Hans, then immediately blew a fuse, Blah. Maybe the fuse expired through age, vibration, or fatigue. Five minutes later it blew again. So there was a short circuit somewhere. I suspected the

tank cutting a loom wire, as this happened once before. Not this time. I eventually found a blinker wire shorting on a mounting bolt. Easy.

Not many bikes had passed us in this time. Apparently, Pete (1199G) had taken a low speed tumble in a sandy reef at the bottom of a hill. What's more the NSW guy (right) behind him thought it was the way Victorians did things, and promptly followed suit. Ho-hum. Only pride hurt, and a blinker or two. On a corner we met Hans coming the other way – fast. Front end a bit skittish.

They still have not fixed up the cavernous pot-holes on a corner near Ford Proving Ground. I was ready for them this time as they nearly swallowed Kev, bike and all, at 120km/h. Then the straight 100 km/h section of dirt, with the sandy strip setting up a panicky insipient tank-slapper. Phew. On to Bacchus Marsh for lunch and a drink. It was very hot by this stage.

A further seven or eight kilometres saw us swimming in the Lerderderg River. Great. Others moved the bikes into the shade. There were many other people (and dogs) also enjoying the water, but it was not overcrowded.

Hans suggested that I would probably make it to Gisborne on what fuel remained. Hmmm. I didn't. Ted kindly gave me three quarters of a litre of petrol, but at 120 km/h, uphill into a headwind, with a pillion, you guessed it. Twelve kilometres later, I was fortunate enough to stop outside an understanding farmer who sent his son out with as much standard petrol as I needed. No charge. Thanks mate. (They had a bike in the front yard).

We disbanded at Gisborne. A fast blast down the Calder saw us home in double quick time. A round trip of about 300 kilometres. The bike has now done 52,000 km. The Silver Dot (front tyre) is outlasting the rear Pirelli Touring Elite. The rear had done 6,000 km and in another 15000 km will be cactus. Rumour has it that there was a soft batch. Blah.

Ben GPz 550.

TASMANIAN RUN

Maybe we should have taken the dismal weather on our departure from Melbourne as a taste of things to come. Our small band of travellers-members Brenda, Christine, Steve, Bruce, Mark and visitors Kerry, Allan, Roy and Richard-were farewelled by a few members who may have been there to make sure we went and of course forecasting heavy seas and much sea sickness (only Brenda and Roy succumbed). Much confusion in the Empress's vehicle hold-too many bikes booked on and staff who did not know what to do with them. Eventually sorted out and, no, we did not allow our bikes to be tied to the walls. Then a tour of the ship and meeting the many of motorcyclists on board; some indulged in a shipboard dinner (no pork chops available for Roy), then retired to the lounge bar where there was a brisk trade from those who had to endure the sit-up chairs all night. For some, just as well the bar closed at 10.30pm.

Morning arrived approaching a sunny Devonport and those who had the forethought to book a cabin smiled knowingly at the dishevelled sitters-up. Not quite as many at breakfast as at dinner! A quick unloading at the terminal-great relief-the bikes were not swirling around in a tangled heap. A line up for the "before and after" photo then off on day one of our 13 day 2500km journey. The idea was that we would do a figure eight of the island and an average run of 200km per day. Whilst that may seem ridiculously low, the Tasmanian speed limit of 110km/h is optimistic in most areas and the narrow, continuously winding roads which, though sealed, must be treated with great respect, especially if wet. On a visit in 1981 when I was present, 8 of 17 riders came to grief through not taking this into account. We also had to allow adequate time for sightseeing, meal stops and arrival at towns about 4.00pm to check the accommodation. Only once did we have trouble with accommodation; most proprietors readily accepted us, though some were a bit nervous initially. We knew of a lot of places from the earlier trip and these varied between motels, hotels,

van parks and reserves. Hotels which included a good breakfast for \$12-16 per night were good value.

First destination was Wynyard where we found a good van park (leisureville) with facilities to suit all budgets. The Bass Highway follows the coast generally so we called in at the odd lookout to Stanley. Included was a side trip down a muddy road to admire a railway siding-Steve has funny maps. There was an aborted attempt to ride along the hard beach sand near Stanley-Peter and Roy waited some two hours for the "lost" riders to appear and found them back at the park. Grr! Naturally, some lunatics-er-people had to climb the Nut there.

Next day, to Strachan on the mountainous Murchison Highway, and of course, it began to rain, plus strong winds and very cold. This treacherous road claims lots of mainlanders, so we were very cautious. A pity about the weather, as the country is a spectacular wilderness. We dropped in at Tullah to escape the rain; Peter donned his waterproofs, so it stopped raining, we decided later to visit the mining museum at Zeehan and life must indeed have been difficult in what is still a very isolated area.

The next two nights were at Strachan (Hammers Happy Hotel!) Being out of the way, Strachan is rather costly, so some transferred to a pretty van park-great except for large reversing trucks. A rather peculiar campfire meal followed smoke gets in your eyes or something like that.

We took the mandatory Gordon River cruise, choosing a small boat that went to the Franklin River junction. Interesting, but you would only want to do it once. That night, we observed the locals at play-driving about in clapped out cars, which became more so as we watched in amazement. Probably there's nothing else to do. About to leave the next day for New Norfolk, Peter discovered his bike's battery had died and Strachan and Queenstown and everywhere else except Hobart did not have batteries. Stranded in Strachan calamity!! However, two recharges solved the problem for the present.

