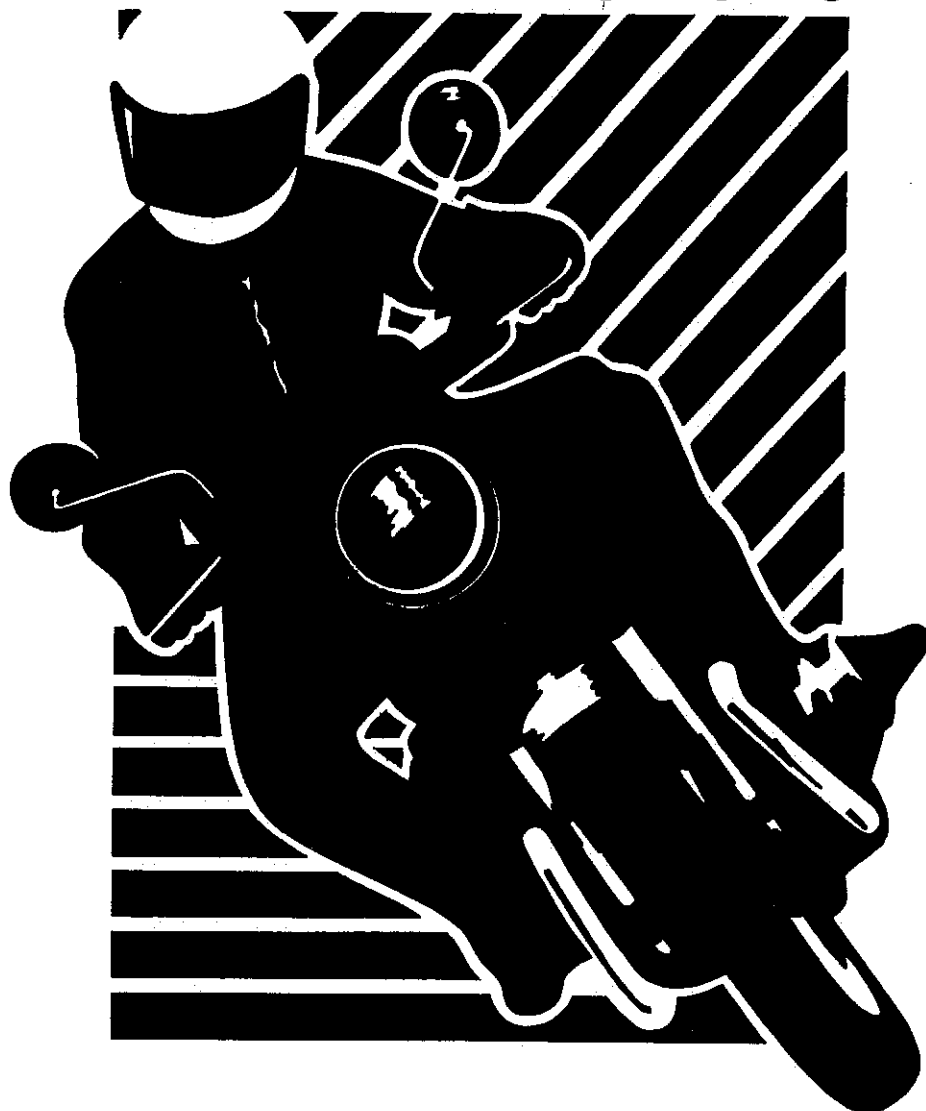


JUNE 93

# Good Vibrations



**MOTORCYCLE TOURING CLUB OF VICTORIA INC**

P.O. Box 453, Richmond 3121, Victoria

# ITINERARY

## JUNE 1993

SUNDAY 6th.	HEATHCOTE-Mt IDA FIRETOWER. 9.30 KBCP. 10.30 Whittlesea. Michael Chan leading.	Up to Heathcote where we travel to the highest peak just out of town to take in the stunning views. The short dirt road & walking track are worth the view.
SATURDAY 12th to MONDAY 14th.	AVOCA. 9.30 KBCP - Saturday. Ian Payne leading.	Members attending this weekend away would have already booked via the form in the May newsletter.
THURSDAY 17th.	SOCIAL SIP. Anchor & Hope Tavern. Church St. Richmond. 6.30PM Onwards.	This event is getting bigger & bigger with over 30 members & friends at the May social. So don't miss it.
SUNDAY 20th.	WONTHAGGI 9.30 KBCP. 10.15 Hallam Ferdi Buddingh leading.	Another ride featuring a "first time leader" so come along and support Ferdi as he leads us down to this once thriving coal mining town.
SUNDAY 27th.	VIOLET TOWN. Counter Lunch. 9.30 KBCP. 10.30 Whittlesea. Ian Payne leading.	Come along to this quiet town that the Hume now by-passes and enjoy a meal in this historic old pub situated approx 189km North East of Melb.
<u>JULY</u>		
THURSDAY 1st.	GENERAL MEETING. Club Hall 8.15PM Sharp.	At this meeting we will be calling for ideas and leaders to help formulate the August/Nov. itinerary.
SUNDAY 4th.	FLOWERDALE. Don Road Roll Race. 9.30 KBCP. 10.30 Yarra Glen. Michael Chan leading	The idea for this event is to ride your bike down twisty Don Rd (near Healesville) with the engine off and gearbox in neutral in a roll race with smooth cornering & minimal braking the secret to winning.

# MOTORCYCLE TOURING CLUB OF VICTORIA INC.

Minutes of the Annual General Meeting held 6/5/93

Call to order at 8:45pm

In attendance; 56 members and guests

Apologies; M. Shelley, A. Guthro

Correspondance; Bank Statement

## Club Captains report;

### April 4: Mt. Tanlefoot Lookout.

Andi S. leading, Tom S. rear, Mark D. writer, 13 bikes 14people., 250km

Weather; warm-hot, dry and dusty.

Incidents; Les R80 (new) crashed on gravel. near Limestone. No injury.

### April 9-12: Around Victoria

Ben Warden leading, Rear Rob L., writer Mark D.; 9 bikes 10 people 2600km

Weather; Av. 26 deg. Dry.

Incidents; Danny GPZ 750 mechanical problems

### April 15: Social Sip; 22 people

### April 18: Reefton Spur

Eric M. leading, Martin B/Ian H. rear, 25 bikes, 26 people, 350km

Weather; 25 deg. perfect.

Incidents; John M., Tony Schrader, Eric Makin crashed. No injury

### April 25: Ashcombe Maze Mornington Peninsula

Les D leading, Rod E rear, John B writer, 22 bikes, 31 people, 1 car, 160 km

Weather; 25 deg.

Incidents; nil

### May 2: Redensdale

Michael C. leading, Tony S. rear, Craig M writer, 11 bikes, 12 people, 450 km

Weather; patchy.

Incidents; Minor spills Patrick T./Chris Brown/ Martin Thompson

## Upcomming events

## Treasurers Report

## General Business

Avoca Weekend; Victoria Hotel bookings open

Guest Speaker; (June meet) not avail. Slide night instead with B. Warden & G. Clifton

Committee Election; tonight.

Club Person of the Year; deferred to June.

'Dyno Dave' day with Dave Edgecombe on next itinerery.

