

Front Liner



Newsletter of Front Line Tourers, ACT

June 2006

Tilting at the Windmills Passing...



One of the highlights of the Three Ameegos trip to the Vic. Don Quixote took on the windmills and won.

Inside

- FLiTBiTs
- Auto Italia
- Three Ameegos
- Narooma
- The Bay
- Pic of the month

MISSED A FEW THINGS out of the last edition. There was a ride, financially fateful for one... to the Bay and at least two of us went to Auto Italia. You'll find some pix inside. Cliff has done

his usual in-depth analysis of a Front Line Tourers weekend away – this time the overnighter to Narooma. There is also a ride report on trip to Meckiko by the Three Ameegos—*Ed.*

FlitBits

Website

<http://www.geocities.com/frontlineact/>

and provide comments to

rlupke@homemail.com.au

If you want the password for newsletters please contact Cliff or Ed. at the addresses in the brag box on page 1 or Roger at the address above.

Postie bikers trek desert for Flying Doctors

Thirty-five adventurers set off on a unique journey across the Simpson Desert today hoping to raise \$40,000 for the Flying Doctor.

The group will ride former post office motorbikes from Birdsville in western Queensland to Alice Springs in central Australia.

Organiser Phil Hodgens says the locals think they are mad.

'It's never been done before on postie bikes that we know of,' he said.

Personnel

President

Cliff Mitchell
spiv@actewagl.net.au

Vice-President

Tim Chambers
timothy.chambers@afp.gov.au

Sec-Treasurer

Mick Hobbs
michaelhobbs@optusnet.com.au

Teresa

Teresa Mitchell
spiv@actewagl.net.au

Editor

Don Dennes
ddennes@ozemail.com.au

Web Dude

Roger
rlupke@homemail.com.au

'We'll be taking Rig Road, which is the easiest road across the Simpson Desert. We've had some warnings it's been badly eroded and the dunes are large and sandy and ... a lot of people are telling us we're not going to get through,' he said.

'We're hoping for the best and if the worst comes to the worst, I guess we've just got to get off and push.'

Mr Hodgens says he is keen to repay a debt of gratitude from when he was flown to Perth after a crash on the Gunbarrel Highway

Motorcyclist catapults 80m in air

From: AAP

A LEARNER motorcyclist without a helmet has survived a crash in Victoria that catapulted him 80 metre through the air, police said.

The police spotted the 19 year-old from Geelong on his bike at an intersection but not wearing a helmet about 2.30am (AEST) today.

When the police approached, asking him to pull over, he refused, made a quick turn and took off at high speed.

Police did not pursue him and later found that he had crashed his motorcycle in Bell Post Hill, a Geelong suburb, about 5km from where he was first spotted.

'It appears that his motorcycle collided with a steel railing on the side of the road, catapulting him 80 metres,' a police spokeswoman said.

The teenager, who suffered a serious leg injury and a minor head injury, was taken to Geelong Hospital.

Police said he was riding a 600cc motorcycle. Learner riders cannot ride a motorcycle with an engine capacity greater than 260cc.

Police are investigating, and expect to lay charges—*from Top Box Brooksie*.

Lay charges!!... lay bloody charges!!... if he did it at a Crusty Demons gig he'd get a standing ovation—*Ed*.



A load of Hot Air

A MAN IN A HOT AIR BALLOON realised he was lost. He reduced altitude and spotted a woman below. Descending a bit more he shouted, 'Excuse me, can you help? I promised a friend I would meet him an hour ago but I don't know where I am'.

The woman replied, 'You're in a hot air balloon, approximately 30 feet above the ground, between 40/41 degrees latitude, north, and 59/60 degrees west, longitude.'

'You must be a middle-grade police officer', said the balloonist. 'I am', replied the woman, 'How did you know?' 'Well', answered the balloonist, 'everything you told me is technically correct but I have no idea what to make of your information and the fact is, I am still lost. Frankly, you've not been much help at all. If anything, you have delayed my trip.'

