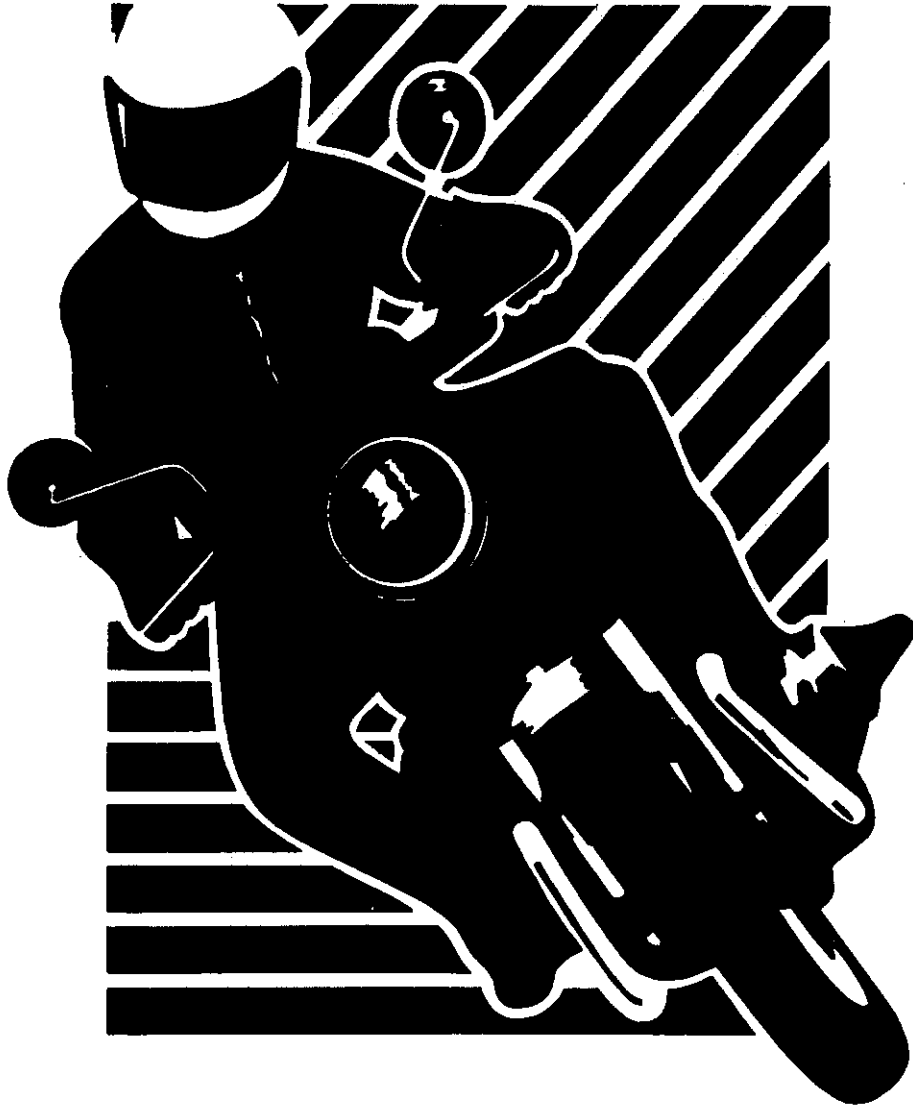


# Good Vibrations



**MOTORCYCLE TOURING CLUB OF VICTORIA INC.**

P.O. Box 453, Richmond 3121, Victoria

# November 1998 Itinerary

## November

Thursday 5th

**General Meeting**, 8.15 pm, Inglebys Road  
Theatrette at rear of Camberwell Town Hall, Melways Ref 59J2

Sunday 8th

**Ashcombe Maze, Red Hill**  
9.30 am KBCP, 10.15 am Hallam

Nick Casemore leading

This is probably the best hedge maze in Victoria. In fact there are three mazes, all of them interesting. Entry fee is around \$10 but well worth it. There are good indoor eating facilities with excellent views. Ashcombe Maze is situated on the Red hill road a few km down from Arthur's Seat. So expect some good riding as well. For those travelling by car we expect to be there around 1 pm. Expect about 250 km for the day. This is a designated leisurely ride.

Sunday 15th

**Mystery Ride**  
**8.30 am Warrandyte Bridge**  
Melways Ref. 23 F 11

Tom Saville leading

See elsewhere in the magazine for details. Suffice to say that Tom knows all the good roads, is heading for Gippsland with a view to spectating at the final section of the International Six Day Endura (ISDE). There is an entry fee. These guys are the best in the world, their skills have to be witnessed to be believed. Should be a great day. Expect about 350 km for the day. This ride is designated as not suitable for inexperienced riders. Note the early start.

Thursday 19th

**Social Sip** - Baden Powell Hotel, 61 Victoria Parade, Collingwood, 7 pm  
Come and have a game of pool or two.

Sunday 22nd

**Dargo Epic Ride**  
**8.30 am KBCP, 9.15 am Hallam**

Ben Warden leading

Stew Forster was down as the nominated leader but has got married and gone to America to work. Lucky him. This is a 600 km day. We have a lot of daylight and the roads will be excellent, with little or no highway. The road to Dargo is sensational. It is the next one along from Licola and winds its way up into the mountains. Though designated as not suitable for inexperienced riders, it will be a surprisingly easy day. I figure if Ken Wooten can cover 1420 km in a day, and he's a woose, then we should be able to cover 600 km. Good tyres are a must. This is a first for the Club. Be there. Note the early start.

Sunday 29th

**Drouin via Reefton and Black Spurs**  
9.30 am KBCP, 10.30 am Yarra Glen

Tim Walker leading

Yarra Glen, Healesville, Black Spur, down the Reefton Spur (watch those blind left-handers, gravel on top 4 km all gone now), Powelltown Road, Noojee, back roads to Drouin. *Who knows* after lunch, but you get the picture: corners, corners, and more corners. If you were a bit rusty at the start of the day then you'll be in the groove at the end. There is one thing about our Club -- you get lots of practise. Sounds horn. Expect about 400 km for the day. Though not designated as *arduous*, it will be tough for inexperienced riders.

## December

Thursday 3rd

**General Meeting**, 8.15 pm, Inglebys Road  
Theatrette at rear of Camberwell Town Hall, Melways Ref 59J2

# Capitains Report for October '98

Sunday 4th	Leader	make your own way
	Destination	Philip Island 500 cc GP
	Weather	Fine but windy
	No. of riders	12 members seen at the track over the weekend
	Incidents	None
	Distance	500 km
Sat. 10 <sup>th</sup>	Leader	John Willis
	Destination	Dirt Ride, Toolangi area
	Weather	Fine
	Incidents:	Everyone crashed
	Distance	200 km
Sunday 11th	Leader	Geoff Jones
	Destination	Brisbane Ranges
	Weather	Fine but windy
	No. of Riders	11
	Incidents	Geoff's RZ350 expired - electrics
	Distance	450 km
Sunday 18 <sup>th</sup>	Leader	Andi Sirninger
	Destination	Upper Yarra Dam
	Weather	Fine
	No. of Riders	22 bikes, 5 cars, 31 adults, 5 kids
	Incidents	someone ran out of petrol
	Distance	250 km
Sunday 25 <sup>th</sup>	Leader	Les Leahy
	Destination	Nagambie
	Weather	Fine
	No. of Riders	18 bikes, 19 people
	Incidents	new guys on ZX6 had minor crash - continued
	Distance	380 km

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## November Who's News

The **MTCV Home Page** has taken another roughly 100 hits up to Oct. 30th and 2,602 since April 1995.

