

Eurobodalla



Branch

NEWSLETTER

July 2008 17th - Edition

President – Lyell Jenkins, Secretary/Treasurer - Frank Hopkins;
Ride-Coordinator - Robert Overdijk, Quartermaster - Murray Osborne
Social Committee Secretary – Steve Jones
Committee members- Neil Adams – Ernie Baddeley
<http://www.ulyssesclub.org/branches/eurobodalla/>

QUARTERLY MEETING 29 JUNE 2008

PRESIDENT'S REPORT



Welcome home all those who attended the AGM at Townsville. I think all those making the trip had a good time except for a few days wet and wet and cold.

Unfortunately, I noted on the forum on the Ulysses site, the event was marred by a few accidents on the way home. Considering the number attending it wasn't too bad.

Our members Ken and Linda Jamison were tail-ended at Marlborough in QLD when slowing to turn and resulted in serious injuries to Ken and slightly less to Linda. However both are home now and going through the recovery process. Both are up and around and making good progress. The bike and trailer are a write off. This is something I am sure crosses all our minds prior to a long trip. We all hope this will continue to improve and Ken and Linda get a new member in their family.

Our Social Secretary Steve Jones has also been sidelined after having a back operation

in Sydney, and is now on the road to recovery.

We have had several new members join our group since the last meeting and it is great to see the club growing.

(Welcome to John Day, Ken & Sharon Kelly, Brendan Doyle, Alan & Helen Quinn, Roger McMilton and Nicky Hutteman, ed)

The Coffee and conversation meetings have been well attended with a couple of very big roll ups at Bodalla Bakery.

I received an email from the South Coast branch re our ex member Keith Brain who is very ill with the big C. I am sure we all wish him the best. For those who know Keith personally and would like to contact him his email address is...kbgoldy@yahoo.com.au phone 4472 3145.

I had a call from Lyn Boucher Queanbeyan, of the Snowy Mountains Group to say they are thinking of having an overnight stay at Narooma, September 13/14. She was asking if our group would like to join them for dinner that Saturday night. We can talk about it when we have the committee meeting as to what might be a suitable venue. They expect about 10-15 from their way. Robert might like to pencil that date in his ride calendar.

Lyell Jenkins #438

TOWNSVILLE AGM

In all we had 13 of our members at the AGM which was not a bad effort considering the distance.

Just a picture of some of the Eurobodalla members who joined the Grand Parade.



More pictures can be found on our website and if you wish to share your photos please forward them to Robert.

Heaps of pics of the event can be found on <http://www.pandjevents.com.au/index.html>

SATURDAY COFFEE

At the recent Quarterly Meeting held at Bermagui it was decided that we would move (as a trial), the Morning coffee on the second Saturday of this month (July) which is normally in the Bay to:

The ***By The Sea Bakery***

366 George Bass Drive Lilli Pilly

Which is located about 1 K north of the Malua Bay shops.

You will be advised if this will continue in following months.

SUNDAY RIDES

Some additional details to the current ride calendar.

13 July ; Meet & Greet with the Sapphire Coast riders at the Bega Cheese Factory for lunch.

27 July ; BBQ at Shelly Beach Moruya Heads. 11am start BYO, food, chairs etc.

More details on how to get there closer to the date via e-mail.

31 August ; Meet & Greet with the Sapphire Coast riders for lunch at the Tathra pub .

28 September ; Our next Quarterly meeting in the park at Potato Point. BBQ after.

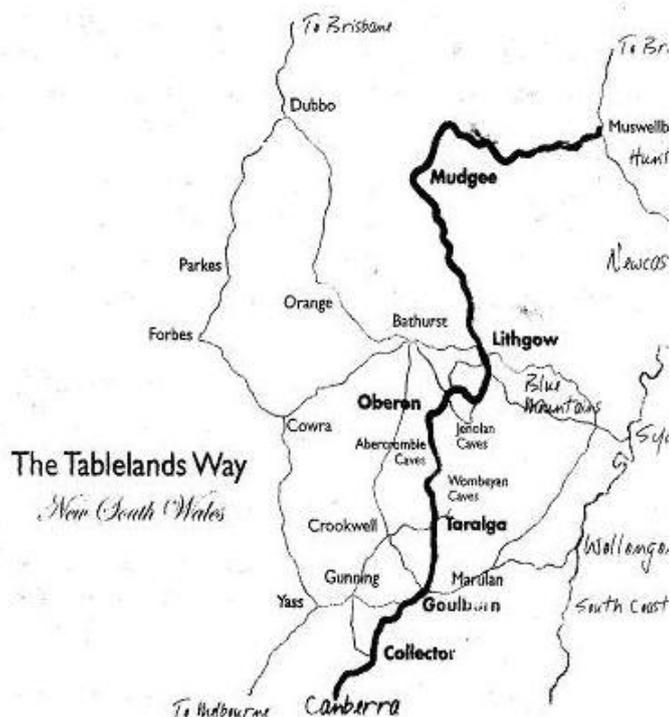


Shelly Beach BBQ July 2007

OTHER RIDES & EVENTS

The official opening on 29th November 2008 of **The Tablelands Way** which is one of the most scenic drives in New South Wales and connects Goulburn and Taralga to Oberon. The highlight of the event will be an attempt to set an Australian record for the largest amount (2000+) of motorbikes from the one club on one section of road.

