

## White Horse Whispers

*The Newsletter of the Motor Scooter and Cycle Association of Victoria*

**OCTOBER 1969**

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2<sup>nd</sup> Day Trial This.....YEAR

7/9/69

On our arrival at Kingsbridge car park I found to my surprise that the organizers numbered more than competitors 3 – 1

The competitors were Garry (Yamaha 250), Bruce K (Honda 125), Ralph (Honda), Carmel (Honda 175), Jim and Betty (Mazda), Steve J (Holden) and myself (Kwaka 65)...(Sorry Warren; It should read Kwaka 65...ED)

Jim and Betty were first off and that was the last we seen of them for a while, Carmel and I were off next. We burned off up Spencer, screamed up Lonsdale to Elizabeth St; did you know that there were 18 park boys for motorbikes on that corner? Well you do now. The card instructed us to go to a major traffic lights and turn at the tram lines, but it didn't work like that, so Carmel and I went into t cuddle, (no, HUDDLE I mean). We went back down to Lonsdale Street, where Bruce K, executed a neat left turn into Nicholson St. Ralph by the way was still on his way trying to catch Bruce. After a tour of Lonsdale St, Carmel in her ladylike manner told me that the right way out of town was down Nicholson St. What was Garry doing upon the footpath? As we proceeded down Nicholson Street found Bruce behind us as well as Ralph coming out from behind the hospital. What were you trying to do there? Con off a nurse or something, or at least trying to.

The clue to the turn off was a big bill board (possibly a lanky, tall feller by the name of William?) so with me trying to keep up with the 175 (typical Kawa...ED) and Bruce's Honda keeping up with me we found this sign ironically a Malt Ale sign, got a thirst up just looking at it (that's nothing new to us Warren...ED). A right turn into Arthurton Road and on our way again. At the light at St Georges Rd Carmel did a beaut in front of No 47, just for her mum, airborne over the crossing and with her centre stand scraping a neat left hander into High street. A very easy run down High Street and Plenty Rd to the tram terminus.

The baker sells Kool cigarettes in case you smoke that brand. Down thru Tyler St to High St and out thru Reservoir to the Bo stick Factory, where believe it or not there are 20 uprights on the north side of the sign. Gerry pulled up not long after us to join us in "No Standing Anytime" sign. Bruce T docked us a few million points for this offence.

Once again on our way, Gerry left us for dead as we could not see through the smoke screen for 6 intoxicating miles, to a billboard for Clifton Hill bricks. But the sign says 3 miles to go to the place, so the better half of my team says 3+3=9, "she hopes. The left turn at Woodstock was easy to find. Just out of Donnybrook, is a small bluestone bridge, where our brave treasurer was laying having a snooze (just like at all the club meetings). Over the Hume the 175 peaked at 120000rpm while the 65 at 3000rpm while the 125 was at a cool 000000rpm. Gerry could be seen miles ahead, he should turn his oil down a bit old boy. a left turn at the "T" junction and on our way to Mickleham, The postcode here was 30641 think, see Len, he knows.

On, on, on and on forever, Carmel and me and shadow Bruce, wish I could have lost him. Yaroke consists of a few homes and most important of all a small green shed, a right turn at the shed and up the hill we went. On to the "T" junction (a lot of these but no tea at them). Where we had to count the RACV signs, I think here Jim over did it a little, we had to count the one on his car window. Right turn to the dirt, and off we go again, down to the Maribyrnong River (Warren don't know how to spell it either.. ED). To our delight we found Gerry here, and he informed us that his

Yamaha threw him a number of times at the river, THAT'S what he told us, so while I looked around for names, my old team mate had a gander at all the dirty jokes. So on we went to the next tea junction, oh sorry, "T" junction. A good old left turn and off into a cloud of dust. Now down this road was nice big sheep and from the rear one could not tell Carmel from the sheep or the sheep from the Carmel. I took the lead and gave it (the sheep I hope) a blast on my air horns. After crossing Bolinda Creek at the main road to Lancefield, I do not know what Gerry was doing coming back from Lancefield, must know somebody there. The rest of us found the remainder of the 1<sup>st</sup> section simple arithmetic to Sunbury.

