



Issue 12
Volume 2

December 2010

The Official Newsletter of Steel Horses Cruising Motorcycles Social Club Inc

The Steel Horse

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It's that time again!

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Merry Christmas everybody!

Season's Greetings

Deadline
2nd Tuesday of every
month

Who's who

Management Committee

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Riders' Delegate—Rowdy

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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

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.

Other roles

Merchandiser—Drastic

Mobile: 0438 785 662

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Editor—Debbil

Mobile: 0417 747 168

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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

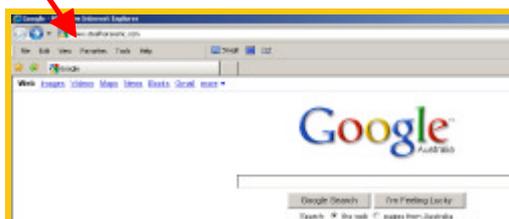
Email: ijandja@bigpond.com

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.

GM's Report—December 2010 (written the day after)

YES....it is true I had a bingle on Glorious on Friday.

YES...I did get injured.

YES...It does hurt.

YES...I am getting back onto BOTH Bikes as soon as I can.

No...Sugar knows better than anyone not to even suggest no longer riding.

NOW.. I KNOW that Wives will be looking meaningfully at their old man and thinking "bloody motorbikes"!

HOWEVER..I do not consider them any more unsafe than crossing the road.

WHAT HAPPENED...I went for a little ride on Friday and ventured up to Mt Glorious from Fernvale about 11am. The road was covered in tree debris and still a little damp.

I slowed down significantly, confident that there was little risk or danger at the speed I was doing. I made it almost all the way to Mt Glorious Cafe when I was rounding a sharp bend and my front tyre lost traction and slid sideways on some wet leaves and tree debris. I was unable to correct the slide as the front of the Bike twisted around to the side (almost level with the rear tyre) and then sharply corrected and twisted the other way.

When it corrected, I was thrown from the seat and landed on the road, taking my full weight onto my left shoulder and helmet. The Bike slid into my shoulder as well, and then the bike and I slid onto the mud on the side of the road where we came to a stop. All that happened in about 10 meters from Corner to final stop.

I got up after about 20 seconds and picked the Bike up and put it onto its stand. I then sat down and began to feel pain in my shoulder and Elbow.

I was doing no more than 30km per hour. How do I know this? I dropped my speed to 30km as I entered the corner deliberately because I knew the debris, if I touched it, was slippery and I applied no acceleration at all before the accident. The police who attended viewed the road slide marks and stated to Sugar that they were satisfied that I was doing the speed I claimed.

My INJURIES....Broken Collarbone....Sore Ribs....gravel rash on left Arm....scratched up Bike....bashed up Helmet....hurt pride.

MY FEELINGS....Accidents happen.

My thanks to Rowdy for really helping Sugar out on the day above and beyond - mate I owe you one.

See ya on the road in a few weeks.

Regards

Sarge

VIP dates

- ◆ 25/12/2010—Xmas Day
- ◆ 26/01/2011—Australia Day
- ◆ 25/04/2011—Anzac Day
- ◆ 01/01/2011—New Year's Day
- ◆ 22/04/2011—Good Friday
- ◆ 17/09/2011—AGM



Ynot's Blurb—December 2010

Hi all,

The weather hasn't been kind to us motorcyclists for some time now. Every time I look forward to going on a ride, the heavens seem to open up again, and I am left to look at my trusty steed gathering dust in the garage, instead of clocking up the Kms on the open road. If it wasn't for the odd midweek short ride up Mt Glorious, dodging the showers, I would not have ventured out at all. However, I'm sure the good weather will return once again, and we will have an abundance of riding around paradise once again.

The Christmas party was held successfully on 4th December at Carina Leagues Club. The attendance was 35 members and guests, and from what I saw, everybody seemed to have an enjoyable time. There was plenty of food, drink and social intercourse, and the secret Santa produced much humour and enjoyment. We had the usual rawhide rendition from Sugar. (Note to self. Do not allow a microphone in the room for future functions). Apples and I departed at about 11.00 pm and there was still a hard core of stayers intent on remaining till the end. From all reports they were the last ones to leave the club upon closing. I didn't turn up for Yogi's ride the next morning as it was raining again at my place, but I understand that the same die-hards from the night before turned up for the ride. How's that for dedication?

