

## BRISBANE FOR LAKESIDE

I'm sitting in the Centen talking to Christie and I said Lakeside's on this weekend, you wanna go, why not? he says, what'l we take? Your Rocket I says, no way rings are shot says Mal, OK we'll take the Easy 2 I says, needs a big end but I'll stick one in tomorrow and we'll leave after work.

Arriving at work at 6.30 am, I pulled the motor out of the frame and dismantled it, flagged a passing cab, and dispatched the flywheels to Allparts who supplied and fitted a new Alpha big end for me and sent them back in a cab.

Mal turned up at 3.30 pm and we put it back together. Leaving work we went to his place at Sans Souci, left his Rocket, picked up a swag and set sail. Mal rode to Windsor, I didn't know the way; then it was my turn. Hurling up the Putty Road, which had just been sealed, with the way ahead lit by one of Joe's finest we were making very good time considering the light drizzle, slow trucks and antique Norton, when I misjudged a corner by about 100% and the rear tyre let go and spat us down the road. Mal was not hurt fortunately, although I had torn the back out of my hand so it was decided having come this far (80 miles) and there being only 500 left to go we might as well press on.

The fall had cost us only 5 minutes but about 1/2 a gallon of petrol and the poor old tart stopped at Parsons creek just South of Bulga. We decided that I would get a lift if possible into the next town and come back with fuel while Mal stayed with the bike. A bloke in a truck pulled up in about 5 minutes and offered a lift and a tow to Bulga, both were accepted gratefully, but when we got to Bulga it was all shut up so I went on to Singleton to fix up the hand.

Christie came along about 7am and we set sail again, average speed so far about 12mph.

Things improved from here on, and by evening we were in Warialda and back on low altitude jetting, yes we had had to rejet as we crossed the Moombies, but it was obviously too late to get to Brisbane for Saturday night so we set sail for Toowoomba where we had an ale or six with the locals and tried to get some of them to come to the race with us next day but they all reckoned it was too far to go for a day!!

We left early in the morning and arrived at Lakeside in time for the start of racing and had a very good day, then it was time to come home, we made it to the Gold Coast then the generator threw the solder so we camped at a mates place till just before daylight and then got into it.

What a ride!! 10 hours to Newcastle, then it got dark and the fun really set in, I reckon we must have followed about 20 cars all going at a good pace until we tucked in behind them, then they would slow down, no doubt thinking we were the police, it took us 4 hours from Newcastle to the Centennial hotel, where we were greeted with a cold beer and much derision, none of them reckoned we'd been past Windsor until we produced the bottle of XXXX and the programme from the races. It was good fun then but I don't reckon I would want to do it today; it was the middle of June and the coldest overall ride I have ever had I reckon.

PS. Christie still has his Rocket and I still ride Nortons, but the ES2 has long gone.