

White Horse Whispers

The Newsletter of the Motor Scooter and Cycle Association of Victoria

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AUGUST, 1970

CLUB MEETING – AUCTION NIGHT – July 4TH

For those not present, Ken T. was acting auctioneer to club members who were bidding ridiculous prices for mostly useless items and the like. Still – it was enjoyed by all. Most upset among the bidders was Brian Murphy who bid a ridiculous amount for a “C” spanner and other junk. He ended up swapping them for equally useless horn out of a farmer’s scrapheap. Hah, hah, hah.

9.23c was raised for club funds.

CLASSIFIED ADS.

For Sale – 1 only horn, good condition, working like a CENSORED dream. Cheap – Brian Murphy.
- Suzuki T20, Suzuki KT120 – Kurt Mueller (serious)

Wanted to buy

- listeners to glider & plane stories F. Tapp
- listeners to hot motor cycle stories Wombat
- listeners for anything 2(A to Z) P. Goodwill
- listeners for ‘saki 4 stroke noises Warren
- poems for magazine (again-seriously) Kurt
- spare parts for a GW (gutless wonder) Bruce Kennedy

Prizes will be given for best poem submitted over a 5 month period.

Watch for a big competition soon.

CONTRIBUTERS

Maryborough Vic Byrne
The Last Race Vic Byrne
Alexandra Bruce Higgs
Alexandra (outsider version) Kurt Mueller
Maintenance Day Kurt Mueller
Club Meeting Kurt Mueller

EDITORS

Kurt Mueller
Ian Atwill

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The trail riding mob were cracking a ridge much to the delights of spectators. One even came down backwards. And what did this person utter when this happened? After an enjoyable day we all left the area some via Yea others via Healesville.

KOMENTZ

What did Pedro say when he FELL ORF the bearcat?
Why did Ding Dong say in his typical sing song voice “Goodnight john?” to pancho?
And who had private sleeping ¼’s in the main hall
HMM

MAINTANENCE DAY AT VIC’s

Club members started to arrive at Vic's from 9.00am onward and had a good day attacking their mechanical marvels and taking them apart washing and ironing their bikes. Pedro ironed out Pancho's Kawa on the footpath. Pepe took apart his 250 as Wombat was playing around with his pipes and mufflers. Bruce Kennedy bought himself a new prang hat and looks like Peter Goodwill, except that Bruce travels faster with less effort. Adrian rolled up on his BMW minus fairing; BUT THE BIGGEST SHOCK was a stranger on a T 500. He was later identified as Les Craythorn by his fingerprints. He is now Hair-Les(s). Meanwhile back at ranch Pancho, disguised as a door gets CENSORED, had his Crankcase cover off, while Pepe had his Barrels, heads carbies and other ass'd parts in a heap of confusion. When all the bikes were revving sweetly, a small run was organized and executed.

The three mud-skid-tears went off in different ways. Scrambling all over a park. My cat beat Pancho's Kawa in a race WOW? And all that.

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ALEXANDRA/EILDON RUN (Outsiders version)

Saturday morning when I arrived most members were well organised in setting up their Quarters although some had help from some prankster. Adrian had his bike sprayed with mud by a little kraut on a bearcat, and proceeded to chase Pepe all over the property (Too bad Adrian – ED)

On Saturday night some members stormed the town for tea, while others stayed at camp and cooked their own. Before tea there were some bikes trail riding and scrambling in the back paddock. The ground was chewed up quite well by the knobby tires and T 500's. Rabbits were also on the target list, with 1 hit, but it still got away. Peter Goodwill here tried to see what was going on and blinded Kraut, (PEPE TO YOU) and nearly scattered him all over the place, due to rocks and pot holes. These obstacles could not be seen as when one is blinded by a spotlight it is rather hard to see. Nice try you funny little

After a few hours of carrying on we finally slumbered off to dreamy land ZZZZZZ when THE MOB CAME BACK FROM Alexandra.

Sunday morning came creeping over Heather, June, Judy, Mary. Sorry 'bout that. Tony, James and Pepe went trial riding while the rest of the mob broke camp. They covered quite a few acres while trail blazing. The club proceeded on to Eildon from here. Here the members went for boat rides and others carried on trail riding.

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ALEXANDRA – July 12-13

For the second time this year the MSCAV hit Alexandra. The club met at Alexandra Avenue, but when the arranged meeting time had come, Carmel Bell and Bruce Higgs were the only members there. Carmel chickened out, so I set off. Leader was me, rear rider was me, patrol was me, and convoy was me. When I reached Springvale Rd the number of members trebled when I was joined by Chris and Bronwyn, so Bronwyn went leader, Chris patrol, me rear rider and we decided not to worry about the in-betweens.

We stopped on top of the Black Spur for what Chris called the "traditional leak" – a "bad boy" looks from Bronwyn. After a beaut ride through wind, rain, cloud, road works and slush, Alexandra has the cheek to string up a sign saying "Smile". Chris said he didn't feel like bloody well smiling – another "bad boy" looks from Bronwyn. As more members arrived at the scout hall, Saturday afternoon activities were soccer, billiards, table tennis, scrambling, drying out, and swearing at the

rain and the game of “ride through the gate uphill in several inches of slush”. Adrian had his bike sprayed with mud by a little kroun on a bearcat doing wheelies.

Saturday night a few members went into downtown Alexandra for a counter tea (from 6.00 till 11.00?) Sunday morning everyone woke to the sound of everyone telling everyone else to shuddup. We eventually headed for Eildon where people went for boat rides. Some later entertained the local yocals by bearcatting up a steep hill. Some, like Pedro, even fell orff.

A few miles on the homeward trail, Bruce Kennedys GW had broken down. Despite an on the spot tune up and carby overhaul, it wouldn't go, so we headed for a station with the GW in tow. After a few stops, much discussion and a slight error on my part (went the wrong dam way) we finally reached a station from where a train would soon leave for Melbourne. (2 hours 20 mins to be exact)

Those still with us headed home down the Hume. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. 23 members stayed the night at Alexandra.

MARYBOROUGH JULY – VIC BYRNE

Sunday morning at 8:10 we had no trouble in getting the big mob under control. Warren as rear rider, Vic as leader, Robert as patrol, and Carmel as convoy. We headed for Ballarat on a slightly chilly. We stopped for coffee at Bacchus Marsh where we saw Ron, a prospective member. (BMW) We arrived in Ballarat to find Bruce Kennedy who had streaked ahead to wake Ballarat up for us. Here Ron showed us a very efficient way of stopping his BMW – just pull off the leads.

We went through Clunes to Maryborough to have a total of 8 bikes. After lunch we went to the Miners memorial, followed by a bit of trail riding. BMW's are not meant for trail riding. On the return trip Warren took the lead on his cackling Kawa. It was a pretty good day considering we travelled about 275 miles.

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THE LAST RACE

Riding down the road with ease
Feeling good in the evening breeze
I saw in my mirror from behind
A rider of a racing mind
Seeing him pass with a grin on his face
Persuading me to join that race
Side by side into the night
From behind came a light
A third cycle from behind
A rider of a different mind
His bike was hung with flashing blue
Its glow called to us as we flew
Now I sit with licence gone
Thinking back at what I've done
My cycle sits a rarin to go
But the fuzz has told me no
The jailhouse is a rotten place
But that's the price for that race.