

OBITUARY

Most people by now will know that the club has lost a very cherished member through the passing away of Colin Botting.

Over the past months, many of us have prayed for Colin, hoping that he would live, even though his chances of living a normal life ever again were very slim. This hope, we are sorry to say, was not enough to keep him alive and with us.

Colin latched on to us at the Southern Cross Rally earlier this year and was, up until the time of his accident, a very active participant in all club activities.

Those of us who knew Colin knew him to be a very sincere person with a friendly disposition and an ever present smile. His friendly chatter was always present, even during times of tension and conflict.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Colin's parents in Adelaide. As Colin was their only child, this has been a very better pill to swallow.

What can one really say at a time like this, except for farewell to one of the best mates anybody could ever hope to have, and a thank you for all the good times we have shared?

"Maybe, one day, we will meet again."

* * * * *

GENERAL MEETING – 4/8/72

Opened at 8.40pm.

APOLOGIES: Were received from Neil Lawrie and Debbie.

NEW MEMBERS: Voted in was Steven Leverett on a 350 Yami

MINUTES: The minutes of the last meeting were read with no discussion. Passed by Fred; 2nd by David Cumming.

CORRESPONDENCE:

Two accounts – Hall hire, and the Printer

A Fr. Joseph Brown, with a 350 Honda, wrote re joining the club.

A letter from Howard in Sydney

Caulfield Teck mag: "Rumbull".

A letter from Mre Uren.

Brochure from the Motor Racing Club of W.A., re a road race meeting.

Theatre posters.

A letter from the Bendigo Police, about the escort for the Bendigo tour.

Phillip Blee sent his new fees.

Postcard from Peter Sanders, on the Isle of Man.

Passed by Michael Formaini; 2nd by Kurt.

GENERAL BUSINESS:

No supper, as we are going to a Pizza Parlour instead.

Colin: He has slipped back a little, and is not too good.

The new itinerary will be distributed after the meeting.

Auction night: A total of \$85 was taken, and after Kurt's cut, the total profit was \$37, a very good effort.

Christmas Camp: Any suggestions? A tour of the Blue Mountains? Please make suggestions in writing as soon as possible.

Christmas '73: A tour of Tasmania is being arranged.

There was a letter in the "Sun's" 50-50 column about the bike parks in the city having meters installed.

Kurt suggested a reply to the above.

* * * * *

BENDIGO PRISON TOUR – 6th August, 1972.

I arrived at the car park at about 9.30am and much to my surprise, there were about ten bikes and riders huddled under the bridge to deep out of the rain.

We left KBCP at about 9.40am and proceeded out of the Big Smoke to Calder Highway via the Tullamarine Freeway, where everyone went stroppo with their throttles, as the leader got through the lights. Eventually everyone caught up the slack 750 Honda, and it was quite easy going until some members of the Sultan car club started chopping in, but they soon dropped out to water the trees, which were already flooded, anyhow, from the rain.

We joined up with Derek Pickard road testing a Suzi 550 and a friend on a BMW. (Drool! Mick) on arriving at Harcourt, Darren decided to visit a Diners' Club restaurant for coffee, as we were very cold and wet.

From there we proceeded to Big Hill to be greeted by an Officer of the establishment to have a Police escort into Bendigo, where we raided a Golden Fleece Road House – lovely hot food and coffee!

We all filled with petrol and proceeded on to the jail, where Brian and Steve's cars turned into a good spot to put helmets and other supposedly waterproof gear, and then into the jail, while the females took a walk. All I can say about the prison is that it is an experience to visit but I would not like to live there. Then we got out of jail, "ON PAROLE". By the way, when we were inside, the sun was shining, but as we left to go and have coffee in Bendigo, it started to rain again!

After having coffee and a bite to eat, we headed off for the Big Smoke via Heathcote and Hume Highway. We finally got back to KBCp, had a smoke and then went on to 191 Russell Street for tea. Apart from the cold and rain, I think we all enjoyed ourselves.

