

Visiting my Mates, Old Stomping Grounds & Riding in Tasmania, Australia

February 17th – March 5th, 2019

Last But Not Least Middle

Day "8" - Hobart, TAS to Bicheno, TAS - 238 KMs, Thursday 02/28/19

Back to business. While it felt great to be off the bike for a day, I was ready to continue our tour. Breakfast was so good yesterday that I had to have it again today, same place, same thing.



Once out of Hobart, the road to Freycinet National Park, home to Wineglass Bay, followed by the established standard of "Awesome Tassie Roads".

A quick stretch at the Prosser River, just before Orford.

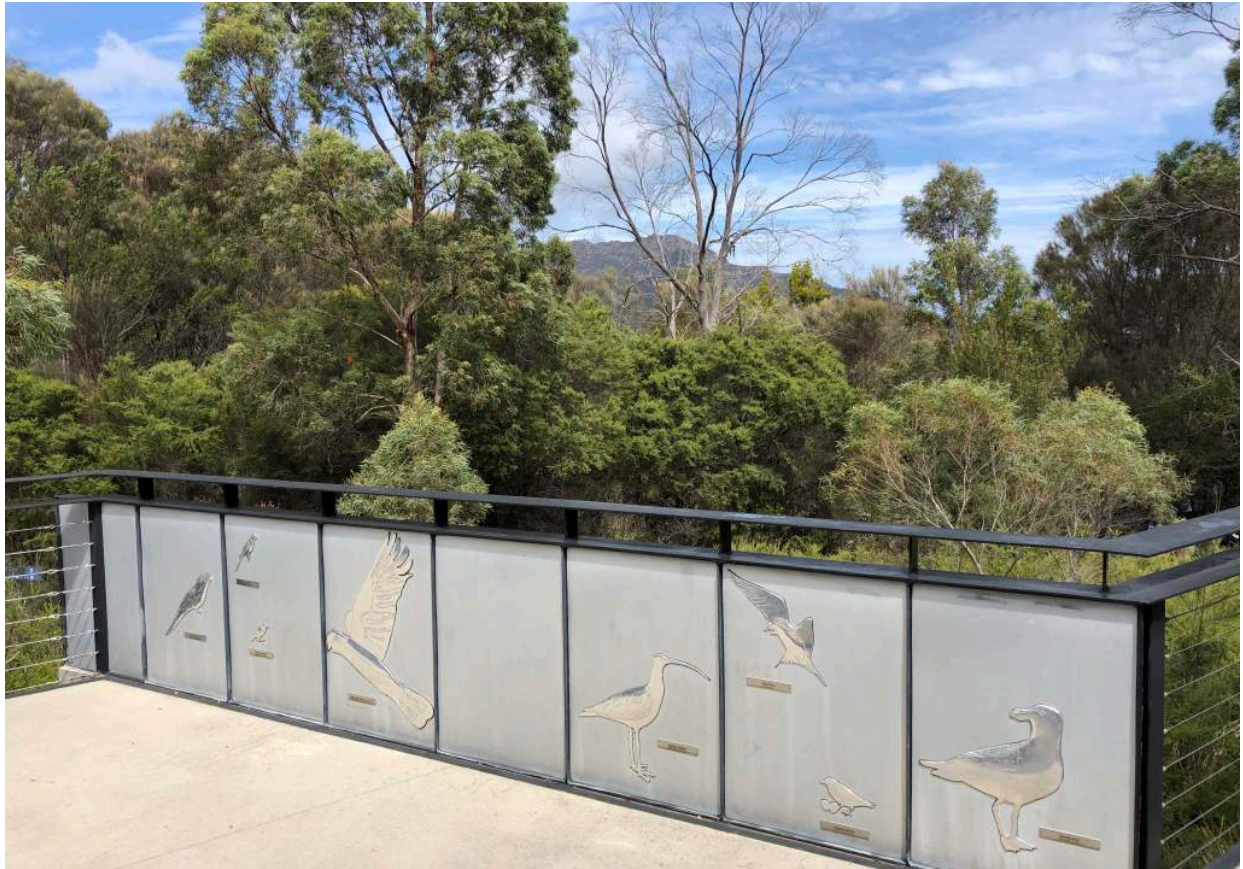




A quick stop in Triabunna where Milesy, the Dogfather, sipped on a cold Kombucha (I had to google it - a beverage produced by fermenting sweet tea with a culture of yeast and bacteria). Wow!



The visitor center at Freycinet National Park.



Andrew had too much fun last night. Limmer what were you thinking!



