

JULY 90

# Good Vibrations



**MOTORCYCLE TOURING CLUB OF VICTORIA**

P.O. Box 453, Richmond 3121, Victoria

# ITINERARY

## JULY 1990

SUNDAY 8th.	ECHUCA BORDER RUN. 9.30 KBCP. Gary Clifton leading.	Due to the distances involved a fairl direct route will be taken with morni smoko at Heathcote. Return route will depend on time available.
SUNDAY 15th.	GLENBURN. Counter Lunch. 9.30 KBCP. Colin Waddell leading.	From KBCP to Sunbury, Darraweit Guim & Kilmore for smoko. Then Broadford, Strath Creek & the Glenburn Pub by ha twelve. Home will depend on time and weather, but likely to be via Kinglake and St. Andrews.
FRIDAY 20th.	LAST LAUGH THEATRE RESTAURANT. 7.30pm Sharp. (64 Smith st. Collingwood)	Bookings for this night of comedy, featuring 'THE PHONES' has now closed But members still wishing to go, can contact the venue direct to arrange a seat for this entertaining night.
SUNDAY 22nd.	CENTRAL GIPPSLAND. 9.30 KBCP. 10.15 Hallam. Jack Youdan leading.	From Hallam to Sth Gippsland then north to Moe & Rawson for lunch. Next we head to the Thomson Dam for a look Home via Willow Grove, Noojee & the Princess Highway.
SUNDAY 29th.	LAKE MOUNTAIN. Snow Ride. 9.30 KBCP. 10.30 Yarra Glen. Tony Gustus leading.	From Yarra Glen to Healesville, Marys- ville (eats) & Lake Mountain for a frolic. For the trip home:- If fine & dry, through the dirt to Reefton and Warburton. If wet, across to Buxton, Molesworth and Yea.
<u>AUGUST</u>		
THURSDAY 2nd.	GENERAL MEETING. Club Hall 8.15pm Sharp.	Suprise, suprise a guest speaker, yes at this meeting Sgt Karl Ansell of the Victorian Police Motorcycle school will give a talk on roadcraft & motor- cycle related topics. Note. Karl is an Instructor & owns a GSXR1100.
SUNDAY 5th.	REEFTON PUB. Dirt Ride. 9.30 KBCP. 10.30 Yarra Glen.	Here's an interesting one from Jon Riddett that will take in a counter lunch at the Reefton Pub & some of the scenic dirt roads around the area.

# **MOTORCYCLE TOURING CLUB OF CLUB OF VICTORIA**

## **MINUTES OF GENERAL MEETING**

**Date:** 7 June 1990

**Location:** Jika Jika Community Hall

**Open:** 8.20 pm

**Present:** 30 members and visitors.

**Apologies:** Tom Saville, Andrea Sirninger, Mike Davis, Darryl Chivers, Pam Hutchinson

**Minutes:** Accepted by Trevor Harris  
Seconded by Ian Payne

**Treasurer's Report:** No Treasurer's report was given.

**Captain's Report:** **Mystery Ride - 6/5/90**  
18 bikes, 20 people, 350 kms.  
Fine all day. Brisbane ranges to Otway ranges and GO road.  
Neville lead with Ian and Kerrie bringing up the rear.  
No incidents.

**Packenham Military Museum - 13/5/90**  
18 bikes, 22 people, 200 kms.  
Fine all day. Rode through the Dandenongs.  
Ian and Kerrie leading, Sam rear rider.  
No incidents.

**Lake Eppalock - 20/5/90**  
18 bikes, 21 people, 300 kms.  
Some rain. Wet and dry roads. Bacchus Marsh - Gisborne -  
Woodend - Lancefield - Lake Eppalock.  
Steve and Joy leading, Gary Clifton (& hangover) rear rider.  
Two incidents. Russ (CBX 550) broken chain. Peter P hit log,  
damaging both wheels - stayed upright nevertheless.

**Mr Motocross Round 2 - 27/5/90**  
13 bikes, 17 people, 200 kms.  
Fine but foggy at Broadford. Whittlesea - Strath Creek - Broadford.  
Ian and Kerrie leading, Gary Luggs rear rider.  
No incidents.

**Apollo Bay Mini Golf - 3/6/90**  
24 bikes, 27 people, 380 kms.  
Mostly light rain.  
Ben leading, Darryl rear rider.  
Two incidents. Gary Osborne developed an oil leak. XS 650  
custom rider ran out of petrol just outside of Apollo Bay.

**General Business:**

- Committee:** New members introduced to those who weren't aware who was doing what.
- Itinerary Changes:** Changed destination for Queen's Birthday weekend. New leader required for Snobs Creek Waterfalls run.
- Last Laugh:** Bookings still being taken.
- SPORT Course:** Ian outlined and recommended.  
  
Sergeant Phil Maguire was approached and will give talk at future general meeting.
- New Zealand Trip:** Proposed as club ride next year. Suggested by ex-residents that February is probably best time of year. Some interest shown.
- Next Itinerary:** Members asked for ideas and leaders called for.
- AMCN Ads:** Attention drawn to ad in "Club Listings". Ben agreed to look after ad in "Club News".
- Subscriptions:** Due shortly.
- Congratulations:** Andrew Dunn and Pam Hutchinson to tie the knot this month.  
  
