

AUCK TORQUE

TWO WHEELS



THE WORLD FAMOUS TWO WHEELS VISITS SOME HOTEL

JULY 2011

TWO WHEELS SOCIAL AND TOURING CLUB COMMITTEE 2010 - 11

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

PRESIDENT	FRANK DE JONG	475 5293
SECRETARY	STEVE HOME	817 1905
TREASURER		
SOCIAL & RUNS	FRANK DE JONG	475 5293
CO-ORDINATOR	frank@spotter.co.nz	

SOCIAL AND RUNS COMMITTEE

JOHN MASKELL	027 243 3304
LAWRENCE TINGLE	
DEV	

AUCK TORQUE EDITOR

STEVE HOME	Work:	309 9794
	Home:	817 1905
	Email:	shome@iniz.co.nz

WEBSITE EDITOR

GORDON CHISHOLM	Work:	021 599 562
	Email:	gordonc@adhb.govt.nz

THE MAGAZINE OF THE TWO WHEELS SOCIAL AND TOURING CLUB, P O BOX 90 446, VICTORIA ST WEST, AUCKLAND. OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE EDITOR AND RESPONSIBILITY MAY BE DECLINED. THIS MAGAZINE HAS BEEN REGISTERED AT P.O.H.Q. WELLINGTON.

PLEASE SEND ALL CONTRIBUTIONS TO: shome@iniz.co.nz

CONTENTS

EDITOR'S NOTES

RUNS SHEET

SOUTHERN CROSS 2011

END NOTES

EDITOR'S NOTES

The AGM is shortly upon us and its time to reflect on last year's events for the club. We started the year with a completely different venue and theme for our AGM. Well done to Frank for the time taken to organise this, there was considerable to and froing with Deux Machina over the event.

We had our weekly rides arranged although this year took the form of a number having a Rider-in-Charge on the day. We probably need to consider this further at the AGM as there is not the same enthusiasm for this format from members. We need more volunteers to run rides, as the usual crowd cannot keep committing to fill gaps.

I will not be standing again next year for the Committee, so if you fancy helping the Club out let Frank know.

MEMBERSHIPS – Its that time of the year

Amount - \$30

Just a reminder that another year has gone and the coffers are getting empty, so get the chequebooks out or if you prefer pay direct via your bank's website to:

Account number is 02 - 0100 0911450 – 00

Account Name is *Two Wheels Social and Touring Club*

Use your name as the reference.

RUNS SHEET – JULY 2011

The Committee, Run Leaders and/or Two Wheels Club are not responsible for participants safety and all riders

July 5th	Social and Committee meeting	Cavalier Ponsonby	7.30 pm
July 10th	Ride north to Mangawhai via Highway 16. RIC on the day.	KKK	9.00 am
July 17th	Ride to Raglan for lunch. Return via Tuakau etc. RIC on the day.	BP Papakura	9.00 am
July 24th	Ride north to Dargaville, then back via Whangarei. RIC on the day.	KKK	9.00 am
July 31st	Ride to the Lighthouse at the Manukau Harbour South Head. RIC on the day.	BP Papakura	9.00 am
August 2nd	AGM at Infinisea	29 Dacre Street, Newton	7.30pm sharp
August 7th	President's Ride – to be announced at the AGM.		9.00 am
August 14th			
August 21st			
August 28th			
September 4th			
September 6th	Social and Committee meeting	Cavalier Ponsonby	7.30 pm

participate in all activities at their own risk. All riders should be aware that they are travelling on open public roads and are responsible for their own safety and compliance with all road rules and laws at all times.

THE LITTLE X J AND I DO THE SOUTHERN CROSS AGAIN.

I glimpsed the flash of a stream snaking through a green valley below the cliff, which, we were approaching much much too fast. My thoughts weren't the popular ones, of ones life flashing before ones eyes in a millisecond, more of, this might bend X J. The gravel track curving to our right and was tightening, too much. Our wheels were in the deep gravel, the back wheel was snaking like the stream below, and the front wheel was locking intermittently, and we were still not going to get around. Right foot out, haul on the left bar and snap open the throttle, and Oh the relief.

Suddenly there was a window for a departure time. Immediately frantic packing took place, and then half of it removed so as to be able to close the top box and tank bag, not a lot of space really, for the amount of luggage required for two weeks of motorcycle touring.

The friendly lady at the A A travel managed a 2:25pm ferry booking, so at 4:00am my neighbours might have heard the X J fire up on the first touch of the button. She is just so keen to be on the road again.

Seven hrs later we are (with a number of other touring motorcyclists) in the que to board the trusty Arahura. The three Hours ship- board gives me some recovery time, and a snack before disembarking for Bings no frills Motel in Blenheim (recommended).

Today dawns a classic Marlborough day, how does it happen every time we are here? Such a beautiful clear blue sky, with the delightful freshness of the Southern air, which one enjoys when riding the South. None of that horrible brown haze that blights the industrial north.

