

GOOD VIBRATIONS July 1975

EDITORIAL

* * * * Another month goes by, and Chris Thorn has dropped it again. We hear he fell off on the Walhalla run on Sunday 29th. He was apparently posing for a photo. Well done, Chris!

* * * * Hear Russell McMennemim got a sock in the puss at a party recently, while running around trying to kiss all the guys. We suggest you hang round the public toilets, Russell, you may have more luck.

* * * * Congratulations are due to the Social Secretary's brother, and club members, Briand Ahern, who has just won the Australian Tae Kwon Do Championship. He's now off to Korea soon to fight in the World Titles. His departure should bring a cheer from Little Mick, no doubt.

* * * * Also at a recent party, Dennis McKenzie was so inebriated that he pissed in the host's fridge. Would you believe a sideways – opening toilet seat?

* * * * Don't forget the club's Dinner Dance on Saturday 12th July, to be held at "Bogart's", 504 Victoria St, North Melbourne. It's only \$7 per head, so contact Linda on 5699328 as soon as possible, to make your reservation.

* * * * The Secretary has asked us to mention that the bulk of the leading on last month's runs was by Les and Big Daddy. As the last month has not been particularly good weather wise, our appreciation goes out to them for a job well done.

* * * * Mick and Katrina are at present rooting their way happily around Queensland and New South Wales. It appears they are having no end of trouble with their BM's, as Mick has dropped a valve on his and the condenser on the 750 packed up. Much hitch hiking to make repairs, etc.

* * * * Rusty the red headed wart came down to Melbourne for the weekend from Darwin to, quote: "Get away from all the women up there". Or was it really to look up a few old girlfriends, eh Rusty? And just where did you lose your return ticket?

* * * * Would anyone like to buy a good, green 500/4 Honda? If interested, see Margaret or contact her on 867666.

David Cumming.....Margaret Peart

DAY TRIAL

For the information of those members who have never attended a Day trial before, the following points may be of interest.

1. The purpose of the Trial is for members to follow a set of instructions, answering questions along the way, and to eventually find their way to a pre-determined point.
2. The instruction sheet is designed to make you use your wits, so don't complain if you do get lost.
3. Some instructions use names which are synonymous to the actual clue, so watch for them.
4. As we have to get to the first check point before the first rider (this means the organisers), no entries will be accepted any later than 9.40am on Sunday 6th July.

This year there is no TIME LIMIT and no maps will be required. However, if you're one who does get lost easily, a map may be handy.

AN INVITATION TO MEMBERS

On July 13th, 1975, the Club is holding a run to Blackwood, and Anthony Rae (with the Suzi 380) has extended an invitation to all members attending to visit during the day the Essendon Technical School camp at "Greendale".

It appears that Anthony's parents manage the Camp, and have offered to provide tea, coffee and scones for afternoon tea to all those present. This is a very kind invitation by Anthony and his parents, which I am sure will be appreciated by all those in attendance.

WEEKEND AT MT GAMBIER

If you had said that it would take a full day to travel from Melbourne to Mt Gambier, I would have said you were wrong. But it happened twice, there and back.

Only a self-indoctrinated optimist would have expected anything better than the drizzle which surrounded me on the way to the Shell Service station at Laverton. There was a surprising abundance of motorcycles already there waiting to go, but a quick count tallied only nine, which was closer to realms of credibility. After a quick briefing session (as nearly half the group were new to the club) we set off into conditions which were to become even more wet and cold.

At Geelong the roads dried out, but it was only the first change in a day long cat and mouse game with continual storms. Travelling at a fairly brisk pace we soon passed through Colac and on to Camperdown for the first stop. Here we waited and waited and then word arrived that Frank's Honda outfit had thrown a chain. Now this is generally a matter of pick the said chain up from the roadway and bung it back on the bike. But no! Nothing is quite that simple for Honda. First the said chain rushed forward cleverly ventilating the crankcase then it whips back, wrapping around the rear sprocket and anything else in sight. This causes the gearbox to come to a sudden halt. At this stage the owner takes his cheque book from his pocket and begins writing.

