

EDITORIAL:**“Farewell to the Late Nights and Worry”**

It is with regret that I put pen to paper to write my last editorial for this magazine. I have had a wonderful time over the past 4 ¼ years and 48 editions (including the special Tasmanian Edition), in writing, printing, collating and at times typing this magazine; but I've had a fair run and it is time that I move over and allow new ideas to be injected into this, the life blood of communication for the MSCAV.

The time has come where my career and studies must take top priority in my life and, with the number of changing faces within the club, time does not permit me to be on the spot and up to date with all the latest information.

In my time with the magazine I have implemented many changes such as a new name and cover, changes in the layout, presentation and quality of printing (thanks to Bruce Higgs). Not all of these changes were greeted with unanimous acceptance however, I am glad to say that the magazine today is a far better publication than when I first took on the job.

I have derived much pleasure over the past few years through being Editor of this magazine and would like to thank all those people who have given up their time (sometimes late into the night) to help in its preparation and to all those who contributed articles for publication.

Luckily, I am leaving this job in the capable hands of Bob Evans who knowing my intentions to retire has worked hard to learn all about the printing and editing of the magazine. Bob has plenty of willing helpers and should do a great job.

Being an editor is a thankless job so make sure that you give Bob plenty of support and articles, for as we all know, Bob doesn't mince his words and if he hasn't got the articles, then he won't print a magazine!

I now bow out and leave you with the following words from your new Editor.

David Cumming.

DON'T FORGET THE CINEMA NIGHT 10TH APRIL – DETAILS IN THIS MAGAZINE

NB. Just like to thank the two girls who invited the club down to their beach house at the Nobbies last weekend. This gesture was appreciated by all and I hope to see these girls on club runs in the future.

NEWSROOM LATEST

Bookings of the Tasmanian tour are almost filled, so if you are intending to go, pull your finger out and put down the \$25 deposit.

(PS Bob and David were sober for this edition of the mag... typist)

BUCHAN CAVES

The weather bureau reported “Weather fine and warm except to the east” and wouldn’t you know it, we were heading EAST towards Buchan Caves.

Arriving at Hallam 50 minutes too early, our party (consisting of one car and one bike) decided to keep travelling. The traffic was very light and the weather was good so far. Coming into Traralgon our bike rider, Allen Watson, decided it would be a good idea to stop and pick up a pair of wet weather strides as it was starting to rain and he had absent-mindedly left his at home.

We stopped again at Sale for coffee and cake at relatives and pushed on about 30 minutes later. Just outside Sale we met up with Bob Evans, rear rider, helping the WIZ BANG rider, Andy. We caught up to the rest of the club at Bairnsdale for lunch.

We headed off to Buchan and down came the rain. If that wasn’t bad enough, there were some dirt sections of road which had turned into mud along the way. Consequently, the riders had a chance to prove their skills in the conditions.

Arriving at Buchan Caves Caravan Park we were allotted a terrific area to set up camp. The scenic drive to the campsite being of tall gumtrees, lush green grass, and a small running stream made a very relaxed atmosphere. The prominent feature of the park were the kangaroos and wallabies that roamed freely around the park. A few of our members widened their circle of friends.

The Royal and Fairy Caves were in easy walking distance and also there was a beautiful bush walking track to the Spring Creek Falls. After being escorted through the Fairy Caves (the guide being a Ducati owner) we had a games afternoon.

The activities that were part of the weekend included rabbiting (where 24 pair were shot), all forms of grass skiing including “Big D’s” spectacular effort on his bum with the help of Hans’ (Lead Foot’s) water bottle, human pyramids, Buck, Buck and abandoned caves explorations (at night). We also had a record breaker of ten adults in a Datsun 180/B including three girls and seven boys. Another spectacular effort was John McKenna and his four pillion riders on his 750 Honda Super Sports. They wanted something at the milk bar so John obliged and took them ALL.

Paul McKenna and Les Leahy arrived Saturday late afternoon. Roger decided to make a quick day run to see us. The Bar-B-Que come fire place was kept alight nearly all weekend with BBQ’d sausages and steak, hot tea and coffee, and toasted bread.

On Saturday night one of our members (namely Ken Markham) decided to get christened, after he scared a possum and watched it climb up the tree. Good trick Ken – it didn't cost you anything except a good shower.

The weather kept to the bureau’s forecast (for a change). It rained on and off all day Saturday and Sunday, then Monday was a beautiful sunny day – just because we were leaving. At least the road to Bairnsdale was dry, not mud.

