

ITINERARY

FEBRUARY/MARCH 1986

SUNDAY 9 th	TAPONGA RIVER RESERVE 9.00 KBCP 10.30 Yarra Glen	Healesville, Marysville thru Spur, Taggerty, Eildon & (TWISTY) Jamison Rd – NO DIRT. Be prepared For swimming. Home via Yea, Flowerdale & Whittlesea. 400k
FRIDAY 14 th	TEN PIN BOWLING NIGHT 7.30pm Sharp	NORTHCOTE BOWL 166 Victoria Road MTCV vs BMW Owners Club. Come along & support your club.
SUNDAY 16 th	Healesville SANCTURARY 10.00 KBCP (Family Day)	Route dependent on type of vehicle entered. Entry fee charged, BBQ's, wood & picnic facilities supplied also fully catered restaurant.
SAT 22 nd & SUN 23 rd	SNOWY MOUNTAIN HWY 8.00 KBCP <u>SATURDAY</u> 9.15 Hallam	Bairnsdale, Genoa and up to Cooma for O/night stay at motel. Leave 9am for Tumut & Corryong for lunch. Onto Wangaratta, Benalla & Whittlesea. Approx 1600km Han's will give all details at next meeting.

MARCH:

SUNDAY 2 nd the	BREAKFAST RIDE, TOORONGA FALLS 8.00am KBCP 9.00 DENNY'S RINGWOOD.	Ringwood, Yarra Junction, Noojee and Falls. (If time permits we will look at the historic railway bridge.
FRIDAY 7 th	GENERAL MEETING Club Hall 8.15 sharp	GUEST SPEAKER.

COMMITTEE NEWS

Magazine

Our thanks go to Keith Finlay for his time and effort as editor. He reluctantly retires due to increasing work and home commitments. The new editor is Ian Payne. Ian and Kerrie recently joined the club and ride a silver GT750 Kawasaki. The purchase of a new Brother type-writer (\$299) has improved the lot of the editor considerably. Good luck Ian and Kerrie.

Change of address, new bike, etc: please notify Ben so that he can keep the membership list up to date.

Club Windcheaters

Size 14	3 left	Black, \$21
Size 16	6 left	

Christmas Party BBQ

The Christmas Party BBQ was a great success. It was held at the Club Hall and was free for members. Forty-five people turned up, which was a little disappointing considering the time and effort that went into organizing the function. The idea of having it at the Club Hall and grounds, "yuk-pooed" by certain parties, proved a wise decision. The weather was blustery and raining. We simply moved inside. The BBQ was set up near the door and all smoke and steam was drawn outside. The Duffy family won the substantial Christmas hamper, of which the club contributed \$50 worth of goods towards, the rest from the members. Special thanks are extended to Peter Dwyer who provided the magnificent gas BBQ (complete with sand), eating utensils, cake and after dinner mints, etc, etc. Good company, a bumper magazine issue, and ample food ensured a good time was had by all.

Recently fallen riders:

1. John Paynter (GPz750 turbo written off).
2. Tony Gustus (GT750).
3. Hans Wurster (K100RS high-sided at Clubman Rally)

New bikes

John Paynter replaces his turbo with a Suzuki GSX-R750. Vince Green has bought an FJ1100 and three sets of engine bars, all of which scrape dangerously early. Chris Stebbing has acquired a VF1000FII to replace his tired CB750F. Gary Osborne (GS1000G) has bought an XJ900; and Les Leahy (R80 G/S) a Honda 600 trail bike. Bob Steckelenburg has sold his XJ750 and Brenda her BMW R65.

Compact Disk Raffle

Raffle books are now available from Committee members. The raffle is being run along similar lines to the Appliance raffle run late in 1985. There are 500 tickets costing \$2.00 each to be drawn at the April General Meeting. First prize is a Sanyo Compact Disk Player (CP667) valued at \$399, Second prize a Sanyo Jogger (Walkman) radio/cassette player (MCR-60) valued at \$65, and third prize a Sunbeam Iron (SR053) valued at \$39. The ticket selling time has been reduced to two months for this raffle. Being the last fund raising activity of the Club this financial year, Members have the opportunity of putting something back into the Club. It is hoped that the quality of prizes and the limited number of tickets will be an attractive offer for prospective ticket buyers. Please help.

Travel

Vince is off to Europe and America in April, picking up a K100Rs along the way. Brenda Pollet and Robyn Duffy are heading for Europe in May. We wish them an exciting and safe trip.

Ben.

SUNDAY 15th DECEMBER REEFTON & BLACK SPUR. (BEN'S TWISTIES MK.V)

This is not going to be the most interesting write up of all time, believe me. In fact any gems of relevance to the whole ride will be totally missing. You see, I was tail ender Charlie on the day and wasn't paying attention at all. Another reason I wasn't paying attention was that responsibility for this write up was not dropped on my feeble shoulders until the end of the ride at Whittlesea. My earliest memories of the Sunday morning were spent wondering what to wear. When you live in a small solid brick flat you have to do what's known as the "Veranda Test" before venturing forth on a motorcycle. Solid brick flats remain at a constant temperature, so it is necessary to step out onto the veranda clad only in a pair of stubbies and 'T' shirt. (That's you in the stubbies and 'T' shirt, not the veranda)

Judging by the size of the goose bumps on my legs, it was indeed quite cold, yet here we were in the middle of summer. Switching on the radio, my worst fears were confirmed. The day would start out cold but finish up hot as hell. Oh well, wear a bit of everything. The day was also quite important in that I had recently ditched the "BM" & bought a new second hand chook chaser (I think that's a Queensland term) this meant "running in" and that was the reason for tail end Charlie.

However, 'new bikes' was to be the theme for the day when at Yarra Glen, amongst our total of 17 machines were a new GPz900R, a VF1000F and a fairly new GPz1000R. I hope I've got all those correct. Those of us who ride single cylinder machines with kick starters aren't too impressed by letters of the alphabet and telephone number figures. At Yarra Glen I held up a Kawasaki blinker and enquired as to whether anyone would like it. Janet took me up on the offer and thought it a terrific bit of luck to have gained a spare, that was until she found that from the very back of her own bike there was indeed one blinker missing. Life's like that Janet.

So, from Yarra Glen to Healesville, to Launching Place and on to Warburton. We then ascended the slopes of Donna Buang, the air temperature becoming less in converse ratio to our altitude becoming greater. In other words, it was damned cold.

