

EDITORIAL – June 1972

Another month has gone by, and it is very pleasing to see such exceptionally high numbers turning up on all the Sunday runs, these numbers being considerably more than is usual for this time of year.

However, on the debit side; the contributions to the magazine for this month, although there were a good number of them, did not reach Margaret till the last week, which is not at all good.

This meant that the whole magazine had to be typed and prepared for printing in only three days. Many late mornings for the typist, as a result!

Once again, PLEASE endeavour to get your articles to me as soon as possible after each run, before the following week, if possible. Sending them by the post would be best, as I don't seem to get too many runs these days.

Although we appreciate those articles we have received, we would like to see as many different members as possible do an article now and then, as each writer's style differs greatly, giving a greater cross section of members' views on club functions.

Remember: this is your magazine, and if you write an article, we will print it, providing it complies with the censorship laws of this State.

Also, if you are asked to do an article by a member of the Committee and for any reason are unable to do so within a reasonable time, please let one of the editors know, so that a replacement article can be written before the night of printing.

The committee is also concerned about drinking on the club meeting nights. So, if you MUST indulge before you arrive at the hall, please be a little quieter if the meeting is in progress, because this only leads to longer meetings, an irate committee, and the handing out of fines to interrupting members.

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RAMBLING RUMOURS:

Neil has traded his 4-stroke for a 2-pepper. Looks like the boy has got some sense, after all!

With a bit of luck, "Whisker's" promised write-ups will reach us by Christmas, 197?...

Would you believe a 35mph limit around the Boulevard soon?

It appears that Figgsy's party was so good that none of his near neighbours are making any complaints for fear of reprisals!

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GENERAL MEETING – 5/5/72

Meeting commenced: 8.20pm.

Derek Pickard, President of F.A.M., opened the meeting with a very interesting talk on the testing of the MV Augusta 750.

APOLOGIES: were received from Bruce, Joyce, Carmel, Jim & Betty and Ken Brown.

NEW MEMBERS: Voted in were Eddie Veith – 750 Ducati; Chris Harris – 450 Honda; Ian Hurford – 450 Honda; Howard Moffat – 650 Yami; Graham McEachren – 305 Yami, and Greg Semmler.

MINUTES: The minutes of the last meeting were read, with a short discussion on the good night had at the Burvale Hotel, with the hopes of another in the near future.

Passed by Bob P., 2nd by John Fitzpatrick.

CORRESPONDENCE:

Three letters to various members from Peter Sander in England.

The Metro Club in Sydney wrote expressing their appreciation of the club mag.

A letter from a Leo Kline, asking about a travelling companion for a trip up the coast to Brisbane.

A letter from “Revs” magazine, advising of a Club News Column, in which clubs can advertise competitions, rallies, etc.

Theatre posters for “Sunday, Bloody Sunday”, our film night selection.

Rules and regulations, with an entry form, for the Sunraysia 250, to be held in June.

Passed by Fred Weis; 2nd by Lance.

GENERAL BUSINESS:

Further information and an invitation to all members and their friends for the big party to be held at Bruce’s home on the 13th May.

Presentations: The presentation of the trophies to the winners of the day trial – Tony Cade and Chris Harris was made, with Peter Goodwill accepting the trophies for Marcelle and himself won in the recent Treasure Hunt. The Pool Championship trophies could not be presented, as Gary Penhall, the Boys’ winner was not present, and the Girls’ section is still without a winner, as the final is yet to be played.

David gave a short talk on the magazine advising that any articles not received before the night of printing would be held over, as it takes a lot of time to prepare and print the mag each month.

Derek Mortin showed some samples of magnetic signs for cars.

Cloth badges, with the club emblem, will be available shortly.

Congratulations were extended to Vic and Lis for the birth of their daughter, born during the week.

Darren gave a talk on the subject of corner markers, or the lack of corner marking on club runs.

