

White Horse Whispers

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

MARCH 1970

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EDITORIAL

Editors:-
Lynda Uren
Kurt Mueller

Bruce Higgs (Labourer)

Over the last month we have been wondering what to write as an editorial. We are starting this month off with our first commercial add, plus a few stories and jokes. It seems a few digs in our last magazine stirred some results and we received a short story and a poem. Thanks, Tim. At present we are in correspondence with clubs in Sydney, Canberra and Auckland, New Zealand, so let's show them what we can do. How about a few stories, poems, helpful hints, jokes etc as well as some regular reports on club runs.

We are contemplating starting a pen pal club, so if you're interested let us know. The rates are cheap. If it is a success we will try to obtain the interest of some European and American clubs, too.

Kurt and Lynda.

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POINTS SYSTEM FOR BIKIES

In the near future the government intends to introduce a points system for traffic infringements. When you reach a certain number of points, the police give you a three to six months holiday and even allow you to aid them financially so that another person can also get a holiday.

I was just thinking, (and boy, that's rare, as well as dangerous), how would it be if motorcyclists had their own points system.

Here are a few ideas:-

- 1 Point - Taxis, old aged people, dogs, cats, Hondas and other common things, such as Policemen, Politicians and people jumping out of cars in front of you.
- 2 Points - Holden's, V.W.'s, Valiant's, not forgetting Falcons (must be written off, of course). Hitting a car, other than those already mentioned and causing even the slightest of damage.
- 3 Points - Riding around a hospital (Indian style) without mufflers must be at least 30 bikes evenly spaced. Going through stop signs, flashing red lights and sitting on 45mph without being caught. These do not account for many points as they are so easy to come by.

- 5 Points - Getting away from a fuzz car. Best hard luck story handed to a cop before being booked and getting away with it.
- 10 Points- Playing chicken with a tram. Playing chicken with a meat wagon. Wheel standing into the back of a divvy van. Irritating 60 drivers per hour.
- 20 Points - 90mph up Lizzie on Saturday morning. Sideswiping a Police car on its left side with your left side. Riding on the wrong side of double lines. Sideswiping a tram, scattering passengers and not stopping.
- 50 Points - Any old tram, semi, jeep or Rolls Royce or Police car to be damaged in any way. Jumping across a VW. Getting away from a fuzz bike, out riding Australian champion on a suburban road.
- 100 Points – HERO – Rolling a tram. Causing the southern Aurora, a bulldozer, army tank or riot squad van to be written off. A hero also receives the Reckless Riding Badge, awarded post humorously.

As you can see there is quite a list of ways to gain points. Turn the page to see what kind of rider you are.

SCORE TAKEN OVER A PERIOD OF TWELVE MONTHS

Under 50 Points	- Are you really trying?
50 Points and over	- Fuzz lover!
100 Points and over	- You are very slow to catch on.
500 Points and over	- A little chicken?
1000 Points and over	- An excellent idiot.
1500 Points and over	- How did you get your licence?
3000 Points or more	- Special bonus. An eternal roadside holiday home with marker.

Kurt

There is a moral to this points system. Did you get it? If you didn't you shouldn't be on the roads! As you know, bikies have not got the best reputation to be had and it's up to us to let people see that we're not such a bad lot and that we do know how to behave. So how about it – best behaviour from now on and that goes for me, too.

Lynda.

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DON'T BE HOME LATE

To Wombat

At death his hand was outstretched towards his beloved machine.

Since time began man has wondered about Death,
 When life is a nonexistent word in the mind
 Of one man in the tranquillity of restful sleep, long and deepening.
 He hears his heart murmuring through torn leathers
 But his mind is unattached from his physical being,
 And he thinks not of himself but his metal steed,
 Its twisted frame all covered with his own gore.
 His mind does not smile nor really care,

For his body lies broken at the edge of the road
And he is given the sleep which he so wrongly deserves.

Tim Moresby.

OFFICIAL CLUB RUNS FOR FEBRUARY AND MARCH

JANUARY GENERAL

This was quite a good meeting. Everyone seemed glad to get together again after the long break over Christmas and New Year. For those who weren't there, Len has resigned from his long held position as Treasurer. Sorry to see you leave the Committee Len and hope you will come to club functions as often as possible. All the best for your future. Steve Jones has replaced Len as Treasurer.

Lyn.

RUN TO LORNE – 8TH FEBRUARY

I, like many members, had considered going to Calder on this particular Sunday, but upon arising in the morning, I decided it was going to be such a stupendous day I'd be a fool not to take full advantage of it. So, after giving Yamaha a coat of polish I set out to catch up with the club, which I eventually did (after a bit of cautious barnstorming) at Geelong.

