

EDITORIAL – JULY 1971



This month was a good month for receiving blueys (Howard, Ray, Gussie, Graham, Lance and Frank Tapp). The attendance on most runs is improving but some are still poorly supported, but the weather is improving so we hope this situation changes. Unfortunately there has been a few motor cycle deaths lately (no one we know – luckily). So watch it in the wet and ride to survive.

WHISPERS

On the Steiglitz run we were followed by a white bike which kept coming up beside to check our speed. No doubt it must have been the FUZZ (face).

Why were club pennants so EXPENSIVE at the Auction Night. Why was Howard crying after riding Michael's Mach II. Was it because it did not live up to his expectations.

The Phantom rides a red bike!

Bruce Kennedy rides a red bike!

Bruce has left for Queensland!

There have been no more Phantom reports!

Therefore Bruce is the Phantom?

Is it true that five hydrant attendants dislike 500 Suzy's (Ask David C.)

Another Yamaha was taken by a sudden seizure – Poor Roger (crumby two strokes)

Bruce Kennedy's Honda 125 liked New South Wales more than Queensland because it stopped there and refused to go any further.

Ballarat Triumph with block tyres does not corner well.

Johnny Barker gained 450cc on his way to Echuca.

Paul tried to run his Norton without cam followers and failed.

450's handle even when running on the rim.

Lyn Patullo like mountain walking and climbing.

Hear that Lance is living with George.

Wonder if David Cumming has used his second hand bike chain yet (It would look good around his neck).

I hear Murphy is BORED with is 500 Suzy already.

Lance has given his glasses and teeth to George.

J.C. still hasn't picked up the rod he threw away.

Rastus (Fuzz face) is back and is going to stay?

A mad bikie was seen thrashing to Lauriston Reservoir (or was it the MSCAV in disguise)

Les Mountain and Howard are planning to exchange engines.

David C likes to thrash Hank's Honda.

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GENERAL MEETING – July 2ND

The July meeting was our annual auction night with Kurt doing the honours again as the man with the hammer. Those present will recall it was a pretty good laugh and with certain committee members helping, Kurt managed to get some pretty high prices for some pretty queer items (an empty cigarette box for 50 cents?), but we can't complain 'cas a few members obtained some good items at good prices. (A Honda mudguard for \$2). At the final count the grand total of \$40 closer to a new 450 for S.J.) Thanks are therefore due to those members who donated such a wide variety of items, from record players to lemons.

Vice Capt.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE

Please make sure that reports are given to me as soon as possible so that they can be typed earlier so that there is not a mad rush to type and print the magazine in two nights. As the mag cannot be printed until all reports are in so that the layout can be worked out due to varying sizes of the reports. You will notice that there is no report for Steiglitz although two people offered to do the report, I did not receive any. This also happened for Echuca so I had to write it myself over a month after the run. It must be easier to do the report a week after a run rather than 2 to 3 weeks later. So please get the reports to me early. **REMEMBER IT IS YOUR MAG.**

Les Hayes (Editor)

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RICK'S PARTY – SAT 10-7-71

Lotsa people, lotsa liquids, lotsa fun and last but not least, lotsa drunks (MSCAV of course)! Actually that's the description in a nutshell, but a bit more than that should be written in view of the gas night everyone had. Before I forget thanks a million to Michael, Lydia and Rick (natch!) for having us and putting up with us, which musta been rather nerve racking.

First of all the music was really gas with a good collection of records available. As per usual the MXCAV got things going and took up the whole of the place for most of the night. It started off slow, but as the grog started to take effect and the music got wilder the club started dancing and stamping and singing (as per usual). Rick and J.C. were wrestling (WRESTLING?) most of the night. Les Craythorn brought his sexy-phone, no saxophone and proceeded to blow down one end and the result was really groovy. Then we all had a blow but not with much success as it has all those knobs and levers and suchlike which have to be played with correctly for groovy sound. The party started to fizzle about 2 so David, Bruce, Michael, Marg, Cheryle and I 'sofed to Pargs and had a bed-in, all 6 of us?

