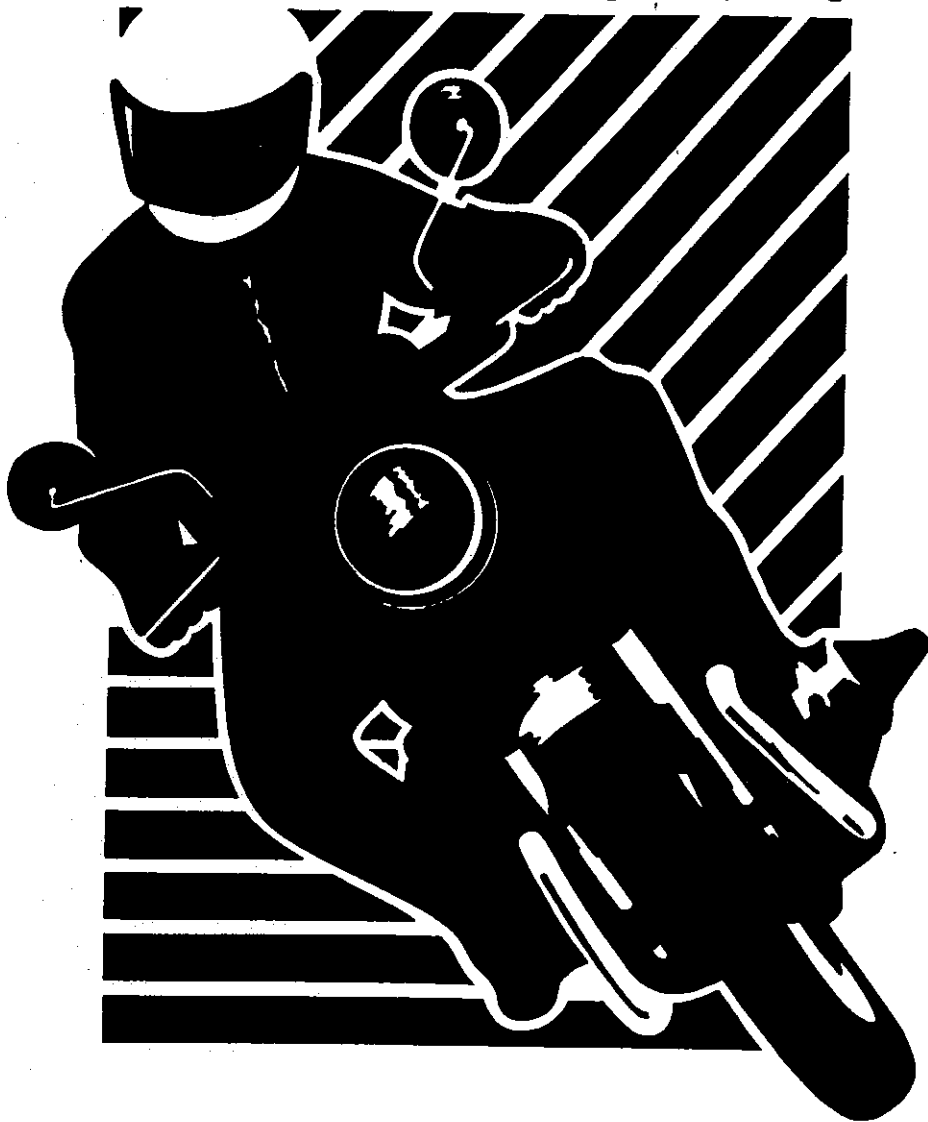


OCTOBER 1986

# Good Vibrations



**MOTORCYCLE TOURING CLUB OF VICTORIA**

P.O. Box 453, Richmond 3121, Victoria

# ITINERARY

OCTOBER 1986

SATURDAY 4th  
& SUNDAY 5th.

SWAN HILL WEEKEND  
8.00 KBCP.\*\*\*

All those members going will  
have relevant details NOTE;  
we will leave KBCP 8.30am SHARP.

SUNDAY 12th.

RUBICON.  
9.30 KBCP.  
10.45 Lilydale.

Travel to Healesville, Taggerty,  
and Rubicon Power Station.  
Lunch at Thornton (Pub or Take-  
away) Alexandra & back to Lilydale.

SATURDAY 18th

DRIVER AWARENESS RIDE  
1.30pm KBCP.

Members wishing to participate  
in the run to Geelong, assemble  
at time shown. Can also attend  
overnight rally, those who do,  
a special pickup will be arranged  
for Apollo Bay ride at corner  
of Princess Hwy and Anglesea Rd  
at 11.00 sharp Sunday morning.

SUNDAY 19th.

APOLLO BAY.  
9.00 KBCP  
10.00 Laverton.

Come along and enjoy the GO  
road or the world famous scenery.  
Either way be there.  
11.00 Geelong. (Cnr Princess Hwy and Anglesea Road).

SUNDAY 26th.

DEAD RAT RIDE.  
9.00 KBCP.

Gary Clifton will lead us up  
the Old Ballarat Rd to Kryal  
Castle then to Ballarat & home.

## NOVEMBER.

SUNDAY 6th

EILDON.  
9.00 KBCP.  
10.30 Yarra Glen.

Through Marysville and Taggerty  
to Eildon. Then Alexandra, Yea,  
Flowerdale to Kinglake.

FRIDAY 7th.

GENERAL MEETING.  
Club Hall 8.15 sharp.

The usual coffee and waffle  
will be served. So come along  
and get your fill of both.

# # # # #

DON'T FORGET THOSE RAFFLE TICKETS, WINNERS TO BE DRAWN AT DECEMBER  
MEETING.

# WHO's NEWS

Welcome Back, to Vince Green and Sue, now back in the land of Oz.

On the Breakfast Ride, Ben's bike was seen Marking the corner while its owner sought a cure for Cold Weather Bladder.

Life member Ken Brown contacted the Club to let us know that, old time member Tom Garrett had passed away. Our condolences to Tom's family.

