

## White Horse Whispers

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

**APRIL 1970**

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### EDITORIAL

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Hi again. Gee, time sure flies – April already. Won't be long before we're all freezing to death on the way to work on those cold, frosty mornings. Sshh! Mustn't think about things like that. You will see that we have two adds in the magazine now. Pretty good, eh? We may have a couple more next month. As Kurt said, it's all in the asking.

Don't forget the Pen Pal Club – let us know if you're interested.

Let it be publicly known that the Editors apologize to Bruce Higgs for misrepresenting him on the Lorne run by saying he had a .125 Honda, while in actual fact he has a 0.250cc Honda. In any case, Bruce H was not on the Lorne run, whereas Bruce "K" was.

Lyn and Kurt.

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### SHADOW

The darkness inside the garage disappeared when the doors opened.

Astride his machine, he pushed it off the main stand and walked it into the cool dawn. He freed the clutch and put his full weight on the kick – start. Even with his one hundred and forty pounds, the ten-to-one pistons held the force of his weight. He jerked down and the engine sprang into life. The Dunstalls let out a roar as he revved the engine and adjusted the choke. Pulling on helmet and gloves, he twisted his head and could smell burnt methanol. With the choke off, the engine span freely at idle revs. He sat waiting....

A late model European sports coupe passed and he engaged first. In an instant he shot the revs to five thousand and dropped the clutch. As he left the drive in a tight bank the cam came in and the revs tore wildly to ten, eleven, and twelve thousand. The engine note changed from a scream to a deafening roar when he shifted to second with the skill of a professional. Again and again the revs climbed furiously. Fourth, fifth, sixth.

Ahead, the sports seemed to be reversing as he came closer, dropping into fifth to pass. He could hear the pulsing of the exhaust note and the car changed down, its driver accepting the challenge. The rider dropped into fourth and the machine leapt ahead.

A left bend was approaching fast and as he took it, banked almost to the fairing, the horizon swept in from the top of his field of vision. Behind, a squeal of rubber as his pursuer took the bend on two wheels. The tachometer was showing ten thousand in fifth and the car loomed bigger in the mirror.

With his opponent almost beside him, he crouched even lower behind the fairing, but the car drew level. Instantaneously, both changed to a lower gear and in a split second, the rider was ahead again. The dotted line, inches below his right foot, streamed behind like a white ribbon.

His thoughts were oblivious to everything but the engine speed and the car behind. But gradually, his mind filled with uncertainty. He thought of the tyres – were they the right pressure? Would the brakes stop him in time if he needed them?

He glanced in the mirror and the coupe was gone...

The road was clear for as far as he could see in either direction and he rode on into the morning, racing his shadow.

Tim Moresby.

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## MOOMBA

For those who didn't go to Moomba this year, you didn't miss much. At this particular time of the year when everyone is supposed to get together and have fun, the word "fun" seems to be the most overrated word in the Melbournian language. At Moomba, "fun" is wandering around Alexandra Gardens amid a hoard of ignorant people who roam about like women drivers; getting pushed, shoved, kicked and trodden on; getting taken for every cent you are fool enough to spend, like being sold jam donuts without any jam; and forever tripping over soft drink cans which people nonchalantly drop on the ground.

However, I guess fun is really what you make it. There were plenty of rides and things like that if you felt like waiting in the queues for half an hour. Other amusements to be found in the Alexandra Gardens were water skiing, a dog obedience demonstration, a Navy display caravan, wood chopping, a cat championship, a children's opera, a popular music concert, a folk singing concert and a highland dancing competition, among others.

There were also highlights to Moomba such as the Queen of the Pacific Quest, which was won by New Zealand girl, Deidre Bruton, The Harlem Globetrotters, and the Motor Show, displaying such beautiful and desirable cars as Alfa Romeo, Lotus and Lamborghini. The luxurious Honda 4 was the star of the motor bike displays.

The parade this year wasn't as good as usual. The large number of beautiful and cleverly decorated floats as in past parades, was cut down by entries such as a cavalcade of personalities in cars from the MG and Vintage Car Clubs. These were the Queen of the Pacific entrants, Tiny Tim, who was blowing everyone dear little kisses, representatives from all the League football clubs, and TV and radio personalities from Chanel 9 and 3AK. There was also the 3UZ beach buggy tagging along. Another cavalcade of stars in cars was made up of famous athletic and sporting personalities like Herb Elliot, Ron Clarke and Charlie Green from America, followed by representatives on foot of practically every sport you could think of, in a bid to have the 1974 Commonwealth Games brought to Australia.

Other points which made the parade seem less interesting, to me, anyway, were the large number of Bands, all playing different marches. There would have been well over 20 – more like 30 of them. At least there didn't seem to be as many marching girls as usual. There were also numerous little groups of dancers from the Olive Wallace and May Downs Schools of Dancing – obviously a bit of advertising.

