

White Horse Whispers

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

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EDITORIAL

Hi! Since the last mag things have been popping. Two weeks ago Vic Byrne came down heavily on the run to Brisbane Ranges and messed himself up slightly. Shortly afterwards, Stan the Man also found the gravel road nasty. Last week, Jerome, a new member, decided to see how hard a pole was and damaged himself as well.

THIS HAS GOT TO STOP!! Someone might get hurt, or even damage a bike. Anyway, hope we have a safer month this month and future months.

A word from Lynda – “HARADA!”

P.S. Ask Bruce why he bought a big spanner.

Kurt.

GENERAL MEETING

The meeting started off somewhat jovial with the minutes of the last meeting proceeding down the track with the Sec's report in the lead. At the first turn it was through the Treasurer's report (I think) and a big splash was made when General Business got stuck on a small hurdle – yes, you guessed it. Nominations took the lead and then came startling News (Debbie and I). After Startling News, Constitution came on strong (trainer, Peter Sanders – jockey, Big Daddy).

At this juncture of the proceedings, I left with constitution catching up with the rest of the crowd now looking as if they had gone to sleep. I will have to ask someone to carry on the commentary of the night from here.

Nothing much, except we had supper and a natter.

Kurt.

ST. LEONARDS – 6TH SEPTEMBER

We leave the car park just after 10:00am and move down to Geelong, Jim Shilton leading, Bob Paulin rear rider and everybody else in between changing places. We arrive at Geelong and stop for a break; Jim learns that Betty had trouble and went home, so he heads for home too. When everybody finishes their coffee, we move on towards St. Leonards.

There is a beautiful piece of road where Greg Smith and I on Peter P's 450 decide to find out how good Warren's Guzzi will accelerate in top; guess who won – the 450. When we finish the pleasant bit of thrashing, we arrive at St. Leonards.

Most of the members enjoy a shop lunch but some enjoy their home made lunches. After lunch some stroll out to the wharf in groups and muck around for a while. Then the idea of a cricket match comes up.

Everybody goes tearing down to the beach to find a usable bat and after tearing off a root from a tree, we get started. After everybody having a bat, we head back to Geelong for another stop, and then a quick trip back home. A good run with beautiful weather.

By Chris Tapp.

ATTENDANCE

31 people, 7 hondas, 6 suzis, 2 trumpies, 2 BM's, 1 Dukati, 1 Yama, 1 Mottly Gutzi and 2 cars.

Derek – Ducati 250	Bruce – Triumph 650
Frank – Suzuki 250 (Ray)	John “Alphabet” – Suzuki 250
Peter g & pillion – Honda 450	David – Honda 125
Rick – Honda 350	Big Daddy & Chris – Honda 450
Rob Paulin – Suzuki 350	Les – Honda 175
Andrew – Triumph 650	Don – Suzuki 500
Kurt & Debbi – Suzuki 500	Darryl – Honda 350
Roger – Yamaha 75	Warren & Marcelle – Moto Guzzi
Greg Crotty – Suzuki 250	Graeme Randall – BMW
Lyn – Honda 175	Murray Turner & pillion – BMW

In cars were Howard, Vic & Liz and John Barker, Ken Tregonning and Bruce Kennedy. Jerome was at the car park in his car, being as some creeps had set fire to his bike, but he didn't come to St. Leonards.

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CHRISTMAS PARTY

Just a short note to give you plenty of warning.

Date: 18th December, 1970
Place: Narbethong Hotel
Band: The Rondelles.

More details in the next magazine or notices will be sent out.

WEEKEND 11TH – 13TH SEPTEMBER

What a weekend this turned out to be! It all started on the Friday night, when we met at K.B. Car park and piled into Higgys's Pewhatsit and Rick's mobile drum (commonly known as a mini-van). First stop was “Lizzy” for those who hadn't had tea, then back to the car park to pick up the bikes and a few cars and off to the Caulfield Tech for the bikie films. The audience there turned out to be

about 75% M.S.C.A.V. The “Graggin’ Dragon” was there...SOBER? I think everyone would agree that the films were top class, highlights surely being bum – scrapin’ outfit passengers, a lap in the drivers’ seat on a solo machine and a lunch squashing on the “Devil’s Staircase”.

After the movies it was off to the Wordsworth Street Hideout for a cuppa coffee and the usual messinaroun’. When we ran out of matches, i.e. eyelid props, we headed for home, meeting a few hours later (Sat. Morn by now) in Lizzy again for the usual stir, etc.

Next on the programme was a ride out to Calder for the bike races (closed meeting, so FREE admission!). Les Mountain was there with his Beeza showing us how it’s done (provided you get your kicks looking up your wheels at the end of 100mph plus straights) and Marcelle earned herself the job of mechanic’s assistant. It was a fantastic day’s racing; boy, those guys GO! (Rob Paulin and I are having expansion chambers; Rick’s getting reverse cone megs’s and we’ll show Mountain what Jap bikes are all about !)

