

Sunday 8th Noojee **Jesvin George leading**
10 am Officer South

While a large contingent of MSR regulars are enjoying the Omeo, Dargo and Licola roads, please join Jesvin on his first lead. From Officer South he'll head up through Launching Place for morning tea at Healesville after 72km. Then up and down Don Valley to Powelltown and the twisties to Noojee for lunch after another 65 km. The third leg will see the ride head back to the beginning via Yarra Junction and Gembrook to finish in Officer after another 96km. Expect around 235 km for the day.

Sat. 7th Dargo via Omeo **Ben Warden leading**
& Sun. 8th 9am Officer South

Ride will not suit inexperienced riders; not recommended for first time Club riders.

Members only. 21 starters. You'll need to find your own accommodation now.

Sat. 14th Club Xmas BBQ, Fairfield Park 12 - 4 pm. Meat and salads supplied. BYO drinks, partners, children and pet dogs. Rowing and afternoon tea at the Boathouse.

Sunday 15th Mt Baw Baw **Ben Warden leading**
10 am Yarra Glen

This ride will finish at John Willis and Lou Tickner's wedding reception at their home in Coldstream. They have generously invited all Members from 2.30pm onwards. We will leave Yarra Glen and head across to Healesville and down through Powelltown to Noojee for morning tea after 60 km. Next we'll tackle the challenging Mt Baw Baw with its tight and twisty corners rising very steeply at the end. Of course, you never know if there will be a tree across the road around the next corner or a 4WD on our side of the road. Back to Noojee for lunch (total 100 km round trip) before riding back to Yarra Junction and Coldstream to join the party after a further 70 km. Expect around 230 km for the day.

Sunday 22nd Gippsland Tour **Rob Langer leading**
10 am Officer South

From Officer we'll head down through Bayles to Grantville for morning tea after 110km. Then into the Gippsland hills picking up Glen Forbes and Bena to lunch at the Mirboo North Bakery in the main street after 115km. We'll spend some time around the Mirboo North good roads before heading north through Childers for afternoon tea at Neerim Junction. (105km) Then we'll continue on to Powelltown and back down through Gembrook to finish on the edge of suburbia in Endeavour Hills after another 100 km. Expect around 430 km for the day.

Wed. 26th 2013 to Thurs. 2nd January 2014 **Porepunkah Christmas Camp**
See elsewhere for more details.

January

Sunday 4th Buninyong Fire Tower via Linton **Cliff Peters leading**
10am Point Cook Servo

Join Cliff on a sprint out to the Wild West along a good variety of roads i.e. narrow, wide, hair pins, the odd sweeper, mostly good surfaces. Two stints of (good) dirt, 5km in total. We'll travel through strange place names such as Illabarook, Cape Clear, Berringa, Staffordshire Reef, and Piggoreet stopping at Hell's Kitchen and the Buninyong Fire Tower lookout. The route will be Meredith via Anakie and the Brisbane Ranges (80 km) Then on to Linton (103km) for lunch and fuel. Note: only one unleaded pump. Next Buninyong for afternoon tea after a gander from the top of the fire tower. (65km) Breakup at Werribee Caltex beside the freeway after 103km. Expect around 350 km for the day.

Thurs. 9th Social Sip
7 pm Il Gambero 166 Lygon St, Carlton

Collect your magazine and get all the news first. Catch up with your fanatical motorcycling enthusiast mates, share a meal and still be home by 10.30 pm. Free parking nearby.

Melbourne Sportsbike Riders Committee

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Captain's Report for November 2013

Thu 7th	Function Where Numbers	Social Sip Il Gambero, Carlton 9 people	Sun 24th	Destination Leader Weather Numbers Distance Incident	Jamieson Glenn Aspden 12- 22 deg. some rain 12 bikes, 12 people 323 km to Kinglake West Marc Marais holed radiator
Sun 10th	Destination Leader Weather Numbers Distance	Maldon Geoff Jones 15 deg. 13 bikes, 13 people 360km to Bulla	Dec. Sun 1st	Destination Leader Weather Numbers Distance Incident #1 Incident #2	Port Campbell Cliff Peters 30 deg hot and sticky 18 bikes, 18 people 530 km to Batesford Chrys Kioseoglou - minor cosmetic Rob Langer chain stretched
Sun 17th	Destination Leader Weather Numbers Distance Incident #1 Incident #2	Yarragon Rob Langer 20 deg. fine 21 bikes, 21 people 302 km to Powelltown John McGuinness minor cosmetic; cracked shoulder blade Rob Kolbeck - minor cosmetic			

The **Club Membership** is **93** after **five** months with **41** hardcopy and **52** e-copy subscriptions.

The **Club web site** at www.melbsportsbike.net.au accumulated **680** hits between November 1st and December 1st. Total site visits are **86,945** since April 1996. The counters on the other pages after another month show the 2013 Ride Calendar page took **583** hits (total **32,887** since 28th October 2008) and Great Roads **82** hits (total **7383**).

For **November** the official kilometers (sum of ride lengths) for the month is **3,242 km** (up 2,121 km on last month due to Towong) with four Sunday rides and one long weekend. The official Club kilometers for the month (people x ride length) is **63,323**, up 48,402 km on last month, Towong with 34 riders and 2,076km boosting the figures dramatically.

The average calendar **yearly kilometer** total is 346,862 since 2005. This year we are up to **381,282** after **11** months with **sixteen** minor crashes and **four** serious (broken bones) crashes. So far this year, our average Club kilometres between serious crashes is **95,321** km. Long term it is 106,727. Last month there was one minor crash (Rob Kolbeck), and one Rating 2 crash (John McGuinness cracked shoulder blade). Marc Marais also suffered a holed radiator (despite a guard) on the Jamieson ride.

Seen at the **Social Sip** (Il Gambero) on Thursday 3rd **November**: Ben and Julie Warden, Ron and Julie Johnston, Ian Payne, Paul Southwell, Rob Langer, Andrew Newbury, Adrian MacGeraghty.

The **Club Participant of the Year** is based on aggregate points accumulated at 1 point per ride, an extra point for leading or being rear rider, and 1 point per magazine article (maximum 2 per magazine). Attending one or more days of a weekend event scores 3 points for leading, 3 for rear riding duties and 2 points for participating.