Quite soon Dick arrived at the service station with Frank riding pillion on the Bee Em, mumbling something about "should've bought something with shaft-drive" They then had to return to Melbourne for a car and trailer and then come back to pick up the outfit. A really most unfortunate weekend for the brothers Bloxham.

While we were waiting at Camperdown, Ken (750 Honda with pink windshield) arrived from the opposite direction looking very begrimed and tired. You see, he was on his way home from Perth, would you believe? Ken told us something that I have known for years; anyone who rides to Perth and back on a motorcycle is bloody crazy!

So now there were seven.

Next stop was Heywood and here we met Brendan's sister who was also going to Mt Gambier to meet up with Brendan, Sally, Vincent and Paul. Somewhere or somehow Bob and Kathy also got into the picture and next morning they all disappeared just as mysteriously as they had come. Beggared if I can understand what was happening!

Saturday night, after extracting the mandatory half hour, we had a very pleasant meal at the Copper Grill room of a pub in town. That night was very mild (which coming from me means that there

must nearly have been a heatwave) and many a silent thought was given to our comrades in the Snowy Mountains, as they were probably freezing theiroff! (Not so, Les! – typist)

Sunday there was a road race meeting at McNamara Park, to which most of us trotted along. The “Sons of Rejection” and the “Iroquois” had similar ideas. Both groups getting smashed out of their tiny brains.

A guy called G. Pretty on a Kwaka 900 (he was camped right near us at the Queen Elizabeth grounds) proceeded to circulate the track blowing everyone else to the weeds. Bill Horsman came out for a lap of practice and was never sighted again, not even in the pits. Mick would have been rapt in the 750 BMW which had been stripped and set up as a racer; unfortunately the jockey was a little short on talent and was busy competing with other guys seeing who would come last. He generally had the honour.

That night the oldies went to bed early for plenty of sleep, while the new youngies picked up a bit of local fluff and went to bed for anything BUT sleep.

Monday morning, everything was pretty well packed up and stowed away by 9am. By 11am we had made it as far as the gate of the camping ground. You see, adjusting chains isn't easy when you're a novice at the game.

The morning air was sharp and crisp, the sun was shining first time for the weekend, we had set a cracking pace for 50km and uh oh! There was a miniature Greg Smith in my rear view mirror waving his arms around for me to stop. James (now on a completely chopped Harley hog) had cleverly positioned the wire end of a bungee cord so as to penetrate the side wall of his rear tyre, thus causing a sudden release of air from the inner tube.

As Tom, Greg and myself sat by the roadside deliberating how long we would wait before going back, a utility with James and Harley aboard, hotly pursued by three motorcyclists rushed past. Now if you think that anybody who rides a chopper Harley is going to carry all that shit like a spare inner tube or patches or any tools, you've gotta have rocks in your head, baby! Fortunately, a very kind gentleman at Casterton produced an old car tyre of appropriate size and a tube. By this time we were averaging roughly 20kmph so we bade farewell to James as he commenced to repair his bike and pressed on to what little there was left of the day. Hamilton, Peshurst, Mortlake, all whizzed past and our arrival at Geelong was only marred by a Plod flagging us down in the middle of the highway. First he was clever, then he was patronising with his friendliness, then he was philosophical. Oh do piss off, Mr Plod.

It was hamburgers and coffee all round at Geelong and then onward into the bumper to bumper traffic all the way to Melbourne. Two keynotes from the weekend: firstly, the Blue Lake was anything but blue owing to the grey winter skies; secondly, the incredible patience of Big D who acted as rear rider on both marathon journeys. The delays would have tried the patience of any a lesser man.

