

November 2017

ISSUE No 73

**SOME CONTENTS OF THIS
NEWSLETTER MAY OFFEND
SOME PEOPLE**

**PLEASE BE AWARE OF THIS AND
READ THE INFO ON PAGE
TWO**

Macedon Ranges Newsletter



Social Nights are held on the Third Monday of each month at the Sunbury Football Club Rooms “Clark Oval Riddel Rd Sunbury from 6.00 pm onwards. Come along and enjoy a great nights chat and a nice meal.

Saturday Morning Coffee’s are at the “Jolly Miller” in the Gisborne shopping centre, Brantome St Gisborne from approx 10AM onward till about 12.00 noon. Just look for the Bikes and Foxy’s happy smile or even Michaels (yet I doubt it)

Midweek rides are from the Caltex Servo in Station Rd Gisborne on each Wednesday Morning at 10 AM. (Gentlemans hours) Usually arranged on the day

Calendar Rides Sunday rides leave from Mac Donalds Horne St Sunbury at 9.30 AM unless otherwise organised. see ride calender on www.mrug.net for dates
Saturday rides leave from Jolley Miller about 11-ish

Please read this

Some jokes may be deemed to be offensive to some people. However, it should be recognised that most jokes, if not all jokes, would be deemed to be offensive to some people. Let's face it; just about every joke ever told contains something offensive that will get right up the nose of someone.

Just because jokes offend some people it is no case for censorship. Humour, of all varieties, exists for those who enjoy it.

Never forget how to laugh!

COVER: Now how good is this..... Sasha stars again

Your Committee

Position	Name	Nickname	Phone
President	Michael Bevan	Donald or Zippo	0431 495 673
Secretary	Mark Behan	Fluffy	0412 078 098
Treasurer	Richard Bouchier		0418 639 555
Ride Co-ordinator	Richard Bouchier		
Quartermaster	Sylvia Behan		0413 188 894
Editor	Jim Alley	The Cat	0414 871 927
Welfare officer	Moiria Burgess	Foxy Lady	0413 269 022
Events Co ordinator	John Barrie	Stud	0447 083 590
Committee	Ian Cowie	Moose	0419 587 208
	Vicky Cronin	Papparazzi	0409 434 101

A Word from your President.....



President's Report

Hi everyone, this is my third report and the year is rapidly coming to an end. We have a saying in our house on Boxing Day "It won't be long and it will be Christmas", and it nearly is.

Rides

Since my last report, we have had a couple of Saturday and Sunday rides to Yarck, Shepparton, Seymour, Malmsbury, and Maldon. During this time, we also had a 3 day weekend in Echuca with 17 of us enjoying the weekend with the only down side being Jacinta's incident. Unfortunately, she fractured her ankle and her bike was written off.

We also had the annual Memorial Day Ride on 12 November. It was good to see so many from our branch come along and support the event. It is an important event for the Victorian branches, as it gives us the opportunity to pay our respects and remember those in the Ulysses Club who Ridden on in the last year and those who had Ridden on in previous years. Smokey was the MC for the event. He did an excellent job leading the ride to the top of Mt Macedon. He read the list of those members nationwide who had Ridden on. NATCOM members, Peter Bauch VP and Henry Rokx, Secretary, joined the service and said a few words. It is good to see the event is supported by NATCOM.

Social Events

Since the last newsletter we have had a lunch, which was followed by 10 pin bowling. This was a fun filled day, where we found out that a few of us can't bowl. They are a real good laugh to watch, and as we weren't playing for sheep stations nobody really won on the day. Thank you to those who came along and made the day.

Movie Nights

Paul Arumets has continued to organise the impromptu movie and dinner nights at Itahlia and Readings in Sunbury, and since the last newsletter we have had 3 such events. They are normally organised for a Wednesday or Thursday night. Paul usually advises of these on the club's Facebook page. If you have access to Facebook and no access to our group then search Facebook for Macedon Ranges Ulysses Branch, and request to join and one of the administration people will accept you, then you will be able to access our page. This is a great way to socialise and get to know other affiliates in the club and see a movie as well.

Christmas Lunch

This year's club Christmas lunch will be held at Hanging Rock in the same shelter we used previously. The committee need you to email events@mrub.org.au with how many you are bringing so we can ensure we have catering for everyone. As per previous years, if you haven't paid the admin fee and are not 70 or over, there will be a \$20 charge. I will send out some additional information about a week from the lunch.

Farewell

As most of you will be aware, John and Andrea Eacott have sold their property and will be heading north to permanently be in the sunshine and on the golf course. John and Andrea have been involved in the branch for around 10 years. They have actively promoted social events, held the Christmas lunch at their place and added a valuable voice to the committee. I thank them both for their contributions and support for our branch and they will be sadly missed.

Michael Bevan
President
#50364





A Word from our Secretary

MINUTES

MRUB Committee Meeting 11/11/17
Jolly Miller Gisborne 9.30 am

Present: Michael Bevan, Sylvia Behan, John Barry, Mark Behan, Richard Bouchier, Vicki Cronin, Ian Cowie,

Apologies: Moira Burgess, Jim Alley

- It was moved that the present arrangements re banking access be modified so that payments, withdrawals etc. be allowed by just ONE of the approved signatories (i.e. no authorizations are required). Moved Mark Behan, Seconded John Barry. Passed unanimously.
- A brief discussion was held re the new club 'flyers' and the need to distribute them to locations where interested parties may see them.
- Arrangements for the Christmas BBQ was then discussed. Will be held on the 3rd of December at Hanging Rock Western Pavilion - we aim to cater for approximately 40.

Supplies will be -

- Vegie burgers
- Sausages / hamburgers / BBQ steak - John to approach local butcher re possible support.
- Loaves of bread (5) - Mike.
- Sauce, salt, pepper, plates, serviettes, etc. - Mike.
- Cold chickens (4) / sliced ham. - Richard.
- Members to contribute salads and sweets as offered but Sylvia, Moira and Vicki will oversee process and buy salads / sweets as required.
- Soft drinks to be supplied as required - Mike.
- It was agreed a card and gift be bought for our departing members John and Andrea Eacott. Mark to get card whilst Mike will follow up photo in frame.

Meeting closed at 10:20



From Your Friendly Editor.....



And so it was with a heavy heart we farewelled the Bowling club and headed to the Football club. And yes the sky didn't fall down. Meals are nice, room seems ok if not a little crowded but then that's life. Our Prez is working to improve things all the time so patience is all that's required hey.

