

## White Horse Whispers

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

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NOVEMBER, 1970

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### EDITORIAL

Great to see Burnie back in circulation, even if he does hobble a bit with that leg still in plaster. I hear that Dave (mit Triumph) is still in hospital (PANCH) after his recent accident. It seems that he and his wife, who has not been home long since their last accident, like long term stays in hospital. The certainly don't muck around. Hope to see you around again soon, Dave.

Kurt and Debbie were saved from a nasty accident by their crash bars on the way to Deniliquin. It was pouring with rain and as they came over a hill going a little too fast, Kurt spotted a cop and hit the brakes. The bike skidded on a white line and slid along on the crash bars for quite a distance. Kurt slid along on his backside beside the bike, hanging onto the crash bar and grinning like a Cheshire cat at the cop; meanwhile, Debbie was still asleep! So, if anyone would like expert advice on how the surf down the highway on a motorbike, just see Kurt. Congratulations to Barnie and Pat, who were married three weeks ago, and also to Vic and Liz.

Congratulations also, to Steve and Carmel and to Gordon and Barbara on their engagements. Kurt and Debbie had their engagement party a couple of weeks ago and Kurt says thanks to everyone that came. The way the club is going, it's going to end up being a STORK club instead of a motorcycle club!

The grape vine was whispering that Graeme Bell bought a 350 Honda so that he and Sue could get engaged. Well, I have heard from a reliable source (Sue) that this is not so. (Not yet anyway)

It was my birthday last Friday and we had a party at Rick's place on Saturday night to celebrate. It was a real wild turn and didn't finish till 4.00am. I'd like to thank everyone for coming and especially Rick for opening his house. Apologies to those who didn't know the party was on, but we only arranged it the week before.

If the Christmas party is as good as that one, it's going to be a riot, so don't miss out on your tickets. You've only got four weeks left to get them.

By for now, Lyn.

Kurt.

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## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 2/10/70

The meeting started off with the usual apologies and welcoming of all members, with the minutes following on. The usual magazines from other clubs were received, as well as various advertisements. The main point of correspondence was a letter from the Southern Cross Club, suggesting a combined Easter Trip with us at Hall's Gap. Reminders of the Christmas party on 18/12 at Narbethong Hotel and we got a preview of the new club transfers which are being made up.

Treasurer was congratulated on his success in raising the bank balance considerably since he came into office.

Racing enthusiasts – Mt. Gambier

Wedding enthusiasts – guard of honour for Kurt and Debbie.

Hairy enthusiasts – Bus or bike trip to Sydney.

Elections were held and the only change on the Committee was Lynda being elected as Social Secretary.

CJB

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## HAY RIDE TO LANG LANG – 4<sup>TH</sup> OCTOBER

Was running late and met the tail end of the club at Chapel Street. It was a perfect day and at Dandenong a lot of members stripped off and rode in jumpers and T-shirts. Arrived at Lang Lang and had our barbeque and then charged up to the farm, loaded the trailer with hay, and Bruce, driving the tractor, took off and left me behind in a cloud of dust. RAT FINK! All I could hear was the kids screaming and yelling and laughing as they drove into the distance.

Hopped into Rob Jellett's car and took off after them in hot pursuit. Caught them up in a paddock, where Rob got his car bogged in the mud (or was it cow dung?) twice and was pushed out by the members. Cameras were clicking left, right and centre.

Piled onto the hay again, Bruce dropped a wheelie and we were off, broad siding all over the place, members falling off the side and all. Stopped for a drink of cow's juice and headed for the river. Being as it was such a beaut day and everyone was feeling rather hot and sticky and itchy, having had hay stuffed down our jumpers, pants and I won't say where else as those places are too numerous to mention, half of us half stripped off and jumped in the river for a swim. It was O.K. once you got your breath back.

Looking like a bunch of drowned rats, we clambered aboard the hay truck again and returned to the farm. After a prompt departure, the club stopped again at the Lang Lang turn off for a drink and chatted up two kids on Honda 350's. Then a wild thrash home, especially by me, who left my parka in Rob J's car. Ever seen a Honda 175 doing 120?