And finally, after seeing many wallabies as roadkill, I came across a live one; he did seem somewhat out of it and out of place, but obviously used to tourists.



Wineglass Bay lookout is a about a 3 KM/1 Hr hike. The trek is scenic, a bit hot, and just the right distance for motorcycle boot hiking.



Nice vistas along the way.



And the prize, a great view of Wineglass Bay.





Come on Smithy, it wasn't that tough!



On the way into Bicheno, we spotted Bicheno's Motorcycle Museum. We decided to wait to visit it in the morning. Bicheno is a quiet beachfront community, the hotel had a restaurant and a bar with a pool table, we took advantage of both.

Somehow Brian got the waitress to upgrade us to VIPs.



A good dinner capped by some pool and a nightcap



150 lashes for misbehaving...



Day "9" - Bicheno, TAS to Devonport, TAS - 344 KMs, Spirit of Tasmania: Devenport to Melbourne, VIC, 429 KMs, Friday 03/01/19

Today our octuple goes to a sextuple, Farmer Dave and Andrew are peeling off in Launceston to fly back to Sydney, while we continue our journey to Sydney.

This is our chance to get a good group photo. Brian and Pete spotted the perfect place and after breakfast we proceeded to set up for the perfect picture.

Director Pete thinking "these guys are hopeless" as he continued barking orders to make sure all the bikes are perfectly aligned.



Finally satisfied, we proceed.



Well done Director Pete! The picture turned out perfect.



Next stop the Bicheno Motorcycle Museum. For a little town in northeastern Tasmania, this museum was a gem. Very nostalgic and memorable. I remember many of the bikes there while growing up including my own Yamaha RD 2 stroker. A few pictures.



Lots of eye candy.



Top shelf rides for out next trip in Asia.



Continuing on toward Devonport, a lunch stop at St Helens' Bakery



St Helens is another quaint waterfront town.



Houseboat for sale, I see an investment opportunity here, perhaps a timeshare.



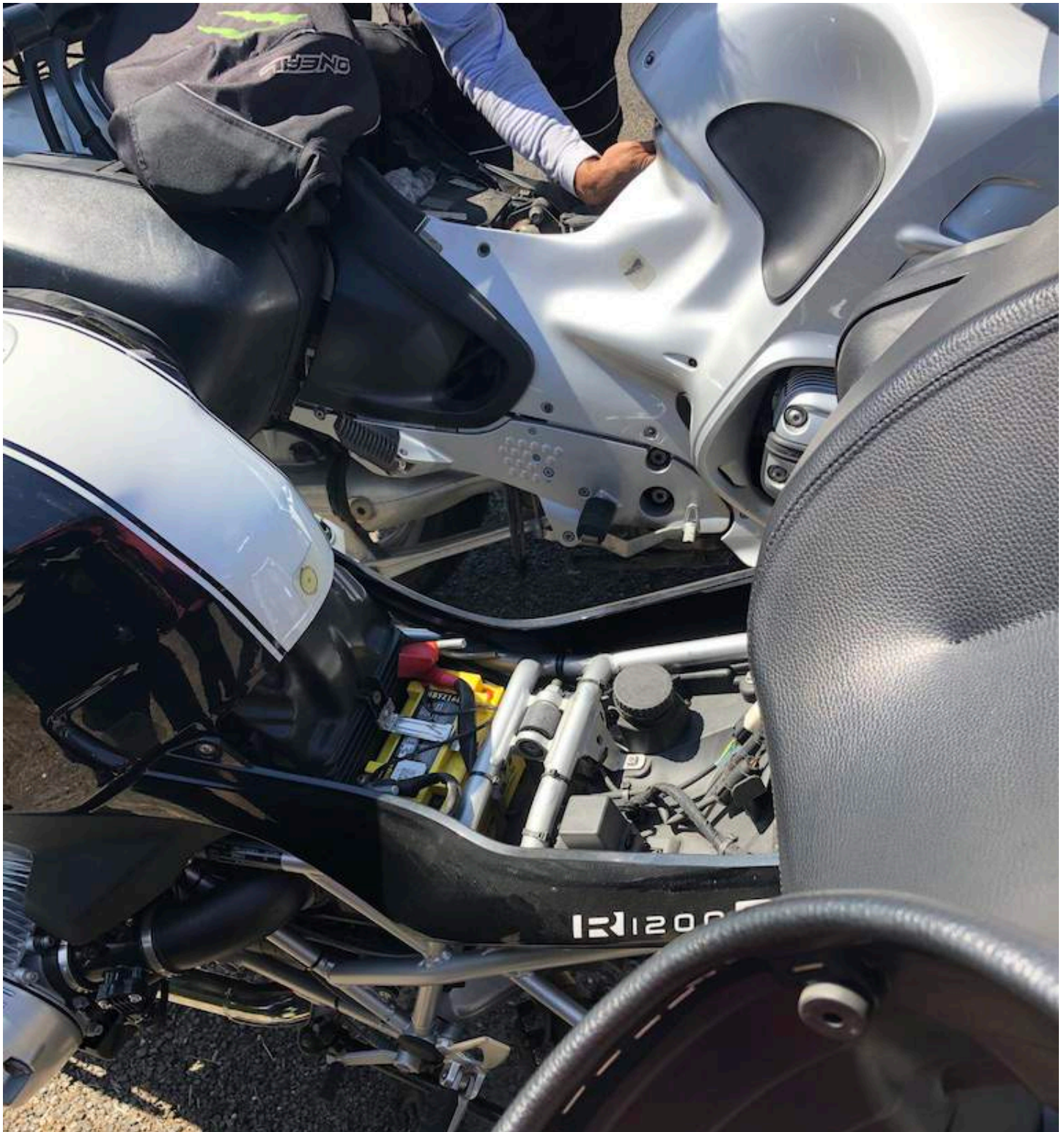
And the lunch was great except... I have never seen Peter this happy, eating his super-sized Sunday ice cream, and



