

## **FREEDOM RIDER**

### **EDITORIAL – OCTOBER 1971**

Well the weather is finally getting fine – at last! And the runs are becoming longer and better attended. We must clamp down on the club rules – that is speeding and drinking, especially after the Lorne Weekend. Remember this is anti – pollution month – so don't drop your bike on the highway. The response to the Magazine has been good – BUT could be better, there is no report for Historic Winchelsea as it was too BLOODY WINDY. Even Bob Pee was going sideways and no one ventured past Geelong. A few members have had a few bad breaks! So be careful.

F.A.M aims to abolish the 40 mile per hour pillion law, but needs money to hire a Barrister, so if you have not joined – join now. It's only a dollar and if supported they can achieve a lot. Waterproofs etc must be taken for the Sports Day at Berwick regardless of weather.

### **STIRRING WHISPERS**

Paul went down like a true bkie using his leg to save his tank from being dinted and scratched. What a bad break! Down and out the bikies go.

Rick likes his Suzuki so much that he even rides it into the post office.

Neil has been polluting again – he dropped his bike on the Ocean Road.

Chris

Thorn has been nursing a broken nose and a broken Kawa.

Mitch was seen riding down the Geelong Highway with a bad front end wobble.

Bruce likes to climb pine trees (and J.C and Cummings).

Chris Thorn should remember to unlock the chain from his front wheel before trying to drag off.

The V.C is leaving for America and is then off to Alice Springs. The lucky peasant or is it Peon. So there will be a lack of Vice.

Boe Pee's escort does not remove posts (as he found out).

Why do tyres go flat on one side, I ask?

Bruce and David are very good friends?

J.C and David are very close friends?

Murphy has been laughing so much he cracked a few ribs.

Absconding Assistant and his Wife?

Discreet Duplicator

Shocking Secretary

Exceptional (HA!) Editor

Redline

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Lick and Lil

Lick and Lil

Went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water  
Lil the dill  
And now they have a daughter

Went up the hill  
To have a bit of fun  
I don't know what they did up there  
But now they have a son

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There was a young girl who said No.  
To a feller who called himself Joe.  
But when he insisted  
She couldn't resist it  
And sighed: "What a great way to go."

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### **HE'S BEEN PERIGRINATING AGAIN!**

The Phantom's been to another 21<sup>st</sup>, this time our eccentric editor's Mr L, Hayes Esq, B.O and M.H.R.\*.

Unfortunately Redline was unable to organize the super flinty of femininity that was so evident at the Wotzko – Cumming happening, but this was compensated for by a fiancée swapping and stealing session. The Phantom saw and heard plenty on the evening, too bad our editors are so censorship conscious. Here's a few of the less scandalous items of phantasmagoria anyway:-

1. Redline asked the Phantom for a kiss at the front door!
2. Mim put the lights up – hence the Phantom singed the hair on his chest – those bulbs were hot!
3. David C and a drink, then something to eat, then had a drink, then something to eat, then had a drink, then for variety's sake he ate something and downed some amber fluid – don't you hate FAT DRUNKS – especially the tall thin ones!
4. I was watching you V.C. Must've been wrong about that shirt.
5. Higgys found a live one.
6. SANDRA
7. JOHN!
8. That Fiat driver was there again – look out for flying salt shakers.
9. Redline's backyard has fence to fence carpeting
10. The Mountain wore a TIE!

Once again we managed to have a highly enjoyable time at a well catered party – thanks for the invite Mrs. Redline. (\*Mad Honda Rider)

### **The Phantom**

P.S. Remember – I'm watching, I've got big ears, and I'm unknown. (About time somebody guessed my true identify, 'cose nobody has yet).

### **Little Red Lighting Hood.**

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**INFLATION**: Happens when you forget your pill.

**INNOCENT**: Accepting a lift from six fellers in a car.

**KINKY**: "...then on came the dwarf with the blow-torch"...and there were these two Negroes with a pineapple"...and a eunuch with a vacuum cleaner"...and the nun with the egg-beater?"