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HISTORIC WINCHELSEA (OR: THE TOUR TO APOLLO BAY)

The person who volunteered to do this write-up has failed to come good, and so, owing to the lateness of the hour, I have taken up my pen to record my memories, for such they are.

When we met at KBCP, the weather was so impressive that those present decided for an extended tour to Apollo Bay. Garnet Gourlay was keen for a road with twists, and what better than the Great Ocean Road?

We set off with a very large gathering with Bruce Higgs in the lead, Big Daddy as rear rider and V.C as patrol. Passing Laverton, Lance James (250 Suzi) joined up, and without much delay (on Mach111 had some fouling problems) we reached the usual Geelong cafe, where Steve and Joanne on a Kawa 750 joined up. The weather continued fine as we travelled by Birregurra where we expected to refuel, but no station was open. However, all members reached a small hamlet of Yaucher before Forrest, where we refuelled.

Incidentally, we did pass by Winchelsea at 35mph. It is a pretty spot, but it would hardly justify a full tour on this beautiful day.

The road to Apollo Bay passes through the Otway Ranges with a magnificent view of the ocean and coastline from a lookout at the tip of Skenes Creek Valley. Earlier, we had stopped to view a new water storage.

On the run, Garnet lost his mirror, but he borrowed one from Lance James and so remained legal.

We had lunch at Apollo Bay, most of us at a cafe where the service was dead slow. Bruce had some sandwiches in the sun – sensible fellow.

Post practical pranks included displaying our cycles to the locals and playing with the Frisbee, which eventually got lost in a tree! Garnet climbed a tree to retrieve it, but before he had done so, Bruce and D.C had taken a fence beam and pushed the f..... out of the tree. Garnet then came in for a barrage of missiles. But he climbed down without any serious injury.

A new member, Peter, with his wife, Margaret, were aboard a beautiful 650 Yami. His wife was apprehensive about the prospect of the Great Ocean Road. Eddie Veith was on the 750 Ducati, but his wife was pillion with Peter P. This made for confusing introductions at one stage! Doris was enjoying (?) her first trip (long) on the pillion. While Peter is a most competent rider, he had no means of straightening out the roads, or of stopping the cold breeze that blew up after Lorne.

Just passed Cumberland River, Graham on an ancient vintage Yami, come off, and was patched up, although he was not seriously hurt. Just passed Lorne, he lost air in the front tyre and nearly came off again. Peter Goodwill and V.C stood by to help. When the tyre was removed it was seen that a patch had lifted, leaving a gaping hole. (NO-ONE SHOULD RIDE WITH PATCHED TUBES unless absolutely necessary!!) Despite an extensive ride around on the 750 Honda, no new tube could be purchased anywhere, and Peter patched up the tube again, but with great reluctance. Graham made it home, however. The rest of the club had gone on ahead, and were not seen again. My arrival time at home, after a short tea at Geelong, was 9.30pm. however, Big Daddy called by at nearly 11pm to make sure we were all safe, a thoughtful and appreciated gesture.

Incidents aside, the tour was a great success, a challenge to riders on one of the most dramatic roads in the world.

V.C

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Her name is Grace, she is one of the best,
And last Tuesday night I gave her the test.
I looked at her with joy and delight,
For she was all mine for all of the night.

She looked so pretty, so sweet and slim,
The night was dark, the light was dim.
I was so excited my heart missed a beat,
For I knew that that night I was in for a treat.

I had seen her stripped, I had seen her bare,
I had felt her over everywhere.
But that was the night I liked her best,
And if you'll wait, I'll tell you the rest.

I got right into her, she screamed with joy,
For it was her first night out with a boy.
I got up high as quick as I could,
I handled her swell, for she was good.

I turned her over onto her side,
And then on her back. "Oh boy!" I cried.
It was a grand thrill; she's the best in the land,
That twin-engine Bomber of the coastal Command!

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A bachelor never quite gets over the feeling that he is a thing of beauty and a boy forever.