After **five** months to the end of November the count is: **Ben Warden** (36), **Robert Langer** (31), **Ian Payne** (30), **Cliff Peters** (26), **Pina Garasi** (24), **Paul Southwell** (20), **Misho Zrakic** (19), **Jesvin George** (18), **Simon Wastney** (17), and **Stuart Hosking** (16). Rob and Ian swapped places and Paul Southwell jumped a couple of places.

Front Cover: Photo taken at the **Shoe Tree** near Carlisle River on Sunday 1st December. Back row: Rob Langer, Matt Bitagliano, Jason Wilson, Stuart Hosking, Paul Southwell, Michael Srb, Geoff Jones, Pina Garasi, Misho Zrakic, Andrew Newbury and Phil Hotschilt. Front row: Chrys Kioseoglou, Ian Payne, Tim Walker, Bill Simpson, Cliff Peters and Raphael Alikakos. Photo by Ben Warden and banner artwork by Leonie Barnett.

Back Cover: Photo taken at the **Icy Creek** intersection of the Hill End Road on Sunday 17th November. Back row: Nigel Oman, Ian Payne, Rob Kolbeck, Roman Biaroza, Michael Srb, Chris Pointon, Scott Bowden and Mark Copeland. Front row: Marc Marais, Neville Hoare, Pina Garasi, Rob Langer, Cliff Peters, Tony Stegmar, Geoff Shugg and Andrew Newbury. Everyone smiling and/or looking at the camera in the one shot! One in a hundred shot! Ben Warden behind the lens.

CityLink has advised that from 1 January 2014 it will begin tolling motorcycles that ride on CityLink. If you have a motorcycle and it's already registered on your Breeze account, from 1 January 2014 each trip on CityLink by that motorcycle will be charged to your Breeze account.

Another **tyre run** has been and gone, this time organised through **Steve Mudford** and his good relationship with Dunlop. We were able to secure the bulk discount once we passed the 20 units (10 sets) mark providing a price of \$375 a set of Dunlop Sportsmarts. And he secured delivery within two days of getting the go-ahead. Don't forget to collect them from his workshop in Kensington.

Congratulations to **John Willis** and **Lou Tickner** who are getting married and we are invited to the party on Sunday 15th December. If you are travelling directly to their home in Coldstream, call John on mobile **0419 538 100** for catering purposes. We wish them a long and happy life together.

Cindy Lee has retired from moderating the **Facebook** and Google groups due to work commitments. We thank her for her efforts over the period. In the interim, Ben Warden has stepped into the breach, already fast tracked into learning how to delete posts. Members are reminded to treat each other with respect and consider carefully what they post.

Australia Day Weekend, Jindabyne

Friday 24th to Monday 27th January 2014

I am seeking expressions of interest – I need to know how many people to book for as accommodation fills fast in this idyllic location. *Don't pay anything yet!*

Below is a modified version (with 2014 correct dates) of the email I sent out last year – and we will follow the same format this time.

The Committee has booked accommodation at the NSW Sport and Recreation Centre in Jindabyne. This time we are situated in family units each with a two rooms, one with a double bed with bunk above, and the second with two bunks. Sleeps potentially 7 people per family unit but we will only put in 4 people. Each unit has bathroom facilities and a large kitchen/living area with a big screen TV.

See: http://www.dsr.nsw.gov.au/jindabyne/accom_options.asp

We have stayed six times before at the complex and are so impressed with the cost, quality and food, we thought we had better come back, and back, and ...!

The Australia Day holiday falls on Sunday 26th of January with the public holiday in lieu on Monday 27th. Given the distances involved (600 km on the first day and last days), a **four** day weekend allows us to take full advantage of the great location.

The plan is to ride up on Friday 24th, ride around the Snowy Mountains Saturday and Sunday, and return to Melbourne on Monday. This means three night's accommodation. You'll need to take annual leave for the Friday. Monday is a public holiday in lieu of Sunday.

Typically temperatures are in the high 30's at this time of year, but at this altitude the temperatures will be around 5 degrees cooler making for ideal riding conditions.

As usual, this special event is offered on a strictly first come, first served basis. **Members Only.** A full payment of \$185 (to be confirmed based on numbers) is required, payable in to the Club bank account. The deposit buys three night's accommodation and the first night's meal. If you wish to stay less than three nights then you may choose to organise others to use the nights you are not using. It costs \$185 no matter how many nights you stay.

A BBQ pack is being offered for the first night which includes sausages, steaks and green salads. This allows us to eat as early or late as we wish on our own private back patio area – or if we get the units, then up on the hill using the magnificent covered communal BBQ.

All you need is your toothbrush, a change of clothes and near new tyres. Street legal, race replica tyres will not last much more than two days so regular road tyres are a more sensible option, unless you are prepared to change them.

The route for Day 1 is via Orbost and Delegate on the Bonang Highway. They have completed the Nimmitabel bypass to Dalgety lopping off 30 km of highway. Brilliant roads for the whole weekend. Check out the Club Magazine for February 2011, 2012 and 2013 in the Members area.

Shorter Day rides will be organised for Days 2 and 3. A rest day is an option. Home will be via the way we came - great roads, and relatively "safe".

If cars are going, then carrying of bags (1 per person) may be organised. This makes travelling a breeze, much like a Sunday ride.

*Ride will not suit inexperienced riders; it is for **Members only**.*

Places are limited to 16 people. (tbc – can be 30 or more at this point) First in best dressed. The cost is sensational value: 3 night's accommodation and a substantial meal for \$185. Email me your ebank transaction receipt to confirm your place. Note: if we get all 16 people the price will drop to \$145!

Cancellation Policy: as the Club has to pay upfront, the full and final amount (\$185) is required. If you pull out, then you need to find a replacement to get your money back. Otherwise, no refunds.

Alternative Accommodation: there are two pubs in Jindabyne, a caravan park (cabins, on site vans, etc) and numerous motel options. If you have queries call any of the Committee to discuss.

