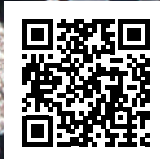


ISSUE 9 | APR 2023

# THROTTLE OUT

MOTORCYCLE  
MAGAZINE



## *Featured Articles*

What's Her Name - p9 | In The Saddle - p17

**FEARLESS FRIKKIE makes a mistake!**

**COLEEN'S**  
CANCER FUNDRAISER

**SUPPORT  
HER FIGHT**

AGAINST

**MELANOMA**

**CANCER**

**FUNDRAISING  
MISSION**

Coleen needs all the help she can get for her medication TAFINLAR and MEKINIST. This is the only CURATIVE approach to her cancer. **Treatment cost is approximately R50,000 per month for two years.** Coleen will greatly appreciate any contributions to help with her treatment.

**GOAL**

**TO RAISE R700,000**

coleenburger@yahoo.com

**BANKING DETAILS**

COLEEN CANCER DONATION  
FNB Cheque Acc: 62933484157

## Deadlines for Issue 10: Ads & Articles - May 10

**THROTTLE OUT MOTORCYCLE MAGAZINE** is a magazine for bikers, by bikers. Established in 2022, our vision is to bring entertaining and captivating content from bikers around South Africa, from visual stories, events and adventures, to awesome feature articles, rallies and event ads. All content herein is copywrite protected.

**THROTTLE OUT MOTORCYCLE MAGAZINE:**

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**Submissions for publication.**

By email: [editor@throttleout.co.za](mailto:editor@throttleout.co.za)

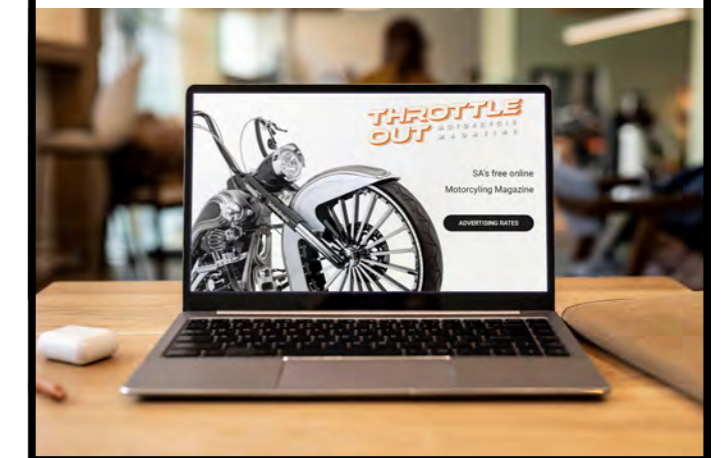
All correspondence should include your Name, Surname, Town of Residence and any Club Affiliation.

Any person submitting content to the THROTTLE OUT MOTORCYCLE MAGAZINE agrees to it's T's & C's, including having permission to send, distribute and/or share written and/or image content to the magazine. THROTTLE OUT MOTORCYCLE MAGAZINE will not be held responsible for the publication of third party images, and is indemnified from any legal aspects that may arise from the publication of text/images.

THROTTLE OUT MOTORCYCLE MAGAZINE website is live, now with our merchandise store.  
[www.throttleout.co.za](http://www.throttleout.co.za)

The THROTTLE OUT magazine is a local South African publication, funded by advertisers. It is "free to download" for anyone interested in the motorcycling community, wether its a lone rider or club.

Front Cover: Gambit  
Photo: John Christodoulou



**THROTTLE  
OUT** MOTORCYCLE  
MAGAZINE



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# CHATTER FROM THE EDITOR



## DANIEL MARITZ

**H**ello there all you beautiful fellow bikers! I hope you've all had your fill of biking for the summer, since winter is now fast approaching, and in some areas, already here. This biker of course doesn't care about the cold, I have enough insulation to ride in the cold too. All in all, some motorcyclists prefer to become like my wifey in the winter and go into hibernation lol.

---oOo---

Anyway, as you probably noticed, this April edition is late – but no need to worry, this was intentional. As of this month, we will no longer be releasing the magazine on the 15th of each month, but rather on the 20th or 21st. The reason for this is quite simple... time.

---oOo---

Now, as anyone in the design industry, printed media, etc. can confirm, creating a magazine is no small job. The large magazines out there on the shelves have large teams working on the magazines, including writers, designers, professional journalists, editors, proofreaders, and the list literally goes on. In the case of Throttle Out, we're a large team of... wait for it... two people!

---oOo---

Fair enough, most of the content, including the write-ups of the articles, comes from you, our readers. Having said that, there's still a huge amount of work to be done from the time I receive all the content, to the time I can release the magazine. Not to mention all the work in sourcing all those articles in the first place.

---oOo---

So earlier this month, we had a "staff meeting", basically just discussing and convincing ourselves that our readers would (hopefully) not mind if we release the magazine about 5 days later. Hence, from this month, I have double the time to get the magazine done than before – our deadline will still be the 10th of each month to submit

# THROTTLE OUT

MOTORCYCLE MAGAZINE

## CALLING ALL MOTORCYCLE CLUBS & EVENT ORGANISERS!

**FREE TO DOWNLOAD**

**ADVERTISE YOUR RALLIES, SLEEPOVERS, DAY JOLS, OR ANY OTHER EVENTS IN OUR MAGAZINE!!!**

THROTTLE OUT is a "free-to-download" motorcycle magazine, by bikers, for bikers. The idea behind the concept is to give fellow motorcyclists the chance to tell their own stories, in their own words. What makes this magazine different from other publications is the content. All stories and articles will come from the mouth of fellow motorcycle enthusiasts, whether it's a lone rider, or a club (along with their own images), with no professional motorcycle journalists. And it's these same bikers we target as our readers.

**WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE FOLLOWING CONTENT & ARTICLES:  
AWESOME ADVENTURES | STORIES | CHARITY RIDES | ETC.**

**CLUBS CAN SEND US EVENT FLYERS:  
RALLIES | SLEEPOVERS | DAY JOLS | MASS/CHARITY RIDES | ETC.**

**CONTACT US:**

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content, but now we have ten days to work on the mag, instead of just five.

---oOo---

As for the content, we try our absolute best to get enough content each month to make a "chock 'n block" full mag, worthy of our awesome readers. We can't do

it without you, so please, don't hesitate to send us your stories. And don't be shy, not all stories can be 3-week tours around the country, if you had an awesome ride out on a Sunday morning, just you and your ride, contemplating life and choosing your next bad life choice, we want to hear about it! And don't forget about our featured articles too.

---oOo---

Speaking of the featured articles, do yourself a favour and head to our interview with Gerda on page 17 – what a life she had! Respect!

---oOo---

That's it for me. Until next month, keep the rubber side down!



**THROTTLE OUT** MOTORCYCLE MAGAZINE

.....  
APPAREL STORE

Introducing our new range of biker themed apparel.  
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# THROTTLE OUT

MOTORCYCLE MAGAZINE

## CALLING ALL BIKERS AND CLUBS WE'RE LOOKING FOR CONTENT!

**FREE TO DOWNLOAD**

Did you or your club recently have an adventure, awesome ride, charity event, or just a get together with a fun story to tell? Then we want to hear about it! We're starting a social motorcycling magazine, by bikers, for bikers, and need you to send us your stories, articles, events, etc. with photos, and we'll publish it! All we need from you is to email us your content (written article and photos), and no, it doesn't need to be professional, we want your stories from your viewpoint, in your words...

- We specifically want the following stories:
- ADVENTURES | RALLIES | JOLS | CHARITY EVENTS
  - DAY TRIPS | MEMORIAL RIDES | FUN STORIES | OBITUARIES
- We'll also do monthly featured articles:
- WHAT'S HER NAME (an article about your ride)
  - IN THE SADDLE (interview with a biker, life story, a Q&A with a life long biker)

**CONTACT US:**  
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# What's her Name?

## Gambit a 2014 HD Sportster 883 Custom by John Christodoulou

After searching for a clean example, I purchased a 2014 Harley Sportster 883 locally from a seller in Randfontein. It had around 4000km on the clock, was in a good condition and consisted of a few cosmetic extras. Low mileage was a big consideration. It was also in the style of a Bobber, beautiful but I wanted something different. It also included a performance exhaust and a couple of small extras.

There's nothing particularly special about the bike, I was just looking for something clean with low mileage for this project, and since it was in good condition, I chose this one.

So, why did I choose this bike? As I men-

**T**he Bike's name is Gambit. Nothing meaningful behind the name, I just like it. This was my first project pre the Deus Café Racer that was featured in the March 2023 edition of Throttle Out.



FEATURED ARTICLES

## WHAT'S HER NAME

WE NEED YOUR ARTICLE

If you have an awesome motorcycle, maybe you built your bike up, had a custom spray theme done, an award winner, or a unique story behind your bike, we'd love to know it.

Send us an email to discuss, and who knows, your bike may even end up on the Throttle Out cover...

tioned above, it was a good donor bike for my Boulevard Street Cruiser build. Sportsters are great custom donor bikes.



Being my first Harley, it is unlike any of the other bikes I have owned over the years. It was my first Harley.





I wanted something that I could ride comfortably, a laid back bike, with good looks and some grunt. And that makes her special to me.

As per my Café racer, I contracted the services of Ride Customs in Elandsfontein, a small boutique customizer specialising in custom builds. Partners Mike and Tony attended to the build. Parts fitted were the 48 Peanut tank, a 48 seat, short Ape Hanger handlebars, wheels & whitewall tyres, rear-view mirrors, custom indicators and mirrors, fuel cap, foot pegs and controls, and other accessories such as the custom licence plate holder, brake lights, front and rear

fenders, and a luggage rack to complete the design appearance. Finally, it had a custom paint job. After several months of meticulous work, it was ready to be ridden.

