

The Adelaide Branch's Engine Room

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The Odyssey is published bi-monthly as the magazine of the Ulysses Club Incorporated Adelaide Branch and is available by subscription - (\$10.00 for 1 year, paid to the Treasurer, Helena Cole, 2/26 Capper St Camden Park 5038 or at the monthly meeting.) Contributions from members are welcome. Contentious material is referred to the Adelaide Branch Committee. The Editor reserves the right of final choice of material to be included in each issue and its format. All material should be sent to **The Editor, 26 Second Street, Ardrossan 5571 or by e-mail: king@netyp.com.au.**

Material which has been processed on a computer should be sent on a floppy disc, CD or e-mailed. Original photographs, images on CDs or floppy disc, or e-mailed photos only should be submitted. **Please do not send photocopies of photographs as they will not be used** - The completed Odyssey is sent to the printer on a CD.

Please include a stamp addressed envelope if you want material returned or see the Editor at the monthly meetings. Magazines not collected at the meetings will be posted the following week.

Closing dates for submission are:

- 19th July for the August issue
- 19th September for the October issue
- 19th November for the December issue
- 19th January for the February issue
- 19th March for the April issue
- 19th May for the June issue

Although all efforts are made to ensure accuracy, The Odyssey cannot verify any material used in this publication. Views contained in editorial material are those of the respective authors and not necessarily those of the Ulysses Club Incorporated. All material and advertisements are submitted subject to the discretion of the members. The Odyssey reserves the right to refuse any advertising or delete any material which could be considered or interpreted as questionable, libellous or offensive, without consultation.

The Editor's Bit.....

Back to 36 pages this issue - lots of submissions and happy I was able to squeeze them all in! It's good to get write-ups of weekends organised by other motorcycling bodies and branches. They are always well attended by Ulysses members, so much so that we tend to be ignored when trophies are given out for the best club attendance - no contest. WIMA tried to convince the Bush Pig organisers that they had 19 members present, but as only 14 women were registered, there was some doubt there! I'm sure they were only joking, Joyce! I like the 'civilized' ones - you know, grass under the tent, hard toilets, meals provided, tables and chairs - I'm a bit softer these days, than I used to be.

By the time you read this, Pendleton Farm Odyssey will be over - looking forward to a restful time there, with lots of good company and evening entertainment. Should have lots of pics for the next issue.

Sue Freene has joined the retired brigade and is looking forward to a more stress-free life-style. Congratulations, Sue. I know you'll love it! She's got a new digital camera, too, so look out for those compromising photos I'm sure she'll snap!

Footy is over for the **Power and the Crows!** A bit of disappointment there, but can't wait for the first bounce in 2006! As an Sydney ex-pat, I have a soft spot for the Swannees. I was a Swannee before the Power came in, only as an interest, so to speak. It's been 72 years, I believe, since a flag for them, so it would be good for it to go to Sydney, but only for this year, mind.

There has been a positive response for **New Year's Eve in Ardrossan** - looking forward to seeing in the New Year with as many Ulyssians as I can (if I'm awake). With Rob Cole organising the catering, we can be assured of a good night!

Rob (the Gnome) Sainsbury is to be commended for putting his hand up to take over as Quartermaster - he has a few new ideas and is keen to take 'the shop' to the Fleurieu meetings a split the proceeds with them. Should be easier than phoning, posting, etc. I know it will make life easier for Helena and Rob who have done a fantastic job with that side of things, for many years. **Thank you, both.**



Wendy

Club Meetings

First Thursday of the Month
West Adelaide Football Club
57 Milner Road, Richmond

8.00 pm
Meals available from 6.00 pm

Visit us on our Web Page

www.ulyssesadelaide.com.au

and check out the latest news on branch happenings

Barossa Group



Barossa rides leave The Old Steam Train
(opposite the BP Station at Nuriootpa)
at 10 o'clock
on the 1st Sunday of the month

Rides Captain

Andrew Mill Phone: 8284 4027
Mobile: 0412 312 243

Wednesday Rides Contact

Mick Sandley Phone: 8251 2435
Mobile: 0407 817 362

Wednesday Rides

All runs will leave at 10.30 am

1st Wednesday Feathers Hotel Car Park, Burnside
2nd Wednesday Feathers Hotel Car Park, Burnside
3rd Wednesday North: Caltex, Munno Para
or South: Victoria Hotel, Top o'Taps
4th Wednesday North: Tea Tree Gully Hotel
or South: Victoria Hotel, Top o'Taps
5th Wednesday Feathers Hotel

Bring or buy your own lunch

Contact Mick Sandley - 8251 2435
or 0407 817 362

SA & Broken Hill Branches' Boss Cockies

Broken Hill Branch

President	Don Bearman	0418 858 653
Secretary	Jenny Kappe	8882 2588
Treasurer	Silvana Millard	8088 1197

Eyre Peninsula Branch

Chairman	Malcolm Baker	8688 2954
Sec/Treas	Geoff Trevor	8683 1008

Fleurieu Branch

Co-ordinator	Warren Jamieson	8555 3361
Secretary	Chris Matthews	8555 1845
Rides Captain	Craze Jenkins	0416 337 315

Limestone Coast Branch

President	Rudi Esman	8723 0259
email	esmangarry@austarnet.com.au	0418 800983
Secretary	Jill Snigg	87249408 0408 249408
Rides Captain	Trevor Blackall	87254184

Mallee Branch

Secretary	Brian Hawley	8582 7258
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Torrens Valley Branch

President	Graeme Cairns	0415 974 169
Secretary	Lorraine Robinson	8522 7474
email	lrob650@bigpond.net.au	0402 904 670
Treasurer	Rod Stoneman	83960937
Rides Captain	Ross Jones	0419 835 800

Whyalla Branch

Chairperson	Perry Zimmerman	8644 0951
Secretary	Sandy Morphett	8645 8334
Treasurer	George Savaidis	8645 0808



Monthly Dinner

Friday 14th October 2005

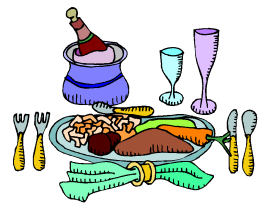
7pm

at

Goodwood Park Hotel

75 Goodwood Road

Goodwood



for bookings and cancellations
phone Jenny Hills on 8262 5493
(leave message on message bank)
DO NOT PHONE HOTEL
bookings close Wednesday 12 October 2005



Monthly Dinner

Friday 11th November 2005

7pm

at

Blue Gums Tavern

345 Hancock Road

Fairview Park

for bookings and cancellations
phone Jenny Hills on 8262 5493
(leave message on message bank)
DO NOT PHONE HOTEL
bookings close Wednesday 9th November 2005



Preliminary Notice

Friday 9th December 2005

Details in December Odyssey

Somerset Hotel

505 Bridge Road

Para Hills



2005

Pink Ribbon Ride

RIDE DETAILS:

WHEN: Sunday 30th October 2005

FROM: *Burnside Village Car park*
(Portrush Road)

TO: Wellington Hotel

REGISTER: *From 9am, depart 10am*

\$10 entry includes:

- pink ribbon
- sausage sizzle
- door prize

Prize for best dressed bike



Organised by Women's International Motorcycle Association (SA) in conjunction with the Cancer Council of South Australia.

All money raised will go directly towards breast cancer research.





Tom & Tony's Sunday Ride

Sponsored by 'Yamaha World'
Sunday 20th November 2005



Start will be from 'Yamaha World' South Road -100 metres South of the Cross Road overpass.

Breakfast will be available Bacon, egg, etc., from 0930 to 1030 hours. The shop will be open to look around and or purchase any requirements, after which you will receive certain information. Do not fret - you will need only half a brain cell to work it out.

Please bring a pen to write your name and telephone number, paper provided.

The Ride will be at your pace, no follow my leader, and will be kept very simple for the less experienced and also the old and fragile, help will be available to mount up if required.

The venue we have chosen to arrive at has a bistro, bar, tea, coffee, sandwiches, etc., and we have procured a Jazz Band to entertain you in extremely pleasant surroundings.

Now this is where you will need to use that half brain cell to its utmost capability, for a very short time. We have a room made available for us to use for this short completion ceremony.

All Prize presentations will be at the next monthly meeting following the ride.

Just to round off, come and enjoy a good ride out, have fun, ride safe.

Finally a 'Yamaha World' Vehicle will be available should any rider or pillion be in need of help.



New Year's Eve Party

to be held at
The Kings' in Ardrossan
8837 3449

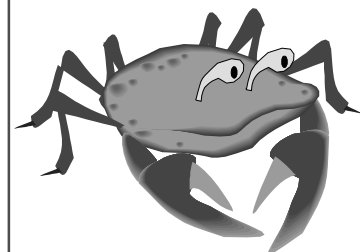
Accommodation:	The Ardrossan Caravan Park: Cabins, P and U/P sites	8837 3262
	Highview Holiday Village: Chalets (sleep up to 6)	8837 3399
	Ardrossan Hotel/Motel (nearest to Kings')	8837 3008
	Royal House Hotel/Motel	8837 3007

All of these (except Highview Holiday Village) are in easy walking distance to the Kings'.

As it will be a holiday period, early bookings are essential.

It will include tea, supper and breakfast on New Year's Day. Details and costs will be published at a later date, but, as is usual with Club catering, the costs will be low and drinks available with the usual arrangements or BYO. Why not make a weekend of it?

