



wheezy Rider

Newsletter of the Fremantle group

Aug 2012
No 133

Newsletter of the Fremantle Branch of the Ulysses Club of Australia Inc

**Price
\$1.00**

G'Day Troops!

Gladys failed a Health and Safety course at the Seniors Centre today.

One of the questions was: "In the event of a fire, what steps would you take?"

"F***ing' big ones" ~ was apparently the wrong answer.

Well Troops what an amazing month it's been with lots of great activity.

Lori's Cheap & Cheerful Chow Rides have taken us to a couple of great places. Firstly, we hung out at The Hangout in Como - and 22 of you joined us for good food, good conversation, good company (Thanks also to the ladies from Joondalup and Geraldton Branches for their company) and good value. Then we went to Sparrow in Highgate for Indonesian food and humour! What a tiny place but with fantastic food, an awesome host who told some great jokes with lots of banter and unbelievable prices.

On the ride front Tony took a ride to Spencer's Brook and Wendy took one to New Norcia. Unfortunately, I didn't make it to either of those - too crook - but I'm told they were very successful. One I did make was Steve's Tin Horse Hwy Ride with an overnigher in Kulin. Nine of us on 6 bikes were met by another 5 who travelled in a cage and with a surprise addition in the form of John Hilton who solo'd from Busselton. (It was great to catch up with one of our old Freo mates, John) Great meals in the pubs and good yarns over a few ales - what more could you ask for? AWESOME ride Steve - great route out and back. Thank you from all of us.

As always, if you find yourself at a loose end on a Wednesday Mike Smith will make you welcome on The Plod.

Don't forget at the next meeting we will be reintroducing the "Mug Of The Month" award. There will be 2 categories "GoofBall" and "GoodGuy/Gal" so come prepared to dob in a worthy recipient for either award. There will be a dedicated page on our website for the "Honour" roll!

One a recent trip to Manjimup for work I met a fabulous military style gent who has agreed to join our group. I'm looking forward to introducing you at the meeting on Wednesday and he has accepted the position of custodian of the Mugs. With his strict background he will be ideal in the role.

That's all from me for this month but remember if you want to be part of all this good fun we're having all you have to do is keep an eye on our Calendar and turn up - you're always welcome! Better yet - pick someplace you want to go and we'll gladly follow! Ride leaders always welcome - contact Tony on RideCo@ulyssesfremantle.com

Keep the paint up and the rubber down!

Spence 53780



We don't care....We ride there



FREMANTLE BRANCH MEETING

2ND WEDNESDAY OF THE MONTH AT SWAN YACHT CLUB.

The committee is the servant of the Group, not the Master

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National Ulysses site: www.ulyssesclub.org

Fremantle Ulysses site: www.ulyssesfremantle.com

Note: Next meeting, Wed 8th August 2012

And as always

Wednesday morning Plods from South beach kiosk assemble at 9:00am for a 9:30am start. If you're an early riser, some members meet for breakfast at 8:00am before the Plod.

The group will meet at the Ill Capriccio Café Bar corner of South Terrace and Commercial Street South Fremantle. There is 2 hour parking across the road and also behind the Indian restaurant on the opposite corner of Commercial Street.

The Saturday morning coffee get togethers commence at 10:00am. at the Victoria Café. This café is located at the eastern end of the Fremantle 'E' Shed Markets. Great Coffee, come and give it a try.



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Quartermasters Ramblings

WINTER EDITION 2012

Warm socks.... 80% wool /20% nylon (pure wool inner cushion and nylon outer) come in 2 sizes, regular & large. Price: \$14.00



Stephen Dearnley
"Ride On" badge.

Price \$5.00

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Ugly Fish sunglasses now come in Slim design, a smaller version of the original.

Original Glide also available. Both come with riderz goggle attachments.

Price \$55.00 each



Long sleeved black t-shirt comes with large or small logo

Member price \$19.00

T-shirt also available in white . Limited sizes and logos only. White will not be replaced once sold out. Price \$18.00



Fleecy winter scarf with Old Man Logo embroidered on the ends.

Price \$10.00

Now in stock.

