

# ULYSSES EAST LONDON NEWSLETTER

NOVEMBER 2013  
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## The Blackbird Gathering-Winburg 2013



Riding a hyper-bike can be so much fun when you are riding with fellow enthusiasts and so it was as Jullian and I departed from King Williams's Town on our way to Winburg in the Free State. For those of you don't know where it is. . . . . it's about 120 kms on the other side of Bloemfontein. (North that is.)

The weather was kind to us and although it was hot, the sudden gusts around Penhoek pass did little to dampen the fun we were having. Our original strategy was to cruise at about 145 and take it easy. Fat chance!!!! The roads were deserted and in good condition, so we just grabbed a fistful and cruised at non-legal speeds towards the horizon. As my wife reads this newsletter, I will explain it to you this way, so not to be grounded for life. We were covering the length of a rugby field every second!!!!

Except for the road-works between Cathcart and Queenstown we had a clear run up the road to Winburg. We made it to Bloemfontein in an adrenalin rushing four and a half hours. Such is the amazing nature of our bikes that we were still fresh, definitely not saddle sore or feeling the worse for wear as other bikers do. (Not bad for an old fart and an old bike.)

From Bloem to Winburg we discovered that the fixed traffic cameras only face the front and that the traffic officials were too busy dealing with the huge influx of visitors who were attending a large soccer and music festival being held in Bloem to worry about us. So soon we were turning off the highway and entering the quaint old Voortrekker town of Winburg. Here the streets are so wide that you can turn an ox-wagon or a Harley

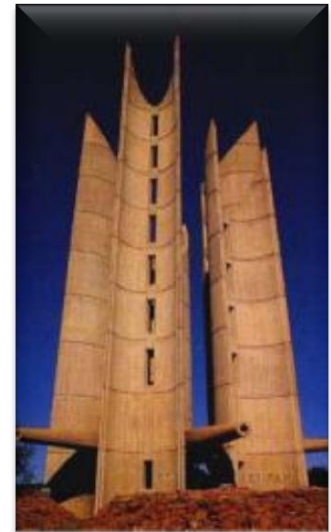
around without having to do a three point turn. Why Winburg? When we were told that the gathering was to be held there we wondered why they would choose such an obscure little dorp, so your scribe decided to do some research into this dusty little Free State dorp so that you too can become more informed in your old age.

So here beginneth your history lesson, free, gratis and for nothing.

Winburg is a small mixed farming town in the Free State province of South Africa.

It is the oldest proclaimed town (1837) in the Orange Free State, South Africa and thus along with Griquatown, one of the oldest settlements in South Africa located north of the Orange River. Winburg is situated midway between the Orange River and the Vaal River, adjacent to the N1 National Road, which links Cape Town to Johannesburg.

When the Voortrekkers reached the area of Winburg, there were no other tribes or inhabitants. The nearest community was that of a Tswana tribe under Chief Makwana at Thaba Nchu, 60 km south east of the town and the Basotho tribes in the mountains of the current Lesotho, 100 km east of the town. The trade of cattle for land between the Vaal and Vet Rivers, undertaken by Andries Pretorius and the Bataung Chief Makwana in 1836, led to the settlement of a dispute between the African tribes. The Voortrekkers offered protection for Chief Makwana from the Tswana tribes, against the Basotho tribes harbouring in the mountains of the current Lesotho and stealing the cattle of the Bataung tribe. In exchange for continued protection, the Voortrekkers were offered (Note: Did not steal it as the ANC would have you to believe.) the land between the Vet and Vaal Rivers. The Voortrekker leaders had a small disagreement as to where to establish a town. A vote was held under the Burgers and Andries Pretorius's group won and elected to establish the town in its current position and to call it *Winburg*, after the Dutch word *winnen* (meaning to win). Winburg acted as a settlement and religious centre for Voortrekkers. Winburg was originally selected as the site for the main Voortrekker Monument, but Pretoria won favour and a five-tiered secondary Voortrekker monument was built on the outskirts of Winburg instead in the 1950s. It carries the names of the Voortrekker leaders: Piet Uys, Andries Hendrik Potgieter, Andries Pretorius, Piet Retief and Gerrit Maritz. The lengths of the five tiers are proportional to the distances travelled by the respective settler groups. On 16 December, the day on which the descendants of the Boer settlers celebrate the Battle of Blood River, the sun passes directly over the monument and a plaque with a Christian message at the base is illuminated. The monument is built near the site of the birth-house of Martinus Theunis Steyn, who was president of the Boer Republic of the Orange Free State.



