



bmf

Cleveland Bay, Yarm. Second Wednesday of the month

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

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CLUB NEWSLETTER APRIL 2011

As I start to write this on a Friday afternoon the sun is shining in a cloudless sky and the daffodils are threatening to burst into bloom. Why am I not on the bike! Well, sometimes one just has to put up with that thing called 'duty' and get on with things that you've promised to do. Anyway, there is always tomorrow – perhaps it will be just as nice?

For some though things have not been nice, and I am sure you will all join me in expressing your deepest sympathy for the people of Japan. It will be many years before things can get back to normal, if they ever will. To lose thousands of people in a tsunami, when the vast majority had just survived the largest earthquake to hit the island, is just too horrific to think about. It is a bitter blow to a nation so technically advanced; just goes to show that nature can be so cruel and so powerful.

Committee Meeting
Club Night

Wednesday 4 May
Wednesday 13 April

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

Apr 3, 2011	Help for Heroes Rideout (part of a bmf promotion)
May 2 to 7	Scottish 6-Day Trial
May 14/15	bmf East of England Show, Peterborough Showground
May 17 to 21	NW 200
May 30 to Jun 10	IOM TT
Jun 11/12	bmf GEMS CANCELLED
Jun 17 to 19	Farmyard Party
Jun 19	Barnsley Bike Fest
Jun 25/26	National Rally
Jul 1 to 3	Goodwood Festival of Speed
Jul 3	Olivers Mount Race Festiva
Jul 8 to 10	VMCC Festival of Speed, Mallory Park
Jul 9/10	bmf KELSO Bikefest
Jul 10	Ridewell at Preston Park. Featuring the Swan Factory BSB team
Jul 20/21	Olivers Mount Hill Climb
Jul 23/24	Olivers Mount Races
Jul 29/30	Armoy Races, Ireland
Aug 5/6	Mid Antrim Road Race, Ireland
Aug 5 to 7	Yorkshire Pudding Rally
Aug 10 to 13	Ulster Grand Prix

Aug 11 to 14 Bulldog Bash, Shakespeare County Raceway, Long Marston Airfield
 Sep 10/11 Tail End Rally, Newark Showground
Oct 7 to 9 **Weston Beach Races, Weston-Super-Mare – well, near there!**
 Nov 19 to 27 Motorcycle Live, NEC Birmingham. The UKs 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's Club member Chris Robinson on her new Suzuki VN800. Who thinks girls need little bikes? Let's hope the weather starts to really pick up now so that you can get that baby run in and outrun Tony on the high street drag-race! (Just fill Tony up with pudding)

Table of Designated-Leader Rideouts. Just one slot left, so don't be shy. There may be some swapping of the order as various holidays etc are being planned.

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

Phone Experiment Goes Bang. I thought it would be a good idea to try a 'phone mount' on the bike, using the type that sticks to a car windscreen. For this experiment I just 'suckered' it over the rev counter. The bit that grips the phone is just squeezed together and hey presto, with Google Maps and WiFi on the go, it could be a useful gizmo and a cheap SatNav. I rode around with just the mount minus phone, and had no problems, even at silly speeds. So, on goes the phone and I whizz out of the village. Just as I accelerate at the national speed limit signs the phone flies off! I see it explode into several pieces on the road, and then see cars

coming round the corner! As luck would have it, none of the cars ran over any of the parts and I managed to re-assemble the thing when I got home. The phone has plenty of scars on it now, and it all works apart from the earpiece, which I hope to get fixed soon. Oh well, another idea gone down the drain. Think I'll just stick to paper maps, which I have always liked anyway, even when having all kinds of gizmos in the aeroplane to help navigate. At least with a map you can swat flies/pilots, make silly noises, feed a fire, mop up spills and wipe your bottom – try that with a SatNav.

THE LIMA TO BUENOS AIRES RIDE

Saturday 9th October – Potosi to Abra Pampa: 257 miles 12,000ft – The Swiss Cowboy.

