

## EDITORIAL

September, 1973.

We've got a few good scraps of news for you all this month, about which you can giggle, snicker, laugh, gloat, sneer, jeer, cry or whatever else turns you on!

It's been suggested that August be re-named "Bike Dropping Month", as there's been quite a few drops over recent weeks – BULK drops on the Simmons Reef run; Heather on the return trip from Buchan (funny-sounding word, that!) caves, which we could prob'ly class as two drops; and then Garry C managed somehow to collide with a car having only 82 miles on his new 4's speedo. Definitely NOT GOOD, Garry!

Have heard a little whisper that may or may not be true – that Howard M has actually acquired another bike, even though de-licensed a few weeks' back. Now, you've been warned! So don't say we never tell you anything, will you? We'll let Howard roll up at the cafe on it one night, just to prove that what we print is true. It's made, model, size, etc, shall therefore remain a secret.

Hairy seems to have fallen in love with his hair, so it appears, as he is still hairy! Was it a male or a female who pinned that badge onto Big D's breast – oops! Chest, in Daylesford? "I'm A Magnificent Man" indeed! What next, we ask?

VERY nice behaviour was noticed at Wakker Ackland's new place of abode – furniture on the roof and Supermarket trolleys over the next door neighbours' fence, would you believe?

Ross V-B is really starting to liven up at some of the club's recent parties – some of his antics need to be seen to be believed!

Don't forget to visit both the MSCAV and the FAM STANDS AT THE international Motorcycle Show, being held from Wednesday 12<sup>th</sup> to Sunday 16<sup>th</sup>, at the Exhibition Buildings.

Claw and Willi.

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SIMMONS REEF – 5<sup>th</sup> August, 1973.

Dull and cold was the weather that Sunday morning when all arrived at the car park. Undaunted by this fact, there was a relatively good attendance. Feeling generous, I let Peter ride the 500, opting to go pillion with Mick, not knowing that thrills and/or spills were ahead.

The Bee-Em rumbled off towards Footscray, with bikes strung out behind over a fair distance. The run down Ballarat Road was basically without incident, though some of the riders couldn't quite work out why they kept dropping further and further behind the leaders when going through the Pentland Hills and Anthony's Cutting. The answer to this being, of course, that Mick decided he could NOT sit on 70 on such good sections of road as these. Naturally, his actual speed shall not be mentioned here!

A temporary halt was made at Greendale to enable the riders to catch up again. The 500 pulled up, minus one pannier top. Much sinking of heart! Trevor pulled up in his car – "Did anyone lose the top of a pannier, found laying sadly on the Bacchus Marsh Bypass?" Much lifting of heart!

With all gathered again, sorffed off to Blackwood, where Mick literally flew off the bike and into the shop, to emerge proudly with the last two pies in the whole town – of ONE shop! Some went back to the Greendale pub, while others waited for the counter lunch at Blackwood, where the local fuzz made a back door visit, checking up on us, no doubt.

Lunch over, Mick led off to Simmon's Reef, the bitumen turning to slimy grave, then thought he'd play a sneaky trick and headed down a two wheel rutted track for the sole purpose (so it seemed) of seeing how many bikes got dropped along the way. His expectations were amply fulfilled!!

Next stopover on the tour was another 'Mick's Special', over more slimy roads to a beautiful picnic/barbeque area overlooking a little river, which would be a fantastic spot for a summer's outing, incidentally. Not everyone ventured this far off the main road, for which I don't blame them, though they missed out on some hilariously funny moments. There was a flying-fox across the river at this point so naturally it just HAD to be tried out. Trevor being the lightest was forcefully encouraged to be the first participant, and suffered no damage other than a sore bottom-end, with which he collided with a water-height marker. OUCH! Ian's friend, being a lot heavier and taller was not quite so lucky, emerging from the return journey in a state of extreme dampness, which amused the onlooking picnickers greatly.

Nothing of great importance occurred on the trip back to the cafe, rounding off a good day's outing with tea and pool games as usual.

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Margaret.

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#### THE FILM NIGHT – 10/8/1973

A chilly night saw a large gathering of MSCAV members hanging onto and around the banisters of the balcony at the Forum theatre. Most people turned up to see "Carry on Abroad", but the management of the Forum decided it was not good enough for us to see, so they substituted a film treat for us – "The Looters" and "Showdown".