After tea that night (its still Saturday) we gathered again at Rick’s house, and finally decided we’d go for a jaunt down to Arthur’s Seat...in Rob’s Falcon wagon...TEN of us! (Robert, Marcelle, Red-line, Rick, Rob P, Vic, Liz, John C, G.O.G. and myself). Rob drove us to the top of the seat, where we decided we’d go down via the chair-lift, which proved rather interesting as the lift was closed! So after a stagger through the undergrowth (popular pastime with us it seems) we arrived at the bottom of the ...err...sat, had a race through some natural gas pipelines and then waited for Rob to pick us up in the wagon...and waited..and waited...and got worried..And waited some more, till ‘funny-man’ finally arrived (Rob and John were waiting in a bus stop by now)

Anyway, we headed back towards Melbourne, stopping at Frankston to recruit some guy on an immaculate looking Trumpy, who turned out to be a dripout from some stoopid club like the “rebels” or something (affiliated of course!). It was on the next leg of our trip that a certain 350 Honda rider suggested going to Inverloch....THEN AND THERE – NINETY MILES

So we did, departing from the corner of Chapel Street and Dandenong Road at 2am, arriving at Inverloch at 3.30am...just 5 guys on 5 bikes with 4 sleeping bags and 1 one-man tent. After a brief confrontation with some local yokels in cars, it started to rain, so we found a comfortable looking sand dune, strung out the tent between two Hondas (they’re good for something) and hit the sand. I dunno about the others, but I had about 3 minutes sleep with a Honda side stand in an awkward place, Cecil elbowing me in an equally awkward (how do you spell awkward, typist?) (I dunno – I’ll take your word for it – typist) place, snoring in one ear, rain in the other and Les Hayes laying on my feet.

A couple of hours later Rick and John C. (I think) stirred themselves and organized some hot pies and pasties for breakfast. Rob Paulin was next out, followed by Les (who had a sore elbow from trying not to lie on my feet), followed by your truly, once I’d extracted a Honda, two spiders, a bucket of sand and 2 feet (my own) from the bottom of my sleeping bag. Actually, it wasn’t all that bad, just a bit uncomfortable being squashed together in order not to get wet.

After exploring the locality (there’s some good scenery to be seen down there) we got tired of waiting for the club to arrive and left for home about 11.30 Sunday morning, passing the official club convoy at the Lang Lang turn off. I don’t know where they’d been but I did hear a rumour that Don spent the whole day adjusting the drive chain on his new Suzi 500. After offering a brief explanation to the puzzled members as to why we were going the wrong way, we kept going the “wrong way”...HOME SWEET HOME!

I didn't make it to the bowl that night (I fell asleep) but I believe the others did. So all in all it was one heck of a weekend, not something I’d like to do every day, but something I’d tell the grandchildren about “when I was young and crazy like you”!

THAT WAS THE WEEKEND THAT WAS!

Howard.

FINAL COMMENT: I liked Inverloch but it's hard to find green jumpers at 3.30am!

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Members Present at Film Night

David, Lyn, Tob Jellett, Howard, Warren, Marcelle, Bruce, John, Lynda, Glennis, John Cecil, Les, Steve, Carmel, Chris Lacey, Bronwyn, Greg Wolfe, Rob Paulin, Rick, Vic, Liz, Peters S, Peter G, John Bryant, Briand Murphy, and a fella on a trail bike. (26)

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MELBOURNE SHOW – 19TH

After going to the football, I headed for the Show, picking up a hitchhiker on the way, who turned out to be pedestrian, Bob Paulin. Isn't he generous – lent his licence to the fuzz for 3 months and gave them a \$20 bonus for looking after it. We got to the Show, found a few others, strolled around till 6.30 when we met the rest of the crew (about 25). After tea, we unintentionally split into two of them groups. The group I was in, went on the wizen machine and mad mouse (which corners almost as good as a Triumph), dodgem cars and a few other things I can't remember. We all bought ice creams the size and shape of a Yamaha exhaust, and tried to get through then while watching some horse jumping, a trotting race and the Monaro precision driving in the arena. Everyone met outside the grounds and dragged off to Liz's place for coffee, then home.

Bruce.

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SECRETARY'S ANNUAL REPORT

The best thing about this year has been the increase in membership and the attendance at most club functions, especially weekend trips. Our membership is currently 76 financial members, with quite a few probationary members, and I think most will agree that the present membership is an enthusiastic one. Life membership was awarded to Tim Garrett and Ken Brown.

We are getting good publicity from having our name in Two Wheels' Club Register, and a write-up of the club in the Herald produced many enquiries and some new members.

During the year Len Shearer resigned from the Committee and it was only after this I realise how much work Len did for the club, and he is still doing a great service to the club in printing our itineraries and constitution –thanks Len. Thanks also to Vic Byrne, Graham Bell and Sue Ward for the work they did in the club prior to their resignations from the Committee.

A fairly large job tackled this year was the sending out of a questionnaire to all members. We gained many suggestions from this and considered the members ideas when revising the road rules and constitution. Another area where we have shown tremendous improvement is the club magazine. It rose from 8 pages to 18 at one stage, and if you look back, you'll see the typing and presentation improved out of sight. We now have 6 bike shops advertising in the mag. This good work in better quality and advertising is due to Kurt and Lynda – thanks for the time, effort and a tremendous job. We send the mag to two N.Z. Clubs, two Sydney Clubs, and clubs in Canberra, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Tasmania and Ballarat.

