

## **EDITORIAL – JUNE 1971**



The attendance on the runs for the last few weeks has been poor. Due to either poor weather or other commitments – but surely there are many true blooded enthusiasts who like to go for a mad thrash regardless of the weather? We hope this trend does not continue. Once again discrimination has struck when the owner of the oval at Beaconsfield arrive and discovered that the M.S.C.A.V was not a scooter club, he would not allow us to use the field. He claimed that it was because of complaints from the neighbours but he said that he had no complaints about last year's sports day. But Bruce had rang up twice to check that it was alright to use the field and he did not say the club was all scooters. Therefore the only reason why we did not hold the sports day was that we were not riding putt-putt scooters and therefore were undesirables.

### **WHISPERS (STIRS)**

: Heard that David Cumming has trouble controlling one horse power. (I wonder how he will control 48 B.N.P.)

: Hank (Hendricks) has been noticed driving a white car? Or is it his 750 with a WILD fairing?

: Murphy and a certain 450 rider will vouch for the benefit of crash bars.

: Dave McFarlane has taken to collecting things so far he has collected a dog, a tree, and the road (twice). I hope he decides to give up this dangerous hobby.

: Cherry has also started this hobby but so far she has only a dog to her credit.

: Two certain Honda riders leave their petrol caps off during winter, so that they can get water injection.

Many thanks to J.C. and Mick.

The thoughts and ideas are fully the responsibility of the Editor and his unco-operative staff.

Dense duplicator  
Terrible typists  
Artless assistant  
Lazy Lance.

EDITOR (Sneaky)

\* \* \*

### **May General Meeting**

Nothing startling came up for discussion, which was O.K as we wanted to get on with the showing of members' slides. Would you believe Figgy is an unlicensed projector operator? He claims that it was just for a bit of variety that he had us looking sideways, standing on our heads and reading number plates back to front. Roger had some shots of the Wallan Scrambles taken with infra-red film – ever seen red grass? We also saw slides taken by Mim, Murph, Greg and Ralph. Thanks to all of these people. Everyone had a good laugh, often at their own expense. (Bob J looks sexy in his pyjamas they say).

The End V.C.

\* \* \*

### **Hay ride at Lang-Lang – 8-5-71 Saturday Night**

Arrived 5.45 at Marcel's to find Paddy, Brian, Marcel and 2 David's already there. Waited till 6.00pm for Bob Paulin to show up and when still no Bob we decided to leave. Got to within a mile of the meeting place in Bell St, Pascoe Vale, when this old half blind dog decided he'd cross Bell St. I just managed to miss him but David McF tried to run him down. David bent his bike a bit and the dog had had his chips. So after that little episode we got to the meeting place a bit late and the bus had already left. We waited for ages in the 2<sup>nd</sup> bus before we finally got under way with the Pascoe Vale Social Club singing these bloody corny songs all the way to Lang Lang. When we arrived the first hay-ride was just getting back. Bruce decided to hook up the more powerful tractor to the trailer but we couldn't get the bloody coupling pin out so Bob P ended up using an oxy torch on it to get the bloody thing off. While Bob, Bruce and I were changing tractors David C tried to break-in Cheryl's horse for her but with rather doubtful success. You see horses don't lean into corners as David found out. After the MSCAV had fixed things up we picked up the other bunch of bums and went hay-riding. Bruce tried hard to get them all off the trailer but the buggers held on, worse luck. When we got back to the milking shed David, Bob, David, Paddy, Brian and I were just having some food and Bruce had just stoked up the fire when the bloody social club decided to leave. Nothing else to do but go back too because our bikes were still up in Pascoe Vale. David, Paddy, Brian, David, Marcel and I sang all the filthiest songs we know while the other lot showed up. Brian thought up something new.

Who are we?

Members of the MSCAV

One two three

Ra, Ra, Ra.

I must say only Drambuie does that to a bloke. So while we dozed off Bob P was having a whale of a time, the fink! He's got technique that guy and he's a fast worker. Got back about 2.30 and after a cold ride back hit the sack about 3.30.

