

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

2011

2012



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HISTORIAN

Position Vacant

And congratulations to these members who accepted nominations for Road Captains in 2012/13

Felix Acha

Mal Blythe

Bully Bolen

Blue Scanlan





From the editor

Welcome the new committee, and farewell the old, with due congratulations for a job well done.



Undoubtedly, we have a great club. But what makes a great club? Is it

the untiring work of the committee and the effort expended in the organisation of activities we all look forward to participating in throughout the year? Absolutely!

But what makes a club truly great is the members; those with whom we all share the camaraderie that goes hand in hand with participation with like minded people. With little else to bond us to this fraternal gathering apart from owning a particular brand of motorcycle, it's the personalities that auger for such an enjoyable time. There's the staunch and loyal, without whose gentle guidance we would be nothing more than a group with diverse tastes all intent on their own direction. There's the lite hearted without whose good humour many of our get-togethers would not be near so memorable. And let's not forget the adventurous, who, filled with great courage not to mention an ample intake of amber fluid, fight so vociferously towards promoting the chapter with such spirited rivalry at any games event.

Dwindling numbers can only make the club less so. Without continuous and growing membership, all of this remains in jeopardy. And despite the best endeavours of the sponsoring dealer, the director and his committee, or anyone else for that matter who contributes so energetically towards the success of each and every event, the club can falter, or even fail. History will recall the demise of many such auspicious enterprises.

Let's not allow our great club to become less than what it is, or could be.

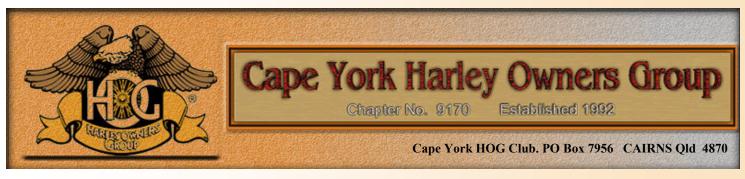
At membership of \$30pa, it's not a grand imposition, nor is the expectation that everyone need participate on every occasion. Life is busy, times are tough.

But if everyone could join in at least twice per year, then our rides would suddenly become the stuff that dreams are made of.

Clubs in the SE corner enjoy the company of hundreds on any given weekend. Other clubs in provincial cities have numbers in their multiples of ten at any event. We have the inherent ability to become the envy of many as well. There are 4 of the best range rides on our doorstep with a plethora of idyllic destinations from which to chose, be they within a casual days ride or warranting an overnight stay, .

Nike said it well when they advertised "Just do it." Personally, my favourite is Daryl Sommers who often declared, "You'll never never know if you never never go,".

See you on the road. Wassy



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Hello Fellow HOG's

Well this is my first attempt at a Director's Report following the recent AGM, so please bear with me. I'm usually a man of few words, but here goes....

Firstly, thank you to Wayne and Rhonda for hosting the AGM and providing the catered lunch that followed. As always, the Chapter really appreciates Harley Magic's ongoing support, and I would encourage all members to do the same and support our Authorized Harley Davidson Dealer.

Thanks also to the previous Committee for their service over the past 12 months. The apparent smooth -running of the Chapter is due to the work done behind-the-scenes by these members who have volunteered their time for the benefit of all the other members. A special thank you to the departing Director Crack and his Assistant Director Chopper – their passion & enthusiasm for the Chapter has set the bar high for the incoming Committee. I hope you guys enjoy your "retirement", and that we continue to see you on rides and at social events.

And also a welcome to the new Committee, which is a combination of new faces and returning members. This will be my fifth consecutive year, with two years as Activities Officer, two as Head Road Captain, and now Director. Thank you to those who nominated and then elected me to the position – I hope I can adequately fill the boots of my illustrious predecessors!

HOT (Harley Officer Training) is being held in Cairns at the end of the month, with over 150 HOG members from around Australia and NZ, so this should be very beneficial to current and future committee members who have nominated to attend.

It's less than 12 weeks to the Cape York Chapter's 20th Anniversary & Chapter Challenge in November. At the moment only 2 or 3 members have put their hands up to help out with organizing this weekend event which promises to be great fun. Hopefully the many tasks that need to be undertaken to make this a successful event won't be left to just those on the Committee – please contact Judy Coburn or Mal Blythe to see if you can offer any assistance – it will be most appreciated.

In five weeks the Reef to River City Rolling Rally starts from Cairns, to arrive at the Qld State HOG Rally in Brisbane. With stopovers at Airlie Beach, Rockhampton, and Bundaberg, and support from Chapters along the route, there should be a large contingent of HOGs rolling along the Bruce Highway. I am aware of at least 26 members of our Chapter attending. Can't wait till we leave on 18th September!

And lastly, for anyone who wishes to contact me, don't do it while I'm riding! Seriously, I can always be contacted by email, and I will endeavour to provide a prompt reply when needed. I tend to work longish hours (just ask Delma!) but usually have my mobile available (although I draw the line at late-night calls, especially if it's to chew my ear about something! J)

So there you go – my first report. Hope to see you all on a ride or at an activity real soon – the weather is perfect for both.

DIRECTOR

Ride safe and have fun

Cheers

Stephen "2BEERS" Tobias Director

Secretary's Report

I haven't had a chance to catch up with many members for a couple of months as Sandy and I have spent six weeks tripping around Europe. It was a very interesting trip with highlights of Dubrovnik in Croatia and Zermatt in Switzerland. We arrived back five days before the AGM and I was suffering jet lag for three of those days. However, the AGM went off well and I extend my thanks to Wayne & Rhonda for putting on a great lunch. No committee positions were contested and details of the 2012-13 committee appear on page 2.

The club is gearing up for a big year ahead with the ride to the rally in September as well as the club's 20th anniversary in November. Support your incoming committee by attending rides and events and volunteer your time and expertise where possible. Remember, the members are the club; the committee are there to make sure everything flows along smoothly.

