

EDITORIAL, OCTOBER, 1972.



The past month's Club activities have been extremely varied and of great interest to us all.

The promise of fine weather ahead had already brought out the more energetic members of the club, who have already turned one Sunday run into a weekend camp. This will probably occur more frequently now, provided Lennox Walker's predictions on the weather are false.

Rumours have been flying around over the past few months that a certain male member intends to hold a party. We wish that this certain person, who will remain nameless, would pull his finger out and hold this party!!

KRAZY KRAPP

Rumour has it that Steve L intends to paper his room with all the blueies he has received.

If you ask Mick where he got those scratch marks on his back from, I bet you he won't tell you the truth.

Howard's only been back a short while and already he's been to the "Australia" looking up his old friends.

A certain person in the club is giving the impression that the thoughts that come out of his mouth are not necessarily those of the management.

Chris Harris blew a main bearing (Horrible Honda) and is now using a 125 Yami.

Yamaha's are in the wars, also, as Roger has gone through his second piston, and Howard's 350 has an acute case of the rattles. (SLACK!!)

Mick is going to buy a 450 Ducati and any interested person who would like to buy some cheap BMW parts should contact him.

Whose Honda 350 is now shaped like a banana?

We can guess who's back in town by all the bulldust flying round. 125mph two up in second gear, would you believe?

Ian volunteered to be rear rider on Sunday, and has now vowed never to be so foolish again!

Rusty is forgetful. He leaves the steering lock on and expects the poor bike to go in a straight line.

The Plucker said it was well worth it!!!

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GENERAL MEETING – 1st September

APOLOGIES: Were received from Roger and Darren, and from David, Bruce, J.C and Margaret for being late!

NEW MEMBERS: Voted in were Lester Thomas – 250 Suzi; Morris Borgelt – 650 B.S.A; and Graham Carlson – 350 Yami.

MINUTES: Not read, due to late arrival of Assistant Sec!

CORRESPONDENCE:

A reply from St. John's Ambulance Service, re an accident talk. A date is to be confirmed.

The Caulfield Tech mag – "Rumbull".

John Candy wrote, thanking Bruce for an itinerary sent to him.

Vaned Motorcycles advising of club discounts, although no percentage was mentioned.

A letter from Darren Room in Queensland, advising of his safe arrival.

Passed by Peter Hansford; 2nd by Chris Thorn.

GENERAL BUSINESS:

Christmas Party: The "Brolga" is not recommended, as it is too classy. At present, it appears to be Narbethong, again.

Ordinary party: Neville's place on 16th September, with an open invitation to all members and friends. "If you don't drink, don't turn up!"

Colin Botting: Colin was cremated in Adelaide, with the club being represented by 9 members. One minute's silence was held in his memory.

Film night: The film selected is "Straw Dogs", showing at Cinema 1. Tickets are available till 3rd September, from Bruce, at \$1.60 each.

Cleaning duties: Bruce! (Cheryl strikes a vote for Women's Lib)

1972 Christmas trip: Mick suggested a tour of the Snowy Mountains.

Walhalla weekend: camping in the usual place, on the other side of town.

Voting: All voters must be financial members to vote at the next general and annual meeting.

Film showing: Bob Ebdon is showing "Easy Rider" on Saturday night, 2nd, at 678 Station Street, Carlton. All welcome, if not going to Walhalla.

Margaret moved that a letter of appreciation be sent to Rusty's parents for their kindness and hospitality, during our time spent there while in Adelaide for Colin's funeral.

Nominations were then called for all positions on the committee, with final nominations and elections at the Annual-General meeting next month.

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PRESIDENT'S REPORT

We've had a pretty good year, except for the unfortunate loss of good members through accidents, which is always something hard to face. But, thanks to the support of members, we have been able to cope with these hardships in the right way, for all those concerned.

This is a clear indication that we have, indeed, the right type of people in the club – people who are willing to lend assistance and comfort when things go wrong.

Attendance at club functions has, as usual, been very good this year, thanks to the present Committee, who, no doubt, have contributed to this important factor.

Also, we will be sorry to lose our Treasurer, Steve Jones, who, most of you will know, will not be standing for re-election, owing to more important matters – domestic! Many thanks, Steve, for a job well done and for your valuable service to the club. All the best to Carmel and yourself from all members.

Finally, the magazine, “Freedom Rider”, which has been kept up to its previous high standard by the present editors. It is read with great interest, not only by our own members but by other organizations outside the club, mainly because of its good articles, good humour and the sexiness which has been added lately.