### **Sunday morning – 9-5-71**

Slept in till 11.00am. I was however looking forward to the sports day at Beaconsfield. I was just passing through Dandenong when I spotted Les, Bob, Paddy, Brian, David and new member going the other way. They told me that it was off due to the guy who owns the field saying we had ½ hour to get going. So while some of the others went bush some went home, Bob P and I headed off to Calder and met Les M, Marcel, Howard up there. Watched some exciting races especially the side cars. Unfortunately Les's oil pump was not operative so when this bikie decided to demonstrate donuts in the gravel with his bird riding pillion. Anyone who went on the Denilquin trip will know what happened.

Then back to the bowl or rather the Chinese Restaurant in Riversdale Road. Went back to the bowl for coffee and conversation. Bob Jellett better watch out I think his animal masculinity is rather overpowering for some single females.

Finally to end this rather mediocre right up a few pointers on how to catch a girl.

1. You must go where the girls go. – Stand outside a restroom –
2. Whistling is old fashioned – You may attract girls but you also get dogs –
3. Girls like virile men – Show your strength by carrying a heavy wallet –
4. Don't start making passes right away – a girl would rather neck than play football –
5. Invite her back to meet your folks – if they disapprove you know you've got a live one –
6. Try to have something in common – like a joint bank account –

I don't suggest you use these the more direct method is a lot more yielding as far as results go

Lover Boy

\* \* \*

### **THE FREEDOM RIDER**

Who is he, man?  
Oh, he's a freedom Rider  
Belongs to the MSCAV clan  
Rides a blue Suzuki  
With Yokohama feet!  
Man, does it handle!  
Like an anxious leech on an icicle.  
That bike is clapped, now,  
As all two strokes are bound to do.  
He's getting a gold Honda 750  
As soon as his money comes through.  
This has inspired me to poetry  
Hope the bloody words rhyme, too!

“Sitting half forward on his beautiful steel steed  
The sun glinting on the polished chrome,  
His face passive, content, proud,  
As the exhaust booms through the air  
And through his soul.  
Like a cowboy who has tamed a wild stallion  
And is now riding into the sunset  
Man and beast as one.  
The wild horses under him, tamed,  
On tap to the slightest urge,  
Raging wildly, still under control.  
Nearing a town the beast quietens  
Only to avoid the local sheriff and his deputies.  
Stopped at the saloon, the beast stands  
As if it is still moving.  
Kids and old men, not wanting to touch  
This raging inferno, now so passive.  
Time to hit the road, pardner, so long!  
Into the saddle, the beast awakens.  
The townsfolk staring as that wildly spinning stallion  
Streaks away, leaving the dust to settle again.  
The cowboy and his mighty steed  
Now intent to reach the next waterhole.  
The dust on his brow, both slow progressively,  
As it is late the rider is eager to rest.  
The sun is now below the distant mountains  
And, as rider and mount pull into the brightly lit restaurant,  
The rider is happy, proud as the attendant fills the tank.  
“Beautiful bike, mat, new is it?”  
“Yes, just bought it yesterday.”  
“It's a 750 Honda, isn't it, must have cost a fortune?”  
“Not really. How much is that?”  
“Dollar forty, thanks.”  
The dusty rider enters the restaurant.

“Coke and hamburger, thanks, luv.”  
He eyes the pretty waitress, she smiles  
He smiles back.  
As he hungrily bites into the hamburger  
And sips his coke,  
He looks outside to where his bike is parked  
The chrome now dusty, the engine hot.  
He dreams of long ago; A cowboy on a wild stallion  
Dust on his brow, stubble on his chin,  
Riding into the sunset,  
At peace with the world...

### The White Nite.

### JOKES

Question; Where was a motor cycle first mentioned in the Bible?  
Answer; Where it says: “And Moses burned up the desert on his Triumph.” (Moses was a bikie!)

Question; What is the difference between an orange and your big toe?  
Answer; Suck it and see!

Question; What is the oldest profession in the world?  
Answer; Fruit picking. Because Adam had to pick an apple before Eve consented.

Did you know that the Yarra is polluted the fish lay their eggs in Glad-bags?

Pregnant girl motorcyclist asked to explain her plight to her parents:  
Girl:- “I dropped my Dax at the intersection.”