**Club Assets.** The Club is interested in locating its various assets. If you have, or know where such items as the Club flag(s), the Club tent, etc. are, please notify any of the committee. As far as I know no one has owned to having anything!

Seen at the **October Social Sip**: Lynne and Nicki Burns, Lyn Duncan, Ian Payne, Andi Sirninger, Tom Saville, Wayne Grant, June Baker, John Willis, Trent Brinsley, Vallerie Reepar, Ben Warden, Darryn Webster, Ron and Kelly Johnston, Sam Sirianni, Robert, Rhys Williams, Rob and Mandy Matricciani, Gordon Hirst, Darren Hosking, Marcello Motta, and John Kreemer.

**John and Marcello**, work acquaintances of Darryn Webster and contract programmers from Brazil, had a minor get off on the Nagambie Ride when their ZX6 did a spot of gardening, possibly as a result of a fast travelling approaching car. Damage was *minor cosmetic* and they continued with the ride.

Member **Tony Fabris** has been selling a lot of new bikes to members lately. He works for Brighton Kawasaki and has sold a ZX6, a ZX7, and a ZX9 to members. He must be doing something right as the shop sells the most Kawasakis in Victoria and is second or third in Australia. Keep up the good work Tony.

**Arthurs Seat** road will now be restricted to 50 km/h and have double white lines installed along its length. This is the only compromise the council would accept after initially wanting to ban bikes from this road all year round.

**New legislation** before Parliament will give Police new powers to request *On The Spot* blood tests where they suspect a driver/rider is under the influence of drugs. Only problem with this is that cannabis residue remains in the blood stream for up to 35 days. Just ask Anthony Gobert. Therefore even if a person has not smoked for several days or weeks they could still be charged with "being under the influence of drugs".

President, **Ian Payne** has become a grandfather again. His eldest daughter had a baby girl on 26/10/98.

**John Willis** has bought a Suzuki TL1000. See *Dirt Ride* write up for more details.

**For Sale:** 1989 Suzuki GSXR750, 'K model' 37,000 kms. Red-white-black in colour. Includes race stand, tank bra, steering dampener, pillion seat cowl, Megacycle exhaust (standard included in sale). Excellent condition, reg & roadworthy. \$6500 neg. Ring Les (03) 9548-3109 (AH) or see Ian Payne for more details.

At the **Xmas Meeting** on Thursday 3<sup>rd</sup> December please bring a plate of food. This is traditionally the night the Social Secretary has a break. Any volunteers? There will be a free Club Christmas BBQ on Saturday 12<sup>th</sup> December, as per past years. BYO drink.

The **Club Christmas Camp** will be held at Mt Buffalo Caravan Park, Porepunkah, as per last year. For those of you who have never stayed in the caravan park, it is situated at the base of Mt Buffalo, a fantastic motorcycle road. Mt Hotham and Falls Creek are within an easy half day ride, and Bright township is a few km away, with all amenities available. The Club will book some camp sites. Activities undertaken over years by members include para-gliding, powered hang gliding, and the usual bush walking and sight seeing by 2 or 4 wheels. Swimming in the river is safe and enjoyable.

On the **Australia Day Weekend**, end of January, we will be heading for Corryong, placing us close to the Snowy Mountains Highway and the delights of south eastern NSW. See Ben to reserve accommodation. Book those annual leave days now.

Ben Warden (note: new mobile number 040-900-1618)

## Nagambie

Sunday 25<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1998

Participants: 18 bikes, 19 people

Rob Langer	R1100GS	Darren Hosking	VTR1000
Ben Warden	ZXR750	John Willis	TL1000S
John & Marcelo 1 <sup>st</sup> ride	ZX6	Lyn Duncan	GSXR750T
Sean 1 <sup>st</sup> ride	CBR600	Steve Farruga	GS500
Ian Handforth	XTZ660	Greg 1 <sup>st</sup> ride	Ducati 900SS
Mick Barnes (rear)	XL250	Roger Stevenson	YZF1000R1
Jack Youdan	Daytona 900	Les Leahy (leader)	XTZ660
Danny Vits	ZX9	Ryhs Williams	ZX7
Ian Payne	RF900	Anna 1 <sup>st</sup> Ride	Monster Ducati 600

I arrived at Whittlesea 25 minutes early, or at the time, what I thought was 5 minutes late! Got the maths wrong when trying to figure out daylight savings. Ho-hum. I sliced open my forehead the night before on a silver platter and spent three and a half hours (mainly waiting) in the Austin getting sewn back together. Maybe that was the problem. Lyn suggested that he operation was completely successful, caring soul that she is.

Jack enlightened me and soon the troops began to roll in. The final weigh in included 18 bikes and 19 people including a couple of new riders on Ducatis. A great roll up, improved by the glorious hot weather, though it was quite windy.

Les outlined the day's activities before setting sail for Kinglake via the bumpy, twisty Humevale alternative route. Brazilins John and Marcelo on the ZX6 met an oncoming local car driver cutting a corner and ran wide the next corner ending up in the bushes, the bike suffering a few scratches on the engine cover. They carried on, unperturbed.

Corner marking at the top on the highway I noticed a smell of hot coolant. Sure enough the overflow bottle was over flowing. I hadn't reseated the lid properly after servicing it on Wednesday and the bumps were causing the fluid to splash about, and out. It would take a few minutes to remove the seats, side cover etc. so I waved Mick, the rear rider, on, figuring I'd catch him, or the group at Yea, our scheduled morning tea break.

With new(ish) tyres, a new drive chain and sprocket, oil and filter, fuel filter, plugs, and dismantled and cleaned carburettors, the bike felt tight and crisp. I eventually caught Mick just before Junction Hill. Good fun.

I reported to Rhys that my new tow-bar electrics as fitted by his goodself to the Hyundai worked perfectly and that I might have a ZXR-J2 swing-arm for his ZX10 monster project bike presently under construction. Danny Vits was wrapped with his new tyres on the ZX9, the original fitment BT56s diabolically slippery. John Willis was enjoying his new TL1000 (see story elsewhere) and spent part of the day practicing mono-ing!

Soon on the road again we headed north along the heavily policed Goulburn Valley Highway,. I slotted in behind the ever watchful Lyn and right on cue a mobile radar *enhanced* police car cruised by. At Yarck John Willis enquired if I would like to sample the delights of his new TL. Yes thankyou. I jumped on and blatted away. It is easy to ride – fast. The V-twin engine is seductive in the way it makes power, particularly low down. The bike handled and rode very well. In the tight twisties I started to push Roger on his R1, but when a car cut a corner, and there was a gravel strip up the middle of the road, and Roger's foot came out, the game was up. The bike had a new set of MEZ4s and the drive out of corners was sensational. I want one.

After Ruffy at the Hume Highway we regrouped. John had reclaimed his machine unfortunately. Ian handed over some Club mailbox information before heading south to attend a MAG (Motorcycle Action Group) meeting. Rob Langer also left us here, heading back to Seymour and the twisties. Ian left me the First aid kit to secure as Mick departed to make a start on the long straight sections through Longwood and onto Nagambie for lunch.

