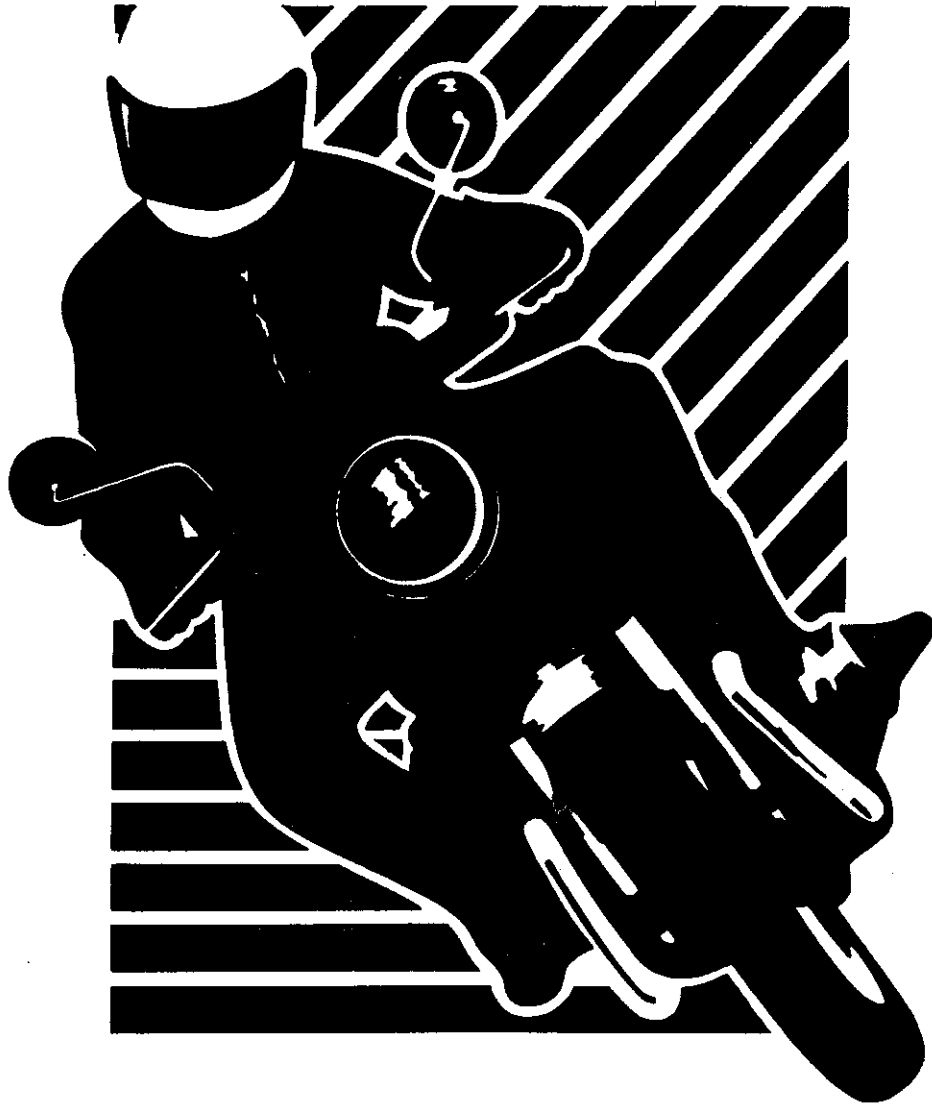


JAN/FEB 98

# Good Vibrations



**MOTORCYCLE TOURING CLUB OF VICTORIA**

P.O. Box 453, Richmond 3121, Victoria

## **ITINERARY FEBRUARY 1998**

SUNDAY 1ST

**Hopetoun Falls (via Lavers Hill) Rob Matricciani Leading**  
**9:00 KBCP 9:30am Laverton**

THURSDAY 5TH

### **General Meeting**

8:15pm Club Hall at the Theatrette Camberwell Town Hall.

SATURDAY 5TH

### **Progressive Dinner**

**Di Welsford Leading**

3:00pm - 5:00pm @ 63 Wills St., Kew- Gerry East

5:30pm - 7:00pm @ 77 Cuthbert St. Heathmont-Rob Matricciani

7:30pm - 9:00pm @ 83 Albert St., Boronia - Denise Fowkes

9:30pm onwards @ 1/22 Munroe St., Ringwood - Danny Holetic

Free to Members .... \$5.00 Non-members payable on the night.

SUNDAY 8TH

### **Navigation Trial - Hepburn area**

**Les Leahy Leading**

**9 am KBCP 9:30 Laverton Servo NB Early Start**

Ride to Daylesford where the "Trial" begins. Just on 100kms for those daring enough to test themselves. Gravel will be on the trial course. Les is leading those not participating in the trial to Trentham Bakery. Yum See mag for more details.

SUNDAY 15TH

### **Lake Arakoon-Swimming**

**Leader required**

9:30am KBCP 10:30am Whittlesea Mobil Servo

Bring your swimmers and a towel. Route unknown at time of printing mag.

FRIDAY 20TH

### **Night Ride - Steavensons Falls**

**Jon Riddett Leading**

**6pm Olinda Creek Hotel 161 Main St., Lilydale**

**8pm (approx.) Ride departs**

Letsurely

See President's report in this mag for further details

SUNDAY 22ND

### **Emerald (Dandenongs)**

**Gerry East Leading**

9:30am KBCP 10:15 Hallam

Belgrave, Emerald, Seville, Healsville, Marysville, Reefton & Black Spurs, Toolangi Mt. Slide, Christmas Hills and Kangaroo Ground.

Approx. 300 kms.

SATURDAY 28TH

### **Dirt Ride - Wombat State Forest**

**Steve Leyland Leading**

9:30am KBCP 10am Laverton Servo

## **MARCH 1998**

SUNDAY 1ST

### **Limonite - Central Gippsland**

**Ben Warden Leading**

**9am KBCP 10am Yarra Glen**

Powelltown, Warragul for MT, Mirboo North for Lunch, Break up Launching Place. Approx. kms 420

## **February 98 Editorial**

The Christmas BBQ was, again, a big hit even though the threat of inclement weather may have kept some members away. A turnout of approx. 30 members and their families enjoyed a sumptuous array of salads and bbq'd meat. A huge vote of confidence for Kathy as this was possibly her first adventure into catering for the Club. The Christmas event is usually one of the biggest turn outs and she did well to cater for everyone. Ben cooked, as usual, and not too much got burnt. I saw some faces that I have never been able to put names to, Ken Brown and Ross Bradshaw to name a few.

The Porepunkah Christmas Camp sounds great. Three members have sent write ups about their experiences.

Sorry to say Danny V. dropped his beautiful TRX in Bright doing a U turn on a damn catseye. No damage to the bike but Danny has a broken ankle. Six weeks in plaster, that should keep you out of trouble Danny.

We welcome to the fold a new member, Tony Pricor who rides a VTR1000 and is also an active dirt bike rider.

Jon Riddett is organising the next itinerary, determined to get this one out early. If you want to lead a ride let him know. Ten rides already gone and Ben hasn't even asked yet.

DI Welsford will be "bikeless" for a while due to minor repairs, (to the bike, not her) so there will be a substitute leader for her Progressive Dinner on the 7th February. She has gone to a lot of trouble to organise the event and participation will show her our appreciation. The caterers for the event have also gone to a lot of trouble and from the stuff I am hearing the food sounds gorgeous. Starts at my place at 3:00pm and I have got a veritable feast planned. Come along...it'll be grouse.

Interesting to note the results from the survey indicate that nearly all respondents voted in favour of moving the first pick up from KBCP. Of course, why not? It's worked perfectly for the last 40 odd years...it must be time to do something else...NOT!!!

The Membership List has proven once again to be a disaster. I don't believe printing one is worth the hassle. I hope we can discuss this at the meeting because I, for one, am sick and tired of the abuse from people saying they want these details printed and not these. I register my vote to abolish the damn list once and for all. If someone wants to ring me let them use 11 bloody white pages!!!

Please consider carefully the type of person you want to ride along with, when you are asked to sign a membership form. The person you are nominating for membership could do worse than just simply bring the Club's name into disrepute.

Captains Report not available at time of printing. Data compiled by Editor to the best of her ability. My apologies for any inaccuracies or exaggerations.

All printed matter is taken from the RACV Feb issue. Editors joke was received via Email.

Gerry East YZF600  
Editor

# MOTORCYCLE TOURING CLUB OF VICTORIA

## MINUTES OF DECEMBER 1997 GENERAL MEETING

**Held at:** Camberwell Theatre  
**Date:** Thursday 4 December 1997  
**Opened:** 8.30pm  
**Present:** 29 members, 2 visitors  
**Apologies:** Gerrie East, Steve Leyland  
**Visitors:** Trevor & Trent

**Previous Minutes:** Ben Warden accepted & Ron Johnson seconded

**Secretary's Report:**

- Correspondence in back of club mag.
- Had good response to petitions.
- **Please let Luke know if any of your details on our club address list are incorrect.**

**Treasurer's Report:** Read by Bronwyn Manifold.

**Captain's Report:** Read from magazine by Captain. Captain also read upcoming rides.

ABOVE REPORTS ACCEPTED by Vince Genova, SECONDED by Ron Johnson

### GENERAL BUSINESS

1. **Social Sip** - new venue for Dec 97 & Jan 98 - Baden Powell, Collingwood - see mag for details.
2. **Christmas Camp** - club booked 5 sites (The Willows).
3. **New Vice Captain** - welcomed Wayne Grant. Lyn had to resign due to conflict with VMC meetings.
4. **Membership Address List** - loose, take one with mag. Not published in mag due to some members expressing concern as to whose hands they fall into. Advise Luke Richardson if any details incorrect.
5. **Street Bike** & MRA have donated a subscription to Street Bike as a door prize.
6. Andrew Kennedy thanked Ron Johnson for assisting him getting his bike home after a breakdown last week.
7. **Old Mags** - The club has a box of surplus old editions of our club mag. Feel free to borrow or keep some otherwise they will be thrown out. The club has a separate library.
8. **Progressive Dinner** - Please advise attendance to Dianne.
9. There have been a lot of bike accidents last week. A reminder to use caution on the road, and that there will be a heavy Police presence. There is a blitz on traffic violations between now and Christmas. Tractors should travel on verge of road, NOT in the whole lane.
10. Tony Schrader was earbashed by driver on a recent ride about motorcyclists overtaking dangerously and suggested members use more courtesy and caution when overtaking.
11. **Ride Day** - closest weekend available for Phillip Island is 27 June 1997. Discussed options of Sandown/Winton/Broadford. Bronwyn will look into them.
12. **Survey**
  - \* The Club Should Leave KBCP Earlier - 60% No and 40% Yes
  - \* The Club Should Leave Yarra Glen Earlier - 51% Yes & 49% NoProposal to move City pick-up. Vote to change city pick-up to VicRoads:  
List of alternative places suggested for next mag.  
Nearly all voted in favour of change from KBCP. Approx. 3 voted to scrap City pick-up entirely.
13. Door Prize:
  - \***1st prize** - Sue (Polyglaze)
  - \***2nd prize** - Danny Kosinski (Streetbike Subscription)
  - \***3rd prize** - Dianne (chamois)
  - \***4th prize** - Clint (chocolate)
  - \***5th prize** - Peter P (video) who redonated it-Robby won it next.

**Meeting Closed: ?**

## **President's Report February 1998**

I would like to take this belated opportunity to wish you all a happy and prosperous new year.

This year is looking good for the club as well. We have had a recent influx of new faces and inquiries, showing that our efforts to attract new members are beginning to pay dividends.

### **More Members Wanted**

Our goal is to close the books with at least a 15% increase in memberships over last year. I believe we will achieve this because our club is such a good and easy product to market. On the subject of marketing, keep an eye out for the Motorcycle Riders Association of Australia newsletter, in which our club will get a mention. The club supported the recent MRAA toy run to the tune of 37 members and friends.

