

EDITORIAL – July 1972

Well, it has finally happened – every bad accident involving some members on an official club run. We all knew it was going to happen, but the Committee felt that they were banging their heads against a brick wall, as was seen at the last club meeting, when a very heated discussion was started on this very question of the club's behaviour on the open highway.

Colin Botting, who was the worst casualty in this accident, is, I am glad to say, now off the critical list, and all we can do now is hope that he will not suffer from permanent brain damage. But this aspect will not be known until he becomes fully conscious.

The club, as a whole, seems to have become accident prone during the past few months, as can be seen from the following summary:-

1:- Dennis Ackland – Facial injuries, broken leg, bruising. Damage to motorcycle – wrecked. Place of accident:?

2:- Colin Botting – Facial injuries, still semi-conscious. Damage to motorcycle – Repairable. Place of accident: near Geelong.

3:- John Cecil – Twice! Bruising. Places: Wangaratta and Mt. Hotham. Damage to motorcycle – negligible.

4:- Lance Crockett – Facial injuries, broken arm, bruising. Damage to motorcycle, approx. \$300. Place of accident: Hoddle St., Abbotsford.

5:- David Cumming – (Claw) – Facial injuries, concussion, bruising. Damage to motorcycle: approx. \$300. Place of accident – Kew Boulevard.

6:- Graham McEachren – sprained ankle, bruising. Damage to motorcycle – if smart, will not repair. Place of accident: near Geelong.

7:- Steve Leverett – broken leg, bruising. Lets hope he gets better soon. Damage to motorcycle: rideable. Place of accident: near Murchison Gap.

8:- Betty Shilton – facial injuries, needing plastic surgery. Damage to motorcycle:?. Place of accident: Wangaratta.

9:- Margaret Peart – (pillion) facial injuries, gravel rash, bruised body, all over! Place of accident: near Geelong.

10:- Cheryl Hatherell – (pillion) bruising. Place of accident: Mt. Hotham.

11:- Brendan Caine – bruising, gravel rash. Sick sheep! Damage to motorcycle: bent. Place of accident: Cape Cope, near St. Arnaud.

12:- Mick (Yami 350) – bruising, torn ligaments. Sick dog! Damage to motorcycle: negligible. Place of accident:?

13:- Joyce Martin – bruising, facial injuries. Damage to motorcycle: approx. \$300. Place of accident: Benalla, Hume highway.

I will admit that not all these accidents occurred on club runs, but just look at it! It reads like an honour role! All that we can be thankful for is that nobody was killed.

No rambling rumours or smart comments will appear this month, for we want every member to just these names, and to look at the injuries received. Do you really want to be added to the list? You will be if the road laws of both this state and the club are not adhered to more strictly.

Older and more experienced members should not sit back waiting for a committee member to castigate an offending rider, but to point it out to the rider themselves.

Please watch what you are doing on the roads, for we don't want you to be injured. DO YOU??

The Editors.

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NOTICES:-

I wish to thank all members for their kindness and thoughtfulness whilst I was in Wangaratta Base Hospital. Also for the flowers and card that were sent to me there.

Betty Shilton.

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I wish to thank all those members who were involved in getting my bike back to Melbourne and to those who were able to come and visit me in hospital. Also, a special mention to Brendan, who had the pleasure of riding it back. Luckily, I have come off pretty lightly, financially! Once again, I would like to thank all those concerned, as it was much appreciated.

Steve Lewerett

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I would like to thank all those members who both visited and helped me after the accident. Especially Jim & Betty for bringing me home from Geelong, also Lance and a few others who helped me around the flat and by doing my shopping etc. it was most generous and appreciated greatly. Many thanks once again!

Margaret

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GENERAL MEETING 2/6/72

APOLOGIES: were received from Neil Lawrie; Don Perry; Joyce, and Howard Moffat.

NEW MEMBERS: Voted in were Lance James – 250 Suzi; Michael Formaini – 70 Honda, John Storey – 500 Suzi, and Peter Westra – 650 Yami.

MINUTES: The minutes of the last meeting were read with no discussion. Passed by Warren; 2nd by Kurt.

CORRESPONDENCE:

Director of Prisons, regarding the tour of Bendigo Prison in August.

Forum Jaycees, at the Bendigo Prison.

A selection of theatre posters.

Brochures from Fibre Auto Moulders, showing protective suits.

Brochures from F.A.M, on the proposed new licencing ages.

Caulfield tech. mag – “Rumbull”.