15 minutes later this \$hit happens to his bike and his smile turns into the intense, serious Pete.

He tries to start his bike and nothing but a click, click, click. Must be a weak battery. After being pushed along by Andrew and Milesy, rolling the bike down a hill, and jumper cables, nothing would get this bike started. For additional fun, we had a ferry to catch and we are still 3 hours away.

Milesy and Andrew had flights to catch so we said our goodbyes and we continued working on the bike, jump start, no go...



OK, time to undress the bike. My job was to hold on to the screws and make sure that once assembly was completed we didn't have any screws left.



Finally, after taking the last panel off, a loose battery ground was the culprit of the failed starts.



We made the ferry, a few pictures from the Spirit of Tasmania Ferry leaving Devonport. Bye bye Tassie.





On board the ferry, Pete knows how to thank his mates, a true gentleman and great human being.



Day "10" - Melbourne, VIC to Bega, NSW - 621 KMs, Saturday 03/02/19

The sailing across the Tasman Sea was smooth and with little to no rocking. Morning came quickly. Mark and Smithy are going to slab it to Sydney to get home to attend some family obligations. Our Sextuple is now a quadruple.

Today's task is to get to Bega, our longest ride thus far. Getting off the Ferry at 5:50AM gave us a head start. The plan was to get out of Melbourne quickly and head for the coast on the Princes Hwy, stop for breakfast somewhere east.

Three little birds cafe was the ticket. Delicious meat pies and a coffee chaser.



Our next stop was the famous Cann River Hotel. What memories. I will digress a bit. In 2009, we did a motorbike trip to Melbourne, VIC to watch the Formula 1 Grand Prix races. Our first overnight was the Cann River Hotel. On paper, it was a good hotel. In reality, I slept with my motorcycle gear on, afraid of what might be on the bed. We have set a new standard for hotels since: if the hotel doesn't have shampoo or soap, move on. You had to be there, we have had many hours of laughter remembering this special place.



I like taking sign pictures. Since we skipped many of these on the way down, I am making up on the return trip.

