

American Voyager Association
The Official Magazine of the American Voyager Association

Winter 2017

Voyager's Voice



**Thanks for the Memories
Building my Voyager 1700
28th Annual AVA International Rally**



Stainless Steel Brake Lines:
1200 Voyager: 5 lines \$210.00
1700 Voyager & Vaquero:
ABS \$258.00
Non ABS \$180.00

Black & Clear in stock, other colors available

GALFER
USA

Galfar Brake Pads:
Voyager 1200 & 1700 in stock

Contact Don Medina: 415-269-7998 or
Email: president@norcalvoyagers.org

Memories from the Hurly AVA Rally, and words to live by



Voyager 1200 Tech Note

These are the part numbers for
Water Pump rebuild kit

Seal 92-049-1416	(1)
O ring 92055-1328	(2)
O ring 92055 1424	(1)
O ring 11009-1621	(1)

This information comes from Carl.

Top photo: Words of wisdom

Middle photo: Eunice Gronseth is ready for the Monday night dinner

Bottom photo: Dave Schani riding in for the Monday night dinner



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We wish to thank the following Rally sponsors



Kawasaki donated many prizes and gifts.



ROK donated many prizes and gifts.



International Association of Machinists Local 1414 sponsored Rally plaques for the fourth year in a row.

Cycle Transformers

Cycle Transformers sponsors printing rally posters and other marketing materials.



Dunlop sponsored Long-Distance Award Winners

Front Cover: Why we refrain from winter riding

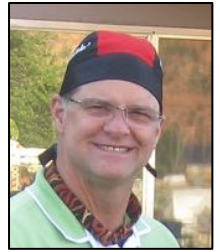
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It's Rally Time!

By Mike McGee, AVA Chairman



Well, it's almost here, rally time! The 28th Annual American Voyager Association International Rally is in Nashville, Indiana, at the Abe Martin Lodge inside Brown County State Park. The rally is only three months away. Check out the rally link on the website. If you haven't already, make sure you send your registration in to us and make your lodging or camping arrangements. Both are located within the park.

If you are reading this on the website, are not a member of the AVA, and have never attended a rally, you are welcome to attend. Imagine meeting over a hundred people who know everything about the motorcycle you are riding! They can offer you tech tips, short cuts, secrets, best experience, lessons learned, all from their years of riding. It is all here at the rally with some wonderful people. We are sure once you meet our members, you will join our association. Our annual dues are just \$20.00 and membership gives you further access to our website.

If you are digging out from the late season snow and/or just getting around to pulling the beast from hibernation, do your inspection of the bike, check your service records, and see what needs to be done. Now is the time to schedule service, order new parts, or upgrade your equipment. Examples are tires, battery, air filter, oil change, lube all cables, and check the nuts and bolts. Windshield all scratched up? Replace it.

The same goes for your riding gear. Now is a good time to go to your local motorcycle outfitter or shop on-line and upgrade your personal riding gear.

- How old is your helmet? Should you replace it? Most manufacturers recommend 5 years. Do you need a new visor because yours is all scratched up? If the nylon on your chinstrap is all fuzzy from years of use, you should probably look at buying a new one.
- How about your riding jacket? Is it old, trouble with zippers, threads unraveling? Does it still fit you? Need to up-size? Now is the time.
- How are your gloves? The same ones you have been using for years? Are the Velcro wrist straps wearing out, no longer attaching? Is the leather dried out, paper thin, or has it torn? Break down and buy some new gloves. I carry three kinds on every trip, fingerless for summer riding, waterproof/resistant, and gauntlets for unexpected cold weather; even in the summer.
- How is your footwear? Riding with sneakers? Don't!! Get some sturdy footwear like high-top boots; whether you choose to lace up, zip-up, or slip-on. Debris thrown up from the highway by another vehicle can hurt when you get struck on the ankle or lower shin. Protect and support your feet!

The Board is making final rally preparations and we will be checking in on Sunday to get everything set up. As always, we look forward to seeing you, our other family, again very soon.



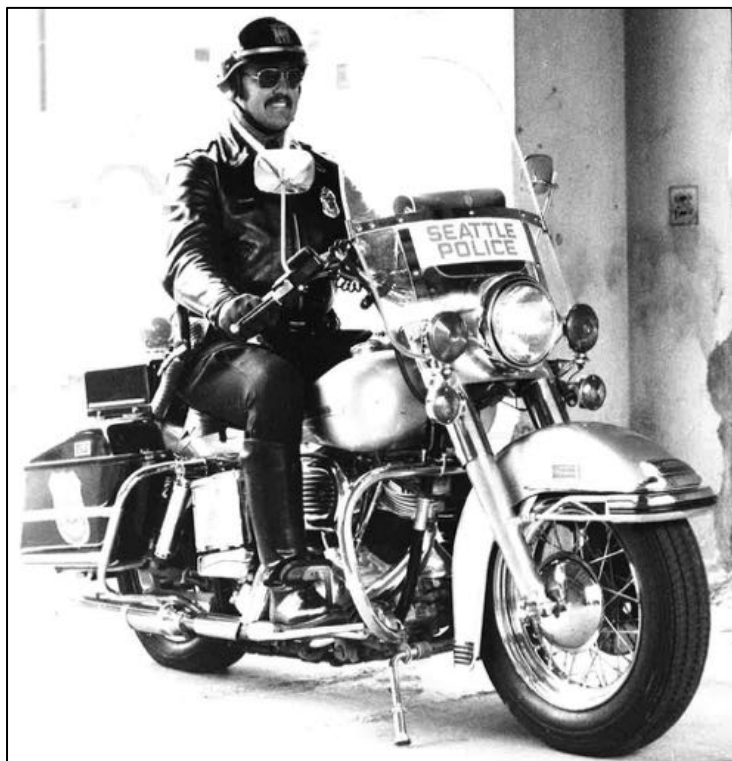
Thanks for the Memories

By Ken Knight



The New Year in our household this year did not start out the way we would have chosen. On the evening of January 2nd we were making plans to head out to California to attend the funeral my father. Of course just like most of us, this was an opportunity for some reflection and a desire to rekindle some old memories. A couple of days into the trip in a room with some family and close friends, we were all sitting with a pile of photographs trying to decide which ones to put on a poster board that would be a reflection of his life. After a little time I made the comment to the group it is amazing how many of the pictures contained at least one motorcycle, and that started a whole new conversation amongst a few of us. As many pictures as we had, and some of them are pretty darn good, it was all those times in between the pictures that are only there in memory.

