

THE STEEL HORSE

OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE
STEEL HORSES CRUISING MOTORCYCLES
SOCIAL CLUB INC.

November 2013

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Monthly Meetings

Steel Horses Cruising Motorcycles Social Club Inc meets every 3rd Tuesday at Lord Stanley Hotel, East Brisbane, Brisbane at 7.30 pm. Lord Stanley Hotel is at the intersection of Didsbury St, and Stanley St East, East Brisbane.

Sarge's Slant

Another month and another newsletter is due. I always struggle with subject matter and then I remember it's not that hard I should talk about motorcycles or riding or our Club. DUH!

So riding and our Club – I recently had a discussion with a few members regarding the purpose of our Club, to me that's a no brainer we exist to ride our Bikes with people that want to do the same. I have no greater agenda or purpose than that and it is the reason that I am in the Club in the first place.

Please don't get me wrong I enjoy meetings and discussions and dinners and lunches and parties and light hearted banter and, oh yeah, the company, but at the end of the day I am in the Club to ride. I want to ride as often as possible with the destination not as important as the getting to it on the back of a motorcycle while obeying all the numerous and at times onerous laws that we are subject to.

For me the Club provides the



forum that I need to ride and the organization that is necessary to have a structured ride and share it with people that want no more or less from their social activities re motorcycles than I do.

It would also be remiss of me not to welcome Grumpy to the role of President and offer a great BIG thanks for having a go mate. We would not have a Club without Grumpy and everyone else that puts in the extra needed to make this Club work.

Times are a little difficult in Qld at the moment and I am not sure where we are going to end up with all the new Laws and focus that is on our chosen activity of riding motorcycles. I can only offer that so far we have not experienced any undue attention on our weekly rides and I hope that this stays that way. However at a recent committee meeting we did have a bit of a chin wag regarding the current environment and as far as we, Steel Horses, are concerned its business as usual.

Continued on page 3



STEEL HORSES

CRUISING MOTORCYCLES
SOCIAL CLUB INC.

www.steelhorses.com.au

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club objectives

The objects of the club are to encourage members to regularly meet, ride, and join together for social enjoyment

Membership

Membership is open to Riders and Pillions of Cruiser and Tourer motorcycles, as well as Social Members.

Currently, the annual membership subscription is \$36 for Riders, Pillions, and Social Members. This is applied monthly pro-rata for new members.

For new members there is also a once only joining fee on top of the annual membership fee. This covers the cost of Patch, Insignia, and other Club costs.

Currently, the joining fee is \$40 for all Members. All Members must wear a vest and Club Patch.

Members can view the Rules and By-laws at our monthly meetings. Just let the Secretary know.

The opinions expressed in this newsletter are personal opinions and are not necessarily those held by SHCMSC Inc.



If we get pulled over on a Club organized ride we simply answer all reasonable questions and requests and hopefully we do not get delayed for an unreasonable time period. It is important that when you are wearing our Vest with our Patch that you recognize that you represent the Club and we simply cooperate.

How you respond when you are not wearing your club vest is entirely up to you and me as individuals.

I know it's Hot and it's sometimes wet but I can only encourage each and every one of you to remember why you joined the Club and get on ya Bike as often as your partner and finances will allow you to LOL.

Ps; Don't forget the BBQ being arranged at Mt Coe-tha next month!

See Ya on the next one and the next one and the next one...

Sarge



Steiny discovers that on a cool bike you can pick up a new bitch real quick.... but not always the prettiest....

Grumpy's Grumbles

Hi all and welcome to the November Newsletter. Well the weather is getting warm now so through discussion with my fellow Ride Captains we have chosen to start some rides during Summer at 8.00am instead of our usual 9.00am. Don't worry, you will all be notified of the early start. If no start time is emailed to you with the ride route then it will be the usual 9am so check your emails. If you're not sure, contact the Ride Captain. An early start doesn't mean a longer ride.

So.....my thoughts for the month - well where do I start? As I'm new to this role and writing isn't my forte, I start to get lost and wander off the track I was heading down - see already doing it. Back on track. What I want to talk about is the Ride Captains who take us on our leisurely Sunday cruises. We as Ride Captains are required to set out a list of rides for the next calendar year and forward them to our Ride Co-ordinator Sugar for publishing on our Website. This in its self requires some study of our own ride area and then trying to work out boundaries so as not to overlap too much with other rides. This year we have had rides changed on many occasions due to the fact that some areas have new Ride Captains taking over, who understandably may not feel comfortable or knowledgeable enough to take the rides that were set down. They also need to take into consideration weather, road works and road closures which may not have existed when the rides were first set.

Having said that, I would like to thank our previous Ride Captains for all they did; it's not an easy job. The Ride Captains role is to plan, organise, lead

and control rides under his or her own prerogative, and provide a briefing to members prior to the ride with details of destinations, stops, lunch break, finishing point and estimated kms. Then after the ride, compile a ride report for the newsletter and monthly meeting so those that could not make the ride find out what a good time we had and hopefully prompt them to come on the next one!

Something I have noticed though is every couple of months we have a rider's choice ride which can be planned by anybody. That rider submits their ideas, and can either lead the ride themselves or ask the Ride Captain of the day to take it for them. This hasn't been happening lately, so my challenge to you is to plan a ride and work out the route, the stops and where we'll have lunch but also actually consider leading it. For the most part we just love to ride, so as long as we are doing that, we'll follow anyone!! So please give some thought to the challenge. It's a great way to get to know your area, to find out first hand what the ride captains do, and also contributes to your own personal growth and experience.

So next time when on a club ride think how good it is to go riding without a thought of where you are going except for following the bike in front of you. But also keep in mind the role of the ride captain – it's easy to take them for granted.

Hope to see you all out there soon.

Ride a nice day.

Grumpy



THE CLUB WEBSITE IS AT:

steelhorses.com.au

(steel horses dot com)

Coordinator's Report



NO REPORT SUBMITTED

Does this sound familiar

After being married for 40 years, I took a careful look at my wife one day and said
“Forty years ago we had a cheap house, a junk car, slept on a sofa bed
and watched a 10-inch black and white TV, but I got to sleep every night with
a hot 23-year-old girl.

Now ... I have a \$500,000.00 home, a \$35,000.00 car, a nice big bed and a large
screen TV, and ... I'm sleeping with a 62-year-old woman. It seems to me that you're
not holding up your side of things.”

