

ITINERARY

AUGUST 1984

- 5th 9.30 KBCP
 11.00 sharp HALLUM
 Bass is on the eastern shore of Western Port Bay; near Phillip Island.
- 12th MAROONDAH DAM: B.B.Q.
 10.00 KBCP
 11.15 Lilydale
- 19th FINLAY'S WIMPLESS RIDE
 8.30 KBCP
 More k's than you can poke a stick at.
- 26th SNOW RIDE
 9.30 KBCP
 10.45 Lilydale
 Destination will depend on snow report

SEPTEMBER

- 2nd HANGING ROCK B.B.Q.
 10.00 KBCP
 Travelling via the optical illusion road, Mt. Macedon
- 7th GENERAL MEETING
 8.15pm sharp; Club Hall Fairfield
-

EDITORIAL

If nothing else, this issue demonstrates that some of you out there in member land have learnt to write, (even if mummy had to address the envelope). In fact, some of you have even forwarded magazine cuttings for me to print so that others may be informed/amused, (using scissors hey, my, my we are being adventurous). For those of you who haven't yet learnt to read to yourself without moving your lips or who read slowly, I have typed slow and used double line spacing. However, the practice of double line spacing will cease as of this issue, as I find myself typing too much.

Keith Editor.

THE TROUBLE WITH MT. MISERY IS..... SUNDAY....JULY 8th

Before we start, let me say that my way of writing this might be different-however-stiff cheese and you lot wot went to the icicles run (and froze) should have been there to savour the sky, (blue) the road, (dry – in part) and the company, good of course, (good vibrations all round).

For me the day started around 7.00am, (guess who forgot to note the K.B.C.P. start time; I give up, who?...ed) To make sure that if the ride time was 8.00 or 8.30am, I'd catch it. I waited from 8.20 to 9.05am for starters, the first to arrive being Peter & GT 750. Ben & Kwaka 550 followed and soon took charge of the run displaying maps (whoever thought we would use 'em) and courage to lead the two of us.

As we, (all three of us) departed, Gary with Suzi GS 1000G appeared over the ramp and took station in the group (where were all the rest of you – warming up after a cold night perhaps!!!)

It went this way:-

Plenty road and on to Whittlesea was the first object with Sunday traffic and double lines slowing Peter and I at least, but good road and warm sunny conditions prevailed.

On to Wallan, Romsey and Woodend with cooler temperatures in the hills but still sunny and dry. Some great pasture land in this region if you're an old moo – Hanging Rock flew past at a reasonable rate of knots.

It was this section that had perhaps the greatest variation of conditions with dry atmosphere, but wet or damp corners in the shaded areas and at one point a bloody great mess of clay on the bitumen from road-side works or whatever - yours truly got a face full behind tint ops. We all managed to stay upright but only because of sensible speeds and with no assistance from the C.R.B.

Ben and Gary were consistently cornering better and tended to get away from Peter and myself. We stopped at Woodend for coffee etc and to warm a bit (which BIT!!!)

Trentham, Daylesford and Creswick followed with more of the above good weather, good roads and good riding. At Daylesford we passed the usual Sunday morning market or trash & treasure sale with appropriate crowds and traffic jams. I really love that tin top driver in a bloody rusty ute that became 9 feet wide and travelled at 10/20 kph down the so called highway, while waving and honking to/at his friends in town. (Too much mineral water for breakfast perhaps).

Daylesford to Creswick was a good run with heaps of those lovely corner things that make my Suzi S waver and wallow some and, you guessed it, Ben and Gary did it again. Of course, we mature bikers appreciate the scenery more; as it lingers just that little bit longer – the scenery that is.

Creswick! Well we missed it as we headed towards Learmonth with the man in blue giving us the go slow look over before we turned off and away in the clear again (4 HAIL MARY'S). More of the same to Learmonth with good roads, note this you Icicles, and somewhere in there, some fantastic crests and humps, in what I imagine like a U.K. style country lane, with hedges either side and providing orgasmic feelings at 120-130 kph; (with Suzi doing her stuff).

