

**EDITORIAL**

Since taking over the editorship of this mag, I now understand Dave Cumming's article "End to Late Nights and Worry". However, now I am in charge, and a new policy is to be introduced, i.e. NO ARTICLES – NO MAG. It is that simple. I have no intention of typing and printing the mag on my own, as Dave so often did – with I might add, so much success that no one realised that the articles were not for real.

I thank Dave for all his help over the past few months and hope that I do as well as he has done over the last 4 ¼ years. I am sure that if all Club members put their weight behind the mag, it will continue to be a great success.

I thank the people who contributed to the mag this month, and hope that more people will show an active responsibility towards future editions.

It would do well for members to take note that riding a motorcycle requires a lot of skill and attention, just to stay alive. So, as Club Captain, I ask you to be alert over the coming winter months, and to remember that riding in convoy as we do, requires not only making sure that you, yourself, stay upright, but that courtesy towards, and awareness of, other riders will make club runs safer for everyone.

**Bob Evans**

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WEEKEND TRIP 22-23 – NUMURKA - MEET FAWKNER CEMETARY 9.30AM SAT.

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FRIDAY 4<sup>TH</sup> JUNE: GENERAL MEETING – FEED NITE.

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A young man who bought a Vee Dub,  
Used to cruise it along with the Club,  
But the shifts he did pack  
With it stopped on the tracks,  
When it suddenly ran out of suds!

(Anon)

Boasted once a young fellow called Darren,  
"May Kombi is anything but barren",  
But he sure closed his mouth  
When it died in New South  
Due to the junk it was carryin'.

(Anon)

## SOVEREIGN HILL 25-4-76

After taking 15 minutes for the 20 minute trip from home to the city, my brother and I arrived just as the club was preparing to leave. Having forgotten to fill the tanks the night before, we pulled into a service station in Spencer St. While waiting for the lone attendant, we saw the club moving off. By the time we got going, quite a few minutes had slipped by and Melton was in sight as we caught up with the club.

A few bikes were waiting at Melton, but no stop was made. With Darren in the lead, a detour was made from Melton over back roads following the railway line. The further we got from Melbourne, the stronger the wind seemed to be, a strong side wind. The GL's handled the conditions quite well, but those bikes with fairings and panniers fared the worse.

We re-joined the highway at Ballan only to turn off again for some more back roads over the hills. These roads took us through Yendon to Buninyong on the Midland Highway. From there we headed for Sebastopol and Ballarat. Once in Ballarat we went on a scenic tour around Lake Wendouree stopping at the Botanical Gardens for lunch, which we had under "No Picnicking" signs.

After lunch we headed off to 'Sovereign Hill', paid our \$2 and filed in to inspect a gold mining town of old.

The reconstructed town proved to be quite interesting, especially the foundry where we saw steel dishes being shaped on an old belt driven lathe. There were samples of their wares hanging up: gold-pans, dishes, frying-pans etc. The whole place was built on and around 'mullock' heaps, leftovers of the gold mining days. The old Clydesdale pulling the stone mill around was very easily distracted by offers of food or a pat. The other horse on his roundabout seemed to have gone on strike, and the two ex-milkcart horses pulling the coach full of tourists around were kept very busy. The whole place seemed to have an air of reality except for the food prices in the restaurant and kiosk.

On the whole, a good day was had by all, especially those who had not been there before. My brother and I did not ride back to Melbourne with the club as we went visiting relatives in Ballarat, but I understand the trip home down the highway was uneventful.

**Dick BM 75/6**

There was a young man with a Kombi,  
He drove it around like a zombie,  
Lack of German finesses  
It unduly distressed  
Master Room and his ill-fated kombi.

(Anon)

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There was a young man owned a wagon,  
The mechanicals of which were a flaggin',  
Now I know it's terrific  
That neat Honda Civic,  
But ever so small to shagin!

(Anon)

## WALHALLA AND MT ERICA

(Or what little of it I was on which was not much.)

We left a little bit later than the half hour due to a misprint in the itinerary. Bob Evans was lead rider and Big D. rear rider. As it was rather a long day's ride, it was decided to leave Hallam a quarter of an hour earlier than the time on the itinerary, go straight to Moe, our first stop. So, leaving two members at Hallam the main group went on to Moe.

