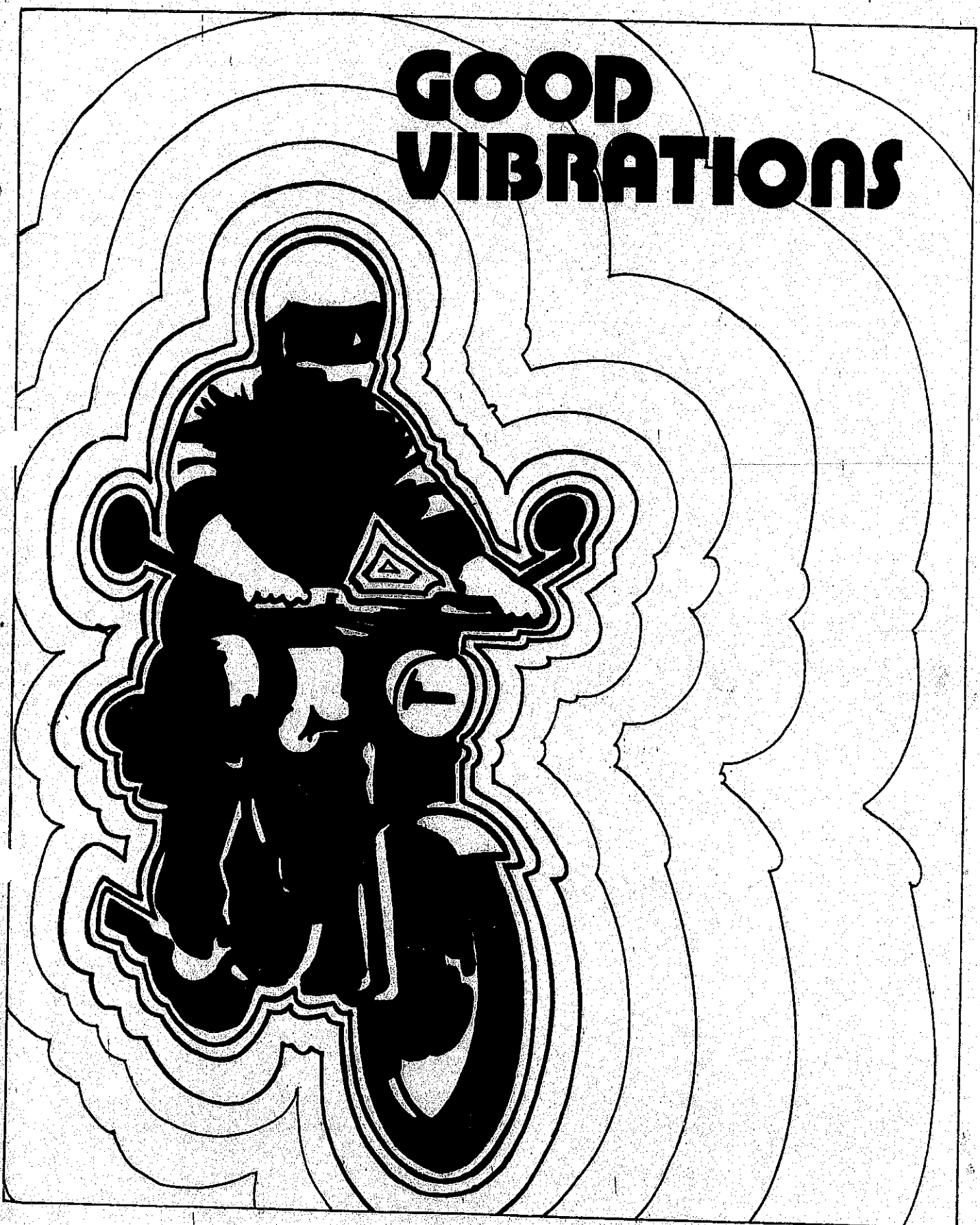


5/75

# GOOD VIBRATIONS



MOTOR SCOOTER AND CYCLE ASSOCIATION OF VICTORIA

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MAY, 1975

- \*\*\*\* Now that the Editors have climbed up out of the pile of excess articles that we received this month (for which we thank all of you), we have finally gotten around to the Editorial. By the way, anyone whose article does not appear this month, need not worry as it will be in for sure next month.
- \*\*\*\* It was pleasing to see such a great turnout at the club's first ever "Live Theatre" night on Friday April 11th, to see "Two and Two Make Sex". It sure put an end to all the knockers. We hope that in future, support for this type of activity will continue.
- \*\*\*\* We notice that Big D. got bombed out on whisky and lemonade at Jill and Paul Ryan's party. Big D. swears that Dennis Cahill told him that it was apple cider. Incidentally, Big D. says he remembers very little about the evening, anyhow.
- \*\*\*\* For those interested, there is to be an Historical Motorcycle Show, featuring 100 veteran, vintage and classic motorcycles, to be held at the South Melbourne Town Hall, from 12th - 17th May, from 10am-10pm daily.
- \*\*\*\* Heard on the grapevine that Darren arrived at Hall's Gap in his chrome-plated camp mobile; and had to drive to the top of the mountain to watch TV for three hours, as the reception in the camping area was very poor!!
- \*\*\*\* Sorry to hear that Dennis Cahill's accident on the Hall's Gap camping weekend, in which he broke his leg in two places, has landed him back in hospital again this week, as the bone is badly splintered. Hopefully, Dennis will be back on his bike within a few short months. If anyone has a few spare hours sometime, why not pop in and cheer the invalid up now and again? His home address is Flat 6/54 Princess Street, Kew, or phone him on 867473. By the way, his R90/S is a bit of a mess.
- \*\*\*\* Members should note that riding too close on dirt roads (or any roads for that matter!) is extremely dangerous, as was evident by the three drops caused this way at Hall's Gap.
- \*\*\*\* Hear that Mick Fagan scraped Los Leahy's Guzzi to excess, recently, when it was given to him for a "test" ride. Now that is stretching a friendship just a bit too far, we think!!!!

That's about all the "gossip" for this month,  
so keep the articles coming for the mag, and  
ride safely during this first month of the  
winter, please.

.. Margaret and David, Editors.....

HOWARD & BETH'S WEDDING

12th April, 1975

