

EDITORIAL APRIL 1980

Well, Easter has come upon us again and I hope that quite a few can make it down to Mt Gambier.

We are lucky this month as there are two good trips on the itinerary; the other trip is the long weekend to Halls Gap.

Tonight, the Social Secretary will be selling tickets to a raffle, the first for this financial year. The details are on the next page. It's about time that we had another raffle. You may all grunt and groan if you like, but you must remember that the Club cannot survive on membership money alone. We need more paper for the Club magazine and that will cost over \$50. So just remember that before you say, "I don't want a ticket, I already have a pair of those", it is for the benefit of you and your mates as well.

Smithy & Jude

APRIL RUNS

Easter Weekend 4, 5, 6 & 7	MT GAMBIER. 7.30AM LEAVE Laverton
Sunday 13	CAP LIPTRAP LIGHTHOUSE. KBCP 8.30am
Saturday 19	FILM NIGHT. Details below.
Sunday 20	MAROONDAH RESERVOIR. BBQ KBCP 9.30AM
Anzac weekend 25, 26 & 27	HALLS GAP. KBCP 7.30AM LEAVE.

MAY

Friday 2	GENERAL MEETING. Slide night.
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FILM NIGHT

Croydon Twin Cinema Centre, 3 Hewish Road, Croydon.
The 5.00pm session. Meet in the foyer.
Apocalypse Now and The Rose.

PROGRESSIVE DINNER

Saturday 10th May. No details yet but keep the night free and start saving.

GOSSIP

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Rumour has it that a certain unlicensed club member rides his bike to Ringwood once a week. No name – no court martial.

What Irish lass was seen talking intimately to two policemen at the Fraser Tomato Throwing contest?

A certain Club member takes offence at his lady friend not being referred to by her given name. All references in future will be to Jan, friend of KT.

A certain wheeling-dealing Club member swapped his gold RS for a panel van, firmly convinced that he was getting the better part of the deal. Not really. The panel van still belonged to finance company. Much trauma, but the story ends happily. The RS is back home. The finance company has the panel van. And the other guy faces criminal charges.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Mick Fagan,
1 Carre Street,
ELSTERNWICK. Phone. 528-6061

A nonconforming sparrow decided not to fly south for the winter. Soon, the weather became cold – so cold, that he changed his mind and flew south.

In a short time, ice formed on his wings, and he fell to earth into the middle of a barnyard, almost frozen. A friendly cow passed closely by and crapped all over him. The little sparrow thought ‘that’s the end’, but soon, the hot manure warmed him. He was so warm and happy that he began to sing.

Just then a large cat came by and hearing the chirping, decided to investigate. The cat cleared away the manure with his paw, found the sparrow, and quickly ate him.

What three logical conclusions do you arrive at after reading this sad tale?

1. Anyone who shits on you is not necessarily your enemy.
2. Anyone who gets you out of the shit is not necessarily your friend.
3. If you are warm and happy in the shit, keep your mouth shut.

RAFFLE

1st prize A pair of Medal boots. Value \$75.
Donated by Tony and his wife, from Medal boots.
Thank you, Tony.

2nd prize A pair of gloves.
Value \$25.

3rd prize A visor.

TICKETS 50c ea. Or four for \$2.00.

As I dropped the number 9's into the gumboots and wheeled the shaft driven piece of engineering out of the garage, I figured no one could be better set up for the overcast skies and light drizzle that was falling.

If you don't ride in the rain in Victoria, then you don't ride very much.

A goodly crowd of 12 or 15 had gathered at Laverton, and after having been dobbed in as leader, we set off at a steady trot down the Geelong runway. The only good thing about the first half of the ride to Glen Aire is the second half is to follow. And follow it did.

What with three fully laden BM's right up my clacker and dry roads ahead, the mandatory boy-racer imitation followed, myself displaying just sufficient caution to keep out of the shrubbery.

One day the lead rider on some run is going to do the gravel rash act and his embarrassment will be great indeed.

After Apollo Bay the black immovable stuff turns to light brown quite movable stuff. This section of the trip could be described as an educational tour as someone always manages to learn something. This time Master Gleeson learnt that a 3.00 x 21-inch ribbed tyre will move a considerable distance sideways when giving it the big stick. And Fay learnt that deep, loose blue metal gives her the absolute horrors.

Glen Aire is incredible. Down out of the treed hillsides and there it is, flat grassed valley, still river, sandstone cliffs and the sound of surf in the distance.

