

FREEDOM RIDER

EDITORIAL – DECEMBER 1971

Well summer is here but what happened to spring? This month no one attended the Sherbrooke Forest round trip, this time due to very heavy constant rain (Isn't spring wonderful?). After much discussion (arguing) club members can receive a 10% discount on spare parts at Mayfairs provided they show their membership cards.

On the Sports Day many members turned up but most could not be bothered entering any event that is why so many committee members won events. They should note that you have to be in it to win it. Some un-financial members won events, but as the trophies have to come out of club funds they will not receive any prizes as it is unfair to those who pay their fees. (So pay your fees before next year's sports day).

F.A.M had a general meeting on Wednesday 1st December the MSCAV was well represented. They hope to abolish the 40mph pillion speed limit. But to soften them up a bit they ask people to write to the chief commissioner (since it was introduced they have only had four complaints, therefore they think everyone is satisfied with it). They personally have to reply to each letter. It cost only 7 cents which may save you or your fellow club members from a heavy fine or cancellation of licence.

Just mention that it is (a) Unnecessary (b) A restriction (there is no such restriction on cars, therefore it is discriminating) and (c) It is dangerous. The address is:

R. HAMER
Chief Secretary
Old Treasury Building
Spring Street
MELBOURNE VIC 3002.

STIRRING WHISPERS

We now have an overseas correspondent.

David C writes with his claw.

It was noted in Berwick court of Petty Sessions on Sunday 14th November, Bruce Higgs of the MSCAV, was fined 20 cents for using obscene and indecent language.

J. C gave a demonstration on how not to brake in the wet to a Police Motorcyclist.

Hear that Lance has had another fall, this time with David C (C for Claw). It seems he is safer either walking or riding his own bike.

Michael finally decided to buy a superior machine – a Honda of course (750/4).

Lance has contracted a bad case of bufluffitis.

I did not know that Phantoms had shadows.

Howard has left the country. (So has the Phantom)

We wish you a safe and happy Christmas. Be warned we return in '72.

Tolerable Typists.
Deteriorated Duplicator.
Energetic Editor.

MINUTES OF GENERAL MEETING – 5/11/71

APOLOGIES: were received from Brian, Paul and Cheryl.

NEW MEMBERS: Voted in were Peter and Lois Handsford – Honda 175, and Bob Barnett – Motto Guzzi.

MINUTES: The minutes of the previous meeting were passed with no discussion. Passed by Howard, 2nd by Kurt.

CORRESPONDENCE:

1. A chap from Ballarat wrote about Pennants and Badges. A pennant has been forwarded.
2. A Miss L. Nichols enquiring about the club.
3. Darren Room regarding the Rutherglen Wine Festival on the Labour Day Weekend. Special train charges are: 1st class, \$8 and 2nd class \$6. Application forms will be available when printed.
4. A selection of theatre posters.
5. Howard's resignation as Vice Captain and assistant Ed of the magazine. Passed by Frank, 2nd by Bob Pee.

GENERAL BUISINESS:

Theatre night tickets are available until Sunday – see Bruce.

Sports Day on 14th. There is a canteen available for lunch, and bring all riding gear.

Howard even gave a speech upon his resignation!

NOMINATIONS for position as Vice Captain:-

David Cumming, Bob Paulin, Les Hayes, Rick Honan and Roger Holy. Les Hayes was voted in.

The scrounge height which was to be held after the meeting was cancelled due to the weather conditions.

Brian is now at home after his accident. Paul has also had an accident, and has a broken left leg.

Kurt has volunteered to be Assistant Ed of the Mag.

Two pairs of sunglasses have been left in Howard's car, and are available from the committee.

Lynda's funeral was held today, and a wreath was sent on behalf of all club members. One minutes silence was held in memory of her.

The quickest way of checking figures is a girdle.

The rising cost of car insurance is only by accident.

Latest underwear with miniskirts: witches' britches. They cast quite a spell.

Weather forecasters all seem to belong to a non-prophet organisation.

