

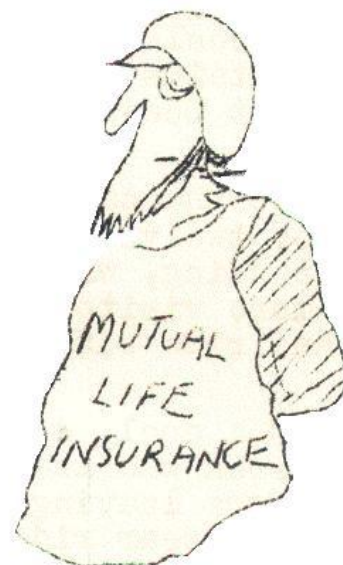
EDITORIAL

October, 1973.



Firstly, we would like to welcome all the new-comers who have joined our ranks since the bike show, and we hope that they will find enjoyment in all the activities our association has to offer.

Judging from the turnouts over the past two weeks, we have acquired a very large number of respectable motorcyclists whose membership will undoubtedly make the MSCAV the largest non-racing



bike club in Victoria.

For the information of the new-comers, the magazine, "Freedom Rider", is printed each month and contains articles submitted by members on club outings and other assorted articles on motorcycling in general.

We hope that all our new members will submit articles to the magazine, so that a good cross-section of members' views can be obtained. The MSCAV stand at the Show was a credit to the organizers, and our thanks go out to all those who helped in some way at the Show, informing Victorian motorcyclists of the activities of the MSCAV.

- From what we hear, a few people are still going to Corowa, so turn up and have a peaceful weekend without any Honda 4's, as they are all going to Amaroo.
- Surprisingly, the pub selected for the Hotel Night was very good. Pity more people didn't turn up to enjoy it.
- BMW's are having a rough trot lately, what with Ned being hit by an unidentified flying object, and Mick showing us all how it's done by having a head-on – rumour has it that he's buying a 90 step-thru for the summer!!
- The phantom Frisbee gobbler strikes again – Margaret swallowed one on a recent run! (Try an elbow, David – typist)
- Sorry to hear Heather has left us for the bright lights of Kings Cross.
- Notice the Committee omitted to hold a run to the Royal Show this year – about time they pulled their fingers out!
- Overheard at the car park recently by a certain Honda 4 owner stating that BMW's were starting to outnumber 4's, and that something should be done about it! So all BMW owners (not including Mick) keep an eye out, as there are foul deeds a foot.

Margaret and David, Editors.

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SUNDAY 23/9/73

Round trip to Apollo Bay – the outward trip via Geelong and Princes Highway, across the mountains to Apollo Bay, and return via the Great Ocean Road.

We left the car park on time (late), with approximately 45 bikes plus ten or twelve pillion passengers. Nice to see such a large number attending, which if not a record, must be close to it.

We had possible more visitors than members, so let's hope they enjoyed the day out and ride with us again.

It was a cool, cloudy day, and it changed gradually – for the worse. Darren was lead rider, as Howard was late (due to a puncture at home before leaving), Mick Fagan and Garry Osborn were patrol, and Big Daddy was rear rider. I went endera myself to Honda riders by saying how many there were on the run – but there were 17 Hondas!!

Our first stop was to be Winchelsea, and on the way, there was a lot of dangerously close riding in the suburbs (but fortunately without incident) until the highway where things seemed OK as far as I could see. We were advised on the 35mph limit in towns and this was obeyed very well, with no incidents with the law and no sighting of amphotometers.

At Winchelsea we stopped for petrol, coffee, tea, lollies, visits to the little house and talk, and I almost forgot to thaw out! Who is going to invent electrically-heated knee pads? Almost all the rest of the body can be kept warm. From here we went across the mountains after a few miles of flat country roads and arrived at the Bay, stopping twice at lookout spots. At one of these spots, a couple tried trail riding, or was it hill-climbing, on road bikes. We all looked on, expediently expecting any minute to see brakes applied and bikes continue over the edge. However, all returned safely. At the last lookout, Howard H caught up and led us from there, much to Darren's relief, as he was being urged on faster than he preferred to travel.

