

Editorial

I have been putting up more old magazines in the Member's area, thanks to Barb Peters' retyping efforts. Barb did lots of work back in 2010 and 2011 but it has taken me this long to convert to *pdf* and organise. There is literally months of work in retyping the Magazines and Barb's efforts should be formally recognised.

Apart from the fading ink, the task of retyping is made more difficult as the quality of editing is "varied". Some editors punctuated the hand written articles while others typed them up warts and all. There was a pool of typists, typically women, not necessarily up with the latest bike nomenclature. And there seemed to be a new Editor (often in pairs) every 6 or 8 months during the 60's and 70's. So the standard of the mags is at best inconsistent, but always passionate! It wasn't until Ian Payne got hold of it during the 80s that there was some real stability and consistency.

To the Editors of the 70s and early 80s defence, they were battling ancient technology, using a roneo or Gestetner printer, where the master was typed up using carbon paper and then fed through the primitive form of photocopying – hand driven, drums, ink, mess and mechanical breakdowns the norm. It was always a race against time to get the magazine printed before the monthly General Meeting. The last thing on their minds was the accuracy of grammar or spelling. They would often spell the same person's name different ways in the same article! And there were lots of other oddities to deal with such as nick names, for instance "Doris" is a bloke. Articles are written in the vernacular of the time, with some stuff now lost in translation. Of course, the Club politics of the day rarely made it to the keyboard and hence stuff is alluded to which we can't now understand. Even the "1" key always came out as a capital "I". So Yam XS1100 appears as XSII00 (which does look like much different using Times New Roman font, but actually looks like the Roman numeral "I".)

So, enough of a history lesson. Check out some of the old magazines. 1972 is very interesting – bikes were evil and death was rife. I was working on 1978 and noticed the proposed name change options (eventually from MSCAV to MTCV) were being canvassed including lots of names with "Melbourne" as part of the name, ie already heading towards MSR.

There was lots of motorcycle discrimination in the early 70s with road rules (eg 40 mph max speed with a pillion) and talk of lights-on legislation, fluoro clothing, etc.

The points system for Club Person of the Year also was proposed and started in 1978, a very interesting model. We eventually modified and then ditched it altogether.

Beware the rampant sexism and totally politically incorrect reported behaviours, jokes and culture. It is quite amazing what was acceptable (tolerated?) back in those times.

On another topic, I sorted the Membership List on Years of Service and a couple of names popped up: Congratulations to **Rob Langer** who has been riding with the Club for 20 years, as of 6th May. Rob has provided sterling service to the Club over the years by leading rides and offering his home as the venue to watch World Superbikes and MotoGP racing when they are on at Phillip Island. Rob and I were part of a MSR group that rode to Cape York and back over five and half weeks, lead by Life Member **Tom Saville** and partner **Andi Sirninger**. Based on my daughter Fiona's age - about to turn 18, that trip must have been in 1993, because she was conceived 3 months after we got back.

Similarly, congratulations to **Geoff Jones**, having reached the 20 year mark back in August of 2011. Geoff has also served the Club handsomely leading rides and writing lots of "Shed Time" articles. Back in the early days he used to ride an RZ350 two stroke and invariably it would blow up on a Club ride, typically chasing me on a Great Ocean Road ride. Tail winds were a problem, reducing the cooling. He always used to say, "The motor was going like a rocket - just before it seized."

Geoff also used to organise our Hill Climbs with the assistance of his wife Val and kids Ben and Melissa, and Melissa's partner Andrew McKenna. Val used to do the cooking to feed us at the top of Mt Wallace (near Ballan) and the "kids" (married and making grandkids now) used to assist with the ever more sophisticated timing arrangements: flags, stop watches, walky talkies, and finally mobile phones. Geoff would get the trophy engraved. Can't say too much more as it was all highly illegal. The good thing is we never had a crash. Alas, the site was an eagle rookery and once the adjacent roads

were made into bitumen, too many bird watchers (with mobile phones) also frequented the site. You can imagine how popular we were. Chapter closed.

Check out the list and find your name. A couple of the really long term members' membership details are sketchy, so a starting date estimate is in place.

Ben Warden, Editor