



## *BETWEEN THE LANES...*

*August 2015*



**WE LIVE IN A  
SOCIETY WHERE  
PIZZA GETS TO  
YOUR HOUSE  
BEFORE THE  
POLICE.**

### *INSIDE THIS ISSUE...*

<i>Notices</i>	<i>Page 2</i>
<i>Events Calendar</i>	<i>Pages 3 - 4</i>
<i>Black Ice</i>	<i>Pages 5 - 8</i>
<i>The Ride to Tigers Milk</i>	<i>Pages 8 - 9</i>
<i>LOL</i>	<i>Page 10</i>

**PRETENDING TO BE  
A MATURE ADULT IS  
SO EXHAUSTING.**

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**CLUB NOTICES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS**

The next meeting and social will be held at **The River Club** on **Wednesday, 2<sup>nd</sup> September 2015** at **7.00pm** for **7.30pm** start.

**BREAKFAST RUN - 16<sup>th</sup> August 2015**



*HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU...*



**BIRTHDAYS:**

Andre Pieterse – 21<sup>st</sup> August  
Michele Pepler – 5<sup>th</sup> September  
Ray Andrews – 17<sup>th</sup> September

**Husband buys his son an iPad, daughter an iPod, himself an iPhone and his wife an iron. She wasn't impressed even after he explained it can be integrated with the iWASH, iCOOK and iCLEAN network. This triggered the iNAG service, which totally wiped out the iSHAG function.**

## EVENTS CALENDAR

2<sup>nd</sup> to 4<sup>th</sup> October 2015

### SPRINGBOK RALLY

Venue: De Hoek Mountain Resort, Oudtshoorn. Entry fee to be advised. Food and trade stalls, lots of prizes, music, cheap cash bar, entertainment. Hosted by NOMADS.

Contact details: Nomads @ 082 559 7729  
or [www.nomads.org.za](http://www.nomads.org.za)



18<sup>th</sup> October 2015

A rectangular poster for the 'Bikers &amp; Bandanas' event. At the top, it reads 'The Sunflower Fund in association with M.O.T.H Motorcycle Association &amp; Killarney International Raceway'. Below this are logos for 'KILLARNEY INTERNATIONAL RACEWAY' and 'The Sunflower Fund'. The main title 'Bikers &amp; Bandanas' is written in a large, stylized script font. Below the title, it says 'Killarney International Raceway', 'Gates open: 08h00', and 'Mass ride starts at 10h00'. In the center is a detailed illustration of a motorcycle. To the left of the motorcycle, it says 'Sunday 18 October 2015'. To the right, it says 'Donation R 50 per person' and 'Includes metal badge!'. At the bottom, there is a small line of text: 'For further information contact Adi/ Rasheda 021 701 0661 or events@sunflowerfund.org.za'. The poster is decorated with small sunflower icons in the corners.

6<sup>th</sup> to 8<sup>th</sup> November 2015

### MOSSEL BAY WEEKEND

Santos Train – Mossel Bay  
Further details to follow in due course.

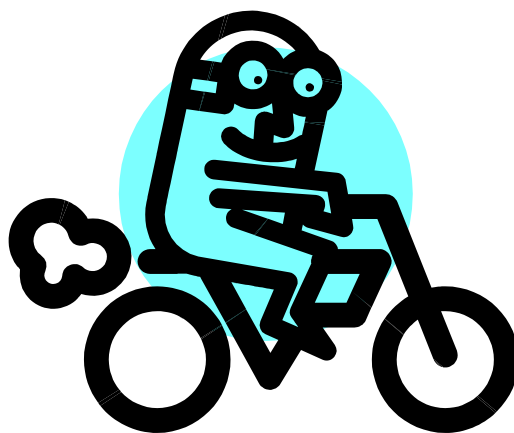
4<sup>th</sup> to 6<sup>th</sup> December 2015

### LION RALLY

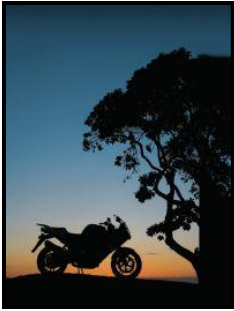
The Lions Club of Uitenhage will be hosting their 22<sup>nd</sup> Lion Rally to be held at Cradock Spa on the outskirts of Cradock. Entry Fee R180.00 which includes cloth and metal badge as well as customary Lion Rally Mug. For further details contact Bokkie on 072 337 0212 / email: [BOberholzer@go2uti.com](mailto:BOberholzer@go2uti.com)

