

## White Horse Whispers

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

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### EDITORIAL

Hi! This month we thought we'd better put in a few cartoons, etc being as last month we sort of ran out of space and time. We're a very disorganised bunch you know – we always leave it till the last minute to type up and print the mag, consequently we always find ourselves still working at 1:00 to 2:00 in the morning. Hence all the typing mistakes; it gets a bit had to type when you're nearly asleep. So, if anyone's write-up has a few errors in it, or something misinterpreted, please accept our apologies

Editors.

### SECRET REPORT

\* Have received notification of two rallies:-

The Southern Cross Rally, Mt. Barker, South Australia  
(S.C.M.C.C.), Jan 30 – Feb 1

The Bunyip Rally, Wyberba, Queensland (Just over the boarder) (M.M.C. & S.C. Brisbane),  
October 3 -4, 1970. The Bunyip Rally is a new one this year, and both sound pretty good. Entry  
forms are available from me now.

\* Don't forget, if you change your bike, address, etc please let me know so the membership list will  
be up to date when next printed.

\* Also, notice to all stirrers – my bike has only broken down once. Admittedly, when it broke it did  
it big, but it was rebored, new pistons, etc, is going well, and now that it's run in, I'll take on any  
challengers!.

\* \* \*

18/8/70

Dear Kurt,

As you have pestered me for such a long time for a contribution to the club magazine, I will now attempt to do my worst in that regard.

I'd like firstly, to thank all those tremendous club members who came to see me at the Royal Melbourne Hospital and generally helped to make my stay there a BALL! Actually, if anyone is interested, I might be able to help out in giving them a few pointers on the nurses at the RMH. Should anyone be desperately longing for an extended stay in "Bonesvill", I've got a foolproof method; all you need is a goddamned moron, sitting in a goddamned car with his goddamned eyes closed and not going your way. You're bound to get in the way (as I am sure many victims know already).

Anyhow, the stay in hospital does not make up for all the discomforts! They even let me extend my stay by a few days. As soon as I got out, I practically turned green every time I saw a bike go past. That sort of reminds me; I've got a slightly twisted..(?) on my hands at the mo. Any takers? Billy?

Oh well, I'm looking forward to seeing and joining everyone on some form of transport in the near future. Again, thanks to everyone! Ran into some jokes you might like to do something with, Kurt:-

Men with money to burn have started many a girl playing with fire.

The gods gave man fire, and he invented fire engines. They gave him love, and he invented marriage.

Advice to the exhausted: When wine, women and song become too much for you, give up singing.

An investigated case of horse doping was reported in a paper and it went something like this: "Several times, horses have been found bleary eyed and weak in the legs after the Frenchwoman had called at the stables"...FORMIDABLE!

CAD: A man who refuses to help his date with the breakfast dishes.

CLEAR CONSCIENCE: Poor memory.

HANGOVER: The wrath of grapes.

BERNHARD.

(well, that's what he wrote. Typist)

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## YALLOURN TRIP – 9<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST

Sunday's trip to Yallourn included an extra effort, as we had to be in Dandenong by 9:00am. However, most members had managed to make it by the departure time of 9:30am. A few members were confronted on the way by a house in two sections taking a leisurely Sunday morning stroll along Dandenong road.

Members in attendance were:-

Warren on his new Mottly Gutsy with Marcelle pillion

Don on his B.M.W with Sandra pillion

Kurt on 500 Suzuki with Mimi pillion

Carmel on Honda 175 – wearing her new face mask and goggles that were considered to be an improvement.

Les Hayes on Honda 175

David Heath on Honda 125

Peter P on Honda 450

Bruce Kennedy on Honda 125

CARS:

Greg Smith & Mark in Toyota

Bob Paulin on Suzuki 350  
Johnny Barker on Kawasaki350  
Howard on Yamaha 350  
Bruce Higgs on Triumph 650 Saint  
Greg on Suzuki 250  
Keith & pillion on Suzuki 250  
Roger on Yamaha 75  
Les on Red Metal Flake BSA

Rick, Glennis & Lynda in V.W

We set off with Warragul in mind as first stop – Warren leader, Bob Paulin patrol and Bruce Higgs rear rider. It was a pretty good run through to Warragul at @&\* mph where we had a light snack and coffee. Here various members were allowed to actually sit on the Great White Mottly Gutsy. When Bruce Higgs arrived he informed us that Johnny B's Kawasaki had packed up (typical) and he would not be coming. Bruce then returned to Melbourne. As we were leaving Warragul, the Suzuki 250 with Keith and pillion had a puncture and Les on BSA stopped to help, but the rest continued on as the others would be catching us up. We continued on again following Warren at a fairly good pace. When we were almost at Yallourn there were lots of sign posts leading different directions and the leader didn't know which way to go. He decided to stop and wait till everybody caught up and he was a bit upset to find that Carmel on her 175 Honda was right on the tail of the "M.G." (bike) all the way.

