



Issue 11
Volume 2

November 2010

The Official Newsletter of Steel Horses Cruising Motorcycles Social Club Inc

The Steel Horse

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We made it—ONE year old this month – phew!

First a history lesson. I was the National VP of the Kobbbers Kruiser Klub about 14 months ago. Due to a significant disagreement about who had the right to speak or have an opinion I had a parting of the ways with this Club. It was at this time that the idea to start a unique Brisbane based Cruising Club was born. A lot of the originals here are also ex members of the Brisbane Kobbbers and they can tell you individually why they left and joined Steel Horses. It was during this time that I found myself on a flight to Perth with about 5 hours to kill and the only paper I could find was the back of an Airsick bag. I spent the flight writing out a method and scope for setting up a new Brisbane based motorcycle social club.

After talking to a few people we had a meeting at Ynot's place and the forming of this Club was discussed. Present at this meeting was Ynot, Debbil, Yogi, Sugar, Sam, Sparra, Kmac, Princess and myself. This meeting went for a long time and we left the meeting with an agreed way forward to creating a unique Brisbane based Club.

It was LOGES that helped us to design the patch as you see it today and his assistance was invaluable in getting this design workable.

The rest is as they say "History" and we have arrived at our first birthday this month. What a journey it has been and we have enjoyed a lot of very good rides.

The message that I want to give tonight is that you should never feel obliged to do anything, including riding, as our club is a social club and we do and should participate for FUN not anything else. If it becomes a chore then question why you do it but remember nothing good comes without some effort.

Having said that, it does take some effort to start up a club like this and keep it going. Without members like Ynot, Debbil, Rowdy, Drastic, Sam, Cosmo, Yogi and Loges and 1 other - now who could that be?? OH YEAH SUGAR! completing formal roles within the Club, we would be stuffed. My thanks to all especially Ynot for the effort over the last year.

I would also like to thank

- Steiny for being a great Tail WING and sometimes a Head WING
- Pedro – for coming to the dark side and buying a Boulevard
- Mossie for holding on so hard to the back seat
- Princess for never ending enthusiasm
- BC for video taping every aspect of our rides and promoting the Club at his market stall

continued on page 3

Deadline
2nd Tuesday of every
month

Who's who

Management Committee

GM—Sarge

Mobile: 0417 636 425

Email: sarge44@bigpond.net.au

President—Ynot

Mobile: 0417 758 792

Email: tw.love@bigpond.com

Treasurer—Drastic

Mobile: 0438 785 662

Email: david.hall@rentco.com.au

Secretary—Debbil

Mobile: 0417 747 168

Email: ijandja@bigpond.com

Coordinator—Sugar

Mobile: 0417 636 158

Email: sarge44@bigpond.net.au

Riders' Delegate—Rowdy

Mobile: 0423 196 380

Email: alecgriggs@bigpond.com

Club objectives

The objects of the club are to encourage members to regularly meet, ride, and join together for social enjoyment

Membership

Membership is open to Riders and Pillions of Cruiser and Tourer motorcycles, as well as Social Members.

Currently, the annual membership subscription is \$36 for Riders, \$24 for Pillions, and \$12 for Social Members. This is applied monthly pro-rata for new members.

For new members there is also a once only joining fee on top of the annual membership fee. This covers the cost of Patch, Insignia, and other Club costs.

Currently, the joining fee is \$30 for Riders and Pillions, and either \$20 or \$30 for Social Members depending on whether they elect to wear a Badge or a Vest.

Members can purchase a booklet of the Rules and By-laws at cost. Contact the Secretary to do so.

Monthly Meetings

Steel Horses Cruising Motorcycles Social Club Inc meets every 3rd Tuesday at Lord Stanley Hotel, East Brisbane, Brisbane at 7.30 pm. Lord Stanley Hotel is at the intersection of Didsbury St, and Stanley St East, East Brisbane.

