

Good Vibrations February 1975

“NOTICE”

THIS IS THE LAST EDITION OF THE MAGAZINE WHICH WILL BE POSTED OUT TO MEMBERS WHO DO NOT ATTEND THE MONTHLY GENERAL MEETINGS.

THIS COURSE OF ACTION HAS BEEN TAKEN DUE TO THE LACK OF MAN POWER AND ALSO THE RECENT INCREASES IN POSTAGE.

ONLY INTERSTATE MEMBERS AND THOSE MEMBERS WHO HAVE A VALID REASON AS TO WHY THEY SHOULD HAVE THEIR MAGAZINE POSTED TO THEM WILL RECEIVE THEM THROUGH THE POST IN FUTURE.

AMPLE SUPPLIES OF BACK ISSUES WILL BE AVAILABLE AT SUBSEQUENT MEETINGS FOR MEMBERS WHO REQUIRE THEM.

IF YOU ARE UNABLE TO ATTEND MEETINGS, MAGAZINES MAY BE COLLECTED FROM THE EDITORS:-

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EDITORIAL:

* * * Two months have passed since our last magazine, so let's hope we can recall most of the interesting happenings which occurred over the Christmas break.

* * * There have been a few accidents, although luckily only of a minor nature, but still more care is needed on club runs, and, of course, when riding alone.

* * * Coming up at the end of the month is THE event of the year – Figgsy is finally getting hitched, to Erica Sinclair, on Friday 28th, and we wish them all the best for the future.

* * * A couple of “For Sale” articles have been handed in for publication. Les Leahy has a two man nylon tent, 7'x4'6"x3', sewn-in floor, completely waterproof, for the going price of \$18. He also has wet weather coat and trousers, size 7, to fit around 6' tall. Coat: \$12, Trousers: \$8, or the set for \$17. Les will have them at the meeting if anyone is interested.

Mo Borgelt has (for a giveaway price) a 1971 B.S.A. 500 single for sale at \$600. He's Ned's brother, so contact him at 4782773, after hours.

* * * Apologies are extended to all whose articles were not printed this month, due to lack of space, however, they will appear next month. Thanks to all those concerned. Please keep submitting all your articles for publication.

* * * It is with regret that the resignation of our Secretary, Darren Room, is accepted. Darren held a position on the committee for some time, and was elected to the position of Secretary at the last election. The following letter was received by the President on 1/1/75:

Dear Peter,

Following my discussions with you last night, and due to the heavy pressures of my job plus the possibility of my moving to take up a new position in Darwin, I am writing to offer my resignation as the Secretary of the M.S.C.A.V and this resignation is to take effect immediately.

Yours Sincerely,

Darren Room.

That's all till next month. Please ride safely

Margaret and David, Editors

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BALLS UP AT MURRINDINDI

1st December, 1974

I had to work on the Sunday morning until 12 noon, when I left the pub and went to Mo's pad. Ron had just gotten out of bed and Mo stopped working on his bus when we decided to go for a ride. We thought we'd catch up with the club at Murrindindi.

We left Mo's about 1pm and took off through Bundoora, out to Whittlesea and then through Kinglake to the highway via a number of dirt roads. Ron was riding his new 125 commuter and Mo was on his little brother's 175 Yami trail.

We weren't on the highway for very long when we saw Rusty going in the opposite direction in a hurry. Not much further up the highway we saw the Murrindindi turnoff, which took us to a fork in the road, one way to Murrindindi, the other to Whilhemena Falls. Mo kept going on the road to Murrindindi and I stopped to wait for Ron, who took the other road. I took after Mo and found him just after he had dropped his bike. He sent me back to get Ron and he went on to find the club, whom none of us saw until they were just leaving. We found Foul Mouth Fagan leading and followed him back to the highway.

Mick said we were going to Yea, however he and some others headed towards Kinglake. Mo and I were just about out of petrol and took off in the opposite direction toward Yea, followed by a thirsty Norton and a few others, and, eventually, the rest of the club. The 360 ran out of fuel two miles from Yea – one empty coke can to the rescue!

We stopped at Yea for a while before going back through Kinglake to look for others who had already hightailed it for town. On the way back, we split up gradually after a great day's ride.