When we had regrouped and Don did a bit of tuning on his B.M.W. we continued on into Yallourn where what should we find at the bottom of a hill out in the wilderness, but a traffic light. Thus, various sets of brakes were put to use and this served as a good test. When the light decided to turn green we continued on into Yallourn where we parked our bikes, ready to have lunch. We found quite an innocent looking little shop selling pies, pasties, fish, chips, cakes, ice cream, etc, which had all the local news pasted on the door, including one rather interesting sign advising that the PORNOGRAPHIC FILM SHOW had been cancelled. To the M.S.C.A.V. cityite's, this was quite hysterical. After we had eaten (especially the cold meat pies which were simply ughhh) it was time for our faithful leader to try to lead us to the power station and open cut for a guided tour.

\* \* \*

I SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN BED!!!

It was a CRISp morning when my alarm BELL went off. I heard the dog BARK ERound the back of the house, threw back the KURTAins and, although there was a BROWN HAYES in the sky, I decided not to be LACEY and go for a ride on my machine. I put on my gear, plunged the KEY into the ignition, but the beast wouldn't start. HOW 'ARD I tried to start it. After turning on the petrol it fired.

I took off, feeling like the KING of the road. Out of the suburbs, in a country town I had a damn flat, so I fixed it, using a fw tools which were LENT to me by a blacksmith, who told me he used to be a SHEARER. One of the tools I picked up was hot, and I BYRNEd myself, but I didn't swear or curse, and thanked the guy nicely to keep up the GOODWILL between us in case I had another puncture.

A bit of bush-bashing next, so I rode half way up a MOUNTAIN to some bush, where things didn't go too well. first I got pRICKed by a thorn, and fell on some BARB wire which BRUCED my bottom. FurtheR ON I struck some mud, put my foot down to bALANce and it sank – mud waS USAN inTO My boot. After PAULIN my hoof out of the mud, I put my other foot down a rabbie WARREN, but I pushed forward. Deeper in the bush I was condFRONted by a BIG DADDY WOLFE (what utter BILLdust). What to do? With Jungle JIM on holidays I was helpLESs. I picked up this sTONY looking thing and threw it at him. A WONDER BOY shot – knocked him rotten.

Then some fool YN DA sky turned ON the TAPP and the WATERS came down, so I DONned my waterproofs and decided it was home. JAMES and don't spare the horses. Boy, what a SUCKER I had been that day.

Please note – this story is fact based in fiction. No names have been changed to protect the innocent, and any reference to anyone I know is purely intentional.

By the bloke in the blue hat.

\* \* \*

### ITINERARY NOTICES

Saturday, September 19<sup>th</sup> – Royal Melbourne Show.

Meet at KBC at 4.00pm and again at the SEC Pavilion at the Show grounds at 6.30pm to have tea together.

Friday, 11<sup>th</sup> September – Film Night

We couldn't get tickets to the show we had in mind, so with apologies, we'll settle for a visit to the drive-in (for tea also). Make use of all those bludgers in cars. Meet at KBC at 6.00pm.

\* \* \*

### LAKE EPPALOCK – 23<sup>RD</sup> AUGUST by BIG DADDY AND KURT

About 20 bikes and 3 cars turned up for this run, including a few new faces. The “new faces” were welcomed and the club was sent on its way by the Pres. First stop, Kilmore where we indulged in our favourite pastime of swilling coffee. Conditions being pretty bad, a few of the smaller bikes were left behind at a local garage, with the exception of Roger's Yama 75, which battled on courageously. Transport for the owners of the smaller bikes was provided by “Uncle Robert”.

We screamed into Heathcote for lunch, which was gulped down due to the impatience of members to get to Eppalock. The impatience was felt greatly as it was evident that most bikes wanted to sit right on Les' tail. Several times they were told to split up, but to no avail, so Les (Hazy) was asked to speed up. This did give some relief to the congestion.

On the turnoff 5 miles out of Eppalock, some of the club stopped again, as a certain BSA Goldie had lost its carbie. Luckily, we met a very friendly local who manufactured a bolt then and there for Les (Hill...err, I mean mountain).

