

## **IIRA Ride 4 Oct 15**

### **Ride to Euroa Show and Shine.**

Group assembled at the United Service station bright and early on Sunday morning.

The weather had promise of being a perfect day for riding, the Sun was out already and should be no need for wet weather gear.

8:30 (7:30am real time) , every one remembered to put their clocks forward 1 hour and after imbibing in coffee at the cafe in the servo area were half fit for a decent ride. Do not recall any one mentioning the football game the day before? Last to turn up was Ken Hager possibly still on American Time. A good turn up of bikes and riders, 8 in all. Russell Arthur called the night before and was going to meet us at Euroa.

In Phil Whites view it was 2 Fake , Fake Indians (Peter's and George's Drifters), 5 Fake Indians ( Lance , Andrew and Ken on 2014 Chiefs, Sandy on her gorgeous Indian Scout and Mark on his Bomber) and 1 real Indian The Chips.

George led a prompt start at 9:00 and we took off up Plenty Road towards Whittlesea. Copped a few traffic lights but under Georges Captaincy we grouped up and kept a well maintained group all the way to Yea. Road is boring and Sunday traffic until we cleared South Morang. The road does not have many twisty bits until you get past Whittlesea but the scenery was beautiful, it is so green it was hard to believe.

Once out of Whittlesea, being tail end Charlie I would count the bikes in front of me, at one stage was 8 then only 7 and I did not see anyone pull over. Kept counting all the way to Yea and kept on getting the same number. Turned out Ken was a bit bored with the pace and cut loose on a parallel track from Whittlesea so he could open it up and clear the cobwebs. The sudden digression snapped Mark out of his reverie when confronted with alternate riders to follow. The ride to Yea was as smooth as silk, everyone kept bunched up and in staggered formation, sitting at the back it was a pleasure to watch the group sweeping through the bend. It was also music to the ears to hear the occasional blat out of Sandy's Scout, the rumble from Andrew's Chief, but best of all was the deep cackle from Phil's Chief it blew the rest of the orchestra out of the pit.

Cruised into Yea , Sandy pointing desperately to the petrol station and me and Lance looking desperately for the men's. Short walk to the bakery to partake in a pie and sauce.

Phil and myself being a bit more cultured sat at a table to eat ours with a knife and fork and participate in deep and meaningful discussion about world affairs, while the rest ate out of a paper bag with the flies out side. At this stage I thought about my return trip down the highway to go back to work and spied a Coffee Scroll that was at least the size of a dinner plate, so I brought that for my ride back to town in case I got hungry. We all got together again outside and told the usual round of tall stories before George gave everyone a prod to complete the trip to Euroa where they could find more food and possibly visit the show and shine.

As everyone prepared to leave Yea I peeled off and headed back to Melbourne via Trawool and Tullarook. This road was just as good as the roads coming up and the road from Trawool and to Tullarook is a road I will visit again. Quite a lot of little stops alongside the river, looks like a nice spot to go parking with the missus.

Disappointingly after exiting Tullarook I ended up on the freeway to the Hume Highway shuffle. Made good time and was at work in Pt Melbourne by 12:30pm.

Meanwhile the rest of the group headed off to Euroa through Molesworth and Yark, turning off the main road at Merton for Euroa. This road was quite a find, no traffic, mostly smooth and lots of nice flowing bends through the hills. Only incident was a bumpy bit that chucked off Phil's muffler. However George donated the straps holding his day pack to secure it on Chips' pack rack and we were back on the road, funny thing was Chips sounded much the same.

Once in Euroa we rode around a bit before we discovered the Show and Shine in the back of the main street by the river. The event was well attended and had a great display of cars and bikes. Interesting to see all the cars one owned through the years (but in far better nick).

Russel made it in time to enter his Chief in the Vintage Motorcycle section and was judged best in class.

After a couple of hours looking at the displays of old and new ranging from the basic to the fully tricked up and scale model steam engines and stationary kero engines and a V12 Merlin engine, boy was that loud, and some lunch we made our goodbyes and headed for home independently on the most convenient route (Mark volunteered to follow Phil to collect the parts), Ken gunned it down the freeway and I took the opportunity to go via Alexander, Acheron, Buxton and the Black Spur, very little traffic on the road and had the wonderful Black Spur to myself.

**Combined Report from Peter Kime and George Fitzpatrick**