



# Spoke 'n Piston

July/August 2002

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*FROM THE CHAIR...*

Dear Fellow Members,

### **Rider Skills Training**

The *support personal riding skills training* is a subject that concerns your committee. We have had to cancel a number of riding and safety skills training courses due to the lack of support from members. This pattern is not peculiar to our Club, but fairly universal. However, I must repeat what is your committee's view, that training is crucial to enjoyable sustained involvement in riding motorcycles. The investment in training is primarily for the moment of the potential accident as well as the safe riding of motorcycles. Accidents can overtake one (like the proverbial —it happens”), so be prepared. **Your safety and enjoyment is our concern, so please let it be yours as well by supporting organised training events.**

### **Club Subscription Renewals**

Please renew your club subscription for 2002.

With best wishes for more shared riding pleasure as we head towards our spring months.

My kindest regards,  
Mike.

# Why I like my bike

(Henri Heyns)

People who test and write about bikes are usually young guys with a flair for riding and writing, knowledgeable about all those things that make a bike go, *aux fait* with modern day computer-age terminology and likes and dislikes of a generation of riders who have never known biking as an exercise in courage, tenacity and foolhardiness. Yet, in these times, it appears that a great deal of biking is done by older folks for a number of reasons, some of them more plausible than others. It would be logical therefore for an older person to give his impressions of a bike in fairly straightforward terms so that other senior citizens could also assess the pros and cons with a view to perhaps acquiring such a piece of machinery in the future somewhere.

## Horses for courses

The above expression is well known and in this context it means that each rider selects the type of BMW that best suits his needs, actual or imagined. Some guys opt for power and speed and then buy accordingly. Others prefer long distance touring on tar, possibly two up, in which case an RT would meet their requirements. The off-roaders are also catered for in two categories of trailie machines and so on. My requirement is for a no-frills everyday-use machine that has grace, space and pace in the form of a roadster.

I took delivery of a new BMW R1150 R at the end of February and was immediately impressed with what I had spent my money on. Compared to the earlier R 1100 R there were a number of differences that made this model even a greater pleasure to ride. Alas, I suppose one can never really please everyone, so there are a number of criticisms as well. I shall dwell on both briefly.

1. *Better handling.* I cannot say why, perhaps it is the small screen, but handling seems better. Although the bike is not light at 238 kg, one feels capable of almost 'throwing it around' in corners.
2. *Improved saddle shape.* Congratulations to the ergonomists who designed the new shape. One can now shift around on the saddle instead of being 'sucked' up against the fuel tank and being unable to move. The old type of saddle was comfortable for the first half hour but then became literally a pain in the arse. Now I can move backwards and forwards to suit my most comfortable riding style.
3. *Fuel Injection.* The new Bosch Motronic MA 2.4 fuel supply system is a marked improvement over the previous model. Gone are the irritating jerky movements and transmission snatch of a fuel on/off supply situation when riding at slow speeds, necessitating a great deal of clutch work to overcome.
4. *Bigger brake discs up front.* Coupled with the EVO braking system, one can almost pull up on a five rand piece. Some people complain that the brakes are sometimes too fierce, but this is a myth as one quickly gets the hang of them. I have never come across a better confidence-building set of anchors than now.
5. *Wider tyre at back.* The whopping 170/60 piece of rubber in the rear gives a grip that is second to none.
6. *Smoother six speed gearbox.* At first I didn't think that a sixth gear was necessary but the nicely spaced ratios in the cog box make changing up and down a pleasure. Gear selection somehow is smoother with much less clunkiness that was prevalent in the earlier model. Also, sixth gear has a slightly taller ratio than that of the five-speed box. It gives about 120 kms/hr at 4000 revs as opposed to about 110 kms/hr on the previous model. This means that you can sit at 150 kms/hr all day at 5000 revs (if you don't mind paying a huge fine or perhaps going to jail if caught) and still not top maximum torque, a respectable 98 Nm which comes up at 5250 revs.

7. *Satisfying exhaust note.* It just sounds so good that one wants to ride all day without stopping. Sure, someone will try and sell you a specially designed pipe and muffler for a few grand to enhance looks, power, fuel consumption and sound. But to my mind what I have is good enough.