SPORTS DAY – 14/11/71

	<u>1st</u>	<u>2nd</u>	<u>3rd</u>
Fire Alarm Race	Les H.	Kurt	Roger
Slalom Solo	Mick		
Slalom Pillion	John Cecil Ian Miles	Chris Thorn Chris Tapp	
Bottle Top Slalom	Mick	Ian	Steve
Musical Bikes	Ian John Cecil	Les H. Paddy	Steve Bruce
Egg & Spoon Solo	Bruce Marg P	Mick & Graham H	
Push Bike Race	Bruce	Marg	
Slow Race – Straight	Ian	Chris Tapp	
Slow Race – Slalom	Mick	Chris Tapp	

POINTS					
Les	Mick	J.C	Chris Thorn	Roger	Kurt
3	2	3	2	1	2
2	½	3			
	3				
	1				
	3				
5	9 ½	6	2	1	2
Steve	Paddy	Bruce	G. H.	Marg	
1	2	1	1	3	
1		3	3	2	
		3	½	2	
		½	½		
2	2	7 ½	5	7	
Mick 9 ½		Bruce 7 ½		Marg 7	

NO PARKING!

When you find you're tired of dancing,
Tired of talking, tired of gin,
Decide to do a spot of parking
And perhaps a spot of sin,

When you've quite convinced the girl-friend
It's a grand night for a drive,
Be sure your parking technique's perfect
Or you never will arrive.
When you've satisfied your conscience
Driving half a mile or so,
When her eyes begin to sparkle
And her cheeks begin to glow
You have still to take the hurdles
And the warning light says "slow".
If you try to get her gently,
If you try to soothe her fears
You hit your shinbone on the handbrake,
Find you're mixed up with the gears.
If you whisper words beguiling,
Old as time, but always new,
You can't see her reactions
For the wheel obstructs your view.
If you try to kiss with passion
When the lass so softly sighs,
You may miss her lips completely
And her hair gets in your eyes.
If you try to nestle closer
You lean lightly on the horn,
And a horrid, muffled croaking
Makes hideous the dawn
If you make a break and risk it,
Knock your ear and crack your dome,
Then you stun her with your elbow
And you might as well go home.

WHITE NIT

OBITUARY

On Wednesday the third of November, the MSCAV lost a good member, Lynda Uren, as a result of a tragic accident that happened in March, and since never regained consciousness. The service was held on Friday the 5th at Tobin Bros., Malvern at 11am.

There was a huge gathering, at which you could hardly move, and the Club had 30 members present, of which 12 were on their motor cycles. Afterward the cortage then proceeded to leave for Springvale for the Burial, with the procession about a ¼ of a mile long and the motor cycle escort down towards the rear. Driving in front, it was a magnificent sight to see the formation of bikes coming along with all their headlights on, and I am sure – without a shadow of a doubt – that this was what Lynda would have wanted, because she truly loved her biking. So it was a fitting but tragic ending to a girl so full of life. We will always remember her for what she was, a very loyal member of our Association.

R.I.P.

President

HARRY HONDA'S ADVICE TO HIS WORKERS

1. Don't lie. It wastes my time and yours. I'm sure to catch you in the end.
2. Watch your work and not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short, and a short, and a short day's work makes my face long.
3. Give me more than I expect and I'll pay you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you can increase my profits.
4. Keep out of debt. You owe so much to yourself that you cannot afford to owe anybody else.
5. Dishonesty is never an accident.
6. Mind your own business, and in time you will have a business of your own to mind.
7. Don't do anything here that hurts your self-respect. The employee that is willing to steal for me is capable of stealing from me.
8. It's none of my business what you do at night, but if dissipation affects what you do next day, you will last only half as long as you hoped.
9. Don't tell me what I'd like to hear – but what I ought to hear. I don't need a valet for my vanity, but I need one for my money.
10. Don't kick if I kick. If you are worth correcting, you are worth keeping.

DRIVER DELICENCED IN COMA GIRL CASE

As the result of a collision between a car and a motor cycle ridden by a young woman near the Bell Park BP road house at Nyora on March 7 last, a young woman, Miss Linda Uren, of North Carlton, is still in a coma in a Melbourne hospital.

The details of the accident were outlined before Mr. Mayberry, SM, at Korumburra Court last week when a car driver was convicted, fined and lost his driving licence.