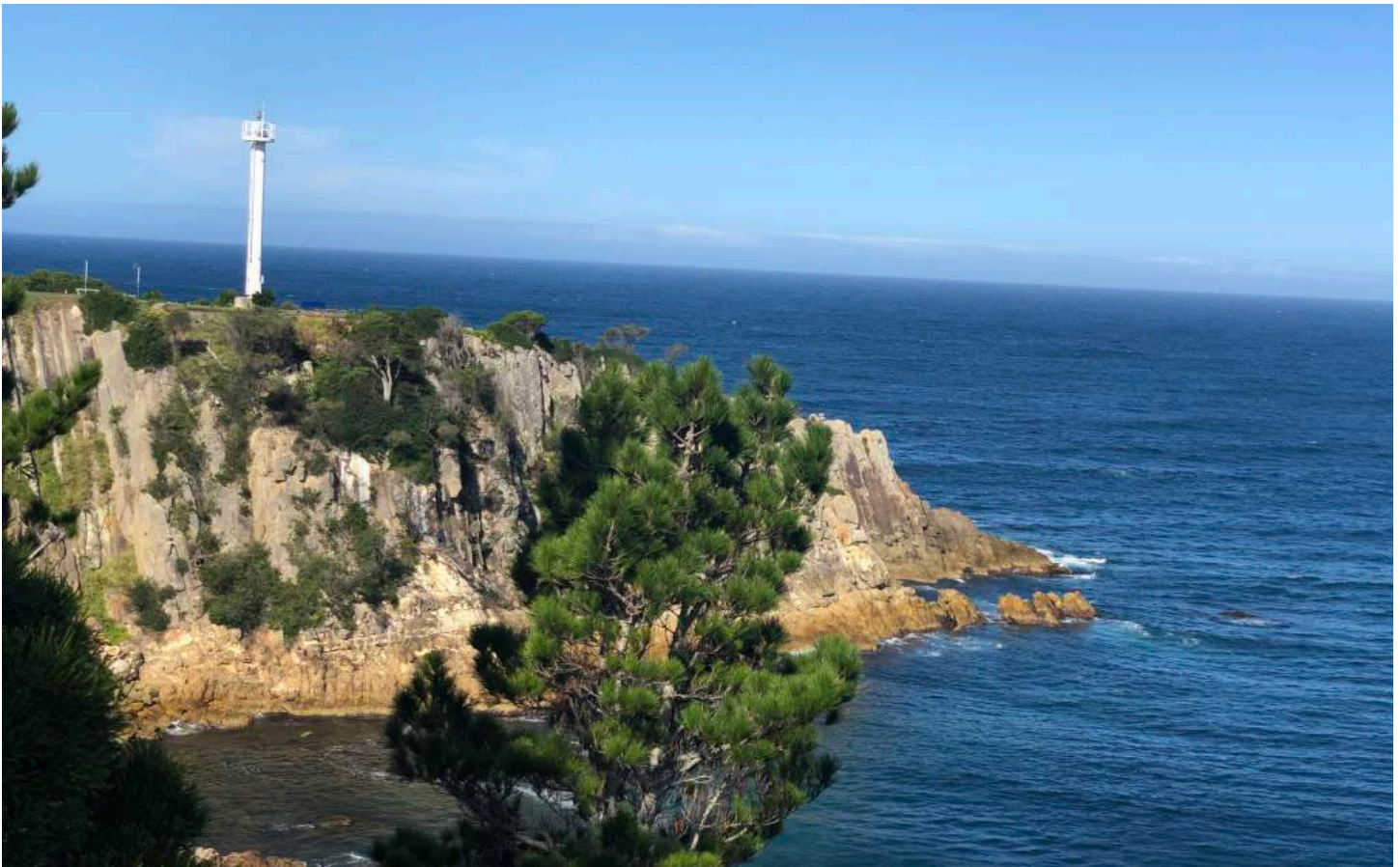




The brown country side of Victoria turned into luscious greens in New South Wales. As we approached Eden, the temperature had dropped to a comfortable 26°C

