

## White Horse Whispers

*The Newsletter of The Motor Scooter Association of Victoria*

**OCTOBER 1967**

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### **EDITORS COMMENT**

As you know, the magazine now has two new editors. These are Greg Smith and Ralph Nickels. Our addresses to send articles to are: \_

G. Smith  
1A Gerald st  
Murrumbeena.

R. Nickels  
6 Hughes St  
Montmorency

We hope we are able to do as good a job as the previous two editors, Trevor and Ron, and we wish to thank them for showing us how to type the stencils and work the duplicator. However, we can only produce a high standard magazine with articles from club members. We edit and write some of the material, but we expect the bulk of the magazine to come from the members. So if you are capable of joining two or more sentences, or even words, together in an article which you think will interest others in the club, we wish to hear from you.

Finally, regarding names, the previous two editors signed themselves RONTRE. We wish to carry on this tradition of editorial pen-names, but apologize for the fact that our names are not quite as suitable for shopping and joining.

“RALGRE”

DUE TO A WISH TO ECONOMIZE ON PAPER WE HAVE INCLUDED THE FIRST ARTICLE  
ON THE SAME PAGE AS “EDITORS COMMENT”

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Saturday Night September 31<sup>st</sup>  
ROYAL MELBOURNE SHOW

We started out with 10 people, but managed, as usual, to lose half of them, and succeeded in not having much fun for the first few hours. We finally decided to give up looking, and have some fun. Some people took a lot of coaxing to get on the rides and then regretted getting on them later. I think we took our lives into our hands when we got on the “mad mouse”. A few words were said during the process of the ride. After watching the fireworks display, we decided to go into the city for coffee. Left for home at about 12.15a.m, finishing in all, a good night out.

“Missfire”

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HONDA CYCLE CLUB  
Ralph Nickels

On Friday the 15<sup>th</sup> of September, in a room to the rear of Mayfair Motors, there was a meeting of Honda Owners, for the purpose of forming a Honda Cycle Club. Greg and I went along to see what

it was all about. The meeting opened at 8.00 o'clock and Mayfair's Sales Manager explained how the meeting had come to be called. They had received, from time to time, letters inquiring about a Honda Club, and suggesting that one be formed. With this sort of interest as a basis for action, they sent out close on 300 letters to Honda owners, inviting them to a meeting. About 45 people, including 8 GIRLS had turned up. The idea was, we were told, an essentially social club, wholly run by its members and with its own elected committee. Mayfair Motors would give all the help and support they could, but the driving force for the club must come from its members. Volunteers were called for to form a temporary committee. About six people indicated their willingness to act in this capacity. They will meet and organize the next few club runs and meetings, until a proper committee can be elected. It was suggested that no fees be charged members for the first six months, until they were sure they were interested. Frank MacDonald from the A.C.U. (Auto Cycle Union), then stood up and gave those present a few hints on forming a club. He stressed the importance of presenting a good image to the public of motorcycling; that of safe, cheap, reliable, everyday transport. He also emphasised the advantages, especially for trials and competition, of wider affiliation with other organizations, notably the A.C.U.

After this initial discussion, some of the members decided to go to the coming races at Sandown for the first club run. A meeting place was arranged, and a general plan of organization decided upon for the day. We then watched films of motor cycle and formula 2 racing, and a very informative documentary on what Honda makes, and how.

From this meeting, it now seems certain that a Honda Club will come into existence. How this club fares is yet to be seen, but it has everything in its favour. If it succeeds it could draw members away from the M.S.C.A.V. How can we hope to compete for members against a club which has the backing of a large motor cycle dealer, and indirectly Honda Motor Co behind it? Are there enough bikes for both clubs, and will it gain members at our expense? We should realize that many of our present club members and prospective new members are Honda owners, and without them the club would be much smaller than it is.

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Saturday Night – October 7<sup>th</sup>

## LUNA PARK = JUST FOR FUN

This was an impromptu run, organized on the spur of the moment, at the bowl, after the last run. Assembly time was 6.30pm at Alexandra Avenue, and five bikes and 13 people turned up.

We moved off at about 7 o'clock and went down St Kilda Rd, and on to the St Kilda Police Station, Mobile Traffic Section. Here Greg and Ron Harris checked if it would be okay to leave our bikes in the police car park. Permission was obtained from the officer on duty, so we moved them in and lined them up along the fence. Just as we were about to leave, a policeman came out of the side door of the station and told us that we were not allowed to leave our machines there and would be given tickets if we did. Fortunately, when we explained that we had sought, and been granted permission to do so, he said it was alright. We deposited our helmets and gear in the cars, and then went in.

