



Dubbo and Western Plains Ulysses Branch

Newsletter May-June 2009

We are a Branch of the Ulysses Club Inc. with an informal committee, and as such we do not have official meetings. One day we may elect a leader and a small committee to organise our activities; meanwhile our purpose is to enjoy our motorcycles and each others company. Friends and non members are welcome to ride with us. If you want to ride then simply be at the starting point at the appointed time. There's more fine print on the back page.

The Penriff AGM

The White Rabbit reports on the AGM

Some years ago when it was announced that Penrith would host the 2009 AGM I said to She-who-must "I think we'll give that one a miss". I much prefer AGMs in smaller centres, and Sydney traffic doesn't do a thing for me. But Dog's coming to grips with the GPS he bought at the Townsville AGM and he was fairly enthusiastic to try it out, so we agreed to go along.

Trish had arranged seven rooms for Friday and Saturday at the Grey Gums Hotel, half a hop-skip-and-jump from the AGM site – they turned out to be perfect. So did seven couples ride together? Hah!

The Rebels have been getting a bit of press lately, but one thing you gotta say for them – when they ride, they ride together! Not our lot.

The Lucans and Readfords set off after work on Thursday and went via Sandy Hollow and the Putty; the Coats left later on Friday and bee-lined it down the highway; the rest of us were nominally in Dog's group and would supposedly follow his GPS. Supposedly!

Greenie decided Friday was a good day to see his lawyer, so he would leave late and catch us along the way. He did – at Penrith. Michelle decided to take the car and meet us for coffee at Molong. This prompted She-who-must to jump ship at Molong and join Michelle in the tin-top via the highway. Also at Molong

the Wards remembered they had 'lations in Sydney, so they would hot-foot it down the highway and get there in time for a family reunion. That left me and the Dogs – the Rebs were heading to Sydney Airport.

But there was one more bit of excitement in Molong. I'd filled with fuel and as I moved away from the pump the bike refused to turn right. The bars would turn left but not right. After 15 minutes we discovered there is a bracket that holds the nose-cone of the FJR in place. The bracket is secured in place by two bolts. The nut had come off the bottom

... to page 2

MAY/JUNE RIDES

(details page 4)

May 3	Binnaway
May 10	Mystery Ride
May 17	Narromine
May 31	Ballimore
June 7	Mystery Ride
June 13	Taralga Weekend
June 21	Hill End
June 28	Mt Panorama

The Penriff AGM

... from page 1

bolt and lodged itself next to the left-most full-lock steering stopper. Thinking it thru, I only really move the bars when manoeuvring at low speed, so the nut must have come adrift somewhere after I left home along the Dubbo-Wellington-Stuart Town-Eucharina-Molong route. Spooky!

Anyway Dog's GPS was wanting to go to Canowindra so we put the nut back in place and hit the road. Nice little squirt from Manildra to Cudal. Turn left at Canowindra and head for Mandurama (that's nice), then zig-zagging our way via places like Neville, Barry, Newbridge, and O'Connell to find ourselves at the Tarana Pub for lunch (Pie Floater!). Once you work them out GPSs are great for finding your way along little travelled backroads. Shortly after and the fun was over, we were in Lithgow and it was urban crawl all the way to Penrith.

We checked into the motel then SWM and I walked up to do the registration thing, it was only a couple of blocks away. Who should be in the rego queue behind us? Ross and Heather Bullock, the honorary Dubbos from Kurrajong. They joined up with us for the rest of the weekend. Jane Marks, an ex-Dubbo, teamed up with us for the weekend. Bruce Dunn, formerly of Dubbo and now at Tin Can Bay also spent some time with us.

Did I say registration "queue"? It was only a queue of four, us and the Bullocks – the organisers were concerned at the lack of

numbers. Pity really 'coz there were twenty or so volunteers sitting behind the computers all keen to register us. In fact there seemed to be lots of volunteers and helpers everywhere for the whole do, and they did a great job. It really was well organised and everything ran like a clock – except for one thing. The most important thing.

The bar service for Friday and Saturday dinners was run by Panthers and these guys couldn't run a piss-up in a brewery. (You'd think a Ulysses AGM at Rugby League Club would be very much like a Piss-up in a Brewery). Anyway, they stuffed it big time. On Friday they ran out of grog at 9:00pm and on Saturday guys were complaining it took an hour to get a beer. The juniors Panthers had on the job might have had their RSA bits of paper but they didn't have a clue what they were doing.