With the tents soon up, Mick was longing to fulfil a lifetime ambition, to ride down the track at the other side of the river leading to the ocean. Now, I've walked down that track and it's mean stuff, sand all over the place. Enough to make Lawrence of Arabia weep. And just to make things interesting, I raised the stakes of \$1 from interested onlookers.

Well, the bugger did it. The rear wheel was spewing sand, the oil cooler was red hot, and he was off and pushing beside the BM most of the way, but he made it.

But typical of Mick, he blew his dollar by betting Keith that he wouldn't catch a fish from the rather stagnant river. Sunday morning Keith pulled in a 5-inch bay trout and that was the end of that.

We all trooped down to the ocean Saturday afternoon and played English cricket as opposed to French cricket which was played later. And on the walk back Mick organized an educational game finding words ending in 'ant'.

That night the usual bullshit criss-crossed the campfire with most retiring early due to overwhelming fatigue.

Come the morning, I was lying in my sleeping bag gazing out at the overcast but pleasant morning when the grandmother of all storms blew up and threatened to destroy my tent. So inclement were the whole proceedings that it wasn't long before we packed and retraced our tyre steps to Apollo Bay where we met up with Tom, Jude et al who had been Kimberley rebuilding just to fill in the weekend.

The big mini-golf tournament followed, with Kevin Robertson taking out the championship much to Fagan's disgust.

So that was Glen Aire, one of Victoria's great camping spots.

JOKE!!!!!!!!!!!!!! JOKE??????????????

The Major had decided to go to the Country Club to meet with some friends but when he arrived only the General was there. Said the Major to the General "How are you, General? I see you've finished your brandy; care for another one?"

"No, no, no!" said the General. "Tried it once but didn't like it."

So the Major sat down anyway and produced his cigarettes; "Care for a cigarette, General?" Replied the General, "No, no, no tried it once but didn't like it".

While the Major was enjoying his smoke, he noticed a billiard table, so he questioned the General. "Fancy a game of billiards?" and the reply came, "No, no, no, tried it once but didn't like it". After a pause the General continued, "But my son will be in soon and he will give you a game."

To which the Major said, "Your only son, General?"!

Dave 860 GTS & BM

RESULTS OF MINI GOLF AT APOLLO BAY 23.3.80 WERE AS FOLLOWS.

Keith Harris	33 points	Tom Saville	39 points
Garry Bell	35	Greg Smith	39
Fagan	37	Steve Bernard	43

GLEN AIRE BEACH 23/24.2.80

From the city to Laverton, it rained lightly but cleared later and it ended up a perfect day. We had Geoff, Fay and family, Joy and Mick, Brendon and Sally, Les, Kevin, Gary, David and Keith Harris. I had my nephew with me.

David left later in the day to go to Gippsland. That's enthusiasm for you as Glen Aire Beach is 30km past Apollo Bay so is hardly on the way to Gippsland.

First stop for petrol and eats etc. was Apollo Bay and then to Glen Aire Beach. Tents were soon put up within feet of the river. It's a beautiful spot when it isn't showery or blowing a gale which it wasn't Saturday but was Sunday morning.

The children had a good time in the river. Later we went for a walk, and some people had a game of cricket (not me) at the mouth of the river. Much later Keith and Les came back with 1 ½ fish. Keith said he chopped the head off. I asked, "Back there?" Answer: yes, it had a big head. Later on he caught another one. I have seen bigger sardines than that last one. Well, look on the good side, at least he didn't exhaust himself pulling it in.

Mid-afternoon the other Dave arrives on a BMW which he had swapped his other BM for. He had just come for the ride as he had no tent. However, Kevin had room in his tent and Fay had two spare blankets, so he stayed the night.

We talked around a small fire (not much wood there) which Fay collected, until about 10.30pm when we went to bed.

Next morning, as previously mentioned, was showery and a cold wind blew off the ocean. As it was unpleasant, we didn't dally. After a bit of conflagration, they decided not to return along a track Mick thought might have been interesting and along which Fay definitely refused to go on, even if

they took a stock whip to her. I don't blame her. It was a trail bike trail not for two-up bikes with camping gear.

We arrived at Apollo Bay about noon, had eats, some played mini golf while others spoke to other motorcyclists. There were a couple of dozen riders there including Tom, Judy, Chris, Debbie and someone else I didn't know.

