

White Horse Whispers

The Newsletter of the Motor Scooter Association of Victoria

JULY 1968

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Sunday, April 7th

Maintenance Day, or Get your bike up to scratch for Easter Day.

About eight bikes assembled at the Bowl at ten o'clock, where they waited for some considerable length of time before proceeding to the "Pits" at Kevin's house. Several others had already arrived and another group came in shortly after. Final attendance totalled about fifteen bikes and scooters. The infamous "Puch" was conspicuous by its absence. I should have thought Puchs and Maintenance went hand in hand.

It was to be noted that Yamahas needed almost no maintenance what so ever (?) except for our host Kevin's which had a shampoo. However Frank's Suzuki needed to be reduced to a heap of unassembled parts, each part being carefully cleaned and shoved back together again. It was interesting to note the different techniques and standards adopted. Adrian for instance prefers his wheel permanently and immovably affixed to the pack rack of his Lambretta and requires that each tube should acquire a total of five patches as standard fitting. Peter L on the other hand prefers a stack of tyres and tubes roped to the Maico and feels it is also necessary to have five patches per tube, the only difference being that all five should be placed one on top of the other all over the same hole, which somehow eliminates the need for tyre valves as unnecessary accessories. Another case of varying techniques was that Peter P adopts the normal procedure of putting oil in his gearbox whereas John's Lambretta prefers its oil evenly spread over the entirety of its body. Apparently the most important part of maintenance and this excludes Yamahas, is that the baffles must be removed and the engine revved to unbearable heights. One can't help but feel this technique is terribly important to produce maximum efficiency as this practice was widely adopted and rejected only by those unfortunate enough not to have baffles on their scooters. Peter P's Maico took it upon itself to erase from existence poor unsuspecting Sue and Ken with one almighty single barrelled explosion, later defined by the technical term "Backfire", which was equal in finality and rich rumbled boom to any up to date bazooka.

Lunch consisted of fish and chips or chicken for the rich, eaten with well lubricated and blackened hands much to the annoyance of the local cat and dog. Lunch was washed down with tea or coffee kindly provided by Kevin's mum. Yet another bike developed that fagged out flat feeling in the tyre, this time Tony's N.S.U. which would persist in riding over the "compost heap" thanks to Steve. Finally after much unassembling, cleaning, fixing, servicing and overall confusion all bikes were put back together and the unclaimed parts equally shared out amongst all those present. Several of us then proceeded to Tony's place where Tony and Bruce Talbot did some expert welding to Peter P's Maico and John's Lambretta while the rest of us took an imaginary tour in the Heinkel "Bubble Car".

Later, for tea, we went to "Hoo Flung Dungs" Chinese joint, where number 53 was the popular choice. Later we disbanded with our machines in tip top condition for another day

We would like to thank Kevin's parents for having us and hope that contrary to popular belief oil and petrol are good for the lawn.

"Your Ignorant Spectator"

CRYPTIC COMMENTS

Who was the little bloke with the air of authority and knowledge that went from bike to bike enquiring in the respectful and understanding manner of a fully qualified mechanic with the comment ‘What Ya Doin Now?’ And what was he told?

Could someone please inform me what causes a “backfire”, and why a Maico tyre stays up without valves.

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A farmer who had a sick horse once stopped another farmer in the street and asked him: “I say, what was that medicine you gave to your horse when it was sick?”

The second farmer told him.

A week later the two farmers met again.

“Look here,” complained the first farmer. “You know that medicine you told me about last week? Well, I gave it to my horse and it killed it.”

“Ah, yes.” Said the second farmer. “It killed mine too.”

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The victim of a motoring accident was being questioned by the defendant’s lawyer. “Isn’t it true that at the time of the accident you said that you weren’t hurt?” “I did,” the man replied, “and I’ll tell you why. I was driving my old horse and cart along the road, when this chap comes along in his car and knocks us both into the ditch. You never saw such a mess. There was I flat on my back with my legs in the air, and there was my old horse flat on HIS back with his legs in the air. Well, this motorist stops his car and comes over to have a look at us. When he sees that my horse has a broken leg, he gets a gun from the car and shoots him. Then he turns and looks at me and says, ‘What about you? Are YOU hurt?’”

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After being run over, a pretty blonde was carried into the accident department of a hospital. “Get her name,” the doctor told a student nurse, “so that we can inform her mother.” A couple of minutes later the nurse came back. “Please sire,” she said, “She says her mother knows her name.”

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These are a few trips on the coming itinerary.

SUNDAY JULY 7th.

CAR TRIP TO MT. DONNA BUANG
Cost per member one dollar.

FRIDAY JULY 12th

Theatre Night
PLAZA – The Year 2001
Cost per member one dollar, fifty cents.

A DATE TO BE SET.

Bus trip to Mt. BULLA
Cost per member APPROX four dollars

ALL MONEY MUST BE PAID BEFORE OUTINGS.

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RESULTS FROM TEN PIN BOWLING. SAT MAY 25th.

