

Good Vibrations October, 1974

EDITORIAL

* * * To kick off the month of September, the club once again participated in the International Motorcycle Show at the Exhibition Buildings. Apart from the display being somewhat outdated, and on occasions mistaken of a Mobil Service station, the overall response was good. Congratulations to all those concerned.

* * * Believe very little SEX was had on the Sec's tour on 15/974, due to the fact that the Sec was having SEX in Bougainville.

* * * Many good social turns were attended during the week of the Motorcycle Show, as many members were observed partaking of the amber fluid at the Show.

* * * The Bowers' had a really swinging time during this week and those who attended had a very boozy time. By the way, how long has it been, Bob??

* * * Notice Roomy has sold his outfit and attended a recent run in his new portable Shaggin' Waggin-come-Kombi van. Tiny is now the proud owner of the old outfit and I believe he has plans to chopperise it, complete with Maltese cross mirrors.

* * * NOTICE:::: The Hay ride on Sunday, 20th October, is not a weekend camp trip, due to Amaroo being on that day. Meet on the Sunday at KBCP at 8.30am or at Cranbourne at 10am.

* * * Apologies to Big Daddy and Dianne Korlowski, whose Annual Report and write-up on Fraser National Park were missing when the mag went to print. We sincerely hope they will make the next mag.

* * * Bad luck befell a new member (on his first run) on the Fraser National Park run, as he collected a white post, and in doing so, broke his right hand. Hope he attends more runs when his hand has healed, as I am sure the experienced members will be able to improve his technique.

* * * PARTY:::: On 12th October at 8pm at Chris Bowers' place, to celebrate his birthday, and it is a pyjama party (KINKY HUH?). All those not suitably attired will not be allowed in the door so be warned.

* * * Congratulations are extended to the announcing of the engagements of:-

1. Mick to Katrina

And

2. Maureen to Bob Ebden.

We, Us & Co., Eds.....

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THE ALPINE RALLY

The site of this year's rally was shifted from Yarrongabilly to Brindabella, so that the spirit of challenge would be put back into the event. To many people, last year's ride was over too much sealed roads. For 40 to 50 miles around Brindabella, there are no sealed roads. Anybody who expected to have an easy weekend was in for a very big disappointment – weren't you, Kate?

At approximately 6.15am on Saturday morning, 11 people set off from the Ford factory in very brass monkey weather. The trip up the Hume was cold and boring until just after Benalla, when a Vincent with a Steib chair met up with us and stayed until we got to Wodonga.

Upon arriving at Wodonga we had breakfast, where Jeff on the R75 caught up with us. We left for Tumut after eating. When we got there we saw a commando roadster with Trials Universal tyres front and rear, and thought maybe he knows more than we do. We left Tumut at approx 1.30pm and looked forward to arriving at the camp site at 4pm, and still having some daylight left in which to select a campsite and pitch the tents. That was not to be so, in fact we were not to arrive at the campsite until 9.15pm.

On leaving Tumut we headed along the only road leading to Brindabella Shown on 99% of maps. It turned out that this was the only one of many little used forest roads to be found in the area. The further we travelled along the road, the worse it became red wet sticky clay. Eventually it became so bad that the front wheels locked up, resulting in some bikes being laid down a couple of dozen times in as many feet. Eventually the front mud guards had to be removed and left off. It was decided that it might be a good idea to head back to Tumut and take the long way through Wee Jasper.

While refilling with petrol the service station attendant produced a survey map which showed a road commonly used by people travelling to Canberra. Half of the group decided to try this road, while the other half decided to stay in Tumut for the night. The group that stayed in Tumut never made it to the rally. They decided to take a different route altogether and ended up getting lost. The group that rode through on the Saturday night, led most of the way by Dave Pearce (maker of DJP sidecars) and his outfit. This road proved to be 100% better than the road we had travelled over earlier in the afternoon.

