



The Valley Views

November 2019



Committee

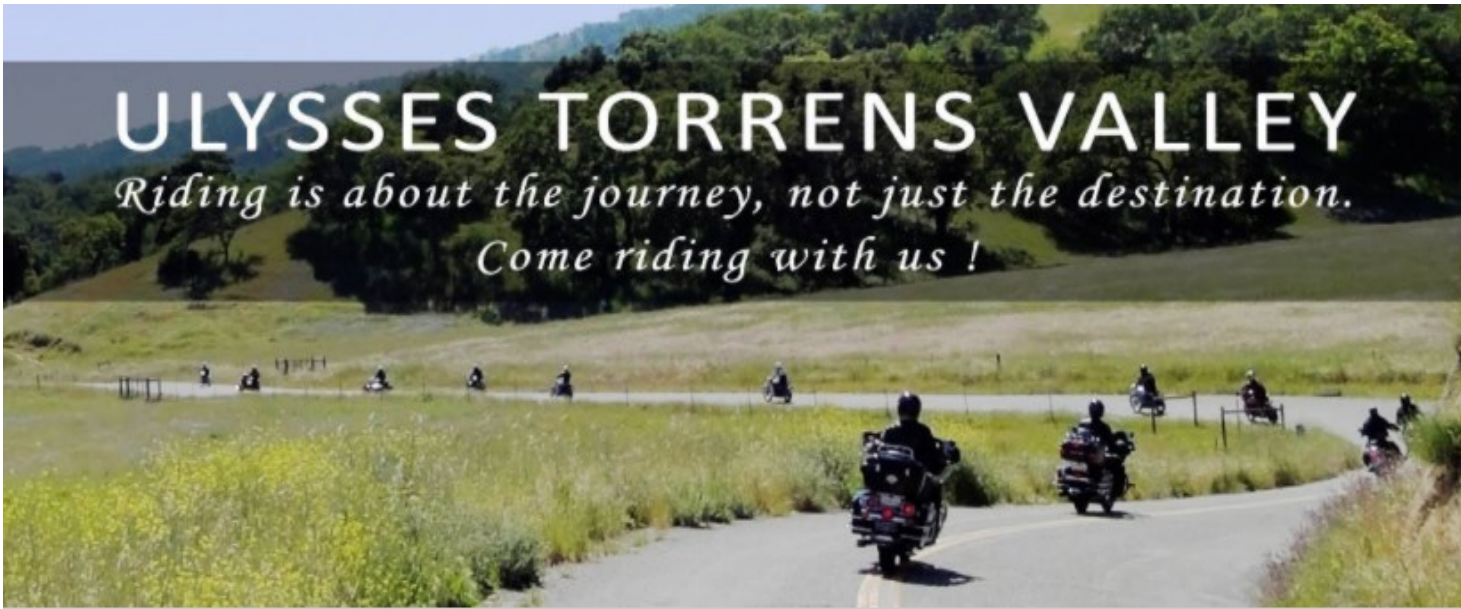
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Welfare Officer	Ian Pascoe	0410 444 962 Contact Ian if any members are ill or had accidents

ULYSSES TORRENS VALLEY

*Riding is about the journey, not just the destination.
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News from our Facebook page at www.facebook.com/ulysestorrensvalley/



Torrens Valley

Branch

Meetings

are held on the third Tuesday of the month
at Parafield Gardens Community Club
Shepherdson Road, Parafield Gardens.

Meetings start at 7.30pm



THE CLUB

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General Manager

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Torrens Valley Ulysses - President Report



President - Torrens Valley Ulysses Branch

Terry 'Sparky' Mader - #39025



It seems like along time ago we held our Odyssey in Kadina. Set up by our own Neville Gray, months of prep work, negotiations, wheeling and dealing, the event was a success.

The venue and the Football Club was brilliant, the food from the BBQ Friday night, roast on Saturday night and the schnitzky on Sunday night was outstanding, not to mention the drinks all at a fair price, good value for money. The entertainment was top notch with Adrian Gray's band 'ROCKIN ON' on the Saturday night and Steve Nettle entertaining us on the Sunday night, both acts were outstanding.

A special thanks to Chris Stoneman for a great job on the table settings and decorations. The amazing Hobbit (Robert Brian) and Sue Freene as our special guests, bloody funny and entertaining.

