



All Torque



Editorial Utterances

What a busy couple of months it has been.

Eight Branch members headed north to the AGM at Maryborough Queensland. What a great ride (see story)

If you have not yet experienced an AGM I would encourage you to plan to attend one in the future.

Gravel Ride No.4 was another great ride; see story and Dan's Movie, Look out Ewan and Charlie!

Read about Niecey's first AGM.

The Branch had its second AGM even though our Branch is approaching its 10 year anniversary. The minutes will be published in the next newsletter.

The Branch newsletter is continues to thrive but I need more articles and photos.

Thanks to those who have sent contributions. Keep those stories coming in!

(Apologies to Rob Whymark, your story is in this issue).

Read more inside!!

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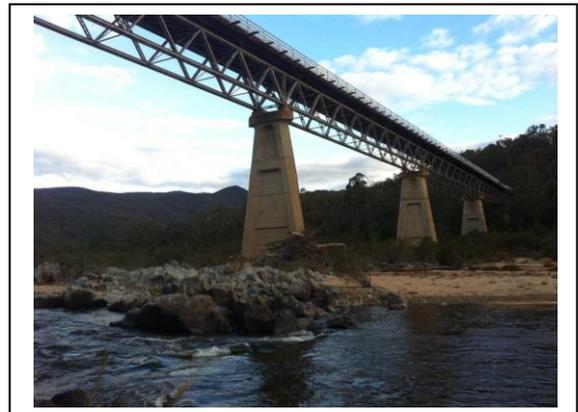
"You don't stop laughing when you get old, you grow old when you stop laughing."

James Murray

Editor at Large

(or is that Large Editor?)





AMCN 20th Anniversary International Island Classic

The 20th Anniversary Island Classic was a special event for a number of reasons; Giacomo Agostini would be appearing as a guest possibly for the last time, spectators were allowed to camp trackside and also attend the Anniversary Dinner.

Phil (Yamaha V-Star) and me, Rob (Tiger 800) had an absolute hoot over the weekend. The whole atmosphere was so friendly and welcoming, both in pit lane, trackside and in the camping grounds.

Phil travelled down to the Island on Thursday, as planned, but due to Grandparent Duty, I wasn't able to leave until Friday. Phil's trip was hot but uneventful and on arrival he hooked up with enthusiasts from WA and Qld to share a cooling ale or two.

My trip on Friday involved a range of weather conditions that only the southern states can muster: a beautiful cool, sunny early morning trip over the Monaro, blisteringly hot dry westerly winds across the Gippsland region, freezing cold southerly with driven rain crossing the Strzelecki Highway, clearing to a beautiful evening on the Island!

The campsite atmosphere was just wonderful, with competitors, officials and enthusiasts mingling with spectators from all over Australia, enjoying a beer or two and tall tales (all true!).

Pit lane is open to all visitors, where you are welcome to take photos, talk to the competitors, buy stuff at trade displays and meet interesting personalities. A highlight for me was chatting with AMCN journalists, Grant Roff, Daniel Cousins, and the charismatic Boris Mihailovic.

Even the bike parking area was exciting with displays of restored rider's bikes. You could find a Hesketh parked next to an immaculate series C Black Shadow, Triumphs and BSAs of all ages, and a huge range of other exotica.

The Anniversary Dinner was huge, with over 600 guests. The atmosphere was electric, with enthusiastic applause for Cam Donald, Ryan Farquhar and Jeremy McWilliams as they took the stage.

Alan Cathcart's interview with the legendary Ago kept us on the edge of our seats for over an hour, as Ago retold the story of his life, including some juicy gossip, which has to remain on the Island! Ago was such an entertaining speaker that we were rolling around laughing our arses off until nearly midnight. The grog was free and unlimited thanks to the sponsors, Tahbilk, so the midnight wobbly-boot walk back to the campsite took a while, with a few unplanned detours.

The two days of racing was fast, furious and LOUD! Whether they were 1st or 21st the competitors waved enthusiastically to the crowd on their way back to the pit lane, ready to mount their next ride – they must have been totally knackered by Sunday night.