Phil on ye ol' 360 Yami

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Two old ladies out walking saw two streakers and decided to get into the act. They were streaking past a tennis court when one player said to the other:

“They're a bit old, ain't they?”

“Yeah”, said the other, “they both need ironing!”

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IF YOUR BIKE IS SICK, THEN GIVE IT A PILL!!

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MOE FOLK MUSEUM TOUR

Sunday 8/12/74

Nine-thirty on Sunday 8th about 15 to 20 bikes turned up at the car park, and then we set off for Hallam along the Princes Highway, under the very capable guidance of Howard and Beth.

Upon reaching Hallam, stopping at an Amoco service station, we met about another 10 or 15 bikes, plus a few latecomers. After a brief rest, we set off for Moe.

Malcolm on the 350 Kwaka had stopped with battery trouble. A few members stopped to see what the trouble was, including Big Daddy, who was the rear rider for the day. A push start and the three pot smoke bomb was away. After catching up to the rest of the group in Moe (and breaking the legal limit by about 40-45mph – I'm still on "P's") – (very bad show, boys! – Eds), everyone had lunch, refuelled our machines and then rode to the Museum which was very interesting, especially the "Drover's Delight cider". Mmm, very nice! (Non-alcoholic, we might add – Eds)

The homeward run!! Howard, what has got into you, lad? Those dirt roads are great fun, but my poor bike! Katrina came off her 350 Honda, because of a couple of four wheeled monsters, and luckily she was alright, with just a bent crash bar, foot brake pedal and sore rectum. (Ed's addition!)

After the dirt came the twisty bitumen and I had a feeling of security, I suppose, because there was so much more grip than on the dirt. Then disaster happened. I wasn't so secure after all, because I ran off the road, down about a 5-6 foot embankment into a little creek, and dislocated my left thumb. After making sure the bike was alright and switching off the engine, I climbed back up to the road and flagged the first bike down, which happened to be Brendan. I would like to thank everyone who helped me out of that mess; Graham McFeeters gave me a lot of encouragement, which was very welcome – thanks!

Frank on the red Honda chair took me down to Box Hill Hospital and Tom on his 360 Honda followed. That chair was a very hairy experience for the first 5 or 6 miles, very scary indeed. Both Frank and Tom stayed with me at the Hospital, which was very good of them. Thanks very much, fellas!

Quite an eventful day. As for the rest of the club's run back to the cafe, I don't know, as I only got as far as hospital, but I hope it was a safe run.

Thanks again, everyone, from my parents, too!

Les Stevenson, Yami RD 250

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WHAT IS A CRETAN?

In recent months there has been a tremendous upsurge in the amount of back biting, rumour spreading, untruth-spreading, lack of pitching-in to help, and general criticizing of each other. In other words, no CLUB SPIRIT! I must admit I got a bit tangled up in the rumour side of things myself. Having just returned from Queensland and not having heard the full story of what had been going on in the club, I drew a hasty, uninformed conclusion and started shooting my mouth off in town one Saturday morning about a certain committee member, to a few club members.

Having since got all the facts together, I wish to offer my sincere apologies to said committee member, and state that I feel he shall serve the club well in his position.

The reason for my choice of titles for this article?? Well, it seems that human nature hasn't changed in over 1900 years. Consider this:- the Cretans (people living on the island of Crete in the Mediterranean) were such habitual liars that the Greeks coined a special verb for lying – “to Cretize”. They were a naturally belligerent, argumentative people, uncontrolled and resentful of authority, and (get this) “partial” to the bottle! Sounds more like the MSCAV as I go, hey? Also, as if that wasn't enough, one of their own people spoke out against them, and this was reported in a letter to a guy named Titus from the Apostle Paul:

“Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, lazy gluttons.” A bit strong to apply to our club members maybe, but Paul had some other things to say to old Titus and it is alarming how they can be applied to our club, with perhaps a little bit of changing around. If, for instance, the letter was addressed to our committee and any other responsible club members, the result would be something like this:

“Tell the young men to be masters of themselves in all ways (including the use of their throttle hand); set them an example of good conduct! Be sincere and serious in your teaching.