The bakery was a good option and I drank another 600 ml of carton orange juice. It was pretty hot, though I seemed uncharacteristically thirsty, possibly as a result of the *claret* spillage the night before. After a very pleasant lunch we regrouped at the Shell service station. I pushed the 900SS – battery problems.

Back on the Northern Highway. Sure enough Mr Plod (mobile radar) is just in the act of pulling over another hapless motorist as we cruise by. Back roads to Seymour and Broadford. A lot of regrouping is occurring at the side of the road as the leader is given a chance to get a little ahead. Some more bike swapping is going on also. Les keeps us guessing as we anticipate heading back through XX Creek and Flowerdale. Nope. We headed south from Broadford running parallel to the Hume Highway to Wandong and Petticoat Junction. Again we anticipate picking up the Wallan to Whittlesea squirt. Nope. Finally we turn left onto the Eden Park to Whittlesea Road picking up the 13 sweeping corners.

Back to Whittlesea by 3.15 pm. More serious visor cleaning was undertaken. Every butterfly ionthe world was flying today. It was bug city – big messy ones!

Thanks to Les for leading the Club on seldom ridden roads and for a well planned and organised ride leaving us wanting more. Three hundred km for the day. The old (92,000 km) ZXR felt under powered and heavy – heavy throttle action, heavy gear change lever – after getting off John's TL. Bikes are just getting better and better. See you out there,

Ben Warden (ZXR750)

Andi's Yarra Scenic Ride 18<sup>th</sup>. Oct. BBQ lunch

Heaps of interest in this ride, heaps of planing too. To give you some idea of the amount of testing our corner marking system went under try and follow through the street directory. Great effort without any confusion, that I know of.

All riders turned up at the City pickup;

Les XTZ660 Rear rider to lunch.

Ron & Alister CB750

Andi DR650 Our leader

Danny V. ZX9R

Kim Rebel

Jane FZR600

Wayne ZX9

John CB750

Tim ZX7

Dicky TRX850

Nick GSXR600

Tom TRX850 seemed to be on every corner

Trent FZR250

Gerry YZF600

John W. TL1000

Darren GSXR750

Jo Virago

Mick B. XL250

Ben ZXR750

Lyn GSXR750

Onto Alexandra Ave to Yarra Boulevard, up Power St to Kew Boulevard, no cops! Lower Heidelberg Rd. onto Ivanhoe Boulevard. Slight bit of dirt skills needed hear, that bit deffinatly rated a few mentions latter. Right into Buckingham onto Banyule, Rosehill rd. which brought us out onto Fitzsimons Lane. Right into Mount Pleasant Rd. what a pearler that road is, bypasses Eltham. Then onto Research -Warrandyte Rd and we came out at Warrandyte Bridge. Smoko. Haven't lost any one Seen Tom on just about every corner. And John obviously loving his new bike.

Enzo RF900, missed us at the city but joined up with us here. And also I heard latter Darren got left behind in Heidleberg, *to refuel*, he who should know better. And arrived at the bridge exactly when Andi did.

We left Warrandyte up Jumping Creek Rd. to Yarra Glen, Healsville, through Don Valley to Launching Plce. Yarra Junction Via a little ferny back road. Along the river of course and stopped at Warbarton for fuel. Another twisty alternative along side the River then back onto Warby Hwy, past a freshly smashed fluoro FZR250, that the armco had brought to a premature halt . not one of ours. Then onto Upper Yarra Dam and the BBQ site. Which was already being cooked by Ian who had also brought along Salads and Soft drinks, coffee and tea. Thanks. He done in a day of riding to help out.

The extra members we met up with there were Rita and Sam, Ian of course, Mick & Brenda CB750, Rob & Mandy & big dog, Jon & Zara in yet another new vehicle I think, sorry if I've missed anyone.

A

We were fed, thanks again Ian, Danny has taken over rear rider duties, now up the Reefton and across to Blacks' Spur, grouse. Healesville breakup. A great day, thanks to Andi, Les, Ian, Danny and everyone for turning up

Lyn GSXR

## Brisbane Ranges and the Great Source Coil Disaster, Sunday 11<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1998

Riders: Geoff Jones (RZ350), Ian Payne (RF900), Jack Youdan (Triumph), Danny Vits (ZX9), Lynne Burns (ZX6), Nick Casemore (GSXR600), Ben Warden (ZXR750), Cameron (GTR1000), K100RT (Peter Sandars), Greg (Daytona 900), Greg (ZZR250) first ride. 11 bikes, 11 people

Pre-rides, map reading, checking fuel availability, long range weather forecasts and all the other things that make up a leader's lot had been done and the big day arrives. Off to the 2<sup>nd</sup> pick-up in good time and of course the venerable RZ not missing a beat.

All the usual suspects arrive, well some anyhow, and we talk the talk and head off. Boring roads to start with and then some twists as we get into the Brisbane Ranges, running from the south to the north and head for Gisborne via the Hill Climb road and lunch.

The RZ is bopping along OK, getting a bit less than 10 km per litre, liquid cooled indeed, with some lucky git on a brand new ZX9 idling along behind. We come into the 80k zone at Gisborne, and right in front of the old people's home the RZ stops dead. Not the usual seizure-type stop for a change but an embarrassing, for the leader anyhow, ride-over-what-to-do-now stop.

Ben, the Club's icon, agrees to lead from lunch on, and I make a call home on the afore mentioned lucky git's mobile [thanks Danny V.] to my son Ben who drags himself out of nightclub induced sleep and brings car and trailer to the stricken R bloody Z. We load it up and head for home.

Off the trailer, into the shed, tank off, and test for spark. No response so out with the test meter and manual. Pulse coil OK, alternator wiring OK, no resistance on the source coil. Bingo!

Out with the rotor puller and off comes the flywheel and the smell of burnt wiring wafts from the stator. Remove stator, replace with spare, replace all other bits, kick over and of course the bloody thing starts first prod. Look at clock and realise the ride is not catchable. Watch TV instead and winge to Val about a new bike. Some sympathy to the idea noted. Must keep working on her.

Geoff Jones (RZ350)

## Dirt Ride, Healesville

Saturday 10<sup>th</sup> October 1998

Riders: John Willis (XR400), Kristen (Husaberg 400), Lyn Duncan (DR250), Country Bob (XT225), Rob Langer (Dominator), Roger (DR350), Tim Mueller (XR400), Harley (DR650), Rob Matricciani (DR350).

Saturday morning is a bit of a blur: I had only just moved house the week before giving everyone instructions to the new place and just got things ready for the BBQ/house warming tonight. I had also just sold the TRX. Talk about *overload*. Without Lyn's support and enormous input I wouldn't have been coping at all.

People started arriving at around 9.15 am and by 10 am we were 9 riders, the street outside filled with vans, cars, and trailers. What would the neighbours think?

We set off down a couple of Healesville dirt roads and nature strips to our usual kick-off point at Lowes Rd. I waited for someone to come along and corner mark. Eventually Kristen arrived on her new steed and said her bike had misfiring problems. After deciding to carry on until we get into the bush tracks proper, she was still not happy. All hands on deck as tool kits were broken out, tank off, side panels off, carby drained. Then someone said, "How about getting some of the oil off the air filter to let the bike breathe a bit?" This sorted things out and we were off again.

