

GOOD VIBRATIONS NOVEMBER 1975

EDITORIAL:

It is with great sorrow that the Club acknowledges the tragic death this week of its oldest member, Sam James. Those of us who knew Sam will always remember him as a kind, thoughtful man who loved BM's. Both he and his bike will I feel be sadly missed on Club runs.

Hard luck story of the month does to Dennis McKenzie who had his bike run in to , lost his bag on the back with his tools of trade, water-proofs etc and then to top it off, he stopped at the lights recently and his Honda burst into flames, melted and writhed until it died! Believe it is a write-off.

As of this month the magazine is under new management with Bob Evans joining me in the editorial staff. Three girls volunteered to help with the typing last month and I thank Cecily Luke for doing the bulk of the typing.

Must thank the Bendigo MCC for a couple of articles that have been lifted from their magazine.

Please note that Greg Moore, the Treasurer, cannot be contacted at work and would prefer people ring him at home on 3377570.

Two new bikes this month have been introduced into the Club: one by John McKenna with a new Honda 750 SS and Eddie Veith with his magnificent 900cc Ducati. One other person that has purchased a bike not exactly new is Phil Nash who has purchased Darren's ex 750 Honda.

Heard Les Leahy dropped his Guzzy on the way to the last meeting of the Committee. Incidentally, it was wet and Les really hasn't ruined his perfect record.

Don't forget the Drive-In Night on November 29th. Let's hope it's dry!

The editors of this magazine love any criticism of our ravings as long as it's unqualified praise.

David and Bob, Editors

HANGING ROCK 14th September 1975

September! Springtime, and the call of the bush on a day after rain was too tempting to miss. The scene was set for the run to the Central Highlands of Victoria.

A mixed gathering of bikes – some brand new – and cars prepared for the day as the early low-flying cloud drifted over Melbourne and the quietness of a Sunday morning. After Greg had welcomed all the travellers, parents and friends, after Darren had closed his café bar and Jol had distributed his well prepared maps and final instructions had been issues, we made our way to the Tullamarine Freeway via Elizabeth Street.

No one was lost! Moderate traffic gave us a clear run to Bulla, Sunbury and Riddell where the 750 and chair decided to be a little temperamental. We're told, you go we on What happened to your supply, Frank? Should there have been corner markers at Sunbury, Greg?

By various turns we linked up with the Calder Highway for the run to Macedon , the Camel's Hump and The Cross. The higher ridges were shrouded in cloud, with an occasional glimpse of tree forms, rhododendrons and other spring growth as we hustled along in the crisp, mountain air. Lunches were in our thoughts, so after negotiating a little rough stuff, the, the bikes headed for Woodend, the shops and brilliant sunshine.. The cars would be met again at Hanging Rock.

Hanging Rock is a remnant of the interesting geological times gone by. It is an old volcanic core or plug which cooled after the main eruptions had ceased. It reminds me of those days when this part of Victoria was subject to violent volcanic eruptions. Today the area is a reserve for koalas, a race course for the occasional picnic meeting and a pleasant refuge for travellers such as our group of 30 bikes and 13 cars. Lunch was eaten with two Koalas supervising those down below. We even had a friendly (?) collector to relieve us of a little cash.

As is usual, great interest was shown in any new machinery, to the extent of a partial disembowelment of John's new 750 Honda and more than casual glance's at Tom's new gold Ducati 750. What a way to go! New pillion rider talent was discovered and I'm sure the experience was enjoyed by those lucky girls. Sam, fresh from Tullamarine, made his appearance using his 4 wheels ... what happened Sam?

Our return to the café via Gisborne, Toolern Vale and Melton was certainly a swift run along a good road with a variety of scenery. This concluded an enjoyable run. Perhaps there will be more of these days. What about a day at the beach? What's your opinion? Remember to let us know.

350/4

ANGAHOOK FOREST PARK 5/10/75

Melbourne's notorious springtime weather changed for the better and turned on a beautiful day for our run to Angahook Forest Park, unlike some of our recent runs.

Les Leahy was leading and after giving us some hint as to our destination – hands up those who knew where it was – we set off via Geelong to Anglesea where a halt was made to stock up on eats, have a smoke and a yarn. Some surfies wearing wet suits and goose pimples looked at us as if we were a bit peculiar.

A short run to Airey's Inlet, a turn off onto a dirt road and we had arrived. After lunch with Darren dispensing tea and coffee from his apparently inexhaustible supply, some members elected to take it easy and digest their lunch, others to go for a ride to Apollo Bay, the rest to try the various hiking trails.

Eight members, myself included, set off on a hiking club run with Les leading and Big D as rear rider/walker. Our destination was to walk to the falls. The sign post said "Long circuit, five hours", "Short circuit, two hours". Not being keen on a five hour hike we followed the short circuit sign which soon however branched off and obviously lead back to the car park and not the falls.