We clomped into our two rows of seats just as the show was starting. The first film was about a gold robbery, set in a semi – Mexican country, with bandito's traditionally loaded down with ammo belts.

Some of the better scenes were the car tyres squealing on sand; tow guys jumping from a car at 80mph and sliding on their behinds simply standing up and running away! There was the usual hero shooting thousands of Mexican soldiers with is six-gun. (John Wayne taught him!) One dozen men held off a whole army for an unreasonable amount of time, while a few men tossed around bars of gold as if they were made of cardboard!

The film was quite hard to follow, 1: because it was so poorly written and 2: because the ushers kept shining their torches in our faces. I can't imagine why they did this, unless it was because of the comments that were being hurled at the weak actions by such people as Kwaka Kid and Tony, or was it the contagious laugh of Vicki, who set off at least four others each time she laughed? The main film was slightly better, but not worth recommending to anybody.

After the show, people headed off in all directions, most of them for home, but a few turned up at Darren's to see a filmed report of his trip. This must have been the film night the committee planned, because surely no committee would pick such a woeful film – AND THEN NOT EVEN TURN UP THEMSELVES TO SEE IT!!

Garry Penhall.

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## FREE WHEELING

Take Freddie, the free wheeler, who drove his busty girlfriend out in the country. He picked a lonely spot, pulled over to the side of the road, and listened intently to the car's engine. Finally, he turned to his date and asked, "I wonder what that knocking could be?"

"Maybe," she said, "it's opportunity."

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## THE TRIP TO CAPE SCHANCK – Sunday, 12<sup>th</sup> August.

We left the car park with Howard leading and with Bob as rear rider, after having to wait for Don to give his Honda 750 an early morning service at the car park.

We headed out of the city and then through St. Kilda, where one of our members, Robert on his 750 Yami, had an argument with a car driver, and spent most of the time making signs at each other while going along Beaconsfield Parade. That's telling him, Bob!

We decided to stop at rosebud and have a bite to eat. Then after about an hour of eating and talking, we left rosebud and headed off towards Cape Schanck. After a few miles of riding we arrived at Cape Schanck, where we met a few more of our members who apparently were earlier than us at starting the day. (Actually, most of them had slept in! – typist)

Cape Schanck is situated high above sea level, and offered very beautiful scenery, and also a path which led to the bottom (sea-level) for those very energetic members. We spent most of the time on top of Cape Schanck chatting to each other and cracking the occasional joke or two.

Leaving Cape Schanck, we headed via back roads for the top of Arthur's Seat, and along the way, Heather decided to drop her bike at one of the corners, breaking a clutch lever. Heather, myself and Bob the rear rider waited for about half an hour till Ned caught up with the others to tell them the story and come to rescue us.

Leaving Heather's corner, the road eventuated to a nice windy bitumen at Arthur's Seat and down to the bottom. Most of the members enjoyed it so much that they went up and down a few times before they could satisfy their excitement over the winding hilly roads, with Ned chasing them to tell them of Heather's misfortune.

At the bottom of the hill, we spotted a milk bar, and all stopped for refreshments, and then took off to continue the run. On the way back we stopped and visited Howard's relatives and their friendly dog, which didn't stop barking from the time we arrived till the time we left.

Then it was back to the Footscray cafe for tea and a few games of pool, after an enjoyable day was had by all.

Tony Fenech.

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## RUNNY FRIDAY – by Bob Ebdon.

A "run"  
they called it.  
Beating down the country roads  
assorted bikes, assorted loads.

Flying ton 'neath silver moon  
frozen fingers, drizzle soon.  
The "Entrance" was the target  
the dampness was the gloom.

As Dandenong sank far behind,  
with doubted sanity in mind  
that August Friday night became  
indelibly printed in my brain  
- wonder who else felt the same?

Varied stops along the way  
a smoke, a twink, and someone'd  
say  
"Shit! It's cold!"  
then three bikes hit the road again  
feet and hands are back the same  
like frozen frontiers on their own  
but constantly reminded  
that they're still skin and bone.

Piles of miles and hours passed  
just how long can bodies last?  
Thinking soon we must be there –  
- silent wish for weather fair.

Stopped at Sale – found a pub,  
gas fire glowing in the lounge  
aching joints all get a rub;  
Forgot how many drinks we drowned.