Is it true, Gary O gets his school jumpers from SCHOOL GIRLS??

Since Lake Mountian Mick Fagan seems to be riding at a more leisurely pace, and suprise suprise the \$12 tyres have given way to a "New Sticky" Avon on the front.

Ben did some "gardening" on the Relics Ride after failing to "Negotiate a Bend"

Crunch

The fault it seems was a combination of:- Lack of sleep, Too many late nights, Toothache, Cold brakes, Cold tyres, Stop/start riding, Going too fast, Sharp corner, Loss of concentration, Wrong line, etc, etc.

smash

The Editor also dropped his bike, with the RALEIGH suffering a bent wheel and me a lacerated right Ear. Just call me Ian Van Gough.

crash

\$\$\$

Last months Auction proved successful with an extra \$64.40 going into Club funds. This being made up of, Commission on goods sold=\$21.90 and goods donated=\$42.50. Thanks to Phil Duffy for his witty auctioneering.

After being outbidded for a Sun Lamp, Sue asked Wayne, "well can I come round and USE it".

Wow

Hans is back from Cairns, having covered over 7000kms in under a WEEK. On one 1200km stretch he AVERAGED 127km per Hour. Cost for the holiday amounted to \$330 thats including Petrol, accommodation and souvenirs.

Tom Saville seen on Hills Ride on his new toy a RZ500 Yamaha.

Checked out Ben's new FITTED tank bag, Very Nice. But before you rush out to buy one, It was bought in France and took 3 months to get here.

Five people have indicated that they would like to go to Cairns in May 1987 and that is enough to get it off the ground. Anyone else is still welcome and can obtain more information from Peter Dwyer or check August newsletter.

Owners of XJ900 Yamaha's and maybe other bikes are recommended to check their bikes rear sub-frame for cracking if they have a Gearsack and rack fitted. The cracks appear near the seat catches and even a partial split means welding and reinforcing. If it hasn't happened yet, purchase a set of reinforcing brackets from Gearsack for about \$16. From one who knows, Peter Dwyer.

crack

On Blacknight Rally, Ben had difficulty erecting his tent due to missing tent pole section. Amazing what you can do with tree branches and ocky straps.

Hans was a bit concerned about the new Arrowmax he fitted to the front of the K100. It seems it's a rear tyre and he can't decide which direction it should run.

In an effort to improve meeting night attendances the Committee are investigating changes to the venue and changes to meeting night.

The committee are planning the Club Christmas Camp with Porepunkah / Mt Beauty area being a likely choice.

Jingle Bells

Speaking of Christmas, the annual breakup and BBQ will follow a similar theme as last years. ie Held on meeting night at hall, BYO, donated Christmas hamper, with Club supplying the food. To aid catering, please indicate to a committee member if you will be attending. More on this as it gets closer.

Hopefully all members received the constitution draft and Incorporation documents, these important issues will be discussed at the October meeting. If accepted the proposals will make our Club better equipped to handle the realities of the 1980's and beyond.

See Hans has the old BMW muffler back on his bike. It seems his non standard replacement could not handle the pace and has cracked and worn out. The good news is he may score a FREE replacement for it.

Don't forget the Castrol 6 Hour, held on Oct 12th, may see the debut of the Kawasaki GPX750R.

A Frenchman riding a Suzuki 1100 powered Moto Martin has set a new WHEELIE record, he is now the fastest man on one wheel with a 221.5kmh wheelie.

wheeee

Who said outfits weren't quick? It seems the TZ750 powered machine of Porteous - Spencer actually broke the superbike lap record at the Wanneroo track recently.

Lake Mountain 10/8/86

Ben GPz 900; Ian/Kerrie GT750; Tony, Gary XJ 900; Wayne VF 750; Ross RG 250; Hans, Jim/Maree K 100; Mick/Barbara R100 CS; Frank R 80 G/S., Peter GPz 1000RX. Arriving at the car park early (twice in a row I've done it now) with the clock opposite flashing up 3<sup>00</sup>. Finding a new face already there, Wayne on his VF 750, who had heard about the club through the M.R.A. Shop. Later on Ben, Ian and Hans arrived. Ben lead us to the pick up at Lilydale via the Boulevard (of course), Warrendyte (thick fog), and Wonga Park (and my hands were bloody freezing- time for the overmits).

There was quite a crowd at Lilydale and after a bit of a natter and some introductions we set off. I volunteered to remain rear rider, and was then volunteered to write this by Ben .

There was a lot of traffic on the road, so I sat on a very leisurely pace behind Jim who was running-in his K 100. There is some magnificent scenery along the Black Spur road if one rides at a pace slow enough to observe it safely. Apparently Ian discovered, to his and Kerrie's horror, the braking prowess of Volvos. Marysville. Q. Is this lunch or morning tea?

A. "Must be morning tea Ben only has one salad roll!" anon.

Non quote for the day in reference to how to get past the toll without paying.

Mick "We will have to go up religiously - on mass"

(you should not make jokes like that on a Sunday, more about that later.)

By this stage the sky was clear and it was quite warm in the sun. On to Lake mountain, past 50 or so cars waiting to pay there toll at the bottom, and were directed up to the top carpark , which saved a considerable walk.

There was plenty of snow on the hills but none on the roads or in the carpark. The carpark was full (1400 cars visited that day ) and thousands of Mums and Dads with there ankle biters with plastic sleds.

Someone suggested that we go up to the summit which is just at the top of the hill (which technically is true )so we set off, still clad in our leathers, Leaving Jim and Maree with there thermos of hot tea,, (cleaver people).

The snow proved to be very icy which made walking in the treadless Rossis very difficult, but proved to be a boon to the "Touring Club on Ice" display of down-hill skiless skiing.

Although the carpark was crowded there were only a few people at the summit and only our group at the look-out.

The look out, which was also "not very far", provided us views of some unspecified mountains with snow on them.