My wife is a very reasonable woman. She told me to go out and find a
hot 23-year-old girl and she would make sure that I would once again be living
in a cheap house, driving a junk car, sleeping on a sofa bed and watching
a 10-inch black and white TV.

Aren't they just unbelievable ?
They really know how to solve an old guy's problems

Ynot's 3 Day Ride

22/10/13-24/10/13

Participants: Ynot, Rowdy, Jak, Boots, Barney.

Day 1 (Tuesday 22/10/13)

I arrived at MacDonalds Calamvale at about 8.00 a.m. and was soon joined by Rowdy, and Jak. Boots was a doubtful starter because his trusty steed now apparently uses more oil than petrol, and we were told it requires some major maintenance work.

We were surprised when he did arrive, and not in the expected cloud of blue smoke. He had made a last minute decision to come along, and I suspect there was a major persuasive effort from Lace to get him out of the house for three days. We assured him that we would make sufficient stops to allow him to top up with oil as required. Barney was last to arrive after battling Brisbane's peak-hour traffic for more than an hour from Brackenridge.

Once we were all fortified with the usual Maccas stodge and coffee we commenced our journey on time at 9.00 a.m. in fine weather. I had pre warned all participants to expect showers during the ride, but we enjoyed the fine weather.

We took off down Beaudesert Road for our first bum break at Rathdowney, but as it happened we had several unplanned bum breaks before we got to Rathdowney because of all the road works

taking place. To look on the bright side, at least some of our taxes are at last being spent on improving the roads that have suffered from neglect for so long. The delays ensured that we got to Rathdowney well after pub opening time, so we were able to have a refreshing ale before continuing our journey.

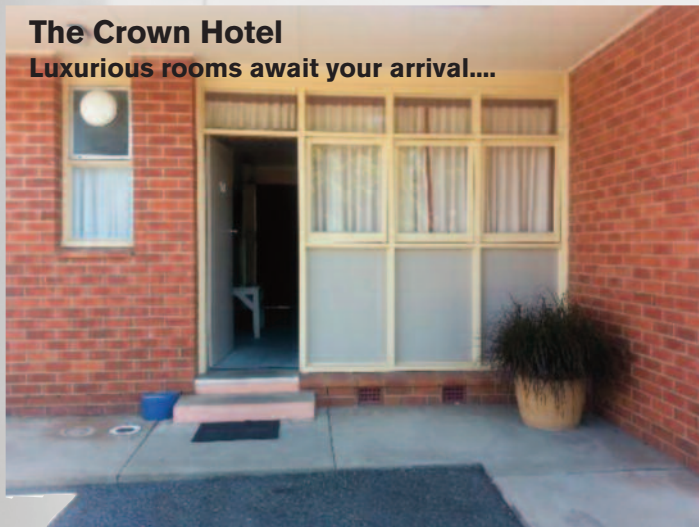
From Rathdowney we joined the Summerland way to our lunch destination at Kyogle. This road takes you through the scenic twisties through the mountains, and the weather is more often than not raining and cold. Fortunately for us we experienced clear blue skies and hot conditions, and so the riding conditions were perfect. We arrived at Kyogle at midday where we refueled and enjoyed a pub lunch. It was at the pub that we realized that we had lost one hour because of daylight saving. Had we been 30 minutes later we would have missed out on lunch.

After lunch we continued on to Grafton via casino, and enjoyed some great riding on the open roads and arrived at our hotel at 4.15.p.m. I have been to and through Grafton many times, and each time seems to be from a different direction. This time we approached from the north west and rode down a long road with blooming jacarandas on each side, the view was magnificent. Having never approached from this direction before, I had to rely

The Crown Hotel
Famous for innovative dining



on some guidance from Boots to find our hotel on the Clarence River. I am now in possession of a detailed map of Grafton, which should make my future visits less confusing.



... and they only charge an extra \$5.00 for the remote for the telly in the hotel rooms

After booking into the hotel we took up position in the beer garden and quenched our thirsts and had a meal. Rowdy discovered a new Italian dish called "bubblegum pasta", and I had an equally confusing dish that I referred to as "savoury mince pasta".



... boasting a fridge, {carefully positioned to hide the emergency fire exit}, a modern toaster and a wall poster you can admire all night long.

When the Waitress enquired how we enjoyed our meals, Barney took great delight in telling her that their cabonara and Bolognese sauces had been renamed. This gastronomic observation by Barney had obviously had an impact on the waitress because as she was leaving to go home, Barney asked her what she had in a takeaway container, and she replied, "bubblegum pasta".

After dinner, Rowdy and I retired to our rooms, and

the other three played pool until after closing time.

Day 2 (Wednesday 23/10/13)

We awoke the next morning to another beautiful cloudless day, and I enjoyed a nourishing country breakfast of bacon, eggs, toast and orange juice which was delivered to my room. Boots, Barney, Jak and Rowdy, in their wisdom the night before, had decided that they were going to go "down the road" for breakfast, without doing any research as to what was "down the road". When I finally met up with them they were milling around outside the local coffee shop, mumbling something like, "I'm not eating in this yuppy joint, the prices are exorbitant". They bought coffees while they decided where to go for breakfast. Barney



... and their signature dish, "bubblegum pasta"

munched on a locally made cottage pie from the local pie shop. After much deliberation, the decision was made that we would fuel up and head on our way, and if there happened to be a better source for breakfast we would stop so they could eat. The guy at the servo advised Barney that there was a hot food place next door, so in we went. This establishment was the greasiest greasy spoon that you could imagine, and they all purchased their meals and pretended to enjoy them whilst sitting at tables that looked as if they hadn't been washed since the 1950's, inhaling the grease fumes from the kitchen, and swatting away the local persistent flies and bugs. I sat smugly by and reflected on the hotel cooked breakfast that I had eaten whilst enjoying the view of the Clarence River from my room. My caustic comments about their good choice for breakfast elicited responses like, "bloody smart arse", and "why don't you become invisible?"

At this point I must regress back to the servo where we fuelled up for the journey along the Gwyder Highway. There was a small seemingly insignificant incident involving a close encounter between Jak's

Harley, and Boot's blue smoke emitting monster. This seemingly insignificant incident was to have an influence on the whole of the day's ride. At very slow speed adjacent to the fuel pumps, Jak's crash bar accidentally came into contact with Boot's foot peg, resulting in Boot's bike falling off its stand onto the concrete driveway. A quick check resulted in no apparent damage to either bike, so we commenced our ride to Glen Innes. It has to be said that the last time I travelled on this road I enjoyed it so much I have repeatedly referred to it as the "best road I have ridden on", so I was really looking forward to the next couple of hours riding.

