

# Front Liner



Newsletter of Front Line Tourers, ACT

March–May 2006

## A standard trip to 'billa



**S**unday was a standard FLT Weston to Moon Rock ride. Mostly blokes 'cept for Brooksie on the back of Don's Beemer and Dene from Girls on the Move (I think). Brooksie's new name is Top Box. Don is rumoured to have a shirt saying 'If you can read this the top box has fallen off'. Thanks Timmy.

Inside you'll find ride reports on Eden and the Phillip Island Superbikes and photos of Pam and Phil's recent trip to Qatar.

Last edition I promised to include more Polleville pix. Haven't done so but I am happy to supply anyone who wants some with a CD. Let me know—*Ed*

### Inside

- FLiTBiTs
- SBK
- Eden
- Qatar
- Pic of the month

# FlitBits

## 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](mailto: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.

## Motorpsychlist?

In light of news that an AFP officer has been suspended for seeking psychic advice to help solve a case and the fact that a psychic told Teresa that she would be living in a half-million dollar house by the water within five years...has anyone seen Cliff at work recently?

## Conversion rate

Hey Timmy...140 is 90 *miles* per hour...not kilometres.

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## Mexican Road Signs

When travelling through Vic on the way to and from the Supers I couldn't help noticing some of the road signs. One was 'Trees Close to Road'. This is a good'un for two reasons. Firstly, it ain't half obvious is it...and secondly, they aren't as close to the road as the signs telling us that.

Another one was 'Low Branches Over Road'. Well why doesn't some gung ho council worker cut the buggers off so they aren't over the road. Obviously, because then the signs would be wrong.

The third one that tickled my fancy was around Mt Hotham where tall orange poles are on the roadside as markers during times of deep snow. The signs read something like 'Keep to the Right of Poles'...because if you put yourself on the other side of the poles you'd fall down a rather obvious thousand metre drop—*Ed*.

## ...or does he?

Big Dave knows his tucker. At Mt Beauty Dave grabbed the first meal that was delivered to the table and ate half of it before 'realising' it may not be his...it wasn't. It was a nice little entree for the next course but, courtesy of Frank.

## Proboscideans or Rhinocerotidae

Speaking of the big fella, rumour has it that an elephant was hollowed out to supply Dave with his leathers. One can't believe that for one minute. It was only a rhino.

## Posing

In a rare idle moment at work, cj and I were electronically musing on the ideal poseur machine for café cruising at Marnooka. My pick is a BMW Boxer Cup Replica with matching blue and white leathers and helmet. Cj went for a Buell with matt-black leathers in which he been dragged around by a car for long enough to ensure the well-worn look. Feel free to let me know of your #1 pose machine. The best will win a free lifetime subscription to this esteemed journal.

# Super Sky Cycle

**THE CAR'S NOT HERE YET**, but a flying motorcycle has arrived... complete with its own headlight and licence plate. And if you too are completely insane, you can have one! That may be a common reaction, but it may also be not all that fair. The facts are that Larry Neal, president of Butterfly LLC, says his patented fly-drive vehicle is fully tested and ready for sale as a Super Sky Cycle kit for \$24,995. The single-seat gyroplane meets all FAA criteria as an Experimental aircraft and can also be licensed to travel the roads as a homebuilt motorcycle, Neal said. The rotor is easy to fold and secure for driving, and the lanky landing gear — to absorb the momentum of near-vertical landings — even crouches down so you can fit the thing in your garage. 'After 12 years of development, we're seeing our dreams come true,' Neal said at a news conference on Wednesday. Before casting judgement, you may want to wait on an independent flight review... look for it somewhere else. 'It takes less than five minutes to change from fly to drive or back. It goes 60 miles per hour on the road and about 70 in the air, lands in less than 30 feet, and can fit into your garage. You don't need a hangar and you don't need an



airport.' It's safe, stable, fun to fly, and affordable, Neal said. Coming next, he says, is a fully enclosed two-seater. The current model is not propelled on the road with a moving propeller. A belt drive system is incorporated to engage the wheels with the same engine used to drive the prop, while a single bolt removed from the prop attachment allows the crankshaft to move freely inside the prop hub, which then rides on bearings and remains fixed — *from Brooksie*

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## Timmy's mates



Is it true that Tim knows almost everyone. Everywhere he goes he knows at least half the crowd. Sunday was no exception when he already knew the ring-ins Richard and Dene.

## Sorry Golfers...



# SBK 2005



**M**y first Supers at Phillip Island was quite a memorable event. The rides there and back were good and those racers...couldn't believe how fast them buggers go. And the weather... fantastic... 'parently I got lucky. But then there was the company.

