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The content of this newsletter may be questionable and thus not conform with the views of the IAM, SAM, or anyone of a sound mind.

### Objects in the mirror...

**An ordinary month..?** The copy from Dev Hall mentioned last month about his couple of days Advanced training with Andy Marper is featured within. There's more from Peter Harley about i2i and from Rob on a brilliant trip to Wales. And oops the Mag is a bit late, again..! Due this time to too much of the time usually allocated to production being otherwise spent serially faffing about changing my Sat Nav from the old trusty valve driven BMW MII to a Zumo.

The Zumo with latest maps etc. was a complimentary swap from Garmin due to the seven year old original going regularly weird on me. A generous but mixed blessing this as a new mount was involved and new leccy loom had to be made cos it all works via a Starcom with a B2B Kenwood and other stuff. I started off by relocating much of the hardware into a Peli box mounted in place of the rear seat. A lot of work which to be honest looked Naff..! So, I started again and put it all in the top-box. This involved making holes in it for two bulkhead mounts and another for the Kenwood aerial. It was a brave decision but it delivered more happiness. All this to allow self and son Rory to banter whilst in Germany later this month with Mick and Andy, Peter and Avril, Fran and Tony and other lucky's. I can also make and take phone calls via the new Zumo though am unlikely to habituate the distraction. Less risky is an easier means to listen to MP3's. A DAB Highway radio may be in the pipeline to replace the original FM so I can still listen to the Archers whilst on the SAGA rides. Aye.

### Objects in the foreground...

#### Update on SAM Machine Control 1 Courses at Sheffield airport

(see website [www.i2imca.com](http://www.i2imca.com)). As reported last month... the first will take place on Sunday September 12, probably starting at 10.00 but turn up about 9.30 please. This is now fully booked.

#### So... due high demand a second course will take place on Saturday 16th October.

If you are interested in taking part in this second course and haven't already let me know (or can't remember whether you did, or did not) then **please get in touch** as soon as possible, either by email: [p.harley@sheffield.ac.uk](mailto:p.harley@sheffield.ac.uk) or... telephone: 01142 301109.

The cost is £75 all of which goes to i2i - details of how to pay will be available later.

**NB.** We are still working on arranging an MC3 course and I'll let you know about that as soon as I have more information.

**Peter Harley - P.S. See page 4 for the Observer skills course reminder**

**Live long... I hear and I forget – I see and I remember – But if I do... I understand. - Ed.**



### SAM 'Logo' Clothing.

Polo Shirt	£17.50
Polo Shirt Ladies fit	£17.50
T-Shirt	£14.00
Sweat Shirt	£19.60
Rugby Shirt	£23.60
Woolly Hats IAM/SAM	£8.00

Tel. Steve Dyson 0777 929 4149

### Dates for 2010

Month	Club night	Committee
Jan	none	27th
Feb	1st	24th
Mar	1st	31st
Apr	12th	21st
May	10th	26th
Jun	7th	30th
Jul	5th	28th
Aug	2nd	25th
<b>Sept</b>	<b>6th</b>	<b>29th</b>
<b>Oct</b>	<b>4th</b>	<b>27th</b>
<b>Nov</b>	<b>1st</b>	<b>24th</b>
<b>Dec</b>	<b>6th</b>	<b>none</b>

### SAM Social events for 2010

Candy Town – Meal -	Sat	Feb.	27
<b>Ride, Picnic and games - Carsinton</b>	<b>Sun</b>	<b>July.</b>	<b>18th – 3pm</b>
Autumn Boogie £7-50 per head	Sat	Nov.	13th

### Ladies rides (chaps also welcome!)

First evening ride- from McD's Meadow hall	Tbd
Second evening ride - ditto	Tbd
Second day ride - ditto	Tbd

### Club night features

Feb	1st	2010	i2i motorcycle training.
Mar	1st.		??
Apr	12th.		AGM
May	10th.		Increase your Visibility
June	7th.		Sheffield Road Safety Partnership
July.	5th.		??
Aug.	2nd.		??
<b>Sept.</b>	<b>6th.</b>		<b>India? on a Royal Enfield?</b>
Oct.	4 <sup>th</sup> .		??
Nov.	1 <sup>st</sup> .		??
Dec	?		??



