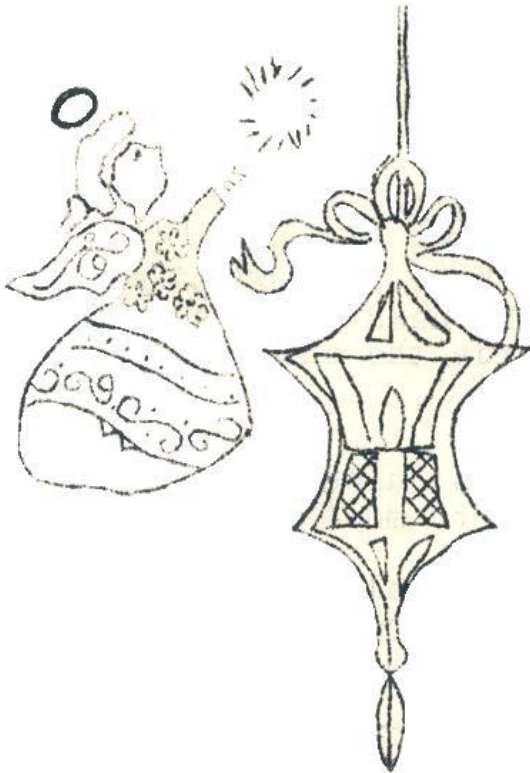


## EDITORIAL

DECEMBER, 1973



“Confucius say: Man who wear red suit not necessarily Santa Claus. Maybe Starlin, in drag.”

Well, another year is fast drawing to a close, and with Christmas rearing its ugly head up in Myers with inflated prices, and the threat of a recession, along with the hefty increases in Third Party Insurance on motorcycles, it appears that next year will not be as good as this one.

On a much brighter note, we are very pleased to announce the following engagements:-

Brian Murphy to Jan Davernport, whose brother is member Andrew.

Neil Lawrie to Lyn, (sorry, can't remember her surname, and she definitely doesn't own a PUB)

As yet it is too early to ascertain whether Big D is engaged!

Congratulations are extended to all for a happy and long future. (The free ad will cost an invite, of course!!)

Hear Linda Bowers dropped her Suzi two days after receiving it. (Was it sacrilege or just plain top heavy?)

Appears that the phantom train chaser, Michael Formaini, fell off twice while chasing the blighters. (About time someone told him to stay on the highway! Hear those railway sleepers are murder on Honda suspension.)

Two partied this month:

1. Four Owners' have extended an invite to all MSCAV members to a BYO barbeque on 14<sup>th</sup> December, at 7 Jeannette St, Clayton.
2. J.C. has a BYOG at 153 Lightwood Road, Noble Park, on 15<sup>th</sup> December.

To sign off the final mag for two months, we, the ever co-operative editors, wish to think all those who contributed to our nightmare over the year, and we sincerely wish all club members a very Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!! DRIVE CAREFULLY!!

M.P. AND D.C. EDS

B.H. No. 1 Reindeer.

H>H> No. 1 Elf.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our Police motorcycle escort proved to be the drawcard for one of the best runs I can remember – probably because I didn't have a stack!

The day started out well with many a member getting out of bed to see the sun shining. However, by the time we left the car park, it was raining steadily. Luck came to our aid and soon there were 57 bikes heading out along Ballarat Road, with only a slight head wind to contend with. (Our number was increased by one more towards the end of the day with the arrival of Bruce Higgs – late as usual)

We stopped at Ballan for a bit of grub and some juice for some of the bikes, and then moved on to Bungaree where we were to meet our escort. He was quite a nice bloke for a member of the local constabulary, and did a fine job of leading us through Ballarat and onto Langi.

Everything was ready for us when we arrived, with fires burning and cooking oil (sump oil, according to Mick) waiting on the hot plates. After feeding well, it was decided that some of us should take a trip up the hill on our steeds to test our skill. Those who had sense stayed behind!

