



Glasshouse Ulyssian



**OCTOBER
2009
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**Newsletter of Ulysses Club Inc.
Glasshouse Mtns. Branch
PO. Box 380 Morayfield 4506
Editorial Copy: Averil Ph. 38880803
Mobile 0419787302
Email: averilgroper@optusnet.com.au**

From the Editors Desk

Hi to All.

A quiet Newsletter as I have not received much news from members during the last month.

Our Social Evening for this month on the 31st October is advertised on page 8, members please think about coming after all the enjoyment comes from those who attend these functions. So the more the merrier

I am looking forward to receiving stories of the October rides for next month's edition

So for now

Enjoy the Contents

Averil –Slogga

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NOTE: Closing date for all submissions to the Newsletter is the third Tuesday of each month. Any material received after this date will be printed in the following month's Newsletter unless it is urgent and requires to be in the coming Issue.

Disclaimer: Newsletters are produced monthly. Opinions expressed by contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the Ulysses Club Inc Glasshouse Mountains Branch. The Editor and the Ulysses Club Inc Glasshouse Mountains Committee accepts no responsibility for any article or advertisement in this publication and have the right to refuse any piece for publication if they feel that it will breach any advertising laws or offend any person / persons. It is assumed that any photos submitted for the Newsletter have the permission of the subjects.

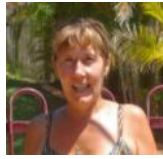
Committee Members 2009

President: Colin "Doc" Robinson



Mobile: 0411 145 927
Email:
medic1@bigpond.net.au

Secretary: Charmaine "Biscuit" Ashton



Mobile: 0414 974 617
Email:
charmaineashton@optusnet.com.au

Treasurer: Don "The Don" Gregory



Mobile: 0427 326 944
Email:
dongreg@optusnet.com.au

Vice President: Tim "Ned" Burns



Mobile: 0450 475 363
Email:
nedkbike@hotmail.com

Ride Co-Ordinator: Graham "Drums" Kennedy



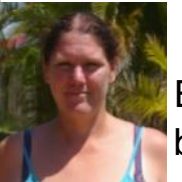
Mobile: 0438 690 354
Email:
gke43391@bigpond.net.au

Assisant Ride Coordinator:



Richard Dixon "Wings"
Mobile: 0434718778
Email:

Regalia: Kisann "Kaz" Phillips



Mobile: 0422 313 585
Email:
bearden1@dodo.com.au

richard.vanessa@virginbroadband.com.au

Welfare Officer: Fredrick "Butterfly" Batten



Mobile: 0431 552 596
Email:
fredge2001@yahoo.com.au

Functions Coordinator:

Lesley "Eko" Robinson



Mobile: 0400 115 685
Email:
crystalarchive@bigpond.com

Mistress of the Web: Vanessa Illott

Mobile: 0401133093

Email : richard.vanessa
@virginbroadband.com.au



Newsletter Editor/ Branch Historian:



Averil "Slogga" Hingley
Mobile: 0419 787 302
Email:
averilgroper@optusnet.com.au

Social Member:

Anne "Annee" Carr

Mobile: 0403 046 000

Email:
carrma@bigpond.com



Committee Member: Carl "Tarzan" Blackadder

Mobile: 0401 909 911
Email: carl_oz@yahoo.com



The Glasshouse Mountains Branch of the Ulysses Club Inc. meets at the Caboolture Aero Club, Aerodrome Road, with Social Meetings being held every Wednesday night starting at 6.30pm. Meetings held first Wednesday of the month.

The Greatest News for this Year



Topy is back on 2 legs so soon after his operation only approximately 8 weeks ago. Be it one peg leg.

You are certainly a great inspiration to all who know you, Topy.

We, all your mates at Glasshouse Mountains Branch, can't wait to see you back on the rides on a Bike or Trike, whatever your choice, we know you will be able to handle it with great Gusto and Sense of Achievement that you have already shown.



Leeanne Carius Coordinator Farm Fantastic presenting Doc with our well earned cheque for Volunteering at the Farm Fantastic this year

Again Thank you to the 51 members who volunteered their time over the week 20th to 27th July this year.