We were approximately 15 miles from the campsite when we stopped to allow everybody to catch up; everybody was much surprised to see a bike coming from the opposite direction, and were even more surprised when it turned out to be Gary O. Apparently he, Andrew Rowe, Geoff Harrison, Rusty and Bob Hodge had also taken the road we had taken in the afternoon, but they had kept going and not turned back like we did. Gary had had enough, and even though he was only a short distance from the rally and there were rather easy roads ahead, he was all for going home.

The camp site was eventually reached at 9.15pm without much trouble. Although the roads were greasy in places, there were no bad falls. After finding J.C and Vic we hurriedly set up camp with our tents and gathered around their roaring fire. In this part of the country, ice begins to form on everything by 10 o'clock at night.

Saturday night and day was spent renewing acquaintances made at last year's rally, and inspecting accessories and ideas to make the ideal touring bike. Krauser pannier bags are the latest craze (but at \$150 or more, not for me!!) as are 900 BM's. Perhaps the solution for cold hands is the use of handle bar mittens. These are large pocket-like affairs that are strapped around the twist grips and the hands are slipped inside.

Monday morning we prepared to head home, but first we had to start the bikes. On Yamaha took several thousand kicks from as many people before it started, and a certain BM had to have its spark plugs pre-heated in the camp fire. It would appear that tuning needs to be spot on and electrics in good condition. After much deliberation it was decided to head home the way we had come, but it

would appear to have been the wrong decision. We first travelled over the road at 7-9pm at night and had very little trouble. Travelling over the road around midday was completely different. The overnight dew must have been exceptionally heavy and didn't dry out until late afternoon, making the clay surface extremely slippery. It took us three hours to cover the 50-odd miles back to Tumut and at one stage we had only covered 20 miles in 2 hours. It was a relief to reach Tumut and to have lunch.

At Tumut we broke up into small groups, some going back to Melbourne that night and the others stopping in motels for the night.

In our opinion, the rally was extremely good and we will certainly be going next year. We say this after taking into account what the aim of the rally is – to present a challenge. The rally is what you want to make it. See you all there next year.

Hints learnt from the rally:-

1. Take the advice of locals at Tumut as to the roads to take. Although the only road marked on most maps is the one through Argalong, this is not the one to take. The correct one is the Bombowlee Creek road to Canberra.
2. A fly over the tent helps to keep the inside of the tent warmer and drier.
3. Body belts provide a tremendous amount of support to the back, especially when picking the bike up; they also help to keep you warm.
4. A peak taped to the visor helps keep the sun off the visor which aids riding into the sun.
5. Long-johns are good for warmth.

Mick and Neville

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TO ALL CLUB MEMBERS

EXCESSIVE ABSENCE

“Sickness is no excuse; a doctor’s certificate shows that you can get to his surgery. If you can do that, you can attend club runs. Your own death will be accepted as an excuse, but we would like two week’s notice.

Death, other than your own, is no excuse. In cases of hardship, the club arranges for lunchtime burials to ensure no time is lost from the club.

Leave of absence for an operation will be discouraged. We accepted you for your membership with all your parts. Having anything removed means the club is getting less than it bargained for!”

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Q: How did God make Italians?

A: He took some clay in each hand and threw it together – WOP!

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Q: Why are there no Italians in Rhodesia?

A: Because of the oil embargo.

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SALUTE TO A SECRETARY

Most people will know by now that for the first time in 4½ years our hard working Secretary, Bruce David Higgs, will not be seeking re-election to the position.

Bruce joined the club some 8 years ago on his now very defunct 250 Honda, and after many exasperating times with the temperamental machine, graduated to the vibrating power of an ex-police 650 Triumph. For many years his was the only Triumph in the club, a fact that he was very proud of. Bruce now possesses a 750 BMW. However, he kept his Trumpy for, and I quote his words, "Sentimental reasons". (Personally, I think he is waiting for a better climate before he sells it!)