Well! After becoming airborne, dropping the bike and being crashed into, I decided to call it quits. Returning up the hill to have a yarn and inspect the damage, I was amazed to see Nickolas (se), who keeps his 500/4 immaculately clean and who has never fallen off, come a cropper. Closer inspection revealed a bent fork. So with nick and passenger Marilyn receiving slight bruises, he decided to leave early and take it slowly on the way home – no front suspension!

This was the only major incident to mar the day, and after a cup of afternoon tea, we left at 3.30pm, again with escort, stopping in Ballarat for petrol. It was one of the fastest trips back that we have ever had.

A few old faces were at the cafe to greet us. Rain came down in buckets, and some members must have had a very wet ride home. So, altogether, a very enjoyable day was had by all.

By the way, I spent some time during the following week working in Ballarat, and nearly everyone I met wanted to know whether I had heard about the “hundreds” of “bikies” that roared through the town.

I'm afraid I couldn't bring myself to tell them just how many of us there really were – it would have been a mortal blow to their imagination!!

Andrew Rowe (250 Honda)

\* \* \* \* \*

### A PRACTICAL SURVIVAL KIT FOR THE NOT-SO-MECHANICALLY-MINDED MOTORCYCLIST.

With the Tasmania trip rapidly approaching, and so many new members a long way from home for perhaps the first time, here follows a handy do-it-yourself resume for motorcyclists like myself who fall a little short of the genius category in mechanical engineering.

Oh! So you've met him already; the guy in the group who is forever bending your ear about how he can strip down a double overhead camshaft Yamakazi using only a singer machine screwdriver and a pair of side cutters. Bully for him; but for you and me, here is a bundle of goodies that will make you look cool under the most disastrous circumstances.

### VINYL AIRLINE BAG:

Contrary to general opinion, this is the most important part of the kit, as it keeps all the items in one area and avoids spillage onto the roadway. Rip out the studs at the bottom and throw away the now loose piece of masonite from inside the bag. For approx. \$1.80 you have yourself a real bargain which in conjunction with an elastic bungee cord is perfect for stowage.

### TYRE LEVERS:

Immediately we have set the scene for the single most important factor which causes a motorcycle en tour to stop:- lack of inflation of that part of the tyre adjacent to the carriageway. Let me point out the cold hard facts:

- a) Riding a motorcycle with a flat tyre is not on.
- b) Pushing a motorcycle with a flat tyre is not on.
- c) Running alongside with your motorcycle driving in first gear is not on.
- d) Flagging down assistance from passing motorists is not on (A 38" bust sometimes helps!)
- e) Carrying the wheel to a service station is not on.

So your two tyre levers should be of a variety with very, very blunt edges.

### SPARE TUBE:

One of these to the size of your rear wheel will save much time and foul language, as patches have a nasty habit of lifting. If the front wheel of your cycle is larger than the rear wheel, no need for concern, for a desperate rider can stretch a tube to incredible proportions.

Footnote: - Punctures of the rear wheel are more common than of the front.

### PUMP:

This is an inexpensive item readily available at any motorcycle shop. 26p.s.i. is extremely difficult to attain with the human lungs.

### TYRE PRESSURE GAUGE:

Not essential, but better than guessing.

### PATCHES:

Tube mending patches come into play at the onset of your second puncture, the spare tube already being in use. These should be of the burn-on nature and you will find a box of matches an inexpensive but worthwhile investment to keep with you at all times.

### CLAMP:

This is a fair sod of a shape to pack away neatly, but is advantageous for clamping the burning patch to the tube.

### TYRE VALVE:

Silly you, it wasn't a puncture at all, just a leaky old valve. Never mind, you've got a couple of spare ones tucked away in your jacket pocket, haven't you? A few valve caps of the variety for tightening the valve core are also handy.

### RUBBER MALLETT:

Topline moto-cross riders replace knobby tyres onto rims with a few swift blows from a rubber mallet. This is a difficult manoeuvre to perfect, but I personally give the tyre a couple of taps with

the mallet after fully replacing with the conventional levels. Unknowing bystanders will be left gaping at your professional aplomb.

The rubber mallet is also excellent for driving tent pegs, loosening reluctant bolts and in cases of extreme wipe-out, straightening cycle frames.