If you have any suggestions for the 2011 Christmas party, please raise them at the monthly meetings so that they can be further discussed. Keep in mind that the club is a not for profit organization, and any funds accumulated are for the use of members.

Drastic has purchased a number of club shirts. If you have placed an order, please pay for them before taking delivery. In order to keep prices down, more shirts were purchased than were requested by members, consequently the club has had to provide the finance up front. If there are members who didn't place an order, and would like to purchase a shirt, please see Drastic who will be pleased to sell you one. The club has a policy of holding minimum stocks, so the sooner the shirts are sold, the stronger will be the financial situation of the club.

I have been discussing with Rowdy and Debbil the possibility of starting a DIY group for servicing your own motorcycle. The cost of dealerships performing the services is becoming prohibitive. My recent 50,000 Km service cost \$660.00. Both Rowdy and Debbil have agreed to provide advice and assistance to those of us who are mechanically challenged, and interested in doing it themselves. The only requirement is to provide your own workshop manual and basic tools, and a willingness to give it a go.

If anybody is interested in belonging to this group, please contact myself, Rowdy or Debbil.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you all for your support in 2010 and wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Here's looking forward to a bigger and even better 2011.

Safe Riding,

Ynot

Ride Report—South — 14 November 2010

Hi all

Well, it was Yogi's birthday on this particular weekend, and Princess had arranged to take him to John Farnham's 27th "absolutely last ever" concert, and Yogi asked me if I would take the ride for him, which I was happy to do.

The weather looked a bit average at first, but it turned out to be a beautiful day. We had Barney & Gloria, Ynot, Sarge, Pedro & Mozzie and another lady friend of Barney & Gloria's, Tony, on a neat looking Harley. Ynot was our designated Tail end Charlie.

After the usual coffee and pre ride chat we headed off and had our first bum rest at Beaudesert. I wasn't sure exactly where we had to turn off for the Lions road, so it was prearranged that Sarge would Zoom past at the appropriate time and go ahead to mark the turn off for us, and we all know that when Sarge zooms, he "ZOOMS".

The Lions road was worse than I remembered. Pot holes were every where from the rain, and have there always been that many narrow bridges on this road?

We went to a pub in Kyogle, had a nice cold beer and then went down the road to a food shop where we all had something to eat. We left Barney, Gloria and Tony there because they were going home a different way.

After we fuelled up we came back to the Mt. Lindsay Highway and on to Rathdowney where we stopped for another coldie. It ended up being quite a hot day. We gave the Lions road a miss on the way back.

While we were having our coldie, who should go puttering past? - none other than Barney and Co.

We said our good byes there and we all headed off to our separate destinations.

Everyone seemed to have had a great day. I certainly did and I'm already looking forward to the next ride.

Great riding with great friends....what more could you ask for.

Cheers

Steiny

Ride Report - Pillion's Choice—31 October 2010

Mozzi's Forest Ride to Springbrook

It was a Yatala meet up at Macca's for brekkie and coffee. There were Sarge and Sugar, Boots and Lace, Barney and Gloria, Tink, Shadow, Rowdy, and Pedro and Mozzi. We left around 9.05 am and cruised off to Beaudesert - off somewhere - I don't care - I'm in the wind - enjoying the cruise and scenery when an unfriendly on a 'winger' overtook us in a somewhat ugly fashion causing us all to go into *xxxxxx* mode where Sugar was tilted with leg raised.

We got to the top of Beechmont (Gliders) and Sarge roused the rider a bit (much!!). Pedro went about trying to calm him as did Rowdy and Sugar. A friendly pulled up wearing a pink shirt which Pedro and Sugar tried to obtain to calm the GM! They are God's Pacifiers!

After a ciggie and a smile all round we headed off to Advancetown Hotel for some much needed refreshments for about 15 minutes. Then we were off again to Springbrook.

On arriving I realised I had been there before which didn't go down well with Shadow as "I had wasted his time".

All in all I didn't give a rats! It was my ride and I loved it immensely specially 'cos there were Sisters on the ride. Yeeeah!

