

LECTION ISSUE JULY 2016



# YORK TORQUE

***I WANT' YOU***



***TO ATTEND THE HOG AGM  
@ HARLEY MAGIC 31ST JULY***

***PLEASE ADVISE ASAP FOR CATERING PURPOSES, NO RSVP, NO MEAL***

Proudly Sponsored and Catered by Harley Magic Cairns



Nobody wants you here.

G'day again,

Here we are; my fourth issue and although I had some ideas on other issues and themes to put together, circumstances beyond my control intervened. This one will keep you busy



Its Election time, and everyone is invited to attend to vote in a new committee. As you would all be aware, the AGM is on 31<sup>st</sup> July at Harley Magic and on behalf of the Committee I would ask that you all attend as this is an important club event. Wayne and Rhonda will be catering for it again but it is really important that if you are attending that you send your RSVP to our secretary or to Rhonda before lunchtime Thursday 28<sup>th</sup> July. I can't be blunt enough, if you don't RSVP; you can't stay for the feast, pure and simple. It has been highly embarrassing in the past when people haven't confirmed their attendance and on the day the Caterer runs out of food and we are playing musical chairs clutching our plates looking for a seat. You are only ever a phone call away.

The current committee have put in a lot of effort behind the scenes to make the past year a success, trying a few new ideas. Some worked and some need adjusting, but that's how a club learns and grows. Please don't ask me to name them all, I just show up at meetings and go "yea yea" and float around like a lost Guppy. I have to say that it has been a real challenge for all of us, getting off to a rough start. A few positions became vacant soon after we started and Derek and Knobby stepped up and proved highly valued contributors.



J.R. has taken on the demanding role as Director admirably, encouraging others to excel at the roles they have taken on and Suewelyn has worked tirelessly organising activities and sending a barrage of emails, all



intentioned to get you being involved in the many activities and events held.

Assistant Director Casanova puts in some hard yards to participate, riding down from Mareeba whenever he can. I remember one ride to Julatten where Joe had arrived in Cairns airport after midnight, drove home to Mareeba, had a few hours sleep and arrived at Harley Magic in time for the ride.....which was cancelled due to rain. That's dedication. Darren and Kylie have been the diligent dedicated number crunchers, keeping the finances and memberships up to date, and Chopper has put in a lot of time and effort as both Safety Officer and Head Road Captain. Knobby happily tackled the Web page and Facebook and club history. Rhonda stepped in last year to replace the Ladies Of Hog officer at short notice and that's been very challenging due to work pressures and family health issues and low numbers of ladies currently riding.





Derek amazes me with his computer skills, as Secretary he's on top of every correspondence and paperwork the committee generates. He has a few ideas on upgrading and improving the web-site with some additional features.



The various Road Captains are to be congratulated for the interesting and diverse destinations, and from what I hear some great rides with good attendances. As Editor it's my role to record the stories and photos for posterity, unfortunately I only hear about them as gossip or second-hand because generally I don't receive any stories or photos unless I nag people. Maybe that sounds like a whinge but then again maybe it's a plea for improved team work.



Please send stories and photos, it's the clubs magazine for everyone to enjoy and for members who didn't attend rides to see what's been happening. For newer members it gives a good insight into the camaraderie and fun the Harley Owners Group delivers. I just glue pages together.

Oh by the way, did anyone follow the links on the recent official Harley emails to the European activities? That was a few enjoyable hours browsing some amazing bikes and their owners.

Meanwhile back to the Election; there are several vacancies due to changes in personal or employment issues so please don't hesitate to put your hand up and experience life in the "OMG" lane. It's fun, it's like a roller coaster without a seat belt.

At the time I send this out I know we need a new Treasurer and a new Membership Officer, and a new Head Road Captain and a Safety Officer. Knobby is happy to continue as Web Master-Historian but also willing to let anyone who enjoys computer tasks and updating our Web-site and Facebook page to take over. Maybe someone is keen to share or split the roles. I see a few members very active on Facebook, so maybe one or two of you would enjoy taking it on. A new Lady Of Hog Officer would certainly give Rhonda a well-earned break.



