

Remember the old Bellstaff gear that strained the rain, creased permanently from new, the 10 kilogram, fibreglass helmets that fitted and looked like a "bucket-with-window".

Fortunately, like all of you reading this waffle, I survived the era with only skin loss and big bruises. If we look back, you other survivors would agree that this "get-on, give-it-heaps, ride till ya drop" era was training no modern defensive riding curriculum could match. In short, we accumulated a lot of experience and survived doing it.

So! Why do we still have this thing now?. OK, lets now look at where we are.

Many....if your really honest; all of us boomers have unfortunately been hit by the biological "ugly-bus". Some with glancing blows, others.....well, let's face it, I think were not only run over..... but the bus actually stopped and backed over them again causing varying degrees of bod blow out, hair loss and dribbling. We also notice that an important floppy bit that used not to be floppy all the time...well.....seems to stay floppy a lot more of the time.

At this point in our very organised, minimal risk life, we become, according to the latest medical science, very susceptible to an insidious, little known virus that is sweeping unchecked across western societies. The same science suggests the virus is mid and post mid-life related and attacks mostly post-mature males in an area of the brain and has a scientific name too long to write down. In layman's language, it infects the few remaining "sensible-cells" in us older males when we least expect it.

The symptoms, according to our experts, can actually be compounded by the very safe, "risk-adversive" world we now live in. The first symptom, believe it or not, is an overwhelming desire to do the things we did 20 to 30 years ago. Those infected may undertake "high-risk" activities like the wearing of tight shirts in public and entertaining loose young women. For some, a re-attraction to the motorcycle occurs, in others, an unhealthy interest may develop towards farm animals or periodicals delivered in brown paper bags.

The main reason for this, according to our eminent scientists, seems to be a vain attempt by the infected boomer to avoid another deadly social disease, commonly known as "The Social Leper Syndrome" (TSLS).

For some boomers things can get really desperate, especially if the tight shirts scatter the farm animals or the young women go for the pepper spray. Sadly, for some, the only thing left in mid-life and beyond is the motorcycle. The reason?

The motorcycle is an unconditional entity; it matters not to your bike what you wear or that you are plain pug-ugly. The motorcycle does not discriminate, in fact, it would not care even if your favourite farm animal was riding pillion.

So! Fellow boomers, who gives a toss, why worry about things we cannot change.... get on ya bike, get out there, revel in your mid-life and beyond years, life is too short and we are all a long time dead!

The very best riding to all.

Ross Constable

Eurobodalla Branch #29723

PS. Dedicated to Bob & Ferg for the good company on the rides, the tall tales and crappy red



Narooma Camping Supplies

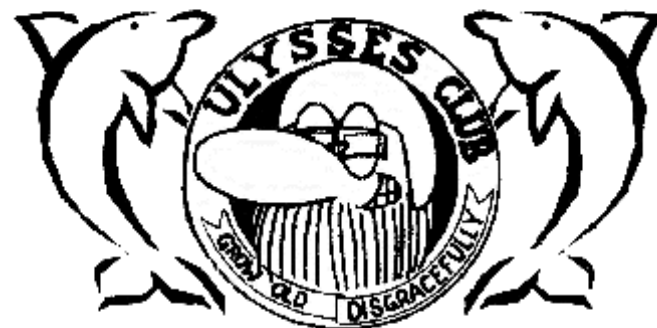
Narooma Camping Supplies has up to **10% discount** on all camping supplies all year round for all Ulysses Club members.

Just show your membership card.

143 Princes Highway Narooma 44764100

● **Special Bikers Swag now available** ●

Eurobodalla



Ulysses Branch

NEWSLETTER

October 2004

CONTACTS

PRESIDENT: Hans Ottevanger; Ph: 4472 3543 Fax: 4472 1386
Email: hans_ann@hotmail.net.au

SECRETARY: John Van Der Heul; Ph: 4476 4100 Fax: 4476 3206

TREASURER: 143 Princes Highway Narooma NSW 2546
Email: euroulysses@bigpond.com

RIDE

COORDINATORS: Dianne & Tony Pye; Ph: 4473 7747
Email: tilbatilba@hotmail.com

PRESIDENTS REPORT

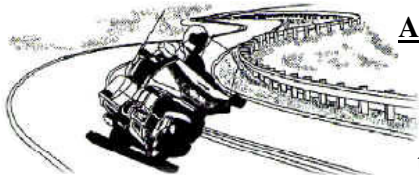
Hi One and All

The preparations for the second annual Charity Ride are progressing well and we are collecting some good prizes for the Monster raffle as well if you know anybody that might like to donate some more goods/gift voucher for the raffle please don't hesitate to let me know. As we get more details we will let you know.