The woman below responded, 'You must be a senior police officer'. 'I am,' replied the balloonist, 'But how did you know?' 'Well,' replied the woman, 'you don't know where you are or where you are going. You have risen to where you are due to a large quantity of hot air. You made a promise

New Coppers on the Beat

Hot off the press is cj's notification of his starring role in Police Academy 25 – Out of the Frying Pan...Into the Firing Line

When he said at interview that he only wanted to join so he could ride bikes fast the interviewer made a mental note to ensure he gets one of these babies.

It'd be a fine steed for Roger too. I believe he starts his APS training shortly.

...and speaking of which

A woman got pulled over for speeding by an AFP Highway Patrol motorcycle officer.

When he walked up to her window and opened his ticket book she said, 'I bet you're going to sell me tickets to the Highway Patrol Ball.'

He replied, 'No, Ma'am, highway patrolmen don't have balls.'

There followed a moment of silence while she smiled and he realised what he had said. Without saying another word, he closed his book, got back on his motorcycle and left—*from Neets*



which you have no idea how to keep, and you expect people beneath you to solve your problem. The fact is you are in exactly the same position you were in before we met, but now, somehow, it's my fault'—*from Federal Agent Cliff Mitchell*

Auto Italia '06



The Benelli 750 Sei, an extravagant motorcycle out performed by most of the competition but apparently was a smooth and relaxing tourer – and put you high up on the exotica ladder.



Moto Guzzi Falcone Sport introduced in the 1950s was an aircooled 2-valve pushrod single Capacity: 498cc (88 x 82mm) Power: 23bhp @ 4500rpm Weight: 170kg (374 lb) dry Top speed: 85mph (136kph) – man can't live at that speed.

This is the place to be if you fancy exotic Italian vehicles of both the two and four wheeled variety. Tim was there as was Ed. Guess which of this two fancies exotic Italian machinery.



Moto Villa 125 designed and manufactured by Walter and Francesco Villa from Bologna. They raced and produced their own bikes for several years, all 2 strokes mainly GP. This'n had a sign saying never raced...why...what else would you bloody-well do with it?



The 750SFC and 1000 Jota and all their derivatives have a typically Italian character...that is the need for regular roadside rebuilds.



Scooter, a Lambretta or Vespa – some scooter buff might know. Gotta love the leopard skin touch.



The F4 SPR is aimed at a more demanding rider. It features many components which provide versatility for either road or track use – and a price tag of around \$42K



Ducati 750 Sport. I reckon this is a '73 model as evidenced by its black engine cases. I know all about Ducati engine cases.



Some Benelli-type-of-half-a-car kind of Pope-mo 'cycle thingy.



Despite owning a garage full of red Italians, Timmy was out of step on his piece of German exotica.



I think this scootered woman was posing for something. A bloke kept coming up and straightening her breasts.

Narooma – Salt, sand surf and s..

Bungendore at 10am on a Saturday morning, in late May, is a wonderful place - to leave. Particularly when you are accompanied by some of the warmest, friendliest and most socially interactive people you would want to meet.

Oh, all right I couldn't find any of the warm and friendly one's so I went with Andrew, Dink, Tim, Gina, Pam and Charlotte. In addition to the real motorcyclists there were the groupies, Teresa, Lyn, Alex and Debbie in the club support vehicle and luggage conveyance.

Bungendore to Bateman's Bay is a nice ride, once you have successfully negotiated the freezing cold and the local highway patrol. Down the mountain is always fun, except when you have a couple of blokes climbing all over you trying to take advantage of the fact you are carrying a pillion.

Fortunately for me, the pillion was Gina, she weighs about as much as a full wallet. (For those who know me, yes I had to ask how much a full wallet weighs, and yes, Timmothy told me the answer).