Geoff and I went back slowly. One guess how the others went! However, due to this and the strong tail wind, I got 60mpg between Apollo Bay and home as against 45mpg going down.

I left Geoff at Geelong as I wanted to visit my sister.

Saturday was near perfect, a pity about Sunday. Still, it stopped raining before we packed up to leave and it didn't rain thereafter so we can say in closing it was a good weekend.

Lloyd 750/4

What's the definition of:

ADULTER	The wrong people doing the right things.
VIRGIN	A wise crack.
TAXIDERMIST	The man who mounts animals.
MISTRESS	Something between Mister and Mattress.
PROSTITUTE	Busy body.
TWINS	Womb-mates that later become bosom pals.

FRASER NATIONAL PARK 2/3/80

After a quick look at the map on Saturday night, I was a little mystified as to why an 8am start was required for a quick 100km run. Something told me that we weren't going via the shortest route possible. Anyway, when the kids started a fight over the Vitabrits at 7am on Sunday morning, all of a sudden a day out riding seemed like a good idea, even if it was going to rain.

There was the usual number of bikes at KBCP, seven Hondas, other makes and a rather neat looking Rover V8. When the rain started, we started. As usual we went via the scenic route and just a 'wee bit of dirt'.

It was while we were chasing power lines up to Kinglake in the rain that I discovered some rather unusual handling traits of my Honda CX500.

At Kinglake we picked up Marcus, then had a quick run through to Yea and on to Alexandra for lunch.

The run from Alexandra into the park was great, almost a miniature Great Ocean Road. But I have to award 10 points to the dickhead in the tin tank who decided that it was alright to leave his car in the centre of the road on a blind left hand corner and go and take photos. To top it off, he reversed back around the corner! I can assure you there were some interesting lines taken on that corner.

By this time the sun had come out, so some of the more adventurous decided to show off their pool-room suntans and go for a swim.

For some strange reason, we actually went home via the shortest route - very unusual. Along the way, a little red Italian job was noticed overtaking the leader. Naughty, naughty. And at Yea, who was the 'Ring-Ding' rider, who after having spent 10 minutes telling everyone how his machine started first kick every time, had to push-start his bike?

The leader, Kevin (750 Yam), had arranged for afternoon tea and bickies at his parents' home in Kinglake, so for half an hour, 15 grotty motorcyclists (speak for yourself-ED) tried hard to be Gentlemen and not break anything, Just goes to show that anything is possible.

Kevin's parent's place turned out to be the break-up point, so it was a good end to a great day's ride.

Ray Thomas CX 500

WILD DUCK STROMBOLT

Ingredients: 1 Duck, 3 eggs, 4 Slices of Pineapple, 1lb Uncooked Popcorn.

Method of cooking: mix dry ingredients, add egg and pineapple. Place duck in hot oven (350), cook for one hour. Remove duck from oven and season with ingredients and replace in over. Cooking should be completed when the popcorns blow the arse out of the duck.

What's the definition of:

DIVORCE When two people cannot stomach each other.

BALL RACE Tom cat with twenty yard start on Vet.

HORMONE Noise heard outside a brothel.

PYJAMAS Article placed in bed in case of fire.

MT BUFFALO 8/9/10.3.80

This is terrible. I'm so slack. Smith will be over in less than 12 hours so we can organize the magazine and to collect my typed stencils. But I haven't even written the article I promised about the long weekend ride three weeks ago, now only a dim memory. The only thing that springs to mind was the absolutely incredible ride home.

The ride up was nothing to write home about. Kevin, Keithy, Frank Bloxham, Big D., and ourselves – in the rain. Saturday afternoon Faye, Geoff, and children arrived, followed by Garry and later that evening, Joy.

Sunday, we separated into several groups. Garry, Keithy, Joy and we rolled down the mountain and then checked out the Buckland River. Kevin led an expedition exploring the Lake Catani area, returning an exhausted bunch of explorers.

Ian and Caroline (CX500, prospective members) and a couple of guys on a Suzuki, rolled in Sunday afternoon. Then Les arrived minus his tent poles. Stringing the tent between trees was so successful that Les now feels tent poles are excess weight.

A cricket match was the evening's entertainment, firstly using a hunk of wood as a bat and then with the refinement of a proper bat. Then we sat around a great big campfire, eating Big D.'s choccy and bullshitting.

Monday, we packed up after breakfast, mine fresh trout courtesy of Garry – and absolutely delicious. We separated into groups to head back.