Comments passed during our bed-in:

Bruce to Hank – “Hank, I hope you haven't got a hairy bum, 'cause if you have, I'm not sleeping with YOU!”

Cheryle to David – “David, got that thing out of my ear!”

Did you know David sleeps in sticky substances, or did at Margs

Did you know Bruce has a very sensitive nose? He quite firmly told us to restrain ourselves, (if that was possible).

Did you know Margaret likes sleeping across the bed, especially when between two fellas!

M, C & H

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CABARET NIGHT – 9TH July

After a very straggling arrival, we all 30 of us settled down for a really swinging night at the Piccolo Mondo. Seeing as how it wasn't very well patronized that night, we almost had the whole place to ourselves, luckily. After consuming vast amounts of the extensive range of food available, things started to liven up considerably, but not until Howard had helped himself to **THREE** servings of food. Doesn't your Mother give you any meals, Howard?

Although it was a Latin-American band, they pounded out some groovy dancing music, and everyone seemed to join in at various times during the night. Rather a pity that the band finished at midnight, as things were really swinging by that time.

Certain Norton rider (wonder who?), after sloshing down his mouth and all over the table a full bottle of Johnny Walker, was putting on quite a show, producing much laughter. I, for one, didn't appreciate his knocking of Hondas, but then he didn't know what he was saying, did he? So we'll forgive him this time. All in all, we really enjoyed ourselves immensely and should think about the type of outing again in the near future.

Margaret

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IMPRESSIONS OF AN ONLOOKER

Now, what would I do if I had a bike,
And wanted to belong.
Of which club, a member would I be?
Heard a little whisper of a club,
That's the best of its kind.
Ah! Yeah, the M.S.C.A.V.

Hear tell this club is pretty decent
Which was quite a surprise,
Its good for its members, one and all.
They have a good time on every run,
Through problems sometimes come,
A breakdown, or maybe a nasty fall.

Each club must have its rules, I know,
On what, and who and when.
They tend to give a club a good name.
The M.S.C.A.V. is really active,
Something each weekend,
With members having quite a game.

Though some don't have a cycle,
Still members they do stay,
To lend a helping hand, if needed
Because of the need of good club spirit,
Which all of us should have,
Given advice should never go unheeded.

So, if you have a bike and want a good time,
You know who to see,
They treat each and all the same.
So get the word around everywhere,
To those with bikes you know,
The MSCAV, the club with a really good name.

A. Nonymous.

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Our Unabashed Dictionary defines success as making money to pay the taxes you wouldn't be paying if you hadn't made so much money in the first place.

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A nudist colony is a place where men and women air their differences.

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A compulsive gambler is a guy who'd rather lay a bet than anything.

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Hollywood is the only place we know where you can live happily and get married forever after.

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He: "My cousin is connected to the Police."

Him: "How?"

He: "By a pair of handcuffs."

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UPPER YARRA DAM – 11/7/71

Brian Murphy had the honours of leading the convoy for this run, with about 15 bikes and two cars present. First stop was at Lilydale where we picked up a bite or two, and filling in time to see how many cars were being pulled by the police after going through the amphom which was just over the bridge. Then left cautiously for the dam with Peter Goodwill trying to keep sweet with the fuzz, and Paul drinking his pint of milk (after Friday night's effort) before leaving.

Arriving at the destination we then had our B.B.Q – which was enjoyed by all – a game of Frisbee after which we all ventured up to the dam on our machines, with nature being beautiful and Lynn P meeting some of her school mates. We toured further up the road where photos were taken, and Graham Randell showing us how to take them down on one knee. We headed back down to the bottom, where we packed up and left at 3 o'clock for home, going via Warburton where we topped our tanks, then onto Ringwood.

But before getting there the club made a temporary stop at a small place named Wandin, where they saw Big Daddy being pulled up by the police for speeding, (trying to catch up, being Rear Rider!) So if you don't know you go much faster when your behind. Anyway a conversation took place between Peter and the Policeman, after which he walked away without a ticket. So that was that. At Ringwood we all went to Lynn's place for late afternoon tea and sample some of her cooking, which was very nice – especially the honey cakes, which didn't last very long. After which most headed back to Camberwell for tea.