Bikies always have a problem when attending a wedding: should they wear the usual greasy leather jacket and scruffy jeans and risk looking slightly out of place amongst the elegantly attired guests, or should they dress up and look even more out of place when riding their bikes? Some want to have it both ways, and wearing a suit they drive a car (shame!) to the church.

Suffice it to say that Brendan, Darren and Big Daddy and a few others looked very very nice indeed; the gentleman from God's Squad with demins and jacket seemed more the bikie image, and the enormous chain he wore slung over his shoulders, and secured by a heavy padlock on his back, seemed, somehow, rather symbolic of the day's proceedings.

About 30 club members attended the wedding, held on a glorious Saturday morning at Kew Baptist Church. Howard and the groomsman Bryce looked stunning in their powder blue suits with the black velvet trimmings; and Beth, as always, looked charming in her traditional bridal outfit. The minister was the Rev. M.B. Hancock, Beth's father, and the ceremony was simple, dignified and brief.

Afterwards, the bikes escorted the bridal cars through Melbourne to Elwood for photographs in the Alistar Clark Memorial Rose Gardens. The ride was done at high speed (was Howard driving?) and included some hairy stretches along the Boulevard, Alexander Ave and St. Kilda Road. At Elwood the party dispersed; several of us headed out towards Sandringham, and got a late lunch at the Sandringham Hotel, and had coffee afterwards at Dave's place near the golf course before heading home, and preparing for a party at Frankston that night, but that's another story.

----- Mike Davis.

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Jill and Paul Ryan's Party - 12/4/75

The night was cold, the liquid warming. Jim Coleman arrived with a rather delectable companion - nice going, Jim.

Les Leahy was drinking some interesting Apple Cider. Big Daddy was drinking whisky as if it was lemonade, much to the disappointment of Dennis Cahill.

I enjoyed the night myself, as did my car companions, Les Stephenson (Yami 250) and Graham and Helen Weston.

Thanks to Jill and Paul for a very enjoyable night out.

----- Dennis McKenzie.....

BATHURST - 1975

Bathurst - the magic of the mountain. The phrase has a familiar ring to motorcycle enthusiasts and it makes the blood tingle with excitement. Bathurst - Easter. The most prestigious annual motorcycle event in Australia. It is a pilgrimage for hundreds, an experience for thousands. For weeks and months before everyone is asking everyone else the same question: "Are you going to Bathurst?" I was lucky enough to be able to say "Yes" for the first time!

