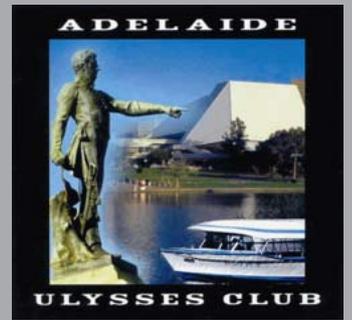


the odyssey

newsletter of the ulysses club inc., adelaide branch
april, 2016



Above: On the Spirit of Tasmania and Below: Some of our Sunday Warriors





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The Adelaide Branch's Engine Room

PRESIDENT:



Ken Wagnitz

08 8278 7712
0417 353 389
ulyssesadelaide+president@gmail.com

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David Hirst

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Jann Baker

0420 880 610



Debbie Sherman

0438 358 811



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0411 600 255

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Sue Freene

8277 3339

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8277 3339



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All newsletters and magazines survive on the submissions of subscribers; The Odyssey is no different.

Do you have anything interesting to tell our subscribers - holidays, poetry, jokes, motorcycle stories, reports on Ulysses activities, hobbies, photos? Send it in and get yourself in print! The Odyssey, as always, is receptive to 'stuff' from all branches. We want to know what you've been up to.

How about some wedding photos?

Editor

The Odyssey is published bi-monthly as the magazine of the Ulysses Club Incorporated Adelaide Branch and is available by subscription - **\$12.00 for 1 calendar year, paid to The Odyssey Magazine Wendy King 26 Second Street ARDROSSAN 5571 or at the monthly meeting.** Contributions from members are welcome. 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.**

Original photographs, images on CDs or e-mailed photos only should be submitted. **Please do not send photocopies of photographs.**

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 Editor reserves the right to refuse any advertising or delete any material which could be considered or interpreted as questionable, libellous or offensive, without consultation.

Hi All

Glad to see everyone arrived home safely from the AGM in Tasmania.

By all accounts everyone had a good time.



Our **Not the AGM Weekend** went off really well with Adelaide Branch supplying nibbles for the Happy Hour on Friday. Thank you. We ended up self catering for Friday night's tea as there weren't enough to get the Lions Club to cater.

Barbecue with salads and ice-cream and chocolate Topping was the order of the day. Some even had ice-cream for breakfast (didn't they, Marcel) and the rest was polished off later in the day.

Garry and I went to Frances to check out the legendary Frances Folk Fair, and, although we didn't stay for a long time, I was impressed by the number of musicians who turn up for this event - everything from banjos to harps and anything in between.

We stayed on until Tuesday, and then went on for 3 weeks touring along the river, into NSW, visited my bro and sis-in-law and ending up in The Hill to visit 2 of Garry's sisters who still live there. All in all, a pleasant break from reality.

Wendy King

Baked Apple Pie Roll Ups

Ingredients

- 10 slices white bread
- 1 can apple pie filling
- 1/3 cup melted butter
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon

Instructions

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees.
2. Cut the crusts off your bread and roll each slice flat with a rolling pin. Combine cinnamon and sugar on a small plate.
3. Pour the apple pie filling onto a plate and chop it so the pieces are smaller. Put about 2 tablespoons apple pie filling on each slice of bread and roll up.
4. Dip each piece into melted butter (I poured a tiny bit of butter into a "butter dish" and just rolled in there) and then roll in the cinnamon sugar.
5. Place seam side down on a parchment lined pan and bake 15 minutes or until browned and crispy. Serve warm.

Editor: I've made these for two dinner parties and they were a hit. Trust me! They are sensational with cream



A DUCK WALKS INTO A BAR ...



"Got any bread?"
"No."
"Got any bread?"
"No."
"Got any bread?"
"No."
"Got any bread?"
"No, and if you ask me again, I'll nail your beak to the bar!!"
"Got any nails?"
"No."
"Got any bread?"

Dear Wendy,

A big 'thankyou' for organising a great weekend in Naracoorte. It was really nice to meet up with so many old friends again: good food, good company and really pleasant surroundings.



Garage sales OK, but Poker machines better. Pity about the Lucindale show, but at least we can mark off another South Australian pub from our to do list....

Rob Cole ex 2453 DM 006

Helena Cole ex 2454 DM 007

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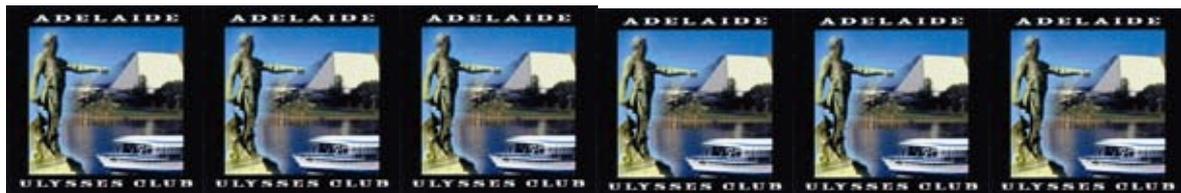
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ADELAIDE BRANCH RIDE CALENDAR 2016

April 17 9.30 am	Frank Pellas 0411 600 255	Day Ride	Meadows	McDonalds 303 Magill Road, Trinity Gardens
May 1 9.30 am	Frank Pellas 0411 600 255	Day Ride	Angaston	Top of Taps
May 15 9.30 am	Frank Pellas 0411 600 255	Day Ride	McLaren Vale	Civic Park Main North East Road Modbury
May 29 9.30 am	Frank Pellas 0411 600 255	Day Ride	Littlehampton	McDonalds 303 Magill Road, Trinity Gardens
June 12 9.30 am	Frank Pellas 0411 600 255	Day Ride	Hahndorf	Top of Taps
June 26 9.30 am	Frank Pellas 0411 600 255	Day Ride	Murray Bridge	Civic Park Main North East Road Modbury
July 10 9.30 am	Frank Pellas 0411 600 255	Day Ride	Mannum	McDonalds 303 Magill Road, Trinity Gardens
July 24 9.30 am	Frank Pellas 0411 600 255	Day Ride	Lobethal	Top of Taps

**All rides leave at 9.30 am unless otherwise stated
Members and partners only; no children on club rides, please.**



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Adelaide Branch Meetings

First Thursday of the month

European Catering
2 Chief Street
Hindmarsh

7.30 pm

Meals & bar available from 6.00 pm

Visit us on our Web Page

www.ulyssesadelaide.com.au

and check out the latest news on branch happenings



Rides Co-ordinator

Frank Pellas
Mobile: 0411 600 255

Wednesday Rides Captain

Kevin Brenton 8332 4719

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	Victoria Hotel, Top o'Taps
4th Wednesday	Victoria Hotel, Top o'Taps
5th Wednesday	Feathers Hotel Car Park, Burnside

Bring or buy your own lunch

For details, ring Kevin Brenton
8332 4719

Monthly Dinners

2nd Friday of the month

At various venues

Co-ordinator: Sue Freene
8277 3339 or 0413 567 747

SA & Broken Hill Branches' & Riding Groups' Boss Cookies

Broken Hill Branch

President	Dean Schmidt	0428 357 378
Secretary	Rickie Cooper	0408 884 588
Treasurer	Chris Forrest	

Eyre Peninsula Branch

President	Robert Young	86831254
Secretary	Lloyd Parker	86831184
	latsk.parker@westnet.com.au	
Treasurer	Ainsley Parker	86831184

