

EDITORIAL – February, 1974.

Dear members,

How we have missed bringing a magazine to the body of the club, but with Mum filling us up with beer and pretzels over the Christmas New Year period, the break was most welcome.

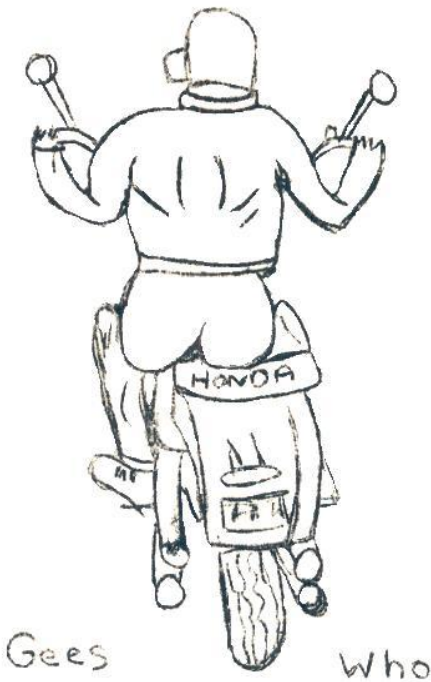
Well, what's been happening, you may well ask?

Firstly, the Tasmanian trip was a great success apart from the tragic death of Darryl. A tribute from his mates appears in this magazine.

Then there is Chris Thorn (Kwaka Kid) and Bob Evans, who are proud owners of new Honda 750's, and Mick, the proud owners of new Honda (for a few weeks, anyway), of a Suzi 500.

The Love Bug has also hit, with Lance and Teresa tying up and Brian and Jan getting hitched – great wedding it was, too. Hic!

Rumour has it that our mad mate Neil is marrying James in March. (I can say that now, as I've already been invited!)



Gees

Who

Many people dropped their bikes in Tassie, and the trophy goes to Cheryl Gallaher (the new F.A.M typist). Incidentally, Wild Bill just about had himself psychoanalysed into beating her record.

Roberts strikes again – this time he and Darren succeeded in keeping Mick on the road by getting him fined \$75 after he had an altercation with a car.

All would be thrashers be warned: the boulevard has been resurfaced from the boat sheds to Molesworth street, at is covered with loose stones.

An ad appears this month for Clifton Hill Motorcycles. Read it carefully, as the proprietor is supporting the club, and if we do the same to him, we will receive good savings.

Our horse-riding jaunt on the 10th Feb will be at Broadford, at 1.30pm at Knight's Riding School. P.S. We have been there before.

A special edition of the mag for Tasmania is hoped will be printed within the next two months, and it will be a real collector's item. Claw intends to put a big effort into the publication, and it is hoped (treasurer permitting) that much of it will be offset. This cannot be achieved unless he is supported by anyone and everyone who went to Tassie. So please write something, even a few lines, and hand it in, no matter how small

P.P.S. Linda Lovelace has become an actress, and BIG THINGS should develop.

May all your wheels stay on the road until our next action packed edition

EDITORS

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By now, you will all know that the club has lost another member, and, for many of us, a very good friend, through the use of a motorcycle. The person I speak of is Darryl Clark, who was the proud owner of a 350 Yamaha, who was just starting to enjoy the company of many members of the M.S.C.A.V. when he came to his untimely end through an apparently unexplainable accident. Those who knew Darryl more than anyone

else in the club have written the following as a tribute to their friend. Although their words may be few, their thoughts are deep.

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I knew Darryl for six months prior to his death. He was studying to be a Technical Officer in the field of electronics at the Footscray Institute, where I, also, was a student.

It was bikes that started our friendship, and we used to go for occasional rides together. Darryl and I became interested in joining the club after attending the International Motorcycle Show, where we learned of the club's activities and of the Tasmanian trip from Darren.

Darryl was a quiet type but seemed to make friends easily. Before going to Tasmania, he bought himself a 350 Yami, which he was very just managed to make the Tasmanian trip, where he made a lot of friends, who were assisting him to improve his riding ability. He loved his bike and enjoyed being part of the club.