We were all satisfied with the view and tumbling waterfall that greeted us at the end of our short trek, and Pedro and I were ecstatic that we got some beautiful shots with our new family of friends (awesome!). Lunch was at a nearby cafe with excellent food and service. Got more good shots of Lace feeding two Lorikeets on her shoulder - just beautiful.

Then it was onward again back towards Brissy. We pulled into Yatala once more to say our goodbyes and reflect on the day's events, with some good laughs.

On the ride we met Barney's new lady, and welcomed her 'cos she such a lovely person - her name is Gloria. Gloria's training to be nurse, so in the highly unlikely event that we need a medic, "there u are, we've got one!" By the way Barney, change your undies between shifts, Brother and don't just turn them inside out. Lol, Lol. Love ya!!

Here's to more fun rides.

Luv ya all xxxx

Sister Mozzi

PS: Can I just add Sarge, my name is spelt with 2 Zs, not 2 Ss.

Event Calendar

Where it says "**Flexible Ride**"

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

If you want to suggest the route or even take the Ride, 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

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	Flexible Ride	?

January 2011

Sat 1	West	9.00 am	New Year's Day: Redbank Plains, Greenbank, North Maclean, Jimbour, Mundoolin, 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	Flexible Ride	?
Wed 26			Australia Day	
Sat 29	West	9.00 am	Rosewood, Gatton, Murphys Creek, Hampton, Esk, Fernvale	?

February 2011

Sun 6	Central	9.00 am	Blacksoil, Fernvale, Esk, Splyard Creek, Mt Glorious, Samford, Home	?
Sat 12	West	9.00 am	Peak Crossing, Boonah, Queen Mary Falls, Aratula, Ipswich	220 km
Tues 15	ALL	7.30 pm	Meeting at Lord Stanley Hotel, East Brisbane	
Sun 20	South	9.00 am	Yatala, Cleveland, Redland Bay (Tourist Drive)	180 km 5 hours
Sat 26	Central	9.00 am	Beaudesert, Boonah, Rosewood, Blacksoil, Home	320 km 6 hours

March 2011				
Sun 6	South	9.00 am	Beaudesert, Lions Road, Kyogle, Nimbin, Murwillumbah, Home	289 km 6 hours
Sat 12	Central	9.00 am	Rider's Choice	?
Tues 15	ALL	7.30 pm	Meeting at Lord Stanley Hotel, East Brisbane	
Sun 20	West	9.00 am	Advancetown, Natural Bridge, Byron Bay, Home	?
Sat 26	Central	9.00 am	Flexible Ride	?
April 2011				
Sat 2	West	9.00 am	Rosewood, Gatton, Murphy's Creek, Esk	
Sun 10	South	9.00 am		
Sat 16	Central	9.00 am	Samford, Dayboro, Mt Mee, Malaney, Burpengary	5 hours 210 km
Tues 19	All	7.30 pm	Meeting at Lord Stanley Hotel, East Brisbane	
Fri 22			Good Friday	
Sat 23	Central	9.00 am	Easter Saturday—Riders Choice	?
Sun 24			Easter Sunday	
Mon 25			Anzac Day & Easter Monday	
Sat 30	South	9.00 am	Flexible Ride	?
May 2011				
Mon 2			Labour Day	
Sat 7	Central	9.00 am	Beaudesert, Boonah, Rosewood, Blacksoil	320 km 6 hours
Sun 15	South	9.00 am		
Tues 17	All	7.30 pm	Meeting at Lord Stanley Hotel, East Brisbane	
Sun 22	Central	9.00 am	Caloundra, Mooloolaba, Noosa	?
Sat 28	West	9.00 am	Flexible Ride	?
June 2011				
Sat 4	West	9.00 am	Peak Crossing, Queen Mary Falls, Aratula, Ipswich	350 km
Sun 12	South	9.00 am		
Mon 13			Queen's Birthday	
Sun 19	Central	9.00 am	Short Ride—BBQ—Mt Coot-tha, Children welcome	?
Tues 21	All	7.30 pm	Meeting at Lord Stanley Hotel, East Brisbane	
Sat 25	West		Gatton, Toowoomba, Oakey, Hampton, Fernvale	280 km



The 12 days of Christmas—Australian version

On the **first** day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me,
An emu up a gum tree.