The defendant, Stewart George McMurray, blamed his seat belt for his inability to turn properly to look through the rear window of his car.

Graham Hatherall, Drumond Street, North Carlton, told the court that he and two other motor cycle riders were returning to Melbourne from Wilson's Promontory on March 7.

The leading cycle was ridden by Linda Uren, then came Robert Ebdon, then himself with his wife as pillion rider, 25 yards between each cycle, all experienced riders.

LIGHTS ON. Uren and himself had all lights on because of safety in traffic. Near the BP road house at Nyora 6.30pm he saw a blue Holden sedan stationary at right angles on the side of the road in the gravel.

As the cycles got very close, it suddenly shot across the road blocking the traffic.

NO TIME. Linda Uren had no time to brake and ran into the car. The second cyclist "put his bike down hard" to swerve around the car and came off just past the rear of the car.

The car had given no signals and took off as if to make a "U" turn. When the car shot across the road the witness said he was some 50 yards from it. It was a long straight flat section of road and he saw the car when 200 to 300 yards away. Uren's brake lights had been working earlier on the trip that day in the hills around Meeniyah.

To Mr. Sparks of Melbourne, for McMurray, Hatherall said: It was about dusk but the sun had not set and visibility was quite good. The cyclists' speed at the time was 60 to 65mph on the open highway.

Uren was a most experienced cyclist, a member of a cyclists' club and had been riding for over five years. The car was about 300 yards away when he first saw it, side on. It gave no signals whatever: just shot across the road and it had hit the white line when its front door was hit by Uren's cycle. The second cycle "was put down" just past the rear of the car.

Nancy Hatherall, wife of the previous witness and Robert William Ebdom, draughtsman, of Preston, gave corroborative evidence.

EFFICIENT RIDER. All witnesses said Uren was still in hospital, Ebdom saying Uren was an exceedingly efficient and experienced rider. Constable M.C Brymer, of St. Kilda, told of interviewing Stewart George McMurray, of Mills Road, Dickson's Creek on Wednesday, April 14.

McMurray said on March 7 about 7pm he was driving on South Gippsland Highway in a westerly direction. He pulled off the road into the gravel and put on his indicator to turn right.

With the type of seat belt he wore he could not get a satisfactory view of the oncoming traffic. He turned out and suddenly saw a wheel and then there was a crash. His car was very extensively damaged and he was off work with shock.

First Constable Les Vick, of Loch, said he attended an accident 100 yards from the Lang Lang Golf course entrance about 7.15pm on Sunday, March 7 and near the Bell Park cafe.

A car had made a "U" turn and a motorcycle had run into it at the off side rear door two feet on the north side of the white line. The defendant told him he had only seen the bike at the last second, too late to get out of the way. Uren, the rider, had suffered serious injuries and was still in hospital.

GROSS EXAMINED. The car's tracks could be traced from the gravel side of the road but there were no skid marks anywhere at all. The second cycle was lying on its side damaged several yards away behind the car.

CHANGED COURSE. Stewart George McMurray, apprentice electrician said he had been driving towards Melbourne and decided to go the other way. He had head and tail lights on and moved into a gravel road area, put his right hand indicator on, could see no approaching traffic and started to turn.

Because of his type of seat belt he could not turn around to look through the car's rear window. As he got on the road he saw something out of the corner of his eye and he accelerated to avoid a collision. He was doing an ordinary turn and not driving fast.

Cross examined – The cycle must have come at speed. With his type of seat belt he could not look over his shoulder nor turn around.

Mr Mayberry dismissed the careless driving charge but convicted McMurray on failing to give way.

McMurray admitted a prior conviction and was fined \$40 with \$43.70 costs for failing to give way. His licence was cancelled for six months.

TO BE YOUNG

Youth is a period of our life, but equally an aspect of thought, a characteristic of will, a quality of imagination and an overflowing richness of emotions.

It represents the victory of courage over timidity, of love, of adventure over easy carelessness.

No one ages simply because of the years that pass, those are old who deny their ideas.

The years mark a face with wrinkles of character, we will be young as long as we have faith, old as soon as we are attacked by doubt, we will be young as long as we have hope, old as soon as it leaves us.

