

EDITORIAL – May 1972

**PASTEPICHERE**

Well, May is here again, and with it has come perfect motorcycling weather, with the attendances on club runs being phenomenal. So, with winter on the way, many members may go into hibernation for a few months, as is only to be expected.

As the roads will now become wet and slippery, please take care, so that we do not lose any members over the winter months. Attendances may fall off on the Sunday runs, so perhaps indoor activities are in order, and a perfect kick – Off to this is a BYOG party at Figgys’s – 70 Hilton St, Mt. Waverley – on 13<sup>th</sup> May, at any time around 8pm.

Let’s hope this is the first of many!!

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STIRRING STIRS!!

Perfect example being set by Committee Members in obeying road laws – Mad Margaret is on the side-lines for 3 months for speeding! Enjoy the walking, Marg!!

Ross bit the dust on a club run trying to keep up with J.C (Slack Suzuki handling, or is J.C THAT good??)

Brendan has become a part-time knacker (Ram! Ram! Ram!)

Colin has put two dents into a Yamaha tank, and it wasn’t his eyeballs that did it!

Bob “P” got a crow in tow, and it’s no gumboot job!!

Darren has a secret passion for trail riding. Nobbies on his Honda, would you believe???

Chris Thorn has been let loose on the roads again. So, be warned! Beware of all white 650 Kawa’s!

Bob Evans needs a seeing-eye Suzuki.

...Erected (Oops! Should be elected) Editors....

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GENERAL MEETING – 7/4/72

Opened: 8.45pm.

APOLOGIES: Were received from Jim, Carmel, Colin, Lois Hansford and Frank Tapp.

NEW MEMBERS: John Fitzpatrick – 500 Suzi; Gary Penhall – 350 Honda; Garnet Gourlay – 250 Honda; Cheryl Taylor – Morris 1100; and Margaret Fenech – 175 Yami were voted in.

MINUTES: The minutes of the last meeting were read with no discussion. Passed by Warren; 2<sup>nd</sup> by Keith Anderson.

CORRESPONDENCE:

A letter and a telegram from Ron Hayward.

The magazine – “Rumball” – from the Caulfield Institute of Technology MCC.

Brochures and literature from the Tasmanian Government Tourist Bureau, in regards the planning of a club trip to Tasmania in the future.

A selection of theatre posters.

A postcard from Margaret & Cheryl in Cairns, and one from Margaret in New Zealand.

Passed by Bob Paulin; 2<sup>nd</sup> by Warren.

#### GENERAL BUSINESS:

The day-trial will be conducted as listed in the Itinerary.

There seems to be about 40 people interested in attending the club night at the Burvale Hotel, on 22<sup>nd</sup> April.

Hall's Gap: a letter has been sent to the Grampians Tourist Committee, expressing our thoughts as to our unwarranted dismissal from the camping area at Easter.

Pool Championship: A short supper will be served after the meeting, after which we will meet at a Sydney Road billiards room for the pool championships.

Kurt stated that there will be a discount of 10% on Kawa's to club members. Also, a bike was stolen the week before Easter – model – S.1.

Only 2 bikes attended Marcelle's wedding.

If members are about to change their address or bike, please tell Bruce as soon as possible, in order to keep the membership record up to date.

Two films were under discussion in regards the coming film night: "Sunday, Bloody Sunday" and "The French Connection".

Closed: 9.20pm.

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#### You Yangs – 9/4/72

As weather conditions were not the best, we didn't leave until 11am. This gave me time to go out with our Ducati visitor and put my 450 battery on the charger, as I had left the ignition on, overnight, with Joyce going out to Coburg to change her clothes, as she was wet right through. She just couldn't wait, apparently!

Then, on leaving the car park, with Darren taking charge and Mick as rear rider, Peter Goodwill decides to chicken out. Right up! We went down past the docks and onto the Williamstown Ferry, at Darren's expense. Halfway across, saw the You Yangs go by, in boat form.

Proceeded on past the Altona Refineries and along the beach front where we were overcome by some powerful, shocking smell, similar to the one by the Flemington Race course. Passing on gladly, we reached Werribee, had lunch, which, for most, consisted of a pie. This was enjoyed by all, especially Darren, who had to cancel his order for sweets, with some having trouble walking out the door.

