

EDITORIAL – SEPTEMBER 1971



Again there were no replies to the competition (as usual). The lack of interest in the magazine is increasing. People have to be chased up and begged to do write ups, even so – some say that they will do the write up then at the last minute when they are asked for it they say they haven't done it. (Fairy Park for instance). So it is left up to those present at the time of printing, and if no one was present on the particular run – STIFF. If this situation keeps up I will resign as Editor.

A lot of time is put into the magazine:- a lot of typing, printing, drawing up of ads and organizing and collating – then add to this a couple of nights when we don't finish until 1am or later. Remember it is your magazine so don't leave it up to a few individuals to

do all the work or the magazine will collapse.

We try to keep the standard of the magazine high, so I am constantly looking for jokes and things of interest, so if you know some please cut them out or write them down and give them to me. Now onto the happy stuff? Spring has arrived??? But is much worse than winter. Someone up there doesn't like us bikies. But despite the weather the attendance on club runs has been very good. All we can do is hope the weather improves as it cannot get any worse??

STIRRING WHISPERS

The following things happened at Buxton:-

Figsy dropped his dax (not Honda) in the pub.

David C tried out his saddle bags as water wings but they sank on him.

J.C fell in the creek (drunk as usual).

Les Craythorn crossed the creek underwater on his Suzy?

Hank announced that he has been trapped (by Cheryle)

Has Biggles met George?

J.C has a new bike" a bay Mack 3

Has anyone seen a baby doing 110 M.P.H.

Rastus has come on a club run.

Bob Pee likes to land in trees.

Howard has a modified front end. Bob P has a dinted rear mud – guard

Who says Hondas are made of cheap metal?

Craig owns a Bulltacho

Ask J.C and Lance how easy it is to fix punctures (3) in the middle of the bush at night.

J.C dropped his baby!

Thanks to: Drunken Duplicator and Teasing Typist

REDLINE

DAY TRIAL RUN – 5/9/71

The day started at 10am with the sun streaming down. Proceeding along Plenty Road to Bundoora where we left the bitumen for the dirt roads, rejoining the bitumen some of the time (thank Goodness), we stopped at Kinglake West for lunch. “How’s your lime milk, Mick?” (Kawa). Mick on the B.M.W. left us here to go back to the easy life, with half the course left to do in the afternoon.

Some of the lighter points of the trip were when Rob rode through the creek and Greg tried to follow but failed...”Who said Toyota’s go anywhere?” A few others ventured across nearly leaving one for a swim, “Hey Chris!”

On the bitumen again the surface was really great for a small T.T, up and down the hills heading for Kilmore, where a short stop was made for light refreshments, and who should arrive – Steve (Biggles), Carmel and Johnny Barker. Riding off into the sun headed for Springfield, boy that Springfield is a big place, one tennis court! Later joining the Hume at Wallan, we proceeded back to town via the Kew Boulevard, where Lance practiced his style on the 25mph hair pin bends. After a few hairy turns on the Boulevard we dispersed and made our way to the “Chow’s”. After tea a few more members showed up. Twelve bikes left for Redline’s to watch Telly. Man!, Redlin’s 450 turns out a great noise, oops!...note.

Those that attended had a tremendous day.

Those that attended

Hank & Cheryle	750 Honda
Neil	175 Honda
Roger	350 Yamaha
Dave Cummin9g	500 Suzy
Lande & Chris	500 Suzy
Mike	500 Kawa
Steve & Carmel	450 Honda
Bob Pee (Paulin)	750 Honda
Howard & Paul	750 Norton
Mick	? B.M.W

Slack car drivers

Pretzel brought Greg Smith – Toyota
Johnny Barker – Mazda

P.S. Honda’s reigned Bob!

The flying Dutchman

Two children were visiting the Egyptian exhibit at a museum. They came to a well wrapped mummy with a sign on its chest: BC 2340.

“What do those numbers mean?” asked the little girl.

“That’s a number of the car that killed him,” said the boy.

What’s black and washes cars? – Shammy David Jnr.

ACCOUNT HELD AT E.S. & A BANK, 225 SWANSTON STREET, MELBOURNE.