#### CHAIN BREAKER:

Now here we have the most technical piece of equipment in our kit. Although a good one is fairly expensive, it is becoming more and more essential in these days of soft links, hard links, not-so-hard links, cuff links, golf links, rusted links and just plain old broken links. Real desperados will also carry a spare 6 inches from their old chain before they threw it away, plus one or two connecting links which fit.

With so many different methods being used, it is almost impossible to describe how your particular chain will affect rear wheel removal or breakage, for that matter.

A good rule is to have a practice run through at home one Saturday afternoon. While you're at it, remove the front wheel, too. If you have a bike like mine there just happens to be a nut up there that no spanner in the tool kit is large enough to fit. Better to find out in the convenience of your own home than sixty miles from Queenstown.

#### PLASTIC SYPHON HOSE:

When your buddy runs out of petrol, it is interesting to note how many receptacles you don't have at the time to transfer petrol from your tank into his. Five or six feet of tubing takes no space at all and will have the job done in a jiffy. Clever types will buy it of a diameter to slip onto the tank petcock. This avoids the nasty sensation of a mouthful of super grade.

#### SHIFTING SPANNERS: (ADJUSTABLE SPANNERS)

It is a handy practice to carry one teeny weeny shifting spanner (good for tightening spokes) and one dirty big shifting spanner (good for that one nut my tool kit didn't include). Owners of Japanese machines should be careful to select a metric shifting spanner.

(My apologies for that attempt at humour!)

#### SCREWDRIVER: (Phillips, impact, for the use of)

Phillips screws, the ones with the crossed slots on the head, have brought many a big tough motorcyclist to his knees. Firstly, take the screwdrivers in your Japanese tool kit and throw them as far away as possible, then go out and buy some really expensive Phillips drivers that fit the screws on your bike. If you fancy the impact driver, go ahead and buy it; penny-pinching is no way to combat the fiendish crosshead screw.

#### BULBS:

Riding in the dark without lights is very difficult, if not impossible. Carry a spare of all bulbs, wrap them in foam rubber and tuck them away where they can't be broken.

#### ELECTRICAL INSULATION TAPE:

Electrical insulation tape is rarely used for electrical insulation. Indeed, one member of our club uses it to attach the soles of his boots to their uppers. Carry lots of it, and you too will discover 101 ways to use it as never before.

This "Survival Kit" has been documented purely as a guide. There will be items not listed you should include for your particular cycle. It was not meant for instruction on "HOW" but simply "WHAT". Thanks for your patience and attention and remember, if you should break down, DO make sure that you're way the hell back behind me at the time!!

Les L.

\* \* \* \* \*

### STONYFORD BRIDGE – 18<sup>th</sup> November, 1973

Brilliant sunshine welcomed all the MSCAV warriors to KBCP on the 18<sup>th</sup> November for the run to Stoneyford Bridge. After a rather hectic start, with people stopping and starting, and Vice-President getting lost, we all managed to arrive at the top of the Dandenong's.

With the temperature steadily climbing, we all enjoyed this brief stop for refreshments and to listen to J.C who had returned from a 5 week visit to Sydney. Howard Moffat dragged out a new fangled camera he had purchased, much to the delight of Mick Fagan

Breakfast over; we headed off to the Silvan Dam, over a very narrow dusty, bumpy road. Bulk dust was encountered, but luckily no spills were recorded. At Silvan, we continued on to Emerald Lake, where it was planned to spend the rest of the afternoon.

After a few wrong turns we arrived at the lake to be confronted with a 10c entrance fee. After paying up, it was one massive charge to the local grub house, as first come, first served, and with over 30 bikes on the run, it was a good idea to get in early.

With lunch under one's arm, we ducked back to sit at the side of the sewer to watch J.C and Mick attempting to walk on water, and the rather well built blonde flashing it on the opposite bank.

The rest of the afternoon was spent lazing around in the sun, and watching the others swap bikes and charge around at an excessive speed, endangering young children's lives, or throwing the Frisbee into the trees or water and retrieving it.

