

FEBRUARY 1982 RUNS

Sunday	7	Darren's Dhurringile Dalliance, 8am KBCP. Bring bathers.
Weekend	13/14	Camping at Delatite Arm. 9am Lilydale, SHARP.
Saturday	20	Robyn's Night Ride. 6.30pm KBCP.
Sunday	21	Buninyong Festival. 9.30am KBCP
Sunday	28	Beauchamp Falls (Otways) 8.30am KBCP.

MARCH

Friday	5	General Meeting. Club Hall. 8.15pm SHARP.
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CLOSING DATE FOR ARTICLES FOR NEXT MAG IS 19/2/82

EDITORIAL – FEBRUARY 1982

After a rather quiet Christmas and New Year we sit down to write our first Editorial for the year and find we have nothing to write about! We've heard that the party went off well and that most people who attended the Club camp had a ball. All we can say is safe riding and see you at the meeting.

Cheers Faye & Geoff Morgan

CENTRAL DEBORAH GOLD MINE

As there was not one Committee member present, I gave brief instructions before Kevin took over and led us out for our trip to the mine. We headed out the Tullamarine Freeway where a P-plater on his first ride (Yamaha 350 trailbike) broke down. At my advice he went back home.

We continued through Romsey, Lancefield and eventually to Heathcote and Bendigo with the weather near perfect for touring. On arriving at Bendigo, we parked our bikes near the gardens and walked to the shops for take away food, some eating ice-cream to top off lunch.

After having a decent break, we rode south for a couple of kays and turned left into the Central Deborah Gold Mine. Luckily, we were just in time for the guided tour by a pretty young woman. She did an entertaining and fine job speaking, knowing everything about the mine.

Tour finished, we found a petrol station to fill our bikes and purchase cool refreshments. Then we proceeded down the Calder Highway turning off at Woodend to ride through Mt Macedon.

We rejoined the Calder and then departed at Sunbury to drop in at Faye and Geoff Morgan's home for afternoon tea. The ride finished here.

It was a very good ride with no mishaps. But people still seem to get lost.

“Big Daddy” 750/4 – BMW R65

CHRISTMAS AT BUCKLAND VALLEY (BRIGHT)

I rode up to the Buckland Valley MTCV Christmas Camp after work on Christmas Day Friday 25th and came home Monday after a pleasant, relaxing time and went to work Monday night. Well, that's it in a nutshell, but that won't fill much space in the magazine so I will add a bit more.

The weather was fine to Wangaratta and then the sky got dark heading east. Yes, I know you don't have to go to Wangaratta to get to Buckland Valley; I was visiting a friend for an hour. A few spots of rain were enough to wet my knees.

Big D [Peter Philferan] arrived at the Buckland Valley camp site a few minutes after me around 7.30pm. Mark (?) Lamberger and Mick Fagan were already there, as were Les Leahy and Tom Saville who had put up not only their own tents, but Ian and Lynne Taylor's and Keith Harris' as well. Les and Tom came up Wednesday in Jude's car with a bike trailer with their 200cc bikes plus Keith's 500cc Honda. Keith arrived with Jude on Tom's bike on Saturday. The Taylor's arrived Sunday via ute with a trail bike on the back. The Dawsons arrived by truck with a bike on the back.

The hills were not alive with the sound of music, as Julie Andrews sang, but with the sound of bikes.

We camped alongside the BMW Club. There was Gary Young and Andrea Sirninger, Mark and Chris, and Bruce the Goose arrived late but I didn't hear him (strange). Kevin was there, and Marcus and partner came for a day ride. There were others whose names I don't know. One was on a 1000 Yamaha 'truck' which didn't handle too well in the dirt; no wonder if you saw the load, it was a home away from home, and had to be seen to be believed. Competition for Darren Room! I know sometimes I carry a lot of gear but not for a short trip close to a town.

It was a good camping site, provided you had large containers for water, as the river was only 20 feet away. It had good swimming holes which are unusual for the Buckland River, and I should know, having camped along there nearly every year for ten years.

The Buckland Valley has quite a history. Once the whole valley was wiped out with an epidemic and that meant hundreds of people died, particularly ravaging the Chinese gold miners. Their graves are still there if you know where to look.

Tom had a chainsaw, so we had plenty of cut lengths of firewood. On Christmas night it drizzled rain but otherwise it was fine if not sunny.

On Saturday morning most of us went shopping in Porepunkah and then sat outside the shop eating a hamburger. After food the group went to the Myrtleford Rodeo while I returned to camp. They were later breathalysed by the law, but all was well.

That evening I was the only one to go for a counter tea in town. It was very good but there were hundreds of hang glider pilots around for the Australian Championships at Mt Buffalo leading to long delays. The competitors came from as far as the USA. I saw it on TV a few days later.