As usual, after a long weekend, every Tom, Dick and Harry were travelling home, so naturally the roads were packed. We passed four accidents on the way home – one, a motorcyclist, who was hurt quite seriously. Our boys rode very well under the circumstances and upheld the standard of the club. One small incident occurred though – due to blinding sun, Paul McKenna ran into the back of his mate, Andy, after failing to see his stop light. The bikes came out with minor breakages. Both riders were O.K but their luck is not taking its toll for either of them at the present time. Also Howard Higham and John McKenna had a few words to say to a smart driver who nearly ran John off the road.

APART FROM ALL THAT!!! EVERYONE (who went) seemed to have enjoyed their trip to Buchan Caves...

YOUR SOCIAL SEC...

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CINEMA NIGHT : SAT. 10TH APRIL

“THE HINDENBERG” – G.S.SCOTT

MEET AT THE FORUM THEATRE, FLINDERS ST AT 7.45pm.

TICKETS \$3.50 EACH – SEE SOCIAL SECRETARY

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MT. BAW BAW

SHAFT DRIVES PREDOMINATE OR GOLD WINGS HIT THE DUST

The weather has been delightful for riding of late and it was no surprise to see the large turnout at the KBCP. One small trail bike, ridden by John Power, was the only small bike, so small that Bob Evans was called upon to carry John’s wife Val on his pillion seat.

Bob gave his usual spiel on road safety, and this is probably working, since the riding standards have been very high of late. However, it was not enough to avoid two members hitting the dust. My own pillion said she was concerned about her brother, David, a learner who seemed to know what motorcycling was all about and learning with care.

At Hallam we picked up a further group of late risers, and the run to Noojee was uneventful as Hans lead the run for the first time, a job he did with great ability, while Bob Evans brought up the rear.

At Noojee we stopped for an early lunch or late morning tea, and then it was off for the 60 mile round trip on dirt. It was fairly dusty in places and the road was generally excellent for dirt, but there was some very tricky gravel in places and near the Mt Baw Baw township there was a very rocky and treacherous area with rocky outcrops. However, on this section on the forward journey no one came to grief.

Mick Fagan was riding at his usual skilful best while Katrina, Miss B.M.W, showed that she is one of the most competent and well seated, in the riding sense, motor cycle riders. The six BMW riders all rode with confidence while the six gold wing riders had indifferent luck. Gary Osborn and Lyle Rae both rode with great expedition while I took it carefully. My new Craven panniers you know!!

Meo hit a rock and did great harm while dropping his bike in his first fall ever. Bad Luck Meo.

David Cleveland tried to keep up with Carlie Cord who didn't even hear David go over the edge of a cliff. Fortunately, he was only doing 20mph. It took 20 strong arms to lift the Gold Wing with two ropes back onto the road. Apart from pride, the damage was not extensive, but a bitter disappointment for David who only recently regained his licence.

Afternoon tea was had at Noojee after the eventful run down the mountain which had brought down the two GL's. Then we set off for home and no one fell off between there and Powelltown.

A late afternoon tea and a refuelling stop occurred at Yellingbo before we reached Upper Ferntree Gully – the dispersal point for a really eventful day which in a masochistic way I quite enjoyed.

Well, this run was another milestone in the life of the club: there were 12 shaft driven bikes and 11 chain driven bikes on the run – the first time that the shaft drives have been in a majority. With the new shaft drive Honda 650 and the two big Yamaha's this may be a regular thing in a year or two. A sign of the times.

Darren

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The pen is mightier than the sword, except when it runs out of ink.

Don't forget the Jenolan Caves. Easter 16 to 19th Hampton NSW.

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MARIJUANA, FOR YOU AND ME, YES OR NOT.

Last week I read of a young prisoner, a bright and alert young man, a Victorian surfing champion, who had just been sentenced to four years imprisonment for using and selling marijuana. He was very sorry for himself and feeling that he had been unfairly treated for having received such a long sentence. He reportedly had an engaging personality and said that there was no real harm in smoking pot that it was common enough anyway and that it might be legalised before long.

I believe that everyone should have the freedom to make their own choices and to make their own decisions and to learn by their own experiences. Hence, I had some sympathy for the young surfer, even if I did not use marijuana myself or even tobacco for that matter. I have met others who have used marijuana, often experimentally and most have rejected it usually with some disappointment for it did not hold open a door to a real new world. It was an anti-climax.

