

White Horse Whispers

The Newsletter of the Motor Scooter Association of Victoria

MARCH 1968

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EDITORS COMMENT

A SHORT DISCOURSE ON CLUB SPIRIT (Non-Alcoholic)

We think that members should bear in mind always that they are part of a club group on runs, and not just individuals. In our actions we should always consider our fellow members. In event of breakdowns we should do all we can to help, bearing in mind that we could be the unlucky one next time. If we are made the leader of the convoy, we should select our travelling speed to suit the majority of bikes on the run. We should take care to leave corner markers for those who follow. We should not become too short tempered with the slower bikes, realizing that, in most cases they are trying their hardest to keep up.

All these points should be taken notice of if we wish to foster and maintain a strong club spirit. (About 90% proof)

RALGRE

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Friday, March 1st

GENERAL MEETING – Club Hall

About 40 odd people attended the meeting. The meeting opened about 8.30. a few members from the Vespa Club were welcomed to the meeting. The Get-You-Home-Fund was voted in almost unanimously. A future get together between our club and the Vespa Club was proposed. The members were informed of the Easter Camp. The Picture Night was postponed, and a trip up to lookout in the Dandenong's was substituted instead. Because of all the people, we ran out of milk. Keep up the good work Sue! The meeting finished at about 10.30pm.

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SAT. March 2. NIGHT TROTting AT THE SHOWGROUNDS.

I decided I'd go to the trots. (NOT the back door variety). Arrived Alex. Ave 7.05pm at the same time as Dianne who is not yet a member. At about 7.40pm, as no one else had arrived we decided to have a look at the Moomba festivities. The rides were not much good, (or they didn't look too good, because we didn't go on any of them). The hopp-la's and the side shows were just a waste of money.

The food stalls took your money for very little and one had a hell of a wait to get served:- So with a couple of bread rolls with a few lumps of cat's meat in them called "Shish Ka Bobs" we wandered over to the music bowl and sat through a delightful concert by the "M.S.O." after which a stroll along the river brought us back to the bikes and off home. In all a good night was had by everyone present.

"SLEEPY DAWG"

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The young husband wrote home from his new job, saying; “Made foreman – feather in my cap.” A few weeks later he wrote again saying, “Made manager-another feather in my cap.”

After some weeks, he wrote again, saying, ‘Fired – send money for fare.’

His wife telegraphed back: “Use feathers and fly home.’

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Bad men want women like cigarettes – slender, trim, to be selected without much thought, set aflame and when the flame was subsided, discarded.

The fastidious man wants his women to be like cigars – more expensive, better appearance, and which smoulder quietly.

The good man wants his women to be like a pipe – something he gets attached to, knocks gently but lovingly, fondles in a dreamy way and gives the greatest care and consideration.

A MAN WILL GIVE YOU CIGARETTES, OFFER YOU A CIGAR, BUT NEVER SHARES HIS PIPE.

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FOR SALE

Clutch cable for 150cc Honda, also spare tube 3.00-16
G. Smith 56 6412

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TOTAL PURPOSE OIL

APPARATUS REQUIRED:-

Several large dishes of assorted sizes, complete with handles; 60lb crude whale fat, 30lb sheet lead, 2 cases fine gravel, 16lb gluesize, 1 gallon ethyl alcohol, 2 solid plugs of liquid nitrogen, 4 pieces of selected old iron, 2 gallons copal varnish, 4 blocks of hard bronze, powdered silver nitrate in ground glass, 6 boxes of blasting gelatine, 4 gallons petroleum distillate, 21 medium size steel balls, 61oz sulphurated hydrogen and half a bucket of killed antimony; 4 pieces of lignum-vitae, (green of course), 1 carton of horses bones (very dry), 2 complete compost heaps, 6 canisters of volatile prussic acid in lime, 2 active isotopes, 4 sheets zinc plated galvanized roofing metal, 2lbs each of tungsten, glycerine, baking soda, bitter alum, raw opium see, salt, phosphorous and mercury and 8 pints of soggy kelp.

