

March 2016



YORK TORQUE

EASTER BUNNY EDITION



Cape York HOG proudly sponsored by Harley magic Cairns

Editorial: Everybody learns of times gone by when nobody was offended.

G'day Hoggies, may you all have a great Easter with perfect North Queensland weather to celebrate a long weekend of open roads, fast corners, wide sweeping bends,..... and Chocolate.



As usual I am running late with the York Torque e-magazine. Partly this is due to my ongoing health issues; sometimes an operation or complication or exhaustion. I have missed a lot of rides but don't worry about this because I have a bigger problem occupying my mind.

Not long after I was elected as Editor someone wrote me an email which I took as a personal offence. The person asked me when I was going to release an issue and bluntly advised me it was a requirement that I produce four issues per year. Really? Fortunately I'm a placid casual natured person and I didn't flare up, rant at the cat or utter the words F.U. several times. Well not immediately,..... I let it stew. I don't have a milk-guzzling feline, so on this occasion the neighbour's moggy copped an earful of expletives and several poorly aimed tennis balls. That was when the Halloween issue was almost completed and had to be forwarded for approval by the Dealer. I may be slow and notoriously late, but I'd rather give you something well done than nothing. There is a way where you can help me make the magazine arrive on time. I'm asking anybody and everybody to step up and help me create OUR magazine.

I need your help to put this magazine together. You don't have to be next to me delirious with excitement sticky-taping paper images on the screen or searching the internet for bizarre cartoons to add some mirth to the madness. You can if you want. I need enthusiastic people to send me stories and photos of events they have attended, even non HOG events like Prongs Old Skool Bike Show, the Black-Dog Ride, etc. Hog events, rides, social events and bar-b-ques; if there is something funny or exciting you think others may enjoy and encourage more members to come along, please send it to me and I'll do my best to fit it in somewhere. It may not be in the next issue, but don't be disappointed because although the next one will be my fourth and all obligations as Editor met, I enjoy doing it and plan to produce more after that, with your help.

All you have to do is email me how many HOG riders and passengers went, how many bikes, where to, what was the weather like, did anyone make a fool of themselves, any good jokes or gossip and include some photos. The stories on the next few pages from J.R and Casanova are great examples of the short version and the long one, and both are what adds that individual touch to the magazine and my job is to simply arrange them and add some comments...Yippidee Yippidee YippideeThat's All Folks.

Valentines day

Our Director shares a romantic adventure, an intimate gathering of 11 Hoggies.



A small but very happy group of riders headed for the El ARISH pub for lunch

Some new faces, Donna, Dom's wife and Wally's lovely wife on their first Cape York Hog ride, and also Smithy. Another face that hasn't been seen for a while, Crack. (Nice to have you along brother.) 11 all in all enjoyed a fantastic BBQ provided. Other attendees were Blue, Rushy, and Geoffro Always a great ride with these guys along. Thanks everyone for coming along.

Look forward to riding with you all again soon.....

Cheers JR





When I looked at the photo above I couldn't understand why J.R. looked moody, but then when you see the glass of milk in front of him and you realise he hasn't got any Milo to go with it, the whole picture becomes clear ey? Smithy and Dom are happier with the beer diet.



Wally and his lady having a quick roll on the table...I'm talking about the cigarette he's making.

Rushy relaxes with his beer, deep in thought "is the glass half full or half empty?" Geoffro listens intently for the sound of the bar-girl bringing fresh cold beer.

On the following pages our resident Love Bunny, Assistant Director Casanova, rabbits on about a wet adventure with Di and others.



(Apologies for the quality problems adding Casanova's story to a Word Document, I need my glasses to read it)

Cape York Chapter Inc.



TREASURE HUNT



Saturday 5th March 2016

An overcast morning, drizzle and rain the treasure hunt began. Our Activities Officer, Suewelyn and her off sider JR, Director, met the entrants at Harley Magic. They were given three balls, one for each check point and a list of interesting questions to be answered and items to collect.



Jess and Harvey.

Matthew bravely came face to face with Hot Lips Hoolahan. Well they hit it off straight way and eagerly accepted the next set of questions, handed over their ball and set off in the drizzle.

