

FEB 79

EDITORIAL

FEBRUARY 1979

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SATURDAY 3

DRIVE-IN NIGHT K.B.C.F. 7pm.

SUNDAY 4

SNOBB'S CREEK. Picnic Lunch K.B.C.P. 9,3

WEEKEND 10 + 11

WATER SPORTS WEEKEND.

WELSHMANS REEF. KEILOR 7.30am.

SUNDAY 18

PARADISE via Great Ocean Rd. K.B.C.F

SUNDAY 25

ECONOMY RIDE. BRING BATHERS. KB.C.P.

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The next meeting of the M.R.A. is on Tuesday 6th of February, 8.00 pm

The new venue for meetings is the Model Railway Hall Wills St Glen Iris. (opp Glen Iris Station).

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This looks like being the last edition of the M.S.C. magazine next month we will probably be calling ourselves a new name.

With a lively new name and I hope a boost in club spirit I will hope for an increase in the amount of typing it takes to get all the articles in the mag.

ROD.

Hans Vinnie and I left from the Ford factory in Broadmeadows.

The trip out to Broadmeadows for me started off with dropping the bike when the Carlise tyre I had fitted before leaving let go while exiting the South Eastern Freeway.

I was lucky to only have one smashed rear vision mirror and the front right hand side of the handlebars at a 45% angle; repairs were made at Broadmeadows and a new mirror purchased on the way up to the camp.

The ride got interesting after Kancoban, Vinnie was showing he had not lost the art of fanging during his lack of riding the last year.

On arrival at Jindabyne we purchased supplies and listened to tapes in Hans' Gemini for 30 minutes to give the women on the toll gate time to pack it in for the day at 4.30 P.M. They charge \$2.00 per car and 80% per motor cycle per day; even when you are staying in the National Park.

After 4.30 we rode up to the camp site in light rain. We were met by John McKenia who had heard us coming up the mountain. I had given the bottle a few revs on the last straight.

John showed us around the camp, which on first sight was a bit depressing as we were miles from anywhere...houses, pubs, pubs and pubs etc. Actually this turned out to be the best thing that could have happened as we were able to light a fire and to make as much noise as we liked without any complaints being made.

John, Christine Ted and Marcus had already arrived Tom and Les arrived soon after us and we raced to get our tents up before a passing shower came over. Mick and Vicky (Joy's sister over from New Zealand) arrived and asked Hans if he could pick up Joy who was down at Jindabyne after having hitch hiked all the way from Broadford where her Bultaco Metralla had run out of spark.

Sunday was spent doing up the road as far as we were allowed - the road is closed 8 kilometers from the summit of Kosciusko after a quick look around we rode down the road a short distance and climbed up a hill to a section of snow...where some got numb bums from sliding down the slope seated on a thin sheet of plastic. After returning to the camp for lunch all twelve of us went down to Jindabyne to take out two OPEN boats

powered by a 6H.P. motor.

John, Christine, Marcus, Hans and Vinnie and I were in the slow boat while the lightweight crew of Mick, Joy, Vicky, Les, Ted and Tom manned the other. The boats proceeded at a steady pace to an island to drop some of us off - the pace was flat out. After dropping us off the captains towed game members of the crew around the lake hanging onto a piece of rope attached to the rear of each boat. This may sound tame but getting your arms nearly dislocated and swallowing water while trying to breathe as well as being towed through freezing cold patches of water is a bit rugged.

After this we went down towards the dam wall. Micks boat was leading the way due to his lighter load. Our crew decided to row and assist the overworked motor and catch the other boat. During my turn at the oar the metal casting holding the rowlock to the boat snapped. I ended up on the floor with a sore head. Meanwhile... a storm was threatening and when Micks' boat arrived at a floating boom set up to keep boats away from the dam wall. Whilst John headed back to the boat jetty where we had hired the boat. We had a good start on the other boat and managed to get a great lead...we would get to shelter first anyway. Alas, while passing a caravan park on the edge of the lake it started to rain; off with the clothes, we'd have something dry when we got back.

Lightening was forking all around the place and we kept going as the storm looked as if it had set in, after a time when all were wet and cold it started to hail. The waves came up and we had to use our dry towels to shelter from the hail. We could barely see where we were going at this stage we were headed in between the shore and an island in a short cut to get back quickly.

The hail stopped and heavy rain continued all the way to the jetty where we sheltered under a carport, after 45 minutes the sky was clear and the other boat appeared. When the lightening had started Mick had headed for shore which happened to be a Caravan Park and had sheltered in a caravan receiving cups of tea and scones.

Christmas Day Hans Vinnie John Christine and I stayed in the area of the camp while the others went on a ride around to Yarrenbilly Caves which was right around the other side of Lake Eucumbine. The caves were not open due to the fact that it was Christmas Day, but they were able to enjoy the thermal pool nearby.