But the best laid plans of mice and men sometimes go astray. We (the group led by Bob Evans) went down the highway at a legal speed. Down the road the boys in blue had tapes out. Darren went back to warn the others. So there I was, followed by the rear rider, cycling along at a good rate of kays.

At Warrigal we picked up two corner markers and at the Moe turn off two more. The rest were to follow a little bit later after going a different way from the lead rider. After eating and refuelling we all headed off to Mt. Erica. Now this is where all the fun began.

Some choose to go to Mt Erica, some did not. I did not go along the dirt road but with some others went on to Walhalla. Darren left early to see Greg Smith driving the new loco. I left early for reasons to be explained shortly. By 3.10pm the rear rider had not arrived so I left. I had trouble with my electrical switch but by the time I had fixed it the others had arrived at Walhalla. It appears one of them had a puncture and also the repairs to it took the same time as mine. *[The trouble to Lloyd's bike will be explained in a separate article. ...Ed.]*

I then went straight home as I did not want to be caught out late with a faulty switch.

### **Lloyd 350/4 Honda**

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### **CLUB CAPTAIN'S COMMENT ON WALHALLA RUN**

1. Why is it that we all left KBCP together but lost some members on the way home?
2. How is it that some members do not carry even the basic tools to get them out of trouble?
3. The person on the yellow G.L Honda 1000 wants to be careful on double lines.
4. Sorry to hear that an L plate rider got fined for going over the tapes.
5. All times of departure noted in the Itinerary WILL be checked from now on.
6. Hope that a certain person has got the catches fixed on the top case.

### **QUESTION TIME**

1. Who said that a certain person could be a "Stalagfright" person?
2. Who said that a certain person grins like a Cheshire cat?
3. Who was 24 hours too early for what?
4. Whose motorcycle took a litre of oil coming home from Oberon?

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ATTENTION you hungry lot. Feed Nite, club hall, 4/6/76. Please bring along your appetite.

## THE IMPRESSIONS OF A NEW SOUTH WELSHWOMAN

The notable change of my first General Meeting since late '74 was the unfamiliar all male revue up front, with the exception of MSCAV's eternal rock, of course, Big Daddy.

The 'new' Captain, Bob, gave the standard lecture on non-participation in runs, doing the wrong thing when they did show up and slack journalese. Then Maurie Quincey gave us a talk about his racing experience; it seems it's all in the way you throw out the anchors. He went as far as to say he had passed more bikes with his brakes on than whilst throttling. Interesting too, was his comparison of car and bike brakes, the latter having the advantage of individual wheel control; imagine the wheelies you could do in a car with four brakes!

Maurie told us about the belief in '59 that Japan couldn't make (as we all know now, anything that's advertised enough will sell), about the "Catch 22" situation at the Isle-of-Mann and about his experience in the Norton team; the old warhorses all die slowly these days...Triumph, Villiers, Matchless, BSA: seems the cost of labour in Britain is so high now, they can't afford to operate. Also people just don't buy REAL bikes any more...(sigh!)

Anyway, I fanged back to Sydney on my almighty Honda via the Princes Highway; it's worth the extra 108 miles to avoid the monotony of the Humus Highway. There was a lot of meat on the road: two kangaroos, two bandicoots, multiple rabbits and birds and a lizard which had been squashed lengthways to look like a snake, compliments of our fine Australian maniacal motorists.

Between Eden and Bega (NSW) I was flagged down by a bloke who'd "missed" a bend and tried to run down a tree, which fortunately stopped him taking a short cut down the mountain. He was wearing full leathers and came out with a few bruises. We (seven of us; it turned into a multi-state meeting) pulled his Suzuki 750 to the road and into a ute, all 550 pounds of it (and the rest). He broke a halogen spot light, headlight, flashers and instruments, and bent the front forks, wheel and handlebars, but it didn't look too serious.

I'm going riding with North Ryde Psychiatric Hospital's bike people now; it's a real laugh... a Sunday run to Wisemans Ferry, 65 miles away, and they depart at 6am...early risers.

