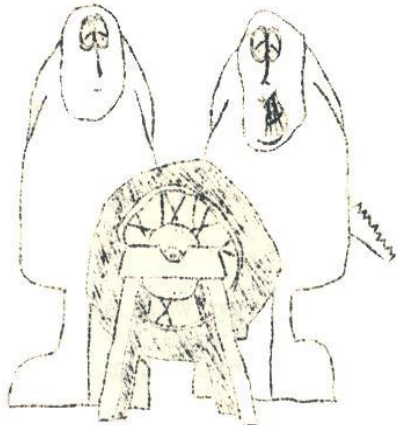


M S C A V.



"Best wheelstar I ever did."

If you are reading this you must be hard up for reading matter!

EDITORIAL, March, 1973.

Another month of fine weather and good riding has gone, and from all appearances, everybody (with the exception of Fred, maybe!) has enjoyed themselves on the runs.

The Mystery Night, which kept all guessing as to the venue for the evening, was a great success. For those who missed out on this evening, it was a pub-crawl by train, and many not too sober bods alighted back at Spencer Street that night and weaved their way home.

This month's bad news came in the form of a message from our F.A.M. contact that the Chief Secretary has decided not to raise the speed limit for motorcycles carrying pillion passengers.

Better late than never, I s'pose, but Fred and Eddie fell off on a club run last January, and now Eddie has sold his Ducati, although not because of the prang, we're told.

Les Bennett has also been suffering from an acute case of dropitis – his bike, we mean.

Ian Taylor has ratted on Trumpy's and bought a BMW, so has Cheryl, and Mick Fagan, etc, Phew!

We've received a message that last month's mag was only "FAIR", the reason given that there weren't enough "CLEAN" dirty jokes in it. So forward any of the aforementioned type jokes to the Editors for censorship purposes. (Not that we're narrow minded, of course!)

Also, the typist is wondering if it is at all possible for those who volunteer to do the write up each Sunday to get it to her (or to any other Committee member, for that matter) before the weekend following the run. This would make it considerably easier to plan out the mag and to show just how many jokes are needed to fill in the empty spaces.

Claw and Willi

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LAURISTON RESERVOIR – 4/2/73

After having a good night's sleep on the lounge room floor at Lois and Peter's place, approximately 6 bikes set off for KBCP. However, only about two bikes went on the run on account the fact that the roads started to get wet. (Rumour has it that a certain mud-coloured bike would've been hard to find after travelling over dirty roads) STIR!! With the rain falling and yours truly leading on my little red heart throb, we went to Mo's place (he was riding his big red) to get some waterproofs for both of us coz we were wet.

After that stop, we set off to Kyneton. The trip, up was uninteresting, and except for the rain and wet pants (PAIN), I would've gone to sleep. Had lunch at Kyneton, where slack peoples started turning up in cars.

Next we headed for Lauriston Reservoir, missed it completely and passed through Lauriston without knowing it. Eventually we found the place and proceeded to do a tour of the place. While

walking around the water's edge, we came across some fishermen who caught a fish just as we got to them. Amazing, isn't it? It's not every day that you see a fisherman catching a fish, or is it?

The rain then stopped long enough for Lloyd to have a barbeque. In the meantime, Pauline was kicking balls at cars and doing a good job of it. Ask B.B.! The rain came again, so we headed for a big shed and played a ground version of table tennis.

At about that time, the truck whose shed we were occupying came back, so we decided to go home. We had a nice trip back, even despite the rain and fog via Mount Macedon.

Mick Fagan

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A road safety sign outside a village school read:

"School – don't kill a child."

Underneath, some bright pupil had written

"Wait for the teacher!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Joiner: "You hammer nails like lightning."

Apprentice: "Do you mean I am fast?"

Joiner: "No, you seldom strike in the same place."

\* \* \* \* \*

### DO YOU REMEMBER IN 1972???

- |               |                                                             |
|---------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| Darren        | - The policeman looking for gold Hondas?                    |
| Lance         | - THAT pipe                                                 |
| Roger         | - The black lace panties you were at Hall's Gap?            |
| Chris         | - All the licenses you've had?                              |
| Joyce         | - The road to Matlock?                                      |
| Fred          | - Learning how to put a head on beer?                       |
| Don           | - Trying to start beezas without plug leads?                |
| J.C           | - The handling of 350 Yamis in garages?                     |
| Phillip       | - The comb you lost?                                        |
| Peter         | - Rick's bucks' turn?                                       |
| Marg          | - The locals at Miriam vale, Queensland?                    |
| Roger         | - Your 50,000 <sup>th</sup> piston (the one with the hole)? |
| Mick          | - Waking to the sound of Honda exhausts?                    |
| Cheryl        | - The pub at Walhalla?                                      |
| Joyce         | - The long weekend at Bruce's?                              |
| John Alphabet | - Your freedom?                                             |
| Ian H         | - The cliff at Walhalla?                                    |
| Ian T         | - Your stories in Shepparton?                               |
| Claw          | - Kew Boulevard?                                            |
| Formaldahide  | - The headwind returning from Turpin's Falls?               |
| Figgsy        | - A bent sign post?                                         |
| Les & Pauline | - Spending the night on the roadside at Broadford?          |