Close; 9:05pm

**MOTORCYCLE TOURING CLUB OF VICTORIA INC.**  
**Minutes of the Committee Election held 6/5/93**

**Declared open;** 9:05pm

**Position Description**

**All Postions Declared Vacant**

**Election Chairman;** Les Leahey

**Nominations;**

<u>President:</u>	Ian Payne
<u>Vice President:</u>	Ben Warden
<u>Treasurer:</u>	Kylie Hillier
<u>Secretary</u>	Daryl Cole
<u>Assistant Secretary</u>	Les Davis
<u>Club Captain</u>	Michael Chan
<u>Vice Captain</u>	Andrew Kennedy
	Tony Schroeder
	Patrick Tah
<u>Social Secretary</u>	Nil
<u>Editor</u>	Ian Payne

**Elected;**

<u>President:</u>	Ian Payne
<u>Vice President:</u>	Ben Warden
<u>Treasurer:</u>	Kylie Hillier
<u>Secretary</u>	Daryl Cole
<u>Assistant Secretary</u>	Les Davis
<u>Club Captain</u>	Michael Chan
<u>Vice Captain</u>	Andrew Kennedy
<u>Social Secretary</u>	Nil (referred to new committee)
<u>Editor</u>	Ian Payne

**Life Membership;** Presented to Ian Payne

**Door Prize;** Mike Davis

**Closed;** 9:42 pm.

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Verbatim from the April 1993 edition of the Victoria Police's *Police Life*:  
"Seen in the *Herald Sun*. After burning off police for years on his motorbike, reaching up to 280kmh, a Northcote man has calmed down. A little. He was most recently picked up doing 72kmh in a 60kmh zone. Trouble is, he has sold his motorbike, and when intercepted was pedalling a pushbike..." What can we say?

# PRESIDENTS RAMBLINGS

## LIFE MEMBERSHIP

I joined the MTCV in 1986 and although eight years have now passed the basic makeup of our membership remains unchanged. Granted many individuals have come and gone but the friendly, fun-loving lot who enjoy their motorcycling are still a predominant part of the club.

This is what initially attracted me to the club and is what prompted me to join the committee as Editor in 1987 and President in 1989. It was my way of repaying the club for all the good times I had shared in. I was also fortunate in serving on a succession of committees who's aims and ideals mirrored my own, and although at times the work load has been great the rewards have also been great and therefore I thank you for your support and friendship over the years for I believe "that you get out of life what you put in" and without your backing enthusiasm soon diminishes.

Put simply, "It's a great club to belong to and one I'm indeed privileged to be a Life Member of".

Yours Sincerely

Ian Payne.

## CRASHES

On a less happier note, the committee is concerned over the recent spate of crashes and near misses involving club members while on club rides. This notable increase has prompted comment from non-members, ranging from "is it compulsory for some one to crash on every ride?" to "boy, there were some f###wits on the Ocean Road today"

These adverse reactions not only give motorcycling a bad name, but on a more personal level, brand the club as a pack of idiots as unfortunately no-one remembers the well organised ride or the high level of competence our members exhibit, they just remember the crashes and/or stupid incidents.

Our Club is not a racing club and the open road, in company of other vehicles is no place to emulate the likes of Doohan or Schwantz. This is not to say that members cannot still have an enjoyable days outing, riding in close company with other members. But some degree of throttle control, courtesy and patience must be shown to other road users. Especially to other riders on smaller machines and those with less riding skill.

Members are also reminded to be aware of their speed, more so when travelling through towns as this is where a Police presence is more likely.

In summary:

- # Don't travel at your limit as there is no room for error.
- # Show other road users a little courtesy and patience.
- # Maintain the speed limit through towns.

\* \* \* \* \*

## REDESDALE. SUNDAY 2nd MAY

Michael Chan-GSXR1100	Craig Morley-CBR1000
Alec Brown-GSXR1100	Patrick Tayeh-GPz600
Peter P-GT750	Matin Bastock-CBR1000
Ben-ZX10	Tony Schrader-GPz900
Terry & Eliane-GPz900	

Route:

From Whittlesea along the wet & slippery Humevale road to Kinglake West and Flowerdale. Then up to Junction Hill and the back roads (some dirt) to the Goulburn Valley Hwy. Across to Tallarook, Pyalong, Baynton, Mia Mia and Redesdale for a late lunch. Back to Lancefield, Romsey and Wallan then across to Whittlesea for the finish.

# WHO's NEWS

## NEW BIKES:

Craig Morely has upgraded the CBR1000 for a NEW FZR1000.  
Rob Langer has sold the Harley & bought a near new FZR1000.  
Andrew Kennedy has added a Honda XBr600 to his stable.  
Daryl Cole has traded his FZR600 for a new XT600 Chooky.  
"Not a bike" but Alec Brown has upgraded his old leathers for a new set of Dainese.

"WHO SAID THERE WAS A RECESSION ON?"

## NEW MEMBERS

Welcome to;

Mandy Corrigan - CBX750.  
Martin Thompson - TZR250.

## SICK LIST:

Tom Saville's knee infection has cleared up enough for him to be able to ride a bike and depart for the Cape York trip. In fact he and John Barta have just arrived in Cairns.

Adam Locke seems to have fully recovered from his bout of Glandular Fever.

Our Ocean Road casualty, Daryl Otzen (Dicky) is now home from Hospital, and with a broken shoulder and collar bone still to knit, that's where he'll be for the next two months. Visitors most welcome, so phone Dicky (435-0294) to arrange a visit.

## BIRTHDAY WISHES:

Congrats to Mark Dennis on reaching the ripe old age of 30.  
Also Terry Mountney who celebrates the BIG 40 in June.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE DUE AT THE END OF JUNE, SEE RENEWAL FORM ELSEWHERE.


## For Sale:

Helmet, Bell Star, silver, large size, not dropped, c/w clear and tinted visors, \$70 ONO.



Leather jacket, Mars, blue/yellow, EC, suit small-medium build, \$110 ONO.

Leather jacket, Walden Miller, black/red, EC, suit medium-large build, \$110 ONO.

  
Michael Chan.



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## Sunday 9th May – Lavers Hill via Great Ocean Road (also Mothers Day).

### Who's who:

Tom Saville –lead	FZR 1000
Colin Davies	FZR 1000
Eric Merz	\$ FZR 1000
Daryl Otzen	\$\$ A FZR 600
Martin Thompson	TZR 250
John Barta	XJ 900
Andi Sirninger	YZF 750
Rob Langer –rear	\$ R100RS
Michael Chan	GSXR 1100 K
Alec Brown	GSXR 1100 N
Mark Dennis	GSXR 750 WN
Ian Payne	@ L GSX 750 FP

Tony Schrader	GPZ 900
Steve Leyland	\$ GPX 750
Kylie Hillier	GT 550
Ben Warden	ZX 10
Gary Clifton	P ZZR 1100
Geoff Yeo	3rd ZZR 1100
Ferdie Buddingh	ZZR 1100
Craig Morley	CBR 1000
Andrew Kennedy/Anne	NX 650
John Van Dorp	VF 1000 FIID
Danny ?	1st VFR 750

Averaged cc : 20100/23 = 874cc.  
61 % of bikes contain letter 'R' in name,  
39 % of bikes may as well have.

**Legend:** \$ denotes speeding fines  
\$\$ denotes crash  
L denotes left ride early  
23 Motorcycles / 24 People

# denotes nth ride  
@ denotes running in new bike  
A denotes joined at Lavers Hill  
P denotes very pretty pigtail

**Route:** Laverton (0830), Werribee, Anakie, Maude, Brisbane Ranges, Meredith, Shelford, Inverleigh, Winchelsea, Deans Marsh, Lorne (morning tea), Apollo Bay, Lavers Hill (lunch), Apollo Bay, Lorne, Anglesea, Geelong, Laverton (break – up). 450 kms.

Here is a list of possible excuses one could have used to avoid the GO Rd. ride;

1. If it doesn't start at KBCP I'm just not going.
2. What!, 08:30 AM, at Laverton, are you kidding?
3. Don't you know, it's 6 degrees outside.
4. If I can't go over 5000 rpm I'm taking my bat and ball...
5. Oh, goodness no! My tyres are worn enough as it is.
6. Have you no respect for your Mother?

The aforementioned saw fit not to use any of these excuses and, in fact, the ride saw 22 bikes and 23 people brave the chilly and rather early start at the Laverton Servo. Arriving early, so not to miss this revered ride, I noted the roadworks on the Highway leading to the pick-up as well as an extra early Mr. Morley who at this stage was just as cold as I. Cups of coffee were had until that blue tinge left my face, hands... I knew I should have worn the Dririder. By 08:30 the mass had gathered.

