

EDITORIAL MAY 1980

We are pleased to see that everyone read last month's mag. Judging by the response we can't say that everyone enjoyed it. But at least they read it. It seems incredible to have to go to those lengths (dirty jokes) to get some reaction. We would be much happier to have the response in writing – not just verbally. We apologize to anyone (or their mother) who took offence at any article. We don't like being called smutty, but it is better than nothing.

Between the three of us (Lynne, Smithy, Jude) about 30 hours a month goes into typing the magazine not including the time spent chasing articles, finding out details on coming events and printing the bloody thing.

We are running out of jokes and material, so any contributions will be gratefully accepted.

We would like to thank Lloyd Thomas very much for printing 600 new magazine covers. It was greatly appreciated. And he did it for nothing.

Greg 'Smithy' Smith and Jude Wallis

MAY RUNS

Sunday 4	SPORTS DAY Mt Macedon area. KBCP 9.00am. Details in this mag.
Saturday 10	PROGRESSIVE DINNER Upper Ferntree Gully Station. 5.00pm. Details in this mag.
Sunday 11	APOLLO BAY Round trip KBCP 9.00am
Saturday 17	SERVICE DAY Kevin Robertson's. After 12 noon. Details this mag.
Sunday 18	POLLY McQUINNS BBQ KBCP 9.30am.
Sunday 25	FAMILY DAY Firth Park, Wombat State Forest. KBCP 10am.

JUNE

Sunday 1	ECONOMY RIDE KBCP 9.00am. Details this mag.
Friday 6	GENERAL MEETING Fees due.

REMEMBER REMEMBER REMEMBER REMEMBER

Bring along your \$6.00 for the June meeting. Membership fees are payable that night for the next year as explained in the February magazine.

PROGRESSIVE TALLY FOR CLUB MEMBER OF THE YEAR AS OF 27.4.80

Mick Fagan	55	Keith Harris	46	Ian Taylor	45
Craig Dawson	53	Les Leahy	45	Tom Saville	40

PROGRESSIVE DINNER

SATURDAY 10TH MAY

Cost \$3.50 per person

MEET AT UPPER FERNTREE GULLY STATION AT 5.00pm.

SOUP	SALLY & BRENDAN GLEESON, 22 Huges St., Upwey.	754 6060
MAIN COURSE	MICK FAGAN 1 Carre St., Elsternwick	582 6061
SWEETS	ANN & RON HAYWARD 20 Hudson St., Moonee Ponds	375 1927
COFFEE	FAYE & GEOFF MORGAN 246 Gap Road, Sunbury.	744 1189

FAMILY DAY

Sunday 25th May. Firth Park, Wombat State Forest.

This is our first attempt at a 'Family' Day as opposed to a 'Parents' Day. It means that you get your two points for bringing anyone who can legitimately be classed as family.

So, bring your kids, mum and dad, or even your old auntie, and let them see what a wonderful bunch of people the MTCV are.

RAFFLE

The response has been disappointing to the raffle. The prizes are really worthwhile.

1 st prize	A pair of Medal boots	\$75
2 nd prize	A pair of gloves	\$25
3 rd prize	A visor	

So, all you lousy bastards, dig deep. It is only 50c a ticket. It won't break you. Drawn at the June meeting.

SERVICE DAY KEVIN ROBERTSON'S PLACE

Saturday 17th May

Main Road, Kinglake West. Ph: (057) 865 253

After servicing or whatever you choose to do, there will be facilities for a BBQ tea and social evening. Bring your own meat and drinks. Anyone who wants to can stay the night (BYO sleeping bag) and leave for the run (Polly McQuinns) from Kevin's place.

SPORTS DAY

Sunday 4th May KBCP 9am

Sports Day this year will be at Ann Hayward's parents' place in the Mt Macedon area. It is generally a fun day - a series of gymkhana events. Half point for each event you enter. But, if you enter more than once in the same event you still only get your half point. Come along and enjoy yourself. There will be BBQ facilities for lunch.

Directions: Take Lancefield Road to Romsey, turn left to Woodend, approx 10kms later you will come up to a crest to an almost blind intersection. There is a very hard right-hand turn onto a gravel road. Proceed down this road. A short distance later (under 2km) you will find a farmhouse driveway on your right, the first driveway you see on your right. The approach to the driveway is downhill, and a little steep. The driveway disappears over a hill. You can't see the farmhouse from the road.

