

“WHATEVER HAPPENED TO DECEMBER AND JANUARY?”

Hi, you lot. Long time no print mag and by the look of things, this mag is going to be a poor start to 1971. We have practically no write ups for runs over the last two months. Seems as though if Kurt and I aren't around to chase up reports, no one (except the faithful few) is willing to contribute to the mag of their own accord. Oh well, we can only do our best with what we have.

You may have noticed we have a new name for the mag. There was some dispute as to whether to call it “Freedom Rider” or “Freedom Riders”, so we've printed half of each. What's your opinion? If you don't like the name, land us with your suggestions.

Hope everyone had a gas Christmas and enjoyed their holidays and any club runs they went on. Too bad we haven't got more reports because I, for one, would be interested to read about the runs I missed while I was away. About the only gossip I've caught up on is that Rick, Bob P, Les Hayes and John Cecil all dropped their bikes. Apparently Les was drunk again. (You should have seen him in Surfer's)

Being as I'm still a lady of pleasure...ooops, I mean leisure, I took off to Sydney and Qld for a month. Had a gas time (most of the time anyway). Met Hank, Les and Howard in Sydney and rode up to Surfer's with them. That Pacific Highway is a gas. The scenery is magic. We stopped en-route at Nambucca Heads and watched a fantastic lightning storm. It was unreal.

Les got t Surfer's before the rest of us. We arrived to find him with a face a mile long. He had just been booked for exceeding 35, exceeding the blanket speed limit, passing on double lines and failing to indicate! To top all that off, while we were having an argument with the guy in the camping ground, Les' bike fell over and the clutch lever broke. (Ask Les how it was riding with the clutch on the front brake side).

We only stayed in Surfer's three days. The others left for Sydney and Canberra, but I went inland to visit relations. Had some gas trips! Got lost on the way to Warwick and went through Canungra via a narrow, stony, downhill dirt road with hairpins, sitting on 15mph with both brakes on. Arrived at my aunt's after taking 5 hours to ride 140 miles.

Headed for Tamworth and got caught in two violent hailstorms, one during the day and one at night. Couldn't see a damn thing so battled on, not daring to stop because I couldn't even see the edge of the road. Arrived at Tamworth wringing wet and covered in bruises and bumps.

From Tamworth to Sydney I had a ball. Went through a flood, got lost, dropped my bike, got lost again, got pulled up by the fuzz for passing a truck on double lines (didn't get booked though), went through a creepy pine forest in the pitch blackness of night after getting lost again while looking for the freeway into Sydney, got lost again in Sydney and spent ¼ hour riding around looking for Central Station. Finally found it at 10.00, after being on the road since 2.30. But it was only 300 miles! Got pulled up again in Sydney for speeding, but didn't get booked then either. Sometimes it pays to be a bird.

Met some gas people while I was on the road; people waving from cars and yelling “have a good holiday” and the BP service stations were great, supplying me with coffee, directions and cool glasses of coke for nothing. You can keep your old Stanlys.