8. *Semi-integrated braking system.* No ordinary ABS brakes this one. When you grab the brake lever both front and rear brakes come on. The converse doesn't apply though, because depressing the brake pedal operates the rear brake only as one would normally expect and especially handy when maneuvering slowly or standing on an incline. I like this arrangement because in the unlikely event of a blow-out on the front wheel one can slowly reduce speed with the rear brake without losing control.

9. *Hydraulically activated clutch.* The days of cable clutches with a long curve to the bell housing is a thing of the past. Operation is smooth and precise.

10. *Two years warranty with unlimited mileage.* Bravo BMW! Nothing shows manufacturer confidence in his product as much as does this kind of warranty. We pay big bucks for our bikes and support of this nature reinforces the wisdom of our decision to have selected a BMW.

It would be unfair of me not to express some attributes on the bike that I dislike and that I wish the design powers that be will do something about. (Some of these faults were also present on my previous R.)

1. *Lack of a cubby box.* Every rider has personal items like an I.D. document, dark glasses, passport, rider's licence, notebook, whatever, that can go nowhere other than in the panniers or his pockets. What irks me most is the fact that to transport a simple CD disc, one has to use a pannier as it will not fit into any pocket I own. Some people will say that a soft top box on the luggage carrier at the back should do the trick, but even that is not the same as a small cubby box somewhere.
2. *Limited range fuel tank.* Being stranded on the road after running out of fuel is not a pleasant experience, as one immediately becomes dependent on someone else's goodwill, and in today's conditions, one could as well lose his bike, if not his life in the process. The range of the R1150 R is about 300 kms at best on a tank full, and on a long trip one seems to be forever having to stop at a roadside facility to take fuel on board. This often results in having to wait in a queue, readjust the luggage, fiddle around in one's pockets finding money and the petrol tally notebook, and so on. Furthermore, if you are one who also hates toll roads and prefers to use secondary travel ways instead, refuelling points may not be all that plentiful or pleasant to stop at. If the bike's tank range was a little longer, (and I cannot see why those brilliant gentlemen in Munich could not arrange it so) life would be so much better for us poor mortals down here.
3. *Non-adjustable saddle height.* Not too many words are needed here, but as everyone has different riding requirements, why not indulge them in this little luxury? After all, what could it cost?
4. *Limited colour scheme.* Yes, I know that the South African market is small compared to the rest of the world, and that the roadster is not the most popular choice for bikers, but a wider range of colours would attract more customers. My previous bike was kitted out with a beautiful black and silver finish that made heads turn. But alas the powers that be decided that three basic colours in monotone are the only option, so I naturally opted for black.

There you have it. I still have to do a long trip and put a few more kms on the R1150 to really be able to venture an opinion, but can already say that this is the bike for me. I like the product and am especially appreciative of the excellent support service provided by its dealers. Motorcycling is not cheap nowadays and is likely to become even more expensive in the years to come. But in the knowledge that they build them well in Germany, as well as the fastidious after sales service available, I for one, regard the expense of buying and riding, good value for the money. If motorcycling is the essence of life, let's ride on!

# Sewe Kinkels in die Kabel en Haakspeldkoud in Mpumalanga

(Izak Geldenhuys)

Dit is 'n wintersoggend, Saterdag 15 Junie 2002 en 'n bietjie koud in Pretoria. Die BMW klub vertrek om 7h45 na nog 'n kouer plek, Mpumalanga. Uit die staanspoor is daar 'n kinkel in die kabel. Etienne se voorwiel het 'n spyker in en hy sal by ons aansluit in Middelburg. Ons ontmoet vir Matthys, Johan, Franceua en metgeselle by die Excel Garage op die N4. Jy kan die byt van die winter deur jou klere voel, veral hier van Bronkhortspruit af toe die mis ook nog 'n faktor word. En toe ons om ongeveer 9h30 afsaal by die Wimpie op Middelburg vir ontbyt, toe voel dit of die bloed in ons are behoorlik verys het. Drie groot koppies koffie later word 'n man weer mens en die bloed in die are vloei weer warm.

By Middelburg sluit Michael en Etienne by ons aan en ook die "Bethal BMW Club" onder leiding van Johan Engelbrecht. ('n Vriend van die uwe uit vanmelewe se dae — 17 jaar gelede. Wys jou ons word oud!) Hulle ry saam met ons tot op Stofberg, waar ons volmaak en hulle hul eie koers inslaan, rigting Groblersdal. Ons ry verder na Roosenekal en ek tel dertien fietse met altesaam 19 persone.