Conditions were just about perfect. After quite a lot of rain during the week there was no dust, just good grippy surface with the odd slippery section.

The tracks between Healesville and Toolangi run either side of Chum Creek Road and are fast and flowing with several enjoyable hills to liven things up. One of these is about 1.5 km up, pretty steep, and covered in loose rocks. Lyn had never attempted this one before but I was pleasantly surprised to see her at the top not long after everyone else had arrived. We had a regroup at the seismic Research Station where they apparently keep track of earth tremors for some unknown reason.

The next major event for me happened 10 minutes or so down the track. Belting along at warp speed I rounded a blind corner with about a 4-foot high bank on my left with bush dropping away on my right. A sapling had fallen completely across the track, suspended off the ground. Nowhere to go! Everything locked up, heading for the edge of the rack. Somehow I managed to stay on the board hitting the sapling where it was only just off the ground. I thought, "shit, there are 8 more bikes behind". I stopped and ran back, straining myself to bend the sapling, clearing about half the track. Soon Kristen arrived and helped. One by one everyone came around the corner, looking surprised at two people risking life and limb, straining themselves mid-corner.

We had lunch and refuel at Toolangi store where the kettle is boiled for every single cup of coffee, and it seems that no one else can be served. Doing two things at once in Toolangi, it seems, is impossible. They do make a mean salad roll though.

After lunch I got to have a ride on Kristen's Husaberg. My first impression was those awesome Brembo brakes, suspension that feels a heap better than my Honda, and the motor that pulls really well. All this and an electric start! It shouldn't be allowed.

We did nearly all the tracks in Paul's Range which heads down towards Yarra Glen, Dixons Creek. Again I said to myself I will have to explore another couple of tracks the next time I am out. They are seemingly endless. Great.

Later on in the afternoon I had what I think was the biggest get-off of the day. Attacking an earth bank about 4 foot high, at the bottom of a track, I launched off the top and instantly thought *Oh, dear. WRONG!* Sure enough I landed nose down, the front end folding and me hitting the deck in a big way. Luckily Rob Matricciani managed to pull up in time and not run me over. Thanks Rob. I was okay. Dainese body armour to the rescue again.

When we got back home around 5 pm there was a power blackout and a queue for the shower. Nevertheless the BBQ was fired up and the snags incinerated. People started arriving (*for the house warming - ed*), about 30 in all, and an enjoyable evening was had by all.

A special mention must go to 'Harley' AMTRA member riding a DR650. I could not get him off my tail all day. How the hell can he ride a bike that heavy, that quickly?

At the BBQ were all the above mentioned dirt bike riders and Tom Saville, Andi Sirninger, Glen and June, Jon Riddett and Zara, Dianne Welsford, Dave Moore, Dave and Bronwyn Ward, Danny Kosinski, Ray Toulson, Darren and Kim Webster, Ian Payne, Kerrie Gooding, Mandy and Donna, Danny Holetic, Wayne Grant, Derek Atkinson, Kathy Robinson, and Tony Schrader.

John Willis

P.s. Sunday evening Lyn found an advert in Saturday's AGE for a red TL1000S, 1800 km, 4 months old, with Megacycle pipes: \$11,500. Monday was taken off work and a trip with van and trailer all the way to Stawell. The Grampians was rewarded with an immaculate new machine. 'Sex on Wheels'. I only wish it was black! But for eleven and a half I will live with it. I have gone to the bottom of Ziggy's Christmas card list after canceling the new TL I ordered from *Mick Hones*.

## To Birdsville and Back

A quick trip through the central Australian area of Sturt's Stony Desert by Les Leahy  
on a Yamaha Tenere.

"Sorry mate, but my wife's not too keen on the idea. Afraid I'll have to pull out of the trip. I'd spent a deal of time putting together the threads of an outback tour and now the voice on the other end of the phone was reluctantly pulling the pin. Can't say I was all that surprised; we all have comments and priorities and it's just a matter of getting down to what's important.

Two decades ago the only motorcyclists who toured central Australia were nut cases with big beards and 750 Beemers with 'pot racks' and numerous frame welds that had been done using a piece of broken bottle as a welding mask on some outback cattle station. Quite frankly the whole concept scared the bejesus out of me. "What happens if you run out of water? What happens if your bike breaks down?" Since then I have done a few outback motorcycle rallies and gradually become accustomed to a few realities, like not having grass to pitch your tent on. A bloke called Tom Saville has also gone a long way in changing my ideas of what is possible to achieve on a motorcycle. It doesn't mean that I'm any the less scared, just that I don't show it quite as much.

In the last decade, the presence of the 4 wheel drive vehicle has also changed the face of travel in the outback. Some say for the better, some say for worse, depending on your bias.

So, here I was, hot to trot and no riding partner. Stuffit , I'll go by myself!

Tuesday the first of September dawned cool but sunny. Melbourne had been experiencing an early spring so I appreciated leaving home not having to wear waterproofs and thermal underwear. As I maneuvered the black Tenere through morning peak hour traffic on Burke Road I figured the Strzelecki Track couldn't be any harder than this. It's a great feeling heading your bike north on a weekday knowing that every other person is working. Kilmore, Heathcote, Rochester, Echuca, the black bitumen carpet rolled on. Deniliquin, and then a stop for lunch at Hay. It was also an opportunity to remove several layers of clothing and switch from winter to summer gloves. On the back of a chilled Victorian, the sun was delightfully warm.

I had been tossing the occasional "Power Pill" pellet into the fuel tank to start the motor cleaning process, which ultimately gives more efficient combustion, which improves fuel consumption. I was carrying an empty 5 liter fuel container for the long stages but better km/l from the main tank is desirable. So engrossed was I in this technological tomfoolery that I had forgotten to fill with fuel at Hay. A quick mathematical calculation revealed that getting in to Ivanhoe without pushing the bike would be an encounter of the very close kind. I quickly pulled into the one horse town of Booligal only to find out that the general-store-come-only-servo was 5 days late in receiving its petrol delivery. The proprietor was kind enough to offer to siphon from his own vehicle, if only he had a suitable container. "Right here, sport ", says I, producing an immaculate 5 litre fuel container with pouring spout attached. Before you could say "Mick Doohan", I was on the road again and closing on the western New South Wales township of Ivanhoe.

I'd not counted on doing big mileage the first day but it was still only 4.45 p.m. with the sun well above the yard arm. Wilcania was 187 kilometers away but with the exception of the last few kilometers, it was all dirt. "What the hell"! I pulled on the helmet, my favourite \$12 rigger gloves, and went for it.

*At this point I will digress and describe the surfaces of outback roads. If dirt was the worst you got, or even gravel, there would be no problem. But unfortunately the geology starts to include sand in the form of very shallow dunes, and where the road cuts through these dunes you get an inevitable buildup*

*of sand as the road breaks down. Now, there are two types of sand. First is sand of varying depth but with a hard base somewhere down there. The second is sand on top of sand going down forever. My answer to the latter is to instantly panic. The answer to the former I have been told is to drop it down a gear, nail the throttle and let the bike move around wherever it wants to.*

*The persons who have given me this advice in the past have never tried it on a Honda. The Honda technological approach to each and every new motorcycle is to shorten the wheel-base and steepen the rake. This makes the bike turn quicker, and in sand, display the handling characteristics of a shopping trolley. I no longer ride a Honda.*

*It is no secret that I have regarded my XTZ Tenere as having all the attributes of a bag of horse manure. Well folks, I'm here to tell you that on that road to Damascus..... err.....Wilcannia, a miracle happened and I saw the light. That big black bag of horse-shit, with its long wheel-base and heavy steering made me look like Gaston Rahier on a Paris-Dakar special. Unreal. With twilight rapidly descending I swapped the dark visor for the clear one, fired up the twin 60/55 watt headlights and cut a swathe through the night into Wilcannia.*

Wilcannia has a predominantly aboriginal population and in daylight can look like a very tough town. At night it looks like something out of Mad Max 1. Fortunately I'd been there before and knew what to expect.

