

EDITORIAL – April 1972

There are now two new editors for the magazine, and we both hope that we can keep the magazine up to the very high standard that was set by the previous editor, as that is expected by the readers.

We, however, cannot keep up this standard without help, and this help we want from you – the members of the M.S.C.A.V. If you are asked to do an article, please try to get it to us as soon as possible after the run, so that we have plenty of time in which to prepare the magazine. It takes many hours to prepare it, so the quicker you are in handing in your articles, the better the mag will be. For all members who may not know it as yet, the pillion speed limit has now been raised to 50mph, as of early March, and the Chief Secretary has proposed to review the situation sometime in June. So, with a bit of luck, it may eventually be abolished and motorcyclists will be able to have the same rights as other road users.

All owners of gold motorcycles should be prepared from a visit from the local police in the near future, in connection with a murder that was committed at Rockbank on Friday, 25th February. So do not get alarmed, as every owner of a gold motorcycle is being questioned, as a gold motorcycle was alleged to have been seen in the area at the time of the murder.

It's that time of the year for parties, so keep early in May clear as Margaret is having a party to celebrate her....birthday. More details will be in the next mag.

STIRRING STIRS

Hear that J.C has returned to the supreme cycles again, now being the proud (?) owner of a 350 SL Honda.

Lance spends a lot of time sleeping in pipes.

What was roger doing with back lacy underwear at Hall's Gap?

Plucker is walking around with a swelled head, lately, but WAS the Trumpy doing 110 strokes per minute, or was Bruce doing 110 strokes per minute at the time?

John Lowry has a very well ventilated tent, now that a certain 350 Honda had flattened it. Typical Honda riders!

Rumour has it the Bennett's 450 Honda is held together with Mr Sheen.

Colin & Lance have taken a great liking to coffee.

Peter P has been hitting the Marsala again.

What is the definition of gross ignorance? 144 Poms...Colin, Fred and Frigid included in that number!

J.C has taken a great liking to koalas' rectums with big sticks.

Darren has frequent visits from the local fuzz.

– Enterprising Editors –

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MINUTES OF GENERAL MEETING – 3/3/72.

Opened at 8.45pm.

OPOLOGIES: were received from Carmel, Cheryl and Marg.

NEW MEMBERS: John Lowry – 500/4 Honda; Colin botting – 650 Yamaha; Bob Evens – 500 Suzuki; and John Robinson – 175 Honda were voted in.

MINUTES: The minutes of the last meeting were read with no discussion. Passed by Darren Room; 2nd by Les Bennett.

CORRESPONDENCE:

A letter was received from Keith Mitchener enquiring about the club.

A letter from F.A.N.

A letter from Dennis Park, Porepunkah, advertising the caravan park.

A selection of posters

A telegram from Margaret. Also a letter for publication in the mag.

A letter from the Australian Railway Historical Society regarding the Rutherglen Wine Festival.

Passed by Mick Fagan; 2nd by Graham Willmott.

GENERAL BUSINESS:

The positions of Editors of the magazine were filled, with Margaret and David Cumming being volunteers.

The camping ground for the Swan Hill trip will be the Riverside Caravan Park. The fee will be 20c per person per night.

Members were warned regarding unnecessary noise when leaving the hall after meetings. Also, there is no need to bring supper to the next meeting.

Scrounge night: Bruce gave instructions for the competition, which was to be held after the meeting. Plastic bags were provided free.

There was a discussion regarding the club pennant being designed by Peter and Lois Hausford.

Les Bennett presented Peter P with a medallion. Peter P has a new bed mate – the medallion.

Peter Goodwill reported that 23 mini bikes had been stolen from Tullamarine. If the whereabouts are known, please get in touch with Det, Grandin.

F.A.N, through Darren, gave mews of the pillion speed, 50mph. Watch the daily papers for details.

Vice Captain: nominated were Roger Hold; Darren Room; John Cecil; David Cumming; Lance Crockett and Les Bennett, who declined. Darren was elected.

Meeting closed at 9.15pm.