**PREGNANT**: "You're looking swell, Dolly."

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## **PRESIDENT'S REPORT**

Hall was packed for our Annual Meeting and it was nice to welcome more new members into the club, especially Darren Room, a member of our association 10 years ago and like myself had a Maico, a good machine, but it didn't smoke as much as wine.

Correspondence – a little, then we went on to the important part of electing a committee, with 3 changes being made:

Assistant Secretary – Margaret  
Social Secretary – Betty  
Club Captain – Graham

With one regret of not being able to pin that badge on Margaret, 'cause Chumpy left it behind, and hope now that she can carry on the good work that Carmel, Linda and Warren have done.

Greg Wolfe then had something to say about F.A.M – its aim to cut out a certain road law which was effecting all motor cyclists and anybody interested to fill out a form. The response was so great he went home with more than what he bargained for. Meeting finished about 9.45.

Supper then being served before everybody went home after an entertaining evening.

P.S and sorry no jokes. I don't know any, but would like to tell you this story:

An angry mother dragged her son into the Doctor's Surgery. Doctor, she said, "Is it possible for a four year old boy to remove a baby's appendix?."

"Of course not." The Doctor assured her.

"I told you, didn't I," shouted the Mother giving her son a hefty wallop.

"Now put it back."

Big Daddy.

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LECHER: As in: Lecher mind run riot, Lecher hair down  
Lecher self go.

MOTHER: Told you she found you in a cabbage patch – but didn't say what she was doing there at the time.

MUSIC: "If this be the food of love, play on."

LONELINESS: Kissing your hot water bottle goodnight.

LINES: "It's good for your complexion". "If you were a real woman, you would."

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## **MONDAY MADNESS – 4<sup>TH</sup> OCTOBER**

Riding or driving (For V Wee owners, Slack) we all managed to assemble on time? Even the plucker is a Suit.

After all barging in (In typical MSCAV fashion) the first thing we noticed was a BMW with wings (Actually a Volkswagen engine in disguise) After stirring hell out of the Honda salesman and telling him what to do with his 500/4, (just how do you remove the rear wheel?) we went over and watched two eagles box for a couple of rounds, very slack!

After visiting the local sticker stand (Slurp as in stamp) we bikies proceeded to commandeer the wrestling mat for our weekly workout. (We thought we'd better find somewhere else after wrecking Redline's spare bed on Sunday night!) Then after perving on a bikinied blond (man what sport) we all went around to the local balloon bar where Lance and Bob Pee purchased Helium Balloons – so that they could hang rear end wheel stands (peasants)! Why was Lance given a white balloon?

We then cheesed off the golden bowl's golden blond with some rude language and then decided to scoff. (At this stage the weight of Bob's balloon got the better of him so he let it go – Slack Honda rider!) After watching Lance trying to wash walls in public (at that time of night?) we followed Higgs in his slack Peugeot to the Southern Cross where we all indulged in an ale or two and assaulted the peanut machine also the hand dryer in the toilet (3 pot screamers the mob of us). After this we took to playing follow the leader (Rick mostly) around the boulevard.

Meantime being amused by the antics of Lance (I wonder whether bare flesh throws sparks? One of these days Lance is going to find out) also Bob Pee on his tank, fitted with crash bars. What's the use of putting them on if you're going to scrape them off?

While these rapid scenic tours of the Kew Boulevard were taking place Rick, the peasant, spotted two rabbits (I wonder what they were up to) so everybody came to a screaming halt to chase them (A bit too quick for us they were!) After throwing stones, and almost Redline, into the river and having a monument climb we all went for a walk down to the Yarra Falls (Bob Pee and Lance had gone home by this time (Chickens). Here Higgs showed much intelligence and tossed his torch into the river (it didn't bust and it came from Coles) after this was retrieved we all did our thing on a certain Rock (It got nicknamed at the time but I doubt if it bears mention in the magazine). Wandering on we came across a Volkswagen in the gloom so after giving him (plus her we presume) a standing ovation we ran along (Just in case)

From here we decided after seeing tow rabbits there should be more, (would you believe that seven fellows in one Peugeot is a very tight fit? – You wouldn't? Try it someday then). After derbing around (we saw a few rabbits but with the noise and commotion they all soffed very quickly (type cunning). So we didn't get none! After this everyone dispersed (thank goodness). Some going to David Cummin the rest going home, cunning people. In all an evening to be remembered!

