

EDITORIAL, APRIL, 1973.

Phew, what a hectic month, it seems that we have had so many social events lately that there's barely been any time to breathe.

The past few weeks have really given us some heavy downpours of rain and many members caught unawares hurriedly acquired new Belstaff outfits. Let's hope that the weather this winter will not be as bad as that for the last few weeks.

The more observant readers of the mag may realise that there is something missing this month. However, no prize will be given if you say the advertisements. The editors in their wisdom have decided to drop the ads so as more space will be available for all those wonderful write-ups that members have been dying to give us for the past year.

Any aspiring artists who fancy a quick doodle should also drop their drawings, characters etc – (clean or otherwise) into us for publication.

Interesting bit of news this month is that trailers for motorcycles will soon be on sale in Australia. They will be 6-7' long 4' wide, have three wheels and weigh in the vicinity of 100-224 lbs (Real knob ah Mick).

Interesting events for this month are: -

April 6 – Bike stunt team show

April 4 – Beach Party – details in this exciting edition of the mag (KBCP 6pm)

April 20-25 – Easter weekend camping trip to Porepunkah, 4 miles this side of Bright.

BILIOUS BABBLE

DID Mick ever find out who put beer in his spark plug leads?

DON'T TELL ANYONE AS IT IS A SECRET BUT MARGARET PEART DROPPED HER BIKE!!!

Urgent Notice: Wanted \$950 – see Lance.

It takes three people to pick up Garry's bike.

Wanted: Training wheels for one 750 Honda – apply Howard after dark.

John Wotzko has finally found out what it's all about – and he likes it, but he would still like a snorkel.

It was worthwhile cleaning up the camp site at Buxton as we found ½ doz cans of beer in the creek.

RIP Dog is kilt

Claw and Willi Editors

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GENERAL MEETING 2/3/73

Opened at 8.30pm, and a welcome was extended to all visitors.

APOLOGIES: Were received from Neil; Margaret; Eddie Veith, and Howard for being late!

NEW MEMBERS: Voted in was Ross Van Baur – 550 Suzi.

MINUTES: The minutes of the last meeting were read with no discussion
Passed by Greg Smith; 2nd by Jim Shiltong.

CORRESPONDENCE:

A letter from Mike Davis in England.

Advertisement for the International Motorcycle Show to be held at the Exhibition Buildings in September, for which we are going to book a site.

Notice from the Victorian Society of Crippled Children and Adults that there will be a motorcycle gymkhana on Sunday 4th March at the Showgrounds, and inviting us to compete, but our own sports day is the same day.

Letters from caravan parks and the Hydro-Electric Commission in Tasmania, re bookings for sites and a tour.

A selection of theatre posters.

Passed by Greg Smith; 2nd by Steve Jones.

GENERAL BUSINESS:

Buxton weekend: We will be camping up near the old mill, past the site we used last year.

Sports Day: Turn off at the signpost to the Melton Aerodrome, then go 4 ½ miles approx. Bring all riding gear. Joy flights will be available if wanted. B.B.Q facilities are available, or there are the shops in Melton.

Itinerary: Unavailable as yet, but will be sent out when ready.

Tassie tour: There are only 2 vacancies left, so book now if going.

Theatre night: We broke even, which was the main thing.

Mystery night: A good time was had by all. No further comment needed.

Congratulations were extended to Ian MacKay and his fiancé on the occasion of their engagement.

Club Rules: Howard gave the newer members a run-down on the major road rules of the club.

Moomba Night-out: Mick Fagan suggested a night out on the Yarra to see the Moomba skiing events.

Armchair Trial: Darren is the arranger, and it is to be held after the meeting.

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M.S.C.A.V. SPORTS DAY – 4th March, 1973.

There was a good turn up at the car park for our sports day. We proceeded at a rather brisk pace down Spencer Street and out onto the Highway. On approaching Melton, we were led astray by Darren for a short trip around the town. After we had sorted ourselves out of this, we continued on

to the Fogarty Fields Flying Club's ground, only to be told rather rudely to proceed down to the back paddock, of all places!

