

EDITORIAL

July, 1974

One article of interest this month is that of how not to get to the Alpine. We doubt if an official Club run to the Alpine will be on again next year, due to: -1: the poor turnout and 2: the bad roads.

Overheard recently on a club run, the recipe of how to handle one rather vocal member of the club. A member says he "treats him like a mushroom! Keeps him in the dark and feeds him on bullshit". Pretty good advice, we'd say!

Andy Findlay has done it again for this month only club members to take advantage of the offer. Members will be able to receive H.A Jet Helmets from Clifton Hill Motorcycles for \$15.95. This is \$4 off.

For all you buggars out there who are deaf, the Theatre Night on 12th July is "Blazing Saddles", and the one on October 12th is "The Sting", so hold off till then, if possible.

A combined V.A.C.M.A & M.S.C.A.V. (that's a mouthful!) camp will be held on the 3rd & 4th August at Maldon. The club run will be on Sunday for those who do not intend to camp overnight. See Mick (the Mouth) Fagan and he will tell you where to go.

Chris Bowers is out of hospital, so drop round and see him, with a few tinnies, of course!

That mountain climber Bruce Higgs has, I'm sorry to say dropped his BMW. (Caused by a car driver, of course!) Mick has already started crying.

John Cecil is back in town. YUKK!!

Pauline Bennett has once again forgotten to give the Editors the magazine covers on time. "Fingers out!" Pauline..

The new club hall is now situated at 167 Wingrove Street, Fairfield, about 300 yards East of the old club hall, so turn right over the railway line, instead of left.

Margaret P had an altercation with a lamp post recently while a passenger in a car. Result, a badly strained ankle.

Bob's off the grog – good luck, son. We're not all MADD!!

The deepest sympathy goes out to the Noublanche family who lost their son and brother, Frank, last Saturday. For all those don't know, Frank designed the usual cover of the magazine.

Warning all Females...Mick Fagan is a health hazard.

Stats all.. We're off to bed, now!

D.C & M.P

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MYSTERY BARBEQUE

Sunday 9th saw a reasonably good turn-out for Mick's mystery ride, despite the cool weather. In addition to around 20 bikes, we had a Ute and a Hafflinger (A what??) joining us. We started off with no corner markers for the first mile, the reason being that we turned so many corners, had there been markers, we would not have

had any bikes left to follow the leader. I think most were surprised by the number of pokey little lanes Melbourne has. (Mick probably found the while poking around!)

Heading off down Spencer Street, we came to an intersection: take note, there were not any corner markers indicating a turn, but yes, you guessed it, we turned, so Roomy became our leader. It was a few miles later that the comment was passed: "I think we have taken a wrong turn". The word got round that Ballarat Road was where we were heading, so off we went. On passing a corner, we notice Jinks, who also noticed us, and appeared somewhat puzzled as to how we got there.

It was not for some time later that we all managed to get together at Bacchus Marsh, to be told my Mick that we had another 20 miles to go. I was pleased that the next 20 miles was to be relatively straight. Had there been any corners, we may have all ended up losing each other again. We turned off Ballarat Road at the Greendale turnoff and found ourselves heading for Blackwood. Another turn and we hit dirt, which, due to the rain, had changed to lovely slippery clay – good practice for the Alpine!

We managed to reach the BBQ spot without anyone falling off, and as there were no "How I did it" stories to listen to, we all proceeded to cook our lunch. Big D attempted to cook a pound of frozen sausages, while Margaret (Gordon Blow) showed us how to remove eggs from a BBQ with a fork: - Why did she want eggs? – To go with her steak, onions, tomatoes and cheese, of course!!

Les, the owner of the Hafflinger consented to taking a few for a ride. For those who don't know what it is, it resembles a jeep with a 700cc flat twin, and can climb a 67° slope, and the places it can go would put a trail bike to shame. Unfortunately, it was not used to having between 7 & 9 people aboard, because Mick managed to break a door and Dennis succeeded in pulling off a handle. The tours soon ceased in fear of permanent damage.

Whilst the Hafflinger was away on its travels, the Frisbee was also travelling, sometimes through the air, and sometimes on the water – of the river! Trust a dumb bird to chuck it into the river! With Charlie on the opposite bank, it was encouraged to cross with the assistance of a multitude of stones and rocks being hurled at it. Finally it was retrieved, so Charlie, instead of carrying it back across the bridge, hurls it – yes, right into the middle of the river again. So the process was repeated again, and THEN AGAIN, till it was brought to shore by Dennis, walking into the water in his boots to rescue it.

