

By now, you will have heard about Les. His death, on the motor cycle he loved, is a tragic loss to us all. His friendly, easy-going manner made him more than just a club member: he was everyone's friend. He truly didn't have an enemy in the world. And now, he isn't here. It's hard to realize we won't be seeing him, or hearing his cheerful greetings.

But this magazine is his legacy. Since he became Editor, it has improved beyond recognition. His hard work has made it a lasting symbol of this club, and a tangible reminder of a great guy. We extend our sympathy to Les's family and Mim. With Les goes so many hopes and dreams of the future.

To Redline, in that place where the roads are smooth and twisty, and the bends are 100 ft wide, we say farewell and "Ride on, Man, ride on!"

This magazine was compiled by Redline before the Southern Cross Rally. It has been stapled together as he left it.

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#### GENERAL MEETING – DECEMBER, 1971.

APOLOGIES: were received from Bruce, Steve & Carmel, Joyce & Frank, Bob P and Ken Brown.

NEW MEMBERS: Fred Weis, with a Honda 175 was voted in.

MINUTES: The minutes were read with no discussion. Passed by Warren, 2<sup>nd</sup> by David C.

CORRESPONDENCE: A Christmas card was received from the Metropolitan Scooter & Light Cycle Club of Sydney. Two girls wrote asking about the club.

#### GENERAL BUSINESS:

Christmas Party: It was decided by a show of hands that the majority of members preferred the main course at the party to be of roast turkey and cranberry sauce.

Canberra Trip: Members will be travelling to Canberra as a club, with the leader being appointed at the car park, when all are present. The cost per night for the camping area will be approximately 65 cents per person.

Sports Day Presentations: The winners of specified events at the sports day were presented with their trophies.

F.A.N: A meeting of members and others interested in F.A.M was held on the Wednesday before the meeting, with several club members among the large crowd present. The main points brought up were regarding the parking laws in the city, and the abolition of the 40mph pillion limit law.

A solicitor will be appointed to present both cases in court, which requires a lot of finances, so therefore, join F.A.M if you are not already a member, as the more members there are, the more money will be available for court cases, etc.

Graham Randall also gave a talk on parking in the city.

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#### MOGGS CREEK – 5/12/71

Rolled up to the car park all enthused on account of the good weather, but was surprised to find the roll up was only about 9 coons. Where were all the other slack coons?

Nevertheless we headed off for Anglesea where we stopped and had lunch, which we were supposed to take with us, but as usual a few gutses couldn't wait so we were delayed a little. Everyone then had dust and stone sandwiches over some road works, but no spills thankfully. We soon arrived at Moggs Creek, which looked as if someone had had a bog in the Mogg, but the sea was sort of surf white.

General laying about, eating, sleeping, sand chucking followed while we watched a couple of coons ride trail bikes up and down the beach, despite the Plucker's sabotage trench across the beach. The club captain chased Pauline along the beach while her husband cheered him on, but he had too much bearded wind resistance. She tried to bury the Plucker but he chased her out to sea – literally.

A well know Guzzi, triumph and Suzuki then appeared on the sand and proceeded to drop wheelies and donuts until the Guzzi sank to the axles and the chain driven bike owners decided they were mad being there and sorfed.

Came the time to head for home and a general decision was made to do a round trip thru thingamabob and whatchamecallit. In typical style a certain 650 Kawasaki wouldn't start, and I've heard that it has died by accident since. I had to shoot thru early so I went back the way the club had come, and the club went thru thingamabob and whatchamecallit.

Now we know where Moggs Creek is, thank Christ for that.

### BLASPHEMOUS BRUCE

BEWARE all members going to Figsy's place.

Recently several members have nearly wiped out on their way to the Secretary's residence in Hilton St, Mt Waverley, because the normal entrance off High Street Rd has been permanently closed. So if you are going there you will have to turn into the street on either side of Hilton St. Don't wipe out in Hilton St because Figsy doesn't want any blood in the street.

