

THE SOCIAL EVENT OF THE MONTH
OR
WHO ATE THE PETS PAL?

A rather large crowd of members and friends gathered at the home of Mr. Lloyd Wissman for a social barbeque and frivolity.

Darren Room Esq greeted yours truly in his usual delightful manner. Moving into the courtyard, numerous people were to be seen partaking of the sumptuous spread prepared by mine host. Ian Taylor was to be found relaxing his rather large hairy body upon a reclining chair; reminded me of Nero – he fiddled while Rome burned.

Adjourning to the music room, one was to hear an organ recital by the host, with a choir under the musical direction of Darren. Quite a delightful section of musical numbers where played, and all present joined in the singing. The critics waited in vain for the Halleluiahs Chorus, but to no avail.

The host then took numerous guests on a guided tour of the villa, wandering from suite to suite, and admiring the decor. That strange odour wafting into one's nostrils, I wonder?

Bob Hodge and Rusty from the fly base seemed to be enjoying themselves. Bob clutching a bottle of white rum and Rusty a box of dog biscuits. Bob and Rusty were so inebriated! I noted the strange look on their faces when they discovered they were eating dog biscuits. Lloyd's floor became an instant refuse bin, with half eaten biscuits strewn everywhere.

QUESTION: Quote "Has anyone ever seen Daren stay later than 11pm at a party?" unquote (Mick Fagan)

By this time the heavies had begun to arrive, Road Rebels by name. The Socialites, with Fagan in the lead, made a headlong dash for the front entrance to repel the invaders. Kees, Tim, Bob and Peter who were just arriving freaked out at the so called heavy scene and couldn't handle it.

Young Bruce on the 350 Honda blew his brains apart, how he and Bob and Rusty made the sports day, I will never know! Andrew Rowe, Brendan Gleeson, Trevor Michie and Greg Moore were very quiet. I want to see more out of them in the near future.

Bruce Higgs and the Claw were seen having a drink, and Denis Ackland poked his head in the door but couldn't stay very long; had a date with a young chick "Right on!"

Shame! There weren't any streakers, surely someone can manage something for the film night "Right on!"
Denis A.

Wild Bill.

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LAKE EPPALOCK – 7/4/74

It had been a cold and wet night, so almost all of the 30 or so riders at KBCP that Sunday morning came equipped with wet weather gear. It made a nice change to have some smaller bikes on the run – there was Darren looking slightly top heavy on his Honda 90, and there was also new member Dennis McKenzie with a gleaming new similar machine. At the other end, Ron had fitted his "water-bottle" with a matching gold side car (very smooth and slinky); passenger was Jim (the crutches) Coleman. St. Vincents', where Jim was a recent inmate, is full of battered bikies, and the crutches have Yamaha, Honda, etc on them – the select-a-crutch system, I s'pose.

Lest the car park only about 30 minutes late, out along the Tulla Freeway, to Calder Highway and so to first stop at Kyneton. Called in at usual service station (first on left), but it must have been under new management

or something, 'cos after we had been there ten minutes or so, the proprietor came over and said (I quote his exact words) "If you don't leave within one minute, I'll call the police". Couldn't really see why he was so bitchy; most of us had bought petrol and/or eats, and we were all parked neatly on one side of the forecourt. Perhaps we'd better not call there again.

We cut across from the Calder to the McIvor Highway along a beaut road, really great, and then managed to turn off too soon; a short stretch of soft slimy mud, and a bend caused about 5 bikes to drop, including a hi-rise Norton with two-up which did a classic flip. Anyway, eventually retraced our steps, and found the dam area and cafe.

Proved to be a good afternoon. Sunny and warm; good for water skiing, courtesy of Charlie J with a natty red speedboat called Pride. This had a 125 engine (NOTcc, dum-dum). Question: What do you sing if you go out in a boat with both Ian Taylor and Mick Fagan aboard? Answer: Michael Rowed that boat ashore, alleluia! Come to think of it, Ian did look like a Charon-on-skis, ferrying the departed souls across the Stygian waters of Epalock. (On second thoughts, I find it difficult to dismiss Ian's ample proportions as a classical illusion) (I mean allusion, typist)

Back home thru Tooborac and Lancefield – and very cold, damp and dark up the ranges. Nearly lost our rear rider Dennis McK, who turned off the road to follow Les Luke, who was only getting petrol at a service station, but Dennis kept going, past the station and on and on, and would probably have ended up on a dirt rack halfway up Mt Macedon had not Bruce (looking rather 1%-er with a newly painted matt black helmet and denims over his leather jacket) chased him and brought him back.

