

NOVMEBER 1973



Rumour has it that a certain identity in the club will tie the knot soon – with two more following in the New Year.

About time Heather started to wear dresses – it appears a girl in the Cross asked her if she wanted a GIRL for the night – I'm not too sure if she accepted.

Margaret Peart had yet another accident on her holiday to Queensland – About time she gave the Honda away and joined Mick on his step – thru.

My Honda 4 Spy informs me that Darren has had a cigarette lighter installed in his side car so as he can connect a garbage disposal unit with which to gobble up B.M.W's.

Don't for get to turn u at the M.S.C.A.V Christmas Party on 27th November – Good time ensured.

Also remember F.A.M is holding their annual meeting at Northcote Town Hall on 28th November at 8pm – turn up, as many well known and influential people have been invited.

After last weekend I would advise Big D not to lend his bike to Greg Smith – He's downright dangerous.

At last a 4 broke down on a run – which calls for a Party.

Speaking of Partied I & P Bennett are throwing one on the 10th of November everyone invited – The address is:
7 LOOMAI CLOSE, GREENSBOROUGH 3088
Boots to be taken off at the door.

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As promised, Bruce wrote out his excuse for being late for the Treasure Hunt, but after reading it I decided it wasn't worth the paper it was written on – better luck next time.

To celebrate Christmas Tiny has decided to get his new teeth.

Trevor Mickie is now sporting a new 500 Yamaha – and Roger is envious.

Congratulations to Pauline and Garry on being elected to the Committee – I hope that their contribution will further the cause of the M.S.C.A.V and not the Four Owners.

Special meeting for all those going to Tassie will be held in the club hall on the 9th November – With a bit of luck Ned might have worked out the Bloody price by then!

EDITOR – DAVID CUMMING

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STEIGLITZ – 7th OCT 73

I thought I'd better go on a club run to see if it really was true that we were getting u to 45 bikes on a run, and sure enough 35 bikes went to Steiglitz, plus Ned (thinks that Holden will get to Sydney)

with Ron Haywood (his water bottle must have leaked in bed), and John (the car dealers friend) Barker.

We did all the usual things – like leave the car park, and go to Bacchus Marsh with a leader, rear rider and patrol, and I'm not going to tell you who they were.

Form Bacchus Marsh we headed for an ominous cloud of black smoke, which I thought might have been a 750/4 bonfire. On closer inspection I determined this object to be a bloody train, though I would never have guessed only for the enthusiasts taking photos all along the road. Apparently the train was puffing up a very long haul which must have been too much for it, 'cos it threw a rod or someone pulled a chain or something and it broke down. In all the excitement I believe Darren gave the chair its first lesson in trail riding.

In Ballan we stopped to buy lunch to eat when we got there, I thought, but as usual we sat on the nature strip and Post Office steps and got sore bums on the concrete rather than sharing it later with the ants. Here we had a visit from one of those awful men who take licences off you, but he was a friendly one who said he had seen us a few times before. He said he would ring Geelong if we were going there and tell them we were OK, and if we were pulled up on the Ballarat Highway, to say Sergeant Waterhouse has seen us, and not to confuse his name with Shithouse.

We headed for Steiglitz, along some of the roads the last day trial included (hence many of the people in the last trial went up these roads for the first time), and arrived at Steiglitz to be greeted by Bob Paulin and Kurt. Here, them what still had lunch to eat, ate it; them what wanted to Frisbee throw, threw it; them what wanted to ride bikes u hills and through mud, rode them; them what wanted to do bugger all, did bugger all; and them what wanted a ride in Darren's side car, are gamer than I am!

There wasn't much water in the creek, so no swimming or panning for gold was done. An attempt was made to chuck water at two trail riders, but this failed when they got smart and crossed the creek elsewhere. We might have to throw Hairy off the boat on the way to Tassy to get him wet. A few went off walking, and one or two others rode around, one up and down the road with no helmet – THIS IS NOT SMART AND WE DO NOT WANT TO SEE THIS HAPPEN AGAIN.