And so on and so on, as we seem to be running out of space and could go on and on forever!!! THE DRINKERS

\* \* \* \* \*

## EILDON – THE MULTI-TOUR

The tour on Sunday, 11/2/73 to Jerusalem Creek was one of the most unusual conducted by the MSCAV. It was a series of runs by various groups of members, friends and hangers-on. Not being able to be in two places at once, I can only describe one run, the official one, but by all accounts, everyone appeared to have a good day(s) as possible. The weather was perfect as far as the official run was concerned, being warm although cloudy at first, clearing to a bright sunny afternoon.

A group of mainly large bikes left KBCP. Among them were the Wotzko brothers on the big Velo, John riding and Alex as pillion. Ian H was on his new 380 (he lost a few cc after the Marlo incident) Suzi. Ian was the rear rider, and Rick on his ex-police Trumpy was patrol. Apart from prolonged hold ups at lights, a spirited run along Whitehorse road, the Maroondah Highway, the Black Spur, Dum Dum Saddle and Buxton led us to Thornton, where we had morning tea, coffee or hamburgers. En route, we had passed Fred Weis, whose bike was parked outside the hotel at Healesville, and J.C and Cheryl whose bike (D.C.'s really) was seen outside a cafe at Lilydale.

At Thornton, Mo and Phillip N were seen headed back to Melbourne, apparently to go trail-riding – on a laverda? Howard H purred in at Thornton. Seems he had gone...(fast) to catch us. Good old Honda 4! The chap at the cafe had been in the Navy with Les B on the same ship. They chattered away about old times, and we were heartily invited to return to that cafe.

Unfortunately, Lloyd's Guzzi developed an engine fault, and his pillion rode on the 4, and politely (and wisely) commented on its comfort. The Guzzi did not become a total failure, fortunately for Lloyd and also the Get You Home Fund.

From Thornton, we took the back road to Eildon. I gather a few had never been on it before. While sealed, there was a rough short stretch of hazardous reconstruction. Climbing out of Eildon down towards the Dam wall, Lance and Suzi 500 breezed past. After crossing the wall, Neville, Mick F and party were encountered going the other way, but they reversed (?) and joined us for the run up the mountain overlooking Eildon. Along with lance, they had camped overnight at Jerusalem Creek. The run up to the look out was, as always, exciting with its continual grade and reverse curves. The view from the top used up amounts of Kodak film. We then went down to Jerusalem Creek where we met Big Daddy who had ridden up alone earlier that day.

Garry Osborne and his brother Robert were met briefly before they went off trail riding. Garry had found the remains of a Beaufort war bomber, which had crashed into a mountain some years earlier. John Burrows, (who sells Yamahas and Hondas) rode up and was followed by many dirty looking fellow trail riders.

After a brief lunch, we all set off for the Boat Harbour at Eildon. There we encountered a further 6 "hangers-on" from the MSCAV who had organised an independent tour to Eildon. One, a non-member, had MSCAV emblazoned on his leather jacket. Several boat loads set off for fun on the lake, but the walk to the far receded waters prompted me to remain on shore. Just as well, I thought, when a happy band of drenched folk returned later. Pauline entertained us all by publically ringing out her clothes, while still wearing them.

About 3.30pm, we set off along the Goulburn River for Alexandra, Yea and Tallarook, a most scenic trip, and a real foretaste of our forthcoming tour of Tasmania. At Thornton, Fred turned off to go home over the Black Spur. At Yea, Rick and Roger went home via Yarra Glen. The adventurous club captain, Howard, along with Bob P and Garry P on Guzzi's went home over the dirt through Flowerdale. So did J.C and Cheryl. John on the 250 Honda went home ahead and the remaining party ended up, by a generally similar route, at the car park and the cafe. I had a drink only this time, but Mick Fagan, Neville and how many others suffered as I had the last time I ate there. Co-incidence??? Who knows?? However, the symptoms are frequent calls at the W.C. and

a very high temperature. My doc says it is a virus which lives on animal fats. The cure: no animal or dairy products and vast quantities of fruit juices.

