

JULY 89

Good Vibrations



MOTORCYCLE TOURING CLUB OF VICTORIA

P.O. Box 453, Richmond 3121, Victoria

ITINERARY

JULY 1989

SUNDAY 9th.	NOOJEE TRESTLE BRIDGE & TOORONGO FALLS. 9.30 KBCP. 10.30 Yarra Glen.	Gary O will lead us to view this relic from the steamage on the outskirts of Noojee. Then to the other side of town for a "bit of walking" up to the Falls.
SUNDAY 16th.	TURPIN'S FALLS, Kyneton. 9.30 KBCP.	We will follow Murray Browne around the Heathcote, Redesdale & Sutton Grange areas before heading down to Kyneton to view these elusive waterfalls. Route home will depend on time available.
SUNDAY 23rd.	STATE COAL MINE. Wonthaggi. 9.30 KBCP. 10.15 Hallam.	Join with Ben Warden for the trip down to Sth Gippsland & a guided tour of this <u>underground</u> tourist attraction depicting coal mining in days gone by.
FRIDAY 28th.	CRAZYHOUSE THEATRE RESTAURANT. 6.30/7.00pm 169 EXHIBITION St. MELB.	Bookings have now closed & members going have been advised. * All patrons are requested to be seated by 7.00PM.
SUNDAY 30th.	LAKE MOUNTAIN. Snow Ride. 9.30 KBCP. 10.30 Yarra Glen.	This popular winter ride is on again, and hopefully snow will be in abundance to enable the usual icy antics to be performed.
<u>AUGUST</u>		
THURSDAY 3rd.	GENERAL MEETING. 8.15pm Club Hall Cnr Plant & Union Streets, Northcote.	Usual highly entertaining, convivial coffee and conversation night.
SUNDAY 6th.	FORT QUEENSCLIFF. 9.30 KBCP. 10.00 Laverton. Ian Payne leading.	OK you've been to Point Nepean, now here's an opportunity to be guided around the restored fortifications on the other side of THE RIP. (Entry fee)

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* CHECK OUT THE NEW ITINERARY, IT CONTAINS THE USUAL INTERESTING AND DIFFERENT RIDES. PROBABLY THE MOST EXCITING IS OUR SNOWY MOUNTAINS WEEKEND TO BE HELD ON THE MELB. CUP WEEKEND (November) IMAGINE 4 DAYS OF TOURING SOME OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR COUNTRY IN AUST. SO RESERVE THAT DATE NOW.

MTCV-Image

The Committee, having discussed the issues raised on this subject in recent Club magazine articles and from individual members, has concluded:

"Current Club rides are of a high standard with considerable emphasis placed on overall rider safety. Although 'incidents' do occasionally occur, this does not reflect a lack of diligence by the Committee. Consequently changes to the Clubs modus operandi are not warranted at this time".

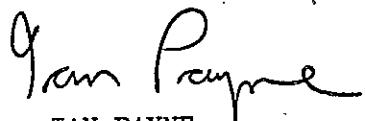
To expand on this:

All Club rides are governed by the "Road Rules of the ... Association" and while endeavouring to work within this framework, the Club cannot be held responsible for individual riders conduct; we can only emphasize road safety.

Therefore the ride leader must spell out the do's and dont's associated with Club rides. To help with this formidable task the Committee will collate a set of guidelines for use by leaders on Club rides.

Whilst not wishing to play down any incidents that do happen on Club rides, our achievements of a "Ride every Sunday" means annually, we travel many thousands of kilometres.

Consequently the ratio of 'incidents per kilometre' is very low. Even so, any incident must be viewed with some concern, and analysed in an endeavour to avoid repetition.



IAN PAYNE

PRESIDENT.

* * * * *

MESSAGE:- At the June meeting our guest speaker, Sue Moreland gave an excellant talk on all aspects of this subject.

Basically massage is classed as "types and levels";

TYPE	LEVEL
RELAXATION (Relieves tension)	BASIC (Initial touch)
THERAPEUTIC (Remedial)	EFFLEURAGE (Gentle stroking)
SHIATSU (Trigger point therapy)	PETRISSAGE (Kneading pressure)
ACCUPRESSURE (Pressure point)	FRICITION (Deep pressure)
SPORTS MASSAGE (Athletic muscle toning)	

Later, member Tony Gustus received some attention from Sue in the form of a...
...BackRub, according to Tony, "most beneficial!"

Also, congratulations to Sue and Peter Moreland who are expecting their second child (just). Hmm, pleasant side effects of massage?

MOTOR CYCLE TOURING CLUB OF VICTORIA (INC)
GENERAL MEETING THursday June 1st 1989.
Held at JIKA JIKA COMMUNITY HALL, NORTHCOTE.
Present: 28 Members and Visitors.
Chair: Ian Payne.
Apologies: Nil.

A warm welcome was extended to our visitor Annette by our President Ian.

The minutes of the previous meeting of 04/05/89 were accepted by Ross King and seconded by Terry Mountney.

Correspondence: Queens Birthday Weekend.

