

## JUNE RUNS

Sunday	6	Dean Marsh. KBCP 9.30am.
Q.B.		Alpine Rally. Camp at club flag.
Weekend	12,13,14	(arrangements at General Meeting)
Saturday	19	Slide night. Mick Fagan's place. (more details on front page)
Sunday	20	Special Tour. Marc Sulot. KBCP 9.30am
Sunday	27	You Yangs. KBCP 10.30am. (Barbecue if possible)

## JULY

Friday 2 General Meeting. Club Hall. 8.15pm SHARP.

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CLOSING DATE FOR ARTICLES FOR JULY MAG IS 18<sup>th</sup> JUNE 1982.

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## SLIDE NIGHT

THE PLACE ..... 1 Carre st Elsternwick. Phone 528-6061  
THE TIME ..... 7.30pm SHARP  
THE COST ..... Bring a plate of supper (we are now broke)  
THE DATE ..... 19/6/82 (Saturday)  
THE SHOW ..... 9,000Km's in 5 weeks around Europe on a Guzzi  
THE REASON ..... They won't be shown at a club slide night  
THE GOOD IDEA ..... Bring a cushion as seating is limited.

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## CLUB RAFFLE

Down Vest ..... Any Colour ..... Any Size  
Tickets 40c each... Drawn????

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## EDITORIAL - JUNE 1982

Last month's AGM saw the election of our new Committee. It consists of quite a good cross section of members, some of whom have previously served on the Committee, and some who have not. You will find the complete listing elsewhere in this mag. No doubt all are keen to do what's best for the club and its members. There is also doubt that throughout the next year there will be some decisions made (or to be made) that will be controversial. We, as Editors, will voice our opinion via the Editorial. You, as members, may voice your opinion at the meetings, or maybe, write an article for inclusion in the mag. The choice is yours. Remember, your opinion, for or against, may be instrumental in guiding our Committee toward the right decision. We trust that all will join with us in wishing the Committee all the best for a successful year.

Recently we published a current membership list that varied from previous lists in that we did not include the member's bike. As several members have commented that they did not approve of this omission we felt that perhaps an explanation was due. A few months after printing the previous list we found that a large part of it was out of date due to machine changes by quite a few members. Where possible we print these changes in the mag, along with any changes of address and/or phone numbers that are passed to us (or we get to hear about). It is then up to you to amend your

membership list. When we came to print the current list we figured that the machine type was not terribly important so we didn't bother to print same. So let's have a decision at the meeting. Do you want the member's bike included in the next membership list? Throw your opinion up tonight.

Cheers  
Faye & Geoff.

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The Committee elected at last month's AGM. is as follows:-

PRESIDENT ..... Keith Finlay  
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... Steve Verdon  
SECRETARY ..... Faye Mitchell  
ASSISTANT SECRETARY ..... Paul Torney  
CAPTAIN ... ..... Wayne Fitzsimons  
VICE-CAPTAIN..... Bruce Faldon  
TREASURER ..... Peter Dwyer  
SOCIAL SECRETARY ..... Chris Young

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### **CLUB FEES**

DEAR MEMBERS, PLEASE NOTE THAT OUR CLUB FEES ARE NOW DUE

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### **NEW MEMBER**

We welcome to the club Robert Marino, Suzuki X7 250. Phone 359-9952

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### **FOR SALE**

Honda CB 900F 1980 model  
Road worthy certificate. Rego January 1983. 28,000Km's.  
BROUGHT OUT FROM HOLLAND  
Genuine Honda pannier bags  
2 stage tank bag  
Air forks, rack on back, bike cover.  
Shims & special tappet adjusting tool  
Work shop manual  
NEVER BEEN DROPPED EXCELLENT CONDITION  
\$2,100 No offers.  
Contact Tom Saville 848-7867

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Observed during a recent club run: a member, riding a large capacity machine, overtake a car, along a stretch of road gaily decorated by a set of double white lines. Bad enough you say, even worse I say when this manoeuvre was carried out in front of a rider displaying "L" plates. Doesn't set a very good example to a rider I would hope we are helping to ride safely (and legally) does it?

**Geoff CX500**

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## **PROGRESSIVE DINNER**

Well being such a cold night I didn't think anyone would mind if I bought along my car. Besides, Les Leahy wanted a lift anyway. I was sorry to leave my bike at home, alone in the cold dark garage. (sob, sob, it's hard to type a wet stencil. Ed) Anyway, enough of the bullshit.