We gave up and went back to the pub.

Saturday's Parade was great. The main street of Penrith was set up as a huge market with stalls everywhere and our parade went straight thru the middle of them. Everyone loved it. Well, everyone except Kev who came on the UHF just as he got to the main street:

"Key Dave, how many bars you showing on your temperature gauge?"

"One past half-way. What are you showing?"

"All of them"

"Has your fan cut in?"

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(Bob and Linda Ward)

“Dunno. But now the bars are flashing”

“Take the first side street and give it a run to get some air though it”

“Side streets are all blocked with these stalls”

Suddenly Jane cuts in “Kev, there’s smoke coming outta your bike!!”

As I went past Kev was stuck on the side of a roundabout in a cloud of steam. None of us could stop so when the parade was over we went back to take some photos and give free advice. A new bottle of coolant and Kev was back on the road but, knowing him, I’ll bet the FJR was stripped down to its underpants within 24 hours of getting home.

There seemed to be plenty of trade displays although one or two big name bike manufacturers were conspicuous by their absence. I thought the display side of things was quite well done – I should have given myself another day or two to do the whole thing justice. I’ve since heard that 27 demo bikes were dropped on test rides – not surprising considering the traffic down that way.

Sunday, time to head for home. Greenie went one way, the Coads went another, and the rest of us followed the Dogs. We went via Richmond and Bells Line looking for somewhere to have breakfast.

No wonder there’s a recession – no bastard wants to sell anything. We finished up pulling into Maccas at Lithgow, and who should be there but Greenie!

Nice run via Lithgow, Rylstone, Lue, Mudgee for lunch, and home around 2:30.

So what were my impressions?

The ride there and back was fine, if a bit lonely at times. The traffic around Penrith is woeful. Panthers sucks. Organisation and volunteers were great. Registration was painless. Parade was great. Displays were great. Did I have a good time? Yep!

Personally I reckon the Nepean Branch did a great job of running an AGM but they



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were frustrated by being in a big city, and by the decision to rely on Panthers as co-host. Panthers hosted the Penrith-Canterbury league game on the same weekend so you can guess where their priorities lay.

For years our membership has been telling NATCOM to run AGMs in smaller centres where the locals consider Ulysses is the biggest thing to ever happen in their town and we are welcomed with open arms. Go to a big centre and we are merely an inconvenience. That’s why Penrith pulled just 3,500 registrations – less than half what Coffs Harbour did and way down on Mudgee and Townsville.

The White Rabbit

**Letters and articles are invited for
inclusion in the Newsletter.**
See back page for contact details.

Ride Calendar - May/June 2009



Runs marked with 🐾 in the heading means the group will depart at the appointed time. If there is no 🐾 then you should make your own way to the event.

When not stated otherwise, rides depart Shell West Dubbo. Informal rides may be arranged at the Macquarie Inn on Friday evenings.

Ride Calendar May 09

🐾 3rd May -Sun
Depart Shell West Dubbo 10.00am
Dubbo-Mogriguy- Gilgandra-Mendooran-
New Mollyann-Binnaway-Neilrex- Merrygoen-
Mendooran- Dubbo.

🐾 10th May – Sun
Depart Shell West Dubbo 10.00am
Mystery Ride – Check out the weather and
decide where to go

🐾 17th May– Sun
Depart Shell West Dubbo 10.00am
Dubbo – Brocklehurst – Terramungamine
– Narromine – Rawsonville -Dubbo.

🐾 31st May– Sun
Depart Shell West Dubbo 10.00am
Dubbo – Geurie- Ballimore- Wongarbron-Dubbo

Ride Calendar June 09

(Note earlier starting times)

🐾 7th June– Sun (Queens Birthday Weekend)
Depart Shell West Dubbo 10.00am
Mystery Ride – Check out the weather and
decide where to go

Ride Calendar June 09 (cont,)

🐾 13th-14th June Sat – Sun
Sandy Hollow – Taralga weekend
Depart Shell West Dubbo 9.00am Sat.
Plan at this stage is Dubbo- Gulgong- Ulan-
Sandy Hollow- Rylstone (Lunch)- Bathurst -
then on to either- Oberon or Taralga for
Saturday Night (depends on numbers).
Sunday will see us come home Via Mount David
– Rockley – Blayney.
Book with Hotmix before the 17th May
if interested. (Mobile 0418 659 014)

