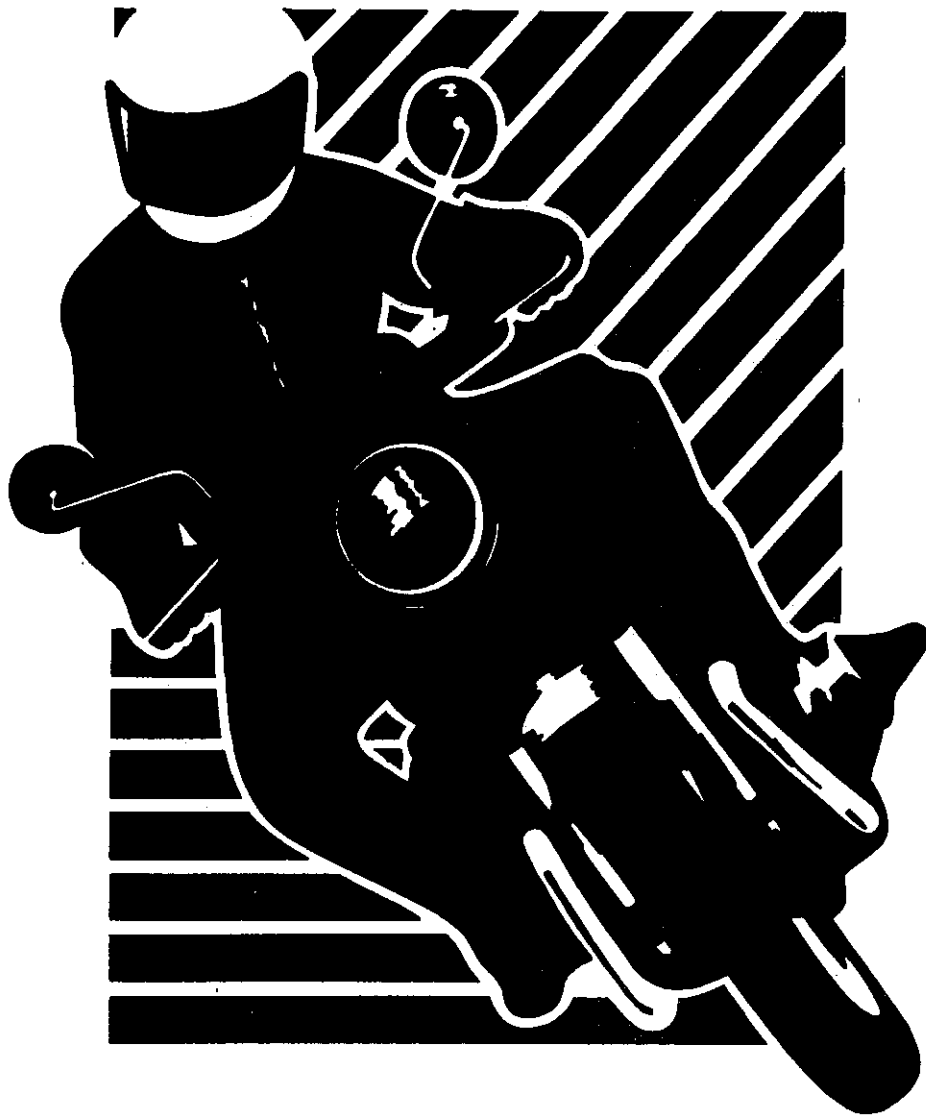


MAY 91

Good Vibrations



MOTORCYCLE TOURING CLUB OF VICTORIA

P.O. Box 453, Richmond 3121, Victoria

ITINERARY

MAY 1991

SUNDAY 5th.	INVERLOCH 9.30 KBCP. 10.15 Hallam. Ben Warden leading.	From Hallam to Drouin for morning tea then south to Loch and Wonthaggi (Lunch). Around the coast to Inverloch then home via Warrigul to break up at Narre Warren.
SUNDAY 12th.	HEALESVILLE SANCTUARY. and Reefton & Black Spurs. 9.30 KBCP. 10.30 Yarra Glen.	As this is Mothers Day we will do the Spurs first to enable those going to visit their mum to be there in time for lunch. The ride will then finish at the sanctuary where members will be free to spend their time.
SUNDAY 19th.	DINOSAUR PARK, Creswick. 9.30 KBCP. Gary Clifton leading.	Out to Anakie and the Brisbane Ranges, Ballan then Creswick for lunch. After which a look at this unusual attraction. Note, an admission fee is charged. Route home will depend on time available.
SUNDAY 26th.	APOLLO BAY, Mini Golf. 9.30 KBCP. 10.00 Laverton.	Our annual golf day will once again be held at this coastal town. With the game being played rain, hail or shine. So come along and enjoy yourself.
<u>JUNE</u>		
SUNDAY 2nd.	CIRCLE RIDE. Kinglake. 9.30 KBCP. 10.30 Yarra Glen. Michael Chan leading.	Another popular event that incorporates some of the best roads in the near East, North and west of Melbourne. We leave Yarra Glen and travel in a loop to finish up at Kinglake.
THURSDAY 6th.	GENERAL MEETING. Club Hall 8.15pm Sharp.	Now is your chance to come along and make the NEW COMMITTEE feel welcome.
SATURDAY 8th to MONDAY 10th.	ARARAT WEEKEND. Turf Hotel. 9.30 KBCP. (Sat. only)	Bookings for this weekend must close now, so if you are contemplating going please fill in an entry straight away. See back page or contact Ian Payne.

MOTORCYCLE TOURING CLUB OF VICTORIA

MINUTES OF GENERAL MEETING

Date: 4 April 1991

Location: Jika Jika Community Hall

Open: 8.20 pm

Present: 35 members and visitors

Apologies: Margaret Shelley

Minutes: Accepted by Ian Payne
Seconded by Luke Richardson

Correspondence: None

Treasurer's Report:

Balance at 1st March	\$886.84
add Receipts	163.75
less Payments	120.25
Balance at 1st April	<u>\$930.34</u>

Captain's Report:

Licola Bush Camp
17 people & 6 visitors
Les leader their with Andrea rear rider.
Fine and warm the whole time.
One incident. Tom stacks Steve's XL and slightly injures himself due to lack of protective gear.
P.S. Steve apologises for drinking a little too much.

Brisbane Ranges
11 bikes, 12 people, 300 kms.
Hans leader, Peter P rear rider.
Fine all day. Around 40 - 50 kms of dirt covered.
Two incidents. Steve (ZZR250) decks his bike and Robin put his 1100 katana down in a river crossing.

Drysdale 3D Maze
25 bikes, 35 people, 350 kms.
Ben lead while Terry & Rachael brought up the rear.
Sunny all day. Ocean Grove, Lorne via GO Road then through Deans Marsh.
Two incident. Chris locks the front brake of his VT250 which is fixed by bleeding and Luke blows a fuse on the FJ1100.