It helps to uphold the good name of the club – this being most important if we are to carry on as the No. 1 club, which we are!

Many thanks, once again, to you all!

The President
(Big Daddy)

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THE PHANTOM RETURNS! – AT: WALHALLA, 1st, 2nd & 3rd September.

Being somewhat fed-up with the big smog, the Phantom loaded up his wheels and headed for the ultra-freshness of Walhalla, long-time haunt of the MSCAV.

He left on the Friday night along with a few other hardy souls, arriving about 1.30am., somewhat frozen and unnerved by that long lovely slippery road just before the town. Only other event on the trip up was an encounter with our friends in blue at Moe, who insisted that we angle park as indicated by the signs – at 12.30 in the morning? Angle parking is angle parking I guess. Saturday morning found everyone up at the crack of dawn, into the waterfall for a quick shower (brass monkeys nothing!) and then a hearty breakfast of Fagan Army surplus steak special was enjoyed by all.

It was soon after this that the Phantom's recollection of events becomes a bit hazy, but I THINK he went down to the rubbity (on foot, of course!) for an early lunch. Anyway, here follows an account of some of the happenings of the rest of the trip, not necessarily in chronological order:-

The club arrived (Official run, that is!)
LOTS of people arrived, in fact.

Figgy got as far as the pub and insists that his bike made a right hand turn and STOPPED.

There must have been something of particular interest to strong willed bikes at this particular place, 'coz I noticed quite a few parked there. No sign of their riders, tho'. Wonder where dey was?

Various people did lots of various things on Saturday arvo, but from what I saw, if you weren't drunk you were either bush walking, mountaineering, gold mining, putting up a tent, or just lying in the sun.

There's something for everyone at swinging Walhalla! Saturday night was pretty great, with even MORE various things being done by even more various folks. E.G.:

A cuppla females got writ-off up the pub.

Some clown drove a blue Mazda (a special blue Mazda, 'twas, made for wee folks!) half way up to the cemetery.

Another clown made an idiot of himself reading bed-time stories round the camp-fire.

Neil lost his glass, which he didn't have in the first place, and then gave someone a demo of his 10 gallon bladder.

The club had a mass exodus up to the cemetery, only to find another group already there, trying to communicate with the spirits. (They'd had one visitation from Emily, who hung herself from THAT TREE)

Someone should explain to Rusty the difference between a grave and a bed. Joyce keeps muttering something about Howard and mountain goats. Funny thing!! Wonder what that means??

Sunday morning, some bright spark suggested we all go trail riding all very well, if you ride a trail bike with knobby tires that don't slip in the mud! To cut a long story short, we negotiated a damned steep, muddy hill with bikes and bikies going everywhere, mainly SIDEWAYS! It was a great ride, but I think we were all relieved to see the dirt road leading back to camp, until we discovered a water fight in progress, the main target being US, as we rode across the bridge.

Some people got smart and donned waterproofs, or grit their teeth and got wet, while Johnny Barker enjoyed himself having a free car wash, until the Aquarians filled their containers from a nice muddy puddle!

After lunch and a laze in that beautiful fresh air and glorious sunshine, we headed back to Smogsville, stopping at Erica for snooker, food and getting everyone together.

All in all, it was a typical, VERY enjoyable MSCAV weekend, with all due thanks going to whoever was responsible for that fantastic weather.

If I've left anything out – STIFF!! Slateani'mggintobed!

The Phantom Perigrinator

(Alias: The Clockwork Orange!)

P.S. If YOU know who the Phantom is – SHUT YER TRAP...some folks don't!!

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ON THE TRAIN

Girl: "What is a four letter word meaning female that ends in U N T?"

Man: "Aunt".

Girl: "Have you got a pencil with an eraser on it?"

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Q.: What do you get when you cross a POM with an ape?

A.: You get a retarded ape.

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CABARET NIGHT – FRIDAY, 13TH OCTOBER – JINX DAY!

The hardworking Committee has once again come up with a first class venue for this month's Cabaret Night.

After much bartering, they have been able to secure an evening at the Top Hat Cabaret restaurant, situated at 141 Bourke Street, for the cost of \$3.00 per head.

This place is licensed till 3am, and there are two floor shows each night, featuring well-known guest artists, appearing with the house group, Genya's Quartet.