The weather over the past few months has been bloody cold but as I cant throw a leg over the bike till December I have sat back and smiled a little. As usual ride reports sent into me are thin on the ground and the web site is full of ride reporting info for those that read it.

Johnny "the Stud" has been busy organising events along with Pappa who with Paul sets up the Movie nights.

Went to the 10 pin bowling arvo at Highpoint. Really top lunch was had at Plumes over the road from the Bowling Alley and then we trouped into the Alley and showed the locals how it was done. Well done Stud for organising it. Well done Vicky for being Tail End Charlie.

Sorry about the late release but shit happens

Not much more to add. So till next year.

Cheers

Meow





A Word from our Welfare Officer

Hello everyone,

It has been a rather quiet few months. I think most of us have escaped what was a shocking flu season. And, a very cold winter.

Some gorgeous flowers were sent to Jacinta Thomas, after she fractured her ankle after a little oops. Having followed the ride leader down a dirt track, whilst away on our annual Echuca weekend away.

A huge thank you goes to Diana McCourt, for driving Jacinta home from the Echuca hospital.

We all wish Jacinta well with a speedy and hopefully 100% recovery.

Meanwhile, John Kidd was admitted to hospital with heart problems. Scaring everyone around him. We all wish John a speedy recovery, hoping all is well with him.

A sympathy card was sent to Michael Bevan and his family, after the passing of his sister. Our thoughts are with Michael and his family.

Christmas is not far away. Hoping everyone has a very happy, healthy and safe time over the Christmas break.

As always, the job of the welfare officer I only as good as the information given. Please don't hesitate to let me know of anyone in need of help or assistance.

Contact me on:
0413269022 or 87717039



A Word from our Paparazzi



I would like to have your stories. Come on, I know that you have them. Be a sport and write it down, the headings are: "Caught In the Headlight", this can be about you, your bikes, a fun ride that you went on, a trip overseas, just something about you.

"My First Bike" a story about your first bike, how you got it, where you rode it, what was special about it? A picture or two would be great. Thank you to the members that have already participated in this bit of fun.

You can send these stories to me,
vickicronin1@bigpond.com Don't be shy!

Remember send all of your ride photos and a comments about the rides to the Editor Cat, make his job easier.

Cheers... Vicki
#63980



2019 AGM Event Mornington

Although 2019 sounds a long way off it will be here sooner than you realise. Plans for the forthcoming AGM Event are proceeding nicely. A recent meeting at Mornington outlined several ideas including themes and ideas for the Tuesday meet and greet and the Saturday night dinner. Colours and design of the memorabilia were also discussed. Managers and coordinators are currently putting together the first draft of their expected budget requirements and, although various aspects of the event are yet to be finalised, this is a NATCOM requirement as they have final say on everything to do with the event.

The current structure for the 2019 event involves 37 positions of which 9 still need to be filled. We are now looking to recruit for the following positions:

MANAGER 4	Team leader of portfolios: Meetings, Catering, Grand Parade, Function & Ceremonies, Decorations and Organised Rides. Coordination of various portfolios reporting to AEC Executive and NAGMEC.
Event HQ	Coordination and administration of the event including providing members support for information desk, phone charging, event awards and lost & found.
Parcels & Laundry	Coordination and delivery of parcels including event PO Box, parcels collection, release to members and re-postal service. Laundry service drop-off and pickup (laundry service provided by willing local laundry service).
Check In	Coordination and support of check in registration requirements
Volunteers	Responsible for recruiting general volunteers and design & management of effective work rosters.
Training	Responsible for ensuring that site and OH&S training has been provided for volunteers and coordinators.
Media & PR	Responsible for ensuring that the event receives a steady and effective level of positive, current and informative publicity and promotion before, during and after the AGM Event. The purpose of this Portfolio is to ensure that the forthcoming Ulysses Club AGM Event is publicised and promoted appropriately and adequately to all relevant audiences.
Functions & Ceremonies	Responsible for coordinating five (5) official Club functions and ceremonies during the AGM Event week. Functions are: Meet N Greet evening, Official Welcome Ceremony, Formal Dinner, Church Service, and Closing Ceremony.

We are also looking for some for following:

Website Administrator	Liaison with National Website Coordinator for the establishment and currency of AGM event website. Liaison with Media & PR Coordinator and AEC on information to submitted to AGM event website.
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If you feel that you could fill one of these roles or, If uncertain, would like to ask some questions please give me a call on 0407 058 058

Stephen Draper #36741
AGM 2019 Event
Manager 3



20170906 Mandela came to town.



On the 6th September Mandela came to town. Ken, Paul and myself joined Sue and Denis at the Snow Gum Hotel for a meal and a night of hijinks and frivolity. It was lovely to catch up with our missing members.

My First Bike

I got my first taste for motorbikes riding on the back of my best mate from Primary School, John's Honda Amigo. At 16, as soon as I had a full time job as an apprentice boilermaker, I got a loan for a Suzuki TS100 road/trail bike. By the time I had a licence I was into cars, but was helping mates with their bike restorations, Matchless, AJS, BSA, Triumph, Harley and Indian. At 20 my first road bike was a second hand Yamaha XSC650. Repainted black with gold trim, stripped down, load pipes, flat bars, café racer style, and I was king of the road. Triumph, Harley and back to Triumph followed for the next 38 years. I can't imagine life without a bike in the shed. I don't have a photo of the Yammy but it looked like this one before I attacked it.



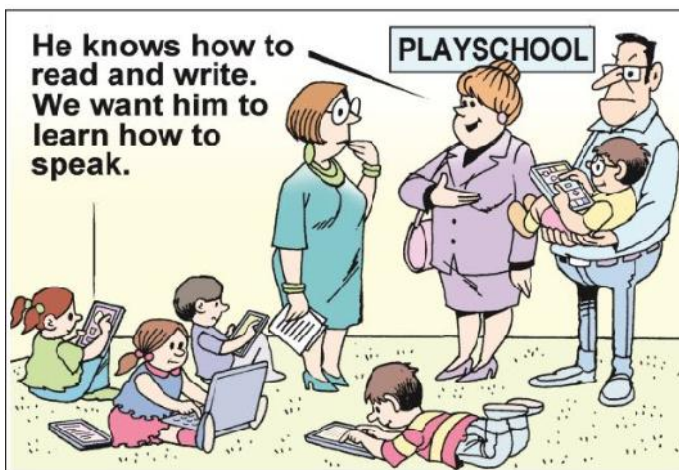
Cheers,

Mal Livesay #49876

20170909 Saturday Ride to Sheparton



Big Boys Toys, in their element thanks for a great day Dave and Charles.