Ettamogah Pub via Batemans Bay
9 bikes, 10 people, 2005 kms.
Steve leader.
Orbost - Queanbeyan - Culcairn - Melbourne.
Weather ranged from fine to pouring with rain.
Four incidents. Steve and Gary got booked for traffic infringements (obscured number plate and speeding respectively), Andrew got a warning and Stewart got a flat.

Thanks to all leaders and rear riders.

General Business:

Ararat Weekend: Members reminded.

Ben Warden: Was going to the GP on the Friday. He invited anyone interested to join him.

Committee: Nominations were asked for. Silence was deafening.

Dirt Riding: General discussion to see if any members were interested in hiring dirt bikes.

Earplugs: Angus and Ron have donated some. Thanks guys.

Eppalock Weekend: A dirt track is also at the campsite for those interested in taking off-road bikes.

Tom Saville: Wants his negatives from Winton back. Chris thought to be the culprit.

Door Prize: Won by Gary. A can of Mr Sheen.

Closed: 8.45 pm

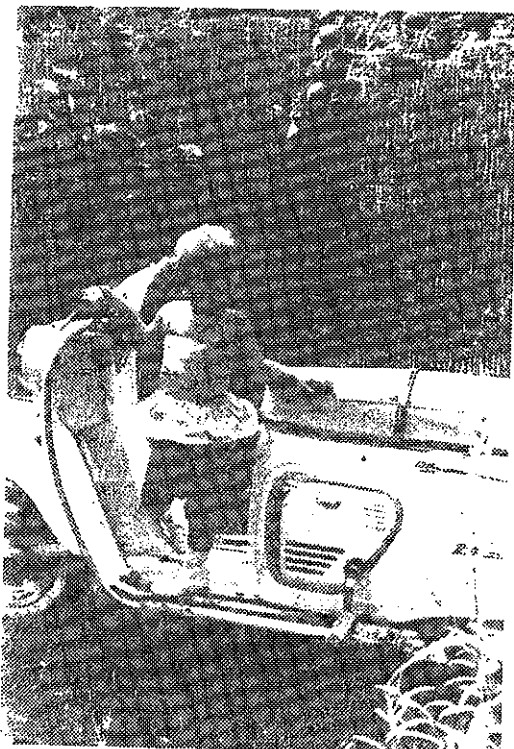
After the meeting those present were treated to a slide show, courtesy of Ben Warden.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Well I wont dribble on to long as committee reports can tend to get boring at times. I enjoyed my year immensely unfortunately through personal commitments I cannot stand again, however I am sure in a few years you will see me up there again, if I'm voted in that is. Financially we still made a profit of \$148.40 this year. We had a bad turn out at Winton, which at one stage was almost cancelled, due to those who originally said they would participate and then backed out leaving the Club to pay around \$150.00 out of Club funds. This was unfortunate and perhaps the Club will think again before hiring another race track, though those came had a great time and thought their \$40.00 was well spent. Other than this downfall we still managed to keep our heads above water.

Still as Treasurer I found, getting money out of motorcyclists is like deriving blood out of stone.

*Andi R80GS
Treasurer 1990/91
M.T.C.V.*



**Andi at an earlier age
on Dad's KTM**

FINANCE REPORT 1990/91

CASH BOOK BALANCE

BALANCE BROUGHT FORWARD 1989/90	\$552.91
RECEIPTS	\$4,263.81
EXPENDITURE	\$4,115.41
CASH BOOK BALANCE	<u>\$701.31</u>
CHEQUE ACCOUNT STATE BANK OF VICTORIA CREDIT	\$701.31

ASSETS

ADHESIVE BADGES	136 X \$1.50	\$204.00
METAL BADGES	78 X \$6.00	\$468.00
CLOTH BADGES	91 X \$3.50	\$136.50
EARPLUGS	457 X .30	\$137.10
COASTERS	2 X 6 FOR \$10.00 1 X \$2.00	\$ 22.00

DUPLICATOR AND ACCESSORIES	\$309.00
ELECTRIC TYPEWRITER	\$300.00
ELECTRIC STAPLER	\$198.45
URN	<u>\$ 60.00</u>
VALUE AT COST	<u>\$867.45</u>

MOTORCYCLE TOURING CLUB OF VICTORIA (INC.)
STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS
1/5/90 TO 30/4/91

FOR COMPARISON

1989/90	RECEIPTS	1990/91
\$		\$
1,260.00	MEMBERSHIP FEES	1,360.00
488.95	SUPPER FEES	699.97
16.80	EARPLUG SALES	32.30
94.00	COASTER SALES	102.00
114.00	BADGES/STICKERS SALES	241.50
49.00	T-SHIRT SALES	6.00
-	PUNCTURE REPAIR KIT SALES	286.00
15.00	XMAS PARTY FEES	40.00
-	LUNCH/BREAKFAST WINTON	97.68
620.00	PREPAYMENTS ACCOMODATION, ETC.	1,231.00
-	PRESSURE WASH	7.50
-	RAFFLE TICKETS	67.00
72.50	AUCTION PROCEEDS	61.90
14.21	CHEQUE ACCOUNT INTEREST	10.96
16.00	DONATION	20.00
<hr/>		<hr/>
2,760.46		4,263.81
<hr/>		<hr/>
26.69	DEFICIT	-
2,787.15		4,263.81
<hr/>		<hr/>

<i>1989/90</i>	<i>PAYMENTS</i>	<i>1990/91</i>
\$		\$
400.00	PRINTING ITINERARIES	450.00
348.95	PRINTING MAGAZINES	244.88
197.57	SUPPER SUPPLIES	326.81
-	RAFFLE PRIZE	20.00
44.55	DOOR PRIZES	38.73
347.74	POSTAGE	338.45
30.00	P.O.BOX RENTAL	35.00
64.29	XMAS PARTY SUPPLIES	80.12
308.50	PURCHASE BADGES/STICKERS	627.00
-	PURCHASE PUNCTURE REPAIR KITS	283.68
40.10	TROPHIES & PRIZES	36.70
3.15	BANK FEES	.93
680.00	ACCOMMODATION FEES, ETC.	1,461.00
169.00	HALL RENTAL	-
24.10	INCORPORATION FEES	45.50
14.70	R.A.C.V ROAD MAPS	14.00
94.50	PURCHASE CLUB COASTERS	34.00
20.00	DONATION	-
-	STATIONARY	50.00
-	LUNCH/BREAKFAST WINTON	28.61
<hr/> 2,787.15		<hr/> 4,115.41
-	SURPLUS	148.40
<hr/> 2,787.15		<hr/> 4,263.81

CAPTAINS REPORT 1990/91

What can I say, another year gone, another year of personal satisfaction and fun that is unique to the MTCV.

We often talk about successful events but I believe that this success is guaranteed because of the 100% commitment of the ordinary members and the committee who organise these events. It is their planning and execution that makes the ride memorable whether it be a Day-ride, Night-ride, Weekender or BBQ the commitment is still the same.

