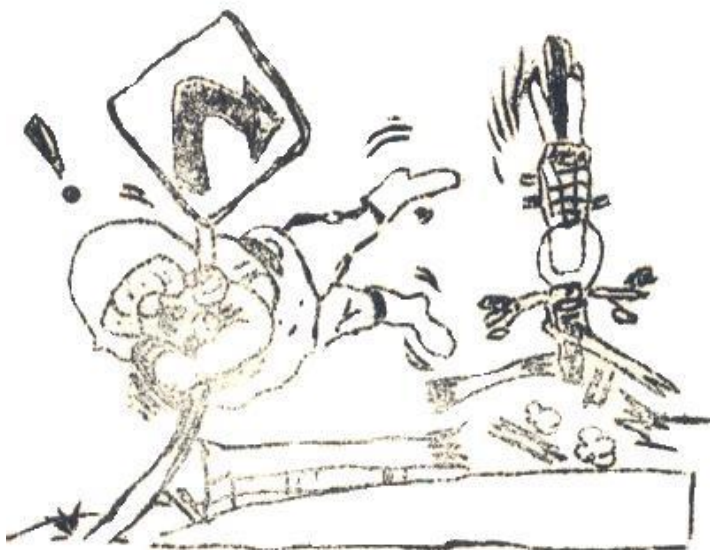


EDITORIAL, November, 1972.



A new financial year has now begun for the club, and we must first start by wishing the new committee well in their activities for the forthcoming year.

The riding over the past months has been good, but the committee does not want anyone to get complacent, as they still feel they have plenty of spare rear riders, made up of all members who break the road rules.

A special request has been received from the good drinkers in the club (Howard included!) for more parties. So all volunteers should let the editors

know the time and place and we will do the rest!!

DRUNKEN DRIVEL:

Bob P has joined the members of the elite, as he is now the proud owner of a new 850 Guzzi.

NOTICE: Chris Thorn has to delay his next accident for a while, as he is probably without his licence by now!

THAT on-again, Off-again love affair is definitely ON again!

Malcolm has had more trouble with his slack Honda. Let's hope Marg has better luck!

Our new social sec has devised a scheme of un-official runs, so that anyone with nothing to do on Saturday nights, roll along to Lizzie St between 6 – 6.30pm and get something going.

It's about time Muff-features Hatherell got off that right hand drive, left hand thread pew of his and throw a house warming come house wrecking party.

Roger has missed a run last month. I wonder if he is indulging in any extra-curricular activities in Dandenong?

Noticed near Watchem: Joyce going the wrong way. WHY??

Ned has peeled his banana shaped bike, and is back on the road with all the other banana-benders, NOT meaning Queenslanders!!

Has Neil got a broken leg?

Just how did Big Daddy get THAT hole in the front of his tee-shirt, in such a conspicuous place, on a hay-ride, of all things?

Female members who won't give us their address and don't want to be seen, must SURELY (?) be pregnant????

\* \* \* \* \*

MT Avoca – 8<sup>th</sup> October, 1972.

Arrived just as they were leaving, with the newly elected captain out front, and vice-captain as rear rider, as he was running-in his new Ducati, with Ned as the pillion.

Out on the road the wind was pretty strong, especially along the freeway to Ballarat, where Ian couldn't help feeling air-borne on his 750 Suzi. While sitting behind a Yami, I noticed it was smoking on one pot, quite living up to the reputation of two-strokes.

On reaching Ballarat, Howard took us on a walking spree, in an endeavour to find a place to eat, which was quite difficult, as the whole town seemed very dead. Eventually found a cafe and satisfied ourselves, then refilled the bikes before continuing, so we thought.

But we were delayed a bit by Mick's 450, which decided to put on an exhibition of coughing and spluttering, cutting out, etc. But 10 minutes later, we finally got under way, heading for Avoca, with the scenery being very nice.

On the way, I saw the Kwaka Kid stop twice, and on one occasion, he seemed to be shaking himself, and found out later that a bee went down the front of his jacket. Ian also had the same trouble, with one doing wheelies inside his full face helmet. While all this was happening, I had a drag with a 450 Ducati.

At Avoca, had to wait round for a while for Mick, who got a warm reception when he finally came in, after which he hurried inside for his daily pint of milk – "You moo, Mick!". We then set out for the park 6 miles out near Mt. Avoca, to a spot which was ideal for the barbeque lunch. However, before reaching our destination, we had to wobble our way in, as the road was pretty nasty, being covered with big stones.

