

POLICE STATE OR NOT

As we all know motorcyclists over the past month have been receiving a rough time in Elizabeth Street on a Saturday morning. For the first two weeks a dozen or so Police booked only bikes and when they ran out of bikes they booked cars, as was the case last Saturday.

These bookings are not bad in themselves, but one cannot help believing that the locality they have chosen for their raids is a direct attempt to hound and book every motorcyclist that enters the city area. Don't you think that these police would have more effect if they harassed drovers in the suburbs instead of adding to the congestion in the city area?

Last weekend also showed up the pure arrogance of the force when seven of our members were threatened with the charge of obstruction when standing on the footpath outside Mayfairs. It seems the policeman concerned did not like these people watching him as he chased cars up and down the street, so he threatened them with one of his mouse trap laws.

Section 4 of the Summary Offences Act 1956 states:

“That where in a prosecution for obstructing a footpath the obstruction alleged is by assemblage of persons (not being a procession) or by any person or person forming part of or connected with such assemblage the court shall not convict the defendant unless it is satisfied that having regard to all the circumstances of the case and to the amount of traffic which actually was at the time on the footpath there was undue obstruction thereof”.

All this means, is that our members were in the right as they were practically the only people on the footpath at the time. It is no wonder that one can come to the conclusion that Victoria is becoming more like a police state every day.

What can we do about it, you may well ask? Firstly remember that the force is controlled by the present government of Victoria and it is your right as a tax payer and voter to complain of any treatment dished out to you unjustly. Remember the police must also work within the law.

If this sort of thing happens to you, find out exactly what the law is and then write to your local member of parliament, as he was put there by the people and the people can take him out just as quickly if he does not take up the cases of his constituents.

Motorcyclists have the same rights and privileges as every other road user and they shouldn't have to pay through the nose to get them.

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OUT ON A LIMB.

The redhead in court was so amply stacked that even the judge could not take his eyes off her.

“Now the,” he finally said. “You say the defendant stole the money from your stocking?” “That's right, Your Honour,” the redhead smirked. “While you were wearing the stocking?” “Yes, Your Honour”.

“Then why the devil didn't you stop him?”

The redhead shrugged her half covered shoulders, “Well, Your Honour,” she said, “I didn't know what he wanted.”

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A FRIDAY NITER TO APOLLO BAY

Little Mick and I wended our way through peak hour traffic on New Footscray Road at about 6.30 to strike one of the thickest fogs on Geelong road that I've ever seen.

After a cold slow 20miles of seeing about 3 white lines in front of us, we finally cleared it and struck off for Geelong quite happy to be in the clear air at last. In Geelong Mick's Suzuki decided to fall to pieces, (nearly as bad as Ducatis) and the front number plate had to be re-screwed to its holder again. (What about your box, J.C – ED)

Once again we set off only to be held up again by the same problem in Aireys Inlet, so the offending article was removed and stuffed elsewhere. Stopped at Lorne for tea (Flake & ten chips) and then took off (much fanging) around the Great Ocean Road to Apollo Bay.

Arrived at about 9pm, and naturally headed straight to the only establishment open in Apollo Bay, (actually I was forced by Mick – got to keep himself employed he reckons). Had a quick ale, bought a few tubes and proceeded to the local caravan park to set up camp. On arrival we found Roger and Jolyon camped in what at first sight appeared to be a swamp. (Well done Roger!) Not being satisfied with this we cruised and perused the area (Mick managed to bog his bike and drop it – must have been the smell of those cans on the tank Mick?) and finally came up with a site next to the river that was reasonably firm and dry. While setting up camp we were checked out by some skin divers over the fence, good chaps.

Shortly with great commotion Garry & Mim arrived (noisy wog motorcycles) and set up camp beside us, we then proceeded to down a few cans. At precisely one o'clock as predicted by us experts, Mick & Vickie, also Les & Geoff turned up, sought a look a bit chilled they did, anyway they set up camp and we all retired separate ways (should have had an all night orgy and dept warm).

In the morning, we awoke to find that the sun was up and shining, (cunning fellars these Friday niters.) Anyway after breakfast had been consumed, (Roger took his usual three hours!) I managed to amaze everybody – including myself, by catching a few Mullet in the nearby river, stupid things must have been deaf as well as hungry, with the noise that was going on around about.

Incidentally, to anybody that possesses any fishing gear – never let Ian Taylor near it, or it will finish up in a bloody pine tree for sure – you big peasant, you couldn't hit a barn with a bucket of wheat at five feet! At lunch time the official club run arrived. This consisted of some goers, who went home because of the cold, Slack! And some stayers who stayed. No brains like the rest of us!

Mick filled in the afternoon with a Fagan style trail ride. As usual he brought back a very muddy B-M, and a collapsed Vickie! She had to get off and walk – not good Mick! In the evening the more energetic gathered some firewood and took it to the local recreation hut, after which followed the usual club run to the local for supplies. Some of the stayers (the whole two) had been there the better part of the afternoon and were quite lively when I arrived – some to the point of going stroppo actually! (They only go stroppo when provoked – ED)

Anyway apart from Big Daddy wanting to strip – Little Mick and Ian Hurford singing bawdy songs, D.C wrapped around a chair leg and some other carrying on, we finished up back at the camp site by about 10.30pm, in the said shed.

Here much merriment was noted, with Higgs starting a spray fight – what a waste of good ale – you'll get yours pal! D.C also scored a beer shampoo – but funny thing was he looked rather worse for it, very strange!