Anyway, everybody – I think – got back to Melbourne OK, if muddy, and at least we weren't thrown out of the cafe that evening.

Mike Davis.

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INSTRUCTIONS FOR USING THE NEW DIAL TELEPHONES

On the telephone, there is a dial with letters to indicate the exchange wanted. For instance, S for South, P for Portable (or Pussy if using the phonetic code) and O for Operator.

If South is required, put your finger in the S hole. If Portable is wanted, put your finger in the P hole (or the Pussy, according to your requirements), and if the Operator is wanted, put our finger in the Operator's hole until she comes, then she will give you the required connection.

If you have fingered the P hole or the Operator's hole correctly, you should hear a soft purring sound. Should you have inserted your finger in the wrong hole, the R's hole, for instance, you will hear a high pitched scream. In this event, discontinue using your finger and put the end of your pencil in the Pussy. When you finish, you may find that the Operator has lost her ring.

SPECIAL INFORMATIOAN:

Foreign calls may be made by dialling the letter R, but the girl may request you use another letter, using a French letter, in addition to the normal procedure. In certain cases, satisfactory connections may prove to be impossible. This could be due to: -

- a) Two or more subscribers fingering the Operator's hole at the same time; or
- b) The cable engineer having slipped a length into the Operator's socket. You will have to wait for service until the engineer has removed his tool

TO REMEDY FAULTS:

- 1) Hold your instrument tightly around the middle with your left hand and feel underneath the bottom with your right hand until the operator responds
- 2) Remove your finger from the P hole or the R's hole, grasp the flex and pull your wire until you hear buzzing in your ears!

Signed by scribbling.

(Typist's note: These new type telephones sound like good fun. I wonder when the P.M.G. will introduce them here in Melbourne?)

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BOOK REVIEW:

NAME: Street Riding Handbook

AUTHOR: Edited by Bob Schleicher

PUBLISHED BY: Quinn Publications, as part of their series called "Cycle Guides"

PRICE: \$1.25 – 100 pages, Lavish illustrations, all black and white except for the front cover.

When the Americans do things, they either do them very badly or else extremely well. This book bears comparison with the Australian publication "Ride and Really Live", which will be reviewed at a later date. The Australian work is hard to fault, but eh American goes far further in its approach and will provide considerable assistance to new riders, and will be able to make experienced riders re-evaluate their riding techniques. The photography highlights the points made in the text which the Australian book fails to do, almost completely. A very wide range of motorcycles are used to illustrate the text, Hondas and Yamahas predominate, but there are some excellent shots of the racing section, which used Suzuki, Norton, and pleasing to Mick Fagan, a series in the chapter "Riding a Road Race", which uses a BMW in racing trim.

The various chapters deal with the mental approaches to riding a motorcycle..."As physical as the "beast" may seem, most of the art of motorcycle riding is purely mental"...If anything, motorcycle riding is like flying an aeroplane than is driving. The first chapter deals with the training of novice riders. All the advice is impossible to fault. However, it took several pages to realise that the Americans have a different meaning for "fanny", a word they use frequently for a part of one's anatomy (male or/and female).

The section on "Control and Confidence" and also on "Reading the Road" and "Correct Cornering" make interesting reading and good sense. The part, "Survival on the Street" should be compulsory reading for every motorcyclist. In the section "Invisible Defence" there is a section on the legal requirements to safety in each of the U.S states. Eight states require headlights in daytime. All but 13 states require helmets, and most require eye protection. In one state, helmets are only required by those less than 21 years, and Utah requires helmets only when speed exceeds 35mph.

