

TO THE FEW IT MAY CONCERN

Are you an active member?
The kind that would be missed?
Or are you just contented
That your name is on the list?

Do you attend the M.S.C.A.V.
And travel with the flock,
Or do you stay away
And criticise and mock?

Do you always help or visit
Bruce or Jim or Pete?
Or leave the work to just a few
And talk about the "clique"?

Do you come OFTEN to our Meetings
On Honda, Suzi or Kwaka?
Do not be a "passive",
But take an "active" part.

Then think this over, rider,
For you know right from wrong,
Are you an active Member?
OR DO YOU JUST BELONG?

DARREN

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GENERAL MEETING – February, 1972.

APOLOGIES: were received from Bruce, David, Frank Tapp and Paul Ryan.

NEW MEMBERS: Paul Berkesi (Kawa 350/3), Neville Borgelt (Honda 350), Don Perry (BSA 650) and Peter Tapp were voted in.

MINUTES: The minutes were read with no discussion. Passed by Roger, 2nd by Kurt.

CORRESPONDENCE: A post card from Peter Sanders en-route to England.
Several theatre posters.
Passed by Mick, 2nd by Fred Weis.

GENERAL BUSINESS:

Southern Cross Rally: A discussion arose regarding the organization, or lack of organization, at the last rally. It was agreed that a letter with suggestions for improvements should be forwarded to the Southern Cross Rally committee. The club recieved two pennants for best attendances, and two trophies were won by members; Rallyist of the Year – Graham, and best Suzuki – Tim Moresby. Almost half the events on the sports day were won by the club.

F.A.M.: A public meeting is to be held on February 22nd, at the Northcote Town Hall. A good attendance of members is requested. Chris Lacey gave good news regarding the pillion law. It appears that a 50mph limit is now imminent. Darren gave a talk on parking in the city.

Presentation: A pennant was presented to Chris Tapp for his win in the sprint at the club sports day.

Congratulations: Congratulations were extended to Marcelle for her recent engagement. A guard of honour would be appreciated at the wedding.

Les Hayes: A wreath and card were sent on behalf of all club members. One minute's silence was held in memory of him. Two other motorcyclists were also killed returning from the rally this year.

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To all Redline's Friends,

I wish to thank each and every one of you, for the wonderful cards I have received.

And I also want to say thank you to the beautiful wreaths, I know he would have been very proud. Also the boys who formed the guard of honour, I was greatly moved by all they did.

I sit here of a night and the house is so lonely without him, but then I go to his room and I think of all the happy years we both had together and I have some wonderful memories, and no one can ever take them from me.

There are no words ever written to say how I feel, but Redline would say "chin up and carry on", and that's what must be.

I must sign away now but before I do, once again, many thanks.

Mrs (Redline) Hayes.

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FREEDOM!

Touch the wind,
Taste the rain,
Feel the burning sun
Upon your face.
The seasons pass
And take with them our youth.
But youth is not essential
For the freedom
That we love.
Two wheels,
A singing motor,
And a winding stretch of road
Are all we need,
To make our day complete:
To make us freedom riders.

– Sagittarius –

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OBITUARY.

On the 3rd of February, at 10am, the service for Les Hayes was held at Raven's Memorial Chapel, Fitzroy. The chapel was filled to capacity, and was indeed a very sad moment, not only for me, but for all who were present. Especially for his Mother, Mim and all those close to him.

At the conclusion of prayers, the cortage then proceeded out to Fawkner, being met by 15 motorcycles near the jail, and escorted to the Crematorium. About thirty members formed a guard-of-honour, as the pall-bearers carried the coffin through, onto the platform for the final prayers.

I must admit, I shed a few tears as I saw him go, because, personally, I knew Les for what he was: a very fine member who was liked by everybody he came into contact with, and a tireless worker who never seemed able to do enough to improve the club which he cherished so much!

On behalf of the committee, I thank all those who were able to attend at such short notice.