P.S: You didn't miss much, girls!!

John Fitz.

PRESENT:

Police	Honda 750	John & Mick	Suzi 500
Darren	Honda 750	Peter	Suzi 500
David	Honda 500	Tim	Suzi 500
Peter P	Honda 450	Bob	Suzi 500
Ian	Honda 450	Ross	Suzi 500
Mick & Lance	Honda 450	Jol	Suzi 350
Chris & Chris	Honda 350	Peter	Suzi 250
John & Rodney	Yami 650	Eddie	Ducati 750
Les	Yami 650	visitor	B.M.W
Roger	Yami 350	4 others	
Graham	Yami 350	CARS:	
Neville	Honda 350	Murphy	
Jeff & Tony	Honda 350	Steve & Carmel	
Derek Pickard	Suzi 550	J.B.	

* * * * *

Colin

Upon receiving a phone call on Monday, 14th August, I was saddened to hear the news of Colin's death. It was a terrible blow, not only to his parents, but to us, with all being deeply sorry over this most unfortunate case.

Sine Colin joined us, just after one of our recent trips to the Southern Cross Rally, I found him to be well liked amongst all those he came into contact with, as he had a most pleasant manner and, above all, loyalty to the club, which he cherished. Distance didn't seem to worry him when it came to attending our various functions.

Of all the fatal accidents we've had, (and that's not many, considering the time we've been going) this is the first one to actually happen on an official club run that I can recall. This made it all the more unpleasant to receive the sad news, which I hoped would never arise, as it was most tragic all round.

In conclusion, I extend deepest sympathy from all members of our Association to his parents and relations, who, I know, are going to miss him so very much.

The President.

* * * * *

USE SPEED INTELLIGENTLY

It is not always safe to ride at 35mph in built up areas and in some circumstances it would be highly dangerous to do so. Where conditions permit, it is better to ride at an even speed in conformity with the traffic stream.

High speeds are safe only when there is a clear view of the road ahead for a considerable distance. In fact, speed must be governed by the distance seen to be clear; the weather and road conditions; traffic density and the speed limits in force.

At 60mph a motorcycle travels 88 feet in one second. A second could easily pass between seeing an emergency and applying the brakes.

ANY FOOL CAN RIDE FAST ENOUGH TO BE DANGEROUS!!!

* * * * *

THE “UNOFFICIAL” OFFICIAL ADELAIDE RUN

Well, peoples, our club pres asked me to do an account of the trip some of us made to pay our respects to Colin, whose funeral, most of you would know by now, was held in Adelaide.

After quite a few phone calls and enquiries, both Intrastate and Interstate and the help of one of Darren's friends in Adelaide, we decided to leave on Thursday.

Rusty and Joyce left first at midday, with Margaret and Don leaving mid afternoon, then Lance and myself leaving around 5pm, intending to meet Big Daddy at Ballarat. Upon arriving at Ballarat, we hit the nearest fish shop for the actual flake and ten. We had been there about 5 minutes when Peter arrived. After Ballarat we stopped at Horsham for petrol and coffee, then on to Bordertown where we met Marg and Don. So after a cup of coffee, we decided to camp there. Getting up in the morning we headed for Adelaide, and except for petrol and coffee at Taillem Bend, we made fast work of the 180 miles.

Upon reaching Adelaide, we were led blindly, but correctly, by Marg to Rusty's place, where we found Rusty and Joyce. A little while later, we met Darren and Greg Smith, who came over in Greg's car. After a bit of washing and changing, a few suited bikies appeared, and wonder of wonders, underneath jumpers, jackets, coats and waterproofs, two ladies emerged!

Setting off to the Crematorium in Greg's and Rusty's parents' cars, (on account of bulk water coming from the heavens!) we were met by Darren and his friend. The service was very short, with the Nave represented by a handful of stuffed dummies.

That night, after a day trip around the city in the cars, we headed for the Honda club to check it out. Man! The amenities they have is unbelievable! They have the use of a room, twice the size of our club hall, three times a week, provided free by the local Honda dealer. Not bad, eh??