I couldn't ask Dink, because unfortunately his wallet was a little lacking, particularly after the repair costs to his radiator. Seems the R1 is a little prone to radiator damage – this is the second time it has happened. It is also the second time he has blamed me. I accept full responsibility, it is so difficult to control the awesome power of the Fizzer, tears the bitumen right off the road.

Bateman's Bay, for a local, was probably a little chilly, but for us it was as good as that warm sensation you get in your wet suit just as you enter the water. In fact, part of the coffee discussion was our close association to the water and our almost mystical connection to the sea – then of course the conversation degenerated into sex, perversion and other stuff. What do you expect, Pam was there – and you know what she is like.

For those who don't remember, Phil is away on foreign soil. Pam has purchased a Web cam for

her computer. Her intention was to demonstrate to Phil, the little things he was missing while he was away. Apparently it worked a treat, she practiced on one of Charlotte's friends – it worked really well, focus was a little off, the picture was a little fuzzy around the edges!!!

Bateman's Bay to Narooma is only a short ride. Just long enough for the groupies to attend the local bottle-shop for supplies, and arrive back at the hotel at the same time we arrived. It is now somewhat traditional for the groupies to be three parts cut but the time the sun is over the yardarm. The sad part of that is, it appears to be so much fun, the rest of us just have to join in. By 4 o'clock in the afternoon everyone is having a wonderful time for no reason at all. Don't forget, the legends of consumption weren't even present on this weekend.

Dinner at the restaurant on the bay is always pleasant and relaxing. Everyone enjoyed themselves and told a whole bunch of lies about their riding prowess and riding skills (not all related to motorcycles).

Andrew was there in spirit, but spent most of his time on the phone. It has been suggested that he is somewhat addicted to the radiation emissions from his phone, but being married to Teresa, I can assure all that it is the talking he is addicted to.

After the restaurant, we returned to the Hotel and the tone of the conversation became inversely proportional to the amount of alcohol consumed. For the rest of us that means the more pisster everyone became the more colourful the conversation became.

I recall some discussion, by a number of unnamed males, about the little wheel on your computer mouse. It appears if you practice manipulating that little wheel with your tongue, it can enhance your skills in other areas. The married women in the group had absolutely no idea what they were talking about, but the single girls got a little tear in their eye. I could see what could only be

described as a smirk, appear across their lips and you could hear little sighs and faint little ‘Yes, oh yes’, coming from under their breath.

From here on in, it just gets worse. Personally I was overcome by tiredness and retired to the safety of my room, but the man who spills more red wine than he drinks, had a great time entertaining the ladies. I’m not sure exactly what happened, but I am led to believe everyone present had a tale to tell and a red wine stain to remove from some article of their clothing.

After the females finally went to bed to embrace an alcohol induced coma (except Debbie, who had strange reoccurring dreams about the little wheel on a mouse), the bad boys, Tim, Andrew and Dink lingered in the darkness talking about stuff. From my observations of their behaviour I have no doubt that the research results described in the article below are accurate.

The next morning everyone was back to their normal quiet self, except Tim and Andrew and

Dink and Pam and Teresa and Debbie and Gina and Lyn – they were a little quieter than usual – suffer you bastards.

The ride home was not long, but it was very nice. The research results were again reinforced when we stopped at Mogo on the way home. Yes, you guessed it – to go ‘Shopping’ for assorted coloured, rubber clog things – Oh, the joys of excessive hormones.

Like the Fox 8 TV show, **Jerry Springer**, every trip needs a final comment, a post script, if you wish. In this case it is:

- Why do you drive on a Parkway and park on a Driveway;
- Why do Kamikaze pilots wear helmets;
- Why do you use a sterilised needle for a lethal injection; and
- Why ride to all the way to Narooma to self inflict a headache

Answer: Cause its fun—*Cliff*.



AP PHOTO

Bavarian men might want to rethink their annual Oktoberfest revels in light of a new study.

