

EDITORIAL FEBRUARY 1981

Well, it's that time of the month again! We've got another editorial to write! I think that might even be a good subject: Editorials! Who reads them? Well, judging from the amount of foot stamping, yelling, shouting, and waving of arms, some people did read our last editorial. Very satisfying because it got a reaction. That's what editorials are all about (at least in our opinion).

Sometimes they may upset the Committee; sometimes they may upset the General Membership, sometimes both. Good! We try to maintain impartiality; we look at rules, regulations, comments, and incidents with our view and then, with the opposite view. Then we write about it. That, in our opinion, is what an editorial is all about. It says something but gives food for thought. Hopefully members will react, preferably at a General Meeting, so that we may iron out any idiosyncrasies within the operation of the Club. Simple, eh? So, if you dislike something we write, don't tell us, tell the meeting. We're sure all would like to hear your comments.

Finally, we still have a few run reports outstanding so if you haven't put pen to paper yet, how about it?

See you next month.

Faye and Geoff

FEBRUARY RUNS

Saturday 7	BBQ & night ride. Kinglake. Details in this mag.
Sunday 8	Reefton Spur. 9.30am KBCP.
Weekend 14 & 15	Welshman's Reef. 8.30am leave Keilor municipal Offices, Water sports weekend.
Sunday 22	Jerusalem Creek. 9am KBCP.
Saturday 28	Drive-in 7pm KBCP

MARCH

Sunday 1	Nagambie. 9am KBCP Bring togs.
Friday 6	General meeting. Club Hall. 8.15pm SHARP.

NIGHT RIDE 7th February. BBQ at Kevin Robertson's place. Starting at 4.30pm BYO everything. Night ride starts at 7.30pm.

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations to Tony Baily and his wife who became the proud parents of a baby boy on the 7th December 1980.

CLUBMAN OF THE YEAR AWARD Points are as follows:

1. Craig Dawson	36
2. Ian Taylor	30
3. Keith Finlay	28
4. Tom Saville & Marc Sulot	26
5. Marcus Haesler & Les Leahy	24

WRONG NUMBER

Peter Dwyer's phone number is incorrect in the membership list. Please note correct number 398 – 2322.

ANNOUNCEMENT

As of Monday January 19th Mick FAGAN R80GS is on permanent afternoon shift starting at 4pm. So don't ring up work in the daytime or home before 9am.

FOR SALE

- One evaporative air cooler \$50.00 ONO Good condition.
- One small electric portable oven and stove \$10.00

Contact Mick Fagan

FOR SALE

- 2 drive chains (1/2 x 5/16) - \$25.00 each
- 1 set of control cables (clutch, brake, A&B throttle) to suit Yamaha 500 (XT/TT) - \$30.00.
- 1 pair Koni dampers and springs – suit Honda 750 or GL - \$50.00.
- 1 pair throttle cables (A&B) suit Honda 750 - \$12.00.
- 1 set rear brake pads – suit Honda 750 F1 - \$20.00

Contact Lloyd 531-7003

FOR SALE

- 1 tan mars leather jacket, ladies size 34" \$50.00
- 1 pair black medal boots with Cuban heels, ladies size 7 \$45.00
- 1 pair tan medal boots, ladies size 7 ½ - 8 \$25.00
- 1 brush and comb attachment hair drier \$7.00
- 1 nearly new iron \$12.00

Contact Joy before 10pm 528-6061.

QUESTION???

Who was the bearded Club member who, while sitting in the shade beneath a tree on the banks of the Lederberg River, admitted that, like everyone else, he had faults? However, unlike most people, he knew what his faults were.

LERDERDERG GORGE 21/12/80

Why do I have to get an ordinary, bog standard, run of the mill Club run on which to do a write up? How come there was no riding through snow, hail and fire? No massive pile ups, no scandalous behaviour? All right! Leave me here with this most civilised of runs, this trip so temperate, this meandering of mediocrity. See if I care. That one glorious point will be mine.

For some unaccountable reason people turned up in droves at the Kings Bridge Car Park. Let's say that being the last day trip for the year was reason enough for 15-20 bikes to brave the early 10am start.

