

White Horse Whispers

The Newsletter of The Motor Scooter Association of Victoria

AUGUST 1963

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Approx 7 bikes and 7 cars departed from Alexander Avenue at 9.20am. Once again, we had the privilege of having Len Shearer with us. We all decided it would be better if we made our own way to Lilydale. Once in Lilydale we met Graham W and Cheryl C. We then had something to eat and drink and moved off towards Mt. Donna again. The next stop was when Len decided to leave us and headed towards home. (CHICKEN) Half way up the muddy road we saw a sign saying "DETOU-NO CARS BEYOND THIS POINT". After a short stop here we stared off again only to find that our devoted President had parked his car over the side of a cliff. Hasn't he learnt yet that, that is no way to park a car? Occupants in the car were Greg, Heather and Peter in the front and Howard and Sue and Dot (Ken's sister) in the back. After a long wait for the tow truck and getting the car out we decided it was too late to continue and headed off towards home. We proceeded to Camberwell Bowl where some decided to go home while others stayed for tea and a game of bowls. Even though we didn't see any snow, we all had an exciting day.

COMMENTS.....

Lose your nerve LEN.....

GREG: "Heather, get off of me!!!!!"

HOWARD: "It's been the first time I had Sue so close to me". ???

PETER – PLEASE LEARN HOW TO PARK A CAR.....

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First woman: (reaching for a second helping of dessert) "You know I've just got to watch my waistline."

Second woman: "How lucky you are to have it right out there where you can."

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"I'm sorry you don't like my mini skirt Grandma" said the co-ed, "but when you were a girl didn't you have to set your cap for the right young man?"

"Well maybe," replied Grandma, "but never my Kneecap".

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Sunday, July 14thMAINTENANCE DAY.....

After everyone howling down the Beach Road and Warren blowing his usual SMOKE SCREEN we ended up at Bill Williams place at Cheltenham. 20 bikes arrived in the morning, and a few more came after lunch. Steve arrived in the Ute with two scramble bikes which, I'd like to say, he didn't get started. Graham and Heather spent half the day walking up and down the street reading a TERRIFIC book. Once again, everyone got the craze of NOISE. Bruce N with his hacksaw, and Ken with his drill. Also, all the boys had to have a ride on Jim's 450 Honda – even our President had a ride. During all the excitement Bruce threw his leather jacket on the back of the Ute, and

when Steve left it somehow fell off when Steve did a wheelie around one of the corners on the way home.

HEATHER AND GRAHAM B.

COMMENTS.....

What was the book about, Heather & Graham?????

Lose a Jacket BRUCE???????

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COUNTRY BUMPKIN LETTER

Dear Cousin,

Your Uncle has a job at last, the first one in years. We are rich folk now we get 43 dollars 75 cents every week.

We sent to Leares & Rosebucks for one of these new fang dangled bathrooms like you rich folk in the big smoke have.

Over on one side there is a long white thing like the pigs drink out of, you get in and sit down and have a wash all over at once. Over against the wall there is a thing they call a sink. This is used for a light wash, like the hands and face, and "WOW" over in the corner there is a thing that you put one foot in and wash it, and pull the chain and get fresh water for the other foot.

They sent tow lids with the darn thing, one is solid and one with a hole in it, but we didn't have no use for the darn things so Ma uses one for a bread board and we framed Grandpa's picture in the other.

Yours Ben.....

SUNDAY, 21st July.....TANGLEFOOT HUT TRIP

Approx 15 bikes and 4 cars left Alexander Avenue. We appointed Adrian as our leader thinking he could find the way without getting lost, but we found out different. Even though we didn't make it to Tanglefoot Hut, we covered every bush track within 50 miles of Healesville. Eventually we thought we had found the right road, but no such luck. Everyone swore that if Adrian didn't find the right road they would string him up from the nearest tree, but neither came to pass – Adrian is still alive and we haven't found Tanglefoot Hut. We ended up at a place called 'SIBERIA', and Ken eventually lit a fire after a box of matches and a half a petrol tank had been used.

Everything being considered, everybody enjoyed being lost.

GRAHAM BELL.

COMMENTS....

Sorry we forgot the rope, ADRIAN.

DEFINITION OF A LAMBRETTA: boy-oh-boy, A LINCOLN TOY!!!!!!!!!!

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THEATRE NIGHT: 2001 – A SPACE ODYSSEY...