Now, with a big improvement in the weather, continued on to Little River, branched off to the You Yangs, arriving at 2pm, after which, we spent the next hour exploring the country. Murph gave some a hairy ride in the Valiant, and Darren showing Chris how his 450 goes.

On departing, took the back road to Werribee, stopping just out of town for juice. Suddenly separated into two divisions when a corner marker left his position too soon, and so made our own way back to the car park, where we all finally met, after an exciting run.

At 5.30pm, we all went and had tea at the “Genevieve” in Faraday St, Carlton, then out to Neville’s place in Pascoe Vale for soft (?) drinks and supper. A most pleasant evening.

“You meet the nicest people on a Honda!!”

### Roll-up

Darren	450 Honda
Neville	350 Honda
Greg	350 Honda
Malcolm (NSW visitor)	450 Honda
Ray	500 Suzi
Cheryl & Mick	350 Yami
Greg Smith & visitor	350 Yami
Big Daddy	Holden
Murph	Valiant
Frank & Kay	
Joyce	
Eddy (visitor)	Morris Minor
(Also owner of that lovely 750 Ducati!)	

Big Daddy.

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### THE DAY TRIAL

#### RESULTS:-

TEAMS	NAME	POINTS LOST
1.	Bob Paulin	160
2.	Darren & Chris Thorn	60
3.	Brian Murphy & Joyce	90
4.	Brendan Caine	140
5.	Roger Holt	210
6.	P. Sanders & D. Morton	70
7.	Colin & Lance	200
8.	Les & Pauline	80
9.	Gary & Ned	110
10.	Vic & Lis	120
11.	Tony & Chris Harris	40
12.	Greg Barnes & J. Barker	290
13.	Bob Evans & Ian	290
14.	Phillip Nash & Mick	150
15.	Rusty & Howard	400
16.	Garnet & Janet	580
17.	Ross & Malcolm	120

18.	Steve & Carmel	50
19.	Mario & Margaret	90
20.	Mick & Cheryl	60
21.	Michael & Eddie	140
22.	Bob Ebden & Margaret P	80

CRYPTIC COMMENTS:

Roger's scrambled tools!

The organisers must have been brilliant to work it out.

How come Margaret & Bob left so late and finished so early?? (Thrashers-)

Much false information given about horse racing.

Two people got sick of the first section (last in , so they went home. Chickens)

Just how many railway bridges are there?

Just how do you work things out when entrants have no Speedos and tear up their sheets? Playing shifty, no doubt!

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WANTED

Vic Byrne wants to buy a second hand helmet, preferably an AGV, with a maximum price of \$15.00. See Sec...

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THE BURVALE HOTEL 22/4/72

It has been noted with deep regret, that the MSCAV have given up cycles to become drinkers. No, it's not true,; it's only a vicious rumour, actually!

But, considering the turn up at the Burvale on Saturday, 22<sup>nd</sup>, on ereally does not know whether to believe that statement, or not.

We were very lucky, as at the Burvale we managed to get all the tables together. Good communal drinking spirit was immediately noted.

Also other communal things: "Joycey" was celebrating her birthday, so, naturally, birthday kisses all round was the order of the evening. No-body seemed to mind this, though!

The drinking standard was very good. One person (no name mentioned) could just about be named "Chucker", and it wasn't Lance, either. Couldn't you find any find big pipes, Lance??

Dress standard was also very good, with male members looking all nice and mostly conservative, while some females (again, no names mentioned!) well, it must have been bloody cold, that's all!

The table service was very good, with a fair (not enough apple sauce on the pork chops) meal being provided. The band, I think , was really good, playing top numbers all night, only one complaint here: they designed the dance floor so that there was maximum table space and when you got over about 60 people on the floor, it was very bad news: a bad case of "crushitis".

Most people stayed for supper (very nice, it was, too!) and the following frivolities, which everybody seemed to enjoy. At about 5 to the pumpkin hour, however, a rather hefty bouncing type (he bounces you, too) came around and ordered us to leave. Various souvenirs were taken up (unknown to the management!) and we trooped outside.

Here, it was decided that we would adjourn to Neville's place for coffee, which we did by varying routes. Some arrived, some didn't (Lance, what were you doing to that light pole??)

Those what were tired went to sleep (Plucker), those what were randy (?) went to the couch – Margaret – (Do you MIND –Typist!), those what were drinking (me) went to the drink, with the rest of 'em just standing around looking. Slack lot!

