



# ULYSSES CLUB MACKAY BRANCH

GROW OLD DISGRACEFULLY

# Rev'd n Rollin'

Official Newsletter of the Mackay Branch  
Edition: 36 March - April 2009

## Penrith AGM

By Audra Allan

We basically fled Mackay a day early due to the cyclone heading down our coast line and to beat the rain. Trip down was none the less eventful once we left Rocky, smoko at Biloela and Allen Bovey started pulling out all his food... we couldn't believe our eyes, his trailer was like Woolworths shopping trolley, a whole cooked chook, biscuits, chips, drinks etc....



Then we cruised into Mundubbera. Kev put his back out pulling our camper around and couldn't straighten up so Neil (First Aid Officer) pulled out the trusty old "Vicks" and massaged the large knot out of Kev's back.



We spent the night at Mundubbera (Peter Parris couldn't believe how early we country folk rise and pack up), we then voted and persuaded Sutto to head straight to Dalby, unbeknown to us the wind gusts where like the cyclone had hit inland with the bikes on almighty lean to the east to stay upright.



We stopped at Dalby for smoko and that's when we couldn't believe our eyes when Allen Bovey produced

 **JOHN DONNELLY THE GOOD GUYS**  
MACKAY WOODPOINT RETAIL, WINDMILL CROSSING, BUNDABERG 07 4942 8077



even more food from the trolley (Neil was sure Al had a large tape worm attached right at the throat). Somewhere between Dalby and Stanthorpe Neil got shit in his eye, so we when arrived at Stanthorpe is was a little red and sore. Kev managed to bend his tow hitch, so we where frantically searching Stanthorpe for an engineer and lucky he worked back to fix it for us. The group as a whole went to the court house to do the right thing and do our absentee votes and then we met up with Kacey and Angie (Sweetpea). It was a lovely cold night here. Did I mention poor Pete was unaware of us country folk rising early.



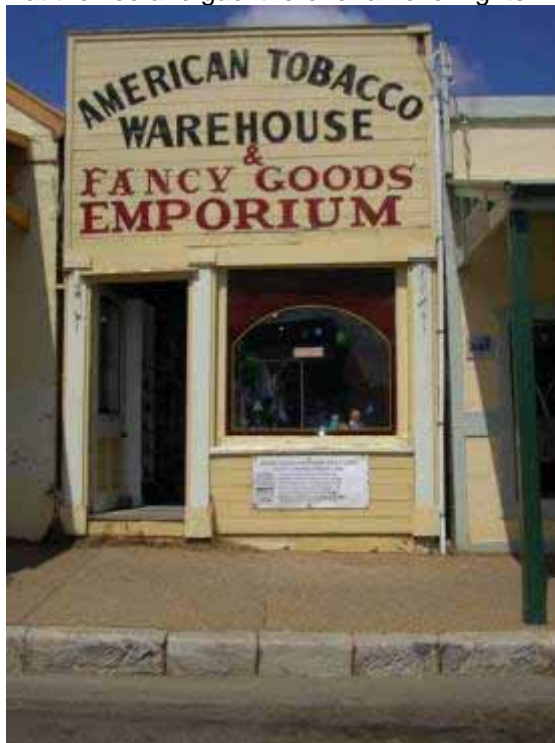
Next day we where off to Tamworth, a little rain fell today and Neil's eye was swollen shut so we stopped at Uralla for him to see the Doctor, with some eye drops in hand we left and continued to Tamworth. This was where Kacey did a one and a half pike backwards over Henk's trailer and fell flat on his back, but bounced back up that quick if you blinked you would have missed it. Thankfully he didn't hurt himself. So Pete not to be out done the next morning must have risen around 4 am (Queensland time) and packed up early and sat and waited for us to get up. Lucky Al is an early riser too. Neil's eye looked worse today but he managed to ride with the one eye. We stopped at the Black Stump rest stop for smoko and yes Al produced even more food.



Goodbye OLD DUNGALOO



We then headed towards Gulgong (the Ten Dollar note town), Kacey and Sweetpea went to Dubbo to look at the zoo and gaol there for an overnighter.