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NOOJEE – 5TH MARCH

There was a crisp nip in the air on the 5th March as we all assembled for the run to Noojee. Our newly elected Vice Captain was there bright and early to lead us on the day outing. As my faithful

two stroke was still being run in, (at 9 ½ thousand miles, would you believe) I decided to be rear rider.

The club departed at approx 9.35am and a new route up the South Eastern Freeway was decided upon in order to get to Dandenong. Arriving at the end of the S.E.F., I missed the lights and this, I am sad to say, was the last time I saw the main body until I arrived at Noojee.

This little shemozzle was caused by a certain person who shall remain nameless, who did not stay on his spot as corner marker. This certain person did exactly the same thing to me last year when I got lost on the way to Tynong Museum. How many brains does it take to desert the corner before the rear rider arrives? As it appears that the same person is so inconsiderate and completely untrustworthy, he should stay away from the club until he believes that he is able to handle such a simple job as being corner marker.

The members should also take notice of this, for as a club we should stick together and see that no harm comes to fellow motorcyclists who are so vulnerable on the roads.

Arriving at Noojee, I met up with J.C on his brand new, second hand Honda, Lance (good to see him back with us again), and his mate Ross, who had come up the night before after a party in Brunswick. As the club had not arrived, it was decided to have lunch, which just happened to be eaten at the hotel which was open on a Sunday. So the above three and Mim and myself had a superb three course meal for \$1.50.

The main body of the club members arrived ¾ of an hour after myself, but before they did, other small groups drifted in first, these being Big Daddy, Plucker and Johnny Barker.

After finishing lunch, we went down to the river and met the others who were cooking their lunch the hard way on an open fire.

The remainder of the day was spent lazing around; some people playing with the Frisbee, others trail riding and the rest just relaxing.

The return journey was via Powelltown, over some dirt roads where J.C showed us what his bike was good for (apart from the obvious) and then down through Yarra Junction.

Arriving back in Melbourne, we tried out a new eating place near the Kew tram Terminus, seeing as the Chow shop was closed. The food was a reasonable price and tasted good, well worth a return trip. The MSCAV members were not the best behaved, but no complaints could be heard from the management.

The day ended up a great success, better than I thought it would be. From its early beginnings as a wild, cold day, it turned out very sunny and a very good day was enjoyed by all, even the rear rider.

The Claw.

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“The Late Comer”

I was awakened by that noisy thing on the dressing table, and promptly quietened it by smothering it with my hand. About an hour later, managed to get out of bed, had brekkie, and then raced off to Church, to pray for you Heathens!

After which, I changed into my biking gear, then put on my medallion, which I received at the last meeting, assuring all, especially Les, that I will treasure it always. Left home at 1030am, then up to Lilydale,

Through to Yarra Junction, where I turned off to Powelltown. Arriving at Noojee, there was nobody in sight, until I reached the hotel, where four were having a counter lunch. As I was a little bit feeblish, I joined them, until the club arrived about 10 minutes later.

Then gradually, all went to the picnic ground for the barbeque, during which, I sampled one of the Sec's sausages. The Frisbee caused more strife again, with Les falling knee deep in the water, coz Goosey couldn't hold it, and others, including myself, running like hairy goats along the river bank trying to rescue it.

Then a good rest, after which we proceeded to head for home, the road leading through Powelltown and Yarra Junction, where we gave the bikes a drink, then on to Montrose. Anyway, it was a very interesting trip, which finished up at Box Hill, where we dispersed after a good run, with most of us going down by the Kew Tram depot for tea, as the Chow's is closed til April.

P.S. It was very nice to see Mim along, and the gathering of 16 bikes present.

P.P.S. Would also like to thank Neil's parents for putting on a very nice party for his 21st, as it was enjoyed by all who attended, with Lance having a nap in the pipe?

BIG DADDY.

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WEEKEND AT SWAN HILL

Departure time: 9am from Keilor. A cold hungry bunch of tough dependable bikies on the side of the road preparing to move out in hope of a good day.

