

ITINERARY

AUGUST 1985

	<u>WELSHPOOL</u> 9.00 KBCP 10.00 Hallam	Bob Stecklenberg leading, through Sth Gippsland, possible dirt Approx 450km
11 th	<u>SNOW RIDE</u> 9.00 KBCP 10.15 Lilydale	Destination LAKE MOUNTAIN, expect some mud/sludge. Lunch at Marysville. Home via Black Spur. Approx 350km
17 th	<u>CHINESE BANQUET</u> 6.30 KBCP 7.30 restaurant	Crystal Palace Restaurant 750 Glenferrie Rd, Hawthorn \$15.00 a head. Contact Janet Towns, Social Secretary. Ph 819 3040 (home) All welcome.....book <u>NOW</u>
18 th	<u>DAYLESFORD</u> 9.00 KBCP	
25 th	<u>PORT FRANKLIN</u> 9.00 KBCP 10.00 Hallam	situated near Foster. Travel through Kooweerup, Blackwood Forest, Inverloch. Lunch at Foster or Port Franklin. Approx 400km.

DON'T FORGET AUCTION NIGHT: September General Meeting

EDITORIAL

This month I thought I would get the wooden spoon out, (again). But then again why bother, people invariably spit the dummy and very little else is achieved. I can hardly comment on the amount of material submitted for this issue, as there isn't a lot, if it wasn't for Noddy's pre printed article we would have a very thin magazine indeed. The only other comment I will make is that ever you thought BMW riders/owners were ROD WHOLLOPERS, then there is an article within these pages that will reinforce your sentiments.

KEITH

BARNE'S BLITHE BLAST 30.6.85

We left KBCP and through Warrandyte to Yarra Glen pickup. (In all 10 bikes went for the day's ride). After a quick cup of coffee Mick led the way on his Yamaha RD350, with Frank on R80GS making up rear rider. It was good biking weather, about 17° and no rain. But some roads through the Spur were still damp and wet which made the going quite tricky on some bends. Saw some new faces, Bruno on his GPz1100 and Harry on his RD250 Yamaha.

We all went up through Toolangi and then to Healesville and from there through the Black Spur and onto Marysville. Very good twisties but the wet sections on the road kept me on my toes. Lunch was at Marysville and from there onto Warburton which gave us about 6km of smooth dirt.

Lots of bikes on the roads; it's amazing where they all come from on a good sunny day after a few weeks of rain and cold weather. At Warburton Ben and Janet took the lead and he took us all back to Yarra Glen. There are some good fast roads on this section. Through Launching Place, Healesville and then we broke up at Yarra Glen at about 2pm.

All in all a good day's ride.

Bob...Yamaha XJ750

NTH.STH.EST.WST. or Bust!

Well peoples – the ride was advertised as EAST-WEST!!! Not knowing exactly what was meant (after all it could be a trip down flinders St, as it runs east – west!) I went!

Upon arriving at KBCP after having been away to Europe and doing other things, I noticed a change. This was over a period of 9 weeks mind you! Yes peoples the bikes are changing as rapidly as Ben's new 900 are gaining changes in the cosmetics department. We were inundated with the big "K" again. Yes people you too can own a big "K" only I don't mean KAWASAKI. I mean "K"100, BMW TYPE "K"!!

There were 3 KRS models and Greg Smith's lonely K100 STANDARD job. Poor Ben he had the only other decent "K", his grotty 900 type thingo. There were a couple of others on lesser k's e.g. Peter P etc, but poor Ben was outnumbered badly. Still, all was not lost, I was there to give him encouragement! Would you believe?

Off we went, in of course, an easterly direction along Flinders Street. Then, horror of horrors, we went north along Punt Road towards the freeway. Whatever happened to east-west? We were to find out shortly.

Ya see, it's like this; to go in an easterly direction along the freeway one first has to travel west. Dastardly what? Well that corner was the end of one machine. Yep, you guessed it. A K100RS bit the dust. Or more correctly, slid gracefully onto it's left side, turned 180° and slid backwards into the 3ft concrete wall.

Score: Kawasaki 1 BMW NILL.

Actually the BM although not healthy, wasn't that bad structurally speaking. Apart from the sub frame which wasn't touched everything else at the rear was gone. The rider had a pair of "MOLE SKINS" on and they were looking rooted as well. He lived at the end of the freeway and we rode home with him, carrying all his bits of bike for him. Kind people aren't we? Off we went at full pace. Heading towards Yarra Glen, where we scoffed down morning tea. We then set off for Toolangi and Kinglake. At Toolangi Greg Smith and his pillion on Smithy's K100 left the ride.

