

Spring 2020

FULL CHAT

Newsletter of Somerset Advanced Motorcyclists

Group No. 1241



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Front Cover: Lisa Parsons giving her Fireblade a wash during last year's "June Jolly" SAM ride



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FORWARD OBSERVATIONS



Well, good luck to anyone who feels that they can look into the future from here. Still stuck in lockdown as I write this, with no prospective date for the easing of restrictions, and, following the wettest, most evil Winter I can ever remember, we are now, tantalisingly, in the brightest, most beautiful Spring I can remember. Am I the only one who feels that someone has changed all the rules, and possibly even the game, without telling me?

I've been reduced to using one of the bikes for grocery runs (I'm developing a terrible sense of direction...) and saving up the treat of cleaning and pampering them for when I just can't bear to do anymore maintenance work on the house, even though it's been sadly neglected these last few years. Like many of you, I suspect, I'm trying to avoid the feeling that a chunk of my life is being wasted by catching up on tasks around the house – currently decorating our bedroom, and trying not to feel too sad as the dates of various events on the SAM calendar come and go.



In the hope of some useful occupation, I have volunteered for Yeovil Free-wheelers reckoning that I should be able to make time for regular duties with them when the lockdown ends. The roads seem generally quiet apart from much greater numbers of people exercising in them. At least around Yeovil I've not observed too many people obviously flouting the stay at home message by pleasure riding, although I've seen some strangely frantic driving.

All of these are tiny things, compared with those who risk their health to feed us, care for us, take away our rubbish or treat us when we are ill. Some of you will be mourning friends, family or people who have caught

Covid-19 in the service of the community. Others will be facing financial hardship or difficulties caring for elderly folk. Sobering times for us all, but sooner or later we'll get to some kind of different normal, and, with luck, ride together again. In the meantime, if you are in need of help, contact



someone on the SAM committee, and the word will go out to see if any of us can assist.

Gina Herridge

CHAIRMAN'S CHATTER

Well, here's another instalment I never thought I'd be writing, I expected to have handed over to a new Chair by now and so wouldn't have to think about writing another one of these!

It seems fate has a different plan! First of all, let me express my hope that this edition finds you all in good health, and not too stir-crazy whilst not able to get out and about on your motorbikes in this beautiful weather, and quieter roads.

Having made the decision to can-

cel all official events, I now find myself gradually deleting them off our Google calendar as the government extend the protection measures, there're a few major events that I know everyone who participates in them has sorely missed. Here's hoping that the lockdown won't continue for too much longer and we'll be able to get back out on our group rides and maybe find some time to fit in alternative dates for the highlight events of the year.

As you may have heard, IAM-

RoadSmart have now furloughed all of their Regional Delivery Managers and are operating with a very small skeleton staff in order to try and ensure the Charity survives these exceptional times, so if you do have reason to contact them, please be aware that they may not be responding as quickly as usual.

In order to keep our club going, we have been convening a smaller committee on a fortnightly basis via the conferencing app Zoom, this has allowed the key officials of the group to be able to keep in touch and monitor the ongoing situation and discuss issues arising out of it.

If you have anything you would like raising at any of these meetings, let me know and I can invite you to attend – samchairperson@gmail.com.

Having postponed the AGM until later in the year, we will reschedule as soon as the situation permits, all currently elected officials of the committee have volunteered to remain in post until we can hold the AGM proper. But there are some things we like to announce at the AGM, that we should get out of the way now, and Measuring Somerset is one of them.



This year's winner is.....(Drum Roll)..... Trevor Watts, congratulations Trevor! He will be receiving the traditional 5 Litre supply of Muc-Off via a parcel delivery service soon. That should at least help to keep his bike shiny whilst it's not being used. Thank you also to Steve Schlemmer for the work he puts in to organising the Measuring Somerset challenge, hopefully we will be able to engage in it again later this year.

The next Full Commit-



tee Meeting is scheduled for May 27 and will, most likely, be held via the Zoom App so if you would like to attend please let me know and I'll ensure you get an invite to it.

Due to the limitations of the free product it will be limited to just 40 minutes, so we will have to remain focused for that meeting.

I'm really pleased to see that our private Facebook group is still lively with regular posts from a number of our members, these are the sorts of tools that can be so useful in keeping the club spirit alive when we are prevented from pursuing our favourite past-time. Don't be shy, now is the time to contribute to our little community so that all of our members can still feel included.

Time to sign off for now, please keep yourselves safe and look after yourselves and your loved ones. This will come to an end at some point and I look forward to the first club ride out after this lock down – I have a feeling it might be well attended!

Jez Martin

Club Chair – Still!!!

SAM NEWS

CONGRATULATIONS!

When you pass your test, please inform Graham Tulloch or Gina Herridge so it can be included in Full Chat to encourage us all.

to the following members for passing their IAM tests:

- Susie Cooper on 15th March riding her Moto Guzzi Stelvio 1200. Susie was observed by Rob Malton
- Morgan Smith on 16th March. Morgan was riding his Suzuki Bandit 1200 and was observed by Georges Dupuis.

also

- Dave Parker, who passed his Masters with Distinction on 10th March, riding his Triumph Tiger 1200



A huge thank you to all observers for your help in assisting these members to achieve such a great set of results.

CONTACT DETAILS

If your contact details change (especially email address), please inform **sammembershipsecretary@gmail.com** so that we can keep you informed of the latest news and events.

SAM Members Training Budget

At the last committee meeting it was agreed that SAM would allocate funds for a Members' Training budget. Any SAM member who would like to undertake further training to enhance their riding skills can apply to the Training Team to be considered for a grant from the budget, bearing in mind that the type of training should be consistent with our objectives as a road safety charity. **Gina Herridge**

Committee Meetings

i.e. what we are doing in your name; all members are welcome to attend Committee meetings to keep an eye on us. Equally, if anyone has a comment to make on any matters mentioned here, please contact a committee member to let us know.



The minutes of the last Committee meeting, held at The Lamb & Lion, Hambridge on 4th March 2020, can be found on the SAM website.

IAM Inform

The IAM RoadSmart weekly bulletin, 'Inform' can now be accessed via a link on the SAM website under 'Helpful Links'.

Pucks Away.....

So I find myself working out and about Stogursey way, and by chance I finished up around lunchtime, so thought I'd pop into Bridgwater's Ducati Dealer (some may know!).

So off with the overalls and steel toe caps, on with suitable footwear and a smarter appearance so I'm not mistaken for an oily

tramp, and set to, checking out potential future adventure style bikes to replace my 650 V Strom.

Of note was a used V Strom 1000 I spied on their website, and took the chance to sit astride the Multi-stradas.

Here is where things went down hill.....

Sitting near the back was a used



'Pikes Peak' sport edition Multistrada, gleaming red and white, lights bouncing off the Italian paint.

The friendly sales guy offered to pull them out from the rest to safeguard the £30,000 Panigales and Harley stock arranged with precision upon the gloss black tiled floor.

Once slid out, I duly cocked my right leg over the plush seat and got her off the side stand. Got a feel for the riding position and flicked the side stand up to try my left foot on the pegs, very nice I thought to myself.

So being ultra careful, like you do in a china shop, my left foot was placed back down to try the other foot AND Whoooooosh!

My left foot had inadvertently landed on an invisible black side stand puck which I had no idea was there or felt under the boot. Left leg at 45deg and the shiny 15K bike luckily having its fall arrested by the heel of the boot. Phew!