It is getting very close to the 18th September when the club will head off on the Reef to the River City Rolling Rally. Responses have been great from all the coastal clubs, particularly from the Rockhampton Chapter who are promising us a great night at the Rumble Inn, a bar and dance area behind the Rocky dealership.

The ride plan is not totally finalised but it will look something like this:

- 7:00 Depart Cairns refuel and coffee in Cardwell. 11:45 arrival in Townsville
- 1:00 Depart Townsville, refuel at BP Cluden, bum break and refuel at Bowen arrive Airlie Beach at 4:30
- 8:30 Depart Airlie Beach arrive Mackay 10:30 for coffee and refuel
- 11:30 Depart Mackay, top up fuel at Camilla and/or Marlborough (riders choice) arriving Rockhampton 4:30
- 8:30 Depart Rockhampton for Bundaberg via coastal route. Lunch in either Agnes Waters or Town of 1770. Arrive Bundaberg approx 3:30
- 8:30 Depart Bundaberg, fuel stop and smoko in Gympie (Matilda Roadhouse). Head to Sunshine Coast dealership for lunch.
- 1:00 Depart Maroochydore for Brisbane. If riders are doing brewery tour we may leave a bit earlier.

My thoughts are that Cape York lead from Cairns to Townsville. Townsville take over and lead to Mackay, Mackay lead us into Rocky, Rocky take us to Bundaberg and Bundy take us into Maroochydore with Sunshine Coast leading the final leg into Brisbane. This way the leading group are very familiar with the roads we are travelling.

The southern clubs are looking for confirmation of numbers for catering purposes and it is very important to register your interest, please contact Kevin Woodhouse, Secretary, Cape York HOG on 07 4036 3987 or 0432 691 981 or email Kevin_woodhouse@bigpond.com

This is the format I would like the information in.

First Name, Surname, Mobile, email, Joining ride at, Leaving ride at, comments.

Let's get on the bikes and ride

Woody

MEMBERSHIP OFFICER'S REPORT

Memberships continue to filter in, although at the time of writing this report, renewals have not been an unqualified success.

There could be many reasons for non-renewal; pressure on finances or due to work commitments, limited time to join with the club in organised rides. We all live in busy times and granted, the local economy isn't exactly firing. The cost alone of maintaining a chrome magnet as an ancilliary vehicle isn't altogether that cheap either.

Our committee has explored ways to put a fresh face on an old problem; static membership which has the potential to see dwindling numbers as members leave for any number of reasons. We need a constant influx of new blood for this club to just maintain its status quo. A burgeoning membership would be an excellent outcome.

This committee has chosen to introduce a new concept, to rekindle our membership which is always in a state of flux.

Each member who has renewed their membership for the 2012/12 year, and every non-financial member who renews their membership by 31st August, will go into the draw for a \$100 open order at Harley Magic, sponsored by the club.

Additionally, each member who introduces a new member to the club will receive an additional entry, along with the new member who automatically goes into the draw as soon as they have received formal acceptance and have paid their dues.

This is a self funding initiative. A little more than 3 new members or renewals from undecided non-financial members will fund the prize thereby not proving a drain on club resources.

We ask you to be involved, especially in attracting new members to the club. \$30 is not a big impost. The rewards to the club's cashflow however will provide a significant boost to our resources.

So be in it to win it and renew your membership today, or consider introducing a new member on one of our ride days.

And who knows, it may very well be your name that is drawn out of the barrel at our anniversary dinner.

THE "CHOPPER REPORT"

The popular annual Cooktown overnight run was well supported with great weather and company ensuring an enjoyable weekend! The local youth association put on the BBQ in an ideal location on the banks of the Endeavour river. Thanks to Delsey and the Mareeba gang for putting on a great show, look forward to next years run.

Cracks directors run traversed the rainforest and canefield backroads on the way to the Daintree Township. About 15 riders including our sponsoring dealers Wayne and Rhonda enjoyed the day.

Our annual Aprils Memorial run participants rendezvoused at the Vibe café at Kuranda for breakfast, before a run through the Tableland in remembrance of a great friend April to ensure her memory lives on. Thanks to Crack for the Road Captaining on the day.

The HOG social evening at the Tolga Pub had a good roll up in cool conditions with Wassy and NoWay rocking up all the way from Innisfail. The meals were big and good fellowship ensured a great evening.

The AGM has come and gone, with a new committee in place we all wish them a great year ahead. With the support of members for the rides and functions our club will move forward in leaps and bounds. Congrats to Crack and the previous committee for leaving the club in good hands with 2Beers at the helm we are looking forward to the coming year. Thanks to our sponsoring Dealers Wayne and Rhonda for their ongoing support of our great club.



IT'S NOT THE DESTINATION, IT'S THE JOURNEY

or the (mis)adventures of Wassy & NoWay enroute to Darwin.

Day 2. Julia Creek.

We arrived J.Crk circa 4.30pm, and after a quick shower decided to adjourn at 5.30pm to Gannon's Hotel for a drink and dinner, wherein we were informed the dining room didn't open until 6.30.

That's fine, we agreed. Time for a cleansing ale, or 4, which we supped as we surveyed the menu board. The meals from the 'specials' board appeared appetizing.

About 6.10pm, a rather robust lady walked in the bar and we overheard her organize meals for 14 Roadtek workers whose tucker truck failed to materialize. Liz thought we'd best order soon otherwise there could be some wait. But the barmaid announced that all the specials were gone, having been prebooked by the ravenous 14, so we resorted to ordering from the main menu.

We then saw a 'roughneck' emerge from the kitchen donning an apron. It was obviously the cook who seemed to us to have just relocated from a shearers camp in some obscure, remote outpost. We watched as he waltzed behind the bar, and out of sight of everyone except us two, saw him open the liquor cabinet and secrete a 40oz bottle of gin into his pants pocket hidden by his apron. He subsequently disappeared back into his lair.

At 6.20 we tired of drinking (it can happen) and sought refuge in the dining room armed with a bottle of red, obviously intent on beating the impending arrival of the pub's 14 dinner guests. It was then the cook emerged to begin setting up his bain-marie. He began coughing up his toe nails over the dishes, interspersed with demanding "were we the couple who ordered from the main menu?"