We finally arrived in Mudgee, Megsy got Neil to the local hospital where they gave him two needles of penicillin and a course of antibiotics with some antibiotic eye cream. Mean while Sutto organised a wine tour for the next day. We had tea with some Mudgee Ulysses members that where going to drive our bus for our tour tomorrow. Neil didn't come on the wine tour due to the antibiotics, but I think we made up for his non appearance.



We started at Oatley's winery and after sampling some lovely wines there we decided on the lovely Rummy Port, then off to Pieter Van Gant winery mmmm... lovely, very nice port, wine etc there too and we had a box of alcohol sent home,



On to Stien's winery and had a look at some old motorbikes from yester year,



It was good too but for one who doesn't drink much I was starting to feel not too healthy but off we went to the Farmer's Daughter winery.... I had to pull up on the drinking and consumed all of their cracker biscuits and cheese instead...not feeling very well at all. Ooooh!



But alas I did hold my liquor and made it back to town for a large steak for lunch and a little cat nap afterwards only to wake with a nasty headache but I thoroughly enjoyed myself. Kacey and Angie met up with us for the night.



The next day it was off to Emu Park just outside Penrith. We took a scenic route from here to avoid some nasty road works only to catch up with the cold rain, by the time we reached Lithgow Megs was waiting for our stop at the servo but we didn't find one as we continued to the top of Mt Victoria. With all the rain and altitude it was actually fffffffrrrrr....freezing cold and into the servo to get as much hot food and drinks to warm us up. This is where we were wondering if Sutto blew out his ring from snapping it tightly shut from the cold. Once again the Neil offered the "Vicks" and Megs offered a tracky and a rubber glove to help but the short answer was no! That's all I'll say on that matter. Back to our trip we arrived at Emu Park and camped up for a couple of days.

Neil's eye was starting to look better each day now and is starting to be able to see out of it again, and Neil, Megs, Al, Kev and I had organised to catch up with Pete and Pam Nagiel from the Sydney Hills Branch. They took us to their clubs regular meeting place every Saturday morning called Pirate Pete's and it was an amazing get together, they all meet and if some decide to go on a ride they do and if the others just have a coffee, breakfast etc then go do what they wish to do. It was an excellent informal way of meeting and socializing and all mingled with each other.



Sydney; Hills branch had organised a ride for us who took us through some pretty windy roads, crossed the ferry crossing at Berowra Creek





then had lunch at the Pie in the Sky then down the other side and back through the gorge which was challenging with 5km/hr hair pin turns.



They were that tight of a corner when we were coming down to one of those hairpins a low sports cars bottomed out going up and had to wait to back up and swing it out wider to get around the corner. Overall it was an enjoyable day and a big thank you to the Sydney Hills Branch for their hospitality it was fantastic.



Sunday we managed to register early and got into the grounds to secure a good spot for the Mackay Branch to camp for the week. We put our campers up there and stayed in cabins for the night. Then into the camping grounds nice and early to finish setting up. The start of the AGM began and most of Monday was setting up, however we did manage to get to happy hour at the Hoekker where a number of us won many different things. I believe amongst us all we have \$60 worth of KFC vouchers, we couldn't look at another Krispy Kream Donut by the end of the week, some vouchers to dinner at other venues and

lots of sponsorship merchandise. We also went to check out the competition for the talent quest but nothing went ahead on the Monday.

Tuesday a few of us went down to the Western Motorcycles, we all had a go at the spit the dummy competition.... to stun us all Kev spat and almighty 4.6metres (and a lung) to win a pair of riding gloves, then went into the draw for the furthest spit for the week would win a helmet. Some of us then went for a ride down to the museum to look at the Australian motorcycle history and had a cuppa. The day went quick and it was soon to get ready for the happy hour and talent quest.

We did a quick practice to get everybody in time with Candyman. Alas there wasn't a lot of competition for the night but we automatically went through for the finals which we very happy about.

