

**MAY RUNS**

Sunday	9	Paradise Falls. G.O.R KBCP 8.30am. Shell/Laverton 9.30am.
Sunday	16	Old Gippstown. KBCP 9.30am. Hallam 10.45am.
Sunday	23	Special tour. "Bruce the Goose". KBCP 9am.
Sunday	30	Winton Historical Race Meeting. KBCP 8.30am.

**JUNE**

Friday	4	General Meeting. "Pizza Night". Club Hall. 8.15pm SHARP.
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**CLOSING DATE FOR ARTICLES FOR JUNE MAG IS 21<sup>st</sup> MAY1982.**

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**EDITORIAL – MAY 1982**

Tonight sees the election of our next year's Committee. So far we have quite a fair range of nominations (listed elsewhere) with at least two members nominated for most positions. At the time of writing these nominations include both members who have previously served on the Club's Committee and members who have not. The question is, who do we vote in tonight? Those who have previously served and therefore their performance is known, or, do we take the bull by the horns and install a Committee of members who have not served but we feel, think, hope will perform their task well and keep the club on the rails? With this editorial we are not trying to bias your thinking one way or t'other, we're just trying to make you think before you vote! You're the members, you make the decision!

Cheers Faye & Geoff.

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**WRONG NUMBER**

Keith Finlay's phone number was incorrectly printed in the Club's Membership List. Sorry Keith. It should be 379-8123

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**COMMITTEE NOMINATIONS** as at the close of the General Meeting, 2-4-82.

PRESIDENT .....	Wayne Fitzsimons Keith Finlay
VICE-PRESIDENT .....	Sue Jean Steve Verdon
SECRETARY .....	Faye Mitchell
ASSISTAND SECRETARY .....	Paul Torney Steve Verdon Alan Mitchell

TREASURER .....Keith Finlay  
Allan Mitchell  
Peter Dwyer

CAPTAIN .....Brian Milesi  
Wayne Fitzsimons  
Bruce Faldon

VICE-CAPTAIN.....Bruce Faldon  
Brian Milesi

SOCIAL SECRETARY .....Chris Young  
Bruce Faldon

Further nominations will be accepted at the General Meeting 7-5-82.

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**FOR SALE**

One Hoske fuel tank – 39/40 litre. BMW red with pin striping. Suits BMW/7 and subsequent. \$500-00.

Contact Mick Fagan.

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A certain jet-setting member left his Bavarian mount with another member whilst away. Hear the shed where the R80G/S temporarily resides now has difficult to open doors! Do you think that wheel stands up the drive may have been the influence?

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**WANTED**

Temporary/Permanent. Person to share large 2-bedroom flat. Above shop. With backyard. See Chris Young.

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**PRESIDENT'S REPORT**

The year started quite well with good ride attendances. The club stand at the MRA Bike Show being organised by a Sub-Committee of members lead by Brendon Gleeson and Bruce Whalley, brought a few new faces into the club. In fact, a number of those new people are standing for the Committee at the present elections, a good sign I think.

The various sporting days run, eg Economy Run, Day Trial and Sports Day were all run in excellent weather with precision by each organiser and were rewarded with a good turnout of members. The Trail Bike weekend at Noojee in November was a new idea which was enjoyed by all who turned up, except me that is. It virtually being the beginning of the end for me as far as club rides were concerned. What with broken bones and all. Compliments of the Xtra-Large 500 Honda.

The Christmas camp showed a good attendance of members, approx 2 dozen over the Christmas – New Year period. The Buckland Valley campsite proving a good choice with varied riding to suit all tastes, a first class swimming hole nearby and camping fees to please everybody. Once more the

red animal did its thing after only 4 days at camp and finished me off for the year. I do believe the Progressive Dinner went off with a ban, being a gourmet's delight and should answer a couple of people who wanted to know what we do with club funds.

The nominations for the last elections were rather poor in numbers and with a couple of resignations, things have been a bit tight during the year. But this election with 3 and 4 people nominating for each Committee position and all the bright new faces about the club, I feel we are heading for a good year.

Safe riding.

Keith Harris

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### **SECRETARY'S REPORT**

I haven't been participating in as many club rides as I would've liked to over the past year. You know the feeling when another member talks about how great last week's ride was but you weren't there because you slept in. I did manage to attend a few good rides, for example the Christmas Camp situated in the Buckland Valley. It proved to be an ideal site with plenty of good riding roads within close reach. The ride to Wonnangatta Valley must have been the most tiring 200km I've ever done; however, it was well worth it. The Progressive Dinner also proved to be a really enjoyable night. I think it gave everyone there more opportunity to socialise with other members than on a ride.