Things to do in Ardrossan: ✓ Crabbing, fishing, squidding - from the jetty



- ✓ Fabulous walking trail along the cliff tops from the BHP to Tiddy Widdy and return via the beach at low tide
- ✓ Garage Sales (always plenty on the long weekend)
- ✓ Museum (early history of the grain boats at Ardrossan)
- ✓ Op Shop
- ✓ Tennis Courts (between Kings' and CP)
- ✓ Golf Links (next door to the CP)
- ✓ Two Pubs
- ✓ 35 min ride to the Copper Triangle

Adelaide Branch Ride Calendar Oct-Nov 2005					
Date	Time	Leader	Event	Venue	From
Oct 9	Sunday 10.00 am	Liz Fairchild 88277 5509	President's Day Ride		Eagle on the Hill
Oct 16	Sunday 8.00 am	Ken Fairchild	Breakfast Ride		Top 'o Taps
Oct 23	Sunday 9.00 am	Andrew Mill 8284 4027/0412 312 243	Sponsored Day Ride	K & M Motorcycles	Civic Park
Oct 30	Sunday 10.00 am	WIMA	Pink Ribbon Ride (See ad on page 6)	Wellington Hotel	Burnside Shopping
Nov 13	Sunday 10.00 am	Neville Gray 8263 7566	Friends & Rellies Ride (See ad on page 9)	Marananga	Feathers Hotel
Nov 27	Sunday 9.00 am	Lester Launer 82641176	Day Ride		Civic Park

The Ninth Annual Rellies Ride

**Invite your kids, relatives, grandparents and motorcycling friends
on our annual open ride.**

13th November 2005

Leaving from the Feathers Hotel rear car park, Burnside, at 10.00 am

The ride will, as for all Rellies rides, be at a **leisurely pace** to cater for all riders at all experience levels.

The ride will terminate at **Seppeltsfield, Marananga, Barossa Valley**, where the Robbie Cole will supply lunch at a \$5.00 fee. **Please bring your eating utensils and plates.**

Wine Tours will be available at 1.30pm for those interested

The ride leaders will be Neville and Pam Gray. For information call them on 82637566

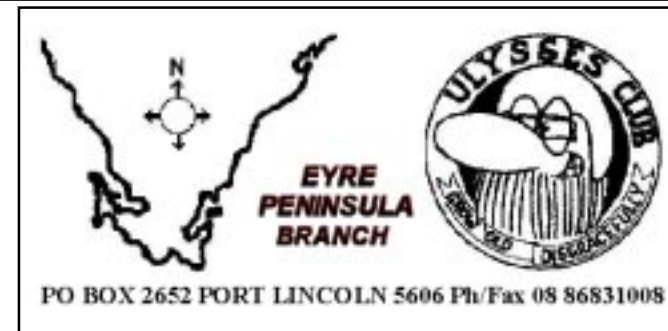
With a fairly cold winter behind us, attendances at our rides have been down, but those that went along all had good days out.

July started off with our annual Borthwick Hill BBQ and bonfire and at this ride we did have a good roll-up. Everybody was well rugged up and had an enjoyable time with plenty of food and a good yarn.

This was followed up at the end of July with "Blue" Coppin organising a camp-out and BBQ at Yangie in the Coffin Bay National Park. A great venue and, although there was the odd shower, we all enjoyed the day. If anybody wants a great opportunity to invest some of their ill gotten gains or just come to Port Lincoln for the good life, you can purchase "Blue's" house for a very reasonable price as, unfortunately, he is leaving us and hoping to move somewhere on the River Murray.

Mick Jesser organised a ride to Sheringa in early August to which fourteen brave souls turned up. I write "brave", as when they were about to leave, the rain started and did not stop for about fifty miles. Some arrived at Sheringa like drowned rats. Luckily, as always at Sheringa, the food was good and the ride home was not as bad as on the way there.

The 10 pin bowling weekend at Whyalla was cancelled due to lack of numbers, possibly due to the lousy weather



we were having at the time.

The 11th of September saw a good "roll up" of members at a BBQ organised by our stalwart, Bill Sellen, at Kevin & Margaret Warren's multi-million dollar Aerial Ag-Spraying complex at Cummins. It is a truly magnificent structure and airfield for the district and Cummins in particular. The wet weather and wind did not turn up so it was a really ideal day. It was good to see some members who the regulars had not seen for a while. Thank you Kevin, Margaret and Bill.

Five of our members have had indifferent health lately and we wish them all a speedy recovery. From what I am told, they are all now heading in the right direction.

We wish to remind all of our members that our AGM will be held at the North Shields Sports Club, Dorward Oval on the 24th October at 7.30pm. We hope that as many members as possible will make every effort to attend.



Geoff Trevor.



Above: Blue, Harry and Ray

Above left: Around the campfire at Borthwick Hill

Below left: Blue Coppin, Bill Sellen, Mike Chambers, Geoff Trevor

EYRE PENINSULA BRANCH RIDE CALENDAR Oct-Dec					
Date	Ride	Contact	By	Departure	
Oct 15-16	Kimba O/nite	Bill Crettenden 8683 3382	10/8/05	TJ 10.00 am	
Oct 24	AGM at North Shields sports Club			7.30 pm	
Nov 6	Breakfast at Cougars	Bill Sellen 8682 2713	30/10/05	TJ 7.00 am	
Nov 19	Toy Run				
Nov 26	Coffin Bay Oyster Farms Two hour trip (possible small fee) BYO BBQ lunch at Bradford's home Geoff MUST be advised	Geoff Trevor 8683 1008	17/11/05	TJ 8.15 am Sharp	
Dec 10	Christmas Dinner at North Shields Hotel Bookings MUST be made with Paul	Paul Miller 8684 3561	2/12/05	6.30 pm	
		NB: Come on any event on any sort of wheels. Sunday impromptu rides from Town Jetty at 10.00 am Scheduled rides leave on time indicate: TJ (Town Jetty) - NS (North Shields). All rides subject to alteration Visitors welcome! President: Malcolm Baker - 8688 2954			



Torrens Valley Branch Ride Calendar Aug-Sept 2005



Date	Time	Leader	Event	Venue	From
Oct 9	Sunday 10.00 am	Ross 0419 835 800	Day Ride	Mystery	Munno Para
Oct 16	Sunday 10.00 am	Ross 0419 835 800	Day Ride	Burra	Gawler (Julian Tce)
Oct 23	Sunday	See Adelaide Calendar	K & M Motorcycles Sponsored Ride		
Oct 30	Sunday 10.00 am	WIMA	Pink Ribbon Ride See ad page 6		
Nov 12	Saturday TBA		Torrens Valley Anniversary	Para Community Centre	No ride programmed
Nov 13	Sunday 10.00 am	Ross Jones 0419 835 800	Friends & L Rellies Ride	TBA	Munno Para
Nov 20	Sunday		Yamaha World Ride (details page 7)		
Nov 27	Sunday 9.00 am	Ross Jones 0419 835 800	Christmas Party Toy collection	Para Community Centre Arrive 11.00 am	Munno Para (bring trailers/optional)
Dec 4	Sunday		Pitman's ride (Adelaide Branch)		
Dec 11	Sunday 10.00 am	MRA	Toy Run	Hahndorf Oval	Glenelg
Dec 25	Sunday		BBQ Fleurieu Branch	Whispering Wall	

With better weather now approaching, it is time to look forward to lots of fun, fellowship and great rides. We have plenty of all three organised. Following the Odyssey at Pendleton Farm on October 1-3, our next ride will be October 16, Cleland National Park. This will be a "learners' ride", which means that the route etc. has been designed to allow easy riding for those who are looking for a day with less riding pressure. There will be a separate route for the more experienced riders and we will all be meeting up together at the end.

On October 30, we will be participating in the Pink Ribbon Ride, which is always a special day for a special cause. On November 6, we again have a "learners' ride", this time heading to Rapid Bay and Second Valley. A week later, on Saturday 12th, we are having a social night at the Willunga Golf Club and this will be a Rock 'n Roll/Blues night from 6.30pm, with meals and bar facilities available. Admission will be free, but the event is open to members and partners only! This should be a great social night, and an event not to be missed.

The following day, we are having a ride to Normanville and this will be a gourmet coffee lovers' dream! If you have ever enjoyed coffee, here is your chance for a once in a lifetime opportunity to try some very special blends. Norbert, one of our members, has been a professional coffee importer all his life, and has arranged for a special coffee tasting day on November 13, so here is your chance

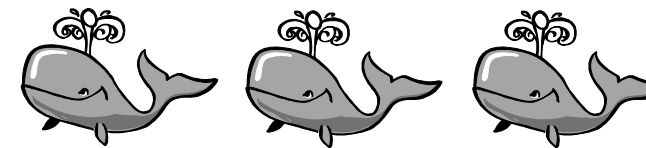
to get high and stay sober at the same time,

On November 29, we will again be holding our Annual Christmas Party at Goolwa, with a visit by Santa. Those who have attended previous parties know that this is one of the highlights of the year, so make sure it is in your diary.

For further information on any of our rides, please ring Ride Captain Crazee on 0416 337 315.

Chris Roberts continues with his excellent work on our website, which members can access at any time for information about upcoming events and photos of previous events. It can be found at www.fub.org.au Hope to see you at one of our monthly meetings soon. Safe and happy riding to all.

