

THE PAST MONTH: has been really wet and very, very cold. However, we have been amazed at the run up each Sunday. We hope the support will continue, even though the weather outlook is very drab.

As club runs have increased in size, the committee in their wisdom had decided that, in future, TWO CORNER MARKERS must sit on each corner when nominated by the leader. We hope this will be strictly adhered to, otherwise FINES will be forthcoming.

As the camping weekends over the past three months have not catered for the MAJORITY of the club, a few active members have arranged for a weekend a SENSIBLE distance from Melbourne during the Queen's Birthday Weekend. The trip is to Yackandandah, and the party will depart from Fawkner Cemetery at 7am on 15<sup>th</sup> June.

The committee has promised that no longer will they only cater for themselves, and starting in July, there will be a camping weekend in Victoria ever weekend until November, (Let's hope this promise comes true!)

By the time you read this, Chris Bowers will be in hospital, having an operation. We don't know what it's for, but Linda is looking forward to the first night.

Brendan dropped his bike on the Vaughan Springs run, thanks to the lack of corner markers.

Incidentally, for all those interested, the Christmas trip this year will be to the Flinders Ranges, South Australia.

Fred and Brian won the Treasure Hunt, with 685 points.

See Claw for a Tassie magazine, before a price is put on them.

Good things this month! Burvale Hotel on 22<sup>nd</sup> June – always a good time, and the next general meeting is an auction night, so bring along all those bits and pieces and help both yourselves and the club.

The committee, which has made an in numeral number of mistakes this year, wishes to apologize for moving the club hall away from Fairfield, where the M.S.C.A.V has met for well over ten years.

Application forms of the Goulburn Motorcycle Club "Grand Prix" are available from the Assistant Secretary. The rally is on 22<sup>nd</sup> June.

Therese, wife of Lance Crockett, gave birth to a daughter sometime last month. Congrats to both parents. Drop round and you're sure to get a CIGAR.

QUESTION: How many virgins are there in the club?

Garry Clapham pranged his wife's car a couple of weeks ago, so he came on a club run.

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MT DONNA BUANG – Thursday, 25<sup>th</sup> April, 1974

The R.S.L. once again created turmoil with my journey to the car park. But I managed it, with the help of the friendly man in blue.

We left the car park with the dynamic personality from the Social Welfare Department as leader and David (Autumn Leaves) Swallow on a 900 Kwaka as rear rider. Also noticed at the time was Don Sexton riding pillion with Geoff Nocker on a beat-up-looking 750/4. Worthy of a canary, that one.

We travelled via Riverside Ave, S.E Freeway, Toorak Rd, and the Burwood Highway to the Maroondah Highway. The author was in there somewhere, observing all. Smiling Don astride that pillion seat was very entertaining as I followed the blue streak for a few miles, with him doing everything but a hand-stand upon the pillion.

After passing the Melba residence "Coombe Cottage", the riders encountered BULK traffic and were slowed down considerably. Yours truly coasted into Lilydale on the smoothest and cleanest three cylinder two-stroke known to man.

The presence of Peter Tapp on his red Suzuki 500 was noted as he flashed into town leaving a trail of blue vapour to enhance the character of the environment. (Charming!)

Well, there we were – all the riders parked under the trees. Really good to see. V.I.P's of note were the club's spiritual advisers on their 500/4's. St. Peter tells me he also rides one, so there must be something in these Honda's. Ask your friendly Probation Officer on your next visit. He'll tell you how good they are.

The run to Warburton was uneventful, although possibly freaking out some of the motorists leaving Lilydale, judging by the traffic and the number of bikes.

Don (I've lost my brief) Sexton kept complaining about water in his "carbies"; that trouble seemed to have been eliminated, judging by the drags that were going on in the main street of Warburton. After a short stop for vitals and go-juice, 32 riders entrained (oops! Sorry train lovers) enbiked for the mountain top. Andrew Rowe was really to the fore on this occasion, with a green BMW in hot pursuit. The spiritual advisers were well to the rear looking after the flock. Geoff Harrison rates a mention on his 350 Honda with those megaphones (wouldn't pass an E.P.A inspection) and Bob Hodge is almost certainly guilty of infringing the Craven carrier copyright. All the riders reached the mountaintop car park safely and proceeded to let it all happen.