I'd arranged to meet Graham & Helen, Keith Anderson and Pat outside CIG in Bell Street at 4.30 on Thursday afternoon. The happy couple turned up in striking new red and black leathers, visible only if one was able to see past the tower of luggage! After putting the Finelec to work on Pat's 500, we managed to leave Preston by 5.30pm, later than we had hoped to. The sunny afternoon turned overcast and we jerked our way along Sydney Road with the traffic and the rainspots. The road opened up and the apparently smooth flowing traffic was some consolation as the sky decided to drop everything on us for a short while.

On reaching the bottom of Pretty Sally two lanes of traffic came to a standstill and remained stopped for some miles. It was bad enough trying to negotiate the gravel on the measly strip of road between the traffic without having to ride around milling pedestrians on the road!!!

Fortunately the rain disappeared and the roads stayed dry for the rest of the night. After petrol at Euroa the traffic cleared a little and we made fair progress. I recall seeing a flashing blue light next to Graham and Helen travelling at 94kmh. That's a total of \$55 in on-the-spots recently, isn't it, Graham? Tea was eaten at Albury at 11.45 that night we rode into Wagga, and Don Sexton.

Next morning at 6.30am we packed, bought some breakfast and headed for Bathurst, in some extremes of weather, although it was generally fine. We arrived at Bathurst at lunchtime to find Malcolm and Pat Frew in the car, Dennis Cahill, Ross and some more familiar faces. The road climbed from the town up the mountain for a mile or two. We passed through the gateway for a fee of \$5 and another \$1 for a Bathurst '75 badge. I turned down the offer of a '74 badge, a '73 badge, and would you believe, even a '72 badge and still selling at \$1?

We ploughed our way through the mud, the bikes, the people and the scattered tents on the hillside and selected a fairly isolated spot, which was to become the base for that club with a peculiarly high percentage of 4 cylinder motorcycles. (Weird!) and then we hoisted their flag onto Keith's tent. The tents were set up, once by the others, twice by me, because some unknown B.... decided it

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would be fun to scatter my tent pegs over ten acres and leave my tent in a heap. Everyone was pleased to see Tiny and the outfit down from Queensland, especially Ron, who made himself completely at home by scaring us all, especially Kate in the chair, by travelling on either side, full left or full right lock, at 30 or 40 mph between tents, pegs, ropes, bikes and us! By this time, members of the Canberra Touring Club had appeared and their flag was displayed next to the 'other'.

Every second bike managed to bury itself in its side at some stage during the weekend, as most of the hillside was a complete bog. The bouts of wild cheering signalled another down and those who wanted to battle the mud received plenty of encouragement from on-lookers. It may be worth adding that the inherent stability designed into my own machine resulted in a cleaner bike finally than many others.

That afternoon saw the commencement of "Harry's Hot-wheels" where any person on any bike was encouraged to display his skill, his stupidity or his bike at will. An outfit slews wildly through the crowd many times as it attempts to gain the most advantageous position to shower mud on another rider from the wildly spinning rear wheel. As the afternoon went on and the night drew near many bikes appeared. A panel-van appeared but made a hasty departure amid a shower of beer cans. Trying to break up the crowd, a police truck drove solemnly through the ring but was also showered with beer cans and abuse. Two cops in the crowd seemed to be as amused as anyone, much to my surprise.

Three gentlemen on a Triumph demonstrated how well it started by letting it fall on them 20, 30 or 40 times while trying to negotiate the impossible mud to the cries of "more revs! more revs!" The Trumpy, on its back, would burp and die and then it would be picked up off these three guys and another attempt at moving. A chopper tried very carefully to ride through the ring without doing "doughnuts" but I suspect only to show off his wheels. And then, ladies and gentlemen, we were privileged to witness the first-ever streak by the rider and passenger of the aforementioned outfit!!! (no...not Ron, stupid!)

Saturday morning greeted us with sunshine, as many of us suddenly realised that we were here to watch the RACING, which was super. After lunch I was enthralled by the sound of the 1962 Honda 250/4 -16 valve being raced (displayed?) in the Historic Machine Exhibition. Although it was not screwed right out it emitted the most distinct sound I have ever heard as the engine note changed through the rev-range. Seeing the Vincent thump down Conrod at 146mph was stirring as well! The God of Rain did his thing and washed the commentators out of their boxes and flooded the track with mud, causing the last two events to be cancelled, the first races ever to be cancelled at Bathurst because of the weather - it was heavy!!