"Yes. Is that a problem?" I responded.

"Monday night's specials night" he barked, obviously intent on making his guests feel especially welcome.

"Well, we wanted to order the specials but were told they were all gone" Liz added defiantly.

"Who told you that?"

"The barmaid"

"I'll f*cking sack her" he grumbled as he stormed out towards the bar.

"Bugger this" said Liz. "I'm getting a refund", which she summarily achieved with apologies from the publican's wife.

Now there's not many places to get a meal in Julia Creek, especially on a Monday night. The 'other' pub doesn't run their kitchen, but we happened to bump into the owner of the J.Crk Motel where we were staying, and she suggested we might try the café, although at that hour it may have finished serving.

We were surprised by the number of patrons within. The café had recently been taken over by an entrepreneural young Sydneysider, who explained that he arrived in town with the bum out of his pants and \$58 in his wallet. He decided to introduce pizza to the locals and it was our perception that the entire town must have chosen to feast that very night.

At \$22 per pizza, we were not ungrateful for the costly meal, although it was enticingly delicious, but the \$4 corkage for our bottle of wine we opened in the pub dining room was perhaps somewhat mercenary. The pizzas' though were generous and the owner offered to hand us our uneaten three slices in a polystyrene container resembling an offering from Maccas.

But on the subject of 'cookie' from the pub, we were informed that 9 navy personnel chose to dine at the pub recently. 6 were dutifully served their meals while the remaining 3 waited patientlyuntil 9pm wherein they enquired from the publican as to the whereabouts of their meal. On checking, the publican announced the cook had 'gone home'. They certainly weren't as fortunate as us to find alternative fare, especially at that late hour.

We also discovered cheffie had a habit of becoming intoxicated while cooking. He frequently spilled food into his patrons laps while serving. Julia Creek won't be on our intineraries in future.

As a footnote. Day 3.

3 degrees this morning. Liz's bike was reluctant to start; mine showed some aversion as well.

It was 60km outside Cloncurry that her Sporty began surging. After another 10km the bike began backfiring, and finally 40km out of Cloncurry the bike died absolutely. Liz's state of the art, technologically advanced and ultra modern next G mobile phone announced 'emergency calls only". My \$29 old faithful had signal. Work it out!

Our thanks to Warren from Harley Magic who acted as our 'telstra directory' in finding all the phone numbers for breakdown assistance. Thank you Warren for your patience. *An unfortunate consequence of our departing in haste, leaving all membership cards behind!* And also Dave from the workshop who suggested we not attempt to diagnose the problems ourselves which would have entailed dissembling most of the bike at that time with as much aplomb as cheffie displayed in his kitchen.

We phoned RACQ at 10.30, and again at 2.30, to be informed they were looking for us, but on the wrong side of Cloncurry. We were picked up at 3.30 and made it to Mt Isa just on 5.00 wherein we secured a new battery for each bike. A simple fix.

And what did we eat for lunch marooned in the middle of nowhere I hear you ask. Why, 3 slices of pizza of course.

A TOUGH OLD COWBOY FROM SOUTH TEXAS COUNSELED HIS GRANDDAUGHTER THAT IF SHE WANTED TO LIVE A LONG LIFE, THE SECRET WAS TO SPRINKLE A PINCH OF GUN POWDER ON HER OATMEAL EVERY MORNING.

THE GRANDDAUGHTER DID THIS RELIGIOUSLY TO THE AGE OF 103 WHEN SHE DIED.

SHE LEFT BEHIND 14 CHILDREN, 30 GRANDCHILDREN, 45 GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN, 25 GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN, AND A 15-FOOT HOLE WHERE THE CREMATORIUM USED TO BE.

DARWIN RALLY 2012

As Territorians do so admirably provide, this rally was no exception. From Alice Springs in 2010, this was a nice adjunct two years later. It wouldn't take a great deal of urging to entice us over again. The ride at legal speeds is a buzz, and if ever anyone has felt the urge to escape to distant destinations, then touring can be definitely recommended.



Venue was the Darwin showgrounds, with camping on site. For the less adventurous, sufficient if not inadequate cabin accommodation was available in Shady Glen Tourist Park, 800m distant. Cabins were well appointed and all HOG attendees were upgraded to the brand new units recently installed.

Our introduction on the Friday night was a welcoming meal at the meet and greet. Theme was 'Taste of the Top End'; a Buffalo & Barra BBQ. The steamed barra was not as enticing although the

Buffalo had taste & texture providing a distinct departure from an offering of our local beef. But for some, the thought of 'feral food' wasn't as well received.

Come Saturday, in assembling at the NT Motorcycle Centre for the Thunder Run, we met familiar faces; Di



& Jeff Sherman from CY and some of our new found acquaintances from Sydney, who shared the ride across the Barkly Tableland as a group of 5. Their company proved very enjoyable in the ride from Mt Isa, in addition to Tom from Whyalla SA who shared my fondness for red wine. That

association began in Tennant Creek and continued until we parted company in the same town on our return.

Around 122 bikes toured Darwin and environs, capably organized with the local council providing an orchestrated path by regulating all traffic lights for that fleeting instant, in addition to two police who really excelled themselves in facilitating a smooth transition through all other intersections. Darwin traffic is as thick as Cairns on a Saturday morning and to coordinate a ride of this magnitude through the suburbs and city proved a commendable effort.





Lunch was at Stokes Hill wharf where all bikes were allowed free access right into the dining precinct. For anyone who's shared this dining experience well out in the Darwin harbour with its myriad choices in cuisine, you will appreciate this remarkable opportunity.

The usual chapter challenge later that afternoon was fiercely fought between Darwin, Alice and Mt Isa clubs. An obscure mention was made at presentation to the victorious Darwin Chapter, regarding the fact that the trophy had only recently been located having been 'absented' last year by the Mt Isa chapter without due claim to the privilege.

Saturday nights' meal was amply catered with music provided by local band "The Giants.