**ULYSSES CPT****Event calendar 2015...**

<u>Club</u>	<u>Type</u>	<u>Venue</u>	<u>Date</u>
Black Widow MCC	4th day jol	Gebodys Pub - Brackenfell	27/06/15
Dragon Fly MCC	Rally	Kleinplasië - Worcester	03/05-07-15
Chop & Dop	Rally		10/11-07-15
Garden Boys	Hot water run		18/07/15
BCWC	Cancer Run	Kensington Civic Hall	26/07/15
Saints 'n Sinners MCC	Nite Jol	Theo Marais Park	31/07/15
Soos Bloed	Sleepover		01/02-08-15
Pure Venom MCC	Womens Day Jol	The Snake Pit-Stikland	09/08/15
Freeway Saints MCC	Winter Jol		15/08/15
Straw Dogs MCC	Sleepover		21/22-08-15
CMA MCC	Ladies Breakfast Run		04/09/15
Eagle	Rally	Neckies - Worcester	11/09/15
MOTH	Day Jol	Killarney	19/09/15
Scattered Links MCC	Overberg Rally	Harenlakke-Bredasdorp	25/09/15
Disgracefools MCC	4th Nappy Run	Kogel Bay	26/09/15
Shak (?)	Rally		10/11-10-15
Lee Riders MCC	Rally		10/11-10-15
Bikers 4 Bandanas	Day Jol	Killarney	18/10/15
Destiny Riders MCC	Sleepover		31/10/15
Memorial Run			01/11/15
Vlakvark	Rally		07/08-11-15
Bravehearts MCC	1st Day Jol		15/12/15
Sundowns MCC	Rally	Nekies-Worcester	18/20-05-16
Buffalo	Rally	Mossel Bay	20/22-05-16



*Compliments of Alasdair Hulme  
(Updated version to follow)*



## BLACK ICE



*After our monthly* meeting last night and while some had dinner, the conversation turned to old cars and bikes it was said in the old days you had to start of on a 50cc. That sounds pretty much what we had in Germany. Your first motorized wheels you could obtain at age 14 or 15 (can't quite remember) which was a license for 50 cc but restricted to 25 km/h. It was called a MOFA which is short for motorized fahrrad (bicycle). For the next one up you had to be 16 years old which still was 50 cc but 80km/h. The easy way to tell the difference was that the MOFA's had to have pedals like a bicycle and the MOPET's had pegs like a motorcycle. Most Mofa's where useless when it came to pedaling, worse then the first gear on a bicycle. They had decompression leavers and you had to pull that, pedal as fast as you can, then let go of the leaver and hope that it starts. The MOPET's had a kickstart. Far more classy. There was one MOFA though that was more of a bicycle than a MOFA. I think it was a MotoVelo, French. It had the engine front mounted over the front wheel. It's engine would grip the wheel like a brake and it took forever to get past walking pace. But once it got there it actually was one of the faster MOFA's then the German models. Far too girly for us boys.

We always looked up in envy to the older boys that were allowed to go 80km/h. They in turn had their eyes set on the 18 year olds who where allowed the "big" bikes, but even then you had to stay below 500cc for 2years before you could upgrade to bigger. That didn't require another license , just the waiting period. So, the 16 year olds got fiddling with their Mopet's to get more than 100 km/h out of their bikes to better keep up with their older mates while we watched and learned. Soon enough we discovered that the Italians actually couldn't be bothered with the Germans precise 25km/h. They just took the same 50cc engines, stuck pedals on and in order to make them slower, they reduced the exhaust and intakes with pressed bushes. Even then they were still going and most of them did 30-35km/h much to the annoyance of the local law enforcement. With crime virtually nonexistent these Mofa's with those unpronounceable Italian names where the eye saw of the local community especially when the pipes where modified. Even unmodified they were on the decibel threshold and for most nabours a reason to complain.

A friend of mine had a Malaguti MOFA which clocked eventually 125km/h!!! (through town) before it got impounded. I wonder how fast he would have got it had he known about turbos and nos in those days? The only way for daddy to get it released was to get it back to original within three days and show up at the TUV ( road worthy station) before end of that day. Obviously with a big fine attached and the promise to sell it that the naughty boy does not modify it again. The bigger carburetor and exhaust pipe had to be handled over too. By that time he had only a few weeks left before he turned 16 and could step up anyway.



