

Front Liner



Newsletter of Front Line Tourers, ACT January–February 2006

Pollieville Lineup



From Ed's Head...

This issue is more than a little late thanks to my 'puter having an unnatural death and my Christmas/New Year and then some indolence. At the risk of being banned from going to Phillip Island hanging over my head (the President is a vindictive spiteful bastard) I thought I'd better cobble this together. Inside you'll find Cliff's ride report and reinterpretation of a classic poem concerning the Bermagui overnighter. You'll also see a story and pix of the train ride to Tarago.

Pollieville's come and gone too. Ripper as usual. There's a short story and some pix. Will provide more next issue... promise... next month... that's March... 2006—*Ed*.

Inside

- FLiTBiTs
- Xmas at xmas
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- Pic of the month

FlitBits

Eden Stopover

The next overnigher is at Eden at the usual place on 25 and 26 March. The cost including brekky is Dbl \$60, Sgl \$50, Twin \$65, Three in a room \$70.

Please let Teresa know by 18 March

Bike Flick

CJ has put together a Pollierville video. Stay tuned for viewing times and Oscar announcement.

Website

I believe there is a ride calendar on the website. I'll put it here next time.

<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.

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Lane splitting

ABC Melbourne

<http://www.abc.net.au/melbourne/stories/s1549432.htm>

The government is planning to legislate against lane splitting, which is basically when a motorbike passes between two cars in the same direction, to get to a bit of clear road. Another one is lane filtering, when the traffic is stationary at a set of lights and the motorcyclist passes slowly between them—*from Frank*

Unlicensed Riders?

My daughter and I both put in and bought her a car. The copper who sold it is a bike cop. I asked him if he had a bike of his own and he said he doesn't have a licence!!!!!!!!!!!!!! But he can ride around the streets booking people...on a bike...next time I get pulled over I'm going to say, 'Evenin' Officer, can I see your licence'.

Seriously but...Cliff says, 'Under the current Motor Traffic Legislation police officers don't need licences to drive vehicles (except a Police permit). Although in the future they will be issued with a licence when they complete their driver training.' Fair'nuff—*dd*

Beezas and Be-eMs

At Bemboka over a local pie Peter, CJ and Don were discussing the reason for left or right foot down when stationary:

Following a brief ride today I have concluded that I am a right foot down kinda guy. Imagined that I was a leftie but no...must've been riding BSAs in an earlier life—*dd*

Perhaps it was a BSA Bantam which may explain the desire to now ride a big BM chookie in this life—*Peter*

Quote from Sir Roger

If you run, you'll only go to jail tired—*Roger*

Bermagui, nice place – I think



THE FRIDAY NIGHT, before departing for Bermagui on Saturday morning, I received a text message forewarning of an impending storm and tempest from Canberra to the Coast and return. The text message also expressed some relief by the author that he was not accompanying the group on what was sure to be a disastrous weekend. Well ‘phuuuuuuuuut’ to him.

The weekend reminded me of that low budget movie with Mrs Heston’s little boy, Chuck. You know the one, where he holds up his staff and the waters of the Red Sea part allowing his followers to pass. Well that was our weekend!

Although the roads were damp on the way to Bungendore on Saturday morning it wasn’t raining. Everyone met at the prearranged time and place, except Mick - who of course believed that a weather forecast of 100% chance of rain meant it was going to rain.

Not a drop, down the mountain to the Bay. Not only didn’t it rain, by the time we arrived everyone was stripping off excess gear because the temperature was in the high twenties.

At the Bay we had the usual coffee and mocking session for those who were not true believers. Those being mocked fell into two categories, those who travelled in cars when the weather

looked less than perfect and those who didn’t come because their Mum’s wouldn’t let them. (The second category also being the ones who subscribe to the ‘Conspiracy’ theory).

For those who attended, it is obvious that I left out the ‘Phil incident’. Normally I would not mention it and we would not be happy with one of our own being reported for an offence. But in this situation I have to agree with, Phil *The Legend* Lowen, the law requiring a Learner to travel at 20 km/h slower than the rest of the traffic is about as silly as you can get. To place a learner in a situation where they are required to be a mobile chicane for impatient drivers is about as sensible as sending members of the NSW Highway Patrol on a course on how to exercise discretion.