The most logical thing to do after riding up a mountain is to then ride down it and so we did, stopping for lunch at Warburton where it was now hot as hell. I have neglected to relate that Vince had a visitor with him, a Canadian called Bob who was spending two months in Australia and another nine travelling around the world.

After lunch, it was on to the Reefton Spur, scene of young Kenny's demise only two weekends before fortunately we all made it to the top unscathed. A rather humorous site was rounding a Ben to be confronted by a formula 1 Ducati 750 with Tom Saville on the 80GS in hot pursuit but going in the opposite direction to the club!

The Ducati was duly despatched in a matter of meters, shattering yet another boy racer's dream. It amazes me why anybody would take a big flash mega bike or anything with clip-ons up to the Reefton Spur to play Larry Lair.

The road is just too tight. The fastest thing through there would have to be a quick endure bike. Just ask some class riders on 1000cc BMW's who were rounded up one day on the Black Spur by an early model Honda XR200, that's right 200cc.

Form Cumberland junction we trundled over the dirt section to the turn off to Lake Mountain, with the change from winter to summer, this road becomes very dusty.

Marysville, Narbethong and so back to Healesville, although it was only about 2.30pm, quite a percentage of our group decided they had lawns to mow and things to do, so returned directly to Melbourne.

What was left of the group continued on though Kinglake before terminating the run at Whittlesea. Here we discussed the probability of Ben's front tyre not making it home, let alone for another club ride. You should have seen the thing. The side walls were badly scuffed and showing canvas. Apparently this can happen in as little as 7,000km so much for the advances in motorcycle tyre technology.

Les Leahy XL600

THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS HIGHWAY RIDE

22/23rd February 86

Leader: Hans Wurster K100Rs

Leave: Saturday 22nd February, KBCP 8.30am sharp; Hallam pick up 9am sharp.

Route: Saturday: Bairnsdale, Bega, Cooma

Sunday: Tumut, Corryong, Myrtleford, Wangaratta, Yea, Melbourne.

Distance: 16000 km

Accommodation: "Hawaii Hotel", Main St, Cooma

Cost: \$30 double includes colour TV, etc.

No bookings are necessary. Out of courtesy the Club wishes to inform the manager of the Hawaii Hotel of the expected number seeking accommodation. To this end, would riders please inform Hans on **398-5575** (H) or 392-3235 (B) on or before **Sunday the 16th February?**

Please note" due to the distances involved, the duration and number of stops will be kept to a minimum. It is suggested that riders of machines of capacity less than 500cc may encounter difficulties maintaining an adequate cruising speed. It should also be noted that "mobile radar" is employed enthusiastically by members of the NSW Police Force. For graphic details, check with Hans or Ken.

SUNDAY 8th DECEMBER 1985. WALHALLA CRICKET MATCH

Weather, sunny – cloudy, no wind humidity low.

Four bikes left KBCP along the freeway to the pickup point at Hallam. Six bikes awaiting. Enough members now to uphold the honour of the “CLUB” and to try and wrest the valuable trophy from the dreaded foe “the Four Owners”.

Ben was leading with Mick Fagan in the most unusual role of rear rider. He was, believe it or not, on a belt driven 250 GPZ Kawasaki. His story was that he was running it in for work. But rumour has it that he has seen the light after seeing what happens to BMW's (Refer photo December magazine).

Down the freeway to Pakenham, turn off to those roads and little villages that only Ben and Burke & Wills know to Moe.

Arrived at Walhalla about midday. Six members of the Four Owners were there to give battle against our 13. Seems that some of their members preferred to go to the Hells Angels' concert or to stay home and watch Wayne Gardner drop his \$100,000 plus Honda. I reckon they had heard about our demon bowler and wimped out of the match.

Anyway the gauntlet was thrown down and the battle was on. Mick Fagan said he was going to ride up to the ground. For those of you who don't know, the ground is 40,000ft straight up the side of the hill (It seems like it when you have to walk)

Our esteemed president and beloved leader exercised his executive right and issued a dispensation, stating that he and his pillion passenger were retiring to the local watering hole to have some lemonade and would not be joining in the match. Peter and Sue and two members of the Four Owners took advantage of this generous edict. The rest of the intrepid cricketers started the long haul to the top.

Arriving at the summit we were all gasping in the humid and rarefied air. We were greeted by loud thunder claps from the Gods at Mt. Olympus, and Mick. Inspection of the pitch and outfield revealed that fours would be at a premium. The pitch had more holes than Bens fairing and the outfield was twice as slow Perth's.

The rules were laid down. Thirty minutes batting time for each side. Due to the lack of numbers both sides had to field. We won the toss and decided to bat after our allotted time, we were 6 for 37. Time out was called and we retired for 15 minutes.

The Four Owners went into bat. After some inspired bowling and fielding, we held them to 7 for 29.

THE MATCH AND TROPY WAS OURS.

Ben decided to go pillion with Mick down the hill. The rest of us started the descent. Wayne Pope decided that he was bored with just walking so he tried to race his helmet down the hill. The helmet won by 5 minutes. Better luck next time Wayne.

We had refreshments Ben had his forth lunch for the day, and then we headed for home. Mick had had enough of eating everyone's dust, so yours truly took over as rear rider. We left the valley in brilliant sunshine, but by the time we got to Moe the storm clouds were fast gathering.

A petrol stop was in order. A member of the Four Owners I forgot his name, could not speak Greek so therefore had a lot of trouble in ordering a malted milk from the local milk bar. After lots of funny sign language the message got through.

We were about to leave when the heavens opened up. The streets of Moe were awash. Our travelling weather expert, Sire Michael Fagin, stated that it would blow over in fifteen minutes. As usual he was right. The storm passed on. Ben led us off down the side road from Moe to Yarrgon. The road was covered in water and in one spot was about 9 inches deep.

We travelled along the highway, which was very heavy with traffic. Ben led us off through Drouin and all those little hamlets again. A moron in a ute tried to run Ben off the road twice. The ute driver took off when he saw the rest of us coming along.

The remainder of the trip was uneventful and we disbanded at 5.30.

Revenge for last year's defeat. May the trophy remain with us.

Geoff Z500

ECONOMY RUN ... 22/12/85

Starters for this ride were as per the attached results sheet.

It was a bleak looking morning when Ken and I arrived at the KBCP. There was no one else there at 9.15am and I remarked to Ken that we might have to do it alone.