The town was the site of a concentration camp for women and children captured by the British Army during their scorched earth campaign during the Second Boer War. 355 children and 132 adults died in this camp due to malnutrition and contagious diseases, while kept in tents without any infrastructure or protection during the bitter cold winters of 1899 – 1901.



The famous Boer General Koos de la Rey was born in the district of Winburg on the farm *Doornfontein*. General De La Rey was the leading Boer General of the Western Transvaal in 1899 – 1901.

Winburg had a black armed commando that supported the British soldiers during the war of 1899 – 1901.

The first shots of the Maritz Rebellion in 1914, against the government's involvement in South West Africa, were fired in the district of Winburg.

The first President of the Republic of South Africa, when it gained independence from the United Kingdom in 1961, was Charles Robberts Swart, who was born and went to school in Winburg.

The European community of Winburg is famous for the differences in political heritage. The town was divided into two camps, due to their support to either the South African Party of General Jan Smuts, or the National Party of Dr Daniel François Malan. This led to the division of the Dutch Reformed Church into two separate congregations, *Klip Kerk* (Stone Church, because it was built from sandstone) and which was the original church for the Dutch Reformed Church and *Rietfontein Kerk*.

Bitter feuds were fought between supporters of the two parties. The Klipkerk supporters demolished the Rietfontein Church project several times. In later years this division was almost erased. The National Party's support and later abdication to the ANC, led to a new division in the community. Old feuds were re-ignited and with the town divided along religious lines again, a new church, the Afrikaans Protestant Church, was formed. The communities in Winburg, as in most South African towns, still lead segregated lives, a



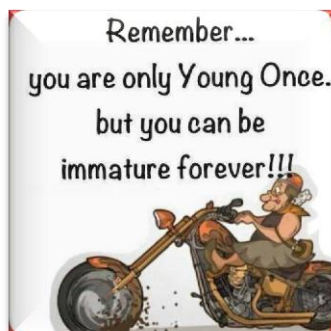
remnant of apartheid days. Social interaction between different population groups is being encouraged by an official integration policy of the ANC regime. However this has led to the deteriorations of many facilities in Winburg, of which the previous prestigious school and orphanage are two examples. (With the ANC everything goes down the toilet!)

The town's economy is dwindling and it is just a ghost town to what it was before 1994. Winburg was a very neat town, known for its good school, concrete streets, sandstone church, orphanage, fully equipped hospital, many professional inhabitants and businesses, agricultural co-operations, yogurt milk and butter factories, good community health services, social support structures, quality sport and recreational facilities, caravan park, hotels and Rietfontein water reservoir in the Laaispruit and the Voortrekker Monument and museum. The current state of maintenance of these facilities is evident to every tourist: The museum and monument are deteriorating and no plan is envisaged to save them for future generations.



So now that you have been suitably enlightened let's get down to the nitty and unfortunately gritty events of the weekend.

We were accommodated at the Winburg Hotel and the Winburg Gastehuis and we knew that we were in good hands when we saw the owner's collection of bikes. He owns two Harleys, one is a "V-Rod" and the other is a portable vibrator for his wife (could be a fat boy or something like that), a Honda CBX Six cylinder that Dirk would go mad for, a Honda 750 K2, a BMW 1200 s, a Yamaha 500 thumper, a Honda Repsol and two mini bikes. According to his staff he takes them all out regularly.



Once we had unpacked and changed into more comfortable clothing we crossed over the town square and sank a few cold ones with our friends. The bikes kept arriving and the chaps from Cape Town eventually arrived just before 7pm, which was not bad seeing that they had left Cape Town at 6am and travelled a “scenic route” of 1300kms.

The hotel chef had prepared two large chicken potjies, salads and fresh bread rolls for the hungry “birdies” and after some more “socialising” we went off to bed for a good night’s rest.

When we awoke in the morning, the friendly staff enquired as to which rugby team we supported for the afternoons Bulls-Cheetah’s clash. On hearing that Jules supported Province and I the Bulls, we were respectfully asked to watch the match either at the hotel or in the comfort of our rooms as the bar at the Gastehuis was for Cheetah’s supporters only. (It looks like they divide everything up in Winburg.)

