

## Good Vibrations      November 1974

### EDITORIAL

\* \* \* Good news greets us this month with the (long awaited) announcement that Bruce Higgs has finally been caught and is officially engaged to Erica Sinclair. Best wishes from all his friends are extended to the couple for a long and happy future.

\* \* \* Four new motorcycles have appeared on the scene recently:-

1. Big Daddy has a new 750 Honda Four
2. Jill now has a new 500 Honda Four
3. Michael Formaini has a new 750 Honda Four
4. John Cecil has a new second-hand 750 BMW. (Thank God for that - at least it kills the monotony of all the new bikes!)

\* \* \* This year's M.S.C.A.V Christmas party will be held on the 14<sup>th</sup> December, and will comprise a train trip from Spencer Street Station to Healesville, with two stops on the way. A band will be on board, and a smorgasbord meal will be provided. It is B.Y.O, and at only \$5 per head, it's a real steal. Tickets are available from all committee members.

\* \* \* As usual, write-ups for the magazine are few and far between again this month. How about showing a bit more support for the mag by dropping in any articles to either of the Editors early in the month. We can't be expected to write, print and collate the whole magazine, month after month, all by ourselves.

It's a big, long job, so please show a bit of appreciation and gratitude by contributing at least one small article whenever possible, or you might find yourselves without a magazine at all one of these months!

\* \* \* Now that the elections have been held and a new, energetic committee has been elected, please feel free to raise any matter with them which will help others in the interest of club. After all, they are there to help and serve you, not themselves.

\* \* \* No reports of accidents, whether major or minor, have come to us this month, so please ride carefully and safely, and help keep the club as accident-free as possible.

That's all till next month,

Willi and Claw

\* \* \* \* \*

### BIG DADDY'S ANNUAL REPORT

Now that the elections are over, I think we can look forward to further success, as the selections you, the members, have made for the various positions, are very good. At the same time, I hope that you will play your part in supporting them in every way, so that they will fulfil the obligations which you have placed upon them.

I take this opportunity to thank very sincerely Pauline, Bruce and Gary for the service they have given to the club during their terms of office.

I would now like to summarise a little on last year's achievements. Our tour of Tasmania was, no doubt, our biggest achievement, where we showed by our conduct and courtesy toward all, that we are indeed a good club. Many funny and interesting events occurred both on and off the "Empress", not forgetting also, the Christians.

Club runs and weekends were well patronised during the year, while the membership steadily increased, and also the social functions were extremely good.

Furthermore, I give special thanks to both the Editors for the hard work they have done in the presentation of the magazine, which is an excellent publication and a treat to read, although it lacks support from the members, as only a minority seem to help. It's marvellous what you can do when you pull your finger out!

Finally, I thank those members who extended invitations to their homes, for the various parties and afternoon teas, which have been very much appreciated by all.

\* \* \* \* \*

Eeny, meeny, miney, Moe,  
Sit a baby on a poe,  
When it's done, wipe its bum,  
And show its mother  
What it's done.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ERSKINE'S FALLS (6/10/74)

A fair sized group of people and machines had amassed at the car park preparatory to leaving for the day's run down the Great Ocean Road to Erskine's Falls, situated a short distance inland from Lorne.

The weather during the morning was bleak and overcast, with the threat of rain to come ever present. We headed out along Geelong Road with Hairy leading, without stopping at the Laverton pickup point as only a lone white BMW was waiting there. Nothing much of interest happened before Geelong, although the patrol riders had their jobs cut out for them when trying to break up the groups riding far too close to each other.

Through Geelong without stopping (for a change) and on towards Lorne, with the weather getting decidedly worse, eventually the rain coming in fits and spasms. Riders stopped on their own initiative along the way to don waterproofs etc then followed along at their own pace. On reaching Anglesea, J.C decided he'd go the Ocean Road alone and by-passed the leader, which, as an experienced member, he knows is contrary to club rules!!

The rain came again, so Hairy stopped for waterproofing, and this time it was Bob Hodge who flew past and went on alone. We eventually reached Lorne and the few cafe/cum/hamburger shops were soon inundated with members buying their lunches. Hunger abated, some refuelled and set off on an exploratory trip to the Falls to assess the condition of the dirt road leading to them. Back they came, saying that it seemed okay, so off went, most of the male members, leaving the females gambling as to who would drop their bikes on the dirt road.

