



Long time no mag., as we have all been caught up in the festive season, so it's called.

Many changes have occurred over the last few months, so we thought we would print a list to keep you all up to date.

Big Daddy	- New 500/4
Neville	- Had another accident, luckily not too bad for him.
Figgsie	- Finally got his Trumpy back together.
Marg	- New 500/4
Howard	- New 750/4 (Traitor!)
Rusty	- New 750 Suzi
Mick	- Trouble with his

Ducati	
Neil	- Lost in Central Australia. No-one knows where he is.
Garry	- Brand new second hand Guzzi
Joyce	- Hasn't been sighted!
Howard M.	- Dropped his Honda and is in hospital. (All the best and we hope we see you soon)
Les & Pauline	- New BMW 600
J.C	- Blew up his Ducati
Bob P.	- New 850 Guzzi
Michael F	- New 350 Honda, stuck in first gear!
Chris	- May soon have his licence back, so watch out!
Peter & Lois	- Dropped the Suzi
Eddie	- Dropped his Ducati
Rick	- Triumph Trophy 650, ex NSW Police type!
Greg Wolfe	- Sold his Suzi and has his Yami back again.
Roger	- Still has original sprockets.
John Wotzko	- Is getting married, the fool!
Ian	- Pranged and mangled his Suzi.

### BIG APOLOGIES TO ANYONE WE MISSED!

It appears that the Christmas trip was a resounding success, and the Christmas party saw many members really getting stuck into the Chrissy spirit and having an enjoyable time.

Speaking of parties: - Peter & Lois have invited all members to a barbeque come drink night at their place on Saturday, 3<sup>rd</sup> February. All details of how to get here are printed in this edition of the mag.

The committee and all those concerned with the mag wish you all fine weather and safe riding in 1973. Don't forget to keep sending in your write-ups to either Marg or David, as we need all the help we can get.

Please note that the current itinerary contains two misprints:- namely that the March meeting is on Friday 2<sup>nd</sup>, not the 3<sup>rs</sup> as stated, and that the Sports Day is on Sunday 4<sup>th</sup>, not the 5<sup>th</sup>. (Figgsie won't admit to making those boo-boos!) So there is now no excuse as to why you can't get there on the right day!

We also received the following little items of interest, donated by someone who apparently wishes to remain anon, the CHICKEN! Should anyone know who the culprit is, please let us know!

QUOTE:

Howard's 350 clagged the day he had to trade it in.

Hear petrol is going cheap in Lance's area. Another client for Darren?

Were Mick, Ned and Garry converted to Seventh Day Adventists over the Christmas trip? Were Garry and Terry (female, naturally) seen swapping addresses? Bet the club goes to Porepunkah for Easter, as the S.D.A.'s are!

Full face helmets come in handy, eh Ned? Funny about the Orbost Hospital's toilets being in continual use by club members.

How did Darren and Keith know about Chapel Lane?

Bikes are not meant to be dragged along the ground, Roger!

Is Mick taking up selling tents for a living?

Garry's new Guzzi was actually traded on a garbage truck, I hear.

Who had a hectic New Year's Eve and fell asleep on visitors?

Is it true about ?? and his nymphomaniac?

Les L actually DROPPED his bike, and almost collected a Kombi!

What were Cheryl and Margaret doing in that sleeping bag at the Drive-in?

Hear Bob P DID con those birds at the Drive-in.

Perhaps Michael Formaini shouldn't volunteer to go leader for a while yet.

Prejudice against bikes at Gunnamatta beach these days?

Are front number plates really necessary in Sale, Mick?

For all he tried, Roger just couldn't get out one single, solitary, individual, lonesome swear word?

Signed: "Molgashata"

UNQUOTE.

VERY INTERESTING!! Keep ears open and someone will surely slip-up one of these days.

Your favourite editors, (WELL!)

David and Margaret.

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GENERAL MEETING – 1<sup>st</sup> December, 1972

Opened: 8.40pm.

APOLOGIES: Were received from Neville, Nancy, Joyce, Cheryl and Neil.

NEW MEMBERS: Voted in were Paul Price – 500/4 Honda; Garry Osborne – 360 Yami; Peter Leno – 650 Yami; Jeffrey Bush – 450 Honda; and Margaret Westra, pillion.