I would also like to stand aside as Editor for someone else to have a go. Due to health issues last year and this year I have barely ridden since I returned from Tamworth in March 2015. I won't be able to ride until sometime in late August or mid-September and I am currently trialling a drug that can have serious side effects, so I don't think it's a good idea to stick my hand up for a position that I may have difficulty filling. Anyway, I'm not complaining, just explaining. Please don't send cards or flowers, just send in your nomination for Editor instead.

Despite whatever I have or have not achieved in the year, it's been fun and the migraines as editor have equalled the hangovers acquired putting the magazine out. There's a lot of stuff in this issue to keep your attention for days and I'm looking forward to someone to hand my box of crayons to. Enjoy.

## DEALER REPORT

*The running of the 15th Wayne Leonard Motorcycle Muster went flawlessly. The event raised \$54,500 for much needed equipment for the Emergency Department at the Cairns Hospital.*

*The Harley-Davidson 883 Iron was won by a Victorian who was holidaying in Cairns & purchased 5 tickets at Stockland Shopping Centre. When I rang him with the good news he hung up the phone because he thought it was one of his mates prank calling him.*

*We had 35 bikes and 4 cars along this year and we had a very scenic ride around the Tablelands and down to Mission Beach Resort. The weather Gods adjusted the schedule from May to June to give us a bit of liquid sunshine but all went well and everybody had a great day. The smoko of mixed sandwiches and tea and coffee the Lions put on for us at Millaa Millaa was really appreciated.*





*Lunch was a highlight as it was at King Reef Resort at Kurrimine Beach. The food was excellent and they were very efficient at delivery very tasty food in a short time for all riders. The sun shone through the clouds and provided us with a stunning back drop of the Coral Sea. The publican was so impressed with us as a group that she donated \$150 to the cause at the lunch stop*

*We continued on to Mission Beach the long way, down to Tully and then along the beach circuit past Mission beach and Bingil Bay and then back onto the El Arish road and back into Mission Beach to the Resort. The food that night was buffet style with every taste catered to. We had Steve and Mewea entertain us during dinner with some special songs. Music and karaoke was provided by Baz from Star FM 102.7 and he was very good at getting everybody up dancing and singing.*



*It is probably the best after party we have had and the atmosphere was fantastic with everybody letting their hair down.*

*My dive on the dance floor was followed by Bianca swan-diving onto me illustrating how much fun we were all having and reinforcing the power of red wine.*



*I especially want to thank all the HOG members who participated this year and made it an event to remember.*

*Wayne & Rhonda*

**Feedback: Committee members who assisted on the June Registration and Demo day reported it was well attended with 45 people either renewing or joining. Wayne and Rhonda were happy with the test rides and a highly customised new bike was snapped up by a keen rider, plus a steady sales of accessories ensured the day was a great success.**

**Assistance rendered to a non-member whose engine died a painful death on the Cooktown ride went above and beyond the rider's expectations, and he's now joined.)**

#### **HEAD ROAD CAPTAIN'S REPORT**



The Anzac Day Dawn service came around again with 12 Hogs braving the early morning showers to fly the flag for our great club, and share our country's special day in remembrance. The group ably led by Road Captain Geoffro to the Lagoon area, where a short cut ended up taking longer than expected, but all parked up safely. After the service the group enjoyed a breakfast at Villa Romana. Thanks to all who made the effort to support the club once again !







## Anzac Day tribute to military motorcycles

BY MARK HINCHLIFFE IN MOTORBIKE NEWS — 25 APR, 2016



*Royal Engineers on the beaches of Gallipoli*



On the 101st anniversary of the landing at Gallipoli this Anzac Day, riders should take note the significant role played by motorcycles and their riders on that occasion and in many other conflicts since.