A car hit an elderly Jewish man. The paramedic says, "Are you comfortable?" The man says, "I make a good living."

A man called his mother in Essendon.

"Mom, how are you?"

"Not too good," said the mother. "I've been very weak."

The son said, "Why are you so weak?"

She said, "Because I haven't eaten in 38 days."

The son said, "That's terrible. Why haven't you eaten in 38 days?"

The mother answered, "Because, I didn't want my mouth to be full in case you should call."

Millie right at home in motorbike sidecar with owner Greg Bolger

MILLIE the staffordshire-cross made her great escape from a Mildura pound in a WWII era side car last September — and she has been an easy rider ever since.

Smitten owner Greg Bolger, from Sunbury, had been looking for a sidecar companion having fulfilled a bucket list dream when he secured the Ural, a Russian-made touring bike.

He'd made a promise to his previous pet, a staffy-cross called Kaisy.

"I said to her 'I'll get a sidecar and we'll go cruising'," he said.

But the dog died aged 13, before Mr Bolger bought the bike.

Every September, Mr Bolger heads to Mildura and it was a visit last September to the pound which proved life-changing for seven-year-old rescue dog Millie.

"I wouldn't say it was love at first sight but I asked the ranger whether I could try on doggles [touring goggles for dogs] on her," he said. *Then I asked him whether I could see if she would jump in the sidecar and when I opened the door, she jumped right in.*

"I then asked to see whether she'd be all right on a ride and she was fine, even after the engine was turned on and we headed to Robinvale and back."

The next trip Millie took was a five-and-a-half-hour ride to her new home in Sunbury.

"I don't think she was expecting that, but she slept most of the way," he said.

Mr Bolger takes Millie on short trips around Sunbury to hours-long cruises across the state and she is always ready to go once the bike gets wheeled out.

And every trip, short or long, comes with photos and questions about Millie and the bike, so the pair are now quite the celebrities in Sunbury.

Mr Bolger said when he retired he and Millie planned to travel across Australia for months on end



Actually Millie isn't the only old dog to get around in the yellow peril. I recall old "Hacksaw" Ferrie sitting up in the same seat many times

DECIBELS

The wind rushing around your head as you cruise could be causing lasting damage to your hearing, but there's an easy fix – if it's not too late!



As motorcyclists, we're exposed to sound levels that put us at a high risk for permanent hearing loss, just like operators of loud equipment, such as jackhammers and chainsaws, or heavy metal musicians (insert your favorite Metallica joke here). The bad news is that prolonged and repeated exposure is permanent and ongoing, meaning it will only get worse. The good news is that we can easily prevent it.

HOW THE DAMAGE IS DONE

PROLONGED EXPOSURE to loud noise damages our hearing by literally hammering the tiny hairs deep within our ears. These hairs vibrate in response to sound waves and convert the mechanical energy of sound into electrical impulses that are carried to the brain via the auditor nerve. We're born with between 16,000

and 20,000 of these sound-sensing hair cells. Once they're damaged we suffer hearing loss, and they don't grow back. Noise-induced hearing loss is subtle, cumulative and irreversible.

- In fact, noise-induced hearing loss is the most common permanent and preventable occupational injury in the world according to the National Institute of Occupational Safety and Health. It has found that most workplace hearing loss occurs not from a single loud sound event, but, rather, gradually over time due to prolonged and repeated exposure to elevated sound levels. Exactly the same kind of exposure we can experience as motorcyclists.

According to the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA), the louder the sound is the shorter the time our ears can be safely exposed to it. Sound intensity is measured in decibels (dB), and its scale is logarithmic, which means a noise that registers at 70dB (such as a

vacuum cleaner) is 10 times louder than that of 60dB – the sound level of a typical conversation between two people standing one metre apart.

- Decades of study by OSHA prove that permanent hearing loss can occur with eight hours of sustained exposure above 85dB (an average lawn mower). When sound levels exceed 100dB, permanent hearing loss can occur in just two hours. At 115dB, the exposure time is reduced to 15 minutes. Here's the kicker: riding a motorcycle at highway speeds typically exposes unmuffled ears to more than 100dB. Depending upon speed, it can be as high as 110dB.
- While it's true that exhaust, engine and road noise are the predominant sources of sound below 60km/h, the biggest source of noise that motorcyclists experience is wind rushing around us. This barrage of sound assaults our ears with everything from low-frequency vibrations to high-frequency whining.

Several equipment factors can attenuate the sound levels, notably windshields which can direct wind around and over the rider.

However, some windshields make little difference to sound levels, with tests finding some screens can actually amplify wind noise due to buffeting and resonance.

THE SIMPLE SOLUTION

THE GOOD NEWS is that we can prevent wind-associated hearing loss easily and inexpensively by using simple foam earplugs. Available in a variety of styles and materials from any number of retailers, foam earplugs provide the maximum amount of sound reduction that riders need. Most foam earplugs carry a Noise Reduction

Rating (NRR) of 30-32dB, which is exactly the attenuation needed to bring the 105-110dB sound of riding at highway speeds down to the 80dB level that won't damage hearing. Just as important, foam earplugs can be worn comfortably inside nearly all full- or open-face motorcycle helmets.

- Some riders are skeptical about reducing ambient noise via earplugs. A common concern is they won't be able to hear their bike's engine, surrounding traffic, or other audible cues on what's occurring in their immediate environment. The fact is that earplugs don't produce silence. Rather, they simply dampen the sounds that do reach you. Engine speed, passing cars, horns, sirens and other audibles are still discernable while wearing foam earplugs. In fact, most riders

agree earplugs reduce background noise so well, that they're better able to hear and discern the sounds that truly matter.

- A secondary benefit from wearing earplugs might even be more important than hearing preservation: reduced fatigue. According to OSHA, excessive and/or prolonged noise can elevate your heart rate, elicit fatigue and anxiety, increase muscle tension and blood pressure and intensify the likelihood of accidents.
- Still skeptical? Try them on a ride, preferably one that lasts for at least an hour, then be the judge. More than just preserving your hearing, earplugs can help you to be a more relaxed and concentrated rider. And that's music to the ears of any motorcyclist who wants to make it safely to their destination. ☺





20171027 Echuca Weekend



Echuca Weekend

This year's spring weekend away was to Echuca and 17 of us made the ride on the Friday. We took a slightly longer route getting there rather than take the short route, as we were trying to lose time to allow one of the couples to catch us as they were running late. After several stalling attempts, they finally caught us at lunch at the Moama bowling club. We were also joined by Trevor and Dianne from Kerang. Friday afternoon was free time, some of the people went into town and others stayed, lazing around the pool.