### **We all make mistakes.**

My diary does not have the Monday March 9 Labour Day public holiday. Its therefore no surprise that the itinerary doesn't have a long weekend event for that weekend. So if the F1 cars and Moomba don't grab you, a weekend away may be offered. Steve Leyland, who brought the omission to my attention, has dobbed himself in to lead something. Whatever is agreed upon at the February meeting will be posted out with the magazines. Phone Steve for more details they do not appear with or elsewhere in this magazine.

### **More Mistakes.**

I received a number of calls offering constructive criticism regarding the membership address list. Basically a few people had a justifiable whinge because details were printed that should not have been. The committee had already made the decision not to include the membership list as part of the newsletter. This was in response to the concerns some members expressed. Please accept our apologies if we got anything wrong.

From my personal point of view, I value my privacy and don't want any of my details printed. Perhaps we should only produce a list of names and phone numbers with no other details. If you need an address you can ring and ask for it. What do you think ???

### **February 20<sup>th</sup> Night Ride.**

The night ride will leave from the Olinda Creek Hotel, 161 Main St Lilydale. I have booked for 24 people under my name (Jon Riddett in case you forgot) from 6PM. The ride will tentatively leave after 8PM when people have eaten. I checked the food out personally, and found it to be the best on offer of the pubs in Lilydale. We'll be around the back in the Saloon Bar Bistro area. Weather and transport permitting, a telescope may make an appearance up Lake Mountain later in the evening, but there wont be a lecture this time.

### **April to July Itinerary**

Easter April 10<sup>th</sup> -13<sup>th</sup> is early in the next itinerary. Canberra, Adelaide, Omeo & Little Desert have all been thrown around as alternatives. Any suggestions or offers would be welcomed.

If you want to lead a ride or have any suggestions please call me. Please phone me on 9808 0173 and leave a message if you would like to lead or suggest a ride.

## RIDE REPORT - (EDITOR'S VERSION) FOR DEC 97 & JAN 98

### December 1997

Sunday 7th Walhalla Cricket  
John Willis Leading  
13 bikes 1 car 14 people  
Weather: Warm/Wet  
350 kms  
No incidents (No cricket either)

Sunday 14th Great Ocean Road  
Ben Warden Leading  
11 bikes 11 people  
Weather: Warm/Wet  
550 kms  
Incidents: Major police interference, 2 bikes booked for noise infringement

Sunday 14th MRAA Toy Run  
No data available

Sunday 21st Eildon via Reefton Spur  
Tony Schrader Leading  
17 bikes 18 people  
Weather: Hot  
420 kms  
Non-member dropped bike. Rider ok: minimal damage to bike.

### JANUARY 1998

Sunday 4th Kinglake  
Paul Tallents Leading  
24 bikes 25 people  
Weather: Fine  
350 kms  
Incidents: None

Sunday 11th Melville Caves  
Steve Leyland Leading  
9 bikes 12 people  
Weather: Hot  
XXXXkms  
Incidents: None

Sunday 18th Lysterfield Tank Museum  
Ron Johnston Leading  
13 bikes 14 people  
Weather: Hot  
330 kms  
Incidents: None

Weekend 23rd-26th Tallangatta  
Ben Warden Leading  
9 bikes 9 people  
Weather: Warm/humid  
2250 kms  
Incidents: Danny V-  
broken ankle

Weekend 23rd-26th Confusion Rally  
9 bikes 10 people  
Weather: No data  
Incidents: None

MOTORCYCLING journalist Wendy Hogg will hold 'A Taste of Motorcycling' at Sandown racecourse next month for enthusiasts and non-riders to try riding bikes in a safe off-road environment.

If you've yearned to own a Harley, Honda, Ducati, BMW, or other bike, the event is designed for you.

Enquiries: (03) 9663 2164.

RACV Motorcycle Care membership enquiries: 13 19 55.

**FOR SALE**

Did you know that the law might well descend on the owner of a car parked in a public street with a For Sale sign on it.

The same applies to driving a car with For Sale on it.

Maximum fine for either of these offences: \$500.

There's also a \$60 fine if a car advertised for sale is left on a footway or reservation.

## Walhalla

13 bikes 1 car

### Riders ,

John Willis	learder	TRX 850	Lyn Duncan	GSXR 750
Stuart Foster		VTR 1000	Tim Walker	ZX 7R
Ben Warden		ZXR 750	Craig Morley	YZF 750
Wayne	R/R,2	XJ 600	Mick	YZF 600
Paul Tallents		YZF 600	Tony Schrader	YZF 600
Jennifer Burns	R/R,1	NTV 650	Steve Leyland	R1000GS
Andrew Kennedy		CBR 900	Ron Palmer	Mazder MX 5

I think it was Trafalgar, when John said whos doing the scribble. me not hearing him said, Hay. Was that a Ya! no I said Hay not Ya. I thought it was a Ya some one else said. Yer I thought it was a Ya too. Well it wasn't. Go on. Then Steve come out with, How long has it bean scince you done a scribble. The word Never come to mind. Lyn said ill do it then, but you always do it John replied. All right All right ! ill do the scribble you give me a list of who and where OK.

It was one of those nornings , not shore whether to rug up or not. Cold,hot or rain. Its a Walhalla ride its going to be cold,wet and we will get lost just like befour. Not so one shirt goes under the seat and we leave Yara Glen around 1030 ish, with Jenny as rear rider . John lead us to Healesville then of to Launching Place,Yara Junction, Powelltown. From hear things got interisting with tight and twisty corners then opening up to some big fast sweepers. With the odd corner or two litterd with stones just to get your attention .And who left thoes ruddy big holes in the road, not long after Powelltown.Better yet who else went around them .Wayne said he didn't get a chance to. He was allreddy in Lyns bad book for encourageing John to smoke. Ron Palmer followed in his car as he has sold his VFR, Morning tee was at Noojee .

After morning tee Ben lead the unwilling around the dirt section with Jenny as rear rider again .While with Wayne as rear rider the rest of us did the dirt ,to be rewarded with magic roads to Willow Grove ,Erica then finely to Walhalla for lunch. Steve and I had a ball on theese roads , untill it rained we should have known it would Its a Walhalla ride . Ben and the others hadn't turned up yet , and I was complaning we hadn't got lost yet carn't have that can we . Just as we had lost all hope of geting lost, Ben turned up then Tim on his new zx7 then the rest of them . What hapened to you lot ! We lost Jenny replied Ben , I didn't get lost I knew where I was going , just didnt know where you lot got to .

We all said good by to Ron hear as he going over seas for a fair while we wish him and his wife good luck and we will see them when they get back.

With my faith restored we left Walhalla and the wet roads funny palce Walhalla bean there 3 times now and its rained every time. Back to Erica and Willow Grove, Craig and I had some fun through hear Craigs rear tyer was looking worse for wear by this stage . Now the roads were dry every one was enjoying the ride . Trafalgar was next stop .Fuel,something to drink ,a chat . Tim was getting to know his zx7. Iam enjoying my new 600, I also got this job and Jen was still saying they got lost not her. Lyn and tony had a ball back to hear as well.

Jenny wanted to check out some anteak shops in Trafalgar and handed the job of rear rider to Wayne . We porceded to Yarragon ,Buln Buln, Jindivick, longwarry this is where ever one had to do few ks of dirt , I think we all had a ball

on these roads . Last stop was Packerham. And around 350 km of good riding. Mabe one day we will see Walhalla dry so we can play cricket or footy. And mabe know one will get lost ? . Just think no rain , warm wether, and not getting lost. narr not possabale. Thanks John for a good days ride .

Paul YZF 600.

### **SOCIAL SIPPERS 15TH JANUARY 1998**

*The new Social Sip venue appears to be a success, with most attending members expressing a combination of relief and approval. The following were seen sipping last month: Ron & Julie Johnston, Jon R, Mark D, Tom S, Andl S, Lyn, John W, Derek A, Kathy R, Tony Pricor, Maryiola, Vince G, Andrew K, Nick C & friend, Daryl O, Davorin Z, Rob M.*

### **COMMUNICATION**

*You can email your write ups to me at [g.east@its.unimelb.edu.au](mailto:g.east@its.unimelb.edu.au) or post them to me at 63 Wills Street, Kew, 3101. All contributions gratefully received.*

### **MTCV HOME PAGE**

*The clubs home page, which is maintained by Ben W. has been "hit" 1500 times since April 96, with approx. 100 "hits" per month for the last three months. Have a look if you can get access. The address is:*

*<http://ariel.unimelb.edu.au/~ben/mtcv/>*

### **SUBSTITUTE LEADER REQUIRED**

*Danny Kosinski is unable to lead the Lake Arakoon swimming ride on the 15th February. If anyone is happy to lead this ride, it's only two weekends away, please let someone on the Committee know.*

### **NAVIGATION TRIAL - 8TH FEB 98**

*Les says this year is harder than any previous navigation trials run by the Club. He is going to take you all up to Daylesford where he has prepared a gruelling course set over approx. 100 kms. He tells me there is "Car access Gravel" I guess that means it's ok for bikes too. All participants will be given directions here and Les will then lead those who do not wish to participate in the Trial down to Trentham where he has discovered a Bakery that sells the best Coffee Scrolls. Hmm..Gravel roads or coffee scrolls...what a difficult choice. See you at the Bakery!!! Once the Trial participants arrive at Trentham, Lunch will be lunched and we will move along home. Should be a good day.*



## GREAT OCEAN ROAD SUNDAY 14TH DECEMBER 1997

Ben Warden	ZXR750	(Leader)	Ian Payne	RF900 (Rear)
Danny Vits	TRX850		Paul Tallents	YZF600
Gerry East	YZF600		Dave Moore	YZF750
Tim Walker	ZX7		Stew Forster	VTR1000
Mike Bosworth	ZX9		Phil(1st ride)	Ducati 916
Paul (1st ride)	CBR900R			

11 bikes 11 people

We made our way down the freeway to Little River, noticing all the bikes going the other way into the city for the Toy Run. Must have been a huge day, but I never did get any figures from Jon R as to the number of existing members attending or the number of new members resulting in this "Membership Drive". The weather looked "iffy" but we pressed on through Lara and Moriac and eventually down to Anglesea. I should start watching where we go on this route because when I try to go down there on my own, I always get lost...surprise,surprise!. The roads are terrific, especially that one with the long sweepers just before you hit the main road into Anglesea.

We stopped at said town for Morning Tea and were approached by no less than six locals warning us of police with sound testing apparatus just outside of town. The few bikes that were on the road on this day were frantically gesticulating to us that the boys in blue were out in force. Did you know that many of the towns on the Great Ocean Road have a 50 km speed limit? I didn't until today. I was going so slow I thought the bike was going to fall over. One cop in a car just in Angelsea, sitting inside his car with a hand held camera...what will they think of next.

We approached the impending police set up and were, as expected, pulled over. We were all breathalysed and our licences checked. Phil on the 916 was checked in at 100 db when his limit should have been 95 db and Stew checked in at 95 db when he should have been at 90 db. I believe a fine ensued and another visit to the cops at a later stage with proof that the level had been reduced. What a bore!

45 minutes later we headed off, slowly, with bikes still warning us of cops. Sure enough an unmarked car sitting just the other side of the road sign welcoming visitors to the Great Ocean Road. Slowly, we proceeded to Lorne where I corner marked as Ben took off in the direction of Erskine Falls.

I was nervous. I could feel my remaining three demerits being sucked from my licence. I pulled the pin. Ian turned up and I said goodbye, to ride slowly home along that bloody freeway, because, you know, I would have got lost if I had tried to go back the same way!

Ben will take over the storytelling, oops, sorry Ben, I mean the details, of the ride.....

Erskine Falls is at the end of 14 km of good twisty bitumen road. It wasn't so long ago that the last few kilometres were dirt. Now it is much more appetising.