May he always be remembered.

Steve 250 Suzi

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DARRYL CLARK

We have lost a beautiful member of humanity,

A genuine young guy who was completely aware of the environment and the world around us.

Our loss is his gain, he rests with Peace of mind in the world he so often dreamt about.

Peace forever, brother.

William H. Elliott.

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GOUGH'S BAY Sunday, 9/12/73.

(Including: having my say on a few matters..)

We left KBCP at around 9am after our briefing, which included, as always, keeping 50 feet apart, riding safely, and in particular, not riding beyond our capacity. These have been emphasised a lot during the past three months.

The weather was good all day, perhaps a little too hot, but that is better than being too cold. We commenced with Les Leahy as leader, Garry Clapham as rear rider and Howard (750 Honda) and Greg (550 Suzi) as patrols.

We arrived at Lilydale before 10am, but waited till the itinerary timetable (a misprint!) of 10.30am before leaving. All the small – tanked bikes topped up with petrol here, as the next stop was to be Bonnie Doon.

Two riders on 850 Honda and a 900 Kwaka said to themselves: “10.30 means 11, so let's have another steak”; with the result that they arrived at Gough's Bay at 2.45pm, after coming over dirt roads. I did say to one that it was a pity as his boots were so covered in dust that it seemed he should visit someone he hated, so that he could put his boots up on their furniture, so as not to waste all that nice dust. To which remark, someone quickly answered: “Don't say that! He'll come visit me!! The same 900 Kwaka later lost third gear. Now

before you all go out looking for it, I don't mean THAT short of lost. But I imagine it will be expensive. But I am ahead of myself.....

Before Bonnie Doon, Gary Clapham, for reasons unknown to me, decided not to continue, so Greg Smith was pressed into service as rear rider. Nice to see him on a bike again – Big Daddy's 500 Honda, this person having visited people at Mansfield, joining us there and travelling to the Bay and back to town with us. I am ahead of myself again....

We stopped for petrol, eats and drinks at Bonnie Doon and then on to Gough's Bay, where the remainder bought their eats and drinks. After eating, quite a few seemed to be finishing their pre-Tassie service. Note this...departure time was 3pm, so that we could leave at 3.30pm. However, as the water was very inviting, departure time was 4pm. Greg, one of the patrol riders, had to leave early, so Robert Hodge (750 Yami) took his place.

Some of the swimming costumes have never been advertised in the city shops as such, apart from the usual jeans. Peter tried it in leather jeans, which must have been good for the leather! This was Peter with the 850 Honda, who said while riding back in the heat that it was like riding in a sauna. Now, people use saunas to reduce, so we hope for his sake, that it didn't reduce Percy! While talking of Peter...news trickled into the cafe that a car changing lanes on the Hume side-swiped Peter's bike. As far as could be gathered, the car came off worse. What happened, at the time of writing, I don't know, but this will be two month's old when you get it, so we will all know about it before this, as also about the expensive sounds in the bottom of Trevor's 500 Yami. At the time, we all hoped it would be fixed in time for the Christmas run.

After leaving the Bay, we travelled to Yea where we stopped for petrol, drinks, a rest etc. Then onto Tallarook and Broadford. Now I know we should follow our lead rider, if not in the path of sin and immorality (although I did read on a wall somewhere: Sin is in – Sex is Sin), at least follow even if he is lost or changes his mind. Perhaps confusion reigned because Les said earlier we would turn off at Broadford, and come back via Epping, Yan Yean, etc. However, some followed Les, some stopped, some following Les turned around and came back to follow Darren, and we eventually arrived (via Fairfield) at the cafe 10 minutes before the Hume Highway group. I never did see Les again.

A little bit of criticism here...there seems to be, at time, a tending when a run gets 50 or so miles from home for everyone to get back as best they can, which should stop! The return should be as orderly all the way back to the cafe as the departing trip.

Everyone seemed tired after the 300 mile trip, and quite a few left for home early.