**ENTER PIC HERE**

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### MT CAMEL LOOKOUT VIA HEATHCOTE

Hereunder is what occurred at Mount Camel – Nothing! (As far as I know that is). The reason for this abstention was because Super Spag (Agostini) came all the way from Wog land to grease Calder Raceway. (All the others followed him) they saved themselves considerable maintenance money, (Free grease and oil change!!)

Anyway we – that is to say Lick & Lil, Les & Mim, Claw & I arrived at the track at some stupid hour, some stupid coon's suggestion about being there early to avoid congestion. (Chris Thorn wouldn't have managed to hit anything there, that's how bloody deserted it was!)

After watching a few vertical suicide attempts (Slack car races) the first of the bike races came on (All the car enthusiasts dragged out their car fridges and seats - - Coons!) While us mob proceeded to wreck the fence – very stroppo! As usual the extortionists were operating at Calder, (drinks 20c, pies 20c, not very nice either!)

While we watched some more car races Ron Haywood plus girl friend arrived on the scene and settled down with us. As the day wore on and the sun got more intense and the crowd got thicker, I

started to get ideas that I should have stayed home and watched the whole scene from the couch, however with the promise of Agostini still to race I sat on my bricks and shut up. (Apart from telling all the little wogs in the area to soff).

Super Spag finally slid from the pits on his hairy Augusta, (No man, it didn't have ape hangers and the usual excess wog garbage on it). Must admit, the thing did sound very nice at all times (4 stroke naturally Cecil – Ed) apart from the fact that it pissed everything off in region open to vision. Rodger came on the scene – but soon split to join Lance and Graham etc. One nearly had to use physical violence at this stage (coons came from every direction, all sizes and shapes mostly the one colour mostly slurping vino). Agostini never really looked like he was under any threat from our Australian contingents and at all times slipped in and out amongst fallen riders with the greatest of ease (rhymes with grease come to think). The racing finally came to an end with all the rides running around the track picking aborted machinery (After they wiped the grease off of course!)

We then proceeded to consume much dust (Rallycross or something they called it). Personally I wasn't very impressed still that's only my impression. The trip home via Keilor took longer than it should have, a certain person refused to ride in the heavy traffic two up, so we all bludged under some trees on the side of the road til all was quiet and continued home at our own leisurely pace after quite a hectic day.

#### J. CECIL (NO 1 COON)

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The church welcomes all denominations, but the favourite is the \$2 bill.

I don't really trust my psychiatrist...first he said he didn't believe in shock therapy...and then he handed me his bill.

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#### NARBETHONG CHRISTMAS PARTY

Although there were a few latecomers, the van left almost on time this year, at about 5.25pm. Being a Saturday, there wasn't as much traffic on the roads as last year, which made for a relatively good, fast run, only stopping to pick up Big Daddy and Laurie at Box Hill. As it was still daylight, we had a good view of the country we were passing through, also of the cars with members aboard and the Honda 4 with Darren and passenger, following along behind us. Finally arrived at the hotel at 7.15pm to find a considerable number of members already there, having travelled up by car, and a few who rode up on their bikes.

After much jostling to find suitable seating arrangements, we finally settled down to have a wild fun night. The band, although it was not the one which we'd booked, (in fact, I was better, so we heard) arrived and set up their instruments, ready to issue out beautiful sounds. Several of the more conservative members started gliding gracefully around the floor, to quiet, waltz like music, and, even though it didn't last long that way, it was good fun. So, don't knock it! A coupla songs later, and there were kids, (and oldies, too) writhing or whatever you like to call it, around everywhere.

The idea of a sit down meal seemed to appeal to almost everyone this year, after the fiasco of last year's smorgasbord. It was greatly appreciated, and disappeared very fast, probably as some of the more hardened drinkers wanted to settle down to steady drinking, instead. It was discovered early in the night that there was a pool table on the premises, therefore, it was in constant use almost the whole night, although it was presided over mainly by the girls. Practising, by any chance?