Preparing for Saturday night saw Malcolm at the pub purchasing the devil's drink to the tune of \$80. Some of us returned

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to Malcolm's large tent which he had thoughtfully brought up with him as well as his own and found some strangers there, happily watching TV! I mean, that's no hassle - we just sat down there too ... if they want to watch TV!! I don't seem to remember much of the night after one or two cokes ... they sure make strong coke in those old 26oz bottles! I believe that Tiny and Ron had a crack at the ring, but lacked traction. After wrapping rope around the wheel traction was improved until it was finally torn to shreds.

Sunday morning turned out quite hot and ideal race weather, although some people didn't feel in the mood for it. We again witnessed very competitive racing with the number of serious accidents fortunately very few. A guy spectacularly hit the Armco on the skyline in Hindle-style in excess of 100mph, and after flaking on his back for 20 or 30 minutes he finally got to his feet. We concluded that he was only winded, for want of a better word. In the sidecar Senior Australian G.P., the duel between Bob Levy's Chesterfield "wedge" and Skinner's Laverda 1000 ended abruptly when the "wedge" tried to wedge itself backwards into a solid mass while climbing the mountain, which resulted in one of the crew having 100 stitches in his leg. (If you want to know more about the racing, how about reading the "Green Horror" or something and stop asking me!) The main event of the day, the Unlimited Australian G.P. for solos up to 1300 cc, saw Warren Willing, after placing 5th at Daytona behind Agostini, put on a brilliant display of riding while breaking his own lap record.

That afternoon saw many people, including myself, pack in preparation to leave. A small group headed off for Wagga while I started for Sydney with 8 other bikes. Of the group, I only knew Phil and Toni on the yellow Honda. Two cars were travelling with the group so the trip to Sydney was appallingly slow. We arrived at King's Cross, a place I have not visited for ten years, at midnight in traffic similar to Melbourne during peak hour and met Chris Thorn who had arrived there earlier to get a longer look.

After bargaining with a skin-head at the door to a strip-joint, we were finally admitted for the fee of \$1 with the girls free - can't think why. The show was a joke as the owner was trying to put class into the least class joint. We were threatened with the big boot because we were all laughing uncontrollably! After leaving and preparing to leave the "Cross" we were confronted by two thugs protected by the police badge telling us to leave or be booked for angle parking at 3 in the morning! When I reminded him that we were allowed to stay there as long as we liked, I was nearly laid out on the footpath. We were followed completely out of King's Cross, so with thumbs in the air we headed for Wollongong for the rest of the night.

The rest of the group had to be in Melbourne Monday night, so left that morning. I had two days to get home, so just enjoyed myself along the coast. The last I saw of Chris was a rear view of him running from his bike into the bush! Monday night I shacked up in an old house at Cann River. The town bikie had a 900 Kwaka and

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blew the same up at 10,000 miles and had done 2000 miles on an 1100 kit, no oil cooler, no balancing, NOTHING!! Flatten it from one end of the street to the other was his game, and I have yet to see a bike with blacker pipes! What was still talk in the town was when the "Hell's Angels" came through on the club's trip to Ballacoota. Arrived home Tuesday afternoon. Guess who spent the rest of the afternoon and night cleaning his bike???

Things that I remember included: the cafe-owner at Wagga going beserk when I bargained for the ham sandwiches he had brought me in error; the marshal dropping his RE5 in pit straight, Ross blowing the tents over while holding the throttle flat after starting the Kwaka cold; King's Cross cops; and Chris taking the borrowed helmet all the way to Bathurst, Sydney and back in the hope of finding a female who happened to like teddy bears riding red Honda 4's with Dunstalls.

Bathurst - the magic of the mountain? To quote Mal Byrne from the Chesterfield "wedge" team: "There's just nomthrill in it anymore - it's just a job like any other --- except at Bathurst!" He grins, and his eyes seem to gleam.....

See you there in '76!!!

----- The Phantom -----

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FOR SALE FOR SALE FOR SALE  
\*\*\*\*\*

ONE ONLY:- JAWA 250cc single two-stroke, 6000 miles, one sedate owner.

If you're looking for a fast, smooth, quiet roadburner, keep looking!

If you want a steady, old fashioned, slow, fuel miser (60mph - 80mpg) vibrating, underbraked machine, then look no further.

SPECIFICATIONS:- Starts thrid kick, very quick handling response, the brakes keep you awake (at night), lights incapable of dazzling anyone, but work, t tyres require pumping up once a month.

MAINTENANCE:- Just fill the 3 gallon tank with 25/1 petrol when you think about it.