A sharp reminder of my niggly lower backache sent me walking back to the van like John Wayne.

Luckily I swerved a dent in my pride and embarrassment in the shop, but it goes to serve a reminder to have a good footing on slippery surfaces, wet leaves, slopes etc even when stationary.

Wayne Timbrell

TRF (Trail Riding Fracture!)

Well the February day (in 2016) started like any other day just a little earlier and a lot colder. Headed out on my little Yamaha TTR250 to meet up with three Devon TRF members who had a route over various areas of Devon to explore. As a relative rookie to trail riding, this



was going to be interesting...

Long cold trip to meet up with them on an older bike not really designed to travel fast over any distance and certainly not in the cold!

After an exhausting and challenging morning on everything from thick mud to gravel or large flint type rocks, we stopped for lunch. A welcome pasty and a breather. Coffee and off to explore some of Dartmoor's finest legal roads. Some incredible and scenic roads and not only steep declines but a steep learning curve for me.

Somewhere near Haytor, I had been told we would have a difficult climb out of a valley but wasn't really ready for what was ahead.

As we went through a small group of houses the road became difficult and seemed to get even worse. I would call it challenging. I was spending so much time trying to stay upright, I hadn't really considered how steep and long and awkward the hill ahead was, so much so I hadn't selected a realistic gear.

I almost made it to the top, of what I now know to be called Simms Hill, before the bike just wasn't in a position to keep going. No matter how desperately I was trying to keep moving the gear and engine power eventually stopped!

In hindsight I should have just jumped off before I had stopped... No too late. Now moving back-

wards despite the bike being in gear and brakes firmly on, my mud tyres had no grip on the granite. I couldn't have landed squarer on the rock. The others, one of whom was at the top filming, later explained that he had heard my helmet hit the granite so hard. After watching the video he realised it wasn't my helmet hitting the ground but my collar bone shattering. I needed a sit down!

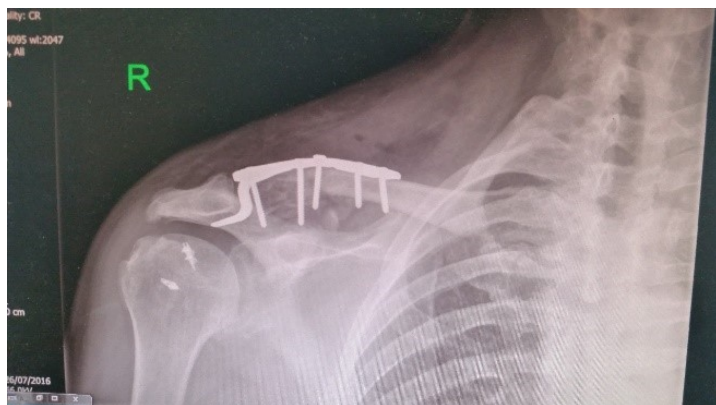
The guys wanted to call the air ambulance but a local farm worker just a mile away was willing to take me to the RD&E by car. My bike was placed safely in the farm yard.

At the Exeter the Doctor was impressed by the mess I had made, and suggested I take a wheelchair out to the waiting room (where my wife was bringing the car). Not wishing to be a pain, I declined the offer of assistance.

I regretted that decision however, as I needed to lie down on the floor

of the A&E reception. Which meant more time at casualty and a doctor telling me 'she told me so'.

The NHS staff looked after me and patched me back up. A little over 6 months before I was operational again. (The plate was put in some



months after because they wanted to see what would repair unaided).

Don't worry; minor damage to the handguard and a smashed mirror.

Unfortunately, I can still feel it.

Andy Phillips

SAM Recruitment Team

Are you passionate about road safety?

Are you someone who wants to spread the word about advanced motorcycle training?

Then your S.A.M Recruitment Team needs you!

We are looking for enthusiastic members to help with our club recruitment events throughout this year. I'm sure lots of you all know about and attend the "Haynes Breakfast Ride In" that happens every 3rd Sunday of each month, which is at the moment the club's main source of new members. We are always looking for people to come along and help us man events as well as spreading the word about all the amazing things that the club has to offer alongside the Advanced Rider Course.

We are looking to expand our current events list and start to take new interest in more bike nights and riding workshops (such as the ever popular "Biker Down Course") as well as our own club calendar recruitment days (such as the Slow Riding Skills Days at Bridgwater College). Many of you will remember how friendly and down to earth our members are at events

when you signed up, and we would love to see more of you come along and join us and help us keep up the friendly, inviting approach we like to take - I believe that's what sets this club apart from the rest.

I have no doubt that many of you would be interested in joining our team and would like to help keep making S.A.M a fun and exciting club for everyone, and for new members joining us - we are always very open and encouraging of new and



fresh ideas which we can look into and try.

So please, if you feel you would like to help out and be a part of our fantastic recruitment team, then do not hesitate to contact me.

Ride Safe.

Dan Wright—Recruitment Team Lead

samrecruitmentteam@gmail.com

BIKING NEWS

MAG



OK, not everyone is well off at the moment but for those SAM members not struggling, and also not individual members of MAG, could you consider joining? Like many organizations they will lose much of their revenue this year as they rely on rallies/shows to make ends meet. As associate members it will cost you just £22 to get full MAG membership, with many benefits. Travel insurance can be as little as £45/year, and of course includes cover riding your bike. Many things like being able to use bus lanes in some cities are due to the efforts of MAG, but they will need help to carry on with the good work.

Rick Chubb, SAM MAG Representative

"Motor Cycling" in 1944

The following article and advert has been copied from "Motor Cycling" magazine from March 16th 1944, and shows how little things have changed since then (apart from the minimum depth of tyres!) Apologies for the size of the print, but I wanted to preserve the originality of the article.

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EDITORIAL

How to Overcome Public Prejudice

TO the more thoughtful reader pondering over the future of motorcycling there is a wealth of interest in two articles published in this issue. At first glance the titles, "Thoughts on Post-war Racing" and "Away with Noise!" may suggest the contributions to be diametrically opposed in their subject matter, but, in fact, one article is complementary to the other, for between them they cover the fundamental factors on which the future of motorcycling will depend.

However successful may be the efforts made to develop the utility side of motorcycling in the post-war period, the majority opinion in our ranks will always be represented by youth. It is instinctive with normal youth to seek the thrill of speed and to revel in noise. Unfortunately, however, speed and noise are the two most potent factors in the fomenting of public prejudice, and the good will of the public—which, let it be remembered, includes the parents, who usually control the cash—is essential to the expansion of motorcycling. Is it possible for these conflicting viewpoints to be reconciled, and, if so, what are the best methods for tackling this difficult problem?

We believe it is possible to find a satisfactory solution. First it is necessary for both factions to recognize that one cannot alter human nature. The urge present in the adolescent male to go as fast as possible can never be successfully curbed by pleas or threats; indeed, the elderly and middle-aged act against their own interests when they attempt to repress the adventurous instinct of youth. To appreciate the truth of this statement the repressionists have only to consider that Battle of Britain which saved the world. The spirit of the handful of men who made success in that battle possible was identical with the spirit which animates the young motorcyclist, and it is something which the Nation can never afford to lose.

