

NOT LOST, JUST LOOKING

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had lots of fun and it was a nice exercise. Ronnie and I shared a yummy pizza and Huw had an enormous salad for lunch. We had a look at the chocolate factory, I have never seen so much chocolate in my life, it was quite sickening. Andy, Warwick and Ron were in the back up car up front so we could just follow them, which was great, we couldn't get lost this way. We did a 2 kilometre gravel road before heading back to the caravan park. That afternoon Perth copped a massive storm. Hail, wind, thunderstorms and lots and lots of rain. Millions of dollars worth of damage to buildings, cars, homes and power lines. It made a destructive path through our state. It looked very scary watching it on the news, imagine being in the middle of it. Lots of calls were made to family and friends in Perth to hear that everybody was safe, thank goodness. It took Huw's Elina two and a half hours to get home, normally it only takes her 25 minutes to get home from work. Lots of us took our gear out of the tents and made an emergency camp in the games room. We parked the bikes under the verandah and waited for the storm to hit Busselton. We got a beautiful dramatic sunset, rain and an amazing lightning storm but that was it. We all ended up sleeping in our tents. Tuesday started sunny and nice and warm. Some of the bikes needed some TLC especially the Indian and the Ariel. The two oldest bikes on the ride, both rigid frames, pretty hard on both riders. We had bought the Indian only two weeks before the trip and Ronnie was very excited to ride it. He had changed the accelerator to the other side and had done an oil change but otherwise not much. This was going

to be a big test for the bike as it had been in a shed for the last seven years. We had a relaxing morning at the caravan park before leaving for a lovely ride through the country. We were going to have an ice cream at Simmo's but only a couple of people showed up, we all got a bit lost somehow. We received a call from Bob Rees that Richard Turpin's clutch had gone so they needed a back up car, both cars were with us. A couple of minutes later Bob rang again, they had fixed the problem so the back up car wasn't needed. We got two more phone calls like this so in the end we just waited for them all to arrive at Simmo's. Some had a go at mini golf and others enjoyed their ice cream. Andy tried a licorice ice cream, which made him look very scary, black lips and teeth. We rode to Yallingup and had a rest in the park. It was very hot again and big thunderclouds had gathered. Back at the caravan park we were told there was a severe weather warning for Busselton area so the bikes were back under the verandah. The manager told us later the weather warning had been cancelled. Albany copped it that night, the most electric lightning storm they had ever seen. Wednesday was another day to pack up our gear as we were heading down to Augusta for the next two nights. John Coleman (J.C) from the Indian Harley club had arrived from Bunbury. He was going to join us for the last three nights. We had morning tea at the café in Gracetown. Jo's chain was quite loose so it got fixed there and then on the parking area. When we were going to have a look at Redgate Beach, Chris' bike blew a head gasket so the bike ended on Andy's trailer. Chris and Bob went two up on Bob's BSA. We had lost some of the members again including Jo, who had been waiting on a corner for us to go past. No one came through though so she decided to have a look on the map and saw we were going to have a lunch stop at Boranup Gallery, that is where she caught up with us. When we arrived there I wanted to turn my bike around so the bike was facing the right way. It was a gravel parking area though and when I turned very slowly I touched the front brake very lightly. When I

did that I thought: "Maybe you shouldn't have done that Antoinet", the next moment I went down. It took three of us to lift the bike back up. Only two minutes later Keith went down too. We had a laugh, luckily no problems with the bikes and a big lesson for me. We got heaps of drizzle when we left the gallery so it was time to put the wet weather gear on. We had a look at Hamelin Bay where we took the gear off again because it was sunny and hot. Only a couple of more kilometers before we arrived at Turners caravan park in Augusta. We paid \$12 per night per person and found



Arriving at the mine at Greenbushes.



Posing for a photo after viewing the pig collection at Boyup Brook, more entertaining was everyone counting how many kicks it took for Anne to get the Norton going.



Charging problems left the Indian with a flat battery, so a BMW battery was installed.



Waiting for the storm to arrive in Busselton - luckily it didn't arrive.