Warren "Memphis" Jamieson



Fleurieu Branch Ride Calendar Oct-Dec 2005

Date	Time	From	Event	Venue	Leader
Oct 16	Sunday 10.00 am 10.30 am	Alma Hotel Willunga	Learners' Ride Experienced	Cleland National Park	Strech & Crazee
Oct 30	Sunday 10.00 am	Alma Hotel Willunga	Pink Ribbon Ride	Wellington Hotel	WIMA
Nov 6	Sunday 10.00 am 10.30 am	Alma Hotel Willunga	Learners' Ride Experienced	Rapid Bay & Leonard's Mill Second Valley	Chris & Grot
Nov 13	Sunday 10.00 am	Alma Hotel Willunga	Ride to Bowling	Super Bowl Noarlunga	Strech
Nov 27	Sunday 10.00 am	Alma Hotel Willunga	Christmas Ride	Warren's Place Goolwa	Michael Cox
Dec 11	Sunday 10.00 am	Glenelg	Toy Run	Hahndorf Oval	MRA
TBA	Sunday 3.00 pm	TBA	Ride for Toys	Goolwa Pageant	Fleurieu Branch
Dec 18	Sunday 10.00 am	Alma Hotel Willunga	BBQ	Whispering Wall	Grot & Crazee

All ride queries to Rides Captain, crazee Jenkins on 0416 337 315
Wednesday rides from Top o' Taps (Victoria Hotel Car Park) 3rd & 4th Wednesday of the month at 10.30 am

Yorke Peninsula Riders Group

August 7: Four members left Kadina for Federation Park, then wend down the coast road to the designated meeting place, Maitland at 10.30 am. Some members from Port Pirie met us there and we then continued the ride further south to meet the SYP riders at Kip Newbold's to check out his collection of old cars and bikes, large variety of number plates and other assorted items. We enjoyed the day with members from another vehicle interest club. Headed home mid-afternoon

September 4: Approximately 30 Ulyssians met at Wool Bat for a visit to a private collection of old tractors and farm machinery, organised by Jim Davies. Riders then travelled on for lunch at the Coobowie Hotel with 40 people enjoying an excellent meal and friendship. The day being sunny with light winds, made for an enjoyable ride.

Coming up-

October 2: No organised Group Ride - October Long Weekend and the 12th Central Odyssey at Pendleton Farm.

November 6: Ride to Leon and Natalie Hall's, Pepper Road, Ardrossan (located in the 80k limit zone, just past the roadhouse - if you are coming from the north. Will be signposted with our flag. BBQ lunch to be supplied by Natalie and Leon. BYO eating utensils.

December 4: No organised Group Ride - Local Areas Toy Runs.

Contact James 8823 3247/0429 864 262
or Jim Davies 8852 1021/0417 836 994

Stay upright and ride safe,
James Bartsch



Muldoon lived alone in the Irish countryside with only a pet dog for company. One day the dog died, and Muldoon went to the parish priest and asked, "Father, me dog is dead. Could ya' be saying' a mass for the poor creature?" Father Patrick replied, "I'm afraid not; we cannot have services for an animal in the church. But there are some Baptists down the lane, and there's no tellin' what they believe. Maybe they'll do something for the creature." Muldoon said, "I'll go right away Father. Do ya' think \$5,000 is enough to donate to them for the service?" Father Patrick exclaimed, "Sweet Mary, Mother of Jesus! Why didn't ya tell me the dog was Catholic?"

An elderly man goes into a brothel and tells the madam he would like a young girl for the night. Surprised, she looks at the ancient man and asks how old he is. "I'm 90 years old," he says. "90!" replies the woman. "Don't you realize you've had it?" "Oh, sorry," says the old man. "How much do I owe you?"

An elderly man went to his doctor and said, "Doc, I think I'm getting senile. Several times lately, I have forgotten to zip up." "That's not senility," replied the doctor. "Senility is when you forget to zip down."

A drunken man walks into a biker bar, sits down at the bar and orders a drink. Looking around, he sees three men sitting at a corner table. He gets up, staggers to the table, leans over, looks the biggest, meanest, biker in the face and says: "I went by your grandma's house today and I saw her in the hallway buck naked. Man, she is one fine looking woman!" The biker looks at him and doesn't say a word. His buddies are confused, because he is one bad biker and would fight at the drop of a hat. The drunk leans on the table again and says: "I got it on

with your grandma and she is good, the best I ever had!" The biker's buddies are starting to get really mad, but the biker still says nothing. The drunk leans on the table one more time and says, "I'll tell you something else, boy, your grandma liked it!" At this point the biker stands up, takes the drunk by the shoulders looks him square in the eyes and says..... "Grandpa,..... Go home, you're drunk.



Audited Financial Statement 2004-2005

2003-2004	INCOME	2004-2005	Odyssey Magazine
6 616.00	New members	5 735.00	Postage 2 686.81
3 735.00	Renewals	2 600.00	Printing 6 405.00
5 809.55	Levy	4 327.00	Editor's expenses 793.00
15 723.30	Gear Sales	1 3643.95	Cartridge, labels 209.77
4 174.65	Raffle	3 910.65	Covers <u>1 490.00</u>
2 075.00	Advertising	2 367.00	\$11 584.58
1 305.80	Catering	3 388.66	
5.00.00	Sundries	1 334.30	Sundry Expenses
35.15	Interest	30.91	Auditor 132.00
<u>291.00</u>	Special events	<u>197.50</u>	Arthritis <u>1 384.30</u>
\$40 265.45		\$37 534.97	<u>\$1 516.30</u>
			Treasurer Petty Cash Summary
2003-2004	EXPENSES	2004-2005	Postage 581.35
5 225.00	New members	4 700.00	Photocopying & laminating 100.60
3 735.00	Renewals	2 600.00	Stationery 6.50
12 088.79	Odyssey Magazine	11 584.58	Monthly dinners <u>21.80</u>
12 160.70	Gear	11 368.56	\$710.25
1 607.24	Petty Cash	1 076.09	
943.80	Phone	716.38	Stock on Hand
2 190.00	Catering	4 498.96	Gear 10 775.25
835.00	Special events	737.00	Post Paks 40.00
264.00	Web site	192.00	Catering 418.00
760.00	Sundries	1 516.30	Magazine covers 1 200.00
<u>99.70</u>	Gov. Charges	<u>93.60</u>	Envelopes 32.00
\$39 909.23		\$39 083. 47	Raffle Books <u>18.00</u>
			\$12 483.25
			Cash on Hand
Telephone			Main Account 5 502.39
Helena 385.53			Gear Shop Float 200.00
Mobile 108.85			Treasurer's P/C <u>6.45</u>
Rides & Secretary <u>222.00</u>			\$5 708.84
		\$716.38	
			Sundries Income
Petty Cash Summary			Arthritis \$1 334.30
Helena 674.90			(Sue & Don's Garage Sale)
Membership 40.00			
Entertainment 20.00			
Friday Dinners 40.00			
Raffle Books 24.28			
Photocopying & laminating 36.91			
Expenses <u>240.00</u>			
		\$1 076.09	

Melrose Mid-Weeker

Riders and others for the mid-weeker to Melrose met at Caltex Munno Para not to be put off by the grey clouds and threat of rain. We stopped at Clare for brunch and said good-bye to the day riders who had accompanied this far. Next stop was of course Laura where the second-hand shop lured the riders into its domain. Without too much rain on us, we arrived at Melrose Caravan Park and set up our sleeping quarters in the backpackers (most of us) with the rest in the lovely cabins.

After sitting and chatting and sipping and nibbling, Wayne once again cooked the meat on the BBQ to perfection even though there were distractions of beanies and flaming bottles and instant quiz show, thanks to Margaret, where one had to guess whose garment belonged to whom. All fun and set us up for a good night's sleep.

Thursday we keenly set off for Quorn via Wilmington, but had to stop along the road for a flock of sheep right across the road. Time to admire the good, green countryside and wild flowers starting to come through for spring. Of course at Quorn, we enjoyed morning tea in the Quandong Cafe with their delicious Quandong muffins, cheese cakes and scones – yum!! Then on to Hawker for the next stop, and finally to Wilpena Pound.

The weather was kind to us and Wilpena was green and colourful with the parrots in the trees, while we sat on the decking munching away.

Back at Hawker we decided return various ways, some via Pichi Richi and Horrocks Pass, some straight back the way we came, and others of us via Orroroo. We all enjoyed the way home and met up for another wonderful tea cooked by Wayne again. But the helpers in the kitchen, like Geraldine and Liz, prepared the salads and finger food for us to enjoy. We raised our glasses in memory of Charlie who always came to Melrose with us.

After hearing rain most of the night, we packed up Friday to return home via Germein Gorge, where one of the Ducati riders forgot to switch her chock off and was a little detained, but, with guidance from her other half, was soon back on the road. Betty and Allan lived up to their wonderful presentation of morning tea with fresh home cooked scones, jam, finger food, lemon meringues and more - all so yummy. We confessed that the real reason we all went on the annual Melrose run was for Betty's cooking.

With the clouds so grey and the wind blowing up, we all decided which was the best way for our home trip and took off with great memories of another good Melrose Trip.

Jenny Hills



The group photo!

Left: Phil Jones, Geraldine Murray, Doreen Sandley
Below: Afternoon tea at the Maywalds'
Right: Wayne checks out his cooking!



Letters from Kigali

Hi All,

First up I need to apologise for using the wrong member number in my first installment. I used #16904 and I should have used #16906. Sorry about that. When I left you last time, I had just completed a whirlwind tour of my new place of employment on my very first night here in Rwanda. I can't say I absorbed much on that first night after some 30 something hours of flying and airports. That seems so long ago. I've now been here more than 6 months. You are no doubt thinking about this year's up and coming Odyssey and I'm just organizing my second installment. Yes I know how slack that is. I never said I was a good correspondent. It's a good thing I kept notes, hey!

