

EDITORIAL – MAY 1971



Recently the club has been plagued by accidents and police discrimination. The number of accidents although minor (luckily) is increasing so be careful during the wet months. (We don't want to lose any financial members), so watch out for stupid car drivers, white lines and tram lines. Lynda's condition is unchanged, but we hope to have a better report next month.

WHISPERS (STIRS)

Yamaha's run better on one cylinder, (Just ask Howard?) Roger had an argument with a car and lots (car at fault as usual). Steve and Carmel decided to sand blast their bike at Hall's Gap. The club now sports a white Honda 750 (Ex-police maybe?) B.M.W.'s like to go through creeks – 250 Honda's don't. Lyn

Patulloch likes to ride cross country (at 83 MPH). Margaret says her Honda does not like to ride up gutters. The fig plucker is without his triumphant Steed at the moment. (Some friend pranged it)

Rick has returned and is leaving again (FINK) for Queensland by FOOT the traitor. No truth to the rumour that his 350 was not the original but a new machine.

Les Hayes – Ed.

P.S. Does anyone know who the little red-lighting hood is?

P.S.S. Please excuse the typographical errors (if any) as we have been trying out various typewriters (courtesy Business Equipt. – Hope they don't find out!)

P.S.S.S Many thanks to the two Mad Typists (Margaret and Mim).

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NIGHT RIDE – MARCH GENERAL MEETING

After the meeting about 25 bikes assembled for the trip up to Mt. Dandenong. This turned out to be quite an enjoyable ride up the sinuous mountain roads and as I was leading I had a great view of all the bikes headlights spread out (50 feet apart of course) behind me.

The police at Ferntree Gully apparently didn't think we looked so great because we had visitors at the lookout, asking WHO, WHAT, WHERE & WHY. (See the newspaper extract below).

After a bit of a look around (I think we probably scared a few cuddling couples) we watched the vivid red moon sink slowly into the smog shrouded horizon and departed for Melbourne. Most of us went back to our friendly pizza parlour (10 cents off for financial members) and then it was HOME JAMES and don't spare the brake – horsepower! Moral of the story – When yo'll goes of' de good ol' fashioned fang man, look out of' de fuzz mans!

A police alert for motor cycle groups was sounded in eastern suburbs last night. Ninety motor cyclists were reported travelling along Burwood Highway bound for Bayswater. But police found only 20 members of the Motor Scooter and Cycle Association of Victoria bound for a club outing at Mt. Dandenong lookout. (SUN Sat. 3-4-71)

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SEC'S REPORT

My apologies for not being around as much lately, but my excuse is that my bike was hit by a car one day, and the worst part is that I wasn't riding it. (BAD LUCK)

Bruce Higgs.

Among all the bad publicity the bikies have been getting...

Advertising man says he was driving in the Dandenong's when one wheel of his car ran into a ditch. He was helped out by a gang of leather jacketed youths on their Harleys and other brand steel pigs. They roared off after handing him a card which read:

“YOU HAVE JUST BEEN ASSISTED BY THE PURGATROY CHERUBS MOTOR CYCLE CLUB”

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ECONOMY RUN – 4/4/71

It seemed as if it was going to be a miserable day when we arrived at the car park, but as it turned out, it could not have been better. Everyone started rolling up at about 8.45am, and, as they did, they were told to fill up with petrol. One smart cookie even pushed her bike back from the service station. We couldn't guess who that was, could we, Lyn? Peter P, Jerome, Mark, Pretzel and myself then left for Euroa, where we were to check the bikes in. We were only there about 10 minutes before the first bike arrived, and he told us that to save fuel, he did 80mph in places so he could get there quicker, and not use much petrol!!

After that, they started arriving at about 5 minute intervals, until finally, at about 12 noon, that rest arrived in a great bunch. As soon as each bike arrived, we filled up the tank and checked the gallons and prices of petrol that each bike took. After doing this, we all had lunch at the restaurant with everyone swapping stories of how they tried to cheat out of using too much petrol, and how Suzi 350's get very high fuel consumption. During lunch, it was decided by a select few that we would go home through Yea and Whittlesea. I don't know who the rat-bags were who suggested going home that way, because they ought to have their heads read!

