

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

THIS SHORT BUT NOT SO SWEET LETTER IS TO MEMBERS OF THE M.S.C.A.V. FROM THEIR CLUB PRESIDENT.

OWING TO THE FACT THAT THE CLUB IS GOIGN THROUGH A QUIET PERIOD I WOULD LIKE TO SAY THAT THE ONLY WAY THAT THE CLUB AS A WHOLE CAN IMPROVE IS BY MEMBERS TAKING A MORE ACTIVE PART IN WHAT IS GOING ON.

I HOPE THAT MEMBERS REALISE THAT THE COMMITTEE IS DOING ALL IT CAN IN MAKING THE ITINERARY AS SUITABLE AS THEY CAN FOR MOST MEMBERS. IF YOU WOULD LIKE SOMETHING ADDED TO THE ITINERARY OR IF YOU FEEL THAT SOMETHING IS LACKING IN THE WAY THE CLUB OPERATES PLEASE MAKE IT KNOWN TO ME OR TO ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

YOURS IN THE AID OF BETTER MOTORCYCLING

PETER PHILFERAN
(BIG DADDY)

Editorial

Those who are interested will note that the mag is a lot smaller than it is normally owing to the fact that articles have not been written by members. The few who wrote for the mag (and it is always the same ones who do) keep this mag going. If it was not for them we would give it away altogether. I have tried to give members a nice size mag to read but this is getting harder and harder each issue. So if only the same few articles arrive next month we will stop the mag altogether.

Bob Evans

Remember the long weekend trip to Omeo 12-14/3/77. It will be a good trip if members turn up and show that they are interested.

The committee is still looking for members to tell them where they want to go for Easter and the following months so that they can make up an itinerary for the next three months or so. If you have any idea at all do not be backward in coming forward to air your ideas.

All articles concerning motorcycling will be printed in the mag for all members to read by those who take the time to write to the editors.

Jo and Bob

AUSTRALIA DAY LONG WEEKEND

Tawonga Caravan Park was the venue for the Australia Day Long Weekend, and so eight motorcycles left Fawkner Cemetery at 8.30am. Hands Lentfret led with Big D being rear rider. Euroa and Myrtleford were the petrol stops, and, as the day got warmer, these stops were also used for the removal of jumpers and scarves. Just after Myrtleford we turned off the Ovens Highway to meet up with the Kiewa Valley Highway. We also met up with grasshoppers and other juicy bugs, to come down the top way into Tawonga.

The caravan park we stayed in was right on the river and Tawonga being stuck between Mt Bogong and Mt Buffalo and Hotham range, meant we were surrounded by mountains. On arriving we were met by Tom who had camped there the day before. After we all had pitched our tents and had something to eat, everyone headed for a cool off. Trevor and Margaret blew up their lilos and starting at the bridge a couple of hundred metres up stream, floated down stream. Soon Tom, Keith and Hans were off to do the same thing. The cold water soon lost its novelty, and Les and myself headed off for a quick ride to Bright and back.

Sunday morning turned out to be another fine day so people started to say where they wanted to go. Two ideas came to light and so we split up, one group going to go to Mt Buffalo and the other to Mt McKay via Falls Creek. Our group got back about lunch time and saw a fire burning on the other side of the Tawonga camping ground. Someone had been burning off. It was a hot day to burn off, but nothing came of it.

Les and myself left for Korumburra State Rodeo Championships. On approaching Seymour I got a flat tyre. There was no sign of an external pointed culprit so we looked inside and found nothing. The tyre had been wrenched around, but the valve had not been ripped out and believe it or not, it was a Japanese tube. Wacker Ackland (still 750/4 mounted), Kate and brother Len stopped for a quick chat on their way back from Hume Weir.

By the time we got going again, it was starting to get dark and the traffic on the increase. Cops were out and about, and along with John Citizen and family, made things quite lively on the roads.

It was a most enjoyable weekend spent at a really good camping ground. Should be done more often.

Jo 400/4

HUME WEIR

My long weekend began on Friday after work as I headed off to Bendigo to meet my brother, Len, who was coming from Adelaide. I arrived at 6.30, the tent being set up prior to Len's arrival at 10.00.

On the way to Albury we saw police setting up tapes across the highway to catch the unwary. We made Wodonga at 11.20. Clocks on the S comes in handy. We set up camp in Albury and spent some time in the local with people we camped with the nite before.

