Clare Perfect Ride report 26th July 2020

On a bright and beautiful morning in Clare, four intrepid souls joined me, the leader, for a 65km ride northwards to the locality of Andrews and back. We started along the Farrell Flat Road and I mentioned to the gang that I had read that we had a "Fairly Flat Road" ahead.

Sadly no-one took the bait.

Our first point of interest was the Gaelic Cemetery which has many early Scottish pioneer graves within its gates. Onwards to Barinia and the vines petered out along with the large gum trees. Continuing on Calcannia Road the country became drier and more open with long views along the White Hut Creek.



Cemetery plaque

This creek joins the Hutt River and we rode along the Hutt River Road, the Hutt Hill Road and the Hilltop Road while skirting the locality of Hilltown. Very imaginative local names!

View across the valley

Arriving at Andrews we toured the entire town for a few minutes looking for a rest stop. Eventually we decided that the long disused Tennis Club had the best seating, a low crumbling concrete curb. When we



Tennis anyone?

stopped talking the utter silence rolled in with just the barest whisper of bird song. Soon though the suspense grew too great and a couple of locals took to their utes and trundled slowly by to check us out.



The crazies from the Big Smoke

After lunch we headed south on the Hilltown Road until we came to a diversion along a much less used track, crossing the Hill River. A mob of sheep was surprised to see us on their track and raced off, but a determined push saw them stop and stare at the crazies up from the Big Smoke.

After a few more km of quiet dirt roads and the abandoned Dudley School site we came

back to Barinia Station which is the northern end of the Riesling Trail.

The trail head has little more than a picnic table and an interpretive sign but was a nice spot for a short break.

We finally saw some other cyclists when we took to the trail for the 7km or so to get back to Clare. The trail is a wonderful way to avoid the little traffic on the roads nearby and took us along some lovely pine forested cuttings. At the end of the ride we adjourned to the nearby pub



Jilden rides to school

and entertained the locals with a little description of our ride. I doubt that it had ever occurred to them that people would cycle outside of the winery district but that's why we do it, to be a little different to all the other tourists.

Jilden