Ron and Reg.



Warwick and Andy.

a lovely spot under the paperbark trees. Most people went to have fish and chips up the road and Andrew, Wendy, Ronnie and I had a yummy dinner at the Chinese restaurant. The owner kept us entertained with all her stories about working in a restaurant. When we put in our orders, she said can I make a suggestion? You have a lot of vegetables here maybe you should change the beef and vegetables to Mongolian lamb. A good choice, it was very nice. She never stopped talking but luckily the phone rang. She still didn't stop, Ronnie said: "The phone is ringing" and we got up quickly to pay and walk back to the caravan park. Andy and Warwick had had their dinner at the pub and drove past us beeping their horn. Warwick was yelling something at us and Ronnie shouted back: "Hoons!!" He got in big trouble with me for yelling through the quiet streets of Augusta. Ronnie said: "But they started" It sounded like I was back at work in the childcare centre. Thursday morning took me for a walk along the river. There was a beautiful sunrise and the river was very calm. Most people had a nice and relaxing day at the caravan park and some went for a ride. We had breakfast at the bakery in town and headed off for a ride to Alexandra bridge and Margaret River. J.C, Phillip, Andrew and Wendy came along. We had a look at the free rest areas, maybe one day we could go and camp there.

We ate lunch in Margaret River and headed back towards Augusta. Just outside of Margaret River Ronnie realized the Indian's battery wasn't charging. We pulled over and J.C's battery (BMW) was swapped with the Indian battery. Ronnie kept saying he was glad Bob wasn't there. We all made it back safe to the caravan park. That night we all had dinner at the pub, great food and great company. I had bought a card for Keith to say thanks for all the organizing and we all wrote a personal message for him in the card. Friday morning was pack up morning again. Great to have these back-up cars with us, you don't have to strap it all on the bike. Ronnie had more problems with the charging so they got David Webb's battery of the BSA to put in the Indian. Ronnie got assistance from Jo, she was sitting on the

The Riders and their bikes:

- Ronnie Jellesma: 1942 Indian Scout 600
- Reg Bostock: 1948 BSA B33
- Garry Blake: 1949 Ariel 500 Red Hunter
- Chris Rees: 1951 Sunbeam S8
- Richard Turpin: 1954 Velocette 350 Mac
- Bob Rees: 1956 BSA Goldflash
- Ann Oakes: 1956 ES2 Norton 500
- Clive Oakes: 1956 ES2 Norton 500
- Clive Smith: 1958 BSA A10 650
- Phillip O'Halloran: 1959 BSA Goldflash
- Huw Jones: 1964 BMW R60/2
- David Webb: 1967 BSA Thunderbolt
- John Coleman: 1972 BMW 75/5
- Andrew Haydock: 1973 BMW 900
- Jim Sharpe: 1975 BMW R90/6
- John Bond: 1975 BMW
- Daniel Webb: 1976 Moto Guzzi Convert
- Bob Jackson: 1976 BMW R750/7
- Keith Graham: 1976 BMW R90S
- Jo Harrison: 1978 Honda 750 four
- Colin Hinkley: 1979 BMW R100S
- Ron Allen: 1979 BMW 100RT
- John Barber: 1980 BMW R100
- Antoinet Glazema: 1981 Yamaha XS 1100 Special
- John Sinclair: 1982 Kawasaki Z 1100 Sidecar
- John Gillam: 1984 Suzuki GS 1100 G

ground next to the Indian handing the tools to Ronnie, we had never seen anyone do that before. We rode to Nannup for morning tea and said goodbye to Huw and John Gillam, they were going back home. Some people got left behind and lost from Nannup to Manjimup but in the end we all made it safely. Wendy's mum had very generously invited us for afternoon tea at her place. It was amazing what she had made for us: picklets, scones, cake, home-made jams, coffee and tea. It was very much appreciated by all of us. We had a lovely ride to Pemberton, nice quiet and windy roads. After putting up our tents on the grass we sat down for the last happy hour. Bob got the guitar ready and we were singing along, chatting, eating and drinking, what a lovely last day of a great trip.

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