It was between here and the Bay that the first of two incidents to mar our day occurred. The first was to Andrew on the 250 Honda. Now, whether people had been saying nasty things to him and he felt or whether the bike had a mind of its own, I don't know, and few saw it happen, but the bike left the road, hit a post and ended up half buried in the sand at the water's edge. It took some getting out, too!! Andrew was OK except for bruises, but the bike had the clutch bracket broken (wired together to get home!) and some very UNHonda bends, curves, angles etc around the crash bars, mudguard, handle bars, carrier, etc. It was rideable, but only just, as the handle bars were bent so that with hands in the normal riding position, the bike headed for the left gutter, which, together with the mounting tensions with every strange noise which developed, made him wonder whether the bike would make it back OK. This really made it a poor and tiring day for Andrew.

The one and only eatery at the Bay had a bonus day with over 50 hungry bikies ruining the normally quiet day of rest. It was so cold people were behind threes out of the wind, up trees doing things, and some even played Frisbee (with a new one!) to get warm.

OOPS! I forgot there was 18 Hondas until Heather left us at Winchelsea! There were almost 19, as I thought it was Healesville Day and almost brought mine. Did I hear someone who rode behind me say pity he didn't?

Back to where I was at very cold Apollo Bay. None of us needed to have our arms twisted very hard to persuade us to leave there!! It was pleasant and uneventful until on the Melbourne side of Lorne, where Mick Fagan ran out of road or, to use Police terminology, failed to negotiate a bend. Now Mick has a thing about milkmen, and there was a big car coming the other way, bearing a milkman and family. Perhaps he knew Mick liked milkmen, so even though it put a V-shaped hole in the front of his car, he let Mick hit it, rather than the guard rail, the trees or roll down the hill, which we thought was very good of him! I did see Mick walking around and I believe no serious damage was done to him, which is more than can be said for the BMW. Mick, we all know that BMW's are made of goog Teutonic solid workmanship, but there IS a limit!

We know that Mick had a period when he never fell off (pardon me! "Dropped his bike"!), unless he carried a pillion with a broken arm. Please God let's hope there is not a similar period involving milkmen!

While it appears I treat this lightly, I don't, just that this one was too close to death to be funny. If this has been a caution to some of us who go a little too fast around bends to save a few seconds, and this caution saves us from perhaps a similar or worse fate, then a good lesson has been learned, even if at Mick's expense!

So here's my opinion, and that it is not thoughtful of good riders to ride to their limit on a run, for while no one is obliged to keep up, human nature being what it is, it's a fact that a lot of riders DO NOT ride on their own ability, but think that "if they can, I can", full forgetting the other riders are either better riders or have better bikes, tyres, etc, and these riders could have a bad accident just by trying to keep up with the leading riders.

Enough of that! Let's hope the bikes are soon on the road again. We all like you, Mick, (I think!) and even if we didn't, we don't want you to go that way. I can think of a better way! Let's hope bruises to body, ego, or whatever are soon healed. President and Vice-President stayed on for the Police and ambulance, meeting us later at a cafe. We rode on regrouped, and refuelled in Geelong, with a few spots of rain on this section and then to the Footscray cafe for tea and talk or games of pool. One member very nicely went home and picked up his wife and brought her back to the cafe, which he won't be able to do when they shift to Greensborough. It was also nice to see other members there, even if they hadn't been on the run, which would have been nicer if they had been. It shows interest and friendship in the club, and the strength of a club, any club, depends on the friendship of its members.

And to all the visitors, we hope you enjoyed your outing with us enough to ride with us again. We do have accident free runs, and sometimes, sunny days!!

