

## White Horse Whispers

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

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Editors:-  
Kurt Mueller  
Lyda Uren

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EDITORIAL

Hi! Over the last few weeks I've had the opportunity to be on a few club runs and I think the attendance over this period of time was very good, as well as seeing a lot of new faces.

It has come to our attention that Bornie Sucher (good old Suckec) a Club member and close friend of mine, is in hospital with a broken leg in 3 places, having been hit by a car. Apparently he had spiritual aid till the ambulance arrived as the driver of the car was a priest. So on behalf of all members, I sincerely wish Bornie a quick recovery. Incidentally, he is in the Royal Melb., Ward 6W, 6<sup>th</sup> Floor. Form what I've heard, there were so many Club members in to see him on Tuesday night that it was nearly decided to hold the Gen Meeting in there!

Kurt.

MAN TO NEIGHBOUR: "You have to keep an eye on the doctors in that hospital, you know".

NEIGHBOUR: "Why is that?"

MAN: "Well, my Uncle had an operation inthere...and now he's my Aunt!"

### SEC'S REPORT

1. At the last meeting, road rules were revised – a copy of the new rules is enclosed in this magazine.
2. The Constitution, when revised and reprinted, will be distributed to members.
3. The Club is goign to have a transfer made up and we want your suggestions as to what to have on it. A prize will be given for the best suggestion, so out with those ideas and hand your drawing to any committee member or the editors.
4. Thanks to Greg Wolfe and Peter Goodwill for bringing their slides to the last meeting.

Bruce.

## UPPER YARRA DAM – 7<sup>TH</sup> JUNE

Slep in and went hightailing it after the club about ½ an hour late. After studying several maps, I finally found my way out of the city and got lost in High Street. Did a Uee and back tracked, asking directions from a kid at a tram stop – I think he thought I fancied him or something by the look on his face – frightened! At last I was on the right road. Didn't get far when I saw a great gathering of helmeted hoods on either side of the road. "Hmm. Another bike club", I thought, and waved. "Hey! That's not another club, that's M.S.C.A.V.!"

Slamming on the anchors and skidding over the wet tram lines, I came to a screeching (well, not really) halt a few feet from the others. After saying hello to some of the kids, I learnt that someone on a 350 had come on the wet tram lines. However, he was O.K.

We stopped at Yarra Junciton (I think) for coffee and twinkles and also to warm up as the air was quite nippy. Then we were off again and it was on for young and old – an undeclared race to the top. I had a fantastic time flying around those hills, with Don close behine, and when I got to the "Dam" I wanted to go back and do it again.

We had our barbeque lunch and took off to see the famous Upper Yarra Dam. It was truly a beautiful sight. A few of us took photos and everyone just wandered around for a while, meanwhile I went to sleep on the spot standing up!

Cant think of anything else we did that you might be interested in so I won't write any more, except to say that it was a beaut day and there were dozens of bikes along – well, two dozen at least.

Lyn.

Splat! A clot of mud hit her in the face. "Yuck!" She wiped it away just in time to see one of the bikes sink up to it's handlebars in the mud. Somehow the rider got it out and slithered off again. She was killing herself laughing, embarrassed because she was by herself. And so the day passed. The sun sank low in the sky as she made her way home, singing merrily to herself. "One day I might even race in a scramble", she thought, and she could smell the racing fuel again and hear the roar of the engines; "What a great day this has been".

Lyn.

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## QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY WEEKEND AT ALBURY

### 13<sup>TH</sup> – 15<sup>TH</sup> JUNE – BY BIG DADDY

Saturday: As usual, I was running late, but met up with the group (8 bikes & 1 car), just before Wangaratta. The weather was pretty miserable. We went straight through to Albury and on entering the camping grounds, were greeted by others who already had their tents up. By tea time we had about 30 members present.