Wellington MCC mag – “Twin Wheels”>

A letter of apology from the Grampians Tourist Commission.

Passed by Graham Willmott; 2nd by Kurt.

GENERAL BUSINESS:

Thanks were extended to John & Sue for their donation of 8 chairs.

Long weekend: the club will be staying at the Painters Island Caravan park. Kurt asked about on-site vans, but Bruce said they are not available. John Fitz gave information of an old goldmining town about 12 miles away, which could be the venue for a short run.

Auction night: Bring all old junk, whether connected with motorcycling or not. Kurt has been donated with some gear to be auctioned. Bring plenty of money, as there’ll be lots of bargains. Proceeds to club funds.

Cabaret night: Neat clothing is to be worn. The question of the wearing of ties arose, and is to be checked out.

Theatre night: Most people seemed to want “Clockwork Orange” as the club’s outing. Tickets available from Bruce till 9th July.

Christmas Party: Not many suggestions even. Chris Lacey suggested a restaurant at Marysville. Bruce is to make inquiries.

Cloth Badges: Not ready yet, and will be given to another manufacturer if they’re not ready soon.

Mag.: Have write ups in early, by post, preferably.

Helmets: Darren gave a talk on the helmets meeting police approval. A list will be included in the next mag.

Colin suggested a trail riding section of the club, but this met with disapproval, as there is often opportunity on club runs for this.

Feed night: There will be a hot supper after the meeting.

Road Rules: Jim gave a talk on the frequent packing up on club runs especially on the Matlock and Vaughan Springs runs. Also, that the riding had been atrocious, and should improve vastly in the future.

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“THE ACCIDENT”

June 4th:

Time: 4.00pm:

It wasn't very nice for me to come in on the scene of an accident and see bodies and bikes sprawled all over the road. A sight which I've never had to experience in all the years I have been associated with the club, but now that it has happened, it should surely bring home a message to all members why it is so important to observe the road rules, which we have laid for their safety.

Also, as a club, I don't think we should condemn anybody over this unfortunate accident, as it could have happened to any one of us, and what is more pleasing to me, is the way members went about helping those who were involved, in seeing to their every need, attention and getting their bikes back home. Also, the injuries which Colin received may well have been avoided, if he had been wearing a "full-face" helmet. The same could apply to Betty, who, most of you know, received very bad facial injuries as a result of a blow out at Wangaratta.

So we should be prepared, and learn a lot from this report which I have submitted. Also, I hope to have someone come along very soon to talk on first aid, as it is most essential in a time of emergency.

The President.

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LAUGHTER LINES:

A woman went into an antique shop to buy a chair.

The salesman proudly showed her an ornate arrangement and said: "Do you see the initials Q.M. on that chair? That indicates that it belonged to Queen Mary."

The woman replied: "so what? I've got a door at home with the initials W.C on it. But that doesn't mean that it belonged to William the Conqueror!"

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Mathematicians will deny it, but it is possible for well arranged set of curves to make a triangle.

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The shortest distance between two jokes makes a perfect speech.

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A TALE

Once upon a time, there was this Prince and Princess, and their Royal Offspring. They were on an outing together, when they ran into some of their subjects, also about ready to go on an outing, but they were being hindered from starting by BLUE demons who travelled in a BLUE coach that was capable of emitting an ear shattering wail, and had a psychedelic BLUE flashing light. Soon after the arrival of the Royal Family, in the smaller, but better, GOLDEN BROWN coach, the demons left.

The subjects were then ready to leave, with their bold leader astride his big charger with the white head shield. And the royal family even went along with them on their twisting and turning course throughout the Kingdom of Melbourne's outer fringes, to a strange, magical land of Eltham, where there are parks and flowers and trains for dwarfs, and reputedly, barrels of giants.

After the Royal inspection of the Dwarfs' railway System (guided by the subjects' chieftain), the Royal dinner was served – pastry delights with steak (reputedly) minced into a delightful encasement with delightful red sauce. This was quenched by the sipping of a beverage produced by the COLA tree.

Soon after, the Royal Family was reserved to live happily ever after, for a while, anyway.

“Little” Daddy.

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APPROVAL OF PROTECTIVE HELMETS FOR MOTORCYCLISTS

Notice is hereby given that protective helmets for motorcyclists of a type complying with one of the undermentioned standards have been approved by me as complying with Section 31 (1) of the Motor Car Act, 1958:-

Australian Standards	E 33; E 43
British Standards	BS 1869
	BS 2001
	BS 2495
New Zealand Standards	NZ 1214
	NZ 1215
American Standards	Z/90/1
	Z/90/2
Snell Foundation standards – USA	

R. Jackson,
Chief Commissioner.

(From Government Gazette, No. 31, May, 1972 – Page 1176.)