For \$3 you will enjoy the following menu:

ENTREE

Fruit Cocktail "Curacao"
Ravioli
Whiting Menuiere

MAIN COURSE

Whole Grilled Flounder
Half Roast Prime Chicken
Porterhouse Steak
Weiner Schnitzel

DESSERT

"Torantos" Cassata
Fresh Fruit Salad and Ice Cream
Variety of Cheeses

Coffee

PLEASE NOTE;

A collar and tie is required for entry to the restaurant premises.

If you intend to come you must lodge a deposit of \$1.00 with the Secretary or any committee member no later than Sunday 8th October, to enable the booking to be finalized.

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BIG DADDYSPLITS AGAIN

Sunday, 10 September, Ride to Cumberland Falls

A wonderful sunny day, 23 bikes and riders departed KBCP at 9.30 under perfect weather conditions, we were later joined by two more making quite a turn-out.

Under the lead of Darren on his 750 Honda, which was quite dirty after his trip to the Sunshine state, we and an express trip to Lorne or "Horny" as the sign at Anglesea said. We stopped there for breakfast and to buy munchies for the Bar-be-que but somehow people ate them on the spot. Some

sun baked while others checked out the native fauna. Onto the bikes again and another 5 miles or 7k's approx, to the falls. The Frisbee team was in fine form and after sorting out who was on the girls team the match got underway. Big Daddy splits again as he tore down the back seam of his jumper.

After the Bar-be-que we set off up the walking track through the river and black tree frogs to reach the falls at 1.30. Lance seemed to think everyone needed a shower so he obliged. After a rest and a few youthful hi-jinks we returned to the bikes. Pauline was chased by Lance. What would Les say?

Some of the club fancied themselves as trail riders and took off up a track, at 2.30 we received an emissary form the mountain to tell us Mick had broken his chain.

Some of the Yamaha crew had toured off to Wye River. We left the area at 3/15 minus a few who were offering Mick words of encouragement.

We stopped at Lorne for fuel where we met were met by Mick and crew. We went back the inland route, through Deans Marsh, Winchelsea etc, and back to KBCP then 21 of us retired to 191 for tea.

Those who took part on the ride were:-

Steve	350	Howard	350	
Hoard	650	Peter & Marg	650	Quite a turn up for the Yammi team.
Jan & Keith	650	Roger	350	
Neville	350	Les	650	Yam
Graeme	350	Chris	250	Suzi
Bob – Suzuki	500			
Neil – Suzuki	380			

Hondas were there in usual force.

Ian	450	Big Daddy	450
Garry	350	Les & Pauline	450
Joyce “Wet head”	350	Malcolm	500 4
Michael	450	Peter	450
Darren	750	Lance & Chris	pillion
Ian – Suzuki	750		

CARS

Kurt and Brian. What was in the CAR – 10 bottles?
Morris and Marg.

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MALDON AND MT. TARRENGOWER – 17TH September, 1972.

It ALWAYS rains when we go up the Calder Highway, and the trip to Maldon was no exception. The cool change arrived early, descending on Melbourne at almost exactly the same time that riders were congregating at K.B.C.P. (late, as usual!)

Zapped out of Melbourne along the Tulla Freeway with Darren leading and Garry rear rider. Darren is currently having a love affair with freeways, so we went the whole length past the airport and on to Sunbury and Riddell before joining the Calder at Kyneton where we were joined by a few latecomers. Rain now caught up with us and waterproofs became the order of the day.

Sorffed to Maldon, via Castlemaine, and stopped for eats at the Maldon Kaff. Just about swamped the place, but food was good and service quick. Rain was coming down steadily whilst we ate, but miraculously stopped – more or less – when we left. Main party went first to Carman’s Tunnel, a corridor sized tunnel over 500 yards long carved out of solid bluestone rock. Flashlights at the ready, a party of leather jacketed troglodytes wended their way into the tunnel, past a notice which said (more or less) “This tunnel is considered safe, but too bad if it collapses while you are in it”. Leading Trog Howard H. guided us to the end of the tunnel, where there was bare rock and – would you believe – beer cans, empty!

Turning around we were transfixed by a blinding light and a low rumbling noise. Roger was trying to turn the tunnel into an underground freeway (rename it bikies cave?) Did you know that bikes in caves, (especially 2 strokes) make a lot of smoke? Bet you didn't, ‘coz I didn't until I was nearly suffocated. A mob of half-blind, half-poisoned ex-trogs finally made it to the open air for a display of hill climbing by Mick and others. Next – up to the lookout on Mt Tarrenpower. Great views! Returning to the Kaff, found that Bob had got into an argument with the local drunk (not Bob’s fault).

