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THE LAST TUG AT THE CLUB HALL?????



What a great month! Bulk sex at the movies,
and bulk grog at the social turns.

Garry's mother, upon her return after the all-weekend-long party, was heard to exclaim: "Gee, your friends must drink a lot!!" All we can say is if she thought that was bad, she should have seen a few of our bods after the "Pub Night"!

Sad to hear of Paul Price's mishap with an open door of a car, but judging from his actions at Wednesday night's outing, no doubt he wasn't the only one with a swollen foot.

Denis (Whacker) Ackland appreciates people visiting him, but he wishes they would find a new meeting place, as his flat is gradually being wrecked, not to mention the water

seepage in the driveway.

Hear Mim got knocked out by her brother at the football recently. We understand he has a rather mean left hook for a little fellow.

"There I was, playing my acoustic guitar, going sideways down a 150 foot cliff." Sounds familiar; Well, ask Tiny how you stop Honda 4/s from going down cliffs by turning the bike completely upside down. what an effort! The boy should get a medal, but really, all that trouble just for Formaldehyde to take a photo!

Lance Crockett is definitely henpecked or something, coz he's got new glasses, combs his hair, and shaves (on his face, too). He also was babysitting whilst we were living it up at Penhall's Penthouse.

For all those interested, a doctor has told a very good friend of ours that a sex change operation is not just a matter of nip and tuck. And anyway, he shouldn't worry over such a little thing.

After another visit to a certain Pizza Hut (no names will be mentioned), we still recommend you to eat at the Universal. Too many cops for the lame-brain printers' liking at the aforementioned one.

Congratulations to Peter and Marg, who have finally decided to tie the knot. (Typist's comment: Yes, Claw, and it will only be tied around your neck and pulled as tight as possible!)

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WYE RIVER AND APOLLO BAY - 8th April, 1973.

The run for us started at the "Billious Bar" opposite the car park. After I ate half of Lance's Tosca bar, we flicked off to the car park. At approximately 10.15am, we departed from the last place we were at, with Mick leading, Les as patrol and Formaldehyde as the rear rider. The first stop was at

Geelong, where we came across a Howard and his drop machine. Petrol was procured by BMW's. (Ha! Ha!)

We next stopped at Lorne for hamburgers and cold pies. After a game of Frisbee flicking by some of the best flickers in the club, we proceeded to Wye River along that nice stretch of road, while I had the misfortune to be a passenger in a green automobile whose driver thought he was on a bike.

Having found nothing of interest at Wye River, we took off for Apollo Bay, due to a unanimous vote by Lance and Mick, plus a few more of the front placegetters. There is a certain female 350 Honda rider fast becoming known as "The Thrasher", although no names will be mentioned herein.

Bulk fun was had at Apollo Bay on the trampolines by some of the more energetic members, while the others sucked their ice creams. Incidentally: Rumour has it that Ian Taylor has been on those trampolines before! Correct? Following this, we had a pow-wow under a tin shelter, where you-know-who was dubbed for this write up! (Thanks, Mick and Marg)

We left for home via Forrest, then Winchelsea and Geelong to Fitzroy Street, St Kilda, for tea, where certain members decided they had had a rough day and went home.

P.S.'s: 360 Yami's hit the gravel after hard cornering.
BMW's "FLY!!?" around corners about a foot from the ground.
Garry was conspicuous by his absence. Must have been doing his thing.

Due to the cornering characteristics (flying) of 750 BMW's, Mick is thinking of getting a red 650 Yamaha. (Good swap, eh, Les?)

A good time was had by all – we hope.

Him and Me

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GARRY'S PARTY

Arrived at the Penhall's to find the party in top gear and the troops spread from one end of the house to the other. Added to the bottles in the swimming pool and, ripping one open, joined the fray.

While some people found their entertainment playing snooker, people downstairs proceed to get themselves written off, the Honan's appeared to be doing this with great success. Lil opened up a sculling contest and Rick got himself locked in the loo. Tiny emptied a few cans into his barrel while Darren appeared to be drinking well. Arrivals continued until 1am.