1 argon heating furnace with thermometer

1 super cooling device with thermometer

2 solid silver stirring spoons, face mask, gloves, lead apron, insurance premiums etc, etc, and I expendable assistant.

THE METHOD:

Select a large flat bottomed dish and place over the argon flame until the bottom begins to melt; throw in the whale fat, lead, fine gravel and gluesize and allow this to conglomerate at a temperature of 700deg (F) for 11.5 minutes. Pound up the liquid nitrogen with the liquid alcohol using one of the pieces of selected old iron, both as a mallet, and to ward off the expendable

assistant, who thinks that the alcohol could be put to a more beneficial use. Add this to the mixture stirring vigorously with a solid silver spoon.

Raise the temperature to 1800deg (F) and pour in the varnish; throw in the bronze – adding at the same time 2 gallons distillate. Spread out the silver nitrate in ground glass, sprinkle with opium seed and stuff this into one of the compost heaps, adding 5 or 6 dry bones; plaster the outside liberally with blasting gelatine and garnish with 10 or 12 steel balls. Leave this soaking in prussic acid for 30 minutes and then add same to the mixture, raising the temperature to 3200deg (F) – not forgetting to put on your safety glasses. After 10 minutes, chuck in the rest of the dry bones, still stirring vigorously with the expendable assistant. Throw in the isotopes and 2 folded of roofing metal; slowly add selected quantities of the sulphurated hydrogen and killed antimony until the mixture turns from a pale pink to a galloping green; add glycerine, cupful at a time when you can get under the now constant explosions that are rapidly wrecking the laboratory, add baking soda – shovel in the phosphorous and mercury while at the same time flaying the expansion; throw in the tungsten.

With the temperature constant at 3200deg (F) and the colour seething with a ramped red aura, plunge in the green lignum – vitae until the plaster peels from the walls in the next room; withdraw the lignum and throw it into a handy used lignum tin. Throw in the remaining old iron, the second compost heap (complete with 5 or 6 dry bones), and salt down well to aid bonding. The next step is to prepare the super cooling device; drop the temperature of the equipment to minus 250deg (F) and hold.

Lifting the cauldron off the argon flame, (gloves recommended here), plunge it into the super cooler so that it's temperature drops from 3200deg(F) to minus 250deg (F) in 3 seconds flat – (If it's possible to have somebody else perform this rather delicate operation, so much the better.)

On approaching the fast frosting cauldron, the first noticeable fact becomes quickly apparent that the only thing left in the same, is a great stain adhering to the pot walls; Look up! – The mixture, what is left of it, is now firmly stuck on the ceiling. Remove the mixture with an imported mixture removing tool and place in a round bottomed dish – No1, not the tool stupid, the mixture!

Its appearance at this juncture is not unlike a large mess of over fried oatmeal, granite hard and completely crystallized – still cold from the super cooling device. Allow to regain normal temperature, hosing down occasionally with water; then thoroughly dry the oil and for this, a long clothes line should be used, with the oil draped evenly on both sides; during drip-drying, it is also sound policy to beat the oil with a collapsible plastic oil beater. Sun thicken the oil for 10 hours under glass, adding powdered stannate of cobalt to the surface and then fold up neatly – no nit-wit, the to be folded, not the glass! Press with a flat iron without scorching and store in a dark place until ready for use.

The oil is now ready to be use, and the following paragraphs contain some handy information on its tested performance and the method of usage.

As stated, this is a total purpose oil; without alteration it can safely be used in a coal tankers bilge pump and in a fine aircraft fluid compass; for instance – you have a ship that needs lubricating; simple – just cut off a slab or two and chuck it down the hold. For planes, the same thing; stuff it up the tail pipe or sprinkle a bit around the cockpit – oil up the co-pilot while you're about it. With this oil, your transport problems are solved – for gearboxes, remove the filler cap and hammer a plug down into the works; to lubricate a pushbike, cut off a thin strip of oil about 4 ft long and give the bike a good thrashing. For watches – nothing easier; boil them up in it for an hour or so – you'll notice the difference.