It has also been pleasing to see so many members participating in our social activities and not just the Sunday rides. This variety is one of the things that sets our club apart from the rest, but personally I think the biggest single contributing factor is the willingness of our leaders to go out of their way to make every ride interesting.

I like all the rides, from crawling around holes in the ground to traversing some out-of-the-way back road, whether they be gravel (often rough) or bitumen they are all well received. Facts borne out by some very respectable turn-outs for rides advertised as the more demanding types. Such as long dirt rides or a caving type of ride. But even if you don't like this rough stuff, no problem, there are plenty of events to satisfy all tastes. Something for everyone.

For example a few highlights of the year. Snowy Mountains. Christmas Camp at Porepunkah, Winton Race Day, Tallaangatta Weekend, Licola Weekend and of course the many memorable day rides. But for me there was one in particular "King Crystal Mines" those who went would know what I mean!

As long as I have been riding with the Club we have always had an ALL WEATHER ALL ROAD CONDITIONS attitude and I think this attitude has a lot to do with the high level of ability that members of this club can attain and therefore it is important we retain this all weather, all road condition criteria.

In finishing I would like to thank all leaders, rear riders and those behind the sceners we often take for granted.

STEVE LEYLAND,
CLUB CAPTAIN MTCV 1990/91

PRESIDENT's REPORT 1990/91

The previous 12 months has seen some fluctuations in the level of our membership, but it is still pleasing to note that we have still managed a 7% increase in numbers. Although not a large increase it is still satisfying considering the depressed state of the economy and motorcycling in general. This decline in recreational motorcycling has been aided, to a certain extent, by its associated higher costs and the more rigorous enforcement of traffic rules. Therefore if the Club is to continue to prosper we must adopt a more diligent & professional outlook, one that will withstand the scrutiny of authorities yet still attract the dedicated motorcyclist to our Club.

It is pleasing to note the large influx of young riders joining the club, they should be made to feel welcome and encouraged to participate in all levels of club activities for with them lies the future continuation of our Club. With their high level of skill and mature outlook they have little difficulty adhering to the Club's high standards of roadcraft and integrity. But these high standards must be continually maintained, therefore it is a members responsibility to act in a manner that is a worthy example for others to follow.

The popularity of our Sunday rides and Social outings continue to increase, whether it be a leisurely jaunt or an all out sports ride. This is pleasing and tends to prove that the variety of our itinerary still caters for the growing needs of our membership. Nevertheless, the success of these events is due largely to you the members, for it is your suggestions and participation that make these outings, and indirectly the Club, the success that they are. So from me, a sincere thankyou for your continued support, enthusiasm and dedication over the last 12 months.

Thanks also to the out-going committee, some of whom have declined nominations for a further term in office.

So thanks to;

TOM SAVILLE, whose valuable expertise and experience has on more than one occasion helped in some difficult decision making.

ANDREA SIRNINGER, your efficient and simplified bookkeeping has enabled the club to maintain its secure financial position.

TREVOR HARRIS, for his colourful and valuable contributions in the decision making and secretarial duties.

LUKE RICHARDSON, for the concise, legible minute taking and impartial committee contributions.

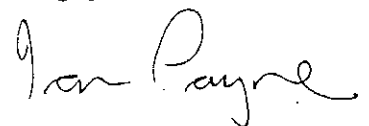
RITA SIRIANNI, your fresh ideas for social outings and club suppers have been an overwhelming success.

SAM SIRIANNI, for your enthusiastic support in all aspects of the clubs endeavors.

STEVE LEYLAND, who's continued 100% committment for the club has not waned and the vigorous promotion of "What's good for the Club" still comes first and foremost.

My sincere thanks to you all and I look forward to your continued involvement with the club.

To the incoming committee, I extend my best wishes for a successful term in office and hope the forthcoming 12 months bring you the same degree of pride and satisfaction of belonging to this great Club that the preceeding year has for me.



IAN PAYNE,
PRESIDENT MTCV 1990/91

EASTER RIDE 1991

ETTAMOGAH PUB via BATEMANS BAY:

Nine bikes & ten people was more than I expected but I reckon it's smart to over-book anyway and would you believe I booked for exactly ten as I figured this number to be a good omen.

Participants:

Steve-GPX750 (leader)	John-XJ900	Garry-DR600
Stuart-CBR1000	Andrew-ZZR250	Stuart-ZZR250
Chris-VT250	Eric-FZR1000 (1st ride)	Harry & Mick-GSXR750

Over the four days everyone, except Eric had a turn at being the backmarker. It worked quite well and was a fair way of doing it.

1st DAY - We cruised the usual back roads to Drouin then onto Moe for brunch. Then past the power station to Heyfield and Maffra, through Bengworden and Bairnsdale for a late lunch where we were told to move our bikes off the foot-path by the local "Boys in Blue". Some fast talking was needed to draw his attention away from those rego labels that keep falling down and obscuring the number plate. "It worked". We then headed for Bruthen and Buchan where we encounter Cattle, Goats, Rabbits & Manure all along some of the best roads for the day and just as we rejoin the highway at Orbost (our first stopover), I notice some flashing blue lights behind me, and seeing there is nothing between me and them I figure its me they'd like to chat to! Figuring I had done nothing wrong, I stop for a chat, and the BASTARD books me for an "obscured numberplate" from here the friendly chat turned ugly, which I won't go into as the language may offend some of our sensitive readers. So much for the 'good omen'.

Orbost has two pubs and we picked the one that didn't have meals! So we headed for the other one which gave us a chance to check out the town and the locals. Later in the evening as we're about to head back to our pub the town folk are saying "take him, please take him" (Garry) and we're saying "No, let him stay, please let him stay" but he does come with us and we adjourn to the balcony of our pub, get a little tipsy & "converse" with the indigenous locals below.

2nd DAY - A fairly early start at 8:30am with the weather overcast and light drizzle falling but not too cold. The roads are all wet as we head up Highway One all the way to Batemans Bay, stopping only at Eden (fuel & food) and Cobargo (coffee), here we encountered about 50 "Commencheros", you should have seen them tremble as the 10 of us rolled into town! Feeling sorry for them I parked a little ways up the road. We finally made Batemans Bay and lunch, and also where Garry got booked for speeding. This was a real bummer as the wet roads were a good excuse to stay around the speed limits and keep together, but the traffic in town had split us up and Garry, after corner-marking, was doing the catch up bit when he was caught.

From here we head inland over The Great Divide and what a great road (except for the rain) but once through the hills and it straightens up it also dries up (that'll be right) so its a fairly dull run into Queanbeyan.

We quickly book into our \$18 a head room, shower and change into dry clothes. As the rooms all have heaters, by the next morning all our clothes are dry.

cont.

EASTER RIDE cont.

Now Saturday night is party night and stiff if you didn't like to party as the band plays till 3am! So most of us did enjoy ourselves till the early hours even though Queanbeyan is not the most friendliest of towns.