There’s trouble brewing, guys

You have to hope that this study is flawed, but the evidence seems irrefutable. Several months ago, scientists at Europe’s annual human reproduction conference suggested that the results of a recent analysis revealed the presence of female hormones in beer, and suggest-

ed that men should take a look at their beer consumption. The theory is that drinking beer makes men turn into women.

To test the theory, 100 men were each fed six pints of beer within a one-hour period. It was then observed that 100 per cent of the men gained weight, talked

excessively without making sense, became overly emotional, couldn’t drive, failed to think rationally, argued over nothing, had to sit down while urinating, couldn’t perform sexually, and refused to apologize when wrong.

No further testing is planned.



The Three Ameeeegos save the day

Despite Top Box Brooks billing it as a Brokeback Mountain week, the Three Ameeeegos weren't quite that close...separate tents and no complications. And no, there was no Donilla Queen of the Gippsland either...despite rumours that his top box was devoted entirely to make-up. However they did get on well...but not that well...and here is their story.

Being aware of their FLT drought-buster connections, a few small villages in Mekicko banded together to raise the money to have the Three Ameeeegos bring rain to their drought ravaged countryside. The Ameeeegos, Cjisco, Pauncho and Ed.uardo, started the rain at Eden just to make sure and by the time they got to Mallacoota there had been a torrential downpour. Tumultuous cheers of joy greeted the lads and they were carried from their steeds into the plush motel room where the gratefully voluptuous Conchita, Pascuala, and Sanchia tended their every need.

Dreamin'. The Brown was wet...good between Bemboka and almost Eden...pissed down all the way to Mallacoota which became the evening lodgings rather than the intended Bemm River – the bream fishing capital of Australia.

Next day was sunny...for a while...till we got on our bikes. Pretty much the only item of interest 'til lunch at Cann River was Pete losing his sleeping mat which missed the wheels of a semi by

millimetres...or was that millilitres. There were a few showers on and off 'til just short of Yarram where it pissed down again. That became our stopover...in fact at the same caravan park in the same unit as the Phillip Island excursion a few months earlier. At the local Country Club we had the world's best ever roast pork followed by some murder by chocolate cake which in one particular case blocked up the works for several days. Glad I wasn't that nearby when it finally reached the light o' day but the earth moved for me too.

Wednesday was a great day weather-wise. Following a stop at the local wind farm (Pete hadn't evacuated at this stage so no fart jokes please) we motored on along the South Gippsland Highway stopping for lunch at Foster. I recall Big Dave's unrequited wish to stop there on the Phillip Island run. Cliff wouldn't let him and let me tell you, Dave, you missed out on a treat. One local spied cj's leaning tower of videocam and started chatting about his track days at the Island

and his mad mates pulling monos on the local roads at 285kmh. And here we were... concerned about the Victorian Highway Patrol picking us up at 110.

There had been not inconsiderable talk about checking out the Tiger Angel factory in the centre of Melbourne. Pete spent most of the evening convincing us that we needed to be there. Seemed like a good idea at the time but as we drew nearer to Melbourne the sun had gone a bit too far over the yard arm and the thought of negotiating peak-hour city traffic was overwhelming; so we re-directed all our energies to finding the way to Marrie's place somewhere around Fern Tree Gully. After a few wrong turns we got there half an hour or so before Ian got back from a scheduled Vic Front line Tourers ride to Wangaratta.

That night we had pizza and beer (thanks Scotty) a bit of chat about, believe it or not, motorcycles and FLT and Marrie taught me to play Stairway to Heaven – most of which I promptly forgot.

Cj got a call from Cop HR concerning his induction to the Thin Blue Line, and the closing remark was see you Sundy. This came as a shock to young Col as he previously had been told Satdy. Oooooooo... I'd better ring the rest of the class then said Cop HR.

Thursday's plan was to get as close to Albury as possible and find a suitable camp site. We stocked up on vitals at Wangaratta and made a mercy dash to Beechworth to beat nightfall. No obvious free camp site by a babbling brook and a roaring fire but the local caravan park offered us a site for ten bucks each and 15 for a barrow of wood. This'll do... not as ruggedly independent as desirable but at least we didn't need Pete's folding shovel to bury the nightsoil.

