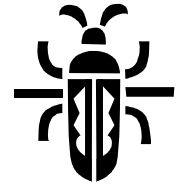




# THE BUG



A PUBLICATION OF THE BATHURST ULYSSES GROUP

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## EDITORIAL

Hi Everyone!  
 Where do I begin for this months BUG? So much has happen since I last wrote. Our social/ AGM gathering out at the Dickie's in January went really well. It was great to catch up with some members who we get to see once a year. There was plenty of food, (Jan, I think we catered well for the afternoon) It is good to see we have some members who have a "REAL SWEET TOOTH", great company & some great ideas for up & coming rides. An idea was put into place for Easter I have a couple of ideas, I have had a chance to get on the WEB & check them out. One place William recommended & I must say it looks great, we could use this place as a base to ride around & explore. Wee Jasper is the place. Also bought up was the idea of a new local club shirt. We threw around some great ideas as well. A colour was decided on, royal blue & white. I will look into a long sleeve. A pocket has been requested as well.

Also discussed was the \$10 BUG due. It was voted that we will keep this; also money towards a social gathering.

\$10 dues can be either payed to Brian McCabe (Moth), Joe English if you see them, or myself.

The 2010 AGM is fast approaching it is in Albany WA. I know of a few from our local group are heading over.

Our next social gathering is coming up in March. So read on to find more information & RSVP. If you have been on a ride recently the group would love to read about it. Till next month take care.

## IMPORTANT DATES



### FEBRUARY'S RIDE:

**Sunday 21<sup>st</sup> February 2010 meet at the back of Macca's at 9am for our monthly ride to Gulgong to the pioneer museum. That's if the weather if fine.**

### MARCH'S RIDE:

**Sunday 21<sup>st</sup> MARCH 2010 Mount Wilson for morning tea then to Mt Vic then to Blackheath for lunch!**

## Meeting at the back of Macca's 9am

## IMPORTANT DATE 2010

Saturday 13<sup>th</sup> March social gathering at **Perthville Pub** 6.30-7pm. decided to go for a Saturday night for a change. Once again if you are interested in coming can you contact me by email or phone by the 9<sup>th</sup> March please?

I'm also hoping to have a shirt made up as an example.

## MOTH'S WORDS

On Saturday the 16 January this year the Bathurst and District Ulyssians gathered at Bob and Jan Dickies residence at Newbridge to celebrate Christmas and the New Year and also to conduct our AGM. There was a fantastic roll up and it was great to catch up with people I have not seen for some time. The formalities were dealt with first off and the AGM conducted. As a result of elections I am honoured

to once again take the position of President. Vice President is Joe English with our secretary Jenny Rea.

I would like to congratulate Joe and Jenny on their election, and a special thank you to Joe for leading the Branch over the last couple of years. A special mention for Jenny who has done just a fantastic job with the monthly news letter and organising social gatherings. I am sure Jenny is assisted by Graham.

I would like to take the opportunity to thank those who supported me in my election as President of the Branch and hope that we can continue to enjoy our rides and any other activities we will be involved in.

After the AGM we all enjoyed a meal together and a few drinks. I must say the spread was something else, a feast fit for a king. Many thanks to Bob and Jan for their hospitality and beautiful surroundings. Both obviously put plenty of work into the day. A special mention to Graham Rea who had a lot to do with cooking the meat in the pizza oven and to everyone else who contributed to the day.

Until next time, ride safe and enjoy.

Moth

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## JANUARY'S RIDE

The January ride was a casual affair (as they all tend to be). The numbers were small due I guess to the very real prospect of storms. We left the car park headed for the Beekeeper Inn at Vittoria where we planned to have coffee and re-assess the weather situation. Unfortunately Phil had an electrical failure at the first corner out of the Macca's car park which we

couldn't rectify after some time checking his wiring; so that reduced the numbers to 4 bikes.

Coffee and cake at the Beekeeper as well as time to sample (and purchase) some of their honey and look around gave time for the weather to clear, so we headed off to Millthorpe where we had a good look around and checked out some of the galleries and shops.

From Millthorpe we headed back to Blayney and a leisurely ride home after managing to stay dry. The only excitement being an overturned car half way up Mt Fitzgerald which was a bit unusual as the car was headed up the mount and not down. Judging from the amount of loose blue metal on the road I would say that was a contributing factor. I dare say the loose material will be removed by the time everyone reads this but it is one to watch out for next time you are headed that way.