Denis and Claw created havoc with a formidable "mobile tripmeter" – dealing soundly, at one stage, with a boisterous immigrant. The usual people started flaking as people started leaving at about 2.30am, and the remainder were impressed with aforementioned immigrant's husband's flick knife exhibition. (Definitely an uncooked crustacean!)

Garry, Mim, Tiny and assorted slumbering in the bedroom were rudely awakened at about 5.30am so they may have some more fun (?). (Agreed, troops??) 7.30 was a time of mourning – the grog ran out. With tears in their eyes, people started leaving again, and at 9am the selected few were left. Television and conversation led up to lunch, with Ian and Denis trying coffee and port (with mixed feelings) while Neil stuck to a straight port. A kind of scrambled smorgasbord was the way the troops attacked lunch.

I'm sure the members would like to thank Garry and his sisters who really laid on the hospitality caper – good stuff - and the great party, which, I understand, officially closed at 5pm.

Anon.

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GRAHAM KENNEDY T.V. SHOW NIGHT

We have plenty of tickets to see this show live on Thursday, 21st June.

If you would like some of these FREE tickets, just ask Darren or Bruce. If you don't see them, ring or write and they will send them out.

P.S.: A friend of Darren's has been good enough to allow us to park our bikes in his driveway and garden, as he is very close to the GTV-9 studios. He is:

Ian Relph,
"Toad Hall",
29 Westback Terrace,
RICHMOND

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M.S.C.A.V. DAY TRIAL. 6/5/73.

<u>NAME</u>	<u>PILLION</u>	<u>POI</u>
D. Cumming	B. Higgs	18
M. Peart	P. Billingham	18
M. King	N. Borgelt	18
M. Formaini	-	17
S. Hoffman	C. Hatherell	17
H. Higham	M. Fenech	15
D. Ackland	-	14
G. Smith	-	14
J. Cecil	G. Osborn	13
L. Wissman	B. McGuinness	8
L. Bennett	P. Bennett	7
T. Michie	-	6
R. Jinks	-	6
H. Moffat	-	6
C. Thorn	-	4
R. Evans	-	4
R. Holt	-	

* Mileage advantage over next lower competitor.

DID NOT FINISH:

Rick and Lil Honan.

Mario and David Fenech.

CONGRATULATIONS:

To the competitors and to those who did so

David and Bruce, by winning, will organise

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TOORONGA FALLS – 13/5/73

The run to Tooronga falls was made in what I thought was a warm autumn day's conditions. I was surprised to hear a few complaints of how cold it was. No reason for this, as the sun shone nearly all day. Perhaps all you need is a fairing on your bike!!

The roads to Noojee were nothing spectacular, but apparently they were good enough for Darren to do plenty of scraping. This upset Michael Formaini no end, and he flatly refused to go any further than Neerim South, whereupon, he stood beside the road and waited for Greg and then travelled the rest of the day in the car. Michael had broken his brake lever when his bike allegedly fell over whilst photographing trains on Saturday, and so was riding pillion with Darren.

At Noojee, we were hosted to lunch by a very friendly publican who wanted to make sure everything was right for us. One table of people were observed partaking of that amber stuff (Smack! Smack!), while the rest restricted themselves to nothing stronger than squash.

From Noojee it was only a short, but difficult, couple of miles to the Falls. Most of the road was soft clay overlaid with gravel. Very tricky! No reports of anyone coming down, though. A pilgrimage was duly made to the base of the Falls, followed by the traditional game of Frisbee and a toss around of a beach ball. Was Big Daddy seen entering the "Ladies" to retrieve the ball???

The fuzz paid the Falls a visit, although, fortunately, he was friendly and stayed to chat for some time. Three cheers for the fuzz for pulling up three cars for licence checks!! What do you reckon Greg, Kurt and J.B? No bikes were stopped.