Wednesday some of the men went for a ride down to Parramatta to the motorbike bling shop while Megsy, Di Jetson, Sweetpea and I went Op shop shopping. Sweet pea bought a complete outfit from Vinnies and we picked a few odds and ends from some of the other op shops too. As the day went passed very quickly it was time Megsy and I to get ready for our tap dancing routine, this time there were a few more acts and we were delighted that not only did we make it through to the finals but we actually managed to keep in time.



It was then time to spend some of the KFC vouchers and we all joined together in the middle of the track for tea and drinks.

Thursday a group of us got together for a ride, we first went to Richmond so that Megsy could go to one of her favourite shops (A shoe shop) and bought a new pair of shoes. (Amelga Marcoss eat your heart out I think Megsy will give a run for your money).



Then we rode along the Bells line road up to Lithgow where we pulled up for a lovely lunch at the local club. Some of the group went on to the Firearms Museum and a couple of us departed back to Penrith.



When we arrived back at camp news soon came to us that Mike Jetson had gone to the hospital due to an accident with a frying pan slipping off the camp stove and nearly cutting his little off and then to find out that Terry came off his bike on the roundabout just outside the grounds. Only to find out when we got back to Mackay that Terry actually fractured his pelvis and a rib. Then news got back to us that Maritta had a major blow out on the M7 and was trying to get back in time for the talent quest. It was then time for the talent quest finals. Candyman took it out overall and the tapping was given a standing ovation, we were ecstatic that the Mackay group managed to take out the talent quest two years in a row.

Friday was a lazy day, and opportunity to unwind and think about which way we are going to go home. Maritta and I represented the Mackay Branch at the extended NATCOM meeting which was a real delight. Most of the members went to the AGM tea which was a rolling roll night theme, the meal I believe was excellent but the unfortunately the drinks were hot.

Saturday we got word that Kevy actually won the dummy spitting comp overall and had won the helmet but we did a swap for \$180 worth of clothing. We started pack up some of our gear for our departure tomorrow. The Grand parade was also excellent and even got a mention of our Platypus's in the AGM speeches. After the sad reality was that the AGM was quickly coming to a close and soon to head for home. A number of us went to the Saturday AGM tea and the issue with the drinks were the same as the night before but the food was good.

Sunday we all packed up and all went in different directions, our group (Neil & Megsy, Allen Bovey, Peter Parris, Kacey & Sweetpea and Kevy and I) decided we would go to Wisemans Ferry for the night. Along the way we stopped at Windsor for lunch and had a look at their markets then rode through to Wisemans Ferry.



However due to a little hiccup of our GPS we crossed the Hawkesbury River three times before we found the place we were staying at.



Fortunately when we arrived Megsy did some sweet talking and got us the cabins right on the river for a real bargain that we could refuse. We were then fortunate to have the speed boat ski going right passed out cabins which provided entertainment for the afternoon. We then had a lovely tea at the on grounds tavern. The stay here was absolutely wonderful.



Next morning it was a gentle ride along the Hawkesbury out to the M1 where Kacey and Sweetpea parted and went to Gosford as we continued up to Newcastle passed Raymond Terrace then inland along the "Bucketts Way" pass Stroud, Gloucester over the ranges and stop at the Lookout.

Then it was down to Walcha for lunch and a walk around then on to Uralla to stop for the night. Mike and Jenni Boss-Walker met up with us there and we all went to tea at the Pub. The night here was freezing and when we got up certainly felt it.

Peter 'Poppy' Parris left us early to get to Brisbane by a certain time but he informed me that it was 3 degrees along the road and the fog was very thick. I believe he got a puncture as well on his bike and had a close call when his bike slipped on wet turning arrow but managed to keep the bike upright.

We continued up towards Stanthorpe and Kev also got a flat back tyre about 5kms outside Warwick and would you believe no spares in town. Luckily Neil had the number where he bought his camper from who knew a fellow in Stanthorpe who rode a Goldwing which happen to have a spare tyre and was able to drop it off to us within an hour. Two hours later we were back on the road and we finally pulled up in Crow's Nest Caravan Park. Like I said in a previous newsletter this place has beautiful cooked meals and for \$17.50 each and all you can eat with five different desserts is real value for money.

