

GOOD VIBRATIONS

EDITORIAL – JUNE 1975

D. Cumming & M. Peart

Another month, another rebore and although no social gatherings were held to officially welcome Autumn, we understand that clubs runs, with the exception of the weekend camp, were all well attended. Anyhow, a few good turns are being arranged for the next few months so diary them and be there:

1st On the 7th of June ice skating at Ringwood – should be a real slippery evening. BYO Waterproofs!!

2nd The Social Secretary in her never ending hunt for good social gatherings has arranged for the Dinner Dance on the 12th July to be held at “Bogarts”, 504 Victoria Street, North Melbourne. It is a sit down meal, BYO and at only \$7.00 per head, it’s a real steal! Numbers are limited so make sure you contact Linda Bowers this month on 5699328 – to be sure to get a ticket.

Rumour has it that some members have been grumbling about the 40c charged at each General meeting for supper. The Committee has asked me to inform all members that this money does go toward the cost of supper and what is left over goes toward the cost of hiring the hall. If this money was not raised then the club would lose all its working capital in a few months.

Speaking of money, David Cumming, your Vice-President, will be running a raffle each month (*Hopefully, Ed.*) to swell the coffers for the Christmas Party. Tickets will be 20c for 4. If they prove successful we may have a monster raffle with a prize of 100 cans of baked beans for camping weekends!! If this does not sound inviting, suggestions are always welcome.

Hear Graham McF is up on one or two charges of speeding with a pillion. It’s about time this stupid law was repealed and motorcyclists were allowed to travel with the stream of traffic.

Received a note this week from Mike Davis our globe trotting member who is presently in Pittsburgh which is somewhere in the U.S.A. He is on his way to Britain but assures me that he will be back in time for the July meeting.

At long last Darren has taken delivery of his 1000CC flat four Honda I believe that his first week of ownership was rather hectic six deep in the garage – would you believe?

A word of advice to new members who intend to go on the Mt Gambier weekend and that is to ensure that you take the correct gear and the essential spares. Don't be caught out, as many were in Tasmania. I feel sure that the Captain or Vice-Captain will get around to advising new members of what they should take in the near future!!

David Cumming

THE VILLAGE CONCERT

At the Stroke of Twelve

John Thomas Bent

SOPRANO SOLOS

The Maid's Anxiety
The Great Rubber Failure
The Content Wife
Love's Labours Lost
The Dainty Maiden
The Passionate Lover

R.U. Cumming
Iva Kidd
John Thomas Everhard
Miss Carriage
Lotta Bubbs
Nina Knight

ELECUTIONARY

The Agony
The Spot I Love
The Wedding Night
Man to Man

Claude Balls
Herr Bumm
Will E. Rider
Oscar Wilde

DUET

The Happy Honeymoon

Maud Fitzgerald
Gerald Fitzmaud

LECTURE

The Limitation of Offspring

Dr. Kutcherkockoff

BARITONE SOLOS

The Dawn of Love
The Nubian Princess
The Flapper's Fright
A Yellow Stream
A Tight Fit

Holden Hiscock
Erasmus B. Black
Mister Period
I. P. Daily
Will E. Fawcett

SEVEN STAGES OF MAN

20 – 30 years	Try weekly
30 – 40 years	Tri weekly
40 – 50 years	Try weakly
50 – 55 years	Try Oysters
55 – 60 years	Try Anything
60 – 70 years	Try Splinters
70 – 80 years	Try to remember

SO GOOD TO BE ALIVE

Though the sun was now invisible below the horizon the stars had not yet appeared. The air was still warm, but held promise of a bracing coolness.

Ever so slowly the remaining sunlight was being absorbed by encroaching night. An orchestra of nocturnal insects began tuning up; preparing for the performance.

The temperature had dropped by the time he emerged from the house, and the stars glittered frostily, their brightness seemingly magnified by the still, cold and clean air.

He hesitated a timeless moment, smelling the damp lushness of the grass, then walked across to the shanty garage in the corner of the yard and forced open the doors.

Under the harsh yellow glare of the unshaded light he opened a cupboard and removed the battered leather jacket and gauntlets, and a helmet resplendent in new silver and black paint. The jacket had seen action; the rips and scrapes down one side and part of the back mutely attested to the savagely destructive properties of loose gravel.

By contrast, the helmet – the one he took – was unmarked.

