

GOOD VIBRATIONS AUGUST, 1975

EDITORIAL:

* By the time you read this, most of you will know that the Club Captain, Howard Higham, has resigned his position on the Committee due to the pressures of work. On behalf of all members, we wish to extend a sincere "Thank you" to Howard for his long service on the M.S.C.A.V Committee.

* Rumour has it that for his retirement he will buy himself (Beth approving) a shaft drive-type machine. No doubt we will still see him on runs.

* Hear Bob Hodge is waiting for his Honda to drop to bits, so that he can buy a Guzzi. Doesn't say much for Hondas!

* See Chris Bowers has sold off his two machines and purchased a brand new BMW 750, in Adelaide. Hear Chris made a good saving by going interstate. Good to know that some motorcyclists won't pay the exorbitant prices of the "Rat", even if he does have a monopoly.

* NOTICE: Theatre Night on August 15th, a Friday. To see "Godfather Part II", at the Forum Theatre, commencing at 7.30pm. bookings available from Committee members. \$3 per ticket.

* Understand Les Leahy was off fishing on the day of the Blackwood run – but haven't heard any fish stories, mainly because he didn't catch any. We suggest you get some pointers from J.C, Les!

* On perusing some articles contributed to the magazine in recent months, one startling fact emerged – SPEED!! As has been emphasized on other occasions, this is a touring club, not a racing club, and speed should not be the predominate factor.

Some members have larger machines than others, but this should not be taken as an open invitation to those with the larger machines to set a bad example by speeding excessively on club runs. Those with smaller capacity machines are, generally, the younger and more inexperienced riders of the club. To see the older, supposedly more mature riders blasting down the open highway or through built up areas regardless of the state of traffic, does not impress upon those in need of impression the correct and safe behaviour necessary on the roads today.

Is it asking too much of those who have more experience to show a little restraint when in the company of the young, impressionable riders in the club? The club needs its members, not just "temporarily", but as members continuing the respected name and behaviour standard of the MSCAV.

* As the Day Trial was cancelled last month due to wet weather, please make an effort to attend on Sunday 24th August, as a good day is promised, and 60 entry forms have been printed.

Margaret & David – Editors

WALHALLA

Sunday 29th June

It was an 8am start for Walhalla. There is no such time, or if there is, it's for getting home from a party. Some of our members on the run had been to a beaut party at Ross' place. Whether beaut means an orgy or plenty of grog I don't know. About ten of us were just leaving at 8.35am when a

Guzzi Super Sport arrived bearing our Vice Captain, who immediately led us to Hallam via Toorak Road and the Freeway.

Arriving at Hallam, who was there all alone thinking he must have picked the wrong day was Gary Osborne. However, within the next few minutes a lot more arrived. How did they all know it was going to be a great day, because on Saturday it looked as if it was going to rain all day?

From Hallam Les led. Ron Liebe, on the outfit, with Frank as passenger, was rear rider to Moe. The eatery and service station had two peak hour rushes, with us going and coming back. We were naturally the audience for all the local lairs on four wheels showing us how to burn rubber off tyres, etc. So we all ate, talked and watched, all that is except Frank and Ron Liebe, the rear riders. I was corner marker at Warragul, so was just ahead at Darnum, but didn't see him after that. The Moe corner marker said Ron knew we were going to Walhalla via Moe, but he didn't, so it turned out.

After arriving at Traralgon they decided to go to Walhalla via the back roads and it's just as well they were on the outfit, as I believe the road is not the best for bikes. Meanwhile back at Moe, two or three things happened, or were arranged. Michael Formaini led the group onward with Jol as rear rider. Les and a couple others went back as far as Drouin looking for Ron and Frank. Meanwhile I discovered my front tyre was flat, telling the others to go on, as I tried out the Finelec, which took me three miles. It was a new tyre and tube, the latter faulty, I think. Two trail bike riders stopped and helped me and kept me company while I fixed three holes (NO! holes in the tyre!) Then, as the tube still didn't look too good and I had used all the patches, I went back to Moe for more, passing on the way Dennis and someone else returning from looking for Ron, whom they hadn't found.