From here it was a big ride to Rocky for the night and a comfy ride home the next day without and further hassles. Overall the trip away was excellent and we really enjoyed our AGM and holiday.



## The Longreach Iron Butts Run Easter Long Weekend

By John Van Den Heuvel

The Longreach ride appeared to be over before it started given the wet weather that the Mackay region had been experiencing all week. Nevertheless 3 riders, Mackay Branch Club President Maritta Harvey, partner Jeff Heiler and Bill Lucas left Mackay on Good Friday at 7.30 am.

John & Debbie Van Den Heuvel who live in Marian travelled across where they joined up at North Eton to ride to Long Reach with the rest of the group. The first leg of the Longreach ride was approximately 680 Klms to be covered in the first day hence the reason it was called the Iron Butts ride.

The ride on day 1 took us to Nebo, Middlemount, Cappella, Emerald, Alpha, Jericho, and then on Barcaldine.



It was planned to meet up with Pat Obrien and partner Joy who live in Rockhampton at Emerald to make up the magnificent Seven. Unfortunately during our stop at Middlemount we received a phone message from Pat & Joy that Joy's motorcycle had a mechanical problem which ended there trip. This was a real disappointment given the good quality times we have had in the past. We later found out that the driveshaft spline on Joy's bike had packed it in.



Although wet conditions prevailed the rain became more isolated as we headed west good spirits and character prevailed. The road from Emerald to Alpha was a beautiful ride given some of the ordinary sections we had just come through and with the sun out, wet weather gear removed, we travelled at good comfortable speeds.

We arrived at Alpha and although raining again our spirits were not dampened, in fact Jeff had commented how friendly people were including the police when he got a flash and a wave from a passing car, (good one Jeff)



On entering the Alpha service station to order lunch, I noticed a \$100.00 note on the counter and as no body was in the vicinity I wondered why it hadn't been taken. I spoke to the lovely lady behind the counter and she said that it tests the honesty of people out and it had been sitting on the counter for a month. She gave me a wink and turned the note over and it was a photocopy, there private joke no doubt.



After Lunch, we left Alpha in very wet conditions and travelled onto Jericho. We stopped there to examine the artistry completed by a local artist taken from Roman times (The Crystal Trumpets) Bill & Maritta decided that parking the bikes in the open air drive in (I remember in my young days being a back in and movies were not on our minds) ah yes, anyway as I was saying they decided it would be good for a picture. After taking photos, given the rain, we were looking on to see whether they would get bogged fortunately they did not experience too much difficulty although the moves were interesting.



The road to Barcardine in a word is straight with many sections going for 10 to 20 klms. We worked out quite quickly that this was not a road to be travelled on during the night given the road kill numbers predominately kangaroos, with the odd pig and other unrecognisable carcasses on the road. We also learnt to hold our breath as you came up to road kill as the stench was as good as smelling salts to bring you back to sharp awareness. We arrived at Barcardine around 4pm passing the tree of Knowledge shrine in the middle of town. As we needed a rest we elected to look around the town in the morning and look for our accommodation at the Iron Bark Inn. We checked in and were given the layout of meals, refreshments (not in that order) before going to our rooms. As Deb was attempting to move off she lost her footing on the soft track and the bike precariously balanced on the foot pegs (Another great Honda Initiative for anyone who doesn't already know how good they are) Needless to say apart from a bit of pride being displaced, we got the bike righted with no damage.

The Iron Bark Inn rooms are modest no frills but comfortable, the restaurant and bar are open air where honesty prevails i.e. when you grab a drink from the fridge you put in the book listing the room number, in this case Jeff's room number was quite popular. The meals like in most country towns were generous with sumptuous steaks being cooked and the reef and beef I can definitely vouch for. After a pleasant evening we all retired sleeping till approximately 2am when the heavens opened up delivering more rain.