At this stage, the bike is complete and I have no wish to do any more custom work on it. It is currently on the market with 5,800km on the speedo.

This bike is a real looker, people compliment me for its cruiser looks and it is really comfortable to ride with more than adequate power. The position of the handlebars coupled with the forward controls make it a relaxed ride.



# THROTTLE OUT

MOTORCYCLE  
MAGAZINE



## FEATURED ARTICLES

# IN THE SADDLE

### WE NEED YOUR ARTICLE

We'd like to get to know some of our special bikers.

We're talking about your old school bikers, interesting characters, people who's done amazing work within the motorcycling community, etc. We have a few questions we'd like to ask you. Please contact us to be featured in this monthly article!

EDITOR@THROTTLEOUT.CO.ZA

WWW.THROTTLEOUT.CO.ZA

# IN THE Saddle

Daniel Maritz  
chats with  
Gerda du Toit

**DANIEL:** TELL US A LITTLE ABOUT YOURSELF.

**Gerda:** Dear fellow bikers and readers, my name is Gerda du Toit and somewhere in the range of 40+ years old. I was 9 when I was diagnosed with diabetes. Funny, also just realised it was 9 years ago that I became a bilateral amputee 😊

I am a mom of two boys, aged 12 and just short of 11. My pride and reminder of why I fought so hard for all those years to save my feet and live.

But more relevant to this, is that I am a



proud ambassador for Honda Wing SA. I am also involved with an NPO, Riding for a Limb. More info on this coming up.

**DANIEL: IF WE MAY ASK, WHAT WERE THE CIRCUMSTANCES THAT LED TO YOU BEING A DOUBLE AMPUTEE?**

**Gerda:** As mentioned before, I've had type 1 diabetes since the age of 9. In 2007, I fell off the bus and thought that cocaine was



my best (and only) friend. Diabetes and drug abuse

are cruel, and the consequences are severe.

It started with a black spot on my left foot. If I wasn't





high, I probably would have noticed it sooner, but by the time I got to it, it was basically too late. Since the end of 2007, I've started treatment on getting the wound healed. A year later, I bumped my right foot against a rock. The next morning my foot had a black blister. It all happened so fast.

I've been clean since the start of 2008 but relapsed in 2009 when my brother passed. Fortunately, this was only short-lived. I've been clean since about September 2009. Why am I sharing this? Because I want other people to know that you can be set free from drugs. It is possible, it's just up to you.

So for 7 years, I've been in and out of the hospital, due to septicemia, and gangrene, going in and out of the theatre to cut out the dead smelly rotten flesh. I've been to the theatre about 40 times in those 7 years. In those 7 years, I've given birth to my 2 sons in 2011 and 2012.



I was too ill to be a mom for them, even when I was at home and not in the hospital or working. It was a constant fight to just keep breathing, a fight I wasn't willing to lose because of my boys. Especially with my youngest son being born with a severe heart condition. He was only 3 days old when he had his first heart surgery.

On the 24th of April 2014, I was done. The damage was done, and the fight was over. The doctors told me there is nothing more they can do for me. Either amputate or die. Finished. I had to die on that day so that I could start living again.

The uncertainty on where and how to from

here, being in a wheelchair for the rest of my life. A very difficult and dark place to be in, but my motivation came from having my health back. It was like an instant cure having both my legs amputated at the same time.

Truth be told, being a diabetic, wounds like that do not heal. The doctors knew that, but they also knew for as long as they treated me, making me believe that they could save my feet, they would make money. Guess I am not a fan of the medical industry. If I knew at the beginning of those 7 years what I know today, I would have told them then to amputate instead of going through hell for 7 years.

**DANIEL: WHAT MOTORCYCLES HAVE YOU OWNED?**

**Gerda:** My journey with motorcycles started in 2002/2003. I was introduced to motorcycles by a neighbour at the time, he had a Yamaha R1. I was fascinated. He had a friend on an SP who would come visit, and I still remember how I sat next to the bike, in awe, and touched the exhaust shortly after he stopped. The first thing I learnt about a bike is not to touch the exhaust, it will burn.

From there I was adamant that I was going to ride a bike, and my shopping spree started. My very first bike was a Honda VFR400. About two months later, I had a Yamaha R6 and was racing on the track at every opportunity I had. I never used to ride on the road, only on the track.

On the 17th of January 2007, I sold my bike with the idea of getting a new one. By the end of March 2007, I was a full-on addict. My life crumbled from the emptiness of not having my 2 wheels waiting for me in the garage. Of course, there were other factors involved too, but not having her was my final tumble. After all, she was my escape from the harsh realities of life. Then I got ill, so I never got to replace her and haven't been back on a bike since then.

My adventure started when I lost my legs in 2014, then I got to meet Charl Beukes, from the Amputee Club of SA. At the time, they quoted me R400 000.00 for the prosthesis. I thought I was going to be in a wheelchair for the rest of my life. But with the help of Charl and the biking community, I received prosthetics and the gift of walking.

When I met Charl, I never knew he was a biker. Until one day when he walked into my office with a helmet, and the rest was history. I started riding as a pillion with him, on his XT660 and also, of course, his super R1. Charl used to participate in National Drag Racing.

Then came the idea of me riding and doing a nationwide trip around the country to help me with my medical bills, between myself and my youngest son, who was in NICU for the first 2 months of his life and on



permanent oxygen until he was 9 months old when he had more surgery done, the bills were soaring.

But after seeing what Charl did for kids who lost a limb due to cancer and giving them prostheses, I realized that I would do the trip to raise funds for these children.

I was sponsored a bike by Cayenne at the time with a Honda Integra (vicious scooter) and started riding again at the beginning of 2016. On the 6th of June 2016, Charl, Noel from Coldsteel MCC and I did an epic trip down to Cape Town. The Honda Integra is basically the scooter version of the Honda NC750.

We managed to raise enough funds to help 36 children who have lost a limb.

Paul Jacobs and his team from Honda Wing SA decided that, as I am the only female bilateral amputee in the world, to make me a brand ambassador for Honda and gave me an Africa Twin DCT (Dual Clutch Transmission). I was terrified. I was terrified when I started riding again in 2016 as if I never used to ride before. Total blank, and without legs. But with the patience of Charl and Paul, they somehow managed to get me riding again 😊. Now was the big task of learning how to ride a big, proper, bike.

Fortunately, we have Honda, and their DCT models make it a case of get-on and go. No need to change gears, The automatic out-performs the manual (FYI) and it is magic.





In 2020, Honda Wing SA sponsored me with a 2020 model of the Africa Twin DCT, and her name is Twinee. We still ride together every day, even if it's just to work and back. I don't have a car, so Twinee and I get to share our roads on a daily basis, in the wind, rain, sun and cold.

Because of Twinee, it is possible for disabled people like me to ride bikes. Even with no disability, the Honda Africa Twin is by far superior in handling all weather and road conditions – whether on tar or gravel.

**DANIEL: AND CURRENT MOTORCYCLES?**

**Gerda:** The one and only Honda Africa Twin DCT, Twinee.

**DANIEL: ARE YOU A MEMBER OF A CLUB? IF SO, WHEN, AND HOW, DID YOU JOIN?**

**Gerda:** I do have my colours for Coldsteel MCC, based in East London. Noel Monk, who is the president, was part of the very first trip I did in 2016.

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 Riding for a limb NPC  
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**DANIEL: WHAT OTHER CLUBS HAVE YOU BEEN IN, IF ANY?**

**Gerda:** None, but we do have several clubs involved with Riding for a Limb, as we now focus on bikers who have lost limbs, to get them up and walking, and ultimately, riding again.

**DANIEL: WHAT IS YOUR MOST TREASURED POSSESSION?**

**Gerda:** My initial thought is to say my chil-



dren, but they are not my possession, so most certainly the answer is my Honda Africa Twin DCT.

**DANIEL: WHEN AND WHERE WERE YOU HAPPIEST?**

**Gerda:** Whenever I get to ride my bike. Even if it is a very short distance daily, those few kilometres on Twinee are my place of being ecstatic.



**DANIEL: WHAT WAS YOUR MOST EMBARRASSING MOMENT?**

**Gerda:** I had a few of these. But it was all part of the learning process and how to adjust to riding with prosthetics.



interview in Harties and showed the journalist how the prosthetics work, so I had to take it off. As we left, I adjusted my feet and my left prosthetic fell off. I stopped, knowing that I must keep my weight to the right, but it's like a supernatural power and you keep pushing to the left, expecting your "feet" to touch the ground. I leaned over too far, and the bike fell over. Fortunately, Charl, who was riding in front of me, saw it and turned around. He first had to fetch my leg several meters behind me and then came to help me get back up. The poor oompie who was standing outside watering his garden and saw it happening got such a fright. Seeing a woman lying next to her bike without a leg...

**DANIEL: WHAT IS YOUR FAVOURITE RIDE DESTINATION?**

**Gerda:** Calvinia. The road between Calvinia and Canarvon is like being in heaven for kilometres on end. The road conditions are good, it is open, and very little, if any, traf-

Most of the time I fell over when I had to stop, boom. One time I stopped next to Charl on his R1, and the road was at an angle. I accidentally misjudged and accidentally fell onto him, but he managed to keep his bike up and get out.

The other time was when I went for an in-





break through the initial and unbearable pain once you start walking on a prosthesis again. But you can only get there when you push yourself over limits you never knew you had. To face the fear. And it's my heart's desire to share that journey with amputees, to see them stand and walk for the first time again.

