

EDITORIAL

Elections: Owing to the fact that there could be five members of the Committee resigning, members should consider whether they have the time to participate in Committee activities, as there are still a number of vacancies that have not been volunteered for.

FLASH:

Jolyon Dunn is now the proud owner of a Ducati SS. He says that everyone should have the privilege of unwrapping it, as it comes all done up like a Christmas tree. The handling is even better than a BMW.

Now that the summer months are coming we hope to see more members coming on runs, as the colder weather seems to chop the numbers down.

The Editors are very grateful for the same few members who's articles keep this Mag going.

EDITORS: BOB & GAYLE

THE 14TH DAY OF AUGUST

Amidst a blue sky I led, for a change, with Bob at the rear, taking everyone out on to the Freeway. A mix-up took place near the Glenroy turnoff, as when I parked on the "Hill" I could see there was a gap in the convoy, but by the time we got to the Hume all was well. We branched off then at the sign for Bendigo.

Reaching Heathcote we had morning tea and a chance to thaw out for about half an hour. Leaving, I took everyone on to Elmore, where tanks were filled and lunch was had. Everyone enjoyed the spell. While we were there two bikes went by, one being Meo on his G.L. I believe he was doing a short trip to Deniliquin. A little get-together then took place before we dispersed.

I then took everyone up some back roads toward Lockington. There were many cross roads. At a T intersection we turned left for Tennyson and then on to prairie, where the country was really flat. You can see where it got its name. We then went down through Dingee and had some sheep problems, before going on to Raywood, then finally Bendigo, where we parked outside the Town Hall for an hour's rest.

With Darren forgetting to unplug his vest, we were on our way again at 3.45pm. I had to personally withstand a challenge from a dog, which I did in no uncertain manner. I led the group down to Gisborne. Then we took the back roads to Melton and finally Deer Park where the run finished.

I was pleased at the number that turned up, with many shaft-drives present. I hope everyone liked the country they saw.

"BIG D" – PRESIDENT (Honda 750/4)

Dear Doctor;

Thank you for our wonderful Ear Oil. I was deaf for twenty years, but after using your Ear Oil, I heard from my brother in Alaska!

“What did Mother Cannibal say to Father Cannibal when he came home for dinner?

You’re too late – everybody’s eaten!

A DAY IN THE ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

A look on the lighter side.

Its 8.00am. The lights are out and John is sleeping contentedly at his desk.

8.05am: Brian walks in, lights still out, throws his bag in the corner, switches on the fire and, in turn, curls up for his beauty sleep.

8.25am: Peter staggers in, lunch under one arm, paper under the other – prepared for a hard day’s work for the Social Club.

8.35am: Fred and Bev arrive consistently. Is there a story hidden here?

The phones begin to ring, and regardless of which phone rings first, there is a 99.9% chance that Bill Williams will be on the other end. And regardless of the answer he is given, won’t be satisfied.

8.50am: The Boss arrives; everyone checks facial expression to determine climate for the day.

9.05 am. David arrives. Facial expression checked again, very closely – most important as climate can change daily.

Bill Williams rings again, same question, same answer, still not satisfied.

Between now and 9.45am, general discussions, arguments, bad language, some jokes, and Bev manages five kicks at the copying machine.

9.45am: Time to order food. John is not hungry – three bacon rolls will suffice. David settles for a light snack – three vanilla slices and raspberry buns. Bev is on a diet and settles for three hot dogs. Brian is worried he is getting too thin and opts for half a dozen hot donuts. Peter’s alright of course, he’s got mum’s sandwiches, and Fred packs away biscuits compliments of the company.

10.10am: Colin Taylor rings (Bill’s offsider), same questions as Bill Williams’, same answers – completely satisfied. While talking to Colin, someone else is talking to Dennis Bayer (Bills’ other offsider), same question, same answers, completely confused.

And so it’s lunchtime and still no blood has been spilt.

1.00pm: The workers area all back at their desks. The boss can go to lunch confidently knowing that the department is in good hands (little does he know). No sooner does he go to lunch, than the phone rings. Guess who! Same questions, same answers, still not satisfied.

2.00pm: The boss returns from lunch. His turn to ring Bill Williams – sparks fly, facts become confused. Bill finally gets the story all wrong and goes away satisfied.

Having taken the best part of half a day with all our resources and cunning to satisfy Mr. Williams, we now have the other half day to satisfy the needs of the company.

During our day we receive and make many phone calls, answer many queries and are hassled by many people, but to quote the words of a famous song, "Through it all when there is doubt, we eat it up and spit it out, we face it all and we stand tall and do it Our Way."

And so it comes to pass, that by 4.45pm, we are all physically and mentally exhausted. The only consolation being that we know full well that at 8.35am tomorrow morning we can look forward to a telephone call from Bill Williams.

L.T.D.