Everyone had a fantastic time. Special thanks to Jack and Graeme and Mrs McDonnell for letting us overrun their farm for the day.

Lynda.

## HILLBILLIES IN ATTENDANCE

(35)

Bruce & Chris Tapp – Triumph  
Falcon Stn Wagon

Rob J, Big Daddy & Jerome –

Les – Honda 175  
 Margaret – Honda 250  
 Lyn – Honda 175  
 Lynda – Honda 175  
 Holden Ute  
 Peter Goodwill and Lyn – Honda 450  
 Kieth and Peter – Kawasaki 250  
 Roger – Yamaha 75  
 Glennis – Suzuki 250  
 John Alphabet – Suzuki 250  
 Graeme and Rob Paulin – BMW  
 Stan – BMW  
 Jim and Betty – Honda 350  
 Kurt and Debbie – Suzuki 500  
 Frank – Suzuki 250

Greg Smith and Mark – Toyota  
 John Barker – Austin 1800  
 Les and Marcelle – Panel Van  
 John Bryant and Pete Sanders –

Les and Pauline – Mazda  
 someone (sorry) on a Yamaha trail  
 Howard – Yamaha 350  
 6 cars  
 1 Kawasaki  
 1 Triumph  
 2 BMW's  
 4 Suzukis  
 6 Hondas  
 3 Yamahas.

\* \* \*

### Blackwood – 11<sup>TH</sup> OCTOBER

15 bikes and 3 cars turned up for this run, Kurt being dubbed as leader. First stop, Bacchus Marsh (as usual) for a snack, then straight through to Blackwood. Enquiries were made as to where the picnic ground was and some bikes got some rhubarb from the locals about parking. Then after getting to our destination, we were told that no-one was allowed on the oval in future as the council had taken over. This didn't affect us much anyway as we played Frisbee, and knocked cans over with pebbles, Red Line doing a bit of cheating by throwing rocks.

Finally, when we left, we headed for the Mineral Springs for a while, a few of us going for a dip, which it was; just in and out as it was enough to freeze the .....off a brass monkey.

Came home via Trentham and Woodend, where members appreciated a cup of coffee to wash the dust down. Everyone dispersed at the car park after a good days outing, except for Carmel, who seemed to have been forgotten and was left stranded at Woodend after going for petrol.

Big Daddy.

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### ROLL CALL

Kurt & Debbie – Suzuki 500  
 Jim & Betty – Honda 350  
 Carmel – Honda 175  
 Les & Pauline – Yamaha 175  
 John Cecil – Honda 450  
 Margaret – Honda 250  
 Cars:  
 Warburton Franki  
 J. Barker with Pres.  
 Dennis Sinnott.  
 (21)

John Hunt – Kawasaki 175  
 Kevin Hogan – Suzuki 125  
 Roger – Yamaha 75  
 Les Hayes – Honda 175  
 Andrew – Triumph 650

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Contribution to magazine from Carmel Bell, rear rider on Blackwood Trip.

“I could have taken some terrific rear view photos of the club if I had a camera with an extra, extra, long, long distance lens”.

We had fifteen bikes in attendance; where they all came from I still don't know, and three cars.

I will not write anything about the trip as I will get too mad, but I will say that we had a good time when we got there. And that's all.

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FEW THINGS ARE MORE ESSENTIAL TO THE HAPPINESS AND WELLBEING OF THE CLUB THAN THE SPIRIT OF GIVE AND TAKE. ANON.

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### A BOY AND HIS BIKE

A prize winning essay by David Chittick

Contributed by Ken Brown

“...Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust, Amen”

“Goodbye son and that was the last I ever saw of Karl, my son, who, a short week ago was a happy eighteen year old youth on a motorbike and with a lot of friends. Now he was dead! And he was dead because of a sport and machine he loved! His motorbike.

As I turned from the graveside my mind went back to a few months previous, to the day Karl brought home his first bike. He wanted a bike for a year but I had persuaded him to wait until he had finished his school. He had waited, but in great impatience; until a week after his final exam he brought home his bike. It was a new and gleaming machine, a Triumph 650. It was a beautiful bike and looking at it, you could see what made so many young people fanatical over them, but my only worry was that it was too big. I told Karl and said he should have started with a smaller machine but my warning went unheeded.