But 10 o'clock and bottles bought  
we led the cosiness we'd sought,  
heading into icy eve  
- had been a drought, so I believe.

Fuelled at Bairnsdale, Esso poor –  
standard mix I'm bloody sure!  
Met some others for a chase,  
some bendy roads became a race.

So finally we found the camp  
hidden in "Lakes" among the damp.  
With not a full five minutes passed  
we were honoured by a fuzzy visit  
- those coppers' smirks are very nasty!

And so to lay our weary heads;  
bodies ached in varied beds  
coldness penetrates some tents  
- sleepings came and sleepings went,  
hours passed without a sound  
wishin gfor a softer ground.  
Thoughts of summers floating round  
- now Friday's come and went.

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ISLE OF WIGHT, OXFORD, and BRUSSELS. June 2<sup>nd</sup>, June 23<sup>rd</sup>, June 30<sup>th</sup>  
(special report by Our Overseas Correspondent)

Your overseas correspondent (henceforth abbreviated to O/C) is a fully fledged member of the Brighton Branch of the Honda Owners' Club of Great Britain. Summer is here, and the old CD175

is being trundled out once again, loaded up with camping gear, ready for the long journey to the Isle of Wight Ferry – all 46 miles, in fact. Dave (250), Phil (125) and other Dave (125) were there, except that we nearly missed Phil owing to a misunderstanding about meeting place. The road to Portsmouth is, like most roads in Britain, a mixture of good and bad – short stretches of near-freeway with much longer stretches of early 18<sup>th</sup> century horse tracks (probably).

The ferry runs every hour, taking about 40 minutes on the way across the Solent, for about \$2 (single) for bike and rider. Arrived at the camp site about 10pm on the Friday evening; it's an open field, with a toilet block a hundred yards away. With only four bikes the other campers paid us little regard; perhaps if we had been forty....

With O/C leading we set off on Saturday morning to circumnavigate the island clockwise. Down to the seaside resorts of Sandown and Shanklin, along to a pub at Freshwater Bay for lunch, then up to Alum Bay and the Needles. At Alum Bay the sandstone cliffs are coloured, but you are not allowed to remove the sand yourself. Some years back this was permitted, but the cliffs began to disappear at an alarming rate. At Newport we crossed the river by a chain ferry that made a fantastic noise, like ball bearings being mangled in a mincing machine. I had to leave early Sunday as visitors were expected, so my sojourn on the Isle was a short one.

The next trip, to Oxford, was much better attended, some 25 members ultimately turning up. The chosen camp site was on the banks of the Thames about 20 miles upstream of Oxford, adjacent to an old pub, the "Trout Inn". Apart from the pub, no facilities at all but you could swim in the river if you felt dirty. My 175 was the smallest bike this time; at least 6 750's there.

Sunday morning there was this treasure hunt. Bikes sent out on a 60 mile course, divided into 4 sections with checkpoints after each section. In each section about 9 or 10 questions to be answered. Sample question "Where would you find Capt. Tom Baker?" Answer was, under the ground; Capt. Baker's name appeared on a village war memorial. Your O/C managed to get lost on the first section and spent about 40 minutes in a frustrating hunt for the checkpoint. When found, discovered that several bikes were even more lost than he was, so continued on to Sections 2,3 and 4, finally arriving back at the Trout Inn after 4 ½ hours, only to find he was the winner, by a very narrow margin of one point. The first prize was a 12 volt battery charger, a special midget one for bikes. As the 175 was the only bike there with 6 volt electrics this was scarcely appropriate, but it will keep...

Brussels was part of a planned trip to Franconlamps for the Belgian G.P. Unfortunately, the night before your O/C was due to set off, his 175 made an alarming noise in the engine (did I hear somebody say "Slack four-strokes?") and will have to be stripped. Decided to take a friend's bike, a CZ 125, with the O/C driving and the friend – Chris – on the pillion. Camping was out of the question, as there was no room to put the gear; we decided to stay with friends at Weerde, near Brussels.

The ferry from Dover to Ostend left Dover at 0020 hours early Saturday, and took about 4 hours. I don't recommend the seats! Cost about \$19 (return) for bike and rider, the pillion passenger paying about \$15.