Brian's return to two wheels after a long absence while on four wheels instead appears to have been short lived. While returning to Melbourne via Powelltown, Brian had to alter his line in a corner, to give more leeway to a car and came unstuck. The petrol tank was ripped out and the instruments demolished. Brian was OK except for a headache from landing on his head, splitting his helmet apart, and also a couple of small holes in his leathers. It is interesting to note that in Monday's "Age" there was a report of a motorcyclist killed over the weekend. The name of the person killed was Murphy. Could that be an omen for Brian to take care in the future?

After organising somewhere to leave Brian's bike, it was back to Melbourne, the market, something to eat and then billiards.

Ned.

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MT. COLE 20th May, 1973.

Well, after the two parties, on the Friday and Saturday nights, we managed to arrive at KBCP between 9-9.30am, with about 18 bikes, also Greg and his car. Of course, the 750 Hondas outnumbered everybody. That is why we had 1 puncture; 1 oil change and 1 (flip) slide.

We finally left the car park about 9.30am, with the first stop at Taradale for petrol and food, plus a little bit of a thawing out by the heater. We also found that a Honda had water in the oil, which was soon fixed with the helping hands of Honda enthusiasts. Meanwhile, the main bunch off to Avoca to pick up J.C and his trusty old BMW. The 4 Honda 4's of Darren, Donald, Jeffrey and yours truly had stopped behind to fix the Honda. Now I tell you that trying to keep up to Darren is something that must be experienced. If anybody can move along at between 80-100mph while sitting upright, please see me. I would like to know how to do it without the help of a windscreen.

We finally caught up with the troops at Maryborough and eventually stopped at Avoca at the same time as the rest of the troops. Darren left us to find J.C, while the rest of the troops filled with petrol, and of course, food. Here we were informed of Keith's close brush with a four wheeled monster. Also, this is where we and the flat on a 750 Honda. This is also where Ned's levers came in handy. Most of the troops set off for Mt. Cole and a picnic lunch.

We found Darren and J.C on the side of the road. Then we were invited to J.C.'s place to meet the folks, and his Dad decided that he would auction off all the bikes to make a fortune.

After this, we continued on our way and stopped at the Smith's Bridge Picnic Ground. We had lunch and waited for the others to turn up. Sorry about the crumpets not being cooked right through, J.C.!

About 4pm, we headed for the T.V tower and Ararat Reservoir, which was found after walking down a little. Very easy going down, harder coming up. After getting our breath back, we set out for Beauport. On the way down, yours truly decided that the road was in bad state of repair and thought that over the embankment was better than the road. But I came to a sudden stop upside down and very surprised (very good position for working on the bike!) while some of the others took photos. After righting the bike, we again headed for civilization, where we said goodbye to J.C. and Claw, who were going back to the farm. Then the rest headed for Beaufort, with Howard H leading the way.

We had coffee and rugged up for the cold trip home, with yours truly, Keith and Garry Osborn heading off early to get a head of the speedsters amongst the troops (Ned) who caught up with us a little way past Ballarat when we stopped for petrol, to take us back to the cafe at Footscray, where the stirrers started on me. We also found some of the others trying vainly to explain why they had missed out on the club run. They had gulped down most of the food, leaving for me only bits and pieces.

Machine and rider are now back to normal except for a sore... and shoulder. It's a bit hard to write this while driving a tram down Sydney road in peak hour, but I did get a breather at the terminus. Which reminds me – I had better get this green and yellow monster moving, as it's time for my meal break as soon as I get to the depot.

Tiny.

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“HISTORY OF A MEMBER”

I'm six foot one, have grey eyes, and have had six bikes in my bike riding career, these being: Lambretta, Heinkel, Maico, Honda Dream, Honda 450 and now the 500/4 Honda. Total of about 150,000 miles travelled, all accident free, except for some minor occurrences which we all seem to have at some stage or another. One minor prang which stands out is one I can recall of the 450 on a run to Gunnamatta Beach a couple of years ago. I went head over the bars, landing on my shoulder in dirt, sustaining a badly bruised joint, a busted switch and front end troubles.