Anyway finally got to bed at some hour – don't know for sure! Beautiful day on Sunday – pity the revellers weren't in the same condition. Incidentally, I understand Ian Hurford now eats Biff, (I thought he canned it – ED) only trouble was Little Mick stood in it when he got up.

Had breakfast, ran around and stirred up the locals, watch it mister or I'll ride my motorcycle sideways up your horses! Seems they didn't like David and I driving around in the local horse rink, could have fooled us though. (Which doesn't take much – Typist)

After a game of tennis without bats, (except all the 2 legged ones) everybody packed up camp, as the weather was hanging foul, and headed back to Melbourne for the cafe. Arrived in drabs and drabs all very cold and settled down to the usual cafe repast, all very tired but happy with the weekend at Apollo bay.

J.C

Those there: Garry & Mim – Guzzi 750; Mick & Vickie – BM; David & Bob – Suzy 500; Stewart – Suzi 500; Bruce & Pat – Peugeot; Trevor – Yami 200; Les L – Yami 650; Geoff – Honda 4; Ian Taylor – 600 BM; Mo, Robyn and friends – Laverda & Mini; Tony Fenech – Honda 4; Paul & Georgy – 500/4; Les & Pauline – BM; Roger – Yami 650; Big Daddy & Smithy – Austin; Margaret – Honda 350; Little Mick – Suzi 500; Jolyon – BM 600; Ned – new BM; Ian Hurford – 550 Suzi; Lance – 500 Suzi.

Those that didn't stay: Garry Osborn; Darren; Howard H; Wacker Ackland.

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MT. LEURA

About 8 bikes met at KBCP, as well as a car or two. Promptly one hour late we set off, with Ned leading and myself as rear rider. We rode out through Geelong and stopped further on for petrol. At about noon, we arrived at Camperdown and stopped for lunch at a service station, however some preferred hamburgers after seeing the price list. When we more refined types finished devouring our meals, we prepared to ride on to Mt Leura. We were joined by a few late starters (guess they couldn't take Garry's party the night before) and set off for the lookout.

For anyone who likes corners, the road to the top was good though slightly wet. We were rather sorry that Vikki didn't come, as she could have had another slide down the hill. There was a reasonable view from the top, and we were particularly impressed by a huge rain cloud which looked like it was preparing to follow us home. Undaunted, our heroic leader decided on a slightly longer way home, so filled up at Camperdown and headed for home.

We had a good run home with no rain and very little traffic, literally very little, as the only vehicles we met were some frightened sheep, who nearly choked themselves on the fence wire in their hurry to get away from the bikes. We stopped at Geelong where we had some free (???) coffee and DID NOT SEE A WEDDING, JC! We arrived at the cafe at about 5.30pm and I am pleased to announce the rear rider arrived within ten minutes of the leader. All in all, a very good day.

Heather.

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EDITORIAL AUGUST, 1973

There really isn't much to rave about this month, so you'll just have to put up with the following, wont you?

The following:

Shock of the month came in the form of Donald Sexton getting up to win the male section (well, I should hope it was the male section – typist) of this year’s Pool Championship. Perhaps a case of more arse than class?

“Carry on Abroad” is the film chosen by your ever helpful committee for this month’s theatre night. The tickets are selling for a mere \$1.50, from Bruce, so hurry and get yours (hoping you are the same) as there is a very limited supply.

Heather has trouble telling which bike is hers in the dark. (Well I suppose all Hondas do look the same!) - - - But not quite as alike as Suzis are – typist.

The location for the camp at Lakes Entrance for the weekend of 18th – 19th is White’s Caravan Park. Go through the town and turn left when you reach the footbridge, then turn right. Whatever that means!!

Honda 4 riders don't drink. (who says so?? – typist)

The antics at Garry’s party would be well worth reading about. Pity no one bothered to do a writeup....

The chaps in Darwin must not be enjoying themselves all that much if they can still find time to write those reams of letters we have received. Fagan passed the leader on last Sunday’s club run. (The fine is to hand in his BMW owner’s key Ron.

Les Leahy tells some really interesting tales with a few under his belt – drinks, that is!!

Claw and Willi

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THE ALPINE RALLY

Well, peoples, when you were all in bed on the Saturday morning, Ned and I set off for the Alpine Rally. The first leg of the journey was uneventful, and no other bikes were seen until we got to Wodonga, where we met the Bendigo bike club.

Ned, forgetting that his meals for the next three days were going to be canned food, ordered a big meal of baked beans on toast. On leaving Wodonga, we set off for Corryong, and from there we headed for the snow and Kiandra. In the process of travelling there, Ned stopped on the top of a hill, with double lines and a horse shoe – bend, just to take a photo of his speedo, which read 30,000. (Incidentally, the photo showed everything BUT the speedo!)

After that little incident, we started climbing and encountered some light snow and thin ice on the roads. We refuelled at Kiandra and headed for the camp.

Upon arriving at the campsite, we were met with the sight of many peoples putting up tents everywhere. One thing noticeably absent was the unwanted four – wheelers. (Shit hot!!)

A quick walk out of the area decided us to camp next to a fire place, opposite the toilets. (Toilets sounded better, boys – typist) The tent pitching was followed by a wood gathering expedition up the side of the hill, with Jill riding back to front on the Boomer, to steady the fence posts.