Andrea Sidler turns 25 - and bought a GSXR 750 J to celebrate.
- Clubperson of the year:** Was presented by Steve Leyland to Kerrie Gooding.
- Door Prize(s):** Won by Rita. Can of Mr Sheen and visor wipes.
- Closed:** 9.10 pm

# WHO's NEWS

Congratulations to Ross & Jenny Bradshaw who are expecting the arrival of their first child on 15th of December.

Contemplating attending the 500cc Motorcycle GP at Phillip Island in September but don't know of a good vantage point? Apparently the Bass stand is the go with several members already pre-booked there. For more info contact Ben Warden.

Member Steve Kenke "WALKING" for the next 12 months after the courts objected to the pace his FZR1000 travelled along the Eastern Freeway. In an effort to utilize his bike over the coming months, Steve has joined Hartwell Club & hopes to get on the race track for some Club race days.

Lukes recent enjoyment of alternative motorcycling on the Virago came to an abrupt end after the bikes performance diminished considerably and initial diagnosis was a burnt out valve in the rear cylinder with a resultant repair bill of close to \$1000. Fortunately a more thorough examination revealed carburettor problems and a much lower repair bill.

Andi Sirninger no longer worried about setting off metal detectors after recently having the stainless steel pin removed from her, once broken, right leg.

A special thanks to John Clowes & Eric Makin for their donation of a quantity of distinctive Red & White pottery coasters (same design as Club Magazine cover), these along with the usual Yellow and White coasters will be available at the monthly meetings or from the Treasurer.

Congrats to member Sandra Dobson on getting her motorcycle license, unfortunately the joy of it was short lived when her 2000km old TS250 Suzuki 'seized' on the way to Hamilton. But full marks to Sandra on the way she handled the potentially dangerous situation (back wheel locked) and bought the bike to a safe stop.

Due to the popularity of the Phillip Island Camping/Racing weekend back in March, the Club is contemplating a similar event in February 1991. Only this time, if we have the required numbers (approx 60 entrants), we hope to have sole use of the track. Therefore if interested in this type of event please let it be known to one of the committee members.

Speaking of Phillip Island, another Race day has come and gone (1st July) this one being of the wet kind and from all accounts non too enjoyable with Tom even calling it quits after only a handful of laps (too many slides) but not before being soundly beaten by a guy on a FZR600. Yep our own Eric did it. I hear he still can't stop smiling. As an indication of the conditions, Mouth ZXR750 could only manage a best of 2m:27sec (his best dry track times were in the 1m:53sec) with best time overall coming from a FZ750 rider who set a 2m:15sec lap.

Another popular event we plan to repeat is the Snowy Mountains Weekend, again to be held on the Melbourne Cup Weekend in November (3rd-6th) with the same format as last time. ie, Camping style accommodation and all gear carried in the back of Tom's van. Watch for more info in future newsletters - Don't miss it.

Its that time of year when birds head North for winter & it seems Club members are inclined to do the same with Tom & Andi loading up the R80G/S and heading across and up the West Coast of the continent then up to the Kimberley's. The plan at this stage is to ship the bike to Perth in a Removalist van while Tom & Andi fly over, that way they leave on the morning of Friday 3rd of August and that night will be camped out under the stars at Geraldton. during their 5 week holiday they'll cover in excess of 5000kms of dirt roads and tracks. Other members making the pilgrimage to Mt Augustus (3 times as large as Ayers Rock) include Mick & Barbara Fagan and Les Leahy (with Les making the trek in the relative "luxury" of a side-car.

## Don't Forget, Subs are DUE.

MINI GOLF RIDE - 3/6/90  
=====

Ben-ZX10 (leader), Jack-K100RS, Hans-K100RS, John-K100RT, Tom & Anita FZR1000, Andi-TDR Yamaha, Luke-Virago Yamaha, Andrea-GSXR750, Stevo the Devo-GPX750, John, Eric, Sam & Rita-FZR's, Darryl, Alec, Derek & Mat GSXR1100's, John-VF750, Terry-RZ350, Gary & Velga-GTR1000 & Gary-CBR1000.

Steve-RG500, Michael-XS650, Mark-XZ550, Kevin-GPz550, Greg-RGV250.

I copped the writeup job at Anglesea for Ben's ride so blame Ben? (not having joined the ride till Laverton, I'm unaware who was at KBCP, but those that weren't were at Laverton!)

Ben took us down some roads I hadn't been down before and smoko was at Anglesea after passing through places like 'Little River' (sounds like a band), 'Lara' (sounds like a song) & 'Batesford' (sounds like a car).

Anglesea bought out the usual banter, "I'll fix you on the GO road" and most did.....well rain, wet roads, wind....mother nature threw all she had at us & Lorne came and went, and still we travelled onto glorious Apollo Bay, where we all lunched in the...."Shelter Shed" with the Honda. Rita nearly lost her 'pants' when the seagulls came in looking for a feed. "Lucky I was there aye Rete".

After about 2 hours, Ben decided he had better go back & see where the rear rider was, only to find out that one of the NEW riders had run out of petrol!

So to the Mini Golf, and after our mob went through the old guy in the ticket office should be able to afford longer pencils next year! We all bashed and slashed and swore and cursed and laughed our way around the Nine holes and I would have WON but I thought I'd better let somebody else win again this year as can be seen from the scores below.