Tuesday saw most of the crew go home Tom, Ted, Hans, Vinnie and I staying on; Keith and Jude arrived this day. Brendon and Sally arrived Wednesday as did Kevin Robertson...only when he arrived he could not find a secluded campsite. Thursday Hans, Vinnie, Keith and I went to Old??? for the night. Tom and Jude went to the coast as did Helene and Harry (500/4s arrived Tuesday) We stayed another couple of nights at Adminaby. Keith and Kevin both left for Melbourne and Hans Vinnie and I carried on with our holiday through South Coast N.S.W Snowy Mountains Murray Valley South Gippsland.

KEN MARKHAM

'750 Waterbottle
65,000 Kl. now

MINI WORLD STAWELL

As usual I arrived about 10 minutes before the start to find about nine cycles lined up and ready to go. Tom Saville gave a short talk on the route he intended to take to Stawell and we were off. With the R.S out front and Big D as rear rider we headed up the Calder H/way to Elphinstone then on to Castlemaine chasing a pair of Wellington boots, Les Leahy through the curves. A short stop in Castlemaine for fuel and a stretch. Noticed abit of smoke coming from one or two individuals, may have been fanging along a little. Continuing along the Pyrenees H/way to Avoca then heading north to Tanwood and west to Stawell over excellent almost deserted roads. While marking the second last corner into Stawell Alan and Lee scored a flat on the Z1000 and so ajorned to the local service station with Vinny to fix it. As we were havind lunch on the Town Hall lawn Mick, Joy and Frank Bloxham turned up after having a late night or early morning depending on how you look at it. After lunch we headed of to Mini world and on the second corner Alans tyre is flat again so returns to service station. On arriving at Mini world only Tom, Marcus, Ted and myself decided to go in, Mick and Co having been through already before they met us in town. \$2.30 is very steep for whats in side, 30¢ is more like it. Returning to the carpark we find a visitor named Loch, Z1000 has joined us for the day and the Frisbee in full flight. Sonia is enjoying the ride and will join the club shortly. Abbut 3.00 o'clock with no sign of Alan we return to the service station to find he has just fixed the tube for the second time. As it was getting late Tom decides to return down the Western H/way.

A few Kilometres out of Beaufort Vinny and Alan fly by and the next minute Alan is waving frantically and motions to stop front tyre flat again. Big D offers a new tube and with Bob Evans to help the others who stopped continue to to catch the main group at Beaufort. It is decided to keep going with Greg Free as reer rider. With all this stop, start I kept on seeing this cattle truck as I move to pass all this brown stuff shoots from the truck and lands on the road ahead but fortunatly not on me. I guess that is what is known as being sh-t on from a great height!! We stopped on the service road in Melton and Alan and Co arrive about 10 minutes later. Some go on to Micks place for coffee and others go their seper ways. Greg Free accompanys me through Keilor and the Free home to finish a good days ride.

KEITH HARRIS
(R75/7 and sometimes 860GTS)

PARENTS DAY

Mt DONNA BUANG.

Sunday morning, hot and dry, ideal for the short run to Donna. Only preparation needed lube the chain and throw on the tank bag while Sally prepares the lunch.

My cousin arrives complete with L plates on a battered 650 Yam about an hour before the clubs ETA so we spent a while warming up on the Mt Dandenong Rd. Then he heads for Melto while we join the M.S.C.A.V at the Gully Market. About 10 bikes, Tom Saville and Greg Moores' families are waiting in the shade. In fact Greg is chauffeuring his family, Seems the BM isnt keen on going back together.

Keith leads off up Mt Dandenong Rd on his gleaming Ducati, Ian and Lynn bringing up the rear and the rest of us strung out in between. Traffic is fairly heavy but clears occasionally to let us take our enjoyment in small doses.

Soon we are on the narrow winding broken road toward Monbulk. Braver lads than I (or more foolish) "fang" past on their 1000 cc BMS but soon nice wide smooth roads take us past Silvan Dam and towards Seville and the Warburton Hwy.

Stopped to grab a drink after quite a while still no cars except for Greg Smith (too sunburnt for Belstafs) so we headed towards the mountain. Lovely road that with the exception of a couple of gravelled corners which had both wheels of the Ducati stepping sideways and me facing a broken ribcage from the vice grip of my pillion passenger. Nearing the summit fantastic clear views of the Yarra Valley and surrounding district could be had by the taking of straights slowly.

It was pleasantly warm on the summit and soon everyone was enjoying a hearty meal, everyone that is except for Tom and Judy whose lunch and parents were lost in the station wagon. Eventually however they arrived and we had quite a complement of parents.

After lunch time passed quickly as people played Frisbee, sunbaked and checked out the views. At departure time rain threatened which was of some concern to those who counted on a hot day, however it quickly passed and we were soon on our way down to Warburton and back towards Melbourne.

PTO

PARENTS DAY CONTINUED.

The return trip was pleasant travelling and passed without incident unless you count that Bee Emm gouging up the corners on the H/way and covering those behind with sticky bitumen.

Official dispersal occurred at Lilydale but quite a number of us accompanied Tom on an interesting tour just beyond the perimeter of suburbia to his place in Doncast. Here we were kindly invited to cool off in the pool, those in the pool decided this was compulsory for all.

Anyrate an all around good run for a hot day.

BRENDON.

(VICE CAPTAIN)