Meanwhile waiting at the second check point at the Bull Park, Mareeba was Casanova, alias Hot Lips Hoolahan and Pitstop, Di. First team to arrive was Matthew,



Then along came two hard ass hoggies- Rushy and Norm, a visiting HOG member from Belfast, Ireland.



Thanks to Chopper, Norm experienced one of our 50 days of no sunshine. The rain didn't let up and so the drenched riders motored off to a mix of sunshine, drizzle and a dry Gillies Range to meet JR at check point 3, at the Mountain View Hotel.



We farewelled Norm to enjoy holidaying in Australia, Rushy dropped into his house for a dry change of clothes and we all headed to Fishery Falls Caravan Park. Well what a lovely secluded little place hidden behind the hotel.

As we drove in we noticed landscaped gardens between powered van sites, self-contained cabins and meandering around we came to a huge open manicured grassed area where Suewelyn had setup the camp site next to a large covered BBQ area with running water, power, a running creek and a portable shower and toilet.

Who could ask for more!!



Chopper and Annie arrived just in time for nibbles.



JR and Suevelyn organised dinner and we all sat back and socialised.



Overnighters are a great way to get to know people. We awakened to the aroma of bacon and eggs for breakfast by Hot Lips Koolahan and JR, cleaned up, packed up and headed home.

Thanks to everyone for attending. This was another fun filled activity Suewelyn has had in the planning for several months. It was well researched, organised and executed. Well done Suewelyn and of course JR.



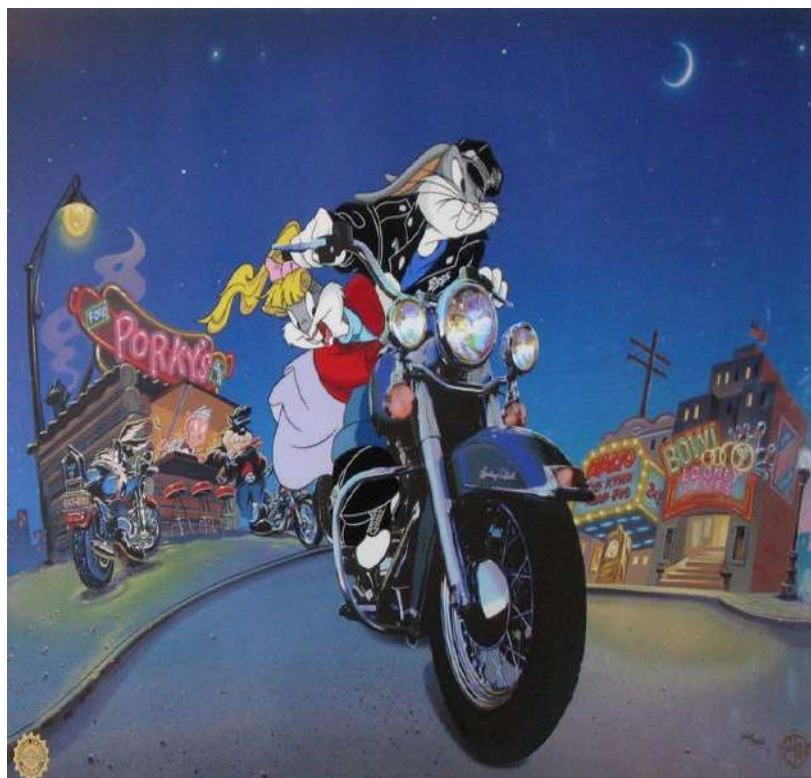
Casanova

Alias Hot Lips Koolahan

Rattle and Hum 27th February.

I can say having just reached the age of 60, I do indeed rattle and hum...so it was quite fitting that that is where a group of us met for dinner and socialising. It wasn't intended to be my birthday party, and it wasn't, but Angelique from Mozambique came home before 6pm with a tasty looking mud cake from the Cheese-Shop.