On the return journey, we were unlucky enough to lose new member Ross King on a corner. Johnny Barker took him to Bacchus Marsh for a few stitches, but we hope he is OK now. (Tu-bob J.B buys an ambulance next week). The standard Triumph toolkit (shifter, pliers, a boot and wire) were used to make his bike rideable. All the usual things happened at the end of the day, and I'm not going to tell you what they were. (Shagg'n Dragon was at it again – ED)

The committee adjourned for a committee meeting, and the rest adjourned for a rest.

Unusual things seen:

- Greg Smith on a run on a bike
- Bob Paulin on a run in a car
- Mick as pillion (where's that rumoured 90?)
- The Secretary on a run on his bike, and nearly being knocked out (again) by a brick.

Usual things seen:

- Osborn banging on corners
- The Frisbee
- New members

B. Higgs

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FILM NIGHT – Club Comment

No article on the film night will appear this month, as it was a complete flop due to lack of support. I am continually amazed as to how outings arranged for over 100 people can be so dismally supported.

I will admit that some delay occurred in arranging the theatre night, so let's hope that the new Social Secretary can ensure that in future all arrangements are made well in advance, so that members will have a chance to plan ahead.

EDITOR

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VAN DERAILED

The van of the morning Toolamba-Echuca train was derailed when a MOTORCYCLE hit the van at the Simmie Road level crossing about six miles east of Echuca on August 15th. The impact forced the van's steps under the van and resulted in its derailment.

Unfortunately the motorcyclist was killed.

Darren.

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M.S.C.A.V. CHRISTMAS PARTY – Tuesday November 27th – VENUE LUNA PARK

This year we will have our very own Marquee at the Luna Park Ball. Several sports car clubs will have their own Marquees. Ours is No. 10

These balls have been a roaring success in the past and the Triumph Sports Owners Association is running it as in the past.

Basic Details of the Ball

The park will be closed to the general public for the night. The ball will run from 8pm – 1am.

Dress – Bow or ordinary tie and jacket (Lounge suits or formal wear is encouraged but by no means essential)

The M.S.C.A.V has arranged a secure place for our bikes and cars and has arranged FREE mystery transport to and from the Park.

Many rides will operate continuously and at NO CHARGE!!

Stupendous amounts of Fairy Floss (for fairies), Hot Dogs, and hot Coffee are available throughout the night FREE.

Buffet Type Steak supper will be available between 10pm and 12pm upon the presentation of the vouchers attached to the ticket.

A versatile Jazz/Rock/Blues group will feature non-stop music on the dance floor above the Whip.

Cost

Members Double - \$10.00
Members Single - \$5.00
Non members Double - \$11.00 B.Y.O.G and Car Fridge
Non members Single - \$5.50

Obtain your tickets from Bruce Higgs or see a committee member.

PURCHASE YOUR TICKETS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENTS.

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CORROWA – 13 – 14 OCT 73

The weather during the week had been perfect for bike riding. The days had been from 60 – 75 degrees and the wind was minimal. As the promise of good weather for the weekend was high, and as Corowa was only 180 miles from Melbourne, Ian T and myself took the Friday afternoon off and headed along the Hume.

The conditions for bike riding were very pleasant, and as we were in no hurry, we cruised along at about 70mph for most of the way. There was not much traffic on the highway, and except for one bastard who did a U-turn in front of Ian at Kilmore; some cheeky magpies who dive bombed us from the trees just outside Mangalore; and for a spiny anteater who decided to sit in the middle of the road just outside Wangaratta, the trip to Corowa was quite uneventful.

We pulled up at the Ball Caravan Park just after 6 and were greeted by an enormous German shepherd with a ferocious bark. Luckily he was the biggest chicken I have ever encountered and with every bark took one step backwards – (to your two?? – T) The caravan attendant allotted us a spot near the river where he had found two snakes while cutting the grass that day. Undeterred we pitched our tents in the failing light, only to find that we had pitched them on a bull ant nest, and by being near the river the mosquitoes were both enormous in size and in number.

Ian and I then proceeded toward Rutherglen for tea. The nine miles of winding road were accomplished with great speed, but this had the disadvantage of collecting thousands (thousands? They must have all teemed up and headed just for you! – T) of squashed bugs on the headlights. The hotel at Rutherglen is the focal point of the area's nightlife. Besides a large bar, there is a sportsman's bar, a large entrance hall come ladies lounge and a huge dining/dancing area. The food there is both reasonably priced and of great quality.