There were no incidents from the Bay to Bermagui, just a pleasant uneventful trip. We arrived at our destination in time for the fishermen in the crowd to be disappointed by the boat operator not willing to take his vessel into 4 meter plus seas. So, being inconsolable they thought they might as well have a couple of drinks to drown their sorrows, and exaggerate every corner from Canberra to the Sea.

At this time a little more detail is called for. Teresa, Lyn and Debbie took a ride on the safe side and travelled by car. They can be forgiven because

they needed to do the shopping for supplies. Frank on board the R1, Dink mounted on an earlier version of the same weapon, Don on the trusty VTR, Pam and Charlotte on the big green mean machine, Phil 'The legend' on the extremely fast and attractive cruiser, Andrew on the world's yellowest ZX9, Dave and Alex on the Gixxer 750, Steve on the Duke 748, and of course Gina riding pillion on the under-rated, over-powered FZ1. Personal note: I don't often carry a pillion, but from my perspective I have to say that I enjoyed the experience of spending time between the legs of woman, other than my wife. Although it was pointed out to me that '*While I was between her legs she had her hands in my pocket*'. So the difference is ??????????

After our arrival at the Hotel and spending sometime lying to each other about how good we are, or in my case, how good I used to be, Mick and Anita arrived in the BMW with the top firmly in place. After some uncharitable comments by the motorcycle enthusiasts in the group, the car drivers joined the party. Soon after Rene and Carita arrived. Both were a little worse for wear after negotiating the Brown Mountain in the fog, but still committed enough to ride their bikes and join the party.

There is not much more to tell about the evenings events, although I will make a couple of quick observations, remembering what happens on tour stays on tour;

The officer-in-charge of the BBQ, Dink, did an exceptional job. Cooks, cleans, ride a bike, if he could only kiss he would make someone a great wife.

Frank and Gina did a thing with a pole. Gina said that size did count and that the pole was too big to perform with. Personally I have never had that problem, but Frank said that is something he hears on a regular basis. I'll have to ask Deb next time she goes to the bathroom!

Steve is not a regular tripper with the group, so he had no hesitation about taking his shoes off and having a quiet drink with the group. Steve, of course, has no idea that the dexterity and the eye-hand coordination of some in the group leaves a little to be desired after the consumption of an excessive amount of alcohol. Needless to say he

spent some time digging the glass out of his feet.

What can I say about Rene and Carita. The continual use of inappropriate language, the constant reference to sexual depravity and the on-going touching and fondling really is quite distressing. I was going to mention the need for disciplining, but God knows where that would have led.

Pam and Phil left a little earlier than usual and of course we all suspected that, either, they were discussing Constitutional Law and the rights of the States to impose their draconian restrictions on the free passage on a public street, or doing that other thing they do all the time – when Pam came out in her flannelette jarmies, we realised that she was bored with Constitutional Law.

I also had the opportunity to observe a very interesting case study on young love. All of the burnt out, bitter and twisted males were giving Dave advice on how to train Alex. We identified a range of strategies he should adopt to develop her into the perfect role model for a quality partner. Based on our successes, as the dominant species in a range of partnerships, I am firmly of the belief that if Dave follows our advice to the letter, he will get from his partnership the same thing the rest of us are getting. Not counting Frank of course, because he is single and seems to spend an inordinate amount of time in the bathroom, for some reason, don't know why, I will have to ask Deb.

Don and Andrew, these two should work for ASIO. One or both will appear in every photo, they are always there, participating in every activity, without causing a fuss or problem. Either they have a medical condition that does not allow alcohol to have any effect on them or they are pissed to the eyeballs without anyone else being able to tell. My guess is the latter, but I'm not a very good judge - up until she started dropping stuff, including her clothes, I thought Teresa was sober.