We wandered down to the falls for a look. I took a few photos of the remaining group - it is not often that we have a 916 riding with us, after all.

Back at the bikes Tim finally coerced me into riding his new ZX7. I rode it back to Lorne and then to Apollo Bay, regrouping on the far side. I offered Tim his bike back, but he indicated for me to ride it to Lavers Hill. Who am I to argue? The bike is nominally 10 kg

lighter, has 10 more horsepower, and was brand new. The gearing was 500 or 600 rpm lower providing for great acceleration. It took me about 3 km to come to grips with it, and then I rode it as if it were my own. It handled really well, though it seemed more likely to bump steer at the limit, though it never did. Suffice to say that I really enjoyed riding it, having no problem in being the rabbit for Dave to chase. And it began to rain. We lost Phil, Paul, Mike and Paul. No-one had brought wet weathers. lunch was consumed at the normal servo cum general store at Lavers Hill before setting off home. The road back to Apollo Bay was wet, but once we reached the other side the weather fined up. Onto Lorne and up through Deans Marsh and Moriac to Lara for fuel. We broke up at the Shell servo just the other side of the West Gate Bridge. About 550 km for the day, no incidents. Everyone seemed to find the day interesting to say the least.

Gerry East YZF600 &  
Ben Warden (ZXR750)

### **EDITORS JOKE OF THE MONTH**

A few months ago there was an opening with the CIA for an assassin. These highly classified positions are hard to fill, and there's a lot of testing and background tests involved before you can even be considered for the position. After sending some applicants through the background checks, training and testing, they narrowed the possible choices down to 3 men, but only one position was available. The day came for the final test to see which man would get the extremely secretive job. The CIA men administering the test took one of the men to a large metal door and handed him a gun.

"We must know that you will follow your instructions no matter what the circumstances," he explained. "Inside this room, you will find your wife sitting in a chair. Take this gun and kill her." The applicant got a shocked look on his face and said "You can't be serious! I could never shoot my own wife!". "Well", said the CIA man, "you're definitely not the right man for the job then."

So they bring the second candidate to the same door and hand him the gun. "We must know that you will follow your instructions no matter what the circumstances," he explained to the second applicant. "Inside this room, you will find your wife sitting in a chair. Take this gun and kill her." The second man looked a bit shocked, but nevertheless took the gun and went in the room. All was quiet for about 5 minutes, then the door opened. The man came out with tears in his eyes. "I tried to shoot her, I just couldn't pull the trigger and shoot my own wife. I guess I'm not the right man for the job." "No" the CIA man replied, "You don't have what it takes. Take your wife and go the hell home."

Now they're down to one man left to test. Again they lead him to the same door, to the same room and hand him the same gun. "We must know that you will follow your instructions no matter what the circumstances. This is your final test. Inside this room, you will find your wife sitting in a chair. Take this gun and kill her." The third man took the gun and opened the door. Before the door even closed all the way the CIA man heard the gun start firing. One shot after another for 13 shots. Then all hell broke loose in the room. They heard screaming, crashing, banging on the walls. This went on for several minutes, then all went quiet. The door opened slowly, and there stood the third man. He wiped the sweat from his brow and said "You guys didn't tell me the gun was loaded with blanks! I had to beat the bitch to death with a chair!"

## Eildon via Reefton and Black Spurs    Sunday 21st December

YZF600	Tony Schrader, leader	FZR250	Trent *	1st ride
ZX7	Rhys Williams	Tiger 900	Steve *	1st ride
ZX7	Tim Walker	ZXR750H1	Lance *	1st ride
ZXR750	Ben Warden *	GPX750	Russell	
CBR600	Dianne Welsford*	KR1-250	Wayne	1st ride
XJ900	Phil Curran & Glenda (rear)	GF250	Tom	1st ride
RZ500	Jon Riddett *	GSXR750	Mick	1st ride
RF900	Ian Payne *	VTR1000	Stew Forster	
YZF600	Gerry East *			

\* left at Marysville

17 bikes, 18 people

The ride before Christmas is usually well attended, and this was no exception. And what better way to see out the year than a spin across the Reefton and Black Spurs. The only thing that conspired against more people turning up was the fact that we were in a grip of a heat wave. It was forecast to be 35 degrees, and it was certainly was hot. Being Christmas, it is also the silly season for parties and BBQs, further competing for recreational time.

I followed Geraldine through the Christmas Hills swervy. She was riding fast and smoothly. Her shoulder/collar bone was on the mend and she was riding confidently with new tyres (MEZ1, 207) and after having been out practising on the the previous Wednesday (Reefton Spur and Black), on Saturday, and the Great Ocean Road the week before. Also most of the resurfacing gravel is cleared up now.

At Yarra Glen there were 14 bikes and 14 people. Tony gave the corner marking spiel, explaining the days route and activities, and we were soon on the road, heading the back way to Healesville. Gerry and I marked the first corner, and then she sped off in hot pursuit. I was content to follow Dianne for a while.

There was an uncomfortable amount of unsignposted gravel on the last tightening left hander. Having entered the corner a little bit hot after passing Dianne, both front and rear wheels slid out, and thankfully gripped. Sometimes you can be lucky. Sticky tyres help too.

On to Healesville and around to Yarra Junction and Warburton for morning tea. New riders Wayne, Tom, and Mick arrived shortly afterwards. They had been chasing us from KBCP, and then Yarra Glen, and would have us believe that this was not the first time they had pursued the Club. I handed over \$10 to Di. I bet her at the Social Sip that she wouldn't turn up. That will teach me. On the bikes and off to Reefton and the Spur.

Gerry and I were last to leave and again I found myself chasing her exhaust. Only new rider Mick decided that it was unseemly to be passed by a woman, Gerry requiring a determined effort and a large amount of right hand. We slipped by everyone except the two people in front left to corner mark at the start of the Spur. I noted to her later that we were the "hoon" element of the ride.

Tony set a cracking pace up the Spur, all those race days paying off in fast and smooth lines. I sat on his tail as best I could, working very hard to do so, scraping a couple of times. The surface was a bit leafy and twiggy after a recent storm but we treated the road as if it was perfectly clean. Horn, horn, horn. Probably my fastest trip ever. I arrived puffing and panting, needing a drink. Tony's front 207 was shedding rubber, which he amiably blamed me for. Soon after Tim arrived, hard on the front brakes chirping the front wheel, with Gerry close behind. And then the rest. We had a bit of a regroup, a rant, a rave. Everyone was pretty excited and talkative.

Over the dirt and on to Marysville. I passed the leader in the dusty dirt section (sorry Jack) and waited at the end, cleaning my visor and lubing the chain, also for a few others. Then the last plunge down into Marysville for lunch. Surprise, surprise, John Clowes (RGV250) and Eric Makin (YZF750) and their friend Dwayne (YZF750) were there. It was very hot.

After lunch there was a mass exodus. A gust of wind blew over Lance's ZXR, snapping his clutch lever amongst other things, and Dianne felt obligated to follow him home, having introduced him to the Club. I was meant to be at a family do at 11 am and figured better late than never. Jon Riddett was meeting up with the QL Club at the Buxton Pub. His RZ500 was oiling up on one cylinder quite badly, blowing a lot of smoke. Ian had to get home to pack for an overseas holiday. The rest, who knows, other than it was very hot, with an unpleasant hot north wind blowing. Most of eastern Gippsland was on fire.

Gerry and I got mixed up with John, Eric and Dwayne as we left Marysville. We were quite happy to follow Geraldine, though Dwayne passed her near the end around a fast, steep, down hill, left hand sweeper. Gerry held her line, and the power on, and the corner went and went.... Dwayne was squeezed wide and had to work much harder than expected. I watched, amused. His only comment: "I thought it was a bloke", which is a back-handed sort of compliment I guess. Gerry passed him again in the Narbethong traffic.

Entering the Black Spur the derby was on in earnest. I couldn't get Eric under power, and not under brakes because of the traffic and he had the line. Eventually he let me through. The bike was pretty loose (it made a big difference changing the fork oil after 40,000 km a week later) scraping around the smooth esses. And then Dwayne just grunted up the inside of me and there was nothing I could do, but follow and watch his effortless lines. He's going racing.

Meanwhile back at the ride the excitement continued unabated. Alas, I was not there to witness any of the events, but Tim Walker was, and with the power of modern technology, Tim electronically mailed me the following, which I have appended. Read on with pleasure.

Ben Warden (Kawasaki ZXR750)

We left Marysville and cruised on through Buxton where I noticed that the car/bike park at the Pub was full of bikes. We then followed the Maroondah Highway to Taggerty where we turned off towards Eildon.

About 3 km before Eildon we turned right onto the road to Jamieson, intending to do a U-turn where the bitumen turns to gravel. After about 30 km of Reefton-like road, but narrower, I crossed a bridge noticing Tony and Stewart parked just off to the left. I braked hard and did a U-turn to join them. Apparently the gravel road was just out of sight, a few bends away. We waited for the rest to arrive. The strong winds had scattered a large amount of leaf litter over some portions of the road, but it was the sort of road I love: tight and twisty - with plenty of opportunities for accelerating and braking.

After a short rest we set about the return journey. I followed Tony, trying to copy his flowing lines into the corners, with varying degrees of success. Stewart was generally visible in my mirrors when I had the composure to look.

Back at the main road we waited, Tony wanting to regroup. Rhys arrived, followed by 3 non-members (Trent, Tom, and Mick). After 10 minutes we were still waiting for Wayne (KR1-250) and Phil, the rear rider. Tony decided to return to see what had happened and I followed. After about 10 km we passed them going the other way. We turned around and Phil had stopped to explain that the Wayne had failed to negotiate a tight left hander, instead going straight on into the bush. To my eye, while riding past, he looked OK, and the bike had no obvious damage.

Rhys and the non-members decided to take the direct route back home, leaving just Tony, Stewart, Phil & Glenda, and myself. We headed off to Eildon, through the Fraser National Park and on to Alexandra taking the Maroondah Highway for a while, before turning right down a back road to Molesworth. We then stopped for a welcome drink break at Yea.

Phil, having been rear rider since Marysville, headed off to the west, while Tony, Stewart and myself headed south towards Kinglake West. About 5 km out of Yea Stewart rapidly vanished from my rear view mirrors. I overtook and stopped Tony, and we returned to Yea to find Stewart by the air compressor line, in a service station. The rear tyre was flat - I could press it in at least three quarters of an inch with my thumbs. Stewart pumped it up but couldn't find an obvious puncture so we headed off south again.

We stopped at Whittlesea to check Stewarts tyre. The pressure was down to about 15 psi and it was reinflated to 30 psi. The compressor couldn't produce anymore! We officially disbanded after, personally, a most enjoyable day's ride.

Tim Walker (Kawasaki ZX7)

## 1997 CHRISTMAS CAMP - POREPUNKAH

### **SATURDAY 27.12.97 - Melb/Bonnie Doon/Moyhu/Porepunkah**

Ben Warden (ZXR750)

Ian Payne (RF900)

Dianne Welsford (CBR600)

After leaving Yarra Glen late due to a little confusion about meeting time, Ben, Ian and I headed off to Bonnie Doon. By the time we reached the Bonnie Doon servo (which also seemed to be a "perv stop" for the guys?! ) it was already stinking hot and I was envying those in their summer clothes on their way to Lake Eildon, oh well, we get a free all day sauna in our leathers!

After refilling our bikes and our stomachs we headed toward Alexandra where we had an unscheduled stop to have a chat to one of our friends in blue! Going well so far!

On through Swanpool to Moyhu where we stopped for an ice-cream and finally got motivated to put our "winter woolies" back on for the last leg.

With Ben leading us through all the backroads (geez we trust you don't we Ben!), we reached camp mid arvo and just veged around catching up with those already there.

