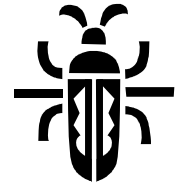




THE BUG



A PUBLICATION OF THE BATHURST ULYSSES GROUP

DECEMBER 2009

www.ozdynamics.com/ulysses

Volume 2 Issue 36

EDITORIAL

Hi Everyone!
Are you all getting organised or are we still thinking about it?

I have some information which has been passed onto me in regards to Esperance area. I know that we have a few of our members heading over there next year for our AGM in Albany. If you would like to have a look at it just contact me, in the pack is a disk. My other half can recommend the area. I must say I didn't get down that way; I went north to the Kimberley area. Even so things tend to change in 18yrs also.

Our social evening at Panorama Motel went really well. There was a great roll-up. We were set-up in an area on our own. The food was quick & tasty. With one of our couples were forgotten about & they were really hungry, we had all finished & they were still waiting for their meal to arrive.

There is a bit of reading again, as William has sent his next installment from his Cape trip. So sit back & enjoy.

In case I don't see you all next w/end for our ride have a happy & safe Christmas & I will be talking to you all next year.

Don't forget about letting me know if you are coming next w/end. Also numbers for our AGM in January out at the Dickies

IMPORTANT DATES 2009



DECEMBER'S RIDE:

MEET IN THE CARPARK AT THE BACK OF MACCA'S AT 9AM FOR OUR MONTHLY RIDE TO ANGELA & WILLIAM GILLMORE'S AT OBERON, THEN TARALGA PUB FOR LUNCH.

IF YOU ARE COMING ON THE DAY CAN YOU LET ME KNOW FOR CATERING AT GILLMORE'S & ALSO AT TARALGA PLEASE.

IMPORTANT DATE 2010

GATHERING FOR OUR END OF YEAR & AGM 2010 WILL BE ON SATURDAY 16TH JANUARY OUT AT

JAN & BOB DICKIE AT NEWBRIDGE.

COST OF \$10 A HEAD FOR A ROAST DINNER & SALADS, MEAT COOKED IN THE PIZZA OVEN.

THE AFTERNOON WILL START FROM 3PM, SO WE CAN HAVE OUR AGM & GET BUSINESS OUT OF THE WAY TO SHARE A MEAL TOGETHER.

WE NEED TO KNOW NUMBERS FOR CATERING SO YOU WILL NEED TO CONTACT BOB & JAN DICKIE 63681185 OR THE REA'S 63373351 BY THE 8TH JANUARY 2010.

On Good Friday 2nd April 2010 Forbes are holding a race day with the camel cup. Kick-off is from 11am if anyone is interested.

Some months ago I had what I thought was a noise in the rear of my Yamaha. At the time Adam Gilmore was a mechanic at Beards and he did the pulling down and what was to be a big job. It turned out that nothing major was wrong in fact a fellow I came upon on the same bike said they are very agricultural as his was the same. I must say that Adam could not be more helpful and went to many lengths to make it right. I personally have no

mechanical skills; only knowing where to put water and oil in my 4wd.

After several months and thinking I should get a service I contacted Adam who willing picked the bike up and returned some hour or so later. Upon his arrival the first question he asked was when did I last ride the bike? I said as a matter of fact it was two days ago when I went to Carcoar sale yards, he then said was it hard to steer, I said as a matter it was a little difficult and didn't seem to want to respond on corners. The reason for this Adam said was because there was only 20lb pressure and should have been 38lb. Adam said well jump on now and see the difference, well I suddenly became a much better rider, thanks to Adam.

Thanks Dennis

NOVEMBER'S RIDE

Saw 2 bikes (4 people head off) on that Sunday morning. Pam & Justin let me know that they didn't get far as it was so bloody hot. I think they are brave even to get the bike out & try to head off. They turned off at Blayney & headed over to Bob & Jan Dickie at Newbridge.

Cape York Episode three

Well finally it is time to start making our

way home and bid Punsand Bay farewell. Bruce and Hugh were the first to leave with Robert some half hour after them and as usual Paul and I bringing up the rear a little later, I had to finish my breakfast you know. We didn't expect to see the others before the Jardine crossing but as we drove into Bamaga there was Robert not looking very happy with a tech screw protruding from his rear tyre and we were carrying some of his tools. So we set to it and in no time the tyre was plugged and inflated with those magic little gas bottles and we were on our way with no further incidents before lunch at Bramwell Junction. Having fuelled up the bikes and devoured some steak sandwiches with chips we went up the Telegraph Line to the first creek crossing some three kilometres away. Robert and Hugh thought it too sandy and chose to turn around but Bruce battled on as we did in the Toyota. When people have the

option of using a relatively good road and then choose to knock their vehicles around in these places is simply beyond my understanding. We witnessed a bloke in a 100 series Land Cruiser trying to launch his machine up over a rock ledge to get out of a creek crossing which was some seven or eight metres below ground level. Eventually another vehicle that was there just to watch the fun yanked him out with a snatch strap.