I was excited... a new tent and a new camp stove to test. Man, this was living. I thought I was fairly well prepared but these Hobbs boys have every contingency covered... to the extent of a miner's headlight to focus on the frying fillet steaks.

After a chat around the fire and a few Coopers we snuggled into our sleeping bags... in separate tents Brooksie... only to be woken several hours later by the sound of rain on tent fly. Uh-ohhhh... not another wet day ahead. When I arose

all had cleared, and after ablutions and breakfast we headed off in the direction of Wodonga and then back the way we had come towards Tallangatta (Tar-lang-gatta). We were in familiar territory for a while as we were on the road to Corryong via Mount Beauty, until we crossed into NSW at the Granya Pass. This was potentially a corker of a road but towards the top it was a bit damp and we had no desire to test the wet weather adhesion quality of the Tourances. A bit further on we followed the Murray river along a fantastic run chockers with fast sweepers... though their occasional dampness in the tree shadows had my heart a bit further mouthwards than optimum.

We had lunch at Tumber-bloody-rumba where a rather large chef lady spent a lot of time bagging the National Capital nightlife. I didn't realise that I should've been so miserable... and I foolishly forgot to ask, 'So, how's the nightlife in Tumba, then?'

We had planned to go home over the Brindabellas but the reported previous day and a half of rain persuaded us to go the boring way, though the ride to the highway was interesting (and bumpy) enough. I was just as glad the next day when I cast my eyes in the direction of the Brindies and saw snow on the highest peaks.

Home again and cosy and warm watching the mighty Dragons thump the Eels 8-1 and secure in the knowledge that we'd ended Victoria's drought... while Canberra's nightlife raged miserably around me—*Ed.uardo*



The end...

AMEEEEGOS ON FILM



God telling the Ameeeegos where to put the rain



Three trusty chooks



Drying out at Yarram



Stay tuned for the video



Brant and Todd hoping for a multi-million dollar contract

Luxury dining. Cop that Hyatt.



Campsite at Beechworth

photo photos

Phil took some interesting bike pix while on his pre-Qatar Disneyland/
Hollywood/Hawaii family holiday



Found this rather curious bike in LA. It's owned by some deluded Argentinian who thinks he's from Camelot and can ride around the world.



Supposedly Elvis's bike as on display in Hogs Breath Café Hollywood

Pick the Caption...

The winner gets a night out with Warren (who made them up and took the pix).
Second place gets two.



- Hmm, got down here without getting flashed, now can I get back without getting clocked (I reckon they kept the toolkit on purpose because I had an Italian for trade)
- Now why has Cliff got a grin a mile wide, while our editor is in a state of shock.
- The young and the restless, while in the background the old F—s ponder how to get back in the saddle without pulling something.
- Pick the German chook chaser (its the one with the feathers in its beak).
- Retirement, hmmm still a dream for many.

Classifieds

The logo for TJ's Motorcycle Tyres and Accessories, featuring the letters 'TJ's' in a stylized, blue, metallic font with a circuit-like pattern in the background.

**MOTORCYCLE TYRES
AND ACCESSORIES**

gives Frontline tourers a
10% discount.

See Hal Caston at
23 Lonsdale Street Braddon
or call him on
6247 6804

**NEW: See Hal's website
www.tjstyres.com.au**

For Sale – and so is the Firestorm



It's a 2003 VTR1000F in excellent condition. It's got just under 12,000km on it. I've only put just under 1000km on it while I've owned it. I bought it for just under \$11,000 at the beginning of the year. It had brand new tyres put on it when I bought it too. If you are interested in making an offer contact Stephen Skurka on 0414 918 709, or stephen.skurka@jazztech.com.au

Photo of the Month...



Thanks Roger for this touch of class