Speil delivered, rear rider self elected and Captain as scribe, we proceeded in anticipation to the infamous stretches of Brisbane Ranges and GOR twisties. The Werribee to Winchelsea straights were used as a warm-up lap for most and it was reported that Kylie had done a 'Schwartz at Jerez' by Maude. Geoff, behind, was amazed that the little Kawasaki had stayed on its feet after its gravel experience. I guess the itinerary didn't state 'No dirt'.

The pace picked up 'some' nearing Deans Marsh and shortly after Ian had to plead the 4th. I certainly can't think of anything more frustrating than trying to run in a bike on an Ocean Rd. ride. 'Do I, don't I, do I, don't I? Not even 5 and a little bit?' Ian must have been thinking.

## 2.

At Lorne we fuelled, enjoyed morning tea and thus far relived the morning's events which, even now, included; a stunned wallaby roadside, several scrapes and a few let go's. Such heroes are we. There was also a road registered RC 30 (VFR 750R) in good nick for us to drool all over (note the handcut slick on front). 'Hope it rains on him' thinks me. It doesn't and the weather picks up a couple of degrees, look!, even sun.

That magic sign '27 kms. winding road' came and went and everyone was wound up something monstrous. By the half way mark, the ride had strung out to a point where there were evenly matched riders and machines in their respective groups amongst the one ride group, all doing their darndest to uphold the reputation of their differently branded machines. Positioned rearward, I thought that I would work my way forward, battling each sub-group until I found the one most challenging. Ha! What a crock! Everyone was ballistic. I can understand the new bikes, but where do these old bikes get all these berries from? What a fight. I could only pass a couple, with a struggle.

As it happens, I heard that Tom set a cruising speed of (unprintable kph) and duelling speed of (even more unprintable) which Ben eagerly matched in tow. The pair were sufficiently ahead that they even had time to later swap bikes, each of them scraping each others pegs etc. Admiringly, Ben described the FZR's stability and linear power delivery whilst Tom was surprised by the old ZX's handling despite not having any suspension adjustments at the front end at all.

I was having fun mid-field but became a little disconcerted when reaching the white VFR which was literally all over the road, particularly when entering one RH'der to find an oncoming ZZR in 'his' way. Their potential meeting on the wrong side of the road would result in one mangled RZFZVR 1850, I can tell you. Words were to follow at lunch which appeared to be to the relief of others who, if I hadn't, would have said same in a little less tactful manner. Enough said.

Meanwhile, back on the road, everyone else was carving up the road and having awesome fun. The early start had achieved the desired effect of minimising four-wheeled traffic allowing a smooth and not too strung out ride. Hearts were pounding, adrenalin pumping. This is fun stuff. I'm having a ball just writing this (cough, cough).

Everyone knows what the Ocean Rd. looks like; it's lengthy bends and straights, wall one side and drop to the sea the other and it's slow blind twisties that the Otways are known for. Quite different to the fast, meandering and mountainous road only a few kms. inland that headed us to Lavers Hill.

Once there, Lavers Hill where else?, we ate lunch at the roadhouse and stood around talking bikes and about how Blah Blah did such n' such and how he got away with it, too. We also met Dicky here who had apparently missed the early start, perhaps like some others that won't ever admit to it. 'Read the itinerary, people'.

I checked my chain to find that my split link clip has broken in two (of course I remember Whitfield, I just bloody put the new chain on a few days ago and haven't had time to make it endless yet) so quickly replaced it with a spare that I always carry now.

Ben also put on a link clip and he said 'It fell off a few thousand kays ago (cough).

I won't bore you with any more of the usual crap you hear on rides because you can all hear it for yourselves any Sunday.

Lunch over, the plan was to return the way we had come.

On reaching Glenaire, there is a fast LH, downhill sweeeeeeper that just doesn't stop, the end of



which is a decreasing radius corner. Being at the start gave me an excellent birdseye view of the line of angular, descending bikes. Ben, shall we say, had a moment here.

On leaving Apollo Bay, where most fuelled, I noticed a Police 4 wheel drive with radar hidden behind shrubbery along the 60 kph zone. After a U turn (in full view of Mr. Plod) I returned to the servo to warn members of the potential financial danger and proceeded again toward Lorne. Flashing lights of oncoming cars should have been a sure give-away to any not present then.

Here we go, that '27 kms winding rd.' sign again. Slightly different groups formed this time and before long I noticed a motivated Craig behind. We settled into a decent pace and enjoyed the splendid scenery that the Ocean Road and environs provide (hmmm). This was the CBR's last outing due to a trade-in on an FZR. We kept our respective positions for the length of this section until rounding a LH'der to find new-member Martin waving us in for a pit stop.

Further around the corner I noticed the usual post crash assembly of a million bikes and parked to see what had happened. Worst luck, Dicky had struck gravel on the inside of the corner, subsequently lost the rear, ran wide and hit the metal armco, resulting in both fork legs of the 600 snapping off at the lower triple clamp. Oil everywhere. The bike was a mess.

Dicky lay where he fell complaining of a saw shoulder which was later diagnosed as a broken shoulder blade and fractured ribs. Dicky seemed to be going well up until this point. We were two kms. from Lorne. At the crash site, it took some time for the rear riders to arrive and when they finally did come the reason for the delay was that two had been booked. One at Apollo Bay, as described, and the other near Skenes Creek. My message obviously didn't carry to any further down the line. Where's that number for the Carrum/Burwood Walking Club?

After the ambulance and Police arrived (that same policeman 'friend' of Alec) the ride continued however with myself leading leading to Lorne then past Anglesea where we met up again with the original leader at a roadside coffeehouse.

Ben had volunteered to stay with Dicky and escorted him to Lorne and Anglesea Hospitals then Geelong where he overnighted. I found out later that the bike was carried to Lorne by tow truck for safe keeping.

The break at the coffeehouse allowed us to reflect on the day's activities and on the dangers of pushing our machines too far.

There was much confusion over who's coffee was who's, and why there were scones, jam and cream when someone ordered Devonshire Tea (huh, Martin), and I'd be surprised if all the coffees were paid for, too. The one thing this Club is not known for is it's etiquette.

From Here we travelled to Geelong then Laverton for the planned break-up after what was a most exhilarating day but not before Steve had reportedly triggered a speed Camera under the Hoppers Crossing bridge. It seems everyone else saw the car. Most graciously Steve invited all back to his house for coffee to which most accepted.

Thanks to Tom, rear rider Rob and Steve.

Michael Chan.

BEST ADVICE---BUT TOO LATE!

With some of our members doing the Queensland tour trick in June, one should get in on the act and contribute some advice.

Actually I know nought about the upper bit of Queensland, but on May 14-15 I "did" the roads inland from the Gold Coast.

The reputation of this area is akin to roads such as G.O.R. Bells Line, Reefton Spur, Adelaide Hills, so one just had to experience it, didn't one?

The deal is you base yourself in Mt Tamborine and scratch around the roads as far south as Lamington National Park. ( sort of a 200Km round tour.. )

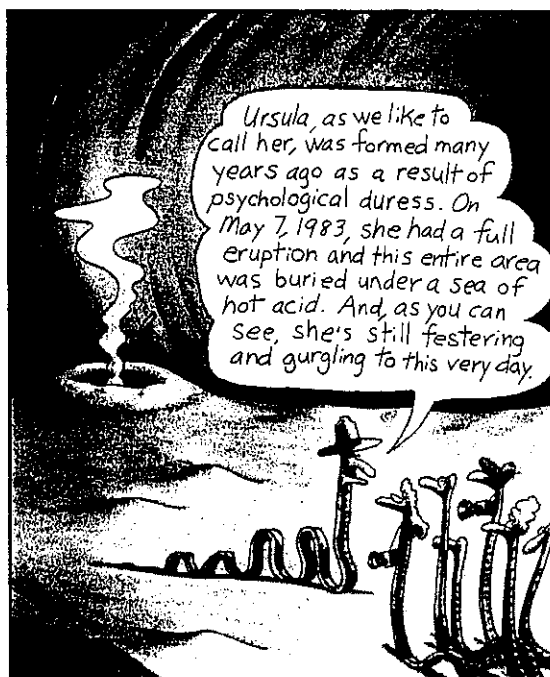
Allowing that one did it on a hired rat-GT 750 with leather tyres on damp roads, it did not cut it compared to the above mentioned " highlight" roads in other States.