Darren brought along his mother and aunt in the air-conditioned Honda, but the heat of the day later on the Lerderderg was to prove rather trying for them.

Robyn Duffy had seen fit to squander the child endowment money on a new second-hand Kawasaki 650.

Michael Fagan arrived with Joy on her R65, confirming that long awaited R80 GS was still in cold storage. (The beast was to be unveiled a few days later, after more drama than 'Gone with the Wind'.)

Quite a few visitors were present for their first run, a similar background being noticed by their unanimous choice of overalls, wide handlebars, windshields and leather panniers.

With Keith Harris at the helm, we vacated the metropolis in the direction of Melton, where with the help of many a back road, we navigated in the general direction of Ballan. This route of course takes one over that 'Big Dirt Hill', though after a few gentle slopes on a certain Christmas ride, I shall forever more refer to it as a 'Small Dirt Mound'.

Over-average kilometres per hour at this stage was not exactly mind shattering, though it took quite a while for everyone to trickle into Bacchus Marsh. With the necessary picnic goodies purchased (a total fire ban negating any thought of a barbecue) we headed out to the Lerderderg Gorge.

Mick Fagan fielded a debate on whose thermos was the biggest and whose water was the coldest and whose new camera was the best etc. All this was ignored with the usual enthusiasm, and quite a few went swimming to escape the heat. Craig's bathers were the tattiest pair of shorts ever seen on a Club outing. (A deduction of one point for indecent exposure would be appropriate.) By the way, Craig (our new Club Captain) is doing a good job of the pre-run briefings and keeping the outings moving along at a decent pace where possible.

Les Bennet took a snap with his Polaroid of a few Club persons. Something about evidence to show Pauline that he had actually been where he said he had. Good one, Les.

Tony, being a resident of Bacchus Marsh, volunteered his home as a stopover for refreshment and relaxation. My involvement ceased at this point, having to travel back to Melbourne for a squash game.

On the group's way home, Tom Saville and three others witnessed a very near thing as a car veered out of control in Anthony's Cutting and finally came to rest across the lanes on the other side of the highway.

Well, that's it. No Pulitzer Prize winner, but you can't win them all.

Les Leahy R65

- We hear that several members recently took on a somewhat difficult ride and discovered a few interesting facts: BMW's aren't too bad on the trail; and, they make good bulldozers, but they won't swim. Interesting?
 - _____
 - Is it true that two (correction, four) of our staunch BMW owners have condescended to purchasing Japanese (!!!) trail bikes?
-

TAWONGA

I thought the Christmas Camp was very good; it had all the atmosphere you would wish for, and I think most other members would agree.

It was great to see so many members attending over the course of the camp. Whenever I thought the camp was breaking up, more members would arrive. There was swimming, motorcycle touring, walks and fishing. Plenty to do. There were lots of flies to avoid during meals, but I still managed to eat one.

On one of our day tours Marcus burnt the clutch out on his Goldwing trying to follow Mick.

For those members who departed Sunday, they were lucky because Sunday night around 7.30pm we experienced a severe electrical storm, the first one for me. The wind seemed to be building up. As one member put it, he could see the storm coming. It came with such force that the winds reached 100mph. It uprooted trees and damaged tents and caravans.

I watched a '40-footer' land barely three feet from my tent. Luckily it fell towards the river. The only thing I could do was crouch out in the open, in the process getting very wet.

Unknown to me, my tent floor was soon under three or four inches of water, and so I had no bed for the night. There were many other campers in the same position.

I seemed to be the only club member really impacted by the rain, apart from Peter on his GS1000 who had his tent blown down, with one pole broken. Campers came to our aid, and I was put up by a nice family for the night who gave me a tracksuit to wear and helped to dry out my clothes. I was very thankful, especially after they gave me breakfast next morning.

It was an unforgettable trip.

Big Daddy

Want to lose weight? Then go camping with a couple of our fishermen (?) members – you'll lose weight (or die of starvation).

CHRISTMAS WEEK OR THE TWO DAYS I WAS THERE

Peter Dwyer and I arrived at Tawonga Caravan Park about lunch time Saturday 27th December. I had to work Boxing Day.

