

EDITORS – Claw and Willy  
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Hi there once again to all our avid readers of the pulse of the M.S.C.A.V. and welcome to all new members who we hope will support and contribute to the content of this magazine.

Firstly commiserations must be extended to Howard Moffat who has had more bad luck lately when he came off on an ice-skating rink. Luckily he is A.O.K now but he is having second thoughts about continuing to ride his bike.

Typical J.C inconsiderate as usual decided to get run into by some slack car driver on the eve of the last club meeting and thereby we are forced to print old news this mag. Next time J.C get hit closer to the time of printing.

We hope that a repeat of the goings on of the Tumut run never occur again, people actually slept in motels instead of roughing it – what on earth is the club coming to?

More back luck I am sad to relate has befallen Tiny and Whacker Ackland when

in two separate accidents they were run off the road by car drivers (needless to say they didn't stay).

The run to Mt. Disappointment turned out to be a mammoth drop-a-thon six bikes were dropped in all, over 40 miles of dirt road including Mick (I am a fantastic rider) Fagan.

Heather (Mo-Squaw) Jones has acquired a new updated 350 Honda and also poor girl has lost her tools – so if anyone can help her out please make contact.

We hear that Honda 4's don't go around corners so super rapidly, but in fact sometimes finish up on the kerb on top of their rider – well done Don.

In future all kerbs should be fitted with twin discs.

Pauline is not scared of Smithy's horn. – She reckons it's all blow from go to woe.

By order of the Secretary it is hereby decreed that all person returning from the hotel at Apollo Bay by car must be in it and not on it.

If returning by bike they must not run into Post Offices.

At the camping area you must not get stroppo about birds, and must not urinate on the playing field.

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## YAHOOOS OR?

Last week the hairs on many motorcyclists backs were raised by remarks made by the Governor General, Sir Paul Hasluck. Hasluck was reported as saying that all people who ride motor bikes are uncivilised yahooos and that bikes were a throwback to barbarism. As these remarks received such savage reactions we thought we would report in full (from the official speech transcript) exactly what he did say, so as you will all have a true picture of the incident.

Here he is talking about engineering and environment...

“Let us imagine another form of nuisance which is becoming far too common. That is the nuisance caused in parklands and places of public resort by the uncivilised yahooos who gain possession of motorcycles. I do not refer to every motor-cyclist as a yahoo for some of them are admirably responsible and careful, but I refer to the nuisance caused when a motorcycle gets into the possession of a yahoo. I have seen myself the way in which one of these dreadful throw back to barbarism will come to a place where a family is having a picnic and ride round and round them, refuse to go away when requested and sometimes complete their ill manners by calling on their ‘bikie’ mates to join them in continuing a noisy disturbance of the peace and comfort of the other citizens.

Both these measures might do a little good; but, basically, the problem is one of civilising the riders so that their actions will always be subject to their consideration for the comfort and well being of others and so that, in fact, they will act like civilised people unselfishly and with regard for their neighbours.”

On first appearance the terms used can be taken as being derogatory but the truth can hurt cant it?

No one can deny that what was said by the Governor General is untrue as we have all seen this type of thing happening.

What else can one say but welcome to the club, fellow YAHOOOS!

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## SEX; VIOLENCE; WIILD CORNERS and TRAILS

Now that I have the attention of everyone including Formaldehyde, THIS folks, is the RIGHT UP! For the long weekend 2<sup>nd</sup> – 4<sup>th</sup> June to Tumut. It is not my intention to make you green with envy, about the marvellous roads, wild corners, terrific scenery, as you will undoubtedly read about these in “the mouthpiece’s report”.

When the sensible ones arrived at the Amaru Motel they found a booking for Greg and I O.K – but no one could quite work out who Mr & Mrs. Room were. Fortunately they had single beds, so Darren, Big Daddy and Howard are you? Were quite alright – or so they tell us??

The recreational facilities available at this motel were quite unusual. We enquired as to what was available – the man told us there was no table tennis – “in fact the only recreation is what you get on the bed”, the bloke said with a grin from ear to ear.