In the morning a full English breakfast was laid on for us and was consumed with copious cups of coffee. After breakfast we started lining up the Birds for a photo shoot. Unfortunately while we have over 600 members only 23 birds had turned up for the gathering/ photo-shoot, with a few from Bloem arriving a little later.



**Scribe helping Pat park his Bird.**



**Blue-birds of happiness!**



**Jaco and his pristine Bird before the crash.**



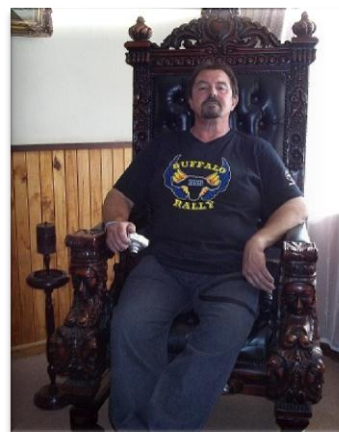
**Three and twenty Blackbirds or  
25,300 cc's of awesome power.**



After the photo shoot, our group was to ride out to Welkom where a track day had been arranged for us with the BMW race car club at the Phakisa race track. While we were not allowed to ride our bikes on the track we could for a mere R50.00 join a BMW driver in his car for a few laps.

Jules, Pat and I decided that as the winds were beginning to gust and a ride in a BMW race car was not all that special, that we would rather spend the morning exploring the little town of Winburg. Well it only took about an hour and we had seen as much as we wanted. The town is run-down, dusty and dirty with rows and rows of closed shops. The only shops open seemed to be run by Chinese shop owners selling the same old cheap furniture and basic supplies. It is a very sad but true reflection on how the ANC regime is slowly destroying our beautiful country, inch by inch.

By lunch time, the winds were gusting with serious force and we were extremely glad that we were not on the road. We found a steak house in the main road and sat down to enjoy delicious burgers and chips. There is nothing like good homemade beef patties to enhance the humble burger. (I believe that this steak house is the only thing the locals can agree on in Winburg.)



**KING JULLIAN, KING PATRICK AND KING TUTT,  
RECLINING IN REGAL SPLENDOUR AT THE HOTEL.**



**Grubs, up!**



**Oom PJ (72 yrs old) and his  
totally unrestricted bird.**

After a lazy lunch we made our way back to the hotel to see how the others had enjoyed the ride. The four letter words describing the wind left us in no doubt that we had made the right decision to stay in town. Unfortunately there was more bad news. . . . Jaco had crashed. Apparently he had gone up a blind rise at speed, found an unmarked sharp left-hander just over the top and as he leaned into it a strong gust of wind had blown him into the gravel at the side of the road where he lost control and crashed.

His bike had flipped head over heels a few times before coming to a stop and was now a pile a scrap. Jaco had been thrown around as he landed and his expensive Schubert crash helmet had disintegrated due to the impact. The report said he was alive and had been taken to hospital in Bloemfontein.



Jaco's bike when it was brought in, a far cry from the pristine Bird it was a few hours earlier

This put an immediate damper on the afternoon and with the Bulls losing to the Cheetahs it set the tone for the rest of the day.

However all was not lost, we still had our prize giving and braai to look forward to so after a quick wash (The town has not had water for many weeks due to ANC incompetence, so we had to use the Hotels limited borehole water .) we strolled down to the hotel for a fun evening.

At the prize giving it was revealed that Jaco only had some bruises and an abrasion to his face where the crash helmet had let him down and that he would shortly be joining us. An ice bucket was passed around and soon there was enough cash to purchase a plane ticket for him back to Cape Town and cover some of his other expenses.

There were more prizes than participants so soon everybody felt loved and special. The best original bike award went to Oom PJ who at 72 was not only the oldest rider but had the fastest bike as well. What do you mean fastest bike you may say...but unknown to you and me these Blackbirds are restricted motorcycles. There are devices in the carburation system, the electronics and the exhaust system that the manufacturer placed there to limit the power and top speed of these bikes. Oom PJ and his mechanic have through the years found these devices and removed them. I don't think that I will go that route as my bike is fast enough for me thank you very much.