Fleurieu Branch

President: Julie Hendrickx	0457 641 507
Secretary: Suzie Terry	0457641507
Treasurer: Sally Williams	
Rides Coordinator: Rob Ryan (Hobbit)	0404 478 741

Limestone Coast Branch

President	Gerry Kroon	0428 352 838
Secretary	Jill Gilmore	08 87252529
		0409 152 529
Treasurer	David Lawson	0409 905 209
Rides Captain	Trevor Blackall	0439 354 309

Mallee Branch

President	Graeme Rule	0408 689 707
	graemerule@gmail.com	
Rides Coordinator	Peter Norman	8586 5891
		0457465456
	rosandow@bigpond.com	

Lower Murray Branch

President	Daryl Sparks	0407 978 381
	sparks.ds@bigpond.com	
Secretary	Sherilyn Sparks	
Rides Co-ordinator	Steve Jones	

Southern Flinders Riding Group

Co-ordinator	Bev & Terry May	8632 3420
	tbgemay@westnet.com.au	

Torrens Valley Branch

President:	Steve Lennard	0439 840 836
	gsteven.lennard@bigpond.com.au	
Secretary: Linda Price		0419 542 804
	linda.in.paris@hotmail.com	
Treasurer:	Rod Lind	0418 527 977

Whyalla & Districts Branch

President	Perry Zimmerman	0419134511
Secretary	John Lawson	0421170181
Ride Co-ordinator	Gerry Messias	0475 075 413

Yorke Peninsula (Wednesday Riders)

Leader	Clive Ford	8821 1598
--------	------------	-----------

Yorke Peninsula Riding Group

Co-ordinator	Rod Lind	0418 527 977
--------------	----------	--------------



Friday Dinners

For dinner bookings and cancellations

**Contact Sue Freene
8277 3339 or 0413 567 747
Do not phone the venue.**

Bookings close Wednesday prior to the event.



Friday, 15th April 2016,
7pm

Danny's Thai Bistro
123 The Parade
Norwood

Bookings close Wednesday, 13th April



Friday, 20th May 2016
7.00 pm

Brunelli's Caf e
489 Payneham Road
Felixstow

Bookings close Wednesday, 18th May



Friday, 17th June, 2016
7.00 PM

Avoca Hotel
South Road
Clarence Gardens

Bookings close Wednesday, 15th June



Some Punographics...

I changed my iPod's name to Titanic. It's syncing now.

When chemists die, they barium.

Jokes about German sausage are the wurst.

I know a guy who's addicted to brake fluid. He says he can stop any time.

How does Moses make his tea? Hebrews it.

I stayed up all night to see where the sun went. Then it dawned on me.

This girl said she recognized me from the vegetarian club, but I'd never met herbivore.

I'm reading a book about anti-gravity. I just can't put it down.

I did a theatrical performance about puns. It was a play on words.

They told me I had type-A blood, but it was a Type-O.

PMS jokes aren't funny; period.

Why were the Indians here first? They had reservations.

We are going on a class trip to the Coca-Cola factory. I hope there's no pop quiz.

I didn't like my beard at first. Then it grew on me.

Did you hear about the cross-eyed teacher who lost her job because she couldn't control her pupils?

When you get a bladder infection urine trouble.

Broken pencils are pointless.

I tried to catch some fog, but I mist.

What do you call a dinosaur with an extensive vocabulary?
A thesaurus.

England has no kidney bank, but it does have a Liverpool.

I used to be a banker, but then I lost interest.

I dropped out of communism class because of lousy Marx.

All the toilets in New York's police stations have been stolen. The police have nothing to go on.

I got a job at a bakery because I kneaded dough.

Haunted French pancakes give me the crepes.

Velcro — what a rip off!

A cartoonist was found dead in his home. Details are sketchy

Venison for dinner again? Oh deer!

The earthquake in Washington obviously was the government's fault.



and how it all began

In ancient Israel , it came to pass that a trader by the name of Abraham Com did take unto himself a young wife by the name of Dorothy.

Dot Com was a comely woman, broad of shoulder and long of leg. Indeed, she was often called Amazon Dot Com.

And she said unto Abraham, her husband, “Why dost thou travel so far from town to town with thy goods when thou canst trade without ever leaving thy tent?”

And Abraham did look at her as though she were several saddle bags short of a camel load, but simply said, “How, dear?”

And Dot replied, “I will place drums in all the towns and drums in between to send messages saying what you have for sale, and they will reply telling you who hath the best price. The sale can be made on the drums and delivery made by Uriah’s Pony Stable (UPS).”

Abraham thought long and decided he would let Dot have her way with the drums. And the drums rang out and were an immediate success. Abraham sold all the goods he had at the top price, without ever having to move from his tent.

To prevent neighbouring countries from overhearing what the drums were saying, Dot devised a system that only she and the drummers knew. It was known as Must Send Drum Over Sound (MSDOS), and she also developed a language to transmit ideas and pictures - Hebrew To The People (HTTP).

And the young men did take to Dot Com’s trading as doth the greedy horsefly take to camel dung. They were called Nomadic Ecclesiastical Rich Dominican Sybarites, or NERDS.

And lo, the land was so feverish with joy at the new riches and the deafening sound of drums that no one noticed that the real riches were going to that enterprising drum dealer, Brother William of Gates, who bought off every drum maker in the land. Indeed he did insist on drums to be made that would work only with Brother Gates’ drumheads and drumsticks.

And Dot did say, “Oh, Abraham, what we have started is being taken over by others.” And Abraham looked out over the Bay of Ezekiel , or eBay as it came to be known.

He said, “We need a name that reflects what we are.”

And Dot replied, “Young Ambitious Hebrew Owner Operators.” “YAHOO,” said Abraham.

And because it was Dot’s idea, they named it YAHOO Dot Com.

Abraham’s cousin, Joshua, being the young Gregarious Energetic Educated Kid (GEEK) that he was, soon started using Dot’s drums to locate things around the countryside.

It soon became known as God’s Own Official Guide to Locating Everything (GOOGLE).

That is how it all began
And that’s the truth.

The Odyssey

**Accommodation available in Victor Harbor
for the 2016 Odyssey
Friday, 30th September-Monday, 3rd October**

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Victor Harbor Holiday and Cabin Park
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PH 85521657

MOTELS

Victor Harbor City Inn
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Apollon Motor Inn
15 Torrens Street
Victor Harbor SA 5211
PH 85522777

Comfort Inn
2 Victoria Street
Victor Harbor SA 52311
PH 85521822

Winter Sun Motel
111 Hindmarsh Road
Victor Harbor SA 5211
PH 85523533



23rd Central Odyssey 2016



Come and join Ulysses Club members for the 23rd Central Odyssey for a close encounter of the Ulysses kind.

To be held at:

Encounter Bay Recreation Reserve
Armstrong Road
Victor Harbor SA 5211

Meals:

Evening Meals available: Friday, Saturday and Sunday.
Breakfast available Saturday, Sunday and Monday

Entertainment Saturday & Sunday nights

Events include:

Organised rides
Bus tour of the local and surrounding area

Registrations

Accepted from April 2016



Ulysses Club Inc.

