

Rev'd n Rollin'

Official newsletter of the Mackay Branch
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Editor – Audra Allan

Email: kandaallan@skymesh.com.au

HAPPY NEW YEAR!!
For 2009.



The Group

2009 is well and truly upon us and of course some of us celebrated the outing of the old year and saw well into the New Year at Kev's and Audra's.



Jim, Lyn and Swampy eating some pie

It was another night of good food, company and we won't mention the entertainment as some of us can sing and others are little more challenged in that department. However it was still a lot of fun.



The Cooks



Luanne, Audra, Lyn and Lea

Darryl Shaw put a power point show up of the entire goings on over the 2008 year with the club and it was excellent. For those who are interested and looking at the show I'm sure Darryl would be only too happy to show you. Well done Darryl.



Darryl, Henk and Bernie

We partied until about 2 am and then all went to bed, thankfully the weather was mild and there was a breeze. Mark and Lyn christened their new camper and Dennis rocked up in his caravan. Those who stayed or remained over bunked down in the house.



Swampy, Neil, Anne and Dave

Poor George woke early in the morning when a flying cockroach crawled into his ear and Luanne had to take him into the Base Hospital to remove it.....ouch!

The rest of us surfaced again around 7 am for Kevy to cook bacon and egg breakfast with toast...Mmmmm, it was delicious too.



Neil, Darryl, Mandy and George



Annie, Neil and Dave



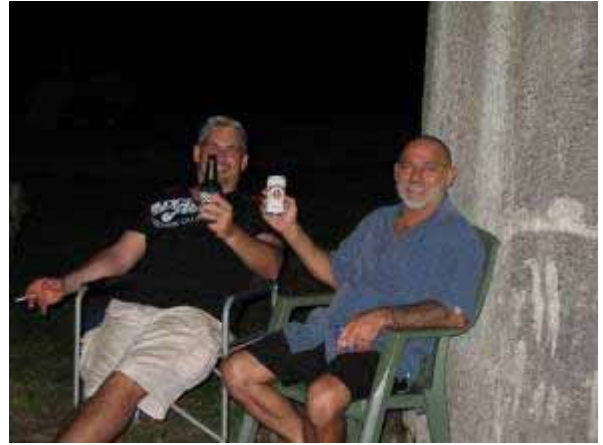
Jimmy, Darryl, Mandy and Lyn



Mark (Dr Suess) and Lyn



Mark and Dennis



Swampy and George



Lyn



Kev and Bernadette



Mandy and Lyn



Mark, Lyn and Darryl



Lea, Rhonda and Sutto

No ride to Eungella on the 4th January

By Lyn Craig

After awaking to very dark clouds and a little light rain; a quick text to Jimmy was advised that the weather conditions at Eungella was worst than on the coast.

As the day was planned for a ride and to catch up with friends; it was agreed on Macca's for coffee and breakfast...oops that was changed to the Coffee Club where a lovely breakfast was enjoyed.



It was El Presidente's birthday so, a special muffin with a candle and of course our group birthday song included.



Afterwards we all went for seconds at Moo's and Fluffy's for another coffee and this time caramel tart...Mmmmm! This also accompanied by another Happy Birthday song to Jim.



As we were still peckish about 8 of us rode with Kevy as lead up the valley to Pinnacle Pub. I don't know how we managed it but not a drop of rain fell on us as we ventured west. A delightful lunch was served and afterwards some of us went our separate ways.

Rather than the short way home Neil lead on across the river run for those who were travelling east again this had lots of curvy road to follow that ended up a Balnagown. There the last of the crew separated which ended as a most enjoyable day.



Steve and Monique's Engagement



We had the pleasure to be included in two of our new members; Steve's (Harry) and Monique's (Mons) engagement celebrations.



It was a beautiful afternoon and an honour to be included in an important time in their lives.



May your future be filled with happiness and love?

Back to Bowen Weekend

Australia Day

Some of us departed Mackay on Friday with the threat of some serious rainfall about to happen, in which it did between Bloomsbury and Proserpine and word on the UHF that from Prosy to Bowen was even more. However after a brief stop in Proserpine there was no rain to Bowen.

It turned out to be an excellent weekend with the weather holding off with some brief showers now and again.

On Saturday there was registration happening a ride to Groper Creek (West of Home Hill) and one to Airlie Beach.



All that attended the Groper Creek ride first fuelled at the Mobile across The Don River, the weather wasn't looking too threatening and the day was not too humid.