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WANGARATTA – OUR TRIP

Began around 7pm Friday night, on Honda trailing wife and sister-in-law in the elderly Volkswagon. We had a leisurely trip, passing Bob Paulin at Kilmore and arrived at Painters Island Caravan Park about elevenish. Three bikes were found – five, if one counted Jim and Betty Shilton's firmly strapped on their trailer.

Camps were pitched, Bob and Steve arrived, coffee was had and all retired.

Saturday dawned cold, and no time was wasted in creating a fire which began in a bucket but soon spread. Arrivals arrived, Bob Paulin and Steve departed for the Alpine Rally, as if Wangaratta wasn't cold enough! The club captain brought his Guzzi by Nissan, but at least he and his wife did camp at Wangaratta, unlike other club officials who, because of age and/or extreme delicacy, found it necessary to “camp” at Benalla, in a motel.

In the afternoon, a run was organised to Eldorado, a left over mining town about 10 miles out of Wangaratta. On arrival, we looked at a museum made out of a school house, then fought our way through a mass of photographers to look at an old dredge sitting in a pool of water, just out of town. After which the group headed back to Wangaratta where the fire was stoked and food was had.

The Motellians headed for Benalla, Kurt attempted the world's first flight by mini bike (wings were too short!), a cockfighting contest was held, no bones were broken and J.B arrived but would not talk to anyone.

Later in the evening, a small group of enthusiasts with the aid of Carlton United, designed the perfect motorcycle, able to carry fourteen passengers at 130mph, and knock down trees. Four stroke, of course.

Next morning after breakfast and the Benalla bandits had arrived, with Big Daddy having torn himself away from his vibrator bed, we went to Mt Hotham. At Bright, we stopped to thaw out and repair the Moto Guzzi, then through the dust to the snow. Not a great deal of snow, but enough to severely damage to few of our plastic sheet skiers. After snacks and coffee and stuff, we shambled back to bright. J.C and Cheryl having an incident on the way, and Pauline and I tried a bit of speedway stuff on a greasy corner, and believe Graham and Nancy did, too.

Did hurry a lot from bright to "home", it being too cold to take it easy. Back at camp it was found that the Alpine Rally team had made the scene with tales of snow and glory and sporting shiny new badges – didn't like the colour myself, maybe next year.

The fire was stoked with a three ton log, courtesy of Murph and car, with J.C thawing out under a hot shower, two or three times.

We were saddened to hear of Betty Shilton's bingle. The back tyre of her Honda blew, putting her in the hospital. The Motellians headed for their vibrator beds, some headed homewards, while the rest kept the breeze off the fire.

Monday morning was spent de-icing bodies, tents, bikes and cars, then packing and heading home. I followed the VW back to town (seems to go better downhill) and reached home about 2pm. Here endeth the lesson.

P.S.: We were at the chow shop, where were you???

The Bennett Clan.

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WANGARATTA

Well, peoples, on Saturday 10th June, I arose early, packed the bike, and set off to Fawcner Cemetery to travel up to Wangaratta with the club. Thinking that the starting time was 8am, I got there at 20 past to find no one there. Thinking that they had just left, I filled up and decided to set a fast pace to catch up. After travelling to Benalla nonstop at around 70mph, I started to have doubts as to catching up. Upon arriving at Wangaratta at about 11.20am, I headed straight to the camping ground and found Les Bennett & Co., along with Lance, Joyce, Mick and Roger, who informed me that the club didn't leave till 9am. (Slack!!)

After pitching camp and just hooking into lunch, about 10 bikes arrived together, which was the club I'd been chasing! For the rest of the afternoon bikes and the odd slack car arrived intermittently. One of the car drivers decided to bring his bike in the back of his car, but forgot to bring a mobile crane to get it out. (Stir)

About 4pm, a run was organised to Eldorado, a town about 10 miles away. After arriving there, we decided to check out an old gold mining dredge. On the way to the dredge, we ran into a camera club who caused bulk traffic congestion on account of the fact they were in cars. After checking out the dredge, we sorffed back to Eldorado to the museum, alias the state school, where half the club paid to go inside while the other half decided to look at all the interesting things outside.