Phil and I agree that if you love watching bike racing, the International Island Classic is hard to beat for fun, excitement and atmosphere. We'll be back!Rob



Maryborough AGM Ride.....James Murray

Day One – Bemboka to Sydney

Brunhilda sat idling outside my back door eager for the open road. She had new oil in her motor, gearbox and diff, her tank full to the brim with 95 octane ready for the long haul to Queensland.

The weather was overcast and cool, the Brown covered in cloud. I mounted my Valkyrie and we were off Wagner ringing in my ears. (Look it up...Ed).

The Brown was as slippery as cat snot, a mixture of diesel and cow shit (again!!) but we made it. Nimmitabel soon rolled past then on to Cooma and that were the problems started.

The bike was not handling well so decided to check the tyre pressures. Pressures were OK so move the luggage around a bit. This done I thumbed the starter. The motor started but only just, then the ABS light started flashing and would not reset, not a good start!

Pushed on but found that I had no ABS? Brunhilda purred up the highway but ABS lights were going disco. When Fyshwick rolled into view I turned in on the off chance that I might be able to get Mick Owen to have a quick look and see if he could I advise on the problem.

Fortunately he could and in 5 minutes he had solved the problem! He just plugged in his computer played a few key strokes on his laptop, all good. The problem was the rear wheel ABS sensor, Mick isolated it and hey presto no more flashing lights and the motor burst into life instantly. Thanks Mick.

As a side bar story Mick is closing down his shop and is now going mobile, He is doing majors jobs from a workshop at his home. Hope it all works for him, a shame to see yet another small motorcycle business closing down. If you need to contact him he is on the same phone numbers as before.

The remainder of the ride was uneventful other than the heavy traffic and mad Sydney drivers. 500kms / 6 hours of riding, I was glad to see my old Mums driveway.

Day Two was spent hard at work. In exchange for a great home cooked meal and a comfortable bed I promised Mum I would do some tree pruning and yard clearing for her.

Day Three Sydney to Ilford

Eager to get on the road I was away early but I had forgotten how bad city traffic was. It seemed an eternity before I had passed over the Nepean River and was running up into the Blue Mountains. This still a pleasant ride though there are now so many speed cameras and speed zone changes you end up watching your speedo more than the scenery!

Once over Mt Victoria (still exiting ride) the road cleared and I let Brunhilda have her head and we were soon at Ilford where I was to overnight at my sister's place. It was good to catch up and as a bonus my sister cooks the best corned beef!

Day Four – Ilford to Armidale

I had arranged to meet Bruce at a motel in Armidale this afternoon so that we could ride on together to the AGM.

Easy ride today, up through the Mudgee wine country then on to Gulgong, Dunedoo, Coolah, along the Black Stump Way to Mullaley, then on to Gunnedah then Tamworth.

After a pleasant lunch, it was on to Uralla and Armidale.

I arrived at the Rose Villa Motel Armidale at about 2.30pm, tired and hot but otherwise OK. Had a long cold shower and stretched out for an afternoon nap, I was just dropping off when Bruce's voice boomed through the door. He had only come from Newcastle so had hardly broken a sweat.

Day Five (Wednesday) Armidale to Narangba

We thought we would have an easy day but it turned into a shocker!

We were off early to try and beat the heat that was building up, so we breakfasted at Glen Innes. The breakfast was so large that neither Bruce nor I needed lunch that day.

As some of you know I am a pagan and Glen Innes is a special place for pagans. This area was originally settled by Celtic people from Scotland and Ireland and they brought their pagan beliefs and traditions with them. Just above the town are the standing stones of Glen Innes so I took the opportunity to visit them to secure good fortune for the journey.

The goddess was not to favour us this time, as we rode north the weather started to become ominous, the humidity rose, a portent of impending disaster.

I need to fuel up but Bruce didn't so he went on ahead. I went into a servo, filled up and was just remounting when crash!!... A little old lady hit my pannier knocking the bike over on top of me. A couple of people lifted the bike off me and we heaved the bike back onto its wheels.