Treasurer's Report: Incoming \$273:50
Outgoing \$123:77
Bank Bal \$729:76

Captains Report: Steve Leyland gave a brief description of the club rides of May with a special mention of the excellent leading by Hans on the Tocumwal Border run.

The Hills ride and Bundy's Tavern were well attended, however a couple of spills by new riders on the Reefton Spur run took the shine off a good ride.

Thanks to Ben for assisting the rider who fell on the Boulevard and to Rod for his assistance with the rider who came off at Launching Place. Good reports from all riders attending the Camel Farm run.

Forthcoming rides read out by Steve as per the Itinerary.

General Business: President requesting suggestions for future rides for the Itinerary.

Steve Leyland was awarded the Club Trophy for best Clubman for 1989. He was also awarded a personal trophy to keep.

Tom Saville suggested an advert in the the Yellow pages or in the MR Big. Committee will investigate this but costs may preclude.

Micheal Stanley advises that the BMW club is again running it's Icicle Ride on Sat July 8th. For \$8 you receive a badge, hot breakfast and a chance to get lost in snow covered areas.

Wayne Pope is moving to the Maryborough area and invites the members to visit and make use of his land and facilities.

Mick Fagan asking about new members. Where are they and does the committee talk to prospective members on club rides and encourage them to come on rides. The president advised that the committee is looking for feed back from members on ways to encourage a larger membership and also feedback on our image, riding speeds etc.

General Business continued:

Some spirited conversation now developed amongst the members and committee with respect to the type of riding, accidents, image, excessive speeds and the number of letters published in the club magazine in relation to this.

The committee stated that it appreciates all this input and acknowledges concern of the members. The matter would be discussed at the forthcoming meeting of the committee and a statement issued in the next Club magazine.

A suggestion was made by John Ridett that the Club hire the Broadford race track for a day as a club ride/function, however Mick Fagan reminded all of the cost and problems associated with public liability insurances etc.

Members advised by the President that the club now has ear plugs available for sale. Final cost will be advised at the next General meeting.

Tom Saville thanked for entering the Ad in AMCN to encourage prospective new members to ride with us.

Door Prize: Mag Wheel cleaner won by Tony Gustus.

Meeting Closed.

Introduction of our Guest Speaker, Sue Moreland.

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AGENDA
AUGUST GENERAL MEETING

- 1/ Open Meeting.
- 2/ Apologies.
- 3/ Visitors.
- 4/ Read minutes of previous meeting.
- 5/ Business Arising.
- 6/ Correspondance.
- 7/ Reports;
 - (a) Treasurer.
 - (b) Club Captain - i/ Preceding rides.
ii/ Forthcoming rides.
- 8/ General Business.
- 9/ Close meeting.

Otway Ranges: A Different Perspective

Sunday 2nd April, 1989

11 People, 8 Bikes

FJ1200	Gary Clifton	K100RS	Hans Wurster
K100RS	Andrew/Pam	R80 GS	Graeme Frampton
K100RS	Tom/Andrea	VF750	Steve Leyland
GPz900	Sam and Rita	ZX10	Ben Warden

At nearly 11.45 am the last *stragglers* arrived for morning-tea, our first stop. The ride had been very fast, the weather cold, the roads wet in places, and we had been on the road for about 170 km, and more than two hours not including the Laverton pickup. Definitely time for a stop. Sam and Rita departed, Sam unwell.

Within minutes Hans was on his bike, helmet on and ready to go. Steve was about to leave until I mentioned to him that people were still eating, and trying to find toilets. We were soon back on the Great Ocean again.

Around 12.40ish Tom/Andrea and I arrived at the Wild Dog Road turnoff, some 43 km from Lorne. Though leaving last (apart from the rear rider) I ended up getting to the front and corner marking with Tom and Andrea after Hans, Graeme and Gary had stopped to put their wet-weather clothing on. The rain was absolutely bucketting down by now. The remaining riders soon arrived and disappeared, except Andrew and Pam. Tom, Andrea and I waited patiently, pleasantly passing the time by watching the myriad of MRA riders dawdle/fang by, most of them completely soaked. It was the MRA Poker Run of course. We were out in the open, a cold wind blowing, the rain too steady to take our helmets off. The water was getting deeper.

I was becoming a little concerned at the non-appearance of Andrew and Pam. After half an hour, and allowing for the conditions, I was more than a little concerned, drew the short straw, and headed back to look for them, with the proviso, that if I was not back by 2 pm, "send reinforcements".

I pondered: It was 1.10 pm. Lorne and back, worst case, (43km x2 = 86km) in 50 minutes. Hmm. Probably wouldn't make it. Hopefully I would find them earlier. I now found myself riding back along the GOR, looking over cliffs, in terrible riding conditions: it is pouring rain, overcast and dark; it is cold and slippery, with the occasional mud stream running across the road. I am searching for a bike either coming towards me, stopped, or crashed over a cliff. I am also in a hurry, otherwise Tom will come after me. And there are bikes everywhere.