The Briefless one was seen riding stackhatless around the car park on a 900 Kwaka – NAUGHTY BOY!! Andrew Rowe certainly wanted to be seen on this run. There he was, wielding a 36mm wrench on the back end of his Ducati, and being advised by the club's technological experts on what should be done. Upon being approached by the Vic President who enquired "How long will you be?" "Five to ten minutes", says Les Luke, while looking around the car park and seeing numerous parts of a Ducati scattered the place.

Les Leahy must rate a mention on this run at being a "Cool Man Luke". Sophisticated and debonair on his white 650 XS2 Yamaha, while the headlines of the day could have read: "Champion Dirt Rider Bites The Dust". Numerous riders elected to not travel on the so called treacherous gravel route to Healesville, but went home via the bitumen. "I wonder if canary had any trouble with his plug leads?" said an un-named rider.

The sign writer on the 750 Ducati was seen travelling to the Yellingbo road well into the early eighties. He didn't turn off like Bob Hodge, who had to be chased by little Mick on his 750 water bottle for 15 – odd miles. "Caught in the Act!" – No, not Victor Borge, but Andrew Rowe, urinating behind a bus shelter.

Well! Arriving at the Yellingbo Post Office, numerous people seemed to be missing, while others sat around and ate mint chip Trumpets. "Try one, they're good!" Said an unremembered voice. So I did. I noticed Garry Osborn preparing the centre stand on his BMW. Must have shaken loose with the vibrations. On the way from the Yellingbo Post Office, that Champion dirt rider almost bit the dust when he lost the cable connection to the back brake of his 500 Yamaha. Punctures can be picked up anywhere, even in a service station, and EVEN by a BMW.

By the time we reached Belgrave, the run seemed to be so spread out I wasn't sure where I was. Anyhow, I caught up with the leader somewhere near the Tally Ho Boys' Village. We were so far in front, there was not a rider to be seen. The leader sat on 40mph for miles, waiting for people to catch up.

I departed to visit friends at the South Eastern Freeway, so didn't make the cafe that time.

## SLOGAN FOR THE MONTH

“GOUGH GETS BACK!!”

Wild Bill.

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## A MOST MEMORABLE MELBOURNE WEEKEND

I left Sydney in warm sunshine Thursday afternoon, and rode down the Hume Highway to Goulburn where I turned off and rode to Canberra. Stopped there for a while and had a look at one of the CLEANEST cities in Australia, then headed on for Cooma.

Because I'd left my bike switched to reserve when I filled up at Goulburn, I didn't realise I was running so low on petrol until the bike stopped about 10 miles before Cooma and refused to continue. I waved down a couple of cars, none of which had siphon hoses, then two cars full of nuns stopped. They pulled the windscreen washers off one car, and by draining juice into a cup, I eventually got enough to get to Cooma.

Had a fairly cold ride across to Bega and from Eden down, could not get accommodation anywhere. Managed to get enough petrol along the way to keep going, and stopped overnight in Traralgon, where I arrived t about 3am Friday morning.

Left Traralgon at around midday; had a good run to Melbourne, arriving at about 2.30pm. Went to Margaret's and got ready for the dinner that night. I don't think there's much I need say about Friday night, as everyone knows what a great night it was!

Saturday morning, was, of course, Elizabeth Street, then in the afternoon went round to Don Sexton's and had my bike serviced and tuned by him. Afterwards, we went off to Ron's party, arriving pretty late, but still in time to get drunk! However, I think there were quite a few seeing pink elephants the next day!

Sunday: slept in, the John (the Sydneyite who was down) and I headed up the Hume Highway at about 10.30am. John had a flat tyre at 12 noon when we were about 10 miles past Seymour. That tyre took four hours until we were back on the road, as we had to travel some distance for air, only to find, when we got the tyre back to the bike, that it was still leaking. A local man took John to his home where they worked on it and discovered it had three punctures.