A fire was lit, using plenty of petrol, and we sat down to await the arrival of the other MSCAV members. First to arrive were Cheryl and Stuart, followed by Bob P and then Rick and Lil, after a heart warming? Stay at the Kiandra pub.

On Sunday we eventually got to see through Yarrongabilly Caves – third time lucky! At Christmas time, they were closed because of bush fires, and on the Tumut weekend they were closed due to a power failure. These caves are the best we have been through so far.

We then went to ride to Cabramurra, but on account of the fact it was snowing rather heavily and the black road disappeared into the white hill and they don't supply windscreen wipers with full face helmets, we stopped and talked with John Galvin, who was wearing a red Belstaff jacket.

Monday saw all the peoples packing up and heading for home. The return trip was almost uneventful, except for Stuart picking up a \$40 on the spot for speeding through a small hick town in New South Wales.

REFLECTIONS OF THE ALPINE:

It is recommended that whoever can go to it next year DO SO, as it was a thoroughly enjoyable weekend, as you have the chance to meet some 500 other motorcyclists. If that number of people make the trip each year, there is no reason why the club can not go next year.

Weather conditions: - We had three days of beautiful sunshine. The nights were foggy but mild. It is advisable to take an extra sleeping bag or blankets, as the campsite is located 5 miles down from the snow line.

Roads: - We travelled over 13 miles of snow covered roads between Corryong and Cabramurra, and made it through OK. However, on Saturday night, there was 3 inches of snow and it snowed all day on Sunday, making it impassable.

Next year it would pay to check with the Wodonga Police on road conditions, in case it is necessary to go through Tumut.

Ned and Mick.

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UNION MADE

Young Pete, the plumber, was handsome and women loved to use him for more than just plumbing. Pete was such a strict union man that most women were often surprised in their relations with him.

Take the case of the busty blonde who called him up to fix a leak. Pete fixed the leak, but while fixing it, he became very friendly with the blonde – so friendly they wound up in bed. At five, they were disturbed by a phone call.

“Oh!” the blonde gasped, “it’s my husband! He’s coming home early. But he said he has to go out again for a business appointment at 9. So why can’t we take up where we left off?”

“What?” Pete said shocked, “come back in my own time?”

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LOOSE WITH THE LAW

“Young man”, said the judge, “you have been accused of stealing a lady’s petticoat. What have you got to say for yourself?”

“Your Honour, it was my first slip.”

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TRIP TO ELEPHANT RALLY – JANUARY 1973

Setting out for Palmers Green in North West London we (Ian Hallet and I) headed south towards Dover. As I had only just acquired the outfit (a 1956 MBW with a 1964 600cc motor and a Watsonian “Monza” fibreglass sidecar) recently, the day before in fact, we were taking it fairly easy to begin with. Before very long though, I had the hang of it, aided greatly by the fully loaded sidecar, and soon 60 – 70mph cruising was the order of the day (night) where the road permitted, in other words – where there was road lighting or where there was a car behind us on full beam so we could see which way to point the outfit. I did not take long to realise that my Beem lights had their heritage in a Birmingham factory that used to make a motorcycle called “The Velocette”. We arrived at Dover a little after midnight for the 12.30 ferry to Oostende (Belgium) after an uneventful 80 mile run from London. We were a little surprised, however, to see that the BMW had drunk about two gallons of fuel in those 8- miles (promise of things to come).

We drove onto the ferry and immediately shot straight up to the cafe for a steak (the first steak I had had since leaving Australia over 12 months earlier and the last decent meal for that trip) after the steak we went down stairs to the public bunks where you can get a bit of shut eye during the 4 ½ hour ferry trip across the English Channel. Private cabins are available but they cost money so are out of the question. It seemed that we had no longer put our heads down than the steward was jumping up and down and screaming at us to get up as we had arrived in Oostende (very highly strung these continentals!)

The route we planned to take was Oostende, Brussels, Cologne, Hanover Berlin then back through (or nearly through) Leipzig, Erfurt, Frankfurt and Koblenz to the Nurnberg Ring, the famous race course which is the site of the Elephant Rally every year.

As I had been to Belgium several times before for other continental rallies (ah you name dropper you) I knew my way to the E5 which is the Autobahn/motorway/freeway that leads to Brussels. We arrived in Brussels quite quickly and promptly reached the centre where we refilled (cruising at 50 gives much better fuel economy than cruising at 70). After refuelling we headed west nor-west south looking for an eastern exit to this large city with no signs and many streets. Eventually (and with the aid of what must be a minor miracle) we found ourselves on the Autobahn heading east (Hallelujah brother!)

The next stop was at the German border where we had to buy more of this item called “Assurance Frontier” (Border Insurance). This is an insurance policy of limited duration (1 day to 2 weeks depending on the country) issued by the country concerned to cover you for the minimum 3rd party required by law in each country. In short it is a very good way of extorting money from the tourists.

We bought the insurance, after a very suspicious German chappie who had noticed that the name on the registration book and my name were different, and therefore did not believe that the bike was mine and that it had been acquired legally. (Have you ever tried to explain to someone who doesn't speak English that the reason the name is the papers is different to yours is that you only bought the bike yesterday and here is the receipt to prove it?) Well don't!