After a good night's sleep we passed through the city, so that Margaret could buy a full face stack hat, the only one in the shop that would fit (SMALL enough, that is! – Typist) her head. At this stage, we left Marg and Don, as they planned to go home via Mildura.

The trip home was without incident except at Bordertown, where we stopped for lunch. Upon arriving, Big Daddy laughed at Joyce and said; “Your muffler is falling off.” At this remark, I turned round to him and said: “Don't you laugh! Yours if falling off, too!” He stopped laughing!

We arrived a Lance's place just in time to get him to his 21st birthday party.

Mick.

* * * * *

ADELAIDE – MELBOURNE, VIA MILDURA

Don and I left the others in the city after having bought my full face stack hat, and headed north into beautiful, sunny weather. Due to the lack of petrol in and around Adelaide, we managed a whole 15 miles before the Beeza stopped. So, out with the siphon hose to drain some petrol from the Honda. Luckily, we found a service station just up the road which was selling petrol, even though it had signs up saying NO PETROL.

The further we went, the better the weather was. First stop was Blanchetown for petrol (BULK for the Beeza) and coffee. Continued on with really good average speeds and stopped at the border for lunch. Sorffed fairly quickly, as bulk masses of dark clouds were threatening close behind us.

Made the last 85 miles to home in 75 minutes, precisely two minutes before the skies opened with very heavy rain. Good timing, we thought!

Zapped into Mildura that night for a looksee, although there wasn't much to look at. While sitting in the pub (which, by the way, sells the most beer in country Victoria!) we were told that the bikies were having a party out at the hovel, an "Oh! So aptly" named house. Rode out to find many bikes and peoples everywhere.

Even though I hadn't seen most of them for quite a while, they all recognised me, and we soon fell to talking about the good old days of bikes in Mildura. The Hovel, to the wanderers and anyone else interested in bikes, is sort of their clubrooms, with posters and pictures (not all of bikes – some of naked birds, of course!) adored all over the walls, ceilings and doors. They even have a list – painted on two walls – of all functions at which bulk beer is consumed: e.g.: "Norm's return from the Army – 27 gallons?" and so on. When those kids drink, they REALLY drink! All this time the record player is giving out with may bawdy tunes, with most singing (or trying to sing!) along with them.

As we were both feeling tired, we soon left and headed for home, both on the Honda, as the Beeza had decided to burn-out some of its wiring at the pub. Picked it up the next morning, after a very comfortable sleep – in beds, even! Most relaxing, after the ground on Thursday night and carpet on Friday night!

Finally departed at 12.15pm in sunny, warm weather and made Sea Lake our lunch stop. Then on to Bridgewater, having a short stop at Wycheproof due to lack of clutch on the Honda, which was soon fixed. Another forced stoppage was had at Woodend, as the Honda's headlight (low-beam only!) was looking up at the moon, and not at the road. By this time, 7pm, it was getting a little chilly, so on with the warm gear, ready for a fast ride through the Black Forest to Melbourne. Never have the lights of Melbourne looked so welcoming! Reached home at 8.30pm, very stiff and sore, as well as being very tired, after almost 1,200 miles of touring. But, even so, it was good fun doing it!!

Willi.

* * * * *

LONDON BRIDGE 13th August, 1972.

We left K.B.C.P at 10.30am and headed along Beach Road to Frankston. Upon arrival, we parked in the car park behind the Public Power House, and went to the cafe for breakfast. While eating, four latecomers charged past – Ned, Margaret, Mick and Lance. They looked as if they were trying to catch up with someone – no chance! They were outfoxed, again!

After breakfast we mounted and reared off. It was a smooth run to Sorrento, stopping only to change the weather. From early morning, the day had been debating on whether or not to rain. Darren took it upon himself to help the day decide, and called a stop to enable all to get into their waterproofs. Thus, from this point on, we had a bright, warm, sunny day!