I've noticed gradual changes within the club over the past year. The average age seems to have dropped, a lot of younger people are joining and some of the older members are fading out for various reasons. The rides have become shorter with less dirt roads and four wheel drive tracks. The club is its members, so it's up to us to make it work. If you're dissatisfied with certain aspects of the club, make suggestions, consider a Committee position. Don't just sit there; it's up to you to help yourself and us. My best wishes to the next Committee.

Marc Sulot BMW R90S.

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Heard a rumour that on a recent club run a certain outfit jockey hauled to a stop, then proceeded to pick up himself and machine! No, the outfit hadn't separated, he was riding his wife's solo and forgot to deploy the outriggers (feet stupid)!!!

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### **NEW ADDRESS**

Greg Smith has moved house. His new address is:

58 Allison Road  
ELSTERNWICK. 3185  
Phone. 528-3731

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### **TREASURER'S REPORT** year ending 30/4/82

The figures shown below should be fairly self-explanatory indicating that the club has had another stable year. The only figures requiring further explanation being the Sundries entry which includes:

the hire of our Post Office Box, \$18; the door prize expenditure \$48.50; and, the Progressive Dinner which cost \$173 with no recovery of costs. (You should have stayed for the rest of the courses, Dawso, to recoup some of your club fees.)

The Trophies and food for the club sports day, and the engraving of same and the permanent club trophies which current holders of which are asked to bring along tonight to show the newer members what they can aspire to!

In closing I would like to say thankyou to everyone in the club who helped to make this another memorable year.

Phil Duffy Treasurer.

	<u>IN</u>	<u>OUT</u>
MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS	485.00	-----
METAL BADGES	52.00	5.73
STICKERS	53.00	-----
“T” SHIRTS	288.00	227.50
SUPPER	171.90	196.50
RAFFLES	188.00	120.00
HALL HIRE	-----	110.00
CLUB MAGAZINE	-----	208.25
CASTROL ACCOUNT	540.00	512.64
ITINERARIES	-----	56.06
OPENING STOCK IN HAND	81.00	
CLOSING STOCK IN HAND		63.00
OPENING BANK BALANCE	763.99	
CLOSING BANK BALANCE		860.06
SUNDRIES	157.50	420.65
	<u>2780.39</u>	<u>2780.39</u>

### VICE-CAPTAIN'S REPORT    MAY 1982

After being elected to the above position, my commitment was almost brought to an abrupt end. With a change of employment, the silver beast of Bavarian extraction was whipped from under me (perhaps a blessing in disguise). Company vehicle and all that. Contemplating resignation from the Committee, I decided to continue on as there was lots to be done from our administration area. Besides there were plenty of others who would take the resignation route.

It was an interesting year. Firstly, a build-up in new members. Who could forget the snow-run with a zillion new riders enjoying themselves and none of whom were ever seen again. Then a slow but gradual decline. And now ending the electoral year with a (dare I say it) re-vitalized healthy looking membership.

Two events stood head and shoulders above the rest. The Christmas camp was good. The recent Progressive Dinner was brilliant (by far the most professional turn the club has ever put on).

I would also like to applaud one bloke who had literally dragged the club along by its bootstraps when times were grim. He's Phil Duffy, and he was in everything. Not only as club treasurer, but he managed to be always doing suppers when others failed; kept the oil and mechanical goodies coming and what's more, rode the pants off Fagan and Co. fair and square to take our more trophies than I care to think about. Thanks Phil.

So, as you all proceed into a new term with a new Committee, just remember to keep riding and keep safe.

Les.  
(Vice Captain)

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### **PERSONAL**

Mick, don't believe everything you read.

Guardian Angel (!???!!!)

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### **SOCIAL SECRETARY'S REPORT**

It is really hard to write about a position I know so little of. Except that I would like to thank the many people who helped me out with their information and suggestions down to helping dry the dishes.

Chris Young

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### **CLUB MEMBER OF YEAR PROGRESSIVE POINTS**

Peter Philferan	48
Mick Fagan	38
Frank Bloxham	32
Ted Marshall	30

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### **A FEW YEARS DOWN THE TRACK**

In a few short weeks I'll be throwing a leg over my Mazda ute and heading off to find another home somewhere in Brisbane. There is a small goodbye to be said.