Lloyd
Guzzi 500 – Honda 350

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THE PRESIDENTS' ANNUAL REPORT

I would like to thank one and all for helping to make it a good year. Membership is stronger than ever, and the functions most appealing, with the most outstanding surely being the "Mystery Night" train tour of the suburbs. Others worth mentioning are the Christmas Camp at the Snowy Mountains, the Day Trial, the Sports Day, which attracted a huge gathering, and the recent International Bike Show in September. The Bike Show was a great success, thanks to all who participated and helped in any way, with full credit going to the Sub-committee for a sterling job.

The success of the Show was clearly seen by our next run to Apollo Bay, where we were completely taken over by intending new members.

All will go well for the club providing everyone plays his part in observing the road rules at all times, as it is most important on club runs, and to help each other in times of need. This, I think, is the best example we can give, to show that we are, indeed, the number one club in the State.

So many thanks, on behalf of the Committee, for your support during the year.

Big Daddy.

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SHOW DAY – 27/9/73

Many new faces were at KBCP on Show Day, as well as a number of the regulars. We left at 10.30am with Howard leading, Tiny as rear rider and Ian Taylor as patrol.

We rode out through Footscray and onto Ballan. On the way, a throttle cable was broken, and some stopped to repair it. Most of us arrived at Ballan at 12 noon, with the others arriving about 20 minutes later.

Stocking up with things for the barbeque lunch, some decided there was one shop in Ballan which we wouldn't return to in a hurry. After everyone had equipped themselves for lunch, we left for the spot chosen for the barbeque. After a bit of sightseeing, Howard finally decided he was on the right road, and on the way we met Darren, Ned and Mo, looking very suave as they had just returned from the court. Mo, even got his hair cut (temporarily) for the visit, but apparently the magistrate wasn't very impressed.

We eventually got to the clearing where the fire was soon lit, and snags, steaks and bananas were soon sizzling. When everyone had eaten all they could, the New, Sporty-Model, Competition-type, Super-Duper, Brand-new Frisbee was brought out for a bit of spin. Apparently it is a bit too classy for us yet, but if everyone remembers the motto – FLAT FLIP FLIES STRAIGHT – which is plainly printed on the plastic (?)...(I HOPE NO-ONE READING THIS IS DRUNK!) We should soon become experts. Anyway, it is still very handy for hitting people, right, Ian?

After everyone had attempted flapping the flipping thing flat, we decided to ride to Mt. Buninyong. After running repairs were made to my pannier rack, we were soon on our way, and finally arrived at the lookout. Everyone bravely climbed to the top. However we weren't quite as confident coming down. Whilst we were up the top, a certain car driver (don't worry, Greg. I won't say who) who is fast becoming a compulsive bike snatcher abducted a certain CB 350 and tried to hide it in the gents. As it was too wide, he had to settle for around the corner, and it was soon rescued.

We then left for home via Elaine (that's a town, for those who are evil minded) but on the way a particular bike decided it had had enough for one day. After much switching of spark plugs it went a bit further than a change of riders saw it the rest of the way to Elaine. With another spark plug, it cheered up considerably and continued on without worry.

We continued on toward Melbourne but further down the road, Marilyn came to grief, and with one torn boot and a rather torn toe, she gladly let Darren ride her 500 the rest of the way.

The day still hadn't settled down, as further down the road Howard turned off and didn't leave a corner marker – tsk! Tsk! Apparently the Notorious Bike Snatcher was supposed to do the job, but our patrol missed him and kept going towards Ballan. After a reported 100mph chase with lights flashing, horns blowing, etc etc (straight out of James Bond) he was finally caught and once again put on the right track. We all somehow managed to get back to the cafe after a really good run.

P.S I'd just like to say goodbye for now, and thanks for the good times I've had while I've been in the club

Au revoir

Heather.

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THIRD PARTY INSURANCE

As we all know by now, the government has announced plans to increase third party insurance premiums on motorcycles by \$35.

F.A.M, R.A.C.V., V.A.C.C, and M.I.C. have all made strong representations to the Premier condemning his Government's action in this matter.

These organizations are anxiously awaiting the Premier's reply, so in the meantime, sign the petitions that the bike shops (except Honda dealers) and send them in to the Government.