But where's Mt. Misery you ask?

Round and round in circles we went, (reminds me of a joke) and at last – off like a fart in a wind storm went Ben slowing only to read the map, (bloody thing). The title to this story is concluded with...."YOU CAN'T GET TO IT"

It must be something the Actress said to the Bishop?

After this devastating discovery we headed towards Ballarat in search of petrol, lunch and a breather. Here the official club part of the day finished and a clear run to Melbourne via Western Highway followed.

Five and a half big ones on the tacho and I still couldn't catch them – SHIT!!!

Darryl T. GS1000ST

THE ALPINE RALLY

The Alpine Rally was held again on the Queen's Birthday weekend and for anyone who hasn't been before, it was a perfect time to try it out. The rally site is at Brindabella which is way back in the

Alphington Canberra **BEN NOT SURE ON THE LAST TWO WORDS CAN YOU LOOK IN YOUR MAGAZINE AND CHANGE IT TO WHAT IT IS. THE PRINTING IS VERY POOR IN THIS MAGAZINE SORRY.** The track in is usually covered in snow or at least mud, but this year was just like a Sunday club ride although the creek crossing was a little deeper than usual. Even the shop-keeper with his 4 wheel drive made it in on the Friday; so on one was short of milk, bread or a Mars Bar.

The Rally site is nestled into a valley with plenty of cold clean water and toilets are provided. The mild weather; it only got down to -3° overnight; meant that there were a few more YOBS than before, but there was little need to stay or stray from Phil's famous rally fire.

The trip out was a little more exciting as Phil, Brenda, myself and a few others were conned into taking the Tumut road; al-la Fagan. It took us approximately 6 hours to cover the 72km to the bitumen. That's 72km of thick, slippery mud, ruts and steep grades. It was impossible to get through without taking off your front mudguards and apparently the road was in top condition. Even after getting through all that, on a perfectly straight stretch of road I lost concentration momentarily and ran straight off the edge, resulting in an unrideable bike and a big pain in the

Anyway it was a good weekend. Many thanks to Keith Finlay, Phil Duffy, Steve Verdon and his mates for all the assistance over an eventful weekend.

Noddy..Z1100

JERUSALEM CREEK: 27th May

Sunday's ride to Jerusalem Creek, or Eildon for the counter lunch was a great day. We left the KBCP just after 9.30am and headed out to Lilydale via the Eastern freeway. Then onto Yarra Glen, Glenburn and Yea. A few kilometres out of Yea, I saw blue flashing lights ahead and proceeded to slow down. I went past a cop booking a guy on an FJ1100 Yamaha. We stopped at Alexandra for tea and coffee and caught up with the guy who got pinched. It seemed a summons was in order. His mate, who was riding the new Kwaka 900 and himself decided to join us at Eildon for lunch. We rolled up at the usual hotel, (The Golden Trout) to find Ross and girlfriend, Craig, Christine and son, and Ted Marshall. With lunch ordered some of us decided to get warm in front of a roaring fire. Others proceeded to have a drink or two, (alcoholic, that is). Well anyway drinking of alcoholic beverages on Club rides is a no-no, so the Club Captain informed those culprits that they were not to ride home with the club. There was quite a discussion at the following General Meeting on this particular subject.

After lunch it was decided that we should ride down and have a look at Jerusalem Creek. But unfortunately wires were crossed and we ended up riding to the top of the dam, where we could appreciate fine views from either side. A couple of club members decided to have a look at Jerusalem Creek anyway, by-passing the rest of us and going home early, as they couldn't see to locate where we had gone.

We left Eildon about 2.30 and travelled home through Thornton Buxton, a few Windies through the Black Spur and departed company in Lilydale, at the regular spot. It was a most enjoyable day's ride, with a good number turning up to enjoy good company, food and sunshine.

