

Special Christmas Edition, December 1975

At last the year draws to a close and it is now a time of cheer, beer, (brewery workers willing) and goodwill. It's also a time of rest for the editors who are now able to have a rest for the next two months.

First off we would like to thank the girls that came to the fore with offers to type the magazine this month, namely Joanne, Cecily, Beth and Linda. We hope these girls will be able to assist in the new year

The magnificent cover for this our Christmas Edition was designed by your Vice-Captain Les Leahy. It must surely be the best Christmas cover we have ever had, so we would like to express our sincere gratitude to Les.

IMPORTANT: Do not forget the Christmas Party on the 12th December, as it promises to be a wow of a time with plenty of good company, food and drink. So please turn up and make the night a **SUCCESS!**

Two parties are coming up this month:

1. Ron Hayward is off to the Antarctic and has invited all members to a mind blowing night at 105 Cramer Street, Preston on Friday 19th December, BYO if you can get any!
2. 21st Grog on for Bob Hodge at Phil Nash's place on 20th December, at 7 Bamfield Road, West Heidelberg. BBQ- bring your own meat and grog after 7pm.

Heard Mick Bames is having trouble with his new R90S; obviously changing BM's has not stopped his problems.

At last Roger has bought a bike that doesn't require the chain to be oiled, namely a Honda GL. I hope this bike gets washed at least once a year.

For those who wish to send in any articles or items of interest over the next two months, please send them to either of the following addresses: 41 Belford Rd, Kew East; or 72 Esdale St, Nunawading.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Many thanks to the helpers Jol & Phil.

David Cumming & Bob Evans – Editors

THE YEAR THAT WAS

When one is requested to write an article entitled the year that was, your immediate reaction is "where do I start?" Should one rely on memory alone or refer to the monthly editions of the Club's main means of communication, "Good Vibrations"?

After some quick arithmetic it comes to light that from February to November 1975 there were 61 articles written by members for the magazine. Unfortunately, only about half this number contributed. It appears therefore that the Club has only 30 interested members.

Next, in the same period 29 jokes were printed, mainly obtained, I believe, from the Editors themselves.

Many members in the past year changed bikes. However, it is impossible to remember them all. One thing is for certain, the new bikes always had an increased cubic capacity over the old ones.

On the 7th February 1975, the club was jolted back to reality when the then Committee introduced seven new policies to help improve the safety and standing of the club. These policies were definitely a step in the right direction and undesirable habits soon left the scene.

What else happened? Well statistically there has been a definite decline in the involvement of members in the club runs, especially camping weekends.

Well, I hope this satisfies the Editors. I suggest people have a look at past issues of the mag as I did for it helps you to remember what exactly happened in the past year.

KGB

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BIKE SWAPPING FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER

1. Dick Bloxham bought Chris Bower's 750 BM, the one he got in September. Understand Chris is now into panel vans.
2. Trevor Mickie bought Dick's old BM which used to be Ian Taylor's old BM till he sold it
3. Sue, the girl who Ned helped out last month on a run, is out of two strokes and has bought a Honda 400 Sports.
4. Les Leahy has bought Margaret Peart's eight month old BM.
5. Gary Osborn had gone back on a vow he made a long time ago and sold his 750 BM for a Gold Wing.

FOR SALE: Les Leahy's 750 Sports Moto Guzzi: \$2,000, many spare parts available for club members at no extra cost.

FOR SALE: One pair fibreglass Craven Panniers – NSW Police type – complete with locking lids & blinkers. Excellent condition – offers to Greg Moore Ph H. 3377570

Run To Mount Avoca Sunday 9th November

Having been stuck at home working on the bike for the past fortnight, I was itching to get out on the road for a day. So despite the cool overcast conditions, I rolled the old R3 out of the passageway and donned my Bellstaffs while the motor warmed up.

A short while later, twenty-four or so machines left KBCP at nine-thirty, heading out towards Avoca via Ballarat. Bob Evans set a quick pace into the blustery winds and many times I was down on the tank to keep up. After a short stop at Ballarat for petrol, we turned off onto the North Western Highway towards Avoca. In places, our enthusiastic leader must have been pushing a good 130 km/hr, keeping all the speed freaks happy. I was fairly gum booting along to catch up from marking a corner just out of Ballarat, hoping the Jam Jar wouldn't freak out.