Les Leahy

THE REEFTON SPUR, MARYSVILLE SCENIC TOUR AND SNOW TRIP

What a bloody good ride it was! Started out as a normal run with abnormally good weather. Formaldehyde led, with Bob Evans as rear rider, and we travelled to Lilydale at a legal speed except for a savage 500/4 rider (dig!) Picking up the peasants at Lilydale we continued on through Warburton to the Upper Yarra Dam. After everyone had said “Oooh! Isn't it nice and big!” we went, on account of the fact we were all itching to go up the Reefton Spur road, as it promised to be dry. It was and it wasn't. Blind corners, dry corners turning to wet ones round the other side, wet corners and good old dry ones.

At the end of the Spur road we were at Cumberland Junction, which turned out to be good fun on account of the fact there was a bit of loose snow lying around. Those who were there played a game called "Here comes one, hit him!"

Then we sorted to Marysville where we had lunch. On the way there we were treated to some beautiful looking snowdrifts which were pure white, whilst in the background dark green fern trees were a direct contrast, the whole lot being topped off by brilliant sunshine filtering through the trees.

It was during lunch that a unanimous decision of "Let's go to Lake Mountain" was made. Arriving at the top of the mountain there was snow everywhere. One corner which was about an acre in size was covered in snow. Before we could enjoy ourselves Keith fell off his Four, followed by a 500/4 six feet behind. Although only travelling slowly both fell heavily. (It's those wide bars, Keith!)

Les Leahy, who had never seen snow before, got snow-itis and was seen eating snow all day except when ducking snowballs. All the peoples then had a ball throwing balls at each other, snow type that is! Someone had a profile shot at Dick and took his glasses off as the snowball went past.

On account of the fact we were all buggered and it was getting late, we went home, via the Black Spur with Les leading. It was while going home that a few peoples played "Let's see how fast Les can go!" While this is alright sometimes, it was unfair to Les who had to stick to a speed limit on account of the fact that he was leading a bike club.

People who want to bitch about the last paragraph see me, and I will explain in greater detail. That, then, was the account of a good day's ride in which all the peoples present had a bloody good time. I reckon it was the best ride for the year so far.

Mick – R60/5

KRYAL CASTLE

About nineteen bikes met at KBCP for the run to Kryal Castle, just outside Ballarat. Leaving the car park at 10.30am with Les leading and Big Daddy as rear rider, we headed for the Western Highway, having a good run all the way to the Castle.

Upon paying \$1.50 entrance fee, everyone went in their own direction looking through the souvenir shops etc. In one shop you could have your profile sketched for \$2.50 (children \$2!) Or buy a painting for two to three hundred dollars. Lyn and I decided just to watch the sketcher do his thing, and he was very good, too. There was a pottery shop, leather and fur shop where you could buy moccasins, handbags etc; an armoury where you could purchase a miniature horse shoe with your initials on it for 40c and if you ever wanted to master the art of archery, here was your chance, twelve arrows for \$1.00. There was an assortment of armour worn by knights and dresses worn by fair maidens, crowns worn by kings and queens, jewellery, swords, etc. There was a throne of some sort made of wood and looking rather uncomfortable to sit on. Worse than the pillion seat of a 500 Four on a bumpy road, no doubt (agree Lyn).

Aware that the price of food was rather steep we decided to move on to Ballarat for lunch. Sir Roger (as he would have been called in days of old, but I'm not sure about today) was the only person who ate at the Castle. \$4.50 bought him soup, savoury roast or some such thing, and apple strudel. At Ballarat everyone settled down for lunch. Sir Roger was interested in someone's cheeseburger and decided to get one for himself. I wonder where he puts it all.

Leaving Ballarat with trusty Les (sorry, I mean Sir Les) at the lead, we returned to Melbourne via Trentham (where we stopped for refreshments and were looked over by the local law enforcer from

the safety of his sturdy chariot) and the Calder Highway, hitting a few miles of dirt roads, much to the delight of two trail bike riders. The road wasn't bad really, except for a few areas where there were quite a few loose stones. We had a good run home until a few miles outside Keilor where heaps of those four wheel monsters cluttered up the road.

To sum up the trip, no mishaps that I know of, the rain held off but the wind was pretty chilly. In my opinion the Castle was a little disappointing, but I think everyone had a jolly good time.