Once inside, our first stop was to buy coupons for rides. Then into the giggle palace, where the main attractions were found to be the barrel, and the slides. With about six or more members rolling around in the drum, all that could be seen was a tangle of arms, legs and heads. This was such a spectacle that a lot of people came over to have a look at us. The slides were the scene of lots of individual rides, and also four abreast races. People went down them sitting down, laying on their backs, or on their stomach, and someone even tried it without a mat. Next was the rotor, where we had our stomachs turned inside out by centrifugal force. After this we tried the dodgems and U-Drive cars, and bumped and crashed our way around the circuit. Graeme exhibited his usual obstructionist blocking tactics to prevent overtaking. Everybody agreed they were far too slow.

Then we tired the scenic railway. Our brave club president set a sterling example for all to follow, and had to be forcibly dragged, screaming and kicking onto it. This was mild however, compared to the Dipper, which he refused point blank to go on. This scared the daylights out of most of us and all vowed not to repeat it. A short lived vow as it turned out. The star turn of the evening, though, was the River caves. Rumours are still circulating as to what happened, and what was seen when someone switched on a torch. Some typical comments are these:-

HOWARD – “I behaved myself all the way.”

SUE – “Howard was a bad boy.”

By this time we were running low on coupons, and while some of us went on the whip, or the Rotor and Dipper a second time and Peter P took Sue for a merry-go-round ride, most of us gravitated to the two cent arcade, and tried out the machines. These were vitality testers, Fortune tellers, advice machines, punch testers and others. Meanwhile Bruce Talbot had found his type of machine – it worked without putting money in. So he spent about ten industrious minutes seeing how much he could load into the hopper with the shovel crane. This just about completed our round of the amusements, so we decided to leave. We collected our bikes from the police, our gear from the cars and our cars from the car park, and finally dispersed.

Some went home – tired out no doubt, but about seven of us went back to the city, to the “Alicante” in Collins St for supper. Here we ordered coffee, snacks and drinks, (Gin squashes, beer, orange cordial – What!!). The social secretary got sociable over a gin squash, and all of us left feeling pretty merry and staggered up Collins St, arm in arm, running into trees and nearly trampling the council’s spring pot plant flower display. Back in the cars we sang rowdily as we drove home. Ralph says he was cold stone sober, but had trouble convincing the others that this was true.

All in all – a most enjoyable evening. I can personally recommend the “Alicante” – hic – for a good – hic – way too – hic – finish off an evening – hic.

“Grounded”

### **CRYPTIC COMMENTS.**

“Forget your mat, Bob.?”

“How about a ride on the Dipper Pete?”

“What REALLY happened in the river caves Sue?”

“Washed your socks yet Peter?”

“How vital are you Steve?”

“Going to be a Crane Operator when you grow up Bruce?”

“Who are you going to send your letter to Sue?”

“Go easy on those Gin Squashes, Ralph!”

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The real estate agent was taking particulars from a man looking for a new home.

“Have you any children?”

“No”

“Dog, cat or canary?”

“No”

“Piano, Gramophone, or Radio?”

“No, but I might as well warn you now that I have a fountain pen which scratches a little.”

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A dignified English gentleman stopping at a Kensington hotel, reports that when he telephoned the reception desk and complained that he was cold, a girl with a soft voice said, "I'm sorry sir, I can't leave my desk", and rang off.

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Sunday October 8<sup>th</sup>  
LAKE MOUNTAIN

At 9.05 on Sunday morning 12 bikes and 4 cars left Alexandra Avenue for Lilydale, which was to be the first stop on the way to Lake Mountain. We waited at Lilydale for about 10 mins and then proceeded on to Healesville and got there at about 10.45. While some went for petrol the others stayed around and talked bikes. One nut jumped on a Maico and at the same time fell off the back of it. How's your leg Brian?

After all this excitement we all then went off to Marysville at the speed of a thousand turtles. We arrived at 10.00, just in time for lunch. We had a choice of cold pies, burnt Chico rolls, or greasy fish and chips. Halfway through lunch Robert J turned up only to tell us Sue Beattie had smashed into a car on the way up, fortunately she was alright and later joined us at the BOWL.

