

## JindabyneNotes      Thurs. 26<sup>th</sup> – Sun. 29<sup>th</sup> January 2012

Ben Warden (lead)	Honda CBR1000	Phill Hotschilt	Suzuki GSXR1300
John Rousseaux (rear)	Honda CBR1000	Rob Langer	R1150GS
Tim Emons	Honda CBR1000	Julie Johnson	Ford Fiesta
Ron Johnson	Honda CBF1000	<b>Pub</b>	
Misho Zrakic	Honda CBR1000	Rob Jones	Suzuki GSXR1000
Pina Garasi	Honda CBR600	Ben Fuller	Suzuki GSXR1300
Duane Rafferty	Suzuki GSXR1000	Darryn “Bart” Hutchinson	Suzuki GSXR1000
Rod Merrett	BMW S1000RR		<i>13 bikes, 14 people</i>

**Route: Day 1:** Berwick 133km Tyers (via Jindivick, Hill End) 86 Briagolong 95 Bruthen (via Tambo Upper) 65 Orbost 163 (via Bendoc, Delegate, 22 km of dirt) Bombala 108 Jindabyne. [657km indicated]

**Day 2:** Jindabyne 108 Adaminaby (via Dalgety and Berridale) 119 Tumbarumba (via Elliot Way) 53 Tumut 48 Bondo (via Wee Jasper Road) 48 Tumut 73 Tumbarumba 74 Khancoban 115 Jindabyne. [662 km indicated]

**Day 3:** Jindabyne 108 Bombala 109 Eden 92 Bombala 108 Jindabyne 40 Charlotte Pass 40 Jindabyne [625 km indicated]

**Day 4:** Jindabyne 108 Bombala 163 Orbost (via Delegate and Bonang, 12.7 +4.7 km of dirt) 65 Bruthen (via Tambo Upper) 95 Briagolong 86 Tyers 115 Officer. [643 km indicated]

**Total: 2,588 km** Berwick to Officer according to my trip meter with new 180/55 rear (standard 190/50). So in theory that figure should be low but according to GPS corrected odometers, the even taller 190/55 is very close to the true reading. So, let's say ~2500 km.

On Day 1, after 75 km of glorious twisty bitumen followed by 10 km of dusty corrugated dirt north of Orbost I deviated from the Bonang Highway taking the right fork to Bendoc and Delegate rather than the usual straight through route to Bonang and Delegate. There was 4.6 more kilometres of dirt, but it was of a faster variety and overall shorter.

The routes for Day 2 and Day 3 were longer than advertised for a few reasons: we got away each morning around 8.45 am; the average speed was high; and the weather/riding conditions were brilliant. Day 2 saw us continue north from Tumbarumba up the Rosewood Road to Tumut for lunch and then up and back to Bondo and the end of the bitumen on the Wee Jasper Road. We sacrificed the planned Cabramurra Khancoban twisties, but still did the Alpine Way from Khancoban to Thredbo and Jindabyne.

**Mechanical:** Misho's 101,000+km CBR1000 developed electrical issues at the end of Day 3 on the way to Charlotte's Pass, cutting out as if the side stand switch was activated. But then started and continued as if nothing had happened. (This happened two or three times more over the course of the trip.) Rod and Misho had swapped bikes at the time. The problem was more serious with no blinkers or head lights and is yet to be diagnosed. The bike had ignition, instruments and brake lights – so was perfectly fit for purpose, so long as we didn't ride at night.

Heading for the coast **Bart** could smell coolant and hoped it was Ron's bike parked up corner marking nearby. Alas, no. A holed radiator (no radiator guard). A tube of two-pack radiator-fix putty in Bombala and some quick spanner work removing the fairing to top up the coolant bottle had the bike running odour free in no time.

**Rob Jones'** GSXR1000 developed a leaking fork seal, the oil contaminating the brake pads before a rag was applied to soak up the escaped oil. His bike was a bit squirrely under brakes compared to the CBRs. Not sure if his appetite for monos was curbed at all.