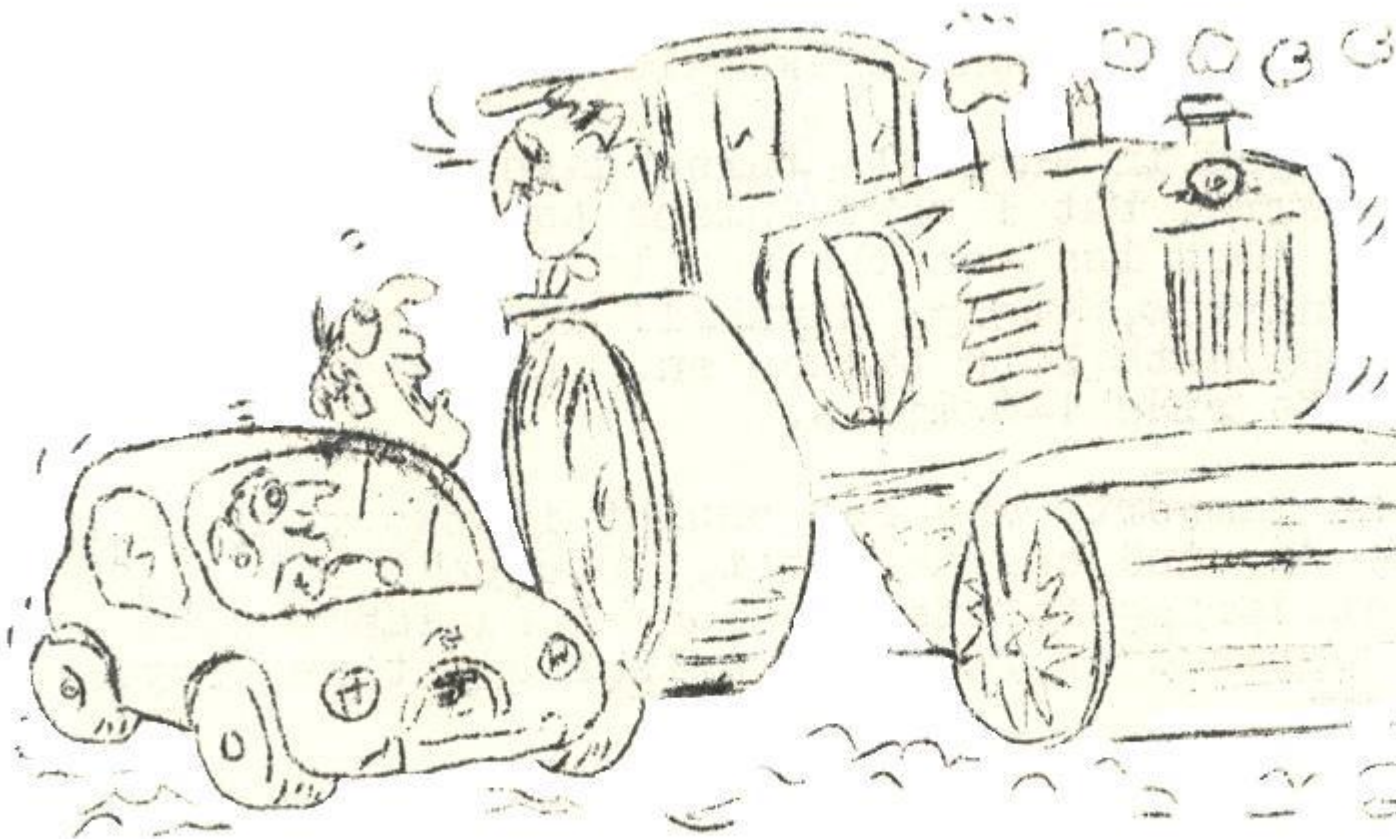
Got back just in time for Figgsy's party, which was pretty good. The stayers, namely Big Daddy, Rob Jellett, Marg, Craig and myself didn't leave till 6.00 in the morning. Brice was flaked, fully clothed, on his bed. Have you ever tried to carry a drunk pillion while he is standing on the seat. This same drunk pillion went to sleep on my bike in the street we got home and even the milkman couldn't wake him up.

Was home a week and then took off for Adelaide. Returned from the Rally with about 70c to my name, if that. Guess I had better find a job, being as I have only worked three weeks since the end of October. I wonder if Steve will pay me for doing the mag. "Hey, Steve..."

Lynda.

P.S. If anyone's interested in forming a group and having a night out at Hunter's Lodge in Croydon, please see me. It's a gas place, where the band gets drunk and everyone dances on the tables and has a really swinging time.

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"WILD FATTIES, MAN"

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SEARCH FOR FREEDOM

Just the day for a country spree
The clear daylight rising slowly.
A soft sky with a small fluffy cloud,
In comparison, this life seems so lowly.

Birds chirps echo through the gentle air
While the trees are barely moving,
Their mottled shadows as the road
That warn of something coming.

Look up to see the crest of the road,
The bitumen faintly gleaming

Silhouetted 'gainst the morning sky
Still pink and still with meaning.

The crest is distant but suddenly there
Still just a speck on the horizon,
Something moving still a blur
Humming faintly atop the rising.

See a motor cycle gleam in the light
Glinting spokes on chromium wheels,
Long brown hair flowing out behind,
Before her the road silently kneels.

Thundering thro' the silent morn'
Green tank and leather black,
The sparkling dew still on the grass
Silently peers – but she doesn't look back.

Her deep blue eyes shine with delight
As the golden sun gleams into sight
Covering her with the shimmering mist,
Her mouth, by the cool breeze, softly kissed.