I was disappointed to find only four bikes besides myself, but on the other hand, pleased to note that our car – driving friends had abandoned their mobile hot – houses for two – wheelers.

Peter P and Greg were on Big Daddy's Honda, Jim and Master Shilton were aboard the 350 street scrambler and Mr. Barker had the Kawa out for an airing. Then, of course, there was good old faithful, Bruce H on his hot shot 0.125 litre Honda and yours truly on the Yamaha.

There was a bit of a mad thrash down to Anglesea, mainly due to Greg and Peter trying to keep ahead of us air pollutionists, and after being served refreshments by a young man named Speedy, we all set off around the renowned Ocean Road. With all the signs of a real hot "Stinker" of a day back in Melbourne we were glad to be headed for "places cooler". The cool sea breeze took the edge off the heat and we revelled in the fast curves of the roadway.

I think young Stilton had his doubts though. He was reported as having been pounding on Jim's back and shouting, "Don't do that. You're scraping the panniers!" And sure enough, they'd been laying leather, not rubber, on the road.

At Lorne we parked on the lawns by the beach and after Jim had overhauled his front end (the bike that is) we strung out jackets and various paraphernalia across the bikes to provide some shade, and had lunch. Then we hired out some "Surfo's" (small air beds) and tried our skill at catching some big white curlers. WHAT A TREMENDOUS TIME WE HAD. It was nearly as much fun as motorcycling.

After an energetic afternoon we had cold showers and headed for home, stopping at Geelong to cool down a bit and dispersing somewhere along the Geelong Highway. Just as a change, I'll say and EXTRA good time was had by all. So to all you goons who went to the races: - Big Raspberry! I hope you frizzled (How's that for hard – hitting journalism?). One last comment – RED BIKINI.

Howard.

AUSTRALIAN PAPER MILL – 13TH FEBRUARY

We all gathered at the car park at the Paper Mill at approximately 8.00pm. About 25 people attended. We were split up into groups and were guided around by retired employees of the mill. They gave us a very detailed description of everything we saw and kept offering us samples of cardboard and junk, which we disposed of while the guides were not looking.

The guide showed us what the paper pulp looked like and invited us to put our hands in feel it. But not many were going to stick their hands in that goo and decided to let the guide demonstrate for us. We looked at what seemed dozens of different types of paper pulp, all looking pretty much the same, and were quite sick of the sight of it when we finished that area of the factory. After that you felt like you could taste the pulp in your mouth.

I don't think many people could hear the guide speaking as we passed through the area where the paper is rolled out. We all just smiled each time his mouth stopped moving and made out we heard and understood every word. Finally, upon reaching the end of a very interesting tour, all loaded up with free samples of paper, we started off for home, all quite sick of the sight and smell of paper. It is funny I never noticed that factory before when I was passing, but the minute I get near it now, the smell reminds me of the taste we had in our mouths at the end of the tour.

In all, I think that everyone enjoyed themselves.

Sweet Sue.

LAKE EMERALD – 15TH FEBRUARAY

This was a very good day weather wise and made for good riding. I arrived at Lake Emerald to greet the club just prior to a few people going for a swim. Frank Tapp had a problem because of his gums, Chris Tapp and Marcelle had a good time swimming and Ken Brown was just happy to do some driving. There were a good number of bikes and a few cars as well. Jim Shilton has a new Honda 175 scrambler, of all things. Among those present were big Daddy, Warren, Robert Pauline, K.D, Jim Shilton, Steve Jones, Carmel, Howard, Vic, Mrs. Tapp and some new people. (Sorry to those I forgot). It wasn't long before I decided to head off again and say adieu to the mob.

Kurt.

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HOW DO YOU TELL A HAPPY MOTORCYCLIST?

BY THE BUGS BETWEEN HIS TEETH

* * *

POTY WELSHPOOL – 22ND FEBRUARY

Although quite a few members went on this run there was no report.

BROOKLYN SPEEDWAY – 28TH FEBRUARY

At the speedway there were about a dozen members. It was a bit windy, but the races were good. The Australian Saloon Car Championship was the main attraction of the night. The heats and final of this event produced a few large pile-ups; in fact, I think they had three starts after pile ups on the first lap stopped the race. A Holden Monaro cleaned up the field in one of the heats, so they ganged up on him in the final and nearly rolled him.

Another good event to watch was the Super Stockers (all V8 Saloons). These big machines were a bit too fast for the track first time round and there were many that spun out. The machines were hot and so were the prices of refreshments, but it was a good night's entertainment.