Let your words be sound and such that no exception can be taken to them, so that the trouble makers may be confounded by finding nothing that they can say to your discredit.

Remind them to be submissive to their leaders and authorities; they must be obedient, they must be ready to pitch in and help with any worthwhile work, they must abuse no one, they must not quarrel, but be conciliatory – I.E: be pliable, tolerant and help people over their disagreements. Display kindness to everyone, or try to, anyway!

For we ourselves were the young ratbags once upon a time (perhaps we still are sometimes!). We were senseless, disobedient, astray; we spent our days in malice and envy, we were hateful and we hated one another!!”

How could a guy write this and have someone say, nearly 2000 years later “That's me he's talking about!” Who said the Bible's outdated? It's full of stuff like that. IN EXPLANATION: Paul was a master of psychology and could sum up a situation pretty well. Maybe the young blokes on Crete screamed around the countryside on two-wheeled chariots! Titus was a trusted friend of his and was sent to help establish early Christianity on that island, because even the early Christians on Crete were apparently an unruly, hot-headed, volatile bunch who needed firm handling!!

Hairee

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WATERFALL GULLY

15/12/74

It was interesting to speculate on who, if any, would turn up after the Christmas party, but a few did, including some party goers. Yours truly was there on the Guzzi (on the rear seat). It's going again after only 9 months waiting for a new head. Very efficient, the Italians! My driver (or rider) for the day was Greg, a lad here on holidays from Hobart, who owns a Triumph. He also took me to Adelaide the previous weekend, riding as far as the border, where I took over, having, if not a Victorian one, a South Australian licence.

I am going to bore you with makes of bikes on the run, mainly because I can't think of anything else to write about. Keith Anderson was the only Honda represented, on his 750. I was on the Guzzi 500, one 750 Laverda, Russell on the water bottle, Ian on a 250 Suzi, also another 250 Suzi.

One 900 and a 500 Kwaka, Gary O and Kate, both on 750 BM's, Mick on his 500 BM and Sam on his R69s. That is 12 unless I have forgotten someone. Rusty and Bob Hodge were at the car park, but what became of them, I don't know. Rusty was, I believe, flying at 3am. I think he would still have been in flight, and I mean the effects of the party, not the altitude.

What else? No one fell off and no one was booked. The fuzz in Mornington asked what club we were and weren't seen again. The weather was warm but not too hot, clouds were threatening but it did not rain.

Fagan led and the Laverda was rear rider until Arthur's Seat, where I took pity on him and suggested that I be rear rider. Greg, being on a strange bike with the owner behind, was being very careful. I will say that was the reason we were slow, rather than the truth, which was that it wouldn't go much faster.

At Arthur's Seat, we procured, after a long wait, eats and drinks, had a look at the scenery, two legged and the other sort. Now as the itinerary said Waterfall Gully, it was decided we had better try to find it, and off we went, but when we got as far as the bikes could go, no one showed an interest in walking to it so, after Kate had a fag, at Mick's suggestion we went off to Safety Beach for a swim. Ian (250 Suzi) stripped off (well, almost stripped), went in, came out and told us that it was wet and cold, the water, that is. We all took his word for it. Even Fagan didn't go in, and he is usually first in for a swim, and anything else for that matter!

After almost an hours' conversation, some riding of each others' BM's etc, we set off for Mornington, with some refuelling there, and then off to Melbourne. A few turned off at various points and as it began to spit off to Melbourne. A few turned off at various points and as it began to spit a bit of rain, I suggested we go to "62" for tea, coffee, bikes, a talk, some reading of Playboy, etc, etc.

A couple were interested in my organ and I left them playing around with it while I went to join the others in the sunroom. I bet not many of you fellow members can have people playing with your organ while you are not in the same room!! I played, or tried to play, a couple of numbers, and managed although rather badly. I still had the shakes from the party and no sleep for two days, well, that's my excuse!

When the drizzle stopped, my welcome guests left. To sum up: the weather was so-so, and the place was okay, I guess. There was too much car traffic, but we still had a very pleasant time, mainly because we were a group of friends who get on well together. At least if we weren't getting on well, it was very good acting, and I certainly enjoyed the company, and would call it a very pleasant way to spend a Sunday.

