

# Emu News

**ULYSSES CLUB INCORPORATED** Esperance WA Branch

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Social Committee Dee, Baz, Jim, Evert, Sue.

**Monthly Meetings.** First Sunday each month at selected midday lunch venues. The latest ride guide can be seen at Stearnes, BJ's Fruit & Veg, Powerplant & Southcoast Motorcycles for checkups and last minute adjustments or phone someone.

## Ride & Party Guide.

**Sun 21st Dec** - Free Ride

**Sun 28th Dec** - Free Ride

**Wed 31st Dec** - Pat Malone & Fi getting married!!

Condingup & Districts Recreation Assoc are having a **New Years' Eve** Ball with Shaka Tail Feather playing. Bar facilities, 1 free drink on arrival, great music, BYO Supper, \$35 per person

**Sun 4th Jan** - Free Ride

**Sun 11th Jan** - Ride to Condingup Tavern for AGM starting at 1pm

**Sun 18th Jan** - Possible Ride to Orleans Bay Caravan Park for BBQ at Lawrence's campsite

**Esperance Subs.** Reminder to all EMU Mob members the Annual sub of \$15 is now due. Subs can be paid to Sue Marsh, Dee or Steve. If you are unsure of your financial standing contact one of the above for a clarification. Note that the due date has changed to Jan each year.

Also check your Ulysses membership which is due Dec every 3 years

**EMU NEWS** Since last time, there have been a ride or two and we had the Annual Christmas & Awards Dinner. This was once again a hoot, held at the Travellers Inn they dished up an acceptable feed and provided plenty of drinks, we provided the humour, the gift swap was riotous, popular items were a whip and bitch/dog collar, some willy soap (that's a soap with a hole in it, most of the wives reckoned the hole was too small) a couple of soft spiky balls with flashing lights in them, they got tossed around for awhile until Larry Large caused his ball to pop and it got a bit limp and flabby (sound familiar?), chocs and a BMW Z3 sports car that went from

Latenerlie to Marshie then Homer who got to drive it home. Tor scored the door prize hamper, he got all overcome with emotion and shouted the bar, thanks Tor that beer tasted extra good, it turned out that it was Tor & Audrey's 33rd wedding anniversary, talk about an ol softy. Tor was last seen under the streetlight rounding the Traves corner with his loot in his arms, trouble was Audrey was still at the party. To find out if Tor came back to collect Audrey, or if Audrey got a lift home OR if she is still at the Travs. All will be revealed in the next issue of the Emu News.

The awards, the piece de resistance of the evening, well it turned out there has not been too much disgraceful behaviour this past year, must be something to do with the most disgraceful among us being absent, the Large's have been over east, Readie & Gurk got lost somewhere, Hogman has gone to live in Chidlow and so on, it was left to Graham Sharpe to carry the flag and receive the "Don't worry lads, I know the way" award for his efforts in getting lost on the backtrack to Fraser Range, follow up awards went to Homer, Mal (absent) and Bob & Mary for following him into the unknown. Don't worry Sharpie WE still have faith in you and we will follow you next time, one thing you don't get bored on a Sharpie trip.

### **MOTORCYCLE FACTS**

#### **YOU CAN FORGET WHAT YOU DO FOR A LIVING WHEN YOUR KNEES ARE IN THE BREEZE.**

Under Down Under. Bob McCracken's book has now undergone a revision and is now in print worldwide. For a copy of Bob's book email him for details [Robert.mccracken@westnet.com.au](mailto:Robert.mccracken@westnet.com.au) or to order from Barnes & Noble in the USA [www.iuniverse.com](http://www.iuniverse.com) Click on universe on line book store, type in Title and author Robert McCracken. Also [www.bookfinder.com](http://www.bookfinder.com) or amazon.com. Its real good read.