Among us were:-

Gary	350 Honda
Fred	450 Honda
Ned	350 Honda
"Orange Helmet"	350 Honda
Don	650 Beeza
And John, great	500/4 Honda!

We chundered along at a cruising speed of 50-60mph. Fred led from Keilor to Kyneton. At Kyneton, we stopped for a bite of something besides dust, and gave our hogs a drink. On moving out, John led the way on the 4, rather than having a certain Beeza with two exhausts polluting our lungs with its stale oil and mustardy carbon fumes in the air.

After Kyneton, we skidded to a stop at Bendigo at approx 11am. Again filling our hogs, we moved off towards Kerang, having but a few stops for food and some more juice. After arriving in Kerang at about 1pm, we proceeded on to Swan Hill. Having left Kerang, we noticed a wobbly trail of oil, a typical mark left by the notorious 650 Beeza. We crawled into Swan Hill at approx 2.30pm.

On arrival, we searched the town for the rest of the group, and found them refuelling at the local pub. We set out to the camping ground, where, at the entrance, we signed in and a maze of tents arose from the lush green lawn. On our arrival, we had met up with the Friday night leavers, so then we all had a yap on the latest happenings.

Later, we retired to the Wattle Cafe for tea and then went back to camp, where we decided to catch up with the late arrivals at the well known pub. There we decided on what we would do for the rest of the weekend. Leaving the pub at about 10pm, we awoke the sleepers of the town, and saw round the night life places, also the creeks and rivers, before returning to hit the sack at about 1.30am.

Cookie

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SWAN HILL

Friday night, Lance, Ross and myself, after many hours of slight modification to one 500 Suzi, we decided to make tracks to Swan Hill, leaving at about 10pm. First stop Kilmore, where we got the Royal Order from a road house, so after giving Kilmore the Kyber, we high balled off to Bendigo. Hit Bendigo at 1am, meeting up with one of the locals, who offered us the use of a hut for the night, but after seeing the hut, we soon sorffed and slung Lance's tent between 2 bikes on someone's front nature strip miles from nowhere, which lead up to the end of Friday night. We also sprung the local milkman hanging George while having a twinkle.

Saturday started off by heading back into town for breakfast, where we met Murphy the surfie (Brian) about 10am. Plans were decided there and then that we would head off to Swan Hill and wait for the club up there. The four of us were net by Roger (the Lodger), not long after we arrived, who led us to the camp site.

The club arrived in Swan Hill about 2pm Saturday, where we met them at the local pub (by coincidence). The afternoon was spent casually, with everyone doing their own thing. Big Daddy arrived late in the afternoon, and nearly turned the campsite inside out. Everyone appeared to have a thirst, so all bikes were left in camp, and the great Saturday night hike to the pub was on.

Later that night, Murphy (the bikie surfie) invited Lance, Fred, Colin and myself to go rabbiting over the border, so we all jumped into the hearse and slurped off. One hour later, we declared ourselves lost in the outback of New South Wales. Brian probably knew where he was all the time, I hope! The meek and mild buggy was turned into a jeep in no time.

Lance took up a position with the shotgun on the bonnet, with Colin alongside him with the rifle. Brian took turns in driving with Fred, when Fred wasn't hanging out the back door. Things were chaotic when the first rabbit was spotted: Lance went stroppo with the 12 gauge and Colin went berserk with the .22 and Murphy went crazy with the jeep, and Fred went silly with the torch. Results of the safari were:- One decapitated rabbit, one suspected injury to Lance brought on by Murphy turning on the windscreen washers and one slightly knocked about wagon.

J.C suggested a run into Sea Lake on Sunday, which turned out to be quite an experience, with half the club up on the top of a salt stack, bombarding innocent bystanders below, at the local salt works. The first official club drag was declared on the way back to Swan Hill, with the Fig Plucker leading the field, closely followed by a Mach 111, but things changed when a Suzi 500 took the lead and won, hands down, minus a front number plate.

