

## **JULY RUNS**

Sunday	4	Parents Day (Picnic/Barbecue) Jumping Creek Reserve. Warrandyte. KBCP 10.30am.
Sunday	11	Snow Trip. KBCP 9.00am. Lilydale 10.15am
Sunday	18	Special Tour. Wayne Fitzsimons. KBCP 9.30am
Sunday	25	Eildon for counter lunch. Lilydale 10.15am SHARP.

## **AUGUST**

Sunday	1	Vice Captain's Ride. 9.00am KBCP
Friday	6	General Meeting. Club Hall. Auction night. 8.15pm SHARP.

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**CLOSING DATE FOR ARTICLES FOR NEXT MAG IS 20<sup>th</sup> AUGUST 1982.**

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## **NOTE:**

Wilsons Prom cabin camping weekend (July 10-11) has been cancelled due to the overwhelming response – zilch! In its place will be a day trip to the snow. July 11 KBCP 9am. Lilydale 10.15am.

## **EDITORIAL - JULY 1982**

Just for a change we thought we might point out some of the current problems we are having in producing a mag each month. The first thing that set us on our heels was being told that stencils for our machine were unprocurable! We got over that one by going direct to the right wholesaler, therefore by-passing our local retailers idiosyncrasies!

In the process of all this sleuthing we discovered that our machine is of unknown vintage, operator &/or servicing instructions are unheard of, and spare parts, well, we won't talk about that anymore. The current distributor for Rec Rotary Duplicators (yes ours is a Rex) would not even acknowledge the model number that we have ever existed! Just as well we don't have any major problems with it. So far anything that has been deemed worn out has either been bushed or shimmed up until it more or less works, or, in one instance, a new ratchet pawl was made from scratch. However, the time will come-----.

Incidentally, while talking to the Rex distributors they pointed out that when we do decide to replace this machine we would most likely buy second-hand (new ones are \$800-\$1000), and that they will go out and inspect the machine we are interested in giving us a report covering condition of, possibility of restoring to original and cost of, and whether or not the machine represents value for money. A sort of RACV check for used duplicators!

The third (and final) problem is paper, the type the print you're reading is printed on. It seems that this size is no longer available 'off the shelf'. It is cut to order only. The stock replacement is A4 which is the same width but 44mm longer. We have enough stocks of quarto size to last until approximately Xmas. After that, a format change. That means a new cover so why not a new cover design? So after a discussion with the Committee, it was decided that if a member can come up with a design that is accepted by the club then that member shall be rewarded! So come on all you budding graphic artists, get to it!

Cheers  
Faye & Geoff.

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The club would like to welcome the new members who are:

Wayne Borg. 26 Jackman Cr., Keilor. Ph. 336-1360

Michael Cymbalist. 637 Moreland Rd, Pasco Vale South. Ph. 386-1331

Ross King. 23 Nicholson St, Essendon. Ph. 370-9479

Robert Marino. 12 Roebourne Cr, Campbellfield. Ph. 359-9952

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### **FOR SALE**

Suzi GSX 1100

23,000 k's

12 months registration, 4 into 1 pipe, excellent condition

\$2,550

Enquiries to Gary Vanraay. Ph. 80-1479.

Submitted by Bernadette

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### **AUCTION NIGHT**

Following the General Meeting on August 6<sup>th</sup> will be the annual club auction night. Time to delve into the depths and drag along all your old junk from used combs to blunt tow-nail clippers, bike stuff too if you like. Usual rules. Club takes a percentage; you get the rest.

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### **SLIDE NIGHT**

Following the General Meeting on September 3<sup>rd</sup> will be the opportunity to show us some of your slides. Any subject, but of course motorcycles preferred. No naked women – nobody is interested (!!!!!!!) Seriously though, to ensure that we get a fair cross section of members' slides you are only permitted to submit 15 slides for viewing.

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### **EASTER AT BEECHWORTH**

After Mick and Robyn left we went on a ride to Mt Beauty by the Falls Creek road. I was on the back of Ted's bike. Steve and Brenda, Marc and Chris went to the lookout while Peter, Ted, Frank and me stayed behind and rested after the road on the way up. From there we had a downhill race to Towonga Gap for a second breakfast where the Easter Bunny (Steve) came to us, giving us all Easter eggs. He also won the downhill race. While we were eating, a push bike rider who we had passed some time earlier, rolled up. He had apparently come from Brunswick.

