



Spoke & Piston



Piston

November/December 2002

Volume 7 No.6



FROM THE CHAIR...

Dear Fellow Riders,

Festive Season and Christmas 2002

The 2002 riding year has all but disappeared into the past. What another great year of shared riding memories with friends and members of our Club! These memories live on and in no little way, I believe, add greatly to our enjoyment on this planet.

The events list for November and December particularly hold the makings of more great riding opportunities and include the highlights of Clarens (Eastern Free State) and Sabie area (Mpumalanga). Looking back on the past year we should be happy for the times and rides we have shared and feel blessed that we are able to enjoy riding in our beautiful land with members and friends. I and on behalf of your Committee, would like to thank you all as members for the support and participation given during the past year and extend our best wishes for the Festive Season ahead and wish you and your families a blessed and peaceful Christmas.

Bruce & Wendy Meyers

We are indeed fortunate to have the dedicated support and assistance that our Club receives from Bavarian Motorcycles and their wonderful team. It would be difficult and costly to operate our Club facilities outside of the support that we are given on an ongoing basis. This support includes: technical advice, servicing and repair work, emergency recovery of bikes, meals at our social functions and encouraging new members to participate in club affairs, and quite honestly, almost anything we ask for, e.g. lights outside the spares and workshop areas at night, tiling the entrance to our clubhouse and installation of the air conditioner. For the support and service we thank Bruce and Wendy and their dedicated team.

Henri Heyns

Thank you Henri for continuing to serve our Club by editing and producing the quality Spoke & Piston newsletter, which continues to play an invaluable role in communications with our members.

With wishes for sheer riding pleasure,

Regards,

Mike.

First at the Scene

(Henri Heyns)

(Adapted from an article by Jacqueline Flood in BMW Owners News August 2001)

This article is offered for general information only and is no substitute for attending a certified first-aid course.

Many of us have, or at some point will, come across a downed motorcyclist. We naturally want to help because they are 'one of us'. But what can we do?

Doctors call the first hour after a serious injury the 'golden hour'. If appropriate first aid is administered within that time, it can literally mean the difference between life and death for the injured party. The areas we like to ride are usually out in the countryside or mountains and the response to an emergency call could take anything up to a couple of hours. It is therefore crucial for us to know what to do and perhaps more important, what **not** to do, before professional help arrives.

If you know your ABC (see later) and have some simple medical equipment on hand, you can literally become a life saver in one of these situations. Here are a few pointers:

1. Make sure the injured rider is out of immediate danger and that you have attended to the possible 'life-threatening' aspects of his injuries. Then call for help.
2. Have a good idea of what road you're on and approximate location. If you are fortunate enough to have a GPS device on your bike, the position can be pinpointed accurately (as was the case recently when a man and his woman pillion rider were seriously injured in an accident in Lesotho somewhere). Obviously, in most cases, just to know what road you're on and the approximate distance from the nearest town, should be sufficient for help to find you quickly.
3. When first approaching a downed rider, approach him from the side or front. If he is conscious, he would not have to turn his head, thereby possibly causing cervical injury. Assess the level of consciousness and responsiveness.

Talk to him and reassure him. He would be in shock and more frightened than what you are. Keep the individual as straight as possible.

4. Use a common sense approach. If the victim is unconscious, you would immediately have to determine if any lives are going to be jeopardised in the roadway. If you have to drag the victim out of harm's way, pull in a lateral line by grabbing hold of both legs. You can also pull from under the arms whilst bracing his head with your arm. The object is to keep the victim as straight as possible and to get both of you out of the roadway. (If the victim is unconscious and not breathing, see 'Airways' later on.)
5. Don't get hung up on road rash or superficial wounds, unless the victim bleeds excessively. (See 'Circulation' later on.) Many of us have 'DO NOT REMOVE' stickers on our helmets. This is because we believe that removing the helmet may cause cervical damage. Although always a possibility, we will have to make a decision if the victim is unconscious and not breathing. (See 'Airways' later on.)
6. Non accident-related pointers: Always keep hydrated, whether in cold or hot weather. Hypo/hyperthermia can occur. Insulate or use heated gear in cold weather. You lose heat mostly through the neck and head. Above all, listen to your body – if you become unresponsive or slow moving, your reaction time will be impaired. Get off the bike, drink coffee or a mineral or just move around to work off stiffness.
7. Items to keep on the bike:
 - Rubber surgical gloves. Remember that in the event of a mishap, you would be loath to touch a bleeding victim for fear of blood contamination. Similarly, if you yourself bleed from a fall, other people are likely to react in the same way. Make sure that you have two pairs of gloves handy and as they are likely to deteriorate. Replace regularly.
 - Breathing apparatus
 - Gauze bandage
 - Gauze pads
 - Water.
 - A cigarette lighter or box of matches
 - Medium-sized freezer bags to contain the above medical supplies.