It was also the scene of one of the hardest fought battles of "Snow-wars", of which only minor skirmishes had previously occurred. After being knocked to the ground with a snow "boulder" from an unknown assailant, it was time to retaliate, using my kidney belt as an effective sling shot.

After we had enough of this childish behavior we returned to the carpark. Jim volunteered to act as rear rider as he was not too keen on unsealed roads, and eventually had to pull out after a few km's.

On leaving the carpark Hans spotted a woman showing a lot of cheek, (an arresting site), back down the mountain and towards Warburton. Ross was finding the wet sandy roads a little tricky on the RG 250, Frank zoomed past us both as usual.

Regrouping at the Woodspoint turn off, Gary O., Mick, and Wayne seemed to be taking a long time. Finally Wayne arrived with the news that Mick had "fallen off" and Gary had to high side his bike to save running over Barbara, but still came to rest with his front wheel against her back. Very fortunately nobody was hurt, Gary's bike sustained the most damage with a missing engine cover and cracked fairing. Ross then offered to act as rear rider and we set out on the real twisties, Gary this time in front of Mick.

There were some interesting moments for some people when we found a car parked on the blind side of a rising bend, causing some drastic changes of line to be preformed.

After noon tea at Warburton, then back through Launching Place, Healesville (again) and Yarra Glen, where the ride finished..

Tony.G. XJ900

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"THE JOY OF BEING AN EDITOR"

GETTING OUT THIS MAGAZINE IS NO PICNIC;  
IF WE PRINT JOKES PEOPLE SAY WE ARE SILLY.  
IF WE DON'T THEY SAY WE ARE TOO SERIOUS.  
IF WE COPY THINGS FROM OTHER MAGAZINES, WE ARE TOO LAZY TO WRITE THEM OURSELVES.  
IF WE DON'T PRINT ALL CONTRIBUTIONS, WE DON'T APPRECIATE TRUE GENIUS; IF WE  
PRINT THEM, THE MAGAZINE IS FILLED WITH JUNK.  
IF WE MAKE A CHANGE IN THE WORDING OF A CONTRIBUTION, WE ARE TOO CRITICAL; IF  
WE DON'T, WE ARE CRITICISED.  
IT IS QUITE LIKELY SOMEONE WILL SAY THAT WE EVEN BORROWED THIS FROM ANOTHER  
MAGAZINE,  
AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE DID!!

\* \* \* \* \*

On leaving home, I went straight to DENNY'S at Ringwood where I met Rod and Libby, Tony and Murry. While chatting and drinking coffee, Ben arrived, having just come from Ballarat. Not long after Wayne came in, followed by Peter and Sue, who looked pretty weary having just got back from Sydney. Last to arrive being Ian and Kerrie.

The breakfast was nice, it lasted  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours, there was bacon and eggs or the Grand Slam, which Tony had. Some of us were kind, we gave Ben some "TOAST" with the total Bill coming to \$82.

On leaving the carpark, where we said Goodbye to Peter, Sue and Wayne, Tony took us up towards Mt Dandenong via Kilsyth, with road conditions quite damp after the overnight rain, but he got us through the hills and down to Emerald where three of us met the Puffing Billy. It was now dry and on we went to Cardinia Reservoir, we stopped and looked at the particulars of this Dam. An enormous project. Going on through the small town of Cardinia, after which there was some HEAVY BRAKING as Tony was nearly missed at one corner. Then going through a BIG FOREST which went for quite a long way we finally finish up near Healesville where we stop at a Roadside shop for a bit of lunch.

Afterwards Rod & Libby depart for home while the rest of us continue on through Toolangi and the Kinglake road, which is the last I saw of them, I went on to Whittlesea and home, while they turned off at the Hurstbridge road.

A good day, I think was had by all.

Peter, P. GT750.

\* \* \* \* \*

MANSFIELD

Sunday 14th September.

No report as such;

I heard Mick Fagan & Gary Osborne met at the carpark and were later joined by Jack Youdan for the ride, we can only suppose the ride was O.K. as no comments have been forthcoming.

Hans did not lead as he was in Cairns.

THE END.

\* \* \* \* \*

Did you hear about the new Irish parachute? It opens on impact!!

The weather didn't look very promising as i arrived at Hallam , the all to familiar grey clouds on the western horizon. I sometimes wonder if rain is a by product of making electricity , everytime we head west it's cold and wet . After topping up the tank , i wandered across to see who else had decided to brave the weather Hans suggested that if nobody else arrived we call it a day and head home . Suddenly out of the rain arrived four more bikes , we decided with seven bikes the journey was worth the effort , of summing up the courage to head off into the rain . Down to the by-pass and onto Gippsland at the usual casual rate of progress , the weather looked like it might clear up i heard a rumor that someone had actually spotted blue sky . After a brief tour of downtown Moe we pulled into carpark of Yallourn 'W' power station . A short discussion on the merits of stopping , quickly became a seven to zero vote of lets forget it and keep going by this time the rain having caught us again . Off we headed towards Rainbow Creek , by now everybody was just a little bit chilly , time to find a service station . The poor girl in the shop is wondering if we paid for all the coffee scrolls or not , Bens salad sandwich had ham , ham and more ham but no salad . the cold weather was having it's effect , funny service station had no toilets , it's times like these that being born with that extra appendage comes in handy a quick trip behind the garage sufficed to relieve that call from nature . I heard a rumor that a certain Kawasaki rider is looking for a Porta Potty that can be towed behind a bike for the use of his pillion passenger . After numerous U-turns we eventually arrived at the independent state of Rainbow Creek . Hans had warned s the Prime minister ? has the habit of carrying a shotgun around with him . So we voted Hans to go and check to see if we could enter his state . He wasn't home so his sons Tom and Simon or Simon and Tom , never did find out who was who . Said they would give us a guided tour of the state , the whole problem seemed to be caused by the State Rivers and Water supply building a weir on the wrong angle . When they have a flood the water comes down the weir on a strange angle , this causes the river bank to cave in . They have lost 5 acres since 1952 and refuse to pay the local council rate and the water supply peoples tariff until the problem is fixed . The neighbour across the road did the dirty on them and joined a committee to investigate the problem , he has a very nice bridge build by the government to show what a good job he does on the committee .