The road down to the border looked easy enough on the map so we decided to have an extra hour in bed and take breakfast. We were on the road for 07.15 and picked our way around town without the help of signposts and onto the road heading for the border and Argentina. The first hour or so was completed on decent enough road but once again we either missed or there wasn't a sign post and we ended up on a dirt road that paralleled the main road, separated by a ridge of mountains. We stopped in a small village after 30 miles of gravel, ruts and dust to take stock. The locals reckoned that the road improved and there were tarmac sections between the roadworks.



The group decision was to press on. It proved to be an interesting 5 hour excursion. We encountered just about every road surface imaginable from newly laid sections of tarmac and concrete to sand with the consistency of talcum powder, slippery wet mud, gravel, rocks and three river crossings of indeterminate depth. My rear mudguard was hit by a rock and sheared off. The previous time this had happened to me was in Siberia on a 'graded' road of rocks the size of tennis balls. So I guess you can say it was a little rough! I seemed to be leading every time we came upon a river crossing, my request 'give me chance to get across and I'll take a photo' was duly ignored – who wants to be photographed picking up their drowned bike?

We rode through and around many villages, pitying the villages without a desvio as the dust was choking. The dust clouds made overtaking a lottery as the lead rider could not see if there was anything coming in the other direction or indeed if there was enough road for the overtake. All in all an interesting little side trip and providing a lasting memory of Bolivia. Don't think I'd place Bolivia at the top of my favourite places to visit list.

We arrived at the Argentinean border crossing mid afternoon. The formalities were completed quickly enough apart from insurance for the bikes. This resulted in Andy taking a taxi and heading into town to hunt down an insurance broker. Fortunately I still had Pesos from my Buenos Aries overnight stop and enough dollars to take cambios out of the equation but it was late afternoon before we were back on the road again. I had Spanglished with a couple of Argentinean bikers who had told me that there was a good hotel in town but the next hotel was about 120 miles away. The local hotel was full so we cranked up the bikes once more for a 120 mile blast! We were still at over 11,000 feet so it does get cold when the sun goes down. The hand warmers were cranked up and we tucked ourselves behind our screens and wound up the throttles. The roads were excellent in comparison to Bolivia and the general standard of living looked to be much higher.

The sun had disappeared behind the mountains as we entered a small town called Abra Pampa, we still had 50 or so miles to the hotel but Andy saw 'Hotel' sign and we decided to see if they had any rooms available. It was called the Swiss Rincon and was ran by a Swiss guy called Walter and his Argentinean partner Arsenio. A loose translation of Rincon is cowboy or pertaining to cowboy. It was a good find as we were all cold and a little battered after our earlier off-road excursions. Walter opened up the function room to let us park the bikes and we soon showered and were drinking beer and tucking into pollo and chips. We each had a room with two beds and a bathroom and the total bill for the three of us including dinner, drinks and breakfast was 100 dollars. Welcome to Argentina!

Sunday 10th October – Abra Pampa to Cafayate: 320 miles – Scotland Forever.

On the road bright and early with Walter waving a fond farewell and within a few miles we were into some seriously good twisties. We were all thankful that we hadn't encountered them last night when tired and in the dark. It would have been a different proposition than the opportunity to play that presented itself in the bright morning sunshine. The road surface was fair to good with the odd patch of scabbing to keep it honest. I hit a raised tarmac repair which caused the back-end to step out and shortly afterwards saw Max have a similar waker!

We had lunch in a place called Salta sitting in a pavement café watching the world go by. The large town square was tree lined and surrounded by other cafés and hotels and providing a entertaining respite from the riding. We did debate whether we should spend the rest of the afternoon here or crack-on, we cracked-on! The ride out of town was in a Whacky Races convey of locals out to prove their macho-ness to the gringo bikers. It is worthy of note that it was in Salta that I realised that telling the locals that I was English was not perhaps the best policy, certainly some of the reactions were non too friendly. Obviously the Falklands / Malvinas was still an issue so to save any unpleasantness I declared myself Scottish. Andy had always been well received wherever we had been so swearing temporary allegiance to the Saltire seemed the easiest solution. Indeed, I was only Scotch for a few hours before realised how much I hated the English and resolved to get a thistle tattooed on my left buttock: Braveheart, kilts and all!