Sunday Round-up

7th Feb Day Ride to Mannum

The ideal riding weather brought out a good crowd for our ride to Mannum. We had 30 enthusiastic riders in the group, including 3 female riders. To avoid confusion on the ride, Trevor, our regular Tail-End Charlie, was joined by Guy Malpas and John Crowe who turned up with yellow jackets. We set off from the Top of Taps along Black Road to Coromandel Valley then up Ackland Hill Road and across to Mylor via Nation Ridge Road.

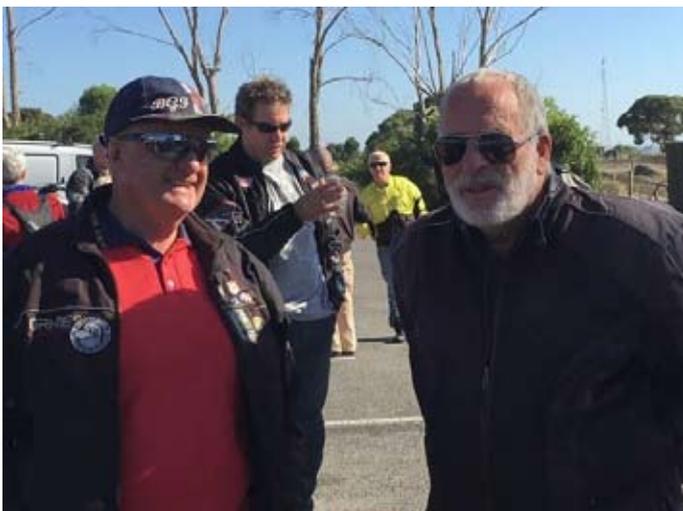
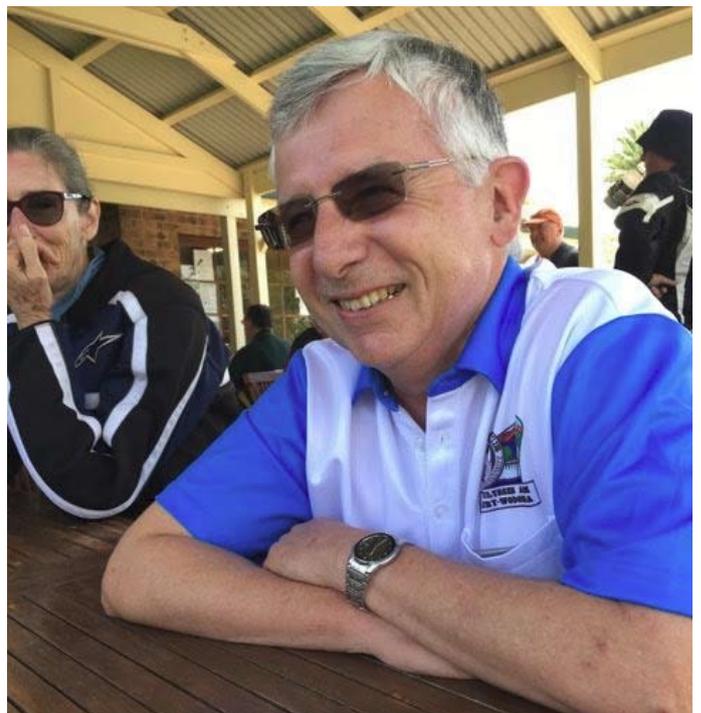
We then rode out along the Strathalbyn Road before turning off onto Glen Bold Road through Chapel Hill, along Diggings and Shepherd Road before cutting back down a gnarly little lane to end up just outside Echunga. Heading towards Meadows we then swung into Kondoparinga Road and at Meadows we headed out along the Bull Creek Road, then Paris Creek Road taking us to Strathalbyn. Did anyone see the camouflaged speed camera on the Paris Creek Road? From Strathalbyn we then had a straight forward run to Finnis, ending up at Milang for morning tea. It was here that Wayne McDonald finally caught up with us having arrived at the start just after the nick of time. We had an easy run with very little traffic and a beautiful sunny 24 degree morning.

I was wondering why I had to wait so long for people to catch up at various stages along the way. When I found out why, I had an opportunity at the Milang Bakery to present Reg with the inaugural Golden Gastropod award. He accepted graciously and posed for a photo.

We left the bakery with most of the riders we started with and rode along the lake before turning towards Langhorne Creek. From there we headed out towards Wellington before turning left into Brinkleys Road, riding through Murray Bridge, over the river and out along Karoonda and Burdett road to Mannum. We were fortunate that we all arrived in the one group at the ferry and all of us rode straight onto it. It was lunch at the Pretoria for most of us, enjoying a sit-down meal and a cold drink.

Thanks again to Trevor Thomas for his assistance in keeping us all together. Our regular photographer, Peter, was absent with a bruised elbow, so I took some photos for you.

Cheers,
Frank Pellas



The Odyssey



21st February Ride to Littlehampton



20th March day ride to Strathalbyn

Our ride today left from the Victoria Hotel with a good number of bikes. I got there a bit late and didn't get a chance to count them. Anyway, we left at around 9:40 and headed down South Road to Panalatinga Road which carried us onto Cox Hill Road and over to Clarendon.

Morning tea was at Middleton at the Heritage Bakery. We had excellent weather all the way and very little traffic to hold us up. Lunch was at Strathalbyn at our usual bakery near the train station.

Thanks again to Trevor Thomas for his enormous patience as Tail End Charlie, and to Ray Murray for keeping him company.



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A man was in a terrible accident, and his 'manhood' was mangled and torn from his body. His doctor assured him that modern medicine could give him back his manhood, but that his insurance wouldn't cover the surgery since it was considered cosmetic. The doctor said the cost would be \$3,500 for 'small, \$6,500 for 'medium, and \$14,000 for 'large.'

The man was sure he would want a medium or large, but the doctor urged him to talk it over with his wife before he made any decision.

The man called his wife on the phone and explained their options. The doctor came back into the room, and found the man looking dejected.

'Well, what have the two of you decided?' asked the doctor.

'She'd rather remodel the kitchen.'



RAPID BAY weekend (5, 6, 7 February 2016)

Sky (blue, sunny and clear)	✓
Sea (sparkling)	✓
Temperature (upper 20Cs)	✓
Campground (grassy with shade trees)	✓
Scenery (magnificent)	✓

Just what was ordered for a great summer weekend by the sea. The Rapid Bay campground is a nicely grassed flat site, with several rows of trees for shade, a toilet block and facing the sparkling waters of St Vincent Gulf. There are caretakers on site who maintain the grounds and amenities well, and collect a minimal fee from campers.

People started arriving Friday morning and very soon campsites were set up under some towering Norfolk Island pines and around gazebos with seating or free barbeques. In all, around 25 people were there including Rory and Jennifer from Queensland who were passing through on their way to Melbourne and then onto Tasmania. With a good representation from all three Adelaide branches, an early afternoon Happy Hour commenced. By about 6pm groups had filtered back to their campsites for tea, but were soon back to

where they had previously met to extend the Happy Hour.

On Saturday, it was the usual story with campers getting up at various times in the morning which may have related to the amount of happiness experienced on the previous day. During the day campers went fishing (but didn't do much harm to the local fish stocks), did more storytelling in the shade of the Norfolk Island pines, visited a Ukulele music event in a neighbouring town, walked the beach and jetty or went swimming. It was also great to see several non-camping Ulysses members who had some free time on Saturday, go for a drive through the beautiful Fleurieu Peninsular and spend the day with the campers.