After Rainbow Creek we headed off to Rosedale for lunch . The weather had improved slightly , so off we headed to see Norm B.L.F Gallaghers house strange as it might seem the next stop was the Omega navigation Tower , and yes it was closed including the toilets don't they every use them down that way . Some people having already turned onto reserve a quick stop at the Woodside service station . Ben trying to convince everyone the GPZ 900s get 20 kilometers to the litre having just done 60 kilometers on reserve ,all topped p and off we headed home for a warm cup of coffee and a warmup in front of the heater .

Gary XJ 900

No! I can't  
Go Behind  
the Garage



... Creek, and Erosion



First lets get this right----Geoff Webb took us on an excellent run "East of Melbourne", at least for the first half of the day until it rained.

At KBCP until 9.50am only three bikes, with leader Geoff, rear rider Peter and leaving me as the one in the middle. But by 9.53 we win another nine bikes, and with Ray joining us at Templestowe, we have a tally of;

Andrea R80GS

Mick/Barbara R100

Hans (back from Qld) K100RS

Andrew (newstarter) K100RS

Tom RZ500 (goes like TZ)

Gary O XJ900

Murray XJ900

Tony XJ900

Ray GPz900

Ben GPz900

Geoff Z500

Peter GT750

Jack GPz1000

Kwaka sale on?

Route is Templestowe, Eltham, Whittlesea (how did we get there?), Kinglake, Toolangi and Healesville. First stop 11.45 not quite lunch time.

After Toolangi Gary O gives exhibition of Gardner/Lawson hang off riding style through the windies, most of us faster riders stay with the Hailwood classic style, blah, blah, etc, etc.

Further back in the ride Tom TZ fouls the plugs on the twostroke whizz bang around Mernda, and they clear on the hills out of Whittlesea. You know the area, where the signs say "No Passing for 4Km", Tom does not see them in the blurred scenery when the horsepower comes on!

Great ride until Healesville where Ray takes off his waterproofs causing cloud build up and rain, rain, rain, great trick Ray but please play Rain-maker some where else (like the desert?).

What happened next you say.....well not much as 50% (thats 6.5 bikes, cannot be?) go homeward and the other 49.3% head for Launching Place planning to run the Reefton Spur, where else in the Wet?, must be MAD!

At this point your reporter gets attack of "Water in crotch sickness", effecting brain and of course concentration, so opts out.

So how does the day end with the writer home? Well in the interests of balanced reporting the rest will be guessed like:-

The lot who went over the Spur (over the rainbow sounds better) found perfect weather, perfect corners, perfect adhesion and broke all point-to-point records.

Yeah, yeah we all know, but just don't tell us this in the next newsletter.

Thanks again Geoff, great ride (until Ray caused the RAIN).

Jack Youdan.

Weren't we going to turn left here (to Launching Place)? I pondered. Mick was stopped on the other side of the corner. We discussed whether the corner markers had just left the corner or in fact, if there were any there in the first place. We decided to obey Club policy and continued along the Maroondah Highway heading for Lilydale.

I stopped at another group of riders ostensibly putting their wet weather clothing on - the weather had deteriorated from a clear blue sky to solid rain - but really suffering that lost?, what's going on feeling. Fearing the worst, I was now telling people we would regroup at the Warburton turn-off at Lilydale, and hope to catch Geoff waiting for us at Launching Place.

Lo and behold, here was the rest of the ride stopped and waiting on an auxiliary road parallel to the highway.

Geoff asked me to lead the rest of the ride - he was going home because it was too wet (!), and yes, he had missed the turn-off. At the time, I accepted this without question, and wandered around informing riders of our leader's imminent departure and that I would lead the rest of the ride and would someone please be rear rider. (Peter was leaving also.)

On reflection, the action of the leader (a committee member) leaving the ride seemed a little *unusual*. I don't remember it happening before.

The big half of the thirteen riders followed Geoff's example and beat a hasty retreat. Those remaining included Andrea, Tom, Tony, Murray, and Ray (remember the days of the GOR rides where Ray would not even make it down Geelong Road because it *looked* like rain. Definitely a changed man since riding the 900.) Even reliable Hans, that long distance warrior who eats, drinks, and sleeps kilometres (Cairns last week!), wimped out. Unbelievable. Possibly its that bi-directional, rear pattern front tyre he's running on the front of the Big K that's bothering him.

With Ray riding at the rear, we back-tracked to the turnoff and headed for Warburton. Amazingly the weather cleared and the road now offered ample adhesion and fast corners. Perfect!

Alas, it was short lived. By Warburton (lunch) it was raining steadily again. Options included a blast around the Reefton Spur, a squirt up to Upper Yarra Dam and back, or check the scenic views from the top of Mt Donna Buang. I was in favour of The Spur (of course) but Tom did not like the idea of his RZ mixing it with 5.8 kilometres of dirt, and made as if to go home. Murray did not like the idea of getting his bike dirty but found the idea of a quick run up and down the mountain more inviting. Tom found it irresistible.

After 20 kilometres of uphill, tight twisties, it is surprising how much better (faster) you are riding. It was positively fun, pushing hard to keep ahead of Tom (admittedly, the RZ is a bit of a handful in the wet), despite the drizzly rain, fogging visor, and occasional low flying cloud.

To warm up a bit, Murray, Tony and I ran up the stairs to the top of the tower and observed the incredible view. Then back to the bikes and down the mountain again.

I waited at Cement Creek for the group to reform only to see Tom wave and head off down the Acheron Way and 28 kilometres of slippery dirt road. Andrea gave us a wonderful look of disbelief mixed with amazement as she faithfully, yet reluctantly followed. It was kinda funny.