Lunch was consumed, with Pauline showing us how to have a barbeque in real style. (Mustn't bring the whole kitchen next time, Pauline!) A game of fris followed, with Willi attacking Howard joyously. Went for a walk to the gorge, which was quite hilarious, as J.C ripped his pants, while Cheryl was seen with the Big Stick. The road was blocked to test the ability of "Evil Knevel" and Murphy's car, with the choke full on?? Before dispersing, Willi showed where she tore her jeans, right at THAT spot. Funny thing!

Back to Avoca, we refilled again and had more refreshments before going, via Maryborough, to Daylesford where we were supposed to have stopped, but, owing to an error in mileages by the captain, decided to go on to Woodend before stopping. Consequently, had a little strife, as part of the convoy got lost, brought about by a corner marker leaving too soon, not knowing who the rear rider was, and so for those who don't already know, the next section took us through past Joyce's Creek.

Meanwhile, that "monstrous" step thru was seen passing a Holden on a hill. Unbelievable! At Woodend the club profited by 40c, as two people didn't wear their stack hats when they should have.

Continued on down the Tullamarine Freeway to 191, with some being very weary after covering 300 miles on a most pleasant day. After tea some of us went down to Dalgety Street to Willi's, to listen to records and have supper, with the main topics of interest being:\_

1. "How to start a 450 Ducati in six easy lessons", by Mick Fagan.
2. When I used to ride a Maico which smoked so much I couldn't see where I was going!
3. Would you believe the Fig Plucker and Greg Smith riding Vespa's?

Big Daddy

PRESENT

Ian

450 Honda

Ian T

750 Suzi

Les & Pauline	450 Honda	Translator Bob	500 Suzi
Willi	450 Honda	Eddie	750 Ducati
Big Daddy	450 Honda	Peter	750 Ducati
Joyce	350 Honda	Mick & Ned	450 Ducati
Michael	70 Honda	J.C	250 Ducati
Cheryl	350 Yami	Rick	250 Bultaco
Roger	350 Yami	The RAAF Kids"	
"Veil Knevel"	350 Yami	Rusty	350 Yami
Howard & Margaret	350 Yami	Ian	650 Yami
Les	650 Yami		

IN CARS: Murphy, Wonder Boy & Laurel.

\* \* \* \* \*

### JOKE

There was a loud knock on Mrs Murphy's door and when she answered on apologetic chap asked if she "be the widow Murphy?" Indignantly Mrs Murphy replied that she was no widow. "Don't be bein' too sure", said the visitor. "Wait till ye see what they're bringin' upstairs".

\* \* \* \* \*

### SOCIOLOGICAL NOTE

Only 99% of the male population indulge in 'self-amuse' for want of something better....the other 1% (HIGGS) lie about it.

\* \* \* \* \*

### GENERAL MEETING – 6/10/72

**APOLOGIES:** Were received from Darren R; Howard M; Neil; Tom Garret and Rolf Jinks

**NEW MEMBERS:** Voted in were Ian Taylor – 750 Suzi; Don Sexton – 350 Honda; Peter Spencer – 750 Ducati; and Miles Spencer – 450 Ducati.

### **CORRESPONDENCE:**

A letter from Swan Insurance Company asking for details of Colin's accident, and whether or not alcohol had been consumed on that day.

**F.A.M:** Summary of the latest happenings, and advice of the next meeting.

**Fogarty Fields Flying Club:** Inviting us to a get-together for mutual fun and enjoyment at their club grounds at Toolern Vale.

A letter from Darren about his travels.

**Christmas Trip:** From a caravan park at Lake Eucumbene, for organised, controlled groups.

Caulfield Tech mag. "Rumbull", in which was notice that there will not be a Southern Cross Rally in 1973, maybe in 1974.

The magazine "Unicycle", from the Victorian University Motorcycle Association.

A letter from Peter Sanders in London.

Passed by Fred Weis; 2<sup>nd</sup> by John Wotzko.

### GENERAL BUSINESS:

Cabaret night, Friday, 13<sup>th</sup>. All details will be in the mag.

Watchem weekend: No tents will be needed, as we will be sleeping in the shearing shed. More details later.

Christmas Camp: We will be camping in the Jindabyne area, at a park to be advised.

1973 Christmas Trip to Tassie: There is still some vacancies, if anyone is wanting to go.

Financial report: There were no serious questions asked.

A vote of thanks was raised by Bruce, 2<sup>nd</sup> by Big Daddy, in appreciation of the very good job which Steve has done for the club in his time as Treasurer.