The Fig Plucker was seen swimming nude in the river by a few members. Could the club be turning over a new leaf?? The local drive-in theatre was visited Sunday night, which turned out slack, it seems. On the last day, the Folk Museum was raided by the M.S.C.A.V which finished things off for the weekend.

Strawberry Sherbet

Ed's comment:- Looks like things get pretty wild when there isn't any females to keep everything under control!

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A GUIDE TO SECOND-HAND BIKE BUYING

For those amongst you who are about to buy a second hand machine, here is a list of some of the more popular phrases used by advertisers. The sometimes true definitions are alongside. Read carefully and buy wisely!

UNUSUAL – Hideous	TESTED – Driven around the block
OVERHAULED – Engine gunked	NEEDS SLIGHT ATTENTION –
Suitable for scrap	
BEST IN COUNTRY – Tibet!!	BREATH TAKING
PERFORMANCE – Lousy brakes	
EXHILARATING PERFORMANCE – No brakes	SOUND CONDITION – Just rideable
IMMACULATE – Washed	COLLECTOR’S PIECE – Take away
on the back of a lorry	
MUST SELL – Rebuild imminent	METALLIC PAINT – Bare metal
shows thru	
CUSTOMESED – Bodged	VERY FAST – Must seel bike to pay
speeding fines.	
MANY DOLLARS SPENT – More trouble than worth	CLIP-ONS, REAR-SETS – Thrashed

The trouble with being a good sport is: you have to lose to prove it.

The biggest problem with political promises is that they go in one year and out the other.

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MT. MACEDON AND HANGING ROCK – 19TH MARCH

Considering the general condition of those members who had attended Neil’s 21st party the night before, (Which accounts for the Sec being half an hour late, no doubt!), the attendance for the run was good. Nothing like the hot morning sun and two stroke blurteritis to fix a hangover.

Setting out up the Tullamarine Freeway into a slight headwind (gutless bloody Yamaha two strokes), we continued on to Riddell, whereby, we were forced to wait as corner markers for a delayed Honda rider – aren’t they all? That hot, midmorning sun forced us under some shady trees by the roadside, and after a quite long wait, the tailenders came along, but Rolf shot past the turnoff, failing to hear much blasting of air horns, jumping up and down, and swearing by J.C and the Fig Plucker, who shot off after him in great haste, omitting to do up his helmet. While approaching the well known top speed of his bike, his helmet tried to chicken out, along with his sunglasses. The helmet was grabbed in time, but the sunglasses were never seen again.

Nevertheless, we all managed to group together again at Mt. Macedon. Here most people proceeded to consume ice cream, coke, etc – guaranteed hangover recipe. Then we all sorffed up to the top of the mountain, right up. The one and only Mount Cafe was invaded, the waitress came out, and grumpily took our orders – didn’t like bikies. Even refused to tell a square four rider how much his steak and kidney pie would cost. He nearly told her to ram it. After much grumping around, the clientele were finally fed.

A walk to digest that blackberry pie was orgy-nized to the local water storages, which seemed to be grossly overrun by a heap of sex-maniac tadpoles. Three of them even got down Marcell’s plunging neckline. When it comes to chucking tadpoles, J.C is a good shot. Here Lance decided he’d got his normal sight back, and proceeded to heave his glasses in amongst the nipple nibbling tadpoles. Colin did a typical Navy act – got his foot wet and retrieved them.

Off to the Cross next, bypassing the toll-gate by devious means (walked round it, we did!) Certain members proceeded to scale up the monument. After trotting around irregularly, still hung over, Lance did his claimed thing, still airing off his shirt, having discovered it was quite smelly, in the

cafe. Having been forced off the Cross by Lance and his antics, we returned back to the bikes and down to Woodend for gas.