NOW FOR THE NEXT HIT.

## SECTION 2.

Howard, bless his soul, (Yamaha) was there to give us our next card and send us on our way. Out over the railway "X" and off in the general direction of the Calder Highway. I did not know what Gerry was doing going the other way, he must have lost his (well I just won't say). Out on the Highway Carmel had a few nice words to say to a bloke in his Holden, and as I passed him I said a few &^%\$\$\$)\*& more.

About two miles out of Gisborne, there was a slight accident but lucky nobody was hurt. Into the big city of Gisborne and up to the pub. The pub was closed, so we did a left turn and followed the white line as per card. Now just out of this TRIVING city it started to hail, this slowed us down a lot, but Gerry passed us soon after the storm and we soon lost sight of him. The miles went by under our wheels and soon we arrived at Melton, to again be united with Gerry. Now Gerry had a long face because he was well and truly LOST. A pow wow on a street corner did not clear the situation, just &^\$###@%^ it up more. We had to go to an Ampol Service Station of which there was 1 but not the right one. Gerry was also positive that he saw Bruce going off towards Melbourne so therefore we waved a fond farewell to Bruce. Another 3 power conference was called and Gerry elected to go to Rockbank to see what he could find. We had our eats and while doing so we opened our panic envelope as our time was going fast. When Gerry returned he was told of the destination and after he had a bite to eat we took off towards Bacchus Marsh. At Bacchus Marsh the Presidential bomb was sighted near a cafe next to the AMPOL service station (We lost that section, Carmel).

## Section 3

The horror one, or wind, rain and dirt one, to say nothing of the card, which was 18" long 4" wide and ½" thick. Big Daddy, Din-a-ling and Sue were in attendance at this bloody place. We were informed that Bruce K had been through there 90 minutes earlier before us.

While CJB gave the 175 a sniff of an oily rag, I had a look at this card "BANK" but it seemed straight forward and easy. Turn off towards Ballarat and left at Grant St out past the swimming pool, and over the rail crossing and off to the right and up a hill, like a rat up a drain. Back to the dirt and mud much to Carmel's delight, she had a ball on this section. After several miles of dirt we came out at still another "T" junction where the plank says right, so right we went (Rightly so..ED)

## Page 4 Day Trial

Back over the rail crossing again into the Burney Board factory where the speed limit is 15mph on the factory grounds. We were back on sealed road and also the old "T" junction with a couple of little signs around it with EP x and FS marked on them. What do they mean Len?

Carmel shot through to the left and speed, gee you should have seen her how she can move the 175. She stopped a few miles further down the road to put on her scarf and another jumper. Gerry again smoked past us into the distance. On the move once more and still on sealed roads but with a terrible crosswind. I don't know what sort of plonk Carmel drinks but her eyes must really have

been affected by it as there was a sign of which we had to get the colours of, and it really wasn't large at all. The sign was like a rainbow with all the colours in the world but we got them all. Up, up, up and away or back on the good old dirt road, good dirt too, nice and smooth. Speedy here almost dropped the Honda when she looked down on her speedo SHOWING XX? Mph, which she thought was a bit too much for a dirt road. Well it was back to the old "T" junction where the plank told us to go to the right so we go off to the left and off we went down the hill. Len did you put up that sign? This road was sealed but after crossing the Geelong Bacchus Marsh road it was back to dirt. It did not take us long to find another "T", as there seemed to be a lot of them around. Robert Jellett would not have liked this trial as it (Triumph) would have really got muddy on that bit of road. Another "T" and the lump of wood said to go left. But just a minute, that big sign there, what does it say, why it says GO-MO-CO, in short, Ford Motor Company. I had a hell of a job trying to stop Carmel from going on a burn around the test track, silly girl. Plank says to go left so off to the right we went. Still on dirt road but it gave way to a good sealed road. Five miles down the road we came to a Y junction. (Seems like Len was slipping there...ed) Here we met Steve in his white Holden....But he left the Marsh before us, how come now he is after us, looks like he got lost. Right ways the plank, so right we went, down to Lara.