The ride back over the dirt proved to Trevor that Yams just don't handle like BM's when you get onto the slippery stuff. His pillion, Carol, went for a slide, and we hope that she has recovered, although Trev is probably still suffering from abuse.

Back at Bacchus Marsh, we stopped again for coffee, and without any more mishaps, arrived at the cafe about 5pm.

Noticed a couple of BM's didn't turn out: - was it Murphy's party the night before, or was it the morning after that kept them away?

13/69

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LES IS WILD ABOUT BILL!

"This has been the best week of my life. I feel on top of the world". Les Williams said this after his 21st birthday last Friday.

Wild Bill has been in Williams' care since he was given to him to look after by veteran trainer George Gath five years ago. Gath bought Wild Bill at the Newmarket Sales for \$1600.

Wild Bill did not come up to Gath's expectations, so he was put into a paddock "to let him mature".

Seven months ago, Brian Gath suggested to Williams that he put Wild Bill into hobbles to “see how he would go”.

At Kilmore on April 22nd, Wild Bill finished ninth in his first race, and a week later, he scored at Cranbourne.

“I would like to become a trainer later on when I gain more experience”, said Les Williams.

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QUESTION: What happens when you cross a motorcycle with a kookaburra?

ANSWER: You get a Yamaha-ha-ha-ha-ha

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Advertised in REVS magazine::::

FUR LINED M.X. JOCK STRAPS

Contact: Eastern Suburbs Motorcycles, 107 Bondi Rd, Bondi N.S.W.

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HOW NOT TO GET TO THE ALPINE RALLY!!

The Alpine Rally turned out to be a mystery for five riders, who originally led by Mick & Ned, didn't actually make it. Six o'clock Saturday morning saw Ned, Mick & Les Luke, Jeff and Rob on 500 and 650 Yams, Laurie on a Suzi 550, and Dennis on a 900 Kwaka enthusiastically set off for Brindabella, the Alpine site. We reached Wodonga for breakfast around 10am, and then headed for Tumut, (a mistake as you'll soon find out!) arriving to Brindabella. The directions I had been given were ignored (rub) and we took Ned's route. After umpteen miles of dirt and then umpteen miles of slush and just as many falls in the slush, we decided that we were lost. So as dusk fell upon us, we headed back to Tumut.

The Suzi, although it didn't come down in the mud, did drop in the solid stuff, much to Laurie's disgust. Fortunately, he was not hurt. This was confirmed by the sound of abuse echoing through the peaceful terrain. We all assembled back at Tumut and new directions were sought. Rob, Laurie, Dennis, Dick and myself decided to call it a day and to look for Brindabella in the morning. Fages crew set out again amidst cries of "fools, you will end up camping in the mud." That was the last we saw of them. Don't get your hopes up, they didn't get lost in the forest. They did reach the site, but we didn't!

It was not for lack of trying. We headed off for Wee Jasper, confident of reaching the site in time for lunch. We turned off at Micklejohn Creek Road and proceeded through the hills, admiring the scenery as we would our way along a good dirt road. Back down on the flats we came across a herd of cows. As we all know, cows are not fussy about where they go to the too, and it just so happened that that day they preferred the road. Must point out that back in the mud that day before, Dennis and the BM's had been forced to remove front mudguards. So, as you can imagine, Dennis was forced to fight off flying cow turd as well as cows. After overcoming this problem we again hit mud and down went the Kwaka, so back we went again. Little did we know that had we continued another mere 30 miles we would have reached the site.

On passing through Wee Jasper, we spotted 3 360 Yams, and stopped to ask if they knew the way. As it turned out, they had just left the Rally and were on their way home, so they gave us their map and suggested that we go through Canberra and then to Brindabella. It meant another 120 miles or so, and as it was getting late, we headed for Yass, arriving around 5pm, and so gave the Alpine a miss.

On the way home on Monday, we hit traffic that stretched for miles, so on to the side of the road we went, much to the disgust of all the motorists. The Police didn't mind and everything was going smoothly until, unbeknownst to us, a gap had been left in the traffic to allow turning cars through. It was unfortunate for Laurie that he was up the front. He hit the brakes and down went the Suzi, and I can still hear the motorists snickering!

We turned off the main road at Whittlesea, and arrived at Laurie's at about 6pm. After 60 hours and 900 miles, we reached home, not having been to the Alpine. However, we saw lots of great scenery and learned a lot about dirt roads. I am looking forward to the next Alpine, but will take my own map and know my own way, and no more following Ned and Mick for me!