A point that needs to be clarified is that some people have been under the impression that the fee that you pay to become a financial member of our branch is a joining fee, it is in fact purely a administration fee to cover costs of sending newsletters, ride Calendars etc to the members. It should be noted that any member of the Ulysses Club living in the Euro and surrounding area can be a member (you can be member of as many branches as you like) without feeling they have to be a financial member, they are still entitled to buy the branch shirt and come to meetings, participate in rides etc but will not be sent newsletters and riders calendars.

It is up to any other Ulysses Club members in the area to get in touch with us and we will pass on details of any upcoming rides , functions etc but we are not obliged to pass on the full ride calendar. If people wish to view the ride calendar it is always on display at the bike shops in Batemans Bay and I am trying to arrange a suitable place in Moruya and Narooma it is also on the Web site which is acessable through this link <http://www.vanderheul.com.au/EuroUlysses.htm>

On a lighter note my back is healing well and I hope to be allowed back on the bike soon and yes I am having withdrawals and biting at the bit to go for a ride. Till next time ride safe and keep smiling
Hans



ANNUAL CHARITY RIDE Dec 4th

Keep this day free for our annual charity ride and christmas party. The ride will have two starting points. One in Batemans Bay (Fishermans Wharf parking area near bridge) and at Bega (carpark behind Post Office). Departure time is 11.00am.

A monster raffle is also being held with many prizes kindly donated by local businesses in the Eurobodalla. A full list will be forwarded shortly.



JOKE

This biker lady has a heart attack and is taken to the hospital. While on the operating table, she had a near death experience. Seeing God, she asked, "Is my time up?" God said, "No, you have another 43 years, 2 months, and 8 days to live."

Upon recovery, the woman decided to stay in the hospital and have a facelift, liposuction, and tummy tuck. Since she had so much more time to live, new roads to ride, she figured she might as well look even nicer.

After her last operation, she was released from the hospital. While riding her motorcycle home, she was run into by a delivery truck and killed. Arriving in front of God, she demanded, "I thought you said I had another 40+ years? How come you didn't pull me out of the path of that freakin' truck?"

God replied, "I didn't recognize you."

Boomers, Tight Shirts, Lepers and Other Mysteries

Who of us motorcycling baby boomers have really.... I mean really thought about our "thing" we have with the motorcycle.

Here we are on the doorstep or already entering life's twilight zone, retired, or in the last dying (or "boring" if you like) stages of our chosen careers, house paid off, disposable income, kids grown up and gone. Yeh! Bloody kids, who are now "bloody adults, who think they know things we do about life. How dare they what would they know anyway. So! Why do we have this thing about the motorcycle in this very risk-averse day and age? Well, lets look at what us boomers might have experienced starting around the Army, all the way with LBJ, conscription years.

Some of us probably dodged the local "fuzz" (Police to you "X" generation and younger whipper-snappers) on bikes during the 60s and post-conscription years. You remember, the pipe framed, no suspension, no brakes, wheelbarrow wheeled, centrifugal clutch, pull start things called "mini-bikes". Or, like me, you may have had a re-usable missile, like the pre-postie, Suzi 70 step-thru. Later, maybe a Honda "Lead-Sled", Yamy enduro or possibly the ultimate..... a fail to stop, won't corner, 750/four. We were indestructible, fearless, bullet-proof and hated being told what to do by "the very institute we are now.... "globalists", I think the new term is. We rode these, engineeringly challenged beasts enormous distances, lips frozen, legs and feet so cold that you could not get off the pegs. Bum so num you'd did not know if it had fallen off or where afraid to get off in case it did.