The run home was through Rowville and then by Dandenong Road, and was made at a very quick pace. We ended up in the usual place in the usual state and did the usual things we usually do when we get there. The run was held in beautiful weather, and hopefully the remainder of this summer will be the same.

Fan-Tan Pharter.

\* \* \* \* \*

In this world there are the righteous and unrighteous.  
It is the righteous who decide who are the unrighteous.

\* \* \* \* \*

The best committee consists of two members, one of whom is ill.

\* \* \* \* \*

### PORT WELSHPOOL – Sunday, 25<sup>th</sup> November, 1973

David said "Don't worry about a write-up", but I've got sumpting jussasame!

I kort up with the klub along Dandy Road, being early for the Cranbourne meeting, and NOT late four Kings Brij Kar Park. Les Leahy was doing a good job as leider, the convoy keeping together nicely, and once out on the open road with the patrol keeping everyone spaced out at semi-trailer length, the riding was of a noticeably high standard.

The idea of a second meeting place (i.e; Cranbourne) proved popular with a large group waiting there for us. After scraping around those glorious bike roads, we stopped for gas at Korumburra, where a local gendarme pulled up to enquire who, where, why, etc as someone had phoned to say the Hell's Angels are on their way to Korumburra! He was quite amicable, however, and didn't book Malcolm.

Eventually arrived at Port Welshpool.

No food.

Back to Welshpool.

Food.

Back to Port washpool.

Walked along the peer.

Back to Welshpool

Petrol.

Headed off along the Midland Highway (more groovy roads) and THEN it started! THE GRAND RIDGE ROAD!! Although a lot of it was dirt, the bitumen more than made up for it. It was A-1 motorcycle country with superb scenery, ferny gullies and so forth. We only had one spill, too! (A certain female rider on her newly acquired 550 Suzy)

After arriving at a large intersection to let the stragglers catch up, we suddenly realized that two Suzy 500 riders had gone missing. It appears they went to Foster!

Somehow-or-other, Les found our way back to the Princes Highway, where we stopped for a cuppa coffee and then returned to the caff at Footscray. A great day, I'd reckon – some of the best motorcycling we've had for some time!

A Mag. Helper

\* \* \* \* \*

### CRIB POINT HYDROFOIL – 4<sup>th</sup> November

LATE AGAIN!

Caught the boat.

BUMPY ride – (4' waves) (BLURP)

Garry O led.

bout, but do now.

Got lost.

Howard led.

Rode up Arthur's Seat.

Darren towed Les Luke's outfit home.

We found the Devilben Reservoir which nobody noo

Returned to cafe

FINIS

\* \* \* \* \*

SATURDAY NIGHT AT LES AND PAULINE BENNETT'S PLACE – 10<sup>th</sup> November, 1973

I am sure that all who went to this party enjoyed themselves. It was a beautiful night climate-wise, as well. There were not quite as many members present, as I have seen at other club members' parties, and perhaps this made it more intimate, as people seemed to mix more.

Only people who have had parties really appreciate the work before and after, in most cases after, but in this case, before as well, and that is because of the wonderful supper put on. Very commendable, Pauline.

I am sure that all who were there would wish me to thank Les and Pauline. I hope that there were not too many boot nail marks, cigarette burns and broken glass scratches on the newly finished floor.

Lloyd.

FOOTNOTE:

Big Daddy would also take pleasure in thanking Les and Pauline for a wonderful night, as those attending really enjoyed themselves thoroughly. He thought the supper superb, and votes for more parties there in the near future.

\* \* \* \* \*

A mother was worried that her small daughter would be overawed by the black academic gown worn by her new headmistress.

She was much relieved when the child emerged from the interview saying that it had been lovely talking to Batman's Mother!