After replenishing the two 'F's', fuel and food, in that order, I rolled into the local camping ground to find it practically deserted as the Darling river was due to flood in 36 hrs. The proprietor said there was no risk and let me camp free of charge.

Next morning I was on the road to the other opal town of White Cliffs in perfect sunshine. You can take it that all roads for the next 3,000 kilometers are dirt or sand with the exception of the occasional experimental strip of bitumen. White Cliffs is well kept and interesting and goes onto my list for a revisit in the future.

As I rolled up to the general-store-come-servo, four big chookies pulled up. Two KLRs, one Tengai, and an old blue-tank Tenere. They were from Melbourne, had camped in town, and were breakfasting at the diner at 9.30 am. The self-appointed leader, a man well into his fifties, was quick to tell me that they were riding all the way to Birdsville for the races. After when they'd gone inside for a hearty breakfast I took a look over the set-up of the bikes and gear and scratched my head. Only one of the KLR's made it into Birdsville.

Next stop, Tibooburra. Situated in the very north-west of New South Wales and "Jumping off Point" for all places out-back. Time for a couple of excellent gourmet pies at the local hotel and then a wander over to the local National Parks and Wildlife office to pay my \$30 for a desert pass. No way would they take my money. Unless I actually went into Coongi Lakes or similar reserve would I require a permit, and I was free to use all of the access roads.

The sign read 'Cameron Corner, 130 km' and by now the 'road' (for want of a better word) was getting serious. The temperature had risen considerably and I was down to a T-shirt under the waxed-cotton Belstaff.

The road to Cameron corner resembled a moto-cross course set in concrete. The whole of central Australia had received big rains and if I had attempted to come through as little as a week earlier, the roads could have proved impossible. The track was rough enough to fracture a heavy duty plastic insert that forms part of the luggage rack. I spotted this later in the afternoon, but it was only a matter of making sure that the straps were passed through better load bearing parts of the rack when packing.

In 1990 a small road-house come one-pump servo was built at Cameron corner. It goes a long way in opening up the options in motorcycle travel, bringing the fuel distance of the Strzelecki from 565 km down to 435 km. As a gesture of gratitude I filled the 20 litre tank and paid the \$5 to camp in the sand-hills out of earshot of the generator.

Just my luck to cop a "convoy" of elderly 4WD tourists from Queensland camped within hearing distance. They had so much stuff that it took them 2 hours to unpack and set camp and another 2 hours in the morning to put it all back in the vehicles. Wow, the pot banging started in the dark at 6.30 a.m.

This morning I was headed for Innamincka with each of my 3 maps giving a different version of what were major roads and what were tracks. This section past Bollard's Lagoon and on to "Merty Merty" was stunning. The recent rains had produced green everywhere and the landscape was a series of ridges. You fly up the face of one not knowing what is on the other side and then drop over the crest into yet another remarkable miniature valley.

At "Merty" I headed the Tenere north along what I thought was the main Strzelecki Track. Wrong! This was the *Old* Strzelecki Track. A much more interesting choice, by the way, but not without some challenging riding of 2 giant bogs, and the track being nothing more than 2 wheel ruts in the sand. The trail follows what there is of Strzelecki Creek and is the original cattle droving path to the next hospitable property at Blanchewater. After 65 km I reached the real Strzelecki Track that looks like the Hume Highway with the bitumen ripped off. This monstrosity thunders straight on into Innamincka.

Pulling into the servo I saw a familiar face. Yes it was Garry from the MTCV. Garry rides off road with a very well set-up electric start TT600 Yamaha. He and a riding acquaintance Lewis had taken their bikes to Mildura in a van and then set out from there.. They were lucky enough to get a caravan in Innamincka and were having a rest day when I arrived. Garry had done his homework well and had come up with a very innovative way to get to Birdsville. Instead of going north east via Cordillo Downs, we were to head north west through the natural gas fields of Mooney following the track through Walker's Crossing. This eventually comes out 100 kms south of Birdsville and reduces the whole trip from 418 km down to 340 km. Garry had phoned the property owners to obtain permission to pass through and he and Lewis were good enough to let me tag along for the journey.

After dropping off the camping gear down by Cooper Creek, I set out later that afternoon to ride the 120 kms round trip to that other infamous Cooper Creek rendezvous 'The Dig Tree', the end of the line for Messers Burke and Wills. This tree is on a private property and the owner has seen fit to erect an oversized fence around the adjacent few acres and charge \$10 for entering the hallowed turf. I declined to pay for the privilege. Amazing isn't it that the government of this country would allow a national icon to become the centre piece of shoddy racketeering.

That night camped down by Cooper Creek was just magic: a full moon, the last cries of the Major Mitchell cockatoos, a camp fire of the bus people flickering in the distance.

At 8 am Eastern Standard Time (we didn't bother to adjust our time pieces to fit in with the local hoi-polloi) we topped up the extra 5 litre gerry-cans and headed off. Sixty three km of sandy but interesting two-wheel-rut road brought us to the turnoff to Walker's Crossing. The outback in general is appallingly signposted (*we don't want to make it too easy or everyone will go there, do we*) but here at the turn-off to nowhere we had an amusing informative sign telling us that there were no facilities for the next 280 km. Perhaps they were expecting us to require a 4 star motel overnight.

This trail across to the Birdsville Track was indeed a rare treat: remote, reasonably demanding, and unique and ever-changing landscape. It had the lot. At one point I was leading the trio, well out ahead, when I stopped quickly and quietly to observe a dingo which had come close to the track to drink at a water hole.

On resuming the favoured wheel rut I had to cut across a strip of dried and cracked mud. Dried and cracked it may have appeared, but beneath the surface was 70 mm of the slipperiest green-grey goop it has ever been my misfortune on which to go arse-up. Fortunately I was only doing about 20 km/h but the weight of the bike was enough to bend a few components, like wrap the gear shift lever around the footpeg etc.

Garry and Lewis were good enough to give me a hand to straighten out the world's heaviest trail bike and we were soon back in the groove. The slow fall was probably a godsend as for about half an hour I had been planning on nailing one of these dried out mud plains at full stick instead of taking the rather tedious side tracks.

We eventually came out of sand and scrub country to enter Sturt's Stony Desert. S - P - O - O - K - Y. Garry thought we were riding on Mars. Small shiny red-brown pebbles for as far as the eye could see in any direction.

After 180 km of fairly serious riding we eventually joined the Birdsville Track at such a shallow angle that we stopped a passing 4WD to ask "Which way to Birdsville, mate?" He must have thought we were raving lunatics as everybody on the Birdsville Track knows which way Birdsville is.

Another eye opener was 3 star pickets driven into the stony ground holding a sign which read "Road Closed" indicating the direction from which we had come. Now they tell us!

