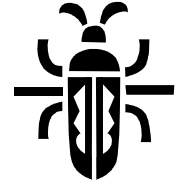




THE BUG



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EDITORIAL

Hi Everyone,

Welcome to October's BUG. The weather is starting to warm up. It won't be long & the hot weather will be upon us. So we need to make the most of the nice weather.

As they say: As I'm going to print I have missed this month's ride due to the fact that I was reminded by a friendly phone call on Saturday night if there was a ride this w/end.

I'm sooo sorry that the BUG is late I thought it was only coming into week 3.

I'm only human... I do make mistakes.

So if anyone did go for a ride on Sunday 18th, would you mind putting something together for the November BUG for me PLEASE?

You might need a cuppa or cleansing ale while you read this months BUG?

Our social gathering at the Family Hotel back in September saw a great roll up. It started out

with a few regulars, when the RSVP date came to a close, I kept adding to the list which was great. We had in total 30 members.

The food & company was brilliant. Lovely to catch up with members we haven't seen for ages & meet some members who have been on rides & I haven't met.

So once again I'm in the process of organising our social gathering for November.

We will have it November as December is too hectic.

Someone asked me some time back if I knew how many members were there registered in the ULYSSES group.

As it so happens Joe English dropped off some paperwork over the Long W/end & in it had some trivia information:

There are approx. 28'728 financial members.

Membership Number 55059 was issued back in August this year.

Another item I would like to look into for our local group is our local shirts.

There are a small percentage of us who have a shirt. I'm wondering & throwing this out for thought. Are there some of our members interested in a local shirt to be made? Your thoughts & suggestions would be appreciated?

Thank You William for your next piece of your journey. It is a great read.

THIS COMING W/END IS THE ANNUAL RIDE TO MOLONG FOR THE "MOTORCYCLE AWARENESS "ON SUNDAY 24TH OCTOBER ALWAYS A GREAT RIDE & A GREAT CHANCE TO CATCH UP WITH FELLOW RIDERS.

I know that we have a few of our local members away at the moment at Phillip Island for the annual GP trip. Hope they travel home safely over the next couple of days.

Until next month keep safe everyone!

IMPORTANT DATES 2009



NOVEMBER'S RIDE:

MEET IN THE CARPARK AT THE BACK OF MACCA'S AT 9AM FOR OUR MONTHLY RIDE TO COWRA.

DECEMBER'S RIDE:

SUNDAY 20TH DECEMBER MARK THIS DATE IN YOUR DIARY. I KNOW IT'S CLOSE TO CHRISTMAS. WE USUALLY DO GO FOR A RIDE THEN. OR WE COULD HAVE IT THE WEEK BEFORE?

IMPORTANT DATE 2010

GATHERING FOR OUR END OF YEAR & AGM 2010 WILL BE ON SATURDAY 16TH JANUARY OUT AT JAN & BOB DICKIE AT NEWBRIDGE. SO MARK THIS IN YOUR DIARY NOW.

MORE INFO NEXT MONTH WITH TIME & WHAT IS HAPPENING.

OUR NEXT SOCIAL GATHERING WILL BE ON FRIDAY 20TH NOVEMBER 2009 AT PANORAMA CITY DOWN STAIRS AT 7PM. SITUATED AT THE LIGHTS DURHAM & BENTINCK

STREETS THIS IS BEFORE OUR MONTHLY RIDE. YOU NEED TO CONTACT ME BY 11TH NOVEMBER EITHER BY EMAIL OR PHONE IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO COME.

SEPTEMBER'S RIDE

Saw Joe, William, Larry, Freddo, David, Pat, Justine & Pam, Roger & Licia, Mark & Sonya, Leon & Julie, Dennis & Judy. 11 bikes in total left Macca's car park at 10.10am, to Oberon via Wiseman's Creek. A cuppa at Oberon then onto Hartley via Duckmooly then Mt Vic across the causeway to Bell then down into Lithgow for lunch at the Workies Club.

We said our goodbyes to Larry & William as they went back to Oberon via Jenolan Caves.

The rest of us came back to Bathurst via the Highway. Great day, a little on the cool side for some & no Mishaps which is always a good sign.