Towong Day 4

Tuesday 5th November

Misho Zrakic	Honda CBR1000	John Willis	Kawasaki ZX10
Ben Warden (leader)	Honda CBR1000	Andrew Newbury	Kawasaki ZX10
Pina Garasi	Honda CBR600	Mark Copeland	Kawasaki ZX10
Rod Merrett	BMW S1000RR	Marc Marais	Kawasaki ZX10
Pierre Ong	Aprilia RSV4 1000	Phil Hotschilt	Suzuki GSXR1300
Stu Hosking	Aprilia Tuono	Duane Rafferty	Suzuki GSXR1000
Cindy Lee	Triumph T675	Steve Mudford	Suzuki GSXR1000
Rob Langer	KTM 990		<i>15 bikes, 15 people</i>

It's been four days since returning from Towong and I have just had time to catch my breath with getting back to Melbourne Tuesday afternoon, printing the Magazine Wednesday night, distributing the hard copy Magazine at the Social Sip Thursday night, and pasting up the softcopy to the Members area, with pictures inserted, Friday night. And a thing called work in there as well.

Tuesday after the ride saw some minor maintenance items attended to – replacing the headlight globe which Misho had noticed earlier in the day, and finding a nut for the clutch pivot bolt which had almost (a couple of threads left) wound itself out by the time I got on to the Craigieburn By-pass. And I thought the clutch cable was stretching madly as the mechanism started to malfunction. The bike had to be ready to battle the peak hour traffic the next morning and the rest of the week – and be able to be ridden at night of course. I topped up the oil as per the daily ritual making 800 ml used for the 2,350 km home to home trip.

Day 4, the trip home, didn't get covered in the Magazine and a few things happened. First of all we were down to 15 "hard-core" members, those who had survived 1500 kilometres of relentless hard riding over three days straight. The plan was to form up at Walwa with a nominal departure time of 9.30 am. Note: for future reference the General Store, which does cooked breakfasts, opens at 8 am for business, despite being Melbourne Cup public holiday. Very convenient.

Steve was nearly a cripple and clearly in pain, his injured back heading straight to the Chinese doctor as soon as he got home. But that was forever away, with every bump jarring and stabbing. The rest of us were holding up well, another perfect 29 deg day promising dry roads and additional sunburnt faces – I'm now peeling despite sunscreen every day. And everyone's tyres were holding up well, the first time in living history where someone hasn't had to shoot off to Albury Monday morning to procure a front or rear so as to continue the ride. All those veiled threats and warnings paid off – and tyres are just better – grip and life. We seem to be enjoying another quantum jump in tyre technology improvements, with each model noticeably better than the previous. Good times.

We were very lucky to still have our three guardian angels to share the lead on the potentially heavily policed roads, the Triple M combination of Misho, Mark and Marc, though Marc was conspicuous by his absence at the pointy end. I would especially like to thank Misho and Mark for their help, which allowed us to make good point to point time, travel at our "normal" safe speed, and not fall asleep with boredom on the straighter sections. Much appreciated.

None of the previous articles mentioned the state of the roads – in remarkably good condition everywhere except for a couple of spots in NSW which appeared to be flood damaged. Mansfield twisties; Happy Valley and Rosewhite Roads; Esk, Mitta Mitta and Dartmouth Roads; Granya Gap and the Lake Road; Cabramurra and Elliot Way; Bondo Road; the list doesn't stop! Very clean – apart from the fresh horse droppings near Sue City on the Elliot Way, and no road works to speak of. The dirt section was even a bit shorter, another kilometre lopped off around Adjungbilly.

Misho eventually came past on the glorious Lake Road and John Willis sat behind me behind Misho. I love those dangerous off camber blind sweepers just before Granya.

Rounding the last bend before the straight into Granya we ran into a few hundred sheep on the road. Duane knew the trick and went right over to the far right, blipped the throttle and *voila*, the sea opened and through we went. Not sure how many others followed.

We had been advised that there was a fixed speed camera box in Granya in the 60 zone – which has now been extended a further 500m either side of the town consisting of only five houses. Duane shot past me on the outskirts and we rode together, eyes wide open. Nothing obvious, so normal transmission resumed. Conditions were perfect! I'll say no more. We regrouped at the far end, those in the know swinging past and heading straight for Tallangatta for fuel.

It was still early, and "only" another 148 km to Myrtleford, so we pressed on, taking the Omeo Highway, and the magnificent series of signposted 65 and 70 km/h sweepers down towards Esk before cutting back up to Tamgambalanga to recover under the trees, and perform the ritual visor clean. The bugs haven't really got going, the cold mornings – 3 or 4 degrees – putting a damper on their breeding. But with the grass everywhere 1.5 metres high and lush, it will be a messy and dirty summer I'm sure, as the bugs feast.

It was a very fast group – just look at the names and bikes, rear rider Rob never more than a minute behind. A group photo, last of the thermals stowed away, and we were off again.

The Happy Valley Road was in fine condition, Misho and I catching a few cars on the last corner, the only interruption to the "flow". Misho overshot the Rosewhite Road turnoff but was aware enough to see me disappearing around the right-hand corner and quickly returned to corner-mark. This is a great road too as it ducks and weaves in the middle to finish with a series of fast off camber downhill sweepers. Prior knowledge is a tremendous asset on this road.

Myrtleford for lunch and coffees. I noticed a guy on a red VFR800 having no luck starting his bike, the motor cranking, but not catching. I immediately thought "regulator/rectifier" as I had been working with Simon Wastney the week before, his bike having similar symptoms – turned out to be the stator. Misho and I tried to bump start "Theo's" bike but an old, heavily worn rear tyre, probably with a lot of pressure, just refused to grip, even in third or fourth gear. Luckily I had a pair of jumper leads!

I had made them a few months before with small alligator clips to suit bike batteries – two metres long to reach between bikes – using special high current carrying silver plated copper wire which is relatively thin and flexible. We pulled the headlight globe out and noted to Theo that once started the motor couldn't be stopped (as it wouldn't start again). Of course he had an empty tank and needed petrol to get back to Melbourne. Luckily, he had a spare key for the tank!

It took a few minutes to get to my CBR's seat off – bag off, pillion seat off, tools, front seat off, to expose the battery, but the VFR fired straight up with the jumper leads and Theo was soon on the road again, hopefully incident-free back to Melbourne. Someone recognised him as being a long standing Ulysses member.

The Oxley Highway is super boring and super deadly. Mark Copeland did the honours, and we made excellent time down to Whitfield to regroup in the shade at the park opposite the servo, along with another bunch of bikes.

Then we set off up the hill, Misho now in fuel conservation mode, as I had shown him how many litres he had in his tank at Myrtleford and hence "should" make Mansfield easily with 8 litres. Steve caught up and then Duane and we travelled at a lively rate in the twisties and steadily on the more open sections, allowing all 15 bikes to catch up and make an impressive site in the mirrors. Fantastic stuff.