After we had all settled down, we were then told to go five paces back. Again we settled down, only to be told "Everybody get up and get your gear off", as this was to be the first event, or rather to get your gear back ON was the first event. This was won by Claw, who proved the value of not owning a Belstaff jacket.

The second event was the fast slalom. This was attempted by everybody, from 90 Kawasakis to 850 Guzzis. How they got those trucks between those little sticks I'll never know!

Event 3 was contested with the help of a navigator, which in some cases, one would believe that some had not even seen, let alone ridden a bike before.

Now to the 4th event, which was eagerly contested by all the would-be Agostini's in the club on their blue 750 4's, only to be won by a five-hundred two stoke piloted by Claw.

Event 5: The bottle top race was interrupted by lance looking under the tops for the rest of the bottles, and after having convinced him they had departed, the race was on and hotly contested by all.

Event 6 was played to the music of a Guzzi tooter – "Heaven forbid! Did it squeak!!" After having eliminated all contenders, the representative from King's Parking lived to be the proud owner of one green ice cream container, only to have it confiscated by his partner in crime.

Event 7 consisted of a push bike race, won by J.C with a 250 XL Honda. Always reckoned they were good push bikes!!

Event 8 was going to be a thriller as the spoons and golf balls all lined up, held by the eggs! Off they thundered across the tundra. As the dust settled, who should appear victorious but the illustrious 750 BMW without a tool kit ridden by ex-Private Fagan.

Event 9 was only contested by two stroke vertical twins, all of which blew plenty of smoke at the end of the 1000 yard dash.

All in all, a good time was had by all, and was climaxed for me personally by my one and only flight in a plane.

P.S If anyone is wanting to sell a size 78 stack hat, please contact..

Garry Osborn.

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M.S.C.A.V SPORTS DAY – OFFICIAL RESULTS

EVENT NO:	TYPE:	WON BY:
1.	Fire Alarm Race	David Cumming.
2.	Slalom – Solo	Garry Osborn
3.	Slalom – Pillion	Garry Osborn
4.	Bottle Top Race	Garry Osborn
5.	Slow Race – Slalom	David Cumming

6.	Slow Race – Straight line	John Cecil
7.	Musical Bikes	Bruce Higgs & Mick Fagan
8.	Push Bike Race	John Cecil
9.	Egg & Spoon Race	Mick Fagan
10.	M.S.C.A.V. Gift	Garry Osborn

Overall winner was Garry Osborn – 4 events.

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EPITAPH ON A TALKATIVE OLD MAID

“Beneath this silent stone is laid,
 A noisy, antiquated maid,
 Who, from her cradle talked till death,
 And ne’er before was out of breath.
 Whither sh’s gone we cannot tell:
 For if she talks not, she’s in ---!
 If she’s in ---, she’s there unblest
 Because she hates a place of rest.”

Benjamin Franklin, 1706-1790.

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SHE: “I don’t think I can ever learn to love you, Bill.”
 HE: “What a pity, just when I’ve been left a million.”
 SHE: “Give me one more lesson!”

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BUXTON WEEKEND. – 10th – 12th March

After passing a few vintage machines on the way in, and having given the 500 a little rest (meaning I dropped it!), I arrived to find a most pleasant spot had been picked for the camp site. There was plenty of room, and the creek was used for all sorts of reasons, such as a frig to most members and also as a crossing for the trail bikes, who had fun splashing everyone.

After lunch, we all seemed to wander over to a very noisy group who were watching the numerous bikes going through the water, spraying mud and water, with many onlookers getting a bit wet. I shivered at the thought of some swimming in it.

Later, we all joined in a game of poison ball and then some Frisbee throwing, assisted by Dog, who was having great fun. After this, the train lovers left. Food followed, and then almost everyone journeyed into Buxton for a session at the local, most enjoyable, with the only trouble being that if you stood at the bar too long you had to be careful you didn’t fall over, as the service was almost non-existent. So a couple of hours later some of us left and went back to camp.