That night I joined John, Lyn, Ian and Tony for a spit-roast at the local pub before Les turned up and the 2 of us headed into Bright to join those who met Pam & Andrew for a BBQ in the flat they were renting. After a few hours the mob headed back to the camp, I took off toward Harrietville for a beautiful night ride and Ben and Jennifer later decided to try their luck at wombat dodging and headed up Mt Buffalo.

### **SUNDAY 28.12.97 - Mitta Mitta/Dartmouth Dam/Tallangatta**

Ben led our little troop of Ian, Wayne, Derek, Kathy and I through some fantastic roads to Mitta Mitta. We stopped here to rehydrate our bodies and Kathy and I roadtested the Milo ice-creams..verdict-doesn't beat a Magnum! Then on to Dartmouth Dam for a little education on engineering...and cornering skills..unreal roads.

On to Tallangatta where we stopped from 2 to 3.30 for lunch and to wait for it to cool down a little...Wayne had a siesta (more like a coma!), Ben had a snoop through my jacket pockets (would have filled the 1½ hours wouldn't it Ben?), Derek did a good impression of the hop-skip-&-jump through Tallangatta as he couldn't be bothered putting his bike boots back on to visit the gents, and Kathy and Ian disappeared together (gave us something to goss about anyway!).

At 3.30 Ben showed what a sense of humour he has by announcing he was going all the way past Khancoban! Derek and Kathy (obviously suffering heatstroke!) agreed to follow this fool. However those wiser (Ian, Wayne and I) headed back to camp (Wayne did you go via Sydney?! ) for a swim in the river with all the rug-rats.

After a BBQ tea our intrepid travellers returned well after 10.00pm and approximately 750kms, not to mention Ben misjudging the time the servo closes at Khancoban and having to beg them for petrol. (Are you any wiser yet Derek and Kathy?! )

### **MONDAY 29.12.97 - Mt Hotham/Dinner Plain/...**

Yes we followed Ben yet again...Jennifer, Derek, Kathy and I....and we met Jon, Dav and Karen up at Mt Hotham. Jennifer, Ben and I shared a chairlift down the slopes allowing Derek and Kathy some privacy on their ride! Apparently in Summer the adrenalin junkies can go rock dodging down the slopes on mountain bikes! Jon wanted to do this while he was up there but seeing as I haven't seen any plaster on him he mustn't have. However Karen managed to injure her ankle, walking up the step into the bar and Dav drove through a "barrier" to collect her (to be fair only a rope-like one)...treacherous things these mountains!

We stopped at Dinner Plain next for a pretty impressive counter-lunch (they have unreal Nachos!) after which Derek and Kathy followed Ben and Jennifer on to Omeo where Jennifer was going to leave for home. Derek doesn't seem to have learned his lesson yet, but he did come home a different way after deciding Ben would be covering too many kilometres by the time he returned. I decided to cruise back and check out the local roads myself. Rode back along the Tawonga Gap Road, to Mt Beauty, back along the Tawonga Gap (decided not to try to do it blindfolded just yet!) and back to Bright where I seemed to get held up at the servo for about an hour chatting to some guys who had a bit of bad luck with one of their bikes (Craig & Izi).

After another dip in the river Jon, Ian, Kerry, Ben and I had pizza in Bright then headed to a little ice-cream shop Ian recommended for a serving of ice-cream. However Ben and Ian dished me out a serving of another kind when we bumped into Craig and Izi again...what chums...not!

## **TUESDAY 30.12.97 - Loop around Tawonga Gap & Dederang Gap**

Ben and I joined 3 friendly guys we met up there for a quick ride before they headed home. We had a ZX6, a ZX9, a ZX10 and Ben's ZXR 750 and me to balance it up with a bit of class (cough, cough!).

Had a FANTASTIC ride through the Tawonga Gap (decided I could do it blindfolded by now but didn't have time to put a blindfold on!) where the stop at the lookout provided Ben with a couple of lovebites to the neck, by a wasp that was pretty peeved at being caught in his "tea cosy"! But Ben being Ben, it wasn't long before he got back on the bike anyway and off we headed toward the Kiewa Valley Highway (stopping twice more for one of the other guys to let a bee out of his helmet) and onto the Dederang Gap, where Ben came to a sudden stop and obligingly gave us a dramatic display of everything he ate in the previous 24 hours (just carrots Ben?!).

We found some shade and headed to it to enable Ben to recover....but Ben being Ben....anyway, the rest of us enjoyed the break! Off to Myrtleford for a cold drink and chat.

From here we said our goodbyes and Ben and I rode back to camp where Ben "not being Ben anymore" spent the rest of the day feeling crook, and Jon after giving up trying to persuade me to put my leathers back on and joining him for a ride, agreed to join me for a cold drink in town. So we spent the next few hours discussing you lot in the local air-conditioned milk bar eating ice-cream, walked out...both agreed it was still too hot so went to the servo where Jon attacked a burger and I continued trying to dry up Bright's supply of Diet Coke. Also made a mental note to avoid this area at this time of year in future...too damned hot!!

Later when the Sun had gone down and temperatures resembled something a little more bearable Jon and I decided to run the gauntlet of local wildlife and ride to the top of Mt Buffalo. Aside from the odd kamikaze possum and rabbit there didn't seem to be too much out, was quite interesting trying to see the road though. But it was worth it for the view from the top....you can't beat it.

## **WEDNESDAY 31.12.97 - Mt Hotham/Dinner Plain/New Years Eve**

By this time I'd had enough of the heat and if it weren't for the fact it was New Years Eve I would have pulled the plug early. Decided to do the next best thing and head UP....to spend the day in Mt Hotham and Dinner Plain where the temperatures were a LOT more pleasant. Ian and Kerrie saw the wisdom of my ways and joined me! Played the yuppie and enjoyed caffe latte's at the restaurant at Hotham...along with a million flies.

Then headed to the Dinner Plain Hotel for a very very stretched out lunch (I was fast becoming addicted to their Nachos too!), cuppa, pool etc. (it was an interesting game of pool with a couple of spare balls lying around, you just had to count out an even number for each player!), and even a look at one of the homes for sale up there (I must start buying Tatts tickets, I think I could really get used to the Yuppie lifestyle!).

The ride up and down Mt Hotham was done with care as the asphalt on some of the corners was quite slippery due to them using a different kind of asphalt because of the snow. I was provided with a little entertainment when a 4 wheel drive decided to speed up and try to keep in front of me, causing him to slide around every corner. Stayed behind him long enough to amuse myself then overtook him.

Back at camp reinforcements had arrived - Paul, Craig and Mark.

That evening with Craig as a pillion I followed Paul into Bright for petrol and I was MEANT to get some more grog for Ian (SORRY Ian!). After settling into the Beer Garden in town it was amazing how quickly time slipped away and when we decided to leave the bottle shop was closed...oops! Anyway, saw the New Year in at the campground but as we didn't know whose watch was correct we pulled the poppers somewhere around 12, or was it 12.01, or 12.03???

No action at the campground so I loaded up my pillion and with Ben in tow headed back for Bright. It wasn't long before "The Mob" arrived in Dav's "people mover" as I had kidnapped their entertainment! Bright had died down a lot already but Craig soon changed that! After exposing to the locals a little more than I think is actually legal, he started the flagpole climbing competitions. Craig didn't win but he sure got it started.

After walking a little more around town, with Ian and Craig faking arguments for the cops, it was decided that must be about it so we headed back to the campground which was quite a trip back as Craig was high-fiving everyone in town, which is fine until one of them tried to grab his hand and pull him off the bike! Anyway, we made it back in one piece and sat up yakking (and Craig also gave us a graphic display of all the carrots he'd been eating!) until after 3 in the morning when we finally crawled into our tents.

So the New Year was seen in.

## Xmas Camp, Porepunkah Highlights

Who was there: 32 members and friends

TT350	Les Leahy	HD Holden	Peter Philferan
Falcon, trailer, and XT250	Lyn Duncan	Caravel	Davorin Zivkovic
XR400	John Willis	Kia	Karen & 2 kids
Dominator	Andrew Kennedy	R1100GS	Steve Leyland
Car	Luke Richardson and Stavrua	Corolla	Sue Wells
NTV650	Jenny Burns	ZXR750	Ben Warden
VFR750	Mark Turner	RF900	Ian Payne
626 Mazda	Kerrie Gooding	YZF750	Craig Morley
YZF600	Paul Tallents	K100RT	Jon Riddett
Nissan	Wendy	CBR600	Dianne Welsford
FZR1000	Derek Atkinson	Falcon?	Kathy Robinson
XJ600	Wayne Grant	Dominator	Tony Pricor
Car	Andrew, Pam, & 2 kids	KLR650	Scott

Most people did their own thing during the period between Christmas and New Year. For instance, John and Lyn went dirt bike riding all the days they were there until a massive puncture. People arrived and departed at different times. The weather was generally hot and dry, usually in the 30's and a couple of days were in the 40's. I won't bother detailing what everyone did but just a few things a few of us got up to.

Ian, Dianne and myself agreed to meet at Yarra Glen on Saturday December 27th at 11 am. I was still busy manufacturing the final solution - a new 6 cm wide stainless steel muffler bracket. Never again will it break. We rode to Healesville, over the Black Spur, Marysville, Alexandra, Bonnie Doon (for lunch), Swan Pool, Moyhu, Myrtleford and Porepunkah. To create a bit of excitement I slipped around a marked 4WD police car at a stop sign in Alexandra. He left me roasting in the sun for 20 minutes while he sat in air conditioned comfort leafing through his charge book. Another 3 points and \$165.

That evening we spent a very pleasant time at Pam and Andrew's rented abode in town at a BBQ with 10 or so other MTCVers. Late that evening I dinked Jenny to the top of Mt Buffalo to count comets, space junk, and meteorites etc falling to earth. The view was spectacular.

Sunday I lead a long 720 km ride. Accompanying me were Dianne, Ian, Wayne, Derek and Kathy, two-up. Over the Tawonga Gap, along the Gundowring Road, down to Mitta Mitta (sensational road) for morning tea, up to Tallangatta for late lunch where Di, Wayne, and Ian headed off in all directions. Di, Ian and Kerrie ending up swimming in the river. Derek, Kathy and I pressed on to Corryong and Khancoban and then down to Geehi and Tom Groggin on The Alpine Way, one of the best roads around. When I said to Derek that petrol at Khancoban closed at 7 pm, ie in 15 minutes, he actually went ballistic. Of course when we arrived back and it was shut, but the man opened up for us. Back to Corryong and Tallangatta, down the Gundowring road, and across the Dederang Gap and back to Porepunkah. It was after dark, so pretty late. The gang had congregated around the communal BBQ and I scored a couple of left over sausages for tea. Thankyou Ian.

Next day, Monday, was a scorcher so we (Ben, Dianne, Jenny, Derek, and Kathy) headed for Harrietville (via Tawonga Gap - love that road) and Mt Hotham. We enjoyed a chair lift down a ski run for \$8 before joining Dav, Jon Riddett, and Karen and the kids for a drink. Karen kicked a step at the chalet and buggered her many-times-operated-on ankle, the swelling quite impressive. We decided to all have lunch at Dinner Plain in the Pub, watch a bit of cricket, and escape the heat.

After lunch Derek, Jenny, and I pressed on to Omeo (10 km dirt). Jenny headed for Bairnesdale and home. I was interested in riding north of Omeo on the twisty bits. Turned out to be 45 km of very tight and twisty road. I really noticed the bike's weight and my arms were getting sore. At the end of the bitumen Derek and Kathy decided to head across the 26 km of dirt to Falls Creek. I back tracked to Omeo, Hotham, Harrietville, and home. We all made it back safely. 450 km for the day. For tea we headed for the pub - there were about 14 of us. I had the grilled trout, possibly with extra salmonella. That night I felt very seedy but managed to sleep through it.

