

Ride report – Sunday 10 / 1 / 10 – Don Littleford

Maybe the date of 10110 might have been some sort of omen that everything might not just go as smooth as I thought.

Since taking up a position on the committee, and with a vacant ride date on the 10th requiring organizing, I put up my hand.

I looked at past runs and the map of the Toowoomba and thought that as it was my first run I had better keep it as simple as possible.

At the monthly meetings there had been little enthusiasm in nominating to be a ride leader so I thought to make it easier for myself I would split the 200 km ride into three, and on the Sunday morning find three people who would like to lead a short section of about 60 km.

The quickest way to do this was to approach the first three riders who turned up at Macas.

Surprisingly they all said OK why not.

I had three maps prepared of the sections and let them sort it out from there.

Lyndon had accepted the job of tail end Charlie for the day and even though corner markers weren't sorted out, they automatically happened during the ride.

Mick took the first section.

Instead of trying to keep up with each other through the lights, the 15 bikes reassembled at Bunnings on Anzac Ave.

Mick then took us through Wyreema, Cambooya, Grenmount, Nobby, Felton East and onto Pittsworth for morning tea.

We stopped at the bakery, but would you believe it was not open, so it was Chicko rolls.

Ral then took over for the next section through Purrawunda to Jondaryan where we had a short break while others refueled.

All well so far.

Ken then led with the destination eventually being Pechey.

This took us through Byramoo to Goombungee and that is when it all fell apart.

Just before Goombungee, Mick thought his Buell was making strange noises so pulled over to investigate. He worked out that it was a rock caught in the tyre tread.

A few others also stopped and I waited at Goombungee for them to catch up.

About 5 minutes later they turned up and as I had set the run course, and knew where to go, it seemed reasonable (big mistake), that I should lead until we had caught up with the others.

Even though I was asked “ Are you sure you know where you are going “, I took the wrong turn and instead of catching up with the others on the road to Pechey, I led the way to Meringandan, and never saw the others until later on.

The confusion then set in, and as lunch was to be at Cabarlah Pub just up the road, we went to the Pub and then tried to find out where the others were.

Ken had got them to Pechey and when we didn't turn up, people went back looking for the lost souls.

Without any success, because we had gone on another road, they then joined us at the pub except for Ken who did a lot of back tracking, just like a good mother goose looking after the flock.

We now know there are quiet a few options to get from Goombungee to Cabarlah.

In all a good ride followed by the usual good pub meal.

Everyone then found their own way home.

The intent of the day was to get a few members to try leading on rides.

Even though it did not go smoothly, lessons were learnt and we will probably make the same mistakes again.

But isn't that what it is all about.