On rolling into Sorrento, we met the late comers sitting on the corner. Mick was crawling around on the footpath with hundreds of peices of a disassembled bike in front of him. The only part which showed any resemblance to a bike was the back wheel. When asked if his bike was stuffed, the reply was simply "Puncture in back wheel" – the only part untouched!

Lunch was had while the mad mechanics worked on. Rick came to help with puncture, but, instead, put on a side street act. Taking off his waterproof pants (which still had his boots firmly enclosed) stood them up by themselves and stood next to them, while Mick took a photo. This act amused quite a few passing motorists.

On to London Bridge! Upon arrival we found Kurt already on top of the little hunk of rock. We left our bikes in the sand dunes and climbed all over the rock, even though it was pretty useless! As the tide was coming in fast, we left the rock, trying to trap Roger on it, but we failed again. Matthew had a few drags on his Kwaka 750 trike, and then we all headed back to the sand dunes.

We found a new game: Kurt sits on a stretch of hard sand and holds a camera. About 12 bikes line up in the sand, and as Kurt is about to take the photo – CHARGE! So many back wheels spun, flinging sand behind them in great clouds that Darren went back to see if we had covered London Bridge with it.

Sorffed to Portsea, where J.B showed us a book on 96 ways NOT to ride a bike – very interesting, but most difficult! From Portsea we headed to Dandenong, with some riders leaving the group at Rosebud. We were cruising peacefully on a long open road when Rusty tried to cover the whole of Victoria with Yami-Yuk. He failed, but Dromana has been covered by a thick cloud of smoke ever since.

Ending up at 191, Peter P had to eat in his waterproofs, as he had again ripped his strides – bad habit! The service was very fast, as the waitress was in a hurry to leave, so we had a very quick meal, no waiting. When the cook asked Peter p why he didn't ask the waitress to go out, Peter replied: "I can't. Big Daddy". Whereupon the cook said: "Oh, well, being a father shouldn't stop you!"

We went outside for a couple of choruses with the Salvo's, who marched off, not liking our revving the engines to the beat of the drums. They don't know music when they hear it! Sorffed off in our own directions to wait 7 days till the next trip.

PRESENT:

Mick & Lance	450 Honda	
Margaret	450 Honda	
Ian	450 Honda	
Big Daddy	450 Honda	IN CARS:
Darren	450 Honda	
Dave & Lyn	500 Honda	Kurt & Debbie (with Matthew on his
750 Kwaka trike!)		
John	750 Honda	
Ned	350 Honda	J.B
Garry	350 Honda	
Rick	250 Bultaco	
Bob	500 Suzi	
Ian	750 Suzi	
Haward & Dave	650 Yami	
Rusty	350 Yami	
Roger	350 Yami	
Steve Leverett	350 Yami	

Garry.

* * * * *

WARM WARNING

The nervous young man had taken a buxom little cutey out on his first date. When they got back to her place, she invited him up for a drink. Feeling quite ill-at-ease, the reserved young man strolled about the flat, not sure when to do with himself.

“Hey,” said the curvaceous cutey in a husky voice as she prepared the drinks. “Be careful if you sit on that couch.”

“Why’s that?” asked the young man timidly.

“Well,” she answered with a sexy wink, “if you press down on the arm and pull forward against the seat while pushing against the back cushion, it turns into a bed.”

* * * * *

The most conceited bloke we know books into a motel before going on a blind date.

* * * * *

MEENIYAN (BUT NO FOSTER!) ROUND TRIP. – 20th August, 1972.

At 9.05am, the 8.30am scheduled trip to Meeniyana and Foster had all the indications of being the non-event of the year. A handful of rides were milling aimlessly about in the car park, when through the grey morning mist appeared a lone rider on his aged but sturdy Trumpy. Yes! It was Figgysy, come to lead us onward!

After rendezvousing with Roger at Dandenong and picking up Bob (Suzi) and Steven Leverett (of broken leg fame) further along a total of 14 motorcycles proceeded quickly on to Korumburra.