I picked Les up at the desired time and we headed off to the KBCP to be confronted with quite a large group of people. The first stop was to be at "(wait for it)" Bacchus Marsh, for soup. The drive (or should I say ride) was uneventful with us all arriving at the same time. Those on bikes were quite glad to get there as it was quite cold. The soup really hit the spot. Before leaving Chris announced that we would get the whole meal for nothing. It would all come out of club funds, so as we were leaving she refunded our \$1.

We then headed back into Sunshine for the main course at the Duffy's place. We picked up a few more members here. Robyn had really done herself proud. It was like something out of a cooking book, there was crayfish, prawns, four or five different kinds of meat, salads, more prawns and I think a couple of hot dishes as well. It was really a tremendous spread. I don't know how those that got there early had the will power not to get stuck into it.

From there it was out to Sunbury. We had an interesting experience on the way out there: I had my lights on high beam, I went to turn them down for another car and they wouldn't go down. Not only that but I couldn't turn them off either, it turned out the headlights were too powerful for the relay. (That's what you get for putting aircraft landing lights in - instead of normal lights). Anyway, we made it to Sunbury ahead of the others. It was hard to find the place because the people of Sunbury do not believe in putting numbers on their houses. (We have white numbers on our letter box. Ed.)

Well, we thought the eats at the Duffy's were lavish, you should have seen the sweets, pavs, cheesecakes, trifles, more pavs (Keith eat your heart out) fruit salad and me on a diet. I think I'll start tomorrow. We ate all we could, but there was still a lot left over. (Could you imagine pav for breakfast?)

Anyway, once more off again this time to the Finlay's in Essendon for the last course. Cheese, bikkies, coffee, tea, liquors and port. The ride was over by then so you could have a sip if you wished. They should have finished it at Sunbury because the trifle was about 100 proof.

Les and I left about one hour later and I must admit it was a very good Progressive Dinner. Congratulations must go to Chris and a very warm thanks to the Daly's, Duffy's, Morgan's and the Finlay's for a really great night out. Only next year we'll have to go a bit further as I only did 120 miles.

**Smithy.**

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## **BEECHWORTH** (camping weekend) 9 – 12 April

The picture outside the kitchen window on Friday April 9<sup>th</sup> looked gloomy, with heavy fog having descended on Melbourne overnight. After a somewhat damp half hour ride through the Easter exodus of traffic, the weather cleared as we arrived at the Fawkner despatch point. From around 8am a further half hour was spent waiting for other riders to trickle in.

Around 8.30am we headed off with Frank leading on his R80Gs. The usual exciting run to Seymour saw Peter on his CB 750 catch up, having slept in. (Also as usual!)

Just before Seymour we encountered a huge traffic jam that snaked at snail's pace throughout the whole town. This was partly due to the bottleneck of two lanes forming one on the Seymour

outskirts coming in, and an accident which had occurred on the way out. Through Seymour the mobility of motorcycles was proven, much to the distaste of many frustrated car drivers (serves them right).

Our first stop for petrol etc was at Euroa – where the traffic again repeated its Seymour trick. Some riders showed a preference for passing the traffic on the outside, while others chose the dirt. The severity of the traffic snarl was illustrated by the fact that cars we had passed twenty minutes beforehand were passing us in the service station while we leisurely consumed tea etc. After a long stop it was back out to face the traffic.

The run to Benalla saw the same occurrence but on a lesser scale. After getting petrol at Benalla we headed straight along the highway, turning at Wangaratta, and on to Beechworth arriving around 2pm. We set up camp shortly afterwards in a secluded area of the camping ground. The rest of the afternoon was spent generally talking and trying to rustle firewood from the Beechworth Horseman's Association. Unfortunately, we got caught and had to find wood elsewhere.

Being basically the only inhabitants in the far end of the camping ground, we had a covered barbecue all to ourselves. Most retired early on Friday night due to the early start.

Saturday dawned bright and sunny for Beechworth's big day, the Beechworth Festival. On Saturday morning several of us wandered down to the town via foot power, while others (slack) had to ride down. I spent a couple of hours exploring various historic parts of the town, namely the old coach house, the powder magazine outside town (still on foot), the brewery and the museum. Strangely, everywhere I went large tourist busses followed, discharging and redrawing their goods for five-minute stops.

By around lunch time I had seen more than enough of history and headed to the main street to see the Easter Parade. The town had come alive by this stage with many hundreds of others lined the hotel bars. Large amounts of cash were certainly flowing through all the shops in town. Such Festivals seem to be increasingly big business.

A description of the Grand Parade consisted of virtually every member of the town walking, driving, riding or bicycling down the main street. The length the Parade continued for meant that every member of the town must have been in it. The Parade was typical (seen one Parade, you've seen them all) with few highlights, except for a running battle between fire brigade units.