As the above image shows, motorcycles were present on the famed beaches of Gallipoli. This Admiralty official photo shows members of the Royal Engineers (Signal Service).

The Mothers Day breakfast run was lead by Road Captain Kylie alias "Somebody". A group of 20 bikes enjoyed some scenic backroads heading south to the Garradunga Pub, where the Publicans put on a big breakfast. Great to see our Sponsoring Dealers Wayne & Rhonda and some members we haven't seen for a while.

Congrats to Somebody for doing a great job leading the group, especially the scenic tour of the Bramston Beach carpark, well done !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The Harley Magic Demo rides have been successful, with our club putting on a tasty BBQ to support the morning. Please come along and support your club, our Dealer and try a couple of the Demo bikes !



We have been invited back to the Cairns Show Parade on Friday the 22nd of July, so put it in your diary, have some fun at the show and support your club !

Don't forget Road Captain's to do up a report on your ride and email to Nobody !

*Let's Ride,  
Chopper.*





## ***SOMEBODY'S Mother's Day Club ride May 2016***

***Well the day turned out pretty good, I was expecting it to be not so great as I had been told Mother/s day rides are not well supported. So I chose an early morning ride and prayed the rain would stay away for the morning at least.***



***The ride was to Garradunga Pub via Aloomba and Bramston beach. The pub doesn't usually open for breakfast so I asked for Rsvp's and the week before they started rolling in, on the day we had 20 bikes, 23 people, a new face, some faces we haven't seen for a while and some we have and five females riders (woohoo). The morning sky promised to be sunny but we found some rain clouds near Bramston and got a little bit wet. A big breakfast and some hot coffee was available when we arrived, the breakfast was a hit, the company was great and we all rode off together back to Cairns along the highway to home in time to enjoy the rest of the day with family.***



***Thanks everyone for coming and making my first ride as road captain a success.***

***See you on the road***

***Kylie (Somebody)***



## Casanova's Cooktown Ride

Saturday 28th Sunday 29th May 2016

The Hoggies arrived at Harley Magic to the aroma of bacon and eggs. Members who were unable to join us on the ride produced a delicious breakfast. Good on ya guys and thank you. I had warm bacon and egg burger delivered to me in Mareeba. Thanks Suewelyn!

Ando lead the pack to Mareeba to collect Casanova and other members. Casanova welcomed members and guest riders and partners. First stop was Mt Carbine Roadhouse for a fuel stop and a fix of caffeine. All juiced up, we were on our way to Lakeland with Crack and Ando as tail end Charlie's and our back up supply vehicle with Di and Suewelyn. Beautiful clear skies! No road kill!



We arrived in Lakeland for another pit stop and we noticed a few bikes and the support vehicle not arrived as yet. Pitstop and Sunshine finally turned up and notified us that Don, a guest rider's bike had broken down between Mt Carbine and the Palmer River Roadhouse. No one was leaving until we knew the break down was all sorted and help was on the way. Crack and Ando stayed with Don while the girls called into the Palmer River Roadhouse in search of road side assistance or a trailer but to no avail. Meanwhile at the Lakeland Roadhouse, the manager, Doug loaned us his trailer. Giles accompanied the girls and collected the bike. On arrival at Lakeland, Don organised with Doug to store his bike until the following weekend. Thanks Crack, Ando and Giles. Great towing by Pitstop!

The rest of the group ventured to Cooktown and enjoyed lunch at the refurbished RSL.



A cold drink and a meal went down well. We checked into the Seaview Motel and set up tables and chairs on the front grassed area overlooking the bay. The rescue crew finally arrived in Cooktown at 3pm. The social gas bagging began, the esky opened and snacks were devoured. The BBQ dinner was served and the games began. As the sound of laughter and talk faded, the evening came to an end.





Sunday morning, Hoggies awoke to the aroma of sizzling bacon and eggs. As breaky was nearly over a shower of rain hastened us to quickly clean and pack up. It was just enough to settle the dust.