The road to Yea was alright, even thought your correspondent nearly ran up the back of another car. It was the road to Whittlesea that was the killer. It worried me so much, with all that dust, I just wound the windows up tighter, but poor Robert K had to suffer in silence in his soft-top jam-jar.

Anyway, we all proceeded back to the bowl slowly but surely, past the Broadwings sign, the pink houses and Molly Strugnell's pub. I still haven't found that 2nd voting sign, yet. After scraping off dust and dirt, everyone marched upstairs to have tea, only to find out that here was no tables and that they had to wait. Apart from all that, a very enjoyable time was had by all, I think!

Greg

P.S This has been the only time that I have been on a club run that no one has run out of petrol.

Cryptic Comment:- “Why did you go leader on the dirt tracks, Howard?”

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ECONOMY RUN – EUROA 4/4/71

Not as many bikes turned up for the economy run – wonder why, some must be scared of an honest contest of m.p.g. Every now and again you hear of these fantastic mileages, you give them a chance to prove it and they chicken out. Admittedly some didn't come because they would have had a

pillion reducing their m.p.g, so next time we shall make an allowance for pillions. However there were 2 bikes with pillions.

The ride up to Euroa was at your won leisure and speed, with members stopping at various places and arriving in time for lunch. Most popular speed seemed to be about 50mph. After lunch at Euroa, we headed for Yea, Flowerdale and back to town via Whittlesea. On the way back, we traversed across some of the roads the recent day trial went across, giving those that couldn't follow it a chance to be led across part of it.

After the ride I realised one of the few advantages of rain to a motor cyclist – it settles the bloody dust, and boy it was thick on some of the roads, and the convoy was a little split up. In fact I was rear rider and didn't see any one until the bowl, although I believe I passed a few – told you the dust (of the bull type) was thick.

Bruce Higgs

RESULTS were:-

0 – 200 cc

1. Lyn Patulloch	175 Honda	121 MPG
2. David McFarlane	125 Honda	101
3. Bruce Kennedy	125 Honda	95

200cc – 500cc

1. Brian Murphy	500 Suzuki	91 ½ MPG
2. Roger Holt	250 Yamaha	84
3. David Cummings	250 Yamaha	76
4. Howard Higham	350 Yamaha	75
5. Gary (new member)	250 Honda	75
6. Bob Paulin	350 Suzuki	62

Over 500cc

1. Warren Mayfield	750 Guzzi	81 MPG
2. Bruce Higgs & Cheryle	650 Triumph	73 ½
3. Graham & Pillion	750 Guzzi	73

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HALL'S GAP – EASTER WEEKEND

The weekend commenced with a cold and foggy ride early on Friday morning, but thereafter we experienced superb, sunny weather, ideal for two wheeling around the country side. At a rough estimate I'd say we had in excess of 40 members present, not to mention the zillions of other bikies present from the Southern Cross Club, Hamilton, Geelong, a few 'loners' and of course the usual 'undesirables' (who got thrown out anyway).

Friday afternoon saw a bold and fearless group of five upstanding young men setting off to explore Wonderland – ON FOOT – just to prove that bikies are tough! Lyn P & Marbles chickend out after the first 100 yards, which was just as well, 'cos we drank all their Coca – Cola!

After about 4 miles of climbing, guided by the fearless Bob Pee, who reckoned he knew where he was at but didn't, we eventually arrived at the Pinnacle. This must surely be one of the most interesting places in the Grampians, with some fantastic views and weird rock formations. After exploring the area, dropping some stones on David C (finks) and when Redline had finished taking

porno photographs, we headed back for camp via the Grand Canyon and down past the Elephant's Hide (a large sloping rock-face).

The night everyone eventually gathered round to be entertained by Tim and guitar and tell of how their afternoon had been spent (Mim reckons she was taking photos, but I was puzzled by that smirk on Peter G's face). Saturday morning saw expressions of relief on the faces of other campers as us rough bikies disappeared in a cloud of 2-stroke smoke and the blat of choking 4-strokes, bound for Horsham.