How could I not say goodbye to the ever-changing group who have given me almost half a lifetime of friendship. To all of you crazy two-wheeled nut cases reading this, thanks for the hundreds of thousands of miles you've shared with me.

Thanks for showing me places I never knew existed. Thanks for teaching me to do things before unattempted. In my mind's eye there is a collection of triangular images. The detail is clearer than any camera could take and the colour better. The triangle is the opening of my tent, the images are from inside looking out and I will keep them with me forever.

Buckland River, Glenaire, Lower Glenelg, Big Desert, Wingan Howitt, Sheeppark Flats, Buchan, how could anyone forget.

It is impossible to note the years, the times. So much has changed, so many have moved on. But here is a simple list of letters and numbers.

XS1, XS2, TX650, V7, R75/6, XT500, R65, XR200.

Those who recognise, will remember.

But it's not all over yet. There's a new bike in that furniture van heading north.

Thank you for the years, and goodbye.

Les.

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### **RIDE TO CRESWICK** 4/4/82

Having forgotten to cancel the alarm for a Sunday morning sleep-in, luckily, I woke from the arms of Morpheus about 7am to be greeted by a perfect autumn day, just the day for a bike ride.

After checking tyre pressures and filling my trusty but "noisy" (ask Peter) Z650 with gas, off to Kings Bridge Car Park where four bikes and Darren's Honda Four-wheeler were waiting and enjoying the sunshine.

At about 10am, nine bikes and the Honda started out - the small number of bikes on such a great day was largely due to the morning after the night before, being the progressive dinner. Through Footscray to Ballarat Road on to Melton and Bacchus Marsh where there was an unscheduled stop while tyre pressures were checked and a fuel top-up attended to.

South from Bacchus Marsh to Anakie Junction - a good 24km of open bitumen, then turning north and skirting the Brisbane Ranges National Park on to a short but rough stretch of dirt to Morrisons. From here onto bitumen of sorts!! Down a s-t-e-e-p winding descent bitumen covered by gravel, and over an ancient, dilapidated timber trestle bridge, (max speed 10km/h) then passing Lal Lal reservoir on to Wallace and the Western Highway.

At Bungaree we took the road to Creswick, arriving there about 12.30pm. We had lunch (steak sandwiches and hamburgers) and a gas fill-up before heading back to Melbourne via the Midland Highway and Daylesford. From Daylesford to Bullarto on to more 'dirt' enroute to Blackwood. Leaving Blackwood along a pretty rough track through the Wombat State Forest, then around the northern end of the Lerderderg Gorge to O'Briens Crossing.

About 2km before O'Briens Crossing Marc's Goldwing tested the depth of one of the many potholes that covered this section of road, resulting in bruised ribs, cracked fairing and bent crash bar, which did its job in preventing any damage to the Goldwing's motor.

A group of bushwalkers were on hand to give assistance and were obviously keen to remain on two feet and not be on two wheels in this rough terrain. The views and native flora on this section of the run were well worth persevering with the rough conditions.

Passing O'Briens Crossing to Bullengarook and Gisborne where heavy Sunday traffic was encountered on the Calder Highway. The last leg of our 280km run was to Faye and Geoff's place at Sunbury for coffee, leftover pavs, cheesecake and fruit salad from the previous night's Progressive Dinner. A most enjoyable way to round off an equally enjoyable run.

Ross Kawasaki Z650

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## **HOW THE OTHER HALF RIDE**

A few weeks ago I had the opportunity to ride with a completely different motorcycle club. Not just another road riding club but with the Australian Motorcycle Trail Riders Association, commonly known as AMTRA. And the scheduled trip was their 3-day, camping out, bring everything with you, Alpine bash.

Just as not everyone wants to ride with a road club, AMTRA is not all that big, considering the number of people out there who have a trail bike. The riding procedure is very similar to the MTCV and apart from the knobby tyres one could be forgiven for thinking one had fronted up at the KBCP. They unintentionally get away late (one guy had slept in), have a front and rear rider, leave corner markers, do write-ups and even take movies of parts of their day-rides.

AMTRA grades its riders and rides on difficulty and ability and the 3 day Alpine was unique in that we actually had to book in weeks beforehand. The leader was trying to limit the number to 6 but things got out of hand and we finished up with 10 which is a hell of a lot of bods when the going gets rough. The standard of riding was very competent, much higher than an average run of ours. But then, they have their drongo days as well. I was the weakest rider there and on the smallest bike, so had to play the old “never be the corner marker” routine to stay with them.