A ride to the Cooktown lookout was a must and a great photo opportunity.











During the night, a hat was passed around and members kindly donated towards the use of the trailer from Doug at Lakeland. On the return journey to Lakeland, Casanova presented Doug with the funds raised by the members and the club. Doug was overwhelmed by the generosity, refused to accept the funds but willingly passed it on to the SES charity box. We were grateful of Doug's assistance as Lakeland is isolated and lacks roadside assistance. The nearest RACQ is in Cooktown and Mareeba. The breakdown was 129 km from Mareeba. Very thankful!!



On the road again to Mt Carbine and another lookout photo shoot. Several photo/video shots were arranged- the lookout at the top of the range between Palmer River and Mt Carbine and return. On arrival to Mt Carbine for fuel, the pack split into two groups- one to travel to Cairns via the Rex and the other via Kuranda Range.







This year the club catered for the snacks, the BBQ dinner and breakfast. The club profited and members enjoyed the overnighter. Thanks to the Hoggies for a great weekend.

Bring on Cooktown 2017.



**G'day Hoggies,**

**Well I finally have a ride to write about. I literally had to get off my bum and onto the bike to scoop this edition .....and what a joy it was.**

**The Mother's Day ride in May. Grab a coffee, wine or beer and somewhere comfortable to sit, this is another one of my long "short" stories**

**There were Twenty one people on 19 bikes, five of those were Ladies of Hog, and despite the rain the day before and the threatening skies on the morning of the ride, that's a fairly good turnout, especially as the ride started at 7 am. Our Road Captain (and Treasurer) "Somebody" had a different head count to mine, but I have photographic evidence, so I'm buying her a new Abacus for Xmas. I have now experienced a Dawn Raid leaving Harley Magic at 6am and a Mother's Day ride commencing at 7am. Ask me which ride I prefer, the 6am start or the 7am start? I can say wholeheartedly I'd pick the 8.30am rides anytime.**

**So here I was on this recent Mother's Day weekend; all mad keen to ride. Angelique from Mozambique wasn't sure if we had a helmet to fit as she's had her hair done again. If you aren't aware of the relationship of African ladies and their hair, it's an experience in itself. Hair-pieces are woven or braided to their own hair giving style and volume to achieve the uber-cool looks you see. And so it was the dilemma, could she get a helmet on? With some effort, yes, and hopefully not so tight that she would need migraine tablets. Getting it off later may require a tyre lever.**

**I did suggest to her that she could follow in the car. "How far is it?" she asked. "Phhtt, it's just before Innisfail, an easy drive, straight road, hardly any corners, it'll be a breeze". She looked at me with that look only a novice could give..."Innisfail? By Myself?" I laughed...."It's no drama, you're a good driver now and you simply follow us, straight road, you can't possibly get lost." I had no idea how wrong I was going to be. I had my own concerns about my own abilities ...."Look I'm not even sure I can**

ride, I'm still having trouble with the weight of the bike and this bag attached to me is damned uncomfortable and bla bla bla the pub we are going to doesn't have a disability toilet, bla bla bla bla so that could be difficult....bla bla bla we could take the Rav 4" She looked at me and laughed "Hah! Don't use that as an excuse for my benefit, I'm coming on the bike, and I don't care if it rains....."

I'd mentioned my health in a text to Somebody a few days earlier, who had replied....."Disability toilet pfft, don't you wear yours on your waist hahaha". Very cruel, insensitive, a complete lack of maternal empathy;....but true and very funny.