3rd DAY - Another early start (oh my head) and first we have a look at the new Parliament House then down the Monaro Hwy to the Snowy Mountains Hwy where we carved up the BMW Club (made you feel real good) before stopping at Adaminaby for food. The day was still overcast, very windy but dry and with the best part of the road still to come we were all excited, well I was. Everyone enjoyed the twisties to Kiandra where we stopped for a chat and to watch Garry and a girl friend! Onwards to Tumut (fuel & food) then Batlow, Tumbarumba and Holbrook via the worst broken up bitch-umen and gravel road in the country, which left me feeling like Captain Bligh facing an imminent mutiny. But everyone handled it extremely well. We finally made our stopover at Culcairn and not even Mr Plods warning to Andrew worried us. We were unable to arrange transport to the Ettamogah Pub, not because it was too far (40klm) but because they were too busy, so we rode to Albury for a meal then back to Ettamogah for a few beers. Here we bumped into Lisa & Rachel on the GPz900 heading off early to Eastern Creek. We stayed until stumps (10:30) before heading back to our Motel and a relatively early night.

4th DAY - Once again an early start and back to "The Pub" for some photos then through Albury, Wodonga to Beechworth then a stop for food at Moyhu. From here I planned to go to Swanpool but was geologically embarrassed as we found ourselves in Glenrowan. No big problem just more highway than I would have preferred. We eventually made Swanpool for fuel then down to Yea for food and our final stop at Kinglake West for breakup.

Thanks heaps to everyone for the great company and sorry for the shit road between tumut and Holbrook. I hope Harry was only kidding when he said he was going to "stick pins in my effigy", also full marks to the 3 learners for hanging in there. I personally think everybody would have got something beneficial out of the 2000klm especially the learners who would have gained some valuable experience, as we all did.

We also got to see some top country and what the hell any excuse for a ride is a good excuse, hey!

Steve GPX750.

* * * * *

THE FOLLOWING ARE EXTRACTS FROM INSURANCE CLAIM FORMS:

Coming home I drove into the wrong house and collided with a tree I don't have.

I thought my window was down, but I found out it was up when I put my head through it.

A pedestrian hit me and went under my car.

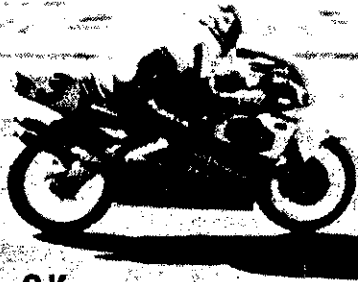
The guy was all over the road. I had to swerve a number of times before I hit him.

EASTERN CREEK GRAND PRIX.

Present;

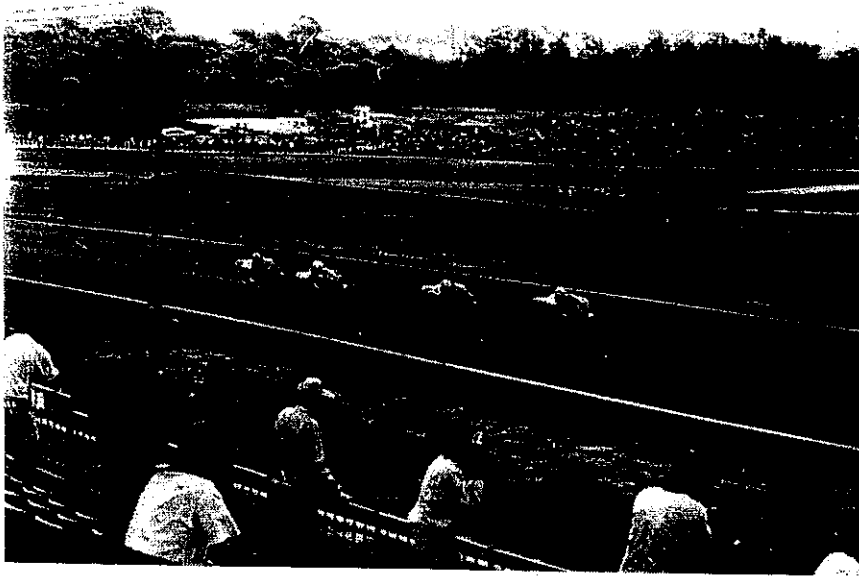
Doug Forsaith
Ian Payne
Tony Gustus
Gary Clifton
Dave Cole
Vince Green
John & Jacquie
Eric & Nadene

Stuart Forsaith
Margaret Shelley
Ben Warden
Terry Mountney
Chris Lee



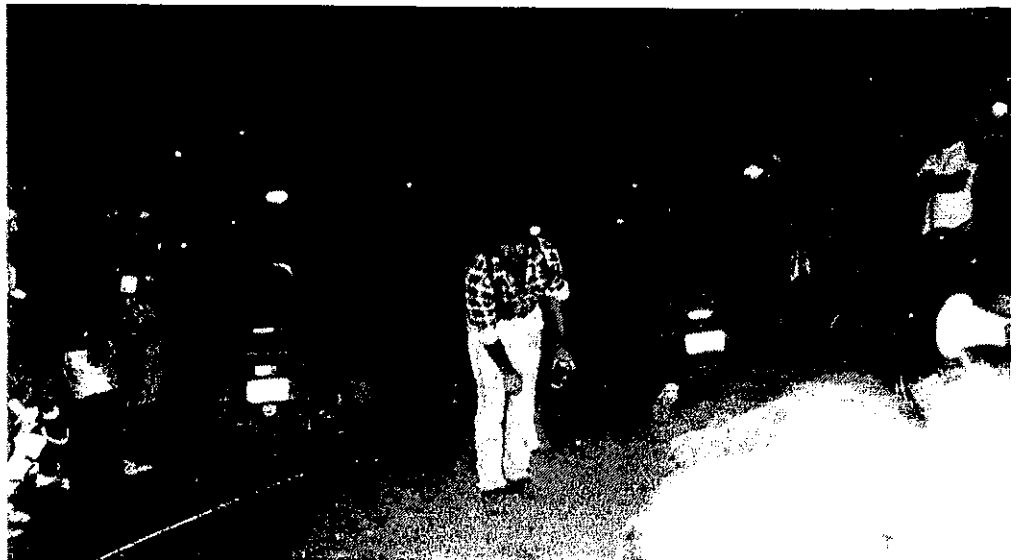
Doohan OK

Michael O'Conner,
one of 27 riders injured at
the Creek



View of track from Turn 3

Grass Drags at Camp-ground



Eastern Creek GP, Caves and Stuff

April 1991

Gazza and I set off for Canberra and ultimately the Aus. GP at Eastern Creek, the Friday morning after last month's Club meeting.

The bike was as ship-shape as I could make it: In the week prior I replaced the cam-chain and alternator chain (90,000 km) and did the valves, oil, etc. Though, it was minus a fairing (awaiting decal or some such tripe), the rear Sportsmax had a plug in it, the disks were knackered, the battery dodgy, and the right hand side exhaust had a bit of a ding in it. (None of that has changed three weeks later!)