I joined the club in 1956, in which year we helped in the running of the Olympic Games, raising \$400 for our efforts as courier riders for the Herald. Have also helped the escorting of the Moomba Procession, which was quite a thrill, and as parking attendants for the Flower Show at Ferny Creek. I still assist the Herald during the footy finals each year, so you can see by this report I've had some pleasant times and memories.

Thanks to the past, and present members of our Association for their friendship over the years. I have also held the office of Club Captain, and have now been President since 1968.

Finally, since the last club meeting, I have presented Police Instructor, Senior Constable Ray Johnson with a gift, a note book and two pens, for devoting his time for that talk, which was most valuable, I'm sure everyone would agree. Naturally, these were with the compliments of the Police Department!

Peter Philferan
("Big Daddy")
President.

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THE PUB NIGHT

Having left my motorcycle at Rick and Lil's place, I hopped into their nice cosy 4 wheel thing and we proceeded to the said International Hotel. This salubrious establishment proved not to be in Essendon, or for that matter, anywhere near Essendon, but out at Airport West, nearly out in the tall timber, in fact!

Arriving at the scene we noted we were not alone, for Darren, Phil Nash, Heather (A new girl member, troops!) and Trevor on his Yamaha were already present. (AHA! The wily bearded Ned was also there. Sorry about that, Ned.)

Anyway, after a bit of a chat we all trooped inside for tea, that's what the management called it, I'll have you know. Shocked, we were, shocked! Well, after consuming this feed, we adjourned back to the dance floor area, where after paying \$1.50 entrance fee (the extortionists!) we were allowed in to see about 6'6" of bouncer weighing about 20 stone-odd, which somewhat subdued us, for a while anyway.

By this time a good many members had rolled up, or crawled or whatever was the case, to the reserved tables. So the fun began. Conversation was limited to band breaks, because the noise they were kicking up was truly incredible. Noise pollution for sure.

The night wore on and people wore out (some flaked out) and finally they served supper. Speaking for our table, they should have put a big trough in the centre and emptied the whole lot in. That way we would have all got our fair share. As it was, Plucker and Hatherell got the lot, apart from what was smeared on people's faces by the owner of the swimming glasses, that is.

Anyway, after supper was finished, they, the management, had a talent quest, whereby we were suffered to watch various performances of those getting up to do their thing on stage. Revolting!!

Duly it was time to leave, so without showing any argument (the big bouncer was still present) we left. Various modes of leaving the Hotel were shown, with one four wheeler managing to frighten everyone in a big way, including himself, I think! We then retired bodily to Ackland's flat, then what were capable, that is, and continued carrying on there.

Slowly but surely, people went home, until there were only a few present. These few sturdy chaps finally drank on till the small hours whereby a domestic war ensued. (Beer, milk and coffee, even, went in every direction) Luckily, nobody got hurt and we are all still good friends, I think. That's all I'm saying. So at 4.30am, we left Denis to clean up the flat and went home.

J.C.

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Sixteen bikes (I think) plus pillion riders, and three cars left KBCP promptly at 10am. Michael Formaini rode with Darren. After going along several freeways which I could never find again, we came out onto the Princes Highway past Dandenong. We rode nonstop to Noojee, nonstop that is, except for Darren and Greg. Michael Formaini was seen waving us through and hitched a ride with Greg. Apparently, Darren's very careful riding was too much for Mike's stomach.

The midday meal at the Noojee pub found members suggesting to Michael that he have chicken soup followed by chicken for the main course. While the meal was only just okay and too expensive in my opinion, time passed pleasantly enough. Those who ate at the Greendale pub will agree that that meal was much better and cheaper. However, the Greendale pub is not at Noojee! From here, we went on to Tooronga Falls, where the less energetic walked halfway to see the Falls while the energetic walked further up.

Back at the car park, some people kicked balls around and threw things at each other. Kurt's son, Matthew, did a few wheelies on his bike, while Kurt suggested a different shaped tank for Murphy's bike, saying that if he didn't, it might ruin his manhood or else make it most unpleasant.

We had a visit from the fuzz, who must have been charmed by Darren and the others talking to him, as when leaving later, only cars were pulled up for licence checks (for a change) and one car was booked for speeding.