In the past 4½ years Bruce has held the most difficult and time consuming position on the committee and, has in that time, worked with over 20 different committee members, all of whom have acknowledged his capability and willingness to work for the club.

Bruce's experience (and I mean in bikes!) has helped many young and inexperienced riders in the past, and his willingness to help all club members, either by giving them advice, or by lending them a piece of equipment from his rather large Trumpy tool kit, has made him many friends, both within and outside the club.

While nobody is indispensable, I feel that if the new secretary does as half as good a job as Bruce has done in the past, he will be going well.

On behalf of Bruce's friends, I take this opportunity to thank him for his great service to the club at this time when business pressures have forced his premature retirement from the MSCAV committee.

Bruce, the MSCAV salutes you!

The Secretary is dead – Long Live the Secretary!!

P.S. Bruce has not entirely been lost, as he promises to still have an active interest in the club.

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WEEKEND AT PHILLIP ISLAND

August 17th & 18th

I almost wrote "Weekend at Cowes", cos that's where it said in the itinerary. However, when the advance party got to the Cowes caravan park and camping area on Friday afternoon, the park management hastily announced that the park was closed for cleaning, and that we would have to take our custom elsewhere.

For some, "elsewhere" was sleeping under the San Remo Bridge, wasn't it, Bob? But most settled for a very pleasant sheltered park in Newhaven, a few yards from the beach. Some preferred to try their luck eluding the local police in a patch of brush a few miles further along the main road. This group included our own one-percenter, Bruce, now looking rather more like a 10%-er and driving (horror of horrors) an ancient Morris Minor car with a roof rack and surf boards. Still, mustn't be too hard on the lad, he did come along to Newhaven later, where his contribution to the proceedings was to wire up a cassette player to the power poles in the park. Did someone steal the tape after we'd played it about 20 times?

Late Saturday afternoon, a group went to see the penguins marching up the beach at dusk, just like the Gay Gordon's in evening dress, as somebody (nameless) said.

Saturday night was hotel night, and when MSCAV have a pub night, they do it in style. Don't remember too much about that evening... was Big Daddy sipping Marsala again?...did Rusty grab somebody's king prawns and chips and spread them all over the table? Were we all thrown out at 10pm and let in again a few minutes later for a dollar each? And is it true that certain club members didn't even manage to get across the bridge back to camp? Camp that night was very quiet (alcohol does have ultimately, a sedative affect) – even the camp manager was surprised!

Sunday we had a quiet run to the Nobbies, viewing the seals through binoculars at 20c a look (\$8 per hour!!); then back to camp for lunch and an early departure for Melbourne on account of the threatening rain.

Mike D.

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FRASER NATIONAL PARK RUN 22.9.74

The day began in the usual manner with about 30 of our members meeting at KBCP and we left for our first stop at Lilydale only a few minutes later, with Bob Evans in the lead. Darren was at the car park to show us his new VW Camper – not bad but the bloody things got four wheels – for shame.

We met the rest of the guys and girls at Lilydale and then set off over the Black Spur for Alexandra – about 60 of us now the majority of machines being Jap stuff, with a few BM's and three beautiful British beasts – a Trumpy and Norton and BSA outfit. Wild Bill and his smoke screen machine haired off into the distance and the rest of the pack kept fairly well together.

There were a few really great stretches of road and in the words of our fearless leader, a great opportunity to “chuckle” along – I hope it wasn't over 60mph (100kmph) – well.

Tiny was there with his newly acquires 750/4 outfit and was like a rat with gold teeth with a new chunk of cheese. He also had Diane, a ballast for left handers. (Or is that passenger?)

We stopped at Alexandra for eats and the local shop-keeper, thought it was Xmas and had his old lady out with the camera taking photos. Note here for Fagan – she had film in her camera – fool!