The ABCs of first aid

Airways: If the individual is unconscious, check to make sure that he is breathing. If he cannot breathe because the chinstrap is choking him with his head down, try loosening the chinstrap of his helmet first. Then try to get him to breathe by pulling his jaw forward and up. If you still cannot get him to breathe after opening the airway, you will have to remove the helmet. Risk of death or permanent injury due to lack of oxygen is far greater than the risk of damaging the spine. This is a judgement call.

If you determine that lack of breathing is due to this type of constriction, it's a little easier to remove the helmet if a person assists you. One person should put his hand behind the victim's neck to keep it straight, with the other hand bracing the jaw. (Your hands are acting as a neck brace.) Your assistant either undoes the strap or cuts it. Since the helmet fits snugly, it will have to be worked off very carefully.

Breathing: After removing the helmet, put your thumbs on the victim's cheek bones and fingers under the jaw bones, and tilt his chin forward and up (keeping the neck straight), thus freeing up the airway. **Make sure there is respiration.** If these measures have not re-established breathing, then using the 'shield' (breathing apparatus), you will have to breathe for the victim until he responds or someone relieves you.

Circulation: Spurting blood (arterial bleeding) must be stopped. Get a clean gauze pad (shirt or bandana) and keep pressure on the wound. When the bleeding stops, wrap the wound with some type of bandage. Do not be overly concerned if your bandage or pad is not very clean. Use it if you have nothing else because any possible infection can easily be countered with modern disinfectants once the victim arrives in hospital. If the victim is stabilised and no one else has arrived at the scene, then it is time to telephone or go for help.

Editor's Note: Our Club organises first-aid training from time to time. It is worth the time and effort of every biking enthusiast to attend these very informative courses.

Boababtoer vir Awontuurlustiges

(Izak Geldenhuys)

Dit is weer sulke tyd. Die BMW Klub van Pretoria pak die grense van die ou Transvaal en ons noem dit die "Boababtoer". Ons vertrek op Saterdag, 21 September 2002 om 07:30 vanaf die Excel Garage in Duncanstraat en ry oor Moloto na Rust de Winter. Skaars 30 kilometer uit Pretoria kry jy al die mooiste Bosveld met Rooiboswilg en Haak en Steek. Om 09:30 kry ons vir Charles en Coleen op Warmbad en geniet ons koffie.

Die roete gaan oor Koedoeskop na Thabazimbi waar ons by die Pizza Cabin middagete geniet en Anton by ons aansluit. Ons is 22 mense op 13 fietse. Die luim is grappig na aanleiding van 'n swetterjoel gepriviligeerde SMS boodskappies wat rondgestuur word en die rit beloop prettig te wees.

Ons vertrek van hier af na Ellisras en verloor in die proses vir Etienne wat besluit om op sy eie by die Spar aan te doen en vir niemand daarvan sê nie. Gelukkig bly hy nie te lank bek-af nie, want hy het met sy oorseese kontakte vir homself, Bram en Anton 'n aantal Sweedse meisies (ongeveer 22 van hulle — almal hoogs begaafd en mooi vir die oog) vir die aand gereël. Ek verstaan dat die drie here toe wel 'n genoeglike aandjie beleef het daar by Ellisras se kampeertrein met onder andere 'n kabaretvertoning, masseersessies en ander dergelyke genietinge...