No we haven't forgotten the man on the land; this oil can be considered a farm necessity – not only can it be used on all types of farm machinery, but it is considered to be one of the finest sheep rotting agents around; it will rot a whole sheep in seconds; thing of it – no longer will the farmer

have to wait around for a long drought to watch his stock rot; now he can watch them rot in any season and in a fraction of the time!

Its germicidal qualities are well known – prevents dandruff by not only killing the hair roots but destroying the scalp too.

Prevents travel sickness by preventing travel; 1 teaspoonful of oil before travelling and you won't be going anywhere.

Prevents colds by solidifying the lungs; eliminates sandy – blight in gold fish and cures frost bite by eliminating the frost bitten limb.

As an inhalant, it can be used successfully for destroying brain co-ordination; in smaller quantities it will powderize teeth, singe eyelashes and induce facial paralysis. It is particularly recommended to boxers; give some to your opponent.

These and hundreds of other uses constitute some of the properties of this amazing oil; from 1 to 300 SAE range, it comes in 3 handy forms –

4ft square blocks (for the factory)

6ft x 4ft x 3" slabs (for the home)

6" dia plugs 2ft long (handbag size)

All supplied in lead lined canisters;

Remember our slogan –

“THE OILYEST OIL IS AN OIL THAT'S BEEN BOILED”

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Sunday March 3rd

ROYAL PARK ZOO

About twelve members of our club went to the zoo to see their friends. As we all arrived at the gate, there was a sign which said, “NO DOGS ALLOWED”. How did you get in Barney? Then we all made our trip around the zoo. First we saw the monkeys; they looked like some of us especially John Barker. We continued on and saw elephants, goats, hippos, one let out a noise like Bruce, Excuse me! We hand fed some of the animals with bread. We got a terrible fright as they not only take the bread but nearly our hands and fingers. Don't they feed their animals? We had lunch in the zoo cafe, and then wandered around a bit more before leaving at about 3.30p. A good time was had by all.

“PETER”

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March 9th – March 11th.

This was a club run, with an ever changing number of members present. We had about 14 bikes at Alexandra Avenue on Saturday. We got going about 2.00, and went through to Bacchus Marsh, our first stop. Then on to Ballarat, and finally, Burrumbeet at about 5.30. We all paid our fees, and then set up camp under the pines, and went back to Ballarat for tea. We chose a rather expensive cafe, and the food was nothing much. Light amusement was provided during the meal, at one table, with Greg, Robert, Darrel, Ralph and Ian. Several interesting varieties on the meals were tried. Soup sops, lamb chops with tea, and tea with salt, pepper, sugar and butter – DELICIOUS!! Back to the camp. Some of us went for a ride along the beach. Ralph and Heather decided to turn this into a swim in the shallows. After this some of us played cards. After a couple of games of 500 in

the big tent, we were kicked out! – so we went into the girls tent. As little Sue and Heather were asleep, and Bronwyn was unable to be found, we were able to play for a while. After some time Bronwyn came in and politely kicked us out – as we still wanted to play cards, we took the Tilley lamp, laid back the seats in Bruce Talbot's car and continued playing. We finished playing pontoon. Ron just happened to win a box full of matches (half dead). We finally packed it in when the kero in the lamp gave out. We crawled into bed about 3am.

Notes on the evening:- Ask the bearded boy wonder (who rides something called a "PUCH", how the water situation is, as he will drink gallons of it, especially if it is marked VODKA! Cheers Ken.