**Congratulations**



**Aug meeting Awards:**



**Positions unfilled**



**Well done you blues**

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**A warm welcome to our latest New Member:**

Alan Thimbleby      Auckley,      Doncaster



## **i2i – Observer Skills Day – Have you confirmed with Peter?**

Tom Killeen, the Director of I2I – Motorcycle Academy, talked to SAM in February this year about the work that I2I-MCA does and the benefits to be gained by doing its courses. Tom also has a course on “Observer Skills” that he has given, very successfully, to various IAM groups including some from North Yorkshire.

**SAM has persuaded him to offer this course for our Observers and Trainee-Observers and it is to take place between 10.00 and 4.00 on Saturday, 11 September, at Treeton Miners’ Welfare Club.**

The course will be a mixture of classroom sessions and rides and each participant will be given a file containing information relating to the course. The course will be free; lunch, for which there will be a small fee, will be organised by the Club.

Several Observers/Trainees have signed up already to attend; if you too would like to attend then please email me at [p.harley@sheffield.ac.uk](mailto:p.harley@sheffield.ac.uk) or phone 01142 301109 and I’ll add your name to the list.

**Peter Harley**

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### **A Wander in Wales. The Hon sec takes the Mother-ship out**

Like all things in life, there are different levels of competence and a review of one’s own levels from time to time, seems a good thing. And for those truly interested in motorcycling, this review seems not only a good thing, but perhaps a vital one.

Like many of us in SAM, we have been privileged to ride out under the advisory eye of Micky Wheeler and perhaps in our aspirant days, it was he we had to satisfy, to prove we had earned our earlier levels of competence,

So, when the opportunity arose to join Mick, Andy Marper and several like minded members, on an excursion into central Wales for a couple or three days of ‘fine roads and fine company, the invitation was irresistible, so I took it.

Ron, Dev and I joined Andy and Mick at the Ladybower Inn on a cloudy but dry morn and after fortifying coffee departed for points west via Buxton, Congleton and some other places whose names passed in something of a blur.

Somewhere south of Whitchurch there’s a large transport café that I recall historically as being a very busy spot much appreciated by the truckers using the A49 and A41. It has suffered from the M6 and is now something of an oasis, but popular with bikers as evinced by the presence of a Harley Davidson and other assorted machines quite apart from our quietly ticking mounts whilst we refuelled the inner man.

As an aside at this point, across the road lie the remains of a W.W.2 airfield. Perhaps a secondary unit to Tern Hill but considerable in area and more or less in the centre of the country. A Bomber training unit maybe, and the only reason I mention it, is that it was the site of a curious experiment which was reported on radio many years ago and concerned the placing of audio receivers around the hangars

and crew rooms. The recorders were activated and veterans interpreted the noises they heard, to be those they remembered as familiar to them when on active service.

Suitably refuelled, men and machine, we returned to saddle and Tarmac. Busier roads now and progress neatly made. Is it not a pleasure to behold as motorcycles leapfrog in pattern a line of traffic, without let or hindrance? Sheer poetry in motion as one of our number might quote; and often has.

Echelon around the Shrewsbury by-pass to exit on the A488. Now here runs a road to be played with, and we did; all the way to Clun. This gem of a village set in the Kerry hills seems little changed since a small boy was treated to a glass of lemonade outside the pub and was shown the flags of the Commonwealth draping the nearby great tree to celebrate the end of the War in Europe. And to learn a little doggerel, probably penned originally by Arthur Mee. *Clunbury, Clunton, Clungunford and Clun, The laziest villages under the sun.*

Funny how I can't remember yesterday and this memory dates from 1946!

The threadbare remains can still faintly be seen among the branches.



