



Natureland Classic Motor Cycle Club

Waffle On

April 2011

20th Anniversary Edition



Some Natureland members at the Wednesday ride meeting point posing nicely for this picture. Don't they all look good!

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Editors Note ...

20 years, wow, that's some achievement! The club is in its 'emerald' year, hence the bright green of this issue. You should all be very proud of yourselves, particularly those inaugural members who are still enjoying the club. Look what you started! You've done some terrific work over the years and raised a hell of a lot of money for local charities. That's something to be really proud of.

Well, I started writing this last week. One week on and how things have changed. I'm wondering just when David and I are going to get on a bike again. He's lying in traction at Port Macquarie Hospital after writing off his Yamaha. It'll be a while before he's back on his feet and able to mount a bike again. The Yamaha is not in good nick so I am sure he'll be busy once he's on the mend finding just the right bike to replace that one.

Cheers, *Norma*

A load of crock ...

Twenty years. If you say it quickly it doesn't seem much, but there is a lot of water that goes under the bridge in that time.

I'm sure that our founding members who are still active within the club have seen a lot of changes - but hopefully we are still on track in terms of enjoying bikes, having fun and doing a bit of good for our local community along the way.

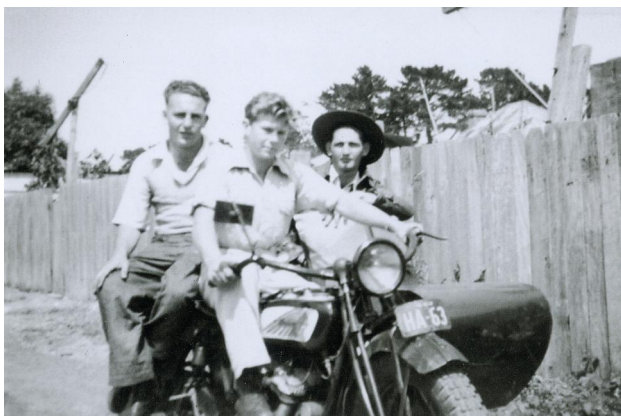
You can blame the annual rally for me ending up as your current President. We had already been holidaying at the Rocks before I attended a Hat Head Rally, but I guess the rally, the places and the people from the club that we met over the years went a long way into convincing us that the Macleay Valley would be a good place to live. And we haven't been disappointed.

Unfortunately I will have to miss our Anniversary lunch and the next couple of meetings as I am lying around having my leg stretched. I hope the lunch goes well and I'm sure a lot of stories will be shared and re-told.

A special thank you to Meredith. She has made the anniversary celebration happen and she has done a wonderful job.

Cheers, Crock.

PS The \$7 steaks at the Bellbrook Hotel are fantastic and incredibly good value, but the bitumen 3km up the road on the way home is bloody hard!



Pictured are Ron Johnson, George Perdrisat, Alfie Huchison & 1926 600cc Indian leaving Sutherland

A story from George Perdrisat

In 1952 four 17 year old boys were waiting to get a job on a coastal steamer, but as the months went on three of us couldn't wait so we decided to go west to the back of Bourke where the crows fly backwards to keep the dust out of their eyes.

Alfie Huchison and Ron Johnson agreed with me to ride our horses, we had heard about Bourke. Why Bourke? (Ask a silly question...) because it's at the end of the railway line west. But on advice from my father, being a good horseman from a lifetime of working with horses, said it

would be too hard as there were not stables and feed sheds anymore along the way. So we decided to go on my bike (1926 600cc Indian outfit).

We started out from Sutherland for Liverpool across the Military road (now Heathcoat Road) got about six miles along and blew a head gasket, struggled on to Liverpool and made camp beside the railway line. I stayed to mind camp while Ron and Alf went by train into Hazel & Moore in Sydney to get a couple of head gaskets. The next day I put the gaskets on and we made it to Katoomba, on the third day we got to Bathurst then the next stop was Molong, had a good camp in the park but was told to move on. The next day we made Dubbo. By this time the £20 (\$40) we started out with was getting very light.

The next night we made Nyngan, then the 127 miles of rough dirt corrugated road to Bourke. There was no work in Bourke so we got a couple of stale loaves of bread from the bakers and headed off for Cunnamulla in Queensland. Ronnie got a job on a cattle station. Alf and I went to the trucking yards to help put the cattle onto the trains to Brisbane but were too late.

Fortune smiled on us that day as we found two 2 shilling pieces in the dirt (40 cents) so we put 3/6- worth of petrol in the bike and bought a soft drink for sixpence and headed off for Engonia in NSW where we were asked to fight bushfires. For the next week we were

eating a couple of feeds a day and fighting fires. While we were out in the bush we got jobs on stations where we stayed for about nine months until I was called up for National Service.

When the army was finished with me I went back to Bourke on a WLA Harley outfit and met a young girl who has been my wife (Noel) for some 55 years.



Yep, blown a head gasket 6 miles after leaving home.