In attendance

K. Anderson KAWA 350
J. Barker HONDA 175
R. Chambers SUZI 500
P. Goodwill HONDA 450
R. Holt YAMA 250
B. Murphy SUZY 500
D. McFarlane Honda 125
L. Patulloch Honda 175
G. Randall BMW
Big Daddy HONDA 450
Paul NORTON

P.S. who is that Phantom Writer?

Cars:- G. Smith, J. Wotzko, J. Shilton

Woman kept finding her contraceptive pills on the floor after she put them in the fridge. It was a Pope.

Two fleas on Robinson Crusoe – “See you on Friday”.

Two people in moon – restaurant – “This place has got atmosphere”.

Bruce Kennedy (Address)
49 Carter Rd.
Nambor QUEENSLAND.

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WEEKEND MT ELIZA – SAT 17-7-71

Saturday night: David, Marg, Cheryle and I left the city about 1.30 and got to Mt Eliza about 2.30. Threw all the gear in the wagon and toodled off down to the boat shed, only to find one wall missing, the remains of which were still smouldering on a fire nearby. We waited for what seemed like ages for the rest of the mob, led by Bob in his twin cam, to arrive. It was about ½ past 6 and when still nobody was there we again hopped into the wagon and went to Frankston where we saw them all apparently waiting for J.C. or something. We hurriedly went back and waited opposite the Sunnyside Rd turnoff in case they passed it. They all turned up eventually about 7.10 and things started to liven up a bit. If the sequence of events seem a bit jumbled please forgive me ‘cos I drinka da plenty fire water (didn't we all?)

Lance suddenly flaked, lost his glasses and teeth and kept asking ‘where George was’; Chris told me all her secrets (by the way don't forget you told Chris all your secrets too, Hank – Typist) Les Craythorne likes beach sand and long talks at night, Lance was number one chucker, some dogs bark all night, beach hut walls burn well, firewood is hard to get at night with one torch, and when the tides in Bob Pee likes soft shoulders and eaves dropping, Lance is hard to find at night, wooden floors are hard to sleep on, Lyn likes hamburgers and long Mountain walks and David attempted to roll a cigarette, the finished result looking somewhat like a cigarette that's been sucked, burnt, stood on, wetted, chewed, dropped in the fire, spat out, scraped off the floor and then smoked. And that was only the cigarette, you should have seen David!

Sunday: Cold but fine, the sun out even, so J.C. decided to go for a dip. He's our fiscal phytness representative. Everybody sort of recovering from various things. Howard, Chris, Bob, Lance, David Mac, Chris Tapp and I went to Mornington for breaky then came back a real hairy road for a bit of a bush bash. Then back to the shack to clean up while the others went to find George?

The Frustrated 4 (You said it) then left and stopped in Frankston for lunch and lo and behold Les, Marree and Co happened to pass while all and sundries exchanged the usual obscenities typical of rough, bikies and slack car drivers. Then we all proceeded down the road to Melbourne. Did you know Margaret sings (or she thinks she does). Then tea and an in-bed bed-in at Margs, watched the movie even you know.

THE FRUSTRATED 4

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During the wedding reception for two of my friends, the bride, a recently qualified dentist, was asked if she planned to start a family. “Certainly not”, she replied, “I intend to practise for a year or two first.”

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Young girls now pretend they do things they don't do. When I was their age we pretended we weren't doing the things we did!

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Sex is here to stay
The reason can be stated:
It'll be around for many a day
Because it's centrally located.

* * *

Old age is when you find it takes you all night what you used to do all night.

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LAURISTON RESERVOIR – 18/7/71

I claim a new record for a club run. No doubt you have guessed that it has something to do with the number of bikes that actually went on the run. Upon careful reflection, it may be surmised that a certain “happening” near Frankston on Saturday night, may have been a major factor in the policy of mass absentina that was adopted by the multitude.