There is not as much ‘helping out’ as in our club. There is a general philosophy that if you ‘brung it’ then you can ‘ride it’. But if you get into really bad shape then someone will probably relent and help you out. We covered around 600km of rough country in 3 days so that will give you some idea of why you have to rely on your own ability.

On the first day our group went like a blur, real precision stuff, which was shown out when we encountered a group of yobbos from Whittlesea on the trail around lunch time. They didn’t really have a leader, and no maps, didn’t leave corner markers, rode like lunatics for a couple of miles and then had to stop to figure out where the hell they were. How they didn’t manage to kill each other is beyond me.

The question could well be asked “Are there more dick-heads who ride bikes on the road or more who ride in the bush?” Well, it’s probably level pegging but the ‘mobile mouth’ brigade sure get found out a lot faster in the bush.

When you camp out with a group of people you get to know their style pretty quickly. If there was a phrase to summarise AMTRA people as opposed to MTCV people, the dirt riders would have to be described as more ‘socially versatile’. They all have regular jobs, more of them are tradesmen, many are married with children, and their bike is more a recreational object rather than a subjective way of life. But serious dirt riding is very insular. For instance, there were no ladies on our ride. And I really missed that. No ladies to temper and humour, to sum up the days ride in a different way, to be concerned about when the going was tough. Sure, there are female riders in AMTRA but very few physically capable of handling a hard slog and even if they could, nearly all current dirt bikes are ridiculously high for any but the tallest of women.

Tom and I shared gear for the trip. We had the smallest and lightest loads, but the biggest tent, ate easily but well, never had any delay with packing and little Optimus stove was a source of constant amazement to them as Tom would have the billy boiling at the drop of a hat. Which goes to show that some road riders know a lot more about camping out. Apart from a corner marking mishap on the last leg of the last day we had a hell of a good time.

I’ll never forget standing at the counter of the Wood’s Point General Store, absolutely doubled up with hysterical laughter with two guys I didn’t know from Adam two days prior. We were frozen to death, saturated, and standing in a good inch of water on their ship floor which had poured out of our clothes and boots. And all we could do was laugh.

Which just goes to prove, if you're going to ride a bike (any sort of bike) ride with a club, you'll have a lot more fun.

Les XR200

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### **NURDPOWER** continued

**I IS FOR INTERIOR DECORATING:** (1) Furniture – includes one bookcase made of planks of wood and loose bricks, and a single bed with a back shelf and built-in light. The study desk-top often features a map of the world. (2) Wall decoration – prints (see ART), TAA posters of the Tasmanian devil, and meaningful scrolls in the lavatory such as 'Desiderata' or 'Today is the first Turd of the Rest of your Shit' (Buddhist proverb). When restoring old houses they believe that original features should be retained, especially those from the 1950's.

**J IS FOR JOKES:** They like Wayne and Shuster and the Two Ronnies. They don't like Benny Hill or Bob Hope ('because he doesn't write his own jokes'),. They think Monty Python is 'quite funny' but get annoyed when the sketches finish halfway through.

Nurd Jokes: "What's black and white and red all over?"

Answer: A nurd at his first Faculty ball.

"Why did the chicken cross the road?"

He saw a nurd walking the other way.

Profound Nurd Proverb: He who laughs last didn't get the joke.

**K IS FOR KUICHE:** Nurds frequently misspell French words.

**L IS FOR LOVE:** Nurds claim that the human body is nothing to be ashamed of and that sex is a wonderful thing between two people. Between one it's fantastic. However, Nurds never confuse sex with love. They see love as the important part of marriage, while sex is like house repayments – they wish it could be all over so they could really start to enjoy married life.

Nurds attitudes to the female are rather mixed. They love their mother but dismiss their sisters as just 'stupid girls'. However, this should not be misunderstood – they are not sexist, except in their attitudes to women.

**M IS FOR MARIJUANA** (pronounced Marry-Joo-Arna): Nurds hardly ever smoke marijuana, although they will occasionally indulge under peer group pressure, inhaling nervously with a great deal of blushing and coughing. They do not support legalisation as it would 'only produce another drug on the market'.

To be continued next mag.

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Anybody checked our shed doors lately?

Geoff.

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