## **THE PORT POLISHERS**

### **Attendance**

Bruce – Peugeot  
David C – 500 Suzy  
Bob Pee – 750 Honda  
Lance – 500 Suzy  
Neil -175 Honda  
Rick – 350 Suzy  
Howard & Les – V Wee

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## **BACCHUS MARSH LION PARK – SUNDAY OCTOBER 10**

Deciding to stun the members for a change, Debby and I rolled up on my 500. We travelled from the car park along the Tulla where Figsy somehow lost his sunglasses on the road – TOUGH LUCK!

– And then ventured out to Gisborne where great quantities of pies and pasties were consumed (We ate out the shop!) Here also snags were bought to eat at the Lion Park.

The bikes pulled out of Gisborne followed by a multitude of cowards (rhymes with Howard) in their cars. At Bacchus Marsh the three 500 suzy's had to fill up (as usual – typist) either petrol or oil due to strong wind but a 250 Blue Yamaha happened to also need a fill – rider as well (Sandwiches!) A mad drag to the Lion Park proved that the bikes had to pay just as much to enter as cars, so Debby and I walked in to join the others. After Bar-B Quing our snags on Greg's Bar-B-Q we joined in on the Frisbee tossing – but what happened? There was confusion! Yes? There were two Frisbees!

After the jovialities everyone (Sardine – like) packed into the cars that were present – Peter P's, Greg Smith's, John Wotzko's and the Datsun, to scare the lions. Debby and I stayed outside to mind the bikes. While the mob was gone, a family of about 10 descended on the bikes taking pictures and admiring all of them – especially interested in Bib Paulin's 750 Honda and David C's Suzy. All was quiet for a few more minutes when the first car emerged – the Datsun, soon to be followed by J. Wotzko's car load. Before the rest emerged from the den, the Kawasaki Kid with the BIG HORN showed us how to do some trail riding, then Lance and I had a ride on his bike – Jolly Good.

Debby and I left here to go home, and met up with the club (the remainder) at the Chow Shop where we had a meal and a yarn. – By the way, what does happen when you have a flat in the lion enclosure?

KURT.

### **PEOPLE PRESENT**

<u>Cars:</u>	Howard – V Wee	Peter Pee – Holden
	People in Datsun	J. Wotzko – Corona
	Greg Smith – Holden with mother and brother	
<u>Bikes:</u>	Bob Pee – 750 Honda	Peter Tapp – 500 Suzy
	Lance – 500 Suzy	Kurt & Debby – 500 Suzy
	David Cumming – 500 Suzy	Fred – 175 Honda
	Neil – 175 Honda	Greg – 650 BSA
	Mitch – Kawa (Big Horn)	Roger – 250 Yamaha
	Mick & Cheryl – 350 Yamaha	Bruce Higgs – 650 Triumph
	Darrin Room – 450 Honda	

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JILT: “Don't call me, I'll call you.”

KAMA SUTRA: The Bumper Book of Bedtime Fun.

KNIGHT: “Once a king, always a king. Once a knight – is definitely not enough”

IMPOTENT: Unable to rise to the occasion.

INHIBITION: Girl riding a bicycle with her legs crossed.

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### **THE PHANTOM REPORT**

**BACCHUS MARSH LION PARK – 10/10/71**

The Phantom headed off this fine day in the hope that he would have something interesting to report, but unfortunately none of our members could be induced to ride their sickles through the lion enclosure! Therefore it turned out to be just another plain old ordinarily damned good club run. 'Twas a mite disorganized at times, but what can we expect when both the Captain AND Vice-Captain turn up in one of those queer four wheeled contraptions – TRAITORS!!!

Anyway, after a bit of messing around and going the wrong way we eventually arrived at the park, receiving many an amazed look as we arrived with the apparent intention of going through the park on our bikes. Little did they know that we had some of our de-licenced de-biked or just plain capitalistic members along in their cars (terrible things but off times handy). After barbequing lunch, having the usual bull – session and a throw of the Frisbees, we jumped into cars and set off on our “Safari”, which provided a bit of a laugh (why was a certain blue Corona following a certain fully laden car, and why wasn't that guy in the Zephyr changing his flat tyre!)