Breakfast at Cooma...cuppa at Cabramurra... lunch at Corryong. Seems every car in the country had a silhouette of Cliff on their dash as they all tried to mow him down.

Despite leaving on the Wednesday there were still quite a few bikes on the road. Corryong was full of 'em.

After spending a peaceful night at Mt Beauty establishing my snoring prowess we soldiered on through the road to Bright, then Mt Hotham and Omeo. That is one helluva ride. Corner after corner after corner after corner. The scariest bit was on top of Hotham where a minor distraction to admire the view on either side of the road could've meant a mighty big roll down a mighty big hill.

The thin blue line was seen on several occasions. Cliff maintains he saved our bacon (no pun intended) just out of Corryong when he stopped

to get a bee out of his helmet. The car that was following us was pulled over not far ahead. Not that we were speeding. Another time was a bit short of Omeo when some of us saw a copper up on an embankment in charge of some sort of detection device. An oncoming Duc rider had warned us but that was OK as we weren't speeding anyway.

The stretch from Omeo to the Princes Highway is a bewdy. Many corners, a bit faster than the Hotham ones and despite the odd truck, a lot of fun. Bit boring to Sale where we stopped to decide on our camp for the evening. A quick check of the map saw Stradbroke chosen as the spot. That was only 30km or so from Sale so I was confident that I had enough fuel. Stradbroke is a charming little place. It has one house, a bridge and an old man resembling ZZ Top the Elder. My fuel gauge said 79km of petrol left and there was 50km to go to Yarram. At 30 km to go there was 40km of petrol left. At 10 km to go there was 15km of petrol left. Dunno who programs these things but they show a fair bit of imagination... as does whoever decided that the tank holds 20 litres. I still had 8km left and it took 20.13 litres.

The night at the Yarram pub was a lot of fun. Cliff showed us evidence of his misspent youth

trouncing us (well, me anyway) at darts. The barmaid kept showing us new games to play and we kept playing 'em.

Phillip Island is a pretty place... thank you gods of motorcycle racing for putting on the good weather. Despite Dave's insistence we didn't go to the penguin parade this year.

After meeting up with Timmy we went shopping for vitals. That was one interesting experience. Cliff and Dave would eat anything as long as it was steak or bacon and eggs. The rest of us managed to slip the odd tub of yoghurt and a packet of muesli into the trolley along with some Coles salads... and sat back to cop the derision. Yep... derision flowed.

Frank cooked up a storm that evening enjoyed even by those who, due to that little supernatural being that changes canned peas to canned beans (think it's called Dave), had to make do with the latter.

My cunning trick of snoring at Mt Beauty meant that I got my own room. And the best thing was that Cliff is so paranoid about being kept awake that he even closed my door for me. Now that... is service.

Friday was practice. When we got to the track I experienced how much television slows things down... and not just the minds of those who watch Big Brother... OK their minds have always been sub par. Those guys go fast... and then some... and these were only the Supersports.

Saturday was practice too and a few races for the less major classifications. My appetite was well and truly whet for the big day of racing on Sunday.

Sunday did not disappoint. Timmy was 'gutted' when Troy Bayliss finished 6th after leading by 5 seconds 'til his tyre 'went off'. The reason for Tim's feelings was not just that he owns a couple of red Italian bikes. 'tis also that Cliff is a sort of Corser fan. How could he ever face him again. Fortunately for our Timmy Troy B won the second race though sadly Troy C fell off. Bragging rights equal so a peaceful night back at the lodge.

I decided to go back with Tim and his cronies on Monday morning for various operational reasons.

That meeting at the bridge at 7.00am was a challenge.

The trip through Sale and Bairnsdale was very slow and straight and... boring. I thought my struggle to keep awake was unique but Tim felt the same. After a scallop pie at Lakes Entrance the blood flowed to the brain once more and I really enjoyed the ride from Cann River to Bombala... ahhh... corners at last...

Then there was Cooma—*Ed.*



*The boys settling in*



*There was some debate about Cliff's calf inserts. Judging by this photo he doesn't need 'em*



*Bikes at Mt Beauty*



*Josh Brookes – never a contender in anything but the looks, the sound...*



*...and the burnouts*



*Brolly bints posing*



*She thought she was pretty special. So did most of the blokes at the Island.*



*Troy Bayliss practising*



*Troy Corser and Alex Barros – 1 and 2 in race 1*



*This'll get you...*



*... this*



*Troy B cruises to a win in race 2*



*James Toseland liked 2nd*



*Stretched Limo Kwaka*



*Someone on the horizon on a new Yammie*

# To Eden overnight



**THE ONE GREAT TRAGEDY** of travelling to the south coast, particularly Eden, is the requirement to make the trip along the most boring road in the southern hemisphere, Canberra to Cooma. Now, now, let's not begin on a negative note.