Anyway, those jail and bower birds, bummers and executive class people whom I once knew (nostalgia rises), here's to the most slack arsed club around Victoria.

### **Jawa 350/ Honda 500**

#### **The Young Lady from Wantage.**

There was a young lady from Wantage.  
Of whom the town clerk took advantage.  
Said the borough surveyor:  
'Indeed you must pay'er.  
You've totally altered her frontage'.

## **ECHUCA – SAT 20 – 21**

The Sunday 21<sup>st</sup> run was to Echuca, and, as I was still on holidays, I decided to go away early on the Saturday. The weather was kind to me, although it was a bit windy going up the Hume towards Kilmore.

I arrived in Echuca just after 12 noon after doing a bit of detouring around Heathcote because of a bad smash on the highway. I booked into the Echuca caravan park and set about putting up my tent which I had newly acquired from Les Leahy. It took a while to figure out how to set it up, but I finally managed.

After lunch it was time to look around the area and also to find out where Roger was staying. I found out the next day he was staying at a motel. It didn't take long to see everything in the town, so I went back to camp for a snooze. While preparing tea later on, I could hear some sort of race going on in the park opposite, so I decided to take a look. I had a very enjoyable night watching of all things – bike races. (Push bikes)

Next morning I staggered out of bed, had breakfast and commenced to pack up. About 10am I decided to ride down the main street to see if anyone had arrived early, and I came upon Roger sitting beside the road, feeding his face as usual. He told me he had arrived Friday night.

At about 11.15am Ken Hewitt arrived and then the rest started arriving at 12 noon. There were about 25 in all. We had lunch in the car park near the museum. Later on Mick F, Little Mick, Rusty, Ned and I went for a walk along the river bank, underneath the old wharf. If the people who went walking onto the old wharf ever had a look underneath it, they would never have got on it in the first place. Most of the timber was rotten and the beams did not meet up together in places.

At 1.15pm Bob said it was time to go, and so we headed off over the border towards Picola with Darren leading and Big D rear rider.

From Picola we went to Nathalia, Shepparton and then onto Elmore for petrol and eats. A new member, John Emmett, had trouble with his 450 Honda just before Elmore and we headed off before he arrived with Bob electing to stay and wait for him.

We turned off the main highway about 10kms from Elmore and headed bush. We had not gone very far when Darren stopped; his burglar alarm had fallen off. At this stage John, Bob and Peter showed up and so we sent John on ahead as he was only sitting on 80km/h.

We headed on our way again towards Lake Eppalock, and then on to Kyneton. We followed the main highway till we got to Diggers Rest and then we veered off to Bulla and on to the Tullamarine Freeway, where we dispersed for the day. Some went home and others went to the café for tea.

I would like to thank Bob Evans and Darren for organising this trip, for it was well planned. I feel everyone who went along enjoyed themselves very much. I know I did.

**Greg.**

### **Cryptic comments:**

\* Do you know the way the reserve tap is now, John?

\* An unusual sight was seen today: Mick Fagan was seen riding a Honda 750, and Bob Evans a BMW.

## **PUFFING BILLY 11<sup>th</sup> APRIL**

For all of you who missed the Puffing Billy trip, here is a brief description of the day's run. There were approx. 10-12 bikes at KBCP and once lead and rear riders were appointed, we headed out towards Ferntree Gully where we picked up a further 6 or 7 bikes. We arrived at Puffing Billy and were directed by Darren to our private bike park.

The trip to Emerald Lake took approx. 1 ½ hours. On arrival we had lunch, then had a paddle boat race. The winners of the race were Trevor and Carol Mickie. Trevor Vienet even got very game and went for a swim – he came out blue.

Everyone was exhausted so we lazed about in the sun till 2.30, then boarded the train to come back to our two wheels. The weather lent itself to the picnic area and the relaxing day, so everyone enjoyed themselves.

### **SOCIAL SEC...**

## **A WORD OF THANKS**

I wish to thank all the club members and friends who came along to the cinema night and made it a great success.