Sloppy Joe now with a choice of

Large Old Man Logo

or

Small Old Man Logo

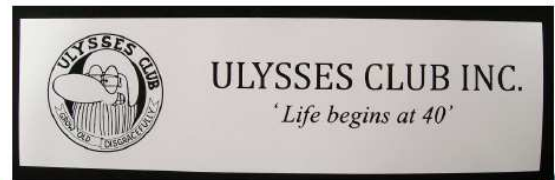
Sizes S - 5XL

Price \$38.00



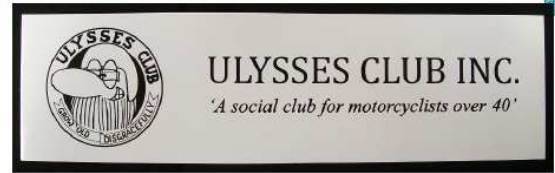
Black vest, Polar fleece inside, polyester outside, reversible with Old Man Logo on both sides, perfect for cooler days. Price \$40.50





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"Ulysses – A social club for motorcyclists
over 40"
Size 240mm x 65mm
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Black Beanie, knitted
with Old Man Logo.
Price \$15.00

Cuddle up to your very
own Ulysses Bear
available in white or
brown.
Price \$35.00



Winter seems to be well and truly with us now.
The Gear Shop has some terrific items to help keep
you warm from head to toe, while riding in the
colder months.

We now stock a new size of Ugly Fish sunglasses.
These are a slimmer design than the Glide.

Ride safe and take extra care on the wet roads.

Chris Glover
National Purchasing Officer

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The Good Rider

Mental skills

By David L. Hough



When anyone talks about "motorcycle safety" the conversation usually revolves around physical riding skills such as counter-steering, shifting, braking, and balancing. Most of us realize that there are mental skills too (such as planning cornering lines, or looking ahead for surface hazards). But the riders I've talked with are often a lot fuzzier about what the important mental skills might be, or how to learn them—other than just continuing to ride and hoping the lessons will present themselves in a way that provides an education without a lot of pain.

A couple of decades ago I was visiting a gentleman friend in England who had, in his youth, raced a Vincent on the Isle of Man. This is a way of noting that Jim was very skilful, even at racing speeds. And, since he had ridden for many years, he also had learned many important lessons about negotiating public roads.

As it happened, there was a Sunday BMW rally in the Birmingham area, and Jim invited me to join him for a ride to the afternoon rally. We were

both on BMW "airheads" then, and I was eager to observe his techniques, as well as have the opportunity to "rub elbows" with some veteran English BMW riders.

As we set out from the south coast, it quickly became apparent that Jim's concept of "appropriate" speed was different from mine. Jim navigated our way via the main A roads. At that time the national speed limit was 70 mph. Jim would typically cruise at 80 or 85, sometimes ticking the hedgerows alongside the road. It was not uncommon for an oncoming car to pass a slower car in a corner, straddling the centreline, when only a motorcycle was approaching. I remember being a bit panicked at those speeds, given my experiences in North America. Here, when a car approaches on a side road, I watch carefully, and if the driver doesn't seem to be stopping at the white line, I'm ready to squeeze on the brakes to avoid a collision.

Over there, the side roads are typically hidden. The first thing you might see is the bumper of a car poking out over the white line, between the trees and bushes. Since you can't see the windshield yet, you know the driver can't see you coming. While I was panicking at cars about to pull out, Jim didn't flinch. He simply cruised along at 75 or 80 mph.



Once in a while we'd take one of the narrower B roads connecting village to village. And when I say "narrow", I mean that the pavement is only about one car wide, and the foliage often extends right up to the edge of the pavement. Not only are there no shoulders, but you need to watch for oncoming cars, who may also be blasting along at 60 or 70 mph. Somehow, it's realistic for drivers in England to know how to pull out of hidden driveways and cruise down the B roads at greater-than-USA speeds, without too many collisions.



However, when approaching a village, Jim would immediately decelerate, and I would often need to brake aggressively to avoid running up his tail light. Speeds through the villages were typically posted at 25 mph, right at the edge of town. You don't slow down a mile in advance; you maintain speed right up to the sign and then quickly decelerate. Once through a village, there would be an "end speed limit" symbol, and Jim would immediately accelerate back up to his cruising speed.

Roads in England are like a collection of spider webs, and the junctions are typically roundabouts ("traffic circles"). Imagine yourself approaching a roundabout (remember, you're in the left lane). Vehicles are entering the roundabout from your right. Jim's tactic for roundabouts was to decelerate quickly on the approach, looking for a gap in vehicles where a motorcycle could slip through. He would adjust position so he could merge between two and would immediately accelerate back up to his cruising speed.

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One big advantage with roundabouts in the UK are the huge signs just before the entry, to give you a "heads up" depicting the exact shape of the roundabout, and which spoke you'd want to take to get where you were headed. Including the graphic really helps give motorists "situational awareness."