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WINCHELSEA – 7/5/72

Figplucker and Claw led the group, in ideal conditions, to Geelong, where we had a cuppa. On proceeding, we went through Winchelsea as it was decided to continue further on, to Apollo Bay. At Birregurra, we couldn't even get petrol, but finally got some at Forrest.

After a while, we then went over some dirt roads, where "Whiskers" Gourlay finished up with no rear vision mirror – typical Honda junk! Made a brief stop at Gentle (?) Lookout before cruising into Apollo Bay for a sit down meal. You couldn't complain about the service, coz there wasn't any! And the waitress was panicking. Amidst all this, the meals were excellent, with Eddie beating Roger by two eggs.

Not long afterwards, we continued to head homewards, around the Great Ocean Road, where a Yami came to grief. Fortunately, only slight damage was done, and so, it was not long before we had him mobile, again. On raching Lorne, we had a 5 minute break, before travelling on to Geelong.

But not far out, the 2-stroke broke down again, with the tyre as flat as a pancake. Darren and Peter stayed with him, while the rest of us continued on. Waited for 20 minutes at Geelong before the final run home, with some dispersing along the way.

A beaut run, with the road rules abided by all.

Except for one complaint – riding too close – as Figgysy nearly had pups. Also, I ask members: Please do NOT bring un-roadworthy machines along on club runs, as it spoils the outing. Such was the case with David's Yami.

ATTENDANCE:

Bruce & David
Darren

Trumpy 650
Honda 750

Big Daddy & Doris	Honda 450
Peter Goodwill & friend	Honda 450
Garnett	Honda 350
Peter & Margaret	Yami 650
Howard	Yami 650
Rusty	Yami 350
David	Yami 250
Roger	Yami 250
Lance	Yami 250
Roly	Suzi 250
Greg & Wife	Kawa 750
Eddie	Ducati 750

Big Daddy.

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THEATRE NIGHT

Although rain was on the brink of pouring down, most members and friends managed to arrive at the theatre without being drenched. As is quite usual, a number of tickets had remained unsold by Sunday night, designated as the close of bookings. But the inevitable tailenders managed to secure, during the week, most of those tickets still remaining.

A young friend of Darren's, overheard asking at the cashier's office for a motorcycle group, was promptly grabbed and sold a ticket, making a bit less of a loss to the club funds. As I was holding up the front door, I spied Neil Lawrie, in a dream apparently, wandering aimlessly around town, window shopping. So, he was hauled inside, and another ticket was sold. He had the audacity to claim that he didn't even know it was the club's film night! Wonder how many others don't bother to read their itineraries? Maybe if they did, we'd have more attending the club functions.

The floor of the foyer had been appropriated as the site for a sit-in by the MSCAV members for the hour or so preceding the commencement of the show, with no comment from the management, though.

A few more straggled in almost as the film was starting. Much confusion when people found out that their tickets were non-adjointing, but everyone shuffled around for a while, and finally found convenient seating. All being comfortable at last, we spent the next few minutes watching geometric twirly-gig things, interspersed with an occasional naked female body, in the background. Then it was interval.

After interval, the main film started, and the theatre quietened down considerably, as it was quite a controversial film and needed lots of concentration to really understand the picture.

After the show was over, (I've heard that phrase somewhere before) we trooped outside and had a digression as to where we wished to have supper. Finally decided on the "Classic" restaurant in Swanston Street. A quick walk followed until we reached the restaurant, where we all filed in and commandeered the corner under the stairs. (It's all the dirty old men in the club trying to look up the waitresses dresses, actually)

So after supper was consumed, everybody dispersed after another good theatre night.

Willi

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SHE: "Be an angel and let me drive."

HE did – and he is!!!

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BIKES AND TRAINS AT ELTHAM 12/5/72

Sunday, 14/5/72, saw the MSCAV visit one of Eltham's (to a few) attractions, the Diamond Valley Model Railway.