1 st	Greg	138
2 nd	Peter P.	106
3 rd	Ruth	102 (TONY'S girlfriend)
4 th	Frank	79
5 th	Tony	71

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WONDERING by Sleepy Dawg

Ever sat outside on a moonless night and looked at the stars, and been amazed at the vastness of the Universe; and the tiny dot that our world is. It's like a grain of sand in the desert. I sometimes look at the stars and try to imagine all the different kinds of life there is out there; highly advanced civilisations and some just beginning; all with their own different problems; then I look at our own earth and our won problems. Just a dot in the ocean of time. Do you have a problem? Forget it. It is nothing. Someone once said; "I used to complain because I had no shoes, until I met a man who had no feet". I look at my problems the same way as I drive a car or a bus or ride my bike. If you have a near miss, forget about it you have nothing to worry about. If you prang, it's too late to worry about it, the damage is done. Look at things on the bright side and don't worry, let tomorrow look after itself and you will live longer.

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DEFINITION.

Optimist: A fellow who tells you to keep your chin up when everything is going his way.

WARREN.

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Did you hear about the man who crossed a chicken with a racing form and it laid odds.

Or about the guy who crossed asparagus with mustard and got hot tips?

HAVE you heard about the rich turtle who wore PEOPLE – NECK sweaters?

"My brother has a big stomach, but he says he's gonna diet."

"What colour?"

There was a full house – 150 guests – at the big, north coast holiday resort when a long standing feud between the boss and the chef came to a head.

"I'm going to replace you", the boss said. "As soon as I've got a replacement, I'll fire you on the spot".

But it was the chef who had the last word. He waited until the dining room was crowded with people finishing their dinner, then he put his head out the door and called the head waiter.

"Hey Pierre!" he yelled. "Send somebody out in a hurry to get me 150 'Get Well' cards, will you?"

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SUNDAY JUNE 2nd

About 15 bikes and 1 car left to go to Maroondah Dam. On the way we stopped at Lilydale for coffee etc, where Barney (Dirty Dawg) left his scooter and went in the car. Then onto Healesville where we were joined by Greg, John Barker and Bruce K. Had lunch at the RES. Then all had a game of Frisbee. (Don't know why they go 40m just for a game with the Frisbee)

After this we all made our way through the gardens to the bottom of the dam, climbed up a steep hill and walked over the top of the dam and back to the bikes again. Now as it was quite early, nothing to do, we all decided to go to Mt. Donna Buang and see the snow. One member on a 125 Yamaha chickened out and left his bike behind and went in the car. When we got there the big snow fight began, but nobody got very wet because of all the waterproofs they had on. Frank nearly collected a beauty as this one came from the top of the tower. (You silly fool, Steve!)

We all left after about 1 hour and stopped down the road beside a fireplace in which the fire was still burning. It was very warm and pleasant to us as it was a cold ride down from the snow. Our next stop being Warburton where we had coffee. After this stop the rain really came down, and some of us were drenched through, right to the skin, by the time we got back to Lilydale. Some members dispersed here and went home, the rest of us went to Box Hill where we finally dispersed, some went home while the rest went to the Camberwell Bowl for tea after which we had a couple of games of bowls. A very enjoyable day, except for the weather.

WELCOME TO

Greg Yamaha 305
Peter Honda 125

CRYPTIC COMMENTS

“Leave your bike behind Steve?”
“Smile your on Candid CAMERA.”

“BIG DADDY”

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On the 25th of May our President was a bit sad, because on that day he had departed from his Maico, which he had, had for 10 years, a remarkable record. As this machine was still in good condition when he sold it. During that time he had done 70,000 miles on it. Been interstate on about 5 occasions, has seized front and back wheel bearings. Broken rear springs, seized gearbox bearings and not to mention the many times he has pushed it, through the self starter not working. But amidst all these happenings he has had a lot of pleasure out of it during that period of time. He has now got a new Honda 300 DREAM.

EDITOR.

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My friend gave me a dozen bottles of whiskey but my wife told me I could not drink them and ordered me to pour them down the sink while she watched T.V. I decided to drink half of each bottle.

1. I removed the cork from the 1st bottle, drank half the contents and poured the rest down the sink drain.

2. I removed the cork from the 2nd bottle, drank half the contents and poured the rest down the sink drain.
3. I removed the cork from the 3rd bottle, drank half the contents and poured the rest down the sink drain.
4. I removed the bottle from the fourth drain, corked the contents and poured the rest down the drain.
5. I removed half down the 5th drank, corked the contents and drained half the rest down the cork.
6. I half bottled the cork and drained the rest of the contents down the removed drank 6th sink

AT THIS POINT MY WIFE CAME IN TO CHECK ON ME AND MAKE SURE I WASN'T DRINKING ANY

7. I removed the cork from the 7th bottle, drank the lot and handed the empty bottle to my astounded wife.
8. I handed the cork to my 8th wife, corked the drank drain and astounded half the bottle.
9. I bottled the 9th sink, poured the astounded cork down the drain and half removed my drank wife.
10. I astounded the pour, wifed my half drank and corked the removed drain contents 10th bottle.
11. My wife drained the 11th cork, bottle removed the astounded drank and drain sink the half contents.
12. I lasted the wife, corked half the removed the bottle the drank astounded the drain and sinked the half.