ECONOMY RIDE

Sunday 1st June KBCP 9.00am

This will be run within a radius of 160km of Melbourne. Route to be decided by the winner of last year's run. Everyone must arrive at the KBCP with a full tank of petrol (as you should on every run) and be riding a reliable machine.

The idea is to see who can go the furthest on a tank of petrol. So may the best Honda win. Sorry, I mean bike.

OBITURAY

As quite a few of you will know by now, John Kuyl was killed on his way to work on Friday 17th April. John had been on only two Club runs and was a very enthusiastic rider. He had had a lot of trouble with his bike, a Suzuki 250, at Mt Gambier and had just ironed out the problems.

We sympathise with his parents. We did not know him all that well, but it is still a sad loss.

Rest in peace, John.

Members of the MTCV

On this sombre note, we thought it would be of interest to some of the older members that 'Flasher' Albert Fleming and his lady Teresa were involved in an accident a couple of weeks ago. We don't have much detail, only that Flasher is okay and that Teresa will be in Dandenong Hospital for 8 to 10 weeks. Broken kneecaps, broken heel and toe. (I think.)

It makes you realize just how easily it could be you.

PILCHERS BRIDGE RUN 30/3/80

Eighteen riders (yes, with bikes, you clever little person) set out for the mysterious Pitchers Bridge, per the run leaflet, but never reached there. You see, it was Pilchers Bridge!

The journey to Heathcote was uneventful, although a trifle wintry, and your correspondent was beginning to think it may be necessary to invent some wildly scandalous news. But it was not necessary. In Heathcote, Keith's BM spilt its life blood in the main street, and he felt a bit like doing the same with the unsympathetic throng of advisors gathered around.

Then off to Castlemaine via a circuitous route and a lunch break to taste the exotic local dishes and again provide something for the locals to stare at. However, it seemed the dishes did not generally have the seal of approval of the good housekeeping institute and the locals were not worth staring back at either.

Here and elsewhere, it was discovered that a Suzuki 550 had various unpleasant symptoms due to loose disc brake and steering fittings. And not forgetting the mysterious liquid that appeared inside someone's helmet. Memo – do not leave helmets on Castlemaine footpaths – their dogs have no respect!

And so to Pilchers Bridge, over a fair stretch of the dreaded dirt road, and there it was – a picture of rustic decay in splendid isolation, all ten metres of it, over a murky pool full of unmentionable things.

We were destined to linger at this exotic location for some time due to a few missing riders, who, it proved, were helping someone find an obscure electrical fault, a blown fuse. While trying to find the cause of the delay, Chris broke a headlamp on his BM (\$66, thank you) and was not amused.

Anyway, after a brief conducted tour of Pilchers Bridge (17 seconds) for the late arrivals, we said farewell to the only inhabitants, some threatening looking goats, and arrived back at Heathcote to throw the local service station into chaos. Some people were very glad to see it – particularly those who had run out of petrol, hmm?

Back to Melbourne via any road but the one you expected, and there we were in suburbia – still slightly overawed by the wonder of Pilchers Bridge.

Peter Dwyer Honda CX500

FOR SALE * * * * FOR SALE * * * * FOR SALE

One pair of Medal boots. Brown, size 7 ½ - 8 Need resoling.

\$30 ONO. Ring JOY 531 7003

MT GAMBIER, EASTER WEEKEND

Keith Harris and I left my place at Elwood at 10.45am on Thursday morning to get an early start and beat the Easter rush out of Melbourne. We arrived at the Mount at 3.45pm after going through Geelong and Hamilton. We put up our tents in the only location that we considered any good. If you liked a rolling slope, then you would have really liked it.

We went to bed very early, 7.30pm, as there was not much else there to do and also because it was very cold and I wanted to try out my new super-duper sleeping bag that I had bought the day before.

All through the night we were awoken by the shouts and abuse of other campers putting up their tents in the dark.

While waiting for the others to arrive on Friday, the time was spent chasing other campers away from our spot by saying, "A BIG BIKIE CLUB from MELBOURNE was coming to the weekend".