Lloyd, Guzzi 500

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Whitlam, my Shepherd, I shall not work.
He maketh me lay down on park benches.
He leadeth me beside the still factories.
He restoreth my faith in the Liberals and the Country Party.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the soup kitchens
I still belong to
I feel evil for they are against me.
Crean has anointed my income with taxes.
My expense over runneth my salary.
Surely poverty and hard living will follow me
All the days of the Labour Administration.

5,000 years ago Moses said "Pick up your shovel, mount your camel and I shall lead you to the promised land."

5,000 years later Hawke said "Lay down your shovel, light up a Camel and sit on your arse, this is the promised land."

Now, if you don't watch out, Whitlam will take your shovel, sell your camel, kick your arse and take away the promised land!

I am glad that I'm an Australian,
Glad that I am free.
I wish I was a little dog,
And Gough Whitlam was a tree!!

* * * * *

7th February 1975

For some time now the committee has been concerned at the extremely poor and at times dangerous riding by irresponsible persons on club runs.

In an effort to stop this undesirable practice and to increase the safety and enjoyment of responsible members at Club functions, the committee has decided to implement the following policy which is to come into effect immediately and which is to be strictly enforced.

1. In order to maintain the membership of the club at a manageable level and to implement the new policy's following hereunder, no new members will be elected at the February General Meeting 1975
2. In ensuing months no person may be accepted as a full member of the M.S.C.A.V unless he/or she is nominated by three (3) financial members of the club, two (2) of which must be committee members and all fees for membership to be paid on the night of acceptance.
3. Commencing with the General Meeting in April 1975 only Full and Associate members of the M.S.C.A.V, together with people who are to be nominated on that night for membership will be permitted to attend such meetings. Notification of nomination must be forwarded to a committee member prior to the night of the General Meeting. This rule will be strictly enforced and we ask members not to cause undue embarrassment to their friends by inviting them to meetings.
4. (a) No longer will dangerous riding be tolerated on club runs and in an endeavour to protect the responsible members of the club it has been decided to cancel the membership of offending members in the future. Those concerned will receive notification of cancellation through the mail and will not be permitted to attend any future club function forthwith.
(b) Any motor cycle which in the opinion of at least two (2) committee members is in a dangerous or un roadworthy condition will not be permitted on any official club function until such time as it has been repaired and submitted for inspection by two (2) committee members.
5. Any person who in the opinion of the committee uses the facilities offered by the club to extreme without attempting to become a financial member will be requested to leave the club and, if they still persist in attending functions will lose their right to be elected as a full member. The committee calls upon the responsible members of the club to help us enforce this rule enabling only genuinely interested responsible motorcyclists to become members of this club.
6. Any use of an illegal drug by any member on any official club function will not be tolerated.
7. (a) alcohol may not be consumed at any official club function unless permission has first been granted by a majority of the committee present.
(b) Any person detected drinking in the camp site during camping weekends without prior permission from the committee will be requested to meet the full committee within four (4) weeks of the offence to show good cause why his/or her membership should not be cancelled

(c) Drinking on any Sunday run is strictly prohibited.

Until such time as this club once again reaches the respectability that is required of a motorcycle club that has been operating for over 18 years and the Sunday runs once again become safe for all to ride on then this policy will be enforced.

In an endeavour to effectively bring these policies into effect the committee calls upon the responsible motorcyclists of the club to support us in our actions and to help us detect any people who may bring a bad name to this club.

Committee
M.S.C.A.V

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URQUHARTS BLUFF

22/12/74

Well, it was nearly Christmas, and there had been a 4-owners' and Mick Fagan's parties the night before, so perhaps it was only to be expected that the turnout for the run was comparatively low. Only a few riders at KBCP at the appointed hour despite perfect weather. No committee members, unless you count Ned in his car – and he vanished shortly thereafter, not to be seen again that day.

After waiting vainly for half an hour it was decided to go to the Shell Service Station at Laverton, to see if anybody was there; so there was, but precious little evidence of any organisation. I might add that on the way to Laverton along Footscray and Geelong Roads I saw some pretty oafish riding by some of the leading bikes – one 750 was weaving in and out of the fairly heavy traffic, changing lanes with an exaggerated fishtail motion and without any signalling whatsoever, and probably giving the club a bad name in the process (more on this later).