Postal address

The Secretary

PO Box 319

Mt Gravatt Plaza, Qld, 4122

Other roles

Merchandiser—Drastic

Mobile: 0438 785 662

Email: david.hall@rentco.com.au

Editor—Debbil

Mobile: 0417 747 168

Email: ijandja@bigpond.com

Proof Reader—Jenny

Ride Captain (South) - Yogi

See Event Calendar for details

Ride Captain (Central) - Sarge

See Event Calendar for details

Ride Captain (West) -

Sam / Cosmo

See Event Calendar for details

Webmaster—Debbil

Mobile: 0417 747 168

Email: ijandja@bigpond.com

Club Merchandise

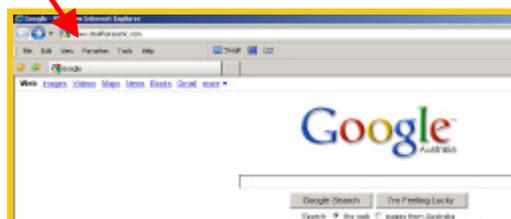
Please contact the **Merchandiser** (see **Other Roles** to the left) if you are interested in **Steel Horses Cruising Motorcycles Social Club Inc.** merchandise. See the last page for NEW merchandise.

Internet presence

THE CLUB WEBSITE IS:

steelhorsesinc.com

(steel horses inc dot com)



Disclaimer

The opinions expressed in this newsletter are personal opinions and are not necessarily those held by SHCMSC Inc.

- SPECS for joining us
- Sparra for helping out with leading rides and marquee storage
- Tink for being young – we need some balance to the old farts here
- Lace for being stand in secretary and damn good interpreter
- Boots for helping out in representing our club
- Barney for being Barney and sending so many nude pictures to my computer I got in trouble
- Cougar for helping out whenever possible despite a car load of kids to keep in check
- Ginger for keeping Sparra on the straight and navigating
- Scouse for having the biggest handle bars
- GEM for waking us all up one meeting with a toilet episode
- Gers and Jewels for supporting the club from afar
- APPLES for picking up Ynot every time he gets knocked down about the Honda and helping with organization of functions
- Jenny for proof reading and spell checking for Debbil
- TT and Shadow for introducing us to the Plastic Pony.

Enjoy the Cake and the champers and lets celebrate being ONE!

Lets see ya on the next one!

Sarge

President's address to AGM

I would like to pay tribute to all the people who have helped to make our first year such a success.

GM

Thanks Sarge for your influence in setting the club culture and vision, keeping us focused on our purpose, and for your contributions to making the difficult decisions.

Secretary

Thanks Debbil for your contribution in writing the Rules and By-Laws of the club and assisting in their interpretation and implementation. Also for tirelessly ensuring that all the OFT requirements are met; accurately and promptly recording the Monthly and Management Committee meetings; ensuring the web page is up to date; and the monthly newsletter is produced.

Treasurer

Thanks Drastic for recently taking over the Treasurer's role, and accurately recording and reporting on the finances of the club. You have quickly got on top of this role with minimum tuition from me.

Coordinator

Thanks Sugar for liaising constantly with the Ride Captains, producing the event calendar, organising social events and generally keeping all the Management Committee members on their toes.

Riders' Delegate

Thanks Rowdy for representing all members on the Management Committee, and for all the behind-the-scenes discussions helping members to resolve problems and issues promptly. Thanks also for representing the club on the SCQ committee.

Ride Captains

Thanks Yogi, Sarge, Cosmo and Sam for conducting a wide variety of interesting rides, producing your monthly reports, and creating rides for the Coordinator to include in the event calendar.

Merchandiser

Thanks Loges for donating the ride invitations, promotional brochures, and sunglasses to the club, and for your design skills for the club patch and merchandise. Thanks also for organising and selling the range of club merchandise.

Thanks also to;

- ❑ **Jenny** for her proof reading contribution
- ❑ **Apples** for selling raffle tickets and assisting in organising social events
- ❑ **Lace** for standing in as minute taker and getting a fabulous deal on the marquee
- ❑ **Sparra** for deputising as Ride Captain and being custodian of the marquee
- ❑ **Baz** for his humorous and entertaining written contributions
- ❑ **Boots** for representing the club at the SCQ committee
- ❑ **BC** for all the photos and videos of our rides
- ❑ **All members** for participating in all the events.

Sorry if I have forgotten somebody, but without the support of all members, there would not be a club.

Ynot

Coordinator's Report—November 2010

Hi All

Don't forget the XMAS party in 3 weeks. It should be a good as it appears that everyone is attending. The raffle this month is donated by Apples.

Please let me know of any ideas that you may have for social events starting from January.

The ride this weekend is Central as per the Calendar. The ride on the Sunday 28th is a west ride and it is a rider's choice, so anyone with a ride suggestion let Sam and Cosmo know.

BYE

SUGAR

Who is this person?