13/69

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WHACKER WRITES!!

Dear Darren (and all members),

I will be in Brisbane for another 4-5 weeks, as I have run out of ready cash, the reason being, that I went with a friend of mine in an XU-1 Torana as a co-driver, on a few thousand miles of rallying around N.S.W and Vic, during which time (1 month), we visited some of his mates and some of mine. This by no means indicates that I am converted. Please give my regards to the club and special thanks to Fagan for checking out the "MOLL" caper – I didn't think you knew what a dictionary was, Mick! Extra special thanks to the King of the public Service David C for sending the magazine to me through my parents – and I hope this will continue!

No chance on the Tassie night, and tell Higgs (Figgsy) and/or Neddikins to forward the coin (if any) owing to me. Good idea of the members starting a BMW club, and no doubt Osborn's conniving little brain is somewhere near the head of that. Regards to Gary, too. (Bike fallen apart yet G.O?)

The four is running well – no prob's at all. Brisbane is a great place – warm climate and equally warm, friendly people, especially the birds. Going quite well there too. A special note which could amuse - - I used some suntan cream successfully as a lubricant, and have since found out it was an indoor/outdoor formula. So, in other words, I am the proud owner of a shit of a dick!! In colour, that is. Nasty really. Hope it wears down. Must have been quick acting 8 hour stuff.

Right oh! Tell Wild Bill I will streak anytime when I am around – I'm sure that everyone would be impressed with the colour of my vitals at the present time. Linda might be tickled by that little episode, too!!

Write again if you can, Darren, and incidentally, give regards to all those who remember me at Bat. Ave.

Yours,

Dennis (WHACKER) Ackland.

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BRIAN AND JAN MURPHY'S PARTY

I would like to pass a word of thanks to Brian and Jan for that evening at their flat, where Rusty was found to be in high spirits, and eventually flaked.

The party games were embarrassing, somewhat, but good fun, with everybody getting in it. There was the usual gossip, where I was surprised to find the girls telling dirtier jokes than I. They're something for the record.

Then I had to kiss all the birds goodnight, which I didn't mind one bit, except for Margaret who started to play "Tongues" when not satisfied. (I can't remember that bit!! – typist)

Once again, many thanks to Brian and Jan from all who were there, and for putting on that nice supper.

Big Daddy.

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UNOFFICIAL CLUB RUN TO YACKANDANDAH -15-17/6/74

I rose at 5am Saturday morning and began packing my bike in preparation for the trip to Yackandandah. At 6am I was on my way to the rendezvous at Fawkner Cemetery, and was joined by Bob Evans who had also decided to brave the cold.

Les Leahy and Keith Anderson were already waiting and so was a lone R75/5 rider who assumed we were going to the Alpine, it wasn't until 7.30 that we informed we were going to the Alpine, it wasn't until 7.30 that we informed him the Alpine party had left at 6. We waited until 7.40 for B.D, who must have slept in, not that I blame him.

It was freezing and despite the piles of warm clothing we were wearing, we were blue with cold by the time we stopped for breakfast at Euroa. Whilst waiting for service in the cafe, who should arrive but J.C and a friend in the chair who were on their way to the Alpine.

After a satisfactory meal of baked beans on toast (very expensive) we continued on once more to our next stop at Wangaratta where we filled up. We then went on via the Ovens Highway through Beechworth to Yackandandah. We arrived at the camping ground at 12.35pm, and were setting up camp when a distinct sound of a Honda 4 was heard coming into the camp – it was B.D who obviously had decided not to face the early morning chill and leave later.

I took Bob to the guest house where he stayed for the duration. The slack so and so even had an electric blanket which certainly would have been appreciated that night. I introduced the men to the horses and my friend Kay who, in front of Les', Keith's and Bob's startled eyes was kicked in the mouth by her cold, she retaliated by landing a punch on the colt's nose which would have put Cassius Clay to shame. (Bob decided then that she was too much of a challenge to take on a date).

That afternoon we went on an exploration of Yackandandah – four to one – the residents eyed us warily as we walked up the main street to the park where we rested in order to get our second wind. We then went back to camp to prepare ourselves for a night at the pub.

B.D, myself and Keith only stayed at the pub for a couple of hours, during which time the barman was telling us about a certain white bike with white panniers and screen that followed him for quite a distance, naturally he thought it was a cop until the rider pulled out to pass him and gave a cheery grin and wave. Could it be our friend Garry Penhall? Dennis McKenzie arrived at 7.30 after taking 12 hours to come from Melbourne on Les Luke's 350, apparently he had a fuel blockage and having no tools had to rely on the generosity of other riders of which there were many. He averaged 10m.p.h.