Anyway, we left Laverton with a guy on a blue Harley Davidson as leader (sorry, don't know your name). His bike wasn't legal – the front tyre was completely bald on one side. In the wet, potentially lethal. Quite apart from that, he didn't know the way. As I said, organisation on this run wasn't good.

Got to Urquhart's Bluff, which is a few km past Anglesea along the Great Ocean Road, then discovered we needed lunch, so went further on to Lorne. At Lorne some of the guys riding with us – I can't remember if they club members or not – started opening cans of beer, drinking them while sitting on the pavement outside the milk bar; and leaving the empty cans and 6-pack plastic holder on the pavement. Now, I like beer, and it was a hot day, but I don't think it's a good idea drinking and riding bikes.

When we returned to the Bluff later that afternoon, some members went swimming in the beautifully warm surf, others sat on the sand sunbaking and drinking a lot more beer. Not only that, but the beer-drinkers left all the empty cans, bottles, wrappers, smoke packets and other debris on the sand behind them when they left the beach. So much for the good name of the MSCAV – a few more episodes like the conduct of some of those attending the Christmas party, and now the beer-swilling louts, and we'll all be up shit creek, for sure!

Mike Davis

EDITORS' COMMENT Lengthy discussion has been held on this letter by the committee and Mike can rest assured that in future no more of this behaviour will be tolerated on club runs, and anyone who does carry on in this manner will have his membership cancelled. As for the non-attendance of committee members on the run, all we can say is that at the time of this run all

committee members were indisposed, and the older, more responsible members of the club should have taken control and led the run.

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CLARE S.A. - CHRISTMAS 1974

It was only after consulting the official itinerary that I discovered Wednesday the 25th, the day of my planned departure for Clare, to be in fact, the official date set down. And officially six turned up on or before the predetermined time, would you believe? None of this half-hour late caper for we intrepid travellers. The assembled machinery included a white BMW, a chromed H-D Sportster, a tatty 450 Honda, a heavily-laden 250 Yami, a typical 500/4 and a 750 Guzzi Sports of yet unproven reliability.

Off we set in the general direction of Ballarat with many a cool breeze whipping around our nether regions. The first stop sent Les (250 Yam) and Dennis scurrying in search of petrol; this was the last we were to see of them until the next morning just outside of Clare. James on the H-D also frequented petrol stations with great regularity. So now there were four.

Drawing near to Horsham we noted much activity by the enforcers of the law, an activity directed at a later date towards one Gary Osborn, a rider not reputed for his leniency on the throttle. After a quick snack it was noted with much alarm that no petrol was available until 2pm. "Not to worry" the girl at the cafe said. "there's a self service pump just down the road." Like bloody Hell there is, sweetheart!!

Opting to push (nearly literally) on to Dimboola instead of sitting around cooling our heels, my heart sank into my seven-buckle scramble boots as one mile out of Horsham I was forced to roll the petrol tap round to reserve. Twenty-two miles to go. It was during the next half-hour I discovered that a Guzzi Sport doing 80km/h in fifth gear doesn't use much petrol. Much to the relief of all, we were able to get petrol just before the last service station shut on orders from the law.

The countryside assumed an uninteresting nothingness as we pressed on into South Australia. My journey into that particular State marked two occasions: the first and the last! But more of that later. Grey skies ahead suddenly opened up and wrought wet fury on we innocent motorcyclists. Then it was the wind's turn to do battle, now rain again, now wind. Bordertown, Keith, Tailem Bend all passed by. At Murray Bridge, I figured that if we turned off here, took a lefty there, a quick blast down here followed by a sharp left then a right, diverge from the road we were on then back again, we couldn't help but come out at Clare. And you know what? We DID!! Having passed slap ban through the middle of the Barossa Valley, one of the two interesting places in South Australia.

On arriving at the camping ground in Clare, Roger sprang from the shrubbery to inform us where to pitch our tents, and that his 650 yami had (to borrow a J.C term) "shit its nest".