Recently I had the pleasure of meeting Dr Gerry Milner, the head of the Alcoholic and Drug Dependent Persons Service. I put to him the dilemma posed by the use of marijuana. He told me that marijuana is not harmless despite some reports by local users. Some of the local drug is so weak that it has little effect. He said that if five shared a glass of weak beer then it is unlikely that anyone would find it harmful. The same applies to the use of marijuana where the weak local pot is often shared, one smoke among many. However, if a couple each had a whole bottle of Scotch, then the problems it created might be very evident. Tropical marijuana is similar and causes a much more dangerous intoxication and things like hashish oil are potent hallucinogens. In his new book, "An Overview", Dr. Milner makes the following points:

Adverse Effects – Marijuana, like all drugs, produces adverse effects. These depend on the dose, the personality and health of the user and the setting in which the drug is taken. Panic, depression, suspiciousness and in high dosage or a vulnerable person, hallucinations and psychosis, "flashbacks", withdrawal effects, and brain damage – all can be associated with marijuana use. To deny the occurrence of these diverse effects, to claim that marijuana is utterly safe, is as ridiculous as to describe it as inevitably harmful.

Driving Hazards – Because of effects on the perception of time and distance, changes in mood, judgement and co-ordination, marijuana use by drivers is hazardous. The driver (rider) may approach a potential hazard such as a child playing at the edge of the road, but because of alterations in perception the child may seem farther away and action less urgent than is the case. Evasive action may be impaired by drug induced faulty judgement and impaired psycho-motor skills; all these hazards are now proven.

Multiple Drug Use – As an extension of a learned behaviour pattern, marijuana does lead, in some cases, to the use of more powerful drugs – just as the regular use of beer leads many drinkers to consume spirits.

Incorrect Evaluation – Many vocal users, through limited experience or the use of weak preparations, develop faulty value judgements about marijuana. Concentrated forms, alone or added to ordinary material, will involve increasing hazards.

Consumer Culture Pressures – Legalisation of marijuana might ensure that it would be pushed by efficient commercial packaging, selling and advertising organisations. In our society its use and cost would inevitably increase.

Alcohol and Marijuana – This issue is not only marijuana versus alcohol, or marijuana, but MARIJUANA PLUS ALCOHOL and all the other drugs we continue to use. How many intoxicants can we use, how much can we consume, and still function? New drugs are being developed all the time, where do we stop?

Rights of the less privileged – The intellectually dull, the sick, and the very young would especially be liable to suffer adverse effects from increased community use of marijuana. Their civil rights need protection, as does their health.

Legal Control – Limited use would be impossible to enforce legally, and a drugged driver might well escape conviction. Road deaths are excessive; many are associated with alcohol use, but at least this problem can be identified (e.g by breathalyser) and control attempted.

When a law is hard to enforce, it is claimed that the whole legal process is brought into disrepute. But laws against theft serve to limit this offence and, when administered within a stable society, do not usually send the school boy to prison. No one ever advocated legalisation of theft to ensure that no apple stealer is sent to prison. Similarly, it is rarely the case that the infrequent marijuana user is goaled. Usually, unless he deliberately flaunts his behaviour, it will go unpunished. The law does reinforce social sanctions and discourages many who would otherwise use illicit drugs.

Social Drugs – Drugs which turn a person “off” from reality (through intoxication and clouding of judgement and perception), rather than turning the user “on”, are used because our community sense of direction points to ‘nowhere’. They are also used as part of a general increase in production and consumption, the dangers of which are now being recognised; drug use is a form of internal pollution. Should not society have better goals than this? We must define our ideals and plot our direction. The subsequent action would involve less, rather than more drug use. Mahatma Gandhi was once asked, “What do you think of Western Civilisation?” After pondering the question at length, he replied, “Well, it would be nice”.

Frankly, when one is fed up with the problems of coping with life and earning a living, it seems fair enough to want to escape these pressures even for a time, and most folks escape to their hobbies, to television, to the company of friends or to travel. Some seek solace in alcohol, gambling or drugs. Others just dream or drift off to a massage parlour.

Whatever your hobby or recreation it must be positive, exciting and a challenge to the real world to meet the needs of the human spirit. Drugs are a palliative but divert users into a dead end road and do not really expand one’s knowledge of the real world. Motorcycling is a good mixture of

excitement, challenge and danger, and it is cheap in the scale of things. When you want to take a trip, take one sure, but take one on two wheels in the freedom, the real freedom of the open road. That is the only type of trip I want to take...