Chemist to woman he had sold coloured birth control pills to, some months before:-  
Woman: “I’d like a maternity frock, please.”  
Chemist: “What size bust?”  
Woman: “The green one.”

Mother to 4 year old daughter: “You’ll get fat if you bite your nails like that!”  
Later, at bus stop, mother and daughter and fat man next to daughter.  
Daughter: “Mummy, will I get that fat if I bite my nails?”  
Mother: “Yes, dear.”

Fat man leaves and pregnant woman takes his seat. Little girl stares at woman.  
Woman to little girl: “Do I know you, little girl?”  
Little girl: “NO, but I know what you’ve been doing!”

\* \* \*

### **JAMIESON – 15<sup>TH</sup> – 16<sup>TH</sup> MAY**

The Jamison run started very early one Saturday morning for me. After getting up in the dark and packing all the gear Cheryl and myself made our way to the meeting place to join the club – only to find that apart from Chris Tapp we were the club.

The ride up was uneventful except for Cheryl running over a dog the size of a Labrador at seventy and killing it, and me having breakfast at Healesville that cost \$3.00. When we arrived at Jamison there was only Chris, who had been driven up by his parents, to greet us. After his parents left we proceeded to pitch camp, have lunch, and sunbake in the sun for a few hours.

Around 5.30 we decided to collect some firewood as it was getting decidedly cold (B.M.W's carry tree trunks very well). Just before we decided to light the fire, who should come over the horizon making a grand entrance? None other than "Bikie Barker" accompanied by his bird in his slack 4 wheeled bike that has half a dozen types of radios, tapes and sneakers (going at full volume)

Around 7 the welcome arrival of Greg in his TOYOTA lifted our spirits. However this was overshadowed by the arrival of a funny looking white coloured Italian BMW (Do you eat, sleep and drink BMW's Mick?) (Commonly called a Mottly Gutzi). On this magnificent piece of two wheeled machinery were Graham and Nance. The first thing after getting off his bike and pitching his tent he whipped out his latest accessory, a trouble light, which was left on most of the night and most of the next day on account of the sun, was behind the clouds.

Early the next morning everyone was awake due to the fact that it was a freezing cold night. (Mick, don't tell me you didn't get any: Typist). After having breakfast, Greg in his car and the others and graham and I, two up on the Bee-emm, decided to go up a track. After a couple of miles the B.M.W, in between fits of laughter, overheating the clutch and being held up by rocks (while the clutch cooled) climbed up a 1 in 2 hill and left the car behind. The two mad idiots were well rewarded after climbing through the clouds with a magnificent view.

Upon returning to camp we started packing to go home. A short while later our loyal president turned up after being waylaid the night before, with engine trouble. (So he says!!) When we were all packed and ready to go, Brother Murph turned up with Patrick slightly frozen on the back. (Word has it that he was getting slightly less than 90 to the gallon two up). The trip home apart from a quick visit to Healesville Sanctuary was uneventful. That was the way I saw the Jamison TRIP.

Your Early Model B.M.W Rider – Mick.

\* \* \*

#### **UNCLASSIFIED ADS**

**4 SALE:** 250 Kawasaki, royal blue excellent condition, 1968 model, RWC. \$425 – Owner shot through to snow fields for winter. See Figsy.

**SITUATION VACANT:** welder of light work on cold mornings. See Redline.

\* \* \*

#### **PADDY'S AND MARCELLE'S PARTY – 22<sup>ND</sup> MAY**

This turned out to be a typical sort of club party – all the members were first to arrive and last to leave (more drinking time – we're not dumb). Once the hard core had arrived there was general merriment; got stuck into the wind, women and song and all that jazz. No, actually there wasn't any jazz, just the other types of music. Various bods eventually danced to this music. Marcelle made a couple of attempts to get everyone into the back room to lay out supper, but no one seemed to wanna go. Eventually someone yelled 'Redline's having sex in the back room' (As usual – Typist), and that soon got everyone out there.