We are currently working on the club transfer and badge, and should have the end result in a month or two. I hope you, the members, can help make next year even better than this one by supporting the next Committee and current Editors.

Bruce Higgs – Secretary MSCAV

PRESIDENTS' ANNUAL REPORT

I would just like to say that we've had a very good year, with the most successful function being the Southern Cross Rally, where we won quite a few prizes. Another interesting point that stood out was the high attendance on Club runs and weekend camps, even during the bad weather which we endured to show that we have enthusiasts in the club at the moment.

Also I would like to thank the Editors for the wonderful job that they have done, and I would ask members to give them the support that is necessary to carry on the good work. Finally, thanks to all members for keeping the name of the Club in high regard at all times.

Peter Philferan – President MSCAV

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BRISBANE RANGES – 20TH SEPTEMBER

Everyone must have been tired after the show as we left an hour after the stated time! Finally, 26 bikes and 2 cars headed towards the Brisbane Ranges, and unfortunately, along some dirt road, Vic decided it was lunch time (bit the dust). Thanks to Rob Jellett for taking him to Bacchus Marsh.

We got to the Ranges and had our barbeque lunch, after which some slept, some went for a walk and some did Rally Cross in the bush. About 3.30 we headed for Bacchus Marsh (Stan decided to scrape his fairing on the way), had coffee and continued to the airfield to pick up Liz's bike. Then back to town – I was rear rider and got back to the car park at 7.00pm, so we left late and returned late. The above is only a guess, because as rear rider, all I saw was dust, dust, Roger's rear end and more dust!

Bruce Higgs.

While up in the ranges some of us found Peter Sanders' Kawasaki 90, Very Tricky to ride and ...no, no.. not that Sanders...you know – Peter Sanders from Northern Club. Maintenance was performed by two of the Kawasaki kids on a 650 while Peter S spent some time on his Kwaka (keeping it out of our hands really).

As Bruce commented about being the rear rider, all he saw was dust, dust, dust. I would like to inform him that the run went pretty well with a mad thrash down out of the ranges. Sorry Rob P.

*Why did J. Barker try and smash Greg Smith's Toyota with his Austin?

*Why did Peter Sanders really work on his Kwaka?

*What was Doctor Fates plan...(sorry, wrong story).

*why did I go??

Kurt.

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APOLLO BAY WEEKEND – 26TH & 27TH

Starting off from Millers' Road along the Geelong Highway were approx 5 bikes and 2 cars. On the bikes were Red line, Carol (350 Suzi Cheer), the Draggin' Dragon (Kawasaki 650), Warren (Mouldy Gutzi), Jerome (250 Suzuki) and last of all Rick (350 Honda). In the cars were Les Mountain & Marcelle and friends (?), Bob Jellett, Howard, Frank, Chris, Lynnette, Barbara and myself. We left a little later than the rest, but caught up with them approx a mile this side of Laverton, where we found Red-line stripping his bike to find out why Honda tyres go flat on the bottom. Seeing everything well under control we left and continued on past Warren and Rick another mile up the road. Both had a very lost expression on their faces.

We found out later that Red-line cured the Honda's ailment in a very short 2 hours flat. He thanked the spectators and shouted them all a cup of coffee at a service station in Laverton. Frank and party went straight on to Apollo Bay via the Great Ocean Road, which was very pleasant so long as you didn't look over the edge. On arriving at Apollo Bay we had the task of finding an approved camping ground. On finding a free approved camping ground Frank and party set about pitching a large tent donated by Lyn for the occasion. After erecting the tent Barbs and Lyn went about telling the trouble they had teaching little brats at primary school (Oh! To be in grade three again UGH)

Sometime later the main group arrived. They had come via Colac along a mountainous, twisting, muddy track they dared to call a road. The journey was not without an incident. Poor Jerome left the road. During the next few hours a couple more bikes turned up and one more car. When tea time finally came around we were off to the township for some eats. A few stayed back at camp and prepared their own food. Afterwards, down to the local for a gathering of the "lemon squash club". Frank and Rocky (Marcelle) did their bit together to the tune of a few waltzes.

When time came for us to leave everyone got back to the Apollo Bay beach safely one way or the other and sat around the camp till an unearthly hour on Sunday morning. Next day we headed back to Melbourne by the Great Ocean Road. We stopped at Lorne for lunch and looked at a few vintage cars and one Rudge Whitworth motorcycle which was pretty glamorous. Continuing along the highway we stopped again at Millers' Road, where we dispersed and went on our won separate ways; some to the bowl for tea, others home for a good catch-me-up sleep.

Guess what? Warren got booked and fined \$10. Yurk!
THE END.

Signed – the Pedestrian.

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EPITAPH OF AN ARROGANT RIDER

Here lies the body of William Gay
Who died maintaining his right of way.
He was right, dead right and his case was strong
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.