Speedo climbs, exhaust now howls,
The machine lets out in this straight road.
Freedom found her clear eyes narrow
As into the wind she charges unslowed.

The shattered stillness now envelopes,
Descending over her echoing roar.
The speck of girl and machine grows small
Do I know what she's looking for?

Bob Ebdon.

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PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Would just like to say something about our main functions held over the Christmas period. The Christmas Party, held at Narbethong Hotel, was a tremendous success, with about 75 members and their friends present. The band really went to town and it was hard to hear yourself talking, which made it all the better to groove. The bus trip was enjoyed by all with lots of singing, yelling and laughing on the way up and quite a few sleeping on the way home. We arrived back at the car park at about three in the morning.

Our 4 day camp at Mildura was also well attended, over 20 bikes being present.

Going up, it got pretty hot. The two strokes gave a glorious display of breaking down. (FOUR STROKES FOREVER – TYPIST) At Ouyen, we waited and watched for about 2 hours for the Mach III to come through, in the meantime holding a drinking contest at the cafe, honours, I think, going to Howard, who finished with raspberry all over his face. (The raspberry kid?)

Eventually, we left and were soon joined by the Saints? Arrived at Mildura about 6.30 after an exciting trip and were excorted to camp by Rob Jellett. Up with the tents and then down with the rain, just to cool us off a bit. Had a quiet evening, some going to the hotel.

Sunday, friends of Jim and Betty invited us to their fruit farm at Irimple for a barbeque lunch. This was appreciated by all as it was so damn hot. We had an occasional dip under the tap with some Doves that also liked the water.

Most of us had tea at the Palace Cafe, the only complications being the waitress forgetting who had what and a mess up over the bill as everything was on the one docket. Sunday night was ended with a joke session (not dirty, I hope – typist) before going to bed.

Broke camp on Monday and headed for home under the guidance of Big Daddy. A most pleasant trip, thanks to all those who attended and thanks to Warren, who mapped out the route to take; it was well thought out.

Big Daddy.

P.S. By Bruce; about four of us stayed in Mildura after the main bunch had gone home. Monday we visited the winery, only to find it closed. Monday night we went to Mildura speedway, which was quite a big show, with speedway riding and midgets, etc. On Tuesday, Dave and I headed for Echuca and Steve and Carmel left for Sydney. This, after a pleasant few days, everyone had split the seam.. I mean, scene. (That was a typing error, incidentally).

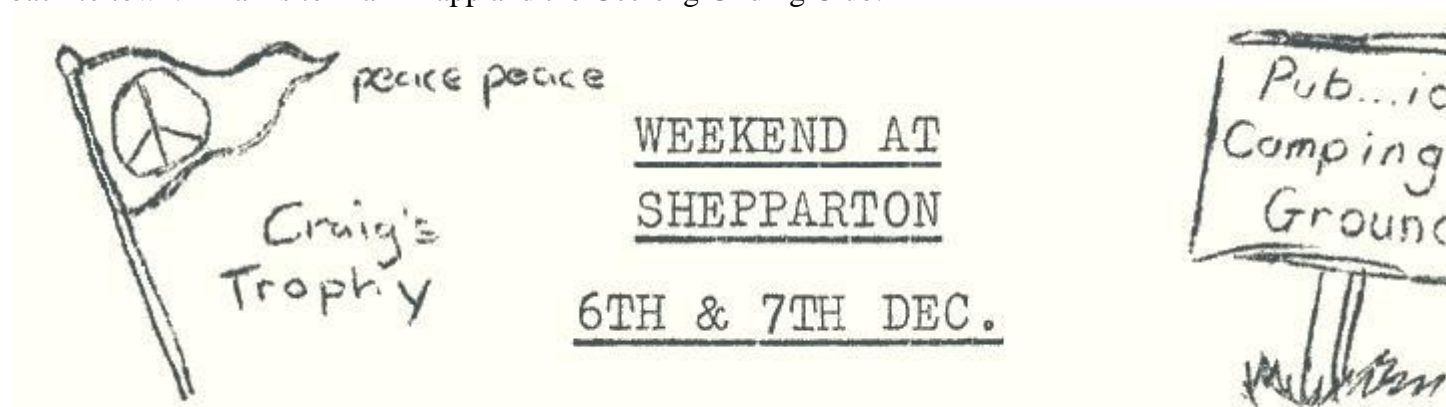
DECEMBER GENERAL MEETING – DEC 4TH

This isn't an article about the December General Meeting because I cant really remember that nothing much happened at it.