After obtaining patches I set off for Walhalla and alongside the road was a Guzzi with its owner doing something like irrigating, so we set off together. Meantime, having met Ron and said hello again, we all did our own thing. What others did, if anything, apart from sightseeing or sitting in the sun talking, I don't know, but some of us climbed the side of the mountain, seeing some big holes, old gold mine tunnels, etc.

Perhaps I should mention numbers seem to have increased at Moe, until we had nearly 28 riders (very good), one of whom was John on a Kwaka 900 who lives at Traralgon. At 2.45pm we set off back to Moe for petrol and eats, then off to Melbourne, with only six arriving back at the cafe.

From what little I saw of the riding, it seemed to be of a high standard. We had no major catastrophes. Rumour has it that Chris Thorn dropped his bike again. If true, we must buy him some trainer wheels. Also heard that he had electrical trouble, the alternator not working or something like that.

One Harley chopper which was with us after joining at Moe (I think) and rode back with us was pulled up on the highway at a service station and a man in blue told him the chopper was not roadworthy, for starters no front brake, no front mudguard or number plate, and no indicators.

It was gratifying to see such a large number out, and nice too, to know that at least 28 dragged themselves out of bed on a winter morning (no mean feat) to enjoy a ride in the company of the other members.

Lloyd, Honda 350/4

BY-RULES OF THE PEE WEE GOLF CLUB

1. Ladies are prohibited from touching a gentleman's balls, with hands or clubs.
2. All holes must be kept clean.
3. Gentlemen making a hole in one must change Lady partners in the second round.

4. Ladies are requested to remain quiet while gentlemen are taking short strokes.
5. Partners are requested to go off together at each tee.
6. When the lady partner goes off first, the gentleman must not delay the stroke, but continue to play.
7. In cases where the lay is impossible, ladies have the privilege of choosing a new position.
8. When the gentleman finds this impossible, he may choose a new lay, starting at least a balls length from the hole.
9. Players are requested to refrain from playing any holes under repair.
10. While the management strives to improve the course in every way, they cannot be held responsible for the loss or damage of balls in the brush or around the holes.

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The place for a knocker is outside the door – W.G.P

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A nickname is the heaviest stone the Devil can throw at a man. – W.G.P

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QUOTABLE QUOTES

No experience in life, however small, is ever wasted if you learn something from it.

STEIGLITZ

When I arrived at KBCP about 10.15am, and time to leave, there would have been about 20 to 25 bikes, mostly Jap. junk, although there were a few nice ones as well. Darren led the run with Big Daddy in the rear. Just before leaving we were paid a visit by the local constabulary who greeted us with guarded words lest we all turn into 1%'s and set upon them. The weather took a turn for the better, and by now you could see it was going to be one of those days. I didn't know how true those words could be!

We made our way to the Tullamarine Freeway, going past the airport to Bulla, from where we cut across to Diggers Rest and across country to Bacchus Marsh. Here we stopped for petrol, oil and food, as there were no shops where we were going. When Big Daddy had had a long enough rest we were on our way again, taking some side roads that weren't bad until we struck some dirt, with the going getting tougher and steeper. So steep that Cecily's Yami 500 conked out as the carbies weren't getting enough petrol. After the big climb, the rocky, stony road turned into a fine dusty road, and after travelling along this bush track for what seemed like hours, trying to dodge potholes and washouts, we eventually came across the bitumen again and sailed on to the picnic spot.

Nearby there was a small bush track that led up the steepest cliff I had ever seen. A few dumb-clucks decided to ride up it. We all stood at the cliff top ready to laugh or to run and help if needed. Jol's BM made it; Kate took her BM up after a lot of hesitation; Mick took Kate's BM up without batting an eyelid then asked for a pillion, with Jol accepting the offer – they also made it. Les Luke, at his third attempt finally made it.

There were no dirt tracks on the way home, just beautiful bitumen, and I enjoyed this section as there was no traffic. At Bacchus Marsh Les Luke literally rolled in with a pained look on his face. A pin had sheared off the thing-a-ma-jig attached to the wat's-it's-name, which in turn cracked the doo-dah, but after roadside repairs, it was rideable, so we then pushed off towards Melbourne via back roads, as the traffic was heavy.