After that we went to the Hume Weir trout farm to meet Brian who had left earlier and gone a different way. Just as we were leaving Brian took his bike off the stand and found that his back tyre lacked air. It was fixed in 30 minutes, and we were off to Albury, then Wodonga for lunch (fish and chips on the go) and fuel for the bikes and then back to Beechworth where we found Steve and Brenda who had left us at Towonga Gap to visit some friends at Porepunkah.

Fetching wood was a bit of a hassle, but we managed to get some from the Horse Riding Club who were fellow campers. By then it was getting dark and time for dinner. We all fixed our own, talked a bit and went to bed around 10pm.

The next day was going home day where we split up. Steve and I, Brenda, Chris, Marc and Frank went a queer way home from Beechworth to Myrtleford through Whitfield to Mansfield where we had lunch. From there to Jamieson where we went down a newly re-surfaced spur road to Eildon where we cut across to the Maroondah Highway and back to Melbourne. It was much more interesting that way, while the others Peter, Brian and Ted went along the boring old Hume Highway home.

**Pat V. back of Steve.**  
Kawasaki Z1100

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## **PARADISE FALLS**

About 13 people turned up for a rather cold ride to Paradise Falls. The ride was led by Mick Fagan and rear rider was Big "D". We proceeded out of the city and down Geelong Road at a leisurely pace making a fuel stop at Geelong for a few of the smaller bikes. Then off to the GOR. which was oddly enough dry, the rain holding off.

Lunch was at Apollo Bay after which it was the usual game of mini golf while some went for a bounce on some trampolines.

Mick had some trouble at the first hole (something about a defective putter) as the ball refused to go in the hole numerous times. A few more rolled up during lunch, a couple of newer riders to the club and Marc and Chris who apparently had some tyre problem with the Suzi. Ted won at mini golf, and then it was off to the "Falls?". We didn't see any Falls but it was a nice spot about 5km's out of Apollo Bay.

After a tour around Paradise and the regulation Mick Fagan group photo, it was back to Geelong for coffee and fuel via a winding dirt road through Turttons Pass, Barwon Downs and on to the Princes Highway. Riding back to Melbourne with all the Sunday drivers, we dispersed near the Westgate Bridge.

**Bruce R 75/6**

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## **OLD GIPPSTOWN**

Sunday morning dawned rather too early (as is usual), so I fiddled with the air monoshock and damping rate of the XV1000 in readiness for a last minute pillion, Nancy. Steve Verdon sponsored me with his spare helmet. All that remained was to convince Nancy that something other than "this goes with this and this goes with that" fashion is preferable when pillioning on a cool Sunday. After the first several hundred yards from her flat to the service station, she was only slightly less terrified and began muttering that she hoped her will was in order. I guess she wouldn't want relatives fighting over the fair and equitable division of her Tupperware.

Another fiddle with air pressure and damping after 200 yards with pillion and we set off for KBCP, by which time she had relaxed a little and circulation around my kidney area resumed. Around a dozen bikes were at KBCP and while awaiting late arrivals, out with the air gauge again. The permutations of air and damping, front and rear, provide more combinations than a Rubic cube; and still bottom out. I should have taken a blow-up lady pillion so I wouldn't acquire a load. (Er...Would you rephrase that? – Ed.)

Brian Milesi (BMW) led the ride and Geoff Morgan (two-up CX500) elected to ride at the rear. At Hallam, where a further dozen bikes joined the entourage, Nancy saw she had two good points in recognition of chill-factor at highway speeds and accepted my earlier suggestion of that slinky little number – the ‘Line-7’ coveralls.

Further down the Princes Highway, while not wanting to hold everyone up, I caught up to and prevailed upon the lead rider to stop near a loo. I needed one so badly, I could taste it. While successive relieved faces emerged from the ‘Ladies’ and ‘Gents’ I amused myself with a tractor-pulling exercise and found that, yes, by hooking my gearsack on Faye Morgan’s Honda 4 mirror, I could in fact almost pull her bike over.

At Moe, the group dined on the usual nutritious fare that abounds at roadside stops. “Eat here or Take-Away” the signs read, but you would hope to manage both.

Thus sated, we mounted the twenty-seven bikes and headed for ‘Old Gipps town’ on the edge of town. One of our enterprising members negotiated a group discount and we gained entrance at a reduced rate.