We arrived in Mansfield without a reception committee, the first time in three years. But the servo in the main street has gone, and a few of us did a parade the length of the main street before returning to the Caltex on the edge of town. Misho had been on reserve for a while, indicating what the reserve fuel counter was up to every now and again with his gloved fingers. (On CBRs the reserve fuel display counts up from 0.0 to 3.7l at which point the bike runs out of fuel). Misho managed 286 km out of the tank which was some sort of world record for him, only bettered when he was running the bike in – the first one.

It was too hot in the sun so we moved across the road to the grass under the trees on the opposite corner, under the active magpie nest. Where was Rob?

Cindy, rear rider on this last leg, advised that Rob had waved her through, and had dropped off the radar somewhere around Tolmie. John Willis decided to go back and look for him and offer assistance

if required, while the rest of the ride continued on as a group, though ostensibly the ride was now over, our farewells said and handshakes completed.

Ten kays down the road, Triple M came by Stu and me, easing the pain as we headed for Bonnie Doon. Sure enough a marked white police vehicle cruised past, hunting, hunting. Not today. The road was chockers with 4WDs towing mainly big boats, all the waterways at record levels. For instance, at Bonnie Doon the water is only a couple of metres below the bridge, a rare sight in the last decade.

At Yea people went in all directions but soon enough I found myself following Pina following Misho, Duane and Rod at the front, and Phil bringing up the rear. Pina impressed with her speed up and over Junction Hill and later on up the last 60 and 70 km/h sweepers before Kinglake West. Just to punctuate the weekend, Misho got halfway around a slow car, just as we came out in to the open, when his brake lights came on. Gulp! Pina and I, following mechanically, took evasive action and dived back in behind the car just as an evil, dark blue, fully kitted TOG car burbled past. A glance in the mirrors saw no lights of the disco type, or of the braking type. And so we ponder our good fortune. How Duane and Rod weren't pinged remains a deep mystery, let alone Steve and Cindy running into him at the exact same spot, ten minutes later! Must have had his fill for the day.

And so it was we stopped for the final time in Whittlesea for Misho and Pina to fill up, ready for Sunday's ride!

Rob had left a voicemail message indicating that he had broken down 6 km south of Tolmie and that the RACV were transporting his bike to Mansfield where he intended to stay overnight. John had found him and waited for the RACV to arrive. I rang Rob Wednesday afternoon at work to get the final outcome. Rob had managed to limp home, issues with the fuel pump, fuel filter or fuel pump relay all in the diagnostic mix. As the relay had recently been replaced, suspicion was falling on the fuel pump, with maybe a lack of pressure the issue, which seemed to fit the previous high speed running issues. Hopefully, Rob will get to the bottom of it before too long and advise us of the cause.

Another fantastic weekend over with a minimum of incidents and no crashes, though there were a couple of close calls – Aiden and Rod. A brown snake crossing the road reared up at me and following bikes was about the extent of danger I was exposed to. I did accidentally squash a big blue tongue lizard sunbaking on the road, and rounding a corner near the whoopsy doos after Adjungbilly, I was confronted by a roadful of sheep runny helter skelter which raised my heart rate a notch or two, though the new Brembo disc brakes are well up to the task.

Till Dargo then.

Ben Warden

Porepunkah Christmas Camp

26th December to 2nd January

Over the past 15 years the Club has camped for about a week at the Mt Buffalo Caravan Park. Situated on the fork of the Ovens and Buckland Rivers it offers a fantastic range of activities including swimming, fishing and bush walking. Close by is the Smoko Trout Farm, the "Wandi Pub", the Hedge Maze, various berry, deer and nut farms, and an alpaca ranch. The famous Milawa wineries and cheese factory are close by.

Great road and dirt riding country abounds. Mt Buffalo offers a sensational 25 km climb to the scenic Chalet and lookouts. Nearby are good half-day rides to Falls Creek, Mt Hotham and Dartmouth Dam or full day rides into the Snowy Mountains and some of the best roads in the world. Who can forget Tawonga and Granya Gaps? On the flip side there are lots of fire trails and mountain tracks offering spectacular views of the surrounding alps, most of which can only be reached by 4WD or dirt bike. So, bring your road and dirt bikes, the missus and kids, the 4WD, pushbikes and swim shoes, ready for a great holiday.

Supermarket shopping is available at Bright, 6 km away.

Another good option is to rent a self-contained cabin for the week. Ring 03-5756-2235 to secure a cabin or a camp site. Alternatively, there are also budget motels and hotels nearby.

Richard O'Hagan (1 st ride)	BMW S1000RR HP4	Misho Zrakie	Honda CBR1000
Rob Langer (rear rider)	BMW 700	Paul Southwell	Honda CBR1000
Geoff Jones (leader)	Yamaha R1	Dylan Barter (1 st ride)	Honda CBR1000
Andrew Newbury	Kawasaki ZX10	Mark Copeland	Honda VTR1000
Asgar (Oscar) Shah (1 st ride)	Multistrada 1200	Pina Garasi	Honda CBR600
Glenn Aspden	Suzuki GSXR1000	Jesvin George	Honda CBR600
Stu Hosking	Aprilia Tuono		<i>13 bikes, 13 people</i>

Weather radar not too shabby after the recent wet season so head for Whittlesea through some light rain to await some likely takers for the Maldon ride. Text from Ben about reasons for staying in bed and so the group assembled as per list above.

Noted in the Gisborne local papers an addition of unmarked police vehicles in the area thanks to financial support from TAC, our fines at work, so adding to the tension at the pointy end and passing moves.

Corner marking talk extended for the new people and a general spiel about not being lost as I was on the Simpson ride. A new road to try out over Mt Alexandra but no takers for the write up so here is a view from the front.

Up the mountain with that increasing number of oncoming headlights flashing featuring and onwards to Flowerdale, the first corner mark test for the new guys. I pull over and wait and Glenn arrives and takes up position. Next up is Oscar who makes the turn but does not stop. I leave Glenn and take up the chase, the Multistrada grunting off at a very MSR rate so I sit in behind for a very spirited run to Strath Creek. Oscar stops at the shop which gives me a chance to re-explain the system. Much apologies for missing me but no harm done and I got to hear that Ducati rumble, just like Pierre's Duc sounded. Dylan next to arrive so the second corner mark of the day featured two first time riders. No further problems reported.