MINUTES: The minutes of the last meeting were read with no discussion.

Passed by Michael Formaini; 2<sup>nd</sup> by Fred Weis.

CORRESPONDENCE:

Two letters from Baby Blue, of the Suzi and Honda clubs of S.A.

The contract for the band for the Christmas Party form A.M.B.O.

Notification from Fogarty Fields Flying Club that it is okay for us to use their grounds for our Sports Day. (Please note the incorrect date for this show on the itinerary.)

Board of works, stating that there are no tours of the Cardinia Creek Dam Project as yet.

The van is available for the party.

“Rumbull”, noting that Chris and Bronwyn Lacey are off to Africa and beyond on their 750 Suzi soon.

Theatre posters.

Passed by Bob P; 2<sup>nd</sup> by Howard H

GENERAL BUSINESS:

Christmas Party: Application forms will be sent out with the itinerary. Bookings to be made tonight, if possible. Meeting time is 4.30pm, leaving at 5pm, if not sooner. Concluding about 1am.

There will be no meeting in January. On the Australia Day weekend, we will be going to Hume Weir, as the Southern Cross Rally is not on this year.

There will be an unofficial run to see “On Any Sunday” tomorrow night. Meet at KBCP at 6.30pm.

There are still some vacancies for the Tassie trip. Book now if going.

Peter Lenn asked if anyone interested in going on a ten day tour.

There is a night ride to Mount Dandenong after the meeting.

There is a good 450 Honda for sale, for approximately \$800. If anyone is interested, see Margaret after the meeting for further information about it.

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NEW SOUTH WALES – THREE DAYS

The MSCAV camped at Jindabyne was a resounding success. During the last day there, however, three things nearly went wrong for me. First, a cable holder on the 4 was shaken loose, while I was

returning from Mt. Kosciusko, and Neville assisted its quick re-attachment. Then on the boat trip, our launch ran out of petrol. We rowed ashore where a man from the CSIRO kindly sold us some fuel. That night, Howard H was sitting near the 4 and remarked "Have you a nail in your tyre?" Sure enough, there was one, all 1 ½ inches of it. Despite responsible advice to the contrary, I elected to risk a tyre failure, since the nail had been in at an angle and no puncture was found. However, I rode with caution and did not exceed 50mph – just in case!

The next day, Keith Anderson and I set off early for Glenbrook, where we planned to stay with friends who were rail fans. Keith said he never learned so much about trains in such a short time – and he did not appear bored. Polite fellow!

After Cooma, we encountered solid driving rain, without let-up, right to our destination. Canberra was merely a petrol stop. It looked dismal in the wet. We had lunch at a roadhouse at Goulburn, and despite the crowd there, had a good meal with good service. We were joined by a married couple on a bike. Like us, they were dripping wet. He said he was not over keen on motorcycles, but that his wife was a real fanatic. He did not know what he would do for transport now that she was seven months pregnant.

The long, gruelling ride to Camden was not pleasant. There was much traffic, a radar trap, and a severe accident en route. We avoided Sydney and used a short length of the f-4 to get to the Blue Mountains. This fine new freeway at 12 miles length is sign posted "70mph", and for the first time that day, we opened up.

The friends at Glenbrook treated us well. Some rail fans dropped by for a slide night. Fortunately, one was also a keen motorcyclist, and we had a variety of slides of the recent Amaroo meeting.

Next morning, the weather had changed completely. It was a sunny, warm day. We washed our bikes and set off for Katoomba. Those who know the Blue Mountains will agree that the scenery is the most rugged and magnificent in Australia, and a great place for motorcycles. The traffic is slow, however. Near Katoomba, Keith's enjoyment of the area was marred by finding his two stroke oil tank was nearly dry.

We took a ride in the cable car to see the water fall and looked through the floor for over a 1,000 feet – some drop, if the cable broke! The scenic railway was a must, of course. It is the steepest railway in the world, and drops nearly vertically down a cliff face through a tunnel part of the way. We had the front seat coming up and I was giddy, looking straight down! We rode around the cliff wall on a good bitumen road back to the Great Western Highway. When a school boy, I could not believe it took the early explorers 25 years to find a way through these mountains, but having seen the mountains, I can understand the problem.