My very first memory in life happened on an early spring day in 1968, Dad brought home his new work vehicle. I remember walking to the curb in front of our house and looking at this huge black and silver beast. At that time I had placed my father on a pretty tall pedestal, so when he swung his leg over his new-to-him 1967 Harley Davidson police motorcycle he looked ten feet tall. He kick started that beast and I ran back to my mother on the porch as fast as I could to get away from that incredibly loud rumble. Of course Dad motioned for me to come back over to him and even at that very young age, I knew better than to say no. He picked me up and wedged my soon-to-be 3-year-old frame in between the solo seat and the back box and proceeded to take me on my first motorcycle ride. Even today I can remember feeling the fender I was sitting on rotating as he would lean into a corner. I couldn't see anything in front of me, but I loved the feeling of that ride. Little did I know then what a large impact motorcycles would have on my life.



So the next couple of years I would get the occasional ride, but we really began our bonding over motorcycles in 1971. I got my first motorcycle that year, a Yamaha 80. I loved that bike, and knew one day I would have my own street bike just like Dad. The next year on Saturday nights for a

couple of months I would go to a city parking lot with my dad and I would set cones for him as he was practicing before his tryouts for the Motorcycle Drill Team. Just watching him I learned a lot, and could only hope that one day I could ride a motorcycle like that. He made the drill team on his first tryout, and that lead to us going to many parades and performances to see the drill team in action. Of course I would try to copy those moves on my trusty Yamaha whenever I had the chance.

The year 1975 was a big year in my life. That was the first time shortly after my tenth birthday that I got to ride the Harley by myself. It was only about 15 minutes in a parking lot, but wow. Those handlebars seemed like they were 5 feet wide, and it was a stretch to the floorboards for sure. Just 3 months later was the day that was the basis for the timeline of history in our home. Everything happened either before or after September 2nd. Halfway through his normal shift Dad had his big accident, he almost lost his left leg. It was a long ordeal with many surgeries and lots of ups and downs. My mother never really understood why I would try and squeeze in a motorcycle ride before going to visit Dad in the hospital. Just before Dad got out of the hospital another motor officer got killed in an accident. Dad was out of the hospital by the time of the funeral. He came and picked me up from school that day and we went and watched the funeral procession go through the very intersection his accident had occurred. To this day I still remember a tear running down his cheek, but not sure what was worse for him, the funeral of a friend, or that he wasn't part of the escort. A couple of years before the accident, Dad had become one of the motorcycle instructors for the Seattle Police Department. Whenever there was not a conflict with school, I would go help set cones for all the students going through the courses. I found out exactly how much my father liked riding when we took a couple of bungee cords and strapped his casted leg to the crash bar so he could go out and ride the course. It was a hell of a sight, I can assure you.

By 1979 things were changing a lot. CHiPs was my favorite show on TV and Seattle had decided to buy Kawasaki motorcycles. As a young teenager at the time, that Kawi was so darn cool, it may not have rumbled like that Harley, but boy was it fast. The first new motor school class after the switch to the Kawi was fun for me. I got to ride through the entire course on that bike. Sometimes when your growing up and living it, you don't realize just how unique some of the things you get to do are. Every year there would be one or two motorcycle classes, and Dad got a big kick out of asking his teenage son to demonstrate how to get a bike through the keyhole.

By my senior year in high school, we got to go on our first motorcycle trip together, four bikes including my best friend and my dad's best friend. Handle bar to handle bar, nose to tail. We rode in formation over highway 20 in WA. Through a great mountain pass and over to the other side of the state we went. Soon after that I would be in the Marine Corps away from home. That meant no quick and easy weekend rides together, but looking back I am still amazed how many times we managed to meet and ride together. One of my favorites was on a trip home and Dad had a new police bike to break in. I was on my brand new 1986 Voyager XII and met him at the rest stop at the state line coming into eastern Washington. We took off on the freeway but hit the old river highway near Yakima, WA as soon as we could. We met a WSP motor officer along the way. We really put the bikes through their paces that day.

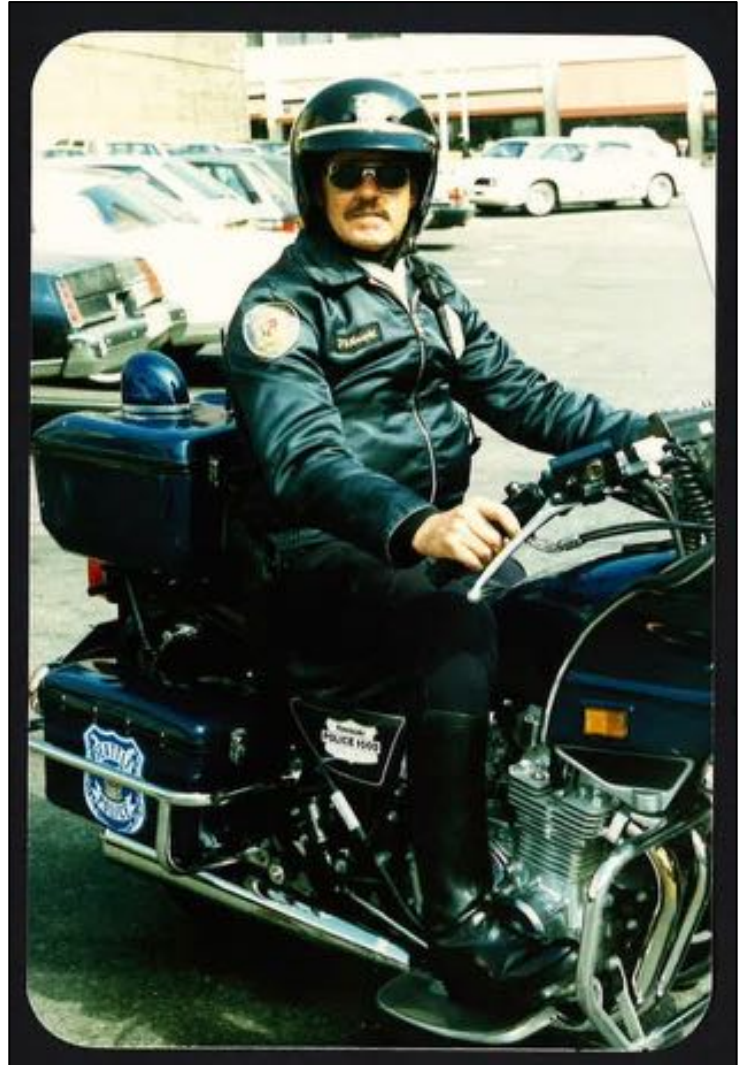
One of my very favorite memories was on a trip home on leave with my new wife, Tina! I was in between bikes at the time, so she had not been