Now, my birthday is in December and I was not allowed any two wheels because of my dad's encounter with a lightning bolt when he was riding through a thunderstorm on a Heikel 350cc th ree gear scooter. The bolt struck the oak tree next to the road and sucked scooter and rider into the tree with such force that his leather riding cap rubbed through on the bark and drew blood. Maybe it burnt away? I wouldn't know. All I know



is that he kept the cap with a third of it gone and the inner liner full of dried blood to put me and my brother off bikes. I was too eager and the youngest in my class. So with long saved pennies I went and got my first bike by myself. 50 Deutschmark bought me my first set of wheels. And it was literally just that: two worn down tires in a speedway frame or trial bike frame (very low down for my short legs) and a Garelli engine. It had a number plate but in front with a racing number 7 on it. No lights, no clutch, no brakes, just a tank for petrol. When I went to pick it up there was a crowd of youngsters all wanting to see how I am going to manage this bike because it was known amongst them as a lethal piece of equipment.

I was told I can either kick start in neutral and pull on a rope for clutch action then pump it into gear and let go of the rope, or run with it as fast as possible, jump on, hammer it into second and try and control the inevitable wheelie. After a demonstration from the seller who had three miss tries with the first option and stalling it, I decided on the latter.

To make it easier a couple of dudes ran along and once I had jumped on gave me an extra push so that there would be more speed and less violent wheelie. I managed on the first try and waved goodbye to take it home. The guy's where shouting and screaming and looking at the back of the number plate in front of me I thought "*funny, where does the light come from, there are no lights on this thing*" and with that thought it struck me!! The screaming wasn't cheering!! This thing is on fire!!! Since there wasn't a brake and my tekkies didn't slow it down fast enough I planted it on its side.

The four fastest runners caught up with me and tried to blow out the flames which only had the opposite effect until more arrived. I think the petrol dripping from the tank onto the manifold was now running out next to the engine and what was on it had burned itself out. Anyway, the problem got fixed with some tape and soon I repeated my performance again. This time the wheelie was a lot more since everyone had exhausted themselves running after me. I coped with butterflies in my stomach. Now, all this racket in the hood must have alerted the police, or someone had told them that there was this deal going down with this piece of scrap that endangers everyone.

For short blasts and agility around corners the cops struggled to gain ground. I had done my homework and new all the alternatives at my disposal. I only had to reach the next suburb which is an area known as Schraebergaerten. That's a up market township with wendy houses and tiny patches of garden where Germans relax on their weekends to pot around with veggies and flowers or to enjoy barbecues. The roads are unpaved single car width "walkways" that are only wide enough for a small fire engine and the entrances and exits are blocked by bollards so no vehicle can enter. Only the local firefighters have a special key to remove those. I managed to get there and loose the cops. Unfortunately, they are not as brain lazy over there and when I came to the exit they were in place waiting for me. So I quickly turned around to take another exit. A few meters back was a turn to the left and as I take it, power sliding and all, I look back and see them speeding off. So, I turn around again and leave via the deserted exit.

By now I am certain I am on all the stations radars. Hamburg is full of parks and recreational walkways and I get home without further incident. Maybe the cops didn't radio in being embarrassed by a teen and being outfoxed. I really don't know.





At home I hid the bike in the garden tool shed knowing my dad hasn't got time for that sort of thing. Only every second week, when the gardener came round, I had to hide it elsewhere. The saved up money was spend now and what I could earn went towards petrol. So getting it road worthy or semi safe to ride was out of the question. It became the dare for my circle of friends to get on and try not to tip over backwards. I kept it for about a year before it got sold, as is, to the next underage dare devil.

The reason why I all of a sudden remember all this, came this morning on the way to work. It seemed bearable leaving the house, the bike giving 11deg as temperature. But, as I travel along it gets colder and approaching a valley I can see the mist sitting at the bottom. Visually it is so dense you think you are going to hit a solid wall without applying brakes. The visor is instantly ripped open to gain a view again just to find out that the sting on your eye balls is just as bad. The body's command is to instantly shut the last defense and close those lids at least to the narrowest of slits. There comes the blinking icicle star in the screen display. Temperature shows - 8.0 !!! That's a 14degree drop within a few 100 meters. It bites through the skin of the face, the gloved hands and the boots. The body is trying to rescue the eye balls that are ordered to stay open as slits with a waterfall of tears.