When everybody was good and fixed up, depending on the occupation of the time, we all went home, in a very merry mood.

J. C.

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### NIGHT OUT AT BURVALE HOTEL – 22<sup>nd</sup> April

At approx 6pm, Lance, Colin, Joyce and myself arrived at the hotel on cycles. After some exploring, we found the lounge with 4 slack members already helping themselves to the beer. After a short space of time, table saving and drinking, some of the other members started to arrive. Some members arrived with escorts (female), and by about 9pm, it had risen to approx 50 members and friends. A visitor back to the club for a very short while was Howard.

With some dancing, drinking and talking, it was learned that Joyce turned 20 years old that day. Due to excessive drinking, Big Daddy had to be told that he'd drunk a rum & coke, instead of his Marsala, by mistake.

One member brought out his Irish temper (and bomb) and made another member move to another seat, as he had swapped chairs, sitting in someone else's seat.

Margaret loves to wear hot-pants, to the delight of many members and other people. After some time, one member got sick, and had to move outside. (Was the drink THAT bad?)

At 12am, they started to close up the place, with one person being carried out to a car (Brendan), and some members left, never to be seen again (?). A few members turned and arrived at a house in Pascoe Vale (Horn blowers), and from there, went home at their own speed.

P.S. Where did Bruce and J.C get beer to drink at 2am? Margaret is very brutal when she has been drinking.

Kawa Kid

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### POOL CHAMPIONSHIPS

Due to the enormous amount of interest shown by members in the recent Pool Championships, it is sure to be made an annual event on the Club's Itinerary.

In the male section, a total of 15 heats were run, with the semi finalists being Tony Cade v Mick Fagan, and Garry Penhall v Heil Lawrie. The final between Heil and Garry resulted in a win to Garry, a very new club member.

The girls' section was slightly lacking in participants, although 6 played in 3 heats, with the final (held over due to the unearthly hour of 2 am being reached at the conclusion of the semi finals!!) between Joyce and Margaret still to be decided.

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### SNOOKER CHAMPIONSHIPS

The snooker championships went off quite well, and, if we are to have another one, it would be more appropriate to make an earlier start, as it would suit the girls, who play marathons, to pick the balls up off the floor and to get a reasonably early night. When I left at 2am, the girls' final was still being played.

Big Daddy

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### SUCH MODESTY

It seems that a wealthy young playboy, out for a night, picked up a beautiful young girl in a bar, and took her up to his apartment.

Instead of this girl being a tramp, she was well groomed, chic and seemingly quite intelligent.

Thinking that he would have to impress her to get anywhere, he showed her some etchings, first editions, and finally offered her some wine.

He asked whether she would prefer Port or Sherry.

“Oh, sherry, by all means”, she replied. “Sherry to me is the nectar of the Gods. Just looking at it here in it's crystal clear decanter fills me with the anticipation of a heavenly thrill, and when the stopper is removed and this gorgeous liquid is poured into a glass, I inhale the delicious tangy fumes, and I'm lifted on the wings of ecstasy. It seems I taste this magic potion and my whole being seems to glow – a thousand violins throb in my ears and I'm sent into another world.

“On the other hand”, she said, “Port makes me fart.”

Anon.

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### WANTED

Travel companion wanted for touring Europe by motorcycle, leaving Australia early 1973.

Phone: 870 9823, or write:

Fred Weis, 386 Canterbury Rd, Ringwood. 3134.

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### AN AUSSIE'S (UNBIASED) LOOK AT NEW ZEALAND

Although only in New Zealand for a little over a week, I am now of the opinion that living over there wouldn't exactly suit me. Not that there's anything really bad about the place, of course; it's just that I prefer Australia. (That's unbiased???)

Landed at Christchurch Airport, after a bumpy descent, to be welcomed by drizzling rain, after having left home in beautiful sunshine.

Drove into Christchurch in peak hour, which doesn't, in any way, correspond to Melbourne's peak hour, as there is vast lack of traffic over there. Due to import restrictions on new vehicles, I was amused to note a great amount of relatively ancient, (by Aussie standards) cars, some being anything up to about 40 years old.

The age limit for obtaining a driving licence is 15 years old, which appears to be quite ridiculous, as I saw many school children both driving cars and riding bikes, which makes me wonder if they are responsible and sensible enough to be let loose on the roads. undoubtedly, Australia's road toll would surely increase, should the driving age be lowered over here!

