

EDITORIAL – August 1972

August, time of Leo the lion, is here, and we can all look forward to having some very fine motorcycling weather in the very near future. With good weather, we should see an increased interest in club runs, although we really can't complain as the numbers over the past few months have been exceptionally good.

It is interesting to note the N.S.W Government is drafting legislation to make the switching on of headlights on motorcycles during the day compulsory. This is, we believe, a very good idea and we urge all club members to do likewise, as they may be more readily seen by all the mad car drivers.

We doubt that this will be made compulsory here in Victoria, as the Victorian Government's interest (or lack, thereof) as well as their legislation as regards motorcycles is so outdated you would think that we were still in the horse and buggy days!

A bit of finger extraction is needed in this field and we don't mean on the part of the motorcyclists of Victoria.

It's time the Victorian Government stopped banning books and closing down sex shops and did something constructive to help the motorcyclists of Victoria.

SPECIAL NOTICE

It has been brought to the notice of the Editors that there is quite an amount of dissatisfaction on the part of the female members of the club regarding the club's run on Sunday, 6th August, to the Bendigo Training Prison.

As the females are expected to pay their fees each year the same as the males, it isn't correct that they should be excluded from any official club functions. This is the case concerning the Bendigo Prison Tour. It appears that the person who suggested and arranged this run did not mention at the time of making up the current itinerary that the female members would not be permitted to enter the Prison.

Such a fact should definitely have been brought to the notice of the committee members, and should first have been discussed before a date was allocated on the itinerary for such a tour. Therefore, we, the Editors, on behalf of the female members of the club, wish to make sure that matters of a similar nature do not arise again.

The Editors.

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GENERAL MEETING – 7/7/72

APOLOGIES: Were received from Howard and Ken Brown.

NEW MEMBERS: Voted in were Les Leahy – 650 Yami; Joe Dunne – 350 Suzi; and Greg Smith the 2nd – 350 Yami.

MINUTES: The minutes of the last meeting were read with no discussion. Passed by Greg Smith; 2nd by Bob Pee.

CORRESPONDENCE:

Darren wrote regarding two prospective members.

A selection of theatre posters.

The Caulfield tech mag: "rumbull".

A notice from Stanley Phelps, re availability of British parts.

A letter from Greg Wolfe advising of his accident while returning from the Alpine Rally.

A letter from Forum Jaycees at Bendigo Prison.

A letter and a telegram from Ron Hayward in Brisbane.

A reply from the "Brolga" Restaurant re the Christmas Party.

A reply from St. Jon's Ambulance re the proposed visit of a guest speaker.

Passed by Bob Pee; 2nd by Les Bennett.

GENERAL BUSINESS:

Belated congratulations were offered to Steve and Carmel on the arrival of Paul Anthony.

Joyce extended thanks to all who visited her after the accident.

Theatre night: 14th July. "Clockwork Orange" has been selected, and bookings are to be made tonight. Cost is \$2 for members and \$2.50 for others. Only one ticket at \$2 per membership card.

Jim read out the rules regarding alcohol at weekend camps.

No supper to be brought to the next meeting, as we will be going to a Pizza Parlour for supper.

Port Campbell weekend:- We will be staying at the Port Campbell Caravan Park.

Accidents: Darren gave a talk on accidents. He advised that both Hospital and ambulance Benefits should be taken out, as these can be quite expensive.

Colin's condition is about the same, and he is in the repat hospital.

Joyce, Greg and Mick volunteered for Janitor duties.

Cloth badges: Available from Bruce at 80c each, or two for \$1.50.

Spare parts: There has been a reduction in the tax on spares, from as high as 55% down to 7 ½%. As there is a shipping strike in Japan, they may be hard to get.

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MATLOCK – A PERSONAL ACCOUNT – 21/5/72

Recently, I have enjoyed several interesting tours with the MSCAV. The tour to Historic Winchelsea – extended to Apollo Bay – was incident filled and a most pleasant scenic tour.