Darren Doom

SAFETY CODE FOR MOTOR CYCLISTS

The number of registered motor cycles in Australia has increased from 127,000 to 282,000 since 1970. The popularity of motorcycling was not without some sobering side affects however, said Mr. Davis. With the rise is motorcycle registration, an increase in motorcycle related accident statistics had also become apparent. Mr. Davis said Goodyear, after the study of cyclist behavioural attitudes, recommended the "Easy Six" code for all motorcyclists.

It is: -

1. Consider every road a potential obstacle course and remember you are riding on two wheels, not four;
2. Keep your head up and your eyes moving so you can anticipate hazards ahead;
3. Take the path of least resistance and go round (rather than over) an obstacle if you can;
4. Slow down before you reach an obstacle by either applying and releasing the brakes or down shifting;
5. Avoid depressing the clutch or brake while going over a rough or slippery surface; this should be done before reaching the hazard;
6. Through your tyres you have only two small contacts with the road. Make sure your tyres are always in good condition and so avoid a third (and possible fatal) road contact.

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SOMETHING TO SAY

Recently I received a note from Anthony Rae who, as a respected member of the club, is becoming increasingly perturbed at the high accident rate of motorcyclists reported in the paper and on club runs.

Anthony appeals to all members to WAKE UP AND LIVE; he further states that the club has a pretty good safety record and asks that all members try to keep it that way. LETS' STILL THINK SAFETY WHILE TRYING TO BECOME BETTER RIDERS. It may save your life and probably your mates.

Fair enough advice Anthony, the ball's now in your colleagues' court!

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COORIEMUNGLA WEEKEND

Twenty bikes left Laverton soon after 8am for what was to be a perfect day. A great pity Sunday wasn't the same. Darren led the club whilst I was rear rider. We had one brief stop at Colac for petrol. Tom brought his wife and children along in the station wagon.

The line up of bikes would have made Mr Honda very happy, seeing it is an all makes club. Russell had his Kwaka 900, Les his Bee Emm, and Hans his waterbottle, the other 20 were Hondas. Broken down, there were six GL's, four 350/4's and the rest being 500 & 750's. Three riders came later, making a total of 23 bikes.

After setting up camp on the Prison Governor's property (Jack Hardwick), we went to Timboon for eats etc. Then four went for sightseeing rides independent of the remainder. No doubt what we saw was on the Sunday program, but would have gone unseen then due to the rain, so it was just as well we did see it then.

We were led by Darren, who in typical style made sure we missed nothing, even if we only saw it for a couple of seconds. I overheard someone say, "Is this a two or five second visit?" However, as I said, if we didn't see it then, we wouldn't have seen it at all, and the weather was perfect for riding and viewing.

Meanwhile, back at the Hardwick's, the household had been at work. We all know how quickly supper disappears at our meetings. Well people, the Hardwicks stopped them. They had more meat and cakes etc than could be eaten by our lot, and that takes some doing. Not only was there plenty, it was first class quality. They must have spent hours baking; none of that bought stuff or even Betty Sydney – just good old fashioned home cooking. I did not know that these wonderful people were supplying everything. I was under the impression it was only the heat that was to be supplied.

Lastly, a big thank you to the Hardwicks for their wonderful hospitality that weekend.

After dinner, which was at 5.30pm, someone discovered a 50cc step thru that Mr. Hardwick bought Colin a few years ago, and several members amused themselves on it. One bit of spectacular riding was by Les Leahy who did a beaut mono-wheel while cresting a bank, then did a 180 turn and continued mono-wheeling down again. It would have been wonderful riding if only he had meant to do it.

After this, Ian Taylor went for a solo ride somewhere. Les, Keith plus a few went to Port Campbell, while most went firstly to Terang, then Warrnambool to a drive-in. This lot arrived back about 1.30am, and commenced waking everybody up by talking loudly, or so it seemed at 1.30am, until someone from some tent gave a gentle hint like: "For Christ's sake shut up and let us get some sleep". Those of us who did not venture out just talked and had cups of coffee and tea.