Speed restrictions are, in general, lower, with a metropolitan limit of 30mph, and the highway limit of 60mph. Motorcycles with pillion passengers are restricted to 45mph. A "demerit points" system, similar to that in Victoria, also applies, with an aggregation of 100 points necessary, before the loss of licence occurs.

Roadworthiness of vehicles is known as "Warrant of Fitness". All vehicles must undergo an inspection each six months, and must display the certificate usually adhered to the windscreen of cars.

The inner city area is surrounded by a road complex known as "the one way" system. This forms a complete square, giving easy entry to, and exit from, the city itself.

Having been lent a machine for a day, (250 Yami) I had no trouble in finding my way around, and out of, the city. As leather jackets and the "rare" black stack-hat are limited to the roughies, many funny looks were directed my way, as I wandered around the city. Girls usually ride scooters or step-throughs, with the result that I became an "object of curiosity" to car drivers when waiting at the traffic lights.

Most popular among bikes seem to be those in the size range of between 50cc and 250cc, mainly 2 strokes. Apparently, the total number of 450 Honda's in Christchurch seems to be 3, of which I saw one and heard another!! A factor which must surely limit potential buyers to the smaller bikes is the high prices asked: e.g.: Honda 750/4 – well over \$2,000. Even so, I saw 3 750's at a road race meeting. Bike race meetings, both road-racing and scrambling, are held fairly frequently, attracting large fields in both divisions.

Roads are basically average, compared with Australia's, although there are no Freeways, as yet. Petrol is bought in a different manner than here. The dispensers show only the gallons or part thereof, and not the amount the customer has to pay. As fuel is a fixed price all over the country, this system works out well.

One point I didn't really appreciate was the colour of the beach sand – grey/black. Turned me right off! By the way, the well known MSCAV phrase – Right up! – is the current "in" saying amongst Ian's group of friends, it seems.

Prices of food etc are comparable, although dairy products are considerably less expensive, with mild being only 4c per pint! Cigarettes are a fraction cheaper than here, too. If you intend visiting N.Z, don't go with the idea of buying any clothing or footwear. The prices asked are exorbitant and outrageous! Besides, fashion, both male and female, are a long way behind Australia's, with the result that some of my outfits caused a little stir.

Since returning home, the idea has come to me that New Zealand on the whole, would be a good country to tour by bike, as there is plenty of variety in scenery etc., with almost 1/3 of the landmass being mountainous. So maybe, in the future, I'll go back, taking my bike with me, though.

Willi.

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### BALD CURE

The middle-aged executive was getting increasingly irritated by the constant giggling he was getting from junior office workers about his baldness.

One morning, a particularly brash young man had the nerve to run his hand across the executive's pate and say loudly: "Feels just like my wife's backside!"

There was a long silence, and then with a look of genuine interest on his face, the older man also ran his hand across his bald head.

"Hey!" he said in a surprised tone. "You know, you're absolutely dead right."

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There was a bloke who never used to worry about his marriage until he shifted from Melbourne to Sydney and found he had the same milkman.

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### MT. CAMEL (Or was it Mt. Confusion??)

Leaving home late, at 10.15am, Lis, Vin and I had a glance at the map, and headed off up the Hume highway, when arriving at a small town called Heathcote Junction, we discovered that it was the wrong Heathcote.

So, back to the Hume, where we once again headed for Heathcote. We arrived there, for the second time, in our 4-cylinder 850 B.M.C., when we found the new club at a service station. Why do they call them SERVICE stations, because there wasn't any???

After a quick lunch, we proceeded North, South, East and West towards Mt. Confusion! At this stage, the club was very disorganised; so, to liven things up, after several stops, Murph showed us how to hang the tail of his valiant.

After going over a hump, then a dip, and a mile or 2 more of gravel road, we arrived at the Lake Eppalock Power Station. Had a look through, and then went to the Boat Harbour for coffee and a talk. While this was going on, WHAT was Kurt doing at the water's edge?? Then, it started to rain, and everybody started to leave, except for a 750 Ducati, which we all know won't start when flooded!

Who went where from here? We did meet up with a set of tools on the road, with Wonder Boy successfully stopping in the middle of the road on top of a hill. The tools belonged to a Disc Jockey. Then we came to road works, and at the other end we find Murph – WHERE? – Under his car, wrapped around his exhaust system, which was on the ground. The rain got worse as we headed closer to Melbourne. Except for the rain and no organisation, the day would have been quite enjoyable.