P.S While you are at it, sign the F.A.M petition calling for the abolition of the pillion speed limit that is being distributed throughout the bike shops at the present time.

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POLITICAL JOKE TIME

Gough W. can't be circumcised. Why??
Because there is no end to the prick.

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G.W.'s wife says she would like him to do to her what he is doing to Australia, only slower.

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(Political views expressed in this magazine are not necessarily those of the printer, editors, helpers, etc, etc.)

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BLUE SKIES AND GROWLY ROADS (The continuing saga of: THREE FOURS TO DARWIN.)

By the time this gets to press we will have been home a long time, but we thought a few people may still be interested in what we have to say.

We left Alice Springs early on the Saturday morning, one week after leaving Melbourne, and curse of all curses, it was raining again! Not heavily, but enough to slow us down on the five or so miles of twisty road out of town.

Fortunately, by the time we made our first petrol stop, the sun was up and things had dried out. Petrol, by the way, is available at roughly every 70 miles, but prices rise as height as 60c a gallon super only, no standard on "The Track".

Standing still at the next gas-up, we started to feel slightly warm with all our "Melbourne" riding gear on, and farther up aht road, wandering around the really weird "Devil's Marbles" area, it was HOT! So Tennant Creek, our 69c pie, pastie and coke lunch stop, saw the big peel, much to the amazement of the barefoot, t-shirt and shorts local kids who congregated around the bikes. Perhaps they'd never seen so many clothes on one person before. (It's cold at 5am in Alice Springs at this time of year!) The kids were both amused and amusing : -

"Hey mister, these kids reckon you're a copper. I don't reckon y'are!"

"Hey mista, are they fireman's boots?"

"Are youse in the Hell's Angels?"

(The last query was addressed to Peter and Darren, not your clean-cut and at this stage clean-shaven correstpondent!)

Next stop there was Three Ways, the junction of the road to Darwin with the road east to Queensland, where we filled up just in time, as the gas station was nearly out of the precious fluid. (Petrol supplies were low too – that’s a joke, Joyce!)

This ended up being our longest haul for the whole trip, covering 700 miles to reach a beautiful spot with a thermal pool, known as Mataranka Springs.

“The Track” is not nearly as boring as you may imagine, not the first time up there, anyway. It’s not all just dead flat and straight, but you do get the feeling of riding, riding, riding, stopping for juice and a drink, riding, riding, riding, and riding again. You begin to wonder if you’re ever going to see civilisation again! There’s plenty to see to break the monotony, what with all the wildlife infesting the place, anthills, Devil’s Marbles, Churchill’s Head, not to mention the petrol stops with the inevitable old-timer and his tales of pre-war Indians and the like. Then there’s places like Renner Springs where the service station-come general store-come camping ground-come motel, has a sign stating “Glass of Water – 5 cents”. But it was a shady oasis in that tropical sun – the Tropic of Capricorn is about 16 miles North of Alice Springs. We had, of course, joined the T-shirt mob, but with open-necked jackets, just in case.

Approaching Dunmarra, we struck our worst sections of road works, the type with detours on the detours, and we had to beware of hard – to – see potholes and sand. It’ll be good when finished though, as they are widening the bitumen, so it’ll be easier to pass and overtake the road – trains (semi-trailers with three or four trailers) and idiot caravan towers. I was literally blown off the road by one train, but there’s usually just enough room to sneak past ‘em without running into the dirt. Also at Dunmarra, who should we encounter but one of the two four riders that we met at Beauport on the way home from Tiny’s upside-down day at Mt. Cole. A bit of a contrast, though, as Beauport was shivery and black great-coat weather, and this time, a brilliant sunset and T-shirts!