Although more compact than similar historic villages, I’m sure we all found it interesting. Most of the exhibits were authentic in their historical or antique worth, but some licence had been taken with the display of some items circa 1930-1940. For example, the doctor’s house was obviously built in the 30’s and the period furniture was ‘Early Laminex’.

The schoolroom with porcelain inkwells in the desks brought back memories of dunking little Mary Shagnasty’s locks as she scribbled studiously at the desk in front. I also found that not so many members recalled the occasional use of slates in class. Still, I’ll never lie about my age. If I live to be 30, I’ll never lie about my age.

Exhibits included a Printery, Firehouse, General Store, Police Station, Bank and an Undertaker’s, complete with various old horse-drawn and motorised hearses. Some meticulously restored coaches, carts, drays etc were well presented.

We crawled all over the steam locomotive at the railway station set-up and were amused to find that the two dilapidated carriages attached were the same as many still in use. However, they were authentic, dirty, leaked water and complete with slashed seats. I recall once on a suburban red-rattler seeing the fruitful labours of a Vic-Rail upholsterer where he had sewn up the slashed green upholstery. There it was, the ‘magic word’ beautifully embroidered in black thread.

We regrouped in the car park and Les Leahy (FT500) was coerced into leading us back by another route. So from Moe we travelled via Neerim, White’s Corner, and across 20km of bum-tightening greasy but firm, muddy road (where Faye Morgan continually harassed me in repayment for my earlier exercise) across to Yarra Junction. I was a little concerned for a couple of our L-Plate ladies – but no problems. Incidentally, why do pillions continually change their seating position while you’re in mid-muddy corner?

A few members revelled in the twisites, and I’m constantly amazed at just how far some scrapers can get it over. Ted (CB250 RS) I see, managed to grind away part of his handbrake lever and right indicator lens on the first bitumen bend after leaving the mud.

At Lilydale we broke the ride up and headed off home after a most enjoyable ride – but I’ll have to get that suspension sorted right after my teeth firm up again.

**Wayne (XV1000)**

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## **FOR SALE**

To suit CX 500

- Hallmark Pack and Rack \$40
- Workshop Manual \$5
- Set Cables (1 clutch, 2 throttle) NEW \$10
- Oil Filter (also suits other Hondas) \$1.50

Or \$50 the lot.

Wayne 478-0252.

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## **“BRUCE THE GOOSE” RIDE LEB BY DAWSO** (Oh sorry! Led by Craig Dawson)

I joined the ride at Warrandyte where I had been watching the canoes slalom race. With Craig leading the back way to Yarra Glen, a number of bikes were seen going sideways. I nearly ran into the back of Mick as he was trying to see how slowly he could go down a very slippery slope. But he heard the abuse and took off as I slid past. At one corner I saw Porky's 1100 Kwaka doing a number of 180's, all the way down the road. When he stopped he was seen taking his boots off and shaking his legs.

From Yarra Glen to Mt Slide to Toolangi and then the short cut to Narbethong. Shorter in miles, not in time. Very slippery tracks. A Z650 was seen going down the track without a rider. That was the only damaging drop of the day.

Then came the hill, THE HILL THAT MICK FAGAN REFUSED TO GO DOWN. Craig had pre-run the ride the previous day and had fallen off five times on this hill. I decided to have a go, thinking that perhaps then Mick would. After about 20 feet, I heard "Look out" Then Craig flew past. But without his bike. Seems he decided to race me down. Well, after sitting there on my bike watching him surpassing his yesterday's record, I went down very steadily and did not come off, much to everybody's disappointment.

The sensible riders detoured around the hill and met us at the bottom. From there we rode to a car park on the edge of the road where Craig lined up for a race. This car park was a mud pan. Well, yours truly was first on his arse, much to everybody's delight. Who won? I'm not sure, but everyone was slip, sliding along.

Then to Narbie for lunch. At the end of 'Pick on Mick' time, a decision was made for the mounting of a plaque on the hill. Mick was mouthing about going back, but we had by then decided to go home as it was cold and raining. Back through the Spur to the car wash, where Craig invited the ride back to his house for coffee. Most declined, as we were all pretty wet, tired and cold.

Thanks for a challenging ride, Craig.

**Tom**

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## **NURDPOWER** continued

**R IS FOR RELIGIOUS BELIEFS:** Nurds hardly ever go to church but do attend Carols by Candlelight. They believe in the existence of 'some form of higher power' which they think may be 'Pure Energy' or even "The Universe Itself". Although not formally religious, they always carry magnetic St. Christopher medals whenever they travel.