P.S. If you want a good day trial, try the Mt. Camel run!



## TOP POINTS FOR THE DAY

HAPPENING.	POINTS
For the 3 of us getting lost:	3
Murph's giant fish tail:	7
Mount Camel:	-6
No-fire Ducati:	5
Set of lost tools:	2
A Wonder Boy road-block:	7
Murph's splattered exhaust-pipe	9 ½

RESULT: "Clown of the day" – Brian Murphy!

Still Expecting.

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## CUMBERLAND JUNCTION

While those who attended on the Mt. Camel run had a good day, they were nearly frozen and drowned during the last few miles. Fortunately, unhappy memories are brief, and the excellent near-summer weather brought out nearly thirty motorcycles for the run to Cumberland Junction.

While Honda's abounded with 250's, 350's, many 450's and a 750, there were many 500 Suzi's and Roger's inevitable 250 Yam, with a new device called an anti-fuzz, a type of smoke-screen. The magnificent 750 Ducati (with new member, Eddie Veith), a 350 Kawa and sundry others made up the run. Chris Thorn turned up, too. While he has been waiting for his Kwacker to be patched up, he has developed into an excellent pillion.

Neville led the run to Lilydale, where refreshments were had. He led up the Warburton highway, and at the time, another motorcycle group (one member said it had no name) ran through us. Many 650 Yami's were noted among them. Further refreshments were had at Warburton. I have often ridden up the Warburton Highway, but I seldom see the countryside, which is attractive at anytime, to better advantage.

A fast run up to the Upper Yarra Dam lookout followed. Yours truly was truly amazed how well some two-up bikes horizontally took the corners, but no-one dropped their bikes, yet! Les and Pauline really mastered the road. At the Dam picnic grounds, an agitated caretaker thought the Angels had arrived to carry off the Dam. The MMBW truck followed us around, but to my knowledge, the wall still stands and the Dam remains unpolluted.

The spectacle of the day was the splendid twisty climb into the Divide. One 500 had a loss of normal contact with the road, but the rider was not seriously hurt, fortunately. Shortly after the Cumberland Junction was reached. It is a really "No-where place". Some trials were explored and the Frisbee filled in the minutes. Regrettably, the V.C. found that the rear rider was ahead of him after leaving the Junction. (Please let someone know next time!) No wonder the run divided into two groups by St. Fillons. The CRB's new road works coming down to St. Fillons via Marysville were made for motorcycles, and were great fun to negotiate. The Acheron Way was tackled by our group, the others returning by the Black Spur. The Acheron Way, while largely unsealed, is in an excellent, dust free condition albeit a little muddy, and caution was needed on the corners. No one came off.

Further refreshments were had at Warburton. (The MSCAV is the fastest club from coffee shop to coffee shop!) The return trip followed a generally similar run, (but via Mt. Evelyn), to the morning

one, although traffic was worse on the return, and the not very intrepid V.C expected to be arrested for illegal manoeuvres at any time. Big Daddy was without headlight, but he was hidden away by other cycles.

The Chow Shop, being closed, resulted in the evening meal being had at the unfriendly Wog shop, before adjourning to the warm and relaxed atmosphere of J.C's unit, where some T.V (about gambling, I think) was watched, motorcycles discussed, and coffee (yes, coffee) consumed.

Perhaps marred a little by the split in the group, and the dropping of the Suzi 500, nevertheless a very pleasant day was enjoyed by a large group, and this is cycling in a most grand manner.

V.C.

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### CUMBERLAND JUNCTION – 30<sup>TH</sup> April

Arriving at the car park to the usual tune of banter, I was immediately set upon by certain members to do an instant tune-up on a Yamaha – Roger's cycle was on the dodge. This completed, we set off.

On the way, our patrol-man did a naughty act, and pulled us up on the crest of a hill, adjacent to the double lines. No more of this behaviour, please! On to Warburton, where we stopped for lunch; here we ran into another club, fairly small, though.

After lunch, we continued on to the Upper Yarra Dam. On the way, the windy road invoked much stirring. Neville even managed to grind metal off his Honda, typical Honda ground clearance! Arriving at the weir, certain people got evicted offa the w..r, they having ridden their bikes onto the weir, they did. Bloody louts!!