I don't know if there was any action at the head of the pack, for there was certainly none at all at the rear, where I was slowly boring Peter and Lois to tears by ever so slowly running in my new scooter.

After dodging a heavy shower in Korumburra, it was then only a mere 20 miles to Meeniyana and lunch at your friendly roadside restaurant. Figgysy even went so far as to blatantly indulge himself in a little bit of crumpet – toasted, that is, with honey! Our worthy Secretary then departed for parts unknown, leaving Roger to guide us with his trusty map. Howard, back from Sydney, had by then joined the group with his V.W.

The word quickly spread that there was like man, nothin’ but nothin’ at Foster, so the round trip proceeded through Inverloch towards Wonthaggi.

On one of the short detours to overlook the coastline, Peter got to doing unintentionally wheel slides (a la Jim Airey) on wet, greasy grass, and again unintentionally (?) sprayed poor Lois with mud.

A quick homeward blast along the Bass Highway was thought to be uneventful, until after remustering at Dandenong, I was quick to learn that a nice policeman had made a date for Bob (Suzi 500) to visit the magistrate at Cranbourne.

So, I guess, for Bob it really was the non event of the year!

PRESENT:

Figgsy	650 Trumpy	Howard	650 yami
Ian	450 Honda	Les	650 yami
Rolf	350 Honda	Roger	350 Yami
David (visitor)	500 Honda	Steven	350 Yami
Neil (visitor)	500 Honda	Bob	500 Suzi
Donald	350 Honda	Peter & Lois	250 Suzi
Lloyd	500 Guzzi	Lester (visitor)	350 Suzi

Les L.

* * * * *

TOURING IN TASMANIA

As the M.S.C.A.V is now planning a tour of Tasmania during part of December, 1973 and January, 1974, I suggest you start saving. The Secretary will later provide details of costs, etc. (e.g: return fare for a motorcycle is currently \$9.60)

To help your planning, the following time may interest you. It is from the copy of KVAR, which I received recently. KVAR s the magazine of the P.S. I, too, have ridden all round Tasmania, and also recommend it, but read on:-

“If you enjoy touring and would like to see something a little different, then Tasmania is the very place for you. There is so much to see with the countryside varying from rich dairying country to rugged mountain scenes, and beautiful coastal views with lots of historical interest thrown in. however, the one thing that makes Tasmania so different from a motorcyclist’s point of view is the roads – Beautiful winding roads (bitumen) with bends and more bends. In fact, straight roads are very few and far between. If you have ever dreamed of riding round the Isle of Man but couldn't quite raise the fare, then Tassie is the next best place.

“Last November (1971) members of the F.O.A.A. spent an enjoyable vacation touring the island. One 500/4 was only 3 days old and was duly run in on the way to Melbourne. The crossing from Melbourne in the “Princess of Tasmania” (better known as the P.O.T) was uneventful and we commenced our trip from Devonport. We travelled around the island anti-clockwise, starting with Burnie and Stanley via the Cradle Mountain National Park, where we experienced our first Tasmanian dirt roads. From Stanley, we headed down the west coast (sometimes referred to as the “wet coast”) passing through Zeehan, Queenstown and Strahan. At Strahan, we had hoped to go on the famous Gordon River boat cruise, but, unfortunately, we were a day late. So we headed east towards Hobart on the Lyell Highway, visiting some of the large hydro-electric power stations on the way. We spent three to four days in Hobart and then moved on to Port Arthur, viewing some magnificent coastal scenery on the way. The old convict settlement at Pt. Arthur has much of interest to see and provides some real photos.

“Leaving Pt. Arthur we headed on up the coast easterly. Most of this area is similar to the central coast of N.S.W., but we didn't see much of it in the heavy rain. Two days of travel brought us to Launceston where we stayed for 4 days, visiting Bell Bay, the Batman Bridge and the gorges on the upper reaches of the Tamar River. A day trip from Launceston took us to the Great Lake and we were rewarded for our perseverance on some pretty rough roads by fresh snow.