Friday night's dinner was at the Moama RSL where we were joined by Max Vuelling from Echuca. Several members of the group who ordered Beef Wellington for dinner got the surprise of their life when the beef, in fact, was chicken. This put a few people off dinner. After a few drinks, it was back to the caravan park for more drinks and strange board games.

Saturday came around and after everyone joined us for breakfast. We managed to feed the masses and made a group decision to cancel the planned ride to Deniliquin and instead go for lunch at a winery 20 km down the road along the Murray River. To make this more interesting, we decided to make a ride out of it, going to Rochester then Kyabram and back along the Murray to the winery. This all went to plan until we got sort of lost on a long dirt road and had to stop to try and work out where we were. Luckily for us, a farmer came along and updated our directions so we continued on. Unfortunately, Jacinta Thomas had a low speed off on a soft patch of the dirt road with the result of a fractured ankle and her bike being written off.

As we had to get Jacinta to the hospital and get her bike picked up we never made it to the winery. Just as well, because I think we would not have been any good on the dirt road after a couple of wines.

Saturday night we organised for Rich River Golf Club to send a bus to the caravan park to pick us up and drop us at the club where we were joined by Max and Nola from Echuca. Everyone had a great dinner including Jacinta, who was in good spirits despite being on crutches or in a wheel chair (provided by the club). The after dinner small flutter was a waste of time, and we all headed back to the caravan park on the bus.

Sunday morning we got together for breakfast and finished our packing, as it was time to head back. It is interesting how these trips take forever to come up but are over in a flash.

Dianne McCourt who now lives in Kerang came in her car for the weekend while Trevor rode his bike. Dianne offered to drive Jacinta back to Melbourne which was very kind of her. They headed off while the rest of us had a leisurely ride back to Heathcote for a coffee and we said our good-byes.

I say, 'thank you' to all who came on the trip. All of you were great company and fun people to be with. The down side was Jacinta's incident, unfortunately these things happen. The good thing is, we are all there for each other when something does go wrong.

Michael Bevan (aka Zippo)

Ten Pin Bowling MRUB Style.

A Day Filled with Fun, Laughter, Thrills, Spills, and Excitement. By Vicki

On Sunday 8th of October some members of MRUB embarked on an adventure to prove that we are not as fit as we once were. Many of us had not bowled in 20+ years, but that did not stop the group from trying their best. Thanks to John for organizing the day. Laughs all round and a great time was had by all who attended the outing.



Dear Editor,

Recently, I inadvertently posted a photo and message on the Macedon Ranges Group page which was meant for my family; before realising my error, messages started to appear and I decided to explain my error by posting a further comment.

This gave me an idea and made me think what Bikers did in their down time, that is, when not riding their bikes and terrorising the neighbourhood.

Quite a few of us in the club are retired from public life and fill in our retirement years with various hobbies. I have now been retired from the Airline Industry for the past eleven years and a member of Ulysses for the past twelve. The hobbies that I now pursue are the same that I had all along, gardening and flying (though the later will be the subject for another time).

My vegetable patch is mad up on six beds of different sizes and according to the season, this is what I grow: Broad beans, Broccoli, Silver beat, Spinach, Bock choy, Spring onions, Cabbage, Cauliflower , Capsicum, Zucchini, Eggplant, Cucumber etc....

In my mini orchard you will find :

Grapefruit, Lemons, Lemonads, Limes, Mandarins, Oranges, Apples, Pears, Nectarines, Apricots, Cumquats, Figs, Grapes, Cherries and Strawberries.

There is also a herb garden with all sorts.

Naturally, we preserve some of the fruit and make jam; what we and the family do not consume, we share with our friends and neighbours.

On days when the weather is inclement, I revert to my other indoor pastimes. In conclusion, I rarely have time to spare.

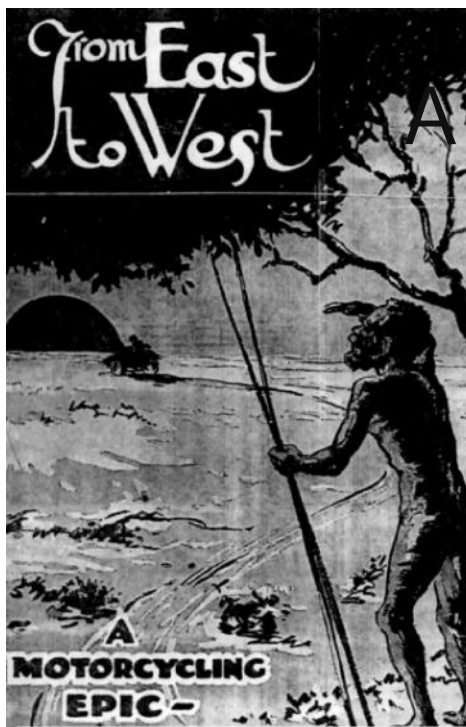
Photos to follow in part two.

Cheers, Wings (Victor)

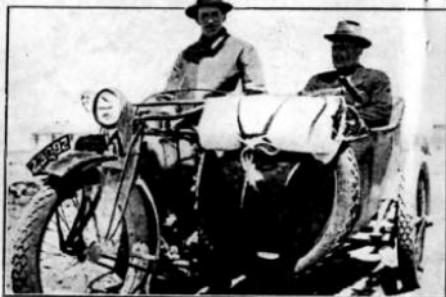


A little girl asked her Mom,
"Mom, may I take the dog for a walk around the block?"
Mom replies, "No, because she is in heat."
"What's that mean?" asked the child.
"Go ask your father. I think he's in the garage."
The little girl goes to the garage and says, "Dad, may I take Belle for a walk around the block?"
I asked Mom, but she said the dog was in heat, and to come to you.
Dad said, "Bring Belle over here."
Being old school he took a rag, soaked it with a little gasoline, and dabbed the dog's backside with it to disguise the scent, and said, "OK, you can go now, but keep Belle on the leash and only go one time round the block."
The little girl left and returned a few minutes later with no dog on the leash.
Surprised, Dad asked, "Where's Belle?"
The little girl said, "She ran out of gas about halfway down the block, so another dog is pushing her home!!!"





THE CHARACTERS OF THE STORY



K. L. SCHILLER, P. W. ARMSTRONG

AND

Indian SUPERCHIEF

ON Saturday, December 8th, 1923, facing almost insuperable difficulties, Messrs. K. L. Schiller and P. W. Armstrong left Melbourne for Perth on an Indian Superchief and Sidecar.