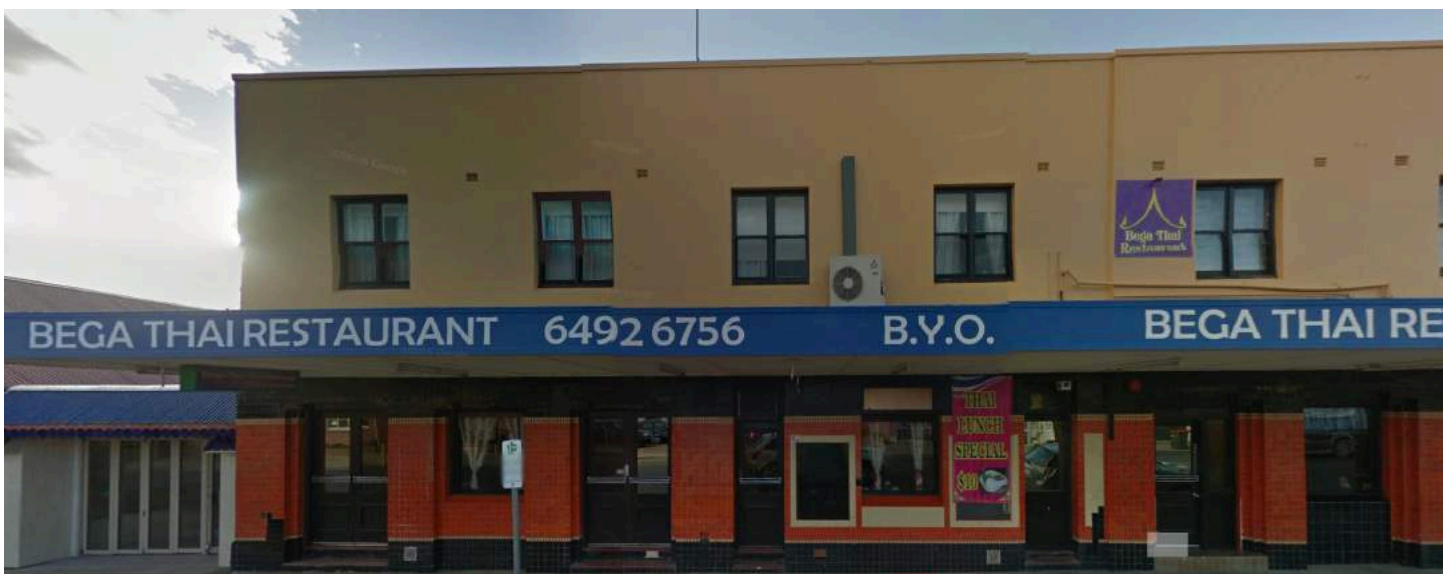


Eden Lookout and Rotary Park





We overnighted in Bega. After a long warm shower, we headed to the Grand Hotel for a beer, followed by the Bega Thai restaurant, and straight to sleep. It was a long day, 621 KMs. I didn't take any pictures, I must have been brain dead or overly tired. Some internet photos.



Day "10" – Bega, NSW to Sydney, NSW - 416 KMs, Sunday 03/03/19

I am a bit sad that I found my Fuji camera's battery this morning and not 10 days ago. Perhaps it was a blessing to avoid distracted riding and photographing. I always take photos on the go. I will weave some in for today's ride, our last day.

Our breakfast stop is Narooma, NSW at Casey's Cafe (internet photo). I love all these little coastal towns, each and everyone, with their own unique personality and charisma. They are very different from the US, where you get to see the same strip malls and nationwide franchises/chains instead of the unique Mom and Pop shops.



Narooma from the Cafe



Princes Hwy in NSW is beautiful, green, sweeping turns and low congestion. However, once you hit the quaint little towns, it is a traffic nightmare. The only timeline I have today is to return the bike at the hire place at ~4:00PM. I thought we had plenty of time until we started burning time in traffic.

We stopped for lunch in Nowra's Archer Restaurant and enjoyed our last meal as a quadruple. Both Pete and Simon were going to peel off along the way to get to their respective homes. Our Quad became a double, Brian and I. After our goodbyes, we began our last leg to Sydney.

The road was awesome.







Before long, we arrived at the motorbike hire store at 4:05, just in time. Bryan did an awesome job guiding me through Sydney traffic and getting me there without me getting lost or left behind.

