



8th Edition, August 2006

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Hello fellow disgracefullians,
Our 8th edition, two years on. Wow! didn't think we could fill 8 newsletters with such fine, factual prose sprinkled with occasional waffle.

Well, the time has come folks! Unfortunately, due to family, work and other volunteer commitments, this will be my last edition as editor. Its been an interesting 2 years as editor involving the combustion of midnight oil and skillful editing assistance from my very tolerant wife, but generally, putting it together has been fun.

I would like to thank Hans, Barb, Rob and the social committee for their support and efforts in terms of keeping the branch running, not to mention those who have contributed to the newsletter. I look forward to continuing my membership with the branch, riding with members and hopefully, the opportunity to contribute to future branch newsletters, and in that regard, I do hope someone does put their hand up to take it on. After all, the newsletter is the voice of and window into the Eurobodalla branch and I sincerely hope it continues bigger and better than ever. The very best to all.
Ross Constable 29723.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Hi One and All

On a Sad note I have just received an e-mail announcing Ross Constable's resignation from the position of Newsletter Editor as he is announcing in this edition, I'm not expecting to find any body that can do the same as him but that is not to say someone can't put their character in to it just as John Van Der Heul did and Ross has done and evolve it to another level so come on all you closet journalists otherwise you will be stuck with me and believe me I don't have the flair the last two editors have had. I think I can say on behalf of All that we all appreciate the fine work he put in.

The Social nights have been a great success and the next which will be following the Quarterly Meeting at the Moruya Golf club promises to be another hoot. Some of you may have heard me talking over the last couple years that I would like us to organise a get together with other branches and I have finally started taking the first steps after attending the bar-b-q at Yass, I realised that it might not be to hard and started by setting up better communications between the branches of our region, I am hoping that we may be able to get something happening later this year or early next year. I am also keen to hear from anyone else out there that might notice an activity on another branches calendar which we might like to join in such as the Golf day at Coolangatta on 29 October which was bought to my attention by Keith Brain far enough in advance as to be able to let every one know so it can included as an alternative to that Sundays ride, for any body who has never played 9 holes with two golf clubs (you don't have to know how to play to have Fun) it is a fun way to learn and have a giggle. Who knows we might be able to throw down a challenge for them to come down to one of our golf clubs for a similar event. Any way I better go know see you at the meeting or even on one of the, rides Till I See You Ride Safe, Cheers.

Hans Ottevanger

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Alpine Rally No 37 10 June 2006

On the Queens Birthday weekend, Saturday 10 June 5 riders (Paul Wegmann, Jerry Quale, John Sewell , Arthur Flower & Robert Overdijk) brushed aside the forecasted terrible weather conditions to set out for the ride to get to the 37th Alpine Rally to be held on the banks of the Yarrongobilly River next to the Snowy Mountains Highway.

The days prior had been wet and cold but on Saturday morning we set out from Narooma with the sun shining. The ride to Bemboka was very pleasant with fabulous vistas of the low clouds/mist still hanging in the valleys. The next stage to Cooma was cold but dry and the thought of double demerit points in the back of your mind kept the pace to the legal limit. A short stop at Cooma to fill tank and belly then onto the final stage.

Not long out of Cooma the temperature dropped and the rain started near Adaminaby. Thank goodness for heated handgrips they certainly are a must on winter trips. A combination of fogged up glasses and visor slowed me down considerably through the winding sections near Alpine Hill with Jerry behind me itching to overtake. Just when we all just about had enough, the rally site appeared in front of us.

Close to a hundred bikes had arrived before us, which would swell to 193 all up according to the official count. Not a bad effort under the circumstances.

Setting the tents up in the rain and getting the fire going was like we had been doing it all our lives. Not before long we were sitting under Jerry's tarp staring at the fire with some wine and port warming us up.

The rain did ease at times allowing for some wandering around to check out the camp site. The night was a wet and cold experience for some as some of the tents are not so waterproof as hoped for.