on a ride with me yet. We arranged to have a bike to use while home on leave and we had planned a motorcycle trip up to Canada. I went and picked up the Goldwing and we packed up the bikes, found a helmet that fit Tina and off we went. Her first trip and we're running side-by-side with my parents. She grew to get comfortable pretty quick. That trip, two bikes working as one, the two most important women in my life sharing that ride. On two wheels I can't remember a better time.



Of course knowing my Dad, even in passing he was not quite done making moments that revolved around 2 wheels. While we spent the week out there for the funeral, Tina and I did get a little riding in. As you can imagine most of his friends are motorcycle riders as well. On the day of his funeral we had the honor of riding with the very first person her ever rode with, his first partner from 1968, and the last person he ever rode with just a few months before his passing. There were several other friends and bikes there as well.

So thanks for all those memories that we are still making on these motorcycles. For many of us they are not just vehicles we choose to pull out of the garage once in a while, but an opportunity to make a memory that will forever be etched in our photo albums we keep in our hearts.



Posting Images on the Forum

By Jim Moore



Now that the forum has been brought up to date and has many new features, I thought I might explain a few things.

One of the best new features is how to put images into a post or reply. It is actually simpler than uploading them onto another website and then manually putting the link into the post with the image tag.

When putting the image onto another website and linking it to the post, you would have to resize the pixels to 900 x 640. One other thing to keep in mind when uploading pictures to another website and linking it to the post is that on other sites they limit the amount of free space that you can use, and if you use up the free space you would have to pay to get more space or delete images to create space to upload new images. Then when you delete images there may be no image linked to a prior post. Another thing to keep in mind with images linked to Facebook (for instance) they have a time limit on links, and if the link is not used within a certain time frame then the link will expire, creating a post without an image. These are just a few examples.

So to help alleviate these issues, I have made it possible for you to upload images to a post as an attachment. Same process as uploading them to a different site, but you no longer have to resize the pixels. All that you have to do when creating a post is scroll down to the bottom and you will see a tab that says—attachment—click on it and then it will change and you will see a button that says--add file—click on it and then it will open up a window for you to upload files. Navigate to the location where the image or images are and select the image you want to upload and then select open and the upload will start. You will see a progress bar to the right showing the upload progression. When complete it will show a green check mark. You can attach 5 images per post. All attachments will show up at the bottom of the post unless you decide to place them in line within the post. That meaning if you have text explaining something and a picture to go with the explanation, then after you complete the text you can then click on place image inline and it will automatically place it there with all proper tags needed. Then continue on with your next text explaining something else and then place another image in line and so forth till you are done and then click submit when you are done. When submitted you will see text, below the text, you will see the image, then below image, the next text, then next image, and so forth. You can even enter a description of the image if you wish.

Things to keep in mind when uploading images: use (.jpg) or (.gif), the reason for this is they will display very well in these two formats. You will not gain much resolution if you use (.png).

When you view the post, you will see an auto generated thumbnail of the image or images posted. Now if you click on the image, it will open up into a picture viewer. When the picture viewer opens, if you look along the bottom you will see some grayed images. What those are, are all images that are posted within all posts on the page that you are currently on. Click on any of those in any order and they will display. Now across the top you will see some control buttons. They are left, play, right, expand, and close. Left will advance images to the left one at a time. Right will advance the images to the right one at a time. The Play button will create a slide show of all the images. The expand button is 2 arrows pointing to opposite corners. Whenever you see the 2 arrows go from grayed color to white that means that the image can be viewed larger then you are currently viewing it. Click on it and it will open up the image to whatever the pixel size of the image that was uploaded. So if the uploaded image pixel size is 2500 pixels wide by 3000 pixels high you will have to scroll around on the image to see all of the image because the image will not fit within the viewing window. This could be used when trying to show an issue that would be hard to see in a regulated sized image. Click on the arrows that are now pointing to corners opposite each other and it will collapse it back down. Click on the X and it will close viewer. That's it, actually it's pretty simple.

The best thing that I can say is to go and experiment with it, you can always delete the post and or the attachments if something is just not to your liking.

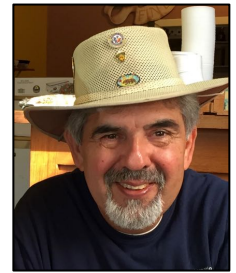
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What is the Most Anticipated Moment of any AVA International Rally?

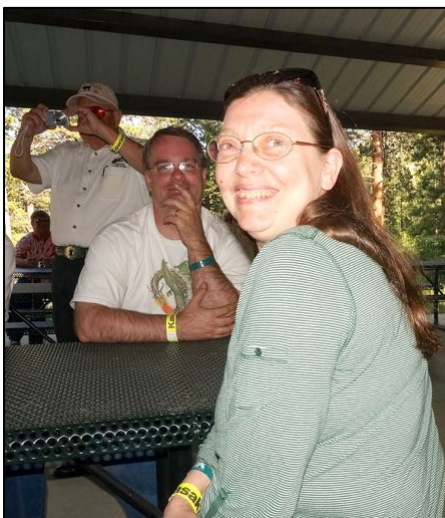
By Don Medina



It's the revealing of the next year's Rally location. The events leading up to that moment require a lot of behind-the-scenes work. First, everyone one at the Rally is taking pictures. Even the editors take lots of pictures. Next all of those pictures have to be transferred to whoever is putting the pictorial together. So now you have thousands of pictures to look through and you can only use about a hundred of these pictures. Next you have to know next year's Rally location. You got it! You have to go hunting through all of the pictures (you hope) that all of the rally attendees have given you to get pictures for the pictorial. OK; now you've done that, you've got the pictures of this rally plus all of the pictures and information needed for next year's rally. As you sit in your hotel room thinking all is going good, but you're only halfway done; now you need music for both parts of the pictorial. Now this music has to appeal to all of the rally attendees! You've got the music and pictures, (in your head you think, "I got this"). Hum, oh yes put them in and order so that the pictures flow with the music.