**(Remember, when they say that the Busa is the fastest bike, it took Suzuki 3 years and 1300cc to beat the standard Bird and I somehow don't think they could do it against an unrestricted one.)**

**The prize giving ended with a pole dancing contest for the ladies, which was hilarious as while there were few takers, the ladies who tried had never done it before, and tried their level best to look sexy while wrapping their legs around a pole. . . . Say no more!!!!**

**We were then treated to a braai with "pap tert" which turned out to be surprisingly tasty and filling. All too soon it was time for bed as we wanted an early start so that we could be back in King by lunch time.**

**Sunday dawned clear and cold and as I had only brought my air-flow jacket and gloves and by the time we reached Bloemfontein 120 kms later at 7am, I was frozen stiff. The thermometer at the filling station read 3 degrees and with the wind chill factor I was so cold that I could not even sign my petrol slip. Much time was spent in the rest rooms under the hot hand driers, just trying to defrost. After a cup of coffee, which did not really help, I put on my rain jacket and gloves in an attempt to reduce the chill factor.**

**As before the roads were deserted and we quickly made up for lost time, stopping at Queens town for breakfast. We eventually arrived back in King at about 12H30 after another amazing ride and weekend. I want to thank Jullian and Patrick for helping make it such a fun weekend and I can't wait for next year's gathering to come around, they really are so enjoyable when shared with likeminded bikers/enthusiasts.**



**Our Blue-Birds of happiness enjoying a well deserved rest. (Thanks Dirk, even I can see that I need a new rear tyre)**





# Events Calendar

## November

1-3<sup>rd</sup> Treasure Rally, Bloemfontein.  
Kobie 076 268 0191

1-3<sup>rd</sup> Vlakvark Rally, Langebaan. Irene  
083 270 6941

9<sup>th</sup> Kudu Rally, Bloemfontein.

10<sup>th</sup> King Toy Run. 9am at King Club.

15-17<sup>th</sup> Iron Horse Bikefest. Ken  
082 413 5773

23-24<sup>th</sup> Ulysses East London Christmas  
weekend at Seagulls holiday resort.

24<sup>th</sup> East London Toy Run.

## December

6 -8<sup>th</sup> lion Rally, Cradock. Bokkie  
072 337 0212.

6-8 Poison Rally, Kroonstad.

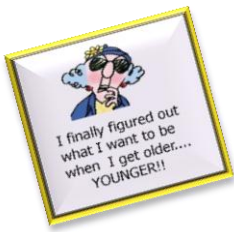
[www.poisonrally.co.za](http://www.poisonrally.co.za)

27<sup>th</sup> "9 Cape Passes in 1 day Ride"

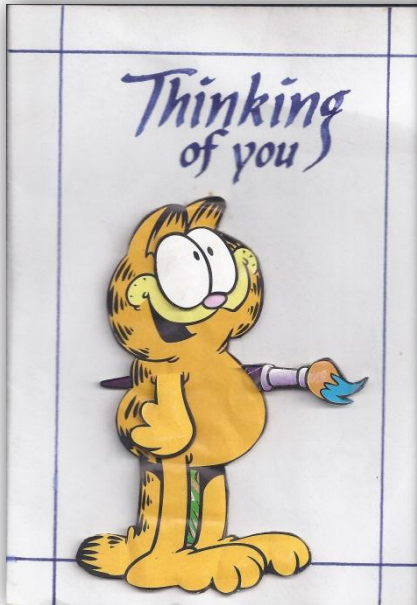
5<sup>th</sup> year Anniversary. Note: Limited  
to only 40 bikes, first paid first  
served. (A bucket list must?) For  
more info:

<http://9capepasses.wordpress.com>





# IT'S MY BIRTHDAY!



## NOVEMBER

- 1<sup>ST</sup> Ethel Nzuza (G)
- 12<sup>TH</sup> Gavin Abrey (G)
- 20<sup>TH</sup> Lorraine Goldacre (G)

**"I'm not getting older,  
I'm getting better!"**

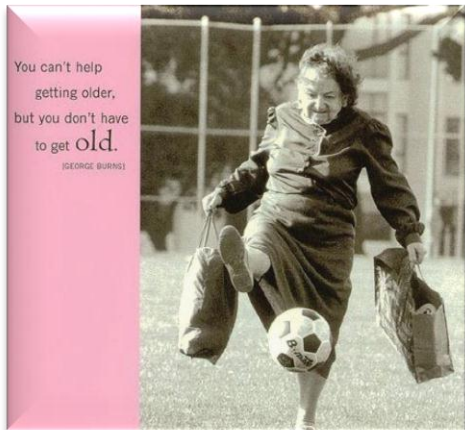
## DECEMBER

- 10<sup>TH</sup> MARTHINUS COETZER(G)
- 16<sup>TH</sup> ANTHONY KERR (G)
- 26<sup>TH</sup> CHRIS FLANAGAN(G)
- 29<sup>TH</sup> DIANA OOSTHUIZEN(G)
- 30<sup>TH</sup> LEON VAN WYK (G)

**Memo to our new and old farts**

It is up to you to send me your Birth Dates. It is also up to you to inform me when you move from (S) silver to (G) Gold and (P) platinum. (I do not have time to cut off your legs and count the rings.) If you are (P) Platinum, you don't have to do anything you have reached the top. Yay!