Well, apart from the food problem, the trip was a multi-sided success to a particularly attractive part of Victoria.

Darren

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Recently, while eyeing off a local newspaper, we came across this article which should be of interest to you all.

“Motor bikes are designed primarily as sexual objects, the designer for one of the world’s biggest bike manufacturers said. Mr. Kenji Ekuan, president of the Japan Industrial Designers’ Association, said the only limit to the “erotic” design of the bikes was safety regulations.

He said market research for motor bikes 15 years ago showed that men wanted something they could look upon as an extension of their masculinity. Said he tried to design the handle bars, petrol tank, and even the exhaust pipe to symbolize women.

Mr Ekuan said motor bikes buyers got what they wanted – danger, speed, adventure and masculinity. It was up to the rider himself to ensure safety. He said women wanted similar things form a motor bike, but most of them just used them for transportation.

He said most of the smaller bikes had “penetrated a different market” buy many held the original stigma.”

\* \* \* \* \*

### BIG DADDY’S REPORT

At our last monthly meeting, the hall was packed to hear guest speaker, John Evans, who was with the Police Mobile Squad for 13 years and is now with the Road Safety and Traffic Authority Commission. His films and very interesting lecture were very much appreciated. “Alcohol” was an interesting subject, if you bear in mind what he said and don’t abuse this matter. Having it in its rightful place at the right time will most certainly gain for us the respect of those around us. Which is an important reason, as we would like all to abide by this rule, which is mentioned in the Constitution.

For those who went along to Peter and Lois’ barbeque night, it was a night to remember. The Kwaka Kid, being chief cook and bottle washer, got an apron for his duties. Although Pauline had a few too many, Les enjoyed his cider. Mick F slept continuously, and the President copped a lot of cans (empty type) form the merry ones, for some unknown reason. After hitting the sack at just before 3am, the residents were entertained by Pauline interviewing Ian “Chunky” Hurford.

Peter and Lois, after three hours sleep, arose to find that all their coffee was gone, but managed to find some Ovaltine. What was Ned doing behind that curtain? Lastly and most important, is to thank Peter and Lois for all they did for us in making this a very pleasant evening for everyone present, as they certainly made full use of it, and a special thank you for giving me that lovely bed, which I nearly lost!

\* \* \* \* \*

### BUXTON WEEKEND LATECOMERS

Exactly six miles after Buxton Pub, turn right along Cathedral Lane and keep a lookout for any MSCAV signs. You should find yourself on a road which runs alongside. You should find yourself on a road which runs alongside Little River. Merely keep a lookout for the bikes at any of the good camp spots, around behind Cathedral Mountain

\* \* \* \* \*

### “PUFFING BILLY” AND THE DANDENONG RANGES

Sunday, 18<sup>th</sup> February, 1973.

A small group of riders assembled at KBCP between 9-9.30am to find that most of the club were already up in the hills on a camp. The hot weather of the previous day and the subsequent mild evening made a camping trip quite attractive for the Saturday night drive-in (?? – typist) section of the club.

With Darren leading, Margaret (Ling time no see) as patrol and Ian Taylor (Der Fuehrer) on his brand new BMW as rear rider, the club set out for Bayswater and Montrose. A mile out of town, Peter on the 350 Honda pulled over, minus a gear change lever. Marg and Ian stopped to assist, while the rest of the riders proceeded at leisurely speed along the S.E. Freeway and onto the Burwood Highway. At Bayswater, a stop was made to enable the others to catch up before proceeding to Montrose.

At Montrose, we turned onto the Mount Dandenong Tourist Road and the fun began as the bikes leaned heavily into the corners. A stop was made at the Kalorama milk bar for drinks and ice-creams, and the local CFA gave us a demonstration of its alarm siren and fire truck...very dashing!

Having consumed the goodies, we rode through the hills “terrorising” Olinda, Sassafras and Kallista. A stop was made at One Tree Hill Lookout, where Gary on the 360 Yami was seen to ascend the stairs and to descend rather rapidly.

Lunch was had at the Sherbrooke Forest Picnic Reserve, where a certain 350 Honda had its slack chain tightened. Meanwhile, Ian on the shaftdrive BMW chuckled in glee and soon sorffed home to attend to a late afternoon engagement. Lunch eaten, Darren led the way down to the narrow gauge railway station at Belgrave, where the “Puffing Billy” was waiting to convey us at a leisurely 10-15mph to Emerald and back.