The section on "Freeway Riding" shows how far ahead of us the U.S happens to be. I was surprised to find three sections – all excellent, too – dealing with racing. Country and two-up riding are also covered. The only problem with this soft covered book is that it is in great demand. I purchased my copy at Middy's Newsagency in Bourke St, Melbourne. If you see a copy, purchase it quickly, in case they're all sold.

Darren.

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TWO IN THE WORKSHOP

Another eventful month has passed, with a few spills, and some pretty bad weather.

Mick and Ned were run off the road on the way to Bathurst, by a car of course! Luckily, no damage to themselves, but a bit to the bikes.

In another accident, Keith Anderson was run off the road, by a woman driver. (Need we say more!!)

Events to remember are the special Tassie tour dinner and film night to be held on 17th May at Mordialloc. Tickets are available from Bruce until 10th May, at \$2.50 per head. How about a good attendance? Those who didn't go will find it worthwhile. (Streakers will be admitted free)

June 17th is the Alpine Rally. Get your entry form from Bruce – free! Entries close on 5th May, so hurry.

FLASH: Word has reached us that Gary Penhall, our interstate commuter, has pranged his car. He's OK, though, and the car is a mess.

METZLER TYRES CHEAP: C66 4.00x18/19, C88 4.25/80. Low profile \$4 off. Good tyres for front disc. Also Rocol Chain Lube, cheap. Contact Geoff Read on 2779618.

BOSCH BOSCH BOSCH: All Bosch spares cheap. Contact Bruce Hellings on 54 65302

FOUR SALE: Kawa 90cc road bike, speed box, model GA 90 Ss. Is 15 months old, A1, genuine 1100 miles, never been in the rain, has 10 months' rego. \$270 full price. Contact 853291.

Greg Smith has finally given up the car and has bought a Four. (You fugging beauty, Greg!)

Heather (come Tassie record dropper) has bough herself a new 500/4, after writing off the 350.

LOST: One Howard Higham. Description; normal, may be in the company of a Christian type woman. If found, hold your peace, or should that be piece?

Michael Formaldehyde successfully defended himself against a speeding charge last Tuesday, and got off without any help from his friends. Perry Mason is willing to represent all members at half price of the current resident lawyer.

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BATHURST – APRIL 12 – 15

At 5.30 I left my nice warm residence, and in drizzling rain headed for Heidelberg and Sydney road for the start of the long journey. My first stop was Benalla, then Albury where I met up with Bob Evans and Ron Levy (Ron had his outfit which certainly looked the part). Continuing my journey I then headed for Wagga while many bikes passed me by.

Was having a good run until about 30 miles out of Bathurst, where I had problems getting through due to the road being completely cut out by floods. In an endeavour to get through, some followed the railway tracks while I followed a group that took another road off to the left. Everything seemed to be alright until there was a sudden stop. More water ahead, a foot deep. One at a time we went through amid fits of laughter. The same thing occurred a couple of more times before we eventually reached Wagga, where I personally met the group to whom I attached myself. They were members of Caulfield Tech.

Dispersing I then followed other bikes through Cootamundra and Blayney. I then happened to come across Les Luke and Trevor doing some maintenance on another guy's machine, who not long after was well on his way. We had afternoon tea while the other two chattered on about what their trip was like. We then headed for Blayney where I stopped temporarily. Most of the bikes were heading for Bathurst while I branched off towards Orange on my lonesome self.

The journey seemed terribly long, as the weather was now atrocious. I finally got there at 6 and had tea, which proved to be a very welcomed delight. Then I made for the showgrounds where there was not a soul to

be seen. Fortunately the caretaker gave me the use of the hut, called the "Bar". A repetition of our trip to Strahan. Then Peter Tapp arrived: and please don't get me wrong. I slept with him for 3 nights!!

Saturday I rested. The weather started breaking just after lunch, and I was able to take the advantage of drying my things out, while Peter spent most of the time reading a book. It rained in mid afternoon, I attended evening Service and then off to bed early in preparation for the Big Day ahead.

By the time I awoke on Sunday the weather looked perfect, so we made our way to Bathurst. On arrival we obtained our tickets and badges, and then went to Conrod Corner where we saw the running of the second event for Junior B Grade up to 350. The track was in excellent condition and the crowd quite big.