**DANIEL: TELL US A JOKE.**

**Gerda:** I don't shoot people through bathroom doors.

**DANIEL: WHAT SONGS REMIND YOU OF YOUR YOUTH?**

**Gerda:** Jan Pierrewiet 😊 I wouldn't even know where to start. When they chopped off my legs, I think they took a piece of my brain too. As long as it's not jazz, heavy metal, Pavarotti and langdraadige sad songs.

**DANIEL: WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE SONG WHILE RIDING, AND WHY?**

**Gerda:** I don't listen to music. My music is the sound of the bike. I get thrills from the bike gearing down and the exhaust spitting, revs climbing, oh my word, I get chills down my spine.

**DANIEL: WHAT MESSAGE DO YOU HAVE FOR THE REST OF THE MOTORCYCLING COMMUNITY?**

**Gerda:** We share the same passion. For Riding for a Limb, we use our passion for motorbikes to give other amputees the gift of walking.

**DANIEL: AND FINALLY, IN CONCLUSION?**

**Gerda:** When you are in bed tonight, lying on your back, try turning on your side without using your feet. When you get up to go to the toilet, try pulling down your pants standing on one leg, or even just brushing your teeth.

We take for granted being able, even the simplest things we think are natural. Until it happens to you, a friend, or a family member.

We (Riding for a Limb) not only help bikers who have lost a limb, whether it is due to illness or accident, with a prosthesis (be-

fic. So, guess what happens with the throttle... You get lost in a world where nothing else exists.

**DANIEL: DO YOU HAVE ANY UNFULFILLED AMBITIONS?**

**Gerda:** Being able to dedicate my daily life to helping other amputees. Being able to tell them there is always hope, no matter how uncertain the future is. No matter how bad it gets, there is always hope. I need to share my story to give others hope. To motivate individuals, especially amputees, to keep walking. It is a huge challenge to

cause it is so expensive and most amputees end up in a wheelchair), the best medical aids don't cover the full costs. We also do rehabilitation and teach them to walk again. We do this at their homes, workplaces and with their family and friends. The team are volunteers and most of them have full daytime jobs. They only do this for the love of motorcycles and our fellow human beings.

So, we fully rely on donations from people, companies, clubs, etc. Without funds, we are unable to share our passion for riding and give the gift of walking.

All information and stories of our journeys with patients are on our Facebook page, Riding for a Limb.

In conclusion, may I challenge you to book a test ride with your nearest Honda dealership and feel for yourself what the DCT models are made of. It may not make sense, but once you have felt the pleasure, you may just end up never wanting to go back.

Be safe out there and know you can overcome whatever the challenge is that you are facing.





FEATURED ARTICLES

# THE PATCH

WE NEED YOUR ARTICLE

There's always an interesting story behind a club's patch, like when and how a club started, the meaning of the club's patch, who the founding members were, etc. To be featured in one of these articles, email us.

[EDITOR@THROTTLEOUT.CO.ZA](mailto:EDITOR@THROTTLEOUT.CO.ZA)

[WWW.THROTTLEOUT.CO.ZA](http://WWW.THROTTLEOUT.CO.ZA)



FEATURED ARTICLES

# WHERE TO GO

WE NEED YOUR ARTICLE

As bikers, we're always on the lookout for those awesome destinations, the lesser known pubs or biker hangouts. We'll be doing a series of featured articles about these biker spots, so if you know of a venue, pub or themed hangout, or are the owner of one, get in touch and we'll do a featured article on your secret spot!

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# 3 Wheelin'

## Border Patrol 2021

Story: Anton

Photos: Anton

In the 3rd instalment of our journey, we are heading up towards the garden route on our way to the East Coast. Not halfway yet but getting there slowly.

### Day 9 - 130km

Today we spend the day in Cape Town visiting family and doing some light maintenance work. So, there was no need to get up early, but my internal clock got me out of bed just after 6 and I used the time to do the ride report for yesterday which did not get done that evening. Mixing alcohol and responsibility and we all know which is going to come out tops. Anyways it got done by the time Izabel poked her head

## Part 3

out. While having coffee with Jenna on the back porch we discussed our plans for the day.

I need to contact Tim from Cape Sidecar Adventures about getting a backup tire, go visit my brother and then clean the air filter and some other miscellaneous maintenance. Come right over, no problem is the response from Tim. Sounds standard for a business except that this is Sunday, and he will be coming in to open up just to help me. We ride to Salt River where Cape Sidecar Adventures is located, and Tim is there already waiting for us.



Cape Sidecar Adventures

# Adventures

It is an amazing shop filled with all sorts of stuff. CJ sidecars, helmets, photos.

Cape Sidecar Adventures, if you don't know it yet, is a company in Cape Town



Tandem Sidecar Tub



Me With Tim

that specializes in tours with a difference. They offer guided tours, of various lengths in and around Cape Town in a sidecar. They obviously supply the sidecar and driver to take tourists on an amazing adventure.

To maximize capacity and to cater for those who want to be in the same sidecar during a tour they have introduced the double tub where two passengers can sit in

a tub together.

You could not ask for a nicer guy, but you probably know this by now since he opened his shop just for us and offered up his Sunday time to help us.

Tim showed us around his shop and just when you think that is it, there is more! With the Covid thing hitting the tourism industry hard he diversified and started a distillery, Sidecar Caffé Distillery.

They currently have a license for off-sales, and you can do some tasting before deciding on the best spirits for you.

But then just as you think this is it Tim asks if we wanna see his old Bedford fire truck, Mrs Doubtfire. We go outside, around a corner where he opens another roller door to reveal the rest of his CJ fleet.



Tim Explains The Ins & Outs To Izabel. I Hope She Is Making Notes

Mrs Doubtfire is actually an old Bedford fire truck built in 1955. These trucks were known as the green goddesses and some of them were still in service by as late as the early 2000s. Not many remain that are still road-worthy, Mrs Doubtfire being one of them. With seating in the back, she is available to be hired for a fun drive around town and Brodey can be persuaded to join. Brodey is a rescue, and he can be followed on his Facebook page.

What a great time we had with Tim. We leave to visit my brother who stays close by, but we had to battle some heavy traffic due to a crash, caused by what I would call stupidity. How else do you crash on a straight road? After having a cold one we head back to our hosts for the night

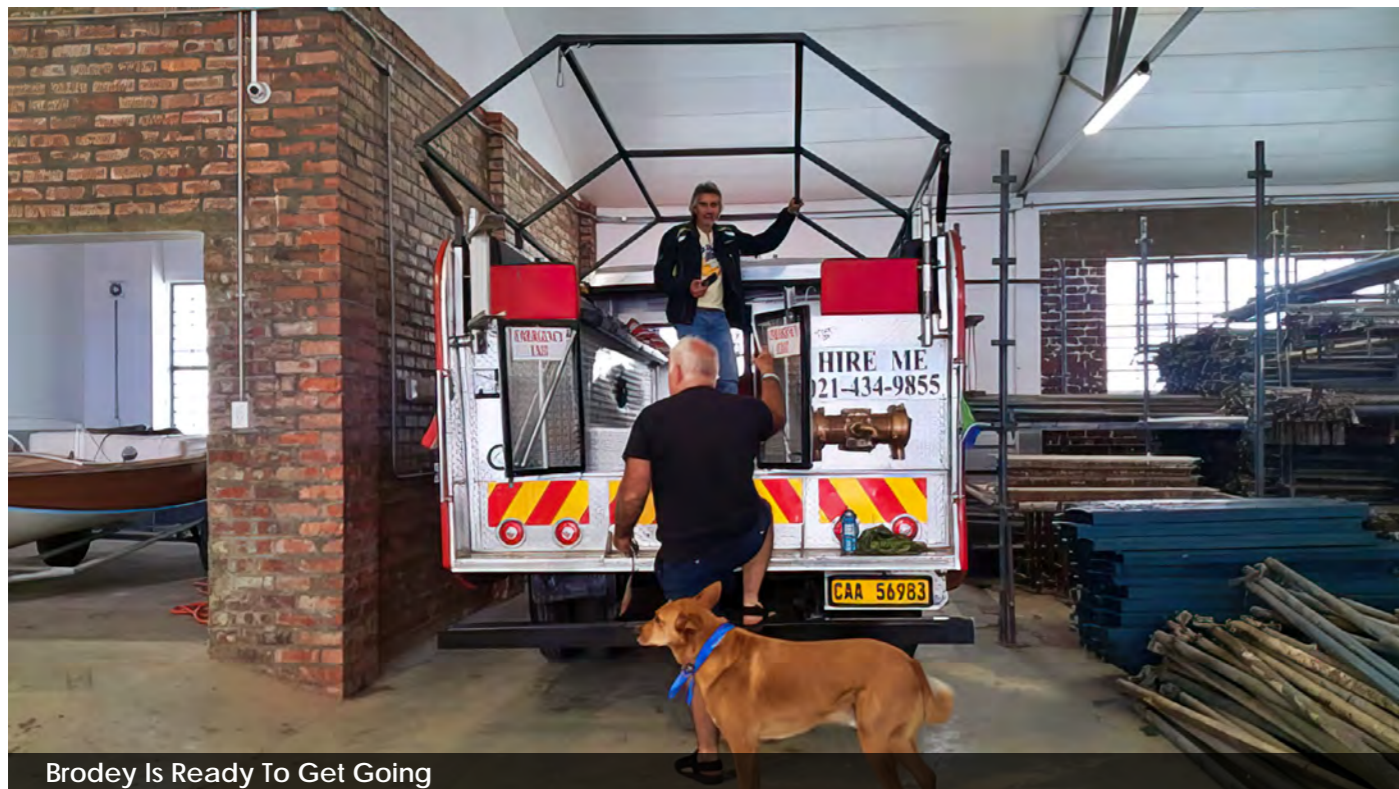
Back at Paul and Jenna's place, I do some maintenance. Clean the air filter, check/tighten bolts and replace the split vacuum air tube. Tasks like these might be trivial to the modern adventure bike rider, when last did you run through your whole KTM 990 with a spanner to check every bolt and nut? But neglecting to do this on a regular basis on the Ural can leave you crying next to the road.