However good the other tours have been, Matlock was the best of all. It has ALL the ingredients. Scenery, fast roads, slow muddy roads, and incidents (without serious problems) made the day.

Graham, the club captain, organized the start. Roger, on 250 Yami, most capably led the tour, while Big Daddy on the Honda 450 was rear rider, and yours truly had the patrol arm-band.

A straightforward run brought us to Healesville where an extended morning tea (or coffee or coke) led to the first problem. The 750 Ducati found trouble with its gear changing mechanism. While I watched and waited for Eddie to fix it, (which he did – a tribute to his mechanical ability), Robert and his 500 Suzi drove in, escorted by Ian on the Honda 450. The Suzi had a rear flat. Along with lunch, the Ducati and Suzi were fixed by their owners, while the slightly irritated garage owner looked on. He made 20c on a patch, and less than \$1.00 on petrol on the four bikes, and away we went to catch the main body of the run, nearly twenty bikes. They had gone on to Matlock.

A spirited run with the Ducati running sweetly, leading me on the Honda 750 brought us to the Lake Mountain turn off, and then the fun started. The day was dry, if cold, but the roads were slimy, slushy and greasy with tricky gravel on top in places. Over such a surface, progress was slow, but the mountain scenery was worth the deal. Snow by the side of the road lay where it had been pushed by the ploughs. Several times the 750 broke away, but was corrected and it was not dropped, although a trip to the bushes nearly happened once. At several locations the huge Thompson River Water Supply Scheme Construction was sighted. This will bring water to the Cardinia Dam, to help double the water supply to Melbourne.

After seemingly hours, the barbeque fires of the MSCAV were seen, and Graham cheerfully welcomed me, while Pauline offered a party sausage. After a quick cup of coffee and a look at some trees, it was time to return. The others had reached Matlock over an hour ahead of the four held up at Healesville.

The forest road to Noojee was exciting as it was isolated. This Silvan road provided a real test. Peter and his wife, Lois, on their new Suzi 250 (a fine shade of blue) were noted taking the road with caution. Ian came off in a mud patch, and while neither he nor the Honda 450 were hurt, both were mud covered, but Ian took the laughs in good style. Next, Roger's chain came off, but it had been replaced by the time I had caught up with the leaders. As darkness fell, Big Daddy's lights failed but he groped without accident to Noojee! Here we refreshed and refuelled. Vice president, Jim, said farewell and went home via Powelltown. It was really good to see him along, for at the committee meeting when I mentioned Matlock, he became quite enthusiastic. On the day, others thought the choice was, well, I had better not say! For one, I don't like getting dirty, but the thrill and tensions of the run were most exciting, and a refreshing change to bitumen tours, which I also enjoy. Matlock was a challenge and it gave satisfaction to have accomplished it, for I would never have gone there alone with all those twists.

From Noojee, a row of headlights shone onto the world as they made their way through the hills, now on bitumen.

A dirty row of bikes lined up as we dined at the Golden Fleece Roadhouse west of Drouin. Everyone seemed happy and elated at the success of the day.

Leaving the garage, the 750 ran through some water, and perhaps because of tyre mud, the back broke away, again to be corrected after I slid straight across the road before coming back on to the sealed surface. The last thrill.

The trip home, usually a dull period, was hardly so. A car nearly forced Howard and his Yami 650 off the road, and a spirited chase followed. This broke up at Dandenong, the dispersal point. Roger, his bike being caked with mud, had been running slower and slower, and from being first, he ended up nearly last. Big Daddy was escorted home by John and Sue, to give him light.

The day had not yet finished. Back home, I hosed down the 750. I think I had brought home half of Matlock, but no gold nuggets were found in the resulting mud. Later in the week, the 750 was cleaned up, ready to get dirty on another run. The mud may have gone, but I will never forget the

trip to Matlock, a trip which I am sure will be discussed by MSCAV members for a long time. We had been lucky with the weather – it could have SNOWED!!