Saturday night some of us went to the golf club to spend some money on the “one-armed foul”. Well, Greg has \$5.00 out of his bank roll to prove it! Garry O was also hooked. But Darren was the worst, he lost 5, -...cents that is.

There is a rumour that Roger thinks food is more important than a club run, also that Denis A thinks N.S.W car drivers can't see. By the way, if ever you bend, "bend?" any part of your bike, see Denis and he will tell you how to fix it with a lump of water pipe. Another rumour has it that Mick didn't have the "bottom part of a tree" Roger.

Well, so much for Saturday and part of Sunday. The sensible Motel people had a visitor who stayed the night! – Lucky my wife is understanding, but poor Heather, who deserted the campers for the "La Dolce Vita" (the sweet life) didn't quite know whether Greg and I had rape in mind. By the way – we didn't! Oh! A word to anyone going away with her – take your earplugs and eye shades. She talks and plays cards all night. Howard are you? Seemed to have an interest in our room too – as he left Mr & Mrs Room's room to come in to see our visitor many times.

The ride home on Monday saw good weather, no snow and fantastic road until 1,000 miles of dirt came along. Darren was so glad to hit the bitumen at the end of this, that he was pulling at least 6000 on my Bee Em Tacho. (That is, more than 50mph and just less than triple figures) – or maybe it is triples? – but don't tell.

G.O. can really go on that little bike. Those who were fortunate enough to get behind a big 4 with panniers and fairing were treated to an entertaining time watching the Roomaian? method of cornering. By the way Darren, when you want anyone to drop back a bit just tell them, there is no need to throw stones with your back wheel. Anyone who thinks the ride back was a lot of 'bull' maybe right because there were a lot of four legged things on the road at one stage. Marvellous the way the farmer trained them to run straight towards motorcyclists.

After we left the Hume Weir and came down the highway it reminded me of a high speed run down along the Geelong Road – everyone trying to get into Howard are you'd? Panniers.

Well poor folks who didn't go and lucky ones who did go, it was a great trip with the usual happy hours riding and not. That's all the 'excretum torrus' from me so T.T.F.N.F

Ian T.

P.S. Anyone who says BMW's aren't a great bike – "Bite your tongue".

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### THE UNOFFICIAL OFFICIAL WEEKEND AT PHILLIP ISLAND

Seeing as I was deterred from going to Tumut by a four wheeler thing, I decided to run the gamut for the second time on the long weekend and risk a trip to Phillip Island. This was done in the company (splendid company at that – all drunkards) of Tiny, Little Mick, Ian H, Bob Evans, Mo, Lance and Therese. We left the Higgs establishment at about 12.30pm on the Saturday and arrived at Phillip Island at about 2pm, not bad for an average speed of 50mph. Running in Ian's new 550 was the story.

After finding a camping spot, then softening it up with a few wheelies, we set up camp. Then naturally set off for the local brewery establishment to await Lance and Therese. By the time Henpecked and Hen arrived (no offence, Lance), us lot had demolished quite a few ales and were working on quite a few more. Evans was working on a grandma at the next table by this time. Anyway, at about 10pm, I think, can't quite remember, we decided to walk back over the extra large bridge (seemed to be at the time, anyway)

Arriving back at camp we managed to keep a nearby neighbour in his bus very much awake, so he told us next morning. The peasant said "Tone it down, lads!" Anyway, on Sunday we ran around on each other's cycles (digging holes and doing wheelies) and gradually getting wetter and colder.

We drank the few remaining cans that night by the camp fire, with MO for company and then retired. (Mo turned up Sunday lunch time).

Monday morning we arose to the morning drizzle (drizzled all week end incidentally) and decided to check out some caves that Lance was blowing off about. These proved to be a low formation of rocks right on the foreshore, with one lousy blowhole right in the centre. Seeing as the tide was out, Lance and I braved four feet of rushing water and lots of rocks thrown by the slack onlookers, to explore the inner sanctum of the said blowhole. Anyway, seeing how come we stayed inside for twenty minutes or so exploring and dodging bloody rocks, the tide changed super rapidly and the four feet changed to six feet (plus sharks, according to Lance). On the way out, Lance got caught up in an incoming wave, and got wet knickers. Actually, we were cunning and took our strides off first – very lucky that was, wasn't it Lance? Anyway, we both managed to get out okay – up the rock throwers – and then laboured our way back to the bikes over an immense sand dune. Very stuffing morning it was.