I've had so many comments about our Odyssey, a great lot of feed back for a job well done by all. I think that this formula works so well that it takes the pressure of most people, we make less money but have the most fun. Guzy Bob continues to provide great rides every week for our members and Tracy Nash and Peta Tedmanson coordinating our social dinners. Darren and Peta Tedmanson stepped up to put a great ride and dinner together for Teddy's Twilight Ride. 30 plus members met at the Cuddly Creek Tavern for a social dinner after a relaxing ride through the hills in perfect conditions. Thanks heaps to you two for a great event.

Paul Dennes is the coordinator for this year's Meet and Greet, now I couldn't attend this event but from all accounts it was a successful event. Paul has more about this in the magazine. Following this was Guzy Bob taking a ride to the Great Ocean Road, not a lot attended but an enjoyable ride anyway. Many thanks to both for a lot of hard work.

This is the last report for the year and I would like to thank all committee members for their contribution though out the year -

Neville for the fantastic job on the Odyssey and the support you give to me and the committee.

Yvonne Pascoe for the great job as Secretary backed up by Terry McGuirk.

Merilyn Braunsthal for a stella Treasurer job with the pencilled in figures.

Bob Braunsthal, the tideless Ride Captain that keeps on going.

Paul Dennis looking after the new membership and the coordinating the Meet and Greet.

Lester Launer for our Advertising Officer and for providing the great variety in bike for Bike Talk.

Brian Cook for the support on the committee and the work on the Odyssey.

Ian Stone for helping with the Adventure ride and support on the committee.

Cathy McGuirk our amazing Magazine Editor, a brilliant magazine and for her patience with my late reports.

Tracy Nash and Peta Tedmanson for organising fantastic Social Dinners which all have enjoyed.

Michael Morgan for the great job on our web page.

Ian Pascoe our Welfare Officer for looking after our sick members and providing health tips.

Torrens Valley Ulysses - President Report cont...

As you can see these committee members put a lot of hard work in to provide our members the social calendar that we are accustomed too. With out these special people the club wouldn't be the same. I thank you all very much for making my job enjoyable, Its a pleasure to work along side terrific people.

My final word is to wish everybody a happy and safe Christmas and thank you for being a part of this fantastic branch. We look forward in a great new year with more interesting things coming on board.

Robbo's Sausage Sizzle at the Village

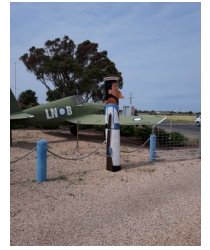
Robbo's Sausage Sizzle at the Village was a great success. 24 Torrens Valley Branch members attended with many village residents. \$1,000 was raised for Childhood Cancer.



Copper Coast 26th South Australian Odyssey October 2019



Copper Coast 26th South Australian Odyssey October 2019



Well done to Peter Sellen
who has attend all 26
South Australian
Odysseys!!!

The 26th South Australian Odyssey 2019

Plans Of Mice and Men.....ummm...Bikers!!

The 2019 South Australian Odyssey was the best Cathy and I had been to by far. The plan was to arrive early.....well that didn't happen. Second last if memory serves.....ain't nothing like a grand entrance I suppose. We had borrowed my Brother and Sister in-law's huge camper trailer and arrived in good shape. Set-up was leisurely as there was plenty of light and it was the first time that we had put it up on our own....so no pressure. Saturday evening was a laid-back affair and very enjoyable. A couple of drinks and catching up with friends.....what more could we ask for. Meals at dinner were well presented and timely then came a night of good entertainment. Adrian Gray's band Rockin' On hit the money and had people "Bopping in their seats" if they weren't on the dance floor. Our illustrious President "Sparky" provide some excellent light fun and dragged the "unsuspecting" to be the focal point of a little entertainment. As the evening went on, it proved to be most enjoyable.

The enjoyment and fun continued over the whole weekend with the history train ride at Moonta, then the Parade to the markets but it really wasn't until Sunday night's entertainer Steve Nettle began his show. Getting everyone and anyone up on mic to assist him was hilarious to say the least. During Steve's break Sparky was good enough to continue his portion of keepin' things alive. Sparky's corner with "Hobbit" was a great success. Hearing about Hobbit was enlightening to say the least. On the music went and Steve, with his unique style held the crowd. Top stuff I say. The highlight for me, if I had to choose one would have to be Sue Freene's rendition of Neville getting his "marbles" caught in the plastic stacker chair. Though I have heard the story before, NEVER have I heard it read out aloud with such "verve" and "eloquence" and to see Neville's reaction only fuelled the merriment of the story. Poor Nev.....I think not!!