Darren.

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Wives are young men's mistresses; companions for middle age, and old men's nurses.

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Did you ever get the feeling that perhaps your grey hair isn't premature?

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NIGHT RIDING

It is winter now, and daylight hours are shorter, therefore we find ourselves driving much more during the night. This could go without saying, but I think that most of us must ask ourselves: "What IS night riding?"

Night riding is more than a continuation of day riding as there are advantages, and problems not found in day riding. The main advantage with night riding are found on the open road. During the night on the highway there are fewer vehicles, and these are more easily seen, especially around blind corners or over crests. To add to this advantage, most of the vehicles are truckies; these men are professionals, who are very good drivers and practice the road codes. It is unfortunate that most other drivers do not know these codes. The method used by the drivers of trucks for overtaking at night is very good, and should be adopted by us. You should pull up about 200 feet behind the vehicle and simulate speed. Then when you think it is safe to pass, flash your light high, low, high, low. The vehicle in front, if it is safe, should flash his light low, high. You then accelerate briskly making an arc around the truck and turn to high beam as you pass the driver's window. Travel one vehicle's length, then cross onto the safe side of the road.

The main difference between day and night riding is that night vision is 17% that of day vision, and your ability to distinguish contrast is reduced by 85%. Tinted lenses are good on a dull day, but they cut down light transmission. Plastic should be avoided at all costs; plastic scratches easily, and if an approaching car stays on high beam, scratched lenses are as safe as a loaded gun.

Are the lights on your bike correctly adjusted?

Badly adjusted lights can irritate other road users (which is something we can't afford to do!) and even cause accidents. A badly adjusted head light loses 1/3 of its effectiveness.

You don't have much going for you if your lights are way off and you are wearing a tinted face shield. You then have about 10% of day vision; now a little dust and rain scum, which gives a further 50% reduction on the 10%, which means you cannot see 95% of what you could during the day. You are driving blind!

Even under good conditions you are driving blind to some extent. The average motorcycle high beam lights the road for a little over 100 feet in good conditions, so if you are cruising at 65-70mph you could not stop within 100 feet. You should know how far it takes for you to stop from your cruising speed, and if you can see that far.

Another point that is well worth knowing is that your eyes take an hour to adjust to the dark. Therefore it is a good idea to wear good sunglasses in the afternoon before a long night ride, so that

you can see better for the first hour of darkness, and wear them again during coffee breaks etc, so that your eyes don't have to re-adjust. This will improve your depth penetration.

Dazzle is a killer, and you should never look directly at approaching lights:- Keep your gaze on the left of the road, and squint. Don't close one eye, because you lose depth penetration. If you can't see, slow down and stop, but make sure there isn't someone behind you, because they may be dazzled too and run into you.

In traffic, a motorcyclist is not easily seen, so don't hold back with the white reflective tape, and, better still, fit amber clearance lights.

In the night as in the day, you can be confronted with a "drunk, or a dozer". If someone comes towards you on your side of the road, work out an escape, and be ready to use it. The best is to slow down, not too slow, as you may need some speed, flash your light, and if you have to leave your lane, favour the left exit off the road to the right lane, as he may return to it when he realizes his predicament.

It is not a bad idea to practice running off the road, slow at first. Try to avoid cliffs or trees, as you may get a broken collarbone, or something!

Greg Wolfe.

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JOKE TIME

An optimist is a man who thinks his wife can drive a five foot wide car through a ten foot wide gateway.

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"If you hugged the curve, you should have been safe!"

"It wasn't that kind of curve."

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A man had a car accident and during the wreck had his manhood deprived. The doctor told him if he rounded up all his blood relations he could take a little from each and graft him back to normal.

So he did and after the operation was over the doctor made an appointment to examine him in three months. When the man came back he was fussing and cussing.

Asked what the matter was, he exclaimed: "You didn't have to put Grandpa's donation in the middle!"

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Ida the office idiot says there's one thing she can say for sex: MORE.