They arrived in the western capital on Sunday, December 16th, having completed the terrific journey of 2360 miles in 8 days 23 hours 12 mins.—cutting the previous Indian record almost in half.

In the following pages Mr. Armstrong tells the story of the adventure, which, as an epic of endurance, has no counterpart in the history of Australian motor cycling.



Preparations and Plans—A Preliminary Jaunt Across a Continent

QUITE a number of Cars have made successful, and sometimes very fast journeys across Australia, from East to West. A few Motorcycles, about three I think, have completed the Transcontinental journey, but their efforts in point of speed were so feeble as to leave an impression that the Motorcycle was not equal to this severe task. Believing a high-class Sidecar Outfit could not be put to shame by any Motor Car performance, I decided to organise a serious attempt on the East-West record. The machine selected for this strenuous task was an INDIAN "SUPERCHIEF," with Goulding Sidecar and Goodyear Tyres. My choice of a driver fell on Mr. Karl Schiller, recognised as the leading INDIAN Sidecar exponent of West Australia, and neither in machine nor in man did I make any mistake.

On the morning of the 1st November, we left the Perth Town Hall at 6 a.m., to the cheer of a small but extremely enthusiastic band of admirers, and turned our faces to the long, long trail that led to Sydney. We had determined to ride across the Continent to familiarise ourselves with the roads and tracks, and to gain hard condition for the return journey.

The ride across was safely accomplished, our only excitement being the chase after a dingo on a big plain. The dog must have had his natural cuteness frightened out of him by the roar of our open exhaust, for he never left the track. He just stretched out into his very best gallop and made a race of it. Flesh and blood, however, have small chance against steel and petrol, and in three-quarters of a mile we ran over him. Pulling up as quickly as

possible, we found him beneath, his jaws clinching the main sidecar bar. A rap on the head ended the days of this much-hated sheep killer.

Arriving one hot evening at the nearly deserted mining town of Coolgardie, we dropped into a pub. for a cool drink. While we let this trickle down our parched throats, one of the loafer type butted in and started a conversation. "When I seen you fellers first," he said, "I says to myself, them's prospectors; I'll follow them." "Yes," said the landlord, "and a — of a time you'll have following them, too." Next night we were 300 miles away, rough miles they were at that.

Many of the days were extremely hot, but crossing the Coorong Desert, between Adelaide and Melbourne, there was a sudden change from summer to winter conditions. A southerly gale set in with heavy rain, and forced us to put up at Kingston for the night. Daybreak brought no improvement, but we turned out at the first streak of dawn and headed straight into the gale. Mile after mile the powerful machine struggled on, the fierce buffets of wind sometimes pulling it back to 12 miles per hour, while Schiller bent down and protected his face from the stinging raindrops with the flap of his slouch hat, and the passenger made himself as small as possible behind the apron.

It will give riders some idea of the force of the wind when I tell them this grand machine, which we had tested to 60 miles an hour with our heavy load, was pulled back to an average of 20 M.P.H. with wide open throttle. Sixty-five miles of this froze us to the bone, and we pulled up at Beechport, and toasted our toes at an hotel fire until the worst of the gale blew over.

Our actual riding time was to Melbourne 9 days, but the elapsed time was 15 days. We knew we had done big riding on the way over, for we started every day at 4 a.m., and usually rode until midnight. For camping, we carried each a rug and a piece of calico sheeting, tinned meat, bread, tea and sugar, and a billy and a two-gallon water bag. Schiller, who is rather fussy, protested against me putting my heels through the bread on the floor of the sidecar.

FEW DAYS of rest, our engine cleaned and readjusted, and on the morning of the 8th December. at 12.13 a. m. •

we left Melbourne Post Office on the ACROSS AUSTRALIA SIDECAR RECORD.

The strong regular beat of our engine corresponded with the beat of hope in our hearts. that good luck might go with us on the long journey.

West over the good Victorian roads we held steadily all day, passing in succession Hamilton. Penola. Millicent. and Kingston. Then we had the bad 92 miles of the Coorong Desert to negotiate.

of bog and impassable sands. and we managed to average 20 M.P.H. to Menindie. Thence by a good road to the punt at Wellington. on the Murray River. and seen to Adelaide by midnight.

Five hundred miles in the first 24 hours gave us a good start. The next morning, Sunday. With the bush sidecar attached and all our big load aboard, we headed north, still 011 made roads. to

Port Augusta. and were in that town by 4 p.m. After some trouble in locating the garage man, we filled up with oil and petrol. By means of spare tanks we were able to carry 10~ gallons of petrol, and spare tins of oil were carried in the sidecar. There was considerable delay at the punt, and it took us an hour to get across the Estuary.

With the sun near setting. we hurried along to make as much use of daylight as possible, and to strike an important turn-off at which point we had to head south to negotiate the notorious Eyres Peninsula.

At such a time. of course. We must sustain a puncture, and if ever a rapid repair was made, it was then. In a few minutes we were hurling along as fast as the track would allow, and in the

rapidly-fading daylight made our turn-off safely. Pushing along steadily through the dark hours we turned off the track at mid night. lit a fire, boiled the billy. and, on a sandy bed, slept the sleep of the tired. which is as refreshing quite as that of the just.

MONDAY.-Waking" when Dawn's left hand is in the sky," we ran the 30 miles to Cowell, arriving before anyone was awake. Our main sidecar bar being bent, Schiller toot it out and discovered a crack. We woke the local blacksmith, who soon had his forge roaring, and made a U strip held in place by U bolts, and after a couple of hours delay, which included a good breakfast of ham and eggs at the hotel, we turned East to tackle some of the worst roads of the journey. These we struck after leaving Rudell, and for 25 miles we fought our way through deep sand and rough limestone belts to Poldia. Thence the going was very good to Elliston on the West coast, and excellent for 80 miles to Streaky Bay. At Streaky we filled up again with petrol and oil, and rode on north into the night. After some trouble with tangled trails, we camped on the scrub ten miles north of Petina.

TUESDAY.-Away by dawn, and by 7.30 passed the Murat Bay turn-off. Here we wasted 10 miles before discovering the right track which led to Penong, our

last town for 900 miles. After a good breakfast at the local pub, a welcome change from tinned meat, we struck West on good tracks to Yallatta Station, which is 7 miles north of Fowler Bay. After taking on fresh supplies we tackled the long bad sandhills that lay between Colonna and Nanwarra Stations. It was a hot day, and our good engine received some fierce usage, but came through nobly. By sundown we were at White Wells Station, on the Great Nulabor Plain.