Well, they finally arrived at 1.45pm (Eastern Australian time). There was Brendon and Sally Gleeson, Ian and Lynne Taylor, Tom Saville and Jude Wallis, Frank and KT, Ken, Lloyd Wiseman, John, Glen and Vicky, Chris and Debbie, Bonney and Phil Duffy and children, and, much later in the day, Joy arrived.

There was not that much sleep to be had that night either, what with bikes riding around the camping grounds all night. The next morning Tom and Jude decided to make one large cup of tea in their pannier bag of all places; it was quite a sticky mess.

A few of us decided to take a trip down to Pt MacDonnell to look at the sights and have some grotty fish and chips for lunch, then off to Ewans Ponds to look at the lovely pools of water. The 250 Suzuki broke down for the second time, but we managed to jump-start the bike and get it back to camp. In the meantime, we find out that Tom has dropped his headlight out and smashed it onto his nice new mudguard. (Good bikes, these BM's.)

Saturday night saw some people go to the speedway while others went to the pictures. Those who stayed behind went to bed early only to be woken up by Frank who decided to rev 'shit' out of his bike when he returned. He was very surprised to find that no-one would talk to him the next morning.

Lloyd and I decided to leave for home that day. I had a lot of things to do at home as I was going to Mallacoota the following day. We left at 9.45am and went via Dartmoor, Hamilton and Ballarat and arrived at home at 2.45pm.

I don't know if you would call this a good weekend as there were times when I wished that I was home, as the camping ground left a lot to be desired. I do not like crowds, I would prefer to camp out in the Mulga away from everything including people. I think that this is far more relaxing. Besides, if you wanted to take a shower or even to go to the toilet you had to queue up and this is not my idea of a holiday. It's probably just me getting old. Anyway, for those of you who enjoy this sort of thing, I hope you had a good time.

Smithy, 750/4

CRYPTIC COMMENTS

WASHING INSTRUCTIONS for BIG FOOT sleeping bag: machine wash with mild detergent. Dry in dryer with clean tennis shoe? When finished, throw away bag and eat tennis shoe.

Keith is definitely going to sell his BM after finding out that the Honda is getting the same MPG.

EASTER WEEKEND MT GAMBIER

Able led by Ian Taylor, the group of about 14 bikes ranging from 250cc to 1000cc left Laverton at 7.45am. At the first fuel stop, Brendan and Sally appeared. There are late comers in every group.

Hamilton was the next stop where bikes were fuelled up (except one BMW) and food consumed. The township was very busy with people going to the bike races, the hot rod show, and other Easter attractions.

Leaving Hamilton, John's 250 Suzuki started to play up, however he made Mt Gambier on a wing and a prayer. At Dartmoor Chris and Debbie rode Tom and Jude's 750 BMW while Tom and Jude rode Brendan and Sally's 500 Yamaha while they rode Chris's R100RS.

Arriving at Mt Gambier Caravan Park, the Club was greeted by Greg Smith and Keith Harris. Friday night was spent at the caravan park.

Saturday a few riders went to watch the bike racers practicing, with Chris and I doing a few laps round the track. After a few laps I pulled into the pits with Chris behind me. He had to, as the bike had gone on to second reserve.

On Saturday night a few of us went to the movies, while others stayed at the park.

Sunday morning saw one of the members being unpopular. The Club went to the races except Greg, and Phil and family who left for home.

Thanks to Chris, we didn't pay at the gate. While the races were in progress, Chris and I went round the track taking photos.

An early departure saw Chris, Debbie, Tom, Jude, and a few others heading home. Ian and Lynne, Glen and Vicki, John and I left later after replacing Ian's rear tube which went flat overnight.

With Ian leading and me bringing up the rear, the remaining four bike convoy headed toward Melbourne via Ballarat. At Lake Bolac, John's Suzuki 250 gave up the ghost. Leaving the bike at the BP service station, John pillioned on my bike back to Melbourne.

All together a very good Easter break with a good time had by all.