On the **second** day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me,
Two pink galahs,
And an emu up a gum tree.

On the **third** day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me,
Three kookaburras laughing,
Two pink galahs,
And an emu up a gum tree.

On the **fourth** day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me,
Four koalas cuddling,
Three kookaburras laughing,
Two pink galahs,
And an emu up a gum tree.

On the **fifth** day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me,
Five kangaroos,
Four koalas cuddling,
Three kookaburras laughing,
Two pink galahs,
And an emu up a gum tree.

On the **sixth** day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me,
Six brolgas dancing,
Five kangaroos,
Four koalas cuddling,
Three kookaburras laughing,
Two pink galahs,
And an emu up a gum tree.

On the **seventh** day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me,
Seven possums playing,
Six brolgas dancing,
Five kangaroos,
Four koalas cuddling,
Three kookaburras laughing,
Two pink galahs,
And an emu up a gum tree.

On the **eighth** day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me,
Eight dingoes digging,
Seven possums playing,
Six brolgas dancing,
Five kangaroos,
Four koalas cuddling,
Three kookaburras laughing,
Two pink galahs,
And an emu up a gum tree.

On the **ninth** day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me,
Nine wombats working,
Eight dingoes digging,
Seven possums playing,
Six brolgas dancing,
Five kangaroos,
Four koalas cuddling,
Three kookaburras laughing,
Two pink galahs,
And an emu up a gum tree.

On the **tenth** day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me,
Ten lizards leaping,
Nine wombats working,
Eight dingoes digging,
Seven possums playing,
Six brolgas dancing,
Five kangaroos,
Four koalas cuddling,
Three kookaburras laughing,
Two pink galahs,
And an emu up a gum tree.

On the **eleventh** day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me,
Eleven numbats nagging,
Ten lizards leaping,
Nine wombats working,
Eight dingoes digging,
Seven possums playing,
Six brolgas dancing,
Five kangaroos,
Four koalas cuddling,
Three kookaburras laughing,
Two pink galahs,
And an emu up a gum tree.

On the twelfth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me,
Twelve parrots prattling,
Eleven numbats nagging,
Ten lizards leaping,
Nine wombats working,
Eight dingoes digging,
Seven possums playing,
Six brolgas dancing,
Five kangaroos,
Four koalas cuddling,
Three kookaburras laughing,
Two pink galahs,
And an emu up a gum tree.



A Steel Horses ride in Ho Chi Minh city (Saigon) style—Jenny



I doubt this would qualify as a Cruiser—Debbil

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

One Final Push

The next morning Frank was restless. The journey had almost come the planned full circle. We rode down the Interstate 15 into Utah heading for Salt Lake City. It was a warm sunny day and the glare off the salt pans caused the distant mountains to shimmer in a mirage.

We rolled down the busy freeway entering Salt Lake City by mid morning and toured the Mormon Tabernacle and Family Records building. Then it was lunchtime and Frank told Gerald and me that he wanted to ride the 500 miles back to Reno that day without an overnight stop.

Nothing fazed Gerald. He just said, “Sure, no problem Frank. I’ll ride all night if you like.” So that was what we ended up doing.

The blue skies over Utah were criss-crossed with the vapour trails of high-flying jets, both military and commercial, as we rode away from Salt Lake City heading west. The highway stretched off to a dot in the distance and either side of the road the white salt pans glared back at us and distant snow capped ranges were visible way out on the dancing horizon.

I wondered what this place must look like from space. Tedium bored into me and my mind searched for diversions. Frank was a little black dot floating absurdly above the highway up ahead and Gerald and I zigzagged the white lines. We stopped and took pictures of the great nothingness and had snatches of conversation before re-mounting.



Afternoon drifted into evening. We refuelled and carried on. It began to rain. Oncoming headlights shattered across the wet windscreen and formed surreal patterns making it difficult to discern my position on the roadway. We stopped again for fuel and something to eat. Tiredness was a dark wave in the back of my skull pushing my head forward. I would blink and lift my visor to let the cold rain sting my face.