Later on that night Dennis was brought back to camp by an ex-bikie and deposited outside Keith's tent. Keith got up to investigate and found Dennis flaked out like a light, he tried to get him up and Dennis promptly had a liquid laugh. A drink of icy cold creek water soon settled his stomach and he was laid to rest in B.D's tent with his head out in the frost. Keith went for a jog to the pub in order to retrieve the 350 and see where Les was. He came back with the bike but no Les or Bob. Les finally turned up about 12.30 after escorting Bob to the guesthouse. The temperature fell to -4° that night and three members of the group decided it would be better if they shared a tent. Only one slept right through (he pinched the blankets) and the other 2 woke up freezing.

Sunday arrived in the form of a white frost, the poor bikes were frozen but the warm sun later on soon thawed them out. To give an idea of how cold it was I left a towel hanging on a tent for an hour and in that time it was frozen stiff. Bob arrived about 8.00 to see if we were still alive and not frozen stiff (we weren't far off it). While B.D and Bob attended Mass, Keith, Les and I went for an hour's ride on the horses. The horses were very slow going away from the stables but it was a different story when we turned for home. I don't think Les had much stopping power as I called out for him to slow down as my mare was getting very excited and making it very difficult to slow her down. Why does Kay persist in giving me difficult horses and not mention their vices? Anyway we arrived back safely, but a certain part of poor Keith's anatomy which is in constant contact with the saddle was rather painful.

That afternoon the BM's points were checked by John the mechanic at the local garage, and the chain on Keith's bike was adjusted and greased after which we set out on a trip to Mt. Beauty returning via Bright, Porepunkah and Myrtleford. The road after Bright had patches of ice on it so much care was taken by the four of us except for Dennis who was riding too fast for the conditions. That boy is in for a hard fall. We arrived home at dusk and decided to spoil ourselves and have a bonfire. We sat around the fire and toasted marshmallows, washed down with steaming hot coffee thanks to Keith. (He was the Chief coffee maker.) or retiring it was noticed that the night wasn't as cold – it dropped as low as -1 which was a nice warm night compared to Saturday night.

We rose at 9.00 Monday morning and commenced packing up for the trip home. I don't know how the others felt, but I was rather sad it was all over even if I was the only girl. I hurriedly packed my gear and while the others were tidying up I went to see my aunty and also settle up with the Proprietor of the camping ground. We left at 12.00 and rode to Glenrowan where we had lunch, (one barely warm pastie). At Benalla we visited the Ned Kelly Museum and saw many interesting things of his lifetime including the actual door which Joe Byrne was suspended from after his death. We waited at Euroa while Dennis refuelled and after a considerable amount of time Les went back to see what was happening. He soon returned with the news Dennis had gone on ahead thinking we had gone on through the town. We did tell him before leaving the camp that we were going via the Strathbogie Ranges but he must have forgotten.

We decided to keep going via Strathbogie as the scenery is supposed to be beautiful and so it was. We also struck quite a bit of dirt road and it was at the end of one of these minor roads that Les' Yami decided it had had enough and stopped. After the second time Keith decided it was electrical as fuses kept blowing, the fault was soon traced to the brake light which was disconnected and we continued on without mishap. One stretch of dirt road was negotiated at a much faster pace than normal by myself, I'm finding myself beginning to enjoy dirt roads except clay, with the R50 as it is so much more stable than the R60.

As it wasn't getting any warmer and we were already late we voted unanimously to have tea at Yea. (Keith's stomach must have been driving him mad as it was his suggestion). B.D was seen watching a cow in a trailer urinating, he seemed fascinated by the amount of liquid that was ejected. It was very hard to drag ourselves from the warmth of the cafe to brave the cold ride home. But, alas we couldn't sit there all night so we braved the cold and went home via Whittlesea.

Apart from the cold it was a good weekend with no organising and no power stations, even the one seen at Mt. Beauty was avoided like poison. Perhaps it brought back memories of Tasmania.

Cheryl

P.S. too cold for drop bears.

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FLINDERS PEAK

Sunday, 23rd June, 1974

Arrived at KBCP at 11.10am with my new friend, Rosemary, close behind on her 250 Suzi. Surprising to see such a good turn out after the Pub night, but it was a short run and a very late start.