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CUMMINS GAP – 9/7/72

After surveying half a dozen road maps to find out where it was, we proceeded towards Bundoora. Mick was leader with myself as rear rider. At Preston, we were suddenly stopped by Captain Murphy who informed us that Greg's car had broken down at the car park, and as there had been a

fire at the Repat Hospital, Murph decided he'd better go have a look see, as he works there. So we finished up with no cars for the day's tour.

Got settled again and continued on through Whittlesea towards Yea where we stopped. By the time we arrived there, our hands were frozen and I couldn't help using a few obscene words. Thawed out with coffee, then we had a game of football, during which there was plenty of excitement as it was very slippery. Willi started the ball rolling when she slipped over and ended up with one dark brown leg of her previously white jeans. Ian, being rubber chested, just couldn't hold onto the ball. Then Roger topped it all off by landing in the mud on his bum, with Willi being molested by nine year old local lad.

After all this, we headed on to Eildon, arriving at 1.15pm, only to find all the shops were closed, so we went around to the Boat Harbour for a hot meal. As the weather was rather gloomy, we decided to stay where we were, instead of going to Cummins Gap. Played poison ball, while Translator Bob persistently tried to get a fire going for our benefit, not that we benefitted much, as we left shortly afterwards.

Came home through Alexandra, over the Black Spur to Lilydale, where we stopped briefly before taking the back roads home through Heathmont, Box Hill and the city. Finally stopped at the Assist Sec's place for coffee, and then went on the 191 Russell Street for tea after a most pleasant day was had by all who attended.

PRESENT:

Mick & Paul	450 Honda
Ian	450 Honda
Peter Pee	450 Honda
Garry & Margaret	350 Honda
Les & Willi	650 Yami
Roger	350 Yami
Bob	500 Suzi

Big Daddy.

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I was almost killed twice in a car. Once would be quite enough!!

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BACK TO SCHOOL AT MT. ECCLES – 16TH July, 1972

Although the sun was feebly filtering through the clouds, it didn't make the temperature any warmer when I arrived at the car park, late as usual, to find everyone anxious to be off. Being without a decent map, I called into home on the way to get one, thinking of re-joining the club somewhere along Dandenong road. Then Garry flies past in the opposite direction, with Ned waiting on a corner. We moved on to Dandenong road and waited, while Garry went back as far as Chapel St looking for Peter & Lois (rear riders) and a couple of others who'd been mislaid somewhere.

Finally decided they might be ahead of us, so continued on towards Korumburra. We flew along merrily until a white fairing suddenly appeared behind us, causing us to lose many mph very quickly. Neville, greatly exceeding the "P" plate limit, had a finger wagged at him and was told to slow down a bit, but otherwise we were untroubled by the lovely white Honda 4.

Shortly after passing through Tooradin, we came upon a most welcome sight – bikes, even though they were stopped, with people in the process of examining a very sick 500 Suzi. Laurie (500) and

Lynne (350 Suzi) decided not to risk continuing, so we lost those two visiting bikes. Two more visitors (Honda 4 and a QLD Suzi 500) also caught up here, so the six of us headed on to Korumburra where we found the other half of the club, who'd already finished their hot chocolate and recommended it highly. Whilst there, J.C and the Fig Plucker turned up looking pretty sickly, as they'd been to an all-night cartrail-cum-booze-up! Both were on the Honda 350, as the Trumpy's throttle cable decided to break before leaving home. (Contagious disease, that!). Kurt, Debbie and Matthew in the Fiat, and Les and Pauline (coming via Drouin) also arrived.

With feeling having returned to all limbs, we refuelled the bikes and departed for Mt. Eccles. Four miles out, Peter Tapp's Suzi started wobbling – quickly flattening tyre, so he about turned to have it repaired. A whole mile up the road we found the QLD Suzi with a broken tacko cable, and again set off for Leongatha. Round about here, we sorta got lost but eventually located the right road and sorffed again.