I caught up to the crowd behind Bob just before Avoca, our lunch stop. Most people looked into the local takeaways before heading off to try and find Mount Avoca. You could see the damn hill – the one with all the rain around it – but it took us a few tries to hit onto the right road. The right

road became loose gravel very quickly, and a few of us pushed ahead to enjoy a few slides. Beautiful memories of the Alpine Rally flooded back. After a couple of fords, and a slippery track, we arrived at the cleared picnic ground below the falls. We didn't stay long because rumours of a crashed outfit back down the track made us curious.

Having lost control up the slippery part, Frank's outfit had swung across the track, and collected a tree. The frame was disconnected and realigned by enthusiastic Ron Leibe and others, and despite the chairs nose looking slightly mashed in, the outfit was driveable.

The journey home took us along the Pyrenees Highway, through Maryborough and Castlemaine and onto the Calder Highway. From Kyneton it was rain all the way. Perhaps not the best day for a ride but then I should have known, going out on a clean bike!

Tim Moresby

A Non – Scheduled Visit From St. Nicholas...

THE MONTH BEFORE CHRISTMAS

It was a month before Christmas, and all thru the store
Each department was dripping with Yuletide décor.
The Muzac was blaring an out of tune carol,
And fake snow was falling on Ladies Apparel.
I had flown many miles from the north pole that day,
To check on reports which caused me dismay.
I had come to this store but for one reason,
To see for myself what went on at this season.
I hid in a corner and in a short while.
I saw the store President march down an aisle.
He shouted an order to turn the tree on,
And also the NOEL in blinding pink neon.
The clock on the wall said two minutes to nine,
The floorwalkers proudly all stood in a line.
I watched while the President smelled their carnations,
Then called out his final command, "Man your stations".
When out on the street, there rose such a roar,
It rang thru the rafters and boomed thru the store.
It sounded exactly like street repair drilling,
Or maybe another big Mafia killing.
I looked to the doors and there banging the glass,
Was a clamouring, shrieking, hysterical mass.
And I felt from the tone of each scream and curse
That the spirit of Christmas had changed for the worst.
The clock it struck nine and the doors opened wide,
And the great human avalanche thundered inside.
More fearsome than Shermans attacking Atlanta,
Came parents and kiddies, with just one goal – Santa.
In front stormed the mothers, all brandishing handbags,
As heavy and deadly as 20 pound sandbags.
With gusto they swung them, the better to smash ears
Of innocent floorwalkers, buyers and cashiers.
Straight up to the fifth floor, the mob penetrated,
And soon reached the room where the store-Santa waited.
I followed them closely, the better to see

This bearded imposter who dared to play me.
 He stood six foot-five and weighed all of 130,
 He had lost half his teeth and his costume was dirty.
 His beard dangled down like a wad of cheap cotton,
 His breath was bad and his Ho Ho was rotten.
 Egged on by their parents, the kids had one aim,
 To get to this man who was using my name.
 They mobbed him and mauled him, the better to plead
 For the presents they sought in their hour of greed.
 The President watched with a gleam in his eye,
 As he thought of all the toys the parents would buy.
 Of all the Christmas attractions, this crowd would attest,
 That a visit to Santa was clearly the best.
 It was all too much for my soul to condone,
 And I had to let out a most unprofessional moan.
 The crowd turned around and I will say for their sake,
 That they knew in an instant that I was not a fake.
 "I have had it!" I told them, 'with quick-buck-promoting,
 With gimmicks and come-ons and business gloating.
 This garish display of commercialized greed
 Is so UNChristmas, it makes my heart bleed."
 With that I departed and shouting a farewell,
 Went barrelling up an emergency stairwell.
 On reaching the roof, I to my sleigh went forth,
 Where reindeer were waiting to take me back North.
 The crowd swarmed behind me, to beg me to stay,
 But before they could speak, I was off in my sleigh.
 I turned to exclaim as I flew from the mob,
 "Merry Christmas to all, I'm resigning from my job".

ITINERARY FOR MSCAV CHRISTMAS TOUR 1976

All inquiries for bookings etc; to Dennis McKenzie. Only \$135.00 per person.

