



Meet at the Cleveland Bay, Eaglescliffe every second Wednesday of the month  
<http://www.freewebs.com/yarmmcc>

### **CLUB NEWSLETTER – NOVEMBER 2009**

It's time to come clean and admit to testing the diesel/rubber interface at a roundabout near Newark recently! I spun off and clobbered the kerb entering a sweeping right-hand slip road. I walked (ok, limped) away from it although the ZR-7 was almost in two pieces! The right front fork snapped clean in two and the left one is bent about 60 degrees. Nevertheless, the engine and all levers are completely untouched, thanks to the crash bars and hand-guards. However, it is beyond economical repair and the pressure is now on to get the ZZR-600 on the road asap. I still like to have 2 bikes....and I'm looking for a twin for a change. Anyone got a cheap, comfy bike for sale?

Hope to see you at the Flag Café on Wednesday night for Bonfire Night by the way – 6:30 for 7pm. There are 3 articles in this newsletter kindly submitted by Tony Petrie and partner Chris (Imola trip), Geoff Sadler (California to Peru) and Chris Hamlin (Motorcycling in the Philippines). This means you don't have to put up with me for too much this time. Anyway, I'll be busy checking out Bike Mart! Enjoy.

**Committee Meeting.** Wednesday 4th November 2009 at 8.30pm in the Cleveland Bay.

**Forthcoming Events.** (latest additions in Bold). **Let me know of any event you would like publicising.**

<b>NOV 4</b>	<b>Flag Café Bonfire Night 6.30 for 7pm. Bring kids and Fireworks.</b>
Nov 8	MOTOGP Valencia....the end of the racing season...boo hoo!
Nov 27 to Dec 6	NEC International Motorcycle and Scooter Show. <b><u>CLUB RUN ON 3 DEC</u></b>
Dec 27	Christmas Dinner, Cleveland Bay
<b><u>2010</u></b>	
<b>Feb 4 – 7</b>	<b>MCN Motorcycle Show, EXCEL, London.</b>
<b>Feb 20/21</b>	<b>Carole Nash Bristol Classic Motorcycle Show, Bath and West Showground</b>
Apr 24/25	Carole Nash Classic Show, Stafford County Show Ground
<b>May 15/16</b>	<b>BMF Show (probably East of England Showground)</b>
<b>June 12/13</b>	<b>BMF GEMS</b>
July 9 – 11	VMCC Festival of 1000 Bikes, Mallory Park.
<b>July 10/11</b>	<b>Kelso Bike Show</b>
Aug 12-15	Bulldog Bash
<b>Sep 18/19</b>	<b>BMF Tail End Rally</b>
Oct 16/17	Carole Nash Classic Motorcycle Mechanics Show, Stafford Show Ground

**The Club Website.** Visit the Club Website at [www.freewebs.com/yarmmcc/](http://www.freewebs.com/yarmmcc/). If you have stuff for sale or an event to promote then this is the place to put it for wide coverage. Send your material to Steve Watts on [swatts@ntlworld.com](mailto:swatts@ntlworld.com). Check out via the Guestbook when you have finished your comments.

**Chris and Tony's Imola Trip, September '09** –by Chris Robinson. Tony and I took to the skies in September after bagging bargain flights from Birmingham to Bologna to co-incide with the World Superbike round at Imola. We drove to Birmingham on the Thursday and stayed at Travelodge overnight. We had a lovely meal in an 'all you can eat' buffet restaurant where the chefs cooked your food to order in front of you. We went to bed early as we had to be up at 4am to get to the airport, park the car and check in on time for our flight at 6.30am. Whilst standing in the queue waiting to board the plane we watched a man ahead of us trying to force his baggage into the size measurer so that he could take it on board. There were cheers from a group of lads that were sat in the bar area as the bag was finally squashed in there and the only problem now being for it to be hauled back out! Tony and I were both thinking how familiar this man looked but couldn't think why. It wasn't until later I asked if it was Ron Haslam. Tony didn't think so as why would he be on a low cost airline flight with us mere mortals?

On arrival at Bologna we took a coach into the city centre and another to our campsite. After booking in and erecting the tent close to the amenities we went on a wander. Fed and watered we went off to bed ready for a day of walking around Bologna and seeing the sights the following day.