CHEERS BRENDA...R65

TATURA – WELL ALMOST July 1st

Due to the arrival of the ski season, the previously arranged BBQ at Tatura was not on; (no Brenda, no barby), so the main attraction of the ride up there wasn't up there. Besides, Calder was shaping up to be quite exciting, with the third round of the Superbike Series, Thunder bikes, the debut of Kawasaki's new KR250 in the hands of Robbie Philis, etc. So when I arrived at the KBCP I spread mutiny among the ranks, much to Ted Marshall's displeasure; (he didn't come with us).

Around 9.30 we headed out New Footscray Road to the Western Highway at Deer Park. After Rockbank we turned off to take the road that almost parallels the highway and meets up with the Geelong Bacchus Marsh road about 10k's south of the Marsh. We regrouped in Bacchus Marsh and some of our number; (7 to be exact) produced hot coffee to ward off the chill in the air.

Someone spotted a bargain in the hardware store nearby; a 50lb barrel of nails for only \$25.00, the best part was the inscription on the barrel, "MADE IN OCCUPIED JAPAN" talk about old stock!!

From there we headed onto the Gisborne road, a really fine piece of bitumen this. Good views from the top of the ridge on the early parts, a road also recommended to push bike riders as it is mostly downhill coming from Gisborne.

We then turned onto the Calder highway and made our way back to Calder Raceway. We parked our bikes and go settled on the hill overlooking Gloweave corner, just as the first race started. I won't bore you with the details, because if you weren't there you're obviously not that interested in racing anyway. Suffice to say that the KR250 came home in 1st place in the 250 Proddie race, more due to the pilot than any superiority on the part of the machine.

The group broke up in dribs and drabs during the afternoon, with yours truly being the only one present at stumps. What about Tatura? Well..... maybe next time.

Phil Duffy XT550

BEN BEND'EM at Calder

Advanced Riding.....part 3 (final episode)

Ben, having mastered the technique of smoother riding, as outlined in the preceding exciting chapters is now lapping Calder at the speed of light. However, I will allow Ben to take up the story from here.....I soon became bored of this and tried to flick the wheel to either side, on one occasion going too far, coming to rest, over-balancing and stepping off. On in a flash. Only the guy behind me was aware that I had stepped off. No damage. Just be more careful.

A few of us pulled into the side under the shade. It was getting hot (and dusty). The instruction was now officially over. We were free to go on the track if we wished. About half of the group did. Steve was going to play with his old TX350 which the new owner had brought to the track to practise on and wanted/let Steve have a ride on.

So I did some more laps and at the end of the day I had done't in the vicinity of 130km around the track. I ran out of petrol at one corner and put in half a tank's worth for free. The older instructor was timing Steve at about 50 seconds per lap. The lap record is about 42 seconds for bikes and 36 point something for cars. From memory, Alan Jones set a new lap record of 36.9 seconds in his Williams a few years ago, the lap record will only be a few tenths below that now. Touring cars get around in 40 to 42 seconds.

That was another myth they exploded. CARS are FASTER than bikes, ESPECIALLY in corners. They just slide around them. But most car drivers don't use the potential of their vehicles. In a

straight line bikes have a show, especially if it is rough, as witnessed in the Paris to Dakar race. The first bike was nine hours ahead of the first car (which was third out right anyway).

I kept threatening myself with the last lap, but could never get the lines quite right. I was getting tired and finally stopped. Next day I was quite stiff, as if after a night of squash, but different muscles. I now approach corners with a completely different mental and physical attitude. I learnt something.

Ben GPz550

RUMOUR HAS IT....prospective members Sam Toocan can too drop his sultana 2 rides in a row.

TORRUMBARRY WEIR June 10-11th

Making the use of a 'flexi-day' I left on Friday morning for Bendigo and made a stop at Kyneton, where I had a light snack before going on. When I arrived at Kangaroo Flats I turned left off the highway and took a back road for about 10k before reaching John Cecil's farm; where I was making a visit on him and Cheryl, (a couple of old members of our club). I didn't see John for long as he was getting ready for the Alpine Rally. I finished up staying the night as it was too cold outside. Nothing like a nice fire and watching T.V. The following morning after saying goodbye to Cheryl and the kids, I headed north towards Echuca, with a light drizzle of rain falling, going through Rochester before getting there. After looking around for a while and having a bite to eat, I toured out to the Weir; about ½ an hour's ride. I set up camp after picking a nice spot then went sightseeing around the Weir. I listened to some football to fill in time before deciding to go down to Torrumbarry for a counter tea, about 5km down the road. No one else had turned up.