On arrival we waved to Faye and Geoff who were leaving as Geoff had to go to work. Apart from Paul, everyone was away riding but we identified tents belonging to Darren, Big D, Marcus, Mick and Joy, Gary and Andrea, Bruce, and Marc and Karl. We picked out what turned out to be a good spot. At least no trees fell on us, and we were not in a pool of water and wet, (more later).

Eventually everyone arrived back from the ride except Marcus. Most riders including Mick on his new (remove the back wheel in 7-seconds) BMW completed part of the ride on some godforsaken trail. Everyone except Marcus. Apparently, Darren advised him it would be silly to ride that bike on the trail, but no. Anyway, it was a case of, "look mum, 14,000 revs, clutch lever out and bike not moving." Almost instant clutch burnt out. Apart from that minor incident, 750/850 Yamahas and Goldwings have very unprotected oil filter and bottom water pipe fittings, at risk of being punctured by flying stones.

According to Joy, it was something to see the Goldwing with big boy Marcus plus top case panniers bounding along the trail.

The boys found a guy who was willing to rescue Marcus. He had a 351 V8 one-ton four-wheel drive with winch and automatic transmission. The stranded bike was about 23km away. According to Mick his truck was bloody fantastic and nothing else would have got there. He should know as he has been to the top of Cape York whilst in the army and knows what trucks are capable of. Marcus ended up ringing his father who managed to hire a bike trailer on Sunday and drove up and took Marcus and bike back to Melbourne. Oh, to have a father like that. They gave the driver of the Ford one-ton \$20 which was cheap as \$50 would be nearer the true value.

The weather was good Sunday, while the storms stayed in the mountains. The hamburgers in the shops were good. The pub apparently too expensive. Guess where a lot of us went? It was a pleasant evening.

Marc and Karl, Darren, and Mick and Joy left for home on Sunday. The day was like Saturday where a few people went on rides.

At 7pm came the storm and what a beauty. If Darren had been there and on the opposite side of the 45ft gum tree we would have been minus Darren and caravan. The wind must have been well more than 160km/h. Peter Dwyer's tent pole broke while Big D's tent stayed up but was in a hollow and got flooded out. In hindsight, our group was very lucky. A pity Mick's cyclone-proof tent was not put to the test. A dozen trees were blown over in the caravan park not to mention tents and caravans. The power was off until 11pm.

As usual when in trouble, people helped each other out. One couple gave Big D a dry tracksuit and let him sleep in their annex. Chain saws came out and again the guy with the Ford one ton with winch came to the rescue, pulling away branches as they were cut to free the vans they had fallen on. It was fortunate it was 7pm and not after dark when the storm hit.

Sunday evening saw Sally and Brendon Gleeson arrive. They both got a \$30.00 on the spot fine for exceeding 60km/h in a built-up area. They only just got the tent up before the storm. Sunday saw Paul leave for Melbourne via Mildura. Marc Sulot left Saturday and was riding to Adelaide; see, you don't have to have a superbike to travel around.

Peter Dwyer had to be seen at work sometime Monday and I had to work Monday night, so we also packed up and headed home.

Tawonga Caravan Park is a good location, and we should go there again. It was very relaxing, for some of us at least, and will not be forgotten if only because of the storm.

Lloyd 850 Yam

Three write ups on Tawonga and not one of them was requested. That's great. Makes our part of the magazine easy. Thanks fellas!

TAWONGA – DECEMBER 27.28

Not being one to deprive relatives of the pleasure of our company on Christmas and Boxing days (not all relatives smile at one through clenched teeth), Lloyd and I left for Tawonga on Saturday December 27th. A third traveller was inexplicably missing, later found to have been enduring all kinds of Christmas excesses.

The journey along the Hume was uneventful – not that it could be anything else if one was to avoid the law springing out of trees. Just to confuse the masses, we changed bikes near Tawonga (verdict – Yamaha 850's are, well... firm) and entered the caravan park just in time to meet some members leaving for home. An omen, maybe?

The park was certainly popular, so the camp management thought it wise to put us on the fringe of the site, where about 12 members and friends had placed tents of varying splendour. Most splendid was the Room residence – roomy, even – complete with tiny TV set, which sent some members cross-eyed, or is it that they always look like that? The Fagan residence was also a cunning feat of architecture.