We drove through the Victoria Pass, that dramatic area where Lawson, Blaxland and Wentworth finally found a path through the mountains. There the road is very narrow and very steep, with many emergency ramps for vehicles that get out of control.

The road to the Jenolan Caves is a motorcyclists' MUST. It is a more severe form of the Great Ocean Road, and is built into the side of a cliff. Many signs near bends command one to "Toot here", or "Sound horn".

At Jenolan, a sign warns "sound Horn and Turn on lights". One then drives through the Grand Arch, a huge natural cave which leads to the Chalet. We parked the bikes in a bus area and had lunch – good old hot dogs. There are nine caves which are open to the public, and we went to the cheapest, the Lucas Caves, at 70 cents. It takes 1 ½ hours of active climbing up and down steps to see it, but it is well worth it. Other caves cost \$1 or \$1.50 and take 2 hours to see.

We had a look at Charlotte's Arch and the Devil's Coach House later (They are free) When I had a Maico scooter, I camped right in the Devil's Coach House, a huge cave. This time I did not see the many wallabies I had seen earlier.

No road in the area is straight anywhere, and we twisted and banked our way home through the City of Lithgow. I could not resist showing Keith the now abandoned Zig Zag Railway, one of the railway wonders of 70 years ago. We drove along the old tracks and through the tunnel, where Keith's two stroke sounded really well. Some railway fans have raised \$50,000 to put a tourist railway track there and so we may not be able to ride there for much longer. Huge 3.750 H.P electric locomotive hauling a small two carriage train wandered by into the first of the ten tunnels which now by-pass the old Zig Zag, a place to visit if you are ever there.

The mountain traffic was now very heavy and very slow on our return to Glenbrook.

The next morning we travelled back to Katoomba where a leaking manifold gasket on the 4 was replaced, and I did an oil change. Then we travelled to Sydney via the "new" road – built by the Yanks during the Second World War. It is like a 5 mile scenic railway at Luna Park- a must for Mick Fagan or John Cecil. Keith rode so hard I had trouble keeping up with him. We pulled up in Balmain near a police station. A constable walked up. What had I done, I thought? He announced that he was a member of the Four Owners Club, and that he had been for a test ride on a new four that morning. Kevin Chevell, whom we and come to see – he is the President of the Four Owner's Club – walked over, as his motorcycles shop is opposite. I learnt a few things about 4's and Honda fours around Sydney, and motorcycles are everywhere. Few riders wore protective clothing and some even wore thongs. The motorists are far more aware of motorcyclist, I feel.

During the afternoon, Keith and I travelled to see the Mascot Airport, which he was keen to see. Jumbo's landed and took off – for our benefit? – And the action was really on. We drove back to Sydney along General Holmes Drive which is, in part, contained in a tunnel under the airport. (No place for two strokes!)

There are few places in Sydney where you can park a motorcycle, let alone a car. We travelled in the underground railway to Circular Quay and rode the hydrofoil to Manly. We came back on an ordinary ferry and saw the sights of Sydney Harbour, with the bridge and the beautiful Opera House. It was Thursday night and then Sydney has late night shopping. We wandered about, purchased a few things and caught the train back to Central Station, and rode back to Glenbrook, beating, by a few minutes, a heavy rainstorm. (Who said Melbourne was a wet city?)

On our final Sydney day, we travelled to Villas Wood and met John Galvin, who sells Belstaff and Craven goods. He is good company and we talked for a time, and purchased some new rain gloves.

A quick ride – if you can ride quickly in Sydney, where apart from a few major roads, the traffic is very SLOW – took us to the new Captain Cook Bridge, and we returned to Sydney via the eastern suburbs, drove over the Harbour Bridge, battled through traffic and on to Gosford via the new Newcastle Expressway (a toll road) which costs 20c for motorcycles and double for cars. We had lunch at a reptile park with the crocodiles. Keith returned to Sydney by the new air conditioned 2 deck train. He beat me to Central despite my efforts. We then rode top deck in a new Atlantair 2 deck bus to the Australian Square. Those buses are okay, but sea sick tablets would be a help.