At 8am on Saturday the rain had cleared, we had no idea that we had received approximately 10mm of rain, but we headed into town for a look at the Tree of Knowledge which is said to be the birth place of the Labour Party. In a word the sight of this tree or what's left of it is very sad given that some years ago it was poisoned and all attempts by local authorities to renew life in this tree have failed.(Really makes you wonder what people are thinking when they do these senseless acts)

We left Barcardine at about 8.30am and Jeff, Maritta and Bill were ahead of us approximately two klms when the unthinkable happened.

Coming over a ridge and then a slight slope in the road no one had any warning of a gully where from

the nights rain water was flowing over the road approximately 20 meters wide and 2ft deep in places.



Jeff being in the front was first to react but could not slow down sufficiently without losing control of his bike so he elected to drop his legs of the foot pegs and go through the water, experience and luck allowed Jeff to get through unscathed.



Bill Lucas had the luxury of a little more distance than Jeff had, and was slowing down sufficiently to enable a controlled crossing when Maritta ran up the rear of Bill's bike causing them both to drop the bikes and fall off. It would have only been seconds when Deb and John came over the brow of the hill noticing Jeff waving to stop.

What was witnessed initially by Deb & John was two bikes laying in the water and three riders standing. Apart from what appeared to be severe bruising and shock, both Bill & Maritta were unscathed. The same could not be said for Bills 750 Honda and Maritta's 900 Kawasaki. Fortunately both bikes did not land in the water on the air intake side so no water injection occurred. After approximately an hour we road into Ilfracombe (27klms from Longreach, we stopped to have breakfast and gather our thoughts. Whilst eating breakfast, the local policeman pulled up and asked if we were ok. We indicated that things could have been a lot worse and suggested that water over road signs be erected as soon as possible. We checked with him on local knowledge re access to a garage where oxy acetylene services were available as Bills bike needed some work. After a brief and cordial discussion with the police, we rode onto Longreach.



Entering Longreach, you cannot miss the 747 Jumbo Jet and Hall of Fame that greets you as you enter the township. Travelling into Longreach we found a garage and the owner allowed us to use his Oxy set to bend Bills Bike stand from a C position back to somewhat of its original shape. This then allowed Bill to not rely on someone, a tree or wall to prop his bike up. The other immediate problem was that Bill bike developed a crack in the diff resulting in oil loss. After degreasing the diff, affixing muffler putty to the crack and refilling the diff, Bill's bike was like new (Well almost) Maritta's bike required some outside the square thinking as her running boards were non existent and for the trip home she had no where to place her foot. It's good that Yamahas and Kawasaki's are similar where parts are concerned and we soon had Maritta's bike a going concern. (Just kidding)

We checked in to the Savoy Plaza I mean Discovery Holiday Park and found the staff very helpful given that the rooms were not ready. We explained our mishap as by now Maritta was feeling quite sore and Bill had a noticeable limp and was in pain given that his left knee had contacted the handlebar (a feat normally conducted by a gymnast) when Maritta contacted him. Within twenty minutes, rooms were provided and we decided after having showers and a drink (for medicinal purposes) to check over the bikes.



Deb, Bill & John were keen to do the river cruise that evening which included the three course meal. Although the cruise and the three course meal was a no frills event it was still quite pleasant and well organised.

The next day, although both Bill & Maritta were still quite sore we decided to visit the Qantas museum before heading back to Emerald for the night. We did the full tour of the museum with Maritta getting some first hand knowledge on how to fly one of the original Qantas passenger planes, as for Jeff, I'd stick to riding bikes with Bill being the unknown quantity.

For those that don't know what Qantas stands for (I didn't I know shame on me) Qld and Northern Territory Aerial services and contrary to belief QANTAS commenced from Winton and not Longreach. The tour over and in the 747 Jumbo although informative was tad long given that the tour guide covered every inch of the under belly of the plane before we got into the thing.

During the internal tour we took the opportunity to sit in the economy class seats, all agreed after checking out both business and first class that the latter was



the preferred option. Deb got her wish purchasing a bear (another one) complete with leather flying suit and goggles and adding to the 898 bears already residing at the VDH residence.