As we progressed north toward Birmingham, we were passed aggressively by bikers, most of whom were dressed like the bad guys in the movie "Road Warriors". The motorcycle would be a grotty, undorned Japanese multi. The rider would be wearing a nasty-looking leather jacket with metal studs and spikes, and tall boots with buckles. His passenger would be wearing similar biker garb, but with tight-fitting jeans to show off her curves. Think Ogri from the Paul Sample cartoons, here.

The bikers would ride very aggressively, passing everyone else on the road. Approaching one roundabout, a group of three bikers couldn't squeeze past Jim and I, so they went around the centre dividers on the wrong side—what the Brits call the "off side." The dividers are often stone



walls and concrete pillars, not just painted lines, so a little mistake could be costly. The group barely managed to swerve back into the left lane at the roundabout, scant inches from disaster, and peeled through at speed.

Now, it appeared to me that those Road Warriors were really hanging it out, but then I wasn't very familiar with traffic in the UK, nor the crash statistics for motorcyclists. I wondered whether the "Road Warrior" bikers simply appeared to be taking big risks, or if it was just my overactive imagination.

When we arrived at the BMW event, I was introduced to a member who explained that he was a motorcycle officer in the Birmingham district, but he had access to all the crash statistics for the entire UK. I asked him about the bikers, explaining that their riding looked very risky to me, but I could have misinterpreted the situation.

The policeman affirmed that aggressive riders had an awful fatality record. They didn't crash frequently, but when they did crash it was always serious. Let's face it: if a rider collides with another vehicle or a stone wall at 100 mph, the forces will literally turn flesh to porridge. So, when a British biker did crash, it was most often fatal to both rider and passenger.

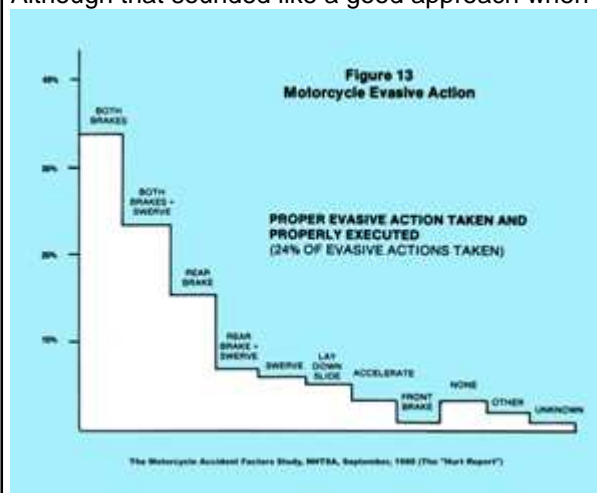
Ever since that experience, I've realized that a lack of physical control skills may not be the biggest factor in motorcycle crashes. Sure, we have lots of very unskilled riders in the USA who cross the centre-line in curves, demonstrating that they don't know how to lean the bike. But the serious crashes that have come to my awareness seem to be related to inadequate mental skills. For instance, those bikers in England were skilful enough at making their machines do what they wanted, but no one can manage the situation at higher speeds. If any of those bikers on the wrong side of the centre divider had suddenly encountered a truck or bus leaving the roundabout, the results would have been quick, and instantly

come to my awareness seem to be related to inadequate mental skills. For instance, those bikers in England were skilful enough at making their machines do what they wanted, but no one can manage the situation at higher speeds. If any of those bikers on the wrong side of the centre divider had suddenly encountered a truck or bus leaving the roundabout, the results would have been quick, and instantly fatal.

Teaching the "missing" Emergency Skills

Rider training courses in the USA today are still based to a great extent on the "Hurt Report" from 1981. When the MSF was in the process of deciding what to teach, they looked at the errors that led to crashes, and then designed practice exercises to teach riders the "missing" skills. For instance, the Hurt Report shows that riders who crashed only realized a crash was happening about 2 seconds prior to impact. And, the majority of those riders who did crash apparently didn't take any evasive action at all. So, the first MSF courses included exercises in emergency braking and swerving, and all subsequent courses have followed suit.

Although that sounded like a good approach when I was teaching MSF courses in the 1980s, in retrospect the logic was faulty. As I gained experience, I realized that a rider often has several seconds to spot a potential crash. If you don't spot the problem until 2 seconds prior to impact, it's too late to take evasive action.