We received over \$3000.00 and recorded the most hours worked of the four Branches in attendance.

CRUSHERS RIDE 6th September



Phoenix, Re, Biscuit, Groover. Annee. Dorrie



Wings & ET



All the Guys on the Crushers ride

Happy Birthday All Libra & Scorpio Members



LIBRA: Positive Traits: Charming, prizing harmony and pleasant living conditions, an easy-going nature, romantic, diplomatic, idealistic, refined.

Negative Traits: Indecisive, resentful, frivolous, changeable, flirtatious, easily influenced by others, gullible, oscillating between two extremes.

Character: The Libran must, in all spheres of his life, express himself, and other people must accept that expression generously and fully. A favorite complaint of the Libran is - 'It's not fair that he should treat me like that *after all I've done for him.*' Of course, 'he' may simply be incapable of responding as fully as the Libran might wish, but the Libran will find this difficult to accept. In any event, a permanent emotional relationship in which the give and take are well balanced is an absolute pre-requisite for the Libran if he is to be happy, and is to develop properly as a person. Hating quarrels, the Libran has great natural charm and a winning manner. The Libran may be indecisive but when he does decide that he wants something he generally gets it one way or another. The Libran makes an excellent and thoughtful host, his home will be comfortable and 'pretty' and will find the atmosphere restorative and relaxing.

SCORPIO: Positive Traits: Powerful feelings and emotions, a sense of purpose, highly imaginative, discerning, subtle, persistent, determined. **Negative Traits:** Jealous, resentful, stubborn, obstinate and intractable, secretive and suspicious.

Character: Nearly every description of Scorpio emphasizes the depth of his passions, usually in sexual terms. But the Scorpion is passionate in other fields of his life, in his politics, in work, and in play. A peculiar intensity permeates his whole personality, giving him an extremely strong sense of purpose in life, and a determination to do nothing by halves. He must live his life to the full, and will usually over-indulge himself, not only in play, but in work, too. He may be a very jealous person not only in love. Whoever holds a position to which the scorprio feels entitled will be disliked, and the scorprio may even in extreme, resort to some kind of victimization or even cruelty. His enormous powerful energy gives him hidden depths which are often unsuspected by less emotional people. Scorprios have great personal magnetism, there is always something exciting, dynamic and fascinating about them and a certain mystery.

LIBRA	04	Maureen Drane -Maus	Gary Bateman	
	05	Lester Speet -Mo	Sandra Blackmore -Sandi	
	06	Paul Daniel	08 Dianne Livermore -	
Sweet-Pea		09	Averil Hingley	11
		John Mathers -Rebel		Collette Langford
-Boneness		14	Milton Turner	
		17	John Smelt -Nom	Kenneth O'Doherty -Tojo
		19	Kristine Carr	20
		23	John Ward -Cobba	Dan Papa -Papadan
		SCORPIO	24	25
Johnstone -Dazzle			Noel Stanaway -Choc	Darryl
		26	Phil Bray -Gipsy	27
Terry Thompson		29	Steven McNicholl -Retread	
30	Sophie Shepherd	31	Terry Sheppard	

Don't forget your token for a free drink from the bar see Doc.

Valid for 2 weeks

An article taken from the Sunday Life August 2003 -An outsider's look on the Mudgee AGM
OVER THE HILL – AND MILES AWAY

(Lock up your mothers – Ulysses is coming to town)