As the night rolled on, so did the drink and people were starting to feel the effects of it. One person became quite irate about something, and had to be forcibly pacified outside. Still, we only have one

Christmas party each year, so small things like that tend to be overlooked as the year passes. All the while, the band played on, with the dancers becoming more exhausted. I didn't know there were so many swingers in the club, by, throughout the night, almost all those present seemed to be up on the floor at some stage or another. With the exception of Roger, who, although he was asked to dance, refused rather violently, with loud protestations. Still, to each his own form of entertainment. Maybe, he preferred to watch the hilarious antics of some of the others, which, to say the least, were quite comical at times.

As the pumpkin hour approached, the manager of the hotel appeared to become rather agitated, with good reason as we later found out. Apparently, the hotel had been visited several times in recent weeks, in an attempt to apprehend those illegally trading in the good stuff after legitimate trading hours. But, after a chat to Figgsy and Steve, he was persuaded to allow the revelling to continue for a while longer, although he didn't appear too happy with the arrangement. Nevertheless, we continued, and the band pounded out the famous "Zorba" and other favourites, much to the enjoyment of those still on their feet.

The inevitable streamers and balloons had been hurled aloft earlier in the night, and make a messy, although colourful, carpet upon the floor, with people becoming entangled in the remains as they danced. Several people were seen to have streamers twined around their heads and various other parts of their bodies. There were even portions of streamers outside and in the pool room, where a human chain had wound throughout the building, collapsing sooner than it should have, due to the vast lack of energy of some of the participants, no doubt.

Such a good time always has to end sometime, I suppose, and the manager said we'd better call it a night about 12.45am. Even though it finished earlier than last year, we made up for it by arriving sooner this year, thus having almost the same amount of time in the pub. The stragglers rounded up, the van pulled out and headed for home. The usual merry making and singing came to the fore shortly after leaving, although most of the songs suggested seemed to fizzle out through lack of lyrics known to members, I presume. Various stops were made to drop members at their respective suburbs, and the car park was reached at about 2.45am.

The night being still young for some members, they sorffed out to my place, where coffee soon disappeared amidst the usual yarning, about the good night we'd all had, then it was on to the main subject of discussion to be heard at such gatherings – Bikes, what else???

All in all, it was a very successful club function, and, I'm sure, both old and new members will be eagerly awaiting the same function (which seems to improve each year) in this, a new club year.

Willi

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### TRIBUTE TO A BIRD

Voices on the wind, singing:  
Thoughts upon the waves,  
Noses unknown to those  
Buried in their graves.

Birds in flutter  
Flittering hither and thither,  
Fearlessly going north  
To escape the dreaded winter.

Give me a thought as you fly,  
Don't ignore me completely.

I don't mean to hurt, but  
Just to admire you discretely.

Over the white caps you fly,  
Up and down, crying.  
No, not in pain: nor anger;  
For the latter you have no inclining.

Freedom is our ecstasy,  
The sea is your delight  
Daylight warmth and darkness,  
Take you gently into each night.

Just look at you glide – oh  
Such delight in your eyes  
As you do show off to me,  
Your tricks that I do admire.

The sea, with your wings in apposition,  
Calling you closer to give you feed:  
So down you go to siege the offering,  
Nature, instinct your creed.

Farewell my little wonder,  
Guard, protect your freedom of flight  
As into the distance you fade,  
Unto new horizons, completely out of my sight.

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A police car flagged down a motor cyclist who had been doing eighty five on a busy motorway and dodging from lane to lane. He examined his licence and returned it to him. “Your licence seems to be valid. Now, would you mind telling me how the heck you got it?”

Our spiralling cost of living can turn a nest egg into chicken feed.

Man has his will – but woman has her way.

Even if the cost keeps going up indefinitely, education will never become as expensive as ignorance.

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### EMERALD LAKES 19/12/1971

As is quite usual for the morning after the Christmas party, hardly anyone turned up for the Emerald Lakes run. Apparently, there were a fair few sore heads that morning. Anyway, it was reasonable sort of weather, not too hot, nor too cold. J.C called in to see if I had survived the night before, so, rather than try to keep up with him, I went pillion for a change. Quite good, once I got used to kissing the ground each time we went round a slight bend. And Hell!! There were a lot of bends in that road. Found the Lakes Reserve, only to be halted at the entrance by a guy who generously said bikes only had to pay 10 cents. “What for??” is a good question, I feel.