#### **Heres a note from our roving correspondent Latenerlie on his exploits at the Albany Hillclimb**

Ay Steve, Thought you might be interested in the events on the first weekend in November. Once again I girded up my loins (filthy beast!) and trailered over my machines to that land shrouded in rain, hail and sleet that is better known as Albany. That day did not disappoint with such torrential rain that I couldn't see the bikes on the trailer behind unless I gently touched the brake pedal to vaguely get a reflection of their chrome in my rear view mirror from the brake lights. I mean it's just not me to have to slow down to 80 KPH but even with the wipers batting manically away, forward vision was severely limited too! This time Cinderella did go to the ball, in that finally after 18 months of lay up, the Gold Star was up and running. Well, sort off, when the bloody thing felt like it. The other bike sharing the miserable conditions on the trailer was the '66 BSA Spitfire. I had figured the Spit would be just the job for the 120k rally on Saturday and the Goldie would be better suited, rortier, snortier and generally more hoon like, for the hillclimb on the Sunday.

On the Friday morning, having got there late Thursday, I fettled both bikes and was reasonably assured that both were going to function when called on. Whilst loading the Spitfire onto the trailer I had walked the bike up the ramp using the running engine, first gear and judicious slipping of the clutch to get it in place. Just before it was right on, the moody beast leapt forward and fortunately stalled as it hit the end of the trailer. Bugger! The clutch cable had broken, just at the bar end nipple. So, part of these preparations was to rip out the old clutch cable and get it sorted with a new inner wire. Wonderful thing about "unit" construction, it looks very neat, but to effect this cable removal I had to half dismantle the bike. It necessitated the removal of the Timing Side Cover which in turn requires the removal of the kick start, the gear lever and the foot rest. Fortunately Albany Motorcycles, on The Albany Highway, are brilliant and they fixed me up with a new inner by lunch time and at a reasonable price too.

The plan was that for that afternoon's parade up and down York Street, the main drag, I would cock my leg over the Goldie while a friend would look sweet (female friend.) upon the seat of a motorbike built for two, namely the Spitfire. Despite being up and hoonable that morning, the Goldie decided to wet her pants (flood the carby.) and sulk. Plan "B" saw me on the Spitfire and my friend on her own BMW R1100R. Usual dithery parade scenario and I'm glad really that the Goldie refused to play, as the way up York Street would have had the clutch protesting hotly. Coming back down I mainly rolled in neutral and revved the motor occasionally for effect.

Saturday morning and I had plans to show both bikes at the open air bike show on Stirling Terrace. The Goldie, meanwhile, had a different agenda! When I finally got the bitch running, I only had time to put in a quick blast (Honestly officer I forgot the speedo was in MPH. Really? 80 KPH? My speedo was only reading 50!) down into town and through the assembled throng on the Terrace. Hoping against hope that the old girl would stay running, as I hadn't a snowball's chance in hell of restarting if it stalled.

So, then it was back to pick up the Spitfire for the poker run rally. Well with all that morning's feverish activity, I thought I would cheat a little on the rally and just follow a guy I had been chatting to at the off. He was well sorted with his rally notes taped to the tank of his late 60's Bonneville and it meant I could just stuff my instructions in my jacket pocket. Big mistake! 16k's later in the totally wrong direction, I realised my folly. From being a nice relaxing ride it had become a mad rush to catch up. Catch up we did and the ride was through some lovely country. The weather was warm if not entirely sunny with a deal of overcast sky about. The rally was all over to the West of Albany ducking backwards and forwards between the main Denmark Road and the Lower Denmark Road. There were a couple of branches off to very scenic beaches down extremely narrow and twisty roads that required a degree of patience and care on account of bikes coming and going in both directions. Fortunately there were no coming together that I was aware of on these roads, though I believe there were a couple of minor spills elsewhere. One was the result of dithering about while deciding whether to take a right turn or go straight on, meanwhile the bike made the decision to take the half right turn into the bush. My rally had returned to being a very pleasant ride when bugger me, a bee chose to commit hari kari on my face. Yes, against all the motherly advice from mine host, I had worn my open face helmet to look the part. For those not in the know, I tend to fall over when stung by bees. In my enthusiasm for the off from Esperance I had also left the newly prescribed adrenaline gizmo at home too. I thought I would tough it out and use the old "mind over matter" thing. Well it, and a previously taken hay fever pill, got me back as far as the main road where I had to stop and rest my head on the bars for a spell. My rally was looking like it was about to finish quite unceremoniously. For a while everything was spinning and lurching about me but then it cleared long enough for me to very slowly make my way to a roadhouse that I knew to be under a kilometre away. The owner, though he didn't sell such things, gave me two of his own antihistamine hay fever pills. Twenty minutes later I was sufficiently recovered to carry on and finish the rally. Was I p.ssed when I found I had missed the free afternoon tea that had been provided by a local coffee shop, Dylan's on the Terrace. Oh well, c'est le guerre!