If you think you know who this person is, don't phone Crimestoppers!
Just have a bloody good laugh and be thankful you don't look like this.

Member's Birthdays

Happy birthday to all members who celebrate their birthday this month. Members include Princess and Yogi.

Ride Report—West— 6 October 2011

We all met as usual at Maccas at Goodna and forgive me but I can't remember those on the ride but you know who you were.

Due to the recent rain I asked all those present their views on change of ride.

Instead of going to Queen Mary Falls as per ride calendar we would do a tour of the dams as all were 100% full.

All were in agreement so off we went to Atkinson Dam. The last time I saw the dam cows were grazing in it but now people were water skiing on it.

We then headed across to Esk for a quick beer and I think it was Pedro who needed fuel for his new Suzuki Commadore.

I can't remember who it was who received a phone call from Sugar but apparently Sarge was on the Heyboozer traveling at warp factor 7 towards Queen Mary Falls.

Sorry, but we're not there but if he'd like a real challenge can he make it to Esk in 15 minutes?

Leaving Esk we set sail across to Somerset Dam to see the sight of water being released. We also had lunch there and I think all agreed the food was worth the stop.

Next, we were going to stop at Wivenhoe Dam as all the gates were open but upon seeing the 40,000 cars lined up, I decided to keep on going and stopped at Blacksoil to say our goodbyes.

All up it was a short ride but again it was enjoyable and with good company.

See you round like a rissole.

Cosmo

Ride Report—West— 6 November 2011

Cosmo informed me on the Friday that he and Sam both had to work on the Saturday and would I let everyone know because his Internet connection had failed, and that he was about to call India for repairs. "Hell" I thought, I'd rather have my teeth pulled out than talk to those help lines.

I was reluctant to volunteer to take the ride after all the rain we've had but thought "what the hell" so I laid out all my wet weather gear ready for the morning. Saturday came around and all I needed were my sunnies.

Enjoying a coffee I saw Sarge arrive bringing with him a sore head from one or two drinks the night before. We exchanged greetings and he went off to get his coffee and a packet of Panadol's. Boots arrived sporting his new forward controls - more bling for the mighty VN. Steiny then turned up on his star ship and being close to 9 am it looked like it was time to roll.

Being a short ride we took it nice and easy to Fernvale, Esk and then a stop at Somerset for a coffee break. Having a little extra time on our hands we had a chance for some interesting and very entertaining conversations, one of which was Steiny's offer of some time on a rifle range as a raffle prize.

Heading off towards Splityard Creek I displayed the 'permission-to-leave-the-ride' sign and clenched my teeth ready for Sarge to pass me and shatter my eardrums. Silence! "Shit he's fallen off" I thought. No, still there. Either he's still suffering a headache or seems quite happy riding around in the sunshine.

We decided to head for Mt Glorious for a bum break then down to the Gap to say goodbye. Boots and Sarge decided to have some fun down the twistys towards the Gap - those bikes are heavy to muscle around like they do.

Don't know about the others but I had a damn good day out.

Rowdy

Event Calendar

Where it says "**Rider's Choice**" or "**Pillion's Choice**" or "**Member's Choice**"

We would like you to volunteer to lead a ride along your favourite roads.

If you want to take a Riders Choice, email the relevant Ride Captain at least two weeks before to let him/her know the meeting point (you decide), the route, the distance, and approximate ride duration.

If everything is OK, the Ride Captain will approve it and let you know ASAP.

When the Ride Captain lets you know, you **MUST** then email all members to give them advanced notice of the ride details.

(if you can't do that, ask the Secretary to do it ASAP).

YOU must then lead the ride.

If nobody volunteers, the relevant Ride Captain will take the ride as usual.

You must phone the relevant Ride Captain by 7.30 pm the night before a ride to confirm you wish to do that ride.

Meeting Points & Ride Captains		
South	M1, Exit 38, Yatala (BP Service Centre)	Yogi — 11yogi11@gmail.com Mob: 0418 692 277
West	McDonalds, 2 William St, Goodna	Sam—samhobden@hotmail.com Mob: 0419 174 201 Cosmo—cutidea@bigpond.com.au (contact Sam)
Central	McDonalds, Logan Rd & Norton St, Upper Mt Gravatt	Sarge—sarge44@bigpond.net.au Mob: 0417 636 425

November 2010

Sat 6	West	9.00 am	Fernvale, Wivenhoe Dam, Esk, Lowood	123 km
Sun 14	South	9.00 am	Yatala, Beaudesert, Kyogle, Lismore, Bangalow, Coomera	350 km
Tues 16	All	7.30 pm	Meeting at Lord Stanley Hotel, East Brisbane	
Sat 20	Central	9.00 am	Landsborough, Nambour, Cooroy, Noosa, Caloundra, Burpengary	295 km
Sun 28	West	9.00 am	Rider's Choice	?