Side story: Several months ago when I was being taught how to manage this temporary waste disposal system that bypassed my bowel an Ostomy nurse had asked me what I was going to name it. "Name IT??? What?" My disbelief and the shake of my head was a clear sign I thought she was mad. "Oh" she said, "some people name them, it helps to adjust to the experience of having to wear one." I looked at her in absolute confusion, "Name It? Is there a list of possible names, like choosing a baby's name? What do other people call theirs, Dennis, Janice, Doris?" She smiled realising I had no idea what she was referring to...."No they choose a name that reflects their personality and joy to be alive,....one lady calls hers 'Angels Gift', and another I heard is 'Inner Peace' and 'Second Chance' and names like that." My mind drifted to some poor fool sitting there in a lotus position on a rattan woven yoga mat meditating on a dream catcher searching for a message from the spirit world. She gave me a short pause to consider the situation then smiled and asked me what I thought about it, what name would I choose? I looked at her scornfully and replied "Sh\*\*bag".....she thought I was joking and laughed aloud. I wasn't.

Here I am several months later, my first good ride in a very long time, and Somebody I call a friend is mocking my situation. I said that we would join the group as they passed Whiterock and that would give me an extra 20 minutes to ensure my Porta-Loo was securely strapped on. That cracked her up, and here we are, a mere few weeks before the operation to remove it and I finally have a name for "IT" Porta-Loo.....

But, as usual I am getting off track.....at 7.20am a cavalcade of burbling Harley's passed us and we joined in front of Taz who was today's Tail End Charlie. At Edmonton Dominic and Donna joined us and it felt good to see so many bikes out together. Now I have to say here, we need to decide how to differentiate between each Dominic in the club....One Dominic is "exhausting", two is just plain confusing.....Can we choose something like Dominic the Elder and Dominic the Younger? We just have to ensure people don't think Dominic the Elder is a Mormon door-knocker.....

We rode at a good pace with some light rain when the Road Captain (It was Somebody at the front) indicated to turn into Aloomba, on what turned out to be a wet road with lots of corners meandering through what would be a great side trip if it wasn't so wet. I wasn't the only one with concerns; I kept up with the rest, who were all travelling at a very safe speed. I was actually relieved when we returned to the highway. From there on it was a great well-paced run south and through Babinda onward to Miriwinni. I wondered why everyone ahead was indicating to turn left off the highway, "WTF (why this farmland)?" Ahh another scenic detour, along well maintained roads which eventually lead to corners.....lots of corners, ones that turned left and ones that turned right and ones where I didn't have a clue where I was going except to try and keep up with those in front. A loud female voice behind me said "I am NOT enjoying this!" Yes, here we were on some of the most scenic backroads you could appreciate on a dry day...but it was frequently raining in bursts and we were negotiating wet roads.



When we reached Bramston beach I sighed with relief, thinking Somebody had changed the destination....Nah hahahahahaha Somebody had taken a wrong turn and we were nowhere near where we should have been....Good-Onya Mate, wave to the startled beachside campers. Some of them were genuinely alarmed. Let's ride on quickly before they panic and lock up the wives and daughters and arm themselves with tent pegs.

The weather cleared a little and the roads became more manageable, even enjoyable and then suddenly we had arrived at the Garradunga Hotel. I have to admit that while I visited Bramston Beach over 30 years ago and Garradunga about 20 years ago, I never realised the roads connected with several options from the main highway to each place; Live and learn. Clearly I don't get out much, but then I don't drink alcohol when I ride so I don't go to pubs.



We parked and found somewhere inside to hang jackets to dry, then queued at the urn to make a coffee.....

WOW the breakfast that the Publican Ian and his wife had prepared was a feast fit for hungry eyes and more than most could wolf down. Large rashers of bacon, sausages, fried eggs, scrambled egg, grilled tomatoes, mushrooms and toast. That really was a great meal and for \$12 a person was exceptional value. They did a great job.

The ghost that apparently lives there didn't disturb us, so clearly it disliked being too active in the mornings as much as I do. People mingled but there was pressure rising as some had to return to Cairns in time for Mother's Day celebrations with loved ones. I doubt anyone had any complaints about this ride, and despite the way I may have written this, it was a great adventure with all the elements that make it a memorable group outing.