On returning to the camping ground, it was basically deserted, the bulk of the others having dispersed to go and sample strawberry wine. After a quick lunch I decided to ride with Robyn (250X7) to Bright and onto Mt Beauty and Bogong. (That was the plan anyway.) On passing through Myrtleford we found that Beechworth did not have a monopoly on Parades. The tail end of the procession was just going through as we passed. The weather continued to be fine, at least for the moment.

The road from Bright to Mt. Beauty gets a three-star rating in my book. I found it is also possible to roll from the top of the mountain down around the township of Mt Beauty.

The weather darkened as we headed towards Bogong. The road to Bogong gets a five-star rating, hairpin curve after hairpin curve on a very good road surface. Unfortunately, we didn't reach Bogong as it began to rain as we climbed, and we had both neglected to bring waterproof clothing. The weather was again fine as we returned through Bright.

On our return to the camp, we related the day's events to each other. As the evening rolled on, a well-travelled couple on a Moto Guzzi SP1000 arrived, finding themselves at home with our own group of seasoned (?) travellers.

Saturday night became a time for liquid conversation and a nocturnal visitor. The visitor was not a bat or some lowlife insect of the dark but in fact Brenda on her GSX 250 who had been at a wedding during the day. She certainly seemed to appreciate the fire we had going as she tried to defrost.

As time passed the night got colder. Some of our group decided to attend a midnight mass (being Easter and so on), with one managing to fall asleep (too much strawberry wine). Most headed off for a cold nights sleep around this time.

On Sunday Robyn, myself and Bernadette (Z200) decided to leave and head home early, the bulk of the group planning a day trek. As we left, we took in the Beechworth Cemetery again for historic interest. On our way through Wangaratta we passed Darren and trailer/mobile home.

Our trip home (in fine weather) was not a direct one. At Benalla I had convinced my two fellow travellers to have a go in the gliders at Benalla Airport. This was something I had wanted to do for some time. For \$12, a flight can be had (with an experienced pilot accompanying of course), which is more than worth the money. For me this was a particularly sensational experience as I had never been off the ground before. Overall, I feel this should be tried by all of you.

After this we headed off home finishing off a particularly good Easter.

**Michael Barnes**

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## **LERDERDERG GORGE**

It looked like rain, so I put on some wet gear. Now I am sure that there is no such thing as water proof waterproofs. As the 10 of us headed towards Sunbury the clouds looked very black, so black in fact they made Lionel Rose look like Snow White. Anyway, it rained in big lumps. A couple of the more intelligent (pikers) folks turned back while the rest skated onto Gisborne.

Being the lead rider, I thought it a good a time as any to see how we would go on a few dirt (mud) roads, so headed the folks towards Lerderderg Gorge via the ring road and down to the Gorge. Wayne Fitzsimons said it was the first time he had ridden (slithered) on mud and found it quite enjoyable, using his feet as outriggers (Bloody hell, I wish my legs were normal length.) Les Leahy also got his brand-new Honda 500 single a little grotty.

We eventually got to the Gorge which was as dry as an Arab's camel. Standing around spellbound by the scenic beauty was too much for our stomachs, which by this time were making 'feed me please' noises, so it was time for din dins. Anybody with kids would know what din dins means.

After taking on a few calories we headed for the hills once more. On to Beremboke and Bammie-Bo-Ammie, and various other places of distinction, which everyone seemed to enjoy.

The weather became quite good for the rest of the day, the break-up point... (No, don't like that!) The point of dispersal was the sunny satellite city of Melton.

That's all folks!

See Ya

**Tony H 650**

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## **BEECHWORTH FESTIVAL**

On arriving at Fawkner, I had missed the club, so I carried on up the highway, eventually coming upon Chris and Bernadette, whom I passed, as Mark was looking after them. I caught up with Brian at Seymour, and he informed me the club was stopping at Euroa, so by the time everybody got there, a good number was present for coffee and refuelling of bikes.

Continuing on to Wangaratta, then in an easterly direction towards Bright taking the turn off for Beechworth. It didn't take long to get there.

We were given a spot to camp at the back of the caretaker's residence, an ideal area as we were away from the rest of the crowd, with our own fire place. After setting up camp we all took it easy until evening. Then we sat around a nice fire before calling it a day.

Saturday morning we spent doing our own thing, as there was a lot of preparing for the Festival, some doing shopping while others looked at the Carriage Museum and the Mini Market that was set up in the main street where you could buy all sorts of things.

