

ITINERARY

DECEMBER 1985/ JANUARY 1986

1 st	<u>GREAT OCEAN ROAD</u> 9.00 KBCP	been there, done that.
6 th	<u>GENERAL MEETING</u> 6.30 Club Hall	Christmas club BBQ
8 th	<u>WALHALA</u> 9.00 KBCP 10.15 Hallam	Inter club cricket match MTCV vs. FOUR OWNERS
15 th	<u>REEFTON/BLACK SPUR</u> 9.00 KBCP 10.30 Yarra Glen	Ben's twisties Mk V
22 nd	<u>ECONOMY RIDE</u> 9.00 KBCP	counter lunch at Blackwood
Weekend 26/12 to 3/1	<u>CLUB CAMP</u>	TAWONGA Caravan Park, situated near Mt. Beauty. Make your own way.



KEITH

WHO'S NEWS

EGADS, SHOCK, HORROR. A tradition has been broken, a club ride left

EARLY

Another tradition broken? Most treasurers are content with a new bike, but not our present holder of the purse strings. He's invested in real-estate as well as a shiny new u'beaut 900

Talking of things going on down at the harbour, Ted M has taken up the sport of scuba diving. He told me he had no fear despite seeing the movie JAWS but admitted there's very little to fear in a Clarke pool.

A member had his ego dented recently/ having for several K's kept in front of a renowned hard charger. Only to be told later that he was followed as it was thought he knew the road...thanks Wayne.

Kenny is again supporting the economy by buying more spare parts.

BM's come to the fore again in motorcycling development with their new quick detachable front-end.

RAFFLE WINERS

1st PRIZE...Microwave Oven
M. Miskin ticket No. 440

2nd ...Blender
M. Gillin ticket No. 268

3rd ...Toaster
S. Doherty ticket No. 376

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I would just like to take this opportunity to say what a well written and informative article: "What to take on a club rides" was. Good Vibrations Oct. 85.

It was obvious that the author had done extensive road testing to compile the section on high and low speed crashes.

But surely when he replaced his chain and sprockets at 28,000km, he replaced both sprockets?

Gary Lloyd.

Thanks Gary, that is the only feedback I have received to daye.

A few statistics:

Chains replaced at 27,800, 43,880 and 48,640km

Front sprocket replaced at 27,800 and 43,880km

Rear sprocket unchanged at 50,000 km (negligible wear)

As for “Extensive road testing”, I only note that *people in glass houses*....

Ben

Scientists have determined that the average time of intercourse is 4 minutes

The average number of strokes per minute is 9, making the average intercourse 36 strokes. Since the average length is six inches, the average girl receives 216 inches or 18 feet per intercourse. The average girl does it about 3 times per week, 52 times per year = 150 times 18ft = 2700 feet or just over half a mile every year. So girl, if you are not getting your half mile every year, why not let the man who gave you this card help you catch up....

“SENSIBLE CLOTHING?”

On a recent ride to Apollo Bay the Geelong road was closed due to a gas pipeline leak. This resulted in traffic being diverted through Little River and caused quite a hold up. With the slow progress of the long column of cars, most of us rode down the right side. This is the usual practice but it does require some caution.

The ride became well spaced out because of this congestion. As I passed the Little River showgrounds a fellow on a Katana 650 pulled out in front of me and took position behind a car and trailer. We couldn't of been doing more than 15 km/h, when the car suddenly braked. The trailer had no brake lights but he was too close to the trailer to notice the cars brake lights. Grabbing a fist of front brake on the gravel put him on the ground. I stopped to help him pick his bike up and he seemed to be in a lot of pain. When I got to him I saw that his leg had been neatly sliced open from his ankle to his knee. The cut was deep enough to reveal all the muscles and the shin bone.

This simple accident really STUFFED UP this guys leg and all because he was only going to take a short ride and didn't really need to wear his boots or gloves. God only knows why he wore a helmet.

I wish that you had seen it.

A LESSON TO US ALL I THINK

Gary Lloyd

THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU WEAR

HOROSCOPE FOR TRENDIES.

