

Good Vibrations

MAY 1977

The mag is smaller than it usually is cos the articles have not come forth. So we ask if more people could write more, so more people could read more.

We wish Greg Moore and Noelene Reddall all the best on Sunday the 8/5/77. Hope it is a fine day as well.

Remember the coming dates on the Itinerary.

8/5/77: The Economy Run. Find out what is the true petrol economy of your motorcycle, not what you THINK it is.

28/5/77: This is the film night. We are going to see "Silver Streak" at Cinema 5. \$3.75 per ticket. See J. Rae.

Tom Saville won the radio which was one of the prizes on the Tassie Night.

The 3/6/77 is Feed Night so don't forget.

Also remember coming events in the near future.

19/6/77: Day Trial.

20/6/77: The Don Lane Show.

25/6/77: Progressive Dinner. Read next month's Mag for more details.

1/7/77: Slide night.

I thank all the people who came and made the Tassie Night a great success. I know they all were most happy with the slides and a special thank you to Roger Holt who made that film on the Club's trip. I for one enjoyed it very much.

I will leave you with these words of wisdom.

"Nature tends to fill a vacuum, but so does the act of cleaning the house".

EDITORS JO AND BOB

SNAKE VALLEY RUN 3-4-77

The weather was good and we had a good turnout for a change. We left KBCP a little late and headed out for our first stop, which was Beaufort. On this stretch the wind was blowing quite strongly and a poor 350 Suzi ran out of petrol and was left at Ballarat to fill up and head back.

Don, on his new BMW, also got left behind on this stretch as he was running it in at 80km/h.

We stopped at Beaufort for lunch and stayed there $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour before moving on to Snake Valley, which turned out to be a town. We stopped again at Snake Valley as Don's BMW was spotted outside a Milk Bar. Apparently he had made a short cut and got there before us, even though he was only doing 80km/h.

After a short stop at Snake Valley, we left for Geelong, where we made another petrol stop.

We left Geelong and headed back to the café. On this stretch we were confronted with some traffic, the first on the run. Also, my mirror flew off, and, as I walked back to pick it up – you've guessed it – a car ran over it. Not much left of it.

Back at the café we waited till 5 o'clock to get a drink, but it didn't open so we all turned our own ways and left.

It was good to see the good turnout of 21 bikes. Let's hope it keeps up in the future, even when the weather isn't as good as it was.

Chris (Bonnie 750)

WARRACKNABEAL 23rd -25th APRIL

I suppose everyone is surprised that anyone went, due to the petrol strike. The members consisted of Ian Taylor and myself. We are not mad even if we look it. I know from past experience that country towns always have petrol for two to three weeks after the city runs dry, and that is because the cities depend on the bowser tanks being filled every couple of days, whereas in the country, it is every few weeks. When the newspaper says 90% of Victoria is dry, they mean Melbourne, Geelong, Ballarat & Bendigo plus the towns on major highways – not the rest of the state.

In Saturday's Sun, April 23, Mr. John Collins, the executive director of the Victorian Automobile Chamber of Commerce said, "The state is bone dry". On Page 5 of the same Sun, an ad for land at St. Arnaud, heading is thus; Petrol, St. Arnaud, Mister Major, owner of Caltex Petrol Station Ph: 054-95 1681, has a plentiful supply of petrol which should last well past the weekend. Car tankfuls available. No 200 gallon tankers please.

We left Friday afternoon at 4.15pm, after being wished good luck by Big Daddy. We filled up at Taradale, (Kyneton had petrol), and at St. Arnaud and arrived at Warracknabeal after an uneventful run. I might say here that all service stations past Maldon had petrol, and no limit. We set up tent in the Caravan Park, which is quite good. Then went to town for eats.

Saturday we slept in, then we went into town which was extra dead with half the shops shut. We had a counter lunch, and later tea in the same pub which was quite good, which was lucky as all the cafes are dreadful. That night we went to the pictures to see 'Operation Thunderbolt' and the 'Legend of Hell House'.

Breakfast Sunday morning proved interesting because near us was a young attractive mother and her good looking daughters aged 14 & 17, camping, actually having breakfast and packing. At one time I thought I might have to apply a cold compress to a certain part of Ian's anatomy to get the

swelling down. Anyway, after they left, we went for a ride to Jeparit, then after visiting a couple of spots around Lake Hindmarsh, we went on to Rainbow, stopped for a drink, then back to Jeparit via the other side of the lake, then back to the caravan park. Later we went to one of the cafes for tea,. Then as there seemed nothing to do, we went to bed about 10pm.

Every day was sunny, with the sun coming out about 11am. No rain at all.

Monday we left at 10.45am with the weather cloudy, but fine. We filled up at St. Arnaud, Maldon and as fuel was available at Kyneton, we filled or topped up again as we knew that would be the last available petrol.

A very pleasant weekend which would have been made better with more company. You could have done it, and if you had taken two empty gallon cans, finished with more fuel than you started with.

Lloyd 750/4

JOKE TIME

There was a group of people in an aircraft, flying over the mountains. The pilot's voice came over the speaker and said:- "This is the pilot speaking. We are approaching the peak of Mt. Kosciusko, but I am afraid we have too much weight on board. We will have to unload the cargo."

So all the cargo was dumped off the plane. Again over the speaker:-

"This is the pilot speaking. We are still not going to make it. Three passengers will have to jump – the only thing is, we haven't got any parachutes."

There was a silence in the plane, then a Pommy went up to the door – sang his National Anthem "God Save Our Gracious Queen", took off his hat and jumped. Then an American got up and went to the door – sang "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy", took off his hat and jumped. Then a huge, well bronzed, thick set Aussie strolled over to the door – sang "Waltzing Matilda", picked up a Pommy and threw him out the door...

There were two men talking to each other – Bill and Joe:

Bill – Eh, Joe, I saw a girl faint the other day.

Joe – Oh yeah, what did you do?

Bill – I put her head between her legs.

Joe – Did that do any good?

Bill – Well yeah, but I forgot to take the cigarette out of her mouth.