Christmas Party: As there have been no more suggestions as to venues for the party, it is now to be held at the Narbethong Hotel again. More details will be available at a later date.

All positions on the committee were then declared vacant, and the new committee was elected to office for the coming year.

\* \* \* \* \*

### TOP HAT CABARET

By about 9 o'clock 24 members of the MSCAV (i.e. consumers of mugs, schooners, cups and vessels) had gathered at the Top Hat to consume a few! We had the place to ourselves till the pubs closed when the place was slowly invaded by many dubious looking characters. The 23 of us were spread over 2 tables (literally)

Howard's comment – there was plenty of T.B. in evidence (Two Beaus), so maybe it wasn't the drink that made his eyes look funny.

Fred Astaire Thorn kept things moving until the floor had to be vacated for show number 1 – Denise Drysdale in a dress what had some interesting parts of her hanging out. She also had a dance with some queer. The guy who introduced her gave us a mention which brought great cheers from the mob.

The rest of the night consisted of more consuming, dancing, sleeping and departing. Can't give too much detail on the latter half of the night as I can't remember it all that clearly. The players finally left about 3am. Disgusting! But good fun.

\* \* \* \* \*

### JOKES

A pert young Texas girl, a new student at Wellesley, shocked her Bostonian boyfriend by drawing on her gloves as they started down the street on their first date.

“Where I come from”, chided the boyfriend, “people would as soon see a woman pull on her stockings in public as her gloves.”

The Texas girl laughed and said, “Where I come from they’d rather!”

\* \* \* \* \*

### LET’S ALL SING

Thanks...for the Memory..  
That night in Singapore  
I laid you on the floor,  
I thought you were a virgin  
But I found you were a whore.  
Oh, thank you...so much!

\* \* \* \* \*

It’s not enough for a gal to be sweet as sugar..  
Her lumps have to be in the right places!

\* \* \* \* \*

### TURPIN’S FALLS – 15<sup>TH</sup> October.

Even though the sky was overcast and there was a bit of a nip in the air, quite a large contingent headed off towards Kyneton, with our new Vice-captain leading the way.

The ride into Kyneton was uneventful and, up until Woodend, very cold. A good tail wind on this stretch helped make the ride easier.

On arriving at Kyneton a little cramped, but with high spirits, we all converged upon the local milk bar/restaurant, where hot coffee and food was the order of the day. After a rather long rest, we were aroused by Michael on the 79 Honda, who was going to lead the way to the falls.

Approximately three miles up the highway, we turned off onto a good dirt road, and after a few sharp turns we arrived at a cross road, and wouldn’t you know it, with no sign posts! After waiting a few minutes, we were saved by someone who knew the way and we arrived at the parking area near the falls. With the delay that had occurred, the corner marker eventually did not wit, and after a few anxious minutes the rear rider, Horny Thorn arrived. (Foiled again)

A mass migration then took place down to the falls where the next half hour or so was filled in jumping over the rocks, exploring and throwing boulders over the falls to see how big a splash we could make.

After this very energetic frolic, the club split up the loess energetic ones going back to the bikes where the Frisbee made an appearance and were further entertained by J.B putting his car over a rock and nearly splitting his sump open. The other half went for a walk downstream, found a nice, sunny spot, and had a rest for the next hour or so.

Late in the afternoon, when the skies became overcast again, this group came back to the main bunch with J.C proudly holding up a rabbit (which he got from a rabbit burrow) which he intended to eat. Margaret, after a quick feel, decided it was pregnant (I wonder how she knew?) so it was decided to release the petrified creature.

Realising that the ride back to Melbourne would be a difficult one due to a very strong head wind, we shot back to Kyneton for something to drink, and then back to Melbourne. The trip down the

highway was quick, but many revs were needed to keep the bikes at a constant speed. We went via Sunbury on the way home, down Tulla and back to 191. (A sort of mini 96)

Although the trip was rather chilly, the weather while at the falls was perfect and a good time was had by all. These falls are well worth a return visit preferably in summer, so that we can swim there.

Claw.

\* \* \* \* \*

## HONDA AND BULL – DUST

Motorcycles have many uses, but one use now becoming more frequent among railway enthusiasts (NUTS) is to follow steam train excursions.

To celebrate the opening of the new railway to Whyalla on Spencer Gulf in South Australia, a steam train headed by two engines set out from Sydney to run to Whyalla, the whole route being covered now by the ever increasing standard gauge network in Australia.