At the Australia Square we joined some Yanks in trying to get to the 48<sup>th</sup> floor lookout. The ordinary lift took us to the 47<sup>th</sup>, to a large and very expensive cafe. We were asked "How did you get here?" A Yank whispered: "We flew in". We were ordered back to ground level where we paid a dollar to ride the express lift to the roof. The lift is quite exciting and incredibly fast. The view is dramatic and I took a few photos. It is well worth the cost but the food at the kiosk there is not. The day was clear and sunny, and one could see for miles. Sydney's Harbour is a truly breathtaking sight from the top of the Australian Building. The Opera House is far more colourful than I had imagined. The wind at the top was very strong, and blows there all the time.

We caught the underground back to our bikes and rode off for King's cross to see chapel Lane. We could not find it, and were directed by a garage attendant. A girl in the office looked shocked. We explained that we only planned to ride along it! We later saw the "Gap", but Keith would not jump off and so I missed a good photo. We saw Bondi and the surf, and later rode along Parramatta Road back to Glenbrook.

At 4.15am next day we set off for the MSCAV camp at Marlo, travelling along the Princes Highway. despite heavy traffic, there were few open petrol stations, which led to Keith running right out of two stroke oil – (his Kwaka runs very well on GTX mixed in the tank) – fog and traffic accidents, we managed to view the scenery on this spectacular road. A warning to two stroke owners:- If you let the oil run out of the oil tank, it takes an hour to get the air locks out of the oil lines when you refill the tank. It is better to put emergency oil supplies in the oil tank, not the petrol tank!

After a pleasant seafood lunch at Merimbula – perhaps the most beautiful town in N.S.W. – we wound our way on to Eden. Until recent times the road from Eden to Orbost was an appalling dirt road. When it was sealed, it was rebuilt to the highest standards and I delighted in the 70mph sweeping bends. We were fortunate not to have been affected by the recent bushfires.

Keith ran out of petrol near Cann River, and the 4 was used as a towing vehicle for the first time. I was amazed at how easy it is to tow another bike. Without further incident, Keith and I made it to the camp at Marlo, only to be greeted with the news about Ian and Neville.

While I had ridden 850 miles in one day before, this trip of 500 miles (Glenbrook to Marlo) was far more arduous because of traffic and the winding road. We left at 4.15am, reached the Victorian border at 4pm, and the Marlo camp at 6.30pm – SOME TRIP!!

Darren.

\* \* \* \* \*

MYSTERY – TOUR – 24<sup>TH</sup> February

BE THERE

NEAT CASUAL DRESS

Admission fee \$1.60 per person.

GOOD TIME PROMISED FOR ALL

(Ask Bruce for details)

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"TOUR TO BE ARRANGED" – 10/12/72

Well, that's what the itinerary said, and at KBCP before the run there was talk of 6" thick gravel roads etc. Where were we going? After electing himself as lead rider, captain Howard finally informed us that the Cardinia Creek Dam(n) Project was the planned destination, followed by lunch at Emerald. After that?

Our semi-tame step-thru jockey Michael was the rear riders, while J.C on his 250 Desmo rode patrol. (I don't think he's had so much fun since he fell off that tree at Watchem!) An uneventful

(apart from a certain Ducati rider blatantly ignoring traffic lights) and enjoyable run up to the Dam where we stopped to view the progress of this immense piece of earth work.

Continued on to Emerald, travelling along the above mentioned gravel section, which wasn't so bad after all. Lunch time was a hilarious interval for most. Big Daddy pulled a real hat trick. Sorry, Ian. It must have been very unpleasant riding the rest of the way with your Shoei smelling of sun dried curdled chocolate malted. Also at Emerald, Bikie B was seen befriending a barker of another colour. Always thought canines and posties were natural enemies...ah, well!

Next stop was Healesville, after missing the turn off and having to come back from Cockatoo. Was Margaret navigating, Howard?

After refreshments Darren and co went for a burn up to Toolangi, while the slackers rode to that picnic ground a few miles past the Maroondah Reservoir for a relax. Extremely pleasant, but did I hear Garry talking about chasing Lance through the shrubbery? Very strange!