We stopped off along the way to attempt to find some "Ghost Caves" but it turned out to be just another excuse for that PEANUT of a Vice-Captain of ours to do some more walking and rock climbing! Anyway the Ghost Caves couldn't be found, which is why they have that name I guess. However the detour wasn't a complete waste of time, 'cos a certain megaphoned, black 450 Honda, carrying a certain bearded rider with his ding-a-ling fiancée on the pillion, refused to co-operate, and lay in the sand, causing such embarrassment to said rider and pillion.

After lunching at Horsham (we completely filled the restaurant!) we headed back to Hall's Gap. This proved rather more difficult than anticipated seeing as how our beloved peanut – er that is to say – vice captain, decided to visit the Cave of Hands. Need I tell you:- MORE walking and rock climbing! However we did manage to find this cave, with its aboriginal paintings and were also rewarded by yet another magnificent view atop the rocky outcrop. Danger-boy attempted to ride his 250 Honda up the track, but we found rider and machine expired half way.

In the meantime the previously mentioned 450 had once again given up the ghost and was being towed home by Mick mit BMW. The next leg of our homeward journey, our fearless peanut decided, was over 10 miles of sandy road? Which was thoroughly enjoyed by all! We all finally collected at a comparatively good gravel road (Mad Mitch arriving in a near catastrophic flurry of tail whipping and front wheel lock). After finding the nearest bitumen road we headed for Cavendish for petrol and refreshments. (Just as well the "official" club outing had been dispersed, eh Murph?) By now it was quite dark and we had a great ride back to the Gap in the fresh night air, with the Grampians sharply outlined against the brightly moonlit sky.

That night most members seemed to find their own amusement, either dancing at Stawell, round the campfire, in tents, at the Southern Cross encampment or like some hardy souls who went for yet another confounded walk to Clematis Falls and up another mountain (need I say who the instigator was?).

Sunday was spent on a round trip to the Rocklands Reservoir (via bitumen) where we met Guzzi riding Graham & Nancy and their dusty looking band of bush – bashers. The return trip was made via the Zumsteins to see the kangaroos being fed, and along the way Michael (500 Kawa) decided to show us the merits of a bell-type helmet.

Back at Hall's Gap we were grateful for the roaring log fire Chris Tapp & Co. got started, and then of course the walkers headed off again for a moonlight stroll?, this time up to Venus's Bath, up the Elephant's Hide, over the top (through someone's bedroom?) and down the other side of the mountain back into camp.

On Monday morning everyone headed off at their leisure and after having their souls saved at Ballarat, the usual group headed for the bowl, then home for a good night's sleep (No doubt the V.C went for a walk 1st though). So once again we succeeded in having a pretty good time, in fact I'd say the Grampians area is a grouse place for a holiday (if it wasn't for all those nasty people on motorbikes.)

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Little Red-lightning Hood.

A smart cookie once trained an elephant to rob jewellery stores. At one “break”, a night watchman spotted the elephant, and reported it to the police. (Handcuff wouldn't fit)

Policeman: What colour was it, and what sex?

Watchman: oh, ordinary elephant grey, male I think.

Policeman: Was it an African or Indian elephant?

Watchman: How the hell would I know,, it had a stocking over its head!

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HOW TO GET LOST, EASILY OR: BUSH-BASHING AT HALL'S GAP, EASTER, 1971

With a pre-war (which one?) map, tons of enthusiasm and much confidence in our “Great White Leader”, 6 bikes and 8 kids set out merrily on Saturday arvo to take in some of the local scenery. Arrived at the base of Mt. William, dreading the long walk to the top, but the Guzzi kept going up, so we followed faithfully. After almost freezing to death on the peak, we descended again and went back to Hall's Gap for lunch.

Set out again, and on the way to some place we didn't even get to, we saw a huge stag in the bush beside the road. Turned onto the dirt track at last, even though it was the wrong one, we later found out. What a map!! David came to grief in the dust, resulting in a very sore and swollen ankle, but he had to keep up with us, coz he was as lost as we were!

