

White Horse Whispers

The Newsletter of The Motor Scooter Association of Victoria

DECEMBER 1967/JANUARY 1968

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Friday, December 1st

GENERAL MEETING – Club Hall, Rathmines St, Fairfield.

About 30 people attended this meeting, which was the last meeting of the year. Among the matters discussed were the Christmas Camp, Christmas Party, the parking duty we did at Ferny Cree, and a possible Gymkhana. The trophies for the trial were presented to the winners, Russel Mitchell and Brian Connor of the Honda Club, and to the runners-up, Steve Ward and Bruce Talbot, from our club. The raffle was drawn, and Len Shearer (he organized the raffle) won the first prize.

After business was attended to, we watched slides of club activities, and of the late John Burford. The slides were interrupted for supper, after which the meeting finished rather abruptly, dispersing in part to Kevin's place to watch "Deadly Ernest", and his show.

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Sunday December 3rd

EASTERN BEACH, GEELONG

Seven bikes and four cars assembled at the starting point, Alexandra Avenue. All the bikes started, but only two cars, Peters' and Graham's started off. Howard caught up with us along the way. The first stop was at Laverton, where we gave Bruce (Honda 50) a 5 minute start into the head wind. We caught up with him about half way to Geelong. I guess Honda 50's and headwinds just don't get on together. We also paused for a few minutes just outside Geelong. It was very noticeable how the speed of the bikes dropped when the club sighted the boys in blue at the outskirts of Geelong.

We arrived at Eastern Beach at 11.45am. Most of us bought our lunch at the Snack bar, and Kevin went for a ride on the motorcycle they had there. It was a real thrill after riding a Honda 90. Graham was the first one in the water, followed by Ken and Ralph. They swam around for a while, dived off boards, barrels, buoys and in fact anything they could. Howard and Sue sat around and watched. Bronwyn and Gordana were the next to brave the briny. Last in was Lale, about this time, some of the group went off and tried out the paddle boats.

Eventually we all grouped together around a large tree on the foreshore, where wrestling, and general rough and tumble was the order of the day. A late arrival for the run who turned up at this time was Faye, who got a lift down from town with relations in a car. We abandoned the wrestling, when two of the combatants became a little serious about, and another one had been dropped on his head – hard! We had some refreshments at the Kiosk, and then left.

Back along the Geelong road, we had a following wind and consequently a better run. Kevin has some trouble with his Honda 90, which was making funny noises (don't they all), and Peter Philferan nearly fell over backwards in his attempts to help him. We stopped to re-group at Alexandra Avenue, and then on to the bowl for tea.

CRYPTIC COMMENTS:- "Where did you get those scratches, Ken?"

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READERS PLEASE NOTE:- Because of the increased cost of typing and duplicating, taxes, and inflation this publication comes to you twice as free as it used to.
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H.G.WELLS, tells of a father and his small son spending a day on the beach. Enjoying his boy's obvious hero worship, the father pointed to the sun setting over the horizon, and said, "Going, going, gone." Wide eyed with wonder, the lad clapped his hands excitedly: "Do it again, Daddy, do it again."
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Sunday, December 10th

GEMBROOK

This run was quite a well attended one, with 11 bikes and 6 cars assembling, and all bikes, and 3 cars going. We left AA at 9.40am. One of the first incidents was John, on his Suzuki 120, having a puncture, and having to leave the bike at a garage and come on with Graham in the Mini. While we were stopped with this trouble, Brian was fined 5 cents for riding one of the Maicos, barefoot!

On the way to Emerald, some of us were held up behind some buses, and had quite a time passing them on the winding roads. We stopped at Emerald, for lunch and drinks, and then continued on to the Gembrook Hotel. This is owned by Greg's Uncle and Aunt, who were good enough to let us have the use of the swimming pool and grounds for the day. Peter L and Bruce K were already there, and Peter had already been for a dip. It was not long before everyone went in, and those who were a little reluctant to do so were thrown in. Peter Philferan arrived late (as usual). Graham nearly ran Greg's Honda into the pool, and Peter L was told off for riding Tony's NSU around it. A very friendly dog (or so we thought at the time), came sniffing around during lunch and scored quite a few tit-bits of food from the club members. Later on, though he became a little excited and tried to take a piece out of Ralph's leg. Fortunately for the dog, he did not succeed.

We left Gembrook at 4.00pm, and made our way back to the bowl, with a stop at Ferntree Gully for refreshments. At the bowl, one of the girls nearly went into the wrong toilet, tut, tut. Maybe those signs are a little hard to understand.