I became conscious of Gerald riding beside me at one stage looking closely to see that I was still awake. He signalled thumbs up and dropped back behind again. He was still riding shotgun for me. The night wore on. The highway was a shiny black ribbon unravelling in front with confusing lights floating in and out of my peripheral vision. More fuel stops followed.

The sky was getting lighter as we saw the lights of Reno ahead. We chugged through the deserted streets and turned towards Sparkes. Gerald peeled off and headed for his house. Tired waves were exchanged. Two remaining motorcycles rolled to a stop in the driveway of Martin’s house. Silence fell as the motors were shut down. The journey had ended. I hit my bed in the van trailer fully clothed and sleep overcame me almost immediately. In just eight days we had completed a circuit of 3,500 miles and travelled through eight US States as well as British Columbia.

Epilogue

A dip in the highway throws Cecilia forward against my back momentarily and my full attention is now back on the road ahead. My fuel warning light is on and I will have to start looking for a service station soon.

It’s been some time since I’ve thought in such detail about my trip to the USA in 1998. Firstly there was the loss of my mum a year ago after having cared for her in her home for six months, then Cecilia and I got married, and we started building our new house...

Time rolls on relentlessly and periodically underscores the message that we must never assume that anything is forever.

Martin and Lillian have both since departed this world and even young Alison, so full of life, succumbed suddenly and unexpectedly to pneumonia in a Reno hospital at the end of last year.

In my mind I see a happy group of people assembled at a Bar BQ in Martin’s back yard in Sparkes. It’s mid June back in ‘98 and summer has finally arrived in Nevada. Lillian’s yellow sun umbrella provides shade to the picnic table. Frank is doing the cooking. He is determined to put on an Aussie style Bar BQ before leaving for Australia the next

day. He has to get back to take care of his business. I've just got back from a flying trip to Las Vegas and the Grand Canyon. My kit is packed and I'm also off shortly to LA to look up another riding buddy from Simi Valley. I have been corresponding with him on the Internet. Gladys is staying on and travelling to LA with me because she wants to see her mother before departing for home.

The family is all present. Gerald is there looking sun-tanned and refreshed after our motorcycle adventure. Anita is seated next to him nursing Jason's boy Aaron. Beth-anne is there with Dave. Terry has also dropped around. Chuck and Darlene sit talking with Jennifer. Chelsea and Michelle are laughing with Alison. Jason and Jessica are watching Frank cook. Lillian is deep in conversation with Gladys about who-knows-what and Martin is looking like he should be doing something. He is unaccustomed to others doing the organising and providing.

It is a pleasant afternoon sitting in the Nevada sunlight as we say goodbye to these people. The company is ambient but the steak is tough. Frank discovers that rump steak in America ain't like rump steak in Australia. However, everyone chews at it politely.

Frank leaves the next morning early. Gladys and I leave the following day. Unfortunately Lillian is quite unwell and confined to bed that morning. I miss a final chance to say 'goodbye'. However Martin insists on coming to the airport with us and Allison drives us in her grandfather's car. At Reno airport I shake hands with Martin for the last time. He invites me back again and tells me I'm always welcome at his house. I know he means it and hope I can make it some day... Alison calls out, "See you soon in Australia!" as we are boarding our Reno Air flight.

Gladys and I fly to San Francisco to get a connecting flight to Burbank. I'm coming in to LA via Burbank because my motorcycle friend lives in Simi Valley and doesn't want to battle the traffic into LA International. That suits Gladys too because her mother lives in North Hollywood quite near the airport.

We land at Burbank and I locate my friend Joe at the terminal. I pick up my luggage and say goodbye to Gladys and see her into a cab. I'm just crossing the road to the carpark with Joe when I hear someone call out my name. Both Joe and I turn round together to see who it is. I see an attractive well-dressed woman with short blond hair standing by a white Ford Taurus which she has just parked in the passenger pick-up area. Taxis are trying to get out round her car but she doesn't care. Gladys is sitting in one of those taxis. She calls out from the taxi window and points, "That's my sister Cecilia."

Both Joe and I wave and Cecilia mistakes Joe for me. We quickly sort out who's who and then as Cecilia is double-parked and Gladys is getting out of the taxi and into Cecilia's car I call out, "Nice to meet you!" and turn and leave with Joe.