After arriving back at camp and having tea, most people just sat around the fire keeping warm, while a few walked to one of the pubs.

Upon arising the next morning, most people decided the only thing to do was to stand around the fire and have breakfast at the same time. Around 9.30am, Darren and his CMF Commandos arrived from Benalla, after spending a night in a motel with heaters and a bed with a built in vibrator. (Slack is not the word!!)

After a small debate, we decided on going to Mt. Hotham. We set off with John Leading, Neville as Patrol and Peter as rear rider. At Bright, we stopped for a cup of coffee and a spell, to get warm. After the break we headed on without incident until we hit a sign which said 19 miles of curves, upon reading which, a few club members wet their lips with joy (self included) until about ¼ mile down the road, it turned to dirt.

Upon arriving at Mt. Hotham, we were stopped by a fellow who demanded 20c a bike. We parked the bikes around what appeared to be a bungalow, and immediately had a snow fight. A few of us wandered over to the slopes and wondered what to do. The plucker came to the rescue with a plastic bag, and we used it while Neville decided to use his waterproof coat. Things were going along fine until David and I were very craftily tricked into going down a certain slope together. (I'm still sore!) Tiring of wiping ourselves out, we decided to join the others who had gone off to a chalet or something to eat cold pies at 25c a whack.

After sitting around for half an hour or so, some of us decided to return to Bright and were having a meal while the others arrived fitfully. We were informed by some that Cecil had had enough of Yami's and decided to drop it coming down the mountain. (Gonna take a while to live that down Ces!) From Bright, we headed back to camp some 50 miles away. On the way back, a certain 4 speed 450 showed a Suzi and Yami rider that it can still go.

Just as we arrived back at camp, Bob P on the four and some friends joined us. All they could talk about was how cold it was up at the Alpine Rally. That night everyone was tired and just sat around the fire, except for Cecil, who decided to have a cold shower. (STIR)

The next morning was time to go home, with the Bennetts going first followed by the Alpine Rally mob with the exception of a Beeza rider who might stay the club. Four strokes forever!!

The club left for home around 11am, after picking up the cut lunch commandoes at Benalla. We turned off and headed for Alexandra stopping for lunch on the way. We then diverted for a quick look at Fraser National Park and its growly sealed mountain roads, where a couple of twist-grips suffered from screwitis, and a certain Avon GP earned its money.

After leaving the Park, we headed for Alexandra where I said goodbye to all the groovy peoples on their bikes and headed for that wonder of wonders, Puckapunyal.

P.S: at the time of writing, I had 164 days to go!!

Slack 450 rider,
Mick.

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“RIDING THROUGH THE DANDENONG RANGES.” 18TH June, 1972

The club left the KBCP in cold, but fine, weather at 11.15am approx, with Darren in the lead, Mick as rear rider and Neville as Patrol. Stopping outside the Mac Robertson factory to regroup, we were joined by Fred, and were entertained by Big Daddy stomping in horse manure (polite word)

The lunch stop was at Kalorama overlooking the Silvan Reservoir, where we were joined by Kurt and Debbie, and John, who was carrying a peculiar shaped pillion, who was identified as Margaret on closer inspection.

After consuming quantities of pies and other goodies, we moved on to another lookout, which proved to be useless, as most of the view was obscured by trees. Regardless, we stopped, presumably to allow some scouts, who happened to be up there, to ogle the 750/4 beast. On the road again – One Tree Hill Lookout this time, when the more intrepid members climbed the tower to enjoy the view, take photos, and hurl abuse at the other slack members below.

On our leader's promise of cheap refreshments, the Puffing Billy Station was the next port of call, where Darren, in his haste for coffee bent his pillion footpeg getting through the gate. Suitably refreshed, we set off in pursuit of further locomotive delights. (guess who was still leader??), this time to the Puffing Billy museum at Menzies Creek.

After examining the exhibits (commentary by you know who!), Pauline decided to organise a community games session, although fortunately, we survived without injuries. She plays rough, that girl!!

Mick left the group at this stage, so Peter Pee took over the position of rear rider for the remainder of the run. After a short stop at Emerald Lake, where we discovered that no boats were available, (much to our disgust!) we sorffed to the "Cuckoo" at Olinda – the destination we had all been awaiting.

On our arrival, we found Higgys waiting for us. Quickly commandeering his car as a mobile cloak room, we entered the restaurant and settled down to the serious business of feasting and drinking, amidst curious stares from the other patrons.