Our fearless leader then conjured up a detour home via Tylden and Bacchus Marsh. On the way we passed the university club going the other way. There was more of 'em than us, but all smaller bikes – uhh, uhh, or something. On the Ballarat road, a few members took a substantial detour up the side of the road. Stopping at the GF place (Golden Fleece that is), a few hamburgers were gorged, and an inspection made of the blurter gear of a Pioneer bus. After a thorough intoxication by diesel fumes, we headed for the big smoke. On the way we came across a 250 Suzuki whose rider and passenger had departed company from the bike due to a blow out. The rider's feet, having only thong on, had suffered many parrot choking's too many toes. After fixing the slack Suzi with all chiefs and no Indians, we sorffed to Melbourne, getting back to the car park quite late. Then to the substitute Chow shop, i.e. Wog-shop. Easy to see there's no racial discrimination in this club.

As usual the day finished with everyone making pigs of themselves but we enjoyed the day.

J.C and The Fig Plucker.

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I remember the first time I tried it
I was only a lad of fifteen
And although she was younger than I was
She was more composed and serene.

I was eager, yet awkward and backward
Uncertain of how to proceed
But the feeling of joy soon possessed me
The warmth of her hastened the deed.

It was out in the barn I remember
The evening was scented with hay
Her body moved gently towards me
As my hands began softly to play.

At first I was wholly bewildered
My cheek against her I laid
Her brown eyes were quick to relieve me
Of waiting and being afraid

Much later my heart pounded gladly
It seemed hours since I began
My soul was alive with a new born pride
Of a boy who had grown to a man.

Twenty years have passed since that evening
But my memory recalls even now
That first thrill of joy I felt as a boy
On the evening I first milked a cow.

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A newly appointed magistrate was on the bench when a 65 year old 'lady of the street' was brought before him. not sure on how to deal with her, he called a recess went to seek advice of an older and more wiser judge.

What would be reasonable for an elderly prostitute? He inquired of his mentor.

“Oh!” came the reply, “No more than a dollar fifty.”

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Old Irish countryman to motorist who has stopped to ask the way – “If you want to go there, Sir, it’s no use starting from here.”

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GLENROWAN – 26TH MARCH

The weather for the Glenrowan trip turned out fine and sunny, a good start to a fair day’s ride. With plenty of members present, we got under way about ½ an hour late, as usual.

Positions were myself as leader, Colin as Patrol and Bob Paulin as rear rider.

The run up to Seymour was through fairly heavy traffic. However, after Seymour, it eased considerably through to Benalla, where we met fellow members Lance and Roger, also Ross and Phillip.

From Benalla, we continued on to Glenrowan, where we had lunch in the local service station cafe.

The Ned Kelly Museum was discovered to be at Benalla, so after a quick lunch, we headed back to Benalla for a quick whip through the museum. Those who did go inside, found it very interesting. There were many replicas of Ned Kelly’s personal effects, and also many actual items from that era.

After us people had been through the museum, we filled up the bikes and headed off back to Melbourne. On the way back, stupid knocked the kill switch on his Honda, then spent 5 frustrated minutes trying to find out what was wrong with it. After this deviation, we continued back to Melbourne where we officially dispersed at the Ford factory, although most people continued on together to the tram-come-wog cafe for tea and bull session, then everybody dispersed after a good run.

J.C

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M.S.C.A.V. SCROUNGE EXTRAVAGANZA

Hereunder are the results of the scrounge hunt conducted after last month’s meeting. The total points to be gained numbered 980, altogether no one came anywhere near this amount.

RESULTS:-

POINTS

1 st -	Peter Goodwill & Marcelle Grandin.	380
2 nd -	John & Alex Wotzko	330
3 rd -	Vic Byrne	305
4 th -	Laurie King & Alan Chandler	260
5 th -	Nick Fagan & J.C	256
6 th -	Lance & Phillip	250
7 th -	Les, Pauline & Margaret	245
8 th -	Greg Smith & Paul Ryan	220
9 th -	John Lowry	150
10 th -	Lois & Peter Hansford	131

11 th -	Murphy & Joyce	130
12 th -	Kevin Hogan	90
13 th -	Bob Evans & Roger Holt	76

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HALLS GAP – EASTER

Having debated the feasibility of riding up at night, the “Wee One” and I left at 8.30pm on Friday night, running into heavy traffic all the way. Pulled in at Ballarat for coffee, meeting Neil and Cass, the dropouts of the main bunch, who’d gone on. Battled on to Ararat, finding, upon arrival, that we’d mislaid Cass somewhere along the way. Deposited ourselves in the gutter of the main street, thinking of only a short wait. An hour passed, so Garnet decided to go back looking for him. Twenty miles with no sign of him, so decided to head on to Hall’s Gap, arriving at 2am, pitched tents and fell asleep.