December 2010

Sat 4	All	6-6.30 pm	Christmas Party !!!!! Carina Leagues Club.	
Sun 5	South	9.00 am	Mudgeeraba, Neranwood, Springbrook, Ingleside, Tallebudgera, Dungay, Murwillumbah, Tumbulgum, Coomera	204 km
Sun 12	Central	9.00 am	Mt Nebo, Glorious, Somerset, Kilcoy, Toogoolawah, Esk, Hampton, Toowoomba, Murphys Creek	400 km
Sat 18	West	6.00 pm	Christmas Lights ride and Dinner	
Tues 21	All	7.30 pm	Meeting at Lord Stanley Hotel, East Brisbane	
Sat 25			Christmas Day	Prezzies
Sun 26	South	9.00 am	Rider's Choice	?

January 2011

Sat 1	West	9.00 am	New Year's Day: Redbank Plains, Greenbank, North Maclean, Jimbour, Muddoolin, Canungra	Hangover ?
Sun 9	South	9.00 am	Advancetown, Natural Bridge, Byron Bay, Home	?
Sun 16	Central	9.00 am	Samford, Dayboro, Mt Mee, Maleny, Burpengary, Home	210 km 5 hours
Tue 18	All	7.30 pm	Meeting at Lord Stanley Hotel, East Brisbane	
Sun 23	South	9.00 am	Rider's Choice	?
Wed 26			Australia Day	
Sat 29	West	9.00 am	Rosewood, Gatton, Murphys Creek, Hampton, Esk, Fernvale	?

VIP dates

- ◆ 4/12/2010— X'mas Party
- ◆ 25/12/2010—Xmas Day

Sam and Cosmo's Bendemeer or Bust Tour

Yes Sam and Cosmo have been on an adventure!

We left on Tuesday the 2nd of November and went up the hill to Toowoomba then onto Pittsworth, stopping at the Pittsworth Hotel to watch the Melbourne Cup - just as well we didn't have a bet as the horses we were going to back are still running - then it was on to Millmerran where we turned left and headed for Inglewood.

Now if a road was ever made for a breakaway this was it; 72 km of yee har and yes we thought of you Sarge but Sam and I did it justice for you.

A quick bum break at Inglewood and we were off to Texas for the night. We were well looked after at the pub, well fed and watered but unknown to us there was a front-end loader parked behind our room that started up at 6 am and had the reversing beepers going! The pub didn't do breakfast so off to the servo for a feed and on to Yetman. Now if we had clear heads we would have fuelled up at Texas but 87 beers tends to block the thinking process the next day so stopping at Yetman for fuel is not good when there is no servo! Lucky for us we found a kind trucker who sold us unleaded fuel for \$2 a litre which is better than pushing the bikes.

Leaving our new found friend we headed for Warialda then Bingara and Barraba. At this point I will tell you about the bugs. There were millions of them, we were starting to look like a road train that had just done an over night from Melbourne. Sam had long ditched the open face helmet and was wearing his other one with the visor and every fuel stop it was clean the visors other wise you couldn't see out of them!

After leaving Barraba we went to have a look at Split Rock Dam. Approaching the dam we went through an open gate and stopped right beside the dam wall and had a look around. Back on the bikes and off we went only to find the open gate was now closed and locked!!! WHAT THE!!!! After a frantic look around there was no one to be seen but we did find a Ute with a phone number on the door, luckily Sam had one bar of signal on his phone and was able to get onto the man who said we were not supposed to be in there as there are signs on the gate. Now a sign on a closed gate can be read, but when said gate is open one can only see the back of said sign. Daaah! After about 20 minutes the man returned and let us out and we were off like scalded cats and on to Manilla for a late lunch.