Back on the road about 4.15pm. travelled about fifteen minutes when I had a prang. A valiant travelling behind me with a Mercedes behind that. The Mercedes hit the Valiant, the Valiant hit me. My beautiful new 500 now has a slightly customised rear end.

I spent three days in Euroa Hospital, then was taken to Puckapunyal Hospital, and flew home Friday. In spite of the delay in getting home, I had a tremendous weekend, and I'm glad I made the trip down for it.

Heather.

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## I WAS A BIKIE'S GIRL

'I as 18 when I first went with a bikie. When you get on a motorbike for the first time you either love it or hate it. If you love it you are hooked. Its' the closest thing to flying I had ever experienced and I was hooked.

Hanging around with a guy who rides a bike is something else. They usually are wild or they wouldn't be riding a bike in the first place and their wildness on their bikes always carries over to wildness in bed.

And if you like that sort of thing (and I certainly did) then a bikie is the only kind of man to have as a lover. He is not considerate and he is not tender but he is passionate. You just have to get there before he does. It takes a bit of practice but it's worth it considering he does it about three times a night – stamina and training are pretty much all you need.

The knowledge that he will go out and practically kill any guy who so much as gives you the eye is very morale boosting for any girl, too. You really feel wanted when he does that kind of thing for you.

The gangs have their own kind of law. Don't take somebody else's girl is rule number one. The girls who hung around were anybody's game but the girls who were going steady with one bloke were taboo. I didn't experience the gang bang bit because there was never a time when I wasn't mad crazy about one particular guy. I was propositioned a few times by fellas from other groups but all I needed to say was "I'm with him" and as him was always big and brawny the others would fade away pretty quickly.

Some of the young girls would do anything for a ride on a bike. It didn't matter to them what the bloke looked like or how dirty he was..it was the bike that mattered.

Those big, beautiful machines are very sexual. Huge and shining, they throb underneath you and produce an excitement I had never known before. Riding one of these bikes makes you feel free. The open road is in front of you and there you are with your arms wrapped around some guy, your body pressed against his and the clean smell of leather in your nostrils.

There were two girls who used to hang around our gang a lot. They would have been only 15 at the most. They used to say to the boys, 'anybody who wants it come and get it'. The word would go around like wildfire that it was on, out the back of the coffee shop or wherever we happened to be. All those girls wanted was to ride pillion and they did anything for it.

Those girls who go onion or gang bang for the whole gang aren't respected by the boys. They are considered molls. They just ask to be onioned. They hang all over the men like a rash and after the onion they are back again so they must love being screwed by 20 blokes.

They cause trouble in the club too. If they go on a run (a ride to a pre-arranged spot for a day's outing) they usually end up in an onion. Now if the men who have their own chicks with them want to be in the onion, too, you can imagine the trouble which starts. Onions are really nasty. Some men would go three times. When that was happening I made myself scarce.

But on the whole the bikies themselves are really neat. They are exciting; they live for the minute. They can decide to ride to Adelaide, just like that. I would go anywhere with them.

They take their chicks everywhere, too – not like the Sids (ordinary people) who leave their women at home most of the time. There is always something going on that women can go to.

There is only one weekend during the year when bikies leave their chicks at home and that is when they go on the Maroota Outlaw Run in New South Wales. About 500 bikies from all over Australia go to that.

A group of 500 bikies in one place represents quite a force. It would take the army to stop any trouble. If the chicks went too they would certainly be fights. Some guys wouldn't have girls with them and would try to crack on to someone else's and before you knew it there would be a riot.

I was terrified the first time I got on a bike. I loved it but the screaming around corners didn't exactly make for peaceful travelling, especially for a beginner. I got used to it, though.

I've ridden on a bike at 108 miles an hour, too. My boyfriend at the time, Jim and I were coming home from a rather quiet party after midnight when a battered FJ Holden pulled up alongside us and the driver yelled out: 'Hey, give you a drag.' Jim told him to piss off but he held on beside us. We were travelling along a dead

straight road and the Holden tagging us must have annoyed Jim because he accelerated suddenly and left it behind.