Sunday night turned out to be a long night. It was just that good but sleep called this old codger to bed so off we went. During the night I woke to hear rain and thought "bugger". When we woke in the morning for breakfast, again an awesome service provided by the Kadina Football Club, I could see clear skies. My thoughts were "time enough for everything to dry out prior to packing up".....at about the time to pack up for our short trek home, ONE GUESS!!.....it rained. Sooo ...with an uneventful ride home, my lazy afternoon long forgotten, spent the next two hours turning our back room and pergola into "Shanti Town". Everything was unpacked whether it needed it or not (wasn't much of NOT) and hung out to dry for the next four days.....Ahhhhh!!!! "Plans of mice and men.....ummm...Bikers!!



All-in-all Cathy and I had a great weekend with a HUGE thank you to Neville and the other members of the committee, as well as Kadina Football Club for a great venue, food, service and the constant welcoming feeling that oozed the whole weekend.



Teddy's Twilight Ride to the Cudlee Creek Tavern

October 27th 2019

Thanks to Darren and Peta Tedmanson for organising the Twilight Ride to the Cudlee Creek Tavern. 34 members enjoyed a fantastic meal after a ride through Gumeracha, Mt Torrens, Woodside, Lenswood and then to Cudlee Creek Tavern for dinner.



GO FLY A KITE!!

(Ulyssians at play, enjoying their second childhood)

At Moonta's Sunday markets the urge to return to their childhood was too much for some Ulyssians. They bought brightly-coloured kites for the princely sum of \$25 as their love of play is very meaningful to them. Later that day three delighted Ulyssians excitedly tried flying their brand new toys on the Kadina Oval.

With a penchant for the unusual, an exuberant, inventive Rick Nappa tied an empty aluminium beer can to his kite and sent it aloft. Oh, such fun! It glinted in the sunlight swaying about randomly and coming perilously close to another kite but happily the two did not become entangled. Not so happily one kite sailed further and further away. At first we watchers were unaware that the line had broken leaving its owner dismayed. The kite sped away on the breeze over the row of mallee trees bordering the oval and then slowly dipped lower and lower until it disappeared from view. An urgent air-crash investigation and rescue mission began immediately.

Alas, it was soon found that Ray Martin's psychedelic-coloured pride and joy was now at rest on top of the crown of a mallee tree well beyond those next to the oval, and over a high fence around the yard of the local school. A troubled Ray and I set off intending to scale the fence and rescue his straying toy, hoping it would be a straight-forward exercise. It was to be anything but.

The kite sat happily about 25 feet from the ground on the very top of the mallee foliage. First thoughts were to shake a trunk but it was thick and unyielding. Next Ray tried scaling this trunk leading to the kite's position but it was straight and didn't have enough side branches to use for footholds and balance. I tried climbing a low side-branch to shake or sway the trunk but it was too thick and rigid for me to move effectively. Ray's next plan was to get an empty beer bottle from Stoney. He tied a rope to the neck and attempted to loft it over the kite to work it loose. Theoretically this seemed a good idea, but there were all sorts of problems getting it to work.

We had to contend with the sun in our eyes and there were lots of thin, dead branches in the way. Once thrown, the bottle invariably tangled amongst these. Some broke off easily and some didn't. Often the rope got caught in a fork making the bottle difficult to retrieve. I found a stick about 12 feet long which was good for dislodging the bottle. I also worked this stick into a fork and tried to rock the trunk but that being too sturdy, it was impossible to force enough movement to shift the kite. Several times Ray tossed the bottle only to find he was stepping on the rope. An amused Sue snapped some of his many futile attempts on her phone camera.

Time and time again Ray swung the bottle skywards, sometimes with colourful language. Gradually he broke off more and more dead branches and twigs and so cleared a path for tossing the bottle. Once he hit himself on the nose as the bottle fell back - more choice language. Despite dozens of throws, the bottle did not break as it was falling onto a bed of leaves - I had quickly cleared away some rocks that might have broken it.