Tea break at New Invention – oh yes, Shropshire has some eccentrically named villages; what about the Skyborrys and Knucklass. Then there's Evenjobb and a pub called the Wheel in a village called Weobley.

Finally to round off the day we left the 448 after Knighton and joined the B4356 to Llanbister and a certain Lion Inn. Parking up, the grins were noticeable and there was a certain hint of general buzz in the conversation. A little comment here, some analysis there, but always referral to parts of the ride and the special enjoyment of a road well taken. I suppose we can all remember parts of the routes we ride - but all of it? Only those especially talented can do this and Andy and Mick exemplify this talent. They also note any slight transgressions in road behaviour by other riders, and recall when and where!

The Lion Inn is a bit different. Our Leaders know it well. It's close to being just a home from home, except that it has a bar and is just wonderfully comfortable. Our host and hostess know exactly how to run such a place and they get it precisely right. Sleeping accommodation is scattered and seems to be vaguely attached to the Inn here and there and we finally found our rooms, mine on a slight slope with a beam neatly placed to encourage the retention of the helmet! Note to self: beware the nightly excursion to the lavatory. First a shower and then the bar. Brains's (the brewer for this region) elixir to ease the throat for more deeply meaningful conversation between us all – guess what subject? And then on to dinner. A feast of home cooked quality which disappeared in short order and mostly, in silence! Once the treacle sponge was demolished, conversation returned and reminiscences were many and various. Mind you, the Brains helped.



Next day, after we found room for a gargantuan breakfast and after refuelling, it was the mountains and valleys of central Wales. The Elan Valley, home to Birmingham's water supply and many avian Kites, was, as you might expect, viewed in the rain but this soon cleared as we gained height and the road



narrowed and narrowed again. It is surfaced but here and there might benefit from the application of a strimmer and maybe the sheep could be encouraged to use more of the moorland for depositing mulched fodder and maybe some realignment, widening, super elevation, the odd viaduct and cutting, some resurfacing, signage and a McDonalds or two wouldn't go amiss either. Otherwise it was just perfect for the GS bunch who rapidly disappeared into the future at what seemed something

approaching warp factor six. Suffice to say that Dev and I contented ourselves by concluding that at least there were no side roads and so we might just see them again sometime hence. I think GSers are a different breed!

Coffee break at Devil's Bridge. Summit of the narrow gauge Vale of Rheidol railway. For those drawn to such relics of a by-gone industrial age, upon which much of our once wealth was built, this is a fine example. As the buzz quieted and the engines cooled, we heard the distinctive owl like hoot and accompanying syncopated chuff as the little loco climbed the last grade and softly approached the station. Never mind the descending gongoozlers and accompanying



baggage, human, canine and plastic, the loco built 1902, restored later and in pristine livery, was star of the show. Now oil fired with the tower of a Westinghouse compressor mounted offside, she stood contentedly awaiting the signal for yet another descent of the valley to Aberystwyth. And many more return hauls to come. A highlight for me with a surface interest in past industrial endeavour.



Time presses and more miles call. Light drizzle accompanied our departure via the lyrically named Ysbyty Ystwyth, to Tregaron and the notorious Abergwesyn Pass to Llanwrtyd Wells. When the writer, many, many moons ago, aspired to rallying as navigator in a Mark 1 Lotus Cortina, this pass was passed in a muck sweat on a rain swept night with my head mostly it seemed, glued to the headlining and with eyes firmly on the pace notes, and anal sphincter in paralysis. At least this time it was daylight and no headlining, so the helmet had to do!

Once again the GSs headed for the horizon, which continually changed and mostly concealed ensuing downslopes swinging either way and to which the tarmac barely clung, before a panorama viewpoint brought the party together again. Rather than the tame descent to Llanwrtyd, our leaders favoured more of the same and we finally emerged into relative civilization – roads more than eight feet wide and with two carriageways – after a delightful tea in some unpronounceable hamlet, at Llandoverly.

