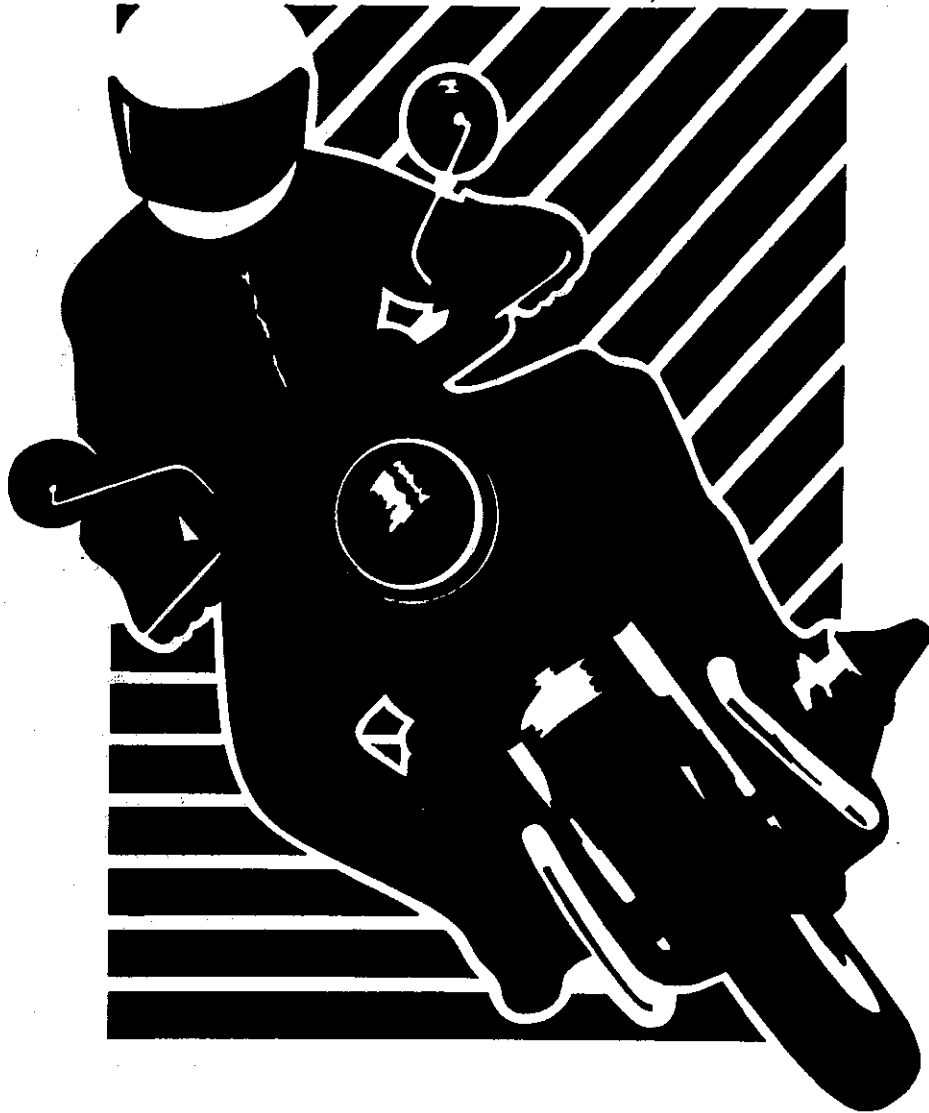


JUNE 87

# Good Vibrations



**MOTORCYCLE TOURING CLUB OF VICTORIA**

P.O. Box 453, Richmond 3121, Victoria

# ITINERARY

## JUNE 87

### JUNE.

SUNDAY 7th.

LAKE EPPALOCK.  
9.00 KBCP.

Out via Whittlesea, across to Romsey, Mia Mia and the Lake. Lunch and a look around, then home via the back roads to Melton.

SUNDAY 14th.

YUM CHA.  
Shark Fin Inn,  
50 Lt. Bourke St.  
10.45 SHARP.