Few repairs and adjustments to one of the BM's and Strummers' Honda four. After about an hour's delay we set off for the park along a rather hilly and winding road. Unfortunately one of the guys on a Suzi 550 came unstuck and broke his hand. Doctor Tiny fired up his ambulance and Diane rode the damaged Suzi to the Alexandra Hospital – the guy (sorry about the names folk but this is a new racket to me) was patched up and then he and Tiny went home. A lot of us found that inexperience, speed and sharp corners don't mix – it's a good road for practise.

We arrived at the picnic area and without the Frisbee there was much boredom until a rather fierce cricket match began. The little red, rattling Honda was looked at by a few experts and the problems solved?

Kangaroos were seen; and one of the guys henceforth “Birdman” was beset upon by the local pigeons – hope he's cleaned his coat. Most of us looked over the new Laverda, a really spunky brand new machine – it's a pity it isn't run in too well – just a little too much speed I think.

Will was there with the Lizard trying to drag her off – he must have missed the Sex Tour. We left Fraser National Park about 3.00pm and returned home via Alexandra, Yea and Eltham, in a rather spread out condition. It was a fair day as far as weather goes and an enjoyable run for all.

Rumour has it Wild Bill likes little boys and Koni Shockers.

There are a few points that are worth noting on the run. Safety space is now 50 inches, not feet, between riders. Passing on the inside is popular this year as is too much speed going into corners. It may be good fun riding in a large group but think of the guy in front and behind and don't obey any of the above rules.

Geoff McGuigan
Hi-Rider

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FOUR FOURS NORTH (DELETE) – TWO FOURS NORTH

Four in the morning on the 9th of August saw Darren, Mark Coglin, Keith Anderson and myself at Hanover Street, all packed and dressed out in our wetties and warmies. Before Seymour one of us had been booked for speeding. We all could have been. Be warned – three police cars seen in twenty minutes between Melbourne and Seymour, and this before 5.30am.

The petrol situation caused a bit of uneasiness and some changes of plans for some, not to mention carrying, at times, up to two gallons of petrol. This turned out to be unnecessary, but good for peace of mind. However, three towns on the trip were without petrol on my return journey. My advice to all travellers in such times as petrol strikes is take no notice of papers, people or service stations; just go along to the nearest police station.

The weather was fine and sunny for the 15 days I was away except for one morning between Brisbane and Tamworth. There were people by the hundreds on the beaches from the Gold Coast to the far north. One point to remember if planning a trip to Qld is to avoid school holidays, with the Qld holidays being two weeks before the Victorian leave. Queensland is literally booked out! Townsville was booked out to the cheapest rooming house. We had to put up the tent here and in Cairns it was the same, and it was the sixth caravan park that had room for a small tent.

Not knowing the petrol situation ahead, we filled up every 80 miles or so, which took up time, and what with Mark and Keith fitting chain guards, a stop for the radio telescope at Parks etc, we did not make Goondiwindi in Qld for the first night. We had our lunch break at Parkes in a Chinese restaurant which was really first class.

Keith, who had spark plug trouble and eventually a faulty plug, was as a result, behind us, and stayed the night at Coonabarabran, getting a new plug in the morning, while the rest of us went on and stayed in a motel at Narrabri. Keith arrived at about 9.30am, after nearly hitting a large kangaroo.

Saturday at 9.30am, we left Narrabri. Four miles out, a cloud of dust – who is it? Answer: Mark dropped his bike at close to 80mph in what the policeman said would have been the most spectacular action on film. The bike went a couple of hundred yards, with Mark still on it and did a few somersaults as well. Darren was so far ahead he knew nothing of the accident until we met him at 10am on Sunday at a pre-arranged spot. At the time of writing, I haven't seen Mark, but guess it will cost between \$600 and \$1000 to repair the bike. We returned to the hospital as Mark came out of the X-ray theatre. Remarkably, he was not dead, nor had any cuts, gravel rash, broken bones or internal injuries.

We tried to persuade Mark not to let it completely ruin his holidays, and to join us further North after getting there by plane or train. Keith and I left at midday.