After tea at the bowl, we congregated in the car park. As well as the usual lairising which finishes a club run, it was here that we made an important discovery. GARL AND REIMKE ARE ENGAGED.

This article has been brought to you by your Raving er – sorry, I mean your Roving Reporter:- "S. Crewloose"

WELCOME TO:-

John Roamer, on a Suzuki 120 trail bike.
Ron Heywood, on a Kawasaki 250
John, down from N.S.W. for a visit on his Maico.

THANK YOU:- To Greg's uncle and aunt for the use of the pool, etc.

CRYPTIC COMMENTS:-

"When did you last have your sight tested, Gordana?"
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PSYCHIATRIST to voluptuous blonde patient leaving office:

“That about winds things up. Any inhibitions you have left you're going to need.”

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NEW AUSTRALIANS AT THE FOOTY

Now that me and Guiseppi we is nationalized, we should see the football which is all Australians watches. So we goes to the football ground. When we is all made into Sardines, tow mobs wearing ski jumpers come running onto the ground and run around picking up grass, also come onto the ground is the fellow what owns the ball. He is called many things by the sardines, but most he is called “YA MUG”.

Two guys called captains they go off together and have a game of two-up and when they tells Ya Mug the result he get mad and throw away the ball. The crowd she roars and yells “Kill the Mug”, so which one big bloke tells me shut my face or he’ll kill me.

The bloke with straight hair they call him Curly, kicks Ya Mugs ball at two flag poles and then the crowd roars again, a poor fella he frightened so he wave two white flags to surrender. But they keeps attacking him till goes the air raid siren and they all goes home.

As we leave I say to Guiseppi, ‘We better not bring money nest time, I hear men leaving and they say, “WE WAS ROBBED”’.

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A small boy was looking through the hole in the fence around a nudist colony. “Hey,” he said to his friend, “lots a people in there.” “Men or ladies?” his friend asked. “You can’t tell,” the replied. “They ain’t got no clothes on.”

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“Jimmy, did you put fresh water in the goldfish bowl?”
“Naww.....they didn’t drink up what I gave them yesterday.”

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BEDTIME STORY: Once upon a time two concrete mixers fell in love and got married. Now they have a little side-walk running around the house.

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OH HENRY LET’S NOT PARK HERE.
OH HENRY LET’S NOT PARK
OH HENRY LET’S NOT
OH HENRY LET’S
OH HENRY
OH

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Road Signs: Dangerous curves.
 Soft Shoulders
 Men at work
 Beware children

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CHRISTMAS TRIP – MELBOURNE to BRISBANE. 1967-1968

Members taking part were:-
PETER PHILPHERAN (PRES)

KEVIN TREVAN(AUTHOR)
FRED CARRON
DARYL WILSON
STEVE WARD
RALPH NICKELS (to Sydney)

Entries.

1. DEC. 8 – 1967: Final arrangements made for trip. Leaving Alexander Ave 5am
2. DEC 23rd: Air filter and carburettor trouble with my bike before we start. Peter comes at 6.00am and says "My alarm didn't go off". Bruce Talbot came to see us off. Just as Peter and I got going Ralph came into town to see what was keeping us. We picked up Steve at Morelands Rd and finally got going. Peter is still running in a recon engine at 45mph.
3. Arrived at Albury 12.15pm. All bikes going well including the Maico. Met Fred and Barney at the station and then had lunch.
4. Left Albury at 1.10pm. YOUR author runs out of petrol between Albury and Culcairn. Steve and I get a pint Army mug to the rescue. Arrived Wagga at 4.15pm. Left Wagga for Young at 4.30pm.
5. Last of the day. Arrived Young at 7.10pm. Ralph, Darryl and Fred had gone ahead from Wagga to get the tent up. When Steve and I got there they had Barney holding up the centre pole as if to say "Well, there it is boys." Peter had a pot of plug trouble on the way but this was soon fixed. After we got the tent up we went and had tea at 8.15pm.

Everyone is spending much over their budget as well as feeling the 370 miles we covered today (on the back end) and some have been wondering why the hell they came at all. Others are wondering what they will do if their bikes break down in the middle of nowhere. For most of today's run the country has been flat as a tack, but it is starting to brighten up a bit over the last 50 miles.

It has been suggested that we change our planned route and stick inland on the NEW ENGLAND HWY.