Burp!

A few vacancies may still exist! contact Geoff Webb Ph.460-3559 before the 12th of June.

Meal will start promptly at 10.45am and continue untill 1.30pm.

A short ride may be held if there are enough starters.

SUNDAY 21st.

MINI GOLF - Apollo Bay.  
9.00 KBCP.  
10.00 Laverton.

The usual route to Geelong, then the G.O. road to our destination. After the grudge match and lunch we will head home via Deans Marsh.

SATURDAY 27th  
and SUNDAY 28th.

RUTHERGLEN WEEKEND,  
Victoria Hotel,  
9.00 KBCP.

palate?

Guzzle

Hic

nose?

Due to the GREAT time had last year, all the Clubs reserved accommodation has been taken, the following are included for those wishing to organise their own:-

Star Hotel. ph; (060) 329625.

Victoria Hotel. ph; (060) 329610.

Woongarra Motel. ph; (060) 329588.

Red Carpet Motor Inn. ph; (060) 329776.

Rutherglen Caravan Park. ph; (060) 329860.

### JULY.

THURSDAY 2nd.

GENERAL MEETING.  
Club Hall 8.15 Sharp.

Come along and check out this modern, warm, comfortable, cosy venue your Club has use of.

# WHO's NEWS

## YOUR NEW COMMITTEE for 1987/88.

PRESIDENT.....HANS WURSTER.  
VICE PRESIDENT.....BEN WARDEN.  
TREASURER.....PETER DWYER.  
SECRETARY.....ROSS KING.  
ASSISTANT SEC.....GEOFF WEBB.  
SOCIAL SECRETARY.....KERRIE GOODING.  
CLUB CAPTAIN.....GARY OSBORN.  
VICE CAPTAIN.....KENNY WURSTER.  
PUBLIC OFFICER.....ROSS BRADSHAW.  
EDITOR.....IAN PAYNE.

CLUBPERSON OF THE YEAR.....IAN PAYNE.

(sincerest thanks, it was quite a suprise,Ed)

Hooray  
The Constitution as proposed, was accepted by the 20 financial members present at the AGM. It has since been passed on to our Public Officer who will present it to the appropriate Govt. Departments for processing.

Membership renewals are NOW due, prompt payment would be appreciated and also ensures you continue to receive this newsletter.

\$\$\$

The next ITINERARY is being formulated, therefore any member with an interesting social venue or Sunday ride destination, please forward details to our Club Captain, Gary O.

Rumour has it, Peter M. may add a chair to the 1000RX so as to accommodate all THE Morelands!

### TYRES FOR SALE:-

Dunlop K500 Tubeless Radials.

1 x 120/80 - 16 V rated.

1 x 130/80 - 17 " "

\$100 the pair, contact Ben Warden Ph. 439-8015 (H).

BRASS MONKEY RALLY. 6/7/8 June. (Queens Birthday Weekend). Tarana NSW.

ALPINE RALLY " " " " " Same place as last  
year, about 50km from Canberra in the Snowy Mountains.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY AUSTRALIA RALLY, Canberra. October 1988.

Send \$10 to, Hal Caston,

PO. Box 34, Higgins. ACT. 2615

Brrr

SNOWY MOUNTAINS HIGHWAY RIDE 28 - 29/3/87.

Starters :- Ben, GPz 900R the Leader; Ken, GPz 900R; Ian, GT 750;  
Murray, XJ 900; Hans, K 100 RS;

. . . . .

Ken and I arrived at the starting point at Whittlesea at 8.05 on the Saturday morning. The weather promised rain very soon. The others arrived soon after. Whilst still there it started to rain and the wet gear was donned even before leaving at 8.50 am.

With Ben leading headed north to Kinglake West - Flowerdale - Yea - Merton - Bonnie Doon - Mansfield - Tolmie with some dirt road to Whitfield for fuel and morning tea at 10.50 am. It had been raining continuously and Murray decided to call it quits there.

