



Paul Southwell (leader)	Honda CBR1000	Garry Boucher (3 <sup>rd</sup> )	Kawasaki ZX14
Ben Warden	Honda CBR1000	Cliff Peters	Kawasaki ZX10
Ian Payne (rear)	Honda CBR1000	Aiden Baker	Kawasaki ZX10
Nigel Oman	Honda CBR1000	John Willis	Kawasaki Z1000
Peter Jones	Honda CBR1000	Jason Wilson	Kawasaki ZX19
Tony Stegmar	Honda CBR1000	Ron Johnston	Suzuki GSX1250F
Pina Garasi	Honda CBR600	Duanne Rafferty	Suzuki GSXR1000
Geoff Dick	BMW R850R	Chris Pointon	Suzuki GSXR1000
Rob Langer	BMW F700	Glenn Aspden	Suzuki GSXR1000
Pierre Ong	Aprilia RSV4	Steve Mudford	Suzuki GSXR750
Cindy Lee	Triumph 675	Geoff Shugg	Suzuki DL650

The first challenge for the Jamieson ride came before I even left the house: what am I going to wear? No, I wasn't getting in touch with my feminine side. I kept re-reading the weather report and wondering if it was going to rain. It's that time of year when it could be too hot in the sun with winter boots and wet weather gear or freezing cold in summer gloves and perforated leathers. I took a punt it wouldn't rain but wore my winter gloves – it was a lucky choice. We had sunshine all day but also went through some chilly hilly areas.

I was in a bit of a rush to get all the way to Yarra Glen for the meeting point. When it takes nearly an hour to get to the meeting point, it's hard to get the timing right. I would normally have left early, but I forgot the bike was still in track-trim from Phillip Island the day before. It was the quickest I'd ever installed the side mirrors and mudguard/light/registration plate unit. I got to the Yarra Glen florist with enough time to fuel up, put the tyre pressures back up to road level, say hello to a few people and we were off on some fantastic sweepers into Healesville. To get to Healesville, my normal route would be up the Melba Highway and down the tight Toolangi road, so the sweepers were a pleasant change.

Going through the Black Spur was lots of fun with a group of bikes. We were lucky enough not to come across any traffic until we got to the other side. It's not often that happens on a weekend.

I was feeling very confident in the morning, riding up with the first bunch from Marysville over to Eildon and turning up into the Lake Eildon National Park. “What an amazing road!” I thought as we sped along a beautifully scenic road, which was tight and twisty. Then the road changed colour and had those small loose stones all over it. I started the road in the first group and ended up nearly last – the loose stones sapped my confidence. I got faster and faster as my confidence built, but memories of my “Falls Creek Incident” about a year ago on a very similar road are still very clear. The old bike never recovered and I really don’t want to chuck the new GSX-R1000 down the road.

A few had commented on the new bike. When I first turned up to a meeting with MSR I thought I’d accidentally bumped into the Honda CBR Club. It was great to see such a range of bikes out this day. Tony talked longingly about his old Suzukis on a previous ride, so we swapped bikes for the trip back through the national park. I found the CBR confidence-inspiring on the cornering, but I think Tony’s grin means there will be one less CBR and one more GSXR in the Club soon.

From my perspective the roads got better and better throughout the day. After the Jamieson National Park we went through some fast sweepers into Alexandra. Then some even better ones on the way to Yea, then some even better ones again into Kinglake West. The smile on my face kept getting bigger and bigger as the day went on.

Being from across the Tasman, I’m always amazed at the size of the insects in this country. The later the day gets, the more insects I need to remove from my visor. And the warmer it is, the bigger they seem to get. My visor was plenty full on the last leg to Kinglake West when I saw a huge brown blob coming towards me. It smashed into my shoulder and I thought “Wow! That was a really big insect! The size of a small bird!” A quick glance at my shoulder in the mirror confirmed my suspicion; it really was a small bird! There was road-kill on my leathers! There’s a first time for everything.

I certainly had a better day than that poor little bird. It was great weather, great roads, great company and a great day. Thanks MSR. I’m looking forward to Dargo next weekend.

**Glenn Aspden**