From here, we went to the Cumberland Junction; however, on the way, a certain Suzuki rider came unstuck. Serves him right thinking he could beat a Honda rider!

Continuing on to the Junction, everybody mucked around, played with the infernal Frisbee, went trail riding and generally enjoyed themselves. At 3pm everybody donned their gear and headed back to Melbourne, while returning, we had another aborted attempt of corner marking, with the result that some people went some way, some went the other. What went some way, went to Warburton; them what went the other way, finished up in Lilydale, would you believe?

Certain members of them what went the other way covered about 15 miles in 10 minutes. MANIACS! We had quite a wait at Lilydale, until we decided to went to Melbourne, which we did.

Arriving back in Melbourne, we went to the Kew Junction hamburger shop, had tea, then retired to the Kew tram terminus. Here we definitely got evicted by the wogs that own the joint.

After this humiliation (I think it was humiliation!), we all sorffed out to our flat to watch telly and talk. After a while, everybody got tired, filed off and went home.

J.C.

### THOSE PRESENT:

Darren	Michael Silver & Cheryl
Chris Thorn	J. Barker
Ray Miller	Greg Smith
Peter P	Ross
J.C.	Graham & Nancy

Les & Pauline	Chris Harris
Margaret & Tim	Roger
Mario & David	Murphy
Gary	<u>STRANGERS:</u>
Phil Nash	Mick
Peter Goodwill	Black & orange 350 Yami
Neville	250 Honda
Fred	350 Honda

PLUS: a few others that he could not remember – typist!  
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He grabbed me by my slender neck  
 I could not call or scream  
 He dragged me to his dugout  
 Where he could not be seen.

He took from me my flimsy wrap  
 And gazed upon my form  
 I was so cold, so scared, so damp  
 And he was so damn warm

His feverish lips he pressed to mine  
 I gave him every drop  
 He took from me my very soul  
 I could not make him stop.

He made me what I am today  
 That's why you find me here  
 A broken bottle thrown away  
 That once was full of beer.

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Episode 2:

MORE (PRINTABLE!) ADVENTURES FROM UP NORTH.

(Bowen onwards, in retrospect.)

Well, here we are up in Bowen. (Would you believe we're now home again?) Due to the rain, we were forced to stop at Bowen for the night, retiring at a respectable hour in the hope of an early, dry start next morning. However, due to reports that the road North was drowned under up to 6' of water, we decided to remain where we were, and to see what Bowen had to offer two female travellers. When we went up the street that morning, we just "happened" to see a poster proclaiming that the ex-Wonder Boy of Popdom, i.e., Normie Rowe, was to appear at the hotel that very same night.

Thereupon, we thought we should honour the local citizenry with our distinguished presence. We made our mark on arrival in the form of one foot peg gouge in the sand of the car park – Cheryl's bike "fell" over. The impressionable youngsters of the town were watching; however, we came up laughing. Wondered what we could do for an encore to this little trick. We were forced to "choose" a table at the front of the hall, coz of all the others being reserved, as it was such a BIG event. Amidst stares, while Cheryl was getting drinks, Margaret was asked to dance, which she DID, with the result that she was nicknamed "The Carpet Snake".

During the proceedings, the vocalist from the band (very good) invited us to a party to be held afterwards. We were doubtful at first, but later consented to join the company, for “A” drink. We declined the drink, as they only had Queensland beer. After some hours and much fun had by all concerned, we went to bed. Next morning, with improving road reports, we finally ventured northwards.

Ran into our first decent stretch of water just out of Bowen. Continued without further incident until just before Ingham. Coming round a sharp left hand bend, we suddenly espied “plenty deep” water hurrying across the road. Much jamming on of brakes! Very cautious riding followed, ending with huge sighs of relief. Around the next corner to be greeted with the sight of ¼ mile of beautiful, shiny water, also hurrying across the road. At the end of this section, the Honda died, due to drowning plugs. Whilst waiting for them to dry, partially, we were entertained by the small boys of the area doing wheel-stands on their push bikes. Proceeding on, we found that the front brake of the Yami was more than making up for the back brake, which had apparently been washed away: i.e., touch the lever, and fly over the handlebars. So we made a forced stopping at Ingham.