That night riding was a pleasure. The track dead smooth and level, and a telegraph line for a guide. Steadily the engine hummed along through the dark, the only thing happening to vary the even monotony of our swift flight being the dash of a wombat, who just missed the front wheel. At midnight we camped on the bare plains, having trouble to find enough sticks to make our fire.

WEDNESDAY.-Our usual early start brought us to Euda just as our friend, Mr. Councillor, the head of the Telegraph Department, turned out of bed. Here we gave the machine a bit of an overhaul, and soon said good-bye to our kindly host and his family. We then rode a hundred and twenty miles along the low plains and in the fiercest heat I have ever experienced. The strong wind, like a blast from the furnace of Hades, blew down from the north, and we welcomed

the declining sun as never before.

About 5 p.m., after careful watching, we detected a faint track that led to the Euda Gorge, and were very soon climbing its rough slope. When nearing the final pinch of one in five, a mob of cattle dashed across the track, causing Schiller to take the wrong fork, so instead of climbing the one in five track, we had to fight our way up a one in three grade. Fortunately, it was a short pinch, and with a struggle the "BIG CHIEF" engine pulled its heavy load over the top and on to the level plain. Now we needed to hurry along, for ahead of us lay a tangle of trails that needed daylight for their translation. Then came trouble and serious, for the eye bolt of the sidecar broke

off short. A ransacking of our spare parts disclosed a double lug that ingenious Schiller believed might be made to fit. The circles of the lug being too small, a notch was cut in a tree to serve as an anvil and the cold chisel brought into use. In two hours we had the whole thing assembled and ready for use once more. Glad were we to move on, for while we struggled to mend the broken part we had been assailed by myriads of small flying beetles, which crawled on our faces, down our necks and up the legs of our trousers, until we were nearly driven mad with them. Rapid motion soon carried us away from these pests, but before long gathering clouds and branching tracks drove us to make camp

THURSDAY.-Day broke lowering, and it was only by use of the compass that we were able to determine our direction. We struck the right track, and riding hard arrived at Balladonia Station at 2.30 p.m. Here we gave the outfit a look over and braced up our damaged sidecar, and after thanking Mr. Ponton for his kindly hospitality, we rode west once more in the darkness. We planned to sleep 8 hours and then ride the remaining 600 miles to Perth non-stop. That was our plan, but nature stepped in and upset it. We had been asleep but half an hour when a heavy thunderstorm broke on us, soaking us to the bone. We saved our fire, however, and when the rain stopped we steamed ourselves and our blankets awhile, and then turned in on a bed of wet boughs to sleep until dawn.

FRIDAY.-The morning brought altered conditions. The tracks were covered with slush, grease and bog, according to the class of country. Through this we slipped, skidded and pushed, and after a hard fight reached Norsemen at 11 a.m. We enjoyed a good meal, and after filling up with petrol and oil headed north. For the first 40 miles the track was dry, but we saw ahead a black thunderstorm, ran into it just behind the small township of Higginsville. Then real trouble started for us. The rear wheel spun round, throwing out showers of wet clay. We both jumped out and pushed, leaping in again when the wheel seemed to take a bite; spin and roar of engine and jump out again, and push, skid, slide and stop, with both wheels jammed. For three miles we struggled with this fierce task until our hearts almost burst through our ribs. Finally, with both wheels locked in solid masses of clay, exhausted, we threw ourselves on our backs for a quarter of an hour.

What was to be done? Progress was impossible, so we walked back to the pub, and I telephoned to my Kalgourlie Manager to bring down a car with supplies and chains. After a good dinner

we went to bed, leaving instructions to be wakened as soon as the car arrived.

SATURDAY.-We woke at 6 a.m., and no sign of the rescue car, so we hired a cart and horse to tow us out of the bog. The driver hitched us on to the cart tail and towed us three-quarters of a mile with both wheels skidding all the way. Leaving us on sandy country, the carter returned to his work, and we spent an hour digging the dirt out from the wheels. freeing and oiling the chain, and generally preparing the super chief for the road again. The grand engine sprang into life again. and with a healthy vroom we were once more swinging along the trail. Ten miles on we came to the rescue car which had just extricated itself from a bog-hole in which it had spent the night. The run to Coolgardie was uneventful. and we spent six hours in a general overhaul, very necessary after the fierce struggle we had been through. At 7.30 we headed West for an all-night ride, being determined not to stop again until Perth was reached.

SUNDAY.-About 1 p.m. rain started to fall. The Rat country turned quickly to grease, but fortunately much of the track was of a sandy nature. and we were able to make good progress. On the flat clay country there was much pushing to do, and unguarded sidecar wheel threw a stream of mud over us. 13y day break we were in Southern Cross, and wasted an hour prospecting different roads. Selecting the old York Road. we pushed west as far as possible, through steady rain and a ceaseless mild bath. By 10.30 we were in Merridun. so encased in mud and clay that we looked like nothing human. Our faces were masks. and at the eating house I had to use my most mellifluous flow of language to induce the good lady to feed us. For miles onward we slipped, skidded and pushed. and then to our great joy we ran through the hill country down the mountains and into our beloved Perth by 9 p.m.. having covered the great journey in 8 days 23 hours and 12 minutes. and successfully demonstrated the intense reliability of the modern sidecar outfit as represented by the INDIAN.. SUPERCHIEF." Though we lost approximately a day and a half through that downpour. which was in parts the first rain experienced for many months. we were content.

The hero of the ride is Mr. Karl Schiller. who drove the whole distance in a manner that never ceased to command my admiration. Always watchful and carefull with the machine, he avoided trouble by following the old maxim: .. A stitch in time saves nine," and his ingenuity in 'applying those" stitches" from our limited equipment, mark was a man of quick intelligence and exceptional mechanical ability. As for myself, my friends said, ..

What does a man of your age (59) want to undertake such 11 strenuous ride for?" and I answered :-

"You may put the blame on the stars and the sun, and the white rand and the sky."



Thanks Ken ... Indians rule hey...

Cheers Ed

There is an old Hotel/Pub in Marble Arch, London, which used to have a gallows adjacent to it. Prisoners were taken to the gallows (after a fair trial of course!) to be hanged. The horse-drawn dray, carting the prisoner, was accompanied by an armed guard, who would stop the dray outside the pub and ask the prisoner if he would like "ONE LAST DRINK". If he said YES, it was referred to as ONE FOR THE ROAD. If he declined, that Prisoner was ON THE WAGON. So there you go ... More history.

Miss Beatrice, The church organist, Was in her eighties, had never been married. She was admired for her sweetness and kindness to all.