I club to him and thought we were going faster than usual. Then I looked over his shoulder and saw the speedometer needle hitting 108. Well, I started praying. I got home all right but the police picked Jim up when he was on his way home and booked him for doing a mere 60.

Wednesday night was the night our gang met in someone's backyard or garage. The boys would paint names and designs on their leather jackets and take their bikes apart to polish and clean them while the girls sat around and watched. Those bikes were rechromed or repainted constantly.

Club business was discussed at these meetings, too. The leader was elected and his second-in-command, the master-at-arms, chosen. Anyone who didn't turn up on Wednesday nights were out. Anyone who didn't have his bike in top mechanical order and gleaming like a mirror was out too, because he would bring shame and dishonour to the club.

It was on Wednesday nights that war would be declared on other clubs. If another gang rider had punched up one of our fellas our leader would say: 'To hell with that. Let's go get them.'

Not anyone could join the club. A potential member had to have been seen around and he had to have proved himself a good rider and a tough street fighter. It might take him a year of hanging around before he would be accepted finally by the other boys.

The club leader and the master-at-arms had to approve of him and then he had to go through an initiation ceremony. Some of the gangs insisted their members had tattoos, swastikas or the letters L-O-V-E and H-A-T-E written across the fingers.

In another gang initiation, all the male members of the club would pee on the poor guy's new colours. But the initiation bit is old hat today. Years ago what we called the colours used to be the design painted and studded on the back of the leather jackets all the bike riders wore. But now the colours are embroidered on the back of a denim jacket, together with the riders' name. The sleeves are then cut out of the jacket which is worn over the traditional leather one.

To be accepted in a club you have to have made a bit of a name for yourself in punch-ups. I've seen fights where guys have been hit over the head with fence posts. When there's a fight on everything is a weapon. One bloke I knew wore a chromed motor cycle chain for a belt. Needless to say nobody bothered him much.

I was knocked unconscious myself once. It was at the Springvale Town Hall in Melbourne. We were all at a dance there one night when the Sharpies arrived. The Sharpies had their hair cut really short and wore tight tops and flared pants in the days when our boys were still in drainpipe trousers (the tighter the better).

Anyway a fight developed. The whole hall exploded. Chairs were being broken over people's heads and the place was falling apart. One of the Sharpie girls came up to me and said something vile. When I told her to go away (but not quite as politely as that) she hit me. I got one back at her before her girlfriend, who was built like a tank, loomed up and clobbered me over the head from behind.

Everything went black and I was carried outside but I don't remember that. The police came to break that fight up, and broke a few heads in the process, too.

The police hate all bikies. Our boys wouldn't dare drive through town because of that. Even if they were well behaved and driving within the speed limit, they would be booked for something. Given the slightest excuse the coppers will really thump bike riders. I've seen it happen.

The police don't like bikies meeting in groups anywhere, even if they aren't doing anything. Bikies represent potential trouble to the coppers and the cops are always breaking them up.

Some bikies are really bad, mind you. They are in every capital city in Australia and overseas, too. They carry knives and wear studded belts. They don't work but they get their money by knocking people on the heads and taking their pay packets on pay days, or by putting their girls on the street. As long as they have enough money for petrol and hamburgers they are happy. They don't spend much money on their women. If you get a beer and a hamburger down at the local pub you are pretty lucky.

Our club used to ride out of town every weekend. We would leave on Saturday morning and come home on Sunday night. Mum didn't like it but there wasn't anything she could do. We used to take sleeping bags with us and camp in a paddock or on a beach and we would live on hamburgers.

We would have hamburgers for breakfast, hamburgers for lunch and hamburgers for dinner. Boy was I sick of hamburgers. Some hamburger joint wouldn't serve us. You couldn't blame them, I suppose. If you saw a group of about 20 people in flying boots and leather jackets coming at you, you would probably think twice, too. Restaurants attached to petrol stations were usually the best. We always go something there.