Supper was demolished to the drunken yodels of Happy Birthday to Marcelle and Paddy. During the next bracket of party tricks, some bright bum pinched a couple of Honda petrol caps and he saw the twinkle his twinkle made on the twinkling caps – he found them anyway. (Couldn't you find the Daisy Patch Dumb-bell: Typist.) The rabble left, and then eventually the bikies left after a pretty good turn.

FIGSY.

\* \* \*

## SEC'S REPORT

Alpine Rally – sorry to those who wanted entry forms, but I wrote away for some and didn't receive a reply.

AUCTION NIGHT: All members please tie a knot in your doodle or something, to remind you that the next meeting mite is our annual auction. For those who haven't witnessed one of these spectacles before, everyone brings along anything they can find, be it useful or otherwise, connected with motor bikes or not. It is auctioned off and the funds raised go to club funds. At the moment we need a bit of brass to buy a new duplicator, which we should have to print the next mag.

CABARET NIGHT: (See I can spell) Just to give you plenty of notice...oh, you haven't read your itinerary lately have you? You didn't even know there is a cabaret night on July 10<sup>th</sup> at the Piccolo Mondo Restaurant, did you? Well there is, stupid! The Piccolo Mondo is at 380 Bourke St, opposite McEvans. The cost is \$3,50 per head and it is licensed to BRING YOUR OWN. This covers a smorgasbord dinner and a Latin American band from 7.00pm to 1.00am. No that's wrong. Get your tickets off the Sec.

Bruce Higgs.

STOLEN: From rear of Mayfairs' on Saturday May 1<sup>st</sup>. Gold Honda 750, 1200 miles, Ace Bars, Rear Crash Bars, Pack Rack. Registration number: GN 011, engine number: CB750E/10736505

Policeman: "How did you knock this man down?"

Cyclist: "I didn't! I stopped to let him cross the street and he fainted!"

## BARABOOL SCRAMBLERS – 23<sup>rd</sup> MAY 71

Arriving at Kings Bridge car park to greet only ½ a dozen members, on a foggy Sunday morning after a party (Thanks again Marcelle) does not do the best for ones ego however the rest of the day made up for it.

After appointing Bruce Kennedy as leader, Zowie we set off for Geelong at 9.45am, however at Laverton we decided it best that members split up, but everybody reunited at the Scrambles. By this time graham with the bent twin (Moto Guzzi) had joined the clan. There were many good duels between top riders of the day. Kurt unfortunately was not seen amongst them? However he says he enjoyed it. The day finished up warm and although I didn't go back with the club I think everybody enjoyed the ride back. The scrambles were well worth attending and everybody seemed to have a good day.

John Cecil

## MEMBERS PRESENT

Mick – BMW

Graham – Guzzi

Me – Honda

Some bloke on a blue Kawasaki 350. Sorry mate.

Bruce Kennedy – Honda

Bronwyn – 350 "M" series

Chris – 1200 Indian

Howard – (Bug)

Bruce Higgs and friend (sorry) – Triumph.

\* \* \*

## FRANK TAYNOR'S – MAY 29<sup>TH</sup>

Bob Paulin, Hank, his sister Lyn and myself arrived at Traynor's to find Murphy dozing on the footpath (not sozzled this time), Paddy with wet feet and Dave McFarlane complaining of a similar ailment prevalent among bikies this weather. David Cummings arrived and we entered the dark and gloomy premises of Mr Traynor, which proved to be most interesting – two candles illuminating the whole room, one light focused on the singer, people sitting on benches or camp chairs around barrels (empty) fro tables, heavy wooden beams across the ceiling, a few strategically placed bits of hessian – all added to the atmosphere (and cigarette smoke) of the place. We were soon joined by Bruce and Toughness (Cheryl) and later by Luke and Vivien. The coffee proved interesting also – I don't THINK that was sand in the bottom of the mug. Which reminds me:-

Over valley and hill,  
There's no greater thrill,  
Then the hole in the elephant's bottom!

That's how the chorus on one of the songs went! (Wasn't rude either!) "The Ballad of Mini-cooper" and the "Vatican Rag" are another couple of songs which stood out from the rest. The highlight of the night's (or should I say morning's) entertainment started at 12.30 when the "muso's" arrived for a real swingin' jam session. So many percussion instruments I never did see (all out of that little brown bag, too). And how about Herbie – he was fantastic. Luke, Viv, Hank, Lyn and I stayed till the finish (2.30) while the others went up to our usual pizza parlour in Lygon St, where certain dumb females didn't know what they were ordering.