We all pulled up at Home Hill and had a coffee, drink some snacks and drinks to take to Groper Creek.



Groper Creek open up a few eyes with the houses high above flood levels and the telephone booth at the shop mounted high as well, this area is an excellent area for fishing and many southerners use the area during winter to visit.



Jack and Lyn Bozzetto hosted us a beautiful barbeque lunch with wine.



We then went for a ride to Mount Inkerman, it was a view not to miss out on and the ride up was certainly a long and steep one.



When we arrived back at Bowen, all the crew were in the pool, playing volley ball and having heaps of fun.

AIRLIE BEACH RUN

By Lyn Jones

For those that didn't ride to Collinsville or Groper Creek, we braved the beautiful sunshine at Airlie Beach.

Some of us were a bit scared to ride, and travelled by car, we had a look at the Markets bought some trinkets and some Thai Food nibblies as per usual Airlie Beach was full of backpackers and alfresco dining.

We had a coffee and then heard the rumble of motorcycles the brave bikers that weren't scared of the rain had turned up. We then decided to go to Proserpine's best little girls shop (Colour Me Crazy) the boys went to the pub (not really they just

waited outside), hoping the girls wouldn't spend too much money. After depleting the bank accounts, we headed off to Joachim's Bakery in Bowen to find that it was closed as Megsy had been in and bought out all of the cream horns again. No that's not true, we just got there too late, and had to settle for Mrs Macs pies from the take away for lunch.

We then travelled back to the Coral Coast Caravan Park for a much needed swim after our stressful morning, of shopping.



After a break from both events it was time to get dulled up for the tea at the Dennison. All those who went took the advantage of the courtesy bus.



The Men



The Ladies

After our tea we all went to the join in on the Karaoke and a few of our songs got sung, so we all opted to the disco next door. We even got to practise our dance for the AGM twice which was good.



Our Stars

The next morning started off to be a wet one with the Aussie Day ride postponed for half an hour to let the rain ease.



Mackay and Townsville Branches took to the streets of Bowen then up to the Bowenwood water tower then back to the park for a brief show and shine.



Then it was back to the park. About 2:30pm, Kevy Allan started the annual Aussie Day Games. First was the egg and spoon race with a balloon between the legs race. Maureen was selected to prove that all eggs were boiled.....Mmmm, it turned none of them were!



Peter

Then the dummy spitting competition commenced and it was funny to watch who could spit the dummy the furthest.



Bryce's mighty dummy spit that lifted his hat

A new game was included this year with a stocking with sand in the toes wrapped around the waist that had to hit an empty tin along the ground. It was harder than it looked.



There were two different types of thong throwing, one was a g-banger with a ball attached and the goal was to land it as close to the wicket as possible. Chris and Leanne donated a bottle of red to the winners. Bryce Bathe won the men's and Audy Allan won the ladies.



Then the annual rubber thong throwing competition started with the winners from last year lining up to throw. Jeff "Bushy" designed an annual trophy and it was now up for the grabs and pressure was on for Mackay Branch to bring the Trophy home again.



Men's winner was Alan Bovey from Mackay and the ladies alas Townsville lady beat Luanne Galea of her title but we shall give them a run for their money next year.

After the games the Aussie day raffle was drawn and congratulations of those who won a prize. Then the cricket match began. Meanwhile Chris (Manager of the Discovery Caravan Park) caught a large red emperor a day previous and decided to cook it up on the barbeque for all of us. Thank you and I believe it tasted nice. Then after our hardy meal the park put on an outdoor movie called "Ghost rider".

Monday soon rolled around and it was time to head home, some of us rode through a brief shower of rain and I believe some just got down right drenched. Fortunately we all managed to get home safe and upright.

Please enjoy the following photos of the weekend's activities.

 Business card for Team Safe Pty Ltd, a partner of Intov8. The card includes contact information for Darryl Shaw, Director, located at 17A Banksia Avenue, Mackay, QLD, 4740.