But it satisfies the S.E. Queensland Ducati riders as they are thick on the ground in this area.

I know it will be too late for the June MTCV tourists but the best advice is don't bother, it's only on a par, (but less populated) with the Dandenongs area roads..... no match for "our" special roads.

Jack Tourist Youdan.

P.S. At the Lamington Park kiosk, the closest you can buy to a lamington is an apple slice.... is this un-Australian ?



Tapeworms visiting a stomach park

MIRBOO NORTH 16 MAY 1993

TZR's REVENGE.

After four weeks of taunts from club members, about the reliability of a TZR, this is my revenge.

The day got off with a brisk start (Hell it was cold) at KBCP with Ben leading Michael, Jed and myself off to Yarra Glen. However by Hoddle street, the reliability of Ben's bike showed it's true colours (so much for yesterday's maintenance day), small electrical problem was the verdict.

We decided to continue on without Ben while he tried to re-wire the "Reliable ZX10". We arrived at Yarra Glen at about 10.35 after being led by Mick on a "12 point" cruise. Here we met with another 13 other bikes. Congratulations to Ferdie & Kylie, who took out the Captains award for punctuality!

As Ben and his "Reasonably Reliable" ZX10 had not arrived, Michael fumbled his way through Ben's brief and VAGUE "turn at the overhanging tree on the left hand hairpin" type directions and led off towards Launching Place. Jenny and Lisa left us here to do their own thing, also by this time Ben had cured his electrical problem by hand wiring the ignition and had started to catch up, but according to Jenny & Lisa while stopped in the Powelltown toilets his helmet went missing! As it turned out they were honest thieves and the helmet was soon returned, after Jenny & Lisa had a good laugh.

Ben continued on and by Warragul had caught up, where we had stopped for morning tea and a warm-up. Craig on his NEW FZR1000 left us here as the clouds approached. "Won't the rain make it shrink?" was his feeble excuse. However, reliable sources later confirmed, that it was always that small! Ben led us off from Warragul, but soon after his wiring job failed and he stopped AGAIN. Alec remained to help and we continued on with Michael once again leading.

The rain came down and soon after so did Mark on the XN850 TURBO. Trav (CB900) and Maciek (GS650) stayed to help out. Ben caught us shortly after. We stopped for lunch, dried out and continued on. The rain continued, AND surprisingly so did Ben's ZX10. The ride broke up at Berwick, where the rain finally petered out. I followed Ben home from there, and by the speed at which we rode, he must have been on a PROMISE!

Martin TZR250.

Roll Call:

KBCP. Ben-ZX10, Michael-GSXR1100, Jed-GPz1100, Martin-TZR250 (how reliable?)

Yarra Glen. Alec-GSXR1100, Mark-GSXR750, Ian-GSX750F, Craig-FZR1000,  
Andrew-XBR600, Lisa-TT250, Jenny-CB250RS, Mandy-CBX750,  
Jack-K100RS, Ferdie/Kylie-ZZR1100, Trav-CB900 (1st),  
Mark-XN850TURBO (1st), Maciek-GS650 (1st).

MARYBOROUGH 23rd MAY 93

Andrew CBR900R (lead)	Pat GPz600	Ben/Vicki ZX10 (rear)
Michael GSXR1100	Geoff RZ350	Martin/Melanie CBR1000
Alec GSXR1100	Ray ZX10	John VD/Catherine VF1000F2
Craig FZR1000	Ian GSX750F	Lisa (pillion) FZR1000 & GPZ900
Tony GPz900R	Steve GPX750	Rob FZR1000

15 Bikes 19 People.

I awoke to find patches of blue sky which looked promising after rain Saturday night, so it was off to KBCP where I found Martin & Melanie. Slowly the rest arrived, 9.30AM we should be leaving but where's Andrew? 9.35AM and Ray arrives having only just decided to go for a ride. About 9.40AM Andrew arrives having thought it was a 10 O'clock leave!

After the usual "who's doing what & which way are we going" we head off via the Tullamarine and Calder Fwys then up to Lancefield for morning tea where HOT coffee all round is needed as its pretty cool and overcast. We then head north and towards Mia Mia, through the fog and into blue skies, Great! Onwards to Redesdale then west towards Maldon, everybody had managed to stay in touch with Andrew so therefore his sudden stop at the impressive Line Dredge caught a few people by surprise with the hard braking by those behind causing the heart to miss a few beats. It was also here that Rob joined having caught the group at Lancefield after a late start.

We park the bikes to explore the Dredge moored in the middle of a large pond and where the adventurous ones amongst us crossed the short stretch of water via cables onto the dredge. The less adventurous explored the large land based tractor. Onto Maldon and lunch.

Park at the servo and fuel up. I've never seen so many Mazda MX5 sports cars in the one place? Lisa couldn't help herself and had to chase one! 1.30PM and time to go. We head out of town then back into town, OOPs! wrong way. Back on track we arrive at Mt Tarrengower for a view from the Lookout. Off again and through Maryborough then south towards Talbot, Clunes and Creswick for afternoon tea. Ben/Vicki decide to leave and Martin/Melanie volunteer for rear rider duties.

From Creswick we head south through Pootilla over the Western Fwy to Bungaree, Gordon and Mt Wallace, then onto Rockbank where there seemed to be a few people missing. Ray & Geoff had left and Ian detoured into Melton for petrol not being too sure of the fuel range on the new Suzi. He arrived at Rockbank not long after.

This is where the ride finished and at about 4.30PM everybody went their separate ways, and for me the home to home distance being 470kms. Thanks Andrew.

South Oz Tony  
GPz900R

Riders Present;

Mark Dennis-GSXR750	Andrew Kennedy-NX650	Travis Hargreaves-CB900 (2nd ride)
Michael Chan-GSXR1100	Andrew Baker-FZR1000	Danny Kosinski-GPZ750 (3rd ride)
Ian Payne-GSX750F	Robert Langer-FZR1000	Kevin Fowler-GPX250 (1st ride)
Ben Warden-ZX10	Patrick Tayeh-GPZ600	Tony Schrader-GPZ900

Womens Tennis Set;

Martin Thompson/Craig Morely-Celica 4 wheeler.

Total = 14.

Hey, Hey, Hey. It's that time of year again. Melbourne knows when seasons start. At midnight Saturday it was still 19°C. Sunday - where are we going anyway, it was cool, grey - dark even, and wet. If you are the owner of a nice new FZR the offer to ride all day in a nice warm car must be enticing, eh Craig. And it sure beats walking, doesn't it Martin? I admit to not being completely innocent either as I had heard the forecast and wondered what to ride. Perhaps that large red enclosed vehicle with the extra trainer wheels but being an optimist, the Dominator won.

The ride began proper at Yarra Glen soon after 10.30am. Mark led the troops in and upon stopping was a little surprised at the way others had joined in along the way. The white Celica with Martin & Craig aboard were waiting for them, I looked inside for the tennis raquets, shorts and sneakers? We had 3 new or almost new riders on the day, Kevin, Travis & Danny. Pat claimed rear rider, "Needs the points" and the Celica took up road sweep duties. The route went through Christmas Hills, St.Andrews, Kinglake and Kinglake West. Wet, greasy and dirty described the roads pretty well. Just the thing for a few thrills. Mark kept heat in his rear tyre by spinning it and escaped boredom by counting bugs on 4WD bull-bars. What is it about 4WDs? Danny tried a variety of cornering techniques and rejected them all. For myself I tried to sense the lack of grip at the rear and practised some "left-foot-down-a-bit" type riding. To the surprise of all we arrived at Kinglake West for morning tea with no casualties.