Les suggested we walk for about an hour on the other track to see what turned up. At 1.30 pm we stopped for a blow at a bridge over a creek with the falls not in sight. After sampling the creek water, both internally and externally, Greg discovered that his books leak. We turned for home, Jo setting a brisk pace. Dick said he had trouble just keeping up, leather breeches and track suit pants not being recommended wear for hiking. I think Jo arrived back at the carpark fresher than anyone else.

The group who had gone to Apollo Bay arrived back with bad news. David, on the Goldwing, had stepped off a tight corner and injured his leg with only minor damage to the GL however. Finding

it a bit difficult to ride with one leg he decided to continue the run in my sidecar. I shall have to paint a red cross on the outfit as this is the second occasion I have acted as ambulance.

After much shuffling of riders and pillion passengers, a rider was found for the GL and we were homeward bound.

Back to Lorne for petrol, then via Deans Marsh to the highway and a short stop at Winchelsea for our afternoon smoke.

The world and his wife were out taking advantage of the sunny day so it was a slow trip through Geelong. Only on the divided road a fair pace was possible in spite of traffic.

And so back to the café where I noticed Ian Taylor arrive looking very pleased after trying Darren's GL. That concluded a pleasant day's run.

Frank Bloxham

Poem for Novices

So ya wanna be a bikie, eh!
Ya wanna be like us,
We can help ya work it out,
Wiv a minimum of fuss.

First ya need a cycle, see,
Any old brand will do,
Long as it's got a couple wheels,
An' a pair of denim trousers,
Wiv a big hole in the crutch.

Then-ya need a helmet.
An' a jacket with chains an' such,
An' a pair of denim trousers,
Wiv a big hole in the crutch.

A pair of boots wiv great big nails,
An' a pair of worn out gloves.
An' dirty underclothing,
That's wot we bikies luvs.

An' don't forget your denim coat,
Yer must wear it all the time,
Covered in filthy writin',
An' lumps of grease and slime.

Yer must respect yer leader,
Though he may be a clod.
It's only behind his back yer say,
He's a rotten bloody sod.

Yer must know how to fix a chain,
Or mend a bleedin' flat,
And change a ratshit sparkplug,
In sixty seconds flat.

Yer gotta be a pisspot,
A filthy rotten swine.
Yer gotta take the weather,
Be it foul or fine.

An' when it comes ter wimmin,
Ya gotta be real smart.
Ya know ya can't go foolin ' around
Wiv someone else's tart!

When ya see a bikie broke down,
Yer gotta be perlite.
Get yer ten pound hammer out,
And help ter put it rite.

Yer gotta have the nerve to do ,
Wot other blokes won't do,
Like doin' a ton – up and down the “Mall”,
Wiv the coppers chasin' too.

So there you are me bucko,
Yer got it all down pat?
Yer know just wot's required of you?
Ya know just where it's at?

So give us a buck to join ya up,
Wiv us yer will go far.
Wots that ya say, you bloody nut?
You're gonna buy a car!
AAAAGGGGGHHHH!!!!

THE DONKEY - SMART OR ALL ARSE!

By Flog Enterprises

An entertainer and his pet donkey had a bit of a variety act going in a night club. One night the entertainer and his pet donkey came out on to the stage and said, “I’ll give anyone in the audience \$25 who can make the donkey shake his head”. This rather bright young chap in the audience immediately stood up and said, “I’ll give it a go” and walked up on stage. When he was close enough to the donkey he leant over and whispered something in the donkey’s ear. The donkey, immediately shook his head. The entertainer, quite upset by this, could do nothing but give the man his money.

The next night the entertainer was back at his old routine. But this night he decides to play it a bit more cunning and said to the audience “I’ll give anyone \$25 who can get the donkey to kick himself”. Immediately the same bright young chap from the night before gets up and walks on stage. “I’ll give it a go, mate”, he said, “but I’ll have to take the donkey outside for a couple of minutes”. The entertainer said “That’ll be okay mate”, and the young chap took the donkey outside. Two minutes later the young bloke comes back with the donkey that’s kicking shit out of itself.

The entertainer handed over \$25 and said “You certainly earnt your money tonight mate, but before you go how about telling me how you got the donkey to do these things”. “Well”, said the young bloke, “It’s really quite simple. You know when you said to see if I could get the donkey to shake his head, I whispered in the donkey’s ear, how would you like to swap your old fella for mine”. “That explains how you got him to shake his head”, said the entertainer, “But how on earth did you

get him to kick himself?" "Well", said the young bloke, "Tonight when I took him outside, I showed him my old fella. You ever heard of a bloke being called a Donkey D... ? !