On the way back Les' bike broke down again, and couldn't be fixed. Getting sorted out as to who would carry who, we set off again to the highway and at Melton cut across to Keilor and the Freeway again. My Suzi then broke down, and unable to repair it, Les & Cecily promised to come back with help. They eventually got back and six strong people helped lift my bike into a car boot. Then we went back to Bacchus Marsh to retrieve Les's Yami from where it had been left previously when it had broken down.

I finally found my way home at about 3am. Yes, it had really turned out to be "one of those days".

R. McMennemim, Suzi 750

MSCAV DINNER DANCE 12th JULY

One could almost be excused for believing that the Club now does things by fives. Firstly, the Day Trial had to be cancelled as we only had five starters, and the Dinner Dance, although not cancelled, also had only five starters.

As most of you will be aware, the Dinner Dance was held on Saturday 12th July, with a very strong Committee involvement of three. There would have been four, except for the fact that Church was late on this evening.

"Bogart's" in Victoria St was the venue, so named as it was designed around the great actor Humphrey. The restaurant was housed on the upper floor of a rather old building and the decor composed old movie photos of Bogey and other great films and film stars of the era. You might say it was a good night for nostalgia, but I'll get around to that later.

The night, of course, started with a few drinks between Linda, Cheryl, John and myself, before Jolyon arrived. Then we decided to order. It was an a la carte meal and worked out to \$7 per head for a four course meal. The general consensus was that the food was superb.

After taking considerable time over the meal we were entertained at around 10 o'clock by the floor show of a male and female duet with guitar. These had only recently been the support to some major overseas singer who had toured Australia, the name of whom has escaped me. They were absolutely fantastic and finished off their act with a dirty little ditty which had everyone in raptures. By this time the audience had really warmed up and were ready to dance.

The computerised kaleidoscopic light machine was turned on and the manager brought in nostalgia by playing for the next half an hour or so, old Fats Walla records and others from that era.

The light system had us intrigued as it left a big dob of oil floating along the wall amongst the old posters, which looked really effective.

The only problem we had was that we had one more male than female, so we took it in turns to dance with the girls.

At around midnight the great dance music was turned down and we were thanked for our attendance. Another fifteen minutes saw the end of our ouzo bottle and we merrily wended our way down the stairs to our vehicles.

We all enjoyed ourselves and our thanks must go to the Social Secretary who chose the venue. It's a pity that we couldn't entice more members along because, after all, it is a social club as well as a touring club.

Vice President

BLACKWOOD

Sunday 13th July

With the prospect of it being a good day, weatherwise, as it was sunny when we left the car park at the start of the tour, we travelled down Highway One. On the way we noticed a few unmarked cars in our vicinity, but no one was pulled up.

We turned off not long after Little River, going towards Anakie, where the wind became so violent and gusty that it was evident we were in for a very hard ride. I compensated for this, somewhat, by being on the wrong side of the road. All too soon, we had the rain to go with the wind, as is typical of Melbourne's weather.

Phillip had to call at a farm house on the way for emergency fuel supplies (What – not leaving with a full tank? – typist) just near Ballan. At Ballan, we were glad to get off the bikes for the lunch stop, and to investigate Jol's new electric vest, which was the centre of attraction. Darren's GL had been christened at last in the rain.

On leaving, we then went towards Blackwood, meeting Howard and Beth, Brendan and Sally along the way. We carried on to Greenvale School Camp for our promised afternoon tea with Mr and Mrs Rae, Anthony's parents. They had a nice big open fire to help thaw us out a bit. While there we had a competition going, playing quoits.

Before leaving, Anthony's parents were thanked for their generosity toward us and they were then greeted with a round of applause.

As the run home was pretty direct, it wasn't long before we were back at the cafe, getting rid of the cob webs along the way.

A dismal sort of day, made up for by our afternoon visit to the Greenvale camp site.

