

OCTOBER 1981 RUNS

Saturday 3	Service Day, Club Captain's home after lunch.
Sunday 4	Maldon Spring Festival, 9.30am KBCP
Sunday 11	Gary Young's Special Tour, 9.30am KBCP
Saturday 17	Treasurer's night ride. 7pm KBCP
Sunday 18	Mogg's Creek State Forest. B.B.Q. 9am KBCP
Sunday 25	Inter-club Motorcycle Gymkhana Championship. (details in mag)
Weekend	Mini Camping Weekend. Noojee. 1.30pm <u>SHARP</u>
Saturday 31	Lilydale. (trail bikes welcome)
& Sunday Nov 1	

NOVEMBER

Friday 6	General Meeting. Club Hall 8.15pm SHARP.
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CLOSING DATE FOR ARTICLES FOR NEXT MAG IS 23.10.81.

EDITORIAL – OCTOBER 1981

By the time you read this we will be cosily tucked up by a campfire in Warren Gorge in the Flinders Ranges. Eat your hearts out the lot of you! After the World's End Rally, we must kill a week and then arrive at the Big Desert Rally, near Nhill, the following weekend. Just think, during the first 11 days of October, while most of you are slaving your hearts out, we will be out riding, laying around in the sun, etc!

A few pages over you will find an article regarding a proposed 'Back-O-Burke' bash. Quite an interesting idea. Bound to create a few sore bums. Put your thoughts on paper and send them to us. We'll print them and then everybody will be able to see the pros and cons. Get to it! We've got our own thoughts but feel it's a bit early to put them on paper. Watch for the next Editorial.

Speaking of mag content, Les Leahy has put together an interesting article regarding Club activities. Well worth a few minutes thought!

Finally, if you take a good look over the stories in this issue you will find that out of 6 or 7 articles, only two are of official Club activities. The Club has an activity every weekend, and at every activity someone is asked to put pen to paper and yet only approximately half of these activities are ever written up. What happens to the other half? The remainder of the mag consists of material supplied by members off their own bat, and usually of their own private activities, observations, etc. Many thanks must go to these members for their efforts, and for making the mag worth printing and reading.

Cheers Faye & Geoff Morgan

MINI CAMPING WEEKEND - THORNTON

Mini camping weekend was right. I think the Club must have got the wrong idea about the word *mini*. It was supposed to describe the distance, not the attendance. Les Leahy and I waited anxiously at Lilydale, but at 1.45pm and still no sign of additional members, we decided to head to Thornton to see if anyone had travelled there by themselves. Fortunately, our ride was worth it.

We rode to the caravan park and met the Morgan family and Mick Fagan, and, about half an hour later Bruce arrived on his BMW. After setting up our tents we decided to go for a ride while Faye and Geoff played it smart and stayed at the park.

We headed towards Eildon and turned off the Snobs Creek Road. After a small detour around a road closed barricade we continued, the road soon turned into an obstacle course. Storms had knocked trees across the road, and we went up some smaller tracks and eventually arrived back at the caravan park in time for tea.

That evening Bruce and I went to the local pub for a counter meal. After arriving back at camp, we chatted and then hit the sack.

On Sunday morning, we had breakfast, packed our gear, and headed for home, ending a quiet but enjoyable weekend.

Philip Andrews, Goldwing.

MARYBOROUGH WATTLE FESTIVAL

After being informed that Chris would be unable to make it owing to brake problems with his BM, Vince Green volunteered to lead on his Yamaha 1100 while I went rear rider. We managed to get out of the city just before the 'Super Run' started, taking the Tullamarine Freeway out to Sunbury, then the Calder Highway to Maryborough.

As I was riding through the Black Forest just before Woodend, I suddenly saw Lindsay stopped just off the road. He waved to me that he was alright. I found out later that he crossed double white lines and in doing so a police car coming the other way flashed their lights at him. Nothing eventuated, but it pays to be careful.

A few kays up the road another machine had stopped. He was putting back his speedo cable which had just 'popped out'.

After that it was a carefree easy ride to Castlemaine via Newstead stopping at a roadhouse for those who urgently needed petrol. Vince generously shouted us all a cup of coffee. Within 10 minutes of leaving the roadhouse we reached our destination, Maryborough Wattle Festival.

Detouring down to the garage, we parked our bikes and walked down the main street to watch the procession which was to start in 30 minutes. Some took the chance and grabbed lunch. A few remarks were made about the Hotel across the road called the 'Bulls Mouth'.