Bruce H.

GUNNAMATTA BEACH – 1ST MARCH

Nine bikes and one car went along for this trip, a most pleasant run. We stopped at Rosebud for a bit of lunch and then went on to Gunnamatta beach. It was during this course that we struck a bad road. Sand? About five miles of it, with everybody having a nerve racking ride, and eventually a 450 Honda hit the dust. Who's? Big Daddy's! It was most comforting to have help to pick up my bike and try again, this time with success.

We all had a swim, but had trouble keeping within the flags as the current was pretty strong. After leaving, it was over the bad road again. UGH! On the way another bike hit the dust, a new boy on a Honda 90, Les. Fortunately, no damage was done and we were on our way again, stopping at Rosebud for a drink to wash the dust down, and then homeward bound.

After passing through Frankston a few members dispersed on the way, the rest finishing up at the Bowl for tea, as usual. It was an enjoyable run, except for the falls. OOER! We'd like to take this opportunity to welcome Les to the club and we hope his first run wasn't enough to put him off.

Big Daddy

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SEC'S REPORT

Missed out, so nothing to report.

Bruce Higgs – Secretary.

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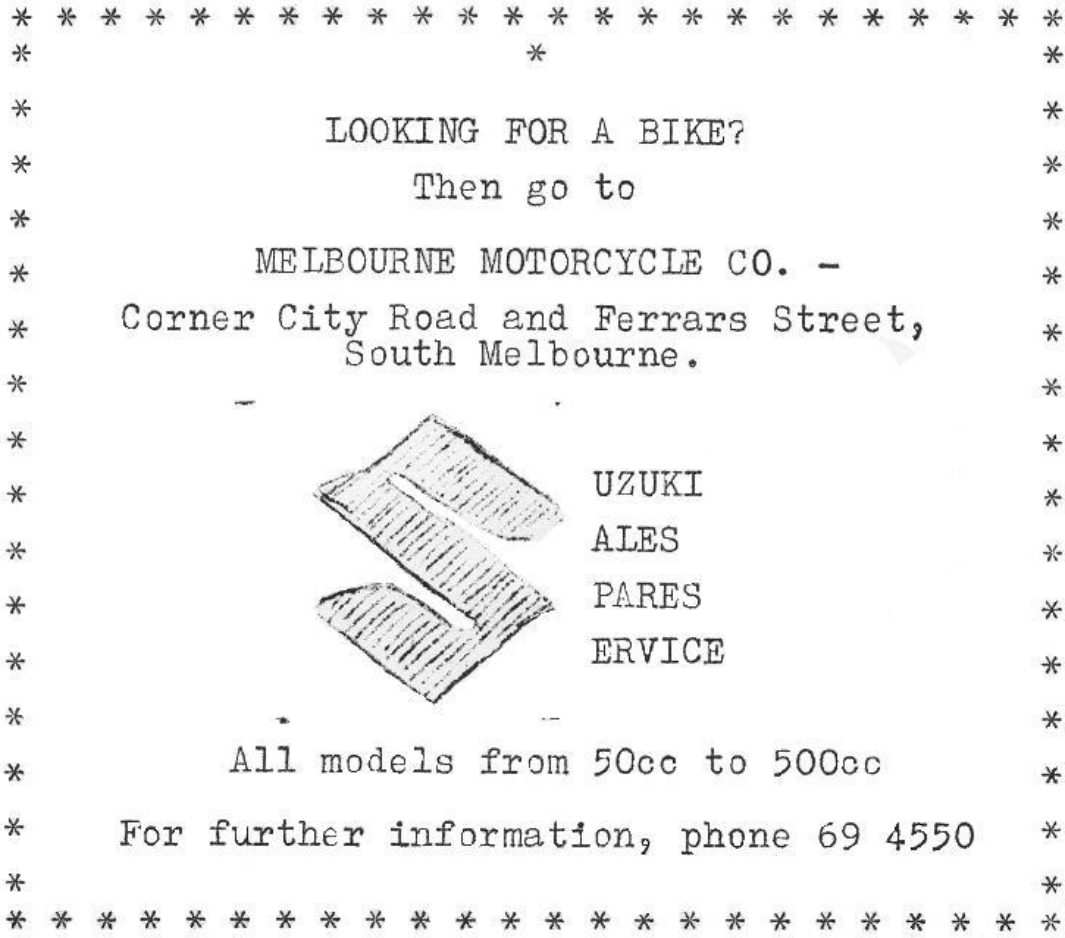
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