If I say 'Gold Wing' and you think 'bird', or 'airline reward scheme', then this story's for you. Because if motorbikes don't play a role in your life then the very same machines are guaranteed to seize the heart of someone close to you. Maybe a neighbour. Or a lover. Maybe your friendly local pharmacist. The odds are close to evens if you're over 40. I'm over 40 and drive a Commodore. In that sense I'm a stay-at-home, a round peg, a Harley Davidson obsessive who doesn't know he's a Harley Davidson obsessive...Stats show that middle-aged men readily shell out their disposable when it comes to owning motorcycles. And middle-aged chicks seem equally happy to straddle down back, or learn to wrangle their own beasts. Living proof lurks in Mudgee, a Tidy Town in the toe-hills of Sydney's Blue Mountains. Five thousand senior bikers are converging there for a jamboree, an army of grey-mopped hell-raisers astride boss hogs and Honda Gold Wings. So come on baby, come ride in my Commodore. Let's cruise to Mudgee and meet a few of these rollover rebels. Let's see who they are, why they ride, and what's really happening inside their XL helmets. Flanking each kerb of Church Street is a domino line of chrome and lambskin. Harleys and Kwackers and Blackbirds and Shadows. A thousand bikes each side, with deep-welled sidecars, zebra trim, Eureka flags and goggled teddy-bears peeking from Naugahyde saddle bags. Yamaha Viragos and Yamaha Fazers. Immaculate Voyagers and spotless Valkyries. I hide my Commodore behind the supermarket. Riders wander the town. They're easy to pick. Either they creak with leather or just plain creak. Windburnt and buoyant, the bikers wear T-shirts saying HIGHWAY PAROLE or 51% SWEETHEART, 49% BITCH. Yet the badge I see everywhere, from Brando jacket to adjustable wind-screen, says GROWING OLD DISGRACEFULLY, the motto of the Ulysses Club.

To join Ulysses, the largest motorcycle club in the southern hemisphere, you need to be 40 at least. Fifty in fact is the true yardstick, signaled by your badge's golden trim. Twenty years ago, when the first general meeting descended on Tumut, in southern NSW, the membership nudged 100. Nowadays the count tops 22,000, with every member retaining their personal number, much like a soldier and his dogtag details. I'm chuffed to meet Stephen Dearnley, Member #1. This ex-pat submariner, with more wrinkles than badges, is the Che Guevara of this whole revolution. 'Back in the early 80s,' says Dearnley, 'if an older guy went along for a run they woulda looked a bit weird, you know. Old farts were pretty much seen as mobile chicanes. In our own defence, I thought we should start something up for old farts. And that's how Ulysses got started.' Now the club meets en masse every year, from the Top End to the Far West of Australia, depending where the National Committee decrees. Next year (2004) is Geelong, then Canberra in 2005. As National President, Ric Bedford gets his chance to mimic Olympic honcho, Juan Antonio Samaranch this week, opening the envelope and saying 'Ulverstone, Tasmania' for 2006. The committee's vote can translate into millions of dollars for a town. 'But tell me, Rick, what's the whole thing with motorbikes?' The President puckers his brow. 'You haven't ridden before?' 'Once,' I say. 'On a farm. It was bumpy.' At 54, Ric is a Ulyssian pup. In his normal life he's a Detective Sergeant in the Fraud Squad in Brisbane, and even now he knows how to interrogate a Commodore blow-in. 'Do you have a friend who rides?' 'Des,' I say. 'He's camped on the showground somewhere.' Ric opts for the Zen approach. 'You know, the only way you can know is to ride yourself.'

Lord Alfred Tennyson, the old-fart poet from Lincolnshire, inspired the Ulysses name with a poem by the same title. According to the verse, the one-time adventurer Ulysses, stuck in his kingdom with 'aged wife and barren crags', gets seriously itchy feet. 'How dull it is to pause,' he moans in iambic pentameter, 'to make an end, to rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!' Much like the Gold Wings that glisten around me as I make my way to the showground. Gold Wings are the Ritz of roadsters, a 6-cylinder car engine on two wheels. To sweeten the deal, Honda throws in heated handlebars, CD stacker, cruise control and reverse gear. (That's right. Usually bikes rely on your biceps for reversing. You and I have a lot to learn.) Saddle bags and box trailers allow the elder rebel to pack his cab-sav and flannelette pyjamas. Tents and burnish'd bikes clutter the showground, a retirement village gone feral. ('A motorbike doesn't leak oil,' says a tax accountant Thunderbird 900, 'but lawn bowls doesn't speak to me. We're baby boomers who want to live a