Tussen Thabazimbi en Ellisras kry ons tot my verbasing twee heerlike bergpasse met 'n paar genotvolle draaie en ons arriveer by die Machauka Lodge so teen ongeveer 15:00. Ek, Ben en Erick is dapper en ons swem in die ietwat koue water van die swembad. Hierna kyk ons rugby en later braai ons in die lapa waartydens ek een van die sappigste biefstukke wat ek in my lewe geëet het, verorber. Ben is die braaier en ek die skinker. Ons geniet goeie waarde vir geld hier by vriendelike mense en ek dink ons kan met reg sê dat ons die Machauka Lodge kan aanbeveel vir toekomstige toere.

Sondag kry ons koers na Alldays. Op pad soontoe kom ons tientalle troppies vlakvarke teë wat langs die pad snuffel en van tyd tot tyd lukraak die pad oorkruis (so amper het ek Michael se RT met 'n groot beer laat kennis maak). Op Alldays drink ons 'n bier by die eksklusiewe Alldays Hotel en hierna geniet ons middagete by At se Gat. At is opmerklik nie in staat om so baie mense gelyktydig te akkommodeer nie en ons wag meer as 'n uur en 'n half vir ons kos. Gelukkig is die hamburgers en skyfies smaaklik en van goeie gehalte.

Op pad na Pontdrif, veroorsaak 'n tamaai slagkat in die middel van die pad en verskuil agter 'n blinde

hoogtetjie, skade aan Francois se saalsakke en hegstukke, maar hulle kan gelukkig die probleem oorkom. Op Pontdrif loop ons in die Limpopo se droë bedding en 'n troppie rooibokke wei 'n entjie verder af. Fotosessies volg. Die mees noordelike punt van die RSA is besoek!

Maar vir my kry die toer van daardie oomblik af ander betekenis. Dit raak 'n nostalgiese toer vir my. Charles en Coleen wat op 'n 650 ry, besluit om my fiets te koop. Hoewel Charles my nie op daardie stadium direk sê dat hy ernstig belang stel nie, voel ek aan my broek dat dit my laaste trippie is met die 'lady'. En dit was ook so. Skaars is ons terug in Pretoria en die transaksie word beklink. Mag jy net so baie gelukkige kilo's beleef as ek op die fiets, Charles. Julle ander moet my verskoon, maar ek kon nie die versoeking weerstaan om 'n foto van my en my eertydse fiets by hierdie artikel in te sluit nie.



Op pad na Messina kry ons die grootste Kremetartboom van die hele spul, maar net ek, Michael en Ben (laasgenoemde uiters onwillig omdat hy warm kry of moeg is!) stop daar. Op die volgende toer gaan ons 'n behoorlike foto van die bielie neem.

*Izak Geldenhuys voor 'n reuse
kremetartboom by Swartwater*

Tsipise is genotvol. Ons swem, kuier met die GS manne en eet in die restaurant. Ben vertrek die volgende dag met die GS manne deur Venda oor Thohoyando. Ek verstaan dat hulle in hul adamsgevaad geswem het in 'n rivierpoel op pad!

Tydens Maandagoggend se onbyt by die Wimpy op Louis Trichardt, is net die geselskap goed. Die kos en die diens is swak. Die roete oor Soekmekaar, Duiwelskloof en Tzaneen is lekker. Sarita bewys aan my dat sy soos 'n neet op haar R sit en sy lê lekker laag as sy die draaie met spoed takel.

Op Graskop geniet ons pannekoek en Matthys-hulle sluit by ons aan. Ons braai die aand, speel pool en kuier in die kroeg. Summit Lodge se beddens is egter uiters ongerieflik en heelwat van ons staan Dinsdagoggend op met ruggyn. Hopelik sal André sy beddens opgradeer.

Dinsdagoggend ry ons terug oor Sabie, Longtom, Lydenburg, Steenkampsberg en Stofberg waar ons afskeid neem van Charles en Coleen. Op Witbank klim ons op die N4 en teen middagete was die meeste van ons terug in Pretoria.

Vir my was dit een van die lekkerste toere tot nog toe. Die groep was aangenaam en het nie uitgerafel nie. Sien julle op die volgende een.