Found the local camping area to be very soggy, with frogs and cane fields all around. Pitched camp, hoping it wouldn't float away during the night, then sorffed into town for tea, mainly bananas, followed by the inevitable pub visit for pool. But due to our “long games”, many locals waiting for the tables walked out in disgust. Following our marathon, we went to the local cafe for fish and chips, and sat in the gutter waiting for a policeman to remove his presence from the immediate vicinity, our bike being without tail light.

Awoke to find ourselves in certain danger of floating away. After minor maintenance work (trying to get the Honda started, due to saturated plugs!) we set out, still minus Yami brake, for Cairns. Hit rain out of Innisfail, resulting in Margaret's arriving in town before Cheryl, although having idled in at about 30mph. Whilst I sat in the gutter waiting and wondering, Cheryl had apparently been accosted by a smiling young gentleman in a blue uniform, who claimed, most emphatically, that she had been travelling at 42mph in a 35mph zone, according to his radar machine. Result: \$10 wasted!

Leaving Innisfail behind us, our spirits sank at the sight of a sign saying “19 miles of Road works”. Luckily, only a small stretch of dirt greeted us. Finally arrived in Cairns, mid afternoon. We'd made it! You doubting Thomas!

Erected the tent in increasingly overcast weather, retiring for the night at a very early hour, i.e., dusk, mainly coz it was raining. Friday dawned bright, beautiful and HOT, forcing us to don our bikinis and get burnt, which was accomplished in a matter of ten minutes.

Went to the Laundromat to rewash and dry almost all of our gear, including a sleeping bag, as they'd been saturated for days. Dry gear in Cairns was quite a novelty, which didn't last for long, though. Found the “over-friendly” Yami dealers, put the Yami in for a service, with Cheryl nonchalantly saying she'll have a new chain fitted. Had already visited the money depot before picking up the bike, but went broke instantly when handed the bill - \$30, of which \$23 was for the chain, which, incidentally, costs only \$11 in Melbourne! Many rude words thought! Due to the vast lack of funds, we were forced to stay until the banks opened on Monday.

Twilight on Friday was spent gazing at the hordes of flying foxes, known locally as “fruit bats”, flying across the city to the fruit fields beyond. Sorffed for a look see up town, and met some of the “weird” inhabitants.

The inevitable post cards were bought on Saturday morning, followed by a dip in the swimming pool, during which it started to rain. That night, while swinging at the “Swinger”, a disco, we happened to meet the band who'd been in Bowen. Got invited to another party after the show, which, only several minutes after we arrived, developed into a huge brawl, with guys flying off balconies etc.

We all sorffed immediately, VERY immediately, and a few of us went to the disco's bouncer's home for a quiet drink. Shortly afterwards, our musical acquaintances arrived, and the party began, again. In the course of time, it was found that Normie Rowe is just another ordinary, down to earth, happily married guy. We also discovered it's fun to ride around Cairns at 4am when you're lost!!

Sunday, we went to Crystal Cascades (waterfalls) 14 miles north with some car driving Victorians we'd met at the caravan park. Went for a swim in the freezing, rapidly moving water, just scrambling out as the skies let forth. Result: one ruined camera, very wet gear, and even wetter peoples! Were rather glad we hadn't taken the bikes, as the quickly flooding road was a bit treacherous on the way home.

Over the weekend, the Yami's brakes failed to reappear, so back to the dealers' to be fixed. The rest of the day was spent lounging around camp, as was that night. Zapped up town early on Tuesday morning, got the Yami, dismantled the tent, and headed south.

It was very cold travelling made so by the ever present rain, but struck no trouble in transit, until we reached Ingham. Here, we hit the water again, only much deeper and more of it than on the way north. The Yami died, but was resuscitated with the air of new plugs. Onwards around the corner we came: sudden stop! We didn't REALLY want to ride through 2'6" of water! A ferry service, consisting of two large tractors towing cane carrying trailers, was operating to move banked up traffic over the deep stretch of water laying before us. Balancing precariously on the trailer, while sitting on the bikes, we succeeded in reaching dry, or relatively dry, land again, much to the hilarity of the waiting traffic on the south side. We must've looked a funny sight! Continually hit long stretches of water all the way to Townsville, where we camped for the night. Much drying out of gear again.

Got up, bright and early, heading for Sarina, with no unusual occurrences, until just past MacKay. Then the Honda's clutch side switch assembly decided to shatter, although we kept riding and made Sarina. This was to hold us up for two full days of our already diminishing time available for the trip.