As an example, let's say a rider is following a van in traffic at 35 mph, when suddenly the van driver brakes for a left turning truck. If the rider doesn't understand what's happening until 2 seconds prior to impact, there aren't many emergency actions that can prevent a collision. Even if the rider is very skilled at braking, there will be a loss of time while the rider's brain reacts. Even if the rider gets on the brake within 0.75 sec and squeezes the lever to achieve a deceleration rate of 30 feet per second, it's unlikely a collision can be avoided. At 35 mph, a reaction time of 0.75 seconds means the bike will be doing 35 mph for 51 feet before the rider gets on the brakes.

By comparison, a proficient rider who sees the pickup turning three or four seconds in advance could just brake normally to open up some space. The difference between a crash and no crash is primarily in looking farther ahead.

So, is there any good news to go along with this chilling analysis? Well, the good news is that veteran riders seem to have developed mental skills to spot potential hazards well in advance, so that they don't allow "emergencies" to happen. Let's say you are scrutinizing the unfolding situation eight or ten seconds ahead. You spot an oncoming car that potentially could turn left across your path. And you simply increase speed to get through the intersection before the car gets there. Or you spot the bumper of a car about to emerge from an alley, and you brake and move left to make more room, well before the car pulls out.

In either situation you figure out what's happening, assume the other driver doesn't see you, and take evasive action earlier in the process to stay out of the way. That's the situational awareness I'm talking about.

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There is another reason why practicing "emergency" skills may be a waste of time. The controlling factor may be our human thinking processes. Our brains developed over thousands of years of survival tactics. When a hazard suddenly appears, the human brain seems to be "hard wired" to take immediate action, and only think consciously about the situation after the fact.

Ug vs. Ag

Here's the way I explain this in seminars: Ug the caveman steps out of his abode to have his morning stretch, and suddenly looks up to see a hungry T-Rex. Ug thinks this over. *"Should I go back into the cave and get my club?"* Ug wonders. *"Should I run?"* Unfortunately, several seconds of thinking wastes just enough time that T-Rex has Ug for breakfast, and Ug's genes are deleted from the pool.

Meanwhile, Ug's cousin Ag steps out of his cave to encounter a sabre-tooth tiger. Ag doesn't pause to think about evasive action. His feet have the "muscle memory" to dash back into the cave, a microsecond ahead of the tiger's sharp teeth. Afterward, Ag thinks about the situation. And since Ag survived, he passed on his genes to the pool—of which we are the recipients. We inherited Ag's "run first, think later" brain wiring.

How does this relate to motorcycling? Well, when faced with a sudden emergency, we're very likely to take action subconsciously, without wasting any time mulling it over.

By being more aware of the situation ahead, you won't need to pull any quick subconscious manoeuvres out of your brain; you'll have time to deal with the situation without panic.

David L. Hough is a veteran road rider and moto-journalist, living near Port Angeles at the far northwest corner of Washington State. He has travelled extensively on several continents on both two-wheeled and three-wheeled motorcycles. Dave has contributed skills columns to various motorcycle magazines for many years, including *Motorcycle Consumer News*, *Friction Zone*, *BMWMOA Owners News*, and *Sound RIDER!*. He has received considerable recognition for his work, including two awards from the Motorcycle Safety Foundation, and induction into the *AMA Motorcycling Hall of Fame*. He is the author of several motorcycling books, including [Proficient Motorcycling](#), [Street Strategies](#), and *Driving A Sidecar Outfit*. Hough is a retired MSF motorcycle safety instructor and past Chief Instructor of the Sidecar Safety Program.



Article excerpt from the Sound Rider

Here are some good Motorcycle web sites. Just move your mouse pointer over the item and it will show web address, then CTL Click to go to the site. (For some reason this doesn't work on the printed version.)

[Asian M/C Tours](#)
[Aussie Bike Tours QLD](#)
[Bad Boy Biker Jewellery](#)
[Bad Penny Customs](#)

[Bike Links](#)

[Bike Movies](#)

[Bikes+](#)

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INTERESTING MOTORCYCLE FACTS (DID YOU KNOW)

The pneumatic tyre was invented by John Boyd Dunlop in 1888 for use on push-bikes. Boyd also invented the word “pneumatic”.

Slick tyres offer more grip in the wet than treaded tyres up to the point at which they aquaplane.

Modern sports bike tyres don't contain any natural rubber.

Front tyres disperse water at three times the rate of rear tyres.

When cornering, 75 per cent of a bikes grip comes from the front tyre.