Meanwhile, the girls discussed the forthcoming Christmas party and the preparations already made for the catering for the meal. One of the remaining males stated that the girls should hold a beauty contest one day – in their waterproof gear, of all things! Could be interesting, to say the least.

Back came the conquering heroes, without a single one having dropped his bike, much to the girls annoyance. More refuelling was done, members regrouped and Hairy led off on the return journey along the Ocean Road.

This time we stopped in Geelong, long enough for a smoke and a visit to the loo for some, then headed out along Geelong Road again for the run home.

On reaching the outskirts of the city, there seemed to be bikes going in all directions, although most of them finally ended up at the cafe for tea and relaxation after a good, although sometimes wet and cold, day's ride, on which we were pleased to see a whole seven girls on their own bikes. Should be more of it!!

**Sherak**

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### **ACTIVE AND PASSIVE MUDDLING**

(OF THOSE WHO LEAD THE CLUB)

Active muddling can, for convenience's sake, be divided into two categories:- (a) premeditated, and (b) involuntary.

Premeditated muddling is always conceived and executed with a fixed purpose in view, namely, to confuse and bewilder club members and render them incapable of performing any set task, thus enabling the President to exhibit to his astonished colleagues just how superior he is to the ordinary members.

On the other hand, involuntary or spasmodic muddling is more spontaneous and, when this seeming phenomenon occurs, nobody, least of all the President, can extricate himself from the muddle.

The remedy, of course, lies in the application of Parkinson's Law, which will inevitably mean that the President himself is re-classified and two club members are promoted to the committee to assist them in keeping the muddle in good order. Naturally, more members will be needed and in due course a new club can be created with the old President as its leader and with a consequent increase in general inefficiency.

Passive muddling is a totally different category. It is neither premeditated nor involuntary, it just occurs.

In such cases, when the files have accumulated to such an extent that all ingress and egress to and from the club is now blocked, it is considered to be in keeping with the Constitution to remove them to the Secretary's garage, after having duplicate copies made to be kept in the President's Hope Chest.

In extreme cases of passive muddling, committee members have been found on their bikes in an advanced state of decomposition, nobody having missed them, the smell being given off being mistaken for that being given off by musty files, oil, and scraps of lunches left in the right hand panniers of their motorcycles.

Anon

\* \* \* \* \*

Q: Why does it take five Italians to kidnap somebody?

A: One does the kidnapping, the other four write the ransom note.

Q: Why are there more Italians in Melbourne than Aborigines in Sydney?

A: Sydney had first choice.

\* \* \* \* \*

### **CASTROL SIX HOUR RACE – AMAROO PARK, SYDNEY**

Saturday, October 19<sup>th</sup>, that long awaited day, finally arrived for me when I struggled awake at 3am. After spending half an hour under the shower to wash away the sleep I still wanted, I downed breakfast and got my riding gear on. Opening the back door showed a pitch black morning. Wheeling the bike down the drive so as not to wake the neighbours, I rolled into the street, closed the choke, turned on the petrol, hit the starter and the four cylinders burst into life. With a throaty roar, from a slightly baffled exhaust I was off to Amaroo Park and the Castrol Six Hour Race.

An hour later I rumbled into Wallan and met Les Leahy and two other members on BMW's. Shortly afterwards the unmistakable sound of Mick Fagan's BMW preceeded his arrival. After siphoning petrol from Les' "mobile tank" into Fagan's BM (he had a leaky fuel line) we pushed off in the early daylight. After stopping for fuel at Seymour we picked up Neville at Wodonga and proceeded up the notorious NSW section of the Hume Highway, after detouring via the Hume Weir, as the usual route through town was under water.

Another stop at Tarcutta, where I was sprung by the local constabulary for riding along the footpath, was followed by yet another stop at Gundagai for lunch. On the road again I made a short stop to don wet weather gear and did not catch the others till Goulburn, where they had stopped for fuel. Windsor was reached via Camden at 6pm. The campsite was already well established in typical MSCAV fashion – tents and bikes scattered all over the place. For me, tea was a hamburger and chips, then into bed – it had been a long day!