While at Manilla Old Mate told us of a short cut to Bendemeer which would save us having to go to Tamworth to run back up to Uralla. Thanks old mate. Now we come to the reason for the title of this story, Manilla to Bendemeer is 62 km; what Old Mate did not tell us was that the first 28 km was bitumen but the next 34 km was dirt. When we first hit the dirt it was fine and we were travelling along at 80 kmh and then it started to change and get worse but by this time we had gone past the point of no return. The last 15 km was rough as guts, cattle grids, creek crossings and by now we are down to about 20 kmh. I don't think I have ever been so glad to see a town, as I was to see Bendemeer!!! I wanted to kiss the bitumen but Sam said with our luck a dog probably has pissed on that spot. So now not only were we plastered in bugs, but we and the bikes were caked in dust.

We left Bendemeer, giving the place rude gestures as we left and headed for Uralla. After a fuel stop and the compulsory cleaning of visors we headed up Thunder Bolts Way to Inverell. Now I have never been on this road before and I have to say Sam and I loved it and vowed to ride it again and Sarge we did it justice for you!!! We camped at the Oxford Hotel that night in Inverell and the publican is a biker as well, so again we were well fed and watered.

Next morning no brekkie at the pub so off to Ashford for a feed. Leaving Ashford we joined up with the Bruxner Highway and headed for Tenterfield. If you ever go on the Bruxner don't expect to ride in a straight line, as you will hit all the potholes. If plod had been out there he would have put the bag on us as we were weaving all over the road to miss the potholes. A fuel stop at Tenterfield and we should have taken a photo as what a sorry sight we were, even our boots were plastered with bugs!!! And on top of that we had dust mixed in as well but we were to lose all bragging rights as storm clouds were building.

We left Tenterfield and headed to Drake and Tabulam, copping a heavy shower on the way. Before Tabulam we stopped at The Riders Rest which is a retreat for bikers but the poofter had the gate shut and a sign saying he would be back at 3pm. Sam left a burnout out side the gate as his thoughts on the matter.

We turned off at Tabulam and headed to Bonalbo and Urbenville. Now if you are ever wanting to find the worst piece of road in Australia, go down this road, and it rained again as well. From Urbenville to Woodenbong the rain got heavier and by the time we got to Rathdowney we were wet as shags and frozen. Except for the fair weather rid-

ers, every one else will know what it is like to have a piss when you are wet and frozen - Talk about your pepper and tweezers! - next time I think I will just piss in my pants, it might even keep me warm.

We stopped at Boonah for food, hot drinks and fuel and by this time all the bugs were gone but the dust had now turned mud all over the bikes. We headed home for hot showers, dry clothes and straight bourbon. Sam tells me that in the 2 and a half days we covered some 1400 km.

Would I do it again 'KEN YES! Why? I hear you say; because to see this wide brown land of ours and live life with good company is what riding is all about.

So to all you fair weather riders, you are not living, you might as well sell your bike and take up knitting.

Confucius said sometimes in life you need to sit on the cactus and ride it for all it's worth.

See you round like rissole

COSMO

Debbil's story

When I destroyed my left shoulder on Tuesday 28 September in Tamworth, two good Samaritans from Moonbi with a 4WD - Ian Hystek and partner - saw it happen, turned around and took me to the hospital.

Jenny flew down to Tamworth very early the next morning. She claims the plane was so small that instead of sitting at a window she had to sit on the wing. However, she says the pilot had already wound the rubber band by the time she got in - or is it "on".

Sarge and Baz organised storage for my bike, and Jenny (with help from Rowdy and Sugar) later organised *Bikes Only* to transport it back home.

Jenny arrived in Tamworth expecting me to be in theatre, but they then decided to send me to Newcastle for the operation but after some discussion the decision was made that Brisbane would be better all round.

Our daughter and son-in-law then drove down from Brisbane (600 km) in their Prado on the Saturday and I was discharged into their care. Jenny organised an apartment for us all that night. Because it was the night before our wedding anniversary we ordered some wonderful Thai food, beer, wine and one bottle of cider for the disabled person. The four of us then drove back to Brisbane on the Sunday and I went to PA emergency department.

After deciding what to do to me and when, the PA hospital sent me home on the following Thursday and I returned on the Monday and had the op on Tuesday AM. On Monday night they told me I had to shave off my beard so the mask would seal. Horror - 40 years of beard! As I shaved, this stranger's face appeared - I hated it! Jenny had never seen me without a beard and decided she didn't like it either and refuses to allow me back into her bed until it grows back. Fortunately, for me, by now it's starting to look like a beard again.

