



ULYSSES
JO. BURG NORTH CHAPTER
grow old disgracefully

CHAPTER NEWSLETTER

June 2012

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NATIONAL RALLY GONUBIE 2012

DAY 1: On Thursday 10th May 2012 the main party left for East London which consisted of Mike, Gordon, Linda, Gavin, Tom and Denise, and our new member Len riding his Triumph Rocket III. Nick and Maryanne were following by car and Alan Russel and Roy and Barbara would meet us down there, Gayle, (Len's wife) would be flying in.

There was not much happening until the party reached Hobhouse which consists of a T junction so finding the owner of the CLOSED pub was not too difficult and Tom "fetched" him. After waking him up, he coerced him into opening the pub to refresh the weary travelers. The owner arrived in Hobhouse 22 years ago and "just never left" We were pleased that he hadn't.



Nick and Maryanne had not yet arrived and were traversing 160km off road on dirt in the merc. Unfortunately the Garmin had multiple organ failure and decided the scenic off road route would be the way to go.

All said and done they arrived in time to partake of a few be vies with the already well watered advance group and it was then time to leave as our first night stopover would be in Wepener at the one and only Lord



Fraser's which was just down the road.



On arrival at Lord Fraser's, the check in was a bit of a free for all but the rooms were not too shabby, they even had little bowls equipped with items such as Eno's, earbuds, panado's, condoms and chocolates on the beds with a Bible verse warning of the wages of sin!

A few drinks before dinner and we were moved to the Dining Hall where there was one other couple.

Ordering dinner was a lengthy process and cooking it even longer but this did not stop Tom from being his normal helpful self, and in true Maitre D style he draped his arm with a crisp white serviette and went to serve a lonesome couple.

Strangely Tom then sat down and started to drink their drinks, It was at this point that we all denied any knowledge of his existence or that we knew him. Thank goodness dinner



arrived!



Knowing that we had to be up early, the wise ones, had an after dinner drink and retired. Not Mike, Tom and Len! They took it upon themselves to seek retribution for the lonesome dining room couple and made sure that the Cane bottle gave Tom a healthy Klap before they let him go to bed!

DAY 2: In the morning we were on our way early and then Mike's bike started its nonsense in Aliwal North where it was peeing out psychedelic green stuff, in Jamestown his BMW badge fell off and in Queenstown his exhaust fell off! It certainly was a BM Trouble You! Some running repairs were undertaken at the local garage where the BMW was duct taped and cable tied back together so we could be back on the road. The rest of the journey was pretty much uneventful, with the odd pothole and we all arrived safe and sound in Gonubie, checked into our hotels and went to the Rally Village.



The organization was brilliant, and we were soon ensconced at a table

with bevy in hand. Nick and Alan went to the AGM and Mike was left to fix his bike. A big thank you to East London for fetching the bike, taking it in for repairs and returning it. No mess no fuss, just efficient.

There was a very large tent with full on bar facilities, a number of food vans around the field and of course the CMA doing coffee and biscuits. On registration we were given a 6 page program of events which included everything from a tour on the PARTY bus to tours to Kei Mouth, riding demo's and safety tips. Every hour of the 4 days was catered for. Kia had also provided vehicles to shuttle members to and from their hotels.

Of course as night came down, glasses went up and the party started, but it would not be the same without Des and Boswell, who were kitted out in their finest Rally Gear.



On Saturday afternoon, those of us that could still walk gathered on the

point to have the group photo taken. Those that couldn't walk were driven in shuttle cars or bussed in, the East London Chapter were adamant that you would be in the picture. A couple of our more unruly members did manage to escape and were hiding in the Gonubie Hotel!



ADULT VIEWING ONLY



Each night there was a band playing and of course there was much dancing and frivolity, here we can see our newest member Len, getting wild on the dance floor. No there wasn't any piggy back racing!!!!



Mike became the Phantom Hockey Poker. Tom sure did get off that dance floor smiln' with such a purty mouth!



We also have Tom doing the not so Phantom Hokey Pokey with Mike. Truth be told, Tom's pants JUST fell down and he grabbed Mike to stabilize himself..... Ja right!.



On the last night we had a 3 course sit down dinner and each course was interspersed with either prize giving or floor shows. The tables had all been beautifully decorated and a large amount of effort and thought had gone into the decorations.



The East London Ladies did a wonderful show of belly line dancing, but the men's production of the Sugar Plum Fairies just put the cherry on the top! These bikers had missed their calling in life! Even Sandra and Lil Mac managed to make it, with a whole bunch of the KZN South Coasters with them, their journey down which included 2 parrots in the car sounded horrendous and what could go wrong, did go wrong, but here you can see all was forgotten and Sandra was having a glorious time



flattening us all on the dance floor, but all good parties come to an end and sadly we had to leave.