The 'stayers' then continued on ( the rain had now stopped ) via Oxley - Beechworth - Yackandandah - Kiewa - Tallangatta and on to Corryong for fuel and lunch at 1.20 pm. It had been very windy so far but since Whitfield has not rained.

Whilst at Corryong spoke to some bikers there who were from Wangaratta and also heading for COOMA. After Lunch headed for the hills and it soon started to rain again. As we went higher we rode into thick cloud making it a very wet experience and very limited visibility for many kilometers of the twisty roads.

We re grouped at Cabramurra in still pouring rain before going on to Kiandra where we again stopped to re group and take some pictures. It was a great pity that due to the terrible weather we were unable to enjoy the many K's of twisty roads to here. The wet and slippery conditions called for 100% concentration. I can vouch for that as at one stage I only gave it 99% for a spell and ended up about a foot from total disaster. I reckon had I not managed to get back onto the road my 'last bike' and I would have plunged down this 100m? drop into thick bush. There are a lot of kilometers between Cabramurra back to where we entered the hills after Corryong and someone going off the road into the bush without any skidmarks might never be found. It gave me a hell of a fright and took me about 5 minutes to get back to full confidence, and asking for more trouble.

From Kiandra it was straight down the Snowy Mtns. Hwy to Cooma at a fast rate of knots in intermittent rain and very strong gusty winds. We arrived at our Motel, The Hawaii, at 4.15 pm. After booking in we prepared for our night out. The other bikers we met at Corryong also booked in there.

After getting organized the four of us walked down into town and had a few rounds of ale at various Hotels before going to the Services Club for tea. The food was very good and was washed down with more of that amber fluid. After the meal we played the Pokies there, drank and talked to the bikers we had met earlier, until just on stumps when Ben & I returned to the Motel. Ian and Ken detoured slightly and arrived back later.

After a good nights sleep ?, ( I bet KennY snores louder than I ever did ) we woke to a fine day although still windy. We had breakfast at a Cafe and noticed a few Wsetfield runners and their escorts go by. After that we returned to base, refuelled our bikes and left Cooma for Bega at 9.05am. on Sunday. After Nimmitabel headed into the Brown Mountains area and the roads being dry enabled us to really enjoy the twisties. After Bega rode on to Eden, Genoa to Cann River for fuel and lunch. It was now 11.35 am and there was a strong headwind.

Left soon after for Orbost, Lakes Entrance, Bairnsdale where it again started to rain. A quick stop to put on 'wet' gear then on to Stratford where we had an unscheduled stop at a servo. I think Ben was feeling peckish. Whilst there refuelled and after a short discussion the ride more or less broke up there.

Ian, Ken and I left in heavy rain leaving Ben behind. It rained all the way back to Dandenong. Between Warragul and Hallam or thereabouts, it absolutely poured and the wind was terrific. Visibility was very bad and the traffic heavy. Even though it was in the middle of the afternoon it was very dark and the weather was absolutely shithouse.

Ben caught up with us around Pakenham and kept going. As we got closer to the city it stopped raining and by the time Ken and I arrived at home at Altona the sun was shining.

After travelling a total of 1408 km door to door for the weekend I must say I was glad to be home in one piece. Due to the weather conditions I must also say that I have had better weekends away. Apart from the weather it was a good weekend and I really expected more starters.

Again, my total distance 1408 km. After filling the tank at home . . . The K 100RS used 87.02 Lt.  
 = 16.2 km/l or 46.03 mpg. The bike has now covered 56000 km in just under 12 months. I think it is now run in .

H. WURSTER

K 100 RS.

(Apologies Hans for the late inclusion of your article. Ed.)

\* \* \* \* \*

### Emphasis on Image.

Coming back from the Lake Goldsmith ride, we keep pace with an immaculate Harley.

All black and polish, open booming pipes, cow horn bars, scratched Black open helmets on the two aboard. Not to be thought wimps, a large illegal dose is included..... loud noise, no indicators or pillion footpegs, 120 KPH even through Melton's 60 K.