Some 20 km towards Lorne, rounding a blind corner, a red K100RS, two up with similar helmets and clothing to Pam and Andrew flashes by. They are following a bike/trailer combination. Yes it must be them. (It wasn't.)

I travel a further few hundred metres till I find a muddy grassed area for a safe U-turn, curse the large turning circle of the ZX, curse the mud, curse the rain.

I pursue the red K100RS and trailer at a rapid rate, but they will clearly take some time to catch. Lo and behold, here they (Andrew and Pam) are, coming towards me. Pam waves. I pull over at the earliest safe opportunity, near the armco-cliffs lookout area. I assume (hope) Andrew and Pam will stop, and come back and tell me what is going on. I give them five minutes only, to find a safe u-turn area, but fully aware they might keep going if they have left the ride.

Five minutes elapses. I decide the correct and only thing to do is chase them again, just in case something has happened just down the road. [Curses large turning circle of ZX, curses rain, curses himself for doing the thing motorcyclist fear the most, a vehicle doing a U-turn.]

Limits pursuit to 5 km. Five kilometres elapse, always looking. Gives up! Assumes Andrew and Pam have left the ride. Looks for opportunity to do another U-turn. [Curses large turning circle of ZX, curses rain, curses mud, curses himself (for doing a U-turn), curses stomach rumbling, curses wet gloves, curses cold.] Heads back to Wild Dog Road turn-off.

Meets Tom and Andrea coming the other way! Stops. Tom signals for Ben to do a U-turn! [Ben curses (in a happy sort of a way) large turning circle of ZX, curses himself (for doing the thing motorcyclists fear the most), curses stomach rumbling, and smiles with relief.] Tom says we are to meet the rest at Tanybryn, the intersection of Wild Dog Road and the Skenes Creek to Colac Road. Tom disappears into the rain and fog. The fog gets heavier, all views thwarted as I climb steeply up from the coast.

At the meeting point wait Steve, Graeme, Gary, and recently arrived Tom and Andrea. Steve's, Graeme's, and Gary's bikes are covered in brown mud. Hans has not yet returned, having back-tracked to Tom, down Wild Dog Road.

It was now 2.45 pm. A quarter to three. I suggested to Steve that it may be a good idea to stop and eat. I also expressed the view that I did not wish to go to Lavers Hill via Beech Forest and more dirt road. The reasons were:

- (i) it was late (I estimated that if we left now, we would not be back in Melbourne till 5.00 pm, and with daylight saving ended, it gets dark early and quickly,
- (ii) the weather conditions were abysmal and apparently not getting any better. (The Otways have by far the highest rainfall in the state.)

The unstated reasons were:

- (i) Safety: the risk of making a mistake is much higher when people are cold, tired, wet and hungry (recalling the number of broken club member bones recently),
- (ii) I had travelled an extra 50 km of GOR in *trying* conditions,
- (iii) ZX's are not noted good handlers of dirt terrain (I had travelled 40 km of dirt along the Grand Ridge Road the week before on Jack's Bulga National Park Ride. It is easy to go fast; stopping is the tricky part.)
- (iv) I don't suffer from a deep masochistic streak. I was not enjoying the ride, and unless it got better, I was leaving. A natural, normal prerogative.

Arguments against leaving: "Yours is the only clean bike," and "I have never left a ride". (People don't leave rides if they are well planned (eg pre-ridden, and this one wasn't), interesting, and above all, fun.) Unstated reasons to continue riding were possibly to:

- (i) maintain the bond of companionship created through "group suffering",
- (ii) meet the challenge - conquer the elements,
- (iii) follow the leader loyally, blindly, never questioning his abilities including: sensitivity to the mood of the other riders, ability to assess and make correct decisions in unexpected/difficult circumstances, his road sense, experience, navigation and consultation abilities, etc. (It boils down to trust. And trust is earnt, not expected.)

Meanwhile Hans arrived, queried as to whether we were going to Laver's Hill, detected some indecision, and was off. Ho-hum.

Mentally I confused Forrest with Beech Forest. I figured at Forrest we could consider our course of action over a bite to eat. But alas, 3 km later we came upon the Beech Forest track, and Steve and Tom and Andrea were already gone.

I informed the rear rider, Graeme, that I was leaving the ride. Gary, obviously holding similar views, did likewise. Graeme, with no choice, (as rear rider) could only look at the heaven's with a bemused smile, before setting off in pursuit.

Gary and I headed for Colac, then veered east through Dean's Marsh and Moriac to Geelong and a well earned lunch. The roads were drying fast, and it was a real pleasure to ride on open, fast, smooth sweepers.

Back to Melbourne, where they had not had a drop of rain, via the freeways, delivering an article to Ian and Kerrie on a street corner. It was about 5 pm. I heard Tom and Andrea arrived home at 7 pm, in

pitch dark.

Ben (ZX10)

Right of Reply

After reading Steve Leyland's account of "Otway Ranges, Wild Dog Road" 2nd April 1989 in the May club magazine, I felt compelled to reply to the slurs, innuendos and inaccuracies scattered throughout the article.