Op die Steenkampsberg verwonder ons onself aan die blou lug en die goudegeel valleie wat uitgestrek voor ons uit lê. En, wil jy glo...daar lê 'n dooie mens in die pad 'n entjie verder af! Nee, die mens is nie dood nie, hy swaai 'n rooi vlag! Bid jou aan, in 'n uitgestrekte lêende posisie! Ja, in Suid-Afrika kry jy altyd iets nuuts om elke draai.

Op die R539 na Montrose, die tweede en die derde kinkels in die kabel. PJ gaan staan sonder brandstof (PJ, ons wag vir daardie beloofde dop vir almal) en Jonathan besluit hy is nou moeg gewag en vat die pad op sy eie. Terwyl ons wag langs die pad, word PJ deur Mike gehelp en Jonathan verdwaal. Twee uur later word Jonathan opgespoor en almal is gelukkig. 'n Baie laat middagete vind plaas te Hendriksdal. Eers geniet ons die plaaslike bier, waarna ons weglê aan bieffilet, afgerond met Middelvlei rooiwijn uit die kelder. Gelukkig was ons eindbestemming, Sabie, 'n skamele 15 kilometer vêr. Hier by die Azalea gastehuis kyk ons die rugbytoets en die Le Mans en vermaak ek en Etienne almal met ons pragtige sang. My rol by die sanguitvoering was bloot ondersteunend (tweede stem of duskant) want Etienne openbaar 'n sangtalent wat skrik vir niks. Ons eet sop en brood en klim vroeg in die vere.

Sondagoggend, 16 Junie en die bergpieke steek aan die anderkant van die vallei bokant die wolke uit. 'n

Asemrowende gesig. Ons vat die bekende R37 na Hazyview en net daar besluit ek dat dit die lekkerste van al die lekker paaie is uit 'n biker se oogpunt. Lank en kort draaie, vet en maer draaie, haarnaalddraaie en reguit stukke, opdraande draaie en afdraande draaie en linker draaie en regter draaie.

By Hazyview gebeur kinkel in die kabel nommer vier. Jonathan raak amper weer weg, maar hierdie keer was dit nie sy fout nie. Ons het nie by die uitdraaipad na Graskop vir hom gewag nie. Gelukkig is Darryl agter hom aan, maar teen 'n vreeslike spoed omdat Jonathan vinnig ry ten einde op te vang — min wetende dat hy agter niemand aan is nie!

Op Graskop, gebeur kinkel in die kabel nommer vyf. Anton het verneem (ek dink Mike is die skuldige) dat ten spyte van ons tamaai groot ontbyt, van 'n driekwartuur tevore ons by Harry's Pancakes gaan pannekoek eet. So verloor Anton kontak met die groep en sluit eers weer in Befast by ons aan! Jammer Anton.

Van Graskop af ry ons na God's Window. Op pad daarheen gebeur die sesde kinkel in die kabel. Sommige van ons raak verstrengel in 'n Harley Davidson kontingent van etlike kilometers vêr. Hulle ry nie vinniger as 90 kilometers per uur nie en die ratelende, vibrerende en rukkerige enjins maak 'n oorverdwende lawaai. Ons is verplig om in hierdie optog voort te ploeter tot by Wonder View en ek kry so skaam om met hierdie ouens geassosieer te word dat ek nie weet waar om my kop in te steek nie! Janee manne (en maninne), soos Matthys al by geleentheid gesê het..."Daai ding soek ek nie op my erf nie!"

Ons vertek van Wonder View af en ry by plekke soos Bourke's Luck en Blyderivier verby en ons maak vol op Ohrigstad. Ons arriveer om 14h30 by die Duck & Trout op Dullstroom. Vonkelwyn vloei en ons sing vir Karin "happy birthday". Ons drink Stella Artois Draft en eet forel, hoender en lamskerrie en rys en "teak pudding". Ons sien ook hoe Ierland teen Spanje verloor. Om 17h00 rol ek letterlik by die deur van die restaurant uit met 'n voorneme om binnekort terug te keer vir die lamskerrie.