About 14 members attended this function. It started with for the first 15 minutes a pack of Monkeys and Apes (Not members) having a good old fight, then came the hard part, I couldn't follow the show because it was so involved and also I finished up going to sleep and everybody was passing lollies up and down the line. Somebody at the back dropped a packet of JAFFAS which brightened the show up a bit. The only comment we got from members after the show was "WHEN DOES THE PICTURE START?" We all had supper at the "South Seas" to finish the evening.

PRESIDENT

COMMENTS:.....

A second PHAROAH

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The baby sardine was swimming happily in the Ocean near his mother, when he saw his first submarine and was terribly frightened,

"Don't worry dear," his mother assured him, "it's just a can of people".

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Sunday, 28th July.....POINT COOK.....

Approx 16 bikes arrived at Alexander Avenue on simple run down to Point Cook, no getting lost or breaking down. We arrived there at 11.00am and after everyone getting lunch and having a race down the roads; Derrick decided to scare Heather on the Kawa 350. Heather took her first ride doing 115 m.p.h. When she got off all she said was "OH BOY". Then Ken decided to go for a ride along the bank and got bogged (FOOL)

After leaving Point Cook we headed off towards the You-Yangs, where Warren had a puncture and Bronwyn had a slight accident on her Yamaha, but no serious damage. Sue Ward decided to disguise the motor bikes as the local shrubbery (WATTLE) – Frank looking like a chook from the back view. As there was quite a bit of time wasted here, we decided to head towards Camberwell Bowl after an enjoyable trip.

COMMENTS:.....

What do you think of a KWAA, Heather???

FRANK: Up, Up and awaaayyyy!!!!!!!!

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SALE

300 DREAM "HONDA" – REGISTERED – NEW TYRES & CRASH BARS. NEEDS NEW REAR END BEARINGS & CON. RODS.

APPOX SIXTY DOLLARS WORTH OF WORK FOR EXCELLENT MACHINE.....ENQUIRIES: KEN...

AFTER HOURS: 82-5953

THE BED PAN STORY

When I had my operation
I displayed a lot of....
I could take it, smile and like it,
But the bed pan drove me nuts.

When nature called, I'd call the nurse;
And when I called she ran
And soon I'd have my
Parked upon that gosh-darned pan.

I'd slide back on my shoulders
But the leverage wasn't there,
And instead of something doing,
I'd shoot aof air.

And when at last I'd get results,
I'd feel around my seat,
To see if I had missed the pan
And.....it on the sheet.

There was cold sweat on my ...
When I'd feel with cautious care,
And with sights of satisfaction
Find not a thing was there.

But now a new contortion
Would leave me weak and pale;
I'd have to work and twist and squirm
To wipe my poor sore.....

I'd raise myhigh mid-air
This closed the gapping span;
My shaky hand would slip, and then
I'd grab that gosh-darn....

The muscles of mywould bulge
As I stood upon my head,
I'd make a few wild passes
And fall weekly back in bed.

And when I'd ring the nurse came in
And carried off the ...
I'd wonder why, on such a job,
They didn't send a man.

Then finally, I'd settle down,
That movement was a treat;
But, wait a minute! What's so warm,
And wet upon the sheet.

With a gasp of apprehension,
I'd slowly raise my gown,

And there beneath my sitter
Would be a blotch of

And so, as operations go,
I'm a burly, big he-man;
But gosh it simply burns me up
When I miss that gosh-darned pan.

Written by HEATHER....
Abridged by ROBERT (SUZY 250)

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SUDNAY, 4TH AUGUAST....MT. BULLER

This trip started at Alexander Avenue and later the members complained that they were not given enough information as to where and when they were supposed to go. I went in the President's car and I think it was the first time he had the car up to 90mph but no avail as Lawry still flew past us in his Corona. Peter arrived at Mansfield approx 1 ½ hours before the first bike did. Johnny Barker got Lawry lost because he thought we were going to Mt. Buffalo, but eventually everyone arrived at Mansfield where we all had lunch then headed off for Mt. Buller. When we arrived at Buller we found there was a gate toll to be paid so we decided to go to Mt. Sterling instead (CHEAPSKATES)

Once we got up into the snow some of the blokes produced sheets of plastic and started sliding down the slopes. A few of us decided to go higher up the mountain to slide down longer slopes, also we had a good snowball fight, including Mrs. Tapp who has good aim. Everyone had an excellent day and most of us then headed back to our old camping ground (C.BOWL) for tea and bowls and trampolining. Later some went to Franks for coffee then we headed off for home.

COMMENTS.....

Bikes can go further than Nissan Patrol Wagons which are not supposed to get bogged in snow around the corner from our cars which went as far as they possibly could.

GRAHAM B.