But the starters arrived soon after. Then after the usual instructions about corner marking and that they were expected to at least travel on the speed limits (not below) for the economy test, we left heading north with Ken leading and Peter p. rear rider. We were looking for a servo to fill all the bikes for the start.

We finally found one that was open up in Glenroy. All tanks were filled and speedo readings recorded. Also each rider's estimate fuel consumption was noted.

It has now started to drizzle and we commenced the ride at 10.15am. headed to the Tullamarine freeway, Bulla, Sunbury, and then via Mt. Macedon arrived at Woodend for morning tea.

After refreshments rode to Tylden, Kyneton, Malmsbury, Daylesford, Trentham and arrived at Blackwood for lunch just as it started to rain quite heavily.

As planned we had a counter lunch at the Blackwood Hotel. It was a good menu and reasonably priced. The service was the fastest encountered by me and all orders were served within a few minutes. The quality of the meals have to be recommended.

After lunch it was still raining. We then filled each bike at the only pump in town. This was done under strict supervision and the speedo readings and fuel taken by each bike was recorded. It was noted that the distances travelled by each bike (as per speedo) differed quite a bit and it was decided to get the overall average distance which was 184km. This figure was then used for calculating the fuel consumption of each bike.

Results were as follows:-

Rank	Rider	Bike	MPG	K/lt.
1 st	Les LEAHY	XL600 Honda	74.15	26.10
2 nd	Tim FAGAN) ***	GPz250	63.37	22.30
3 rd	Jack YAUDAN	K100RS	60.79	21.39
4 th	Rod MISKIN	GPz750	57.13	20.11
5 th	Robyn DUFFY	CX650 Honda	56.51	19.89
6 th	Tony GUSTUS	CT750	55.03	19.36
7 th	Ross BRADSHAW	GS1000G Suzi	51.76	18.22
8 th	Hans WURSTER	K100 RS	50.02	17.60
9 th	Peter PHILFEREN	GT750	49.79	17.52
10 th	Peter & Sue	GPz1000RX	46.26	16.28
11 th	Ken WURSTER	GPz900R	46.06	16.21
12 th	Craig WILLIAMSON	CBX750 Honda	45.65	16.07
13 th	Phil DUFFY	K100Rs & Chair	44.11	15.52
14 th	Frank BLOXHAM	R80GS BMW	41.32	14.54
15 th	Mick FAGAN	R100CS BMW	37.47	13.19
16 th	Gary OSBORNE	GS1000G Suzi	37.34	13.14

CLOSEST ESTIMATE :- Hans WURSTER * Estimate = 50mpg (17.597 K/lt)
Actual = 50.02 MPG or
= (17.60 k/lt.)

As only the financial members are entitled to the 'honours' of the economy section, Tim FAGAN missed out on 2nd overall, and this leaves

Les	1 st overall
Jack	2 nd "
Rod	3 rd "

And Hans winning the closest estimate, which was spot on.

The results of Mick Fagan and Gary Osborne was expected due to their enthusiastic riding. After leaving Backwood the ride continued via Greendale and Ballan to Melton where we broke up after a pleasant days ride.

Hans Wurster
K100RS

CLUB CAMP, TAWONGA.

Joanne, Ken and I decided to go to Tawonga on Friday afternoon, 27/12/85. I had to work that day but took a few hours off and we left Altona at 3pm.

I was carrying most of the gear and Ken had Joanne as pillion. Due to the time of the year had to be careful because of the speed traps along the Hume but we were lucky and anticipated their locations each time.

Just after Benalla we passed Peter Dwyer going the same way but soon lost him. We turned off at Wangaratta for Myrtleford – Bright then over the Tawonga Gap, beaut twisties, to the camping ground at Tawonga where we arrived just before 5.45pm.

After booking in we pitched our tent near the ones of Ross King, Peter Philferen and Mike Davis. Brenda was also there in her car but she had her dog with her she was not allowed to stay at the caravan park.

Peter Dwyer arrived later and put up his tent. By this time it was time to have a bite to eat and all of us went to the local pub (we walked) for tea and quite a few ales. We left there just before stumps. The food and company was good but the drinks later took their toll when I allegedly snored all night keeping the others awake. I told them I only snored when I was happy.

The birds woke me early Saturday morning and on checking the weather one couldn't have asked for a better day. After breakfast we decided to go our various ways. Brenda was not feeling well and went home via other places. Joanne, Ken and I rode to the Dartmouth Dam then via Mitta Mitta for lunch, to Wodonga and saw some relatives.

Later returned to the camp via Beechworth and various roads. the roads up there in the mountain country are terrific with any number of twisties to keep the adrenalin pumping and various surfaces chucked in. That day we covered 550km all round, giving us a thirst at least. On the way to the camp grabbed a few tinnies at the pub to settle dust as soon as we stopped at the tent.

Peter and Sue and Vince came to the camp later in the afternoon. They shacked up at a local motel nearby. That night we all had tea again at the same hotel. Another good night which of course resulted in another snoring session by, guess who, during the night.

Sunday morning came early again. Birds singing. Fresh air and another beautiful day ahead.

Joanne, Ken and I decided to go home that day and the others did the same via different routes.

Peter and Sue, Vince and Sue decided to ride with us over the mountains via Hotham Heights, Omeo, Bairnsdale etc to Melbourne.

After packing up we left together about 10am. Headed up and over the Tawonga Gap at a fast rate of knots because on a road like this one just has to enjoy the many curves and hairpins. When Vince and I reached the road leading to Hotham, the others had yet to make their appearance. I needed petrol so rode to Bright telling Vince to go on when the others arrived and I'd catch up.

After filling up at Bright took up the chase up the Alpine Road. Terrific road which required a change of direction continuously. Left, right, left, right, gears, brakes, accelerate etc. Caught up with Peter and Sue and Ken and Joanne where the rough dirt road started. Vince was nowhere to be seen ahead. Headed off after him on the dirt and soon saw the telltale trail of dust way ahead on the twisty mountain road. Soon reeled him in and we both arrived at the top of Hotham Heights together. Stopped there for the others to catch up and have a breather. Took a few pictures.

