

## 3<sup>Rd</sup> Australian Adler Rally, Tanunda, South Australia

Well another two years had passed and it was time to set off for the 3<sup>rd</sup> Australian Adler Rally. This time it was being supported by the Juventus Motorcycle Club and as it was open to all German Motorcycles I could join in as well.

So the Heinkel was washed, checked over and loaded into the trailer with Dad's Adler for the 1,300 or so kilometre trip to Gawler where we would be staying.

It had been something like 30 odd years since I'd been to South Australia but some things I had remembered. The seemingly endless Hay plains, the orchards of the Riverina, the bridge into Renmark and of course the vineyards of the Barossa Valley. The trip was uneventful but pleasant with far better weather than Sydney was experiencing.

Upon arriving at Gawler on Friday and having settled in, we were visited by Otto and with him were Tom and Beverly who had made the journey down from Queensland with their Sprinter (a sterling effort!).

We chatted for an hour or so and Otto gave us a "heads up" on the weekend's proceedings. He had also lined up Paul from the Juventus Club to come and visit us that afternoon, because Paul would be dropping by the following morning and leading us to the start in Tanunda. Not long after Otto, Tom and Beverly left Paul arrived on Otto's Kreidler. More chatting and we arranged a time to depart the next morning, and then he headed home as he had only just finished work and was probably keen to put his feet up for a bit.

Next morning the sun was shining, the air was cool and with Paul leading on the Kreidler we departed for Tanunda. It was pretty obvious from behind that Dad's Adler hadn't seen a lot of long runs recently as I was nearly disappearing in a two stroke fog for a while and the front of the scooter was wearing some oil spots by the time we arrived in Tanunda.

The rally rendezvous was a hive of activity, and it brought a smile to my face to see all the other bikes arriving; Tom and Beverly with their Sprinter, Hans and Fe with their lovely MB250 and a lot of bikes new to me. Tea, coffee and pancakes were on hand as registrations took place and people were catching up and checking out the other bikes.

It was nice to see that no two Adlers were alike, and having two Sprinters and one Adler fitted with twin carbs and variations on the colour schemes made for a nice variety. Added to which were the other German brands such as Horex, Maico, Kreidler and Heinkel.

Soon it was time to set off and as always, when the pressure is on to perform, some of us older ones are susceptible to a bit of a reluctance to "fire up". But with so many sympathisers on hand and Otto coming to the rescue with a new battery, it wasn't long before the air was filling up with a familiar blue haze.

This morning's ride was to Birdwood via a coffee stop at Dead Mans Gully near Gawler and it wasn't long before we all merged into a nice convoy of bikes. I settled in behind Hans and it was really heart-warming to see a long line of Adlers on the road in front.

The marshals were doing a wonderful job at marking the corners and making sure everyone could keep up, and it was only after a while I remembered to wave at the

marshal's camera bike as it made its way along the line of bikes. The tea, coffee and cake stop, provided by the club again, was well appreciated as everyone had warmed up (bikes included) and were talking and looking at the bikes while scoffing down a cake and a warm beverage. Alas, at the resumption of the ride one bike had a bit of a sulk and was reluctant to start, and so was banished to the support trailer for its sins.

The ride to Birdwood was picking up pace and all enjoyed it and we were looking forward to the wonderful lunch provided by the Juventus club at the Birdwood National Motor Museum.

With all the Adlers lined up in the grounds and sparkling in the sunshine it made for a wonderful and rare opportunity to see this many Adlers all together at once and I'm sure the judges from the museum had a difficult time picking their winners.

During the afternoon most went for a walk through the museum and/or enjoyed a chat in the sunshine. I nearly left it a bit late for my museum visit and I was telephoned to say that everyone was getting ready to go. So a quick pit stop and gear on and we were ready to head back to our respective accommodation before meeting up again that night in Tanunda for the dinner and presentation evening.

A room was set aside for our dinner at the Clubhouse in Tanunda and Fred, who had been taking photos all day, had hurriedly organised the images and set up a slide show in the room for our entertainment. Well done! So after a drink, dinner was served followed up by a lovely dessert. The "adult sundae" was really nice, and afterwards a presentation was held and included the Bent Conrod trophy and the Adler Piston trophy.

A slightly embarrassed Otto managed to take two trophies on the night although he did say one was for his daughter as she was riding the original Adler.

There were thank yous all round for the organisers, the ride marshals, the guys and girls of the catering and support/ backup crew, Fred for the photography, Tony for organising the trophies and everyone for attending, especially those who'd travelled from interstate.

Sunday morning found us back in Tanunda for the second ride, this time to Hahndorf via Birdwood. There were less bikes this day but we had an R26 BMW and the Horex was back for a second go after being half disassembled overnight to cure a fuel problem from the previous day. No false starts this day and we were soon on our way to Birdwood for our first break. The roads were a treat with only one minor event when a large grey kangaroo tried to come out and greet Otto. I think this being a sunny Sunday was the cue for a lot of the classic cars and bikes in the Adelaide region to come out for a pleasant drive so there was plenty to see on the way.

After the stop in Birdwood for refreshments it was on to Hahndorf on some more lovely roads. Come to think of it, all the roads we went on over the weekend were good. Does South Australia have a monopoly on them?

Arriving in Hahndorf on this sunny day did ring a bit of a bell, as it is like a lot of touristy towns in NSW on a sunny Sunday. Packed! But there was no problem and soon all the bikes and vehicles were comfortably parked up in a car park just off the main street. The next item of course was a suitable pub for lunch and this again was quickly organised by the local members with a long table booked for us at the Hahndorf Inn. So then there was a bit of time for sightseeing and of course it was fortunate having locals to point out all the interesting sights in Hahndorf, whilst cracking a few jokes as well.

So later I'm sitting down at the table with a menu in hand and deciding what to have. It only seemed right to have traditional German fare, as most were choosing, so lots of meat, sauerkraut and potatoes then.

So I picked a wurst, and it was the best, washed down with a German Lager and I could have settled in for the afternoon. But the bike wasn't going to ride itself back. So after watching one of the guys demolish two racks of ribs, we said goodbye to those not travelling back to Tanunda and rejoined the waiting bikes in the car park.

Otto had chosen a different route back to Tanunda and we were presented with some pleasant scenery, undulating roads with plenty of sweeping bends and hills which extracted every one of the nine horsepower I had on tap.

Back on to the main road and we waved goodbye to one of the club members who had been one our marshals as he turned off for home, we then headed into Williamstown where we took the road to the Whispering Wall, which is one of the reservoirs for the Barossa Valley.

The wall of the dam looks like a parabolic curve and has a unique characteristic in that with a person at either end of the wall you can converse at a normal volume and hear the other person as if they were standing beside you even though they are over 150 metres away. It's unbelievable even when you're doing it.

After a refreshment and a chat it was our turn to say goodbye and thank you to Otto and his crew, and to thank Tom and Beverly for coming down and wished them well on their return journey. Chris from the Juventus club did his last duties as marshal and lead us back to Gawler. Stopping just outside the town we shook hands and thanked him and everyone again for such a great time. It was a little sad riding back to the caravan park to load the bikes into the trailer knowing it was all over for another two years. But extremely happy we had made the effort.

So thanks again to everybody who took a part in the rally, organisers and participants. There are too many to name but you know who you are. It was the good organisation, the good company and of course the good humour which made it a very enjoyable event. I hope the next one can be as good.

See you all in 2015. It'll be here before you know it.

Allen & Keith Wall



Keith on his Adler 1956



Allen Having a go 1971