

Jeremy's Dam Run – or what turned out to be “Damm my Leg” and “Damm my bikes running like crap and Damm you Sunday drivers”

The day started out beautiful, crisp, and a little cold. Arrived at Wayne's to jump off my commuter to jump onto the already warmed up pan, Wayne had already warmed up old blue, a quick stall and a re-kick and we made it out the gate. All was going great... if you remember back about six months the last time I rode the pan I ended up damaging my leg. This time I was a little wary and was going to let Wayne kick her over. We rode down the hill to pick-up Andrew again all smooth sailing, u-turned the big old girl in the street and off we went to Caltex Midvale.

As we pulled in we found the usual spot full of classic Holdens getting ready for a run, straight round to the pumps for a quick fill-up as no one else from the club was around. Filled the bikes, and then my Damm moment, kicked once, twice and then pop again, something in my leg had let go, not my kicking leg but my bracing leg.

We got on the road at this point for the run down to Dan Murphys in Kelmscott to meet the rest of the riders. We arrived just before 10, to find we were sharing the car park with a few people waiting for the bottle shop to open. Its 10 o'clock in the morning, these are some seriously committed drinkers.

Waiting for us in the car park were Glenn, Ivor and Rick on their respective Harleys. We lined up and got a few looks from the bottleshop crowd (obviously some aversion to loud noise in this assembly). Pleasantries were exchanged along the normal lines; you know the norm. “G'day Wog”, “Harley's outnumber Indian's”, etc etc.

Just to add weight to this observation Ross arrived on his beautifully presented 2009 Harley.

From the other side of the railway line came the wail of a siren, at first we considered it was normal for the area, then realised it was Charlie announcing his presence. Within minutes Charlie and Chris had arrived adding to the riding pack; again more noise for the die-hards waiting for Dan Murphy's to open. Much attention was duly paid to Chris's '32 Bobber out on it first serious run.

Without the leadership of Jeremy (still away OS) discussion turned to the purpose of the day, were shall we go? what shall we see? and where should we stop for lunch? The decision was made to ride down the Brookton H'way in the direction of the Canning Dam, wing it through the beautiful country side and winding roads in the direction of Mundaring Weir Hotel (rumour has it they put on a spit roast lunch). Andrew was nominated ride leader in Jeremy's absence, and we started to form up for the ride. This was the next Damm moment, Glen's well tuned out Red U model decided this would be a good time to test the starting procedure. 5 Mins of consultation and roadside mechanics got it started. Possible carb problem or a timing issue, big Red was running well when Glen left home and had deteriorated.

Up into the Dam country we went, it was a beautiful day for a ride through the hills and winding roads and thankfully a little early for the die-hard Sunday Drivers. Five minutes up the tourist drive and on a pleasantly enjoyable bit of road, Andrew out front had an encounter with a Sunday driver, I thought for moment that Andrew was

going to join him in the backseat. The driver, looking for what we assume was Araluen, decided to stop in the middle of the road to check his map. Andrew did very well to stop the Scout and thus enjoyed his Damm moment. I will pay tribute at this stage to the brakes on the Pan as well, with that much weight in motion I was not sure where I was going to end up. Not sure what was happening behind me, all my focus was on Andrew and the car.

Another few hundred metres up the road the car pulled off and left us to enjoy what some engineer had designed to wind through this lush green countryside, without further incident, over the escarpment and down to the garage at the intersection of Brookton H'way and Canning Road. This was a good place for a smoko and a drink break.

From here we wound our way up through Canning Mills, Pickering Brook, Carmel and Bickley until we reached Mundaring Weir Road. Winding our way on through Hacketts Gully and up through Paulls Valley to the Dam Head. This has to be one of the best bits of road for cruising on a motorbike; thankfully we were through before the Sunday rush. Our next stop was the Mundaring Weir Hotel, where there was rumour of a spit roast roll for lunch. Much to our disappointment the woodfire was running behind schedule and our next Damm moment presented, no rolls until around 3 o'clock, a quick discussion found us agreeing on the Artisan Bakery in Mundaring for lunch.

Saddle-up time again and we wound our way out of the weir valley, again the road was free of the normal Sunday traffic and we made good time. A quick stop just past the Historical Railway reserve to let the group re-assemble and off we went again.

It was this point that Wayne and old Blue had their Damm moment, as an impatient Sunday driver decided that he had to turn right before the oncoming traffic and not give way.

From here the journey to the Bakery was pretty uneventful; we lined up the bikes on Great Eastern Highway and went forth to lunch.

A hearty lunch was had by all before we all parted company for the ride home. Wayne laid out an invitation to the shed and Charlie, Chris, Andrew, Glen and myself proceeded across to have a tinker. Glen's Harley was still playing up so a quick tune-up ensued. The quick tune-up turned into another Damm moment, the Carb was pulled off and partial re-build was undertaken, a broken exhaust bracket was also discovered and a new one was quickly manufactured.

I believe an enjoyable Damm ride indeed was had by all. Big thanks' to Wayne for letting me ride the Pan and for opening up his shed to work on Glen's bike.

Looking forward to Charlie's Mystery ride, queue the Austin Powers music.

Shiny side up.

Tolj-Mahal