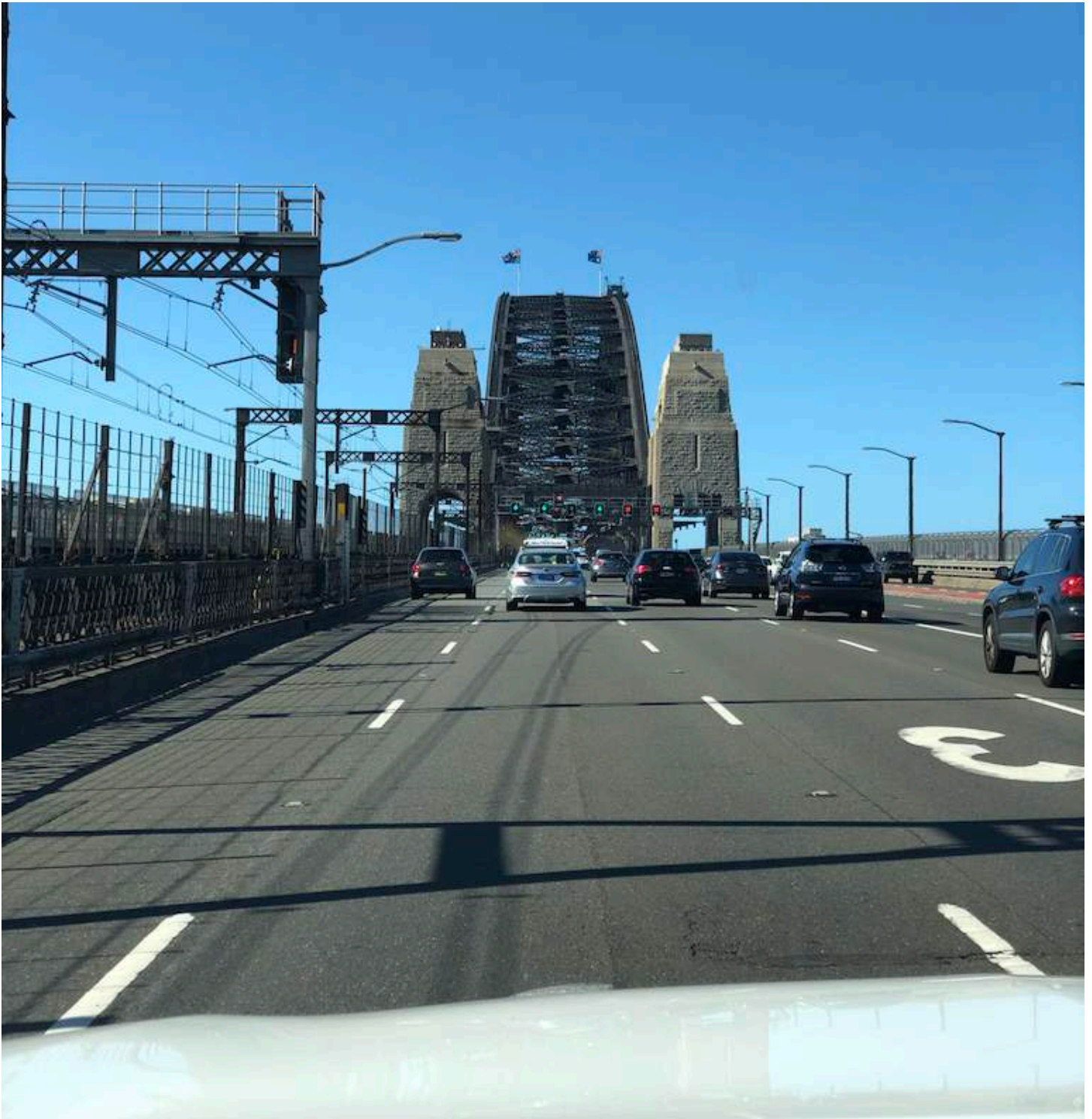
It felt really good to return the bike with NND (no new damage)!

Total trip was 3,902 KMs in 10 days. It was truly a memorable ride!



Day "Post-Ride PM" Sydney, NSW, Sunday 03/03/19

David Hampton picked me up at the bike hire place and invited me to stay over at his house. Driving through Harbour Bridge to the North Shore brought many memories. As an Expat, I lived in Mosman.



My old exit to Mosman.



It just happens to be David's birthday today. I wanted to celebrate with him and so we went for a drive along the eastern beaches and then planned on dinner in Manly. Starting with Freshwater Beach in Queenscliff.



Next up Manly Beach. Lots to see along the footpath paralleling the beach.