<u>RECEIPTS</u>		<u>EXPENSES</u>	
	\$		\$
Bank Balance	374.38	Committee Expenses	147.41
Bank Interest	9.11	Magazine	86.64
Membership Fees	267.50	“Get You Home” Fund	22.00
Supper Charges	41.82	Supper Expenses	32.34
Auction Night	12.50	Trophies	11.60
Magazine Adds	12.50	Duplicator	240.00
Pennants & Transfers	54.50	Transfers	92.25
Christmas Party	273.00	Christmas Party	284.00
Piccolo Mondo Cabaret	105.00	Piccolo Mondo Cabaret	105.00
Film “Owl & Pussycat”	45.00	Film “Owl & Pussycat”	46.50
Film “Little Bigman”	37.00	Film “Little Bigman”	37.00
Raffle	10.80	Raffle Prizes	3.50
		Bank Balance	162.37
Total	<u>1,270.61</u>	Total	<u>1,270.61</u>

ASSETS: 39 Pennants (MSCAV)
 15 Pennants (MSAV)
 220 Transfers (approx)
 1 Typewriter
 1 Duplicator
 1 Trophy

STEPHEN JONES,
TREASURER, M.S.C.A.V.

BUXTON WEEKEND CAMP

The usual early birds headed out early on the Friday evening and arrived about 8pm. Paul and I, after a ghastly ride through heavy fog, got to the first campsite about 1am Saturday morning, to find everyone snug and warm in their tents, except Greg and Ralph in their extravagantly luxurious caravan. (Would you believe 6 foot long, about 4 foot wide and 3 foot high?) Funny about all those weird moving lights, wasn't it??

Morning revealed a better day and the answer to the moving lights. We'd been camped next to a cow paddock!! Repacked the gear again, then slipped and slogged our way to a bigger and better campsite, which had been selected by Warren and Howard who had ventured forth in the bug. After Warren's effort of the night before, (I won't mention what it was), no wonder he chose to go in the car! Anyway, they found a beautiful muddy road for us, all 3 miles of it. The tents were pitched on the other side of the river, much to the disgust of some of the female members present. Just coz they didn't like the look of the cute little lopsided bridge over the river! Poor David C had a small mishap on the way across, and ended in the drink, only to look around and see his panniers floating merrily down the river. A great search party was organized but couldn't find any sign of them.

While the camp fire was starting, the disgusted females on the wrong side of the river decided that the only way that they'd get any lunch was to cross the bridge – so they faced the great peril and all conquered it without mishap. After a lunch period, the intrepid walkers of the club set out for a sawmill, although I can't even remember the name of it. Isn't it amazing how easy it is to get well

and truly lost these days? Eventually, after much bumbling around in what appeared to be tropical rainforests, we found dry land again, where we stumbled upon an old pair of train wheels (okay, Warren, when did you pinch them?) which meant that we were somewhere a little more civilised again.

Trundled on a bit further and came upon what everyone said was the sawmill but in my humble opinion, it didn't bear even the faintest resemblance to a sawmill. Walked back to camp to find a few more members had arrived in our absence.

Various assortments of food were eaten, then some of the more adventurous members set out for the Buxton pub on their bikes, although a few piled into the bug and got protection from the mud. Arrived at the pub, after passing Big Daddy on his way to the camp, and soon settled down for a FEW quiet drinks, which somehow or other stretched into quite a large amount of drinks for some of the more hardened drinkers of the club. Wouldn't even bother mentioning of the more hardened drinkers of the club. Wouldn't even bother mentioning the names of those people involved, coz you probably know who they'd be, anyway. The poor jukebox was kept going almost continuously the whole time we were there, and after a few beers, some of the boys decided to have a dance, but, being unable to work out who would dance with me first. (I was the only available girl, you see!) J.C, Figgsy and David c all danced with me at the same time. But due to the vast amount of liquor the boys had stashed away, they soon wilted. Then they wanted to see who could kick the highest up the wall, which resulted in many thumps and banging's for the poor wall. A wrestling match then started between Figgsy and J.C, in the lounge, if you please!! I still can't work out how we all didn't get kicked out of the pub shortly after we arrived, with all the noise issuing forth from our corner, although there was a group of Irish folk singers having a ball in the kitchen at the same time. Which just goes to show – country pubs are much better than city ones!!