Next morning, Tuesday, I felt crook. Never-the-less Di and I decided to accompany a few other Kawasaki riders (ZX9, ZX6, ZX10) from the camp on a ride across the Tawonga Gap, up the Highway, and back across the Dederang Gap. A 120 km loop. We had a long, late breakfast in Bright, where I consumed a

chocolate milk, understanding that this would bring to a head whatever was making me feel so sick. Now on the bikes, Di passed all the boys and tucked in behind me. Then we passed another group of six riders heading up the Tawonga Gap. It was really good watching her pass all these blokes as well. We regrouped at the top at the lookout where I was promptly stung by a wasp.

At the end of the Dederang Gap I felt an uncontrollable urge to throw up, jumped on the brakes, ripped off my helmet, and did just that. The others waited in the shade. It was very hot. Luckily I had some water. I spent the rest of the day in my sauna like tent, aching all over. In the late afternoon, feeling marginally better and bored, I rode up Mt Buffalo with Derek. It is more enjoyable riding with someone to share the experience. Thanks Derek. I ended up going up and down the mountain six times, twice in the dark. The trick was to ride after 5 pm and avoid the \$2 National Parks entrance fee - more the inconvenience of having to stop and find money, than the actual money.

That evening a bunch of us (Ian, Kerrie, Jon, Di and Ben) had tea at the Pizza parlour.

Wednesday morning I dinked Dav to the top of Mount Buffalo where we sat in the Chalet and drank ice coffees for a few hours, discussing the meaning of life, the universe and everything. Back down to Bright where we headed for ice creams at the local milk bar and were joined by Kathy and Derek, who had been sitting in the river at Harrierville all morning. It was blazing hot again. We spent most of the afternoon eating 50 cent icy-poles.

At some stage Dav needed transport to buy a gas bottle so took my bike, returning with complaints of unbearably uncomfortable riding position. I said it only comes good above 120 km/h when the wind pressure on the shoulders takes the weight off your wrists. I suggested he ride it to Harrierville, just 25 km up the road, and back. He took up the offer, returning very shortly afterwards, complaining that he had reached some ridiculous speed, and it wasn't doing much, so he wound it to the stop and left it there, reaching top speed. He now has a slightly more appreciative view of the seating position! Shame he was only wearing his Queensland safety gear at the time, though he did have a collar.

Around 6 pm Ian and I did a training run up the mountain. Had a pizza for tea, late that night with Dav, Karen and the kids, after walking around in circles for a while. Karen generously paid for everyone. Mark, Craig, and Paul had arrived. Craig was his usual flamboyant self, and his Mt Vesuvius impersonation from a horizontal sleeping position on the ground (Di put him there) will long be remembered. He also created a bit of a stir in town - see Di's article.

News Years Day, I dinked Karen to the top of a nearby hill where her daughter undertook a paraglider jump. Absolutely sensational. The paragliders have a glide angle of something dismal like 3 to 1, yet immediately after launch hers gained height at a rapid rate, catching a thermal. There were 6 or 7 in the sky at one time. Fantastic. The worse part was the 7 km dirt road to the summit - a four wheel drive track. It was very steep and rocky, all the more fun coming down. The thermatic fan ran almost continuously. It was hot work, but worth it.

The afternoon was spent in the river, failing to avoid getting sunburnt on the shoulders and neck. We went out to tea again and Karen paid again. Thankyou. A fair number of the troupes had headed home so it was a relatively quiet evening. I probably went up the mountain for the sixth and last time.

Friday I packed the tent and bag into Dav's Caravel. What a joy to travel without any luggage. Thanks Dav. I headed home via El Dorado, a 100 metre long gold processing dredge abandoned in a creek bed. It scooped out alluvial pebbles etc to a depth of 90 feet (30 metres), crushed and treated the mixture with a number of processes including adding cyanide. The noise from it could be heard 10 km away. An environmental nightmare in every aspect. It was decommissioned in the 1950's when it no-longer became economical. Very interesting.

All in all a great Christmas Camp.

Ben Warden (ZXR750)

## FEBRUARY CALENDAR OF EVENTS

<b>Feb 6-8:</b> Southern 80 Ski Race. Golt, Huntingdale; Ficifolia Springvale; <b>Feb 15:</b> All Ford Werribee; Bush Market, Echuca; <b>Feb 6-Mar 29:</b> Festival of Sport, Albury-Wodonga; <b>Feb 7:</b> Cycling Festival, Leongatha; <b>Feb 12-15:</b> Australian Masters	<b>Feb 13-15:</b> Festival Drouin; Riverboats Jazz Food & Wine Weekend, Echuca; <b>Feb 14-15:</b> Holland International Festival,	<b>Feb 15:</b> Day, Geelong; Festival in the Foothills, Croydon; <b>Feb 22:</b> Harvest Picnic, Hanging Rock; <b>Feb 27:</b> My Fair Lady Concert,	<b>Feb 27-Mar 9:</b> Shepparton; International Motor Show, South Melbourne.
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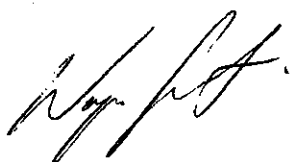


## Adventure Time at Porepunkah

During the Christmas/New Year break some of us had seven days away from work, home and whatever other hassles. Bike riding, particularly around this area, is excellent although I need a day off after each two or three days on the bike. With this spare time I figured it was worth doing something different and the local areas provide plenty. Sue and myself went horse riding, something I'd always wanted to do but never any time, which was well worth it. Admittedly it was hot and we chewed dust for most of the ride with the occasional trot. If you have ever ridden a horse you would understand the importance of sitting correctly and moving with the horse when they canter. Well, I failed to appreciate any of this therefore a two hour ride is more than enough. Sue, on the other hand, probably could have ridden around the high country all day. That's the difference between knowing what your doing and having a first ride. For around thirty dollars it was a good laugh.

Also worth doing were the joy flights in these powered hang gliders. I don't know the correct name but they have a hang gliders wing with a couple of seats below and a 500cc two stroke engine hang out back. Cruising around at two thousand feet is a great way to see Porepunkah/Bright and the local area. We attempted to fly all the way up Mt Buffalo but the air/wind etc was knocking us about. Apparently the hot air rising off the fields plays havoc with the cold air off the mountains. We were up and down like a fiddlers elbow. The instructor said not to worry as birds experience this sort of thing all the time. Great theory except I am not a bird. Thankfully we were on the ground shortly after a surprisingly smooth landing. For \$110 this was a great way to spend 30 minutes and the photos were something else. The aircraft has a camera mounted on the wing taking photos of those on board and the spectacular scenery behind.

The highlight of the week was skydiving at Corowa where the national championships were on. I paid for the jump on the spot so I had to go through with it. The plane journey to the correct height took about 40 minutes! I figured we would never get there - I was told because the plane was so full it took longer. In the back of the plane there was just myself in motorcycle boots and all with twenty professionals in all there fancy getup. It was obvious that I was the odd one, still they did there best to put me at ease. Finally 13,500 ft (4 km) and it's time. The professionals had all jumped and my tandem walks me to the back of the plane. Looking 4 km down is the most sinking feeling I've ever felt, if you could back out at this stage I would have - no question about it! However that is not an option, you have come this far. O.K. Wayne it's time to leave. That initial leap into nothing is very hard to describe and the acceleration is impressive (you fall at over two hundred km's). The next sensation is the wind roar and the peeling back of your face. This type of thing maynot be everybodys cup of tea but if you think motorcycling is a buzz just wait until you try this!



Wayne Grant

### **Racing at Phillip Island**

Cars from the early 1920s will be among competitors in two days of historic car racing at Phillip Island, February 28 and March 1, run by the Victorian Historic Racing Register.

Admission: Saturday, \$10, Sunday \$15, children under 16 free. Show a current RACV membership tag for a free program.

Oops I forgot I volunteered to do write up, so this is bit of test for my memory, Let me see Joined the ride at Hallam where Russell on GPX was already waiting. Tony on Dominator rolled up next, we enjoyed his company with mate Ian at Christmas Camp. He brought Scott with him this time, who we'd met before on another day.

Bikes rolling up fast now, amazingly for this time of year I thought lots would be away, 23 Bikes 25 people Paul's planned out a top ride, Geoff Jones is going to be rear rider, good on Ya Geoff. And we head off, Oh am I suppose to know where? Ian would be able to tell you, think he's pretty familiar with them roads. We ended up coming out at Narre Warren, I think, a short stint along the only bit of straight road we do all day and turn up toward Cookatoo, Nangana, Healsville with slight delay and regroup at Yarra Glen. It's gona be hard for Paul to get everyone moving again, it's obvious we all havent seen each other for a while, anyway he manages to get is rolling, Ian departs for holiday preparations O/s lucky fella, and were off toward Christmas Hills, Panton Hills, Cottels Bridge through to Whittlesea. refule only, this seemed to be unfamiliar route for all of us through Yarambat I think, Onto Kinglake West, through to Melba Hwy, I'm corner marking with Steve, he says "theres Tom" I was thinking it may have been his bike at Kinglake when we went through, Andi on her TRX and Trent on FZR. Tom's gone past on the back wheel, with Trent (first time on a bike) observing how to ride a TL, hope they join the ride. Tom and John are corner marking in Healsville guess they're coming along. Marysville for lunch and time to catch up with people and hear about Tom and Andi's latest trip. I'm tiring, John suggests we hear more of Tom and Andi stories over a beer. Ben calls in after finishing complete ride to ensure all is well. Thanks Paul for geat day, and everyone.

Participants; Ian RF900, Geoff RZ350, Rhys ZX7, Robbie L. VFR750 Steve R1100gs, Craig YZF750, Sam ZXR750, Ben ZXR750, Mark VFR750, Danny K. VFR750, Russell GPX750, John TRX850, LynGSXR750T, Wayne Sega, Paul YZF600, Tim ZX7R, Andrew CB900RR, Pat CBR900, Tony P. Dominator, Scott KLR650, John R65, Tom + Heath TL, Andi TRX850, Trent FZR250.

**I**n 1979 the Motorcycle Riders' Association first challenged organisations to donate more blood than motorcyclists during summer.

That challenge has grown into an annual Victorian "event."

Last year 6000 holiday-time blood donations were made when most needed by hospitals.

This summer's MRA challenge continues throughout February.

The RACV is one of 40 groups competing. Donate blood at any Red Cross blood bank (enquiries: 9694 0111) and nominate one of the 35 or so competing organisations after donating.

And, of course, the RACV and/or Motorcycle Riders' Association would welcome your "vote."

## Demerits

AN errant motorist incurring 12 demerit points in a three year period has an option - to keep his or her driving licence for 12 months, or undergo a three month suspension.

But...when taking the 12-month option any demerit points "collected" within a year means licence suspension for six months.

To find out if you have demerit points - or how many - telephone: 13 11 73.

**Demerit of the month:** Driving on the wrong side of double lines or a divided highway can fetch a \$165 on-the-spot fine and...three demerit points.

## Melville Caves Ride - Sunday 11<sup>th</sup> of January

*Steve Leyland / Sue - BMW R1100 GS*  
*Andrew Kennedy - Honda Dominator*  
*John Riddett / Wendy - BMW K100*  
*David / Lisa - BMW R100 GS*  
*Stav - Honda VT250*

*Wayne Grant - Yamaha Seca 600*  
*Gary - Honda ST1100*  
*Jack Youdan - BMW R1100 GS*  
*Luke Richardson - Yamaha Seca 600*

After collecting everyone from the Laverton pick up we took off toward Exford. This ride was different in that BMWs' were definitely over represented given their general popularity. Also it was great to see some potential new members on the ride. From there it was on to Glenmore where we picked up both Luke & Stav during the journey. One thing you notice on these rides is the vastness of the country as the land is as flat as a tack. Mt Wallace & Mt Egerton were the next two destinations, Mt Wallace is an interesting diversion although I think it's a bit of goat track as the road is pretty chopped up and steep.