Next on the agenda was the tiger enclosure, that lion cubs and the small circus type affair being put on by a guy with performing ponies and dogs. (Peter Pee suddenly found himself disowned by some of the members, by getting into the swing of things like a big kid – Good on you Noddy!!)

We eventually re-assembled back at the bikes and headed for Melbourne, this time being led by the Peanut in his super doper bug burner, as he had a specific route he wanted to traverse, via Digger's Rest – quite scenic and a great road for biking along.

Anyway as I seppaphor, it was a pretty good day – great to see a few new faces along too!

Well, that's about all from the Phantom for a while – I'm off to America.

Your friend,

**LITTLE RED-LIGHTING HOOD**

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In the spring a young man's fancy to what girls have been thinking about all winter.

Lady: “You're so cute, little boy. I wish I had a son just like you.”

Boy: “Okay, I'll introduce you to my Pop.”

Sign in a drive-in movie: Not Responsible For Any Accident Incurred During Showing Of Picture.

Then there was the sultan who decided one night to work late at the palace. But by the time he finished phoning all his wives, it was too late to do anything.

Middle age is when you don't care where you go – just so you're home by 10PM.

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### **LION PARK 10/10/71**

It was a rather gloomy day as the club assembled at the car park, but on the whole the turnout was pretty good. The biggest surprise of the day was the arrival of Kurt and Debbie (on the bike would you believe) they had managed to pawn their kid off onto some poor unsuspecting soul for the day. As the club secretary and leader for the day arrived late (as usual) we got off to a rather late start, which was just as well because it gave a chance for all those slack car drivers to arrive, including a silver top taxi! When the club finally departed, there were twelve bikes and approximately five cars.

The first part of the trip was without incident except for the fact that a few club members managed to pulverize the leader's goggles on the Tullamarine freeway, which were ripped off his helmet by the wind (obviously speeding again!). We stopped in Gisborne for a bite to eat and then continued

our journey to the Lion Park. On this section we found several members speeding, vice captain lairising, Roger disobeying orders and that compared to two strokes Toyotas are slack.

Arriving at the lion park we were hit with a dollar entrance fee along with a warning not to drop too many wheelies in the park (peasants!). Once inside we found a large picnic area with plenty of amusements for children and the lions fenced off in a smaller section on the edge of the park. The M.S.C.A.V then got down to the business at hand which was eating, mainly comprised of sausages and bread rolls, followed by a quick whip round with the Frisbee which really went well on the stomach (UGH)

After lunch we all piled into the cars for a drive through the lion exposure. I suppose there were ten to fifteen lions in there, the most docile creatures I have ever seen in my life, most of them were so old that they could not raise a trot if they tried. It seemed so cruel at the time to have them locked in, but at least they were better off than the more ferocious animals such as the tigers who were locked in very small cages.

It was good fun driving around looking at the lions but the bulk of the people in my car were only interested in looking at the young girls in other cars. The funniest sight in here was the poor chap who got a flat tyre right in the middle of the enclosure. After meeting outside again, a lot of people went for a ride on a flying fox with Commando Mick showing the way. Those who didn't do this just sat around in the sunshine and talked.

As it had turned out such a nice day, many people were reluctant to leave the sunshine and head for home. Quite a few people found their own way back to Melbourne and the somewhat dwindled, main body took another route so as to make it a round trip for the day. After dinner it was over to Les's for a friendly wrestle. All in all, it was a very good day's outing with fine weather and plenty to do.

The Alsatian Trainer (The Parrot Man)

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### **SPRING SUDNAY OR A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A WORKING MAN**

The fresh wind ruffles her hair  
And the flush on her cheeks  
Heralds the coming of summer;  
The shedding of winter coats.  
Tomorrow will be fine  
And we will ride out into the sun,  
Its warming glare already stinging our faces.  
We roll on down the road  
The fresh air and smell of the country  
Cleansing our bodies and our minds  
Already the city smog and hang-ups  
Have been forgotten, left where they belong.  
We watch the eagle as it soars high above,  
Circling lazily, watching for its prey  
Somewhere in the grass below, unknowing  
That death is circling above.  
Suddenly swooping down, the eagle disappears  
Momentarily, then rises again  
A rabbit in its claws, poor thing,  
Its life swiftly taken, like a candle snuffed.  
We had back to the city  
Like a smoking cauldron in a sea of roofs.