Ed's Comment: No mention was made of the Chastity Belts for which the Castle is famous, or did the boys just buy up all the spare keys?

Pat & Lyn – Honda 500 four

THE STORY OF DOGS

The dogs once held a meeting
They came from near and far
Some came in taxi cabs
Others came by car
But before inside the meeting hall
They weren't allowed to look
Cause they had to take their arse-holes off
And hang them on a hook
Hardly were they seated
Each mother son and sire
Some dirty yellow son of a bitch
Began to holler "FIRE"!
They all rushed out in a bunch
Without no time to look
Each one of them at random
Grabbed an arse-hole off a hook
That is why, you would see
When you walk down any street
Every dog would swap a smell
With any dog he meets
That is why any dog
Would leave a big fat bone
And go to sniff an arse-hole
In the hope he finds his own!

WANTED

A GT 250 Suzuki workshop manual, preferably not a Clymer-1974. Contact the Secretary if you can help.

The following is an account of a run that Mike Davis had on his recent trip to England.

A RIDE WITH WINDMILL MOTORCYCLE CLUB

Thanks to the courtesy of the Windmill MCC, and one of its members, John Radford, I was able to go on an evening run with them during my short stay in England. This was on Friday June 6th; the Club meets every Friday in the small village of Mark Cross, in Sussex, about 65km south of London. Usually they have a get together in the village hall, but tonight there was a run down to the Sussex coast at Hastings.

John's bike, a Honda 750, was the only Japanese one that night; the others were two Nortons, two Trumpy's, an ancient, but restored, AJS of '61 vintage and a BMW 90S. I was expecting more bikes, as my arrival in England coincided with a weeklong heatwave with temperatures up to 25C or so. (If you think that's low, remember that a few days earlier cricket matches had to be postponed because of snow on the ground.

In true club fashion, we rode through incredibly green and lush Sussex countryside at around 110-120kmh, slowing to about 80 for the speed zones (47kmh) in the villages and towns. The roads are narrow, winding and undulating; the "rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road". Bit hairy, until you get used to it. The high hedges on each side of the road (no dirt shoulder) added to the spice of the ride.

Hastings was reached in just over half an hour, and we parked close to the shingle beach where two of the hardier members went for a swim in the rather cold sea. Steve's Norton had developed a massive oil leak (typically British??); whilst trying to fix it an interesting fact emerged – there wasn't a single service station open in Hastings at 8.30pm on a Friday night in a popular holiday resort.

After the beach, most of us adjourned to the pub and sank a few lagers. Around 10.30pm the party broke up, and I took the 750 along the coast to Brighton where I stayed whilst in England.

Overall impressions? Well, the preponderance of British bikes surprised me, in view of the well-publicised problems of the NVT group.

No corner markers or rear riders – but the roads are so narrow that one couldn't "mark" a corner without obstructing other traffic. Anyway, there are so many corners and intersections that the club would run out of markers before the road ran out of corners!

Mike Davis

ISLE OF MAN TT 1975

(From our overseas correspondent, Peter Sanders)

Finishing work at noon on Friday, I headed Herman, my trusty BMW sidecar, towards the East/West corridor – the roads you are allowed to use when in transit between West Germany and West Berlin. Within half an hour I was working my way along the undulating surface to Helmstedt 120 miles away. Two things strike you about driving in the East:-

1. What few cars there are, are either ancient or weird two-stroke things;
2. The autobahns are bloody awful – sort of like that inevitable bit of dirt road that mysteriously turns up on every MSCAV run.

Got to Helmstedt in the West without any trouble, a record for me as I was getting to the stage where I couldn't go around the block without something falling off somewhere! Heading steadily

westwards this is the first time I have not minded the coming of night. Nothing superstitious, it's just that BM's of old don't have really great lights. I have fitted a Lucas 340 watt alternator mounted externally and driven by a V belt from a pulley on the crankshaft. Coupled to this is a 12v Cibie headlight which means that I can now see where I am going, as opposed to the previous situation where a half-dead glow worm crawled out of the headlight and collapsed, exhausted, about a foot in front of the wheel.

