

## **EDITORIAL – APRIL 1971**



Well, I guess everyone has heard about Lynda's accident. At the time of printing she was still in a semi-conscious state in the Prince Henry's Hospital. All we can do now is wait and hope that she will be O.K.

But on a brighter note:- Word from Rastus is that he will be back after Easter and we all look forward to his return? (Wonder if his 350 still shines like new)

There have been a few bookings over the past weeks, so be careful and ride SLOWLY (if possible) and watch out for the fuzz.

If you are thinking of buying new tyres, see Bob Paulin as he recently tested a set of racing tyres.

Is it true that Steve and Carmel are coming to the Jamieson Run (then Mr. & Mrs. Jones)?

Many thanks to Carmel for the typing.

Les Hayes – Ed.

P.S. Has anyone found 700cc? If so, please contact Hank as he seems to have lost them.

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## **WILSON'S PROMONTORY – 6-8/3/71**

There is nothing that can compare with the excitement and anticipation of a camping run, with three days at our disposal and our destination 120 miles away. Unfortunately this particular camping trip was to make itself remembered in a way that nobody would like to have foreseen. Officially the run started on Saturday morning outside the Dandenong Drive In at 9.10am. David had left earlier on his 125 (and several other idiots left Friday night after the meeting – typist) Your correspondent rode rear rider to five other bikes. First stop was Leongatha where we were joined by the two Guzzies. David passed me at Yanakie while I was restacking my gear and together we rode into the Prom. There David chalked up his first victim – a snake slithering across the road.

Warren paid our camping fees then we rode around the grounds looking for the club camping spot, which we found situated under a large clump of trees. Various bikes had already arrived there after travelling down on Friday night/Saturday morning (those night owls again)

The tents were many and varied and if a prize had been given for the most unusual tent it would have gone to David. Being without the more conventional article he made do with a large piece of plastic material slung across a rope about three feet off the ground.

All the regular riders were there:-

Howard (Red Light)

Hank (the death of a Honda 4)

Vic & Liz (Owners of a beautiful bubble tent)

Kurt & Debbie (on their honey-earth)

Robert, Lyn, David, Mike, Lynda and others.

After a lunch at the cafe (\$2.50 wow) we retreated to the beach where Hank showed his ability at noughts & crosses in the sand. The tide, I might add, was by this time somewhere just off the coast of Tassy. Later the group went hill climbing on Mt. Oberon. On Saturday night another expedition

was organized – this time to Squeaky Beach. Permission could not be obtained for a fire to be lit on the beach and so a game of commandoes was organised. I am happy to announce that nobody was tortured, disembowelled or slaughtered. Came the hot blue of Sunday morning and once again we struck out for a distant land – Little Oberon Bay.

A sign post informed us that it was 2 miles or a one hour hike along a narrow winding track (a mere pushover for a commando/bikie). For a while we were led by a camel...err I mean Carmel. The hike took us about half an hour and then while Howard and Co went swimming I indulged in the manly occupation of bird watching. After an hour Mike and I returned to camp ahead of the others. Found Peter (Big Daddy) had arrived. For the rest of the day we all went down to another beach where we threw the Frisbee all over the place. Les (Rastus 2<sup>nd</sup>) wowed us with his ability to scale the unscaleable and a fellow on a Yamaha trail bike gave us a lesson in sand riding.

Now we come to the events of Sunday night. There is no place for humour or frills in the remainder of this report – for as we all know, it was a night of tragedy. In the evening after Lynda and a few others had left we decided to go for a night run along the Prom towards Mt. Sugarloaf. Somewhere between 7 and 8 o'clock, whilst we were preparing for our night run disaster struck Lynda. It happened so far way that word did not reach us until we were five or six miles away from camp. We all rushed to Yanakie where Howard and Peter crammed into a phone booth and eventually got through to the Korumburra Police Station. We learned that Lynda was in Korumburra Hospital with a broken wrist and possible concussion. She has collided with an old Holden that had swung suddenly out of a road side resting bay. Warren, Peter and Howard set off for Korumburra while the rest of us returned to Tidal River. At 12.30am they were back to report that Lynda was in a coma.

After this tragic happening we were in no mood to stay longer in Tidal River and so we uprooted camp early. We returned via Foster with its magnificent view of corner inlet and continued on to Korumburra where we stopped for lunch and Peter, Warren and Howard went round to the Police station for news of Lynda. She was still in a coma. Further down the road we picked up her crash helmet. It was undamaged except for a small mark that could have been duco from the door panelling. Finally we came upon her bike which was parked behind a small roadhouse service station. It was a sad travesty of a Honda 450. The front forks were bent and smashed, the clutch bracket was broken away and the front wheel looked like a piece of twisted plasticine. It must have absorbed a fearful bang. We managed to manhandle it into Frank's utility where it was tethered alongside David's Honda 125.