Bruce.

GLIDING AT BACCHUS MARSH AIRFIELD – DEC 13TH

A few of our members have been low flying lately, but at Bacchus Marsh we did it legally. I arrived late and put my name down for a derby in a glider. While waiting for "Glides", a few of us went up in the tug plane (That's a plane that tugs another plane?) While waiting around we were entertained by Santa Claus climbing into a Tiger Moth (I think) to drop in on kid's Christmas Picnic. He prayed as they wound up the rubber band and took off, but he needn't have worried as they returned safely an hour or so later. After the Sec's glide at about five, those who were left headed back to town. Thanks to Frank Tapp and the Geelong Gliding Club.



Arrived at 8.00am only to find the club's holey tent with Marcelle, Peter P, Chris Tapp, Peter Sanders and Rob P (wet) still asleep, then waited for the rest of the club. Around lunch time, Howard decided to go to the pool and before he knew it, there were seven people eager to go. So off we went. On arriving, we all crawled out of Howard's car and while walking across the lawn someone noticed the rest of the club arriving. Believe it or not, we were all back in two seconds flat. After talking to the gang we later returned to the pool for a swim.

Guess who dropped his bike on the dirt road on the way back? OUCH!

In the afternoon we had a visit from the local fuzz, who wanted to know who owned a Kawa 90 (because he owned one). He said that we should not exceed 35; some were doing 45 (80 maybe?)

Saturday night was spent in the local pub. A certain person got pickled and became stuck in a tractor tyre. Craig souvenired a bowling green flag and converted it into a peace flag and also changed the camping ground sign. We had our usual bush walk to the pool, where that pickled nut I mentioned went for a swim without any bathers. We then crawled into bed to snatch a few hours sleep before packing up on Sunday morning and going for a quick dip before the mad thrash back to the bowl for tea.

Peace, peace.

Les Hayes.

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SEC'S REPORT

Maybe it's a bit late, but Happy New Year and all that jazz. The Christmas party was a great turn (I thought so anyway) and I'd like to thank everyone for going. We made a bit of a loss on the night, but it was worth it.

Thanks, also, to all those who came to my turn and to those who forgot, or didn't know, sorry about that. Took quite a bit to clean the place in the morning; when the last stayers left and I dozed off (he means flaked out – typist), the house was still wide open, all lights on in broad daylight, bottles everywhere and the coffee lid on the vegemite jar and the vegemite lid was on the coffee jar! I didn't quite make the club run on Sunday.

Good to see such a good role up at the Southern Cross Rally again this year. I hope this sort of support keeps up throughout the year.

Don't forget club transfers are available from Steve or myself anytime – 35c each or 3 for \$1.00.

Received a mysterious letter from someone who wishes to remain anonymous, which reads: "Dear sir, Just for reference, I hear two members of your club are branching out into road racing, having bought a side-car outfit and are appearing at Calder on February 28th. Who can it be?" – Does any club member know the answer?

Bruce.

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PHILLIP ISLAND – 3RD JANUARY

For once I beat the club to its destination instead of catching them up or meeting them there. This was because went there for the weekend and the club run was on the Sunday.

On Saturday there was car practice (it was a combined car and bike race meeting) and a few bike races. Les Mountain was in tow events and did quite well, starting at the back of the field and finishing a lot closer to the front than many other riders.

Saturday night Les, Vic and Liz, two guys from Mt. Gambier and I went into San Remo for an ale and to buy some refreshments for Sunday. Sunday Les and I spent the day in the pit area and watched the races from the centre of the track – we didn't even see the club or anyone from it.

Apart from some rain, it was quite a good weekend, but I still don't know what happened on the club run.

Bruce.

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DO YOU REMEMBER IN 1970?