They gave me a new artificial shoulder - both ball and socket - and about 30 staples. Initially, on a scale of 1 to 10 the pain was about 200 but morphine - and other stuff controlled it. I was sent home the following Friday and had the staples out 12 days later.

Now I'm on only a few painkillers a day and being superbly nursed by Jenny. I've also gained an 18cm (7") wound across my shoulder that will eventually heal - and I've lost almost 8kg. I have to relearn how to use my muscles and therefore am doing a fair bit of physio.

Patient Ambulances have been transporting me to and fro here in Brisbane and I have nothing but praise for almost everybody in the health system I've had contact with. The only exceptions have been two non-medical bureaucrats.

Friends, relatives, and the neighbours have been great. As I've already said, Jenny has been fabulous; one of my brothers has done a few things around the house to make things easier; my other siblings have been in contact; our daughter and son-in-law have really helped; our Bowls Club has expressed concern as has our Probus Club; and many Steel Horses members have gone out of their way to either visit, contact us, or either provide or offer help.

Thank you everybody for your cards (and birthday "cake"), thoughts and help - I'll be back on the bike one day.

Debbil

Baz tours the US—a 4 part series—part 3

Crossing into Canada

At 7am next morning we were sitting in a line of bikes ready to board a huge vehicular ferry which eventually swallowed us whole, along with dozens of cars and trucks, like some mammoth whale. We tied the bikes to rails down in the hold and went up on deck. Breakfast was spent watching Vancouver Island growing on the horizon.

The large ferry docked at Victoria City mid morning. There were spectacular water front views of the city with its European style buildings, grey conical roofs and green domed Gothic structures. Red double-decker buses and English style “Bobbies” roamed the clean wide streets.

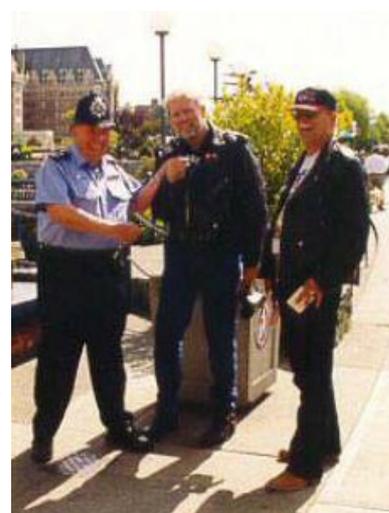


After passing through Canadian customs we took a bus tour. We saw Craigdarroch Castle, built by a Scotsman who made his fortune on Vancouver Island, the yacht club at Cattle Point, and the tallest totem pole carved from a single tree at Oak Bay.

On our return to Victoria City the Royal British Columbia Museum held our interest for a few hours. Then it was time to ride on up the coast to Nanaimo. Pity we had not more time

to spend on this interesting and picturesque island. We got back on the ferry and travelled to the mainland arriving at 8:30 pm at Horseshoe Bay. It was still light and there was just enough time to ride up to a lookout at Thunder Ridge for a truly awesome view of the night lights of Vancouver. By now we were exhausted and after a short night ride downtown we found a medium priced motel to rest for the evening.

The time constraints we were now under to complete our planned journey within the remaining days meant that there was a constant imperative to be on the road travelling rather than lingering and looking.



Tracking East

Next morning we did a fast visit to the Capilano Suspension Bridge and Park. We strolled through the beautiful forests full of Douglas fir, Sitca Spruce and Western Red Cedar. I collected a maple leaf and pressed it into a book I was carrying. We watched Canadian Indians doing ceremonial dances and bought miniature totems and other wood carvings. Then it was on to Stanley Park with its panoramic views of Vancouver city. Finally we rode through the heart of the city, soaking in as much of the atmosphere as we could, while watching out for road signs and dodging traffic. The freeway led us quickly out of town tracking east.

Our destination that day was Grand Forks sitting just north of the border with the United States. It was a truly memorable ride.

Signs of civilisation soon gave way to pine-clad towering slopes, many of them still snow-capped. The road wound its way through the valley floor alongside icy swift streams, swollen by the run-off from the melting mountain snow cascading down everywhere from the sheer slopes in mist shrouded waterfalls. The roar of the rushing water drowned out the engine noise of our bikes.

