

White Horse Whispers

The Newsletter of The Motor Scooter Association of Victoria

SEPTEMBER 1963

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FUNERAL SERVICE OF LATE MEMBER

FRANK RAWLINSON (WOMBAT)

About 25 members attended the funeral service, which was held near High St Preston, and lasted about 20 minutes. Members of the MSCAV formed a guard of honour for the cortege. Fifteen cycles took part in this. The hearse led the way, followed by the limousine, the bikes were next and these were followed by the rest of the vehicles to the Faulkner Crematorium.

Sincere thanks to all who attended, as the comments were nothing but praise and admiration for the club.

By PETER PHILPHERAN, PRESIDENT.

On behalf of the committee, members and editors we all forward our deepest sympathy to all those people bereaved by the parting of a valued member – wombat.

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RUN TO ECHUCA

A whole 5 members on bikes and I car left Melbourne for Echuca. The president (late as usual) caught up with the rest of the group before the first stop, Kilmore. Continuing on in beautiful weather, we were heading towards Heathcote. On the way here Phillipo lost her baffle from her 100cc Suzy, our club captain came to the rescue, and with a bit of butchery got it back in for her.

At Heathcote we had some coffee, food and gassed up the bikes etc, then arriving at Echuca at about 2pm soaking wet. Here we started erecting tents all over the place. Before I forget, on the way here, there was a very big girl, and when Gordon saw her he said a few words about her which she happened to hear and it was just lucky for Gordon that he wears glasses.

Saturday night about 6pm we all went to town for some tea, some went for a usual counter lunch while others went to the local cafe. Graham ordered a couple of steak sandwiches and to his delight ended up with quite a plateful and Tony finishing up having a saucy tea. A few of us filled the evening playing snooker, while the others toured the town (which was pretty dead)

UNTIL BEDTIME?

Sunday morning it was b...y freezing, and Suzy will tell you that she even borrowed Philphy's blankets while he was going to church. We broke camp about midday and headed for home via Shepparton, where we had lunch. We continued on to Melbourne in glorious sunshine. We dispersed near Reservoir.

With best efforts for the weekend,

Alan, (350 Kawa) for seeing 3 white balls while playing snooker.

Ralph for not being able to keep up with a Honda 90 on his Hodaka.

Bruce for seizing his 125 Honda and last but not least,

Big Daddy dropping his 450

By Vic and Peter.

While the club was busy knocking knees and chattering teeth, Gordon, Vic and Peter P were happily in bed asleep (DIRTY old men). We woke up at 8.30am and with a few minor complications managed to get underway. On the way up there we noticed Robert J travelling in the vicinity of 1 ½ miles/minute, in the wrong direction. Frank Tapp and Derrik (pillion) travelling at the same speed failed to notice the presidential limousine.

Half way up Mt Macedon we found F Tapp with a flat tyre. On arrival at Mt. Macedon the club had already left and were headed towards Turpins Falls. We arrived at Turpins falls before the club and for a few minutes. Then arrived for terrific barbeque lunch. Sam arrived on his new BMW chopper and watered away everyone's mouths. After looking around the falls for a while we headed to Kynton for some more food. Afterwards we ran into a licence check by the fuzz. We dispersed at Essendon where some of us went to the bowl to finish off an enjoyable run.

Best efforts of the day:

Ken's trail riding exhibition
Warren back on his Kawasaki
Frank Tapps spare parts service.

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And now folks its poem to me time,

TWO RIDERS

Amongst the mountains high and low
Two screaming 2 strokes take a bow
As along the highways they make a row
And cornering to a scraping stage
The engines roar as in a rage

The two strokes howl out like a ghoul
While sparks crackle around the fools
Taking their lives in their hands
As their cycles reach for the power band

Through the esses and round the bends
A Gran Prix atmosphere or echo lends
Topping the ton along the straights
With quick gear changes towards the gates

Across the border and they'll be home
After wandering for days on their one
A thousand miles within two days
As they taste the clean air and blast the haze.

But now their home, they rest and play

While dreaming of another fray
To screw it on with sheer delight
As frustrated drivers die in fright

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The big competition described in last month's mag is that those members interested (for a fee of 5 cents) can submit designs for the cover of the mag. Any number of entries may be put in, but must be accompanied by the fee for each entry. The winner will receive a prize yet to be discussed.

The judge's decision will be final

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SONG With courtesy to MAD magazine (forerunner of this one)
(Sung to the tune of) "A Bicycle built for two"

Charlie, Charlie,
We'll lead the gang right thru
On your Harley
Down the Avenue
We'll tear up the town till sundown,
Old ladies we will run down
And we won't stop
For no dumb cop
On your Harley that's built for two.