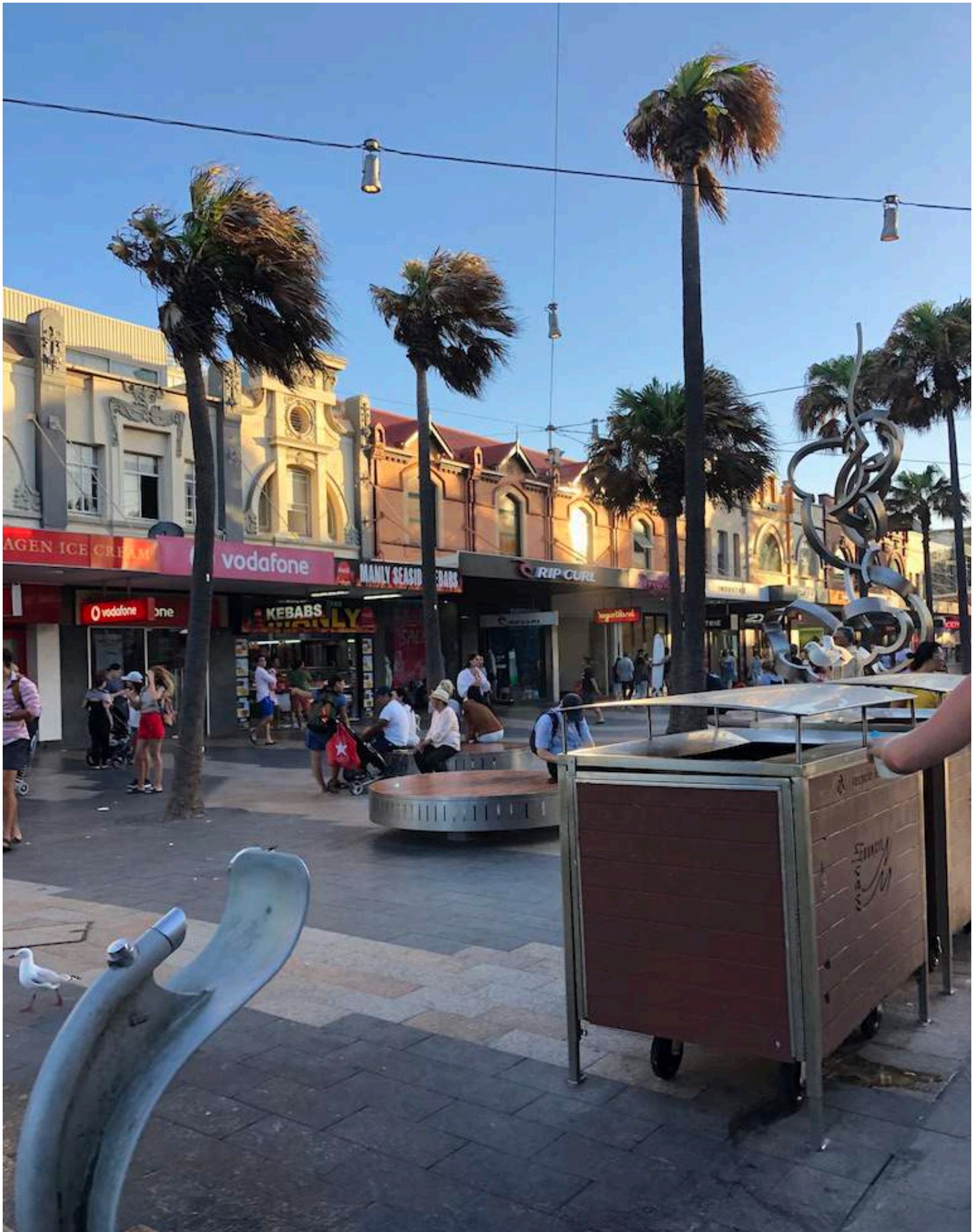
We just missed the Volleyball tournament on the beach, quite a setup.



Manly Beach.



Walking to Manly Wharf, tons of little shops, food places, and bars. Very touristy indeed.





Birthday Mate David.