The remnants of the ride followed me home via Healesville and Yarra Glen for afternoon tea and a look at the 550 head and barrels. A round trip of about 300 km. The bike has now done 78,500 kilometres and sounds like it needs a new cam-chain.

Jack K100RS, Andrew K100RS, Mick and Barbara R100CS, Gary K100RT, Peter and Sue GPZ1000RX, Murray XJ900, Gary XJ900, Peter XJ900, Ross XJ900, Ben GPz900R, Frank R80GS, Ian & Kerrie GT750, Peter GT750, Lloyd CX500, Barbara V50 Guzzi.

I arrived at KBCP to find a decent number of bikes ready to head towards Gippsland in search of historical relics. A few last minute arrivals at 9.30 a.m swelled our number to 15 bikes and 3 pillions. The weather was warm and there was not a cloud to be seen as we headed off via the South Eastern and Mulgrave Freeways.

Our fearless leader, Peter Dwyer, indicated there would be no corner markers between the South Eastern Freeway and the Mulgrave Freeway as most of the corners were unsuitable to have a bike stopped at. This proved to be a barely satisfactory way of doing things. In practice 99% of corners do have some safe position for at least one bike to mark the corner. I decided to corner mark at a corner not far off the South Eastern Freeway because I noted our choice of roads towards the Mulgrave Freeway was different to that normally taken. This proved a lucky decision on my part because at a corner further along Gary Osborne had, quite thoughtfully, decided to mark a corner and all riders behind me, although making it to the Mulgrave Freeway would have otherwise by-passed Gary and he could have waited there all day and never seen a rear rider.

Once onto the Mulgrave Freeway and South Gippsland Highway it didn't take us long to get to Tooradin and our first stop for morning tea. It also didn't take Ben long to seek and destroy his traditional coffee scroll.

We turned off the South Gippsland Highway at Koo-wee-rup and headed through Bayles, Yannathan, Athlone and Strzelecki where we came across our first historic relic. The first 'relic' was the site of the Strzelecki Railway Station. You need a pretty vivid imagination to picture a railway station sitting on this piece land. I think Marijuana would have helped, but it was there, apparently, in the good old days. A couple of hundred metres up the road was a large cutting where the track had gone through the hill. No imagination needed here but still no sign of the old track, sleepers etc.

Next stop was Warragul for lunch. I was marking a corner in Warragul itself for what was quite a long time and when Ben finally arrived he greeted me casually with the words "I've just dropped my bike". It turns out he got a bit sideways, shot off onto the grass, still upright, relaxed when he thought he was back in control and then dropped it fairly gently. Punched a blinker through the fairing, bent the handlebar and clutch lever and added numerous cracks and scratches to what is an already well used looking fairing.

Noojee saw us visiting the site of the old railway station, imagination now working overtime, and the old trestle bridge, larger than life. This bridge is the only one still standing after the others further along the line have been destroyed by bushfires over the years. Quite impressive considering it's size and location in which it was built.

Afternoon tea was consumed at an unforgettable little town back towards Drouin, I can't remember the name of it off hand!

Headed back along Princes Highway and associated back roads at a rather brisk pace and broke up at Berwick at about 4.30 p.m.

A very enjoyable days ride.

Murray XJ900

Note: good to see four Yamaha, value for money, sport/tourers, rave, rave, on the ride. (I think I'm biased!)

All day Saturday the barometer was rising. A good omen. Arising Sunday morning the barometer had risen even further. Another good omen. Looking out the window, clear blue skies (more omens eh?).

With the prospect of another well organised Peter Dwyer ride we set off with great anticipation.

Arriving at the carpark it was noticeable that the Relics of the Club outnumbered US youngsters. After lots of instructions of where, what and why, we set off to Tooradin for morning tea.

After that it got a little more adventurous and we hit the "Grand Ridge Road". Which is at this time of the year, at its scenic best. With scenery being the reason for this trip the gentle pace was a MUST. Other wise one wouldn't be able to take it all in.

Our leader stopped on a corner, which looked just like any other. We thought he was LOST (a not unusual happening) however it turns out that approx 50ft in front of us in 1940 stood a RAILWAY STATION. A few of us had doubts on this claim. However approx 1km further on we stopped at a cutting which proved that either a train went through or the world's biggest Wombat lives there. Most agreed with the Train theory!!

It was at this stage noticed that Ben wasn't with us. He had decided to give us all a head start so he could have a decent ride. Was this the First BAD omen for the day??

Warragul was next for lunch where most attacked the Chicken Shop. During lunch it was noted Ben (alias Ben Bendem) had "failed to Negotiate a bend", another few scratches on the fairing, eh Ben.

After lunch we headed off to Noojee, ostensibly to check out the trestle bridge. We went right past it didn't we, through Noojee and then our faithful leader stops in the middle of nowhere, lost again? No way!!!

This was once the site of a railway station. Very suspect this claim. For the third time we were being asked to blindly believe that here was another Relic without proof. One was beginning to believe that we were being CONNED.

However Peter did consent to having his picture taken in the middle of nowhere pointing to nothing saying "yes its true, it was here once"!!!

We backtracked to the trestle bridge. We couldn't believe it. Here was a real life relic, where we could get "hands on experience". Actually FEET on as we walked across it. We had finally cracked it for a real relic.

However it wasn't all that good. It (the bridge) was burnt down on Black Friday 13th Jan. 1939 and so in reality we have a new relic. Still it was something to look at and also it was a real bargain as the Vic. Railways sold it for ONE POUND if you are a Relic, or \$2 if you are a Non-Relic.

Afternoon tea was the next stop followed by a nice ride via some railway tracks to Berwick, where we split up. Approx 300 very enjoyable kilometres were traveled. Many thanks to Peter Dwyer.

Mick Fagan R100CS.