Went back to camp, had lunch, packed up and then rode back to Melbourne, riding into a very strong head wind, after what was considered by all there to be a really great unofficial club run.

J.C

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### MALCOLM'S 21<sup>ST</sup> BIRTHDAY PARTY – WORST LUCK!!

D.C and I decided to do this write-up mainly because we were the only ones who stayed awake all night. We arrived at the party to be greeted by Lance, hanging George off the bathroom windows – Boy! Did we get an eyeful! After having received a kiss from the birthday boy (and it wasn't on the face, either) we got down to some solid drinking and watching Ian Hereford fondling Pussy Galore.

There was a general melee around the fire as everybody appeared to want something warm to slip into by the time they went home. The night wore on, some wore out – Little Mick and me, SLACK!

Some went home – Garry and Mim in the corner – over exertion, we're told. Ian Hereford left, we think, probably to do some more pussy footing. And Ned and Phillip Nash were seen weaving their way towards Ned's bedroom. (It's always the quiet ones!!)

After everybody left and I had woken up, we proceeded to sit in front of the fire consuming alcohol, and burning boxes – cardboard ones, that is! We then decorated the living room with great gusto and much toilet paper, meanwhile making sure that no one got more than ten minutes consecutive sleep. Just ask Tiny how it feels to be sandwiched on the couch while still asleep.

Around 4am, we were informed by Mangy that if she wasn't home by 2am she would be circumcised. So David, after thoroughly drenching Sue's brother, ran Mangy home on a dog chain behind his 500, to be greeted by very irate parents. So Claw cut the chain and slowly weaved hsi way home, as did I, to our nice warm beds for a thoroughly deserved sleep after a hard nights work.

Yours inebriatedly,

J.C and Claw.

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Why did the hippie girls start an anti-bra movement?

They wanted a place to hang out!

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What is red, flowery and covered with dirt?

An embarrassed hippie.

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Why did the hippie girl call off the wedding?

She heard they were going to give her a shower.

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MT. BUNINYONG. – June, 1973.

After last minute briefings, formaldehyde lead the convoy, with Peter and Lois as rear riders and Ian patrolled on his BMW. Taking a direct route to Ballan, we then branched off and encountered some mud, which was quite treacherous especially for those who came upon it unexpectedly, causing some to do back slides.

At Mt. Egerton, we waited for all to catch up with heather finding the going hard as her Honda would not perform properly, so after some maintenance and hilarious suggestions from Ian, we wandered off to the Lai Lai Hotel, where lunch was not available. So went into Ballarat, passing Mt. Buninyong on the way, never to see it again.

Stopped at the Spot Cafe (not in Lizzi Street) and had a hot meal, which was certainly most welcome to all, owing to the very cold conditions. Later we browsed around in the sun for a while, during which time someone came enquiring “Do you know Mr. Darren Room?” Greg laughingly said “NO! He’s only our vice president!” It looked like one of his clients.

We then decided to go on to Lake Wendouree, where we played kindergarted and Goossee, getting entangled into many knots. Finally dispersed at 3.30pm, leaving behind Rolf, who was waiting to catch a Choo-Choo. Not far out of town on the Western Highway, we made a stop to see what was wrong with Margaret’s 350, which was acting peculiarly, with Les curing it with his magic spray. The rest of the trip was without incident, a good day with over 20 bikes present, of which there were five girls riding – certainly a morale booster for the club, as we are lacking in this field.

P.S. Would also like to say a few encouraging words about Howard Moffatt, who, unfortunately, was rushed to Hospital after a nasty fall at the Ice Skating, as he has been having a lot of bad luck lately.

Big Daddy.

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Young lad who hadn’t had a haircut for some time decided to visit a barber. The barber after snipping away for some time commented to the ladk ‘you’re a motorcyclist, aren’t you?’ “Yes”, replied the lad, but how did you know?” “Because I just found your helmet!!”