Even some of the floats were commercialised. For instance, the one from Colonel Sanders with his Kentucky Fried Chickens dressed in yellow bikinis.



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### EASTER TRIP – BY PETER SANDERS

Yours truly, along with passengers, John and Marcelle, faring the bitter chill of Good Friday morning, decided to leave somewhat later than the club via Flowerdale, Yea, Bonnie Doon and Benalla. This is a fairly good road, although tending to be a trifle narrow in places and having a couple of sections of rough, winding dirt road and a mile or so of road works. We arrived at Wangaratta in perfect weather just in time to catch the club run (such as it was) about to leave. After sampling some malteds we pressed on past Vic nursing his ailing Suzuki (4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> gears non-existent and engine emitting expensive noises) to Myrtleford where we passed the club refuelling.

On arriving at the Riverview camping ground at Porepunkah, we were pleasantly surprised to find the majority of the club already there. So we picked our site and pitched our tent, helped by one or two members who were quite ready to speed up the process with pithy suggestions and tickling wit. The rest of the afternoon and evening was spent settling in and squatting around campfires, trying to stay awake until a reasonable hour to go to bed.

We leapt out of bed Saturday morning, bright eyed and bushy tailed at the crack of dawn (9am). About 10am the club set off to have a butchers at the Beechworth Museum. I am told (though it's probably a rumour) that little Lyndy's bike only just made it up some of dem hills with friend Peter aboard.

Back at camp some bright nit suggested a game of tippety-run (cricket to you) and was duly rewarded with a couple of wickets on the road and an anaemic piece of deal to use as a bat as he valiantly tried to defend himself against a bloke who kept throwing a tennis ball at him. At this point Bernie, who had arrived from Omeo, proceeded to demonstrate a unique and effective technique of bowling. He would begin with a peculiar loping run up of about half a mile and would bowl the ball at a fantastic speed – straight up! However, this is not classed as a wide, as Bernie would stand in for the ball, i.e. he would follow through and roll himself down the pitch to clean – bowl an undefended wicket, since the batsman would by this time be overcome by a form of gastro-humoritis. However, Bernie later proved himself a rather poor sport since, as wicket keeper, he was able to induce such an acute attack of gastro-humoritis that the bats man was unable to lift the bat, let alone hit the ball. I mean, it's just not cricket!

Rain finally broke up the game and induced most of the campers to build the makings of a moat around their tents. The camp slept most of that night with the sound of rain on their tents, but awoke Sunday to a clearing sky and Kurt Mueller returning from Qld. However, one cloud did darken the horizon. The news that Sue's mother was sick. So Graham and Sue left immediately, leaving their gear for Mr. Ward is on the mend but it will be about a month before she is completely fit again.

After breakky the club set off along the local Isle of Man Course replica, the road to Buffalo. Upon arriving we braved the dangers of slimy, trodden trails and stairs to the lookout. But our exertions were not without reward, for when we had battled our way to this isolated eerie through crowds of tourists and camera bugs we saw a sight that clutched at our hearts – all the wild magnificence of an approaching rainstorm, so scuttled back down to camp. The rest of the afternoon most of us sat around, while a hardy few attended the car races at Myrtleford.

Next morning, those who had not left the previous evening, packed up and left at various times and by various routes. The Shiltons apparently had to wait, possibly until dark, for their pet cat to return. Mr Bell left for Yackandandah and myself, John and miss Marcelle set off for home about 2pm with Vic's Suzi in the ute.

\*It was not a rumour about my bike crawling up those hills – Lyn.

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### EASTER TRIP – BY CARMEL BELL

Friday most members arrived and set up camp. That night was spent sitting around campfires and sleeping. Saturday we headed for Beechworth for a day of loading the heads with history and lightening the pockets of brass. Firstly we visited the Museum which proved to be very interesting – a lot of photos, etc. of Ned Kelly, his relations and gang; Chinese weapons, clothing, etc and many other interesting souvenirs of old Australian history. Next we saw Ned Kelly's cell which consisted of a bed and dust and nothing much else except for a lifelike dummy in the bed with big glassy staring eyes, which frightened the life out of me. I think some members also visited the old coach display house while others went to the cemetery and saw the Chinese burning towers and stone altar for sacrifices. Then we went along the stone altar for sacrifices. Then we went along the Gorge "road" and saw the old Powder Magazine, the Sphinx Rock, a few good views and plenty of dirt.

Saturday night poured cats and dogs and rain too, and started to flood some of the tents. About 9.00 when it eased off, Mrs Dennis from the Caravan Park opened a ground floor room for her unfinished house and let the kids move into it, for which everyone was very grateful indeed. Then the rain came down again and kept coming.