- Aquarius You have an inventive mind and are inclined to be progressive. You lie a great deal; on the other hand, you are inclined to be careless and impractical, causing you to make the same mistakes repeatedly. Everyone thinks you are a jerk!
- Pisces You have a vivid imagination and often think you are being followed by the FBI or ASIO. You have minor influence over your good friends and people resent you for flaunting your power. You lack confidence and are generally a coward. Pisces people kick small animals and pick their nose.
- Aries You are the pioneer type and hold most people in contempt. You are quick tempered, impatient and scornful of advice. You are a thorough bastard.
- Taurus You are practical and persistent. You have dogged determination and work like hell. Most people think you are stubborn and bull-headed. You are nothing but a god dam communist!
- Gemini You are quick, intelligent and a thinker. People like you because you are bisexual. However, you are inclined to expect too much for little. This means you are a cheap bastard! Gemini's are notorious for thriving on incest.
- Cancer You are sympathetic and understanding to other people's problems. They think you are a sucker. You are always putting things off. That is why you will always be on welfare and won't be worth a cracker.
- Leo You consider yourself a born leader. Others think you are pushy. Most Leo's are bullies. You are vain and cannot tolerate honest criticism. Your arrogance is disgusting. Leo people are thieving rats and kiss mirrors a lot.
- Virgo You are the artistic type and have a difficult time with reality. In fact, you are really quite strange. Chances for employment and monetary gain are excellent. Many Libra's die of venereal disease.
- Scorpio You are shrewd in business and cannot be trusted. You will achieve the pinnacle of success because of your total lack of ethics. You are a perfect son-on-a-bitch. Most Scorpio people are murdered.
- Sagittarius You are optimistic and enthusiastic. You have a reckless tendency to rely on luck, since you have no talent. The majority of Sagittarius people are drunkards and pot – heads. People laugh at you a lot because you are always getting done.
- Capricorn You are conservative and afraid of taking risks. You are basically a wimp. There has never been a Capricorn of any importance. You should kill yourself.

1 December 1985 Great Ocean Road (odometer calibration)

Ben (GPZ900), Hans (K100), Keith (Z1300), Wayne (VF1000F), Phil & Kids (K100 & chair), Robyn (CX650), Ross (GS1000G), Ian & Kerry (GT750), Jeff & Helen (XJ900), Janet (GPz550), Peter & Lorri (GSX750), Ian (Z900), Murray (GBX550), Craig (RZ3500).

I arrived at KBCP on only my second ride with the club and found ten other riders ready to set off for Apollo Bay via Geelong and the Great Ocean Road. There were three new riders in the group. The weather was fine, dry but a bit windy.

Headed off over Westgate bridge, no longer any toll for the privilege of being blown into the guard rail, and then down to the second pickup at the Laverton servo. Departed the service station at one minute to ten. Keith and Peter arrived at ten o'clock exactly and they finally caught up with us at Anglesea.

We all reset our odometers at a kilometre post just past Laverton and then checked the reading at another post 42km down the road (results are shown on next page). Geelong road had a number of cars on it but no hold ups.

We got mixed up with half a dozen other bikes as we were going through Geelong but didn't find out who they were as they shot straight through at Anglesea while we stopped for morning tea. The break was slightly longer than planned as we had to wait for Ian (Z900) to get going again after his bike had mysteriously stopped. Apparently the ignition lead had fallen off.

Janet got a good view of a suicidal magpie playing chicken with the front wheel of my bike (score: CBX 1, magpie 0).

We finally passed under the sign indicating we were indeed on the Great Ocean Road (pronounced GO Road). It seemed in pretty good shape, dry, only a few patches of gravel and traffic was light. Headed straight for Apollo Bay, no stops, but just backed off occasionally to take in the great views. Quite a few white caps out on the water whipped up by the stiff southerly breeze.

The main street of Apollo Bay looked like Italy. The Ducati Club had a day out it seems and a good number of the Italian bone shakers were parked in the gutter. (I think the backup vehicle carrying spares must have been parked out of sight)

It was the first day of summer but you wouldn't have thought so. People were standing around leaving their jackets on for a bit of extra protection from the cold wind coming straight in off the sea.