(i) *.. neither of the others had a write-up submitted*". This refers to the Apollo Bay ride, Sunday 12th February 1989, where there were 11 members and 10 non-members. I now once more publically and categorically deny agreeing to do the write up. I always write down the names and bikes of those attending for the annual "Ride Statistics" sheet, which does not imply I am doing the write up.

(ii) *.. seems those asked had other things to do!*" Too right! I was already writing up the previous week's, Sunday 5th February, Walhalla Cricket, MTCV versus Q.L. Club, complete with statistics. Then there was the "small" matter of the itinerary being prepared (devised, designed, layed-out and proofed) for the printers within the next two weeks, ready for the March general meeting.

(iii) *Tom, Andrea and Ben arrived, but cheated by taking the all bitumen Skenes Creek road*". Sure, we cheated, trying to make up for lost time, trying to do the right thing for the club, who were standing around in the rain for *.. more than 45 minutes on an already long and late running ride*".

It is not some sort of game, Steve. It is not an endurance test, either.

(iv) *.. tempers of the group were a little frayed and for one this bickering between Ben, Gary and myself was enough*". Gary and myself, acting as duly elected members of the committee (Vice Captain and Vice President) were only offering our opinions (based on all the reasons mentioned in the previous article and several years experience of similar situations) in a frank exchange of ideas. No voices were raised, tempers were not frayed. Please learn to distinguish between bickering and a normal discussion between people of differing view points.

(v) *.. I'm getting used to Ben leaving rides*". Omeo/Inverloch I presume. Another can of worms better left to die a natural death.

(vi) *.. perhaps we should merge with that other well known Club that doesn't have any Club Rules either*". Utter rubbish. The Q.L. Club has a "Constitution", the MTCV has a "Constitution and Road Rules". There are no rules forcing you to follow the leader. Maybe we were not obeying your rules. I resent this slur on both Clubs and think it is unjustified.

(vii) *.. in the last 12 months I have only missed two rides*". According to the "Ride Statistics" published in the May Magazine 1989, you missed the following:

Bathurst 5th April 1988
Barossa Valley 24th April 1988
Lake Goldsmith Steam Rally 1st May 1988
Dandenongs Picnic 15th May 1988
Beechworth Weekend 12th June 1988

Melbourne Zoo 17th July 1988
Lake Mountain Snow Ride 31st July 1988
Penguin Parade 23rd February 1989
Bulga National Park 26th March 1989

If any of these statistics are incorrect please inform me, as previously requested in the Vice President's Report, May Magazine 1989.

Ben Warden

SUNDAY MAY 28 RIDE.

REEFTON SPUR TO CAMEL FARM. (WHERE IS THAT ?)

Leader - Ian Payne. Rear Rider - Gary Clifton.

Must have been a combination of good weather and the Club advert, in Aust. Motorcycle News as we had a million riders (or at least a lot).

At Yarra Glen pick up the street was full - some from KBCP, others direct from home. As it was too hard to work out who came from where, the following is the total listing, not counting some who did not make the trip between KBCP and Yarra Glen (around three bikes).

One who did not arrive was a downer on the Kew Boulevarde, Ben took him to the Austin to check out a possible broken collar bone, a responsible action after the crash-out.

(G.P. talk !).

Warren - GSX 750 ES	Sam/Rita - GPZ 900
Ray - XJ 900	Jack - GB 500
Les - K100	Ian - XJ 900
John - RG 500	Eric - KR 1
Gary/Velga - GTR 1000	Tom - FZR 1000
Rod - VF 1000 F	Andrea - KR 1
Mick/Barbara - R 90	Eric - GPZ 900
Gary - FJ 1200	Phil - Guzzi V50
Angus - GSX 750 ES	Gary - RZ 500
Jeff - GPZ 900	Steve - GPZ 900
Chris - GSXR 750	Corrada - FJ 1200
Michael - KR 250	Wally FJ 1100
Michael - RD 250	Glenn FZR 1000
Ben - ZX 10	Peter - FJ 1100

(Apologies for any omissions or errors).

With a list like that, who needs to go on with a ride description ? but here goes....

Following a late start from Yarra Glen, it takes time to convey the corner marker system and warn " it's not a race " to all the visiting riders, we rode through Healsville onto the road to Yarra Junction.

The bad news is Angus going off the road 10KM out of Healsville. Seems as if a right hand sweeper going up the hill "moved" and the Suzuki kept on going straight (off). Pretty lucky, as bike a total down the ravine and he not-so-far down with bruised ribs.

cont.

Rod Misken took Angus into Healsville to arrange tow truck collection (although strong Club members person-handed the bike onto the 'moving' road), and Angus to a hospital for a check up.

So not yet to Warburton and nearly midday means it's Warburton for lunch. Many photos were taken of the long, long, long, long line of bikes.

After our leader told us for the seventh time to take it easy, we "did" the Reefton Spur. If you take our large group and add a similar size group of bikes met at the bottom of the Spur, you end up with the road virtually packed, --- sort of like the crowd leaving the Australian GP through San Remo last month (well almost).