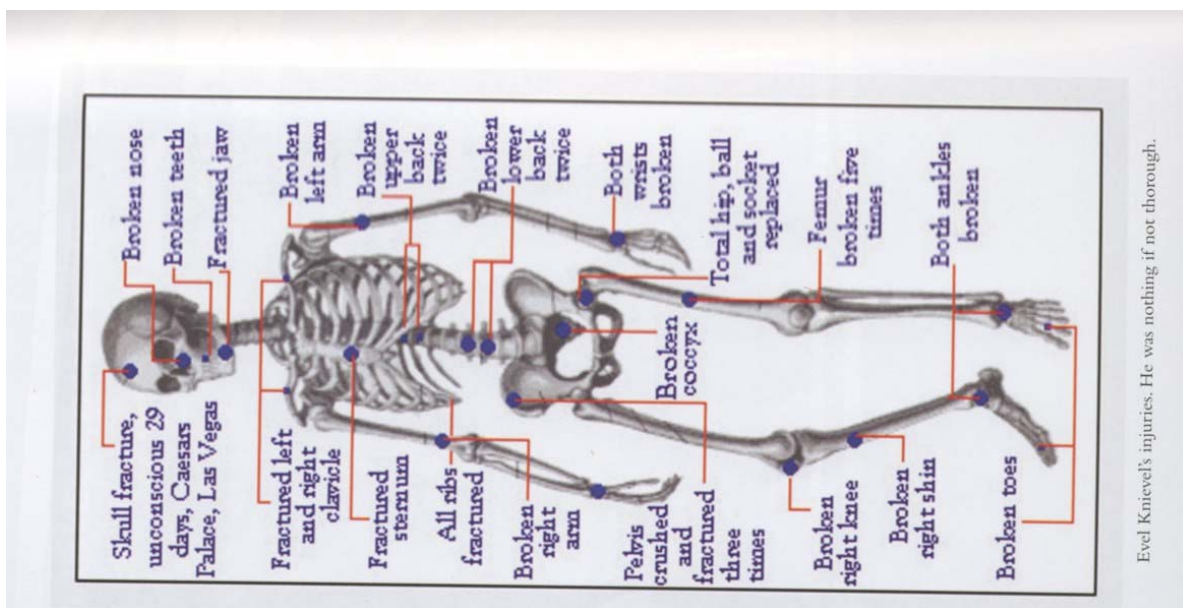
That night at the BBQ dinner my face ballooned down the side of the sting to the point where my right eye was almost closed. I had visions of having to tape my eye open for the hillclimb the next day. Morning came and thanks to far too many Phenergan my eye was open, well just about open. In hindsight the Phenergan were probably not a terribly bright idea but when needs must....etc. The Goldie was mainly cooperative and I got the familiarisation run and the two timed, but not competition runs, done with no major problem. The hardest thing for me was the 'pairing' that I had for my runs. The organisers try to pair competitors' bikes with one fast and one slower bike. This is to minimise conflict in the twisties at the top of Mt. Clarence. The event being a regularity contest against the clock there is no direct competition with the person beside you on the start line. On paper my pairing looked good, my '56 500cc BSA single cylinder against a 1979 650cc Honda and sidecar. The trouble is that my old beastie produces 40 BHP and the much more modern Honda 4 cylinder, OHC engine turns out 63 BHP. Off the line they were very evenly matched and my erstwhile charioteer was suicidally determined to get into the top bends either before me or alongside me. Either way I chickened out, not wishing to get pushed over the edge of Mt Clarence by this nutter. He was bouncing his sports sidecar wheel off the rocks at the side of the road on the left-handers. I believe this geriatric lunatic had his grand daughter in the chair. I wonder if she'll be in it next year? Once into the bends the outfit was actually slower than me and so my times were well down on my posted choice and in fact well down on my last year's times on the Spitfire. Apart from these struggles I had one very bad start where the motor bogged down badly, coughing and farting off the line. Imagine my embarrassment when I realised later it had been caused by my trouser leg being sucked into the carby bell mouth and acting like a choke! I rode then like a one sided "knee down" racer, even if it did nothing for aerodynamics. Finally, towards the end of the day, my total ignominy came when I fell while bump starting the cranky old beast. I had dropped the clutch, having paddled off down hill, and the motor locked on compression and the bike was skidding to a halt. I just didn't get my feet off the pegs quick enough and