Ons arriveer in Belfast om 17h45 waar ons inboek by die Tabita Gastehuis en ontvang word deur ou vriende, Hendrik en Riane van der Walt. Etienne en 'n paar ander kyk die "Idols" program. 'n Lig gaan vir my op. Dit is natuurlik hoe Etienne voortdurend sy sangtalent opskerp. 'n Rukkie later sluit ons aan by die GS manne by die Idube Restaurant waar ons trakteer word deur Jurie Delpont op 'n heerlike groentesop en brood. Ons kuier en drink en kyk die motorfiets Grand Prix. Ons kry lekker tot in ons klein

toontjies by die blote aanhoor van die nuwe “four-stroke” masjiene en ons sien hoe Rossi vir die soveelste keer wen.

Maandagoggend, 17 Junie, kinkel in die kabel, nommer sewe. ‘n Klein klippie het in Michael se fiets se agterwiel beland. Gelukkig is hy bedrewe genoeg om self die wiel af te haal en die klippie sonder veel moeite uit te haal.

Ons vertrek om 9h45 uit Belfast uit op pad terug na Pretoria. Die geel grasvelde lê uitgestrek langs die pad. Dit is windstil en die lug is blou. Dit is lekker om ‘n bike te hê.

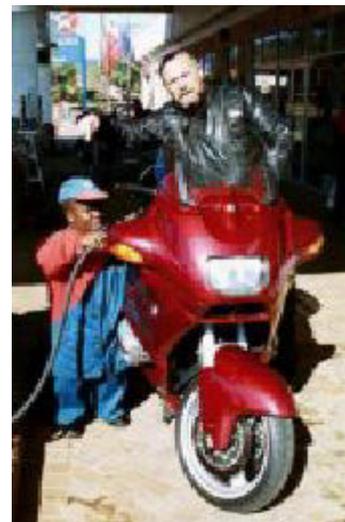


*Van die ‘koudkryidders’ naby die Montrose Valle*

*Te oordeel aan die aantal glase op die tafel lyk dit nie asof daar te veel ge-eet is nie!*



*Op `n draai by die pragtige Hazyview*



*Hoe kom hierdie outjie by die tenk uit?*

## Techno Speak for the not so Technical

(Henri Heyns)

Part 2.

### Things you should do yourself periodically

The other day a biker came into the workshop and complained that his bike handled improperly, going all over the place when accelerating and decelerating. I immediately had the tyre pressures checked and *voila*, the rear wheel turned out to be the culprit with a tyre pressure of less than 100 kPa. Obviously the bike would handle indifferently as with so low a pressure the rubber would be flexing in all directions and it would be almost impossible to get the wheel to go straight even for the briefest period of time.

I casually asked the owner when last he had his tyre pressures checked, to which he replied at the last service, which was some three months ago. Now here we have a biker looking for real trouble and having a good chance of finding it at the most inappropriate time, place and circumstance.

Speaking of tyre pressures, this should be checked every week or so. Tubeless tyres are less likely to lose air than those with tubes, but if one bears in mind that there are only two small areas of rubber between one and the road surface, it would be wise to pay more attention to one's tyres. Remember to refit the valve caps tightly after pumping the wheels as they could prevent a sudden loss of pressure should the valve fail for whatever reason. Valve caps should also always be of a steel type.

Riders often make the mistake of taking off on a long (e.g. Cape) trip with the intention of covering 5000 kms or so, when a tyre has only enough 'meat' left for a considerably lesser mileage. This is an obvious folly as he is sure to become unstuck somewhere on the trip. The chances of sliding on a bald tyre is also greatly increased and getting to replace a motorcycle tyre on the West Coast for instance, is not as easy as one would hope, let alone the whopping price it's likely to be. 'Baldies' also attract a hefty fine as legislation stipulates at least 1 mm of tread.

### Check-out before driving off

This brings me to the importance of making sure that everything is working as it should before riding off each day. A biker got himself tail-ended the other day because his stop light failed to come on as he was reducing speed before going into a turn. Fortunately he was only slightly injured but his bike sustained serious damage and every biker knows what that means in money terms nowadays.

So, before driving off, check your front and rear lights, indicators, brake lights, flasher and emergency warning lights. Walk around your bike to see if everything is normal. Be on the look out for oil leaks, loose bolts and anything that may be amiss. It also pays to check your engine oil level regularly if not every day because waiting for your oil pressure warning light to tell you that something is wrong, is probably a curtain raiser to expensive 'school fees'.