I sat around the fire area, where it seemed to be quite lonesome, I thought, and carried on drinking, and on, and on, and on!! Was finally escorted back to my tent by Claw, at a rather late hour.

On Sunday, the bikes toured down the road, parked, then proceeded (the owners, that is!) to walk up Cathedral Mountain, which was quite strenuous, and many did not make it to the top, with Mick

attending to his favourite hobby of mending punctures! During the afternoon, some rested and watched others play kick-the-ball, with Garry really flying, and graham could not seem to keep out of the darn prickly bushes.

The evening saw some sitting around the fire, with “Chunky” going off to bed (?), then the others decided to go look for some wombats, which was quite funny, as they brought back a two legged one! A big wrestling match then developed between Figgsy and Claw, with the decision going to Figgsy, but only narrowly. A yarn session followed, while munching apples listened to Greg’s tapes and called it a day.

Monday morning found almost all packing, with the majority dispersing before lunch for home, after a splendid weekend. Except for one person who went home rather abruptly. Also you are free to do whatever you like when away on these trips, bar murder, so if you don’t enjoy yourself, then you have no-one to blame but yourself!

Big Daddy.

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CLUES.

ACROSS:

- 1: The leading members on a run strokes only
- 7: Unlike antelope.
- 9: Morning.
- 10: Twisting power.
- 12: With a Honda on 4 wheels than 2
- 13: Better done on 4 wheels than 2.
- 15 A version of Yamaha.
- against them in Elizabeth Street.

DOWN:

- 1: Most unpleasant noise heard on 4
- 2: Before noon.
- 3: Last carriage in a train.
- 4: There.
- 5: Adjective for a blown motor.
- 6: Un-wet.
- 7: Park motorcycle rear wheels

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| 16: What you do when you see a log of wood ahead. | 8: Poor and |
| 18: For example. | 11: Quantity surveyor. |
| 20: Fills a hole in your head | 13: Period of light. |
| 22: Little people who hate girls | 14: That is |
| 23: Smell | 17: Promise |
| 24: Exclamation of pain | 19: Lover of fine foods. |
| 25: Animal quack
have one. | 21: Power plants – all motorcycles |
| 27: Your seat may do this after a long run | 23: Man's name. |
| 28: Covenant. | 26: Electric current. |
| 29: Type of street sign – illumination. | 28: Englishman. |
| 31: Fruit
have at least one. | 30: Hearing device. Most people |
| 35: A lifting lobe found in Honda 4 | 32: Period of time |
| 37: The state of the garage before a Ducati starts | 33: Man's name |
| 38: Queen Elizabeth. | 34: Noisy horn (abbrev) |
| 39: Where, on bikes, potential power is stored | 36: Symbol for gold. |
| | 37: Mercedes 230 |

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BACK TO Buxton 10th – 12th March.

Feeling very adventurous and brave, you set out alone for Buxton on the Friday afternoon, finding, after negotiating the extremely poor quality track inland from the highway, the previously agreed-upon camp site at the remains of the now extinct Cook's Sawmill, having almost decapitated several creatures of the night in the process.

One learns it's rather hard to find sufficient wood to start a fire and erect a tent, all in the few remaining minutes before night falls blackly upon you. Result: huddle up in the tent and hope to Hell some of the others arrive before you start getting scared at the slightest movement of wind through the trees above you.

Peace, perfect peace, as sleep overtakes you, only to be rudely awakened very shortly afterwards by the alarming loud noise of several bikes seemingly hurtling towards you in your half-awakened stupor, blinding light falling upon you. Company at last, and frantic efforts by the females to gather a small amount of kindling, aided by the light of a headlamp to rebuild the now-dead campfire, snuggled amongst the very convenient enclosure of fallen logs, which in days long gone were part of the overhead winch system of the sawmill. Coffee makings miraculously appear, minus the milk, and steaming coffee is gulped down in an effort to keep warm, before ambling away to sleep.

