

GOOD VIBRATIONS OCTOBER 1975

EDITORIAL:

WANTED: One Typist

WHY: Because the co-editor advised me this week that quote "I have no interest in the M.S.C.A.V whatsoever, so why should I do the mag." Unquote. If this attitude had been indicated at an earlier date than the 29th then the extreme disruption to the preparation of this month's magazine would not have occurred. I am extremely grateful to the typists who at very short notice helped make this magazine possible.

SO: Any volunteers to become club typist will be warmly welcome. Remember, without a typist the magazine may have to be cut in size.

* It appears that references made in last month's magazine to the price of Ron Angel's batteries created some correspondence, so to set the record straight I would like to state that Ron sell BMW batteries ranging in price from \$50.00 to approx \$110.00 and not the prices quoted last month. I trust this satisfies all concerned.

* Don't forget the live theatre night on Friday 10th October, at the Comedy Theatre. How about a bit of support this month?

* Remember the 4 Owners versus MSCAV Football match on Saturday 11th October, 1975. All interested should meet at KBCP at 11am, and thence to Turrana Boys Home. Don't forget your football gear and chops for the BBQ.

* Just for the record, I have no intention of resigning as Editor of this magazine, even though I am not re-standing on the Committee.

* The Sec has asked me to say that he is disappointed with the attitude of members to riding in the dirt and specifically when he gets lost he still expects people to follow him on the basis that we will get there in the end. Seriously, it is disappointing to have members arbitrarily decide to go off on their own without prior consultation and he suggest that whoever made the decision to lead the club off should not do so in the future.

* No jokes have appeared this month as at election time it is important for the space to be taken up by various annual reports from the Committee. It has been a good month for reports so please keep it up.

* I would like to thank Jol Dunn for the assistance he has given me with this magazine.

David Cumming

PRESIDENT REPORT

I would say we had a reasonably good year, again, with the functions well attended, especially club's runs and weekends and the conduct of the members, very good. With the occasional meeting of the Police, mainly to check licences etc, and an increasing number of new members joining, as they seem to be attracted by what we can give, and the fact that they are meeting the right type of people who speak the same language! Social functions have at times been most disappointing due

to lack of support and careful planning by the new committee will have to be done to improve the situation. The Magazine, well I can't speak highly enough of our "Editors", who have done a wonderful job again in putting out the magazine for the benefit of the members to read. It is something we all look forward to seeing, and I wish to thank all those who have contributed articles or helped in any way in this matter through the year.

Now that the elections are drawing closer and nominations are being received I would like to take this opportunity of saying to Jol, David, Neville, Linda and Margaret who are not standing again, how grateful I am for the work that they have done while in office, in helping to keep the club going along, as it should. I only hope that whoever takes over, will carry on, where they left off as a good committee is essential if we are to give the members what they want.

Big Daddy

VICE PRESIDENT REPORT

The past twelve months have definitely been one of change. When the present committee took up the reins, members asked us to tighten up the requirements for new members to join. This we did along with many other reforms and hopefully the club is now a better and safer one for all concerned.

Some members of the present committee did not, I feel, pull their weight and it was a matter of too much work for too few. I hope the new committee will be able to work together as a team and I can assure them of my support.

David Cumming

TREASURERS REPORT - 1975

I am happy to report that the Club is in a very sound position financially. The present bank balance is \$366 compared with \$299 and \$270 for 1974 and 1973 respectively. To the above figure can be added the \$100 deposit already paid out on the 1975 Xmas party, to give an effective net gain for the year of \$167.

Our biggest source of income continues to be membership fees, although this year's figure is down on last year. This is probably due to the tighter control over entrance to the club, which has cut out people who join on impulse and do not remain around to renew their membership. General funds are further supplemented by supper collections, auction night and sale of badges on hand.

On the expenditure side, hall hire increased this year due to our move from the Anglers Club to our present location. Magazine costs also remain high and in particular the cost of postage. For this reason the bulk posting of the magazine was discontinued. Printing and stationery, which is done through an outside firm reflects the general inflation of costs present in the economy.

The 1974 Xmas party was run at a small profit, unlike past years when they have been subsidised by anything up to \$100. The theatre nights were generally run at a loss due to poor support.