There we were joined by Mick Fagan, Howard H and Mick Bames, who had camped the night before. The bikes were all lined up on the new earthworks at the bottom of the station yard, and a certain shutterbug was seen capturing the scene of engine 7A and the bikes side by side.

The two hour trip by “Puffing Billy” was enjoyed by all, although one train nut was heard complaining of the high pitch of the train whistle.

Back at Belgrave, a decision was made to journey back to emerald at a much faster pace to go for a swim at Lake Treganowen. Shortly after arrival at the lake, Darren Denis A, Marg, Mick F, Garry O and that chap Formaldahide were seen frolicking in the very muddy water. Formaldahide was seen waking round some time later with only a vest to bless himself with..oomah..20 cents fine for indecent exposure! (By the way, have you paid it yet? – typist)

The return ride in the evening lead us to the home of member Keith Anderson via Kallista, Seville, Mt Evelyn, Montrose and a suitable Take-Away food store. Shortly after tea, some bright spark suggested that we proceed to Ian Taylors’ place, drag him out of his water bed and drool over that “heap of German rubbish” – err, I mean, BMW! This we did, and the group broke up from there about 9pm.

Formaldahide

\* \* \* \* \*

THE PENALTY OF GROWING OLD

My days of youth are ending,  
My torch of life is out.  
What used to be my sex-appeal  
Is now my water-spout.  
Time was when, of its own accord,  
From my fly would spring.  
But now I have a blasted job  
To find the bloody thing.  
It used to be embarrassing  
The way it would behave,  
For early every morning  
It stood and watched me shave.  
But as old age approaches  
It sure gives me the blues  
To see it hang its withered head  
And watch me clean my shoes.

\* \* \* \* \*

The biggest mystery to a married man is what a bachelor does with his money.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many are saved from sin by being so inept at it.

\* \* \* \* \*

The biggest trouble with success is that the formula is just about the same as that for a nervous breakdown.

\* \* \* \* \*

The shortest distance between two points is always under construction.

\* \* \* \* \*

A LULLABY FOR BIKIES

Hush, little baby, hush your roar,  
Daddy's gonna buy you a Honda Four.

If he can't get the Four today,  
Daddy's gonna buy you a BSA.

If your Beeza falls apart,  
Daddy's gonna buy you a red go-kart.

If that kart won't wheelie as you like,  
Daddy's gonna buy you a mini-bike.

If it's too tiny and goes too slow,  
Daddy's gonna buy you a Bultaco.

If that bul runs hot and inferior,  
Daddy's gonna buy you a Brough Superior.

If finding parts starts to trouble you,  
Daddy's gonna buy you a BMW.

If you don't like it and get choosy,  
Daddy's gonna buy you a Suzuki.

If it sounds like popcorn in a can,  
Daddy's gonna buy you an old Indian.

If you like one made in a far country,  
Daddy's gonna buy you a Harley D.

If that hog is too heavy or too proper,  
Daddy's gonna turn it into a chopper.

If that chopper gets you busted for too much sound,  
You'll still be the greatest little biker in the town!

(From: The Four Owners' Club Magazine.)

\* \* \* \* \*

The 11 year old boy walked into the darkened parlour and switched on the light. Immediately his sister and her boyfriend jumped apart on the couch.

"Watcha doing?" the kid asked.

"Nothing", the boyfriend snapped.

"You're sure?"

"I'm sure!"

"Then how do you know when you're finished?" the kid asked.

\* \* \* \* \*

### MYSTERY TOUR – 24/2/73

Four-thirty on the Saturday afternoon saw a group of adventure seekers (where was Guzzi Graham?) gathering at the car park, curiosity and thirst no doubt climbing to maximum.

For how far was dey going' nobody knowed, 'coz the cap kept tellin' 'em all to go fill up with petroleum – de bikes, dat is! Little did they suspect that they were only going around the corner.

Yes, readers, you guessed it: - around the corner into Spencer street Station, and much to the amazement of on-lookers AND the adventure - seekers, straight onto Platform Ten!

It was here we were informed the "MSCAV Mystery tour for 1973 will be a PUB CRAWL BY TRAIN! Well, dear readers, need I say that this was received with rather mixed feelings by many members, but being true adventure seekers (viz: bikies), they remembered these immortal words as the girl said to the sailor: "I will if you will, so will I", and piled into the two car "Special", destination "X" and return. The bikes were left on the platform under the watchful eye of the V.R. employees, and by about 5.20pm, the "Hangover Express" was on its way.

First stop was Flinders Street, where who should we find by Michael, formerly of step-thru fame, with an urn of coffee! We also learned that the committee, in its usual infinite wisdom, had made available some of that there amber fluid, enough anyway to last us till the first watering stop, which, would you believe, was good ol' downtown Dandenong. Despite cries of "Roger's place for tea", we all headed for the nearby "Southern Aurora" pub for a counter tea and to replenish supplies for the next leg of the journey.