Ian and Caroline, Garry, Big D, Frank, Les, Keithy and we commenced the trip with a rolling contest down the mountain, about 8km. Good fun, but quite scary. Going into a hairpin corner, with no power to pull you out of trouble, and meeting a car on your side of the road, certainly puts your heart in your mouth. Ask Keithy. Much to Les's surprise, the little R65 didn't beat everyone. But he certainly tried hard, jockey style. He tried so hard that he called a 15-minute stop at the bottom to recover. Our BM won, but there was a protest. Mr Harris alleged that it was a false start.

Then we flew through to Dandongadale, Whitfield and the dirt. Les certainly proved that the combination of himself and that R65 is a force to be reckoned with on dirt roads. And the CX500 was not hanging around either.

Onto Mansfield, and then Yea. Frank and Garry took the Mount Slide Road and the rest of us decided on the Flowerdale Road. Keith, by this time had developed boy racer tendencies. For a while I thought we were following Fagan.

After an unsuccessful attempt to throw it away when he hit a big dip in the road, he decided to polish the chrome of a back bumper with his front tyre. (The car swerved out with no indication.) I don't know how Keithy felt, but we were sure that he was gone.

Keith feels that he needs another front disc, so if you are in the market for a BMW 1000/7 see Keith. Then a more sedate pace through the suburbs as we all went our own way. A great ride home to cap off a pleasant and relaxing weekend.

Tom & Jude, BM

FOR SALE FOR SALE FOR SALE FOR SALE

750 DUCATI SPORTS

1. New Pirelli Phantoms. \$1,000 ONO
 2. Phone Peter 754-3058
-

WANTED WANTED WANTED WANTED

ONE LEFT HAND Krauser Pannier.
Phone Craig 870-8835

Scientists have determined that the average time of intercourse is 4 minutes. The average intercourse consists of 36 strokes. Since the average length is 6 inches the average girl receives 216 inches or 18 feet per intercourse. The average couple does it about 3 times a week, 150 times a year. 150 times 18 feet equals 2,700 feet, just over half a mile. Girls, if you aren't getting your half mile every year, why not let the man who gave you this to read help you catch up.

He laid her on the table,
So white and clean and bare,
His forehead wet with beads of sweat,
He fingered her down there.

He touched her neck and felt her breast,
The goose bumps on her thigh,
The slit was wet and all was set,
He gave a joyous cry.

The hole was wide, he looked inside,
And all was dark and murky,
He rubbed his hands and stretched his arms,
And then he stuffed the turkey.

MT MATLOCK 16/3/80

We arrived at KBCP at 8.15am, but as there was no-one else there, we thought we had the wrong time. However, in a few minutes Brendan (Yam 500), Ted (Morini 500), Keith (BMW 750) and Mick (BMW 1000) arrived. This hardy group left, amid overcast skies, riding along the Boulevard and then onto the Eastern Freeway to Lilydale.

At Lilydale we turned off to Warburton and onto the Reefton Spur Road. As the road was wet and greasy, we took things easy till Cumberland Junction where we stopped to water the local bushes! From there it was good dirt roads to Matlock.

We stopped at Woods Point where we waited for ages for service at the local milk bar. By this time the weather was quite warm and sunny, so we all stripped off and lazed in the sun. After an hour or so of this we decided to leave. However, Mick's bike had other ideas. The electrics shorted out and tried to turn the battery into a small stove! This was eventually traced and quickly (?) rectified amid the advice from both our group and the locals.

Finally, we left and headed back to Cumberland Junction where we met another group of bikes whom we talked to for a while. We then had a fang back down the Reefton Spur Road, which was now dry, to Warburton.

From there we headed along the Warburton Highway to Lilydale, then across the Upwey for scones and tea from Sally, which was greatly appreciated by all.

The day's ride totalled 400 kms of which about half was dirt. I think all those who didn't go missed a good ride.

Ian and Lynne, R90S

Four union members were discussing how smart their dogs were. The first was a member of the Vehicle Builders' Union who said his dog could do maths calculations. His dog was named T-Square and he told him to go to the blackboard and draw a square, a circle and a triangle, which the dog did with consummate ease.

The Amalgamated Metal Workers' Union member said he thought his dog was much better. His dog, name Slide Rule, was told to fetch a dozen biscuits and divide them into a dozen piles, which Slide Rule did without problems.