Team Safe Pty Ltd - a Intov8 partner

2c Endeavour Street

p: 07 4957 2331
 or p/f: 07 4955 3637
 m: 0417 637 808
 e: Darryl.Shaw@team-safe.com.au

post: 17A Banksia Avenue
 Mackay, QLD. 4740

Darryl Shaw
 Director



Mandy & Darryl Shaw



Angie, Allen and Lana



Townsville Crew



Paul and Maritta



The Capt'n and the Admiral



Audra and Kev



Swampy, Evil Twin Lea and Moo



“I’m a STAR!!” (Megsy)



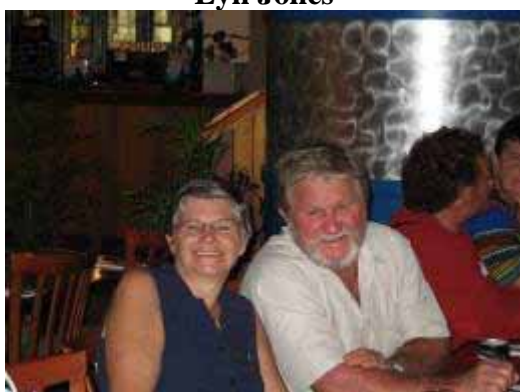
Kacey and Sweet Pea



Townsville Crew



Lyn Jones



Roslyn & Keith



Another side of Wobbly Bob



Maritta avoiding DD



Paul and Peter



Steve and the lovely Joyce



Aussie, Aussie, Aussie...Joy, Joy, Joy!



Maurice, Monique, Audra & Neil



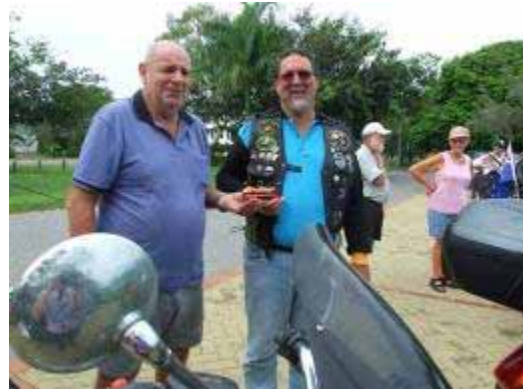
The Sutto's...Graham & Rhonda



Bryce and Swampy



Denise and Bryce



Luanne



Debbie



Ready Steady Swing



Kacey and Megsy



Wobby Bob and George



Branch AGM

1st February 2009

After a long month of waiting anticipation on our annual Branch AGM, all positions were up for grabs and a dawn of full new committee to boot.

Bryce Bathe was the only executive committee member to return and still remains the Treasurer and Bernadette Botcher also returned to her position as Quartermaster.

There were two members Henk Botcher and Maritta Harvey going for Presidents position. A secret ballot vote was conducted with a close count which Maritta Harvey was the successful applicant.

Audra Allan was unopposed for the Secretary's position, three ordinary committee members were also unopposed for their positions where Darryl Shaw, Luanne Galea and Lyn Jones. A new position of Welfare Officer was selected and Lyn Craig was only too happy to take on the position.

I would like to extend congratulations on the new committee and we all look forward to an exciting new year ahead.



R: Bryce Bathe (Treasurer), Maritta Harvey (President), Audra Allan (Secretary), Luanne Galea (Ordinary Member), Darryl Shaw (Ordinary Member), Lyn Jones (Ordinary Member).



Valentine's Ride



The sun finally broke out for today and what a real scorcher, the humidity was absolutely off the scale. But we didn't let that dampen our spirits as it had been too long too wet for our opinion.



We all rode towards Cape Hillsborough the longish ride through Kuttabul then towards Mt Jukes.

We arrived at Cape Hillsborough to unpack our BYO lunch and started to socialise, did I mention how humid it really was?



Afterwards we reversed the ride and went for drinks at “The Leap” pub to try and cool us down.



Then it was a steady ride home from there. See the following photos from the rest of the day.





Growing Old Ungracefully By Mike Boss-Walker

I once said that I wouldn't mind doing a parachute jump. Only once, not as a habit, it is just another way of killing oneself if things go wrong.

Unfortunately one of my sons heard me say this and believing that I was just silly enough to try it he sent me a voucher for a tandem jump for my sixtieth birthday. I didn't really want to do it but there was no way I would be called a chicken by my three sons!

Jenni and I arrived at the parachuting centre which was a dilapidated shed on the perimeter of an airfield. The inside looked no better than the outside being dominated by an elderly couch through which the springs were trying to sprout.

We were greeted by a scantily clad and smiley blond who assisted me through the paperwork. I tried to appear relaxed making the silly joke about why I should be jumping out of a perfectly good aeroplane. "Perfectly good aeroplane," she laughed, "You wait till you see it, its crap!"

