

Annual Rally Burmagui Nov 2022

On a Sunny but some what subdued Thursday evening Zoe and I headed down the coast for this years anuual Rally held in the quiet seaside town of Burmagui, We stopped in Ulladullah for dinner and a quick stroll around town to stretch our legs then hopped down the road to " " The locality of " East Lynne

a quaint term for places with a name but no village.

We camped over night at Bede and Ange Coopers lovely old service Station as mentioned in last Drip Feed. Lit a camp fire and watched a possums watching us.

Arising Friday to a some what dank and foggy morn it looked rather like there had been a bush fire, a breakfast of pie and sausage roll and a look around Bedes shed and museam where he is planning to have a period street set with bowser, workshop and already a 28 A Ford ute and a Studebaker awaiting in the wings,

As we had no hurry to drive the last 200 odd km, so we popped into Batemans Bay for morning tea, and a browse of the op shops picked up a pair of excellent condition wet weather pant for \$20, also a spare set of spark plug as I'm having trouble with the 24 SCOUT eating plugs . And the older size and type of plugs are harder to find these days so when if find some I snap them up.

After Batemans Bay the souless 4 lane carriage way, an oxymoron if ever I heard one, No horse n carriage would sully them selves on these artifices of expediency, You drop back 40 years to the picturesque old 2 lane highways of my youth, I fondly remember school holidays driving to Queensland, lunch at a roadside stop with a few tables, a toilet and the bush, winding through the country side often with a canopy of trees over the highway and passing THROUGH local towns not around them, A myriad of little shops , cafes and pubs to call in at and generally relax and support the local economy.

Next on our tour was the Bodalla Dairy and a child hood memory for me as dad always insisted on Bodalla cheese when shopping in the 80's, not that tasteless Bega stuff!, And I was not disappointed it is delicious, I bought \$70 worth!

It was a short skip down the road to our Motel for the weekend in Narooma. The weather had turned chilly so we walked to the head land and gazed at the freezing water, hoping that when we head down this way in Dec its warm enough for a swim.



Friday arvo Bermagui Country club rallying point

We then wound our way to Bermagui to meet the rest of the riders for the short Friday run up the hills to Quaint Tilba Tilba, The Scout and sidecar pulled well up the steep windy stretch to the town and we had an ice cream, a stroll and a catch up with club members we had not seen in months or longer. The bike seems to be blowing out more oil than designed but I put that down to the higher compression ratio I have got on this engine of 7:1 not the usual 5:1, none of these bikes have what you would call engine "seals, So having left its mark in Tllba we headed back to the rally Point at the Bermagui Country Club, and then to Narooma for the night.

Saturday morning was sunny with a stiff breeze but warm, a great crowd had turned out for our main run 37 vintage bikes and a couple of modern ones to round it out, The very snazzy looking 1914 Woolsley being one of the oldest, only 1 BSA to my surprise and 2 side cars. I managed to marshall every one for a group photo, though we were in the shade of some big she-oaks, then Alan gave the ride briefing and we headed off to Cobargo for our morning tea



stop, I missed the direction and ended up on the short route so arrived a bit bewildered as to how we were first but was probably a good thing as it meant we avoided the short leg down the Princes highway and the 100 kph zone, The scout was rumbling along at a