The scenery was never less than superb and was crowned by a ride through the Valley de Lema. We went into tourist mode with lots of stops for photos. We were now firmly in one of the major Argentinean wine growing regions riding through mile after mile of vineyards. We reached our destination for the evening a town called Cafayate and were pleased to see it had a similar layout to Salta. We quickly found a hotel and were soon out to sample the area's finest offerings. We found a suitable establishment, a wine bar and ordered a decent bottle of red. I'm pleased to report that it was very good, so we had another. We exchanged pleasantries with a young Dutch couple and ate some tasty finger food. We had a look around a few of the many shops, some of them were quite arty-farty and bought some fridge magnets. We then decided we needed

something more substantial than finger food and found a meat restaurant complete with a lonesome cowboy singer that dished out mega servings of meat. We thought it was late to be eating but 10.30 is quite early for the locals. We ate more than our fill and shared the grizzle and fat with a couple of local dogs. Of course once we were in bed with the meat sweats and feeling like beached whales we regretted it but us Scotch are a hardy bunch and taking one for the Auld Country was worth it!

Regards, Geoff Sadler

Driving Licences Change – Something Positive for 2013. The 3rd Directive on Driving Licences will come into effect in January 2013. As well as some negative effects mentioned last month, there is some good news. The BHP limit is to go up from 33 to 47, to be in line with the rest of Europe. This will put many more bikes on the wish/shopping list. You can get more information at www.direct.gov.uk/motoring

Norton Factory Visit – Report by Norman Simpson. Eight of us travelled to Donington in two cars: Brian Taylor's and mine. The eight comprised 5 club members and 3 others, most with an engineering background. We arrived at around 1100 and went for a coffee in the nearby cafe until called for by Chris Walker. We were given a talk by Chris on Nortons' plans for the future. These plans included a 'pop' at Moto GP in the near future and a bike with a V-4 engine. We were also treated to a potted history of Chris

Walker's prior experiences as a Mechanic, later a Salesman, followed by a career in racing and finally, as the Sales Manager at Norton.

We had an extensive tour around the factory; starting with the stores department and an insight into the method of part identification. After that we went to the engine assembly area and were shown the engine build up and the major components in detail. The next building housed the automatic machine tools (Hardinge CNC) which were in the process of machining top yokes. The original three Norton Commandos which Stuart Garner bought with the Norton name were in the same building and by viewing these it becomes apparent what progress the new factory has made in a short space of time. What was very creditable was the amount of detail and inside knowledge Chris Walker had to hand. Chris is obviously devoted to the brand and couldn't have been more helpful. The tour lasted about two hours after which we departed and headed for the Wetherby Whaler (funny enough - in Wetherby) where we all had Fish and Chips. They were first class! We then headed home, getting in around 5pm. Should any other members wish to visit the factory let me know as it can be arranged. A super day out. Regards Norman Simpson.



Pictures Courtesy of
John and Dot Angus

FOR SALE

TRIUMPH BONNEVILLE SE 2010, BLUE/WHITE £5,500 ONO

537 dry miles, fitted with alarm/immobiliser, longhaul screen, centre stand, rack, heated grips, (knee grips, fork gaitors & hand guards) added after photo taken.

Garaged, balance of Triumph warranty.

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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

CLIVE'S STORY- FROM DREAM TO NIGHTMARE

Part 9 – France for Beginners

A light drizzle was falling as the MBCMC members gathered at Bluehaven Ferry Terminal, getting ready to check in for the trip to Dieppe. Maria shivered on the back of Clive's Arton. He had advised her to wear something warm under her leathers but there hadn't been much space as they were virtually skin tight to start with. "Why ees eet so coold and wet Clive?" said Maria through chattering teeth. "Because it's summer" said Clive and Maria sat silently puzzling Clive's reply.

Clive had finally persuaded Maria to drop the 'Meester' from her normal way of addressing him. "It will be warmer in France" added Clive trying to raise morale. Maria gave him an affectionate squeeze as the French trip was one of the most exciting things she had done in her life.