– President –

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IN MEMORY OF LES HAYES

Some may question whether it is proper for me, a recently re-joined member of the M.S.C.A.V, to put pen to paper concerning Les, whom I had known for only a short time. Yet, first impressions are often the most accurate.

The M.S.C.A.V is its friendly, cheerful ethics. Les symbolized this, too. I first heard him from some distance, and, clearly, from the comments of those around, Les – or Redline, as he was often known was popular, and his arrival was awaited most enthusiastically.

Later, after attending several trips when Les and his fiancé, Mim, tried hard to make each event a success, it was clear that he had the unusual capacity to be friends with all, and to be completely lacking in any false pretence. His genuine integrity was later demonstrated by his unselfish and generous assistance given others, myself included, with mechanical help and advice. Les had that rare ability to take most problems in his stride with a friendly smile in all situations. He was never seen to be perturbed in any way. He was also found to be a remarkable, reliable young man, one trustworthy in all ways.

Members will recall that Les was a most capable rider and mechanic. The aspect that is most marked in my memory of Les is the happy, friendly countenance by which he contributed so much to the atmosphere and life of the M.S.C.A.V. All will remember his with gratitude, and, I, for one, was most shocked by the news of his untimely death.

To Mim and the Hayes family, my most sincere sympathy at their loss one in which we all share.

– Darren –

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BREAMLEA – 6/2/72

One day, I'm going to write a book about the number of places we've had club runs to, that don't exist.

On the map, the word Breamlea is situated halfway between Barwon Heads and Torquay, and that's about the closest the word gets to being an actual place! Well, 8 Hondas, 2 Yamaha's, 2 Kawasaki's and a couple of cars headed down to Geelong to investigate this fishy sounding place.

It was good to see a number of new riders on the run, as so many of the old regulars have vanished from the scene, for various reasons.

At Geelong, we stopped for a coffee break, then on to Barwon Heads for lunch. Three of our members, however, decided to go straight to Breamlea when we reached the Breamlea road intersection, much to the displeasure of our most senior member present on the run!

At Barwon Heads, we retired to the shade of a tree for lunch, and admired the scenery, while the local seagulls were admiring our lunch at the same time.

Finally, after a dash along the coast road, we arrived at(nothing!). True, there was a large tank and a brick convenience, even equipped with showers, but somehow, it hardly seemed to symbolize the word Breamlea.

To reach the beach, we had to negotiate a long narrow and sandy corridor between the sand dunes, which left us with just enough energy to flop on the beach.

Entertainment was soon provided by the Frisbee brigade, and on more than one occasion, the Frisbee threatened to float away t Tasmania.

We were all enjoying ourselves, when all of a twice (?? – typist) we were set upon by a precipitation of H2-0, which translated into our language, means hasty retreat.

After conditions had moderated to the extent that there was no danger of us drowning in the open, we mounted our bikes and zoomed back to Geelong, where we found Margaret decorating the kerbside with her bike. After the usual coffee and milk shakes, we all hurried back to the car park, and the end of another club run.

– Roger the Lodger –

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THAT OTHER RUN TO BREAMLEA!!!

Although I had to put in an appearance at work on Sunday, I most conscientiously decided to go on the run to Breamlea when I'd finished work. Left the city at noon, and, even with the traffic at almost peak hour proportions, made Geelong at 12.45pm.

Sorffed down towards Torquay, where I'd seen a turn off marked on my map. Much to my disgusted amazement, somehow or other, I wound up in Torquay. Filled up the sickle, procured some goodies for myself, asked directions to the cursed place of Breamlea, and away I went.

Had almost reached Breamlea, when a muffled boom sounded behind me. Dreading a flat back tyre, gently eased on the brake – nothing happened. Then realized it was my liquid refreshment (No, not alcohol) smashed to smithereens on the road, after slipping off my pack rack.

Located Breamlea, which appeared to consist solely of a couple of shacks and a shop which was closed, with me dying of thirst, by this stage of the day. Rode around, but couldn't see any bikes. Thought I'd better walk down to the beach, just in case. On the way back from the beach, slipped in the sand, and broke the heel off my boot, which just about completed my lousy day!!

