

BFR Report – Hou Noord Sunrise Monster – 05 June 2011

As the Historian I am supposed to report on the history of the club and other matters. Receiving medals from the Queen of England definitely falls into the category of history. The British have two medals that can be connected to the “Hou Noord Sunrise Monster”. They are:

MOB - Most Honourable Order of the Bath

MOBE – Most Honourable Order of the British Empire

And so you ask: “What is the connection between that and the Pretoria Hog members?” It is simple – all of 27 seven riders who took part in the “Hou Noord Sunrise Monster” deserve their own medal:

OMB – Order of the Mal Boere

When the missus and I mounted Scooter on Sunday 5th June at 05h46 it was -3 Deg Celsius. Along the way to the Dros past Zwartkops the temperature fell even lower. I really expected that this Monster was going to turn into a vulletjie, but to my surprise the brave numbered 27 riders on 22 bikes. In Afrikaans one could call them 27 ridders. Be it known and recorded for perpetuity that Plus One and his Sarie was not to be seen on this day.

The Northern Light (Road Captain) was Pieter le Roux, the Southern Cross (Sweep) at the end of the convoy was yours truly, Barry Hayes and somewhere in the middle rode Equatorial Man (Lead) Wicus Coetzer with his chemically heated wife Erika as pillion. Marshals traversing the whole spectrum from North to South in their normally lightning mode were: Mac, Deon, Annatjie, Johan Olivier, Roger and sometimes Pieter, the Northern Light himself. Hemispherically speaking, one can call Mac the Shooting Star as his new helmet made lightning flashes every time he rushed past the pack. Then we had Renier and Marinda as Safety Officers and Marius and Debbie on Biker Buddy duty.

Our half frozen pack started off North on the N1 towards Warmbaths (how alluring that name sounded at that stage) but soon my GPS indicated that we were going West on the N4 towards Brits. Past Bon Accord Dam my temperature gauge got stuck on minus plenty and it actually only recovered when we got stuck in a traffic jam in Rustenburg. If you make a study of the coldest places in South Africa you will not find the name of Brits amongst them. After Sunday it can now officially be entered in the 13th spot. We rode straight through as Peter was worried that we would not get the bikes started again once we shut them down. Our first stop was the Atlanta fuel stop halfway between Brits and Thabazimbi. Somewhere on that stretch of road the missus lost her left foot which died because of the cold. As we were avoiding the many “Pot Holes” I longed back to the many “Holey Pots” and the warm fires of the Harley Potjie night.

The Atlanta welcome stop with cups of steaming coffee and fuel for the sporties cannot be recorded as it never occurred. When we got there the place was deserted, no petrol attendants, coffee makers, owners – nothing. The Northern Light looked South and made the decision to re-track our thread-marks for a 10 km trip back to the Greens filling station. 24 kms later we were at Greens and the hot chocolate and coffee from Maxis warmed us up a little. From there we rode to

Thabazimbi without incident or mishap and the temperature was officially recorded as 4 Deg C. Breakfast at Spurs warmed Erica up just enough so that she could dispose of her chemical hand warmers.

The road to Rustenburg had very few potholes but many bumpy patches. In line with the new rugby tackle rules, I could see daylight between Renier and Marinda and their seat on several occasions. The Marshals were seriously tested in Rustenburg to get us to our final stop. On the way to the shopping centre a huge truck experienced an African moment and was lying flat on its side in the middle of the intersection. Cooking Ultra Classic engine oil really happens at 0km/h and 24 Deg C. At that stage, all the pain we experienced at the start of this Winter Monster was forgotten as we sweated it out.

The Cape Town Fish Market hosted us and from there the pack split up and the official ride was over. I salute all the brave riders in the Hog-Pta club for attending this Monster. You may wear this pin with pride.