Ben, Kerrie and I decided to check out the Q.L. Clubs rally at Kyalite N.S.W. Arranged to meet at Gisborne 9am Saturday morning, for some silly reason Iwaited at Kyneton?  
We eventually met at the Rally site. Set up camp and settled down to watch the Gymkhana and the antics of 500 plus motorcyclists.

SOME of the HIGHLIGHTS:

Saw an outfit collide with a stationary caravan. The chair sure was a MESS.

Nice 350cc single BSA digging holes with rear wheel until clutch gave out.

A pedestrian taking CORE samples of the road way with his NOSE after playing Chicken with an Outfit.

Burnout competition.....See photos.

The PUB was open 24 hours a DAY:-

Flaming footies, toilet rolls soaked in petrol, lit and kicked around.

Onsite catering by local Rotary Club, with coldslaw by the bucketful on everthing you Ordered.

On a serious note, a Vict. motorcyclist was killed in an accident while on his way to the rally.

Plenty of spills and drama during the Gymkhana, great spectator sport.

After a late and Restless night,those who attend rallies will know, we packed up and headed for Winton Raceway.

Touched 190kph (with pillion and camping gear) keeping up with Ben.

Watched final round of Swann Series, 1st. Phillis, 2nd. Campbell.

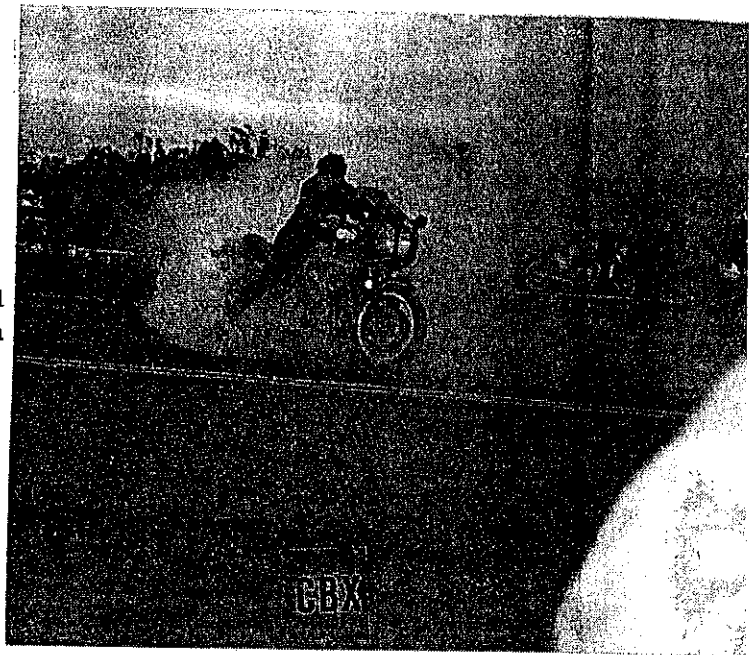
Phillis's bike is up for Sale as Mick Hone will be racing MOTORCARS? in 1987.

Watched enthalled by SIDEWAYS sliding/riding style of Glen Bowles riding his KX500 on a WET track.

Homeward bound.....down "Radar Infested" Hume, to Euroa, Strathbogie, Merton, Yea and Whittlesea, Bens shortcut.

Home at last, having riden over 1000km for the weekend.

Ian Payne.



Those discriminating motorcyclists who attended this ride might have been a trifle perplexed about where the historical relics were (no, they were not all the members present). Actually, what you were supposed to see was the formation of two old railways and a revelation though it may be, we crossed over them many times en route. For the sake of avoiding tedious stops, not to mention possible physical violence, your leader prudently let them pass unmentioned. However, this is what you should have seen:-  
Formation of the KooWeeRup/Strzelecki Railway

A Victorian Railways broad gauge (5'3") line constructed in 1922. The stations were KooWeeRup, Bayles, Yannathan, Heath Hill, Triholm, Topiram, Strzelecki and it was 48km in length. The line was closed in sections, the first being Topiram/Strzelecki in 1930 (it only lasted 8 years, before a threatened bridge collapse) and KooWeeRup/Bayles in 1959 the last. As you would have noticed on the ride, the climb into Strzelecki was considerable (1:30, to reach the terminus at 987'). Unfortunately, we didn't have time to walk to the old trestle bridge site.

#### Warragul/Noojee Railway

Another broad gauge Victorian Railway, 43km long, constructed to Neerim South in 1892 and to Noojee in 1917. Again, lots of steep grades, the highest point being 1413' at Nayook, then the steep descent into the Latrob River valley at Noojee (761'). There were 7 large trestles, all but one either destroyed in fires or dismantled when the line closed. The stations were Lillico, Buln Buln, Rokeby, Crossover, Neerim South, Neerim, Nayook, Noojee. The Nayook/Noojee section was closed in 1954, the remainder in 1959.

If there are sufficient unsuspecting riders, we might have another historical relics (Son of Relics?) ride to inspect the remains of the old timber tramways around Powelltown and Warburton. Meanwhile, here's a write-up of a by-gone age over the same territory to Strzelecki in 1940. This is from a book "Change Here For..." by Wal Larsen.

I wandered around this ill-fated venture in railway expansion, looking eastwards over the deep valley and the bare smooth hills of the Southern Gippsland scene, then walked back to the road leading to Korumburra. A milk truck came by and stopped. "Want a lift down to the 'Burra?", queried the driver. "Why not?", thought I and was soon being given an interesting talk on local history by the driver who certainly knew his weather, dairyfarmers and the land.

I stayed overnight at a hotel in Korumburra, finding the Loco. shed with N 137 and D1 549. Then it was a long slow walk back to Strzelecki, from whence I commenced my exploration of the old line down to the then terminus of Triholm.

The line swung around a sharp curve in a fairly deep cutting from the old station site and went under a wooden bridge carrying the roadway. The remains of a high trestle bridge were reached soon afterwards. The piles were still in place but the decking had been removed. I was told an interesting story of this bridge.