Friday morning was the usual slack session of talking etc, whilst more and more members kept rolling into camp, with it fast becoming a tent city. A short run was organised for the afternoon, to fill in time before the official – time leavers arrived. (Funny thing about no-one being there at 8am, the leaving time, wasn’t it?) Twelve bikes headed out to Lake Bellfield, where Big Daddy posed proudly, with his medallion shining brightly, on top of a monument. Preceded from there to Mt. William, where 5 people clambered onto the informative distance-dial. Wound our way back down the hill, then away to Silver Band Falls, with the two “Famous Explorers”, Les and John, wanting to discover where the water went to.

By this time, everyone was getting a little hungry, so we sorffed off towards camp, making a short stop at Wonderland Park, signed the Visitor’s Book, declined the 2 ½ mile walk up to the Pinnacle, and departed quickly for camp. As no-one else had turned up, except Figgysy, we presumed that there wasn’t anyone on the official run to Hall’s Gap.

As a beautiful campfire had been built up, everyone sat around yarning, until Figgysy announced that there was a guitar player in a neighbouring tent, who was eventually persuaded to join the “rough bikies” for a C&W Folk singsong. Some bright spark suggested having an Easter Bunny, with the result that yours truly turned into a bunny, (Not a “Playboy” bunny, either!) with Pauline as assistant. A collection was taken up, and hordes of Easter googs were procured hurriedly, almost buying out the limited stocks remaining in the shops.

Morning found all ready and eager to leave for the day’s outings on either bitumen or dirt. For some unknown reason, the bitumen gang soon deserted Darren, who set out alone for a fast tour of several interesting sights. So, the dirt gang assembled at Victoria Valley road, with Graham, Nancy, Carmel, Steve and Joyce in the Nissan, with Figgysy, Roger, Ned, Les and Pauline, Keith, John, Brendan and myself on bikes. Headed on to Lodge Road, where a certain female pillion passenger painted MSCAV on the signpost with black paint. A gum tree got daubed by the Captain. Disgraceful! Down Lodge Road to Syphon Road, which didn't have as much sand on it, this year. The Captain having the power of 4 wheels, declared we’d ascend the Goat Track, which, by the way, is ONLY suitable for goats, passing on the way up, several hikers trudging slowly upwards.

Reached the top without incident, and visited a cave, held high in Aboriginal regard, which, apparently, was known as a “Fertility Cave”. A hat pinching session followed a camera clicking session. Traversed more bad roads to arrive at the cave of fishes. Backtracked to an intersection where Graham had seen a “Four wheel Drive Only” sign, so we followed this along, hoping to eventually come across the “Cave of Hands”. This track was even worse than the Goat Track, with bikes sliding on the stone covered surface, until I dropped the Honda, for the FIRST time. Insufficient damage to mention, so we pushed on a bit further, until, after having travelled, for the morning, 40 miles in 4 hours, we halted for lunch – those who had brought any, with oranges and apples for the others.

From here on, the fun (if you'd call it that!) really began. A few yards from the lunch stop was a rock strewn hill, which brought forth much swearing, pushing of bikes, and wobbly wheel spins. Eventually, all reached the top, to face even more of the dreaded stones. As we started the descent, the Honda got dropped again (for the 2nd time) which commenced the best bike dropping exhibition I have ever witnessed. A little further down the mountain, four bikes were lying on the ground at the same time, which produced much laughing, from me, anyway, as it looked so ridiculous! Came upon the brilliant idea of freewheeling down the remainder, with all brakes on. Never heard bikes so quiet when moving so fast before!! Turned onto a relatively decent track which led us out at nowhere. Chatted with a lone camper, who said we were 15 miles from Hall's Gap. After riding through thick dust for about 12-15 miles, we discovered we were still 12 miles from camp! Funny thing!