Decided to leave about 10pm, although we'd heard that they didn't close on Friday night until 4am, but I'm sure they'd seen quite enough of us for one night! Just as we were leaving, Redline and Mim arrived, having been slightly held up by a man in a blue car, wot said that Les was going too fast with Mim on the back. Welcome to the bluey club, Les! J.C ended up riding Neil's bike back to camp, as Neil wasn't feeling very good, and no wonder, the amount he'd put away! The bug brought up the rear, and got to the turn off from the better road to find David bogged, but with a little help from the V.C was soon on his way again, but a lot slower this time. I felt sorry for Les and Mim, not having been over the road in daylight. Apparently those who remained in camp had their own little party, and produced a few people who'd had a fair bit to drink. Paul began a naughty joke session, and lost his wallet, which was being passed from person to person behind his back. Neil proved he was in fine form and recited 52 verses (well, almost!) of the infamous "Eskimo Nell" piece of poetry.

For once, Lance was being an onlooker to the drunken staggering, and vowed and declared that he's never drink again! Have you, Lance? Even Ray got a bit merry, which is most unusual, as he is usually looking after J.C and Lance! At one stage of the night, there appeared to be a herd of wild elephants (or was it mad bulls?) running across the little bridge. Everyone finally wandered away to bed, except for Neil and Paul, who had a few cans hidden away, and the night quietened down.

Sunday morning was almost gone by the time I clambered out of bed. It was almost afternoon, but Big Daddy had slept through the whole night without even knowing we'd returned to camp, and woke even later than I had. Nearly everyone packed up and left, except for a few of the nits who wanted to go for another walk in the hills again, and the mad scramblers racing up and down the hill, not always making it, sometimes getting stuck half way up. Most left together and descended on Buxton again, where we had lunch, and Neil got beaten playing pool. Better luck next time, Heil! Met a Queenslander on a nice new gold Honda 4 who was just riding through, so all made tracks for the trout farm down the road a bit. The farm was very interesting, with many thousands of different sizes of fish swimming around everywhere. Amazing how they all leap to the surface when a handful of little pellets are thrown into the water for them to eat. Headed for home, with a stop at Lilydale, for refreshments, where I had to leave the club, as I had to go to work. Yuk!

Willy.

A motorcyclist who had been in an accident had to walk around on crutches. Some months later a friend asked how he was getting on.

“Not bad,” he replied. “In fact my doctor says I don’t need the crutches now, but my solicitor says I do.”

GIRL: “Your’re the kind of man that only a dog could love!”

MAN: “I forgot to tell you I've just inherited two million dollars.”

GIRL: “Bow, wow, wow, wow!”

PARTY FOR JIM SHILTON – 18TH SEPT

This turned out to be a most enjoyable evening, with members content to just take it easy and past the time by conversing and telling clean! Jokes, with Ron Haywood getting a warm reception after returning back from Brisbane, and Figsy reminding J.C it was time for their wrestling match – carried on from Buxton. The evening finished about 12. Many thanks must go to Jim and Betty for putting on a very nice spread.

I could not let this event go by without saying to Jim, on behalf of all those who were present, a very warm welcome home and a Happy Birthday. Now that twelve months has gone by, I wish to thank all those who have supported the club in various ways. The many parties we’ve had – with the unofficial ones being more exciting (probably because I’m a sober type!), also the report I've received from people outside that this is the best organized club in Victoria at the moment. Full credit should be given to the present committee, which has done a wonderful job.

President’s Report

P.S. After the above party at the club hall finished, a few of us went to Neil’s place for a drink, to listen to music, or sleep, depending on who you were. I don’t know why im writing this because I was the one who went to Neil’s brothers (I think) had returned. Either I was seeing double (unlikely) or they had multiplied (that must be it). Eventually everyone stired and went home about 3.00am.

FIGSY

An 80 year old man booked a room at a hotel. He had just retired to bed when a flashing blonde bounced into his room. “Oh, excuse me,” she apologised. “I must be in the wrong room.” The old man sighed: “Not only that young lady, but you got here 40 years too late.”

A girl with a touch of hay fever took two handkerchiefs with her to a dinner, and tucked them into the front of her dress. Part way through the meal, she began rummaging for a fresh handkerchief and suddenly realise everyone was watching her. In confusion she murmured: “I know I had two when I left home.”

ODD SPOT: Ten people were crushed to death in Udaipur, India, as 15,000 jostled outside a shop to book their names for a small supply of motor scooters. **HONDAS OF COURSE.**

Hear about the girl who thought she was pregnant until she discovered she was labouring under a misconception?

There's nothing like a girl with a plunging neckline to keep a man on his toes.