Headed off down the freeway to Brussels about 5am, after fixing u insurance (\$1.50 for 10 days), and arrived in Weerde about 8am, in time for an enormous breakfast. Chris spent the morning sunbaking, not a very wise idea, and after a lunch at which he consumed most of a bottle of vin rouge he appeared distinctly unsteady. By midafternoon he seemed delirious and our worried hosts were on the point of calling in a doctor. However, we bathed him in vinegar which soothed his sunburn, and by early evening he was O.K again. The evening was to be spent in Brussels; Chris is a gay boy and the places to be visited included some of the more dubious establishments such as "La Balance", a motorcycle bar which proved interesting – a partial male striptease was one of the lesser attractions. (Your O/C was having a bit of a perve, as the expression is). The round of bars, etc, finished at 3am, we got back at 4am and decided not to go to the G.P after all.

Sunday was spent doing nothing at all; Chris wanted to return to “La Balance” to see a boy he had befriended the previous night, but was dissuaded. A superb late dinner, cognac and coffee in the garden after dark, and an early start the next morning for the ferry to Dover completed a fabulous weekend.

Riders: Mike D – Honda 175 and CZ 125 and others.

MIKE DAVIS.

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A girl who was in the habit of swimming in the nude off a deserted stretch of beach was about to leave the water one day when she saw a man strolling along the beach on a line that would take him between her and her clothes.

She looked around quickly in the hope of finding something she could hold in front of her, and was gratified to find, in the shallows, an old abandoned tin tub.

She quickly picked up the tub, held it in front of herself and started to walk out of the water. The man stood and stared at her, grinning broadly.

His amusement annoyed her. When she was a yard or two from him, she paused, eyed him steadily and said, “Do you know what I think?”

“Yes,” said the man, “you think that tub has a bottom in it!”

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### THAT’S HIM!

A woman approached the pearly gates and spoke to St. Peter.

“Do you know if my husband is here? His name is Smith.”

“Lady, we have lots of them here, you’ll have to be more specific.”

“Joe Smith.”

“Lots of those, too, you’ll have to have more identification.”

“Well, when he died he said that if I was ever untrue to him, he would turn over in his grave.”

“Oh! You mean ‘Pinwheel Smith!’”

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### LAKES ENTRANCE – 18<sup>th</sup> & 19<sup>th</sup> August.

Friday’s five o’clock whistle blew at work to the tune of rain pouring down. Riding home from work I kept thinking how many people would be stupid enough to be travelling down to Lakes Entrance in weather such as this?

I packed my bike and set off for Dandenong and the meeting spot, and soon found the answer. Ned, Keith, Heather and myself travelled as far as Traralgon, whilst Les, Mick and Vicki rode through to Lakes. The rain beat down for most of the two hour trip to Traralgon, and, needless to say, the four of us were frozen through when we arrived.

Saturday morning looked more promising, as we set off and were soon riding in sunshine. Whilst riding through Stratford, we noticed two Honda 750’s at a garage. This turned out to be Darren & Geoff and Tony. We proceeded riding in the pleasant sunshine until just outside Lakes Entrance, where the rain started to fall again.

The wind was very strong as we weaved our way into the caravan park. To my surprise, there were tents everywhere. Those already there were: Les, Mick, Vicki, Neville, Keith, Heather, Garry C, Gary O, Margaret, Bib Ebdon, Ian and Marilyn, Johnny B, Ron H, Jolyon, Darren, Big D, Geoff, Tony, and Greg and Mark Smith.

A very quick lunch and the club was off to Buchan Caves. This was a thirty mile ride over greasy roads which wound through the countryside. Upon arrival, we were sorted into a group of thirty and taken down into the depths of the earth by a depraved guide.

The guide would come to an interesting formation of stalactites or 'mites and give his view of what they represented. The club very promptly gave their own views, to which, on many occasions, he was left speechless! Three examples; 1: - he was describing the Bridal Chamber and was going very well until he got to the bride's candle; 2: - he was describing a man milking a cow, until it was pointed out that the cow had no tail and looked more like a naked female; 3: - he was describing a rock called Buchan Marble – 'nuff said!