Things got off to a late start that morning from the peaceful atmosphere of the KBCP, due to the interest shown in the club's activities by one particular member of the fuzz, excuse me, police. Convinced or persuaded we were all a fairly law abiding clan of bikies, his presence soon left us, and the day was free for a good day's motoring.

The usual burn through the suburbs was free of any incidents to mention; just the exciting roar of many cc's in action!

Arrival at Eltham Park was in time for lunch and a look at the model railway – a quick glance for some, as most held their fascination in the twenty or more bikes on the scene. With time to spare after all that railway stuff at Eltham, the tour ended up at an old quarry near Greensborough, which looked like it had been dug out to form a rugged, if not perfect, scramble track. Of all things, a motorized push bike, so it appeared, dared rattle across the rough gravel of the track, amidst all the conventional scramble machines, then an ex Army troop transport (resembling a modified tank) stirred the dust!

With a pleasant day getting late, we all toured back into Melbourne amongst the Sunday motorists and tram tracks mixed in chaos as usual between sets of traffic lights, to finish up the day at a cafe in Brunswick.

Howard.

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A Scotsman on a Double Decker bus was sitting on the bottom steps.

The conductor said: "No dogs allowed downstairs; get that dog upstairs."

The Scotsman said: "I haven't got a dog."

The conductor said: "Get that black and white dog on your knee up the stairs."

The scot replies: "That's not a dog, that's my sporrان."

And a woman sitting nearby said: "I wondered why it wouldn't take a biscuit!"

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THE MATLOCK TRIP – 21/5/72

Woe betide he who dreamt it up! He won't admit to it, but we know who it was.

Sunday morning was overcast, drizzly and cold, yet there was a very good turn-up of bikes-about 15. There were also 3 cars, and a fair few visitors, who shared up My bike – rides on it, that was!

9.30am, KBCP:- Onward ho t Mattock! Roger leader; Darren, patrol and Big Daddy in the rear. Everybody was actually keen to ride to Matlock. Only trouble to Healesville was gear shift problems on the Ducati 750. From there to Marysville was windy and slow, but uneventful. A few

miles out of Marysville is where the shit hit the fun. There was graves, mud, clay, corners, potholes, more mud and snow. And it was cold, and very slippery, wasn't it Chris?

Some children even had a snow fight on the way. Finally, the arrival – at Matlock! “One horse village” would be exaggerating the description, but many people were glad to have seen it. They might even return – in summer.

The bar-be-que lunchers found it hard to get fires going, with petrol being quiet successful, but it endangers odd Guzzi or so. No worries. During the search for firewood, Vic found a hole. Not just a hole – a big hole, even. A mine, in fact! Naturally, a mine has to be checked out, so down went Graham and Vic. Was a short way down, but a heck of a way to get out, wasn't it, Graham?

Back at the Bar-be-que, after much deliberation, Walhalla was voted as not the way to go home! Another 80 miles of those roads would have been a little much. It was hard enough to negotiate the 38 miles to Noojee, and to stay on the road at the same time!

A Honda 450 was seen to come a gutser in one corner but, all was well. Roger, after leading the party well all day, decided he was entitled to hold then up while he put his chain back on. From Noojee to Melbourne was plain sailing all the way.

SUMMARY:

Weather: Murky, but on the whole, OK.

Roads: very murky, but on the whole, terrible!

Average speed: About 20 mph

Overboard rate: Remarkably low.

General opinions: “A terrific trip” – “Never again in winter” – “At least I've been to Matlock”.

P.S. The visitors extend a bit “Thank You” to everybody for a great day.

Joyce.

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PRESIDENT'S REPORT ON MATLOCK

I would like to say a word or two about Matlock. Those who went would agree with me, I think, in saying that this run was a trial, not a tour, as the roads were in a shocking condition. A run which J.C could've loved to have been on.

Chris Thorn's Kawa went bush twice; Ian came adrift on his Honda 450, and Darren's '4' was seen snaking along the roads – not to mention the many other incidents which occurred.