NOW MY WIFE IS SUEING ME FOR DIVORCE, BUT I AM SURE HER CASE WON'T HOLD MUCH FAVOUR WITH THE JUDGE: HER CLAIM READS:

“While under the sink and influenced by a half poured wife he didn't hit my drink with half the cork and its contents and bottled my drain..”

“DO YOU THINK SHE WILL WIN HER CASE?”

LEN

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GRAHAM: I was at Cheryl's place yesterday helping her with the housework. I did the dishes then watched her make the bed.

FRED: Where were you, under the bed?

LEN: Most probably was. I always said he was a little potty.

ANNON

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BENDIGO SAT JUNE 8th & 9th

Arrived at Barneys place at 10.00 and then left and went to Steve's picked up Steve and John Barker and took off for Bendigo. Didn't see anyone at Moonie Ponds Junction (That's where we were supposed to meet). As it was getting late we kept on going, reached Bendigo without stopping at about 1.00.

Booked into Motel. While having lunch we saw Peter scream by on his “D.T. ‘ONDA’”. We finished lunch then off into town where we found him and DINGY BELL. Headed back to the motel and Peter got lost. About 4.00 nearly everyone had arrived and booked in; while Len booked the others into a Roadhouse after which we all went into town and bought booze. Arriving back at

the motel we settled back with our grog. But the peace didn't last long, some character from a wedding party decided he couldn't wait to get inside so he used Barney's back wheel for the same purpose that a dog uses a tree.

By this time B. Had gone through most of his own grog and then started on Peters, after Peter had, had his quota (TWO POT SCREAMER) Barney wandered out with his bottle tucked under his arm into someone elses room, where some bright spark filled his glass at various times with every type of drink that was available.

By this time poor B was not feeling well, so some very helpful gents in the class took him for a walk. But in the meantime Bill and his wife Gloria arrived much to the disgust of yours truly as they done me out of a bed. They were late because Bill's bike broke down. But, never fear Bill went back and brought back one of his spares. I wish to compliment the members on their excellent behaviour on the night.

SUNDAY: Four members started the day by going to church and doing penance. While others recovered from the night before. When 4 other members arrived we tidied our rooms then we all went into Bendigo to do a tour around the city. First we went to the lookout in the centre of the city, and then went looking for old mine shafts.

Ken said he knew of an old mine with the battrys still intact. After climbing all through, some members found a few traces of GOLD and thought they were rich. We all headed for Eaglehawk where we were told that there were some old open tunnels. Some of us went on ahead to find where they were, as no one knew where they were. The rest of the group went on another little tour into the scrub where there was quite a few mullock heaps. Screaming up and down Greg very nearly found himself down a shaft. Dingy Bell, in showing how well he could handle his bike, came off second best when he broke a cable.

Meanwhile Greg was in strife again, getting his bike stuck on a tuft of grass and the others had to assist him in getting it off. The trail bikes gave a good exhibition of hill climbing, while Dingy was still fixing his cable. Everyone made their own way back to town for lunch. After lunch, we were all together again, so we all went back to Eaglehawk and found some very good shafts and tunnels. The more daring of the group crawled into some of the tunnels, and in one we found a shaft, where Kevin was lowered on a rope. It only went down about 8 – 10 feet.

Our illustrious President, Warren, Greg, Robert, and Dingy went for a burn through the scrub. What a pity no one fell off. We returned to the fire tower just above the tunnels where Bruce K left us so as to get a good head start on his Honda 50. Everyone regrouped at a milk bar for malteds, and finally headed back to Melbourne, finishing up at the den for tea. (For the ignorant, the den is the Camberwell bowl)

CRYPTIC COMMENTS

“How is your stomach, Barney?”

“Get a puncture, Greg?”

“John and Steve, why did you ride in the car? Lose your bikes?”

“I say; who was the character with our club, wearing the bow tie at tea on Saturday night?”

Written by SLEEPY DAWG
With some help from the Editors.

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SURPRISE PARTY FOR KEVIN TREVAN.

About 15 members attended this function for Kevin at the South Seas Restaurant in Collins St. Beforehand BIG DADDY had to make a confession in telling Kevin that it wasn't his birthday, it was just an excuse to get him there. Afterwards Peter presented him with a wallet on behalf of the club. Kevin then thanked the members for what they had done, also for the lovely gift from the club. He thanked especially our social sec. Susan Ward for making this evening possible.

We then proceeded in having tea, some having steak, others having chicken, while the others had fish. And I might mention that Gordana and Barney could not finish because it was bigger than the plate. Some members bought along Champagne, Marcella, Port, Sweet Cherry and beer etc to make the evening more enjoyable. And so it was, just ask Kevin he had a terrific night...HIC...HIC. Then we finished the night with a bit of dancing and a visit to our friend the CROCAGAITOR before we dispersed and went home.

Many, many thanks to dear SUE for what she did in making this a most enjoyable evening.

PRESIDENT.

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The Editors would like to thank Sue Ward for the way she organised the surprise party for Kevin Trevan.

Also we would like to thank all those that contributed articles to this magazine.

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