Redakteursnota:

Die Adansonia Digitata of Kremetartboom, ook genoem die Boabab (Engels die Baobab –let op dat die 'a' en 'o' omgeruil is) is een van die sierade van die laevelt. Dit kom slegs voor in die warm en droë dele van die noordelike en noord-oostelike Transvaal. Dit is 'n reuse, ietwat potsierlike boom met 'n hoogte wat strek van 10 tot 20 m en met 'n stam gewoonlik 10 m in omtrek. Wanneer dit bot, gee dit 'n wasagtige wit blom plus minus 15 cm in deursnee. Baie groot bome kan tot 3000 jaar oud wees. Die ruim hol stamme van die kremetart het al aan voorgeslagte diens gedoen as huise, tronkselle, voedselskure en wegkruipplekke om roofdiere te ontwyk. Die uitspreiende takke is relatief kort en dun en wanneer hulle kaal is, lyk hulle baie soos boomwortels. Dit het die geloof onder sekere inheemse stamme laat ontstaan dat die Skepper die kremetart onderstebo geplant het. Ongeag sy manjifieke voorkoms, verander die boom in hope veselagtige pulp wanneer dit doodgaan.

As I see it...

How good are your riding skills really?

(Henri Heyns)

It's always tragic to hear of a fellow biker who has come off whilst on holiday, on his way to work, doing shopping, or generally just playing around on his bike. Some times the injuries sustained are severe or even fatal, in which case one experiences profound shock because the biker is after all 'one of the family'. Very often one doesn't even know the guy, and the incident is soon forgotten, but if the victim is known to one, the mishap hits home forcibly. A number of our club members and acquaintances have had spills in the last few months and upon hearing the news or seeing the unfortunate person strapped up or hobbling around in a leg cast, whatever, one automatically thinks: "My goodness, how can it possibly be that so-and-so ended up this way? He/she is such an excellent rider and if it can happen to him/her, what chance have I of not coming a cropper sooner or later?"

Of course, biking *is* a risky business (as are most other activities in this country nowadays judging by the number of accidents, robberies, murders, hi-jacks, assassinations, assaults, rugby injuries, and so on), and as the saying goes, if you cannot stand the heat then stay out of the kitchen. Coupled to this is usually the story by the victim that it was really not his fault but that the other guy is entirely to blame for the mishap. Nevertheless, one is left with an uneasiness that is not quite so easy to dispel because 'it could happen to you' and according to Murphy's law: If it *can* happen it *will* happen!

This brings me to the point that forms the caption of this article. How well do we really ride? Of course we would readily admit to not being in the same class as a Valentino Rossi or even one of the lesser motorcycle aces, but that we ride well enough for normal conditions. Fair enough, but how can we be assured that conditions would always be 'normal'? What happens if one is suddenly confronted with an 'abnormal' situation? Taking this point a bit further, how is one tested for a rider's/driver's licence other than under normal conditions? How many of the thousands of licensed drivers on our roads today (multiple and two-wheeled vehicles) have the faintest idea of what to do if the brakes should fail,

the vehicle goes into a skid, a blow-out occurs, another vehicle suddenly stops or turns in front of you, and a dozen other emergencies that can occur out of the blue?

I had an interesting chat to **James McClelland**, Senior Instructor of the **BMW Rider Academy** with headquarters in Midrand, the other day. He points out that there are ten basic riding skills without which no person should have the temerity to be on the roads. They are:

Clutch control; Throttle control; Use of brakes (both); Gearing down; Soft pressure through hands; Use of eyes (central and peripheral vision); Head turns; Left foot only on ground (right foot on rear brake); Handle bars off line (slow speeds) rear brake only; Smooth riding with rider in complete control.

In addition, the following life saving skills are also a vital necessity:

Emergency stops (without grabbing the brake lever/pedal); emergency swerving left/right at one's normal operating speed; coming to a dead stop and pulling off without putting a foot down; and 360° circles and figure eights within normal road width at walking speed .

Sounds easy, doesn't it? I can just picture some of our readers sitting back complacently, thinking that he or she knows it all and that nobody can teach him/her anything about riding a bike. But beware! After James started explaining what precisely such training involves, I for one, am not sure that I should be on the road at all. It's not that the techniques are difficult to master – anyone who can ride a bike can and should be able to do it. But remember says James, in an emergency, observing the threatening situation, determining the potential hazard, choosing between alternative courses of remedial action and applying the corrective measure(s), has/have to take place in a split second or else you've probably had it. Think about it! Are you really as good a motorcyclist as what you think? Why not let James and his people put you through a test to find out. And should you not be as hot as you think, be sensible enough to let them show you what to do to become a better (and safer) rider.