Since I've been going to the AVA International Rallies there have only six people do this job. First was Charlotte Ash. During the rally she'd disappear for a few days. Then Ron Riggs did it in Ashville, NC. Then Trisha, with me doing some helping in Estes Park, CO. But last year I was thinking we needed fresh eyes.

After thinking and surfing the AVA forum, I saw that one AVA member had compiled many pictorials with music and he had a wife that had a good eye for taking pictures. I got to thinking and talked to Trisha whose eyes lit up while she quickly said yes call them. Next I put it all out to the AVA board and quickly they all approved. So I made the call to Chris and Pam from Kansas City, also members of the AVA local chapter, MO/KAN Voyagers. During the call Chris said he'd talk it over with Pam and he'd get back to me. After some time I got the call I was hoping to get from Chris saying that yes, he and Pam would like to do that job at the Rally. And, if you were at Hurley, WI AVA Rally you saw what a great job they did.



28th

AVA International Rally

Nashville, Indiana

Abe Martin Lodge inside Brown County State Park

June 19 – 22, 2017



For Rally Lodging Reservations

Call: 1-877-563-4371

To receive the group discount you need to call the number listed above
If you reserve your room online you will not receive the group discount
Rooms/Cabins must be reserved before May 18th, 2017 to participate in the group rate.

AVA Group Discount Rates: Group Code: 0618AV

\$98.00/night Sunday night through Thursday night

5 family cabins, available for \$158.00 per day

Some fun things to do at the AVA International Rally

Chairman's Ride/Wednesday

Venders' area

Show and Shine w/new categories
Ultra-Custom, Standalone Trike Class

Group Rally Picture/Tuesday

Off the Motorcycle

Hiking there are 8 hiking trails

Swimming Pool hrs 12:00 pm to 7:00 pm

Nature Center hrs 8:30 am to 4:30 pm M-S



For those camping

Call: 812-988-6406

Brown County State Park camping, includes
Buffalo and Racoon Ridge Campgrounds

Per night Camping prices:

\$23.00 Sun thru Wednesday, \$30.00 Thurs w/Electrical

\$16.00 Sun thru Wednesday, \$19.00 Thurs non-electric sites

NOTE: RVs & vehicles towing trailers must use West Gate Entrance (off S.R. 46, west of Nashville).
North Gate Covered Bridge is restricted to 9 foot height and 3 ton weight limits.

Vendors at the AVA Rally



I'm asking two questions. Please email me with your answer at bluemedina@sbcglobal.net. Plus, post it on the AVA forum so everyone can see what will be at the Rally even if you only plan on bringing one item, like a used trailer hitch or CB radio for a Voyager 1200.

1. Who is planning on being a vendor at the Rally, and what products are you bringing?
2. What vendors would you like to see at the Rally? Remember, this is a small rally so large companies don't wish to come.

Who is committed and what are they bringing:

AVA: t-shirts, new AVA flags, decals and patches

Neal: Nolan helmets and intercoms

NorCal: stainless steel brake lines for Voyager 1200, brake pads for 1200 & 1700. If you need: brake pads for a different brand or model, please contact me and I can have them at the Rally for you to pick up.

Don Medina: Amsoil for Voyager 1200 & 1700 and Honda Gold Wing, Amsoil oil filters for the V 1700 and Gold Wing, and fuel additive and octane booster.

Hank43

Has several goodies he is bringing:

1. Left over saddlebags, and rear fender complete with tail light and turn signal assemblies, from when he had his 2009 Voyager triked
2. Two BELL mag-9 helmets, XL and Small, wife and I used 2 times didn't like the style and went back to the Shark Evoline Helmets. Both of these are white in color, and are the models used with the SENA wireless headsets. These helmets are great for around town cruising, but are not as quiet as the Evolines.
3. Blue and black Voyager color scheme Voyager 1200 cargo trailer. Decided to not pull a trailer (This trailer was purchased from another NorCal member's widow when he passed).
4. May be other stuff, but these are the big items.

Rick Brit:

Voyager XII drivers back rest

2 sets of chrome handlebar ends

Radio cover and shroud with all the clips

Will add more as it gets closer



I'm Here, Now What?

By Ken Knight

Hope this issue finds you getting ready for our 28th AVA International Rally just a couple of months away in Nashville, Indiana.

While attending the rally, there are many great roads to ride and fun destinations for a day of exploring. One of those nice day rides is to head out to Leavenworth, Indiana. For those who do not live in the area, I am sure you have never heard of this small town on the banks of the Ohio River. The town has one gem of a restaurant that attracts visitors from Louisville, KY to St. Louis, MO on a regular basis. Fortunately for those of us traveling from Nashville, the journey there and back will cover several miles of winding highways that are always a pleasure to ride.



Welcome to the Overlook Restaurant, on the bluffs above the Ohio River at the point of the largest bend in river. The trip there and back is a nice loop that will ride through several small towns including the first capitol of the state of Indiana. The loop goes through several miles of the Hoosier National Forest, and there may even be a place to pick up a quick ice cream cone along the way.

Just one of several rides we will have waiting for you here in Indiana.



White Bear Rescue Training Center



Building My Voyager 1700

By Don Medina



What happens when you buy that new motorcycle and ride it home? Me, I play with all of the new gadgets. On my new motorcycle there were lots, like cruise control, a radio, engine idle speeds, and real-time fuel mileage to name a few. But, by the time I got home there were some glaring shortcomings. My new motorcycle was a Voyager 1700, which was replacing my 2002 Voyager 1200. I had spent 10 years fine-tuning my 1200 in three areas:

performance, handling and ride comfort, last being looks. So here I am having just spent \$17,000 dollars on this new 1700 and it lacks in the first two categories.

There were times in the first month that I wanted to get my old Voyager 1200 back. The first thing I needed was a new seat that would hold me in the proper position and move me closer to the handlebars. For me it was Corbin Motorcycle Saddles, home of the Wizards. The seat was firm and moved me 1-1/2" forward.



