



Cleveland Bay, Yarm. Second Wednesday of the month

<http://www.freewebs.com/yarmmcc>

Tel: 07517 605614

CLUB NEWSLETTER MARCH 2011

The time to start preparing the next Newsletter seems to come round quicker every month; must be something to do with getting older! Anyway, at least I've managed to get out on the bike a few times but the weather has been mostly miserable, cold and icy. I have just about finished doing a major service on the R850R. I've been tackling it in 'modular' form so as to be off the road for only an hour or two. The valve clearances are straightforward thanks to old-fashioned rockers with nut and screw adjustments.

Don't forget that the March meeting is an Extraordinary General Meeting. It's to do with discussing proposals regarding Rule 17 to the Club Constitution. Hopefully your band of Committee men (who win a lot of raffle prizes with their free tickets!) will have sorted out a few (sensible?) proposals to put to you.

This month there is a table for Designated Leader Rideouts. These are planned to happen once per month and volunteers are needed to fill the gaps. Currently there are only 2 slots left – so get in quick!

Committee Meeting.

Wednesday 2 March

Extraordinary General meeting

Wednesday 9 March

Forthcoming Events (latest additions in Bold). Let me know of any event you would like to be publicised.

Mar 12	Scottish Bike Show. Names to Norman Simpson/Allan Coverdale please.
Apr 3, 2011	Help for Heroes Rideout (part of a bmf promotion)
May 14/15	bmf East of England Show, Peterborough Showground
Jun 11/12	bmf GEMS CANCELLED
Jun 25/26	National Rally
Aug 11 to 14	Bulldog Bash, Shakespeare County Raceway, Long Marston Airfield
Jul 9/10	bmf KELSO Bikefest
Jul 10	Ridewell at Preston Park. Featuring the Swan Factory BSB team
Sep 10/11	Tail End Rally, Newark Showground
Nov 19 to 27	Motorcycle Live, NEC Birmingham. The UK's premier two-wheel exhibition.

The Club Website. Visit the Club Website at 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. Check out via the Guestbook when you have finished your comments.

The BMF. The Yarm Motorcycling Club is affiliated to the BMF. For details of the BMF go to www.bmf.co.uk



Here is our intrepid Peter Venis with his converted R850R. The modification was completed locally, and a nice job it is too. Well done Peter. Determined as ever to keep on riding!

DESIGNATED LEADER RIDEOUTS 2011		
DATE	LEADER	COMMENTS
May 15	B Burke	Westerdale/ Dale Head Farm Café near Rosedale /Helmsley, Stokesley, Home
June 12	A Coverdale	
July 17	N Simpson	
August 14		
September 18	B Taylor	
October 16		

THE LIMA TO BUENOS AIRES RIDE

Thursday 7th October - Puno to La Paz: 269 miles - Bolivian Bank Robbers.

Our early start saw us pushing Andy's bike out of the hotel courtyard and then down one of the narrow streets trying to bump start it. After what seemed like half a mile it coughed into life and spluttered down the road and out of sight. Max and myself were gasping with the effort, fortunately both our bikes started with no problem. A simple pre-start tip is to twist the throttle to the stop a couple of times before pulling in the clutch and hitting the start. We rode out of Puno on decent quality black-top. Took a photo stop at the end of Lake Titicaca with the distant snow peaked mountains looking particularly impressive.

We were passing a local walled market with Andy in the lead, when a local lady ran out in front of him and was 'winged' by Andy's handlebar. Fortunately Andy managed to keep his bike shiny-side up but lady was spun off her feet, her fall cushioned by the many layers of skirt she was wearing. She was quickly

back on her feet and obviously stirred but not badly shaken. I radioed to Andy to keep moving as the crowd were obviously out for vengeance. A minibus was deliberately aimed at Max, the driver was intent on blocking his exit but Max managed to skirt around him as a stone whizzed past his head. I sailed around the outside relatively unscathed.

As we approached the border we missed the sign and continued on towards the coast on some great mountain roads. Stopped after about 50 miles of fast sweeping bends on virtually deserted roads and agreed that we should go back and maybe find the border!

We were expecting one 'small' problem and maybe one big problem – had the crowd phoned ahead to report the accident? Our luck was in and they hadn't. Our small problem was that we had left the bikes in Peru longer than the permitted 6 months. As with all South American petty officialdom, money talks. Andy managed to negotiate a 'special' 400 dollars per bike sweetener and the clearance papers magically appeared! Whilst Andy was fixing with Max as his minder, I looked after the bikes.