By the time I reached Maastricht I had a slight headache, so stopped the night and continued in the morning, refreshed. On the ferry I met a couple of Germans who could actually understand me. As they were going to a Youth Hostel in the centre of London, I led them, as it is right near where I used to live when in England. After dinner I went up to where I used to live and got fixed up with a bed (floor space) for the week. Had a good time visiting friends and going round to some of my favourite folk clubs. Managed to talk Dawn, one of the girls in the house, into coming with me, so I had a bit of...company! It was fantastic being back on the Isle of Man again – the whole atmosphere is really incredible, and almost impossible to convey to anyone who hasn't been there.

I won't bother with the results as by now you will all know, anyway. Suffice to say that Grant's 109mph lap was very well received as was the sidecar lap of 98mph by Schauzu. The weather was good for Saturday's production race over 10 laps which was won again by that incredible Trident, nicknamed Slippery Sam.

Sunday we went to the other side of the island for the Velocette Owners' rally. I have never seen so many Velo's – fabulous. Monday poured with rain and hail, so the races were put off till the next day. Fortunately the weather was better and the races went on as scheduled Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Thursday wasn't very good but for Friday's races the sun came out and the temperature reached 80F. It was almost like being at home!

We stayed on for a restful day on Saturday, staying in a hotel for the night, so that we could get away early Sunday morning – we had been camping and we would not have had enough time to pack our gear to be ready for loading at 7.45am, as we are both notoriously late risers. Besides, it was good to get one good night's sleep!!

We caught the ferry as planned, getting back to Liverpool at about 2 in the afternoon. Away we went only to run out of petrol after only ¼ of a mile. I found a tin then went walking around Liverpool returning about an hour later with enough of the good stuff (no, not BEER) to get to the next garage.

Going down the motorway, Herman was spitting back through the carb and misfiring a bit as well, so I took it very easily, finally getting back to London about ten that night. On Monday, I checked the tappets, which were tight on the side that was spitting back through the carb. The timing was also a bit out.

I finally left London a little after midnight Monday, getting to Dover about 3am. I had to wait till 4.30am to load, then I went straight to a bench to get some sleep, as I expected that I would only get back to Berlin just about in time to start work on Wednesday morning.

Riding towards Holland and Germany I was greeted by blacker and blacker skies, until eventually it poured. After about 30 minutes, it stopped, and from there till about Hannover I was riding through showers on and off.

Dawn had made me some sandwiches to eat on the way, also some coffee, half of which I had dispensed with at Dover. I didn't touch the rest till I got to the corridor from West Germany to West Berlin through East Germany.

I have never seen so many cars lined up in my life. Nearly one mile of cars two abreast going through to Berlin. I put the time to great use, finishing off Dawn's sandwiches, as the queue filed

slowly past the checkpoint that was issuing visas and stamping passports. Near Berlin, the East jinx struck and I pulled into the side of the road with a full petrol tank – the only trouble was that it was full of air, not petrol! A friendly native helped out here and I continued on to Berlin without further mishap.

I started work Wednesday morning as planned and about an hour later smashed my head open on some concrete. Four stitches later I was off work till the 27th June. Ah well – so be it!!

Peter Sanders

MT GAMBIER

At 7.45am a group of us left for the SA border, well rugged up and with Les on the Motto Guzzi in the lead. The weather, as you may guess, was not the best. All was well until about 14km from Camperdown, where Frank (Dick's brother) on his red 750 outfit threw a chain, which went through the crankcase and jammed this gearbox, so putting an end to their trip, and an expensive one at that.

We met Ken Markham on his 750/4 who was just returning from his trip over to Perth, and he informed us that Mt. Gambier was being invaded by bikies. Well, it looked like it was going to be some trip!