Our trip finished where it began in Dandenong. It was in itself a magnificent run, but for Lynda's accident.

Roger.

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### **SEC's REPORT**

To let all unfamiliarised bikies up to date, FAM (Federation of Australian Motorcyclists) is achieving some of its objectives. They have managed to play a major part in the N.S.W. Government dropping the 40mph speed limit for pillion passengers. What we need is a strong Victorian membership to push for the same results here. Also FAM is beginning to be recognized as the voice of the motorcycling fraternity; the N.S.W Minister of Transport asked FAM to consult him regarding helmet law proposals. Membership forms to join FAM are available from me anytime.

Just to clear up a few points on the Constitution, members please note that the Get You Home Fund does not cover costs for transport resulting from an accident; it only covers costs resulting from mechanical breakdowns. Also, members whose fees are more than 3 months overdue are not

covered, and if overdue by less than 3 months, the club shall pay for one third of transport costs. We hope to have the new Constitutions printed and distributed to all members soon.

Bruce Higgs.

P.S. just received entry forms for the Alpine Rally to be held June 12-14<sup>th</sup> at Yarrongobilly in the Snowy Mountains. See the Sec if you want one.

P.P.S. Thanks also to Margaret for her help with the typing.

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### **THE GENERAL MEETING – MARCH 1971**

There were two surprise visitors at the meeting, Kurt and Debbie. (They were on their Honeymoon)

The Secretary gave a report on the dropping of the 40mph pillion speed limit in N.S.W.

The holding of the baby photo contest which incidentally was won by Debbie but lacked organization and support from the members.

New members were not voted in (Shame! Peter P)

The meeting finished early so that members could leave for Wilson's Promontory.

Les Hayes

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### **HOW TO GET LOST IN TWO EASY CHECKPOINTS**

It seems that every run we have there is always someone who does something out of the ordinary and the day trial was no exception. On this weekend four people accomplished this goal. I set out nice and early on Sunday as a pillion on Redline's bike with one objective in mind and that was to win.

Reaching the first checkpoint was quite simple; however, the ride was not without its moments. Firstly we ran into Bob P who due to a misprint was quite lost, this was the first of many blunders the organizers were to make before the day was out.

The dirt roads were getting rather rough by now and Hewitts road was found to be very slippery with two up and also that old bridge we went over, I'm sure fell down just after we crossed it. After answering all the questions we struck another problem and that was a sign post with the signs scattered all over the road, but for a good guess, I doubt if we would have found the first checkpoint at all.

After refuelling we were off on the second stretch and after missing the first few clues, we were not too sure if we were on the right road, which is another big mistake of the organizers, there should have been an easy question in the middle, so as those competing could check they were on the right road. We found the road on this stretch very good in places.

It was not until we reached the seven ton bridge that we were sure that we were on the right road. After looking for the sign under the bridge a man came up to us and pointed out a sign in the bush, of course it was the wrong one! I wonder if he was placed there by the organizers.

Up until this point, the trip was rather interesting, but when we hit the Hume Highway the fun started.

The instruction sheet specifically stated head on down the highway until you come to the second checkpoint, so this is exactly what we did for the next 40 miles. It seems that the checkpoint was in Kilmore and we went through that town at 25mph. After all, how many bike trials do you go on where they use a car for a checkpoint, it would be the most inane thing I have heard of for many months. The car was right off the road and Peter was sitting in it. The checkpoint should have been right on the side of the road where everybody could see it and as four people missed it, I would say that I was very poor organization by all parties concerned. The checkpoint should not have been in a crowded town, the person concerned should not have been sitting in his car off the road and he should have given chase when we failed to see him, but then again if the question sheet had been set out in an intelligent and orderly fashion this would never have happened. The idea of a trail is for everybody to complete the course, the way that second sheet was set out you could have sworn that the organizers were trying to lose as many competitors as possible. I am sure they enjoyed watching all the confused cyclists, but it was no fun for those competing, it was a case of the blind leading the blind.

We arrived back in Melbourne at 1.20pm and met Mick at Flinders Street, it appears that at the time he went through Kilmore the checkpoint had not even been set up. The question now was should we go to the Williamstown Ferry and wait for them or go for lunch? We decided on lunch and went for a pizza and then off to clean our bikes. I can tell you that by this time Les was in a very bad mood.