<u>DATE</u>			<u>CAMP</u>
Friday	24/12	Report K.B.C.P 4.00pm	
Saturday	25/12	Arrive Devonport 10.00am. Ride to Launceston via Franklinford Road. Evening Christmas Party	Launceston
Sunday	26/12	Greens Beach and Batman Bridge (Tamar round tour)	Launceston
Monday	27/12	Free day	Launceston
Tuesday	28/12	Evendale Motor Cycle Museum, Entally House, King Solomon Cave (Mole Creek)	Launceston
Wednesday	29/12	Launceston to Scamander via Scottsdale	Scamander
Thursday	30/12	Poatina, Great Lake and Bothwell via Fingal Avoca, St. Mary's Pass.	Scamander
Friday	31/12	Scamander to Berriedale (Hobart) via Elephant	Berriedale

Pass. New Years Eve Party

1977

Saturday	1/1	Free Day	Berriedale
Sunday	2/1	Huon Valley, Hastings Caves and Thermal pool	Berriedale
Monday	3/1	Tour of Hobart (Mt Wellington, Tarooma, Shop Tower, "Matthew Brady" lunch time cruise.	Berriedale
Tuesday	4/1	Strathgordon Tour (Russell Falls, Plenty Salmon Ponds, Lake Pedder)	Berriedale
Wednesday	5/1	Free day	Berriedale
Thursday	6/1	Port Arthur via Richmond and Eaglehawk Neck, Tasman's Arch	Berriedale
Friday	7/1	New Norfolk to Strahan via Lake St. Clair	Strahan
Saturday	8/1	Gordon River Cruise, "Dennison Star"	Strahan
Sunday	9/1	Strahan to Wynyard via Savage River, Helleyer Gorge.	Wynyard
Monday	10/1	Free day	Wynyard
Tuesday	11/1	Stanley (The Nut), Marrawah and West Point Light House.	Wynyard
Wednesday	12/1	Devils Gate, Forth Valley Tour	Wynyard
Thursday	13/1	Wynyard to Devonport via Ulverstone Beach and Don Range. Depart Devonport 7.30pm for Melbourne.	
Friday	14/1	Arrive Melbourne	

Mt Avoca

9 – 11 – 75

Twenty-three bikes left the car park at 9.30, with the usual threat of rain overhead. Peculiarly, two GL owners elected to leave their bikes at home and ride in the Kombi. Bob set a good pace to our first fuel stop at Ballarat, where the weather showed how mad it could be by turning beautifully sunny.

From Ballarat we headed off towards Avoca at a completely illegal but otherwise safe speed. Mick and I had a side by side wrap in top gear, which led me to being the victim of Mick's detailed explanation of torque and power vs. weight; two and four cylinder characteristics and the usual bullshit.

We stopped for lunch at Avoca, and while we roughed it, the Kombi Kid watched TV under great blasts of air from the new air conditioner. Bob, we should really have to arrange longer lunch stops, so that Darren does not have to let Bill Roberts drive while he cooks bacon in the back.

After leaving Avoca, we went into the rain, and then out of it; and then because we were going the wrong way, we turned around and went back into it! Ironically, Bob found himself lost once again and Les scouted ahead on Jo's 250. Well, this is the right way, (to where? I wondered) so we headed off. Off the bitumen and onto the dirt, which Greg later found was too much for the K81's and abandoned the Honda in favour of a pillion ride.

As I was wondering if I had made a mistake in not riding my Bultaco, Frank was the victim of an unfortunate incident, as a large tree suddenly grew in his path, causing considerable damage to the chair. Willing hands helped make the outfit driveable, while Darren supplied the team with unlimited supplies of frankfurts and coffee.

The best way now was home, so we headed off to Maryborough for fuel through showery weather and fine, thunderstorms and sunshine. Ron, myself and our pillions (of course) lagged behind at Castlemaine. I was so concerned about the 75km/hr speed limit going into Malmsbury, that I didn't see the next sign. Dumb, but that's how it is. The blue-bandit promptly relieved me of \$15, and held me up 10 minutes which I made sure I made up for, while relieving my frustrations later on.

Once more, the four of us found Darren making coffee at Kyneton, so we promptly stopped again. The ride to Melbourne was slow, wet and hairy, but we still managed to have a laugh after a good run.

THE PHANTOM

COMBINED CLUBS FILM NIGHT 15th NOVEMBER

Firstly, to the orchids part of the axes and orchids section. Thanks to all who worked to make it a success: Bob Evans who checked out the hall; all those involved in preparing the supper, and those who cleared up after; and also the projectionist. I think all enjoyed the film, except those who slept right through it at the back of the hall, (\$1.50 seems a lot to spend for an uncomfortable bed), and left before super. But at least they turned up to support the club.