All members seemed to enjoy themselves, some of the more energetic ones even joined the crowd of the dance floor, in flying boots, would you believe?

Big Daddy's medallion aroused great interest among the staff, with it being rumoured that he was trying to get a good trade in on a bottle of Marsala.

Summing up: The "Cuckoo" is a very pleasant place to spend an eveing, with friendly staff and an abundance of food.

In fact, one of our members, obviously believing we had to eat everything, tried his hardest but could only consume 3 entrees, 3 mina course and 9 desserts! Better luck next time.

After a very enjoyable floor show and a couple more drinks, we departed at 10.30pm.

A pleasant end to an enjoyable day.

PRESENT:

Darren	750 Honda	John & Margaret	500 Suzi
Big Daddy & Bev	450 Honda	Lance & Margaret	500 Suzi
Les & Pauline	450 Honda	Peter & Lois	250 Suzi
Mick	450 Honda	Les	650 Yami
Fred	450 Honda	Rusty	350 Yami
Neville	350 Honda	Steve	350 Yami
J.C and Cheryl	350 Honda	Roger	250 Yami
Roma	125 Honday	Roger	250 Yami
The Kwaka Kid	650 Kawa		

Greg – Toyota
Murphy – Holden
Kurt, Debbie & Matthew – Fiat.

Apologies to anyone we've missed, and congratulations to Roger. (this was his 80th club run!)

Peter & Lois

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CHEAPER SPARES?

Effective from 1/6/72, customs duties on most spare parts for motorcycles dropped from an average 55% down to 7 ½ %. This means that the parts covered by the new levy will be available at a new low price unless some firms fail to lower the prices, and pocket the increased profits.

For too long, motorcyclists have had to fork out ridiculous sums of money for spares.

Parts included in the reduction extend towards two groups:-

(a) Engine components: e.g., pistons, barrels, heads, cams, gear boxes, etc.

(b) Cycle parts: e.g., wheels, shockers, mudguards, brakes, etc.

Not included are parts made in competition with Australian firms:- e.g., cables, chains, control levers, mirrors, etc.

A 35% levy applies to nuts, bolts, washers, springs, taper roller bearings etc. (These had been 55%)

This news will have to be passed on to all motorcyclists, and make them aware of what they're entitled.

Sales tax has not been reduced, but will reduce because of the lower wholesale prices. (A tax on tax, it seems!).

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MURCHISON GAP AND STRATH CREEK 25TH JUNE

A phone call to Darren at 4am on Sunday morning officially commenced the Murchison Gap tour. Six members, who had nothing better to do on a Saturday night, decided to go camping. Not knowing the exact destination of Sunday's tour, they rang the V.c., who at 4am was only TOO PLEASED to tell them where to go!

For those members who sleep at night, the trip commenced at 9am at KBCP. Upon arrival at the car park, we found we were outnumbered by a steam train chasing club, but these invaders left and followed a dense cloud of smoke which occasionally whistled like a train.

Fourteen bikes left the car park and headed north along Sydney road. Darren led; Neville patrolled and Big Daddy reared. (?) The trip was very cold with most members, although well rugged up, freezing long before they rode into Kilmore.

We turned right at Wallan in order to observe the new construction of the highway. on passing the diggings, we were forced to stop, as sheep completely blocked the road. Luckily, we had amongst us a member who could speak to sheep in their own language, and after discussing the situation with the sheep, Bob, on his 500 Suzi, convinced the sheep to let us pass.

At Broadford we met the campers, and stopped for lunch. The campers, being an unsociable mob (and having been at Broadford for hours) left the main party and travelled on to Strath Creek.

We headed for Murchison Gap straight after lunch, after Roger re-tuned his bike. The view from the lookout was an unusual scenic display, unlike the expected views from most lookouts. Being a windless cold day, the clouds were lying well below the level of the lookout, thus spoiling any view of distant land features, but creating a view of its own.

From the hill could be seen a very twisty, winding road, which dropped away on one side in a very steep decline. Many comments were made about the bends in the road, but we decided to leave the hill and move on to Strath Creek.

It was along this road that near disaster struck. Steve Leverett failed to take a 180° downhill corner and disappeared from sight over a steep embankment. Luckily for Steve, he was not seriously hurt; that is, if you call lying on your back in a hospital with your leg and ankle in traction for 3 months not hurt! Steve's Yami was repaired to working order and Brendan took over the controls.