Dawn broke bright and clear, to light upon a figure already out and about collecting fire wood, which in itself was rather unusual, that body invariably being the last up on other camping occasions. As the fire flickered and grew, the owner of the white BMW roused and sighted the sun falling on the rock-faced mountain to the west, turning it into a many hued spectacle. This just had to be seen by the wife of a fellow BMW owner, who upon being rudely awakened by shouts, stuck her head out and examined it appreciatively.

By and by others came to life and seemed to be magnetized towards the fire, now blazing, and shortly the smell of cooking foods rose to mingle with the fresh, natural smells of damp earth and gum leaves, accentuated by the ever present murmur of ripples in the week to the rear of the tents.

During the night, our beautiful campsite had been invaded by a horde of little male-type kids, unbeknownst to we slumbering bikers. They stood and watched, perhaps enviously, our blazing fire and breakfast preparations.

Another biker group, who had rested for a short while at the local the previous night and not having ventured far enough inland to discover our camp, arrived amidst the pop-pop of a certain noisy little contraption sometimes called a bike and at other times, various other names. This machine was then brought into action against the invading horde by such antics as doing wheelies across their breakfast table, as yet reposing upon the ground unused.

The tent city gradually grew, and the early arrivals withdrew, per 4-wheel drive, to the town, to stock up on provisions, passing en route members of the official leaving time run, struggling to stay upright on the rocky surface of the track.

On returning, we noticed that the little invaders had departed for more peaceful surroundings a short way up the track. By this time, the ten population had grown considerably, and bodies were seen relaxing in the shade of the trees or just ambling around the site in general.

Lunch preparations soon began appearing in earnest, making the camp fire enclosure into a community kitchen. Various items of perishable food were stored in the freezing waters of the creek, hiding from the ever warming rays of the sun. The creek was also to become the camp esky hours later, with liquid refreshments from the local being hoarded against future need.

The afternoon brought forward the active, energetic ones for some Frisbee throwing, poison ball and lastly, "keepysie-off", which game resulted in the tennis ball disappearing into the thick, prickly foliage of the backstop of blackberry bushes. Heavy gloves and other implements of destruction were brought into action to retrieve the precious object of play. Finally, after many scratches had been incurred by the searchers, it appeared safe and sound, only to find the majority had lost the urge for ball games. A short walk then took place, with only a few venturing forth to discover the damp, dark unknown surrounding us.

As dusk fell some decided to have their evening meal at the camp, while others preferred to partake of the excellent meals offered by the local pub. When the campfire cooks had finished, the majority piled into the 4 wheeled machines and set out for Buxton and an evening of drink and entertainment. At the Hotel, some relaxed out in the cool of the beer garden, while others, the more hardened drinkers, chose seats in the lounge.

It was almost possible to play a game of pool whilst waiting to be served at the drink counter. The service was extremely slow, but the low cost of some drinks more than made up for the long wait entailed. Dispersal, or more correctly, mass evacuation, eventually with bodies in varying stages of stupefaction, but the trip back to camp was basically uneventful, save one incident which resulted in one car being disgorged of its load to enable it to be driven off an obstruction, namely a mound of dirt and rocks.

Arrival at the camp site saw one Big Daddy-type person beautifully stupefied by the fire, having had a quiet night of drinking by the fire by himself. Much to the astonishment of all present, said person did issue forth words which did not become one of his religious standing and character. Of course, this was emphatically denied come the morning and sobriety!

Sunday brought another cold, yet fine, dawn and this spurred the enthusiasm of those who indulge in walking up mountains and such energetic recreations. The trail-bikers had departed earlier for to explore the wilds, leaving the walkers to gather and set off for Cathedral Mountain. A few remained at the camp for various reasons of their own, and somehow occupied themselves.

You who love trains have departed previously for parts unknown, to ogle those iron and steel monsters to one's heart's content. The packing of gear upon your bike signifies your taking leave of the camp, which effort was shown by several after the mountain climbers had gone away. You leave the site and trundle slowly and carefully along the now muchguttered track back to the highway, dodging the ever present stream of vehicles along the way, until you see before you a gathering of fellow people halted at the side of the road.