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Yea Man.

This run was a combined tour of the Northern Motorcycle Club and the M.S.C.A.V. It started at the car park with Vic, Warren, Robert K, Johnny Barker, Howard and Kurt. Kurt immediately confiscated Vic's bike and stuck Vic on the pillion seat. The run proceeded without a hitch until we reached Broadford where we stopped for a feed. Here it was noted that 600cc Panther singles do not start easily even on a push start, downhill and with Warren, owner and his pillion all pushing. We turned off the Hume at Tallarook towards Yea.

On arriving at Yea, a police officer directed us to go down the wrong side of the road. You should have seen all the RED faces. We stopped here for a feed and had a talk with Jim and family who had been waiting there for us. We also were able to witness the historic bike races from Yea to Flowerdale, and because of these races we changed our return trip back through Mt Slice to Yarra Glen. Coming across Mt Slide we were involved in a hail storm and had to speed up due to the road being covered in 3" of ice. At Yarra Glen we stopped at a small place where it was the first time many of us had "Crappe Susett" (All right....I know its spelt wrong)

We dished off quite a few pancakes while waiting for the likes of Kennedy Howard, and the oily Panther (it used to be pink, I think). As the lost mob showed no more signs of arriving we were forced to move on and on and on. This part of the journey was ill fated as we even got out of town a fellow cyclist lost his plug cap, poor chap. WE (Vic and I) stopped to help him look for it and eventually found it. While founding the rest of the club's tracks, we came across a car, bent up bike and a few worried onlookers. One of the N MCC's Members had come adrift, scattering himself and his passenger along a dirt road, because the car behind him was too close and caused him to go into the corner much too fast. Our Sympathies Mate. Further along this road I folded up Vick's plug and this put us behind once again. From here on Vic took the bike until we reached Eltham where we noticed R K's new 650 Kawa on the wrong side of the road, Robert sitting on the road behind it. It very much looked like he had broken his wrist, which sort of put a nasty finish to the run. We split up at Eltham and Vic too R. K's bike while I took R.K home. Apart from the lost bikes, and injuries and bent machinery everyone had a good chilly day.

Kurt.

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"Am I the only sailor you have ever been out with?" the navy man asked the GOOD looking red-head. "Of course", she answered.

"Well where shall we meet tomorrow?" asked the sailor.

"Starboard side of the quay, eight bells, forenoon watch," said the red-head.

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Ida: "I hear that you've accepted him. Did he happen to mention that he'd proposed to me?"  
Ina: "Not specifically. He did say that he had done a lot of foolish things before he met me."

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Lady managing a boarding house for university students one day received a letter from the mother of one of the new boys.  
"Please keep an eye on Harold for me", the mother begged. "See that he gets plenty of sleep and doesn't run around too much. You see," she added, "this is the first time he has been away from home, - EXCEPT FOR TWO YEARS IN THE NAVY."

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But here's the best joke of all.

"EVERYONE HAD A RIPPER OF A TIME AT THE LIDO."  
DOESN'T THAT WANT TO MAKE YOU LAUGH. ALL RIGHT THEN CRY?

With thanks to Len for going to all the trouble of arranging a very interesting tour of the Truth offices and the rest of Southdown printers. I think everyone found it knowledgeable and very worthwhile going. As for the LIDO, HAH. As a patron (unknown) of this MORGUE said quote "THIS PLACE IS PATHETIC" and everyone applauded him with due respect for speaking out.

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