When the parade started, there was a pipe band, a brass band, a man on stilts, the Morris Minor Club, and the Big-M girls, just to name a few. The parade lasted about an hour in which time we casually walked back to our bikes where I met a prospective member who joined us on the way home. He was riding a BMW R65.

On leaving we went down through Talbot performing a few U-turns before finding the Highway. Down to Creswick taking the back road through Dean and eventually coming out at Wallace and so

on to the Western Freeway heading for Melbourne. After Rockbank, we went south towards Braybrook where we finally finished the ride outside the Go-Cart track near Geelong Road. We dispersed here and made our own way home after a good ride.

Big Daddy, BMW R65 and R750/4

PROPOSED 'BACK 'O' BOURKE' BASH

To conserve money and rear tyres, the Committee has scaled down outright distances of Club runs. A sign of the times, one might say. But as sure as God made little apples, one of the allures of owning a motorcycle is to ride a whole bunch of miles to somewhere and back, just for the hell of it.

Remember those questionnaire sheets you filled in? Well, the germ of an idea caused the itinerary people to formulate a plan for a big'un. Wrap your brains around this one.

On a three-day weekend, a group of intrepid MTCV members leave Echuca not long after first light (having travelled to the border the night before). Heading north, they pass through Deniliquin and Hay before veering westward across the vast plains of New South Wales. Hundreds of miles later, Wilcannia appears out of the heat haze along with the welcome clay-coloured waters of the Darling River. Real pioneer stuff, this.

From Wilcannia the narrow but solid gravel road is taken following the Darling River in a northeast direction. Dodging grazing sheep, emus, eagles, and kangaroos all along the river plains, we eventually camp that night on the banks of the Darling.

Another early start next morning has the group through Louth and arriving at the welcome oasis of Bourke for an early lunch and quick look over the metropolis or a quiet rest under a shady tree in the central park. It has been the sort of trip you'd never do by yourself and may never get the chance to do again. A countryside that very few east coasters ever see.

From here its bitumen all the way. Nyngan, Narromine and one more night's camping, then next day Parkes, Forbes and eventually home. No, not the sort of trip for everyone, but if Keithy Harris can ride around Australia there would have to be a few starters for the 'Back o' Bourke' bash.

When? Well, how about Australia Day weekend? Sure, it'll be hot, but it should be dry (which is essential) and with the maximum of daylight riding hours.

If the basic idea sort of grabs you, have a talk to Chris our Club Captain and see what ideas you can put together.

I have recently heard comments regarding at least one rider overtaking other riders on the LEFT on single lane roads. As a result, I would like to bring to your attention Clause 8(d) of the Club's Road Rules. I shan't quote it - YOU look it up in the Constitution, read and inwardly digest.

If anyone should witness further actions along this line, I suggest he/she report the offender to the Club Captain so that the guilty party may receive a good dressing down and be told how silly his/her actions are!

Geoff CX500

RALLY RAVE – GOLD RUSH & PUMA RALLIES

It's a while since I last did an article for the Club mag, and, as I haven't been on any rides of late, I thought I would share my experiences of the last two rallies that I attended. The rallies were the Gold Rush Rally, organised by the MRA, and the Puma Rally, organised by someone near Horsham.

The Gold Rush Rally was held on the weekend of August 22-23, 1981. Weather conditions at the rally site were ideal, contrary to the belief held in Melbourne.

Since I didn't know anyone travelling to the rally from the MTCV, I joined forces with the GMRRA. (Wingding Club). Five Wings left John Leleans flat in Thornbury and travelled out of Melbourne towards Ballarat. Around Melton we encountered drizzle which became steady rain with a head wind coming at us from our starboard beam all the way through to Learmonth, where upon the clouds cleared and the sun beamed down upon us for the remainder of the weekend.

At Avoca, we headed to the nearest pub that offered good beer, good company, and good food. The scene outside the local pub caused me to make the following observation: apart from bikes and their ancillary grounds of comment, the next greatest activity that we enjoy is congregating at a place that supplies, in copious quantities, the afore mentioned items. As this was the case, we decided that if we wished to be fed, we would have to find a take-away shop where the crowds were a little thinner. After we bought food, drink and petrol, we headed out to the rally site which was about 30km north-west of Avoca.

Having been to one Gold Rush Rally previously, I knew that the track in was going to be interesting but what I didn't realise was that it was that 'INTERESTING'. Twenty inches of rain in two months turned last year's potholes into a mud patch, and the creek crossing into a one-foot-deep river. To those who went, I needn't say more about the last creek crossing and mud bath. It was shocking.