What I am trying to say, is that I am not your mother. It's time that you grew a set and provided me with your details so that we can all make fun of your age on the appropriate date. This especially applies to our probates: We want to know all about you!!!



You can't help getting older, but you don't have to get old.  
(GEORGE BURNS)



**This is serious enough to repeat, especially to the more mature (in age) men in your club.**

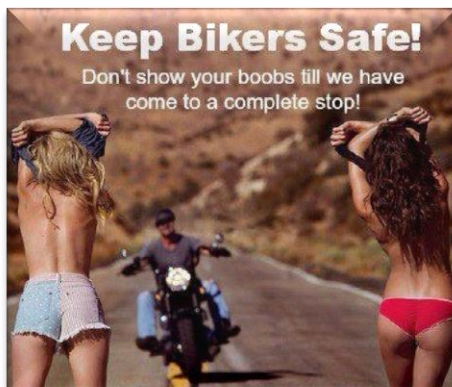
### **OLDER MEN SCAMS**

Women often receive warnings about protecting themselves at the mall, parking lots, etc. But this is the first warning I have seen for men, and I wanted to pass it on in case you haven't heard about it.

A 'heads up' for those men who may be regular customers at Pick 'n Pay, Shoprite, or even Builders warehouse. Last month I became a victim of a clever scam while shopping. Simply going to get supplies turned out to be quite traumatic. Don't be naive enough to think it couldn't happen to you or your friends. Here's how the scam works:

Two nice-looking, college-aged girls will come up to your vehicle as you are putting away your purchases. They both start wiping your windshield with a rag and window-lene, with their breasts almost falling out of their skimpy T-shirts. (It's impossible not to look). When you thank them and offer them a tip, they say 'No' but instead; ask for a ride to McDonald's.

You agree and they climb into your vehicle. On the way, they start undressing. Then one of them starts crawling all over you, while the other one steals your wallet. I had my wallet stolen June 4th, 9th, 10th, twice on the 15th, 17th, 20th, 24th, & 29th. Also, July 1st & 4th, twice on the 8th, 16th, 23rd, 26th & 27th, and very likely again this upcoming weekend.



**THIS IS A FRIGHTENING STATISTIC, PROBABLY ONE OF THE MOST WORRISOME IN RECENT YEARS. 25% of the women in this country are on medication for mental illness. That's scary. . . . It means 75% are running around untreated.**

### **WHY SENIORS NEED NEWSPAPERS**

I was visiting my daughter last night when I asked if I could borrow a newspaper....

"This is the 21st century," she said. "We don't waste money on newspapers. Here, use my I-Pad."

I can tell you this. That fly never knew what hit him.



## What Is Couple Sex?

An 8-year-old girl went to her grandfather, who was working in the yard and asked him: "Grandpa, what is a couple sex? The grandfather was surprised that she would ask such a question, but decided that if she's old enough to know to ask the question then she's old enough to get a straight answer.

Steeling himself to leave nothing out, he proceeded to tell her all about human reproduction and the joys and responsibilities that go along with it. When he finished explaining, the little girl was looking at him with her mouth hanging open, eyes wide in amazement. Seeing the look on her face, the grandfather asked her: "Why did you ask this question, honey?



The little girl replied: "Well, Grandma says to tell you that dinner will be ready in just a "couple sec's."



A father asked his 10-year old son if he knew about the birds and the bees.

"I don't want to know," the child said, bursting into tears. "Promise me you won't tell me."

Confused, the father asked what was wrong.

The boy sobbed,

"When I was six, I got the 'There's no Easter Bunny' speech.

At seven, I got the 'There's no Tooth Fairy' speech.

When I was eight, you hit me with the 'There's no Santa' speech.

If you're going to tell me that grown-ups don't really get laid, I'll have nothing left to live for."