Saw a steady stream of 3-wheel bicycles being hauled uphill into Bolivia each carrying three large sacks of potatoes. The bikes can be adapted to either carry passengers or as in this case, cargo. The downhill return journey was considerably easier and once or twice developed into a race between competing riders. Our Titicaca boat guide reckons there are over 3,000 types of potato in Peru don't know the type they were carrying but it looked like one would easily fill a chip pan!



Taking the lessons learned at our previous border crossings we decided to bypass the cambios and go into town and find a bank to change money. We had a short wait while the power to the street was restored and the tills could be powered up then changed our money only to later find out that the banks are encouraged to set their own exchange rates. We were well and truly officially ripped off! Andy was fuming and was going to write a letter!!

We rode past some large trucks which were being loaded with potatoes courtesy of our Peruvian cyclists, filled up with the local low octane fuel and headed off for La Paz.

The road was in reasonable condition and we were soon picking our way through the outskirts of the city. We thought we had reached the city but on passing through a peage the city revealed itself below us cradled between the mountains. We headed off down the winding main access road and into the city centre where an accommodating pick-up driver led us to our hotel. We checked in and found our rooms to be massive 2/3 bed set ups complete with kitchens. We showered and headed off for a look-see and found an Irish Bar. All a bit sad I know but it was open. After one or two beers we needed food and left the bar and found a pizza joint called Mungo's and topped up on calories. I'm all for sampling the local cuisine but when you are hungry, a pizza certainly hits the spot!

Friday 8th October – La Paz to Potosi: 334 miles – Lake Poopo, are you kidding me?

Our customary early start was not early enough and we were caught in the early morning traffic. It was overcast and light rain saw us wearing our waterproofs. Had a moment with a black car whose driver had decided that he wanted to overtake, he literally forced me across the road and onto the hard shoulder before speeding off to join the slow moving train of traffic directly ahead of us. We were soon in the outskirts where an unfortunate choice of lane saw us entrained in a queue of minibuses picking up passengers. A line of cones meant there was no escape for 10 – 15 minutes. It certainly proved to be one of the more interesting city exits.

The road passed by Lake Poopo, my theory is that the Spanish Conquistadors allowed their children to name the lakes hence lakes Titicaca and Poopo. Lake Poopo is flanked by massive salt flats so we never

got to see the lake itself. We stopped for pollo sopa, complete with black potatoes, in a place called Chapalata and headed off into the mountains. The poverty is endemic, the sh*t brick houses in Peru are decidedly up-market compared to their Bolivian counterparts. The mountains and gorges are stunning, certainly amongst the most impressive we had seen but there was no escaping the poverty of the locals who are amongst the poorest we have encountered on our travels.

We eventually reached Potosi and found a very average hotel, the Claudia, had a couple of warm beers before walking through the city centre to the El Fugon which we were assured was the 'best' restaurant in town for a fairly unremarkable meal and some tepid beer served by some nondescript waiter. The town was lively enough but one night would be more than ample!

Next month - Potosi to Abra Pampa: 257 miles 12,000ft – The Swiss Cowboy.

Regards, Geoff Sadler

**FOR SALE Triumph Trophy 1200 – 93 L Reg. Metallic Red, 44,600 miles
T&T to May. Many touring accessories
Present owner for 11yrs, very well maintained, Excellent original condition
£1800ono. Call Ian on 07713490317**

Need Help with Your Computer. Quick, efficient service at very competitive prices assured. Contact Steve on 07765881062. Alternatively you can email Steve at swatts@ntlworld.com



FOR SALE: Kawasaki VN 900 Classic. Bike is 8 months old with only 435 mileage. Fitted with sissy bar. Bike has been garaged since new.
Price £4500. Please Contact Sara at: sara_vodka@yahoo.com

Driving Licences Change - 2013. Did you know that the 3rd Directive on Driving Licences will come into effect in January 2013? This Directive ensures that the UK meets new European requirements on driver testing, training, examination and licensing. The main changes for us as bikers are: The current two categories of motorbike will be replaced with three – A1 (up to 125cc);

A2 (up to 35Kw) and A (above 35Kw). Riders wishing to ride larger categories of motorbikes will have to take a further test, and for those wishing to start riding larger bikes without previous experience must be aged 24 or over (increased from 21). You can get more information at www.direct.gov.uk/motoring



A Harley Soft tail style bike. It cost a about £17K to build but would accept £10K. It's done less than 400 miles in 3 years which is the main reason I am selling it.

Some Specs:

21" X 90 spoked front wheel and 18" X 200 spoked rear wheel
110" chromed Revtech engine. This means approx 115 BHP and 120 ft/lbs of torque!!!
6 speed chromed Revtech gearbox
3" BDL open primary with outboard bearing support kit. GMA polished aluminium front brake and clutch assemblies and micro switchgear.