As Nationals go, East London can all form up and take a bow, they did a tremendous job and we take our helmets off to you!

A Priest was about to finish his tour of duty, and was leaving his Mission in the jungle where he has spent years teaching the natives when he realizes that the one thing he never taught them was how to speak English. So he takes the chief for a walk in the forest. He points to a tree and says to the chief, "This is a tree." The chief looks at the tree and grunts, "Tree." The Priest is pleased with the response. They walk a little further and he points to a rock and says, "This is a rock." Hearing this, the chief looks and grunts, "Rock." The Priest was really getting enthusiastic about the results when he hears a rustling in the bushes. As they peek over the top, he sees a couple of natives in the midst of heavy sexual activity. The Priest is really flustered and quickly responds, "Man riding a bike." The chief looks at the couple briefly, pulls out his blowgun and kills them.

The Priest goes ballistic and yells at the chief that he has spent years teaching the tribe how to be civilized and be kind to each other, so how could he kill these people in cold blood that way? The chief replied, "My bike."

ENJOY YOUR DAY and remember to keep off the roads when riding somebody else's bicycle.

“Die Gat” by Big Tom

Saturday at 10am the following people met at the Sasol garage to head for the Gat, Nick and Maryanne, Tom and Denise John and Gail, Roy Webster, Johan Botha, Grant Wernick, Steve Caddick and Andrew Moore.

Mr. Caddick arriving late, seemed rather surprised when he got to Sasol as he was not sure that he has ever been in Krugersdorp before. Whilst waiting for him Ulysses West Rand showed up and for a second we thought that maybe they were coming with us, but they were just on a short out run. Being 10am and the sun was shining it was time for John Gail and Tom to check the suitability of the cooler box to keep beers cold. Andrew was overheard saying that he knew this would be a rough weekend but not this rough. Roy checked if his GPS could find a pub within 20 metres of the Sasol and yes it could, none of this would have happened if Mr. Caddick had had some idea where Krugersdorp was.

Soon we were on route and managed to lose the support car within 10km, however we stopped for some human fuel just outside Magaliesburg waiting for Denise to find us again.

Finally the 7 bikes and one Yamaha were on their way. We soon spread out with Pathfinder Nick leading the pack and Roy acting as tail gunner (Mr. Fix it) The road to Die Gat is average with the odd pot holes which are easy to see and miss providing you are not doing Mike or Lorna's speeds, a big plus was the lack of traffic.

The trip to Die Gat was not about the route or the view but rather the opportunity to spend time with like minded people in an environment that

most are not exposed to very often.

Not long into the ride we encountered our first “stop and go” and again fearing the possibility of dehydration a quick beer was administered to Tom and John, like all stop and go's in SA, it seems that no work is being done, other than the occupants of the cars using the opportunity to throw away their accumulated trash.

Koster was the town we were now heading for and on arrival the UJN motley crew needed food. Nick's GPS recommended a Pub and Grub location and soon 11 hungry bikers strolled in, we got the normal look from the local bar boys who looked like they had been there for a week, and the pub smelled as if they had.



Beers were available if you served yourself but the sign outside advertising grub was incorrect the kitchen was closed. Within 5 min we had mounted up and left to find an establishment that actually wanted our cash and would welcome a group of highly distinguished well behaved captains of society on their trusted steeds and one Yamaha

An hour later we found a very nice eating establishment called Die Ouwerf in Lichtenburg and were treated like all UJN members are accustomed to, nothing was too much trouble for the owners. After a rather long but tasty lunch we left Lichtenburg, our next stop would be

Die Gat “The road from Lichtenburg to Ottoshoop was good and soon the bikes were moving along at pace ... I assume the excitement of getting to Die Gat had something to do with it.

We arrived at Die Gat at about 4pm; the turn off from the main road takes you down a 500 m dirt road then a steep decline to the pub and accommodation.



Our accommodation was a big enclosed barn that had a make shift stage at the one end, the owner insisted that we park our bikes in the barn (even the Yamaha was allowed in), and so now the opportunity existed for us to sleep next to our bikes!!!!!! The thought of sleeping next to well rounded firm cylinder heads and curvaceous fairing seemed to go well with some of the lads.

