

EDITORIAL, May, 1973.



Sorry Mean Ins Next
B.M.W.!!!

A Very exciting and interesting month has been had by most club members what with vast amounts of social turns run-ins with the Hell's Angels, and ever increasing turn outs on Sunday runs.

Looking back to last month's meeting and the pizza night afterwards, the general consensus of opinion received by our raving reporter was: "I've had better, but I will eat anything". Which only goes to show what a person will do when he's STARVED.

Our spies tell us that the Stunt Team Show should have been more aptly renamed "The Three Stooges."

A good turn for this coming month should be the Pub Night. If it turns out half as good as the last one, then it

should be a rip snorter of a night.

A rather small matter, but one of great interest, is the specifications for "L" platers on motorcycles. These must be displayed both back and front, and measure not less than 6" by 6", and no larger than 8" by 8".

Keep those drawings and write ups coming in, as we really need them.

DRUNKEN DRIVEL

Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust.
If nobody else does it
The Secretary must.
Well, nobody else did –
So the secretary sure bit the dust!

I'm sure that all those at Sue's party would like to wish her a "Happy Birthday", as many of us, in our rush to leave, forgot to do so.

It seems that Marilyn has become very attached to her Suzi, so much so that she even sleeps with it.

(HOLD ON....there's more yet!!!)

Lance is up to his old tricks again – this time he fell into a river. Yes! You've guessed it – DRUNK AGAIN!

Sorry to say that Big Daddy kept off the Marsala this month, and has been good for a change.

Message to all people (from Mick,) who have been knocking BMW's... "Why don't you b...s get off my back?"

On the way to the last club meeting, Denis Ackland decided to run a poor innocent pedestrian under. Perhaps it's about time we started to call him Denis the menace??

Neil Lawrie emphatically denies that his girlfriend is a cross between James Cagney and Ruth Bizzy.

Would you believe Darren gave up trains for lent?

Margaret has promised she won't shit the troops again – (Till the next, anyway – typist)

Very disappointing to note that Garry Penhall's promised write up was not received this month.

Does Red Ned, our trusted accountant, always hang a bucket around his neck before retiring?

Only 3 kilo days to go before Don Perry ties the knot – in what we are not sure, but he is definitely going to tie it somewhere.

Pauline is a firm believer that black is beautiful – right up to her neck!

Good to see Murph, a long standing member, out and about on his Suzi.

Neville was a wipe-out last weekend. Come to think of it, so were Tiny, J.C, Don, etc.

Wanted: "Four willing females, to play leap frog". Please contact Big Daddy.

Hear Rick Honan dropped his bike after a blow-out, and wife Lil was injured, although she's okay again, now.

Certain people object to Howard Higham kicking their juke box just 'coz it won't work for him.

Roger was seen to be actually DRINKING (beer, even) at the beach party. Surely not a sneak drinker??

Which female had to get her gear off, due to large quantities of the amber liquid being thrown all over her at the beach party?

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JAMIESON ROUND TRIP

The dozen or so bike riders who gathered for the Jamison trip fell into two broad categories: Those who had gone to Mim's party; and those who had left the festivities early.

There was wild talk of meeting up with a band of amiable boozers at Buxton, but this (for reasons only to be guessed at by the writer) was never to eventuate.

A little before 9am, we were led on a short detour to the Spencer Street Interstate railway platform, where Howard M stepped off the train from Sydney. With a sense of timing (which apparently only years of studying railway timetables can instil) he donned helmet and jacket from Darren's top case, threw a leg over his 750 Four (previously planted in the parking space) and in 30 seconds flat was ready for the day's ride.

Heading out of Melbourne towards Lilydale a young fellow on a 200 Yamaha tagged along – “Just for the ride”, as he later casually put it. I personally clocked his small machine doing an effortless 70mph.

With Healesville behind and the many curves of the Great Dividing Range ahead, Giacomo Figgs led all and sundry a merry chase. With such gusto was his riding that the left muffler on the Trumpy was blown back a good half inch along the pipe and had to be repositioned at Buxton.