FAIRY PARK – 19/9/71

NO REPORT RECEIVED

SAFETY AND FIRST – AID: Salt, the Poisonous Antidote:

For years, First-Aid manuals have recommended giving a glass full of warmish water containing two tablespoonfuls of salt as an emetic to suspected poisoning casualties. It is not nearly as reliable as putting two fingers down the patient's throat, so they say repeat until vomiting occurs. If it takes two or three glasses of salt water to do the trick, you run a serious risk of giving the patient a truly fatal dose of common salt, whether or not he originally had a fatal dose of the poison you were treating him for.

Common salt, in large doses, has been known as a poison for thousands of years, having been as a ritual method of suicide in ancient China. In modern times, shipwrecked sailors are warned not to drink sea water except as a last resort, because of the damage it does to the brain and other organs. A certain low concentration of salt is essential to proper functioning of the body. This is easily maintained by normal use of salt as a condiment. Salt emetic is too easy a way of turning the brain and nervous system into pickled meat.

If you make someone vomit to save a life, and two fingers or a toothbrush handle don't work, even after giving them a glass of fluid, then they will probably need a doctor and a stomach pump anyway. There are other, more reliable emetics than salt.

4 SALE: Windscreen for Honda 175 – 125. As new condition with MSCAV sticker. \$30 See Johnny Barker.

Helmet white Stadium ZEE 90. Size 7. Very good condition also complete with MSCAV sticker. \$9. See Redline.

PRESIDENT'S NOTICES

And it is with regret, that I have to tell all members, Mrs Uren has been told by the Doctor, Linda will not get any better, that she will be like she is now for the rest of her life – in a coma.

Also wish to extend to Greg Smith, from all members of our Association, our Deepest Sympathy at the passing of his Father, who died on Show Day.

FILM NIGHT – CAULFIELD TECH M.C.C.

As usual the MSCAV had a good role up at the Caulfield Tech Club Annual Film Night, held in the student lounge at the Tech. The first few films were on moto cross, one of which featured an

unknown make winning a few international events, Suzuki they were called. At interval we feasted on hot Chinese food, sausage rolls, sandwiches and a few ales or coke.

The films then covered a Scottish Six Days trial, a TT featuring Mike Hailwood and Giacomo Agostini, and another mot cross. I wonder if any club members or Guzzzi owners would like to take their street bikes over a Scottish Six Days Trial, especially carrying all the tools Sammy Miller carried in his coat. What about the place called "Gutenfarten" – funny how a bike backfired going past the sign too!

Won't say much about the moto cross film as it featured an English peasant who had a Mercedes on the continent just for when he toured around the motor cycle meetings. A good night and most thought it was good value for a buck

Figsy

P.S. Someone tell Neil people won't think he's a drunk if he doesn't leave his helmet behind and have to come back for it later.

We always thought piece de resistance was a French virgin.

NIGHT AT THE SHOW – 25/9/71

The show night started at K.V.C.P at 6pm after which everyone thrashed through the city toward the showgrounds led by the White Nite. On arriving at the showgrounds car park, all the slack car drivers had to pay a fee, whereas the bikies just sailed straight past the car park attendants. After walking half a mile back to Howard's car, where we dumped all our gear, we proceeded into the showgrounds, but unfortunately we entered the wrong gate (past all the smelly pigs – or was it the people).

The first item on the agenda was the Monaro display, which looked tremendous with coloured headlights, especially with one driving with a flat tyre during the tricky four corner cross over which ended with an overwhelming applause from the thousands of spectators!!

We then decided to have a ride on the Mad Mouse but unfortunately the queue was so long that we stopped on the way for a dizzy ride on the Cha Cha, followed by a meant to be scary walk through the Haunted House where one member received an electric shock (Randy Roaming Hands Lance?).

Before going to see the Police Motor Cycle Exhibition we stopped for a bite to eat. On arriving at the arena it started to pour so it was a drenched newspaper-clad group that watched the police perform which was excellent considering the wet slippery conditions.

After leaving the arena we ran for shelter (losing a couple of members) had a warning cup of coffee/tea and scones, then on to the Police Exhibition where we were shown various types of arms and given police badges. After leaving the building we met up with the four drips (Les & Mim, Hank & Cheryle) standing in the rain.

We all then went for a hairy ride on the Beetle Bug where Mim received a punch in the mouth by Les (the Brute). It was then back to the Mad Mouse but as before the queue was too long. We found the Beetle Bug so good that we went for another ride on the Mexican Hat – but Oh Boy! It nearly turned our stomachs upside down. While a few of us waited below – J.C, David, Les etc, went for a cage ride (Where they belong – in a cage (typist)). (Ah! J.C don't you like doing headstands on wire?). on their way down they stopped to do a little bird watching only to be

entertained by a drunken piddler who obviously thought that the people walking beneath him were not clean enough, but the stubfound person standing next to him stood there whilst his legs were being sprinkled, as he didn't want to lose his place in the queue.