Toured round till we found the other bikes, and discovered that there was a whole five of them. The next question: where were the kids? Soon found them in all sorts of conditions, some half asleep, others looking rather the worse for wear, under a tree. Partook of lunch (if you'd call it that!), then everyone seemed to more or less fall asleep where they were. Two little monkeys disturbed our rest

by climbing up our tree and shaking pine needles down all over us, so the boys decided they'd better do something about it. A general tree climbing session then began, with most of the boys ending up (right up!) in the tree. The two monkeys disposed of, we settled down to doing nothing again for a while.

A look around revealed a guy being stripped, preparatory to being thrown into the water, the said person then dragging one of his tormentors in with him. Also spotted a well known club member strolling the area in the company of a young lady. I presume he was not on the official club run?? About this time, Murphy turned up; didn't even look hung over, either. Rather surprising, considering his drinking effort of the night before. Somewhere about then, J.C's stack hat got stuffed - with grass, that is!!

The only other source of amusement seemed to be the kiddies play area, consisting of swings, may-poles etc. Murphy shouldn't hang upside down when he's got money in his pockets, coz it falls out and gets pinched, doesn't it, Murph? Rick and Lil arrived about this time, so, all in all, we ended up with a reasonable amount of members present.

There being nothing else to do, we decided to surf out of there and head for home. I was even allowed, on the way home, a little ride on the 350/3, which was okay, except that I couldn't work out if I was in top gear or not, half the time. Think I'd rather my Honda any day. So, when we reached the Burwood junction, we split up and went our own ways to home.

#### THOSE PRESENT:

Les & Mim	Honda 450	J.C's flatmate	Suzi 500
Fred	Honda 175	A newcomer	Honda 350
Roger	Yama 250	Murph	4 wheels
J.C & Self	Kawa 350/3	Rick & Lil	?

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#### CANBERRA CAMP

After arriving late at Fawkner Cemetery I was surprised to find very few club members. These members being Les, Myriam, Keith, Bruce, Darren, Christine and yours truly. After being presented with a belated Christmas gift from Mim (clawed again) we decided it was time to leave. The time now being 8.30am. the day was fine with a strong headwind and our first stop was at Seymour for petrol. Outside Benalla we picked up a few more of the clan, these members being John C, Brendan and Bob Pee. (Redline who was leading did not stop for them either, unsociable bum he is).

Nearing Wodonga we were stopped by the ever friendly fuzz in their GT HO with the result that a few bookings were made. It was then over to Albury where we split up to have lunch, by this time Peter P and Roger complete with circus tent had joined us. There were many things to see in Albury the most interesting being the BARKING dog in the main street which really turned George on.

Then next hop was to Gundagai much to the disgust of Keith and John who discovered that kwackers have very low fuel consumption. Gundagai is a very interesting place due to the fact that you have to traverse a very nifty looking bridge to get to the town. Here Les mistaking his beautiful Honda for a beast ended up in a cattle grid, the plucker showed us how to pluck figs and Myriam trying to pull that well known dog off its well known box. As we were about to leave it started to rain or to be more exact it bloody well poured down, it was so heavy you just could not imagine.

Arriving at Yass (Short for horses ASS because it's the back end of the world) J.C warned us to look out for the fuzz in their hot mini's. We arrived in Canberra at around about 7pm (after the pubs had closed worse luck). I have deliberately cut the description of our trip to Canberra short because some of us stayed in Canberra for a week and I have quite a long story to relate to you. The main points to note about our Melbourne – Canberra trip was that it was very long, very tiring, the N.S.W roads are B.A and most people had a sore backside by journey's end.

