

White Horse Whispers

The Newsletter of the Motor Scooter and Cycle Association of Victoria

FEBRUARY 1969

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EDITORIAL...

The more discerning will note that this magazine is rather thin. This is due entirely to lack of club interest, in other words, get writing members, or you soon mightn't have a magazine at all!

This last edition is due to the efforts of a chosen few. Apart from those who managed to send in articles, we are indebted to Dot and Barbara for typing, and Ken T who did all the artwork himself for the title page.

Thanks also to the Tregonings, who patiently put up with the printing factory.

EDITORS

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ICE SKATING 18th January, 1969

At 7.00pm there were 8 members ready to try their luck at ice-skating. Four members riding bikes and two who had come by public transport were quite relieved when Ron Harris came in his car. We arrived at St Moritz early and watched some of the girls practising their dancing steps. When 8 o'clock came we started off bravely onto the rink with the exception of Vic who was quite content to watch.

Colleen, Carmel and Dave F soon found their skating feet but Robert J who had good fun trying. He fell over a few times but got up and kept going. Ron Harris didn't do too badly until his poor feet started hurting and he sat down. Meanwhile, Luke who had never been skating before, was quickly making his way around the rink by use of the rail at the rate of approximately one circuit per half hour. He must have gone around at least twice.

We met a boy there who said he had a brand new 650cc Honda. I have never seen one of these machines myself, but I am quite sure everybody else must have.

After the fast skating and dancing we left and went to Luna Park. We had rides on the Big Dipper, Dodgem Cars, Rotar, River Caves, and we also went through the Giggle Palace where Robert J, Vic, Luke and Ron had about a dozen turns each down the slide – Dave gave up after a few turns. Also there were some rather peculiar sights walking around Luna Park especially the fella (?) wearing a white shirt, pink flared pants, and pink shoes. A good night was had by all and we went to Colleen's place for coffee and biscuits afterwards.

COMMENTS

BIG DIPPER: Watch out for that first hill, she's a luluuuuuuuu

ROTAR: Do you always walk down walls Colleen? Who got the biggest fright when the floor fell away for a couple of yards instead of inches Luke?

GIGGLE PALACE: What's it like going down a bumpy slide on your stomach boys?

RIVER CAVES: Why do the boats always get stuck in the last dark tunnel?

SKATING: Is it always necessary to grab hold of girls when you are falling Dave and Rob?

Honda 650cc No doubt everyone has seen one of these.

By CARMEL J. BELL.

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MAINTENANCE DAY:- Sunday 9th 1969

Approximately nine bikes turned up at Alexandra Avenue and we set off for Tony James's place. There was a new prospect along, named Nick, riding a 250 Suzuki. We didn't have much trouble getting there, except for Bruce Kennedy taking a wrong turn and getting the last half of us lost down a one way street, and when we finally arrived there were already some bikes waiting.

The main problem for the day was Ian's Bridgestone (Bentstone) which was taken to quite a few pieces and very cleverly put back together by Frank Tapp completely – to – front. Most of the members had only a few things to do to their bikes and then busily washed and polished them. Mrs James provided some morning tea which was well appreciated.

After everyone had, had lunch and the bikes were put back together, we set off for a swim. Nick had Colleen on the back of his Suzy, and when we were leaving a service station, something went wrong and the bike got caught in a rut in the road and went over. Colleen caught her foot under the wheel but was otherwise unhurt, and Nick was alright. Then Colleen continued the journey in the Presidential car as her foot was bleeding and beginning to swell.

We were supposed to be going swimming in the Warrandyte River but everybody got mixed up and there were people going in all different directions. While one lot was waiting for everyone to catch up, someone else came up and said the others were back further and already swimming. Eventually, after a lot of running around, we ended up at Pound's bend, part of the Warrandyte River. The Ranger at the entrance was quite nice and let all the bikes in for 40 cents, instead of 20 cents each.

Soon nearly everyone was in the water and splashing madly about. The water was nice and cool, but the rocks on the bottom of the river were quite sharp and most of us ended up with small cuts on our feet. Robert Jellet liked the look of the water but he hadn't brought his bathers with him, but this was no problem as he preferred to swim fully clothed anyway. After a while P.P got a type of soccer ball from his car and everyone divided into two teams and had a game of "Keepins Off".

Later on we decided it was time to go and we started to get ready. While we were standing around waiting for the slow ones, a Police van came over to us and the Police asked us what club we were. We told them M.S.C.A.V. and they said they had heard of us. They thought we might have been the OUTLAWS or some other mob.

Eventually we got going again and headed for Heidelberg to buy some fish and chips, etc, for tea to eat at Frank's place. After we had eaten he showed us some of his latest movie films: Cape Schanck, and the antics of some members at the Shepparton Pool, particularly Ron Harris, plus some of Min's Party that we hadn't seen.

After the show we went to Black Rock beach. A few game ones were diving form the pier, but others were quite content to walk along the pier and the beach. Later we all went. We had a good day and I think everyone enjoyed themselves.

By CARMEL J BELL.

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In Holland a tulip farmer is called a flower plower....

How do you make a cucumber laugh – just tickle a pickle....

Misery is getting a speeding ticket on the way to a traffic court.....

If simple Simon had a pimple, it would be a simple pimple....

Ever heard the expression “Clean as a Whistle?” We have a dirty whistle!!