This gathering is occasioned by the sight of the Cathedral, towering above the surrounding tree-tops. Amidst this gathering, you find a greasy, begrimed amateur motorcycle mechanic endeavouring to rectify the air-level – now non-existent – in one vital part of the machine, namely the rear tyre, this fault being commonly known as having a puncture. As time passes, you notice, but don't register the fact, that the travellers have passed away out of sight; you notice certain of those energetic bushwalkers, mainly of the female species, staggering dejectedly through the undergrowth towards you, the mountain retaining its secrets for those worth of obtaining them.

More time passes, spent leisurely relaxing in the cool shade, before the all-conquering mountain climbers appear through the bush in front of you. Water, pure, cool water is brought forth in a carrier, to quench the nagging thirsts, generously offered by those of the 4 wheel drive with canine friend.

To return to the camp the basically simple way is not asserting your spirit of adventure, the ruggedness of untraversed country appealing more strongly, almost tugging to turn the wheel unaided by you. So you set forth in and out of the tangles of growth, tossing and turning hither and thither, gradually making your way back to camp, amidst much hilarity from your passengers.

The afternoon is dragging, you retrieve the Frisbee and listlessly toss it to and fro, appearing to be energetic when not entirely so. The creek bed appeals to the more highly spirited as a means of enjoyment, both by immersing the whole body into the cooling waters, and through the excitement of hurtling, water splashing in all directions, across the entire expanse of water by bike, so determined to achieve the opposite bank, amidst shouts of encouragement from those onlooking.

But as the sun begins to fade away to other parts, the splendour of the bush is lost to some, who pull down their tents and leave, facing the everyday drudgery of city life. To each his own. You have no alternative, then, but to prepare more nourishment at the camp, or to face the rough track back into Buxton for some of the excellent fare offered by the hoteliers there. You have a much more quiet evening than the previous – perhaps you are still suffering slightly from the after effects? The peaceful bush soon calls and you return to camp at 9pm, to laze around the fire, sitting, talking, thinking, watching, doing little or nothing of interest, to you or to others.

You gain energy slowly, and eventually decided to go hunting for wombats, those creatures of the bush who venture forth only by night, into the seemingly peaceful atmosphere of nature. To return empty handed would bring shame and degradation upon you, and as you stumble upon a fallen, slumbering heap of humanity, you immediately carry forth your prize – a two-legged wombat, who strangely enough, happens to wear those articles of sight commonly known as spectacles.

Some of you may abjectly surmise the fate of the female of the species who had to return to the city to answer the call of duty. Maybe she will return; maybe not – tomorrow, perhaps? To return tonight would be to arrive not before 1.30am at least, and to be unlucky and unfortunate in dropping to the ground, rocks, water or whatever, her machine, maybe three times in all. Opinions differ, but the feeling of uncertainty remains.

One of your fellows is not acting in good character and manners towards you, so you prepare a devilish scheme to outwit and enrage him. Perhaps a little rock, gently but expertly, located under the differential of his 4 wheeler may have the desired affect? He is sleeping, some short distance away, in his little tent. A weight lifting and holding device is procured and placed strategically to enable the rock to be placed into the correct position. Oh! So perfect, with the rear wheels almost, although not quite, adhering to the earth. What chance an easy departure, come the morn??

Listen! Out of the still night a soft noise is heard, nearing the camp. Surely not she returned already? But you notice the machine is, in appearance, unaltered but emanating a slight warmth around the now silent engine. Your timing device shows only 12.25. Quite amazing! The fire magnetizes the cold rider, while the lusty, bawdy tunes of days past flow forth from the dark behind

the fire. But the bodies are wilting slowly to sleep; the enclosure of the fire empties and is still, save for one giant of the forest, simmering softly but continuously hour after hour, day then night.

Another dawn faces you, together with the thought of dismantling the tent and the stowing away of gear onto the machine. Breakfast smells overtake the early morning freshness and a babble of voices rises to an almost crashing crescendo, falling then rising, again and again. The chatter – chatter of machines in action tackling the banks of earth and the back trails takes over the area, and you feel you must become part of it, so you ignite your machine into action and thunder off to join those already in possession of the joyous feeling of freedom.