Sunday dawned sky blue and warm, perfect weather for the event of the year for production motorcycles. A quick trip through town verified my suspicions that there would be nothing open that early was followed by a sortie down the road to Camden, where a just warm pie and an ice cold bottle of milk for breakfast was obtained from a tiny garage/general store. Back to camp to find everyone else was ready to leave for the track, so away we went. Upon arriving I discovered that my fellow members of "that other club" had saved a choice spot for me in a position where 80% of the track was visible and my machine was right under my nose.

The race got under way at 10am. Some of those guys can really run fast, I noticed, during the Le Mans start. The pace was fast and furious right from the start, and this soon took its toll of machines, including Ron Toombs, who had the misfortune to apparently hit the bank while passing two smaller machines halfway up Bitupave Hill, resulting in the front wheel of his Kwaka 750 looking like a pretzel. As the morning progressed, the sun became warmer resulting in large expanses of bare skin being offered up for the sacrifice by the hordes of spectators who were still rolling in hours after the race started.

Rusty (750 Water-bottle) had his mate Rick with him at the track, and as the afternoon wore on, they were seen to quaff the contents of many chilled cans from the ever ready Craven. Suddenly Rusty decided that it would not be wise to ride his water-bottle back to camp, so began wandering about like a lost soul trying to find someone to ride it back for him, but everyone had their own bikes there, so he settled down to sleep after having a can of amber fluid gently taken from him.

It was very gratifying to see two 500/4 Hondas circulating the track with the precision of well oiled watches. They finished third and fourth in the 500 class, which made me decide that I should perhaps treat my machine with a little more respect as prior to this I had no idea how well it would

handle – so consequently I decided to push it a little harder than usual on the way home, but more of that later.

As the closing stages of the race approached it became apparent that a BMW stood a very good chance of winning. Len Atlee showed us some fearsome riding on a 900Z1, but the BMW took the honours. After the finish I sat around for half an hour, watching the crowd make a suicidal mass rush for the exit. At 4.30pm I moved off and after a short trip back to camp I found everyone making a quick preparation to go to the pub. Feeling jovial after having been swilling whisky and cola at the track all day, this seemed like a good move, so I followed suit.

As the time ticked on towards closing (6.30pm) we tried to convince the waiter that we should still be served with another round of drinks even though we still had 2 lined up before each on the table. About this time Rick was seen wandering around the place looking for the loo. Little Mick took him by the hand and led him to the spot, and just as we were about to send out a search party for him, he weaved his way back into sight. At closing time he declined to ride pillion back to camp, so he was led off down the footpath again by little Mick, clutching an armful of cans while Margaret rode little Mick's Suzi back to camp. After a stop at a cafe to get some tea we returned to camp to find him draped over the seat of a water-bottle, looking just like a sack of potatoes. After some inky black coffee, he was persuaded to go to bed and shortly afterwards, we all did likewise.

Monday morning came, and so too came the question – of which way to go home. Much against my better judgement I went along with the others via Wee Jasper and Tumut. We left Windsor at 7.30am and after a stop at Goulburn due to a boiling water-bottle, we proceeded to Wee Jasper. This started out okay, along a beautifully surfaced mountain road, then it abruptly turned into loose dirt. I thought (optimistically) that there would not be much of it. However, by the time we reached Wee Jasper, (well behind all the others) my nerves and temper were both a little frayed as I do not like dirt one little bit, and the obstinate herd of unattended sheep I ran into did not help.

After refuelling, I headed off after the others towards Tumut where I finally arrived long after everyone else again! After duelling with creeks, sheep, logging trucks and the odd kangaroo, I had had all I could take, so a quick bite to eat, and a squirt of chain lube on the now bone dry chain, I said goodbye to the others and took off for Tarcutta via the Snowy Mountains Highway. I filled up with petrol there, and after collecting a \$40 on the spot fine for speeding outside Holbrook, I stopped at Albury for fuel, Violet Town to clean a bug covered visor, Euroa for more fuel and a cup of coffee, and arrived home at 9.30pm.

After a quick meal I decided to wash the bike before I went to bed. I rolled into bed about 11.30pm after removing most of the bugs and mud from the bike and replacing the nut from the top of the right hand rear shocker that had managed to lose itself somewhere along the way.

It was a great weekend, and I was pleased with the way my machine performed, proving that it has been worth all the time and effort I have put into it over the last few months.