He kept threatening to quieten us down by turning out the light. Finally, after much daring he assembled everyone and turned off the lights. It was pitch black! After about 30 seconds, it became very quiet. From out of the dark the guide said softly "If you hear footsteps, it will be me leaving you here!" To which a male voice replied most effeminately "If you hear footsteps, you'd better watch out! It will be me following you!" At this, the guide, not being AC/DC, turned on the light. Spoil sport!

Out into the sunshine again, and into the Buchan cafe for some food. Some of the club took some photos of the very tame Buchan kangaroos, but as it was getting late, and Buchan cold, we decided to head for Buchan home.

Darren worked out a round trip. We were 30 miles from the Lakes, so on his map a nice little hour's run would be to go 30 miles to Orbost and then 30 miles back to Lakes. This would have been great if the road to Orbost was a straight line as on the map – but this was not to be the case.

Heather and Garry C swapped bikes – both 350 Honda's, but one had too many spark plugs. Mick set off at a somewhat fast pace, so fast he could not even take his pillion, who had the privilege of riding in royalty on the Guzzi. (Is that a joke? – typist)

The road deteriorated the further we went. At some stage it was so narrow it should have been called a footpath. And curve – Boy! that road curved even when there was no reason to curve! It is the only road I have seen where the corners are in the middle of the straights!

The club was setting a fair pace, and at least three rabbits were nearly stuck to the road as they tried to cross the road in front of my path. There were two good sections on the road. One was at a 45mph corner, where there was a cleverly disguised pot-hole. Mick's headlight fell out, and my suspension is still bottoming. The other was a very long straight with trees either side. After hitting this after all the corners, one could not help but open the bikes up. Flying along at top revs with the trees whooshing past is a great sensation – until you see the road suddenly turns to mud! This gives rise to a slightly different sensation – one which is notoriously bad for bike seats, especially the cleaning thereof!

Heather decided to create some action, so she started by laying down Garry's 350, probably due to the weight of the extra plugs. Garry decided it was time to change back bikes again, but in the process of doing so, Heather, sitting on her 350 turning it around, kept backing right over a cliff. Except for Keith grabbing the front wheel, the 350 was doomed for rocks 30 feet below.

A leisurely trip back to Lakes Entrance was followed by tea and general mucking around in front of a large fire in the rotunda. By the time the fire had died down to a pile of glowing coals, the club was sound asleep, either in their tents, or, for the slackers, in motels or cabins. WEAK!

Sunday morning brought with it more rain. Many of the club were packing ready for the trip home. But a few of us decided to see some of Lakes Entrance, so Ned, Les, Heather, Vicki and myself decided to walk to the ocean beach. The rain came down in five minute bursts, so by hiding under trees etc, we got to the footbridge and were still dry. We carefully waited for the sun to come out and then set off across the bridge. Halfway across, the rain poured down, so five drowned bikies eventually made it to the ocean beach.

Lunch time was spent packing and the club divided into two. Darren and Co were off to Metung for lunch, and were bypassing Sale on the run home. The rest were going to hang around for a while and have lunch at Lakes and ride to Traralgon.

Off went Group No 1. After lunch, the rest set off down the highway, only to find Darren and Co having lunch at Bairnsdale. Group No 2 now took the lead. Group 2 went through Sale and arrived at Traralgon behind group 1. Now it gets complicated! Part 1 of Group 2 joined part 2 of Group 1 and kept going for home. Part 2 of Group 2 subdivided again and with some of part 1 of Group 1 went to Heather's place. Part 1 of Group 2 now combined with part 2 of Group 1 and, I think, got to Dandenong! But from there it was too confusing with part after part subdividing, so before I went mad, I left the main Group of whatever Part was left, and sorffed home.

I guess we will have to wait until the next club outing before we find out whether anyone else made it home!

Garry Penhall.

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### THAT'S WHAT STARTED IT ALL!

The preacher was delivering his sermon, and it was a highly successful one. He had just read the bottom line of the next to last page when he discovered he had lost the last page. The last line he read had been... "So Adam said to Eve..."

He carefully searched for the lost page and repeated. "So Adam said to Eve.." forgetting that the amplifying system would carry the barest shisper to the alst pew, he then muttered to himself, "Good Heavens, there seems to be a leaf missing.'

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A man about town was making good time with a beautiful blonde in his hotel room when the phone rang.

"Have you got a woman in your room?" demanded the clerk.

Quaking in his shoes, the man said yes.

