

EDITORIAL – AUGUST 1971



Another month passes and the weather is still determined to stay cold and wet, so the only comment is that it cannot get any worse so it must get better. I have not received any replies for the competition in the last Mag, so I will give you another month to think up something witty? New members note – the distance between machines in 50 feet when travelling in a convoy. Offenders will be fined (Chris Thorn take note).

WHISPERS (STIRS)

Les Mountain thinks his V8 van would be better with a drive chain as they are stronger than the standard axle.

Danger Boy tried to increase piston lubrication by putting a hole in the top, but it did NOT work.

A mysterious substance has been placed on the ground at Kings Bridge that makes car tyres squeal for no reason. Just ask Bruce Higgs, Bob Pee and Les Mountain.

Peugots go better in reverse.

Rastus rides a two banger (Traitor)

Howard must have been hunting on his way to Mt Baw Baw, as he had some type of skin strapped to the front of his V.Wee.

Cheryl does not like 'S' bends.

David C likes his Suzy so much that he keeps knocking it over just so that he can have the pleasure of picking it up?

The Phantom strikes again!

Howard tried a compromise on the Glenmaggie Weir run; he went home without his windscreen so he could feel the cool breeze in his face.

Rumour is that Rastus owns a Boulevard special.

Who is going to keep up the Vice while VC is without his bike licence?

Did you hear that Paddy has been doing some REAR riding?

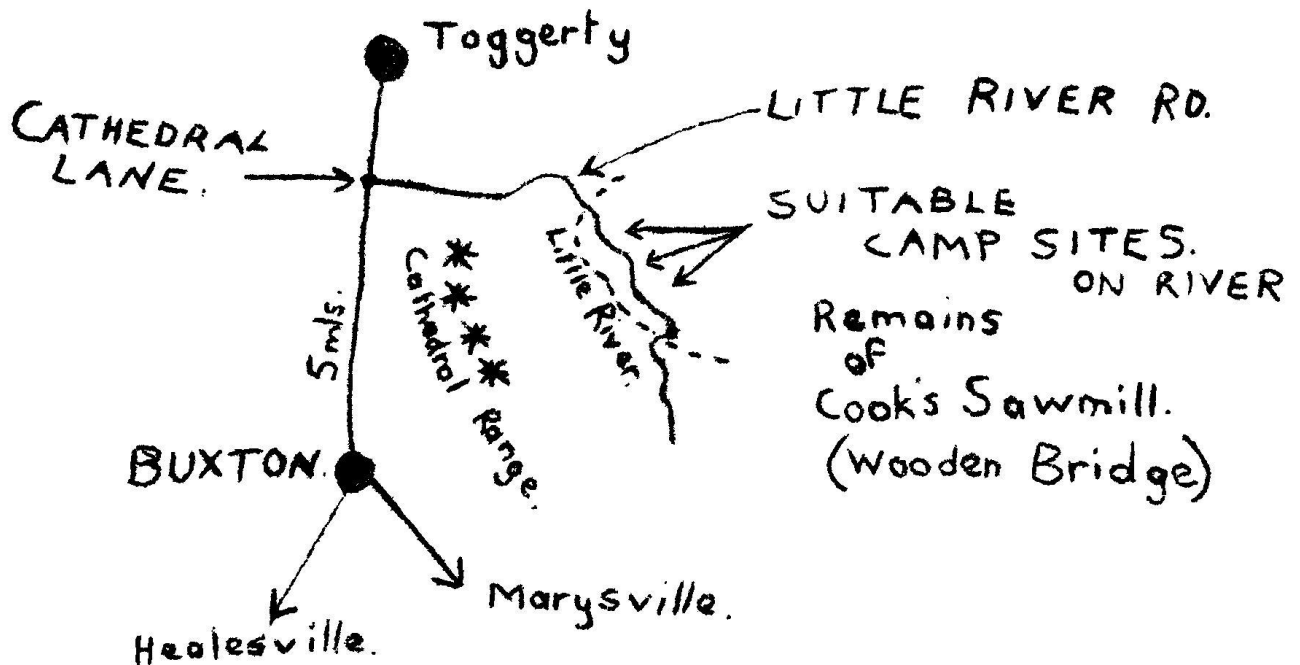
Lance still misses George.