Met the others back in Healesville, and after yet more refreshments headed in a homely direction via Yarra Glen, stopping at the Kangaroo Ground lookout, where the club's sporting kit was increased by one cricket bat which someone had carelessly left behind. As our sporting bag now holds one cricket bat and one Frisbee, I have taken the privilege upon myself to devise a new recreational game using both items, which I have called "Fricket". In this game, a chucker (known as the "frickor") hurls the Frisbee in the direction of the batsman (the frickee). Everyone else present takes up a fielding position and tries to stop the frickee (or batsman) from doing whatever it is he is trying to do. Hence these people are known as "fricking batstops". Especially by the batsman (or frickee). Rules for this game will be decided before and during the game as required and will be enforced by a man with a Seeing Eye dog. Any out of work VFL umpire would be a good choice. But I digress...

By this time there were half a dozen of us left (I don't know where the rest got to) and we followed Darren back into town with the intention of paying Neville a visit in the Mercy Hospital. Pity he was in the Sacred Heart Hospital, eh, Darren? Hear Big Daddy also went to the Mercy and went looking in the Maternity section, would you believe?

Finally found our Treasurer (is that how he's paying for the operation?) and endeavoured to rise his spirits with some nice gory hospital stories. Actually, everybody said I looked like I should have swapped places with him.

Left Neville in peace after promising to visit again (the nurses were alright, eh, Howard?) and invaded Darren's where we re-rode the day over very welcome toast and coffee.

Summary: A great day, cool early but becoming very warm, a good turn out and some beautiful winding roads.

Footnote: Yellow cabs are a NO-NO...one seen in Nicholson Street being driven by one Mick Fagan, so be warned!

Paul.

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## PARTY

At Peter & Louis Hansford's on 3<sup>rd</sup> February.

## BARBEQUE

(weather permitting)

MOTORCYCLING IN THE LAND OF THE POMS

As I lie here in bed in my grotty little bedsitter at 12.40am on a Sunday, the fog lies thick outside. Snow, as yet, has not been spotted but if this weather keeps up, it will not be far away.

The number of side car outfits is really quite considerable compared with Melbourne, and these are not just the open air, single seater "boats" but fully enclosed fibreglass, or tin-and-three-ply affairs that will hold two adult passengers. I first noticed these at the Dragon Rally last February (1972), which was when I landed in the Olde Countrie.

Travelling along the M-40 (like a 200 mile long Tullamarine Freeway) on the 250 Suzi I brought with me from Australia, I made an observation that has remained true all over the miles I have covered here in Britain. Namely: The sign posting in Britain puts Australia to shame. I arrived at Southampton and got to the "Dragon" in North West Wales without even consulting a map, and that's not too bad for a guy who heads for Adelaide and has his first petrol stop in Dandenong!

Motorcyclists n the whole are not as friendly over here as they are in Victoria, but this is probably due to the fact that there are so many of them who only ride motorcycles because they are a cheap means of transport. The "genuine enthusiast" (the sort of guy you meet at a rally in Wales one weekend, Scotland the next, and in Belgium the weekend after) is excluded from this generalization. I have made quite a few good friends from motorcyclists whom I have met at various British and continental rallies.

One thing that does strike you here is the extremely high cost of petrol. (When I first arrived, I toured for 3 weeks covering 3,000 miles on the Suzi and that almost bankrupted me!) Petrol is about 35 – 39 pence per gallon for premium grades, which sounds okay, until you realise that 1 penny = 2 cents! Therefore petrol is 70-80 cents per gallon!

A word of warning to those coming over and bringing bikes with you: make sure it is a 4-stroke or bring your own bank for petrol money. Seriously, thought, anyone thinking of bringing a machine over here should think twice, for the following reasons:-

- a) ANY machine brought into the country permanently has to have sales tax and import duty paid on it (about 1/3 of its value Here.)
- b) A visitor can buy a bike here less purchase tax, import duty etc, which means getting a BMW R75/5 for under £700 (\$1400).