Our first stop after leaving was...wait for it...about a mile along New Footscray Road, where we were all apprehended by a whole bunch of Mr Plods for a licence check. It seems their amphotometer was r/s, and they had to seek an alternate form of amusement.

Next stop was Werribee, for a hot drink and some eats before continuing on to the You Yangs. Rosemary just made it to the top of the road before the Suzi decided to call enough with a very fouled left plug.

After fixing the problem, we joined up with Howard and Beth (travelling by Beetle Power, which, judging by the window stickers is propelled by Jesus power) (who's hand's on the honk?? – Ed) who were about to climb to the top of the Peak with Cheryl and her pillion for the day, Keith Anderson. Wasn't much of a view with all the low cloud and rain approaching, so we raced to the bottom and found a big dry tree to shelter beneath.

Shortly afterwards, Tiny took it upon himself to treat Lady tourists to free rides around the car park.

We returned to the cafe via Fred's home in Werribee, where we all had afternoon tea.

Andrew deserves a mention here: his Duke fell over going around a corner. He tried to ride over a piece of tree that some one had left on the road.

All in all, it was a quiet, relaxing sort of day.

Paul Price, 500/4

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RETURN OF THE MOTOR-CYCLE

Motor-cycles are making a comeback into everyday transport and recreational activities.

The decline of the motorcycle in the '50s has been attributed partly to frequent accidents and fatalities involving riders at that time.

But this stigma seems to have faded. The introduction of a law requiring all riders and pillion passengers to wear safety helmets has undoubtedly done a lot towards improving the accident record and giving parents confidence to readily approve of one of their family buying a machine.

The present upsurge in sales has been caused by simple economics, according to salesmen and enthusiasts.

Motorcycles are cheap to run, maintain and insure. It is easy to manoeuvre in heavy traffic – making its departure-to-destination time in the metropolitan area so much faster than that of a car. And then the bugbear of city motoring – finding a parking place – does not exist for the bike rider.

These advantages have made them popular among students.

The increase in sales is reflected in motorcycle clubs. Existing clubs are growing stronger while new ones are being formed. The recreational side of club activities is important. Members want to take their machines around a scramble circuit or on a group ride along forest trails, just for the fun of it.

Years ago a motorcyclist was regarded as a "temporary Australian". But not today! The rider, while still vulnerable in an accident, has the manoeuvrability and braking power to keep out of trouble.

Club officials say that motorcycle riders make better car drivers than the average person. They have a greater awareness of road and traffic dangers, and apply greater skill. Yet, they say, the motorcyclist in traffic is not treated with as much respect as he deserves from the car drivers.

Melbourne police have become aware of the increasing numbers of motorcycles on the roads. They say they have not been any problem apart from causing some complaints of noise in the suburbs.

So the motorcycle sales graph continues its steep climb as the machines are sought as farm “hacks”, a second vehicle after the family car, an essential means of transport, and as a healthy avenue for outdoor sport.

And while the ability of the motorcyclist to pass long lines of queue-bound peak-hour traffic may be the envy of every driver, at least they are not adding to the problem of congestion.

Cheryl.

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A MOST HARROWING EXPERIENCE

Hire purchase is a useful way of taking possession of needed goods without having to wait and save up for them. I have used this facility in the past, but when I came to purchase my gold K2 Honda, CB750, because of the small changeover costs involved, I dipped into my savings and paid cash. To ensure that my personalised plates CB-750 did not get sidetracked, I saw the new bike registered in April 1973. It was quite brand new, the disk brake had never been used, and the engine had never been started. I traded my old bike and purchased this new one from South Yarra Motorcycles Pty, Ltd, and the new bike was on a “floor plan” from Bennett-Honda.

Well, I was astounded and dismayed and, frankly, not prepared to believe two thug-like men who called at my flat after 11pm on Monday, 20th May, 1974. They said, “We’re acting for A.G.C and we have come to repossess your gold motorcycle, CB-750!” They said it had been purchased and registered in Western Australia by a D.J Butler, who purchased the bike on hire purchase and had subsequently vanished with the bike. They said they had an order to “take possession of the motorcycle on sight”. Naturally, I explained how I had come by the bike. I produced the registration certificate for it. This set the men back a little and they asked me to read out the engine number. (I would not hand over the certificate thinking that the men were “con men” intent on stealing the bike, and this despite that fact that they had a piece of paper which purported that they were private detective agents). Naturally, I was suspicious that they did not have the engine number, for I knew that the registration number could not have led them to me. I refused to answer their question and asked for their card and a telephone number where I might contact them the next day. Meanwhile CB-750 remained locked away in the garage!