Arthur and Jerry claim they were up at four and had a roaring fire which helped drying out some wet clothes, jackets and even John's helmet was soaking. The sight of snow on nearby hills gave some idea on how the ride back was going be. The organisers promised a warm dip in the Yarrongobilly thermal pool not so far away for those staying another night, but it was decided by our group to head home. After some discussion which way to go home we set off back to Cooma when the weather cleared.

After only 5 k's the landscape turned white and it was decided not to challenge the snowy conditions and head the other way and go home via Talbingo, Tumut, Gundagai and Yass. Nice to see snow but not on a packed road bike. All together not a bad weekend and Paul gained some experience for his planned Himalaya/Nepal ride on an Enfield in July. Cheers; Rob Overdijk.



Left: Some of our members experiencing "the white stuff" on the Snowy Mtns. Hwy during the 37th 2006 Alpine Rally. Right: The same members experiencing the beautiful weather the rally had to offer. According to Rob, his tent was the only one that did not leak and the reason they are all standing in the above pic was because their fold-up seats kept freezing to their bums. Photos: Rob Overdijk. (sorry I missed this rally, ha! Ed)

GREAT TRUTHS ABOUT GROWING OLD

- ⇒ Growing old is mandatory; growing up is optional.
- ⇒ When you fall down, you wonder what else you can do while you're down there.
- ⇒ You're getting old when you get the same sensation from a rocking chair that you once got from your motorcycle.
- ⇒ It's frustrating when you know all the answers but nobody bothers to ask you the questions.
- ⇒ Time may be a great healer, but it's a lousy beautician.
- ⇒ Wisdom comes with age, but sometimes age comes alone.



Left: Don't try this on your own bike..... borrow someone else's instead!
Photo: uoonone.com

FROM OUR VERY SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Hi all, Well our first Social Night to Malibu Mex, at Bodalla went down extremely well.....as did the

delicious entrees, Mexican main, and dessert and coffee.....all for \$25 head - excellent value, excellent food, and a fun night for all. We will definitely be having another night here in the not too distant future. Our second night at Donegans Steakhouse, Batehaven was also a good night enjoyed by 19 of our members. Lots of laughter (thanks for the jokes, Col), & food and beverage ensured a great time. Again, a must for the future, even for those who drove up and back from Narooma said it was definitely worth the trip. Our next "social" is in conjunction with the Quarterly meeting.....meet at 5.30 or so for discussion (meeting) followed by dinner in Fountains Restaurant (Bistro) in Moruya Golf Club. Excellent meals for a very reasonable price, and club prices for drinks. The date is Saturday 5th August. The booking is for at least 20 (this is our usual meeting numbers) so please patronise this club as it could also become a regular meeting place.....the booking is in the name of Eurobodalla Ulysses and the club is making a great effort to make us feel welcome, and as this is the opportunity to update on Branch news and happenings and the time to all get together for discussion please be there. A REMINDER....for the 60's night Social at Narooma RSL - you must book and pay, NOW. Last year was absolutely fantastic and booked out early.....SO DON'T MISS OUT. AUGUST 26TH.

SAT SEPT 30 MORUYA RIVER SUNSET CRUISE 5.30 approx. 2 hrs. BYO Drinks (no eskies, huge icebox on board) Bring a plate of finger food/nibbles. CD Player on board. host Martin is a biker, so you can ride to boat and he offers secure parking. Numbers limited to 20. Boat costs \$200 so if 20 arrive cost is \$10 head/or couple of dollars more if numbers decrease. Pubs, clubs, restaurants in Moruya still open on return for the "diehards" Nice relaxed social chat & get together time for members - enjoy !RSVP 1st SEPT as we will need boat deposit.