**Charlie Cord 500/4**

\* \* \* \* \*

### WHAT'S NEW

...Page 40, October 1974 "Two Wheels" mag:-

"American" brand security chains and padlocks, claimed to be absolutely unbreakable. Actually it's 3/8 inch (gauge) chain. Available in four or six foot lengths with a variety of five pin tumbler padlocks.

Prices – (be seated!) - \$23 to \$38.

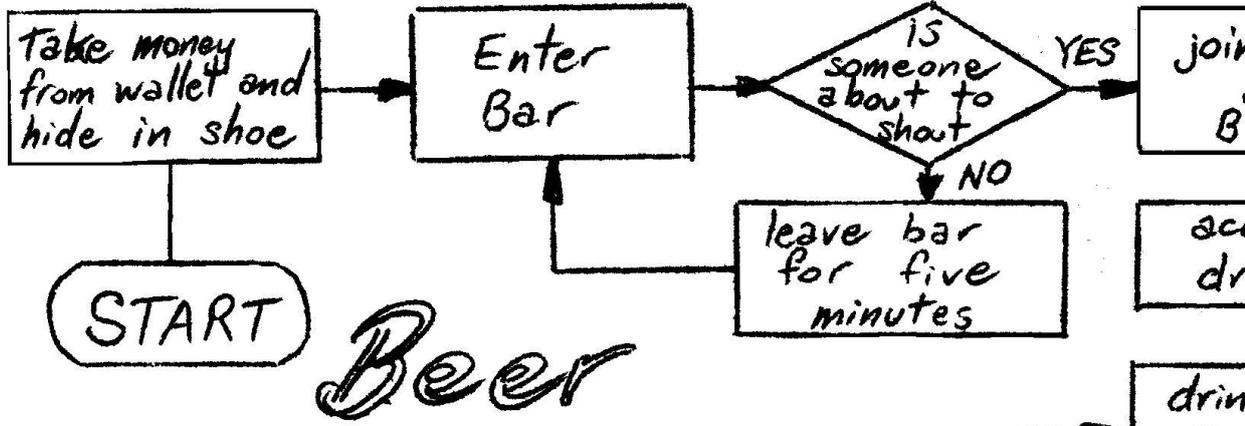
Distributed by Carry Bike Co., 49A Wollongong Road, ARNCLIFFE (Sydney) Agents in all states.

ALTERNATIVE ONE:- Ingliss Smith, South Melbourne.