As long as our hearts are sensible to beauty, to the truth, to courage, youth will also stay.

MEN, THE THINGS WOMEN MARRY

(by a woman)

They have two hands, two feet and sometimes two wives; but never more than one dollar or one idea at one time.

Like Turkish cigarettes they are all made of the same material. The only difference is that some are better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes; Bachelors, Widowers, or Husbands. A Bachelor is a negligible mass of obstinacy, entirely surrounded by suspicion; Widowers are remnants with possibilities; Husbands are three types – prizes, surprises and consolation prizes. Making a husband of a man is one of the highest of plastic art known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity – mostly charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a small, tender, soft, violet-scented thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big, awkward stubby-chinned tobacco and bay-rum-scented thing like a man.

If you flatter a man you frighten him to death. If you don't you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end, and if you don't he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you believe him in everything you soon cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you he thinks you are a fool; if you don't he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colours, rouge and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out – but if you wear a little brown beret and a tailor-made suit he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in gay colours, rouge and a startling hat.

If you join him in the gaieties and approve of his drinking, he swears you are leading him to the devil. If you don't approve of his drinking and urge him to give up his cigarette and gaieties, he vows you are driving him to the devil.

If you are the clinging type, he doubts whether you have a brain. If you are modern advanced intelligent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly he longs for a bright playmate, brilliant and intellectual. If you are popular with men he is jealous and if you are not – he hesitates to marry a wallflower. Man is just a worm in the dust...he comes along, wriggles around for a while...and finally...some chicken gets him!!

Living in Sin – One of the more fashionable suburbs.

Lines – “My wife doesn't understand me.” “I've only got six weeks to live.” “One you miss is one you'll never have.”

Love Bite – What you tell your mother is a bruise.

Masochist – Does it for kicks.

CAPE SCHANK 21/11/71

Arriving at Kings Bridge right on time (for once) to be greeted by only four bikes. Thinking the usual slack club members had slept in I decided to wait for a while. At 9.15 still no more bikes arrived so we headed for the Moorabbin Air Museum. Just before the museum I waved to a group of bikes on the side of the road and was amazed when they followed us. At the museum I discovered that they were prospective members. The museum had a 20c cover charge and that was not all that was covered, due to the occasional spring?? Showers, most of the exhibits were too. The main criticism being that you could not get close enough to examine the machines.

As there was a cold breeze we had a brief look around and then headed off to Frankston – now being a Honda run other than for one slack Kawa. The sun was now shining brightly and it was starting to warm up, but not for long as it started to rain about 10 miles out of Frankston. We stopped to put on our waterproofs and wait for Darren who was rear rider. We had hardly gone more than 2 miles when it stopped raining and the sun came out again but the cold wind was enough to stop us from getting hot.

Arriving at Cape Schanck, it started to drizzle again and I thought it would be very uncomfortable as there was a very strong breeze which was bloody cold, but it was only a spring?? Shower and soon cleared up. We headed towards the cape itself, where we met Roger the Lodger. But only the hearty club members battled onward against tremendous winds and sea spray. Therefore only Roger, Chris Thorn and myself managed to reach the farthest and highest outcrop. We then collapsed. (Even tried running up a 70 degree slope in full water-proof gear and helmets) but it was worthwhile as the view (what we could see through the mist of sea spray) was breathtaking (even if windy).

Arriving back at the bikes to talk to the slack members (sorry non-members) who failed to brave the 90mph winds and talked about hikes of all things (500/4 to be exact). I then decided we better head off before it started to rain again. We returned to Frankston via the old peninsula road, for a change. It was sunny and fairly pleasant other than for the occasional Sunday driver doing 20mph.

Stopping just out of Frankston for refreshments, it looked as if it was about to rain again, so Mim and I soffed, hoping that we would miss it but about ten miles down the highway it poured.

All in all it was a good run and it was pleasing to see so many new members present. (But where were the old ones).

P.S. If you have not heard eight Hondas (three dunstalls) thrashing through the hills, you haven't heard anything.

P.S.S The others missed the rain.