To my knowledge everyone enjoyed the film and their evening out. The joke of the night was, that after the film, Jol Dunn, prepared to be the perfect host, extended an invitation for coffee at his place – BUT was unaware that some of his household stocks were in short supply so we all enjoyed BLACK coffee and tea. Our thanks to you, Jol, anyway. Also, many thanks to all who put in and made the raffle such a success; you all deserve a pat on the back. I hope that the social events in the future will have the same support.

## **MT ERICA FOR SOME – WALHALLA THE REST**

or

## **WHERE HAVE ALL THE PEOPLE GONE?**

Having not been on a ride for some time, you will have to excuse my ignorance with names of persons present.

A few people met at KBCP for the ride to Mt Erica and then on to Walhalla. Mother told of the proposed petrol stop at Moe and Mick Fagan said that for all those interested, that there was a slight deviation being made by some for a bout of hill climbing. The turn off was just short of Walhalla and those interested could join in.

The club was to meet up with more persons at Hallam, however, due to a misprint on the itinerary, the time of departure was half an hour later than it should have been. Thus the club was somewhat segmented, with the rear rider being roughly in the middle. I personally feel that if such a blunder is repeated, then the whole club should wait until the official departure time comes up, then all leave. As it was, there was no corner marker at the Moe turn off, which for those who rode from the city caused no problems as they were aware of the intended fill up, but for persons joining in at Hallam (or trying to) it meant additional miles.

On to the next problem. I believe Darren decided not to go to Mt Erica (was it because of the new cravens again?) and thus took a handful of members to Walhalla. So now we have two groups.

Now referring back to the proposed hill climb, we gain yet another group, those who went to Mt. Erica, but not hill climbing. I must say those of us who went to all three places definitely had the greater following. This included the leader (Mother), the rear rider (Big D), Les our Vice Captain plus 10 bikes in between. So from now on I will only refer to group I "Hill Climbers Extraordinaire".

Things went along well for the first few going up the hill, but problems began when Les (500/4) got too close to Les (BMW). Les (BMW) had to paddle his way out of a rut and by slowing his speed caused Les (500/4) to lose his much needed revs. Les (BMW) took advantage of the torque his machine boasts and continued up the hill. This left Les and Kawa 900 (No.2) (who had caught up) stuck on the hill. Eventually all persons and their machines were up righted and on their way. A touch of class came from Mick, two upping Howard, and Jack two upping Les (BMW) on his Kawa 900 (No.1) up the hill. (The pillions went to offer assistance to those stuck.)

All persons gathered on the top of the hill and made exclamations to the tune of "Boy, that was hard work" and "Jesus, am I f.. " (no blasphemy intended). Mick cheered up the distressed by telling them that that was the easy hill.

We continued in a controlled fashion until the arrival at hill no.2 (which was concealed by shrubs.) The 'pros' had reached the top, Mick, Les (BMW), Brian (90S), Jack (Kawa), and Howard (GL). I wish to include myself in that category and probably so do all the rest waiting to make their run. Unfortunately, our ease of scaling mountain walls was hampered somewhat by one Honda 500/4 (green). It came to grief midway up or a bit less. Followed by Mother, then another 500/4 (gold) and then Kawa No.2 (heavy beast).

I might point out that when one falls over whilst up a hill, it is polite to inform those at the bottom of the hill not to come up. This was not done, so my BMW ended arse up, with Big D making the line up complete (or should it be "line down"). The culprit was up-righted, and a more experienced person in the form of Les Leahy (BMW) took it to the top.

One by one the bikes were sorted out and made their way on. Until we reached my Boomer; (Jap bikes had one thing going for them, electric starters that worked). The method of starting mine was either six hold her up while I kicked, or swing around and go back down the hill. I selected the latter and waited till the all clear was given. Unbeknown to me, Big D had hidden his bike in the bushes, or at least that was where it had stopped. Something to do with not running on all four (a problem with multi's) and he came up aided by obliging shovers after I had completed my run.

With all the hill climbing over, the ride was uneventful, except for Brian going for a short slide in the mud and a 500/4 getting a flat. We met up with a spattering of people at Walhalla (Darren had departed to see Greg Smith's new train), waited till the deflated Honda arrived, then continued on.