Up the Murchison Gap and on to Broadford where Stu left for home. On to Pyalong for that fast run down to Lancefield and first break. Fuel and food and a loan of some cash for Richard who found he was missing the required cards. Mark joined here on the VTR.

Noticed during the break Brembo discs on Misho's and Pina's CBR's. They seemed pleased with the replacements which have 10 pin location instead of 6 pin. Half the price of Honda replacements. Pina had noticed brake vibration and Misho discovered wear at the connection between carrier and disc. Ben's well used CBR also showing wear at this area. I always liked the lighter look of the later models with 6 pins and thought my R1 with 10 pin units could do with an upgrade but maybe I will stay with what I have; 15 years and no sign of movement. Obviously, I don't brake hard enough.

Burke and Wills Track to Mia Mia with its bumps and changing road widths. Paul left at Baynton. Over the historic bridge, in to Redesdale and on to Sutton Grange. I used to turn right here and come into Harcourt North from the north, as you do.

Cup Day and Val and I have lunch in Kyneton and then head to Redesdale and on to check out the road over Mt Alexandra (750m). I became aware of this option while map reading during work lunch break. Not sure of its surface but it turned out to be sealed and twisty - wasted on the car though. It was a nice variation to the mostly open stuff in this area and got us to the freeway and onto Fogarty's Gap Road and the blast into Maldon through Walmer and past the old mining dredge.

Maldon was having its first ever market and so seemed to be busier than usual. We wander the town for food and then head to Castlemaine for fuel. No lookout visit as time was marching on, and Glenn needed to be back at Tullamarine for a flight later in the afternoon. After filling up, Misho and Dylan discussed CBR oil use and on checking the level in Dylan's motor decided some oil addition be made. A bit of dipstick action and a squirt from Misho's container and we head off.

Chewton and then into the gold digging area with some tighter roads featuring crests. On through Fryerstown and Guildford and into Hepburn Springs, passing an oncoming police 4WD at speed but no blue/red reaction noted.

Springhill road to Tylden, Fernhill and past the Pig and Whistle Pub to Woodend. Glenn headed for the freeway and the rest of us had a last break. Fuel for Oscar and then along the north side of Mt Macedon to Straws Lane and Cameron's Corner. Down to Bolinda and on to the Wildwood Road with the ride end at the Tullamarine plane viewing area.

Thanks to Rob for rear riding. Weather fine and no incidents. My chance for a set of tyres improves.

Geoff Jones

Yarragon Sunday 17th November 2013

Paul Southwell	Honda CBR1000	Cliff Peters	Kawasaki ZX10
Ben Warden	Honda CBR1000	Andrew Newbury	Kawasaki ZX10
Scott Bowden	Honda CBR1000	Ian Payne	Kawasaki ZX10
Nigel Oman	Honda CBR1000	Mark Copeland	Kawasaki ZX10
Roman Bizaroza	Honda CBR600	Marc Marais	Kawasaki ZX10
Pina Garasi	Honda CBR600	Andre Drezga (2 nd)	Ducati 900
Neville Hoare (5 th ride)	BMW K1200GT	Rob Kolbeck	Aprilia RSV1000
Michael Srb	BMW S1000RR	Tony Stegmar	Suzuki GSXR1000
Dave Chisma	BMW F800ST	Chris Pointon	Suzuki GSXR1000
Rob Langer (leader)	BMW F700	Geoff Shugg (rear)	Suzuki DL650
John McGuinness	BMW R65		<i>21 bikes, 21 people</i>

It was one of those wonderful Sunday mornings: the sun was shining, the birds were singing, and I was having a kid-free weekend. I was excited to go riding as I can only remember riding in this area maybe twice before. I looked at the map and the suggested route seemed to have lots of twisties to make the ride very interesting.

I left early as I was riding to Yarra Glen along the Christmas Hills road where I hit the kangaroo. It still freaks me out and I slow right down. I was very glad I had extra time as the sun was swallowed up by dark clouds, all its welcoming warmth disappearing. I had to stop and change my gloves for warmer ones, and put on an extra layer. It seemed to get even colder as I approached Yarra Glen.

Cliffy, Pina, Andrew and Marc were filling up with fuel at Yarra Glen. They all mentioned the cold as well. Andrew showed me his coffee delivering skills by riding from the servo to the meeting point with a take away coffee. He has so many talents!

It was a great turnout with 21 bikes. I wasn't keen to be rear rider and glad when Geoff volunteered. There was the usual discussion about how I was going to win some fantastic free, yes free, tyres just for writing these words. Nice one, Committee!

Rob called us all together and outlined the route. During this period, one unlucky guy crossing the road opposite the group dropped his bike, while standing still. Not sure why. Maybe with 21 people, all in leathers, and him wearing only a T-shirt, freaked him out, and he froze and fell off. With lightning speed he picked the bike up and got out of there with only his ego damaged. The sights you see...

I was told where we were going and for part of the day I roughly knew where I was. Just after Gembrook things started getting exciting. I heard someone say, "The ride starts here!"

The sky had changed with the sun starting to defeat the clouds, the temperature rising slightly and my tyres warming. I always find it funny riding with the Club; we coast through some towns, and then when the first of our crew opens up, it's on! Other towns I slow down only to have crew blast past...

The roads were amazing with a pleasant mix of tight twisties and open sweepers. I felt like I was riding a bit better than usual. Travelling at warp speed in the varied conditions on the Alp's Cup weekend increased my overall riding ability. However, there were a few tricky bits of gravel in some corners in the twisty area past Yarragon, before we hit Moe for lunch. John McGuinness crashed his old C plate R65 on Sunny Creek Road. And he was going so well. It did give me time to snap a few photos of the crew as they rode by. I normally don't get a chance to take action photos on Club rides.

At one point Scottie politely slowed to let a few of us pass. I don't get to do that much on Club rides either... that is, pass Scott. Earlier in the day, near Noojee, Ben had jump-started his bike. Flat battery.

After lunch we headed for Willow Grove. I heard Rob tell the others that if they wanted to overtake him they could. *[No-one could catch him ...Ed.]*

I'm sure this was the road one of our crew got booked on a few years ago and I can see why; it is a street race track. Lots of hiding spots for Mr Plod, but luckily none to be seen today. We stopped to regroup at the Icy Creek intersection, but we all knew it was really for the photo shoot.