Not being far from town, we decided to walk up for a counter tea but when we got there, found they were not available as there were too many of us. We finished up at the Hume Weir cafe, where meals were reasonably good, except I believe some members had flies in their soup. Afterwards we all went to the hotel for a drink or two. Some had pots, with Big Daddy setting the example by only having two? There was a band playing in the other room so a few members toddled off for a dance. Most of us left early and went back to a nice warm camp fire which was appreciated by all, thanks to our log collectors, Les, Bruce, Peter and Co.

Later a special walk was arranged by Les for anybody who wanted to go, tramping through mud a foot deep, going through a bull's paddock, trying to get members lost, and taking the Big Jump into the Autumn (?) leaves. We ended up at the camp cafe for coffee & malteds before going to bed. Meanwhile, the ones we had left back at the hotel had forgotten the closing time and didn't roll up at camp until about midnight.

Sunday: Went to Wagga Wagga to see a Vintage Display. 25 bikes rolled up and going along in Indian style, they were a sight to see. Arriving at Wagga we bombarded a petrol station and parked our machines (we didn't buy any petrol). After having lunch, which consisted mostly of fish and chips, chicken and chips and soup, a local bikie guided us to the Rally, which was 3 miles out.

When we arrived we found there were all makes of bikes to see, and vintage cars. One bike, which seemed to attract a lot of attention, was the Excelsior, a racing machine. It was something beautiful, with a big straight out pipe and to listen to it was enough to make any bikie jealous. After we left we stopped to refill at Wagga, then went straight on to Albury, with Les doing a Bruce effort – no oil in gearbox.

Teatime we walked up to town, stopping at a different cafe, which was a bit better...the service was so good that some were forgotten. Afterwards, we headed back to camp where, after feeding a cute little possum in a tree and Les madly dashing about taking photos, it was decided to take a walk up to the lookout about ¼ mile away. We were followed by Warburton Frankie, who gave some a thrilling ride up and down the street. We then went into Albury for coffee and just before going into the shop a near riot took place outside when members charged each other like a herd of bulls with Howard leading the way. Fools!

Monday: Left camp about 12 and headed for home, our first stop to be at Euroa. But this was NOT to be, as 10 miles out the Sec's Saint gave up the ghost, blowing oil smoke out like a steam train and finished up in Les' Combi for the rest of the trip. We made another stop at Benalla to try to dry out a bit after going through teeming rain. It was mid afternoon when we arrived at Euroa for lunch and another drying out session took place, with Lynda wringing out her gloves and putting them in the oil heater to dry.

When we left some very heavy traffic was encountered and another stop was made at Kilmore and then at Fawkner, where we dispersed, after a pleasant weekend, thanks to all members. The only complaint was excessive noise at the camp after 10pm? However, it came from other quarters.

P.S. Points of interest: Howard likes green. Bruce H. "Where's me oil?" Steve: "Your've gotta flat!"

Motto of the weekend: "What's worse than raining cats and dogs?" "Hailing taxis!"

President.

### KINGLAKE NATIONAL PARK – 21<sup>st</sup> JUNE

The rain she came down like cats and dogs but with my pillion singing "Rain, rain, go away" it let up at Bundoora. The run out of the city was accomplished with ease. First stop Whittlesea for some refreshments, poor shop! Bill and Stan had a munch on some chips (potato, not wood) while Sprocket (new member) shared a cup of tea with Rob J.

Leaving Whittlesea a few hills were encountered which made Don's B.M.W. leave a smoke screen. Rob P. could not do as well with his 2 pot, 2 stroke, petrol chewing Suzuki. A pricey sum of 10c was paid at the gate for each bike, with the stern warning not to ride the bikes on the trails. The new member, Sprocket, was refused entry to the park as he has 2 legs too many. Les C. & Peter G soon had a fire going for the barbeque – they had a wood heap in the van. Meanwhile, Don was on his pet hobby horse, wild yarns, but I wish he would refrain from hitting people with his handbag.