After light refreshments and quick consultation of Formaldehyde’s incredible timetable (which was nothing more than a cleverly disguised load of old codswallop), our group passed on through Taggerty, Alexandra to Bonnie Doon. Here we all had lunch; a few of the lads not passing up the chance of a quick game or two of pool. Hamburgers and assorted greasies were eaten on a rocky bank overlooking Lake Eildon, as a kite skier provided the entertainment.

After refuelling, it was on through Mansfield and via some very exhilarating curvery and swervery finally arriving at Jamison. No sooner had we parked and begun munching on assorted icy-poles, than the local constabulary arrived. Now, the discerning ear could tell that he had been reading all the articles on Hell’s Angels in back copies of Pix and Post at the barbers, just by the very tone of his voice when he demanded to speak to our leader and discover what we were up to. Ho, hum; a tiresome lot, those police!

Yes, there was dirty work ahead; all 24 miles of it. A dirty, dusty, gravelly, windy, pot-hole, corrugated, sandy, tricky, tremendous road! All of it covered at a healthy rate of knots by Figgs de Coster (Roger de sideways to his friends!). After 5 minutes of hanging around at a petrol station near Eildon, the rest of the entourage arrived looking like extras from the filming of “The Rats of Tobruk”.

With most of the trip now over, we quietly cruised along in the direction of home. A Ducati 750 and an immaculate XS-1 (with only 10,000 miles on the clock) joined us at Buxton, and not even the heavy Sunday afternoon traffic could dispel the feeling of a great days ride.

Les Leahy.

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MOTORCYCLE CHAINS

As you will possibly know by now, we will soon be hit with the results of the recently imposed surcharge on the import of motorcycle chains of \$8 per kilo. This, by the time it gets through the channels of trade and gets a 15% sales tax added, will result in a net increase to you personally, for your next motorcycle chain, of anywhere up to \$60.

Golden Cycle of New South Wales is calling of the support of all Australian Motorcycle Club members in an effort to stop this unwarranted price increase.

Already letters have been written to the Government on this issue by Golden Cycle, and you can do your part in fighting this, if each of you writes a letter to Dr. Cairns, condemning his Government’s actions in this matter.

Point out to him that: -

- (a) You are a poor fellow (or female)
- (b) You require all the safety you can get on your bike, and –
- (c) You don’t want to risk your neck on bad chain and still cannot afford the luxury of paying this additional tax.

When you have done all this, address your letter in the following way: -

Hon. Dr. J. F. Cairns, M.P,
Minister for Overseas Trade and
Minister for Secondary Industry.
Parliament House,
CANBERRA, 2600
A.C.T.

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LERDERDERG GORGE – 15th April, 1973.

Taking into account the beach party, Joyce's 21st and the Interstate trip, the run to the Gorge was rather well supported. Brian Murphy led on his 350 Suzi, while I brought up the rear.

Going through Footscray, braybrook and onto Ballarat road, we were greeted by a light drizzle of rain. Lo and behold, who should then break down but Rogers' Yami. (Hope he takes my advice and dumps it and buys a new one!) So Ron Hayward ended up having another passenger.

We stopped at Ballarat for supplies, where Formaldehyde took over the leadership for the rest of the day, as Brian wasn't too sure of the route to be taken, which could have proved embarrassing for him had we gotten lost.

Then I broke down, but luckily there was one person still in sight whom I could send on for help, which didn't take too long in coming, as our destination was only a couple of miles away. The trouble turned out to be a blown fuse.

A barbeque lunch was then had, when someone tried to fry an egg, which turned out a mess, running everywhere. Pauline came to the rescue by showing just how it should be done. After the clean up, some went for a walk, while others explored the river bed for pretty stones for Marilyn, who likes making rings in her spare time. The task of crossing the river without getting wet was next, with Formaldehyde soon found too much for him, as he got bombarded from all sides.