First Impressions

So there I was, comfortably ensconced in the Ninzi Hill Hotel, having started the biggest adventure of my life so far. My living conditions at the time were above average from my point of view. Given my propensity for backpacking and finding cheap

accommodation, I certainly wouldn't have stayed at the Ninzi if I was paying. It was way outside my usual budget, but as I wasn't paying, I didn't really need to think about it. I had all the necessities and then some, including a lovely balcony.

My first night was less than restful, disturbed by the unfamiliar noises of an unfamiliar place and exacerbated perhaps by overtiredness. I was awake with the birds, quite literally before the sun and a good 6 hours before my transport was arriving. In the relative silence of the predawn, the bird song was quite deafening, although very beautiful. While the sound was very different, it reminded me of waking to the song of the magpies at home. From that perspective it was quite comforting.

So on day one I watched the sun rise over the misty valley outside my windows and listened to the wakening sounds of the hotel and the surrounding area. It was coolish, although a little humid. Just outside my hotel window, about 20 feet from my balcony, were 3 fairly large trees, only one of which I recognized – a peppercorn tree. They reduced my view somewhat and were probably where the birds live, the ones that serenaded my waking. Nevertheless,



as the sun slowly burned the mist away, off to my right I could see many very small, rectangular houses, closely set and seemingly built of mud, spreading around the side of the hills and up the other side. And beyond them some very large white buildings with verandas and red tiled roofs, and some other large buildings in various stages of construction – wazungu houses, I suspect. (This is Swahili for more than one white man/woman – mzungu is the singular – and whilst it is Swahili, the Rwandans also use it.) To the left of the small houses, a green area that looks like it might be productive. I can certainly identify a few banana palms in amongst the vegetation. Through gaps in the trees I can see the other side of the valley and what

appear to be some new roads around nothing very much – perhaps a new building estate. In some respects my view is not too different to others around the world. But the juxtaposition of such apparent wealth with such apparent poverty, although not unusual in Africa or indeed in other parts of the world, for me is somewhat obscene.

Breakfast was interesting and very yummy. The fresh fruit I expected and it was (is) wonderful: little sugar bananas, sliced mango, pawpaw with wedges of lime, passion fruit, a red sort of oval fruit which I think I've seen before but don't know the name of, a little tart but juicy and very pleasant and of course pineapple. There is something about the flavour of pineapple grown in tropical countries outside of Australia; it is sweeter and juicier I'm sure and the core is not so dense and much more edible. .MmmmMmmm...! But then the unexpected: there were rolls, buns, and croissants and bread for toast to be served with ham and several other sliced meats, great thick slices of cheese (tastes like gouda - very European), peanut butter which tasted freshly ground, honey which I'm sure is straight from the hive and tropical fruit jam. A veritable feast but for me there was something missing...there's NO Vegemite. Oh well...there is a tube coming in one of my boxes. I'm sure I'll live till then.

The really strange thing about that first breakfast was being the only white person in the dining room... It's a very odd feeling and made me very aware of what it felt like to be in a minority.

(Cont. P20)

First impressions were associated with a less than five minute drive. Colette, one of my then new colleagues took me back to the hospital which is at the dead-end (Oops! not an intended pun) of a short, pot-holed road in easy walking distance from the hotel where I stayed. On the roadsides, more of the mud houses, many with small shop fronts selling a variety of small items. Young women strolled, baskets of bananas and passion fruit or avocados on their heads, selling their wares and occasionally stopping to chat with each other. Youths/young men stood around in pairs or groups with seemingly little to do. Small children played in the dust. Off to the right, a sign indicates the presence of the National Reconciliation and Unity Commission, down a rugged-looking dirt road. An indication that this nation is still recovering from the genocide? A bit further down another sign indicating that to the left on a similar corrugated dirt road lives an NGO associated with HIV/AIDS, an indicator of more current problems. At road's end and to the left of the hospital entrance is what seems to be a cargo container converted into, would you believe, a funeral kiosk with coffins painted on the side!!! At the entrance to the hospital there are armed guards controlling the comings and goings, (mmm...I wondered what that means). Curiouser and curiouser, as Alice would say.

I have a house in Africa (with apologies to Karen Blixon)

After about a month of living in the Ninzi, I moved into an enormous house which I call "the palace". It has eight bedrooms, five bathrooms, two lounge/dining areas, one kitchen and sundry other rooms of unknown purpose. I shared this abode with three of the other Team Leaders/Clinical Educators (our official title – a bit of a mouthful). I was there for 4 months but found it was a bit much working, living and socializing with the same people. It wasn't that I didn't like them although they are not really friends. Rather it was that I rarely saw or did anything with anybody else, and that I never had any really private time. At the end of June, however, I moved into my own place - a single story bungalow with four bedrooms, a study, three bathrooms, and front and back verandahs; it is much older and much less ostentatious than "the palace". My new house is really too big for just me; nevertheless I am very comfortable here – it feels like home. The view from the front verandah, which technically is at the back, is lovely and it's a gorgeous place to start the day. I often eat my breakfast out there. It has a lovely garden with lots of trees and flowers, so lots of birds, and with space for me to grow vegies – I have already started setting out the patch and can't wait for the time when I can pick (haven't planted yet). There are two good growing seasons here and it is planting time now, as the rains have come.

I have a guard cum gardener called Erneste, 25yo, who speaks no English and lives on the premises, and a daily housekeeper/cook whose name is Consulée, also 25yo, who

is the head of her household. For some years she has been caring for and raising three younger siblings. I don't know how she lost her parents - in the genocide or to AIDS - but there are many like her here. She is learning English, like I am learning Kinyarwanda but still our efforts to communicate are often "interesting" and frequently hilarious. Anyway got to share the wealth, not that it costs me a lot to employ them. I pay them above average wages but by our standards they earn less than a pittance. They mean I don't really have to do anything but work and enjoy my leisure time and my study this semester. Mind you, work is demanding intellectually, physically and emotionally and fills as much time as I allow it to which is frequently much more than 40 hours a week although I do try (mostly successfully) to keep it under control. There is just so much to do! More about that in another email.

There is no vegemite!

Most goods are available here if you are prepared to pay (except VEGEMITE!!!). Local fruit, veg and meat are plentiful, cheap and for the most part pretty good. You can get cheap local bread but it tends to be very sweet, a bit like Asian bread. Or you can pay more, and I do, for very yummy bread of the French/Belgian variety. Anything that can be remotely considered as luxurious is imported and, of course, expensive. That's OK 'cause I don't need lots and can afford the occasional luxury – like good wine. Very hard to get here and costs a small fortune. The best wine I've had here is South African and comes from a 4 litre cask which costs about \$US45 – I kid you NOT. Plenty of not-so-good French and Italian wine which are less expensive but still not cheap and NO AUSSIE WINE at all!! Spirits, particularly the local variety which is called Waragi and to which I have taken a liking, are cheap and quite easy to come by.

Services we take for granted – water, electricity, postal service, the internet, the telephone – are all somewhat unreliable here, but you get used to it. Well, I have, sort of. In terms of the power, I keep a supply of candles and a kero lamp or two. Luckily I have a gas stove. Also I live in an area where the power is on more than it is off. There are areas where the opposite is true. Water is most difficult in July/August – the dry time of the year. Basically I shower when the water is on or bucket bath usually in cold water – I do have a water tank that is connected to the house via the mains. Despite this I have been caught out a couple of times. I haven't worked out if they have a system of rationing or whatever but that information is not public, and all of a sudden your mains water will be off – NO warning. Picture this (if you can stand it): Me in the bathroom with shampoo in my hair or soap all over trying to mime through the window to Erneste (who as I said, doesn't speak English) to turn on the tank water. It's like something out of Benny Hill or Fawlty Towers.

(Cont. P21)

Contact with home

For me, the hardest things to get used to are those that interfere with contact with the people I love. Contact with home is just so important to my sanity. The post can take anything from one week to eight or nine – there is no rhyme or reason in which items will take longer. Occasionally items don't arrive at all. The telephone is fairly expensive so I use it mostly to talk to my Mum as she doesn't have the internet. At the moment telephone contact is an issue. For the last week the Rwandatel telephone network has been basically non-functional, and when you try to make a phone call, you don't know whether you'll get through or whether you'll hear a strange message. Just today I was talking to someone when we were dropped off the network and when I tried to call back the message said the phone was disconnected due to nonpayment of the bill. I hung up and tried again and got through but only for a minute before we were disconnected again.

For most people other than my Mum, I use the net/email. However there have been several occasions when the net, and hence email has been



I took this photo of a silver-backed gorilla on a recent trip

off-line for one reason or another or a combination of several reasons at once. Over April and May it was completely off-line for nearly 6 weeks straight!!! That was a particularly tough time for me as I had almost no contact except via the phone with my family. Need I say that my phone bill during that time was astronomical. After that I really struggled to catch up with my correspondence via email 'cause I'd got so far behind. And of course every time I felt I'd made some inroads on the backlog the net went down again. You just never know whether the electronic or digital means of communication will be working or otherwise. It certainly makes life interesting. When I moved house, I compounded the problem as I was no longer near a convenient internet café. This meant that keeping in touch with whether the cafés were on-line or not was that much harder. Now I'm on-line at home.... I'm sure that will make it easier to stay in touch.

Once again this is fairly long so it is time to say good-bye. Till next time, take care, stay safe and keep the shiny side up

**Love to all
Di**

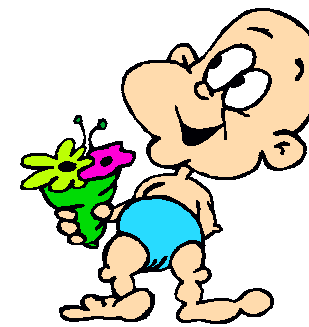
A West Aussie who was working on contract for 3 months in the UK, was drinking in a local pub in Warwick England, gets a Call on his mobile phone. He hangs up, grinning from ear to ear, he orders a round of drinks for everyone in the bar, because, he announces his wife back home has just produced a typical baby boy weighing 25 pounds.