Peter Philferan:	The sand on the way to Gunnamatta Beach? (I DO)
Jim & Betty Shilton:	The night in the hills at Alexandra?
Vic Byrne:	The beach at Warrnambool and the perfect nose dive towards the
Brisbane Ranges?	
Johnny Barker:	The rock on the way back from sports day?
Les Craythorn:	The creek at Albury? (Was there an oil shortage also?)
Ron Hayward (Brutus):	The beach walk at Apollo Bay?
Stan Key:	The head stand on the way back from the Brisbane Ranges and the
Slalom ride at Lake Mountain?	
Don McVeigh:	Those tasty cheese sandwiches at Sunbury and the jay walking cow on
the Ocean Road?	
Robert Jellett:	The paddocks on the Hay Ride?
Warren Mayfield:	That expensive drag with that white Falcon on Geelong Road?
Bruce Higgs:	Do you know Roger's rear No. plate number? "Did anyone see a
watch hit the Geelong rd at 60mph?	
Robert Paulin:	How many petrol stations to Albury?
Lynda Uren:	The coloured Baboon at the Zoo? Howard's mystery tour? Has
anyone seen a black sock?	
	How 450's go without oil?
Howard Higham (Dropper):	Trying to catch the club on the way to Upper Yarra Ranges? That
unofficial trip to Inverlock?	
Kurt Mueller:	Street surfing towards Albury? How heavy is a Suzy 500?
Steve Jones:	How much is a new Honda 450? How much money is in the treasury?
Jerome Shaw:	The hard white post at Apollo Bay?
Peter Goodwill:	The top speed of a Goodwill CB450?
Brian Murphy:	That road polluting AJS?
Carmel Bell:	The lonely trip home from Blackwood?
Rick Honan (Rastus):	The hills at Maldon? Riding sideways down Arthurs' Seat? Why do
tyres go flat on one side?	
	How does an oil slick feel?
Roger Holt:	The weight limit of a Yamaha 75?
Glennis McIntyre:	Do two strokes foul plugs? Do Triumphs vibrate?
John Cecil:	That fast then slow ride down Antony's Cutting?
Bruce Kennedy:	What oil is used for?

P.S What is Howard's favourite colour?

P.P.S "Harada rides a Honda"

Les Hayes (Redline)

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"THE GREAT EASY RIDE"

It all started on Boxing Day, when Les (Redline) and I headed off with the club to Mildura, stopping in the 110° heat at Ouyen to help Michael push start his Kaki-aki (good fun). Would you believe that a certain 350 Yamaha was the only corn popper to make it all the way without trouble?

On the Sunday we all shot over to Red Cliffs, where some friends of Jim and Betty's have a fruit farm (ever seen people intoxicated by orange juice?) Monday morning Les and I left for Sydney via Hay and stopped overnight at a little town by the name of Rankin's Springs. (Fancy some Reshch's and Curried Kernels, Les and what sort of tree did we camp under?)

Tuesday night we arrived in Sydney Town, chased the rain away and met Hank, Craig and Lynda (with a Honda sadly lacking in gear oil and battery water). We saw all the sights of Sydney (Australia Square, ferry rides, the “cross” and of course HAIR!

Five days later Lynda, Hank, Les and I headed for Surfer’s, stopping overnight at Nambucca Heads (a great little place). The scenery in northern N.S.W. and Qld is incredible. Everything was so green and lush and of course, all the rivers were flowing well.

Surfer’s, we thought, was very commercialized (and expensive) and not particularly beautiful, but the surf was great. The “King of the road” didn’t look too regal when we had a go at roller drinking, lookin’ round town, servicing Hondas and visiting the Southport Marineland (pretty good). Ask one of us about the good camping facilities, too.

From Surfer’s Lynda headed inland, while us guys returned one evening to Sydney. (too hot to travel by day). We arrived at Coff’s Harbour at midnight, found a really fantastic camping spot in the scrub, rolled out the sleeping bags (Sally, Jill and Bev) and hit the sand, only to be rudely awakened in the early hours of the am by a passenger train roaring by 20 yards away, with people hanging out waving to us, tucked away between the cickles.

Arrived in Sydney to meet Bob P at the Cross, DIDN'T WE BOB? Got invited in for a “free perv” (that's what the man said) at a strip joint and saw a few sights around the Cross. Had another look around Sydney the next morning and then headed for Canberra (great bouncing water bottles!). Hank and I stayed one night, while Les had enough time to stay and have a proper look around this very clean, well planned city. (Great shades of unattached females! CURSES!).