Polished aluminium forward controls. Dakota digital speedometer. Supertrapp tuneable exhausts. Custom paintwork..... The list goes on.

Contact, mark.colley22@ntlworld.com

CLIVE'S STORY- FROM DREAM TO NIGHTMARE

Part 8 – Love and the Wrong Type of Patina

The meal with Maria was going really well although Clive had to explain that Maria didn't have to help wash up at the end. She wanted to eat the rice with her fingers but Clive explained that it would be better to use a fork or spoon. It wasn't made any easier by the fact that Granville Lancaster was eating, on his own, at a nearby table. Fortunately he seemed to be ignoring them.

The West Bumpstead Bistro, run by 'ex London Chef' Gordon Blue, turned out a fair meal at a good price but with 100 pesos to the pound it cost a fortune in Maria's eyes. She couldn't believe that anyone would spend that amount of money on her. Clive on the other hand struggled with the fact that every time someone came in Maria wanted to give them her chair and even offered to share the table with a scruffy guy selling flowers.

Just at that moment Gordon Blue, the Chef, swept out of the kitchen, "Hallo Darlings" he exuded as he descended on Clive and Maria wafting 'Eau de Femme' all over them. "Hi Gordon" said Clive who was used to Gordon's camp style. "And who is this beautiful little creature you have introduced to my restaurant this evening" said Gordon. "Err, this is Maria" said Clive wishing Gordon would keep his voice down a bit. "Does this mean I'm out of the picture darling" said Gordon mischievously, playing to the crowd.

At this moment Maria spoke up and said "Oh no Meester Gordon, Meester Clive and I are just friends so please don't be jealous". "Err no", said Clive to Maria, "you don't understand, he's joking". "It may be a joke to you darling but Chef's have feelings too you know" said Gordon and with that, hamming it up brilliantly, he swept back into the kitchen.

Maria turned to Clive and with a softness and understanding in her eyes said "Meester Clive it's OK many boys where I come from are gay". "I'M NOT GAY" said Clive, suddenly becoming aware that the whole restaurant was listening to their conversation. "Den why you have no girlfriend, wife or children" said

Maria innocently. Most guys Clive's age were married with six or seven children in the Philippines, even some of the gay ones.

"I just haven't found the right girl" said Clive, feeling he was losing it all in a big way. "You seem to be doing alright now" said Granville loudly from his nearby table. Clive knew this was the time to ask for the bill and bail out. Maria on the other hand was having a tremendous flash of insight into the situation. "So" she said, "I de only girl you ask out for a long time". "Yes" said Clive feeling about as inadequate as a mouse at a cats' reunion.

Then to his surprise he found Maria clinging to his arm whispering "I have been waiting for de right person too Meester Clive and I tink dat I have found heem". Clive didn't remember much about the journey back to Banger's house as Maria was wrapped round him for most of the way.

The French trip was approaching again and things were getting busy at the club. Granville had decided to go on his 1933 BSA Plonker although it needed some serious work. He had visited Sandy Kitchen's place for some mudguards. Sandy was quite pleased as he had a couple in stock of exactly the right type. "Here you are Granny" he said, "twenty quid each, that's not too spiteful is it". "They're no good said" Granville huffily. "What's wrong with them" said a puzzled Sandy. "Well for a start" scoffed Granville "they look almost new"! Granville as usual was looking for his beloved patina.

For a while Sandy was perplexed at how to get Granville interested and then in a flash inspiration smeared the mudguards with mud and left them out in the rain for a week behind his workshop. On Granville's next visit he put the dirty, rusty specimens in front of him and said "It took me a lot of work to find these for you Granny so don't tell me there is anything wrong with them now". "The patina's still not right" said Granville in the superior tone he used at club talks. "Well, what's wrong with it" said Sandy. "It's too dark" said Granville "and there's some paint showing through on the front mudguard. "You could always use a bit of chalk to get the effect you want" said Sandy patiently. Granville brightened up at this but added "I'm not giving you more than twenty five quid each for them though". "That'll be fine" said Sandy with a knowing smile, relishing the warm feeling of another profitable sale.

Clive wasn't sure whether he wanted to go on the French trip. In earlier years he had been a major player especially as he spoke a bit of French. Now, however he felt he would not really enjoy it if he had to leave Maria behind. Her visa was only for the UK and not valid for France. He had enquired at the French Embassy but it seemed the only way she could get a visa was if her 'employer' took her along.

The Cosmos must have been listening because suddenly Banger appeared at the club announcing his 'comeback'. At the MBCMC club night Banger leant on his pint and told rueful tales about the last days of Heath Robinson Classics and his struggle to get Bill Robinson up to speed on the restoration work. Few took him seriously though, especially those who had given him any work. They were all going to Bill now, anyway.