During Saturday, a run to some mountain wilderness had been arranged – by good fortune, before your correspondent arrived – with evidently precipitous slopes, resulting in one bike finding it all too much and inconveniently dying in the middle of nowhere. Marcus will agree that a Goldwing does not a trail bike make! The nature of the country required a four-wheel drive to rescue the bike and fortunately, a fellow camper with a Ford F100 equipped with every accessory known to man, agreed to the rescue. This was done with some difficulty and the heat, humidity and odd thunderstorms didn't help. Mick, being the proud owner of a very new BMW trail bike...um, thing, was in his element as the bike could leap tall trees at a single bound – well, nearly. No doubt he will be driven mad by people saying the bike has lost a few vital parts. It hasn't though, it's just an unusual design.

The problems of the ride and rescue seemed to have exhausted most, who, after visits to the handy take away (cheap) or hotel (not so cheap), retired early rather than sample such delights as the Mt Beauty Mardi Gras.

Sunday was again humid and the best things to do were to sleep in the shade or swim in the very pleasant Kiewa River, or even admire the neighbours who tended to think we had come to pillage the village.

Some more enthusiastic riders went off to Falls Creek, Buffalo, or Corryong.

There were lots of thunderstorms around and it was clear that before the day ended, we would be visited by one. Sure enough, about 6pm, the ultimate in storms arrived – gale force winds, dust, torrential rain, flying trees and branches and the most incredible display of lightning I have ever seen. Frankenstein would have been out of his mind! Important things first of course – bikes were shifted out into the open, tents tied down and lastly any wives/friends tied down, too.

The storm caused a great deal of damage with fallen trees and branches littering the park. Those tents which did not collapse were certainly wet and a few occupants were forced to seek drier quarters with the caravan owners. By good luck, no one was injured, but there were a few narrow escapes. By the time order had been restored, there was nothing to do but retire to the rather damp sleeping bags, etc.

Monday, being a workday, meant an early departure for Melbourne. How many stayed, I am not sure – that would depend on how easy it was to dry out!

Peter Dwyer Suzuki GS1000G

We heard that several members were threatened with suspension for consumption of alcohol at the Clubman Rally after camp had been set and riding for the day completed. We believe only one of the six Committee members present objected....Ed.

OH CANADA. AN AUSTRALIAN MOTORCYCLIST'S VIEW OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA, CANADIAN MOTORCYCLISTS AND ROAD TRAFFIC

(Continued from December)

American traffic is well controlled and poor driving is almost never seen. American riders look after and polish their bikes to a superb finish. My American hosts were always careful about my safety and would take care to ensure that I did not take any corners too fast, even if at times I would have liked to go twice as fast. Not so in Canada.

Here the traffic was like I know in Australia and if Canadians still rode on the left, then it would be quite like life here. Fast and furious describes our Canadian friends. The bikes are dressed like those in the USA, and the weather determines this. Their bikes are often dirty too, but the owners really use them. They pack a whole year's riding into the short riding season. One new Goldwing interstate had put on 50,000kms in four months.

Canada is metric, but Canadians have not got used to it yet. Speed limits are lower than in Australia, usually 90 or 100km/h with 110km/h on certain freeways. However, this is better than 55mph of the United States.

Whereas American roads are well policed, out of the cities the Canadian police must have been invisible. Canadians are famous in North America for passing on double lines. Americans would never dare. Wide surfaced shoulders make this practice to be not as dangerous as it might at first appear, but even Australians respect double lines.

Trucks fly along Canadian roads faster than most bike riders would dare to do here. Freeways exist in Canada, but where I was, they did not extend far into the country, and the country roads, like Australia's, have to cope with everything. In the USA most traffic use freeways leaving the twisty roads for tourists and bike riders.

The Canadian scenery, of high mountains, mostly snow-capped throughout the year, and lakes and rivers, often with dramatic gorges, mean that one can never be bored.

There were plenty of bikes on the move. As in USA, the Goldwing is seen frequently, but not like in the numbers seen in Southern California. European bikes, like BMW are common. However, due to import duties in Canada the prices of bikes are high compared with those in Australia where there are no import duties on bikes. In the USA, the prices are also low, about the same as in Australia.