FOIBLES:+ Doens't like speeds over 55mph (vibrates), being ridden in a slovenly manner, likes being talked to. If you're interested, \$150 will purchasè from Brian Avery, 3/980 Lygon St., Carlton.

MOSS VALE PARK

6th April, 1975

Sunday the sixth saw the club leave KBCP lead by Micheal Formaini and as rear rider, Big Daddy. First stop was Harrison House where we picked up some boys for a day's outing with us as had been arranged by Michael. The letter said he was going to do a fast 50, and he did.

We met the remainder of the group at Cranbourne, then off to Leongatha, where we stopped to pick up our supplies for the barbeque. I did not see much of the riding as I was near the front on the trip out, but at Leongatha Big D. said that his rear wheel went awry, not the best when he had to brake hard because someone in front braked hard. Someone else found out that white lines are slippery. I might say here that almost all the roads were wet, showers, very heavy ones, too at times, were everywhere but we did not, fortunately ride through any.

At Moss Vale Park, several things were happening; some were chasing sheep. Whether they were going to eat it or save it when they caught it, I don't know. Meanwhile, in the shelter, Chris the Kwaka Kid was banging his meat on the table saying: "has anyone got meat as hard as this?" to which remark I naturally added; "Time to worry when it's not that hard!" The truth is all the sausages and steak was frozen, which meant a lot of people had meat overcooked on the outside and raw inside.

But I go too fast... The fire was going in the fireplace in the shelter shed. What were we going to cook on as there was nothing there. Trevor Michie a 4-wheel bikie for the day came to the rescue with a 15" diameter grille from a portable barbeque, so armed with this large cooking top, 20 people joined a queue to cook their meat. Meanwhile, outside, Fagan was making doughnuts on the wet grass, and with Gary Osborn, was doing 100 without moving, or was it to splash mud on cars and people?

While here, one of the showers caught up with us, better here than while travelling. After we left, we went via Mirboo Nth to Trafalgar where we stopped for coffee etc. Returning to Malbourne twice the Guzzi went slowly, as if there was water in the carbies. Sorry for holding you up, Big D.

At Dandenong, we stopped, and from there some went home others went to Graham & Helen's place, and those with Hostel boys as pillions went back to Harrison House. The boys canact well if they didn't really enjoy themselves. I noticed Katrina's brother along on his first club run, on L plates, riding Kate's old 350 Honda Chris Thorn went all day without dropping his bike once.

On leaving Harrison House I went for two hours sleep, and then off to work, after my first club run riding my bike for 6 months



STEIGLITZ

- 12.12.11

About 26 bikes arrived in glorious sunshine for the run. The run up with Darren leading, Big Daddy as rear rider (no doubt to give himself a chance to recuperate) and Jol as patrol was rather uneventful, except for the little bikes lagging a bit behind - no doubt they were going as hard as they could.

We arrived at Steiglitz and proceeded to cook lunch. Mick Fagan decided to interest himself and all the others by doing a hill-climb. He was soon followed by Jol who I thought was going to have a heart-attack half-way up, but he made it. Les Luke aboard his interesting Yami 500 didn't go very well the first time; but unperturbed he tried again and almost made it. As the old saying goes, third time lucky. I must add here that it was nice to see Les and Cecily on a run again.

On the way back to Melbourne Maureen (Jawa 350) stopped for no apparent reason. Fortunately the two-stroke expert happened to be riding behind her - yours truly who at once suspected the plugs. A quick change over soon sent Maureen on her way again. I must say that my vocabulary was increased after hearing what Maureen thinks of her bike.

We stopped at Bacchus Marsh for afternoon tea, then off to Melbourne. I followed Darren who decided to go back a different way. Jesus!! I'm glad I didn't lose him. Believe me, I followed him right up his bum! Left Darren at the beginning of New Footscray Rd., and went home.

SUMMING UP: A good run, good weather and I was interested to find out that Katrina's BMW is quite good at hillclimbs!

----- Dennis McKenzie -----

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If Peter Philferan streaked through  
a flower show, what would happen?

He would win first prize for the best  
dried arrangement!

(A joke, Big D., just a joke!)

## SPORTS DAY 1975

The ever popular Sportsday was held again this year at Foggarty's Airfield near Melton. Although there was a mixup in the departure time from K.B.C.P., the turnout was extremely good.

The course for this year was freshly mowed with the result that the weaving course was extremely slippery for the first few hours.

After Jol had finished his cup of coffee the events got underway. Only one club member turned up on a smaller machine than his usual bike, and was soon told that he would be ineligible to win any events. So, please note this if you intend doing the same yourself in future years.