Having had lunch we started off to L.M. only to find that the beautifully sealed road we were on turned to dust. After about 12 miles of this we came to a fork in the road, one road went to L.M. (WE THINK), the other to ECHO FLAT. Five brave people went down 1<sup>st</sup> track, namely Ken, Kevin, Bill, Stephan, and Ralph.

Meanwhile the cars were still battling on, but had to stop, after the MINI disappeared into a rut. Dale and Steve fell off later, but were alright. Sue went off walking in the bush and fell into a creek. Barney went off and got lost, (DIRTY DAWG). About three quarters of an hour later, Ken came back with what looked like a body draped over the back of his scooter, turns out to be his raincoat, filled with snow. So the big fight started with Sue in the middle of it. After all the snow had been thrown the others finally came back and said that Ralph had also fallen off his bike.

We headed back towards Marysville where we had some refreshments and then went back to Healesville where, who should be there, but BIG DADDY. He slept in again. Arrived back at the BOWL at 6.15. We couldn't have tea at the BOWL because it was too crowded, so we went to the Chinese restaurant instead. Then we all went home quite early, after a very enjoyable day.

### **CRYPTIC COMMENTS**

"What went on in the back of the MINI?? GRAHAM."

"Why don't you wash your bike Steve?"

"Sue, meet Howard!"

### **WELCOME TO**

Bill – KAWASAKI 175

Richard – TRIUMPH TIGRESS 250

Tony – on his father's B.M.W. (300cc per cylinder)

"RASEAC"

.....

A letter to HOWARD from SUE.

Dear HOWARD,

Love SUE XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

“Oh, no,” replied the punter. “I was just making sure that the duds I gave you aren’t among them.”

WAITER: "A rabbit's foot in your soup, sir?" Your luck is amazing."

Girlfriend: "Then leave my stocking alone."

By CAESAR.

1			2			3	4		5
					6				
7									

		8							
	9						10		
11									
			12						
13									
			14						

## CLUES

### Across

1. Trial speeds
3. Short Exhaust
7. Used to bounce on
8. Fitted to handlebar
10. Modification (abbrev)
11. Foot fitting
12. Adjusted to peak performance
13. What is supposed to be written down and placed in the suggestion box.
14. Transverse shaft in Honda head (inits)

### Down

1. Relationship of Gear or sprocket
2. Italian scooter (pl.)
4. Engine cylinder configuration
5. Mechanical fault usually causes
6. Streamlined Fairing
9. Smooth tracks
10. Manufactured

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Sunday October 15<sup>th</sup>

## HOWATT'S LOOKOUT VIA WHITTLESEA

Seven bikes and two cars assembled at A.A. Bruce Talbot, however broke off to go back to work on Peter's Maico. We moved off at 9.25am, the long wait being due to waiting for enough people to turn up. Anyone going on runs is asked to turn up on time PLEASE.

We saw several police cars on our way out of the city, and riding was consequently sedate. Graham took a wrong turning in Swan St and had to go around a traffic island, and through a red light to get back on track. Brian tacked onto the procession in High St and Barney and Steve met us at our first stop, the East Preston tram terminus.

Along Plenty Rd to Whittlesea, the pace was quite brisk. Barney was stopped by carbie trouble, which also gave trouble at Whittlesea. We stopped at Whittlesea for a short while, before moving off.

We took two wrong turnings, before a lass in a shop directed us to a rough track, leading to a gate. Some went exploring on bikes, while Brian set up a portable bar-b-q and cooked his lunch. Kevin arrived about this time. Then most of the pedestrians climbed up the track, towards the lookout. I don't think anyone made it all the way though.

Back to Whittlesea for lunch. Much riding of other peoples bikes went on, everybody trying out everyone else's. Toorourong Reservoir next, as per itinerary. It was here that Sue and Howard were found to be missing, and they turned up about ten minutes later, TOGETHER.

One of our members wishes to know, why taxpayers cannot use parks and reserves, which they indirectly pay to maintain, to play football. Especially where no harm or inconvenience is being caused to anyone and a lot of fun is being had. A park ranger apparently knows the answer to this one, because he stopped us from doing it.

Deprived of their football, like little children deprived of their toys, club members took out their spite by fighting each other, a piggy back fight even taking place. Leapfrog too was popular.