From an anonymous contributor ... no prizes for guessing who

When I was much younger (!!!) I used to push-bike everywhere, up to 20kms just to see a movie. Then one cold night a friend of mine rode up with his 125cc Bridgestone. Well, off we went – no safety gear or helmet, to the local pub. I got the bug! A push bike with a motor in it!

Next I was the proud owner of two WLA 1942 Harley Davidsons' for \$300. One I put a side car on and filled it up with beer and set off to the Bathurst Races. The other one, I painted pink and chrome and chopped it – real Easy Rider stuff.

Over the next few years there was a line up: BSAs, Triumphs, Ariel Square Four, Royal Enfields, Suzukis and Yamaha. Then I bought a 1982 Harley, did a lot of miles and lots of rallies. Couldn't corner for shit but never let me down. Then I got a Kwaka, a very comfortable bike to ride and very reliable. One day I was in the bike shop looking to buy a muffler for another bike when I saw a Triumph sitting there all alone. I told the bloke behind the counter "better get it ready. I'm taking it home with me.". Through owning motor bikes I have seen many new places, met the most friendly down to earth people who will be, I hope, friends for the rest of my life.



The **Honda CBR600 F2** motorcycle, introduced in 1991 to replace the CBR600 Hurricane, or F1, was considered one of Honda's most modern and innovative sports bikes when it was released. Developing of the second generation CBR began in early 1989. Hurricane LPL Ishikawa would lead the development of the new bike, known internally as MV9, but which was also called the F2, an alphanumeric that would become its official name: CBR600f2.

The F2's development began with meetings to discuss concepts and sketches for the new bike. A few months later, an F2 prototype was produced. Painted black, the meaner-looking bike was faster and sleeker looking than the more blocky first generation bike. When tested, the F2 results were spectacular. The bike struck a balance that no other bike at the time could achieve. Few motorcycles in the 1990s had the performance ability of the F2, and the model is still widely ridden on streets and racetracks around the world.



For **BMW 1991** was the year they increased the displacement of the K100 from 987cc to 1,097cc and toned down the colours with a more subdued black metallic with silver wheels and the model designation became the K1100. The K1100LT was the first with the new engine displacement and it wasn't till 1998 that BMW increased the size again to 1,170 cc. The K100 remains an important symbol of BMW's increasing technological status that emerged during the 1980s.

A tale from Barry and Michelle Dunham

Barry joined Natureland in about 1996-1997 when he moved here and didn't know anyone. Ray Taylor was doing a job on our kitchen and he suggested Michelle come along. He hadn't ridden since 1983 when he cart wheeled off his 650 Yamaha Special coming up Bulli Pass. Michelle thought he was very late coming home from TAFE when she answered the door to find Barry with the kick start in his hand and blood streaming down his face. "Quick, quick come and get my bike," he said. "It's in a 1000 pieces along Bulli Pass!" Michelle had to come home at lunchtimes for the next week to turn him over in bed, he couldn't do anything. He was black and blue all over.

Barry sold the bike and didn't ride again until he came to Kempsey. He bought a 1997 Yamaha XV650 after joining the club. Then a BMW K75 and a Yamaha 650 Special. Michelle bought her Kawasaki W650 in 2001 because she was sick of being grabbed in the wrong places when pillioning Barry. Barry bought the Honda XL125 1977 model for his 60th birthday.



Bikers have it all! By Meredith Relf

We did a trip up north, just a "look around" trip to Toowoomba on the Easter weekend. We went north through Glenreagh to Grafton then took the Gwyder Highway to Glen Innes, on to Tenterfield for the first stop after a perfect day's ride. Had it not been for meeting up with some great company at the pub that night, we wouldn't have much that is positive to say about the Royal Hotel. Anyhow, we turned east along the Bruxner Highway and north just after Tabulam and the Riders Rest, to go through Bonalbo and Urbenville to Woodenbong. It was here that I had to stop and scribble. This is what I wrote: Leaving Tenterfield encased by an archway of gold and yellow autumn leaves winding on forever. Then perfectly smooth road, long curved sweeping bends, patchwork pastures along rolling hills framed with hazy blue mountains like background shadows, then the forest: giant white columns, emerald gum leaves glistening, dappled sunshine, cold damp air, green slimey tar. Suddenly opening to a vista of green pastures, tall grasses headed

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Roger Anderson—NCMCC Member



Roger is a man of few words so it was hard to interview him. Like many of the hard workers that make up the membership of our club, Roger is always there when a helping hand is needed. He and his wife Wendy have never been afraid to take on any job that was necessary. They've been doing it now for about 12 years and they're still there doing their best to make every club event a success.

When Roger joined all those years ago he'd just sold his sailing business and as he was no longer working two jobs he found he had time to develop his interest in motorcycles. At the time he owned a 1980 Goldwing which he enjoyed riding on club rides every Wednesday

and also on the occasional Sunday ride.

Roger made many long trips on his Goldwing riding to Adelaide several times. Then he bought a BMW1200 seven years ago, as a pre-retirement present for himself. Since then he has done many more long trips including Perth, Darwin, Rockhampton and Adelaide a couple more times.