A word of warning..Watch out for two trucks! This side of Epping, one was passing everything at an excessive speed, so far on the wrong side of the road that his wheels were in the gutter, and swung back, literally forcing everything off the road when a vehicle appeared. One of those forced to head for the dirt was a 550 Suzi with a pillion passenger. Fortunately, the dirt was hard, otherwise it might have been an accident – one of those Mr Rossiter quoted when trying to justify the increase in third party insurance. I did think, afterwards that we should have taken his number and written to the papers, as a club. It's not long since the police had a blitz on them. Perhaps they are getting lax again?

I guess we can have fast 60mph's or even fast 70mph's. Now, no one in the club would think of doing more than the state limit, so let's say Darren was doing a fast 70mph between Broadford and the city. My speedo showed 70mph: some say it was more. Likewise, someone racing with a Mercedes car was doing a fast 70mph, or shall we say it was a slow Mercedes?

Finally, Les set a very sensible speed. Also, Howard, as usual, as well as Greg and Robert, did an excellent job as Patrols. I thought the patrol riders were better, but perhaps it was the new drag (an excellent idea, but they must be made stronger) which made the patrol riders more noticeable.

Everyone noticed the absence of our critic at the last meeting. We all felt he should have been there volunteering to go patrol, thereby doing something constructive. It's too easy, in all fairness, to appoint

captains, and then criticize them if things go wrong, but it is up to the older and more experienced riders to speak to a poor rider and, in a friendly way, offer constructive criticism. At least I do, rather than blame the captains.

While I am a member of only 15 months, I have been on approximately half the runs, and have had a better general view of the quality of riding seen than someone who goes out maybe 6 times a year. I would say that if the total mileage of all bikes on all runs in a year was counted, and then counted accidents caused to one rider by another member, these accidents would be few. Most accidents are caused by the individual himself. Sure, we have had some near misses, as any inexperienced rider does something wrong, but we all have to learn. And after all we are not a sporting club or a good riders' club, but a touring club with learners, poor, average and good riders. One doesn't have to be good – just careful. I consider myself to be a fair to average rider, but try to be cautious, overcautious at times. But it was 1956, and over 200,000 miles ago (bike miles) that I last dropped a bike at 60mph, and it's the only time in 360,000 miles of riding that I have dropped it at speeds of over 15mph, and this latter was on a greasy dirt road. This hardly proves that bikes are more dangerous than cars!

With more members joining all the time, we must continue to be careful, helpful to inexperienced riders and to our captains, these certainly being earning appreciation of their work, which is by and large, thankless, and also of the patrols. If we all do our share, 1974 will be better accident-wise, and a better, stronger club.

Lloyd, Honda 350 SL

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If there is a sudden silence when you enter a room, it's never a good idea to ask "What's cooking?" You're probably being roasted!

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Most people will agree that you can't take money with you. The real concern is how to keep it while you're here!!

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DID SOMEONE GET THEIR ROCKS CROSSED? - Sunday, 16th December, 1973

What appeared to be an awful wet trip to Phillip Island on 16th/12/73 turned out to be great for the sober few who went.

Darren farewelled us at the car park, us being namely Gary Osborn and Cheryl, Brian Murphy and pillion, Lloyd, a few other whom I dunno (sorry to those concerned!) plus Mick and Alison on his "petrol cooled" Suzi. Thought they used water or oil, it's a bit cheaper!!

Down at Cranbourne we few met a few more, stopping for the usual mag and coffee before we set off for San Remo. Was good to see everyone keeping their correct distance apart, despite the interference of cars in places.

Had lunch just over the bridge at San Remo, and eventually, after all we fed, we set off to what Gary O thought was Pyramid Rock, and so did the rest of us! At this point the club, actually at the Nobbies, went off like ants on safari to check out the huge piece of rock confronting them, while myself and pillion Val disappeared to see other points of interest, like the blowhole.

Howard H arrived and set things straight about those rocks, so we left in dribs and drabs, as a few of us were thought to be lost – or that's what they thought!!

So much for Pyramid Rock – we all saw it at a glance and somehow spent half an hour there.

A fast pleasant trip back brought everyone to the cafe in small puzzled groups, with most yelling out “What happened to you back there?” or “How did you beat me here?” Ya see, for those who didn't go, everyone split up o the edge of town and it was interesting to see how a little individual navigation brought everyone in either early or late!