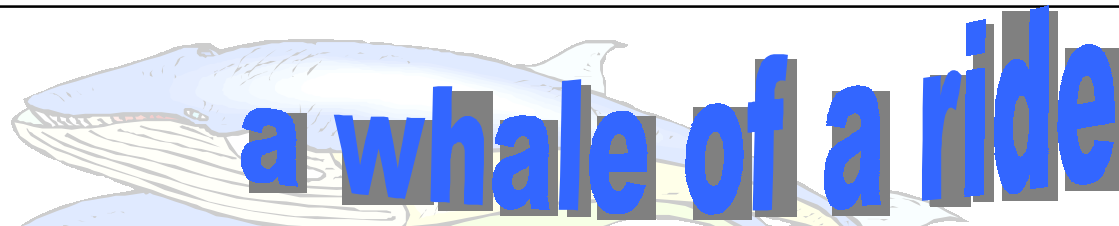
Nobody can believe that any baby can weigh in at 25 pounds, but the West Aussie just shrugs, "That's about average in WA. Like I said, my boy is a typical West Aussie baby boy."

Congratulations showered him from all around and many exclamations of "Christ almighty" were heard. One woman even fainted due to sympathy pains. Two weeks later the West Aussie returns to the bar. The bartender says "You're the father of that typical

West Aussie baby that weighed 25 pounds at birth. Everybody's been having bets about how big he'd be in 2 weeks we were going to call you. So, how much does he weigh now? The proud father answers, '17 pounds" The bartender is puzzled and concerned. "What happened? He weighed 25 pounds the day he was born."

The West Aussie father takes a long s-l-o-w swig from his beer, wipes his lips on his shirt sleeve, leans onto the bar and proudly says..... "Had him circumcised, mate."





The day dawned overcast but no wind, which was good. Most of us left Caltex Bolivar and headed to Crystal Brook bakery. Garry King met with us there as did Shirley Hortin who now lives in the area.

After fuelling up we left for the SHANGER in Whyalla, Rick Nappa was given the job of leading us to the new venue, Tony had lost his wife who was driving their house on wheels so we left him at the servo waiting for her. At the new shed we were greeted by most of the Whyalla Ulysses and they had the BBQ all fired up. The new place is really good and you could see how much work they had already done. We were met here by Geoff MacDonald from Pt Augusta, James and Heather from Wallaroo, and Louise and Brian from Pt Pirie (he couldn't meet us at Crystal Brook as it would have been going backwoods!) Chris and Wendy Moore from Whyalla also joined us. After a fabulous lunch and much talk we headed out of town towards Cowell. When we arrived in Cowell we were met by Chris & Malcolm Baker from Tumby Bay - they had driven for tea with us. We then set up camp before heading off to the Jade factory which had opened especially for us and was most interesting. We then all drifted to the pub for tea. Tony and Annie were at Cowell waiting for us, which was good except that Annie had gone to the town centre at Whyalla instead of straight ahead, meantime Tony had ridden back to Pt Augusta thinking that she may have had a flat tyre or something. Annie then went to the police station and asked them where the SHANGER was - they had no idea what she was talking about! Wonder why?

Sunday we headed west along the Birdseye Highway stopping at Cleve where we said good-bye to Geoff from Pt Augusta because his clutch was slipping and he didn't want to chance it. We stopped in Lock for morning tea, lunch was to be at Elliston at the bakery, but it was shut cos it was Sunday so lunch was at the servo. When we arrived in Streaky Bay, the Caravan Park owner told the first people through the office that they had missed out on a free pancake breakfast that morning, and they talked him into putting one on for us, which he did and it was absolutely delicious as well as free! Some of us had tea at the pub and while there Geoff Macdonald turned up; he had got the bike back home and promptly got in his car and drove back to Streaky Bay!

Monday we had hired a bus from the local council for the day so Rick Nappa, our driver for the day, and I went and collected it before going out to the Abalone Farm. I don't think that anyone was disappointed. Then back into Streaky to collect local Ulyssians, Trish and Wayne Feutrill, who were to be our guides for the day. We visited Cape Lablatt to view the very sleepy seal then on to Murphy's Haystacks and Eyres Waterhole before having tea at the park.

Tuesday, Garry and Trevor left us here to go home via Melrose, and we went north to Smokey Bay with Wayne to lead us into Ceduna, just for a quick stop for supplies before having lunch at Penong. A great ride out to Nullabor - no wind and the sun shining brightly. Lee Skinner checked out the BBQ at Nullabor and found that it was a wood burning one and that we had to supply our own wood, not a lot to be found

on the Nullabor, but between Lee, Phil and Rob they had a very small heap that might have done, but 3 blokes in a truck pulled up with a load and gave us half. We had tea and a great camp fire for the 2 nights that we were there.

Wednesday was our day to see the whales and, not knowing how long one looks at these big fish, I had allowed a whole day. Again the weather was perfect and the whales did the right thing, at least 30 big ones all with little bubs and they were just perfect to watch. The 3¹/₂ hours felt like 10 mins. Some of our group went back after lunch and looked some more. Back to the motel and I was in shorts and had to buy a T-shirt cos it was so warm!

Thursday, back to Ceduna to check out the shops and buy some tea to eat in the camp kitchen. Met up with Don Saltmarsh, who was to be our driver the next day as we had hired another bus.

Friday and it was very foggy until lunch time. Lee and Phil left us here as they had to catch a plane to Melbourne on Saturday. Don collected us in his 5 star bus and took us out to Mac's town, Denial Bay, to the Oyster factory then back to the arts centre, where we all spent money on some great aboriginal stuff. We then had lunch at the Oyster Bar - what top oysters and a great view from the roof dining area. After lunch, we went out to Thevenard to check it out and to view the Island that featured in Gulliver's Travels.

Saturday, headed east towards home, stopped at Wirrulla for morning tea at the town jetty! On to Wudinna to the bakery for lunch, but again a bakery was shut, this time because the baker had taken all his food down to the oval for the footy match. We arrived in Kimba to be met by local Ulyssian, Buck Yates. Some people went to his house for a cup of tea, while others went and checked out the local pub, which was a pub which would have not been out of place anywhere - a great little place. A farewell tea before a quiet night around the campfire, which Buck had organised - thanks to you and Heather for your efforts.

Sunday we were to meet at the big Galah, some of our members didn't realise just how big it was, again a lot of money was spent. Off towards Pt Augusta where we were met at the tanks by Geoff and Ray Clancy to lead us into town to Geoff's place, where his wife, Pauline, and her friend, Helen, put on a smorgasbord for morning tea. Don't think many of us ate lunch that day, thank you for your big effort. We all drifted off towards home again in perfect weather after one of the best rides that I have been on.

Postscript: Heard since I have been home that on the Tuesday Doug Kirkland and Robert Odgers from Whyalla left home by car to catch up with us at Nullabor, but hit a roo just out of Iron Knob. They are OK but the car and the roo aren't happy. Petrol price at Nullabor was \$1.50 per litre.

Thank you to the 26 people who came, I hope that you had as good a time as I did.

Helena Cole 2454

Please note: If any of the participating members on the ride, would like a copy of photos, please contact me on 0429 206 688 or 8389 5410 and I will be happy to send you a copy of them on a CD. Also prints are available of any of the photos up to A2 size. **Allan Webster**



From bottom left: Jenny Hills with her raffle prize; Nappa, the bus driver; 'and on the right'; Heather & James Bartsch, Brian Carmody, Jenny Hills; the group and the 'Shangar'; Frank Carey and his new Deauville; Allan Webster: 'What else will I have?'

The Shangar - For the uninitiated - The Whyalla members used to meet in what they called The Shed. They have moved to the hangar on the old Whyalla aerodrome - hence The Shangar! (ed)

September Dinner



Above: Kevin & Jeannie Brenton; Bob & Athalie Knights with Kerry Booy
Below: Jean & Frank Carey with Liz & Ken Fairchild



August Dinner

The August 2005 dinner was held in the Maid of Auckland Hotel where the atmosphere was warm and friendly along with the log fire. We all chatted and gladly welcomed Debbie Davies from the Yorke Peninsula Riders' Group, who joined us for the evening unaware of what she was about to experience.

The food was appetizing, the table waiter had great rapport with us and the drink waitress was good too.

Jenny had a condensed photo album to share with fellow members of Helena's Whale Ride, which was gratefully viewed by everyone.

Never to fail, Jenny successfully ordered something not on the menu - the "Banana Fritter" - which, when presented, had the whole table in raptures of laughter and innuendo - but that's old farts for you, and added to the great night we were having.

We all look forward to returning there for another fun evening - keep you eyes on future ads and come join us.

A likely story, Jenny!!!



Pauline Turner & Jenny Hills



Above: Spencer & Bernie Clarke

Right: Debbie Davies

Below: Kevin Brenton (What the?)



Left: The perennial lovebirds, Chris & Claire Hartley



Rosco's seven day trip to the centre of Oz

A friend of mine, Wendy, had been working at a cattle station cum tourist accommodation centre at a speck on the map, by the name of Curtain Springs, and had decided to finish up at the end of June for a number of reasons, so I elected to ride up there and bring her back. The aforesaid 'speck' lies between Erldunda and The Rock, which is close to the 'dead centre' of Oz. It's a busy spot in the winter and has a lotta tourists. Exercise! All you lot overseas please locate it on the map. All of this was to save her the \$300 air fare, but it also provided a good reason to go for a decent ride. The fact that the trip cost me \$1,200 was incidental.