**Tim** managed to unwittingly nick his front right aftermarket brake line when removing the calliper. It showed up as an oil leak dribbling down the calliper. Some careful binding with “magic” radiator hose tape saw the problem disappear. He didn’t seem to lose any braking efficiency.

**Tyres:** Those riders who fitted near new road oriented tyres for the trip, as strongly recommended, had no issues. Then there were those who chose the path of pain and suffering: **Duane** had run out of rear tyre after 1.5 day’s riding but managed to purchase a Michelin Pilot Road3 in Tumut while we ate lunch. **John Rousseaux** nursed his rear Bridgestone after Day 1 to ensure he got home with some tread on it. He ended up doing the bulk of the rear riding and scores an extra point. **Phil Hotschilt** went looking for a new Pilot Power front on Day 3 for the mighty Hayabusa but bike shops in Cooma don’t open Saturday. The tyre managed to do the rest of trip, holding up well despite the abuse. Phil’s Hayabusa had a Pilot Road3 on the rear which wore extremely well. **Misho’s** new Dunlop Sportsmart tyres fitted front and back wore remarkably well given the stress they were subjected to. **Ben** fitted a Dunlop Roadsmart (slightly harder compound than the Sportsmart) to the front which showed more signs of stress than the Sportsmart, but still wore well.

On Day 1 **Duane’s wallet** was sucked out along with a white plastic bag somewhere between Briagolong and Bruthen. After working this out at lunch, he went back to look. No luck. He spent a lot of time that evening on the phone cancelling all his credit cards. I think he is in debt to **Rod**, his sponsor for the weekend.

No-one cleaned their bikes on the first night – too excited, exhausted, or happy. But on the second night I found a bucket and an external tap and we were away. Third night saw some serious chain adjusting, particularly on Pina’s CBR, her bike’s chain on its final outing and quite snatchy. I note that according to the CBR1000 owners’ manual the suggested chain slack is between 25-35 mm. (Not the 35-50mm I suggested to Misho.)

**Animals:** I caught **Pina** on the Orbost Road as she went around to the left of what appeared to be a large stick. I went right, and then right again. It was a large goanna sunbaking on the warm road, and quite territorial, rearing up. Two of them were in the same spot on the return trip three days’ later. Misho got the fright of his life when he saw the “crocodile” on the road.

On the high plains not far out of Dalgety I ran into a squadron of galahs flying low and straight coming in from my right. Neither of us deviated, though I did duck just before impact. The right mirror folded and turned white and my upper arm took a 150 km/h impact. Sore, but no bruise.

Soon after we crested a hill to find a large mob of sheep being driven down the road by a young woman (12-14 yo) on a splendidly tall thoroughbred horse, accompanied by a dog or two. A few of us managed to filter up the right hand side of the flock. Apparently farmers hate it when you head up the middle and split the flock into two, each mini flock then going in different, random directions! Rumour has it that a certain flamboyant Suzuki rider dismounted from his bike and took off in hot pursuit of a good looking sheep, all the while making suggestive hip thrusting motions. (Four days away from home can have strange effects). The girl rolled her eyes, shook her head, and waited patiently.

Only one black wallaby to contend with on the Candelo Road around midday, though Tim did run into to a kangaroo somewhere. Plenty of small rabbits about.

**Police:** Leader **Ben** had a close call on this double demerit Australia Day long weekend entering Eden, gazing at the first glimpse of the glorious blue ocean off and down to the right. Of course, up and off to the left was Mr Plod, of the NSW TOG variety. The speed limit had of course dropped from 80 to 60 (which felt like 25 after the Imlay Road blitzkrieg) so I immediately pulled in, apparently just after their lights came on and they had engaged traction control. My lemming mate Misho followed me in, and then thought better of it at the last moment. Good cop, bad cop. Had me cold for specified crime of speed, nominally 3 points, \$266, becomes 6 points. A quick blow in the bag followed – actually “count to five

out loud” using a modern breath analyser. Due to my honesty (they were anticipating a pursuit) I was let off with a warning. Good cop! Where are you off to?” asks Bad Cop. I sense a trap! “Ah, just down to The Lookout and then fish and chips on the wharf” I replied.