The Liquor Trades member admitted that both were quite good but he felt his dog could outperform them. His dog, named Measure, was told to go and get a stubby of beer and pour seven ounces into a ten ounce glass. The dog did this without flaw.

They turned to the Waterside Workers' Union member and said, "What can your mongrel do?" The Waterside Worker called his dog, who was named Tea-Break, and said to him, "Show these bastards what you can do mate."

Tea Break went over and ate the biscuits, drank the beer, pissed on the blackboard, screwed the other three dogs, claimed he had injured his back and filed a workers' compensation form and shot through on sick leave.

FOR SALE**FOR SALE** FOR SALE**FOR SALE** FOR SALE**FOR SALE**

BMW R100/7 one careful owner, (Ha, Ha) excellent condition, (the bike?) low kms (95,000 second time around) only ridden on Sundays to Apollo Bay. \$3500 See Keith Harris or ring 478-3982

TASSIE TRIP

FEBRUARY 11-25 1980

We boarded the Empress at about 5pm with me very excited about the voyage as I had never been on a boat before. Ian spent most of his time chatting to the numerous other tourers and ensuring that the bike was safely lashed down. Well, the trip was very smooth, the only movement being the engine vibrations underfoot.

By the time we sat down for tea I was very aware that my stomach was not all keen on things in general. By the time Melbourne had disappeared, I was definitely ill. Very ill. Ian did not help matters by being revoltingly healthy and excited about everything! I have never felt so relieved as when we docked in Devonport the following morning and I set foot on firm ground. Two cigarettes later the dismal trip was forgotten!

DAY 1

We did not want to travel too far, so we set our sights on Stanley for our first night. The coast was very pretty along this stretch although Stanley itself was not all that much to look at. A very persistent strong wind cooled our opinion even more but none-the-less we gritted our teeth and set up camp. Apart from the 'bland' town, we found the old cemetery and The Nut most interesting. The night was unbearable with gale force winds shipping sand right through the tent.

DAY 2

First on the agenda was to wash the sand out of ourselves and our clothes. With no misgivings we packed our chattels and headed off to Dip Falls, a very enchanting waterfall nestled in a lovely rain forest. Here we consulted the map and decided to head down through Waratah and Savage River to a town called Corinna. We had heard that only one person was left in the town and that one night in his pub was inexpensive.

The weather was really beautiful, and we travelled through some remarkable forest. We did not bother buying food as we had heard that supplies were readily available at Corinna. It turned out that this was indeed a grave fallacy as all we could purchase was one can of condensed milk!

Savage River gave me my first taste of what a mining town looks like and it left me with no desire to see another. Corinna was, at first glance, a run down, dirty, shanty-type town but, as was soon found out, very tame wallabies and quiet seclusion made this stop a most memorable one.

DAY 3

Filled in most of the morning with a scenic bush walk which took us along the banks of the Pieman River. Next, we took a boat ride down the river to the heads. This was quite a pleasant hour and a quarter journey with the captain pointing out places of interest.

Strahan via a quick stop at Zeehan and Queenstown. We had originally hoped to stop at Zeehan as a relative had informed us of its many fine qualities. We found none of these; indeed, we only found a gravelly caravan park and a most obnoxious gentleman. We dallied no further in Zeehan but headed on to the macabre town of Queenstown. From there we headed to Strahan.

It was getting late and both of us were weary. Ian was also worried about darkness setting in before we had our tent erected. Well, after a bit of hair-raising riding, we arrived in Strahan.

It is amazing how quickly you can erect a tent and arrange your belongings when rain and darkness are looming. We had several other tourers camped on either side of us, but due to our tired bodies, we neglected social duties, had a quick tea, and hit the sack.

DAY 4

An overcast sky greeted us for the first time since our arrival. Whilst I busied myself washing clothes, Ian discovered that the rear tyre was flat. After much huffing and puffing the new tube was fitted and blown up. Thank God we had a spare tube as the local garage had typically, nothing!

We wandered down to the Pub for lunch and bought numerous post-cards for friends and relatives. By now the weather had warmed up to a beautiful day.

Wandering back from the town we took advantage of the sun and sat on the beach, Ian playing with two boisterous dogs.

Upon arriving back at the camping ground, we introduced ourselves to our motorcycling neighbours and spent a leisurely evening chatting about our respective holidays.

DAY 5

From Strahan, we intended to travel down towards Hobart, but we had made previous plans to meet a friend living in Launceston. So, off we went via Derwent Bridge. We filled the bike up at a place called Bronte Park where the ancient petrol attendant enthusiastically asked Ian if the bike was a Harley!