Somehow we got out of that office with an insurance policy and our freedom so we went to the next office to show our newly acquired insurance and passports before being allowed into Germany. Passports and insurance now viewed we “pushed” off into darkest Germany (quite literally, because the kick start had broken just after I bought it). We got about 100 miles along the freezing cold German Autobahn when my attention was attracted by a wildly gesticulating side car passenger, namely Ian, remember Ian? On stopping he informed me that my back mudguard was dropping off. The weight of the muchly packed up Cravan “Top Box” which was sitting on the carrier in turn, bolted to the mudguard, had broken the hinge on the rear of the guard and this rear section was now

free to drop back in an arc onto a rapidly spinning tyre. After affixing the top box onto the rest of the junk on the back of the sidecar, we fiddled around with elastic straps and managed to exert an upwards force on the loose bit of mudguard.

Continuing on we reached Koln (which is German for Cologne) where we stopped for breakfast and lunch. It was about 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon and we suddenly remembered that we were starving. We found a reasonable looking Italian that looked the same as English was spaghetti so we hoped that that was what we had ordered and as luck would have it, it was. This was washed down with a cup of coffee which made me long for a cup of George's coffee at the "Spot" cafe.

We set out refreshed and headed for Hanover, which we reached without incident, save for a slight burn up which involved a very attractive female who waved from a passing car. I poured on the throttle and the BMW shot off in hot pursuit. It accelerated quite well from 70mph in top and we chased the car until we were doing about 85mph or so after which the BeeEmm had almost nothing left. I was most impressed with this (as the outfit has sidecar gearing which will allow it to pull happily from 20mph in top gear) and Ian was (I'll be kind) wide awake.

It was dark as we passed Hanover and headed for the East German frontier post, so we had resumed a sane cruising speed. Fog was also a bother – being quite thick in places and reducing visibility considerably.

When we stopped at the East German border, we had our insurance and passports checked and then went onto the next checkpoint, where we had our insurance and passports checked again (very thorough these Commos) and were issued with a permit (for 10 Deutsche Marks - \$2.50) to use the "road" into West Berlin. I have never seen such a bad main highway before. Following a large bus at 60mph (speed limit being 50mph) the outfit was leaping about all over the place and the suspension was bottoming with a quite jarring effect regularly. I couldn't slow down because the BMW lights were not good enough even for 50mph on their own. This problem was aggravated through nearly all of East Germany by the fact that there were very few areas that had reflective strips on posts or 'cats eyes'.

It was just after 8pm when we had our last fuel stop before Berlin. By this time my neck and back were quite sore as I wasn't used to the strain imposed by steering a heavy bike as opposed to leaning it. Also the sidecar lights had stopped working, a fact which was pointed out at every garage, where we stopped.

Finally we reached the halfway point of our journey, the border of West Berlin, a small oasis of Western capitalism surrounded completely by the Communist culture. OK to visit but I don't think I'd like to live there; as on the East German frontier all of the guards had automatic pistols and machine guns to remind you that you weren't back home. The difference here was that there were so many more guards and check points. We and our passports checked no less than four times by four different lots of guards at several hundred yard intervals before reaching a little hut with a sole smiling German welcoming you to the west. At various stages along the seven miles into the city there are machine gun nests and concrete walls that can be closed if the need arises, so any thought of rushing the border is out.

We reached West Berlin proper at about 10pm and immediately began looking for Sassnitzer Strazzer in the suburb of Smargendors. Sargendors is one of the older parts of Berlin and is near a forest, but the reason we were headed that way was that Gunnar's mother (my flatmate in Melbourne, Gunnar, not his mother) was staying there. (Some of you probably know Gunnar as he has been on a few club runs in 1972). Found Mrs Martschinkes' street at about 11pm and being antisocial bikies knocked on the door to wake her up. Gunnar's mum opened the door, gazed upon our dirty features and (thank goodness) recognised me. (I didn't used to have all this hair). A cup of coffee soon found its way into our freezing cold bodies after which I had a bit of a natter with Mrs Nartschinke, then Ian and I went to sleep in a nice warm kitchen.

The following day Mrs Martschinke took us on a guided tour of Berlin which was quite interesting. (The club ought to organize a Christmas run over here this year, its worth seeing).

I found out something that I didn't know before, that a lot of Berlin is lake. At one such lake I did the J.C act (no, not John Cecil, the real one) and walked on its somewhat frozen surface. We retired to the warm kitchen again that night imposing further on German hospitality. Next morning (by the way it is Friday by now) we set off for East Berlin, after all who knows when we'll get back there and from all accounts East Berlin is similar to Russia. We finally found Checkpoint Charlie, the only link between East and West Berlin. We had to fill out a form declaring all of our money and items of value (camera, watch etc) show our insurance and passports, and change 5 west marks into 5 east marks (so we could have a little of our capitalist mark behind) This money changing was not optional it was compulsory. We wound our way from checkpoint to checkpoint in a zig-zag pattern through very thick concrete walls with not very wide openings, which made it necessary to travel at a low speed, this: - again border crashing is ill advised because if the concrete walls don't get you the many guards with machine guns will.

The first thing noticeable in East Berlin is the drabness of the place and the many buildings still not rebuilt since the war destroyed them. Another thing that stood out was the lack of advertisements around the streets. Food also was so much cheaper than anywhere else in Germany; prices apparently haven't risen since the war. It was very interesting looking around and seeing police (or army, I don't know) everywhere, all with machine guns slung over their shoulders (a real friendly place). We got back to Mrs Martschinke's place at about two o'clock in the afternoon having had a very interesting and enjoyable morning behind the iron curtain. Had baked beans for lunch (just because we weren't camping properly doesn't mean that we can't eat as if we were) then proceeded with the task of reloading the outfit for the trip to our ultimate goal, the Nurnberg ring racecourse for the famed "Elefentrefen" (that's Elephant Rally in German).