I had a cursory glance at the BlackBird, greased the chain, checked the oil and kicked the tyres, filled with BP98 and took off at 7.00 am on Friday 1st July. It's around 320 kms to Port Augusta so I filled with petrol just outside of Port Pirie, on Mobil, coz that was all that was available, then topped up with BP 98 at Port Augusta and headed for Glendambo. This was 293 kms, although there is a joint called Pimba in between, but as it's almost the backside end of the world I decided to go through, with the result that I was decidedly short on juice at the end of the leg and had to slacken off a lot to conserve fuel. At Glendambo I found that they only had BP 95 & since the stretch to Coober Pedy is claimed to be 252 K's I knew I would have to be careful. Ordinarily the BlackBird will do about 320 on a tank, but I had a very strong headwind on the way to Coober and, at over 140 kph the BlackBird uses a bit more juice.

Glendambo has a nice roadhouse and a pretty good pub built on the lines of a frontier pub, and I'd like to stay overnight there some time. Albeit, we got into Coober with the fuel warning light glowing and had a litre left, so I booked into a Hotel/Motel and had a good night.

The distance from Darlington to Coober is around 900 kms, not bad for an elderly gentleman in a day! From Coober to the Alice there's no long hauls so I could travel along nicely without worrying about fuel and stop where I wanted to.

At Cadney Park I inquired about accommodation and found that a decent room was \$98/night, and it wasn't too decent at that, so I resolved not to stay there on the way back.

Didn't stop at Marla and went through to Kulgera, which is a good spot, then went on to Erldunda, only 75 kms, and filled there, coz I wanted to get straight through to the Alice, which I reached around 3.30 pm.

Last year, the prick at Stuarts Well upset me coz he wanted to add \$1.00 to the fuel bill if I used my Visa so I paid in cash, but declined to visit him again this year. Stuff 'im!

Wendy had left a message on my mobile telling me where she had booked in, and, after asking a cupla coppers directions, duly arrived at a splendid apartment that was going for \$98/night. This place had full living facilities, including a laundry, a patio in a garden setting, a garage for the BlackBird and a gas barby. Plus the river was only a stone's throw away.

On Saturday night we had a drink at Bojangles, the most famous frontier pub in Oz. For the uninitiated, Bojangles is at the bottom of the mall and features a WWII Indian motorcycle hanging from the roof, a lotta memorabilia from the past and a skeleton mounted on a WWII Continental motorcycle in a glass box, plus a lotta rifles, guns and bowie knives etc. The management expects the clientele to avail themselves of peanuts supplied and drop the shells on the floor, so you can glean an idea of the joint. The bar ladies weren't behind the door when boobs were allocated either!

Then we moved on to another one where prices were more in our realm. Here, we met Robert Barclay, a mate of mine who is a part time Mr. Whippy, who spends a lot of time in the Alice dispensing ice creams, and a mate of his.

On Sunday we went for a walk along the river and ended up at the RSL for a drink. Unfortunately, they weren't serving lunch or dinner on Sundays, so we went back to the apartment for lunch then headed out to find a mate of Wendy's eldest son.

This took a bit of finding, but we eventually got there & found that Willie Wilson and his wife, Karen, lived on the south side of the McDonnell Ranges and had a very nice two acre property with two houses. It was obvious that the Wilsons weren't stuck for a quid and we had a good afternoon with them. Willy showed me his toy shop which included several Yamaha 650s, a few more other Yamahas and his old Harley. Willy looked the perfect picture of a Harley owner too, but there the likeness ended coz he was a good joker.

That night we had a barby on our patio, washed down with a good drop of wine, and Wendy washed all of the dirties.

On Monday Robert Barclay came around and washed his dirty clothes in the washer and picked up a big bag of Wendy's to take home with him on the plane. We had gone to the bus depot in the morning to collect the said bag that had gone on a trip to Darwin over the weekend, so this saved Wendy quite a packet in transport costs to Adelaide.

Then we had a look around town, travelling around the perimeter of the suburbs. I think we had dinner in the pub and retired home to pack our bags, having decided to take off as early as we could

on the Tuesday morning. This turned out to be a typical Alice Springs day, fine but cold and Wendy declined to wear a windcheater that I had brought up, plus her leather jacket, so was a bit cold on the trip.

On the way Wendy complained about wind getting in under/around her visor causing her eyes to weep, so I got a bit of plastic tape from a builder at Cadney and taped up her visor top and bottom with the result that there was no wind in her eyes and I couldn't hear her screams, so I could proceed at around 140 kph.

We made good time despite this, the wind problem, and decided to camp overnight at Coober Pedy, around 700 kms.

On the way we had a fuel stop at Marla, which turned out to be a good spot, and saw a number of big eagles feeding on dead kangaroos on the road. This is a magnificent sight and the eagles think that they own the road, rarely flying off when approached, even by a Blackbird at speed. Of course there was the odd occasion where we had to avoid sheep that were wandering on the road.

At Coober we booked into the same motel that I had been to on the way up and had dinner in a Greek restaurant on the main street that we had been to 20 years ago. The management was the same and gave us a good time. The chef was a son of the owner and he had just sold a Honda 750 to a local and I had seen this on the way up, so we motorcyclists clicked!

I decided to split up the journey home by stopping at Port Augusta so the shortened stage allowed us time to look in on Woomera.

In the 50s, Woomera was the Rocket Range! Well, for those of you who don't know, Woomera is a ghost town! We rode around town looking for signs of life and found the town bereft of nearly all life. The blocks of flats which once housed workers at the rocket range are being pulled down and 95% of the houses are empty. There are no shops left and no petrol stations. And worst of all, everything is still in good order. Dunno why they don't house someone there.

We got into Port Augusta a bit late in the evening, considering the kangaroos, the sun was just setting, so I had to move along a bit over the last leg from

Woomera. We needn't record the pace here.

In Port Augusta, Wendy noticed a motel advertising accommodation for \$55 /night so we gave it a try and it turned out to be a beauty. The proprietors were offering a bacon and egg breakfast for one thrown in so I only had to pay \$7.00 for one, and it was top class!

We wandered across the rode to a pub for dinner and that turned out to be tops too. So all in all we had a good stay in Port Augusta.

Next day we came home via Wilmington and the Barossa Valley, but we had to stop at Clare coz Wendy was frozen stiff. Doubt if I have ever seen anyone look so cold. All of this coz Wendy decided not, to put on the windcheater that I had brought up, nor her leather jacket, so I had to unpack and locate these items for her, plus get a hot cuppa into her. I later found that the top temperature for Clare was 9 degrees Celsius, which is bloody cold if you're on a motorcycle.

Sorry, Dave and Tim, we're not as sturdy as you lot!

Dunno how you ride motorcycles in the northern hemi in winter, or summer either for that matter! I imagine Tim that you'd be skinny dipping in the Todd here in winter.

Clad with these mandatory items we made it home in good time on one tank of juice - 350 odd kms on 19 litres - not bad for a BlackBird. Mind you, BP 98 is available in Port Augusta.

So endeth the round trip to the Alice and back in seven days. About 3,500 kms in total for a cost of \$1,200, plus a lot of good company and a lot of worthwhile scenery.

Hope to do it all again next year for the Centre Oz Rally.

For those of you who don't know Alice Springs, the Todd River, on whose banks we wandered, is a dry river bed most of the time as it only rains heavily in the Centre about every ten years.

When it rains, it rains, and there are a few pictures of the Todd in flood in the town. Apparently the aborigines can dig down a few feet anywhere and find good water any time in the dry bed and the town gets water from bores along the river. Hence the name Alice Springs.

Rosco (Ross Edwards)

Bill's Motorcycles' Day



Just part of the good roll-up for Bill's Motorcycles sponsored ride on Sunday 18th September. Below: Ken Fairchild tries out one of the new bikes on display.

Alzheimer's Rally

12th - 14th August 2005

This rally was called back to basics, and that what it just was, it was held in the scrub 5km. from Sedan on the Swan Reach road. - ideal place for a bush camp. I was not able to get there on Friday when it began, but I got there in the morning about 9.30am. There were quite a few already there, sitting around a nice warm campfire. After checking in at the main tent, I set up camp, looking for a site with the least amount of stones and debris. After pitching the tent and putting the kettle on, I walked around saying hello to some of the guys I knew, and introducing myself to some of the guys I did not know. Most arrived on the Saturday, coming in dribs and drabs all day. Initially there was a couple of nice warm fires set up, but by the end of the day there were about half a dozen - boy! They were very welcome as it was a bit nippy. I was quite amazed at to the number of trailers and sidecars of all shapes and sizes. After lunch we had a gymkhana, consisting of slowest bike race, fastest bike to the line, Rider and pillion throwing water balloon over rope and catching, and a few other games, in all we had a real ball! That evening a BBQ was available, so Robert Anderson and myself got stuck into a fry up. At about 8.00pm rally trophies were presented for best bike, longest distance ridden, etc. Also we had a raffle with heaps of prizes. Yours truly missed out - bugger! as I had my eye on that bottle of Wild Turkey Bourbon. While all of this was going on the everyone were ticking over nicely, the empty cans and bottles were piling up. It was a reasonably cold that night, but tucked up in a warm thick sleeping bag overcame that. Next morning a few of the riders were off early, as I was. This was to get home in before the forecasted rain front. So Robert and I were off at about 8.30 am. This was a well-organized rally, Meata-axe, wife and his mate did us proud - there was a lot of behind the scene work that went into the rally. I want to thank them on behalf of the Ulysses members who went, for the effort they put into it. I hope they raised the amount of money they were targeting. I will certainly be attending the next year's rally, if they have one. (There are photos on the Adelaide web site.)