Working to get the perfect seat contours before covering in leather

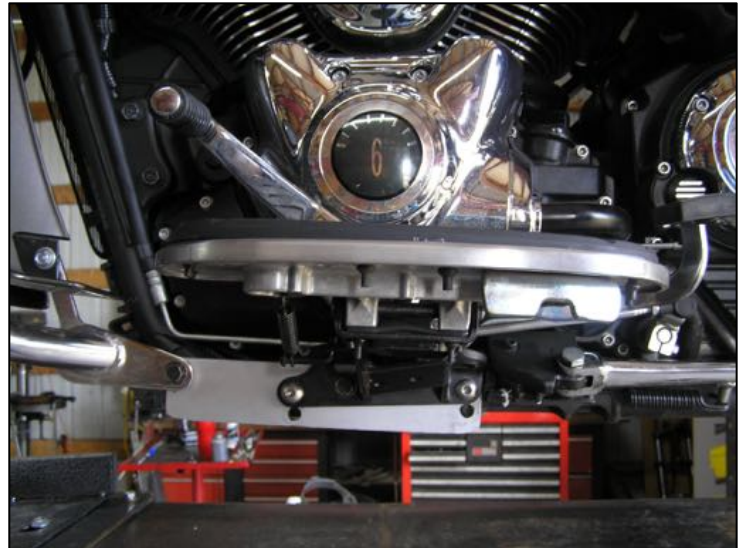


My finished Corbin seat

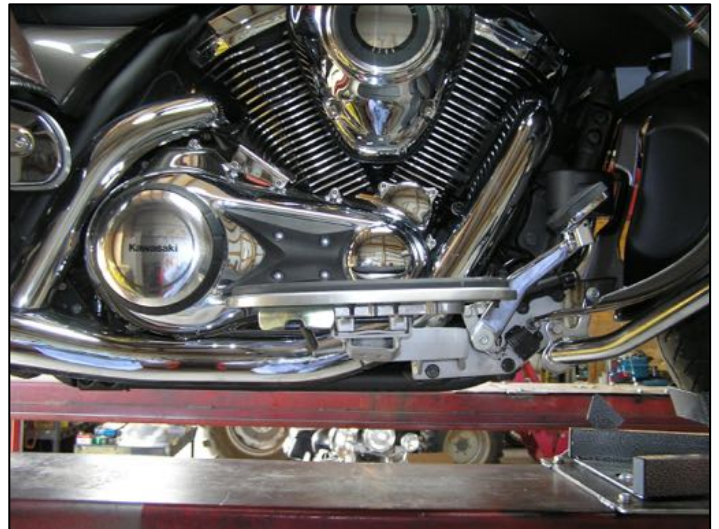


The women who built my Corbin seat

Then the floorboards had to be relocated for my short legs. I moved both floorboards back 3-1/2" with the help of NorCal Voyagers Club member Jerry and at his shop we did come cutting, welding and drilling.



Relocated floorboard right side



Relocated floorboard raised

I installed 2" risers bringing the handlebars back closer to me, so I now had proper ergonomics.



2" risers

I knew I needed heated grips because I like riding in cold weather. I also added open foam grips to hold the warm air. Only problem is that these grips wear fast.



Heated hand grips



Switch for heated grips

I added a new windscreen from Clearview Shields in Colorado; at highway speeds I'd get a lot of wind buffeting. So before a motorcycle trip to Colorado I ordered the windscreen and made arrangements to pick it up at the factory. Wow, what a difference; no more buffeting and now it's quiet when I ride.



Note the newly installed Clearview windshield

At the Utah AVA International Rally Marv was there with a couple of things I needed in chrome: a front fender chrome fender extension and passenger handrails. I added a rubber mud flap to the inside of the chrome fender extension.



Marvella's passenger handrails

For a little more performance, I changed to a K & N air filter. The throttle response was a bit better but nothing spectacular. The real good thing about the K & N air filter is that you never have to replace it. When it gets dirty all you have to do is wash it. As you can see in the pictures to stiffen the stock air filter, there is a metal plate with lots of holes drilled to allow airflow, which restricts airflow compared to the K & N air filter.



K & N air filter on the right, stock filter on left

While at the AVA International Rally in Estes Park, Colorado I asked Rodger and Marshall from Rocky Mountain Kawasaki, about getting more performance out of the 1700cc V-twin engine. They both suggested installing Cobra's fuel modulator, FI2000; this is the manual modulator with three dials to adjust, for idle, mid-range, and top end (just like the main jet on a carb). Second they suggested getting a set of Tri-Oval mufflers. These mods really woke up the 1700, improved gas mileage, and also helped with the engine coolant temp, which came down just a bit. But, a couple of NorCal Voyager members kept telling me about having the ECU re-flashed. After doing the Tour of California with these guys last summer, I was sold. So in September I rode my Voyager up to New York and had the re-flash done. Wow, now my Voyager 1700 felt like a proper V-twin, or like an XR750 flat tracker.



Cobra FL2000 fuel module



Cobra Tri-Flow muffler on bottom, stock muffler on top

After just a few thousand miles, the tires were worn down to the wear bars. I'd just read about this new Michelin tire, the Commander II, new technology, so I ordered a front tire. It felt much better than the stock tire, I was able to mount it at home with my tire tools. The sidewalls of the tire were soft, much softer than the Dunlop E-3. It lasted 19,000 miles, but the 1700 always felt vague. So, for the next front tire I went back to Dunlop and the E-3. This tire is so stiff that I couldn't mount it using my hand tools. I changed the rear tire and installed a Dunlop E-3, 160/16, which is one size smaller than stock. After 20,000 miles I replaced that Dunlop E-3 with a Dunlop American Elite rear 180/65/16. Now this 900-pound Voyager 1700 tracks down the road without and wandering. That big 180 on the rear requires a little more effort when leaning the Voyager 1700 into a turn.

While I was doing the second front tire change, I removed the front forks and changed the fork oil. I removed the fork tube caps while the forks were still on the motorcycle using the tool I'd made to compress the fork springs on my old Voyager 1200. The fork springs were so stiff that I bent

the tool and had to repair and modify my handy tool. I refilled the forks with 5w Amsoil Shock Therapy fork oil. This gave a much better ride, but still not what I wanted. So I ordered a set of Race Tech fork springs. After taking everything apart again and installing the Race Tech fork springs only, I didn't have the money to buy the gold valve kit or modulators. But while the forks were off, I pulled the steering head bearings out and greased them. To my surprise these were torqued these. Telling myself, "Don't over torque these." With the help of Gene Kap, I had a fancy new socket to adjust my steering head bearing. I put everything back on and went for a ride, and now had a motorcycle that floats down the road. A few months later I changed the oil in the rear shocks again the ride was improved.