Neville Borgelt

TREASURER

M.S.C.A.V
BALANCE SHEET AND STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT

FOR YEAR ENDED SEPTEMBER 30 1975

<u>EXPENDITURE</u>	<u>1974</u>	<u>1975</u>
Hall Hire	83.00	110.00
Trophies	47.10	43.90
Purchase of Metal Badges	143.26	93.63
Purchase of Cloth Badges	70.00	-
Purchase of Stickers	40.25	-
Free-Feed Night	42.00	34.00
Magazine – Paper, stencils, etc	122.88	173.47
Magazine – Postage	-	44.10
Theatre Nights	3.00	14.30
1974 Bike Show	64.40	36.43
1974 Xmas Party – Organizing Costs	550.00	983.86
Printing & Stationary	54.35	129.50
Postage – General	8.30	26.44
Camping Fees	20.00	26.50
Deposit 1975 Xmas Party	-	100.00
Tasmanian Dinner	75.00	-
Wreaths	15.60	-
Tasmanian Photos	81.00	-
Other	75.00	-
Closing Balance	229.56	366.38
	<u>1794.78</u>	<u>2182.47</u>

<u>RECEIPTS</u>	<u>1974</u>	<u>1975</u>
Opening Balance	273.03	299.56
Membership Fees	643.00	571.50
Sale of Metal Badges	107.00	31.00
Sale of Cloth Badges	49.70	23.50
Sale of Stickers	44.50	7.10
Supper Collections	60.88	95.04
Bank Interest	15.74	7.19
Sundry	-	2.63
Sweaters	0	60.00
Raffle	-	14.50
1974 Xmas Party – Tickets & Collections	509.00	999.79
Auction Night	67.16	70.66
Tasmanian Tour Surplus	15.77	-

Stocks on hand

Cloth Badges	27
Metal Badges	99
Stickers	32

\$ 1794.78

\$ 2182.47

VICE CAPTAIN'S REPORT

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 1975

So, another year of riding ends for the M.S.C.A.V. Countless kilograms of powdered rubber spread across the length and breadth of at least three states is silent evidence to the fact that if it was there in 74-75, brother we've seen it.

The club captaincy was once again undertaken by Howard and we have only too quickly realized the great ability he had in that position when it became necessary for him to resign later in the year. Fitting tribute to Howard's popularity was the tremendous motorcycle escort which turned out for his and Beth's wedding.

Huge numbers were the hallmark of many of the early runs but it became painfully clear that unless something was done quickly about the standard of riding, the club runs would turn into a health hazard. This was the reason for the committee introducing stringent restrictions on club membership to promote quality rather than quantity.

The results have been two-fold. First, an almost accident free year of riding with the exception of Denis' broken leg on the Grampians weekend. Second, an unusual reverse growing-pains effect. To ascertain the reasons is difficult, but it would seem that the stalwart band who for so long as six or seven years rode with the club through hell and high-water are now, naturally enough, growing older and taking on other interests. Club runs and activities which were once popular are no longer so; camping weekends which no-one ever missed have been poorly attended.

Things seem to be changing and perhaps it's time they did. As the newer and younger members take over the reins of leadership they will have a difficult time in planning for the twelve months to come; it is up to the rest of us to get behind them and let's start riding with our twist grips instead of our mouths. Let's start getting some goddamn fun back into this motorcycling business. Let's make it a really good year in 75-76.

I would like to thank Greg for helping out at the 11th hour with the captaincy and special thanks to Jol upon whom I have been able to call time and again for assistance.

Les Leahy

VICE CAPTAIN

PARENT'S DAY SUNDAY 14 SEPTEMBER 1975

Having been cajoled into this unenviable task, I hardly know where to begin, but at least I will have a try.

I'm sure no one could have chosen a better day than the one we had on Sunday September 14 for the "Parents Day." It must have been rewarding to those on the organizing side of the club to see the number of interested parents who turned up to enjoy this day with their respective offspring.

What a variety of machines – such a difference to that 1928 Harley I rode pillion in my courting days!

I have often wondered how such a club acted when out on a 'run' and from my observation (and those who were accompanying us on a trip), I must say that we were pleasantly surprised. It was

good to see the comradeship that exists among all members, especially when one had a brand new temperamental 750 super sports.

Many faces I knew, but found it difficult at times to remember the correct name to fit; having met many at home, briefly, or while holidaying. One face and name I won't forget though, is that of a tall, dark, slim, train driver who owns an ill-behaved dog, "Pretzel" 18 months old. Such carryings on in the back seat??

After lunch (shared with the very friendly kookaburras) a number of parents (maybe trying to prove to the young that they were fit) walked to the Hanging Rock, then after a breather just taking in the view, returned for a "cuppa" before proceeding for the trip home.