### Batteries

The modern battery requires surprisingly little attention. This fact has allowed designers to place them in locations that are virtually inaccessible to bikers without the appropriate equipment and/or going to a great deal of trouble to get to it. But batteries do require occasional servicing, usually done during the bike's service period. But remember to have the battery looked at if the bike is used under severe conditions and/or if there are long intervals between services. Those who have experienced it would know that battery failure can bring about a lot of bother, usually at the most awkward times. (Has anybody ever had the experience of trying to replace a bike battery in a town like Koekenaap for instance?)

### Rider's Handbooks

The two most overlooked items on the bike owner's list of priorities are the two little handbooks that come with every new BMW motorcycle. Eager to get onto the bike, most owners pay scant attention to the handbooks and even if they do look at them, give them a cursory run-through. This would be a serious oversight as the do's and don'ts therein tell you exactly what

you need to know about the use and care of your expensive purchase. The prudent owner will go to the trouble of carefully scrutinising every page almost even before pressing the starter button for the first time. Careful adherence to the advice contained in these books will add many years and thousands of enjoyable kms to the life of your bike.

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## When Underdoing is as bad as Overdoing

(Henri Heyns)

When bikers get together for a chat, be it at a roadside, at the club or in a restaurant, the things most talked about, naturally, are bikes and biking. And invariably the conversation drifts on to the stupid things that car drivers are capable of and how motorists generally have little respect for anything on two wheels. Very often then, a few safe riding rules for bikers are thrown in for good measure to help keep the four-wheeled demons off one's back.

Of course, such rules are plentiful and one would be at best hard pressed to single out just five or even ten of them as being more important than the rest. Pursuing this trend of thought, it would be virtually impossible to single out *the* one golden safety rule for bikers as such an undertaking is likely to bring about a storm of protest from riders with different ideas, stemming from different experiences.

All right, I'm going to stick my neck out to say that my number one golden rule for bikers whilst riding is to *flow with the traffic*. Those of us who bike between Pretoria and JHB. on the Ben Schoeman Highway regularly (especially during peak traffic conditions) will realise the importance of this rule. If you're bent on overtaking as many vehicles as possible, somebody, sooner or later, is going to swing out right in front of you, and if on the other hand you allow most drivers to overtake you, your chances of becoming a tail-ender victim are extremely high. So to obtain a big as possible 'safety envelope' around you, select a vehicle travelling at a reasonable speed, fall in behind it, observe the appropriate following distance, and you should reach your destination without too much bother.

I have three examples of riders who violate this principle and because of it are really looking for a serious collision:

Rider **One** is a fairly elderly person who owns a K12 noyal and insists on riding 50 km/h in a 60 km/h zone. He says he does ride a little faster on the freeway but prefers to err on the 'right' side rather than going too fast and getting ticketed for it. He is not flowing with the traffic!

Rider **Two** will stop on the road verge without giving advance warning and expect you, the follower, to stop alongside him so that he can discuss the route or whatever. He is not flowing with the traffic (and neither are you if you're stopped alongside of him with your back to fast moving vehicles overtaking you)!

Rider **Three** refuses to lean his bike at all in turns (perhaps 5 degrees at most) because he is afraid of skidding and in doing so, slows down in corners and on top of it, hugs the middle of the road. He is not flowing with the traffic!

Frankly, these gentlemen should not be riding in my opinion and I for one, am hesitant to be riding with any of them. In today's fast moving traffic with few considerations asked for or given, the biker has to be wide awake with his entire body and faculties tuned to detecting and countering any sort of threat to his own safety.

My point is that motorists expect riders to be able to control their machines and make traffic decisions correctly and with confidence along the same lines as they. Should you not ride as they expect, such as when you're too careful and hesitant in making the correct moves in traffic, the initiative goes over into the hands of the motorist and from then on he regards you as trivial and nothing more than a nuisance on the road. This is when you are at greatest risk from impulsive or even aggressive actions on his part. And when that happens you can only lose, no matter whether you were right and he wrong. Don't let it happen to you!

Do yourself a favour, even if you have been riding for many years. Go on a rider's refresher training course, such as that offered by BMW. Let the instructors point out any weaknesses in your riding style you may have and suggest remedies for them. Nobody is perfect and it may just be that their input might help you to save your precious skin somewhere along the line.