Clare is a very pleasant little town where club members were able to relax, whether at the pool or the pub, or just checking out the local points of interest. In fact, later in the week a couple of the lads checked out a couple of very interesting points!

Day trips? Oh yes, there were a few day trips. Some went to Adelaide, some to Port Pirie and at the enthusiastic insistence of one Michael Fagan, Gary O, his brother Rob, Keith Anderson and myself were suckered into riding to Wilpena Pound via Port Augusta. Stone the bloody crows! 440 miles of the dreariest countryside ever to be inhabited by motorcyclists. I shan't upset myself by going into all the morbid details. It's bad enough to know that half the tread of my Michelin rear tyre is lying out there on that goddamn road!

Come Sunday morning, Keith Anderson and myself decided to head for the coast, any old coast. After gleaning information from one of the locals, a certain Katrina Sundstrom, we headed for

Moonta, specially recommended as a really nice sea-side resort. We rode into Moonta, we looked around Moonta, we rode straight out of Moonta. Sorry to break it to you like this Kate, but Moonta is the arse-hole of the earth.

Back to Kadina, across to Port Wakefield and down to Adelaide, where we stayed the night with Keith's aunt. The rumour was that if we headed down towards Victor Harbour, things could get better. Let's face it, folks, they couldn't get much bloody worse! Victor Harbour was indeed a very pleasant spot and we spent an enjoyable day visiting the barrages across the mouth of the Murray at Goolwa, the old paddle steamers and Granite Island.

Tuesday saw us heading out through Strathalbyn towards the Murray River, which we were soon to cross by way of a ferry. Dare I say that things were almost becoming interesting?

The road took us past white, dried-up salt lakes and to top it off, a crimson lake, which I remembered reading about many years ago in a Women's Weekly or a Post or something. Mile after mile, zooming along with just a blue channel of water between us and the Youngusband Peninsula. Although the sun was shining, a cool breeze was keeping us anything but warm. Now, if at some time you happen to be sitting on a 750 Sport (preferably not mine) you will notice that by placing the feet on the rear pegs, it will bring the knee-caps in close proximity to a line rearward but horizontal to the cylinders. The warm breeze from same is a delight to any rheumatic joints and promises to be a real boon in the winter months.

Enough of this crap, on with the story. A roadside sign titled "Tantanoola Cave" has us applying the anchors and parting with 50 cents for a bit of a squiz around the limestone cave. From the lookout tower, the sight of pine forests stretching as far as the eye can see, really staggered us. Somebody had a whole lot of foresight way back in 1929.

That night was spent at Mt Gambier, only a few hundred yards from the Blue Lake. I can't rate this provincial town too highly and would certainly get my vote for the venue of a long weekend camp. As Keith had longer for holidays than myself, he decided to stay on in Mt. Gambier for another day; whereas I headed for Melbourne and home and arrived back at 2pm, owing to the fact that I wound the twist grip further in an anti-clockwise direction than is my usual practice. Total distance covered for your annual Christmas trip to Clare? Oh, something around 3,200 kilometres.

NOTE:

Unforgettable sight of the tour: Mick Fagan riding a 1200cc Harley Davidson Sportster.

Les Leahy

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CLUB SAFETY

WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF THE M.S.C.A.V?

I would suggest it is to provide the opportunity for people to get together and share their great love of those incredible vehicles known as motorcycles, whether it be riding, arguing (oops! sorry, discussion!) about, or tinkering with 'em, or any combination thereof.

The main purpose of our club however, is to get together "on any Sunday" and enjoy a ride somewhere, which, in the eight years during which I have been a member, has meant anything from a flit around Alexandra Ave to inspect Como House, to 350 miles day trips with a lot of dirt roads involved, just to check out some interesting scenery that your common-or-garden variety car driving rubberneckersightseer would never dream of looking for. Perhaps some members can recall travelling to Lorne for a dip in the surf in such stifling conditions that it was difficult to breathe (such weather in Melbourne IS but a memory, I fear) whilst several months later we headed off for

one of three consecutive annual trips to try to find Tanglefoot Hut, through rain, slush and snow, not necessarily in that order!