All the regulars had turned out for the trip this year including Sandy and Sal Kitchen on a nice Triumph Bonneville and Granville Lancaster on his BSA Plonker. Big Jerry Barrel sat on his diminutive Matchless explaining his new 'slimming' diet of Mars bars and crisps to Banger Heath who was on an old Panther that kept stopping and having to be bump started by other members of the club. "I tuned it myself" Banger had proclaimed proudly.

Over by the terminal office Alfie Meades sat astride his Velocette trying to light a cigarette in the rain as his bike quietly dripped oil on the tarmac. At the head of the queue Jim Hammock the MBCMC Chairman was checking a list of members and trying to work out who was missing. At that moment Dick Downham arrived with his partner Dippa on a beautiful Norton Commando.

Dick was a non-conformist and liked to be late as it made life more interesting. He ran the Joker Precision Engineering Company in North Slade where he set very high standards for motorcycle engineering which, strangely enough, never seemed to extend to the vans he drove. In his view most classic bike owners knew very little about their bikes so he never took much notice of what they asked to be done. This freed him to do a top class job meeting his own very high engineering standards. There was a downside to this in that some owners didn't recognise their bikes when they came to pick them up but in Dick's view most of them just couldn't appreciate quality work.

Dippa was one of those rare girls with a big heart and an abundance of sympathy for her fellow human beings. She was the only one in the club who could look genuinely concerned when Jerry was explaining his diet.

Bringing up the rear of the queue were Lyle and Lynn Flood-Gates, stalwarts of the club committee. Lyle ran a live-in car repair business in West Bumpstead whilst Lynn's navigating skills were legendary. As she explained to everyone, you learned more from getting it wrong than getting it right and Lyle would nod his head in passive agreement. He felt their learning from new routes had been peaking out of late. Lynn was undeterred by this male cynicism and relished the thought of navigating through northern France. Lyle had brought an English-Spanish dictionary to allow for Lynn's navigational learning curve.

The rain seemed to have stopped at last and they filed onto the ferry. Jerry Barrel boarded first and Clive could have sworn he saw the front of the ferry dip slightly as the Matchless mounted the boarding ramp. Maria helped Clive strap the Arton down securely on the car deck although the weather forecast was for a fairly smooth crossing. Up in the bar Sandy and Sal were taking their sea sickness pills. They knew what the crossing could be like if the wind got up.

By the time Clive and Maria arrived in the bar on the ferry, appropriately named '*Pride of Bluehaven*', Alfie Meades was on his third pint. "Wanna drink Clive" he slurped. "Just a half" responded Clive "and an orange juice for Maria". "No problem" opined Alfie "as long as she sits on my lap and asks me herself". "Here we go" thought Clive who was no stranger to Alfie's chat up lines.

Alfie prided himself on his down to earth 'hands-on' approach to women. "It's what they want" he would argue but few women shared his point of view. In reality Alfie's overwhelming sex appeal existed only in his own mind. Under this façade, though he was a generous character with a never failing optimism about life and the ability to communicate that to others. Secretly Clive quite liked him and knew he would keep people laughing by the sheer fact that he didn't care what anyone else thought. If you were in trouble Alfie was usually there for you.

Maria had warmed up and her leathers had dried out, helped by two vodka and orange juices from Alfie. "You just can't stop this guy" thought Clive who knew he needed to stay sober for the run to Therouldeville. Maria cuddled up to him as she dozed during the four hour journey. At the other end of the bar Banger was telling his 'death of a business' story to anyone who would listen.

Dick and Dippa were looking at the papers and discussing politics. Dick was sure that under English Law it should still be possible to execute Tony Blair for what he had done to the country. Dippa was suggesting tactfully that voting Conservative might be a more appropriate response to Tony's poor performance.

Jim Hammock, clutching a pint of beer and sitting with a few of the older members, was laying out his vision for the club if re-elected as chairman. In a radical change from normal club activities he wanted to encourage more members to actually ride their bikes on club runs. This view was greeted with some scepticism by his audience. Some members felt that many would not see any benefit in it as it would get their bikes dirty.