Sunday's organized ride afforded two options; Litchfield NP visiting Buley Rockholes (no Nanny Glides spotted, sorry) or the shorter alternative of Berry Springs. We chose the latter, but the mosquitoes quickly drove us away from this pristine attraction and decision was made to travel further afield to Mandurah located just across the Darwin harbor in line-of-sight of the city, yet 108km by road. The pub puts on an excellent lunch with welcome refreshments and proved a popular spot frequented by the Darwin locals. 22 riders enjoyed the experience of this leisurely ride (editors note: no one rides at a leisurely pace in the territory.) By comparison, the Litchfield full-day alternative proved far more demanding in the heat and those participants returned tired, saddle-sore and sunburned if not elated by the experience.

Burnout competition later in the afternoon initially attracting no participants. But the crowd was duly "encouraged' and the spectacle proved very entertaining, except for the first participant who did his best to win the first prize of a new tyre, and one cannot help but wonder his disappointment to have come second, when faced with the prospect of having to travel so far to home.

Caterers to Sunday night's meal excelled themselves, with presentations following and "Tight Rope" provided the entertainment. A silly hat competition provided an obscure look to the humour of the evening Monday morning saw the departure of those unfortunate many who had to return to work. The 'residual attendees' made the best of their delayed departure choosing to remain behind for the V8 Supercars in Hidden Valley. Apparently, there were 69 bikes in the official parade around the track, with all granted free entry. #*%!

With everyone electing to simply ride on the return journey as far as and take whatever bedding arrangements prevailed, it was surprising how often we managed to bump into people who we knew on our return. Di and Jeff literally shared our journey all the way to Hughenden albeit intermittently and our old mate from Whyalla kept on turning up at frequent intervals. Three of the Sydney fivesome stayed with us until they headed south at Mt Isa, after Roger and his wife had an unfortunate 'off' in Katherine breaking his foot, yet he soldiered on riding to Tennant Creek where arrangements were made to get the bike to Alice and thence home.

At the Mt Isa dealership it was revealed that the Chapter Challenge trophy had again mysteriously disappeared, although we have it on good authority that it has 'returned home' to Mt Isa under dubious circumstances. (You can't be accused of theft when staff at the dealership were asked for the trophy who then dutifully handed it over unbeknowing who actually won the challenge, can one?) Cheeky, but in the true spirit of 'rivalry'.

Perhaps adventures of this type will encourage more to simply PUPO. Apparently, there are many rewarding options associated with 'living to work' and having to eke out a living. But we can't think of what they could possibly be.

Wassy & NoWay

And best badges seen sewn on vests for the rally.

"I got a Harley for my wife. It was a good trade" and

"I can resist anything except temptation"



The most photographed bike at the rally. Ridden from Adelaide the 'long way round' across the Nullabor then up across the top. This gent received a ticket in SA for not having indicators, even though the bike was never fitted with any when manufactured, and he had a heart attack en-route and spent 5 days in hospital before discharging himself and continuing on his journey.



I was so depressed last night thinking about Health Care Plans, the economy, the wars, lost jobs, savings, Social Security, & retirement funds, so I called a Suicide Hotline. I had to press 1 for English, & I was connected to a call center in Pakistan. I told them I was suicidal.

They got excited and asked if I could drive a truck....

1957 Rikuo QR750

One of Harley-Davidson's lesser-known ventures into overseas markets



Feature Article from Hemmings Motor News
September, 2010 - Jim O'Clair - Photography Courtesy Quattro Valvole

Harley-Davidson has publicized little about their Asian expansion during the Twenties; however, the company did send sales representatives to Africa and the Far East in search of new business markets, including China and Japan. With the popularity of their police bikes, Harley was relying on selling them to Pacific Rim countries for use in their military and police fleets as well. Arthur Davidson sent English-born salesman Alfred Childs to Japan in 1924 to attempt to obtain some of the heavyweight motorcycle business that was proving to be very successful for Indian at that time. Childs negotiated a deal with the Sankyo Company to import Harley-Davidson motorcycles and repair parts to Japan; sales were modest at first, but blossomed when the Japanese military began to purchase Harleys with sidecars for use in their Army. Business was good for a few years at Harley of Japan, and an extensive dealer base was formed to sell and service the bikes. That all changed in 1929 when the stock market crashed and the value of the yen dropped dramatically. Harley stopped exporting bikes due to costs, and it looked as though their Japan expansion had ended.

Alfred Childs came up with the idea to have Harley actually build the bikes in Japan to save costs. Although the company executives resisted the idea, Childs persisted and eventually, Harley-Davidson signed an agreement with Sankyo to send technology and expertise to Japan to help with production at the newly built Shingawa factory near Tokyo. Sankyo agreed to pay for the actual blueprints to build the bikes and royalties on each bike sale. The royalties has a lot to do with Harley-Davidson remaining solvent during the Depression. Production began in 1935 under the new brand name Rikuo, which aptly means King of the Road. Initial production was based on the J-Model Harleys and used Japanese versions of either the Harley 45-cu.in. or 74-cu.in. side-valve engines.

After Rikuo refused to buy blueprints to duplicate Harley's new "knucklehead" engine in 1936, the business arrangement soured and Harley stopped any affiliations with the manufacturer by 1937. This just so happens to be the same year Japan invaded China. The factory continued to produce the Harley-based bikes for the military and police departments, with well over 18,000 produced before the outbreak of World War II. The Rikuo model with the highest production numbers was the Model 97, based on the Harley 74-cu.in. side-valve engine, and many were fitted with driveshafts and sidecars for military use.