over I went. Fortunately there was no major damage with just the bar end mirror and the right foot peg rubber taking the brunt of the fall. The gear lever took a little reshaping and my spare tank badge will be removed from my kitchen wall to be pressed into service. The worst part was the embarrassment of having to call someone over to help me up, my leg being firmly held to the ground by the bike. The petrol gaily spurting from the tank cap breather was a trifle ominous and also added a degree of urgency to the rescue.

So for the washup, there were no prizes, a face like Hammy The Hampster, a few bruises and some minor repairs. Looking back on this account I can understand many saying, "what a bloody awful weekend!" Not a bit of it! It was bloody marvellous and I can't wait to do it all over again next year. The thing to decide between now and then is which bike for what? Now, the GT 250 Suzuki might just cream a few of them up the hill! Alive, definitely! Potty I might be, but very happily so!

Steve, I have enclosed some pics. There are some that were published in an Albany paper the week before this year's event taken last year, and some from this year too. I was pleasantly surprised to see myself from last year on the Spit.

**HERES AN INTERESTING SNIPPET OR A REALLY GOOD REASON NOT TO FALL OFF YOUR MOTORBIKE, IT DEPICTS THE BROKEN BONES EVEL KNEIVEL RECEIVED IN HIS MOTOR BIKE JUMPING OVER THINGS CAREER. OUCH I BET ALL OF THEM HURT.**



### Motor Bikes for Sale

How's this one? **2008 Triumph Tiger** brand new, only ridden from Bunbury to Esperance **White** and immaculate Contact **Mark Yeend** for a bargain **0427223371**

Vintage **BSA C11 250cc** Ring **Mick Potae 90717278** for details

**Viagra 250** in Kal Contact **Amanda 90914220** for details.

**Viagra 250cc** 2003 model 10000kms Contact **Sue Leith 0427081750**

**Bloody hell! are these things breeding? Contact Andy Watson for Gill's**  
**Viagra**

**BMW K1200RS 03** model with luggage, 30200km Asking \$17000. Ring **Chris Valtcheff 0416276538 or 90754383** Leave a message Wait for an answer as Chris is away for 2-week intervals. I have had a spin on this beauty and it's a snorter, it

goes like stink and stops on a sixpence. The RS models were always special and this one is no exception, was real impressed by the linked power brakes it would be the best stopping bike I have ever ridden.

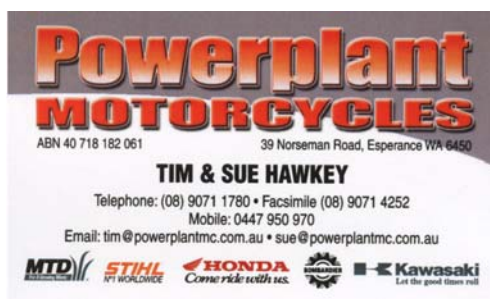
It gets better! Check out this one **Moto Guzzi 1000cc Sport**, 96 model Asking **\$7000**. For details ring **Arron Murphey 0438944263**

**Remember to Support our Advertisers** Check them out for the best Ulysses deals.

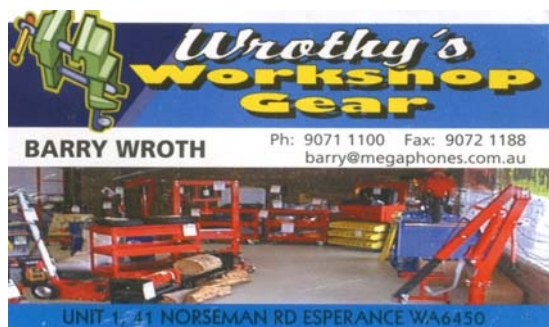
**"Plexus" Plastic Cleaner Protectant & Polish** See **Steve (Homer)** at **Stearne & Co** Sheldon Road for a beaut **Perspex, painted plastic and visor cleaner**. **\$28.60 a can**. No Abrasives, Alcohol or Ammonia Ask for the special **Ulysses price**. **\$19.80**



Scott & Debbie South Coast Motorcycles



Tim & Sue Hawkey



#### TRUE STORY:

Outside Bristol Zoo there is a car park where cars and coaches can park. There was also a nice bloke with a hat and ticket machine charging cars £1 and coaches £5.

