

Jamieson

Sunday 4th September, 2011

Tony Stegmar	Honda CBR1000	Pierre Ong (leader)	Ducati 1098
Misho Zrakic	Honda CBR1000	Geoff Jones	Yamaha R1
Paul Southwell	Honda CBR1000	Marc Marais	Kawasaki ZX10R
Ian Payne	Honda CBR1000	Mark Copeland	Kawasaki ZX10R
Ron Johnston	Honda CBF1000	John Willis	Kawasaki Z1000
Ben Warden	Honda CBR954	Jason Wilson	Kawasaki ZX9R
Pina Garasi (rear)	Honda CBR600	Rob Langer	KTM 990
Kurn Bridgeman	Honda CBR600		<i>15 bikes, 15 people</i>

I was looking forward to the ride because I haven't done the run to Jamieson before; I have only been as far as the bridge, which is about half way. Last time the Club went to Jamieson there was talk of loose gravel on the road. Upon arrival at Yarra Glen I could see quite a few bikes. I put fuel in the tank and parked the bike with the rest of them.

Ben was writing down the ICE numbers. Then Pierre gets our attention and gives us the run down on the day's event. Pina volunteered for rear rider, I put my hand up for the write-up, and Jason for First Aid. Everyone knew the corner marking system. Good! Let's get the hell out of here.

We took the back way to Healesville, then up Chum Creek Road to Toolangi, and down Myers Creek Road to Healesville. There was a lot of sticks and leaf litter on Myers and Chum Creek Roads making a slalom course. I rode very carefully.

I corner marked at Healesville and the main group came through quickly, but there were a few stragglers towards the end.

Next part of the ride is over the Black Spur which I haven't ridden for a while. "Be careful", I tell myself. "Watch for cops." The ride over the Spur was painful...especially having to stick to the speed limit; it felt like you could get off and walk.

On to Marysville for the first stop. There were a few other bikes there as well. The place is starting to look a little different with lots of new buildings appearing. It is looking good, coming back to life. The highlight of this stop was Jason telling us about his exploits as a 17 year old, trying to out run the police on an XR600. Almost, but not quite! He had everyone in fits of laughter and nearly falling off their seats. It was a very good story and we are just the sort of appreciative audience. After a lengthy period it was time to go - otherwise we would have stayed all day listening to Jason's legendary tales.

I corner marked with Ben at the bridge and then tootled off towards Buxton. We encountered liquid sunshine just before Buxton. Nothing to worry about, thankfully. Down the Maroondah Highway and up the hill at the end of the straight and just around the corner we see a female police officer in a yellow highway patrol car who had pulled over a fellow motorcyclist. Lucky for somebody...

At Taggerty, we turn right. Just before Thornton we cross a creek on a "Bailey bridge". It looked like it was sitting on top of the existing bridge that had washed away in the floods earlier this year. I saw that there was a new CFA station in Thornton.

We continued on to Snobs Creek where we turned right on to the Eildon Jamieson road. By the time we arrived at the turn off we were all bunched together. A few of us fired up along this excellent road.

In we go with no time to lose. I haven't travelled this road for quite a while. One must be vigilant, watching for other vehicles because this road shows no mercy. For once it wasn't in too bad a

condition, apart from minor leaf litter, and slight gravel. Eventually I arrive at the middle and wonder what the rest of the road is going to be like, because from now on is all new to me.

Tony and Geoff were in front. After a short distance, Tony pulled over. So that left just Geoff and me. I followed for a while and let him go. The view was good: I saw a Lake Eildon through the trees. Even the new section of road was in good condition, with barely a handful of gravel on the top.

Finally, I wound my way to the bottom T-junction. The sign indicated left to Mansfield and right to Jamieson, which meant only a few more kilometres before pulling into the servo to get fuel at Jamieson. I certainly wouldn't want to run out of fuel around here.

The group parked at the shop a few doors down from the servo. The shop was very busy, so I walked down a little further to the milk bar. It had pies and sausage rolls, and was cheaper and less crowded. Ben got his usual ham and salad roll, before we walked back to the others and sat at the tables outside.

Jamieson seems a pleasant little place. I plan to return and have decent look around sometime.

Lots of friendly banter. Jason said he has been coming here since he was a kid.

Five minutes to go. Walking down the main street, I see a tilt tray outside the servo with people standing around; I wondered what it might be. It was a new crew cab Hi-Lux with a tray on the back. It had crashed on its lid and the roof was level with the dash and to the tool box on the tray. I reckon if someone was in there, they would still be there; if they were thrown out, they should buy a Lotto ticket. They certainly don't come any flatter, highlight of the day for me.

Back on the road again, I followed Paul for quite a way before I had to pull over and get off the bike due to cramp in my right leg. The leg is alright to start with, but it's a bloody curse. I massage the leg a bit and then keep going, albeit at a slower pace, because the cramp is still there.

I enjoyed the Eildon Jamieson road both ways and look forward to doing it again. We regrouped at the end, where John left us, while the rest of us made our way to Eildon. Some got fuel, others went to the shop, a no no. The plan was to keep going. A good run was had going up Skyline and down the other side to Alexandra where we stopped, but it was suggested we keep going as time was getting on.

The Molesworth Road was hard and fast. Then down the highway to Yea. I think Pierre took a wrong turn at the servo and Ben had to chase him up and get him on the right road to Whittlesea. No stopping in Yea either. Junction Hill here we come.

This is a top piece of road. Paul took the lead up over Junction Hill and I wasn't far behind. A few of us rode nose-to-tail up over the top and down the other side. Then Paul slowed down, and I passed the front runners up until just past Flowerdale where Paul has caught up and passed again. I gave chase and passed, and stayed in front up until Kinglake West. (Sorry for hijacking this part of your ride Pierre).

Just before the top of the last set of sweepers we met an on-coming Police Pajero. We just kept going and I pulled in to the usual spot at Kinglake West. Spooked, Pierre and Paul kept going. The rest of the riders pulled in and we excitedly discussed day's ride and events. We had great weather, no incidents and everyone enjoyed themselves. A good day was had by all.

Thanks to Pierre for leading; well done. I look forward to the next one. Last but not least, thanks to Pina for rear riding duties.

Ron Johnston