🐾 21st June– Sun
Depart Shell West Dubbo 9.00am
Heading to Royal Hotel Hill End for lunch (Via
Hargraves). Majority rules for trip home

🐾 28th June– Sun
Mt Panorama Motor Museum (as suggested by
the Muffin Man)
Depart Shell West Dubbo 9.00am.
Sandy to provide more details

Ulysses Members gather
informally at the Macquarie Inn
from 7:00pm Fridays



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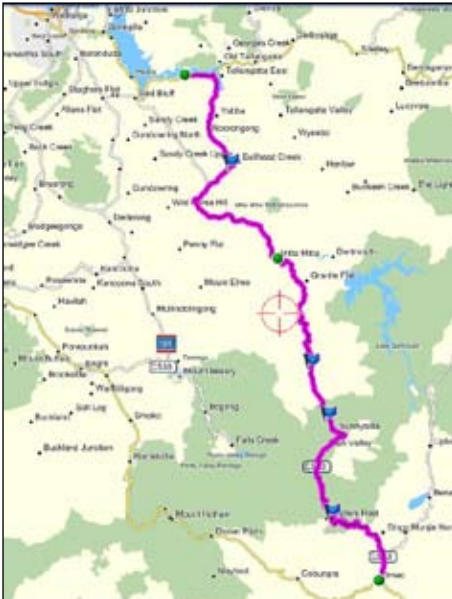
Café With Attitude

Tallangatta to Omeo

Here's some comments lifted from John Brown (Orange) who recently travelled the Mitta Mitta road to Omeo:

"The 60 km's Tallangatta to Mitta is a great road and 10k's or so out of Mitta Mitta it turns to good dirt road for 10 km's. Back to tar, some just freshly done for 10 or so km's and then another 22 k's of OK dirt road that is mostly downhill, so it seemed, when heading to Omeo. The last 50k's tar to Omeo is really good, if a bit narrow and tight initially."

So JB reports 32Ks of dirt and reducing. Did you know you can use the Street View feature of Google Earth on the internet to check out the road surface for yourself. The Omeo Highway and a number of other interesting alpine roads feature on Street View.



Give yourself and your mates a way out -
Leave a 3 second gap
between bikes

Lemon Squeeze

There once was a religious young woman who went to confession. Upon entering the confessional, she said, 'Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned.'

The priest said, 'Confess your sins and be forgiven.'

The young woman said, 'Last night my boyfriend made mad, passionate love to me seven times.'

The priest thought long and hard and then said, 'Squeeze seven lemons into a glass and then drink the juice.'

The young woman asked, 'Will this cleanse me of my sins?'

The priest said, 'No, but it will wipe that silly grin off of your face.'

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Four Ferries Frolic - divided by two!!

Mrs Hotmix reports on the Four Ferries Run – or was it For Fairies? Anyway the idea was to use four ferries (punts) along the way. It didn't quite work out but Ross and Heather joined us in time for the Sackville Ferry, then the Berowra Ferry, then they did them both again on their way back to East Kurrajong, thus homologating the run for all of us.

At the risk of sounding biased the weekend of 28-29 March was another great trip organised by Hotmix.

8.00am on Saturday found Geoff and Chris, Bob and Linda, Sandy, Ian and Maree, Mouldy, Tony and I at the Shell Servo. We picked up Lindsay and Belinda in Wellington, headed through Stuart Town stopping for a warming cuppa at the bakery in Orange as it was quite chilly. Around the back way to Bathurst for fuel and whatever else.

As a result of this pit-stop there is a new rule which is; "If there is only one toilet available then all the No. 1's go first and No. 2's go...you guessed it...second!

From Bathurst across to Sofala, Ilford and Lithgow and straight up to Kurrajong for a delicious lunch at the pub. Some people might want to

remember the breath mints next time given their penchant for garlic!!

We turned left onto the Singleton Road, across to Sackville for the first ferry where we met up with Ross and Heather. Then down to Berowra Waters for the second ferry. Lots of twisty bits through here and lovely scenery along the river.

I noticed an interesting sign nailed to a pole which read "Lost – galah, pink and grey". Duh, I didn't know they came in any other colours!