Some of the road to the car park was not so good, but worse was to come after leaving Noojee on the road to Powelltown, where a section under repair was covered inches thick with coarse blue metal. Some of we poorer riders had difficulty keeping the bikes where we wanted them instead of where nature and the force of gravity wanted to put them. Some of the better riders passed we 10mph riders doing over 130mph. (HMMMM!!! – typist) Wish I was as good!

After this, we travelled on good but wettish dirt road, and then on the bitumen, until just out of Powelltown, Nature had its way and laid Murphy's bike down. If it had happened on the dirt section, it would not have surprised either Murphy or us. He was apparently not hurt except for bruises, thanks to his leather gear. The same cannot be said for his bike. After doing various things to it, then removing the tank, Kurt rode/rolled it down almost to Powelltown, and was towed the last few yards. Anyone wanting a second hand slightly damaged tank, please contact Murphy. We left here at 4.20pm and headed for town via Yarra Junction, arriving back at 6pm, just 3 hours late for work for me. It was a good day, good country at its best, with very kind weather. In fact, a near perfect outing, marred only by Murphy's accident.

Lloyd, 500 Guzzi.

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MICK'S DAY OUT 27/5/73

Mick Fagan had suggested a short run to follow the Pub Night: (although only a few who had attended the pub night actually joined the large assembly for the Sunday run.) His idea was Cobbledick's Ford, in the Cobbledick's Reserve, and it was a surprise to see such a pleasant natural bushland area so close to Melbourne and as yet relatively undisturbed or known by Melbourne people. I had never been there, although I had seen it on the map.

After the arranged late start, since the meeting time was 11.30am, with Mick in the lead and Ron (750 water bottle) as rear rider, we went to Laverton where we took on supplies for the picnic lunch. The loganberry pies – with lashings of cream – were very popular, as were the rolls.

Mick led through Hopper's Crossing and on through a muddy section of road where CB750 bogged and was dropped, damaging the Perspex of the windscreen. Greg Smith, who was following said it

was a very spectacular fall. Well, there is a tale about last laughs...For everyone else the day was highly successful and the weather perfect. However, I had overwound my clock earlier, and with the broken screen, the day was proving expensive. Well, it could have been worse!

Cobbledick's Reserve is great. Mick led to the reserve by a steep short cut, but no one came unstuck. No one else did during the day, either. Garry Osborn and Mick, as well as Andrew and all the others, had a great time trail riding. Garry went up a steep incline and promptly went out of view over a ledge, but it was not a straight drop, and I am told it even gave Garry a surprise. Mick took his BMW where BMW's should not go, and showed his prowess off to advantage.

We saw Cobbledick's Ford, which was rusting away in the Werribee River. Denis Ackland, Garry and other reprobates spent an exhilarating time throwing wild quinces at the rest of us – very unMSCAV like!! So Pauline promptly threw them back again. Ian Taylor and others were seen kicking a football and Ron was grilling chops. The two Howards both turned up late. H.H took his Honda 4 where Honda 4's ought never to go, and H.M. took pictures of us riding back up to the road.

Mick next led us to the dam at Melton, sometimes called Exford Dam. The picnickers there looked apprehensive as we arrived. (The bikie image has not been too good lately!) After a pause, Howard H led to the Golden Fleece service station at Bacchus Marsh, where some refuelled their bikes and others had milk shakes. Donald (Honda 4, twin discs) suggested I try a confection – To Form – and it proved quite tasty. Highly recommended, Mick!!

Howard then led up Anthony's Cutting to Lake Merrimu. En Route, Greg Smith's car was seen broken down (English rubbish!) and many members lent assistance to get him mobile, and fortunately they were successful. During this stage, I rode Paul Price's 500/4, and very nice it is (naturally!! – typist) with its single loud megaphones each side. They sounded great, but not really in the style of Paul, a capable, careful yet restrained young man.