Sunday morning we were up early for a terrific swim in the arm pool, and then off to Katherine. Peter left early to go to church, so Darren and I met him out at the Katherine Gorge. Until actually visiting the Territory, I think we southerners find it difficult to imagine what it’s really like, and perhaps don’t even know that terrific places like the Gorge actually exist. I can now appreciate what all the travelogues mean by “rugged outback country”. There are 13 gorges new Katherine, separated by a series of rapids and teeming with wildlife, particularly Johnson River crocodiles (non-man eating!). Just the same, I couldn’t convince Peter it would be a good idea to go for a swim. We travelled two gorges by barge, in between sheer rock faces, past various points of interest, palms, ferns, crocodillys and so forth. We also saw some good examples of old aboriginal paintings, some of which were half-way up a 200 foot cliff! The local abos, musta been big boys!

After spending the afternoon there, we zapped off towards Darwin. If you’re ever riding north out of Katherine, try to avoid using the high level bridge (unless they’ve built a newy) coz if you don’t hit a train or an aborigine, you’ll possibly get your wheels stuck in a gap between the planks. You have to stick to the one plank the whole way over and they don’t all go in a straight line! But from there onwards to Darwin (over 200 miles) you’ll encounter the growliest of growly roads. mile after mile of bends – fast ones, slow ones, bumpy ones, smooth ones, dingo infested ones, flat ones, steep and hilly ones, cuttings and crests, flood ways and suspension crushing dips. Hosanna in the highest! I nearly wept!

Coming into Hayes Creek at tea time we were all received with a hilarious welcome and our first sample of what would seem to be typical Darwin friendliness.

The Northern Territory Four-wheel Drove Owners’ Association had been on weekend trip and judging by the condition of some of ‘em, it was to the Hayes Creek service station – come pub – come etc ! They were a great crowd, very much like the MSCAV, only a little older. Anyway, after a hairy ride in the dark overtaking and being overtaken by all manner of four-wheel drive veehicles, we found a camping ground about 5 miles out of Darwin (with COLD and COLD running showers even) and set ourselves up next to a likely – looking BeEmUU from W.A.

Next morning, after a beautiful COLD and COLD running shower, we met our BeEmUU riding friend (John) and discovered he had ridden up from W.A with none other than Bill Crawford and Julie and their super four.

The day was spent checking out Darwin and environs – its' quite an interesting place, sort of like an overgrown Alice Springs, only warmer and with the sea a LITTLE closer at hand. Had a look at Fanny Bay (but it was all lies – didn't see any at all!), the old gun emplacements from the war days, the Botanical Gardens, the city proper, where and abo put the bite on Darren for a coupla bob, and after a counter lunch and a bit of shopping, we returned to camp, stopping off along the way to see Julie at the pub she was working at, and arranged to go see her and Bill that night.

Back at camp, we met a Super-4 rider from Queensland, with his bird and car-driving mate. Also their bikie dog. (I'd sure like to have travelled passenger where that puppy travelled!) Just as well we and those COLD and COLD running showers! Next we all jumped on the sickles and rode down to Howard Springs for a swim. Our thoughts couldn't have been further from Melbourne – the Springs is a great little spot and the temperature felt more like a Melbourne summer afternoon.

Fully refreshed, we returned “home” for tea, and then John showed us the way to Bill's residence – a caravan in someone's back yard. They were really staggered to see us, I think – “You don't come to Darwin just for a day!” said Julie. We told her it was a nice day for a ride and we had nothing better to do, so we rode up to Darwin!

Coming back “home” again, I discovered the terrible truth – Big D had eaten the “Illegal Apple!”

Next morning, after a good sleep under the stars and another COLD and COLD shower and meeting up with a friend of Malcolm, Lance and Co, we loaded up the bikes and reluctantly left the city of Darwin. I sure would like to work up there for a while, particularly at this time of year. The in-thing would appear to be motorcycling of 4 wheel driving, and getting' oudin tha scrub and wile-life, mate! (An' done farget tha Fosstarz!)

The wildlife is a highlight of the Territory – I'll never forget the hilarious sight of this funny ol' owl sitting unconcernedly right in the middle of the road one night, with mad Victorian Honda riders dodging all round him. Then there was the equally funny lil' spinyanteater rolling (that's the best way to describe the way he moved) along the roadside, form ant hill to ant hill, or the weather – beaten dingo wot tried to climb a vertical embankment when he got sprung in a cutting by a lair on a blue motorcycle.