Decided on what we thought was a good track, only to find that in a short distance it turned into deep sand. Sheryl dropped the Yami, without damage, in the sand. By this time, Graeme, Nance and I were having to wait at each and every corner for the others to emerge from the dust-pall billowing out behind us.

Due to the absolute “accuracy” of our map, we were by now thoroughly lost, not to mention thirsty, hungry, filthy dirty, and in fits of laughter at our plight. I didn't think getting lost was so hilarious!! As time was getting on, the infallible map was studied, a track was picked out as being reasonably reliable, and away we rode.

Ended up on a relatively good road, only to discover that Hank, Marcell, David and Sheryl weren't coming. Courteously stopped to let a porcupine cross the road, and then teased it until it burrowed into the bank at the edge of the road. The others arrived, having made a turn-off somewhere along the way that they shouldn't have made. Eventually got back to camp to find the remainder of the members hadn't yet returned from their ride. Half a dozen or so went on the midnight walk up the mountain. Went up to Clematis Falls, which, much to our disgust, turned out to be just a blank wall of rock with not a drop of water insight. As we hadn't walked all that far from camp, we went up further to the lookout. The signpost said ½ a mile, but it felt more like 2 or 3 by the time we got there!

Sunday saw the club again split into 2 groups – for dirt and bitumen riders. We were all supposed to meet up at Rocklands Dam in the afternoon. The bush-bashers stopped at Zumsteins for lunch before hitting the dirt tracks again. We didn't even have a map this time, so we knew for sure that we'd really get lost for sure. And get lost we did, well and truly! Headed into a State Forrest, (wish we hadn't, coz I dropped my bike in there) and found ourselves at a tin-shed in the middle of nowhere the track petered out.

Four guys emerged from the hut looking very scared, apparently they thought we were roughies come to beat them up. So, after they told us we were lost, which we already knew anyway, Graeme decided to “go towards the sun”! (Big deal, I think, we'll probably end up in Adelaide or somewhere dumb like that!!) Came to a fence and followed that until a small tree blocked our way. Not to be stopped by such a trivial thing as a tree, the Guzzi forged ahead and ploughed it down completely.

Saw a few kangaroos, and promptly gave chase, but they had the advantage of being able to go through scrub that the bikes found a we bit difficult. Left the fence and headed in what was generally thought to be the right direction, chasing more roos whenever we came upon them. Finally stopped a car for directions, and hoped we'd make the Dam by the agreed-upon time.

The Dam and surrounding gardens were very beautiful and well kept. Everyone flopped onto the lawn and another study of the map was made to find our way home. Went to Cavendish where we stopped for petrol and refreshments, then started for home. Graeme decided we HAD to go along a track that we'd missed on Saturday, so we did. Wow! They call that a track? Two wheel-ruts with shoulder high grass on either side and in the middle. It was so bad that Hank and Marcelle, rear riders, could only follow us by watching the very top of Bob P's stack-hat winding through the undergrowth ahead of them.

Got back onto a fairly good road and came the remaining way back to camp through the mountains in the dark, nearly all on bitumen luckily. Monday morning found everyone furiously having a photo snapping session around the blazing campfire, which should yield a few hilarious photos. Everyone packed and left for home, a really good weekend behind us, and, I'm sure, all of those present are looking forward to the next camping trip.

Willi

EASTER TRIP – President's report.

Our weekend to Hall's Gap was good and exciting, both in the camp and out on the road. Some groups were put out by the police with our members going through quite an ordeal while out on their day runs, as the roads were in terrible condition, and many incidents happened: some were hurt, some went chasing kangaroos, others got bogged, with quite a few falling off their machines.

Amidst all this, I think everybody enjoyed themselves. And, above all, I feel our rule regarding not having drink in the camp is a good one, as we received no bad reports, thanks to all members. Also like to wish Carmel and Steve the very best for their wedding on 15th May, with every success for the future, from all the members of our association.