Wallace, Dean and Creswick followed (they're towns not people) and we were back on the flat stuff. I was once told the mountains attract the rain and moisture. Now, I don't know if this is true but this flat country is certainly hot and you just knew it would be getting hotter. Not a good day for neck warmers so you just have to put up with the bugs, stones etc hitting your neck. Creswick was the biggest town we had been through and looked like a welcome stop for morning tea. After a much needed drink we were off again heading north west to Clunes and Maryborough. I have friends who grew up here and once I saw the place I felt sorry for them. Wasteland is the most concise and accurate description.

Lunch was now on everyone's mind along with something to drink and Dunolly was the chosen spot. John Riddett was saying how he grew up on King Island and how comparable it was to this little place where you can see both ends of town and hardly turn your head. Suddenly the sympathy I felt for my friends was transferred to J.R. and all the kids who grow up knowing their future bride is the farmers' daughter next door.

Next stop was the Melville Caves, which are quite good and worthy of a couple of photos. John was having a few problems with the B.M.W. at this stage saying his fuel was getting too hot. B.M.W. owners are very responsible ( or experienced) in that they always carry spares. John had a spare fuel pump (who carries those?) and Jack had a fuel filter. As it turned out the fuel filter was blocked solid the poor pump must have been haemoraging. So under the watchfull eye of Jack this couching black lump was fixed and wore a smile all the way home.

From the caves we headed home via Newbridge, Eddington and Maldon. Maldon is a beautiful little town, very historic. However when we arrive it was experiencing a downpour, much welcome rain they probably haven't had in ages. We regrouped and decided the quickest way for each of us to get home as it was now after 5.00 PM. The finally break up for the group was just down the road at Gisborne. Hats off to the guest riders Lisa & Dave for persevering for the whole day particularly given the heat & the downpour. A good day to find out just how much you really enjoy bikes. On the whole a great day, well organised Steve and thankfully no incidents. The only casualty was J.R's B.M.W. and even that managed to survive the day.

**Wayne Grant**

# TANK MUSEUM & MORNINGTON PENINSULA

## 18 JANUARY, 1998

Ron JOHNSTON, (LEADER), *CB 400/4*  
Wayne GRANT, (REAR RIDER), *Yamaha Seca*  
Lance DE JONG, *ZXR 750*  
Tony PRICTOR, *NX 650*  
Adrian MURRAY, (2ND RIDE), *VFR 750*  
Vince GENOVA, *98 Fireblade*  
Don & Nicky, *Blackbird*

Pat TAYEH, (2ND RIDE), *900 Fireblade*  
Scott HAINES, (2ND RIDE), *KLR 650*  
Barry HUFTON, *ST 1100*  
Jeff JONES, (1ST RIDE), *RZ 350*  
Darren WEBSTER, (1ST RIDE), *ZZR 250*  
Steve WRIGHT, *CBR 900*

13 BIKES - 15 PEOPLE

1 CAR - 5 PEOPLE

WEATHER: OVERCAST, CLOUDY, WINDY BUT FINE

**Sunday.** Overcast & hope it would not rain, considering it was 42° on Saturday. Alister & I headed off after breakfast to K.B.C.P. Alister was a pillion passenger. Arrival time at K.B.C.P was 0900, ten minutes elapsed and a couple of young females singing loudly, ziz-zaging their way across the car park towards us. The girls asked if I had any cigarettes, I said, "I did not smoke". They waffled on, looking at themselves in the bike mirror to see how they looked the morning after, they eventually left & went on their merry way singing. Alister asked, "what was wrong with them". I told him, "that's what happen when you drink & party all night". Barry, Pat, Peter K, Adrian, Wayne. Peter K. waits for his friend to arrive, who unfortunately was stopped by the cops earlier on. As we were leaving K.B.C.P., Peter's friend turns up.

I asked Pat to lead the way to Hallam, Wayne was rear rider. We lost Peter K. & his friend on the Eastern Freeway. Pat went past the turn off to Hallam and we had to back track. Arrived at Hallam minus the two riders. A fuel stop, coffee and a chat. Weather was threatening, light rain. We set off for the Tank Museum, which wasn't far away. All arrived safely. Vince, Don & Nicky and Steve arrived at the Tank Museum, 20 minutes later. Vince asked, "if we had waited at the servo", he was waiting at Shell instead of at Liberty. We left the Tank Museum at midday. Daniel was pillion passenger from here on. There were 13 bikes, 1 car, totalled 20 people, not a bad turn out. Adrian on the VFR, left here.

We headed off around Cardinia Reservoir, Emerald, Cockatoo, Pakenham Upper, Koo-Wee-Rup, Tooradin for lunch. Tooradin was busy with people, lunch here for an hour, there was also a tractor pull event down the road. Vince, Don & Nicky, Steve, Darren, Lance, Wayne & Pat all went their own way from Tooradin. Scott, Barry, Tony, Jeff & myself as well as my wife, Julie, Alister, Daniel McIntosh, Geoff and Ken McNabb who are in the car for the Peninsula Pearcedale, Tyabb. We stopped at the start of the gravel road by Devilbend Reservoir waiting for Julie (trying to keep up in the wagon). Scott & Tony headed off on their own from here.

That left Barry, Jeff, myself, Julie, Ken McNabb and the kids. We headed at 6kms. of gravel road. Not everyone's cup of tea. Moorooduc South, Foxey's Hangout, Merricks, Tar Barrel Corner, Red Hill South, Shands Road - 3 kms. gravel & corrugation onto Flinders, Boneo Road, Boneo Back up to Main Ridge and onto Pine Ridge Motor Museum. Barry & Jeff left from here to go home. Julie had a cup of tea while myself, the kids and friends went in to the museum. An enjoyable visit. It was a good day and no mishaps. After Scott and Tony left us earlier, we passed them on 3 occasions zipping around. Total of 330 kms. clocked for the day.

**RON JOHNSTON**

## Tallangatta, Friday 23rd January 1998

Mark Dennis farewelled Ben Warden (ZXR750), Geraldine East (YZF600) and Tim Walker (ZX7) at Whittlesea at the scheduled 3:30 pm leave time. Thanks Mark. Danny Vits (TRX850), Arthur (K1200RS, first ride), and Rhys Williams (ZX7) had left Melbourne around midday. Peter Philferan was meeting us up there in his faithful HD Holden, Derek Atkinson (FZR1000) and Kathy Robinson (CD250) were making their own way, and Wayne Grant (XJ600) was catching up with us later in the evening, working the full day.

The weather was hot and sultry. We three fuelled up and were soon on our way, the proposed route: Yea, Bonnie Doon, Swan pool, Moyhu, Myrtleford, Dederang Gap, Gundowring, and Tallangatta. 450 ish km. So much for plans....

At Flowerdale I looked in my mirror and there was no Geraldine. Tim said she had disappeared in the last few km. We back-tracked 5 or 6 km and stopped. No sign of her. Hmm. Now for a serious conference, resulting in me doubling back to Kinglake West, and Tim riding slowly back to Flowerdale, checking every corner for tell tale signs... She wasn't at Kinglake West so I flew back towards Flowerdale, my mind racing through all possible scenarios, most of them unpleasant. What do you do if someone vanishes? I was decidedly uncomfortable, even distressed. Luckily, as I rounded a corner, the pair of them were waiting at the side of the road. Gerry had pulled into that little group of shops off the highway to check her tyre pressures, the bike feeling strange. The pressures checked out okay so we pressed on to Yea and then Bonnie Doon for fuel and sustenance, all a tad wiser.

About 4 km out of Bonnie Doon the bike started to run rough. Not again, I thought, a feeling of dread descending. (Not two weeks earlier the fuel pump relay had apparently failed). Now running on 3 cylinders, now 2, now dead. I could have cried, but I am a boy, so I didn't.

Generously Tim and Geraldine offered to stay and help, and provide whatever assistance they could. There were a lot of possibilities. Eventually Tim and I loaded our bags onto Geraldine's YZF, held securely with about 5 okky straps. Her mission: head to Tallangatta and the Victoria Hotel via the most direct route - Benalla and the Hume Highway, organise the accommodation, meet and explain to the others what we were up to, all of which she achieved with a minimum of fuss. Thanks Gerry.

Initially I thought that Tim would pillion me back to Melbourne to pick up a spare fuel pump and a relay or two, but quite unexpected and generously he said "No good two of us going - you take the bike and I will stay here." He was sure, so off I shot.

At about Yea it occurred to me that Tim was in the middle of nowhere (he pushed the bike into a lay-by area) with no water, no food, no toilets, no light, nowhere to sit or lay down, with nothing to do but wait in the dark, for a minimum of three hours. I think I was meant to go back to Bonnie Doon, get a tow rope, and tow the bike back to Bonnie Doon providing Tim with access to creature comforts, before setting off. Ho-hum. Sorry Tim.

I made very good time travelling the 150 km back to Melbourne, collecting the old ZXR-J fuel pump, finding a couple of relays, a few tools, a tow rope, and a knapsack to carry it all in.

I filled up at Mill Park, the sun getting ominously low, the clouds a glorious orange. At South Morang I was stung by a bee and had to stop and scrape the sting out of my neck. Unfortunately a fair dose of venom had been injected, probably by myself, as I slapped the bee to death, thinking it was a wasp. Consequently it stung like buggery for the next 5 or 6 km, and was sore and itchy for the rest of the weekend.

At Molesworth I was breathalysed, the tube snapping out of the device as it interfered with the helmet, providing much merriment for the other cop. I blew zero and was away.

The traffic was heavy, all leaving Melbourne for the long weekend. Just outside Bonnie Doon I came up behind a suspicious looking V6 Magna with 3 aerials, what turned out to be external roof mounted radar, and a woman with a top knot hair-do in the passenger seat. Itching to pass, I restrained myself, on balance of probabilities deciding to sit behind the car as I was almost there.

Lo and behold, they pulled into the lay-by where Tim had stripped the bike, ready for action. After a while I figured out the cops were talking to me, and not Tim, who had beat a hasty retreat. Oops. Something about double white lines, heavy traffic, impossible to overtake, came from no-where, statistical probabilities, eyes in the back of their heads, weren't going to book me this time, but, bikie scum, next time you're dead meat .....

It was almost dark, no it was dark, so we quickly joined the tow ropes - (the longer the better as length provides some elasticity, allowing a gradual take up of the strain). We managed to travel about 3 km, Tim towing, me holding onto the rope, before the pain and risk became too great. Having done over 500 km already, my arms were like jelly. Combining my old age, 240 kg of bike, 70 kg rider, soft compound tires (high rolling resistance), hilly terrain, and general unfitness, we were lucky to get that far. We ended up pushing the bike up the last long hill. Mainly Tim pushed. I was gasping for breath, absolutely soaked in sweat (T-shirt, shirt, armour, Dri-rider, tracksuit pants, leather pants, helmet, boots, gloves) and on the point of death by dehydration and exhaustion. We would push a bit and stop. Tim would walk back and retrieve his bike. We'd push again. We went through this procedure 3 or 4 times before cresting the final hill, whereby he was able to tow me hand-to-hand with a monkey grip (his left hand, my right hand - not suitable for young kiddies, and should only be attempted by single white males). All the while playing chicken with the cars coming up behind us.

We reached at the servo at 9:30 pm, totally knackered. Tim drank 1 and 1/4 litres of coke, straight. I quoffed some Sport drink, simultaneously stripping off most of my soaked clothes.

I decided if we couldn't get the bike going in 1 hour, we'd dump it and head for Tallangatta. I'd worry about leading tomorrow, hopefully going pillion for the rest of the weekend.

Our light source soon failed as the servo owner closed up for the night. We ended up swapping relays and fuel pumps by the headlight of Tims ZX7, engine running, thermatic fan cutting in and out. It was painful. As you can imagine the fuel pump and associated hoses were difficult to get at (remove tank, seats, side panels) and of course hose diameters were different. Suffice to say it didn't work, though at one stage it looked like it was going to, the fuel pump happily clicking away. Suspiciously, when I eventually came to fix it, after retrieving the bike Monday night (thanks Gerry for towing the trailer and doing all the driving) the pump was unplugged. Ho-hum.)