Not long after we took off to Glen Innes, we lost Boots and Barney off the back of the pack. After waiting down the road for a short while I decided to double back to find out what was wrong. When I finally located them they were just getting ready to ride again. Boots's mirror had become loose as a result of the servo incident and had to be tightened up again. So off we went again and caught up with the others. We had only been riding a short time and we lost Barney off the back of the pack. Again I doubled back to find that his baggage had come loose and had to be re-tied. Then we encountered several sets of road works where we had to stop for several minutes at each. When we finally reached the lookout at the top of the range to admire the magnificent views we had stopped and started at least six times, and Boots made the observation that what should have been the easiest and most trouble free journey often turns out to be the most troublesome and time consuming (Murphy's law). What prophetic words these turned out to be.

Whilst we were admiring the view at the lookout, Boots decided to tighten up his foot peg that had become loose as a result of the servo incident. Boot's bike being a Kawasaki is metric, but many of the additions were purchased over the internet from USA, consequently they are AF. He needed an AF Allen key to fix his foot peg, but only had a metric one. Aha, thought Jak, Here's an opportunity to make restitution for the altercation in the servo, "I've got a Harley, there must be an AF Allen key in the tool kit". To access his tool kit resulted in Jak removing his right hand pannier bag, (don't ask me why, ask Jak). As it turned out the Harley wonder tools didn't

fit either, so Jak had to put everything back together again. Apparently, the panniers on the Harley have to be locked in place using a screw driver, but as Jak didn't have one handy he used a five cent piece. This, of course amused Barney and led to his usual derogatory Harley comments, such as, "it only costs five cents to pull a Harley apart and put it back together again".

So, with Boot's loose foot peg, and Jak's hastily reassembled pannier bag we resumed the ride. I knew the road down the mountain and into Glen Innes was suitable for some seriously quick riding, so I suggested that the quicker riders might like to make their own way to Glen Innes and we would meet up there. Boots, Jak and Rowdy took off, and I took off behind them. I noticed that Barney had not started yet, so I progressed slowly to allow him to catch up. After about five minutes, Barney had still not caught up so I stopped to wait for him. Eventually he caught up to me. He had flooded the engine and had to wait for it to dry out before he could start it. Once off the mountain, the road opens up into long straights and sweeping turns, ideal for some fast riding. Steiny allegedly got up to 205KPH on this stretch on a previous ride. Barney and I took it relatively sedately this time, as there was a strong, gusty head wind to contend with.

When we arrived at the outskirts of Glen Innes we headed to the Celtic Rocks thinking that that is where the others would be, but there was no sign of them, so we continued into town. Just down the



The Celtic Stones, Glen Innes
'The highlight of the tour...'

road from the Celtic Rocks, they were parked on the side of the road.

We were informed by Jak that his right hand pannier bag had fallen off somewhere between the top of the mountain and Glenn Innes, a distance of about 80 km. In his bag were his iPad, glasses, clothes etc. Barney and I had not seen it on our



way down, and we came to the conclusion that it could be anywhere as it had fallen off at high speed and probably skidded into the long grass or down a gully in the thick forest. We decided to go to the nearest coffee shop in town and discuss our options over a cup of coffee.

Boots tried to locate the bag by using an app. on his phone to use GPS to locate the Ipad, but as the Ipad was turned off this was not successful. So Boots left a message for when the Ipad was turned on again, (if at all), it would reveal Jak's phone number. We discussed whether to retrace our journey and look for the bag, but as Barney and I had not sighted it on our way down, the chances of ever finding it were very slim. Jak made the decision to assume it was lost and to continue on our way to Tenterfield, where he reported it missing to the local police.

We all checked into the Royal Hotel in Tenterfield at about 2.30 pm where the accommodation was very basic and cheap, \$50.00 for the motel, and



The Royal Hotel, Tenterfield

\$25.00 for the hotel. After a cup of tea and coffee in our rooms we adjourned to the bar to quench our thirsts and play pool until dinner was served at

about 7.00pm. Then we all had an early night. Boot's earlier observation about, how often the easiest, trouble-free ride ends up as the most troublesome was true for this leg of our journey. Being philosophical about it, this just makes the trouble free sections that much more enjoyable, and it provides endless ammunition to the anti-Harley members of the club.

Day 3 (Thursday 24/10/2013)

The day started by having breakfast at the local coffee shop, because the Hotel does not provide breakfast. It had rained substantially overnight so the conversation was about whether to wear our wet weather gear or not. The clouds were still black and heavy and it looked like rain, so Jak, Rowdy and Ynot decided that caution was better than getting wet. Boots and Barney decided to brave it. Shortly after we departed from Tenterfield, and after Boots had topped up with oil, (only 1 litre, the first of the trip), down came the rain, and we had to stop on the side of the road for Boots and Barney to don their weather resistant clothing. Boots resembled a bush ranger in his Drizabone lookalike, and Barney looked like the Michelin man in his one-piece body bag.

Going through Warwick we were almost run off the road by some country hick in a blue car who decided that he wanted both lanes simultaneously. Rowdy managed to wake him up with blast on his air horn and with some rapid avoidance manoeuvring, a major collision was averted. We stopped for fuel and a coffee at Warwick and continued on through showers until we got to Aratula. We removed our wet weather gear at Aratula and said our good-byes.

In spite of the collection of unfortunate incidents on the Wednesday, the whole trip was very enjoyable, the company was great, and the experiences will be imprinted on our memories and recalled ad-nauseam for years to come.

Thanks guys, I had a great time.

(Total Km covered 925)

Ynot

P.S. Jak has since recovered his missing pannier bag. It was discovered by some road maintenance workers about a week later and handed in to the police.

"THE BIKERS CODE"

-REVISED-

It used to be that all bikers shared a common bond, an unspoken code of respect, ethics, and integrity that transcended words and was built on actions. There was never a bible written on "The Bikers Code" and there was no need for such. But the times are a-changin', and there seems to be a lot of new riders out there. These days the riders you see cruisin' or blazin' down the road are just as likely to be clad in shorts and sneakers as jeans and engineer boots.

And the roughest, toughest-looking biker you pull up next to could be your doctor or lawyer and may be wearin' a Rolex or pink Cartier watch under his or her leathers. There's nothing wrong with that, so long as these new riders learn "The Code" just as we old-timers did.