Over a coffee a few stories came out with Andrew Baker telling us of the 1200 good reasons why his FZR1000 needed its recent service at 20,000km. But it is definitely true that the amount you twist the right hand is directly related to the pain in your rectum, sorry wallet. With Andrew's lighter by almost a dollar for every reason! Rob Langer has definitely sold his CBR900RR wreck and will soon be on a new VFR750 Honda. Anyone interested in a spotless, low km FZR1000, contact Rob.

From Kinglake it was off to Yea, Molesworth and Buxton with that damned white car still following us. Could it be an unmarked cop car or just a couple of old grannies out sightseeing! Kevin kept up a good pace on the GPX250 and John, sorry Danny Kosinski seemed to continually flash by. Next it was into Marysville for lunch and fuel for bikes and riders.

cont.

## MINI GOLF continued

Hot drinks were most welcome and no sign of John or Eric around the area, maybe they are practising on the "Spur".

After lunch Ben departed and we made for Narbethong where the cloud got lower and the drizzle got heavier and continuous. The Mini-golf course seemed abandoned when we arrived, some sensible people do exist! Mark rustled up the proprietor and organised a game while the non-players settled into TV and table tennis. The tournament attracted 6 players and close scoring followed with Mark finally winning the day.

### Scores

Mark 66, Rob 68, Tony 73, Ian 77, Danny 79, Kevin 89.

But where was the bottle of Port for the winner? Come on Committee.....

Golf over it was across the Black Spur, living up to its name, and into sunny Healesville, boy, were we ever on the wrong side of the hills? And still no sign of John or Eric?

Ian departed for home with a sore shoulder while the rest came back to Croydon for a coffee. Altogether a good day with no dramas. Perhaps it was that white car that threatened to run anyone over that dared slide off?

Andrew K.

# # # # #

### **CHANGE IN SPEED CAMERA TOLERANCES**

Police have recently simplified speed camera tolerances, allowing a 10 km/h tolerance over all speed limits before an infringement notice is issued.

In a 60 km/h zone, speed cameras will be set at 70 km/h; in 70 km/h zones cameras will be set at 80 km/h and so on.

Infringement notices will continue to have the three km/h taken off the detected speed as a statutory requirement. The lowest speed on a ticket in a 60 km/h zone is 67 km/h.

Although these tolerances give motorists some leeway before detection by speed cameras, radar guns are also used to detect vehicles exceeding the speed limit.

It will be at the discretion of the police and you should not risk getting a ticket by driving at speeds over the limit, hoping to fall within the tolerated speed for a speed camera ... or a radar gun.

### **MOTORING HAS A DIRTY DOZEN, TOO**

Each week more than 300 motorists accumulate 12 demerit points and lose their driving licences.

Major reasons for "gaining" points are the smooth operation of speed cameras, booze buses and generally vigilant action by police detecting motoring and traffic offences.

Actually you can dial-a-demerit. There's a hotline - (03) 345 4696 - which errant motorists can dial to find out how many demerit points they have incurred.

### **"NEW" ROAD TO HOTHAM**

Mt Hotham will be easier to reach this winter and will receive a boost in popularity with the summer sealing of the last remaining gravel section between Harrietville and Hotham.

Driver fatigue is a major factor in crashes on rural highways and this upgrading should assist in reducing mishaps.

There will be year-round benefits for locals as well as visitors wanting to enjoy the scenic beauty of Victoria's highest altitude road.

**Background:**

Vicki and I spent a couple of very enjoyable weeks in Tasmania touring around on the bike staying in youth hostels. We went with the Club three years ago and this time wanted to spend more time at the places we liked last time. Here follows the remaining days' fast fading memories.

**Fri 12th, Mt Field National Park, ~72 km**

We were woken at 6.30 am by the sound of pots and pans clattering in the kitchen. The three elderly walking ladies were hard at it making breakfast. After a big bowl of porridge for breakfast we rode 20 km down the road to Westerway to stock up on supplies for lunch and tea. I made a few man size sandwiches for lunch and then we were away for what would be our most "arduous" yet exhilarating walk. But first 16 km of badly pot-holed dirt road up to the Lake Dobson carpark had to be traversed.

At 10.20 am we set off having chosen walks 1,2,3 and 4 (out of 7 possible) from the visitors map board, and filled in the visitors' book. It was cold and Vicki wore her Dri-Rider jacket. The track meandered off past Lake Webster and Platypus Tarn, steadily downhill for one and a half hours. Hmm - what goes down must come up .... (Tarns are lakes formed by glaciers gouging out the rock in prehistoric times.) I was starting to regret not buying a map, but at \$7.95 it was comparatively expensive. The day had warmed up magnificently and now I carried the Dri-Rider stuffed in the pack. The bird life was frenetic in places, though difficult to see.

Snake! A 5 foot tiger snake basking in the sun slowly crossed the path and slithered away. We were a long way from anywhere and had not seen another person all morning. What if ... Vicki walked a lot closer from then on!

At the most picturesque Twilight Tarn we met a couple of Germans obviously camping overnight. They showed us a map. I left Vicki near a hut and headed for Mt Field West. The track varied from boggy peat, (pick the route of least mud), to rocky paths where every step was deliberate. Always climbing, the views getting more and more spectacular. The scenery was gradually changing from thick rain forest to alpine stunted, twisted gums, almost bonsai in nature. I had never seen anything like it. Whoops, almost stepped on an 18 inch green snake. It hissed and scared the living daylights out of me.

Whilst rock hopping across about 500 metres of glacier strewn boulders, I slipped and fell slashing my thumb nail and skinning my knuckles and palm. Blood everywhere. But the pain was soon eased as the terrain changed dramatically, distracting my attention. I marvelled at the carpet like miniature cactus covering everything. It was tightly packed together and about an inch deep. Amazing. Little half metre deep, fish filled lakes were everywhere. The green ground oozed water. The sky was a deep blue.

I scrambled up The Watcher, a hillock of rubble offering a clear view across a steep, 2 km deep valley to Mt Field West, a desolate almost lunar like landscape. I would not get to the peak today I realised. I sat for a while absorbing the spectacle. It was the highlight of the trip.

I returned to a much relieved Vicki at about 3.20 pm. It would be another 2.5 hours solid walking before we reached the carpark. The gate was meant to close at 5 pm, just another obstacle to be overcome.

We were both getting weary and without a map, a little anxious. We trudged from marker post to marker post, at each one having to look ahead to see where the next one was hiding. The track was often poorly marked with posts giving way to rock piles! Again we were climbing steeply, around the mountain side towards a ski run, following a string of tarns flowing into one another. Quite beautiful. Finally we realised we were approaching civilisation when we encountered a bunch of school kids with large packs heading for an overnight camp. They looked pretty fresh and boisterous, obviously not having walked for long!

The final descent and walk around the lake was a great relief tinged with sadness. We would not be

back here for a very long time. After 7.5 hours of walking we reached the bike and made the final 16 km dirt descent without incident. When recounting the day's events to the lady walkers they were amazed by the weather conditions. Windless at the peak was unheard of.

I read pamphlets till stumps - 10 pm. Vicki had retired (collapsed) hours earlier. It had been a day to remember.

### **Sat 13th, Mt Field National Park - Hobart - Oatlands, ~180 km**

Slept in till 10 to 9. The walking ladies had left - only two quiet Germans remained. We breakfasted, packed and headed off to Salamanca Place market in Hobart. The market is similar to the Queen Victoria Market but has many more specialised craft stalls. We bought some home made plum jam and lunched on noodles, satay sticks, spring rolls and Danish pastries. There were people everywhere and it was difficult to find somewhere to park!