Hank and I had a quick trip home, arriving in time to have tea with the gang and find out what happened to Bob. All in all, it was a really fantastic holiday and I’m glad I used the bike. You meet more people and have a better time on two wheels (but of course you all know about that yourselves)

NEXT YEAR...WHERE?

Howard.

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If you’ve ever wondered why our beloved Vice Captain is a bit “ga-ga” here’s an excerpt from a training manual which he is supposed to understand:-

“AS THE CARRIAGE NEARS THE LEFT MARGIN, A LOVE PLATE ON THE CARRIAGE STRIKES THE CARRIAGE RETURN UNLATCH LEVER AND CAUSES THE CARRIAGE RETURN UNLATCH LEVER TO UNLATCH THE CARRIAGE RETURN LEVER, BUT THE CARRIAGE RETURN LEVER LATCH CONTINUES TO KEEP THE CARRIAGE RETURN LEVER LATCHED IN ITS FRONT POSITION. THE CARRIAGE RETURN LEVER REMAINS LATCHED BY THE CARRIAGE RETURN LEVER LATCH UNTIL A CODE COMBINATION IS RECEIVED WHICH DOES NOT SUPPRESS SPACING”.

So now you know!!

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OUR TRIP (8 wheeled type – 1 car, 1 trailer, 1 bike)

We left for Mildura on Boxing Day and arrived in 105° heat (thirst, thirst). Stayed for days and went swimming and touring around, etc. the club left on Monday but Steve, myself, Bruce Higgs and David McF remained. On the Tuesday Dave and Bruce left for Wodonga and Steve & I left for Canberra.

Travelled via Sturt Highway and stayed at Hay overnight (expensive, mean and nasty!) Next day we headed through Yass to Canberra, where we stayed four days. We saw every memorial and lookout about twice over (once by bike; once by car). The ring roads were really great on the bike and Steve wouldn't stop riding around them. Everywhere we went seemed to take at least 6 circuits of a ring road (funny 'bout dat).

We spent New Year's Eve at a supper dance at the Civic Hotel. A good night.

After Canberra we went to Cooma and toured the Snowy Mountains. Climbed to the summit of Mt. Kosciusko, where we had a snow storm and I was run down by a Labrador dog with faulty brakes. Leaving Cooma, we went to Merimbula, hoping for sunshine and swimming but instead, there had been 9" of rain and more to come. After 2 nights we cut out and headed for Sydney. Stayed at Wollongong overnight and continued on to Sydney next morning. The closest place we could stay was at Palm Beach, 26 miles north of Sydney. We toured to Sydney most days by bike, went to HAIR (very hairy), wandered around Kings' Cross. Also went for a day trip to the Jenolan Caves, where we went on two different cave inspections.

We stayed at Palm Beach for 7 days and then returned to Melbourne via Hume Highway. Stayed at Albury overnight, had a swim in the Murray, and arrived home on the Friday, ready to go to work on the Monday (ughh!!).

Carmel.

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HE STOOD BEFORE THE PEARLY GATES;
HIS FACE WAS SCARRED AND OLD.
HE STOOD BEFORE THE MAN OF FATE
FOR ADMITTANCE TO THE FOLD.

ST. PETER ASKED "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE
TO GAIN ADMITTANCE HERE?"
"I RODE WITH THE M.S.C.A.V.
FOR TWELVE MONTHS OR A YEAR".

THE PEARLY GATES SWUNG OPEN WIDE
ST. PETER RANG THE BELL.
"COME IN MY FRIEND AND CHOOSE YOUR HARP,
YOU'VE HAD YOUR STAY IN HELL".

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BROOKLYN SPEEDWAY – 16TH JANUARY

We all met in the city, about 10 bikes, and proceeded to the speedway, arriving exactly 2 hours early, just before the ticket sellers. They were quite good blokes, who said if we lined the bikes up beside the ticket office, they would look after them.

Everyone decided they were starving, so with nearly 2 hours to wait, orders were taken and posse sent out to look for shops. Nearly an hour later they arrived back. After tea was consumed (gulp) we bought our tickets and looked for a good place to stand for the night. (Our poor aching feet). We stood and stood and stood and finally collapsed to the ground during a break. There was a real groovy band on a trailer being driven around during the breaks, but no one could hear them at all.

The races were really good with quite a lot of action and excitement; a few spills and thrills, but no one was seriously hurt. It turned out to be one of the best speedway nights with Victoria racing South Australia. There was also a Women's race in the old Holdens, etc with some very spectacular stunts.