We reached Grand Forks 380 miles east of Vancouver at 9 pm. Our own ‘forks’ weren’t feeling too ‘grand’ by this stage. In fact there was very little feeling in them at all! We were starting to roll our hips and walk bow-legged in



fact. “Reckon ah’ll just mosey on down to the saloon and get me a beer and a mess o’ vittals”.

Back In the USA

Monday, 1st June 1998. The morning light saw us packing the bikes and giving my machine its morning snort of pure alcohol. It shuddered into life firing on one cylinder. I held my breath. After some further attempts and a rolling start we got the beast roaring for the day.



We struck out north east heading for Castlegar. On the way we passed lake Christina, its surface clear and still and mirroring the sky in the early morning. The road followed the shores of the lake and we swung into these incredible sweeping curves where you could lay the bike way, way over and watch a picture-postcard-view pan past your visor at a forty five degree tilt. It was just so good! In fact it was so good we had to go back and do them all again. Then we pho-

tographed each other tooling through those handsome wide sweeps. Curves this good should not be left to the vagary of memory or the inadequacy of description. They had to be savoured, collected and catalogued. Riding companions at home had to know just how good those sweepers really were and feel strong pangs of envy since they had not been there to personally experience them!

Eventually we tore ourselves away and pushed on to an unremarkable little town called Creston just north of the USA border gate into Idaho.

Amazingly, they let Frank and me back into the States for another visit. Australians can't be seen as much of a threat I guess. We lost no time heading south for we had picked a name off the map that just had to become our destination for the evening; Hungry Horse, Montana. Now I ask you, how could anyone resist taking a look at a town with a name like that?.



Montana has no maximum speed limits. “Goddamn it... you can go just as fast as you want man, it's your life!” Curiously there were all these little white crosses beside the highway. I stopped counting them after the first few dozen. We later learned each one marked the site of a fatal road accident.



We travelled 345 miles that day and I'd have to say, the best part of Hungry Horse was its name. To put it in the local vernacular, it was just a little “podunk” place. If you blinked you'd miss it. Can only guess how it got its name. Very like some of Australia's remote western towns – “stone the crows and starve the lizards...”

Next morning we headed north east into Glacier National Park which is at the extreme southern tip of the Canadian Rockies which extend over the USA border. What a place! Never have I seen such stunning scenery. Nothing we had seen to date came near it. It was just so mesmerising that Gerald actually fell off his bike looking at it!

The poor guy was meandering along this leafy grove beside a lake feeling mellow and staring up at the sunlight winking through the overhead canopy of trees when his bike just wandered off the road. They can do that if you're not watching where you are going. The occupants of a following car watched it all happen in a kind of amused horror. The front wheel of Gerald's bike got caught in a rut and the bike started to buck. Gerald stopped daydreaming and started wrestling the handlebars. He almost got clear but then the soft shoulders pulled him back in. By this time his forward speed had almost ceased and he just plopped sideways into a pool of mud



in the ditch.

I sure wish I'd seen it but Frank and I were up ahead waiting for Gerald to appear round the last bend. He didn't, so we went back to see why. By the time we got to the scene the car had stopped and the occupants were lifting Gerald out of the mud and cleaning him up. We had to rely on their description but pretty soon we got the picture and poor Gerald never quite lived down that episode.

We took the Going-to-the-Sun Road along the shores of Lake McDonald. Then we followed the banks of Avalanche Creek climbing higher and higher on this narrow road that was an engineering masterpiece carved straight out of the face of the frozen glacier. We passed the weeping wall and Sunrift Gorge passing at times through tunnels dripping with water. Every turn opened a new vista.



It got colder as we passed the snow line. Eight feet high snow banks flanked the narrow wet roadway. Eventually we made it right to the summit and the Saint Mary Visitors Center. There were a few surprised expressions on people's faces when three motorcycles pulled into the car park. The entire area was white with snow.

After a warm drink and a snowball fight we decided to head for Helena in central Montana. We left the park, descended the range and took the Interstate 15 in the late afternoon pointing the bikes south. The terrain completely altered. It was a mind numbing and totally boring ride on dead flat terrain with wheat in all directions as far as the eye could see. It got progressively colder and in the end we had to break out the ski suits again.

There was no sensation of speed or making any progress. We just hung there suspended in a no-man's land between sky and flat earth with an occasional oil well plunging up and down somewhere out on the horizon and playing tricks on the mind. It was like being locked into instant replay mode in an endlessly repeated loop.