Judging by the number of people who had trouble on this trial you cannot say that it was a complete success from the organizer's point of view. Let's hope Figgie can do better next year, but then again I am sure it would not take too much sense to write out a better one than the abortion of a trial we had this year.

David Cummings.

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### **TYNONG MUSEUM** (The female version)

We met at 9.30 and as the museum didn't open until 2.00pm we found that a "fill-in" ride had been planned for us. Off we shot to the Dandenong's Howard leader, Kurt rear-rider.

Howard was quite definite about corner markers. Pity some clot on a Suzuki didn't fulfil his duty. (Heard he went home to wash his chain – soap and water?) As a result Kurt, Debbie, Bruce K and David (patrol) missed the turn off and got lost. Next time, corner markers WAIT till the rear rider comes through, then there is no anxiety or waste of time searching for people. We lunched at Gembrook with Kurt and Ron entertaining us on the Honcho with slicks, etc. Kurt also tried the 175 Honda out for size much to everyone's dismay.

The ride to Gembrook to the museum was rather unforgettable and riding pillion with Kurt quite an experience. Put together a narrow dirt track, branches, etc, strewn all over it, curves, hills, bushes in your way, sloppy mud patches followed by choking dust and you've nearly got what we went through. It was rather fun, however, (looking back over it). Consequently, when we arrived at the museum everyone was coated with an inch layer of dust on sweaty faces. All except for Howard and Chris (now I know why he so badly wanted to be front rider).

The museum had all the normal stuffed animals but had some rather unusual ones. A two mouthed, two nostrilled, three eyed lamb; a four eared piglet; and twin pigs gone wrong two bodies and one head. Of course they were all dead. There were old irons, axes, armour, squishy things in jars and lots of other interesting things. Rob Jellett had great fun setting traps and letting them off. Fortunately, the 'man-trap' was unsettable. (Looking at it in a different light perhaps it was unfortunate). There was also a steam engine powered billy cart. After looking over the museum we had to wait while people played on the monkey bars, then we set off back to the bowl.

Lynne.

Those who came with club:-

Howard & Chris – Yamaha 350  
Alan Baxter – Honda 750  
Les Hayes & Mim – Honda 450  
Laurie King – Honda 305  
Kurt & Debbie – Suzuki 500  
David C – Suzuki 250

Mitchel Axton – Suzuki 250  
Ron Chambers – Suzuki 90 Honcho  
Bruce Kennedy – Honda 125  
don McVeigh – Suzuki 500  
Lynne Patullock – Honda 175

Those met at the museum

Roger Holt – Yamaha 250  
Peter Goodwill & Jane Honda 450  
In Cars:-  
Rob Jellett & Lyn  
Rob Kissick (zapped off somewhere – I think)  
Greg Smith & Ralph Nickells.

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### **THEATRE NIGHT – 26/3/71**

Well here goes; the time was last Friday night at the Cinema Centre the occasion the theatre night. Your mad correspondent arrived a bit late 'cos of a sad lack of co's at the moment. All bodies were already seated and waiting for the picture to begin. The first one was very interesting, all about mining in Australia. Some rough bikie comments were made during this film, particularly by a certain Honda 450 owner. After that, downstairs for drinks, chips, etc. Then back for the main show "The Owl and the Pussycat" with Barbara Streisand and some other guy wot I don't know the name of. Barbara as Doris was all hands and hiccups and Felix was the bespectacled innocent? Virgin? Writer who had a clerical job in a book store. You see really how he and Doris met was that he happened to see Doris at it and he then pimped to the landlord. She ended up in his apartment and then they both got thrown out, he is a skeleton suit and she in a – well what was it anyway? Then from another flat they ended up in his (Felix's) fiancé's bath not bed, in the reverse order. Then we see the final scene where Felix, no, Fred and Doris get honest with the world and each other. The end shows them walking away out of an old life alone, into a new life together.

Your Friendly Reporter  
(Sometime bike rider) cc 50  
Hank.

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### **CORNUCOPIA MUSEUM – TYNONG NORTH – 21/3/71**

Well I guess we should have called this trip another Vice Captain's Mystery Tour, because although everyone knew their destination, they didn't seem to have much idea where they were headed, the way I took 'em anyway. Nevertheless, they followed fearlessly in my smokescreen (seeing as how the Great White Leader and his Mottly Gutsy were incapacitated by a very serious ailment that day – work I think it's called). That is to say most of the club followed me, but unfortunately I took it for granted that gold 500 Suzuki owners were reasonably intelligent (after all, Suzukis are 2 strokes).