CAPE YORK 2009

CAPE YORK EPISODE TWO

From Weipa we had about an hour run back the way we came to "York Downs" which is owned by the brother in law of Peter from Lakeland where our camp was going to be for the night. This will be our first opportunity to test the camping gear we have carted all this way. Upon arrival we met Toni, the station cook and her six year old son, Christian who was going on twelve. Young Christian took us on a guided walking tour of the station buildings and machinery where we met Pedro, more about him later, then down to an enormous dam. We were told crocs lurked in it and the surrounds which consisted of about a metre and a half of undergrowth. We were nervous wrecks in no time as Christian brought two dogs with him and they would continually run in and out of the thickets chasing bunnies. If these dogs disappeared our welcome could be short lived. The young lad was an expert in telling tall stories about all of the things dangerous in the area as we walked down a track to the waters edge where in front of us we saw a floating swimming enclosure three by five metres made from steel mesh supported by forty four gallon drums around it's edge topped by boards making a deck for diving and sun baking. It was anchored a little off shore with access by way of, for a better word, a gang plank

and not a very strong one at that. One dog went for a swim so with heart in mouth we all hollered for the damned thing to come out.

Back at the bikes it was time to set up camp on nice green lawn near the amenities block. Toni advised not to camp under the trees when the kid told us of the drop bears which would get us, in fact the danger was from coconuts falling. Rob in his wisdom felt no need for the tent saying bravely "it won't rain so the sleeping bag will do". As it was getting dark with the camp done we settled down for a few well earned XXXX when the aforementioned Pedro joined us. He was an enormous man with an infectious laugh, a healthy thirst and an odd sense of humour. He explained about the crocs, snakes and scorpions that regularly traverse the area where we were camped. As he told more yarns and laughed Robert jumped to his feet and hurriedly set about erecting his tent. Following a relaxed dinner and a few more liquid pain killers we retired to bed for an uneventful night.

Sunrise saw us shower, have breakie .pack up, bid our hosts farewell and head for the top. Bramwell Junction Roadhouse provided us with lunch and fuel for the final leg to the top. From here we had the choice of travelling the Telegraph Route which is two wheel tracks with numerous creek crossings or The Southern Bypass which is a formed road with passing opportunities.

We chose the latter. The road in places was rough with corrugations and at times deteriorates to bull dust. Some sections were surfaced with a material which looked like bauxite, probably it was, and where the road crossed the Telegraph Line there was a turn off to Fruit Bat Falls. It was just wheel tracks and very sandy, a combination which caused Hugh to bite the dust. With no damage done we pushed on to the falls. The water flowed over a bar of rock about fifty metres wide and dropped a metre or so into a large shallow pool adorned by four skinny dipping beauties who emerged from the water and graced the bank near where we were standing. I understand that other people were there too but I didn't see them. Robert, Hugh, Bruce and I experienced problems with our hearts racing. Paul in his wisdom knew a cold shower was unavailable so he did the next best thing and jumped into the drink cooling his heels with a little swim before we reluctantly pushed on.

The Jardine River ferry cost an arm and a leg but there were no other options. It is a big river with an enormous volume of water heading west. The next stop was Bamaga, a small settlement near the west coast which is near Seisia from where the Thursday Island ferry departs. We expected we would be camping again so I was commissioned to replenish our liquid refreshment supplies for the night before we moved

on. A little further on we came across an establishment at Punsand Bay which could be loosely be described as a resort with an eating area with a bar thankfully and dog boxes and tents scattered around. It looked like Heaven to me after a long and punishing day in the air conditioned comfort of the land cruiser so it was easily agreed by all to make this place our base for two nights. The next day Bruce and I took a helicopter flight taking in the top, Possession Island where Captain Cook claimed Australia and a glorious view of the coastline and the numerous other islands of the area. Hugh is a nervous flier and chose to remain on the ground, Paul proudly gloated that he had already experienced a chopper ride this trip and poor old Robert elected to save his pennies saving him the embarrassment of us having to inform him the chopper would not get him off the ground too.

With the chopper ride behind us we decided to take the rest of the day going to the top with Robert riding and the others piling into the Toyota. A short time later Robert pulled up in a lather of sweat announcing it was too hard as the track really was atrocious so back to the resort to leave the BM before taking an easier road which still would have been a challenge for the bikes.

Having dined on bread rolls enhanced with a variety of fillings extracted from the esky

kindly lent by friends in Cairns, Cindy and David Hudson, we set out on foot for the last kilometer or so over a big rock to the northern most point of the mainland. Once there photographs were taken before settling down to enjoy the vista and sense of achievement and of course pulling out our mobile phones to call our loved ones to tell them where we were and that we

were missing them. We then walked back to our vehicle via the beach before going back to Punsand Bay to do a spot of washing, servicing machine, relaxing and preparing ourselves for the long journey home, but that's another story.

William Gilmore

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Contributions are appreciated and will be edited and published subject to available space

Jenny Rea 63 373 351

reagj@aapt.net.au