Saturday night was a fairly quiet night with most people getting together at one of the groups campsites, to continue telling tall tales before having an earlier night. Sunday morning was another beautiful morning, and unfortunately it was time to pack up and head for home or the next destination. Over several hours campers left the site except for two couples who stayed on for the day.

Hobbit Ryan



Ink This

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Mobile: 0438 001 255

email: leemcpeakeeng@hotmail.com



PRELIMINARY NOTICE

10th Annual YP-EP Ride 2016

Venue: Hawker

Date: Saturday 3rd-Monday 5th September, 2016

Accommodation:

- Hawker Caravan Park phone 8648 4006
- Hawker Outback Chapmanton Motel & Holiday Units phone 8648 4100

Meals: All meals will be within walking distance of both of these venues.

Ride: There will be rides organised for both Sunday and Monday

Please book your accommodation early as it is a very busy time of the year for these venues

I will be sending out registration forms early June 2016
As in the past, I will be seeking a non-refundable deposit.

Rod Lind

Ulysses Club Inc., Torrens Valley Branch

0418 527 977

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The 2016 AGM was different; different in that if you wanted to attend you had to go overseas. Well, not exactly overseas, but at least make a significant water crossing. Crossing the Bass Strait takes a bit of organising and is an all-day or all-night undertaking, so you have to really want to do it. Those that made the effort from the Adelaide Branch included the Wagnitz, their mate Pete, Craig and Gail McDonald, Ivan and his wife, the Stevens, Sue and Don Freene and Roger Knapp and me. As usual, the Torrens Valley mob was also well represented.

Roger and I rode to Melbourne via the Great Ocean road, stopping mid-way for the night at Port Fairy. We went via Keith, the SE of SA and the Western District of Victoria. The Western District looked really dry and 'hungry', much drier and less fertile than I remember it from my childhood. From Pt Fairy we rode along the GOR to its eastern end, and then via nefarious back roads to Queenscliff. There we caught the ferry to the Mornington Peninsula and then up the freeway to my brother's house in Beaumaris, an eastern suburb of Melbourne. After the obligatory salutations, the usual routine: around the corner to the local Italian restaurant and lots of red wine.

The next day was planned as a day off, but was spent fixing my brother's WIFI, and sundry other tasks. That afternoon I was just about to start packing for the early start to catch the ferry next morning when my brother's mate Errol arrived. Suddenly it became 'beer o'clock' and packing was forgotten. 'Beer o'clock' morphed into an evening BBQ, lots of red wine, and much 'two bob philosophy'. Soon it was 1:30 am, and still no packing. Next I remember is Roger knocking on the door at 5 am. Time to get going to catch the ferry at 6 am. Consequently I packed up the bike in a hurry and bit of a panic, and left stuff behind. The road to the ferry was simple enough - just follow Beach Road westward and there you are. By the time we arrived at Station Pier, there were motorbikes everywhere, in something of a melee with big trucks disembarking from the Spirit of Tasmania after their night crossing. Soon enough we were embarked, and enjoying a 'heart starter' coffee. The crossing was smooth and somewhat underwhelming. By 5:30 pm we were in Devonport.

We had arrived in Tasmania seven days before the AGM was due to start, the plan being to make an anti-clockwise lap of the Island. The roads around Tasmania are generally a biker's dream - hardly more than a kilometre or two straight and level, with great scenery along the way. The ride up to Cradle Mountain NP was no exception, but no time really to explore the park. We kept moving on to Stanley with its interesting history and giant volcanic plug called The Nut, and then on to Arthur River, the end of the tarmac on the remote west coast. The direct road from there to Strahan is, as I incorrectly remembered, a white compacted compound. However, I had forgotten that the first considerable distance is gravel - not suitable for Roger's FJR; besides I wasn't real keen on my F650GS either. As it turned out it didn't matter - the road was closed because of the fires that had been burning in the forests there for sometime. That was no hardship. After the night at Arthur River and breakfasting with lots of firefighters, we rode non-stop back to Wynyard and then on to Strahan. Approaching Zeehan, not far from Strahan, I got a flashing red light on the instrument panel; the tyre pressure monitoring system was telling me I had a flat tyre.

The last time I'd had a flat on my little Beemer was on the Argentinian Pampas, dry, remote and flat. That time I was able to find the puncture hole, plug it using the repair kit, pump it up with my little electric pump, and be on my way. This time it was all different. I was in a rainforest, it was pissing axe handles, there were lots of passersby, and neither I nor Roger could find the bloody puncture point! So Roger rode on to Zeehan and 60 minutes later returned with Greg the mechanic, my new best mate. Now Greg's electric pump didn't work and his repair kit was useless for the job, but he did one thing Roger and I couldn't do - he found the puncture point. So using my repair kit and pump, Greg got us going again. I followed he and Roger back to Zeehan on my bike just to ensure the plug in the tyre held. (Greg had dropped what he was doing, given me at least an hour or more of his time, and got me going, and asked minimum \$ for his troubles. I was most grateful.) By now it was getting dark, cold, and still raining, so we decided to get a room in Zeehan for the night, dry out, and ride the 80 or so kilometres to Strahan in the morning. That evening with a beer at hand, a hot meal in front of me and a fire burning in the hearth, I reflected my love biking and good old Oz mateship.

We arrived in Strahan mid morning in the rain. Strahan has an average rainfall of about 1 1/2 meters, but has been in drought for about three years. Notwithstanding, the place is still green, and the rainforests have not (yet anyway) disappeared. The place is very beautiful, and a highlight of a visit to the area is a river cruise on the Gordon River. However, that was booked out, so we opted for a train ride up through the hills and forests towards Queenstown. The train is the real McCoy - an ancient old puffing billy that has been lovingly restored by the locals. It is, it seems, their pride and joy. The train ride was interesting and took us through some beautiful forests along a river valley. At times the old train really struggled up the steep inclines, but we got there and back. After a good meal, and a few drinks in the hotel/motel high on the hill overlooking the town and the harbour, we got a good night's rest. Tomorrow we were off to Hobart town.

The road out of Strahan to Queenstown is very steep in parts, with tight turns all the way. We caught up with a large (and unladen) semi-trailer. Observing it go wide across double lines to negotiate the sharp corners I made a mental note: never assume that because you are riding on the correct side of double lines there is no vehicle coming the other way. Queenstown is experiencing hard times because the local mine is in a holding pattern. The town reflects this to some extent: some derelict old buildings along side many restored buildings. After Queenstown the tight turns become sweepers, and traverse some beautiful countryside, including forests and more sparsely vegetated high country. As we climbed up onto the central plateau it became much colder. It was 8°C when we stopped at Derwent Bridge for a hot bowl of soup and crusty bread. Approaching our destination, the wild country gave way to farm land. It was about 5 pm when we rode into Hobart, and headed straight for the Showgrounds, where we intended to pitch our tents for the next couple of days.

The Royal Hobart Showgrounds management have obviously decided to make the grounds available for campers as a source of income. They need the money: the facilities there are quite decrepit except for a new shower block in transportable huts; the showers are supposed to be coin operated but run anyway. The grounds were well patronised, with RVs and tents everywhere.