Alas, while we were fuelling up in town, they cunningly headed for the fish and chip shop at the bottom of the steep dip, via the back streets, getting there before us, and reset the trap. **Rob Langer** was the unfortunate victim as he squirted past a car up the steep hill to the lookout carpark. The conversation seemed to be going alright, but the outcome was as threatened above. Gulp.

**Bike swapping.** It was unanimously agreed that Rod’s BMW S1000RR has the biggest everything. More grunt than the Hayabusa’s, greater top speed than anyone. It blitzed everything on acceleration and top speed, screaming past effortlessly. A lazy 186 HP at the rear wheel after remapping and a full race system. The speed shifter is fantastic, to the point of some considering retrofitting it. You don’t realise what a good thing it is until you use it.

The bridge at the start of the Imlay Road has sunk (logging truck damage) leaving a curved upwards 300 mm step. Unfortunately, you don’t see, or expect to see, such a huge unavoidable rise, especially as it is around the low speed esses just at the start of this magnificent road. I probably hit it between 60 and 80 km/h. I stood on the pegs and let the bike dance around underneath me, the rear end trying to come around. Nothing bottomed out which was a surprise. Nearly everyone else did bottom either the front, rear or both. Ben Fuller had the front end of his Hayabusa shaking badly and he was lucky to hold on. It was certainly a talking point over lunch.

**Fuel economy:** on CBR1000s you can extract the exact real-time fuel consumed in litres by selecting the odometer on button one and three clicks on button two. It might indicate 10.6 litres after 200 km meaning you have 7.1 litres left in the 17.7 litre tank, enough for another 100 km. Twice I got over 300 km out of the tank including the last day from Bruthen to Officer. On the high plains we often had tail winds and less air resistance due to the thinner air at altitude. The CBRs have oxygen sensors and so compensate the mixture for changes in pressure due to altitude. Add perfect fuelling, low drag and a tail wind and you get remarkable economy. How does 18-20 km/l at \$1.50 sound?! Mind you, as leader of this talented bunch, I rarely had to wait on corners – also aiding good economy. Unleaded (91RON) was 151.9 cents per litre at Jindabyne.

**Julie Johnston** drove her Ford Fiesta to Jindabyne – via Eden, carrying luggage for anyone who needed it. She also supplied the breakfast cereals, bread and milk. Her car was used on the beer run. Thanks Julie (and Ron). Very much appreciated.

**Pina** seemed to be doing a lot of cooking not just for Misho, but for whoever wanted it. Breakfast every morning saw the oven fired up toasting ham, cheese and tomato sandwiches. One night she was cooking chicken and chips for 4 or 5 people. A fine effort after a 650 km day.

We ran in to a fierce rain storm near Bunyip for some, and on the Icy Creek Road for others, the ride having split into two groups from Tyers. The road turned to white milk and the traffic was very heavy, being the last day of the school holidays. A large truck was pushing along at 130 km/h and cutting in and out of the traffic. It was particularly difficult to pass with visibility from the spray reduced to about 20 m. I know the guys were just following my tail light and hoping! Texting Rob Jones that night he indicated that they had copped a wallop from the rain as well but all survived and made it home safely. By the time we reached Officer for our final farewells the roads were completely dry and it was back to 37 degrees, as if nothing had happened!

Thanks for all the thanks, both at the end of the ride, and in the Google Group forum. Not much point in having great accommodation, perfect weather, and clean carless roads if there is no-one to share it with. So thanks to all who made the effort and provided great company and entertainment!

**Ben Warden**