Howard M.

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Curley staggered back to his hotel room after a celebration, feeling a sadder if not wiser man. He dipped his head into a basin of water and then threw it out of the window. There came a protest from below.

Curley put his head out of the window and muttered: “Sorry-hic-mate. Didn't know you were in the basin.”

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BACCHUS MARSH LION PARK – 23rd December, 1973

At very short notice I have been requested by the Editors to do a short write-up on the run to Bacchus Marsh Lion Park on the 23/12/73. I am only a relatively new member to the club, and I think it is disgraceful that nobody has done an article on this run for the magazine that we all look forward to receiving, and enjoy reading.

Anyway, enough of that, and I will now attempt to piece together all the jumbled memories of this run that are loose in my scrambled brain.

If I recall correctly, it was a fine day; then again, I could be wrong, as I'm sure there was a strong headwind.

I think I'll skip that bit and take up the story somewhere along the Geelong road. I think we used this road, as our first stop was at Bacchus Marsh. It was a quick ride to the Marsh – obviously the leader was speeding (I've forgotten who he was) – where we obtained food to be taken to the Lion Park.

One thing that I can remember is that Andrew (the toothless wonder) Rowe was there on his new 750 Ducati, and that Peter Tapp (as in drip) stuffed up something that made his Suzi go (probably the peddles – Ed) which made him withdraw from the Tassie trip, much to the disappointment of many club members.

We are now just about to arrive at the Lion Park and it is pouring with rain; we have now arrived at the Lion Park and it had stopped raining, we received a 20c discount at the gate, we find a hut in which to eat our lunch, we are now eating our lunch, cooked on a barbie Q supplied by the car passenger-come-club secretary. And that is how you cut a long story short.

After lunch it was time for many of us to revert back to our younger days, and for some members, I would say that that was only a couple of weeks, when Michael Fagan (I hope that's correct) pulled out his toy bike which his parents gave him for Christmas and we all played with it. (What fun!!!-Ed)

At approximately 2pm, it was into the cars (amazing how many there are in a bike club) and into the lion's den, so to speak. Lucky I'm not a Christian! After driving around for a while and seeing the king of the beasts fed (not you, Mick) we flicked back to the hut, where we found two forlorn club members who had missed the cars sitting dejectedly. At around 4pm we pulled out and went another route home. Ned who was leading, was obviously doing a very good job by not going too fast. Apparently he took some notice of the discussion at the previous general meeting.

Now if I can do a write up, anyone can! So come on, members, pull the fingers out.

Threes' Forever

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A LITTLE BIT ABOUT TASMANIA (President's report)

It was a most successful tour, with all the local people being very friendly wherever we went. This, I feel, was mainly due to the press, radio and TV coverage we received, which gave us the publicity necessary for people to realise who we were.

At Strachan, we were given the use of a hall in which to camp, after finding that our booking had been overlooked. This was all the better, in a way, as our stay there was most hilarious, with clothes being scattered everywhere, and petitions being made. There was even equipment for cooking. It was most hard trying to sleep at night, as there were many conversations being carried on till all hours, various interruptions, despite which, Greg found time to write home to "Dear Mum". Wild Bill was the star of the New Years Eve, ably supported by Lou Lou the Piss Pot (Big Daddy, I'm amazed at you - typ)

The day runs throughout the tour were excellent, with those in charge doing a fine job continually. Another good point was the boys meeting up with the bus load of Christians, and how about the roundabout at Hobart? Here we had to be careful you didn't get run over. And there was also excitement surrounding St. David's Cathedral.

I could go on and on, but don't wish to, as undoubtedly there will be others who would like to say something about this trip, which was certainly full of excitement.

The excitement was dampened by the unfortunate death of Darryl Clark, who although not well known was befriended by many, even though he had only been in the club a short while.

His parents are very proud of the way we conducted ourselves at the service, and of the escort of 20 machines from the chapel at Footscray to the crematorium at Altona North. After the service, we were invited back to the Steve's place for a cup of coffee and a quiet chat in peaceful surroundings.