After lunch (everyone trying to give away their chips, nice but plentiful) we shot back down the GOR to Lorne where we headed inland towards Deans Marsh. Great country, green and lush. A Porsche 911 proved impossible to pass on the tight twisties. It was only when he got held up by another car that I finally got past him.

Keith complained that on the open roads heading back to Geelong he could only manage 200kmp into the wind. I think he needs a bigger bike (impossible) or a smaller barn door (very possible).

We regrouped back at Geelong. A few riders had already left the group at Apollo Bay and Lorne. We broke up at Geelong at about four o'clock after a good days riding.

As this was supposed to be an odometer calibration run, here are the results obtained: (first number is the odometer reading after 42km, second number is the actual distance travelled when the odometer indicates 1000km)

Ben (GPz900)	43.1	974.5	Ross (GS1000G)	42.45	989.4
Hans (K100)	41.4	1014.5	Ian (Z900)	42.9	797.0
Wayne (VF1000F)	42.2	995.3	Janet (GPz550)	41.9	1002.4
Phil (K1000)	42.3	992.9	Murray (CBX550)	40.7	1031.9
Robyn (CX650)	42.65	984.8	Craig (RX350)	42.7	983.6
Ian/Kerry (GT750)	42.5	988.2	Jeff/Helen (XJ900)	44.5	943.8

Murray (CBX550)

NOT THE NEWS FROM LAKES ENTRANCE (November 16/17)

The usual group of drunks, deros and deviants assembled at the KBPC on a typical MCTCV morning departure – bright sunlight few could bear and the usual large supplies of Green Ginger Wine, which was generously shared with the assembled under – bridge dwellers in place of their sweet sherry. Normal collection of bikes – 17 Harleys (assorted), tow Urals and a Suzuki rabbit. Those not wearing the regulation dress – black open face with tasteful swastika, trendy mirror shades and smart fringed jacket were flung into the Yarra and their bikes chopped up into small pieces and mailed to the poor in Ethiopia in the hope that they could make something useful out of them.

To the accompaniments of bottles crashing onto the road, we sped off towards beautiful Mordialloc, kicked in a few car doors en route and helped a few old ladies across the road when they didn't want to cross. We felt so much better after this magnificent display of benevolence towards the world at large. After a long delay at Cranbourne for a bit of raping and pillaging, we reluctantly left the Farmers Arms and, curiously, found our way to Wonthaggi. "Goodness!", we cried, what extraordinary navigation; our cleverness reached new heights when we arrived in Foster to the cheers of the multitudes and a barrage of farm produce from some ill-mannered yokels dressed in smocks and an ear of wheat dangling from their mouths. (Well, it seemed to be wheat). The meal was a very leisurely one-four hours in fact, and we were truly grateful to Bishop Wince for the dispensation from the cruel, only one hour, normal boozing session. Apart from a few up chucking in hamburgaries on the way, we reached Lakes Entrance without any hassles.

At the Motel Lust-re, we found some of our comrades already ensconced – couldn't get any sense out of them, though, as they were off their faces, as usual. Heaven knows what debauchery our arrival prevented. In appreciation of our custom, the motel proprietors had left champagne, flowers and chocolates in each room. We were impressed.

On arrival at the local hostelry, en masse of course and surrounded by clouds of strange smelling burning herb, we found the place left to us as the locals withdrew, bowing and murmuring salutations as they went out on bended knees. The whole roast ox ordered earlier was torn apart by the group and eaten and I am sorry to say the Axminster looked a bit the worse for wear. However, the publican didn't seem to mind as free barrels of Chateau Incredible were dispensed regularly. Some unfortunate locals crept back in and were immediately set upon by the members and I am happy to say that this time, no one was pillaged; remember the Bandiditoes? Some eventually found their way back to the motel, some found the guitarist interesting (bit hairy, wasn't he?). dear reader, I shall not attempt to describe what went on in the depths of the night – Fred Nile, where were you when we needed you?