We finally arrived at Budgewoi around 5.00pm where we met up with Rob and Julie who had ridden over earlier to meet up with their daughter, Anna and her beau, Lochie.

On Saturday night we converged on the pub trying to decide what to have for dinner. We were spoilt for choice: should we have Thai, Seafood, Chinese or Wood-fired Pizza? It was all too hard so we just stayed at the pub until they closed the bar and kicked us out.

You overhear some funny things on these weekends, like:

"What's a camel toe?"

"What's a womb broom?"

"How do I fill out a TAB ticket?"

"If you want to get a man's attention, get out your map."

After a Sunday morning walk/swim at the beach and a fantastic breakfast at the local Café it was time to head home. Geoff had Doris clued in so we followed him to Wyong and over to Wolombi. Be warned...there are a lot of bikes and not-too-bright tin top operators along that road which Geoff and Chris can vouch for. On the minus side it's a skinny-arse, winding road with lots of blind corners, bitumen hungry four-wheel drivers and boy-racers. On the plus side the scenery is pretty good.

Across to Jerry's Plains, around the back of



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Denman on lot's of different roads (gravel included) through Wollemi National Park and a quick stop at Bylong. The Mouse Races were held the day before and one of the locals was saying 3,000 people turned up. Needless to say the servo had been cleaned out of anything edible.

So we pulled in at Rylstone at 2.15pm thinking we might get lunch at the Globe Hotel. No such luck....they must be doing alright if they can turn away 8 of us. Similar story at the café across the road. A group of us walked in and stood and waited, and stood and waited. Right, let's try the milk bar where the staff were only too happy to serve us whatever we wanted.

From Rylstone across to Mudgee, Goolma and home about 5pm.

I've come up with a recipe for these trips: take a bunch of friends, add perfect weather, blend lots of bike-friendly back roads, stir in terrific scenery, fold equal parts patience and tolerance, a generous helping of humour, well-seasoned livers and kidneys, and allow to marinate for at least two days.

Mrs Hotmix

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Box Donation

A married Irishman went into the confessional and said to his Priest, 'I almost had an affair with another woman.'

The priest said, 'What do you mean, almost?'

The Irishman said, 'Well, we got undressed and rubbed ourselves together, but then stopped.'

The priest said, 'Rubbing is the same as putting it in. You're not to see that woman again. For your penance, say five Hail Mary's and put £50 in the poor box.'

The Irishman left the confessional, said his prayers and then walked over to the poor box. He paused for a moment and then started to leave.

The priest, who was watching, quickly ran over to him saying, 'I saw that. You didn't put any money in the poor box!'

The Irishman replied, 'Yes, but I rubbed the £50 on the box and according to you, that's the same as putting it in!'



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MotoGP

After months of hype and bullshit the White Rabbit was up at 4:00am to watch the first race of the MotoGP season:

You call that a “Race”? I reckon GP must stand for Grand Procession. Consider this:

	Race	QP	Adjust	Change
Casey STONER	1	1	1	0
Valentino ROSSI	2	2	2	0
Jorge LORENZO	3	3	3	0
Colin EDWARDS	4	6	5	1
Andrea DOVIZIOSO	5	4	4	-1
Alex DE ANGELIS	6	9	8	2
Chris VERMEULEN	7	8	7	0
Mika KALLIO	8	10	9	1
Toni ELIAS	9	12	11	2
Randy DE PUNJET	10	7	6	-4
Dani PEDROSA	11	14	13	2
Nicky HAYDEN	12	16	15	3
Sete GIBERNAU	13	15	14	1
Marco MELANDRI	14	11	10	-4
Yuki TAKAHASHI	15	17	16	1
James TOSELAND	16	13	12	-4
Niccolo CANEPA	17	18	17	0
Not Classified				
Loris CAPIROSSI	-	5	-	

The table shows the riders in finishing order.

- “Race” is their actual finishing position.
- “QP” is their starting order on the grid
- “Adjust” is their starting order on the grid if we delete Capirossi who crashed.
- “Change” shows how many positions they gained/lost during the race.

So Stoner started in position 1 and finished in position 1, a net change of 0.

Assuming Capirossi wasn’t there, Kallio started in position 9 and finished 8th, gaining 1 position. Toseland started 12th and finished 16th, losing 4 places.