This was a casual HOG event, anybody was welcome to attend and make it a night out on the town afterwards. J.R and Suewelyn, Giles and Ros, Derek and Sharon Mick and Lisa, Gog and Jane, Blue, plus Me and Annie and Kadi, a friend of ours all got together around 6.30-7pm. The food was great, Rattle and Hum dish up large servings, and the staff is very



friendly, although the place gets so full that there is a wait for the meals. The bar also gets very busy, so buy double or be prepared to wait more often.

It's difficult to talk with everyone when seated at a very long table, but we all managed somehow and finally after a few hours chatting and eating, the "birthday cake" came out. Take my word for it, everyone who ate that cake licked their lips and fingers clean, it was awesome.

So all in all, great company, great food, great service and an unbelievably delicious birthday cake...I took home the remains and spent the next afternoon licking my lips and fingers clean.







Black Dog Ride, 20th March. Organised by the Coral Coast Riders with over 160 bikes this year but not enough to break last year's record numbers. This ride was open to anyone who wanted to contribute and Cape York Hog was well represented in the club shirts. A great ride from the Wharf to Yungaburra with about \$2,500 raised for the local Edward Koch Foundation's work preventing suicide. (Source: Cairns Post, photos from Facebook)







Old Skool Bike Show, Ellis Beach 20th March



After the Black Dog Ride eleven Hog members made it to Prongs Old Skool bike show at Ellis Beach in the early afternoon. Big Steve also made an appearance fresh back from Croatia and Hoggie Ed Porter was already there as one of the tireless volunteers helping the show run smoothly.

The volunteers put in a lot of work the day before fencing off the area and erecting marquee tents. Prong puts in a huge amount of energy to organise this fund-raising show to assist needy people. This year three different families benefited, two ladies battling cancer and a teenager crippled in a quad bike accident. Tickets for a donated second-hand Ultra-Glide have been selling for almost a year and the money raised from ticket sales is around \$16,000, plus the proceeds from auctioning donated goods from companies and individuals.

This year's show was bigger with the entrance moved to the southern end of the café, so that anybody coming in, even tourists wanting a burger, had to pay \$5 entry fee. I think it worked well, and the café area was packed. There were quite a few antique Harleys on display, one built in 1956 the year I was born and unlike me it was still on the road. I think that proves God created man first and then decided to make something more reliable. (Source: Being there and Cairns Post) I took almost no photos, too busy socialising.

1956 model with saddlebags



1956 model with baggy eyes





Two Beers: farewell drinks and ride.

This was Two Beer's last weekend in Cairns now he has relocated to Brizvegas. He's been a great Director in the past and his presence will be sadly missed by many. The get-together at the Courthouse Hotel was well attended. The outside reception was packed with friends new and old, and not just HOG members.



It was a good afternoon and eventually we moved into the bar area late in the afternoon. I only have a few photos, but it's quite clear our Safety Officer likes to live on

the edge and outside the safety guidelines, standing precariously on a chair to deliver his speech. (Bottom photo, You've been sprung Chopper Hahaha).





I can't tell you anything about the ride the next day except it was well attended and they went somewhere. Two Beers agreed to write a story for me and I think it's going to be a rollicking adventure of epic proportions as it's not available for this edition.....Ahhh the agony being an editor

with a deadline to meet and the star reporter kicked back and enjoying the limelight.....



Steve; Those who know you and have ridden with you will miss your company and we all wish you and Delma a great life in Brizvegas with new friends and more adventures.

The Rabbit's Tale



A short bedtime story:

I wrote this in September 2014. It was during a period of depression, so considering the recent Black Dog Ride it seems an appropriate story to share. Sometimes fighting depression is about forcing yourself to do things and deliberately making a note of the positives, not the negatives. It ain't easy.

The plan was to get up early and ride south for an hour then west up into the mountains, but the black dog of depression was barking on my pillow when I awoke and the day was rife with delays and I changed my direction to head north. When I finally got underway mid-morning I nearly lost it on a sharp “S bend” a kilometre from home, overshooting the first curve and over-correcting on the second, scraping metal and sliding sideways (not even going fast). Shifting body weight and accelerating hard pulled me back upright, and when I checked the minor damage later I was amazed how far over the bike had gone. It takes effort or lack of attention to scrape the bottom of a primary cover on a Superglide. That was my reality check to stay alert, which was good because over the next 5 hours I encountered numerous crazy drivers! Is today “Crazy Day”? I had to swerve left, or swerve right, or brake harshly, or a combination of all on at least seven occasions!