On the windy section of bitumen out of Walhalla, a Honda (not with us) came to grief by way of what appeared to be a combination of inexperience and panic. However, some dim witted person felt the blame rested with Mick (who was nowhere in sight) and raved on to the same effect. He was put straight later, by Mick.

The run home was carried out in a reasonably safe fashion, although I noted that one GL rider (yellow) seemed to lose all thoughts of self-preservation once dusk fell. He constantly passed over double white lines (I know we have all done it) but going uphill! – when you couldn't see a thing...

I know my blurb has been rather long, but I felt detail was needed to make you all realise the fun you missed out on, on what must be one of the most 'organised' rides yet!

**Katrina R75/5**

PS. Quote of the day – 'Torque' = 'low down grunt'

## **THE TURTLE**

The Turtle Lives twixt plated decks  
Which practically conceal its sex.  
I think it clever of the turtle.  
In such a fix to be so fertile.

### **Tender Heartedness**

Billy, in one of his nice new sashes,  
Fell in the fire and was burnt to ashes,  
Now, although the room grows chilly,  
I haven't the heart to poke poor Billy.

### **The old Loony of Lyme.**

There was an old loony of Lyme,  
Whose candour was simply sublime;  
When they asked, "Are you there?"  
"Yes", he said, "but take care",  
For I am never all there at a time.

## **TASMANIA, TOUR FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR**

First the good news: the Christmas Dinner has been ordered, and it will be held on the Motor Vessel, "Goondooloo", sailing, catering and drinking down the River Tamar near Launceston. A bus will be arranged to get some members back to the camp site. Cost of fare and meal is \$8. We have an exclusive booking, the boat to ourselves and any guests members might invite.

Now for the bad news: as Michael Formaini will tell you, the cost of train fares has increased indescribably. E.g. the Southern Aurora return fare to Sydney has gone from \$42 to \$92 in two months and the Indian Pacific from Sydney to Perth return first class has gone from \$148 to \$414.

Well, our travel agents advise that a similar increase in the fares to Tasmania can be expected, particularly as the "Express of Australia" is losing several millions of dollars per year now, as it is very heavily used in the tourist season but not in winter. However, once the tickets have been fully paid for then we avoid any extra cost. (This is true of travel in Australia, but not overseas travel. So to avoid the possibility of paying an extra 100 dollars per head, the Committee is hoping to get in and pay for our tickets before too long for once the fare increase is announced, we have had it, and members would be asked to pay the increase.

**THEREFORE YOU ARE ASKED TO PAY THE TREASURER THE OUTSTANDING AMOUNTS AS SOON AS POSSIBLE AND NO LATER THAN THE JUNE MEETING.**

Refunds will be available for legitimate reasons, of course. As far as convenient, the Treasurer in allotting seats and berths will go by the order in which the deposits were received, but this will not always be possible, and so you are asked to send your money to him with a request for what you want and state a second preference too, please.

Accommodation and costs:

General Fee; this covers all camp fees, tolls, entrance costs, e.g. to caves and includes the New Year Dinner, and a subsidy to the Christmas Dinner, per member, \$25.00.

Ship Charges; riders only, per person costs, (all return fares),



|  |         |
|--|---------|
| Single berth cabins                        | \$69.20 |
| Double berth cabins 17 cabins, 34 persons  | \$64.20 |
| Motor cycles                               | \$15.80 |
| Outfits                                    | \$25.80 |
| Seats. 12 available                        | \$43.00 |
| Air fares, pillion passengers, return fare | \$58.20 |
| Gordon River Cruise                        | \$12.00 |
| Tamar River Cruise (Christmas Dinner)      | \$8.00  |

NOTE WELL. REMEMBER YOU HAVE ALREADY PAID A DEPOSIT OF \$25.00, SO DO NOT PAY IT TWICE.

Any money left over from the General fee will be used for a Tasmania Night next year and any left over from this will be refunded. Further enquiries, please see Greg Moore.