The older helmet, lying dusty but not forgotten in the trunk by the door wordlessly described its services against flying pebbles and insects and that last agonising slide across the tarmac, so many years ago. The small scar behind his left ear still throbbed every now and again.

He checked the petrol, oil, lights and tyres with practised ease, extinguished the lamp, then wheeled the machine outside.

The suspension squeaked as he stepped over and settled in the saddle. He turned on the bikes' life blood, ticked it through both carbies enriched with three-quarter choke.

Ignition on. The little red light glowed like a demon's eye in the pitch black of the night. One slow shove turned the motor over to compression, the one hard kick split the night with the muffled thud of the big twin.

As the oil coursing through its innards warmed up, the motor increased its speed and the type-writer rattling of the tappets and rockers increased in volume.

A cyclopean eye gazed blindly from the front of the machine. At the flick of a switch it came alive and shed golden white light.

The silver machine edged forward, out the front gate, then on to the road. Faster and faster came the beat, ascending the scale, changing from the muted burble to a challenging roar, defying the night.

He threaded his way through the twisting street, waiting for the moment.

Then he saw the sign. The right hand flashed downward and the captive mechanical horse leapt forward, champing at the bit, ready, eager to propel man and machine down the sinuous ribbon of highway. He crouched, head low, legs tucked and drinking in the heady essence of the cold, clean air of the night.

Slackening his mad pace not a while he cranked the bike over for the sweeping curve ahead. Now he raced towards the rising moon, the flashing headlight seeking to probe the seas and mountains, daring the Man in the Moon to wink back. A sliver of his laughter echoed through the cutting over the hill and became one with the dew of tomorrow.

His first exuberance over, he slowed the bike to 55. Far ahead two red lights floated in mid air, moving only slowly. As he approached them he saw orange lights strung out before them, and the broad headlight beam painted the countryside with moving shadows. He dipped his headlight and slowed.

The truck's indicator flashed once... he gave it a handful and rushed past the semi as it laboured through the velvet darkness, his left hand up, two fingers in a "V". Behind him, the headlights flashed once, then vanished from sight as he rounded the corner.

On and on he went, braking hard, through corners, up hills and down straights. The wheels ceased to be wheels – they became his feet. The motor was no longer a motor, but his heart. The headlight became his eye, the oil his blood.

He crested the rise and saw tail lights. His golden light drowsed, his heart slowed...above the beating of the motor he heard another noise. Another motor.

The car probably had no muffler. It sat on flat tyres and displayed a deteriorating custom paint job. He flashed the light, tooted the horn and moved out to pass.

As he pulled alongside, the other motor changed its speed. The car leapt forward. He braked, gently; the car braked; he braked hard, the car braked hard. He accelerated, followed by the car.

His lips twisted in a savage snarl. He braked, slowing down, steadying at 25, the car mimicking his every move. He kicked viciously to the change lever, dropped into first...GO!

The hand dropped, the front wheel bounced like a basketball, and he was away.

What fools these mortals be, buying a car, then trying to get LIFE out of it. Would they ever realise – as he had so many years ago – that bikes are the ultimate truth...

He cast his mind back to before the big prang, when his mate offered him a ride on a Velocette Thruxton – it was a long cast back. It wasn't quicker, but it handled like nothing on Earth has any right to. His bike could out accelerate it, but the Velo was pure poetry.

Until then he had been a motorcyclist, or even a bikie, when the mood suited him, but after that he became a fledgling enthusiast, learning to appreciate the machine modern riders knew little of. But now he forced his mind back on the road, mentally scouting ahead. Dead Man's Curve was close.

He slowed right down; second gear, motor just ticking over. He remembered the time he'd taken it at 55 and lived, but that was in daylight. Twenty-five seemed too fast at times, but he didn't worry as he cranked the bike over.

Maybe there had been light rain...there was a puddle... God no! It was OIL. Desperately, furtively, he tried to heave the bike upright. And then he felt the front tyre let go.

His left foot's flying downward thrust was automatic, but was too late. The bike was sliding away, he was sliding on his back, rolling, his arm wrapped protectively around his head. He rolled. He thought about the hours he had put into the bike. He rolled again. He could see that sparks were flying off the pipe, and he hoped the tank stayed closed. He rolled again, this time worried about his own condition. He slid inertly over the edge of the road, gathering gravel which cut deeply into his back under his jacket and shirt. He stopped sliding on the grass – but it didn't feel soft – and was immediately on his feet, ignoring the gashes on his back and arms, unaware of the 12 inch slit in his trousers, where a broken bottle had caught and sliced it with surgical precision, leaving his leg unscathed.