Next morning, lots of people were astir early, and it wasn't alarm clocks, no sir, WATER. It's bloody marvellous how water gets into tents but not out, and just lies on the floor whether people are sleeping there or not. It's not the nicest way of waking, to find you are all wet – not that sort of wet! Those of us with air beds were a few inches above the water. I woke to find rain coming in the tent net vent, and was too tired to get up, go out and let down the flap – so I pulled a towel over my face, and let it rain. No wonder I got wet. I was going to take the good bulkier tent, but said it wouldn't rain.

The Hardwicks provided hot water for tea, coffee, plus milk. One very keen rider (Trevor Vienet) arrived early, having left Melbourne at 4.30am. At 10.30am we went to the prison farm on the bikes for a look around, but only after they had given us more tea and coffee, scones and cakes.

This was (as far as I was concerned) the end of the club run, or weekend, for anything resembling a club or club run thereafter certainly was non-existent.

I am surprised that Committee members etc allow this to happen, and the club or officials can blame only themselves if a Club Captain or Vice Captain tells the club to shove the position. Many, apparently, left to return to Melbourne after the visit to the prison farm. I found this out on returning to the camp site.

Howard and Beth had arrived in time to wave them goodbye. I think that on a run like this, if some are returning earlier for any reason, the whole club should be told and others given the chance to return with them. The organised departure was like this. After the first three had gone, two more left. Later again, three or four more left. Tom, Michael Formani etc went a different route to visit friends. This left seven. Four of us were going with the vice-captain, the remainder were undecided, but also joined us to return via the Great Ocean Road.

Les Leahy remarked “the bigger the bike, the less adventurous the rider”, which is something I have always partly agreed with. Those in our group of seven certainly had adventures before the day was out. Before getting to Port Campbell, there was a section of road being repaired, the surface of which was wet soft clay. How we got through without dropping the bikes I don't know. Les didn't make it, he got literally bogged, six inches down, the front wheel not turning because of built up mud between the tyre and guard. It took the six of us to manhandle Les and Bee Emm out of that. Then water got in one plug cap. After five minutes we were away again with Les leading.

At Lavers Hill, Les was the corner marker, pointing to the right road. Andrew Buckmaster was seen to pull up, for petrol, we thought. On we went.

Twelve miles of dirt, gravel and sand, average speed was 15 – 25 mph. Ian Taylor dropped his bike twice; Ken Markham once; and Lyall once, but apparently in a most spectacular fashion, as it went over one side first, then upright and down on its other side, then upright before going over again for the final count. I couldn't see any damage for the mud, but I assume it wasn't much.

We arrived at Apollo Bay at 2.30pm. At 3.30pm, no Les. Four pm Les arrived to tell us that Andrew's bike refused to run on 4 cylinders, only 2, and they could not find out why, so Les suggested he take the Forrest (tour) road as it was a better way, and to meet us at the junction of the Great Ocean Road, and Skeene's Creek Road. But at 4.30pm, no Andrew. So Ian and I waited while Ken and Les Stevenson went along the Wild Dog Road for a look, and arrived back to us at 5.30pm. Meantime Lyall and Les Leahy went along the road Andrew was to have taken. That was the last we saw of them. We waited till six, then set off via Birregurra and arrived home at 8.45pm, which meant I didn't get to a concert I had already paid for, and wanted to go to.

We were only a small group on the final official run, but a great group of guys to travel with.

Lloyd 350/4

All of the secret Seven did eventually make it home, after a good deal of back tracking. There is a little moral to this story, and it is this. If the Club Captain or Vice Captain knows that you are having bike trouble on a run, stay put and follow instructions because he (like General McArthur) WILL return.

(Vice Cap)

QUOTABLE QUOTES

Recently a survey was carried out of accident report forms by three of the largest motor vehicle insurers in Australia. The following are actual extracts from claim forms and they have been written by people who generally have had good driving experience and are regarded as intelligent. These answers as to the reasons for the accident are actually as stated on the form.