Looks good, real cruisin' image stuff, except.....

Oh no, the pillion (she) keeps smiling and waving excitedly at citizens in cars !

Really destroys the cool, eh man.

Jack Youdan.

Seven Bikes, Eight People:

R100CS (Mick Fagan and Brenda Pollet), GTR1000 (Gary Osborne), GPz900 (Ben Warden), XJ900 (Tony Gustus), XJ900 (Murray Browne), GT750 (Peter Philferan), RG250 (Ross Gabriel).

Tony led us out to Yarra Bend Park via Kew Boulevard with Peter P. looking after the rear rider position. Though cool, it was clearly going to be a magnificent day, with the sun streaming down.

When Geoff Webb did not arrive with the witches hats (due to family commitments), the unanimous decision was to go for a short ride. After raining all week, people were positively itching to go riding. Though a little wary of setting a precedent (remembering the repercussions of a redirected ride to a Calder Race meeting of a few years ago), I ended up leading.

[That may have been the last attempted Sports Day, despite Brenda wishing otherwise. Numbers at recent Sports Days have been declining steadily, and with the cost of fairings and blinkers now ridiculously high, riders no-longer can afford to drop their bikes. Gone are the days of dropping your bike and the only damage is a scratch to the cylinder head. Even BMs have full fairings these days. And it seems egg and spoon races do not have that much appeal.]

Mick made it very clear he wanted to go to Winneke Dam (Christmas Hills) so the route became readily apparent: Ben's Twisties!

We meandered around the back blocks of Rosanna, past the radio towers and then picking up old Eltham Road to visit the new housing estates, arriving on Main Road in Research. (I presumed most riders (and readers) were lost by this stage.) Then on past Eltham College and out through Kangaroo Ground eventually picking up the Yarra Glen Road - one of my favourites. Just when everyone was in the swing of it, we stopped to visit the dam. And do you think Mick climbed up the stairs to the observation deck? No-way.

On to Yarra Glen (morning tea), Healesville, Launching Place and Mt Donna Buang. (Mick and Brenda left for home at Yarra Glen). The road up the mountain was the worst I had ever seen it, leaves and bark everywhere, as a result of logging trucks according to Tony. Some of us drooled over a very *trick* Rickman framed Z1000. Beautiful welding.

Down the mountain, up to Reefton, and over the Spur brought a mischievous smile to most peoples faces! (Mt Donna Buang was the appetiser.) There was the usual group of motorcyclists at Cumberland Junction, savouring the moment. But we pressed on to Marysville (fuel) and Narbethong for late lunch, and were entertained by the mud-grubs *wheelieing* around.

Almost no traffic on The Black Spur was a nice way to finish off the day, it being relatively early. The bike is due for its 22nd service and is running well enough, though a little thirstier. (Can anyone spare ten grand for a GSXR1100? PLEASE?)

Ben (GPz900)

Mt. WIDDERIN CAVES. 17th. MAY.

It certainly wasn't the weather that brought so many riders out of the woodwork. Perhaps it was the concept of actually having something to do at the destination that appealed.

Whatever the reason, EIGHTEEN motorcycles plus two pillions fronted for the kick off at KBCP. and that, my dear reader, is a lot of scooters for this club.

Those present were Kenny + Ann (GPz900), Ben + Vicki (GPz900), Gary O. (GTR1000), Geoff W.(Z500), Danny (Z500), Wayne F.(XLV750), MARK M.(RG500),Hans K100RS), Ray T.(XJ900), Rod (VF1000), Ross G.(RG250), Michael (GSXR400), Peter (GT750), Gary C.(K100RT), Tony G.(XJ900), Les (Honda) plus two visitors, I believe. Walter on a GPz750 and Con on a FJ1100.

All the above alphabet soup of letters and numbers for bike reference is meaningless Japanese and German DRIVEL, But Ben made me write it down anyway.