SUNDAY MORNING 7am. Some twit thinks it is time to get up (or was it 6am). He reckoned on the old Scotsman saying "when I pay, everybody pays" only it wasn't a case of "paying" it was a case of "one up – everyone up". We got up and staggered out for breakfast. The ants mixed well with the peanut butter, nobody knew the difference. Bruce T's car had a flat tyre. Bruce spent 60c to find out it needed a new valve. After breakfast we went into town. The highlight of the day for some was the bicycle track, where we spent some time thrashing around. John (Lambretta) came off, and broke his kicks tart lever. Frank and Ralph had a race, Frank winning easily. Nearly all of us went in the headlight procession that night. This was a really fantastic thing. Sunday night we decided, some of us to play cards again and after a few hands of 500, we got kicked out again, so we decided to go to bed. Once in bed someone started telling funny stories and woke up Malcolm. About 2.30 we found we couldn't sleep, so we piled into Bruce's car and went for a drive into town. Back seat drivers were Barney, Bruce Higgs, Lindsay Jennings, front seat was "Robert Jelly" (in his night attire) and Ron. We found a coffee lounge open and managed to get some hamburgers and coffee. Robert had to borrow some clothes. A pair of pants that he had to hold up by keeping his hands in their pockets. We finally got back to camp and crawled into bed about 3.45. Barney is the only bloke known, who takes an hour to get into bed even in the dark. He even lost his under daks.

Monday morning about 8am Yeech!, have to crawl out for breaky. Heather finds a stray pair of socks in her sleeping bag Heather? Robert is de-tented about 10am then everything is packed away and we head for home.

"SLEEPY DAWG"

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HORSE – RIDING SUNDAY MARCH 31st

Once upon a time we went horse – riding. Left Alex Ave 10.30 late as usual, and headed off towards Springvale where we were met by John B. On his bike and Graham, Greg, Heather and Cheryl in the car (CHICKENS). Then it was off down Springvale Rd to Wells rd and from there to the riding school. There were 25 of us all together, but not all went on the horses. 21 brave people went on.

Before we even got out the gate Ron's (KAW) horse bolted and he fell off. The horse then went merrily trotting back to the stable with Ron following cursing madly. After receiving another, more tame horse, Ron caught up with us. For the first half of the journey, all we could get out of the horses was a steady slow walk, stopping every five minutes for some grass. Then afterwards the slow ones began to trot and all you could hear from the riders was OOOH...MY B...M!!! On the return journey, they all began to trot back much to our dislike, because we were very tender by this stage. One horse apparently didn't like travelling on the path and took off through a barb wire fence and so one horse and one rider bit the dust. When we arrived back we found that few others had arrived. We then went to Dandenong Bowl for lunch (Thanks to Mr Barker) where the service was fantastic there was none what so ever. (Wasn't there Kevin?). After about three hours some decided to go home while the remainder went to Frankston for doughnuts. On the way (Barney having trouble again) broke his windscreen. Met Brian on the way back from Frankston and then we all

proceeded to the Camberwell Bowl for tea. Had a game of bowls and after that some went home and the others went to Greg's place for supper.

CRYPTIC COMMENTS

"Fall off your horse Ken?"

"How's everyone's backside after the horse riding?"

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A letter from FAYE LEVEY.

W.R.A.A.C.
Georges Heights,
Mosman 2088
7/2/'68

Fully Censored.

Dear civilians,

Heaven help Australia! If you only knew what we were producing up here you'd all defect to the East. Seriously though, we're all having a tremendous time here at W.R.A.A.C. school, we work like a bunch of convicts, but can usually find something to laugh at, especially at the wrong time. There's such a great variety of subjects – like lectures, marching, lectures, marching, lectures and just for a change marching. I swear I do it in my sleep.

The other afternoon, seeing it was a mere 115 degrees, they had the heart to take us to the beach for a couple of hours. BOY, until you've travelled in the back of an army truck, you haven't lived. If I hit my head once, I did it 50 times in that dirty great tank of a thing. Usually, we travel by bus, and just yesterday, one of my roommates, Anne, managed to chat up the bus driver and they're going out on Sunday. That's what the army does to you. After seeing no men for 5 days every week, even the Padre looks like every girls dream. This week we have been having a course with the Padres, most of them are pretty stuffy, but the Catholic ones, I tell you they could teach even Greg a few new words. It's sure an education.