The road leaving Blenheim takes us happily past vineyard after vineyard, before opening up to smoothly sealed sweeping curves through the brown hills of the Marlborough province, uplifting as this is, it is all going to change. If we get to Seddon we will have gone past the Awatere valley road, but as advised by the A A, there before Seddon is the sign that the Molsworth road is open. Well the tank was full when leaving Blenheim, as it is 180Ks over gravel road until a weary arriving at Hanmer Springs.

This is a road to explore through the Kaikoura high country, even though my map doesn't even show it. The first 30 odd Ks are on a narrow enjoyable, twisty but sealed road taking us through a mix of vineyards and farms until we get to the start of the Molesworth, New Zealand's largest farm. We are now on a genuine gravel road before we get to the original homestead. A one- roomed cob hut, built by the original run holder William Atkinson in 1866.

Dramatic scenery is the nature of the S I, and the Molesworth is no exception with many steep subtly coloured mountain sides, descending to the river flats through which the gravel road (track) winds from stream to stream. It is nice to experience the silence of being far from cities and busy roads. Knowing no one is looking when you maybe go wide, or lock up before a corner, you can relax, enjoy and ride your own ride.

During the whole distance we meet only one vehicle, a couple having a leisurely day exploring with their 4WD. Further on we came across a Honda Gold Wing (not the optimum two wheel choice) on the side of the track. On closer inspection it was apparent that the back tyre was more than flat, more like, well, on the way to being destroyed. I kept my eyes open but never saw the rider. A ranger whom I had a chat with, advised me that the other track from Rainbow was actually more scenic, so, maybe tomorrow! And that Jollies pass was the most adventurous route to Hanmer Springs, so we did that as well. I haven't been to Hanmer Springs before and was quite surprised to find how up market it was. No Vacancy signs were out everywhere, so we fuelled up and headed west with an eye open for accommodation. After a brief soaking, which took the edge of a great day we arrived at Reefton. Now Reefton, a town which, is often just driven through, or maybe a stop for petrol or coffee stop, is really a busy place. Reefton the first N Z town to have public electric power and street lighting, provided from its own hydro power station, built in 1888. No sign of recession here, "I suppose the area having a number of coal mines, associated coal processing plants, gold mine, farming and forestry helps its economy.

My sharp eyes spotted a likely looking pub, which offered satisfactory accommodation for a very reasonable rate along with food and drink. Good X J parking around the back.

Next morning we are up and away early, travelling in cool and foggy conditions until the weather cleared once north of Murchison, on our way to Rainbow Ski field, the western entry point to Molesworth. Not very far along this road we came to a closed gate where we relieved of \$15.00. We asked the gatekeeper what else did he do, and were told that it doesn't get any better than this. Wow!

Well the Ranger from yesterday was quite correct, as the scenery was certainly more dramatic and gorge like before opening out into classic high country again. D O C maintains tracks and campsites for trampers who would enjoy tramping the great outdoors. We took a short diversion to view lake Tennyson. Where the Clarence River starts (couldn't resist such a named lake). I wonder how it was so named?



This time we go over Jacks pass, to get to Hanmer again and then on our way to Reefton, for another night at the pub enjoying a pleasant evening in the company of some vintage M/C racing enthusiasts, like a Velocette K S S for example.

While we were here we thought a tour of area would be in order, so another night was booked in the pub and a tour arranged which included the open cast gold mine. This is just so much a worthwhile tour, learning about the extraordinary measures we will go to, to get the stuff. At the moment excavation is down 450m and has yet to get as far down as the original tunnel mines 600m tunnelled in 1850s.



Right today our destination is Alexandra (Alex to the locals) where I will stay with my sister for a few days and explore some local roads, eg lake Onslow, scenic but cold and

windswept.



We teamed up with Lawrence who was staying at Wanaka. And arranged to meet up on Saturday for a ride to the Manapouri underground power station. Well the wonderful south Island roads were spoilt a bit by cooler drizzly weather. Never mind we enjoyed

the experience of crossing Lake Manapouri, and descending 195m by bus through solid rock for 2k to witness the generators. Definitely a must do visit.

Monday morning, the first day of the Famed S C R R. We teamed up early in Alex and cruised to the start at bluff in time for a snack overlooking Foveaux Strait. Today our plan was to get at least as far as Franz Josef, Which we did in plenty of time to find a motel, and a good feeding station. Interestingly at the next Motel were a number of vintage Rolls Royce cars, all in immaculate condition and some were left hand drive. I imagine that they were on a Rolls Royce Rally R R R. Would have been nice to have heard them start up in the morning and drive off. But we had to get petrol and breakfast and be on our way, which by the time we had done all of that our start time was later than planned. The west coast weather put on it's best weather for us allowing us a great run to Greymouth where we found out how far a Honda S T will go with the fuel count down in minus. The S I really is great motorcycling country and we had another great ride under sunny skies to arrive at Picton with just a few minutes to spare. Another calm crossing giving us time to relax for a few hours, after which, we and a collection of other like minded riders headed north. The ride up the Kapiti is one I always find stressful so it was nice to turn into our favourite Levin motel for the night (ploughman's), recommended. A short walk takes us to an Indian Restaurant for the evening meal.