"Oh, that's all right" said the clerk, "don't get nervous. The boys here in the lobby were just betting you were a bit queer.'

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The trouble with each generation is that it hasn't read the minutes of the last meeting.

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One machine had to fill up before we left the car park for Break-O'-Day, surprisingly a BMW. So, guided by Roger, we headed out through Heidelberg, Eltham and then to Kinglake West, where we monetarily stopped, then proceeded on to Flowerdale for the lunch stop, but had to give it a big miss, as it was \$3 a head, so Heather gave out some of her fruit, very kindly, too.

Finally finished up at Yea, where we had lunch and then stayed, rather than go back over the same road to our selected spot, which I believe was nothing but a signpost which read "Break-O'-Day Road"!!

We mucked around on the lawns at Yea with Steve and Carmel's son, Paul, who was very much taken in by the Frisbee, and then Smithy got attacked by the girls. During the time that all this was going on, a couple more bikes arrived, one being Jol on his BMW, who had originally left the car park with us, but having a great love of being corner marker, he didn't appear to want to leave his corner in Eltham! WE were also speaking to a prospective member, there.

On leaving Yea, we came down to Tallarook, where earlier we had seen a spectacular accident – a car had completely turned over to rest with its wheels in the air, but luckily the occupants escaped unhurt, so it seemed.

We stopped at Broadford and then took the back road to Melbourne, which had some beautiful bends in it, through Epping, along High Street to the cafe at Footscray, where we met those who had been to the races at Calder. A most pleasant run to be on, after my tour up North, with 15 bikes and two cars present.

Big Daddy.

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### WHO IS IT??

A member of our club who has had more than his fair share of spills, and has left pieces of his skin on roads from Brisbane to Melbourne, was becoming worried with the state of his health, his blood in particular.

We finally convinced him to go to a doctor and have a series of blood tests. He watched the doctor fill up several test tubes of his blood, so through the routines of testing it, and then the doctor said: "You have nothing to worry about, your blood is fine."

"Good", said our members, "now give it back to me so that I can go home!"

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### CAIRN CURRAN RESERVOIR – 2<sup>ND</sup> September, 1973.

The club run to the reservoir was made in fine weather, despite the Weather Bureau's forecast which must've put a few members off. A few, maybe a lot, because only six bikes left KBCP. Maybe it wasn't all the weather's fault, as a few club members were reported to have been seen aboard a steam train. I thought travelling in a car was slack, but a train is worse!

There were two new bikes at the car park, one a Triumph belonging to Geoff Nocker, and the other belonging to Gary Clapham. Without seeing the bike, you'd have to be able to guess what it was. If I say that it wasn't a BMW, you should be able to guess what it is straight away! If you can't guess, it is one of those common 750/4's. I think Garry made a good swap for his 350/4. The petrol tank had a mysterious dent in it – following in the 350's footsteps! Warning to Howard H: -

watch your petrol tank! Only four makes of bikes and one car left the car park, these being two BMW's; two Honda's; one Suzi; one Trumpy and one Holden – funny sort of bike!

We had a barbeque lunch on the side of the road. It was a great place to stop, as it was under cover, with the bikes under cover, also. We soon had a fire going, thanks to Ned and Bob Evans. As usual, Ned came prepared. He just happened to have a grate lying round which was used to cook all the food on. I think that everybody would agree that Darren would make a great tea-lady, as everybody received either a cup of tea or coffee from him.

When we arrived at the reservoir, the first thing we saw was Roger's Yamaha. After finding out that the thing that was walking towards us was not a Martian but Roger, we proceeded to walk along the wall for the reservoir. We came across some great surf – not soap powder! The water was passing over the spillway at a fantastic rate of knots. I reckon if somebody had fallen in, they would've been carried about a half mile downstream in the split second they hit the water!

After leaving Cairn Curran we headed to Daylesford for petrol and afternoon tea. We came back roughly the same way that Roger had come, except we bypassed a section of road where Roger thought he was a pilot of a plane for a while. Several members were nearly drowned when they went through the water that was laying across the road in numerous places. The run back to the cafe was uneventful except for Big Daddy's car playing up a bit. We arrived at the cafe at approximately 6pm and later left for Darren's place after inspecting Denis Ackland's 750/5. We should give our thanks to the Weatherman, as it didn't rain very much, and anyway, in the car it didn't feel cold!!