## *Riding Impressions*

### From 1200cc to 200cc

(Udo Skawran)



What a dramatic change you might say. Comments received: “Wat is dit?”, “ag nee man jy is mal”, “that’s not a bike’s back side”. You could probably add a few more comments you have heard. If you have not already guessed, I am talking about BMW’s C1. Yip, not a bike but a scooter.

Braam kindly organised that I could demo their C1. Being a motorcycle driver this contraption has alternatively intrigued me and on the other hand in a way, it totally puts you off. A bike with a roof? Ag nee man! When confronted with the C1’s odd shape for the first time you do not exactly know what to make of it. Then comes the first driving experience. To someone who is used to bikes this can be a bit unnerving. Being strapped in with a roof following you everywhere and straddling the contraption is not what your average biker is used to. Compound this with the fact that you are probably wearing full riding gear. Then come the controls. No clutch and two hand brakes, the one being where the clutch used to be, small wobbly wheels with much less feedback than you are used to. Not good.

Requirements to drive this scoot.

- a. Forget that this is a motorcycle; this is a scooter
- b. This is not a car either, so remember to put your feet out when you come to a stop
- c. Drive it like you would any other bike (remember no clutch)
- d. Do not forget that you have a roof sticking out above you and if you were to smack something with it, it could spoil your day.

Once you have swung your mind, this funny conveyance becomes a blast. In the time that I had it in my hands, I really enjoyed this odd machine, and

the moment you become used to the roof following you around and the riding style, it all becomes one big pleasure.

You also don’t have to dress up like a Michelin man to enjoy the benefits. Just hop on and enjoy. Ok maybe you need shades to look cool and a baseball cap to round off the picture.

#### Town Riding

In town this little contraption really comes into its own. There is more than enough acceleration to stay ahead of the crowd. If you really wack your big bike you will stay ahead of the C1. In normal driving however the C1 will stay ahead of your much bigger counterpart.

The CVT transmission takes the hassles out of driving in traffic and relieves a normally strained clutch hand. The brakes are not 320mm servo assisted, but they more than do the job. The fact that you also have ABS takes the drama out of emergency braking situations.

On more open stretches of road this nimble machine can also hold its own, being able to maintain 90 km/h easily. On the highway you will be able to maintain 100 – 105 km/h. However, take into consideration that this is not what it is intended for. For commuting, the speed range is more than enough.

On the handling side of things you have more than enough to entertain you once you have gotten used to the riding style. The small wheels will not give you the same road feel as normal bike tyres. This is not a scratcher but as has been said before, for the use intended, more than adequate and a lot of fun to boot. Irregularities in the road will also catch the rear suspension out on the odd occasion, but as a whole, nothing serious.

The main buzzwords on this scooter are however, its passive safety aspects, the roll cage, seatbelts and crumple zones being the major items. If however you would like to see the full scope of research and design that went into this vehicle, spend some time at Bavarian Motorcycles, chomp some of Bruce’s cookies, have a cup of Java and watch the video.

As a bike the C1 is a funny contraption, but as a commuter, a lovely machine. Go and take an extended ride and decide for yourself. I did and ended up with one in my garage.

As I see it...

## Common sense and all

(Henri Heyns)

In the world of proliferating knowledge and the relative ease with which it can be obtained in a computerised world, one sometimes stands astounded at how little people, and especially young people, know. I remember the time when no matric math could be attempted without access to a four figure logarithmic set of tables and when we painstakingly had to prove Pythagoras's theorem on the relationship between the sides and angles of a right-angled triangle. In further studies we had to make use of a slide rule for engineering calculations, a tedious mechanism that took a great deal of time and effort to master. This of course happened eons ago, long before the calculator became a commonplace article in every schoolboy's back pack and where calculations taking days to complete in 'olden' days can now provide final answers in seconds.

But there is also the other side of the coin. Despite mind-boggling advancements in the sciences and technology in only a few decades, with all the knowledge available to them from dozens of sources at no or little cost to themselves, people can be incredibly stupid. The following is a case in point:

I have a relative with a school-going daughter who has just turned sixteen, the age at which a person may be licensed to drive a scooter or light motorcycle. The well-to-do mother approached me to say that she was buying a two-wheeler for Aida to use to school and back and asked if I wouldn't train the child to ride and obtain a licence. Such an undertaking is of course not in my field of expertise, but I readily called to mind the names of a few people who would gladly undertake such an assignment. Not wanting to invent the wheel again I naturally enquired what Aida knows about riding scooters so that she can be slotted in with the right person for training. To my absolute horror I discovered that not only has Aida never even ridden *on* a motorcycle, but has not even learnt to ride a bicycle!