Up the stairs and into the shower  
The clean country dust washing off me  
Refreshed and ready for Monday  
The tram, the train, the office,  
The train, the tram, and home.

### WHITE NITE

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### **LIGHT ON FOR SAFETY**

You pick yourself up off the road (if you're lucky) and pick up your badly damaged bike. You have typically come out second best, and now have bruises to nurse, torn clothing and have lost your no claim bonus as well as your transportation for a month or so.

The car driver says as he scrapes a little paint off his bumper (the old line) "I didn't see you", and then what can you do, normally whatever you do you'll still be a loser. You comment to your friends, "He said he didn't see me. Imagine that! HA!" – But THINK – you imagine that? He's softly supported inside his fug box, and is breathing the air that he was breathed twice before, as his great tank rolls lazily along the road gently lolling him to sleep. He takes notice of nothing but that he follows the tank in front of him or if a light is flashed in his face. So how can you expect him to notice a motor bike a mere 80" long and 35" tall? But if it was a light 6" in diameter and 30" high, now that is a different matter.

Do you see my point? I am convinced that driving with ones headlight on is a must for all motor cyclists. So join the safety drive and ride with your headlight on every time you're on the road. You've got nothing to lose. OK Les you have made your point! Above I have written a thing which I feel is good MAG stuff. So keep up the good work.

### GREG WOLFE

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### **WEEKEND CAMP AT Lorne 16 – 17 OCTOBER**

Margaret, Neil and I went down on Friday night. After stopping in Geelong for a coffee at 7.30pm we hurried on to Lorne. 10 miles out, Neil dropped his 175 on a sharp bend and broke his clutch handle.

We pitched camp at the caravan park on the highway, then Robert rolled up in his Ford with Christine and "astropholous" Lance on board. (No need to state why he wasn't on his bike – ask the fuzz). On Saturday morning we discovered that Steve and Carmel had arrived before us and had booked into a hotel.

For a while we sat in Bob's car and digested the most amazing songs in his engineer's song book, and then we uprooted our tents and shifted to another camping spot, situated on the side of a hill. There were all the necessary facilities, all of which were in a very dilapidated condition, and looking for all the world like relics of Australia's pioneering age. Anyway, by the time we had pitched our tents Greg had arrived with his mobile service station. Meanwhile, back in Lorne "Redling", Mitch, "Rastus" and "J.C." were busy cleaning out the local milk bar.

For the rest of the afternoon Mitch provided us with a spectacular display of hill climbing on his 350 Kawasaki, thrashing madly in all directions at once. Poor Redline went down yet again, with the dreaded flat tyre disease. There is a rumour that he has been seen frantically searching the pages of the "Trading Post" for a pair of solid tyres to carry on the club run. Margaret also had deflationary problems not connected with her ego.



On Saturday night, we all went down to the hotel for a counter tea, which we nearly didn't have because the management decided to have it in the Bistro with a jazz band thrown in, so we would have had to pay \$1 just to get in the door. Well, Figgys soon put an end to that.

The highlights of the night were:-

- a) Rastus Becoming suddenly ill, (he should have had more "Courage").
- b) The surgical operation on Bob's car.
- c) An exhibition, (behind a certain tent) of first class photograph only to be whispered about.

On Sunday morning I went for a bush bash up to Heddy's lookout, and then a run was organized to Erskin's falls situated at the end of a gravel road tailor made for Mitch's 350 quacker. Back at the camp, the activities of this mighty bush thrashing hacky acky were brought to a sudden conclusion when Lance stacked it in the ditch.

No harm done, except for a few minor things such as a punctured tube, torn tyre and buckled front wheel. However, Mitch was lucky, when the maintenance squad had finished he was able to wobble his way home. Not to be outdone, "Rastus" also left his mark in Lorne, right in the curbing outside the P.O.