Now to the axes. We were told the admission was to be calculated on the numbers present, and cost of the hall, supper, etc. It was to be non-profit making, and although not mentioned, not to incur any debt. How can this be by charging a fixed admission fee? In any future events, I hope entrance fees will be arranged as stated at the club meeting.

Axes also to members who did not attend. With 150 or so members, plus BM & Four Owner members, accepting that some of these are also MSCAV members, the attendance was poor. I did expect at least 50, and I think the caterers did too. This sort of thing is very disheartening for the committee, who work at the expense of their own time. I think the least members of any club can do to show their appreciation of the committees work is to make some effort to attend some of the functions.

L.W.

FRIENDSHIP & MOTORCYCLING

It is an unfortunate fact that although there are more bikes around than a few years ago, and also more members, we seem both in the club and outside, to have more people buying bikes because they are the 'in thing', the more cc's the higher the status achieved. Somewhere along the line,

motorcycling in the club, along with company and friendship, seems to be on the decline. In other words, we have a lot of bike owner enthusiasts, e.g. Four Owner enthusiasts, or BMW owner enthusiasts: but note I did not say owner rider enthusiasts.

When the MSCAV was a fraction of its present size, back in the time when the only big bikes were the odd Triumph or BM, and all the rest were small bikes and scooters, there was more real friendship and enthusiasm. Weekend trips and social functions were better attended in actual numbers, forgetting the percentage of total numbers. In these times, members (some still do, but not enough) not only met for a ride, but to be with friends. It is the sharing of times together that bonds people together, and there was more true friendship then, than now.

Until such times as greater friendship exists, while the club may well increase in numbers, we will get weaker. The one and probably only strong point the Rebel Clubs have, is that despite small numbers, they are strong because they are all friends.

I think the number of people attending the recent runs has been poor. Compare the usual 25 or less turn up with our 150 odd members, and you can see my point. e.g. 16.11.75 the day was perfect. A short run, about 100 miles total, with a late 10.30 start for those who wanted to sleep in. It was a beautiful spot, with a barbeque, swimming in the river, and last but not least, no BMW or Four Owners run to take away members in both clubs. So what do we get? Less than 25 member bikes on the run. For a true indication of bike riding enthusiasm in the club, remembering that over half the bikes are 500cc or more, try and get a number of 15 or even 10 members who will, once a month, get up to leave at 8.30 to go on a 300-340 mile run – you just can't. Members at meetings state they want more weekend runs, but hardly anyone goes on them.

We are fortunate in Melbourne, compared with say Adelaide, in that we have a lot of places to go to. The committee, when arranging the itinerary, do a good job but with a run every weekend plus public holidays, it is difficult not to overlap some roads. If a few more members would get up a bit earlier every 4-6 weeks to enable an extra 100 miles to be travelled, it would give more scope for variety. More people are wanting, and getting bigger bikes, but of what use is it if no one wants to leave before 10.30, and do no more than 150 miles?

The MSCAV have, through the years, been fortunate in having good committees, and the present one deserves to be shown some sign of appreciation. I think members can but show their appreciation by attending (which they should enjoy) the runs and social functions.

L.W.

LERDERDERG GORGE Sunday 16th November

With the possibility of a warm day plus a late starting time, we had a good turn up of members at the car park on the 16th. Although it was one of my few weekends off, it was rather unfortunate that Bennett Honda should have chosen this weekend to “clip my Wings” so to speak, and wife and self were forced to travel in our other flat-four (the one with two extra wheels and a roof). People still spoke to us though!

Departed on time under the fearless, or should I say fearful, leadership of Belstaff Bob and we all managed to arrive safely at Bacchus Marsh to pickup eats 'n drinks.

Les Bennett did an about face on his trusty Jawa (which is not a split single) muttering something unpleasant about in-laws, whilst back at Bacchus Marsh, nothing exciting was happening, because the MSCAV had left for the Gorge, and in fact arrived safely, having survived the hazards of brown snakes and low flying suitcases (yes, Dick was there, and Greg was sporting his new white Pressleys). By this time there wasn't a cloud in sight, and the temperature had reached true summer

heights, enabling us to shed leathers etc and soak up some of the old ultra violet whilst enjoying our barbeque.