The group was to ride back as a group but somehow Somebody and everybody rode off in a mighty hurry, leaving nobody behind. Well actually it was Nobody and Angelique from Mozambique and Taz, who had his engine running so long waiting for us to get ready I offered to fill his tank at Babinda. I wasn't sure which way to go so Taz offered to lead back to the highway. Several minutes later he stopped and said we had to U-turn,,,,,a slight error in judgement and we were on the wrong road going to God knows where.....I laughed.

I remember once riding to Ravenshoe with Quagmire and we left Malanda and headed south and sooner than I estimated we were at the top of the Palmerstone Range! "Hey Darren, did you see a sign back there that said Ravenshoe?" "Yea, way back." "Uhm was it a big sign, as big as a house?" "Yea, I thought you'd changed your mind about going there." "Uhm no,...uhm yes, correct, uhm let's go to South Johnstone instead." I've always worried since that day what sort of Road Captain I'd be if I can miss a sign that big. I've just realised I needn't worry....Somebody took a wrong turn today and so did Taz.....which proves that women can't read maps and men don't follow directions.

We had an awesome ride back; great weather, good roads, not too much traffic and just enough high speed adrenalin to clean the cobwebs out of my air-cleaner and my mind. Taz dropped by my place for coffee and a lot of laughs, some caused by Angelique from Mozambique who could not get her tongue around Garradunga....Gurragungada and Gungadunaga and Gundaggagaga and finally what sounded like Gunnadoya, (Gunna-do-ya) which cracked us up completely. Ah yea that was a Mother's Day ride to remember for a long time.



## SAFETTY OFFICER'S REPORT

With the wet season behind us, there is no excuse for leaving our HOGS parked up in the shed. Our safety and survival on our roads is dependent on regular riding to maintain our reflexes and skill level.

Moto DNA magazine has some tips which I will outline here;-

### "Inappropriate speed"

We hear about speeding all the time and can easily deliberate that it's just revenue raising, this can result in some complacency. However, riding too fast for the environment is still one of the daftest things you can do on your bike. Remember to ride to what you can see. What's around the corner? Can you stop before your vanishing point? Wayward 4wd's, wildlife and pedestrians can literally appear out of nowhere, plus debris on the road like gravel, fallen tree branches or diesel is all too common. A mentality that somethings out to get you is useful, use this mindset to protect yourself!

### Drink and Drugs;-

Riding bikes is risky enough without adding more unnecessary risk through having a drink or taking drugs. As well as the obvious impairment there is a much greater risk of tiredness, poor judgment, slower reaction times and a false sense of security even with a small amount of alcohol in your system. Fatigue from riding a motorcycle is not to be underestimated and a real threat for riders. Drinking enough water combats both the mental and physical fatigue while alcohol only dehydrates us further!

"Risk Awareness The best riders have good awareness of their environment, continually scanning their surroundings to identify potential hazards. By being prepared for threats you are much more likely to react more quickly. Anticipate other road users behaviour. Look out for warning signs, example a car subtly weaving in it's lane may be a distracted driver. Reduce speed at intersections and cover your brakes. This can save precious seconds if you need to stop. Always use your safety bubble when you ride. Reflect on any close calls. It may have been a car driver at fault as a rider we will always come off worse!

Hope these tips help your riding experience.

Yours in Safety

"Let's Ride"

Chopper.





## Casanova's Tableland Ride Sunday 12th June

It was sunshine on the Tablelands, but wet in Cairns. Chopper and the Hoggies left Harley Magic at 9am and collected the Road Captain, Casanova and Tableland riders from the Bull Park in Mareeba. One particular rider was hanging out for a caffeine fix so Casanova accommodated the suggestion. The ride ventured west from Mareeba, out to Chettle Road, past the Correctional Centre and along to Mt Uncle. Cappuccino and scones with mulberry jam and cream were a hit.





The weather changed from sunshine to overcast with drizzle in the distance. We travelled through Rangeview, Tolga, Atherton, Kairi, Tinaroo and to the Tolga Pub for lunch. We devoured yummy steak wraps and chips.