Other preparations for the trip included making sure I had a spare tyre plug, checking that the toolkit was complete, adding a spare locknut or two to the "non-genuine" headlight and blinker mounting brackets, filling the gearsack full of food (c/o the missus), filling the tank and polishing the boots! Gazza waved the feather duster over his, as usual, immaculate Honda.

It was a top day - sun shining, no wind. We travelled all the back roads: Flowerdale, Yea, Mansfield, Tolmie, Myrtleford, Tallangatta, Corryong, Cooma, Canberra. We basically had a grouse time and you would only get envious if I carried on about it.

Using Club Captain parlance, the only incident to report was: riding into Canberra we stopped and rendered assistance to a damsel in distress. At night, her car (1.8 l, fuel injected Astra) was billowing white smoke. *It went bang and the oil light came on!* (Or was that the other way round, we wondered.) She was wearing a black mini-skirt and a tight white top. Of course we stopped! I pillioned her to the nearest servo 5 km down the highway using Gazza's stack hat. Thanks Gaz.

Next morning Gazza and Terry Mountney rolled round to Muzza's. (Murray and Annette Browne put me up, while Gazza and Terry stayed with Gazza's sister's house.)

For some unknown reason I didn't fill up and sure enough 20 km out of Canberra I hit reserve. I left the others, filling up at some dot on the map, catching Gary and Terry in Goulburn. It is mainly freeway to Sydney from Goulburn and luckily we tailed a fastish car for a lot of the way. He tried very hard to lose us, but the faster he went, the closer I stuck.

Each of us has different recollections of what happened next but the end result was that I became separated from the other two, all of us eventually making it to the track. Directions to the track were well signposted with large blue and white billboards.

Highlights of Saturday's racing included the various stacks (notably Stroud's in the Super Bikes), walking around the track looking for a good vantage point, Gavin Porteous winning the side car race using a ZX10 derived power plant, and marvelling at the 250 and 500 cc qualifying laps.

Saturday night I spent in Newcastle (Vicki's relatives). I did an extra 40 km after becoming confused by the signposting and the new freeway extensions. Ho-hum.

Bit of a late night saw me back at the track at 11 am, Sunday morning, race day. During the early practices and 125s I worked my way to my preferred vantage point: near the start of the main straight, on a rise, on the fence with a clear view of three corners. Standing next to me was a guy who had been standing there since 6 am and a woman since 8 am.

Well you all saw the race: Rainey cleaned up - too good, Doohan charging after poor start, Gardner fading with suspension problems, Schwantz never in it. Is it better than Phillip Island? No. The racing is not close enough due to the tightness of the track - there are only two real places to pass. And the track is fairly dangerous as evidenced by the 27 or so riders needing hospitalisation (5 helicopter trips compared to one at Phillip Island in two years). Spectator wise it is difficult to see a lot of the track at once due to Corporate Hill blocking the view of a number of corners depending on where you stand.

Blasting back to Canberra for the night, it soon turned dark, cold and drizzly - the only rain for the 2,500 ride. I latched onto 7 bikes doing about 1#* km/h and slowly worked my way up to number three position to see if the leader was any hoon I knew. It wasn't. As the cold set in, the speed imperceptibly began to rise settling a further 20 km/h up the speedo. Hmm. As we passed bikes, a few would tag on. I estimate there to have been 20 to 30 bikes strung out at one stage.

As part of a highly visible barely tolerated minority, I felt a tad insecure at this stage, blinded by the headlight behind me, mesmerised by the tail lights in front. Sure enough, the disco started up behind me - loud music, flashing lights. Suffice it to say, after some delicate manoeuvring, I decided a change of venue and company was called for, and did an A.B.

I arrived in Canberra just in time for the Browne house-moving show which I partook in with gusto - to burn off that excess nervous energy you see, or was it the promise of a wonderful homemade pizza? Thanks Annette. Learnt a new knot as well - which I now have promptly forgotten.

Gave Gazza a buzz to discuss the whys and wherefores. They were going the Hume.

Next morning by 9 am I was heading south towards Cooma and Bombala for fuel. It was freezing, yet sunny, another top day. The 17 km of dirt on the Bombala Highway at the Vic. border running into Cann River is now 15 km with plenty of road works and log trucks. With the lower altitude came the warm weather and even better roads. I was fairly heavily into bend swingng at this stage, having a ball. (You should have been there Tom, Alec, John, ...)

I by-passed the Bairnesdale to Stratford straight (radar) section of the Prince's Highway preferring to head south through Bengworden. Along here I stopped to tighten a nut on the headlight mounting paraphernalia - the dirt roads had taken their toll and broken a mirror stud. Who needs 2 mirrors anyway! (This was the only mechanical failure of the whole trip.)

I was making such good time at Yarragon I headed down an obscure looking road which turned out to be one I had been looking for for a couple of years - it was like renewing an old acquaintance.

Back to Melbourne and peak hour traffic. What a day, what a weekend.

(Now's a good time to get a cup of coffee if you are sitting at home waiting for the GP to start. I did promise Ian I would write up the caves ride which duly follows.)

The following Sunday I was leading the Labertouche Caves ride and figured I had better run a string through it on the Saturday. After ringing around a few bods, Alec and Jenny agreed to meet Vicki and I at Hallam, on our bikes of course. Alec brought a rope so that we could get down the hole and I brought three rolls of red nylon tomato-tying type string.

We arrived at the caves via Jindivick - the last facilities for a few hours - at about 4 pm. Jenny, Alec and I clambered through the caves while Vicki guarded the bikes, helmets, clothing, food and did battle with the mosquitoes.

Last time I took a group through the caves it took over 3 hours. This time we scurried through in about 2 hours and the youngsters the next day would race through in 50 minutes. The caves now almost feel familiar. There are a couple of serious "Y" junctions, where there is basically an easy way and a hard way. This time I made the right decisions, remembering where I had got stuck the last time. The only incident to report was that I dropped my torch - clang, clang, clonk - never to be seen again - whilst joining one roll of twine to the next. For the naturalists there were plenty of fireflies, and outside, numerous leeches. It is a rain forest.

We emerged, covered from head to foot in brown mud. A quick wash in the creek - it was now

getting dark rapidly - and back on our machines and home, mission complete. On the 7 km dirt track out, two wallabies bounded across the road and one very large wombat charged across.

Thanks Alec and Jenny for being there at such short notice and for your help and willingness to get muddy, scratched, bruised, tired and weary all in the name of fun and for the good of the Club.

Next day it was on again, this time leading those brave enough to come after the various warnings I posted in the Club Magazine, at the general meeting, and in Motorcycle News.

At Hallam was Peter P. (GT750), Andrea (R80G/S), Tom & Ian (R100GS), Alec and Jenny (GSR1100L), Steve (XL600), John B.(XJ900), Jon (GF250), Chris (VT250), and newer riders Eric (FZR1000), David (KLR250), Michael (KLR250), Andy (GT550), Carl (RGV250), and Debbie and Steve (850T3). A total of 15 bikes and 18 people.