Some weekends we would ride about 300 miles to get to a party distance was never any problem. It was funny about parties. Nobody ever invited bikies to a party but if there was one on anywhere we would hear about it and gate crash. Whoever was giving the party would never say anything to us. I suppose they were too terrified of getting their heads knocked in. We would ride miles to get to a party.

If there weren't any parties on we would have a booze-up by ourselves on a beach or something. One night we were all drunk out of our minds after a party and we threw our sleeping bags down in a paddock. I felt a bit uncomfortable during the night and when I woke up in the morning I found I had bedded down on somebody's old campfire. That's how life was with bikies. You lived everything as it came and took the rough with the good.

Motorbikes are funny, though; they get under your skin and into your blood. To me they are symbols of freedom and sexual desire.

I've drifted away from the bokie scene now because I fell in love with someone who doesn't ride a bike – these things will happen – but my love for bikes hasn't diminished. I still dream of the wind in my hair and the road in front of me and the smell of a man in a leather jacket. Given the chance with the right guy, I would jump on a bike again tomorrow'

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Sunday school teacher: "What must we do to obtain forgiveness?"

Bright pupil: "Sin!"

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If a horse wears horse shoes, what does a camel where?

Desert Boots!!

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Arrangements concerning invitations to the Poofsters' ball; Those who were arsed last year, will be arsed again this year!

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The day had dawned cold but held the promise of a fine sunny day when I arrived at K.B.C.P. A lot of bikes arrived later than usual, due I suspect to Bob Hodge's party (booze turn) the night before, which, from what I hear was a great success. We left the car park after 10 o'clock due to the high tension leads packing up on Darren's 4. Luckily there were many "mechanics" on hand to rectify the problem.

With Darren leading we set a more leisurely pace than normal (I managed to keep up with him) to meet the rest of the club at Hallam. There were quite a few bikes awaiting us, which swelled the total to 41, which was good to see. We had some unexpected guests, namely Mr. And Mrs. Osborn who had come along to capture the club on film (movie). Doggy Osborn was also seen sniffing around bike wheels (not BMW's thank goodness, that dog has been trained to respect fine machinery). Formaldehyde joined the run at Drouin after an early morning train chase to Moe.

The wait at Hallam was further extended due to the fact that a corner marker had deserted his post and the following bikes had taken an incorrect turn. This has been occurring a lot lately due to the elected corner marker not being familiar with the club rules. It is quoted in the Constitution that:

"If you stop at a corner to point the way, wait for the rear rider regardless of time unless otherwise directed by a committee member".

At last the missing bikes appeared and we departed for Tarago Reservoir. After travelling a few miles along glorious bitumen roads, a shrunken horse was seen by Bob Evans and myself, at least I think that's what it was, it was partly obscured by tall grass.

Lunch was consumed with great gusto at Neerim South. Doggy Osborn did justice to all the scraps like pies and Turkish Delight. Three-quarters of an hour later we continued on our way amid lovely bright sunshine (and the second day of winter too). The scenery at the reservoir was beautiful with green hills and large expanse of blue water, closer investigation by the author revealed it was a dirty brown. By the way did you know that the reservoir is 87' deep?

A marathon walk (about 1/4 of a mile) was undertaken by Gary C, myself, Ron Water bottle and Bob E, who complained most bitterly about bung lungs etc. He has decided to give up smoking because of his lungs and in order to control the urge (for people with dirty minds, namely Mick, I am talking about cigarettes) he ate my popcorn with help from Gary C and Doggy. A funny couple (married) were seen amongst the trees and bushes near the weir wall. It appears they were preserving nature.

The ever popular Frisbee was produced, and a fast game ensued with the support of a 4-legged player-namely Doggy. She got a bit carried away and ran off with the Frisbee, but was admirably tacked by Gary O.

A certain pillion certainly had no faith in the rider as was apparent by the following conversation:

Wombat to pillion – (valiantly) "I'll get you home safely".  
Pillion to Wombat – "Make sure I get killed if we crash, I haven't got HBA."