Returned to the bikes for a little rest, so it seemed, but that was not to be, as the Frisbee, poison ball and grass throwing took place, which really livened the place up, with some getting it down the back of the neck.

On making ready to leave, I found my pannier bags full of the blessed stuff.

The next stop was made at Gisborne where we quenched our thirsts. Then down the Calder to the Tullamarine freeway, after which quite a few dispersed, apparently, as by the time I arrived at 191, only two other bikes were there.

Quite an extraordinary end to a pleasant day's outing.

Big Daddy.

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MEMORANDUM.

To: All Employees
From: Metrication Committee.

METRIC TIME

As doubtless you will have read in the National Press, from midnight on 3rd January, 1974 the whole of the M.C.C. will convert to Metric Time.

From that date there will be 10 seconds to the minute, 10 minutes to the hour, 10 hours to the day and so on, delineated according to the following table.

<u>Old Time</u>		<u>New Time</u>
1 second	=	1 milliday
1 minute	=	1 centiday
1 hour	=	1 deciday (or millimonth)
1 day	=	1 day
1 week	=	1 decaday
1 month	=	1 hectoday
1 year	=	1 kiloday

The fortnight will be withdrawn

Obviously from the Council standpoint, due to the fact that one new hour only represents 5/12ths of an old one, employees might be expected to work longer hours, viz. 3 1/3 decidays or millimonths per day. However, as this is inconvenient for administration and payroll purposes, it is intended that the luncheon break will be shortened by 2/3 of a new hour, thus making a total daily working time of 4 new hours.

It is not expected at this time that any compensatory uplift will be made to salaries, except in the case of leap kilodays, where an adjustment will be built in at the end of the hectoday every 1.46 deamonths. Overtime Meal Vouchers will be issued to non-management hectodaily roll employees for time worked in excess of 5/6ths of a deciday provided approval from local management has been obtained beforehand. The pension scheme will not be affected but superkilodayuation will be adjusted accordingly.

A further bulletin will be issued closer to Deciday but if these arrangements present difficulties, or if you have any queries, please do not hesitate to contact your immediate supervisor.

LEAVE.

Leave will be affected only so far as the change to metric time is concerned and no one shall be worse off than previously. Thus if any employee was entitled to 22 days (ddtime) he will now be entitled to 220 decidays or one hectoday plus 22 decidays will be added, where relevant, to the Christmas break which will be moved after 27 hectodays to the Autumn Bank Holiday to take advantage of the longer shopping decidays. The Autumn Holiday is cancelled. The term "a month of Sundays" is not to be used on official documents. The correct term will be "a hectoday of Decidays".

Your immediate supervisor has been allotted 3 centiday per capita to clarify any points which may arise prior to Deciday.

Metric Supervisor

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A luscious young wench in Fort Meyers
Loves to quench a man's sexual desires.
The rich and the classy
Love her custom built chassis,
So she always has choirs of buyers.

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Dessie Dillweed's husband had disappeared three months ago, and she was still trying to find him. the morgue notified her they had a drowned man who answered his description down there, so she tearfully went down to view the body.

As they pulled down the sheet, she couldn't be sure since the body was in bad shape, so she kept asking them to putt the sheet lower and lower down. finally, when they got to a certain points below the belt, Dessie stopped them and said, "Nope, this aint' my Elmer..but I wouldn't bury THIS man in the potter's field...surely he MUST have friends!"

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TROOPS BEACH PARTY. 14th April.

ZIP! ZIP! A large C.D can and one vodka and orange are eagerly pulled open. The core of the club drinkers were notably present, ZIP, while some enthusiastic motorcyclists were notably absent. ZIP! Watch me get this empty in the bin.

The night progresses fairly quietly. The Morton's arrived, and left very shortly afterwards. There was general sitting around the fire, talking, drinking, etc. A few actually cooked a few snags and chops on the fire, some flavoured them with sand. ZIP! Watch me get this emmy ina tin!