Comparison with airmen gives the clue as to how much of the public prejudice against motorcyclists can be overcome. There is this important difference between the flying man and the motorcycling enthusiast—the former is given a lengthy and strictly disciplined course of instruction, which teaches him to use with circumspection the enormous power at his command; the latter is usually self-educated, and not infrequently in all innocence moulds his driving methods upon those of some dashing young local

pseudo-expert, who is probably the greatest menace to motorcycling popularity in his district. Had it been possible for our novice to have received instruction from genuine experts when gaining his early experience, he would have acquired the ability to use all the speed of which his machine is capable without offence to others, because the hall-mark of the expert is to be seen in the inconspicuous and essentially safe manner of his riding.

Similarly, the mistaken impression gained by so many young motorcyclists that noise betokens power can best be eradicated by the example of better riders rather than by police prosecutions—to be passed by a quiet machine when "flat out" on a noisy one is more convincing to the motorcyclist than a conviction for speeding! On several occasions we have put forward the proposal that a primary post-war objective of our clubs should be the institution of training facilities for novices. Already such junior sections exist, but their number is insufficient to achieve the desired result—a standard of riding amongst motorcyclists which, by its very efficiency and consideration for other road-users, will remove justifiable causes of criticism.

The continuation of such kindergartens to the "university" stage is a logical development of this scheme, which was outlined most ably by Mr. Peter Collins in our November 26, 1942, issue, and the value of the scheme to the future of racing is concisely summed up by Mr. F. Kernaghan in this issue. Given whole-hearted support by the manufacturers and the clubs the plan cannot fail, in our opinion, to achieve its objects. The facilities suggested would provide youth with the opportunity to indulge his natural love of noise and speed in the right surroundings, whilst at the same time inculcating a code of behaviour on the open road which would evoke compliments instead of curses.

Let there be no illusions on this subject. The instincts of youth cannot be changed, and the inhibitions of the aged cannot be eradicated; therefore if antipathy is to be replaced by approval, compromise must be considered. Common sense suggests that motorcyclists form the minority party, and, therefore, the first gesture towards good will must be made by them. We are sufficiently encouraged by offers of help already received from well-known riders to believe that this scheme of education by example can not only be launched after the war but that it can become the means of maintaining in the peace that long-overdue recognition which has been given to motorcyclists by the public during the war.

A1



GENTLY WITH THE ACCELERATOR—GENTLY WITH THE BRAKES

Your bike has a high rate of acceleration and brakes that will pin it down for a corner. Both fierce acceleration and fierce braking tear rubber off the tyres

SEE THAT YOUR BRAKES ARE SMOOTH IN ACTION CHECK THAT YOUR WHEELS REALLY ARE IN LINE

Both uneven brakes and incorrect alignment wear tyres out fast.

CHECK TYRE PRESSURE REGULARLY AND OFTEN

Once a week, at least, go over both tyres with a pressure gauge (if you run a sidecar, go over that tyre too) and keep them pumped up to the correct pressure as recommended by the manufacturers. If you carry a pillion passenger see that the rear

tyre has the extra pressure necessary to carry the extra load.

WATCH THE TRANSMISSION

Is the clutch taking up the drive smoothly? Are the chains correctly adjusted? Is there any unnecessary snatch? If so, get it put right or your tyres will soon go wrong.

DIG OUT EMBEDDED FLINTS DAILY

Left in, they cause delayed action bursts. Use a screwdriver for big flints. Remove little stones with a hard brush.

WIPE OFF OIL, GREASE AND PAINT—AT ONCE

They eat up rubber. So get rid of them with a dry rag or scraper; or something absorbent like cotton waste, sawdust or sand. Never use petrol or paraffin. But a good scrubbing with water is an excellent plan.

REPLACE MOTOR CYCLE TYRES WHEN SMOOTH

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF SUPPLY

KIT REPORTS

SUGRU Mouldable Glue

Further to Ian Fraser's article on this in the Spring 2019 issue of Full Chat, I have recently found another use for this versatile product.

Having done an awesome track based 'IAM Skills Day' at Thruxton last year, I found that due to the racing position, my left Sidi Vertebra boot had scratched the ZZR's left subframe paint above the bike's heel guard,



Arrrrrrg.

On a nearly new bike this is a bit of a nuisance, but later I found that the 'clip in' plastic teardrop screw protector on the boot inside ankle had gone AWOL, leaving the sharp screw head to wreak damage to the bike's flawless paint. I couldn't obtain a new clip online and couldn't justify new boots.



I've always been a 'repair rather than renew' person, so was thinking just stick some Sikaflex poly sealant black in the orifice, then remembered a few of my kayaking bods posting about a product called Sugru (as well as Ian last year).

It's been on the market for ages, but not passed my hands yet.

(At work, I do a lot of aluminium re-



pairs with a 2-part epoxy putty that can be drilled, tapped & painted. It can be smoothed out but remains very hard.)

A packet of 3 colour Sugru was obtained via Ebay, and is a bit like a strip of very soft chewing gum in a foil packet.

I kneaded some black and set about moulding a replacement teardrop. Smoothing it into a similar profile as original, wetting a finger to polish its contour. It had dried hard, but with a soft silicon surface which I'm pleased with.



I'm now left with a boot fit for more 'hanging off' forays on track, safe knowing I pipped any future damage from the boot.

Wayne Timbrell

Hay Fever Glasses

I have had dry eye from sunlight problems for years and old man's runny eyes in the wind for some time, particularly as I spend much time with the helmet in open-face mode. I have always used RayBan avia-



RayBan aviators. For the first time ever this month I also started to get really badly stinging eyes from pollen to the extent of having to stop cycling and wash out eyes with water. Looked for some sort of protection and came up with Eyewear Accessories Ltd husband-and-wife team acting as a distributor in Devon. They distribute a line of protective eyewear called 7Eye covering all sorts of sporting and outdoor activities. Generous return policy. I ordered Panhead glasses which arrived within 48 hours and I tried them out for the first time this morning at up to 70 mph (☹). They come with a removable pad-

ded "Eyecap" which seals the area between the frame and the face preventing both wind and pollen getting to the eyes.

Clarity excellent, no appreciable peripheral vision reduction, absolute no runny eye or pollen issues...the only minor criticism being side arms are wider than my RayBans and create a bit of pressure above the ear inside the helmet. Pretty sure the benefits will outweigh that niggle.

I would rate them as excellent.....but maybe I am the last to know this option existed !!!

Lindsay Wilson

<https://www.eyewear-accessories.co.uk/pages/hay-fever-glasses>

BIKE REPORTS

Moto Guzzi Brevia 1200

Am I just lucky or are Guzzi ultra reliable, a question that may cause some frustration among you European bike owners? I have owned my 2008 Moto Guzzi Brevia 1200 since it was 6 months old.