Helmets are compulsory in British Columbia, and insurance is costly, more than twice that here. In Alberta, helmet use is not compulsory. Full face helmets are rarely seen anywhere.

Leathers are expensive. When told of the prices of leathers in Australia (where sadly prices are rising), two Canadians who hope to visit here in a year or two, plan to buy their leathers when they get here. With their spirited riding, love of beer and a good time, these Canadians will find themselves at home in Australia.

While Canadian conditions of work, length of annual leave, long service leave, and penalty rates etc are generally better than is found in the USA, they are far inferior to those found in Australia. Canada might be seen by some to be more 'socialist' or welfare oriented than either America or Australia, but Canada has good welfare and health services for everyone, including the bike rider who comes to grief.

Canada is similar to the USA in many ways, but Canadians do things with a very different style. Interestingly, the French influence was not very evident in the west, but to my surprise, French

Canadians cannot cope with English. Some move to British Columbia to learn English, and I met several in this group.

While Canadian industry competes with Australia in selling coal and wheat, Canadians are very like Australians.

Australia has almost no legal ties with England, except that the Queen of Canada, the Queen of Australia, and the Queen of Britain, is the same person. But the constitution of Canada is still controlled by the British parliament! One cannot imagine Australia tolerating a similar arrangement, and it is only now that Canada is cutting the legal ties with England. Australia did that eighty years ago.

Crowns and union jack flags show Canada to be very British, far more than Australia. The superb Canadian flag flies everywhere, and Canadians are very patriotic. Australians tend to take Australia for granted. Our lack of a land border with another country may account for this.

After seeing Canada and the USA, I can understand English people describing Australia as a 'Little United States'. Whereas Australians tend to admire the USA and to copy its ways of doing things, as well as seeking American companies to come here, Canada tends to resist its big neighbouring republic. It just shows what 16,000 kilometres separation does for the 'Land of Oz'. (Australia)

While Australia can offer visiting North Americans the advantage of a superb climate, beaches and coastal scenery, North-Western America and Canada offer a motorcyclist some of the grandest views on earth with fascinating roads that would thrill any touring bike rider. Simply, I can hardly wait to get back there for the next Canadian summer. What a pity it is so far away. Americans are lucky having Canada next door.

Darren GL1000

-
- Most Japanese bikes can't stay with the R80/GS when up in the mountains; on or off road.
 - Goldwings are inclined to lean on XJ650's.
 - Honda 550's tank slap when the rear tyre blows! (Scatters the traffic too!)
 - TV at club camps – ridiculous!
 - We heard that a certain R90S owner is attempting to contrive a way to run said machine into an R100RS.
 - Goldwing clutches don't take kindly to trail riding.
-

Christmas 1980

There was movement at the station,
For the word had got around,
That Tommy Saville had organised a ride
Up by Dargo way.

(Banjo Leahy)

Draw a triangle joining Licola, Dargo and Bright. Colour-in the triangle with steep mountains, creek crossings, and rocky trails and you'll have some idea why the large group showing early interest, dwindled rapidly to three people when departure time drew near.

When word reached me that Tom had bought a seven-pulley hand-winch device, I went a little white around the knuckles. Swallowing hard, I fitted a knobby tyre to the rear of the BM and cut the camping gear to a bare minimum.

On a wing and a prayer, two 750/7's and one R65 all of the Bavarian variety, set out early in the morning on Boxing Day. Destination: the Tawonga Christmas Camp via some of the toughest country in Victoria.

Healesville, Narbethong, Marysville and then... Hell no! Fresh gravel everywhere, axle deep, well that's what it felt like. Cumberland junction was a scene of worried looks and much letting down of tyres by Keith and Tom.

Mile after mile of twisting, turning, and banking got the feel of it now, power gently on, don't touch those brakes. Matlock and a quick look at the map, there it is, that turn off will take us through to the Jamieson – Licola Road.

Fifteen kilometres, sixteen kilometres, that has to be it, no other side tracks for miles.

We had now changed from narrow gravel roads to bush tracks and within a few minutes, there it was. Our first obstacle. A very steep descent heading in the direction of downward with great rapidity.