Tony, who put a lot of effort into organising the ride, lead off and we were soon meandering through the back blocks of Footscray. Corner markers were extremely thin on the ground through the suburbs, and there were 3 "Y" junctions where the riders ahead had disappeared and I didn't have a clue which way to go. Fortunately, guesswork paid off, but with 18 bikes I think we could have had markers wherever doubt might occur.

With Melton in sight, many of us pulled over to do the old waterproofs routine before it bucketed down. This was to set the pattern for the first half of the ride, with alternating storms and clear patches until finally staying fine.

After following the Highway through the Pentland Hills we finally rid our selves of the main drag at Ballan and headed west along the Buninyong Rd. Much skirting of Ballarat proper brought the assembled troops to a fooditorium in Sebastopol. I was unable to ascertain whether this was to be a late morning tea stop or an early lunch stop but decided that some intake of food would be wise.

It was a short and pleasant ride from here through to Scarsdale and Skipton to finally arrive at the Mt. Widderin Quarter-Horse Stud. The sight of the caves, in fact, this private homestead and property has erected a toilet & shower block (in the interest of tourism),for the use of which one pays a Dollar.

The caves are of the natural "sink" type, with the water course which formed them, now far below. The entrance is quite low and narrow, but once inside they spread into vast caverns in comparison to Buchan Caves which are fairly close throughout. They are also exceedingly dark. The sight of some 20 bikers stumbling about with flashlights waving in the air is a sight not quickly forgotten. Several more insane members of the squad penetrated further into the bowels of this cavern to slither their way down muddy crevices and finally reach "The Underground Lake". The property owner has sunk a pipe to this reservoir and with the aid of a windmill draws water into a large concrete tank above.

Upon regrouping at the bikes we found that everyone was present, we then

cont...

## Mt Widderin Caves, cont.

proceeded to the B.P. servo in Skipton for what was a late lunch or an early afternoon tea.

Tony then announced the next port of call as Melville caves not far from Inglewood which is a considerable distance from anywhere. This freaked several of the entourage out, with some departing then and others a little later at Avoca. The trip took us through Beaufort and around the back of the Mt. Cole State Park area. This used to be a regular venue on the itinerary, but can only be enjoyed to its full if one ventures onto the dozens of small dirt roads that lead down from the the back of Mt Cole to the Amphitheatre Rd. The name "AMPI-THEATRE" has always fascinated me.

At Avoca I took over responsibility for the Club's dilly bag as rearrider God only knows what's actually in that bag. Progression in a northward direction finally bought us to Moliagul which has a dual claim to fame. Firstly as the birthplace of the Rev. John Flynn, instigator of not only the Flying Doctor Service but also the Aust. Inland Mission; and secondly as the discovery place of the world's largest (at that time) gold nugget, the "Welcome Stranger". We visited the deserted stone cairn in the scrub which marks the spot.

A little further north at Rheola, the troops pulled up to investigate 3 Army Tanks scrapped in a padock by the roadside. Resident tank expert, T.Gustus, identified them for me as being "ours" and of a circa World War 11 vintage. Apparently a local farmer would have bought them for tractor parts.

By now we were only 7 bikes which was rather a pity seeing we had been 18 and that Tony had organised a pretty serious ride. Not far away, we entered Kooyoorra State Park which is the sight of the Melville Caves. Now, it would seem fair to assume that the idea of caves in this area is a non-goer. Large crevices among the rocks I will concede, but caves are definitely lacking. On the downhill run from the top I attempted to organise a DEAD-ENGINE RACE, but few understood that we needed a mass start. Which is probably just as well as the Honda with knobby tyres and lowish pressures was being slaughtered by the RG500 and everthing else. the gentlemanly art of Dead-Engine Downhill Racing seems to be lost to this Club. Yet it is perhaps the cheapest thrill one can have with clothes on, particularly on the descent from Mt. Buffalo. Alas, I digress.