My Guzzi, as I call it, has had a very hard life, having been asSalted, Muddied and Flooded every winter since ownership. Plus written off in November 2014, then rebuilt using 2nd hand parts. Ah ha, this is where things get interesting, because I bought, among other bits, a 2nd hand can from an 1100 Brevia, which outwardly

looks the same, but I won't bore you with that detail. Having successfully rebuilt and used said bike for a further 3 years, my wife had to take the car for a recall in Newport. On collection a couple of days later, using the Guzzi, off she goes in the car, and I kit up and off I go a few minutes later. After about 4 miles I come to a stop on the roadside. The bike will fire but not run, so one rings the recovery service who swiftly arrived and took me home. I checked relays, fuses, fuel injectors, plugs, spark, had advice from a qualified Guzzi man, so



checked the pipes inside the tank where the fuel pump resides with a camera thingy, all good. So we have changed and checked all we can at home. Spark and fuel normally equals GO, not so this time, what can it be? Not being able to get to my Guzzi man I have contacted Frasers of Gloucester who are dealers for Aprilia with relevant testing gear for Guzzi. Trailered up to Gloucester and dropped off unceremoniously to disappear in their workshop, so disappointed because this has never happened before, or since in fact, 'touching wood', (my bonce)! Early next morning a

phone call to say the fault had been found. Really, what is it? says I. The inside of your can has so badly collapsed from rusting the exhaust gas cannot escape, and went on to say that it was only the second case like this he had seen in over 40 years of bike repair. Even my top man didn't see that one coming. So, the 2nd hand can may have been left out side until my purchase and re-use. Grrr. The offending can is pictured above.

I am still biased toward my bike, the most pleasure any bike has ever given me. Think it's a keeper !!
Ray Wickens

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Unfortunately, as a result of the ongoing escalation of the COVID-19 situation in mid March, the only responsible action for the Committee of SAM was to immediately cancel all official SAM Club events until further notice.

As a result, all of the future Club rides contained within the 2020 Events List have been cancelled. We will notify all members when/if this situation changes.

Further, we have ceased all Observer activities until further notice. Clearly this will have a mas-

sive impact upon the ongoing training of our Associates but it is, unfortunately, unavoidable.

Our concern during this time is for the health and well being of all of our members and ensuring that we do not put any of us in unnecessary danger.

As our Chairman has said previously, we stand ready as a club to help any of our members in a practical way if we can - please reach out to any of your committee members if we can assist you. Stay safe.

MEMBER'S ADVENTURES

Motorcycling, A Journey

Sixty years ago I began riding my first motorcycle, a BSA Bantam Major 175cc, two stroke, smoke screen laying device. It all began because I had failed my eleven plus and my father had sent me to a school in



Gloucester, when we lived in Minchinhampton, a distance of 14 miles but 2 bus journeys of an hour and a half but worst of all, school on Saturday mornings and by the time I got home the weekend was over.

I started off riding around a disused war time airfield in April 1960 and then to school in May as I turned sixteen. I took my test a month later which basically meant,

not falling off, killing any pedestrians and making it back to where the examiner was having a fag.

I quickly learnt that there was very little street cred in riding a Bantam and even the police on their stealth, water cooled, Velocette LE's could catch me. The Bantam was difficult to start and unreliable and as my father had to constantly rescue me he came up with the cunning plan to buy me a new, BSA C15, easy to start, 4 stroke.



This was a major upgrade in the street cred stakes, only ruined by my lack of, leather hugging slim physique. I was kitted out in a Belstaff, waxed cotton, top and trousers, a pair of rubber over shoe boots, gloves with massive cuffs and a Jeff

Duke, cork helmet. At 5'10" and 15 stone I looked like something out of the swamp. By the time I had put all of this kit, on and off ,I wasn't saving much on the bus journey time.

The greatest thing was the taste of independence and not having to run for the bus. Sadly my headmaster did not share in my new found attitude and my father was requested to find a new challenge for me that did not involve his school.

Approaching eighteen and wanting to escape from Stroud, I joined the army with the expectation of adventure and at least driving something interesting. Having a smattering of 'O' levels and the army being a bit short of officers, I became a 2nd Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery as being more than a little porky, I was not cut out to be in the infantry. The army is great for recklessly driving something you don't own off road, tanks, armoured cars and eventu-

ally helicopters which promised no walking and 8hrs sleep a night. I was posted to Netheravon Army Airfield and I bought a Suzuki 75cc two stroke (stock photo-



graph, so I could be wrong!) to go from my quarter to the airfield which was about a mile uphill. Going home downhill was fine but getting past three quarters of the way up was becoming a struggle as the exhaust pipe was partially blocked and the engine was getting increasingly less enthusiastic. The Suzuki was to be my last motorcycle in 1972 until I introduced my son to motorcycling twenty years later when he was sixteen.



My most exciting army posting was on an exchange tour with an US Army Attack Helicopter Squadron at Fort Hood Texas flying the AH1G Cobra. This was in 1975, just post Vietnam and for anyone who is

an adrenalin junkie diving a ground attack aircraft guns blazing is slightly up there from a 75cc two stroke bike with a blocked exhaust pipe.

From 1968 to 2006 I flew fourteen different types of aircraft from Chipmunks to Boeing 767s retiring at the age of 62 (you can't overfly France if you are over 60, very ageist but being French they get away with it).



After a working life of thrill seeking, what to do in retirement? Fortunately having worked for British Airways both my wife and I had staff tickets and we indulged in our passion for travel and we shipped our Land Rover to Austral-

ia for 6 months and 21,000 miles in 2007 and to The US for 6 months 20,500 mile and 37 National Parks in 2015.

Sadly my wife developed a progressive lung condition and by 2018 our traveling the world in a tent was over and I desperately needed an



outlet to counterbalance my new role as a carer. My youngest son had rekindled his interest in motor bikes by restoring a 1946 BSA B31 350cc followed by a Yamaha XTZ 750cc and Yamaha TT 350cc. He now has a 2018 African Twin on which he passed his IAM test in Bath.





I had a light bulb moment and contacted the Taunton School of Motorcycling in March 2018 for a taster ride on a Yamaha SR125cc which was one of the bikes I had bought for my son when he was 16. I hadn't been on a bike for 48 years but by the time I had come to the first junction after a mere 100m, I was on an adrenalin rush that I hadn't had for years. I swapped the Yamaha 125cc for a Suzuki 500cc after an hour and headed out of Taunton on the A38 and I was on a total high. The sheer brilliance of recapturing that incredible feeling from 58 years ago was unbelievable. A few days later I headed straight to Bransons in Yeovil and bought an ex-demo Honda CRM 500cc.



There was only one problem with this scenario which was only heading in one direction, as my threshold of terror was way beyond my skill level and after years working in aviation safety I knew that I needed the discipline of a proper course of instruction to reign in my suicidal adrenalin drug habit, in order to survive.

I had the same problem as a young man with a sports car in 1968 and I took an Advanced Motorist course and passed the test. I contacted the IAM in the summer of 2018 and rocked up to McDonald's Bridgwater and met Jez for the first time. I had no idea just how lucky I was to join such an active group as SAM or to have as engaging, enthusiastic and competent

an observer as Jez. This was just the structure and level that I needed and it gave me a break from my home existence, of medical appointments, that I needed to survive. For some reason I traded in my Honda CRM for a Honda NC750X DCT. I wanted an African Twin to compete with my son but at the age of 74 and ten and a half stone I just wasn't strong or good enough for a bike that big.

I was on a journey with owning bikes and I have always been fascinated by technology but this purchase was a cul-de-sac and although incredibly fuel efficient it was more of a scooter than a bike. However it did slow me down until I was nagged into the sport setting by Jez. Being an obsessive I started to research a replacement bike and as Jez had



a Triumph Explorer that was a starting point although like the African Twin dream, I needed something that I could pick which seemed to be a recurring theme. I bought a Triumph Tiger 800 XRT at the beginning of January 2019. I took my advanced test a week later.