Five riders out of seventeen, including the first 3, finished where they started. Four managed to improve by one place. The biggest changes were three riders who each lost 4 places.

Add up all the places gained and you get 13. So there was a minimum of 13 successful passing

moves during the race. Presumably some guys passed each other more than once, so lets double it to arrive at an estimated 26 passes during a 22 lap race. There were more passes during the warm-up lap.

Let’s face it – the race was a procession. The closest Rossi got to Stoner was on the starting grid. The only “suspense” during the event was to see if Stoner could do the distance without falling off.

The fastest lap of the race was Stoner on Lap 2 (with a full fuel load!!), and that was 7/10ths outside the lap record set by Stoner last year – shows how hard they were trying. By race end the 17 bikes were spread over 75 seconds, an average of 4.4 seconds or 202 metres apart. The hi-light at race-end was the commentators trying to talk up the “battle” for 11th place between Pedrosa and Hayden when they finished 16 metres apart. Eleventh place in an eighteen horse race for Chrissakes. Yawn!

And this is supposed to be the premier form of motor racing? I’m sorry, but the King has no clothes.

So what could they do?

They could try racing real bikes, but World SuperBikes has successfully taken over that market. So maybe they should stick to the bleeding-edge technology/development theory but get rid of most of the rules:

- a) No restrictions on engines. Allow any type, of any size. Internal combustion, rotary, radial, electric, whatever. 250cc or 5 litre V8s, who cares. Let competition determine what is best. It’s interesting that the 800s turned out to be quicker than the 990s. A case of size versus weight.
- b) Make them race on homologated road tyres with one set of tyres per meeting. Would encourage the tyre companies to develop road tyres that last longer.
- c) Fuel. Must use homologated fuel available to the public. Petrol, diesel, gas,

hydrogen, whatever.

- d) Unrestricted entry. Anyone can enter, they just have to make the cut (say top 35 in qualifying). The factory teams will still compete for the championship by attending every meeting, but there would be some interesting wild-cards along the way.
- e) Electronics? Mmm ... why not?

The whole idea is to promote a race format that generates technology developments that flow through to the general public. I thought that's what they were supposed to be doing, but they've strangled themselves with their rules.

TWR

Postscript:

OK, so I watched MotoGP Round 2 at Montegi and I agree it was a better race. But this was followed a few hours later by the SuperBikes at Assen. Now that's racing!! In both SBK Race 1 and the SuperSports the leading bunch pulled more passing moves on each other in the final two laps than we saw in the whole of the MotoGP.

Three knots

An old retired sailor, puts on his old uniform and heads for the docks once more, for old times sake. He engages a prostitute and takes her up to a room. He's soon going at it as well as he can for a guy his age, but needing some reassurance, he asks, 'How am I doing??'

The prostitute replies, 'Well, old sailor, you're doing about three knots'

Three knots?' he asks. 'What's that supposed to mean??'

She says, 'You're knot hard, you're knot in, and you're knot getting your money back.'

On the job

I've often been asked, "What do you old folks do now that you're retired?"

Well...I'm fortunate to have a few friends who have chemical engineering backgrounds, and one of the things we enjoy most is turning beer, wine, bourbon, and martinis into urine.

And, we're pretty damn good at it too!

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Four Ferries

Hotmix reviews the 4 Ferries Run to the Central Coast

Three weeks out and I'm still getting calls "think we'll be starters, let you know for sure next week" (Bloody farmers I thought to myself).

Leaving the accommodation to the last minute at Wisemans Ferry is not recommended, especially if there's a group of you; The pub was almost booked, not a problem I thought, there's heaps of resorts/B&B's around – and there is ,BUT unless you prepared to stay two nights, forget it.

Wisemans, It wasn't going to happen - let's try Brooklyn instead, the Anglers Rest, I've heard it is Ok. Sorry only got three rooms, %#@^ how the hell will I fit 14 people in 3 rooms (20 years ago maybe, but now we're old and manure, mature, I don't think so). So onto the web it was, "Brooklyn on Hawkesbury" WOW its looks Great, "certainly Tony, I've got

enough rooms, but it's 2 nights minimum stay" F#@^ing hell, how hard is this. (mind you saying that I think at some point in the future it's worth a visit).