No damage to the bike but it left me bruised and battered with damaged boots. While all this was happening the little old lady who hit me stayed seated in her car oblivious to the damage she had caused! I caught up to Bruce and we rode on but soon I had to pull over as the pain in my elbow was getting bad and I was a bit shocky. I also found that my right hand mirror had come loose and was spinning around. The lock nut had come off so gaffer tape was applied to hold it until repairs could be made later.

Off again but then the rain started, we slipped and slid over Cunningham's Gap and on into Ipswich. The storm got worse, lightning strike splitting the sky, we got drenched. We stopped again to get out of the rain and let the traffic pass and discussed the route to my sister's place. I told Bruce that I did not have a toll pass so he reset his GPS to get there without tolls. This was a big mistake and it was my fault that we got caught in a 3 hour traffic jam! Both Bruce and I found that fully laden BMW GS's are not suited to stop start city traffic. Both bikes overheated and we both had near misses with cage drivers.

We finally arrived at my sister's place hot, wet and very tired. My sister took pity on us and after a shower and some good food we recovered. I made repairs to the mirror and my boots and slept soundly.

Day Six – Narangba to Marybough AGM Site

Easy ride today, the rain had stopped.

Arriving at the AGM we were soon registered and thanks to Niecey and Kim we soon found our Branch Campsite and set up the tents that were to be home for the next four days.

Day Seven to Ten – THE AGM

If you want to know what happens at an AGM you will just have to go to one!

I am not going to tell you because ...”What happens at an AGM stays at the AGM!”

My opinion...this was a good AGM but not as good as Mildura.

Day Eleven (Sunday 21st April) - Time to head home.

We were all headed in different directions; I will let others tell their stories of their rides later.

I was going with Bruce north but the heat was getting too much for me. After consulting my map, I decided to head home via Gympie, Kingaroy, Dalby, then follow the Leichhardt Highway to Moonie, Goondiwindi to an overnight stop at Moree.

This was good choice of route as the road was great and the scenery spectacular. It was a great day's ride with only one issue. About 20km out of Moonie an escort vehicle flashed its headlights and waved me off the road. I had encountered several of these during the ride so I pulled over only to have the next escort vehicle try to run me off the road. OK?? I pulled further off the road but the next vehicle was a Police Car that slowed and advised me that I needed to get right off the road as the wide load was 9 metres wide!!

A few minutes later, a huge prime mover appeared with a trailer carrying a piece mining equipment of such a size that there was another prime mover pushing the load from behind!

If you are in Moree I can recommend the Winchester Motel, excellent rooms and a really good Chinese Restaurant across the road.

Day Twelve (Monday 22nd April)

Another beautiful day dawned but this time there was a welcome chill in the air. I don't do well in the heat so I really enjoyed the cool autumn day.

From Moree I headed south to Narrabri, Coonabarabran then on to Dubbo. The town of Dubbo has changed a lot since I last visited. It really is a city now and I was glad to be through it and back onto the open road.

The roads around this area are fast and flowing spoiled only by average speed cameras. Do these things work? Who knows?

I rode on to Parkes, stopping at Forbes for the night. Lots of Ulyssesians must have had the same idea as half of the motel car park was bikes!

I recommend the Econo Motel for a good room and the local pub for dinner.

Day Thirteen (Tuesday 23rd April)

This was to be the last day of this ride so had a late start and a good breakfast.

Back on familiar roads I made good time to Cowra, Boorowa and Yass. Traffic started to build the closer I got to Canberra. I really hate city traffic! An hour later I was out the other side and heading to Cooma.

I rolled into Polo Flat to fill Brunhilda's tank for the last time this trip and to partake of a coffee and a burger.

As I sat there I mused on how lucky we are to be able to enjoy these annual adventures on our motorcycles. The pleasure of the open road, the freedom to do whatever we please, go where ever we want by whatever route, no borders, no checkpoints, no military regimes to bar our path. We gripe about the speed cameras and the Police but when you think about it we really do live in the lucky country.

On to Nimmitabel and down the Brown (still slippery!) and Bemboka soon comes into view, ahh... I'm home.