The Scores are as Offical as you are going to get and NO Correspondance will be entered into:-

Tom-27.....Matt-33 (Derek got done by his son!),  
Slashin Stevo-35...Ben-35.....Derek-36.  
Gary-36.....Andrea-38.....Terry-38.  
John-39.....Andi-40.....Anita-41 (wow).  
Eric-44 (Go Eric)..Sam-48 (Gee what a Double).  
Rita the Eta eata-50.

Well after it was all over and the crowds had dispersed and the Champagne spilt and the reporters had finished asking "How do you feel" we left. Some of the older guys had already left (we understand fellas) and there was a Kawasaki that didn't even make it, and OF COURSE some got lost. Ben said he'd seen Tom's bike parked outside a Motel 'mmmm'.

We had a good return trip with no 'coffee at Steves' who left to see where Tom was and found out. Breakup was at Laverton after a short break at Lara where the Motel'ers rejoined the group.

An excellant day, except for the weather, and next year I'm going to WIN.

Gary CBR.

HAMILTON WEEKEND 9th-11th JUNE  
=====

Murray & Annette-XJ900 (leader), Ross-XJ900, Jon-XL250, Alec-GSXR1100, Ian & Kerrie-XJ900, Derek-GSXR1100, Sandra-TS250, Angus-CB900, Ron-CB900, Peter.P-GT750, Pam & Andrew-K100RS and Steve-GPX750.

12 bikes and 15 people is not a bad turnout for a winter weekend, not all travelled up with the group; Ian & Kerrie came a day earlier, Alec doing a last minute oil-change and Annette took the bus, not wishing to aggravate her flu.

The group heads down the highway to Ballarat with Derek at the rear, just behind Sandra who is now riding her own 250 chook chaser & proudly sporting L's. We stopped at Ballarat for morning smoko where it is raining of course and being Saturday morning jam packed with cars so we proceed through until just out of town Murray finds a milkbar where unfortunately after half the group has been served we find they don't sell tea or coffee. What No Cuppa! Ross heads for some mystical allnighter with the rest of us (some still eating pies etc) following shortly after. We proceed along the highway but find no sign of the large servo or Ross so after considering the pros & cons of the situation (was Ross ahead or behind?) we decided to continue on and stop at the first appropriate place & wait a reasonable amount of time.

Along the Glenelg Hwy to Linton where we find a little servo nestled unobtrusively in a very attractive country setting, and they had coffee! The rain had already stopped and not long after Ross caught us up, and with the sun almost shining our spirits were once again on the rise.

Riding along with a group has a charm all of its own, and Sandra was obviously enjoying herself on her own bike and keeping with us at highway speed without any trouble at all, until the bikes motor seized and locked the back wheel, those following had some anxious moments watching her struggle with the failed Suzuki, fortunately she was able to keep it all together while bringing the bike to a stop. Well done Sandra.

The bike itself is virtually brand new and still under warranty, also it had recently been professionally serviced (heads will roll!) and as Sandra was midway in the group when she was forced to stop, the first those in front realised there was a problem was in Hamilton (straight roads & no cornermarkers). After gathering some feed-back from passing motorists, ie. Mechanical failure & not an accident, 160klms away at Skipton and matters seemed under control, those at Hamilton felt it better to sit tight & wait. After about 1½ hours Sandra arrives on the back of Jon's XL250 along with Pam & Andrew (carrying Derek & Sandra's gear) but Derek, not wanting to rely on others for Sandra's transportation, heads back home to change the GSXR's single seat for the double and duelly arrives safe and sound just after dark.

cont.

HAMILTON cont.

With our group just about complete (Alec arrived just on dark & Annette was due in after 10pm), we settled into our rooms to prepare for the evening meal (the rooms were great, private facilities & all mod cons-highly recommended), which was to be had at the pub just down the road, ours was completely booked out, and very enjoyable it was too. Some of the group had been "socializing" for around 2 hours and were 'Quite Happy', much to the amusement of the locals who were most understanding. As the evening progressed our group split up a little & alternated between the two pubs, one having live entertainment & the other a disco, but I'll have to leave Saturday night at that due to memory failure.

The next morning, while enjoying the company of two very attractive young ladies, I was rudely bought back to earth by a thumping on the door and "wake up its time for breakfast", THANKS Pam, but oh what a dream. At first the only evidence of a very enjoyable Saturday night was a considerably lighter wallet! That is until I tried to move, Oh what a hangover. Angus was no better & not really in the mood for breakfast, something about last nights tea being a waste of money! Alec, being a non-drinker, was non the worse for wear, just a little tired but rareing to go for a blast. With most of the others making it down for the cooked breakfast (I just made it) much talk prevailed on last nights antics and some on the days itinerary, with most electing to do their own thing:-

- # Angus was to return home due to work commitments.
  - # Peter.P did the round trip taking in Mt Eccles and Dunkeld.
  - # Ross visited friends at Casterton and Merino.
  - # Ian & Kerrie visited Nigretta & Wannon Falls, Warrock Homestead & Portland.
  - # Murray & Annette took in the Blowhole at Portland as well as Mt Gambier and the Blue Lake.
  - # Andrew & Pam also visited Portland.
  - # Ron visited friends in the area and in doing so 'copped' a \$135 fine, the only incident for the whole weekend - Bad luck Ron.
  - # This left Alec, Derek & Sandra (in her familar role as pillion), Jon and myself who had decided to head for the winding roads around the Grampians, once there Jon didn't stay with our small group, eager to try out his chook chaser on the many dirt tracks that zig-zag these ranges.
- After lunch at Halls Gap we blast up to Zumstein's, and as it was beautiful and sunny and the roads mostly dry, some serious boot scrapping. The only drawback was the heaps of cars and a bit of gravel on the occasional corner with one giving Alec a BIG moment (take it easy, the bikes just run in). At Zumsteins the roos are out in force and Alec finds a co-operative female that allows him to play with her pouch (sounds familar-Ed) until a very tiny hairless Joey pops its head.out, probably curious to see who's interfering with its mother. On the way back we visit Boroka & Reeds Lockouts and also Mt William, all with speco views.