Soon after headed off south with Vince leading along the dirt towards Omeo where we arrived for lunch. Vince and I had one hairy experience whilst rounding a fast blind right hander when we were confronted by a Land Cruiser. He was coming towards us on our side over double lines overtaking another car. We were forced to take some quick evasive action resulting in some unexpected changes of direction in the tail end of my bike whilst trying to stay clear of Vince's rear wheel.

After leaving Omeo I led along the fast sweepers and then very twisty sections of the highway to Bairnsdale where I had stopped and refuelled before the next bike, Ken and Joanne arrived with the others arriving shortly after.

From Bairnsdale I again led along the highway to Sale-Rosedale when we saw Phil Duffy and chair with his kids going the other way. Along here and later in the Morwell area are notorious places for speed traps but again they were all anticipated each time resulting in a ticket free ride all round. We left Vince and Sue at Warragul and carried on until near Pakenham where Peter and Sue turned off. Joanne, Ken and I arrived home safely at 4.45pm after a good weekend.

I would have liked a few more club members at the camp earlier on but they probably arrived after we left there as did the Duffy's.

Joanne, Ken & Hans Wurster

GPz900R & K100Rs.

“Run to Flinders” 12/1/86

Vince FJ1100, Peter and Sue Kawa 1000, Peter Philferan GT750, Ross King XJ900, Ben Warden GPz900, Frank Bloxham BMW, Mick Fagan BMW, Joe BMW –(first ride) and Jack Youdan BMK100.

With a weather forecast for a top of 24 Deg, followed by a cool change with rain and thunderstorms, a really big turn up of riders could not be expected, not exactly good swimming weather. A count down and at the appointed time of 10 o'clock with Vince leading and Peter p as tail rider we departed from KBCP over the Johnston street bridge through Port Melbourne and onto Beaconsfield Parade continuing on down Beach road to Beaumaris where Mick joined the ride.

As we travelled along Beach Road the velocity of the wind increased as the change approached. At Mornington a diversion to the coast road was taken thus avoiding much of the Sunday traffic. The ride around the coast was exhilarating giving Vince another opportunity to put his new FJ1100 through its paces. Through Dromana and then to the top of Arthurs Seat where the view as always is spectacular.

Although it threatened rain on a couple of occasions the weather held. After a short stop at Arthurs Seat onto Main Ridge Road and to Gunnamatta Beach.

Peter and Sue had apparently left part of their intercom system at our Arthurs Seat stop so they left the ride to retrieve it. Gunnamatta Beach was far too cold for swimming so after standing around in the sun for a while the decision was made to continue onto Flinders for lunch.

Travelling along Boneo Road to Flinders was great riding with quite a few twisties. The nearer to Flinders the better the weather. At Flinders we congregated in the car park along the beach front completely sheltered from the cool wind. Unless you were really keen, swimming was out.

When we arrived at the beach Phil Duffy's outfit was there. Soon Phil appeared to tell us he was out on a Sidecar Club run but he was the only one to turn up. We sat on the beach having lunch nattering and taking in the general scenery. Jack decided to leave the run here and Phil and his kids left to visit the folks at Rosebud.

On our way again, the next stop being at Bob Steckelenburg's holiday house for coffee and a natter. Thanks Bob.

From here it was a straight run back to Edithvale except for a little diversion when Frank, Mick and Joe were stopped for a licence check at Bittern. A few comments from Mick! Maybe we'll get a full report later!

A stop for coffee at Vince's place where the ride broke up. A really good run although too cold for swimming with the trip being around 240km.

Worth waiting for,
Worth watching for,

Vince's Super "Garage Sale"

Ross K, XJ900/

KILLING THE VIBES

Right, you have spent all that money on a new BMW K series and after some time riding it you realize that all is not as smooth as expected from this maker.

Vibes come mainly through the foot pegs, mainly through the left peg and (worst of all) mainly at the “correct” cruising RPM of 3500 – 4500.

You, and other K owners honest enough to admit it, feel something – should – be – done – tis – just – not – good – enough – BMW.

Then you read they have !

As the blurb probably reads “.....as part of our ongoing product improvement objective we have, following exhaustive test and evaluation in the most arduous conditions, now mounted the foot peg supports in a more positive contact mode...”.

Now you say, do I have to spend another fortune to trade my K on the latest to get rid of these buzzes?

Well you can if you want, but you can also remove the rubber bushes and spacer bushes yourself and bolt the supports solid...then ride it and find it really works – magic smoothness!

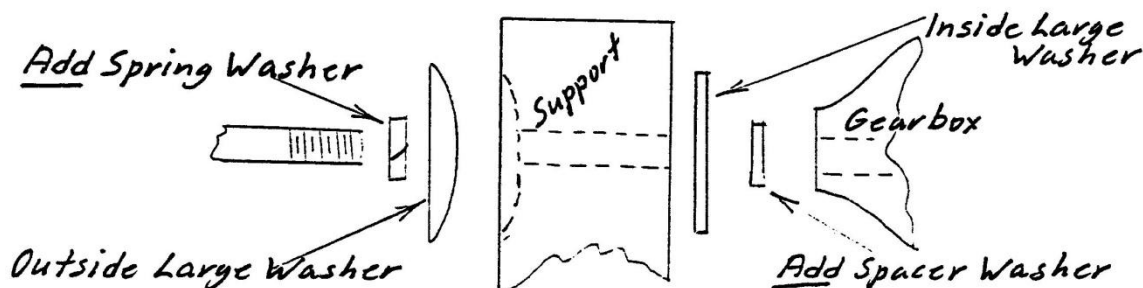
What you must do though is reuse the outside and inside large washers, add a spring washer under the three per side bolt heads and (important) add a thickish (3-4mm) flat spacer washer between the inside large washer and each contact pad on the gearbox.

You may need a slightly thicker washer on the right hand front bolt to ensure the brake – light wire does not get crushed on tightening.

Below is a sketch in case the above is not crystal – clear.

Just one more point, we hear a genuine conversion kit will soon be available with new supports, pegs and everything, for retrofit.

This will give you K owners a further option....pay \$427.75 (my guess) for the conversion kit or buy some washers and get started...the choice is yours.



SUNDAY 5th JANUARY, NOOJEE (SOME DIRT)

Arriving at the KBCP at 9.25 for the first club ride of the year, I espied three other bikes and of course their riders. Our leader, Danny z500: Jack BMWRT; Gary GSX1000? After waiting for five minutes after the deadline to see if there was going to be any late arrivals, we decided to go. A discussion about the route and the "some dirt" resulted in Gary deciding to go visiting.