Sunday: Left Brisbane via Nornibrook Causeway, stopping at Sandgate (mudgate to the locals) Redcliffe, Scarborough, and met Darren at Landsborough railway station (wouldn't you know?). We spent a few hours on the MacKay range of mountains, with some really beaut bike roads, ask Hairy. Darren decided to stay in Caloundra, and to go to Brisbane to meet Mark when he arrived from Narrabri. Except for a few phone calls, that was the last we saw or heard of Darren.

After having afternoon tea at Gympie with relatives, we went on to Bundaberg for the Sunday and Monday nights. No one needed sleeping tablets to sleep. Our light day in Bundaberg was not really light. We cleaned the bikes, changed the oil, etc, then went through the sugar mill and refinery, with everyone being very friendly towards us. Had lunch, then a trip to the mouth of the Elliott River, the Hummock Lookout (extinct volcano), Bargara, the "in" beach and home of the Bundy lifesavers, who have had considerable success through the years. From here to the Burnett Heads and then a bulk sugar shed inspection. Did I say it was a light day?

One of my brothers bought my old 1956 BMW from me 3½ years ago and hasn't even taken the spark plugs out since he bought it. He thinks it might need a tune up, but asks Keith how it starts and idles!

Tuesday: Bundaberg to MacKay with a detour in to Gladstone. A long, boring, tiring day, the worst section of the road being a stretch from 80 miles this side of MacKay to 40 miles the other side. Real Mickey Mouse roads! We spent that night at Stephen McKenzie's flat – thanks Stephen!

Wednesday: Left at 8am, stopped at the Harbour to take a few pictures of tugs, used for the island trips. The one for Brampton was just leaving at 9am. Breakfast along the way, then to Shute Harbour for more pictures and a meal at Airlie Beach. A quick look at Bowen and on to Townsville to take a few sunset photos from Castle Hill Lookout. We set up tent at Rowes Bay Caravan Park and after a fourth-rate meal went to bed.

We were both sleeping the sleep of the dead but in the early hours I partly awoke to a hand moving up and down my right thigh outside my sleeping bag. I dozed off and woke with a start realizing what had happened, but they were gone. What I previously imagined was a caressing movement was actually feeling to see if I slept with my wallet in my hip pocket. Nothing was taken, and Keith heard nothing. The tent was zipped up – some people don't lack nerve. The wallet was in my jacket, which was my pillow for the night.

Thursday: On to Cairns, detouring to Mission Bend, Bingal Bay and Clump Point. Had lunch near Innisfail and then to the Atherton Tableland via the Palmerston Highway. While not having time to see as much as I would have liked, we saw Milla Milla Falls, also Zallia and Elijah Falls, including the lookout at Milla Milla Falls. Then Hipipamme, the crater lake, the tour of Atherton and then wanting to see the curtain fig tree and not Lake Eachan, I got lost and saw the lake and not the tree. Unfortunately, the wonderful trip down the Gillies Highway was spoiled by a few cars and a caravan using it.

Friday: We tried to get to Green Island, but due to the school holidays, it was booked out a week ahead. Keith did eventually get a cancellation for the Tuesday. We went on the Kuranda trip up the Barren Gorge, on a fifteen carriage train, due to the holidays. After this, we ate, and then I went to Trinity beach. Keith needed a new chain and other minor repairs to the bike.

Saturday: We went north along the beautiful Cook Highway. After 7 miles of canefields, the road runs on the edge of the mountains, like the Great Ocean Road, for miles, with beaut sandy beaches, with no people, good for getting away from it all. Then on to cane country again near Mosman, which is the furthest north that cane is grown. Photos taken and visits at Port Douglas, found out all the latest scandal and also the nicest places to eat. On towards Daintree past Mosman to visit more friends who were camping literally ten feet from the high tide mark. After a few hours there and a few cold cans for me, we went back to Port Douglas and then back to Cairns arriving at about 11pm. It was a really beautiful day, beautiful people and beautiful country.