Next day was good weather so people headed in all directions except Jude who slept all day, feeling unwell. I rode up Mt Buffalo and was fortunate that it was fine when I climbed The Horn. It rained when I got to the bottom.

That night it was another pleasant evening where plans made for a ride over the mountains. The hard way by trail bikes to meet at a certain spot, the others on BM's going the easy way – did I say easy? I wasn't there but as only BM's had any hope of getting there, I suspect it was easier than easy. No doubt some of those energetic enough to ride the trail bike route will expend a little energy putting pen to paper and inform us of their adventures, or are they still recovering? The last I saw of them was at Myrtleford on my way home. They were refuelling themselves.

Quite a few people, like me, returned to Melbourne on Monday for work Tuesday, while no doubt others departed later in the week and will write Part Two of the Christmas camp.

Lloyd Wissman, Yamaha XS 850

BUCKLAND RIVER CHRISTMAS CAMP

It is a constant source of amazement to me the amount of effort and patience our Editors expend to produce this magazine. The December issue with its special hand drawn frontice of 'Season's Greetings' was no exception and I resolved that I would be the lowest of the low, to be held in eternal contempt, if I did not contribute an article for the February magazine.

The Christmas Camp is unique in that unlike other runs, if say 20 people attended, then you would get 20 different versions of what it was really like. This year's was perhaps a classic.

Why? Well let's have a look at it.

Number 1. We had virtually the whole camping area to ourselves. No easy feat at Christmas time. (This was due to a few bods arriving pre-Christmas and making the place look extremely busy.)

Number 2 It was cheap. Motorcyclists have got to be the poorest/stingiest bunch of bums I've ever had the misfortune to hang around with and I defy anyone to gripe about what it cost. Let's face it, there isn't a whole lot to spend your money on in the bush. In the five days I was there, my total expenditure came to \$1 for a loaf of bread and newspaper in Porepunkah.

Number 3 Nobody bitched. (Well almost.) Sure, there were a few ruffled feathers but for the number and diversity of people we had there, I didn't hear anybody say that it was a rotten show and let's face it, we had some pretty freaky people there. Like people with a caravan and people what 'ave a special club just because they own a BMW. (That's pretty bloody freaky.)

Number 4 There was something for everyone. It didn't matter what your bag was, you could find it close by. Swimming, sun baking, spine bashing, road racing up and down Mt. Buffalo, fishing, rafting or the river, rodeoing, trail riding, cemetery wandering etc. In fact, one chap was having so much fun he decided to smash up his wrist just so he could say he'd done more than anyone else.

Now, all this verbal rambling tells you absolutely nothing about what actually happened at the Christmas Camp. But if you were there you will know anyway, and if you weren't, you've got to be out of your brain to have missed it. Besides, there'll be all those other articles flooding in to give a moment-by-moment description, won't there?

The best thing of all though was, it got a lot of MTCV members off their bums and out into the bush for a camp, and that's important.

Who will ever forget Paul arriving on the heavily laden V-twin 1000 Yamaha to a barrage of press photographers, and later his debut at the campfire with the amazing inflatable chaise-lounge or divan or whatever it was. Unreal!

Thanks to everyone for making it a beaut time.

Les Honda Honda XR 200.

EUROPE 1981

Happy New Year from the land of ice and snow, Denmark. While a lot of you are enjoying the Christmas runs in the hot summer sun, I am laughing at Wicky's attempt to drive the little Fiat in a straight line along our street. You see, the council snowploughs are only used along the bus routes, and as we are having a beautiful white Christmas, our street is completely snowed in, and the lakes are now used for ice skating.

I thought it was time for another write up of my last motorcycle trip in 81, before springtime, although that is still four months away. The motorcycle scene starts with the Easter break. There are rallies in winter including one in Norway in January named Krystall Rally, the equivalent of our Alpine Rally. The entry fee is \$100 and covers the cost of tow trucks, ambulances, and other essential services in mountain areas with minus 30 degrees temperatures. Alas, I cannot find the time to attend, or rather attempt, that rally due to landing a good display job in Copenhagen.

Saturday midday 26th September, finally, after working in Copenhagen for three months, the Monza [Moto Guzzi V50 Monza] is packed and ready to run, and it is running beautifully. It is a bit late in the season weatherwise to be riding, but never mind. I am wearing thermal underwear, T-shirt, shirt, electric vest, feather vest, cords, gumboots with 1-inch soles, Belstaff pants and jacket.

First night's stop was, perhaps, 60 kilometres away, a bit close, so I managed to go up the wrong autobahn and therefore do 150 kays instead. Arrived at the rally site about 3pm, the last person and only outsider to turn up.