Danny led us through the suburbs of Richmond, Collingwood to Kew and Balwyn etc out along Whitehorse Road to lovely downtown Lilydale.

We were in luck; the patrolling candy car was busy booking an attractive female in a sporting looking Jaguar.

Out through Lilydale, along the turn off, via Launching Place etc. Oh, I forgot, the weather was fine, no wind, sky overcast, slightly chilly on the bikes, really good riding weather. When we reached Powelltown, Danny led us off to Noojee.

The road suddenly became un-bituminised. We had a choice, the short rough road, or the longer timber truck tracks. Danny and Jack decided to take the longer route. Well, I have never been trail riding, but these roads must be close to what trail riders get their kicks on. Gravel, dust, steep climbs and descents, wooden bridges, bark and bits of trees on the 'roadway'. All in all an experience. After about twenty K's of this mountain goating, Danny calls a P... stop. He consults his map and astounds Jack and I with the words "I don't know where we are".

After having a rest, we hear a four wheeled vehicle about one hundred metres away. We had only stopped near the Noojee road. We started off along the gravel surfaced road, after the tracks that we had been on, it felt like the Tullamarine freeway.

We arrived at Noojee at about 12.30. For those who haven't been to Noojee, the residents get their kicks from watching the sun set. A real swinging place. After lunch (the eating house was disappointed that Ben wasn't on the ride, as they had ordered an extra dozen rolls) we took the road to Drouin. This road had several notices to beware of rough surfaces.

We joined up with the highway and headed off towards Melbourne. Not being used to such luxury as a smooth, tarred road, we turned off to Gembrook. Another gravel road travelling through the lower Dandenong's to the upper Dandenong's. We arrived at Emerald, where we ended the ride. Jack and Danny headed off for the Mulgrave freeway whilst I went for home via Selby, Belgrave, Olinda, Croydon, Warrandyte, Eltham....

Even though we went off the beaten track the tour was enjoyable and different. At no stage did I feel the roads we took were a danger to man or machine, and though I would not like to do this sort of ride every weekend once in a while to blow the cobwebs away.

Happy New Year to all

Geoff 500

Sunday 19th January Inverloch

The weather was fine and mild as I arrived at the Hallam pick up point. After the usual discussion of who did what to whom, we all headed off toward the Berwick by-pass. I have mixed thoughts on these by-passes they are great for getting from A to B in a car, on the bike they tend to make me feel vulnerable having nowhere to go if you get sprung riding with more than the legal kilometres passing under your wheels at great hast.

You tend to stand out like the well known dogs genitals zapping past cars at a great rate of knots. Fearless leader hung a righty at Pakenham then a quick left and headed with a bit less haste towards Tynong and Longwarry. We turned left, right, a U-turn then much interest was shown in the contents of a tank bag.

Eventually we arrived in Drouin somebody who shall remain nameless decided the best spot to park was 150 meters left of the local milk bar and 151 meters right of the second milk bar and people wonder why he doesn't put on any weight.

Just to provide some interest one of the locals rolled up in his car and told everyone about his motorbike, funny they never seem to be riding the bike, I was amazed that he didn't race Indians, they all recite a long story about racing careers.

Off we headed into the grey beyond after slipping into wet weather gear. Up, down, around we rode on some of the best roads in Victoria. I can still recall the time a few years ago when on a club ride around the same road, two of us were having a fang, next minute ECKkkk..a cow had decided this was the spot to plant a PAD very slippery, more with good luck than skill we both managed to recover and proceed with a bit less right hand down.

After much weaving around we arrived in Inverloch. When lunch had been purchased and consumed Ben gave a demonstration of the problems of oiling the chain on a Kwaka 900 a strange setup when on the centre stand the back wheel doesn't clear the deck after the suggestion of try hanging the rear end over the gutter the chain was oiled and ready to go. We headed off to get petrol and proceeded home in my case arriving home at 3pm a good fun day was had by all.

Gary XJ900 F

Present:	FJ1000	Vince Green
	K100RS	Hans Wurster
	K100RS	Jack Youdan
	GS1000G	Gary Osborne
	GPz900R	Ben Warden (leader)
	R80 G/S	Frank Bloxham
	GT750	Ian and Kerrie Payne (tail rider)

MEMBERS and FRIENDS seen at the CLUBMAN RALLY

Keith and Teddy Finlay	Z1200	Those panniers made great esky's
Ray Thomas	GPz900	Yobbo Thomas seen helping the ladies into the Murray river.
Robert ?	SR500	A friend of Keith's and Teddy
Ben Warden	GPz900	Seen practicing for the next economy run.
Peter Philferan	CB750	

Rod Miskin & Libby	GPz750	Mouldy tent zips can be a problem eh
Frank Bloxham	R80 G/s	
Hans Wurster	K100RS	See what happens when you drink LoCal!
Darryl Woodman	XJ900	With friends Ivor (GPz1000RX), Kay and Daniel
John Paynter	GSX-R750	Still unscratched.
Ian Payne & Kerrie the mighty Murray	GT750	With Keith, Teddy & Robert pitted themselves against
Tony Gustus	GT750	What a mug?
Keith ? distressed pussy's	R100RT	A friend of a friend of Keith and Teddy, great at saving
Geoff Webb	Z500	
John Arrowsmith	GPz1000RX	
Morgan Family & Cassy	CX & CB Honda's	

TOP SECRET:.....MEMORISE AND DESTROY

POLITICAL SYSTEMS EXPLAINED.

Socialism:	You have two cows, you give one to your neighbour.
Communism: you some milk.	You have two cows, the Government takes both and gives
Facism: the milk.	You have two cows, the Government takes both and sells you
Nazism: you.	You have two cows, the Government takes both and shoots
Bureaucratism: milks the other and throws the milk away.	You have two cows, the Government takes both, shoots one,
Capitalism:	You have two cows, you sell one and buy a bull!

WE ARE SAILING

Proposed Journey: Friday (20th December) – Bairnsdale, Saturday and Sunday – Mallacoota, Monday and Tuesday – Narooma, Christmas Day – Thredbo, Thursday – Corryong, Friday and Saturday – Club Camp at Tawonga, and Sunday – Home.