Also during those eight years, the club has constantly been faced with a very important problem: how to maintain an acceptable standard of safety on club runs, which, in a roundabout way, brings me to the purpose of this article:

THERE'S TOO MUCH IDIOT BEHAVIUR ON CLUB RUNS LATELY!!!!

The problem has grown over the last two years, aggravated by the enormous influx of new members (which I don't condemn, incidentally) and the fact that we have many young, and/or inexperienced riders with some pretty zappy machinery and no group-riding know-how.

This article was not intended to be a description of club rules – every member should have an understanding of at least the few important ones – and the rules need no defending – experience has taught how well they work. Just ask anyone who went on the Tassie trip.

However, when travelling with the club, there are a few things required of us to ensure the safety of ourselves and our fellow riders:-

1. Travel at a safe distance (50 feet) behind the bike or car ahead. This allows you plenty of time to stop in a hurry and gives you a good view of what's happening up front. Something which doesn't occur to inconsiderate riders is that this also allows fast moving cars to overtake the club without running anyone off the road. If you don't know what 50 feet looks like, just leave enough room for a semi-trailer between bikes.
2. Travel single file. Experience has shown this to be the safest way. Riding in pairs is out of the question for several reasons, and even riding in staggered pairs leaves much to be desired, especially when a sudden sideways manoeuvre is necessary. On multi-laned highways, unless overtaking slow-moving cars, try to keep in the same lane as the leader, once again enabling four wheeled tin things to get past. Although many club members have a great deal of experience riding together and have the utmost confidence when riding in close proximity of each other, I feel that we should try to set a good example to any newcomers and stick to the rules.
3. Keep the speed down! Every healthy motorcyclist enjoys a quick zap down the road occasionally, but club runs shouldn't be the place for it! There's never any need for it. Even a bike that is cruising at 50mph will never be more than several minutes behind the leader, and you should never fear being left behind - that's why we have corner markers and a rear rider. If you are left as a corner marker, the arrival of the rear rider is not an automatic permit to blast off through the convoy at 100mph, overtaking dangerously and pushing in front of others, causing the ever present "bunch-up-behind-the-leader" syndrome. Overtaking in the convoy has shown itself to be hazardous at times. All it takes is for somebody to pull out in front of you without checking his/her rear view mirror, and presto! you may have nowhere to go.

So let's all do the right thing – enjoying yourself on club runs doesn't necessitate riding as fast as possible all the time, and in fact, this usually is the sign of a poor rider. You know the type, ton-up on the straight bits, but at the first sight of a corner or anywhere requiring more than a strong right wrist, out go the anchors!

So, once again, experienced riders stick together and help demonstrate how to behave on club runs.

“The Cap”

(Please don't force me to be the Cop!)

* * * * *

QUEENSLIFF

5th January, 1975

The run was scheduled for 10am, and everyone was as punctual as usual. We started with Mister Cumming saying a few words, basically not to ride like turds. Howard was leading, and the rest of us just followed that Red Cross helmet, with Big Daddy bringing up the rear.

We picked up a few stragglers at Laverton, then continued on to Geelong, the other side of which we ran over an amphetamine, but weren't stopped. Either they were nice fuzz or no one was exceeding the limit, both equally unlikely, or they couldn't be fussed with stopping 20 or 30 bikes at one time. THAT'S more like it!!

We arrived at Queenscliff in time for the Turkish New Year. There was a fuzz running around with a gun in the recreation area, which is sort of funny because they're only supposed to carry them when on a dangerous mission. Watching the wops do wop dances? There was a "band" of three playing, though not the same tune, and then men were dancing around in a circle holding each other up. Very suspicious – obviously a Mafia meeting.

Denise, a married woman who used to come on runs sometime ago, was three on the back of Chris Thorn's Honda 750, her daughter's godfather, while her godmother babysitted. So that's what godparents are for!!

Was anyone able to read all four languages written on the toilet wall? If there is, we don't want to know you. Those toilets were so multiracial that even the usual "get" graffiti was multi-lingual.

Only one person went for a swim, which, considering it was "Queenscliff for a swim" seems a bit poor; on the other hand, I'm probably the only one with a cold, too. I tell a lie. Bob Hodge went swimming too, but no one noticed because he was wearing his waterproofs. By the way Laurence, have you recovered from the desert safari yet? He battled across the sands to the pier; all of 200 yards. And when we got to the end of the pier, there they all were, lined up on the rail – Big Daddy, Linda, D.S, Boobs, the Godfather, the man with the single seated BMW whose name I don't know, and the others.