There was a pretty fair role-up for the trip. Roger, Pam and Phil, Dave and Alex, Colin and his mate Paul, and the underrated and over-worked FZ1, all attending Williamsdale for the dawdle to Cooma. Dink and Lyn were to meet us at Eden with Andrew on the world's yellowest Kawasaki, arriving later in the afternoon.

We also had a new girl, Jenny on a Honda 250 travelling in front of Teresa and Debbie in the Club support vehicle. Jenny has undertaken the necessary training, prepared her trusty Honda and headed off to Cooma – someone should have briefed her that Jeans and 'T' shirt were probably a little inappropriate for a trip to Eden.

Arriving at Cooma after a masterly display of social and road safety consciousness by Col, we

met up with the support vehicle and the somewhat frozen Jenny. After much consideration and a reassessment of the weather conditions and clothing availability, Jenny decided that the Honda could spend the weekend at Cooma Police Station.

As usual, the trip from Cooma to Bombala was quiet, leisurely and compliant with Col's new found sense of civic responsibility. For those who did not attend the weekend it is probably time to bring you up to date with Col's application to join the local Constabulary. It appears that the process is in its final stages and Col may have successfully negotiated the intricacies and pitfalls associated with his application and he may be within a hairs breath of being accepted – in other words a speeding fine at the moment would not go down well.

Along the Imlay Highway to Eden is always an interesting ride. Inquisitive wildlife, logging trucks and pot holes that have been known to swallow small cars with Mum, Dad and 2.5 kids.

Eden, the *'pearl in the oyster'* of the South Coast. Beautiful views, friendly locals and a Fisherman's Club that is inviting and reasonably cheap. After the arrival of Dink, Lyn and Andrew and a quick coffee and chips at the wharf, it was time to venture to the Club for a quiet drink and more food.

I consider myself reasonably experienced in tripping with the same core group of Motorcycle enthusiasts. But, even I did not suspect that the quiet, orderly group would turn into the Motel Managers worst nightmare. It appears that people in Eden need slightly more sleep than people from Canberra.

Apart from Pam and Phil, who were obviously keen to spend some quality time together (they do a lot of that, sometimes more than once a night), and Dave and Alex, who aren't married, so would not be doing anything remotely similar to Pam and Phil.

The rest of the team drank a lot, made a lot of noise, and spent an inordinate amount of time interpreting Tarot cards. I know exactly how much time, because I was waiting in my room ready to ambush the Tarot card owner – but she took forever and sleep overpowered me.

I am reliably informed that Andrew, Dink, and the new bloke Paul managed to cure the ills of the world and were only abused by the Manager on less than 4 maybe 5 times (each). Thankfully the quiet assassin Don wasn't there – things could have been much worse.

I have to make special mention of Jenny, the frozen one. Doesn't mind a drink does Jenny, but does tend to suffer the consequences. I am led to believe the support vehicle had to stop on numerous occasions to allow her to dispose of excessive carrots mixed in multi-coloured fluids.

Two items worth mentioning did occur on the way home. The trip up the Darra to Bombala, culminating in a 9 kilometre ride along a dirt road to Bibbenluke. Col and Dink proved to be demons on the bitumen, Pam proved to be a demon on the dirt and the rest of us just enjoyed the ride.

The second item was the trip from Cooma to Canberra. Because Jenny was somewhat malnourished from the loss of all those carrots, the 250 Honda had to be ridden back to Canberra by a volunteer. Teresa, being a keen club supporter stepped up and mounted the Honda. Off to Canberra we went – we travelled almost 5 kilometres when she said bugger this, pulled over, wrestled the FZ1 from my grip and disappeared into the distance, along with everyone else.

Here is where I make my road safety commentary;

The little Honda was capable of about 100 km/h, down hill with a tail wind about 110 km/h. Although I have ridden a bike for many years I have never been in a situation where I was unable to get away from car drivers.

They were all over me like a rash – it was like they were all looking to get even for every



motorcycle rider that had ever overtaken them, abused them, offended them or who had ever travelled on the same road as them. It was like piranhas attacking a wounded Crocodile, like Hyenas feasting on the flesh of a crippled Lion it was like a wife terrorising a defenceless husband – it was a terrible thing to behold.

I have reconsidered my definition of fear. My worst nightmare would be riding a ‘power to weight’ restricted motorcycle along a highway on ‘L’ plates speed limited by law, to 80 Km/h.