Not being in the lead has some benefits, ie getting someone else to find a new route out of a potentially boggy situation. When I came upon the last creek crossing and mud bath, I surveyed the available tracks that lead around the formidable mud bath, took a deep breath, and rode the Wing along the best track.

After we cleared the creek, I had a closer look at the mud patch and observed that there might have been a better track out to our left. John obligingly consented to giving it a go and was going well for about 20 metres, when for no reason, the rear end sunk. When I saw the look in John's eyes, I thought I had better make the best of what I had, another deep breath and the Wing slipped and slid into the mud patch. Miraculously, the patch had a firm base, and I picked a freshly made wheel rut and motored through to high and dry ground.

By this time John was out of his predicament and he joined the rest of us. But this was not the last escapade. 200 metres down the track there was a panel-van abandoned on the track. John, in his wisdom, thought it would be easier to go off the track and around the van rather than crawl along the edge of the track and narrowly miss it like the rest of us. WRONG, down he went again, up to the axle. Minutes later a Kawasaki tried the same route with the same result.

Upon entering the camp site on private property, we signed in at the control tent. While the others were debating where we to camp, I decided to scout around for a suitable site. I travelled about 50 metres when the bike stopped dead and sank; this is the time when a Wing owner finds out who his friends really are. Four kind-hearted souls took pity on me after they stopped laughing and helped me out. I turned the bike around and rejoined the others. They had selected a site and were on their bikes but for some reason I pulled on the front brake and let the clutch out. No, the bike didn't stall, it just buried itself up to the diff. I got off, unpacked, set camp, and took some pics, then dug it out.

As the afternoon progressed, Phil Andrews and I decided that a trip to the nearest pub would be in order. The trip out and back was no sweat. We helped a Kawasaki Z1000 out of a bog. Poor fellow didn't know that the track was as bad as it was.

When we returned to camp, we settled down to a quiet evening, observing the occasional petrol bomb being thrown and doughnut performed. After a rave with the Ballarat boys, it was bedtime.

Morning dawned with a clear sky and a healthy layer of frost over items left out the previous night. After a walk around the camp site, we broke camp and made our way out to the bitumen. If I thought that the track in was fun, on the way out the track was transformed dramatically from having a coating of mud to a sea of sticky ooze with narrow wheel ruts to trenches that a pipeliner would have been proud of.

Well, I suppose it had to happen: halfway through the mud bath, the front and rear wheels of the Wing couldn't decide which direction they should go, so they lay down to think about the matter. Thankfully there were some helpful trail bike riders nearby and they helped me pick the bike up. With the mud bath and the two creek crossings negotiated, there only remained the pothole to get through. A note to Mr Honda, could we please have a Goldwing with more ground clearance? Thank you.

Phil invited me to try the potholes first as he calculated that with all the stuff on my bike, if I could get through, so could he. Here that I learnt that in 99.99% of cases it is advisable to follow the wheel ruts. Not so, as Goldwings have only 0.01% sales share in the motorcycle market, it also follows that there will be a higher percentage of wheel ruts that wings cannot travel where other bikes can.

Well, up ahead I saw this rut and was advised to follow. The first 20 feet was okay and then the bike bottomed and that was it, no go. Four able bodied men got hold of the bike and pushed and heaved the bike out and once again I was on my way. Phil had a similar problem and within a short time John joined us and we were on our way towards Avoca and lunch.

Back at the takeaway shop in Avoca we refuelled both ourselves and the bikes. At this shop we met a fellow rider who had an encounter with a bottle of Bundy rum the night before. He had a king-size hangover and was ordering coffee by the gallon.

On the road again we travelled to Maryborough where we called in to see a fellow Wing rider.

Soon afterwards Phil and I left Maryborough and headed for Melbourne via Castlemaine, Kyneton, Woodend and Sunbury.

Thanks to Marcus, Phil, John and Stefan from the Wing Ding Club for a great weekend.

And now for the second rally that I wish to discuss. Yes, folks it's the one and only, the rally with mud that defies description, it's the PUMA RALLY (Muddus Incredabillus). This is THE rally where all bike riders and some pillion riders really get sucked in.

Saturday morning dawned with me doing some last-minute packing. At 7.30am I swung my leg over the bike and headed southwards towards Keith's home with an estimated time of arrival of 8.30am. This was the first time for a while I was actually on time.