Gave the club up as being lost, after asking a local if there's been any bikes around, there being, naturally, a negative answer to my question. A trail bike rider said he'd seen a group of bikes in the main street. Presuming he meant Torquay, zapped back there. No bikes, of course! Returned to Geelong, intending to wait, in case they turned up.

Had filled in vast amounts of time doing absolutely nothing, when who should appear on the horizon? The club! (About flippin' time, too, I thought!!). Discovered that, although I'd left the city some three hours after the club, I'd arrived at, and departed from Breamlea before they even thought about going there. After a drink break, we headed towards Melbourne. Was that a set of waterproofs seen flying down the highway on the bitumen??

The heavens opened up and issued forth much wet, causing the donning of waterproofs, before sorffing again. At the car park, it was decided to sorf out to my place to perve on the photo taken on the Sunday at the southern cross rally sports day. Finally had to almost kick them out, in order that my presence be seen again in that place where I usually am when club runs are in progress.

– Willi –

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TOUR OF CITY WEST TELEPHONE EXCHANGE

Arrived at the car park, late as usual, to find about a dozen members already there. As time slowly passed, more and more turned up, in spite of the rain which was a surprise, as I felt the rain would be a deterrent for most.

Having 23 members present, we left for the spot cafe for a very quick cuppacoff or a shookenupmilk, and then descended on the exchange. After consulting the night watchman, it was off with the wet gear, and upstairs, having previously been invited by the supervising technician to inspect the technical section when the switch room tour was finished. I commandeered two telephonists to act as guides, and we split up into three groups for the inspection. Although the equipment was s'posed to be the matter under inspection, it seemed as if the telephonists at work got a fair share of the looks. Typical slack male bikies!!

The looking and explanations over, it was up to the cafeteria for a drink, then down to the 1st floor. Here, our guide explained the registering of digits dialled when calling a subscriber. He also showed us the tapes used for the recorded message services. Took us into the room where the time recorded service is located, and pointed out the intricate workings of the machines.

All in all, I think everyone was most interested, at least, I hope they were! Outside, it was pouring again, with everyone soon disappearing homewards. After a certain Honda refused to start and got left behind, some of us sorffed out to Les and Pauline's flat for coffee, being entertained by a domestic uprising over the road. Finally, we all decided to go home to bed, at long last. (Had to finish there, as I've run out of space!!)

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SOUTHERN CROSS RALLY 29TH – 31ST JANUARY 1972

This weekend started badly but ended even worse. Firstly the trailer joint booked our tailer for December instead of January, so we decided to ride over. This pilgrimage was not to be, due to a vintage 450 losing 2nd gear (and it still hasn't been fount). So after many phone calls and much smooth talking, we managed to score a trailer (and bike) off Peter Hansford.

We eventually left town at 1.30pm and arrived in Mt. Barker at 11.30pm after an uneventful trip.

Next morning we awoke to the news that Claw's 500 had ventilated a piston and was still gasping in Bordertown. J.C and Claw hitched a ride with Mike S and Kevin H only to bite the dust when Mike's Honda blew a one day old tyre.

After stories of the journey from Melbourne were exchanged, the club organized its own run to Victor Harbour as the slack Southern Cross club had nothing doing. In the evening, we all gutsed ourselves on the two 'free' snags that passed as tea and as we weren't turned on by the entertainment provided (films were all know by heart), we went on a Les Bennett conducted tour of Adelaide, finishing up at a carnival in Glenelg where we whizzed round, slid down, and ate ice creams.

Saturday night passed into Sunday morning to the sounds of an off tune bugler.

Sunday morning some went to Birdwood Motor Cycle Museum on another disorganised run, while the rest went to Stirling Oval and awaited the arrival of the officials to get things started (1 hour late)

Then the 'judging' took place, with three unbiased members of the Southern Cross club picking out their friends bikes.