Rang the Honda dealer in MacKay the next morning to ask about the needed part, to be told they'd have to have it sent up from Brisbane the next day. So spent a relaxing day, just wandering along Sarina Beach. Went pub crawling in search of a pool table. Located one, with the added bonus of four soldiers thrown in, who we ended up playing with. When the pub shut, we went in search of a hamburger joint. They, the soldiers, were in two big trucks (full of loo paper, even!), with us following, or leading, in turn, on the bike. About 8 miles out, we allowed them to pass, and when they were some distance ahead, noticed they'd stopped. Pulling up along side, we also noticed that the front truck had gone over a steep embankment, in danger of tipping right over. we sorffed quickly!

Friday morning, to my utter disgust, the dealer informed me that the required part had been available all along. Many angry words flowed forth! At him, even! Piled onto the Yami to go get it, when, suddenly, ONE whole mile out of Sarina, still gathering speed at 65mph, the back end began to wander, badly. Skilful riding, (plus many fast prayers!) saved the day, and us. Leaving the bike on the wrong side of the road, where it had ventured of its own accord, we hitched back into town. Frantic swapping over of cables resulted in my clutch being on the handbrake side. Following many false starts, (meaning stalls) eventually worked out how to get going. Rushed into MacKay in drenching rain to collect the part. The salesman turned quite green when I told him how I got the bike into town. I advised him not to try it, unless necessary! With his approval, I moved the bike onto the footpath, directly in front of the door, and did the required repairs, much to the astonishment of the ingoing customers.

Being a Friday night, the Hotel-Motel had a C&W guitarist to entertain the customers, so we wandered along to fill in some time. At the conclusion of the show, we paid a midnight visit to Sarina Beach, then, after one hours sleep, packed the gear and trundled on to Gladstone, with

Cheryl almost being (accidentally) run off the road by another bikie. On arrival, first stop: the pub, of course (for food, you fools!); next stop: the camping ground, where a lovely kitten kept jumping onto the tent while erecting (the tent, you fools!).

Having decided to go back to the pub, as they had a cabaret on, jumped on the bikes, but the Honda, retaliating against vigorous kicking, "feel" over, severely injuring it's clutch lever. So both onto the Yami and uptown, after many more angry swear words! The cabaret is hardly worth mentioning, and at 11.15pm on a Saturday night we found not one eatery open! Slack, we thought! On the way back to the camp, we met the singer from the cabaret band, who took us in his car for a look, from the Observatory, at the Bauxite Refinery. Very impressive, being made more so by his knowledge of the sections, and the workings thereof.

Next morning, "Nurse" Hatherell prescribed extensive adhesive bandages as palliative (?) treatment for the Honda's fractured clutch lever. With the lever thus re attached, we departed Gladstone, with Margaret almost being wiped out by a 4 wheel vehicle, which failed to give way. Continued on, with Cheryl stopping frequently to pick from the road various articles which had slipped and fallen from the Honda, including the tent. Having checked the Honda's gear box oil level, which appeared rather inadequate, filled it with 2 pints. Setting out, it just didn't want to very well, not even pulling 60mph up hills! Full throttle, even! Also got very hot and bothered. So, making a forced stoppage, we hailed another bikie, who turned out to be rather inexperienced (regarding bikes, that is!) in order to relieve the gear box of it's copious amount of lubricant. Unable to loosen the drainage plug, decided to proceed on to the next garage, where we found several willing helpers, and an immensely interesting ship full of knick-knack's.

Being very broke, we decided it would be unwise to drain all the oil out, as we had no container large enough to hold it, and we'd have to replace the entire oil supply. With much help from our willing helpers, after arguing which way the plug should turn to loosen, we eventually loosened it enough to dribble out slowly. After 2 hours enough oil had been removed, so retightened the plug, and headed southwards in the dark. MUCH fun going through Brisbane and Southport without a decently operating clutch! Reached Southport at 11.30 and located Carole's flat, after much getting lost had taken place!

Monday morning was again time to visit the bank, with a lever being purchased for the Honda. Leaving Southport about 11am, in typical (to us, anyway) Qld weather (pouring), we headed west to Glen Innes, traversing the Blue Mountains facing into the sun. The roads through there make the Kew Boulevard look like a straight run! Hearing Glen Innis, the Honda's gears started to disappear: i.e. the change lever had several inches of play in it. Played pool that night on the best table we'd come across on the whole trip.