The next stop was "Bertiehaugh", a pastoral station formally owned by the Weatherspoons who own "York Downs" where we stayed on the way up. It has a seventy-kilometre frontage to the Wenlock River and this is where Steve Irwin conducted a lot of research on crocodiles. Upon his death Terri Irwin complained that the legacy of Steve's work would be lost so along came John Howard with six point three million dollars to purchase "Bertiehaugh" and turn it

into “The Steve Irwin Wildlife Reserve” with appropriate signage at the entrance. What is not commonly known is that the former owners still have the use of the place for the next thirty-five years as well as the money in the Bank. I wished Steve had done some research in the creek at the back of our place.

Ten K’s off the road we came to the homestead, a large corrugated iron flat roofed building with a wall less than one metre high around it then a two-metre gap to the roof. Fly screens! What are they? It consisted of one room about fifteen metres by ten with a full sized snooker table and a number of other tables to feed the crew when the musters are on. To the back and in one corner was the kitchen, open air of course with benches which were slabs and shelves suspended from the roof by large chains and located with lengths of reo rod through the chain. A bank of fridges graced one wall

and the hot water was by way of a fire under a forty-four gallon drum.

We were met by a woman called Suz who informed us the men would not be back from the muster for another hour, so make ourselves at home and have a look around, particularly the cattle they have in the yards which they had caught over the last few days. They round up some of the cattle with four wheel bikes and a Robinson R22 helicopter but most of the bulls are run down with the bikes with massive bull bars, tied up and loaded onto a trailer behind an old land cruiser to be taken to the yards. We also needed to find a suitable location for the erection of our tents. As we were walking to the yards there was some discussion as to whether we should stay because some of our troupe felt we may be imposing when the men were so busy and others wanted to pitch our tents and enjoy the company for the night.

When we reached the yards we were amazed how poor the cattle were. I wanted to get my camera to photograph them so I went back to the homestead to get it from my bike. Considering the time and the distance to the next camping spot on the Wenlock I thought some covert action was required so I saw Suz and told her the situation that some of the guys might need some reassurance. She said she would have to go past the yards to get some wood for the fire so she could put their minds at rest. I rode back to the yards and took the pictures. Soon she drove up, stopped, swung her legs out of the vehicle and while rolling a smoke commenced to talk away indicating how the men were looking forward to seeing us and in no time the mood seemed to change and we were staying. Then she said “I had better get some wood” so I offered to go with her. When she drove off the first thing she said to me was “How

did I go". I laughed and we became good friends from that time on.

We cooked our own dinner then went to the homestead and had a great night yarning to them. There were about six ringers one grader driver and his girl friend, the boss's son and his girl friend, Suzy's partner and two backpackers. One was an Irishman and the other was a girl from France to whom I said, "I suppose all these Aussie men will teach you how to swear". She didn't understand me so she sought help from the Irishman. Her reply to me then was "You mean like F***".

The next morning saw us pack up, bid our farewells and hit the road bright and early as a car rally was coming onto the road we would be using later in the morning. As it turned out we didn't get past where they turned onto the road without meeting most of them. The remainder of the trip back to Lakeland was uneventful except for Hugh

hitting some bull dust and was lucky to get through it without tears.

Back at Lakeland we unloaded the Toyota and put everything back onto the bikes after we got Paul's one out of Peter's shed with the exception of my gear as I had to take it back to Cairns and put it on mine when I return the Toyota. At this time Robert decided to leave us and make a run for home. I believe he was missing Karin. When I got back on my bike I went back through Mareeba and headed down to Atherton where I was reunited with the three remaining guys for the night.

Next morning we went to the Undara Lava Tubes where the boys had a guided tour of the tubes whilst I placed some coats on the ground beside the bikes, lay on them and went to sleep. I had seen the tubes before with Angela and let's face it someone had to mind the bikes. That done our next stop was The Oasis Roadhouse where we

stayed the night. An interesting place with good accommodation, tucker and grog served from a bar not much bigger than the smallest room in the house. You know what I mean. This was where we split again with Paul reluctant to take on any dirt roads due to his unfortunate mishap earlier on and I don't blame him. He is a lucky boy. Hugh decided to accompany Paul so Bruce and I thought we would embark on a whole new adventure and take the long way home having a ball all of which will be revealed next month.

William Gilmore

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

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