What goes BOING, SCRUB, TICK, WHOOF, CLIP?

A spring-cleaner, a watch-dog and a one-legged horse!!

Forgot to mention that while Peter was at church on the Sunday morning, Darren and I visited the little known Katherine Caves. These are by no means the most spectacular limestone caves we've seen, but the chap who's in charge is doing a LOT of work, mainly by himself, and is really enthusiastic – he showed us round, playing tunes on stalactites and explaining how he considers the inhabitants of the caves (mainly bats) and is trying to keep things as natural looking as possible. You'd be surprised at what he's done to otherwise normal examples of stalactites and 'mites an' things, just by adding a few coloured lights. Fascinating! Fascinating! That seems to sum up our trip – the whole thing was fascinating in every way.

S'all for now, though. If people am interested, I'll write some more next month. We still had a long, LONG way to go.

Howard.

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IS THE HONDA 750 FOUR A GOOD TOURER?

(An unbiased report by someone who should know)

PERFORMANCE..... No comment necessary.
HANDLING..... With Girling shockers, no sweat.
FUEL CONSUMPTION..... With flat bars and moderate luggage, no sweat.
TANK SIZE..... SMALL, at 70 plus, range not much over 155 miles.
TYRE WEAR REAR: at 70 plus and moderate luggage, 6,000 miles
(Avon SM.)
..... FRONT: No sweat – K81.
CHAIN WEAR Adjust every 1,000 miles, unless rain encountered then every 500. On good sprockets, well and truly stuffed at 13,000 miles.
RIDER COMFORT Flat bars and no windscreen, no sweat.
PARTS AVAILABILITY ON TOUR By motorcycles standards, EXCELLENT most sweatless.
CONCLUSION..... Is the Honda 750 Four a good tourer?
WARNING: Motorcycle Authorities warn that comparing Honda Fours with B.M.W.'s is definitely a Health Hazard!!

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ANTI-THEFT DEVICES

McPersons of South Melbourne do not sell case hardened chain, anything but that, and they don't recommend Herculloy as suggested in at least one bike magazine, as it can be cut with a hacksaw.

They suggested I see Wormald Australia in Abbotsford St, Nth Melbourne, as they buy chain and harden it. The manager there said they do sell it as 3 per foot, but no locks, chains, etc are sold at that address, but at subsidiary companies, one of which is the Victorian Safe Company at Victoria St, Brunswick. I forgot the other one, except that it is in Mitcham somewhere.

While there I met E.H. Carter, a keen bike enthusiast, who owns, incidentally, a Mick Andrews replica Ossa, plus a Ducati, and he goes trail riding almost every weekend. He will sell direct to any bike owner the same chain (not literally!) any length at \$2 per foot. His private phone no is 8741659. The chain is also plated. Whilst talking to him, I pointed a \$27 padlock, and asked if they were worth it, and he said no.

In answer to my question as to what he would recommend considering what it is to be used for, (on a bike), he said any Lockwood ranging in price from \$3.50 to \$5 is quite good.

Anyone wanting a bike badly enough (pinching) professionals would either carry away the bike or come with Oxy torches to cut the chain. So anything less than the case hardened chain and a lock for less than \$3.50 retail is more nuisance to the owner than a thief, and any more as far as locks go is hardly justified.

Polythene tubing to cover chains to prevent scratching to the bike can be bought in any size and length from Menzies Electrical Supplies, in Elizabeth Street, on the right going north.

The price for the purpose required would be about \$1.

(Information supplied by Lloyd)

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HEALESVILLE HASH-UP

Left K.B.C.P with bulk new comers in two. Pissed out of Melbourne via White Horse Road, gradually spreading over 5 miles of Road (partly due to businessmen on R5's and lil ole' lady's on R/60's)

Garry was seen at the Warburton junction standing next to his very gangreenified R/75. Went to the Healesville Sanctuary via Healesville (hah!) and the troops proceeded to gawk at the inmates of the above.