“From Launceston we headed back down south toward Hobart on the Midland Highway, one of the few highways with long straight stretches of road. We deviated off the main highway again onto a few more wild dirt roads, to see some of the high mountains and peaks in the Ben Lomond National Park, and again encountered snow on the top peaks. In fact, the weather conditions had brought snow to most of Tasmania and it was about this time that a blizzard in the Cradle Mountain area

claimed the life of a bushwalker in a group from Melbourne. (The M.S.C.A.V. is going at a better time of the year)

“Back in Hobart again, we embarked on a series of day runs to visit such places as the Gordon River Dam, Brung Island and the Hastings Caves.

“Our last sightseeing tour was to the famous Cadbury’s chocolate factory, and later that night we left Hobart on the “Empress of Australia”, bound for Sydney after three weeks on the island. The boat trip was a bit disappointing, as there were no birds to talk to, although the food and facilities were excellent, so we just sat and drank.

“We arrived back in Sydney two days later after a most enjoyable holiday, and beginning to think – “Where the heck will we go next”?”

Darren.

* * * * *

A REALIST

A rail way crossing keeper was having an oral examination for his signals ticket. The exam went like this:

Q: “A fast express train is approaching your particular crossing. This train is travelling at about 60 to 70 miles per hour and your automatic system has failed. How would you stop the train?”

A: “Well, Sir, I would wave this train to a stop with my red danger flag.”

Q: “Very good. Now, say for instance the same thing happened at night. Signals failing, your red flag is no good at night. What would you do?”

A: “I would stop this train by waving my red lamp.”

Q: “Very well. Now say, for instance that you could not find your red lamp. What would you do?”

A: “I would call my wife.”

Q: “Why in the world would you call your wife?”

A: “To come and see the biggest bloody smash she’d ever seen in her life!!”

* * * * *

TOUR OF THE ORGAN PIPES – 27/8/72

The meeting time was 11am, and nearly everyone was there bright and early, including Warren, whom we hadn’t seen for quite a while. He only brings his bike out on sunny days now! Roger handed out pamphlets to everyone as soon as they arrived, telling us how our destination was formed and general rules when arriving there. We all headed off on our merry way, there being about 15 bikes and four cars.

We arrived at the park at about 12.10pm, and after talking to the Ranger, we all started walking (Yes! Walking, because it was a National Park!) down into the gorge to the pipes. It was something rather unusual to see great round columns of rock about 200ft high, really resembling organ pipes.

A few daring members decided to climb underneath, ignoring the signs saying not to. After about 15 minutes, everyone got sick at looking at these, so we meandered up to the bikes again. The majority decided to go to Calder raceway, which was just over the other side of the road. A few of us didn't come prepared for this (money wise) so we decided to make a run of our own. There was Roger, J.B, Frank & Kay Tapp, Derek & Babs, Peter S & sister and myself.

We headed off towards Gisborne where we had lunch and then on to Riddell. We lost a couple of members on the way – Roger and John. I think they went sightseeing on their own. After Riddell, we went to Kinglake National Park via Whittlesea. We took great care going through Whittlesea, because we heard that Ralph Nickels was taking flying lessons that day.

After walking along various trails and up to the lookouts, it got a bit overcast, so we thought we had better head homewards. We all headed back to Frank & Kay's for tea and supper in their house on wheels, after which we watched his blue movies – Abbott & Costello!

All in all, we had a marvellous day. I don't know how the others got on. I'll leave that to someone else to write up (Ha! Ha! – typist) Also, it would be nice on the next club run if at least one committee member turned up!!!

P.S Toyota's forever!

Greg Smith.

* * * * *

MIXED EMOTIONS:

A man who saw his mother-in-law go over a cliff in his brand new Jaguar!

* * * * *

THE PARTY TO END ALL PARTIES (TILL THE NEXT ONE) – 25th, 26th and 27th

Hell! Just where does one start with a function such as this? Probably with the first drinks, I s'pose. Bob and I started at 6pm in the pub, and then zapped out to Figg's ready to help prepare some of the goodies. By 8pm, there was at least 15 early arrivals, these, of course, being the usual "stayers".