James makes an interesting suggestion, it being an interclub riding skills competition where say five volunteer riders from each club (not necessarily only BMWs), with names drawn from a hat, compete against one another to determine the extent of their individual skills, with the winner qualifying for some prize or other. This of course has nothing to do with speed trials, super handling techniques or unusual abilities, but everyday riding skills required to ride a bike safely, selected from the list above. From the results the organisers will then be able to assess which of the individual's techniques are below par, and require polishing up.

This suggestion appears to hold a great deal of merit and could possibly be looked into. It could be a lot of fun whilst at the same time teaching life saving skills for riders. Readers are invited to comment thereon and bring forward ideas as to how this competition could be held.

Biking is a challenging and rewarding pastime for most of us and an expensive one at that. We owe it to ourselves to not only own the most reliable machinery we can afford, but to maintain it in tip-top condition. But what about ourselves, the riders? By learning new riding skills and exercising those we know regularly, we give ourselves the best chance of winning when that emergency arises. Go for it!

James may be found by phoning
+27(0)11 805-7673 or on fax
+27(0)11 805-3629, whilst the website is:
www.bmwmotorrad.co.za



Een doring tussen twee rose by verlede maand se Noggin! Links op die foto is Trudie Hennessy met Gerda Potgieter aan die regterkant. Die doring is natuurlik jul redakteur!

Magoebaskloof and Back

(Brian Cheyne)

Why do we ride? Why does it hold so much more appeal to get on your bike and head out into the wild blue yonder, than doing the same in a car? The answer, I feel, is a bit complex. One cannot really pin it down, but something evokes an emotion when you twist the grip and the bike lurches forward; something about the guy in the go-anywhere 4x4 envying your every move as you slip between the cars and leave him stuck firmly in traffic; something about the wind, the freedom... dunno really. All I do know is that riding clears my head like no shrink can.

Last year I went hiking in Magoebaskloof with a bunch of school kids and came back a broken man (in body, not spirit.) This year they asked me to join them again, but I quickly saw an opportunity to go biking again. Seeing that I do not have the body of a 16 year old anymore, I decided to join them for supper on the Saturday and take the scenic route back to Pretoria on Sunday.

I got going on the Saturday at about 10:00 and headed North, through the endless stream of toll plazas. Seems I just engage top gear, and then I have to slow down again for the next one. And they're not cheap either. Northwards I went, through Pietersburg (or Polokwane as it is now known) but as I descended into Magoebaskloof the mist and drizzle slowed the pace. For a while now I have been considering trading my GS for a road bike, but as I turned into the Magoebaskloof Reserve I remembered why I got the GS in the first place. The gravel road was in a bad state and the constant drizzle made matters worse. But the fully laden GS coped admirably. Riding through the pine forest is a cleansing experience. (For my head, not my bike!) The pace of the city long forgotten, I met up with the hiking party and the bike drew a lot of attention. After a huge T-bone steak and lots of chatter around the fire, I turned in. I slept like a baby, hoping for better weather on Sunday. I made up my mind that I will head straight home if it rained, but will take the scenic route if it did not.

On Sunday morning the sun was trying to break through the clouds, and I knew it was going to be a good day! I quickly made myself a cup of coffee,

courtesy of the intrepid hikers. When I left, the sun was really making inroads into dispersing the all-enveloping mist. The road to Tzaneen, through the Magoebaskloof pass is currently under construction and I think it will be a wonderful stretch again once it's finished. I was being chased by a bright red Alfa Romeo, and again the GS proved agile enough even with all the extra weight, and it was only when we got to a straight piece of road that the Alfa passed me.

From Tzaneen I headed to Lydenburg over the Abel Erasmus pass and through the J.G. Strydom tunnel. In Lydenburg I had the, now traditional, Wimpy Mega Coffee. I thought about the road back and decided not to go the way I normally travel which is through Dullstroom, but instead took the road over the Steenkampsberg pass to Roossenekal. And what a revelation this stretch turned out to be! It takes you over the highest tarred road in Mpumalanga. It's wide and almost devoid of traffic. Add to that mix a good share of twisty bits, and you have one good ride. From there the road took me to Middelburg and the really boring stretch home. I covered just short of 900 km in the two days.