At any rate I couldn't help but feel a certain pride and satisfaction in being unanimously elected, (by those who went) to all the important positions in the club convoy, such as leader, corner marker, patrol and rear rider. My only regret is that it was impossible for me to remain impartial, seeing that it was my vote which promoted me to all those positions. So you see, this report does become rather singularly personal.

In one respect this club run was unique in that it could truly be said that 100% of it consisted of 250 Yamaha. How about that! First stop was Gisborne for coffee, then after visiting friends at Macedon, on the Kyneton and Lauriston res. To the uninformed, Lauriston res is the middle of 3 supplying the upper Coliban area, and is situated 7 miles from Kyneton.

Well, I admired the scenery, the retaining wall and the signs prohibiting me from doing anything else. Then I took a couple of photos and called it a day. At 1.45pm officially finishing the run in Fitzroy St. St Kilda.

Rodger the Lodger the Sod!

ON THE SUBJECT OF MONEY

If a man runs after money, he's money-mad;
If he keeps it, he's a Capitalist;
If he spends it, he's a playboy;
If he doesn't get it, he's a ne'er-do-well;
If he doesn't try to get it, he lacks ambition;
If he accumulates it after a lifetime of hard work,
People call him a fool who never got anything out of life.

(By that well-known poet, A. Nonymous.)

FOR SALE

WATED: New owner for certain white Honda 4 cos owner has to get other transport. For further details contact present owner.

BACHELOR...a man who may have lost a few of his buttons, but still has all his marbles.

ZOWIE BIRD..it only mates once every ten years, but when it does..."**ZOWIE!**"

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ECHUCA WEEKEND – 24/25-7-71

Arrived at Fawkner Cemetery at 8.30. Approaching the entrance all we could see was one lone bike (Neil) and Johnny Barker (Mazda). **RATS**, I thought we missed the club but after talking to Neil I discovered that they had been there since 7.30am and no one else had arrived. We waited to 9am then decided to head off, myself as leader and Neil as rear rider. The weather was lousy, cold and misty. We stopped at Keilor to thaw out and grab a cup of coffee. The weather suddenly improved from here on (as usual).

Our next stop was Heathcote for petrol. The sun was now out and it was getting warm. Then only 25 miles from Echuca disaster struck. (The rear tube decided to destroy itself at 70mph). After a bit of scrambling tactics I managed to stop. When I looked at the rear tyre (a 600 miles old Avon) and it was worn to the canvas in a few places and the tube was ripped to pieces, so I decided that I would have to hire a trailer.

So Johnny Barker and I went to Elmore (a lousy 2 miles away) after obtaining a trailer and purchasing some rope we headed back to the others. On arriving some more members had arrived – Frank and Peter Tapp, Joyce, Les Mountain and Lyn Patulloch. After securing my poor 450 to the trailer we again headed for Echuca.

Arriving at the caravan park at about 12.30 we had a good conversation with the owners who were very friendly and told us where we could camp and make as much noise as we like. I spent most of the afternoon fixing my Honda (Thanks to Frank Tapp). Meanwhile Howard raided the local cafe and arrived with three dozen hot donuts. As per usual we went for a walk – along the Murray. During our walk we decided to raid the local play ground, where Howard showed his dislike for the roundabout wheel. From then on the number dwindled, until there was only Howard, Mim and myself. Howard and I spent some time going over a steam engine which was in very good condition (most controls still working). We then looked at the wharf, Howard and I decided to climb under the wharf (**NUTS**) and almost ended up in the drink. After souveniring some wood from the saw mill we then went back to camp.

It was then decided that we would go to the drive-in after tea. During tea the darkness was broken by some bright flashes of light and a foul smell (Was Roger cremating his Yamaha?). The camp was again lit up this time by the light of 3 bikes on the other side of the small hill dividing the camp from the river. Hank and David decided to go over the hill, but chicken Bib Pee wanted to look after his 4 and decided to go the long way around. They had come via Albury leaving town at 4am Saturday, but had to spend the morning in a motel at Seymour as it was raining heavily.