Whilst eating tea we asked the barman for a map of the local wineries, which he was only too willing to give. Thus over tea we planned our next day's activities – sampling of bulk wine. After tea we moved to the sportsman's bar and played pool til stumps. Paul arrived on his 500, so about 10.30 the three of us wound our way back to camp.

Saturday morning the three of us rode into Corowa, where we met most of the local lads sitting in the gutter (hope you joined them. – In the gutter I mean – T) outside the milk bar waiting for the shops to open. Finally the town came to life and we had breakfast plus a tour of the town. Howard H arrived after breakfast and the four of us set out to tour the wineries. This was done with much enthusiasm. Luckily Ian did not bring a truck as he wanted to buy every one he sampled.

We and gone through Campbell's wines and All Saints before lunch, plus going on a roundabout trip of Rutherglen. At All Saints we were given samples of wines from light white down to the muscats and rums. Any wine which Howard, Ian or myself couldn't drink, Paul certainly could. We wound our way back to Rutherglen for lunch, where we met up with Claw, Neil and Bob.

We planned to go to the horse races in the afternoon, after touring a few more wineries. The first winery was S & K – one of the smallest but the one which had won the most medals for its wines.

We all picked up a few bottles here. Hairy, Ian, Paul and myself were to meet Claw and Co at the races. On arrival there was no sign of them, so we waited for one horse race – consisting of three horses running the wrong way around the track.

We went back to Corowa for a thick shake and whiles there we met up with the club. Rick & Lil – triumph outfit; X & friend – Honda 350 outfit; Brendan – 650 Yami; X – 700 Yami; Garry O – BMW; Vicki – 250 Suzy; Peter Tapp – 500 Suzi; Big Daddy – 500/4.

While the club toured more wineries, I went back to the race track to watch Claw and Neil make their fortune. Pre-tea was spent at the Corowa pub plying pool and darts. Tea as usual was at the Rutherglen dining room, and the night entertainment was extremely varied. Some went to the Clubs for a quick poke (poker machine playing that is) some at the locals for pool playing or general bull-shitting (you're excellent at that - T) with the locals, sine sniffing in Albury and others to camp for an early night.

Sunday morning was another promising day. The morning was spent waking up Big Daddy at his hotel, generally dragging other people out of their tents, and strolling into Corowa for breakfast. Many of us would our way to the dog show at the showgrounds, walking around inspecting all the pampered dogs. The dog which stood out most was a short, long haired sausage dog, whose hair hung down to the ground. When we said “Hey, look at the centipede” the owner got quite upset.

The rest of the morning was spent packing and the club disbanded in all directions at different times. The main group left about twelve and cruised down to Benalla for lunch. We were all very tired when we arrived at Footscray and we all planned to go home after tea.

Paul P put 10c in the pinball machine and with his first game won 3 free games. The next two games he lost and was going to play pool, so he simply let all five balls come out at once – four in a row – 12 free games. Two hours later he still had ten free games.

We finally left the cafe, but many people had made firm reservations to return to Rutherglen by car to cart home gallons of those squashed grapes.

Garry Phenyl (or Phenol!!)

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FOR THOSE WHO WILL NEVER FORGET

Think memory
bring past to mind
let me see what will never be again.
Bring back those eyes
so deep so bright
shining delight
at something I said.

In thought you are so real
you must be somewhere hiding
they'll never stop us riding
for the rest of time,
they'll never stop those wheels turning
though all the time I'm burning
looking for you
along the road.

The main falls

dismal drizzle soft and grey
all through the day
in dampened mind
I can't find
myself,
save for a burning tear
in loniness of black and olden times
where there are no more rhymes
for me to see.

When, I ask
will we be happy again
see you smile
hear you say Hi to me,
I wonder why
I'm sad
we haven't said good bye
no-one has seen me cry
I keep thinking, asking why
you have gone
and not me.