A few people may remember my Suzi. Well, it was pretty well stuffed when I sold it, and I got £150 (\$300) for it from a DEALER! This gives you an idea of the price of Japanese bikes in England. The spare parts prices also run along the same lines. Something which would cost say, \$5 in Australia (like a pack rack) cost £5 here, and working out that £1 = \$2 that's bloody expensive!

I had a bit of gearbox trouble with the Suzi (alright, J.C when you have finished laughing, I'll continue) and it would have been cheaper to buy the gears at the retail price from Melbourne Motorcycles and AIRMAIL them to England.

Motorcycling in London would be better termed "Survival". Probably about 50% of Londoners are well mannered, courteous and give-way etc. This is a 50% improvement on Melbourne, but it causes a dilemma, as you don't know which group the guy flying up to the give way sign on your side is in! The road rules here are different too. I would say they are much better and easier to follow. There is a Minor and Major road system here, and all minor roads which lead into major roads are marked "Give Way" or have a double white line painted across them.



That is another thing: The paint on the roads here is different in that it doesn't seem to have the same oil-base as the slippery stuff on the roads back home. Also, pedestrian crossings are moulded rubber a lot of the time, and this is very grippy, even in the wet. A lot of the corners have non-stick surface and this means what it says. You can really let it all hang out on these corners as the surface is like sandpaper. Unfortunately, not all the corners in the city have this stuff, and the ones that do have it are not marked, so you have to know the corners you are belting around or you will end up under a bus or taxi on the other side of the road. This non-skid surface is needed thought, as all the taxis and buses in London (and there are thousands of them!) are diesel and they leak oil like Trumpy's, some even worse! So all, and I mean all, the streets in London are covered with a thin layer of oil, which isn't too bad until it rains, but then it is so slippery that it is hard to describe. Perhaps I am over exaggerating, cos the Poms seem to get around all right. But I keep thinking that the roads are like in Melbourne (clean) and every time I think that, I do a speedway slide around whichever corner I am trying to negotiate.

On the general scene, the cost of living here is fantastic! My little bedsitter cost £6 (\$12) per week, and food is on top of that. Meat and fresh fruit are about twice the price of Aussie, and even stuff that is the same price is expensive when you realise the difference in wages and tax. Here, it is lower wages, higher tax!

As it is now 2am, I'll sign off and get some sleep. I close with a plea that some of you lousy bastards who know me to write and keep me up with all the news which DOESNT get into "Freedom Rider"!

Regards to all,

Peter Sanders.

(THE REAL ONE)

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Christmas and New Year Trips. OR: Jindabyne and Marlo

Our Christmas trip to Jindabyne was amusing, with 6 of us taking 14 hours to get there, quite incredible really, with many stops and Graham's Guzzi having electrical problems.

Then it was a mad rush to get the tents up before dark, and as there were no cafes at the site, we were caught unprepared, as the only thing I had brought with me was a cup. But thanks to Nancy, I survived. A few campers were awakened by some nosey creatures, headed by Garry and those friendly Seventh Day Adventists.

On Sunday, the group toured down through the Lake Eucumbene area, where they ignored the sign and went past the "NO THROUGH ROAD", which explains why I never saw them, having been to church. So I took the 4 up to Mount Kosciusko, where I met Rick and Lil, who informed me of the road being rough, which it b...well was! It was well worth going over though, as the scenery from the top was really tremendous, with miles of valleys and patches of snow for those game enough to ski. By the time we got back, it was clean up and tea, with the others coming in an hour later, after an exciting trip.

Monday, another group went to Mount Kosciusko to fill in time till midday, then we all met at Jindabyne to pick up 3 hired boats, which we had for the afternoon. The way things were going, we thought we'd never get off dry land, as there was so much confusion. When we eventually did, we passed some island, where one crew had visions of rabbits; at another we did a bit of exploring, while some went for a swim, after Nancy showed them how to. Darren's boat ran out of fuel on the return journey. Fortunately, they were able to get some from some people close by. Keith had fun

using all his skill to dodge the rocks, which were really quite dangerous. So a hectic afternoon was had by all!

We broke camp on Tuesday, with some coming home, some going up towards Canberra, while Roger, Ian, J.B and I journeyed down to Bega, where we stayed overnight. The following morning, pushed on to Mallacoota, with Roger going bush, not being able to take a corner! Then on to Marlo, which has a population of 250, so it wasn't long before we found a spot near the foreshore, with the help of Ned, who had arrived earlier.