Score: Kawasaki 2 BMW NILL

Upon arriving at Woodend we had lunch outside Woody's Wonder (an antique shop) and I don't, really mean what was inside. Before leaving after eating, jack announced that he was leaving to go home. He did and so did we.

Score; Kawasaki 3 BMW NIL

We all bopped along towards Daylesford via Trentham. We passed straight through both and hit the western freeway and motored casually on until we got to Melton, where we broke up. If you, who didn't go, were wondering why we broke up at Melton it was because of all the sick jokes we cracked. So there!

Yes peoples it was a great day. Poor Ben was the only Kawasaki mounted person on a dreaded Super "K" at the start. Compared to four BMW mounted super "K's" at start. At the end, he had surreptitiously gotten rid of 3, to make it and even battle of the "K's" for the last bit of the ride.

Now, have I ever mentioned to any of you, about my “Wonder bike” the absolutely fabulous “R”? I haven’t? Well next time any of you meet me, by the way doesn’t Ben’s bike have “R” at the end of its name?

Mick Fagan “R” 100CS.

TO ALICE AND BEYOND

We began our trip on Friday night wanting to put a few kilometres under our belt before we started to go onto the harder roads that were to come. This first stretch from Melbourne to Renick, which is a forestry village out of Mount Gambier, was also a shake down for the bike. I rode out of town and onto the western highway where Brenda took over until Ballarat where the cold overcame her and she could no longer continue. We left Renick early on Saturday morning to make for Port Augusta where we stayed the night with friends. Once you leave Pt. Augusta you start heading into the desolate centre of Australia. We stopped briefly to have a look at the aviation park in Woomera and then rode north to Cooper Pedy. There is now only 130km’s of dirt before Cooper Pedy but as we had seen four wheel drives coming the other way covered in mud I was a bit worried about the state of the road. There had been rain the previous week but I thought that it would have soaked in by now and as we started onto the dirt we left a big cloud of dust behind us which settled my nerves a bit. This 130km’s was an introduction to what outback roads are really like. One minute your doing 120k’s and the next fighting the thick dust at walking pace. There is no dirt or sand only a fine red dust, not to mention the corrugations, wheel ruts, and bull dust holes. Interesting stuff;

After a long day we arrived at Cooper Pedy, found some accommodation and went to the pub to have a quick drink. The town is populated mainly by Greeks so we had dinner in one of their restaurants and went back to our \$5 cabin for an early night. When in Cooper Pedy you must have a tour around town and in the opal mines with George. George is an elderly Dutch miner who runs a very interesting tour ending with a quiet cup of tea back at his dugout.

On the way to Granite Downs we stopped to take a photo and noticed that one of the new Koni shocks had slipped over its mount and was resting on the exhaust pipe and the mount. After limping to a little shed called Mount Willoughby, I managed to press the shocker back together with a vice. By this time it was late afternoon so a few k’s further on we headed into the scrub and set up camp. This was our first night in the bush and we fell asleep as the embers burnt away.

In the morning we got back on the now terrible road and made our way to Ayers Rock. It was so good to hit the N.T border that I almost got off and kissed the bitumen. We arrived at Yulara, the camping ground at the rock, at sunset and set up a very expensive camp. It costs \$8 per person per night for a tent site and because you’re in a national park you’ve got no choice but to pay. The resort is very well set out and painted in natural colours so as it blends in with the surroundings but a little too touristy for my liking. Once at the rock you must of course climb it, and it isn’t as easy as you think. The climb to the top takes about an hour and a half and I was glad that I carried the water bottle. The top affords good views of the Olgas, Yulara and the vast expanses of desolate plains that make up the centre. After a day at the rock we went back along the road to watch the sunset and take the customary photos.

At sunrise the next day we rode out to the Olgas which are approx 30km from Yulara and we were frozen when we got there. It becomes very cold at night. You really need the whole day to explore the formations on the three semi-marked walking tracks. We did a walk which linked up two of these tracks and found it very interesting but you have to be prepared for some pretty rough rock climbing. Good pair of boots, a compass and a water bottle is essential. We both found the Olgas a good deal more interesting than the rock. There is a lot of wild life to see and even though the walks can be difficult they are very rewarding in the views they offer.