A few things I learned from this trip:

1. I used earplugs for the first time and will do so on future trips. I recently had a conversation about noisy helmets, and someone suggested that, instead of buying a new helmet, I should rather get some earplugs. On a long trip, the wind noise can give you a serious headache and you somehow end up with a not-so-gentle hum in your ears at the end of it.. The plugs made the world of difference. The only problem is that you have to adapt to 'feeling' the bike rather than listening to it. You have no idea of what the engine is doing, so you have to watch the dials closely. Oh, and if a traffic officer pulls you over, you have to explain to him to shut up, while you remove your helmet ! But at only R1 a set it's a good investment.

2. When stopping at a toll plaza, never put your LEFT foot down. The center strip is very slippery from all the oil and muck left by our multi-wheeled friends and you can have a serious moment right there in front of a big crowd.

3. Invest in a nice oversized raincoat to put on over your kit. So when you ride you only have to clean the raincoat. It's much easier to clean than your nice BMW outfit.

Now that I have the GS for the Magoebaskloof pine forests, all I have to do is to convince my wife that I need an R1150 S for those twisties. How 'bout it darling?

Editor's comment: *Nice going Brian and thank you for this contribution. Yes, that part of the world is beautiful to behold this time of the year, especially with lots of winding roads to satisfy even the most ardent biker.*

About the ear plugs though, I have some reservation, apart from the legality or not of such a practice. (For that matter I'm not sure that bike earphones are really legal either.) I personally want to hear what's going on around and under me, despite the wind noise, because biking is a serious pleasure and one should give oneself every chance through the use of every available faculty, to detect anything untoward that may present a problem or possibly have unpleasant consequences. Let us hear from you, the reader, what your thinking on the matter is please.

Yes, most of us have a lot of spouse convincing to do all the time , but especially when it comes to bikes and biking. H.H.



*Brian`s bike is parked near a board saying:
Steenkampsberg Highest Tarred Road in
Transvaal*

Check your fine!

(Henri Heyns – Adapted from an article in The Beemer, October 2002.)

An investigation into the conduct of a Metro Police officer has been launched after he issued a fine for more than the amount stipulated in the Fines Book. This has been confirmed by Wayne Minnaar, spokesman for Metro Police. “Officers are issued with a fines book and cannot go around issuing fines for any amount they please,” he said. “This was an isolated incident.” He said there was a control book to which all fines issued were reconciled. Minnaar also said it was impossible for traffic officers to pocket the excess from such a fine. “All money is paid to the Metro and not to the individual officer.”

The booklet is entitled ‘City of Tshwane Charge Book’, bilingual nogaal, issued in November 2001 and consisting of almost a thousand (I calculated them) road traffic violations, static and mobile, of almost every description imaginable. It took me some time to add to the list obtained from the article mentioned in the acknowledgement, as I wanted to bring in a bit of bike ‘flavouring’ as well. Incidentally, I read in the press recently that traffic fines are set to increase shortly, so these figures may already be outdated. The following excerpt may be of interest to the reader:

Smooth tyres R200 each / Ignoring a no-parking sign R200 / Parking obstruction R300 / Ignoring a no-stopping sign R200 / Ignoring a red light R500 / Overloaded with passengers R100 pp/Ignoring a stop sign R500/ Crossing white line upon turning R300 / Expired licence disk R200/Travelling in the emergency lane R200 / Failure to give signals R200 / Crossing barrier lines R500 /Turning in the face of oncoming traffic R200 / Talking on a non-affixed cell phone R200 /Overtaking in the face of oncoming traffic R200 / Not wearing a seat belt R100 /Defective lamps R100 each / Protruding from vehicle R100 / Entering a public road unsafely R500 / Using retreaded m/c tyre R100 / Towing with a motorcycle R100 / Driving inconsiderately R500 / Speeding in a 120 kph zone - 190-194 kph R1500 / Not wearing a helmet (driver/passenger) R200 / Giving false information NAG* / No brakes on motorcycle R500 / Riding a m/c ‘no hands’ R200 / Engine running whilst refuelling R200 / Riding a m/c holding on to a vehicle R200 / Noisy bike R300 /Not keeping all wheels in road contact R300 / Driving under the influence NAG*

Editor’s note:* I tried fruitlessly to discover what the abbreviation NAG means. I presume it to mean that there’s no fixed fine but that the magistrate may use his discretion depending on the nature of the offence committed. So guys and gals, mind your Ps and Qs, otherwise you could find yourselves in a great deal of trouble, which seems to be very easy nowadays. I’m still not sure if the book is for sale or not. It would be interesting to hear from anyone who decides to follow up to discover whether the book is available to the public. Any volunteers?