Bikes parked, bedding set up and we were soon in the pub and chatting to the other locals who were there, although we had ordered braai packs for supper a boar was on a spit (maybe it was a hog), the rugby was on in the bar and Tom being a Bull supporter was soon celebrating with

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As the gripe water flowed and the clan was fed the party started to hot up in the pub, the owner who is an ex Rhodie officer is extremely hospitable and loves to entertain with his singing and playing of his guitar, he is assisted by his daughter and wife when she is not taking about restoration, as the night shadows increased so did the volume and soon we had Gail (Abba impersonation)

and Pathfinder Nick bashing out ex Rhodies songs much to the delight of the owner

Slowly each one of the clan started to take pit stops, while others started the fire again just to make sure that nobody would get a good nights sleep, the barn soon turned into a sight never seen before men were sleeping next to their bikes Andrew had set up his bedding on the stage so that he would be safe from any snakes, unfortunately for him he was totally invaded by ants. Nick claimed that a single little mosquito was buzzing around his head and that he could not sleep (nothing to do with the amount of gripe water of course), however he is sticking to that story. Both Maryanne and Denise were also visited by the ants during the night.

The sounds in the barn at night are strange to say the least, some idiot was making lion noises, the night diesel loco seemed to be heading directly into the barn and the snoring from the UJN clan sounded like a Hog breakfast run.

At day break we all slowly made our way out to the fire place and had coffee and a quick shower, Tom was in shorts and wearing what we hope was his wife bra (maybe he was helping her rid the ants from the previous night). After breakfast and some more coffee the look of



normality returned and once again the boys and girls looked like bikers of distinction.

The ride back home was un eventful and we stopped for lunch in Koster, the beers were cold and the food average, everyone seemed to have enjoyed the overnight and would do it again.

A great venue, great people and free accommodation, \$\$\$\$ well done Maryanne your negotiation skills our top class when are we doing "Die Gat" again.



ULYSSES JHB North 5th ET Anniversary

FRANCOIS MEMORIAL RUN
Ysterperd, vryheids-geskenk

NOT@HOME 2012

The 5th Anniversary of the trip to ET saw us leaving Johannesburg on Friday the 16th March in various groups at various times. Those that left later ended up riding in the rain. Mike and Duifie braved a storm or two, Gavin and Dave only had 60km of dry weather and were soaked to the bone on arrival. Edy and Chris only got to Sabie at about 10:30pm after fighting the dark and rain! The bar at Summit Lodge offered a haven for all of us. What a great assembly point, for us all!



Summit Lodge is a super venue because the restaurant is on the premises and we could roll over from the pub to the next room for dinner.



The only problem with dinner was that Duifie did not get enough food, so she compensated by dipping into everyone's chips!



After a good night's sleep (some of us had more sleep than others) we woke to a glorious day. So first things first – wash the bikes! Johan, you would be proud of the boys!



3 groups departed from Summit Lodge for a day of sight seeing.

Dave and Gavin rode through to the Blyde Canyon Adventures – Boat

Trip. They enjoyed the serenity of the still water and lush mountains. They recommend the experience and advise that you book by calling 0157955961 and allow for travel delays through rural Africa.



Mike H, Adrian, Lorna, Ivan, Julian and James took to the endless twisties. Adrian's Suzuki made him proud as he kept with the bigger bikes as they swerved around the curves from Graskop through Sabie, White River and Nelspruit. The pass between Nelspruit and Barberton was a bit of a challenge, but the road to Joselsdal was a once in a lifetime experience. Adrian enjoyed experimenting with his new camera and the results were excellent.



We stopped at Kaapsehoop for lunch. Duifie and family travelled the tourist spots by car.



All arrived safely back to Summit Lodge. That night we had a braai. The Ulysses men sorted out the fire, which proved to be a challenge because of a miscalculation in the amount of charcoal needed – but all was cooked and eaten. Ice-cream cones went down very well as a pudding. We had a minutes' silence in honour of Francois and shared fond memories of a very dear friend, husband, brother and father.





On Sunday we woke to thick mist. After a hearty breakfast we crawled through the mist and rode towards Johannesburg into ever improving weather.

This trip to ET was unique in that all 3 groups spent more time stopping and taking in the breathe-taking scenery, than riding. A good time was had by all.

FUNNYSTUFF * FUNNYSTUFF * FUNNYSTUFF * FUNNYSTUFF * FUNNYSTUFF *

THE BACK PAGE



a bus they waved it past.

I arrived home safely without incident, which was a real surprise, as I have never driven a bus before and am not sure where I got it from!

If you know of anybody missing a bus please let me know so I can arrange to return it.

OLDER CROWD

A distraught senior citizen phoned her doctor's office. "Is it true," she wanted to know, "that the medication you prescribed has to be taken for the rest of my life?" "Yes, I'm afraid so," the doctor told her. There was a moment of silence before the senior lady replied, "I'm wondering, then, just how serious is my condition because this prescription is marked 'NO REFILLS'."

Aging:

Eventually you will reach a point when you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it. This is so true. I love to hear them say "you don't look that old."

You know you are getting old when everything either dries up or leaks.

One of the many things no one tells you about aging is that it is such a nice change from being young.

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Ah, being young is beautiful, but being old is comfortable.

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