The Lake looked attractive in the late afternoon sun. Sensible folk went back along Ballarat road, while adventurous spirits travelled via Diggers Rest and the Tullamarine Freeway. Les B turned up late – where did he get to? – and Pauline seemed quite distressed until he turned up safe and sound.

Well, at Footscray, a few who had been at the Pub Night the night before were seen. Big Daddy explained that he had been working on his bike for Tumut. Nancy and Graham, Cheryl and Stuart and others were greeted for tea.

In all, a most eventful and pleasant day. Thanks to Mick for picking the spot.

Darren.

P.S a sad note. Paul Price rang to say that he had an accident on the way home. A corner marker had left his post and Paul had ridden on into the Calder crowd. Whilst looking for the marker, and whilst travelling past a car, he fell for the old "open the car door trick". Result: - two broken bones in one foot and a damaged motorcycle. Really bad luck.

Perhaps members would like to visit him at his home:
Addrss: 169 Dalton Street, Lalor.

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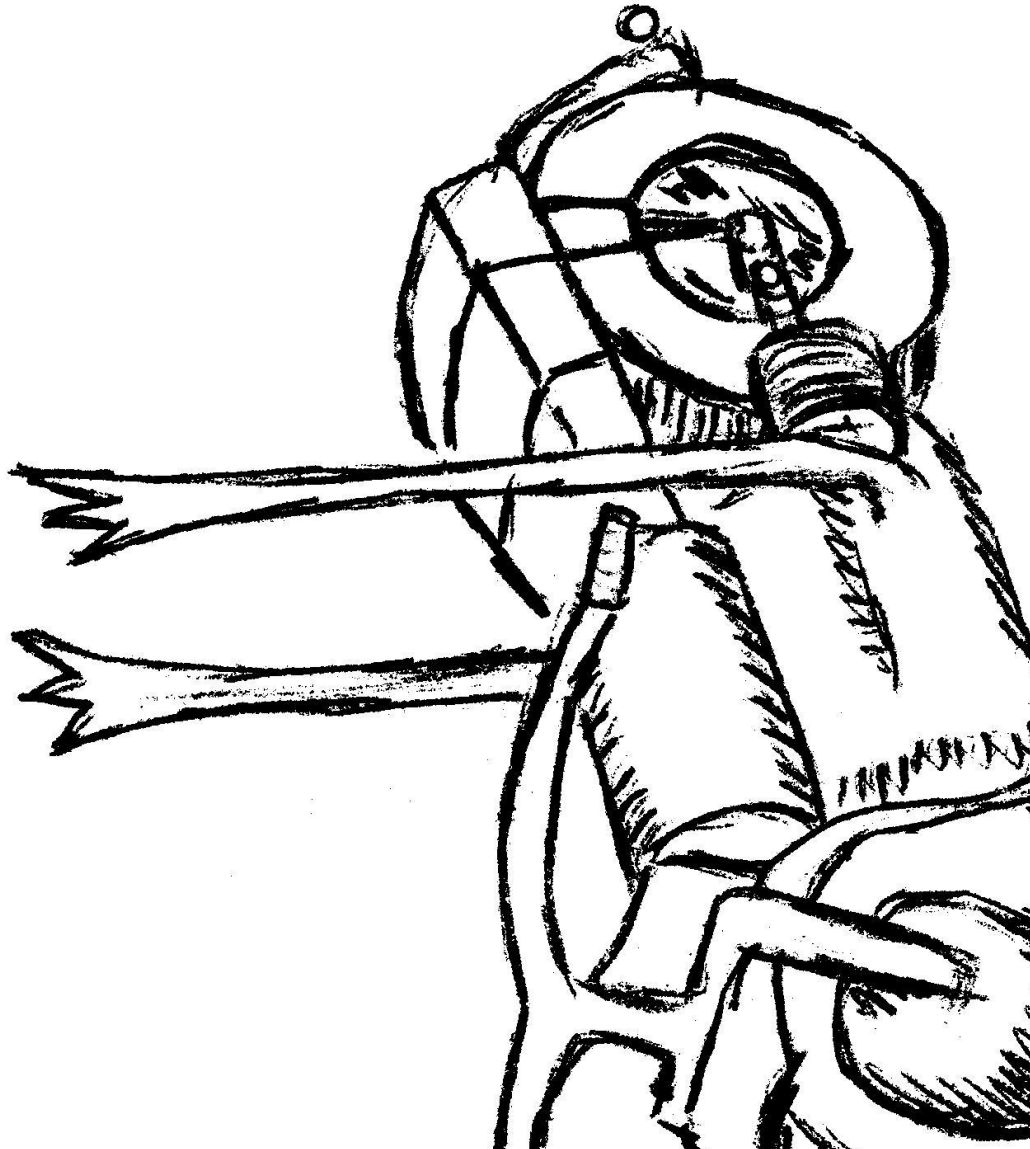
Here is something for all the Big Mouths in the club to try...and I bet you can't say it ten times without fault after the next club party, either!!