It was a pleasure to be in the company of a group of well behaved "Bikies" and not like some, one reads about so frequently in the newspapers.

I did hear that other Parents Days are planned – maybe an Annual event? From an interested "Oldie", this I feel would be a good liaison.

In closing may I say thanks for being able to take part, and to those who were not able to be present – you missed a most enjoyable day. I know now why my son and his girlfriend enjoy the M.S.C.A.V so much.

(Mrs) Joyce Moore

JAMIESON WEEKEND

I arrived at Lilydale right on 8.30am to find three bikes already there. It was a very cool morning and everyone was standing around shivering. Wild Bill arrived on a brand new Triumph (unreal) and that's all we heard for the whole weekend. Still, it's a change from hearing all about GL's.

After four more bikes arrived we decided to head off on our merry way. First stop was Thornton for coffee and a visit to the local pub for you-know-what. Stopped there for half an hour, then pushed off towards Eildon and Jamieson. Before going into Jamieson, we stopped at a lookout overlooking the reservoir to take in the view and also to thaw out once more.

On arriving at Jamieson we found that we were not the first to arrive. Les Leahy, Tom & Sue, J.C and two friends of his had arrived the night before. J.C told us that he had hit a wallaby with his sidecar on the way over the mountains.

Anyway, now we had quite a good roll-up. There was Hans, Gerrard, Wild Bill, and also Jack, Klaus and Sherry who had come up from Traralgon. Also two others who came up on a Kwaka 900 with no camping gear thinking we were only coming up for the day. They left us about 12pm saying they were going on to meet the Four Owners at Bright.

After touring the huge town and environs for about an hour or two, Big Daddy finally turned up, much to my relief, as he had the tent. His excuse was he had to go to the Clinic – something about a sex-change, I think. Two more members arrived just as we were heading up to the pub for tea. Having eaten, some played snooker while others just talked. A championship was held with Sue beating Hans. Rumour has it that he had four balls left to play.

Back to camp at 10pm. I went to bed early, but the others went scouting around the camp site looking for firewood, then had a joke session around the fire.

The next day we awoke to drizzling rain. Just when we thought it was going to stop. It rained even harder. The early arrivers, the two late comers and also Wild Bill decided to leave early. But Wild

Bill on his Fantastic, Superb, Unreal machine found it wouldn't start. Finally, after half an hour he found out that it was out of fuel.

Peter went to 11am Church, and the rest of us departed for Mansfield at 11.15am. The weather cleared up, so we decided to stop at Yea and wait for Peter. Lunch in Yea, then Jack, Klaus and Sherry decided to head for home. Tom and Sue went with them as far as Lilydale, turning off and making their own way home from there.

This left us with a very small group, namely Peter, Hans, Gerrard and myself, so we left Yea at 1.30pm, coming back through Tallarook and down the Hume Highway to Kilmore. Gerrard turned off there to see a friend, and promptly fell off in the service station driveway.

The three of us then went to my place for coffee, then to the cafe at 5pm. Had a few more games of snooker then back home to bed, as I had to start work at 1.30am. In spite of the weather a very good time was had by all.

CRYPTIC COMMENTS:

1. Who was drunk again and nearly fell in the river?
2. Rumour has it that J.B was seen in the area.
3. What certain Triumph owner ran the bike for 20 miles in one spot to find out if the chain oiler worked, only to find oil poured out when he stopped?
4. Hans is to take snooker lessons.
5. A certain Guzzi owner can't keep up with BM's.

Greg Smith

FOR SALE

One pair of Koni Shockers with heavy duty springs, suit any model Suzuki. \$35.00 Contact Wild Bill 3797243 Home.

Suzuki GT 250 Excellent Condition 6,000 miles; many extras, bags, helmets etc. \$600 Ring Mike 288 8420 (Home) 6 – 9pm or see Big Daddy.