N.B. to judge a steep gradient, park the BM on the rocker cover. If the bike now assumes the same angle of lean as when normally using the side stand, you have yourself a steep one.

Tom and I parked the bikes in the aforementioned manner and walked to the very bottom, over the next rise and to the bottom again.

Tom to Les, "F----- steep!"

"Yes," Les replied.

"Think we'll get down?" asked Tom.

Tom ventured to query, "Think we'll be able to ride back up if we can't get through?"

"No," Les replied.

With much slithering, sliding, graunching and cursing we finally reached the bottom and had a breather much to Keith's relief. After half a mile more track, Tom rounded a corner and saw the dense bush of a gully close in all around him. Anyone with an IQ of forty-two could deduct in a flash what this meant.

Yep; back the way we'd just come.

Back at the bottom of the towering hillside strewn with loose dirt and rubble, I sucked in the cool mountain air with a gasp, rolled my eyes, dropped the clutch and was away to the top.

"Piece o' piss!" yelled Tom from the bottom and gunned the big 750. Half way up, the rear wheel lost traction in the rubble and the motor went dead. From here on in we began fine tuning the technique of pushing, dragging, kicking and cursing the big road bikes out of trouble, which was to continue for many more days.

Anxious not to make the same error, Keithy dialled a zillion revs and catapulted up to join us at the top.

Sure we'd gone the wrong way, but now we had a good idea of what we could ride down and still more importantly, what we could ride up.

The bush and dirt roads whizzed by and at lunch time we were refuelling at Licola.

The inevitable 'local' told us that the roads to Lake Tarli Karng had been closed off and we were going to 'Where?'

"Dargo!"

"You'll need a bloody chain saw to get through to there!"

Undeterred we headed up along the Macalister River, climbing in altitude all the while. The Blue Mountains became even bluer, the air cooler and at around 4,000ft. There was talk of putting on extra clothing. Mountain mist and light rain was now with us and, with no sign of it clearing, we began to look for a suitable camping spot for the night.

Tom drew out the trusty map and without hesitating announced that here was a hut not far away.

"What a load of nonsense," thought I. But, sure enough, after a few miles of bush track, through a summer grazing gate, there it was. Home for the night.

The old hand carved wooden plaque read "STOCKMANS HUT 1946". Our rustic residence was your actual log cabin, galvanized iron plus tar paper roof, dirt floor and best of all – a fireplace.

With gear unpacked and a log fire burning, we set about living off the land. Equipped with fishing rod and rifle we scoured the terrain, but it was dead-eye Tom who brought down a rabbit and then master chef Keithy Harris relieved it of its innards and outwards.

That night, sitting around the fire, retelling the day's ordeals, it was all just something else.

Night came and then turned to early dawn. The sky cleared and sunshine was warm on our backs as we set out on day two.

An easy ride saw us arrive at East Pinnacle, renamed by us the Rooftop of the World, or so it seemed that morning with nothing but a sea of cloud far below us. Unreal!

A fire watcher and his family live up here during the summer and he was good enough to take us up into the tower and explain where the trails were situated.

To the north was Billy Goats Track. Classified as crash and destroy territory. To the southeast was Castle Hill and the 'Jump Up' or as it turned out in Keithy's case, the "Fall Down".

The area was still wet from rain the night before and with the reassuring words "You'll probably fall on your arses a few times," still ringing in our ears, we set off to descend from 5,000ft to 600ft in 10 kilometres.

Looking over the Jump Up is like looking over the edge of a giant basketball. With the front and back brakes on, first gear engaged on a dead motor and by popping the clutch we inched our way over the edge of that large wet ball.

With little tread on his rear tyre, Keithy was having a torrid time; and for my part, the knobby was the only thing between me and a fate probably worse than death.

Down, down, into the clouds and finally to the valley floor below. Beautiful bushland, tiny creeks lined with ferns. For each hardship, a reward.

Kilometres later, we rode out across a paddock and onto the Dargo Road. Stage one complete. All riders intact.

That afternoon we rode north and turned onto the track to the old ghost towns of Grant and Talbotville. Nothing new remains save a few gravestones and the occasional fruit trees once proudly standing outside some kitchen window.