The return ride, in diminishing light, went via Bridgewater and South-East to Maldon. This route is about as exciting as riding across a very large and very smooth billiard table. We refuelled and re-grouped at Castlemaine for what was to be the highlight of the day. Yes folks, the Sunday night countertea at Castlemaine's Criterion Hotel, "NUMERO UNO". Well worth a visit if you are ever in the area.

For the return journey it was a little COOL and quite late at around 9pm.

cont.....



Mt Widderin Caves, cont...

But for every difficulty there is a reward, and ours was the magnificent, huge yellow moon suspended so low over the city. Well worth the ride just for that. So, 520 or so K's for the day.

Thank you Tony, thank you riders.

Les.

\* \* \* \* \*

NOOJEE AND REEFTON SPUR. 24th MAY. (The Tyre Equaliser).

Riders;- Ian + Kerrie (GT750), Ben + Vicki (GPz900), Mark (RG500), Ray (XJ900), Ross (RG250), Jack (GPz1000), Rod (VF1000F11), Hans (K100RS), Gary (GTR1000), Craig (1.1 Yam.), Les (XL600) and Craig (CBX750).

Arriving at the carpark at 9.20 to find I was an early bird, 9.25 passed and still nobody. was it really Sunday?

"Ah" a rider approaches, Les, only to drop off the kit, he unfortunately had to work. Finally 4 bikes arrive, (Ian+Kerrie, Hans, Ben+Vicki & Craig)

After the initial earbashing from Craig we make our move and leave for Yarra Glen with Ben leading and Ian bringing up the rear. We travel along the usual route, around the Kew Blvd onto the Eastern Fwy to Kangaroo Grd, making a stop at the Fire tower. Craig decides to depart from the ride (his panniers have come adrift AGAIN) at this point but not before capturing the ear of Ian & Kerrie. Arriving at Yarra Glen we find a further 6 bikes waiting, after Ben's claytons morning tea break, we head East towards Healesville on what promises to be a good hard ride.

From Healesville, South through Cockatoo & Mt Burnett (encountering some rough gravel roadworks) to Pakenham, then a fast straight run to Drouin for a much needed break (food).

Leaving Drouin the wind picks up, providing us with more of a challenge along the open sections of the road. North to Noojee and a look at the Trestle Bridge, Ben, (yes Ben) takes a wrong turn, so after travelling about a Km we turn around and head back to the main road and West for Yarra Junction, encountering about 10kms of good dirt road along the way.

At Yarra Junction Ray heads home, the rest go East through Warburton and Marysville. The roads through this section were not very attractive being covered with leaves, bark and a few fallen trees. Fortunately nobody goes bush.

After Marysville we make our final stop for petrol and eats, then its time to head for home.

A very enjoyable ride had by all, (with NO rain!) the total distance travelled being approx. 450 kilometres.

Craig, CBX750.

Weather overcast and a chilly 8°,

Hans informed us that he would be leading the ride as Gary O. had gone to a party the night before and was not in a fit condition to come on the ride, but the main reason he wanted to lead was that he did not want to get any more stone chips on his fairing. At this point Rod Miskin, stated Hans owed him \$130 for a replacement headlight glass, which Hans caused when he passed Rod at Mach 5 the week before.

The riders at KBCP; Frank Bloxham, Rod Miskin, Peter P, Hans, Tony Gustus, Ross Gabriel, Ben & Vicki, Ian & Kerrie, and a new rider, on a Kwaka 1300, Derrick and yours truly. At the Laverton servo, Ross Bradshaw, Kenny Wurster and Ann.

Hans led us over the Westgate Bridge to Laverton and then a very quick trip to the R.A.A.F. museum at Pt Cook. The guard on the gate made Hans sign in and wear a tag., the rest of us went through without producing any identification. The guard must have thought Hans looked shifty.

The museum itself is well presented and the Airman on duty was friendly and helpful. In one of the displays from W.W.I there was a leather outfit which covered the airman from head to toe. If it could be modified it would be ideal for motorcycle use. In fact the Curator came around to make sure that we had not nicked it,, as it is only ONE of TWO still in existence, the other being in Canada.