John Storey gave us a demo on rock scrambling and creek crossing a la trail bike, so Mr Fagan, not to be outdone, gave an equally impressive (maybe more-so because of the type of bike) demo of the versatility of an R-90 S. All went well until the engine died on the other side of the stream, with, it is suspected, wet plug leads. AHA! Cry the GL owners. But we won't start an argument over what sneaky little ideas Mr Honda has come up with in this respect, will we?

After lunch, Darren handed around the remains of Saturday night's Film Night supper, and everyone retired to the shade of some trees by the water. After a brief rest most members either set off for a walk along the Gorge, or took a dip in the deeper part of the creek, while our intrepid trail rider came a spectacular buster in the creek, successfully filling the exhaust with water, and shearing off his gear change lever.

In all we spent about 4 hours in the pleasant surroundings of the gorge before heading back to the Footscray cafe and the hustle-bustle of Melbourne, and although it was only a short ride we all enjoyed the afternoon immensely, and even managed to start a sun tan.

Observations made during the day:

- A certain Belstaff clad committee member playing nurse maid to John Storey's young son.
- Another committee member extolling the virtues of automobile air conditioning in such weather.
- A GL owner delighting in the lightness and A-1 riding position of a 900 BMW
- A certain committee member's girlfriend wearing an incredibly appropriate T-shirt.
- A member soaking up as much sun as possible before heading for the South-Pole very soon, and a trail bike rider travelling homeward permanently in fourth gear!

S'all.

Patter:

- They say TV really is still in its infancy, which explains why you have to get up so often to change it.
- My husband is a do-it-yourself man – every time I ask him to do something, he says, "Do it yourself."
- Remember the good old days when it was easy to tell the difference between a bathing beach and a nudist camp?

A gathering of groups:

- A case of lawyers.
- Streams of fishermen.
- Hordes of misers.
- A mess of army cooks

Shop talk:

- Chair store: "Headquarters for Hindquarters."
- Fish Market: "Wholly Mackerel."
- Children's clothes shop: "The Heir Dresser."
- Optometrist's consulting room: "Power to the Pupils."

Old Soldiers:

- Old bankers never die, they just lose interest.
- Old skiers never die, they just go downhill!

BIG DADDY'S TOUR OF QUEENSLAND

Just a few comments about my recent trip to the State of Sunshine. Thanks to members relations and an ex-member of our Club, I was well looked after during my trip. I stayed three nights at Biloela and two weeks in Brisbane.

While in Brisbane I went out with a club called the "Ramblers", a small group which is trying to establish itself. I also paid a visit to one of their meetings. I also met Heather while in Brisbane. However, she wasn't interested in the club or how things were going; a bit of a poor show after travelling so far.

The layout of Brisbane is not as good as Melbourne. I seemed to get lost very easily in this City.

I spent a long weekend in Toowoomba; a beautiful city without pollution and very nice sights.

While on the road I stayed in overnight caravans, at an average of \$6.00 per night. Being out of season I had no trouble at all getting in anywhere. Daylight saving was a great help as I was able to travel long distances each day. I found the insects to be really bad; every time I pulled up I had to get out my "Mr. Sheen" to clean the helmet.

I was really pleased with the way the 4 ran but will have to replace a tyre after travelling just over 3,000 miles.

Well it was a very pleasant, enjoyable trip all round.

Big Daddy

P.S. On behalf of the committee I would like to wish one and all a Happy Christmas and New Year. Safe riding during this important period. See you in the New Year.

LERDERDERG GORGE BARBEQUE 16.11.75

Continuing the Lerderderg Gorge run, Bob Evans led, with Neville as rear rider. A slow pace was set as the Western Highway is plentiful with Fuzz – but none were sighted. Actually, this pace was probably why the group kept together fairly well, all being within ½ mile of each other.

At the Marsh, we stopped for food, drinks etc, then moved off to the Gorge. People did their own thing: cooking, eating, and drinking (not alcohol). Some 10-15 spent their time seated on the banks of the river trying to hit soft drink cans set up on rocks and a veritable barrage was set up, with plenty of ammo at hand. A slight hazard to other people will not be mentioned.

A couple of Honda trail bikes went across a few times. No prizes for guessing who took his R90/S across, and was probably pleased he didn't end up horizontal like a later attempt by a Honda, which looked good with water spurting out of the exhaust pipes when attempts were made to kick start it. Later on shore it was manhandled up right to drain the water out, and then the gear lever selector cover was removed to put the bike from 1st to 4th for the return trip, since the gear selector shaft had broken off.