We travelled through the Great Lakes accompanied by good weather and stunning scenery. After a quick lunch in a town called Cressy, we arrived in Launceston in the early afternoon. We set up camp then headed out to have a look at 'Entally House', Launceston's answer to our Como House. The gardens surrounding this house were magnificent, full marks to the gardeners.

Back in Launceston we ate tea then shared a few beers with two other Melbournites. Shortly after the first couple of cans were drunk our friend from Launceston arrived. Things continued merrily into the evening until about ten when a camping official (for want of a better description) came and told us to can it.

DAY 6

Our friend, wanting to show us the sites of Launceston but unfortunately minus his car due to an accident, did his best to entertain us. He took us to the Gunpowder Mills which is supposed to be a reconstruction of the old mills showing how gun powder was made in the early days. Apart from being terribly expensive to get into, it was far from impressive or informative.

In the afternoon we said goodbye to our friend and journeyed out to the Marakooopa Caves near Mole Creek. These caves are the only caves open to the public in Australia with such a large population of glow worms. Impossible to describe – all I can say is that these caves leave Buchan Caves for dead.

We had a lovely ride back to the camp on a good road, with little traffic, and tremendous weather.

DAY 7

We left Launceston for Hobart via the Midlands Highway. The weather was chilly but promised to fine up. Would you believe we rode through a town called Bagdad!

We stopped at Richmond for lunch so that Ian could show me the oldest bridge in Australia. From there we travelled down to Hobart and set up camp in a spot not far from the casino. I must say, I did not find the casino to be as elaborate or grand as I had imagined it would be.

DAY 8

This was perhaps the highlight of the trip for me. Being quite interested in Australian history, I was most excited at the prospect of visiting Port Arthur. Again, the weather did not let us down.

It was amazing the number of people at Port Arthur who paid to be taken on a tour of the settlement either on foot, by launch, or in a light plane. Apart from the ridiculous prices charged, it simply was not necessary. Armed with a thirty-cent map, Ian and I covered the settlement quite thoroughly in the afternoon and enjoyed ourselves immensely in the process. Also, on this day we visited Tasman's Arch and the Devil's Kitchen.

DAY 9

Rain, rain and more rain. For the first time we sampled Tasmania's rain. Foolishly we thought it would clear up so off we went for a nice day trip to Lake Pedder. The rain and cold did not clear up. In fact, it was bloody persistent all the way there and back. I hated that trip, every inch of it.

The roads were particularly bad: bad patching, wooden slat bridges on tight corners, and of course, the slipperiness caused by the rain.

We learnt one thing on this horrible day – our Belstaffs needed re-waxing badly. Luckily, the caravan park back at Hobart had a large shed and fireplace, so we were able to dry most of our gear.

DAY 10

We decided to leave next morning as the rain was still steadily drizzling down. The tent was dripping or rather, the fly was wet and the tent damp once we removed the fly to fold it. Wherever we were going to spend the night, it would have to be in accommodation other than our humble tent.

Off we went up the East coast. We arrived in Bicheno early and were immediately taken with the lovely town and beach. After hiring a rather large caravan complete with TV, we laid the tent out to dry and went for a walk down on the beach. It really was beautiful: warm sun, sparkling water, and soft sand (just like in the movies). Here we met a couple from NSW who ran the bike shop in Jerilderie. They were on the only touring bike left in their shop, a brand-new Kawasaki 1000 ST. They just popped over to Tassie for a week! Hard life!

DAY 11

Decided to head for St Helens but upon arrival didn't like the town, so we continued up to Bridport. The roads were better along this stretch compared to the roads travelled on the day before. Bridport was nothing spectacular although the beach and camping was good.

After tea we went for a walk along the beach and rocks. Very, very relaxing.

DAY 12

The weather was gloomy. We tramped down to Launceston for a day trip, doing the rounds of the museum and planetarium.

Whilst wandering through this bustling little metropolis, a circus happened to pass by. Quite a large affair with at least three elephants and two camels!

Back at camp we found that the NSW couple had arrived and set up camp next door, so we spent an entertaining evening chatting and playing cards.

DAY 13

Dismal, lousy rain again. We had to pack up as this was departure day and there was no way of avoiding the tent or us getting wet. So with as much haste as possible we packed all our gear and then got dressed standing on the veranda of the laundry block, scowling at the black sky.