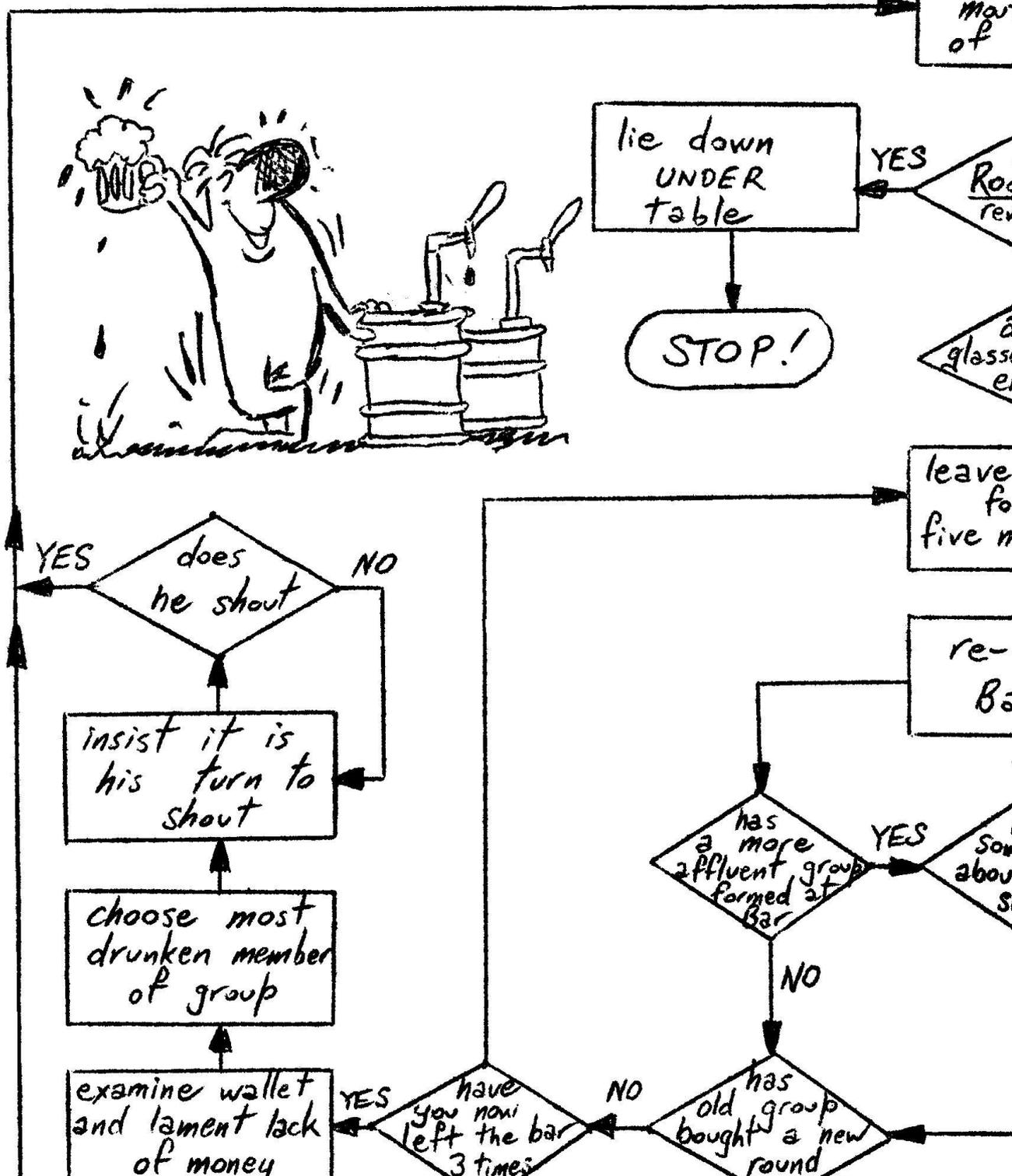
ALTERNATIVE TWO:- Sleep on your machine!

\* \* \* \* \*

# HOW A METHODS MAN GETS



## Beer



\* \* \* \* \*

## **HAY RIDE AND BARBEQUE**

Sunday, 20<sup>th</sup> October

The new Vice President expected to lead his first run, so arrived bright and early at the car park, only to find a handful of people, who felt that the turnout was so poor that they decided to attend the races at Winton. Claw then proceeded to Cranbourne where his faith was restored in the club when he met 15 waiting, chanting motorcyclists. (Actually, I think two of them had a slight grin, but we can all dream, can't we?)

After gathering ample food supplies, it was off at a rather sedate rate to travel the remaining 30 odd miles to the farm on the Drouin road, seven miles out of Lang Lang, where the day's fun and frivolity was to be had.

After waiting and waiting for the "late as usual" Mr Higgs, we finally got down to the business at hand, which was eating, and this showed just how many of the men (??-typist) in the club excelled head and shoulders above the women in being gourmet cooks.

Having filled ourselves, all but three rather unsociable people climbed on board the trailer which was drawn by a rather mammoth Chamberlain tractor and travelled off up the hill to the loft where the hay was to be collected, so as the ride would be soft on the old ring. At the loft many very young calves were discovered, and judging from the hysteria and grunts and moans spewing forth from the gaping holes in the faces of many club members, one could quite easily come to the conclusion that they had never seen a cow before. School is now in: a cow is a four legged animal which is good for two things, one of which is that when jerking on its teats, with a bit of luck, milk will be ejected, or something like that. So next time when you see something with four tits, you will know that it is a bloody cow!! School's out!!

With great anticipation the rusty piece of wire which held the vast Iron Gate in place was unlatched and the gate slowly opened to allow the vast tractor to enter the green pastures which were to be the afternoon's entertainment. Clunk, clunk, the tractor crashed through the gears as we climbed up the slope to the summit. However, all was not well as we soon found out finding ourselves axle deep in a quagmire of slush and this is where we remained for the next one and a half hours. The big guns finally shifted the bogged tractor as Bruce's mate, Sandy, finally dragged us clear with another tractor.