In the Hanger there were working planes from World War 1, the pride and joy being a Sopwith Camel and a German Tri-plane. Whilst looking at these, Hans related his tales of the War, and how he and the other children would detonate UNEXPLODED bombs. And what it was like being on the receiving end of a bombing. His most vivid memories are of receiving chocolates and cigarettes from the American G.I.s and scrounging for butts.

At 11.55 we left for the Blackwood Hotel. At this stage Ben had not had his salad roll and was getting hungry. We went through Werribee out along the back roads to Anakie, it was supposed to be a leisurely run but everybody was hungry and the leisurely part was forgotten. The rain was light but the wind chill factor was making everyone cold.

A right hand turn took us over to Baccus Marsh, the roads are narrow but reasonably maintained. From the Marsh, a journey along the Freeway and the turn off to Blackwood. The Hotel was crowded but not full, there were even nine members of the Triumph M/c Club having lunch. They tried to sell us a \$10 raffle ticket, 1st prize a Triumph bike, for \$10 you can nearly buy a Triumph! so no sales were made.

The meal at the Hotel was very good and the service fast. An open fire helped to take the chill out of our bones.

cont...

Pt. COOK cont..

As we were about to mount our bikes to leave, Ben could not find his key. After searching his THIRTY pockets TWICE, he decided that it must have fallen on the floor under the table. After going inside, he came out with a sheepish grin on his face. Yes, the key was in his pocket.

Hans then took us to Woodend, (where I left the ride) Mt. Macedon and Gisborne where the ride broke up. In spite of the chilly weather and the threat of rain the roll up was good. The Museum interesting and the lunch very good. It was nice to sit down in warmth and comfort instead of a cold street munching on take aways. A good days outing.

Geoff Z500.

= = = = =

Special thanks to member Greg Smith who has donated his own collection of newsletters to the Club. Being nearly a full set this is a very valuable asset to the club.

A new system of "Point-to-Point" road distance marking has been introduced to Victoria. The markers are placed at 5km intervals on the left hand side of the road in each direction of travel and will indicate the distance to the next major town. (by displaying the first letter of that town name and the numerical distance) ie. W 10, on the Princess Hwy indicates 10 km to Warragul.

Male domination on the decline? Currently the Male Club Champion of the Preston Motorcycle Club is being challenged by a 24 year old FEMALE beauty therapist. At the moment Sophie Marshall, riding her Suzuki RM 125 engined YAMAHA T2, is only 2 points behind him. Fast Lady.

Those new 24 hour emergency breakdown phones installed on the Hume Hwy are operated by the RCA. in conjunction with the RACV. therefore NON members of the RACV. will pay a \$40 fee plus travelling expenses for the use of them.

With Winter now upon us, the PEACOCK POCKET WARMER could be just what you need. In a handy size it is ideal for motorcyclists and will give comfortable warmth for 24 hours on a fill of lighter fluid.

This Canadian product has been around since 1923 and is available in Aust. for about \$25.00 for details:-

JONMILL ELECTRICS  
14 Kallaroo Rd  
Lane Cove, 2066  
Sydney. Ph (02) 427-6984

PADDY PALLIN P/L  
69 Liverpool St.  
Sydney. PH (02) 264-2685

Dear Editor,

I seem to be copping flak from all directions lately, so I thought I would have a talk to you about it.

(i) I refer to the **Who's News and Waffle** statement in last months magazine (May) which read "Ben riding more sedately lately, - could Vicky his pillion have something to do with it???" This may or may not be so, but I wish someone would tell the Police Force this. I have been booked for speeding twice within the last 10 weeks. Also I am curious as to how someone could draw that conclusion, when I led 5 out of the previous 7 rides, including the Snowy Mountain Highway Ride - remember blasting home the last 250km in pouring rain? Before that I was in Tasmania. I tend to travel on back roads leaving corner markers regularly, and often getting a long way ahead, travelling alone. (Hans needs someone to chase!) By leading usually no-one knows how fast I am going.