\* \* \* \* \*

FOR THE UN-LIBERATED WOMEN:

Who is the fastest man on the kitchen floor? – Alan Moppit

Who is the fastest man in the washing machine? – Norm Bleechey

Who is the fastest man in the toilet? – Bob Chane

\* \* \* \* \*

LANGI KAL KAL – 11<sup>th</sup> November, 1973

Firstly, on behalf to all members, I wish to thank all those who contributed to arrange this trip. It was probably mainly due to Darren, and it must have been very gratifying for him to see 56 bikes, probably near 70 people, counting pillion passengers plus cars. This was really something, particularly as there had been a party the night before. For those who didn't come, you should have; for those who couldn't, we are very sorry, as all had a wonderful day. It was one of the best club runs, and that's not just my opinion. All I have spoken to would look forward enthusiastically to any future run there.

The rest of this write-up will be in sections. Firstly, to get it out of the way: It drizzled rain until the outer suburbs were reached then cleared to a fine sunny day while we were at Langi Kal Kal. At the time of our leaving, it clouded over, and on the way back we could see dark clouds and storms over Geelong way, but we missed it all. Five minutes after our arrival at the cafe, it really poured.

We were very lucky, also, as far as incidents (accidents), considering the numbers. Someone fell or was pushed off at Footscray, with only very minor damage. Also, while at Langi, someone on a 500/4 failed to see a rock in the grass while riding up on the hill in a paddock nearby, with the usual results. Apart from a couple of foot pegs falling off, that was all. Naturally, a lot of bikes fell over the hill climbing on the grass, including my Guzzi, but not while I was on it! But the beauty of this type of riding is that one seldom does damage to the bike or person unless going very fast or not seeing rocks. This last event looked quite good, as the bikes going up the hill could be seen from the picnic spot.

Our police escort was on time at Bungaree on a Honda 750, which delighted some of our members. This escort part was really something. We were asked to form two lines, not single file as usual, while the escort lead, ahead of the line nearer the centre of the road. Whereas prior to the escort, we were (at least before Ballan where we stopped for food and petrol) probably spread over 5 miles, but after meeting the escort, we were for most part  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile in length. It was the fastest I have ever been through Ballarat. Our escort just put up a quick hand to left and right coming into the intersections, and all cars stopped, except the few who arrived there after he was past.

It was a thrilling experience, particularly when riding near the back, to see this double column of bikes, almost at times like formation riding, winding its way over the hills to left and right. Good as the sight was, I would have liked to have seen the faces of a couple of motorists who were probably cursing us trying to get past and suddenly, when near the front riders, accelerating past them and our escort. Their faces must have been something to look at when they saw the police escort. In fact, it was interesting to see most motorists' faces, people outside churches, plus people on the streets looking at us. It was possibly something they had never seen before.

Our escort stopped all Melbourne-bound traffic while we turned into Langi. Now to finish off the police bit: Our man for the day seemed to have plenty of people talking to him all the time, so he was certainly doing his bit for public relations, with us as the public. To be fair thought, the cycle cops are fairly good to we bike riders, compared to the other branches or even mobile sections. I think, though one would not know for sure, that our man must have been favourably impressed, as he escorted us on our return to Ballan, which is the end of the Ballarat branch section, even though he was obliged (duty wise) only to escort us as far as Bungaree. I hope he tells all the others in Mobile of us, giving our name, so they also know of us and our good standing. The club will surely give a written "Thank you" to the Government department concerned.

On arriving, we were greeted and told important things like where the toilets were and where the hill was for the hill climbing, etc, etc. they had also pitched two marquees for us, a few tables and chairs were put out, and a large urn of tea with cups, sugar and milk (ladle it out of a bucket) were also provided. I don't know if the milk was from contented cows, or from cows that care! (Stupid bloody radio and TV ads!) The barbeques were going, and unless there were some of the most instant cooked steaks ever, some must have been supplied by the department.

After eating, it was a case of do your own thing. Some rested, others walked around talking to different groups. One young man had a very nice girl in his arms, making some of us envious. They were doing nothing. I use this term loosely, coz when he stood up, someone who shall be nameless (but whose initials are I.T) yelled out: "Quick! Throw a bucket of water over it!" A few others also offered similar suggestions.