Camera's were unearthed (Literally!) at camp to record the hilarious picture we dust covered people presented. Showers followed, cold as usual, after which we felt a little cleaner. Food, then the camp fire session laced with alcohol, as the hotels in Stawell had been visited during the day and the guitar player in attendance again. Out came the "Bunnies" with all the goodies and distributed them in return for a kiss, which 2 male members refused to partake in. WHY? The inevitable midnight walkers were rounded up and set off for Clematis Falls. Funny how we walked far more than the mile indicated on the sign post, yet ended up not seeing the Falls. Missed the turnoff track, so we all discovered on the way back. The fella's decided they'd turn soldiers, carrying small wooden rifles, (20 ft long is small??), which resulted in Colin shooting my head off, or something, as I had a bump on my head in the morning.

Slept in the next morning, so decided not to go on the run to Hamilton to see all the vintage cars and to view Mt. Eccles. Then, not long after the club had departed, the bombshell exploded! The site was visited by several men in blue uniforms who demanded that we vacate the park immediately, or face prosecution for trespassing, all this being brought about by groups of disreputable bikies, also by some larrikins in cars. We were heavy-hearted and upset at the insistence of the police, who said they were acting on orders from the park ranger. At their arrival, several of the neighbouring campers approached the police and questioned the need for us to leave, as they explained they were most happy with our behaviour and the entertaining singing at night, therefore having no cause for complaint.

Seeing no hope of us staying in camp, we packed our tents and gear and headed out of the cite, with the many watching campers left standing, bewildered at our unfair dismissal. Decided on a spot near the Silver Band Falls to camp. Discovered two koalas feeding and sleeping in trees a short distance from the tents, with John trying unsuccessfully to dislodge one of them from its perch. The fellas went trail riding (Yamaha 650 and Mach 111 scramblers?) while I had a little nap. I returned to the main camp in the evening to converse with the other committee members, who had decided to visit the Ranger, in an effort to sort thing out. Several campers around our camp accompanied us to give verbal references on the club's good behaviour, we being very appreciative of this gesture. The Ranger being absent for a short while, I retired to the cafe to partake of some vitals, and upon my return, found everyone in high spirits again, as the Ranger has apologized for the mistake made by the police. The Nissan had been up to the other campsite, and brought my gear back, so I began pitching the tent for the 3rd time over the weekend.

Another session around the campfire, when suddenly, John pitched forward and fell onto the edge of the hot coals. Many hands quickly dragged him out and attended to his needs, which, luckily, were a blister on the forehead and a grazed cheekbone. Later, everyone, at least the 12 who managed to squeeze into the Nissan, took off to walk up the Pinnacle, in Wonderland Park. Big Daddy, Tony and I gave up when about half way up, so started the descent over the treacherous rocks, and finally made it to the bottom to have a freezing cold drink of swift running water. As the Nissan was slightly overloaded, Graham took us back to camp, returning to retrieve the others. But, just as he left, they arrived in camp, having walked about 6 ½ miles all told. Apparently, the fuzz had been patrolling all night, but cast no glances our way, surprisingly.

Everyone gradually ambled away to sleep, with me not really looking forward to packing all my gear up again! With all gear packed, we headed home, stepping in Ararat for lunch, then on to Ballarat for petrol, and from there home having to contend with extremely heavy traffic. Pulled up at some traffic lights in Footscray, to find the Honda pouring smoke out everywhere. Upon halting to investigate the cause, found it was only the breather. Continued on to my place for coffee. Then everyone, except me, sorffed to the cafe, with me having to face work again, already!

Easter Bunny

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The little firefly had just learned about the birds and bees, and could hardly wait to glow.