Stock fork springs on top, Race Tech fork springs on bottom

I have the ABS model, for years I'd tell people about how you don't need this crap on you motorcycle. All it does is costs extra and adds weight to the motorcycle. Well I was a fool and I didn't know, ABS is the cat's meow. As good as the brakes are on the Voyager 1700, yes at least twice as good as the Voyager 1200, I knew that they could be better. So at 24,000 miles I installed a set of Galfer brake pads on the front. Compared to the 1200 front brakes, the front brake pads on the 1700 lasted twice as long. Rear brake pads were changed at 80,000 miles.



Galfer stainless steel brake lines

Last, always looking for ways to save weight I installed a Shorai motorcycle battery. The stock battery on the Voyager 1700 weighs almost 15 lbs. The Shorai's weight boxed for shipping was 3.1 lbs. So with the battery and the mufflers, I saved about 20 lbs. which is the same amount as the trailer hitch, hand rail and other little things I've added in weight. Two problems with the Shorai battery: One is you do have to keep in on the charger if it sits for more than a couple weeks. Two: is the cost \$\$\$, and the need for a special Shorai battery charger. But I like it, because even in the cold it worked. In April 2016 in Wyoming it was 30 degrees when I

went out to warm the engine. I turned the ignition switch on for 30 seconds, then turned the ignition off and waited a couple of minutes before trying to start the engine. When I did start the engine it was no problem.

My inseam is 29", age 68, height 5'9". I can now sit on the seat and flat foot the ground.



New Shorai battery

The finished product



My First Rally of the Year

By Michael Falke, aka Mr Jansee



I had a wonderful day Saturday. I rode to Lake Charles about 70 miles from home, to a rally and ride for a local charity. About 30 bikers showed up. The ride to Lake Charles was a little scary because about 30 miles out from Lafayette we hit a fog bank with visibility down to an eighth of a mile.

I wasn't alone on the trip. I rode with a little lady who was the widow of a great guy I worked with who died in a motorcycle crash last year. She has a gorgeous red Harley trike. We signed in at 8:30 am and kickstands were up at 9 am. We rode another 60-mile loop up to Kinder, LA and back to Lake Charles using mostly back roads.

My 16-year-old Voyager ran like something new. I had no problems keeping up with ever other bike there and that included several brand new \$30,000 Harleys. The funny part was my bike could have been electric because nobody could hear me above the loud pipes of the V twins. I was the only Voyager there and got lots of stares and questions from other attendees.



At the rally I hooked up with a long lost cousin I haven't seen in years. He had a nice 2009 Goldwing, a very nice bike. My nephew, Jeremy, was also there. He had invited me, and he rides with a Christian group.

We had a blast. After the ride there was a chili cook off. Some of the best chili I have ever tasted! When we signed in they gave us tickets for door prizes. I won a motorcycle vest, something I have never in 64 years, ever had. I will post

pictures of it later. When I got home about 5:30 pm I checked my mileage. Even with all the fast riding I did, the Voyager got 48 mpg. Fantastic!



By the way, I am finally completely healed from my car accident on February 1st. I expected to be sore on Sunday, but I wasn't at all. I guess I am finally acclimated to dialysis. I want to go on more and more rides!



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Riding Home in the Snow

By Don Medina



The clock strikes 3:30 PM, time to head for work. I look out the apartment living room window and see nothing but sunshine, which is normal in the Denver, Colorado metro area during the winter. It's January, but we've been having a warm weather front for the last few days so the temperature's in the middle 40s. I'm living in the western side of Lakewood, Colorado, which is located at the base of the Rocky Mountains, the Front Range. Lakewood is a suburb west of Denver. I work in the warehouse district in Denver, at the International Harvester Company truck dealership. This is a factory-run International Harvester dealership.

I look out of the front room window again. Our apartment is on the ground floor with a wide-open view of the street and the apartment buildings across the street. The grass in the yard is winter brown; all of the trees are bare of all leaves and the only color is in the green evergreen shrubs. The trees really look like large twigs. The sky is that deep blue you can only see in areas where they have very low humidity. I turn around and tell my girlfriend that I'll be riding my motorcycle to work. She makes a funny face, meaning "I'm nuts, or cocoo".

As I ride down into Denver, I'm thinking, "I wonder how cold it'll be at 1:30 AM". I work the swing shift 4:30 PM to 1:00 AM. I soon forget about the weather or temperature later tonight and just enjoy the ride. I'm a 28 year old who cares nothing about anything, other than what I'm doing at the moment.

At 8:30 PM, we break for lunch; I walk outside to check my motorcycle. The company has given motorcyclists a parking area near the front door. This area is bordered by the building on the east and south sides. The west side of our parking area has a metal tube railing, which separates customer parking from a customer walkway and our motorcycle parking. The overhanging roof of the building helps protect motorcycles from the hot summer sun and rainstorms. At night the night lights shine on the motorcycles making the chrome and paint sparkle. I always walk out to just admire my motorcycle under the lights. I think the chrome and paint sparkle like large jewels. As I walk outside through the man door of the service department, I'm stopped in my tracks. I can't believe my eyes, it's snowing, and it's coming down heavy. Very, very heavy, there must be 3 inches of snow on the ground. My Honda motorcycle is bare of the falling snow; the overhanging roof is protecting it. I still have 4 and half hours of work, and the snow shows no signs of easing. I continue walking out to my motorcycle. I touch my motorcycle, while wondering if I should ask someone for a ride home.

It's 1:15 A M when I walk out to my motorcycle. It's still snowing. The guys have been ribbing me during the second half of the work shift; about running out and buying snow tires or even tire chains for the tires! The good thing about the snowstorm is the cloud cover needed for it to snow. The nighttime temperature is not nearly as cold as it would've been on the clear night I'd expected. The temperature is in the middle 20s so my ride home won't be real cold. I'm bundled in my full face helmet, long underwear, blue jeans, harness boots, flannel shirt, down ski jacket and winter gloves. My winter gloves are three finger winter mittens with long gauntlets that extend midway to my elbows.