She must be joking, I thought as I pulled on a bright red combination overall. We watched the previous punters plummet earthwards from above and gently alight on the grass nearby.

We then went inside where Smiley Blonde strapped me tightly into a harness which went around my shoulders and around each of my thighs.

At this point the two sky-dive experts strode into the room, hooked their chutes onto the ceiling and began packing. I wandered over hoping to learn the finer points of parachute packing. Not on, steely glares indicated that my presence was not welcome, so I retired to the uncomfortable couch.

When they were finished one of them, a short rotund chap called me over. "Here comes the briefing." I thought. Not so, he looked at my harness and mumbled something about women not having a clue about tight harnesses. He then grabbed each thigh strap and almost lifted me off the ground in tightening the straps. The effect of this was to cease all blood circulation in my legs and pinch a little tuck of scrotum under one strap. I was in too much pain to protest.

"What's going to happen?" I asked, feeling that a briefing would be handy as the other punter was already being loaded into the aircraft. "I'll tell ya." was all I was told. It was evident that I had no right to ask what was going on.

I was led out to the aircraft, which as had been said, appeared to be crap. It had certainly seen better days. It was a very little plane with no seats in the

back and the four of us sat on the floor jammed in like sardines with our feet pointing astern. In an effort to ease the pins and needles in my rear end I tried to push my hand on the floor. Glancing down I saw an aluminium tube between the shoe and trouser leg of my jump-master (for want of a better term). "Beaudy." I thought. "I'm cramped in a rotten plane which I am about to jump out of with a fat guy with one leg!"

Our little aeroplane went up and up with me sitting uncomfortably on the floor with our jump-masters exhorting us to look at the view. Why? I wasn't interested, I go to work by helicopter and I sure the other customer had seen the view from an aircraft in much more comfortable circumstances.

Not soon enough we were high enough and I was told to get on my knees. Easier said than done when the cabin is only three feet high, I'm sixty years old and tend to cramp in the ham strings. With a few terse words from behind me I managed to achieve what was required. Then with my head hard against the roof of the aircraft I was told to lean back. This I also achieved with much difficulty when finally I heard a couple of snap hooks click shut and my shoulders were securely fastened to his. "Good." I thought "Now let's get out of this bucket of bolts."

But no he hadn't finished. "Move your bum back!" he ordered. I attempted to comply. "Further!" he barked. With a superhuman effort I shoved my backside into his crutch. Snap went two more snap hooks and I was secured arched backwards over the ample tummy of my companion. With my hammies screaming for relief I reassured myself that his intentions

were honourable for he had me at his mercy.

Just as the discomfort became agony, as if by magic the plane door flew open and we tumbled head over heels in the sky. It was fantastic. Not as good as sex but quite a blast.

I had previously been told than when tapped on the shoulder I should spread my arms like the wings of an eagle as we dived through the sky. I obeyed the tap and down we flew. The most noticeable sensation of this part of the action was feeling as though a compressed air hose had had been jammed down my throat, with the valve fully open!

I was trying to decide whether I was enjoying this bit or not when I began to ponder the effect of him pulling the ripcord, bearing in mind my body was under the stress of a snap hook at each corner, not to forget the little tuck of scrotum secured by one of the straps.

Wallop! Have you ever heard the story about the dog that jumped at a motorcyclist out of a speeding ute with his lead still attached? Well that how it felt!

It seemed as though I was hurtling upwards with the lift being generated by the straps around my thighs and scrotum. It was not nice.

Eventually things settled down, I was now dangling in the sky, as well as one could racked over a fat belly with no circulation in the legs and a fair bit of weight on the scrote. Our movement was now gentle. I could hear the wind gently flapping the chute. I glanced upwards and then noted a small tear in our canopy. With trepidation I waited

for it to extend to a giant rip and for us to plummet earthwards once more. It didn't happen.

“Look at the vieeeeew!” my partner exhorted. “Blow the view!” I thought. “Just get us back on the ground!” My discomfort was extreme.

Suddenly with a bang the clips on my hips were released. I swung freely by the shoulders, clear at last from the fat tummy. What a relief! I was almost starting to enjoy it when we were approaching the ground.

We watched the other couple glide gently onto the grass. My bloke decided to be cute, instructing me to lift my legs, he threw a fancy three sixty pirouette and attempted to land.

You guessed it, he was too shallow. My heels dug in like a stump jump plough, we were showered with earth and I felt my right hamstring tear. As I limped off spitting the soil out of my mouth I heard Smiley Blonde say “He won't be back.”