A man arrived home from work and was surprised to find his wife practising Kung Fu exercises. A sour faced woman at the best of times, her grimaces as she kicked and lunged made her husband shudder and look away.

"I'm taking lessons in how to defend myself," she said, "You never know, some dark night a fiend might try to assault me."

"You're wasting your time" said her husband. "It'll never get that dark."

YARRAWONGA WEEKEND

Greg Smith who had worked Thursday night, drove up in the Smithmobile and arrived at the caravan park at 5.00pm, and immediately went to sleep, until we arrived. "We" meaning Ian Taylor, still on the 400/4 and yours truly.

We left town via Flemington road, the freeway and Broadmeadows. It still took one hour for the first 18 miles, which proves that 4.30's not a good time to leave.

We had wet roads and drizzle till Seymour, where it stopped raining and the roads were dry, making it a pleasant ride. Ian said the most exciting thing there would be Greg making us a cup of tea. It was, and much appreciated, not to mention other times he made tea and toasted crumpets for us.

After tea we put up the tents. About this time Tom and Sue, also Brian and Jackie arrived. Apparently, "Leadfoot" John McKenna and Smithie arrived about 6.00pm and went straight to a caravan. Paul joined them there the next day when he arrived. I don't know whether it was B.O. or what it was, but apart from Hans and John coming over for five minutes, we didn't even get the briefest of visits from Paul and Smithie. Saturday morning Paul, Graeme, David and Leonie arrived and a little later Big D turned up.

One of the girls couldn't sleep for the cold, so for the second night I gave her my army great coat, and as Graeme was not fitted out for the near zero temperature, Ian gave him his space blanket and I gave him my travel rug. I had just spent \$109 on a good sleeping bag, so in future will not need a blanket or coat.

Saturday morning saw a few of us in town. Later Ian, Big D and I went for a short drive in the Smithmobile, where Greg tried some cross country driving, and was almost stopped by heaps of soil put on the track to stop cross country drivers.

Tom, Brian, the two girls and Graeme went for a visit to some wineries, while the rest of us (leaving out the isolationists) went for a walk to the Weir, and were then invited back to Leonie and David's caravan for hot drinks. Peter, Ian, David and Greg had a game of 500.

At 5.30pm we all piled into the Smithmobile and went to town for a counter tea. After this, all but Graeme, Peter and I went to N.S.W to go to the Services Club. However, they all got the Big A. So Brian and the two girls went to the pub, and when Peter, Graeme and I arrived back, the others were playing 500 again with Tom in the game instead of Big D this time.

Thank goodness for Leonie and David having us in the caravan. Winter is not a good time for sitting outside talking. The evening until 10.30 when we went to bed was spent in the caravan, either plying cards or drinking cups of tea and eating various munchies.

We had cold nights, but absolutely perfect days.

Sunday morning at 10.30am, as our Vice-Captain hadn't shown up, we set off. Big D, David and Leonie went back via the Hume, while Graeme, Ian and I turned off at Benalla and went back via Bonnie Doon and the Black Spur road which is a beautiful drive, especially at this time of the year.

At one spot before Benalla, a mountain-top covered in snow could be seen, and for a length of 10 miles or so on the Midland highway, a whole mountain range could be seen capped in snow. The snow fall of the previous week did a lot of damage to trees around the Black Spur road, and quite a lot of snow was still in the gutters on the sides of the road.

It was gratifying to see fifteen on a camping weekend, particularly in the middle of winter, and north of the divide is certainly the way to go in winter.

All in all it was a good weekend.

Lloyd Wissman (Honda 750/4)

The minister was describing the day of judgement...

“Thunder will boom! Lightning will flash! Rivers will flood! Flames will shoot down from the Heavens! Darkness will fall upon the Earth!”.....

Then a little girl asked the minister – “do you think we'll be let out of school early?”

STAWELL

At 8.30am we left led by Bob with Big D rear rider. The shaft drive bikes were Bob's and three Yammies, Darren, Graeme and Steve's. Gayle was on the 400 Honda and Ken Markham the Suzi while Big D and I were on 750 Hondas.

Police were to be seen, also plenty of paint distance marks for spotter planes, but as we didn't see any of these we assumed the weather was not suitable. The wind was so strong that I used 2 ½ gallons in 160km, but coming back at the same speed I got 220km on 2 ½ gallons – 50mpg.

We stopped for brekkie and petrol at Beaufort, and on leaving here it began to rain. By Ararat, Steve was so wet (no wet gear) and cold that Darren and Steve turned around and went back. Six

miles after this it fined up and was sunny but not warm until just before we left, then we had a shower.

While sitting in the main street eating, Roger and Laurie arrived on two Gold Wings, bringing the number to 8 again. Four people went into Mini World, while the other four took their word for it when they said it was very good and worth \$1.80.