Many new faces were at the events and they, too, were ineligible, as they were unfinancial, so you will see from the results that the first financial member over the line won.

Mick Fagan did a superb job and became Sportsman of the day. The ly mistake he made was weaving around Kate's BM and knocking it over, thereby cracking the fairing.

The two Musical Bikes events were rather rugged, what with Tom's wife getting a belt in the head from Kate (I think she ran into her boot), which required x-rays, and David C. received slight paralysis when J.C. jumped full pelt on top of him.

The award of the day for the most drops goes to Anthony Rae, whose 380 Suzi spent most of the day lying on its side.

The results are as follows:

### FIRE ALARM RACE:

1: D. Cumming                      2: K. Sundstrom                      3: K. Markham

### WEAVING - SOLO:

1: D. Ackland                      2: A. Rae

### WEAVING - PILLION:

1: M. Fagan/G. Osborn

### FLAG & BARREL RACE:

1: G. Moore                      2: M. Fagan

### SLOW RACE - WEAVING:

1: M. Fagan

### SLOW RACE, PILLION WEAVING:

1: M. Fagan                      2: D. Ackland

### SLOW RACE - STRAIGHT:

1: M. Fagan                      2: D. Ackland                      3: M. Schoen

CONT:..

MUSICAL BIKES - MALE:

1: PILLION: D. Cahill RIDER: K. Sundstrom  
 2: PILLION: G. Osborn RIDER: M. Fagan  
 3: PILLION: D. Cumming RIDER: L. Crocker

MUSICAL BIKES - FEMALES:

1: PILLION: M. Peart RIDER: D. Ackland  
 2: PILLION: C. Gallagher RIDER: J. Cecil  
 3: PILLION: Mrs. Large RIDER: L. Stevenson

PUSH BIKE RACE - MALE:

1: Ron Watson (Non-financial) 2: Alan Watson (Non-financial)

PUSH BIKE RACE - FEMALE:

1: D. Power (non-financial) 2: M. Taylor (not own bike) 3: M. Peart

EGG & SPOON RACE:

1: B. Mason (non-financial) 2: D. Cumming

M.S.C.A.V. GIFT - MALE:

1: G. Osborn 2: D. Ackland 3: D. Cumming

M.S.C.A.V. GIFT - FEMALE:

1: M. Peart 2: M. Taylor 3: C. Gallagher

CLOVER LEAF TIME TRIAL:

<u>NAME:</u>	<u>BIKE:</u>	(Secs) <u>1st RUN</u>	(Secs) <u>2nd RUN</u>	(Secs) <u>3rd RUN</u>
D. Ackland	750 Honda	28	27	26
A. Rae	380 Suzi	27	Dropped	28
D. Cumming	750 Honda	29.5	28	29
D. Bloxham	600 BMW	30.5	28.5	28.5
B. Mason	750 Honda	26	-	26
R. Jarmin	500 Honda	30	30	-
K. Kamanga	750 BMW	26.6	27.5	29
L. Stevenson	250 Yami	28	27	-
Tom Large	360 Honda	30	-	-
W. Nourish	750 Norton	28	28	28.5
K. Sundstrom	750 BMW	32	30	30
R. Watson	360 Honda	27	27	26
M. Schoen	750 BMW	26.5	27	-
M. Fagan	600 BMW	29	-	26
L. Rae	350 Yami	27	-	-
G. Moore	550 Suzi	28	-	-
J. Cecil	750 BMW	29	-	-
M. Peart	750 BMW	36	=	-
M. Fagan	750 BMW	26	26	25(not own bike)
J. Dunn	600 BMW	29	30.5	-

EQUAL WINNERS: M. Fagan and D. Ackland

A RUN TO MILDURA

- EASTER, 1975

At first light, a wash and brush up, and two bikes quietly purred out of Kerang camping ground, and it was on! With the sun not yet up and a nip in the air, the first few miles were taken at a leisurely pace, which allowed a quick look at the surrounding scenery. By far the best views were in the sky, where the clouds formed all sorts of patterns and shapes, with the sun striking the higher formations red and gold, and flocks of early risers winged overhead, and a late sleeping blue crane uttered a few comments at being awakened so early.

A stop at Swan Hill for a coffee served by a friendly take-away barman, set the scene for a good day out.

The sun having risen by now, we pressed on with renewed vigor, the B.M.W. and the Suzuki G.T. running well. Green orange groves signalled the Murray River, and habitatiin, after the rather flat, desolate countryside following Swan Hill.