With the bikes packed, we left Longreach at 12.30 and road to Ilfracombe. We stopped at the Wellshot Hotel for a drink. After a photo shoot from a passerby, we put our gear on and in the process John lost his four hundred dollar sun glasses. Looking around asking Jeff if he could see them, John looked down to see that he was standing on them. (hmmmm)

We arrived at Alpha in good time, fuelled up and had a quick stop as time was getting on and no-one wanted to travel in the dark. We all arrived safely in Emerald enjoying a barbecue dinner and several drinks again purely for medicinal purposes at the Explorers motel.

It rained that night but next morning we had beautiful sunshine that lasted until we got to Nebo. We made the right choice to put on our wet weather gear as five minutes out it rained all the way to Mackay.

FOOTNOTE

*The author would like to thank all riders who went on this run; those that didn't missed a great ride. The comradely, support was tested and the true Ulysses spirit shone. I'm very proud of Deb who rode like a professional (have to say that married to her) and Maritta who I take my hat off to (very gutsy lady) because she got back on the bike after an incident that could have been so much worse. Jeff & Bill, I'd ride with you anytime. Thanks.*

*Lastly thank you to Steve (Harry) Anderson for organising the ride, it was well planned and thought out and appreciate the time put into organising this ride.*



**ANZAC DAY -25<sup>TH</sup> APRIL**

Three new faces, Neil, Steve & Jane were welcomed on the Anzac Day ride. Bryce came along with his new "filly" to show her off. Maritta volunteered to look after Neil's lovely Kawasaki 900 and even offered a comfortable car ride in exchange. Much to her disappointment, Neil did not take up the offer!!! A group of 24 members took off from the information centre picking up a couple more along the way and arrived at Midge Point Tavern at about 12 noon. Maritta gave a short recitation and we recited the Ode. All shared a moment of silence in grateful memory of those who served in war or conflict and for those who are currently serving in the Armed Forces. The Managers at Midge Point, as usual, were very hospitable allowing us private entry to conduct our brief service prior to opening the doors to the general public. We all enjoyed a BBQ lunch and a few drinks. Some members rode back to Mackay while others visited the Marina at Laguna Quays and had Ice-cream and drinks at the Beach Club at Laguna. While we were there the Resort's Business Manager explained that the Beach Club is now open and encouraged us to take a look around. Members all agreed that this would be a beaut place to have a get together and the Resort Manager has agreed to us "camping" in the area surrounding the Beach Lagoon at a later date. This information will be put to the Ride-Committee to follow up.



Some Penrith AGM Photo's



# Broken but not unloved



There is a moment of absolute clarity of mind...just before the shit hits the fan, when your eyeballs penetrate your visor and your other ones choke you. That moment dear

riders, is a micro second before impact. The voice in your head is screaming for the far que, however reality is that you are near....too near.....disaster. There is the sickening, muted report of impact.....you momentarily loose awareness, the turmoil ends. Separation has occurred...you are here and your steed is there, bleeding its life giving juices over the road....it doesn't look good. A quick check of personal well being reveals nothing damaged, however the crush of Ute over motorcycle has mortally wounded her. I see her broken frame and know, she will never purr again, never thrill me with her freedom, which fires my very being. Reality returns. "You alright mate?" I look at the shocked and concerned faces "Yeah....but me bikes bugged.....you ok?" I gather my thoughts....double check my adrenaline charged body and it dawns on me how very, very fortunate I am....not even a scratch. My commitment to wearing good protective gear, every ride, has kept the gravel rash on the outside....excellent! Gloves.... a small tear in the left palm...yeah survival instinct has kicked in...hands out to break the fall. Draggin jeans torn at the right leg cuff....foot peg probably caught that. Right boot lightly scuffed...nearly landed on my feet. A tumble at 20 klms/hr is no worse than falling off a bicycle....being run over by a Ute, is deadly. The business end of the crash now begins. Take photos, exchange details, inform the Police, organise salvage and get the road cleared of the slippery ooze from my fallen friend. Can't have others falling in my tracks. I avoid the blame game...too much adrenaline...too much emotion...the photos will tell the story.