There is no bitumen road to the east of Menindee Lakes, and we three members of the MSCAV, namely Rolf Jinks (350 Honda), Howard Moffat (with the infamous 650 Yami) and myself (Honda 750/4) decided to travel to Broken Hill and travel the 70 miles east to meet the train at the Darling River, near the huge artificial lake system, which provides Broken Hill with its fresh water.

On Wednesday, 4/10/72, at 5am, we set out via the Tulla freeway and Lancefield, Heathcote and Echuca for Wentworth, NSW, near Mildura. Near Elmore, our first trouble commenced, and the 650 ran out of fuel. Fortunately, Howard anticipated this, for he carried a spare gallon. Rolf rode ahead at a steady 60-65mph. We followed the Murray Valley Highway to Robinvale, stopping at Swan Hill to view (from the outside of the fence) the preserved paddle boat, the “Gem”, at the folk museum. The road is excellent, as were all the roads we travelled on – no dirt anywhere – but the surface had a strange effect on tyres. All three bikes had very excessive tyre wear, put down to the type of non skid surface found outback.

At Robinvale we rode through the town and encountered many examples of very poor driving in this remote country town. From here, after we refilled and adjusted chains etc, we crossed the border to NSW. The weather, except for the first 60 miles, was excellent, with a following wind. Rolf, just after the fruit inspection point at Euston hit one of the few road irregularities and bent his footbrake lever. Passing through the orange groves, a strong scent of these trees pervaded the whole area.

We had lunch at the last roadhouse at Wentworth (plain hamburgers cost 35 cents) before setting for the 164 miles of nothing to Broken Hill, nothing that is, except for the halfway roadhouse at mileage 82. The Yamaha gave a great performance of breaking down each 10 miles or so and Howard finally made it to the 82 miles. A bus of school children from Deniliquin was passed by us, only to pass us again (many times). Then the Yamaha failed. It arrived shortly after us at the roadhouse and so while Howard worked on his bike (which obligingly went on one cylinder) a crowd of interested children looked on, as did their teacher, a Honda 750/4 owner. Seven miles from Broken Hill, it looked as if the 650 would never make it, and I went ahead and found an excellent Yamaha dealer whose extensive workshop seemed the centre of a bike club. Motorcycles abound at Broken Hill, and judging from the results, many are dropped, too.

The Yamaha man said he would stay open for Howard, and would fetch him if necessary, but found that Howard (now an excellent Yami mechanic) had made it to the place where we had planned to meet. The Yami spent that night and next morning being repaired. We had a look at the town and at the railway station, found details of the steam train’s movements. Motorbikes roared up and

down the main street of Broken Hill, past the police station, but the police were content to live and let live, or die.

After a quick look at the town next day, we explored the route the train would follow, and then rode out to Menindee where we had lunch at a somewhat dirty shop. Howard found mildew on his hamburger, but did not tell Rolf and I until we had eaten ours!

On time, the train made its dramatic crossing of the combined road and rail-bridge and it took water at Menindee. The school had closed early so that the children could see the train. The train officials were very astonished when a very large number of the kids preferred to see the motorcycles instead, and, frankly, I was please to get away!

We photographed the train at many locations including the beautiful one on the shores of the huge lakes with the many examples of wild fowl. We later learned that the passengers on the train were in turn filming us.

We, along with the train, spent the night at Broken Hill. We got up early to see the “Silver City Comet” leave Broken Hill at 8am. This is fully air-conditioned and fast, if now quiet old, train. An hour later, the luxurious “Indian Pacific” express bound for Perth arrived, and many passengers eyed us with disdain before they left. A huge empty ore train arrived from Port Pirie, and then the steam train snorted its way under the road underpasses towards Port Augusta. We took our photos and rushed off to follow. While watching the train near the Pinnacle Mountains, Howard came by – minus one muffler – it had fallen off. He had found most of the parts and later refitted them down the road, but he had no time to waste now, as the train was making 60mph.

The country was desolate, but the road was superb and I enjoyed the fact that the road runs parallel with the rail. Near Peterborough, the train, which I had expected to stop near the new Dowd’s Hill tunnel like a furious champagne cork out of a bottle.

Darkness fell while we were near Gladstone and we let the train wander on to Port Augusta whilst we had hamburgers at the local F & C. Refuelled, we travelled through the dark Flinders Ranges to Wilmington and through the pass to Port Augusta. The road through the pass twists and turns violently and one 705 nearly came to grief. Soon, we crossed the flats at 70mph, and to make further interest, we encountered many deep dips in the road. Two days later we saw this country during daylight, and saw the many kangaroos we had missed!