SUN NOV 5 MOGO ZOO - BREAKFAST MEETING (our usual quarterly meeting) 8 am BYO Breakfast/coffee - BBQ on site. 10 am animal feeding time - possible personal tour of zoo (cheap rate for members) then continue usual Sunday ride and lunch. This event to be confirmed.....but sounds like fun.....certainly different ! Details TBA.

SAT JULY 1 DONEGANS STEAKHOUSE, BATEMANS BAY 6.30 for 7 pm. Dine with Irish Host, Michael. Great Food - pick and pay your own BIG Steak, Fish, Chicken, Veg/Salads....they cook and serve. Licensed. RSVP 23RD JUNE to Di & Tony, or Col

SAT AUG 5 MORUYA GOLF CLUB Dinner Meeting (usual Quarterly club meeting) in the Bistro/Restaurant....5.30 meeting then Dinner from 6 pm. Have booked for 25 (our usual meeting attendance) Would appreciate a call beforehand if this is likely to vary (i.e. you bring your partner, or not attending)

SAT AUG 26 NAROOMA SERVICES CLUB Dinner/Dance 60's/70's Theme - Dress Up !!!! great band, good food (3 course). Prizes..\$30 p/h. This is a fun night....Members who attended this VRA Fundraising night last year had a ball !! Sleepover at Oakleigh Farm Cottages (cheap rate for members)and we can arrange a bus to & from the Club, and ride on Sunday. Not to be missed !! Need full payment ASAP as tables can only be booked with payment. You can pay at Narooma Coffee morning (to Barbara) or send cheque/PO to Di & Tony (receipt returned) Ring ASAP.

MEMBER'S PARKING

The Biker and the Squirrel submitted by Dave & Barb

I never dreamed slowly cruising on my motorcycle through a residential neighbourhood could be so incredibly dangerous! Little did I suspect was on Brice Street - a very nice neighbourhood with perfect lawns and slow traffic. As I passed an oncoming car, a brown furry missile shot out from under it and tumbled to a stop immediately in front of me. It was a squirrel, and must have been trying to run across the road when it encountered the car. I really was not going very fast, but there was no time to brake or avoid it -- it was that close. I hate to run over animals, and I really hate it on a motorcycle, but a squirrel should pose no danger to me. I barely had time to brace for the impact. Animal lovers never fear. Squirrels, I discovered, can take care of themselves!

Inches before impact, the squirrel flipped to his feet. He was standing on his hind legs and facing my oncoming Harley with steadfast resolve in his beady little eyes. His mouth opened, and at the last possible second, he screamed and leapt! I am pretty sure the scream was squirrel for, "Bonsai!" or maybe, "Die you gravy-sucking, heathen scum!"

The leap was nothing short of spectacular...He shot straight up, flew over my windshield, and impacted me squarely in the chest. Instantly, he set upon me. If I did not know better, I would have sworn he brought 20 of his little buddies along for the attack. Snarling, hissing, and tearing at my clothes, he was a frenzy of activity.

As I was dressed only in a light T-shirt, summer riding gloves, and jeans this was a bit of a cause for concern. This furry little tornado was doing some damage!

Picture a large man on a huge black and chrome Harley, dressed in jeans, a T-shirt, and leather gloves, pattering at maybe 25 mph down a quiet residential street, and in the fight of his life with a squirrel. And losing...

I grabbed for him with my left hand. After a few misses, I finally managed to snag his tail. With all my strength, I flung the evil rodent off to the left of the bike, almost running into the right curb as I recoiled from the throw.

That should have done it. The matter should have ended right there. It really should have. The squirrel could have sailed into one of the pristinely kept yards and gone on about his business, and I could have headed home. No one would have been the wiser. But this was no ordinary squirrel. This was not even an ordinary angry squirrel.

This was an EVIL MUTANT ATTACK SQUIRREL OF DEATH! Somehow he caught my gloved finger with one of his little hands and, with the force of the throw, swung around and with a resounding thump and an amazing impact, he landed squarely on my BACK and resumed his rather antisocial and extremely distracting activities. He also managed to take my left glove with him!