This could turn into a great weekend away with camping at Taralga. See if we can get a good roll up to help break the record.



The MID NORTH COAST (NSW) BRANCH "BACK TO OUR ROOTS"

It all began for us 20 years ago, so we are going to have a hell of a party to commemorate the occasion and we would love you to come and join in the celebrations with us.

At Valla Beach NSW (40kms south of Coffs Harbour - 8kms north of Nambucca Heads)
Friday 24th to Sunday 26th October, 2008

Several of our members will be going at this stage.

More info on these events on our website under Rides & Rallies and in the next Ride Calendar.

ODDS & ENDS

Message from Neil "Doc" Adams

Just letting you know about the passing from the club of the Goldwing trike - now

ensconced in Gympie, Queensland, with its previous owner, yours truly doc, being now restricted to the four wheel drive until something falls out of the sky and enables him and Fay to get back onto motorcycling type travel.

Regards, Doc.



PROSTATE PROSTRATION

By Neil "Doc" Adams

(This is message has been distributed before via e-mail but it is too good not to use it again, Ed)

Like, I suppose, most men I have had the hospital fantasy of having a sweetly attractive nurse ministering tenderly to my every need, including washing, and having her gentle hands do interesting things to my most sensitive parts. That fantasy certainly crashed and burned in the aftermath of my recent prostate operation, referred to as a "TURP" - a "Trans-Urethral Resection of the Prostate.. For the first four days it felt as though they had used turps on it and in it!!

The "trans-urethral" part of the title means just that - they do the operation entirely through the urethra, which means thrusting all the works up through the penis. Of course, at the start of the operation you're under anaesthetic so you don't feel a thing,

but you wake up to find that you have not just one but two tubes hanging out of the end of the old boy, one as a catheter to carry out the blood and urine, and the other to pump in clear liquid to flush the results of the operation, clots and all, away. I won't describe, delightful as the sensations were, the experience of unconsciously rolling over in bed dragging those tubes with you, by means of the appendage through which they emerged...

I was one of the lucky ones who, on Thursday, the second day after the operation, when the two tubes were tugged out by some descendant of the Marquis de Sade, was completely unable to pass urine - not a drop. Of course, among the post-operative instructions one that was emphasised was that you should drink copious amounts of water to ensure good "flushing" of the bladder and the sadly wounded urethra. As the day wore on and nothing emerged, the only thing that became increasingly flushed was my face - I could feel the liquid make its increasingly painful way towards where it should exit, and then things clamped up and all I felt was more of the same pressure pain. The solution? Let's bung in another catheter up to the bladder to release it all.

*This second insertion of a catheter, on what was now Thursday evening, was laughingly described by the duty nurse as a simple job that didn't require any anaesthetic. I'm sure it didn't - her hands weren't affected at all as she thrust the thirty metre (sorry, I exaggerate - thirty **centimeter** - **no exaggeration**) tube up through the only available organ and into the bladder, slowing down only as she passed my navel. Another night of a tube hanging from the end of the old boy down into a bag beside the bed.*

Friday morning and another somewhat more gently inclined sadist came in to pull the catheter out, explaining that if she did it very slowly it again wouldn't need any anaesthetic and I'd barely feel it. Hah! No further comment. To make a sadly long story short (much like the main topic of agony itself in the story), Friday passed like Thursday, with lots of water going in at the mouth and none emerging anywhere else and pain steadily increasing. So what's the next step? You guessed it - another catheter.

By now the lining of the poor tube through which these catheters were being pushed in and pulled out was becoming just a trifle sensitive, but the nurse was not deterred. She had a trainee with her as she inserted the catheter so she paused at every centimeter or so to explain just how one should be pushing at each stage and what resistances might be expected to be felt (other than a kick in the face from the long-suffering patient). It worried me a little, apart from the agony of course, that she seemed to spend most of the time looking at her trainee to ensure that she was attending closely, rather than looking at where she was pushing this 8 mm diameter catheter!.

Saturday morning and the third catheter had to be removed, this time by a lass with a real sense of humour. She distracted me with a light discussion about the fun of doing this work, and then hauled the catheter out in one swift gesture - the movement you would use in pulling off a wet gumboot. Surprisingly, it didn't hurt all that much - maybe because I was in shock...