Heading for Powelltown I suddenly saw Scottie's bike facing towards me, Scott waving to slow down. Rob Kolbeck had crashed his RSV1000 just after he passed a car and failed to take the next bend. He landed in soft mud so there was only very minor scratches.

It was great being part of the pack. The fast guys would blast past and I would try to match their lean angle and speed, and push myself out of my comfort zone. Mark was amazing to follow. I was behind him in some tighter stuff and he was just sweeping the road clean in front of me. I'm sure his footpegs were getting a workout as well. There was also Tony's late braking/overtaking just before corners and Ben's overtaking you around obstacles like cars. And so many more.

We finished at Powelltown which for me was like finishing at the Back of Burke. A group of trail riders had taken prime position in front of the Pub showing how muddy they could get, and had done a wonderful job. As the sun was in full swing by now, so I followed Ben under the welcoming shady trees.

Thanks to Rob for leading us through some juicy roads and Geoff for rear riding. It was another fantastic Club ride. And thanks to everyone for coming and adding to the day. See you on a ride soon. Ride hard and safe.

Nigel Oman

What's in your bag?

Julie suggested this article. It must be a woman thing - a fascination with bags. Here goes.

On a regular Sunday ride my big black Ventura bag is usually has the following items stowed away:

- Morning tea, lunch and a bottle of water. I'm usually too busy to line up in the shops and wait for my food order to be processed.
- Sun hat (or beanie) and sun screen depending on the weather forecast/temperature
- 2m length of plastic tubing for syphoning petrol in case someone runs out. (The person who runs out has to do the sucking and run the risk of getting a mouthful. It is foul stuff.)
- Can of Mr Sheen and two cloths for cleaning my visor, one for the heavy duty lift and the other a microfiber for the final polish. The bugs are thick at the moment with all the luscious green grass growing on the side of the road.
- Can of chain lube. I usually check my chain (a quick glance) at every stop and give it a spray if it is looking dry. Lubricating the chain prolongs chain life. The CBR is running a DID and the last two chains lasted 44,000 km each – and even then I replaced a smidge early due to an impending long weekend.
- Tyre pressure gauge: to loan to people on the ride or use when I get a puncture. I check my tyre pressures at home with a digital gauge every second ride or so.
- Cable ties, duct tape and an assortment of nuts and bolts. It's amazing how many times this stuff comes in handy.
- I now have to carry spare oil – about 200ml per day – on weekend trips. Nuff said.

- Puncture repair kit including CO2 canisters and metal valve adaptor to refill the tyre at the side of the road. Liquorice plugs and needle. Only takes about 10 minutes to fix a flat – aim to do it at a servo with air on tap.
- ICE list – to capture the riders and their emergency contact number. The secondary use is to record riders and bikes for record keeping, stats analysis.
- New Member Application form – get the cash after three rides
- Canon G1X camera – front cover, capture the moment.
- Waterproof jacket/spare gloves depending on the forecast.
- Maps, but less so with the advent of Google Maps.
- Wallet – to hold the cash given to me on the rides
- Waterproof pants and jacket – lightweight on weekend's away and heavy duty in the middle of winter. Thermal liner in leathers on and off as required. The bag starts to fill as the layers get peeled off so I have an ocky strap on the back rack to squash up the bulky waterproofs and get them out of the bag. And an ocky strap can be a handy tool when trying to hold smashed fairings together.
- Mobile phone and spare ear plugs in my leather jacket. I can feel the vibration when the phone rings or another email/text arrives.
- No tinted visor – always an issue in low light and variable lighting conditions. Eyes are pretty good at allowing the right amount of light in and get lazy if not worked.

Ben Warden

Facebook Refelections

A status message from Andrew Newbury's FaceBook page on 29th November 2013

(printed with permission)

Today marks the eighth week I've had my third ZX-10R G4. The time sometimes feels like its gone very, very quickly, at other times it's freeze frame, frozen. From a very slow start barely able to get my feet up on the pegs wobbling away from PS in Elizabeth Street to today where I'm down to ~3mm of chicken strip and rather happy about that - I'm "back". I feel better for it, I think. Hard to explain, it's complex. Over the Cup Day long weekend I quipped that it's not ideal for my foot, but it is for my head. It's been a long, strange journey and it's still not over. I'm not there yet. But I'm working on it. Both physically and mentally I'm improving. It's been hard to accept that I may not get to 100%. We think in terms of loss, the medicos think in terms of gain, what we've gained but for us it's what we've lost. Tim Emons and I have talked about this. Talking really helps, sharing the experience, talking it through. Writing seems to help too, jumbled and incoherent as it's been and probably still is. Being a member of MSR has really helped too. The visits from club members, the time they've spent, a sense of understanding of the journey that others just don't get. I guess you had to be there. Tassie had been a wonderland, the event was horrific, worse for those who were there I suspect, I have zero recollection of any of it. All I have are the photos and they look bad enough.

I think I liked wiggling my toes. I have a waking dream that I'm standing on silky soft warm sand, squeezing it through my toes, feeling the slippery powdery smoothness, feeling the warmth. I dream that I'm running, running like the wind, pounding against the ground. Flying. I don't think I can really tell you what it's like in here, can any of us? But I try. Sometimes I succeed. Sometimes I let you see glimpses, sometimes they leak out.

Jamieson Sunday 24th November 2013

Misho Zrakic	Honda CBR1000	Cliff Peters	Kawasaki ZX10
Ben Warden	Honda CBR1000	Mark Marais	Kawasaki ZX10
Scott Bowden	Honda CBR1000	Tony Stegmar	Suzuki GSXR1000
Ian Payne (rear)	Honda CBR1000	Stu Hosking	Triumph Speed triple
Simon Wastney	Honda VFR800	Glenn Aspden (leader)	Triumph 675
Pina Garasi	Honda CBR600	Cindy Lee	Triumph 675

It's been a while since I've written an article, so when the call for a ride write-up came and there was the usual awkward collective shifting from one foot to the other and eyes looking down, I thought I might as well put my hand up.