Well, this just about ends the trip for me, as I was due back at work on Wednesday. I thought I'd better leave on Sunday morning, and unofficially started back on Friday night. Keith, having an extra week, stayed on, and I haven't heard from him since. In short, Sunday Townsville, Monday to Rockhampton and Yeppoon. While approaching Rocky, I saw Ron Liebe heading north. Had a few minutes talk and he sends his best wishes to all. He goes to N.Z for 2 months from the end of September. I hope to see him there when I visit there in October. Wednesday to Brisbane via the Sunshine Coast, Thursday to Parkes and Friday to Melbourne.

The bike behaved perfectly, I changed the oil at Bundaberg in both directions and adjusted the diamond chain there also. A total of 5,500 miles in 15 days in all. Speed in Qld and Vic, and in NSW where restricted to 60mph, and where unrestricted going north, 75-80mph, returning at 70mph. Consumption was 60mpg, for both Keith's and my bikes at 60mph. Saw literally dozens of bikes from southern states on camping holidays while in Qld, and all so very friendly.

To one and all, I say: make the trip to Queensland!!

Lloyd

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THE GREAT NHILL BARN CAPER

(28 – 29th September)

On the Itinerary it should have read "Enthusiasts Only" cos man, it sure wasn't any picnic, the said Barn Weekend.

Left very enthusiastically on Friday night for a quick trip to Ballarat where we caught up with Les Leahy, Little Mick, Chris Bowers (the bloody Pom) and Margaret Peart finishing off tea (greasies actually) and like us, looking a bit chilled about it. From Ballarat to Nhill we might as well have caught a bloody train, would have arrived earlier than us (frequent stops for coffee you see – definitely the female contingency at fault). On the last 6 miles of bitumen some hares (four legged ones – not you, Hairy) decided to play chicken with us. Result – some very scared hairy hares. After the last half mile of potholes – these farmers even learn to lift their ploughs out of the grounds you'll have to have words with your old man about that Ned!

We finally arrived at the barn to be greeted by Hodgy who hadn't even saved little Mick a beer – much to Mick lamentations (These bloody Poms).

Anyway after stirring up the occupants of the barn – many mutterings rumblings and otherwise – more of the otherwise actually but anyway finally bedded down at 3am to catch up on some sleep – or something!! J.C wanted to get sticky fingers! C.B

Woke up the next morning (with sticky fingers) very chilled and slightly lethargic – little wonder 7.30am, No Brains!! People spent the morning in different ways but mostly everybody amalgamated at about 11.30am to head into Nhill for lunch, after a few games of pool Ho-Ho Mick.

A quick stopping space and a lecture from a talking rip-off draught horse, many returned to the local for a counter lunch.

The remainder (3) had a very sporty type ride back to Ned's. That sporty in fact that a certain BMW rider ruptured a milk bottle inside a pannier – alas – to the contents of the craven.

Meantime more and more people turned up and slowly the barn turned into a human rabbit warren – like bodies crawling everywhere.

To fill in the afternoon the lot that stayed at the pub for lunch went to check out the local scenery via many muddy roads - well from what I hear the only thing that didn't fall over was Tiny's side car – the Alpine revisited nearly.

Day drew to night, so many in usual form retired to the local for an evening ale or two etc The remainder had tea, yarned and slept peacefully until about 10pm when not only did our own drunkards return, but also the entire population of Nhill's young alcoholics as well equipped with very noisy four wheel tin things and bulk amounts of inebriating liquid. So between the carryings on inside the barn, and the drunken revelry externally, sleep was a wasted effort. (However, a few people were sucked right in!)