The story went that the curves in the last section of the line were so sharp that no six-wheeled vehicles were permitted along its length. This naturally prevented most of the Z-vans so that the guard would ride on the locomotive.

One day the train was venturing out onto this wooden trestle which creaked, groaned and swayed so much that the crew on the return trip stopped the train short of the bridge and gave it a good inspection. Finally they decided that their lives being of more value to themselves and family than the loco. and train to the Victorian Railways they would let the train cross the bridge all by itself. The driver and guard walked across the high trestle, then the fireman released the air brake and the train slowly set off down the grade, enough hand brakes having been applied to prevent speed building up. It creaked across the trestle and the driver swung aboard the engine and stopped the train well clear of the bridge. According to what I was told the fireman crawled across on his hands and knees!

This had the line smartly cut back to the next station which was Triholm, where it terminated until August 1941. Meantime I had scrambled down into the deep gully and ascended the other side. The old line crossed embankments, the slopes of which were covered with bracken, wattle trees and rabbit warrens. The cuttings were in good shape, and the line wandered its way down, the Curve & Grade book showing curves as tight as 10 and 8 chain, and the grade averaging around the one in 35 mark.

By this time the light was fading in the west, so picking a suitable spot I ate what food I had and settled for the night amid the hundreds of rabbits that infested the valley.

Next day I continued the downward journey, finding numerous rabbit-proof (!) fences, the sole purpose of which, as far as I could see was to make my progress awkward and slow.

I cannot recall how I crossed the Lang Lang River; maybe the railway bridge retained its decking. But I came around the final 10-chain curve, walked beneath the wooden road bridge, and found D1 503 and her train awaiting my arrival. My watch had stopped and the driver said that having been told to expect a bona fide hiker coming down from Strzelecki, they waited for me.

The train was of two I trucks, a louvre, a delightful old carriage labelled 15 ABL, and the guard travelled in Z 470.

By the time I had made myself at home in my compartment we had arrived at the next station of Topiram where we had a brace of I trucks plus a wooden IB. While this was going on I noted in my little note book that we had departed Triholm 4.01, which was much later than the advertised 2.30 in the timetable. Maybe it being Easter Monday threw the timetable out.

The country had flattened out considerably by this time, and the short drop of 1 in 75 just west of Topiram was the sharpest all the way into Koo-wee-rup, although some of the curves were of 30-20 and even 15-chain radius. The land in parts was covered with heavy scrub and the ballast appeared to be of heavy sand.

Non-stop through Athlone and Heathhill, and so to Yannathan which, the guard told me was Aboriginal for "Walk About". Here we did some

shunting, the station on the up side, and the single siding swinging wide to the goods shed, and showing signs of there having once been another siding in between. Five vehicles were collected and backed onto our train, and we left for Catani which we rattled through non-stop, and then a wide ditch made its appearance and kept us company into Bayles. Here we added nine trucks plus a water wagon.

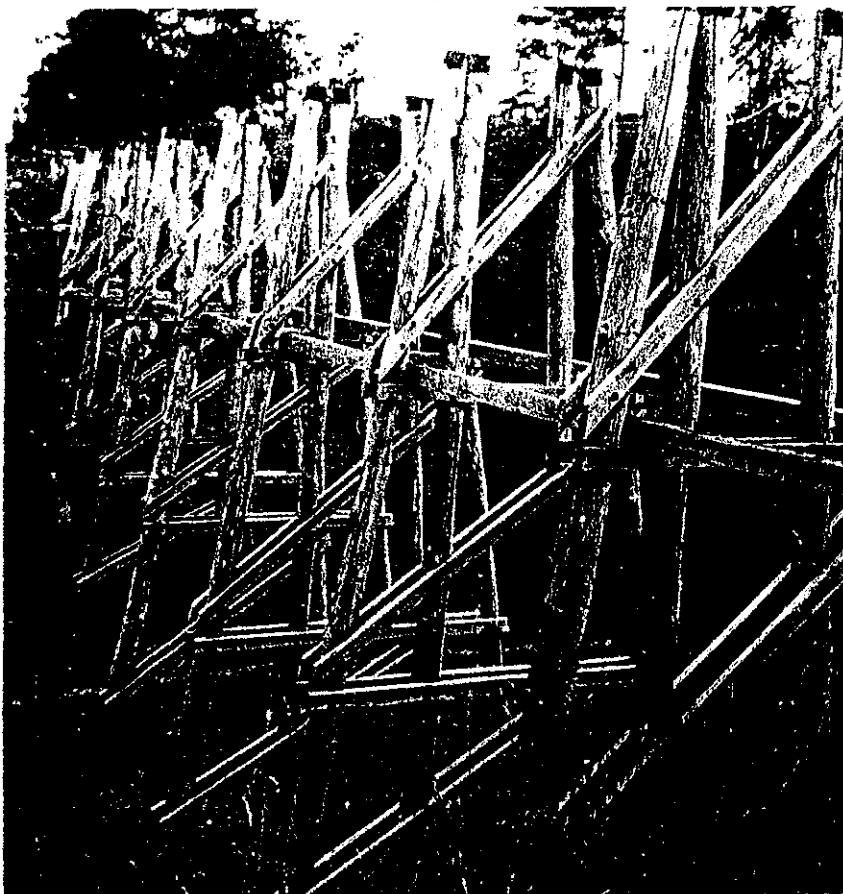
Koo-wee-rup saw our arrival at 6.40. Here I said farewell to the obliging and friendly crew and awaited the arrival of the Melbourne train which was now racing up from Port Albert.

