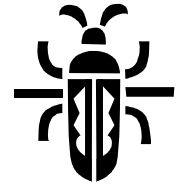




# THE BUG



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## EDITORIAL

HAPPY NEW YEAR  
EVERYONE!

Hope this first BUG for 2010 finds you all well & ready to ride for the year ahead. Hope everyone's Christmas & New Year was good to you all?

My little piece will be short as this month BUG is jammed packed with lots to read & lots happening.

Don't forget about letting me know if you are coming to the Dickies for our AGM. I need to know numbers for our AGM for catering purposes. So contact me by the 12<sup>th</sup> January please.

If you have any ideas, rides you would like to share, bring them along to the Dickie's so we can gather together & organise for this coming year.

## IMPORTANT DATES 2009



### JANUARY'S RIDE:

#### **Mystery Ride**

**Meet at the back of Macca's at 9am. Need a full tank of fuel & a need for a ride.**

## IMPORTANT DATE 2010

**GATHERING FOR OUR  
END OF YEAR & AGM 2010  
WILL BE ON SATURDAY  
16<sup>TH</sup> 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  
12<sup>TH</sup> JANUARY 2010.**

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

Hi Everyone,

Merry Christmas to you  
all.

Kim Miller here.  
Depending on the 'over 50

factor' :-)) you might remember me from Bathurst when I was the chaplain at Bathurst Correctional Centre and used to ride the old red 1981 Suzuki GS1000G.

I know Pat will remember me as he was always asking when I was going to update. Well, the good news is that I updated. When I left Bathurst for Newcastle I decided that in this new job I could ride the bike a lot more for work, but that old GS1000 was not the thing for riding around the city from one client to the next. So I sold the Suzuki and bought a Kawasaki Versys. 100 kilos lighter than the Suzie, 650cc cammed for mid-range grunt, tall supermotard styling, and very good for traffic. I can see over the top of cars up to Subaru Forester height.

Some of you will also remember that I write as a hobby and a few of you have a copy of my book of short stories, *Insiders*, which I wrote back in 2006. That has also been updated. In July of this year my first novel was published. It's young adult fiction and tells the story of a teenage boy in strife with the coppers, and at war with the world and within himself. He's in a school for toxic teenagers

and in that place he starts to deal with life a little differently. You can chase it up here

<http://www.kimmiller.id.au/clem>

The book has got some pretty good reviews from other Australian authors, and people who work with troubled kids. It's called "*They Told Me I Had To Write This*", which is the first sentence of the book. He's an angry boy, call it page rage.

Help me retire early, go into Books Plus and order yourself a copy. :-)

My work up here goes slowly. I'm setting up a post release prison chaplaincy, working with men as they come out of prison. The hope is that we can keep them from re-offending so your TV set is a little safer. Well, that's the hope. This is me at work.

<http://www.homeforgood.org.au/>

Once again, Merry Christmas and all the best for the New Year. It's good to touch base with you.  
Kim Miller  
Newcastle.

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## DECEMBER'S RIDE

**Saw 11 bikes leave the back of Macca's not long after 9am. I headed out to William & Angela's. The group headed out to**

**Perthville, then George's Plains, then to Rockley Mount, over to Blacksprings to the Gilmore's for morning tea. The coffee was just what the doctor ordered. The team then headed off to Taralga for lunch at the pub. You can always count us knowing where the best feeds are & coffee. Which are really important for a group who like to get out for a ride around our beautiful country side?**

**From what I can gather their food was great. But you can always count on pub grub.**

**The Dickie's, Joe & Pat left straight away after lunch. The rest of the group headed back through Oberon then home.**

**I stayed behind & chatted to Angela for a while before heading home to finish of my Christmas cards. Till next ride, ride safely.**

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### Cape York Episode Four

We left The Oasis Roadhouse following our goodbyes to Paul and Hugh and set course for Hughenden two hundred and fifty kilometres away. The road was dirt but quite good so we made good time until we came to a concrete causeway with a coating of green slime covering the surface. We were warned of this crossing the night before by two young women who travelled seventy kilometres from there to

buy hamburgers to take home.

By this time I know you are all guessing which one of us fell off, but firstly while we were assessing the situation a four-wheel drive came along with two pig dogs in the back. After exchanging some pleasantries he drove through and disappeared into the distance. You all guessed wrong neither of us went down.

About another hour down the track as we rounded a slight curve we found our mate again in the middle of the road with a wheel off. It seems he had a blowout putting him into a slide, which broke a centre bolt causing the axle to move back. He managed to remove the destroyed tyre but could not fit the spare. This fellow didn't know what to do so two rough looking bikers came to the rescue. Thankfully the only tool he had, a wheel brace fitted the ubolts so we loosened them before Bruce went back to where we remembered a fence was to liberate some wire. In the meantime I dragged a heavy stick from the side of the road and belted the axle forward. In so doing I disturbed a nest of bull ants that angrily scattered all over the area tightening up the bolts again was very nerve wracking. I was terrified of getting ants in my pants as you all know removing riding gear when one is hot and sweaty is a time consuming operation. When Bruce returned we wired the axle forward and fitted the wheel with no further drama. Our mate

wanted to buy us beer and shout us lunch in Hughenden but at the speed he would be restricted to we told him we would be long gone.