### **FIXING HONDA 350/4 IGNITION SWITCH**

First take off the tank as so to see just what is going on. This fix is for all Hondas except the G.L and the step thru. Looking down you will see a bundle of 4 wires going from the ignition switch to a 4 pin plug. These wires are about 9 inches from the plug. Strip an inch of insulation from the wires attached to the plug and twist together the brown and brown/white wires. Also twist together the red and black wires. Plug into the socket again and you will have normal ignition. Also you will have lights, horn etc. Tape up the bare wires and put back the tank.

To turn off, use the kill switch, then undo the plug or untwist the black and red wires. If you happen to have some wire with you, you could extend the red and black wires so that they can be undone without moving the tank, to get at the plug or the wire. This is only a temporary measure and should be fixed as soon as possible as anyone could start your motorcycle without a key.

### **Lloyd 350/4 Honda**

### **THE ODDS AGAINST THE MOTORCYCLISTS**

It is costing Insurance 9.4 million dollars per year in claims. The motorcycle population accounts for only 2.8 per cent of the total number of vehicles on the road. Many motorcyclists have adopted a form of dress which, unfortunately, runs to dark leather jackets and other sombre articles of attire, and this, under certain road conditions, makes them less readily visible to other road users than light coloured clothing, which has long been recognised as the ideal dress for both motorcyclists and pedestrians.

The system of licensing motorcycle rides leaves much to be desired. To issue a person with a learner's permit and then allow him to teach himself on the congested roads would appear to be even more hazardous and less constructive than to throw somebody overboard from a ship at sea and tell him to swim on the way to shore. If people 'learned' to drive cars and trucks in the same fashion there would be a public outcry.

Finally, motorcycles, in some instances, could be made safer. Some of them are too powerful, particularly in the hands of novice riders. A survey by the Australian Consumer Council two and a half years ago found that the shape of some crash bars could cause severe damage to the rider's legs, instead of protecting them; certain types of wind-shield could cause eye injuries and facial lacerations; that glass fibre fuel tanks ruptured more easily than metal ones and exposed riders to the risk of burns, and that some crash helmets had faulty straps which rendered them virtually useless. Even if these defects have been corrected in the meantime, there is more than a possibility that old equipment is still in use.

Even allowing for the fact that the breed of motorcyclists includes some competent and careful members, the time has come when others must be protected from themselves. The Motor accidents Board has called for an urgent investigation. This should cover all the aspects of the problem – licence testing, legal anomalies, and safety of equipment and insurance premiums which do not make motorcyclists a burden on drivers of other vehicles, as they are today. Such an inquiry needs to be treated as a matter of urgency.

### **TO OUR LATE EDITOR**

I couldn't let this edition go by without commenting on David's resignation as Editor. To me he has done a sterling job in keeping the magazine up to a high standard, and as the amount of work involved is tremendous, for him to have done it for such a long period of time speaks for itself. He has always been conscientious, and has worked tirelessly in order to keep the mag in circulation – often under great difficulty and into the long hours of the night. I must also mention the hospitality of his 'Parents' extended to anyone who came along to assist him.

And so it is with a certain amount of regret I am sorry to see him go. I wish him, on behalf of the Committee and Members of the M.S.C.A.V, the very best for the future. Again, sincere thanks.

**Big Daddy**

### **APOLLO BAY 2<sup>nd</sup> MAY**

Les Leahy led the club with Big Daddy as rear rider from KBCP on a quick run to Shell Service Station at Laverton, where we picked up the rest of the club. Twenty bikes left Laverton, keeping well together until Eastern View, where the slower riders got left for dead around the corners. Howard and Beth, on their GL, were scraping heavily on the corners and powering out so that Hans found it impossible to get past.

After a quick fuel stop in Lorne, where the local cop had had a sticky beak at us, we continued on to Apollo Bay. The day was perfect: a blue sky and calm sea made an impressive view, but most of the Club was trying to get round the corners as fast as possible, with the exception of Mio who came in with Big Daddy.

When we arrived at Apollo Bay (11.45am) Les told us we could go where we wanted to, but to be back by 2.30pm for the Return Trip. After lunch, some just lazed around whilst Vin Lee, John McKenna, Hans Lentfert and myself went for a 60km ride which involved some scraping and also some dirt road, which we encountered whilst trying to find a place called Paradise (we didn't find it but Darren did). When we returned, Roger Holt had arrived by way of Ballarat and Cressy. He had missed the club in the morning and had decided to come another way.