Trevor Miche (ex – 200 Yamaha)

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### LAKES ENTRANCE – 18 – 19 AUGUST

Ned, Garry P, Keith and I left Dandenong at 7.30 Friday night in the pouring rain. Mick, Vicki and Les, who were going straight o Lakes that night had passed us earlier, and others had started off in the afternoon and were well on their way. (Playing billiards in Sale)

The rain didn't give up but it took us only two hours to get to Traralgon where the four of us stayed the night. We left the next morning which was almost sunny, and met Darren, Geoff and Tony at Sale. On the way we had a quick tour of that Great City Walpa, and arrived at Lakes Entrance around lunch time.

Some had already left for Buchan (note the spelling, Garry) so after a quick lunch the rest of us headed off to join them. We had a good, rather quick trip up, and arrived in time for a tour of the Royal Cave. The guide seemed rather impressed by Vicki, who kept us entertained (as usual) throughout the tour. Afterwards we stopped for awhile to devour ice creams and drinks and attempted to make friends with the kangaroos.

We set off from there towards Nowa Nowa and back to Lakes, with quite a bit of winding road with some rather right corners. I won't bother to give any details of the ride back, if you haven't already heard then no doubt you will. Anyway, I will say I'm glad keth has good reflexes, and Darren found the whole thing extremely funny. Weird sense of humour!

By the time us steady, careful riders got back to the camp there was a very welcome fire going, and after tea some of us managed to drag ourselves away from it for a visit to the local tavern. Some went there by car, some left by car but arrived on foot, and a couple of dedicated types rode their bikes.

We got back to the caravan park not long after ten, where some had already hit the sack, and others weren't long in following. A few of us stayed by the fire until nearly midnight looking at photos of vintage cars.

The next morning started off reasonably fine (except if you were sharing a cabin with Garry C and Ron) but when some of us decided to go for a walk down to the surf beach, the weatherman obligingly turned on the taps. Undeterred, Garry P, Vicki, Ned, Les and myself did get to the beach without getting a bit wet.(???) We got back to the camp as some were leaving to go to Metung, and the rest of us left about an hour later and met the others in Bairnsdale. From there most of us went back along the highway, and had a good run despite a strong head wind.

At Traralgon we split up as some stopped for coffee and the others continued on. We arrived back in Melbourne at about 7.00, where some of us went on to the cafe and the others went straight home.

Really a good weekend, even though the weather wasn't quite on our side.

HEVA.

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CONT: from last month....THREE FOURS TO DARWIN.

Peters' a dirty old man! (Just in case you didn't already know!)

My friends' 4 year old son calls Darren "This Big Man", and Peter "The Big Father"!!

The dirt roads around here (not that there are many) are in such good nick that Darren's been travelling in excess of forty mph...YES! FORTY!!

We were only here one day and Darren had already sampled his first "Gin on the Rocks".

My! What you learn about people when you holiday with "em!!

See you soon,

Howard.

PART TWO: by Darren.

HOWARD HIGHAN'S HIGHSPOT.

As the Ghan train approached Alice Springs, Howard came to my compartment and woke me up, saying excitedly: "We're here!" We went to the carriage door and the moonlight helped as we watched as the Ghan growled through Heavitree Gap and into Alice. There seemed no way of getting our bikes off the train. A railway official promised the use of a crane, but the thought horrified us. A young railway man who owns three bikes, including a water bottle, helped stack bags of laundry to form a ramp, and we safely extracted our machines, and all without any damage.

Howard's friends had greeted him with a Melbourne draught lager, and judging from the reception, he had been very popular in Alice. We in at the home of Howard's friends at about 2.30am. Next day, Howard really came into his element. The weather here was perfect. All those travel posters depicting a vivid blue sky, red rocks and green grass do not lie. It is really that good and with a mildly warm temperature, it was perfect for motorcycling. Indeed, motorcycles abound – nearly every home seems to have at least one trail bike – and one of our first calls was to the local bike shop to change the oil Honda 4's from NSW and Qld were met up with, too.

The bike shop was quite attractive. It faces the Todd River and the bikes are scattered around in a sort of park, with the workshop at one side. Howard took our host pillion to his work at Pine Gap, but we were not allowed further than the gate. Even Howard was denied entry!