With further incident we rode through Mt. Eccles without even realising we'd done so. While waiting for Peter Tapp to arrive, some of us commenced playing poison ball at a T-intersection, until a great milk tanker disturbed us, so we sorffed back to the abandoned school before continuing. J.C got stuffed – into a lockup woodshed, resulting in many swear words. Due to the light rain falling, we all tropped into the school's shelter shed where a variety of games took place, including hand tennis, boot the ball, "Simon Says" and hopscotch. Have you ever seen supposedly "mature" men playing hopscotch before? They must practise, as Figgsy beat everybody, including Pauline and myself!

Peter Tapp arrived, so we fought our way back into our gear and left for Warragul, but there was much indecision as to which way we'd like to go, and finally decided on Wild Dog Valley Road, even though we didn't know where it lead to. Asked directions from some farmers and after negotiating some very greasy dirt roads, we found bitumen and proceeded into Warragul along a winding hilly road, with J.C stopping us all to take a photo.

Eats and drinks were consumed, bikes were refuelled and we headed for Melbourne. The Honda started playing up in Dandenong, resulting in it catching the contagious broken throttle cable disease. So, only 4 days after getting back onto the road, I was now without wheels again. Sob! Sob! Luckily, the Tapps and Garry were still behind me, so we loaded the Honda onto the ute, me onto Garry's 350 and arrived at home to find some already waiting.

As I had to go to work (again!!), the other kids stayed and had coffee, the usual ending to a very fun filled, although wet, Sunday tour.

PRESENT:

Visitor	750 Honda
Les & Pauline	450 Honda
Mick & Paul	450 Honda
Margaret	450 Honda
J.C & Figgsy	350 Honda
Gary	350 Honda
Neville	350 Honda
Les	650 Yami
Howard	650 Yami
Rusty	350 Yami
Roger	350 Yami
Visitor	500 Suzi
Peter Tapp	500 Suzi
Laurie (Visitor)	500 Suzi
Lynne (Visitor)	350 Suzi
Visitor	350 Suzi

Peter & Lois
Visitor

250 Suzi
500 Kawa

Willi

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HOW TO BE POPULAR WITH GIRLS.

When you and your boyfriend are double dating, and your two dates go to the ladies' rest room in the night club, when they return to the table, just say, deadpan: "DID EVERYTHING COME OUT ALL RIGHT??"

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GOLF SPORT: That's a girl who will help you PUTT it in.

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RUNNING COSTS OR: "WHERE HAS ALL MY MONEY GONE?"

This article is written in the interest of those who are cost conscious and also those who are always broke. The information has been taken from my own experience of running both a car and a bike.

In determining my running costs, I have included a number of items which some of you may consider should be excluded. My costs have been inflated as much as possible, because this exercise was originally started for tax purposes and have therefore included items of the pretext that if I had not had the bike or car then this expenditure would not have taken place.

In attempting to reflex the original cost of the bike and car, in the running costs depreciation has been provided at 22 ½ % written down value. This is the rate allowed by the Taxation department for vehicles used in business.

The bike was originally purchased in September 1970 for a total cost of \$770, including crash bars, saddle bags and helmet. The car was obtained in April 1971 for \$1,300 when I knew somebody was after my bike licence for three months.

I have not had the misfortune of a major drop. All repairs have been due to "fair wear and tear". For those amongst us who cannot stay upright, you will no doubt have to allow for this expense.

Likewise, anyone paying off hire purchase will have to allow extra to cover interest costs.

COST FOR PERIOD TO 30/6/71.