Running out of options I tried a couple of places in the Hunter, once again two nights minimum stay, those that were prepared to take one nights booking where booked out – Why you may ask, was because "the WHO", who haven't been to the land of OZ for XX number of years (Cath, how long was it since they were here, "I don't know, Google it on Monday". Google what a wonderful thing, maybe in the future I'll be able to find out the last time I had a %^#\$, {beer}) were playing.

Ok, let's try the Central Coast, so Budgewoi it was, my ever-ready assistant booked the Motel which went something like "I'd like to book eight rooms". Response "I hope it's not a Football club trip". "No it's even worse – Bikers". Stunned Silence – "Dubbo Ulysses's", Stunned silence, once again – before asking for a credit card number and reiterating that all rooms must be paid for before you arrive.

So with a week to go, accommodation was sorted – Finally nothing to worry about.

8.00am Saturday at the Shell – 6 bikes (10 starters), picking up Lindsay & Belinda at Wellington on the way, and meeting Rob & Julie Gemmell when we get there. Route was Dubbo to Orange (Via Stuart town), Morning tea at Roberts Bakery in Orange, By then the Temp had dropped to 16C or thereabouts, Just right, I thought for a nice "Steak and Kidney Pie", WRONG nothing's changed, Heart burn for the rest of the day – No bloody wonder I haven't had one since Autumn last year.

From there it was Via Millthorpe to Vittoria and then on to Bathurst, fuel stop for the majority (FJR'S and ST's didn't worry, knowing they'll go for miles more). At this point the group splits up, destination the Kurrajong Heights Hotel for Lunch. The bulk of us head there via



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Sofala, Ilford: The McMillan's & Ward decided to go down the Highway (My suggestion to them was to go Via Kirkconnell, Dark Corner, Sunny Corner, a nice run, very scenic as you whizz thru the Pine Forests- As it turned out they missed the turn and ended up turning at Meadow Flat, then over to Portland which they enjoyed also).

When we got to Lithgow, TWR & Bob where just getting ready to leave when we went past (they'd stopped for a coffee), a look of amazement; I felt like I could read TWR's mind "Surely not, nah, Oh it is". At Kurrajong, Geoff said he quite surprised to see us so soon – No doubt they had enjoyed the coffee & conversation for longer than he thought.

I've always found the lunches at Kurrajong Heights pub to be great and today was no different, the beers weren't bad either – Could of settled in there for the afternoon.

Before leaving the pub I was reminded that some of us will need fuel (I think that Bob & Geoff had planned to fuel in Lithgow – but because we got there sooner than expected they followed us up the hill). No worries there's definitely fuel along the way, so off we went, more or less cutting straight across the Putty road to the first of the ferries being the Sackville Ferry. Along the way we picked up Ross & Heather, who thought they come for a bit of a run, before having to head home and feed the animals.

Arriving at Sackville ferry ,I thought to myself, I could of sworn there was fuel on East Kurrajong Rd, (Must have been Blaxlands Ridge Rd instead) Oh well not to worry there's definitely fuel at Maroota, Wrong, it's now closed, I know there's definitely fuel at Glenorie, just before we turn off to head to Berowra Waters Ferry. Wrong again, it too had closed.

I don't know what was whizzing through TWR's, Bob Wards and even Lindsay's mind at this stage, but hey I had heaps of fuel, & a hose if worse came to worse (another thing that shouldn't be forgotten is at least they all had pillions – someone to help push the bikes if they did happen to run out.)

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Before we knew it we were at Berowra Waters ferry, I would of thought there'd be fuel around there somewhere, to fuel all the beautiful boats moored there - Didn't see it – "Geoff maybe you and Bob should lead the way up the hill, just in case you run out." "There's definitely fuel at Berowra". Luckily there was, otherwise who knows what would have happened, Cath & I could have been overpowered, robbed of fuel, with the bike and bodies disposed of in Ku-ring-gai National park, never to be found again.

Don't know how far the FJR & ST ended up going on a tank, impressive whatever it was. Yet I don't think Chris & Linda where too impressed, but least the beautiful scenery, and checking out the size of some of the mansions along the way kept their minds off the gauge for some time.

It was here that Ross & Heather decided to leave us, and we made our way up the Old Pacific Hwy to Peats Ridge and then onto

... over page

Budgewoi. Not sure of the exact time we hit the Old Pacific Hwy, I'd suggest it was around the 4.00pm mark. Whatever it was it was great, the road was devoid of cars, boys racers etc, and we had a great run up the coast. With such a great surface, some nice twisty bits I can understand why this is still a favourite with many riders.


