

## **EDITORIAL – MARCH 1971**



It seems as if Club members have a dislike (or attachment) for white posts. First, I was Jerome and now Henk bikes the dust, off his mighty steed (all 60 horses). But I think Henk will agree, it was a long way down, if not for that post. (Whisper is that he will mount it on his mantle piece). Henk and pillion, Michael, are both alright though – that's the main thing. Heard a whisper that Henk was also booked?

Also, some nuts, (Craig and Lynda), tried to remove John Bryant's car from the road after Kurt's wedding, but did not succeed. However, Craig got 6 stitches in his leg.

Our artist and poem writer, Bob, arrived tonight and informed us that he had just received a \$20 on the spot for speeding. Any

more takers?

Bruce received a "letter" from Rick (Rastus). It was such a great and informative letter that we decided to print it in the mag..

"Dear Bruce, How are you these days. Just a few words to ask if you could send me the club mag. Etc. I'll be in Perth for a few months and I would like to know how the Club's going. I hope yourself and all in the M.S.C.A.V. are well and happy. Would appreciate it if you could do this favour for me. All the best. Rick."

It's good to know you're still kicking, Rastus. Everyone's been asking after you. Looking forward to seeing you around.

Les Hayes – Ed.

P.S. The bum printer is now a bum – scraper!

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## **ROAD SAFETY**

A young couple were driving along the highway when she said, "Darling, be an angel and let me drive". He did and he is!

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## **GENERAL MEETING – FEBRUARY 5<sup>TH</sup>**

This was the first General Meeting after the Christmas break and it was beaut to see so many present, especially the new ones, to whom we extend a friendly welcome. The meeting was fairly short, but interesting, with a few people (I won't mention any names) being stirred slightly about their actions during recent weeks.

Among correspondence received was a Christmas card from the Wellington Scooter Club (ta muchly), and invitation from the Ballarat Rovers Club to attend a reunion Cabaret, replies for which were meant to be in by 21<sup>st</sup> January. Yes, well...!!

A letter was also received from Kurt, resigning as Editor of the mag. Rat! Les Hayes was requested to volunteer and did so. Welcome, Les. Thanks, Kurt for your efforts over past months. Too bad you're under the thumb now.

The club name came into focus – to change it, or not to change it, that is the question.

The meeting over, new itineraries and mags were flogged (20c each) supper was served and everyone caught up on club gossip and tall stories. Later Craig and Marg gracefully declined to sweep the hall and wash the dishes.

Lyn.

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### **PORTSEA – FEBRUARY 7<sup>TH</sup>**

It turned out a beautiful day for the run to Portsea, with 20 bikes in attendance. With Redline leading, we stopped at Frankston for a snack, then went on to Portsea via the beach road. On arriving, we were net by other members and then had lunch before going to the back beach for a swim. Most members went in, except Big Daddy and Redline, who seemed to be feeling the after effects of the party the night before, and Smithy, who was covered with sand.

Left at 4.00 and came back through Mooraduc to Frankston, with the traffic being pretty heavy, but the bikes zig – zagged through without any worries. We dispersed at Frankston, with most going to the bowl for tea after a pleasant run.

President

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### **WHAT ARE YOU?**

Are you an active member, the kind that would be missed, or are you just contented that your name is on the list? Do you attend your meetings, and mingle with the flock, or do you sit at home and criticise and knock? When you pay your dues, do you say, “That makes me sick”, and leave the work to just a few, and talk about the “Clique”? Don’t be just another member, but take an active part: Go to your meetings often and help with hand and heart. Think this over, friend you know the right from wrong: Are you an active member, or do you just belong?

Anon.

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### **PORTSEA TRIP – FEBRUARY 7<sup>TH</sup>**

Left Melbourne after the main bunch had departed, as is usual for me, but soon caught up on Beach Road. Apparently, after much boozing and merry making the night before at Marcelle’s party, (thanks again Marcelle) no one seemed too eager to leave by the official leaving time, hence the extra late departure.

Our trip leader, Redline Les, wasn’t going anywhere near redline, after the Queensland episode I s’pose, so the speed was pretty law abiding. Rather unusual, huh?? Left the main lot at Chelsea, to go visiting, then flew along the Frankston back road to, as we thought, “catch up”. Waited at Dromana – no bikes appeared. Hank dawdled past, so rode along together, until some maniac started going “thinkgo” in the middle of the road at Sorrento.

Turned out the maniac was our beloved VICE-captain in bathing trunk disguise! He reported there had been no sign of any bikes, so we headed off again for Portsea. No one in town, so down to the beach. You’ve guessed it – no one there either! Deciding the others had gotten themselves lost somehow, we decided to eat, only to be interrupted by vast amounts of bikes appearing, at last!