After the war, Rikuo resumed production in 1947 with limited production runs of less than 2,000 per year. Most sales were to police agencies. Sankyo sold the Rikuo Company to Showa in 1950, a company that would eventually design the front fork assemblies on later model Harleys. New models were introduced based on other bikes as well: A Model A was copied from a single-cylinder 350cc OHV BSA and introduced in 1953, and a model F 247cc OHV bike was cloned from a BMW and released in 1956. Our example bike is a 1957 model RQ750. The model exaggerated a bit, as the engine was actually 747cc and produced roughly 22hp. Produced from 1953-'57, the RQ weighed in at over 500 pounds, with a top speed between 65 and 70 MPH. The seat was mounted on a pogo similar to the Harley heavyweights of the time and the brake was on the left side of the bike, which can make for a very interesting ride to American bike enthusiasts. Rikuo added one additional model, the RT, in 1958, but ceased production in 1959, with a few bikes built into 1960 with leftover parts. Very few are seen here in the U.S., and the values of these bikes have increased recently as more collectors learn the story of the Japanese-built Harleys.

I get irritated when people come down on our police officers saying that they don't care about or respect others. Well, here is a story that clearly shows not all cops are in that category.

This story involves the police department in Moruya, who reported finding a man's body, last Saturday in the early evening in the Moruya River, near the Main bridge just outside town. The dead man's name would not be released until his family had been notified.

The victim apparently drowned due to excessive beer consumption while visiting "someone" in the area. He was wearing black fishnet stockings, 4 inch spiked heels, a red garter belt, a pink G-string, purple lipstick, dazzle dust on his eyelids, 1/2 inch false eyelashes and a Julia Gillard T-shirt.

The police removed the Gillard T-shirt to spare his family any unnecessary embarrassment.



Getting old is easy, Having fun at it is the trick
I celebrated my birthday this year
by buying an all-terrain 4 wheeler.
The picture above is of me
playing with it in the
back yard.

For an interesting take on an Asian Motorcycle adventure, visit

http://www.asianbiketour.com/if-marco-polo-rode-a-harley/



BEER AND SWEET TEA

A woman goes to the doctor all black and blue.

Doctor: "What happened?"

Woman: "Doctor, I don't know what to do. Every time my husband comes home drunk on Bud Light he beats me up."

Doctor: "I have a real good medicine for that. When your husband comes home drunk on Bud Light, just take a glass of sweet tea and start swishing it in your mouth but don't swallow. Just keep swishing and swishing until he goes to bed in his Bud Light stupor."

Two weeks later the woman comes back to the doctor looking fresh and reborn.

Woman: "Doctor, that was a brilliant idea. Every time my husband came home drunk on Bud Light, I swished with sweet tea. I swished and swished, and he didn't touch me!"

Doctor: "You see how much keeping your mouth shut helps?"

Julia Gillard walked into the NAB to cash a cheque. As she approached the cashier she said "Good morning, could you please cash this cheque for me"?

Cashier: "It would be my pleasure Madam. Could you please show me your ID?"

Gillard: "Well I didn't bring my ID with me as I didn't think there was any need to. I am Julia Gillard, the Prime Minister!!!"

Cashier: "I'm sorry, but with all the regulations, monitoring, of the banks because of impostors and forgers, etc I must insist on proof of identity."

Cashier: "I am sorry Prime Minister but these are the bank rules and I must follow them."

Gillard: "I need this cheque cashed."

Cashier: "Perhaps there's another way: One day Greg Norman came into the bank without ID.

To prove he was Greg Norman he pulled out his putting iron and made a beautiful shot across the bank into a cup.

With that shot we knew him to be Greg Norman and cashed his cheque.

Another time, Leighton Hewitt came in without ID. He pulled out his tennis racquet and made a fabulous shot where the tennis ball shot right through that tiny window way over there in the Managers' office. With that spectacular shot we cashed his cheque..

So madam, what can you do to prove that it is you, and only you, as the Prime Minister?"

Gillard stood there thinking and finally says: "Honestly, I can't think of a single thing I'm good at."

Cashier: "Will that be large or small notes, Prime Minister?"

COOKTOWN OVERNIGHTER

An exceptionally gratifying roll-up of intrepid riders braved the elements (and what a glorious day for a ride it was) for their 8.00am departure Saturday morning being joined by an equally creditable number of Tablelanders in Mareeba. First stop was Mt Carbine for fuel. There they were met by the stragglers from Innisfail who shall remain nameless and the large contingent headed north captained by Felix who set a cracking pace. Apart from some cattle in the unfenced section between the Desaillie & Byerstown ranges, there was an absence of wildlife enabling a well formed and regimented formation.

Downside was the loss of a saddlebag and a brief halt was called at Palmer River to allow re-grouping. We arrived at Cooktown early in the afternoon allowing adequate time for check-in at the Seaview Motel; very comfortable digs overlooking the broad stretch of the Endeavour River. Lunch was amply provided by the Cooktown RSL who, although pleased with the turnover in trade, did chastise us somewhat for not phoning ahead. But we all managed to be served with little delay and the meal was excellent with an array to suit everyone's taste.

As it so happens with such a genially ostentatious and diverse group of people, word emerged while supping a few ales that 'Sylvia', a local resident, was enjoying the venue as well on the occasion of her 94th birthday. High on her bucket list was a ride on a Harley for which the club unanimously obliged. Ox's sidecar served as the most appropriate means of transportation, given Sylvia's frailty, although the delight on her face hardly mirrored our concern for her age and wellbeing.

Afternoon activities involved a show and shine down on the wharf precincts, catered by 'the Block' a Cooktown Community Youth Group whose hospitality and effort expended in providing a satisfying meal was without reproach. All up, they successfully raised \$800 towards fostering their youth activites as a consequence of our visit. Given that some alcohol was in the process of being consumed in moderate quantities, riders elected to return their bikes to the safety of the motel carpark because of the possibility of a police presence, then return on foot to continue what they enjoy doing the best.

Upon returning to the motel that evening ,suitably imbibed, and as is frequently the case, the behaviour of the group as such seemed to revert to more of a party atmosphere with the grounds fully occupied by the club. Many of life's pressing issues were solved that night and the nations' debt problems seemed of little consequence given the depth of debate that seemed to flow so effortlessly, if not somewhat less intelligibly.

The welcome recovery breakfast (much) later the next morning was also capably provided by Kim and her energetic crew of cooks from 'the Block' whereafter our group returned for an orchestrated departure.