He enjoys the company of others in the club and everything we do together. Like many of our members he is totally addicted to bikes, and hangs around in the background always helping out wherever needed, and is always available for those phone calls "come and pick me up" or "how do I fix this".

Comrade Roger has an eclectic taste in bikes and he is always working on something in his shed. He has an affection or is it an affliction with Russian bikes and one of life's joys is seeing his lanky frame piloting a little Voshkod around the traps. He and Wendy are also seen on the "Yellow Peril" Honda on many club runs and the odd rally or two. Thanks Roger. You and Wendy are great club members and we enjoy your company too.

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with red fingers of seeds. Enough of that. From Woodenbong to Warwick and the boring bit along the New England to Toowoomba. On Day 3 we turned east to Marburg and through some lovely valleys and shit roads past Warrill View, Boonah, Rathdowney, Kyogle, Nimbin (what a sad sight), Lismore and down Summerland Way to Grafton. We stayed at the Crown Hotel right on the river, an absolutely perfect place to stay. Our last day took us to Dorrigo through Nymboida and Tyringham. Our first wet day, and how wet! Fortunately the rain eased coming down the Dorrigo hill and by the time we were home, nearly dry. The only real traffic we encountered on the trip was between Urunga and Kempsey, and that was flowing well. How lucky are we to be able to travel so easily around such beautiful countryside and meet lovely people along the way!

A tale from Graeme Branch

When I was about 15 my mates and I made choppers out of BSA Bantams we bought in Kempsey. We extended the front forks and put go cart wheels on them. Then we got some help from the neighbour's dad who owned a BP garage, and had some vacuum cleaner tubes welded together, fanning out to a 'V' for exhaust pipes and we had mini choppers.

I had a few bikes and then when I was about 16 I decided I HAD to have a Triumph. So I advertised on the radio classifieds – Wanted Ads. I ended up buying a 56 Triumph Tiger 100. My brother and I picked it up in his combie from Bonney Hills Caravan Park for \$150 – complete. I painted it metal flake red and got my L plates. I soon got pulled up for speeding and got a warning. Then I put on extended forks and ape hangers, and was soon pulled over again and told to be at the police station in 10 minutes. The chopper's forks were raked so much I'd had to move the fuel tank back and there was no room to put the seat back on so I sat on the rear mudguard. I had a big sissy bar on it that held me on (it was a rather impractical arrangement so it didn't last for long). Anyway the police came back with a tape measure and a book of regulations. It was a good cop that took the measurement from the top of the steering head then on a level line back to the top of the handle bars which made them "legal" instead of measuring their true length. I was advised "it didn't seem safe" but I thought it looked pretty cool. It was the only bike I ever sold. My current favourites include Royal Enfields, Triumphs, Nortons, etc.



A mob of members at Ebor Falls on their way to the Inverell Rally.

More manufacturers & their 1991 activities

For **Harley Davidson** 1991 was when the "Fat Boy" was the year when they became the sales leader in the heavyweight (over 750 cc) market. At the time of the Fat Boy model introduction a story rapidly spread that its silver paint job and other features were inspired by the World War II American B-29 bomber; and that the Fat Boy name was a combination of the names of the atomic bombs (Fat Man and Little Boy) that were dropped on Nagasaki and Hiroshima respectively. However, the Urban Legend Reference Pages lists this story as simply that, an urban legend.



In 1991 **Kawasaki** was busy with the Ninja ZX-11/ZZ-R1100 which they produced between 1990-2001. It was marketed as the ZX-11 Ninja in North America and the ZZ-R1100 in the rest of the world.

The C-model ran from 1990-1993 while the D-model ran from 1993-2001. The Kawasaki Ninja ZX-10 was the predecessor of the ZX-11 Ninja. The bike held the crown of "*The World's Fastest Production Bike*" for close to a decade with a record top speed of 283 km/h. When the bike was introduced in 1990, the nearest production bike top speed was 16 km/h slower and it belonged to the ZX-10, the bike that Kawasaki was replacing with the ZX-11. The 11's quarter mile time was clocked at 10.25 seconds at 217 km/h by a popular motorcycle periodical in 1994.



For **Ducati** 1991 was the year of their 888 motorcycle which they manufactured as an upgrade to the Ducati 851. The earlier 851 had introduced liquid cooling, computerised fuel injection and four-valve heads to the company's two cylinder motors. In 1991 Ducati increased the capacity of the 851 to 888cc to create the 888. Both engines featured the Desmoquattro valvetrain concept in which a four valve per cylinder motor was given desmodromic valve actuation, with cams both opening and closing the valves.



The **Yamaha** TDM849cc two-cylinder motorcycle first came out in 1991. With a lot of torque, and 78 horsepower, it was considered to be a very good all-rounder. It was imported into the United States for only two years, 1992 and 1993 and was never a big seller in the United Kingdom but in Northern Europe sales were very strong. In 1996 Yamaha released the Mk2 TDM with updated bodywork and a 270 degree instead of a 360 degree firing order.

Read what Triumph & Suzuki were doing in 1991 in the next edition!