While in the pub some woman backed into my motorcycle and the guy with her thought it was a big joke. Not much happened to my S but goes to show that you cannot park anywhere nowadays. I will refrain from getting too emotional at this point.

Jenny from Horsham, who rides a 400/4, suggested a ride, so we went to the top of a lookout. Whilst there I noticed a track leading to who knows where. We set off to find out. First gear for the S was no trouble as I had brother Len on the back for extra traction. Not so for poor Jenny. She had her share of trouble and could not get enough grip on the dirt and came unstuck. We stopped to

give her a hand. Jenny came unstuck once more due to a trail bike coming down the hill with his lights off and engine switched off as well. We made it to the bitumen after a lot of pushing and shoving and being covered in dust. A nice shower took care of the outside while at the pub cokes took care of the inside.

Next morning we bought eats and headed for the race track. We had some official passes and so made straight for the pits. We spent all day taking photos with my new zoom lens and I had a great time. I will show people photos later at the slide nite. Hansford won the "King of the Weir". The Le Mans Guzzi ridden by Mick Hone put in very good times and came second to a Kawa 900.

I spoke to Mick after the race and he told me that the bike was still set up for Phillip Island and they did not have time to get the right gearing for the Weir. A Ducati 900 rider came off just after, clicked by me with my camera. One second later we would have had the best fall offs in the race. You cannot help bad luck. (Where have I heard that before?)

We left after the main race and headed back to Melbourne, passing Jo and Les who were fixing a flat on Jo's motorcycle. I went thru 50 slide,s nearly all of the racing. A good time was had by all.

Katrina R90S

WANTED

Travelling companion/s for a trip to the West. Leaving Melbourne 7/4/77 and spending Easter at the wine festival in the Barossa Valley, and then on to Perth via Albany. Returning via Broken Hill to arrive in Melbourne 8/5/77.

Please contact Graeme Vienet.

Telephone 832511

CAPE LIPTRAP (that was not where we went)

INVERLOCH 6/2/77

The morning looked good so I got on my 400/4 and met the club at Cranbourne. On my way to Cranbourne I was stopped by a blue boy for a licence check. At 9.45 Mick Fagan went by followed by the BMW club; off took the blue boy in hot pursuit. The rest of the MSCAV arrived at Cranbourne including Bob Evans on his new BMW 750.

We left 10 mins late and headed for Inverloch as it was decided that the road to Cape Liptrap was not suitable for road bikes. Bob Evans dropped his bike on that road the week before. We had set off down the road about 2kms when we were all stopped for license checks. We passed with flying colours. We then proceeded towards Wonthaggi and then on to Inverloch.

At Inverloch we lunched and looked at the scenery; nice it was too. After this we went to the beach. Turned out to be a boat ramp. Roger Holt then led the club 5kms down the road to the real beach where some brave souls went swimming.

About 3.15 we went back to Inverloch to look at more scenery and to have a drink. We talked to a guy on an 860 Duke who had trouble keeping up with a certain guy on a 750 sports who we know well for his fast riding at times.

Paul led us on the way back with Bob Evans bringing up the rear at a steady 80kph. We were led back through to Korumburra and then some nice winding roads to the main highway back to Cranbourne again where we dispersed.

Apart from the cops and an absence of more club members who missed out on a good club run, a great time was had by all those who made the effort to go on the day's run.

Ian 400/4

M.S.C.A.V. DRIVE IN NITE

With a cool change on the way we headed out to the Toorak Drive-in, myself and ten or so others, off to see "Aces High". We taped a note on the wall in case of late comers saying where we went.

Passing through the city brought a few looks as we wound our way to the Drive-in, maybe 'cos of the Banana Lounges that were strapped on to the back of some bikes.

Owing to the fact we were a touch early, we all had fun on the swings at Kiddie Land (aren't we all kids at heart) before we blew up our lilos prior to the picture starting. The wind was blowing and we could see rain in the distance. Just as the picture started Trevor pointed out a few flaws in the screen which was all we needed, thanks Trev. By the time it was interval we were all trying to figure out just what was the picture all about. The wind was out and stars were shining, which made the night.

About ten minutes after the second show had begun some left but not before John McKenna's bike blew both globes. But all was not lost as they got him going on parkers.