I wonder how she knew!

NEW NEWSLETTER EDITOR

After a year of having the Branch Newsletter it is with sadness and delight that this is my last newsletter as editor, due to my commitments as your new Branch Secretary.

Sadness as I have enjoyed the experience, help from members and great feedback and delighted to introduce to you all Luanne Galea as the new editor.

I can assure all who enjoys reading the newsletter that if Lu gets the support

that you gave me it will not only be a great newsletter but more likely a better improved version. Remember it's your newsletter too and without your support it won't be.

I would like to wish Lu all the best and I hope she enjoys it as much as I have and thank you to you all.

Audra Allan

QUARTERMASTER'S CORNER.

Some members may not be aware that you can purchase your national merchandise through the branch. How this works is the branch buys at a discounted rate, you pay retail price and the branch receives the difference. You don't pay any postage. It's a way of helping the branch with raising funds.

We are seeking feedback on having a branch hat made. (See photo for sample).

We can get baseball and bucket style. If anyone is interested in getting one, please let me know as the more we get the cheaper they are. We can also have your name on the back for a little extra.



If you want merchandise, you can email me at bbotcher5@bigpond.com or phone 49548886. Cheers Bernadette.



Maritta's Mutterings

Hello Fellow Ulyssians,

Thank you to those who attended the AGM and elected me as Branch President. I am humbled by your support.

Thank you Jim MacDonald and the outgoing Committee for the work they have done over the past years. Their years of collective experience have created a good starting point for me and the newly elected Committee. Jim has already helped me enormously over the past couple of weeks.

We have some exciting rides planned. After our first Committee meeting I will be circulating the Ride Calendar to everyone. We are in the process of developing a new web-site and the Ride Calendar and Newsletter will be included in due course.

Although fund raising is secondary to social riding it remains an important part of what we do in our community and I encourage suggestions from members about how to raise funds and which charities we, as a Club, should consider donating to.

On behalf of the new Committee I urge members to make suggestions, and to become actively involved as ride leaders and activity co-ordinators. Please feel free to put your hand up if you have an idea that will help to make our rides and social activities more enjoyable for everyone. Should anyone have anything that is 'niggling' them please speak directly to me or the Committee. We are good - but unfortunately have not yet learned to read minds.

Our common interest in motor cycling, companionship and mutual support is what brings us together. I believe that respecting each other's individuality will keep us together.

I look forward to serving as your Branch President in 2009.



NQAS

Because we understand...

Corner McLennan and Alexandra
Streets
Mackay (behind BP City Gates)
Phone 07 49522133
www.nqas.com.au
Email steve.anderson@nqas.com.au

**NQAS Mackay proud to support
Mackay Ulysses Branch**



Committee Members

President:	Maritta Harvey	Ord. Member:	Darryl Shaw
Telephone:	4952 6362	Telephone:	4955 3637
Mobile:	0417 633 000	Mobile:	0417 637 808
Email:	maritta.h@bigpond.com	Email:	Darryl.Shaw@teamsafe.com.au
Secretary:	Audra Allan	Quarter Master:	Bernadette Botcher
Telephone:	4959 1446 a/h	Telephone:	4954 8886
Mobile:	0417 326 668 (w)	Mobile:	0402 946 031
Email:	kandaallan@skymesh.com.au	Email:	bbotcher@bigpond.com
Treasurer:	Bryce Bathe	Web Master:	Rob Moyle
Telephone:	4959 7043	Telephone:	4959 1467
Mobile:	0419 764 458	Mobile:	0409 578 886
Email:	mkypilot_bathe@bigpond.com	Email:	ri-moyle@bigpond.com
Ord. Member & Newsletter Ed:	Luanne Galea	Ride Com.:	Steve Anderson
Telephone:	4942 1256	Telephone:	4998 5112
Mobile:	0405 002 564	Mobile:	0437 659 126
Email:	galeasgarage@optusnet.com.au	Email:	harry1967@live.com
Ord. Member:	Lyn Jones	Ride Com.:	Dennis Nixon
Telephone:	4942 7673	Telephone:	4959 0335
Mobile:	0419 844 896	Email:	denelle@optusnet.com.au
Email:	lynjonesis@bigpond.com		
	Ride Com:	John Van Den Heuvel	
	Telephone:	5954 3098	
	Mobile:	0429 429 421	
	Email:	jvandenheuvel@lcrgroup.com.au	