That of course was not the most sensible plan that I have ever come up with and basically this is not only a very quick bike but very

easy to stall. I passed but I was told that it was about as exciting a ride, as watching paint dry.

My car was redundant as I found that even going shopping could be fun, that is the going bit. Wearing a helmet meant that suddenly I was ageless and part of a wider fraternity that waves, even po-



lice motorcyclists which initially I found slightly unnerving. SAM rides are huge fun and the South West Peninsular Rally orgasmic. I had found an interest shared by a well organised group of dedicated and welcoming enthusiasts.

My wife and fellow adventurer died at the end of July last year. When faced with life's changes it is always best to have a plan in place and so I booked a guided motorbike tour to Athens and back via the Balkans for three weeks in September and October, mostly camping but with 6 nights in hotels and on the ferry from Italy to



Greece.

There were six paying riders and the tour leader. There were 2 African Twins a BMW1250 GS, a BMW800, a Honda Pan European, a Triumph 1200 Tourer (20 years old) and my Triumph Tiger 800. I always confess my age, in case it is thought to be an issue and then it is down to me not to be a burden. I have spent my life camping so that was not an issue

but I was extremely thankful that Jez had relentlessly driven me, (as in cracking the whip), through seven bends. I knew that I would have to prove myself over the first pass in Switzerland and I simply locked onto the rear end of our leaders African Twin as I had done on Jez's Explorer. Life was easier after that especially as I became the ride's banker, as I had the foresight to take loads of Euros.

It was certainly a learning exercise, as with everybody, I took too much kit. My 20 year old tent was too heavy and took too long to dry from the condensation caused by the cool autumn nights. I had absolutely no problem keeping up with the more powerful bikes especially as I was carrying an extra 50kg of unnecessary kit. My only complaint with my Tiger 800 is the lack of low down torque, (very easy to stall fully loaded) and hav-

ing to use a lot of revs, sounding like an angry sewing machine. Tom the ballerina (sadly a truly talented rider) started to enjoy coming up behind me in those long European tunnels and barking his BMW 1250 GS at me.

On my return, I took my Tiger in to Total Triumph for a health check and to change the tyres. I took the opportunity to moan about the torque and exhaust signature of the 800. I was told to watch out for the unveiling of the new Tiger 900 in December.

I have done more than 10,000 miles in a year on my Tiger 800 and I absolutely love it but as I now live on my own I needed something to obsess about over the long winter months and I was looking forward to getting my new Tiger 900 Rally Pro at the end of March and riding around Spain for 2 months in May and June and in North Africa in September.



I found some of the unpaved roads in the Balkans challenging and so I went on a 1 day, off road course, on Exmoor with, Dave Thorpe Honda, at the end of January. I hadn't realised just how different enduro riding is and I was thankful that my many rapid, inadvertent dismounts score was no higher than average?

The first 3 new Tiger 900s were on a truck to Total Triumph when the lockdown started and it had to turn back to Hinckley. Thankfully my bike was not part of that shipment as I had changed my colour order to khaki. Having a bike to look forward to is much better than having a new bike either sitting at Total Triumph or even worse in one's garage, unable to ride it.

These are unprecedented times and I am lucky that although I am designated a vulnerable person through age, I have an exciting hobby, shared by a family of enthusiasts in Somerset. The only way to stay young is to be around young, like minded people and to take up a new physical and mental challenge. Thank you SAM.

Post Script

I ordered a Triumph Tiger 900 Rally Pro last December for delivery at the



end of March. Suddenly on the Friday 24 April I received an email from Total Triumph to inform me that my new bike had been received by the dealership and that it would be ready for collection by Friday 1 May. I was slightly surprised, as I had presumed that they would be subject to lock down and that I

would have to wait until restrictions had been eased. Friday morning 1 May I left my house for the first time in 6 1/2 weeks which was slightly surreal being on my bike and I was dogged by a feeling of being very naughty, as a lock down breaker, which lasted until I realised that half of Somerset was also on the move. I collected my new bike in record time and rode home, slightly stretching my route through Taunton. It is difficult to fully explore a new bike in just 6 miles but I was thankfully relieved to find that although the 900 seat height is 2cm higher than my 800 there is no appreciable difference in flat footing as the bike is lighter, the centre of gravity is lower and the seat is narrower. I did however discover that this is a totally different bike and hopefully I will be fully able to review it by the next copy.

Chris Mutton



Biking and Mountains

For several years we have spent much of our holiday time in the lower part of Snowdonia. We had a static caravan between Tywyn and Bruyrcrug and it really was a home from home. The routine was that I would ride the bike up and Jane drove the van with the fishing tackle and dog. Although she greatly enjoyed our rides in the stunning Welsh countryside, Jane felt that she missed out on the journey up, more so as we would meet up for a picnic just beyond Crickhowell and then she would have to watch me disappear up the road again.

We gave up the caravan at the end of the 2018 season but it was still a strong draw to go back. Mountain walking is another passion of ours and during the last year with the caravan we had twice walked part way up a mountain just south of Harlech called Rhinog Fawr. Both times we had left it too late in the day to reach the top and felt it was unfinished business.

Having bought a BMW R1200R the previous year, we were looking to spend some long weekends away. Our original plan was to take a tent and camping gear and pitch the tent somewhere near the



mountain. Having thought about it a bit, we decided that the biking would be more enjoyable if we weren't too laden down. I contacted The Buckley Arms at Dinas Mawddwy and this turned out to be an excellent place to stay, very welcoming and with an option of having our evening meal there.

From the Buckley Arms it was around 30 miles to Rhinog Fawr travelling along fabulous roads with very little traffic including winding alongside the Mawdach Estuary to Barmouth. The last four or five miles was on a very winding single track road with lots of loose gravel and potholes, my bike doesn't really suit this sort of road and I found it tiring and arm

David's wife Jane
on the summit of
Rhynog Fawr



aching keeping it in the right direction at very low speed.

We parked at a convenient pull-in next to a bridge over the stream and changed from bike gear into our walking clothes. The panniers and top box were adequate for everything we needed and the trekking poles were strapped across the back below the top box. Our route up the mountain was one that we had planned ourselves, we had previously taken the guidebook route up the famous Roman Steps but decided to take a less well known course that had more varied terrain and passed a large tranquil lake with a glass like surface that reflected the mountain. The weather was perfect and we enjoyed a picnic at

the top.

As we made our way down it became overcast and started to rain. It wasn't much fun changing back into our bike gear but having had such a great day it didn't dampen our spirits. The ride back down the track to the main road wasn't just tiring but quite worrying with the tyres slipping on the dust that had now turned to mud. On the way back to the hotel we stopped at the George III at Penmaenpool, this is on the other side of the Mawdach Estuary, alongside a trailway that is on the disused railway line. By now the rain had stopped and we sat looking out across the estuary eating our evening meal. I highly recommend the George III, it is in a fabulous setting, the staff are friendly and the excellent food is good value.

After breakfast on our last morning we headed along the Dolgellau road, turning left at Cross Foxes. This road takes you down through a pass close to Cadair Idris. This valley is part of the Mach Loop used by military aircraft for low level flying. There is plenty of parking and by walking up to the high ground on either side of the road, planes including the Eurofighter can be looked down on as they scream through and turn

sharp left towards Machynlleth.