Once we had settled in, he showed us his new H.A helmet, which he had just bought in Sydney. A couple of hours later, it was certainly out to the test and badly damaged, when Ian did an Evil Knevel trick and both ended up in hospital for the rest of the weekend, not a good start to the New Year, surely! As time went by, I attended to their affairs, and on Police advice, came to the inevitable task of bringing Ian's bike closer to the camp.

Roger promptly started to do this by dragging it, and burnt his clutch out in the process. We finally finished the job with Ned's car. Then some of the others started to arrive, with Peter and Margaret turning up in a two-ton van, and J.B up to his usual antics of leaving as soon as he arrived, to go home.

By meal time, we had quite a crowd. That evening, went into the hospital at Orbost to see the patient, with quite a few visiting the local as well. During all this, Margaret became suddenly ill, and was sent to the hospital for a check up, where they decided to keep her in till the morning, for observation. The only bed available was in the maternity ward!

We did a short trip on Sunday morning, had lunch, then strolled down to the beach, where some swam, some bird watched (NOT the feathered type, I bet! – Typist) and Mo got burnt to at cinder, as he went to sleep. Once more, went into the town to see Ned and Ian, who were in high spirits, with Ian telling us about having to squeeze his hand for the nurse. Meanwhile, almost everyone visited the hospital's W.C.

At closing time, back to the camp, where we piled into the back of the van to see the New Year in, with many jokes being told. At midnight, best wishes went to everyone, with Margaret having a really kissing time, as she was the only girl present. Some went for a walk, and others got into Ned's car to go into town, where things were very quiet except for the hotel, where they were having a ball of a time!

Strolled down to the pier for a while, then Garry went for a walk, to get some exercise? So, all in all, it was a most pleasant holiday, with thanks to all present, especially to Peter and Margaret for their help which was really appreciated at Marlo.

Big Daddy.

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### JOKE SESSION

O'Connell and O'Leary were enjoying their meal and O'Connell couldn't resist boasting.

“Do you know I struggled for an hour with that salmon?”

O'Leary nodded, “I know”, he sympathised.

“The tin-openers they make these days are no good at all!”

\* \* \* \* \*

“If tobacco is a weed,” asked the Scotsman, “then why doesn’t it grow in my garden?”

\* \* \* \* \*

## GUNNAMATTA BEACH

I chucked the cickle into first gear and we were off, late as usual, but this didn't matter as we all enjoyed the chat at the car park. The wind had a very stinging bite in it as we headed off towards Arthur’s Seat on the first leg of our journey.

Clunk.. the bike was in second gear, then with much revs and quick clutch control, I was able to slip into third, and this, I am sorry to say, was the gear it remained in all the way to Frankston. In fact, it took us 50 minutes to cover the first 23 miles.

The reason for this slow trip was the fact that Formaldehyde was appointed leader, and as he is on “P” plates, decided to sit on 30mph. After a few words from Darren (probably abuse!), he increased his speed do at least 45mph.

After a fairly quick ride up Arther’s Seat in first and second gears with much revs, we adjoined to the local milk bar for a quick snack. It was then off towards Rosebud, but this time formaldehyde sat on a very should sit on. Lunch was had here and many ate it there.

A rather nasty man at the gate of the parking area told us no bikes were allowed in, so we had to leave them outside the parking area.

As the day warmed up, the men (??? – typist!) of the club started to play games, that is, until Lance stood on the beach ball which deflated rather quickly. New games then had to be found, and this involved getting wet. This also came to a holt when we were informed by one of those he-men of the beach that the surf was far too dangerous to swim in.

With our enthusiasm dampened, the club relaxed with most of us lying in the sun having a chat, while a handful of others went to a stroll along the beach. I understand that the shock of this exercise did Chris Thorn some injury.

As the day drew on, it was decided to break camp and head back to the big smoke, this time with a new leader. The route chosen was through the Flinders, and entailed riding over some very rough dirt roads. the only stop made was for petrol at Frankston and then it was straight back to Melbourne.