Arriving at Canberra Lakes Carotel we were directed to our camp site by a familiar sound which was Frank Tapp's voice. It was then up with tents (right-up). The fee for a five day stay was \$3.50 per head. Most people left on the Tuesday and Wednesday and in the end only seven people were left, these being Roger, Les, Mim, John, Keith, Bruce and myself. Most of the time was spent in Canberra visiting all the tourist attractions and at night indulging in other forms of entertainment.

The main places visited by nearly everyone were as follows: I have also given them a rating out of ten for their educational value and interest:-

Parliament House 9, the War Museum 10 (extremely interesting), Anzac Parade 6, National Library 9 (where someone asked to see every copy of two wheels ever printed, very unbecoming behaviour don't you think? Anyone would have thought we were bikies or something). The Civic Square 6 (fig leaf), Lake Burley Griffin 8, the Carillon and water jet 9, two mountain lookouts 10, Institute of Anatomy, Australian Academy of Science 7, The Australian National University 8, Government House 6, Prime Minister's Lodge 5, Navy Diplomatic Missions 8, Blundell's Farmhouse 5, Australian American memorial 8, Canberra Olympic Swimming pool (bird watching), Cotter Dam (more swimming) and Mt Stromlo Observatory 6.

I know many of you must be getting bored by now reading the vast amount of rubbish printed above, but it just goes to show the large amount of interesting things to see and do in Canberra. In five days I did 200 miles just within the city itself, my longest trip out of the city area being 20 miles. To cut a long story short five of us stayed in Canberra for the full period and had many IN times together. At times there were six of us but this occurrence only arose when Keith managed to slow up and come down to our easy going and slow way of living. The things we did were as follows:-

Shower In – (minus Mim – poor girl had to shower alone)  
Shave In  
Tent In  
Sleep In  
Frequent Cook In  
Dish wash In  
Clothes wash In  
Swim In  
Slurp In  
Nut In  
Drive In  
Right In  
Burp In  
Shop In  
Toothbrush In (right in and up for J.C who swallowed his dentures).  
Ride In

Whilst we gave this pleasant little city the pleasure of our company we were frequently accosted by the Police, whose first question was always "When are you leaving?" (Very pleasant). J.C was picked up for doing 55 in a 35 zone but somehow managed to wangle out of it (must be his baby face or did he promise the copper some special favour). I was also able to have a nice chat with a cop on his Honda four while we were driving along the highway (he was a pleasant chap because at first I thought I was going to be booked). Redline also went the wrong way up a one way street, he

nearly collected a bus (Super intelligent). In our brief stay we were talked to by the cops at least five times and were checked out every day by a patrol car. For those of you who have never been to Canberra I suggest you go. I myself had been there before but there are numerous things to see there, the roads are good but the police are strict. On the whole I would say it's a nice place to visit but I couldn't live there.

On the Friday it was off to Sydney for New Years Eve celebrations. However Roger believing Sydney to be a city of sin and the girls much too buxom for him to handle went exploring through the wilds of N.S.W. I hope he made it home safely because after he had a glass of N.S.W beer his behaviour was very strange (wheel stands would you believe?). the trip to Sydney was unnecessarily long due to the fact that Redline had another puncture at 65MPH, if not for his good riding and past experience in this type of thing he could have done a lot of damage not only to the bike but to himself and his intended. The trouble it was found was due to his security bolt which was immediately discarded (Rammed it).

In Sydney we were lucky enough to be able to stay with Myriam's Cousin (in the backyard you dirty minded people) a very good sort she was too. Arriving in the Cross at 7.30 we met Bob Pee and two S.A. Motor cyclists who had accompanied us to Sydney, we hope to meet these nice chaps again at the Southern Cross Rally. After dinner which comprised of a large steak and two bottles of wine we were off to the Chevron where Bruce and I sculling contest on a few schooners. By this time we were rather merry and were hoping for a good time at midnight but first it was off to a strip club. Here it was noticed that Mim was rather disgusted because Les kept standing on the table to get a better view, J.C fell asleep (poor boy has lost his sex drive) and I myself got more enjoyment out of watching the two lesbians in the corner than the stripper with big boobs (typical perverted Claw Act (J.C added this)). Back in the Cross we found the New Year's Celebrations rather WET (in more ways than one). We therefore decided to have a wrestle IN which was frowned upon by the law and eventually we were forcibly evicted from their flower garden (Police Brutality). We headed home in the early hours of the morning and after doing various mad things in the streets and walking three miles we managed to commandeer a taxi through devious means. We all arrived home about 3.30am and all crawled into our tents very exhausted.