We then headed for the drive-in, Howard with Frank Tapp, Joyce and Paul, Les Mountain with Lyn, Mim and me, Johnny Barker with Peter Tapp and Roger. The films were diabolic and the Odd Couple. There were varied reports about the films (I wonder if they were watching). Then back to camp for a well deserved rest.

Boy! Do 750's sound loud when rapping on around the tents at 9am in the morning (**Noisy Hank**). After having breakfast and packing up we adjourned to the fish shop in Echuca for lunch (Ask Joyce about her prawns?) We headed for home via Bendigo with Frank Tapp leading. We stopped

at Bendigo for a cup of coffee. We cannot complain about the service at a certain cafe because there wasn't any. So we went to an ice cream parlour for ice cream and coffee (YUCK)

Frank, Joyce, Peter P, Hank and Peter Tapp branched off to go via Lancefield. Travelling along I notices a bike stopped in a parking bay, I then noticed a red VW, so I headed across country (HELL I did not see those bloody drains) Neil and David C also came across country – the nuts. Roger was having trouble with his Yamaha; it was blowing smoke like a Mach III and rattling like a ball bearing in a hub cap. I had to go somewhere so I went ahead. After waiting a fair time at the service station, Neil and David C arrived with the news that Roger had gone a few miles and had seized his Yamaha (Thrasher). He decided to leave his Yamaha at a nearby farm. David C, Neil and I went via the Tullamarine Freeway where we dispersed.

Les Hayes (Alias Redline)

Nuts present

Neil	Honda 175
Mad Mim and I	Honda 450
Peter Tapp	Suzy 500
Hank Les	Honda 750
Bob Pee	Honda 750
Roger	Yamaha 250

Traitors in Cars

Johnny Barker	Mazda Copella
Howard Higham	VW
Les & Lyn	Holden V8
Peter and Paul	Holden
Rick and Liliance	Mazda

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Ballarat – 1ST AUGUST

Having driven up to Ballarat on Saturday night, John Cecil, Ray, Lance and I took up a vantage point atop Black Hill on Sunday Morning. From there we kept our eyes peeled for (among other things) a pack of mad bikies rolling into town.

Eventually the gang arrived and we met them in the main street. After coffee etc we headed for Sovereign Hill where most of us spent the best part of the arvo having a good look around the recreated gold mining town. Started off at the bottom of Main St where there was a real live blacksmith and wheelwright at work, using all the tools and methods of the 1800's. A few doors up the wooden sidewalk we found an old printing-press being used to print "Wanted" posters (It was actually our old duplicating machine I think) Up the street a bit, a pub is well on its way to completion, while at the head of the street is a reconstructed min head and associated steam engine used for hauling men (and I guess gold bearing rocks) from the mines below.

Also to be seen are a Chinese temple, o one horsepower (4 legged varieties) quartz-crusher, various types of mines and diggings, simple machinery, and some of the rather basic types of dwellings used by the miners. One can even go panning for gold in the artificial stream which actually contains a bit of the precious metal. Finally we went down a tunnel which they are actually digging to resemble a gold mine, and looking at the relatively small amount of rock removed from it so far, one realizes from the enormity of rock heaps elsewhere, just how huge some of Victoria's gold mines must be. All in all it was an interesting and enjoyable club run.

Howard

P.S Ask Lance where he's going to live – and why?

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One chest doctor's favourite gag is, "What did the right falsie say to the left falsie?"

"What?"

"Let's take off and leave her flat."

* * *

THEY CALL HER:

Locomotive – because she's strictly loco and no motive

Summer Salad – she's so green and all mixed up.

Blanket – because she gets turned down so often.

Banana Peel – on every date she slipped.

Firefly – because you have to get her in the dark before she'll glow.

Springboard – she's always found in one of the dives.

* * *

A popular young bachelor decided to reform.

The first day he cut out smoking.

The second day he cut out drinking.

The third day he cut out women.

The fourth day he cut out paper dolls.