It was a very good social evening, the meal was good, the pub was very crowded, you couldn't move. There was quite a bit of entertainment going on, I drank vermouth and coke and ate potato chips. I left around 10pm after having a cup of coffee. The ride back to camp wasn't too good as I ran into heavy fog with visibility down to zero in places; I really had to watch it in places, especially in corners. But I made it. The following morning when I woke it was bitterly cold, looking outside my tent I could see ice, I knew why, it was -2°. It was late morning before I left the church, at Echuca, then along to the 'Steam and Vintage Rally'. That filled in my day; one interesting item was the rope making machine.

When I got back to camp I cooked some tea and cleaned up a bit. I had quite an evening with some other people who invited me over to their site, where they had a nice big fire going, they even gave me a couple of 'stubbies' which I didn't mind. I left camp at 10am for home after an entertaining weekend, with the only concern being, seeing no oil in the sight glass, but that was due to the freezing cold. OH LONESOME ME.

PETER P.....GT750 Honda/4.

WANTED....more articles from NON committee members.

MOROTCYCLISTS:THE VICTIMS OF THIRD PARTY

As some of you may be aware, there is possibly going to be an increase of more than 100% in third party insurance payments. The recommendations from the State Insurance Office (S.I.O) is that the payment should rise because they payout so much on third party for motorcyclists and get so little in receipts back, i.e. outward expense (x) doesn't equal inward payments (y) As it is now 75% of 'x' are a result of motorcar drivers making a motorcyclist an innocent victim in a crash. To me this means that the total to no more than 25% of 'y', that is of third party payments.

This is admittedly a grossly simplified calculation of the situation, but it does indicate the injustice of the matter. As noted in the 'Sun' newspaper article, motorcyclists should not pay extra for being victims, and if so, maybe pedestrians and cyclists should pay third party too, for the privilege of being run over by cars.

A false media report from 'Revs' was a result of unclear information. They ran the M.R.A for information, who in turn referred them onto the S.I.O for additional information. The S.I.O state that there was nothing happening on the subject and 'Revs' then assumed that the recommendations were knocked back. Because, the government isn't sitting until September, no result is likely until September.

As the Government is desperate for money, there is still a possibility of a rise. If it does we as a club may, with other clubs on a united front demonstrate in the streets. Sounds good, doesn't it, but it may be necessary, so be ready to consider it.

S.I.O recommended rates	Old rates	Possible new Increase rates		
Up to 300cc	\$77.70	\$134.00	\$56.30	72.4%
Up to 500cc	93.10	178.00	84.90	91.2
500 & over	102.80	223.00	120.20	116.9
Motorcar	169.30	223.00	53.70	31.7

Ross Bradshaw GS1000 G
(Secretary)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Concerning the current itinerary, I don't agree that we have "shied away from catering to the whims of individual groups". Indeed we have tried to accommodate all tastes, except perhaps the trail-bike mentality that seems to be favoured by some members, if you want to go trail riding, buy a trail bike, join A.M.T.R.A. and do it properly.

The demise of the camping weekend has been admitted to. Most club members would rather attend one of the many rallies that are held, than a club camping weekend; witness Torrumbarry Weir;- one patron.

Regarding the inclusion of "family type B.B.Q's" I don't see that this would alienate the "RIDERS" that you seem to think it would, (by the way, do real riders eat quiche?). As there is no one in the club who attends every ride listed, I can't see that anyone would be deprived of a ride and we might even encourage some members to come along, who would otherwise be unable to spend the eight or so hours on a longer format ride due to other commitments on their hard earned weekend.