I am seriously thinking of urging the committee to have a plaque placed alongside the spot, with an inscription "Bearing silent witness to these interesting scrape marks, in memory of a bikie who thrashed this way," or words to that effect.

So we left Lorne, at about 1.30pm and after a brief stop in Geelong, headed back to the chow shop. Thus concluded another, zappy, groovy, astropolous camping run. (ref. Lance for more adjectives)

Jolly Roger.

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### **LORNE LUNATISM 16-17 OCTOBER**

Arriving at Millers Road at 9am, on time, the only slack sucker there to greet me was Rastus on a very clean Suzuki. After standing around for a while (about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour actually) Mitch, Fred and also Les and Mim, (very slack fellow members) (opps not you Les and Mim) we decided we would set off for Lorne with Rick as leader. On the way over, had a very mad drag with a certain mad Alfa driver known by all. Guess what? Kawasaki threes handle pretty good in the dirt, (at 90 even!) not slack at all.

Arriving at Geelong we waited for a while (Rick went to see a man about a dog – so he tells us) After refuelling up, (who said Suzukis chew fuel?) we then set off for Lorne, with Fred at the rear, traction losing head wind? We arrived at Lorne at 12 (about) after much peg surfing, boot shifting in time for lunch. Sitting around waiting we finally spotted Neil (man you gotta watch that dirt, Boy and also those wild saddle bags)

After setting up camp with the rest of the crowd – I believe that would be the closest we've ever camped to a copper (and a pub) – definitely a bad combination I say. After thrashing around in the afternoon, playing hailwood etc with Rick, also touching up on our dirt riding on Mitch's big horn (bike that is), which later came to grief with lance a very slack piece of concrete or something ghe tells me. We all wandered to the pub at 4.30 (early start I'd call it). The evening wore on, Rick got stops (Lots of other people to – Philpheran you great bum!)

Everybody retired to camp, some crawled, some ran, some rode (me lazy). After a scene at camp from certain quarters and a wrestle with Higgs and Steve (Carmel you're losing your touch or control?) here about sometime Rick decided to go for a fang, back to Melbourne! Only trouble was someone set his Suzy to self destruct within two minutes of starting, this it did (Slack Suzukis) or did the post office get up and walk towards you Rick?

Everybody woke up in the morning (no fatalities thank someone!). Certain people went walking very early in the morning (SIC) to much energy too. Everyone sat around till lunch, this time being taken up by tree climbing, pine cone fights, packing up, twirling swings, etc. also a tag wrestle which we won. After lunch we had a quick thrash to Geelong (another slack Suzuki goes under – Parrot man). Then it was a mad thrash for me anyway to Melbourne to miss the rain – good excuse to thrash actually. This topped off a good weekend by all.

### The Three Trasher!!

#### Members Present

Bob, Lance & Chris – Escort  
Greg Smith & little brother – Toyota  
Steve & Carmel – Holden  
Margaret – 450 Honda  
Roger – 250 Yamaha  
David Mac – 125 Honda  
Big Daddy – Holden  
Rastus – 250 Suzy  
Kurt, Debbie & Bryan - Fiat

John Cecil – 350 Kawa  
David C – 500 Suzy  
Les & Mim – 450 Honda  
Mitch – 350 Kawa  
Fred – 175 Honda  
Neil – 175 Honda  
Hank & Cheryle – 750 Honda  
Bruce Higgs – 250 Kawa

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Q. How do you tell the difference between the head of a worm and the rectum?

A. Stick it in a bowl of flour and wait till it farts!

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### **A LETTER TO THE CORONER**

Dear Mr. Coroner,

I'll never meet you and I'm not real sorry about that, but you'll meet me. In a way. You'll see me written down on medical reports, hear my last moments above ground from the mouths of experts and, possible, feel a chill wind of my floating through your chambers. You might.

You know, I don't know why I'm writing this. I don't particularly want to speak to anyone. It's probably just a hangover from good manner days; say good bye before leaving. It might just be a matter of wanting to leave something behind. At least I was here, sort of thing. Anyway, it'll make reading of a kind. And if a scandal rag gets hold of it, it might cause a few tsk, tsk's amongst the twin – set and purl mob. Poor unfortunate, silly thing. I can almost hear. Can't be bothered.