Allan Webster



Letter to the Editor.....



Dear Wendy

I write regarding the Tri-State Games, a highlight of the lives of over 260 people with disabilities in teams from rural areas of New South Wales, Victoria and South Australia. Strathalbyn won the hosting rights for 2005 and 2006, and will be held from 7-11 November.

The opening ceremony is scheduled for Monday 7th November, 10.00 am, beginning at the Strathalbyn Train Station and culminating at the oval - not a long walk for most, but for some quite a trek. Representatives from various sponsors, including media, have offered the use of their promotional vehicles to transport competitors. However, I seek the support of Ulysses Club members to participate in assisting some of the competitors who are less able to walk the distance.

This has many benefits, firstly for the competitors, and secondly for Ulysses members have a community presence, involvement in supporting people with disabilities and an opportunity to parade motorcycles and promote the Ulysses Club.

Any queries can be directed to me by phoning me on 8296 1606 or 0418 897 832.

Thank you in anticipation of your support.

Anita McCarthy

Project Officer - Tri-State Games

(A condensed form of the original letter)

Ghost Town Rally - Broken Hill

9-11 September 2005

When Rick Nappa phoned me the other day, he mentioned that he was heading off to the rally at Broken Hill in a couple of weeks; this was one rally I was not aware of. So I said to myself, I couldn't miss out on a good rally, so I phoned Rick back to ask if I could tag along. Any way I had everything packed up by the Thursday night ready for heading off on the Friday morning. Friday morning came and I was off around 9.00am. My first stop was at Tarlee and there I had a coffee, then, it was onwards to my next stop at Burra where nature called, and emptied my tank. Terowie was next stop, as I have to stop about every hour to relieve my back. I fuelled here, and by now I was meeting with gals and guys on their way up. Made another couple of stops, and I was there. I checked in, got my security plastic wristband, bike sticker and my badge, then went seeking a suitable campsite. This year it was held at the Racecourse instead of Silverton as it was last year. I arrived around 3.30pm; by then the place was a regular camp city, so finding a suitable site was a case of grab one quickly, or miss out. After unpacking, pitching the tent, and a quick drink, it was off to patrol the camp. The West Torrens Ulysses was well represented and the club flag was flying high. As I hobbled along the alleyways in camp city, I bumped into many old friends; it was good to greet friends you haven't seen for some time. The rally was well organised, the main feature being the bar. Other facilities were the Strawberries wagon, a small stall selling quick bite meals such as, steak sandwiches, hot dogs etc. Also a full canteen, catering from a cup of tea and coffee (which was free) to main meals, such as roasts, schnitzels, etc. There was a stall selling tee shirts, buckles, signs, and all sorts of trinkets. Over on the other side was the shed, where the official caps, tee shirts, raffles tickets were. In the main gathering area the band was already set up for the weekend's entertainment. All of the stalls were well patronised, and the prices that were being charged were all very reasonable. We could have not wished for any better weather, especially after it was forecast thunderstorms for Friday and Saturday. As the sun went down that night, the food stalls were busy feeding the mob, and nice warm fires were dotted around the place. Everywhere you saw a gathered mob a nice glowing fire was the centrepiece. Around 7.30pm the entertainment started up and things were bopping, and all were having a good time; the music lasted until midnight, but the guys and dolls were still partying on well into the night. The next morning, Saturday, the food stalls were a buzz serving

breakfast, followed by three organised rides - the first one was a ride through the town and then a gathering at the Rotunda in the town centre near the open air markets; that was well visited and patronised. The next ride left at 10.45am heading out for Silverton, where the Mad Max film was shot, and the car that was used in the film was there on display. A few of the guys went up to the little café on the hill and had a snack lunch. The minor road up to Silverton had obviously been up graded since the last time, as the big potholes and dips have been smoothed out. There was another third ride that day, but don't recall where it went. After retuning from the rides, most of us had to wash the dust from the internals with a few drinks and a lie down. It was nice to see so many different sidecars, trailers and trikes, all makes, models and colours; you will see most of them on the website, along with other photos of interest from the rally. In the late afternoon, a group of kids from town came and entertained us with their music of pipes and drums; you could see their parents full of pride watching their kids in action. As usual, after we had dinner and a lie down, the entertainment began again, and as usual ear-blasting music to dance to, well into the night. The crowd was asking for more rock and roll music as the majority of the music that night was American country. That night it rained throughout the night, and by Sunday morning, around 6.30am it finally subsided, and the sun came out. By 7.00am a lot of guys started to pack up and prepare for departure. As the sun came out it gave the tents extra, time to dry out. Robert Anderson and I decided to head off together, and by 9.00am we were packed and ready to go. We did not put the wet weather gear on as it looked all right. But after a couple of stops down the road, the wet weather gear was put on, as the weather turned and was starting to rain. The further we headed for home the worse the weather became, and the rain was on for the rest of the day.

All in all it was a great rally. This was my first Ghost Town Rally and was quite big in comparison to the other rallies I have been to lately. According to what I heard, there were over 700 there, but I am not sure of the figures. I had a really good time and saw many good ideas to work on for trailers for future rallies. Copies of the photos that were taken at the rally are available on CD on request. Please call Allan on 0429 206 688 or email allan.eng@bigpond.com

Allan Webster

Bush-Pig Rally - Crystal Brook

16th -18th September 2005

As usual, packed the bike up on the Thursday for the Friday departure. The weather forecast for the weekend was not all that great, with rain, hail and the like expected. So when Friday morning came I held back departing early, as it was still raining. But by Lunchtime it started to clear up. At 12.30pm. I made up my mind to head off, this time with a trailer in tow, borrowed from Robert Anderson, the week before. I had arranged to go with Robbie and wife Leslie, so I headed off to their place from where we left at 1.00 pm we all headed off, praying for the weather to hold off.

Our route took us through Birdwood, Williamstown, Gawler, Tarlee and Clare, and through the back road to Crystal Brook. We were not to far up the road, but the rain started, not much at first, but when we were approaching Clare, we started to endure hail. So we pulled in at the Caltex service station for some cover and a cuppa.

After the hail subsided, we headed off again, riding in reasonable weather. We arrived at the Bush-Pig rally site around 4.45pm and set up camp. The early birds had a warming fire already under way.

The Crystal Brook Club is well set up, with a large Moto-Cross Track, a club house to be envied, with nice kitchen, TV, and a welcoming, warming stove. Some riders camped at the bottom, near the Motto-Cross Track lookout, but most camped up on the top level.

By late afternoon, quite a few more had arrived, and the camp kitchen was preparing the evening meal. That evening the campfires both inside and out were well patronised with thirsty riders quenching their thirst.

Next morning the weather could not have been better; brilliant sunshine and a forecast of 20 deg. The camp kitchen was busy serving breakfast of bacon, sausages, eggs and so on. Later that morning Robbie, Leslie and myself rode into Crystal Brook then into Pt. Pirie. We had a good look round the place, also looking for a camping store as the night before my gas lamp blew over with the wind we had on Friday night. When we arrived back at camp, the campsite was beginning to fill up with tents everywhere. The rest of the day was spent catching up with old friends, some I hadn't seen since the Coober Pedy Odyssey last year. By the chatting, that was going on I think they solved the world's problems. In the afternoon the AFL preliminary final was on TV; quite a few were gathered around, cheering on that you could have heard down the bottom of the creek. The gymkhana was a blast: about the best I have seen for a while. There was the old tank and tyre event, egg throwing event, 4-person sack race, the slowest bike race, beer barrel throwing (the old heavy type), (one of the guys threw it and dented the 4x4 on the side of the track) there was also the best donut

event - the girls proved better than the guys, and we had a real good laugh. The women proved they were as good as the guys with the bikes, and Chaddie's 14 year old son, Trent, got a loan of a Kawasaki 900 and proved he was as good as some of the seasoned riders, the crowd really cheered him on. His first opponent was a rider on a Harley - you should have seen Trent give the other rider the evil eye while gunning their engines at each other. What a laugh! Trent won that heat, missed out on the final. After recovering from the fun and laughter the crowd worked up a real thirst, so it was time to head back up to the bar to fix that thirst.

Most of us were startled by a huge noise (the burn out event starting up). They had a purpose-built burnout platform. This event was new to me, but the noise and the smoke was something else with about four or five taking

part. Later an announcement came over the loudspeaker that grub was up. A real feast was served and finished off with fruit salad and ice cream. A little after tea another burn out was heard, the crowd rushed out to a cloud of smoke about 10 meters high, then the tyre burst, and that was that. The crowd was self-entertained that evening well into the late evening.

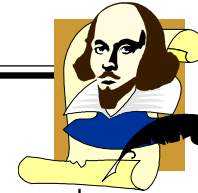
Sunday morning we were awoken by the first of the riders leaving early, breakfast was announced and the usual stomach filling goodies were served, after which the awards were given out.