Some Of The Fine Products They Make



The Fleet



Brodey Is Ready To Get Going

Tomorrow, we leave for our next stop in Stilbay. The plan is to be on the road at 6

trying to miss traffic out of Cape Town. We have to see how that pans out.



I'm Trying To Get On The Same Level As Izabel aka Stompie, But Do A Really Bad Job Of Being Inconspicuous About It

**Day 10 – 398km**

Thank you, Paul and Jenna, for hosting us. Please remember the sliding door safety regulation for our next visit. Note to Self: Never lead with your head when entering a building through a glass sliding door.

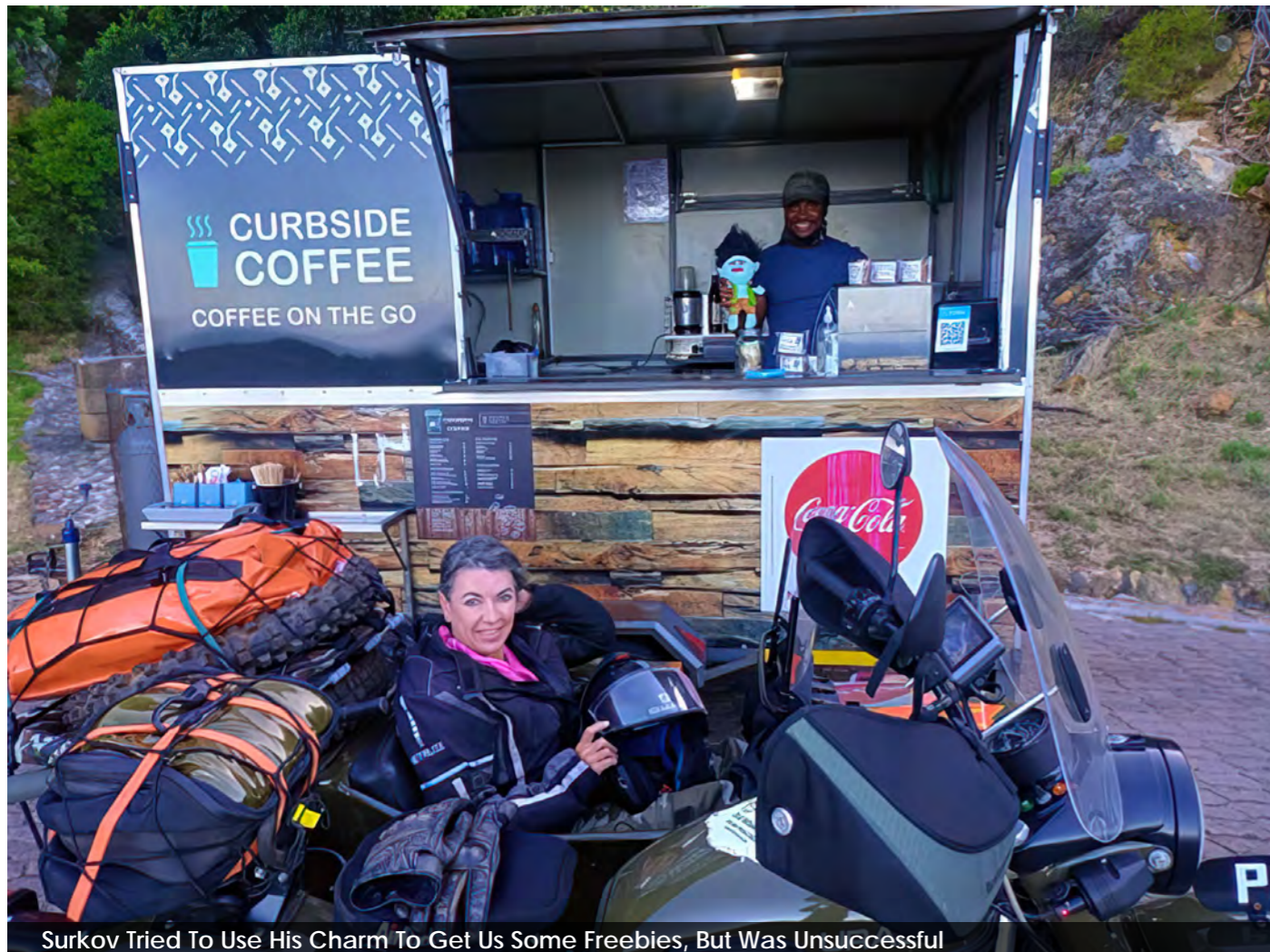
Navigating city traffic this morning made me think of one thing. Herbalife! I'm not sure if it is an international brand and I'm not even bothered to Google it but what I do know is that if the Herbalife tannies take to the road in their cars there is chaos. It is Monday which means that those sods who could not get vacation leave will be going to work this morning, clogging up the roads and just making an annoyance of themselves. Then you throw the Herbalife tannie into the mix and traffic in the 80km/h zone grinds to a 25.5km/h crawl. Hence my desire to get out of Dodge as early as possible.

The wind was howling and by the time we came into Gordons Bay, the ocean

was white as the spray came off the surface. Not nice to ride in winds like this but it looked pretty cool.

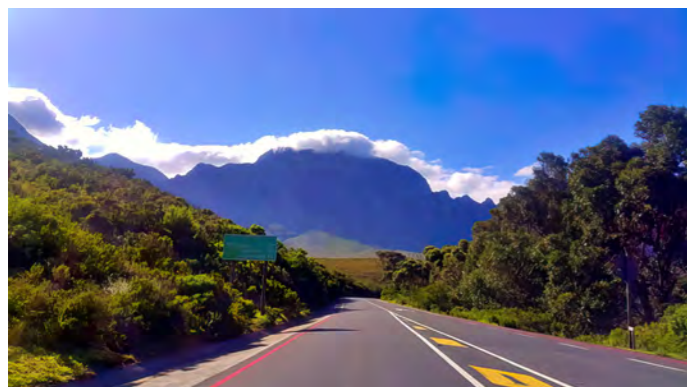


Other than the wind it was a great day for riding with the sun shining and a cold 'breeze' blowing the snot out of your nose. We stopped at a roadside coffee shop for a quick coffee and a bite to eat.



Surkov Tried To Use His Charm To Get Us Some Freebies, But Was Unsuccessful

The roads we are riding are part of the Whale Route, a very scenic drive along the coast where you pass by and through small towns. Clouds rolling over the mountaintop looked really spectacular.



Betty's Bay is a vacation town that started out as a whaling station somewhere in the early 1900s. One of its star attractions these days is the penguin colony at Stony Point Nature Reserve. It is the 3rd largest breeding colony of the African Penguin in the world. Its size is a bit difficult to capture with a photo because they move around in clusters.



Betty's Bay

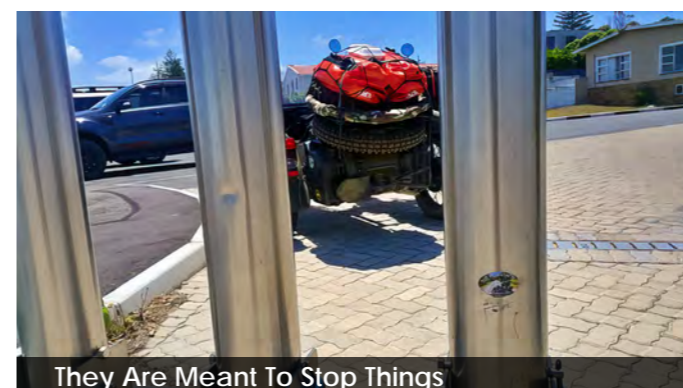


You Say Whaaaat?

We eventually reach Gansbaai well known for its white shark diving. Even though I've done it I'm not really too keen on it because of the way that it is done. Sharks are baited and lured for people to see them up close. This disturbs their natural pattern which I cannot think can be good for them.



And this is where the real fun for the day starts. It's close to lunch and we start looking out for a place to eat. I drive down to the harbour and I look around for something interesting when all of a sudden there is this big bang and we come to a sudden stop. Yip, I drove right into a huge, shiny stainless steel bollard. Luckily the only damage is a slightly dented toolbox and an ego. Could have been much worse, somebody could have been watching me do this! Note to self: When looking around for something interesting, stop driving.



They Are Meant To Stop Things

What I was looking at when my brain had a huge fart is the Boat House so the least, we could do is go there and eat something.

The fish and chips were ok but not good and they had to run to a shop to go get bacon for the breakfast.



The next leg will take us to Bredasdorp. From this point onwards we would be doing mostly gravel, around 200km. The stretch between Gansbaai and Bredasdorp wasn't too bad with a few corrugated sections and very dusty. You find the weirdest things on these roads that make you wonder what people were thinking when they created them. This boat/aeroplane/windmill is found just before entering Bredasdorp and clearly, a lot of effort went into it.



Some Interesting Things Next To The Road



But They're Not Keen On Any Visitors

Bredasdorp is a very clean town, not something you expect to find often. In fact, this is the first time I ever saw such attention to detail when filling up at a garage.