I suppose you want to know all about how I started? They all did. Well I don't mind telling you. If you're interested, I'm not. I was a friend of a friend at school. 'Try a couple of these', and I did. That was two years ago. I smoked for a while, and then took to speed. I started mainlining. You know, right through the elbow into the red stuff. Morph, mostly. And anything else I could lay my hands on.

You say why am I leaving this mortal coil? I HAVEN'T BEEN ON IT FOR A YEAR! I've been up there. Way up. I've got star dust under my finger nails. I know it's wrecked me, but don't blame the habit. Blame me if you want to, but nothing else. I was dead the day I was born only it took me a while to fall over. You know the thing on T.V? 'Will self-destruct in five seconds'? That's me. When I was born I bet there was a sign across my shoulders 'will self-destruct in 19 years'. I can't fail destiny, can I?

But you know Sir, I don't think of it as killing myself. No, that's too dramatic, too important. No, what I'm doing in a moment is just changing. I can't live the way I am and living without fixing is not living at all. I am the habit. The habit is me. Indivisible. So I'm changing. I don't care what death is like, it won't be worse than this. And that's the funny thing. Really funny, when I first started out it WAS heaven. Now it's hell. It's like taking a train and arriving at two destinations at once. The only thing is, the train doesn't stop. You don't want it to and you can't make it.

You say, why didn't you get help? Help for what? When I could have been helped I wouldn't have wanted it. I wasn't burnt out then. I was still in control then. To a degree. Six months ago I realised my time had finished. That the fire inside had gone out. The fire that makes you a living human being without which you don't live, just exist.

Oh, I tried once or twice, more. I even got as far as my front door once but then I thought, Why? It's no good. I'll never be any different. Nothing in this dirty world is worth thinking about let alone caring about. Least of all myself.

Until now the most attractive thought is my head, the only attractive thought is of my death. When nothing, for me, will exist anymore. But please, don't feel as if I'm whining on you Sir. I'm not. These past few minutes I've spent writing this to you is the most meaningful thing I've done, to me, for anyone during lifetime. I actually care a little about you. Say as much as you would for a fly on the wall. Because you are going to be the last person in this world who will care about me. Probably the same amount. In a very short while I'm going to shoot the biggest dose you've ever seen, Mister Coroner. So big it might shake the world as it goes on home. And then? Who knows?

By the way, Sir, if my parents happen to turn up at the inquest please don't read this out loud. I only wrote it for you so that instead of saying '...while the balance of the mind was disturbed' you might say, 'finished of the body because the heart ceased to spark'

Good-bye, and thank you for reading.

'...When I am free...  
Don't mourn for me  
I'll know I'm dead...'

'GAIL'

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V.C.'s Itinerary (if anyone's interested).

Leave Melbourne Sunday night 14<sup>th</sup> November for Adelaide.  
Leave Adelaide 16<sup>th</sup> for Alice Springs.  
Return to Melbourne 18<sup>th</sup>.  
Leave for U.S.A. Saturday 20<sup>th</sup>.  
Return to Melbourne approximately 28<sup>th</sup> January for a few days, then up to the Alice.

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**TO LYNDA,**

Every time we have done this magazine over the last eight months I have often thought of Lynda and the tremendous work she did in helping to really improve the magazine. Many other people have thought of her a lot since the Wilsons Promontory weekend for other reasons too. She did a lot for the club as Social Secretary, and always had many ideas to present at committee meetings and general meetings.

Apart from Lynda's good club spirit, I have not known anyone who did not enjoy her company, just as a person and a motor cyclist, and that was all she asked. Twenty three yesterday, and today a young suffering life has ended, that orange scarf fluttering in the breeze on the rear of her machine as she rides away.

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### **BROADFORD PRELUDE**

It has been drawn to various people's attention that there has been a blatant disregard of various rules and regulations of the constitution of this club. On the Broadford run it was noted by the relevant authorities that certain club members managed to arrive at the destination before the appointed leader, even though these people departed at the same time as the main group.