When at the top of the Spur we heard about someone down half way up and we thought "not another", but it was not one of our riders, but an almost new GSXR-750. Not much bike and less rider damage, except to pride.

Speaking of pride, some members of both groups looked magnificent at our top-of-the-Spur stop, colour coordinated (Dianese of course) leathers, boots, signature jelmets and knee scrapers (yes, knee scrapers!). Certainly makes one feel inadequate in black leather jeans and jacket, obviously little pride in appearance.

Following a further stop in Marysville we at last reach the Camel Farm, Buxton. The owner's spiel on camels was fairly interesting, especially the bit about the electric fence either to keep the camels in or people out. Said fences did a good job in keeping our camera buffs at a reasonable distance from the beasties.

As there were no camels rides etc., time was spent looking at things like, camels, donkeys, birds and souveniers, (camel dung ashtrays, really).

Final run was over the Black Spur to disperse at Healsville and NO mishaps.

Thanks for the day, Ian. Jack (Knee Down) Youdan.

Dear Editor,

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

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

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

Sincerely yours,

Richard Cranium.

APOLLO BAY MINI-GOLF.

JUNE 4th.

There is an unwritten law that the day of the Mini-Golf Tournament shall be exceedingly cold. The heavens shall open and pour much rain upon the coastal road and a great wind shall blow upon the face of the Mini-Golf course and wreak havoc amongst the assembled golf balls.

Sunday the 4th was to be no exception.

The earlier starting time of 8.30 a.m. must have deterred one Michael Fagan, because this was the first time in many years that he has missed the exalted putting of the white ball.

Those to depart the servo at Laverton were.....

Tom and Andrea (Leading)	BMW R80 G/S
Murray and Annette	Yamaha XJ 900
Stave	Kawasaki GPZ 900
Phil	Moto Guzzi V50
Dave	Kawasaki KR 1
Mick	Yamaha RZ 250
Andrew and Pam	BMW K 100 RS
Glen	Yamaha FZR 1000
Les	BMW K 100

Glad only in colour co-ordinated racing leathers, Glen was the first to leave the select band at Geelong. From here Tom headed west and in a series of steps constructed of left and right hand consecutive turns took us from the Hamilton Highway across the Barrabool Road, across the Colac Highway and down to Deans Marsh. From here the excellent but wet swervery lead us into our first stop at Lorne.

Discretion being the better part of valour, Andrew and Pam decided that wet weather riding was not really their bag and also headed for home.

After much discussion about excessive speed on our runs, the combination of Tom and Andrea two-up on the R 80 G/S with indifferent tyres, in the wet, proved to be the perfect bench-mark. In fact, even I managed to keep them in sight for at least 3 corners of the Great Ocean Road.

All humour aside, it is interesting to note how a long hard ride on difficult roads in poor weather conditions helps to bring the riding speeds back to a sensible level.

Perhaps the blame should have been levelled at rides that were "too easy" on roads that are "too much like autobahns or race-tracks".

At Skenes Creek we wound our way up through the mist and wet to the start of the Beech Forest Road to Lavers Hill. A lot of gravel has been pounded into this track which now makes it a lot easier to handle than the boggy series of pot holes it used to be.

cont.

Whichever way you look at it, the tougher the ride the more enjoyable the hot food at the servo at Lavers Hill. If Tom thought his pumpkin soup was terrific, my home-made pastie was equally palateable. Definitely worth a ride to Lavers Hill for the cuisine.

The remaining 53 kilometers to Apollo Bay were quickly covered and the serious business of the day got started.

Now, let me state that it was in fact not actually raining but a great deal of water was lying dormant on the concrete fairways. It was, however, the gale force winds which brought us undone and inevitably led to the horrific scores which I will now record with great embarrasment.

Phil	36	Tom	45
Murray	37	Andrea	49
Steve	37	Annette	57
Les	42		

Mick and Dave were kind enough to be scorers for the day with the traditional jousting of the putters completed, we refueled and headed back along the wet Ocean Road.

The combination of white painted line, RZ 250, and too much zip on the doo-dah caused Mick to engage in a very practical experiment in basic physics. Yes folks, the co-efficient of friction was reduced to such a degree that the force of gravity had it's way with a blinker or two of young Mick's trusty Yamaha. With little damage done and even less time lost we concluded the official days ride at Geelong.

At this point we had finally managed to run down a rather unusual group of bikes that had been sighted earlier in the day. Out of the mist on the northern Skenes Creek Road, I had been quite surprised to see a cavalcade of BMW R 80's pass us from the opposite direction. Tom twigged that it was in fact one of Geoff Coates' motorcycle tour parties.

The second sighting before Geelong had identified the lead rider as Hamish and the rear rider as Chris McArdle both longstanding members of the BM Club of Victoria. Obviously sub-contracting on the day.

A message to Michael Fagan and Garry Osborne..... you missed another classic golf day. Eat ya' heart out.

Les (BMW K100)

Club Torque

Our Club Captain, Steve Leyland expresses his sincere thanks to members of the club for bestowing "Clubman of the Year" award on him.