For quite a lot it was ride bikes – your own or others – up the hill and down the other side, if you liked. The latter bit was very good physiology, as it helped break the ice with the lads of the place. While a few did not go for rides behind members, quite a lot went a few times. Sadistic me couldn't help doing a couple of  $\frac{1}{4}$  wheelies going up the hill just to feel the hands dig in. I wish to thank Mick Fagan for riding my Honda there, at the price of a numb bum, hands and feet. I did not ask him to ride it there just so I could ride it around. However, I did, and enjoyed it. Next time I will ride it there rather than the Guzzi, just for the pleasure of riding around the paddocks. I feel quite sure a good few members wished they had a trail bike that day, as it is fun after street riding.



It is likely most of the lads there had not been on bikes before. A few members remarked to me how polite they were. Whether naturally so or not, I would not like to say, but it was possible that it was natural. At first I did not think we mixed very well, but when one considers how few people speak to prospective members or visitors on their first run, and also that you can't throw tow lots of strangers together and immediately mix and have wonderful conversation, I feel both groups mixed well.

I noticed one time that Bib Evans held the attention of one group of 8 or 9, and I mean held their attention! He was instructing pillion riders on how to lean and why, and why he couldn't avoid a bump, and telling them how their mate, who was behind him, bounced so high he had to look up to see where he was, but decided he would land back on the seat ok. Bob carried on in his usual way, an outspoken, humorous manner, for some time and they hung on to every word, and I feel sure that if any of the lads remember any of us, some will remember Bob.

I notices Darren's outfit was in such demand that I felt sure that he must soon run out of petrol. It seems everybody, well almost everybody, wanted a ride. At one time, I noticed our escort being driven around.

I hope the staff at Langi were as satisfied as we were. For though it was a picnic, it was probably an experiment, as the modern department of Social Welfare are constantly looking for new ways of helping the lads there, including how to relieve boredom, among other things, which is a problem in such places. If results are satisfactory, it may be suggested to certain persons (meaning Darren) that, if requested, another trip there will not be refused.

With bikes being the "in" thing and young men being what they are, I can't think of a better way of breaking the ice and mixing strangers together for a few hours than with a bike club. I imagine the Department of Social Welfare would have had a thorough investigation into the club. Darren, with his position and knowing some of the staff there through his work, and being our vice-president, would have influenced their decision to have us there.

Our club character goes back further than Darren, back to years of having the guiding hand of our president, Big Daddy, and the day's outing proves the worth of having a club with a good character and opportunities which would be denied other clubs. I am sure we all think the Langi Kal Kal people, and hope to be allowed to have another picnic in the near future.

If our Tassie trip is as good as this outing, it will be something to really look forward to. We know the organisation is in good hands. Now all we want is good weather and no incidents.

Lloyd (Guzzi 500)

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### LES LUKE'S OUTFIT

The Outfit is my bike, I shall  
not want another, it  
maketh me lie down in wet places.

It jars my back, it leadeth  
me into the path of ridicule  
for its name sake.

Yea, though I run down the  
valleys, I am towed back home,  
I feel much evil, when it is  
with me, its cams and chains

discomfort me.

It anointed my head and  
face with oil, its tank runneth over.  
Surely to goodness the darned  
thing won't follow me all my  
life, or I shall dwell in  
my garage forever.

(Apologies to "Wheelspin", official organ of M.B.C.C.)

\* \* \* \* \*

This is the seasonal story of the tender hearted Russian Moujik crossing the frozen steppe who finds a little frozen bird, shoves it into a steaming heap of Siberian elk-shit to thaw out and goes on his way rejoicing when the little bird pours out a song of thanksgiving.

Enter famished wolf which traces song to heap of shit, dips in, scoops out bird, and devours it. A sad story, from which the metaphysical Russians draw three morals:

MORAL 1: The man who puts you in the shit isn't necessarily your enemy.

MORAL 2: The man who pulls you out of the shit isn't necessarily your friend.

MORAL 3: Above all, if you find yourself in the shit, for Christ's sake don't make a song about it!

\* \* \* \* \*

M.S.C.A.V. REGATTA – DAYLESFORD - 2<sup>nd</sup> December, 1973

This was a wet day in more ways than one. The trip up to Daylesford was uneventful, apart from the fact that the head wind was blowing a gale and Les Luke got lost when he missed a corner.