The bike lay on its side, the rear wheel spinning, the motor dying. He righted it, surprising himself with the ferocity of his action, as set it on the side-stand, glancing quickly to see the seriousness of the damage.

Then he examined himself. No broken bones, a few cuts and bruises here and there, his helmet intact, his trousers ... with a great gape in the leg.

The glare of the headlight revealed the damage to the new paint. He wondered if the engine still worked. After three kicks it fired; raggedly at first, but then settled down after the few seconds.

He drove across the road and then dismounted. The oil slick wasn't as bad as he thought and he kicked dirt over it, absently wondering if shock was going to set in.

He shivered... a nervous involuntary action... and noted that suddenly the small scar behind his ear was throbbing again.

But it was 'SO GOOD TO BE ALIVE'...

Editor's note: This article was taken, would you believe, from a Car Club magazine, given to Les Leahy, while on holiday in N.S.W recently, by a member of the club. We thought it extremely well written, so have included it for all members to enjoy.

CAPTAIN'S DIRT RUN 18th May, 1975

To be contradictory, this article should more aptly be renamed the Captain's Mud Bath, as it became more like one the further along the tracks we went over as the day wore on.

Bitterly cold weather, with dark clouds hanging low in the sky, was probably the reason for only about 13 riders being at the car park by leaving time. All were huddling up, trying to keep warm before departure.

Howard led off with Big Daddy as rear rider, after telling everyone that the first stop would be Kinglake. So away we went, hoping that the rain wouldn't come down as it had the night before, therefore making the thought of riding over wet dirt roads even more unattractive than it already was to some people.

Between Epping and Kinglake Howard had somehow managed to conjure up what we thought to be some of the roughest, yet scenic, roads in the area. But no one came off and we eventually reached Kinglake after what seemed hours of riding.

Although only a short stop for petrol, people were soon scoffing hot pies etc in an attempt to warm themselves before the next leg of the ride over to Healesville, the lunch stop. Little did we know that this section was to be muddier than the first, and inevitably a couple of bikes were dropped on an extremely slippery stretch. A quick zap through the Toolangi State Forest on beautiful bitumen roads made up for a little of the dirt, though.

Lunch consisted of the general club menu of pies, pasties, etc, and we soon remounted and set off up yet another dirt track to the selected stop for the day. On arriving we found the access gate to the Lookout on top of the hill was securely locked. That didn't stop several enterprising members who wanted to ride to the top. They merely piled rocks up against a fallen giant of the forest to form a ramp and over they went. Those who ventured to the Lookout were soon bitterly cold, some saying it was practise for the Alpine Rally for those going there in June. Shortly afterwards everyone descended to the picnic area to watch the bikes going back over the log, now without the rock ramp, removed unbeknownst to the last few bikes.

As it was still relatively early in the afternoon, Howard thought we could go for a short ride and then head back to Kinglake from another direction. Away, we went, having complete faith in our leader, which soon diminished when the maps started to appear and the tracks we wanted didn't!! But after many slips and near falls while riding in a circle (which we didn't know we were doing of course!) and manoeuvring through a particularly bad mud hole, we came across a group of trail riders who very kindly directed us back to from where we came.

Once back onto the main road again it was a good run on all bitumen roads over to Kinglake, then home along Plenty Road. The bikes were absolutely covered in clinging mud, and no doubt they all were washed that night, after an exciting, though cold and dirty, day's run.

Sherak

NOOJEE 6th May, 1975

Arriving at the KBCP on time at 9am, I was a bit disappointed to find only one other member waiting to greet us. In the half hour that followed, though, six more bikes arrived to make a sub total of eight – WOW!!

We moved off, led by Jol, towards Hallam. There we picked up another five bikes to make a stunning grand total of thirteen. Perhaps the gloomy weather persuaded some members to stay at home, while the BMW clan had organised its own run for the day.

Heading off towards Noojee, nothing spectacular was seen until we turned off the main highway just before Drouin. The scenery from here onwards to Noojee was superb. The hills, valleys, green pastures and trees on each side of the road made it difficult for me to concentrate on where I was going. Noojee turned out to be a small country town with very friendly inhabitants. I recommend the food at the little milk bar, particularly the chips; they are enormous.