The morning found everyone without exception cheerful and vibrant with life, desperately seeking a breakfast of pork chops and runny eggs (yum!). This nourishment was a must for the morning catamaran boat trip to Painesville or the ride in the hail to Bruthen. The weather gods were not kind to us for the return journey (small wonder) and precipitation persisted. We dined at Molly's Folly in Bairnsdale on the journey back to Melbourne – the children in the playground at the Folly voted the boiled lollies and green ginger wine we gave them as No. 1. Tucker! Your correspondent left at Traralgon to escape the pursuing police and can only surmise what happened later.

So that's what you missed. And if you're silly enough to believe all this tripe, then it serves you right if you spend the next three months banging your head against the wall for missing this weekend.

Peter Dwyer XJ900



Sunday 3-11-85 Yea via Reefton Spur.

Here it is midweek and I'm just writing last Sunday's ride report. Now what happened? I recall it was a very enjoyable day, weather – perfect spring day, the roads – entertaining, and a few new faces for the ride. Ben led the excursion from the KBCP to Yarra Glen via Kangaroo Ground (with Geoff/Rhonda as tail rider) where we met with the rest of the group to make a total of thirteen bikes (& three pillions) Unlucky?

After a short smoko (morning tea) the travels resumed through to Healesville on the back roads. Then Launching Place, Warburton and, wait for it, the highlight of the day, Reefton SPUR. Slogging along to the best of my ability, being passed by most bikes, rounded a bend saw bikes stopped everywhere. Disaster? No, Ben stopped to check rear tyre pressure, too high, rear end sliding out too much (never trust servo gauges)

Meeting up at the end of the Spur road where is Robyn? Back tracking a couple of k's to where we last saw her patiently waiting beside her bike. Seized too much red-ling for the RD. Fortunately the damage was not serious and the bike was able to be ridden through to Marysville then home. Lunch at Marysville, Jack spent twenty minutes reassembling the Laverda, surprised that nothing had actually vibrated off.

After lunch a reduced group of six continued the ride towards Alexandra (turned off 3km out) to Molesworth. Keith "Ornithologist" Finlay took a lesson in Magpie spotting. It spotted everywhere. Much to the detriment of his mirror.

Finally on to Yea for a nominal visit (it was mentioned on the itinerary)

The usual blast to Whittlesea, where the ride broke up.

Tony G GT750



MARYSVILLE 24.11.85

Ten Bikes:

Laverda 1200	Jack Youdan	20 years	220,00 km+
K100RS	Tom Seville	17 years	500,00 km+
K100RS	Hans Wurster	30 years	1 million miles +
K100RT	Ian	first ride	
GS100G	Gary Osborne	12 years	500,000 km+
XJ900	Vince Green	28 years	500,000 km+
GPz900	Ken Wurster	3 years	70,000 km
GPz900	Ben/Janet	6/2.5 years	180,00/35,000 km
R80 G/S	Andrera Sirninger	4 years	50,000 km

Weather: overcast, warmish

Janet and I arrived at KBCP to find Tom busily duct taping a camera and assorted bracketry to the seat of his K100. The trigger mechanism was mounted on his left handle bar and the camera faced backwards. The photos may be used in "Australian Motor Cycle News" to promote the club. We departed 10 minutes late with Tome leading and Les the rear rider for what proved to be a most eventful, yet very satisfying ride. Judging by the number of very experienced and skilful riders present, (and I do not count myself amongst these, especially as a couple were riding before I was born), the ride would be swift and demanding. The unknown quantities were (i) Ian on his first ride not wearing jacket or gloves, (ii) Ken who'd had less sleep than the previous Saturday's night excesses (the bar closed two hours earlier for him than it did for anyone else!) and (iii) would the 900 hold up after all yesterday's work on it which included new fork seals and fork oil, fitting a new chain, installing new left hand side brake calliper seals and associated brake fluid changing and bleeding.