Off goes the ignition, Brunhilda is silent save for the crackle of the cooling engine. I have had a lot of bikes over the years but I have got to say this old R1100GS BMW has surprised me. Considering that I only paid \$5000 for the bike I have been amazed at how well she has coped with all that I have thrown at her. She has done two AGMs, many dirt rides and it has given me a great deal of enjoyment. Sure I would like a new bike but is the expense worth it?

Brunhilda needs a bit of TLC now and a few mods may be in order but there is life in the old girl yet.

Postscript.

You all need to experience a Ulysses AGM.

Start planning NOW, next year the 2014 AGM is in Alice Springs NT.

The 2015 AGM is at Albury – Wodonga NSW & the 2016 AGM is at Launceston, Tasmania



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"Sometimes it takes a whole tank full of fuel before you can think straight"

All Torque

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Ride Co-ordinator's Commentary

G'day Members,

Here I am, back from my sojourn to the deep North. As I am sure many of you are aware, I failed to complete my attempt to reach Cape York. After a very successful AGM I headed off on the heroically named Bruce Highway. Unfortunately, due to the horrendous floods in the area, I spent more time on road works than I did on the highway itself. At one stage I was halted for fifteen minutes at a red light. In full clobber, at 33 degrees it was not pleasant! Luckily a couple of times I was able to get in the shade of a truck. I reached Marlboro on the first day. With the benefit of a cold beer of three, I reconsidered my situation and decide to head home instead. That night I stayed in some budget accommodation in Childers. It was quite new and very cheap. It was only in the morning that I realised that it was actually the infamous Childers Backpackers that was burnt down by a disgruntled boyfriend several years ago. They have retained the front section which was from the original Childers Pub and built an new motel type complex at the back. My room had seven beds but only cost me \$65.

The advantages of the early return was that I was able attend the McKillops Bridge Ride. I didn't even have to pack, just grabbed the camping sack that I used for the AGM. James, Greg, Dan and I had a blast! I have heard a rumour that some slanderous gossip may emerge in this newsletter. IT IS ALL UNTRUE! I mean would anyone believe that a well mannered person such as I say such a thing? I have been quoted out of context, not that I sad anything at all.

Enough of me and on to the calendar. As winter is fast bearing down on us, rides will have a definite bias towards the coastal strip. We may poke our noses west every now and then just to the long johns an airing. Along with the usual suspects, we have a couple of highlights such as a BBQ at Kate's and of course the ride to Taralga, see detail below.

Peter has suggested that we do a very long ride to the thermal springs at Moree. In fact he mentioned that there is actually a tourist route that we could follow. I would imagine that this would involve at least three days, so a long weekend or may be a mid week canter for us retired folk (I need to take time off for this one!..ED). If you are interested, let me know and I will put Peter in charge of coming up with a plan. It certainly could be a different way of dealing with the cold. Of course the less hardy of us could make use of tin-tops.

Cheers Bruce.

Taralga

The hotel has accommodation for 23 people in a variety of rooms. **EVERYONE IS TO MAKE THEIR OWN BOOKINGS.** First in best dressed. The hotel has dining, wood-fired pizza and log fires. For those of you who think that is a bit much there are alternate shorter routes via Brown Mountains or the Kings Highway. You could also stay Friday night in Cobargo. I may even be able provide a bed or two in Bermagui.

There is a hotel / motel and a B&B in town and also some campsites on the outskirts for those who like bugs in their tea etc..