## The Haircut

A teenage boy had just passed his driving test and inquired of his father as to when they could discuss his use of the car. His father said he'd make a deal with his son, "You bring your grades up from a C to a B average, study your Bible a little, and get your hair cut. Then we'll talk about the car." The boy thought about that for a moment, decided he'd settle for the offer, and they agreed on it.

After about six weeks his father said, "Son, you've brought your grades up and I've observed that you have been studying your Bible, but I'm disappointed you haven't had your hair cut."

The boy said, "You know, Dad, I've been thinking about that, and I've noticed in my studies of the Bible that Samson had long hair, John the Baptist had long hair, Moses had long hair, and there's even strong evidence that Jesus had long hair."

(You're going to love the Dad's reply!)

"Did you also notice they all walked everywhere they went?"

### TWO DIFFERENT DOCTORS' OFFICES

**(Boy, if this doesn't hit the nail on the head, I don't know what does!)**

Two patients limp into two different medical clinics with the same complaint? Both have trouble walking and appear to require a hip replacement.

The **FIRST** patient is examined within the hour, is x-rayed the same day and has a time booked for surgery the following week.

The **SECOND** sees his family doctor after waiting 3 weeks for an appointment, then waits 6 months to see a specialist, then gets an x-ray, which isn't reviewed for another week and finally has his surgery scheduled for 9 months from then.

Why the different treatment for the two patients?

The **FIRST** is a Golden Retriever. The **SECOND** is a Senior Citizen.

Next time take me to a vet!

## AMAZINGLY SIMPLE HOME REMEDIES

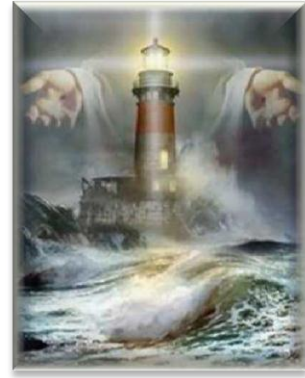
1. IF YOU'RE CHOKING ON AN ICE CUBE, SIMPLY POUR A CUP OF BOILING WATER DOWN YOUR THROAT. HEY PRESTO! THE BLOCKAGE WILL INSTANTLY REMOVE ITSELF.
2. AVOID CUTTING YOURSELF WHEN SLICING VEGETABLES; GET SOMEONE ELSE TO HOLD THE VEGETABLES WHILE YOU CHOP.
3. AVOID ARGUMENTS WITH THE FEMALES ABOUT LIFTING THE TOILET SEAT, BY USING THE SINK.
4. FOR HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE SUFFERERS ~ SIMPLY CUT YOURSELF AND BLEED FOR A FEW MINUTES, THUS REDUCING THE PRESSURE ON YOUR VEINS. REMEMBER TO USE A TIMER.
5. A MOUSE TRAP PLACED ON TOP OF YOUR ALARM CLOCK WILL PREVENT YOU FROM ROLLING OVER AND GOING BACK TO SLEEP AFTER YOU HIT THE SNOOZE BUTTON.
6. IF YOU HAVE A BAD COUGH, TAKE A LARGE DOSE OF LAXATIVES. THEN YOU'LL BE AFRAID TO COUGH.
7. YOU ONLY NEED TWO TOOLS IN LIFE - WD-40 AND DUCT TAPE. IF IT DOESN'T MOVE AND SHOULD, USE THE WD-40. IF IT SHOULDN'T MOVE AND DOES, USE THE DUCT TAPE.
8. REMEMBER - EVERYONE SEEMS NORMAL UNTIL YOU GET TO KNOW THEM.
9. IF YOU CAN'T FIX IT WITH A HAMMER, YOU'VE GOT AN ELECTRICAL PROBLEM.
10. DAILY THOUGHT: SOME PEOPLE ARE LIKE SLINKIES - NOT REALLY GOOD FOR ANYTHING BUT THEY BRING A SMILE TO YOUR FACE WHEN PUSHED DOWN THE STAIRS.

# PARTING SHOT!



## MT. VERNON, TEXAS ... 'WHOREHOUSE' SUES LOCAL CHURCH OVER LIGHTNING STRIKE!

Diamond D's brothel began construction on an expansion of their building to increase their ever-growing business. In response, the local Baptist Church started a campaign to block the business from expanding -- with morning, afternoon, and evening prayer sessions at their church. Work on Diamond D's progressed right up until the week before the grand reopening when lightning struck the whorehouse and burned it to the ground! After the cat-house was burned to the ground by the lightning strike, the church folks were rather smug in their outlook, bragging about "the power of prayer."



