

## **MARCH MAG 1984**

### **MARCH RUNS**

SUNDAY	4 <sup>th</sup>	Vice Captain's Ride 8.30am KBCP
SUNDAY	11 <sup>th</sup>	Loch 9am KBCP Hallam pick-up 10.15am SHARP
SUNDAY	18 <sup>th</sup>	Mt. Ida Fire Tower (smidge of dirt) 9am KBCP
SUNDAY	25 <sup>th</sup>	Family Day (Picnic) Sherbrook Forest 9.30am KBCP (See mag for details)

### **APRIL**

FRIDAY 6<sup>th</sup> General Meeting Club Hall 8.15pm SHARP

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### **FAMILY DAY 25<sup>th</sup> MARCH SHERBROOK FOREST**

For those members whose parents wish to travel direct to Sherbrook Forest. The site chosen for this year's event is O'DONOHUE RESERVE, Sherbrook Forest Rd. Sherbrook. Ref Melway Map 75 G3. B.B.Q. facilities are on site, as are public toilets. Remember: Cars travelling with the club must travel at the rear of all machines or in front of, if so desired.

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### **NEW ADDRESS**

Darryl Woodman,  
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ESSENDON. Ph. 379 6912

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### **CLUBMAN RALLY. JINGELLLIC. N.S.W. JANUARY 28<sup>th</sup>/29<sup>th</sup>/30<sup>th</sup>**

The itinerary said "make your own way" so I arranged to go with a friend of mine, Colin, who has a 750 Katana. We met in Benalla at 1pm on the Friday and, after eats at the Shell roadhouse, went along the Hume to Wodonga, then to Bonegilla, Hume Weir, Bethanga Bridge, and along the road that runs alongside the Victorian side of the Murray River to the bridge that leads to Jingellic – about 100km upstream of the Hume Weir. Beaut run, except I had a couple of frights – first when a small van belonging to the Hansel and Gretel Kindergarten, which was travelling very slow, moved left to allow a couple of semi's to overtake; then moved back right, without looking, as I overtook; and the second time, when a car coming from the Wymah ferry road drove straight out onto the Murray Valley Highway without looking.

The Murray Valley Highway, incidentally, is a beautiful motorcycling road, particularly the stretch between Granya and Jingellic: excellent surface, wide sweeping curves, magnificent scenery, and very little traffic.

The Rally site was about 9km along a dirt road (typical N.S.W.?) back along the other bank of the river from Jingellic. When I got there, about 100 or so bikes had arrived; during the next couple of days another 1700 or so came, so that there were almost 2000 rallyists on site. Good camping area, spacious, with choice of riverbank sites, without much shade, or sites close to the many trees and shrubs. About a dozen portable "Super loos" had been placed around the sites. Water for cooking or washing had to be taken from the river – no hot showers here! The Holbrook Apex Club had a hot dog and hamburger stall for those who didn't fancy doing their own cooking. Cold drinks were

on sale too. There is a small store in Jingellic, but it seems it ran out of basic supplies rather quickly, despite being forwarned.

The hotel in Jingellic, however, being a little more businesslike, had ordered in some 28 tons of extra packaged beer, and though one of the Rally rules was that no alcohol was allowed on site, it was very, very clear that a high proportion of those 28 tones ended up on the site. That wasn't the only rule ignored; the area marked for "Family use only" seemed to be mainly occupied by some very un-family-looking gentlemen belonging to Bikers Ltd and other, similar clubs.

Truth be told, there wasn't a great deal to do at the site except eat, drink, and socialize with old friends. About 15 or 20 from the M.T.C.V. were there – Peter P, Wayne F, Ben W, Geoff and Faye, and many others. Most of the Club chose the river bank area, whilst Peter P and myself and one or two others chose the more sheltered shady spot. We talked amongst ourselves, and with our friends of the Four Owners Club and other clubs and groups in Victoria, N.S.W. and S.A. One of the entertainments was watching new arrivals drop their bikes at the entrance to the site, which was down a short, rather steep, sandy and rutted track. Despite a bit warning sign at the top of this track, at least six guys dropped their bikes coming down it in the course of an hour or so. I find this astonishing: these people who dropped their bikes would have seen the notice, would have stopped at the top of the slope first – yet still managed to fall over. Perhaps a fair proportion of bike riders are operating close to the limit of their skills, so that any deterioration of the road surface – dirt or sand on a corner, a wet or greasy road, etc. – could bring them to disaster.

Inspecting some of the more interesting bits of machinery was another diversion. There were some strange sidecar and trailer units; one sidecar was made out of a couple of 44-gallon drums, another had a front fork suspension constructed out of five shocks; several homemade trailer units, the main use of which seemed to be to carry the eskies to and from the hotel. Even Peter P's 750 K2 Honda was of interest – it has done 195,000km. There must be few machines that will "go round the clock" a third time. Do those American Hardly Ferguson's (something like that) do that sort of distance? That particular company used to base its advertising on the alleged longevity of its creations compared with the short life of its Japanese competitors. I thought that there might be a lot of noise on the Saturday night, but it seemed pretty quiet really (surprising, considering those 28 tons!).