The city beckons you once again and you must return to your duty, so you prepare to leave, wondering at the sound of the nearby kookaburra, vainly trying to issue forth laughter, maybe to be directed at you, who knows, should it succeed in flowing forth.

Slowly the signs of occupation of the area disappear, leaving only a growing pile of garbage, to rust away in peace. The dirt track stares you in the face again, but you grind it under churning wheels and re-enter the outside world as the bitumen surface of the highway appears, the sight blacked momentarily by a herd of animals being driven slowly towards you. You wait, let them pass, and again head for the main road and the life you normally lead.

The thought of good country food rises; you stop one last time at the hotel, partake, and then set off again. By then your machine also need more food, so you procure for it and head out, finally, for home. The tar stretches for miles; the feeling of togetherness with those in front and behind is there, urging you on, faster, faster, till the sharp winding curves and hills of the Black Spur envelope you, forcing all vehicles to a slow, crawling pace. Undaunted, you skip quickly past these obstructions whenever safe to do so, gaining the lead, falling behind those in front for a short distance, then on again, and down into real civilization at last.

You're all spread out, not knowing who rides behind nor in front, till at last you must diverge to travel our own way home along well known roads, sometimes often cursed for the problems they bring upon you.

In time you'll hear the call, the need to get away from it all, and the peace of the bush will appeal greatly to you, the thought springing lightly, but forcefully and repeatedly, into your mind. You must go back – back to Buxton!!

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FROM: THE SAYINGS OF JOSH BILLINGS

“Good common sense is as healthy as onions; we often see those who are good simply because they haven't enough sense to be bad, and those who are bad just because they haven't got sense enough to be good.”

“The man who doesn't know himself is a poor judge of the other fellow.”

American Humour, 1883.

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BUXTON – 11TH – 12TH MARCH

Well Sunday awoke to the buzzing of motorbikes, and after being hit on the head several times with a pillow I decided to get up. A lot of people didn't look very well that morning, it could have had something to do with the night before. Big Daddy was not his usual self, after everyone came back

from the pub Saturday night they found him full as a boot and swearing away merrily as he lay by the campfire.

Anyway getting back to Sunday about 9am Big Daddy, Ian Taylor, Maralin, Gill, John B and myself set off for Marysville where Big Daddy had to go to church. We didn't get far because while going over one of the small bridges one of the boards broke and we ended up in the creek. Three car loads of people passed before anyone stopped to give us a hand. After putting boards, rocks and branches under it without any success, some bright chappy suggested putting a board under the sump guard and levering it off. (IT WORKED) We finally arrived in Marysville about ¼ of an hour late, because we couldn't find the church. While Peter was saying his confessions we all went for a walk. About an hour later we all headed back to Buxton where we picked up a hitch-hiker, Brian Murphy, and we took him back with us to the camp. About half way back we came upon a few club members who were fixing a puncture on a BMW (I didn't think you got punctures on B.M's). We kept going and arrived back at camp in time to watch the water follies.

The afternoon was spent watching Pauline's effect of pole vaulting the creek, moving Kurt's mini bike to the other side of the creek, and a floating beer can race – or just lazing around listening to music. Towards the end of the day a few weakies went home – Pauline & Les, Ian & Group, Graham, Nance and dog, Margaret, Kurt and Debbie. The rest either stayed at camp and had tea, or piled into my car and went down to the pub for a counter tea. On the way we passed Moe, who had 2 punctures in his car due to the rough roads. He rode his bike back to camp to get a spare from Murphy.

After finally reaching the pub, who should be there but Roger and John B sipping lemon squashes. We had a beaut tea (I think) and left about 8.30. John discovered he had a puncture when leaving, so we couldn't race him back to camp.