Arriving at Eppa, Les H led the convoy around in circles before descending upon the picnic ground. Went for a walk around the reserve and climbed on the rocks, which proved to be too strenuous for Carmel. Then there was that exciting game with the Frisbee (supplied by Peter P) which ended up in the creek. Carol and Liz were so upset that they swam out in the icy water to rescue it, after which Peter offered to take them to tea at the bowl.

Left for home at 3.15, stopping at Heathcote for petrol and at Kilmore for the abandoned bikes. It was a pretty nerve-racking trip, especially for Rob Jellett, as some mad female driver was following us in a white Torana. After reaching the car park, most met again at the bowl for tea. A most pleasant run. Thanks to all those who attended.

P.S. For those who weren't present, Kurt didn't mention that he gallantly stood at the water's edge and aided each of the Frisbee rescuers with a towel. I believe there were a number of photos taken of this act of chivalry. Keep up the good work, Kurt.

\* \* \*

## TRENTHAM FALLS – 30<sup>TH</sup> AUGUST

What a miserable day. It was raining in Melbourne and by the time we neared Woodend, it was actually snowing – real snow, not just sleet. At Woodend, everyone decided to give Trentham Falls a big miss and returned to spend the afternoon sprawled on the floor at Marcelles' flat, watching Rally Cross.

However, three members did make it to the Falls (Peter B., Peter .S, and Lynda). But they were in a car, so they weren't as brave as they sound. It was wet and cold and snowing there, too. The Falls were a lovely sight with thousands of gallons of water cascading over the top making the white froth at the bottom really dance. There were a few car loads of people up there barbequing.

\* \* \*

### A POEM TO ME MUVVER

When me prayers were poorly said,  
Who spanked me till me arse was wed,  
And tucked me in me widdle bed,  
Me Muvver.

Who took me from me cosy cot,  
And put me on the ice cold pot,  
And made me wee, if I could not,  
Me Muvver.

And when the morning light had come,  
And in me crib me dribbled some,  
Who wiped me tiny widdle bum,  
Me Muvver.

Who would me hair so neatly part,  
And hug me gently to her heart,  
Who sometimes squeeze me till I fart,  
Me Muvver.

Who looked at me with eyebrow knit,  
And nearly had a king size fit,  
When in me Sunday pants I shit,  
Me Muvver.

When at night the bed did squeak  
I raised me head to have a peak,  
Who yelled at me to go to sleep,  
Me Muvver.

\* \* \*

PSST! I know a secret you don't know. Don't tell anyone, but Kurt and Debbie are getting engaged on Saturday, 5<sup>th</sup> Drpyrnrnt.

Also, congratulations to Ron Hayward and Jane, who were engaged on 22<sup>nd</sup> August.

### M.S.C.A.V. BOWLING CHAMPOINSHIP

HELD AT GOLDEN BOWL, CAMBERWELL

	<u>1<sup>st</sup> game</u>	<u>2<sup>nd</sup> game</u>	<u>Total</u>	<u>FINAL</u>
Brian Murphy	153	98	251	90
Wilson	104	69	173	
Peter P	155	106	261	87
R. Holt	73	99	172	
Peter S.	96	102	198	
Les Hayes	81	86	167	
John Wotzko	124	125	249	104
Carmel Bell	108	118	226	
Carol Dickinson	85	33	118	
Steve Jones	123	96	219	
Rob Jellett	85	106	191	
Ron Hayward	91	104	195	
Peter G	94	96	190	
Les Mountain	73	80	153	
Greg (Suzi 250)	80	111	191	
Lyn Uren	105	122	227	
Peter B.	138	194	332	167 (champ)
Rob Paulin	145	113	258	85
Kurt Mueller	76	97	173	
Debbie	65	56	121	
Bruce Higgs	74	102	176	

Two games were played and the totals added together. The five highest scores determined the finalists, who were: Brian Murphy, Peter Philferan, John Wotzko, Peter Bouchier and Robert Paulin. A third game was then played at the expense of M.S.C.A.V., the winner being Peter Bouchier. A small trophy will be presented at the general meeting. Everyone had a good time and it was great getting together to bowl as a club.

Lyn.

\* \* \*

STOLEN

'66 BONNEVILLE REG: DK 723 \* NEW MOTOER \* DARK BLUE \* TWIN LEADING SHOE FRONT BRAKE \* BORANE ALLOY WHEEL \* CRASH BARS \* CHROME MEGAPHONES \*

If anyone happens to see a bike fitting this description, would they please phone JOHN STEWART on 83 5957.

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