Parts for a Honda 750 (most brand new)

Lamb's wool seat cover \$10.00

Tacho \$22.00

Cibee Headlight \$20.00

Countershaft sprocket 17 tooth \$5.00

Brake pads set \$4.00

Timing case cover \$3.00

Continental rear tyre \$34.00

Fold up beds – light duty \$10.00, Heavy duty \$30.00

Luggage carrier for Honda 90 \$4.00

Used crazy priced parts, air cleaner for Honda 750 (It did 2,000 miles) \$3.00

.....See Darren Room/ Phone 4191049 Home, or work 654 4222 ext 568

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GT 550 Suzuki 1973 model well looked after and in very good condition. 10 months rego and good tyres. Phone Greg Moore A.H 3377570

From CL90Z – one engine \$30.00, exhaust system \$5.00, air filter \$1.00, carburettor \$50.. & footpegs & owner's manual & 18mm Keihin. The lot \$40. Scramble bars \$3.00, one speedo \$2.00, front wheel & brake \$8.00 (including back wheel and brake and rear mud guard.) taillight \$3.00. frame with all wiring in place \$10.00, and swinging arm tow shockers rear brake lever \$15.00, one petrol tank grey with locking cap 2 gal capacity \$15, one dual sock; not on hinges \$10.00, one

ignition switch, lines and two keys \$5.00, one new chain off Honda CL90Z Reynolds \$5.00, one month old battery – 6 volt/\$10.00, one steering head assembly complete with lock. \$10.00.

Contact David Cumming, PH. A.H 852109

LAKE HINDMARSH CAMPING WEEKEND NOVEMBER 1

The camping weekend in November coincides with the cup day Tuesday holiday, and presents a good opportunity for members to take the Monday as annual leave or LWOP to make a four day weekend. So see your boss and arrange it now.

Lake Hindmarsh is located near Jeparit – the birth place of Sir Robert Menzies. The campsite is situated at “Four Mile Beach” in a natural bush setting and is within feet of the water’s edge. By November the weather should be warm enough for lots of swimming.

In the town of Jeparit is found the Wimmera-Mallee Pioneers Museum and is well worth a visit. The Museum depicts and has working displays of the life of the area’s early settlers.

Jeparit is also within easy reach of the Wyperfeld National Park where Mallee fowl, emu, kangaroo and typical Mallee flora and fauna can be observed.

DIRECTIONS: From Jeparit take the Nhill road and the turn-off to the right is approximately 2½ miles from Jeparit.

WARATAH BAY

After enthusiastically checking around at the club meeting, I went home thinking, “Well at least Les Leahy will turn up’. I stacked a moderate amount of gear at the front door ready to take off next morning, thankful that I didn’t have to take a week’s supply of everything, seeing the Sweet and Kisses was not venturing forth on the weekend trip.

Woke up at a starting pace next morning. The bloody alarm hadn’t been set! Running around like a blue arse fly, I stuffed my gear in the panniers, gulped down a satisfactory breakfast and speedily set off for Dardy from Essendon. Made Dardy in 40 mins and cruised through the fair city searching for the club. Reached the Cranbourne turn off and no sign of the club, so I thought I’d check a couple of Services down the Cranbourne road. Nope, no one about. About turned and went back and sat on the Servy just down from the Town Hall. Thought I had better look at my itinerary to see where we were supposed to meet. Waddaya know, I was sitting at it.

The time just being 8.05am I thought it best to introduce myself around to the club, after all, nobody may know me. I introduced myself to nobody and nobody introduced themselves to me. Just waited around a while thinking what a bloody great weekend this was going to be.

Hullo, is that a bike I see coming down the road? Hooray, I wasn’t alone. Hans on a slightly smoking water bottle had arrived. Sat there for a few more minutes talking to Hans and Les turned up. Discussed with Les the way we were going and – hullo, another rider. Ken on a 750 Honda rode up. Filled him in with the route and we all decided that a smoking water bottle was best suited for “Rear Rider”. Les was “Lead Rider”, I was “Patrol” seeing I had my safety vest on and Ken was unanimously voted in “The Club”. Us three officials of the day warned The Club if he messed around, he’d pay a stiff penalty, right up a hot exhaust pipe. Notably, he was very well behaved the whole trip.

Set off down the road through Cranbourne to Tooradin observing the speed limit all the way. Coming out of Tooradin we had four bikes in about three bike lengths, waiting for Les to open it up and ready to urge him on.

Enjoyed a good ride through the hills to Korumburra and Leongatha. Collected a little rain on the way there. We couldn't have lasted the weekend without it. Picked up some grub on the way through Fish Creek, met Jack Van Biekel from Traralgon and a flee male friend and rode on to the camp site. Set up camp and waited around the arvo for the "Traralgon Motor Cycle Touring Club". A remarkable turn up from them too. About twelve out of a club of sixteen bikes showed. Sure showed us up! Four out of about 150 members. Tch, Tch! What's happened to the club? Spent the night standing around two beautiful campfires chatting about the obvious; bikes, broads and booze in that order.