On the way back we pass Jon on the XL and on arriving back at the Hotel in Hamilton are stunned to see him already there! Cross country sure saves time.

Sunday night was filled in a lot quieter than Saturday, thankfully, (my wallet couldn't have handled it) we simply booked a table for 15, ate and drank a little and chin wagged a lot. Later in the evening we managed to convince the management that a group viewing of the Austrian GP was in order, so after close up the big screen was lowered and with a couple of ales we watched Doohan manage a hard fought and well deserved 3rd, er, some Yank won it.

Monday was time to head for home, so with Derek & Sandra wanting to get an early start at retrieving Sandra's bike, they headed straight down the highway along with Peter.P who was carrying their gear. Andrew, Pam & Ron also took the direct route home while the rest of us headed south for the enjoyment of the coast road with Murray & Annette leading and Jon bringing up the rear.

Our first stop was at Port Campbell then a bit of a back track to where London Bridge used to be then on to Apollo Bay and lunch, from here on the traffic increased and the roads became wet until at Lorne where the situation worsened, due to the running of the Otway Classic foot race. At this stage we decided to go inland, so with myself now leading (at Murray's insistance) and Ross as rear rider the route went something like, Lorne to Deans Marsh then onto the Cape Otway Rd, where we rode right into a thick pea-souper of a fog, you couldn't see a thing! Slowly, very slowly we traversed some of the interesting back roads to Geelong, where the ride officially broke up.

Many thanks to Murray for going to the trouble of organizing this very enjoyable weekend, and I'm sure everyone who took part had as much fun as I did covering the 1100 odd kilometres over the three days.

Steve, GPX750.

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**Socializing, Hamilton Style**

## SPEED CAMERAS

There seems to be a fair amount of concern with the recent introduction of speed cameras. This is evidenced by the number of motorbikes that have registration labels fixed to pivot and cover part of the number plate to hinder identification. With the recent re-introduction of the ban on radar detectors it is even harder to combat speed cameras and hand held radars.

The question is, is it really necessary to 'combat' them. Speed cameras and radars are used to make detection of speeding motorists simple. Whether the revenue raised is in order to save lives or help prop up the government is immaterial. The solution is quite simple. Follow the posted speed limits.

There are several club members who serve as an inspiration to many of us. Some are extremely fast and that's a feat more than a few try to emulate, which is fair enough. There are also, however, a handful that have the ability to sit on or around the speed limit with impressive consistency. People like Les Leahy are amazing to watch. The amount of self control required to stay within the law is harder to master than the urge to speed, and far more rewarding. In the city and suburbs the chances of an incident occurring are reduced because the rider has more time to react than if they were going more quickly. Incidents are still going to happen but nobody can say that their reactions are better when they have less time.

As far as penalties go, even a minimal fine will cost the rider \$85 and as everyone knows - some from first hand experience - it gets worse. Just ask one Touring Club member who is currently serving a 12 month licence suspension for exceeding the speed limit by 80 kmh. A pretty stiff penalty I'll admit and one (in my opinion) that doesn't fit the crime in that particular case. The point is, though, it was a penalty within the law and one the Magistrate saw fit to give. What price for an ill timed flight of fancy.

It is argued that the penalties for speeding are ridiculously high, and revoking licences will result in people driving without licences and further breaking the law. I agree. The penalties are ridiculously high but they are aimed at deterring speeders. The unknown location of the speed cameras also serves as a deterrent and that is part of their value. The theory that drivers will spend all of their time watching their speedos isn't true. The number of people caught so far indicates that drivers don't look at their speedos enough, and most people would learn how fast their car was going without referring to the speedo, a skill most of us possess, especially as that knowledge becomes essential to avoid being fined.

Some say that it is unfair to be caught when travelling with a large amount of traffic if you are 'just' maintaining the same speed as everyone else but what are we, sheep? Just because other people have difficulty staying on the speed limit is no excuse. Slow down. The traffic behind will do the same. It is not easy but it certainly can be done. Most drivers are bad enough and need someone to set some sort of beneficial example.

Speed limits have been set up for every road in Victoria. The limits cannot take every motorist into consideration so they are arbitrary cut off limits - a point at which the law feels a person is driving within or without his limits. Obviously many (possibly most) of Victoria's roads have speed limits that need revision (either up or down), but the limits exist and the law will prosecute people who exceed those limits.

Complaining that speed cameras only serve as revenue raisers is rubbish. That may be a large part of their function but it is not all. Speed, as they say in the ads, does contribute to the deaths and injuries on our roads. They are only a partial solution as many more factors contribute to the road toll, as we all know, not the least of which is driver skill and the effects of alcohol. The point is that speed cameras are a step toward reducing the road toll. They may not be enough but they are step in the right direction and the government should be commended for at least doing something.