It was absolutely pouring rain in the city and we lost at least two bikes who called it quits soon after KBCP. Of course it was fine and sunny from about Chadstone onwards!

Following much the same route as the previous day, stopping at Drouin for morning tea and supplies, we arrived at the caves in good time, just as another group were surfacing. I enquired if they had seen the red string (yes) and had they followed it (yes) and most importantly had they removed it! No. Phew.

(By the way Andrea had the loathesome job of rear riding, putting up with the slow road bikes on the tricky dirt section (probably the bitumen as well!). She was to have swapped, but I notice never did. Thanks Andrea.)

I was relieved to see Tom had brought his rope ladder - which is a bit more user friendly than a straight piece of rope. The fact that the last six steps were missing just made it that little bit more challenging! Eleven intrepid explorers set off following the string. It soon became clear that the younger guys were quite capable of following their noses. They raced off never to be seen again.

Meanwhile Tom and I brought up the rear, giving assistance as required, or looking for short cuts, alternative routes, etc.

Everyone climbed through, generally unscathed, if somewhat dirty. After a wash, some pressure was exerted to go for a "ride", but considering the number of new riders, the amount of dirt road yet to be traversed, the ever threatening rain clouds, and the general level of fatigue - buoyed up by a natural adrenalin driven "high" after surviving the caves - I think it was in the Club's best interest to return. As it was, we made Narre Warren Shell servo at 4 pm, still a good hour from home for most people. Everyone seemed to enjoy the day. Possibly it could be an annual event!

Ben (ZX10)



JIMS GREEK TAVERN - SATURDAY 20th.

This night proved to be a resounding success with a group comprising 25 members and friends, the socializing would have continued late into the night had not the restaurant staff requested "politely" its time we left!

MEMBERS:

Pam & Andrew
Doug & Julie
Margaret & Dawn
John van Dorp

Ian & Kerrie
Ron & Maggie
Chris Lee
Jon Riddett

Stuart & Anne
Alec & Jennifer
Steve Leyland
Mike Davis

FRIENDS:

John & Jacquie

Eric & Nadene

Adam & Rebecca

Much comment was made on how well we scrub up ("I didn't reconize you, you look so different), and the girls have LEGS (nice skirt Jennifer) and other attributes which you don't notice when they are dressed for motorcycling!



With no tips forthcoming one of the waiters commented that one of the girls would do? We offered Steve, after all they are GREEK!

WERRIBEE GORGE RUN - APRIL 21st

Steve-GPX750	John-XJ900	Andrew-K100RS	Luke-FJ1100
Mike Chapman-XS650	Sam & Rita-FZR1000	Eric & Nadene-FZR1000	Chris-VT250
Alec & Jennifer-GSXR11	Ben & Vicki-ZX10	Hue & Pauline-CBX550	Gary-CBR1000
Daryl Cole-FZR600	Andrew-ZZR250	Gary Yates-Tengae	Terry-GPz900
John-FZR1000	Eric-FZR600 (like new)	Trevor & Jenny-Tengae	David-RGV250

20 bikes and 26 people.

We left the carpark at 9:30 with the weather looking grim over the Westgate which was the direction we were heading. A few riders stopped before the bridge to change into wet-weathers and as the weather was so bad those riders were missed unfortunately by the rear rider. We all managed to get over the very windy Westgate safely then on to Werribee, Anakie and a stop at Meredith for morning tea. While warming up in the Cafe, the riders that were left behind turned up. Also Andrew, David, Eric & Nadene decided to leave. After a rest we took of and headed to Mt Egerton then through Ballan. "Look at that, that was Ben & Vicki wasn't it Sam" I asked as we were corner marking. It sure was, or was it a BULLET! ha ha they finally turned up at Yendin.

We finally got to the gorge where we had a great BBQ, thanks to John & Steve who supplied us with sausages, chops and drinks for \$2.00 each. By this time the weather had fined up nicely and the ride broke up here at the Gorge.

Thanks for a great day Steve,
and thanks to rear rider Luke.

Sam & Rita

#####

AUSTRALIAN G.P. BBQ AT THE SIRIANNI'S.

In attendance;

Sam & Rita-FZR1000, Steve & Kerrie-GPX750, Rod & Rose-Cortina,
Alec & Jennifer-GSXR1100, Garry-DR600.
Maria, Dean, Andrew & Steve. (Rita's family)
Tina, Sandra, Angie & Robert. (Sam's cousins)

Not much happened
apart from the
eating and watching,
but we all enjoyed
the company and
watched the GP late
into the evening.
Thanks to our hosts
Sam & Rita.



EPPALOCK WATERSKIING - APRIL 27/28.

Bikes:

Gary-CBR1000.	Chris-VT250.	Alec & Jennifer-GSXR1100.
Steve-XL600.	Peter P-GT750.	Jon & Belinda-K100RS.
Garry-DR600.		

Cars:

Kerrie, Ian & Liz.	Terry & Marjie.	Sam, Rita, Christine & Dean.
Margaret & Dawn.	John & kids (Christofer & Rebecca).	

I arrived at the caravan park on Friday to find Ian, Kerrie & Liz already there (they having been here since Thursday). We unpacked and settled in with the weather cool & overcast, not looking real good.

Saturday turned out fine with a slight breeze, so launch the boat and out for a ski. Marjie makes it look easy, then Ian succeeds in getting up but Kerrie after several attempts decides she'll try again tomorrow when its not so cold. I then have a quick slalom before heading in to await the arrival of the group, as it turns out they have been here but are now at the Brolga Hotel having lunch.

After lunch Gary, Alec & Jennifer, Steve, Chris, Peter P, and John arrive, and after a bit of a yak its down to the water and hook up the "Ski Biscuit" (inflatable tube on a rope). First in is Kerrie who liked it except when it got air-born, then Alec had a go and finally Steve. As we moved out everyone shouted "Give him heaps", he was doing well till he got air-born, tipped out and did a couple of rolls. Alec then had a go at the slalom ski and showed us how its done. Steve then tries the doubles and although managing to get up is not happy so decided to stop and try again tomorrow.

Back at shore we find Sam & Rita and their friends Christine & Dean. Into the boat and back out this time with Chris Lee in the "Biscuit" and coping quite well. With no more takers we haul the boat out of the water for the night and also bid Gary Clifton farewell as he heads for home.

We all change and light up the BBQ for tea just as Jon Riddett & Belinda arrive, they only called in to say hello as they have other plans for the evening (?????). Not all the group are BBQing as Kerrie, Ian, Liz & Peter P head for the Brolga and a countermeal and likewise Alec & Jennifer who decide on a meal in Bendigo.

After tea I bring out my guitar with Steve and I taking it in turns to entertain the group. This combined with the campfire and a few ales soon has a sing-along in progress. About 9 o'clock saw the arrival of Garry Breare and a short time later Margaret & Dawn. Seems the girls had got a little lost and ended up at the Brolga where a group of bikes were parked, fortunately before joining them Margaret realized there are no Harleys in our club. Fortunate in deed as it was the "Coffin Cheaters". With the fire roaring & the port flowing the midnight curfew was stretched to well after 2am. The abundance of bread (thanks Sam) must have caught the attention of our furry friends as soon a horde of possums descended into the camp and much fun as everybody took turns at feeding them. One of the possums must have had his fill of bread and felt fresh meat more appropriate. Hope the finger heals soon Steve!