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THIRD PARTY INSURANCE

As we all know by now, Third Party Insurance has been drastically increased for motorcycles, plus the additional tax to pay for the No Fault Liability scheme. For the information of Club members, the following figures are supplied to enlighten you, as to what the actual cost will be for registration and insurance.

<u>THIRD PARTY INSURANCE</u>	<u>CITY</u>	<u>COUNTRY</u>
Motorcycles up to 300cc	40.15	37.70
Motorcycles 301cc - 500cc	48.15	45.70
Motorcycles 501cc and over	53.15	50.70

Add to this a registration fee of \$4.10 for Solo bikes and \$6.10 for outfits, plus \$2 for consolidated revenue, and you have the greatest TAKE ever seen in the whole of Australia.

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GREENVALE RESERVOIR - 13/1/74

This must have been the shortest club run I have ever been on. After 2200 miles in Tassie, it seemed so short - but that was the idea, I guess. We got to Greenvale Reservoir fairly smartly, and just couldn't understand why there was no Hydro Electric Power Station.

After being dazzled by Peter Tapp's new and leathers, we decided to go to the Bulla hole for a swim, on account of we weren't allowed to swim in the reservoir. But on our way out, round the corner and down the gully, we spotted a small "lake" which we could swim in, but we pretended we didn't see it and went to Bulla.

In the river it was very muddy, rocky, deep and shallow, but cool. Out of the river it was hot, HOT and BLOODY HOT!!

The acrobatics on the rope swing were quite entertaining, as was some of the trail riding by J.C and Frisbee Bob. Looks like there's a lot of difference between side cars, TX750's, and trail bikes!

After stalling for time because we knew we'd get back to the cafe early, we finally left. One BMW had an attack of falloveritis when graham stopped with a back wheel perched on a rock. A million (HOW MANY!! – typist) corner markers were laid on the trip home, which was a scenic tour of the western suburbs – must admit I went over roads I didn't even know existed; some of them I wish hadn't existed.

That's all I think – wot can you expect on a short run? - A short write-up!

A. Mole.

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A LITTLE BIT OF WIT

I find it hard to keep a secretary. Either they get married or they remind me that I am.

Glamour girl to make fellow worker: "Yes, I can tell you how I got my rise, but don't think it will help you much!

The worst moment for an atheist is when he feels grateful and has no one to thank.

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PORTSEA SURF BEACH – 20th January, 1974

Arrived at KBCP at 9.30am to find many new members standing around wondering whether someone was going to arrive. After introductions and instructions, we left for Portsea with Howard H leading, Howard M and yours truly riding patrol, and Les Leahy as rear rider.

After an uneventful cruise along the highway, as it was fairly straight, we stopped at the Moring Star Boys' Home at Mornington to show the residents the bikes and have a very welcome cup of tea.

The sound of a very impressive set of air horns and the roar of exhausts announced our departure from the Home and our return to the highway. On reaching the Rosebud shopping centre, we stopped for lunch and a rest. Changing lead riders, with Garry Osborn now leading we left for Portsea and a good swim.

At the beach, we found that swimming was only permitted between tow flags placed 50 yards apart, so that everybody in the water was packed like sardines into that area, swimmers and surfers alike.

Having been struck by people, surfboards and enormous waves a few times, our enthusiasm was dampened slightly, so we just sat on the beach and talked.

When it was time to leave, everybody expectantly boarded their bikes and threaded their way onto the chocked highway, which annoyed Gary slightly, so he decided to take a short cut down many side roads for some decent touring speeds, going by way of Arthur's Seat. The way was fairly clear for a short while, then the road became as packed as the beach had been earlier.

Having all reached the cafe at Footscray, we were all invited to Darren's for coffee. Half a dozen people turned up for coffee, biscuits, slides of most of Australia, and a surprise in a small glass.

At 9.30pm, we decided to call it a good day - and a very good day at that!

Les Luke.

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A man can look at his wife without seeing her, and a woman can see through a husband without looking at him.

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PORTSEA SURF BEACH - 20/1/74

Following Bruce's pool-side party (I heard somebody decided that Andrew and Chris should have an unscheduled swim), there were a few later comers to make up the 26 bikes that chose to ignore the forecast of "possible thunder showers".