Ray actually hit the kite once shifting it slightly but not nearly enough to free it. I was wishing the CFS or someone would show up to help us but we were trespassing in a schoolyard so we really didn't need any outside attention. After an hour of fruitless attempts it was time to try something else. I went searching for - I did not know what - and eureka! I spotted a fallen tree. It was about 18 feet long with a narrow shape like a poplar tree. I figured we could perhaps point it skywards and hit the offending top branches with it to free the kite.

GO FLY A KITE!! Cont...

I lifted this as if balancing a Scottish caber for the toss. Ray saw its possibility and helped me balance it. Together we shoved it at the tree top, shaking the thin top branches vigorously. The kite came half off, then with more persuasion it finally fell to earth. Game over!! Second childhood??.....Bah...humbug!

Clutching his rescued kite, Ray clambered back over the school fence, ripping his jeans. I had splinters in my hand for my part, **but** we'd saved the kite! Hooo-Ray!! Afterwards we drank to our success. That evening a surprised Ray won the Show & Shine prize helping to offset the cost of his torn jeans. Apparently the lady judges said that they liked the nice copper colour of his bike (right for Moonta) and also the lovely tassels on his handlebars..... **(sigh)**. So it was that a Harley won after all and Ray got both his karma.....and his kite. **Bob Braunsthal**



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September Meeting



The Honda 4's
were on display



Peter Langsford
receiving his 70th
Birthday Badge



Happy Birthday
Pam!!!



Sparky's Corner
with
Dave Bastian

October Meeting - Torrens Valley Branch 15th Birthday



Lorraine Robinson thanking
members for attending Robbo's
Sausage Sizzle at the Village



Scott Lester spoke
about his Racing
Sidecar for Bike Talk



Neville Gray spoke
about the 26th Odyssey
in Kadina



John "Robbo" Robinson
receiving the Phil Jones
Award



Sparky's Corner
with
Lester Launer



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Mount Gambier Meet and Greet, 1st - 4th November 2019

After several months of promoting it in The Valley Views and from the floor at Branch meetings it was time to put up or shut up, so I headed off on the Triumph on the Thursday with Lyn following in the Mazda with some supplies for the weekend already purchased. A little warm but in the summer jacket it was an enjoyable trek down arriving at about 12.30pm. A bit of family stuff and then a good night's sleep.

Shopping for food on Friday began at 6.30am because I was keen and then members started arriving so I figured that we wouldn't be alone. We managed to feed 42 at the BBQ Friday night and the rain held off until after the meal, so the 15th Meet & Greet between Torrens Valley and Westgate Wanderers was up and running.

Saturday morning was the SABC breakfast at the Blue Lake Golf Links attended by 50 and it was an enjoyable feed with great company. Thanks to Ken for organising it. Gerry Kroon from the Limestone Coast riding group then led a short ride to Port Macdonnell for coffee and or lunch and the 14 bikes and 3 cars then made their own way back to Mount Gambier via the route of their choice.

Saturday night was dinner at the Federal Hotel, in the Mount and the food was good and plentiful and once again attended by 42. The Blue Lake Golf Links supplied their bus, at a modest rate, and the cost recovered at a modest cost to those who used it.

Sunday morning was a ride to Beachport via the Wind farm with morning tea at Millicent. I didn't go on this ride but felt obliged to wave off the 10 bikes and 1 car. Lyn and I went to the sunken garden and then to Jen's pub for lunch with some others that we hadn't caught up with for some time.

Sunday night was another BBQ and I was over counting by then, but we fed all who showed up and it was dry enough to have the fire pit and enjoy a few laughs.

This was only my third Meet & Greet however I found out that it was the 15th between the two Branches and that there were four people in attendance who had been to all 15. From Westgate Wanderers there was Colin and Diane Price and from Torrens Valley John (ABC) Prymarczuk and Mick (Lefty) Dolensky. Without knowing about their attendance record I am glad that I had managed to get pictures of all four when taking photos earlier.

Both branches Torrens Valley and Westgate Wanderers were well represented. Jim and of course John Harkin from the Grampians Branch, Ken and Michelle from Adelaide Branch, and a good attendance by members from the riding group this was a successful and fun weekend.