At Heywood lunch was had, after having been over roads that were made for motorcycling. After half an hour we continued and it was not long before we were on the outskirts of Mt Gambier, where Bob and Kath joined us in their old bomb and followed us to the camping site. When passing the lake, we found it was not BLUE, as usual, but brown, which is not uncommon, as it is this way until about November each year. Tents up, we went for a counter tea, smorgasbord-style, getting our money's worth. As it was very crowded we left after about an hour as people were queuing up.

On Sunday, we visited the caves, the Leg of Mutton Lake, then travelled out about 8 miles to watch the bike races for the remainder of the day. It was a loopy sort of track, with one straight stretch, where we stood as we could watch them zoom past then scrape through the corners, with John hoping for someone to come off, in order that he could get a good action shot. A couple of renegade groups that were present, I noticed, were the Highwaymen and the Iroquois, but they kept well apart, thank God! We left around 4 for camp, to miss the congestion. Had a quiet evening at camp to end off the day.

Monday we broke camp at ten going towards Casterton, when blow me down! James on the chopper punctured the tyre and tube. It was absolutely lucky for him that a ute came along offering help. Strong hands put the bike in the back and they took it in to Casterton, where he had a car tyre fitted, which he was fortunate enough to get, as it was an odd size.

While this was done, the rest of us moved on to Hamilton, where we refuelled and headed on to Lismore to have lunch, but owing to a certain chain of events this finally didn't happen, because when we got there the woman proprietor served us petrol and refused us anything to eat because we were bikies. During all this Andrew showed us how to crash land his bike in the gutter in an effort to park it. The reason for the reception was that some bike gang terrorised the district during the weekend, so we left quietly, but bloody hungry.

Got down the road only to be stopped once more by the police, who were looking for a group that sped through at about 80 on the Saturday. We eventually got to Geelong for afternoon tea, and departed making our own way back as the traffic was very heavy all the way, so ending a very good weekend.

Big Daddy

This article was stolen from the R.M.I.T.M.C.C., for which we extend our gratitude.

Twas Fearless Fred from Milligostead that leapt upon his Trumpy,
A 1914 sidevalve banger that ran a little lumpy.

With watery eyes and nerves of gel he pattered down the road
A little on the nervous side for he's off to meet sweet Nell.

Six foot six she stands in boots as solid as a rock
And when she gets him in a bed she tends to bruise his cock.

But on he goes for meet he must a pledge he solemnly vowed,
A promise to his dear old folks by which he'll make them proud.

And as he rounds a dusty bend he gives a little laugh
For standing there is little Nell directly in his path.

I'll scare this girl thinks Fearless Fred as he opens up the throttle
She'll piss herself so bloody much she'll fill a gallon bottle.

But suddenly he hits a bump and the bike starts going wild
And the Trumpy takes it on itself to head straight for that child.

Poor Nell now sees her fearful flight and not sure what to do
Just lifts her dress and closes her eyes and hopes that that will do.

And luck is there for between her legs the Trumpy plummets by
But not so lucky is poor old Fred who cops a fanny in the eye.

So let this story tell you all that show offs never win
And sooner or later they'll be putting your pieces in a little bin.

(Thanks to **Mike Davis** for forwarding this article)

1975 ALPINE RALLY

Having listened to the tales of woe related after last year's momentous weekend, lots of thought went into our planning for the trip this year. As there is three routes into the selected camp site, it was a matter of which we would take, as there are dirt roads in each direction. Several phone calls during the week made us decide on the Wodonga, Corryong, Kiandra, Rules Point route – a good decision.

We left Friday night, staying at Wangaratta the night and left fairly early for Wodonga, where we did a bit of last minute shopping for extra gear, then headed off towards Corryong about 11am. The roads were beautiful for bikes, winding, hilly and very well surfaced. No problems till almost to Corryong, when the 750 died going up a hill. A quick inspection found that an electrode had shorted out a plug.

On, straight through Corryong, bypassing Khancoban and up into the mountains. The road block barriers were open, so full speed ahead. Although narrow, the road was good, with the speed staying about the same as on the highway – 60-65mph. When a few miles up into the mountains, we struck snow along the edges of the road, and a little further on we had to ride through a few

inches covering on the road. No mishaps, although some sliding on the ice patches encountered in this area.