We planned to do about 2,000km and spent the previous week preparing both bikes for the trip. I spent \$600 on the bike and bike related equipment: new rear tyre, chain and both sprockets, air filter, valve shims, new helmet and gloves. Also had the sub frame welded in three places when it broke due to the weight of the Gearsack Rack. (I'll take the rack off after this trip)

Friday 20th December:

Left Melbourne at roughly 4.30pm and headed for Bairnsdale. About 100km out of Melbourne we were delayed for a couple of hours when Ben's muffler fell off. Cause: a bolt had vibrated loose on the foot-peg mounting bracket. We found an old guy in a garage, up on all the latest bikes, who was able to hammer it back into shape so that we could get the pipe back onto the bike. (*while his misses hollered to come to tea, he calmly oxyed the pipe back into shape. He spent about 45 minutes on it and would accept no money of his time or materials. His son had a 900 in WA.*) Eventually we were on our way again.

We progressed through Yallourn taking the back roads to Maffra, etc and also through the worst insect plague I have ever seen. It was so bad we could hardly see and we could find no-where to wash our visors because most of the garages were closed. Finally we found one. Cruising at about 120-130km/h we headed for Bairnsdale along the Princes Highway. Through one radar trap but luckily we had slowed to about 115 km/h. We arrived at Bairnsdale at about 9.30pm, booked into the hostel and then went out to get some food: Mexican take away. Then sleep.

Saturday 21st

Left Hostel at about 9.30am. Breakfast in Bairnsdale and bought some provisions in supermarket. Bought petrol and headed for Buchan. We got there in about an hour after dodging numerous dead wombats. Took a guided tour around the Royal Caves. (*The Fairy Caves were still flooded*). Had lunch at Buchan and watched the tame kangaroos. Off to Orbost at about 2.30pm. The sun was bright it was almost painful to keep my eyes open. The road from Buchan to Orbost is tight and winding with lots of blind corners. I came around one corner and confronted a bull standing at the side of the road. No great drama. Across the next corner there was a tree fallen across the road so we had to stop and help an old lady who was there already.

Back to the Princes Highway and onto Mallacoota. The Highway improves greatly beyond Lakes Entrance. So it was an easy afternoon's ride arriving in Genoa at about 5.00pm. The road from Genoa was very sandy and I came round one corner to find that Ben had run off the road (*almost*) – saw the warning sign too late. No damage. On to the Hostel. We were the only people at the Hostel that night. Bought some supplies from the supermarket.

Sunday 22/12

After a leisurely breakfast we went for a butcher's hook around Mallacoota. Walked along the beach – Croajingolong National Park: very nice. (*saw a dozen dolphins working their way along the beach*). Went to the airfield and watched a small plane take off. Lunch, followed by a nap. Rode down to get the Age at 4.30pm, sat on the pier, read magazines, and watched the fishermen. Went back to the hostel to find another couple had arrived, with two other couples arriving shortly afterwards. Had tea. As we were sitting around after tea, the power went off. Apparently there was a storm down the highway/coast and the power was off in the whole area. The Warden came in to explain this to us and then mentioned that he had just had a phone call from a guy who was looking for some people to crew for him on his yacht sailing to Sydney and then Brisbane. It only

took 5 minutes to talk Ben into going. We went to see the Warden and he told us that he was ringing back at 10am next morning. We waited and talked and thought about it.

Monday 23/12

Up early. Packed our bags, fuelled the bikes, cleaned the room, etc. At ten to ten the guy rang back and we arranged to meet him in Eden at 12 noon (86km away) arrived in Eden at 10 past 11 and wandered around the docks till noon trying to spot a likely yacht. At 12.00 he turned up: 60 years old, smallish, very accommodating. He found somewhere for us to leave our bikes. (In a garage, underneath a blue house that belongs to a guy called Dave!) We then went shopping. He (Al) bought heaps of provisions for us. Anything we wanted we could have. I rang up work and extended my holidays. He told us he was not leaving until at least Wednesday as he was waiting for another guy who wanted to be home for Christmas. Back to the wharf where he had a special tool made at the slipping yard.

About 3pm we loaded our gear (not much) and the food and the three of us into the dingy and we set off for the yacht. The sea was quite choppy and water was splashing in all over the place. By the time we got to the yacht some of the food was soggy. The yacht was 38 feet long, 2 x2 bunk cabins, very small kitchen, table, TV, stove, freezer, generator, and toilet. *(other equipment included satellite navigation aid computer, CB radio, auto-helm, all manner of safety equipment including an inflatable life raft, flares, life jackets, marker dye and flag and radio distress beacon, harnesses, safety lines, and 80 gallons of fresh water.)*

He decided to motor to the other side of the bay where the seas were not so rough. We dropped anchor, stowed our gear, and made our bunks, and decided it was time for a spot of fishing. In the next two hours we caught 36 mackerel, 1 flathead, and 1 Taylor. Threw back 2 or 3 undersized flathead, a small snapper and several small mackerel. And quite a few fish got away or jumped off the deck. At about 8.00pm they stopped biting and then Ben scaled the fish and I filleted them and/or cleaned them.

Bedtime. Once used to the swaying of the boat it was not hard to sleep. *(Neither Janet nor I had ever been on a sailing boat before, let alone crewed on one. This was a chance of a lifetime and we were taking it. It was usual practice for crews to pay \$7.10 per day for experience. There are always people looking to do this sort of thing. We paid nothing)*

Tuesday 24/12

After breakfast we went for a row in the dingy to the beach (about a quarter of a mile). Collected shells, paddled, talked to fishermen, saw a seal, etc. Ben had rowed in so I rowed back. A lot harder to row back because the current was against us. I got one blister. After lunch we got Alan's whole life story, pictures, books and all. Retired farmer from Casino had sold up everything and bought the yacht *(his first sailing boat ever!)* – a ketch *(two masts)*, and was sailing from Adelaide to Brisbane. We were to be this 4th crew. He was having second thoughts about settling down at the property he had bought at Russell Island, QLD. He wants to keep on yachting. *(He had also worked for various mining companies as a foreman at construction sites including working in Papua New Guinea; worked in the production of super phosphate at Chemical Companies; had built his own house; had bought a bull-dozer and taught himself to drive it, so being able to clear the property and build dams. He was adept at almost any trade. You name it, he had done it. Sailing a yacht was just his latest venture.)*

After tea we decided to do some more fishing. Alan was not keen on the idea but said he would give some of the fish to the neighbours. After about 10 minutes when we had caught half a dozen he rowed over to the other yachts and gave them the fish. Two cats and one dog on one boat and I cat on the other. He came back and said the neighbours would have 10 more fish. We only managed to catch 6 more. But when the neighbours came over later they did not want them straight away as they had no freezer or fridge. So we had to throw them back.