Fortunately it is only a nightmare, no-one would be stupid enough to create such a silly and dangerous law – would they?

Home to sunny Canberra, all safe and well. A complete and thorough debrief was conducted with the following outcomes;

1. Find a new place to stay, far away from sleeping Edenarians,
2. Never ride behind a truck that has Jenny sitting next to an open window,
3. Lose the Tarot cards,
4. Find a new place to stay far away from Dink, Andrew, Paul, Lyn, Jenny etc etc etc,
5. Never, ever, ever ride a 250cc motorcycle anywhere!

**The next overnighter is Narooma on 27–28 May. Teresa advises that the cost will be \$65.00 per double and \$65.00 twin share.**

**Contact Teresa for more details.**



*Lowens – dreaming of deserts not desserts*



*The gels – that must be Jenny seemingly not minding a drink*



*Roger gets a good talking to*



*cj and Paul talking about secret squirrels*



*Young lovers*



*Lyn rubbing shoulders with the APS*

## Gridding up...



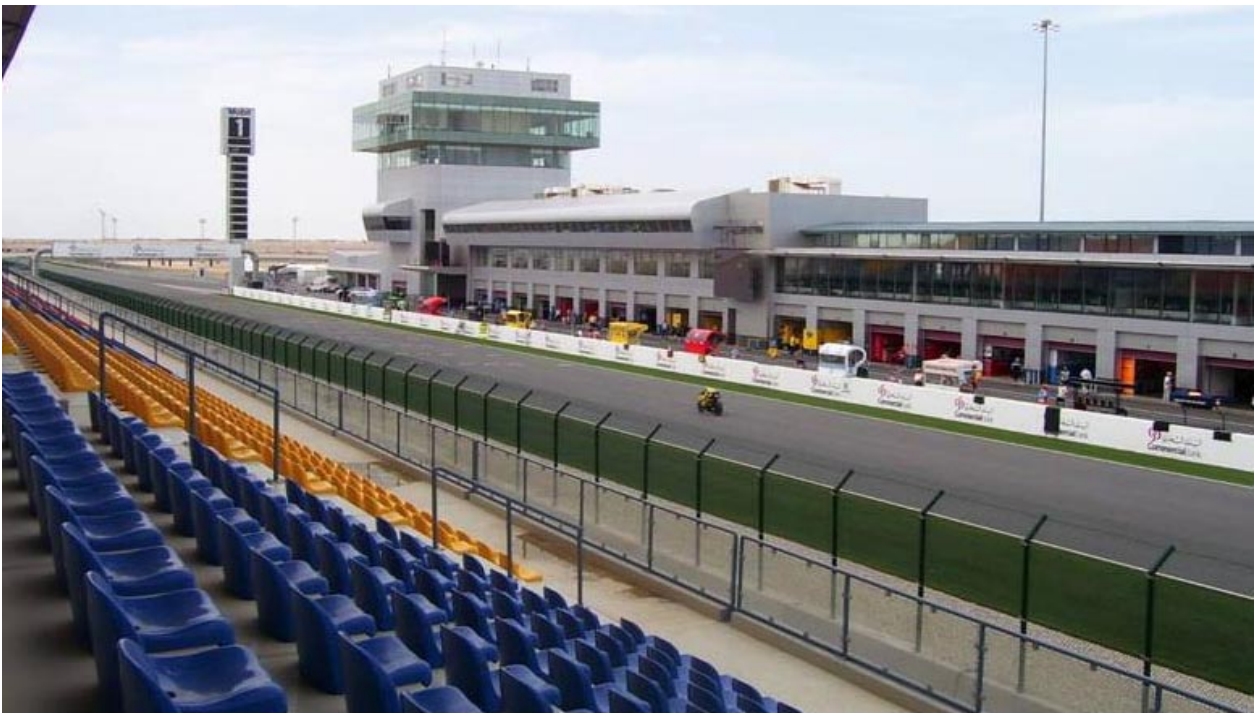
## Photos from Deb

# Pam, Valentino and Friends

The Lowens took a trip to Qatar recently to check out employment options. While there they took advantage of the Losail track where the MotoGP was about to be held. In Phil's words...We only got the Thursday practice round and missed the main race as the hotels were booked out and we had to fly home. But Pam zeroed in on Rossi. The track is great though not many locals knew the event was on. Of course Pam found her way too directly opposite Rossi's pit garage...



*Geezus... who'd want to live there*



*Valentino practising with his friends*



*Pam with her friends watching Valentino practise with his*



*Val finally found some friends*

# Classifieds



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Photo of the Month...



*For the chook chaser with everything... else—supplied by cj*