One hundred km of boring gravel road brought us to the outskirts of a township where a horse racing meeting was in progress. I sat there in the shade of a road sign and watched well groomed thoroughbreds racing across the dusty landscape. Yes dear reader, this was the weekend of the infamous Birdsville Races.

Birdsville resembles a depot rather than a township: a tourist bus depot, a main road depot, or a pipeline survey depot. When 10,000 people descend upon it for one weekend a year, the limited facilities can't cope, and either could I. A veteran of eleven Easters at the Bathurst bike races, I can cope with most yobbo events. But after the dust tornado down the main street, the hurricane force winds through the camp ground most of the night, the power black-out the next morning, the queuing to use the dunny, come 11 am I was out of there and on the road to Marree 520 kms away. Ah! A long, empty horizon and quiet solitude.

A little over half way down the Birdsville Track is the oasis of Mungerannie. An oasis because the tiny roadhouse and petrol pump nestles near a line of scraggy trees which in turn hides a permanent artesian spring. The resultant pond of water and reeds lies like a superb photograph against a backdrop of two stunning sand dunes. For 5 bucks I floated in the warm artesian water, pitched my tent, and once more was at peace with the world.

Next morning the Tenere completed the remaining 200 kms of the Birdsville Track and rolled into Marree. The Track is really a dirt highway these days with the occasional low lying section that has turned to sandy rubble. Only those not paying attention would come unstuck on the Birdsville Track.

Marree, that once busy, bustling rail head of a town, that welcome destination for every cattle drive, that place of droving legend, is now a tired, run down, whistle stop. From here it is a fast dirt road to Lyndhurst and then bitumen to Copley. Yes, after 1000's of kms of dirt and sand the tires once more rolled on black asphalt.

Turning into what passes for the off-highway main street of Copley I was stunned to find a boutique bakery open on a Sunday afternoon. Obviously a trendy couple escaping the 'rat-race' of Adelaide. The

home-made pie and vast slice of chocolate cake was welcomingly consumed, sitting in the dappled shade of a Coolibah tree.

I wasn't intending to go to Arkaroola but somehow the Tenere wanted that last long run of dirt. The Gammon Ranges is a spectacular chain of rugged peaks north of the Flinders Ranges. A one-time mining plant had been converted many years ago to a 4 star tourist resort complete with swimming pool. Dusty yobbos like myself are allowed in the area as long as we don't upset the paying guests. The camping ground is 1.5 kms from those requiring a real bed. Actually it is not a matter of social division but a sensible attempt to move well away from the generator which runs 24 hours a day.

Apart from Halls Creek, Arkaroola has the stoniest, rockiest, hardest camp ground in Australia. Fortunately I always carry my *6 tent pegs from hell* which made short work of the concrete like surface. A full moon and balmy night over Arkaroola made it all worth while. Certainly a lot better than the minus 4 degrees the last time I camped there with Tom and Andi.

In the morning I filled the tank and checked the map. "No worries" said the petrol attendant. "Three hundred kms of dirt through from Downs to the highway at Yunta". Incredible isn't it how the brain adapts. On a Sunday Club ride news of a 300 km section of dirt would bring gasps of disbelief, but out here in the land of big numbers on road signs, it was just an easy buzz down to the highway.

When I get down around this neck of the woods I always head for Morgan on the Murray. Morgan, the once busy island port, is now a sleepy, comfortable two hotel township. For goodness sake, they even have thick, green, wall-to-wall, mown grass on the camping ground.

In the morning it is a simple matter of rolling onto the ferry that has been shuffling back and forward across the mighty Murray for most of the night and heading for Victoria, Loxton, Pinaroo and across the border to Murrayville.

Murrayville ? What the hell is Murrayville ? Well it isn't much of a township but it just happens to be the northern jumping-off point for a track through the Victorian 'Big Desert Wilderness' which touches bitumen again at 'Broken Bucket Tank' (destination of a yearly motorcycle rally), and then on to Nhill. No, the big trail bike on steroids just couldn't help itself; just one last desert run.

Back on the highway I pointed the front wheel for Dimboola, another one of my favourite camping spots right on the Wimmera River.

The next morning's run across those western plains back to Melbourne was the hardest ride of the whole trip. Absolutely freezing cold until I came down the Pentland Hills and spent a while thawing out in Bacchus Marsh. This highlights one of the big problems with riding from Melbourne to central Australia or North Queensland: at the times of the year you need to do the trip there are massive changes in climate and you need to carry a ridiculous amount of clothing to cope with the extremes.

That one complaint aside, it was just "the best ride": the endless horizons, the air, and the roads that go on forever. Just turn me around and send me out again.

Les Leahy (Yamaha 660 Tenere).



NOVEMBER 15<sup>TH</sup>

BE THERE!

TCM SAVILLE

## MYSTERY RIDE

MEET 8.30 AM WARANDYTE BRIDGE (MEL REF 23 F11)

I will be going to spectate the final section of the International Six Day Enduro, held at Loy Yang Motor Cross Track.

Entry Fee \$15.00.



## TRANSPORT ACCIDENT COMMISSION COMPENSATION

Motorists and/or motorcyclists injured on Victorian roads seeking compensation for road trauma and/or injuries have access to benefits through the Transport Accident scheme of compensation. The scheme comprises payments to injured persons for loss of earnings (up to 80% of preaccident income), payment of reasonable and like medical expenses and, after 18 months, a lump sum benefit for those able to show a permanent injury with an impairment over 10% whole person impairment as assessed by the American Medical Guides to Permanent Impairment. TAC will also pay for the reasonable costs of hospital, nursing, funeral and rehabilitation expenses. If there is negligence involved, in certain cases where there is severe injury, a common law claim may be brought.

## CLAIMS PROCEDURE

The accident must be reported to the TAC within 28 days after the accident though TAC has a discretion to accept claims up to 12 months post accident. The general question of who was at fault in relation to who caused the accident is not relevant except where common law benefits are concerned. Claim forms can be picked up from public hospitals, police stations and some medical practitioners. Medical certificates detailing injuries and the period of incapacity must also be supplied to TAC. TAC must generally make a decision regarding the claim within 28 days.

## COMMON LAW RIGHTS

The other major component of the scheme involves the right to sue the driver of the other vehicle involved in the accident where the other driver was at fault and the claimant has suffered a "serious injury". "Serious injury" is defined in a number of ways but the common definition is a 30% plus impairment. If you can show a permanent long term impairment that impacts on your ability to work fulltime or your enjoyment of life you may also have a claim. If you can show a serious injury then assuming you can prove fault on the part of the other driver, the gateway to damages lies open. Damages for pain and suffering are indexed and a court will only award damages that are between \$32,640 and \$326,470. Damages for economic loss will be awarded for a claim that falls between \$32,640 and \$734,570.

## HOW A SOLICITOR CAN HELP

Accident victims should consult a solicitor as soon as they have an accident. We can assist with completing the claim form and give advice in relation to decisions TAC makes concerning claimants. TAC often make incorrect assessments in relation to loss of earnings claims for instance and these decisions can be appealed to the Civil and Administrative Tribunal. Such appeals must be lodged within 12 months failing which the right to appeal is lost. Therefore it is critical to move quickly if TAC have made a decision regarding a claim.