Frank T rolled up in his car with lady friend; so did Bruce H but no lady friend. Bruce said that he's seen Howard going back to Melbourne, must not have been wet enough for him. a fast spin up to Mt. Sugarloaf, where Stan's B.M.W. put a hole in the cross pipes for the exhaust system. Some of the lads went for a walk to look for birds; don't know what type they found.

Left for home about 3.30pm as Sprocket was starting to get restless in the V.W. (he was smuggled in by Rob J & Frank T). Not only that, but wonder boy was starting to give out some of the sick P.M.G. jokes, so it sure was time to get out.

Back to the main road and on to Kinglake. Found a nice dirt road to take us back to Hurstbridge. Just had to be a dirt road, adds a bit of spice to the day, don't you think. Judy thinks so as her remarks were...well, I won't say. The run through Hurstbridge to Greensborough is very picturesque and was worth the time as the pace was not fast. A stop was made at Greensborough to let a Honda 90 catch up, but there was no need to. Stan wanted to see the sights of this village so he had a small walk to the W.C. From Greensborough it was a very smooth run to the bowl for tea.

BIKES ON THE RUN: Kawasaki, B.M.W. x4, Honda 90, Honda 125, Honda 175, Honda 250, Suzuki 250 x 2, Suzuki 350.

My thanks to all for turning up.

Warren – Captain.

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TODAY IS THE TOMORROW YOU WORRIED ABOUT YESTERDAY AND ALL IS WELL

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### DIRTY JOKE!!!

Through lack of support of enthusiastic members of the club, the big attendance of 11 turned up for the Theatre Night last Saturday.

Well, you don't know what a good night you missed. The feature film, "Born Losers", was one of the best bike films I have seen, even though it gave the wrong impression of bikies. Really great; The supporting show, "Tomb of Vigeia", was the most suspenseful, thrilling film I have ever seen, but at the most critical moment, guess what happened – some clot dropped a packet of Jaffas and everyone know what Jaffas sound like on a wooden floor!

After the show everyone split up and went their separate ways, mumbling about another badly attended night to add to all the others. Is it really worth the effort?

Social Sec.

### A POINT TO PONDER

The tragedy of life is what dies inside a man while he lives.

### MYSTERY TOUR – 28<sup>TH</sup> JUNE

Due to consistent wet weather, which hasn't failed us for the past few runs, and Peter Goody's prompt arrival, the "Mystery?" Tour departed Kingsbridge at 11am. – staunchly supported by too large a number of cars (7) and passengers – not naming anyone in particular – but Kurt, Howard, Rick, John Barker, Jim and crew, etc.

Undaunted by howling gales and wet conditions, the hardy riders (bar a certain Honda rider) progressed – two strokes gradually – to Sunbury. Here the weather was fine, but still with howling gales. Before lunch we visited a cheese factory – Don, prepared with mask and goggles, still had to leave the premises. Did he have cheese sandwiches for lunch? A few cheeses were sampled and even fewer purchased. While at the factory we were given a demo by J.B. on how to puncture a radial.

After lunching in Sunbury, we were off to the historical homestead, Emu Bottom. Here the two most financial persons of the day paid the exorbitant entry fee of 70c, while the rest of us waited faithfully outside for our leader.

I believe a hairy trip back to Tullamarine was had by Peter Goody and some other enthusiastic riders. We visited Tulla Jet Port which was packed, but we managed to make our way round (with the help of crash helmets) a bit quicker than the rest. After Tulla, it was back to the bowl for tea (via a quick trip through the Brunswick back streets, led by Warren and Peter G.)

Glenys M.

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THE IMPORTANCE OF STOPPING – CAN YOU?

Most road users under estimate the distance required to stop a vehicle. This chart shows the average stopping distances which an alert driver would require when driving a car which is in good condition, on a dry, sealed roadway.