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An optimist works forward to marriage. A pessimist is a married optimist.

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There were two biscuits crossing the road, and one got ran over by a passing car. "Oh! Crumbs!" said the other.

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Q: What does a kettle suffer with?

A: Boils.

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Q: In the long run, what does everyone need?

A: Breath.

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Q: Have you heard about the new Doctor Doll?

A: You wind him up and he operates on batteries.

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A letter from Howard to Figgysy, 23th March, 72

Figgysy Mate,

Thanks for the letter and club magazines received today. Tremendous to hear from you.

Thought I'd drop you another note and tell you as much as I can about the work up here, seeing as how I didn't say all that much last time, although, come to think of it, I can't tell much anyway!

When I was first here, I had a position in which I was in the one place all the time, whereas, I now have a job where I'm a bit more mobile, and come in contact with more people from other sections, thereby making things a lot more interesting. It's also quite a responsible position and I'm left to my own devices quite a lot, which I also consider advantageous. Although my own job as an operator can be rather routine, if I can maintain an interest in the work of other sections here in the research building, it takes on quite an exciting aspect.

Boy! How I'd like to give y'all a guided tour around here for a while! As a club run, even! Just can't imagine any of you making it through the front gate, though! Security won't allow anyone onto the base, which I think is being a bit over secure. ESPECIALLY when I think of all the fantastic facilities we have out here. I'd like to be able to bring friends out here from town. We have the best pool in Alice Springs, a tennis court, volleyball court, baseball diamond, mini golf course, archery range, horse shoe pitching, gymnasium, nine hole golf course, basketball court, fully equipped gemstone hobby shop, carpentry shop, various power tools, electronic hobby shop, reading room with magazines and newspapers from U.S and Australian cities, pool and billiard tables, darts, poker machines and a bar (open till midnight every night) serving local and interstate beer and a pretty good mess hall. Prices went up recently, but I don't think I can complain, somehow. They have a cheap and an "expensive" menu, (60c or 85c). Prices cover a three course meal, with a salad bar, fruit and crackers and cheese etc included, e.g.: for 85c, might have Chateau Briand with a choice of soup and sweets. They also operate a sandwich and grill bar, and in the evenings, I can get hamburgers, omelettes etc, even steaks, up until 1am.

Are you sick of hearing all this? Coz there's more! There's a movie every night (free, like everything else). I can borrow golf clubs, push bikes, tennis racquets, telescopes, rock hound equipment, or, for a fee, hire out a Nissan Patrol, for 10c a mile.

My rooms here on base provided free and there's a maid service provided if I'm too lazy to make my own bed. They give us clean towels daily, and supply soap, linen etc. I have my own fridge, lounge chair, desk and chair, plenty of cupboards and hanging space, bathroom, radio and piped music if I want it! I'll stop here, coz by now you'll realize why I'm so anxious to come home – LIFE IS HELL!!!

I'm working rotating shifts – five days on days, one day off, five "swings", two days off, five mids, 3 days off. Next week I start on a 28 day cycle, which gives me a four day break after "Mids", so MELBOURNE HERE I COME! My first R & R is due next month; they fly us to Adelaide, so I'll pay the extra and come home, for about a week, probably.

It's hard to remember I'm in Australia up here. Until last week, I was the only Aussie on my shift, so you can imagine how weird it feels. If it wasn't for my contacts outside work, I'd have a Yank accent, for sure – as it is, I can't remember how to pronounce words like "weekend, ice cream, red-light" etc! Picked up a few American food ideas I like, e.g., went over for breakfast at 5am (I'm working "mids"; 2330 hours to 0730 hours) and had pancakes and eggs, with butter and syrup. YERK!!

On the whole, though, the Yanks are pretty nice people, although some of 'em take a bit of a while to thaw and become friendly, which is the same anywhere, I guess.

Well, I better go do some work. Anyway, see you later, Mate.

You're Friend,
The Phantom Peregrinator,

Howard

P.S And BOY! Have I been doing some peregrinating lately!!!