"Can I buy you a pint Banger" said Clive. "You sure can" said Banger "especially as I built you the bike of a lifetime, how is it going". "Fine just fine" said Clive "Can I ask you a favour"? "What is it" said Banger "not more free work on your Arton"? "No, no" said Clive "I err, just want you to sign something". "It's a document from the French Embassy saying you don't have any objection to Maria coming on the French trip". "I haven't got my glasses" said Banger, "but don't think I haven't noticed your 'little thing' with our maid". "We get along quite well" said Clive trying to play it all down a bit. "Quite well"? queried Banger ""That's the understatement of the year, 'er indoors thinks you're made for each other but then, she's a poor judge of character". "It's OK if you don't want to sign it Banger" said Clive "Give me the bloody thing said Banger signing it with a flourish as his second pint arrived. "We can't stand in the path of true love can we" he said sarcastically.

Clive almost danced down the road to his bike and hummed 'We shall overcome' all the way home to call Maria and tell her the news.

Next month: France for Beginners

THE END GAME. A drunk staggers into a Catholic Church, enters a confessional booth, sits down, but says nothing. The Priest coughs a few times to get his attention, but the drunk continues to sit there. Finally, the Priest pounds three times on the wall. The drunk mumbles, "Ain't no use knockin, there's no paper on this side either."

A pirate walked into a bar. The bartender said, "Hey, I haven't seen you in a while. What happened? You look terrible." "What do you mean?" said the pirate, "I feel fine."

"What about the wooden leg? You didn't have that before." "Well, we were in a battle and I got hit with a cannon ball, but I'm fine now."

"Well, ok, but what about that hook? What happened to your hand?" "We were in another battle. I boarded a ship and got into a sword fight. My hand was cut off. I got fitted with a hook. I'm fine really."

"What about that eye patch?"

"Oh, one day we were at sea and a flock of birds flew over. I looked up and one of them shit in my eye."

"You're kidding," said the bartender, "you couldn't lose an eye just from some bird shit."

"It was my first day with the hook."

HOW TO START A FIGHT One year, I decided to buy my mother-in-law a cemetery plot as a Christmas gift. The next year, I didn't buy her a gift. When she asked me why, I replied, "Well, you still haven't used the gift I bought you last year!" And that's how the fight started.....

My wife and I were watching Who Wants To Be A Millionaire while we were in bed. I turned to her and said, 'Do you want to have Sex?' 'No,' she answered. I then said, 'Is that your final answer?' She didn't even look at me this time, simply saying, 'Yes.' So I said, "Then I'd like to phone a friend." And that's when the fight started...

My wife and I were sitting at a table at her high school reunion, and she kept staring at a drunken man swigging his drink as he sat alone at a nearby table. I asked her, "Do you know him?" "Yes", she sighed, "He's my old boyfriend.... I understand he took to drinking right after we split up those many years ago, and I hear he hasn't been sober since." "My God!" I said, "Who would think a person could go on celebrating that long?" And then the fight started...

My wife sat down next to me as I was flipping channels. She asked, "What's on TV?" I said, "Dust."

And then the fight started.

Saturday morning I got up early, quietly dressed, made my lunch, and slipped quietly into the garage. I hooked up the boat up to the van, and proceeded to back out into a torrential downpour. The wind was blowing 50 mph, so I pulled back into the garage, turned on the radio, and discovered that the weather would be bad all day. I went back into the house, quietly undressed, and slipped back into bed.. I cuddled up to my wife's back, now with a different anticipation, and whispered, "The weather out there is terrible." My loving wife of 5 years replied, "And, can you believe my stupid husband is out fishing in that?" And that's how the fight started.

My wife was hinting about what she wanted for our upcoming anniversary. She said, "I want something shiny that goes from 0 to 150 in about 3 seconds." I bought her a bathroom scale. And then the fight started.

My wife was standing nude, looking in the bedroom mirror. She was not happy with what she saw and said to me, "I feel horrible; I look old, fat and ugly. I really need you to pay me a compliment." I replied, "Your eyesight's damn near perfect." And then the fight started.....

What is Celibacy? Celibacy can be a choice in life, or a condition imposed by circumstances.

While attending a Marriage Weekend, Frank and his wife Ann listened to the instructor declare, "It is essential that husbands and wives know the things that are important to each other."

He then addressed the men. "Can you name and describe your wife's favorite flower?"

Frank leaned over, touched Ann's arm gently, and whispered, "Homepride, isn't it?"

And thus began Frank's life of celibacy...

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'.

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). Mobile 07517 605614.