Redline

Darren Room & Tony	750/4 Honda	John	350 Honda
John Lowry	500/4 Honda	Tony Gebbing	350 Honda
John Hansen	450 Honda	Keith Mitchener	250 Honda
Les and Mim	450 Honda	Chris Thorn	Kawasickie Sex50

Woodside – 27TH & 28TH November

In beautiful weather for travelling and camping, the main club bunch arrived at the Woodside Beach camping area about lunchtime on Saturday, to be greeted by some who'd travelled down on Friday night. They'd been into Sale for breakfast and shopping for various goodies, returning not long before the club arrived. Just how J.C carried all that much gear on his bike is beyond me, and at such a speed, too!

Tents were erected and then it was "just sitting around" time. Most of the fellas (even the attached ones!) were rather captivated by a bird in what was thought to be a see-through bikini riding around on a little Suzi. Not being completely sure if the bikini was see-through or not, Mick and Red-line hastily proceeded to go find out for sure. The verdict: no, not completely see-through!!

Neil and his friend were not to be seen anywhere, and were apparently at the hotel having a very long counter-lunch. There being little else but the female bike rider near camp to amuse us, we all sorda sorffed into town (1 pub, 1 motel and 2 shops!) for lunch and a quick drink in the beer garden, where a certain piece of paper, produced by Mick, had everyone guessing for quite a while at its rather indecent meaning.

Back to camp where we all resumed just sitting round or strolling over to the beach. Pretzel doesn't like swimming, apparently. A few members cooked tea at camp, then piled into car for the trip into the hotel for the evenings entertainment, not that there was anything much to entertain us. The pool-table was in use all night, as usual, and the new pupil, Cheryl, turned out to be very good, even beating more experienced players.

Returned to camp, where a search had been organized to find Neil's friend, who'd disappeared. Too much of the amber stuff, by any chance? Tch! Tch! Couldn't locate him anywhere, so everyone ambled away to bed, after a long hot day of doing absolutely nothing.

Sunday morning brought out the early morning swimmers-come-athletes, those mad peasants who went for a long run along the beach. Lance caught a frog, and threw it into Margarette's tent, but it didn't seem to have the desired affect, as no screams issued forth, and it was gently deposited outside to go its own way again.

Gear was packed up and after the inevitable sitting round session and the mad females with cameras gave up, we left and descended on Yarram, where some people had to wait nearly ½ an hour for their hamburgers. Bikes were filled up and then it was away! Away! To the Tarra Valley National Park along a beautiful (yurk!) dirt road, with Figgys and J.C. kicking up so much dirt it was no wonder the others were so long arriving. Went for a short walk through the park to the Falls, where a zig-zag track (with no short cuts allowed!) led from the main track up to the falls.

Beautiful ferns, trees and plants made up the park, with little rushing streams intersecting every few yards. It was very peaceful and the air was cool and clean, not like what you're breathing right now. A photo and lolly eating session followed at the parking area, then away we went again, along more dirt roads, until we reached bitumen, not far out of Traralgon. The leader must not drag with other bikes, Figgys! Naughty, naughty!!

As we arrived in Traralgon, so did the rain. Waterproofs were donned, bikes refuelled, Figgys and an ice-cream and we left for home, dispersing at Dandenong.

SEX'S REPORT

CHRISTMAS PARTY. As you should all know by now, the Christmas Party is at Narbethong on December 18th. The cost is \$3.50 per person if you go by your own transport and \$4.50 if you go by van. There is a limit on the number of people the van will take, so first in first served.

The charge covers a three course meal, the band and the van for those who use it. The club will not make a profit on this night as it costs us \$100 for the bank, \$50 for the van and \$2.25 per person for the meal. You may send me the money for tickets with the form enclosed in this mag.

CANBERRA TRIP. We have booked in at the Canberra Lakes Carotel, Federal Highway, Canberra.

If you are going please fill in the form enclosed in this mag and return it to me, so I can give the camp manager an idea of how many are going and for how long. No need to fill it in if you're not going.

Bruce Higgs

RIDER WANTED FOR SOUTHERN CROSS RALLY

Danny Taylor (minus his licence due to the fuzz) wants a rider to take his 500 Suzuki across to the Southern Cross Rally with himself as pillion. Contact Danny on 277-8932 or see Bruce Higgs.