So in brilliant sunshine and with the temperature climbing we set off, heading along Beach Road and Nepean Highway. We called in at the Morning Star Boys' Home, by invitation, where a cuppa was provided. None of our members were detained, and our bikes were still there when we came out. One of the inmates even told a member he had left the keys in the ignition. Maybe he couldn't kick the big 850 twin over?

By the time we got to Portsea, the sun was a scorcher, so everyone in the water was terrific and the waves something else. If you made the effort to get out from the shore a bit and caught the right wave, it was then a job to avoid the teeming swimmers on the way in. We stayed there a couple of hours, which worked out alright - any longer would have found us burnt to a crisp, or too tired (from the waves) to ride back. Ton and Roger lagged behind. There was a plentiful supply of birds in bikinis, so perhaps there is a connection there somewhere. Speaking of birds, Captain Howard was sporting the newest T-shirt wear - C.Y.T.A.???

A line of bikes made their won lane through busy Sorrento, and then Howard led us on a zig-zag path to the road to Melbourne, with Arthur's Seat on the way. Whoever planned that we should start at the top and fly down that twisty bit of road didn't take into account one particular two-up, two-stroke, drum-braked bike with limited ground clearance. At least in Tassie, there was the distance and temperature to cool the brakes before the next corner.

The ride back to Melbourne was fairly easy, although the roads were busy. The Matchy decided to undo a fuel-bowl nut, and I believe a Yami had electrics playing tricks. When we hit the Melbourne beaches we found everyone (except the smart ones having a meal there) going home, so it took a while to get to the cafe through this traffic.

One thing that this run proved was that there is a magnetic attraction between a certain powered half of an outfit, and dirt. Every time some gravel showed at the side of the road - ZAP! It was in it, even beside a four-laned highway!!

All things considered (including no spills) it was an excellent run, and I feel everyone enjoyed it, and the swimming.

Ken H.

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THE DOINGS, UN-DOINGS, ETC AT A CUPLA PARTIES AT NED'S (Christmas Eve)

After finding Ned's place, I finally arrived about 9pm, only to find a few (about 10) club members at the party. However, it was a very warm night, so most people were out the back.

Getting stuck into a few glasses with Ned (blurry eyes and serious look) who was intoxicated, Smithy with sterile jokes, Fagan's mouth open, Claw's bullshitting as usual, and Figgys looking pissed, the night drew on. Most of the club's other drunks were missing, however Mo finally arrived later and was also a little intoxicated. Some people drifted inside including the nipple munching Don. I had blue marks where they shouldn't have been for days afterwards, so I suggest if you're talking to Don, keep your arms folded or chest covered.

At about 12.30 – 1am, I decided it was time to leave, and after being seen off by Mick, Don and his married friend, I took off for home.

FIGGSY'S FUNCION: (Sometime after that one)

By the time Ross, Tiny and I arrived, the party was really in full steam. Some guys and a chick were playing volley ball in the pool (the ball was out more than in), the barbbque was going, and a lot of not too familiar faces were on the lawn, including nice blonde chick, whom I was led to believe was with Trevor, but wasn't.

After some serious drinking and doing the rounds of talking to most of the people I knew, Andrew got stripped and thrown in, in the raw, of course. As the night wore in, the party got rougher, with a certain female telling Figgys not to eat those perverted sandwiches, and how to improve his sex life. Some smart guy dived in onto the ball, and beggared the bloody thing.

Early next morning, four young chaps decided to strip M.P and throw her into the pool, as this appeared to be the in-thing, literally.

After a quick chase through the house, she was cornered and carried outside. I'm sure we would have stripped her if the anonymous Fourth party had turned up, and if Marg had not bitten Mick on the leg (And I hope it hurt too Mick – typist)

Incidentally, three of us ended up in the pool, and Marg remained with clothes still intact.

The main lesson we received from the night was that Tiny does not know the difference between a bread roll and a certain private female article! (I refuse to type what was written in place of the proceeding few words!! – typist)

Phil Snatch.