Taralga Hotel

24 Orchard Street, Taralga...(02) 4840 2007...Email: info@taralgahotel.com

Web: www.taralgahotel.com

Avoid disappointment and book early.....BF

Branch Event Calender – June 2013

Date	Venue	Comments
Saturday 1 st	Bemboka Pie Shop Lunch at Cann River	10am Coffee and Chat Depart 10.30am up the Brown and down the Monaro Highway
Sunday 2 nd	Potaroo Palace Merimbula	10am Coffee and Chat
Wednesday 5 th	Sea Whisper Cafe Boat Shed Tuross Heads	10am Coffee and Chat Depart Sea Whispers 10.30am collect riders at Bermagui Cafe at 11am
Friday 7 th	Drovers Rest Bemboka	Lunch 12 noon
Saturday 8 th	Bemboka Pie Shop	10am Coffee and Chat
Sunday 9 th	Potaroo Palace Merimbula	10am Coffee and Chat
Wednesday 12 th	Sea Whisper Cafe Commercial Hotel	10am Coffee and Chat Branch Dinner 7pm
Friday 14 th	Drovers Rest Bemboka	Lunch 12 noon
Saturday 15 th	Bemboka Pie Shop Adaminaby	10am Coffee and Chat Last run in the alps before to snow sets in (I hope!) depart Pie Shop at 10.30am
Sunday 16 th	Potaroo Palace Merimbula	10am Coffee and Chat
Wednesday 19 th	Sea Whisper Cafe Mogo Zoo	10am Coffee and Chat Depart SW at 10.30am pick up Bruce at Bermagui Cafe at 11am. Lunch at Mogo
Friday 21 st	Drovers Rest Bemboka	Lunch 12 noon
Saturday 22 nd	Bemboka Pie Shop	10am Coffee and Chat
Sunday 23 rd	Potaroo Palace Merimbula Mallacoota Pub	10am Coffee and Chat Depart Potaroo at 10.30am ride to the Victorian Seaside.
Tuesday 25 th	Tura Beach Cafe	Penelope's Lunch 12.30pm
Wednesday 26 th	Sea Whisper Cafe	10am Coffee and Chat
Friday 28 th	Drovers Rest Bemboka	Lunch 12 noon
Saturday 29 th	Bemboka Pie Shop	10am Coffee and Chat
Saturday 29th & Sunday 30th	Overnight Ride to Taralga	Depart Cobargo Pie Shop 9.30 see details next page
Sunday 30 th	Potaroo Palace Merimbula	10am Coffee and Chat

Taralga Overnight Ride

Depart Cobargo Pie Shop at 9.30am (with a full tank of fuel please), up the Princes Highway to morning tea at Cafe Brill, Lake Burrill on the left after the roundabout, before the bridge.

Proceed along the Princes Highway to fuel stop at Caltex Albion Park Rail (on the left halfway along the straight). Back onto the Princes Highway to Macquarie Pass. Caution: this is a very popular "scratchers" road, can be dangerous and can be HIGHWAY PATROLLED!

Late lunch at Robertson Pie Shop, then on to the Taralga Hotel, 24 Orchard Street, Taralga.

EVERYONE IS TO MAKE THEIR OWN BOOKINGS! Note other accommodation is available.

The home trip will be via Kangaroo Valley. Map <http://www.whereis.com/?id=1252452BC17E62>

Branch Event Calender – July 2013

Date	Venue	Comments
Wednesday 3 rd Friday 5 th	Sea Whisper Cafe Drovers Rest Bemboka	10am Coffee and Chat Lunch 12 noon
Saturday 6 th Sunday 7 th	Bemboka Pie Shop Potaroo Palace Merimbula Kate's Place – 13 Tathra Street Tathra on Beach Hill just below laundrette.	10am Coffee and Chat 10am Coffee and Chat BBQ Lunch (sausages, rissoles and salad) 12pm onward BYO drinks 6494 1121 if lost.
Wednesday 10 th	Sea Whisper Cafe Candelo Cafe at east end of bridge Commercial Hotel	10am Coffee and Chat Lunch, depart SW at 11am Branch Dinner 7pm
Friday 12 th Saturday 13 th	Drovers Rest Bemboka Bemboka Pie Shop Blue Heron Moruya	Lunch 12 noon 10am Coffee and Chat Lunch, depart Pie Shop at 10.30am come down and feel the sun on your back (??ED)
Sunday 14 th Wednesday 17 th Friday 19 th Saturday 20 th	Potaroo Palace Merimbula Sea Whisper Cafe Drovers Rest Bemboka Bemboka Pie Shop	10am Coffee and Chat 10am Coffee and Chat Lunch 12 noon 10am Coffee and Chat
Sunday 21 st	Potaroo Palace Merimbula Narooma Waterfront	10am Coffee and Chat A bit of a change & a chance to compare fish shops
Wednesday 24 th	Sea Whisper Cafe Tomakin Sports Club	10am Coffee and Chat Depart SW at 10.30am, collect Bruce at Bermagui at 11am
Friday 26 th Saturday 27 th	Drovers Rest Bemboka Bemboka Pie Shop Nimmitabel Pie Shop	Lunch 12 noon 10am Coffee and Chat A quick flit to another pie.
Sunday 28 th	Potaroo Palace Merimbula	10am Coffee and Chat
Tuesday 30 th Wednesday 31 st	Littleton Cafe Bega Sea Whisper Cafe	Penelope's Lunch 12.30pm 10am Coffee and Chat