**S IS FOR STUDY HABITS:** They generally matriculate from Taylor's or third-rate public schools like Ivanhoe Grammar or Essendon Grammar, although they can be found at high schools nurd courses include Microbiology, Geography, Psychology, and second year Medicine. At the start of the year they all buy the Faculty Handbook and then ALL the textbooks listed before discovering that the lecturers have changed and none of these books are relevant anymore. In third year they cover their texts with brown paper and plastic decorated with colour plates of small domestic animals or wildflowers.

They read books and newspaper articles on "How to Study" and 'How to Prepare for the Exams' variety, often cutting them out and putting them on the wall. They study in a warm quiet room with a study desk light and another light falling over their left shoulder. They sit in a comfortable, straight-backed chair. Their pockets are always full of study guide notes or closely written index cards to study on the tram or train.

**T IS FOR TELEVISION:** Nurds don't watch much TV but favourite programs include 'Sow What' and those 'historical' BBC plays. They also like 'The Muppets' and when alone they watch 'The Partridge Family' because they are secretly in love with Susan Day. They don't watch Channel 0 because they can't understand the language that the sub-titles are in. They prefer Mastermind to The Sale of the Century because the latter show is 'merely concerned with money and greed'.

**U IS FOR UNDERWEAR:** They wear Chesty Bond singlets, always remembering that the label goes in front. For summer they wear PTU underpants featuring novel patterns such as guns or vintage cars. In winter they wear warm baggy underpants. They never refer to their underwear as 'unmentionables', however this is not very important as no one else does either.

**V IS FOR VEHICLES:** (1) Cars – preferred makes are V-Dubs and Minis. The interiors are neatly kept and feature sheepskin seat covers bought by Mum for Christmas, and dangling deodorant strips. When Nurds leave their car, they always check the door locks about seven times. (2) Bicycles – the definitive nurd method of transport. Before riding their bike the nurd dons a helmet, bicycle clips and a yellow raincoat with about forty strips of reflective material on it. The bicycle itself has about seventeen gears and three or four headlights and taillights.

**W IS FOR WALLET CONTENTS:** Nurds carry clip over wallets made from genuine pigskin, with the free card filled in with their name, address and telephone number. Their Union card is always prominently displayed and there is always a third card with blood group and kidney donation in case of sudden death.

**X IS FOR XYLOPHONE:** Nurds have no particular feelings about xylophones.

**Y IS FOR Y-LESS:** Nurds always listen to 3AR or 3LO on the y-less (they never say radio). Short-wave and CB buffs are inevitably Nurds.

**Z IS FOR ZEBRA:** (1) noun: striped horse-like quadruped. (2) noun: striped street crossing where pedestrians have precedence over street traffic.

Submitted by Keith Finlay.

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## **LAND OF THE KIWIS – PART 2**

My arrival in the celebrated North Island was welcomed by the best windy and cloudy conditions that good old Windy Wellington could muster. This type of weather was to be my constant companion for nearly three weeks. The trip up the west coast to Wanganui was a true delight of

fluctuating crosswinds that hampered my speed and the bike all the way. We were soon greeted by rain as well and I arrived thoroughly wet (my Belstaff had a few leaks) and booked into a cabin to dry off. That night and the next day were spent alternating clothing in the oven. The Belstaff jacket was repaired by bike patches and looks absolutely stunning.

Dry again, I headed for Waitara where the motorists have to give right of way to ducks. Amazing these Kiwis. Due to suspect weather, I again bedded down in the cabin where you were greeted each morning (including lunch and dinner) by hordes of ducks waiting for leftovers. Freeloaders! I spent an enjoyable day in a pub meeting the locals and also watching the Aussies beat the Kiwis in a one-day match. Great stuff.

The Kiwis were fascinated by the Guzzi and by the lone Aussie lass (for a change). Hopeful of better weather I headed further north straight for Auckland but unfortunately found more of the same. Someone up there didn't like me. Good news was more letters from home that helped to brighten things up. One friendly caravaner feeling sorry for a bedraggled lass in a small tent, offered me the run of the caravan while they weren't there. To top off the hospitality, I was wine and dined in style. Great stuff!

I was very surprised by the size of Auckland and the huge variety of shops. Clothes and the petrol (67c litre) appeared to be the most expensive items to buy. After a 3-hour excursion in the city I found a pink ticket on the bike. The fine was a ridiculous \$4. What a joke when you consider our fines.