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when we said our goodbyes to Gunnar's Mother and Grandmother and set out for a cold (would you believe freezing) 400 mile stage. By the time we got out of West Berlin and back into East Germany (having, of course, purchased another permit to use the roads) it was pitch black and the temperature was falling rapidly (if it could fall any further). We did not follow the same route out as coming in as the rally was to the South West of Berlin. So south-west we headed along an autobahn that had a much better surface than the northern one leading to Berlin.

The BMW was running very well (considering the ultra piss poor low octane Eastern 'petrol') except for a slight hint of clutch slip when attacking some of the steeper hills with too much vigour, and we would have been able to cruise at a much higher speed than the 40-50mph if it had not been for the lack of illumination from the front light (driving light to be fitted soon) and that damn fog. By now the fog was really thick and even the Continentals (some of which had as many as three sets of driving lights) were not doing much over 60mph. When one would pass us I would wind it on and cruise with him until he got too far ahead to use his lights then slow down and wait for the next one.

After 100 – 150 miles the motor missed quite noticeably on hills when a larger throttle opening was used (we thought this was due to the lousy petrol in the East, and indeed when we got back to the west the engine did perform much better, but it still wasn't as sharp as when we set out). The many steep hills, poor petrol, and heavy load were having an effect. One big problem in the East was the lack of garages on the autobahns, a problem exaggerated by the very poor economy of the outfit by now. At this stage not much over 30mph was expected, or obtained. Once we even ran out of fuel altogether and blessed the gallon can we had tied on the back, filled with premium English petrol. The petrol now transferred to the bike we set off at 3- - 40mph using as little throttle as possible in an effort to conserve petrol as we had no idea even now how far away the next garage was. As luck would have it we got petrol about 30 miles further on. (A warning to all who intend to tour Europe, a 4 gallon tank is a must and 5 or 6 would be nice).

We came to the end of the autobahn at a little town called Eisenach (just like the map said). This town was the typical setting for “The spy who came in from the cold” or any such film. The fog was still very thick only one or two living souls to be seen and a very low output street lamp every 300 yards or so. It really was quite creepy, there was a big sign that said “Ende der Autobahn” as we arrived at the narrow cobble stone streets but there was no sign saying “To der Border”. On riding into the town we found a small garage open and a bus load of border guards who were being dropped off home after a hard day at the border. Five minutes explaining finally persuaded the gas monkey that we didn't need petrol, just directions. In desperation I turned to the guards and asked the way to Frankfurt in my best German, saying “Frankfurt” he immediately nodded and pointed back the way we had come. I would really have wept but I had seen on the map that there is a Frankfurt deep into East Germany as well as in the West so I just got the map out and pointed at the one I wanted. He nodded again (“a real yes man”) and started talking to me in German. It wasn't long before my vacant expression told him that I didn't speak German, so he pointed to me and the bike and then to himself and the van, then got into the van (I assumed, bright lad, that I am – that he wanted me to follow him, so I did) these vans were fitted with snow tyres but I just had Avon's on. I don't know the word you give to the experience of chasing a grey van down a cobble stone road at over 40mph with the steering on full lock to keep going in a straight line. Must have been some of that stuff they call ice. After much winding (and stopping to let off guards) about on various roads the van eventually stopped, the driver got out, came back to us and said in a very firm voice “Frankfurt”, at the same time pointing very purposefully straight ahead. I caught on, said “Danke” (see I can speak German after all) and headed off into the great unknown.

About 8 miles later we came to a small border post and jumped up and down and whistled and shouted (they all thought we were mad). After showing our passports and “permit” the guard agreed to let us ‘out’ (quite slack compared to the reception of Berlin). As we headed towards Frankfurt (the real one) we had covered about two miles when we were confronted with one last reminder of East Germany, another machine gun nest, out in the middle of nowhere, just waiting for the border breaks that never seem to happen.

Back in the West again the roads were a little bit better, but mainly they had reflective strips on road-side posts and cats eyes. Quite an uneventful trip found us at last in Koblenz, only about 30 miles or so to the rally, so we were getting quite excited by now. We went around the city about three times before we found a way out. (I say “we” because even though I was driving Ian should still have been looking for an exit). Eventually and after many wrong turns we were on the road for Nurnberg ring, and were really excited – not to mention buggered! We were really in the mountains now and 10 – 15mph hair pins were common which isn't much fun when your head light can't hold a candle to a glow worm.

When we saw the city, sign “Nurnberg ring” I almost ran off the road with relief. Found the circuit and was promptly told that this the wrong entrance, that I should be around the other side. We finally arrived with other motorcycles after driving for 13 hours, just thing 13 hours to cover 400 miles of foggy mountains and icy hair pin bends.

While Ian looked for a suitable place to erect the tent I crashed under a tree. It was 7.30 in morning and as I had ridden most of the way I was deadbeat. I didn't wake up until 1pm in the afternoon but Ian said there was too much noise to sleep. What noise, I didn't hear a thing! It wasn't until I awoke and it was light that the full size of the really struck me. Everywhere there were bikes, tents, people and cars (ugh).