The N.S.W. border appeared shortly after the G.T.'s first fuel stop, and men with white coats blocked the road. All was well, however, as they only wanted to inspect our oranges. A friendly wave by one and throttles were eased open a fraction for the increased legal limit. The Sturt Highway around there is wide in places and suddenly, almost one lane operation in others, the surface is all tar sealed, but somebody in the Roads Department forgot to fill in the holes and level the bumps before laying the seal. A glance at the front forks showed them going up and down like a bride's nightie. Miles of scrub with an occasional glimpse of gum tree-lined river on our left passed by with each rider taking it in turn to lead, just to break the monotony. Suddenly a green oasis appeared - MILDURA!!

Just like the postcards - river paddle-steamer, green lawns, fountains, yellow pumber plates, no parking signs, and people to welcome you, hands outstretched, palm upwards! Saturday is not the day to visit to Mildura. It's just like Melbourne on a Saturday night, with jostling crowds, noise and traffic. A quick look around, a meal and second fuel stop for the Suzuki (first for the B.M.W. - and farewell Mildura!

A small side trip to have a look at the preparations for the Sunraysia Desert Rally, dirt roads, YUK!! The Suzuki rider outrunning a couple of dirt bikes who followed, ot tried to, when we turned off for home. Next stop was Hattah Lake for a rest, rather a nice spot with water levels marked on one of the trees for flood years. A quick check on tyre temperatures and a hastened return to the Calder Highway. The pace quickened, and we took to a side road, pushing the cruising speed up on the twisting undulating road, to Sea Lake and fuel. Apart from riding through a bush fire, the rest of the trip was uneventful. Points that stick out: The thirst of the Suzuki G.T.; hungry mossies, the terrific grip of Avon roadrunners on sealed roads, and the pleasure of an early morn start.

----- Brian Avery -----

### HALLS GAP WEEKEND

We met Les Leahy in the carpark for what was obviously going to be a cold ride to Halls Gap. We passed the club who were assembled at Melton, and continued on to Ararat for our first stop, whereby there was a mad rush for the toilets - something to do with the weather I suppose. Les and J.C. found a hand drying machine which was given a good workout - nothing like a bit of hot air on cold fingers. We arrived at Halls Gap slightly warmer as the mist had dispersed and the sun was trying to break through the early morning cloud layer. We were met by the brave few who had ridden up Thursday night - obviously insane. J.C. selected a most level campsite which was very hard to find because of the undulating nature of the land. The official club run rolled in about midday so everybody was able to get together in the afternoon to go and visit some of Fagan's relations, oops kangaroos.

Gary, Jo and ourselves arrived earlier than the rest at Zumsteins, so decided to ambush Fagan. We managed to wet Mick and also some pedestrians on the bridge - that will teach them to be in the vicinity of the ratbag element of the MSCAV. The kangaroos proved to be totally unexciting except for a few that were put to flight in the rear ranks by two fearless hunters. However, we guess Mick enjoyed visiting his relations. On the way back the trip was fast for some (the usual), unfortunately the trip for Dennis proved to take longer than he thought due to the fact that he binged his BMW into a big rock (side of mount something or other). Les Leahy was fortunate to be pillion for a change and had the pleasure of riding the R90S back to camp. In the morning the ace wheel straighteners (Leahy, Cecil and Bames) went to work and quickly had things mobile again - that will be \$10 thanks Dennis, no we had better make it \$11, we've got to pay Little Mick.

Friday night was freezing cold - Peter P's teeth could be heard rattling constantly. During the night it was that chilly even the koala bears had a quick grunt about the whole thing. Noisy little devils.

Saturday was filled in by the club with a ride to Mt. William and also follow a Fagan dirt ride. We hear there is somebody sharpening up a pocket knife, Mick so you want to be careful. The views from Mt. William proved to be tremendous but we didn't stay long as the air was rather brisk.

The usual Saturday night entertainment took place in Stawell for those that wished to partake. However we wish they wouldn't be so noisy about it when they come back to camp. By the way Mick what was that vile mess in your stewpot? Haven't you trained Katrina to hold her liquor yet? Darren, our price will not be overly extortionate for the picture of you on a BMW.

As far as we know everyone that turned up had a good weekend with the exception of Dennis whose leg, we hope is on the mend now.