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THE BENDIGO ECONOMY RUN

On Saturday, 24<sup>th</sup> June, we met at 9am at KBCP, gassed up and raring to go. Punctually half an hour late, we set off. There were two classes: up to 500cc, and over 500cc.

For the first 50 miles the two eventual winners were content to sit on 35mph and watch nearly everybody else disappear into the distance. This was too much for Heather on the 125 Honda, so she ploughed on to win her class with a creditable 98 miles per gallon. However, Jim on the 750 Honda sat in behind a VW Combi van and slip streamed along for quite a while.

But, having to answer the call of nature, he lost this helping hand and had to be happy with switching off on each hill and coasting in neutral to the bottom.

Upon reaching Bendigo at about 12.30pm, we found that Jim had just scraped in with 72mpg, beating Mick on the 750 BMW, who, riding tow up, came in with 70mpg.

We then visited the Chinese Joss House and were entertained by talk at the Old Deborah Gold Mine. There was no real trouble except when Trevor stopped to change plugs in his 200 Yami and Roger, keen to help, jumped off the 650 Yami, forgetting to put down the side stand, looking quite amazed when it fell over.

We came back through Heathcote at a much improved rate of knots, eventually arriving at the cafe at about 5.30pm.

RESULTS:

NAME	BIKE	AV. SPEED	DISTANCE	COST	PETROL	MPG
			(miles)			
<u>UNDER 500cc</u>						
1. Heather	Honda 125	50	97	46c	0.95	98
2. Andrew	Honda 250	55	97	75c	1.55	62.5
3. Trevor	Yami 200	50	101	80c	1.755	57
4. Joe	Suzi 250	50	105	90c	1.85	57
5. Ned	Honda 350	60	93	83c	1.7	55
<u>OVER 500cc</u>						
1. Jim	Honda 750	45	98	65c	1.35	72
2. Mick	BMW 750	45	106	72c	1.593	70
3. Roger	Yami 650	55	96	70	1.45	66
4. Tony	Honda 750	50	141	1.08	2.2	64
5. Ron	Suzi 750	50	101	89c	1.955*	51
6. Bob	Suzi 500	55	99	98c	2.00	50

\* = Standard petrol

Gary Clapham, 350/4

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WOULD YOU LIKE A HAND TO PICK YOUR BIKE UP?

With David leading and Heather bringing up the rear on her new 350 Honda, we left the car park in our usual orderly fashion and headed out Plenty Road towards Whittlesea, where we stopped after an uneventful ride to gather eats for A: eating on the spot: and B: eating on the top of Mt Disappointment when we got there.

Leaving Whittlesea we proceeded through Upper Plenty and then headed towards Wandong. We must have headed a bit too far, as we had to have an 'organised' U-turn (didn't we, David?) to get back to the dirt road we were supposed to go up. Soon after turning onto the dirt, Bob, on the 750 Yami, became unbalanced and over balanced, causing headlight and crash bar damage to the bike.

After about 6 miles the road deteriorated into slippery clay, with the odd water hole or two, and water courses down the wheel ruts. Peter and Lois came unstuck on this section, causing only minor damage to their Suzi. We all reached the top, despite the road, and Heather christened her new bike by lying it down whilst stopping, much to the amusement of those watching!

Talking, eating, and sitting on rocks took up most of the time we spent at the top of Mt. Disappointment, with the odd, not too energetic, game of Frisbee thrown in for good luck. A few (very few) more energetic people (notable Vikki) walked or ran to the edge of the hill and back.

Whilst we were up on the hill a few trail bikes were seen coming up the track towards us – but they soon turned tail and disappeared – obviously they saw our superior equipment, and, feeling embarrassed, shot through! On leaving the top of the hill, one bike tried to climb an embankment sideways, but couldn't quite make it – that was your white BMW on the ground wasn't it, Mick?

The first couple of miles on the way down were quite tricky in places with large muddy waterholes at various intervals along the way. It was necessary to go bush to get around a couple of them. In one of these waterholes, Margaret Fenech, with Pauline as pillion, lost control of her bike. Fortunately they didn't land in the mud, but on the nice dry ground.