The three of us had been invited to stay with an aunt of the Vic President of the Railway Society, but none of us had ever met her. She had expected us to travel in the special train, and hence her shock at finding three motorcyclists at her front door at 10pm. However, her hospitality was incredible, and after supper, we went to the station to inspect the Prime Minister’s special train with all stainless steel carriages.

The next day started poorly with drizzle, although it later came good. We saw the train depart from Port Augusta and we followed it to Whyalla, for apart from the first few miles, the road and rail ran together. It seemed every motor car in South Australia wanted to follow the train!

To be continued in the next mag, when Darren and Co arrive in Whyalla.

\* \* \* \* \*

Noticed in the “Sun’s” 50-50 column:

It amazes me that retailers are allowed to sell black crash helmets to motorcyclists. And they usually wear clothes to match.

Motorcyclists are hard enough to see on the roads at night. I wonder how many have died because of their black gear?

- Mrs Green, St. Kilda.

\* \* \* \* \*

A little kid went to the steam baths with his daddy. After wandering around in the steam room for a while, where he couldn't see a thing, the kid finally found his pop and screamed: "Daddy, I wanta get out of here! A snake tried to attack me from behind a bush, and when I grabbed it by the neck, it spitted at me!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Jim and George went duck hunting. They got into the boat and went out into the middle of the lake, when George's shot gun discharged accidentally and blew a hole in the bottom of the boat.

Jim said: "Stick your finger in the hole, or the boat will sink and we'll both go down with it!"

George sadly replied: "No use, the hole is too big!"

Jim replied: "I know what you mean...I'm having the same trouble at home!"

\* \* \* \* \*

SEX...It's too good to be too bad!

\* \* \* \* \*

CAUTION TRAVELLERS.....THE 747 HAS EVERYTHING.

A man travelling by plane was in urgent need of using the Men's room. Each time he tried the door it was occupied. The Stewardess, aware of his predicament, suggested he use the Ladies Room but cautioned him against pressing the buttons on the wall. The buttons were marked "W - W", "W - A", "P - P" and "A-T-R".

Eventually his curiosity got the best of him and sitting there, he carefully pressed the first button marked "W - W", immediately WARM WATER sprayed gently over his entire bottom. He thought golly, these girls really have it made. Not yet satisfying his curiosity he pressed the next button marked "W - A" WARM AIR dried his bottom completely, this, he thought was wonderful. The button marked "P - P", when pressed yielded a large POWDER PUFF which patted his behind lightly, with perfumed powder. Now he thought, "For the last button".

Time passed and he was aware of nothing more until he woke in hospital. In a panic he buzzed for the nurse, when she appeared, he cried out, "What happened? What am I doing here? The last thing I remember was being in the Ladies Room aboard a plane." The nurse replied, so you were, but you were also told about pressing any buttons on the walls you were going great until you pressed the button marked "A-T-R" which stands for "AUTOMATIC TAMPAX REMOVER". So here you are, and your Penis is under your pillow.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE PHANTOM "WATCHEDEM" - 21<sup>st</sup> & 22<sup>nd</sup> October.

The Phantom headed for Watchem (in "spirit", at least) and managed to collect a few facts on the dirty doings of the terror of small country towns - the one and only MSCAV!



Did you know that:-

- \* Margaret and Cheryl (devious duo) and J.C left Melbourne on Friday night and the girls didn't arrive until after lunch on Saturday?
- \* Mr. Ackland's opening business as a Honda mechanic?
- \* J.C nearly lost 2 friends, but found a snake in the grass?
- \* Saturday, 21<sup>st</sup> of October, has been declared a "Wreck a Ducati Day"? Ask Les Bennett and the cap!
- \* Howard found a red back, not on the toilet seat?
- \* Pauline and sis Margaret love frilly nicked lizards, but not in the back of the same pickup truck as them?
- \* Non-desmodromic Ducati's are sold with a year's supply of inner tubes, a free beer-can (empty) instead of a reserve position on the fuel tap, and can do a guaranteed 50 miles per spoke? Ask the V.C!
- \* The MSCAV is secretly training to take out the poison ball and volley ball championships at the '76 Olympics?
- \* The folks around Watchem are really friendly?
- \* The Ackland's are really, REALLY friendly. Anyone fancy a chop or fresh farm milk?
- \* 750 Ian knows a few new fairy stories (no reflection on his habits mind you) but have you ever heard "Back in the Jean stalk?" (As distinct from trouser snakes1)
- \* After a few laughs up the pub, it was into the pickup, back to the farm and time for a walk?
- \* It's very hard avoiding electric fences after a few ales (Even if it is turned OFF)?
- \* J.C climbs Poles?
- \* J.C cut his leg?
- \* J.C got took to the Doctor's?
- \* Greg Smith doesn't like being woken up at midnight by J.C's cut leg?
- \* The Claw wasn't there?
- \* The trip home Sunday was via Bendigo, and thence onto little used roads, taking in some tremendous scenery through great bike country.
- \* Plenty of time was provided for smoko's, bogging Toyota's water proofing Mick's boots, etc, due to the previously mentioned non-desmo Ducati having tubes and things fitted.
- \* What sort of truck was that that passed us, Ian?