For the next 5 hours, people kept walking in and out – usually staggering out! The liquid soon started to flow steadily, with every conceivable receptacle holding ice and the good stuff. "STIRRER" of the night went to Figg's little battery powered one, which did a sterling job all night, without dropping with exhaustion, surprisingly!

Rusty seemed to be in for a night of ups and downs – up on the floor dancing (mauling the girls, actually!) or flaked laying down on the bed, after consuming bulk quantities of Ouzo. He tends to become livelier with a few beers in him.

Some bright sparks decided I should become a swinger, so they promptly swung me all over the lounge and played catch with me ending up with a very sore rear end from hitting the floor.

With the refreshments slowly running out, the usual early leavers left, and others, being tired of whatever, crawling (literally!) off to any vacant bed in the Figg's establishment, to resume bright and early the next morning. Apparently, the last three survivors stumbled into bed at 5am.

A Brandi vino breakfast at 8.30am was followed by a Rose morning-tea with a fish & chip lunch a little later. Of course, the beer supply had been re-stocked at 10.01am, with new supplies being procured as required during the day.

Bruce, David and I had to leave to attend the committee night out at Lake Eppalock, which, as it happened, was pretty dead, so we gave it a big miss, opting to return to the party, still in progress! In order to appear alive for the remainder of the party, Figgys gave the car keys to me for the return journey, enabling him to sleep – SNEAKY!! I dipped out on going to the party, as I was by then very tired, so Bruce and David returned to the party alone.

Everyone finally called it a night (or two!) about 3.30am Sunday, much to the relief of the tape recorder and the other fixtures around the house.

CRYPTIC COMMENTS

Neil THINKS he enjoyed the party, but he can't even remember much between Friday night and Sunday morning!

Claw was bestowed with the Royal Order of the Broom-STICK on Saturday morning, and promptly set about be-STICKing everybody. Looks like the dog's got its pink rug back, at last!

Joyce played swappsy all night, then went red with embarrassment and picked a fellow to match.

What happened to Rusty's helmet? Seen on Rusty's door: Congratulations to the unemployed. You've got a job at last!

Figgys appreciates the donations, but not in the loo, please, coz it's not a wishing – well.

Big Daddy had his chain pulled.

Was Lance drunk, or did he really mean to sleep with his feet on the pillow?

Didn't see Snow White's other 6 dwarfs, but we saw Grumpy.

Claw was seen suckin-off flies-with the vacuum cleaner.

The birthday boy left early. Was he randy or rotten?

If the street-sweeper had got to Don's BSA, it would've been bits-stuck-anywhere, for sure!

John Fitz's nipples got nipped all night.

Figgys did a strip on Saturday arvo.

Margaret became a human shuttle cock by being chucked around the room. (Memories of another night's party, Marg??)

The party became very boisterous when the "little fellows" were passed round, as many paper plates were seen flying through the air – the main culprit being Graham (Muff-features!) himself.

Steve and Carmel are to be congratulated on the choice of a name for their child. David is a nice name, now, isn't it?

If Roger doesn't come to a party in the near future, we'll make him the permanent rear rider.

Ned is to be congratulated for the two words he spoke over the whole weekend, and for getting very randy when under the influence of incohol.

Would you believe Mick got drunk on milk? You don't ?? Stiff!!

Does Figgys breed mice, or was Brendan keeping them in his hair?

Who was it who was willing to pay \$1 for a glass of beer at 4am on Saturday morning, and who was the B... who sold it to him?

What dirty low down bastard stole 11 glasses from the party? For your information, Mr. Wise Guy, those glasses were hired and very hefty bill was forthcoming. I hope you feel really proud of yourself, for you will never be invited to one of my parties.

Howard seems to have improved his technique do the Aborigines do it differently in Alice Springs, eh, Howard??

(If you want to thump someone for any comment above, please make it either Bruce, David or Margaret!)