1. I consider that neither was to blame, but if anyone, it was the other one.

2. I knocked over a man. He admitted it was his fault as he had been run over before.
3. The accident was due to the other fellow narrowly missing me.
4. To avoid a collision I ran into the other car.
5. I left my Austin outside and when I came out later, to my amazement there was an Austin 12
6. The cars had to turn sharper than necessary owing to an invisible lorry.
7. I collided with a stationary tree.
8. Dog on road, applied brakes causing a skid.
9. I told the other idiot what he was and drove on.
10. Wilful damage was done to the upholstery by rats.
11. A pedestrian hit me and went under my car.
12. I blew my horn, but it would not work as it was stolen.
13. I thought my side window was open but it was up as I found out when I put my head through it.
14. A cow wandered into my car. I was afterwards informed that the cow was half-witted.
15. If the other had stopped a few yards behind himself the accident would not have happened.
16. She suddenly saw me, lost her head, we met.
17. A lorry back through my windscreen into my wife's face.
18. I misjudged a lady crossing the street.
19. Coming home, I drove into the wrong house and collided with a tree I haven't got.
20. I heard a horn blowing and was struck in the back. A lady was evidently trying to pass me.
21. Three women were talking to each other and when two stepped back and one stepped forward, I just had to have an accident.
22. The car in front of me stopped suddenly and I crashed gently into the luggage rack.
23. Travelling east along the road I was startled by a screech at my rear.
24. Vehicle slipped sideways after ground was saturated by heavy shower to graze tree stump.
25. Car passing, stone went through windscreen.
26. I saw the happenings and radically braked but was useless as my foot slipped.
27. The other driver reversed the car without due care and negligence.
28. I realised brakes and tried to miss the tank stand but was only partially successful.
29. A student leaned his rear portion against this window and it fell out.
30. The door handle was hit by a parking meter.
31. She stopped suddenly and I was on top of her before I noticed.

"BUCHAN CAVES"

A few comments about this weekend: I've been on many weekend trips away, and would undoubtedly say this has been one of our best camps. The sites were ideally situated, with roos coming down each evening to be fed. This turned out to be very popular. The walks through the caves were interesting, especially the one organized at night by JC and Gary O. Unfortunately, a drop of 15 feet and the confrontation with a wombat (it had a head on it like a bull) was too much for me and a few others. Those who went further into the cave came back with bits of stalactite and wet feet from the underground stream.

Credit must go to the committee for organizing the trip, as a most enjoyable weekend was had by all.

Big Daddy

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HOLIDAYING IN NZ

Mike Davis' article on N.Z in the last magazine reminded me of the two years I was over there. If anyone is thinking of touring by bike over there I can heartily recommend it. There are one or two things to watch for though, and perhaps a mention of them might avoid trouble.

The terrain, particularly in the North Island is hilly, with the roads following old coaching routes winding through the hills making a terrific view. There is a lack of “Armco” on most bends which leaves no room for day-dreaming. Up north, the roads are a bit rough – secondary roads are largely dirt, (or more accurately BIG STONES) but main roads are generally good although slightly narrow.

The fuzz employ speed traps of an almost undetectable type (rather unsporting) and purely technical offences carry very heavy fines. However, the open roads are largely clear of such hindrances and 500 miles in a day is possible.

There is a tremendous amount to see in the way of natural beauty. Plan your route carefully, as \$1 plus per gallon petrol can prove expensive. Filling stations off the main roads are very few – don't look for discount petrol, it is all one controlled price. Ignore brands, it is all supplied from one refinery.

Once out of Auckland, spare parts can be a problem and towing charges excessive. The RACV doesn't operate out of the major cities – all towing charges have to be paid both ways (very costly).

The weather – always high humidity which makes the bikes fly, but is tiring. The rain is heavy, and I do mean “HEAVY”. “LINE 7” make a good set of clothing and as it rains once or twice a week, it's a must if you want to enjoy the trip.

Winds can be strong – even blow trucks off the road at times. The air is clean, the grass green, the sun shines on clean, clear rivers and seas. It is really worth a fortnight's holiday.

The South Island is colder and more mountainous with less people and year round snow on the peaks.

Beefburgers and hamburgers are largely mutton and give indigestion of unbelievable ferocity. Milk is really great, very creamy and the fresh fruit is the best ever tasted.

Maori's, are a great bunch with a real sense of humour and very friendly. They are equal to the whites in every way, so if treated as such you won't go wrong.

The well known tourist traps will empty your wallets painlessly (and quickly) so BEWARE! Night life is very limited but after a day in the saddle, bed will be very welcome.

They have some funny rules about taking bikes in and out of NZ. I understand the RACV can handle this for members, saving a lot of hassle. Don't be surprised if you have to dry out the electrics before you start your bike.

In conclusion, a New Zealand holiday, (carefully planned), should please and delight anyone.

B. Avery.

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Q. What is the correct word for exploring caves?

A. SPELEOLOGY – Scientific study of caves and, exploration of caves, underground and pot holing.

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