Return journey stopped briefly at Palmer River before deciding individually whether to return to Cairns via the Rex or Kuranda ranges.

Overnighters seem the more popular of weekend rides, and the Cooktown sojourn would appear to have become a favoured destination.

Good roads, excellent venue, great club camaraderie with a route enabling a fair contingent of Tablelanders to join in an organised outing, and whose company is not as often enjoyed in such numbers as this event affords.

This was without doubt, one of the best attended rides this year. It will be difficult to top this years' ride which was voted to become an annual event, and I doubt we may expect any less participation next year.





COOKTOWN OVERNIGHTER









From the pen of our Sponsoring Dealer

Another year has come and gone with the running of the Cape York Chapter HOG AGM last Sunday 29th July. The time is moving faster but we are having fun along the way riding our Harley-Davidson's. The meeting went very smoothly with all positions filled and the new committee appointed. The previous Director Crack gave his report on the past year and said how much he had enjoyed the job and that it is going to be a pleasure being a member again and enjoying the rides and activities.

We had a very good committee for 2012 and the Chapter ran very well with all concerned putting in a good effort and clocking up quite a few miles. The new committee have been being groomed and I am sure with 2 Beers at the helm we are in for another fine year of rides and festivities.

I made the announcement on our new premises for Harley Magic at the AGM. Rhonda & I approached Cairns Hardware through our Real Estate agent and were able to buy their site at 385-389 Sheridan Street for further development. It will be about 6 months by the time we have renovated the building and have moved in. We are very excited about the purchase and look to the future of the business with confidence and enthusiasm. Harley-Davidson's design company is coming up to Cairns in September to inspect the building and come up with a concept and design that fits the accepted shop design lines. We will be putting our tropical flavour into the plan and will keep the HOG chapter in mind to be able to start rides from the dealership with access to off street parking, tea & coffee and a room with access to toilet facilities. Because it is so central being near the airport turnoff it should suit all of our HOG Chapter members.

On a sad note I mention we have lost a local HOG member to lung cancer this year. Rod "Raccoon" Dewar passed away in Brisbane after a 2 month battle with the disease. Unfortunately by the time he was diagnosed it was too late and we lost one of our riding buddies. On a good note he & Carole were able to ride their Harley-Davidson's to the Perth National Rally and back and had a blast the whole way. Rod told Carole he wants her to keep her bike and keep riding. We look forward to having her on many rides.

Our Volkswagen van and enclosed trailer will be the back up vehicle for the trip to the Brisbane State Rally. Anyone who wants a spell along the way can park their bike in the trailer and relax in "the limo"; or even if any pillion feels like sometime out it is ok.

We are off to the Summer Dealer meeting in the states leaving 15th August for 10 days. This year it is in Milwaukee and we are taking Joel along as well. We will be able to visit the Harley-Davidson Museum as well as be there for the unveiling of the 2012 bikes as well as all of the new parts, accessories, motor-clothes and licensed products. With over 6 ½ thousand dealers worldwide it is quite a spectacle to be at and I am sure Joel will be impressed and come back with some great ideas for the new shop. We hope to be open straight after the wet season all going to plan.

Look forward to catching up with you all along the way.

Wayne & Rhonda

Looks of Disappointment

A man was just waking up from anesthesia after surgery, and his wife was sitting by his side. His eyes fluttered open and he said, 'You're beautiful.' Then he fell asleep again.

His wife had never heard him say that before, so she stayed by his side. A few minutes later his eyes fluttered open and he said, 'You're cute..' The wife was disappointed because instead of 'beautiful,' it was now 'cute.'

She asked, 'What happened to beautiful?'

The man replied, 'The drugs are wearing off.'

"RIDE CALENDAR

Sunday 2nd September

RETIREMENT HOMES VISIT (Father Day)

Details TBA

Sunday 9th September.

MEETING RIDE.

Departing BP South at 9.00am

Pick up Tablelanders and Refreshments at Lake Eacham Roadhouse.

Lunch and Meeting at Herberton Royal Hotel.

Road Captain "2 Beers"
0423056488
(Our New Fearless Leader)

Saturday 15th September

SOCIAL NIGHT.

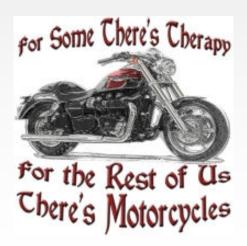
Dinner At the Red Beret Hotel

REDLYNCH

MEET AT 7PM

Come join in a fun night before members head off to Brisbane for the State Rally.

RSVP BY THE 12 TH SEPT





HOG CAPE YORK CHAPTER INC. THE REEF TO THE RIVER CITY ROLLING RALLY

DEPARTING HARLEY MAGIC CAIRNS TUESDAY 18TH SEPTEMBER 2012

ARRIVING EAGLE FARM BRISBANE FRIDAY 21ST SEPTEMBER 2012







Come and join the Cape York Chapter of the Harley Owners Group as we celebrate our twentieth anniversary with a rolling rally from Cairns in Far North Queensland to Eagle Farm in Brisbane for the 2012 Queensland State Rally on Friday 21st - Sunday 23rd September, 2012.

The rolling rally departs Harley Magic, 34 Water Street, Cairns 7:00am on Tuesday 18th. The overnight stops will be at Airlie Beach, Rockhampton and Bundaberg. There will be visits to dealerships in Townsville, Mackay, Rockhampton and Bundaberg and their local members of these chapters are most welcome to join in on the ride from their dealership. You can join the ride at any of these cities.

A back-up vehicle will be provided by Wayne and Rhonda Leonard of Harley Magic.

The Cape York Chapter will be hosting the 20th Anniversary party on the Saturday night prior to the ride departing and all HOG members from other clubs that are joining us on the ride will be invited to attend the party with Cape York members on the night.

Each rider is responsible for their own accommodation arrangements and meals.

For more information and to register your interest, please contact Kevin Woodhouse, Secretary, Cape York HOG on 07 4036 3987 or 0432 691 981 or email Kevin_woodhouse@bigpond.com

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 smile off of your face.'