I left early on Sunday, even though the Rally went until Monday. Partly because it looked like the weather was changing to rain, partly because I had some work to do on Monday, partly because I didn't want to mix it with all the holiday traffic returning along the Hume H/way on the Monday. Took the Granya Gap road over the mountains to Tallangatta, then on to Kiewa, Yackandandah, Beechworth, Wangaratta and back down the Hume to home. The Granya Gap portion of the Murray Valley Highway has just been sealed (RACV maps show it as dirt road) and although it still has a fair amount of loose stones it is delightful to ride along this part. The railway line between Wodonga and Gudgewa has, I think, been closed, so it came as a surprise to see a VicRail (V/Ling?) railcar train on a bridge close to Tallangatta. Stationary, of course. Is it being restored? Is the line going to be re-opened as a kind of tourist attraction? Perhaps some of the railway fans in the Club could tell me.

Mike D.  
Honda 400/4

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### **TURPINS FALLS** 8/1/84

Recently I was asked if I would like to join your club on one of their Sunday rides. I was assured it wouldn't be a long ride ("not far") maybe that was to encourage me to mount a bike again after many years away from them. But old bike riders never lose their enthusiasm and even if I was only riding pillion I couldn't borrow a helmet, gloves and jacket fast enough.

The day dawned overcast, cloudy and threatening, it didn't dampen my enthusiasm though – I felt quite at home in all the borrowed gear. Gradually bikes arrived, slipping in quietly until when the ride left the city there was, I thought, quite a respectable number. Once through the city and onto the Tullamarine Freeway I thought how like an athletic contest this was. Warm up along the easy stretch and limber up for the riding ahead. Once out to Sunbury township, reflecting on how lively Melbourne city and suburbia is of a Sunday morning, we made for the town of Riddells Creek. Riddells Creek's main claim to fame is the Bronze Wing Duck Farm which fortunately for us the cooler weather wasn't bringing to our attention. Other than ducks, Riddells Creek is quite forgettable.

From Riddell, with the wind quite cool and rain clouds still overhead we made for Gisborne. Up through Gisborne and turning towards New Gisborne the weather had the distinct Gisborne – Macedon chill in it and the beautiful natural scenery of the area is still scarred by the remains of last year's Ash Wednesday bushfires. This became more evident as we rode into Macedon itself. From New Gisborne through to Macedon was partially unsealed road which slowed the pace down marginally – and by now I was a very "at home" pillion passenger, thoroughly enjoying the scenery, the bike and the day. Riding up through Mt. Macedon, and I lived in Macedon for a number of years, the devastation of the fires is still very evident. Perhaps one of the greatest losses is the destruction of the large, old estates and the once immaculately manicured lawns and gardens, not to mention the Swan and Perch Restaurant and its outstanding wine collection (I knew that quite well!). as we crossed over Mt. Macedon, like magic, the cloud disappeared and the sun shone over a lovely panorama of Woodend, the temperature lifted instantly a few degrees, conditions were idyllic. Following along past Hanging Rock we came into Woodend for a quick "munchies" stop.

Out of Woodend and continuing along the H/way to Kyneton and after another short break to stock up for lunch we headed out to Turpins Falls. This was a flat unsealed bit of road very dry and unappealing countryside. Stopping in a desolate looking car park with two derelict brick structures looking like WW11 military shelters, I wondered if perhaps the falls had relocated. But one should never doubt the efficient club organizers, there at the end of a long steep descent was a crater ringed half way around by high stone walls and full of what appeared to be very deep, very cold water! This was obviously the local entertainment centre judging by the well prepared youth surrounding the area. We hadn't thought to bring along wet-suits or a full esky either. We were soon treated to a display of daredevil plunging off the highest point of the surrounding rock into the water below. Leaving Melbourne in the cold gloom meant we weren't quite prepared for the warmth and only a few lucky souls checked out the water in depth.

After about an hour we hadn't seen anyone come to grief leaping on to the rocks below so we trekked back up to the car park area and after much perusing of local maps set off in the general direction of Trentham. Arriving in the bustling metropolis of Trentham about 4pm, you could understand where the saying "you could fire a gun down the main street" originated, nevertheless the local milk bar rejoiced in our making this our "ice cream" stop. A few people were beginning to check out the distance to the next petrol stop, a few bikes were "cutting it fine" to make it back to Gisborne via Bullengarook. A few people were lamenting the fact that we were going to miss the worm races three weeks hence on Australia Day weekend, oh well maybe next year. Possible a warm Sunday afternoon as the sun is sinking low is the nicest time to drive through the Wombat State Forest, this included approximately 18 kilometres of forest track, very loose gravel, which probably meant a degree of concentration from all riders – especially Keith Finlay on his outfit who almost managed to clean up a couple of trail bike mounted police who happened to be cresting one side of a hill on the wrong side of the road while Keith was coming up the other side. They were out patrolling the area looking for unregistered trail bikes. All of the excitement didn't worry this very relaxed pillion passenger though. Wombat State Forest is in an interesting state of regeneration, I have worked horses for hours throughout that area and it is hard to imagine what the forest and surrounding scrub was once like – compared to the sparse coverage that is there now.

Arriving in Gisborne around 5pm, a few riders left directly for home at this stage, but the majority retired to Essendon for a welcome cup of coffee and chat. I especially enjoyed the day – and spent

the next few weeks searching for a bike so that I could participate in future rides – no luck as yet but I'm still an available passenger!

I'd like to thank Darryl and all others on the day for a pleasant outing.

Sharynne Marshall.

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CLOSING DATE FOR ARTICLES FOR NEXT MAG 23<sup>rd</sup> MARCH 1984

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