Then the MSCAV onslaught, cleaning up the novelty events began, with Chris Tapp winning every junior event and the MSCAV winning at least 70% of the events.

Graham Hatherall was the Ralliest of the Year, the first time a NON Southern Cross club member has won it. (How did he do it without a bike?)

Sunday night the well organised boredom continued with most people turning in early because of the long trip home the next morning.

Figsie's morning started at 5.30am when he took Kevin Hogan into Adelaide in record time to collect a part for his bugged "Kawa", from the nicest dealer in Australia. George Bolton was his name, and he got out of bed at 6.00am to help them out

Then everyone headed for home in blistering heat. We managed to squeeze the 'holey' 500 on the trailer with the trumpy and the Honda. We arrived back in Melbourne at about 9pm.

As the Southern Cross rally had deteriorated so much in the last couple of years, the club should give serious thought to whether it is worth going next year, especially since the S.C. Club has serious internal troubles and may fold.

The final blow came when we learnt that Redline had been killed on the way home.

A tragic ending to the weekend.

Sec & Treas.

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DRIVE-IN RUN 26/2/72

The evening began at the KBCP at about 7-8pm. Leaving the above mentioned car park we headed north for a muster point at Pentridge, some direct and some via Graham H's town house. (Did Nancy think it was the city baths for a swim night?)

Arriving late at the muster point, our selected group found all had left so we grooved on down to the drive-in causing little surprise among the management or clientele.

There were 17 bikes and 4 or so cars. Graham H's two storey Nissan device resulted in the vehicle immediately behind shifting to somewhere where he could see the screen Shame!

The movies were incidental to the main attractions of pillow and gravel tossing, wrestling and polite applause to the local constabulary who came to see we weren't molested by the car driving patrons.

During the latter stages we were (the whole theatre was) treated to a display of night riding which ensured that, if anyone had dozed off, they were wide awake to leave at the end of the show.

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Frowning Psychiatrist to Office Nurse on telephone:- “Just say we are very busy – NOT – it’s a madhouse”

Too many meetings are held each month for no better reason than that it has been a month since the last one.

The average woman would much rather have beauty than brains, because the average man can see better than he can think.

One typist to another:- “What is the past tense of virgin?”

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STONY POINT – 20/2/72

A start was finally made at 9.30 after allowing extra leeway for any sleepy heads unable to make the early departure time. Fourteen bikes set out with two more joining up later.

An unscheduled stop was made at Elwood to allow a newcomer, spending only his second day on a bike, to leave his steed at a service station and go two up with Roger. With practice it is hoped that we see this rider joining us on future runs.

On arriving at Frankston an unofficial tour was made under the capable leadership of Darren while trying to find somewhere to stop. The purpose of this stop appears to have been to allow that notable wee fellow to consume his breakfast of a soft and runny double egg hamburger. The whole trip seemed to consist of stopping to eat (four times in all, excluding chows) and always it seemed on the insistence of “we Garnet”.

From Frankston the main body of riders proceeded to Stony Point via the oil refineries and the Lysaght Steel Complex while the rear 3 riders ended up going directly to S.P. when a corner marker deserted his post. Big Daddy, you deserved to have had your nose punched in for describing that Square 4 as a mere 650cc.

Lunch consisted of dry sandwiches and cold dogs followed by an inspection of the pier and the boats moored there. From the comments passed about the good ship “Henry Bolte” we would have no worries in forming an MSCAV Branch of the Labour Party.

With nobody willing to pay to enter the car park we headed for Arthurs Seat and some of the best roads of the whole run. Here we found the chair lift being run by racketeers, so on the suggestion of E.G. we sat down to afternoon tea.

An early start was made back to Melbourne, stopping in Dromana for petrol. “The Dumb Motorist of the Week” Award goes to the slack Humber driver who was thrown into a dither by all the bikes and backed into defenceless Honda Scamp. The Scamp may have been defenceless, but the female driver was certainly spirited. Headed off again, making another stop at Frankston for the fourth lot of refreshments for the day. Melbourne was reached at approximately 5.45pm, just in time to beat the rain.