I finally found myself sitting on a little triangular padded seat sited in the corridor abutting the toilet in 5 BL. In one of the compartments someone was playing a mouth organ. The train was packed, bringing to mind a Letter-to-the-Editor of 1915 wherein the writer complained of returning to Melbourne, from Pakenham. It was mid-winter and the train was crowded by the time it reached his station. He found a seat in one of the Tait carriages (!) and wrote, "By the time we reached Narre Warren there were 16 in our compartment. Two more entered at Dandenong and another at Springvale. Our compartment by this time had 19 adults, two dogs, one

ferret, about 20 dead rabbits, a number of dress baskets, kit bags, rugs, baskets, overcoats, partially-filled sugar bags, umbrellas, etc. etc. . . . I should think that the train held between 800 and 1000 passengers plus all of the dogs, ferrets, dead rabbits, etc. etc. . . ."

YANNATHAN and the weekly mixed pauses on her return trip from Triholm with 11 503 ready for some shunting. Easter Monday, 1940.

51



Sited on a steep grade and less than a mile from Strzelecki the tall timber trestle spanning a gully brought about the closure of the last section of this railway by developing a dangerous sway. Easter Sunday, 1940.

STRZELECKI Station site with the rails gone and sleepers pulled clear of the ballast.



**IMPORTANT:** M.T.C.V. General Meeting Friday 7th November, 1986  
Fairfield Dispensary Hall.

All Members are urged to attend this meeting, as final discussion on proposed changes to the Club's constitution will take place.

Also the Incorporation Documents for our Club are to be finalised.

This will be YOUR last chance to have a say on these important matters, therefore your attendance is vital!

### CLUB MEETING HALL

Due to the Sale of the Dispensary Hall and the non-renewal of the Club's monthly booking, the November meeting will be the "LAST" held at this Venue.

The DECEMBER meeting and Christmas B.B.Q. will now be held on:

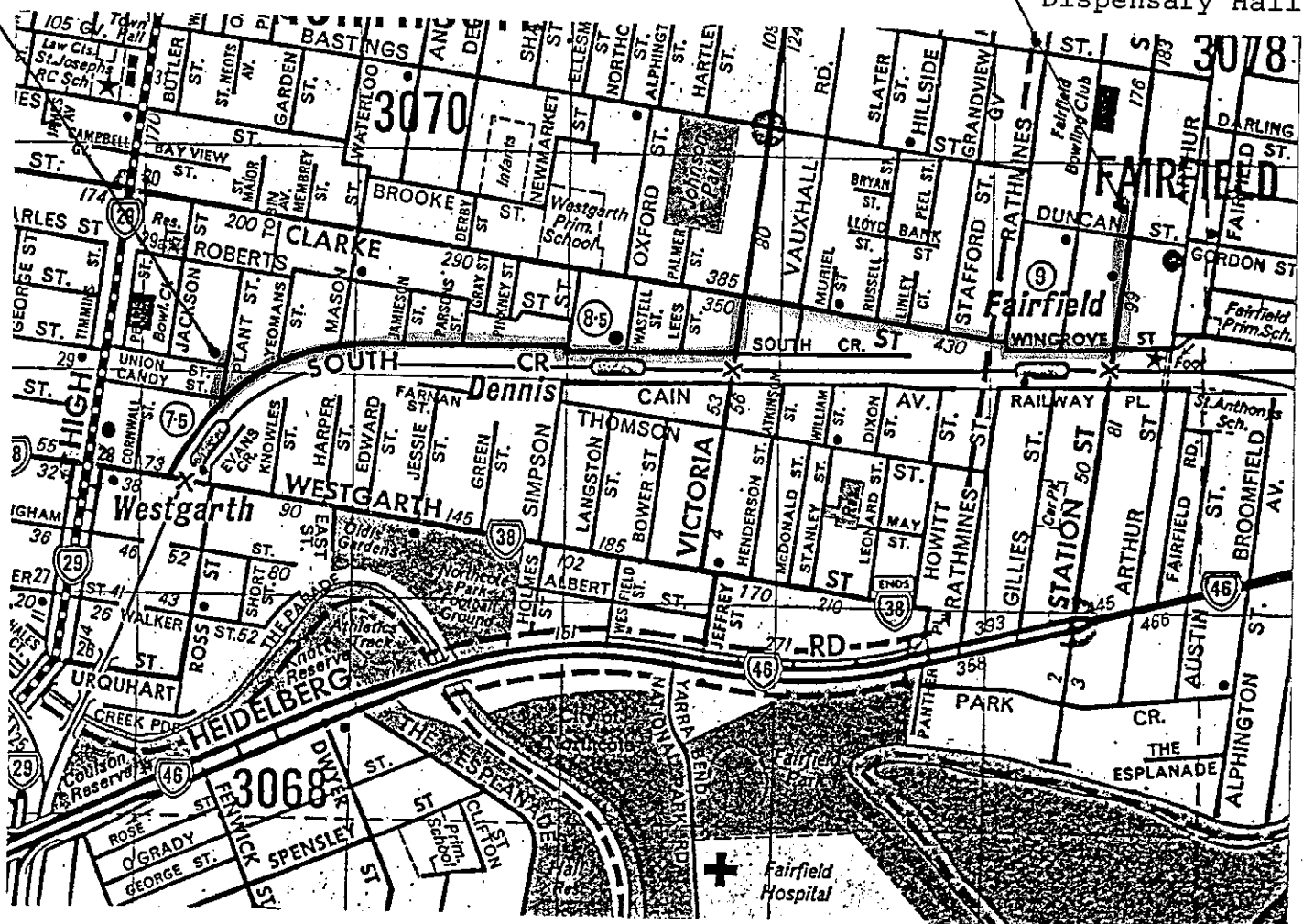
THURSDAY 4TH DECEMBER, 1986  
at the JIKA JIKA  
Community Centre  
cnr. Plant & Union St.,  
NORTHCOTE. (Melways P.30 F-11).

This Venue will be the new meeting place for the Club's monthly meetings (modern premises and facilities with ample street parking in well lit quiet location).

Which will NOW take place on the "FIRST THURSDAY" of the month.

New Hall

Dispensary Hall





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3