The rest of the day was taken up, for me, by walking around the camping ground meeting the occasional pom that I had met at other rallies on the continent and England. I also met Linda with whom I had made friend at various Southern Cross rallies and Bathurst meetings. That mob was all going into town for a session at one of the local pubs and I was going to go in after tea. Just before I was about to leave I met Paul and Neville, two Aussie friends that I had made in London. They had a rather large tent – so much time was taken up in finding a spot large enough for them to pitch it. We found a large pitch, too barren and hard for anyone else so the four of us set up work with

pegs, guy ropes and poles. Fifteen minutes later a tent was standing, so that was a good enough reason to break open the billy and make a cup of coffee. By the time coffee had been brewed, and duly polished off, Ian and I decided that we might as well move into the tent with Neville and Paul so we went to Ian's tent pulled it down and shifted camp. All this was very tiring work and we worked up quite an appetite, so a decent tea was the next thing on the agenda. Baked beans, eggs, bacon, sausages all washed down with another scalding cup of coffee (hot when it was poured, not 60 seconds later) Ah this is the life.

It was now quite cold and for me time for bed. I discovered a new use for the BMW, a sleeping bag warmer. Great. I crawled into my newly warmed sleeping bag for some shut eye whilst Ian, Paul and Neville went up to the Sport Hotel (on the camping ground) to make a night of it.

I didn't hear them come in that night and I was the second last one to get up Sunday morning, Ian was last, (typical slack Kiwis) a hefty breakfast was had then I went across to see Les and Graham, two pommy guys who had put a hole in the piston of their Triumph outfit. They were all packed up and ready for the off, all they were waiting for now was me, as I was going to tow them back to London. We finally had our gear packed up and went across to pick up these rather heavy hitch hikers. The tow rope was attached and I broke it at my first attempt to get rolling. At the second attempt we were off (only 350 miles to go) Now that it was light I could see the sheer drops and high mountains and it was quite breathtaking. The BMW was pulling steadily (if slowly) up the hills and less than second gear was seldom required, although it was tending to get a bit hot and clutch slip could be felt if I tried to go too high up the rev range in any gear. We were getting along alright until I slowed for a left hand bend and Les (on the other outfit) didn't slow down quick enough. The tow rope caught up in his front wheel locked it and outfit flipped. Les realised what was happening and just waited till the sidecar came up then just rolled off. Fortunately he was unhurt (only bruises and a shaken faith in my ability as a tow truck driver.)

On and on we pushed stopping every 100 miles or so to fill up with oil and with petrol. The seal from the gearbox to the clutch was completely broken down now and oil was splashing about all over the motor and clutch. On the outside the motor was covered with oil and when we stopped a great pool of oil soon appeared. Another problem when we stopped was from asphyxiation from burning clutch smoke. Every time we stopped there was a mad dash to get clear of the bike, the smell of the clutch was so bad. It was OK for us on the BMW (Ian, Graham and me) while we were moving as the wind took the clutch smell away but it must have been really bad for Les on the Trumpy behind. Not only the smell but the oil from the leaky seal had to go somewhere and the front of Les and his outfit seemed as good a place as any.

We struggled grimly on, one great patch of pollution moving steadily across Germany. When we reached the Belgium/German border the guards looked at us in disbelief and moved us through without stopping us. Another petrol and oil (and for Les fresh air) stop then on again. The fog was still very bad and as the roads were wet, dirt and grime were added to the oil already coating Les.

As we pressed further into Belgium the roads got better and the last 50 miles or so via Antwerp there was street lighting as well. At about 12 midnight we rolled into Oostende harbour to the amazement of the chaps who saw us leave the rally in the late morning. A cup of coffee and half an hour later and it was time to load the bikes onto the ferry for the channel crossing. From the car deck we went straight to the restaurant where it was steak and chips all round, Les shouting (I have never seen anyone so happy to see a ferry). After the meal it was down stairs for a quick kip before Dover. I was in a no hurry to get to Dover as the bike was making lots of funny (and not so funny) noises. Along the A2 (all the roads here have numbers, like Highway 31 (Hume Highway), to a road side cafe for breakfast and more astonished faces that we were still going.

About 20 miles after the cafe (60 miles short of London) there was an almighty clunk and I died thinking that the crank had at last let go. Ian and I limped away and left Les to push to Maidstone, a matter of about 4 miles. Eventually Les and Graham caught up to where we had reached. I was then to go to Bexlyheath where I had left my Velo when I picked up the BMW. The idea being that

I should zap back to Maidstone, where we would dump the BMW and Triumph at a mate of Les' and drag Ian back to London. What a joke! When I got to where the Velo was the guy was not in so I hitch hiked (you knew that had to get in there somewhere didn't you?) back to Maidstone to find the lads. You guessed it, no lads! So I hiked back to London feeling really depressed and sorry for myself (and my newly acquired outfit)

When I did eventually get back to my grotty little bedsitter, very surprised was I to find the BMW outside my front door. A visit from Ian cleared up the problem; the left hand barrel had become loose and was moving with the piston, banging on the crank case sounding for all the world like a shot crankshaft.

The BMW needs a valve grind, new oil seals and gaskets and a set of engine pipes. A very pleasant surprise after a quite memorable trip of 1,600 miles.

PETER SANDERS

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FOR CRYING OUT LOUD.

A very pretty young girl was crying steadily and heavily in the waiting room of a bus depot. A man saw her weeping and sat down beside her to try to help her. He put his arm around her shoulders and started talking to her. Still she bawled, but did not seem to object to the man putting his arm around her.