At 2.30pm Les led us back by way of Wild Dog Road – a narrow windy dirt and broken bitumen road with steep gullies on our left side. Luckily, no one dropped their bike, but some weren't game to make the trip and were waiting on the Colac Road corner when we arrived.

We went on this road – excellent for cranking over on. Vin showed me how his 900 is handling, and left me half a mile behind him after a few turns. Les brought us out on the highway at Winchelsea, and after a fuel stop at Geelong, we went back to the café for coffee.

This day's run would be one of the best I have been on. There were no mishaps. Those who did not come missed out on a very enjoyable run on an ideal day.

**Ken Markham**

[A table was printed contrasting 1970 and 1976 motorcycle capacities. Unfortunately the data is fairly corrupt with the sum of the elements not equalling the totals - in many columns. Picking out some of the larger totals:

- In 1976 there are 11 machines with 1000cc (10 Hondas, 1 Laverda), in 1970 none.
- In 1976 there are 9 machines with 900cc (5 Kawasakis, 3 BMWs, 1 Ducati), in 1970 none.
- In 1976 there are 45 machines with 750cc (23 Hondas, 7 BMWs, 5 Suzukis, 4 Ducatis, 3 triumphs, 1 Guzzi), in 1970 one (1), a Guzzi.
- In 1976 there are 11 machines with 500cc (6 Hondas, 4 Yamahas, 1 Suzuki), in 1970 five (4 Suzukis, 1 Kawasaki).
- In 1976 there are 10 machines with 350cc (8 Hondas, 2 Yamahas), in 1970 eight (3 Honda, 3 Yamaha, 1 BSA).
- In 1976 there are 5 machines with 250cc (3 Suzukis, 2 Yamahas), in 1970 eleven (8 Suzukis, 1 Yamaha, 1 BMW).
- In 1976 there is 1 machine with 175cc (Honda), in 1970 five (4 Hondas, ?).
- In 1976 there is 1 machine with 125cc (1 Suzuki), in 1970 three (2 Hondas, 1 Suzuki).
- In 1976 there is 1 machine with 90cc (unknown), in 1970 three (2 Hondas, 1 Suzuki).

... Ben Warden 13/6/2012]

### **A SIGN OF THE TIMES**

One aspect of the MSCAV that seems to have escaped the notice of those who contribute to the magazine is the way in which it reflects the ever increasing capacity of the motorcycles being used by club members for touring purposes.

When I joined the club back in August 1970, the small capacity motorcycle was in its death throes. There were in fact twenty seven of 250cc and under and most of them were on regular club runs, so that my 75cc Yamaha was not completely left behind. Now, six years later those 250cc and under motorcycles have all but vanished from the scene.

To better illustrate the domination that the “super bike” has over the touring scene, I have compiled two tables, one from the December 1970 membership list, and the other from the latest March 1976 list. Some interesting facts emerge from the comparison of the two tables.

Whereas in 1970, there were eleven motorcycles of 250cc (the biggest class) eight of which were Suzuki's, and only two 750cc bikes (one Honda and one Guzzi); now in 1976, the 750cc motorcycle forms the largest class. There are forty-one, twenty-three of them being Honda's. The number of makes in use has only dropped by one, but in 1970 there was a greater variety on the club runs. Now we see only Hondas and BMWs, with only an occasional Suzi and Kwaka.

Finally I have noticed that two strokes – Yamaha in particular – are dying out in the sense that they compromise a smaller and smaller percentage of bikes on regular club runs. The future then would seem to belong to the shaft-driven four cylinder bikes on the club touring scene.

**Roger GL 1000**

There was a young fellow called Room,  
Thought a Kombi would last till the tomb,  
    But alas and alack  
    It got very slack,  
And died in the arse all too soon!

(Anon)

There was a young man owned a camper,  
With whose innards he did certainly tamper  
    By loading all that he craved,  
    Till it died at the caves –  
Darren's hanky could not have been damper!

(Anon)