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"Darling", the young man sighed, "Couldn't you - couldn't you learn to love me?"

"I might", said the girl, "I learned to eat spinach".

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SUNDAY, 18TH AUGUST....DAY TRIAL

We started at 9.00am at Alexandra Avenue. Each bike was given numbers for quick identification. The bikes left at 5 minute intervals. It was not just a trial but also a scavenger hunt as we all had to look for small objects such as white feathers, beer cans (empty) etc during the day. There was some very interesting terrain to be crossed e.g. Glenvale Road which was a test of courage and bike riding ability especially with a pillion passenger. Eastland Shopping Centre was the check point for lunch, whenever you got there. The finishing point was at Camberwell Bowl, and there was no one there to check the times of arrival. Total mileage set for the course was 70 miles, but most travelled around 80 miles, some even doing over 100 miles. They must have really been lost.

The winners were RON HARRIS and ROBERT PAULIN who rode as a duo.

COMMENTS.....

Chicken out on the hills Frank & Sue.

CARMEL: this bike's too heavy for pushing into service stations, Graham;
Those huge pine trees were too easy to see.

Did you go to sleep, Doreck?

What happened to the last check point Kevin?

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The 11 year old boy walked into the darkened parlour and switched on the lights. Immediately his sister and her boy friend jumped apart on the couch.

“Whatcha doin’?” the kid asked.

“Nothing,” the boyfriend snapped.

“You’re sure?”

“I’m sure!”

“Then how do you know when you’re finished?”

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“Daddy,” asked the boy, “What is a sweater girl?”

“Why – er – ah,” fumbled the father, “a sweater girl is a girl who works in a sweater factory.”
(After a moment’s pause) “Where in the world did you get that question?”

“Where in the world” demanded his son, “did you get the answer?”

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THE WALHALLA TRIP

We commenced this trip on the Saturday at 9.00am or thereabouts. Our first main stop was at Warragul where we munched on fish & chips. We finally arrived at Walhalla at 1.00, give or take an hour. All the lucky ones who had rented rooms in the motel got their keys and also instructions from the landlady on the DOES and DON'TS of the place. Everyone went out on their separate ways to investigate Walhalla's natural surroundings. The ones who must have done the most exploring would have been Ron Haywood on his “Bushwhacker” and Bill W riding on a Kawasaki trail bike. As soon as these two got to Walhalla they put their bikes on trail-gearing and then they were off up the mountains and to places where the other bikes could not venture.

For the less fortunate, there were hikes to huge man-made caverns sunk into the sides of the mountains. This was great for the rock hunter, but the majority of the riders are not rock hunters so we had to look for a more exciting pass time, and this we found on Saturday night with the help of quite a few bottles of ...Graham bell (Pedestrian) found his alcohol and also his excitement. Another consumer of the deadly poison was Heather – she is the one that does not “drink, smoke or go out with bad men”. During the night there were many activities – one unknown nut fell over a 20’ drop. As he had put down more than enough alcohol he did not hurt himself apart from concussion.

One of the activities apart from drinking was singing – our main contenders were Heather – Soprano – and Kevin T – Bass. Kurt M’s main interest was obtained from hot poetic sources which Heather also read eagerly. As I was camping out on that cold wet night, I am not able to give you any information on the ones who slept in the motel, but I have obtained a little information from some reliable sources that their night did not finish when they left our camp. Some of the information was that Derrick M slept rather close to Peter S which must have been rather exciting for both as the beds were only 3’ wide. During the night one of the young ladies was said to have visited each room and I would not like to guess what for, just use your imagination. The next morning everyone was up bright and early. Most were very excited about Sunday’s activities of looking at rocks again, but for the rest they were riding back and forth from camp to camp until we left at 2.00

ROBERT (SUZY250)

SATURDAY NIGHT, THE MOTEL.

Those who stayed in the motel had a pretty good time, the meals were quite good, but not enough as everyone should agree, also they had a lovely log fire going in the lounge. The beds were quite comfortable with Derrick and Peter S getting a bit close, and some of us getting a good night kiss before going to bed (Not from Peter & Derrick). On Sunday morning while having breakfast some of us noticed that Ron Haywood came in with his jumper on inside out which brought quite uproar from the members. All in all it was a good weekend.

PRESIDENT P.P

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We would like to thank Mr & Mrs Bell for putting up with all the equipment and hard workers during the week.

Articles contributed by:-

HEATHER H.

GRAHAM BELL

ROBERT PAULIN

PETER PRESIDENT

We would also like to thank Carmel Bell for typing the stencils, and Heather for doing the duplicating.