After some miles the road improved greatly, and except for a couple of rocky patches, it was quite good right out to the bitumen, which we turned onto just this side of Flowerdale.

There were a few nice bends on the next couple of miles of road, and we then stopped at a convenient cafe/service station to refuel machines (particularly 2 strokes!) and people, and waited for the not quite so rapid raiders to catch up.

On leaving the service station, the group seemed to split up and become somewhat disorganised. The run back into town was fast but uneventful, except for Stuart going through a red light, to the tune of protesting car horns.

All in all a good days run, but not much fun if you don't like dirt roads. Special thanks to the weatherman for the great effort he put into the day's weather!!

We, Us and Co.

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### \$\$\$\$ AUCTION '73 \$\$\$\$

As you will see from our itinerary, the next general meeting in August is our Annual Auction night. In an attempt to raise the quality of goods being auctioned, the committee has introduced a new style of auctioning. Members are invited to bring along anything for auction, and the club will receive 10% of whatever an article brings, leaving 90% for the donor. Members may donate all proceeds to the club funds if they wish.

It is hoped this will encourage members to bring articles which are too good to give away, but which they would gladly sell for a reasonable amount.

P.S. Rumour has it that the club has the services of a mystery auctioneer.

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The star salesman had included an item of '\$50 for girls' on his expense account. The boss called him in and confided, 'Look, I don't mind you enjoying yourself and entertaining our customers, but let's be more tactful. List those expenses as being for hunting.'

So the salesman's expense account included items of '\$50 for hunting' pretty regularly after than – until one month the initial entry read, '\$200 for cleaning rifle.'

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### EIGHT WHEELS ACROSS THE TOP (or 4x4=16)

On the 14<sup>th</sup> July we will be losing four of our members who are setting off on a 6000 mile round trip which will take them through four states of Australia and one territory.

Those going are: -

Peter Philferan – Brown 500/4

Darren Room – Red 750/4

Howard Higham – Blue 750/4

Jeffrey Nocker – Gold 750/4

### Proposed Itinerary

14<sup>th</sup> July – Leave Melbourne, lunch in Mildura. Stay in Port Pirie for the night.

15<sup>th</sup> July – Visit Wilpena Pound.

16<sup>th</sup> July – Place bikes on train for Alice Springs

18<sup>th</sup> July and morning 19<sup>th</sup> July – Fly to Ayers Rock to observe sunset (very spectacular I am led to believe).

20<sup>th</sup> -22<sup>nd</sup> July – Explore the Alice.

23<sup>rd</sup> July – Travel to Katherine Gorge to camp.

24<sup>th</sup> July – Spend day in Darwin.

25<sup>th</sup> & 26<sup>th</sup> July – Travel through to Mt. Isa.

27<sup>th</sup> on – Normanton via new beef road, across to Cairns, Kuranda, travel down coast to MacKay, Rockey and Gympie, Caloundra for the night. Visit Honda dealer in Wombye (they'll need it!). Depending on time will either travel down coast via Sydney or down the Newell highway? With a bit of luck will arrive back on Sunday the 5<sup>th</sup> August.

I'm sure that we all wish we could go, but we're sure to hear some good accounts of their experiences if and when they ever return. The only bit of advice I can give them is to tell them why aboriginals up at the Alice never catch cold – it is because they have a liquorice stick, two aniseed balls and a Gin when they go to bed.

Good luck fellahs and have a Gin on the Rocks for me!

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A boy who had been taken by his parents to a nudist camp for the first time expressed surprise at the varying sizes of the male organs he saw and asked his father about it. 'Son,' he said, 'it's all a matter of intelligence. A man with a large organ is smart and a fellow with a small one is dumb.'

Later that day, the father asked the boy if he had seen his mother around. 'Yes, Dad,' he replied, 'I saw her five minutes ago back in the woods. She was talking to a dummy, but he was getting smarter all the time.'

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But, Officer,' protested the young man in the parked car, 'we were only necking.'  
'OK,' said the cop, 'then put your neck back in your pants and get out of here.'