I walk up to the motorcycle and pause a moment before throwing my leg over the seat and sitting on the motorcycle. Sitting there on the motorcycle I take a deep breath. I then focus on the job at hand, "the ride home". The crankcase of my Honda CB500 four is filled with 20w/50 weight engine oil. At this temperature the electric starter won't turn the engine over fast enough to start the engine. I reach down with my right hand, finding the kick-start lever. I twist the lever out. I place my hand back on the handlebars. I stand on the left foot peg with my left foot supporting my body weight. I lift my right leg, placing my booted foot on the kick-starter. Only then, do I transfer all of my body weight to the right leg. With a great heave, I push the kick-start lever through its full stroke. Nothing happens; I do this about a half a dozen times before the engine starts. While warming the engine, I keep wondering should I take city streets or the freeway home.

After a few minutes, with the engine warm I shift into first gear. I ease out the clutch, and as I release the clutch I feel the traction of the dry pavement in the motorcycle parking area. Once out from under the shelter of the roof overhang, I feel first the front tire and then the rear tire roll onto the packed snow of the parking lot. The packed snow makes a crunching sound as the motorcycle wheels roll over the snow. I tell myself, "Relax, but don't move a muscle". I don't even want to move my eyes from side to side; afraid I'll throw my balance off.

As I ride down Brighton Boulevard, I'm in 2nd gear trying not to hold on to the handlebars with a death grip. I try staying in one single tire track. Every time I drift from one tire track to another, the motorcycle slides causing the handlebars to move back and forth making the whole motorcycle wiggle. I make it to the freeway. I find that the packed snow gives better traction than expected.

As I accelerate up the on ramp to the freeway I think, "One mile down and 17 to go". I shift into third gear and merge with traffic. Because of the snowstorm, traffic is light. I'm westbound on I-70; soon I'm merging onto I-25 south. I'm riding through the Mouse Trap, which is the name that's been given to this interchange from Westbound I-70 to Southbound I-25. The on ramp through the Mouse Trap is a long sweeping left turn with no streetlights. The only light is from the headlight mounted on my motorcycle. Snow is still falling; I can see the snowflakes as they pass through the headlight beam. I'm being ever so gentle with both body position and throttle control.

As I exit the on ramp, I've gotten comfortable enough to shift into 4th gear. Traffic is still very light as I head south on the Valley Highway, now called I-25. I shift into 5th gear, with my speedo displaying 40 MPH. Very little traffic, the roadway is covered in packed snow. It's only snowing lightly now. I get a wild thought, "I wonder how fast I can ride in the snow?" I gently ease the throttle open, 50 MPH passes, not bad. I give the CB500 Four more throttle; 60 MPH comes and goes. Soon 70 MPH comes; I can feel the speed. I look in the mirrors and see the snow dust that the tires are churning, and I'm getting scared. But what the heck, I twist the throttle some more. 80 MPH comes very slowly, but finely the speedo needle touches the 80 MPH mark.

Ok enough, with fear beginning to come over me, I back off the throttle. The back tire comes around trying to pass the front tire. When I closed the throttle the engine slowed, but with the limited traction of the rear tire, the rear tire stopped rolling and began sliding. I open the throttle again, stabilizing the motorcycle. Here I'm hurling through the night on a motorcycle on snow-covered roads, trying to figure out how to slow down! The Interstate has a bend by the Denver Bronco's football stadium. I'm riding in the middle of the freeway where there's no crown on the roadway. Move to either side of the freeway and the roadway falls away. All roads have crowns to help drain water and melting snow. The green freeway sign I ride under displays "Spear Blvd ½ mile". Only about a mile and a half to the turn, I've been gently easing back on the throttle and my speed has come down to 70 MPH. I don't dare touch either the front or rear brakes; I could lock up either the front or rear wheel. If I lock the front wheel, I'll tuck the front end and be down on the roadway. The rear tire would lock up and then start fishtailing. Then I'd have to control the motorcycle from the fishtailing while trying to keep the motorcycle going the direction I want to travel. I find that I'm holding my breath. I move my eyes to the speedometer. Slowly the speedo needle comes down past 60 MPH.

The bend is coming up fast now. Then I'm in the bend, which is more like a turn at this speed. As I enter the turn I look at the speedo, the needle is pointing just a shade over the 50 MPH mark. In my mind I think, "You've raced in the rain, on slick race tracks at much higher speeds". I position my body differently on the motorcycle. Gently I slide all the way forward on the seat where I can feel the gas tank against me. I bring my upper body over the handlebars, bending my arms at the elbows. Then ever so gently I slide my rear to the inside of the turn, at the same time bringing my left leg off the foot peg. As I lean into the turn I feel some weight of the motorcycle transfer to my outstretched leg. With the negative throttle, I feel the motorcycle begin to lose traction on the front tire. I ever so gently start twisting the throttle. It works; I'm flying through this snowy night as the motorcycle stabilizes. But wait, there's a second turn to the right. I've gained some speed through the last turn. The bad thing about this right turn is that guardrail used as a divider between the North and South lanes. These guardrails are wonderful in a car. I'm riding a motorcycle, and when either the motorcycle or rider hits these guardrails they tear off parts or limbs. I bring the motorcycle to the inside of the turn. I'm now using the crown on the right side of the roadway as a banking, which will give me just a bit more traction. While I do this, I bring up my left foot back to the foot peg sliding my rear to the other side of the motorcycle's seat. I remove my right foot from the foot peg and place the sole of the boot on the snow-covered road. I tilt my helmeted head and look where I want to travel; I twist the throttle for more power stabilizing the motorcycle. I exit the turn hauling ass, I yell in my helmet, telling god "You're the man; you're the man, thank you, thank you". I know my eyes must be the size of saucers, but I keep repeating, "You are such a bad ass".