I did have a couple of interesting points I was going to make about Mick and Anita, but it was bought to my attention that the newsletter was for information relating to motorcyclists. So, I have decided to keep the comments until the sun comes out.

After the night before, the dark skies and the gloomy outlook of Sunday morning, matched the disposition of some adversely affected by the excessive consumption of Dink's cooking, couldn't possibly be anything else. Steve in particular was suffering, must have been a bi-product of standing on too much glass.

Although the trip home looked like getting a bit ordinary, it went pretty well. A little bit of heavy cloud on top of the mountain but that cleared after a while and it was pleasant at Bungendore where we took the opportunity for a final coffee before returning home.

Considering everything that happened, I asked myself, would it have been better to stay at home

and watch the Kiwis crush the Kangaroos at Rugby League, maybe watch the Wallabies get flogged by Wales or even perhaps watch Gilchrist score his usual half a dozen runs (after being dropped once or twice). My answer will always be 'I think not'. I would choose to ride my motorcycle with a group of people I am happy to call my friends, to a place which could be called irrelevant, in weather conditions that don't matter. AND, I am sure that if I asked those who accompanied me on this journey through life they would have all agreed with me... except, maybe Phil the Legend... and maybe Steve... and maybe Dave and maybe ...?



All smiles



Adoring audience



Flowers among the petals



Behave or I'll poke you in the eye

Pix and most captions by Mick

Bermagui by the Sea

1.

Half a mile, half a mile,
Half a mile onward,
All toward the valley of rain
Rode the valiant Tourers.
'Forward, the Frontline Tourers!
'Charge for Bermagui!' he said:
Into the valley of rain
Ridethe valiant Tourers.

2.

'Forward, the Frontline Tourers!'
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the irders knew
Someone had blunder'd:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and ride:
Into the valley of rain
Rode the valiant Tourers.

3.

Thunder to right of them,
Lightning to left of them,
Hail and rain in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with hail and hell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Tempests,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the valiant Tourers

4.

Flash'd all their leathers bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
The legend sped on unaware,

Charging a Highway patrol, while
All the others wonder'd:
Racing in the radar scope
Right thro' the line he broke;
Phil and the Copper spoke
Reel'd from the booking stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
the full Tourers.

5.

Thunder to right of them,
Lightning to left of them,
Hail and rain in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with hail and hell,
While no horse and hero fell,
They that had travelled so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of the Frontline Tourers.

6.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild ride they made!
All the members wondered.
Honor the ride they made,
Honor the Frontline Tourers,
Those with the courage to act,
others should be sacked,
The Noble Frontline Tourers
which does not include Mick or
that man Black

Adapted from *Poems of Alfred Tennyson*,
J. E. Tilton and Company, Boston, 1870



Andrew bragging again



Neets' ride



Cliff blue-eyeing the camera



C.H.I.P.S. arrives



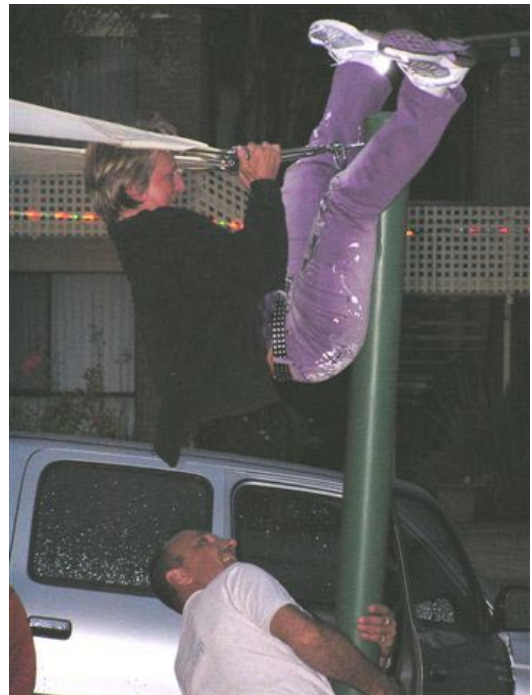
Happy campers



Peeping Dink



Cliff's interrogation technique



Gina up a pole



Chrome domes at the Bay

Pix by Mick

...on a train bound for nowhere

Christmas Journey



COLD CHISEL SANG something about Saturday Night once. Brothers who sing the blues often sing about trains. And Bing did his thing about a White Christmas. But none of them put it all together like the FLT's who headed off, away from the sunset, to Tarago. Well, ok, perhaps we left out the 'white' from the Christmas but we got close.