It was a local country town club. It never occurred to me that one town would have three bike clubs. When I heard about this rally, I assumed it must be the club with the members that I met at the German rally in May. First comment was, "You are late. We were expecting you at lunch time. Hurry up. You have to go on a trail ride!"

"Me, on a trail ride, do I have to?"

"Yeah, it's not hard, anybody can do it, you can take the gear off the bike if you like."

I pitched my old Molony's hire tent and they sent me off with a paper full of O's and X's and a map. I returned 47 kays and two hours later.

The clubhouse belonged to the farmer who told me he used to ride in his younger days, and, as he did not use that shed and this field, he let the club use it for nothing. The clubhouse was arranged like a pub, with bar tables and a dance floor and these kids really got into the drink and dance. They think of themselves as middle of the road rockers. For food they had bought a pig, which the girls very cleverly had cut into chops and rissoles.

It was a great evening with lots of music and movement including a few 'domestics'. The highlight was the arrival of a beautiful Triumph chopper and a restored Nimbus sidecar. The last Nimbus machines were produced in the early 1950's. The chopper was ridden by a true-blue rocker from the old days. He told me that the Nimbus was ridden by his foxy woman with long black hair, with their two-year-old daughter and his other woman, with a fox around her neck, in the sidecar. They were all rather beautiful, something out of an American movie of the 1950's.

In the misty morning, following the party, I packed to continue riding north into Sweden, but before leaving the rally site, they made sure I had plenty of rissoles for lunch. Seems that one pig is too much for 28 people.

The ferry between Denmark and Sweden takes half an hour, so by noon I was in Sweden. I rode straight up the highway for 300km's. The weather was pretty good, just a bit misty and grey.

I reached the camping ground in the town about 5pm. It had obviously closed for the year but there was a water tap, and it was very pretty with woods and a view of the waterfront. So camp was made and then some sightseeing out to an island via a bridge spanning seven kilometres from the mainland. Pretty Island, and pretty populated too. It seems that everywhere you travel in Europe there are towns and villages every five kilometres.

Back at camp I connected my fluoro light and tape recorder to the bike and turned in for the night.

By Monday morning I had had enough of Sweden. Therefore, southwest through beautiful pine forests and lake country with enough fog and mist to think I was playing in Lord of the Rings.

I stopped at a few glass works displays as Sweden is world famous for its glass. Late that night, after two ferry crossings, I arrived at my parent's home in Odense, Denmark.

The original plans were for Wicky and I to travel to France in her school holidays. Those plans were disrupted as she got a job in Copenhagen with immediate start, so the following weekend we filled the car, the boot and the roof rack with her gear and drove to the YWCA in Copenhagen.

Tuesday I took off for London via the 18 hour ferry trip Esbjerg Harwich, arrived in London Wednesday afternoon in time to get local currency from a bank. Found the Youth Hostel by coincidence, turning down a street to get back around to a tourist information office, and the YH was on the other corner.

I parked the bike among 60 other bikes outside a Telecom building and was told by a Telecom guy, that this area was strictly for Telecom motorcyclists in London. After checking in and taking the gear inside I parked on the footpath behind the YH.

When you arrive in a city around office closing time, you really see how many bikes there are, mostly 250cc's. Lots of female riders and lots of motorcycle couriers.

I spent three nights at the YH and had a great time with two girls from Dandenong, one Kiwi, and some Israelis. Most people see the museums and similar tourist attractions. We saw 'The Changing of the Guard' at Buckingham palace, which is quite a spectacle. After that I went to the city to check out people and fashion. Both have changed since the sixties when it was all flower children and Carnaby St. This time it was punk with lots of orange, green and blue hair.

I could have spent weeks in London, but on Saturday I headed for Dover, had a look around, and then took the 1315 ferry to Calais. By 15:00 hours, you are in France, and it was raining. Oh well, head for Paris.

After 70 kilometres of slow, heavily trafficked country road, it was a relief to reach the Europa Road with its bungy machine and clockcard you pull out. The temperature on the readout was 12 degrees Centigrade and it was now raining heavily. I sat on 130-140km/h till the pay booth 174 kilometres up the road. \$4 thank you very much.

Dusk by now and time to find accommodation for the night. Something simple like 'Rooms to let', which they seem to have everywhere in Europe, except in France, I discovered after riding around a couple of villages for an hour. I also discovered that my Bellstaff jacket needed new sleeves.

It was very dark by now, but there was not much else to do except continue the last 36km into Paris. I switched onto reserve, due to the 130-140km/h stint, so off the freeze way again to fill up.

I finally found the northern railway station in Paris about 8pm, where some English guys gave me a street map. By 10pm I was fed up with cobble stones, rain, wet spectacles and visor, the French language, and getting lost. I found the City of Universities where there was supposed to be a YH...in the summertime! So I just stood there in the guard house. It was nice and warm.