A little later we moved on towards Mt. Panorama. We parked our machines and started the search for our own members. Wasn't long before we came across ¼ a dozen of them at the Castrol Curve. We were in a good position where we could see the bikes coming out of the corner.

After the side car race (in which Bayliss beat his son), I moved on towards the SS where I met Heather Jones. A happy reunion, as after we kissed I presented her with an Easter Egg. Was then introduced to members of the Four Owners Club and learned that Heather now rode a 500/4, a very good choice! Had coffee then positioned myself in the middle of the straight to watch the big attraction of the day – the Australian G.P of 20 laps. And what a race between Willing and Hansford. The lead changed a few times with the eventual winner being Willing by half a wheel, while Hansford created a new lap record of 2.24 PT5.

I then decided to head back to camp as there was only one race to go. I didn't want to get caught in the crowd which was estimated at 12,000. In the evening I had the pleasure of the company of Graham and Helen, 750/4 and Charlie on a 500, who unfortunately has had his helmet and gloves, pinched on the way up from Melbourne.

On Monday the 5 of us left at 7.15am. We stopped at Young then Wagga, where there was some concern about crossing the bridge. Some silly guy in a speed boat was cresting waves and causing the bank to burst. At 1.30 we hit Albury where we fed ourselves on fish n' chips then onto Euroa where we made our final petrol stop before home. We dispersed near the Ford Factory.

It was a wonderful trip and well worth doing. The only disappointment was the weather which was bad for the first couple of days.

BIG DADDY

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LAKE GOLDSMITH 28/4/74

Things that go round and round, in and out, up and down, side to side, and thump-thump in the night could all be found at the Lake Goldsmith Steam and Vintage Show.

Although the day was overcast and dull with just a hint of a breeze that chilled the bone, all these old machines, many of which had never been sighted before by a large number of us, really lightened the day.

A good 15 or so of us turned up on bikes and many slackies turned up during the afternoon in their cars, the most notable being Darren (Casey Jones) Room.

Everything that moves and is driven by steam could be seen at the show; traction engines, old cars, old motorcycles, a mammoth chain driven bus, steam cars, fly catchers. EVERYTHING! One woman was even seen playing with a steam organ (very warming experience, I believe). Our two lover boys from Tassie weren't interested in the girls at the Rally, and appeared to be more interested in the steam driven thrashing machine. (Wonder why? Ed)

Late in the afternoon, model planes could be seen flying through the air with the pilot standing firmly on the ground with a little black box in his hand. These machines could really go, and proved exciting entertainment.

Verdict: Avery interesting day, and a great eye-opener to many of us. Hope we do it again someday.

As for me, I've been dreaming of chain driven buses and automatic THRASHING machines ever since.

The Bendit Clan

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LAKE EPPALOCK 7/4/74

The weather was a sample of what a lot of it will be like in the next few months, that is, the sort that separates the dedicated motorcyclists (mad, I guess motorists would call it) from the others. However, although there had been rain around, quite a bit from the wet roads traversed, we struck none until on our return from Lancefield to Tullamarine.

We were called together under the railway line prior to our departure for a briefing, until Darren heard that steam whistle of the train, so we were moved out to viewing distance for it.

Darren on Honda 90, who only came to see us off, must have felt either the day to be too good, or I suspect, the longest trip yet on the 90 to be a challenge, and I must say, considering the weight handicap, it did a remarkable job. Dennis was on his 90 also, so Darren didn't feel right out of it.

Gary Osborn led, within Taylor patrol and Darren as rear rider on the way there, and on the return, Bob Evans was patrol and Dennis (Honda 90) rear rider. Some of the would-be-if-could-be-water-skiers came later by themselves. Darren was talking to a Four owners and girl friend from NSW at Kyneton. They later found us at Lake Eppalock, and he was introduced to Rusty, as they are both RAAF men.

Quite a few dropped their bikes on a short section of very greasy, muddy road, and I have a few slides (I hope!) of the dirty bikes, nearly as embarrassing as the riders laying in the mud! Darren has one of Bob Hodge in Long Johns with shorts over the top cleaning his leathers.