From then on things did improve - I was dosed with a muscle relaxant and was able at last to start functioning almost normally, with the only addendum being that each time I did squeeze out a few drops the nurse

would have to come in and ultrasound my abdomen to see how much residual liquid remained in the bladder. That meant leaning heavily on my tense stomach with the detector and moving it around as she pushed down, with my bladder and associated equipment trying simultaneously to hold on and to release! It was rather disconcerting as the day wore on, seeing the number go up again towards the 500 mls at which on the previous days the catheter insertion decision was made. However, all's well that ends well and I'm now squirting quite happily, if not as forcefully as fifty years ago.

For any serious masochists in our membership, I can heartily recommend the whole experience.

Seriously, the nursing staff were all really sympathetic and helpful, and apart from the pain I did appreciate the experience. I'd certainly recommend having action taken sooner rather than later if you do have any prostate problems. Fortunately, in my case, there was no cancer detected.

Happy travelling to all those going to Townsville, Doc.

(On behalf of all those who travelled to Townsville it was a unforgettable ride for all of us, ed)

HUMOR

NO SEX SINCE 1955

A crusty old Sergeant Major found himself at a gala event, hosted by a local liberal arts college. There was no shortage of extremely young, idealistic ladies in attendance, one of whom approached the Sergeant Major for conversation.

She said, "Excuse me, Sergeant Major, but you seem to be a very serious man. Is something bothering you?" "Negative, ma'am," the Sergeant Major said, "Just serious by nature."

"The young lady looked at his awards and decorations and said, "It looks like you have seen a lot of action." The Sergeant Major's short reply was, "Yes, ma'am, a lot of action."

The young lady, tiring of trying to start up a conversation, said, "You know, you should lighten up a little. Relax and enjoy yourself."

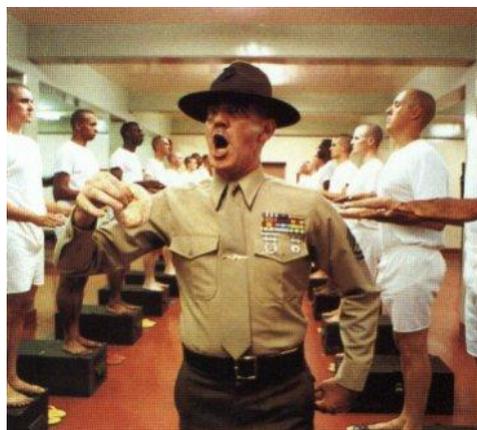
The Sergeant Major just stared at her in his serious manner. Finally the young lady said, "You know, I hope you don't take this the wrong way, but when is the last time you had sex?"

The Sergeant Major looked at her and replied, "1955."

She said, "Well, there you are. You really need to chill out and quit taking everything so seriously! I mean, no sex since 1955!"

She took his hand and led him to a private room where she proceeded to "relax" him several times.

Afterwards, and panting for breath, she leaned against his bare chest and said, "Wow, you sure didn't forget much since 1955!" The Sergeant Major, glancing at his watch, said in his matter-of-fact voice, "I hope not, it's only 2130 now."



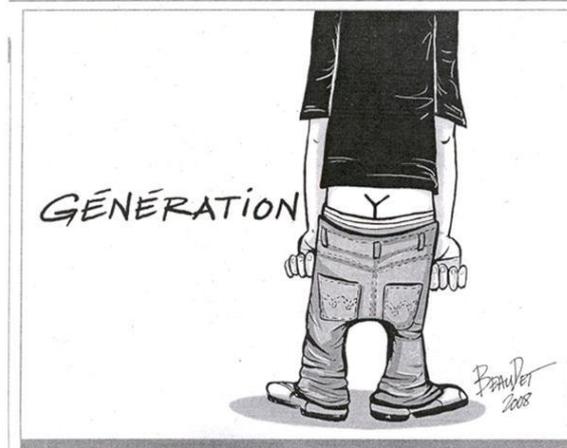
GENERATION 'Y' ~NOW I UNDERSTAND!!

- **The Silent Generation,**
people born before 1945.
- **The Baby Boomers,**
people born between 1945 and 1961.
- **Generation X,**
people born between 1962 and 1976.

- **Generation Y,**
people born between 1977 and 1989.

Why do we call the last generation 'Y'.

I did not know, but a caricaturist explains it eloquently like this.....



FOR SALE

New from the Gear Shop



Branch stickers black on clear or yellow. They are available for \$1 each from our Quartermaster Murray Osborne. All proceeds will go towards future BBQ events. These stickers have been kindly provided by *Warren Newton Signs, Shelly Road Moruya.*

JIGSAW PUZZLES

If you are looking for a different gift for a birthday or just for anything, a photo of Nan & Pop on their bike, kids, grand kids or anything that is nice and beautiful, have it made into a good quality jigsaw by Ernie

JIGSAW
PUZZLES NAROOMA

Ernie Baddeley
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ED NOTE: If you have any articles, photos, interesting bits or motorcycles or related items for sale and wish to have them placed in the next newsletter or on the Eurobodalla Branch Website e-mail me at robert.overdyk@eurocoast.nsw.gov.au or overdijk@hotmail.net.au