The Editor made a BOO-BOO when typing the Captains Comment in the June news letter. "On Club rides" is to be inserted after...(crash free). Sorry Steve.

As previously reported, Tony Gustus is off holidaying in Europe but also accompanying him is fellow member Colin Waddell.

The Club has purchased a bulk lot of EAR PLUGS, they are of good quality and can be bought for 30¢ a pair.

AVOCA WEEKEND. 10th-11th-12th JUNE

At KBCP: Hans K100RS, Gary FJ1200, Steve GPz900, Gary+Velga GTR1000, Ian+kerrie XJ900.

We left in pouring rain & proceeded over the Westgate to the Ballarat turnoff then along the back-roads to Baccus Marsh. A brief stop here so Gary could turn Velga on! (heated vest). Continued along the highway to Ballan then Pootilla & Creswick for a pit stop at the once Clifton Milkbar, Gary's Uncle.

The rain had stopped & dry roads were encountered as we passed through Clunes and Talbot before arriving at Avoca and the Victoria Hotel. Here we were greeted by Barry+Rosemary GSX750, who had arrived earlier in the day, we unpacked then into some serious socalising around the open fire in the bar. A short time later, Rod+Rosie (Cortina) and Peter P. (Holden) arrived. The battery on Peter's GT750 having died, prompted the 4 wheels.

Now relaxed, a spot of sightseeing/winetasting was decided upon, so with the dozen of us divided up into the two CARS we headed for the Mt. Avoca Winery, where the wines were described as bitter! The vintage port faired better but at \$14 per bottle, "No Sales!"

To gain a better perspective of the surrounding area we drove the 3km up to the lookout, just in time for the cloud & drizzle to descend - RATS, back to the cars. Rod's group, "throwing caution to the wind" elected to drive further up the hill, (through the ROAD CLOSED sign) with the Peter P. mob moving downhill to await their return at the bottom of the loop road. After waiting 10/15 minutes we decided they had already passed and so headed back to town.

After 1½ hours, Rod had not returned, Hmm, and we were about to organize a search party, when Hans phones from a farmhouse to say "they are bogged and can we come and get them!" We arrive to find the farmer & his family attempting to tow them out. No dice, need a 4WD. But what's this, some kind of reunion? Seems one of the farmers daughter is an ex-police woman and knows Peter P. & Hans. (Could explain why she wanted to frisk all the men? - is that a gun in your pocket.....)

Eventually we drag everyone away and head back to the Pub and our evening meal. And what a meal, excellant. Fine food and good company certainly make time fly and all too soon the Bistro wants to close, so back to the bar until stumps.

Up early to enjoy our cooked breakfast, with some of the group a touch subdued. Some-thing to do with last nights excesses, eh Steve.

The weather looks promising, so a trip to Maryborough is in order. Hans declines having planned to see some more of the country-side before returning home later that day. After retrieving Rod's Cortina, the rest of us board our trusty..... cars & head off, stopping firstly at the famous Railway Station - magnificent, (could'nt understand the attraction of the Gents toilet though?) then onto the stationary steam train for some photos before desecrating the hilltop lookout tower (cheeky pose Gary).

cont.

AVOCA cont.

After lunch were off to Moonambel and more wine-tasting, at this point Rod states that Rosie will drive (good pre-licence practice) Arrrrrr....with no room in Peter's car we have no other choice. "Our Father Who Art In Heaven, Hal...." But, surprise, surprise Rosie does quite well. In fact after the third Winery no body cares who's driving. At two of the Wineries we make quite an impression on some of the residents, in fact Steve was so popular at one place, it looked as if the Great Dane was going to come home with us.

Off again....Ah No Rod's BOGGED AGAIN, Whew only wet grass. We stop at the Moonambel Pub for some of their famous F.G.P. (F----g G--d Port, that's what's on the label!) then back to Avoca and tea. This being the Publican's night off we have to settle for a simple.....ROAST, yum yum & desert, yum AND ITS VELGA'S BIRTHDAY so cake for afters. "Happy Birthday Velga"

After tea we load up with some refreshments and head for the Guest Lounge where we enjoy videos (courtesy of Mark, the resident boarder) until the 500cc GP telecast from Rijeka, then bed.

Monday dawns fine, so after breakfast we pack up and prepare to head home, with Peter P, Barry+Rosemary going their separate ways. At Dunach a stop is made to visit, re-located, member Wayne Pope. Wayne, Michelle & Damian now reside on this country property as Wayne works in Ballarat. The property consists of, Dams, Horses, Tennis Court, Boats, Trailbikes, Pumas!!!! and would make an ideal week end camp. After coffee and a natter we make an uneventful ride back to Melbourne, a short detour to Laverton (thanks for lunch, Steve) and then home.

What a great weekend this was. Ideal location, great Pub and great company.

Thanks to all who made it happen.

Ian + Kerrie XJ900.

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Avoca Antics

Rosemary could certainly keep Steve in check.....now if only we could get her on the committee !

Third time lucky - Not being content with being bogged twice, Rod's Cortina split its heater hose while in Clunes. Could have something to do with the NUT that holds the steering wheel ?

