

# **RIDE REPORTS – January 2012**

Reports of our rides can be submitted to Glenn Pearce by any Ulysses member for inclusion on these pages

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## **Sunday 29<sup>th</sup> January**

After timely reminders of ride protocols and best wishes from our Branch "mother" we rode out in two main groups along the East Derwent Highway towards the city. The "quicks" were soon out of sight but the main bunch kept pretty well in touch through south Hobart to Huon Road.

The morning was lovely and sunny, no wind providing a dry surface to the twisty, bendy road down to Longley. Outside the pub we saw a gathering of bright, shiny minis and their proud owners. We continued along Huon Road to Lower Longley joining the Huon Highway, near Vince's Saddle, for the downhill run to Grove. The final approach to Huonville gave most riders the chance to catch up and we were soon gathered in the large carpark, next to Banjos, for morning tea.

About half the group decided against continuing to Southport, and returned home, some via Cygnet and others the Huon Highway.

The trip through Dover provided many more twisties, past roadside stalls offering this season's apricots and cherries. We stopped outside the Southport hotel and general store and the group sought the various lunch offerings from these two establishments. With full tummies and rested seats, riders moved off in small groups for the return journey.

In all, a pleasant outing, in friendly company, through some of the most scenic areas of southern Tasmania.

**Michael Tong Lee**

## **Night Counter Meal 27/1/12**

You would be forgiven for thinking there was a big event at the wonderful Willows on Friday night as 35 Ulyssians arrived for tea. As it turns out one event was Dickie's birthday (age undisclosed) and another was Magic Mike who had the pleasure of turning 70 earlier in the week. Unfortunately on Friday, Mike was acting 10 years older but fortunately most of the time he acts and looks 20 years younger!

Betty presented Mike with the Ulysses 70 badge and we are sure he will display it and wear it with pride! Bob presented Dickie with a very special birthday present of handcuffs. Dickie seemed to know what to do with them but Shelia looked a bit puzzled and worried.

Lovely to see Max and Anna Melton home on holidays from Alice Springs. Max must be held in very high regard as Betty offered Max Gizmo to ride. New members Paul and Alison also joined the throng, having been residents of Western Australia until recently.

Our meals were slow but good. The Willows handles the large numbers well, especially as they never know how many are turning up. Thanks to the wait staff too who handle the orders in a very friendly and efficient manner.

Mike and Sue were lucky last to be served and hopefully arrived home in enough time to get their beauty sleep.

**Lovely Lois #42848**

## Australia Day Ride 26<sup>th</sup> January

Mini Mouse (formally known as motor mouse) bade us farewell with yet another failed attempt at taking a photo at the starting line up. Riders were just too keen to get going. Maybe next time Betty!

The Tiger led about 15 bikes over Grass Tree Hill where a grey haired lady was either frightened off the road or kindly pulled over. I would like to think it's the latter. Two bikes corner marked at Back Tea Tree Road. Was that so the turn wouldn't be missed? Fluoro Ken was also waiting, after making a late start, due to having to return home for a forgotten wallet.

A clean run through to Tea Tree Road and Ford and onto the Midlands Highway. Shane had forewarned us of a speed camera so all bikes turned sedately onto the Midlands Highway and then were happy to leave it and travel towards Bothwell via the Lake Hwy. Glenn abandoned the Honda in the middle of the road and disappeared down the bank, for what I presume was some quiet relief.

A smooth run along the Lake Hwy and in no time we were at Bothwell. A welcome coffee stop at The Red Devil Café. The bus driving Triumphs and pillions headed back to Hobart via a tricky route. Patriotic Wayne (the only bike to be flying the Australian Flag) and Glenn also returned. I think they had a BBQ to attend although maybe for one it was a sore back. What do you expect if you are riding a sports bike!



Perfect Pete says the ride to Miena was beautiful," it was quiet and warm. I'm not sure about the quiet as Pete was enjoying the scenery and I was dreaming, when the roar of five bikes passing disturbed the peace.

Nine bikes arrived safely at Miena. Studley tucked into his massive T-bone and finished it in no time. I think he enjoyed it as he had a big grin on his face. We were reminded it was Australia Day as on arrival some green and gold figures were having an attempt at playing cricket with beers in hand. Not a BBQ to be seen though. After lunch Rod was ready to head north to rendezvous with his long lost love, and it wasn't a bike!

Fluoro Ken made the wonderful suggestion of returning via Bronte Park. This involved approx 40klms of dirt and surprisingly there were five takers and three pillions. Skirting along the DR and Tiger showed their true colours while the rest of us tried to stay upright. The Cruiser rolled in, with Pete stating "that wasn't too difficult" so the challenge was put by Hank to return the same way. Maybe the enticement of great coffee at The Teez, Tarraleah spurred Cruiser Pete to now stay on the bitumen.



More coffee and chat at Tarraleah where there was much talk of rifles and shooting, and Cruiser Pete, alias Humpty Dumpty making us squirm with the retelling of his annus horribilius in 2010/11.



Reluctantly leaving the sunshine and peaceful surrounds we travelled onto the Lyell Highway with 127 non stop kilometres back to Hobart.



This journey was fraught with Crazy Corollas, one cutting off the riders when passing, another steering towards the riders before correcting. There were also tractors, cars and boats and slow turning vehicles. The five bikes managed to stay together and then wave farewells at Bridgewater.

**Lovely Lois**

## Sunday 8<sup>th</sup> January 2012

It was a very warm morning, to the extent that the early arrivals were sheltering in the shade of an old tree at the Willows.

It was either the weather, the ride destination – (East Coast which is always a favourite) or a combination of both accounting for the number of riders today.