Being a biker used to be about using your creativity to take a basket case old hawg and using only grit and ingenuity, turning it into a one-of-a-kind eye dazzler, then risking your life on the asphalt on a bike you built yourself out of pride.

You wrenched your own bike, cause no one else was gonna do it for ya.

Bikers wore leather and grease because they knew cagers would just as soon run them down as look at them, so they had to be intimidating.

We were a breed unto ourselves with no union, no support group, and in many cases no family (they threw us out), other than one another we had no one, and when we called a man brother we meant it.

We made it in a world of our own, against all rules, mainstream society, and against all odds.

We survived and prospered because we had a code, the bikers code, and we never took disrespect from anybody. As an "old scooter bro" once said, "It's every tramp's job to school the young, and teach 'em to never disrespect the brotherhood/sisterhood, or they'll never live long enough to figure out how to change the oil on their brand new motorcycle"

With that in mind, we bring you a primer on the basic bikers code.

Take heed, brothers and sisters, for our code is a hallowed one filled with respect, honor, and loyalty, a bond between our brothers and sisters, the likes of which have not been since the days of knighthood:

Don't take any disrespect, be kind to elderly people, women, children and animals, but don't put up with any disrespect.

This is an essential part of being a biker. It has to do with personal honor. Anyone can be a quick-tempered fool... be cool, stand tall and backup what you say with action.

Never cheat, lie, or steal. Another way of saying this is to always be honest with your brothers and sisters. Bikers know his or her word is their bond. Your word is all you have in life that is truly yours. Guard it carefully and be something noble, for you are a member of a family that will stand shoulder to shoulder with you through all hardships and struggles.

Snitches are the lowest life forms on earth, right up there with bike thieves.

Don't snitch, unless it involves someone harming a child, and then only if you can't handle it yourself. Otherwise if you see a wrong, fight it yourself, if you are about anything you'll take care of problems yourself, and never feel the need to snitch someone off.

Don't Whine. Absolutely no one likes or respects a whiner, and no one cares to hear it. Another way to say this is "take charge and get on with life". Still another way to think of it is, "Don't sweat the small stuff" most of life's little inconveniences work themselves out whether you whine or not. Keep your chin up, dammit! You're a biker, not some lowly snail.

Never say die and never give up. Whether it's in a fight, a debate, or a curve too tight, no matter how bad it gets, a biker never shows weakness and a biker never gives up.

Help others. When a brother or sister is broken down by the side of the road, always stop and help them.

Even moral support, if that is all you can give, is better than riding on by.

And never ride off and leave anyone you rode out with, if they break down you pull over and wait, come hell or high water bikers do not abandon a brother or sister.

Remember life is about the journey, the ride, not getting there. You already are there.

And don't just help bikers; show the world that we are better than our image portrays us. Courtesy costs you nothing and it brings honor and respect to the biker family.

Stick to your guns. Do what you say you'll do, be there when you say you will. This is called integrity.

This also goes back to standing for something. Old school brother once said "We are all going to die, so make sure you die for something worth dyin' for, if you are right, stand your ground." Life is not a drill. Yeah, this ain't no dress rehearsal.

This is life, so go out and take big bites of it. You've got no time to lose and bikers don't stand around waiting for the party to come to them. You only go around once. Tomorrow you could be road kill, thanks to a cell phone user texting at the wheel of his or her cage.

Live life now, make the most of each moment 'cause as a biker this moment could be the rest of your life.

All right, now let's review. You are a biker, a modern-day knight of the road. Never trust anyone, not even the family, unless proven. Women and children are not to be abused. Never talk down to the poor, and never suck up to the rich. Protect the weak. Walk tall and stand proud. Your word is your bond. Stick to your guns. Don't put up with disrespect. Life is not a drill, and the code is not about a brand, it's about the brotherhood and sisterhood.

Now go forth and ride. When in doubt, ride. That's what we do... bikers ride. If you want to ride around in a Day-Glo Hawaiian shirt and sandals, go for it, but if you intend to look like an idiot, at least don't act like an idiot.

These commandments are just a few of the broad strokes of The Bikers Code, there is a lot more to being a biker than buying a bike.

If you just buy a bike, you are a motorcyclist. Being a biker is a way of life, a proud way of life we hold in high regard with a burning passion for the open highway, and we carry the bikers code within our hearts wherever we ride.

West Ride September 29th

Hi all Pyro here,

Another great day for a good ride with friends.

Some of us met at the Coffee Club for breakfast before going down to the meeting spot.

Phoenix and I met Steiny, Lucky J, Mac and Sarge for breakfast and coffee.

After we went down to Maccas to find Shadow waiting, so we had Six bikes for the ride.

Sarge being on lock down, only saw the first leg of the ride before heading home to greet the newest member of his Family. Congratulations and love from the whole of the club.

We all wish you the best for the new addition.

After leaving Maccas we shot up the Cunningham to turn off at Amberley and head to Rosewood and Grandchester, straight past Laidley to Ma Ma Creek for our first bum rest at about 10.05 am. We chilled for 30 min or so and then headed up Gatton Clifton Road, this is a good section of road and I always enjoy the valley we go through. On to Clifton and then the long ride to Shane Webcke's Pub arriving about 11.45 am. The food was good and it was nice to get out from the sun.

After lunch we left Leyburn and headed for Allora only for my navigation system to send me the wrong way.

It's not that it hasn't happened before, ha ha. Once back on the right track we were cruising along some long stretches of road with amazing views as far as you could see. A little dry but still something to behold.

About forty minutes later we were in Allora fuelling up. Now the plan was to go inland from there but my Nav System sent me straight past the turn off and by this time I was getting so mad if I could have ripped it off and ride over it I sure would have. Instead of turning around we shot up to the Cunningham turn off and cruised over the Gap.

Stopping at Aratula for our goodbyes, we all left together and rode for Willowbank where Phoenix and I pulled in for another bum rest, Shadow stopped with us while all others made tracks for home.

A long day and long ride but a good one, we got home about 4.30 pm after doing 400 km plus but feeling great.

I am so looking forward to the next one, see you all next week for another great day and good North ride.

Pyro
Light Em Up



West Ride October 20th

Hi all Pyro here,

We had a good turn out today, and what a day for it, Beautiful sun and a few clouds to help with the heat. We had eleven bikes and four pillions.

Phoenix and I met Mac, Lucky J, Steiny and three Guests at the Coffee Club for breakfast, Neil and Robyn riding a Vulcan, and Joy as a pillion with Steiny.