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SUNDAY 18TH – GISBORNE

On leaving Kingsbridge it was a reasonable day although rather cold (good for air-cooled motors but not people). Stopping at Gisborne to warm up and grab a quick snack and food for the Bar-b-q. A new Harley Davidson Electra Glide was the main attraction of the day. We headed off for Lerdererg Gorge. During the thrash to the gorge Hank did a wheelie over Roger's lunch. (What a crumbly lunch). Some nut with a side-car also decided to leave their lunch on the road but they did not succeed. The dirt road to the Gorge was very tricky or was it muddy? A B.M.W side-car decided to make their own track.

After many attempts to start a fire (who said where there is smoke there is fire?) the smart people used Jim's and Betty's fire. Mick then decided to give us a demo on creek crossing on a B.M.W. (very impressive). Geoff with side-car tried but did not do it with as much style. A twit on a Honda 250 (Gary) tried but got bogged (in water?) and with many revs (TOO MANY) and many hands we managed to rescue him? Murphy then gave a demo on how to demolish a fiver ford, much to the delight of the onlookers. Then began the great walk to the top of the nearby hill? But some members were not fast enough and it started to rain before they returned, thus making the steep dirt track very slippery, and thus we were given a sneak preview of the latest French fashion – mud a la mim.

On returning to the camp site the rain had dispersed most of the club, so we made for Bacchus Marsh where we met the club to their usual short stop and headed for home. It rained on the way back but we were that wet that it did not matter. Heard that Danger Boy (Gary) came off on some tram lines (bad luck).

Les Hayes.

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THE NOTORCYCLES WON THE SUNRAYSIA EASILY

Leaping across the sandy desert south of Mildura, B. Clarkson on a Husqvarna motor cycle won the 250 mile Sunraysia Rally for cars and motor cycles. Clarkson's scrambler lost only three points on the run which saw 24 of the 47 cars entered drop out and 24 of the 104 motor cycles fail to report to the final control of the event.

Beach buggies, rally cars, rallycross cars met trial, trail and scramble motor cycles with the motor cycles coming out clear victors in the wet, sandy conditions. A third of the area's annual 10 inch rainfall fell in the eight days before the event soaking tracks and countryside and another half inch fell as soon as the event finished stranding competitors who had broken down or crashed and needed to be towed out.

First car home – 14th finisher behind the motor cycles – was a London to Sydney Marathon, 19688 Hillman Hunter driven by David Cuthbert and Peter Brown from Sydney Motors. K. Allen and J. Bryson in a Mini Moke won the up to 1600cc class was won by a Landrover with a V8 Holden engine. It was driven by N. Chugg and N. Marshall.

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CARS CAUSE ACCIDENTS

Drivers of other vehicles are mainly responsible for most collisions in which motor cyclists are killed, according to a recent New South Wales Department of Motor Transport survey. Dr Michael Henderson of the department's Traffic Accident research Unit studied 120 motor cyclist deaths between January 1, 1969 and April 30, 1970. In 82 of the accidents the motor cycle collided with another vehicle. In 48 of these cases the other vehicle was more to blame.

In virtually all of the 38 cases involving only the motor cycle the rider appeared to have lost control of his machine, Dr Henderson said. The most common single cause of collisions was another vehicle turning right across the path of an oncoming motor cyclist. This was the cause of 23 per cent of collisions which were responsible for 16 per cent of all deaths of motor cycle riders. A survey in Adelaide had shown one third of all accidents investigated resulted from vehicle turning across the path of motor cycles.

Dr Henderson said: "This type of accident is particularly alarming because there is practically nothing the motor cyclist can do to avoid the resulting collision."

In another collisions there was inconclusive evidence that the driver of another vehicle simply did not see the motor cycle or chose to ignore it. Most killed were the 16 to 25 year age group and most fatalities were reported on Fridays. Dr Henderson said the rapid increase in popularity of motor cycles made it essential that motor cycle operation be made as safe as possible as soon as possible.

Motor cyclists should take steps to make themselves more visible to other road users, and the constant use of headlights would be a sensible initial move." He said.