Ned & his Neddy.

P.S Message from G.G to J.C – “Why didn't you turn up???”

Big Daddy	Honda 450	Garnet	Honda 250
Darren	Honda 750	John Wolf	Aerial Square 4
John Harry	Honda 500	Roger	Yamaha 250
Les & Pauline	Honda 450	John Barker	Yamaha 125
Fred	Honda 450	John Hunt	Kawasaki 175
Neville	Honda 350	Margaret	Suzuki 185
Ralph	Honda 350	Don McPhee	Suzuki 500
Peter (Newcomer)	Honda 350	Murphy	4 wheels
Garry	Honda 350	Hank Les	4 wheels

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RUN TO YEA – 13/2/72

9am: two bikes at the car park. Things looking glum.

9.30am: About 10 bikes and 2 cars, wait! There's a turncoat amongst us. Les Bennett, typical Honda rider, tells us he's going home. (Under the thumb, no doubt). Roger rolls in now, so we know we're about ready to roll. Couldn't leave without the Lodger!

Hang on! Margaret rolls in on her Honda, on the way to work. Sees all us lovely people and immediately (Rubbish – typist!) decides to take a sickie. (Typical Honda riding PMG worker stunt!)

We depart: Hurrah! It's 10am – 1 hour late. Not to worry!

Up the freeway and along Bell Street. Then, wait! Colin's Yamaha proceeds to play dead. Mr Fixit (pat! pat!) proceeds to remedy the ailing monster, and we're on our way again. (Minus the rest of the club, who went ahead). However, we all re-united at Yea, Colin and I had an excuse to thrash through, which was good.

In Yea, we proceeded to troop into the local cafe to buy our picnic lunch; the management, (being coons!) took their time about this, but we finally all got served and headed out to the picnic area. Here, amidst many flies and much rude conversation, lunch was consumed, after which the inevitable Frisbee was brunged out. After being heaved about for half an hour, it finally did its act, and went for a swim. The creek looked to be a hackwash of the Yarra, but that didn't deter life savers Colin and Margaret from retrieving the little beastly (Pity it hadn't got away, I reckon!)

Here we had a bike-swapping session (same as wife-swapping, I s'pose) and some of the more insane people went for a ride in Murphy's car. He wonders why the thing's clagged!! After these fun and games, we went back to Yea to fill up. (Down with Kawa three's at fill up time, for sure!) Having refilled the mounts, we set out for Melbourne via Yarra Glen, stopping in Lilydale under the trees. Here, everybody was molested by everybody. Margaret reckons she can run with her shoelaces tied together. Very good attempt, Margo!

Back to the chow shop, where randy rusty and I received a lecture on good behaviour, (Love, Brother, Love). Serves us right for lying on the church lawn, I s'pose. In the chow shop, Garnet showed us how to sieve soup (soup from tomcat pieces, actually) through his beard. Very well done, Garnet! There will be a rash of beard growing shortly, for sure! Jerker's (? – typist) got it made! After listening to a couple of yarns (very sacrilegious!) everybody dispersed after a very good day.

PRESENT:

Les Bennett – For a while	Honda 450	Colin (Flinders)	Yamaha 650
Garnet (Whiskers)	Honda 250	Peter Pee – Ol faithful	Honda 450
Margaret Von Willi	Honda 450	Me, on a better machine	Kawa 350/3
Neville	Honda 350	Don McVeigh	Suzuki 500
A new fella	Suzuki 250	Roger the Lodger	Yamaha 250
A new girl	Yamaha 175	Murphy	Escort Van
Randy Rusty	Yamaha 350	Greg (split-pin)	Toyota
Corona.			

J.C.