By the time we finally pulled into the Black Foot Trading Post at Browning my brain was mush. That's probably why I paid far too much for that pair of genuine Black Foot moccasins. What was I thinking? Then we were back out on the mindless road again. At this point even a blood-thirsty band of whooping Indians shooting arrows and gaining on us from the rear would have provided some welcome stimulation.

Finally Helena came into view and we could at last stagger into a motel room and crash onto a bed. At that moment my mind had been reduced to a flickering test pattern. No recognisable images were forming in my brain. Perhaps I had died but didn't know it yet?

Yellowstone

The next morning cognisance had kicked in again and I was keen to get going. Take me far away from the wheat fields of Montana! Give it all back to the Black Feet I say. We headed off to Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming and a cold rain began to fall. By the time we reached Gardiner at the northern gate to the park the rain had turned into sleet. I watched fascinated as icicles began to form on my windshield. Did somebody say this was summer?



We paid our fee and rode through the northern gate into the park. We began to climb up into the snow line and the sleet became snow. Soon we were staring at the Mammoth Hot Springs hissing up through the frozen earth in pungently sulfurous clouds of steam. Such violent extremes of nature held us in a torpor of fascination. If you accidentally tripped and fell into that boiling cauldron you would be broiled alive in seconds. If you landed in the snow beside it and couldn't get up you would be frozen solid in a short space of time. I thought about that for a little longer before stepping very carefully back to the road-

way where I had parked my bike.



Round the next corner we saw some deer standing motionless in the snow only metres from our passing bikes. It was a real Christmas card moment. Frank had gone on ahead and Gerald and I were both poking along together when we saw a bunch of vehicles pulled up along the side of the road. Naturally we stopped to see what was going on. Eventually my eyes adapted to the gloom under the snow covered fir trees to my right and I saw this large hairy shape moving about. It was only about 50 metres away when I suddenly realised it was a black bear.

I looked around us. The surrounding vehicles were mainly all big four-wheel-drive vans with the windows rolled up and the heaters blasting. Gerald and I on the other hand were sitting fully exposed on our motorcycles with our breath condensing in our helmets. I called out to Gerald, "Hey! What do these bears eat, Gerald?" His reply came in a laconic drawl, "Pretty much anything they want."

We got out of there really fast.

I didn't even notice the cold with all this stimulation going on. We caught up with Frank just in time to see him slow down and stop. Could he be stopping to wait for us to catch up? Then we saw the bison herd dead ahead crossing the road in front of him and rumbling on down to ford the river below us. I imagined what might happen if one of those hugely out of proportion shaggy heads got one of their wicked looking horns stuck in the spokes of my front wheel. I decided that was not a thought I wanted to pursue.



We managed to get up a slushy road to see the famous geyser, "Old Faithful", blow its top right on time. A huge fountain of steam soared skyward. Pretty impressive!

As the weather had not improved we decided by late afternoon to leave the park and travelled south through Idaho to Pocatello. All those damned 'taters! - They were almost as bad as the wheat fields of Montana.

To be continued.....

Steel Horses 2011 calendars

If you want a 2011 Steel Horses calendar, you need to order AND PAY at the November meeting. They will be available for collection at the December meeting. Remember ORDERS ONLY!

Standard calendars are \$5—Special calendars will be \$15 but you need to check with Debbil before ordering AND THEN SUPPLY A PHOTO BY EMAIL. You will be able to view examples at this meeting.



Springwood Suzuki

As you are now aware Steel Horses has an arrangement with Springwood Suzuki whereby they will pay for membership in Steel Horses for buyers of their Cruisers, subject to Steel Horses Rules and By-laws.

This arrangement is yet to be completely finalized—you will receive final details in due course—but if club members flash their ID cards they will obtain discount on Spares, Accessories, and NEW bikes (subject to trade-in and price).

Discounts will NOT apply to tyres and used bikes.

Merchandising—contact Drastic—see p. 2 for details



Steel Horses Caps \$17.00



Chopper sunglasses \$15

LADIES
Jeni B
3/4 Sleeve
Black



LADIES
Jeni B
3/4 Sleeve
White



Tee-shirts \$36

The club does not stock these but will put your name on a wait-list.

MENS
Johnny Bobbin
Long Sleeve
Black



MENS
Johnny Bobbin
Long Sleeve
White



When the Merchandiser decides there are enough for a bulk order, you will then pay for your order.

How to wear your Patch and Insignia