Some of Darren's railway friends seemed to be enjoying themselves figuring out which line we were travelling on, and it soon became quite obvious that our next stop was Caulfield, for a quickie, AND more cold supplies.

From there we crawled, or to be more precise, fair flew down the Frankston line, for who knew where? (Ever seen the surprised expressions on peoples' faces as they go to step onto a train, only to find that it blasts through the station at about 50mph, stirring up dust and garbage into their faces?) Speaking of surprised expressions, another incident is well worth a mention: - as you will have gathered, a few people had managed to sink a few tubes, and we are all aware of the disturbing effect the consumption of alcohol can have on one's cistern (err SYSTEM!) Anyway, to cut a long story short, there was Truckie Bob (500 Suzi) hanging out the door on the Nepean Highway side of the train! And what was he doing, dear readers? You're right again - watering the garden!! He nearly caused FOUR cars to have a pile-up, not to mention Bob P, Darren & Co, whose sides nearly split with laughter!

For the more conservative members of the party, the next watering and/or de-watering stop was the Chelsea rubbity, dance-band and all! By this time, most everyone was well about .05, which of course was an advantage of travelling by train, so a swingin' time was being had by all, with all sorts of incredible things going on (and off too, maybe DISGUSTING!)

From there we were whisked off to Mordialloc, for more drinking, dancing and disgusting. Here we seemed to have lost a certain club secretary, who reckons he only missed the train by three minutes! Is it damp under Mordialloc Bridge, Figgysy?

After everyone was finally rounded up (didn't want to leave that band at the pub) we set off for the final stop of the night. The garden was being kept well watered by various peoples along the way, much to the distaste of the poor old guard at the rear of the train! No wonder he threw the cap a few cans and climbed around the outside of the train to join a couple of our members for a friendly ale or two.

In the meantime, all Hell appeared to be let loose in the front carriage, the main object of the game appearing to be to try and mop up the floor with people's shirts, with the people still in 'em! And what on earth was Margaret Taylor doing to our picture of innocence, young Claw. Good grief!

Eventually arrived at the supper stop - lovely picturesque Fitzroy Street, St. Kilda, so off we traipsed to Leo's Spaghetti Bar and Restaurant, where we caused great pandemonium amongst the waiters and waitresses (the joint was packed!) but we DID have a train to catch, didn't we?

From here we clickety-clacked back to Spencer Street and it was on this last section that Rick threw out a challenge to Neil for the largest capacity bladder: I think the rail side grass has all withered and died from Albert Park to Melbourne Motorcycles at City Road!

Well, don't ask me how, but we arrived back soon after midnight, without having lost a single member (Figgysy and friend (female) caught us up at St. Kilda) and I'm sure it's safe to say we all had a fantastic night.

THANKS COMMITTEE (especially, Darren, I suspect!)

A Biker.



\* \* \* \* \*

LAKE BURRUMBEET Sunday, 25<sup>th</sup> February, 1973.

Arrived at the car park at about 9.30am to find about 8 or ten bikes and a couple of cars, which wasn't too bad a gathering after the super mystery night. Set off for Ballarat with Mick Fagan out front, with the result that we took in a tour of Sunshine on the way. Enroute, Howard, Ian and J.B joined us, and at Ballarat Denis Ackland and Roger were waiting.

After the gourmet lunch (chicken, chips 'n burgers), we headed for the lake. On arrival, the group milled around aimlessly, Big Daddy and Claw made the scene, frissbying and can throwing events were held, and vintage cars and one Harley Deviation were inspected. Greg Smith baptised his dog, which was too small to argue, and there were some rather unusual doings in the bull rushes.

A tour was devised for the trip home, so we all rocketed off to Ballarat for petrol and stuff. Ian and Marilyn headed home on the main highway. Didn't want to keep their new BMW out late. (Great taste in motorcycles, those two!)

The multitude then turned south to Geelong along the Midland Highway. On the way out of town, we accumulated Mike-the-Bike Formaini, who proceeded to wring his Honda's neck all the way to Geelong, or so it seemed.

At Geelong, we refreshed ourselves and our steeds. Pauline was attacked by the loudest..Pretzel in the West. Then off back to Melbourne, where we re-invaded 191.

Where was the rear rider? He was in front of us when we passed one of our number stopped on the roadside. Suppose he should have kept up, hey Roger?

All in all, a good day, apart from some "no-tomorrow" riding.

Us Three

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