After more supermarket shopping on Sandy Bay road, going to the bank and buying The AGE we headed north to Oatlands, central Tasmania. It was too hot in Hobart. I fell asleep in the afternoon while Vicki did the washing and made a pot of stew for the weekend.

After tea we went on a "Ghost Walking Tour of Oatlands" that began at 8 pm. It was really a guided heritage tour, concluding in the grave yard of the Anglican Church. Peter Fielding, the guide, acted various characters along the tour including a magistrate at the local court. We were required to act as characters also. There were convicts working the lands. Times were tough ... Gruesome stories.

Peter Fielding is somewhat of an eccentric, performing the tour every night of the year. He is a fanatic, having accumulated a vast amount of knowledge of the times and buildings right down to the names of all the locals. People come to see him. Vicki and I were the only participants this evening. At \$8 for 2.5 hours it was good value.

The Warden of Oatlands is also a little eccentric, having the ability to talk non-stop for hours. She bailed us up in the hall as we returned. Being the only people in the Hostel for a few days we suffered the full brunt of her monologue. I went to bed, with Vicki still making the appropriate grunting noises an hour later.

### **Sun 14th, Oatlands - Symmons Plains - Oatlands, ~180 km**

At 7.30 am it was overcast and wet! And cold! Breakfast was toast and porridge. The plan was to ride to the races, about 90 km, watch the races, then ride back. By 8.40 am we were ready to go. The bike would not start. I checked the battery terminals for a loose connection. Alas, all was well. The cold night had really sapped the battery's energy. It was dead flat. It refused to bump start due to the lack of traction. I nearly had a heart attack pushing the bike up and down the hill, all the while rain drizzling. Bikes were blasting by up the nearby highway. Time was awasting.

It started ok with jumper leads scavenged from the local servo. I hoped it would charge up along the route. Then I discovered I was caught in a catch 22 situation: I needed the key to close the tool kit, but I needed the key to keep the engine running. Ho-hum. Bump started ok.

Left at 9.30 am, roads dry within 20 km, weather quickly warming up, fast cruise on roads similar to the Hume Highway around Gundagai. Met a few "mobile" cars along the route before the entry queue: \$20 each plus program \$5. Ouch.

Good viewing circuit, 19,000 people, hot, insufficient women's toilets, ran out of soft drinks, racing desperately close. Phyllis (ZXR) won both heats of Superbikes ahead of O'Connor (ZXR), Leslie (Ducati), Dowson (YZF debut). Impressions: O'Connor hole-shot each race, Ducatis very impressive, Dowson came from nowhere - 4th to 1st to 4th. Racing hectic. Many spectators there to see Wayne Gardner racing touring cars.

Garner was on pole position after winning lap dash. Excellent. Alan Jones won both legs of Group A touring cars after shunting off Skaiffe in first leg (right in front of us) and Gardner in second leg. Support races included Formula VEE (VW engines, 1200 cc), Formula Brabhams (formula 1 style cars



- fastest, 3800 cc), Formula Fords (1600 cc), and HQ Holden championship (30 car field, crash and burn style driving). It was hot and dusty and completely foreign to the walking, touristy style activities we had been pursuing. What a contrast!

Fifty-five minutes to get back to Oatlands. The car drivers were really entering into the spirit of it now!

A hot shower to remove dust and sunscreen before setting off on a daylight self guided walking tour of Oatlands: 140 original sandstone buildings in 5 square km radius of town centre. Old buildings were never pulled down because the town was so poor, and there was plenty of land available. We walked across a dried up lake bed - only dry on average once every 40 years. The old wheat mill was open and unattended so I climbed the four storeys inside before taking a few sunset photos. Stew and icecream for tea.

### **Mon 15th, Oatlands - Richmond - Mt Wellington - Kettering - Hobart, ~300 km**

Heading for Hobart and the "Adelphi Court Youth Hostel" we passed through historic Richmond doing a slow drive by tour. The hostel was more like a motel with twin share rooms in the "Kew" part of Hobart and was \$16 each per night. It was excellent. After a load of washing was put on the line we headed for the city for lunch at Coles, purchasing a loaf of bread and some postcards.

After scanning the Yellow Pages at the post office I located "Tas Batteries" 7 blocks away. I bought the standard Yuasa 14 Amp Hour battery for \$70 including 6 months warranty. While it was on charge we wrote postcards and talked with the locals. The Tas Batteries manager suggested Bruny Island as an interesting destination and rang the Tasmanian Tourist Bureau for us and wrote down departure times for the ferry from Kettering. I was impressed with his helpfulness, and his willingness to promote his state.

The weather was fine and sunny (still) so we rode to the top of Mt Wellington, over-looking Hobart, wearing only T-shirts and leather jackets. The view was outstanding. We could see Bruny Island quite clearly and probably across to Port Arthur. The Forestry Commission had installed a few more board walks along the mountain peak since our last visit.

We cruised south from Hobart in sight-seeing mode eventually to find ourselves at Kettering, 40 km away, checking ferry departure times and the best route to take. It was going to be a bit of a sprint from the chocolate factory the next day if we wanted to do both in the one day. We stopped at a semi-permanent wayside fruit and vegie stall and brought ingredients for spaghetti. Fruit was cheap too.

Back to the YH picking up The AGE to catch up on the federal election results. Vicki rang home to Newcastle whilst I got chatting to a young Brisbane woman travelling around in a wheel chair, alone, minus a leg, and covered in scar tissue from neck to groin. She didn't say what was wrong with her but it was clearly terminal. Hers was a truly courageous story. She had been scuba diving down the north west coast of Tasmania but found the east coast near Bicheno the coldest. A bus driver had driven off with her special food - so she wasn't eating that night. At some of the scenic views, supposed wheel chair accessible, she had dragged herself up the steps by her arms, unaided. In other places she had crashed her wheel chair on the gravel tracks. Her stories would have been funny if they weren't so tragic. She was an undaunted, incredible human being.

### **Tue 16th, Hobart - Cadbury Chocolate Factory - Bruny Island - Hobart, ~270 km**

The Cadbury Chocolate Tour was as much a union/bosses harmony propaganda exercise as it was a lesson in people movement logistics as it was a chocolate extravaganza. The tour is an hour and a half long, consists of a 10 minute super slick video on the history of Cadbury, the chocolate making process, and the factory health and safety record. The walk will leave you leg weary after 2 km of wandering along concrete corridors and up and down stairs, eventually depositing you outside the chocolate shop - selling at "bargain" prices. They run 2 or 3 tours simultaneously in groups of 40. Tours start at 8.30 am and finish at 1 pm, 5 days a week. Bookings are currently 10 days in advance.

Cadbury Chocolate Pty Ltd produces 24,000 tonnes of chocolate products annually, employs roughly 900 people in three shifts, working 24 hours per day in peak periods - Christmas, Easter, Mother's

Day. In addition they provide employment for 100 dairy farmers in the north west (of Tasmania). Cadbury have other plants in Ringwood and New Zealand.

I lagged at the end of the tour party, eating stuff out of the scrap bins and generally pigging out, pockets bulging. It was epic, from start to finish.

We left Cadbury's at 11.30 am posting the postcards in Hobart before heading for Kettering via Kingston and Sandy Bay Road to catch the 1.45 pm ferry to Bruny Island. It was loading 5 tandem trailer prime movers full of road building material. (This should have been an omen.) The journey takes 15 minutes. Bruny Island is 55 km long from north to south and is effectively two islands connected together via a narrow spit of land ("The Neck"). The first 9 km off the ferry are good bitumen. The rest is bad dirt road.

We headed to the far south to Bruny Point light-house. (Back in Melbourne changing the front tyre I noticed a ding in the front rim. On reflection this is where I reckon it happened.) The deep blue sea contrasted starkly with the bright white lighthouse, the dark green lush fields and the bright yellow beaches. Very spectacular, and secluded. We saw one car.