Roger, fearing the fate of Mabel disguised as a turkey if he didn't come to the next club party, actually turned up! We'll drind to that. ZIP! A few more members tried in vain to get Roger to drink more than his capacity, but alas, they could only get him halfway – he wouldn't have a second glass. ZIPPPP! Wasch me geddis emmy in thebin!

A few more chops were eaten, with bulk sand, and a certain member nearly got herself stripped. Fred the F.W. from Ringwood and Ray Miller turned up with a horde of unknowns, but only stayed long enough for Fred to groan and complain. ZIP! Sashme geddis bin in the emmy!...Missed again!

By now the troops were beginning to think they were in quicksand. After the arrival and departure of the Bennetts, various bods began disappearing for the night. A few drank on. ZIP! Wash the bin geddis emmy in me!

Believe there were a few things happened in the beach hut that night. Beer was sprayed everywhere: someone poured a can over Ned while he was asleep, and all he did was lick his lips: the language was so bad a couple of BLOKES left to sleep elsewhere!

Next morning. ZIP! A few remaining ones (cans that is) were knocked off. Empty cans were sprayed all round the bin, with a few lucky ones actually in the bin. After much can – tossing and general frivolity, the troops marched into Frankston for a feed.

The food was had sitting on the nature strip, watching a worm escape death after some sadist threw it on the road. We departed for home, leaving a dead worm in the middle of the road. (And that's worse than a dead pussy)

Moral of this story is: DON'T SHIT THE TROOPS!

The Straddler.

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TO ADELAIDE TO TIE THE KNOT.

Howard Moffat & I were invited to attend the wedding at the Edinborough R.A.A.F. Base of Ian McKay (XS-2) and Denise (pillion). Edinborough is a short distance north of Adelaide. Howard H and Mick Fagan felt they would like to ride along, and Chris Thorn later said he would like to join the party.

Since the wedding was to be held on Saturday, 14th April it meant riding over on Friday, 13th! (The Japanese unlucky number is 4!) in order to combine business with pleasure, I set out alone at 5.30am to do two hours work at the Langi Kal Kal Youth Training Centre, 100 miles from Melbourne. The two howards and Mick were to leave Melbourne at 7.30am and reach me at 9.30am.

Sharp at 9.30am the others arrived with long faces. Howard M and Mick had been booked for speeding at Bungaree. Howard H was not booked – the 13th is the Higham's lucky number!!

Whilst this incident rather blighted the trip at first, it did not dampen our enjoyment of some very spectacular roads later.

A fast run ensued, and we kept an eye out for candy coloured cars and carefully obeyed limits in towns. We stopped for a meal at Nhill, and were joined by a Vincent owner who was travelling in a car.

In perfect weather, we reached Adelaide at about 5pm and phoned the friends who were to accommodate Howard and Mick, as well as Chris, who had left Melbourne at 12 noon and arrived 12 hours later. After a brief unpacking session, we all proceeded to where Howard M and I were to stay. More unloading took place, after which we set out for the Honda Clubrooms. Many bikes were outside the Honda clubrooms, a permanent club with rooms with a canteen, billiards, table tennis and almost everything a young motorcyclist would want.

It would be tremendous if the M.S.C.A.V could have such a set of facilities. It has been suggested that Howard H plans to turn his home into such a club. However, Howard has not as yet agrees.

Next morning, we all met up – including Chris – at the Hindmarsh Square, a sort of Saturday "Lissie Street". We were joined by some motorcyclists on new 350 Yamahas, bikes which Howard H rode and reported favourably upon.

The road via the new dam on the Birdwood Road which we then travelled must be one of the finest motorcycle roads in Australia. It has spectacular scenery, a really good surface, and superlative reverse curves. Anyone who travels to Adelaide should make the pilgrimage. It is far better than the road into Adelaide along the Princes Highway and that is a real test, too.

The Birdwood Museum is centred about an old mill and it contains a collection of historical items that are really fascinating, including ancient gramophones, aeroplanes, jinkers and assorted cars, along with all manner of equipment which had been commonplace about 100 years ago. Pride of place must go, of course, to the fine collection of fully restored motorcycles. Mich sighed that there was no B.M.W, but every other brand seemed to have a representative – Superiors, Douglas, H.D. Vincents, Panther and even a diminutive Honda! Many more besides! The fine new building which houses them shows them off to a great advantage.