A right turn at the bottom of the pass takes you alongside Tal-y-llyn Lake, one of my favourite roads that carries right through to Brynchrug. We headed to Brynchrug to visit an old friend and from there we took the road from Tywyn to Aberdovey, Jane loves the coast so we rode along the Dovey estuary to Machyllleth. A good part of our journey down through Wales is on the A470 but we always use the high mountain road from Machynlleth to Llanidloes, this road is quite narrow and windy with tarmac of race track quality, it is mostly open with good visibility so can be ridden at a reasonable pace, keep an eye out for sheep but they usually seem knowing about traffic. The views are stunning and there are some good places to stop for

a break. There is a picnic area overlooking Clywedog Reservoir, a huge expanse of water that for bird enthusiasts has a pair of Ospreys nesting there most years. The mountain road is 20 miles long and always leaves me exhilarated to ride it.

Back on the A470 and the pace can be picked up a bit, this is a lovely road with plenty of variety. We usually have a break for lunch at the Wye Knot Stop at Llyswen in the Brecon area, it is handy that there is a petrol station almost opposite so good to stop for a bite and fill the bike at the same time.

At the petrol station in Crickhowell we turn right and cross the River Usk, taking the A4077 to Gilwern, we try to savour this stretch of road as it is the last really enjoyable part of the journey before dual carriageways and motorways

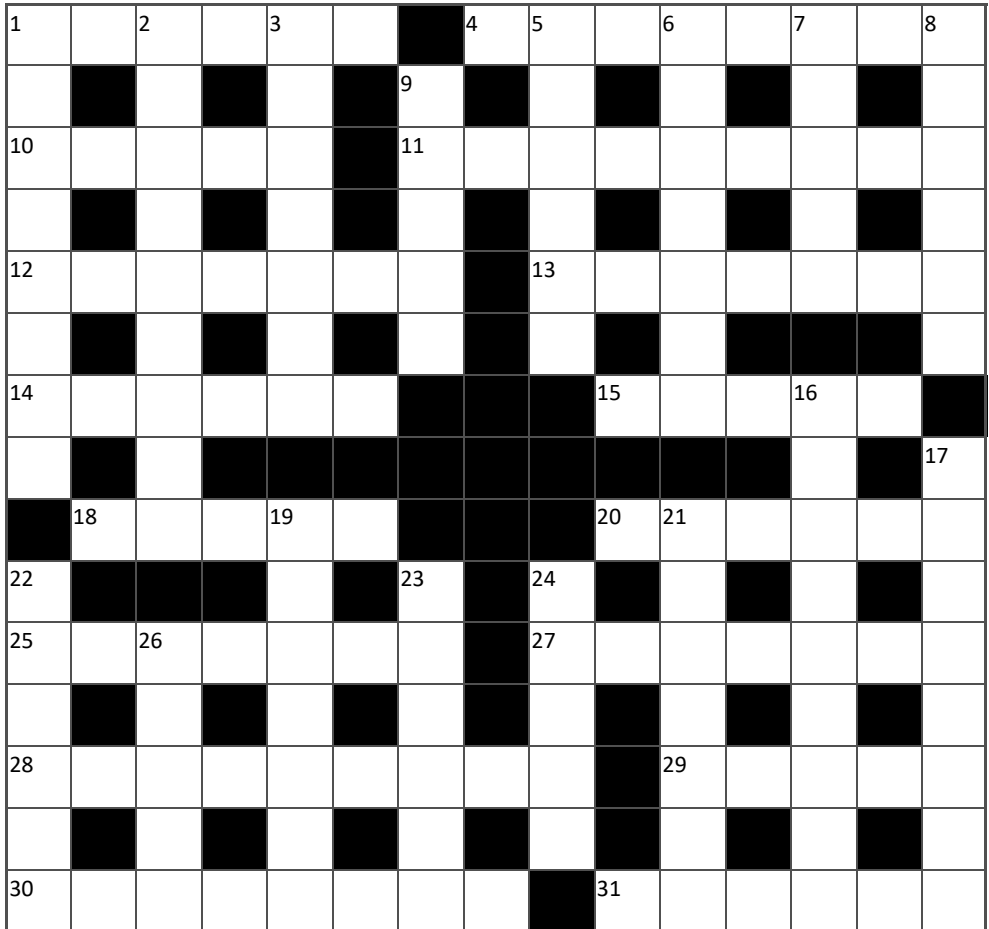
and then the much busier English roads to home.

It was quite a tonic to write this, bringing back happy memories and making us resolve to get back out and explore once this horrible and worrying time has passed.

David Matthews



CROSSWORD



Across

- 1 Merry Jonathan takes in copper and daughter (6)
- 4 Vile sot Erica keeps secret (8)
- 10 Native of African province (5)
- 11 Great 7. Million and surprise interjection in front of 7 (9)
- 12 Men mass everywhere to hide all together (2,5)
- 13 Cattleman managed Sonny's partner (7)
- 14 Eager sun god band (6)
- 15 Steal game and cook slowly (5)
- 18 Handles posh blokes on the radio (5)

CROSSWORD (cont.)

- 20 Meal around a boat (6)
25 Detective changes unknown in plimsoll for uniform (7)
27 Religious festival for sun god, Mum and desperate fellow (7)
28 American isthmus, hot at head cover (6,3)
29 Ebbing and flowing, ebbing in Salad Italiana (5)
30 Close team left here (8)
31 Religious person and what they say (6)

Down

- 1 Jay ne'er sounds like a C19 novel (4,4)
2 Boat tiger with a scar a number made (9)
3 Singer/songwriter with no score and second child (7)
5 Mist mixed up in South African desert (6)
6 American city and not up embraced by Dorothy's dog (7)
7 Indian Prince ran a just allowable hearing initially (5)
8 Hold present company above (6)
9 Fossil resin colour between green and red (5)
16 North American national holiday mixer changed penultimate letter to first (6,3)
17 Friend makes candles (8)
19 Island group Sam and Ahab look up (7)
21 Instrument made by a motorway measurer (7)
22 You might use this to 15 or, for example, doctor article (3,3)
23 "Rule that doth me change"
24 Great re-arrangement for Thunberg or Garbo (5)
26 MG model and track

Solution in next issue

Many thanks to Steve Schlemmer for submitting this Crossword Puzzle.

Solution to Winter 2020 Crossword

Across: 7 Parts list, 8 White, 10 Motorway, 11 Europe, 12 Pele, 13 Twilight, 15 Firstly, 17 Smuggle, 20 Impeller, 22 Asia, 25 Angler, 26 Inundate, 27 Float, 28 Assembled.

Down: 1 Bacon, 2 Stroke, 3 Flywheel, 4 A S Byatt, 5 Charging, 6 Stepchild, 9 Yeti, 14 Dismantle, 16 Shed-load, 18 Measures, 19 Traipse, 21 Lord, 23 In debt, 24 At sea.