14. DEC. 27th: Steve and I left Brisbane early to go to Bundaberg, while the rest stayed back to let Peter get some parts for the Maico. Both Yamahas going well (naturally). Steve and I arrived at Gympie 12.30pm for lunch. Weather is fine in the high 80's.
15. Steve and I arrived Bundaberg 6.00pm I had a bit of plug trouble at Childers, but that was soon fixed. Waiting for Fred, Barney and Peter. Expecting them at 7.30pm at P.O but they had still not arrived at 11.30pm so Steve and I went to bed. (BED:- Ground sheet strung between two yammies and sleep under it.)
16. DEC 28th: Peter arrived midnight (27th) and found us in the caravan park and joined us in our blissful sleep. Fred and Barney will join us later (we think).
17. Fred and Barney arrived about 4pm after some car trouble:- blown radiator hose and rocker cover gasket. Had an air-bed buying spree today. Steve got sick of his old one going down so he went out and got the most expensive he could. I couldn't resist it so I belted into town and got one too. So now we all sleep in comfort.
19. DEC 29th: Rest day today. Good time to spend some money, which we all did, some wishing they hadn't. Took the air-beds into the Elliot River at 2pm. Shortly after, mine blew out its seams and Barney's cork popped out (popped or pulled?) and he got that sinking feeling.

20. DEC 30th: Up at 6.30am for Steve and I to get an early start back to Brisbane, while Fred, Barney and Peter follow later on.
21. Steve and I arrive Brisbane 2.00pm Left Bundaberg at 8.00am and with 1 hour lunch break we averaged 50mph.
22. DEC 31st: Fred, Barney and Peter did not arrive last night. Hoping to see them later on in the day.
23. Call from Gympie 2.00pm from Peter. Car stuck there, will not be here (Brisbane) until Wednesday. So Steve and I slept under the Ponch again for the next three days. Weather is hot, 107 degrees in Brisbane today and neither of us had any go in us today.
24. JAN 1st 1968: Nothing is happening and we have nothing to look forward to. Last two days Steve and I have been leading a dog's life:- Eat and sleep.
25. JAN 2nd: Peter came at 11.50am and we all went for a swim straight away and then to the pub for lunch, which we didn't get because the drinking age in Qld is 21. So back to chow shop.
26. Peter informs us that Barney has car trouble, (Would you believe it needs three pistons and bearings.)
27. Somebody said, "You can't stop a Maico!" Well Peter has done a good job of wrecking his electrical system.
28. JAN 3rd: Maintenance day today. Both Yamaha is for service and the Maico in for electrical repair. Called in on John Barker in the afternoon and found out that he had got sick of the heat and the mossies and had jumped on a plane on the 30th. December. Expecting Fred and Barney tonight.
29. JAN 4th: The car did not come last night. Peter is still in strife with his Maico with a suspect gen. I am leaving the main group today if the car does not show. Everyone is low on money and we just learned that Barney's car has cost him \$130.
30. JAN 5th: Steven talked me into staying one more day last night. Fred and Barney arrived last night at 6.30pm and by some strange motive we all went our separate ways. I led Fred and Barney through Brisbane and then left them to make their own way back to Melbourne. Fred went to Bangalow while Peter and Steve stayed back at Brisbane, to find the trouble with the Maico. They are meeting at Bangalow on Saturday the 6th January.
31. JAN 5th: Last night I got to Bangalow and camped the night on the side of the road. Up at dawn and on the road again. Arrived Coff's Harbour 10.15am for lunch. Left Coff's Harbour and went on to Gosford for tea. All told – 540 miles and 300 miles of that was heavy drizzly rain. Made another 30 miles that night looking for place to camp. Found a place under the new toll road and after heaving the bike over 12" high gutter and climbing up a 60" high cliff in the dark I dropped into blissful sleep with traffic buzzing 10 feet above my head.
32. JAN 6th: Got going again at dawn through more rain and got into Sydney about 8am. Went straight through to Goulburn where the rain finally stopped and I had lunch. Then went on to Albury where I arrived at 6.40pm. It took me 12 hours to cover 366 miles, an average of 35mph. Decided to keep going from Albury and got to Benalla at about 8.30pm and slept the night on the side of the road.
33. JAN 7th: On the road at dawn again to Melbourne. Arrived at 9.00 am on the button and dropping in to see the club taking off on a run.

Peter, Fred, Steve and Barney got into Melbourne on the 9th of January after a bit of trouble. They stayed in Sydney for one day and then came on and Steve got a blowout between Goulburn and Albury. The Maico was still giving trouble with a bare wire that was shorting out the battery which gave out completely 4 miles out of Tallarook and with the car chugging along at sedate 40mph, they had a fairly slow run down from Brisbane.