After a hurried and late lunch, we returned to Adelaide by a different route, but one which was not as good as that we covered on the forward journey.

We then prepared for the wedding, and proceeded to the Base Chapel. Fortunately Howard M, who had trained at the base, knew the way. Ian looked smart in his uniform, but also slightly nervous. The Presbyterian service concluded and we took some photos. Denise made an attractive bride. The small reception was a pleasant informal affair which ended about 9pm, and Ian and his new

wife set off for their honeymoon, and we wished them well. His Yami was set for a trip to Queensland! We hoped he made it.

We all gathered for pizzas at the home of our hosts, Roger and Esther Curhie. Bed was not reached until the small hours.

Sunday was not so kind weatherwise, being slightly wet and threatening more showers. We met again at the Hindmarsh Square and set out for the Railway Museum, where Mick was seen and photographed inside a locomotive. After many photos, mainly of bikes, our friends bid us farewell. We contended with drizzle and fog until we reached Tailem Bend, where we lunch. For the remainder of daylight, the weather was excellent. Some very fast running out along the deserted Coorong led to strange results. First Chris ran out of fuel. Mick gave him some, as did some passing M.S.W. motorists. I next ran out only 5 miles from Kingston. Howard H towed me in. Honda 4's make good traction engines. Howard M thought he had run out, but found some more in his tank. The B.M.W has a very good range.

From Mt. Gambier on, we encountered trouble with Chris Thron's 650. It wanted to shed crash bars, then exhausts, but it did not manage to shed Chris. Running late, we had tea at Warrnambool. Rain was briefly encountered at Terang, and after refuelling at Geelong, we rode smartly up the Geelong road and went our separate ways. Howard H and I had a drink at a cafe which may prove a good place to eat on Sunday nights.

Tired, I fell into bed, and I don't think I have really recovered. It was a generally enjoyable and eventful time, only marred by one policeman. It was the last trip for my old 750/4 K-1. Next day, a new K-2 received the plates: - CB-750. The K-1 had done an excellent job, 25,500 miles, and went for \$1350, a loss of only \$249 in 18 months! Its last run was perhaps its most memorable. It was great to ride along at speed with other fast touring bikes.

Well, wait for the next account – “Three Fours to Darwin” – which I hope will go well as the last one.

P.S: We leave for Darwin on Saturday, 14th July. NOT Friday 13th!!!

Darren.

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GIGGLES

The “now” girl and her boyfriend were in the throes of Aphrodite when the phone rang suddenly. “Answer the phone”, said the boy. “Answer it yourself”, said the girl. “It’s on YOUR END!”

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“Bitch, bitch, bitch! Ever since you found out about the baby, all you want to do is get married!”

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QUESTION: What’s long and white, with a band on the end, and fits between folds of skin?
ANSWER: A cigarette, silly!

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A gal that I know
In her mini-dress

By every standard is cute,
But it doesn't compare
To her best attire...
Her original BIRTHDAY suit.

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Girls, do you want to know why a man calls you his LITTEL BUTTERFLY?...he wants to MOUNT you!

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DON'T LET ACCIDENTS GO TO YOUR HEAD

A couple of months ago Mr. Gordon Wood from the Motor Cycle Division of the St. John Ambulance Brigade gave us a talk on first aid mainly relating to motor cycle accidents. A recent accident prompted me to think over some of the points he made.