TAC can also make incorrect decisions in relation to a myriad of areas managed by TAC, and solicitors can help correct those decisions. With common law claims difficult to pursue, it is very important that victims of road accidents receive their correct entitlements.

A review of a TAC decision concerning impairment can, for instance, have quite dramatic effects. Every 1% over 10% can mean approximately \$700 extra to a client and if a level of 50% is obtained, loss of earnings benefits can continue for life. TAC sometimes fails to take into account the full range of impairments suffered by a claimant, meaning the victim gets less compensation. Experienced solicitors can ensure that full impairment entitlements are received where TAC's decision is wrong even if a common law claim is not commenced.

Many of my clients say to me that they have been told that they cannot pursue a common law claim for at least 18 months post accident. This view is not entirely correct. S.47(7) of the Transport Accident Act allows TAC to determine impairment earlier than 18 months if it is satisfied that the applicant has a serious injury and the injury has stabilized. For someone who has been left severely injured, TAC will often agree that person has a "serious injury" and common law proceedings can commence. Such a decision can only be made on the claimant making an application and a solicitor can help here by making the claim quickly on behalf of the applicant. However to be told that nothing can be done for 18 months after the accident is wrong. Nor is it true to say that if you do not obtain 30% impairment, one cannot obtain "serious injury". If one can show major impact on earning capacity for instance then one may be able to satisfy what is known as the narrative version of serious injury contained in s.93(17) of the TAC Act.

These are but a few examples of how solicitors can help with those who have entitlements under the Transport Compensation Scheme. The scheme is rather complex but a solicitor experienced in the area can provide speedy assistance to those who have been severely injured as the result of road accident. If you have had an accident and have a question about your entitlements, please call me on either 98366922 or 97302144.

Philip Cottier.

## More Who's News

**Lyn Duncan** thanks all those who purchased raffle tickets for AMTRA. The prizes have been drawn and the winners were: 3<sup>rd</sup>, Peter Stewart (member AMTRA, present to collect), 2<sup>nd</sup> A. Broadway (work mate of Peter Dowland, AMTRA member), and first prize: J. Shannon (Acquaintance of Dennis Kelly, AMTRA member, and was phoned up to be congratulated at the meeting).

**Treads 'n' Things** Motorcycle Shop recommended by some members. Services all makes. Stocks tyres, chains, pads, batteries, sprockets and exhausts. Factory 2/4 Olive Grove Ringwood. Ph: 9870-1755 or 9876-0266.

**Seen on the Warnambool Weekend:** Ian Payne (leader), Danny Vits, Rhys Williams, Ben Warden, Jack Youdan, John Willis, Lyn Duncan, Gerry East, Darren Hosking, Mark S., and Wayne Grant. Plenty of Kawasaki's, 1850 kms approximately, fantastic weather, no crashes, no tickets. Great weekend.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM AND ANDI 1998  
DR650 & ATK600

FRASER ISLAND, CARNARVON RANGE, MORETON ISLAND.

PART 1.

15/7/98. Tom left with the van packed with our bikes and all the gear and spares required for a great holiday for the next four weeks.

16/7. Tom's already in Brisbane.

17/7. After the days work, I flew out of Melbourne at 5.30 pm, reaching Brisbane airport by 7.30 pm and Tom waiting. From there it was straight up the Bruce HWY to Tewantin by 9.30 pm, where we stayed the night with old family friends and a good place to leave the van for the next few weeks.

18/7. The day was spent setting up our bikes and gear. Tom caught up with an old AMTRA riding partner who now runs the pub in Tewantin.

19/7. We left Tewantin at around 10.30 am, crossed the Noosa River via the ferry and out to the coast. We followed the beach heading north, past the coloured sands that so many people had raved about. We couldn't see it, but I guess it depends on what else you've seen in life. At Freshwater Creek a narrow sand track wound its way out till we arrived at Rainbow Beach reasonably early. We acquired our vehicle permits for Fraser Island at \$30.00 per bike and camping fees of \$3.50 per person per night, oh and a tide chart, very important when riding the coast.

20/7. Awoke at sunrise and reached the barge at Inskip Point just on time for a crossing. They usually go on demand. Another \$20.00 each for a 3 km journey. We headed along the east coast, north to Eurong, then inland to Lake Jennings and followed the sandy tracks south past a series of lakes, stopping at Lake Boomanjin for lunch. We came out on the east coast again at Dilli Village and headed north once more. The Maheno Wreck which had been washed up onto this shore by a cyclone over 60 years ago was fascinating to explore. We were accompanied by a curious dingo who came so close to me I could have hugged him. Continuing north we past Indian Head, Waddy Point and refueled at Orchid Beach. From here we headed to the west coast along a great track to Wathumba Creek Inlet, setting camp, with a few more dingos.

21/7. We had to wait till low tide, around 1 pm until we could travel further. Its hard to imagine that we rode past the point where Tom had been fishing in 3 feet of water a couple hours earlier. We headed south and only traveled around 20 ks that day. Alone at last. This is the most challenging riding on Fraser as the tide comes right in to the base of the steep dunes and the beach was covered in seaweed in sections sometimes quite deep. This is where 4WDS often get bogged. This was no doubt the highlight of Fraser. We camped that night on the banks of a fresh water creek, a piece of paradise.

22/7. Heading further south we then picked up a track which took us toward the east again. My clutch cable broke, great the spare is in the van, this made for interesting riding in the thick sand. We went through a rainforest area and yes it was raining, stopping at Allom Lake which was full of fresh water turtles. Then through the centre coming out at Happy Valley. Our next stop Lake Wabby, which is half engulfed by a slow shifting sand blow. A peek off Stonetool lookout and Lake Mckenzie also known as the blue Lake for camp, shared with hordes of people.

23/7. It was a relief to pack camp and get away from so many people. We headed down to Central Station, which is also surrounded by rainforest, then to Eurong and south down the east coast to the barge, again this was perfect timing, I rode straight on from the beach which was lucky for me, with no clutch. We stopped at Rainbow Beach for lunch and also to wash the salt off our bikes. We headed back to Tewantin via dirt tracks, swapping bikes at one stage. Funny how you can adapt, as I kept forgetting to use the clutch on the DR.

Fraser Island was a bit of a disappointment, so many tourists and hired 4WDS that no one seems to know what to do with, you really had to be on guard. Tom was hit by a 4WD mirror on his left, yes left, shoulder while stationary in a wheel rut, makes you wonder. The west coast is the only place on Fraser you can be undisturbed. A little too civilized for our liking.

24/7. First stop was the bike shop to organize a new rear tyre for my bike and to repair my cable so I still had a spare. We were booked in at 3 pm, so hey guys were is there a good place to go riding around here. Well there's a 42 k enduro loop out at Gheerulla. Enduro alright, I didn't think Queensland had hills as steep and rocky as this and whoopy doos 20 feet high. We came out at Mapleton and followed the Obi Obi track back. I think the guys at the bike shop were suprised we got through.

25/7. Now on the mainland our intention was to criss cross our way to the back of Carnarvon Gorge. Through Gympie via back tracks then a stop at an historic railway bridge built in 1905 and still in use at Chowey and here is where we set camp.

26/7. There are some great tracks out here, following part of the Great Bicentennial Trail for a lot of the day. We followed a track into a tunnel, the longest unsupported tunnel in the Southern Hemisphere, once also part of a railway. It was full of chattering bats. Eventually we came out at Cania Gorge where we booked into the caravan park for two nights.