A dear friend has given his time and picked me and my bike up. We are delivered home My wife and kids are still

out.....I'll just chill out til they get back. The door opens. "Hi darling, I've broken my bike....written it off actually" "You OK?" "Couple of bruises....Bike's a gonna" "When you getting a new one?" That's when you know you've made the right choice...my freedom is still intact!



Ride safe, throttle the moment and forget about rehearsals...this is the real deal

**Bryce**



## Marjoleins BIG Shave



Ulyssians generous donations helped push the grand total over the \$1000.00 target to \$1090.00. For a snapshot in time, I am elevated to above "The one with

least hair in our family", only by a close shave. To my dismay and my family's delight, my wife's fertile cranium is flourishing and I am currently ahead by a whisker with the finish line nowhere in sight. All too soon the status quo will be returned. The economics of the situation bewilder me... she gets paid for a haircut... I'm charged a search fee! Thank you to all for your support.



**Marjolein we salute You**



# Some More Penrith AGM Photo's













Shared Passion, Individual Style



Easter Saturday Egg Run to Aged Care Homes







## President's Prattle

The past few months have been challenging to say the least. As Branch President the National AGM in Penrith was a different experience for me this year. Attending both the Delegate's Meeting and the General Meeting was new and interesting. The National Committee are an incredible group of individuals. The passion, enthusiasm and time they put into their work as volunteers is inspiring.

Being involved in the AGM Talent Quest was a hoot. They say it takes only a few weeks to form a bad habit and months to break it. The song "Candyman" is still resounding in my head and every now and then I still find myself doing the moves. I think everyone would agree that our dance troop was awesome, but that really Megg's and Audy's tap routine should have taken out first place. Of course the prize of \$80 worth of KFC and 2 bottles of cheap wine was shared by us all. Enjoy the photos in the Newsletter.

Jeff and I had a trip to remember. It started on the M7 with a tyre blow-out on my bike. Thanks to Kacey who attended the scene and got me back to the dance troop in time do the Stage performance of "Candyman". Thanks to Dennis Nixon who travelled through peak hour traffic to collect my bike on his trailer.

As we had taken the Putty Road down to Penrith, we decided to do it again. What an exhilarating 180 klms ride through the Wollemi National Park. At the bottom of the range Jeff found that the tyre on the Camper was losing rubber. So we changed the tyre and got on our way. Between Coffs Harbour and Grafton the rear-brake-pads on Jeff's bike overheated, so we stopped on the Mountain for a chat and waited for them/him to cool off. Next the gear shift lever on Jeff's bike snapped at the shaft, he looked really funny changing gears by reaching down hitting the bit of metal that was striking out of the gear-box. Lucky we were close to Gympie and found a Yamaha repair shop. Arriving at Woodgate, were we planned to stay for a couple of days we were devastated to find that the tow bar on his bike had snapped - requiring another repair job. One text message reply after hearing our news said "How many chinamen did you two kill anyway?" Needless to say were very happy to get home in one piece.

Our Longreach Iron Butt Run story is covered in the Newsletter. Most enjoyable reading thanks John. Suffice to say that I now know how it feels to go from 110k's to Zero in one breath. I hope to be back on my bike within the next couple of weeks.

Recently, several members displayed an interest in the direction of this Branch under the current Committee. Their issues were dealt with and the Committee have already commenced implementing some of the changes that were suggested.

At the time of writing there are two positions vacant on the Committee.

I would like to take this opportunity to remind members that showing support for the Ulysses Club can come in many forms. It can be, leading a ride or making a gold coin donation or serving as a volunteer on the Committee (to name a few). Even smiling, as a demonstration of support may be easy for one person but a challenge for another. Whatever support is offered, be it large or small is appreciated. Please consider supporting the Branch by putting your hand up for consideration.