AUSTRALIAN LETTER OF THE YEAR.

This is an actual letter sent to the DFAT (Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade) Immigration Minister. The Australian Government tried desperately to censure the author but got nowhere because every legal person who read it nearly wet themselves laughing!

Dear Mr Minister,

I'm in the process of renewing my passport and still cannot believe this. How is it that K-Mart has my address and telephone number, knows that I bought a television set and golf clubs from them back in 1997 and yet the Federal Government is still asking me where I was born and on what date?

For Christ sakes, do you guys do this by hand?

My birth date you have in my Medicare information and it is on all the income tax forms I've filed for the past 40 years.

It is also on my driver's licence, on the last eight passports I've ever had and on all those stupid customs declaration forms I've had to fill out before being allowed off planes over the past 30 years.

It's also on all those insufferable census forms that I've filled out every 5 years since 1966.

Also, would somebody please take note, once and for all, that my mother's name is Audrey, my father's name is Jack, and I'd be absolutely fucking astounded if that ever changed between now and when I drop dead!

SHIT! What do you people do with all this information we keep having to provide? I apologise, Mr. Minister but I'm really pissed off this morning. Between you and me, I've had enough of all this bull-shit! You send the application to my house, then you ask me for my fucking address! What the hell is going on with your mob? Have you got a gang of mindless Neanderthal arseholes working there!

And another thing, look at my damn picture. Do I look like Bin Laden? I can't even grow a beard for God's sakes. I just want to go to New Zealand and see my new granddaughter. (Yes, my son interbred with a Kiwi girl). Would someone please tell me, why would you give a shit whether or not I plan on visiting a farm in the next 15 days? In the unlikely event I ever got the urge to do something weird to a sheep or a horse, believe you me, I'd sure as hell not want to tell anyone!

Well, I have to go now, 'cause I have to go to the other end of the city and get another fucking copy of my birth certificate and to part with another \$80, for the privilege of accessing MY OWN INFORMATION!

Would it be so complicated to have all the services in the same spot, to assist in the issuance of a new passport on the same day?

No, of course not, that'd be too fucking easy and makes far too much sense with our fucking heads cut off and then having to find some 'high-society' wanker to confirm that it's really me in the god-damn photo! You know the photo, the one where we're not allowed to smile? You fucking morons!

Signed - An Irate Australian Citizen.

P.S. Remember what I said above about the picture and getting someone in 'high-society' to confirm that it's me? Well, my family has been in this country since before 1850! In 1856, one of my forefathers took up arms with Peter Lalor. (You do remember the Eureka Stockade?)

I have also served in both the CMF and regular Army for something over 30 years (I went to Vietnam in 1967) and still have high security clearances. I'm also a personal friend of the president of the RSL and Lt General Peter Cosgrove sends me a Christmas card each year.

However, your rules require that I have to get someone "important" to

verify who I am. You know, someone like my doctor, WHO WAS BORN AND RAISED IN FUCK-ING PAKISTAN! A country where they either assassinate or hang their ex-Prime Ministers and are suspended from the Commonwealth for not having the "right sort of government". You are all fucking idiots!

A blond man shouts frantically into the phone

"My wife is pregnant and her contractions are only two minutes apart!"

"Is this her first child?" asks the Doctor.

"No", he shouts, "this is her husband!"









Hosted by - Horsham Chapter



March 29-31, 2013

- Lots of free camping with powered sites
- Great meals & drinks at below bar prices
- Live entertainment
- Sensational guided rides in the picturesque Grampians region
- Thunder Ride and Show 'n' Shine ending in Horsham
- Chapter Challenge





NOW!

Find Horsham motels at: Horsham Tourist Information Centre (03)5382 1832 www.visithorsham.com.au

New Chapter Website: www.horshamhog.org.au



- VALLEY RALLY -

SA STATE HOG RALLY

Hosted by the Adelaide Chapter and proudly sponsored by

HARLEY-HEAVEN

will be held in the picturesque Barossa Valley at Nuriootpa.



12th to 14th October 2012

Nuriootpa Rovers Football Club

Penrice Road Nuriootpa

Harley Owners Group - Tasmania Chapter

Come join us for the

2013 Tasmanian State Rally

being held in New Norfolk, in the picturesque Derwent Valley - The Valley of Love



Friday 1st February 2013 – Sunday 3 February 2013

New Norfolk District Football Club, 21 Back River Road, New Norfolk, Tas 7140



Registrations are now open – see www.hogtasmania.org.au for your registration form and lots of information to make sure you make your trip to Tasmania is an unforgettable experience.

LETS PARTY

A Rally with a difference, 2 live rockin' roll bands, burlesque/ pole dancing, fire breathing and belly dancing, wildlife displays, burnout competition, tattooist on site, plus much more

Friday 1 st Februay	The Valley of Love – The story begins
Saturday 2 nd February	The Valley of Love – The story continues
Sunday 3 rd February	The Valley of Love – All is Fun Show and Shine and an amazing Thunder Ride to truly showcase our beautiful island.

Many thanks to our Sponsoring Dealer: Richardson's Hobart Harley Davidson



More information: www.hogtasmania.org.au

State.Rally.2013@hogtasmania.org.au

Registrar - Tony Bruce-Mullins 0438 046 595 Rosemary Bruce-Mullins - 0417 039 100

> Rally Co-ordinator Chris Snare 0419 897 408

Support all our sponsors – see www.hogtasmania.org.au/state-rally-2013/sponsors



HOG Cape York Chapter Inc.

The Cape York HOG Club is celebrating its 20th Anniversary on the 3rd of November

We would like to invite all members past & present, & other HOG Chapters to help us celebrate.

The event will be held at the Cairns Show Grounds.

- Sausage sizzle at Harley Magic Followed by a Thunder Run
 Chapter Challenge at the Show Grounds
 - Evening MealLive Band 'Hipfanatics'Bar

\$60 pp RSVP is required to Judeben@bigpond.com More details soon.