We were told about a big gorge along the way just North of Hughenden so we were looking forward to seeing it so when arriving at the turnoff to Porcupine Gorge we wheeled in to the empty car park to see a concrete footpath leading to a lookout. Walking was out of the question as we are old men and it was hot so my Suzuki took matters into its own hands and delivered me to the lookout. Bruce's bike was learning because it followed. When there, I found a place to the side of the track where with much difficulty I managed to turn my bike around. Not so for Bruce, his bike took him straight onto the viewing platform where he was able to turn with ease. I think his little Suzuki had just earned its stripes.

The gorge was enormous being four hundred and fifty metres deep and over one hundred kilometres long. We looked down from the platform, which extended beyond the cliff and yelled so we could hear our echoes just like little boys.

Hughenden was a neat little town featuring a wide street with covered central parking. We had lunch in the FJ Holden Café. It had nothing to do with cars, in fact the bloke who owned it was FJ Holden.

Our next stop was Muttaborra a further two

hundred kilometres on. Arriving late in the afternoon we went to the Pub seeking accommodation to find the rooms were not made up so we forced a few ales down while we waited. When the room was ready we inspected it and I remember Bruce's comment vividly, "This is like a giant f----- wool bin". His bed was fine but mine had a big dip in it resulting in me rising the next morning like a half opened pocketknife. The good part is that dinner; bed and breakfast for the two of us came to the grand total of thirty-five dollars.

Muttaborra was the home of a dinosaur known as the muttaburrasaurus, a creature four to five metres high with a long neck, two giant hind legs and a long tail. Across the street from the pub was a life-sized statue of one with plenty of information on boards in the little park surrounding it?

The next morning the plan was to head south with the aim of at least making Windorah. Close to Longreach I saw a wild pig with half a dozen piglets near the side of the road and without hesitation the bike seemed to veer off the road and give chase with me going along for the ride. These Suzuki's have a mind of their own. The sow was very weak and fell over and rolled down the bank of a drain with the little ones going in all directions. At this point the bike tired of the fun and returned me to the

road. All this time Bruce just sat there and just shook his head. His Suzuki is only young and a bit nervous of being too adventurous yet.

We entered Longreach travelling past the stock selling complex with our first port of call being the old Power Museum only to find it closed for lunch. We were unable to wait so we grabbed a bite to eat at a bakery before heading off for Windorah on a good tarred development road. Along the way we ventured off the main track to visit Stonehenge. I had been to a place of the same name in England the year before so felt the need to make a comparison. We rattled in over a stony rough road to find no more than a few buildings, no shop, petrol station or anything so we didn't lose much time there.

In the outback there are so many things to see and we adopted a policy of going down every little track to investigate. On one such occasion we came across an aboriginal well forty centimetres wide and around fifteen hundred deep carved in solid rock. It had some water in it but I wouldn't drink it. To this day I still wonder at the amount of work involved to make it. There are many places where large signs are beside the road which provide a lot of information about the area including the wildlife likely to be seen.

We pulled up in Windorah with me heading into the shop to buy some supplies for dinner as this

was going to be our first night camping in the bush. Bruce crossed the street to get our liquid refreshments at the pub. We had trouble loading all the gear. We spoke with three guys who had just travelled out through the Corner and on to Birdsville saying they found it very difficult. I couldn't resist taking a photo of one of their bikes, a BMW with a large pool of oil under it. I had a few people in mind to show it to if ever it became necessary. What the photo did not show was that the bloke spilt the oil but we won't talk about that/ The discussion finished quickly because we still had to find a suitable camp spot and get set up before dark but more importantly all this had to be accomplished so

we could relax before the beer got warm.

On the way to Quilpie we crossed some rivers with camping areas not far from town but there were too many people there so we continued on for thirty minutes then turned off to the right riding for about a kilometre off the road, pulled up, erected the tents and lit a campfire. This was as isolated as you can get and was so peaceful with no one in the world knowing exactly where we were. Dinner was a complicated affair with soup, toast and whatever else we could dig out of a tin.

Following a vote two to nil it was determined we would camp out again the next night with a motel stop for the

last night so we would be somewhere near presentable when we returned to our darlings at home. There is still a lot of this story to tell so next month I will share our adventures of the final two days.

William Gilmore.

**This publication is produced exclusively for the benefit of members of the Bathurst Group of the Ulysses Club and their friends. The views expressed are those of the writers and bear no resemblance to facts or the truth, and are not endorsed in any way by the Ulysses Club Inc. or anyone else for that matter**

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

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