At Keith's I met Frank (the wank). While waiting for the man to finish his brekkie, we debated who would lead and it worked out, the leader was the person in front at any particular time.

Today was the day when I would try out my newly acquired CB radio. Ever tried to do a left-hand turn, indicate, drop a gear, brake, and ratchet jaw with someone who's got their ears on? It's near impossible and not recommended for a long and healthy life.

We left Essendon and headed for Laverton where I had to refuel. Then to Balmoral via Geelong, Skipton, Dunkeld, and Cavendish.

We stopped at Skipton to quench our thirst and hunger and to top up the bikes. Next stop was Dunkeld to again quench our thirst. Our final stop was Balmoral for the pilgrimage to the local pub for a drink, to stock up on supplies, and to refill the petrol tanks.

While in the pub a rider came in and, being covered in mud, we asked him what the road was like. I can't remember exactly what he said but he referred to the last half kilometre as being a little muddy and that we should stay on the track and not leave it. A gleam came into Frank's eyes.

Well, it took us 20 minutes to cover 24.5 km and two hours to cover the last half kilometre. When I arrived at the rally entrance, I did what everyone else did, stop, and have a good think about what we were going to do and where we were going.

Frank thinks that BM's do most things better than a Wing, but I am afraid you will have to try a little bit harder if you think a BMW 90S will out bog a Honda GL1000. Yes, folks, Frank disregarded the advice given at Balmoral and went off the track.

After helping Frank on his way, Keith, Phil Andrews and myself and another bloke on a water bottle attempted the first section without much difficulty. But rounding a bend soon afterwards we saw a sight that was beyond description, a 50-metre stretch of ooze leading to the campsite. I was then in the lead, so I gave it a go. After travelling two metres (one bike length) the Wing was up to its belly in mud and refused to go any further. My entourage saw this and stopped their bikes on firm ground while they surveyed my predicament.

After some minutes a crowd formed to look, laugh and take pictures of the Wing, but so far, no offers of help were forthcoming. In the end I was given an ultimatum: seek an alternative route or leave the Wing where it was. When four blokes offered to help me get the bike up to the high track, I gratefully accepted their offer and in about 20 minutes I was up at the camp site where I met Mark Sulot and friend, and the Morgan family. Half an hour later Keith and Phil arrived after taking the high track to get in. I heard that in some places this track was no better than the main track.

On the main track anyone who attempted to get through got bogged at least twice while attempting to navigate the last horror stretch. Rumour has it that there is a 4WD under that morass. (I almost believe it). Nonetheless, there was always someone willing to lend a hand to a bogged fellow rider. Even the BMW R80 GS's were having difficulties on this section.

Once camp was set and darkness had fallen, it was down to cooking food, and opening a can or two or three of the liquid amber. As the night wore on, the boys started doing doughnuts on their bikes and, as if this wasn't enough, the proceedings were interspersed with rocket flares being sent aloft, petrol bombs exploding, and a new touch to an old theme, doughnut brown eyes.

During the evening, Dave Sheath wandered over to our campfire with a few of his friends in tow. The latest news on Dave is that he is working in the spare parts department of Pitmans Yamaha in Adelaide.

Around 10pm I went to bed and slept until 1.30pm when the boys got active and played footy with a roll of toilet paper soaked in petrol. I dreamt the Wing was swallowed up in the mud hole below the control tent.

Morning dawned and the topic that was on everyone's lips was which was the better track to exit on. Keith and Marcus took the high road while Phil, Geoff and I took the low road. Well, the bog was not as bad as I thought, and I only got bogged once and bellied it twice on the entire trek outwards. Once again, find a good wheel rut and you will most likely be okay.

The three of us helped each other out of any trouble. Considering the conditions that we encountered, progress was very good.

At the entrance to the rally site, we bid farewell to the Morgans who headed north to Horsham while we retraced our route homewards. At Balmoral, Keith, Phil, Marcus and I stopped for fuel and to wash our bikes. While we did this, Frank caught up to us.

From Balmoral we went to Skipton for a late lunch and more fuel and then on to Melbourne where we dispersed at the entrance to the West Gate Freeway. It was a great rally and I'll be back next year with the Wing.

Overheard at the rally:

“G'day mate, watcha ride in”.

“GS1000 Sharft”

“Yeah, that's nice, what happened to the rest of the bike?”

(Thanks, Dave Sheath).

Kevin, Honda Goldwing GL1000 & Honda CB750

NEZ, AND THE ART OF MOTORCYCLE MAINTENANCE.