Muddy and tired, it was back on board to find new dryer pastures where many U-turns, sharp bends, tangled legs (good fun, huh, girls?) was the result. With daylight failing, we thanked Bruce for the day's outing and headed back to Dandenong, where Dianne took over as the hostess, supplying coffee and cake. After a liberal smattering of dirty records etc, we thanked Dianne for her hospitality and headed home, with no-one going over the other side of the city to the cafe.

### **Meaningful Dialogue**

\* \* \* \* \*

## **UNOFFICIAL CLUB RUN TO Winton BIKE RACES**

We left Kings Bridge Car Park at 9.00 with Pat and sister Lyn on a brand new 500/4, Sam James, myself and two new members both on Hondas.

We made our way to the first stop which was Euroa where we filled up and enjoyed a welcome cup of steaming hot coffee as the ride so far had been rather chilly.

We continued on the Winton where the bike races were being held. The entry fee (much to the disgust of Sam) was \$2.50 and a programme was a further 30c. Upon gaining entry to the track the pangs of hunger made themselves felt and we decided on a steak sandwich which consisted of two thin slices of bread and a tough piece of "steak" and cost 60c. Perhaps the Prices Justification Bureau should attend a few of these meetings.

There were many varied events, but the two that were the most interesting were the sidecar races and the vintage bike race. The vintage bikes were a varied lot, ranging from a 1939 Rudge, numerous Velocettes, a Scott and a BSA with a really mind bending note. Upon closer inspection of this bike's engine, the valves could be seen working. Most interesting if you like watching valves.

There were two spills, each on a particularly sharp corner. Luckily both the bikes and riders were O.K. The weather was superb, bright blue skies and lovely warm sun, quite a contrast to grey dismal Melbourne.

We left at 3.00 and rode to Seymour where we had more of the vital liquid for motorcyclists (coffee) and from there we continued onto Melbourne, everyone going their own way at Broadmeadows.

Thanks should be extended to Sam for if he hadn't remembered that the races were on we would have missed out on a good day trip.

## **Cheryle**

NOTE FOR CLAW: Hope you weren't too lonely at the car park. (Claw was left to lead himself to Cranbourne to meet the other bikes).

\* \* \* \* \*

## **A POEM FOR ME MUVVER**

When me prayers were poorly said,  
Who tucked me in me widdle bed?  
And spanked me till me arse was wed,  
Me Muvver.

Who took me from me liddle cosy cot,  
And put me on the ice cold liddle pot,  
And made me wee if I could not,  
Me Muvver.

And when the morning light would come,  
And in me crib I dribbled some,  
Who wiped me tiny widdle bum,  
Me Muvver.

Who would me hair so neatly part,  
And hug me gently to her heart,  
Who sometimes squeezed me till me fart,  
Me Muvver.

Who looked at me with eyebrows knit,  
And nearly had a king-size fit,  
When in me Sunday pants me shit,  
Me Muvver.

When at night the bed did squeak,  
Me raised me head to have a peek,  
Who yelled at me to go to sleep,  
Me Fadder!

\* \* \* \* \*

“Mommy, Mommy, Daddy just poisoned my kitty.”  
“Don’t cry, dear, maybe he had to” the mother replied sympathetically.  
“No he didn’t”, screamed the heartbroken child, “he promised me I could do it!”

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### **CHRIS’ BIRTHDAY-COME-PYJAMA PARTY**

Well, considering the huge crowd that turned up, about 25 or so, the rest are just weak bastards afraid to show their hairy, non-hairy, fat, skinny, boney or inbent legs, we think. Shy molls, obviously! Anyway, those who did turn up thoroughly enjoyed themselves or somebody else, so it seemed. When yours truly arrived, Tiny was seen revealing everything in his night attire. Next to arrive was a new member to the moll club, Dianne. She was wearing her muff lined pyjamas. But later on in the evening, she lost her bottom half of the outfit to a certain Canary.

To give it to Chris and Linda, plenty of grog was in supply. Also lots of good chewies for late supper. Nothing like a little boy to gobble on, especially when it’s covered with tomato sauce.