By about 11 pm I had convinced the motel owner that a bike wouldn't take up much space in his car park, sandwiched between rubbish bins. He had 12 boats coming in next day and only when he saw with his own eyes that the bike was a bike, and not a car, did he relent. This was turning into a Bill Bryson saga.

Tim only had a dark visor, which in some ways, could be construed as a blessing. I rode his grouse bike. We stopped at the CFA sponsored coffee break somewhere near Wangaratta on the Hume Highway, after 130 km. It was getting hard to find a comfortable seating position. Let me rephrase that: my arse was killing me. We scoffed a couple of Kit-Kats and a coffee, enjoying the beautiful warm night. Another 80 km and we would be there, the last 40 around the lake, providing some corners to ease the pain.

We arrived at 1 am to find Danny, Geraldine and Rhys holding up the bar with Morris, the ever friendly, trusting and oh so eager barman. Geraldine retrieved a toasted sandwich from the griller before it was totally black, as were a tad hungry by this stage. We were pretty hyped up so it was two thirty before we finished up, sleep coming much later. It had been a big, big day, having travelled around 700 km. Thanks Tim and Gerry for all your patience, generosity, time, and help throughout the day. Much appreciated. Hopefully I can return the favours some day.

Ben Warden (ZXR750, Tim's ZX7)

**Tallangatta Weekend**  
**Day 1 - 24 January, 1998**

8 bikes - 8 people

FJ1100 ( !! ) - Ben Warden ( leader )	BMW K1200 - Arthur Hogan ( non-member )
YZF600 Gerry East	CD250 Kathy Robinson
ZX7R Rhys Williams	ZX7R Tim Walker
FZR1000 Derek Atkinson ( rear )	TRX850 Danny Vits

With most of us having stayed up till the early hours of Saturday morning awaiting the arrival of Ben and Tim who finally turned up around 1am instead of 8pm Friday as anticipated and then on ONE ONLY bike, it goes without saying that some of us didn't feel in their prime at 7.30am in the morning!

Just as we were trying to figure out how Ben was going to lead the ride as pillion passenger, Tim having been the first in line to fill-up at the regular local servo returned with the news that the servo owner had a FJ1100 "not doing anything today" and if interested we could rent it for Saturday only as Mrs Servo would need it for a ride on Sunday.

Rather than jump at this incredibly unlikely opportunity, Ben was only lukewarm reminding us that the going rate for a bike was \$120 a day plus this and this etc... It was at this point I decided to do some negotiating with the servo owner and struck a deal of a flat charge of \$60 for the day.

Although a few years old, the bike turned out to be in top condition, newly re-registered and sporting brand new tyres. Sure beats sitting on the back for nearly 700kms!!

All this pre-departure activity caused a bit of delay allowing some to sober-up further and by 9.30am everyone seemed anxious to get on with it!

First destination Walwa ( 92kms ) via Granya Pass. It didn't seem to take Ben long to scrape the pegs and the undercarriage on the FJ1100 up and over the Granya Pass. Bet the old bike had known a more sedate life till now! The road then follows the Hume Lake and the Murray River and is sensational, being as fast as you want it to be with a good surface and magnificent scenery thrown in. In fact, what keeps me coming back to this ride every year is that just about all of its 2000kms+ can be described in this manner. The FJ didn't lack in power and speed just a bit of additional ground clearance would have helped Ben along. As it was all of us on sportsbikes had no trouble keeping up and Kathy was not far away upon reaching Walwa.

After a brief stop, onto Corryong ( 138kms ) via Tintaldra and Towong. Corryong is a MUST petrol stop especially with the range on Kathy's CD250 being somewhat less than usual, the way she was wringing it's neck off!! Towong is not much more than a small racetrack with the smallest grandstand I've ever seen. After fuelling up it was off to some cafe in the main street for, depending who you were, late breakfast, morning tea, early lunch etc...

This pattern of lengthy stops was to be repeated several times as everyone decided they would have lunch in a different place; but then none of us seemed to mind much anyway.

Into the high country and onto Kiandra ( 236kms ) via the Alpine Way. Until now the weather had been warm, but things changed quickly. After turning onto the Alpine Way, Ben in front of me, pointed at the sky to the most unusual honeycomb cloud formations replaced minutes later with a black sky with lightning and thunder. We managed to stay dry till Tooma Res where after a couple of family album pics it was time for raingear ( if you had it ! ). Arthur, who on his K1200, sporting two large BMW panniers, had earlier offered to carry cameras, wet weather gear, drink bottles, first-aid kit and cut lunches if desired became very popular from here on and was over the next few days to act as supply vehicle, back-up van and ambulance to name a few.

Kiandra is noted for its road-junction with the Snowy Mts Hwy, in fact, Kiandra is nothing else than a junction situated at 1400m and when wet no place to hang about ( ask Gerry ). Thus onto Adaminaby for fuel and late breakfast, late morning tea, lunch etc...

At this point we had a competition to determine the blackest hands. Tim and Kathy were immediately disqualified having had the temerity to wear waterproof gloves. As for the remainder of us, Gerry was easily the winner ( you blackperson you! ). At the end of the day I also found my knees to be black-blue. *(The less said about that the Better!! ED)*

Next stop Jindabyne ( 359kms first time, 441kms second time! ) for late lunch, afternoon tea etc... and fuel. Everyone arrived within a few minutes from each other, all dry and as I recall all smiling. After keeping all waiting whilst I had my first hamburger lunch in four years, five of us set off up to Charlotte Pass the highest road point in Australia. Derek and Kathy decided to have break and Rhys had to have his afternoon siesta and so they didn't join us for the climb. Ben lead the way up with myself, Gerry, Tim and Arthur all close-up. Even though the road was still a bit wet and slippery in small sections, this is SOME road!!

A brief stop and look at Mt Kosciusko whilst hanging onto each other lest we got airborne and off again for the 42kms downhill sprint back to Jindabyne.

Onto Khancoban ( 551 kms ) via Thredbo and Tom Groggin. Not long out of Jindabyne we caught sight of a new 44gallon drum on a concrete post where Rhys went sightseeing and collecting mail last year. No problem for him or any of us this year though.

A few years ago we detoured briefly from the main road through Thredbo Village, this year we had no choice the main road being blocked off where some lodges collapsed during last winter with great loss of life. The site of the disaster is very clearly visible and it struck me just how steep the built-up hillside must have been. Not good.

After winding through the narrow, twisty roads of the village with 40kms speed limits it was back onto the main road soon to encounter the twisty up and down approx. 15kms of dirt near Dead Horse Gap.

Tim clearly loves this stuff, shooting past me leaving me to eat his dust. There had been no rain on this side of the Snowies.

A quick regroup, chain lube and visor clean after the dirt and back on track to Khancoban via the Geehi Walls yet another bit of great road much favoured by Gerry and myself and I trust now also by the rest of the troupe. Ben ahead, then Gerry, Tim and myself with scarcely a bike's length between us for the next 50kms or so, followed by Rhys, Arthur and Kathy and Derek not far away.

Absolutely sensational till we got to Khancoban where the servo was closed already. No choice but to press on to Corryong where we found still one servo open it being now close to 7pm.

All that remained now was the home stretch to Tallangatta 84kms away via the Murray Valley Hwy itself not a bad road either although more heavily policed. At this point I traded my TRX for Arthur's K1200. Easily the smoothest engine and ride in the business, but for \$25,000 or so you would expect to get something in return I suppose. Anyway, I liked it.

Upon our return around 8pm we found Peter Philferan ( car ) and Wayne Grant ( XJ600S ) at the pub to greet us.

Not a single bloody incident to report all day ( that's why I've had to ramble on so much ) enjoyed by all.

Total distance: 661kms

Danny Vits

## **LABOR DAY WEEKEND 7TH 8TH & 9TH MARCH**

How did this escape the keen eye of the Committee? A long weekend omitted from our itinerary, whatever next. Thanks to Steve Leyland who pointed this omission out to us. Steve has also planned a ride for the weekend, the details of which are a bit sketchy at the moment. I hope I'm right in saying that he's going to go up near Tallangatta or at least in that direction. Steve will let us know prior to the printing of next months mag and I will include some details then. In the meantime, book that bike in for new tyres and a service and talk to Steve about destinations and accomodation.



## Sunday 25<sup>th</sup> January 1998 - Tallangatta Day 2

Arthur (K1200RS) 1st Ride  
Ben (bikeless) Leader  
Danny (TRX850)  
Derek & Kathy (FZR1000)

Gerry (YZF600)  
Rhys (ZX7R)  
Tim (ZX7R)  
Wayne (Seca 600)

Gerry,  
Here it is,

Please feel free to add the bit about the bug in the bra and the knot in the knickers.

*(I have included this so that everyone who wasn't there can wonder what on earth went on! ED)*

---

After an early uneventful Saturday night we arose ready for another day. Having all refueled at the servo at the end of the street we headed off at about 9:15, Ben having relegated Gerry to pillion.

First stop and refueling was to be at Walwa following the same track as yesterday. Taking the road out of Tallangatta Ben & Gerry lead us toward Corryong with Derek & Cathy taking up the rear rider duties. We enjoyed the high speed sweepers until taking the turn off to Granya, where the road soon tightens up into some beautiful twisties. Up and over the hills, then down to Granya, back to the Murray valley. Lake Hume was dry in these upper reaches and the view down and across the valley was quite spectacular as we cruised the 55km, following the valley to Walwa. Nearing Walwa, many Harleys, and some historic motorcycles, were passed going the other way heading for Jingellic. Rhys was particularly impressed by one guy, neck stretched, but eyes still just visible over the bedroll and other assorted luggage attached to the handlebars.

Walwa was grumbling with the noise of Harleys as we lined up in a queue to refuel behind several Hogs (as Wayne calls them). A bit of queue jumping was in order as it was noticed that these modern Harleys were only interested in the super bowser. We had morning tea and relaxed for a while around some tables outside the general store. The local plod arrived to pick up his Herald Sun in preparation for a hard days work. Danny attempted to extract his itinerary for the day - without success.

Back on the road again, with Gerry back in control of her own bike and Ben pillioning Arthur on his BMW, we continued heading up the Murray valley toward Tintaldra. A few k's out of town an oncoming car flashed its headlights. About 20 seconds later another oncoming car was flashing lights, the drivers extended right arm performing an up and down motion. We slowed. A few corners later on there was plod, with his vehicle hidden in the bushes, breathalysing a Harley rider. Returning to a respectable speed we soon reached Tintaldra, crossed the Murray and entered NSW heading toward Tumut via the Elliot Way. During this section Waynes muffler, or lack thereof, spooked several groups of cattle just off the roads edge, which had the effect of spooking me. I slowed, letting the others go, and waited till I saw Dereks headlight before resuming a reasonable speed.

At the bottom of a steep tight twisty descent to a small dam on the Tumut river the others were waiting in the shade of some gums. There was a peaceful camping ground nearby. Arthur was found busy with an Allen key, adjusting the footpegs and handgrips from the "touring" position to the "sports" position. Wayne, having followed Ben down to the river, reported sparks flying and scraping panniers. Close inspection of the footpegs showed considerable signs of wear but the panniers were unscathed. The leading group were also talking of a close encounter with a wedge-tailed eagle during the descent.

With the BM adjusted we were off again. I followed Ben out across a bridge, and, having been given the OK earlier, overtook him at the start of the ascent. The road was tight and twisty again, but much rougher than on the descent. After about 8 k's I reached the top, and an intersection, where I waited. With adrenaline still flowing, Ben soon shot passed giving me the

was off after him. He soon overtook Ben, closely followed by me. It was a fast road with flowing sweeping bends to the left and right. Visibility was excellent as we were now in a grassland area with few trees. Danny overtook a TL1000 - not what he expected, and eventually I also overtook him. We reached the "T" intersection at the Snowy Mountains Highway and waited. Ben & Arthur, Rhys and Wayne soon arrived, but no Gerry or Derek & Kathy. Ben back-tracked to see what had happened, and found them waiting at the corner that I should have corner-marked (with Danny!). Sorry.