P.S. Who is the Phantom??

ABORTIVE ASSISTANT
DEFECTIVE CUPLICATOR
TAXING TYPIST
EXTRAORDINARY EDITOR.

REDLINE

LOCATION OF "BUSH" WEEKEND



Approximately 5 miles past BUXTON, and before the sign pointing to "THE CATHEDRAL", turn right down CATHEDRAL LANE, then right down LITTLE RIVER RD. Look out for directive signs.

Beware of kangaroos, wombats, foxes, rabbits, drop-bears and runaway red Volkswagens.

NOTICES

Invitation to all club members 18th September, welcome home and birthday party at club hall 8.00pm for Jim Shilton. BYO & glass.

Betty Shilton.

Someone is going around bar – foot as they left their boots in Figgys' car after the snow trip. Maybe their feet were so frozen that they did not notice they did not have them on. Anyway as they don't fit Figgys you can collect them from him.

4 SALE

Helmet, White Stadium ZEE 90 size 7. Very good condition. See Redline.

What am I buying

1 costs 5c

12 costs 10c

144 costs 15c

ANSWER: House Numbers

SNOW TRIP – MT BAW BAW – 8/8/71

Arriving at the car park nice and early, I was very surprised to find so many bikes – as it appeared that the trip would be a very long and cold one. The biggest surprise of all was to see a little red Vespa scooter (M.S.C.A.V for ever). At first it appeared as if it might be little red lightning hood's, but after seeing the way it kept up all day (70mph would you believe) and the miles per gallon it got, I knew it could be none other than a Goodwill Special.

The day was not very old before something happened on departing from the car park a certain Holden V8 with all the accessories imaginable decided to drag off a rather weak looking Phew-Go driven by Riggsie and Co-piloted by Redline. Now you would think this to be a one horse race, so with high revs and the smell of burning rubber they were off, then there was a great crunch and one very mangled V8 was left in the car park.

The V8 it was believed suffered a broken axle but we are not too sure if the height revs caused it or the weight in the car (maybe Paul could enlighten us on this point?) Actually it was the spider gears that broke on the V8 (whatever they are)

Murphy with Cheryle as pillion led the bikes to Dandenong and Bob Pee valiantly trying to conserve petrol led the cars.. in Dandenong we saw what appeared to be at first sight a mobile brothel but on further investigation we discovered it was only Les C in his combi with about 50 passengers (that van should be classed as a one – pan area.

The first stop after Dandenong was for lunch at a cafeteria. The M.S.C.A.V as usual took over the place with the usual comments such as 'you can't complain about the service because there isn't any'. A few other people picked up the Sunday newspapers read them and replaced them on top of the pile a little the worse for wear (Peanuts).

After eating we were off to the Baw Baws. The road up the mountain was a very narrow dirt road and many car drivers had trouble taking the corners, with Bob Pee nearly hitting the side of a mountain and Figgsie sliding out on a corner and ending up on the wrong side of the road. The higher we climbed the colder it became and the order of the day was for car heaters to be on.

Upon arriving at the car parking spot we found a 60c parking fee had to be paid and when one of our members questioned this, he was told to either pay up or get to the shithouse. The cars were left here and a 1 ½ mile walk had to be negotiated before we could reach the chair lift. The bikes were allowed to continue on, however, a certain 500 Suzy had trouble in climbing one hill, was it the bike or just the pillion (Eh Joyce?).

For the fee of \$1 you could be driven up in a truck, but being fit and rather poor the club decided to walk. The first person to collapse was Lance who kept saying in a rather hot looking state that he should have brought his bike. The pace started to get slower so our peanut of a Vic captain foreseeing that he would be doing quite a bit of walking over the next 3 months, decided to have a race up the mountain with Hank coming second and 200 yards behind them David C coming up the rear as a very poor last.