Yours truly is quite famous up here these days. It's "Pte Levey", swing those arms," "Pte Levey, this is not a Sunday school picnic, to quote a few. Yes they all know me. Last night I had to do extra duties, again, for locking my key in my wardrobe. I had to weed the strawberry patch, and W.R.A.A.C. school is now minis the greater part of their strawberry crop, if that's the right word.

If I sound a bit insane at the moment, believe me, this is one of my better efforts. I'm supposed to be studying for an exam tomorrow, but who wants to study. Snake bite at 10 o'clock at night. Melbourne seems a long way away, and even when we do get out, the fellows don't come within a mile of Melbourne boys. Keep up the good work in drinking, loves, and when you get drunk don't feel bad, just remember you're drinking for me too. At the moment we're having an electrical storm, and the screams from some of the girls would do justice to Deadly Ernest.

My other roommate, Annette, just said to say hi to everyone there, she'll be in Melbourne at the end of the month and I'll be sending her along to the club. And then you'll be the ones who need protection, she's a fabulous girl, and all three of us have some mighty times together. Our room looks like the after effects of hurricane Dora, and sometimes we have to organise search parties to fight our way in. Honest, I've got to sign off before they take me away. I may see you in about 3

weeks, but it will be a different person to the one you knew. You'll never say I'm quiet again. I hope you're all well and happy, all the best.

Faye.

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Sunday March 24th

MURRUNDINDI FALLS

About ten bikes and three cars left the city at 8.30. We stopped at the Preston tram terminus to meet Darrel. Steve chickened out and went in the car with Darrel. On to Whittlesea, Johnny Barker was fined for passing the convoy in a car. Just out of Whittlesea, Greg's Yamaha had a puncture. (I seem to remember something about a Yamaha having a puncture up near Eildon - must be puncture prone). This delayed him and a few others for a couple of hours. The others proceeded on to Kinglake, and after waiting there for about an hour, we proceeded on. We arrived eventually at a timber camp, after traversing several rough tracks from here we went on to Wilhelmenia Falls. Some of us rode our bikes up the track, partway to the falls, until stopped by a log. At the falls, a few adventurous (and surefooted) souls climbed to the top. After looking at these falls, we went on about eight miles further up the track to look at Murrundindi Falls. These were more comprehensive than the others, but less spectacular. To get to a bitumen road, we had to go twelve miles down a rough gravel track. John, on his Lambretta, fell off, so did his pillion passenger, Mary-Ann. We eventually got to a bitumen road, and went on into Healesville. We arrived there about 5pm and head LUNCH!! We left Healesville, and went back to the Chinese cafe for tea. We met up with the others on the way when Bill ran out of petrol.

Meanwhile, the others, after 2 ½ hours, fixed the puncture, and continued on to Kinglake where we thought we would find the others, but no such luck! They had already left. We then proceeded on to Yea, where we had lunch of fish and chips in the park. Apparently Barney and some of the others didn't like their fish and decided to throw it at one another. By the time we finished our lunch it was 2.30 so we decided to continue on towards the falls. After going for some time on a dirt road we came to someone's property, so in we all went. It had a large sign on a tree, saying "please shut the gate, cattle inside". The gate was locked, but the road went to the side of it, so you didn't have to open it anyway. We went up to the farm and asked if any motorcycles had been through here. The farmer said they had, and directed us to Murrundindi Falls, which was back the way we had come. We finally got on the right road, where we met Bruce Kennedy, who was on his way home. He said the others had just left the falls and were going on to some other falls, we madly chased after them. We finally caught up with them about 4 miles out of Healesville.

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"Who says I don't do my exercises regularly in the mornings?" demands an indignant Jackie Gleason. "Immediately after awaking I always say sternly to myself, 'Ready, now. Up. Down. Up. Down' and after three strenuous minutes I tell myself, 'Okay, boy. Now we'll try the other eyelid.'"

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The Editors wish to thank the following people for contributing articles to this magazine:-

Pte Faye Levey, Sue Ward – we lost her article
Ron Harris, Peter Philferan.

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