If you haven't been on the old train from Canberra to Tarago then set some time aside and take the ride. A huge mass of revellers (nice ones, not schoolies or Sydney type ones) gathered at 6pm sharp at the station. There were those who had dressed up and those who had just dressed. There were those with eskies and those with other peoples eskies on their agenda. Me and my mates, we had it covered. Off to cabin 3 with its little tables all set for dinner and a little fella whose name I can't recall (nothing to do with the alcohol consumption and I'll call him Barry) eagerly waiting to tell us all about the train and his volunteer position and how we shouldn't bash him or the others working that night.

I turned to me mate Mick and said, 'Yo, Mick brudda, what dat whitey think we are?' I guess it was Micks mullet (?) that had the old fella a little taken a back. I sat down and placed four empty bottles next to my window in no time. The little girl one seat down (the one married to a member of the local constabulary) kept on turning around, even stood on the seat at one time but luckily her '

dad ' told her not too. She kept talking and taking photos and keeping people amused. For the first part of the trip I didn't really see anyone past my little group as Barry was placing food on our table with the precision of a Thai plastic surgeon.

As we wound our way down past Molonglo Gorge, stopping every now and then as the driver had a bladder problem, you could almost sense the old time atmosphere and picture Cactus Jack leaping from the rocky cuttings onto the roof of the caboose and stealing all the eskies of good cheer. Six fifteen we left Canberra and after about 45 minutes, I heard someone mention Queanbeyan. Shit, a very fast train! Barry's skills were quickly taking hero status. But I digress and lose the flow of the story which isn't out of character apparently. Heck, Bungendore and no more beer, 'Get me one of those scotch and cokes then!' Ah, this should be a good night.

I've ridden from Canberra to Tarago a number of times on a number of bikes. All at once actually, but that was when I was in the circus and that's another story. Tarago isn't three hours out of Canberra? So who cares. Barry had served up our sea food (ocean garbage as one well educated upper class gentry put it) followed by the chicken on a bed of soft cloud like baby potatoes (mashed spuds in case you were mistaken) with a simple slightly warm watery gravy that is called jus. All in all it was nice and filled the little hole left.

There was a delightful lady on the train that had some gentlemen strolling the corridors in search of pleasant vistas. There was also a lady patrolling the corridors who could have made it into any of the WW2 movies about prison camps. She lived up in the caboose and guarded the eskies. Occasionally she would venture down hoping to pounce on arm sitters. Little life did you have left if she caught you with your arse planted on the arm of a seat. I was glad the little girl's 'dad' had got her under control or I fear we would have been scraping her remains off the line.

Clackity clack, clackity clack, it's a nice way to travel on a train especially when you're eating and drinking and drinking and drinking. Well I know that everyone wasn't but there were some of us who were looking at events with the hilarity of a .05 plus content level and it can only get better. Tarago, every body off the train, down to the hall (or the Loaded Dog or whatever the pub was called) and be back soon because we gotta get home.

Great dance. Cold Chisel blasted the hall almost into Lake George. What, it's not Cold Chisel... geeze back to the dog for another scotch. Dink is jiving or doing something on the floor, Phil (a ring-in) gave his impersonation of rap dancing and did his knee, back and image a lot of no good. The girls were cool, swaying and dancing together. It was so bloody Australian

mate it made me eyes swell with tears of pride for our culture. Drink More Piss came the cry!!! That reminds me, where is the tin shed with theredback?