A Bib For Putin

After this exiting town, we are back on the gravel, this time to Malgas where we will cross Breederiver on the pond. The wind was still howling, and it was a real struggle on the gravel road. A few kilometres before we reach Malgas I see a bike in the distance, and I slowed, trying to find the rider who seems to be missing. It is only when I came to a stop that I realized that the rider was a diminutive figure hunched over the bike. When the rider came upright, I real-



Henriette With Her CRF 250, Honey

ized it was a lady, and she immediately came over. "Hello I'm Henriette, she said as she holds out her hand. Turns out she is from Denmark on a solo world tour. Like me, she's had enough of the @##@# wind and was busy praying for it to stop when we drove up.



Izabel, Surkov & Henriette

What an awesome lady to take on an adventure like this solo. We chatted for a bit and then decided to ride together to Malgas where she intends to find an overnight spot while we continue on towards Still Bay another 105km further. Henriette rides her CRF 250 like a Dakar pro as she sits patiently behind Putin until things come to an abrupt



Henriette Looks On As I Did A Quick, Yes, It Was Quick, Tire Change

stop when my back wheel blows out at 80km/h on the gravel. This is the same tire I fixed in Springbok a few days ago so I think it's had just about enough.

While I was busy doing this a group of about 8 riders on adventure bikes came up the road and drove right by with just a wave of the hand. We were all totally amused by the fact that no one stopped

to ask if we were ok or to offer assistance, not that we needed it but hell they did not know that. And as Henriette said, at least stop to have a chat. A bit disappointing to say the least but if these trips will teach you anything it is that you have all kinds out there. Hope they all made it safely to their destination.

At the ferry, we bid Henriette fair well as



Malgas Pond

we crossed over to the other side (of the river, not life). You can follow her adventures on Instagram at Henriette\_fortheloveof-wheels.

The skies are becoming overcast, and the air is a bit crisper as we rode off the ferry on the far side of the Breede River. We still have a 105Km to go, all gravel, and a bit behind schedule. Sure, I know you should not have a schedule and you should like free and send money to feed baby seals, but I try not to be on the road after sunset, so the schedule is not made up of fixed times but rather preferences.

Anyhow by the time, we approached Vermaaklikheid a misting rain has started to spoil my mood. It is not enough to wash off the dust of the previous 150km of dirt road, just enough to turn it into something I do not have a word for. But the one thing that keeps the mood up is the fact that I know we don't have to pitch camp when we get to our destination. Camping in the wet has never been my favourite activity.



Miserable Mist Rain



Another Quick Stop To Fill Up

The GP Ice (that's what my granddaughter calls it) routes us onto a dead end road on private property. It is not as if there



There Was Actually A Sign On The Closed Gate That Said PRIVATE PROPERTY

were no signs along the way telling us this is where we're heading but the GP Ice is always right ne? Luckily the family living there did not wait with a shotgun and was very friendly but had no idea where the place we want to go to was.

We eventually found the correct location, but I first had to take a phone call from the lovely ladies looking after our house and dog asking how to switch on the stove before we could proceed.

Today marks day 10 of our adventure. We have completed 3230Km, had two flats, one split vacuum tube, one broken screen bracket, one totally stuffed Motorrad tank bag.

Tomorrow is a rest and maintenance day. I will look at what to do with the spare tire and we also need to get some laundry done.



Surkov Has His Nightcap



Duinekroon Farm

**Day 11 – Rest day**

Today is a rest, maintenance, and laundry day. Does not seem that there will be any sun and the mist is thick. I did some research last night to see where we can do some laundry, get spares and have the tire fixed so I was confident that we will have everything done and back for me to give Putin some TLC. The first stop was the laundromat. Nope, they do not have coin-operated machines and nope they cannot do our two small bags of laundry for us.



Our Laundry Bags

We tried another place and got the same response. It just affirms my belief that there are more "don't give a fuck" than

"let me see how I can help you" people surrounding us. Oh well just turn things inside out and soldier on, it's not a show-stopper. But Izabel contacts the lady at Duinekroon where we stay and she responds "Yes there are laundry facilities you can use free of charge". Duh!

The next stop is to see what can be done about the spare wheel. It looks quite second hand so I'm not confident we will be able to save it, which we could not so the spare tire I got from Tim in Cape Town is fitted.

While buying some oil at the garage I'm told there is no spares shop in Still Bay. I need some spare vacuum hoses and decide to try the hardware store. While I'm doing this Izabel stays with Putin and becomes the focal point for many people that pass by.



UDF Creeping Up On Her

Typical UDF questions are:

- What is this?
- Where does it come from?
- What size is the engine?
- What year is it?
- Where are you going/coming from?
- Can I take a picture?
- What is the fuel consumption?
- How much does it cost?

My memory is really crap so I can't remember if I explained the UDF thing but just a quick refresher – Ural Delay Factor is the time you need to factor into your journey time for people coming over to chat. You could stop in Gatsonderwater with a fully laden GS1250A and not a single person will bat an eyelid. But roll up with a Ural and both residents will come out to meet you and talk shit, UDF.

Back at the base, I start doing some maintenance tasks after giving Putin a quick rinse. I found that the GoPro took quite a beating.



- To-Do list:
- Clean air filter
  - Replace vacuum hose
  - Check bolts – found one tub strut bolt going in the wrong direction i.e., lefty.
  - Top up oil
  - Swap wheels



While waiting for them to replace my tire in the shop I saw this nifty little funnel on the counter top. This must be the best thing I've bought in a long time. Sounds stupid but the oil filler hole on the Ural is a real bitch and without a funnel, it is almost impossible to do. I would normally cut a bottle, but this is so much easier and works a breeze. I'm absolutely chuffed with my purchase. And it is surprisingly functional for its small size.



Izabel Is Busy Doing Some Journaling While We Display Our Laundry (at least not dirty) In Public

Tomorrow will be a loooong one with 465km to cover to Jeffereys Bay, so the plan is an early start. The weather forecast is a bit iffy, and I think we are riding into some rain, but we will have to see. Weather forecasts are always 50/50, either it rains, or it does not.



Surkov Is At It Again. Need To Do Something About That Hair Though

Day 12 – 465Km

What was meant to be a great day of riding turned out to be meh. Because it was going to be a long day, the longest of the trip, we wanted a 5 am start. That turned into a 6 am start. Outside there was mist everywhere and everything was wet but at least it did not rain as we were expecting. Surprisingly it was also quite warm.



The first 50km is a nice gravel road that takes us to Mosselbay, a harbour town on the Garden Route which we will be riding

today even though it was not intended. The Garden Route is a 300km coastal road that stretches from Mosselbay to Plettenberg Bay, and it is a very busy route during the holiday season.



But It Keeps On Getting More Prominent Until...

Things start to unravel when I miss a turn-off just before Mosselbay and the GP Ice routes us through some industrial and township parts of the town. Left, right, stop, right, left, stop, stop, and I'm going off my rocker!

Eventually, we are back on track heading towards our first pass of the day on the outskirts of George, another town on the Garden Route. As we take the turn-off, I see the first signs of trouble, but I ignore it hoping it will go away.

This is when I remembered that this region suffered some devastating floods just a few weeks ago. But how bad can it be, I drive a Ural damn it!

I find a guy sitting on the other side of the barrier and went to speak to him.

'How bad is it?'

'Eish, it is bad.'

'Will I be able to get through?'

'There is a big step, but you can go and see.'

No invitation is needed, and I whizz down the road past the barriers to see for myself. Ok, now I understand what he was talking about. They are not steps but rather huge concrete barriers.



...Even Putin Will Struggle Over These

With no space for me to squeeze through I turn around and gave a wave as I rode past our 'guide' to backtrack our steps. I will find that all the passes and roads I intended to ride today were closed so we were forced onto the Garden Route with the rest of the tourists and vacation goers. We stop in Wilderness for a quick bite to eat.

While I drink my mint tea, I look at alternatives while keeping an eye on the dark clouds brewing up ahead. I come to the conclusion that if we wanted to reach our overnight stop before nightfall, we have little choice than just to follow the Garden Route.

We reach Knysna just in time for peak hour vacation traffic. This town, obviously also on the Garden Route, is a very nice holiday destination and they have loads to do but we're not stopping.

I spot a bike shop just too late and have to make a U-turn to go back. I want to go and check if they have a tyre that we can use as a backup. They do and I buy one. Keep in mind that these are normal bike tyres and not really suited for a sidecar because of the side wall stiffness. A sidecar tyre is constructed more like a car tyre with a stiff sidewall to handle the stresses when



Izabel Test Drive The Latest eBike

turning, and also the weight rating is higher. But to get to the next stop in an emergency a normal bike tyre will do just fine.



DID ONE OF THOSE SNAKES GET INTO THE SIDECAR!

Just before entering Plettenburg Bay, we turn into the Lanwood Snake Sanctuary to find out what it is all about. Turns out it is more of a day outing and judging from the price you'd want to stay the whole day. Since we don't have the time or the money we move on.



We stop at Bloukrans Bridge, the site of the highest Bungy in Africa, not because we intend to jump but to take pics. If you are an adrenalin junkie this is a must-do.



At 216m, I'd Say It Is 210m Over My Threshold

So, with all our senses intact and no torn ligaments, we set off to cover the last 100km for the day. We're making good time because we are riding on good roads that we share with rude and selfish vacation-goers, but I've made my peace with that today. With 70km to go it starts raining and looking ahead it does not look like it was going to change any time soon, so I decided to pull over and get the rain gear out.