A few of the sleepy ones had to be awakened and then all journeyed off home after a not so bad night after all. Maybe in the future a short night ride could be arranged and perhaps group bookings for a night at the Drive-in could be looked into.

DARRYL 750/4

DRIVE IN NITE PART TWO

About twelve people turned up for the Drive-in nite. It seemed that Lyle had most of the lovely young ladies under his wing (how does he do it?). Trevor put a note up on the wall and we all left to see "Aces High" at the Toorak Drive-in. The flick was about young men learning how to fly. The heights they reached and the risks they took was a sight to behold. There was more SEX at the Drive-in than was on the screen. The crash in mid-air was most spectacular, but a bit sad I thought.

The second film was called The Box. Enough said. I went to sleep only to be awoken in time to go home. It was a good night enjoyed by all who went. The only trouble that was only a handful turned up and this was a pity as it turned out to be a fine night.

BIG DADDY Honda 750/4

INVERLOCH 6/2/77

The itinerary said Cape Liptrap but those who went were glad to go to Inverloch for a swim as the week before Bob Evans dropped his bike on the sandy road to Cape Liptrap.

A small number of bikes left KBCP about 5 minutes late as Bob Evans had his brand new BMW 750/7 and we all took it in turns to examine it, finding out the changes from the /6 to the /7. We all then headed off to Cranbourne.

Ian Taylor was at Cranbourne and had news for us that he had just got picked up for a license check. We took all that in, then headed off down the highway only to be pulled up by the same cop who got Ian. After all that was over we got under way once again, riding down the Bass Highway to Wonthaggi and then onto Inverloch for lunch.

During lunch we talked to two Queensland riders who joined us for a short ride on their way back to the sunny north. Looking for the beach, we ended up at the boat ramp, but not the ones to give up easily, we tried once again under the leadership of one Roger Holt. This time we made it to the beach.

A few brave ones went for a swim and the rest just sat in the sun. After a while we went back to Inverloch for a drink and talked to a guy on a nice 860 Duke. He told us he followed a certain guy on a 750 sports along the Great Ocean Road and wore his main stand just about away. He said he would not follow this certain person ever again.

Paul led us back to the main highway along a few good corners, except for gravel on some, to Cranbourne where we all dispersed. Bob Evans, who was rear rider all day, was sitting on 80kph as he was running his BMW in.

A good time was had by those who made the effort to go on the run. A pity a few more members did not make the same effort as the day was made for motorcycling.

Ken Markham GT 750.A.

CORRYONG, A DAY RUN FROM?

At 9am Chris (750 Trump), Don (Z900) and myself left for Melbourne. For the return run we opted for the road going down as far as Gundowring. The roads were narrow and winding downwards but proved to be no trouble to an ex-Tassie rider. From there we headed towards Myrtleford passing the Forestry Manufacturing Paper Plant and Boards. After taking on fuel we then went to the Oxley then down to Whitfield, these roads being better than the main highways.

At Whitfield we tried to get lunch but had to settle for cans of soft drink due to the fact that there was not anything else. We rode to the top of Powers Lookout and the view of the tobacco fields was really something. Chris said that Ned Kelley used this for a hideout sometimes because he could see for miles and miles. You could quite believe it as you had a great look out from where we were standing.

After a short while we left to go on to Mansfield, the road in a lot better condition than what it was at Christmas time, we were told. We filled up the inner man and we were satisfied. Then we headed to Yea. Turning off once again we went to Yarra Glen. Not a bad gravel road but I would not like to ride on it after rain. We ended up at Lilydale. It sure beats going along the highway anytime. I would like to suggest a club run up in that direction sometime. Would anyone be interested?

Ken Markem 750 Bottle.

CORRYONG A DAY RUN TO?

Mr Farmani and myself left Friday and headed towards Corryong. We encountered rain on the way but not enough to stop two seasoned travellers like us. Those who went up later struck it fine where we struck it wet. It stopped raining at 8am and we had no rain since.

Margaret and the bow wows arrived from the sunny north. Just after that along came Trevor and together they jumped into a caravan where they were nice and dry. \$3 a nite for a van and 80cents for a tent. Not bad, I thought.

The only bad thought I had concerned the poor attendance. I wondered why most members missed out on such a good trip. The committee does try to do its best and I cannot help but wonder if it is all worth it.

Lloyd 750/4