I phoned Brian Roberts’ partner, David Moroney, who kindly came to the phone around midnight. He advised me, “Don’t go out they could be thugs – get the police and if you have any further problems, phone back.”

The Fitzroy police turned up in less than two minutes. It was one time a motorcyclist could be grateful for their prompt attendance. They took down the particulars and they took possession of the card. The police said: “They are con men and we will patrol the area to make sure they don’t try and break in.” Despite this assurance, I did not sleep a wink, apprehensive about even the slightest noise.

Next day, I phoned Bennett-Honda, and despite stories about that firm’s efficiency, they quickly assured me that they had imported the bike in my possession, and that they had sold it through South Yarra Motorcycles to me. I was very grateful for this reassurance since, if the bike had been stolen, I would have lost it and my money invested in it.

I phoned the A.G.C and the repossession company and found that these agents were real. They could not understand the reason for the confusion. I immediately contacted Mr. Moroney who said I had a clear title to the bike and that if anyone else touched it, they would be breaking the criminal law – and he said: “Agents go to gaol in Victoria if they take vehicles in these situations.” Mr. Moroney said he would drop the repossession company a letter, and added that if my bike was touched “They would now be in double trouble since they would now be aware of my title to the vehicle.”

I contacted the police at Fitzroy, and despite that station's reputation, the C.I.B said, "Don't worry, send them to us if they worry you again. They could not repossess it anyway even if it had been stolen since you bought it legitimately. They would have to take the matter to court first."

By Thursday, the problems were not clarified and I rang the repossession company to ask if they had further word from Western Australia. It seems that a gold 750 had a Western Australian country registration, CB-750 (white plates), and had been purchased under hire purchase. Without checking at the Motor Registration Branch, they had sent agents to see me on hearing that I owned a gold Honda with the same registration, even if a Victorian one.

My thanks to David Moroney and the Victorian Police. All I can say I'd, I never want to meet any repossession agents again. It was a most harrowing experience!

Darren

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DEAFINGNITION

PANNIER:

- 1. A large basket for carrying provisions; in later use, mostly one of those carried by a beast of burden (usually in pairs, or on the shoulders of a man or woman).
- 2. A covered basket for surgical instrument holding and medicines for a military ambulance, 1854
- 3. A frame of whalebone, wire, etc, used to swell out the skirt of a woman's dress at the hips, 1877.

Sauce: The Shorter Oxford Dictionary on histerical principals.

Prof. I. Ball.

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FLINDERS PEAK

Sunday, 23rd June, 1974

Approximately 27 bikes left the car park, our first stop being just along New Footscray Road, when the Fuzz, quite a number of them, pulled us up for a licence check. Guess who didn't have his licence on him? Most embarrassing, for Big D! Fortunately, he looks honest, and it was OK

Tine led, with Claw as patrol and Big Daddy as rear rider. At Werribee, we stopped for fuel for the riders. Having obtained food from the other end of the town from where we had parked, we then went on to Flinders Peak. The Park is much more extensive and attractive than one would think when seen from Geelong Road. In spite of the weather, quite a lot of people were about. I imagine it would be crowded in good weather.

Darren brought along his canteen and dispensed hot coffee and tea (free) from his almost inexhaustible supply.

Darren and Tiny (in the outfit), followed at a distance by Mark and I went for a ride around the Great Circle Road. At one time, Darren, after a detour, was approaching me and a very steep sideways track, with Tiny sitting right out over the outfit wheel. Even so, by the look on Darren's face and the movement of the bike, it was close to capsizing. It was one time when Tiny's right was most appreciated.

While at the Peak and just before leaving, we experienced our first and only drizzle of rain. After leaving here, we went via Lara to Geelong Road. Somewhere along the way, we stopped for petrol. From here to Werribee,

to Fred's (classical guitar player) peoples' place, for coffee, tea, sandwiches and biscuits, which were much appreciated by all.

After attending to us refreshment – wise, three women and a man (I don't know who they were) went out into the street to pick out a bike; with quite a few suggested the one with the outfit. However after looking at them, they said they liked the one red and white. Someone said that it belonged to Cheryl; where at one of the ladies said “How can a girl handle a big thing like that?” Where at Bob Evans said “You would be surprised what big things some girls can handle”. Very straight faces on the ladies, and much laughter from Fred's father, I think it was!!

From there it was back to the cafe, but not for me. It was quite a pleasant run, and I think all enjoyed it.

Lloyd, 350//4

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