Wednesday 25/12

Christmas Day. Sat on deck and read magazines in the morning. Al rowed to shore to ring Mark to say we'd pick him up in the afternoon. Al cooked us lunch. Under cooked chicken, greasy fried potatoes and pumpkin, soggy beans. Ben lied and told Al he was an excellent cook. I said the food looked great (externally it looked okay). Christmas cake and white wine (yuk) after that. About 3.00pm Al rowed into shore to pick Mark up. Had a game of cards when they came back. Tea was fish again which I was rapidly getting sick of. We'd eaten practically only fish since Monday night. Al thought we might sail next morning if the weather was right.

Thursday 26/12

The weather still wasn't right. Ben and I hadn't had a shower for three days so after breakfast we rowed into shore and had a shower in the caravan park. We went to the shop there and bought a can of Fanta each. There was only tea and cold water to drink on the boat – and the water tasted funny – so the Fanta was a luxury. After phone calls to relatives we wandered around the hotel there. It is a museum. Apparently Boyd Town used to rival Sydney in the 1840's when it had a thriving population of 500. There is probably only 500 people there these days. Bought an ice cream each and rested in the shade. It was very disconcerting to close your eyes. Everything rocked. After a couple of hours we rowed back to the yacht. At lunch time we decided that we were sick of fish, so we turfed it overboard and cooked mince meat and fried potatoes with tomato sauce – Yum.

It was very hot in the afternoon. We just sat around the deck and played cards, got sunburnt, read magazines, etc. spaghetti on toast for tea. Al had been keeping an eye on the weather all day, waiting for a front to go through and he said we would go in the morning. We hauled the dingy on deck, lashed everything down, and had an early night.

Friday 27/12

Woke up at 4.30am. Al told us he was waiting for the 9am radio forecast and we would probably go after that. The generator was driving me up the wall so I went outside. Getting extremely frustrated because we have been sitting in this boat for 4 days now. After lunch Al finally said we were going to leave. We pulled up the anchor, put up the mainsail, the headsail and the gibsail. Unfortunately there was not enough wind, so we motored out of the harbour and then turned the engine off once the wind picked up. We were doing a steady 4 knots. Mark saw what he thought were two sharks but may have been birds floating on the water. Later dolphins passed by.

After a while the wind picked up even more and we were doing 6 knots. Al was pleased with our progress and said at that rate we would make Sydney the next night. The swell of the sea increased too, and this combined with the heat of the cabin meant that soon I was not feeling too well. I went outside to get some fresh air but it was too late. After throwing up 2 or 3 times it was time to have a sleep. I retired to the stern cabin and managed to get a little sleep as it did not rock as much as the bow cabin. In a couple of hours Ben and Mark came down too. Seems they had been busy chucking up all over the boat railing. Ben went to sleep in the other bunk and Mark put on some warm clothes and went back up to help Al who was not sick at all. We had a couple more hours sleep, then relieved Al and Mark. I still was not feeling well and threw up again. *(As I recall, the swell was about 10 feet high every 1.5 boat lengths. The boat was surfing down the waves and slewing all around the place as we were heading diagonally across the waves. A gale was blowing).*

Ben steered the boat and I kept watch for a couple of hours till 12.30am. We had to wear harnesses so that we did not get thrown overboard by a sudden jolt. Al was continually checking our position by his satellite machine every hour or so. ----cont. Sat----

Saturday 28/12

Al had, had a couple of hours of sleep and we woke him at 12.45am. I went back to bed and slept until about 6.00am. Went on deck and found that Ben and Al had been taking half hour shifts all night because Mark and I were too sick to be of any use. (*In fact Al was a bit seedy after the first shift, so I left him to sleep. He relieved me just after sunrise, at about 5am. I felt better doing something positive, rather than trying to sleep. The wind gradually abated overnight*) Al decided to turn on the generator at 7.00am, so Ben went to sleep in the stern cabin. (*I was asleep fully clothed next to the generator*) Now becalmed, Al turned the engine on and we motored northwards. (*Unless you are going forward, you are going backwards! There is a two knot current which runs down the coast. Trying to sleep with the engine running is very difficult. The whole boat vibrates and is very noisy.*)

Al went down for a sleep too, so Mark and I looked after the boat for a couple of hours, then Al rose again at about 9.00am. Mark and I were not up to solid food yet so Al gave us each a barley sugar to suck on, while he tucked into his usual fried breakfast of potato, beans, pumpkin and mince steak patty. Later I had a quarter cup of water and some tinned peaches. I did a lot of sleeping this day and ate nothing else. After sleep I woke up at about 3.30pm. The wind had changed so instead of SW winds we had NW (ie head) winds. Al decided to shelter in Jervis Bay for the night, and I decided I wanted to get off the boat there. We sailed into Jervis Bay at about 7.00pm, and found a nice quiet place to park...oops, I mean anchor. Al had, had the engine on all day so the cabin was unbearably hot and fumey. I braved it for a couple of minutes to get a tin of spaghetti for tea. The can was so hot that I did not need to heat it. We listened to 2WL (*Wollongong*), then I decided to go to bed.

Sunday 29/12

Woke early after a very good night's sleep, feeling happy because I knew I was getting off this mad boat that morning. I packed all my things and had some soup and toast for breakfast. Mark and Ben went for a swim. The water looked beautiful: greeny/blue clear. I did not have my bathers and had no inclination to jump overboard in my underwear. About 10.30am Al decided to head over to the other side of the bay to Huskisson – where he had decided to let me off. Butthere was air in the fuel line and that delayed us a while. When that was fixed he found that the water pump was not working so he set to work to fix that. I was by this stage having a massive brain overload because I just wanted to get OFF. Mark and Ben rated me 7 out of 10 for desperation. Mark said that the night before when he was throwing up all over the side of the boat, he would have sworn 10 out of 10. Eventually Al found that a belt had come off the water pump so he replaced it and then we were off.