Next day we went sightseeing and did a quick tune on a slack kwacker when our attempts to skin dive in the Parramatta river were aborted Bruce, J.C, Keith (for a very short time) and myself went and had a few quiet ales at the local pub. We had twelve pots each in a matter of three hours (very weak piss) and we still managed to ride safely to the speedway that night. On the way to the speedway I gave J.C a drag in one of the main streets of Sydney and I hate to say it but 500 Suzy's absolutely beat hell out of 350/3's (what's more my tacho was not working at the time)

On the Sunday we had to head back to Melbourne leaving Les and Mim in Sydney much to their delight as I was sure that they were glad to be able to have some time together alone at last. We went through to Wodonga that night. However J.C dropped out in Holbrook to visit some friends. Our stay in Wodonga was very pleasant because I had friends here who we were able to stay with. We left very late the next day and our first stop was at the Vine hotel 40 miles out from Wodonga. This is a sleepy pub off the Hume highway and here we had our first good beer in over a week and except for the distance involved we would have been happy to stay here all day. It took us 1 1/4 hours to get from Euroa to Melbourne sitting on 70mph and Bruce and myself were averaging 70-80mpg.

When I arrived back at Fawcner Cemetery I had travelled a total of 1525 miles which on a motorcycle is a rather long way, but I must admit that it was an extremely enjoyable eight days even if I did get a sore arse.

If you think this trip was good wait till my next one with Figgsy when we will go lawn mowing in Fiji. So until my return I only have one statement to make to you all and that is

“RIGHT UP”



D.J. CUMMING (CLAW)

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BARWON HEADS 09<sup>TH</sup> JAN 1972

The trip to Barwon Heads turned out to be most enjoyable with Darren on his mighty four leading, and at his suggestion, made first stop just outside Geelong to go for a ride on a steam train. Not knowing what we were in for we all boarded it only to be told by an official that this run was being televised by channel 7, who wanted it for the news at 6.30 that night. So we talked and smiled – not at the camera for fear we might break it – and waved as the train went up and down the track a couple of times, and when disembarking Darren was trying to steal the show by carrying a baby off the train. What fun.

After the train ride we proceeded for Barwon Heads. On arriving we had lunch on the foreshore, no game of Fris? Then around to the Surf Beach, where Chris & Shirley (Girls) had a swim. We then all made for Ocean Grove where we refuelled our tanks before heading home with Chris showing us how to do a U turn and finishing up dropping her bike right on the corner. (P.S because the drain was higher than the gutter? Fortunately no damage)

While going through Geelong we were confronted by a hail storm that lasted about half an hour, enough for some members to finish up like drowned rats, (ask Les Bennett), by the time we got to Werribee it was all over. Continuing we went to K.B.C.P and dispersed, with most going to Peter & Loise's flat to see ourselves on telly. But much to our disappointment we only saw the train with people waving and a close up of the driver at the controls. We all then went to the chow shop for tea after an exciting day.

Peter Pee

Attendance

Darren Room	750 Honda
Big Daddy	450 Honda
Les Bennett	450 Honda (New)
Peter & Lois Hansford	175 Honda
Brendan	500 Suzy
Christine	250 Honda
Kurt, Debbie & Matthew	Fiat
Shirley	Car

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450's TO EILDON – 16/1/72

Well, not all of the 17 motorcycles (and two cars) that came on the run were 450's, but seven were! While the M.S.C.A.V has had two other recent trips over the Black Spur (Christmas Party and Morrison's Lookout Tour), this was another successful event, even if it turned out to be somewhat wet despite perfect weather; ideal for motorcycles.