Everyone eventually left for home about 2.45am after a great night out. Anyone interested in going back to Traynor's again – seem me – it's fantastic. (Would you believe the light – heavy weight champion of Australia plays a mean geetar!)

Fini V.C.

\* \* \*

A policeman once saw a bloke ripping up newspaper and throwing it down a stormwater drain, tapped the guy on the shoulder and asked him what he was up to. Bloke replied "I'm doing it to keep elephants away. Policeman said, "Don't be silly man there isn't any elephants around here. Bloke said, "Yes it's doing a pretty good job isn't it!"

\* \* \*

One person who seems to spend down of the happiest days of his life on a farm is a travelling salesman.

\* \* \*

A dogs life can't be too bad, someone else pays his taxes.

\* \* \*

How to say no in 8 words. I'll think it over and let you know.

\* \* \*

Skeleton: A striptease dancer that got carried away.

\* \* \*

## **WHO IS THE “PHANTOM” WRITER? – By the Phantom writer**

It is the Phantom’s most earnest desire of anonymity that prompted his to write this letter to the editor and his ass. If he were to do too many write ups on club outings, the greater the risk of a slip-up and possible discovery would be. The resulting lynching could be rather embarrassing for the M.S.C.A.V. to explain. For a lynching there’d be if the club ever discovers his identity. If you only knew!

In his first attempt at “phantoming”, the phantom attempted to phantomize in a phantomistic sort of way (say that three times quickly) and draw the blame towards the “peanut”, however he wasn’t as brilliant as he hoped, because everyone’s making sideway glances at David Cummings, Les Hayes and a few others who seem to have been cited as “possible”.

So bikies beware! Little Red Lighting Hood may be eavesdropping on you. Do YOU talk in your sleep, mumble in your beard, sing in the shower or stand round campfires yarning all night? THE PHANTOM MAY BE THERE, waiting, listening! (Like a drop-bear, eh Michael?)

A bit of agitating (stirring):- why was the Ed’s 450 at Marcel’s all day one Sunday? What was the delay in getting the V.C.’s Yamaha back on the road could it now be a TR-2 in road going guise? Who was that delectable piece of femininity that John Cecil arrived at the Bowl with? (She must be after his hot Honda) Why didn’t Steve and Carmel come up to Jamison? Surely they didn't have anything better to do. Beware the phantom, he may turn nasty.

Little Red Lighting Hood.

Alias

‘orrible ‘orace,

Also known as the - Phantom peregrinator ... or just plain shifty. Last seen being dragged off by a little old lady in her motorized wheel chair.

\* \* \*

### **BENDIGO – SUNDAY 30<sup>TH</sup> MAY**

With the weather being so bad, the run to Bendigo was a car trip, six members piling into cars, and a visitor who was the only one game enough to go along on his bike, a 750 Norton; left at 9.30 and made a brief stop at Gisborne for a quick drink, then on to Bendigo. Arriving in beautiful sunshine which lasted for about ¼ of an hour before it started to rain, as usual, had lunch at the cafe; everybody having coffee or toasted sandwiches. Then deciding to go for a walk through the gardens to the lookout; it was freezing! We then went and had a look at an old Steam Engine R 766, which had been in a bingle at some time or other and since been restored and erected at Bendigo. Weighing about 140 tons it was quite interesting to explore. Leaving we decided to head for home, but before doing so were joined by a couple more members, who had just arrived in a car – Kurt and Debbie – finally we got going and went down through Eppalock Dam, Heathcote, and then branched off to Lancefield, Romsey where we all called in and had coffee at Frank Tapp’s. Then back to the car park where we dispersed. It was a good trip, except for the weather which seems always to have an effect on the club. The number attending has dropped over the last month which is something to be expected.

Big Daddy.

\* \* \*

Cop: (To cyclist passing a STOP sign) “Hey there, can’t you read?”

Cyclist: “Sure, I can read – but I can’t stop!”