The event was held at the Pine Country Caravan Park which had plenty of grass and freshly renovated cabins and a good camp kitchen/BBQ area with bench tables. They also had a supply of chairs if needed. Nathan & Emma our hosts were very cheerful and helpful even putting me in the right direction to organise the bus.

The only incident was that Guy Malpass had to travel back to Adelaide with his bike after it broke down, missing the dinner, but returning Sunday in his car to head off on Guzzi Bob's Great Ocean Road Ride on Monday. He even managed to get the details of a local prospective member that he passed on to me.

After a great weekend I rode home with Les with Lyn and Chris following. With the change in the weather the summer jacket didn't seem like the greatest idea then. I could have tossed the winter jacket into the car but we all know that I am not the sharpest tool in the shed.

I want to acknowledge the efforts of Les and Chris Apostolides, Lorraine Robinson, Brian Cullinan, Pete Morrison, Steve Slee, and Lyn Dennes from our Branch. Thanks also Lyn & John Tout and Greg Allen from Westgate Wanderers and Gerry Kroon from the Limestone Coast riding group.

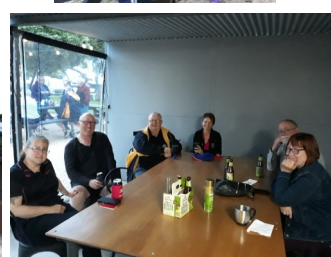
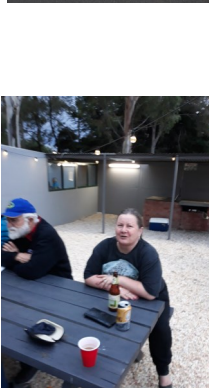
If you missed it, then pencil in the weekend leading into the Melbourne Cup next year to attend the 16th Meet & Greet between Torrens Valley and Westgate Wanderers. I suppose as it is their turn to organise it I guess it will be between the Westgate Wanderers and Torrens Valley.

Paul Dennes #65190

Mount Gambier Meet and Greet, 1st - 4th November 2019



Four members in attendance who had been to all 15 Meet and Greets. From Westgate Wanderers there was Colin and Diane Price and from Torrens Valley John (ABC) Prymarczuk and Mick (Lefty) Dolensky.



Back in the good old days when I was neither good nor old, I got my licence as soon as I turned 16, then bought a string of motorbikes. They were so affordable back then. I started on BSAs. They were cheap and plentiful. Working men were buying their first cars then, and trading in their bikes. It was a wonderful time and about when the first Japanese bikes arrived on in Australia. I quickly graduated from a 250 to a 500 to a 650 Golden Flash, but had a couple of wipe-outs with expensive repair bills on the Flash. Its brakes were anything but flash, even with its feeble power compared with today's bikes.

A mate from Eyre Peninsula took a liking to my Golden Flash so late in 1961 I traded it for his old army BSA and some cash. Proud as Punch he rode it home to his family's farm for Christmas. Although I only had the old army BSA a short while, I had an unforgettable ride on it to his place beyond Kyancutta a few weeks later.

This guy and my sister had taken a liking to each other, and to get together, they persuaded me to take her as a pillion to his place. I didn't take much persuading – then as now, it was 'any excuse for a ride'. I didn't have a pillion seat, so we tied a couple of cushions on to the back mudguard. There were no panniers, so I carried a large sausage bag on the tank and an old kit bag strapped to the back mudguard just above the tail-light. Perched on the cushions, sis was also carrying a haversack and a sleeping bag.

I didn't worry about the legality of the seat. The cops didn't hassle you much in those days if you didn't speed. I'd even carried a rifle unconcealed on my bike to go rabbit shooting. Imagine trying that now!!

Well, the Beeza did the job but not stunningly well. We set off early one warm summer morning and plodded along at 55 m.p.h. (90 kph) – quite acceptable in those days - and made it to Port Augusta in time for lunch, which we gulped down quickly to beat the myriads of flies. We then rode on to Lincoln Gap and turned onto the unmade Eyre Highway near the tanks. This was to be my first serious dirt-road ride, far harder than anything I'd encountered to that time. The thickly gravelled road cut our speed to 40 m.p.h. and later much less. The first few miles were O.K but then the condition deteriorated alarmingly till it was no better than a farm track, in fact it was worse, a lot worse with lots of potholes, loose stones and washout holes but it was supposed to be a highway!