The Pretty young girl raised no objection as her new boy-friend stopped his car in a secluded lane, but said "No" when he suggested that she move to the back seat. Some twenty minutes later, after some passionate kissing, he again asked her to move into the back, but again she refused.

The result was the same when he asked her again after another kissing session in which she was a most willing partner.

"Why on earth not?" he demanded.

"Because I want to stay in the front with you," she replied

<u>SEPTEMBER</u>	<u>EXPENSE ACCOUNT</u>	<u>AMOUNT</u>
1 st	Ad for Stenographer	1.50
4 th	Violets for new Stenographer	1.50
8 th	Week's salary for new Stenographer	45.00
11 th	Roses for new Stenographer	5.00
12 th	Candy for wife	.50
13 th	Lunch for new Stenographer	7.00
15 th	Salary for new Stenographer	60.00
18 th	Theatre tickets for self and Steno	24.00
19 th	Ice cream for wife	1.30
22 nd	Virginia's salary	75.00
24 th	Champagne dinner for self and Virginia	32.00
25 th	Doctor for stupid Stenographer	500.00

27 th	Fur coat for wife	3000.00
28 th	Ad for male Stenographer	1.50

WOODSIDE (ALIAS BACKSIDE) 27th-28th November

With the day dawning, cloudy but reasonably warm, the faithful few congregated outside the Trash and Treasure market, Dandenong. After a quick whip through the trash & treasure (Mostly Trash), we decided to surf.

The trip was reasonably uneventful (normal MSCAV behaviour at elected stops). The only noteworthy event was a blown carburettor cover and a blown fuse on a certain slack kwacka.

We arrived at Woodside (Alias Backside) to see a certain slack Sherbert Sucker and his mate sucking as usual! The camp sight turned out to be six (straight) miles from the pub much to the dismay of the majority of club members. (Thrash, Thrash, Thrash)

We arrived to find one partially naked female flaunting the greater percentage of her body on the grass. It was then up with tents (right up) and off to the pub for lunch.

On our departure we were told by a certain committee member to be back within a certain committee member to be back within one hour, or otherwise face a stiff penalty. In this matter we thought she was overstepping her authority as chief cook and bottle washer of the club (now who's drunk with power?) A few went to the pub (Including the chief cook and bottle washer and indulged in a few ales, meanwhile Lance was molesting a pussy and J.B told some fairy tales. It was then back to camp, where most people relaxed? And re-erected tents that had been clawed? Until it was time to return to the local for a few more ales.

Most people arrived at the hotel in cars (except for a few). What was Mick doing with that bottle of metho back at camp and what was Les doing with Mim? Meanwhile back at the local, people slurped on slops (which is beer also called Suds and P..s) and played pool.

However this hotel was found to lack the atmosphere of other hotels we have visited, (mainly because of the curfew imposed by the committee!)

Arriving back at camp sober! Everybody, except three people, hit the hay or whatever. These three decided to man the Tower looking for sharks with a bottle of port? These three made much commotion and were eventually evicted by the all mean surfies in a slightly inebriated condition.

These three drunkards then tried to deposit one of their number with a foreigner, unfortunately he rejected this idea as did the inmate. He was then carted to the pluckers tent where he proceeded to wrap himself around the tent pole and put a permanent bend in it (much to the dismay of the plucker!)

Very early next morning four would be surfies went for a dip followed by a quick mile run up the beach (with claw winning the sprints hands down). After certain people went and relieved themselves in the bush they were fit enough again to have a quick play in the sand (and we don't mean sand castles!)

The club departed at about 11.30 and stopped in Yarram for lunch with more babblings of the MSCAV complaining about the service. Here we were told that there were many miles of winding bitumen in front of us and asked if we wished to take an alternative route. As we decided we were a pack of peg pushers we agreed to follow our fearless leader (right up him). this bitumen was found to be 20 miles of horny dirt roads.

We stopped in the Tarra National Park to have a look at the flora and fauna as well as the falls. These falls were very picturesque however one bragging member of the group said that on a frosty morning he could do better, this we believe to be true because of the way a certain female gave him the eye when he wore his tight fitting swimming trunks on the beach at Woodside.