1. First aid is Emergency Care. The principles are – to preserve life, to promote recovery, to prevent an injury from becoming worse.
2. The main things to do are as follows –
 - a) Ascertain if the person is breathing. If not give mouth to mouth resuscitation.
 - b) Look for haemorrhaging and see if the person is having trouble breathing. If he is bleeding, do not apply a tourniquet, but cover with a bandage. Any clean cloth will do for a bandage. It is a good idea to carry a triangular bandage on your bike, it doesn't take much room. Tie all bandages with a reef knot and if blood seeps through, place more bandages over the existing ones. If the person is having trouble breathing, turn him on his side to keep his tongue out of his throat. Make sure his airway is clear.
 - c) Look for broken bones, these are generally obvious, use an arm sling for a broken arm or collar bone. For a broken leg, use the good leg as a splint. If the person has a broken foot, then both feet together. A newspaper is a good splint.
 - d) If the person is unconscious, remove his helmet as quickly as possible. If the neck is broken, steady head by holding the jaw and then remove helmet. To test for a broken neck, pinch the calf muscle just behind the knee. If the leg twitches, the spine or neck is not broken.
 - e) If a handle bar, brake lever or can of baked beans has pierced the stomach – leave it there.
 - f) For gravel rash, apply antiseptic freely and if bad enough, an anti-tetanus injection is a must. One symptom of tetanus is being itchy behind the joints.
 - g) Nylon suits burn the skin. To Mr. Wood's knowledge no full face has ever caused an injury on a race track.
 - h) If you suspect internal injury, look for blood around the head. Feel the pulse at the neck, not the wrist, put the person on their side and bend under a leg and arm.
 - i) If a bone is poking through the skin, try and get the limb into its natural position. The main thing is to pad and bandage the wound.

Regarding my head first dive onto the road, I would like to thank those who helped me at the time and all those who visited me. A special thanks to Lance for the flowers he stole for me and Pauline for donating her hat as a swab. If you want a souvenir you can buy any of my 24 stitches. Hear about the wooden nurse?

Figgsy

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EASTER CAMP – POREPUNKAH – 20th – 25th April.

Arrived at the Fawkner Cemetery to find the official club run consisting of Ned, Bikie B in yet another car (he didn't even make the camp site this time) and Darren (who did a Bikie B and went home not long after the got to the camp. Big Easter railway thing on apparently, and he only came for the ride to run in his new four).

Weather was cold but dry, traffic heavy, completely stopped for 1 ½ miles before Kilmore, but no real problems on the bikes. Arriving at Wangaratta about lunch time, had a good lunch in anticipation of the numerous feeds of canned muck to come.

It started to rain when we reached Myrtleford, so we donned waterproofs for the last few miles. Found the right camping ground and met some of the earlier birds, like the Bennetts and the Taylors who had left Melbourne on Thursday night and motelled on the way. Pitched our tents in drizzling rain which looked like it would last all weekend.

After tea, walked across to the camp entertainment centre (pool table, and tennis table, provide your own bats and balls) to find an electrical fault had cut off the lights (ever tried playing cards, pool, table tennis by the light of wavering torches and candles?) and the electric water pumps, meaning no showers or flushing toilets. The men came and fixed the fault, but later on it happened again. Probably caused by the RACV Caravan Club with all their TV's, electric blankets etc. Fortunately, it was fixed before we all left for home. It must have been around this time that the Taylors first decided to go home.

Saturday saw it still raining, so Smithy kindly offered to take us into Bright, where we stocked up on supplies and liquid refreshments. We enjoyed the heated car so much that after lunch we stayed with it up to Hotham and back. Most of the others spent the day at the pub.

Saturday night, it was still raining, so we played some cards, had a few glasses and sang a few songs. Bennetts and Taylors decided to go home early if the weather didn't improve.

Higgys put himself into hospital for the rest of the holiday by falling from a Ute on the way back from the pub. A few stitches were required, but he should be with us again pretty soon. I'm told he landed on his head trying to protect the cans he was carrying – as if he hadn't had enough already! (VERY cutting! – Ed)

Taylors decide to stay if the weather improves.

Sunday morning, it was still raining – the Bennetts and Taylors pack up. Wouldn't stay for quids, they say. Suddenly stops raining sun came out, unswayable Bennetts head homewards, swayable Taylors unpack and make camp for the second time.