Travelling on the NEW ENGLAND HIGHWAY is an experience in itself. The road surface is flat and hard all the way and the country is something to see. The road goes through just about every type of terrain in Australia, from land that is flat for mile after mile to high up in the Great Dividing Range and then again to tropical jungle in Qld. Neither of the Yamaha's had aNy trouble that you could really speak of. The Maico was having to change plugs every 100 miles and then it started to have starter trouble which developed into all the strife you can think of, and what with the car giving up the ghost at Gympie, poor old Barney had a very expensive trip.

But all in all I think we all really enjoyed our little run up into the northern parts of Australia. Travelling a total of about 3,000 miles and see both sides of the Great Divide inside three weeks is a trip I don't think many people have done or will do.

KEVIN TREVAN.

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SUNDAY 24th TRIP TO ARTHUR'S SEAT VIA SAFETY BEACH

Seeing there was no official run on Sunday, some of us decided to have one. So we arranged one over the phone and Sue got her wish. Sue, Howard and Graham headed towards Arthur's Seat in the Mini. The first stop was when we sighted Peter, Sue and John the Irish all on their bikes. So after some taking and persuading we managed to talk them into going with us, so the six of us then headed off to Safety Beach our second stop where Graham asked Heather (a girl he met at the club's party) if she would like to go, so Graham and Heather and Howard and Sue went to Arthur's Seat while the rest went to the beach. Something funny happened on the Chair lift coming down. It seemed that Sue and Howard wanted some others to sit with them as they were sitting so far apart. We then headed back to Safety Beach.

When we arrived back at Safety Beach we found that Sue Beattie decided to go for a swim, but she didn't bring her bathers so she went in fully clothed. There's an old saying you can't tell a girl anything, we tried, but Sue found out the hard way, she split her slacks, sorry no measurements available. Last of all Sue lost the key to her bike, but, we believe she enjoyed herself.

Heather invited us for afternoon tea so we accepted and after that we al said thanks and our goodbyes. The 1st stop being Howard's where his mother made us all a cup of tea except for Graham who's on a milk diet. We then said goodbye and took Sue home. After leaving Sue's we had tea and preceded to Melbourne where we watched Carols by Candlelight, where who should we meet but Brian. It was good I believe, all we saw were a mass of legs and candles so Graham decided it was no good staying so we all went home after a very enjoyable night.

CRYPTIC COMMENTS.

Howard meet Sue.

Graham meet Heather

How's your tortoise "HOWARD"?

What went on in the back seat of the mini GRAHAM?

Why don't you use your bike Howard instead of your Mini?

Bit cramped in the back seat SUE?

John, why don't you get a beach buggy?

MAHARG.

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"Doctor, I'm suffering from amnesia."
"How long have you had it?"
"Had what?"
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SUNDAY DECEMBER 8th

DROMANA

A funny thing happened on this week's club run. We all decided to go to Dromana for the 2nd time in 2 weeks (I wonder why Graham). 8 bikes left Alexander Ave at about 9.50am and arrived at Safety Beach at 11.00am. We managed to lose Brice and Ron on the way. We picked up Heather and her maniac cousin Geoff and we all went off to Rosebud for lunch. We then all went to Arthur's Seat where most of the club went up in the chair lift. When they arrived at the top they found some members repairing a "macio" while the others were spying at them from the tower. After looking at the view our members decided it was time to go back down so some went back via the chair lift others by car and bike while two others Ron and Sue walked down (Where was Howard?). Then we all made our way home except for Graham, Heather, and Sue who stayed for tea, after making arrangements with the others to meet at Howards at 11.00pm and leave the bikes and go into the G.P.O. to see the beginning of the New Year. Well Ron nearly gets arrested for trying to roll a car, John tries to get a hat for Sue and Sue wouldn't kiss the Policeman. Meet Brian and told him we would meet him at Howard's. We then started to look for a taxi but after 1 ½ miles we decided to have a rest and then came along Brian so he took us back to Howard's it was then 2.00am, so we called it an evening.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

CRYPTIC COMMENTS

"What went on in the back of the MINI GRAHAM?"
"Sue, meet Howard for the tenth time,"

At the entrance of the well known maternity hospital the young father-to-be turned to his wife and asked anxiously, "Are you positive you want to go through with this?"
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Australia Day Weekend – January 27th – 29th

THREE DAY CAMP AT ALEXANDRA HALL

Sixteen people on ten bikes and in two cars left Alexandra Avenue at 7.00pm on Friday night. Darrel on his Heinkel joined up along the way, after leaving Box Hill at 9.00pm. Peter L and Ralph were the advance party. Shortly after coming into the town they were stopped by the local policeman and warned off noise making. The main group arrived at about 11.00pm, and after settling in we tried to find something to do. Kevin, Ken and Adrian went looking for a dance in the town, but had no luck. Graham played his records including a "Happy Birthday" record for Howard, who was 18 after midnight. Others played table tennis. We then had supper and retired.