Regards,

Mark McCormick

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## CAPE YORK EPISODE FIVE

Following a peaceful sleep thankfully uninterrupted by Bruce's snoring I raised full of beans; no I didn't have them for dinner the night before, ready for another exciting day. We stoked the fire to make our toast and boiled the billy. What a lovely morning it was being a little cooler with some birds singing. We did not see any ground dwelling wildlife around

or their tracks. Bruce chose some cereal to keep his fibre intake up with a little toast to follow, while yours truly consumed my normal mountain of toast to keep my strength up.

Finally with the bikes loaded we set off for Quilpie via a sealed road which proved to be uneventful so it was an opportunity as we rode along to reflect on the great times we had experienced since leaving home and to remember all the wonderful characters we met along the way that made us welcome. They entertained us, gave guided tours, provided help when we needed it and gave us an insight into their lives and how they endured the harshness of the Top End.

In what seemed like no time we rolled into Quilpie where we needed fuel so after filling up we went into a shop, which displayed and sold opals. I did not realize what a large opal area this district was. The fellow there showed us lots of beautiful stones no doubt thinking he would make a sale. He encouraged us to go into his little theatre and watch a film on opals, which ran for about fifteen minutes. We appeared interested but felt an early lunch should come first so he suggested the Bakery down the street. Great tasting pies and coffee did the job, and then looking at the time the decision was made to give the film and our mate a miss. We needed to buy a new gas bottle so the search was on to find a shop that stocked the type we required. Having no

success in two shops our only hope was the last one some three blocks away. In fact every shop in Quilpie seemed to be three blocks from the next.

We weren't aware just what precious commodity water was in this community. I think the town relied solely on tank water and the residents cherished it as if it was gold. In fact if you were to ask a bloke for some water it would be about as offensive as asking to spend the night with his missus. At the last shop we were served by a beautiful, attractive and friendly young woman who looked as though she had just stepped off the catwalks of Paris. She looked so out of place in this godforsaken town. As you can imagine particularly those of you who know him Bruce was performing at his best whilst chatting to her so I found it difficult to get a word in edgeways. She was in fact the owner's daughter who normally resides in London but was home helping Dad during her holidays. As luck had it she guided us down to where the gas bottles were and there was one, which suited us perfectly. As the conversation wore on and Bruce and became more and more comfortable he did the unthinkable, he put the hard word on her. She knocked him back in the nicest possible way saying "I am sorry our water is too limited to give away". Bruce did not mention water again but while I stowed the gas on my bike he kept talking away to the young lady who eventually

relented saying "You are such a lovely man" and offered to fill our water containers. I learnt a good lesson that day, 'If at first you don't succeed try and try again'.

We took off from there with me trying to get a decent lead on Bruce as I couldn't stand looking in the mirror to see him grinning like a Cheshire cat. Our route took us past Toompine on our way to Thargomindah, which was a lovely clean and neat little town. We needed to do some washing up so we cruised the town until we came to the caravan park rolling right in pulling up at the camp kitchen. It was immaculately clean with manicured lawns right throughout the park and was an absolute credit to its owner. Having washed our dishes we bolted out of there in a hurry to get our grog for the night. May I take this opportunity to thank the management for the use of their facilities? A little confused as to which way to go we asked a shop owner directions and we were soon on our way down the road to Hungerford. This was a real outback road, quite slow in places with the secret ingredient in our Suzuki's reliably forging us on. I will elaborate later. We met with a fellow about an hour and a half out of town who I had noticed earlier in town. He was going home to the place he managed and was happy to talk with us telling us yarns about the challenges of managing a station having only two and a half inches of rain

per year for the last seven. This is what I would call the harsh reality of life in the outback. He also suggested a good spot for us to camp for the night. We found our campsite way off the road past a tank and quickly whipped the tents up, lit a fire to sit by while we enjoyed our liquid refreshments. The usual gourmet meal followed before we retired for the night.