This parking attendant worked there for about 25 years , then one day didn't turn up for work...Ho hum say Bristol Zoo management- Better phone up Bristol City Council and get them to send a new parking attendant.....

Err no say the Council...That car park is your responsibility...

Err no say Bristol Zoo the attendant was employed by you .....wasn't he....?

Err NO!!!!

Sitting in his villa in Spain is a bloke who had been taking the car park takings for Bristol Zoo for the last 25 years....

Wandering correspondent Mark sent this report from the Northam Motorbike Festival. Maybe we should add this to next years ride calendar sounds like a good show

Hi Steve,

Went to the Northam Motorbike Festival on Saturday and it was worth the trip. It's only a hundred km from the centre of Perth and makes a good day out. The manufacturers all had their tents there so was like a normal motorbike show in the city in that respect. What made it different was the live music, the displays by the clubs, from the hotted up Harleys to street fighters (cafe racers of the present-day) and even vintage motocross. Northam is a good venue because there is more room to have the super Moto racing and the Yamaha stunt team right next to all the display tents. Have a look at the tree in the pictures and you will see how high the stunt riders were while they were doing backflips, hanging upside down from their bikes before landing only a couple of metres away. It is hard to see the bike against the tree, but if you can see it it gives an idea of how high they were and how close to the crowd.

The Harley-Davidson salesman was very keen to sell me a new rocker even though it did not have an auto clutch!!!

The extra space was good and enabled the trials club to set up their display in the middle of the festival. A couple of the pictures show them doing wheel stands while going over concrete drainage pipes and also climbing on boxes onto the top of a box the size of a caravan. All good stuff and very entertaining. It was a hot day so we ended going into Woolworths for a cold drink and an ice cream in the air-conditioning to cool down, before coming back and not staying for the rock concert afterwards.

The police had a radar trap on the way out and a few cars on the Great Eastern Highway, to raise a few quick dollars. It was all worth a day out and a pity we went in the car as I don't have a big bike here to go on the winding back roads to York and Northam.

Cheers Mark

*An 18 year old girl tells her Mum that she has missed her period for two months.*

*Very worried, the mother goes to the chemist and buys a pregnancy kit.*

*The test result shows that the girl is pregnant.*

*Shouting, cursing, crying, the mother says 'who was the pig that did this to you? I want to know!'*

*The girl picks up the phone and makes a call.*

*Half an hour later an AMG Mercedes stops in front of their house, a mature and distinguished man with grey hair and impeccably dressed in an Armani suit steps out of the Mercedes and enters the house.*

*He sits in the living room with the father, mother and the girl, and tells them:*

*Good morning, your daughter has informed me of the situation. I can't marry her because of my personal family situation but I'll take responsibility for my actions.*

*I will pay all costs and provide for your daughter for the rest of her life.*

*Additionally, if a girl is born I will bequeath her 2 retail stores, a townhouse, a beachfront villa and a \$2,000,000 bank account.*

*If a boy is born, my legacy will be a couple of factories and a \$4,000,000 bank account.*

*If twins, they will receive a factory and \$2,000,000 each.'*

*Finally, for causing such social embarrassment and distress to you both I would like to offer \$1,000,000 in compensation, my private yacht, and Gold Coast penthouse to be at your disposal at any time.*

*However, if there is a miscarriage, what do you suggest I do?'*

*At this point, the father, who had remained silent the entire time, places a hand firmly on the man's shoulder and tells him...*

*'You root her again.'*

The Scribes Tip Of The Week:

**WHEN YOU'RE RIDING LEAD DON'T SPIT.**



**CHRISTMAS**

Who wants to sit on Santa's lap?

Here you lot

Times are tough

Times are hard

Here's your blooming Christmas card.

All the best for Christmas and the New Year and 2009

Homer the Scribe and the Pillion Lyn