

BFR - Loskop Dam - 10 July 2011

Despite being constructed more than 70 years ago, the Loskop Dam, situated across a gorge on the Olifants River, about 32 km south of Groblersdal, in Mpumalanga, remains one of the largest dams in South Africa.

Construction of the Loskop Dam on the farms Loskop and Vergelegen started in 1934. As was the case with many other government projects at the time only married white men were employed on the Loskop Dam construction site. They were paid five shillings a day and were provided with free accommodation, food and medical attention.

By the end of 1937 the dam was nearly complete, except for a number of minor tasks on the superstructure. Good rains fell in December 1937 and the dam overflowed in January 1938. The initial height of the dam wall was 45 metres and it was raised in 1980 to its current height of 54 meters.

Another fact is that the dam is 182 km from the Dros in Waterkloof if you ride via Bronkhorstpruit and Dennilton.



And so it was that on 10 July 2011 39 riders (26 male, 13 female) departed on the trek to Loskop Dam. There were 26 Harleys and 2 BMW's. The BMW riders were friends of Paul Correia who joined us for the day.

The Marshal team consisted of Norman Davis – Road Captain, Stoffel de Beer (Lead), Mario Koekemoer (Sweep), Renier and Marinda Smit (Safety Officers), Peter and Antonella de Meyer (Biker Buddy) and Pieter le Roux, Heather Botha, Mac McCleary and Keith Lee (Marshals).

The temperature on the whole ride remained steady at about 5-9 °C except for a short time around the dam itself and that can explain why many riders had a bluish tint to their faces and hands. How then did it happen that some of the LOH riders had a greenish complexion? That can be explained by the following riddle: What does 1920 Brandy, Tequila, LeVodka, Chilli Liqueur, Chocolate Liqueur,

and many other types of shooters have in common? Probably nothing, except for a slightly greenish complexion if consumed together in copious quantities!

Här är en lektion du sent ska glömma

(Laat dit vir hulle 'n les wees - here is a lesson they won't easy forget)

The brunch, although delicious, was a segmented affair – first we got the rolls and the steaks, a while later followed by salads and then later came the chips. In the end all stomachs were filled and around noon you could hear the thunder as riders started up their machines to tackle the ride back. Most of us decided to skip the 17 speed humps through Dennilton and took the scenic road to Middelburg. Wouldn't our lives be fantastic if the road from Middelburg to Pretoria (N4) was a bit more exciting?

P.S. PlusOne, we miss you.