But late last week Jill "Big Jugs" Diamond, the owner/madam, sued the church, the preacher and the entire congregation on the grounds that the church ... "was ultimately responsible for the demise of her building and her business -- either through direct or indirect divine actions or means."

In its reply to the court, the church vehemently and voraciously denied any and all responsibility or any connection to the building's demise.

The crusty old judge read through the plaintiff's complaint and the defendant's reply, and at the opening hearing he commented, "I don't know how the hell I'm going to decide this case, but it appears from the paperwork, that we now have a whorehouse owner who staunchly believes in the power of prayer, and an entire church congregation that thinks it's all bullshit."

A minister was completing a temperance sermon. With great emphasis he said, 'If I had all the beer in the world, I'd take it and pour it into the river.' With even greater emphasis he said, 'And if I had all the wine in the world, I'd take it and pour it into the river.' And then finally, shaking his fist in the air, he said, 'And if I had all the whiskey in the world, I'd take it and pour it into the river.' Sermon complete, he sat down...

The song leader stood very cautiously and announced with a smile, nearly laughing, 'For our closing song, Let us sing Hymn #365, 'Shall We Gather at the River.'

***See you at the river!***  
***Bring your own glass!***

**The South African Police force has been nominated as the most effective police force in the world. In 85% of criminal cases, they are already on the scene.**



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Lawyers: Legal Wise: "Don't talk to me, talk to my Lawyer!"

## 'Disclaimer'

The opinions of the Scribe are not necessarily the product of a sound mind and do not necessarily reflect the opinions or values of Ulysses East London or any "Sane" person!

# Scribes Ramblings



Greetings, fellow "Plastic Bike Riders." I am so sorry if I have offended you by calling you "Plastic Bikers", but that is the new derogatory term used by Harley riders to describe those of us who don't ride hogs. Apparently if you do not ride American iron then you are a "plastic bike rider." It is so sad that they have become so arrogant that they think that they can demean us and speak about us with such contempt.

As a biker of 41 years, I have always seen us as one big happy family and accepted anyone who is brave enough to ride any form of two wheel transport as a kindred spirit. I use to get upset when I greeted a guy on a Harley and he never returned the wave, until I realised that he could not wave as he had to hold on for dear life with both hands even if he was only doing 20 miles per hour. Through the years I have noticed a nasty attitude oozing from these Harley riders. We know that they are compensating for what the good Lord has not endowed them with and that the dolly birds who hang around them don't care much for the biker but actually just want to ride on a vibrator not powered by Duracell. I love the way they shave their heads, cover their bods in tats and swagger around trying to look tough, but if you scratch the surface you will find that they never rode a motorcycle to school, commuted to work every day come rain or shine on a bike or ever belonged to a real biker club. They think that to own a Hog is a status symbol and don't realise that many "plastic bikers" could buy and sell them blindfolded. They also forget that many plastic bikes cost far more than their hogs and that they are paying top dollar for very old technology, while the so called "plastic bikes" are oozing space age technology. But let's not get into a pissing contest over who has the best bike. Life is about choices and just because we choose to be different and ride what we like, does not mean that the sheep who ride hogs should think that they are in any way superior to us. Perhaps our midlife crisis friends should grow up (and a pair) and realise that they are not as cool as they think they are.

See you at the end of the year party. Ken.

(PS: If I have offended you with any of the above, may I suggest that you rise above the situation and stop riding with a bunch of pricks.)

*That's all Folks!*

# (I must be your mother!) (A FINAL REMINDER ABOUT OUR END OF YEAR PARTY.)



Have you booked?

Our annual Christmas bash will take place at Seagulls Holiday Resort on the "Wild Coast". It will be held over the weekend of the 23<sup>rd</sup> of November 2013. The price will be R 550.00 per person per night sharing and will include a 5 course Sea food buffet on the Saturday evening and breakfast on Sunday morning. For those who want to make a weekend of it, it will only cost R 460.00 pppn from Friday night. Please book soon or you will have to sleep in your vehicle as most have indicated that they are attending. If it is anything like last year, it is going to be a blast.



To book please contact seagulls at:

Tel: +27 (0)47 498 0044/55

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Note: if you snooze, you lose!