We rode over the mountains in the middle of the south island to Adventure Bay for lunch of peanut butter sandwiches and a nectarine. It was like travelling on the Grand Ridge road - the dirt section north of Welshpool around Bulga National Park - in thick, steep, dark rain forest. The road was destroyed, probably by logging trucks, and then repaired with thick gravel on the corners. It was pretty hairy.

Heading back we stopped at The Neck and climbed a single ramp of 236 steps in one direction offering views of long, sparkling beaches to either side. Very photogenic. It just looked like a stairway to heaven: from the bottom looking up all you could see was blue sky! Tourists watch the penguins landing from this vantage point.

The last ferry left at 6.50 pm and Vicki thought it wise to arrive early rather than late. For half an hour we enjoyed the weakening, warm sunshine before the ferry returned us to the mainland. We had travelled about 100 km of bad, potholed dusty dirt road. The bike was filthy. I was just glad we didn't get a puncture! Home by 7.30 pm.

### **Wed 17th, Hobart - South Cape - Hobart, ~280 km**

The plan was to ride down through the Huon Valley to South Port and beyond to the end of the bitumen, and then a further 25 km of dirt road to Cockle Creek, do the easy 16 km return South Cape walk, and head back to Hobart.

The Huon Valley Highway is a superb motorcycling road. It is wide, dips and curves continuously and is studded with magnificent sweeping bends, especially at the northern end. The highway cuts through apple country, the picking season just one week old and in full swing. The trees were heavily laden with fruit. At 6 degrees C it was quite chilly, though sunny.

At Cockle Creek we changed into more suitable walking attire, then set out at about 10.30 am. The walk is, for a large part, across an open, flat, swampy valley along board walks. The highlight was emerging out of the forest onto a cliff top overlooking a very rugged coastline not unlike The Twelve Apostles coastline. We walked along the cliff top before dropping down to the beach. There were people everywhere. We lunched at Lion Rock before making the return trip, arriving back at the bike at about 3 pm.

It was a relief to get off the dirt road - the local drivers use all the road - and back onto the superb bitumen. We refuelled and bought lunch at Geeveston before the final blast back to Hobart to catch the 6.30 pm ABC News.

That evening we chatted to a very interesting German walker about to set off on a 14 - 21 day walk along the South Cape, alone. Tourists come from all over world to walk in Tasmania - it is that rugged. He worked for the German Defence department and was involved in communications - that was all he

could say. He had accumulated 6 months annual leave by working ghastly shifts. His life revolved around working as hard and fast as possible to get enough money and leave to finance his world wide walking. He liked to do a place properly; he had spent three months in Tasmania, making our two weeks look decidedly shoddy, but then again he was never coming back.

#### **Thu 18th, Hobart - Bicheno - St Mary's - St Helens, ~250km**

We were now heading up the east coast. The weather deteriorated from sunny to hazy to overcast to light drizzle. We encountered 10 km of bumper to bumper traffic due to road works around Sorrell. They had a digger at one end, and a gravel and tar machine at the other end, and every road construction stage in between. Everything was happening at once. They don't make roads like that in Victoria. We lunched at scenic Bicheno.

Around Swansea we met more road works, this time 2 km of thick sand similar to the Oxley Highway/Milawa/Margaret Shelley conditions. I had visions ...

The Elephant Pass by-pass had just been completed (hours before) and the sign post indicated 8 km/h: wet tar for the next 10 km! Yuk. What a road, right along the shoreline; similar to the best bits of the Great Ocean Road. I vowed to return.

We back tracked up St Mary's Pass and then Elephant Pass to the Pancake Parlour to gorge ourselves on enormous, fresh strawberry pancakes and cream. Yum, yum. Alas, we had to go back down the two passes to reach St Helen's. All those twisty roads, much like the Reefton Spur.

After booking into our own room at the hostel, in the heart of the "Sunshine Coast", we checked out the action at the local jetties and supermarket before devouring chicken and noodles for tea, followed by reading AMCN and then early to bed. The fishermen were catching mackerel.

#### **Fri 19th, St Helens - Avoca - Royal George - Swansea - Bicheno - St Helens, ~400 km**

Today we just rode around being tourists on a motorcycle. (I wanted to check out some roads!) We followed the South Esk River for about 70 km along the Inland Highway heading for the Ben Lommond National Park, the highest ranges in Tasmania. Alas, you can only get there by walking. We headed north to Storys Creek, an old ghost tin mining town part way up the ranges. It was drizzly and very cold at this altitude. We tried to get up Stacks Bluff but weren't prepared for a 6 hour walk, one way!

Back to the highway and then south into the never-never to see what could be at the end of the road at Royal George: 4 dilapidated houses made from fibro-cement and corrugated iron and fence palings. Very depressing. We headed for Campbell Town for lunch, seeking advice on a road back to the coast shown as unmade. Bitumen!

Seventy-two kilometers of wide sweeping road wending its way through rugged mountain country reminiscent of the Snowy Mountain Hwy near Cooma. Motorcycle heaven. Praise the logging industry. Suffice it to say, I was reprimanded for riding too fast. Swansea arrived too soon.

Bicheno for afternoon tea, then back up the east coast taking full advantage of the Elephant Pass by-pass. What a buzz.

Spent the evening talking to American cyclists, one of whom was a motorcyclist at heart and looked with envy at the battered ZX. He was really suffering, his girlfriend the fitness fanatic. We had blatted past them a couple of days before. I remembered him wobbling up a hill, the girlfriend striding out ahead. They were travelling clockwise against the prevailing winds. Bad move. All the other cyclists were going the other way.

#### **Sat 20th, St Helens - Scottsdale - Launceston - George Town, ~300 km**

Left at 9.30 am after watching the cyclists gear up. Weather overcast, drizzly, roads wet. We checked that the Sea Cat had berthed successfully - it was out of action for a couple of days after hitting the jetty at Welshpool.

We visited Columba Falls after riding the obligatory 5 km of badly pot-holed dirt road. I began mentally composing a letter to the Tasmanian Tourist Authority registering a complaint about how many dirt roads lead to tourist attractions e.g. Mole Creek Animal Farm, Cradle Mountain, Mt Field National Park, Bruny Island and now Columba Falls immediately sprang to mind.

The 10 minute walk to the recently completed viewing platform rewards the onlooker with a spectacular view of the 90 metre high water fall embedded in thick, misty rain forest country. Very peaceful.

Back to the main road past the "Pub in the Paddock" taking the Gladstone turnoff north to the Blue Lake, a disused quarry forming an artificial blue lake. The weather was now fine and dry.

Heading west out of Gladstone along the coast I hoped this magnificent dipping and swerving road would hold out till Georgetown. Alas, after 5 km it turned to dirt. We had had enough dirt so returned to the main highway to negotiate the tightest, prolonged section of twisty roads we had encountered, including a couple of mountain passes (murderous on the cyclists!). I ran wide on one corner, concentration flagging, or it may have been the complete lack of signposting at an unexpected sharp turn. No harm done.

We stopped at a lookout to chat with a couple of local motorcyclists out enjoying the roads and weather. Further down the road I stopped again to investigate a crop cultivated all over Tasmania. It turned out to be turnips. I had tried to figure out what it was all trip and couldn't. Being the last day I just had to stop and see.

The last 20 km of road into Scottsdale, especially near the "AUSPINE" saw mill was truly magnificent. High speed sweepers. I'll say no more other than I started to worry about the rear tyre making it back to Melbourne! It wasn't the middle of the tread I was worried about.

We refuelled in Launceston for the last 50 km of freeway to Georgetown. We passed at least 30 vintage and veteran cars heading south for the start of the TARGA before reaching Georgetown YH, our bed for the night. Fisherman's basket and rump steak at the pub after tracking down the local apiarist to buy some Tasmanian leatherwood honey - my father loves the stuff. A quick ring home to get the goss and find out that I am an uncle, twice, followed by the Foster's Cup AFL football final completed the evenings entertainment.