GOLDEN BEACH 18th and 19th October 1975

Saturday I rode by myself non-stop to Sale arriving at 12.30 pm. Had a bite to eat and then met the group, two of whom had just come from Golden Beach after staying the night before, relating how cold it was and that there was absolutely nothing there but an abundance of rabbits. So after a conference we decided to stay at Sale, camping on the outskirts of the town, not far from the prison. I booked into a luxury unit which even had bottles in the fridge which I could choose from.

We filled in the afternoon playing pool at the Playtime Arcade followed by a tour of the lake. Then off to the Sports Centre where two underage girls carried on a bit at the sight of bikies.

Next a visit to the RAAF Base but unfortunately there was nothing to see, so we headed back to camp.

Within the next hour it was time for a counter tea. While waiting, Dennis was most intrigued by those looking at him when coming through the door, especially the guys. Other interests included the girl with the bare back and nibbling Nobby's nuts.

After tea, we went to see what night life there was. In their enthusiasm to find me, the boys were chased by the "pigs" and checked over. Not perturbed, we went to the local dance but as bikies do not wear ties, were unable to enter. So we stood for about an hour talking to guys who were naturally interested in the machinery they saw. During the course of the conversation I found out that one fellow had been associated with the MSCAV not so long ago, and he said he knew Mick Fagan quite well. His nickname was 'Stretch'.

Later we went for a coffee, then back to the Arcade for a few more games of billiards. Then back to camp sitting around the campfire with the boys trying to line up a virgin for you know who! Talked porno before retiring for the night.

On Sunday morning we proceeded home after members meeting outside the church including Greg who had arrived from Melbourne. We stopped at Traralgon for a quiet snack before continuing on to Dandenong and Springvale Road to Mulgrave. We finished up at Dennis' place in Balwyn for afternoon tea and maintenance.

What seemed was going to be a bad weekend turned out alright after all.

"Big Daddy"

SOUTHERN CROSS RALLY 24th and 25th January, 1975

The Club will be attending the re-birth of the Southern Cross Rally in 1976. The following information should assist in deciding whether to attend.

The 1976 Southern Cross Rally will be held over the Australia Day Weekend from 6 pm Friday 23rd January until 6 pm Monday 26th. Headquarters are at the Keith Showgrounds which has a good, well grassed and sheltered camping area, separate Ladies and Gents showers (hot and cold) and toilet facilities with all stores, delicatessen and hotel within half a mile as the showgrounds are within town limits.

The Rally will cater for motorcycle and scooter riders, either solo or in Club or family groups, who seek a non-sporting, sociable get-together with other enthusiasts. On Saturday night there will be the official opening, films and interviews, with trophy presentations and more films on Sunday night.

By day there will be a full program of motorcycle activities with tours and trail rides. On Sunday morning, time out for washing and polishing for those who wish to enter for the judging of “Best Turned Out” awards, followed by judging before lunch. There will also be more trail rides and tours before lunch.

After lunch, all rallyists will assemble on the oval for a varied program of novelty events to suit all tastes and all machines, for solo riders and passengers of both sexes.

Please note: all alcoholic drinks are banned. Hooliganism and drunkenness will not be tolerated and any persons offending may be ejected – and those ejected will forfeit all fees paid. Neither will anyone wearing bikie “colours” be admitted.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines masturbation as a “Self-Service Elevator”.

Adopting the metric system would have certain psychological advantages – such as being able to claim 18 centimetres instead of the usual 7 inches.

“What time did you pull out this morning?” said one bus driver to another. “I didn’t” said the other driver, shaking his head., “and I’m not worried about it.”

The Southern Cross Rally Committee

PO Box 107
Parkholme SA 5043

I
(block letters)

of

Hereby make application to register to attend the SOUTHERN CROSS RALLY.

I am a member of the Club

I own a
(Year) (Make) (Model)

I require the following:

Rally T-shirts (SM,M,OS) \$4.00 ea

Child’s Rally T Shirts (L, S) \$3.00 ea

Large Rally Badges (for year bars) \$2.00 ea.....

Please indicate number and size of T Shirts required)

REGISTRATION FEE: \$5.00 per person; Children under 16 free.

Please find enclosed my cheque/postal note/money order to the value of being

for persons @\$5.00 = \$

..... T Shirts \$4.00 = \$

..... T Shirts \$3.00 = \$.....

..... Badges \$2.00 = \$.....

TOTAL:

The following persons will be attending with me:

(a)

(b)

(c)

(d)

I hereby acknowledge that in the event of any damage or injuries that may result to me or my machine, or any third parties, I release all officials and members of the Southern Cross Rally Committee from all claims and legal actions that may arise.