Reaching the chair lift we decided to travel the rest of the way up by this rather primitive and inefficient means of transport for the fee of \$1. The chairlift although very slow was quite

interesting, what with people throwing snow at you and a certain person from the club spitting on John Alphabet, who decided to walk the rest of the way instead of taking the chair lift.

At the top we saw what we came for a whole mountain of snow and the club immediately started a snowball fight with the main target being David McF who was throwing snowballs the size of house bricks. After a while a good toboggan run was found with Hank leading and David C right behind flying down the slope on a piece of plastic sheet. There was only one thing wrong with this slope and that was the fact that it ended abruptly in a hole and two tobogganists were nearly castrated.

When the rest of the club arrived they found a better run where the rest of the day was spent slipping and sliding around like a pack of drunks. The toothless wonder Paddy did one of the best ones when he slipped on a piece of plastic and slid all the way down the slope on his stomach and ended up in a tree. This tree proved to be the biggest big bear for the club because many people kept hitting it, this we believe was the reason why Murphy wore his helmet all day, or was it because he was scared of Randy Snowmen or was he really scared that Paddy may GUM him to death?

The PIECE DE RESISTANCE (how's that Mim?) of the day was the eight man toboggan with Paul as driver and seven odd bods all behind on a large piece of plastic. By the end of the day the boys had conquered the course by leaning to the right the moment they took off and ending up in a very mangled looking heap at the end of the run. Some very interesting comments were passed at the end of each run when everyone was trying to untangle themselves. Les Hayes did not disappoint us either because as he was getting untangled he told us a lot of Snow BALL jokes.

Around 4 it was time to leave because many people were wet and getting very sore and poor Lance was getting frost bite (in a very sensitive place – ask George). Most people took the chair lift down but those that walked back had great fun sliding down the slope and petting those who decided to go down by the chair lift with snow balls. This only back fired on one occasion when Peter P decided to ride down with a complete stranger and you can well imagine who got the bulk of the snow.

The trip the rest of the way down to the cars was uneventful except for the fact that we nearly lost a 250 Suzy which I am sure will stop one person from lairising for a long time to come. Members should remember that if they pull stupid stunts they should not endanger anyone else. It's fair enough to kill yourself, but don't put other people in danger when you are being a bloody fool. This also goes for a certain white bike that has a habit of riding on the wrong side of the road. After refreshments we were off and those lucky enough to be in cars were able to sleep all the way back to Melbourne.

A most enjoyable and exhausting day was had by all, for I know that when I hit the sack about 11, I was absolutely wrecked. On Monday it was off to work, with most people like me suffering from colds, little money and a very sore ARSE.

“FRUSTRATED” – David Cumming.

Why was a certain person's coat strapped to the fender of H.H. Bug

Is it true that Paddy lost his teeth on the road to Baw Baw?

For the theatre night this time we went to see “LITTLE BIG MAN” at the Rapallo. 21 ½ mad bikes turned up (Craig arrived half way through) to see Dustin Hoffman star as Jack Crab, a 121 year old man who tells his life story from when he was ten years old to Custer’s last stand. When Jack and his sister (who never had any luck with the fellas) Carolyn were the sole survivors of an Indian raid on their wagon train. They were taken in by another tribe of Indians and Jack was bought up the Indian way and spent the rest of the picture alternating between town drunk, Indian Brave (with four wives at one time), mule skinner for Custer, gun slinger, swindler, and store keeper.

At the Battle of The Little Big Horn, Jack’s life was saved by another Brave who owed Jack a favour. The picture was enjoyed by all, I think, I did anyway. A cup of coffee rounded off the evening nicely especially for Sanders who wore his coffee home.