Gravel Travellers Ride No.4 -18th & 19th May 2013

“Now is the winter of our discount tent!”... (Apologies to William Shakespeare..ED)

It was with a little apprehension that I readied Brunhilda for the ride to McKillops Bridge. I had a feeling of foreboding about the ride. Little did I know what was to come!

When planning the previous Gravel Travels I carried out a “reccy” to make sure that the route was OK for the riders. This time I hadn’t checked the route and was relying on maps and other rider’s advice.

There were four of us braving the cold of the alpine region, Bruce and I on our BMW’s, Greg on his dusty (still has Cape York bull dust on it) Suzuki 650 and Dan on his latest acquisition a Honda XR600.

Bruce and I met at the Bemboka Pie Shop and planned to go up the Brown Mountain while Dan and Greg started from Bega. Both of the chook chasers had full knobbies so they would go via Tantawanglo Mountain road and meet us at the servo in Bombala at 10am.

The BMWs powered up the mountain arriving early at the servo, yes it was a chilly trip! Ten o’clock came and went no sign of Greg or Dan, what had happened?? Soon Greg arrived to advise us that Dan’s bike had broken a chain 10km out of Bega. Not a good start.

About 20minutes later Dan arrived and the excuses started. Luckily Dan’s mate was able to get a couple of join links from Mick Coles and bring them out to Dan. He also bought him some oil because the chain had cracked to crankcase when it came off! We all wondered if the bike would survive the trip. I still had this bad feeling.....

With all the bikes fuelled up we headed south to Delegate where we had a coffee break and an early lunch by the warmth of a log fire, yes it was getting colder. When Dan checked his bike out he noted with some dismay that there was a lot of oil on the ground, so thought he should top up. Well there was a problem wasn’t there. The Honda was one of those bikes that have the oil in the frame so he needed a funnel or a hose to get the oil in the little hole. So off he went to the garage and the general store but no luck. While eating a burger Dan came up with a cunning solution he would use a sauce squeeze bottle. Back to the store he goes, he buys a squeeze bottle of tomato sauce, sells the contents to the operator of the cafe, washes out the bottle, fills it with oil, tops up the bike, problem solved. Ah Dan you are a wonder!

As this was the last opportunity to fuel up Dan topped up his tank as the Honda only had an 8 litre tank. Dan was confident that he could make the distance with the aid of an extra 2 litre container he had strapped to the rack. That bad feeling still niggled...

Twenty kilometres down the road we turned off towards Dellicknora and started onto the dirt section of the ride. The road was a challenge for the big BMWs but Greg and Dan revelled in the slippery conditions. The road demanded concentration as there were BIG drop-offs on one side and overhanging embankments on the other side. I was being Captain Slow on this trip as Brunhilda only had dual purpose tyres that were worn from the AGM ride, so I waved the other guys past. This was a mistake as five minutes later I had front end lose and I slid into the drainage ditch. Yes I fell off again! There’s a pattern emerging here...

When the dust settled I assessed by situation. Nothing broken but my right leg was trapped under the bike, my boot caught under the foot peg. I lay there thinking, they won’t be long they will have missed me by now. Ten minutes past, no one came back, bugger. Better get myself out. So after

much pushing I was able to rock the bike enough to get my foot free, standing up covered in dust I surveyed the condition of the bike. Not much damage, a broken blinker, a bent spot light. After I got my breath back I applied the lifting technique taught to me many years ago at a Stay Upright Course and heaved the BMW back onto two wheels.