Reveille was at eight, and a breakfast of Wheaties, toast, and tea was served. We left Alexandra at 10.00am, stopping for petrol on the way out. We were cruising at about 50mph, and were within 5 miles of Eildon, when Howard had a flat tyre. We all stopped but the main group moved off towards Eildon, when repairs looked like being a lengthy process. Eventually those who stayed reached Eildon. Those ahead had rented paddle boats, and in the end the club had 4 boats between

them. They were treated somewhat like dodgem cars, and one of them had the side runner split. We also raced them and towed swimmers. Graham led the flotilla around the island opposite the boat harbour, and then we gradually filtered back in to shore as our time ran out. Our stomachs were making protesting noises, so we headed back, all except Howard, Ralph, Greg and Graham, who had to mend another two punctures before getting home. We had a salad tea, and then to the flicks or the pub. Several people got ether merry or aggressive, or just plain miserable. After the pub, we settled the inebriates, had supper, and played table tennis, billiards, cards etc, until bedtime. Some hardy souls slept on the lawn.

Sunday dawned hot and sunny, and for those on the lawn, fly blown. After breakfast, some of us went down the town to meet the Wards, who had come up from Melbourne in their car. Apparently Sue can't bear to be parted from Howard. When they arrived at about 11.30 we all went back to the hall. At last we moved off towards Eildon, but found all the boats booked out. After several tries to organize a trip to Waterfall or Hatchery, we gravitated back to Eildon. Five of us managed to get one boat at 4.30, but the performance of it was pitiful. The others went back to camp. After a hot tea – frankfurters, peas, and potatoes, some of us played games or listened to records, and some went for a drive, or to the pictures. Lights out was at about half past twelve, and the lawn was again popular.

After breakfast on Monday we tidied up the hall and rooms and packed to go home. Quite a few of us and our bikes had an impromptu shave? – wash? – shampoo?, Greg had a door run into him and Ken ended up feeling rather deflated over the whole business. We broke camp close on midday. Several members were fined for breaking road rules. Howard (lucky fellow) had his tyre go down just over the Black Spur, this time though he vulcanized it. Off again and Healesville for lunch. Ralph nearly got booked for parking his bike in front of a fire plug. The home stretch was in to Box Hill, and then we dispersed. All in all a beaut weekend, everybody enjoyed it, especially Howard, who is becoming real good at puncture mending.

JOTTINGS

Who scared off Howard, and got a room to himself?

FAMOUS LAST WORDS DEPARTMENT:- Darrel “I don't think I'll have anything to drink next time.”

WANTED TO SELL:- One 2.75 – 18 tube, slightly worn, will fit Yamaha 175, or a Yamaha 180 at a pinch. This tube is worth its weight in Vulcanising patches.

WANTED TO SELL:- One tyre patching kit, to suit butyl rubber tubes. Patches stuck on with this kit will never shift. This particular kit has been exhaustively tested in the field, and has found to be a real time saver.

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There was once a man who went into at London bar and ordered a glass of sherry. When he had got it he poured the drink onto the floor, ate the top portion of the glass, put the stem back on the counter and left the bar.

“Good gracious!” remarked the barmaid to another customer standing nearby. “He must be crazy!”
“That's what I think” replied the customer, picking up the stem of the glass. “Look! He's left the best bit!”

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ELEPHANT JOKES:-

How do you kill a blue elephant? – With a blue shotgun.

How do you catch an elephant? – Hide in the grass and make a noise like a peanut.

How do you make a statue of an elephant? – Get a stone and carve away all that doesn't look like an elephant.

What is grey and white and red all over? A sunburnt elephant.

What do you find between elephant toes? – Slow running natives.

Why can't an elephant ride a bicycle? – He hasn't got a thumb to ring the bell.

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EDITORS COMMENT

If you should perchance notice that some of the club activities are not covered in this edition, you can blame only yourselves. We are editors, our job is to edit. Instead, we find ourselves writing the bulk of the articles. We, like you, have not an inexhaustible supply of time. If we do not get more articles from club members, the quality of the magazine will slowly deteriorate. So would someone else do a report on a club run or two PLEASE.

THE EDITORS ARE NOT NECESSARILY RESPONSIBLE FOR ANY OPINIONS OR IDEAS EXPRESSED IN ARTICLES IN THIS MAGAZINE.

The Editors give thanks to Kevin Trevan and Graham Wallace for helping with articles in this magazine.

Thanks also, from the club in general, for the use of the Smith's house for the Australian Day weekend camp meeting, to Mrs and Mr Smith.

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