Mind you, half the original grounds have been sold off and are now occupied by a massive Bunnings store. Desperate times it seems. Next morning we caught the bus into Hobart to have a look around Constitution Dock including the Salamanca markets, and then catch the ferry to the Museum of Old and New Art (MONA). The markets have the usual fare, including some tee shirts with provocative and amusing motifs. Try, for example: 'Politicians, putting the "n" back in cuts' or 'The rich and famous will piss on you and the media will tell you it's raining'. The dock part of Hobart, including the markets, is a lovely area to visit. MONA, however, is in a league of its own.

MONA is located on the picturesque Berriedale Peninsula in a winery 12 km NE of Constitution Dock. My main interest was the architecture of the building, which didn't disappoint. Made of various materials including iron and sandstone, it is mostly set into the hill it occupies. The owner is a mathematician who has made millions from gambling. One of his main interests in establishing the museum was to highlight areas of our lives that we don't want to know about. To that end, for instance, one exhibit on the basement level is of a 'pooh' machine. Food goes in one end, and after passage through the 'digestive' system consisting of tubes and glass bowls (complete with digestive enzymes I'm guessing) pooh comes out the other end. (Apparently it's supposed to represent a cow's digestive system.) People were waiting patiently for the machine to defecate. Next room, there was an enormous rack on which are hung animal carcasses. Apparently the room can get quite rancid. The rest of the basement was given over to the art of Gilbert and George (or Gilbert and Dilbert as I preferred to call them). G & D were into 'talking' statues, naked photos of themselves, bottoms and faeces, and the Union Jack. One wall on the next level was given over to plaster casts of vaginas, lots of them. And so on. My inner Philistine started talking to me: "What is art?" "Is this art?" "Do artists make up for lack of talent by being overblown and pretentious?" "Do you prefer the 'art work' on the Tee shirts at Salamanca?"

We tracked via Mt Wellington on the way to the Freycinet Peninsula. It was as cold as a frog's toe on Mt Wellington, but the view never disappoints. Neither did the peninsula, or more specifically, the national park there. After paying our park dues, we pitched a tent in one of the allocated areas, with native bush all around and the beach five minutes walk away. You could hear the waves crashing. Getting all boy-scoutish, we even cooked on my Trangia set. Not a bad meal resulted. We walked to the nearby Freycinet Lodge for a dark rum and coke nightcap. Next day we went on a five hour 'difficult' grade walk on the peninsula that took us to Hazard beach and a lookout with a magnificent view of Wineglass bay. However, we had miscalculated. The walk to the start point was in itself an hour! So we walked for nearly seven hours all up, about 14 km. But it was worth it. Most of the walkers on the track (and there were not many) were internationals. I hope they enjoyed this part of Oz.

Next day was Tuesday, the day after check-in started for the AGM. We had booked in for the welcome dinner Tuesday evening and didn't want to miss it. From Coles Bay on the peninsula we rode via Scottsdale to Launceston. I hadn't been on the Scottsdale - Launceston road before, and was surprised to see so much rain forest in this part of Tassy. We arrived early afternoon, registered, and then pitched our tents in the camping area. If I was camping I wanted to go 'deluxe', so I brought with me a big tent I could walk in and out of, and a Helinox stretcher. (OK, I agree: 'camping' and 'deluxe' in the same sentence is an

oxymoron.) It worked. I never felt deprived and the ablutions set up at the camp ground where nearby and worked well. I never waited in line for anything. It was a pleasant 15 minute walk to all the main AGM action across the Tamar river, and the path was well lit at night. At the campground incidental conversations that take place between strangers. People just wander up and exchange pleasantries, start conversations, and then move on. That's nice. Makes you feel part of the Ulysses family.

An AGM is an AGM is an AGM, right? If you look at the program it is generally sparsely populated. But that's not the point. An AGM is what you make it. You can be as involved or uninvolved as you want to be. My main interest, apart from attending the two dinners, was to go on some local rides and to do some test rides. Both dinners I thought were well organised. The lamb shanks at the Saturday night meal were delicious, something like 2,000 meals (?) served in 1/2 an hour. (Lots of legless lambs in Tasmania.) Alcoholic drinks were reasonably priced. However, regarding the rides, I was surprise to find 1) that most rides were fully booked by the time we got there, and 2) most rides were all-day affairs. I ended up by not going on any conducted rides which didn't disappoint me. On local advice, we made up our own rides and enjoyed them thoroughly. And I test rode two bikes, the Indian Scout and the BMW R1200R, both of which I enjoyed.

The Indian Scout was a good ride, but is a real 'niche' machine. So narrow is its functionality, it would be good for riding to the local cafe for a decaf soy latte, but not much else. Difficult to know what the market research guys were thinking of. On the other hand the BMW is a real goer. Ride it across the city or across the continent, it will do the job. I had ridden the bike before, but had not been impressed. Judging by the rave reviews the bike had received, obviously I was the issue, not the bike. So I had a think.....I had been comparing it to my 1000cc four in-line Honda. The R1220R is a two cylinder machine, so you should rev its head off to get to the heart of the beast, right? So on the test ride I caned it like a red headed step-daughter. Holy hell; the front wheel was just about to lift off and then the engine cut power - the traction control and cut in. A weird sensation for the uninitiated. The machine has a low centre of gravity, seems light as a feather sharp as a razor, and gives a magic carpet ride. I fell in lust. I have spousal approval to buy one, but I choke at the price. It's not so much the aggregate dollars, but the value for money. Bloody Germans, we should never have made them pay reparations after WWI.

Time flies when you're having fun, and it was soon time to pack up and get back to Devonport to catch the ferry home. On the ride to Devonport I cocked up on my fuel planning, despite having a trip computer on the bike and a GPS fitted too. I rolled into Devonport on fumes and a prayer. As I refuelled the odometer was reading 461.6 km, ostensibly on a 16 litre tank. BMW says don't fill past the filler neck but we all do. Just at well; it took 17.04 litres to fill a 16 litre tank. I wrote the figures on the fuel docket and have put the docket on the file I have for the bike, for keepsake. Not sure what fuel economy the ferry gets, but we arrived into Station pier on time after a good night's sleep in the twin-share cabin. We rode off the ferry at 6:45 am and arrived in Adelaide 11 hours later, knackered but satisfied. I cracked a bottle of red bubbles to celebrate the whole event with my bride and our daughter who was visiting.

With the wine and fatigue, I was in bed early and slept like a log.



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When a woman lies

One day, when a seamstress was sewing while sitting close to a river, her thimble fell into the river. When she cried out, the Lord appeared and asked, "My dear child, why are you crying?"



The seamstress replied that her thimble had fallen into the water and that she needed it to help her husband in making a living for their family. The Lord dipped His hand into the water and pulled up a golden thimble set with sapphires.



"Is this your thimble?" the Lord asked. The seamstress replied, "No."

The Lord again dipped into the river. He held out a golden thimble studded with rubies.

"Is this your thimble?" the Lord asked. Again, the seamstress replied, "No."

The Lord reached down again and came up with a leather thimble.



"Is this your thimble?" the Lord asked. The seamstress replied, "Yes."

The Lord was pleased with the woman's honesty and gave her all three thimbles to keep, and the seamstress went home happy.

Some years later, the seamstress was walking with her husband along the riverbank, and her husband fell into the river and disappeared under the water. When she cried out, the Lord again

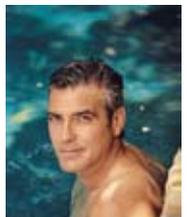
appeared and asked her, "Why are you crying?"
"Oh Lord, my husband has fallen into the river!"

The Lord went down into the water and came up with George Clooney.