Lunch at Cabramurra, the highest town in Australia, with its centrally heated A-frame shopping centre. On leaving, my bike decided to do a wobble when easing for a corner – a flat, I thought, but Chris, after a short burn, said it was just the load affecting the balance. This happened a couple more times, and is almost identical to the feel of a flat tyre.

Through Kiandra to the Rules Point turnoff, then along the 44km of dirt, which wasn't nearly as bad as we had heard. Reasonably fast, with just a few slushy patches, but otherwise no worries. The descent down to the camp provided a fantastic sight – a whole valley covered in tents of all shapes, colours and sizes. A last short stretch leading out of the National Park and we were there – at THE ALPINE!!

The tent was soon up; darkness fell suddenly, the temperature (mild throughout daylight) fell rapidly, and according to Ned's little thermometer, was down to about -4C by bedtime at 9pm. The inevitable campfire was blazing and billies were continually on the boil for coffee.

Bikes kept coming at regular intervals, and the sight of about 15 headlights winding down was great. Some of the other club members arrived, with Jol, Tim & Co, and Ron & Frank in the sidecar having battled laboriously through the mud from Tumut. Ron's bike was in a sorry state, covered in mud and with the mudguards taken off. It was so bad that we even took some photos of it, just so that Ron can remember what it looked like.

By this time the valley was almost full of tents and bikes, and little fires burning brightly in the darkness. Then WHOOSH!! Daylight or so it seemed, invaded the darkness...Someone had sent up a flare. In the time that followed, more flares went up, with all cheering and yelling for more. This set off a flare-in, with other smaller flares and sky-rockets going aloft in the icy air.

Sunday morning dawned cold and still, till broken by the multitude of engines being started. It was at that time about -5C, and had probably dropped even lower during the night. It's funny, but you didn't really feel the cold, because it was there most of the time and you became used to it after a while.

Breakfast was cooked around the campfire, with snap-happies taking photos at the wrong instant – NED!! Most of the club's bikes had no troubles starting, although water had frozen in containers overnight. Some of the BM's even started first try – amazing, as from what I had heard, they usually took hours to do so.

A general inspection of the bikes present followed, with all joining in talking to one another, inspecting all the bikes and generally having a very friendly weekend amongst others with the same interests.

A yell, and the badges were to be given out. All assembled near the old wood shack on the hill, and the huge task began. In all, 672 people had entered to attend the rally, along with those who had not, but had turned up anyway. We estimate that there were between 500-550 bikes there, which is an awful lot of bikes to be in the same place at the same time. The badge-giving took quite a long time, as can be expected, as names were read out and the person had to answer if present. One guy even came from Perth for the rally, and another from Cairns, a long, long way for a weekend camp. The trophy for the oldest bike went to a 1942 Harley, although there was also a 1942 Indian present, but as the Indian had won the trophy before, he kindly let the Harley have it this year.

As soon as all the badges had been distributed, people began to pack and leave. A few of the club members went for a ride down to Yarrongabilly Caves, along the Rules Point track, only to find them closed. We packed and left about 2pm, wanting to be off the dirt and the mountain before nightfall. To our surprise, the track had really deteriorated over night, together with a little help

from snow, rain, and the many bikes that went home that way before us. Oops, down went the 750 in a mud rut. A short while later, down went Chris and straight stretch, the back wheel slipping out on a greasy patch.

Finally we got off the mountain just as dark was falling, and headed for Corryong and a nice warm motel bed! It just so happened that the motel was behind a hotel, so we watched TV to the slurping sounds of beer going down. Up early to a steak'n'egg breakfast, then off towards Melbourne.

Took the road back to Tallangatta, turned off and went through Beechworth, where I almost got written off by a stupid woman car driver. Then into Wangaratta and home along the Hume as far as Seymour. Along the back roads through Whittlesea and arrived home at about 4pm, after a fantastic, well-worthwhile weekend.

Margaret, 750 BMW