Anyway at about 2am there was an early morning stir and a lot of very evil things were said. (Who was up who? – Ed) Mutter, mutter, mumble, mumble with the locals getting rather hostile – however things settled down and everybody retired once again (Oh no, not more sticky fingers) for another try at the all elusive sleep? – Not to be daunted the said locals gave a demonstration and how to wear out wheel bearings in one night – much to Darren's constipation who had his new Kombi coffee van parked very close to the Shindig area!!

However, this finally got the better of one members who in a very stern voice told the locals to go home. On his second attempt, thanks very much Ned – they left (hopefully with ulcers from excess alcohol) and we all resumed sleeping or something (J.C fingers really were smelly. Ed) There was a lot of slightly pale people around in the morning – I wonder why?

The adjacent paddock looked somewhat like Brooklyn Speedway in the morning – Ned's old man won't have to cut the grass for a bloody long time, that's for sure. One wonders whether Ned will be game to go home and find out.

The trip home took a fair while actually – mainly because of breakdowns and fall offs. Les Luke managed to fall off out the front of Ned's place and shear off his gear change lever and also managed to get all hung up around a white post in the Grampians. Luckily no one was hurt; - (should have brought a BMW Les!!)

Franks' 360 threw a chain at Beauport and tore half the remaining teeth off the sprocket and also ripped a great lump out of the chain case cover (Mean Man Mean)

Brendan's Yamaha blew out low beam (vibrating Japanese heap – sorry about that, Les Leahy) and there were bloody cars everywhere. Brendan and I both reckon they ought to get their own bloody roads to drive on, they're all mad, and it's not any of us after all!!

Got back at about 8pm and I was for one looking forward to a good sleep (Oh no. Not more sticky fingers!!)

Moral of the weekend is: Women Are Raw To Sex!!!

J.C

Now for question corner

Gary – O What's' green, goes fast and is covered in mud and milk?

Dennis – What was your 900 quacka doing in 18 inches of water out the front of Ned's place – having a bath or a swim – or just being ducked?

Marg – Just where did your air bed disappear to and how many people can fit onto two air beds?

Fagan – How did that Bullshit get over the left side of your BMW?

Chris – What speed do you pass police cars at? (Typical Pom once again)

Tiny – We know your heavy, man, but that side car wheel?

If you have answered all these questions correctly you could win a Mallee Root and what name shall we call it?

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“THE DRY NORTH” – by the Vaseline Kid

Four o'clock Friday morning August the ninth four bikies set off north after all deciding to risk the hazards of petrol shortage. One hour later two of our number was wished good morning in a businesslike manner from our “Friends” near Seymour. A timely stop as we were all keen and cold (*You should have put your hand over it.. Typ.*) in that order. Lloyd was suffering from a broken filament in his tail lamp, dazzled us with special effects and decided it would work when the legal boy racers turned up. (*I think he means the police..Typ*)

From Parkes to Coonabarabran, Keith's bike decides it would be different and burnt out a plug core. This was found next morning after he stayed at Cooma – and we three continued through the night and kangarooster country (*Do they look like some of the people who hang around the club? Typ*) to Narrabri. After refuelling with Shandy (25% Super) we pried open a motel and slept like logs. Bliss.

Next morning Keith caught us up and set off. Just out of town my bike decided to throw itself and me in ...to the roadside. New plans were made. I decided to stay (forcibly) in a strange boarding house for four days in a very sore state. Meat wagon suspension is quite something – perfection.

After being sent back to bed 2 days earlier, I was eventually let go (*Did it feel nice? Typ*) and discovered something strange for me, I couldn't run. (*Pardon..Typ*). Having had my name in the local paper and consequently made a few friends, I managed to get my bike to the local station to be railed south. Then saying 'bye' I bussed north.

In the afternoon of the following day, after having a quiet optic nerve at the local two legged scenery (*Didn't get anything, eh? Typ*) I met up with Darren in Brisbane. We then weaved through Brisbane's maze of streets, gave up looking for signs (*Look for the red lights..Typ*) as there weren't any and eventually found Caloundra and Darren's relatives.