While I'm hopping around on one leg a superbike screams by and a few seconds later I hear it approaching again, heading our way. This guy turned around to come back to find out if we were OK. No, seriously. Absolutely amazing and the way it should be (you might remember the bikers that rode past us when we were fixing a flat with Henriette). Unfortunately, he caught

me with my pants around my ankles in the rain, so the conversation was short but after a fist bump, he was on his way again. Would have loved to have gotten his name and contact details to keep in touch. May his journey be a long and safe one.

With faith restored in some humans, we continue our journey and reach Jeffery's Bay in dry weather just before 15h00. After joining our brethren in perking up the road signage we go left, right, stop, left, right, stop dance to the doorstep of Island Vibes.



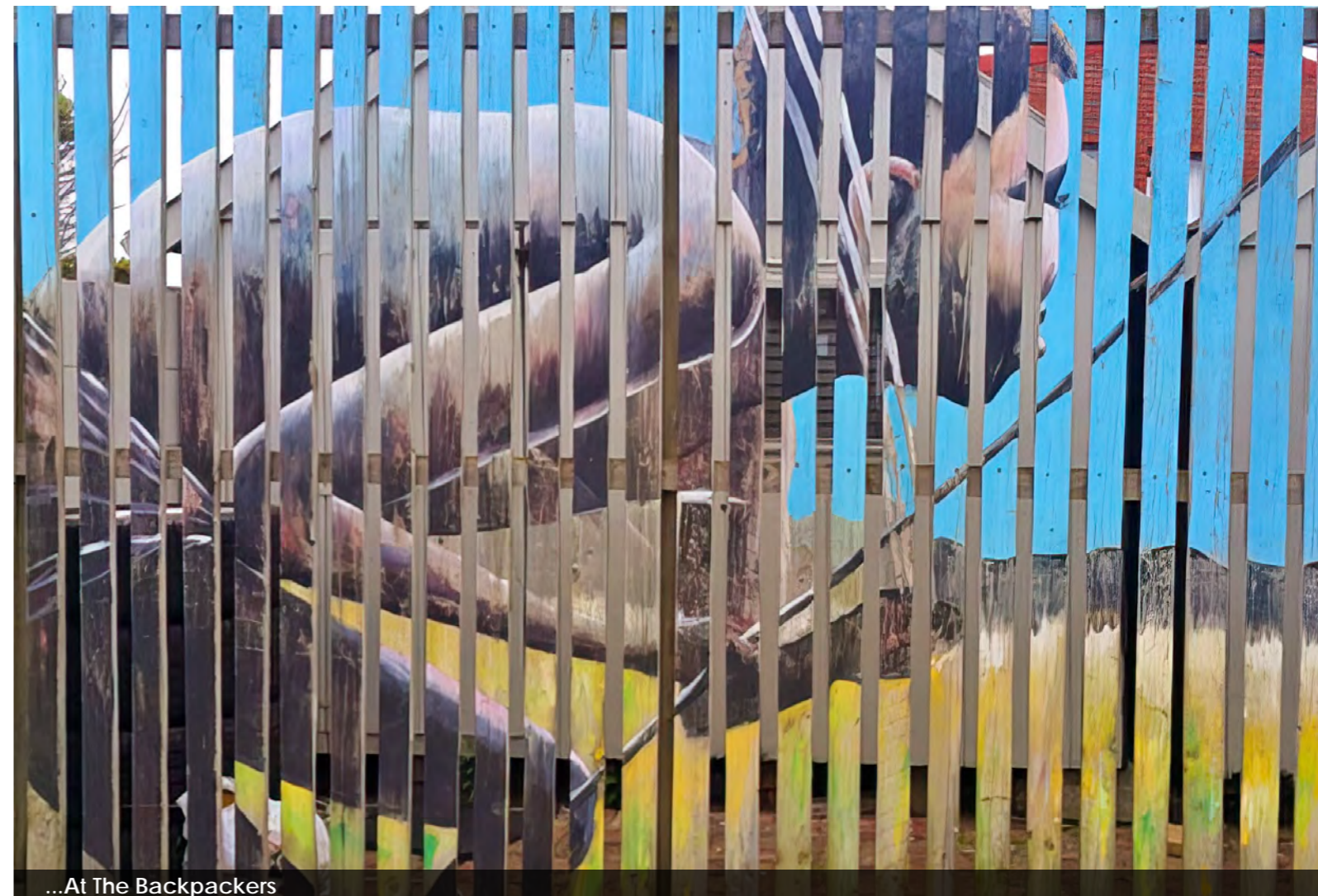
Some Of The Wall Art...



He Took Some Time To Meet The Friendly Bibi



It Is A Backpacker, But Is Extremely Well Run



...At The Backpackers



Surkov Is Extremely Happy To Be In J Bay, As Can Be Seen From His Huge Smile

Charmaine gave us a tour of the premises before we settled in and went for a walk on the beach.

Tonight, we sleep with the sound of the ocean outside our door and tomorrow we continue on towards East London.

**Day 13 – 380km**

I did not even hear the rain last night but judging from the puddles outside this morning it was a good downpour. But the good news is that the sky looks light and there are even a few times the sun breaks through before we depart. The stay at the Island Vibe Back Packers was great. It's right on the beach and the staff is super friendly, we will definitely be back.

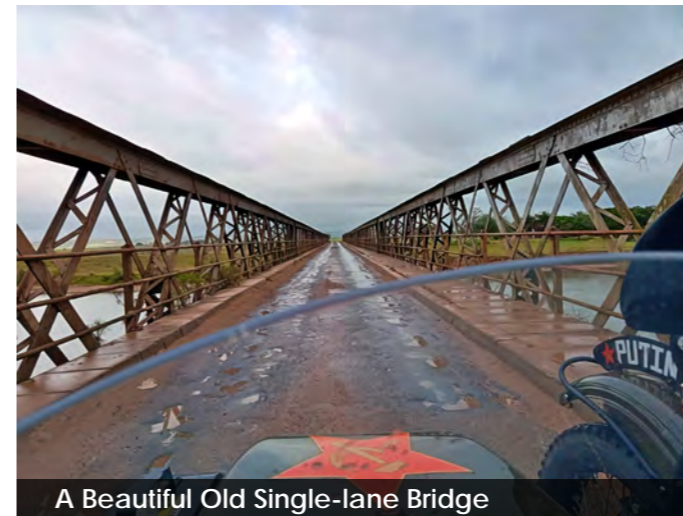
As we ride down the main street in Jeffreys Bay the GP Ice decides to pop out of the mount. Not sure how that happened but it did. Luckily, we were going slow, and it was still early so the only car behind us managed to avoid running over it. I feared the worse when I heard the lady telling me that the GPS signal has been lost. Made a U-turn, picked it up, put the battery cover back on, switched it on and it just started navigating from the point where it lost its



Lovely Morning In Jeffreys Bay



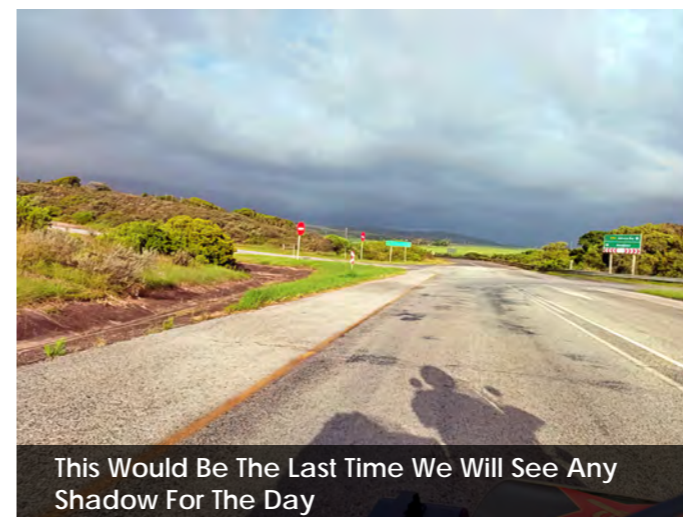
We Made Sure To Leave Our Mark As We Exited. Seems Like We Are Not The Only Ones



A Beautiful Old Single-lane Bridge

grip on reality. Totally second hand but at least still working.

While there are puddles everywhere the sun seems to be fighting to come out behind the clouds. And it succeeds to the extent that it cast shadows over the road. But within 30 minutes it became clear that it was a futile fight that will end in defeat, and we will be on the receiving end.



This Would Be The Last Time We Will See Any Shadow For The Day

I decided too late to stop and put on the rain suit. By this time my pants were already wet from the road spray.

Trying to get off the freeway we decided to take a chance to ride over Van Stadens pass. Due to the recent flooding many secondary roads are closed and luckily this is one of a few passes still open.



The weather is on and off when we stop in Alexandria so that Izabel can put on her rain suit not knowing that this would be the second of lasts for the day, the first being the last bit of sunshine earlier and now being dry for the last time.

From here things went south quickly. It rained intermittently and it went from a light drizzle to a downpour with howling winds in a matter of minutes. This continued until we reach our overnight stop. The wind took care of any dry clothes under the rain suit by blowing them up and into any little crevice it could find. And the piss pots Shark fondly refer to as helmets did nothing to make things better. Water was streaming down the inside of the visor and there was not a dry piece of padding by the end of the ride.

Totally drenched we arrived at the B&B and the reception we got was sort of 'You want to come inside with that wet ass?' It wasn't said but you could see it. We had an upstairs room with a balcony and a sea view, not much of a bonus in this weather. We lugged all our wet crap up the stairs leaving a water trail behind us. I did try to

dry out as much as possible before we took it inside, but you can only do so much. I'll probably have to use a nom de plume for my next booking. But to be fair, we did dry up after ourselves and it would have been nice if they offered something like a tumble dryer.