Mounting again I had to ride some 20 metres to get out of the ditch and back onto the road. About 10 minutes down the road I met Bruce coming back for me. I gave him the thumbs down and he fell in behind an escorted me to the campsite. Thanks mate, much appreciated. I was hurting, every bump shot pain up my right arm and into my shoulder. I worked out later that I had partially dislocated my shoulder (an old injury).

After more detailed inspection I found that I had loosened the mirror and badly bent my rear brake lever.

We set up our camp, each of us picking a spot away from the others. This was because certain members of the group snore really loudly (ask Dan and Greg about the stereo nocturnal concert!). Once camp was set up and repairs done the fun began.....

Let me just sum it up in dot points....

- the discussions were not exactly politically correct,
- the cooking competition was interesting and the menus variable,
- Dan makes girly sounds when he jumps into very cold water,
- he shocked us when he walked back into camp in wet jocks,
- out in the bush you can meet lonely people wearing "flannies" shirts and driving old pickups who just wanting to talk,
- marshmallows cooked over an open fire still taste good,
- you never know who will kiss you when you are in the bush! (ask Greg),
- mead and wine are very good anaesthetics for popping a shoulder back into place,
- lastly, the ground is still hard when camping.....zzzzzzzz.

Basically you had to be there to appreciate the moment.....

The sparrows started farting early on Sunday morning, forcing us to get up and get going. Our movie director explained our motivation and set up the camera.

Oh, I forgot to tell you, Dan had set out to film this trip on his Go-Pro helmet cam. Charlie and Ewan better watch out for competition, "Old Blokes Wrong Way Up" available on DVD soon.

One by one we rode across the magnificent McKillops Bridge being careful not to fall through the holes in the deck and looking heroic at the same time. The road wound up from the valley floor toward Jindabyne. The scenery was spectacular, the road again challenging, lots of corrugations and holes to contend with.

Our director / camera man Dan kept us on our toes by "brapping" up behind each of us to film then blasting past, showering us with gravel and Honda parts to race up ahead for the "money" shot. He soon disappeared way ahead of us; we could hear him right across the valley. When we caught up to him at the lookout he told us that he had lost the inner exhaust baffle and the end cap from his muffler back on the track. I confirmed this as I had almost worn them when he shot them at me some 10km back! He also informed us that his rack was broken and he was out of fuel, though he still had the spare 2 litres.

Whilst at the lookout Dan filmed the wildlife segment of the movie starring "Skippy the Lookout Kangaroo". David Attenborough is worried.....

After a break and more photos we pushed on to the service station at Jindabyne to refuel and discuss fuel economy. Dan's Honda made it with half a litre to spare using 9.5 litres from Delegate, Greg's Suzuki had impressive fuel economy using 11 litres and my BMW drank 19.8litres from the 21 litre tank while Bruce's BMW had used 17 litres from the fuel stop at Bombala.

After a hearty lunch at the Alpine Centre we returned to the Dalgety turn off and blasted along the nice smooth tarmac to Ando and for me, home to Bemboka.

What a great weekend ride. I encourage any of the Branch members that have dual purpose or dirt bikes to come along and join us on Gravel Travel No.5 in late August or September.

James

Niecey's Thoughts on the 2013 AGM.

Niecey chose the route to and Kimbo chose the route from the event.

We spent four days up the coast road staying with friends and relatives in Dapto, Port Macquarie, Redcliffe and Tiaro. The third day was the only bad weather we had, for the eighteen days we were away.

The organization put into the event, we felt, could not be faulted, it was great. If a person couldn't have a wonderful time, at something like the Maryborough Event then they need to get a life. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and made some new friends and caught up with some old ones.

For the whole time we were there a discontented person was not to be seen. We didn't get time to fit everything in, there was so much to do.

The warm welcome and thankyou the Club received on the Grand Parade through Maryborough, is something we both won't forget, for a long time.

We chose several days to come home staying at, Tiaro, Redcliffe, Casino, Gloucester, Parramatta then Canberra to home. We rode the Mt Lindsay Highway, Bruxnor Highway, Waterfall Way where we ran into some locals from home out riding, then the New England on down to the Thunderbolt Way through back roads to the Putty Road and home via Hume Highway, Monaro etc.

We can recommend members to give an AGM a visit. We would do it all over again.... Niecey