As we were not in a hurry and didn't leave until 10.30 am. The weather that morning was fine but a bit blowy. We took the same route homewards, stopping at Clare for a break and a cuppa, then we were off again. Down the road a bit the bike was beginning to feel very hard to handle, I thought it could be the wind, or me not packing the trailer correctly; I was really fighting the bike. So at Tarlee I pulled in, only for Robbie to tell me my tyre was flat. No wonder I was fighting the bike a bit! A closer inspection revealed a puncture; I was glad that I had packed a puncture repair kit. A 2 inch nail was the culprit! It was so embedded I was glad that Robbie had a Leatherman with large pliers built in, because it was very hard to withdraw. So we repaired it and pumped it up only to find out I had a second puncture, so we had to repeat the whole process again! This time it was a large screw! I was down to my last rubber insert and hoping there was no more. So we inflated the tyre again, but the instructions on the repair kit stated that the fastest speed that I could travel at was 60kph. So it was a slow trip home, we altered our route and took the main roads, just in case the tyre went down again. Anyway, guys, the moral of the story is always carry a puncture outfit and compressor pump with you. It was a new tyre for me when I got home as this one was really stuffed, the screw ripping the tyre quite a bit.



Rob Chadbourne (the Best Outfit award), his son, Trent, who gave the Harley rider a run for his

Allan Webster - #36551



Charlie

Charlie was a big man
but quiet and humble too
He came to us from over the sea
Became an Aussie through and through

A true Ulyssian right from the start
With love and enthusiasm straight from the
heart

No sitting about wishing life away
He joined all the action and lived each day

Charlie liked to travel
now he's ridden to the 'other side'
He'll no doubt join some bike mates
and go for a 'heavenly ride'!

-Geraldine Murray

The Road Home

When I come to the end of the road
And the sun has set for me
I want no rites in a gloom-filled room
Why cry for a soul set free?

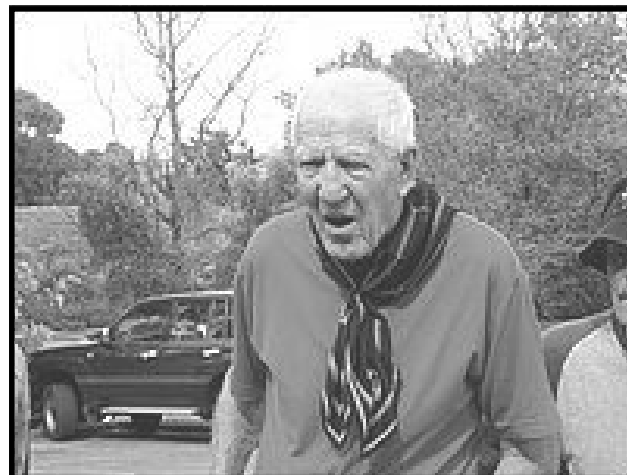
Miss me a little, but not too long
And not with your head bowed low
Remember the love that we once shared
Miss me, but let me go.

For this is a journey we all must take
And each must go alone:
It's part of the Master's plan
A step on the road to home

When you are lonely and sick of heart
Go to the friends we know
And bury your sorrows
In doing good deeds,
Miss me, but let me go.

(Reprinted from Charlie's service leaflet)

Ridden On



Charles Hughes

6.3.1927 - 25.8.2005

Aged 78 years

Loving father & father-in-law of
John & Lyn
Jo-Anne & Michael

Special friend of Debbie

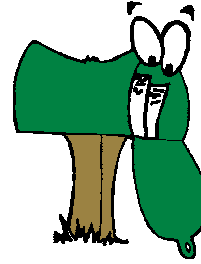
Loved Grand-dad of Kassy, Daniel,
Amelia and Darcy.

Loved great Grand-dad of Lachlan

'Cruise the Skies'

New Members

Bruce Riley	1/38 Hughes Avenue	HENLEY BEACH 2005	8231 9111
Reg Brown	55 Nash Lane	MORPHETTVALE 5162	8281 7339
Brenton Spratt	C/- PO	YORKETOWN 5576	0419 806 582
Darryl Francis	19 Grose Crescent	NORTH HAVEN 5018	8248 1251
Bill Coleman	5 Barwell Avenue	SEACLIFF 5049	8296 0099
Steven Lock	4 Outlook Drive	ABERFOYLE PARK 5159	8270 5013
Kym Fettke	131 Caulfield Avenue	CLARENCE PARK 5039	8351 3987



Change of Address

Frank & Pat Sparkes	5/556 Wheatsheaf Road	MORPHETTVALE 5162	8186 2443
Adrian Krollig	PO Box 304	GUMERACHA 5233	
Robert Walker	3 Hudson Court	NETLEY 5037	
Tony Mik	PO Box 111	GUMERACHA 5233	0417 842 001
Jamie-T Gryphon	91/1 Esplanade	GLENELG 5045	0412 584 552
Rob Todd	PO Box 9	BARMERA 5345	0428 251 968
Adrian Williams	32 Winterbourne Road	ELIZABETH VALE 5112	0411 378 181
Bruce Calton	10 Holmead Road	EIGHT MILE PLAINS 4113	0438 344 857
Phil Bancroft	17 Austerlitz Court	GREENWITH 5125	8289 9978
Boyd & Annette Stuckey	12 Farriers Way	WOODCROFT 5162	
Spencer & Bernie Clark	Kit 129, 11 Supple Road	WATERLOO CORNER 5110	83809068

A woman was shopping at her local supermarket where she selected:

- A half-gallon of 2% milk,
- A carton of eggs,
- A quart of orange juice,
- A head of romaine lettuce,
- A 2 lb. can of coffee,
- And a 1 lb. package of bacon.

As she was unloading her items on the conveyor belt to check out, a drunk standing behind her watched as she placed the items in front of the cashier. While the cashier was ringing up her

purchases, the drunk calmly stated, "You must be single."

The woman was a bit startled by this proclamation, but she was intrigued by the derelict's intuition, since she was indeed single. She looked at her six items on the belt and saw nothing particularly unusual about her selections that could have tipped off the drunk to her marital status. Curiosity getting the better of her, she said "Well, you know what? You're absolutely correct. But how on earth did you know that?"

The drunk replied, "Cause you're ugly."

Classifieds

FOR SALE

Tilbrook Sidecar: Complete, except for seat. Ready for top coat of paint. **\$1,500.**
Contact Ray Sims for details on 8685 4107



Classic Trailer (LT): Immaculate condition. As new. **\$2,000 ono.**

Classic Towbar: To suit Suzuki Intruder 1500. As new **\$200 ono. Contact Peter on 0407 738 426**

Honda Goldwing GL1100: 1981. New timing belts and seals. 104,000ks. Good condition. **\$3,500.**
Contact Bob at Kadina on 0417 806 084

Harley Davidson: Factory workshop manual for touring models. **\$50**

Harley Davidson: Fairing bra for Ultra Classic Electra Glide. **\$100**

Harley Davidson: Short, smoked windscreen for Ultra. **\$80.**

Contact Pat Baxter on 8281 5035

Classic MT Trailer: Black/hhite, stone chip protector, factory fitted Eskie, good tyres. Only travelled approx 14,000ks since new. Registered till Oct 05. **\$3,000.00 ono.**

R Jays Leather riding pants: Lined, never worn, Size 40. **\$120 ono.**

Both items can be inspected at Christies Beach.

Contact Jeff Birkett on 83829171. If no answer leave a message and I'll get back to you.

Codan 9323 (Royal Flying Doctor): HF SSB radio with 9350 Arial tuner, all cables & manuals. **\$1900**

4WD storage system "chuck wagon": 10 storage drawers plus 40 L water. Suit Patrol GQ, GU Land cruiser 60, 80, 100 series. **\$1200**

Plastic jerry cans: 5 petrol, 3 water. **\$15 ea**

Sunrasia 16 rim with desert dueller tyre suit GQ patrol **\$60.**

Contact Wayne Digance on 8353 7535 or 0418816695

Men's Leather Jacket: RJays Brando style size 50, **\$180**

Men's Leather Vests (2): Lace-up sides size XL **\$50 each**

Men's Leather Gloves: Walden Miller size XL, and leather mittens type glove size XL **\$20 each** **Men's**

Johnny Reb Boots: (short) size 9 1/2. **\$75**

Ladies (or men's) leather Brando Style Jackets: (2) size L. **\$175 for both.**

Ladies Leather Gloves: (2 pairs) size 10. **\$40 for both.**
 All items in as new condition and no further use as bike sold.

Contact Allen or Joanne on 8284 4956 or 0422 897986 any time.

A guy arrives at the pearly gates, waiting to be admitted. St. Peter is reading through the Big Book to see if the guy's name is written in it. After several minutes, St. Peter closes the book, furrows his brow, and says, "I'm sorry, I don't see your name written in the Book."



"How current is your copy?" he asks.

"I get a download every ten minutes," St. Peter replies. "Why do you ask?"

"I'm embarrassed to admit it, but I was always the stubborn type. It was not until my death was imminent that I cried out to God, so my name probably hasn't arrived to your copy e t ."

"I'm glad to hear that," St. Peter says, "but while we're waiting for the update to come through, can you tell me about a really good deed that you did in your life?"

The guys thinks for a moment and says, "Humm, well there was this one time when I was drivin' down a road and I saw a giant group of biker gang members harassing this poor girl. I slowed down, and sure enough, there they were, about 20 of 'em torturing this poor woman. Infuriated, I got out my car, grabbed a tire iron out of my trunk, and walked up to the leader of the gang. He was a huge guy; 6-foot-6, 280 pounds, with a studded leather jacket and a chain running from his nose to his ears. As I walked up to the leader, the bikers formed a circle around me and told me to get lost or I'd be next.

"So I ripped the leader's chain out of his face and smashed him over the head with the tire iron. Then I turned around and yelled to the rest of them, "Leave this girl alone! You're just a bunch of SICK, deranged animals! Go home before I really get mad and teach you a real lesson in PAIN!"

St. Peter, duly impressed, says "Wow! When did this happen?"

"About three minutes ago."