Returned home through Daylesford and Ballan, with rumour having it that this was because a certain 750 wanted to sample the latest stretch of freeway near Bacchus Marsh. Stopped at Ballan for eats, again, also to allow Ian, who was having trouble with his rear chain, to catch up.

Going through the Pentland Hills (a notorious bottleneck in summer) could see the earthworks for the next stage of the freeway. Should make a fantastic road when finished.

Roger hit trouble again (AGAIN) with his Yami – perhaps it was suffering from delayed claustrophobia – or was it the dreaded 2-stroke constipation? (AGAIN). Anyway, Yami’s are clearly designed to run on one cylinder; Roger was last seen zooming through Deer Park at 60mph plus!

(it has since been ascertained that the Yami was suffering form a hole in the piston. Slack two stroke!!...Ed.)

To sum up – a good run, no accidents, lousy weather.

PRESENT:

Garry	350 Honda
Rolf	350 Honda
Joyce	350 Honda
Mike	350 Honda
Mick	450 Honda
Ian	450 Honda
Darren & Dennis	750 Honda
Tony Stevens	750 Honda
Ron	500 Suzi
Bob	500 Suzi
Howard h.	350 Yami
Roger	350 Yami
Graham	350 Yami
Rusty	350 Yami
Les	650 Yami
Howard M.	650 Yami

IN CARS:

Murph and Lance

Steve, Peter & Margaret.

Apologies for any error or emission!

P.S.: went through Daylesford (and other places) at 50mph in 35mph zones. A collective ticket for the MSCAV one day??

Mike

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FACT OF THE MONTH – By Mike.

Interesting to note that the average capacity of bikes on club runs has increased considerably in the last year or so. Taking a couple of reports from old MSCAV magazines (1970 vintage), find that the average then was about 300cc.

A healthy trend? Or does it mean that MSCAV is becoming a big bike club only?

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RAILWAY CONTROL ROOMS – 22/9/1972

Due to a bungle by our beloved and ever efficient Victorian Railways, it was not possible for the intended tour of the railways signals to take place, so about 18 members were shown over the control rooms of the V.R.'s old bluestone buildings on the corner of Spencer and Flinders Streets – one of the shortest club runs in history!

Despite the fact that we spent more time up there than a lot of our “non-railway” nuts would have preferred, I’m sure all would agree that it was an interesting night.

First of all we saw a suburban controller at work (Did you know that 11 people left Ripponlea Station for the Royal Show that night?), and then we were shown the room from which the standard gauge line is controlled, the main feature being a large panel with lights indicating the position of trains between Melbourne and Wodonga, and also the state of all the points, signals, etc., on all the various loops.

It’s the controllers’ job to graph the positions of the various trains and get them to their destinations in a safe, economical manner. We were fed facts, all interesting, about the V.R., including an account of the Southern Aurora tragedy at Violet Town. They, the Controllers, actually had ambulances, police etc., on the way before the trains hit they could see the collision coming on their panel but could do nothing about it!.

When we finally left Spencer St about 10pm, we headed for 191 to annoy our favourite waitress and have a cuppa coffee.

So all in all, it was a well spent evening:- anything that the “Mr Average Stick-in-the-mud” doesn’t usually bother to do or see is well worth while, which is why I enjoy “biking” around the countryside and being a member of the MSCAV!

Howard (350)

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Three boys, aged 8, 10 and 12, were peeking through a window, where a young bride and groom were making love.

“That lady and man are fighting,” said the eight-year old.

“Oh no,” said the 10 year old, “They’re making love.”

“Yes,” said the 12 year-old, “and very badly!”

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JOKE TIME

A beautiful babe was sitting at the bar. All the guys were trying to give her a line and pick her up. She wouldn't have anything to do with any of them. Then in walks a very ordinary guy...he sees her and walks over, bends down and she gets up and leaves with him.

The guys at the bar asked a fellow sitting nearby: “What in the heck did that guy say to her?”

He replies: “He didn't say anything, he just licked his eyebrows.”

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GETTING EVEN

A pretty young girl was raped in the night
She had no chance to put up a fight
Now she's searching to pick up his track
She's determined to find him and rape him back!

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SHAME ON YOU

Won't your father be surprised
When he sees your belly rise?
Won't your mother be disgusted
When she learns your cherry's busted!