After topping up the tanks we moved down the road to a picnic area beside a small stream. It was here that I found one advantage of a small turn up. The atmosphere was free and easy and everyone had a better opportunity to mix in and meet the new faces.

At about 2.30pm we left Noojee and aimed ourselves at Yarra Junction, where ice creams, drinks and snacks were in order. I believe someone saw Big Daddy sprout a curly tail after dropping some litter. Perhaps we will have to find out if he still has it.

The trip back to Melbourne proved to be a bit frustrating because of a few corners being unmarked and the traffic was thick in places, but on the whole, I thoroughly enjoyed the day.

The weather was reasonable: at least it didn't rain, and the company was good. The pace set by the leader was not too fast and not too slow, and the only accidents seen were car versus car ones.

My advice is: don't let the weather beat you. Motorcycling can be great in any month of the year.

Greg Moore, 550 Suzi.

MOSS VALE PARK 6th April, 1975

Because of the gloomy weather on the Saturday before this run, I was feeling quite apprehensive about this trip for two reasons: -

1. Would there be enough riders to take the Hostel boys as pillion passengers as arranged?
2. Having suggested the destination and committed myself to lead the run, would I have to lead the club through equally gloomy weather the following day?

On Sunday morning, the answer to both these questions came, one pleasant, the other unpleasant. There were enough riders to take the Hostel boys out because the roads had dried up overnight, but BRRR! Who ordered that wind???

With Big Daddy as rear rider, I gracefully led the club out of the car park via the only bloody pot hole in the vicinity and a miniature “Yarra River” created by a clogged up storm drain. A stop was made in Hawthorn to pick up the Hostel boys before joining the Princes Highway for the run to Dandenong and Cranbourne. Just after leaving the Hostel, I was misled by a NO RIGHT TURN sign and proceeded to do a tour of the streets of Glenferrie, much to everyone’s confusion. Anyway, with much relief, all arrived at Cranbourne where more riders were met.

An express run at a “fast 50” along the South Gippsland Highway brought all riders into Leongatha in good time to purchase goodies for lunch, observe the local Mr Plods coasting along the main street, and to have a smoko before heading out to Moss Vale Park for the barbeque.

On the way to Leongatha, it appeared at first sight, that the club was being led straight towards a torrential downpour until the road turned to the right following the Westernport coastline. The storm continued to the left over the hills. The strong headwind and wet roads made the fang through the hills somewhat of a challenge, particularly for those carrying pillions.

The peace and tranquillity of Moss Vale Park, situated about half way between Leongatha and Mirboo North, was broken by the sudden invasion of about two dozen motorcycles, much to the dismay of two car loads of picnickers who promptly packed up and left the scene. The grazing sheep in the Public Park area were seen as a source of food by our youthful passengers, who proceeded to round them up.

The picnickers who had abandoned the scene had thoughtfully lit a fire prior to their sudden departure, but a minor problem remained to be solved, namely that someone had removed the hotplates from the fireplace, thus making it awkward to have a barbeque. Fortunately, Trevor Michie had thought of everything, and came to the rescue with a grille.

After lunch Mick Fagan and Gary Osborn gave everyone a demonstration of trail riding, featuring a mud bath for the Higham Love-bug. I foolishly allowed one of the Hostel boys get a feel of the Honda four and, after he had dropped wheelies (and the bike) a few times, gently suggested that he try a smaller model of bike on which to learn.

The return trip to Melbourne was via Mirboo North and Trafalgar over some fantastic serpentine roads (sweet memories of Tassie!) to the Princes Highway, thence via the Railway Road between Drouin and Pakenham, rejoining the Highway at Pakenham.

A stop was made at Trafalgar for smokes, lollies and petrol and to allow the rear rider to catch up, who was escorting the unhappy owner of a Yami 500 which had come to grief on a tricky section with a gravel surface.

On arrival at Dandenong, the official run terminated, and riders dispersed to the cafe, home or to the Hostel.

May I personally thank each and every person who assisted with the Hostel boys on the day, and I trust everyone enjoyed the run that I mapped out and lead.

Formaldehyde

Wanted: A GT250 Workshop Manual, preferably not a Clymer-1974. If you can help contact Jolyon Dunn.

Ron, Jim, Malcolm, Russell and Dennis had decided to rendezvous at Dennis' place at 6.30pm on the Friday night. We set off with Dennis in the chair (HELP!) and our first stop was at Buxton, where we visited the supply depot and converted the outfit into a beer wagon. We were surprised at the good condition of the lane, although the last bridge needed modification to accommodate the outfit. Much to our surprise, we were the first of the hardy travellers to arrive; but after a few ales we were joined by Les, J.C and Cheryl.