Big Daddy

NEWHAVEN CAMPING WEEKEND

19th and 20th July

At 10.30am a number of us (number unknown) led by Jol with his electrically heated vest set on full, set off for Newhaven. On arriving we found a Guzzi Super Sport had already arrived with Les Leahy there complete with tent and annexe. Bob Hodge and Mick Bames were around, but I don't know if they were camping with us or doing a Big Daddy act like staying in the pub. (*Correct, Lloyd – Ed*)

Being vague with names I hope those whose names I get wrong will forgive me, but if I give the make of the bike they, at least, will know who I mean.

After pitching tents others began to arrive, like Brendan with his two loves, one female the other masculine, chunky aggressive, namely the 750 Duke. J.C & Cheryl, David Cumming, Linda arrived, also a lad on a 550 Honda, followed by Gerrard on his 500 yami.

At this stage we seemed to divide into groups, except perhaps Pat, who was I feel left by herself a lot. After eating some very fatty fish, our group which consisted of Andrew Backmaster (350/4), Hans (waterbottle), Gerrard, Ron 500/4 and Ken 750/4 and myself (350/4) went for a ride around

the island, with the weather being fine. Andrew rode my bike so he would know what a 350 is like with Konis and 100lb springs, and I rode his so that I could remember what they are like without Konis, which means riding a bike with no dampers on the rear. After viewing the Nobbies and looking at the Blow Hole, which wasn't blowing, we set off for Cowes, with me now riding Ken's 750/4.

We stopped to view some people trying to fly kites across to the mainland. Seriously, very colourful and interesting, but looks dangerous and after one of the fliers told us how he nearly died when something broke and he came down in the sea with kite on top and he couldn't get the release for the seat, we decided bikes are safer and declined an offer to fly.

At Cowes, Bob and Mick caught up with us and we returned to camp. From here we went to San Remo for tea, not the fatty fish place but next door, where we were served by an extremely pleasant European couple. In fact he, after giving me a dollar change from two dollars raced out to our bikes when we were leaving trying to give me another dollar change. The prices there were reasonable and better than average hamburgers – none of your sausage mince rubbish often put in them.

From here we raced off into rain and to the Nobbies to see the penguins, but were too late to see much, and most people were leaving. We saw quite a few up top. I can imagine the bad tempered ones looking at us and saying "stupid bloody tourists out in the rain looking at us", while the gentle, kind-hearted ones were saying to each other: "pour tourists getting wet looking at us, and they are not made for the wet like us." Enough of that rubbish!

Another touring bike club was there and around giving out cards. They were the Jesus Light & Power House Clubs, I think, which is a sort of version of the God's Squad, only a bit softer. They were staying in some church hall, I think. We were invited to join them later.

We all went to the pub on foot, except for two who shall be nameless. Actually Big D went to Woolamai to something there, while Andrew and Ron went twelve miles in the rain to a drive-in, hoping to see Flash Gordon, but it was the next week! They were invited to sit in the projectionist's car.

For those who don't know, the San Remo pubs (two) jump both winter and summer, with Melbourne bands down for the weekend. The others were at the pub when we arrived, and we got the last four chairs.

The evening went too quickly. At 10.15pm out into the drizzle and back to camp for Bonox and coffee. Some very merry girl said she might blow the motor bike horn in the morning; where at some nameless, terrible person said at that time of the morning there might be a more interesting horn to press. Off to bed!

In the morning some had breakfast at the camp and some at the shop, and after that – let's go for a ride, as it's fine again. Andrew went to Wonthaggi visiting, so we went to some place on the north side of the island, then to the south to Sunderland Bay, then back to camp for eats. Roger Holt called in to see us. After eating, the tents were packed up ready for departure. Pat had gone, also a few others. Les Leahy went off to look for some roads for the following week's run.

This left six of us, and as we had been over the island twice, we were ready to leave by 2.15pm. We left, led by Big D, who led in a very brisk fashion. Andrew went home, and as it was too early to go straight to the cafe, we adjourned to 62 Blessington St, with Big D and Ken going home to unpack then back before going to the cafe at 5pm.

There was no one there except Bob Paulin and some girl whose name I forgot. As no one else arrived by 6.45pm we assumed the four-owners were coming after their run, or else they were

extremely late, so we all went our individual ways, after what was a very pleasant weekend, both weatherwise and the company as well.