The Branch membership is growing and healthy with quite a few new members joining and/or participating in our rides. I would like to remind new members and previous members that you are welcome to ride with us as often as you wish and encourage you to join the Branch by completing the Rego form on the Web-site. This will ensure you are kept up to date with planned rides and social gatherings.

Minutes of Committee meetings are up on the web site as is the ride calendar. Members are advised that they are free to attend Committee meetings as observers however; they are not permitted to vote at these meetings. Member discussion evenings are the forum were members will have an opportunity to put forward suggestions and offer constructive ideas for the Committee's consideration, these will take place prior to our social dinner evenings. Check out the Ride Calendar for dates and times.

The Ride-Committee have planned some great social functions and planned rides. They have asked me to remind you that they do not have exclusive rights to the organisation of the Calendar and ask that you contact them with your ideas. Be prepared to help organise and/or lead if you make a suggestion.

Enough from me – please feel free to drop me a line or call in for a chat.

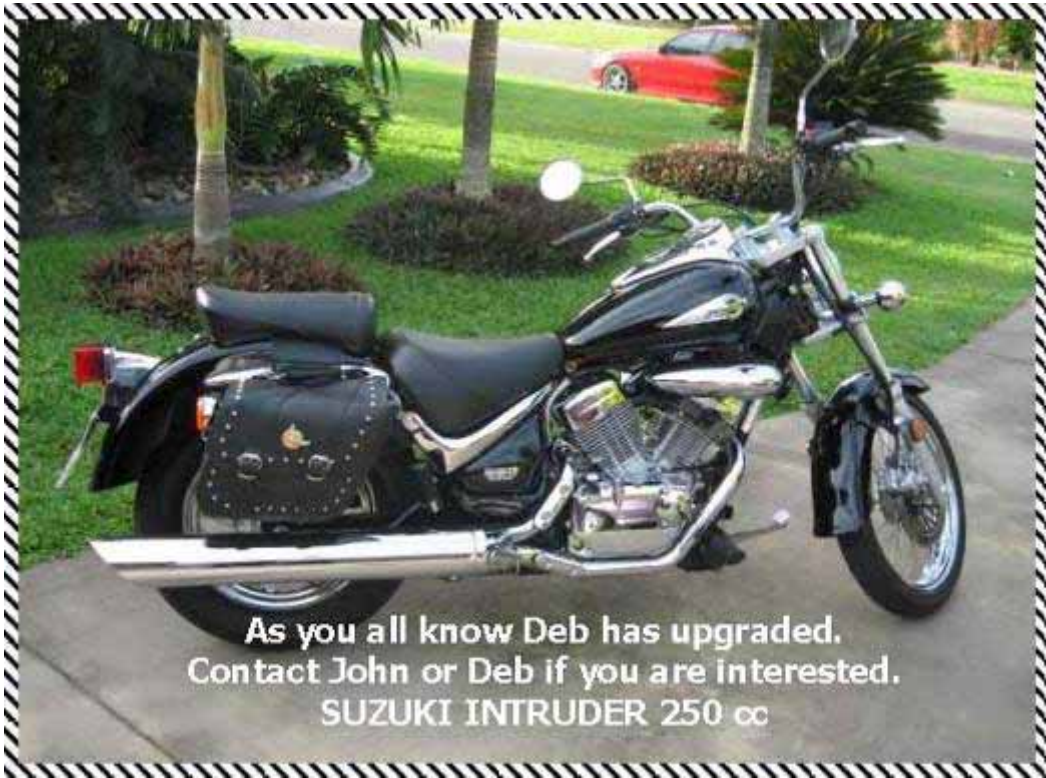
Take care and ride safe.  
Maritta

### QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"It's nice to be important but more important to be nice"

Author: Unknown

## For Sale



As you all know Deb has upgraded.  
Contact John or Deb if you are interested.  
SUZUKI INTRUDER 250 cc



Fluffies Nomad is for sale too.  
Contact him if you are interested

The Dancers



## Contacts - Get to know your Committee

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**Shared Passion, Individual Style**  
**No Rules**  
**No Politics**  
**Just Ride.**