If you feel the urge to go quickly and/or ride hard the place to do it is out in the country, or better still, on a race track. In the country it is often safer to maintain higher speeds. It is also the ideal time to 'blow out the cobwebs' and have fun, without endangering others. You take a risk doing it but if you get caught, don't complain - just wear it. It's nobody's fault but your own.

Luke (GPX750)

## SNOBS CREEK WATERFALLS - Sunday 17th June

Tom TDR 239 (lead rider)	Luke GPX 750
Eric GPZ 900	John XJ 900
Darryl GSXR 1100	Ian XJ 900 (rear rider)
Martin GPZ 750	Greg RGV 250
Ben ZX10	Dean GPZ 900
Steve GPX 750	Alec GSXR 1100 (Eildon)

The weather forecast was for scattered showers so I put on the Dri-Rider gear and headed to the KBCP where I met Steve, Dean, Luke and Ben. From the KBCP we headed via Johnston St to the Kew Boulevard. This is the first time I have seen the roadworks on Skyline corner and thought to myself how dangerous they have made it. From the boulevard we went via the freeway to Thompsons road, Warrandyte, Jumping Creek road to Wonga Park where there are a couple of corners which have yellow lines painted on the entrance to the corner. These yellow lines are approximately 1ft wide, spaced about 20ft apart, lead up to the corner and are most disconcerting. I just hope they are made of *grippy* paint, because, if not, you could get into trouble if you had to do some serious braking before the corner in the wet (which it was). From Wonga Park we headed to the Lilydale pickup.

With Tom now leading, we travelled the back roads through Seville and on Parker Rd I found Tom travelling in the other direction! Apparently Tom had to take evasive action to avoid a 4WD who stopped in the middle of a T intersection. Tom thought that Eric could not possibly miss the errant 4WD and turned around to find out what happened. Eric was able to stop just in time, nice one Eric. Then we moved onto the worst dirt road (bumpy, slimy, slippery and very wet) I have been on. It must have been bad because to quote Tom on *Chook Chaser* "If I'd known it was that bad I wouldn't have gone that way". Came out the other side of Warburton, then onto the Reefton Spur. The Spur was wet but the surface grippy, so dry road speeds prevailed: great fun! The Spur is a very difficult road to overtake on and noted that Kawasakis are fast. After the Reefton Spur it was onto the very slippery dirt into Marysville for lunch.

At lunch we lost Dean (went to Broadford to watch a mate race) and Greg who was a bit daunted by the roads and speeds (especially in the wet). I hope he realises that hyper-sports Jap bikes (RGV 250) are not particularly easy to ride in slimy dirt and that the people on this ride were out for a *fang* and knew the roads.

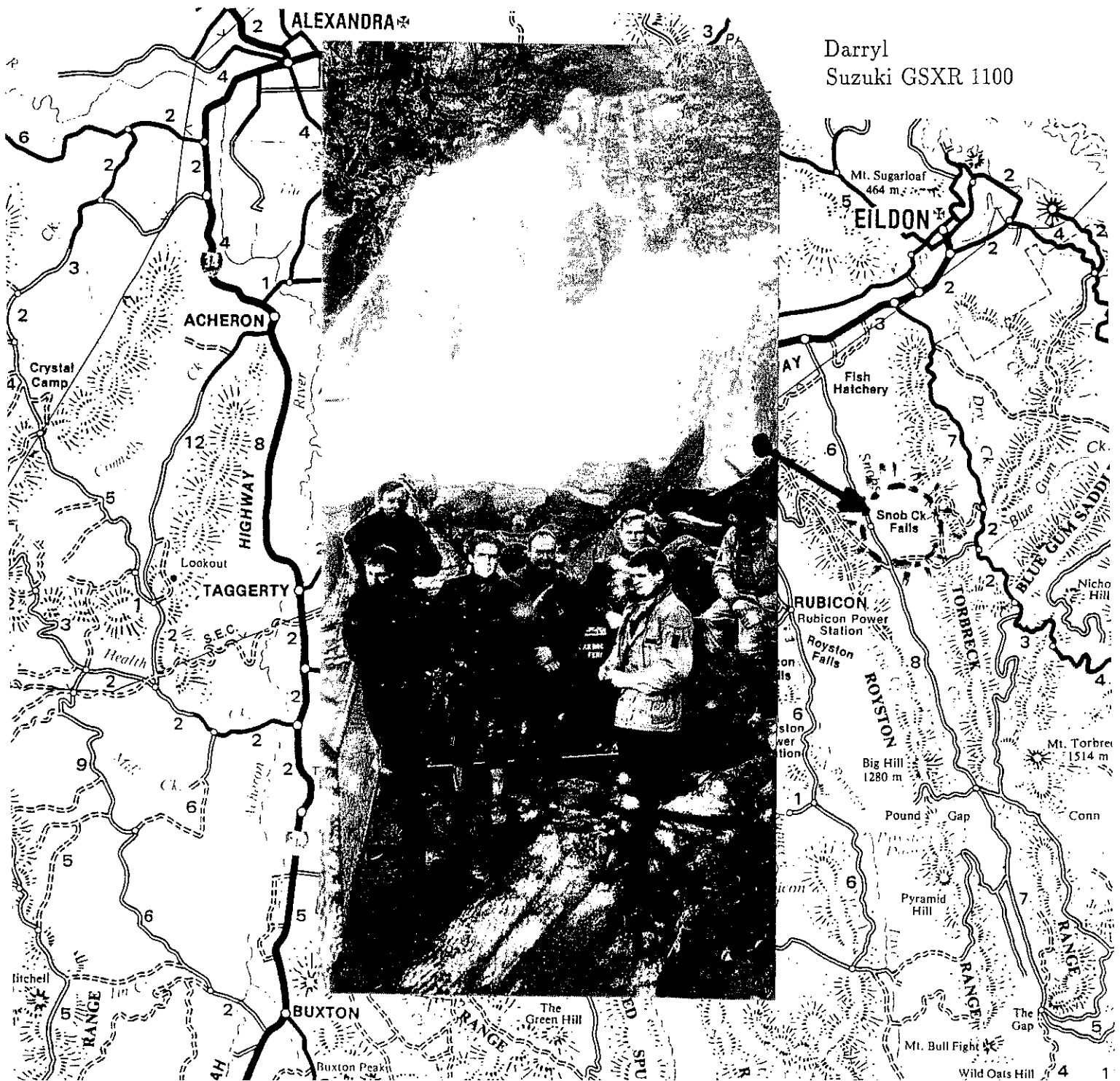
After lunch, I followed Tom from Marysville to Buxton. How did he get that YZR motor into the TDR? Then onto Taggerty and Thornton (ultra fast road that one) and *warp drive with Warden* (Kawasakis are **very** fast) to the Snobs Creek turn off. After 6 Kms of good dirt (I used to think that was a contradiction in terms) we all went down the steep track to the falls. On the way down we found Steve and some other riders looking for the Club Captain badge (don't know if they found it). The falls were quite pretty, Ian took a