It was then off to Traralgon through more dirt roads and then a further 90 mile thrash to Dandenong, where the remaining members of the club dispersed and went home to bed (if they had any bloody* brains)

*Footnote – Known as the great Australian adjective.

THE THREE POT SCREAMERS.

4 SALE – sleeping bags and redline.

Did anyone notice this in the Sun?

TO A TRENDY BIKIE

You saw “Easy Rider” And those posters of Steve McQueen trial-biking over the California sand hills.

Cars are okay for the inhibited. But a bike is the thing. Free and wild. Exhilarating.

You are Peter Fonda running away from the hand ups and the drags, even if you are just riding home from work.

You might have 750cc of power beneath you, or a fold up egg beater, almost as small as a kid’s tride.

But don't forget – they cleared the roads for the actors when they made all those motorbike movies.

Real life bikies have no protection. They are vulnerable.

DECLARE WAR ON 1034 - TODAY

Never walk your dog past a “Wet Paint” sign. He probably will.

An egotist has one point in his favour – he doesn’t go around talking about other people.

WOODSIDE WHISPERS

The Phantom may be in America, (long live the Phantom) but never fear, his informers are still here and have got their eyes on things. So watch your step, people!

— Fig Plucker screwing his left handle bar grip vigorously going back to Melbourne. However, it didn't make the trumpy go any faster.

- Redline’s red Honda playing kangaroos, typical Honda shockers which are a Japanese version of a pogo stick.
- Chris Thorn socializing with the long arm of the law on the side of the road.
- Neil, so drunk that he could only recite 8 verses of “Eskimo Nell.”
- Margaret doesn’t mind frogs for strange bed fellow.
- Cass, Neil’s friend, likes toilets so much that he sleeps in them – Percy Porcelain stinks again!
- Mick and Cheryl shouldn’t leave their cutlery lying about, because now they have an inverted frypan – drop bears.
- Michael stuck on extra exhaust pipe on his Mack III and Honda badges on the sides and has stopped it from polluting.
- Rogers’ jam jar is getting very slow. When are you going to buy that XS2 powered wheelchair, Roger, and get a boomerang that comes back?
- Lance’s Mum and Dad keep poultry.
- Lance is growing a beard, or something like one, anyway.
- Lance has been fertilizing his chin very abtropoulos!
- David Von Coming likes port a lot – ask him and see.
- David is thin because he regurgitates too much. (Spews, for illiterates.)
- Fig Plucker remains sober. What ails you, plucker??
- Redline hurt his foot – keep it out of the way of tent pegs in future, Hayes.
- What was J.C doing with that cue whilst playing pool with Margaret?
- A certain person doesn’t mind his togs being stuffed with sand, especially when he’s in them. (Horny)
- J.C. slept with two other fellows at the weekend.
- Johnny Barker slept with his bike at the weekend.
- Steve was noted to leave Carmel in the bush. Sick of her already, or is she slowing up for some reason?
- Peter P believes Frisbee’s dent his car. Tinny Holdens.
- A certain Honda lubricates not only the chain but the whole bike from the sump supply. Who said Hondas don't leak oil?
- Keith Anderson is trying to launch his bike into outer space.
- Margaret reads Phantom comics.
- The Phantom’s Shadow has struck again..

Signed: The Phantom’s Shadow.

P.S. Beware!! He haunts Narbethong from previous years. All non Carriclam activities will be noted.

JOKE SESSION

Bank robbers are an envied lot – they always find a parking spot right in front of the bank.

One way to look young is to be always seen with older people.

The cheapest slimming exercise for women is mind over platter.

People will believe anything if you whisper it.

To be healthy, a rich man should live as though he were a poor man.

Be careful about telling a woman her stockings are wrinkled – she may not be wearing any.

When opportunity knocks, don't complain about the noise.

Nowadays, when buying a present, it's hard to find something that looks as if it cost as much as it did.

Many a spinster is so because she spent her youth stringing several men instead of roping one.

Babies are the nicest way of all to start making people.

Always choose a busy man want a job well done—the others haven't the time.