So you can see it was full of tension a trip which certainly wasn't good for Peter to run in his new Suzuki 250 on, with me having to travel about 12 miles without headlight, an experience which I won't forget in a hurry.

The bikes were in a terrible mess by the time we got home. The captain's quotation:”anybody who didn't have back end troubles were liars” is quite true, for even his Guzzi gave him some concern.

ATTENDANCE:

Big Daddy	Honda 450
Vice president	Honda 350
Darren	Honda 750
Garnett	Honda 350

Gary and Margaret	Honda 350
Ian	Honda 450
Joyce and Luke	Honda 350
Les & Pauline	Honda 450
Graham & Nance	Guzzi 700
John & Sue	Suzi 500
Peter & Lois	Suzi 250 (new)
Chris	Kawa 650
Howard	Yami 650
Roger	Yami 250
Eddie	Ducati 750

IN CARS:

Greg smith
 Vic Byrne
 Brian Murphy.

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Neurotics are people who build castle in the air:
 Psychotics are people who live in them:
 And Psychiatrists are the people who collect the rent!

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COLIN'S LAMENT.

There is a young sailor from Adelaide
 Whose name is Colin Botting,
 Colin is rather a decent guy,
 Who can hold his beer without burping.

A good rider, too, on his Yamaha
 When on the road he is riding
 But Lance talked him into a different sport,
 The art of trail finding.

Joyce was concerned about her Sailor brave
 As he held the trail bike boldly
 Around the Greensborough gravel pit
 Which he eyed quite carefully and coldly.

But Colin could not really be sure
 Of a mound which looked so inviting
 So he headed off with the trail bike
 Snarling, wheeling and snorting.

Over the mound our sailor boy rode
 But instead of a mound
 Poor Colin found – a cliff
 That dropped down to hard ground.

Over the cliff, while his friends looked shocked
 Went Colin and trail bike flying
 Really Colin should have stuck to the sea

For he landed quite hard on the front wheel crashing.

Colin is not dead, though he thought he was
As Joyce rushed up to him crying.
His eyes are blue, and this she knew
Now his vital parts this colour were hueing.

Colin's voice is quite deep now, indeed quite a rasp
Not surprising with voice box and handle bars fusing
Twas the dented tank that concerned and alarmed
The result of our Colin's vital bruising.

Thanks to medical care and nursing
Our hero is sound in gonads and bones
And virile, he said, with relief
But is trail riding worth all those terrible groans?

Intact he remains, but Joyce is concerned
For no sooner was Colin finding his feet
That back in the saddle he rode
To his friends at Greensborough to greet.

What sport this must be
As through quarry and gravel you frisk
Trail riding is fun to be sure
But take care, what a horrible risk!

Darren.

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THE SUM OF THE WORKING CLASS.

How big is the Australian work force?

This everyday question was posed this week.

The chap who asked the question said that, irrespective of the findings of the statisticians the following are the stark facts facing us:-

Population of Australia	... 12,000,000
People of 65 and over	... 2,800,000

Balance left to do the toil	... 9,200,000
People of 18 and under	... 2,000,000

Balance left to do the toil	... 7,200,000
People working for the Govt.	... 3,400,000

Balance left to do the toil	... 3,800,000
People in the Armed Forces	... 950,000

Balance left to do the toil	... 2,850,000
People in banks, insurance, state and council offices	... 2,100,000

Balance left to do the toil	... 750,000

People in asylums, hospitals, and engaged in trotting and greyhound racing	... 600,000

Balance left to do the toil	... 150,000
University students and others who won't work	... 125,000

Balance left to do the toil	... 25,000
People in prison	... 24,000

Balance left to do the toil	... 2

You and me – and YOU had better pull your socks up, because I'm sick of running this country on my own!

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VAUGHAN SPRINGS 28/5/72

The day began, as usual, at the K.B.C.P. Our 9.30am start began "promptly" at 10.00am. Some 30 bikes and a couple of cars headed off to Ballan, our first stop. Enroute, Neville did some research into fuel economy and general performance of the Honda, with the choke "ON". A certain Suzi shed its oil tank cap. Did that Velo really bolt at the right of Pikes Creek reservoir?