One afternoon the pastor came to call on her and she showed him into her quaint sitting room. She invited him to have a seat while she prepared tea.

As he sat facing her old Hammond organ, the young minister noticed a cut glass bowl sitting on top of it. The bowl was filled with water, in the water floated of all things, a condom!

When she returned With tea and scones, they began to chat. The pastor tried to stifle his curiosity about the bowl of water, it's strange floater, but soon it got the better of him he could no longer resist.

'Miss Beatrice', he said, 'I wonder if you would tell me about this? Pointing to the bowl.

Oh, yes,' she replied, 'Isn't it wonderful? I was walking through the park a few months ago and I found this little package on the ground. The directions said to place it on the organ, keep it wet, that it would prevent the spread of disease. Do you know I haven't had the flu all winter!'

Indian Motorcycle has added to its Scout line-up with the Scout Bobber,

using the tried and true "strip it down" mantra to produce the low-slung blacked-out machine. Indian has fitted tracker handlebars to the Scout Bobber, as well as moving the footpegs 38mm closer to the rider compared to the original Scout to deliver a more aggressive riding position. nacelle, minimal engine covers, vented exhaust shields, a black gauge face, black exhaust, chopped fenders, and a two-tone genuine leather bobber seat.

Power is from the 1130cc V-twin, producing 94hp and 97Nm.

"The Scout Bobber is our most raw and mean machine to date, and the ultimate in the celebration of what motorcycling is about – a powerful engine, two wheels, and no plans of where to go," said Peter Harvey, Country Manager – Indian Motorcycle.

"It's an incredibly fun motorcycle that delivers a ton of attitude, along with a ton of power."

The Scout Bobber will be available in Australia from late October 2017 from \$18,995 rideaway. There are five liveries to choose from: Thunder Black, Star Silver Smoke, Bronze Smoke, Indian Motorcycle Red or Thunder Black Smoke.



A girl came skipping home from school one day.

"Mummy, Mummy," she yelled, "we were counting today, and all the other kids could only count to four,

but I counted to 10. See? 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10!"

"Very good," said her mother.

"Is it because I'm blonde?" Jenny asked.

"Yes, it's because you're blonde," said the mummy.

The next day the girl came skipping home from school.

"Mummy, Mummy," she yelled, "We were saying the alphabet today, and all the other kids could only say it to D, but I said it to G.

See? A, B, C, D, E, F, G!

"Very good, Jenny," said her mother.

"Is it because I'm blonde, Mummy?"

"Yes, it's because you're blonde."

The next day Jenny came skipping home from school.

"Mummy, Mummy," she yelled, "we were in gym class today,

and when we showered, all the other girls had flat chests, but I have these!"

And she lifted her tank top to reveal a pair of 36Cs.

"Very good," said her embarrassed mother.

"Is it because I'm blonde, mummy?"

"No Honey, it's because you're 24!"

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Caught in the Headlights

Hi,

I have been riding bikes from the age of 16 until now and I'm almost 60. I have owned a few different bikes over the years but my current ride is a 2011, 1600 Triumph Thunderbird.


My wife Suzi and I met through mutual friends. We both have grown up children from previous marriages. Suzi had never been on a bike before. After her first ride on the back to Greendale for lunch, mostly with her eyes shut, she fell in love with the freedom and was hooked. We sold up and moved to Bacchus Marsh together in 2000.

I joined HOG in 2006. Enjoyed many HOG rallies including Nuriootpa, Philip Island, Launceston and weekends away to Kookaburra and Red Back. Loved camping on site but got sick of trying to pack all our things into saddle bags so I built a trailer to tow behind the Harley. What a difference it made. A big 2 room tent, cooker, air bed, spare clothes, esky, and sun shade.

We joined Ulysses in 2008. I went to the Newcastle AGM in 2011 and upon returning, sold the HOG and repainted the trailer to match the T-Bird and off we went again. We attended the Mildura, Maryborough, Wodonga and Launceston AGM's and had a ball. Great people and a lot of fun. I joined MRUB in December 2016 and have had a great time on Sunday rides and the recent Echuca weekend. Now footy season is over (go Tigers) we look forward to meeting more of the crew.

Cheers,

Mal Livesay #49876



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A couple took in an 18-year-old girl as a lodger. She asked if she could have a bath, but the woman of the house told her they didn't have a bath, although if she wanted to, she could use a tin bath in front of the fire.

After her husband had gone to the pub for his darts match, the woman filled the bath and watched the girl get undressed. She was surprised to see that the lass didn't have any pubic hair.

She mentioned this to her husband when he came home. He didn't believe her, so she said, "Next Monday, when you go to darts, leave a little early and wait in the back garden. I'll leave a gap in the curtains so you can see for yourself?"

So the following Monday, while the girl again got undressed, the wife asked, "Do you shave?"

"No," replied the girl. "I've just never grown any hair down there. Do you have hair?"

"Oh, yes," said the woman, and she pulled up her nightdress and showed the girl that she was most generously endowed in the hair department.

The girl finished her bath and went to bed.

Later that night, when the husband came in, the wife asked him, "Well, did you see?"

"Yes," he said, "but why the hell did you have to show her yours?"

"Why are you worried about that?" she said. "You've seen it often enough."

"I know," he said, "but the darts team hadn't!"

A homeless guy is travelling down a country lane, tired and hungry he comes across a Pub called the "George and the Dragon."

Although it's late and the Pub is closed he knocks on the door. The innkeeper's wife sticks her head out of a window. "Could I have some food?" he asks. The woman glances at his shabby clothes and obviously poor condition and sternly says, "No!"

"Any chance of a pint of ale then?" "No!" she says again.

"Could I at least sleep in your barn?" "No!" By this time, she was shouting.

The down-and-out says, "OK Then Might I please...?" "What now?" the woman shouts impatiently.

"Might I please have a word with George?"

Nice shot mark



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Dave came home from the pub late one Friday evening stinking drunk, as he often did, and crept into bed beside his wife who was already asleep. He gave her a peck on the cheek and fell asleep.

When he awoke he found a strange man standing at the end of his bed wearing a long flowing white Robe.

Who the hell are you?" demanded Dave, "and what are you doing in my bedroom?"

The mysterious man answered "This isn't your bedroom and I'm St Peter."

Dave was stunned "You mean I'm dead!?! That can't be, I have so much to live for, I haven't said goodbye to my family. . . you've got to send me back straight away."

St Peter replied "Yes, you can be reincarnated but there is a catch. We can only send you back as a dog or a hen."