Jerry Barrel had vanished into the restaurant and ordered in strict compliance with his diet. After a mega farmhouse breakfast with extra toast topped up with Mars bars and crisps he felt ready for the one hour ride to Therouldeville.

Granville was nowhere to be seen as he was doing a 'hot swap' on his dynamo. Hot because it had almost seized and limited his bike to 40 mph. In reality he had not had anything to swap it with and had to chip through quite a lot of hardened mud to find it. With all the paint and shiny metal it had revealed Granville thought it looked awful but hoped for some muddy lanes when they arrived in France.

Lyle and Lynn had offered assistance but when Lyle had inadvertently used the words 'basket case' Granville had become sulky and said he wanted to work alone.

The sun finally came out and the French coast came into view. It promised to be a great classic biking weekend.

Next Month Therouldeville Revisited (never published)

THE END GAME. A father walks into a restaurant with his young son. He gives the young boy 3 pound coins to play with to keep him occupied. Suddenly, the boy starts choking, going blue in the face. The father realises the boy has swallowed the coins and starts slapping him on the back. The boy coughs up 2 of the coins, but keeps choking. Looking at his son, the father is panicking, shouting for help. A well dressed, attractive and serious looking woman in a blue business suit is sitting at the coffee bar reading a newspaper and sipping a cup of coffee. At the sound of the commotion, she looks up, puts her coffee cup down, neatly folds the newspaper and places it on the counter, gets up from her seat and makes her way, unhurried, across the restaurant. Reaching the boy, the woman carefully drops his pants, takes hold of the boy's testicles and starts to squeeze and twist, gently at first and then ever so firmly. After a few seconds the boy convulses violently and coughs up the last coin, which the woman deftly catches in her free hand. Releasing the boy's testicles, the woman hands the pound coin to the father and walks back to her seat at the coffee bar without saying a word. As soon as he is sure that his son has suffered no ill effects, the father rushes over to the woman and starts thanking her saying, "I've never seen anybody do anything like that before, it was fantastic. Are you a doctor?" "No", the woman replied. "I'm with the Inland Revenue"

A woman walks into a benefits office, trailed by 15 kids... 'WOW,' the social worker exclaims, 'Are they ALL yours? 'Yeah they are all mine,' the flustered mother sighs, having heard that question a thousand times before. She says, 'Sit down Terry.' All the children rush to find seats. 'Well,' says the social worker, 'then you must be here to sign up. I'll need all your children's names.' 'This one's my oldest - he is Terry.' 'OK, and who's next?' 'Well, this one he is Terry, also.' The social worker raises an eyebrow but continues. One by one, through the oldest four, all boys, all named Terry. Then she is introduced to the eldest girl, named Terri. 'All right,' says the caseworker. 'I'm seeing a pattern here. Are they ALL named Terri?' Their Mother replied, 'Well, yes-it makes it easier. When it is time to get them out of bed and ready for school, I yell, 'Terry!' An' when it's time for dinner, I just yell 'Terry!' an' they all come runnin.' An' if I need to stop the kid who's running into the street, I just yell 'Terry' and all of them stop. It's the smartest idea I ever had, namin' them all Terry.' The social worker thinks this over for a bit, then wrinkles her forehead and says tentatively, 'But what if you just want ONE kid to come, and not the whole bunch?' 'I call them by their surnames!'

Sally was driving home from one of her business trips in Northern Arizona when she saw an elderly Navajo woman walking on the side of the road. As the trip was a long and quiet one, she stopped the car and asked the Navajo woman if she would like a lift. With a silent nod of thanks, the woman got into the car. Resuming the journey, Sally tried in vain to make a bit of small talk with the Navajo woman. The old woman just sat silently, looking intently at everything she saw, studying every little detail, until she noticed a brown bag on the seat next to Sally. 'What in bag?' asked the old woman. Sally looked down at the brown bag and said, 'It's a bottle of wine. I got it for my husband.' The Navajo woman was silent for another moment or two. Then speaking with the quiet wisdom of an elder, she said: 'Good trade.....'

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.