Some people went swimming. The D.R Mobile Canteen was there giving away chocolate covered, cream filled cakes left over from Saturday night's supper.

By 4pm, everyone had done what they wanted to, and we left town via Gisborne, to the cafe. Meanwhile, at the Gorge or nearby, Neville (rear rider) had to act his gallant white knight on a charger bit, aiding Sue on a two stroke with fouled plugs, while her friend was riding happily to town on his Ducati. An hour later they arrived, and Tom was abused no end.

To finish up, apart from a gear change shaft for a Honda, and perhaps a new girl for Tom, it was a good day in every way. It is a pity the slackers missed out, but then a lot of them would only enjoy owning a bike at home, 'you don't have to ride it out'.

Lloyd Wissmann

WATTLE GULLY WORKING GOLD MINE

30-11-75

With much blue sky and sunshine overhead, we left KBCP at 9.30am. Greg Smith set a brisk pace, (how's your throttle-arm, Darren?) to Castlemaine, our lunch stop.

After spending a quiet hour or so in the local park, we headed off to the mine, just a few miles out of town. With the heat and the flies, the mine looked like the driest hole on earth. We each paid our dollar, and seated ourselves in the Big-Dipper type train, looking forward to seeing the mine in operation. Our dreams were dashed, as after about 200 yards of simulated underground mine conditions, we were led (now on foot) around the deserted above ground workings. One point of interest was the lift down to the actual mine, which does 60mph.

Mick, in reference to the next load of people, said something to our guide about another train load of suckers – the guy wasn't really impressed.

On the return trip, we stopped at Daylesford, to cool off at Jubilee Lake. Mick and Ron elected for a swim, the others satisfied with just lying down under the trees.

Just one of Daylesford, Ned's throttle cable played up, and it was a slow trip home for him and his pillion, as he had to work the cable manually. Bad luck Ned.

The rest of the trip home was somewhat disorganized. At Trentham, someone, instead of going straight ahead, reasoned that because the club was supposed to go through Blackwood, turned right, leaving a corner marker. In fact, the club went straight ahead, resulting in corner markers sitting up to ¾ hour on top of the time Ned's breakdown causes, before they realised what had happened. Small groups kept fronting up at the cafe, each with a different account of how they'd come home.

A few new bikes made their debut: Roger and Gary O are now GL owners. Les has forsaken his Guzzi for Margaret's blue BMW. All in all, it was a good day, enjoyed by all who made the effort to come.

Jo

IF YOU ARE UNHAPPY

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A NON-CONFORMING SPARROW WHO DECIDED NOT TO FLY SOUTH FOR THE WINTER. HOWEVER, SOON THE WEATHER TURNED SO COLD THAT HE RELUCTANTLY STARTED TO FLY SOUTH. IN A SHORT TIME ICE BEGAN TO FORM ON HIS WINGS AND HE FELL TO EARTH IN A BARNYARD ALMOST FROZEN. A COW PASSED BY AND CRAPPED ON THE LITTLE SPARROW. THE SPARROW THOUGHT IT WAS THE END BUT THE MANURE WARMED HIM AND DEFROSTED HIS WINGS. WARM AND HAPPY, ABLE TO BREATHE, HE STARTED TO SING. JUST THEN A LARGE CAT CAME BY AND HEARING THE CHIRPING, INVESTIGATED THE SOUNDS. THE CAT CLEARED AWAY THE MANURE, FOUND THE CHIRPING BIRD, AND PROMPTLY ATE HIM.

THIS STORY CONTAINS THREE MORALS:

1. EVERYONE WHO SHITS ON YOU IS NOT NECESSARILY YOUR ENEMY.
2. EVERYONE WHO GETS YOU OUT OF THE SHIT IS NOT NECESSARILY YOUR FRIEND.
3. AND, IF YOU'RE WARM AND HAPPY IN A PILE OF SHIT, KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.

* * * * *

A Politician was talking to a psychiatrist.

"I've often wondered," he said, "how you know when a person is insane."

"Well" explained the psychiatrist, "I ask questions that an average person can answer quite simply. For example: If Captain Cook made three trips around the world and was killed on one of them – which one was it?"

The MP shuffled self-consciously. He said: "Couldn't you ask me a question on some other subject? I'm not too conversant with history."

MSCAV Christmas Party, 1975

- Southern Aurora Hotel, Foster Street, Dandenong
- Friday 12th December
- Only \$7 per head
- See Pat Hussy for tickets. Be there!