4-11-71

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CHAMPAGNE GOES METRIC

With Christmas drawing near it's probably a good time to stock up on your supplies of champagne. So we thought we'd get away from normal like stories in order to let you know the contents and names of champagne bottles, now that they have gone metric.

The present reputed quart bottle now in use was probably based on the dozen principle – six bottles to one gallon. The present bottles based on the reputed quart will continue in use. Champagne will retain their traditional names as follows:

| | <u>Metric Size</u> | <u>No of Bottles</u> |
|------------------------|------------------------|----------------------|
| Bottle (reputed quart) | $\frac{3}{4}$ litre | 1 |
| Magnum | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ litres | 2 |
| Jerolam | 3 litres | 4 |
| Rheoboam | 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ litres | 6 |
| Methuselah | 6 litres | 8 |
| Salamanzar | 9 litres | 12 |
| Balthazar | 12 litres | 16 |
| Nebuchadnezzar | 15 litres | 20 |

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FOUR OWNERS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA (F.O.A.A.) – (Melbourne Chapter)

A Melbourne Chapter of the F.O.A.A was founded on 10-10-73, the following committee was elected.

| | | | |
|----------------|---|----------------|---|
| President | - | Howard Higham |) |
| Vice-President | - | Jeffrey Nocker |) |
| Secretary | - | Garry Clapham |) |

| | | | |
|--------------|---|--------------------|------------------|
| Assit. Sec | - | Christopher Bowers |) All members of |
| Social Sec | - | Tony Fenech |) M.S.C.A.V. |
| Treasurer | - | Donald Sexton |) |
| Club Captain | - | Peter 'Tiny' Jack |) |
| Vice-Captain | - | Paul Price |) |

All are 750/4 owners, except Paul who owns a 500/4.

The Committee decided to conduct runs in conjunction with the M.S.C.A.V and all Four Owners are therefore encouraged to join the M.S.C.A.V.

The F.O.A.A will hold its own social functions and will conduct monthly meetings at the Fairfield Hall – corner Clarke & Rathmines Streets – on the THIRD Friday of each month. Members of the M.S.C.A.V are cordially invited to attend.

The secretary and other members met up with the Sydney Chapter members recently and they attended a Party at which members from all four Australian Chapters attended before going to the Amaroo Races.

Incidentally, the U.S.A branch of the F.O.A.A. is one of the largest motorcycle clubs in the world.

M.S.C.A.V. Spy

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SHERBROOK RUN – 21-10-73

While eating at the restaurant, I had a good view of the bikes coming in from the Hills. (Most with headlights on, as conditions weren't the best). I counted 31 bikes, of which were two outfits and a few more New Faces.

Lunch was had at a very cheap price after which some of us went for a walk led by our fearless captain, while Garry BM toured around testing his "Brakes". On returning, everybody was just about ready to go – much to the astonishment of Howard, who was not very impressed.

Heading down through Gembrook toward home, the run was suddenly marred by an "Accident"! After the delay we continued down to Mt. Dandenong and onto Canterbury Road to our usual place of dispersal, for a game of pool and tea.

It was a pleasant day for all except for that accident, which I think a few words wouldn't go astray as we've been having a few lately.

The main causes of these "Accidents" I find in CARELESSNESS on the part of the individual, who take risks. Unnecessarily overtaking on corners, and driving beyond their capabilities. While this goes on something has to give. So my advice is please be careful and have consideration towards everybody when out on the road, as accidents most certainly do not appeal to us. They only bring hardships and quite a lot of inconvenience.

BIG DADDY

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INCREASE IN THIRD PARTY INSURANCE PREMIUM

As you are all well aware we are threatened with a large increase in Third Party Insurance which is not a very pleasing thought.

Earlier this week I was a guest at the V.A.C.C Seminar on “Motorcycles and the Future”, at which all the big motorcycle dealers were present.

The Executive Committee of the Victorian Motorcycle Traders’ Division has compiled a very comprehensive submission on the subject and this has been presented to the Chief Secretary, Mr. Rossiter.

The main recommendation was that Third Party Insurance premiums be based on a sliding scale according to the capacity of the motorcycle.