"Is this your husband? The Lord asked.



"Yes," cried the seamstress. The Lord was furious. "You lied! That is an untruth!"



The seamstress replied, "Oh, forgive me, my Lord. It is a misunderstanding. You see, if I had said "no" to George Clooney, you would have come up with Brad Pitt.

Then if I said "no" to him, you would have come up with my husband. Had I then said "yes," you would have given me all three. Lord, I'm not in the best of health and would not be able to take care of all three husbands, so THAT'S why I said "yes" to George Clooney.

And so the Lord let her keep him.

The moral of this story is:

Whenever a woman lies, it's for a good and honourable reason, and in the best interest of others.



Not The AGM' ride to Naracoorte 25th Feb to 28th Feb

'At 0800 on the 25th we left the library for the 'Not the AGM' ride to Naracoorte. The team from last year's AGM have got together again being Perry, Gilly, John, Gerry and Bill with the addition of Warren and Chris. The weather was overcast but pleasant with a slight drizzle of rain for the ride to the Tin Man where we stopped to refuel and have a break. Whilst refueling a lady came over to inform us that one of our riders had lost his sleeping bag off the back of his bike (John), dragged it down the highway and was putting it back onto his bike. When he finally arrived it looked very second hand. We were joined by Bill Davies from Melrose at this point.

There was light rain by the time we stopped for lunch at the 'Little Red Grape' bakery at Seven Hills. What a great little bakery that is and Warren gave us a demo of 'Pasty Frisby' throwing when he turned suddenly and his pasty shot off the plate and onto the floor (Hint: Don't have sauce on your pasty if you are going to try this). The best way to get it to stop raining is to put your wet weather gear on and that's what happened. After lunch we continued on to Nuriootpa for our next stop at the BP servo. Topped up again, a quick rest and we were off again up through the Barossa to Mount Pleasant where we turned off, then down the hills into Palmer and on to Murray Bridge for our first overnight break. The Motel we stayed at was very comfortable and John met up with his brother, he stayed the night with us and joined us for a good meal at the Murray Bridge Hotel.

The next morning we were up reasonably early and went to Macca's for breakfast, said goodbye to John's brother and then on the road again. A stop at Tailum Bend to refuel then back on the road. An uneventful ride to Keith where we were serenaded by some Canadian hippies while we refueled, then on to Naracoorte. We arrived at the Caravan Park at around lunch time, booked into our unit and Chris and Gerry set up their tents. After a break we went for walk into town to get some lunch and have a look around. On returning to the Caravan Park we met up with some of the Adelaide mob and had a 'Happy Hour' in the camp kitchen prior to cooking tea. Chris helped to cook a great BBQ tea and we had a very social night.



The Odyssey

Saturday dawned and Gerry was out there helping to cook a huge breakfast. John jumped on his bike and rode off to Edenhope to see some relatives whilst we went back into town for another look around the shops. After lunch we had a very quiet afternoon watching a cricket match on the oval and socializing with the others. John returned later and told us that he been to a music festival in 'Francis' and that it was really great. Maybe we

should have gone too but we had a good time just chilling out. Saturday evening saw us go to the Narracoorte Hotel for dinner. Robby Coles from Adelaide won \$900.00 on the pokies so he was pretty happy with that.



Sunday morning and another huge cooked breakfast. Bill and Gerry decided to leave early as Bill had to go to work Monday and Gerry thought he would ride with him. We weren't sure how far we would go so decided to leave at 0900 and reassess at Nuriootpa. Another uneventful ride with a stop at Keith for fuel (again) then on to Tailum Bend arriving around lunch time for a bite to eat and drink. A light lunch then on the road again, through Murray Bridge, Palmer and Mount Pleasant. The weather was magnificent, can't think of a better day's riding up through the Adelaide Hills. There were heaps of bikes up there enjoying the weather and when we arrived at Nuriootpa we thought that we would continue as we felt so good. After a good break it was onto Clare where we refueled and another break. Everyone still felt OK (although Chris was getting a bit tired) but we elected to continue and make a run for home. Whilst in Clare Gilly went into the esky on the front of his trailer to get some food and forgot to close the lid and strap it down again. He did not notice this until going through Crystal Brook. The esky had stayed on the trailer all that way on very bumpy roads without losing anything from the inside or falling off.

Another break at the Tin Man and on to Port Augusta. A few sore bums by this time so another quick break at the Gull servo and on to home arriving at 7.30.

A great ride with great company and it was so good to catch up with old friends Rob and Helena, Wendy and Garry, Chris and Bob amongst others, and also a chance to make new friends.

Many thanks to Wendy for the organizing and a great big thanks to all those who attended for making it a great weekend for us Whyalla guys. All at a cost of \$15.00 for the Happy Hour food, Friday night's BBQ and the two cooked breakfasts. A bloody bargain.

The New Committee





The Ryans' AGM

Tasmania really prepared itself for the Ulysses onslaught. There were fires in the North West, broken ships and docks, flooding in Launceston, power concerns due to low water levels and the power interconnector to Victoria broke! Despite all of this, the dynamic island got it all together in time for our AGM event.

It was a fun ride over to Melbourne with a great group of Ulyssians. We arrived at the loading dock mid afternoon along with hundreds of other Ulyssians. While we were passing the time, a large group of naked cyclists did several loops of the area. Not sure why, but welcome to Melbourne!

Once loading started, we were soon on board and settling in for a fun night. It was great catching up with friends from other local branches and interstate members. After a lot of tall stories and laughter, we all headed off to bed.

The trip was fairly smooth and soon we were at Devonport.

After breakfast, we set off for Launceston in a light drizzle. The registration area was abuzz with all the activity; now it really started to feel like the AGM Event.

After a cup of coffee and catching up with more people, we set off to the camping area. Gate security was easier and we were soon setting up camp. The campground was, as the real estate agent would say, undulating, to say the least. Tents were erected, friendships started with the neighbours and the socializing went into high gear. The toilets and showers were quite close, but the traders, etc., were a fair walk. This was clearly going to be the fitness festival.

Tuesday evening was the welcome to first time AGM Event attendees. It was a great night and so good to recognise first timers. With all the events, traders and socialising the week just seemed to roll on quickly.

Suddenly, it was Saturday and time for the Grand Parade. It is always a stunning sight to see all the bikes assembling and riding together. We rode to Royal Park, which is right on the River and was a stunning backdrop to the Civic Welcome Ceremony. With all the ceremonies over, we drifted back to

the campground and prepared for the actual AGM meeting.

With our much loved President, Helena, at the helm, things looked and felt good within the Club. It is terrific to see the harmony in the National Committee and the flow on effects that are making our Club better, stronger and more welcoming.

Saturday night's meal was probably one of the best I have experienced at an AGM Event. It was a beautiful night for it - warm and no wind. The band was great and the folks got into it. At the end of the night, I was glad to have the shuttle bus run us back to the campground.

At the Volunteers lunch on Sunday, we were told that it had taken 500 volunteers to make the event happen. Well done to all! By now the realisation had set in that yet another AGM Event was coming to an end. It had been so good to have caught up with so many friends and formed so many more new friendships. After the packing up, it was time to get out and explore the Island.