First stop Yarra Glen. On the last corner running down the mountain I pulled up hard to catch Tom verbally blast an errant car driver in a white Commodore or Falcon. The driver had slowly done a right hand turn coming up the hill across Tom's path right on the corner. Tom, locked up under brakes, had lain the bike over on both sides in a desperate effort to avoid hitting the car and succeeded. Hans, within sight of the whole Smokey incident, believed that if he were in Toms' place, well. With motors running, everyone dressed I wondered why our leader did not depart. Ian was cleaning his visor, blissfully unaware of Vince's honking horn. We sat, we waited.

Now the ride flowed. Kangaroo Ground re-appeared as we back tracked through Christmas Hills. The section after ST Andrews needed strict concentration. Corners marked at 25 km/h were awkward if you missed seeing the sign, especially for the pillion. We regrouped at Kinglake, then onwards (see map) to Yea for petrol and an early lunch. My fuel gauge showed half full, but indicated about a quarter full immediately after lunch once the foam had settled.

It was slightly embarrassing telling Ian that members present included the president and vice president, the captain and vice captain, the social secretary and a number of former committee members, especially after Vince told us of his usual speed exploits of hitting this section of dirt at 180 km/h and doing 210 km/h along here. So when Vince offered Janet a ride on a comfortable bike, Ian and Vince were slightly taken aback when she agreed. A flurry of suspension adjusting took place.

The dust between Break O'Day and Glenburn was unpleasant and I thought of my air filter and new chain. Leaving another couple of kilometres of dirt new Castella, I saw Andrera not far ahead. At the intersection looming up on our right a white Commodore or Falcon appeared and stopped, hesitated, then WENT, failing to give way. A white van behind it made as if to follow. Andrera had nowhere to go but the dirt (which was where I wanted to go!) The driver then stopped in the middle of the road (having completed the turn) blocking traffic from both directions. Unlocking the rear wheel I pulled up surprisingly quickly (no pillion). As I squeezed past the car, relieved at the

thought of not being hit by oncoming traffic, I gave his mirror a healthy nudge, which I immediately regretted.

Ian, having seen some or the entire incident, apparently spoke to the driver, possibly apologising for my actions. I now apologise to the club for bringing its name into disrepute.

At the next opportunity Ian declared to Vince his intention of leaving the ride. He did not wish to be associated with “*lawless*” motorcyclists, namely me.

On to Healesville and up the back road to Mt. Donna Buang. I have never been along this road before and was quite impressed: 14km of smooth uphill, carless windies. The 10km of tight, gravelly dirt road at the end dampened my enthusiasm somewhat.

Once regaining the bitumen I realised that my speedo had stopped. The cable was part way out and soon salvaged. Les assured me Marysville via the Acheron Way was most probable. We regrouped at the Mt Donna Buang intersection to the summit and discussed events. Then headed for Warburton and I knew I would need petrol. As I made up for lost time I met Janet riding Vince’s XJ900 coming the other way. (*That’s another one you’ve sold Vince, though Ray Thomas bought a blue GPz900 after riding mine*) the rest of the troupe were at Reefton, psyching themselves up for the blitz over the Spur.

Jack had the Jota well stocked up and was using almost the entire road to straighten out the corners. I ducked under him on one occasion and slotted in behind Hans. The three of us rode in Indian file until Tom (fooling with the ever lop sided camera) slowed us. Jack idled past. Then Tom vanished. We resumed our snake formation, albeit in a different order. Apparently Hans was running out of cornering clearance, his pipe clanging away.

At Cumberland Junction we regrouped and waited. No Ken. Andrera arrived with the bad news.

Brakes locked up, Ken had sailed past Andrera and Gary, in a desperate passing manoeuvre, while in hot pursuit of Vince and Janet who seconds earlier had whizzed by him. *He failed to negotiate the following right hand corner.* Gary, (Mr Fix it), with the help of a piece of wood stuck down the handlebar and plenty of duct tape, soon had the 900 moving again.

Ken had ripped his gloves and cords suffering gravel rash to his knee (not bad). He was okay. All bikies walk with a limp don’t they?