## EASTER WEEKEND AT KERANG

The original plan for this weekend was a trip to Broken Hill, but after some discussion at club meetings, it was thought this was too far, and Kerang was selected instead. Bathurst, of course, is held at Easter, and many of the camping regulars went there instead. I arrived at Bulla on a beautiful day for riding (Good Friday) to find about six bikes outside the service station. Ron, on a Honda 500, had come along to see everybody off to, as he thought, Broken Hill, he hadn't heard about the change of plan, and as he was reluctant to go to Broken Hill he had left all his camping gear at home in Bayswater. However, he came along with us to Kerang, stayed exactly 35 minutes, and went back to Melbourne. Some sort of record for the shortest stay at a weekend camp??

At the caravan park in Kerang we found Big Daddy had got there the day before, and had chatted up the site manager to such good effect that he (Big Daddy) got served coffee in bed in his tent at 2am - so the story goes. A few others trickled in later that weekend, and altogether about 16 members were at Kerang for at least a part of the Easter break. Vinne, Dennis and David C. were showing off their immaculate Hondas (550, 500 and 750 respectively). How they keep the machinery so spotless baffles me. Roger's 650 Yami looked positively filthy by comparison, and when he started it up the camp was flooded with noxious blue fumes like those produce by typical two-stroke garbage.

Friday arvo was for having a quick look at the town, a visit to the reptile park (snake pit and all), a climb to the top of the lookout tower (a converted water tank), and, by some, an attempt to con off the local ornithology. We also went to see what was on at the 3-days-a-week drive-in. It was "Oklahoma Crude" which sounds like the Middle East's answer to the Graham Kennedy Show - but is actually about oil wells. A couple of bikie films were on the way, but too late, unfortunately, for us.

Saturday we headed up to Swan Hill. A side trip to Mystic Park didn't happen, mainly 'cos someone thought 5km off the main road was too far (after 300km to Kerang!). Swan Hill meant a visit to Pioneer Village, \$1.50 but possibly worth it for the Australiana there presented. After lunch in the town, we took a back road to Quambatook - 50km of dead straight, traffic-less (and cop-less) road, and speeds went up and up till Dennis claimed 180km/h and even I managed about 150. These long straight roads through dead flat country always remind me of the poem "The Riders" by Edwin Muir .... "At the dead centre of the boundless plain, does our way end?..." That evening was pub night, quoits in the bar with the winner paying for the next round. Modesty forbids my telling you who bought the first couple of rounds, but it wasn't my pillion passenger Will, nor was it Les Stevenson.....

Next day we had a run to Koondrook, then over the Murray

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and on to Deniliquin along a typically poor, N.S.W.-type potholed road. Even so we did the distance, about 120km, in not much more than an hour. From Deniliquin we headed out to Steven's Weir on the Wakool River, where Anthony (Suzi GT 380) and Julie (and Julie's parents) had arranged a barbeque for us. This was really great, with incredibly long sausages to eat, tomato sauce and so on. The main interest at the weir was the fishing. All that stuff with rods and lines is clearly obsolete. All you need is a bucket. You squat 'neath the weir and literally pluck the fish out of the water, as the fish coming through the water channel get caught up in the turbulence and are trapped in a corner. Most of the fish are carp, I think. This fishing isn't very sporting but is most effective - you can get a bucketload in ten minutes.

From Deniliquin we headed south to the Cobb Highway, across the border again into Victoria, at Echuca, and back to Kerang along the rather featureless Murray Valley Highway. Will, by this time, was fed up with the Honda 500, and had transferred to Mark's new Water Bottle Suzi 750. It's an interesting speculation whether Mark will crash his new machine before he blows the engine, 'cos the way he was riding, some of the time, suggests to me that one way or another it won't last long. Les had borrowed Dennis' mount and was obviously enjoying the power of a 500 complete with fairing and other trimmings. Must have felt different to the 250!

After 3 days of sunshine and warmth, the weather broke on the Monday, and most of us headed back to Melbourne that morning. It was particularly cold, and wet, going through the ranges near Kyneton, but we got to Melbourne at last, with most going to Dennis' place in Balwyn for a drying out, warming up session. Big Daddy stayed on at Kerang for another day - he really must like the place, or was it the lure of coffee at 2am?

It was good to see so many club members at Kerang, even with the competition of Bathurst. The Committee should be complimented on the new policy of having a camping trip every month, even during winter. Spending two or three days living in a ring of small tents seems to make for a really friendly atmosphere. Even the more shy and reserved members of the club relax, as they develop confidence in themselves and in each other.

----- Mike Davis -----

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