The whole trip proceeded without hitch and after a refreshment stop at Healesville, the party travelled via Buxton to Eildon Dam, then drove along the dam wall to the boat harbour. After lunch a group drove up Mt Pinniger, from where a vast panorama of Lake Eildon and the Goulburn Valley can be viewed. The group also drove around the Jerusalem creek where a minor delay was caused by a veteran A.J.S failed to start although it had battled on well throughout the day with this

exception. A short push and all was well. A new Kawasaki 500 with a new driver worried a few in the party and it is hoped the driver will live to join up.

Another event of the morning occurred while the M.S.C.A.V was overtaking a group of one horse power riders, one of whom was thrown by his G.G which had taken fright, something that never happened to a Honda, although sometimes it has been said that riders have taken fright, although the truth of that assertion is doubtful.

The event of the day was the Battle of Lake Eildon. At 3pm, four fellows in a frigate powered by at 75hp Mercury under the control of captain Murphy fired water sprays upon the two battle ships (Barges), one crewed by Capt. Les Bennett and commander Peter Pee with helmsman Howard and a crew of four. The other barge was under the lack of control of Les H (Redline) and David C with Neville at the helm. Due, it is alleged, to the combined antics of the ship's company of seven, later to be supplemented in mid ocean by two P.O.W's from Capt. Murphy's crew, the barge frequently suggested it would sink, roll over, or collapse. (The barges were supposed to carry 6). Mim and Les experimented with underwater photography which, sadly, was as expensive as it was unsuccessful. Very wet crews landed at 5pm at the Boat Harbour after two superb hours splashing around the lake. The scenery was excellent under a bright sky. The crew of Les B's barge earlier had been observed making a close inspection of the inlet tower of the power station. One feared they might have gone down the plug hole and turned up as kilowatts!!

The return trip was a 55mph run into the sun to Yea, and a smart run down the new road to Yarra Glen. During the day it was noted that Les B's new Honda had sprouted air horns and a fairing, and Peter Pee's Honda did a sterling job after its rebuild. Fred's new 450 looked immaculate and was carefully driven. The whole day ended with a pleasant round – up at the “Chow Shop”.

Darren

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QUESTION:           Used to be: “Darling, will you marry me?”  
Now it's mostly: “Darling, will you?”

It's not the heat – it's the phew-midity.

Those who eat on a large scale need one.

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TO ALL PERSONNAL OFFICERS

APPLY NEW POLICY IMMEDIATELY

NEW SICK LEAVE POLICY EFFECTIVE JANUARY 1, “72

The attendance record in this department is a disgrace to your gracious benefactors who, at your request, have given you your job. Due to your lack of consideration for your job with so fine an institution, as shown by such frequent absenteeism, it has become necessary for us to revise some of our policies. The following changes are in effect as of January, 1972.

### SICKNESS

(No excuses). We will no longer accept your doctor's statement as proof. We believe that if you are able to go to the doctor's office you are able to come to work.

### DEATH

(Other than your own). This is no excuse – there is nothing you can do for them and we are sure that someone else can attend to the arrangements. However, if the funeral can be held in the late afternoon we will be glad to let you off an hour early, provided that your work is all complete for that day.

### DEATH

(Your own). This will be accepted as an excuse, but we shall require two weeks' notice as we feel it is your duty to teach someone else to fill your position.

### LEAVE OF ABSENCE

(For an operation). We are no longer allowing this practice. We wish to discourage any thoughts that you may need an operation, as we believe that as long as you are an employee here, you will need all of whatever you have, and you should not consider having anything removed.

We hired you as you are, and to have anything removed would certainly make you less than we bargained for.

Also entirely too much time is spent in the toilets. In the future we will follow the practice of going in alphabetical order. For instance, those whose names begin with "A" will go from 8.30, "B" will go from 9.00 etc. If you are unable to go at your time, it will be necessary to wait until the next day when your turn comes again.

If you feel at all depressed, rather than leave your job and go home, the management will allow you to contact the switch girl. We have found from experience that this helps. This is the only concession we will allow.

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