“Are you sure there isn't anything I can do?” he asked, “to make you stop crying?”

“I'm afraid not”, the girl sobbed. “I have hay fever. But please don't let that stop you from trying some more.”

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CAMPERDOWN AND MT. LEURA – 22/7/1973

The day dawned gloomy and grey, and the small attendance at KBCP at 9.30am was sufficient to indicate that certain slack persons were either not confident of the weather forecast or else were recovering from another party at Penhall's Penthouse.

The fun started before the run even got under way. Brian the pillion passenger had been accosted on foot by the law for being in Honda. Greg Smith's car's rear suspension was severely tested as Ian Taylor took up position with Marilyn in the back seat, from which position came the comment: “Nice day for a run – in the car, that is!”

However, as the club made its way out of town with Ned on his new BMW in the lead, the leaden clouds parted and the sun shone through. The run to Geelong was made in good time, and Ned's brief stop in Geelong for the rear rider to catch up was not really justified. Yours truly, carrying a pillion (Trevor Michie, of 200 Yami fame) for the first time, was the second last into Geelong and was only half a mile behind the leader at Norlane.

Progress through Geelong itself was strictly to the rule book, having regard to the commonplace police blitz in that fair city, but no amphometers were struck until Winchelsea. Fortunately, everyone got past without being pulled up, mainly coz the cop was already booking a customer for the local magistrate. (Question: Who doesn't know the difference between an axle counter and an amphometer?)

At Colac, a stop was made for fuel, eats and a smoke. While we were there, we were treated to a peacock display by a local on a Honda 750 and sidecar.

Beyond Colac, the weather turned off again and we were all given a thorough wash from Stoney River to the outskirts of Camperdown. For lunch, Andrew on the Honda 250 led us all into the Golden Fleece Roadhouse where we had contacts, but this was not appreciated by certain slack persons who were seen to turn light shades of green upon viewing the menu and prices, make an emergency style exit and head off for other sources of provender in a green car and on a green BMW.

As the rest of the club were licking their lips over a splendid main course, who should blow in but Roger the Dodger on the blue 650 Yami. After lunch, it was a short but very steep, narrow and winding road up to Mt. Leura, an extinct volcano outcrop on the eastern side of Camperdown. From the top, a magnificent view could be taken in from all directions except the south, which was under attack from a heavy cloudburst. Camera shutters clicked to record the scene, and a discussion was held to decide on an alternative route home. The decision was made to tour to Geelong via the road running between lakes Gnarpurt and Corangamite, thence via the Hamilton Highway over the "Pleurisy Plains" into Geelong.

Fuel was taken at Camperdown and the club headed out of town towards Foxhow and Berrybank. A wrong turn was made (almost) by half the club at a junction about fifteen miles out, with Roger leading everybody the right way, for once. Further along the road, speed was reduced suddenly at two or three spots where the local livestock had decided that the road was a good place to graze.

Once on the Hamilton Highway, it was a straightforward run into Geelong for afternoon tea. On arrival at Geelong a rather anxious Trevor was seen to heave a sigh of relief on dismounting from my 350. Upon enquiring, it was found that Trevor was not concerned about my riding capabilities – rather the anxiety was due to a bee which had descended upon my posterior just out of Camperdown and had nestled comfortably thereon with its sting pointed in the direction of a certain portion of his anatomy all the way to Geelong, where it was murdered with the casual flick of a glove before it could sustain any serious injury.

After everyone had finished eating, smoking and watering the Railway Gardens, the club continued on to the Footscray cafe for eats and pool.

Michael Formaini.

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SPLIT SHIFT

Two prosperous garment manufacturers hired a new model. She was a beautiful girl but she wasn't too bright. The two partners were attracted to the girl. The interest was not of a paternal nature.

"Look," one told his partner, "being that she's so young and pretty she might be taken advantage of by some fast talking fellow. I think new ought to take it upon ourselves to teach her what is right and wrong."

"I agree", said his partner, "You teach her what is right!"

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HEPBURN SPRINGS

The BMW owners club held their run to Hepburn Springs on Sunday 29th July, and nothing out of the ordinary happened. A good turning departed from the car park around 10.30 and headed off into a rather strong headwind down Ballarat Road with Ian on his BM leading.

At Ballan we turned off the highway down the Blackwood Road, and while fighting for the job of corner marker, two BM's nearly came into collision (Very eager these BM riders – ED)

Next it was down the nice windy Trentham Road and after traversing the full length of it you could see just why the girl who ran off the road was not found for four days.

Arriving at Daylesford (very chilly it was too) we came upon Roger and J.C who had arrived the night before (mental peasants). It was then into the local cafe for some warming food and a chat.

After much argument whether we should or shouldn't go onto the Springs, we decided to go. On arrival a 20 cent parking fee was attempted to be charged so, like all good motorcyclists, we parked outside the gate.

The Springs consisted of a gutter full of running water (which Roger worked out was doing 40mph – well don son!) and the taste left a lot to be desired. There were, however, hordes of people filling up anything they could lay their hands on and carting it home in their spa-mobiles.

After a play on the swings, the slide and the see-saw and a quick whip with the Frisbee, it was off to the lookout tower in the Botanical Gardens via the scenic route.

The tower was an old bell tower and after a spit-a-thon by the cruder members of the club (no names mentioned) it was decided to return to Melbourne by the shortest possible route.