After breakfast we met Sarge, Boots & Lace, Big

Kev, Hurricane, Specs and rocking up with two minutes to spare we had a surprise with Scouse getting there just in time. After a short hello and a brief on the days route, we were ready to get going. Sarge asked to say a few words at this point which I would like to brush over.

As a club, Steel Horses are to behave if pulled over by the boys & girls in blue. When we are wearing our club vest we will be nice and

Back to Basics – Mastering the U – Turn

By Jerry Palladino (Motorman)

Recently some friends and I took a Sunday afternoon ride to Ybor City. Ybor, for those of you who don't know means NO PARKING in Spanish. Once there, as usual we had a tough time finding a parking space. In order to actually park, we had to make several quick U-turns on the narrow streets. Since I was leading, I could see in my mirrors the dirty looks my friends gave me as I led them on several U-turns in an effort to find the elusive parking spot. Their grumblings over the quick turns inspired me to write these tips.

As I have stated before, just about all production motorcycles are capable of making a U-turn in well under 20 feet. That means that you can U-turn on just about any two lane road including the narrow streets in Ybor City. Here's the technique you need to apply. If you are about to make a left hand U-turn, keep your foot firmly on the rear brake, keep the clutch in the friction zone and roll on the throttle. Dip the bike towards the right curb, then quickly and smoothly turn your head completely around to the direction you want to go. At the same time you are turning your head, you should be pushing on the right grip turning your handle bars as far as possible and leaning the bike to the left. The same technique applies if you are making a right hand U-turn.

To practice this maneuver, find a parking lot with back to back parking lines. You will find the white lines of the parking spaces are placed 10 feet apart. At first,

use three parking spaces. Start with your motorcycle towards the left side of the first parking space, then ride forward towards the right of the opposing parking space turn your head completely around as you turn the handle bars and make a 30 foot U-turn. Keep practicing this making your turn tighter each time till you can eventually turn using only two of the parking spots. That will give you a 20 foot U-turn and enable you to make a U-turn on just about any street.

Practice this maneuver equally to the right and to the left. You may find that making a right hand U-turn seems to be more difficult if you are right-handed. That means you practice the U-turn to the right more than to the left and you will get comfortable making the U-turn in both directions. The real key to this maneuver is to look where you want the bike to go. Remember, if you look at the curb or the end of the pavement on that narrow street, that's where you will go. So, at all costs, avoid that temptation. With about three hours practice, you should be able to turn on any street whenever you feel like it with total confidence.

Good luck. J Palladino

This guy teaches Motorcycle cops in the USA. I stumbled on his web site and learned a lot. just google "Jerry Palladino" and view some of his clips.

*Cheers
Steiny*



West Ride cont'd

cooperate fully with the police, as a whole I think this wise. We are not the focus of their attention and I think that when they find us to be Social riders (wannabes) they will lose interest in us.

Today we left Maccas on time and went up the Warrego Hwy and turned off for Fernvale and Esk.

At Esk we turned left and took off up the range to Hampton. We passed our first of five cop cars at the turn at Black Soil and another at the turn from Esk. I had just signalled to the group that you may leave the ride and go solo and at the next corner we pass another officer having a chat to a bloke on the side of the road.

They are such nice fellows. We reached Hampton about 10.30 am for a well earned rest and drink.

Scouse left the ride at this point and went for home, the rest of us headed north for Crows Nest and Yarraman.

The road out that way is great and we had a fantastic run with a few slow cars who pulled over to let us through.

All day we had great luck with the caged people, even on the way home a 4x4 pulled over to let me through.

We reached Yarraman about 12.20 pm and stopped at the Royal Hotel for lunch. Lunch was a little slow getting out but well worth it. Sarge was fed first and wanted to refuel so went for the servo only to find it flagged off, Holy sh—, Big Kev was worried he was getting low and a few others were too. We left Yarraman and headed for Blackbutt for fuel about 13 km down the road, I forgot there is also a BP half way to Kilcoy so finding fuel was not an issue and the short panic was averted.

Our Guests (Neil & Robyn) decided to head straight for home along the D'Aguilar Hwy. The rest of us turned right towards Esk

along Brisbane Valley Way and then left into Greggors Creek Road to Somerset. We pulled into the little petrol stop at the dam wall for a short bum rest and good byes by some. It was here Big Kev said he wants to change my ride name to Iron Butt, Ha Ha.

We'd gone about 305 km and the time was approx. 3 pm. An ice cream break by most and I was jealous. From here we split with most going straight to Esk while Mac, Hurricane, Phoenix and I headed for Mount Glorious. We stopped on top for a coffee but Hurricane had to call it a day and we said our farewells to him at about 4.00 pm. After a short break and very nice coffee Mac set out for home via Samford while Phoenix and I took Mount Nebo. I had a great ride up Mount Glorious and a better run along Mount Nebo. It was an interesting run along Mt Nebo, we were half way around when coming the other way we were surprised by two young boys coming down the road on Skate boards. I nearly clipped one on a corner but we laughed our heads off at how insane some kids are.

We had a great open road today with few cars in front and to my amazement all the cars in front pulled over for us to pass.

I never thought I'd say it, but there are some nice drivers out there.

What a great end to a fantastic day with good friends and very welcomed guest. We all hope to see Neil, Robyn and Joy again.

I hope you all enjoyed the ride today and I look forward to seeing you all on the next Pyro adventure.

Phoenix and I finished the day about 5.20 pm travelling about 430 km

Pyro

Light Em Up

North Ride October 27th



Ride Captain	Grumpy
Riders	Sarge, Steiny, Lucky J, Jak, Hurricane
Pillions	Angel, Phoenix
Guest	Dean
Tail End Charlie	Pyro

Breakfast Companions Yogi, Princess

Hi all

What a great day for a ride, we headed off from Carseldine at 9am up the dreaded Freeway, getting a few drops of stinging rain on the way. But that soon stopped as we rode further north.

Turning up Steve Irwin Way we got stuck behind a bit of traffic so we turned off at Glasshouse Mountains and threaded our way through some very pretty roads and towns. Heading toward Old Gympie rd and Landsborough where we paused briefly so everyone could catch up. We then continued cruising through the Mooloolah Valley until we came to Palmwoods a quiet and pretty little place.....until we stepped into Ricks Garage to the unmistakable tones of Meatloaf belting out ' Bat out of Hell' or some such thing.