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Asked about the source of the wealth of a Texas town, an old-timer replied, “People here save their money for a rainy day. But it never rains, so they just sit around and get richer and richer.”

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Two friends were talking about the death of a man who had owed them both money. They agreed that it was too late to collect. “Funny thing”, said one, “They say you can't take it with you, but you sure can take somebody else's.”

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A woman looking at an alarm clock in a shop asked the assistant to sound each alarm. After hearing them all, she said, “None of these will do. I could never sleep through all that racket.”

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HAZELWOOD – 24/9/1972.

Another enjoyable Sunday outing to Hazelwood Power Station started out wet and cold, with everyone looking forward to the usual pranks of our members. Leaving Melbourne at approximately 9.30am, we made our way to Dandenong, where Peter and Lois, Roger and Bob joined us.

Our first stop was a little outside Warragul where we all had hot drinks and eats, and of course, Roger held us all up because of his ever enlarged appetite.

Morwell was the next stop where we invaded the local milk bar which only sold cool pies. After a few looks from the fuzz, and Pauline had spent all her pocket money on the musk mint machine, we decided to keep our appointment with the guide at Hazelwood at 1.30pm. Arriving there we found we were allowed to drive right around the power station on our machines, giving all the workmen a thrill.

After lectures, and lots of land followed by a glass window greeting Rusty's head, we then decided to head back to Melbourne, stopping for afternoon tea at Morwell. Did I see J.C. flying past, or did I just imagine it?

At Dandenong a few members departed for home, with others going to 191. Howard does insist on going his own way and getting lost, doesn't he?

After tea, a crowd gathered at Pete and Margaret's, much to the horror of the landlady, who thought the Hell's Angels had finally caught up with her.

Topics discussed:

(a) Will Figgys dare to put inflatable ladies on the back of his Trumpy?

(b) How it feels to bounce off a car while riding a Honda 450 on the Freeway! (How does it feel, Big Daddy?)

Watch it, Kwacka!!!

Any comments made above are the responsibility of Guess Who!

Pee Wee

P.S. Holden F.C's and Yami 650's forever.

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SNOB'S CREEK 1/8/1972

I arrived at the car park at about 9.30 to find one lone rider on a 350 Yami, and upon recognition it turned out to be no, not the lone Ranger, but Rusty sitting down in the sun reading a Superman comic which I think was salvaged from a discarded show bag. Seeing as how no-one had turned up, I went to fill up the bike, arriving back to find that quite a lot of hikes present by then.

Upon surveillance, I discovered that there was a good representation of Ducati's – one 750 and two 450's, later joined by Eddie's 750. We finally left about 10.30 and headed along the Maroondah Highway, where a certain John Fitz was supposed to take command on reaching Box Hill, but Big Daddy retained the lead for the rest of the trip.

We made our way through Lilydale, where we struck a little bit of traffic and finally reached the dreaded Black Spur where everyone was flying along at about 10-15mph, due to a lot of 4 wheel wonders, but we soon left them behind in a cloud of two stroke fumes.

Arrived at Eildon after just on 90 miles of non-stop riding, where we stopped for a chat with the campers who had gone up on the Saturday, then it was into Eildon to have lunch at the cafe. On the

way to the cafe, we went for a ride over the retaining wall of the dam, where Peter on the 650 Yami was dodging pot holes.

You couldn't complain about the service, as there wasn't any, and after a half an hour of waiting, we sat down to cold chips and coffee which tasted like crude oil. Then in came Eddie complaining about corner markers, or the lack thereof! Roger sat down to devour a meal big enough for a platoon of soldiers, and in doing so, broke Eddie's new sunglasses.

Went back to the campers and then up to the hatchery for an inspection where a few members threatened to feed Kurt to the piranhas! Had a sticky at the fish breeding tanks and then ended up back at the camp, from where we eventually packed up and headed back for Melbourne.

At Alexander, a few members got lost and ended up in all different directions, due to the lack of corner markers! (AGAIN? – Typist) The zip on my leathers broke near Kilmore, so I had to ride back with a wrecked zip. Came across Big Daddy at Campbellfield, waiting for the others who had, as we later found out, deserted us at Alexander.

Zapped into 191 for tea, where we were met by the deserters, who had arrived back before us, even though they had gotten lost.

All in all, it was a good trip, with an exceptionally good roll up of bikes, approximately 30.

Steve Leverett.