After being on the road for only a short while the sun came out and we were soon boiling with all our waterproofs on. We arrived in Devonport early as the distance from Bridport is quite short.

Everywhere you looked there were motorcyclists sitting on the side of the road killing time until the boat was ready for loading. We spent most of the afternoon in an expensive little coffee shop with a Sydney couple, drinking coffee and moaning about the cost of it.

Finally, it was time to board. Ian disappeared with the bike whilst I wandered around the terminal psyching myself up against sea sickness! By the time the boat started groaning away from the pier and I had taken my third tablet, and I knew my 'psyching' hadn't worked. Ian escorted me outside and whilst my stomach slowly started to settle back down, the captain announced that it was going to be a rough trip back. Ian promptly deposited sick little me in bed whence I immediately passed out.

After I put Lynne to bed, I went to the bar for a while, then braved the weather up on the bow. There were waves breaking over the front and all. Very exciting!

Next morning was typical Melbourne, cold and overcast. After leaving the boat we headed home with another couple in tow who were having trouble with their sidecar. This was fixed (I hope) after about three hours after which they left for Perth. Good luck.

All told we did 2,850 km, used \$57 in petrol at an average of 34.7 cents per litre. Fuel consumption was an average of 17.3 km/l or 49 mpg. The bike also used 1.8 litres of oil. Not bad for a rattly BM full of junk! The weather in Tassie was great, apart from two days, the people we met were great, and the whole trip was well worth it.

Might I just add that there were many bikes far more heavily loaded than us. Amongst these were seasoned travellers carrying for one person what we carry for two, and those, who despite their excessive luggage, were pathetically short on simple necessities such as tools, camping, and food.

Be prepared.

LYNNE AND IAN BMW R90S.

I wish to apply for an operation to make me sterile. My reasons are numerous, and after being married for seven years and having seven children I have concluded that contraceptives are useless.

After getting married I was advised to use the 'Rhythm Method'. Despite trying the tango and samba, my wife fell pregnant, and I ruptured myself doing the cha cha.

A doctor suggested using the 'Safe Period'. At the time we were living with the in-laws, and we had to wait three weeks for a safe period when the house was empty. Needless to say, this didn't work.

A lady of several years' experience informed us that if we made love whilst breast feeding, we would be alright. It's hardly Fosters Lager, but I did finish up with a clear skin, silky hair, and felt very healthy and my wife was pregnant.

Another old wives' tale we heard was that if my wife jumped up and down after sex this would prevent pregnancy. After constant breast-feeding, including my earlier attempts, if my wife jumped up and down, she would finish up with two black eyes and eventually knock herself unconscious.

I asked the chemist about the 'sheath'. He demonstrated how easy it was to use so I got a packet. My wife fell pregnant again, which didn't really surprise me as I fail to see how a sheath stretched over a thumb, as the chemist showed, can prevent babies.

A 'coil' was then supplied and after several unsuccessful attempts to fit it we realised we had got a left-hand thread and my wife is definitely a right-hand screw.

The 'Dutch cap' came next. We were very hopeful of this as it didn't interfere with our sex life, but alas it gave my wife severe headaches. We were given the largest size available, but it was still too tight across her forehead.

Finally, we tried the 'pill'. At first it kept falling out, then we realised we were doing it wrong. My wife then started putting it between her knees, thus stopping me getting anywhere near her. This did work for a while until the night she forgot the 'pill'.

You must appreciate my problem. If this operation is unsuccessful, I will have to revert to oral sex, although just talking about it can never be a substitution to the real thing.

Yours faithfully,

Sean O'Toole

INTER OFFICE MEMORANDUM.

The objective of all dedicated employees should be to thoroughly analyse all situations, anticipate problems prior to their occurrence, have solutions for these problems, and move swiftly to solve these problems when called upon.

However...

When you are up to your ass in alligators it is difficult to remind yourself that your initial objective was to drain the swamp.

MOTORCYCLIST'S VIEW OF NEW ZEALAND

Recently, I spent two weeks in our sister country, and despite New Zealand being British and English speaking, it is becoming a very different type of country to Australia.

After landing at Christchurch, it became clear that New Zealand was a land of very old cars, vast numbers of small motorcycles and very cold weather and rain, but good and interesting scenery. Many cars were of English makes between 20 and 30 years old, like Austin A30s. The riders and

drivers were young looking and the licence age is 15. The accident rate is also very low, probably due to the low licence age. They learn before they drink.