Missus Cecil turned up looking very much like a well worn moll in a rather tatty looking nightie, so between Bowers, Cecil and Cumming, any slacky could have scored – all very camp!! Big Daddy turned up in his sexy looking sleeping gear. Pity that Maureen couldn’t get to the party a little earlier. Howard and Beth were in attendance, looking rather shocked by the whole scene. Our new secretary, Darren, made the turn in his new shaggin’ waggin-come-Kombi van.

As the party got going, Little Mick was seen flashing brown eyes and Maggie Peart was doing quite well. She was trying to get young Nashy into bed (cradle snatcher). (RUBBISH!!!-typist) About this time of the evening, Dianne had a handful of something, namely, Birthday Boy, Chris. Ah well, not a bad birthday present, heh, Chris? Fagan’n’Co arrived rather late, Fagan looking rather dashing in his new clothes, which he obviously acquired from the brotherhood of St. Laurence Opportunity Shop. Still didn’t stop him asking a certain young lady just how the weather was. Cum cum, Mick.

Rusty, in his usual fashion, proceeded to pickle himself in his ouzo bottle. No wonder his bloody hair is getting more red by the day – or bottle. Ned turned up and as usual, said nothing. Right on! Ned! Graeme and Kay sat in the corner and played with little Jack Horner and did little else. Garry Penhall came with his moll Georgie, complete with intercourse gear, birthday hats and a poofter teddy bear. Must give it to Garry, Georgie is a real sort...what sort I’m not really sure, though!

John Cecil and Chris decided to get their gear off and streak through the lounge, Chris in hot pursuit of John’s kiber with a vibrator that shook the room like an earthquake. A very interesting pursuit, no doubt!

Towards the end of the evening, a certain king-kung fu Canary – complete with yellow feathers on his back – came on very strong with a couple of club members who were engaging in horseplay in the lounge. Like, man, a bit too heavy. Go easy Canary, or somebody will pluck and stuff you one day – fair warning!!

To anybody that dint come to the party, you obviously dipped out. Greater fools you, cause it was a real nut tearing scene, literally!

**Signed: “Come Together Right Now”**

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**REFLECTIONS**

Red or white sensitive tape, “Scotchlite”, made by 3M. Best source of supply is :-

Artcraft Engineering Pty. Ltd.,  
26 Metropolitan Ave,  
NUNAWADING.

Open 8am to 4.30pm Phone 8787877

Cut to requirements \$1.75 per square foot.

Source: Horseradish!!

\* \* \* \* \*

A wife became entangled with a policeman. He was a kindly officer and, despite the woman’s furious verbal lambasting of the law in general, rang her husband on the phone and told him:

“I really ought to charge your wife with careless driving, but if you’ll come down and take her home, we’ll skip the trial.”

“Oh, no”, retorted the husband, “you’re getting paid for it – handle the job yourself!”

\* \* \* \* \*

When a guy goes to work and gets a girl as high as a kite, you can bet there’s a string attached somewhere!

\* \* \* \* \*

An enterprising member of the club has taken the time and effort to write to the government about the standard of the white road marking paint at present being used in Victoria.

The following is the reply he received from the Under Secretary of the Chief Secretary’s office.

Dear Dr. Davis,

**Non-skid Road Markings**

I refer to your letter of 12<sup>th</sup> August, 1974, enclosing a copy of an earlier letter to the Chief Secretary concerning the skid characteristics of road surface markings in wet conditions.

Both the Country Roads Board and the Road Safety and Traffic Authority are aware of the need to increase the skid resistance of materials used for road markings and the matter is receiving attention.

I am informed that one of the problems of developing a non-skid paint is that durability is drastically reduced. For example, the paint supplied to the department of Civil Aviation for use on aircraft runways is of no practical use for road markings as it is degradable and repainting is required every three weeks. Similarly, the Country Roads Board has found that whilst the skid resistance of its normal paint can be improved by the addition of "beads" the life of such paint is reduced because of the accumulation of rubber deposits.

A white asphalt, which is an integral part of the road surface and which can be used for road markings, has been under test over the last twelve months. The results of tests on the material, which is marketed by the Zaganite Lake Asphalt Company, should be available soon.

In the meantime, until a satisfactory material suitable for general use is developed, the Australian Committee on Road Devices is considering the re-design of arrow markings etc, in order to reduce their area.

Yours faithfully,

R.L. King,

UNDER SECRETARY