After drying the tent and some clothes in the dryer I ventured north to Whangarei where I bumped into some guys I met in Auckland. I forgot to mention that my pronunciation of most of the town names left the Kiwis bewildered to say the least. I gave up and just started pointing at places I wanted to go to on the map. Meanwhile back at Whangarei I had a nice sunny day and spent a very liquored dinner with the guys.

There were some picturesque waterfalls outside the town but nothing else of much interest so I moved steadily up to Kaitara, one of the last points of civilisation of the top north area. From here you must take a bus trip up to the northern most point of New Zealand, namely, Cape Reinga. The bus initially travels for about 50km on the beach and then ventures up a stream and rejoins the main dirt road. Trail bikers would be in seventh heaven around there.

After taking photos of where the Indian and Pacific Oceans join and buying the usual souvenirs, the bus party departed for lunch and home in that order. Waking up in the morning I discovered that the ground had sunk under the bike and it was now on its side all locked up. A huge Swedish lass gave me a hand to right it but I'm sure she could have lifted it by herself with no effort.

Next morning I departed for the east coast and Pahia (that town I can pronounce). Pahia is the home of the fabulous Bay of Islands tours. The Guzzi and I enjoyed the ride through the mountains via the coastal road to Pahia and the good weather made it all the more satisfying. The future looked rosy.

I booked on a gigantic Catamaran for a tour of the Islands for the next day. While waiting to board the Cat, down came the rain. It rained so heavily that I barely saw the beaches and bays of the many islands, but you could easily imagine the beauty of the place on a sunny day. Not to be missed.

Meanwhile back at the camp a wet bike and a wet tent confronted me. It continued raining all night and I eventually went to sleep to be awoken by the water-bed sensation of the tent floor. I quickly scooped up everything and splashed my way across to the TV room. Soon everything was hanging around the room to dry. I was just hoping that the ground under the bike wouldn't sink. A couple making breakfast in the kitchen took pity on me and I helped them eat their food and coffee.

Next morning saw the bike submerged up to its pedals and a tent floating merrily next to it. (I had camped in a slight hollow thinking I had finally outrun the rain). It would have been nice to put the bike in the dryer with everything else. Boy, I was spending some money on dryers! My clothes were shrinking and the Guzzi was rusting away. I want to go home.

I hurriedly left the sunny north and began my trek southward to Orewa on the coast. I absolutely refused to camp again until I was certain it wasn't going to rain so I booked into a caravan for the night. It was so marvellous and dry.

Further south I moved to Thames and collected more wonderful letters from home. The beaches are again a brownish colour and quite rocky, but the coastal road was nice and windy. I stayed here two nights in a great little cabin. (I was getting quite paranoid about rain at this stage.).

I moved on to the thermal centre at Rotorua and courageously decided to pitch a tent while trying to fend off inquisitive ducks. It is a truly amazing sight to see thermal gases escaping from gutters and people's backyards. The camp had its own hot mineral spa which was absolutely delicious except that it turned all my sterling jewellery brown.

A tourist must is Hell's Gate, a huge active thermal area open to the public. For a fee of \$3 you see boiling mud pools, hot waterfalls, geysers and steaming lakes and get to take as many pictures as you want. The whole area seethes with gaseous clouds which give off a sickly smell (locals are immune).

There was a great piece of road outside Rotorua to a buried village, the result of volcanic action last century. You get to wander around by yourself, and the half-excavated stone huts are really very interesting.

There was also an invigorating walk down and up a mountain face (only for people insensitive to pain). I collapsed at the top and needed about four cups of tea to revive me. Waking up next morning I was greeted by the rain and found it impossible to pack up. A family in the next caravan invited me in for coffee until the rain stopped. I was there for lunch, bed and breakfast as it turned out to be a truly beastly day. What lifesavers!

Eventually everything was dry and I trekked back to the coast and rode along the east cape area. While riding along the first part of the coast you can see White Island (an active volcano) and its thick spiralling clouds. Amazing!

It was an excellent road to Te Araroa on the tip of the East Cape where I again roughed it in a cabin. Next day I meandered down south to Gisborne, a very interesting place for one day. The town is a reasonable size and has a great Chinese restaurant. Most of the Māori's here appear to thrive on Kentucky Fried Chicken (some of them are absolutely huge).