Charlie Jacobs found us shortly afterwards, after our arrival at the wrong place. After arriving at the right place, we, the MSCAV, in typical fashion, ate the store out of pies, pasties, etc. In fact, it was first in got the food, and the last missed out.

The weather there, although cloudy, was very pleasant, temperature wise, and when the sun came out, it was very hot.

Ian Taylor and Fagan, just to mention two, spent a lot of time in and behind Charlies' speed boat. Note I said behind, not water skiing, but all seemed to enjoy themselves. Fagan displaying a few bruises said flat twins are much safer. Ian Taylor was doing well on skis until he tried to come into shore, then he showed us that falling off B.M's was not the only spectacular thing he could do.

I noticed a lot of yabbies around, but no-one was bitten. I am sure all who went out with Charlie in the boat or behind it would like me to think him on their behalf for a very pleasurable day.

I did not go to the cafe, but went straight home. My last memory of the day was Darren near Lancefield, head down, battling it out against the wind head-on and rain. I think all will agree a very pleasant day, except for a few bruises of those who dropped their bikes.

Lloyd, 350 Honda SL.

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LLOYD'S PARTY 30/3/74

Last month's freedom rider had a regrettable omission – nothing about Lloyd's party at St. Kilda at the end of March. Suffice to say that this was really great – perfect evening, magnificent house and decor, lots of grog and eats.

My hazy recollections of the evening include the following: Lloyd playing "I Was Born Under a Wandering Star" on his enormous organ (electronic, and homemade, not the other sort, all you lot with the one track minds); my making and losing a \$10 bet with Bruce; graffiti on the dunny wall ("Should lovers be frank and earnest? Or should one of them be a girl?" and other, even less quotable, verses); and Steve stopping the more inebriated from riding their bikes home.

I also seem to recall seeing a lot of Road Rebels arriving; at least, I didn't recognise them as club members. Lloyd assures me that his house is still intact.

To sum up – a good time was had by all, and especial thanks to Lloyd.

Mike Davis.

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An executive, too often stymied by a secretary's query, "What is this in reference to?" when he makes a phone call, has come up with an answer that puts him through immediately: "I want to find out what he has been doing with my wife"

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The first-aid specialist, instructing a class of Girl Guides, asked, "Why does a surgeon wear a mask while performing an operation?" One little girl replied, "So that if he makes a mess of it, the patient won't know who did it."

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SKI OR BUST – 7/4/74

Well, peoples, we left punctually at ten, with Osborn leading with his new green helmet to match his bike, and a very ungreen-looking Dolphin fairing. Taylor was patrol and poor tiny volunteered to be rear rider. He didn't know that Darren, who was on his 90, had changed his mind and had decided to come.

Except for one or two smart peasants, everybody had waterproofs on. Idiots, with that many people wearing water-proofs, it couldn't rain (it didn't)! A very nice pace was maintained, with the club spread out very nicely, a quick stop at Kyneton for a small bite to eat, and a refill for some people. At this point, Roomey took over the position as rear rider. It was also noted at this point by a handful of people that a submission should be made to the Treasurer for a slightly larger vest for large (that's a compliment, Roomey!) people.

The trip up to the lake was uneventful until we made a turnoff to the lake. Bob as in ex-TX 750, riding a lovely blue coloured Four and wearing a lovely one-piece leather suit, bit the dust, or to be more accurate, approximately three inches of white clay mid. What a sight, and to make matters worse, his pillion, a smart thinking man, landed on top of him. Another couple (sorry, peoples, about your names!) on a Commando also tried the mud, and rumour has it that the girl, who was heard muttering "My pants, my pants, look at the mud", was very, repeat VERY, unimpressed. Just imagine how they all felt when Charlie came and told us we had taken the wrong road!

At the lake and admiring Charlie's boat, and after Charlie repeating for the sixth time "Who's first?" Taylor volunteered. Off we go and the engine kept cutting out – "It's cold" was the explanation. Taylor gets in the

water, and then we tell him we have to untangle the rope. We're all set and off we go, Ian gets up and goes down, at this stage the engine cuts. It's bloody cold was the explanation this time. Taylor turning blue, and the battery getting flatter each time. At this stage, we figure the tank must be doing a lot of rationing, cause we were almost out. "No sweat" says Charlie, "We'll head for the floating petrol station". So off we go at full speed, and guess what? The moll stopped! After many curses of "Bloody two-stroke" and lots of paddling, we got to shore.