Miles Per Hour	Feet Per Second	Average Reaction Distance	+	Average Braking Distance	=	Average Stopping Distance
5	7'	7'		3'		10'
10	15'	15'		5'		20'
15	22'	22'		11'		33'
20	29'	29'		20'		49'
25	37'	37'		32'		69'
30	44'	44'		46'		90'
35	51'	51'		62'		113'
40	59'	59'		81'		140'
45	66'	66'		102'		168'
50	73'	73'		126'		199'
55	81'	81'		153'		234'
60	88'	88'		182'		270'
65	95'	95'		213'		308'
70	103'	103'		247'		350'
75	110'	110'		284'		394'
80	117'	117'		323'		440'
85	125'	125'		365'		490'
90	132'	132'		409'		541'

THESE DISTANCES COULD BE MORE THAN DOUBLED

- (a) If you are not as alert as you should be.
- (b) If your tyres or brakes are not in good condition.
- (c) If the road is wet or the surface loose.

DRIVE SAFELY AND KEEP YOUR DISTANCE

ROAD SAFETY STARTS WITH YOU!

Issued by:- Victorian Road Safety Department, National Safety Council of Australia.



DAFFY NISHUNS

Enthusiasm: A sanitary carter who throws himself into his work.

Mau Mau Terrorist: One who goes around castrating Tom cats.

Plumber: Drain Surgeon.

Gossip: Ear Pollution.

A LIMMERICK

There was a young man from Bengaul, who  
 went to a fancy dress ball.  
 He decided to risk it  
 And went as a biscuit,  
 And a dog ate him up in the hall.

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Q. HOW DO YOU CATCH A CAMP MOUSE?

A. WITH A POOFY CAT!

Q. WHY IS MOTHER'S MILK BETTER THAN COW'S MILK?

A. it's always at the right temp. It's easy to take on picnics. The cat can't get at it. And it comes in such cute little containers.

Q. WHAT WOULD THE PEOPLE OF THE EARTH BE WITHOUT WOMEN?

A. SCARCE!

VALENTINES

Fireman: "My heart burns for you".

Bus Driver: "Be my fare lady".

Estate Agent: "You mean lots to me".

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

In a Coffee Lounge:

"Do it now. There may be a law against it tomorrow".

In a shop window overnight:

"There is no money or valuables inside, so save yourself a lot of energy".

On wall in Dr's Rooms:

"Confucius had slanted views".

Worn on Twiggy's stomach:

"In case of rape, this side up!"

DAFFY NISHUNS

Motorbike: Wild blue Honda.

Space Probe: Pry in the Sky.

Cosmetics: How a woman knows for sure without knowing for certain.

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Once again a new car manufacturers have failed to provide the one Extra we've needed for years – an automatic choke for back seat drivers!

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Girl to Boy, as he surveys mangled front forks:

"I'll tell you how it happened but you've got to promise not to laugh".





## ROAD RULES

1. All state road laws are to be observed at all times. Speeds travelled shall be determined by machines present and road conditions.
2. Start the day with a full tank. Switch off your machine as soon as you arrive. Do not start it again until ready to leave.
3. The Club Captain will appoint a Leader, Rear Rider, and Patrol Officer for the day. Observe who they are.
4. Line up in single file behind the leader when asked to do so. Proceed in single file.
5. Do not overtake the Leader. Follow the Patrol Officer's requests to keep safe distance from machine in front – (50 feet).
6. If you stop at a corner to point the way, wait for the Rear Rider regardless of time unless otherwise directed by a committee member.
7. If a machine breaks down, the following two machines and the Rear Rider shall stop. When fault is located, one machine will proceed and inform the Leader of what is happening. The Rear Rider shall not overtake any other machine.
8. No rider shall stop for refreshments or fuel until the Leader stops. Check fuel after each stop and top up if you have any doubts at all.
9. All cars travelling with the club shall travel at the rear of all machines or in front of if so desired. Endeavour shall be made to avoid travelling in the convoy.
10. Breach of any rule shall incur a fine of 20 cents.
11. Any member wishing to leave the main body on the home journey before the dispersal point is reached must first inform the group and the group leader. This will prevent a needless road search from being organised.

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