The guards were playing cards, obviously quite used to stragglers asking for help. They told me to shift the bike, because it was in the way, which I did, closer to the guard house. Then I went back inside the office and stood there. Eventually, after being told not to by his superior, the young guard indicated that the Canadian dormitory was directly across from the guard house.

I have always found Canadians nice when travelling, and Julie was no exception. She said yes to my request of floor space before me completing the question.

After a hot shower and a good night's sleep, it was easy to find the YH 10km from Paris centre, on Sunday morning. I spent three nights in Paris with the worst cold I have ever had.

I packed up Tuesday morning and headed for Brussels in Belgium. It took two hours to get out of Paris; it was like a maze with all these ring roads around ring roads. Another freeway fee and a couple of hundred kilometres later, I was entering Brussels.

It was 3pm and I was determined to find the YH before dark. Well, the street was there all right but no signs indicating the YH. Around 5pm it started drizzling, so I parked the bike in the central shopping area and approached a couple of back packers. It turned out Caroline was from Sydney and her friend Stephane a local Belgium. Together we looked for the YH supposedly 5-minute walk from the shopping area. We even asked a police officer who could not help. One more back packer, Margaret from Melbourne, joined us and we walked on. Eventually Caroline, the bright spark, concluded that since this YH was in my new book, but not in her old book, it might be that new building just over there. It was!

We checked in and said goodbye to Stephane who lived 10km's away. I walked down to pick up the bike in the city and decided that Brussels is very, very pretty, with all its pinnacles, spires, towers and three-storey attics. I thought it was a good idea to eat in one of the many small delicious-looking restaurants if the other two were agreeable, which they were, as tomorrow was Margaret's birthday.

I parked the bike on the footpath in the lane by the YH, locked the steering and locked the U-bar around the front wheel. The three of us had a great evening. The YH was terrific: very modern and comfortable with piped disco music, TV's which were not there yet, but they were marked on the directions on each floor.

Despite the frosty weather we walked around the city before dinner, which was spot on. Steak and chips of a decent size, first time since leaving Oz. Margaret had been away for eight months. I noticed one Brussels' woman enjoying a plate of raw mincemeat and chips with side salad. After coffee we bought post cards and then returned to the Hostel before they locked the front doors at 10pm.

After the continental breakfast, which was included in the fee, we exchanged addresses and parted.

Unlocking the steering lock, it appeared that somebody had tampered with the lock before seeing the U-bar on the front wheel. I could not turn the steering left. The warden at the YH told me that anything can happen in Brussels and bikes are always being damaged. In which case I considered my bike lucky.

In the end I forced the steering left, and it seemed okay. After all that and packing the bike, I noticed the right-hand pannier hanging on the exhaust pipe and realised that the brace on the right-hand side was broken. So, another half hour passed with rearranging my load off the back rack and on to the seat.

At last, around midday, I was on the correct freeway out of the city. I rode right through Holland which is completely flat. It was slow travelling due to the masses of freeways always intersecting and although it looked as though I had to travel in line, that was not so.

Despite the short distances it was close to dusk by the time I reached the small town in Germany which had an all-year-round open YH. It was such a relief being in Germany as I could now communicate and have people respond to my requests.

A clerk at the railway station gave directions to the YH. Once there the woman in charge asked if I was on my own, later she explained that fifty 12-year-old girls were staying at the moment. Lively girls. Boy did they make a racket when they returned from swimming. I said yes to having supper with them, which was funny because I knew the melody of their dinner hymn, but not the German words. They were very curious, but sadly my German was not good enough to talk about my travels.

I had to go to sleep without a hot shower, because all they had in this correct and proper YH were cold water taps. After a lively and very enjoyable breakfast with the girls and their teachers and paying the bill (the cheapest so far for both food and hostel), I headed north for the last lap.

It was a clear sunny day, so I stopped for lunch in Schleswig-Holstein, a town close to the Danish-German border. Eventually I had to pull myself together and cross the border and accept that holidays always come to an end. The trip up through Denmark with the 100km/h speed limit was rainy and uneventful. I was home in time for dinner.

The Monza is now stored for the winter looking very clean and polished since my father cleaned inside and out. Finally, I must say that although there is still only 8500km on the clock (this trip was 3,000km) I am impressed with the reliability and handling of this little 500cc. Apart from an air inflow tube cracking during the first trip up from Italy, there has been no mechanical problems. This tube had to be welded together as my bike was the only of its kind in Denmark at the time. There is now one other on the showroom floor of the Danish importer but still no spare parts and communication between Italy and Denmark seems worse than between Oz and Italy. That's all folks.

Joy Skarelokke

Have heard that one of our esteemed members has just acquired a new toy. We believe it is red and has four wheels, yes four! And all driven.