Finally Sunday arrived and we joined our fellow race fans on our pilgrimage to Imola, a short train ride away from Bologna and a long walk up a very straight path from the station to the track. We bought tickets with no trouble at all and found a good spot to watch the racing from. The racing was excellent and the weather was a very comfortable 25 degrees. The man we saw on the flight out was there again on the return journey and lo and behold it was Ron after all!!

We both had a brilliant time but I have just one question to ask...Can anyone explain how I'm meant to use one of these?!!



It's easy. Can't believe Tony doesn't know what to do with a 'Poo Trough'!! You can put a large nail in the door frame then hang a loop of rope over the nail. You then hang on to the loop while you do the necessary. It worked for me ..once...then the nail pulled out and I sat in my own stuff! (Yuk). Alternatively you can stick your head down the hole, when you will be guaranteed to vomit!! (better).

It might have been better with a picture of Tony so that we could run a caption competition...but there again...there may be children reading this! (Ed)

**For Sale: Yamaha FZ1 Fazer. 2006 model. Blue. 6200 miles. Fitted with Crash Bungs, Heated Grips, Belly pan and Fender Extender. Full Service History. Tax/MOT. Contact Dave on 01388 720601(H) or 07983525502 (M). Also contact Club Secretary – Brian.**

## The Los Angeles to Lima Ride – September 2009 – Story by Geoff Sadler

**Riders:** **Andrew Mitchell**, age 52, specialising in border crossings, brake testing and cervichi.

**Max Hale**, age 53, specialising in Zumo operation, interesting detours and currency exchange,

**Aaron Joos**, age 41, specialising in windscreen testing and balloon hats,

**Geoff Sadler**, age 53 and a 1/2, specialising in cultivating Peruvian amoebic diseases and ordering cervesa and the trip scribe.

**Support Crew:** **Jacqui Hale** specialising in radio-controlled overtaking on blind corners, Peruvian pottery and fridge magnets,

**Oksana Drozdova** specialising in mid-night swimming and photography,

**Nastia Zhzhinkina** specialising in pisco sours, chicken bones and alpaca products.

### Thursday 3rd Sept.

The squad was finally drinking beer together shortly after 23.00 in the Best Western Hotel in Sunset Beach CA. Max and Jacqui, Aaron and Oksana flying in from Sakhalin, Andy from Holland and me from Qatar. The delights of Coors Light and beef jerky after a 16 hour flight, US Customs and a 100 Dollar taxi ride!

### Friday 4th Sept.

Found that my bike had not arrived but was assured it was on the Virgin flight ETA later that day and would be available for pick-up in the afternoon - not the news we wanted! We went to LAX Cargo Terminal and found the Virgin door. Was sent to US Customs to get the release forms and joined the queue. It was interesting to read the US Customs Service Charter and compare it with reality. Still no complaints as the process was relatively painless and it's not the most inspiring place to work.

Had great fun ripping into the packaging so carefully assembled by the people at James Cargo - it was like Christmas. Even the warehouse people joined in. Got the other bikes from storage and even managed to fit in a visit to REI, surely the best store in the whole world? We all bought kit and essentials and with our discount didn't have to pay any money. Surely the ultimate in customer satisfaction. Went to Mothers Bar for the start-of ride drink (last year's end of ride) to find Vanessa was not on-duty but her back to back was more than capable and there was no detrimental effect on the supply of beer!

### Saturday 5th Sept.

Los Angeles - Sonoya, Mexico - 430 miles.

Riding out of LA, soon hit the freeway through southern California. Made good progress to the Mexican border. Decided to cross early and take the Mexican 'A' road that shadows the US border rather the main freeway. This was the first 'proper' border crossing so we didn't really know what to expect. We crossed the US border without even stopping, surely it couldn't be this easy? It wasn't but it wasn't too bad. Took us a couple of hours to wade through the paperwork for the bikes and riders. We set off just as a sandstorm started to blow, it was the front end of a weather system that had hit the Baja Peninsula and was heading our way.