It's a funny thing, you know; this motorcycling. It never really changes at all. Like pointy toe shoes, it just comes and goes with the fashion.

And like all fashions, it's lifespan is pretty damn short. Just take the weekend camps for instance. 'Thornton' saw two riders (count them) leaving Lilydale in bright sunshine on Saturday afternoon. The total was lifted to a staggering four people by the presence of Fages and Bruce at the campsite. And if it had not been for the Morgans, numbers would have been very thin on the ground indeed.

“Big deal”, you say.

‘The Lakes’ weekend saw a turnout of four or five, inadvertently split into two groups.

“Well it was the middle of winter”, you say.

‘Lower Glenelg National Park’ had a duo and a trio of motorcyclists once again crossing paths in the night, and Glenelg is a hell of a big park. Nonetheless five riders is hardly a staggering total.

Easter is always hard to organise, but if it hadn't been for Lynne and Ian calling through on their holidays, you could have counted the MTCV campers on the fingers of one hand and still have a thumb and a couple of fingers left over.

Are you getting the drift of this?

For a specialist touring club, we aren't rating too highly in the camping-out business.

So, this is where the pointy toe shoes come in. Ten years ago, if you weren't at the campsite on the Friday night of the weekend, you couldn't find space on Saturday to pitch a tent. (And that included places like Mallacoota in the middle of winter.) At this stage, Sunday runs were pulling a pathetic 8 or 9 riders.

And then motorcycling boomed. Club rides were hauling in 50 or 60 participants and, would you believe, weekend camping started to die in the bum. At this stage it occurred to me that it takes a new motorcyclist a long time to get the hang of belting out mile after mile on a regular basis (and many fall by the wayside in the process.) And it takes a hell of a lot longer to combine this with hacking it out under the stars. (By this stage your dropout rate is getting pretty high.)

Then came what was quietly referred to as the 'Essendon Push', an enthusiastic group who put weekend camping back on the map. Joined by a few others with previous experience or who learned fast, we had ourselves a pretty strong core.

And then time, differing interests and old age eroded the ranks, and here we are back in the doldrums again. But with the Sunday runs working like wildfire.

"What is the boy on about?", you say.

An old friend of mine, called Bob Evans, used to say that there were only two things you could be sure of in life: "Death and Taxes".

Well, there is a third! Riding motorbikes in this country is pretty small potatoes.

You're going to find this difficult to believe I know, especially if you've just bought the latest whiz-bang 750cc Kamasutra and the first rush of 100mph air (whatever metrics has done to that) is still ringing in your ears. But the average span of a motorcyclist's ACTIVE involvement would only be 2 or 2 ½ years at the maximum. And the number of boys and girls who continue to throw a leg over a bike any longer than that would represent somewhere between 5% and 10% of all those who started out on the motorcycling kick.

And then when we get down to the ones who really take the business seriously, we're into actual 'pissing in the wind' territory. And I don't care how many MTCV's or MRA's or 4-Owner's clubs there are, it ain't ever going to be any different.

So that's why there's no reason for getting your knickers in a knot over Club activities not pulling the numbers. Only a tiny minority has, and ever will, be privileged to partake.

So there!

Les Leahy (Vice-Captain)

P.S. By the way, the cornering clearance of my 200cc Kamasutra is playing merry hell with the ends of my pointy toe shoes.

FRIDAY THE 13TH IS COMING

MTCV INTERCLUB MOTORCYCLE GYMKHANA CHAMPIONSHIP

25th October 1981.

Start: Kings Bridge Car Park.
Time: 10am (leave 10.30am SHARP)
Venue: Within 40km of GPO
Events: Three Novelties & one Trials.

This gymkhana is a Club effort in which the Perpetual Trophy goes to the Club, not the individual with the highest points. There will be individual trophies for each event, with points from these events accruing towards each Club's total.

B.B.Q facilities will be available with the MTCV providing sausages.

NO ALCOHOL will be permitted.

NO TRAIL BIKES will be permitted to participate in trials events.

Club Captain, MTCV

FRIDAY 13th

IS COMING.....

FANCY DRESS

DOUBLE FEATURE

HORROR SHOW

FRIDAY 13th NOV. 8.30pm.

Social Sec's Place. Unit 17/28-36, James St. Box Hill.

ADMISSION \$4.00

BUT

IF IN FANCY DRESS ONLY

\$1.50

To help with supper, bring a plate (with something on it) would be appreciated.