Sunday became quite warm and we went up to Mt Buffalo. Firstly we went to the lookouts near the Chalet, and then we took to the dirt and continued up through the ski runs to the Horn. As we climbed a grey mist came to block the view and snow made the rocks nice and slippery. However, undeterred by this and quite out of breath we reached the lookout where all we could see was the wire fence. So we went down again. Great! But after the first few bends on the way down the sun came out again.

Sunday night some members went for a ride to another lookout while the others stayed at the camp fire or went to bed. Monday everyone who was left packed up and went home.

### PORTARLINGTON – 15<sup>TH</sup> MARCH

There were about a dozen bikes altogether on this run. As usual, the few who were running late managed to beat the rest of the club to Portarlington. They were Howard and Steve with me as pillion. We had arrived about the same time, toured along the beach and come to the conclusion that the club must have gone on to Queenscliff. We were just about to leave when the club arrived! As there was nothing else to do, we all sat around the beach for a while. Some members swapped bikes and went for a short trip and back again. Then Leo, on the old Harley, said there was a tremendous old Indian up the road (the two wheeled kind). So, naturally, everyone tore off to have a look. I'm afraid Leo will have to go to some rallies or something before he tells everyone about such a tremendous bike again. It was a sort of purple colour with two large chrome megaphone exhaust pipes, no lights, unregistered, half the things on it not in working order, and a few bits of chrome here and there.

After this marvellous sight a few members decided to go on down to Queenscliff, where we had lunch and later some went to tour the old fort. A certain fuzz-faced 450 Honda rider caused a bit of embarrassment by riding calmly into the Fort on his quiet machine when some club members in the touring party waved to him. They were waving him to stay out, not to come in! The passenger (me)

and a few members on the guided tour turned various shades of red and tried to pretend they weren't there, while the poor fella in the gatehouse ran out, looked, and quickly ran back again. We were too late for the tour. After this it was getting late so we went back to Melbourne, ending up at the Bowl, where Leo proved himself to be either quite mad or a born comic, therefore being a good prospect for membership.

Carmel.

### TREASURE HUNT – 22<sup>ND</sup> MARCH

Rain? What's that? It's that wet stuff that comes from clouds on mornings we have treasure hunts. Treasure hunts? What are they? They're when you have to find things like dead mosquitoes, dead snakes and live ants, as well as dirty 10c tram tickets, rusty beer cans and January T.V supplements, to name a few.

After Bruce handed out the list of "treasures" and map, we took off in the rain to hunt. Luckily, the rain didn't last too long and we had a pleasant afternoon ahead of us when we met at 1.00 for lunch near Dandenong. There were six entries, the winners being Sue and Graham and Rod Jellet – they even came up with the dead snake. Second was Barb and Vic; a new girl, Judy, and myself came third. In number, sixteen people attended. Rob Paulin came to say good morning but couldn't stay.

Remind me to show you the great photo I got of Wonder Boy on Murph's bike, looking like a real hood with goggles dangling down his back. I might add I was nearly run over in the process. Some of us did a bit of "trail riding" after lunch and I hear tell that Barb got a face full of ice cream when Vic braked just as she was about to take a bite. Ha ha. Unfortunately, a monstrous black cloud appeared and began growling at us, so we packed up and cleared out pretty quick, but we'd had a good day.

Judy and I went to the bowl for tea later and met up with Big Daddy, Rob Paulin, Jan, Brian Murphy and Warren. A few others were there but they left early. We had a beaut time there just sitting around talking and looking at Warren's slides and generally annoying the waitress. Think I'll go there more often.

Lyn.

### WEEKEND AT SHEPPARTON – 7<sup>TH</sup> AND 8<sup>TH</sup> MARCH

I left home late "give the club an hour's start" I thought. What I forgot was that the club left an hour late and all three of them waited for me anyway. However, when everyone had arrived there were about 10 or 12 members present. Weather was great for the three days; in fact we went swimming every day. Saturday night we just walked and toured around, generally doing B.A. On Sunday we did a bit of bush riding around Shepparton, more swimming, and I forget what else. Sunday night we went to the Drive-in on bikes and saw Pridence and the Pill. Monday morning I think, we toured through the SPC cannery. Monday afternoon we all choofed home. We must have done a few other things but I can't remember much about that weekend now – sorry folks.

Bruce H.

P.S And for the editors' information, I own a 250cc Honda Super Sport – Rhubarb!

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You watch the chap who drives ahead,  
And the chap who drives behind,  
You watch to the right,  
You watch to the left,

You ride with a clear, calm mind.  
But the chap you really have to watch  
On the highway, you will find,  
Is the chap behind the chap ahead,  
And ahead of the chap behind.