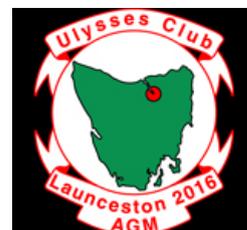
What a fabulous place to ride a bike around. There are corner after corner, road kill to avoid, stunning views and history all around. The Hotel accommodation was reasonably priced and a lot of fun. Every night we caught up with other members and enjoyed the comradery that you get within the Ulysses Club. Although the locals were praying for rain the weather was very pleasant, even on the west coast. After 2,000k it was time to head back to the mainland.

It had been a terrific few weeks, and I would like to congratulate the Organising Committee and all the volunteers who made this event such a success.

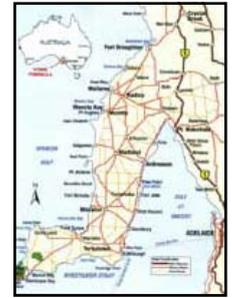
We are now getting ready for the 2017 AGM Event and, of course, gearing up for our own AGM Event in 2018 at Barmera.

Cheers to all

Hobbit



Yorke Peninsula



Wednesday Rides

leave the parking bay in the centre of Kadina Park at 9.30 am on Wednesdays.
Please contact Clive Ford on **8821 1598** before **any** Wednesday ride to get the latest information.

President	Gerry Kroon 0428 352 838
Secretary	Jill Gilmore 08 87252529 0409 152 529
Treasurer	David Lawson 0409 905 209
Rides Captain	Trevor Blackall 0439 354 309



Sunday Meeting Place : Meet at the RSL on Sturt Street, Mount Gambier from 9.30 am onwards. All rides leave from here unless advised otherwise.
Check our ride calendar on the website as some rides may depart earlier.

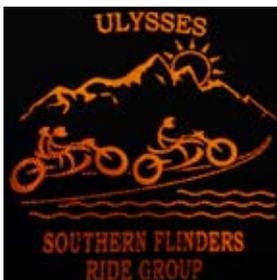
Rides : As per Ride Calendar on the Web
Web Site: www.branches.ulyssesclub.org/limestonecoast
Our Web is now updated regularly, with Ride Calendar, Ride Reports & Photos.

Pres:	Robert Young	86831254
Sec:	LLoyd Parker	86831184 0458536992
Treas:	Ainsley Parker	86831184
Committee:		
	Jack Ash	86823285
	Kevin Warren	86842093
	Phil Green	86823553
	Bill Richter	86828212
Media Ed:	Trish Pruis	86822358
Welfare:	Bill Richter	86828212



Come on any event on any sort of wheels!
Sunday impromptu rides from Town Jetty 10 00 am
All rides subject to change.
Visitors welcome.

Southern Flinders Riding Group Port Pirie



SUNDAY MORNING COFFEE AT HOT BREAD SHOP

We meet at the Hot Bread Shop on Sunday mornings for impromptu rides.
Rides Co-ordinator: Michael Baldock 0429 323 156
or vk5mcb@gmail.com



President: Julie Hendrickx Secretary: Suzie terry
Treasurer: Sally Williams
Rides Coordinator: Rob Ryan (Hobbit)
Whaler Editor: Sharryn Nunan
Webmaster: Vicki Ryan

Phone: 0457641507 (Secretary)
Email: fleurieubrandh@gmail.com
Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/pages/Ulysses-Fleurieu-Branch/1540285576207981>
Website: <http://fleurieu.ulyssesclub.org/Home.aspx>

Postal Address: P.O. Box 346
SEAFORD SA 5169





**Ulysses Club Inc
Whyalla & Districts Branch**

Ulysses Club Inc. Whyalla & Districts Branch

Meet and Greet

top shopz deli on McDouall Stuart ave, [Next to Harris Scarfes]. At 9:30am on the first and third Sunday of the month starting Sunday 22nd January.

Ride Co-ordinators



Pres: Daryl Sparks
0427 813 817
sparks.ds@bigpond.com
Sec: Sherilyn Sparks

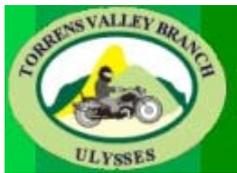
Ride Coord: Steve Jones
088 532 0706
cyndi_steve@Internode.on.net

Social Meeting
2nd Wednesday of the Month
at The Riverside Hotel
(Note new venue)

Why not come along and have meal before the meeting

Rides

Ride calendar can be found on the Ulysses Web Page with all the details of each ride.
Rides depart McDonalds, Murray Bridge, usually 9.30 unless stated on calendar.



**Torrens Valley Branch
Meetings**

7.30pm

Third Tuesday of the Month

Parafield Gardens Community Club
Shepherdson Road, Parafield Gardens
Meals available from the Club before the Meeting
All welcome

SA RV Events

RV events are open to any Ulysses member or partner.
Any type of vehicle can be used to get you there, what is important is that you are there.

Any further enquiries contact Hobbit or Hoppy on
Hoppy on 0428 567 811
or Hobbit on 0404 478 741

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Priorities

Eileen and her husband Bob went for counselling after 25 years of marriage.

When asked what the problem was, Eileen went into a passionate, painful tirade listing every problem they had ever had in the 25 years they had been married.

She went on and on and on: neglect, lack of intimacy, emptiness, loneliness, feeling unloved and unlovable, an entire laundry list of unmet needs she had endured over the course of their marriage.

Finally, after allowing this to go on for a sufficient length of time, the therapist got up, walked around the desk and after asking Eileen to stand, embraced her, unbuttoned her blouse and bra, put his hands on her breasts and massaged them thoroughly, while kissing her passionately as her husband Bob watched with a raised eyebrow!

Eileen shut up, buttoned up her blouse, and quietly sat down while basking in the glow of being highly aroused.

The therapist turned to Bob and said, 'This is what your wife needs at least three times a week.. Can you do this?'



Bob thought for a moment and replied, 'Well, I can drop her off here on Mondays and Wednesdays .. But on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays I play bowls

Thoughts for the day

Birds of a feather flock together . . . and then crap on your car.

A penny saved is a government oversight.

The older you get, the tougher it is to lose weight, because by then your body and your fat have gotten to be really good friends.

The easiest way to find something lost around the house is to buy a replacement.

He who hesitates is probably right.

Did you ever notice: The Roman Numerals for forty (40) are XL.

If you can smile when things go wrong, you have someone in mind to blame.

The sole purpose of a child's middle name is so he can tell when he's really in trouble..

Did you ever notice: When you put the 2 words 'The' and 'IRS' together it spells 'Theirs...'

Aging: Eventually you will reach a point when you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it..

When you are dissatisfied with life and would like to go back to your youth, think of Algebra.

One of the many things no one tells you about aging is that it is such a nice change from being young. . . being young is beautiful, but being old is comfortable.

Did you know ... A pig's orgasm lasts 30 minutes. (O.M.G.!!!) ... A cockroach will live nine days without its head before it starves to death ... (Creepy ... I'm still not over the pig) ... The male praying mantis cannot copulate while its head is attached to its body ... The female initiates sex by ripping the male's head off ... (Honey, I'm home ... What the ...?) ... The flea can jump 350 times its body length ... It's like a human jumping the length of a football field ... (30 minutes ... Lucky pig! Can you imagine?) ... The catfish has over 27,000 taste buds ... (What could be so tasty on the bottom of a pond?) ... Some lions mate over 50 times a day ... (I still can't believe that pig ... quality over quantity) ... Butterflies taste with their feet ... (Something I always wanted to know) ... Elephants are the only animals that cannot jump ... (Okay, so that would be a good thing) ... A cat's urine glows under a black light ... (I wonder how much the government paid to figure that out) ... An ostrich's eye is bigger than its brain ... (I know some people like that) ... Starfish have no brains ... (I know some people like that, too) ... Polar bears are left-handed ... (Talk about a southpaw) ... Humans and dolphins are the only species that have sex for pleasure ... (What about that pig? ... Do the dolphins know about the pig?) ... Now that you've smiled at least once, it's your turn to spread these crazy facts ...