But alas, I was horrified to find that I was mistaken, for when I left a certain PEANUT on a gold 500 as corner marker, he failed to realize that his sole aim in life at that moment was to wait until the rear rider was safely through that corner and headed in the right direction – NOT Lilydale!!

Bruce H and Kurt & Debbie eventually caught us up at Monbulk (Kurt was so mad his face matched his handle bar fairing) while Chris and I went for a pleasant little dawdle back down to Kalorama in search of Lyn and Dave C.

Anyway, we all eventually arrived at the lunch stop (Gembrook) except for Dave, but as he rides a 250 and not a gold 500 Suzuki, I sort of guessed he may have had enough intelligence to figure out where he was supposed to be at. (Which he did eventually)

After lunch, a snooze or a stroll in the sun and a free demo of how to plough a car park ready for planting (using one only trail bike) we all headed for the museum. This was where the fun began. Chris and I thought it was fun anyway, 'cos we were up the front away from all the dust. Despite my warnings of ferocious wallabies on 360 Yamahas, swooping rosellas and boggy fire tracks, the club followed faithfully behind, never doubting for a moment that I knew where I was going (crazy fools). Luckily it hadn't rained the night before, and I could still see the wheely marks I so carefully laid the previous day, when I mapped the trip out. Eventually we all arrived at the museum (I waited at all the corners myself this time) where we met a few chickens and late comers.

The museum, although small, is packed with many items of interest and there is also a coach-house, and plans are under way for a log cabin. Redline found some very heavy items of interest, but I'm sure they were not what he would have me believe they were. We were impressed by the way we were able to handle and closely examine a lot of the curios on display.

After a good look around we removed the fruit salad from my tool kit and waited for David to finish road testing a white 500 Suzuki (the gold one had slink off somewhere – probably to adjust his chain). Then it was back along the highway to Dandenong where we dispersed, most of us meeting again later back at the bowl for a swim, etc. From what I can gather, a good time was had by all – great weather, fantastic mountain roads and scenery, some little used bush roads for variety and something of interest at our destination. I hope you enjoyed yourselves anyway, because then I know that the little bit of planning ahead was well worth it.

I'm sure Warren would agree to that (he's organized more trips than me) and of course the same thing applies to anything that other members of the committee organize for us (e.g. Theatre Nights). If these functions are well attended and enjoyed by all (which they have been lately) then we're not wasting our time, in fact we enjoy doing it. So, M.S.C.A.V., keep up the good work.

Howard.

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### **RUSHWORTH – SUNDAY 28<sup>TH</sup> MARCH**

Heading off into a strong wind, 12 bikes and 5 cars set out for Rushworth. With the mottly Gutsy leading, the pace was rather good, although the 2 strokes were having a few battles to keep up, even with the riders laying on the tank. Stopped at Seymour for coffee and petrol, where Frank and Joyce finally caught up. Their lateness was due to the fact that a friendly fuzz man had decided Frank was going a little over the speed limit for carrying a pillion, so pulled him up.

Out on the road again, the sky started clouding over, but, luckily, the rain didn't fall and it started to warm up a bit. Rolled into the one horse town of Rushworth, only to find that Frank and a few others were missing. Apparently, it was all too much for the poor Suzi, and it decided to seize somewhere near Nagambie. But after a rest period, was okay again, and they arrived to find the gang sprawled under a palm tree, in what I presume was the main street, having lunch. Lounged around for a while, then a date throwing fight developed, with dates going left, right and centre. Then it was away to the gold mines. Trust Warren to find a nice, rough, gravel road for us!!

Most of the tunnels shown us by our “guide”, John Barker, had been caved-in, so, after climbing all the way back up the hill, we then climbed down into what resembled, in appearance, a vast colosseum. Tunnels, or rather, tunnel-entrances, were situated all round the sides and with much enthusiasm and energy, we started to explore the tunnels, only to come up against blank walls of rock, or else, seemingly bottomless shafts, in almost every one.

It was not what you’d call “good, clean fun”, as it was very dusty and dirty down in the holes. But it was an enjoyable afternoon’s entertainment, anyway. Back over that ghastly gravel road, again to town, where everybody washed down some of the dust they’d eaten. The service station owner very obligingly opened his business, and, after filling up, we headed for Heathcote.

Stopped for petrol and drinks in Heathcote, where the local constable told us that it would be nice if we kept our speed down in his town. Came home via Romsey and Lancefield and the freeway, with a stop at Essendon Airport, from where we dispersed and found our own way home or to the bowl. So apart from the dust and a bit of wind burn, it was a good day’s outing.

Willi.