David Mac

EGO-CYCLE-SYNDROME

A motorcycle is a funny thing
When without it things just don’t swing
The first thing you think of
When you just come off
How’s my cycle?
Although it’s blood you cough.
When it’s all shiny
And clean everywhere,
You stand back and admire it
Your reflections stare.
Then you put on your lid
And fire it up
Let it idle awhile
Wait, tighten a nut.
And then you smile
‘Cos it’s ready again
For some new adventure
Cover some new terrain.
Down some highway or bush track
Always reliable, you always get back.
And when you park it
After a good day’s outing
The engine hot the exhaust still smoking,
You realise one thing,
Without your bike is like losing a limb
Like a bird without wings, it never sings.

White Nite

She was only a photographer’s daughter but she was certainly well developed.

KONGWAK – 15TH AUGUST

I was running late so I dashed over to Dandenong where I met the Sec on his 650. We waited for about half an hour before the convoy of 12 bikes and 2 cars arrived. We then left for Grantville with Paul leading and Big Daddy in the rear.

At Grantville we found we could not get much in the way of lunch, so we hiked on to San Remo where we were well catered for – fish and chips etc, and cold coffee. Some members were wasting their food on the seagulls, who seemed to be enjoying every minute of it – so much so – they were even starting to fight amongst themselves. Finally when we left, we started to head for our selected spot, and as we got out on the main road Michael's Mach 3 was going that fast his pillion riders' helmet flew off 100 yards behind? But luckily nobody copped it. P.S. She forgot to do her strap up.

Arriving at Kongwak we were confronted by about another 8 machines, with F. Tapp having a busy time mending a puncture, and thanks to P. Goodwill he was able to do so. Has he had anything bar the kitchen sink in his kit? Also Bruce showing us how easy it was to put a tyre on without damaging the rim. About 3.00 we left heading to Korumburra for refreshments. While there the Sec presented Frank with his birthday gift out of one of those Lolly Machines. Leaving we then went onto Dandenong, where we finally dispersed, after a most entertaining run.

P.S. Would also like to take this opportunity of thanking Life Members Ken Brown and Tom Garrett for moving Linda's damaged machine to a more suitable spot, and thanks to the Tapps for storing it since the accident.

Attendance

P. Ryan	Norton 750
President	Honda 450
P. Goodwill	Honda 450
And Jane	
Sec	Triumph 650
D. McVeigh	Suzy 500
Frank and Joyce	Suzy 500
G. Randall	BMW 600
K. Anderson	Kawa 350
R. Chambers	Suzy 500
Michael	Mach 3
R. Holt	Yama 250
K. Hogan	Kawa 500
Ray Wolland	Kawa 500
Val	Honda 175

Cars

Vice Captain
J. Wotzko

BIG DADDY

*THERE was this football team whose manager presented each player with a cigarette lighter at the end of the season.

“Why cigarette lighter?”

“Well,” explained the manager, “they lost all their matches!”

She was only Sitting Bull's daughter but she certainly knew how.

THE PHANTOM STRIKES BACK.....at the WOTZKO – CUMMING party

On the 21st of August some of our members had the pleasure of helping John Alphabet and David C's sister (Ann) to celebrate their 21st birthdays.

What a "Zappy" do this turned out to be, especially for those male members who had heard the whisper and went unaccompanied. The whisper was, of course, that there was going to be a large number of unattached females present – NURSES to be exact! ZOWEE!!

Your faithful correspondent was envious of those unattached fellas who seemed to spend the first few hours of the party wandering around muttering EENY-MEENY-MINEY-MO! Highlights of the evening included:-

- * A champagne – cork – popping demonstration by the M.S.C.A.V. boozers anonymous.
- * Redline's stereo seemed to get stuck on the "Let The Sunshine In".
- * Hireable dance – floors are a stupendous idea (just watch that last step).
- * Bob Pee got all the nurses drunk on rum – balls.
- * Is it true what they say about Howard? His shirt seemed to say YES.
- * The M.S.C.A.V. choir sang a little number that went over well.
- * David C. Disappeared.
- * Mim disappeared.
- * HMM.
- * Cheryl needs a padlock.
- * Hank wants the key.
- * RAY DANCES!!!
- * Lance was quiet (misses George).
- * L.C. got took home before he reached his usual state of inebriation.
- * Higgsy didn't hear the whisper.
- * Steve Jones probably heard the whisper but can't do much about it these days...DING – A – LING, DING – A – LING.
- * What did birthday boy do with that 61 year old champas?