After lunch, we went for a burn up to buffalo, with Smithy and Smithy the younger being treated to a ride on the back of the 500/4's of Big Daddy and myself. At the ski chalet, we were joined by Kiwi Stuart on a 500 Suzi, who came back and pitched camp with our group.

Arrived back at camp, where Marilyn's new second hand 250 Suzi had gone missing. It was eventually located in their tent. Ian H and Claw, who were the only ones in camp at the time, denied all knowledge of the incident. They still insist the bike must have been cold and crawled inside to keep warm.

Greg Smith kindly provided the entertainment that night, firstly with his bawdy tapes and secondly by becoming hilariously plastered on one of the local brews.

Monday was fine and the keen ones went for a ride to Mt. Beauty then to a hydro power station, and to Bogong for lunch. It was a long lunch as the service in the local tea house was poor and if you complained, you were promptly invited to come and do better. Had a bit of Frisbee, and of course, I

had to throw it into the lake. Luckily, it drifted in close enough for me to wade into the freezing water for it, with a half dozen little kids standing around giving advice.

After lunch, Ian Taylor led us on a fast run to Beechworth, and after a quick tour of the town, returned to camp and the campfire (it was quite cold at night) and after warming up, decided to get an early night ready for the trip home. But no chance, as the sound of the pub people getting back after an all-day session shatters the night. Lance fell off one of the bikes just as it stopped, and in the confusion his glasses were broken, and as if that wasn't enough, he managed to fall into the river about 1.30am. Brrrr! (How was George? – Ed)

Left for home Tuesday morning at 11am, after a very enjoyable weekend. We probably had upwards of 20 members there for varying periods of time. We must go back there again sometime, but preferably a bit closer to summer.

Paul

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One reason a fly can't see too good...
He leaves his specks behind.

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RETURN TO THE YOU YANGS

My first trip to the You Yangs was highly enjoyed, despite early morning rain. The trip on 29/4/73 was even more successful, with mild but pleasant weather and a turn-out of 28 bikes, and two more joined at the You Yangs themselves. The trip was really a BMW convention, with more than a half dozen of the beasts present.

Prior to setting off, much talk concerned the confrontation with the Hell's Angels on the previous night. If there had not been that party, then the turn-up might have exceeded 40. Ian and Denise were back from their successful motorcycling honeymoon of Queensland. There were also many new faces in the assembled crowd.

Mick Fagan, who had restored the clutch to his mighty BMW the day before, appointed Ian and Denise as the rear rider, Garry Osborn as patrol (a job he carried out exceptionally well) and I went on to the lead.

We proceeded to Werribee, a town frequently by passed these days, and we stopped for supplies for our picnic lunch. From there we went directly and without incident to the barbeques near the road's highest point on the mountain reserve. Everyone appeared to ride very well, without much bunching-up.

Two barbeques and my small spirit stove were lit up and an excellent time in a type of corral was had. Several members played cards, others went trail riding the Howard Moffat and his girl, Sue, and a new 750/4 man had minor drops, but no-one was hurt, pride excepted. A can of Coca Cola – belonging to Brian Murphy – broke open in my top case and made a mess of the contents, along with J.C.'s chocolate bar. Fortunately, a small, but expensive kiosk was open in a lower area of the reserve.

At 4pm, we assembled for the return home, this time by another by-passed town, namely Bacchus Marsh, where we refuelled. Michael Formaini was ecstatic when a train rolled by.

Without further incident, we rode to our new eating place in New Footscray road, where the three pool tables and TV were put to good use. The service was slow – they said they would do better with warning – but the food was excellent and the conditions superb. The juke box tended to

compete with the TV. Anyway, when Leaving, the manager added – “You're welcome to stay all night boys, make yourself at home.”

The general view was it had been an excellent day, but more was to come. Ian and Denise now have 24 cups, and we adjourned to their lovely little flat for coffee and ..., a very pleasing supper. It was still going when I left at 10.30pm. Thanks to Ian and Denise for their hospitality.

Darren.