At present the outcome does not look very promising and it is for this reason I urge you to write to your local State Member of Parliament and complain of the increase :- We need many voices not just those of F.A.M. and the V.A.C.C.

ED

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THE EDGE OF EXTINCTION – A Rosta Publication.

Many young motorcyclists are riding on the edge of extinction according to figures released by the Road Safety and Traffic Authority. These show that motorcycle fatalities have doubled in the past few years.

The disturbing feature of the figures is that 73 percent of the deaths occurred in collisions with other vehicles. There is proof that in a high percentage of these accidents the motorcyclist was not seen.

Motorcyclists themselves can help reduce the odds on being involved in a collision with another vehicle by creating a “visibility shell” which would ensure they were noticed more easily by the motorist. This visibility shell can be created by following three measures:

1. Wear bright coloured protective riding and rain gear in either leather or vinyl and ensure that jacket, gloves and boots are worn for additional protection and that goggles or plastic lenses are clear and not scratched or distorted.
2. Make full use of materials with reflective properties and luminescent paint on helmets, mudguards, sides of the bike, as armbands or patterns on riding clothes and jackets.
3. Keep headlights on at all times especially in built-up areas as well as the open highways.

The first two years riding a motorcycle on the road are critical and if a rider manages to survive this period then the odds of being killed or injured drop dramatically.

Motorcyclists tend to be camouflaged into the background when wearing dark clothes and with their relatively small profile they are difficult to see. This plus inexperience amounts to a totally hostile environment. To offset this, bright clothes in contrast to the surrounds and a truly defensive riding technique are necessary. Riders must be instantly visible and be prepared to avoid collisions at all times.

Statistics show that motorists turning across oncoming motorcycles and collisions in give-way-to-the-right situations account for 63/5 of multi-vehicle fatalities. Another 17% died in head on collisions. This a visibility shell is a vital aid in making the motorist aware of the motorcycle as another road user entitled to the same courtesies as other vehicles.

The change of light periods around sunrise and sunset are the most dangerous. During the six hour period, from 5.30am to 8.30am and 5pm to 8pm, 46% of motorcycle fatalities occur. The afternoon period through to midnight accounts for 69% of the deaths.

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TASMANIA – FASCINATING PAST

Able Tasman named the island state, “Van Dieman’s Land” in 1642, but the name was changed in the last century, as the inhabitants disliked the contraction to V.D. Land!!

In Hobart there’s plenty of historic interest – Salamanca Place with its row of warehouses much as they were when they served the sailing fleets at the nearby piers. Battery Point with magnificent old homes and buildings in a perfect state of preservation and the truly splendid National Trust House “Runnymede” at New Town, are part of Hobart’s proud heritage.

One can walk along Arthur’s Circus – Australia’s only circular street and built by Governor Arthur in 1834. The cottages around the street were built around the circle, and yet no two are alike!

The Cathedral, St. Davids, is perhaps Australia’s most beautiful Church. One can climb the circular stone stair case to the top of its tower, from where an excellent view can be had.

Visit the Theatre Royal, Australia’s first theatre. The foundation stone was laid on November 4, 1834 and it opened its doors in 1837. About 1000 people attended the opening show – a performance by an English Regimental Band. This theatre has been fully restored by the Government.

Anglesea Barracks 1814, The Cascade Brewery 1827 (open for visits), St Johns New Town 1834, Government House 1858 – set as it is in the Botanical Gardens, are just a few of Hobart’s’ great historical buildings.

Most notable reminders of Tasmania’s early days are the ruins of the Port Arthur Convict Settlement. This operated from 1830 to 1877, and is set in a beautiful location.

Richmond near Hobart boasts Australia’s oldest bridge 1823, whilst the Midland town of Ross has the second oldest and we will ride over it. Richmond has Australia’s oldest Roman Catholic Church, 1836. Homes built of convict bricks or cut stone, hewn by convicts in a Georgian style, are commonplace in both Ross and Richmond.

Northern Tasmania’s first settlement was at George Town in 1804 at the mouth of the Tasman River, and it was settled two years before Launceston. Hadsden, near Launceston, was built in 1820. We will call there on our last day in Tasmania. It has been fully restored and furnished as it was 150 years ago. It has a tranquil grace and it houses many priceless antiques, including my grandfather’s old horse trap – a type of conveyance.