Next day I rose a little earlier than my club counterparts and packed my tent and gear while it was still day. Getting on towards 10.00am the "Front Rider", "The Club" and the "Rear Rider" rose to greet an active pack-up scene by the Traralgon club. By the time they had breakfast, everyone was ready to leave except them. Everyone rode back into Fish Creek for gas where the MSCAV-ians parted for tour of the Prom. Beautiful roads and sunshine hailed for the down trip. Picked up Bob Hodge with his new 900 S BMW and Bob Evans on the way.

We visited a Mount down that way which Les decided to be energetic and climb while the rest of us looked on and waited and waited, and waited... We rode back to the Tidal River Camp, Les, the two Bob's who got sick of waiting and whom should we meet but Roger, just thinking of having a sit down meal until we rolled-up.

Les gave me a guided tour of camp. Before we parted for lunch at Yanakie, Les, Hans and Ken decided to have lunch back at camp and Roger and I thought we'd push on home.

The weekend, so I'm told, was still not without further events. Hans solved the case of the smoking water bottle when his gearbox locked up after the crankcase had drained it dry and spat it out the rear in a horrible cloud behind him.

Although the numbers were small, I had a great time and I'm looking forward to more camping week-ends.

Lurch Urang

Kawa 900

MARYBOROUGH RUN (LAST DAY OF WINTER)

31/8/75

By 9.30am there were about 25 assorted machines at KBCP ready to go. It was an excellent turn out considering the overcast weather and that this run was overlooked when the current itinerary was being made up!!

On the way up there were a lot of good sections of road just made for fanging. It's a pity I own a lowly water bottle as I was constantly scraping it going around corners. We made a quick stop for juice at Taradale and then on to the best stretch of road for fanging I have ever seen, also very scenic.

When we arrived, we had our photo taken by the leader, Mike Formani (who did an excellent job of leading – better than some I now – eh, Greg Smith). Then for a bite to eat, I tried, what I later found out was "Greasy Joe's" but he didn't want to serve us (a big hassle) so we took out patronage

elsewhere to a nicer shop. The then committee for the festival that was about to be, by means of a street parade, wanted the street cleared of all cars - no mention of bikes – so all the cars were cleared from the main street – and we stayed. The procession being three local beauty queens, 283 pipe and drum bands, 63 brass bands, the local CMF & CFA units and other floats. It was most enjoyable. Katrina was savaged by a clown (gee, he must have been drunk to try that) and what some people will do to get free hand-outs of whistles, lollies and fruit drinks will never cease to amaze me, eh Kate and Jim!

After the procession was over, we juiced up and were mobile once more, having found out that Denis McKenzie, who we met up there, had been booked on the way up for the usual thing. While talking to Denis, I like the way he has customised his 500, it looks great. All he needs now is to wack a turbocharger on it and he might be able to keep up with my water bottle!

On the way back, some more great roads to Ballan where it was found that one of the Honda's had thrown a front axle bearing which proved what I have said all along – that Honda stands for JUNK with a capital J!! ONCE filled up at Ballan, it was homeward bound.

On summing up, this run emphasizes all the things that a successful MSCAV run should be, and there should be more of them. I certainly enjoyed this one as I think everyone else did.

Russell McMennemin (Waterbottle)

BEECHWORTH WEEKEND

Since I haven't got panniers on my bike yet, the first stop I made after leaving home at 6.45am was Anthony Rae's place in Glenroy where I off-loaded some of my gear onto Alan's 350 Honda. Thanks again, Alan. A female pillion passenger is much more interesting to carry than a pile of luggage.

Arriving at the Fawcner cemetery, I was pleased to see a few bikes there waiting. While waiting for the rest to arrive we found an orange plastic container's lid which looked rather like a Frisbee. Having nothing better to do, we set to work trying to master the art of making this thing fly. Lucky not many cars were on the highway because some people found it the ideal place to practise.

After a while it was time to go, so Ken, who hadn't mastered the art yet, hurled the thing towards the cemetery, but it bounced off the fence onto the bonnet of a passing car, lodging itself in the packrack. We set off with red faces, hoping the guy in the car wasn't too angry at us, only to find our friend, the fake Frisbee waiting for us on the road at the traffic lights outside K-Mart. I picked it up again and we headed towards Euroa with Les Leahy up at the front and Mike Davis bringing up the rear.

When we reached Euroa some machines had to be filled up with petrol. Greg Smith and a chap named Mio on a four, caught up to us here. It wasn't long before we were back on the road again, travelling at a comfortable pace towards Beechworth.