On the way back we stopped again in Whittlesea for drinks. Coming down along Plenty Road in the fantastic weather we have been having, it was a terrific sight to see the bikes, eight or nine of them, nine line astern, evenly spaced. It makes one wonder what 25-30 bikes would look like in convoy. Pretty good I reckon!!

We dropped in on the Jennings at Preston, to say "Hullo", but did not stay long. We arrived at the bowl at 4-45 and booked trampolines for 6.30 to 7.00. We then went upstairs, to a peacefully uncrowded restaurant for tea.

During tea, Howard bought a milk shake, which clumsy Faye promptly knocked over, before he could even start drinking it. He only avoided wetting his pants, by the fact that the milk shake landed mostly in a saucer. Good shot!!, Faye. Then we had half an hour of fun on the trampolines. Even Mary had a go, although a skirt was not the best trampolining gear.

After the tramps, some of us dispersed, but some others planned to go to the drive-in, to see "A guide for the married man". On the way Peter realised he had to turn a corner, too late and the resultant swerve nearly piled Graeme's mini up into his rear. When they got there they found that some NUT! (or NUTS!) had misread the program, hence no show.

Eventually, by devious reasoning and planning, we ended up at Frankston, in a snack bar, where we had coffee and hamburgers. Then Faye, Braeme, and Greg went for a walk down towards the beach. When the others came along later, they found them hiding in the bushes. This started a game of hide-and-seek, with two teams of four. We hid in trees, bushes, under seats and behind signs and banks. Everyone was in high spirits and having a wow of a time. The finale to this was when Graeme fell out of a tree and knocked himself out. This had us in fits of laughter when he fell, but when we found he did not stir, we became worried. Fortunately he revived eventually, though I believe there were complications later. This fall dampened our spirits somewhat, so we went back to the cars.

Faye went for a ride on an elephant (Okay! Don't believe me if you don't want to), and two of us took photos in one of those little photo booths. Then we thrashed along the Nepean Highway, home.

#### N.B.

The concluding paragraph in this type of article is generally the same for each article. Therefore, see the ending of other articles in this magazine, to find out what a good time everybody had.

"Otto Schmidt"

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TAKEN FROM THE "SUN" MONDAY OCTOBER 30<sup>th</sup>

"TRAMPOLINE DEATH"

“A 50 year old train driver was killed while he was exercising on a trampoline in the backyard of his house at Cohuna 205 miles northwest of Melbourne, on Saturday. A doctor and a leading athletic coach both said last night that trampolines were very dangerous. But former Hawthorn footballer Brendan Edwards claimed that if properly used they were safe. Police said the dead man, Austin James Dobie, of Railway Av, Cohuna, fell backwards and struck the back of his neck on the trampoline’s iron frame work. Members of Bobbie’s family were present when the accident happened. He was found to be dead when a doctor arrived. The medical superintendent of the Geelong Hospital, Dr I. Brand, and a sporting coach, Mr Franz Stampfl said they considered trampolines dangerous. Dr Brand said last night that trampolines were potentially very dangerous and the game of bounce ball that was played on them was particularly so.”

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Sunday October 22<sup>nd</sup>

#### 7 ACRE ROCK VIA POWELLTOWN.

We started off at 9.45am from the assembly point, with 8 bikes and 3 cars. Barney nearly ran out of petrol, just coming out of the city. It seems that , in this case, notice was not taken of rule 12 in the road rules. We lost 3 bikes and 2 cars along the way, due to lack of corner markers, and stopping without notice being given. Lilydale was reached at 10.40, and we stopped for a while there. Bruce (Honda 50) had arrived there before us. The other bikes and cars then caught up, and finally along came P.P at 11 o’clock. Tch, Tch.

Out from Lilydale, we mislaid Malcolm and the girls. Ken’s Puch, cruising at 85(kph not mph) had plug trouble and was left by the wayside. Powelltown was our lunch stop, and some local chappie kept us in good order and made us pick up our papers. (2pts for Kevin in scootering set for janitor duties – picking up other peoples) As well as lunch we also had our usual rough and tumble.

Along the dirt tracks to 7 acre rock, and a fantastic view. Back, along a bumpier, dustier road to the highway, and on to Yarra Junction. Malcolm turned up here with the girls, having missed the turnoff to Warburton, and come via Buxton, Marysville, Warburton, back to Yarra Junction. In all about 150 miles. (Anybody got a compass or good road map they don’t want). Not content with this, he struck terror into the hearts of the girls by nearly skittling a Volkswagen.