I also hope that the occasional shorter ride will encourage the less experienced riders to gain more confidence; are we scaring off too many prospective members on smaller machinery with our desire to clock up as many kilometres in a day as is physically possible?

Keep Stirring
Phil Duffy
PRESIDENT

No. 2

THE ROAD CAPTAINS REPLY:

The new august to November itinerary sees the re-introduction of the ride and B.B.Q., or as the Editor would have it; "the family type B.B.Q." The committee, in making up each itinerary goes to great lengths and considerably time to try and cater to the whims of individual groups within the club, as I'm sure anyone who had studied the itinerary will note.

The family B.B.Q., of which there are only three, should in no way detract from the club and if they aren't as popular as first thought from the club and if they aren't as popular as first thought we have lost nothing in giving people the chance to give them a go.

We have many times in the past asked for members ride suggestions and from the lack of enthusiasm, it is always left up to the committee to plan your weekends. A responsibility not taken lightly. This itinerary also sees a snow ride, progressive dinner, Ben's twisties, high altitude cricket and many more pickups. There is a ride for everyone and for those who can't find a ride to suit, I feel safe in saying they will enjoy Sunday 19th August, be sure to pack your survival rations.

So if you have any suggestions at all for YOUR club rides let us know, or forever go on whinging.

**Please note that everyone who went on Saturday night to the film might enjoyed themselves thoroughly, all 17 of us wish to thank Robyn Duffy for organising the night.

Noddy.

No.3

Dear Editor,

Just a few comments on your editorial in the July edition of our magazine. I must disagree with your description of the current itinerary. I wasn't aware that "individual groups" existed in our club. With the issue of the number of barbeques on the itinerary, the editor will kindly note that there is one barbeque for each of the months of August, September and October but not for the month of November. I personally think that B.B.Q. rides are one way for club members to get together with their families, boyfriends or girlfriends and enjoy the company of other club members and their families. It is usually a fun day for all who attend and a bit of a break from the normal Sunday rides. I will agree that club is centrally a riding club, but barbeques provide a change from the normal routine. I think that most members of our club will find the current itinerary is the most interesting itinerary the committee has produced for a while. Every month provides at least one, if not two rides that are of interest to everyone.

One final point to be made is that our club is every M.T.C.V. members' club, not just the current committees. It is therefore every member's responsibility to air their views as to what places and areas the club rides should go. So how about it club members. What we need is a lot more suggestions from you for the next itinerary. The job shouldn't be left entirely up to the committee.

Yours Faithfully,
BRENDA POLLET

(Assistant Secretary), R65

P.S. I was told that the editor made those comments to see what reaction he would get. Is this true Editor??

UNDERSTANDING YOUR EMPLOYER'S JARGON

GENERAL:

TO DELEGATE....pass the buck

TO DELEGATE UPWARDS....pass the buck back

FILED...lost

PENDING...what the hell do we do with this?