A Daylesford we and lunch and went to one lake, but the boat hire shed was closed, so our skinny scout went to see if Lake Jubilee was open. The lake hadn't opened up (J.C wasn't on the run), but the boats were available for hire.

Various gangs hired boats and rowed off. Pauline Bennett was seen with two milk-shake containers, so a few others went armed with tins and plates, etc. Johnny Barker hired a boat by himself, and rumour has it that he tried to trade his Falcon in on it, because he's had the falcon for a record two months, at least: He didn't sign up for the deal because he figured if someone stuck a rock under it, the oars wouldn't work.

The rowing was rather erratic, with quite a few collisions. Then someone threw some water and it was on. Tins of water were thrown, people splashed with oars and boats nearly sank. Attack and counter attack. In one boat brawl, all you could hear was "Row! Bugger you! Row!" But no one could row fast enough, and most of us got bloody drenched.

The starts for the regatta were in boat 1: Hairy, Graeme McF, in boat 2: Mick Fagan, Fig Plucker and Kay McF, and in boat 3: Malcolm and his mate. Malcolm was put back behind the line and someone said "Go!" The Fagan crew raced to an early lead and positioned themselves in front of Malcolm (actually ran off course!)

Helped along by Malcolm ramming them from the rear, the Fagan crew kept their lead and won by a half boat. It started to rain, so we decided to give it away.

We were getting ready to leave when it was noticed that Dick's BMW had a flat back tyre. He fixed it in pouring rain, but then it wouldn't start, so he was given a push by a Trumpy rider (had had experience at pushing)

The trip home was uneventful except that at Footscray, certain people, followed by the rear rider, turned right where there was no corner marker and bypassed a corner, at which one was waiting, and waiting and waiting. He went back to the cafe to find that the entire club and the rear rider were sitting down enjoying coffee. He doesn't mind waiting for the rear rider, as long as he doesn't have to wait for next week's rear rider to go through.

A good day was had by all, especially those who got as wet as a shag!

## CALCULUS

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## CLUB NOTES (or: Odds 'N' Ends of Interest)

Current additions, changes, corrections, etc, to the last membership list are as follows:

Neville Borgelt (Treasurer), Mo Borgelt and Don Perry now have a new place of abode.. i.e.: 105 Cramer Street, Preston, 3072.

Neville's phone number at work is: 6985314

\* \* \* \* \*

## PHONE NUMBERS:

Darren's home phone number is incorrectly listed. It should be: 419 1049. His work number is 654 4222, Ext. 7555.

Margaret P's was left off. It is 946709.

Big Daddy's (alias Peter Philferan) number is also incorrect. Should be 82 5420.

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## NEW ADDRESSES:

Garry Osborn: 4/14 Olive Street, Sth. Caulfield.

John Cecil: 153 Lightwood Street, Noble Park.

\* \* \* \* \*

## FOR SALE

B.M.W. R60/2 (June, 1976). White, with blue pin-striping, front and rear crash bars, rack and panniers. New Metzler tyres, front and rear. Manual and special tools. R.W.C: 6 months' rego. Owner going to Europe. Must sell \$900. Contact Holga, 28 Coppin St., East Malvern or on MSCAV runs.

\* \* \* \* \*

BACCHUS MARSH LION PARK – Sunday, 23<sup>rd</sup> Dec.

Seeing as how bikes offer little protection against the curiosity of roaming lions, it would be appreciated if all the capitalists in the club could turn up for this run with their extra two wheels, as many members will be requiring passage in cars whilst in the park.

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“THIS “CLUB NOTES” PAGE IS NOW GOING TO BE A REGULAR FEATURE, SO IF YOU WISH TO SELL, BUY OR SWAP ANYTHING, OR HAVE ANY OTHER SORT OF INTERESTING NEWS FOR MEMBERS, PLEASE CONTACT THE EDITORS NO LATER THAN THE SUNDAY BEFORE THE MONTHLY MEETING, SO THAT IT CAN BE INCLUDED IN THE CURRENT MAG.”