Following this, we rode on the southern side of the Eastern Macdonald Ranges to Emily Gap, a sort of water hole in a gap in the mountain range. There are many of these gaps, some, too, are really grand. It is very difficult to convey the real delight of the area. Not only are the roads sealed, but the colours of the rocks, the green of the plants and the sky are great as mentioned, then further there is a quietness in which the birds and the wildlife can be heard. It was really a tranquil magnificence.

Howard led us again to the Jessie's Gap. I do hope that the slides come out, for it will be great to share with everyone the spectacle we saw. Howard, lively as ever, engaged in rock climbing. We next covered some good dirt road to Corroboree Rock, a type of huge altar with holes in it. It would be at least 150 feet high. We returned to Alice via the Heavitree Gap, through which the road, rail and Todd River (dry) run. Numerous very black aborigines with dogs were seen nearby.

That night, we visited more of Howard's friends. Since we walked, I was able to have my gin on the rocks, and Howard had a brandy. We saw some interesting slides, and Peter had difficulty keeping awake. He had been busy as we all had, in servicing the bikes and in catching up with correspondence.

Howard's highlight was the next day's trip. Before this, we had been entertained by the very active and cheerful young children of our hosts. Their son referred to me as "Big Man". But Big Daddy's medallion fascinated the kids.

Howard led us off to Simpson's Gap, Honeymoon Gap, the Twin Ghost Gums and the Standley Chasm. All I can say is that I doubt if I have ever enjoyed a motorcycle more than on this day.

Standley Chasm is a natural narrow canyon, which at midday (and midday only!) is flooded with sunlight. It was very crowded with tourists, but they added colour and did not detract. We met a member of the Sydney Godsquad and a motorcyclist and his wife from Hamilton in New Zealand. I photographed a lizard which obligingly posed for the camera. The road runs along the westerly arm of the ranges, and the scenery is so great it is difficult to know what to photograph and what not to.

Honeymoon Gap was a contrast. Tourists seldom visit it, and with a forest of white gums, it was really serene. I made a poor start. On seeing a tyre tied to a tree by a rope, I went for a swing, but the rope broke. Howard and Peter thought it was very funny – the nasty types! Howard climbed up a wall of rock, fully 500 feet high, while I took a picture from below. Peter also made it to the top. They said the view was terrific; meanwhile, some nearby picnickers invited me to partake of a piece of steak. Except for the picnickers and ourselves, the beautiful area was deserted, with three noisy black crows flying overhead.

The next stop was the Simpson's Gap – a canyon formed by two huge red towering cliff faces. A rock wallaby posed for the camera. The canyon looked great reflected in the pool in the Gap. We rode back through Alice to the telegraph station and the springs of water after which the town is named. The old postal station is being restored as a museum. A fauna park is located nearby, where an emu took a fancy to Peter, and Howard took a sip of the spring water.

Another of Howard's friends hosted us to a sumptuous dinner. I did not have time for a second gin on the rocks, but claret was a good substitute.

The next day, Friday, brought a slight diversion in the ranks. I set off at 7am to have the fork oil changed in the 4 – now use automatic transmission fluid. Howard and his host later went trail – riding, whilst Peter and I saw the Pitchi Ritchi Museum (no relation to the Pass in the Flinders Ranges!) As a concession to my railway interests, I spent a brief period at the Alice Springs Railway workshops, and found them fascinating.

We plan to set off on our trip to Darwin tomorrow (Sat. 21<sup>st</sup>) and hope to cover over 700 miles. There is only one regret. Unseasonal rain had kept the airstrip at Ayres Rock closed and we were not able to fly out. Even the road was closed. However, it leaves something for next time – and Alice Springs will attract me back many times, I hope.

Peter has been sending personal cards to all and sundry, but he may even do the writ-up of the next stage.

Regards to all,

Darren.

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Greatly daring, and despite strong protests from her mother, a girl went down to the beach in her new topless swimsuit.

She returned soon after, in tears, and her mother exploded.

“I told you!” she shouted. “I told you that if you wore that shocking thing to the beach you would be embarrassed – maybe arrested! What happened?”

“All that happened,” sobbed the girl, “was that some fellow came up and said “Got a match, mate?”

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As far as money is concerned, most of us have very little to complain about.