The creek was reasonably high, well up on my previous experience of this area. All crossings were negotiated successfully with water up around the barrels in some cases.

The last crossing of the day was some 35 yards across and 18 inches deep. Tom motored in on the 750, a great bow wave marking his progress to the opposite bank. Looking back over his shoulder, "Piece o' piss," he yelled.

In went the R65 powering against the current and force of the water. Suddenly, as if from nowhere, a great boulder leapt up, grabbed the front wheel, and threw bike and rider into the briny. Only a handle-bar end was visible.

Harris thought it a great joke, but he was to live to regret his mirth a day later.

After much draining of the mechanical bowels, we made camp for the night at yet another hut a hundred yards away. This shack lacked the finesse of the previous night's accommodation, but after we disposed of the resident rats and other creepy crawlies, a fire was lit for much drying of one wet arse and one fish which Tom (living off the land) Saville had caught.

And so to sleep.

Access to the Wonnangatta Track is guarded by Mount Cynthia; a nasty combination of towering slopes cut to shreds by the dreaded 4WD's. It's not the steepness that beats you; it's the deep ruts, the washaways, and the traction robbing rubble. Lead bike for the assault was the R65. Although a little lacking in 'grunt power', it was the easiest to pickup and get going again on a 40 degree slope. If the lead bike ground to a halt, all three would park on the rocker covers, walk the slope, discuss the best line, and with a combined effort send the machinery up one at a time.

By now the day was very hot, and rivers of sweat dripped from our tired bodies. We cursed every extra kilo of weight that was strapped to our bikes.

Up, always up, we rode until there it was. A freshly painted sign that directed Wonnangatta Track to the left, Eaglevale Track straight ahead.

This was where my part of the ride was to end. Having to be back at work on Monday I bid Tom and Keith good luck, descended the thousands of feet so painstakingly earned, crossed Crooked River on a fragile, quivering, suspension footbridge, and was on my way home.

Tough as the ride had seemed, instinct told me that my part had been easy compared with what was to come.

Les Leahy

Part 2 of this epic saga will hopefully be published next month.

Seems the proud owner of the R80/GS is somewhat perturbed at the number of people asking what is wrong with his bike. Most seem to think it is broken or BMW forgot to fit the other half of the swinging arm. Ignorance is bliss!

- Goldwings can be ridden from Brisbane to Melbourne on three cylinders.
 - Recently observed one potential member position his machine on the edge of the river bank, aim his spot light down to the river, and then somersault backwards down the bank to get a cup of water !
 - A certain lady member seems to be developing a habit of fainting at the conclusion of long rides. We didn't think that hubby's riding was that bad!
 - We hear a couple of members have been down Gippsland way to research a Club run up into the mountains north of the Princes Highway. Sounds like it could be fun. I'm looking forward to it.
 - Notice that Honda/BMW owner (or is it BMW/Honda) is still using his Honda for camping weekends.
 - This mag seems to be missing a few run reports. Should the Club start supplying pen and paper?
-

CLUBMAN RALLY 1981 – EDITORIAL COMMENT

It appears that what started out as a great weekend steadily developed into somewhat of a shambles.

As most know, Keith Finlay had the misfortune to run out of road, to the detriment of both him and his machine. Unfortunately, he was not missed until the group arrived back at camp. Several riders then back-tracked and Keith was eventually located approximately 90 minutes after leaving the road.

This sounds like a long time it is not really excessive: half an hour ride to camp and 10-15 minutes to realize Keith is missing leaves 45 minutes back-tracking and checking the sides of the road. Reasonable, but could have been fatal in some circumstances. It could also happen on most organised Club rides.

I have often ridden for considerable time out of sight, front or rear, of any rider. Had I left the road it may have been up to a couple of hours before I was located. Fact of life, but the Clubman Rally incident seems to have created some hysteria. The inferences, comments and statements made have surprised and disgusted me. I shan't repeat them as they are only hear-say, but it sure makes me ponder the maturity and responsibility of the members involved. I feel that we, the Club, can do without petty arguing amongst ourselves, particularly over something that has turned out well enough, but under different circumstances, may have had a very different outcome.