Next morning we moved on for Cairns. After many kilometres of sugar cane and looking for petrol, we reached as far north as Bundaberg. Keith and Lloyd had only a short time earlier gone off for Cairns. However, we encountered a great shortage of the precious liquid. (*No beer? Typ*)

From now on the weather became unseasonably wet and cool. We covered nearly every road around the Sunshine Coast and threw in two river cruises and a beach trip to the coloured sands as a variation. By now we were in our last week, so off south we went. Rain all the way to Kempsey and an overnight stay.

Next day with fair weather we travelled to Sydney. On Wednesday we visited the beautiful Genolan Caves via the Three Sisters in the Blue Mountains. It rained all the way. Thursday saw us off and on trains all day with 2 trips across the Parramatta River to Gosford and a train film that night. On Friday, off home along Pacific Highway. Saw the Bathurst Mount Panorama circuit and

took it in turns to ride with load and pillion around same. The maintenance men thought us somewhat estranged. That night we stayed at Junee, because of floods.

Saturday we trained along to Wagga over the viaduct over the floods in the guards van, and earlier on I was in the locomotive. Those things really hike along. From Wagga to Wodonga – water. We saw floods as far south as Euroa. A most strange and threatening feeling when it is so close to the road and so high.

A most memorable and enjoyable trip to the dry north...Mark IV

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M.S.C.A.V.

BALANCE SHEET & STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT FOR YEAR ENDING

September 30th, 1974

ACCOUNT HELD AT THE ANZ BANK, 225 SWANSTON STREET, MELBOURNE

RECEIPTS

EXPENSES

Opening Bank Balance – See Note 1	528.53	Tasmanian Tour – Fares, Fees, Refunds, etc	3687.40
Tasmanian Tour – See Note 2	3447.67	Purchase of – Cloth Badges	70.00
Membership Fees	643.00	Purchase of – Stickers	40.25
Sale of – Cloth Badges	49.70	Purchase of – Metal Badges	143.26
Sale of – Stickers	17.40	Free Feed Night	42.00
Sale of – Metal Badges	107.00	Magazine – Paper, Stencils, Ink	127.38
Sale of – Transfers	27.10	Purchase of glasses	25.20
Supper Collections	60.88	1973 Bike Show – Balance of expenses	9.80
Hire of Glasses	18.10	Theatre Nights: Cost of tickets	47.00
Theatre Nights – Sale of tickets	44.00	Hire of “Deliverance”	25.90
Christmas Party – Sale of tickets	509.00	Christmas Party – Cost of tickets	550.00
Wreath Collections – C.Y.T & Tas Motorcyclists	19.20	Wreaths	34.80
Camping Fees Collected	30.00	Deposits & Fees – camping – See Note 3	50.00
Sales of Tasmanian Photos	54.00	Purchase of photos	135.00
Tasmanian Dinner – sale of tickets	300.50	Sports Day – Trophies & expenses	47.10
Auction Night – proceeds	222.91	Tasmanian Dinner – Hall Hire & Catering	375.50
Bank Interest	15.74	1974 Bike Show	54.60
Printing done on behalf of Outsiders	4.50	Auction Night – Commissions Paid	155.75
		Hall Hire	83.00
		General Printing	54.35
		Bank Charges	5.00
		Postage & Stamps	8.30
		Safety Jackets	35.28
		Sundry	19.80
		Closing Bank Balance	299.56
	<u>6108.23</u>		<u>6108.23</u>

NOTES TO BALANCE SHEET AND STATEMENT:

1. Opening Bank balance includes an amount of \$255.50 relating to the Tasmanian Tour. The amount in general funds was \$270.03
2. This figure represents the amount collected this financial year only. Add to this the \$255.50 brought forward from the previous year gives total collections of \$3703.17, and a surplus of \$15.77 for the tour.
3. Included in this figure is a deposit for fees for the Caravan Park at Clare, S.S for the Christmas Tour, 1974.

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