The day was getting hotter and hotter and the business of riding in gravel wasn't helped by a car full of drunken morons driving right alongside of us, gawking at my sister and talking rubbish. It was a relief when they finally cleared off but relief was brief. Somewhere near Iron Knob a flat back tyre brought us to a quick halt. Dressed in bike gear with the temperature above the old century mark, and alone except for a million flies, I had to get off a back axle that wouldn't budge and repair the tube.

I belted the end of the axle with limestone that disintegrated with each decent strike. Eventually it moved and I pulled off the back wheel and went to work with tyre levers that were uncomfortably hot to handle. We had little water to last on and mirages around reminded us of the shortage. It was lucky that I had decided to take vulcaniser patches and an old pump with us or we'd have been stuck.

While working on the bike I was further encouraged to find one of the girder fork members had cracked with all the whacking over pot-holes, stones and washouts - not good but I was not unduly worried then though I certainly would be later! When we were finally ready to roll again, a chap pulled up in a ute, the first vehicle we'd seen for a couple of hours. He asked us if we'd like any water. We gladly accepted. It was warm, but it's still lovely if you're seriously thirsty and we sure were by then.

It was obvious by now that we could not make Kyancutta in daylight. I was worried about the front forks, but ever-optimistic about our chances. We plodded on into the sunset. A few roos hopping about were making our slow progress on this dreadful track of a so-called highway even more interesting. Had I underestimated this journey?! It all seemed to be getting surreal.



Secret Women's Business – Sister's Blisters cont...

The next bit of fun came when the sun went down. Those renowned Prince-of-Darkness Lucas electricals faded badly. Britannia may have ruled the waves, but she didn't conquer the night with Joe Lucas "lights"! A dull orange glow of about one candle power came from the large, flat-glassed headlight that showed nothing up ahead. It was a marker for any other vehicles at best. We had no choice but to plod on warily in the gathering gloom with the unwilling generator groaning in protest.



Soon I could no longer spot the ever-present potholes and we hit some beauties. Eventually I was hard-pressed to see which side of looming mallee trees the white limestone road went as there was white limestone everywhere. It soon became dangerous and I was only game to crawl along at twenty miles per hour, muttering obscenities that my sister could perhaps not distinguish above the engine noise, the groaning generator and the constant clatter as we hit countless bumps.

After what seemed an eternity it was night when the lights of Kimba finally showed up. While we were looking hopefully around to find an open petrol station, an old pre-war Ford V8 ute showed up and the friendly, elderly driver asked us who we were looking for. We told him we were looking for petrol. He laughed and said the stations had shut hours ago and we'd have wait until morning. He said it was unsafe to try to ride on, but we could stay at his place if we didn't mind sleeping in a hay shed. We gladly accepted his offer and followed him a short distance to his farm.

It was a hot night, and after a tasty tin of warm baked beans, I lay on top of my sleeping bag in the hay and fell asleep in my bike clothes, exhausted. My sister flaked out too. It was comforting to know we only had sixty miles to go. While we slept the mozzies had a banquet so we awoke looking like we had a bad case of measles. This was the first of three shocks we had.

Our next shock was the weather. Outside it was chilly, breezy and it was drizzling steadily. Un-be-bloody-lievable for January on upper Eyre Peninsula, when dust, heat, flies, crows and snakes rule! The third shock came looking over the front forks of the old bike - I spotted another crack. Great! That enforced slow riding in case of disaster but in any case the road was now wet and slippery. We had some lovely, cold, tinned spaghetti, packed up and rode off, thanking the farmer for his help. We were soon wet and cold with the bike occasionally slipping about, hardly what you'd expect in summer.

The farmer's sons rode with us for a few miles. One was on a burgundy B31 BSA with swinging-arm suspension and a dual seat. Did that look good with the swinging-arm flexing up and down over the corrugations even if I was starting to lose all affection for BSAs. It was a wonder my sister didn't shoot through with them there and then, if only to save her battered behind. After the guys rode off back to Kimba it fined up and we began to warm up and dry out. At least the weather was better as we plodded carefully on, avoiding potholes and stones at all costs, but our troubles were far from over.