DELAYED....forgotten

URGENCY...panic

EXTREME URGENCY....blind panic

FRANK AND OPEN DISCUSSION....flaming row

ANALYTICAL PROJECTION....guesses

LONG-RANGE FORECAST....wild guess

SCHEDULED....hope for

DEFICIENCY ANALYSIS...pointing the finger

PERFORMANCE COUNSELLING....rockets

JOB ROTATION...finds somewhere to put Charlie

ASSISTANT TO....sorry Charlie, it's this or retirement

STRATEGY...low cunning

ENVIRONMENT POLLUTION...other people's waste

COMPANY REPORT....blinding with science

SUPPLEMENTARY STATISTICAL INFORMATION...padding

NEW...last year's model in a different colour

ALL NEW...as above with a new box

A RADICALLY DIFFERENT CONCEPT IN SPACE-AGE LIVING...new

ADVERSE CONSUMER REACTION...the boss' wife didn't like it

INGENIOUSLY ENGINEERED...incredibly difficult to install and service

EXHAUSTIVE TESTS...the sales manager took it home to his kids

DESTRUCTIVE TESTS...the sales manager's kids broke it

PERSONNEL APPRAISALS: A TRANSLATION

AVERAGE EMPLOYER...not too bright

EXCEPTIONALLY WELL QUALIFIED...made no major blunders yet

ACTIVE SOCIALLY...drinks a lot

FAMILY IS ACTIVE SOCIALLY...wife drinks too

CHARACTER ABOVE REPROACH... still one step ahead of the law

ZEALOUS ATTITUDE...opinionated

QUICK THINKING...offers plausible excuses for mistakes

CAREFUL THINKER...won't make a decision

TAKES PRIDE IN HIS WORK...conceited

PLANS FOR ADVANCEMENT...buys drinks for the boss

FORCEFUL...argumentative

AGGRESSIVE...obnoxious

AMBITIOUS...ruthless

SHREWD...devious

MOVIE NIGHT 14th July

Just a quick note about the film night. After a bit of mucking about because of not being able to get tickets where we could all sit together and a ring around to ask if those interested would mind a change of movie, I finally got the 17 tickets on Friday the 13th, to see 'Romancing the Stone'. Everyone arrived on time with a few nipping across the road for a drink to ward off the cold, (it was freezing). The seats were in the middle of the cinema, 1/2 in one row with the others right behind. The movie was enjoyed by all; it had some funny lines, some romance and some action with a bit of unbelievable garbage thrown in just for fun. Afterwards we went to the Pancake Parlour, much to Mick's disgust we had to climb 3 flights of stairs, (he has torn a ligament or something in his knee). A quick supper, then all that was left was to say good bye to everyone and head off home to nice warm bed. My thanks to those that braved the cold and made the night most enjoyable, it was lovely to see the better halves being taken out for a change.

Robyn Duffy...Social Secretary

GETTING AROUND REGULARLY

The Motorcycle Touring Club of Victoria is a non-parochial, non-sexist, non-elitist club of keen tourers open to owners and passengers of any make or size of bike. The club conducts organised trips most Sundays from central Melbourne, with only a few standing rules such as punctuality and a ban on alcohol consumption while on tour.

General meetings are held once a month and the membership fee is \$10 per year. For further information, phone Keith Finlay on (03) 379-8123 or Ross Bradshaw on (03) 49-4314.

REVS.....June 2 – July 5

(Betcha didn't know all that....Ed)

COSWAY Motorcycles had generously offered a perpetual trophy for the annual Gee-A1 wall butting completion.

(Don't ask me what it means, I just print it.....Ed.)

TOORONGA FALLS 24.6.84

BIKES: K100RS (Jack), GS1000G (Gary), GSX1100 (Craig Dawson), 75/5 (Andrew Lavery), CB900FS full fairing (Mark), CB650 (Tony), Z500 (Danny), GPz550 (Ben).

I arrived with about 10 minutes to spare, having refuelled along the way. Gary Lloyd's 21'st party had taken its toll on some of the more regular riders. Mark was on his first club ride so I explained the corner marking system to him. I was to lead with Tony the rear rider.

We departed at about 9.35am out the Eastern Freeway taking the Thompson's Road exit to reach Warrandyte. On to Kangaroo Ground and Yarra Glen. I did not leave a corner marker on the Steels Creek Road and waited at the next intersection. Gary arrived telling me the others had taken the Steels Creek road, and that he felt unwell and was leaving the ride. I set off in hot pursuit of the others, knowing that they would be confronted by an unmarked "Y" intersection which would slow them up. It did.

Apparently Mark had sat at the traffic island back at Yarra Gen unsure of where to go and the others just assumed he was corner-marking. Hmmm.

Back to Yarra Glen and on to Healesville. Over the Black Spur with morning tea at the usual Narbethong petrol/take-away place at about 11am. Everyone seemed to be enjoying the ride. The weather was fine, not too cold, though the clouds looked threatening. A strong north wind was blowing, destroying the chance of snow and consequently the number of cars on the road.

On to Marysville and up to Cumberland Junction over the 5.8km or unmade section. The dirt was quite sticky and soon bespattered the once clean bikes.