The dingos were undoubtedly donated by the R.S.P.C.A and the goannas were grovelling around like some "star" drinkers we could mention. The kangaroos, although rather sporty, would not know if you were up them. The sanctuary's cook was obviously of Israeli descent as was the attendant at the entrance (80c is extortionate).

The Black Spur was negotiated at a relatively slow rate of knots, at times, due to the poor weather conditions. The rear riders put up a horny display and were scaring the ding out of each other with various pranks.

After curing an ailing R5 outside Alexandra we watched a heap of push bikies while corner marking there. At Yea we buggerised around a bit and used a Wog Motorcycle as a garbage bin – that's one step better than its original intended purpose.

Further down the road it turned into a quagmire. Some people were in their element while others wished they had stayed at home, Les Leahy being noticeably in the former bracket.

After thrashing down and thru Whittlesea, a few of us dispersed to wash the grot off our bikes (incidentally, what was the guts of using that grottyfied road anyway, Cap?) The bulk of the club went back to the said cafe, so we hear.

AMEN

Signed
750/4, R/75 & R/60

SEEN: -

Mick riding Darren's four with Darren pillion and not trying to scrape things for a change.

Greg Smith eyeing off an emu, probably thought it was a relation because of his thin legs.

Roger looking for drop-bears

10 members of M.S.C.A.V trying to catch 1 small kangaroo and failing.

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M.S.C.A.V BOWLING CHAMPIONSHIP - 24/8

Well folks here it is. The write up of the most fabulous event of the M.S.C.A.V year. Modesty forbids me to say just how great I was but it is sufficient to say that Denese McK was ladies champion and Ian T was men's champion.

There was a large turn up at the car park – Heather, Ned, Howard, Denese and Ian McK, Howard are you and myself.

Upon our arrival at the Box Hill Bowl we were net by Keith, and Margaret F. Later came Tiny and a few others, Trevor & Mrs Trevor, our pool champ and Mrs pool champ, and a few drunken others after a while. We used only two of the five lanes Denese had booked. A let down to say the least. A few members should get off their collective backsides and turn up to club events.

The evening was rounded off by a pleasant coffee and bickies at Keith's place. This was the end to an enjoyable evening for those who participated and for those who didn't all I can say is – try to come along to the next one, if we have one and if you are not better than me.

IAN TAYLOR

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M.S.C.A.V.

BALANCE SHEET & STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT FOR YEAR ENDED SEPTEMBER 30TH 1973

RECEIPTS

1973

Opening Bank Balance	\$224.55
Theatre Nights – Sale of Tickets	143.50
“Top Hat” Cabaret	73.00
Supper Fines – Less Milk & Coffee	32.41
Membership fees	379.25
Tasmania – Deposits Collected	540.00
Agency	230.00
Sale of Badges	21.35
Sale of Transfers	13.00
Christmas Party – Collections	220.00
Printing down on behalf of	
Outsiders	15.00
Camping Fees – Collected	19.00
Porepunkah	16.00
Mystery Tour – Sale of Tickets	92.20
Railways	75.80
Motorcycle Exhibition – Sale of Tickets	32.00
Sale of Windcheaters	10.00
Pizza Night – Half Food Bill	23.00
Auction Night – Gross Proceeds	124.70
	<u>\$1967.96</u>

Theatre Nights – cost of tickets
“Top Hat” Cabaret
Free Feed Night
Postage
Tasmania – Deposit
Travel
- Deposit Caravan Parks
- Other Expenses
Purchase of Glasses
Get You Home Fund
Christmas Party Band
- Van
- Hotel
Magazine Supplies
Camping Fees – Shepparton &
Mystery Tour – Victorian
Committee & General expenses
Itineraries
Sports Day
Motorcycle Exhibition – expenses
Cost of Windcheaters
Pool Championship – Table Fees
Auction Night – Payments
<u>CLOSING BANK BALANCE</u>

Bank Balance Disregarding T

N. BORGELT – TREASURER.