The next morning was cooler requiring us to wear a bit more gear. Bruce chose to break out his bright yellow rain coat to keep the wind out. We motored down the road for some distance when I saw some emu's to the side of the road and my bike done it again and took me on a merry chase after one of them. Seeing that the bike had everything under control I pulled my camera out of the tank bag and took a photograph of it as it was running beside the bike which was great, then the old Suzuki decided to run the hapless bird back toward the road in the hope that Bruce would get some good photo's of the action while I was waving my arms furiously trying to get him to pull his camera out. Luckily he got the message. Further on we found ourselves travelling parallel to The Dog Fence where enormous numbers of 'roos and emu's were trying desperately to get out of Queensland into NSW. I wonder what Anna Bligh did to them or were they trying to go from the frying pan to the fire.

Naturally the opportunity was taken to

run some more emu's, being much easier this time with a fence on one side enabling me to take some really great 'photos. Never satisfied I wanted more so I came up with the idea of Bruce going on ahead to wait and I would bring a mob of them along the fence for him to get some real action shots but as the emu's approached Bruce they speared off in all directions foiling his attempt to score the perfect 'photo. When I arrived I said to him "How the hell do you expect them to run up to you when you are wearing that bright yellow coat. Rather sheepishly he removed the coat and suggested we try it again. The next time to my surprise the same thing happened and I was at a loss as to why initially, then as I approached Bruce the reason became apparent to me. As we had been camping out for the last two nights and being unable to take a shower it was obvious why the animals weren't prepared to venture anywhere near him and understandably so.

Having failed miserably at that little exercise we pressed on and passed through Hungerford where there was a pub, a few houses and about four hundred metres of tarred road. We opened the gate to return once again to our home State then setting sail for Wanaaring for lunch and fuel before heading south to cross the Darling at Louth. Louth's claim to fame is its racetrack, which was being prepared for the annual race meeting the following

weekend. It was without doubt the jewel of the town. I detoured via the school as one of my friends taught there as his first posting teaching nine pupils back in the 'seventies. Every weekend he would drive to Sydney to visit his girl friend. I believe Monday was always a day for quiet revision. He was keen but it proved to be worth it as they eventually married.

Wanaaring is a very small town roughly half way between Tibooburra and Bourke where we fuelled up the bikes and were in the process of topping our own tanks up with steak sandwiches and coffee when two fellows arrived on KTM nine nineties for fuel. They told us they had just come from Cameron Corner three hundred and eighty kilometres away that morning averaging well in excess of one hundred and twenty kilometres per hour. I don't believe they would have cast their eyes over much of the countryside at that rate of knots. If we travelled like that I estimate our whole three-week trip could have been accomplished in six days and eighteen minutes. They roared off in a cloud of dust to have lunch in Bourke.

We stayed in Cobar in a very comfortable motel that night and being a true gentleman I naturally offered to let Bruce have the first shower. Smelling much fresher we enjoyed our last dinner together in the restaurant.

It rained overnight reducing the temperature even further with a heavy mist persisting so on went the rain gear for the final leg home. I wanted to go through Nimagee because I had been there forty-five years ago on hunting trips and wanted to do a bit of reminiscing on the way through. Years ago there were shops, a post office and a pub. When we pulled up in the street in a light drizzle near where the post office used to be I was amazed just how the town had died with the only thing left being the pub. As we readied to move off a fellow walked towards us from the former post office for a talk. It was great relating to what the town was like in its former glory when he came there about the same time I was there to make his fortune as a 'roo hunter. I think the fortune eluded him but he was there to stay. We declined his invitation for morning tea choosing instead to continue on.

Just out of town we turned right onto a freshly graded road as this was the most direct route to Condobolin where we were going to Part Company. It was wet and greasy and appeared a challenge to say the least. Our Suzuki's were in their element ploughing through the mire remaining upright at all times. You see with their crankshafts running the way they do we only needed to keep the revs up and we had an inbuilt gyroscope so it was impossible to fall off, thus the secret ingredient.

Safely in 'Condo we topped up with juice again, had one last feed together and bid our farewells. I went through Parkes to get home arriving late afternoon. By the way if you believe that yarn about the gyroscope you will believe anything. I simply did not want to gloat about rider skill.

Once home and returning to the world of reality I found it difficult to settle down for a while and even now memories of this journey continually keep coming back. And now I dream of the time when I can get together with some mates and ride this great wide land of ours again.

William Gilmore

### **FOR SALE**

\* 1 Solid leather jacket in good condition \$100.

\* 1 Denim waistcoat with Ulysses logo on the back \$25.

If you are interested in these items you need to contact Dennis Tyson phone: 6337 1469

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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