The weather ahead, toward Tumut, was very black, so we donned wet weather gear before heading off. After about 2 km Derek & Kathy overtook me and waived me down. Derek said "I'm not riding through that crap", or something similar. He was heading back the way we had come, and would I tell the others. I pressed on, and just as the rain started to get heavy the road veered to the left, away from the worst of it. When I caught up with the others they were stopped beside Lake Blowering, the weather having fined up. Many kangaroos were spotted on the nearby hill. After a short break, and some taking of photographs, we were back on the way to Tumut for our lunch stop.

After lunch we headed out to Adelong, then south to Tumbarumba via Rosewood, along an obscure, but excellent road, that only Ben knows. It's not on my map, and there was absolutely no traffic. Continuing southward after Tumbarumba the weather again turned bad with strong winds and horizontal rain for a short while.

Reaching Corryong, we refueled, and took another break. Derek & Kathy showed up, having been lost, encountering much more rain than we did, and having to cruise for a considerable distance at 80 km/h for quite a while to conserve fuel. That'll teach them for deserting a ride.

Arthur and Danny swapped bikes for the ride back to Tallangatta through a bit more light rain. I pillioned Ben. We got back early, about 5:00 pm, or was it 6:00.

Great days riding. Distance covered :- 567 km.

Tim.

Tallangatta Monday and home.....

Monday morning arrives and Danny and Arthur get up at "sparrows' f...." and head down to the town center for a free Australia Day breakfast. The rest of us eventually drag ourselves out of bed, eat a quick breakfast and try and pack for the trip home. Peter Philferan kindly offered to take luggage home in his car if people didn't want to have to load their bikes.

The weather seemed a little overcast so Derek and Kathy decided on quick run home down the Hume. The rest of us were going to push on as per plan down through the Tarwonga Gap, over Hotham, across to Dinner Plain, on to Omeo, Bairnsdale, Pakenham and Home.

9:15 we said our good-byes, fueled up and headed off with Ben perched on the back of Gerrys' Yamaha and Danny doing a spot of rear riding. The trip down to Tarwonga was just fine but the weather was starting to close in a little, so while positions were changed on Gerrys' bike, our rear rider took over the lead through the Gap. A mighty road, but with mighty crap weather and hopeless visibility. After around 25k's of hard work the decision, after a vote, was to take the easier route home and avoid another 120 k's in heavy cloud. Tyres were becoming a bit of an issue with Tims' rear Dunlop well and truly cooked, Wayne and Gerry were also sporting tyres showing the results of a big weekend.

At Bright we stopped for fuel, headed over to the bakery for lunch after which we had our fist 'incident'. Turning in the main street, the front wheel of Dannys' TRX stepped out after clipping a cats eye. Fortunately the bike suffered little damage as Danny had thrown his body under it, alas his right ankle wasn't quite as lucky. So, it was Arthur to the rescue yet again. With Danny mounted as pillion on the big BM, Ben on the TRX, we headed off along a maze of high-speed back roads to Swanpool where we stopped for a break.

It was a reasonably uneventful trip back to Yea via Bonnie Doon. At Yea we rehashed our days ride, took another look at those balding tyres, and split up into two groups for the ride home. Wayne, Gerry and Ben headed one way while Tim, Arthur, Danny and myself headed home via Yarra Glen and some mega traffic.

What a really great weekend, mint roads, good company and major fun!!!! Can't wait for next year.....

Rhys Williams ZX7R

# A.M.T.R.A

## AUSTRALIAN MOTOR CYCLE TRAIL RIDERS ASSOCIATION

DO YOU HAVE A  
REGISTERED TRAIL BIKE  
SITTING IN THE GARAGE,  
BUT THERE NEVER  
APPEARS TO BE ANYONE  
PREPARED TO GO ON A  
RIDE WITH YOU ?  
AMTRA HAS ORGANISED  
GRADED RIDES  
RUNNING ALL YEAR  
ROUND THAT ARE RUN TO  
SUIT THE ENTHUSIAST.  
ALL THAT YOU REQUIRE IS  
A CURRENT BIKE LICENSE  
OR BIKE PERMIT.



**WHAT IS AMTRA ?**  
The Australian Motor Cycle Trail Riders Association is a Motor Cycle Club that caters specifically for the Trail rider. The club is run by a dedicated group of people that have a common interest in Trail Riding. The club caters for Beginners right through to the Expert rider. AMTRA has unlimited access to 150 acres at Abbeyard which is approximately 1 hour south of Myrtleford in the high country, and is situated right beside the Buffalo river. The property gives members the opportunity to access some of the most beautiful and rugged country in Victoria and is equipped with basic camping facilities for overnight stops.

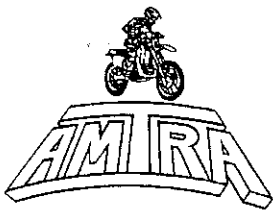


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**Robert Balaz**

**Ph: Ah - 03 9 857 4126**

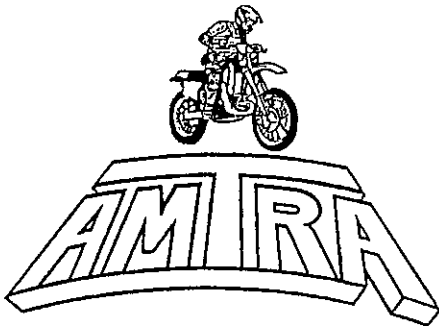
**Mo - 018 543-150**



AMTRA meets regularly at the **Eltham Community Centre**, Main Street Eltham (opposite the Eltham Pub) on the **last** Wednesday of the month except December. Please feel free to drop in and have a chat with the members over a cup of coffee after the meeting.



**TREAD LIGHTLY!**  
**ON PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LAND™**



**Australian Motorcycle Trailriders Association**  
**P.O Box 8 Ringwood**  
**Victoria, 3134**

**Dear Sir/Madam**

The Australian Motorcycle Trailriders Association is a family based club that caters for the needs of trailbike riders throughout Australia. The club through its members organises rides in public area's to cater for these needs. As the clubs primary function is to cater to the licensed and registered owner of a trailbike, we from to time organise family fun days.

Previously these days have been conducted along the lines of Gymkhana or minibike fun day where both the children and the adults can be involved. As the children are not licensed and their bikes are not registered, these type of days can only be conducted on private property.

The property that AMTRA has used in the past has now been made unavailable due to re-development of the land and AMTRA is currently seeking to find another property approximately 2 hours from Melbourne that could be used for this purpose. A brief outline of the structure that AMTRA has for these days is outlined below.

- AMTRA to accept all responsibilities for its members actions.
- Noise levels to be strictly adhered to.
- Any damage to the property to be rectified by AMTRA.
- Hire of the property for the day to be negotiated.
- Approximately 2 Sundays per year.
- AMTRA families and friends only to attend. (max bike no's is approx 15-20)

If you would be able to assist AMTRA with a property that would be suitable for this type of function please contact one of the committee members listed below as they would be more than happy to discuss it further with you.

Yours Sincerely  
**AMTRA Committee**

**Rodney Bahn**  
Ph Hm 9786 3477  
Wk 9797 4260

**Robert Balaz**  
Ph Hm 9857 4126  
Wk 9419 8721  
Mo 018 543 150



# AUSTRALIAN MOTORCYCLE TRAIL RIDERS ASSOCIATION

## MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

PO Box 8, RINGWOOD. VIC. 3134

Name:- \_\_\_\_\_

Address:- \_\_\_\_\_

Postcode:- \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone:- \_\_\_\_\_ Age:- \_\_\_\_\_

Motorcycle licence or permit number:- \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation: \_\_\_\_\_ Do you wish to have your name, suburb and phone number printed in AMTRACTION once a year? **Yes/No**

If you wish to have a **family membership**, please list your additional family members below.

Name:-	Age:-	Name:-	Age:-
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Name:-	Age:-	Name:-	Age:-
--------	-------	--------	-------

**Membership fees are:- Joining Fee \$10.00, Single membership \$50.00, Family membership \$55.00.**

\_\_\_\_\_  
Signature of Applicant

\_\_\_\_\_  
Date

### Office Use

I, \_\_\_\_\_, a member of the association, nominate the applicant, who is personally known to me, for membership of the association.

\_\_\_\_\_  
Signature of Proposer

\_\_\_\_\_  
Date

I, \_\_\_\_\_, a member of the association, second the nomination of the applicant, who is personally known to me, for membership of the association.

\_\_\_\_\_  
Signature of Seconder

\_\_\_\_\_  
Date

Office Use

CA/CQ Rec

CN

S/C

M/L

DB

## **Important Letter to Members**

11/2/98

I believe that as president, I have a responsibility to foster and maintain an enjoyable and safe environment for all our members. I also have a responsibility to provide this club with fair and effective leadership. You may hear rumours and recounts of what took place at the February meeting. I had to make a very difficult decision and execute it at that meeting. Whilst it was apparent at the meeting that some may have taken pleasure from the outcome, I can assure you that I did not. I am writing this to dispel any misunderstandings and reiterate that I have acted in the club's interest and without malice.

The issue stemmed from the behaviour of a member at the Porepunkah Christmas camp. A member started his bike and let it idle for a considerable length of time. He then left the caravan park accelerating through the grounds, with the spinning back wheel leaving marks across the grass. This occurred sometime between 6:30 am and 6:50 am. The member had not paid his accommodation bill nor made any arrangements to do so.

Members of the club were abused by other campers for the behaviour. The owners of the caravan park were also quite hostile, compounded by the fact that the bill was unpaid. The possibility of asking us to leave was discussed. I paid the bill out of my own pocket on the spot to help smooth over the situation. I assured them it was the act of an individual and not the way of our club. I did not fly the club flag at this event for obvious reasons.

At subsequent events I let the member know that I had paid for him and broached the subject of reimbursement. No offer was forthcoming. Feeling very awkward at having to pursue this I tried for the third and final time at the club social sip. I asked why I should be out of pocket and be made to chase it to which he responded, "I am not going to pay and there is nothing you can do about it."

Each member pays \$25 per year for the privilege of being a member of this club. I have deducted the money owed by this person from his membership. The result is that his membership has expired and all membership privileges are revoked. This is not an expulsion. Furthermore, should he wish to join our club, he will be treated in the same way as any other prospective member. I have reservations over proposing his membership and will abstain from signing his proposal.

### **Winton 23<sup>rd</sup> of May**

The club has secured the Winton Race Track for the 23<sup>rd</sup> of May. We are yet to finalise costs which are expected to be in the vicinity of \$70 per person. Pencil it into your diaries.

### **April Itinerary**

I have had a very disappointing response to getting leaders for the next itinerary. Please call me if you would like to lead a ride. I've got rides and destinations without leaders if anyone needs inspiring.

### **Advertising**

The advertising did not make it into the newsletter and has been included with this letter. I apologise to our advertisers.

Jon Riddett

## **March 7th - 9th Long Weekend**

Ian Payne is putting together a ride at short notice. It will be down into the beautiful and diverse countryside in South Gippsland. The destination will be somewhere around Fish Creek, Toora, Port Albert, Yarram, or Seaspray. The location will be an easy half day's ride from Melbourne and the area offers good roads with easy access to Wilson's Prom, Dargo, Omeo, and various national parks. Of course if it is hot, there are many beautiful beaches close by. Accommodation will be in a cheap pub. It should be a great weekend.

For more information contact Ian Payne on 9558-4740 (AH) or Ben Warden on 9439-8015 or mobile 0411-607-925.

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.....1 MONTH.....\$ 6.00

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**4/70 MAROONDAH HWY RINGWOOD 3134**

**PH (03) 9870 2222**

**FAX (03) 9879 6791**