EPPALOCK WATERSKIING cont.

Sunday morning the weather looks perfect for skiing so after the group slowly comes to life we put the boat back in the water. About the same time, Sam is seen doing his morning excersizes....."Handstands on the foreshore". First ski of the morning goes to Christine, no worries up on the slalom, then Sam and after three attempts gets up and doesn't want to stop. Next up its Dean, very professional and then Garry who just can't get his technique right. Never mind we'll try again later. Now its Steve's turn, time to be serious and not give him such a hard time as yesterday, and he does well. Dawn is next and she shows Steve how one ski is easier than two.

After trying the "Biscuit" young Chris felt he should try to ski, up four times - down four times, "Chris we'll try again later!" Back for lunch, but Alec has other ideas, so back out for a quick slalom then lunch. After our lunch break, Marjie takes Alec, Garry & Chris out on the "Ski Biscuit", they loved it.

As time was moving on, most people started to pack up and head for home. Sam, Rita, Christine, Dean, Peter P, Ian, Kerrie & Liz had already gone as had John and the kids. Next to leave was Steve, Chris, Alec and Jennifer followed shortly after by Garry, Margaret & Dawn. Finally at about 6:45pm Marjie and I are packed and head for home.

I'd just like to thank all those who came and made it
a great weekend.

Lets do it again.

Terry & Marjie.

WHO's NEWS

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Ron and Angus decide to head for Canberra and the "Lights-On Protest Ride", taking some annual leave they incorporate Sydney in the 2050klm trip. Unfortunately while staying at "The Cross" they suffer a bad bout of schooner poisoning. Seems the only long term effect is a skin discolouration on the upper arm.....A Tatoo which incorporates the word MTCV!

Some negatives of photos of the Winton race day were borrowed from Tom Saville, would the person concerned please return same!

An English couple (Debbie & Steve) on the Labertouche Caves ride, had ridden an 850T3 Guzzi overland from London to Perth. After touring Oz they head for New Zealand and if the money permits of to the U.S. of A. Funnily enough this time, Steve Leyland didn't make a play for the girl!!!

Tom itching for a real DIRT RIDE invites Les-DR250, Garry-DR600 and Andi on the back of HER R80GS (with Tom's tank, headlight & sidecovers) on a 200km trip overland from Licola to Jamison. They spend two nights away and visit such places as; Arbuckle Junction, Sheeppyard Flat and the Howitt High Plains.

Tom contemplating the repair of his "Bull Damaged" R80GS has a nice win in tattsлото that will make the repair a lot less painful.

Labertouche Caves.

I arrived at the carpark about 9:10 am. It rained just before I got there, just enough to make me feel damp through the leathers. An English couple on a Guzzi (mistaken for a BMW) were the first to arrive followed by a couple of blokes on KL250's.

I gave them the usual spiel about the club and corner marking then Ben arrived and recapped. I was rear rider to Hallam.

Leaving town it poured and I was glad for my new Dri Riders. An accident happened right in front of me, a nasty rear ender. I rode around the pieces and continued on my way. A couple of riders left due to the wet conditions and the KL250's made hard work of the freeway but we got to Hallam OK.

With Andi as the new rear rider and Ben still leading we set off for the caves. The roadworks through Berwick are nearly finished and the traffic flows nicely now.

We reached the gravel section not long after morning tea. I was glad I was on the GF. Despite a 16" front wheel it has good dirt manners and I had a ball. Coming up on Ben I could see the handling problems the bigger bikes were having.

Johnny B. and myself were doing rooster tails and burnouts all the way in. Apparently some riders took a short cut, and rumour has it that one fell off. No idea who would fall off their bike ???

Once at the caves people got changed. Evidently it was a bit damp down there the day before so overalls became the fashion of the day.

I didn't go down with the group, preferring to keep watch on the bikes. A supreme sacrifice, I know, but someone had to do it. Rather it was something about crawling through small damp places, deep underground, with no chance of survival, enter at your own risk, the Government wanted to ban access to tourists, have I got a will. Whilst I Might Point out that I didn't bring a change of clothes either.

The group emerged intact, only an hour or so later, looking very muddy and wet. Gee Whiz, did I feel I was missing out, sitting in front of a campfire sharing in some hikers' BBQ.

The dirt road was just as much fun on the way out and luckily there were no incidents.

We came home almost the same way and broke up back at Berwick. It was a good day that didn't get too wet. Thanks to Ben for leading and Andi for rear riding.

Jon Riddett (Suzuki GF250)

Hog Tales

Our Learned colleagues who belong to the Law Institute of Victoria have no need to purchase AMCN, for they have access to the prestigious *Law Institute of Victoria Journal*.

The Journal's yuppie section is entitled *At Liberty*, and regularly prints incisive and trenchant bijou little bike test-ettes. The March issue, for instance, contains a riveting description of a run on a Harley-Davidson — though the model in question is not identified. The author is one Jon Faine. If only RA had this before he tested the Fat Boy, he'd have known what to say.

The article is printed, in full, below. Mortally offended Harley riders are, erm, advised to contact their solicitors: *There is something magical about the Harley-Davidson motor bike. It is more than a machine that you straddle and fire up . . . it is a whole culture.*

Well, that is the sort of bilge in the advertising muck, and after riding one of these primitive things, I would want to get something (along with the bike) for all that money.

How the manufacturer can still produce a motorbike that I find so awkward to ride, so slow

and unmanagable, and pass off its failures as nostalgia, is surely a tribute to its marketing branch.

The makers of these relics say their designs and styles are so good that they outlast fads and newer technology. I find little substance to back up any of their claims. In fact, the motor and frame designs, the ergonomics (if something that is the antithesis of function can be assessed as ergonomic at all) and the performance are all so anachronistic, they belong in a museum.

The Harley is a mule. When I first got onto the thing, the seat was too low, the weight was unbalanced because of the awful front forks and handlebar configuration, and the motor was rough compared to any other bike on the market, chugging along like a train instead of purring like a turbine.

The switchgear was hard for me to reach without taking my hands off the grips, the throttle was loose, the brakes weak, the front fork full of obvious flex and wobble under even moderate brake effort, and the suspension was too soft. The exhaust note was childishly loud — the salesman boastfully told me they had modified it to make it "more attractive". To whom? The police?

To continue . . . the headlights reminded me of those on 1956 VWs (about 2 candlepower), the instruments jumped about like the All Ordinaries Index, the clutch grabbed, the pinstriping on the tank was wobbly, the wiring to the switches kept dropping out of its loom and so on.

Around the city, the Harley is top-heavy, unbalanced and I found myself constantly slipping the clutch to stop it stalling. On the open road, I couldn't find and hold the right throttle setting for cruising, as the motor wanders and the throttle lacks precision. I've had better control of a lawnmower.