From strath Creek we headed through Flowerdale to Yea, and then on to Seymour for coffee. From Seymour we followed highway 31 to Kilmore, where we invaded the hospital to see how Steve was. As we pulled in, the ambulance taking Steve to Melbourne was preparing to leave, but we cornered it and spoke to the inhabitants, and wished Steve luck.

Our unscrupulous leader led us out the "Entrance Only" gate of the hospital, back to the highway, through Mickleham to Flemington, where we found a Dave to eat. From here we dispersed, some members taking advantage of Eddie's hospitality and spending a few happy hours watching both Eddie's Honey Cycle and "The Chariots of the Gods".

So ended another eventful tour.

Eddie	750 Ducati
Les	650 Yami
Darren	750 Honda
Roy	350 Honda
Steve (ambulance)	350 Yami
John	500 Suzi
Garry	350 Honda
Neville	350 Honda
Big Daddy	450 Honda
Bob the Translator	500 Suzi
Ray	500 Kwaka
Roger (de-tuned)	250 Yami
Danny & Donna	350 Yami
Neil	380 Suzi

CAMPERS:

Mick & Margaret	450 Honda
Les & Pauline	450 Honda
Lance & Brendan	500 Suzi

CARS:

Jim & Betty Shilton
Greg & Mark Smith
Peter Sanders & Cheryl Taylor

Garry Penhall.

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MELVILLE CAVES

Several members phoned and asked where the Melville Caves were. "West of Bendigo", I said, "About 140 miles from Melbourne". The MSCAV had not been there before it seems. A long ride ahead; an 8.30am start on a bleak morning did not deter nearly a dozen riders, but four plush members (three with wives (one each!) and children) drove up in motor cars. A steady 50-55mph brought us along the Tullamarine freeway and the Calder highway to the Black Forest, where rain and cold made the prospects for the day look grim. We called in to a friendly BP service station

coffee shop (with radiator) to revive. At this point, Howard Moffat on his 650 Yami caught up with us, as did the Mueller family and J.C who had left his 350 Honda at the car park. (Was it still there when he returned? – Wait for the next exciting episode!) Roger's Yami was suffering from a two stroke constipation and was abandoned near Macedon, and he came along in J.B.'s car. The Shiltons and Mick & Margaret caught up at Kyneton too.

Once over the range, the weather improved dramatically, as it often does, and a mild, fine day continued until dusk. At Bridgewater we dined at the local Golden Fleece service station. Very good tucker, too. A short sprint brought us to Inglewood and soon after to Melville Caves, a real motorcyclist's paradise, with many trails and interesting rock formations and cave areas. Lone riders and another motorcycle club were also in evidence.

Margaret P was seen climbing trees (real Tom Boy, what!) or else going down holes. In one cave, we found that 11 members could be squeezed. Roger explored one tunnel and got out alive. Big Daddy, as imperturbable as ever, split his trousers at a vital location, but decency prevailed – they were only his waterproofs – not his jeans which they protected, or should have.

However, J.C was riding B.D's bike from Moliagul to Ballarat whilst B.D rode passenger with the Shilton family, dog included. The writer spent his time at Melville Caves riding about some of the roads in the area. The vistas from the high vantage points there are quite dramatic with over the surrounding plains.

Along pleasant country roads (sealed except for a few miles approaching the Caves reserve) we rode towards Ballarat at a comfortable 50mph. However, a Suzi 350 had spark problems which delayed us for about 30 minutes. The writer and Howard Moffat had time for a 40c bike wash – very effective, too. After tea at a Ballarat cafe, a most successful day was capped by driving over the two new freeway sections of the Ballarat road to Neville's home for supper. Mick thought the speed too low, and briskly purred on to Sunshine before he came on to Neville's. Mick's pillion found the 296 miles hard on her bottom end, but my pillion was asking if anyone could take him on other trips, as he had greatly enjoyed his first day out on the back of the motorcycle. This is amazing since his father had been thrilled on a trumpy 500 a few years earlier, and he seems anxious to purchase a cycle of his own.

Bob Evens was on the run. That week he had been in hospital for several days (asthma not a prang!), and he is very keen. Incidentally, a car nudged him recently, damaging his fairing, but nothing else, talk about close shaves! Neville and Frank Tapp (who marries in four weeks) acted as patrol at various stages and the riders were a credit to their care and the skill of all. Les, a new man, made out well on his 650 Yami.

Twelve hours of fun, including two at the caves, was my judgement of the club's outing to Melville. Fortunately, we lost nobody down the caves!