The Midland Towns have preserved their heritage well, and many superb stone churches, bridges and buildings abound. Further, as one will see, vast quantities of English trees have been planted everywhere, as the first settlers were keen to make their new home as near to England as possible. In some places it is hard to find a gum tree.

The roads in places have huge English style hedges and twists and bends. Take care!

Darren

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TREASURE HUNT – 28-10-73

The Itinerary said Treasure hunt – the prize a ride in Darren’s side car and all you had to do was find the Secretary and give Darren heart massage.

What caused the muck up in this case is the fact that summer time commenced on this particular weekend and the backward Secretary figures (how I’ll never know) that everyone would turn up at the old time and he could sleep in. What in actual fact happened was that everyone turned up at the new time and stood around for 1 ½ hours watching Darren change colour every five seconds waiting for the backward person who forgot to put his watch forward.

With no clues as to the Treasure Hunt it was called off to sometime in the future (never I hope!) and a vote was taken as to what to do. Darren suggested Phillip Island and it was agreed. Mick not wanting to take the step-thru that far suggested the scrambles much to Darren’s disgust. So we had two runs one person going with Darren (sorry about that) and the rest going to Geelong.

With the captain leading we headed off up hill and down dale (personally I think we were lost!) but we managed to make it to Geelong without travelling on the Geelong Road (Too many cops). After a long brief stop we split up – those that had finished eating went on ahead and the rest followed much later.

The track at Banool is fantastic for spectators and the races were an extremely good spectacle. There were many thrills and spills and the Flood brothers appeared to dominate their class.

At first the races were very dusty but rain soon took care of this. It was like this all day one minute it was hot and dusty next it was wet and miserable.

While all this was going on Greg Smith was dropping Big D’s 500 in the prickles with Heather – actually I think he was trying to give her a prickle of his own.

At approximately 5pm Summer Time (See, please note) we headed off in the rain towards Geelong. At Geelong the rain stopped we stopped and refuelled and then it was smooth sailing back to the cafe.

CONCLUSION – Stick the Treasure Hunt, I have never had a more enjoyable day – considering its been over two years since our last organized run to the races.

Zenith

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A bike rider and a chick were racing up a deserted road when the girl looked at the map.

“Dear,” she said “we’re going in the wrong direction.”

“What’s the difference?” he said, “we’re making great time!”

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I LOVE YOU

Have you ever stopped to think what meanings a simple statement such as this may carry? Well read on and see what a certain psychiatrist and social psychologist have to say on the matter.

“I love you” is a statement that can be expressed in so many varied ways. It may be a stage song, repeated daily without any meaning, or a barely audible murmur, full of surrender. Sometimes it means: I desire you or I want you sexually. It may mean: I hope you love me or I hope that I will be able to love you. Often it means: It may be that a love relationship can develop between us or

even I hate you. Often it is a wish for emotional exchange: I want your admiration in exchange for mine or I give you love in exchange for some passion or I want to feel cosy and at home with you or I admire some of your qualities. A declaration of love is mostly a request: I desire you or I want you to gratify me, or I want your protection or I want to be intimate with you or I want to exploit your loveliness.

Sometimes it is the need for security and tenderness, for parental treatment. It may mean: My self-love goes out to you. But it may also express submissiveness: Please take me as I am, or I feel guilty about you, I want, through you, it correct the mistakes I have made in human relations. It may be self-sacrifice and a masochistic wish for dependency. However, it may also be a full affirmation of the other, taking the responsibility for mutual exchange of feelings. It may be a weak feeling of friendliness, it may be the scarcely even whispered expression of ecstasy.

“I love you” – wish, desire, submission, conquest; it is never the word itself that tells the real meaning here.

So married members of the Club – What DID you really mean when you told your wives you loved them?

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A bike rider was racing down highway 96 at 95 miles per hour when he was flagged down by a cop. “Didn’t you see the speed limit posted back on the road?”

“Yes”, said the cyclist, “but I thought it said 96mph”.

“Well”, growled the cop. “I’m glad I caught you before you turned onto highway 201”

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