After going to the wrong caravan park, we found the right one, pitched the tents and made things comfortable. Most of us did – that is. Good old Greg Smith, our Club Captain, pulled a "swifty". No roughing it under the stars for him or Big Daddy. They lapped up the luxuries of a hired caravan. I don't think Steve in his little grey tent minded though, but more about that later.

Around lunch time Brendan, Sally and Big Daddy arrived and retired to caravans also. After lunch we all went for a ride around the town to the Chinese burning towers in the cemetery, where 2,000 Chinese were buried during the gold rush days, and then along a scenic road to a powder magazine.

Barrels of gunpowder were stored in this building which was designed to be as safe as possible, should an explosion occur inside. After that it was back to the park for some relaxation and a chat.

Most of us had a counter tea at the local. Really good food it was too. After tea we went back to the park. One fellow, I believe, took a trip after tea up to Mt Buffalo, while the majority played cards or got some shut-eye.

A deafening clap of thunder scared the hell out of me at some unearthly hour in the night. It was then that I noticed it was raining, the proverbial cats and dogs. Sometime during the night, Mike Davis found that he couldn't bail the water out of his tent faster than it was entering, so he headed for the laundry where he spent the rest of the night on the floor.

Steve's little grey tent just couldn't cope, so he scrambled through the mud and rain over to Big D's and Greg's caravan and bashed on the door until they let him in. I guess that he, along with the others, think that caravans are a pretty good idea.

In the morning, the inside of my tent wasn't very wet, although it had leaked slightly in a few places. It was drier than some though, that's for sure. We packed up camp after breakfast and were greeted by a few members who had come up for the day. Then we went to a trout farm and after that Greg took us along a beautiful section of winding road towards Mt Stanley. To get to the top we had to go up a dirt road that was rather rough in places. It was good experience though, on my new bike. The view from the top was well worth the trouble.

Down again, and back to Beechworth for lunch. It was good to see a few more members waiting for us in the main street. They must have been really keen to come up in the morning only to return again in the afternoon. Well done in my opinion!

The tour over the Prison was the highlight of the day for me. Walking through the whole establishment cleared up a lot of my curiosity. Something is really being done to help those fellows. All they have to do is make an effort. They are given every opportunity while they are in prison to do good for themselves. Thanks Darren for organising the tour through the prison. I think everybody came out a little wiser. The prisoners must have thought that the MSCAV was a dirty club, because they gave all the riders who took their bikes inside, a bar of soap in appreciation. May be it was the riders who were smelly, or the bikes were dirty.

Pushing a quick 80 km/hr into Wangaratta, Noelene and I went visiting some friends for about 20 minutes, thinking that we could catch up with the main bunch on our way home. No way! They only had a short stop for petrol at Wang and it was Seymour before we sighted them again.

A few accepted Anthony's invitation of coffee at his place and then it was home after a well organised and thoroughly enjoyable weekend. I think finally, Ken did master the fake Frisbee, but what was its final fate? One thing I do know after owning my BMW for only a month now, I understand why people rave over them.

Greg (BMW 750) Moore

THE HANDY – LIFT OUT – FREE SUPPLEMENT

OR

AMAROO INFORMATION

CATROL 6 HOUR PRODUCTION RACE – AMAROO RACEWAY. The words are magic and they draw motorcycle freaks from all over this country to witness what has become one of the two big classics of Australian motorcycle racing.

A lot of you won't have made the trip before so here are a few tips to make life a little easier.

The Amaroo run is strictly unofficial and no large group of riders will be organized. Make your own arrangements to travel with a few friends; four or five is definitely the limit if you want to arrive before Sunday. The Hume Highway is now in good shape and also the fastest way to go.

There is only one place to stay in Sydney and that is the Windsor Camping and Caravan Park. The map will help you find your way there. Add approximately one hour (to the times you've estimated for the trip) to get from Camden to Windsor as it's a long way.

Be early at the raceway on Sunday morning as it takes a while to get in and you didn't ride 500 miles just to miss the 10am start.

Most will be spectating from Bitupave Hill, ie, keep left as you enter the circuit and park your bike up on the hill. Sunday will probably be as hot as hell – bring your sun-hat, dark glasses and suntan lotion (I do not jest.) Collapsible stools are mighty handy. Also the odd canteen of water will save you a fortune in soft drink money.

Get the Monday off work; only an idiot (or possibly two) would attempt to ride back on Sunday night.

So lotsa luck and don't forget your 5c coins for the showers at the camping ground.