By the end of the night we had about 15 people in our group. We also saw Bruce H with some other friends.

By Carmel.

P.S. The side shows were pretty good, too, weren't they, Bob?

A note from Lynda

While I was in Sydney, I also went to the speedway (on the same night, even). It was great news, even to the extent of some twit phoning to say there was a bomb planted in the grounds. This delayed things some annoying length of time. The Australian sidecar championships were held and were really great. The car races were gas, too, with plenty of rolls and wheels falling off and prangs. The best part was that the Sydney Showgrounds, where the races are held, is well equipped with seats but unfortunately my seat isn't.

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SOME FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT THE M.S.C.A.V. AS AT DECEMBER 1970

75 Financial Members (including associate members).

63 Financial Bikes (counting only 1 per member, though some have more)

52 of these machines are Nipponese.

Most popular machine is the 250 Suzuki.

Most popular manufacturer is Mr. Honda; exactly 1/3 of the club.

<u>Honda</u>	<u>Suzuki</u>	<u>Kawasaki</u>	<u>Yamaha</u>	<u>BMW</u>
750 – 1	500 – 4	650 – 2	350 R3 – 3	600 – 2
450 – 5	350 – 1	500 – 1	350 R5 – 1	R69S – 1
350 – 4	250 – 8	350 – 3*	250 – 1*	250 – 1
300 – 1	250 savage – 1	250 – 1	180 – 1	<u>4</u>
175 – 5*	125 – 1	<u>8</u>	<u>7</u>	
90 – 3	90 – 1			
<u>21</u>	<u>16</u>			
<u>Triumph</u>	<u>Moto Guzzi</u>	<u>A.J.S</u>	<u>Scooters</u>	
650 Bonnie (Glennis) – 1	750 – 1	600 – 1	175 Heinkel – 1	
650 Saint (Fig Plucker) – 1	<u>1</u>	<u>1</u>	250 Maico – 1	
<u>2</u>			150 Vespa – 1	<u>3</u>

*Indicates differently to membership list 'cos of purchase of new cycle. Also add one Zundapp belonging to Rob Gibbons.

Howard.

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TONGUE TWISTERS

I'm not a fig plucker, but the fig plucker's son, and I'll pluck figs till the fig plucker comes.

A skunk sat on a stump.

The stump said the skunk stank.

And the skunk said the stump stank.

* * *

SOUTHERN CROSS RALLY

The Rally this year was pretty good. We had 38 members present and 280 or thereabouts were on the register at the Rally, not counting the Southern Cross Club. Sadly, we didn't do as well as last year.

- Tim Moresby had the Best Suzuki.
- Frank won the egg and spoon race and musical chairs with lady pillion.
- Steve won a “very nice blue ribbon with gold writing on it” for being pillion in the winning sidecar in the weaving.
- The Club won the award for being best represented club from Victoria.
- And for having the most lady members present.

The organisation and running of the Rally this year was a bit of a letdown from previous years. The Southern Cross Club members seemed to be lacking in enthusiasm.

Official runs mostly turned into mad drags into Adelaide or around the hills. The headlight procession was broken up, with one lot going off in one direction and the rest fanning into Adelaide. One by one, bikes were left behind until only six were left to return together. We had a ball, but as far as being an organised run, this was not very good.

We realize there was a new committee running the Rally this year so we'd better not bitch too much. They'll do better next year.

Some of the Southern Cross members have challenged us to holding our own Rally, so we'll have to see what we can do in the future. Any suggestions as to where we can hold it and when?

The most exciting thing that happened was that the Mildura kids (rowdy bunch they'd be) let off some gelignite in the oval and blew a great hole in it.

The worst thing that happened was that one of the kids I met on the way to the Rally (I went by myself) dropped his bike on a 15mph bend and was taken to hospital in a pretty serious condition.

Monday found everyone dragging each other off down the highway, cars and trailers included, in a bid to get home first. Unfortunately, the cars were at a bad disadvantage when they got caught in the traffic jam which you might as well say stretched from Ballarat to Bacchus Marsh. The weather was pretty good, the only rain being at Ballarat.

Final comment: Honda 750's, Yamaha 650's and Honda 450's and Rovers all go like stink.

Lynda.