We left a 3.00pm stopping at Ararat for petrol, then non-stop to Melbourne. It was fine until Ballarat, where we encountered some drizzle and odd bits thereon all the way to Melbourne. At Sunshine it rained very heavily. Actually, we were lucky as we could see it raining heavily all the way to Melbourne not far away to the right, no more than a mile away.

I arrived home at 6.15pm. It would have been a nicer run if the weather had been better. Still, life wasn't meant to be easy. It was better than staying at home, and if I say this a thousand times, I might believe it.

Lloyd Wissman (Honda750/4)

“Waiter, this egg is not fresh”.

“How do you know?”

“I tapped it.”

“So what?”

“It tapped back”

CONSIDER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS AND NOTE YOUR ANSWERS

1. How many Birthdays does the average man have?.....
2. If you set the alarm on your clock at 8.00pm to go off at 9.00am the next morning; How many hours sleep would you have?.....
3. How far can a dog run into a forest?.....
4. If there are 3 apples and you take 2; how many have you got?.....
5. If you walk into a cold dark room with only one match, and in the room there is a kerosene lamp, and oil heater and a gas stove; what would you light first?.....
6. An Archaeologist found 2 coins dated 46 BC, are they genuine or not? State your reason.....
7. I have 2 Australian coins that equal 12 cents, but one of them is not a 2 cent coin, what are the coins?.....
8. Is it possible in Australia for a man to marry his widow's sister?.....
9. If a man is living in Port Augusta can he be buried in Spencers Gulf?.....
10. If a lady gave a beggar 20 cents, and the lady was the beggar's sister, but the beggar was not the lady's brother who was the beggar?.....

11. If a farmer had 17 sheep and all but 9 died; how many would he have left?.....
12. A man built a house rectangular in shape and all four walls of the house had a window and each window faced south. A bear walked around the house, what colour was the bear?.....
13. Two Yanks walking across Sydney Harbour Bridge, one is the father of the others son; what is their relationship?.....

NORTH EAST TRAILS

Trevor Vienet told me that I would be wise to bring my 750 Yamaha as the type of surface we would cover would be a bit on the rough side. But Dave Cleveland called by to tell me of the news that his licence had been taken by the MAN and would I take him pillion on his Gold Wing. I was more than happy to help.

Sunday morning turned out cold but turned out fine later on. Dave's bike has been fitted with LOW bars - not to my liking, but we got on okay.

The start was at the Fawkner Cemetery. The people who turned up were Frank Bloxham, B.M.W. Don Spencer, B.M.W., Graeme Vienet and Big D on Honda 750's. I led the troops through the Hume highway to Winton and then to Glenrowan where we turned off the Hume to Oxley and then to Beechworth through the Buckland Gap. We travelled along the tourist road that overlooks the Woolshed Flat Valley, and comes out along the gorge on the south side of the town and which finishes at the waterfall where we stopped for a look.

As it was now lunch time we decided to eat and at the local fish and chip shop. We all bought chips and hot dogs in batter on a stick. It was most pleasant sitting in the sun enjoying our lunch.

The afternoon's run was a beauty and enjoyed by all. After leaving Beechworth I led the way to Woolshed Flat Falls, and it seemed that half the world was already there. The road to Eldorado was a TRACK. A passerby took our photo before we set off to Eldorado. We set off not knowing what lay ahead but we were not worried by that. Trial riding here we come.

After a few directions we made our way past an old gold mine and went through patches of mud and nearly bogged but we got through. Power. After more dirt, or should I say mud, we went around a corner and found a ford, not a car, but the water kind. This was to test the Gold Wing, but you know what, we got through the water with flying colours. Then Dave and I had the pleasure of watching the others and they made it across without missing a beat.

The road ahead was dusty and windy but the scenery was a sight to behold. The next ford put us to the test but we all got through but after he got through Big D said that he had some slight water trouble and let his bike idle for a while least it should not start. But he had no trouble with it at all.

Eldorado was reached with no trouble and we all had a drink. A couple of CLEAN motorcycles were even seen.

From there we set off for Wangaratta on good roads. I enjoyed the tour so far and was glad the Vienet family was represented by GRAEME. Trevor had gone north to the sun.

We left Wang and went a short distance down the Hume, turned off and went for a fang, speeds will not be printed. We stopped at Benalla to gas and I purchased a long scarf to encounter the evening cool. There was saw a prospective new member, Peter, on a new 750 Honda, joined up with us for the ride back to the big smoke.

There was plenty of traffic on the Hume on the way back and we all kept our eyes out for the MAN and we got home safely. We went to K Mart and all went our ways.

I must say that I enjoyed the run and hope that we have more of them. As Graeme Vienet said, "I bet you would not have taken YOUR Gold Wing over those TRACKS." He was right, I suppose.

When I dropped David off I got on the LIGHT Yam. Thanks Dave for a beaut ride on a superbly comfortable 628lb dirt bike.

DARREN ROOM