The Motel overlooked the water; from there just across the bridge is the pub, a couple of restaurants etc. Cath & I go there quite a bit, staying at a holiday house that my Mum owns there, so we thought we'd camp there with the Gemmell's, then chuck some \$ into the pot so that it didn't cost so much for those staying at the motel.

So what to do next, a beer of course then we'll work it out from there. So over to the pub it was, after a few quite ales it was decided that dinner would be had at the pub (Lindsay & Belinda tried the Thai over the road, and based on their comments is something we should try in the future. But then again, I should be wary as Thai/Chinese always tastes good when one or two too many beers have been consumed before hand).

Over the course of the night our group progressively got smaller & smaller, Last drinks where called and then it was time to stumble home. Just as well too, didn't want to stay up



Come-all-Bob is not normally a gambling man, but he got caught up with some locals in the TAB in the Budgewoi Pub. This captures the moment he realised that putting "\$10 On-the-Nose" wouldn't pay for a nag that came third.



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too late having organised an early morning walk/swim along the beach.

Sunday 7.30am it was time to get the toes wet. Bob & Linda passed, deciding to go and have Breakfast with their son in Newcastle –The plan was to meet up in Wollombi at 10.45am.

Mouldy & I, were the only one's to put the "dick stickers" on and venture into the water, quite brisk at that hour of the day ...I must of looked a sight with three Adam's apples. The look didn't last for long with the first gulp of air forcing everything back to where they should be; Bang – Felt like I was in a washing machine being pumbled, into the sand. How many beers did I have last night ?? Next thing I'm travelling down the coast faster than we rode through a couple of the towns on the way here. As the group faded into the distance, Lindsay & Belinda followed me down the beach. Time to get out otherwise I'll end up in Sydney. "We thought you were going to get sucked out to

sea". "Glad to see someone cared, but what would you of done??" "Nothing but at least we could tell the authority's where you disappeared'. Good on ya.

In conversation the night before it was decided to forget the other two ferry's for another day, let's make our way back Via Kulana to Wollombi, Broke, Jerry's Plains then the back way to Sandy Hollow, and on to Rylstone via Bylong (Which as a few of us found out on the way to Bendemeer is now all sealed).

So after breakfast it was TWR's/GPS's turn to lead us to Wyong and then up Kulnura (First time I've ever done this bit of road – not bad, but if you weren't careful, you could quite easily disappear into some of the potholes that existed along the way).

From there to Wollombi has some nice windy bits, yet limited opportunity to overtake which saw the group split up a bit. I know fellow road users don't always see bikes, even bike riders don't see bikes, as Cath & I found out when 6 or so Learners shot out of nowhere coming round a bend near Bucketty. A bit scary, especially when we tried to overtake them, At Wollombi it was apparent that Cath & I weren't the only one's got a bit of a fright along this section of road, as it turns out TWR was almost collected a couple of times whilst trying to overtake, with cars pulling out/turning right in front of him, resulting in Chris wanting to be taken the quickest way home.

Having arrived 1/2 hour or so later at Wollombi than planned, The Wards had made their

way to Broke, here the group split up again, with Mc-wards going Via Merriwa, and the rest to Rylstone for lunch. Despite our best efforts, we turned up at the Globe Hotel at 10mins past two. "Sorry lunches are off", so it was sandwiches at the Café across the street.

Once devoured, Sandy & I made tracks, by the time we hit Mudgee the lights of Rob's FJR & Lindsay's Diversion where not too far behind. No sign of the two Tigers, Not to worry their big boys and know where they're going – home, and besides over the weekend when not in front they seemed to pounce out of nowhere, to stalk you from behind. That's the beauty of these rides I thought, besides running out of fuel there's not much to worry about, most know where we're going and are happy to do it at any pace they feel comfortable with.

Over the weekend I thought of where else we could go for up and coming rides, Sandy Hollow – Bylong – Rylstone, then Ilford – Sofala – Bathurst, Oberon – Taralga. Three good rides rolled into one for a weekend is a MUST, The beauty of this that for those that don't want to ride that far in a day, can do whatever, if any section, they like. If they only want to come for a part of the way and make their way back to Dubbo they can, or of course if they feel like an evening of beers, cheers & lies exaggerated truths meet at the final destination. I'm thinking about this in June, watch up & coming newsletters for details.