During the following months Karl seemed to be handling the motorbike quite well and so consequently, my worries proceeded with the days to decrease. They decreased until the night he was killed!

As I drove my wife and myself home from the cemetery, I went back to that night. That night that stopped a happiness, a son and a life. A life that was so precious and a life that was taken so needlessly

Karl and some of his friends from work decided to go out to a dance last Friday night. The story from there I pieced together from his friend and the police. While at the dance a few cans of beer were purchased and drunk hastily. After these had been consumed the boys decided to go down to the local hotel because the dance “hadn't warmed up enough yet”. By closing time Karl was “acting mad” and refused offers made by his friends to take him and his bike home. The boys like Karl and didn't want to go against him. It was a mistake! Karl got on his bike and shot off down the street to the highway.

Maybe it was his lack of experience in handling a big bike, or maybe it was intoxication, or as I believe, a little of both, but the events during the next few minutes must have been as horrifying to see as it was for me hearing about it. Karl must have been doing at least seventy miles per hour as he took a bend in the road and he either didn't see the oncoming car or his reflexes were too slow due to the liquor but while his friends looked on horrified, the two machines met with a resounding

impact! As they watched Karl's bike hit the car and rebound off it across the road, riderless!! Karl was still on the car!

By the time Sue and I reached the hospital Karl was in the operating theatre with multiple fractures and lacerations. At four o'clock next morning he died, without regaining consciousness.

After the funeral we and gone through the house to our room. As I passed Karl's room I looked in, the door was still open from when he left in such a hurry on Friday. I cast my eyes around the room at all the bike pictures on the walls and the smiling face of Karl beside his new bike. No, I'd never see that face again; that room was empty.

With an empty feeling in my stomach I closed the door".

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### MT. GAMBIER WEEKEND – 9<sup>TH</sup> – 11<sup>TH</sup> OCTOBER

Although this wasn't an official club run, we reckoned there should be a write-up for the sake of those who weren't there, so here goes.

Our main purpose for the trip was to go and see Les Mountain 'clean up' in the 350cc class again, but some of us managed to cram in a fair bit of sightseeing as well. We left Melbourne at 6.30 on the Friday night, all in four wheelers, except for one true bkie who rode his trusty Bee-Em all the way over (Stan the Man). Upon arriving in the early hours of Saturday morning, we checked in at the Queen Elizabeth Caravan park by the Blue Lake, set up camp and had a couple of hours sleep, disturbed only by Rick's snoring, Frank Tapp's alarm clock, Bob Pee's nightmares and some guys preparing their bikes for the day's road racing.

After my usual early morning swim (in the Blue Lake) (gee, that a long way to travel for a swim every morning – Typist), followed very hastily by a fantastic hot shower and a substantial breakfast, my three passengers and I set off to have a look around "The Mount". There's plenty to see (Cave gardens, Black's Museum and the Volkswagen showroom, etc) and I think we must have visited every spot worth a mention in the tourist brochures. It was a tremendous sunny day and the view from the top of Mt. Gambier itself was incredible with lakes and extinct volcanoes and things all over the place.

Satterdee arvo, of course, was off to the races! Boy oh boy, what a track they've got over there. It's a real ripper (in more ways than one) and being so short and twisty, the 350 Yamahas annihilated everything in sight! I know I say it after every race meeting, but "this was the most exciting meet I have ever been to". That Ken Blake...can he ever ride! He gives you the heeby – jeeby's just watching the way he moves those kacki-ackies around the track. Or if side cars are your cup of tea then there's one tem you have to see to believe. They were aboard a 1000cc Vincent outfit, and MAN, DID IT MOVE! WHAT A DRIVER! No brakes necessary, just down a cog or two and PRESTO! Instant excitement, with power slides and full throttle to hurtle through the right sweeper at the end of the main straight and round the esses, trying to catch a yowling three cylinder Beeza. UN- \* - BELIEVABLE, they were! Anyway, like I said before, it was a first rate program from first start to final finish!