After a quick lunch, it was down to the beach (again for us) and into that ghastly gak they call water. Why must there be salt in the sea? Some kids hired little surfboard things and had a gas time floundering around in the surf. Ever been butted in the stomach or whacked on your noggin? Swimming appears more dangerous than bike riding, these days.

All headed for home a bit earlier than usual. Don't know who turned up at the bowl, 'coz I didn't. Went to Redline's to watch a movie. After much squabbling over the program, we finally agreed on "Flight of the Phoenix", which was pretty great. Although there were about 15 kids sprawled everywhere, the host was nowhere in sight. Funny – wonder where he was?? Care to tell us, Les?

P.S. Why must I always get sunburnt?

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### **LAKE BURRUMBEET – FEBRUARY 14<sup>TH</sup>**

Alright you lot, here it is. After much soul searching and verbal pressure from outside, I have decided to scratch a few words in the magazine rather than see it end up full of blank paper, fit only for blind people to read.

You might like to call this report the replay of the trip to Lake Burrumbeet. As usual, we started from the Kingsbridge car park at 9.30am about 8 or 9 bikes, with me as the leader (being the rider of a 250 Yamaha, I was a natural selection. After all, we must have a reliable bike as leader).

Now, Lake Burrumbeet is a fair distance from Melbourne, so it was essential for us to keep up a good travel rate from the start, which explains why I soon lost the convoy in my rear vision mirror, along the Footscray road. Once out on the open highway, however, they soon started to catch me up. Then we came upon a rider tootling along on a Suzy 250. I vaguely wondered where his thoughts were, as we streamed past at something less than 100 miles an hour. Perhaps he got off to see if his bike had stopped.

There were no amphotometers at Melton, and by the time we reached Bacchus Marsh, we were so bunched up that I suddenly found myself in danger of leading from the middle of the pack. That's what comes from travelling downhill at only 60mph. It felt strange to rush straight through Bacchus Marsh without stopping, considering the number of times we've stopped there before.

A few miles beyond Bacchus Marsh, I saw a near smash-up. A chap in a red Ute with a "chopper" tied down in the back, tried to pass a VW on a bend while another vehicle was coming the other way; the VW literally took to the bush to get off the road! Nothing more eventful happened then, until we rolled into Ballarat and were greeted by cheering and whistling school children. We stopped in the main street and piled into a coffee milk bar, while the locals stood and ogled with awe at our huge machines.

Howad and Hank soon turned up, together with the subject of that famous T.V. commercial "sleep wonderfully warm with ...(clue, HARADA). Craig also arrived with them.

Having refreshed ourselves, we continued on and passed beneath what appeared to be a replica of the Arc-de-Triumph. Howard was now leading, having taken over the leadership in a bloodless coup. We passed the local radio station and then swung left into the Lake Burrumbeet camping ground. We had arrived safely without one single bike breaking down. However, heard rumour that one certain person had been booked for passing on double lines.

For a while there was little action (what, no Frisbee) and it was a case of either standing around and talking or sitting and admiring the scenery, which consisted of power boats scooting about, towing water skiers over the huge expanse of the lake. Below us was a small beach where crowds of small children were splashing happily about in the shallow water. Then, for entertainment, Kurt took various members for flips through the trees in his sidecar.

Hank, Lynda and Craig arrived, having stayed behind to have lunch in Ballarat. Lynda on her little 450 Honda caused some anxiety when it became apparent that she was heading straight into the boat launching area. Well, it was a hot day so perhaps she had in mind to cool off by riding gracefully into the water. Anyway, we'll never know, because as soon as we yelled out she stopped. Our activities from then on became varied some went swimming, sun bathing or exploring (guess who discovered the pelicans?).

There was one very interesting episode that occurred while Peter P (Big Daddy) myself and John Barker were sunning ourselves and talking about nothing in particular. We were joined by a certain female 450 Honda owner (HARADA). Our three way conversation was suddenly spiced by a certain PROPOSAL! I couldn't decide afterwards whether it was the smell of wild flower lavender or gasoline that caused it, but there were John and Lynda, talking about their honeymoon at Norfolk Island and what they were going to call their first child.

At 3.30pm, we decided to call it a day and started on our way back to the bowl. We stopped at Ballarat to refuel ourselves and our bikes. Then, SUR-PRISE, SUR-PRISE! Bruce Higgs turned up. The return journey to the bowl didn't take long (at 70mph.. it seldom does).