V.C.

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Nothing improves your riding like being followed by a police car!

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To remain a woman's ideal, a man must die a bachelor.

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INTEGRATED ADJECTIVE

I was down on Riverina, knockin' round the towns a bit,
An' occasionally restin' with a schooner in me mitt;
An' on one of those occasions, when the bar was pretty full
An' the local blokes were arguin' assorted kinds o' bull,
I heard a conversation, most peculiar in its way,
Because only in Australia would you hear a joker say,
"Where yer bloody been, yer drongo? 'Aven't seen yer for a week;
An' yer mate was lookin' for yer when 'e come in from the Creek;
'E was lookin' up at Ryan's, an' around at bloody Joe's,
An' even at the Royal where 'e bloody never goes."
An' the other bloke said, "Seen him. Owed 'I'm 'alf a bloody quid.
Forgot ter give ut back to 'I'm; but how I bloody did.
Coulda used the thing me-bloody-self; been orf the bloody booze,
Up at Tumba-bloody-rumba shootin' knaga-bloody-roos."

Now theri voices were a little loud, an' everybody heard
The peculiar integration of this adjectival word.
But no-one there was laughin', an' me I wasn't game,
So I stood around an' let 'em think I spoke the bloody same.
An' one of 'em was interested to ask 'I'm what he'd got –
How many kanga-bloody-roos he bloody went and shot –
An' the shootin' bloke said, "Things are crook; the drought's too
Bloody tough;
I got forty-bloody-seven, an' that's good e-bloody-nough."
An' this polite rejoinder seemed to satisfy the mob,
An' everyone stopped listenin' and' got on with the job,
Which was drinkin' beer and arguin' an' talkin' of the heat,
An' boggin' in the bitumen in the middle of the street;
But as for me, I'm here to say the interestin' news
Was "Tumba-bloody-rumba shootin' kanga-bloody-roos."

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BLOKE

A chap. A fellow. A guy. Anybody. We're all blokes. There are good blokes and bad blokes, abut most blokes are all right. Some blokes, of course are "not worth feedin'", but most of the blokes you will meet will be prepared to put their hands in their pockets and buy you a drink – proving that there are more good blokes than bad blokes.

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BLOW – IN

An unwanted stranger – in a small group, or in a community. A "buttinsky".

"Blow-ins" – or more generally "bloody blow-ins" are never invited, and seldom forgiven.

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ALPINE RALLY, 1972

We organised to meet at Seymour at 8.30pm on Friday. Greg, being early, decided to keep warm, by the fire, in the local pub. I joined him at 8.30pm and waited for Chris and Tim until 9.30pm. The four of us left after the local police spoke to Greg for supposedly making gestures at them. After a cool ride, we camped at Albany for the night.

In the morning, we proceeded through Jingelli and Tumbarumba to Tumut. Just out of Jingelli, on a beautiful overgrown road covered with a thick layer of gravel, I was soon facing the wrong way, and again it was proved that Honda clutch assembly castings are not very strong. I was fortunate to get a suitable replacement at Tumut.

Arriving at Yarrangobilly, we were met by an ominous sign – huge hunks of ice next to the creek. Alan, on his superbly finished outfit, had been the first to arrive at the Rally. There were plenty of people to meet, with more than 200 bikes present.

In the morning, we were greeted with thick frost and 10°F temperatures. There was some ice on the creek, and tea leaves were frozen in the billy. One BM owner warmed his bike's crankcase with a gas stove to save embarrassment when trying to start it.

After receiving the Rally badge, we moved on to the caves, with Alan doing a great job wrestling the outfit around the corners on the dirt road. While doing a fast stop, Tim did a judo roll and the new crash bars did their job.

We travelled from Kiandra through Cubramurra to Corryong. Some of the best of the Snowy Mountain scenery was seen, but without any snow. Here, Alan left us to make his own way home, via Batlow.

Sunday night was spent in an old hut along a rough logger's track on the way to Omeo.

On the winding road, 30 miles from Bairnsdale, Greg must have thought he was one of "those magnificent men in their flying machines". It cost him a broken collar bone and a bent Yamaha. He wanted to be out of hospital so he could work on his VW outfit.

We finally moved on to Melbourne through very thick fog in the Latrobe Valley. An excellent trip was had by all, even considering a couple of "slight" incidents.

PRESENT

Chris Lacey	Yami 350
Tim Moresby	Suzi 500
Greg Wolfe	Yami 350
Alan	M60 650 Outfit
Chris Harris	Honda 450

Chris Harris.