Saturday night was either Cabaret time (Vic actually wore a tie) or a walk in the fresh night air, till somebody realized we were tired, so after a warm by the remains of an open log fire in the community kitchen, it was off to bed, where it took us about 2 seconds flat to fall asleep. (We were so tired we forgot to visit the rubbity dub-dub).

After a good night's sleep, this time broken only by Lyn wanting my car keys, Les arriving back from the Cabaret (he's heavy like his surname) and a sudden wind storm which nearly blew us away (we were saved by the quick action of Les in pinning down the sides of the tent).

Sunday morning saw me out early again for another of my famous dips (Brown Lake this time) and then we headed off in Hitler's Revenge to Port MacDonnell for a look at Dingly Dell, the once time home of that well known Aussie poet whose name I can't think of (Adam Lindsay Gordon?)

After lunch back in Mt. Gambier it was "home James and don't spare the horsepower".

Everybody eventually arrived home safe and sound, extremely tired and although this write up is more a description of what our little foursome (Rick, Lyn, Barb and Me) got up to, I hope it reflects the general opinion of all who came to "The Mount" – 'Twas A DAMN GOOD WEEKEND

Howard.

#### PRESENT AT – MT. GAMBIER

Howard, Rick, Barb and Lyn.

Stan

Frank, Chris, Peter S & Rob Paulin

Bruce, Lyn and David.

Derek and Barbara (now engaged)

Les, Marcelle, Vic and Liz

Rob Jellett.

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WE GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGE THE SUPPORT  
GIVEN TO US BY OUR ADVERTISERS AND WE  
RESPECTFULLY REQUEST THE READERS GIVE  
THEM THEIR SUPPORT WHEREVER POSSIBLE

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#### HELP

A club member was out shooting in the bush one weekend, and a terrible storm blew up. He looked for shelter, but there was none. It was raining in torrents, so he crawled into a hollow log; he fitted snugly. The rain lasted for hours, and the water soaked through the wood. The log began to contract. Finally, the storm abated, and the club member tried to get out, but couldn't. he strained to no avail – the log held him tight. He knew he would die of starvation unless he could free himself. His whole life flashed before him, especially his mistakes. Suddenly he remembered that he had not paid his club membership fees. This made him feel so small, that he was able to crawl out of the log.

The moral of this story is: Do not let your Membership Fees accumulate until you get into a tight pinch.

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#### A.C.U.V.SCRAMBLE CHAMPIONSHIPS – 18<sup>TH</sup> OCTOBER

There was no report handed to us for this run and I cant say much because Rick and I left and went for a ride.

However, a few comments – it was a beautiful day, if a little windy. The stony road leading to the scrambles absolutely petrified me. It was very dusty at the scrambles. Les said he saw a guy on a 750 Honda do a double wheelie and keep going at 60 miles an hour. Stan fell off again. There was

a good attendance. I didn't stay because it was too nice a day not to be out riding my new 450, which I had just acquired the day before.

### COLLECTED RABBLE

Les, Rick, Howard, Rob Paulin and friend, (male), Lyn and Barb, Vic and Liz, Big Daddy, Greg Smith, Lynda, Stan, Bill, Keith and Peter, Jerome, John Bryant and Lyn, Brian Murphy, Les and Pauline, Guy on Kawasaki (sorry), Kurt and Debbie and Roger the Lodger.

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And he rides hard to dull the pain  
Who rides from one that loves him best. . .  
And he rides slowly back again,  
Whose restless heart must rove for rest.

Henry Lawson.

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### WEEKEND AT DENILIKUIN – 24<sup>TH</sup> & 25<sup>TH</sup> OCTOBER

Rain, rain, I shoulda gone by train. By the time Debbie and I left Melbourne it was late. Late enough, in fact, it catch the remainder of the group – Peter P.

About Craigieburn we were rather split up and while trying to catch up with the mob, a white car with blue insignia on door got the better of my guilty conscience and SPLAT! Wet road – worn crash bars – Constable helped me pick up bike – met Lynda – on way again.