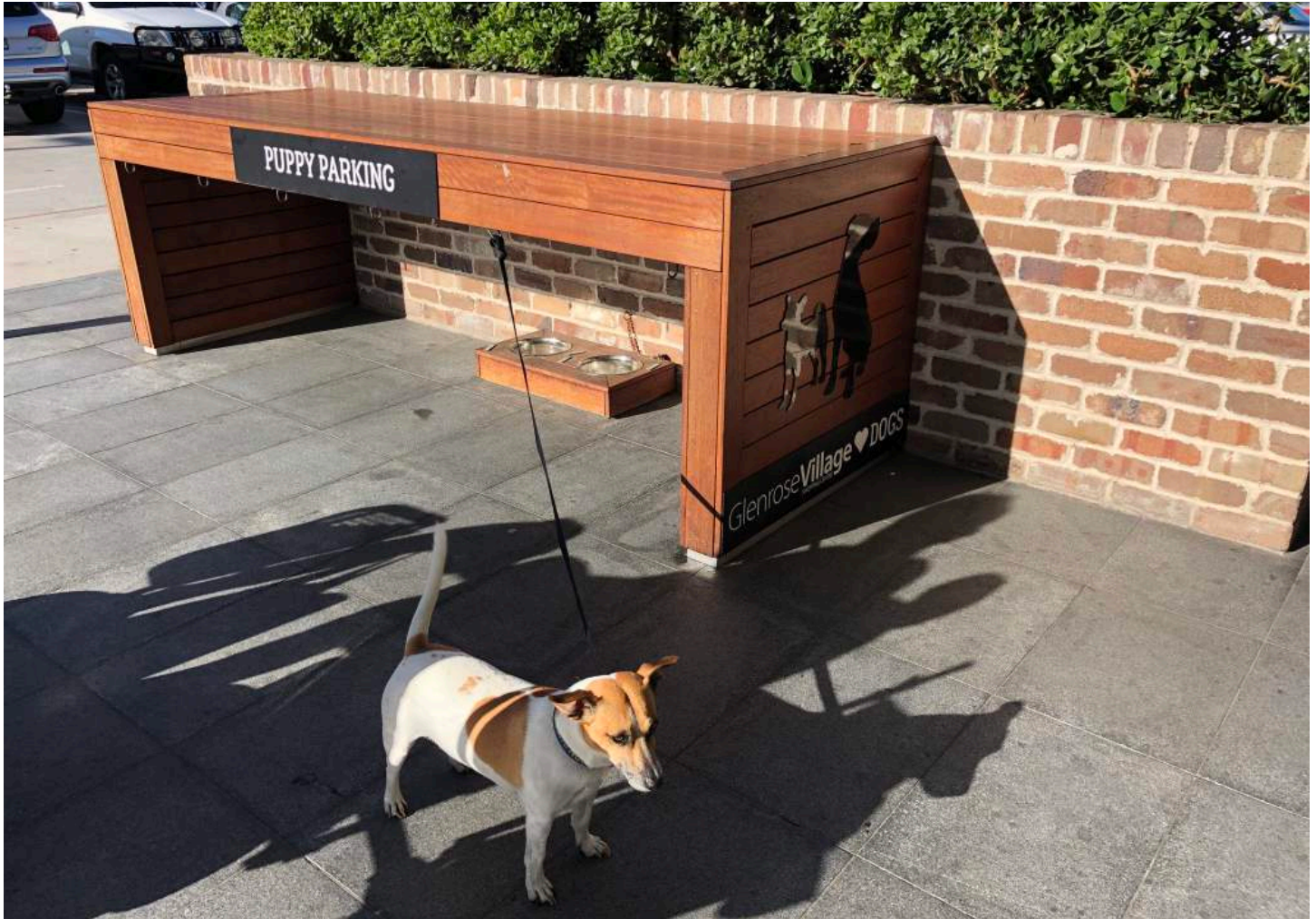


After one boot or one liter, I was ready for bed.

Day "Post Ride +1", Sydney, NSW, Monday 03/04/19

With all the water surrounding Sydney, what is better than a sail on the Hawkesbury River to Palm Beach?

We picked up some snacks and headed out to Church Point where Dave keeps his boat. Right outside the Glenrose Village Shopping Center, they have Puppy Parking.



After a coffee at the Waterfront, we set sail. A perfect day, winds 8-14 knots and very calm water.



The next few hours were the most relaxing time I spent during the last 2 weeks.











Lots of giant jelly fish in the water.



After the boat ride, we drove out to Palm Beach and had a proper coffee, espresso with beans and a shot of sparkling water.



Lots of kite surfers





Back at David's house, the most fluffy and adorable puppy.



That night, Bryan's kindly organized an awesome Aussie Barbie at his house. As I was looking for pictures, I didn't have any. Next step, ask Bryan if he took any.



No worries, I can figure this one out. We had an awesome time. You have a beautiful home and family, and you can cook too! **Thank you Bryan.**



Day "Post Ride +2", Sydney, NSW to Dallas, TX, Tuesday 03/05/19

David, my most gracious host had coffee ready in the morning and drove me to the airport. What a Mate. **Thanks so much for your hospitality Dave.**

The only good thing about my flight today is that I leave on Tuesday at 11:00 AM and get to Dallas on the same day, Tuesday at 1:00PM. Timewise a 2 hour flight, but 17+ hours of air time.

At the Qantas lounge they had great food and beverages and I figured what the heck, its Fat Tuesday and tomorrow is Lent for the next 46 days. I had the one that reminds me of Tassie the most:



I was even lucky with the flight path, Harbour Bridge and the Opera House in the center. It's not sourced from the internet, my iPhone photo! Goodbye Sydney, will miss you.



Also lucky in Dallas! Although the two cities should never be compared, Opera House & Harbour Bridge or Jerry World (Cowboy Stadium in the middle of the photo). Hello Dallas, my home.



Final Satellite Map, 3,902 KMs of pure fun!



This was one memorable trip, and y'all made it happen and I am very fortunate to have you as my Mates.

Andrew – Your JVs ideas and entrepreneurial spirit

Bryan – Thanks for seeing this through, mobilizing the troops & the delicious barbie

Dave H. – Your uber the top hospitality in Sydney and Sailing

Farmer “Dave” – switching us from beer to wine and keeping us all grounded

Mark – Routes and Planning Hotels

Mike – Waiting for me at intersections while I dilly dally and take pictures

Pete – Joining us on an unknown bike and sticking with me near the back

Simon – For putting up with all these JPM Bankers

Thanks so much!

Next Adventure coming soon, thanks for reading...AB

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