KT'S MASTER (Frank)

CAPE LIPTRAP LIGHTHOUSE APRIL 13

Alias Bad Luck Comes in Threes)

It had all the ingredients of being a great day as approximately a dozen of us left KBCP at 9.00am. (Please forgive absence of names – after only four rides I'm still a bit vague on names.) The weather was great, warm and Indian summerish, with a promise of getting hotter as the day unfolded. Things went smoothly and we pulled in at Dandenong for our first stop to finalize the route. Drouin was the next stop and we all (or so we thought) arrived about 10.45am. This is where bad luck Part 1 started.

After peeling off several layers of winter woollies, the temperature already in the high 20's, drinks and 'greasies' were consumed with great gusto. Gradually it began to dawn on those assembled that we weren't moving on and that something was amiss – Big D had gone missing. Two volunteers headed back down the road to find him.

Time rolled on, and more greasies were consumed, a spot of sun basking and idle chatter were indulged in until the masses began to get restless. Maybe the two searchers had been spirited away into the blue yonder? Finally (it seemed like a century) they re-appeared with the bad news that a search all the way back to Dandenong had failed to discover Big D.

An impromptu conference determined that Big D had probably headed off via a different route, the route we had originally intended to follow, but had overshot the turnoff. He was with a guy who had only ridden to Dandenong. We would probably catch up with Big D closer to our destination. So, after over an hour we were finally back on the road again.

We headed towards Korumburra and Inverloch through some lovely, but dry, open country. We stopped for lunch at the local surfies 'Greasy Joe's' somewhere. Right in the middle of ordering copious quantities of hamburgers, etc. the prodigal son, Big D, arrives out of the blue. I never quite got to hear the full story of his disappearance and resurrection, but with everyone back in the fold, we headed off again.

We never quite made it to the Lighthouse, but got to the lagoon-like, tranquil inlet at the beach at Walkerville after an interesting ride through some thick, powder-like dirt roads.

Meanwhile, back on the road, just after the last petrol/coffee stop at Korumburra (I think), bad luck Part 2 unfolded in form of your friend and mine, the local country cop, who decided his Sunday sport would be a licence check on these scruffy bkie blokes who were defiling his territory. This courteous cop from the country constabulary first clapped eyes on us in the main drag of downtown wherever-we-were, while we were circling looking for a petrol station. His brow had become furrowed and clouded over, his eyes creased mean and beady, and his moustache twitched with irritation and my lip-reading registered a muttered curse. To cut an already long story short, he waved us over just outside the city limits and in a typical "I'm boss cock around here, sonny" attitude, patronizingly announced a licence check: "You young fellas only" – anyone over 24 being deemed geriatric.

While everyone rifled through their gear to find their licence, Ian and I suggested that he should not overlook the youngest member of the group, our mascot, a grey furry varmint with hot pink ears and pearly white buck teeth, hiding behind the windshield. Someone else commented it should be booked for illegal riding position! The cop appeared to appreciate our commentary on just how ridiculous the whole thing was, not to mention unnecessary.

Bad luck Part 3 occurred just near the Koo-wee-rup turnoff when a Ducati 860 broke its chain. The chain was extracted but as the light began to fade rapidly, it was towed into Tooradin by Les and his BMW where a brief post-mortem was performed, and the Ducati left there.

God knows if anything else happened after the final parting of ways at Dandenong.

Caroline (pillion CX500)

THANKS GUYS

The Sunday ride down to Cape Liptrap Lighthouse would have to be one of the craziest rides I can remember.

What with going the wrong way and losing our rear rider, having lunch at Drouin on way to the Peninsular and the speed section was fun too, and not forgetting the sand traps. But the crunch came when my expensive 'O' ring chain let go and jammed the countershaft sprocket. It didn't break at the master link but cracked one of the side plates half-way through the chain.

Well, on behalf of myself and the Duke, I'd just like to say 'thank you' to the Club members for assisting me in this nasty spot of catastrophe; well, they couldn't just leave me there...could they?

I would especially like to thank Garry on the R1000S who ferried me home to pick up another chain and back to Tooradin where he assisted me in righting the wrong and sticking by me all the way home as I only had first and second gears.

Dave, Ducati 860 GTS & BM

MAROONDAH RESERVOIR BBQ 20.4.80

Arriving at KBCP at 9.20am found Ian and I face to face with a most conscientious Mick Fagan who had been there since 9.15am (thinking it was 9.30am leave not 9.30am meet).