The situation was not improved. Not improved at all. His attacks were continuing, and now I could not reach him. I was startled, to say the least. The combination of the force of the throw, only having one hand (the throttle hand) on the handlebars, and my jerking back unfortunately put a healthy twist through my right hand and into the throttle. A healthy twist on the throttle of a Harley can only have one result. Torque. This is what the Harley is made for, and she is very, very good at it. The engine roared and the front wheel left the pavement. The squirrel screamed in anger.

The Harley screamed in ecstasy. I screamed in. well.. I just plain screamed.

With the sudden acceleration I was forced to put my other hand back on the handlebars and try to get control of the bike. This was leaving the mutant squirrel to his own devices, but I really did not want to crash into somebody's tree, house, or parked car. Also, I had not yet figured out how to release the throttle... my brain was just simply overloaded. I did manage to mash the brake, but it had little effect against the massive power of my big Harley.

About this time the squirrel decided that I was not paying sufficient attention to this very serious battle (maybe he was an evil mutant attack squirrel of death), and he came around my neck and got INSIDE my full-face helmet with me. As the faceplate closed part way, he began hissing in my face. I am quite sure my screaming changed intensity. It had little effect on the squirrel, however.

The RPMs on the Harley maxed out (since I was not bothering with shifting at the moment), so her front end started to drop. Finally I got the upper hand. I managed to grab his tail again, pulled him out of my helmet, and slung him to the left as hard as I could. This time it worked ... sort-of. Spectacularly sort-of ...so to speak.

Picture a new scene. You are a cop. You and your partner have pulled off on a quiet residential street and parked with your window down to do some paperwork.

More of the 2006 Tassie AGM

Left: A gaggle of machines with the "Eurobodalla" banner in the background. Photos: Hans Ottevanger.



Killer squirrel cont.....

Suddenly a large man on a huge black and chrome Harley, dressed in jeans, a torn T-shirt flapping in the breeze, and wearing only one leather glove, moving at probably 80 mph on one wheel, and screaming bloody murder roars by, and with all his strength throws a live squirrel grenade directly into your police car. I heard screams. They weren't mine...

I managed to get the big motorcycle under control and dropped the front wheel to the ground. I then used maximum braking and skidded to a stop in a cloud of tire smoke at the stop sign of a busy cross street. I would have returned to 'fess up (and to get my glove back). I really would have. Really... Except for two things. First, the cops did not seem interested or the slightest bit concerned about me at the moment. When I looked back, the doors on both sides of the patrol car were flung wide open. The cop from the passenger side was on his back, doing a crab walk into somebody's front yard, quickly moving away from the car. The cop who had been in the driver's seat was standing in the street, aiming a riot shotgun at his own police car. So, the cops were not interested in me. They often insist to "let the professionals handle it" anyway. That was one thing. The other? Well, I could clearly see shredded and flying pieces of foam and upholstery from the back seat. But I could also swear I saw the squirrel in the back window, shaking his little fist at me. That is one dangerous squirrel. And now he has a patrol car. A somewhat shredded patrol car ... but it was all his. I took a deep breath, turned on my turn-signal, made a gentle right turn off of Brice Street, and sedately left the neighbourhood. I decided it was best to just buy myself a new pair of gloves. And a whole lot of Band-Aids

In the interests of authenticity I am sure readers would appreciate a source. On the other hand, who cares, it's a good yarn anyway and I am glad our Wombats don't react in the same way. Thanks Dave & Barb! Ed.

"World's Fastest Indian" - A Short Preview

Anthony Hopkins does a great job of a Kiwi motor cycle rider and mechanic both in New Zealand and America.

The main character is named Munro, aged I would guess about 60 to 65. It is hard to tell what year the movie is set as two conflicting lines says 1962 or 1963 but in fact I reckon that it must have been later in the 60's. No surprises on the ending as the title of the movie does give it away somewhat however all the little hiccups that Munro experiences on the way should satisfy most folk with a sense of enjoying the battler taking on the big boys.