A fine day for the fairly long ride to New Norfolk on the Lyell Highway with more wilderness scenery and overnight at the bush Inn-the chef was a motorcyclist so we very welcome. We decided the local Chinese was worth several "Mr Smiths". A short run to Hobart and-oh joy, oh rapture-a bike shop that stocked batteries. Quickly back on the Midland Highway to the MRA Rally near Launceston. This was also the first opportunity to travel, well...fast, as the road was relatively straight. After a slight map reading error, we reached the rally site near Cressy. Could this be the site? A bone dry paddock on a farm, no running water and little shade. But it was-to say the least, we were not impressed would be an understatement, considering the most of Tasmania is heavily forested.

Surprisingly, it was now quite hot and the hoons riding about with scant respect for parked bikes-dry grass is slippery-and off their faces, did not impress us. A formidable character, by name Nutha, more or less kept law and order, but on Sunday was observed to be doing the gymkhana broadcast whilst lying on the floor. The night was cold and fires were not allowed. The only good things we could say were that the catering was good and the gymkhana events amusing if your bike was not nearby and you could run fast! Obviously, it's difficult to control 700 guys, but...

So we started journey to St Helens and the east coast a day early, staying overnight at a picture postcard type of reserve called Myrtle Bank. Rumour has it that wood nymphs were seen bathing in the creek-Brenda and Chris can confirm.

We also acquired a new traveller-Doug, as Bruce, Mark and Richard stayed on at the rally, to meet us later. Here we discovered that the amusing tame possums like raiding food and doing awful things to tents under trees. Unfortunately, we had to leave this idyllic spot early next day owing to the invasion of some religious group, who may not have appreciated hedonistic motorcyclists. Off to St Helens via heavily forested country and narrow roads with timber trucks. We avoided the rip off tourist traps, like the tin museum near Herrick-unfortunately, there are quite a few of these. St

Helens was surprisingly small, but had a good el-cheapo hotel and bike washing facilities-gasp! Not much happens at St Helens (or is it another Peyton Place, eh?). On to, supposedly Orford, but en route we decided that we must go swimming, cold winds notwithstanding. Hence, a detour to Nine Mile Beach. Although the water was invitingly blue and clear the weak sun and flying sand changed our minds, so Doug and Chris rode far up the hard beach sand. We wondered how BMW's survive seawater when bogged. Orford should be renamed awful-its van park was bad news and nothing much else, so we tried Triabunna instead-not much better, really.

The east coast is generally not very interesting, but there was the odd coastal lookout and the precipitous road over some mountain passes. Tonight's destination was Strathgordon and a fairly long run. It seemed that whenever we reached some scenic place, it rained and that's what happened travelling into the normally eerily South West National Park.

It was a relief to reach the Pedder Chalet, but we left there with pockets considerably lighter, as it is expensive and the meals are dreadful. It also happens to be the only accommodation there! A quick look at the Gordon Dam Wall and we were off back towards Hobart. On the way, we found a member of "a Melbourne club" who had taken a dive into some burnt out bushes on a corner and his BMW was slightly the worse for wear, but still mobile. On the way in, Allan's bike decided to sort of fall apart by breaking its rear frame, so Doug was called upon to do some welding. What other hidden assets does he have? We dropped in to the Mt. Field National Park where a few loon-er-people went on an unexpected arduous bushwalk.

So the bright lights of Hobart, staying at a convenient hotel in Moonah. Some of us took in the diverse amusements of Hobart by night (and pronounced them highly unsuccessful). As we had two days there, we visited Port Arthur liked typical tourists (missed locking Roy in the cell) and viewed the top of Mt Wellington.

The last night was to be held in Launceston, but we did not know of the car/bike races at nearby Simmons Plains. Stopped by to look at the practice runs-some paid, some didn't-hmmm. The races meant that everything-and we mean everything-was booked out in Launceston, so we finished up at a nasty little van park at Hadspen some 15km out of town. During the visit, we did the usual tourist traps like the Pennyroyal Mill, Gorge walks, and chairlifts. We still managed to have the farewell dinner-a pleasant little Italian place and no doubt the owners were surprised at our decorum ('hem). Back to the van park, that night some unusual photographs were taken and some wonderful scandal was provided. Copies are available at the very reasonable price (considering the circumstances) at \$50 each.

The last day and some went back to the races and some direct to Devonport and an uneventful, non-chundering journey back to Melbourne. The ship's crew were a bit dark about motorcyclists-some galahs returning earlier from the rally did not help our image through their vandalism.

So it's over and another item for our scrapbooks. Was it worth doing? Certainly-we had a great group of travellers, very few disagreements and most importantly no prangs. Generally, the weather was unkind-cool to cold-with ever present strong winds, but we learnt to cope with that after a day or two. It was disappointing that we attracted only six of our club members from about 60-you others missed something quite special. Thanks to Steve for his efforts in arranging the trip-we will let him off arranging a possible three week trip to Western Australia in March/April 1985.

Peter Dwyer GS1100g

"TOLMIE" (the ride that was!)

I wasn't surprised, when only a small number turned up for this ride after the Mid Summer Nights ride which I believe went off quite well. With Ben leading from Lilydale and taking us up through

the Black Spur via Buxton. Where conditions were very blustery and trees falling down at various places as Wayne only knows as he saw one falling between him and another bike. "Phew"

A new guy on an ex-council 400/4 was having trouble with the vacuum fuel line as he stopped a couple of times and when advised by Ray, to turn to prime, he had no more trouble, we eventually reached Mansfield, stopped for lunch, where it was decided to go to Mt Buller, instead of Tolmie, as there was nothing to see there.

A good road all the way up, with the last 20km of sharp cornering and distinct drop in the temperature. By the time we got to the top it was quite chilly. After looking around for half an hour we came back to Mansfield for afternoon tea, after which we toured down to Yea and the Kinglake region before finally finishing at Whittlesea, where we dispersed after a drink. We covered about 500km for the day with seven bikes in all.

Peter P. GT750 & Honda/4