What a great little find! A coffee shop, that serves alcohol, with a workshop out back, lots of indoor and outdoor seating options, and lots of 50's retro style eye candy including old motorbikes, petrol bowlers (including one that had been turned into a jukebox) signs and clothing.

So after a refreshing drink and a look around at the memorabilia we headed up Palmwoods-Montville road which is open again, so lots of twisties there and some good repaired road. We then turned left onto the Maleny-Montville Rd and headed back down towards Landsborough.

Whilst stopped at traffic lights for road works Sarge pulled up beside me and said he would depart the ride to go home and spend the rest of the day with Sugar as today was their anniversary. He had thought today was the 26th. Oops.

We turned off shortly thereafter to head down to Mooloolah where the way that I wanted to go was labelled a "no through rd local traffic only". So we all did an awkward turn.....ok, mine was probably the most awkward.....and went back the way we came.

Hurricane bailed up some locals and found out that the road does go through but turns to gravel very quickly as in 4wd gravel territory so we headed to Landsborough on the normal road and then onto Caloundra for Lunch.

Here Lucky J said his goodbyes cause he had to go home and paint his nails or maybe it was watch the V8's and drink some ales - not sure. The rest of us went to the pub at Kings beach for lunch where the staff got into a bit of a flap as we walked in so the manager came up and asked if we were outlaw bikies but then he saw Hurricane and realised we couldn't be. So after rearranging the pub.....(OK we moved a couple of tables) we all sat down to a delicious lunch and a nice chat. After leaving the pub where we could feel all eyes on us as we walked out, we mounted up and headed down the freeway to the twin BP's where we all said our goodbyes. A nice short ride on some even nicer roads.

Cheers

Grumpy

THE CLUB WEBSITE IS AT:

steelhorses.com.au

(steel horses dot com dot au)

South Ride November 3rd

The sun was out and already a few riders were waiting at the BP Yatala when I got there.

We had:

Sarge & Sugar, Ynot, Lucky J, Mac, Boots, Pyro and two visitors, Brandon and Kim. Brando started his day with two stops by the police on his way down from Bribie. The first one was just to confirm he wasn't a 1% er and the second one he was put on the bag.

We headed off out along Stanmore Rd. towards Tamborine Village then on to Beaudesert where we had a bum rest. After a cold drink and a chat it was off to Rathdowney and once there, I gave the signal and the boys went ahead and enjoyed the bends and then waited for us at the turn off to Kyogle. We had another nice break here and a chat about all things "Motorcycle", and Kim, our visitor, was telling us about a method they use in the states, whereby you cut fine slices in your tyres a quarter of an inch apart, and it improves your tyre life by up to 200 % and the same with handling, particularly in the wet. Something we will have to follow up on. I can't remember what he called the process. Sipping, I think.

By this time, Sarge and Sugar had already turned back and headed for home.

We were off to Kyogle for lunch at the Commercial Hotel. We all thought it was a good meal and then went down to the servo to re fuel before heading off to cruise through Nimbin.

Lucky J broke off and headed home before we turned off to Nimbin. Brandon ("Joker", as he will eventually be called), had a bit of trouble with his Motorcycle. he developed a leak in his radiator and we had to keep an eye on that for a while.

We all stopped at a servo on the river at Murwillumbah and had ice creams and cold drinks, as it was hot as buggery by this stage. As we left there, our resident "long Haul" specialist (Pyro) decided he wanted to go over the mountain on the way home, so he headed off in a different direction, solo, and the rest of us headed for Tweed Heads and up the highway home.

Bad Decision. the traffic was terrible. As it turned out, I only got home a half hour earlier than Pyro. I stayed With Brandon until I turned off at the Mt Gravatt Capalaba exit and he carried on up to Bribie. I texted him later to make sure he got home all right, and he did. He confirmed that his radiator had split, so he might be down for a bit til he gets it sorted.

Apart from the heat, it turned out to be a great ride, and I hope everyone enjoyed themselves

It's nice to go riding with good people.

Cheers

Steiny



West Ride November 10th

HI All Pyro here,

Today started just like most West rides, with beautiful skies with no clouds.

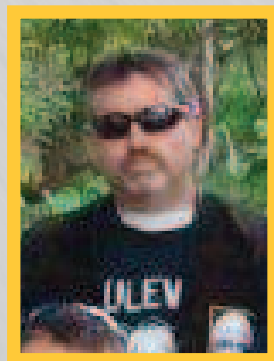
Phoenix and I met Steiny for breakfast at the Coffee Club at 8.00 am for a good meal and great conversation. Finishing breakfast about 8.45 am and then heading down to Maccas to meet the other adventurers.

Today we had Boots & Lace, Jak, Lucky J and a guest Dean, including me, Phoenix and Steiny that was six bikes and two pillions, a nice number.

After warm greetings I gave a short brief on our ride for today and we left on time.

Leaving Maccas we headed up Queens Street for Redbank Plains and turned into Jones road.

Riding through Brook Water and over the Centenary Hwy we turned right and rolled along to Greenbank.



Traffic was a little slow but after Greenbank it started to open up. We cruised down Teviot Road and turned left for Jimboomba, straight through to Mundoolun, along Mundoolun Road where we can open up a little, all the way to Beaudesert Beenleigh Road and turned right for Beaudesert.

We normally stop at the servo but today we pulled in across from the swimming pool on Brisbane Street at approx. 10.15 am.

The kiosk has cold drinks and food and we bypassed the road works so all in all a good choice. From Beaudesert we went out through Kerry and turned left into Nindooinbah Estate Road for a nice scenic detour.

Around here I think everyone thought we were lost but I knew exactly where we were. Riding my bike with my wife and having a great time with good friends. Nindooinbah takes us around the outskirts of Kerry and then comes back into Kerry Road and we travelled along nicely for about another 15 min when I turned left into the Lions Road and I could feel everyone cringe.

We pulled into Rathdowney for a drink about 11.30 am and the place was packed. A good forty or fifty odd fellow bike enthusiasts.

So it was decided to finish our drinks and go to Moogerah for lunch. It was here that Boots and Lace said goodbye and left for home. We left and went up the Mount Lindsay Hwy and turned right to go over Mount Barney. Here we saw a little rain which was refreshing and cool, lasting only for a few minutes and then fining up. Looking up at the sky was not encouraging but we pulled over to discuss options and chose to continue. Back on

Boonah Rathdowney Road and around to Moogerah Dam for lunch.

Here we looked ahead to an impressive lightning show and I began to panic. If we get soaked I will never hear the end of it.