Lloyd, 350/4 Honda

THE BUDDHIST FUNERAL

A well attired motorcycle enthusiast on a gleaming R90/S was gliding down Dandenong Road at a careful 60 kilometres per hour when suddenly he came upon a procession of funeral cars. Not wanting to get held up by the traffic, he accelerated past the procession and again resumed 60 kilometres per hour.

Almost immediately, however, he was pulled over by a motorcycle policeman and the inevitable question was asked: “Why were you speeding?”

Motorcycle Enthusiast: “Well, Officer, I wanted to keep out of the way of the Buddhist funeral procession.”

Policeman: (WHILE booking motorcyclist) – “I can understand that, but I will book you anyway. What’s so different about a Buddhist funeral?”

M.E.: “Well, in the case of a woman, sir, after the ceremony they excise the woman’s pubic mound.”

Policeman: “And what do they do then?”

M.E.: “Well, sir, they let it dry until it’s a nice furry loop.”

Policeman: “And then what?”

M.E.: “Well, sir, they then take it away and tie it to a toilet chain so that people put their fingers through it to flush the toilet.”

Policeman: “Go on.”

M.E.: “And then, sir, they wait until it stretches to six foot long, put a blue uniform on it and put it on a police motorcycle!”

Thanks to RMIT Motorcycle Club, from whose mag this article was lifted.

(The Editors take no responsibility for this disgusting slander on Her Majesty’s Police Force....)

WALHALLA

29th June, 1975

Ron and Frank, Denis and myself arrived at KBCP just after eight o’clock, direct from a party at St. Kilda. With the wind cold and the sky threatening, a small group decided that by 8.30 it was time to leave, LEADERLESS, in search of Hallam. We dribbled out of the car park as our Vice Captain burred in, much to my disappointment, as I dearly wanted to lead a run – at least to Hallam!

Here we met up with some others, many of whom were new faces to me and we headed off, etc – you know – the usual group dragged out for miles, the roadside repairs and the hairy antics. We

just kept on bopping along right into Moe, where our leader, in his wisdom, decided that we ought to eat and refuel because of the chance that this would not be possible at Walhalla. (Oh so true!)

While our members stuffed themselves (faces, that is!) it became apparent that the Liebe outfit had not turned up and, remembering the terrible things that can happen when an outfit is ridden in a maniac fashion, Malcolm and Denis left on a mission of recovery all the way back to Drouin. (The word is that a V-twin motorcycle that left in the same direction soon after, arrived soon after. Get it?)

Meanwhile we headed off towards our destination (just who was leading now?) along a really groovy road but my arrival was delayed because I helped straighten out a red 750 and rider who had turned stuntman! We had been fortunate in that it had not rained, so the last few miles of dirt were good.

Instead of being a deserted old town, Walhalla was a hive of tourists. Ron had somehow managed to arrive in front of those who rode an extra 60 miles looking for him earlier! Members dispersed to view items of interest, notably the hotel which was investigated and invaded through the back door by some looking for a counter lunch, only to be told that they were “just off”.

In keeping with my annual exercise routine, I accompanied a few along a track alongside the mountain. It seemed never ending, so I wisely suggested that we should turn back. Phew! Rolled back onto the roadway below only to be attacked from the front by the Leahy gang departing town. Bad luck if we'd been lost, eh, Les? A mysterious power overcame me as I found myself overtaking cars on the dirt stretch and then Malcolm, Denis and myself had a good time fanging to catch the others. It's quite interesting to see that Harley chopper being hustled round corners, but sitting down there on the swing-arm must be a bit uncomfortable, isn't it, James?

Once again, we made the Moe Milkbar man work for a living and succeeded in confusing the garage attendant. I left in the trio to Melbourne before the others, and had a good ride home after another great day. I trust that all the others got home safely?

Jim Coleman

A WARM RUN TO COAL CREEK

Sunday 27th July was one of the warmest winter Sundays on record in Melbourne, and a large gathering of bikes was assembled at the car park by the time the run was set down to start. There were plenty of four cylinder machines, the flat twins having gone west for the day. Two flat fours were ready for “Coal Creek”, a novel twist for the day.