Where does it all end?

(Henri Heyns)

In an overseas magazine a wife lamented her husband’s weakness for machinery in the form of bikes. In a letter to the editor she asks the question used in the above caption. Seemingly, her husband, recently retired, suggested that he buys a bike to see him through the sunset years and to keep him occupied in what would otherwise become a bland life. Being a careful woman and having to count their pennies, she enquired what he had set his heart on and how much it would cost and, after some deliberation, decided to accede to his slightly extravagant but not unreasonable request. She parted with the cash and hubby came home with a shiny new bike, happy as can be. End of story? Not on your life!

Almost immediately after, hubby informed her that he needed a riding suit, helmet, boots and gloves for safe riding, and if he was to run errands for her and do some shopping, a set of panniers with the brackets. After she had heard the price of these commodities, the little woman was beginning to have qualms as to the wisdom of her acquiescence. But, as he needed these items of equipment, she again went to the money well and dipped deeply. Still it was not the end.

After the bike had been run in, hubby started to find fault with it. The rear shock absorber didn’t suit his riding style. He wanted it replaced by an after-market product, he needed guards on the handle bars, a free-flow exhaust system coupled with a ‘hotter’ micro chip for more power, a bigger screen, cruise

control, a more comfortable saddle and so on *ad infinitum*.

All right, so perhaps hubby got carried away and wanted to see how far his lovey could be pushed into putting up cash for his every whim. All of us are aware of the three priorities in life based on *must have*, *should have* and *nice to have*. Obviously a lot of the stuff mentioned fall into the latter category as even lovey would readily recognise and put a stop to. Perhaps she embellished her letter a little to make her husband out to be more of a rogue than what he really is. Who knows? But it is the nature of her concern that captures the imagination. How far can one really go and where does it all end?

Let us embark on an exercise to see what biking can cost an enthusiast if he's not careful and we're not talking about well-heeled clients who spend lavishly on anything and everything just to make his bike more 'personalised'.

Riding jacket	R3600	Riding pants	R2600
Riding boots	R1650	Riding helmet	R3720
Riding gloves	R700	Tank Bag	R2000
Panniers & bracket	R5600	Inner bags	R1250
Top Box	R4000	Hand Guards	R500
Speed Control	R500	Crash bars	R3000
Head light grill	R1150	Bike cover	R600
Disc lock	R224	Insurance	R369
Heated grips	R3526	Tappet cover guard	R836
Belly pan set	R4600	Radio kit	R11800
Fog light set	R4460	Rear carrier	R800

The above amounts to a tidy little sum of R57 485.00, quite a bit of bread in any man's language. A decent new motorcycle today of 650 cc upwards will cost anything between R60 000 and R130 000, ignoring the up-market machines which can make an even bigger hole in a guy's pocket. But in all fairness it has to be stated that the items listed above, like anything else in this world, can probably be bought much cheaper if one shops around or is prepared to sacrifice quality for quantity. Also, not everyone needs all the paraphernalia available, but the exercise shows to what limits a person can go if he's not careful. To my way of thinking, if the woman in the letter doesn't put her foot down somewhere down the line, she's probably going to be in for a big and unpleasant surprise!

Muchos Gracias Club Committee

(Henri Heyns)

A club isn't run by itself. The club committee consists of a lot of men and women who untiringly undertake all sorts of activities to make things happen. For example, riding and other events have to be planned, and coordinators appointed for the different offerings, queries settled and correspondence answered, the bar has to be stocked and staffed, someone has to cash up and lock up after each Noggin, club regalia has to be ordered, sold and then accounted for, membership matters need to be attended to, and so on. The secretary must even keep book of who paid subs for this year and who has not coughed up the much-needed cash! Fact is that umpteen 'behind the scenes' jobs have also to be undertaken for the club to function as a systematic whole.