On the return trip tow bikes missed a corner and ran off the road. One of the bikes was seen to have a bald front tyre, admittedly tyres are an expensive commodity but the rider's safety relies heavily on this piece of rubber, so perhaps a little more notice should be taken of the wear and tear on tyres. I am glad to say no major damage was done to either bike or riders.

I am sure everyone enjoyed the run and the fine touring weather that accompanied it. Let's hope the long weekend is as nice, especially for campers at the Alpine and Yackandandah.

Cheryl.

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On 1<sup>st</sup> July, 1974, a nation-wide change in road signs to metric units will commence with the objective of completing the change in one month. Some signs will be replaced entirely, but others will have the numerical information changed by use of an overlay. Whether or not a sign will be replaced instead of having the relevant information changed will depend on the legend of each sign. For instance, speed limit signs will be replaced because the numerical figures or such signs represent a large proportion of the total sign area. On the other hand, finger board signs showing both distance and township names, only need conversion of the distance numerals by overlays.

The new speed limit signs will be mounted on a rectangular plate instead of a circular one. The speed value to replace the present 35mph will be 60km. Other speed limit signs will be posted, as 75, 80 and 90kmh. The changing of the speed limit signs will be given the highest priority.

Mile posts have been in use for many years on State Highways and proclaimed tourist roads. even though motorists are familiar with the white concrete posts, with black letters and numbers, which are placed at every mile, they may not realise the additional use of mileposts as reference points in the accurate location of limits of road works, bridges, surveys, and roadside facilities, such as rest area was, fireplaces, etc. They are also used by the Police, electricity and telephone authorities as reference points.

On metric conversion, to kinds of markers will be used to indicate distances in kilometres. In general, at every 5 kilometres there will be an aluminium distance marker mounted on a steel post. The marker will consist of a dark green plate with a white reflectorised initial letter and distance numeral, and a white reflectorised border. At every intermediate kilometre there will be a white guide post with a white reflectorised legend on a small black plate near the top of the post.

A wide publicity campaign will be conducted, and after 1<sup>st</sup> July through all new media, the public will be informed of the imminent change to metric motoring.

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HELPFUL...

At the bottom of a note which comes with the modified front fork oil seals of Mr. Sochiro Honda's big feller, were these innocent words: "see illustration of back side."

Wong

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FEATURE FILM NIGHT (May General Meeting)

Our May General Meeting was held in the familiar surroundings at the Footscray Restaurant, with the crowd so big I thought I was at a pop concert, and the Social Secretary was slightly overcome, finding it hard to read the minutes of the last meeting.

The correspondence was then read, followed by a discussion on our forthcoming Tasmanian dinner night, which seems as if it is going to be something really worth looking forward to, as everything was going according to plan.

The presentation of the trophies was then held, being given to those who were successful at our Sports Day, with riding honours going to Phil (shaggers) Nash. Pauline got a cheeky kiss for winning the musical bikes event.

Next was general business, during which Darren thanked Ross for bringing along his projector and equipment, to show a two hour movie called "Deliverance". It was quite a good film, with the theme song "Duelling



Banjos” most pleasant to hear. As for canoeing, it’s too dangerous a sport. I feel most people would prefer to ride their bikes, and one part was not the best for the tummy.

In all, a good night’s entertainment that finished around 12 midnight. One other comment: You didn't seem to meet everybody, and a lot went home forgetting to pick up their copy of the magazine.

Big Daddy

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### DISCOUNT TYRES

A.P. Sutherland Pty. Ltd, 175 Sturt St, South Melbourne, the Victorian distributors for Michelin tyres, have in stock a full range of motorcycle tyres, both road and trail.

- 3.50 x 19 Rapido S35 \$16.94 (the same as Gary O. and Ned have on the front of their BMW’s)
- 4.00 x 18 Rapido S35 \$17.85
- 4.00 x 18 Rapido S41 \$26.46 Rear tyre
- Other prices on application.

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### TURPIN’S FALLS – Sunday, 26<sup>th</sup> May, 1974

Yuk!! –the only word to describe the weather by the time we left the car park. Lots of peoples turned up, with almost 50 bikes on the run. There were lots of new faces (to me, anyway) and even a few smaller bikes, also a couple more much-needed girls were there.