Summing up, it was a top notch, fantastic party. Many thanks to the Cummings and Wotzkos for having us big bad bikies along.

Little Red – Lighting Hood.

P.S. Next time you wipe out, even if you're bleeding to death on Price Henry's doorstep, MAKE 'EM TAKE YOU TO THE ROYAL MELBOURNE!!!

The Phantom Perigrinator.

GLENMAGGIE WEIR 22/8/71

Arrived at KBCP about 8.45 and saw the usual backbone of the club assembled there. Late night parties have this effect on some members, like getting up early?

Anyway we left about 9.30am with Warren leader and Les as rear rider. Met up with Bruce, Paul, Big Daddy, JB and Greg and Steve and Carmel in Dandenong. Rolled on down the highway to

Warragul where we had coffee and something to eat. The weather was fine but crisp and ideal bike weather.

From Warragul past Moe, Yallourn and Morwell and turned off to Heyfield past Rosendale. From here the road got more interesting with a few bends and long sweepers, good scenery, some cows and no traffic.

We stopped for further refreshment at Heyfield and while the main bunch, led by Warren, went the right way, Big Daddy, Greg, Steve and Carmel, Cheryle and I went haring up the wrong road and after realising this and consulting a map we doubled back to the right road. We were following Greg you see. Finally found the rest at the Weir and after going through lake – beds and rough roads we finally ended up at a little oasis in the scrub with a fire and seats and mad Frisbee throwers hiding in the tall grass.

Had lunch there (which could be a groovy place for a camp by the way) then after a certain bug – owner showed up we went to the Weir proper, for some sightseeing, like well spaced corrugations in roads? The dam wall was started in 1927 and added to in e 1955 and has remained as such since. It supplies most of the West Gippsland area and is of sluice-gate type construction. Interesting?

As per usual, Howard, Les, Bruce and Paul headed off down the river while the less eager members were content to stay atop the weir and throw 2 cents down the damn – oops! Dam wall. Chris and Mim tried to walk across the bottom of the wall but turned back because of insurmountable odds. Like concrete buttresses and rapidly flowing torrents?

Then after ice creaming up and waiting for those intrepid river explorers to return, we headed off back to Melbourne. The road was spectacular if a little rough in places. Especially the back road from Morwell to Yallourn North and round the back of Moe. Two casualties here, Howard copped a stone in his windscreen and Murph's driving light decided to dangle by its wires. No damage was done, however, although Howard probably regretted not having his gogs with him.

We stopped briefly in Moe and then went on to Warragul where we fuelled up. Then to Dandenong from where we dispersed in the usual manner after having completed another safe and enjoyable, if long, club run.

Apologies: Roger our most regular and consistent club member. He beat us all there again. (How about a monthly trophy for most consistent member committee?)

White Nite

MURPH'S PARTY – SAT 28TH AUG

On Saturday night we all went up the creek, no, up the “gully” to Murph's for a wee get together. Quite a mixed aged group ranging for 3 weeks (Boy some kids start young nowadays) to the club members, neighbours, and older folks. You're allowed only one guess as to which group got drunk – clue – in this group was Redline, J.C, Rick, Ray, Lance and a few others.

Part way through the night one of the IRA wanted to play some theme songs but this was given the big A by most. Mrs Murphy and her helpers put on some grouse grub for us too. Alcohol is partly mind over matter, but by about midnight many had too much matter and really blew their mind. Redline seemed to disappear for a while (claimed he was tripped up!), and JC was having trouble with the front door; fell over trying to get to it and later told a lady what sort of door it was (it ain't public either).