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“OF MOUNTAINS AND LAKES” (MT. ST. LEONARD TRIP)

After a good nights sleep following the return of Eastern Standard Time, twelve bikes turned up close to the departure time of 9.30am on 27/2/72. It shows what an extra hour of sleep will do! The club captain and his good lady turned up in their new Nissan Patrol, the Guzzie making its recovery from an excursion to Alice Springs. Supported by several cars, after being farewelled by President P.P who much to his regret, had to spend the day servicing his bike for the Swan Hill week end ahead, the convoy set sail, led by Roger for what turned out to be a most pleasant tour of mountains and lakes. The weather – at last – was perfect for bikes. Despite heavy traffic a brisk run, hampered at times by very slow Sunday drivers, took us to Healesville. Fred and his 450 were picked up at Lilydale. At the first of many refreshment stops at Healesville two friends of captain Graham (they had motorcycles) made mention of the poor road to the top of Mt St Leonard. This road led off from the Toolangi road.

To avoid the rocky road the writer “dipped out” on the road which left the bitumen for the mountain. The bitumen to Toolangi was the first of the many twisty roads that we enjoyed. Graham and Nancy invited me to join them in the Patrol which provided a pleasant, if unusually jerky ride up the mountain due to a petrol blockage, one which unfortunately meant that Graham and Nancy left the convoy at this point. Les and Pauline B stayed back to assist Graham, who also is known to be a competent mechanic. A new 500 Suzi owner joined in the convoy from Healesville and he is likely to be with us on further outings.

From Mt St Leonard, Roger led to the “House of Bottles” which is near the point from where a magnificent view of the Jehosophat Valley was seen. At the nearby kiosk occurred our second refreshment stop. Two enthusiastic, friendly young salesmen from Mayfair Motors, namely Peter and Garnet, on Hondas of course, provided extra interest to the conversation at these stops. And then on again. Although the tour was generally on sealed roads, a section of reconstruction loomed up. It was designed as a trap for motorcycles with large and shifty gravel. Fortunately, despite heavily pounding hearts and motors, no one dropped his bike here. The next refreshment stop was at the kiosk at the Kinglake National Park. The rangers had warned us to keep on the bitumen, and I was anxious to heed their advice. A brief run took the party to the Mt Sugarloaf lookout from where on of the finest views to be had in Victoria was seen. The panorama was perfect, as was the day, and no mist and little haze affected the views. The tall buildings thirty miles south stood out like dominos on a table. Another brief run and a sharp descent took us to the car park near Mason’s Water Falls. Most of the party walked down to see the falls, but despite recent heavy rain little water – but enough for effect – was going over the edge. A fascinating chat under the Silvan foliage took place until we left there at 3.30

Out earlier arrival there had interrupted the romantic experiences of two young couples and despite their friendly manner towards us, I am sure they were pleased to see us leave. After refuelling at Kinglake West, we had refreshment stop number three at the nearby cafe. After a fast run down the escarpment of the North East Rangers. Roger led us on a non-stop tour of the Lake at the Tooroorong Reservoir. Many young folk pointed with great excitement at the many motor cycles.

The next refreshment stop (No. 4) was outside the Yan Yean Reservoir where a hamburger caravan competed with a gelati one. The day officially concluded after a fast, relatively traffic free run to Fairfield where we dispersed near the club hall. Some members went home, and half a dozen came around to my small flat for coffee before moving on to the “Chow Shop” after one of the best runs, encompassing almost every type of scenery.

The pleasure of this recent trip recalls to mind a similar trip on which I went with the then MSAV to Toolangi thirteen years ago. We met near where the new Hilton Hotel is being built on Wellington Parade. As Peter P may also recall, things were very different then. Perhaps more came on runs then, although late departures were common then as well. There were more older people and no leather jackets then, and I doubt if the club was as friendly as it is today, there being more “Fuddy Duddies” then. There were no bikes only scooters, and few larger than the 150cc although some members (like Peter P and myself) had huge 250cc Maicolettas!