few pictures and we all climbed to the car park. At the car park we found that a group of *Chook Chasers* had arrived along with some 4WDs. The *Chook Chasers* were looking at us quite strangely, I assume it was because they thought all these sport bikes were out of their element!

Back down the dirt road and onto Eildon for coffee. Alec arrives, apparently Eric (FZR 600), John (FZR 1000) and he were waiting at the Yarra Glenn pick up, phoned Andy and found out that there was no Yarra Glenn pick up so Alec decided to try and catch the group. Ben noticed that my front right fork oil seal was stuffed. I had a look at my back tyre and yep, *well and truly stuffed*.

After coffee we raced up Fraser National Park to Alexandra. Started noticing that the handling was not all that good now so decided to take it quite easy from then on. Then via Molesworth to Yea where Luke, John and Eric left the ride. From Yea we headed down the Flowerdale road to Kinglake West (wet roads) where Steve left. Finally down the St Andrews road to Panton Hill where the ride had its final breakup.

Thanks Tom (lead rider) and Ian (rear rider) for a *grouse* ride.



Darryl  
Suzuki GSXR 1100

## MARYBOROUGH YABBIE FARM

Sunday June 24

Ben & Vicki	ZX10 (Leader)	Darryl	GSXR1100
Ian	R80 (1st ride)	Derek	GSXR1100
Ron	CB900F2	Alec	GSXR1100
Steve & pillion	GPX750	John Clowes	FZR1000
Luke	GPX750	Eric	FZR600
John	XJ900	Pam & Andrew	K100RS (Rear)

The turnout at the KBCP was better than expected considering the forecast of thunderstorms and the cold weather. Ben had done a pre-ride the day before and no-one was at the Yabbie farm. He had left a note but there were no guarantees that anyone would see it.

With this in mind we set out via the Tullamarine Freeway to Bulla and then down some backroads to Romsey. It was along one of these backroads that a kamikaze bird decided to attack me. My helmet copped a direct hit but fortunately the Arai Giga stood up extremely well (thank god it wasn't an open face helmet). Ron was next through and all he saw was a cloud of feathers. A short stint down the highway saw us to our first stop for petrol where John and Eric decided that it was a bit too cold and that home and TV were much better alternatives.

After a slightly longer break than usual we headed off for Kyneton via Baynton along some really good back roads, then north and west to rejoin the Calder Highway at Elphinstone. Then we skirted around Castlemaine via more good roads - not smooth, but reasonably twisty - and made our way through Newstead to Maldon for lunch. On the way there was one interesting corner that caught a few of us by surprise as the road went in two directions, the one we wanted being concealed until we were fairly close. I think this is where Darryl got into trouble and John decided to go bush. When will he learn that XJ's don't handle? Maldon was filled with people but I suspect most of them were visitors like us.

After that it was off to the Yabbie farm. Ben and Darryl had warned us about the gravel (small rocks) driveway to the farm but most of us were unprepared when all the bikes wanted to do was slide around. What was worse was that nobody had been to the farm and seen Ben's note, which was still there. The farm was deserted. Why? Who knows. Most of us had a look at some of the Yabbies in tanks but decided not to pinch any (they were too bloody big anyway - there was no way I wanted any crawling around in my pack).

After the brief visit we headed off. Having experienced the gravel most pillions chose to get on at the bottom at the slope. Back through Newstead we then headed directly south to join the Midland Highway at Blampied. What followed was the best stretch of road all day; fast and smooth, into Daylesford. Alec's decision to overtake (or attempt to overtake) into the path of an oncoming car was perhaps ill advised but he got back just in time. Judging from the way he was slapping his helmet I don't think he was too impressed either.

We stopped for a break in Daylesford and some more petrol. More good roads followed to Trentham, Greendale and then to Myrning on to the Western Highway to Melton where we broke up.