We were soon out of town but were getting well and truly sand blasted with the cross-wind plus the occasional off-road roadwork excursion to add to the fun! We rode out of the blast area after an hour and could start to appreciate the scenery. Lots of proper cowboy cacti and desert. We found a decent motel



in Sonoya and sat down drinking a beer and watching an Impressive electrical storm. The town was typical Mexican, complete with topes, dogs, lots of people and NOISE!

**Part 2 next month**



---

**The Flag Café.** Laurence and Carol will give you a warm welcome when you call in the Flag Café near Seamer. The Café is open Wednesday evenings and during Saturday and Sunday daytime. Tel 07813 430710 for more information. It is not clear yet what the Winter schedule will be but I'll let you know as soon as I hear any news.

**FOR SALE Suzuki SV650S. '04 Registration. Blue. Only 2,800 miles. MOT and TAX. Comes with Optimate Charger and Paddock Stands. Yours for £2300. Please call Peter on 01642 730671 and negotiate!**

**Police Motorcycle Riders Handbook.** I hold 2 copies of the latest edition of this well written and presented book. Please see me should you wish to borrow a copy.

**For Sale GIVI Top Box and 2 Side Panniers, with mountings to fit VFR 800. As new. £300. Tel: 07931816812 or contact Steve Griffiths 01642 350640.**

**Need Help with Your Computer.** Quick, efficient service at very competitive prices assured. Contact Steve on 07765881062 or 01642 651086. Alternatively you can email Steve at [swatts@ntlworld.com](mailto:swatts@ntlworld.com).

**For Sale:** 1 one-piece set of Figo leathers size 46. Red/Black & silver. Worn twice. Bargain at £80.00. See Tony Petrie for details/picture at Club meetings or call Brian (Secretary). Telephone no. at bottom of Newsletter.

## **MOTORCYCLING IN THE PHILIPPINES**

### **Part 2 – Welcome to the Philippines**

I am toying with the idea of setting up a classic bike touring company as few places can offer what the island of Luzon has in store. Where else could you tour rainforest, idyllic tropical beaches, mountains, heritage towns (built by the Spanish in 1700) and volcanoes in one week? Each rider would be looked after by a beautiful young Filipina hostess and.....but I'm dreaming now.

Last December Zenia and I travelled back to the Philippines for a brief holiday. The plan for getting to where Zenia lives, about 10 kilometres from Vigan City where the coach stops, was that a local tricycle from the village would meet us and run us home. It all seemed so simple until we arrived. The coach was late and the town deserted, with just faint music emanating from Karaoke bars nearby.

We found the tricycle parked some way away. In the sidecar completely drunk was the driver. Zenia questioned him in the local Ilocarno dialect. He had arrived six hours early when it was still light and gone for 'a quick half'. It turned out a pal had come with him although he had vanished. A quick search of the nearest Karaoke Bar produced the pal who was also drunk and glued to a young female. Things were not going well.

After efforts to sober them up, in my view with little effect, we had to decide what to do. It was not a very healthy place to hang around and no other transport was available. In the end we loaded the luggage and, with clear instructions to drive very slowly, we set off. The tricycle had no lights and I pointed this out to him. "No lights" he said, "Alex have light," whereupon the mate on the back produced a pencil torch from his pocket and waved the feeble glow in the direction we were travelling. What a nightmare. The torch was useless and the driver navigated by following the bumps caused by the road markings. There was a moon (thank God) and through the towns the odd street light provided some illumination. There were so many dead flies on the sidecar windscreen that it was useless to see where we were going. Maybe that was a blessing. Finally, we approached where we normally turn off for our village Manzante. Zenia, by this time, had had enough. She stopped the tricycle outside a large building at the edge of town. "Where are we" I enquired. "This is the Chief of Police house," she said and I am going to ask for his help. By this time I didn't care any more and an evening in the cells was preferable to the Russian roulette we were playing on the road. "Is this a good idea" I ventured but she was determined and rang the doorbell saying "I was at school with him". The tricycle driver meanwhile had slumped over his handlebars. About ten minutes later a Police Jeep pulled up with three heavily armed policemen inside. They "revived" the tricycle driver and told him to proceed down the lane and they would drive behind with their headlamps up to show the way. We covered the five kilometres to the house in this manner. It all looked safe enough to me as we were by now in the Police Jeep. It didn't help that our entire luggage fell off the tricycle halfway down the lane. We made it home and Zenia made coffee for everyone. Amazingly no one was arrested and the Police Jeep followed the tricycle driver back up the lane to show him the way to the main road. Such is life in the Philippines.