<u>ITEM:</u>	<u>BIKE:</u> (9 months)	<u>CAR:</u> (2 months)
Comprehensive Insurance (pro-rata)	57.32	36.06
Depreciation	84.04	14.85
Repairs, Services, Oil, etc.,	53.23	-----
Petrol	64.40	34.85
Registration, 3 rd Party Insurance	32.00	21.50
Licences	8.00	12.00
Sundry	3.87	26.70
	<u>302.86</u>	<u>145.96</u>

Miles travelled	8404	1485
Running costs per mile (cents)	4.2	14.4
Petrol Consumption (mpg)	66.7	26.5

COSTS FOR YEAR ENDED 30/6/72

	<u>BIKE:</u>	<u>CAR:</u>
Depreciation	144.00	284.00
Battery	19.75	14.71
Comprehensive Insurance	43.06	264.00
Chain	15.52	-----
Crash Bar	18.50	-----
Burglar alarm	-----	14.26
Protective wear	36.50	-----
Licences	22.00	-----
Petrol	71.30	202.74
Servicing, Oil	58.71	35.86
Registration & 3 rd Party Insurance	22.25	93.00
Twin Manifold	-----	61.46
Tyres	18.00	16.00
Sundry	50.44	44.16
	<u>520.03</u>	<u>1030.19</u>

Miles travelled	9608	9170
Cost per mile (cents)	5.4	11.2
Petrol Consumption (mpg)	58	19

Swan Hill trip	75
Halls Gap trip	64
Wangaratta trip	63
Port Campbell trip	48

NEVILLE

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FAME

Fame is a four letter word also, and is often inspired by that other better known four letter word....

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PORT CAMPBELL WEEKEND – 21 – 23/7/72.

The trip for the Pascoe Vale mob began Friday night with Mick and Neville setting off at 6.45pm. Mo, Margaret (a third Margaret for the club!), Don and Tom set out some time later, but they only made it to Colac on Friday night. Couldn't stand the weather, would you believe? (Could stand the heater though! – Don). Don's parents had a few bikies staying for the night. Apparently the weather got the better of several others, too. Roger the Lodger, Tony, Ross and Murray all slept at various locations along the road.

Mick and Ned made it to Geelong and filled up with petrol. This petrol barely got Neville to Port Campbell, as the last 25 miles from Cobden were done on reserve. Petrol consumption was down 10mpg on normal, due to the strong headwinds which kept Ned in 4th gear from Geelong to Colac. Mick and Ned decided to detour through Camperdown, which proved quite costly for Mick, as he got picked up by the fuzz for having no tail light. To make things worse, the cop sat in the car out

of the rain, and when he had finished, said: "Michael, I'll fold this up neatly for you and you can put it in your pocket so that it doesn't get wet and when you get to a dry, lighted place, you can read it carefully without having it affected by the rain.." A very nice, considerate cop!

After coffee, Ned and Mick proceeded to Port Campbell to find Margaret huddled up with her tent draped around her, because she lost her tent pegs on the way there. Mick pitched his tent and we and settled down to coffee when Paul Ryan arrived, giving a total of four arrivals for Friday night.

Saturday morning greeted us with cloudy skies and a cautious park Ranger. Apparently the town had been visited by an outlaw bikie group about 12 months before, so the Ranger insisted on taking all rego numbers.

Roger the Lodger was the first to arrive, but he was not around long, as he went to get some eats. At 12.00, we decided to get up and shift camp to a more sheltered spot. Tony, Ross and Murray were next to arrive, but Ross and Murray left almost immediately. For a while it looked as if there was going to be a very poor attendance, for it was a couple of hours after what we had estimated to be the club arrival time that people straggled in, in ones, twos and threes. By the end of the weekend, approx 25 people were represented at Port Campbell at various stages.

Saturday afternoon was spent touring the Port Campbell National Park, viewing the many natural features around. The most spectacular was Thunder Cave, which consisted of a cave at the end of which was a channel with bulk tons of water surging in and out. One freak wave succeeded in thoroughly drenching Big Daddy from head to toe, whilst those who saw it coming and started to run merely got their boots filled with water. Mick's leathers aren't as water proof as he thought! Saturday night was spent you-know-where drinking you-know-what. Figgys arrived 30 minutes before closing time, as accurately predicted by J.C.