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THE PARTY

Well, the MSCAV gave up their bikes again on a certain Saturday night early in May. Of course, it was for a good cause:- Alcohol! The excuse was, it was about the time for Marg's and Mim's birthdays.

At approximately 6.30, a group of us congregated at "Rayeldo's" pad to make our way to the great occasion at the Fig Plucker's joint. Among the group were Joyce, Ray, Lance, John, Tony, Phillip, Mick and myself.

Mick was the leader on the Yami 650, seeing as he was the only one who knew the way. We had no trouble finding the Plucker's joint. However, we did spend quite a while attempting to locate a

grog shop for the main ingredients of the coming festivities. After obtaining vast quantities of various beverages, the Yami led the rabble to the fig Plucker's establishment.

On arriving, Mick accidentally dropped a demo in the back garden. Next was the unfastening of elastic straps, the sound of motors being out, and of grog being carried in.

On entering, we found that certain club members were already indulging in the testing of different forms of alcoholic beverages. Our grog was stacked in a quiet corner, due to the fact that all the eskies and sinks were full. Gradually everyone managed to obtain a drink, approximately 2 minutes of utter chaos.

Marg was noticed prancing around with a new hairdo and all dolled up. However, Mim seemed quite content to sit in the corner with Chris and sip on her drink. During the next hour, various amounts of people started to turn up to help celebrate the great occasion.

Shortly after that, the Kawasaki Kid adjourned to one of the bedrooms to attempt to sleep off some of the effects of the vast amount of alcohol he had consumed. He must have started a craze, because quite a few others copied his idea. (VERY strange!!)

Darren was noticed hanging around the spirit supply. (Maybe a secret drinker, I wonder) then the dancing started. Various people were noticed being trampled while drinking too close to the dance floor. Big Daddy turned out to be the keenest male dancer. The rest of us were either too slack or drunk. As normal, all conversation was covered under the following headings:- Bikes, Birds and Booze, with the occasional birthday wishes to Mim and Marg.

Lance was seen explaining how to get to the toilet via the closet. He claims he was sober. About 2 o'clock, Marg was seen making her way to a vacant bedroom and she was holding up the walls at the same time. Very strange! About 3am, the party started to break up. Bob Paulin seen red lining his VW in all gears. Must have been in a hurry. From here on, the drinking slowed down considerably until the last drink was finished by a certain Southern Cross member about 6am.

There was peace and tranquillity throughout the house for a whole hour. Even the Fig Plucker's tape recorder managed to obtain a well earned rest. At seven the rabble awoke, crawled into comfortable positions, and the popping on can tops could be heard verifying the breakfast had started.

At nine o'clock, the big clean-up started. Some bottles and glasses were found in the strangest of places. The so called male members of the club cleaned up the lounge, while the females had the gruesome task of the bedrooms and kitchen. J.C and Bruce displayed their electronic and mechanical skills on the vacuum cleaner.

With all that finished, the empties were collected and disposed of in a section of the back garden. Under the empties was discovered approx three dozen full bottles, much to the delight of all members present.

At 10am, all members left to prepare for the club run to Eltham, with the exception of Brendan, Bruce and his girlfriend, and of course, Marg, who I was informed arose about 1pm. Keep off the bottle, Marg!!

Altogether, a great turn out enjoyed by all who attended. But a few suffered the next morning.

(Who said too much of a good thing is bad for you? FOOL)

More parties please!

Colineldoe and Micky Duck

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JACK AND JOE

Jack and Joe were twins, and were so much alike that only their closest friends could tell them apart. Joe was married, and Jack was the proud owner of an old dilapidated boat. Things turned out that on the same day as Joe's wife died, Jack's boat sank. A dear old lady met Jack in the street and, mistaking him for Joe, said: "You must feel very upset about it."

He replied, breaking down: "She was a rotten old thing from the start, her bottom was all screwed up and smelt like dead fish. The first time I got into her, she made water faster than anything I ever saw. She had a terrible crack in her bottom and a pretty big hole in her front. Every time I used her, the hole kept getting bigger and bigger, but after a while I could handle her alright. If anyone else used her, she would leak like hell, but this is really what finished her. Four men from the other side of the river asked me to rent her out. I did, but warned them what she was really like. Being in a hurry, they didn't mind. They all got into her at once. It was so much, she cracked up the middle and her bottom fell out."

The old lady fainted!!