We stayed the following night at Wallara Ranch before going to have a look at Kings Canyon. The road out to the canyon was the worst we encountered consisting of 80km's of thick, and I mean thick, dust. Once I started I wasn't about to turn around and go back even when we confronted a creek crossing. Kings Canyon has not yet succumbed to the tourist onslaught but this area will also be turned into a National Park in the not too far distant future. There are only rock cairns to mark the passage up into the canyon and various interesting formations. The canyon was the best of all the sights that we would see on our holiday making the others humble in comparison.

Alice Springs is 200km's from Wallara Ranch, the first 50km's being dirt or as later found; mud. A bus had been bogged along this road for six hours the previous day but we managed to get through even though Brenda had to get off in a few places. It was along this stretch that Brenda, who was riding from the start of the bitumen to Alice, discovered why you don't ride at night in the outback. All the wandering animals come to the warm road at night and you don't see them until it's too late. We crawled the rest of the way into Alice at 80km/h. Alice Springs is bigger than I imagined it to be. We stayed at the Stuart caravan park and made day trips to see the various gorges and historical reserves around the Alice. We went to see Glen Helen Gorge, Ormiston Gorge, Standley Chasm and the old overland Telegraph Station. After seeing all these we had seen enough and as I said before, none of them could match Kings Canyon. We loaded up with fresh water and food and then moved south to the border and east to Finke. We pulled up at the only concrete in town and tried to find someone to fill us up. When we were filled, we were charged \$5 for the petrol and a \$5 opening up fee. After all it was the Queen's Birthday holiday.

From Finke we really started to head into the middle of nowhere. You must carry a compass and enough fuel to allow for at least a 200km mistake. There are no street signs out here. We made our way south from Finke through New Crown station, Abaminga, Hamilton Station and arrived at Oodnadatta just on sunset after completing 290km's of four wheel drive track. It was a very tiring ride and the hospitality of the Transcontinental Hotel was much appreciated. I made some friends in the pub that night. After a light breakfast it was back to the road which was now the Oodnadatta track. In places the track cuts through the sand hills and Brenda did quite a bit of walking as the sand was just too thick for the bike to pull through. When we arrived at William Creek we waited for a plane to fill up and then after filling the bike spent the rest of the afternoon fixing a broken pannier frame. Then along came three government surveyors who we had met at Oodnadatta. We followed them down the track to Beresford which is a natural spring. They filled five 44gal drums with water and then went to the old rail line and collected a dozen sleepers for the fire before heading into the scrub to camp. It was a great night just drinking white wine, eating fruit cake and telling tall stories. We were sorry to leave them but we headed down to Marree and continued to Port Augusta.

From Port Augusta I thought that we were on the home run, having completed some of the longest distances over the roughest terrain on a very big and heavy machine without any major problems. But this was not to be. From the Port we rode up through Horrocks Pass to Wilmington enjoying a bit of winding road for a change and on to a small town called Melrose. Brenda asked me to stop so as we could tighten the pannier strap and after we had, I jumped back on and rode off as normal. I made one slight mistake. I forgot to put the side stand up and approx 5km's before Murray Town whilst trying to negotiate an "S" bend at 110km/h the stand hit the road sending us straight across the road. As I applied full braking I knew I was running out of road but had lost enough speed to manoeuvre. I said to Brenda, through the intercom, that I would miss the pole that was fast approaching but failed to avoid the ditch that was behind the pole. I ended up badly winded and stuck in the front wheel and Brenda was thrown clear. She then started running up the road for help and by the time she came back in a truck I almost had the bike out of the ditch. It was then that Brenda went into shock and realized that she had a broken collar bone. The truckie took us to town and an ambulance took Brenda to hospital. I then went back to get the bike and to see Brenda. The sister at the Boolaroo Centre Hospital also wanted to have my side stitched up. As the doctor services the whole district we had to wait for three hours for him to arrive. Brenda then spent two days in bed before catching a bus to Adelaide and Melbourne and I rode the bike home.

All in all it was a great trip and we both want to go again; Brenda in a four wheel drive and me on a middle weight trail bike. There are a lot of places you cannot reach on a road bike mainly because of the thick sand and long distances from place to place. Also if it rains while you're out there your stuck and that's that. Even after the one short expedition into the Red Centre I learnt quite a bit about outback touring. The two most important points being that you must have a great respect for the roads and their isolation from help if anything goes wrong and secondly that you don't need a bee-em to go out there.