We soon came to a detour around roadworks. It was a snaking two-wheel track of sand running steeply up a sandhill. It would have been impossible to ride over it two-up, so sis had to foot it with the luggage. I rushed half way up it before being bogged. After freeing it, I had to run alongside the bike in bottom gear, as it snaked about, spraying sand while I swore freely. After almost losing it, I made it to the top, only to see a steep downhill sandy slope, a short claypan and, you guessed, another sandhill. Oh what fun, a re-run. At least the soft sand presented no threat to the failing forks but I wasn't so happy about sand-blasting the chain and caking the clutch.

Secret Women's Business – Sister's Blisters cont...

Yes, there was then a third sandhill to cope with too, so with a mixture of anger, frustration, exhaustion and disgust, I stumbled on, hot, sweating and grimy while my sister silently struggled bravely with the luggage. Yep, this was the Eyre Highway, the nation's number 1. Great stuff Menzies! (our P.M. then)

Eventually we emerged from these sandhills, filthy, gritty, sweaty, bugged and thoroughly cheesed off. (Today you can safely fly along a smooth bitumen highway where we scrambled along not much faster than a bullock team over 55 years ago.) We took a break after that ordeal before plodding on.

Now the sand-caked clutch wasn't freeing properly and I began to wonder how this ancient, failing Beeza would ever get us back to Adelaide. No wonder my mate had been so keen to trade it for the Flash. At least the Flash had spring-heel suspension and telescopic see-saw forks that only packed up if you hit something like a U-turning VW, which I'd tried with an unfortunate result for both bike and me.

Soon the potholes and washouts took a turn for the worse again and cursed Kyancutta would not emerge from the endless lines of mallee trees. A couple of miles before reaching the township, we hit a monster pothole with a bang that made our teeth rattle and caused another crack in the forks. This was scary. We were flirting with disaster, so I only rode at pushbike speed, about ten miles per hour, so if the forks were to break up completely we'd only hit the dirt at low speed. Around midday we limped in to the mirage of Kyancutta, picking our way along the bad road surface as if going through a minefield.

After the town the road south was way better and we were able to relax a little and reach our mate's family's farm without further incident. I put the return journey out of my mind. It was a relief to reach the place, and even better, they had a scrap heap like most farms and amongst the junk was the frame of an army BSA with intact forks. We swapped these forks over and that was the main problem solved.

After a week's rest and thrashing around on old farm bikes, a thorough service was in order for the ancient Beeza including washing plenty of sand out of the clutch, chain and sprockets. We then made the return trip home without a hitch, but not along that shocking so-called Eyre Highway. Instead our mate showed us another road over the Middleback Ranges south of Whyalla. It was a minor track, but it was far easier to ride on with no detours, no sandhills, no flat tyres, no breakages, just some minor potholes and washouts and a couple of roos that kept out of our way.

Once we reached the bitumen we headed for home at speed (55 m.p.h.) in hot but not unbearable weather. The replacement forks were fine. The Lucas lighting didn't matter because we reached home just on sunset. That was to be my last ride on that ancient Beeza. Shortly after, with freshly painted front forks, it was flogged off to some lucky chum to make way for the next bike. Not one crocodile tear was shed by me. I've never since ridden a BSA with the upside down gear shift on the wrong side.

Many years later, my niece told me that there had been other problems on that journey that I was still blissfully unaware of. My sister had kept a secret to herself all those years. She had copped blisters on her bum and they'd given her absolute hell. I had spent my time back then worrying about all my BSA problems without knowing about her BSA (bloody sore arse) problem. For almost fifty years that had stayed 'Secret Women's Business' that I'd never have guessed at, though looking back it's not surprising considering her pillion perch of cushions on the mudguard of a rigid-framed bike.

The mate from Kyancutta soon became history after that ride. With an odyssey like that, maybe the brief relationship my sister and he had was just too hard to handle. I forget which bike I bought next!



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For a without obligation confidential discussion about how we can help you, please contact our office.

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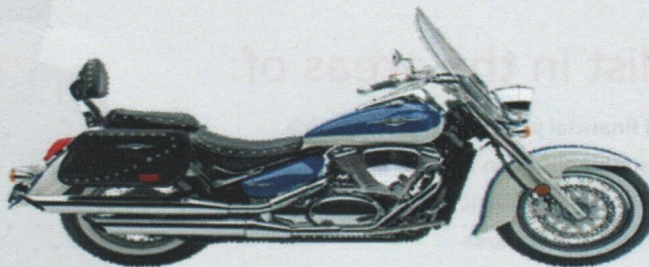
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Rides and Social Events

Up-to-date information about rides and social events are available at -

w: torrensvally.ulyssesclub.org

f: www.facebook.com/ulyssesstorrensvally



Ride Calendar

Saturday 30th November – 7th December High Country Ride, meet at 9am Shell, Taillem Bend

Sunday 8th December MRA Toy Run 11am Victoria Park – Callington Oval

Sunday 15th December – Classic Ride to Williamstown Bakery.