Leaving Tolga, the weather was a little overcast and misty but the hard arses kept riding towards Mareeba. Casanova led us to his house for coffee.







Another great day! Thank you. Let's keep riding! Be safe

Remember if you decide to leave the pack, tell the Road Captain or tail end Charlie.

Cheers, Casanova

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*Nobody's Lament (or Somebody invited Everybody and Nobody made an effort)*

*Early to bed, early to rise, undeterred by cold grey skies, we are local riders and weather wise.*

*So slip on the gloves, boots and jackets, or stay at home if you think you can't hack it.*

*A straight run down the highway,.... or so I thought, but Somebody had different plans and we all got caught.*

*Raining softly, but stinging my face, I'm glad we were cruising and not riding in haste.*

*Southward bound, some light drizzle, winding wet country roads, good reason to grizzle.*

*Cheesus and Mary, how many corners ? We didn't know the route, Somebody could have warned us.*

*My muscles stiff, 300 kilos is harder to ride at slower speeds.....I think tomorrow I'll need a massage from shoulders to knees.*

*So onward we rode,....and by Murphy's Law we had an unplanned detour.....wet and lost, I need shelter and food and that's for sure.*

*Finally we arrived,.... breathe a sigh of relief at last.....park the machines.....time to break our fast.*

*Hardship soon forgotten; time to chat and share moments to treasure.*



*What was I saying about inclement weather?*

*I can't recall, the sun has come out to play....looks like we are in for a fantastic day.*

*A great country breakfast, a gracious host; in a country pub that has a ghost.*

*Food all finished, let's go outside.....what a bright blue sky, now it's time to ride!*

*A Mother's Day to remember, filling our hunger .....*

*At the haunted country pub called Garradunga*



## Thank You

Casanova and Pitstop would like to sincerely thank the Cape York HOG Club for the floral arrangement and everyone for their condolences, support and kindness. Unfortunately Casanova's sister passed away in Brisbane, Thursday 26th May.

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**Julatten: Twice in one week.**

Back in early April Ando phoned me to see if I was able to ride with the group to Julatten on the next weekend. I was confident I could so he arranged to drop by my place on the way to Harley Magic and we'd ride in together. On the Sunday morning he arrived nice and early, but a torrential rainstorm had arrived even earlier. He walked into the house fully rugged up in so much wet weather gear he looked like a John West tuna fisherman blown in by strong tides from the arctic circle. I said Angelique from Mozambique and I would follow the group by car.