J.C takes off the prize due to the "Dirtiest Doer" of the weekend. Not only does he rate a mention for the above mentioned dirty doings, but fancy catching Mr. Ackland's prize alarm clock by the tail and offering it to Roger, who snobbed the woolshed dwellers and slept alone in his tent? Why DID he sleep in that confounded tent?

All in all, it sounds like a good weekend was had, all due thanks going to the Acklands for being so fantastic and having us wander all over their farm.

S'all,  
The Phantom Perigrinator.  
(alias: The Moonlight Measurer!)

\* \* \* \* \*

### MORE JOKES!

The roaming cowboy rode his horse up to the farmhouse and asked the farmer if he could spend the night. He offered his beautiful sexy daughter, and offered her the ride of her life in the hay that night in return for the same saddle he had promised her old man.

So after dinner, she sneaked out and spent the night in the hay, and a wonderful time was had by all. Early in the morning, the cowboy saddled his horse with the beautiful hand tooled saddle (which he had NO intention of giving them, anyway), quickly mounted and took off.

Both the farmer and his daughter saw him leaving and ran out. The farmer hollered: "Come back here...you're stealing MY saddle!" and the daughter said, "Gosh, Paw, did he screw YOU, TOO?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Know why the Statue of Liberty is surrounded by water? She held up her hand and the teacher said "No".

\* \* \* \* \*

### A ROLL IN THE HAY – October, 1972.

The sun shone as the MSCAV gathered. Daylight saving confused some, but 18 bikes set off dead on time at 10 or maybe a quarter past. To add a little glamour, we had along Joyce and Terry, from our favourite coffee shop.

In Dandenong, along the way, we picked up Roger and headed southerly to Cranbourne, where we stopped for provisions. This also allowed Bob Paulin to catch up on his new Italian ting-a-me-jig. "Oh, to be SO rich!

Claw and Bruce then led us further into the wilderness to far flung Lang Lang, and yet further, to the PLACE. An aged couple had their peaceful Sunday in the country shattered. J.B had preceded us. Lloyd had to go to work, so Guzzie'ed off back to town.

Cooking fires were lit, with Joyce showing us that she can cook as well as wait. Many burnt offerings were consumed, with Bruce supplying the wood. Hereabouts, Kurt, Debbie and Matthew made the scene.

As we Frisbee'd off after lunch, the scream of a racing Honda 70 was heard, and Michael (King of the Step-thrus) arrived. Bruce and Claw zapped off and got the tractor 'n trailer, upon which we flashed off to get hold of the necessary hay (and air for the tyres). Bruce then demonstrated his skill at dodging cows, and driving over every deposit of cow crap between the farm house and the main road.

At said main road, we found Gunnar and Evelyn with their BMW. Our trusty tractor then hauled us up a mountain to the watering stop, after which a few tractor type wheelies brought us to the milking shed, where us city cats dug some real unadulterated milk.

Then to the ol' swimmin' hole, where those among us who were so inclined, went swimmin'. A variety of swimwear was seen, some quite indecent. Not too sure on some of the acts which went on around the tube, either!! Chris Thorn obviously needs a bigger bike. And Bruce showed us his best angle!

Upon ascertaining that we hadn't lost anyone in the mud, the team headed back to the bikes, where Joyce and Terry were whisked off (to town by the shortest and quickest way)

The group then headed back to town via Drouin (petrol and stickies) topped off by a brisk run up the freeway to 191.

P.S: Did the waitresses at 191 seem a little slower than usual?

PPS: What about 500/4's, Malcolm?

The Bennett Clan.

\* \* \* \* \*