Brit Butt Rally 2015

After a great weekend last year where I learnt a lot (or thought I had), I had no hesitation in entering this year's event. A few major changes have occurred though, In that the base Hotel is now the Windmill Hotel in Coventry; no problem with that as the Premier Inn last year cocked up my booking and I didn't have a room for Sunday - not what you need after a 36 hour ride, however I was found one by John and Phil eventually and very grateful I was too. Another major change was that John Young was Rally Master. That's okay, it would give me more chance of winning! Joke, really serious joke! The problem with JY being Rally Bastard is that I have known him for many years and even worked with him on a committee, so had a good insight into just how devious and twisted his mind can be (he wasn't to let me down either!) I also know what an exceptional route planner he is; he planned a route on the Welsh National Rally in 35 minutes that beat mine by 2 hours and umpteen miles that took me three nights and four attempts to get 'right'. So basically it wasn't going to be straightforward and I was worried. The last thing that changed was

that the Rally Books would be available after check in from 2:00pm onwards, oh that's nice and friendly I thought, plenty of time to plan, have a beer and a nice long kip. Did I say how naive I am? Oh! and a Bun Burner 1500 was a strong possibility as well (*covering 1,500 miles in 24 hours—Ed*).

Anyway, I arrived at about 1ish after a good ride up in thickening traffic but nothing like the motorway car park last year. I got booked into a very nice room with the bike right outside; I set up my laptop and went off to do the mileage check, bike check, collect my Rally book and plan my route. Who would have thought motorcycling would involve a laptop!

I soon spotted that there seemed to a base score of 19,000 points, assuming I would bag the main rest bonus and remember to txt in, plus two of the bonus combinations making a total of 23,150 to start with. This would have meant riding to the Scottish borders, then back through Wales and into the South West for a rest and trip to Lands End in the dark (no worries here, I know it well) finishing the planned leg at about 2pm Sunday, which would have left plenty of time to either bag another rest bo-

nus or to be flexible and Hoover up more bonuses between there and the finish. Therefore I was aiming at 58,900 and 1,400 miles with three hours to spare to increase that. I went off to supper quite content.....first mistake!

Now John Young is a good friend of mine and I won't hear a bad word said about him BUT he is also the Rally Bastard and when he said 'Your Rally starts now', the gloves were plainly off! I listened to the bastard bonus of Estate Agents signs and pretty well dismissed it because I thought so much of my route was going to be on major roads, second mistake! Then the bombshell, to have to return to HQ between 4pm and 7pm on Saturday to have a photo taken with a bloke carrying a pineapple? Hellfire! That really put the cat amongst the pigeons; I couldn't see a good way of getting back from Scotland in time so the only thing that made sense was to reverse my whole route and head to Lands End first instead before the dreaded traffic built up, it would also mean chopping a couple of planned stops like Falmouth because that would have been a car park by lunchtime. I was really worried and tired now and about midnight, I had to

give up and go to sleep only to be up again at 3am to check that I could make it to LE and back in time; I needn't have worried about that but I was very unsettled and could not see any options, such was my belief in my original plan.



Anyway, we set off in time and by 10:36 I took this after a 'bit of trouble' with traffic at Temple and a close shave where some dumba** tried a right turn with no signal when I was filtering past a queue at St Erth. I then came to the first option to go to Falmouth but left it because the traffic was getting a lot worse on the southbound side, third mistake! I didn't work it



out at the time but I was actually making good progress and should have risked Falmouth as I do know it very well; even if it had taken an hour, I could have made it back by 4:00pm. Instead I opted for Exeter and the Motorcycle Museum to get back to HQ to have this taken! (I've only just noticed how I have subconsciously

clenched my fist Mr Young!!)

The only issue at this point was that I was feeling shattered, I had a headache and was not thinking clearly at all, so was seriously thinking about taking a very early rest break but remembering a distant relative saying something about 'never ever give up' or some-such words.

Darlington

I pushed on and headed for the M6 toll and the North, this started to wake me up and by the time I was in Darlington, I was right in the groove to take this.

I then went to Alnwick and remem-



bered how my parents loved coming to this place in their camper. As they have both passed away now, I spent a little time remembering them while I put my thermals on because it was getting parky (apologies to the young couple who turned up at this moment to find me in my underwear!)

I haven't mentioned all the bonuses I visited because you'd be asleep by now, but suffice to say I was on target and quite happy by the time I took this at 10:00pm.



I then travelled across the Scots border to Gretna and made the mistake of wiping the midges off my visor with my glove! Wrong! It forced me to pull over and take my helmet off so that the living midges could eat my head while I got the wet wipes out to clean my visor. The road follows the Tweed for miles and the midges were like a

constant black cloud along here but I couldn't have predicted that, just one of those things. Anyway, I pushed on to get photos at Gretna and LP Williams (now a Triumph dealer!) Then I headed for Lancaster services for a planned rest, bang on target at 2:00am and set my phone alarm for 4:45am; not even the diabolical rap music from the coffee bar could keep me awake and off I snoozed. I awoke at 4:45am feeling pretty cr*ppy as you do but at least it was getting light..... It was getting light but it was p-ing down with rain! Argh, I thought it may be a dry Rally too!

So off I went having donned the wet weather gear and an extra fleece (remember that?). About an



hour down the road I started to wonder if I had picked my phone up? I stood up to feel it's usual pocket, not there. I tried other pockets to no avail. Oh drat. When I got to my first Welsh border bonus I double checked and double cursed! What a complete plonker.

I pushed on anyway and tried to put it out of my mind, but now paranoia was setting in and I was very worried about what someone may get up to with someone else's mobile - all my numbers are on it including Milly's and my daughters, the phone is effectively worthless but the numbers are very important to me. I did have the work phone on me though as I was technically 'on duty'. So I rang Mill while in Betws-y-Coed to get her to get it blocked asap. With that done I carried on but then found it very difficult to get to somewhere with a signal to get the text bonus in but eventually found somewhere. Milly had already contacted John to let him know what had happened so it probably didn't surprise him for the text to come in from an unusual phone and no surprise at all that I had forgotten my normal one!

This obviously had an impact on my pace and I was increasingly worried about my schedule, so 'picked it up a bit', but some of the roads just didn't lend themselves to that and neither did the Sunday drivers. I had picked off all my planned stops and was now heading for Rhayader; one of my favourite spots in Wales and the base of many a happy trail riding weekend. Luckily I was awake enough by now to see that I needed to be in the next photo. No problem, but in my advanced state of paranoia I could imagine the chosen photographer to jog off up the road with my bloomin'

camera. So honestly, I waited until an old bloke walked past who was the only one in the street that I thought I could outrun and collared him! He was a very nice chap and once the photo was taken I took time to give him a very quick briefing as to what it was all about. Yes, that is me! Good job Sonia did my



scoring and recognised me.

At this point I knew I was okay to take a rest stop and gain some extra points but as you can see, the cafe was full and I didn't fancy stopping here so I pushed on for the border.

I found a garage and nipped in to buy a coke with receipt and sat down by my bike to start filling in the rally book to gain time at the end and ensure the paperwork was completed by 6pm. Then I spotted it! That sleep bonuses should be complete by 3:00 on Sunday...which 3:00?

I knew that it was 3:00pm but do you think I could convince myself otherwise? I really thought I had blown the 15,000 point main rest bonus as I finished mine at 5:00am. I had blown my Rally!

Even the rest bonus I was on was worthless because it would finish after 3:00pm, or at least the 3,000 point one would - I was still okay for an extra 100 points. I then realised I was still on for a Bun Burner so did a quick mileage calculation and remembered Rick saying something about my speedo under or over reading, damn! Which was it? Only way to cover it was to do more miles than was necessary so I headed for the motorway and away from Coventry. I blasted down to Bristol and

turned around for a quick fuel stop and home at 5:00pm with 1551 miles on the clock. Great! At least I would go home with a BB1500.