Dave was devastated, but knowing there was a farm not far from his house, he asked to be sent back as a hen. A flash of light later he was covered in feathers and clucking around pecking the ground.

This ain't so bad" he thought until he felt this strange feeling welling up inside him.

The farmyard rooster strolled over and said "So you're the new hen, how are you enjoying your first day here?"

"It's not so bad" replies Dave, "but I have this strange feeling inside like I'm about to explode."

"You're ovulating" explained the rooster "don't tell me you've never laid an egg before?"

"Never!" replies Dave.

Well just relax and let it happen"

So he did and after a few uncomfortable seconds later, an egg pops out from under his tail. An immense feeling of relief swept over him and his emotions got the better of him as he experienced motherhood for the first time. When he laid his second egg, the feeling of happiness was overwhelming and he knew that being reincarnated as a hen was the best thing that ever happened to him . . . Ever!!!

The joy kept coming and as he was just about to lay his third egg he felt an enormous smack on the back of his head and heard his wife shouting... "Dave! Wake up you drunken bastard, you've shit in the bed."

A couple go for a meal at a Chinese restaurant and order the "Chicken Surprise."

The waiter brings the meal, served in a lidded cast iron pot. Just as the wife is about to serve herself, the lid of the pot rises slightly and she briefly sees two beady little eyes looking around before the lid slams back down.

Good grief, did you see that?" she asks her husband. He hasn't, so she asks him to look in the pot. He reaches for it and again the lid rises, and he sees two beady little eyes looking around before it slams down. Rather perturbed, he calls the waiter over, explains what is happening, and demands an explanation. "Please sir," says the waiter, "what you order?" The husband replies, "Chicken Surprise."

Your going to love this

Ah... so sorry," says the waiter, "I bring you Peeking Duck."

On his 70th birthday, a man was given a gift certificate from his wife. The certificate was for consultation with an Indian medicine man living on a nearby reservation who was rumoured to have a simple cure for erectile dysfunction.

The husband went to the reservation and saw the medicine man. The old Indian gave him a potion and with a grip on his shoulder warned, 'This is a powerful medicine. You take only a teaspoonful, and then say '1-2-3'. When you do, you will become more manly than you have ever been in your life, and you can perform for as long as you want'.

The man thanked the old Indian and as he walked away, he turned and asked, 'How do I stop the medicine from working?'

'Your partner must say '1-2-3-4', he responded, 'but when she does, the medicine will not work again until the next full moon'.

He was very eager to see if it worked so he went home, showered, shaved, took a spoonful of the medicine, and then invited his wife to join him in the bedroom.

When she came in, he took off his clothes and said, '1-2-3'. Immediately, he was the manliest of men. His wife was excited and began throwing off her clothes, and then she asked, 'What was the 1-2-3 for?'

And that, boys and girls, is why we should never end our sentences with a preposition, because we could end up with a dangling participle.

One Monday morning, a postman was walking through a neighbourhood on his usual route delivering the mail. As he approached one of the homes, he noticed that both cars were still in the driveway.

His curiosity was cut short by Roy, the homeowner, coming out with a load of empty beer, wine and spirit bottles for the recycling bin.

"Wow Craig, looks like you guys had one hell of a party last night," the postman commented.

Craig, in obvious pain, replied: "Actually we had it Saturday night. This is the first time I have felt like moving since 4 am Sunday morning. We had about 15 couples from around the neighbourhood over for some weekend fun and it got a bit wild. We all got so drunk around midnight that we started playing WHO AM I?"

The postman thought for a moment and said: "How do you play WHO AM I?"

'Well, all the guys go in the bedroom and come out one at a time covered with a sheet with only the 'family jewels' showing through a hole in the sheet. Then the women try to guess who it is.'

The postman laughed and said, "Sounds like fun. I'm sorry I missed it."

"PROBABLY A GOOD THING YOU DID," Craig responded. "YOUR NAME CAME UP SEVEN TIMES."

What is meant by the modern term referred to as 'POLITICAL CORRECTNESS'..

The definition is found in 4 telegrams at the Truman Library and Museum in Independence, Missouri. The following are copies of four telegrams between President Harry Truman and Gen Douglas MacArthur on the day before the actual signing of the WWII Surrender Agreement in September 1945..

The contents of those four telegrams below are exactly as received at the end of the war - not a word has been added or deleted!

(1) Tokyo, Japan
0800-September 1, 1945

To: President Harry S Truman
From: General D A MacArthur
Tomorrow we meet with those yellow-bellied bastards and sign the Surrender Documents, any last minute instructions?

(2) Washington, D C
1300-September 1, 1945

To: D A MacArthur
From: H S Truman
Congratulations, job well done, but you must tone down your obvious dislike of the Japanese when discussing the terms of the surrender with the press, because some of your remarks are fundamentally not politically correct!

(3) Tokyo, Japan
1630-September 1, 1945

To: H S Truman
From: D A MacArthur and C H Nimitz
Wilco Sir, but both Chester and I are somewhat confused, exactly what does the term politically correct mean?

(4) Washington, D C
2120-September 1, 1945

To: D A MacArthur/C H Nimitz
From: H S Truman
Political Correctness is a doctrine, recently fostered by a delusional, illogical minority and promoted by a sick mainstream media, which holds forth the proposition that it is entirely possible to pick up a piece of shit by the clean end!

Now, with special thanks to the Truman Museum and Harry himself, you and I finally have a full understanding of what 'POLITICAL CORRECTNESS' really means.

**THANKS TO THESE MEMBERS THAT MADE THE LETTER
WHAT IT IS.....**

Ken (Hey – you) Hager

Vicky (Pappa)

Marian

Wings

Ducati Ken

Dennis (Dutchy) Holland

Smokey

Wheels

Mark

Not that many out of a club of 200 plus

So.....Where the hell are you ALL

So what about it.....

Where's your bit.....

E MAIL TO ME AND SEE YOUR NAME IN LIGHTS

Or are you just like the rest and do Bugger all.....

On a single day, Washington State recently passed two laws.

They are:

1. Legalized gay marriage, and
2. Legalized marijuana.

Legalizing gay marriage and marijuana on the same day now makes perfect Biblical sense:

Leviticus 20:13 says:

"If a man lies with another man they should be stoned."

Apparently, we just hadn't interpreted it correctly before!

To help save the economy, the Government will announce next month that the Immigration Department will start deporting seniors (instead of illegals) in order to lower Social Security and Medicare costs. Older people are easier to catch and will not remember how to get back home. I started to cry when I thought of you. Then it dawned on me...oh, shit..I'll see you on the bus.