After a couple of drinks a few decided to go wombat hunting, while the rest of us sang dirty ditties around the camp fire. The hunters returned about an hour later with a big wombat, (Lance) who had to be carried down from the top of the hill. Marg P returned from Melbourne at about 12, and soon after we all went to bed. (Marg must have had a good night! ED)

The next day found everyone up bright and early with few ill effects of the previous night (perhaps we are getting used to it). J. Barker decided to head for home early but he couldn't get his car to move, the back wheels seem to have been spinning in mid air. After a bit of loose language flying through the air, he finally got it to move and he left camp nearly taking Moe with him. we all had a general ride around of everyone else's bike, then most of us packed up and headed for the Golden Fleece Restaurant at Buxton for lunch.

Big Daddy, Cheryl, Ian H and myself arrived at Cheryl's at about 3pm, we headed into town about 5pm and met everyone at 191 for tea. After tea we all headed to the River Bank to watch the fireworks. As usual everyone lost everyone else but we still had a good time. We left there before the rush started and I dropped Peter & Cheryl home at East Malvern and Ian at Chelsea and by the time I got home it was well after 12.00, I can't complain though I had a most enjoyable but exhausting time.

Greg

Cryptic Comments

'Who went swimming with nothing on, Mick?'

'How's our camera Bruce?'

And a word from Roger 'Yeeeees'.

'Austins forever'

BLACKWOOD - 18th March.

After leaving home at 10am, I proceeded to the car park, where on arrival, I was welcomed by some cheery members (non-drinkers who had failed to go to Mo's party the previous night!). So after about a half hour wait, the fortunate few decided to get going for Blackwood.

While proceeding along as the rear rider on the Kwaka, it decided to earth its wiring, and was locked up on the side of the road, having decided to go pillion with Darren. But by the time we got going, the club had vanished into thin air.

We decided to go straight to Blackwood, and arrived to find Roger (smolzer), Neville and Mick Fagan, but no official club run. After a short time of doing nothing, thought we'd go for a short ride in Darren's suggestion, and soon returned with the club, who we located at the pub, of all places.

Made a short trip to the springs, costing 20c each then went home along the back way to miss the Calder crowd. At Woodend, I changed places with Ian, and rode his Yami back to 191 restaurant for tea, with some going home soon afterwards. All in all, a good day.

(The Kwaka is going okay again!!)

Kwaka Kidd.

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Three little pigs dropped into a bar. The first said: "Give me 10 beers and show me the way to the men's room." The second said: "Give me 11 beers and point out the stall for pointers." The third said: "Give me 12 beers." The bartender asked, "Don't you want to know where the toilet is?" and the third little pig replied: "No, I'm the little pig that wee, wee, wees all the way home."

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A young, pretty elementary school teacher got herself a country teaching job and arrived at the rural school with some trepidation. On the first day of school she asked each pupil to rise and clearly give his name. One mischievous looking youth gave his name as "Harry Wort, Jnr." That evening, she decided to check up on this. When the postman arrived with the mail she asked him, "Do you have a Harry Wort on your route?" The mystified mailman thought a minute and said, "No ma'm, but I've got a big black male on my hind end."

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A GOOD LENGTH

Hmmm! Must have been another MSCAV type party on the Saturday night, judging by the turn up at KBCP at 8.30am. Oh, yes! Mim's party. Nevertheless, two of the party goers managed to make it. A few others were going to Winton, and I believe they sure did go – like at about 90mph!

Anyhow!! About 9 of us left for Jamison with the first stop at Buxton. Of course, this meant we crossed the Black Spur, and one certain Trumpy and a Yami 650 were rumoured to have nearly lapped the rear rider. We stopped at Buxton for gas and eats, and then through the town past the pub without stopping. Passing this particular pub brought back wonderful memories of a good weekend: leaving the pub at 11.30pm on Saturday night; flat tyres; No's mate, J.B; mountain climbing; wombat hunting, and pouring Big Daddy into his tent.

Anyhow! On to Bonnie Doon for lunch beside a railway line, but luckily our T.T wizard (Time Table, not Tiny Tits!) knew what time the next train was due, so we could guth our lunch down and sorf before it came. The road to Jamison form Bonnie Doon was quite grouse, in fact it was bloody terrific! A short tour of Jamison, then a stop for an ice cream. We had been there onl a few minutes when a bloke in plain clothes pulled up in an unmarked car opposite us.