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Lap Dancers?

If you dig around the motogp.com website you can find analytical data relating to each race. Position after each lap, lap times, section times, etc. Munch these in a spreadsheet and you can come up with some interesting numbers.

Take the cases of Valentino Rossi and Colin Edwards at Jerez. In this analysis I have excluded the first lap (standing start) and last two laps (foregone conclusion so they backed off):

Factor	Rossi	Edwards
Average lap-time	1'40.289	1'41.695
Slowest Lap	1'40.936	1'42.159
Fastest Lap	1'39.818	1'41.130
Average deviation	0.220 sec	0.219 sec
Av. Deviation lap/lap	0.171 sec	0.170 sec

Rossi's average lap time was 1'40.289. On average all his other laps varied from this by just 0.22 seconds (22/100ths). After a 4,423 metre lap that is just plus or minus 9.7 metres on the ground at his average speed. If you consider his laps one to the next the average variation between consecutive laps is just 0.171 seconds (17/100ths).

Rossi's slowest lap was still better than Edward's fastest lap. Edwards finished 7th, 34 seconds behind Rossi, and his times are even more consistent than Rossi's.

The same tends to apply to all riders in the race. There is a lap time they can achieve and that's what they do – consistently, lap after lap after lap without variation. Once their position in the race matches the rank of their achievable lap time then the race becomes a procession.

TWR

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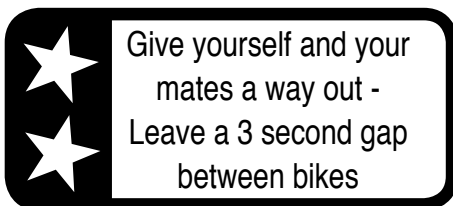


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5. Your reason for not staying in touch with friends and family is that they don't have e-mail addresses.
6. You pull up in your own driveway and use your mobile phone to see if anyone is home to help you carry in the groceries.
7. Every commercial on television has a web site at the bottom of the screen.
8. Leaving the house without your mobile phone, which you didn't have the first 20 or 30 (or 60) years of your life, is now a cause for panic and you turn around to go and get it.
10. You get up in the morning and go online before getting your coffee.
11. You start tilting your head sideways to smile.
12. You're reading this and nodding and laughing.
13. You are too busy to notice there was no #9 on this list.
14. You actually checked that there wasn't a #9 on this list



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Catholic Dog

Muldoon lived alone in the Irish countryside with only a pet dog for company. One day the dog died, and Muldoon went to the parish priest and asked, 'Father, my dog is dead. Could ya' be saying a mass for the poor creature?'

Father Patrick replied, 'I'm afraid not; we cannot have services for an animal in the church. But there are some Baptists down the lane, and there's no tellin' what they believe. Maybe they'll do something for the creature.'

Muldoon said, 'I'll go right away Father. Do ya' think £5,000 is enough to donate to them for the service?'

Father Patrick exclaimed, 'Sweet Mary, Mother of Jesus! Why didn't ya tell me the dog was Catholic?'

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Little brat!

A little boy came down for breakfast on morning and asked his grandma,

"Where's Mum and Dad?" and she replied, "They're up in bed." The little boy started to giggle and ate his breakfast and went out to play. Then he came back in for lunch and asked his grandma,

"Where's Mum and Dad?" and she replied, "They're still up in bed." Again the little boy started to giggle and he ate his lunch and went out to play.

Then the little boy came in for dinner and once again he asked his grandma,

"Where's Mum and Dad?" and his grandmother replied, "They're still up in bed." The little boy started to laugh and his grandmother asked,

"What gives? Every time I tell you they're still up in bed you start to laugh! What's going on here?" The little boy replied, "Well, last night daddy came into my bedroom and asked me for the Vaseline and I gave him Super Glue."

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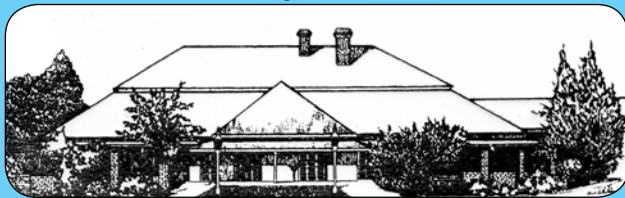
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