So friends, it was a grim wet morning as I contemplated missing out yet again on my favourite Jamieson ride. I think I've skipped the last three for one reason or another. Should I? Shouldn't I? I'd spent weeks looking forward to this but felt betrayed by the dubious looking weather. Steve was working all weekend and my choice was to sit around at home with the big pile of laundry that needed to be washed and ironed or risk a sad day riding all by my lonesome at the back of the pack, picking my way through puddles trying to make out the road ahead through a fogged visor. Wow! Have I changed from being hard core to such a try-hard? – I sneered at myself. I decided to harden up and took off with the hope that my GP Racer tyres were going to hold up in the wet.

I knew I'd be lucky to get to Yarra Glen at 10, fill up and get to the meeting spot in time for take-off. Luckily, Ben was unusually late so I had a few minutes to spare to say hello to the 10 other hopeful riders and chat about the marvels of Nespresso coffee machines with Pina (an early Christmas pressie from me to Steve).

Glenn told us about his pre-ride the weekend before. He warned us that the first stretch of the Jamieson road was covered with invisible gravel which caused him to slide around. We were advised to watch out, especially for a left-hander, which really caused him grief. "Which one of the 178 corners?" Ben asked. Glenn reassured us that things got a whole lot better after that bad left.

The clouds were dark and heavy with grey mist covering the hills around us. Of course, it started raining just as we took off! We made our way at a very conservative pace (well, I did anyway) along Old Healesville Road which we usually fly along. The Black Spur traffic didn't seem too heavy but I still didn't like the look of the wet road so it was a very easy ride to Marysville where Simon joined the group.

As we were getting ready to leave Marysville, Pina pointed to a tiny patch of blue sky in the North-West. Not quite where we were heading. But the clouds opened up to reveal more blue sky on the way to Taggerty and we were all feeling pretty optimistic by the time we stopped for a two-second regroup at the start of Jamieson Road.

Sure enough as we started the climb, it started raining. Dammit! The fear of invisible gravel sunk in and I wondered if the next left turn would be that evil one that Glenn had told us about. I waved everyone past. Yeah, catch up with you at Jamieson!

I don't know if I passed that left turn but suddenly the road was dry again. So I picked up the pace a little. Everything felt vaguely unfamiliar. It'd been a while since I'd been to Jamieson and the first time with this bike setup with different tyres, so it took me a while to get into the groove. I started feeling better still when I used second and third gears instead of just sticking to third gear. More work, but I felt more in control of what the bike was doing and I started enjoying the ride a whole lot more.

We stopped at the lookout for photos and a debrief. The Jamieson Road offers all manner of twists and turns, a few straights for a fang if you like, changes in road conditions, and plus or minus gravelly stretches so there's always a need to debrief. Where was that gravel? Was it there? Misho suggested the best strategy for dealing with it was just to ignore it. What gravel? asked Cliff.

Lunch at Jamieson was a quiet affair. It was hot! It must've been over 10 degrees warmer than Eildon. There was hardly anyone about. I wondered if everyone had fled town to get away from the fly plague that had descended on the town. AeroGuard seemed to have no effect. Marc's bike received some attention. Leaking coolant I think.

After a relaxed break, it was time to head back. I was happy to put my helmet on to get away from those damned flies! The road back to Eildon felt smoother and easier. We regrouped at the servo to fill-up and I noticed a man with two dogs talking to Misho. It was Marty Thompson! I hadn't seen him for a while and he looked very different – taller and tanned. I thought he looked terrific! I said hello and admired his gorgeous dogs.

I had to race back home so I skipped the last leg through Fraser National Park. I waved goodbye to everyone leaving them to catch up with Marty while I set off on an unremarkable ride home. Thank you all for another great day on the road! Looking forward to the next Jamieson ride! Looking forward to Dargo! Looking forward to the Phillip Island ride day!

Cindy Lee

Eildon via Jamieson MK II

Sunday 24th November 2013

The deal was that Cindy would write the first three legs to *Eildon via Jamieson* and I would write-up the last leg of the ride back to Kinglake West. The weather forecast was dismal but once over the ranges after Marysville the roads dried and the clouds evaporated. It was hot and humid in Jamieson and only marginally less so in Eildon.

Marty Thompson was waiting for us with his two super friendly dogs but I didn't get much of a chance to talk to him as I lay on the ground under Marc's ZX10 trying to track down a coolant leak which turned out to be a pinhole high up on the right hand side of the radiator, courtesy of a stone, managing to avoid the radiator guard. Not enough to worry about and rectified later in the week.

Cindy left us at Eildon reducing the group from twelve to eleven. Back on the bikes, Glenn led us up through Fraser National Park and along Skyline Road which no doubt has magnificent views of Lake Eildon, but who can chance a glance on this most highly crashed road, only recently toppled from the MSR number one position by the Licola Road. Every second corner has someone's name on it.

Everyone was on a high after surviving the Jamieson road in both directions. Misho and I had had a fast paced trip from end to end, my brand new rear tyre not so new anymore, boots and pegs polished a smidge. Just the one bike on our side of the road this time compared to the two big 4WD's towing boats on the way in to Jamieson, hogging most of the road. We just caught Glenn and Stu near the finish, Stu making tremendous and rapid progress in the last few months it seems. Practice. Practice. Practice. Great to see.

On to the Molesworth Road with Pina in tow, the area holding a number of bad memories for her and hence much better to be following behind someone else these days. I settled on a pace fast enough in the sweepers to wonder whether she would follow. She did. Excellent! Next the treacherous Maroondah Highway from Molesworth and wait for the support team to arrive, which they duly did, allowing a more reasonable pace to be maintained.

Heading out of Yea, Scott having departed, I could see the mist over the ranges ahead. Sure enough as we rose up Junction Hill, most of the remaining riders all bunched up behind the leader, mist and light rain and cold descended. No real effect on our relaxed speed as grip in the wet almost a non-issue these days with modern tyres.

Tony peeled off at Flowerdale down the Glenburn Road to home in the likely very moist Dandenongs while we continued on to the dark and gloomy and most definitely wet Kinglake West, huddling inside the bus shelter from where we dispersed, agreeing the ride length was in the order of 323 km. Thanks Glenn for leading and Ian rear rider duties. The ride flowed, always a good sign.

I left with Pina struggling to put on wet gloves (the single use variety) knowing Misho and Pina would eventually catch up. They did around Whittlesea and we travelled together till parting ways at Donnybrook Road, Cliff and I parting company on the Western Ring Road some 20 km further on.

