



## **Daylesford Notes**

**Sunday 5<sup>th</sup> August, 2012**

Jason Wilson rolled in to Whittlesea and needed a front brake calliper bolt for the mighty ZX9, and did I have a spare one in my cache of bolts? Checked all my spare bolts – no 8mm. Note to self – must put one in. Do I have an 8mm hex key? Misho noted it is a non-standard Honda tool kit item. Of course I did, so a bolt was cannibalised from elsewhere and “repurposed”. Jason had been changing tyres the night before and missed tightening the calliper bolt(s). We still managed to get away at 10.15 am by my dash clock.

Twenty seven people with five new riders is a big ride, and a lot to grapple with administratively – ICE numbers, four lots of home addresses, membership cash, normal ride route questions.

Looking at the calibre of riders in attendance, I suspect it was an overwhelming baptism of fire for at least three of the four first time riders. Anna, on a naked triumph 675 and riding well, retired at Woodend, freezing cold. Leathers are not warm. Anna had met Rob Langer in the suburbs heading north to Whittlesea and struck up a conversation at the lights, working out they were both heading for the same place! Anna had ridden with NetRiders the day before.

Wes, on the VTR1000, took his leave at Daylesford with Dave Byrne accompanying him as Dave had suggested he come for a ride with MSR. Wes wasn't happy about the bumpy roads or dirt.

Woodend was the tyre pressure check point. Ken looked to borrow my tyre pressure gauge while the heavy fuel users were already topping up after 72 km! Or they weren't full to start with. Then Jesvin rolled up having missed the start point, still having issues with his new CBR600's handling. This should not be happening – CBR's are renowned for their brilliant handling out of the box. It turned out to be a punctured rear tyre running at extreme low pressure last time, the bike sliding around. He complained the tyres were sliding again and I immediately suspected over pressure. My pressure gauge indicated 46 in the rear and something equally dangerous in the front. 42 psi on the side wall is the maximum pressure, two-up with all your camping gear. So I dropped the pressures back to the same as mine, after measuring what mine were, nominally 36 rear, 34 front. Later I asked Misho what pressures Pina was running, Pina closer to Jesvin's weight: answer 34 rear, 31 front. So Jesvin could come down even more in future, say 35/32. Peter Jones got in on the act, his tyres in the 20 psi range! I managed to convince him to pump the rear up to 30 psi.

Craig left at Woodend; off to an art gallery with his girlfriend.

We stopped at the spectacular Upper Coliban Reservoir, just outside Kyneton. It was overflowing, water cascading down the dam wall in a spectacular display of waves before crashing down to the next level. I have only ever seen it in flood like this once before; definitely worth a stop for a photo.

It was 135 km to Daylesford with 2+2 km extra U turn at road works near Fryerstown. The road works changed the complete look of the intersection and hence I rode past the turn (wondering what that big road was off to the left), realised we were going the wrong way, and stopped a further kilometre up the road, waiting for everyone to catch up before doing a safe and controlled U turn. I have seen riders T-bone other riders doing a U-turn in the similar circumstances so better to allow everyone to regroup and turn around at low speed. Less opportunity to make a mistake.

As usual, Daylesford was a hive of tourists, parking at a premium. On reaching Daylesford, the group exploded in all directions looking for fuel, those in the know continuing up the main street and down to the BP. Eventually we all congregated outside the pub on the grassy section and wide footpath, most either eating their home supplied lunch, or visiting the bakeries and returning to eat with the group. Three riders, Rob Langer, Geoff Dick and first time rider Mick Bush were accidentally left still eating in a café when the ride departed. Geoff had ridden down from Tatura and Mick calls Tumut home. I understand Misho recognised the problem, did a quick search, but was unable to find them.

Dirt road 2.4 km long just short of Vaughan. The road works were roped off requiring people to hold up the rope for everyone to pass under. Good stuff!

18 people at the finish at Bulla under the planes. Total 317 km.

**Ben Warden**