After tea and conversations with all and sundry, I rode home and started to write my report with the words..."alright you lot, here it is. After much..." (but I said that before, didn't I? Oh well, back to the beginning again)

Roger.

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The fact that Roger and Craig were the only two who saw the camels on the way back from Burrumbeet, causing everyone to think they were nuts, is apparently not so unusual. Les found this clipping in the paper the other day...

A fair organiser took a giraffe from Ashton's Circus to Nathalia showgrounds. The giraffe, with its head sticking out of the back of the float, came up from Melbourne at a nice careful 25mph. You don't see many giraffes on the road up there. Between Shepparton and Nathalia, a motor cyclist was so surprised he kept looking the other way, ran off the road and landed on his ear in the scrub!"

As it turns out, there is a camel farm on the Ballarat road.

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### **TOOLANGI – FEBRUARY 21<sup>ST</sup>**

The weather did not look too promising at 9.30 at the car park and although it didn't rain, the mist was extremely thick in the Dandenong's. We headed up to Whittlesea, then across through King Lake, Toolangi (One horse town) over some great roads, to Healesville where we stopped for lunch. We had some fun around Kinglake where visibility was down to about twenty feet, which made it interesting over the dirt roads.

About 5 miles out of Healesville, on the road to Launching Place, Hank showed us how he liked white guide posts by cleaning one up. (He got good consumption on the way back to Melbourne). Further up the road a Honda 350 got a flat.

There wasn't a bad turnout – 2 Toyotas, 1 Peugeot, 1 Austin, 1 trailer (return only), 7 Hondas, 3 Yamahas, 3 Suzis and 2 Mottly Gutzies.

Taken on the whole, apart from the constant ear bashing by our Captain about his old bomb (Honda's forever), it was a pretty good day trip.

David Mac.

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### **LIQUID LAUGHTER – TECHNICOLOUR YAWNS – SPEW**

This is what happens when a fly lands on your food. Flies can't eat solid food, so to soften it up, they vomit on it. Then they stamp the vomit in until it's a liquid, usually stamping in a few germs for good measure. Then, when it's good runny, they suck it all back again, probably dropping some excrement at the same time. And when they've finished eating, it's your turn!

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### **FREEDOM'S WINGS**

Thinking of an existence,  
The road, two wheels, and a breeze,  
I ask myself, why aren't I on the move?  
You tell yourself you've got a bike,  
No job to hold you down.  
Now what's the excuse for staying in this groove?

O there's friends and family,  
Your dog and things at home,  
And there's living quiet and easy most of the time.  
But you ask yourself intently,  
Do you just want to hang around,  
Or be going where the goings flow like wine.

Pick your road, a highway  
And roll those wheels around,  
Get em turning till the spokes just disappear.  
Then find yourself a direction  
And align those handlebars  
With that white line that runs so far from here.

A little swag of goodies,  
Shirt 'n' socks 'n' toothbrush  
Strapped behind, along with other things,  
And you're just sittin pretty  
As by the country slips,  
While freedom swoops and takes you in her wings.

Bob Ebdon.

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### **ALAS, POOR Kurt – WE KNEW HIM WELL!**

Saturday, 27<sup>th</sup> February, marked the day Kurt waved goodbye to gay bachelorhood and became hooked...I mean, married. It started off with him and John (the best man) wanting to arrive at the church in style, i.e. in the side-car outfit. Mrs. Mueller fortunately took a dim view of the idea and the matter was dropped.

The wedding service in Our Lady of Mount Carmel Church in Albert Park passed off without a hitch (?) except for the Priest forcibly having to take the chalice off Kurt, who was drinking all the wine. (Maybe the Priest wanted some left for himself). Debbie, Kurt, the bridesmaid and John all looked very nice and respectable, along with some suited bikies who were waiting outside.

Pictures were taken and then off the procession went to the Melbourne Town House for the reception. Quite a few heads turned as we travelled along St. Kilda Road and Swanston Street with the bikes in pairs, headlights on , doing about 20mph, leading the two wedding cars with other guests following behind.

The Town House was a great place to wine ‘n dine ‘n dance and everyone who attended certainly had a tremendous time.

On behalf of all of us, Kurt and Debbie (and your parents), thanks very much for a wonderful time and we wish you both all the best for the future.

P.S. We even had Bombalasca (can't spell it) for dessert, minus the flames and wine. It was beautiful.

Lyn Patulloock.

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“LOVE” – to Kurt and Debbie

‘Love is always patient and kind; it is never jealous; love is never boastful or conceited; it is never rude or selfish; it does not take offence, and is not resentful. Love takes no pleasure in other people’s sins but delights in the truth; it is always ready to excuse, it trust, to hope, and to endure whatever comes.’