The following description may have to be excused, as one of the writers got slightly (?) boozed. Anyway to start the evening well, Fred the F.F from Frankston (or is it Ringwood?) showed us how to put a head on a flat beer. Pity about the broken glass and no head. Anyway, everyone came back from stuffing themselves (with food, stupids) at the motel, with the odd ale being consumed with fantastic results for Tony and Don. After the pub shut, a certain bloke decided to ride a certain red 3 cylinder two stroke. Thinking to save him from a fate worse than death, another certain idiot sprang forward and offered to take him for a ride on a certain oily green Beeza. (Don hates hanging it on himself!) The offer was accepted and quite a little tour taken. Maybe that certain 3 cylinder two stroke rider should learn to hang on when Beeza power operates, as he found himself sitting on his bum in the gravel. Ha! Ha!

Some more lemonade was consumed, and Margaret was told in no uncertain terms what was thought of her and what she should go and do. Then a certain idiot was seen pushing a spark plug leadless Beeza around wondering why it would not go, (Thanks Morris!), with that young lad from Frankston (or is it Ringwood?) helping him to push it over. Anyway, most slept well on Saturday night. Sunday morning we were awakened by a most nauseous racket by someone who shall remain un-named. J.C even happened to get a good photo of the ghastly event.

Les Leahy arrived mid morning, to do the round trip in one day. A couple of quick tours were made, with J.C attempting to barbeque a dead penguin found on the beach.

The main contingent on the return journey left about 1pm to tackle the tricky dirt section to Apollo Bay. Margaret arrived with only 4th and 5th gears, and Don with no gear lever at all. (Thanks for running over it Big Daddy!) Following lunch we set out on the growly run to Lorne. Along the way we were passed by two locals on a commando and a Bonny. In attempting to drag them off (what he thought to be a slack single, which turned out to be a siamesed commando!), Mick is reputed to have slid 5 feet from the middle of the road to the gravel, when everything but the top of his head and the knuckles on his hand grounded nearly causing a minor landslide. Margaret was

raped (Oops! Rapt!) at this section of the road and if she has her way the club will soon be down that way again.

At Lorne we picked up a new prospective member from Darwin, a female even! (Great) Then it was back to Margaret's for coffee, with tea in the city, where Mick explained very politely to the waitress that an outside army latrine was really a shit house. In all, the weekend that started out miserably ended up great. Right up!!

Ned and Don.

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AUGUST BENDIGO TOUR

An explanation:-

As a special favour, the Director of Prisons will permit MALE members of the M.S.C.A.V. to visit the Bendigo Training Prison during our August run to Bendigo. While there will be many things for the girls to see in Bendigo as an alternative, they may feel discriminated against by not being included.

The broadminded outlooks of the girls is appreciated, but that is not really the problem. Prison is the hone of the prisoners who live there. Bendigo Prison houses a proportion of sexual offenders and these, along with others, might be really stirred up by seeing our beautiful M.S.C.A.V. birds. The toilets etc are not discreetly hidden away, and prisoners walking to the showers etc may do so naked or at best with a towel held around them. To effect what would be a drastic reorganization of the prison routine on a Sunday when the prisoners relations also call by (they meet in the prison mess only), would make it most difficult for the prison staff, who in any event will be giving us a most unusual excursion. Visits to Victorian prisons are rarely permitted, and then only to parts of a prison. We have been offered a most comprehensive tour of the prison, showing its cells, educational facilities, workshops, gardens etc. Doubtless, some folk will be amazed that prisoners are still real people. I wonder if the prisoners will regard motorcyclists in their midst in the same way?

NOTE:

I possess a comprehensive slide collection of views of Bendigo Prison, taken when I was there. Any girls who wish to see them would be most welcome to view them.

Darren.

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WHAT A WASTE

A heated argument between Jimmy's mum and dad ended with dad saying in disgust: "Women – they're ten a penny!"

"Strewth!" said Jimmy. "To think I'd been wasting my pocket money on jelly babies!"