Next morning saw the arrival of the official club run, a pathetic 3% - work that out. During the period of the day a few guys went trail-riding in search of hills to conquer. Ron found a good one but to his embarrassment and to Dennis' surprise they were forced to part company with the outfit as it exhibited a spectacular sideways flip. Guess who dropped the greatest assortment of bikes? (A clue-Permanent half stiff).

David, Linda and Brian elected to travel to Buxton for the evening meal and were in for one hell of a ride over the 8 kilometres of track, which had turned into a quagmire on the way back. By 8pm all present were huddled in their tents sheltering from the torrential downpour, which lasted all night and all the next day. Most people knocked off a few tubes and settled down for a cold wet night.

Next morning we were greeted by a very dismal and drizzly day. Few people stirred before 9am, except for Gary and Joanne who packed early and departed as they had been washed out during the night. Many tents were not as waterproof as their owners thought and I know of two people who have in the past week bought water proofer for their tents.

By 12 most people had made a move to pack their wet gear and head out down the very slippery track. Fortunately no one fell off, but many wet boots were noticed when we hit the highway, as some puddles we went through were up to 15 inches deep.

In Buxton it was still raining and no petrol could be bought as a GTS had wiped out a power pole during the night, killing the driver and cutting the power. After a quick inspection of the wreck we headed towards the Spur. On the way we found a petrol station working off a pulley system run by a motor mower – ingenious!

After a cautious ride through the Spur we encountered the heaviest downpour of the weekend. By the time we reached Ringwood we were all very wet and very cold, and everyone split up and headed for their warm showers.

One of the hard luck stories of the weekend was of the chaps whose beer was washed away when the river rose during the night.

Although the weather was wet, the temperature cold and the area in which we camped had an abundance of mud, everyone seemed to enjoy the weekend as per usual. Bit disappointed in the turn up as only 14 people stayed overnight.

P.S: Anyone who has seen a well fed possum from Saturday afternoon onwards, please contact Jim

BERLIN TO SOUTH FRANCE AND RETURN!

The following might be of some interest to members; it concerns a trip I did in mid-April to the south of France to rescue a mate's BMW and its sidecar. (Even if it doesn't prove of interest, it will fill up a couple of pages of the mag!)

It all began on the Thursday afternoon at work in the Flower Market. The Boss said I had three days' leave owing from last year and had to take it before May. Now: Gunnar's BMW was stuck in Cubnezais (a little village in South France) as it blew a piston on the way there to pick fruit last year.

I had just had my cylinders rebored and it was just a matter of putting everything back together and I would have a "goer". We got to thinking that we could work all Friday afternoon and evening on my bike and then I could go down and pick up Gunnar's bike and sidecar, leaving straight from work on Saturday afternoon. It was midnight Friday when we finally got my sidecar unhitched and had everything finished.

Got away a little later than planned on Saturday afternoon and it was dark by the time I got to the check point leaving Berlin to go through East Germany. After having my passport checked about five times I was on the way through East Berlin (on roads that make the NSW section of the Hume Highway seem bowling green smooth). Only 10 minutes or so later it started raining and the bike (Herman) started missing. I pushed on a bit further but it was no good. I had 1,000 miles to go and that was only to my destination – I had to get back as well. With this in mind I turned round and went back to West Berlin. The East guards weren't very impressed with someone going and coming on the same trip, but after a bit of questioning they let me go. I slept at Gunnar's that night and next day traced the misfire to a faulty spark plug – brand new the day before.

Sunday afternoon I was off again, this time was not a false start. Herman felt a bit funny being solo for the first time, but it wasn't too bad, and after the lousy roads in East Germany I figured things could only get better. That was when the pannier bag went bouncing down the road after me. I strapped it on the back and continued on from service station to service station. (I was getting no better than about 30mpg).

Crossing the border into France on Monday morning I only rode about 50 miles before pulling into the side of the road for a bit of sleep. In the morning Herman wouldn't start, and when I checked the petrol tank I found out why – three drops of standard! I grabbed my one litre can and hitchhiked to the next garage, but on getting out of the truck I realised that shops and garages in the small places in France (and most garages in big towns as well) are closed on Mondays. I was saved by a mo-ped rider who took my empty can and a couple of francs and returned about ten minutes later with a full can. Eventually I was back on the road again.