Present day trips are vastly more fun. The two stroke scooters then were very prone to failure and runs were slowed by frequent attention to spark plugs, and I recall being a “marker” for nearly an hour! The temptation to move from one’s post was great indeed being out in the sun. With today’s almost trouble free outings; no marker has a real excuse for leaving his post before the last rider comes by. Thirteen years ago there were no Hondas, and the only Japanese vehicles I recall were “Rabbits” and “Pigeons” and they were well named. I do not recall seeing any in the MSAV. White Horse pennants and Club jackets (as opposed to safer leather) were more common. Helmets were rare and bright head gear, or none at all, was used. Speeds were quite slow though, and once a convoy took four hours to get to Frankston. Reliable Japanese motorcycles with many having four stroke motors, and electric starting, and two strokes with injected lubrication systems, have totally changed the scene. I have not heard one recent conversation about how best to mix oil and petrol. While traffic has become much heavier, road surfaces have changed greatly and for the better, and for my part I will vote for any party that can spread bitumen the fastest.

DARREN.

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DEFINITION: Motorist – A person who keeps pedestrians in good running order.

Riding on the Freeway is like playing Russian Roulette – you never know which driver is loaded.

The Police Officer asked: “Can you describe your assailant?”

The bruised man replied: “That is just what I was doing when he attacked me”

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MACKAY, SUNDAY 27TH FEBRUARY

Hi, all you hard working people down South!

This is an epistle from us slack holiday makers up North. We are having a rip-snortin’ wow of a time. At the moment, we are lying on our li-lo’s outside the tent in beautiful weather (oops! Forgot “windy”). We are also getting attacked by frogs; not just plain, ordinary frogs, but huge gigantic frogs wot keep jumping, even when there’s a scarf over ‘em. So much for the slackness!!

Finally farewelled Melbourne at 4.45pm on Friday, 18th. Tootling along merrily, we got into the Black Forest, and promptly got rained all over. Gave riding up as a bad joke for the day, so sort of on to Kyneton, where we resided in comfort at my grandmother’s place (very convenient!) SPRANG out of bed nice – “n”-early, and shot through for Mildura.

Travelling along sedately, as Cheryl was running the Yami in (again!) we were only sitting on 55mph. Came to Porcupine Hill, about 20 miles from Kyneton, and Cheryl decided she wouldn’t look at the signs which said 20mph through the hills. So she made it round the first bend, then half

way round the second, when she ran out of road. Much to her surprise (and HIS!) there was a rotten filthy car coming up hill around the bend. After the car driver ended up 45° up the embankment Cheryl quickly sorffed back to her side of the road. We stopped to criticize the car driver, when Cheryl declared that there should've been signs erected before the bends. (Blind, no doubt)

Made Mildura without further incident, arriving at my parents' at 3.25pm. Buggarized round Saturday evening doing nothing, ending up going to sleep in front of the T.V. (Read on to see what happened the next Saturday night. Oh boy!) Sunday morning, after a short sleep in, we declined to go to Church, electing instead to go bush with Charlie. Thank hell we didn't take the bikes! We "bush-bashes" around the farm, investigating the horses, sheep and cattle, finally pursuing two trespassing kangaroosters. Unfortunately they eluded us.

After lunch we went into town to procure the inevitable postcards. Hope you kids don't expect any. They're too expensive. Returning home, we stopped at a neighbour's fruit block, to show Cheryl how to "picka-da-grappa". Quite successfully. Just 'coz there were two Uni students there picking doesn't mean to say that we went to perve at them. (Like hell!) Mother wanted a ride home, so threw her on the pillion seat and away! Away! Through ploughed up dirt of all things.

Following much showing of home-made films, it was off to bed, to rise early in preparation for our big journey. After 300 miles of sheer nothing, we were getting quite bored. Pitched camp at West Wyalong, and sorffed very quickly to one of the local pubs, for a counter tea, pool and darts. In the morning, when we went shopping, minus our gear, (tent, etc, that is!) we were chased by a very irate park manager, 'coz we hadn't as yet paid our fees.