As per tradition, back to the bowl, however with a Chinese meal instead. Then the trampolines. After this we dispersed, some to home and some to the beach for a swim.

FINISH

“ONEMONTTOGO”

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Cost of living is high in Sydney – it’s about 4 bob a bottle.

“Ken”

.....

This is really a monologue of an old German, contrasting his life with his dog’s.

You; Vos a dog. I Vish I Vas a dog. Ven you go to bed, you turn around and round and you vos in bed. Ven I go to bed I haf to vind oop da clock, out put da cat, and maybe the wife scolds then; the baby it vakes oop and I haf to valk mit him the floor round.



Ven you get oop you shust stretch da neck and shake yourself and you vos up. Ven I get oop I haf to light da fire, put da kettle on and make the vomen a coop of tea; you plya around all day and haf lots of fun. I haf to vork all day and haf lots of troubles.

Ven you dies you vos dead oready. But ven I dies I haf yet Old Nick to go too.

BY “GROWLIE”

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Sunday October 29<sup>th</sup>

IRON MINE via Ballan – Near BUNGAL

Seven bikes and three cars were at AA. These included Bruce on his ancient Maico and Bill on his 175 Jawa mini-bike. We moved off rather late, and onto the Ballarat road. Howard is not allowed to ride his motorcycle, so he went in the back of Graeme’s mini. Guess who with?

The club became a little spread out, due to the effects of the wind, and several bikes had trouble on the way to Bacchus Marsh, our first stop. Here, Bruce Kennedy arrived on his 50, and Bronwyn left hers behind, because she had a toothache. We stopped also for a while at Ballan, before setting off into the wilds to find the Iron Mine. We split into three groups, two cars, and the bikes. All of us went round and round in circles and had varying degrees of success in finding the target. Steve fell off two times, and Greg once. Bill had to pinch petrol six times, and finally broke down.

The bikes and the Toyota found each at Lal Lal, and the Mini was sighted at Bacchus Marsh. We proceeded from here in dribs and drabs to town, and then on to the Bowl. Some ate at the bowl and some at the Chinese cafe down the road. No trampolines were available so we tied each other in knots in the car park before dispersing. A rather frustrating day and a few people are going around with black looks, looking for the person who suggested the Iron Mine, and did not supply directions.

“HPLAR”

P.S. a rumour is going around, that the Captain is going to clamp down on the road rules soon, and start imposing fines. So read your road rules and don’t be caught napping.

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CROSSWORD – last months:- as you may have noticed with the last crossword, certain parts of it did not work out. Apologies are offered to anyone who was driven silly trying to solve it. This months, we hope, is better. If anyone is any good at making up crosswords using motor-cycling terms and club jargon, would they please send them in? These are worth 5 pts for “scootering set”

				K	I	C	K	S	T	A	R	T
H	O	N	D	A				U				A
E				W		V	I	Z	O	R		C
L	E	T	T	A		I		U				H
M				S	L	A	C	K				O
E				A				I		Y	U	M
T	R	A	C	K		S	I	S		A		E
	I			I		T				M		T
C	P	D				A		S	P	A	R	E
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	R		S	A	D	D	L	E	B	A	G	S
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The new Committee is as follows:

PRESIDENT.	Peter Philferan 19 Aird st. CAMBERWELL Phone 82-5420
VICE PRESIDENT.	Peter Liddelow Flat 17. 47 Yerrin St BALWYN Phone 83-8969
SECRETARY.	Graham Wallace 69 Verdon St Williamstown Phone 397-5620
ASSISTANT SEC.	Ralph Nickels 6 Hughes St Montmorency Phone 43-2533
SOCIAL SEC	Susan Ward 50A Dunstan Ave Brunswick Phone 86-9292
TREASURER	Len Shearer 216 Stewart St E. Brunswick
CLUB CAPTAIN	Greg Smith 1A Gerald St Murrumbeena Phone 56-6412
EDITORS	Greg Smith Ralph Nickels

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The Editors give thanks to, SUE WARD, for her help with the articles.

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### CHRISTMAS CAMP

This is to be to Brisbane with a short stop over at Lakes Entrance. Meeting to be held on Dec 8<sup>th</sup> to decide final details.

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