With a full tank of petrol and everything primed, the battery gave up, so we robbed his car of a battery and jumper leads, and the leads wouldn't work.

After our resident electrician sorted things out, we were off. Taylor did a good job and decided he needed an encore for his drip at the Sports Day. Charlie heads for shore with Taylor in tow, then when he was close enough, he dropped a cog and did a U-ee; meanwhile Taylor heads for shore, and at the last minute, let's go. He then uses years of experience of bike riding and comes to the conclusion that he is going to hit the shore; he sits down and wins the best splash of the day. Various other peoples tried skis, with the smart ones using a sit-on, lie-on, hang-on board.

The slack Arab-type spectators decided that the club would leave at 4 or 4.30 or something like that, so they sorffed. A few of the hardy Arabs stayed behind and offered token assistance to Charlie and his sister.

Our thanks go to Charlie, for without his boat, we wouldn't have been able to have such a fun time.

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LAUGHTER, THE BEST MEDICINE

A man came home from work tired, but his eyes lit up as he stepped inside his house and saw a beautiful layer cake with seven candles on it on the dining room table.

"A birthday cake!" he exclaimed with pleasure. "Whose birthday is it?"

"Oh," replied his wife nonchalantly, "that's for the dress I've got on. It's seven years old today."

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A sociology professor was discussing the population explosion with his class.

"If you lined up all the people in China four abreast," he said, "and marched them over a cliff, the line would never come to an end."

One student looked blank. Whereupon the professor explained, "The population, you see, would grow faster than they could go off the cliff."

The student thought for a moment and said, "But how could it? They'd be marching!"

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Have you heard about the guy with the frigid wife?

He bought her a waterbed and filled it with anti-freeze!

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Casting director to starlet: "Your voice is okay, sweetie, but we'll have to dub in your acting."

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YOU ARE ACTUALLY ASKING FOR AN INCREASE IN FEES

In a recent issue of this magazine, there was some comment from the Editors about use of club funds and discounts for members.

For the members' benefit, their comments can be summarised thus: -

- 1) There should be more discounts available to members.
- 2) We should use club funds to buy items in bulk and sell to the members at low prices; eg. Tyres, instead of spending money on sweaters, badges, etc.

Only the first point is valid. The second comment is not valid; let us get the FACTS about the financial position of the club.

The Editors stated that "Our club made a substantial profit in the last year, and it may be time for something useful to be done with this money." If you care to analyse the last financial statement, club funds increased by \$303.98 net. Of this, \$255.50 was advance money collected for the Tasmanian tour, and as this money is not available for club funds generally, it cannot be counted as profit. This leaves a net increase of \$48.48 for 12 months. This is not "a substantial profit", and if we were to use this money to buy tyres, we would be able to buy two tyres – how far would two tyres go amongst 140 members?

Having given the facts on the club's profit, let us give you the facts on the total working funds available to the committee.

In January/February the bank account was showing a total balance of \$1,000. At the 17th April, 1974, this total had been reduced to \$640. A large outlay has been made in March/April on new stocks of cloth badges, metal badges, stickers, and supplies of paper etc for the magazine.

This rather healthy bank balance resulted from an excess of funds from the Tasmanian tour at Christmas time. The amount due to be refunded to members on the trip is \$470, or about \$9.50 per head. After excluding the Tasmanian money, we are left with \$170 in general funds. This is something like the level of the funds that the club has operated at over past years. We have liabilities in the near future of \$24 for the fee for the Motorcycle Show in September and \$25 for trophies for the sports day. While fees will also be coming in, the point is that the level of funds cannot be maintained at a sufficient high level to invest in bulk buying of items. If we are to increase profit, we must raise fees, and this is surely not desirable.