Please feel free to pass this on to any past members you know

What is the smallest caliber you trust to protect yourself?

The Beretta Jetfire:



I remember one time while hiking with my girlfriend in northern Alberta and out of nowhere came this huge brown bear charging us and was she mad. We must have been near one of her cubs. Anyway, if I had not had my little Jetfire I would not be here today.

Just one shot to my girlfriend's knee cap was all it took the bear got her and I was able to escape by just walking at a brisk pace.

It's one of the best pistols in my collection...



Ride Rules



There is never a bad time to give a friendly reminder to members of the dangers of riding in a large group of motorcycles.

- Harley Davidson motorcycles only may participate. Exceptions to this rule are accompanying support vehicles and invitation rides allowing other brands of motorcycles. These bikes must ride at the back of the group.
- Make sure your pike is mechanically ready for a run. If you are having problems sort them out before the run, otherwise you will just inconvenience others, or even the entire group
- Be prompt and make sure you have fueled up prior to coming together for the ride. No bald tyres please
- 4. Arrive early and make sure you listen to the Road Captain's instructions before each ride. The directions and any changes will be detailed at this meeting. If you have any questions ask thom at this time.
- Never ever pass the Road Captain. The Road Captains have been given the responsibility to set the pace and got to the final location as a group safety.
- Stay in the same lane as the Road Captain, riding in a staggered formation where appropriate, not side-by-side. Frustrated drivers, blocked by a group of pikes spread across several lanes, are dangerous.
- Try to maintain the 2.4 second gap. Gaps of more than 4 seconds can cause the "election band effect" where inters at the roar find thomselves well in excess of the speed limit trying to catch up.
- On winding reads formation riding is not necessary. This will normally be indicated by the Read Captain holding one arm directly above his head with the appropriate number of fingers raised.
- You must also keep within your section of the lane, in line with the rider directly in front of you.
 Take care not to weave unnecessarily.
- 10. It's always your own decision to make any ma neuver. Just (for instance) it some pikes overtake you, you are not obliged to follow. You are responsible for your own safety

- 1: Constantly meck on the position of the idea behind you. If you id the last rider in a group that has split from the main group, wait at any turn-off to direct the following group.
 - Adherence will provent people becoming lost and resultant unnecessary group sloppages
- When overtaking a ower vehicles, maintain speed until all following riders have completes the overtaking manduvor.
 - Don't cut sharply in front of the overtaken vehicle. This leads to surerise and aggressive behaviour from the criver
- 13. Road Captains are permitted to move along the group when necessary. If a group is "efficient in the permitted by traffic lights, etc., the remaining Road Captain in this group will move to the eart.
 - This prevents the group becoming lost and also set as some riders who may travel too quickly
- 14. If the Lead Road Captain stops to allow everyone to regroup, keep position and be ready to move off when indicated.
- Slow or inexperienced ricurs will ride at the rear of the group, in fairness to the other riders. A Road Captain will always hopen pany. Them.
- 16 At a fuel only stop, fuel up as quickly as possible, then move your cike out of the way. Enough time will be a located for fuel and food at our designated meal stops.
 - It's your responsibility to ensure your bike has been fuel ed and your refreshments taken during the allusted time.
- 17. Typur bike breaks down indicate clearly to the rear Road Captain and get off the road as soon as possible. We ask that members don't step immediately to assist. You may mean well, but this can (and opes) pause accidents.
 - The Road Captains will render assistance, if required. This keeps the group flowing smoothly, preventing confusion. If you break down, Taillene Charlie will stop and assist you
- Upon arrival at the final run location, a leaving time will be advised for the main group going back. If you wish to travel in this group, blease be ready to depart on time.

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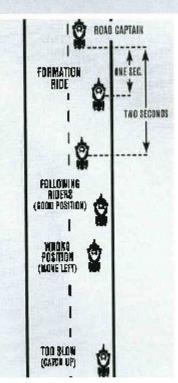
http://www.capeyork-hog.com.au/



Ride Rules Continued

- 19. If you intend to break from the group while traveling, always notify the Road Captain. He takes a head count of bikes and is responsible for the ricontrol and safety during the day. We don't need the worry of any "disappearing" riders.
- Persons skylarking, participating in dangerous road practices or any activity deemed to be to the discredit or danger of the group could be disciplined.
- 21. The consumption of alcohol on an official HOG ride is discouraged. On some runs, the destination may well be a hotel, restaurant, or licensed club that serves alcohol. Although these are traditional Australian social gathering places and most people enjoy a beer, we would suggest a "light", a soft drink, or a tea or coffee if you are to complete the ride. Anyway, a beer's better enjoyed at the completion of a run, when you can "put your feet up and really relax"

Your adherence to these simple guidelines will improve the safety & comfort of all participents of our runs.













Spam<u>oni</u>

An Italian Jewish man is getting on in years and asked the Rabbi to hear the story of his troubling past.

"Rabbi, during World War II, when the Germans entered Italy, I pretended to be a 'goy' and changed my name from Levy to Spamoni. I am alive today because of it."

"Self preservation is important and the fact that you never forgot that you were a Jew is admirable," said the Rabbi.

"Rabbi, a beautiful Jewish woman knocked on my door and asked me to hide her from the Germans. I hid her in my attic and they never found her."

The Rabbi replied "That was a wonderful thing you did, my son, and you have no need to confess."

"It's worse Rabbi. I was weak and told her she must repay me with sexual favours."

"You were both in great danger and would have suffered terribly if the Germans had found her. Heaven, in its wisdom and mercy, will balance the good and evil, and judge you kindly. You are forgiven."

"Thank you, Rabbi. That's a great load off my mind. But I have one more question."

"And what is that?"

"Should I tell her the war is over?"



MORE POWER. NOW STANDARD.

THE TWIN CAM 103™ ENGINE. NOW STANDARD ON 2012 TOURING, SOFTAIL® AND SELECT DYNA® MOTORCYCLES. DEMO TODAY.

HARLEY MAGIC 32-34 WATER ST CAIRNS PH. 4051 2741

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