Due only to our expert attention, the death of one 450 Honda (mine, of course) was prevented in the main street. Many interested locals paused to watch, wonder and wait. Having removed a mixture of dirt, water, petrol and oil from around the plugs, everything was just dandy. Hit the highway again for 20 miles, then the Yami died, 'coz it had a dead plug. While replacing it, a fuzz-man stopped to enquire if we were okay. We thanked him very politely, and said we were (that, by the way, is the only time we've come into contact with the law, except for some friendly waves from cops working a radar – trap in Ipswich!) Reached Gunnedah without further hold-up, where, after pitching tent, we sorffed up town to impress the locals. They were impressed!

Travelled on to Ipswich the next day, through relatively interesting country, wot even had a few hills, instead of the usual nothingness. After much getting lost, through lack of decent directions, we eventually found my friend's place. Thursday we bludged nearly all day, except for getting the Yami serviced with a new front tyre, and an oil change for the Honda. Zapped into Brisbane on Friday and visited some relations, where we received some helpful info on road conditions and petrol availability up north from uncle.

Left Ipswich Saturday morning, and copped all the city-ites going north for the weekend. Stopped in a little hick town called Miriam vale, where no food was available at 8.00pm. Slack! Many starvation pains as a result! Decided on a liquid tea, so pulled up at the pub, to be greeted by much open mouthed gaping from the local yokels. Trooped inside and ordered drinks (Vodkas) which apparently they had never heard of before, and proceeded to the disgust of the citizens.

Inevitably the local Casanovas followed us. In the end, we got sick of them pestering us, so we decided it was time we weren't there anymore. As the Honda has got no tail-light we were both on the Yami. After much unnecessary revving we thrashed up the street insulting any locals seen along the way. When we reached camp, it came to us that we hadn't left a good enough impression. So we jumped on the Honda, minus tail light (there wasn't any fuzz there anyway) and rode quietly back to the pub. Bought some smokes, gave insolent looks to some locals, revved the guts out of the poor bike, and then red lined it right down the main street. Wonder if the liquid tea had anything to do with our little stirring episode? So ended our second Saturday night on the road, in bed at 9.30pm.

Yesterday we hit the so called "Horror Stretch" (220 miles) between Rockhampton and MacKay. Not as bad as most people raved on, but it was bloody boring. Reached the half way point for petrol, and discovered that the thing on the bottom of the right front fork of the Yami won't hold the axle in wasn't there anymore. After consulting each other, voted to ride on to MacKay, with me in the lead, waiting to see the Yami's front wheel go rolling past minus Cheryl and remainder of sickle.

After MUCH plug trouble with both bikes, we finally left MacKay behind about 12 noon. Twenty miles out of town, the sky fell on us, leaving us wet and miserable, but still as determined to reach Cairns as ever. Spent 3 hours at a tiny town called Calen, then pushed on again, still in the rain, and found there were road works only a couple of miles from Calen. These included mud and slush and huge puddles, which we negotiated with much difficulty. After the puddles, we had to cross a rickety old bridge, with 6-8 inches of fast flowing water running over it.

Reached Proserpine after a slow and very wet run and decided to continue on to Bowen, about 45 miles. The rain very obligingly ceased a few miles from Proserpine, but as it was starting again at Bowen, we camped there for the night. Maybe for the next week as well, as the road is out in several places north of here.

Afterthoughts:-

A bee stung me the other day, in a place won't have stung me, causing that certain part of my anatomy to swell to proportions never before seen so big. Work that one out!

We had to ride through a herd of Brahman and Santa Gertrudis cattle on the way here. They're so fascinating, with the huge grotesque bodies, caused by a large bulbous lump of fat above the shoulders.

Most of this was written Monday morning as we spent the evening watching the frogs jumping about.

So here we are, sitting in Bowen waiting for decent weather before continuing.

By now, we've worked out why none of the male members of the club have attempted this trip. Takes the females, of course, to try anything hazardous! Bloody fair-weather bikies, you all are.

Hoo-roo for now,
Margaret & Cheryl
In Sunny (HA! HA!) Queensland.