After the glare is over, an oncoming vehicle, my eyes are playing tricks on me. I thought I picked up movement on the right side ahead of me. Unable to analyze, ankers are pulled just in case. But here, in this instant, I am slammed through a time warp and sit on that clopped out Garelli again. The only thing that still links me to the present is the "brrrrrrrrr" flatter I get from my right hand telling me "*it's the ABS you dummy*" but no reduction in speed equals the spelling of non negotiable karma taking place. Only in those days I knew about it beforehand and was always prepared for an alternative direction. That Garrelli could turn with that low frame and no extras adding weight. Push comes to shove you would put it down. This GS is a Gyro force and if you consider putting it down it will hurt you back. Luckily, I was not leaning and the road was straight turning into a gradient slowing me down. I had to pull onto the gravel shoulder and stop for a minute. My head was a "gemors". First, I had to untangle the vivid memories of the past from the present and then absorb why what just happened, happened, and then analyze the triggers. If the ABS had not prevented me from braking I would have seen my ass. But had there been an animal or thing in the road I would have seen my ass anyway.

So what's the point? The only sensible answer is : **SHARE THE STORY.** (and... don't commute in the early hours of the morning on the bike. At least, for the time being).

What I find strange is that at no time did I feel scarred. Not even afterwards standing at the roadside. That never used to be like that. All I know now is you can have the newest, latest technology bike and still end up with no brakes. They're there but they can refuse to work. Fear is healthy and the absence of it scares the shit out of me! Can anyone explain why I didn't even get an adrenaline rush? I know panic is something else. But normally I get a healthy dose of fear at least after a hairy situation is dealt with.



So, there it is folks. Black ice is totally invisible and can be on a totally dry looking surface or a damp one. And there is nothing for the tyre to hold on to whatsoever.

*By Gerhard Raschen*

## The Ride to Tigers Milk

We all met at the V&A and started with a few cups of coffee as we had to wait for someone (won't mention names!) They had experienced load shedding and could not open their garage door to get the bike out, they arrived 30 minutes later. We then went off to Hout Bay to meet Amanda and Mike, they were glad to see us as the wind was blowing and the air was crisp.

Off we went over Constantia Nek, through Tokia and over Ou Kaapse Weg along the coast. Through Misty Cliffs, over Red Hill, down to Simonstown and through Fish Hoek over Boyes Drive into Muizenberg.







Eight of us arrived at Tigers Milk restaurant, just missing the rain and we had a lovely table with a view of the surfers. The company got better and better with every glass of craft beer consumed and in the end after many stories told and lots of laughs, we all left on a good note.

With the milk of the tiger we were well on our way.

Thanks to all for making it an amazing day !



*~ Pierre Snyman*



*Sir "Laugh a Lot"*





## The Lie Detector

A father buys a lie detector robot that slaps people when they lie. He decides to test it out at dinner one night.

The father asks his son what he did that afternoon.

The son says, "I did some schoolwork."

The robot slaps the son.

The son says, "Ok, Ok. I was at a friend's house watching movies."

Dad asks, "What movie did you watch?"

Son says, "Toy Story."

The robot slaps the son.

Son says, "Ok, Ok, we were watching porn."

Dad says, "What? At your age I didn't even know what porn was."

The robot slaps the father.

Mom laughs and says, "Well, he certainly is your son."

The robot slaps the mother.

**Robot for sale!**

### MY DIET PLAN:

MAKE ALL OF MY  
FRIENDS  
CUPCAKES.  
THE  
FATTER THEY  
GET, THE  
THINNER I LOOK...



Be happy. Be yourself.  
If others don't like it,  
then let them be.  
Happiness is a choice.  
Life isn't about pleasing  
everybody.

Unknown



HealthyPlace.com



*Life is all about ass...*

*You're either covering it,*

*Laughing it off,*

*Kicking it,*

*Kissing it,*

*Busting it,*

*Trying to get a piece of it,*

*Behaving like one,*

*or you live with one!!!*



**EDITOR - LIZ THOMAS**

*All articles and photographs are welcome ... please send them to me in JPEG format to email:*

*[4ultimatesolutions@gmail.com](mailto:4ultimatesolutions@gmail.com) before the 25th of the Month.*

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