With the exception of the motorcycle-sidecar taxis the least popular place to ride a motorbike in the Philippines is on the roads. Roads are poorly maintained and crowded. People head for the sandy tracks to the beach and then ride the firm sand just above the breakers farthest reach. The surface is smooth and firm and 40mph is easily attainable.

These beaches stretch for 100's of kilometres down the Luzon coast, which borders the crystal blue waters of the South China Sea. When abreast of your destination you simply take the sandy lanes that leave the beach until tarmac roads lead you to the town centre. Zenia and I live in her house near the beach and all day the sound of motorbikes can be heard nearby. They frequently bog down in the soft dry sand at the top of the beach and you can hear them gunning their engines to get enough momentum to drift through.

Just up the coast is the island of Puro, which can be reached at low tide by a causeway. Puro is a veritable smugglers haven and has lots of motorcycle and scooter dealers selling new bikes from around 200 pounds sterling. I spend a lot of time there hoping one day to stumble across a lonely Norton Dominator that no-one wants. But I'm dreaming again, although I did find a BSA once.

I quell my disappointment with a visit to a little bamboo hut close to the fishing boats. It looks like the last place in the world to get a cold beer but you would be wrong. Out comes the traditional 20-year-old girl to die for and sets up a little table and two folding chairs. Two frosted glasses arrive followed by two bottles of ice cold San Miguel, brewed in the Philippines. After a couple of these it just doesn't seem to matter that there wasn't a Norton this week.

We ride back along the beach at dusk and the surging sea sparkles with phosphorescence as the waves slide toward the speeding bike stopping just short of engulfing it. The air is warm, fresh and smells of salt and as we pass the village of Alangen, on the edge of the beach, we can see the fires where the villagers are cooking the freshly caught barracuda and blue marlin.

A Jeepny, ablaze with lights, passes us going in the opposite direction hoping to make the causeway before the tide covers it. We flash past the fishing boats and finally, in the dim light, spot the lane to Manzante. Ten minutes later we are home and clutching another cold beer under the stars. Where we shall ride tomorrow can wait.

Chris Hamlin

**Gimme the Right Tools.** After the incident with the ZR-7 I have had to pay attention to the ZZR 600 that has been lying in pieces in my garage for the past 11 months. I always seemed to have an excuse to do something else but now I need the wheels and quick. I had a bit of hassle getting the camshafts correctly aligned – the last engine I had in bits had push-rods! However, after a couple of goes I got the things torqued-down and a couple of rotations of the engine with a spanner saw the things still lined up. I sure needed a beer after that! Next big job is to get the carbs on and balanced then try to find the nuts and bolts for the mass of bodywork that's all over the garage covered in dust. Not out of the woods yet!

**The End Game.** I bought some sausages the other day. There was a picture of Jamie Oliver on the front tucking in, and on the back it read "Prick with fork". Can't argue with that!

A cowboy is driving down a back road in Texas. A sign in front of a restaurant reads: *HAPPY HOUR SPECIAL* - Lobster Tail and Beer. 'Lord almighty' he says to himself, 'my three favourite things!!'

Chap is in court for domestic violence. The judge asks "Why do you keep beating your wife?" The chap replied "I put it down to longer reach, weight advantage and better footwork".

Who loves you more, your dog or your wife? To find out simply wait for a hot day and put them both in the boot of your car. After 2 hours open the boot and see which one is pleased to see you!

**Wot! Not Got a Computer?** This newsletter contains quite a few references to web sites and email addresses. Where there are alternatives such as phone numbers or mailing addresses I will publish them. Get advice from Committee member Steve Watts if you are planning to go 'digital'.

The Sunday Runs for the next couple of weeks are TBA.

**And it's 'Goodnight' from him.** Please call me if you would like something putting in the newsletter. There is no deadline...you either make the next issue or you don't! My email address: **brian.burke2@btopenworld.com** or phone me – 01325 721669 (Answerphone on if not able to get to the phone straight away). Mobile No. is 07517 605614. Brian