Down the Reefton Spur was magic as usual. For me, the whole aim of the day was to ride this piece of road. Last time the club ventured to Noojee, we came up from the south, but no one wanted to return via the Spur. Chris had dropped her GSX and the others were either too tired or it was too late. This time I made sure we did the Reefton Spur first when people were relatively fresh and the light was good.

I waited at the bottom for the rest to catch up. They arrived a few minutes later in a procession behind Andrew. Toney was in raptures, it being his first time across the Spur. He swapped rear riding position with Jack.

A quick blast to Warburton turning left at Yarra Junction to Powelltown. Out of Powelltown they have just resurfaced the road (no lines yet). It bears an uncanny resemblance to the south end of the Reefton Spur, the blackened spouting trees setting it off. This road will be excellent when marked.

As I waited at the intersection where it becomes dirt (a major drawback) I met Craig Dawson coming the other way. He had waited fruitlessly at Hallam for a "pickup", assuming that was the way I would be heading. I may have indicated this to him at the party the night before. Sorry mate.

On to Noojee for lunch and petrol at about 1.30pm.

I asked Craig which way the falls were. He had decided to wait for us to return from the falls. After reaching a signpost saying 69km to Matlock I knew we had goofed. Hmm. Danny lead us correctly back to the falls. Toney, Andrew and I climbed the steep half km to the top and Jack made it about half way. Toney was in fine comical form as usual.

Heading home through Neerim, I recalled an earlier ride with pillion and remembered how slow 60km/h had seemed. I pondered: had that trucked flashed its lights at me as I flew round the corner entering the town?....RADAR! 75 to 40 km/h and hope. I survived.

Tony didn't - \$90. Eighty five (knocked down from 93) km/h in a 60 km/h zone.

Along the Princes highway I came up behind a suspicious looking unmarked car (heavily antennaed) and when he waved to a lurking marked police car behind a hill, the game was up.

We split up at Hallam completing a satisfying ride enjoyed by all. A round trip of about 430km. The bike has now done 69,900km.

Ben

FASTEST HOON IN Australia

In America it is marked by exotically souped-up cars, pace passionate petrol-heads, dirty tricks, elaborate police evasion methods and as much drinking and carousing as one can fit into a petrol stop.

It is the Cannonball run – a mad, illegal and dangerous race across the breadth of the US, which has been prompted by two Burt Reynolds' movies and denounced by police who nevertheless have never managed to thwart the stampede.

Like most tacky American ideas, the Cannonball is about to get its first run in Australia. Given the nature of the continental drag-race, details are sketchy, but it will run from Surfers Paradise to Perth.

The start is rumoured to be three weeks off and some of our better known race enthusiasts have been revving their twin carbies in preparation.

Although authorities are normally kept in the dark over the Cannonball, police have already issued warnings about speed limits and the like.

Unofficial estimates are that the tortuous trip across Australia should take the lead drivers between 35 and 40 hours – indicating an average speed of between 100 and 114 kmh.

There is no prize, except of course the glory of being the fastest hoon in Australia.

THE AGE.....16th. July

You've all seen those sharply worded letters to the editor; but maybe they were just a bit better at it in olden days. People like George Bernard Shaw, who wrote on July 5th, 1905 to the London Times:-

"Sir,

The opera management at Covent Garden regulates the dress of its male patron. When is it going to do the same to the women...

At 9 o'clock (the opera began at 8) a lady came in and sat down very conspicuously in my line of sight. She remained there until the beginning of the last act. I do not complain of her coming late and going early; on the contrary, I wish she had come later and gone earlier.

For this lady who had very black hair, had stuck over her right ear the pitiable corpse of a large white bird, which looked exactly as if someone had killed it by stamping on its breast and then nailed it to the lady's temple, which was presumably of sufficient solidity to bear such an operation. I am not, I hope, a morbidly squeamish person, but the spectacle sickened me.

I presume that if I had presented myself at the doors with a dead snake around my neck, a collection of black beetles pinned to my shirt front and a grouse in my hair, I should have been refused admission.....