Munro owns a 1920 Indian Scout that he has tweaked a fair bit to make it run soooooo well. Here we have a bit of American isms where Munro, with the turn of a wrench, can make a vehicle go from a bomb to a smooth running dream but if we put our tongue in our cheek from time to time we can excuse them. (or can we) Motor cyclist old enough to join the Ulysses Club should get a buzz from this movie even though it is not about racing other machines but against the clock at Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats.

The story line is quite clever even if predicible, most of the time. The movie should may one laugh, cheer (I was close let me tell you) clap, feel sadness and maybe a little tear from time to time but all in all I recommend it to all members. I give it 4 out of 5.

Keith Brain.

Thanks for the preview Keith, this is the sort of stuff that makes our newsletter, well done. Ed

Branch Notice Board

Rallies, Runs & Other Stuff

HOW ABOUT A DIRTY NIGHT AT DIRTY DICK'S?

It's on Saturday 19th August @ The Canberra Labour Club, 45 West Row Civic. It'll cost \$55 (food and entertainment) Bookings are essential through Lyn Munday (Canberra Ulysses) On (02) 62551166 or Alan Munday@bigpond.com.au **Must book and pay by 18th July**

GHOST TOWN RALLY

The Ghost Town Rally is run by the Broken Hill Branch of the Ulysses Club on the 8 - 9 - 10 September 2006. This rally was originally held at Silverton and now at the Racecourse in Broken Hill . For further info see the following websitehttp://members.optushome.com.au/memeau/rallies/ghosttown06/ghosttown06.htm

WHALE WATCHING MERIMBULA

30th SEPTEMBER

Contact Alan Arnold Weekend Trip Away Coordinator Treasurer and Social Director of the Honda St1300a Sub-Branch. For further info email: st1300a@dodo.com.au

NOV 11/12 SNOWY RIDE

Kids with cancer research fundraiser run - Thredbo. Further info at www.snowyride.com.au (*This is a good run for a good cause, Ed*)

CANBERRA ULYSSES CHRISTMAS PARTY

It's going to be on SATURDAY 2ND DECEMBER AT 7:30. You should turn up to MURRUMBIDGEE COUNTRY CLUB, KAMBAH POOL RD KAMBAH.FOR \$25 you'll get Buffet Dinner with hot and cold selections. You can have desert too if there's still room. Music will be supplied by a DJ. Drinks will be at club prices.

If you're going to go FULL PAYMENT IS DUE BY THE 21ST NOVEMBER. There is a meeting that night. Do you want to know more? Contact Lyn Munday on 6255 1166 (h) or 0419 213 944 or alan.munday@bigpond.com.au

(Be aware *this date may conflict with our Christmas function Ed.*)

FLIGHT TO FASSIFERN RALLY

Brisbane Branch is hosting the Flight to Fassifern Rally at Boonah QLD on the Australia Day long weekend, 26th-28th Jan 2007. For further info, contact Dennis Chester 07 54634026.

Ed's Trivia

Photo: Rob Overdijk



Yarrangobilly Village on the banks of the Yarrangobilly river. Venue for the 2006 Alpine Rally attended by the Eurobodalla Branch members appearing in this edition's tip report by Rob Overdijk. Cotteril's cottage appears in the background which was once owned by a pioneering farming family who held high country grazing leases throughout the area, now part of Kosciuszko National Park. The Yarrangobilly river is geologically responsible for the formation of over 200 caves downstream in the 11 square km karst (limestone) area that boasts the deepest limestone cave ("Eagles Nest") on the Australian mainland, which is just over 300m deep. Yarrangobilly caves area (10km to the SE) also features "The Thermal Pool" which has been formed by 27°C water that rises from 700m below ground. (Ed)