I might have a slight drinking problem...

My husband asked me to toast some bread for him.

I raised my wine glass and said, 'Here's to bread.'

The Religion Based on Drinking ©

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"My doctor told me to start my exercise program very gradually. Today I drove past a store that sells sweat pants."



RALLIES 2016

Rally	Date	Contact
Coonalpyn Pub Run	April 15-17	Andy 0411 212 076
Roaming Swagman, Burra Creek Gorge	April 30-May1	Lefy 0412 767 945
Great Escape Marrabel	May 14-15 Back to Basics	Harald 0421 298 714 Peter 0414 399 000
Wunkar Pub	Mary 21-22	Les 0411 616 232
Farina SA Rangers	June 11-13 Long weekend	Beatle 0458 284 271
Wintersun, Mildura	June 11-13 Long weekend	Sy 03 5021 1111
Up the Creek, Jung, near Horsham - sidecar run	July 1-3	Marie 0417 113 675 Greg 03 5385 2846
Wombat, Warnertown	August 13-14 Back to basics	Lefty 0412 767 945
Mannahill Pub	August 20-21	Beatle 0458 294 271
Peregrine Rally, Jarbuk Reserve	August 26-28 Back to basics	Chris0402 428 468 chrismcale@gmail.com
Gulnare Pub	Sept 10-11	SA Tourers Pub 08 8662 6202
Ghost Town, Copi Hollow	Sept 9-11	Chickenman 0419 983 193
Koolunga Pub	TBA	Andy Burford Pub 08 8816 6181
Golden Dragon Tarnagulla Vic	Sept 30-Oct 1-2 SA Long weekend	Tony 0409 411 557
Oasis, Paruna	Sept 30-Oct 1-2 SA Long weekend	Bear 0407 394 322
Redback Tourers	Venue TBA	Ivan 0403 210 925
Fish Holes, Portland	Nov 11-13	0412838765
Caltowie Pub Run	Nov 19-20	Phil (pub) 08 8665 5003
30th Pirie Toy Run	November 27	Lefty 0421 767 945
List - compliments Andrew & Marlene 0416 803 293		



The Odyssey



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Ulysses Adelaide Branch

Do advertising signs affect Road Safety?



The outdoor advertising industry has one singular goal: to get your attention. For a hundred years we've had billboards scattered across our cities shouting out their messages about new cars, jeans, fast food and the latest television shows. But billboards only work if you notice them. So, increasingly, they are getting bigger and brighter in an effort to distract a larger audience. The newest innovation is digital billboards which display a new advertisement every ten seconds – flashing thousands of times each day.

The human eye is hard-wired to look at bright, moving or flashing objects. It's an evolutionary feature that protects all animals from potential threats. When something moves quickly, your eyes automatically look towards it. There are two sets of data related to digital signage and road safety. One is driver distraction and the other is collisions. The first category gives us very clear conclusions. Almost every study that's been done shows a direct causal relationship between digital signage and driver distraction. This is no surprise, since the purpose of these signs is to distract drivers! When it comes to collision data, however, we get inconsistent results. Some studies show a significant increase in collisions while others show little or no change at all. Experts blame this inconsistency on the fact that the collision data itself is often inaccurate or incomplete due to lack of proper reporting, and because so many other external variables are involved.

Lobbyists for the billboard industry have taken advantage of this inconclusive data, for collisions, and twisted it into an argument that digital signage is therefore safe for drivers. This is a terrible distortion of the truth, and a distortion that puts human lives at risk. If we know that flashing digital billboards are guaranteed to increase distraction, and we know that driver distraction is one cause of traffic fatalities... then why would we even consider placing commercial digital billboards on highways?

A new study published in the journal *Traffic Injury Prevention* concludes that digital billboards attract and hold the gazes of drivers for far longer than a threshold that previous studies have shown to be dangerous. The study, conducted by researchers at the Swedish National Road and Transport Research Institute and funded by the Swedish Transport Administration, found that drivers looked at digital billboards significantly longer than they did at other signs on the same stretch of road, with the digital signs often taking a driver's eyes off the road for more than two seconds.

A well-regarded 2006 study by Virginia Tech for the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration found that anything that takes a driver's eyes off the road for more than two seconds greatly increases the risk of a crash. The study also found that nearly 80 percent of all crashes involved driver inattention just prior to (within 3 seconds) of the crash.



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Do advertising signs affect Road Safety? cont....



The Swedish study's authors reasoned that it's not surprising that digital billboards attract greater attention from drivers: the signs are brighter, visible from greater distances, and display a constantly-changing series of advertisements. They concluded that digital billboards "have the potential ability to keep up the driver's curiosity over an extended period of time." Previous human behavior studies have shown that drivers are hardwired to notice bright, changing lights in their peripheral vision and to anticipate additional motion.

The Swedish government had given temporary authorization to erect digital billboards in 2009, but as a result of this and related studies the government ordered the removal of all digital billboards. Meanwhile in the United States these signs continue to go up at a rapid pace despite a growing body of evidence suggesting they pose a threat to traffic safety.



The strength of our Road Safety Programs is what occurs when the police aren't around

When was the last time you checked the tyres on your car? Do you know what tyre pressures you should be running? Do you service your car regularly? What about your brakes? You should have a routine about your car and the checks you make before your drive. This includes your day to day driving but especially when you are taking a long distance trip.

The strength of our Road Safety Programs is what occurs when the police aren't around – you owe it to your family, your friends, other members of the public and lastly yourself to do the right thing. Plan and drive carefully.



Chinese Sex.

While in China , an American man is very sexually promiscuous and does not use a condom the entire time he is there.

A week after arriving back home in the States, he wakes one morning to find his penis covered with bright green and purple spots.

Horrified, he immediately goes to see a doctor. The doctor, never having seen anything like this before, orders some tests and tells the man to return in two days for the results.

The man returns a couple of days later and the doctor says, "I've got bad news for you, you've contracted Mongolian VD. It's very rare and almost unheard of here in the US , we know very little about it."

The man looks a little perplexed and says, "Well, give me a shot or something and fix me up, Doc."

The doctor answers, "I'm sorry, there's no known cure. We're going to have to amputate your penis."

The man screams in horror, "Absolutely not! I want a second opinion!!!"

The doctor replies, "Well, it's your choice. Go ahead, if you want but surgery is your only option."

The next day, the man seeks out a Chinese doctor, figuring that he'll know more about the disease.

The Chinese doctor examines his penis and proclaims, "Ah, yes, Mongolian VD. Vewy ware disease."

The guy says to the doctor, "Yeah, yeah, I already know that, but what can we do? My American doctor wants to cut off my penis!"

The Chinese doctor shakes his head and laughs. "Stupid American docttah, always want opawate. Make more money dat way. No need amputate!"

"Oh, thank God!" the man exclaims.

"Yes," says the Chinese doctor. "Wait two week. Faw off by itself!"

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