About mid-day I stopped for a sausage and chips at a roadside kiosk and decided to drop the needles in the carbs hoping to lean out the mixture a bit as it was far too rich. I got no more black smoke after this, the petrol consumption rose to about 40mpg (still lousy for a solo) and the bike was running better up the top end. (By now I had gone over 700 miles so I was now cruising at whatever speed I could do – which wasn't very quick (60 or so) due to the sidecar gearing.

It was about three in the afternoon, really warm, and I was half way round a sweeping left hander. Down went the front tyre, "pack death" went me! My luck was in, I didn't drop it, but like a fool I had forgotten to bring my spare tube along with me. Oh well, there was a service station just down at the bottom of the hill. It reminded me of home: "I'm sorry, we don't do motorcycle repairs." The next town was 4km away. An hour later covered in sweat, exhausted, dry and with spots before my eyes, I got to the next garage. Yes, he could fix it. I pulled the wheel off and took out the tube only to find that my ride had ripped the valve out of the tube. What is it the French say? "C'est la vie".

Not to worry. There are two motorcycle shops in town (Oh! How I wished I had studied more French in class than making paper aeroplanes.) One shop was closed and the other didn't have any big sizes – C'est la vie...

I flagged down a bloke on a 750/4 and asked him if he had a spare tube that I could buy from him. He didn't have. C'est la vie.... He was, however one of the dinky-di, true blue motorcyclists who will always help another in trouble. After explaining that I needed the tube "tout d'suite" (quickly) and not tomorrow, he rode 15km to the next big town, bought me a tube, took me back to Herman, helped me fit it, then refused any payment at all, even for the tube. (You meet the nicest people on a Honda!)

It was 7pm when I finally said "Goodbye" to L'Abbesle and rode off into the setting sun – just like in all the good "Bronson" movies!! That 4km ride had tired me out so I only rode until about 11pm before pulling in for another sleep. During the night it poured rain and I discovered a very pleasant fact – that U.S. Forces sleeping bags are really waterproof.

Off again and miserable weather. No front mudguard, too; the front tyre ripped it off when I had the flat. For me this was worse than for other BM's, as I have fitted an outside mounted alternator driven by V-belt off the crankshaft. This, of course, necessitated cutting two holes in the front cover for the belt. The whole unit is pretty good (waterproof) when I have my fairing and front mudguard but now I had no guard and I had taken off the fairing as I wasn't sure if Gunnar's sidecar would fit with it still on.

I limped and misfired to a garage where I changed a plug (just in case) and took off the front cover to see if it was wet in there. BLOODY HELL! Did I say WET? About ½ litre of water poured out. Continuing on with one, then two, then one cylinders, the weather dried up and Herman started running constantly on two again. Finally reached the thriving metropolis of Cubnezais (population about 100) at 2pm and had the sidecar fitted by four.

A really beautiful dinner followed (these French know how to eat) then sleep then a genuine French breakfast; a huge bowl of coffee to wash down French bread and butter with jam. Hmm!!

The original plan was to put Gunnar's BMW on the train at Bordeaux 30km away but I decided to try to get it back to Berlin on the sidecar as he would then have it all. With the help of a couple of the village lads the bike was lifted up and placed on the sidecar (facing backwards and with the petrol tank nearest my bike). It was then tied down with cord and I was ready to go.

One last meal and I was away – just!! It was missing a bit under load, but couldn't blame it on the water as it was bone dry. It's a funny feeling, being passed by a fully loaded tractor of 1 HP!

I got to the top of a hill with a good long downhill run so I decided that this was a good place to have a look at the motor, as I'd have a run to start it again – the kick starter being inoperable as it was on the sidecar side and the other bike was in the way.

The timing checked out okay so then I had a look at the carbs. The left one was opening nearly 1/8th of an inch before the other, and this was rectified. A monumental push...and no go! As I had a complete spare electrical system with me I decided to change the condenser next. This done I tried another push, and Herman reared to life on two cylinders as soon as I dropped the clutch.

Off I went again hoping to do a run straight to Berlin, still a good 800 miles away. It was about 1am as I was going around a corner when the whole outfit swayed across the road. When around the corner, I stopped, as it was by then okay. I checked the tyres, only to find that the rim of the sidecar was about an inch off the road and the tyre was bald, right through to the canvas. I decided to crawl slowly into the next village, have a sleep, then change the tyre when I awoke. The tyre had other ideas – BANG!! C'est la vie!

