

Southern Ride Report: Sunday 5th October, 2014

Rod Taylor

Well it was windy (again). And it didn't really improve (much). The temperature was cool to start with (as usual). And the leaden grey clouds were rolling by (tell me something new).

But you know what? No one cared!



Ross and Ann showed off their new 796 and Bonneville respectively. Well done. A good crowd of the usual mad, bad, dazed and confused rolled in to Salamanca this Sunday morning to enjoy coffees and good-hearted banter. No-one was in a hurry to leave. James gave his sermon and raffle prizes were won – several times - and re-donated (thanks Cam and Phil V).

And then we were off. Up Davey Street and on to the Southern Outlet, past Kingston to eventually regroup at Huonville for ten minutes or so.



All the important ones were there so we were off again, zipping along to

Franklin, Port Huon to eventually bypass Geeveston via Scotts Road. I turned off here and rode the couple of ks further into town, taking a break due due to another engagement later in the day. I still made time to stop in town to enjoy a full-on burger and coffee whilst leisurely reading the Sunday paper. Ah, this is the life! I really like Geeveston. It's a 'comfortable and friendly' little rest stop. I must do, as I was there just last Sunday as well! The main group was continuing on to Southport so maybe someone else can fill you in on that part of the journey.



Anyway, back on board and the Duke is going better now than it ever has (must've heard me talking about selling it and started to panic)! I seemed to have acquired another few horsepower from somewhere and believe me I'm not complaining. A few of the bigger group who'd gone ahead earlier caught up with me at Franklin and were stopping at *Petty Sessions* but I decided to keep going as three coffees and a burger were probably enough by then. And it was still only midday.

Back home at a rapid pace, stopping at the Dicksons to see Paul sanding the latest 'caravan of love' (Dolly) back to bare timber (or splinters). I'm eagerly awaiting its transformation!

Pulled into the driveway and decided to give the bike a thorough clean and polish. Looking like new (again)! Another great day leaning round corners. Don't we just love it. And hooray for daylight saving!



Flashback to earlier in the morning and Port Huon...

Phil Page takes up the story.

Wondered where Rod had got to as we began the really interesting bit of the ride: up over Scott's Road and back onto the Huon Highway where the twisties start to get serious: through Waterloo, up over the hill down into Surges Bay and then onto the Police Point Road (Esperance Coast Road).

Heavy traffic on this route from access to the large number of salmon pens in the area has meant that the surface has broken down quite a bit. Wet spots and lots of debris on the road from the earlier blustery conditions added an extra element of excitement to this great little ride and everyone who went on had a blast, even if there were a few hairy moments with the heart leaping unwanted into the mouth.



Just outside of Dover we gradually dribbled into the regroup point to decide what to do next. The weather to the West and South West wasn't looking too flash – plenty of heavy cloud, Adamson's Peak invisible and a few spots of impending rain. So in true IMC fashion, four plans were hatched for the group of around 13 or 14 bikes. One group was heading back to the *Petty Sessions Café* in Franklin, another was making for the *Naked Bike Café* in Geeveston doing the circuit via the highway, another group was also heading back to Geeveston, but just wanted to try the Police Point Road out in the opposite direction, and Ross headed straight home so as not to miss the Grand Prix – I think he was pretty happy with the new Monster 796 though!

Phil Vincent waved his magic over the rain clouds for us by donning his wet weather gear and we enjoyed a dry trip for the rest of the day.

Another charge back to Geeveston, then lunch and lots of yarns at the *Naked Bike Café*. From there we gradually drifted off towards more domestic responsibilities. Phil V, Chris T on his Aprilia, and I left together and had a brisk run back to town, before heading our various ways.

Back home in the garage (I so love the ride over Grasstree), I looked at the old red tractor and mused that unlike Rod's Ducati, my aging Guzzi doesn't need cleaning (or indeed servicing) every time I look at it, but the feeling was the same – top day, lovely corners and good company.

And to finish, a big welcome to Kathy's new Italian recruits to the club!