Other points:

- crashed on Poker Run trying to find limits of adhesion,
- the Violet Town ride was particularly fast (leading and two-up),
- only one who caught us up Mt. Buller was Hans,
- the tyres tell no lies.

(ii) Regarding the letter from Roget Thesaurus (former Z1100 rider) complaining about my poor punctuation. If you know the author, then you would realise that the article was not meant as a joke. As such it requires a response.

What can I say? I plead guilty. I am an electronics technician with no "arts" background at all. I do my best. Often I know I could clean up an article if I had the time. Maybe it would have been better if he offered his assistance, his expertise (?), rather than canning me in this magazine.

The question also arises, of whether an unsigned and destructively critical article should ever be printed. It is hard enough to coerce members to write articles now (there are only about 5 regular contributors), but to know they are going to fall under the discerning and critical gaze of the grammarian wizard, Roget, will make it even more difficult. If by chance, I am not the worst punctuation offender, then how might the other(s) feel? Or react? Surely the content of the article is what really matters.

(iii) Passing, double lines, worried onlookers. I pass where other riders would not. This frightens them and they worry about me. I appreciate their concern, but feel it is unwarranted.

Consider the idea of *Personal Space*: the distance between you and the person you are talking to. The same personal or emotional space idea can be applied when riding a motorcycle. Every rider needs this emotional space between himself and another vehicle. Often this space is much larger than the actual physical space required. With time and practise, the difference between emotional and physical space becomes almost academic. (Everyday I travel to and from work in heavy peak hour traffic. I ride up between the lanes at the end (last 2-3 km) of the Eastern Freeway (almost everyone does). With so much practise, I now feel I need less "space" than most people. An interesting example is, I often, and until now I thought strangely, get blamed for PARKING too close. I am invading other riders' emotional space.)

Out on the highway, this "minimal" space requirement translates to close passing manoeuvres. I tend to glide up the outside of a string of cars, between them and the lines (double, dotted, whatever). Most cars see me coming and move to the left, because I am right in their mirror. Despite opinion in some quarters, I rarely need to cross double lines for the simple reason that people move out of the

way and I "squeeze" by. This is an economical and in the long run efficient mode of passing.

*But what if the car does something unpredictable?* In most cases they see you coming and behave in a considerate fashion (move to the left), to which I respond with a wave. On all occasions I ride fully aware of the attendant risks associated with (any) passing manoeuvres, ready to react with counter steering techniques as per normal riding. Possibly my hands cover the levers - as they always do in end-of-freeway peak hour traffic.

Those riders needing more emotional space often use the "arcing" method where they pull out under full acceleration, swing wide (and safely?), pass fast(?) and pull in under brakes. This technique is uneconomical on tyres, brake pads, fuel, and stressful to the engine and especially the rider (and pillion). It is not smooth, upsets other road users and does not take advantage of the potential courtesy other drivers can offer.

The problem arises when I pass and other people follow me. I'm okay, they are not. They are relying on my judgement to make the right decision for them. This is unwise and unfair. The basis of safe riding is dependent on making the right decision at the right time for you, and not copying the actions of the rider in front.

Riders may feel obligated to follow the leader in a passing manoeuvre for a number of bad reasons such as:

- holding up people behind them,
- doing their fair share of corner marking (believe it or not),
- he's passing, therefore I can,
- succumbing to impatience,
- keep pace (dredded bogie of peer group pressure), and the
- sheer physical thrill of passing.

The beauty of the Club's corner marking system is that it allows riders to travel at any speed they wish and are comfortable with. There is no obligation and should be no obligation to follow the leader in passing moves. Peer group pressure is an imaginary force. Be strong enough to resist it.

Thanks for your time,

Ben Warden

# # # # # # # #

## COUNT THE F's

FINISHED FILES ARE THE RE-  
SULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIF-  
IC STUDY COMBINED WITH THE  
EXPERIENCE OF MANY YEARS.