Dated this day of 1975

Signed

Christmas Party

- Friday 12th September,
- Hans Ludwig Room, Southern Aurora Hotel,
- Dandenong,
- Only \$7 per head.
- See Pat Hussy

Tasmanian Tour

- 24th December 1976 to 13th January 1977
- Open to financial club members only
- Only \$125 per person, \$25 payable on booking
- 50 berths have been booked on board ship, however no guarantee that everyone who books will get a Guernsey, so first come first served!
- Dennis McKenzie will handle all inquiries.

For Sale:

- 550 Suzuki – Immaculate condition
- 12 month rego – 8,000 miles
- \$850 or nearest offer. Apply: John McKenna
- 65 Hotham Road, Niddrie. Ph: 379 7217

Wanted:

- One ark or oars for Honda four
- Apply Bob Evans

Mick Banes has purchased an R 90 S and we understand it is suffering already. Stay tuned for further developments!

Jol Dunn has sold his BM to Rusty and Jol has joined the trail bike set!

Mt Tanglefoot alias Tanglefoot Hut 26/10/1975 (wherever it may be)

We awoke to a cool morning, but as there were a few patches of blue sky we decided to risk the weather and join the club run to “Tanglefoot Hut?” So we zipped up our warmest gear and after checking that we had our watches set on the right time we headed to KBCP only to find it void of life. But as we pulled in so did Darren’s Kombi (someone had inside info). We soon forgot that Darren owned a bike when the coffee pot was boiling as we’re sure the other dozen or so riders who savoured the beverage will agree.

By about 9.25 am, DS time, Bob decided that everyone who was coming was already there and started to organise the run, only to find that no-one knew where Tanglefoot’s Hut was. A map was produced which showed Mt Tanglefoot just out of Toolangi; there we made our second mistake for the day when we said we knew how to get to Toolangi. We hadn’t finished talking before we were elected leader of the run.

The run as far as Toolangi was quite smooth as we knew the way, and corner markers did a good job. We stopped at Toolangi under the convenient veranda of the old Post Office to plot the next leg of the journey and take advantage of Darren’s coffee wagon once more.

As there were no food shops about, it was decided to head into Healesville for food and petrol and come back in a different direction to Mt Tanglefoot. We were still leading but this time we didn’t know what the roads were like or where the turnoffs were.

Eventually we reached Healesville and had lunch with a professional cadger with sorrowful eyes, four legs and a tail.

After a false start a couple of miles up the road near a Shell service station that is now a pizza parlour, we got on to the right road. But with no road signs, we missed the turnoff and ended up back at Toolangi (*sounds like fun ...Ed.*) Following Darren’s directions once more we ended up on top of a mountain we decided to call Tanglefoot. Someone called for coffee and there was Darren, nice and snug and dry, handing out coffee.

After standing around for about half an hour or so in the pouring rain, most members decided to have a recount of the rocks in their heads before heading back down the mountain.

On the way back we decided to go through Yarra Glen (sitting on the speed limit and watching for “This is my town” Sherriff), then through Lilydale to stop at Box Hill. It was beautiful sunshine all the way from Yarra Glen to Box Hill and we wondered why the hell we went up there in the first place.

The run officially ended at Box Hill and with great delight I handed the orange vest back to Bob Evans. As it was only 3.30 pm it was too early to go to the café so most members decided to go for a quick ride via the Kew Boulevard. It was a beautiful ride even when we surprised the ‘Boy’s in Blue’ pulling up their amphoter tapes as we sped through (they must be cursing themselves now) on our way to the café.

All in all it wasn’t a bad run, but I haven’t decided which was worse, trying to find Mt Tanglefoot or writing this narrative.

Anonymous (female)

Road Rules

1. All State road laws are to be observed at all times. Speeds travelled shall be determined by machines present and road conditions.
2. Start the day with a full tank. Switch off your machine as soon as you arrive. Do not start it again until ready to leave.
3. The Club Captain will appoint a leader, Rear Rider and Patrol Officer for the day. Observe who they are.
4. Line up in single file behind the Leader when asked to do so. Proceed in single file.
5. Do not overtake the Leader. Follow the patrol Officer’s requests to keep safe distance from the machine in front – (50 feet).
6. If you stop at a corner to point the way, wait for the Rear Rider regardless of time unless otherwise directed by a Committee member.
7. If a machine breaks down, the following two machines and the Rear Rider shall stop. When fault is located, one machine will proceed and inform the Leader of what is happening. The Rear Rider shall not overtake any other machine.
8. No rider shall stop for refreshments or fuel until the Leader stops. Check fuel after each stop and top up if you have any doubts at all.
9. All cars travelling with the Club shall travel at the rear of all machines or in front if so desired. Endeavour shall be made to avoid travelling in convoy.
10. Breach of any rule shall incur a fine of 20 cents.
11. Any member wishing to leave the main body on the home journey before dispersal point is reached must first inform the group and the group leader. This will prevent a needless road search from being organised.