Needless to say, my enthusiasm for Aida's adventure waned immediately and I attempted to let her mother down as softly as possible. But mother (who seemingly also never learnt to ride a bicycle) was adamant that whichever way, Aida was in need of motorised transport and that if I wanted to help, I had better get on with it, previous experience or not. Of course, perhaps I really am behind the times and that in this day and age it is possible for a person to learn to ride a single-tracked motor vehicle without having first ridden a bicycle. I made discreet enquiries but always came up with the answer I suspected to be correct – no way can you ride a motorbike without bicycle experience.

I know that Aida's mom is annoyed with me, but then so be it. Driving in today's traffic with its speed, volume and often intemperate if not incompetent drivers is bad enough without having to risk a young woman's life astride a machine that she is probably not capable of mastering, ever. I certainly want no part of this adventure where the risk of Aida becoming a casualty is so high that it is tantamount to a certainty. What do you, the reader, think?

## Editor's Lament

As the deadline draws near for this once-every-two month's publication, your editor starts chewing his nails on what filler to use in open spaces such as this one. It's not as easy as it seems because not enough material is forthcoming from members despite regular requests and reminders to those who have faithfully promised to produce.

Of course the old standby of quickly writing something himself is always an option and has to be resorted to frequently in the absence of anything else. But the idea behind a newsletter is that it is a publication for the members *by the members* as no one wants to read the material written almost by one person only.

Our hundred-plus membership contains a wealth of skills, knowledge and experience that can be shared by everyone. Please let us hear from you, and to those who diligently work hard at producing copy for our newsletter, a hearty thanks. Keep it up.



## Guffaws

A man and his wife visited a zoo and stopped in front of the gorilla cage to see what the animal was up to. To get a

better picture of the creature, the wife scaled a small tree beside the cage which was open at the top. Her foot slipped and she fell into the cage to the surprise and enagement of the Gorilla, protesting the invasion of his privacy. The animal let out a ferocious growl and threateningly approached the hapless woman. The husband stood outside petrified, not knowing what to do.

Suddenly the gorilla discovered that his potential prey was a woman and with that his demeanour changed. He eyed this specimen, one step higher up on the animal chain, appreciatively and approached with the decisiveness yet sensitivity of an amorous male. Horrified, the woman asked her husband what she should do, to which he replied: "Tell him you have a headache!"

## Almost in Trouble

A newly appointed young assistant manager of a small hotel in town wanting to make a good impression, picked up the house phone and dialled the number for the kitchen. A voice on the other end answered and our guy responded with: "Listen, I want a ham on rye closed sandwich plus one coffee with warm foam milk sent to the upstairs lounge immediately for a customer. Don't let me wait or I'll come down there and raise all hell. Understood?" The voice on the other end sounded agitated and enquired: "Do you know who you're talking to like that?" When the young man said no, the voice continued: "I am the managing director of this entire string of fifteen hotels all over the country." The young man, in a more subdued voice asked: "And do you know who I am?" "No" came the answer, to which the young man replied: "Thank goodness" and put the phone down.

## An Unusual Circumstance

An attractive divorced lady friend of ours took ill a week or two ago and had to spend a few days in bed to recover. She received a number of SMS messages on her cell phone from well wishers expressing sympathy with her incapacitation and hoping for her speedy recovery and quick return to work. The one message at first seemed to contain fairly suggestive overtones, making her heart beat a little faster until she got to the end. This is what the message said:

I will seek you and pursue you  
and overtake you  
I will pounce upon you and take  
you to bed and control you  
I will make you utterly  
helpless so as to do my entire  
bidding  
I will make you ache and shake  
and sweat in my presence  
I will make you grunt and groan  
as you lie there at my mercy  
I will only release you from my  
firm grip at my pleasure  
I will make sure that you  
remember me for a long time to  
come

With all my love,  
I am,  
The Flu.

## INDEMNITY

Although reasonable care has been taken to ensure the correctness of all material contained herein, the publisher cannot be held responsible for any inaccuracies that may occur or damage/loss sustained as a result of advice given.

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