



## **SAMRATS RIDE REPORT**

13<sup>th</sup> June 2009

“An MRA supported activity”

## **Christmas Dinner in June**



***“What a magnificent weekend!”***

Well, that was the only way you could describe this event. This was our third annual Christmas Dinner in June activity and every year it just seems to get better and better.

Let's go back to the start and tell the whole story. Sue and I rode down to the Mobile service station at the top of Glen Osmond Road to meet the ride group. Despite the weather man threatening some of the worst weather ever forecast it really seemed quite good when we left Strathalbyn. However, when we turned onto the freeway at Mt Barker we were hit by a weather event that would have launched Noah's Ark! Despite this minor inconvenience we continued ☺

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*Let those who Ride Decide!*



Once we passed through the Heysen Tunnels we had the usual Jurassic Park experience. You know, one weather effect one side, another on the other side!

Once we met the group at Mobil Glen Osmond it was the usual good cheer and camaraderie that SAMRATS have become renowned for!



At the appointed hour I made my speech and we headed off. It was, perhaps, a folly on my part stating that I would leave the call to pull off at Mt Barker to the last minute depending on weather conditions at the time. You see, the plan was to ride the Old Princess Highway if the weather was suitable. You need to understand, my darling wife Sue was tail end Charlie and she doesn't like the "twisties" on this part of road.

Now, I have yet to discover what negotiations occurred between John, the corner marshal at the freeway exit and my darling Sue that resulted in her "missing" this turn and having to cruise the freeway to Taillem Bend whilst we twisted our way along the Old Princess Highway!

Still, we all made it to Taillem Bend, if a few minutes late according to some!

At Taillem Bend we were joined by JP and his partner and Lester and Deb. Lester brought his tray top so we gave him the job of "recovery vehicle". Not that we expected to need him to perform this role but his Dodge made a F100 seem small!



So after a fuel stop and comfort stop it was off to the Meningie Bakery for lunch. After pleasing the urges from within it was time for the run down the Coorong.



*Let those who Ride Decide!*



This year it was a pleasant run with the rain holding off. We stopped at Salt Creek for a leg stretch and met the Police Officer from Kingston SE. He had heard that we were coming down for the weekend and very kindly mentioned that there had been a number of car – deer collisions on the Coorong about 50 kilometres past Salt Creek and a number of Kangaroo – car collisions in the 20 kilometres prior to Kingston. This information was well received and appreciated.

Hence our run into Kingston was fun without being eventful.

We pulled our bikes into the compound of the pub just as the rain started. We had just changed our clothes and wrapped our hands around our drinks as we saw the first serious rain of the day descend outside. A farmer told me later that he recorded some 25 points in just over the hour!

At about seven ‘o’clock we entered the specially prepared dining room that was set aside for our group. Here we had tables set with all the little nick-knacks that you would expect for a Christmas feast. Bit by bit the meals came out of the kitchen and it wasn’t long before we had our meals.

I can only describe the meals as magnificent! It wasn’t until Sue provided me with a steak knife I realised I had been using my butter knife to cut my Porterhouse steak!

I had heard after that the Turkey and Barramundi had been equally well received.



After a good night in the dining room we adjourned to the bar area for a few drinks before retiring upstairs. Despite being a cold night everyone was warm and enjoyed the accommodation.

As seems common on these events, everyone was ready to ride before me! Still I caught up and it was off to Keith for breakfast or brunch depending on their night before.



*Let those who Ride Decide!*



I really do believe that the weather improved as we rode to Keith and the fare at the Keith Bakery was of the usual high standard. After a repast, we headed for Tailem Bend.

The weather continued to improve but the frequent roadworks and the 40 km speed limits became a chore – especially as there wasn't anyone working in these zones!

We reached the BP at Tailem Bend in good time but our hearts sank as we looked at the Mt Lofty ranges in the distance. They were as black as sin and we knew we were in for some bad weather as we ran for home.

It was a sign of the camaraderie of the weekend as almost everyone said “well we have had great weather for the weekend! A bit of dirty weather on the home run won't hurt!”

It was such that we all bade farewell to each other as we made our run for home. Looking forward to a hot shower and a bowl of warming soup. Meanwhile looking forward to doing it all again next year!

May I offer a special thank you to all who made this event so special.

***A special thank you to all who have provided photos!***

More photos here:

<http://www.mrasa.asn.au/gallery/album163>

*Ride Safe,*

**Jock Rogan**

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