A good solid day's riding with the hardcore MSR riders – riding rain, hail or shine. I was pleased my newly installed steering head bearings dramatically improved the clunk in the front end and was even more happy that my riding form from Towong had not dissipated with plenty of corner entry speed and lean angle. Oh what fun it is to ride a motorcycle!

Ben Warden

Bay of Islands (Port Campbell) Sunday 1st December 2013

Misho Zrakic	Honda CBR1000	Phil Hotschilt	Suzuki Hayabusa
Ben Warden	Honda CBR1000	Chrys Kioseoglou	Suzuki TL1000S
Paul Southwell	Honda CBR1000	Cliff Peters	Suzuki GSXR1000
Ian Payne	Honda CBR1000	Bill Simpson	Suzuki GSXR1000
Raphael Alikakos	Honda CBR1000	Stu Hosking	Suzuki GSXR750
Pina Garasi	Honda CBR600	Tim Walker	BMW S1000RR
Andrew Newbury	Kawasaki ZX10	Michael Srb	BMW S1000RR
Jason Wilson	Kawasaki ZX9	Rob Langer	BMW F700 GS
Matt Bitagliano (2 nd ride)	Aprilia RSV4	Geoff Jones (rear)	Yamaha R1
<i>18 bikes, 18 people</i>			

Wow, what a day it was shaping up to be. Looking out the bedroom window and seeing sunshine and then hearing on the 6 am news that the sunshine was going to be with us all day, was exciting. Even a tunnel closure, massive detours and road closures in and around Kings Domain failed to dampen my good mood.

Riding down the Geelong Freeway I can't help but notice that housing is now clearly visible on both sides of the freeway and start to wonder how long before housing joins up between Geelong, Werribee and Melbourne's western suburbs.

First leg of our journey takes us down to Moriac where we meet up with today's official ride leader, Cliff Peters, mounted upon his shiny white Suzie.

Misho kept me amused and in awe at the same time with standing his steed on the back wheel, and did I hear it going up a gear or two? When later questioned about such a feat, Misho's typically humble reply was "Who me?"

The first spotting of a signpost pointing towards Anakie usually brings on a chuckle. Picture this: a long drawn out group of riders heading towards Anakie Junction in our usual manner, being led by Geoff Jones (rumoured to be Bob Jane's love child). Geoff mounts a small crest and meets a Highway Patrol car head on; fortunately for Geoff the Highway Patrol can't make a quick U-turn as the rest of us keep getting in the way. Nevertheless, he finally executes a U-turn and gets on the gas with lights a-blazing.

Meanwhile Geoff has made the junction, turned right and headed over the nearest hill. Mr Highway Patrol has only made it past half the riders and now I'm riding into the junction with the nose of the patrol car next to my right knee. Chaos follows as the rest of the ride pours into the junction and I'm standing there with a very confused policeman. Result: he agreed to the suggestion that I should "catch up with the leader" and relay the official message of "pull your head in and slow down". Geoff, that's why, every time you lead, I try to catch you. Maybe one day...

The second leg of the ride took us to Apollo Bay for fuel. It was interesting to listen to the members who have ridden the Otway Ranges twisties a few times, saying they were actually seeing them in their entirety. Usually the view is through drizzle or fog.

It is at this point I notice that Stu Hosking isn't aboard his usual mount. After a couple of enquiries all is revealed. Stu has recently purchased Steve Mudford's (old) Suzie GSXR750 to use as a track bike. Rumour has it he got a good deal on the suspension.

The third leg sees us heading to Port Campbell via Lavers Hill. The ride across to Lavers Hill is usually quite "spirited" and today was no exception. Thanks to Tim (love that colour) Walker and Jason (what the *#*#!) Wilson for letting me tag along through the excellent twisties along the flat coastal section near Glenaire. It was a pleasure to witness the smooth riding style of the "men on green".

My second delight occurred when I hooked up with Misho (I'm leading) and Ben (you're not getting away) on the run over to Port Campbell. As we all know, it's easier to follow than lead; my thanks to both of you.

During lunch, under the shade of a majestic Norfolk pine, I was talking with Pina about how "interesting" it is when Misho sticks his right leg out to indicate that the road ahead is clear. Pina informed me she refers to this as "the leg of faith".

Cliff had a pleasant surprise in store for us as we headed further along the coast to the very picturesque Bay of Islands lookout. Here the comments ranged from "Wouldn't it be nice to have a swim?" to "There must be crays down there."

Ben demonstrated that he still had excellent balance as he climbed up onto the lookout railing to get a group photo. There were a few cries of "don't step back"; at least I think there were.

Remounted, we were on our way to Timboon for fuel, water, icy poles, anything to help cool down. The weather was still hot, humid and still. At one point a hint of a southerly breeze came and went. Personally I would have welcomed a bit a rain to wash the bugs off me, my jacket, bike and helmet. This time of year: the bugs!

Most of the way from the coast to the Shoe Tree was a series of lefts and rights, maybe a couple of double backs, bit of dirt, and with lots of rough stuff thrown in. If you're keen to know the exact route, then Cliff is your man.

While at the Shoe Tree we noticed Rob Langer's BMW GS had a problem. The centre stand was acting as a defacto chain guide. Yep, the GS's chain had become so loose it was nearly dragging in the dirt. Ben and Cliff, both experienced bush mechanics jumped in to action only to be thwarted by a very tight and unusual (size) axle nut.

Rob had no option but to ride on to our next stop, Deans Marsh, and hopefully find a suitable device to loosen the axle nut i.e. a 200mm shifter. Again Rob had no joy, but I'm sure the bike gods allowed him to get home without further dramas.

For the rest of us, Martians Cafe & Bar was a welcome stop with cold refreshments and a few of Bill Simpson's jokes.

The only mishap for the day happened on this leg. Unfortunately, Chrys Kioseoglou didn't spot the gravel when turning right and lost the front. Both Chrys and bike were okay, though some cosmetic damage incurred. Hopefully Chrys will consider the advantage of leather pants and boots in the future.

It was getting late into the afternoon as we pulled into our last fuel stop at Batesford. More talk, more drinking of water and then goodbyes. It was time to hit the freeway. Home at 7:45 pm after 655kms for the day. Washing the bike will have to wait; I'm stuffed. Where are the Coopers?

I'd like to take this opportunity to thank the Club and Club members for your condolences and support. I have been comforted with thoughtful and kind emails, cards and spoken comments after the passing of my father.

Paul Southwell