I'm only halfway home. I've ridden 8 miles of the 17-mile commute home; the time is something after 1:30 AM. I ride through a snow-covered interchange onto 6th AVE West. 6th Ave takes me to the foothills and home. I'm feeling jazzed and drained by my speed run so I ride in 4th gear at 35 MPH. As I head west the snow is deeper on the roadway, 6th Ave doesn't have the amount of traffic as I-25. I start the gentle climb to the foothills. I gently ride under Federal Blvd feeling the peace of the white snow-covered city, past Barnum Park (named because the Barnum Circus would set up there back in the 1920s and '30s)

to the Knox Court underpass. I'm riding in the slow lane following a car up the hill. I stay 100 yards behind the car because of the snow slippery conditions. As we start going under Knox Court, that car in front of me starts spinning. We're both in the same lane; the guy in front of me is doing 360s right there in front of me. I'm riding on a snow-covered roadway, but it's not packed like I-25. Now I'm wondering if I've used up all my luck, and is it time to die? This car is spinning, right in front of me. I'm coming at the car, there's no time to think. I ease my motorcycle to the left; I'm closing fast on the spinning car. I see that spinning car is using both the right lanes. I keep easing the motorcycle to the left asking, "God, I need your ass here now!" God must have been all ears tonight because I'm able to move to the very edge of that 3rd lane as I squeeze by the spinning car. I ride past the spinning car; the rear bumper brushes my right leg.

It finely happens; I'm on the frontage road to the apartment less than a half-mile away from home. There are two tight turns at the beginning of the frontage road. Now I'm mentally drained, the snow must be 10 inches deep here. There are a few wheel tracks on the roadway, but mostly fresh snow. I'm riding slowly in 1st gear. I ride 100 yards to the first turn; I go to the inside of the turn trying not to run off the outside of the roadway, the crown at the inside of the turn is so steep and I'm riding so slow that both of the wheels side out from under me. I yell out "shit" from inside my helmet, almost home and now I fall! Picking up the 450-pound motorcycle becomes a job. The shoulder of the turn feeds into a culvert, as I try picking up the CB500 Four it slides first to the shoulder, then almost down into the ditch. I'm covered in sweat as I pull the rear of the motorcycle toward the roadway. Then I walk around to the handlebars, grabbing the end that is up out of the snow. I pull the front, and then back to the rear of the motorcycle, after a few times of this back and forth I have the motorcycle in the middle of the roadway. It's now after 2 AM, I'm covered in sweat and panting like I've run a mile. After a short breather I bend over grabbing the seat with the left hand and the handle bar end that's down on the roadway with my right hand. I pause and gather all of my strength; I start lifting the CB500 Four off the roadway onto its wheels. My feet slip, not far just an inch or so. I pause and catch my breath, then continue lifting. When I have the CB500 Four upright, I gently turn my body to face my motorcycle. While trying not to slip in the snow; with my right hand I reach and grab the right handle bar. I lean the motorcycle against my right leg, and then reach for the left handle bar. I lift my left leg over the seat; I sit on the seat, spent. But with the engine warm the electric starter fires the engine. It takes a while, and fires only after it cleans all of the gas that's flooded the engine while the motorcycle was on its side.

I ride the last half-mile with extra care. I get to the apartment, I park the CB500 Four; but before turning off the engine I thank God for his help and for giving me the tools to arrive home safe. As I dismount the CB500 Four, I look and my lunch box is still strapped to the rear of the seat. This was my Dad's lunch box, maybe he was helping.

I walk into the apartment and there's my girlfriend staring at me in disbelief. I smile and ask how her evening was.



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JUNE 19-22, 2017 – Nashville, IN

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Rider Name (Last, First):	
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AVA Chapter Affiliation:	
Address:	
City:	
State/Province:	
Zip/Postal Code:	
Country:	
Email:	
Phone:	
Emergency Contact Name and Phone:	

(Who we can contact in case of emergency at the rally)

Registration Fees:

Rally Fees: April 1 – May 18 on - \$75 x ____ Attendees May 19 on - \$90 register at Rally <i>No shirts/pins after May 18</i>	\$
Rally T-Shirt – Indicate Number & Size: \$15 for sizes SM – 1X, \$18 for sizes 2x – 4X T-Shirt #1 Size: ____ Men: ____ / Women*: ____ T-Shirt #2 Size: ____ Men: ____ / Women*: ____ <i>*Women buy at least one size larger than usual</i>	\$
Optional Rally Pin: \$5 each x ____ Pins <i>MUST BE ORDERED BY MAY 18, 2017</i>	\$
Optional Monday Night Event: Location to come \$20 per person x ____ Attendees	\$
Check # _____ Total Due: If AMA member, enter # _____	\$
Make Check payable to: American Voyager Association Mail Registration Form & Check to: American Voyager Association Rally Registration 14211 NW 18 Manor Pembroke Pines, FL 33028 On-Site Rally Registration: \$90/person person	
RALLY REGISTRATION INCLUDES: Admission for all four (4) days of the rally, Rally Patch, Guided and Self-Guided Tours, Motorcycle Show, Motorcycle Skills Games, Seminars, Opening Ceremony & Dinner, Closing Awards Banquet, and eligibility for giveaways and prizes!	

Please read the following waiver of liability carefully: IN CONSIDERATION for being permitted to participate in the American Voyager Association Rally, THE UNDERSIGNED:

1. HEREBY RELEASES, WAIVES, DISCHARGES AND COVENANTS NOT TO SUE the American Voyager Association, it's officers, directors, management, and/or volunteers assisting in the event, the sanctioning organization, any subdivision thereof, grounds operators, officials, promoters, sponsors, advertisers, owners and/or lessors of premises used to conduct the event and each of them, their officers, and employees, all for the purpose herein referred as "releases", from all liability to the undersigned, his/her personal representatives, assigns, heirs, and next of kin for any and all loss or damage and any claim if otherwise while the undersigned is participating in this event.
2. THE UNDERSIGNED RIDER agrees that in order to participate in this event, he or she will not ride while under the influence of alcohol or any substance, which affects the ability to operate or control his/her vehicle.
3. THE UNDERSIGNED AGREES that he or she will not operate any vehicle in violation or contravention of any City, County, State, or Federal laws, statutes, ordinances, or regulations and shall be personally liable for all fines and penalties for traffic violations.
4. EACH OF THE UNDERSIGNED expressly acknowledges and agrees that the activities of the event can be dangerous and involve risk of injury and/or property damage.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS READ AND VOLUNTARILY SIGNS THE RELEASE AND WAIVER OF LIABILITY AND INDEMNITY AGREEMENT, and further agrees that no oral representations, statements, or inducement apart from the foregoing written agreement have been made. This waiver includes all rally functions.

RIDER (Signature) _____ DATE _____

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