Out of the city towards Tulla, with Darren leading, Big D as rear rider and Gary O as patrol. Along the Freeway to the Lancefield/Romsey turnoff near Sunbury, where the weather had changed for the worse, becoming very cold when out on the open roads.

Waiting on the corner, marking the turnoff to the Calder Highway, I was just thinking how uneventful the run had been so far, when Andrew pulled up on his 750 Ducati to make minor adjustments. Then Dennis on the 90 gets just round the corner and stopped – it appeared he was having bulk trouble finding a gear, by the way he was stomping on the change lever. Next thing we know, a guy on a 750 Suzi goes past – straight ahead into the distance!

Got mobile again for a “quick” ride into Kyneton, and headed for the nearest vital and hot coffee shop. This stop lengthened to become the lunch shop, during which time various topics were discussed, and Wombat adjusted the chain of a pushbike for a young lady – VERY young! Bad luck, Wombat!

Gear – warm-type – was donned preparatory to leaving for the Falls. Departure, and disaster for Colin on the 750 water bottle – the throttle cable broke. Of to the garage for the Suzi, while the rest headed out. Waiting with Cheryl at the 2<sup>nd</sup> corner became a lengthy occurrence, so after at least ½ an hour, I went back, to find the others just over the hill repairing a puncture to Les Luke’s 500 Yami.

The tailenders finally got going again, and arrived at what we thought MUST have been the turnoff to the Falls – but no corner – marker there, so two go further up the road for a looksee, returning to find the others waiting to go, as a homeward-bound member had directed us the right way, down a dirt track past a Road Closed sign, and along to the Falls. By the time we got there, anything could have happened, but nothing spectacular was reported, The Frisbee and a tennis ball were in use, with Big D becoming a “girl” for the day. The trail bikes and a few others were having fun burning around jumping logs etc.

Ever seen a group of so-called mature males go crazy at the sight of a chocolate frog before. It's quite hilarious, to say the least. Departure time, so Mick Fagan decided to test the grassy roadside SPLAT!! He and Kate end up on the ground. Another corner marker left his post on the way to Kyneton, where we stopped for petrol, then back to Melbourne via Toolern Vale and Melton, Ballarat Rd and to the cafe. There the usual activities took place, until all left for home, after a good, but cold, run.

Willi

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RON LIEBE'S PARTY – 18/5/74

Apart from a few people getting themselves well and truly lost (two ending up at Mentone), the party was resounding success with lots of grog and plenty of grub to satisfy all who attended.

Big Daddy was seen getting quite inebriated on Marsala, by a series of dirty jokes narrated by Big Daddy and Paul. By the way Paul, what was that joke about the hot rod? I hope Big D goes to confession very shortly as those jokes were really crude but oh so funny.

Rusty was also there, along with Mick Bames and both were well and truly on the way to having a wild time. Rusty's face was noticeably swollen due to the fist he stopped on Friday night, and he and Mick were still arguing as to who should have collected the punch.

Bob Hodge, even though he strongly denies it, was rotten. One chair was broken due to Bob and some other person who brought he would sit on Bob's lap. Such chairs are not designed to take this abuse and like all abused chairs, it collapsed nearly took Bob's finger with it. Restitution was made to Mrs. Liebe.

Even though I left relatively early the party went on to the early hours of the morning with Big Daddy being one of the last to leave and Bob was left sleeping on the floor.

May thanks to Ron and his family for the great meal and the wonderful way in which they hosted the party.

BM 500

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A loaded tram from the city stops at Flemington racecourse. A lovely girl boards. She stands, strap hanging. An old dear, coming home from the market, loaded with goodies is sitting.

Young lass says: "Would you please let me have your seat? I'm pregnant."

Dear old lady gives up her seat and struggles with her parcels; studies the lass and finally says: "Dear, you don't look pregnant to me. How far are you?"

"About 20 minutes. Gee! Doesn't it make you tired??"

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CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations are extended to Fred (Guitar Man) and Margaret (Graeme McFeeter's sister) on their recent engagement.

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