Then on to Vaughan Springs via Daylesford, where some of our members were apprehended by the fuzz, for daring to be outside on Sunday morning.

On arrival, the group quickly explored the area (in two minutes) dined at the luxury restaurant, then played slippery slides, much to the discomfort of several high spirited *kids*. Pauline and Garnett tried to destroy themselves, and Kurt owes his life to "doc" Darren's Ben Casey kit. No fortunes were made in the creek, although several tons of dirt were panned by the Frisbee.

We then left Vaughan Springs (it may never be the same) and grooved on down to Castlemaine, where we engulfed the local Caltex shop. On the way, Roma, a visitor, decided to get back to the bitumen with her nice new 125 Honda, but luckily, damage to both was minimal.

Our mighty leader, Roger on Yamaha, then lead us off towards Bendigo and points north, hence becoming Wrong-way-Roger-on-Yamaha.

On regaining our sense of direction and heading back to the big M, Roger's Yamaha broke down. The right hand side not knowing what the left hand side was doing. This was soon fixed, and we came to Gisborne via Mt, Macedon, which was basically cold. At the tea house of the Green Gables, some of us were served with tea and some weren't but we all thawed out.

Pauline and myself were among those who just thawed out.

Having done this, we headed on to town and home.

VERDICT: A good run.

The Bennett Clan
(Les, Pauline and Margaret)

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God made women's bottoms soft so that man wouldn't hurt his hand.

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An opportunist is one who does exactly what you were going to do.

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IN COURT

WHICH COURT?:-

It could happen that some day or another, it might be necessary for you to appear in a court of law. You could, unfortunately, be charged with a traffic offence, or you might be required to attend as a witness to give evidence on behalf of, or against, a particular person accused of an offence.

Cases involving relatively minor breaches of the law are usually heard at Magistrates Courts. Again, the matter is which you might be involved, could be a civil one. You could be suing someone for compensation for injuries received in an accident. Hearings of this latter type (except for a special summons involving very small amounts) take place in the country court, but where very large sums are involved, the Supreme Court of Victoria will be the place to appear.

WHAT HAPPENS?:-

It is worthwhile getting a broad idea of what goes on in courts, and perhaps we could first look at those courts where persons are charged with an offence.

In situations where the offence is of a minor nature, such as most motor offences, a Magistrate, or two Justices of the Peace (or a combination up to a total of five) will hear the case. The first thing that happens is that the person is called into court where he (or she) stands before the bench where the Magistrate sits. The charge is then read out to the accused, who will be asked how he pleads. If he says, "Not guilty", the prosecution (the police in Magistrates Courts, although the T.R.B. or C.R.B are often involved with trucks) will then, in summary form, state what the case is against the accused, and then proceed to call any witnesses he might have and question them about the facts, which he hopes will substantiate the charges.

Each witness can be cross questioned (called "cross-examination") by the accused, or his solicitor, in order to cast doubt on the evidence given by the witness. The witnesses are expected to give evidence on oath, but if a witness who has no religious belief can, as an alternative, "affirm" to the truth of the evidence. After the prosecution witnesses have been heard, it is the turn of the defence. The accused, or his solicitor, can call his witnesses and these can be cross-examined by the prosecution. The accused can also go into the witness box, but he cannot be required to do so. If he does, however, go into the witness box and give evidence on oath, he can be cross-examined by the prosecution. If the accused is not represented by a solicitor, he can, instead, make a statement from the floor of the court. This statement, not being on oath, is not subject to cross-examination, but the truth of the statement does not have the value of evidence which has been tested by cross-examination.

At the end of the case the Magistrate, or Justices, will have to consider the question of the guilt or otherwise of the accused. If he is found "Not Guilty", he must be discharged immediately. If he is found "Guilty", it is the Magistrate's job to impose a punishment. The accused's list of prior offences is mentioned and the accused is allowed to make a plea for lenient treatment.