Missing the rain almost completely we pulled into the little cafe and decided to eat and let the storm pass us by. The Cafe is under new management and we must say they were great, food was good and the price is reasonable too. Eating lunch and waiting for the black clouds to pass was a great decision for when we got back on our steel horses the sky was clear and sunny, but looking ahead we might ride into the rain. We left Moogerah and rode for Peaks Crossing skimming the edge of the storm, getting into Peaks about 2.30 pm. Fuel for the bikes and a Gaytime for Steiny and we said our goodbyes there. We all travelled out and headed for home together. Jak going straight at Goodna and the rest heading up the Logan, one by one everyone pulled off for there respective destinations. We were very lucky not to get wet and I thank the Bike Gods for sparing us. Today we travelled about 240 km to Peaks and left about 3.00 pm. To those who rode today, thank you for making the day what I look forward to every week, North, South or West.

And I hope you enjoyed the day as much as we did. Look forward to seeing you all next time.

Pyro

Light Em Up

I just saw the news and after seeing that I think we might want to start calling me Lucky Pyro. Ha Ha.

How to explain how Cricket works

You have two sides, one out in the field and one in. Each man that's in the side that's in goes out, and when he's out he comes in and the next man goes in until he's out. When they are all out, the side that's out comes in and the side that's been in goes out and tries to get those coming in, out. Sometimes you get men still in and not out.

When a man goes out to go in, the men who are out try to get him out, and when he is out he goes in and the next man in goes out and goes in.

There are two men called umpires who stay all out all the time and they decide when the men who are in are out. When both sides have been in and all the men who have been in are out, and both sides have been out twice after all the men have been in, including those who are not out, that is the end of the game!

North Ride November 17th

Ride Captain Grumpy
Riders Boots, Sarge, Lucky J, Pyro
Pillion Phoenix
Guests Brandon, Kim
Tail end Charlie Steiny

To start with why am I taking this ride and not the infamous Hurricane? Cause his trusty (ha ha) Boulevard is in critical condition - could even be terminal. Well that's another one gone.

Well what a day we had. It started out as beautiful and cloudy with a hint of rain - couldn't ask for better weather.

I arrived at the starting point at about 8.20 am with Brandon already there and waiting; champing at the bit. Slowly the others started to arrive. Boots and Lucky cruised in side by side, then Sarge rolled in shortly after, followed by Steiny and another guest Kim (he went on Steiny's ride a few weeks ago for those of you who went on that one). Finally Pyro turned up with the delightful Phoenix. Apologies were offered to her for other pillioners who couldn't make it.

After a bit of banter there was some story of other riders coming but they chickened out due to the hint of rain. We climbed aboard and headed off on our leisurely cruise. Trying to stick to the ride calendar, we headed to Sandgate and followed the shore line as much as we could then over the Hornibrook Bridge so plenty of water views.

We followed the shoreline again through Clontarf, Woody Point, Margate, and Redcliffe where we came to a road closure due to the Redcliffe Markets. With a slight detour, we edged back to the waterfront and meandered along to Scarborough. By this time I think everyone had seen enough water, I know I had and it was making me thirsty. So west we headed to Old Petrie Town for our first stop. After parking our bikes under the prickly trees we wandered into the markets heading for the pub. I found myself alone at the bar. Funny, I was sure I was riding with bikers, not tea totallers. Then finally Steiny, Lucky and Kim found their way in and I was not alone.

When we finished our drinks we had a brief look around - well only went into one shop that had cool retro signs and petrol bowlers for my new pool room. Finding the others we went back to our bikes for a photo shoot then headed west for a couple of k's then turned onto scouts rd which took us to Narangba. We then followed Oakey Creek Rd. cruising through Walker Rd, and Caboolture River Rd. We then headed to Rocksberg where we turned onto Old North Rd. At this stage the sky had started to blue up for us as we motored our way along Old North Rd. crossing several causeways. Now I'm not sure if it's just me or not but who parks their bike on a causeway that is also a blind corner?

After getting to Wamuran we started to turn onto the Daguiar hwy but we had to wait for the 3km's of traffic; it just didn't want to end. We finally were able to head to Bribie for lunch, cool, just a relaxing cruise from here. But no. Just as we get through Ningi, it turned into a traffic jam. It was chockers! After frustration finally got the better of me we leapfrogged to the front of the chaos (just don't understand cagers) but we had left Pyro, Phoenix and Steiny behind so Sarge pulled over and waited for them. The rest of us headed for the East side of the Island and waited at the pub for them.

So thinking what are we going to do they could be awhile, I suddenly hear the rumble of bikes heading our way and it was them. They told us as we started to leap frog the rest of them came across a broken down cager so they stopped and pushed her off the road. No one else seemed willing to help. And hows this, she didn't even say thank you! Just on the phone the whole time; just grunted and waved. Typical. So into the pub we go to redeem Steiny's \$100.00 voucher from last time we were there when he was given the wrong steak. So you think this should be easy but no. Here we go again. With frustration already high the girl tells him it's an email that's not signed and not a voucher so she has to get it verified by the boss. So while waiting the girl gets us to order. When the email comes



back verified she then tells Steiny he can use it next time he comes in. Well I'm not sure when that will be but hell may freeze over first. So we ate, grumbled and left.

I had planned to head back via Donnybrook but the sky was black that way so we decided very quickly to head for home. Brandon left us as he lives at Ningi, the rest headed to the freeway where we normally stop at the twin Bp's to say goodbye. Only three actually did, the rest just headed on home. We quickly said goodbye and headed home ourselves. I think it was a good call to end the ride

* * * * *

A mechanic was removing a cylinder-head from the motor of a Harley motorcycle when he spotted a well-known cardiologist in his shop.

The cardiologist was there waiting for the service manager to come take a look at his bike when the mechanic shouted across the garage "Hey Doc, want to take a look at this?"

The cardiologist, a bit surprised, walked over to where the mechanic was working on the motorcycle. The mechanic straightened up, wiped his hands on a rag and said, "So Doc, look at this engine. I open its heart, take the valves out, repair any damage, and then put them back in, and when I finish, it works just like new.

So how come I make \$39,675 a year, a pretty small salary and you get the really big bucks (\$1,695,759) when you and I are doing basically the same work?"

The cardiologist paused, smiled and leaned over, then whispered to the mechanic

"Try doing it with the engine running."

Mujibar was trying to get a job in India .

The Personnel Manager said, 'Mujibar, You have passed all the tests, except one. It is a simple test of your English language skills.