After lunch we went for a tour to Yackandandah and visited the strawberry winery where you were able to sample a dry, semi-dry and a sweet wine. I had the lot. Brian took us back a different way, going over dirt which was very dusty, especially if a car was ahead of you. Eventually we came out at Stanley, then back to camp.

It wasn't long before we had the billy's boiling and cooking our tea, then spending a pleasant evening around the fire toasting marshmallows and sipping wine. Most retired at 11pm at which time Frank, Pat and I walked down to town for Church. We suddenly came upon Brenda who had just come up from Melbourne, and was slightly lost, so Pat rode pillion with her back to camp, while Frank and I continued on to do our good deed.

Sunday morning we went for a ride up through Bright and Mt Beauty, taking the Falls Creek road to the lookout where we stopped for a while, then continued on to a small kiosk for lunch.

We continued on through Tawonga heading towards Wodonga taking back roads and coming out at Tallangatta. Then on to the Hume Weir where we visited the Trout Farm. It is well worth looking at.

As it was getting late we decided to go to Wodonga for tea. More so when Brian discovered he had a flat tyre on his BMW. Leaving Wodonga, we headed back to Beechworth arriving just on dark, after a nice day's outing.

Monday saw all packing with the last of the group departing just before midday and going down to Myrtleford, onto the Oxley Highway where they took the road to Whitfield. I made my own way home via the Hume Highway. A pleasant weekend was had by all, brought about by great weather and good company.

Peter Philferan  
750/4 & R65

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## **LAND OF THE KIWIS**

Having reluctantly parted with hard-earned money, the Guzzi and I were ready to take off with Air New Zealand (the Mt Erebus disaster people) leaving loved ones behind. My first port of call was Christchurch, South Island, where I instantly observed that the Kiwis spoke like us (English) and my supposed Aussie accent would not be noticed (later to be discovered untrue). Strangely, the men were all wearing shorts and it was only 20 (weird, but then again a hot day is considered to be

25). The following day Guzzi and I were reunited and we pitched tent about 10km outside Christchurch. After the hot Melbourne weather the mild days were indeed welcome respite.

Wherever we roamed the Guzzi certainly attracted a lot of admirers. (No one was interested in the Aussie lass.) Most motorcyclists ride smaller Japanese bikes.

Nearby Christchurch is Lyttleton Harbour which was a huge volcano and is now a bikie's paradise of good windy roads to the top. The view is breathtakingly beautiful and not to be missed. One of the resort areas is at Akaroa, once the site of a French fort. Unfortunately, the sand is brown where you swim and the remainder of the coast is rocky (typical of most beach areas).

The Akaroa road was indeed interesting consisting of sharp corners with no signs and accompanied by either gravel or nervous sheep. Locals said bad weather was expected so I quickly roughed it in a cabin for a few days. Petrol stations are rostered on weekends, so I was extremely grateful that my only puncture occurred outside an open one.

That same night saw me grimly gaining a mass of bruises at the nearby roller-skating rink. I desperately tried to keep my skates from moving faster than I was.

Upon leaving Dunedin, a police car broadcast for me to pull over. With most of the shoppers watching, the two young coppers were only interested in looking at my bike (never me). I had just discovered that my Aussie accent could be detected at 10 paces, especially the "Gooday" and "Howyagoing" were a dead give-away. Well, I thought the Kiwis had a slight English twang to their voices anyway!

Invercargil at the bottom of the South Island is well worth one day and no more. Nothing there except some noisy munching and rain. It was so cold on the way to the Fiordlands that the mountains had fresh snow on them.

I arrived in Manapouri cold, wet and miserable but I was quickly welcomed with a cup of tea and a roaring fire. I had met a lady in Dunedin who invited me to stay at her home and I was only too glad to be there. They had a Cape Cod style home that had a panoramic view of Lake Manapouri and surrounding snow-capped peaks. The weather was made to measure with crisp days and cool nights. It certainly gave me a good appetite.

Helen drove me in style to Milford Sound for the typical tourist cruise of the Sound. The scenery was glorious with majestic mountains, lush forests and trout like rivers meandering along. The roads in places weren't too good so I was glad of four wheels. Of special interest was the 2km tunnel through a mountain (hard to photograph because of the traffic). An avalanche had partly destroyed the outside reaches of the tunnel which has never been rebuilt. Avalanches are accepted as normal in the mountain regions due to the heavy rainfall.

After waving goodbye to Manapouri (and weighing ½ a stone heavier) I trekked to Queenstown. The windy road follows a lake most of the way and it is very picturesque. Unfortunately, the last tight corner into the town had a slight coating of gravel on it. It is amazing how bikes get through if you shut your eyes.