During this excursion these above mentioned people were noticed to be not only disobeying one rule but to be driving in a manner dangerous and discourteous both to club members and to other road users.

All club members who do not know the rules of this club should obtain a copy of the constitution from the Secretary and STUDY it, especially rule No 24 sub-section (e).

This is a club in which you pay to be a member therefore the rules of the club must be obeyed especially the road rules.

We only need one clown to do the wrong thing at 120 MPH and that will be the end of many good motor cyclists.

DAVID C

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### **MORRISON'S LOOKOUT VIA ALEXANDRA**

Arriving at K.B.C.P at 9.15am (late) I found only a few members had arrived. The captain made a suggestion that because of time change we should wait until 10.00am. Soon after Margaret arrived but soon decided she was going to go somewhere else and left. At 10am the club (?) left with Darrin Room as the leader on a 450 Honda. We left the car park and proceeded along the South Eastern Freeway to Healesville, where we stayed for lunch. From there we turned off the main road, and took a short cut to the lookout. Along the road or track to Morrison's Lookout the 450 Honda got bogged onto its pegs, and the BMW broke its fairing when it toppled over and the Toyota has a dent under its bumper bar from a rock. From the Lookout they stopped at Smog's Creek Falls and then parted at the service station to go home. Later some members met at the CHOW SHOP.

Christopher Thorn

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OLD FLAME: Dead match.

PEEPING TOM: "Just looking, thank you."

PHOTO FINISH: What the private detective saw.

PILL: Small round object taken to prevent you becoming a large round object.

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## **FREEDOM FIGHTERS**

Why, in the eyes of the older generation, are bikies the ones that start trouble? Because they have big, noisy machines....NO. Those older ones are the ones that really shun us and cause the tempers to rise. Why? Because of a rough, uncouth few we are labelled CRIMINALLY BAD. What if their son wanted to buy a bike, 'Oh no son, don't associate with hoodlum bums!!' What happens if they go against their parent's word? They get chucked out or threatened to be disinherited. How can we prove we are decent? We can't because the old are the ones that think they are decent, eager to criticize and condemn, not us we're dirty. So being labelled DIRT we are treated as dirt.

No the older ones make the rules. Rules that bar freedom and happiness. They read dirty books and see 'Only for Adult' movies. They label them FILTH yet they read and saw them and most enjoyed them. So why shouldn't we? Long haired creeps, drug addicts, drunkards, sex maniacs. But why? Long hair was in the times of their ancestors, (even Jesus Christ was believed to have long hair and a dirty beard) and it is often said that the old fashion is being revived.

Drug addicts, drunkards. Why? Only to flee from the loveless place we call home. Do those people know what home is – it's 4 walls containing friendship, happiness and love.

Sex Maniac? Why condemn something that is human and natural to life. It's the older generation that writes about sex and love making – to write it they must experience it – so why condemn us of reading and performing something that's unmentionable. Is it a sin to want to love someone and be loved? They are shocked at the thought of abortions and homo-sexuality. But why? Abortion is often needed to save the life of a mother, although I must admit that it is not very often, but even so if a person wants an abortion why not accept this fact. Ah homo-sexuals are not to blame for the way they feel about their own sex, it is natural to them. Most are very highly educated people, such as lawyers, doctors, etc. They are not scum as they are made out to be. They are most probably the nicest people in the world.

The young rebel for freedom, to voice their thoughts, but what's the use, if only to be squashed by the old and narrow minded. In this world of competing Nations the only freedom left to us is thought. But why condemn us, the future rulers of this vast, ever changing world. Is it jealousy? Jealousy of educational standards, modernisation which they never had. Or being more independent than themselves. If not they are old fashioned prunes who won't accept the changes that are inevitable if one wants to survive.

### **The Mad One**

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A cyclist was a hundred yards from an open level railroad crossing and was proceeding at 25 miles an hour. A train was approaching at 60 miles an hour and its distance from the crossing was 165 yards.

PROBLEM: Did the cyclist get across?

SOLUTION: Yes, the cyclist got a cross. His widow bought it out of the insurance money.

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