At Heathcote a cuppa coffee was consumed and I refuelled; at Echuca a meal was taken (where to), coffee consumed and I refuelled; at Deniliquin, fish and chips and more fuel.

After being advised not to use the first camping spot selected as it was council ground, we invaded a camping ground and had a “trade bike” session. The locals tried to induce us into a night ride, or stir, as they called it, but we were too tired so we gracefully declined. Debbie and I hit the sack, but it hit back. Errrrrr . we all decided to split the seam..err...scene, and off to sleep.

Sunday we moped around, refuelled and watched a demolition derby with a beeze 2-up. After it was shovelled into a ute, we all headed off – to be scattered by sheep, which were all over the highway. at Echuca the main bunch was lost and Lyndy and Debbie and I crept along to Bendigo, where we refuelled again. (p.s at Elmore a white 500 Suzi also had to refuel)

We all met later at the bowl for tea and a swim and then spread out for home. Incidentally, the weather up there was great.

Kurt.

On the run were:-

Hank Les – Honda 350

Big Daddy – Honda 450

Red Line – Honda 175

Margaret (Jay) – New Honda 450

Bruce Higgs – Triumph 650

Lyndy – New Honda 450

Kurt and Debbie – Suzuki 500

At Echuca we met up with Rick – Honda 350 (had camped). At Deni we met no bikes (except a bunch of local yokels) but in cars were:-

Greg, Bob and Roger (what, no Happy Yammi), Camel and Fiance Steve (Congrats), Frank, Chris and Bernie.

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THE FACT THAT PEOPLE ARE BORN WITH  
TWO EYES AND TWO EARS, BUT ONLY ONE  
TONGUE, SUGGESTS THAT THEY OUGHT TO  
LOOK AND LISTEN TWICE AS MUCH AS  
THEY SPEAK

ANON.

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### LABERTOUCHE – 1<sup>ST</sup> NOVEMBER

A note from Typist – If there are any mistakes hereafter, please forgive me as it has just gone 12.00pm Yawn.

After a somewhat staggered departure, the club arrived at Labertouche? Another wet and dry run. Labertouche, by the way, isn't such a big place; in fact, I didn't see a tin shed or a dog! (Rick's a liar, as you will see later in this report. Lyn) when the group I was with arrived, the earlier mob were about to leave, but our "ardent barbequers", Red Line and his assistants, rebuilt the fire, mainly, I feel, to keep everyone warm. We also had a "you ride mine and I'll ride yours" session.

Then we piled into three cars, a Poogo 404, and Ostin 1800 and the Cor'ona 1500. 2 diehard bikies rode with us to the State Forest and we made a general tour of the area. One vicious red mongrel dog (see, I told you. Lyn) had control of one intersection and tried to devour the cars and bikes alike, however, we all survived, to return to the bowl for tea and bowling etc. Some went to Red Line's place, but for me, it was home to bed.

Rick.

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Dear Bruce,

I hope this article gets to you before you have written out the mag. You may add in anything you wish, but it will cost you extra buck.

Greg Smith.

It was rather a bleak day to have a run and when I arrived in town, I thought everyone else must have stayed home. Finally, a couple of members turned up; Don and Marcelle, a new member, Danny and also Robert Kissick in his car.

At 10.45 I decided to head for Lab and I was followed, unknowingly, by Danny. I passed Kurt and Debbie on the way; they were plodding along at a steady 35mph because Debbie was running in her new bike, a Suzi 90. J. Barker was waiting at Dandy in his car. We arrived at Lab at 12 noon to find Roger the Lodger, who had been there since 11.00.



We then had a barbeque lunch and were just packing up when a few more members arrived. Finally, there was Don and Marcelle, Lyn and Rick, Peters S and Rob p, Hank, and last but not least, Red Line. Then Bruce and Lynda arrived in Bruce's car at 2.00.

After a second lunch, we all went for a thrash and yours truly got bogged on an airfield, with no help from Rob Paulin. Then we all proceeded back to the bowl for tea and a game of bowls and a swim for some. In all I think we all had a very enjoyable time.

#### CRYPTIC COMMENTS

"How's the head, Rob?"

"Why did everyone turn up late?"

(Thanks, Greg. Ed)