We use barrel bags for our luggage, and these are splashproof and cannot be submerged if you want your stuff to remain dry. It rained so hard that the water penetrated under the top flap that folds over the top and fastens with Velcro. So even our 'dry' clothes were wet, or at best damp. But if my years of travelling the world have taught me anything then it is how to dry things overnight. Anything that produces heat or wind or is absorbent can be used. Light bulbs, fans, towels and newspapers are your friends.

One very valuable lesson we've learned, we learn many but apply few, on previous trips is to assume that you will not have food available at your destination and for this reason, we save food from the previous evening to take with us (if we remember). With the rain still pissing down on our arrival we are not about to go out to find something to eat so we are very glad that we saved some of last night's pizza, I also have half a bottle of wine. So tonight, we go Italian.

And some useless information - today we rode past the place where we spent our honeymoon 32 years ago, Fish River Sun. In the blur of rain, wind, and confusion I totally missed the entrance, so we missed an opportunity to take a Déjà vu pic. But I doubt if that would have been possible

anyway and I wasn't in the mood for stopping while the rain was running down my butt crack.

And then one important note to Izabel: Always keep your cell phone out of the rain if it is not waterproof (which it was not). Her Galaxy Note drowned, and it turns out to be more difficult to dry than our clothes.

Tomorrow, we ride to Port St Johns. We will spend Xmas day here and I booked us a Xmas lunch at a local joint, so we are looking forward to this.

to be continued



Bedside Lamps Have More Than One Use

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# GUSTAVO'S UNEXPECTED JOURNEY

a trip through

# AFRICA

# on a 1988 Yamaha

Story: Gustavo Falero Recalde

Photos: Gustavo Falero Recalde

Germany to South Africa, 2018-2019

There are three indissoluble elements in any long journey story: the traveller, the vehicle, and the destination. Here they are: Gustavo Falero Recalde, a 1988 Yamaha XJ 600 and the west coast of Africa.

In this case, there are also three continents that this trip connects.

South America (where I am from, Uruguay), Europe (the trip started from Germany) and Africa, where the trip takes place.

This kind of long trip can be developed in two ways: very well planned... or totally improvised. If I think about it today, I wouldn't make such a trip, I don't have the courage or the patience and discipline to organise it properly.

Maybe that's why I was able to do it the way I did it: without thinking about it and without planning it.

Of course, with all the inconveniences that this means.

I was born in Uruguay, in December 1973. There I had a shop selling newspapers.

I studied law and then worked as a pro-

fessional lawyer for three years. I have always travelled by motorbike, but never so long or so far, I have been living in Germany since 2015, and the original travel plan was not in the way it's end.

It all started as a short (4 weeks) trip through Morocco before returning back

definitely to Uruguay and sending a non-European postcard to my mother.

It finally extended into an 18-month journey to the Cape of Good Hope in the far south. I finally realised that, although I could have planned something (e.g., bought a better bike and not just set off "with a map and GPS"), travelling that continent is unpredictable.

The bike used for the trip was a 1988 Yamaha XJ 600. A bike that holds a beautiful record: it has been to the northernmost point of Europe (North Cape) and the southernmost point of Africa (Cape of Good Hope). A bike that was built for any kind of use except a trip across the African continent. But it has shown and confirmed the robustness and reliability of the Japanese motorbikes of the eighties. And it has given the trip, too, a more adventurous feel.

The bike left Germany with 84,000 kilo-



metres and arrived in South Africa with 123,000.

Along the way, as if it were a person, the bike has had to adapt, so it has undergone changes, adaptations, and mutations.

18 months later, neither I nor the bike was ever the same again.

The beginning of the trip was as quick and simple as possible. On the way between Germany and Algeciras, Spain (where I would take the ferry to cross to Tanger, Morocco), there are many beautiful landscapes





and roads for motorbike trips, but in this case, my interest was more than that.

Thanks to Couchsurfing and old friends,

I managed to cross Europe without spending one Euro on accommodation. I made 5 stops, Orleans, Logroño, Madrid, Sevilla, Cadiz.









In Cadiz, thanks to the contact of Fernando, a well-known motorbike traveller-writer "El Búfalo", we made the first technical stop.

The 4 carburettors were not quite in sync. The best thing to do would be to change the air inlet regulating screws, but there was



no time for that.

The bike carburettors were tuned to 85 % of his good working possibilities, and the mechanics said that the next time I had problems, there would be no alternative but to change the carburettors.



It was time for a change of country. And continent. All this in one act, getting on a ferry.

Waiting for the ferry in the port of Algeciras already gave me the impression of what was to come. 4x4 vans, cars with different license plates, and listening to unfamiliar languages (Arabic), were small signs of a place very different from what we were used to so far.

Getting a visa for a new country on board a boat and seeing people praying a



As the original idea was only for a short trip to Morocco, I went on with the trip without worrying too much. Finally, the trusty Mikuni carburettors made it to Windhoek, Namibia.





And very much so.

We got off in Tangier, found a hotel, and slept. And wait for our minds to realise that we are in a new continent.

The next day, new smells, new clothes, new people.

We left Tangier and began to see the landscape change. Drier, hot, more arid, more extensive.

The roads are quite good. No motorways, which we don't need any-

new religion for me on the boat too, were confirmations that things were going to change soon.



way as I want to travel at speeds that allow us to enjoy the scenery.

The traffic becomes more chaotic, many old cars, a lot of rural atmospheres, transport of many people in taxis, transport of fruits and vegetables in small trucks.

I head for Chef Chahuen, the blue village, which will be my first big urban experience in Morocco.



# Northern Cape tour



## a photo story

Story: Rentia Coetzee

Photos: Rentia Coetzee

would like to share our Northern Cape Road trip with fellow bikers.

Total distance 19 011km. Total of 7 days.

It was 4 of us and is as follows:



First photo was taken from our house in Philadelphia date Tuesday, 7 March 2023 on our departure.

From the left is Guillaume Coetzee with his Triumph Tiger Sport 1050.

Then it is Grant Berriman with his Harley Davidson Fat Bob CVO

Me with my Triumph Bonneville Street Twin 900

And then Alan Harper with his Harley Davidson Soft trail Night train.

Second photo is us on top of Piekenierskloof pass. Running south of Citrusdal in the mountains west of the Olifants River on our way to Nieuwoudtville.

There was fortunately not a lot of trucks and traffic, and the view was breathtaking. One feels so prevailed to have such a wonderful view so close to home.



Our stay for the day at Nieuwoudtville. The first stop of course at the Hotel was to

have a cold one.

Next 3 photos were taken during our stay for the night at Elmarie's self-cater apartments. It was apparently an old boarding house that they renovated into self-catering accommodation. This is also where we had a lekker braai or cause and on the menu a lekker vet skaap and pork tjoppies. The Butchery was across the road from the Hotel, and we ordered our meat to be prepared while we had

a couple of beers.



We stopped along a very boring road for breakfast that mainly exists of leftovers from the braai we had the previous night.



We left on Wednesday the 8th on a very cold morning with scattered rain on our way to Calvinia.



We arrived at our stay at Brandvlei. Our stay for the day was at the very quaint Self-Catering accommodation at the Half-way Guesthouse in the heart of the very small town. The Hotel was unfortunately

under construction, and we bought our meat at the local butcher and drinks with our braai at the bottle store.



Another stop for breakfast padkos again leftovers on our way to Kenhardt. On our arrival into the town, it was a buzz of contraction workers. We could not get accommodation in town due to the solar farm building construction that was in the area and the workers basically took almost every accommodation there is.



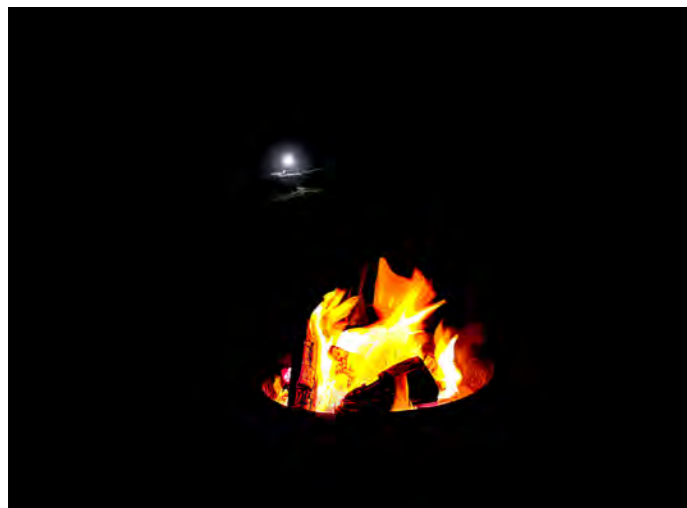
We decided to push through to Keimoes and what a wonderful surprise to see the lush green pastures on the bank of the Orange River. It was still full due to the rain up north.

Our next stop and stay for the day were at Kakemas/ Augrabies. The falls did not disappoint and the signs of the volume of



water that came through the park were still evident. The falls were still at full capacity, and we took some great pics. The self-catering chalets also did not disappoint. With air conditioning and everything you would need, making it a well-deserved 2 days stay. Especially after a long bike ride. When we arrived at the reception it was very busy with almost more overseas tourists than locals and they looked at us very strangely, because we stood there in the line with all the other people with our bike gear in the heat of the day. We could not get out of the gear to just get into the pool that was not so far from our chalets. A short distance made it so easy to pop into the pool and get started with the braai...





It was very sad to leave Augrabies on our way to Springbok. We again stopped along the road and took great picks of the landscape.