The bike suffered the usual cosmetic damage: right hand side blinkers, mirror, handlebar, foot peg, foot peg mounting bracket, and muffler (4 into 1 grazed, dented and compressed), and miscellaneous scuffing to fairings and engine cases. It will be as new the next time we see it.

Marysville for “lunch”. Front tyre (ribbed Pirellis) wear on the Wursters’ machines was defined as 5,000 kilometres worth. Both tyres were wrecked, the sides chewed out.

I regained a pillion for the ride over the Black Spur to Healesville where we disbanded. Home via Yarra Glen, passing through Christmas Hills for the third time that day. A round trip of 460 km left the odometer reading 49,300km.

Ben (GPz900)

p.s. for those interested, my rear MP7 Pirelli radial had done 10,500km and the front 9,500km. The GOR next week will probably finish the rear off. (It did)

p.p.s. cheap (\$45) DID heavy duty chain (not O-ring chain) lasted 4,800km. I bought it as an expensive experiment: the only apparent difference was the lack of O-rings.





KARUMBA OR BUST

WHERE'S KARUMBA ?

ON THE GULF OF CARPENTARIA

A ride with a difference, as this was not an endurance test of man or machine, and besides I am pushing 60 from the top back as fast as I can. As I was not going fast, far or for long, I went on the CX500 instead of the Yammi 850. Also the Honda does 60 M.P.G, bugga metrics, as against 40 on the Yammi, which is a bit more change in the pocket after 11,400km. The cheapest petrol at Nambour 45.5 cents per litre. That's roughly 100 km North of Brisbane. The dearest was Karumba 66.5. Normanton 76km this side 66.3c Bourke and Wills roadhouse 200km this side 66.1c.

I chose Friday 27th September as my set off date. This gave me 5 days to be at Normanton where I wanted to be before Wednesday to go on the once a week sail motor to Croydon, an old gold mining place 100 miles east of Normanton, which is on the way to Cairns if you don't mind 200 miles of dirt road, very bad dirt road from all accounts. Being a bike magazine, I will say nothing about the sail motor trip except he or we arrived 2 hours ahead of time and total distance is only 100 miles.

First day, Friday, saw me at 5pm at Coonabarabran. I intended leaving 7am. They say the road to hell is paved with good intentions so I must be going there. I left at 8.30 going through Goondiwindi, Moonie, no visible signs of oil, or anything except one service station, and Roma for the night. The country was green with plenty of blue and white flowers on the roadside as well as birdlife including water birds. Also bees; I got a sting on the neck and by nightfall I had more double chins than Menzies if you know who he was. I am allergic to bee stings and my arm was swollen to the elbow and half way down my chest: by morning after taking 2000 of Vitamin C, the swelling was half gone. The only thing maturely at Roma, visibly that is, is that the streets are lined with bottle trees, and for those who may think I don't know the real name, Boabob.

From here on to Charleville, where for the only time, tow lots of police drove behind me for about 6km. Do they think that we may see them in our rear vision mirror then speed up to give them the pleasure of booking us? No hope. I never went over 100 and sometimes less if the road was rough. That night (Sunday), I stayed at Barcaldine, a 2 pub town with 5 pubs.

All buildings one side of the street and railway line the other. There's a real old cafe there, but not called "outback" or "Nth west" or something with imagination. Not even "Beryl and Bills" or "Tom or Janet's". "Blue Danube" is its name, which if nothing else gives you a clue to the IQ of the people who run it. It is being Barcaldine about as far in distance and appearance as you can get. The servo attendant said the caravan park in the show grounds was better than the one almost across, so I go there but no sign of the office caretaker, tents once you go through the gates. On enquiring at the swimming pool nearby they volunteered the information that if I went two blocks down the road, opposite the hospital, I might see a green ford van that belonged to the caretaker. If it wasn't there he wasn't either. I said to myself screw that and went to the original one. On entering, voice from the window of the house said that if I wanted a site for the night, anywhere behind the amenities block and he would catch up with me later. He hasn't so far. The night life at Barcaldine on Sunday, or any other night for that matter, was not such that would keep you up till 4am. In fact I couldn't find anything to do to keep me up longer than 7.30pm. Monday, left at 6.30am. It had been cold enough to use the down sleeping bag and on the bike long underwear and balaclava until Longreach. They were not used for the rest of the trip. Inland QLD and NT can get cold at night.