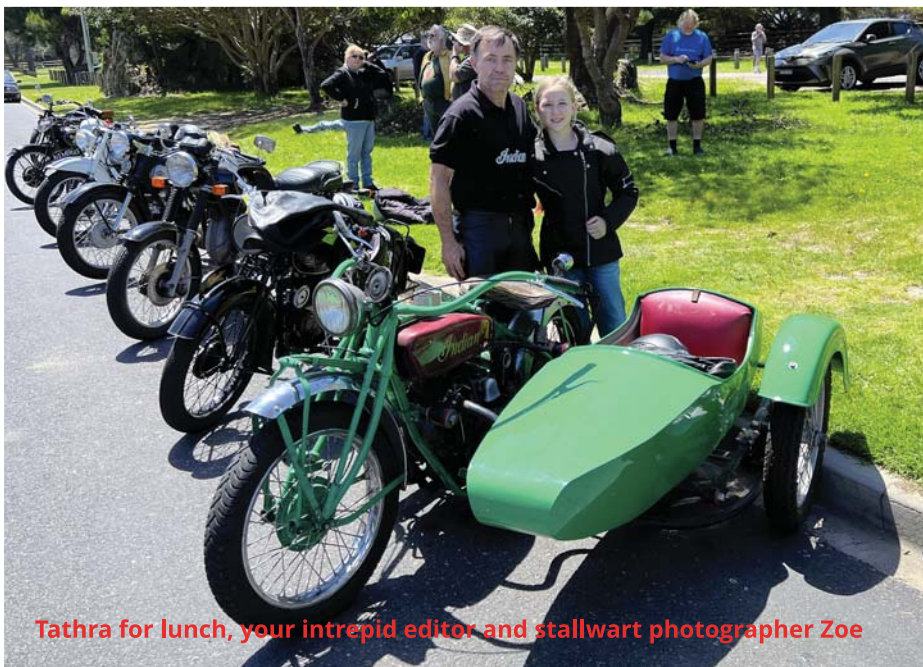


Cobargo for morning tea

good 70 kph though, and when I finally get the 19 tooth sprocket I've ordered should hold a bit better up the hills.

A nip into the Cobargo Charity shop for Zoe, always on the look out for the strange and odd, for her museum of curious things. She has been a keen scout now for 4 years and found a Jamboree tea spoon from 1934!

The long leg of the day from Cobargo back through Bermagui



Tathra for lunch, your intrepid editor and stallwart photographer Zoe

down the coast road to Tathra for lunch is as picturesque as it gets. Lots of easy winding road and stretches right along the coast line with nothing between you and New Zealand. Sad to say that one of our riders, Eric on a AJS V twin had come off back near Cobargo and was rushed to Batemans Bay Hospital with a suspected broken arm, No internal injuries were found thankfully and the bike is recovering well.

A leisurely lunch was had in the cafes and Pub in Tathra. We had a lovely pie and the annoyance of some clown who had left their faulty alarm on in a very beaten up old Mazda 3 that kept gong off for over half an hour, lunch cost us \$20 the Mazda was worth about the same!

A climb up the Tathra headland to refuel fore the return leg, I used about 7 litres for the 59km run so not bad with a sidecar on and still learning the technique of sidecar running.

Running back along the old road things were doing well, till I came to the only steep climb of the day just before Barragga Bay, engine started coughing and I missed the gear change about half way up stalling the bike! Dave the back up driver was close at hand and we had to push the Scout about 150 meters up the hill to a safe spot to check it out ,immediately realising how unfit I have become over the last 2 years, some more push bike riding will be in order !

A quick change of plugs only partly solved the issue I suspect I may have developed an in take leak, but we got rolling down the other side of the hill and rattled on back into Burmagui for a well earned cup of tea .



Some of our members at dinner telling tall tales but true

Loaded the bike on to our trailer then headed back to our motel to freshen up for the Club Dinner,

It was a very nice dinner with lots of chat and a huge meal, Matt had a stream of bike images and racing going on the big screen and many woes and experiences were exchanged.

Sunday morning we decided to leave the bike and drive back to Tilba Tilba for a bit of souvenir shopping, a lovely breakfast and then we headed off to the last stop on the weekends agenda , a demonstration of Blacksmithing at Galba Forge, a Property 15 km out of Cobargo, Run by Philippe Ravenel, a Swiss imigrant.

He does some amazing work and managed to get a crowd of 20 blokes to be silent as he fired, beat, moulded and folded steel in to a lovely coat rack . One thing that caught my eye on his work shop wall was a local project he is involved in .

They are making "a hand on memorial sculpture project, for the Cobargo and surrounds communities that survived the 2020 Black Summer bushfires . A tree that does not burn, just like the community that did not burn. Made with fire by every member of our community". a 4 meter high tree where each member of the community will have their name stamped into a leaf of the tree, about 2000 in all .

Monday we wendled our way home with lunch in Ulladulla and a walk to the fossil deposit on the head land, a unique chance to be upclose and insitu with 450,000,000 yr old life, from the seas long before we crawled onto a motor bike.

Ray Elbourne, Pics by Zoe Davis and Brad Martin