27/7. There are many interesting walks that can be done through the various gorge sections of Cania. This was a very wide gorge, we walked 15 ks all up. I couldn't resist feeding the Mud Nesters and Betongs which came into our camp.

28/7. We headed through the lovely Blue Hills and out to the town Cracow, we expected to get fuel here but the only thing existing was the pub. It was like a living ghost town. We walked down to the general store for supplies, its newly painted sign and the push bikes out the front sucked us in, it was empty. Nathan Gorge was our next stop and intended camp. It bucketed with rain, like a monsoonial down pore, the narrow track in was like riding a running stream. When we got to the gorge we crossed the river and found the only suitable campsite. The rain did not ease and we were worried that if the river rose we would not get back across, the only way out. We decided to head for Taroom. The road had turned to thick slippery mud, you had to keep speed up to keep the tread clear. The Taroom pub looked awfully good that night.

29/7. The roads were still wet and very slippery, as the day progressed they slowly dried out. We stopped for a look at Lake Murphy, which had heaps of splendid bird life. We followed 4WD tracks into the Expedition range, camp was set early nere Robinson Gorge. We intended to walk the gorge the following day, so we checked the point where we were to enter, a 2 km walk and then rode 3 ks to where you climb out. This is a deep and sometimes very narrow gorge, so we wanted to make sure we could get out, a rocky creek was the point we picked. No information or maps were available, this is a pretty remote and unvisited area.

30/7. The plan was to walk the 2 ks to the gorge 4 ks down the gorge and the 3 ks back to camp via the track, 9 ks return. We climbed down into the gorge almost at first light. As we started our walk we heard grunting and snorting sounds from wild pigs, a few run in various directions. We were surrounded by pigs in a narrow gorge around 100 m wide and 100 m high, an uneasy feeling as wild pigs can be extremely aggressive, especially in confined spaces. We continued walking, for the first kilometer we saw around 70 pigs still grunting and snorting. Cautiously we climbed rocks, boulders, followed pig tracks, waded through the river and pushed our way through scrub. This is not a frequently visited gorge with no such thing as a walking track. Finally the pigs had gone and the last one probably a bore we could not see, but smell. When you smell a bore you are usually only a few feet away, they stand sightless in scrub, we changed our course, a wide birth around scrub with relief.

It took us 4 hours to walk the 4 ks and the gorge had narrowed to five meters and then water, to long and deep to wade, we had only a few 100 meters to go but could go no further. We had to turn back. To add to the excitement, I had no idea we had quicksand in Australia. Tom sank to his waste, I pulled him out quickly, I also sank but managed to get out before sinking too deep. The sand sucks tightly around you and makes it hard to move to free yourself, but as you wriggle you gradually sink. The pigs had gone and we reached our camp just on dusk, 12 long ks later. Robinson Gorge is no doubt the best gorge we had ventured into.

To be continued....

Andi.

## INJURED?

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# VMC MEETING 8<sup>th</sup>. OCTOBER

Small attendance : Chris Z owner, Micheal God Squad, Detlef BMW, Andy Norton owners, Ginger Angels, Lyn MTCV.

Detlef had attended meeting with Vic Roads on the release of 'The Draft of Australian Wide Road Rules' with the brief time he has had to study it has already found issues we may not be happy with. I.e: single white lines to be faded in as no overtaking areas. Do we want seatbelts and helmets to be treated as the same?

Micheal : Brought up a discussion on hand held phones.

Ginger : alerting us to the fact of the danger of trucks using retreads "should be banned"

Any one noticed the adds in Sun/Herald and Trading Post for protective gear "Bitumen Surfing" on is titled, this is the result of consultation with VMAC. A good thing for us to be seen doing something Pro-active.

Ive been asked to do an article in a Vic Roads leaflet, that is circulated to Regional Managers and I hope tendered workers. That has been sent. Hopefully acceptable to raise the awareness of the dangers of loose gravel on bitumen. Yes I'm still on their case.

*Lyn*

## MTCV Membership List as at November 5<sup>th</sup>, 1998

Name	Home	Work	Mobile	Name	Home	Work	Mobile
Atkinson, Derek	9720-3754	9720-1755		Matricciani, Rob	9729-4584		0412-462-054
Barnes, Michael		9429-6577	0419-570-111	McFarlane, Ian			
Bear	9877-6914			Miller, Harry	9761-4126	9879-4393	
Blashki, Mark	9796-1416	9546-6588		Moore, Dave	9428-9967		0414-805-921
Brown, Ken	9578-3403			Morcomb, Darren	9888-3131		
Burns, Jenny	9872-3167	9877-9262		Payne, Ian	9558-4740	9550-6312	
Burns, Lynne	9533-1717	9596-2871	0411-793-792	Peck, David	9754-7670		
Burns, Paul	9521-0317			Philferan, Peter	9813-3518		
Casemore, Nick	9890-7544	9926-1277	0413-101-705	Pictor, Tony	9799-2211	9322-6890	0419-352-895
Casemore, Tim	9890-7544			Riddett, Jon	9808-0173		
Clowes, John	5962-6326	5962-2309		Robinson, Kathy	9720-3754	9274-1151	
Cottier, Phil		9836-6922		Sanders, Peter	9626-8411	9337-6612	
Czarnecki, Damian	9776-2166	9242-6515		Saville, Tom			
Davey, Patrick	0353-358-569	0353-327-368		Schrader, Tony	9459-3293		0417-332-412
de Jong, Lance	9723-3503			Shearer, Len	9561-2857		
Duncan, Lyn	9306-0124		0419-372-678	Sirianni, Sam	9796-5460		
Dunn, Andrew	9578-8728			Sirninger, Andi			
East, Geraldine		9344-9739	0417-587-850	Smale, Andrew	9857-4945		
Elabris, Tony	9572-0984	9557-4383		Tallents, Paul	9455-1416		
Forster, Stuart	9287-9108		0416-070-783	Thomas, Jacinta	9533-5141	9687-6831	014-692-781
Fenova, Vince		9870-2222		Toulson, Ray	9434-7185		0419-511-417
Grant, Wayne	9337-9343		0413-154-161	Turner, Mark	9455-1416	9846-1063	
Ianlon, Mick				Vits, Danny	9776-0236		0417-583-877
Iosking, Darren	9874-8306	9698-6214	0417-106-162	Walker, Tim	9551-1638		
Ioward, Peter	9778-8492	9874-8611	0411-727-746	Ward, Dave	9563-7705	9563-8758	0419-174-381
Johnston, Ron	9725-7303	98702144		Warden, Ben	9439-8015	9344-5733	040-900-1618
Jones, Geoff	9743-3164	9305-3255		Webster, Darryn	9690-3206		0412-402-588
Kalkandis, Theo	9543-3517	9540-0100		Welsford, Dianne	9723-0957	9230-0642	
King, Ross	9370-9479			Williams, Rhys	0359-712-502	9580-5800	
Kramer, Rob				Willis, John	0359-622-061		0419-538-100
Krueger, Les	9889-6505	9429-6577		Wurster, Hans	9398-5575		
Kraiwald, Wolfgang	9587-4804			Wurster, Ken	9749-5575	9286-5710	
Krakin, Eric	5962-6326	5962-2309		Youdan, Jack	9802-3564		