It was a great ride with the weather holding off all day. There was never much distance between Ben and Andrew so nobody had to wait long at corners and the group kept pretty well together. The number of twisty roads was rather surprising and certainly good fun, except for a handful of crests directly followed by sharp right handers that made life interesting. No incidents and despite the Yabbie farm being closed, a good time was had by all.

Luke (GPX750)

LAKE EPPALOCK - Another Perspective.

"Heading down the Highway  
looking for adventure  
.....or whatever comes our way"

.....as a fledgling from a provincial city, a bikie let alone the motorbike seemed a pretty forboding sight. The stereotype of raw roughnuts with shaggy beards and bulky bods in black was enough to send me reeling into my protective innocuous homelife, oh those wonderous years of youth!

But now that I'm a big girl my image of a bikie isn't so romanticized as my imagination of by-gone days...gosh! Isn't that sad???

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## **FEAR AT 160**

Steve tried to tell me that he did not take the bike over 120km/hr cos he's a safe kind of guy, (the bike was an unpredictable spitfire and most importantly - I was his pillion).....this was a lie.

At some stage of the flight, when I was being whisked through the cyclone with the hurly-burly revving numbing my nerve, when the helmet wasn't distorting my face, when my eyes were clear and open....I peeked over a shoulder and then...closed my eyes again.

Believe me a 'green' pillion's life seems very short! With hairpin bends, my knee kissing the tarmac and pretty shitty Victorian roads my fear became acute, in fact it dispelled the pain in my lower back which had spread to my bottom.... huh, some side effect. Gruesome scenarios replaced pleasant daydreaming... for once in my short life I was wide awake and trying to cipher in what I was feeling and seeing. Yep its at times like this where there is no rationale, you just go with it and hope you come away with 2 arms and 2 legs....imagine my sigh of relief when we pitstopped for lunch.

My first steps were like those that a babe takes....wobbling and bowlegged.... except that when your older it feels ridiculous, especially when your dressed like a bloody canary.

Sitting down to lunch was a real insight for me - the outsider. Alot of the talk revolved around bikes quite naturally....it's alot like when footy maggots talk footy. A certain singlemindedness or maybe a common topic????

It wasn't until we were homeward bound that I began to feel like I'd live to see another day (probably' cos I could see the end in sight). Looking back I saw it as an exciting experience, adrenalin gushing, living on the edge type stuff!

I LOVED IT, I want to go again & again after all I've written...its hard to explain, but it sure beats a convertable anyday.....need I go on.

Joy.

PS. Joy was a friend of Rod & Rose and rode pillion with Steve.



**HAPPY  
BIRTHDAYS**

**The Birthday boy "IAN"**

**and**

**the birthday girl "ANDREA"**



**"London Bridge has fallen down, fallen down....."**



Geoff Hall

**J**UST occasionally, I have to stop and discuss the state of the nation with a member of the police force. Sometimes for the let's-have-a-look-at-your-licence check, other times for excessive velocities. It occurs to me that these dudes must get a fright from time to time because they have no idea who they have caught.

On more than one occasion a young constable has launched into a big lecture on the dangers of speeding, riding motorcycles, etc, before gauging the age of his suspect. It all starts to sound pretty silly when he discovers the culprit is old enough to be his father. I am waiting for the time that I can say, 'I was riding motorcycles before you were born', but so far I'm not that ancient. Age and experience doesn't necessarily mean older riders survive better but there's no doubt it helps when the going gets tough. For me it's a case of 'spare me the speech constable and let's get back on the road'. After all, they can 'record' the licence check or whatever and prove to their commander the job's right; we have riding to get through. Perhaps that's their prerogative.

What does get under my skin are those self righteous people who take issue with a family man riding a bike. Remarks like, 'You're not still riding a bike?' leave me in a highly volatile state. Perhaps I should ignore it but foolish comments are not something I am happy to put up with. My old retort of, 'So you drive a car — that's wise, you can wipe out your whole family in one go,' isn't always appropriate. People think you are being quite rude if you hit them with that bombshell. My current tactic is

to indicate a long and reasonably trouble-free riding life and leave it at that. It stirs them when you point out that in my particular age group car drivers in NSW have a greater fatality rate per 100,000 licences than motorcycles.

The underlying accusation is, of course, that you are irresponsible, continuing to ride when you have a couple of mouths to feed. That sort of criticism from the uninformed isn't all that hard to take. But when I hear some of my peers talking about the same sort of thing I get concerned. It seems to me that you've battled through all the shit when you're young and survived it and now it's time to enjoy motorcycling. Older dudes, in most cases, are better equipped to handle the open road and yet they want to hang up their boots when they've broken through into the clear. If riding is in your blood then giving up simply isn't on the agenda as far as I'm

**"It's difficult to know how to give people an 'experience' pill without preaching."**

concerned. Slowing down may be something which comes with age, but it is not compulsory. One lunatic actually reckoned cruising at over 120 km/h was not on: 'The police are right mate.' He's welcome to his opinion as he waits to try to get me into the geriatrics' club.