The agricultural parallels continue. The noise level on this brute is ridiculous; not just the exhaust note but the clunks and rattles as well. The gearbox has about three or four false neutrals, and the neutral warning light about as temperamental as a bouncer at Broadford.

Now all this pleasure costs a pretty penny; after all, you can't import junk for nothing. So for nearly fifteen thousand dollars on the road, the Hog is an expensive piece of bacon. The only nice thing I can think of to say about it, is for some reason they seem to hold their value remarkably well. I suppose

if enough of your brain cells are gone to think that the Harley is a good bike to ride, then the bits of grey matter that calculate value have probably gone too.

So, if you are thinking of playing Peter Fonda, or you wish to emulate the lifestyle of the rich and famous like Malcolm Forbes or whoever the latest fool is that thinks it is somehow trendy to ride a washing machine on wheels, rush off and pay too much for one of these brutes, and smile thinly as you shake yourself to bits along the Great Ocean Road. Oh, and don't feel superior as every other bike on the road goes past you.

There you have it. Methinks Mr Faine is not one of the Brethren! Mr Faine, though you have no soul, you are indeed a brave man. It may be the full power and majesty of the law will protect you from a vengeful backlash on this one, but the Washing Machine Owners Club are a notoriously resourceful and emotional lot.

Our grateful thanks to Neil Brumby of Melbourne Suzuki to bringing this one to our attention (clearly Mr Brumby, DR650 gymnast and sales supremo at the above-named shop, finds it necessary to keep abreast of matters legal).

Dear Dorothy Dix,

I am a sailor in the Australian Navy, my family lives in Perth W.A, my brother-in-law is a pommie living in Adelaide S.A.

My parents are disabled and unable to work and they depend on my two sisters who are prostitutes in Melbourne. My only brother is serving life for rape and burglary, I am in love with an Aboriginal prostitute who solicits round the navy dock. She says she loves me and knows of my family's background and we intend to be married as soon as her bigamy case is settled. Me being white does not bother her at all; when I get out of the Navy we will open a whore house in Brisbane where my two sisters will help by keeping the business in the family.

My problem is this, due to the fact that I will marry this girl and bring her into the family, should I tell her about my brother-in-law being a Pommie.

Sincerely yours.

Eddie

ARARAT WEEKEND

JUNE 1991

THE DATE: Queens Birthday long Weekend. JUNE 9, 10 & 11.

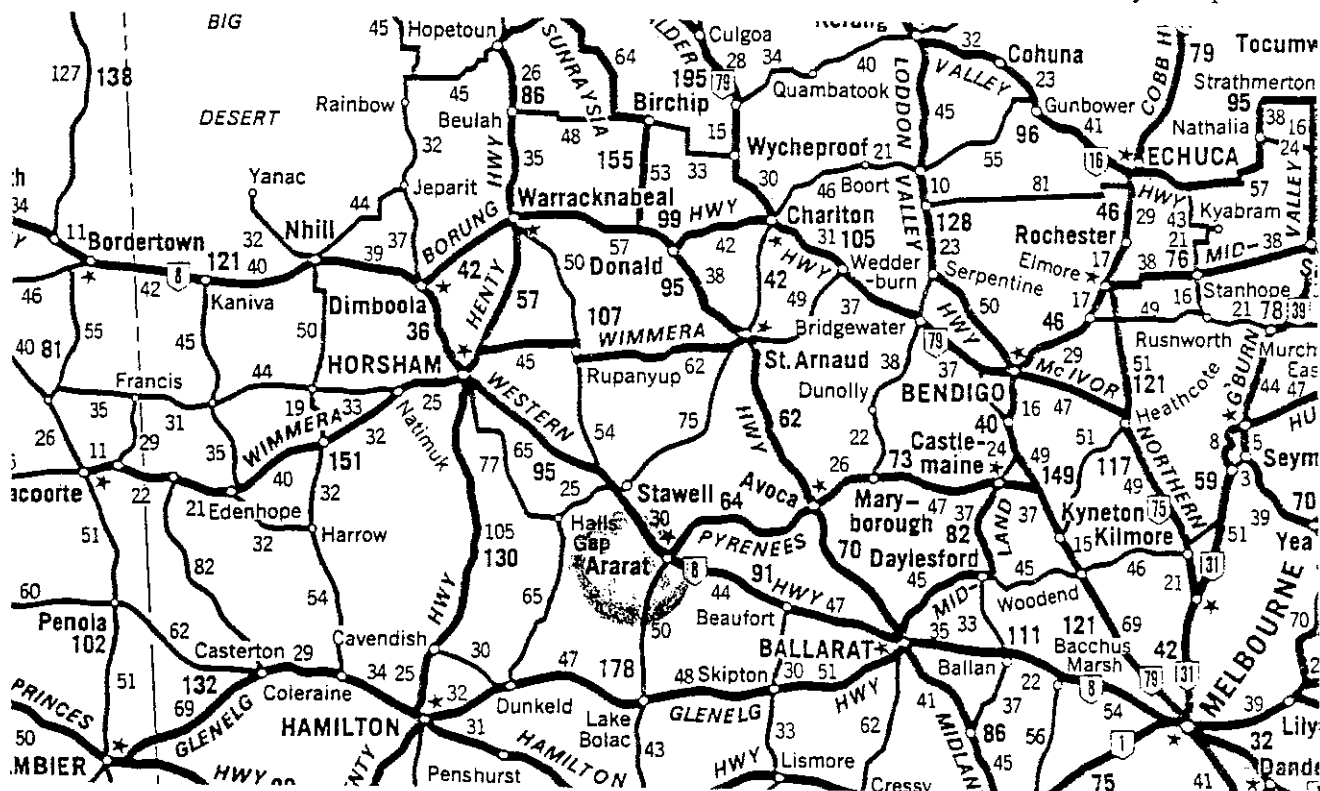
THE PLACE: Turf Hotel, 157 Barkly St. (Western Hwy).

Offering Single, Twin and Double room accommodation.

A cooked breakfast is also offered.

DISTRICT: Ararat is 203 kilometres west of Melbourne and close to the Grampians, Wineries, Aboriginal rock paintings and the town of Stawell.

BOOKINGS: A tentative booking has been made for this weekend but must be confirmed by the 1st of May. Therefore don't delay, return your booking slip ASAP together with a deposit of \$20 to secure your place.



Forward to :- Ian Payne, 2/3 Leroux St. Oakleigh. 3166. Ph. 563-2410.

Ararat Weekend

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

Please book the following for me;

....Single,....Double room for Saturday night at \$12.00 per person.....\$.....
....Cooked breakfast at \$5.00 per person, on Sunday.....\$.....
....Single,....Double room for Sunday night at \$12.00 per person.....\$.....
....Cooked breakfast at \$5.00 per person, on Monday.....\$.....

Total..\$.....

I enclose a deposit of \$20.00 per person.....\$.....

Balance..\$.....