"Betty bought a bit of butter, but the bit of butter that Betty bought was bitter, so Betty bought a better bit of butter and made the bitter bit of butter better."

GOOD FUN, HUH???

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MY ANSWER TO THE HIGH
COST OF PETROL BESIDES XL
IS THE STEAM DRIVEN MOTOR
CYCLE IT DOESNT POLLUTE
MUCH EITHER.
THERE IS ONE SLIGHT
DISADVANTAGE THOUGH IT
WEIGHS ABOUT A TON.



EASTER CAMP – POREPUNKAH

The big Guzzi slid to a stop amongst a handful of drenched, deserted tents which were anchored in a sea of squelching mud. The wind from the surrounding mountains was bitterly cold; adding to the depressing feeling that the foggy grey sky and the constant drenching rain was already casting on the water-logged valley.

After throwing up my tent in the shallows, I slushed off to the pub to find the inhabitants of the black lagoon. Being one day late I found out that many people had already been and gone. The hardier members of the club were in the progress of thrashing a trail-riding group at pool. After twelve hours in the shelter of the pub, the club decided to brave the elements and head back to camp, for the rest of the night.

Ian H and myself were able to secure the services of a volunteer ambulance driver to give us a lift home – but, on the way we passed a bunch of slack walkers, who jumped in the back of the Ute and were hanging on quite well until it swung into the entrance of the camp. The Fig Plucker saved the cans but hit his head, and the volunteer ambulance driver had a job – a dash to the hospital with a patient for his wife – the nurse. Having no doctors in the hospital, Claw and J.C had to attend to the Plucker – wash him down and clam down the nurse. Finally the doctors turned up.

Sunday morning started where Saturday night left off – bitterly cold with a grey overcast sky dropping rain in bucketfuls onto the already drenched, muddy ground. That was enough for many of the club. Tent were packed in the pouring rain, much bad language and mutterings, the departure of the Bennett Clan, J.C and a few others, and the near departure of the Taylors. But out of the darkened gloom came bright sunshine, instantly transforming the once depressing valley into a bright warm and friendly one. The Taylors unpacked and again put up their large circus tent – the main act being the disappearance of a 250 Suzi by a couple of clowns.

Sunday morning saw a quick search of other caravan parks for the 7th Days we had met at Jindabyne, resulting in being thrown out of one poshy park by a screaming feline. After lunch, we headed towards Mt. Buller. The roads were great, and all the bikes were revving their way up the spiral type roadway. Up a gear for the straights; down one for the corners; down two for the elbow turns – all bikes revving their hearts out, trying to pass a white Renault 10, in which Willi was a passenger. A short stay at the top to take in the view, and then down the mountain for tea.

Sunday night at the Bright District Nursing Home will never be the same again. About 20 people crowded into a hot stuffy room to see Figgsy's bare chest and swollen head. Lance and Chunky brought Bruce flowers, specially handpicked from the hospital gardens, and not content with that, had a wheelchair drag over the rickety wooden veranda. After much clomping of boots in the corridor, the hospital fell into silence, as the campers prepared for the night around the campfire.