Special thanks to Peter and Rod for the use of their cars over the Avoca weekend, an added bonus being the safe transport home of our Pyrenees grape juice.

Hans played it smart while trailing a "suspect" Turbo Commodore along the GO road while heading home. Seems he refrained from exceeding 160kph & then backed right off once they disappeared from sight. Later they appeared from behind and requested a look at his licence.

MIRBOO NORTH SUNDAY JUNE 18th.

This was one ride I was not going to miss. Tom Saville was leading on a KR-1, "that is a 250" this was probably the first time a 250 would lead the Touring Club, my only regret was that more of you where not there to see this historic occasion. In the past the KR-1 has been refered to as "pretty & nice" in our Club newsletter. We need bikes like this in our Club so that the big whimpy bikes can keep up.

There was only 9 of us that braved the elements on this cold wet morning. They were Ian Payne & Kerrie Gooding on his XJ900, Les Leahy on his K100, Steve Leyland on his GPz900, John Clowes on his RG500, Andrea Sirninger on her GS-80 Eric Hobert on his GPz900, Tom Saville on a KR-1 and myself also on a KR-1.

Four bikes left from KBCP and met the other four at Hallam, we set off at 10.15 in the rain and were led down some of the most interesting bumpy roads I had ever been on. There was two sections of dirt, the first about 9km long and the second about 4km. This made most of the bikes look pretty dirty and didn't impress John too much.

We stopped for lunch at Leongatha, I don't really know how we got there, but we went down a lot of back roads and didn't stay on the highway very long. It had stopped raining by then and after lunch we set out again, first to Mirboo North where we filled up with petrol, then on to Boolarra and Thorpdale. The road that led down to Trafalga was one of the best I had been on in Gippsland and would prove outstanding in the dry. After Trafalga we went straight down the highway as Tom had decided to cut the ride short because of the dismal weather. We only stopped once more, for coffee at the side of the road where we split up. The ride had lasted for about 300km and would be a good ride to put on again in the warmer months.

P.S. Tom set a good pace throughout the day, so it just goes to prove that you don't need a big bike to blitz the rest of the field.

Eric Makin

KR-1 (Not a whimpy bike)

Waffle

Proposed amendments to the Road Safety Act could mean persons that exceed 130 Km/h will have their licences suspended. Regardless of the stated speed limit. ie/ Travelling at 135Km/h in an 110 Km/h zone, automatic licence suspension. (Currently it stands at exceeding stated limit by 30 Km/h).

The Flying Scotsman steam loco will make 6 more trips before returning home to U.K.
Melbourne to Seymour - July 15,16,22,23,& 29.

Also a 26 day trip to Alice Springs, return, will depart on August 6.

Details Vic Tour.

GARY CLIFTON's
SURPRISE BIRTHDAY PARTY.
24th JUNE.

I wish to thank all those
members who came to my
22nd Birthday party and....
....whens the NEXT ONE?

Gary.



Big blow Gaza

#

TANK MUSEUM & WHROO CAVES. 25th JUNE.

After sleeping over night at Gary's place, due to an excess of alcohol gained from helping the Brick celebrate his birthday. Gary, Steve (nephew) and myself (not feeling real good) head for the carpark.

Question; What do you get when you mix Bikers, Truckers and Alcohol?

Answer; Sparks. (You had to be there. Ed) Hey Gaz, remember?

At KBCP we find Hans K100RS, Ian & Kerrie XJ900, Ben & Vicki ZX10, Jack K100RS, Peter P.GT750, Gary & Velga GTR1000, Murray & Annette XJ900, Dean & Yvonne GPz900 (first ride) and Derrick CBR1000 (also first ride, both of whom are a direct result of the Ad in AMCN. Proving once again such an Ad can be and is very successful - On ya Tom & Les).

Gary, after much talk about "the night before" leaves 7 minutes late with Peter P. bringing up the rear and heads for Whittlesea to find Collette GPz500 (2nd ride) From here Gary heads north/west through Wallan and Romsey (via some winding back road) then north taking in Lancefield, Tooborac and Heathcote for morning smoko. Its here we realise how bloody cold it is this side of the divide and the trick is to try and keep the coffee in the cup while standing still - Brrr, ay folks.

And then it was further north through little towns such as Ladypass, Cornella Cornella East and then Rushworth. Whroo Caves are 8km south of Rushworth and are not a natural formation but an Open-cut Gold Mine with tunnels dug into the sides. We entered by a long dark tunnel then climbed upwards via steps that seemed to never end.

cont.

Tank Museum & Whroo Caves cont.

There were a number of other interesting and historic sites in the area the Cemetery being one, a few of us were moved by the adverse hard-ships that where endured by the early settlers (going by the very young ages of some of those buried).

Back to Rushworth and lunch, with the high clouds now cleared the temperature had risen significantly, "very pleasant"!