And to give direction to the entire structure, there is the boss man in the person of a chairman who oversees the tutti, gives advice on many matters, and uses his many talents to ensure that everybody does his/her bit to the best of their ability. In this regard we pay the highest respect to **Mike Hennessy** for having steered this club on a faultless course for the past two years. His untiring efforts in running the club in addition to all his other commitments, puts him in a class of his own. The success with which his efforts have been blessed is a tribute to his energy, enthusiasm and organisational ability, without which our club could never have got this far.

We undoubtedly have the people to do the job and, as proof that they are so qualified, do their jobs well. This club has not had to contend with hiccups various as have others. It is then only right to afford these ladies and gentlemen a little space in S 'n P to say thank you for the enormous task that they have performed so admirably during the year. Unfortunately some committee members have had to resign for personal reasons, but on the plus side, they have been replaced by equally competent successors.

What would a club do without people like Bruce and Wendy Meyers and their excellent staff? In

'From the Chair' earlier on in this edition, these good people had already been mentioned, but S`n P would be remiss not to say a hearty thank you again on behalf of all its readers for the super support extended us in so many ways in and around the club house. I propose a 'hats off' to and three cheers for Bavarian Motorcycles!. May you all have a long, prosperous and pleasant life.

Baie dankie aan al die komiteelede en medehelpers vir al die werk van die afgelope jaar om ons klub die sukses te maak wat dit is. Ons waardeer die baie ure wat julle uit vrye wil, gewoonlik met groot opoffering en sonder vergoeding, uit julle pad gegaan het om aan al die veelvuldige aktiwiteite aandag te gee. Onthou asseblief dat komiteelede nie net dien omdat hulle wil nie, maar eintlik daar is omdat hulle spesialiste op hul gebied is en bereid is om hul talente met ander vir gemeenskaplike voordeel te deel. Daarsonder kan geen klub bestaan nie, en waardeer ons hulle kundigheid, organisasievernuif en deurstellingsvermoë des te meer. Baie dankie nogmaals en soos die Hollanders dit sou uitdruk: 'Doet so voort'!

Thanks a million, guys and gals!

We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Please ride safely as we look forward to seeing you all around next year.



Ons wens al ons lesers `n Geseënde Kersfees en `n Voorspoedige Nuwejaar toe. Ry asseblief veilig. Ons sien daarna uit om volgende jaar mekaar almal weer te sien.



Guffaws!

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson go on a camping trip. After a good dinner and a bottle of wine, they retire for the night, and go to sleep. Some hours later, Holmes

wakes up and nudges his faithful friend. "Watson, look up at the sky and tell me what you see." "I see millions and millions of stars, Holmes," replies Watson. "And what do you deduce from that?" Watson ponders for a minute. "Well, **astronomically**, it tells me that there are millions of galaxies and potentially billions of planets. **Astrologically**, I observe that Saturn is in Leo. **Horologically**, I deduce that the time is approximately a quarter past three. **Meteorologically**, I suspect that we will have a beautiful day tomorrow. **Theologically**, I can see that God is all powerful, and that we are a small and insignificant part of the universe. What does it tell you, Holmes?" Holmes is silent for a moment. "Watson, you idiot!" he says. "Someone has stolen our tent!"

Skelmstreek

Jakkals sê vir Gansie 'kom eet vanaand by my. Daar's heerlike ou kossies en uintjies uit die vlei'. 'Nee dankie' sê die gansie, 'al staan jy op jou kop. As ek vir jou kom kuier, eet jy my seker op'!

Groot Fout

`n Werker kry aan die einde van die week R50 ekstra in sy betaalkoevert en se niks daarvan nie. Die betaalklerk het intussen sy fout ontdek en trek toe die volgende week die R50 af. Toe die werker gaan kla vra die klerk hom hoekom hy niks daarvan die vorige week gesê het nie. Toe sê die werker: 'Ja, maar `n fout kan mens eenmaal oorsien maar nie `n tweede keer nie'!

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.

CLUB ADDRESS:

Bavarian Motorcycles & Accessories cc,

7 Ockerse St., ARCADIA 0083

P.O. Box 23848, INNESDALE 0031 Tel. (012) 323-4865/6

Fax (012) 323-1630 E-mail: Bavarian@mweb.co.za