different life. Why sit at home and grow old? We want to get out there, be young and do something.’ Chris, 45, has a purple Priscilla plume pasted to his helmet. Usually his Mum, at 84, rides pillion with him, but she had to stay at home to mind the cat. ‘I hit 40, and that was it,’ he says. ‘I bought a motorbike. That’s when you’ve got enough money to do it, and what the hell, who gives a rats.’ Ken (Buzz) Fahy, 62, has a middle ear condition. That’s why he converted Erwin – his BMW 1150GS – to a trike. The Vietnam vet, and former ministerial driver, now flies a German Imperial flag off the tailpipe, after his hero, Erwin Rommel. Chrissy, 60, says her boyfriend Ian still has her fingermarks from their first ride a few years ago. Now the two are traveling Oz, using Mudgee as a whistle stop, before the grand odyssey. ‘My grandson is 13. He thinks I’m the hottest granny in the world.’ Peter, 51, a public servant from Canberra, longs for his wife to catch the biking bug. ‘Last year I planned a nice easy ride, 25kms to a nearby town, but Maureen rejected that idea. So we ended up going 2kms to the local shops. I was riding totally gently, hardly leaned it over at all. We got a litre of milk and went home. She hasn’t ridden since.’ June on the other hand, at 72, has been riding with her husband for 50 years. The pair has never been booked. ‘We went close in 1996,’ laughs Andy, 75. ‘We were going 160 kays for nearly an hour, and we passed these canola fields outside Cowra. June tapped me on the helmet. We slowed down to look at all the pretty flowers, and over the hill was a bloody cop car sitting there with a camera. Thank God for the flowers.’ ‘We’re not speed demons,’ says Gary, 47, a Hervey Bay sparkie, father of two. He’s in town with his two brothers, reuniting after their Dad’s funeral 2 years ago. ‘We’re tourers. In a car, you’re looking through a window, which is a frame. On a bike you’re part of the scenery. Your worries are blown away.’ Traff, 48, a bobcat operator, had his own worries getting here. He rode his Gold Wing from the Gold Coast, hitting a kangaroo in Tambor Springs. ‘The whole thing happened in 5 seconds. The roo just stops on the road. She spins and falls on the wet bitumen. And bang, I go clean over the top. Bang, the trailer too. But I’m still riding perfectly straight, and I’m upright and I’m breathing heavy and I’m thinking I made this.’

All in earshot turn to Traff for more. A central plank of the Ulysses Club is this on-road folklore as much as outrunning Father Time. ‘So I walk back to the carcass and there’s a little bundle of fur,’ continues Traff, the beer tent his oyster. ‘It’s a little joey sitting there. And I’m thinking, I’m lucky, so you’re lucky. That night I slept with the joey in my jacket. Yesterday, here in Mudgee, I took her to the wild-life people.’ More in-laws than outlaws, Ulyssians are as likely to show you grandkid snaps than variant spellings of LOVE or HATE inked on their knuckles. Research from the Road Traffic Authority in NSW labels the 40-plus mindset as commonly ‘risk-averse’, the softly-softly school of road touring. Rain, for most Ulyssians, is a turn-off. Just as turn-offs are a turn-off – the gravel or dirt variety. Bikers as opposed to bikies, the bulk of these people love to gander and meander al fresco, dressed in scarves and protective Kevlar. Figures from the RTA underpin the beer-tent evidence. In NSW, motorbikes make up 2% of all registered vehicles yet account for 11% of all fatal crashes. While most of these accidents entail under-30s (aka as the Risk Lovers, Fatalists or Organ Donors), the biggest consumer group across the country belongs to the Ulyssian bracket. Recently in NSW, the number of 40-plus riders has climbed from 26,000 to some 50,000. Typically, a late-age rider will have dabbled in bikes as a 20-something uni student, more because they’re affordable, versus any associated romance. Then come the kids, the mortgage, that bloody Commodore. The all-consuming work and the risk suppression. Bingo, at 40, or nearing 50, the nest is looking empty and so too the garage. Hmmm, thinks Ulysses. Imagine that sweet potato-potato-potato throbbing on the driveway”! Imagine my queen squeezing me around the ribcage again, just like the old days. Imagine the country roads (where most plus-40 accidents occur). Imagine the pageantry of Mudgee’s grand parade”!. I ride with Des. Slowly. A virgin in borrowed leather, I cling like death to a retired principal. Banners are flying and cylinders roaring. Faces I fancy to recognize (my dentist? my ex? my Mum?) beam from visors around me. We creep as a stream down Church Street where the population of Mudgee wave like keyword dolls or slap the hands of riders on the outer columns. Close to the market square, where the grand parade sweeps left, Des goes straight ahead. I wonder what he’s doing. I rap his helmet but Mr BMW R100 RT Classic is deaf to questioning. Some couples ride with an intercom system and now I see why. Our Beamer picks up speed. We pass the town limits. The road is empty but for Des and Dave aboard their black beauty. I find my arms wrapping Des’ torso, feeling his heartbeat as we fly past the racecourse, the vineyards, the cemetery, the whole world a splendid blur to a one-time Commodore driver.