A new eating place was tried that night, directly opposite the KBCP and the food was good and inexpensive, but one complaint was heard, this time from Darren, who felt that they should accept his credit cards!

After dinner, Ian had a brainwave (we THINK!) and he suggested we go and see “On Any Sunday”. Arriving at the theatre 1 ½ hours earlier than the time it usually starts, we soon had a crowd around us. What with playing Musical Bikes, being told off by the Police and making a general nuisance of ourselves, it came out as a heavy blow when we were informed that it was not on that night. (Actually, Ian was the one who got the blows, as we had been standing there for two hours).

It was then off down the street, where we got in to see the film “The Mechanic”. The fellow who played the lead was obviously frustrated with his two stroke, so he went off and killed people. (Really lovely, it was!)

Conclusion: The Sunday was a first rate day, even though my poor gearbox will never be the same again.

Incidentally, we saw "On Any Sunday" on Tuesday. If you think it's confusing, then blame Ian.

N. Osey

\* \* \* \* \*

The girl had never been to the city before, so relatives wanted her to have a good time while she was visiting them. The boy next door invited the girl on a date.

They went to a drive-in movie and afterwards to a restaurant for a snack. The boy thought he would keep from embarrassing the girl if he ordered for them both, so he asked for four hamburgers and two cokes.

The girl, not wanting the waitress to think her stupid, said, "You can bring the same for me."

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Newlywed rushed into the kitchen and found his beloved about to put a pie into the oven. "How marvellous!" he exclaimed as he glanced at the pie, which was about 6 inches wide and about 18 inches long.

"But why did you make it such a funny shape?"

"I couldn't get any shorter rhubarb", she answered.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the drunk rolled home, he had a question for his wife.

"That bottle of white stuff in the bathroom, is it hair-restorer?" he asked.

"No it isn't, its glue", said his wife.

"Ah", said the drunk. "No wonder I couldn't get my hat off in the bar"

\* \* \* \* \*

M.S.C.A.V. REGATTA, DAYLESFORD. – 14<sup>th</sup> January, 1973.

Despite the prospects of bad weather, a good turn-up of bikes was seen at KBCP, so after inspecting the Bennett's new BMW (CURRY coloured, mind you!) and the late arrival of the Cap on the new machine, we made tracks (NOT of the railway variety!) for Daylesford.

The Fenech Bros were last seen returning to Melbourne, having scrounged some petrol from Claw. Meanwhile, Gunther and Evelyn was-a-comin'.

Eventually arrived, cold and wet, at Daylesford, where a pretty good meal was enjoyed at the restaurant in town, except that a certain de-licensed 650 Kwaka rider wandered from table to table, tripping up the waitresses and generally making a nuisance of himself. Meanwhile, Gunther and Evelyn was-a-comin'.

After much deliberation, the Captain finally pointed us in the right direction of the lake, only to find the boat shed all locked up! Too wet for rowing, or was it because the waves were over ¼ of an inch height (6.23mm, that is!). meanwhile, Gunther and Evelyn was-a-comin'.

So from Daylesford, Darren led us off to Trentham Falls, which had a fair amount of flow up (err, down!), providing a curtain of water through which our camera bugs (they're nearly as numerous as those confounded train bods) took lotsa groovey snaps.

After a brief interlude to pump up Eddie's back tyre, we fanged off to the Tullamarine Jetport to look at some hairy planes (Fokkers an' jets an' things) and to watch Pauline beat up Les – for “never taking her anywhere”! Meanwhile, Gunther and Evelyn was-a-comin'.

Next stop: - good ol' Ned's place for a cuppa tea and bikkies, and a fight over the bean chairs, then into town for tea at the new, low-priced eating house opposite the car park.

After the boys in blue checked us out, we proceeded to Greg Smith's for coffee and a listen to some very latest tunes from the hit-parade? Meanwhile, Gunther and Evelyn had made it to Daylesford, and even back to Melbourne! Unfortunately, they were waiting at 191 for us!

By the way, ask Peter and Lois, and Eddie about the value of crash bars when turning right at Sunbury!

Conclusion: - An interesting day, and night.

Blue, Blue, My Love is Blue.