Also stopped at Pofadder to fill up again.



Aggenys was also a buzz of construction workers due to mining activities around that area. We did not stay and just top up on our way to Springbok.

Our stay in Springbok was at the Springbok Lodge and we had to braai again.



Left on Sunday early on our way to Lamberts Bay on a very beautiful day. Took some pics on our way and stopped for a stretch. Fill up in Garries.



We arrived at Lamberts Bay for our 2-day stay in the early afternoon and booked in at Ouma See self-catering accommodation. It was just the road (not a busy road at all) that separate us from the sea. \*Photos 28-31. \* (Photos in following mail) After all the meat that we had for most of the trip made an effort to get hold of one of the fishermen that caught a Yellowtail.



We Left Lamberts Bay on a cold and misty morning and travelled along Elands Bay via Veldrif along Hopefield back to our house.



We can only say that the trip was an epic one and the people we met along the way were so friendly and accommodating.



We cannot wait for our next Road trip and hope that the next one will be just as great as this one.



# A PHOTO STORY

## SWALLOWS

Photos by:  
Michelle Faivelewitz











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Story: Fearless Frikkie

Photos: Adobe Stock

**O**ooh, I'm late! Ed's gonna skin me alive! That's what happens when Eksdom comes and foeters around with our much-needed volts... Not enough time to write anything for the mag! Bloody Eishkom!

How us Saffa's have come to loathe that sinking feeling when you forget to check the dreaded shedding schedule (not that we need schedules, we're real men ne), and the next moment, boom, you're in the Twilight Zone, trying to squint your peepers to make out what's going on in the room, because you've been glaring into the bright screen of a computer, tellie or phone! Lucky Frikkie has a laptop, but unlucky Frikkie's laptop battery is just as reliable as Eskom...

So, what is an oke supposed to do now!? This article needs to get done, but there's no power... F-it, let's ride!!! And then off I go, ripping around the streets, making old tannies yell at Frikkie for disturbing the peace at 10(ish)pm, popping in at some tjommas, dicing any fellow biker I get on the road. Not sure always if they know we're in a race, but I win a lot, so they're loooosers hahahaaa!

So here I sit, a few moments away from hitting the Twilight Zone again, and I have no bloody idea what to write about for this month's article. My noggin is already starting to drift away, thinking what kind of kak I can get up to on my scoot when the power

# FEARLESS Frikkie <sup>WITH</sup> HIS *safer riding tips*

goes off. Screw it, let's ride and see what happens. I'll get to the rest of the article tomorrow.

Good morning my biker boyz and galz, another night of hooliganism has come and gone, and here I'm back in front of the screen. But this time, I know what to write about, since I did one of these MISTAKES EVERY BIKER MAKES AT SOME POINT IN HIS RIDING YEARS (what a long name for only three mistakes I can think of lol).

- Nights. Riding at night-time can be really dangerous, especially in our country of random kudu's in the road, hiding inside the potholes, waiting for the electricity to go out, before jumping in front of us with a look saying: "Hey bliksem, what's you doing here with your noisy, weird looking horse tryin' to run me over skedover!?" It's dark (really dark in my case last night – thanks Eskom), the roads aren't so lekka, wildlife everywhere, a little tiny bit of moon. What can go wrong, right? Well, besides all those obvious factors, we choose to be on an already invisible bike, which is now even more invisible – that's like invisible times 2, so twice as invisible as in daylight. Hey, who knew, Frikkie can do maths after all; take that Miss Math Teacher! Anyway, where was I... Oh yes, so to be less invisible, we need to light up. No, not a spliff man, your headlights. I've been told by many peeps they ride with their brights on at night, regardless of the bright light in the oncoming traffic's eyeballs. But this is not always such a "bright" idea, get it? Get it? You see, most newer bikes actually have a secondary light as a bright, so switching it on will make your close-by bike look like it might be a far-away car. What makes it worse,



car drivers think all traffic is fellow cagers, they don't expect you on your bike ripping past them all of a sudden. So maybe that cager is thinking of passing the car in front of him, and he sees you as a car still far into the distance, until boom, you fly through his windshield on your way to the tarmac behind...

- Everyone knows, all bikers are very polite. We stop for old tannies crossing the road, wave to all bikers (heck, Frikkie even waves to bikers while riding shotgun in his mate's cage like a stupid schoolgirl waving at her first crush) and are just overall the friendliest people you can get on the road. Until that soccer mom on her phone runs the stop street because she's too stiff upper lip to consider a biker as a human being, then weird, revengeful thoughts appear in Frikkie's brain. But other than that (and about 10,000 other scenarios), we're the most polite road users. I know, I'm going to get kak for this one, but I shouldn't, because you're all bikers, and hence, should also be as polite as Frikkie. So, since we wave at fellow bikers, we actually shouldn't! Whaaaat!? Frikkie is jy befok!? No, I'm not. Hear me out first. When you wave at

a fellow biker, you'll probably use your left hand, since your right hand is, well, on the throttle, duh. In the US of A, they drop the hand to the left and wave with the two fingers. We tend to lift up that hand since the biker you're greeting is on the other side of your left hand, otherwise, you'll be waving at a random squirrel next to the road. But these hand gestures are actually recognised turning signals. Yes, that's right, when your bike's indicators might not be working, you use your hand to show fellow road users (cagers mostly) when, and in which direction, you want to turn. So out comes your hand to wave at the approaching biker, and the next moment, the cager behind you swerves, thinking you're turning, and the rest is a pile of steel and plastic. What about just sticking your hand out directly in front of you? NOOOOO! Don't do that either. History lesson: Long, long ago, in a country far, far away, there was this dude, with a funny moustache, who had this weird way of greeting his army... His name was Oom Adolf or something. Proper freeeking lunatic that was! So no, that's not the right way to greet a fellow biker either. The best way is, of course, with the nod of your



noggin. Just a medium nod – too little, and the other guy might not have seen you, and then forever think people riding Honda, Kawa, Harley, Beemer, or whatever you ride at that moment, are just rude assholes – too hard, and he might think you're a loon, or listening to some awesome metal, not looking where you're going. Having said that all, will Frikkie do it? Hell no! I'll still keep waving to my fellow bikers like a loony toon because who wants to wave like a queen?

- So, to avoid any mistakes, we need to be cautious... But this is the third mistake, being TOO cautious. Say for instance you approach a challenging corner, you'd think it's safer to lift off, and just cruise around it. And this is where I made my own mistake last night. With the streetlights being off, I decided to take the circle a bit slower, all responsible you know, the same circle I take all the time with pegs scraping. And what happened, I am so used to taking the circle at more speed, that I instinctively flipped my boney from one side to the other, but too soon, and almost went into the centre part of the circle! Besides my mistake,

there's also a good reason not to take a corner too slowly. A bike's suspension is at its best when it's loaded, so either under throttle or under braking. So, coasting the bike is actually too cautious. It's better to trail brake into the corner and throttle it out. The same goes for your tyres, they perform better when squished into the road, either by braking or accelerating. On this point, listen to Frikkie very carefully now. I'm not saying you should ride so fast through the corners that you outride your own skill, nor am I saying you should never coast in corners. I'm just giving you the facts, you should know where your own bounds are, and your own comfort zone is, and know enough to not ride faster than your skill level allows, like the hooligans those cagers think we are.

And that's it for this edition of: "How to waste five minutes (or thirty if you're slow like Frikkie) by reading stupid, yet true, motorcycle riding tips." No stop wasting your time and go ride dammit!

Until next time.  
Hin hin pappie!

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### READERS' ARTICLES

Anyone with a story can submit. We're looking for stories from our readers. If you had an adventure, a fun ride, event or just have an interesting or silly story, we'd love to publish it. We need your stories, in your own words. Simply send us your article in Word format, with pictures, to [editor@throttleout.co.za](mailto:editor@throttleout.co.za)

### FEATURED ARTICLES

We have three regular featured articles (for now): "What's Her Name", a feature about a reader's motorcycle, "In The Saddle", a Q & A with a motorcycle enthusiast, "Where To Go" a feature on a hidden watering hole or bikers' spot, and "The Patch", a focus on a motorcycle club.

**"What's Her Name":** If you have an awesome motorcycle, maybe you built your bike up, had a custom spray theme done, an award winner, or a unique story behind your bike, we'd love to know it. Send us an email to discuss, and who knows, your bike may even end up on the Throttle Out cover...

**"In The Saddle":** Here we'd like to get to know some of our special bikers (I know, I know, we're all special 😊). We're talking about your old school bikers, interesting characters, people who's done amazing work within the motorcycling community, etc. We have a few questions we'd like to ask you.

**"Where To Go":** It is to feature one of the hidden gems, the lesser know watering holes for bikers. We all have our favourite spots to go to when out riding, so we want to get the info out there to our readers about your awesome pub/grub/restaurant, etc. So we'd like to get some info from you about your establishment. This is not an advertisement, just an article to spread the word. What we need then from you is a write-up about your place (see suggestions below), along with some photos, and we'll publish it.

**"The Patch":** There's always an interesting story behind a club's patch, like when and how a club started, the meaning of the club's patch, who the founding members were, etc.

To be featured in one of these articles, email [editor@throttleout.co.za](mailto:editor@throttleout.co.za)

### SUGGESTIONS

Finally, we'd love to hear your comments/suggestions about the content of our magazine. We're not perfect (although anyone on a bike is bloody close to it), so if you feel we did something wrong, or right, we need to know. We gladly accept any comments, and you're welcome to get in touch by sending an email to [editor@throttleout.co.za](mailto:editor@throttleout.co.za)

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