At the car park I enjoyed the opportunity to ride David Swallow's BMW R90/S, as well as Brian's 750 BM. Brian and Big Daddy had a ride on the GL. It was an interesting experience. At the risk of offending Mick F, the BMW's seemed small and rough, although I appreciated the chance to ride them. Brian said he was amazed at the ride, smoothness and handling of the 1,000. Later in the day it was fascinating to watch him travel at speed coming into Lang Lang, and no doubt he has had much experience at riding. At one point we marked a corner together, but somewhere nearby was a dead horse or something. A gas mask would have been needed except that the run passed this point fairly quickly.

Some people say that God could have created a more beautiful land than Tasmania, but that doubtless He never did. Well, this is as may be, but Gippsland is the nearest thing to Tasmania, although I think the roads in Tasmania are slightly better.

With Les L. (Guzzi 750) in the lead and Big Daddy (750/4) as rear rider, along with Jolyon Dunn (600 BMW) we set off in great style, but by the end of the South Eastern Freeway the run had somehow become split up. Who left their corner? Actually, we seemed to find Big Daddy near Glen Iris and all was well, and for those at the back of the run a most spirited day commenced.

Someone mentioned that the "Scooter Club" did not do more than 100kmph on the open road...well, 100mph was the order of the day to Korumburra. Since no one got killed, it was greatly enjoyed by all, and in particular by a certain white 500/4 and by a super black 750/4. (*We hope that members don't take this as an open ticket to speed – Ed.*) The two GL's showed what a few extra cc are for...two-up at 175kmh etc; and it was most fortunate that the law was having a day off in Gippsland.

At Korumburra, lunch was had and Keith Anderson went to rescue a 360 which had electrical troubles. Don Sexton (who managed the GL very well) and I called and saw the Earl family and saw Ross and his brothers, as well as David Swallow, carrying loads of dirt around in wheel barrows. It seemed too energetic and we went down town to have a bite of lunch, and missed out on a roast dinner at the Earl's! Down town a keen ex-motorcyclist and his Suzy500-riding son inspected the GL and they followed us down to the Coal Creek Museum car park to inspect the bikes. Rick, the son, took a group of us for a run along a hairy country road. It was a good ride but I took the corners faster than Don was happy about as he realised that David Thompson was not keeping up with us. Clearly the GL could handle the corners faster than its little brother the 750/4. Quite a surprise and I was delighted.

We left the car park at about 2.45pm. Now there are hundreds of miles of sealed road in the area, but Les managed most skilfully to locate all the dirt ones and on these we came home. (*Good homework, Les – Ed*) No-one fell off, and indeed the standard of riding during the day was very high. Ken, on a 750/4, showed he could really ride, while John S on his little Suzi zoomed along in the dust. To my amazement the GL found the dirt easy going, with 80km in places although we slowed a little for the corners. Don, my chauffeur, is a most skilful, if rightly cautious rider. Les was really eating up the dirt, but he did not accept my invitation to call by and help to wash the GL!

It was good to see Lloyd riding solidly and for me it was fun to watch David Cleveland's GL on the road, although his fiancée had a few worried moments as David threw his bike through the corners. She was hugging David tightly: was she scared of being left behind under hard acceleration? Big Daddy could tell a tale on that subject.

The traffic was very heavy on the South Gippsland Highway, and David Thompson took over my bike and again it was fortunate that the law was elsewhere, for we shot by streams of traffic at unmentionable speeds, and it was almost no time when we arrived at Dandenong. Don took over again and we had fun burning off a chopper and almost everything else except Big Daddy who seemed to catch up at every set of lights. The other GL shot by us at various times and Don, no doubt thinking of his licence, eased back and we went sedately at 80kmph to the cafe where it was good to meet Tiny Jack and his remarkable outfit, and Mick F and the flat twin enthusiasts who had had a good run to Burrumbeet Lake.

Everyone, it seemed, had made good use of the warm and most welcome, if unusual, weather. The MSCAV had, however, made the most of the scenery. I suppose that I could be thankful that Les had proved that GL's like dirt for I would never have seen those roads otherwise.

Well, I hope that the weather for the Apollo Bay run, when we can expect to see Mick at his best, is as good as this weekend.

Darren Room