By the time I had travelled into the city and stopped at a traffic light near the Civic Centre I had already encountered four of those crazy drivers. Another Harley stopped in the lane beside me...Klinger smiled and asked how my day was and I told him of the events so far and I suggested it may be a good idea to just turn around and go home. He laughed and agreed that sometimes that's the best choice. The lights changed and we rode on, and as I sometimes foolishly ignore the wise words of older riders, I decided to keep going. I also had the nagging thought that if I didn't finish my ride then those four near misses could leave me unwilling to get back on the bike next time.

North of the city is the beach road to Port Douglas, 30 kilometres of sweeping curves with magnificent vistas of the blue-green Pacific Ocean lapping against the golden sands of endless beaches; lush mountains and rocky outcrops of green trees and bushes watched over by clear blue skies and not a cloud to be seen. The only downer was the harsh gales buffeting the windshield affecting the steering, but without it my shoulders and neck would have been bearing the brunt. At some roadworks near Hartley's Creek I had to stop and another Harley rider joined me. From his clothes, the multi-badged vest and heavily customised bike he looked like he belonged to a club and he didn't respond to my hand-signal greeting. Maybe he disapproved of the windshield or my jacket or whatever made us different. Compared to his light clothing I think I probably looked like an old man rugged up for winter in mid-September; Mr 99%. When the road-works man waved us through I accelerated and headed into the corners like a wallaby weaving through long grass. At times the other rider stayed close, other times he lagged far behind.

Finally the coast road turned inland to 20 kilometres of long stretches of road fringed by cane-fields where incredible speeds can be achieved but which you never admit toand today despite my resolve to “behave myself” I gave into the call of the wild, howled, and rode with the wind. The other rider caught up a few times, and eventually I reached the turn-off to a winding road south-west up into the mountains toward Julatten. As I slowed to change lanes and leave the highway he rode up beside me and waved, giving the “thumbs up” before continuing his own journey. Clearly despite the gloves, jacket and a windscreen I had gained the seal of approval,.....LOL I

was riding when he was probably watching Sesame Street, but it's cool to be accepted and be relevant in an uncaring and rapidly changing world, especially on a day when I didn't want to leave the house.

Winding curves, tricky corners, one wayward caravan, and once onto the plateau the drier bushland and cattle farms with their mountain backdrops held my attention on a fast but reasonably restrained ride to Mt Molloy, where I stopped at a café for a massive Fish-burger and black coffee. I was joined by Judith a traveller and spiritual Healer who shared enjoyable and enlightening conversation at one of the garden tables. Things happen for a reason.

Eventually we parted company and I rode on with almost no other vehicles on that stretch of road toward Mareeba and an hour later I was riding east and about to descend back to the coast, when I passed a very cool black Mini Moke; a classic car based around the English Mini-Minor. The driver was entering the highway from Kuranda and drove behind me and I wasn't going to overtake anyone and miss the chance to chat later. Down the Kuranda range road and once on the coast I pulled off the road to let him pass then followed him 15 kilometres out of my way to Yorkey's Knob to meet him and explore his car....he laughed when we met because he said he enjoyed watching my bike on the curves coming down from the mountains and he had been curious why I hadn't overtaken anyone. I have a Mini Moke partially restored, and there are lots of crappy versions here in the city but seeing a very good example was a Joy. This one was exceptional. This is the third time today that a chance encounter with a stranger has put a smile on my dial.

Finally it was time to move on for a short visit to an old friend, and his son who was visiting from afar. I was feeling fairly cheerfull and happy to socialise. Soon the road home beckoned back to where I started, looking forward to some spiritual meditation and some alcoholic medication. 250 klms, sore arse, stimulated mind, travelled old roads, avoided several bad drivers, met new friends, discussed life the universe and everything, explored a classic car, caught up with old mates.....My depressive mood had lifted.

I locked the black dog back in its kennel and let sleeping dogs lie.



That's All Folks

HAVE A BUNNY GOOD WEEKEND