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OVEN TOO HOT

Fifteen fathers were waiting in a maternity ward to see their first born. The nurse brought the babies forward and one of them was black.

A small man pushed to the front and said: "That one is probably mine."

Asked by the other fathers how he knew, he said: "Well, my wife usually burns everything."

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SNOW TRIP 30/7/72.

Arriving at the car park, I was greeted by half a dozen bikes and as many cars. After some slight confusion and back tracking we stopped a couple of miles from the Baw-Baw turnoff for an early lunch, with petrol needed for the two strokes.

Everything was going nicely until after Noojee we struck dirt and about halfway along the dirt, my slack (literally!) chain cried enough and jumped the rear sprocket, looking up the back wheel. After doing 3 lock-to-lock slides, I did as my passenger instructed and dropped him and myself on our right sides. With much help from Les (XS-1) and Les (450) we managed to get the Honda mobile again. The speed at which we worked had Pauline muttering under her breath at how fast we were.

Eventually arrived at Baw-Baw, where we found the road closed and bulk money needed to get up to the top. Also, our arrival time of approx 3pm (because of me) didn't help matters, so we waited and sat until the slack car drivers came down the mountain. We then left for Melbourne with Fred dropping his 450 instead of a certain word on the dirt. Virtually no damage was done to his bike. We stopped for tea halfway home and then headed for Margaret's place where those who were left sat and watched T.V.

P.S: We might see snow next year, eh??

Mick.

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Mrs Crockett's contribution:

If all the boys lived over the sea, what a fine swimmer Joyce would be.

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MT. RAW BAW 30/7/72

Balls-up, that's what the snow trip was, especially for those on motorcycles. This year's trip was to the same venue as last year, namely Mt. Baw Baw, and as I was in a car, I made it to the snow and had an immense amount of fun.

A contingent of four cars and approximately eight bikes headed off for Mt. Baw Baw, and out of this number only three cars arrived and a few bikes arrived very late in the afternoon and left almost immediately.

Slak! Yes, slack. That's my one and only comment on the fitness of this club for only four people walked all the way up to the chairlift and walked all the way back again. All the others piled into Graham's Nissan and were driven to the top.

Upon reaching the snow, many snowballs were thrown and many people received bruises from sliding down the icy slopes at a hair raising rate of knots. You might say it was a real ball-tearing experience.

While the males and some females indulged in this dangerous and strenuous sport, the shutter bugs were busy clicking away at some really good action shots and pile ups.

After a few very exhausting hours of this, it was time to head back down the mountain with all but a few people catching the chair lift back. These few people walked down beneath the chairlift and caused untold havoc to those above. I would say that close on eighty, only two people complained as they thought these people were bastards, which is really quite absurd. (They must have been real COONS!)

Most people headed back to Melbourne that night very tired, very wet, but all had enjoyed a good day. All, this was, except those on bikes who, it appears, had failed to arrive due to a mechanical breakdown to Mick's 450. (You were definitely over charged for that bike, Mick!)

The evening was then capped off for a few of us by watching some films of the Indian Pacific Railway System. – "Perth, here we come"! Up with mental nurses!

Brothers in Claw.

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An old man and three teenage daughters and was very concerned about their moral welfare. One night all three were going out, so he decided to stay around and scrutinise their escorts.

At seven o'clock a car pulled up outside and a sporty looking character came to the door and announced: "Hello! I'm Lance. I'm here to take Nance to the dance. Any chance?" The old man looked him up and down and finally said "Okay".

At seven thirty another car pulled up outside and a smooth individual announced himself with: "Hello! I'm Joe. I'm here to take Flo to the show. Can she go?" The old man finally grunted assent.

At eight o'clock there was a screech of brakes and an old bomb pulled up. A long haired character in scruffy T-shirt and jeans slouched to the door and said: "G-day. I'm Chuck.."

He never found out why the old man threw him out there and then!

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CONFUCIUS SAY: "Boy with girl on lap, in car, has hot rod."

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