I got a very pleasant surprise at scoring, I hadn't blown it after all. As the voices in my head were trying to tell me, the rest bonuses DID have to be complete by 3:00pm Sunday after all, silly me but now the 'what if's' start—what if I had bagged the extra 3,000 by staying in Rhayader? No point in dwelling on that, there is always next year.

It's about now that the Hotel Gremlins started! I was given my key card and wandered up to the big house at the entrance and upstairs to my room but the key didn't work. I left my gear and went back to reception to get a new one, this one worked once! Long enough for me to go into my room and strip off to my underpants and go out into the hall to pick up the rest of my gear only for the bloom-in' thing to stop working! Luckily two of the items still outside in the hall were my work phone and the little piece of card they put the key cards in with the Hotel phone number on it, so I rang reception, explained the situation and the manager then turned up with yet another key! He did offer to move me but at this point I said no and

just wedged the door open, fire door or no, I was too knackered and hungry. After a shower, I went down to the meal and presentation and definitely heard the receptionist snigger as I walked past. After an excellent meal and fun presentation, I had a great kip but was awake at 7, so after another shower and breakfast, I headed for home, getting back at about 11:30. Very happy, but with the definite thought that I could do better. Hey Ho, there's always next year.

P.S. When I was unpacking the bike, I took out the afore mentioned emergency fleece from my pannier, chucked it on the floor and heard a clunk..... yes my phone was in the pocket!

P.P.S. While walking down Dorchester high street on Wednesday eve on the way to the council offices, I completed a Bastard Bonus too.

Pete Churchill

CAPTION SUGGESTIONS PLEASE!



I'd welcome your suggestions for a Caption to go with this photo, taken at a recent SAM "Control & Technique" session. Suggestions to me at Tullochg@aol.com, we'll publish the best one in the next issue.

FREE

Home built motorcycle trailer—ideal lock-down project.



Built 20 years ago using plans contained in Classic Motorcycle Mechanics magazine, using new Indespension 350kg unbraked suspension units, with hubs to fit 10" Mini wheels.

U-Channel suitable for most motorcycle tyres..

50mm hitch head.

No trailer board or ramp.

Not used for last 15 years, so would benefit from shot-blasting/painting and new tyres.



Would also benefit from additional crossbeam up front for lashing, although successfully used in its current state.

Collect from Langport area

Graham Tulloch

07825 201650

Tullochg@aol.com

FOR SALE

2001 'Y' Triumph Thunderbird 900

15,200 miles, lots of history, good condition.

Just had service with new s/plugs, air filter, hydraulic oil, front pads, and carb jet work. New MoT.

Full hard luggage, recent engine bars, new silencers, new alloy rims, spokes by Paul Broom.

Triumph screen, Chain oiler, good tyres, Optimate.

Very reluctant sale, my wife is giving up riding so we need a two-up tourer - the Triumph and R1100 have to go.

£3,500. Contact ianwilson906@gmail.com - if you require any further info or photos.

Ian Wilson



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Mobile: 07860 838989

Email: info@nigelgillard.co.uk

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Winter 2020 Caption



Thanks to Roger Moffatt, picked from a number of suggestions, who came up with the following Caption for the Winter 2020 photograph :

"Gina double checked SAM regulations on the need to keep the more immature members on toddler reins."

TAILPIECE #11

The rider and his pillion arrived in the small town in the Tarn department of southern France just before noon. It was a blissfully warm day and the local market was in full and fragrant swing. The central *Place* in front of the *l'Hôtel de Ville* was rammed with stalls and with vehicles of all ages, shapes and sizes.

They knew they would have to be seated by noon to have lunch with the locals. But where to park? *La Place* and surrounding streets had no spaces. On their third circuit a stall holder stepped out and ushered them into a slot by her stall.

'What did she say?' asked the pillion. The rider replied 'I think she said she was nearly finished but that we must leave by two o'clock'

They found a little restaurant a short walk away on *le Quai* by the river and enjoyed a simple but delicious regional meal, but it was nearly two when they left to return to the bike.

Now *la Place* was empty - no stalls, no vehicles, no people - just the bike, in splendid isolation, and advancing towards it a town street cleaning tanker with high pressure hoses, propelling a cloud, a perfect storm, an aerial tsunami of vegetable leaves, rotten fruit and dog turds – a different fragrance now.

'*Merde!*' they shouted accurately as they just managed to jump aboard and ride off before the bike would have been engulfed.

Tyre Discounts for SAM Members

SAM members are able to take advantage of discounted tyre supplies from 2 local companies, on production of your IAM RoadSmart membership card. **Furlong Tyres** in Yeovil and **A303 Motorcycles** at West Camel (near Sparkford) are well known to many existing members who can confirm the quality of service and products these suppliers offer. Due to the variety of products and add-on services involved, specific discount percentages cannot be listed, but give them a ring with your requirements and you can be sure of a competitive quote.

Furlong Tyres: 01935 425888 Aaron or Paul
A303 Motorcycles: 01935 507620 Bunny (Dave)



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email—paul@brumersbikes.co.uk

www.brumersbikes.co.uk

Thank you for your articles and pictures. I am sorry if I was unable to fit them all in. Please keep them coming: Tullochg@aol.com

SAM Code of Conduct

All riders participate at their own risk.

Turn up on time with a full fuel tank. Listen to the brief about the intended ride.

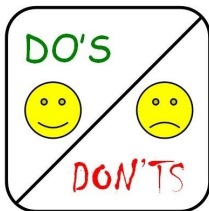
Take care, remember the presence of a group may intimidate other road users.

Ride with the safety of every other road user in mind.

If you wish to detour or leave before the end of the ride, let the leader know.

Ride cancellation is rare, but in extreme conditions the decision rests with the ride leader. If the ride is cancelled the leader should ensure that someone is present at the advertised start point/time to inform any rider who turns up.

Non-SAM partners, friends and guests are welcome to join rides.



Colour Code of Rides

Green – Ride open to all SAM members. Shorter rides, typically of 2 hours duration, with stops. Aimed at getting riders used to group riding. There is usually no overtaking within the group, except when a slower rider specifically signals the following rider to pass.

Amber – Ride for test ready associates (Observer's discretion) and test pass holders. Riding over varied conditions, usually between a half and a full day of riding.

Red – Test pass holders only. Riding over more challenging conditions. Riding can extend over a full day, sometimes longer.

The ride leader will brief each ride to ensure all riders are aware what's required of them.

The views expressed in this document do not necessarily represent the views of IAM RoadSmart or Somerset Advanced Motorcyclists (SAM). Similarly, goods and services offered do not carry a recommendation from IAM RoadSmart or SAM.

The Drop-Off System

This is the preferred SAM method to control group rides. Each ride has a 'leader' and a 'sweeper'. Once underway, riders do not need to keep sight of each other, as route deviations will be marked. This is achieved by the 'leader' indicating to the rider immediately behind that a junction is to be marked. This rider (the 'marker') pulls up in a safe and visible position, and indicates the route to all the following riders. The 'marker' then re-joins the group just in front of the 'sweeper'. Everyone on the ride – except the 'leader' and the 'sweeper' – then takes turns to be the marker as they take up the position behind the 'leader'. Headlights are kept on, as this makes it easier to see following and approaching riders.

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