Man (abruptly): "Who's your leader?"

Secretary (calmly): "I'm the Secretary of this club."

Man (rudely): wiggles finger and beckons Secretary over to him.

Secretary (with ice cream) walks over.

Man (abruptly): "I'm the local policeman. Where are you from?"

Secretary (kindly) gives the name of the club: explains what type of club it is and what we do; where we've come from; how long we've been here (5 mins); where we're going, and that we're going in 5 minutes.

Pig (accusingly): "And besides stirring up trouble, what else are you going to do here?"

Secretary (annoyed): "We haven't stirred up any trouble yet and we don't intend to!"

Pig (still with the same view of all motorcyclists) mumbles something about trouble with bikies and says "You can go, boys."

Secretary (walking away, mumbles under breath), "Ignorant bastard! Doesn't he know a man is innocent until proven guilty?"

Anyhow!! We left Jamison and the secretary must still have been upset because he suggested previously that we stop for petrol, but rode straight past. A good thrash up the mountain to the lookout where we waited for Roger to take some photos. (No trains up there, thank God!!)

The next 20 miles was very, very dusty gravel road, and amazingly everyone got very, very dusty except the leader – (Chuckl! Chuckle!) However, it was well worth it because of the 12 miles of Snowy Mountains type road before Eildon. That Trumpy and Yami 650 wore much side rubber off their tyres and foot pegs again. We blew the dust off from Eildon to Buxton where we again went past the pub without stopping. That's twice in one day – amazing!!

Over the Black Spur – all the traffic was burnt off by those two bikes again – and the club sort of became rather spread out in the heavy traffic. Then the leader found himself leading only his own rear end when Les Leahy on the Yami 650 turned off for home.

We all grouped again at 191, where a few more of the party goers had emerged. The day finished watching tele and eating chips at Ian and Denise's flat.

Anyhow! A good days ride for those who don't mind a good length – we did 300 miles for the day.

figgsy

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VICE CAPTAIN'S APRIL FOOL'S TOUR – Sunday, 1st April

On arrival at the car park, I was net by several members already there. As time passed on, more members arrived, until approximately, at 10.45am, 20 members left the car park. With Mick Fagan leading, we had to follow him round, and round, and round the city, although gradually heading out towards the Kinglake area. We went through Heidelberg and along dirt roads again, taking the back road to Kinglake, where at the turn off to the National Park, Mick forgot to leave a corner-marker, with the result that half the club got themselves lost.

The rest, the un-lost lot, caught up with the others in the local milk bar. After the rest arrived, we learned that Ian's fiancé went for a trip off Darren's bike. She decided to pull her leg across the

seat, instead of over, and it got caught, and as she vanished from sight, a puff of smoke came up as she hit the ground on the other side.

After re-joining the rest of the club, we went on another trip and, would you believe, along more dirt roads to a tower, where some of the bikes went trail riding.

Eventually, when everybody got back, we proceeded along the made road to Healesville, where we stopped for tea. Then back to Kinglake, and back to 191 restaurant, and still later round to les and Pauline's.

Kwaka Kidd.

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An American went to Hong Kong to see that part of the world. He went to a bar and later to the rest room. Upon finishing his job, he searched far and wide for toilet paper, but couldn't find any. Finally he asked the bartender where some was. The bartender replied, "You are in Hong Kong now and here we do things differently. You see that little hole in the roof of the rest room? If you wipe yourself with your finger and stick it through that hole, it will be cleaned by human lips."

The man said, "But no-one will do that!" But the bartender insisted they do. So the guy said, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained." He went back inside the rest room, wiped and stuck his finger through the hole. An old Chinaman was sitting up there with two bricks and immediately slammed the finger between two bricks. "Oh!" screamed the man, sticking the finger in his mouth. The bartender said, "See, I told you it would be cleaned by human lips!"

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