On the train and home we head. The band's on board and half the train is in the same cabin. There is the odd person sleeping by now and quiet little groups looking forward to bed. The music cabin though, it's going off. Everyone over this side of the cabin as we go around a corner. Suddenly the train has found full throttle or is it downhill from Tarago to Canberra. Everyone on the other side. I love the way you look around smiling at faces that have fear written all over them. So just how good are the old train tracks. Just how good are the drivers. It's Christmas, I don't want to...

Gotta end the story here. I didn't say see ya to anyone because the esky nazi had lost my esky. Up and down the train I went trying to find it. Couldn't believe it when I spotted two guys with two eskies, one being mine, and the guy says. 'This is yours isn't it mate?' Your joking I thought.

Great night, great way to do Christmas, if you didn't do it make a date with the Train to Tarago.

Footnote: One thing the author of this story forgot to mention is that by the end of the evening, we stopped calling him Kenny and started calling him Kermit. Thanks to Lyn's can of green hair paint! Kermie certainly found his rainbow connection that night!



Pollieville '06 – Another Good 'un



Owing to as many excuses as one can dream up the Editor has been tardy with the release of this hallowed publication. Consequently the President has refused to write his usual well-crafted ride report. Fair enough, but I'm afraid you'll have to put up with mine.

SEEMS THAT YOU NEED to get up early to get a good run down the Clyde. We didn't, and even that special motorcycle lane in the middle of the road didn't help that much. VTR Dave was OK...he just slipped up the bleedin' inside. The remainder of the ride to Tathra was pretty standard – not a bad run for a highway. Kianinny was well set up for a gathering of the Chapters – cabins among the trees with under-cover bike parking, a lake for canoeing, a possum and duck laden wharf for snogging and a dining/ karaoke area.

Evening #1 was a success – a good meal and plenty of drinks arranged by Teresa et al. Karaoke has the same effect that getting on the drink has on the bladder, 'Once the seal is broken you just have to keep going back'. Punchy Paula dominated the early crooning and her imploring others to join in, was falling on tone deaf ears...until the alkyhol kicked in. Soon there was a stream of Frank Sinatras doing it 'Their Way' and bunches of ABBA's 'Saving Our Souls'. Dunno 'bout you but I got to bed at 1.30.

Day #2 was a ride day for most. Cliff's one social outing of the year had taken it's toll and he cruised. The one-true motorcyclists mounted their

chook chasers and took a leisurely ride up the coast to Bermagui and back via an arty crafty visit to Tilba Tilba. A more frenetic event was taking place further south with the tear-arses riding the Imlay Highway GP. Mick finished in front but at the end of the day motorcycling was the winner...as was CJ who kept up with the sportsbikers on his V Strom and videoed the event on his dubiously mounted camera. Although some might say that travelling the Imlay at the speed limit is a little boring, the video is worth watching for the cornering technique alone. The 'Revenge of the Chook Chasers' will be screening at a venue near you soon.

Evening #2 was supposed to be a mellowing down and preparing for the big rides home the next day. Someone didn't tell the Canberra Chapter that. Among other things, there was a barrage of questions and answers about how to go round corners. After 500 theories and as many trailer trash drinks I think the result was...you just lean the bugger over, shut your eyes and hope for the best. Dunno 'bout you but I got to bed at 1.30.

Most of the Canberrans headed back the way they came. Peter, CJ and Ed. decided to live out

the adventure dream and go home the hard way: Candelo via Merimbula, Bemboka for a pie, up the Brown to Cooma and along the dirt to Tharwa and home. Luckily Ed. didn't have his top box so he didn't have to keep stopping to tie the bugger back on... that was the previous week's activity.

Bouquets to Teresa and co. for their organising efforts and a big thank you to the resort people

for being so accommodating. Spose I'd better thank Rene and Carita for bringing the bloody karaoke machine. And a huge thanks to Timmy for not riding all the way to Tathra. Had he, Ed's head would've been in a much sorrier state... inexpensive red wine indeed... the bugger's going to Phillip Island but... *dd*



NSW at breakfast



Chooks outstanding in the field



Dunno what Steve's on... & I don't want any



Strange looks... dunno why



Getting down and dirty



Tell me again how you corner Mick

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Photos of the Month...