So it was straight down the highway with Ian still leading and Mick (I am an even better rider now) Fagan showing us the wrong way of passing. People started to get lost on this stretch but eventually they all arrived in dribs and drabs at the cafe and from there went on their merry ways. Pity the weather could not have been kinder early in the morning, but by late afternoon it was quite pleasant and the return trip was most enjoyable.

Snooks?

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GIVE 'EM THE BUSINESS!!

Nothing is ever accomplished by a committee unless it consists of three members, one of whom happens to be sick and the other absent.

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FAST READING:

Reporter: "If you were shipwrecked on a desert island, what would you take along as reading matter?"

Chorus Girl: "A tattooed sailor."

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THREE FOURS TO DARWIN – Part 1: By Howard

Saturday the 14th saw the three of us off on the road bright and early, but don't ask me where we went coz I dunno – it was a “Room Special” – naturally! Anyway, we eventually made it to Elmore on the Northern Highway (after Big D ran out of petrol once – confounded Japanese petrol tanks – we got his going by leaning the bike over to one side for that last little bit of juice) and thence on to the Murray Valley Highway at Echuca, where the rain started ...and how!! It poured! Great shades of unlubricated chains. Oh! For one of those funny German bikes mit shaftendriiven! Stopped off for a quick look at the Swan Hill Moozeum, and later when we stopped at Boundary Bend, so did the rain – hooray!

We lunched at Mildura with some very nice friends of Darren's, and then headed off in beautiful bike weather along the Sturt Highway to Renmark, surrounded by fantastic green scenery, big fleecy white clouds and a back drop of brilliant blue sky.

It should be noted here that our fearless club president is out to break the Australian National Record for the longest travelled illegal Apple!! We've been stopped at two fruit-fly inspections so far, and it wasn't until the second one that Big D realized he's carrying an apple in his pannier! Seeing as how he has a strong attachment to said apple (sleeps with it under his pillow every night!) he hadn't surrendered it yet! Do you reckon it'll make back to Victoria?

We then travelled via Morgan up to Clare, where we set up camp for the night, having covered 600 miles for the first day.

Slept pretty well, despite the snoring of the Pres and Vice Pres, and next morning saw us flicking around some of the best bike roads I've travelled in a long time – fast, bumpy corners which test a bike's handling and keep the rider alert! Poor old Peter nearly lost it once, what with his luggage and very poor standard Honda shockers – as he said: “Blimey! My shockers are shocking!”

Another A-1 bike road was the Wilmington Pass, with tighter corners and very sharp dips, which cause you to become air-borne as you exit from bends, if you're going too fast. That was good fun and quite spectacular, with steep rocks and mountains on either side.

Lunchtime was spent at Port Augusta at the top of the Spencer Gulf (not a very inspiring sort of place) and we then rode out through the very impressive Pitchi Ritchi Pass (80mph sweepers) to Quorn, Hawker and Wilpena – plenty of very interesting countryside again – but by this time we'd had intermittent rain and the whole area was well-soaked by previous heavy rains – one of the wettest seasons they've had. We had hoped to reach the Wilpena Pound proper, but about 6 miles out the bitumen turned to VERY slippery red mud. I was in the lead and fell over at walking pace, and had to wait for a bloke in a car to help me pick the bike up! (That gives me an average of one drop a month, folks!) Peter and Darren came along and we decided it was too late in the arvo to struggle through 6 miles of this stuff (it was worse than Denis Ackland's farm yard!) and the cars couldn't even steer a straight course. So we back tracked down through the Pitchi Ritchi in darkness and torrential rain (at least it wasn't cold) to Port Germaine for the night.

Next morning saw an improvement in the weather, so we loaded up the bikes and set off down the road to Port Pirie. After a quick look around the important wharf area, and buying some neatsfoot oil for Big D's boots, we rode onto the railway platform, checked in the bikes, drained the gas tanks and wheeled 'em down ready to load into the parcels' van.

Now I don't care what all you big tough bikies say, but that train trip will be remembered as one of the highlights of this trip. Sure, I'd like to be able to say: “I rode the 1,00 miles of dirt to the Alice”, but crikey! As it turned out the road was washed out in two places anyway! And the trip was really hilarious at times. Peter conned off this nice little bird from Perth for me, and he and Darren kept the other passengers entertained at all times, Darren especially being able to keep them well informed on the railway side of things. Big D was the clown of the party with his “BIG DADDY” medallion, and would you believe he bought a Commonwealth Railways tee-shirt, much to everyone's amusement! Fair dinkum! You don't have to be a Formaldehyde to enjoy that ride on

the Ghan. It must be a unique type of railway, especially when you realize it is narrow gauge north of Marree, and that the track is laid on the desert without any ballast. Hence we were down to 5mph in some wetter sections and in fact we thought we were going to tip right over at one stage.

We met lots of interesting people, and here in Alice Springs we've bumped into a lot of 'em again, wishing us well on the trip. All in all, a fantastic ride up and we were only three hours late! Several of my friends were waiting at the station (I musta owed 'em some money or sumpin'!) and they helped us unload the bikes by rolling 'em onto some laundry bags, as the train stopped way from the platform.

So, if you're dining on the Ghan and notice a K-81 tyre pattern on the table cloth, you'll know where it came from! So here we is in Alice Springs. It's really great to see all my friends again and the weather is beautiful – tee-shirts and jeans. But I think I'll let Darren continue from here.

.....CONTINUED NEXT MONTH, PEOPLES