We managed about 500 metres when Al stopped the boat again. A small tube had perished and oil was spewing out everywhere. (I was getting up to 8 or 9 but not quite to the stage of jumping overboard and swimming to shore.) Al got it going quickly, however, and we were soon on our way again. (*Al had been chasing this oil leak ever since he had bought the boat; the previous owner had given up. Thus he was greatly pleased after fixing it.*) Not being sure where to go, we stopped half way across and asked directions from another boat...and as all good diaries do, *this one stops, right here. Let me tidy up a little, before I continue with my adventures.*

Firstly: a short while later we anchored a couple of hundred metres off shore and Al rowed Janet in. She walked a couple of km's in blazing sunshine, eventually being offered a lift by a friendly taxi driver to Nowra, from where she caught a train to Sydney finding accommodation with friends. The next couple of days were spent recovering, shopping, and getting a hair-cut. The connecting train/bus combination to Eden left Sydney, Tuesday morning. I was late making port so she left reaching Eden late afternoon. Picking up the bike she made Mallacoota by nightfall, our next meeting place. Wednesday she rode home arriving flourish, and informed my parents that I would probably be home on Friday.

Meanwhile, back at the boat, plans for sailing for the day were soon dismissed. Mark and I rowed into shore in amongst the hundreds of swimmers, sail boarders, etc.; pulled the dinghy ashore and

headed for civilization, and more specifically, food. Mark, an aeronautical student at Sydney Uni had a craving for "Chicken and Chips". I was hanging out for a salad sandwich and the cricket scores. Also a toilet that did not go up and down really appealed. If only the walls didn't sway. Appetites appeased, we wandered around feeling like drunken sailors. We could not walk properly, our clothes grubby, our appearance uncouth. We looked like a couple of derelicts. Also we asked questions like "where are we?" and "which way to the shops?"

Rowing back to the boat was exciting. The wind had picked up and so had the seas. I scored a couple of blisters for that effort. The sight of black fins close by turned out to be more dolphins. We motored across the harbour for the rest of the afternoon (10 miles wide) with as many as 8 dolphins porpoising under the bow. Quite impressive beasts, especially when they roll over and give you the eyeball to eyeball treatment. Monday was a good sailing day, winds favourable. And then the weather started breaking up again. At 5 pm I threw up again, (And I thought I never got sea-sick!), but was perfectly fine afterwards. With no more safe anchorages it was Sydney come hell or high water, which meant sailing through the night again. Our duties included taking satellite navigation readings and plotting our position on the map, and so setting a new bearing on the auto-helm (if we were using it), keeping a lookout for ships and understanding their light signals, odd jobs like starting the generator and raising the anchor (a real chore), pulling the occasional rope, steering, listening to the radio and TV weather forecasts, and being general deck hands.

Mark and I did the 9-11pm, 1-3am and the 3-5am shift. At the rest. We motored all night, heading out to sea, and at some stage went backwards. The current and head wind were our constant companions. At the end of the last shift I threw up. I now termed myself the 5 o'clock special. I then slept till 10am, waking to see Bondi Beach already with about 300 beach-goers staking territory. And it was overcast and cool! We were definitely getting somewhere. Rounding the heads, the harbour was a buzz of craft. Ferries, trawlers, water police, yachts, and hydrofoils darted amongst the seeming chaos. The various harbours slid by, with finally the Opera House and Harbour Bridge topping off the sights. We docked at North Harbour in the visiting yachts designated area. By 12.30pm, with farewells and thank yous said, I was on land and heading south. Caught a double decker train across the Sydney Harbour Bridge to Central Station where I determined that the next train to Nowra left at 2.53pm (equivalent to Melb. to Geelong) and cost \$10. I was pleased to discover that my Easy Bank card worked in their "Green Machines" which even talk to you.

On the train, I found myself next to a guy smuggling his dog in a towel. Due to bridge work we had to catch a bus for part of the journey before reboarding the train. The dog was very quiet, though quite thirsty. I arrived at Nowra at 6.30pm and began hitch hiking. I walked for an hour before I had my first lift when I was not even trying. Three more lifts from a plasterer, an electrician and lastly, a butcher. The butcher travelled from Bateman's Bay to Sydney 3 times a week and had done so for the last ten years. He knew the roads well. even so it was a mite disconcerting travelling at 160km/h down the straights, accelerating hard around blind corners, while he calmly explained to me that he had no sleep for the past two days and was he driving on adrenalin or just the cold coffee he sipped continuously. I wondered if the drizzle would stop. He dropped me 20km short of Bateman's Bay in the middle of the State Forest with the parting words of "You'll be right mate." It was 9pm, New Years Eve, pitch dark and raining.

It's not surprising that no-one picked me up. I had not had a shave for a week, a bath since Thursday, my clothes stood up by themselves, and I was wearing my leather jacket and battered Alpine Stars. I was carrying a helmet and 2 tank bags. Besides, any sensible person would be at a party anyway. I walked for 15km in almost total darkness. There was a car about every 10 minutes. I tried to follow the white line at the side of the road but often found myself walking up the middle of the road. Animals crashed around in the undergrowth. I decided when I could not walk anymore I would put on my helmet and wet my clothes and walk into the bush and go to sleep. My hips were hurting from not walking properly (I still had my sea legs), my arms were aching from trying to find a comfortable position to carry the two tank bags and helmet, and my trusty Alpine Stars told my

feet in no uncertain terms that the idea of going straight did not appeal to them. A drink would have gone down really well also. A light! A motel, caravan park, pub complex 5 km out of Bateman's Bay. It was a quarter to 1986. Everything was booked out, including the pub which had a private function under way. A piece of concrete under the archway was offered to me. I sat and contemplated the meaning of life.

Eventually a party goer offered me the use of his couch for the night. Thanks Steve. His house seemed to cater for lost souls. There was his sister-in-law and her 7 ankle biters, his wife and 3 kids, and some other woman I did not quite get the connection with. And me. I changed colour under the shower, pigged out, slept like a log, had an enormous breakfast (my stomach had shrunk) and was on the road again by 9.30am next morning. Within a minute I had a lift all the way to Eden with an elderly Jewish couple (who listened to ABBA) via some of the back roads parallel to the Princes Highway. By 1.35pm I was on the 900 and heading home, after retrieving the bike from underneath the blue house up on the hill. The first 530km to Berwick took 4.30 hours. I only stopped for petrol. The headwind was abominable around Maffra. Three Booze Buses at Pakenham. Home for tea.

The bike has now done 53,000km. A second hand, as new, muffler cost \$35 from K and W. That's one holiday I'll never forget.

Janet and Ben.