Not sure what happened in the last hour as I went to sleep (went to an all night ball Friday night). Rick got lost on the way home, and JC, Ray and Lance stayed the night.

Thanks Murph.

“FIGSY”

CHATEAU TALBIC – VIA SEYMOUR – SUNDAY 29TH AUGUST

After a good night, some members decided to go on the run. There were a total of 7 motor cycles and 2 cars. Although the party was at MURPHY’S, he was nominated leader (sober or not) and Big Daddy, as rear leader.

We left Kings Bridge car park somewhat later than planned. It was “raining” when the club left the city. We started along the Hume Highway but left a couple of cycles behind because of traffic lights. From there we proceeded along the highway to Seymour. At Seymour the club stopped at a service station restaurant for lunch, some filled up their tanks. From there we proceeded along to the turn off just out of Seymour.

We arrived at Talbic only to find the road leading to that Chateau flooded and holed, so with help from a BMW rider, we decided to revisit Goulbourn Weir. There we had a snack, while Cheryl dried off (STILL RAINING). At 3.00pm we left the weir, and proceeded back to Seymour. At Seymour, some members went on, and some stayed at the roadhouse for coffee. From there, down the highway to the Lalor turnoff and on to the club’s “CHOW SHOP” (STILL RAINING).

P.S. if you don’t believe it rained hard ask Cheryl, for she was like a drowned duck, for she had no waterproofs.

CHRISTOPHER THORN

UNNOFICIAL CLUB RUN TO CALDER – SUN 29TH

After Murphy’s party on Saturday night (for any who didn't attend, they really missed something, thanks to Murphy and organizers it was a good turn).

To get back to where I was; I don’t think anybody that went to Calder raceway could really concentrate on the racing, even though it was very spectacular. (One can guess why). We arrived in time for the first side car race after being detained at Redlines? Don’t ask me who won it but it wasn’t Les Mountain anyway. After interval and a trip to the pits with Bruce Higgs (You’ll keep Higgs) we sat around till our eardrums were near mutilated by the sound of screaming two strokes. “OH for the sound of a Vincent amongst them”, it’s really nice to see something get out and stick with them even if it has got 750cc capacity over them.

The weather finally broke before the start of the last sidecar race much to the horror of the participants and the delight of the spectators, (especially the ones on the corners). No 1 outfit (Typical – a Triumph) seemed to spend the greater part of the race going backwards rather than forward. Absolutely shocking handling old chap!

The final event, a production race over 350 I think, finished up a mad drag between 2 locals – one Honda mounted and one Kawasaki mounted. A certain 315 Suzuki rider was first for a start (I still reckon it’s been fiddled with) but soon dropped back, due to lack of capacity. The slogan “Hondas reign supreme” became evident and the 4 took it off only by a very narrow margin though.

This race concluded the day and everybody split, except a few of us who went to Higgy's (after a mad thrash through the traffic). We then went to the chow shop where Lance gave a demonstration on eating banana fritters Yuck! And after we had seen all on to Redline's where after watching Telly (a film) everybody dispersed.

John Cecil

"The Roads Board has asked motorists not to drop butts on tacky, freshly surfaced highways – 'We are trying to reduce the cigarette content of our tar', said a spokesman".

Remember if you want to be forgiven for your sins you have to sin a little.

10 cents – 1 dime
10 dimes – t drink
10 drinks – 1 drunk
1 drunk – 10 days

DOCTORS' FEES

Very great sickness	- \$50
Less than that	- \$40
A good deal less	- \$30
Small sickness	- \$20
Very small	- \$10
Attending a friend	- \$5
Incantation to find out disease	- \$3
Taking a case from another doctor	- \$10
Refusal by patient to pay	- extra \$10

What's worse than being a bachelor? – A bachelor's son.

What do you give an elephant with diarrhoea – plenty of room.

Girdle Manufacturer – a man in the meat packing business.

A bachelor never "Mrs" anything.