The Editors also state that in "our opinion, too much money is tied up in procuring sweaters, badges, instead of something that is useful to ALL members." We contend that few others hold this opinion because of the popularity of the badges etc that we buy. If we were to buy tyres to benefit ALL members, where would we get the money? The committee admits more should be done in arranging discounts for members, and we will endeavour to do this. If we do not do this, or if the members agree with the Editors, there is one thing to do with the committee – throw them out at the next election!!

Neville Borgelt, Treas., Bruce Higgs, Sec.

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MELBOURNE'S AUTOMATIC HUMP YARD

On Saturday, 4th May at 9.30am, we will be visiting the Hump Yard, and these background notes may provide some interest.

Melbourne's Railway Automatic Hump Yard is the first computer controlled in Australia, although others have been finished since the Melbourne yard was completed. However, Melbourne's yard is quite unique, since it was built on a new site (like Perth's) and it was built while the Railways were still using the old gravity yard which it replaced.

Railway freight haulage is the cheapest form of land transport on a point to point basis, and it is a fraction of the cost of road transport. (Inland canals are cheaper, but there are none in Australia, and everywhere they exist, they are VERY slow). However, railways suffer by expense and delays which occur at either end of their haulage, and marshalling and shunting costs often give the financial advantage to the road trucks which go from door to door. Further, shunters have been difficult to deal with, and strikes were frequent and their work was very dangerous.

For example, a friend of mine has a produce business at Hastings. He purchases hay at Yarrawonga. In the days before the Hump Yard, a truck of hay took a day to go from Yarrawonga to Melbourne it spent SEVEN days being shunted around the yards, and a further day to get to Hastings. Now the whole trip takes three days, the seven days in the yards having been cut to one. Road transport is quicker, but not as cheap. Further, the old style of shunting is quicker, but not as cheap. Further, the old style of shunting (kick shunting) often meant a truck crashing into a rake of trucks at considerable speed, which caused damage to freight and vehicles, and resulted in great insurance pay-outs, and extra cost of packaging.

Now when a train arrived in Melbourne, the vehicles in its consist (train) are noted by a clerk and the information is fed into the computer. The train is then pushed over the Hump by special radio equipped engines. The few remaining shunters uncouple the trucks at the top of the Hump and the trucks start to roll down the Hump. The computer selects all the points, and so the trucks will roll into the correct one of 32 classification yards; e.g.: if the truck would be going to Geelong it would roll into the Geelong yard. The computer knows how many trucks are already in that yard. Radar checks the speed and “rollability” of that truck, and wind speeds are fed into the computer, and so a truck rolls along a classification yard at the right speed, to run up to the next truck without crashing into it, and without falling short of the other trucks. The computer controls the speed of the trucks by means of track brakes which “grab” the wheels of the trucks at three locations, and slow the trucks to the required degree.

The views of Melbourne from the air-conditioned control tower are really fantastic, and for programmers and terminal technicians, the huge analogue computer is fascinating. You will hear of the many savings in trucks and locomotives which have resulted from the use of the new yard. Even the riders who are not “Railway Nuts” will enjoy this visit.

Incidentally, the radar used is remarkably accurate – I hope the police don't buy similar units!

Darren.

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ANOTHER DICTIONARY DEFINITION

- Mole 1: Abnormal pigmented prominence on the skin, sometimes hairy.
- Mole 2: Small burrowing mammal with short dark fur, popularly supposed to be blind from the smallness of its eyes.
- Mole 3: Stone pier, or breakwater, or causeway.
- Moll : Prostitute; Gangster’s mistress. (Pet form of Mary)

All you peoples who spell moll (as in prostitute) MOLE take note – especially Linda. They are wrong. It is M.O.L.L For any arguments, see Oxford dictionary.

Mick Fagan

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Two fishermen were in the middle of the bay and hadn't had a bite all morning. Finally, one got a nibble, and in his excitement, his false teeth dropped over the side, and sank. His friend, in an effort to cheer him up, slipped his own teeth out and put them on his line and gently fed them over the side. “I've got a bite”, he then

cried, and reeled in the teeth. Naturally, his friend was ecstatic, and snatched the teeth off the line and put them in his mouth. He then took them out again, and threw them over the side saying “They’re not mine!”

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Marriage is like a violin – After the beautiful music is over, the strings are still attached!

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