All vehicles have six monthly police inspections to ensure only roadworthy vehicles are on the road. During the past six months there has been a 50% increase in motorcycle registrations. The reasons are very clear. Cars are expensive. A cheap Commodore costs from 14,500 dollars, and a Ford Escort costs 10,800. Worse, the deposit for term buyers is 50% of the value of the vehicle, and they must be paid for in 18 months.

Petrol is 48 cents per litre but was as high as 50 c/l in the National Park on the North Island. Not that bikes are cheap, but where cars are only allowed to be used on six days per week, and a \$400 fine can greet any driver who uses his car on his 'Carless Day', bikes can be used seven days per week. However, petrol cannot be sold after midday on Saturday until Monday morning and petrol thefts are high.

Wherever I went, there were very large bike shops, and even a shop as large as Peter Stevens in Melbourne would be only average in New Zealand cities. In Christchurch, Wellington, and Auckland, I saw many shops as big and many far bigger than Peter Stevens. Prices were almost beyond belief. Generally, small bikes were twice the Victorian price while the bigger bikes were three times the Victorian prices. I saw second hand Goldwings at \$5,999 and new at \$10,000 on the road. No wonder I did not see one BMW in the whole country. In fact, there were very few bikes over 500cc capacity.

In the evenings, I watched the boring two-channel Government TV stations, and both show adds. When I was there the government was running a very concentrated campaign to try and protect the many new bike riders from the car drivers. Several different segments were being used and one in a very graphic English production, or a section from such. The message was mainly asking drivers to watch out for the bike riders, but there many messages for riders to dress in leather and to wear brightly coloured outer gear.

Judging from the many young office workers carrying helmets to work, usually brightly coloured ones, with bright yellow outer gear, it appears the campaign is being heeded by the riders. I could not tell if the drivers were more vigilant, but while being driven about by various Government bombs, it was clear from talking to the drivers that they were aware that there were many young riders around and most had children who rode bikes and many used bikes themselves.

Sadly, beautiful New Zealand is in a severe economic decline, and many young Kiwis are coming to live in Australia. On the other hand, there is a great return to the motorbike, and at every change of lights you could be confident of seeing four or five bikes lead off from the cars. It was good to see.

Darren GL1000

LAUGHS ON THE ROAD

This is a short extract from an article written by someone who just completed a 20,000 km drive around Australia.

"Gorges so deep, they are almost dark by midday. Purple waterlilies covering lagoons the size of the MCG. Mountain ranges so red they remind you of the Brymay box. Buffalo, brolgas and boab trees."

You see these here and other things around the world but often it is the things people have said and done that will be remembered after the photos have faded.

A 60-year-old woman of Marble Bar was being farewelled by her husband when leaving for Perth. Her last words. "I'll see you in a few days George. Don't forget to feed the dogs and don't shoot the cat." Probably a year later you would wonder whether George shot the cat or not.

A 60-year-old gazed at the pilot of a ten-seater plane in a puzzled way all the way to Port Headland. On alighting and walking to the terminal building she said, "Didn't you win the camel race at Broome last year?" The pilot who was tall and lean and had no hump on his back said, "Not exactly madam, but I did ride the winning camel."

At one mining place where overburden is removed with vehicles with tyres as high as a horse, it was tea break and the driver climbed down, dusty boots, mighty shapely legs and long blonde hair, and no Hollywood star could have filled that dusty singlet better.

One past-time is counting tyres on road trains stopped at road-houses. It was not uncommon to have 70 tyres plus snares and, at \$300 each, that is \$21,000 for tyres alone.

It was about 1pm at Normanton Caravan Park and the silence was the only sort found in the outback. Suddenly there was a high-pitched scream from the women's toilets. Rape? No. It was nothing unusual. The toilet bowls just happen to be the favourite cooling off place for large agile green frogs.

One of the happiest souls met was a middle-aged ex-Melbourne woman in a caravan park in Broome. "What, you got from Melbourne in a month! I left two years ago to go all the way around and here we are not halfway yet. My first husband died in Perth, and I'm not sure if my second one will make it to Darwin."

To finish this article, especially for the benefit of women drivers of earth moving equipment. The works management said women are easier on the heavier equipment than men, more gentle and very good for morale too.

I have written this extract because the magazine is always short of articles and I haven't been on many runs, and after all, it was to do with travel.

Lloyd 750/4, 400/4, 500/single