Lots of people bring up the old adage, 'There's the old and the bold, but very few who are old and bold.' Personally, I see no reason why you can't be both, providing you keep things in perspective. In the late '70s I met quite a few people who were well over 50 years old and still willing to give the limits a nudge. If you were content to follow them for a while it was quite a learning experience. The brain

was well and truly in charge of the balls, although just occasionally they'd pull the pin and disappear. It seemed to me those guys were only vulnerable when the unexpected occurred ('roos, oil) — situations which required quick reflexes as well as craft for a rider to survive. At least one of these speedsters retired when a couple of incidents (neither his fault) and a trip to hospital made him decide to hang the gloves up. A pity, as on a good day the bloke was as smooth and as fast as anyone. From my experience lots of these types of dudes have been ex-road racers, dirt track, grass track — run-what-you ride type stuff. That sort of experience was my first introduction to bikes. Pick a paddock near Armidale and create a race track. British twins and singles. The then 'hot shot' Jap bike, a K1 Honda Four, never really made an impression: too much power for the slick grass and sometimes snow. Perhaps that's where it should all start.

The interesting thing is looking at some of the younger riders and watching them go through the same growing pains as we did. Often it's a case of balls overtaking the brain — a situation we have all been in at one time or another. You feel like cautioning and yet you know there is no way anyone will listen to that type of advice. People have to experience a situation to learn. It's difficult to know how to give people an 'experience' pill without preaching like the police officer. I don't envy the job of the various rider training schools as they try to instil knowledge and a degree of caution.

The future seems to live on getting people at a very early age — which means before the age of 10. Some will remember the minibike clubs of the mid-to-late-'70s, a proving ground for riders before they even had a chance to consider whether they wanted a car. A sound principle

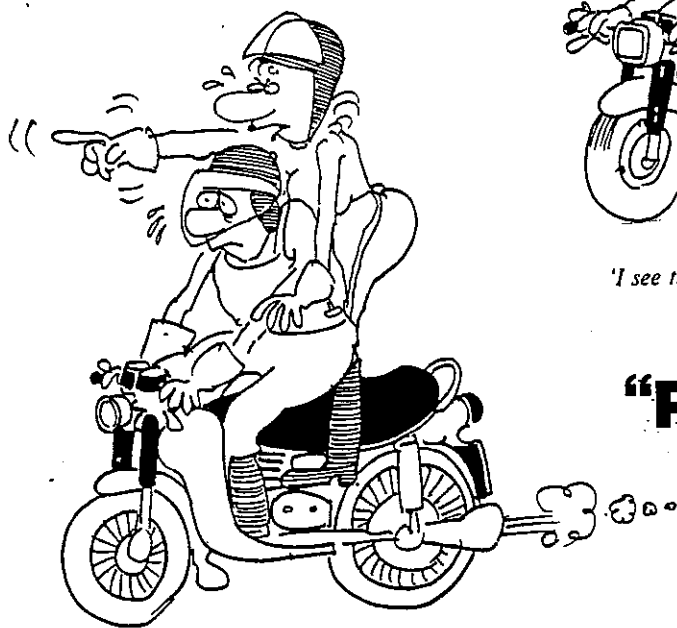


if you ask me, because the members were taught to use the right equipment and ride in a sensible manner at a very early age. The rules were simple: do it right or get out. Most toed the line; some left because they recognised bikes weren't their bag.

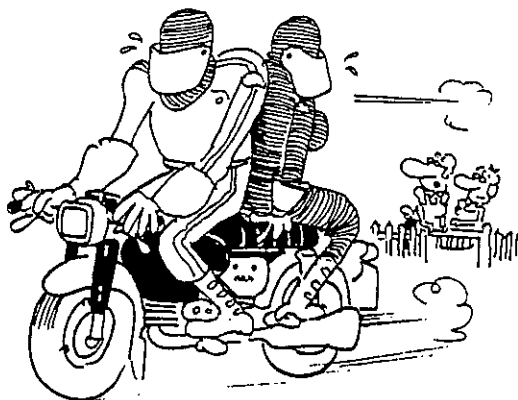
It was interesting that some of the youngsters got the bike experience out of their blood before they had to leave the club. Others graduated to the road — mostly as competent riders who had done all their learning — where, as a general rule, they couldn't hurt themselves. Some of you might worry that these kids weren't ready for the traffic, a view I would question. Haven't you seen eight year olds jumping bikes over obstacles, synchronised to miss their compatriots travelling across their bows?

As a person who's likely to be faced with an I-want-to-ride-a-bike request from within the family, the solution is pretty simple: find an open paddock or a minibike club, but preferably both. Hopefully the rules on learning to ride will be much clearer by then.





*'Mind that tree, watch that dog . . . and look out for that crossing . . .'*



*'I see they've had another row.'*

## "PILLIONS"



*'You do realise this thing won't do any more than 25 miles an hour?'*

# MTCV RUTHERGLEN WEEKEND

DATE:.....AUGUST 25th & 26th.

PLACE:.....RUTHERGLEN, VICTORIA.

ACCOMODATION:..STAR HOTEL,

Main St (Murray Valley Hwy)

Ph. 060-329625

NAME.....PHONE.....

PLEASE BOOK FOR ME:-

SINGLE ROOM at \$18.00 .....\$.....

DOUBLE ROOM at \$36.00.....\$.....

...COOKED BREAKFAST at \$7.00.....\$.....

...CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST at \$5.00..\$.....

TOTAL \$.....

LESS DEPOSIT \$15.00

BALANCE \$.....

\*BOOKINGS MUST CLOSE BY THE 30th OF JULY\*

NOTE: Transportation of wines etc to Melbourne can be arranged courtesy of a members son who lives in Rutherglen.

FORWARD (WITH DEPOSIT) TO:- MR. IAN PAYNE, 2/3 LEROUX ST. OAKLEIGH. 3