When we left there were about 40 wheels, divided by 2 gives ... oh hang on, there were two chairs and a couple of kids – enough for two scanty baseball teams and various onlookers, whatever that adds up to!

Very pleasant, however, to see some old faces – sorry folks, familiar faces – as well as new. A special welcome to Mark on the X7 Suzuki – hope your electrics have since been resuscitated and your heart returned to your chest from your throat after pillioning a whole day with Mick Fagan. (Only kidding, Mick).

Maroondah Reservoir is a very pleasant picnic BBQ location about 65km from Melbourne via the shortest route. Thankyou Tom for not taking it. The 120km or so through Warrandyte, Christmas Hills, Yarra Glen, and Healesville included some really fast and scenic roads. I suppose you motorcycle tourers often take it all for granted, but I'm a little out of touch and these are some of my favourite roads.

The BBQ's were hot and spitting on our arrival, thanks to Brendan and Sally, and Christine and Craig who arrived ahead of the Club entourage. Much dead cow and many mystery bags were transformed by heat to culinary delights, namely chops and snags.

To aid digestion, two Frisbees were aimed, thrown, and sometimes caught, for a while. The baseball game was refereed by Sally (and all the other players), who did a sterling job at stopping the odd ball.

I was sorry to have to stop yakking and pack up for the home journey. (That 250 Kwaka does sound tempting, Keith, but, well, winter is coming!)

Everyone had well and truly warmed up their bikes and settled back into their seats by the time Yarra Glen hit the horizon. A quick stop was made as people reorganized themselves into smaller groups, leaving in various directions for home. Keith, Les, Tom and Jude, Mick and Mark, and Ian and I headed back through Christmas Hills, Eltham, and Templestowe.

Ian snapped a clutch cable somewhere near Eltham, and the last we saw of the Club was the tail light of Les' BM. The cable was quickly replaced and travelling resumed. As it turned out we were going right past the clinic where Lynne was working, so we called in for a hello and a sticky nose at the behind the scenes happening.

And so ended the day. The weather held out, making riding an easy T-shirt and light-jumper under coat affair. Congratulations on a good turn up, and safe riding.

Jo (ex-MSCAV)

GOSSIP*** GOSSIP*** GOSSIP*** GOSSIP*** GOSSIP*** GOSSIP***

You heard it first in this mag:

- Keith and Tom to swap bikes. (Finance companies watch out.)
 - Frank donates \$1.22 to Children's Hospital.
 - Miserable Markham fails to be taken-in for raffle ticket.
 - What certain member does not want it known to another member that he calls him 'Dawso'? More to come. (Eh, Stevo.)
 - Easter Bunny comes to Lynne in shape of square egg. Watch out for pimples.
 - Fagan lashes out and buys \$450 tent. Blizzard proof.
-

Father O'Reilly was a priest in a very poor parish. He asked for suggestions as to how to raise money for his church and was told horse owners always had money, so he went to a horse auction the following day. But he made a very poor buy, as the horse turned out to be a donkey.

However, he thought he might as well enter the donkey in a race. The donkey came in third and the next morning the headlines in the paper read 'A PLACE FOR FATHER O'REILLY'S ASS.' The Archbishop saw the paper and was very displeased. The next day the donkey came in first and the headlines read, 'FATHER O'REILLY'S ASS OUT IN FRONT'. The Archbishop was up in arms and figured something had to be done and when the donkey raced for the third time, it came in second and the paper headlines read, 'FATHER O'REILLY'S ASS BACK IN PLACE'.

The Archbishop thought this too much so he forbade the priest to race the donkey again, which inspired the editor to write, 'ARCHBISHOP SCRATCHES FATHER O'REILLY'S ASS'.

They buried the Archbishop three days later.

“WAITER, this coffee tastes like mud.”
“Well, it was ground only ten minutes ago.”

“WAITER, there’s a dead fly in my soup.”
“Yes, it’s the hot water that kills them.”

A mad scientist made a clone of himself, but the experiment went wrong. The result was an ugly, obscene monster, and the scientist got rid of it by pushing it off a cliff. He was arrested by Police and charged with making an obscene clone fall.
