

SEPTEMBER 1981  
NUMBER SIX



PO. BOX 1042  
WODEN, ACT. 2606

COMMITTEE

PRESIDENT: Peter Robleski 7 Ewart St. Yarralumla Ph. 824317  
SECRETARY: Piers Crocker 19 Goulburn St. Macquarie Ph 514181  
TREASURER: Peter Wickham 38 Jensen St Hughes

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GREETINGS. Well, spring seems to have arrived in Canberra at last. And at this time of year one of nature's miracles can be observed. Bikers ( Homo Motorcyclens ), having spent the winter as lowly motorists travelling from place to place in clumsy metal shells, often in long queues, emerge from their cocoons as brightly coloured motorcyclists and spend the warm months riding from one place to another with their mates in search of a decent Devonshire Tea (or pub in the case of the hairy variety which may not hibernate at all). To cater for this increased activity we'll be publishing a club calendar listing coming events such as monthly runs, rallies, etc. so you'll know what's on well in advance. I'd also like to remind you here of the informal run system published earlier, whereby anyone wanting company for a run can ring me and be put in contact with others of like mind. This could be good if they can agree when and where to go.

Peter.

CLUB CALENDAR

- 19-20 Sept. JACK FROST RALLY. 19Km north of Taralga on the  
Wombeyan caves Rd.
- 27 Sept. Monthly Club Run.
- 3-4 Oct. WORLDS END RALLY. Quorn, S.A.
- 5-6 Dec. CHRISTMAS RALLY. Newnes, 40 Km from Lithgow.

For any information about these events contact Bob Rumsey  
Ph. 733300 (wk).

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AS you may have noticed, the Jack Frost Rally is on this week-  
end. Anyone going meet Saturday 11 A.M. at the Dickson Motor  
Vehicle Testing Station. Entry fee at the rally site is \$5.

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THIS month's club run is to Bredbo. We leave the Phillip Motor  
Vehicle Testing Station at 10.30 A.M. (Sunday 27th.) , lunch  
at Bredbo (or Cooma, depending on what's available), and return  
via Jerangle and Captain's Flat.

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NEXT month's club meeting will be held at 19 Goulburn St,  
Macquarie on the 8th of October at 7.30 P.M.

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THE CANBERRA DISTRICT DUCATI CLUB has invited us, to enter and  
compete in their annual Timed Economy Run. It's being held on  
November 29th and entry fee is \$1. Since this day is the last  
Sunday in that month we may designate that as our run, if the  
members so decide. This could be a good opportunity to find  
out what kind of economy you can get if you try and to meet  
some Ducati owners for a little friendly abuse.

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RUN REPORT

A fresh sunny morning attracts more than the usual number to the August run. Seven BM's bearing nine people emerge from the meeting place and glide down Northbourne Avenue in a procession which inevitably turns heads.

Soon the four lane highway leaves Canberra and becomes a winding country road, congested by the occasional car. We turn onto the road to Gundaroo. The sun shines on a verdant green countryside as engines sing in the cool clear blast of air. Everything feels right.

Sutton passes. Then, Gundaroo appears, slowing. An old building which was probably a general store in another time approaches and stops near us. We dismount and enter the front room, almost automatically. Our boots make hollow sounds on the bare wooden floor. The walls are lined with pottery and the room is filled with craftworks of one kind or another. All appear to be of a high standard of workmanship.

The riders wander around inspecting the exhibits or warming themselves by an enormous pot belly stove in the centre of the room and eventually gravitate to an adjoining room at the back. At its entrance a large blackboard advertises Devonshire Tea for two dollars.

Ordered by the first to find the room, nine Devo Teas tidily laid out on two large wooden tables greet the others. We object, and noisily arrange nine wooden chairs around one of the tables, to the consternation of the motherly middle-aged woman who appears to be in charge of the establishment. She hovers nervously around the bearded men who wear big noisy boots and leather jackets.

We relax in a friendly circle, enjoying the warmth and the hot tea and coffee, laughing and joking. We devour the spongy scones with the tinned jam and the fresh cream. I wonder idly what the reaction would be if I suggested to the matron that wholemeal flour makes much better scones. Polite offence, I decide, and drop the idea.

Soon we remember the machines and the road. We toss our two dollar notes into one of the now empty scone baskets and shuffle out, pulling on jackets as we go. Meanwhile in the kitchen, the matron peers out through a small serving window which joins the two rooms and sees Marlon Brando and The Wild Ones leave without paying, kicking furniture out of the way as they go.

"That'll be eighteen dollars", she quivers defiantly through the opening, as if expecting to see the chains come out and the place wrecked in reprisal. Smiling, Jenny runs back to give the woman the basket and reassure her, while the rest go out laughing to lean insolently against their bikes and bask in the sun.

Two hundred metres out of town Bill pulls the nipple off his clutch cable. The rest of us stop to walk back and congregate around him, leaving our bikes parked scattered along a hundred metres of the grassy roadside. Scratched heads appraise the situation as Bill resigns himself to going back. David, however, lazily strolling up last, wins the boy-scout award by announcing that he has a spare.

The road rolls on to Gunning, changing to dirt and back again, winding through the undulating countryside. The road is dry and even cunningly placed mounds of gravel fail to



bring anyone down. The only casualty is a camera which leaps to freedom from a bag carelessly strapped to my rack.

Yass. Like almost all the larger towns in the district with a long history Yass has blown it. With a few noteworthy exceptions the main street is lined with nondescript modernised facades of older buildings. We walk the main street looking for an eating house whose main business is'nt selling petrol. At the end of the drag we find one, a converted old style store with a glass front and recessed doorway. Inside the ceiling appears to be about fifteen feet up. A wooden stairway climbs one of the orange painted brick walls. Several tall ferns and a by now standard pot belly stove decorate the spacious room. We sit at a large wooden table (again). The potato and celery soup is good, the garlic bread cold and the service OK. The prices seem high but then its hard to tell these days.

We pay conspicuously and stroll back to the bikes in good spirits picking up on the way those who, having guessed correctly that no, they don't serve hamburgers, chips or milkshakes at trendy places, had elected to dine at the Hume cafe, an unpretentious laminex greasy further up.

The last leg of the journey leads us home, except a brief stopover at a Murrumbateman Winery which offers small tastes of a very small range of wines as well as barbeque and dining room facilities. Sampling the mediocre wines we chat with Jeanette and Ian whom we meet there and warm ourselves by the fire.

Although it has'nt rained all day it is becoming cold. The sky is overcast as engines roar into life. We leave the winery and head for our respective homes, some of us to our own pot belly stoves.

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