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TRIP TO ADELAIDE

Six members left for the Southern Cross Rally on Friday night at 8.30pm. Betty and Jim on their bikes and Big Daddy on his 450cc Honda and a car driven by their Excellencies, Laury and Gordana with Bruce helping out.

On arriving near Ballarat, we were suddenly greeted by a heavy storm which took us all by surprise, especially the bikeys. Fortunately for us it passed over after a while, and continuing along we eventually made Ararat, which was our first stop. We refilled and had a light snack – coffee and cakes provided by Gordana then we continued on until we reached Horsham where Peter gave his 450 to Laury for a cruise (easy boy) and Big Daddy got into the car for a snooze. With Bruce at the wheel we reached Nhill where he in turn took over from Laury on the bike. During this next stretch the rain came tumbling down, along with thunder and lightning. Stopping at Border Town for a while we had a break from the weather which was pretty bad. It was here we met up with members from another club, who all had BMW's. So we had a few extra bikes with us until we got near Adelaide.

Then this extraordinary thing happened. Jim, Betty and Peter were going along at steady speed about 9 miles before Talem Bend, when we came across a BMW again. As we passed him, he called out “Could you stay with me for a while, as I think I'm pretty low on petrol. We kept with him for about 2 miles before his machine gave out, tank completely dry. Luckily for him, our Vice President came to the rescue with 4 containers full of petrol in Betty's sidecar as spare. While disposing of one of these, another BMW appeared 100 yards behind us, being pushed – same old story, out of gas. So Jim got rid of another container. After this we managed to arrive at Talem Bend, where we all had breakfast. You couldn't complain about the service – there wasn't any. The meals were cheap too – 75c for bacon and eggs that you could hardly see on the plate. It was here that we met up with Greg and Julie. After finishing breakfast we headed for Mt. Barker. On the way, we met Bruce Kennedy heading back the other way – going back to Melbourne, I believe. Then nearing Mt Barker, we were met by Warren and Ron, who escorted us to the rallying point.

Good trip, except for the bad weather.

Your devoted President.

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PARTY 21 AT BRUCE HIGGS

We arrived at about 8pm, greeted by an early arrival would you believe Warren, staggering towards us. Naturally the bartender was Ron Harris “hic” draining a niner. A total of nineteen gallons of booze was consumed by the well wishers. Umpteen gorgeous girls attended – unfortunately, most of the boys were too shy to ask them for a dance, so naturally they left in disgust – the girls, not the boys.

Mrs Tapp, Colleen, Dorothy, Barbara, Valerie, Bronwyn, Sharon, Julie etc and the boys – Paul, Peter P and G, Robert, Chris, Andrew and many more from the Whitehorse Club attended. We had dancing music, beer, wines, girls, snacks and everything to make the party go just right. And it sure did. A good time was had by all.

Best wishes, Bruce, from those who couldn't make it and thanks for the invitation, anyway. Finally, bug – eyed and tired, more like exhausted; we headed, struggled, staggered, shoved, groped, pushed and pulled our way home.

CRYPTIC COMMENTS

KEN: What's in this drink?
RON: Run out of beer!
PETER: Who was that lady I saw you with?
 Answer: That was no lady – that was my wife!
P.G: Run out of smokes or dessert on account of completion.
SHARON: The black – eyed Suzy.
PETER P: That was a long few words; the applause was for the end of it.

Mistakes and errors by
KEN TREGONING.

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MORNINGTON TRIP

Upon arrival at Mornington on Sunday the 2nd of February, (after the great party at Bruce's) I staggered over to the bunch which included Big Daddy, Peter, Warren and other assorted nuts. Several members decided to go spear fishing and skindiving, but the men with spear guns ended up empty handed.

Bruce Kennedy hired out a deck chair along with Mrs Tapp and Robert Jellet (who must be getting old). A brawl developed prior to leaving, between the juniors of the club: Ralphy, Kenny, Ronnie D, and Johnny B, acting themselves as usual. Ralph was being stoned by small pinecones thrown by the other three. The finale was when Ralph ran away up a hill behind us; Ron D and John B, pursuing madly. Big Daddy then said that we had better push off, as some of the members remarked that they would prefer to go to Davies Bay.

Warren asked Kurt to lead the club around to the Bay. After a slight delay, because of a lost ignition key for Kurt's bike, we were ready to go. But, in the confusion Kurt was backing his bike, and trying to miss Greg Smith's bike when he hooked his crash bar onto Ron Harris's bumper. It took a few additional hands to pull the bike free. (Seems Kurt had not recovered from the party).

After leading the bunch to Davies Bay, Kurt, Ken and Colleen went diving again. On this beach, Big Daddy decided to have a rest right amongst a pile of empty beer cans. Several comical comments were made about the scene, but all in true fun. Ha! Again the spear fishermen came back empty handed, except for Ken who bagged a fish (star – fish). Warren was quite rapt in a pneumatic spear gun which had quite a bit of kick (about the same as the exhaust blast from his 650)

The run split up at Frankston where some members took Wells Rd, while others went along the Highway.

CRYPTIC COMMENTS

Wot, no fish? Again!!
Get it back on time, Bruce?
Ralph – How was the climb?

Have an engagement, Kurt?
Are starfish good to eat?
Wasn't the booze at the party enough, Peter?

Courtesy of Kurt.