What close relative of a "Boomer Owner", inspired by the beauty of the Queenscliff hills (I s'pose) on this day remarked, and I quote: "It's not that he talks so much, it's just that it comes out smelly because he's always talking through the arse" unquote. Very nasty, whoever it was!!

By the way, I haven't seen the Frisbee for so long that I'm beginning to think everyone's found something better to do with their time. (Send all replies to the mag, they need the contributions)

Is it true that someone asked our continental counterparts of the recreation ground (the Wops, I'm talking about) what sort of Wops they were? Is so, isn't that slightly racially prejudiced?

Thinking of Hondas and Boomers, the MSCAV is fast becoming a H & B club. A guy used to have a Kwaka 900 showed up on the run with a new R90S; more blooming Boomers (very nice, though) and Kate's now got both. Why doesn't someone get a Jawa or something interesting like that? (All replies to be burnt)

We set back along a different track about 4 o'clock. David the patrolman had one or two complaints along the way. Something about a red light to me on the way down and then Howard stopped the whole club on the way back and instructed us to only ride in one lane at a time; wise thinking, Howard.

It was a lazy sort of day, with nothing more dramatic than having to walk to the shop disturbing a peaceful lay in the sun. The usual few went back to the cafe afterwards and ate a meal and had a game of pool. A good day for those who came – "It's your loss" to those who didn't.

Joy Friswell

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I wish to thank those girls who participated in the catering for the Christmaas Party. If you have not received payment for your foodstuffs, please contact our treasurer, Neville Borgelt, 105 Cramer St., Preston. 3072 Phone 4782773 Thank you once again for your help.

Lisa Bowers, Social Secretary

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A black couple entered a Southern night club that continued to practise as much racial prejudice as it could get away with.

“What do I do, Boss?” asked the maitre d’hotel of the manager.
“Give them a check with every round of drinks”, he snarled, “and keep doubling the price – two bucks, four, eight, and so on. That ought to drive them out before too long.

But some time later, the black couple was still there and the maitre de again went to the manager.

“Those blacks are up to sixty-four dollars a round!” he said. “What do I do now?”

“What do you think, stupid?” shouted the manager. “Get rid of the white trash!”

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“I believe in love at first sight,” confided the girl to her roommate.
“The first time I ever saw one, I just knew that I would love it!”

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Q.: What is the difference between a pregnant girl and a light bulb?
A.: You can unscrew a light bulb!!

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The following is a price list of Paul Dunstall equipment sold by the Australian Distributor, Stanco Pty. Ltd.

Clip Ons	14.95
Headlamp Brackets	9.95
Cylindrical dampers	14.16
Plastic mudguard	13.88
Norton Atlas rear sets	49.50
Norton Commando rear sets	49.50
750 Honda clip ons	25.50
750 Honda rear sets	59.10
500 Honda clip ons	25.50
500 Honda rear sets	59.40
Commando kick starter	17.60
Kawasaki handle bars	9.25
Clubmans handlebars	9.25
Triumph T120 rear sets	48.60
Adjustable Clubmans handlebar	10.95

Disc brake pads (9" version)	10.60
Handlebar rubbers pair	1.75
Gear lever rubbers	.50
Foot rest rubbers pair	1.75
AM4 Ferodo brake linings (rear)	7.50
AM4 Ferodo brake linings (front)	7.50
Triumph power exhaust	49.06
Triumph silencer mounts pair	4.58
Exhaust ring nuts each	3.75
Dunstall Decibel silencer each	32.50
Front fork gaiters pair	3.80
Cibie light unit	22.50
Paired girling suspension unit	46.50
Centre stand	24.00
Instrument bracket	2.75
Timing disc	2.50
Workshop manual	6.95
Gear ratio & speed calculator	3.25
Norton steel mounts pair	4.88
Norton power exhaust	61.50
Norton dural mounts	38.00
500 Honda power exhaust	64.00

To be continued next month.