The sun awoke the camp Monday morning, and before anyone had a chance to wake properly, we were all heading for an unknown power station pas Bogong. After some 20 miles of corners, we hit dirt road. This road was very solid and the view quite good, so we pressed on. But no the dark side of the mountain where the sun does not dare go, the road turned to mud. The smaller bikes, like Keith's Kwaka and Trevor's Yami were having a ball, but the others were drifting in ever increasing side slides from corner to corner. And arriving at the power station we found the underground tunnel had collapsed, so the station was shut down – which meant we saw much more of the machinery and instruments than otherwise.

Back to Bogong for lunch. Having waited for nearly ½ an hour for lunch, the waitress told the other customers in no uncertain terms to “do the ... hamburgers themselves!” and stormed out. But for the coolness of Big Daddy and H.H, we may never have been served. How were your eggs, Trevor?

After lunch, we lay in the bright sunshine on the lawns overlooking the lake, and were entertained by two high jumping ducks – one of which was a very bad loser.

From Bogong we flew via Yackandandah to Beechworth, just in time to visit the museum. From here we chugged along rarely out of second gear to the Powder Museum, only to find it closed. The door was not locked, so Greg Smith gave it a hearty shove, nearly knocking over the caretaker, broom and all. Typical car driver!

The trip back to camp was made as the sun was sinking into the right hand sky, casting weird lights and shadows over and along the roads. Led by Ian Taylor, we cruised along through the myriads of colours at about 70mph. The colours were really fascinating and all riders seemed to be held by the spell cast by Nature.

Passing thorough Myrtleford, Ian slowed down to 30mph for some unexplained reason, and half a mile later the whole club slowly rode over a cleverly disguised amphotometer. The look of sheer amazement on the face of the cop was worth going 20 miles to see. 10 points to Ian.

Monday night snuck upon us far too quickly – but how many people will forget this night? The bonfire was raging, sending out tremendous heat, and a shower of sparks floated up into the clear, cold sky. After much singing and carryings-on, the night's entertainment began. An army of worried parents rescued their little girls from our campfire, much to the annoyance of the girls. Lance went trail riding up a hill, and nearly made it, landing on his leg. By the groans of pain and cries of agony, we thought he must have broken his leg – but Doctor Malcolm, with a shout of "Slack Trail rider", turned the patient into a prize fighter.

Having settled this, next we found Greg Smith caught in the blackberry bushes. He couldn't move, but his tongue certainly could. To end the festivities, lance showed us his ability to jump. With three enormous leaps, he was through the blackberries and halfway across the river. Many volunteers were ready to flip the coin to see who else would jump in after him, the half-drowned rat, but luckily lance managed to grab a helping hand and was dragged to the fire.

Tuesday passed quietly, with most people leaving. The evening roll-call saw Little Mick, Ian H, Phil N, Keith A and myself, plus of course, Bruce. The latter four played cards till well after 10pm at the hospital, and found that Bruce's roommate, Andrew aged 10, was a smart feller, or was that a Fart Smeller? Hurts to laugh, doesn't it Figgsy? Ask the hospital curtains.

Rudely awakened by Little Mick on Wednesday morning and told to get up, Ian and myself promptly told Mick where to go and what to do, upon which our tent was let down. We left camp at 8am, with Phil Figgsy's Trumpy, and arrived at Wangaratta about 9am to find Mick had run out of petrol, and being Anzac Day, no petrol until 2pm. We were able to persuade the lady to give us two gallons to enable us to get to Glenrowan, where we filled up.

After a very eventful trip home, we returned Figgsy's bike and all departed for home, waiting for the next chance to go camping, and with memories of Bright never to be forgotten.

Garry Penhall.

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Four nurses had decided to play practical jokes on a new intern to test his sense of humour, and met to report what each had done.

"I stuffed cottonwool in his stethoscope", said the first nurse.

"I changed the names on some of his charts", added the second.

"I was more personal", giggled the third girl. "I found a pack of contraceptives in his desk drawer and put a pin hole in every one of them".

The fourth nurse fainted!!

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NARCISSISM: Playing strip solitaire.

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