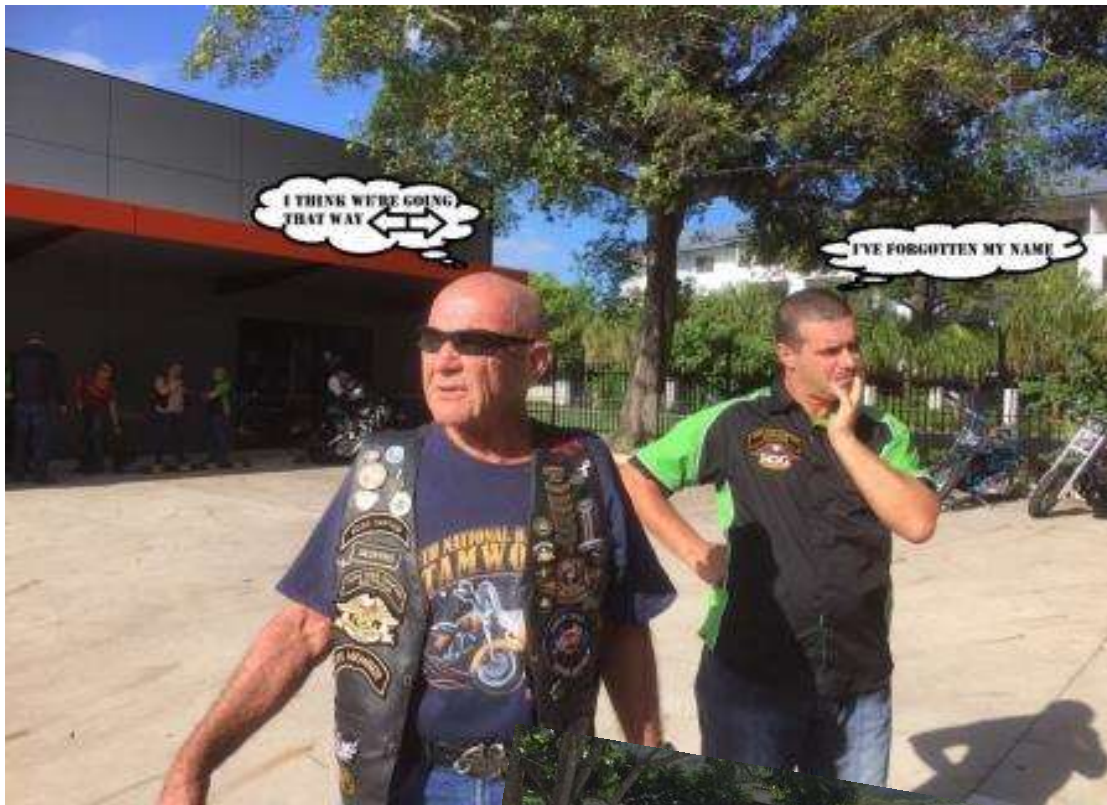
That was the same day Casanova had arrived in Cairns at midnight, drove home for a short sleep and rode down to join us. Much to everyone's disappointment the ride was cancelled...I'm kidding, the cheers were louder than Queensland winning State of Origin. Hahaha believe whatever you want, unless you were there you'll never know.



The ride was rescheduled to the following week, and on the day the weather was a little "iffy". Once bitten twice shy, I didn't get out of bed. Apparently it all went well, feedback I got a week or so later was varied; "Great, fine, good, nice day, good food, enjoyed it, good roads etc."

There's not much more I can say, there's no gossip, no numbers of bikes or people, so I will let the prized "Kodak" moments fill the gaps. Don't forget to RSVP for the AGM lunch and we will see you on the road soon.

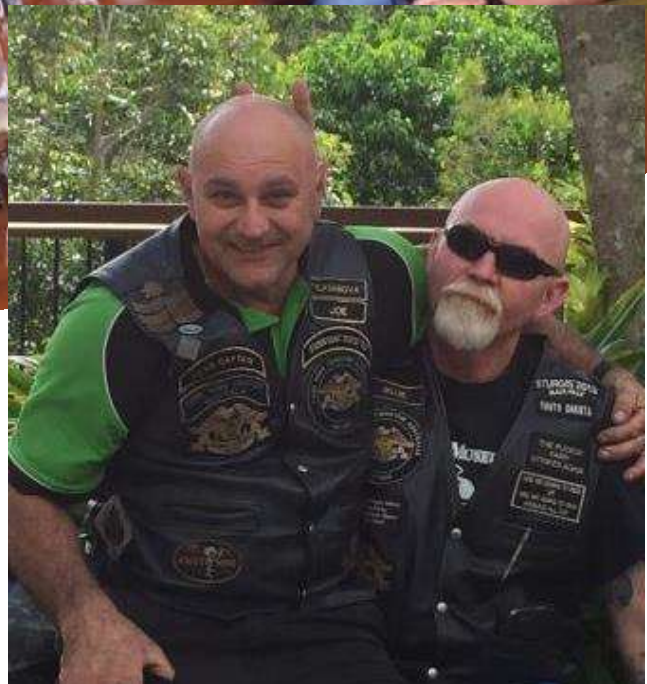












Oh,..... one last thing to say, Suewelyn turned 50 on the 13 July.....





*From everybody, anybody, somebody and nobody*