Lunchtime saw me at Winton, the end of the railway line out from Rockhampton. One of the entertainments of this place is the yearly crayfish derby held down the main streets. It must have been due as the seats were all down the centre nature strip. There is one very old store of note there worth going to if you like to step back in history. It sells anything used in the house. One side is groceries, one whole wall 10 feet high with ladder. It has a full length counter 4 feet deep and you tell them what you want, he writes it all down, price alongside then gets it for you. It is a relic from

the shop before self service. Cloncurry, where you would least expect it, has the latest bar code reader which tells you the item price and thanks you for shopping there. The girls don't even face you to talk. Kynuna is the ½ way mark between Winton and Cloncurry and here is the only dirt encountered. 83km is new and finished, 86 is dirt. 30km is almost finished. The old road is new clay which is impossible after even 20 points of rain. From Kyunno it is all sealed, the last 40km section being opened the day I was there. Got to be lucky sometime.

Cloncurry to Normanton is 400km. Bourke and Wills roadhouse is 200km and is the Junction of the sealed road to Julia Creek on the Flinders highway which is 240km away, the longest distance between petrol stops. Family cal K for Cloncurry is a roadhouse. Normanton is 76km from Karumba which like Normanton is on the Norman River. To actually see the gulf you go another 6km to Karumba Point which was the original Karumba where flying boats used to land and refuel last war on the way to the islands. Karumba exists solely because of the prawn fishing and fishing in the gulf of Arafura Sea. It's very hot as mangroves on the opposite bank stop the breeze off the gulf. Very are a few Aborigines there. Normanton has more of them than whites which range as usual from the dregs all day drinkers to real nice people. Normanton is more of historical interest than anything else and being remote is expensive. A stubbie or can of cider \$1.80. The caravan park is very good with barbecues, swimming pool only \$2.00 a night. Normanton was planned to be a big city and Main Street and some side streets have 30' (again bugga metrics) centre nature strips and room for 4 lanes of traffic each side of this. Normanton is 3400km from Melbourne the way I went which was not quite the shortest. Dubbo, Bourke, Cunnamulla Charleville, all sealed is the shortest.

Next to me in the Normanton caravan park was a Swiss guy who had ridden his push bike all the way except between Malaya and Darwin where he and arrived 4 weeks earlier, and was on his way to Cairns and later here and Tasmania. Think of that all you wimps who think 300km is a long trip on the motor bike. He does 100 to 160km per day. Ian Grafton was a guy from Los Angeles who was riding his push bike from Cairns to Melbourne. I remember a few years back a couple who rode their motor bike to Cairns, then put it on the train to Brisbane as they thought the road was too rough. Weak as water; left Normanton 6.45 Friday and up till Bourke and Wills roadhouse counted 37 live kangaroos and wallabies feeding at the roadside. On the 440km from Normanton to Julia Creek, apart from the roadhouse not a house is to be seen though some station houses are as close as 8km off the road. It would be 100% true to say outback there would be an average of one dead kangaroo or wallaby for every 2km. That Friday saw me at Hughenden. Saturday it was Townsville and Cairns. I still have three weeks leave after this, but as Cairns is like a milk run to me and more people are likely to go there than outback, I will finish with just a few remarks.

It's a great experience although there are a lot of boring kms to cover, but you have to see it to get the real experience. I could not get over the improvement in outback roads in 5 years. While not up to our standard in Victoria, considering the distance they are very good. Lastly, you don't need a big bike. Anyone could have done what I did as quick or more so, on a 250cc. The only limit is less carrying capacity, so get out and see our country while we are well enough off to afford it. Even one trip in a life time is a great experience and educational. Finally the bike; Changed oil at Hughenden and topped up coolant header tank at Cairns, that all

Lloyd Wissman CX 500.