Unless you pass it , you cannot qualify for this job..'

Mujibar said, 'I am ready.'

The manager said, 'You must make a sentence using the words Yellow, Pink, and Green .'

just a little early as about ten minutes after getting home it came down so I hope the rest of you made it home dry. To the rest of you who couldn't make it or those that are afraid of the rain, I hope to see you on the next North ride. Just for something different It will be on Saturday evening the 7th of December starting at 4 pm at Carseldine. Those interested please let me know as I need to book a table for dinner.

Ride a nice day

Grumpy

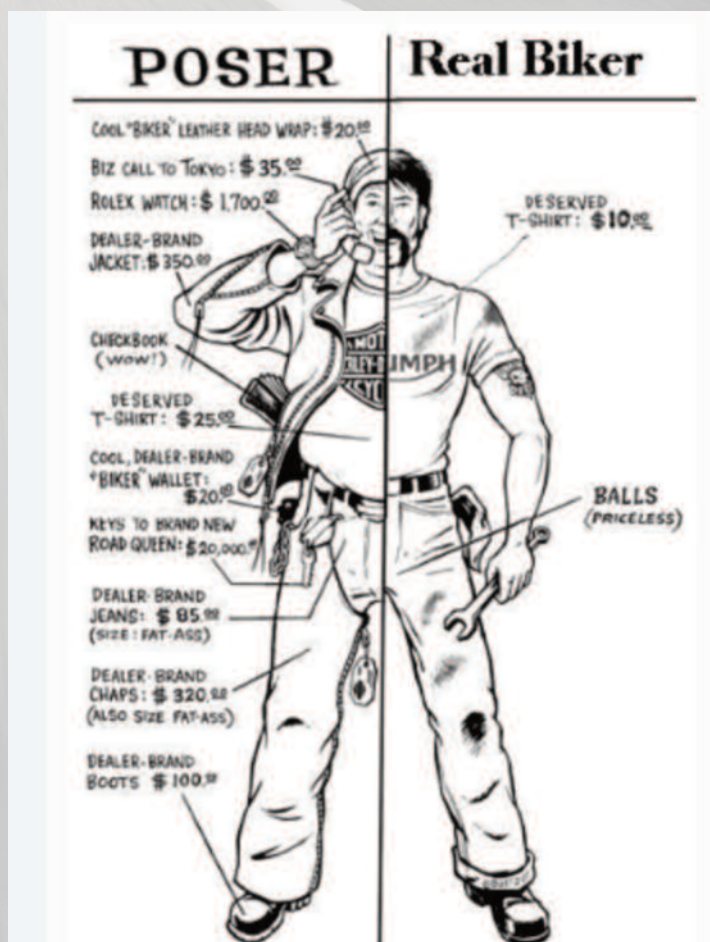
Mujibar thought for a few minutes and said, 'Mister manager, I am ready.'

The manager said, 'Go ahead.'

Mujibar said, 'The telephone goes green, green, And I pink it up, and say, Yellow, this is Mujibar.'

Mujibar now works at a call centre.

No doubt you have spoken to him.



October and November Run Pics



Get your motor runnin',
head out on the highway....
Born to be mild.... born to be mild



Event Calendar

Where it says **“Member's Choice”**, we would like you to volunteer to lead a ride along your favourite roads.

If you want to suggest the route or even take the Ride, email the relevant Ride Captain at least two weeks before to let him/her know the meeting point (you decide), the route, the distance, and approximate ride duration.

If everything is OK, the Ride Captain will approve it and let you know ASAP.

When the Ride Captain lets you know,

you **MUST** then email all members to give them advanced notice of the ride details. (if you can't do that, ask the Secretary to do it ASAP)

If you are a Rider or a Pillion **YOU** should then lead the ride.

If nobody volunteers, the relevant Ride Captain will take the ride as usual.

You must phone the relevant Ride Captain by 7.30 pm the night before a ride to confirm you wish to do that ride.

November			
Sun	3	South	Mullumbimby, Montecollum, Rosebank, Channon, Koonorigan, Nimbin (for a smoke), Blue nob, Kunghur, Murwillumbah, Tweed heads, Coomera
<i>Sun</i>	<i>10</i>	<i>West</i>	<i>Fernvale, Esk. Somerset, Kilcoy, Woodford, Dayboro, Samford, Home (232km)</i>
Sun	17	North	Sandgate and over the Houghton Hwy to Woody Point and Redcliffe. Out to Bribie Island for lunch and then onto Donnybrook before returning via Beerburum Rd** 280km
Tues	19	MEETING	Lord Stanley Hotel - Gabba – 7.30pm
<i>Sun</i>	<i>24</i>	<i>South</i>	<i>Yatala, Mt Nebo, Mt Glorious,(coffee), Fernvale (Lunch), Blacksoil. (Sarge)</i>
December			
<i>Sun</i>	<i>1</i>	<i>West</i>	<i>Fernvale, Esk, Summerset, Kilcoy, Woodford, Day borough, Samford (232km)</i>
Sun	8	North	250 Km -Mt Glorious, Kilcoy, Neurum Rd, Wamuran, Campbell Pocket Rd, Mt Mee, Home
<i>Sun</i>	<i>15</i>	<i>South</i>	<i>Yatala - BBQ Mt Cootha via Peaks Crossing and toll roads</i>
Tues	17	MEETING	Lord Stanley Hotel - Gabba – 7.30pm
Sun	22	West	Goodna, Mulgowie, Tent Hill, Murphys Creek, Hampton, Esk (240km)
<i>Sun</i>	<i>29</i>	<i>North</i>	<i>A straight dash to Pomona via the Sunshine Motorway, lunch at the pub and returning via Nambour Connection and Steve Irwin Way – 300km</i>
January 2014			
Sun	5	South	Redbank, Kalbar, Moogara, Barney View, Woodenbong, Granville, Rathdowney, Beaudesert, Home (lots)
Sun	12	West	Beaudesert, Kerry, Rathdowney, Mt Alford, Kalbar, Roadvale, Home (224km)
Tues	21	MEETING	Lord Stanley Hotel - Gabba – 7.30pm
Sun	19	North	Around the Dams via Woodford, Esk and back over Mount Glorious Rd returning via Eaton's Crossing Rd.
Sun	26	South	Mullumbimby, Montecollum, Rosebank, Channon, Koonorigan, Nimbin (for a smoke), Blue nob, Kunghur, Murwillumbah, Tweed heads, Coomera

Merchandising



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