There are, of course, many offences – especially in connection with motoring – where, if you do not contest the allegation, you need not appear in court. In this case, the punishment, usually a fine, with or without the cancellation of the licence, will be imposed in your absence.

In the case of more serious crimes, which are eventually heard in the County Court or Supreme Court (although they have a preliminary hearing in the Coroner's or Magistrate's Courts), the procedure is similar except that a jury will decide whether the accused is "Guilty" or "Not Guilty", and the Judge will decide on the appropriate punishment.

CIVIL COURTS:-

When we come to civil cases, the procedure follows the same broad pattern. The cases are usually heard before a Judge alone, but juries are sometimes used in the County Court and the Supreme Court.

The person making the claim, say for a sum of money, is called the Plaintiff. The person he is suing is called the Defendant. The Plaintiff's lawyer will state the case and will call witnesses to support it. These witnesses can be cross-examined by the Defendant's lawyer, who will eventually state what is his client's defence to the claim. The defence witnesses will be called, and these, too, can be cross-examined by the Plaintiff's lawyer. After addresses by both lawyers, the Judge will sum up, and give his decision.

BEHAVIOUR IN COURT:-

In the Magistrate's court, a single Magistrate is called 'Your Worship', and if there are several Justices, "Your Worships". In the County Court and the Supreme Court, the Judge is called "Your Honour".

It should be stressed that in whatever capacity you may appear in court, or in whatever Court you may appear, the tradition is to be polite! However worked up you may be, or however much you may be provoked by what is being said, keep your temper. Apart from the fact that your evidence may become disjointed, if you persistently become insulting, rude or unruly, you could be fined or even imprisoned for contempt of court.

Finally, try not to be too apprehensive or nervous about going to court. After all, there are millions of cases heard every year, so that it is almost a feature of our everyday lives, particularly if one drives or rides on our roads.

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THE FLUCKER'S PARTY

There's one thing about arriving at a party early: you get drunk early and then flake early! This is good because it means that you don't miss out on your beauty sleep.

Figgys's party (for what I saw of it) was very much a success with many people consuming much incohol. (Most people, for a matter of fact!) Still, what's a party for? Now for some interesting facts noted during the course of the evening.

Lance stayed sober and didn't have to be manhandled or shoved up a pipe. Amazing!!!

Lots of people trailed off to beds, with certain people being evicted from a double bed (slightly overcrowded, perhaps?)

Graham and Nancy actually turned up. Graham had to be taken home forcibly, so I was told.

Rick also proved to be quite a handful to certain parties.

The chief cooks (slack!!) missed out on the sustenance. (They'd both flaked)

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, during the night:

Peter P must have had too much Marsala, because he was actually swearing in his sleep. Please note this was on a Sunday, 3am. Disgusting!

Margaret, the peasant, commandeered one of the bedrooms which had previously been booked.

Mick and Joyce played handies (?) together. (In private)

Colin would not go to sleep. Thoughts of Christine haunting his dreams perhaps? These randy Pommies! They're disgusting!!

Tony thought he was a wedge tailed eagle, but came to the sudden hard conclusion (the floor) that he's not.

If a bottle-O had come along next morning, he would have made a fortune. (I know I cleaned up)

Early morning hangovers were many, and varied, too. (What about the ones that continued on for the next coupla days??-typist)

So, all in all, considering the amount of people there, (many) it was a mighty party.

J.C & Cheryl.

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TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Recently, I had the misfortune of having a spill from my bike, and was off work for a fortnight. This brief article is to thank all those members of the club who came to see me, and those who sent their regards. At no stage did I feel lonely, as it seemed I had a continuous stream of visitors. I would like to make a special mention of Chris Thorn, who got my bike home and for not emptying the blood out of my helmet before giving it to my mother. This little escapade will cost me about \$400. Once again, I would like to thank all those concerned, as it was much appreciated.

David Cumming.