Gary Lloyd and Brenda Pollett

APOLLO BAY 14.7.85

16 BIKES: GS1000G Gary, GPz750R Christine, GPz750 Rod, K100RS Hans, GSX1100EE Chris, VF750F Geoff, XJ750 Bib, RD350 Robin, FZ350 Mick, R100C/S Mick, Xs1100 Craig and Lynne, K100RS Jack, CX500 Lloyd, 650BM Brenda, RD250 Harry, and GPz900 Ben.

The question of a leader arose: Mick Fagan claimed he would be "*too slow*" along the Great Ocean Road; Mick Barnes offered "*running in clutch*", Brenda "*I'm rear rider*"; and Jack "*you're always the leader Ben*".

Under the towering West Gate Bridge I soon realised was an indirect route to Laverton. We rode swiftly through the science fiction landscape of Altona. Menacing petro-chemical plants gasping and wheezing, tortured tubing glistening cold silver, dwarfing human attendants, the surrounding land devoid, windswept.

Laverton Service Station for pick-up. I asked Hans id he would lead and he said no. Then yes. Using the kilometre posts along Geelong road I planned to calibrate the odometer, but the traffic was heavy and my concentration lacking. Next time;

Anglesea arrived, our first stop. Wet weather clothing was donned and morning tea taken. The bakery served XL glove-size coffee scrolls. I had two, buttered, for 90c (to feed the tapeworm as someone remarked.) (Then Mick Fagan told us the one about the 18 metre tapeworm excreted by a prisoner of war, now displayed in a Japanese war museum. Thanks Mick).

It started to rain after Anglesea and would do so until we returned to Geelong. It was also a particularly windy day with Tullamarine Airport recording a peak gust of 98 km/h. the weather forecast went something like "Gale force winds east of Cape Otway, strong wind warning elsewhere, showers falling as snow on the higher peaks, top temperature 11 degrees, tomorrow worse. Saw only one other bike on the GOR all day. Funny about that;

It was a little slippery to start with, but as the surface washed clean, confidence improved and speeds rose. Behind Hand now, nursing the BM through the corners, possibly recalling Sean's classic demonstration that radial tyres may grip well, but are still only black and rounne when picking up a Gearsak full of blinkers, mirrors, foot pegs and fairing.

Stopped for a breather at lookout, cleaned visor and lubed chain (original, but on its last legs), then on to Lorne and Apollo Bay.

We took refuge in the warm fish'n chip shop, noting the unusual sign "*Please use our tables to eat your takeaways*". And then it was time for mini golf.

Wearing of helmets was advisable – it was pouring. The course was "heavy" Mick Fagan was in fine form, the conditions suiting him well. I was no match for him, the bet lost. Bob Steck, the quiet achiever, was first back in the club house, posting a formidable score of 33. Robin arrived at the last hole needing a par two to win. But it wasn't to be. Here is the results table.

Bob 33
Hans 34
Mick F 37
Robin 40

Gary 45
Christine 47
Ben 49
Brenda 59

Preparing to leave, Rod's GPz750 would not start, much to the amusement of some. After draining the carbies, checking the electrics, removing plugs and generally pulling it apart and putting it back together again, it started. Dirty petrol suspected.

Up through the Otways – slipperier than usual – leaf litter and roadside quartz clay clattering up the lines. Forrest and Deans Marsh whizzed past in a blur of rain and wind. We finally picked up the Princes Highway near Geelong. At an intersection I stopped to catch Gary rescuing a damsel in distress. Her Celica had stopped. Apparently the distributor leads “pop off” through vibration. She was wrapped when it started.

At Geelong we regrouped, refuelled, and thawed out. I dispensed a few itineraries to a couple of riding an RD250 and their friend also on an RD we had collected along the way. They were cold, the ride disbanded.

Geelong road traffic was moving at a healthy rate, the wind now from behind. I decided to take the West Gate Bridge for the heck of it. I could only get blown off. Strangely there was no wind at the top, an eerie silence descending. The city was beginning to light up, the view peaceful. The toll man appeared – down to earth again.

“Home” by 5.30pm; Round trip of 440km; Feet still dry thanks to motorcycle boot look-a-like gumboot (see Keith), though my leather jacket has sprouted white mould during the day. The bike has done an indicated 34,500km (since October).

Ben (GPz900R)