I moved steadily southward around the coast to Napier, but unfortunately, I missed the main highway (which is not unusual for me) and ended up on a third-rate road with lots of sharp bumpy corners. This road was great compared with the gravel road which awaited me. It was so deep in parts there were no discernible wheel ruts. I always wanted to be a trail blazer.

Eventually, Napier was sighted, and the weather finally decided to smile on me. The tent was pitched in a super caravan park that had fantastic facilities, the best I saw in New Zealand. Life seemed good. Apart from the park-like surroundings, nice people and good restaurants, there was little else to do except lie in the sun. Surprisingly, for all Napier's good weather, the beaches are lousy. They consist of black sand and rocks. What a waste!

After leaving sunny Napier, Windy Wellington was next. Clouds and the wind on the plains appeared to be steadily building up. I had to go along a mountainous road to reach Wellington and I was certainly glad the wind was calm. On windy days, motorcyclists are banned from this road.



One more day and I wouldn't have been able to get through. Someone was looking out for me. The camping ground at Lower Hutt was worse than its reputation and I took a cabin for the night.

I had a tour around Wellington but had trouble finding Mt Victoria (nothing new, I was always getting lost). Being a Sunday, nothing was open, but the shops looked quite trendy.

Next morning saw clouds, wind and rain and I hurriedly packed in between showers and quickly took off for the Rail Ferry terminus. The sign in the booking office said a 'slightly rough' crossing was expected on Cook Strait. Thank goodness for fellow bikies that helped to strap the Guzzi down. Nothing had prepared me for the nightmare crossing. The huge, white-topped waves rose and dipped, and the whole ship swayed and creaked. It was hard to see most people's faces as they were covered with little white bags. I was certainly glad I had only fruit for breakfast. Sitting down was bad, so I went on deck for fresh air and I was soon damp from the sea spray, but nothing would make me go back inside. Fortitude reigned supreme and the little white bag eluded me (I still don't know how I survived). I had some lunch with the motorcyclists in Picton and headed off with them through the mountains towards Christchurch.

A really mean wind through the mountain cutting played havoc with the Guzzi so I had to book into a motel for the night. The wind howled all night and I bit my nails to the elbows in fright of the coming morning ride.

The wind was not so fierce in the afternoon, so I headed off, finally, to my journey's end in Christchurch. The bike was despatched to the airport on 17 March and I had to prepare it myself as they don't have engineers there. The 18<sup>th</sup> March arrived and so did the Air New Zealand flight to Aussieland.

After being away for seven weeks I felt more like a visitor than a resident. I was completely disorientated. Luckily, I was met by a familiar face. The Guzzi was reassembled and I was soon travelling home.

After the placid driving habits of the Kiwis, I was quite nervous with the quick, aggressive style of Melbourne's maniacal drivers.

The good points of my trip were the camp facilities available. Namely, community kitchens, TV rooms and games rooms. Because of the community style living, people are generally more friendly and helpful. Also, the Maoris are fully integrated and accepted into society and I saw no evidence of racial prejudice. Possibly, we could learn something from the Kiwis. On the negative side, are the rotten gravel roads and the way highways are used as cattle runs and, of course, the weather. Nevertheless, New Zealand is a great place to visit, especially the Fiordland area in the South Island and the Bay of Islands and the East Cape in the North Island.

Good luck to any potential travellers!

**Susan Jean**

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Seeing as you're reading this (unless the mag has been mailed to you) you will no doubt have noticed that we have changed Halls. Unfortunately, we got very little notice of the need to move and obviously were unable to notify everyone. To those of you who are reading this info and want to pass it on to those who are not, or to those who are lost by the dramatic move around the corner, the address is 132 STATION ST FAIRFIELD.

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Don't forget the Auction Night next month. Bring all your junk and plenty of money, 25 or 30 \$2 notes and a similar number of 20c coins should suffice! (???). Cheques will be accepted if you are

worried by carting around all that loot. The club cops 10% of the sale price for their trouble. Of course, if you are feeling generous you may donate all of the sale price to the club funds – the Treasurer won't mind!

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Somewhere in this mag someone asked why pillions always change their position in mid-muddy corners. Well I think I've got the answer. It's all a matter of insecurity! To reassure themselves they wait until mid-muddy corner, and you are really tippy toe, then move so that when you don't promptly dump them in the mud their confidence in your ability is so boosted that they can relax and enjoy the scenery – until the insecure feeling starts to return. Then we go through the whole rigmarole again etc.

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