Next morning the little X J didn't want to start on the electric leg and had to be pushed up and down the drive a couple of times before she obliged. With riding gear on my body temperature rose quite quickly when pushing a recalcitrant X J. Maybe a warning of things to come?

Now we are cruising the Naki country, reputedly the land of liquid sunshine and horizontal rain. Well you could of fooled us as this was the warmest day so far. Lovely sunshine, no wind and green fields being grazed by herds of contented cows. We were in plenty of time for the check in, so I took the time to look at the other one hundred and nineteen or so entrants, as they collected at the end of the lighthouse road. It seems that the X J wasn't the oldest bike or the smallest and I wasn't the oldest rider there, disappointment on all counts. B M Ws were prominent with only a few H Ds present, this probably says something about N Z roads. Of course there were a select number of Yamahas.

1 O'clock well nearly and we were riding amongst a long steady procession of bikes until spacings grew, well past New Plymouth. Mokau has a nice café where one can have a late lunch, sit in the sun and watch other riders passing and wonder where they are staying the night.

Our chosen route for today was to use highway 30 from Te Kuiti, Benneydale, Mangakino, Rotorua, by pass Whakatane and then to Opotiki for the night. While on highway 30 and taking it carefully while climbing up to Mt Pureora in some drizzly rain, I noticed that I had a SCOOTER close on my tail. How can 400cc scooter go so well on a

wet curvy road, well I guess two front wheels and fancy expensive geometric front suspension would help? The little X J was really quite worried at the threat of modern technology.

At Opotiki by arrangement, we were joined by Chris and Ray, who had an Ausi in tow, he was touring N Z. We were all happy to make honest suggestions, while having a few beers, about the best roads for him to experience, like the road through to Waikaremoana. And he related how unfair one of our lady traffic police had been.

Thursday, now four of us enjoy the coast road to Te Araroa and then the mainly gravel road to East Cape (Cape foul wind). Here the sign in book was at the top of the stairs to the lighthouse. I don't remember how many steps to reach the top. Suffice to say that it's a lot in riding boots.

Tonight we are able to sleep in our own Auckland beds after a goodly ride retracing our route to Opotiki, then bypassing Whakatane, over the Kaimai range Matamata, Tahuna, Ohinewai, and the boring highway 1 home

Early meet up on Friday morn at the Silverdale Autobahn. Still in the dark, I have memories of the previous event when I was astride the mighty C B X with its two candle power head light. Now I am not much better off with our original H4 doing its best for me. Anyway I managed to keep our leaders dimly in sight, and as the darkness was chased away by the rising sun a more relaxed ride followed. Our next food stop was Kawakawa where just about all the other riders had the same idea and were overwhelming the local café scene.

The Mangamuka Forrest road is always looked forward to as a fun road, but this time disappointment reigned as it was under repair for all the way to the top. Kaitaia hove into view followed by Awanui then it's up the 102Ks of the peninsular for the final check in, after a short walk (wearing heat inducing riding boots) to the lighthouse that is.

We have done it again, got another badge, and a great feeling of satisfaction and achievement. What a great little bike the X J is, completing 6.741Ks even if she has taken to flooding her carburettors, might be some maintenance reqd when we get home. But first it is to Kaitaia where the evening function takes place, a social reward for all the effort of the past few days.

Thanks to the Rustys for another enjoyable challenge. Thanks to Lawrence for being such great riding company. Thanks to the weather gods for being kind.

END NOTES

The Grandmother of all Blonde Jokes

This blonde decides one day that she is sick and tired of all these blonde jokes and how all blondes are perceived as stupid. So, she decides to show her husband that blondes really are smart.

While her husband is off at work, she decides that she is going to paint a couple of rooms in the house. The next day, right after her husband leaves for work, she gets down to the task at hand.

Her husband arrives home at 5:30 and smells the distinctive smell of paint. He walks into the living room and finds his wife lying on the floor in a pool of sweat. He notices that she is wearing a heavy parka and a leather jacket at the same time. He goes over and asks her if she is OK. She replies yes. He asks what she is doing and she replies that she wanted to prove to him that not all blonde women are dumb, and she wanted to do it by painting the house.

He then asks her why she has a parka over her leather jacket. She replies that she was reading the directions on the paint can and it said....

You'll love this....

Yep. I know you will...

"FOR BEST RESULTS, PUT ON TWO COATS."

ROAD RAGE IN AFRICA

The guy in the **silver Volkswagen (second photo)** was trying to get past the elephant - **Not a good decision.**















Road rage, it affects us all.....

Subject: Fwd: Never go to bed with a Chinese man....



Cunning little bastards, those Asians!!!!!! And they all look the same!!

A foursome are waiting at the men's tee while a foursome of women are hitting from the ladies' tee. The ladies are taking their t

When the final lady is ready to hit her ball, she hacks it 10 feet. Then she goes over and takes an air shot. Then she hacks it another five feet and finally hacks it another five feet.

She looks up at the patiently waiting men and says apologetically, "I guess all those fucking lessons I took over the winter didn't l

One of the men immediately responds, "Well, there you have it. You should have taken golf lessons instead!"

He never even had a chance to duck. He was only 43.....