Idling along in first gear I came to a service station in the village of Malay de Fefit (boy – was it small!!) Pulling into the service station drive I pumped up my airbed, crawled into my sleeping bag and dozed off. When I awoke it was light and there were French giggles coming from the front door of the house alongside the garage. Along with the giggles came an invitation to breakfast which I couldn't refuse, as I hadn't eaten since Cubnezais.

After breakfast I took the tyre and tube of Gunnar's front wheel and fitted them to the sidecar, filled up with petrol and pushed off – literally. Herman was running quite well and I was beginning to think that if I kept riding I'd get to Berlin by 4 or 5am just in time to start work. However, by the time I got to the border of East and West Germany I just couldn't go any further, as I was so cold and tired, and therefore took a hotel room, and as they say in the best novels, I was asleep before my head hit the pillow.

Next morning I crossed into East Germany for the final 200 mile run. The border guards couldn't believe that I wanted to ride 200 miles with a motorcycle strapped on behind, but when I explained that I had already ridden up from the South of France they just shook their heads and mumbled something about mad Westerners.

Just after getting through the border I hit reserve and sure enough ran out of petrol before getting to a garage. I wrote a little sign BENZIN (petrol) then waited till about an hour later when an East German stopped and gave me a few litres of his two stroke mix, only 33:1 so I figured it would be good for a bit of upper cylinder lubrication. With this I got to the next garage and then did a "garage crawl" all the way to Berlin, taking 9 hours to do the 200 miles.

Just to top off the trip perfectly, when I arrived back Gunnar and Evelyn were out! Total mileage: 1979 miles – Petrol cost: 574 Deutch Marks – oil used: 1 ½ litres – Repairs: One condenser, two flat tyres, dropped carby needles, pannier bag fell off. WANTED: ONE NEW ARSE!!!!

Peter Sanders

ECONOMY RUN 1st June, 1975

Melbourne to Castlemaine via Woodend and Daylesford:-

NAME:	BIKE/CAPACITY:	GALLONS:	COST:	M.P.G.
Ron Liebe	Suzi 750 0/Fit	1.9672	1.20 STD	48.8
<u>OVER 500cc:</u>				
1. Les Leahy	Guzzi 750S	1.1300	0.73	84.96
2. D. Evens	Suzi 550	1.4086	0.98	72.57 (1)
3. Sam James	BMW R69S 600	1.3312	0.86	72.12
4. Bob Evans	Honda K2 750	1.3622	0.88	70.47
5. Mick Fagan	BMW R60/5 600	1.3777	0.89	69.97
6. Roger Holt	Yami 650	1.3931	0.90	68.91
7. Gary Osborn	BMW R75/5 750	1.6408	1.06	65.82 (2)
8. Paul McKenna	Yami 650	1.4860	0.96	64.60
9. Rob O'Connell	Honda 750	1.5015	0.97	63.94
10. Jol Dunn	BMW R60/5 600	1.5789	1.02	60.80
11. Katrina Sundstrom	BMW R75/5 750	1.6099	1.04	59.63
12. G. & K. McFeeters	BMW R60/5 600	1.6408	1.08	57.42
13. Greg Millward	Suzi 550	1.6718	1.08	57.42
14. Vin Lee	Honda 550	2.1826	1.41	43.98
15. Trev. Vienet	Suzi 550	2.4458	1.58	39.25

500cc and UNDER:

1. Lloyd Wissman	Guzzi Falcone 500	1.1639	0.71 STD	82.48
2. Steve Clifford	Suzi 250	1.5170	0.98	63.28
3. Tom Saville	Honda 360	1.5479	1.00	62.02
4. Dennis McKenzie	Honda 500	1.7337	1.12	55.37
5. Trev Michie	Yami TX 500	1.7540	1.07	54.73
6. Joanne Rowe	Suzi 250	2.0897	1.35	51.68 (3)
7. Sue Jeam	Suzi 250	1.8266	1.18	45.94

NOTE: Apart from those listed below, the average of a number of bikes was 96 on their speedos, and this was applied to all MPG calculations, so that any persons variation in speedo is ignored.

(1) Taken on 164.6 kilometres (102.2 miles)

(2&3) Taken on 108 miles

It's interesting to note that although Les Leahy had the best MPG, Lloyd Wissman had the best economy since he used two cents less petrol.