That might have been all there was to that - but for a strange quirk of Fate. After my three days of riding with Joe in Southern California (but that's another story) I ring Coco, one of Gladys's friends whom she has lined up to show me around LA (I doubt poor Coco ever had a say in it!). I explain to him where I am staying at Simi Valley and he asks if I could possibly meet him at a more central location. He lives at Anaheim. I don't know LA so I ask him to suggest a meeting point. He says, "Why not Gladys's place?" That's funny I think, she's just gone back to Australia. Then I realise he is talking about Gladys's mother, who is also called Gladys. (Confusing isn't it? I'll refer to her as Gladys mama to make the distinction).

My friend Joe, who is a very obliging bloke, offers to drive me to the address Coco gives me in North Hollywood. When we arrive this pleasant, mature Spanish speaking lady answers the door and there I stand with two large bags and my motorcycle gear looking like I'm about to move in.

Fortunately Joe is learning Spanish so he does the introductions and presumably manages to explain who this Aussie bloke is standing on her doormat with two black dachshunds sniffing at the cuffs of his trousers. Secondly Joe hopefully explains why I'm here. I nod as he speaks hoping that helps with the translation. We spend a few minutes exchanging faltering pleasantries then Joe makes his exit.

I discover that Gladys mama's English is still way better than my Spanish but before long we are both suffering some embarrassment trying to make conversation. Then Gladys mama obviously has had an idea and rising from her chair with the dogs shadowing her every move, signals to me to follow her and bring my bags.

Now I'm wondering what Joe did say to her because Coco is due to pick me up soon at this address and it looks like I'm being shown the street. But Gladys mama is smiling and beckoning me to follow her down a pathway between the small white apartments. So I follow obediently, lugging my bags with me...

We arrive at another apartment door and she calls out in a shrill voice to the occupant. There is a muffled response from upstairs and Gladys mama lets herself in. She beckons me to follow. The two black dachshunds beat me

through the doorway nearly tripping me up.

I'm now standing on a red carpet in a very tastefully furnished apartment with white walls, a huge TV and a white wooden staircase disappearing up into the mysteries of a second level. There are nick-knacks and framed photos on the walls. I hear a shower running upstairs and notice a photo with Gladys mama and the lady I met briefly at Burbank airport a few days before. Cecilia! This must be her apartment!

The shower shuts off. There is loud conversation being conducted downstairs to upstairs between Gladys mama and her youngest daughter still presumably in the bathroom. It's all in Spanish of course but I recognise my name on more than one occasion, so I figure Cecilia is getting the low-down on what I'm doing standing on her living room rug with all my luggage.

There is a scent of jasmine and Cecilia glides down the stairs. All that is missing are the violins. She is wearing a long clinging bathrobe and her hair is caught up in a white towel tied turban style around her head.

She says, in her deep timbred voice, "Hellowww!" and fixes me with a special look that starts my pulse racing. "Fancy seeing you again."

What happens next is really the stuff of another story. Maybe I'll write it some day. Suffice to say when Coco arrives later that day to pick me up I don't leave with him. My Hollywood romance has begun and it doesn't end when I go back to Australia a week later either. Cecilia makes three separate visits to Australia and then we are married.

So it's all Cecilia's mama's fault! If she hadn't taken me round to Cecilia's apartment so she could do the translations for us, none of this would have happened and I'd still be having lots of motorcycle adventures...

oOo

I'm standing at the petrol pump filling my bike with fuel. I must have a grin on my face because Cecilia is looking at me strangely. "What are you smiling about?" She is obviously intrigued. "Come on, come on, tell me..." she urges playfully, digging me in the ribs. I laugh and back away, then head toward the cashier to pay for my fuel.

On my return Cecilia is still hanging out to know what I was thinking that made me smile. She starts in again, "Are you going to tell me what you were laughing about just now?"

"Maybe later" I say, swinging my leg over the bike and starting the motor. "Come on girl, get on. Let's go home."



**It has been said that in six days God
made Heaven and Earth...
and on the seventh day she had some
fun and created the Australian animals
and birds.**

Merchandising—contact Drastic—see p. 2 for details



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LADIES
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Johnny Bobbin
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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.

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