Dr Henderson's findings point to the main problem facing motor cyclists: car drivers just don't seem to see motor cycles and if they do they don't seem to care. The answer, apart from a motor cyclist making sure he is visible at all times, is to make sure at EVERY intersection that nobody is likely to turn across in front of him. It is not good enough to be legally right and clinically dead. The young motor cyclist must be prepared to give way at all times if he is going to live to be an old motor cyclist.

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GOULBURN WEIR

This seemed to be my day right from the start, which is probably why the Ed dobbed me in for a write up. It started when I nearly collected the concrete wall at K.B car park. (It's a bit difficult trying not to alter your line into a corner when the side stand lifts the back wheel off the deck)

Frank Tapp and Joyce led on the well travelled Suzi, with Bob P bringing up the rear and Warren patrolling. I went along as an ordinary member because I'm sick of trying unsuccessfully to keep bikes 50 feet apart etc.

First stop was Seymour for a cuppa coffee and to buy supplies for the picnic lunch everyone forgot we were supposed to have. We eventually arrived at the Weir (everyone nearly wiping out on that bumpy corner). The Shilton's were already there with Stewart riding around on his Dax (funny – I usually wear mine). After lunching (and the bull ants had lunched on us) we headed off for a look over the convict built weir, which proved quite interesting. We received quite a surprise when we climbed up the face of the spillway and were suddenly confronted by an enormous expanse of water right at eye level, with such a seemingly narrow wall holding all that weight back. After a close inspection of everything we could get at, Mick proved that B.M.W's are quite torquey beasts by riding up a bluestone embankment – three-up!

After a bit of bike swapping, pole climbing, chin-wagging and roaring around with the front end of the Shilton's Dax (that's not as bad as it sounds folks – a Dax is a mini bike) I left for Melbourne as I wanted to get home early. Unfortunately this didn't come about, as my previously ever-faithful Yama decided it didn't like high speed cruising with only ¾ of a piston in the right hand barrel. Needless to say we stopped – SUDDENLY – seized by a sudden seizure. Twenty minutes later Greg Smith came along so we left the Yam in a service station, to be picked up the next day via bug and trailer.

So yet another joyous day was had by all, even a certain ton up boy who was lucky enough to be apprehended by one of the better cops. I'm afraid it's a club outing I won't forget for a while:- it's a pretty expensive way of making ash-trays.

Howard (Peasant car driver)

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HORSE-POWER WAS A LOT SAFER WHEN ONLY HORSES HAD IT!

Speaking of horses, did you hear about the wooden horst? – wooden shit!!

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SCARSDALE – MAY 2ND

This isn't exactly a write-up of the club trip, because, although I went on the club run, I wasn't with the club. Normally, if I leave late, and try to catch the club, I can do so on my Triumph, but on a

borrowed 250 Kawasaki, 2-up in a head wind, I had no hope! Still I wasn't a bad try, as the club met at 9.00am, I left at midday, and the lady at Scarsdale said they had left about an hour ago.

Not being sure of where the gang was going after Scarsdale, I went back to Ballarat to wait for a while, in case they returned that way. I found out later that they'd missed Scarsdale, and returned through Geelong, anyway.

While having a cup of coffee in Ballarat, I was approached by 2 girls on bikes, one with a camera. She asked would I mind her taking a few shots of the bike (peeve, peeve! Where's my Trumpy?), then they gave us another cup of coffee at one of the girl's places. Finally we caught the club at the bowl about 7.00pm. My only comment – Let's not go to Scarsdale for a long, long, long time.

Bruce.

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MARRIAGE AND THE MOTORCYCLIST

Tony Bonner (Australian actor (Skippy) and motorbike fanatic) when asked:- “Why is it fun to be single?” ...

“You can have diverse friends without complications from one's partner. For 24 hours you can do as you like and thrash a bike hard.”

Steve Jones: Please take note!!

DAFFYNISHUNS:-

Continental breakfast – “A roll in bed with some honey”.

Continental lunch:- “Honey roll over and lettuce on top.”

A bra:- “Over shoulder boulder holder.”

Q. What did the inventor of the Pill receive?

A. The No-belly Prize.