I finally managed to locate the camp near some fellow motorcyclists (all men). They helped pitch my tent but again interest was centred on you-know-who. Two definite tourist musts are the Jet ride up the Gorge and the Gondola ride. The jet boat was good but I ended up quite wet from the boat's sudden swivelling stops. Towels were waiting at the end. The gondola ride gave a fantastic view of Queenstown and the surrounding mountain side.

Next day the gondolas were stopped for repair (great). Next on the agenda was an invigorating horse-riding afternoon. (I wish someone had stopped me.) Getting on and off the Guzzi proved agonising for the next few days.

The best forgotten part of my adventure was soon upon me. Namely, the notorious Haast Pass which takes unsuspecting tourists to the west coast of the Island. To start with, there was 50km of steep, windy, grave-laden roads (more like tracks in part) followed by another 30km of smooth gravel roads which weren't too bad. The only problem being the clouds of dust as the pioneer buses pass by. The bike was clean when I started but a rapid colour change to dusty red.

I enjoyed the road so much that I just couldn't decide where to commit suicide. After holding onto my sanity I finally reached the town of Fox Glacier in the Alps. I stayed at the delightful farmhouse come guesthouse which had a superb view of Mt Tasman. I even managed a glimpse of Mt Cook..

The weather couldn't have been better, and I undertook my first helicopter ride to the Fox Glacier itself. The glacier was both eerie and beautiful and it turned out to be great fun after all, even the pilot was nice (no luck).

With ignition problems occurring more regularly I made straight for Nelson at the top of the Island. The only drawback being the nice young copper who pulled me up for doing 120kmh. I thought the speed limit was 100km but it is a ridiculous 80km/h. I asked him how on earth anyone got anywhere doing that speed. Being my usual charming self, I soon disappeared up the road without a fine.

The memories of Nelson rekindled nightmares of hordes of sandflies who delighted in my blood type. From the first night to the last in NZ I always carried fly spray in my panniers.

The good beaches are about an hour's ride from Nelson. These beaches are one of the few beaches in New Zealand that have golden sand. I tried to smuggle some sand home. Unfortunately, although the beaches are lovely, the water is freezing. So I kept my swimming to camp pools after that. The Nelson Post Office welcomed me with some letters from home which I read until they were in tatters.

The cheapest way to reach the North Island is by the Rail Ferry which leaves from Picton. That day there were about six other bikes travelling across whom provided good company on the trip. I had mentally prepared myself for a rough seasick crossing, but I was rewarded with a mill pond trip. (I was told it was one of the ship's best crossings.) The food was quite good and served by a friendly crew. I was asked by a friend how I paid for my crossing! Some friend.

Part 2 in next month's mag.

Susan Jean  
Moto Guzzi V50 II

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**NURDPOWER** continued:

**N IS FOR NOVELS:** Most favoured authors are Arthur C. Clarke, Patrick White, Ernest Hemingway, Herman Hesse and Maxim Gorky. They consider 'The Catcher in the Rye' a 'profound study of the emotional problems of youth' but think that Proust is a place where birds nest, and Nabokov a new brand of vodka. Nurds acclaim Phillip Adams is 'a witty and incisive essayist' and they always read The Age dismissing The Sun as 'just silly pictures'.

**O IS FOR ORAL INTAKE:** they always take their lunches to school and eat them too, instead of using them for sandwich and fruit fights. They prefer wholemeal bread to grotesque fillings like cream cheese and pineapple. They abstain from fast food, preferring fresh fruit and a glass of Big M Iced Coffee. They drink Schweppes Bitter Lemon because it's the adult soft drink, and espresso coffee because they think it's exotic. Their kitchen features a pepper grinder full of coffee beans.



**P IS FOR PRESENTS:** Nurds usually give cuff-links, after-shave and soap-on-a-rope sets, boxed stationery, pen and pencil sets, Bendigo pottery, engraved pewter mugs and sets of initialled handkerchiefs. At their 21<sup>st</sup> birthday parties Nurds always hand around a giant wooden key which the unfortunate guests have to sign.

**Q IS FOR QUESTION ASKING:** When at school Nurds sit at the front of the class and whenever possible put up their hands to ask a question, even if the only thing they can think of is “Sir, are you wearing a wig?” They never do well in exams, but their end of year report always reads ‘Helpful and attentive’ and ‘is always involved in class discussion’. ALL prefects are Nurds and so is everyone on the SRC. Nurds love putting embarrassingly bad poetry in the school magazine.

To be completed in next month’s mag.

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