*Shade Seekers: Ric, David Tunks, Phil V, Peter A, Leon, Glenn Noble, Wayne, Shirley, Big Al.*

One of the early arrivals was our member Leon Bartle, his first appearance at the Willows since his serious crash just south of Swansea on 24<sup>th</sup> July 2011; all present were delighted to see Leon now back car driving, working part-time and planning to ride again very soon. We also welcomed two new members – Kelly and Mark Woodward from Bagdad; Mark was keen to inform us with pride that he'll be a full member, i.e. 50 in October.



*Ric Brooke's bike in storage or shade*

By the time we were ready for departure, there were 20 bikes and 4 pillion riders. Ric and Leigh were having fun scheming a plan for a dirt ride to Orford – they were arriving in Orford just as we were departing and most probably rode back via the Wielangta Forest, maybe they might send a report.

We rode the usual route to Orford via Grass Tree Hill, Richmond and Fingerpost Road. As usual, there were many people enjoying the Café's on the Prosser River at Orford and our riders split between the two outlets for coffee and food. The majority of riders were happy just socializing and relaxing before returning home to other duties.

Only half a dozen riders continued on to Swansea which was most unusual. As we rode past the Mayfield Camping Area, Shirley gave a hearty 'toot' hoping Danny would hear the call and follow. Sure enough, eventually he rode in to the Bark Mill at Swansea with a beaming grin. As we had ridden down the East Coast the previous week, he was not expecting us to ride back up on a consecutive Sunday.

We enjoyed lunch and a chat in the pleasant outdoor seating area. Phil Vincent and Peter Newman headed back for home and Danny stayed with his family before returning to the camp ground. Shirley & Betty, David Tunks, Hange Kendrick, Mark and Kelly departed for Ross via Lake Leake where we completed our 'tummy top-ups' with icecreams.

It was interesting to hear the comment from Kelly as a newcomer; yes, we do ride and stop to drink and maybe eat for morning tea, ride again and eat and drink for lunch, then ride on and stop again for drinks and/or icecreams.

It is true, we are a social club and we 'ride – drink/eat/chat - ride eat/drink/chat - ride – drink/eat and chat', that's what it's all about.

***Motor Mouse #10640***

## New Years Day Sunday Jan 1<sup>st</sup> 2012

The weather man was 'spot-on' with the prediction for showers clearing in the S-E and New Years Day started a little damp but warm; this wasn't sufficient to deter twelve sensible sober souls who considered that nothing was better to start the 2012 rides than a ride on Day 1.

The dozen riders were Shirley & pillion Betty, Sue our regular friend from Caloundra giving Gizmo (Betty's Beemer) an outing, Rod, Peter Mac, Peter A, Alan V, Tee, Leigh, Paul R, Pommy Ken, Peter W, Alan W and Craig Kinsella. Both Alan and Craig had ridden in to catch up with the 'family' before announcing they had to return home. Could it have been that Alan just 'scooted' in on the big Burgman to let us know it is still for sale?

Craig had a wet ride up from White Beach to return home to the Vale to do more work prior to moving to the Peninsula to live.

It was obvious that Peter N. our alarm clock was not riding today. Ten o'clock had come and gone and a ride plan had to be set to head for Bothwell; Leigh was quick to indicate that the only interesting journey was over Grass Tree Hill, through Back Tea Tree Road to Ford and Pontville before departing from the boring busy Midlands Highway at Melton Mowbray to enjoy the twists and hills through to Bothwell.

We were informed that the old Fat Doe Bakery in Bothwell had re-opened and is now the "Devils Den" Café / Take-a-way; this provides a pleasant alternative or at least variety to the Hotel and Green Elm Café. The Den still have good pies as well as an extensive menu for dining in or take away and great coffee – there is even a 'loo' inside the premises, no more hiking to the public facility. Interestingly, the majority had headed to the Green Elm – I believe they were fooled by the 'take away' sign, but the Devils Den is much more than that.

Pete W. had to return home from morning tea and the remaining 10 bikes (11 riders) rode out for the Highlands in anticipation of finding the hot and dry weather. Leigh and Paul left us at the Poatina junction to find the gravel roads out of Miena before returning home – I guess they did return home as I haven't heard from either spouse.

As expected, the ride over Poatina was cooler by the kilometer until we descended to the Poatina Village junction for re-grouping. Shirley led our group of 8 bikes on a lap around the Village before riding down to the Cressy Road junction.

We followed the great country road out to Campbell Town where we stopped for food, ice-creams and fuel in preparation for the ride over Lake Leake to Swansea.

In Campbell Town we were battling the heat, cleaning visors and shedding as much gear as possible on arrival. In contrast, we were surprised to not only encounter the cooler conditions over Lake Leake but the very cold moist sea-fog hanging menacingly low most of the way. The chill factor was obvious with the inside layers of our gear already being damp from perspiration. It was quite a relief to pull into the Bark Mill at Swansea to warm with hot drinks, pies and general delights from the Bakery.



*Weather we rode into on Lake Leake New Years Day*

Before we left, Tee made a cheeky call to Danny who was camping at the popular Mayfield campground and suggested he have the crayfish ready. We all diverted in but alas, no crays! It was lovely to catch up with Danny and see that he'd avoided incidents so far this year.



*Tee with the 'Little Fellow' at Swansea Bark Mill - late returning to the North Pole*

The time was getting on as we headed southbound for home; the misty cold weather persisted until we were nearing Richmond. We even forfeited the classic watering hole final stage as it was already beyond 6pm. and our bodies were extremely road weary and covered in bugs from the early half of the ride.

This was a great ride to start our 2012 jaunts.

***Motor Mouse # 10640***