The GS in GSX-R denotes four cylinders with overhead valves. The X means four valves per cylinder and the R is for race replica.

Vespa means wasp.

Cucciolo (the name of the first Ducati) means puppy.

Hayabusa is the name of a Japanese falcon that preys on blackbirds (you gotta larf!). It was also the name of a WW2 Kamikaze fighter plane.

Steve McQueen didn't do the famous 65 ft motorcycle jump in The Great Escape. American Triumph dealer Bud Ekins did it – in one take.

The first Honda motorcycles were pushbikes with generator engines for army field telephones bolted on.

Kawasaki also makes spaceships.

Yamaha makes swimming pools and unmanned helicopters.

Ducati once made radios.

BMW is the only current major manufacturer to reject the use of telescopic forks on its big bikes. Yet BMW was the first to use and patent them, on the R12 in 1935.

Devil, Satan and Lucifer have all been names of motorcycle manufactures.

Suzuki went from GP also-rans to world champions in 1962 after works MZ rider Emst Degner defected to the firm with all the company's technology.

Yamaha started making bikes in 1954 but didn't produce a four-stroke motorcycle until 1970, when the firm built the XS2 650 twin.

Harley-Davidson built push-bikes between 1917 and 1923.

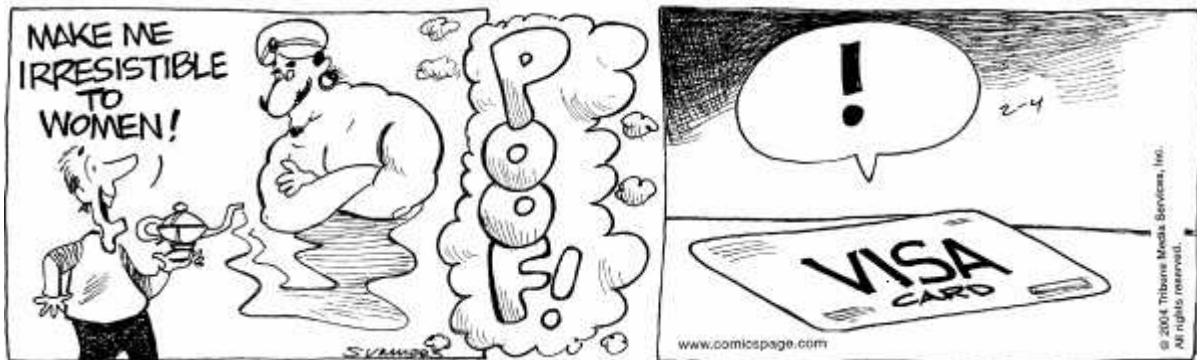
The Kawasaki motorcycle division was established in 1962 for no other reason than to publicise Kawasaki's heavy industries, which was huge but unknown to the general public.

Impressive Sidecars





A LITTLE LIGHT HUMOUR



A young jackaroo from outback Queensland goes off to university, but halfway through the semester he has squandered all of his money.

He calls home. 'Dad,' he says, 'you won't believe what modern education is developing...they actually have a program here in Brisbane that will teach our dog Ol' Blue how to talk.'

'That's amazing!' his Dad says. 'How do I get Ol' Blue in that program?'

'Just send him down here with \$2,000,' the young jackaroo says, 'I'll get him in the course.'

So his father sends the dog and \$2,000.

About two-thirds through the semester, the money again runs out. The boy calls home. 'So how's Ol' Blue doing, son?' his father wants to know.

'Awesome! Dad, he's talking up a storm... but you just won't believe this. They've had such good results with talking, they've begun to teach the animals how to read.'

'Read?' exclaims his father. 'No kidding! How do we get Ol' Blue in that program?'

'Just send \$4,500. I'll get him in the class.'

The money promptly arrives. But our hero has a problem. At the end of the year, his father will find out the dog can neither talk nor read.

So he shoots the dog. When he arrives home at the end of the year, his father is all excited.

'Where's Ol' Blue? I just can't wait to talk with him, and see him read something!'

'Dad,' the boy says, 'I have some grim news. Yesterday morning, just before we left to drive home, Ol' Blue was in the living room, kicked back in the recliner, reading the Wall Street Journal. Then he suddenly turned to me and asked, 'So, is your daddy still having his way that little redhead barmaid at the pub?''

The father groans and whispers, 'I hope you shot that bastard before he talks to your Mother!'

'I sure did, Dad!'

'That's my boy!'