Wednesday 18th December – Christmas lunch 12pm at Hahndorf Mill, following normal ride at 10am from Tea Tree Gully Hotel.

Wednesday 1st January – normal ride at 10:00 from Tea Tree Gully Hotel as long as it is below 37 degrees.

Torrens Valley Branch Social Dinner Calendar

Friday 22nd Nov 2019 7pm

Torrens Valley Christmas Dinner - Tea Tree Gully Golf Club

Wednesday 18th December 2019 12pm

Christmas lunch - Hahndorf Mill



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Weekend Rides

Our rides start from various locations, some starting points are:

Gawler - meet in the car park opposite Repco on Julian Terrace.

Pelican Plaza - meet at the car park next to Hungry Jacks, corner of North East and Golden Grove Roads.

Nuriootpa - meet at the car park near the Steam Engine (opposite the BP) Murray Street.

All rides will leave from any of these destinations unless otherwise stated.

For information on a specific ride, please contact the ride leader.

Wednesday Rides

All Wednesday riders are requested to read 'Torrens Valley Midweek Rides Group Information' which is available on the website.

Depart at 10.00am from the Tea Tree Gully Hotel North East Road at the corner of Haines Road, Tea Tree Gully. Meet in the car park behind the hotel (you can't see the car park from the road).

Rides are abandoned if the forecast temperature is 37°C or more, or if there is a storm or heavy continuous rain around the time of departure making riding hazardous.

'Guzzi' Bob Braunsthal and Neville Gray lead these Wednesday rides.

Further details:

Neville - 08 8263 7566 or 0416 050 189

Bob - 08 8395 0224 or 0419 829 543

Ride Requirements

1. Ride Leader: brief riders, where ride is going, where the breaks are going to be and who is Tail-end Charlie (TEC). If the destination is not a well-known location, Ride Leader to supply all riders with a destination address and your phone number. If you are meeting up with other riders at other stops, re-brief ride so that everyone knows what is going on and who Tail-end Charlie is.
2. Corner Marshals to remain on corners until Tail-end Charlie arrives and flashes you; join just in front of TEC. Remember who you are following before you do your corner marshal duty, and when they go past Tail-end Charlie should be following them shortly. If they don't go past something is wrong. Wait on corner until someone arrives.
3. Tail-end Charlie (TEC) to wear fluoro vest and flash lights at corner marshals. Slow down and let corner marshal join in front of you.
4. If there is a problem (break down or accident) Tail-end Charlie should assess situation and continue where possible as soon as they can.
5. If a rider has run out fuel leave them to their own devices. They should have started with a full tank of fuel, and they should know the destination if they were listening to the riders brief.
6. Riders responsibility. Start with a full tank of fuel. Keep your bike well maintained. Get to the start point before departure time and listen to ride brief from the ride leader.
7. Only Tail-end Charlie should wear fluoro vest. If you wish to wear a fluoro vest when riding you should stay just in front of Tail-end Charlie.
8. Only bikes, spiders or trikes to be Tail-end Charlie. If you wish to follow the ride in a car you should follow behind Tail-end Charlie.

The Valley Views

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thevalleyviews@gmail.com



Our magazine belongs to every Torrens Valley Branch Member

and is an important way for us to get to know each other.

Please consider contributing:

- anecdotes
- articles
- items for sale
- jokes
- photos
- poems
- reminiscences
- stories
- tales from the saddle

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We Acknowledge that the land on which this newsletter is produced and circulated is the traditional lands for the Kurna people and that we respect their spiritual relationship with their Country. We acknowledge the Kurna people as the traditional custodians of the Adelaide region and that their cultural and heritage beliefs are still as important to the living Kurna people today.



'Ninna Marni' - welcome in the Kurna Language

Photo source: www.flickr.com/photos/mikecogh/4000918512



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