### **Sun 21st, George Town - Melbourne, ~200 km**

Packed and ready to load at the ferry terminal by 8.30 am. Bike loaded efficiently and the ferry left on time. However it took an hour to birth at Welshpool due to the tricky wind conditions and onboard winches having insufficient strength to pull the boat in. It is designed for sheltered docking. Ho-hum.

Made good time back to Melbourne, but was immediately aware of the police presence and the feeling of pressure that descended upon you. Someone was being booked in the 75 km/h zone in Meeniyan and soon after there was a radar trap near Cranbourne.

We had an excellent 15 day, 3,500 km trip with no mishaps. The bike never missed a beat apart from the battery dying. In a few years we will go again.

Ben and Vicki (ZX10)

MAINTENANCE DAY & BBQ - SATURDAY 15th MAY

This was an excellent day with Ben & Vicki going to a lot of trouble to make it a success. So thanks to Vicki for the catering and thanks to Ben for the extensive tour of his garage and divulging the intricacies of the modern motorcycle in plain english. Thanks also for the surprise birthday cake, card and sing-along.

Attendees:

Ben & Vicki, Gary & Dot, Peter P,  
Michael Chan, Mark Dennis, Mike Davis, Les, Jane & Leigh Davis,  
Rob Langer, Alec Brown, George Lardas, Jon & Helen,  
Craig & Lisa, Ian & Kerrie, Patrick Tayeh, Jennifer Burns,  
Daryl & Josephine.

**FATAL - OR SERIOUS INJURY - INTERSECTIONS**

The five worst accident blackspots in Victoria are all around suburban Melbourne. They are:

SCENE	RECORD casualty crashes*
1 Princes Highway and Springvale Road	12
2 Warrigal Road and South-Eastern Freeway	8
3 Heatherton Road and South-Eastern Freeway	7
4 St Kilda Road and Punt Road	6
5 Princes Highway and Warrigal Road	3

\*In police terminology a "casualty" is a death or an accident causing serious injury.

The five blackspots listed above are not necessarily the unsafest roads in Melbourne, but these intersections have some of the highest traffic volumes which increases the likelihood of crashes.

The two worst accident blackspots in country Victoria are:

1 High and View Streets, Bendigo	9
2 Princes Highway and Cox Road, Corio	6

**TERRY'S  
40th  
BIRTHDAY  
BASH**

~~~~~  
**Where: 6 Lambassa Grove  
Keon Park.**

**When: 19th June, 1993**

**Time: 8 pm**

**Bring: Your Own Grog**

**R.S.V.P 460.1519**

|                          |                 |                            |                         |
|--------------------------|-----------------|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| Patrick Tayeh,           | Mark Dennis,    | Daryl Cole,                | Jon Riddett & Helen,    |
| Les Davis,               | John Barta,     | Rob Langer,                | Craig Morley & Lisa,    |
| Michael Chan,            | Tony Schrader,  | Alec Brown,                | Stuart Forsaith & Anne, |
| Andrew Kennedy,          | Jennifer Burns, | Ben & Vicki,               | Pam & Andrew Dunn,      |
| Ian & Kerrie,            | Kylie & Ferdi,  | Martin Thompson & Georgia, |                         |
| Terry Mountney & Elaine, |                 | Dot Schwarze & Leanne.     |                         |

# UNDERSTANDING P.E.R.I.N.

Just on half a million motorists could face the PERIN Court during the next 12 months. How many drivers know how it works? In some circumstances, PERIN could send a motorist to jail. In this report, the RACV's Member Legal Services explains:

**P**ERIN Court is an administrative court which processes all unpaid traffic and parking fines. Its full name is the Penalty Enforcement by Registration of Infringement Notice Court. Don't be put off by the name because it can be fairly easily understood.

Once a driver receives an infringement notice for a traffic or parking offence, whether by hand, post, or on a motor vehicle, the motorist has 28 days to pay the fine.

If you receive one, you have the alternative of challenging the infringement in court, or nominating the person who was driving the vehicle when the offence occurred.

(With those pink, on-the-spot tickets you have only one option available when you receive it: to pay it).

If you want to nominate the driver or challenge the ticket you wait until you receive a courtesy letter.

It's no use later making excuses such as: "Someone took it off the windscreen..." "I forgot to pay it..." or "I thought that if I ignored it, it would be forgotten..."

If you genuinely do not know who was driving your vehicle, you must fill out a Statutory Declaration and the local council or a court will decide whether, with reasonable diligence, you could have found out the name and address of the driver.

If you choose to ignore the fine, be warned: After 28 days you will incur an extra charge of \$12.50.

If you still fail to pay the fine, here's what will happen:

You have the choice to pay, go to court, or nominate the offending driver.

If you ignore the ticket, the stakes go higher. The infringement notice is sent to the PERIN Court. Not a normal functioning court, it processes unpaid tickets sent to it by most municipal councils and the Victorian Police.

The PERIN Court registers the infringement and issues an enforcement order to the owner. The fine will now have an additional \$55 added which must be paid within (another) 28 days.

After you receive the order from PERIN, your choices are: pay the fine and costs; apply to PERIN to pay by instalments; or at the discretion of the registrar have the order revoked and dealt with by a Magistrates' Court.

If you ignore this order, a warrant for your imprisonment will be issued at a rate of one day's imprisonment for each \$100 owed on the enforcement order. If it is a company car, a warrant to seize property can be issued and company assets seized and sold to pay the outstanding fine and costs.

Legislation also gives the Court and law officers power to suspend the owner's or driver's licence or to suspend the registration of a vehicle.

If you were not driving the car or had previously sold it, you must notify the agency concerned by sworn statement (usually incorporated on the courtesy letter). Do not pass on the courtesy letter to the new driver.

The most important warning on the PERIN system is: If you, as owner of a car fail to nominate a new owner or the offending driver of the car at the courtesy letter stage with an on-the-spot fine, but before the 28 days with a licence loss infringement notice, you cannot have the infringement notice transferred out of your name. You're stuck with it!

This is particularly important with infringement notices involving potential suspension of licence (speed or .05). Your failure to nominate the offender will cause you to endure a licence suspension.

Usually, this applies to the automatic licence loss infringement notices when, as a motorist exceeding the speed limit by 30km or more, your licence will automatically be suspended 28 days after the notice was issued unless there is an objection or the offending driver is nominated. □

# MOTORCYCLE TOURING CLUB OF VICTORIA Inc.

P.O. Box 453, Richmond, Victoria. 3121

## MEMBERSHIP RENEWALS

Well members it is time to boost the coffers of the MTCV with your annual membership fee. This fee enables the club to keep producing your itineraries, your monthly magazine, the postage of same, etc. The MTCV is not a profit making organisation and your fees cover the necessary running costs only.

For the sum of \$20 / \$10 you have the opportunity to meet people with a common interest, to ride on nearly every weekend of the year and to participate in all the fun-filled, action-packed social outings.

Please let us have your renewal in the near future, by post if you wish, or at the forthcoming meeting.

**Membership will expire on the 30th. of June each year.**

We will be publishing a revised membership list soon, so if you have changed any of the details shown on the list, please let us know with your renewal. The list is only for distribution to members, but if for some reason you do not want details published, then please indicate on the form below.

.....  
Name .....

Change of address .....

..... Postcode .....

Change of telephone number ..... (Home / Work)

Change of Motorcycle Make ..... Model .....

## Membership Renewal

I enclose cash / cheque for \$20.00 (full membership)  
\$10.00 (associate membership)  
being subscription payment for the forthcoming 12 months.

Please do not publish the following details in the membership list: .....

.....

.....

Please return this form to the address shown above or to me at the next meeting.

thank you

**KYLIE HILLIER**

.....

Treasurer.