En-route south again, via winding, out of the way, back roads, Hans and I are following our leader Gary, when we encounter a cowboy who had just lost control of his horse, with the cowboy on his backside and the horse wanting to join the Touring club, I had plenty of time to avoid the beast but it was a little touch-n-go for Hans as he honed his trail riding skills through the knee high grass and white posts on the side of the road. He did very well to keep it all together. Whew!

Collette, with much to do at home left the ride at Seymour then Hans leaves (having already seen the museum), this left 10 bikes and 16 people to ogle over these instruments of war. There were Old tanks, New tanks, Troup carriers, Bridge tanks and Artillary guns. Outside and in an undercover area (behind closed doors) where displays of old radial petrol motors, diesel motors, shells, protective clothing and communication gear. The peace-da-resistance (if your into this kinda stuff) was a 6ft X 4ft steel block with about half a dozen layers of 3" thick plate stacked together with holes all the way through, demonstrating the effectiveness of modern anti-tank weaponry. All in all very interesting and good value at only \$1.00.

On leaving the Museum, Gary & Velga head for the highway while the rest of us take the back roads running parallel to the Hume until we reach the outskirts of the city where after much positive acclaim the main group splits up. Full marks to Gary for a very enjoyable and successful day comprising 430km of mainly back roads. (see what happens by pre-riding and proper planning?)

On ya Mate,
Steve GPz900.

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TWELVE MONTHS ABOARD A KR-1

If you're the sort of bloke who normally dismisses the 250 as a waste of time then think again. May I suggest that you cast aside any notions that 250's are not capable of delivering satisfaction to the experienced rider and take a look at a couple of interesting points relating to the Kawasaki KR-1

The KR-1 makes 41.5KW at 10,500rpm which makes it the most potent 250 ever built for the street. It only weighs 123kgs and red-lines at 11,500rpm which gives a top speed of 220km/h, although Kawasaki only claim 210km/h. I think the 220km/h that my KR-1 can achieve has a lot to do with my weight.

It is fitted with 100/70 X 17 front and 130/60 X 18 rear tyres, which make it hard to buy for as only two different brands come in these sizes. The wide rims and low profile tyres give the KR-1 excellent cornering ability which makes it feel like you can change lines at any time without thinking about it.

cont,

KR-1 continued.

The brakes are as impressive as its engine, with the front having semi-floating dual piston calipers which grip 247mm discs while the rear has a 187mm disc. The rear brake is not too effective but then again you don't need a fantastic rear & with what the back lacks the front makes up for. The KR-1 is said to be able to out stop any other bike on the road, the brakes have only one problem, they wear a set of pads out in only 8,000kms. But this is a small price to pay for such good brakes. Like most spares, if you buy Kawasaki pads they will cost \$180.00, but for E.B.C. (which are just as good) the cost will drop to \$60.00.

Put this little 250 in the right environment, like the Reefton or Black Spurs, and it has the ability to give a lot of bigger bikes a hard time, I have personally gotten past a lot of bigger bikes that I have come up against on these roads. (Excluding many members of the Touring Club who's riding ability is very high).

It is at home up in the mountains where the roads are quick & twisty, which is what it was designed for, it is not so good for touring or going along dirt roads. It seems to move around a lot and seems unstable, I think this is because of the wide tyres and its low weight. As for touring, the most I have done in a day is about 800km. The seat starts to feel a little hard after 300kms then your back and wrists start to get sore, you need to keep moving about & not just sit there.

Fuel consumption varies, on flat roads not going very hard it can get 250kms out of its 16 litre tank, but going hard around twisties keeping it on the boil it only gets 180kms before going onto reserve.

In the 12 months I have owned one of these Pocket-Rockets I have never been disappointed with its performance with the only thing I miss about the RZ500 (that I previously owned) is the speed above 180km/h. Up to this speed the KR-1 will stay with the RZ, which is pretty good for a 250.

I have only dropped the bike once since owning it, (no fault of the bike) but my own stupidity. I had put a new rear tyre on, it was on a wednesday night, and I had just quit my job. So after a bad day decided to go for a quick blast, but only got to the end of Dorset rd and was turning into Maroondah Hwy when the back let go in a big way. The next thing I knew I was sliding down the road. I had been high-sided. The bike did not seem badly damaged but would prove to be quite expensive to repair, costing \$980.00 to fix.

Apart from dropping it, it has been a pretty cheap bike to keep on the road,
ie/ 8000kms.....Set of brake pads.....\$ 60.00
8500kms.....One front tyre.....\$120.00
10300kms.....One rear tyre.....\$167.00
13500kms.....Clutch housing gasket.....\$ 11.00
(Oil leaked all over the rear tyre)
".....One rear tyre.....\$160.00
16000kms.....Set of brake pads.....\$ 60.00
16300kms.....One front tyre.....\$120.00
Total Cost.....\$698.00

The bike has now done over 19,000kms, which a lot of KR-1's would not have done and I would recommend this bike to anyone. I'm considering getting a GS/80 for touring & keeping the KR-1 for the better roads.

AVOCABE WEEKEND



Motorcycle Touring Club at Maryborough



To your Health or Hangover



"Happy Birthday Velga"

Handsome Couple