After a very entertaining but wet evening we headed back to the bikes where we met Ray (bikeless) waiting outside. It was then an illegal ride (without lids) back to Howards' car for our gear then off for home.

Written by ...?...

ATTENDANCE

Bob Pee, Laurie King & Alphabets' brother – Escort
Steve & Carmel – Holden
David C & Alphabet – 500 Suzy
Lance & Chris – 500 Suzy
Les & Mim – 450 Honda
Frank & Joyce – 500 Suzy
Howard – V Wee
John Cecil – 350 Kawa
Brian Murphy – 500 Suzy
Chris Thorn – 650 Kawa
Greg – Honda Dream
Hank & Cheryle – 750 Honda.

TONIMBUK – 26/9/71

The day started off very warm with the sun shining, but the wind a bit cool. On reaching K.B. Car Park, I was surprised to see so many people, but when Rick arrived (with a bird even!), I almost feel flat on my face. About 9.30 we were on our way with Warren leading and Bob bringing up the rear (his normal position). It was a mad thrash through the suburbs to Pakenham, where everyone stopped to acquire lunch and such. I noticed that a few bikies had dispersed and gone their separate ways. Also there was no Bob Pee. Later we heard that Howard ran into the back of Bob's bike, with Bob trying to imitate a bird and landing in a tree! (You must be a slack car driver Howard, running into a stationary bike or did you think Bob needed a bit of a push). Anyway it is with much pleasure that I inform all that the Honda emerged the better.

After the arrival of Bob (and his now enemy) we headed or Tonimbuk. J.C (after succeeding in coaxing MM on the back of his bike) had a mad thrash on the highway – just testing out his new bike! 8 miles later he came to a screeching halt near the dirt track to dispose MM back onto Redline's noisy piece of machinery. (His reason being that he'd never taken his bike on dirt tracks as yet – (a load of Bull Dust!!)). After many rumbling stomachs we decided to stop for lunch during which we were invaded by a few odd bods hurling stomachs we decided to stop for lunch during which we were invaded by a few odd bods hurling a strange U.F.O. But one certain left handed bandit missed his target. The weather was as mixed up as many of the bikies on the run, it didn't know whether to rain or shine. After having lunch most of the members decided to digest their food with a short walk in the bushes, with Redline trying to prove his strength by felling a few small rotten trees!! We didn't get very far as it started to rain.

We were on our way back when our dirt track happy, Motley Cutzi leader got us lost and we ended on a dirt track that led nowhere except for a big mud patch, where no one else but madness decided to have a wallow in the mud on his Suzy, (without Chris this time). It then started to rain, and a few weak minded females (Joyce & Lil) climbed into the cars. When everyone had succeeded in climbing into their water proofs we made a u-ee and headed back towards Ferntree Gully (We

hoped!) where a certain wet Honda dream rider (lacking experience) braked on every corner almost sending the following bikies off course, and it was a furious Lance who had to double back to pick up someone's L plate. On reaching Ferntree Gully a couple of bikes dispersed while the rest of the gang invaded Brian Murphy's for a cuppa. After a bit of lazing around we then headed for the Chow Shop (with another certain weak-minded bird (being fed up with the rain) had a comfortable ride back with Bob Pee).

After a much deserved meal the gang then headed to John Alphabet's, (giving Mrs Hayes a bit of a rest and a peaceful sleep). While watching T.V. the table was laid out with lots of goodies. Thanks are extended to the Wotzko's.

Written by ...?...

ATTENDANCE

Warren – Motley Gutzi
Roger – 250 Yama
J.C – 350 Yama
Hank & Cheryle – 750 Honda
Lance &
Chris – 500 Suzy
Redline & MM – 450 Honda
Rick & Lil – 250 Suzy
Brian Murphy – 500 Suzy
Frank & Joyce – 500 Suzy
Paul – 750 Norton
Chris Thorn – 650 Kawa
Greg – Honda Dream
John (Qld) – 750 Honda
? – 500 Kawa
Bob Pee – Escort
Howard – V Wee
Johnny Barker – Mazda
Kurt & Debbie – Fiat.