Halloween Masquerade Ball



31st OCTOBER 2009

CABOOLTURE AERODROME

START AT 6PM FOR 6.30 SIT DOWN MEAL



Girls dust off those gowns, guys squeeze into those tuxedos and polish the jewels.



MUSIC BY “REMEMBER WHEN”



\$10.00 PER HEAD

Let's make this a wonderful and memorable evening.

RSVP by: Wednesday 21st October 2009.



I reported in last month's newsletter that Jack Bottomley #21835 at 85 years is now living in Centaur House in Caloundra near the Caloundra RSL.

As you can see he is fit enough to have wheels under him still. His words were "I would rather still have 2 wheels but my legs have gone on me"

Groper & I visited him for a short time last month and he is happy at Centaur House , runs around everywhere on his 3 wheeler.

Please feel free to visit Jack at anytime, you will probably find him chasing the girls around the rooms or listening to the entertainment that they have at the Centre. Averil

MEMORIAL DAY RIDE SEPTEMBER 14TH 2009



Over three hundred members Ulyssians attended our memorial day Service this year, and planted more trees in honor and remembrance of our mates and family who have ridden on, Again we recognize David Cox -Doc from Redcliffe Branch for his ongoing efforts in organizing the day.

Great to see how well the trees are growing. Our thanks to the South East Queensland Water Board for keeping a watchful eye on the Garden during the year.



Natcom Social Evening

September 26th
at Pacific Paradise Bowls



Our Treasurer Don with
Peter Williams
Natcom Purchasing Officer



Our News editor Averil
with Vic Leslie Natcom Treasurer

Members from Blackall Range,
Sunshine and Glasshouse Mtns
chatting with the Natcom Members



Bob Gray President Blackall Range, Averil, Peter Maquire Natcom Webmaster, Jenny Woods Natcom International Liaison, Don, Dennis Paulin Vice President, Doc, Kim Kennerson President, Vic Leslie Treasurer, Peter Williams Purchasing Officer, Helena Gritton Secretary, Graham Rule AGM Coordinator, Jenny Kennerson President's Wife

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Ride & Events Calender 2009

OCTOBER

31ST October: **Halloween Masquerade Ball**

Aero Club

Supper provided

Start 6pm

Cost \$10.00

Check Flyer for more information

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NOVEMBER

21st November: **Rock & Roll night**

Supper provided by Club. 7pm Cost TBA

29th November: **CAMP QUALITY**

Brennan Park Bongaree Bribie Island

Time 9am to 2pm approximately

Lions Club are especially asking for Side Car Owners for their assistance on the day

DECEMBER

5th December **Glasshouse Mtns Xmas Ride TBA**

19th December **Glasshouse Mtns Branch Xmas Party**

Donnybrook Bowls Club

SPONSORS



Caboolture Motor Cycle Centre

10% OFF for all

Glasshouse

Dave Lucas

Manager

Ulysses Members



YAMAHA



SUZUKI

Ph: (07) 5495 1466

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