After consultation which decided that the bar at the Lion would not yet be dispensing lubrication, we joined the A40 eastward to Brecon and at last, the GT could open her lungs. It didn't make any difference to the convoy positioning though, so Dev and I still tail ended. Well, someone has to, although on this leg they didn't get out of sight. From Brecon, another mountain road through the two Chapels to Builth Wells and the A483 back to Llanbister. Guess what? the bar had just opened! The first two never touched the sides.

The following day saw me leave the party which decided to head West towards the sunshine and more of the mountain traverses. Somehow the long ride home just didn't seem the same without the competitive edge I had so enjoyed over the preceding two days. But at least now the only competition was four or more wheeled and so I could be in front a time or two.

What did I learn? And of what was I reminded having perhaps become a little rusty since last I had something to prove? A lot! To re-appreciate a very high level of skill and safe competence displayed by the vastly experienced GS riders, the maintenance of high average speeds within the law which were determined by pin sharp and accurate interpretation of road architecture, likely and actual riding lines, vanishing point movement, machine handling and sheer solid ability. I consider my ability to be above average as do most Green Badge holders, but this expedition reminded me that, as I mentioned at the start of this piece, that there are still higher levels to which you may both aspire and achieve if you so wish.



I would also like to commend and recommend Andy Marper as an absolutely first class instructor to replace Micky in Advanced Riding Techniques. Micky now having relinquished his business to Andy and having spent eighteen months training Andy, has obviously chosen his replacement well. The Group committee is working on "what comes after your Green Badge" and we hope to involve Andy in our deliberations. Meanwhile, as a result of these two days, I can but strongly recommend anyone wanting to see how they stack up in advanced riding, to have a day with Andy Marper. Micky was heard to say "he's pretty good". You don't get better comment than that and for me; it was well proven over these two days.

**Rob G.**

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## **True grit - false hope.**

If all has gone to plan... Plan..? you mean there was a plan? Somewhere in the Mag this month is a tidy scribing from the Hon Sec, ([A Wander in Wales](#)) covering a recent trip to the Lion Hotel. Hence I will not repeat the main theme nor prattle about the range of magnificence's.

Wales, or to be specific, certain parts of it is one of those places to go when you are bored with biking. Perhaps have returned from too many rides where despite the lengthy view ahead of hazard and traffic free bends you would have to go illegal before the remaining brain cell licensed to register enjoyment could serve any motorcycling related purpose.

Finding enjoyable tarmac is becoming incrementally more difficult as each local authority responds to the dictat of scattering their increased allocation of 50 signs and double whites on almost any road with a bend. Yes some appear relevant but others are simply beyond belief.

Yes... or is it No? I should state here that like yourselves, I have no time for hooligans and fools, for the thoughtless and dangerous, the rash and discourteous, the one's who have brought this plague of restrictions to our door. But, so lacking in sophistication is current governance that if these incautious types should break a leg then the cautious must also be fitted with a plaster cast.

But pace is not the only buzz, there is delicacy and finesse to court. The need for these being recently thrust upon our Wales team by being led along a fair few miles of twisty, undulating, gravel and stone strewn single track roads by Andy Marper. Ok, so anyone with appropriate competence would not have been phased... which of course is precisely why I was. An inch or two deep in places and with the edges and the centre being almost continuously affected, there was only a narrow track either side of the middle being relatively gravel free. Inclined bends of varying severity added further to the task.

Up front is Andy... admiring the view whilst simultaneously finessing the repetitive sequences described, mostly second gear, standing up, squirting up the winding rises... plunging down the curling dips...bossing any hairpins, modulating speed between 20 and 45 ish... floating from side to side like a slalom skier, confidently drifting across the centre gravel... no brake lights... minimal gear changes. Alternating hand, foot and light knee pressure to point the bike, whilst nodding to his MP3 sound-track

When following, initially there's a perceived necessity to stay in the cleaner channels... but as they're nether uniform in width nor continuous in length it doesn't bring sustained relief. It also puts you out of position... stops you looking where you should be looking. i.e. further ahead. Stop it then, rely on smoothness to track you along. No sudden throttle movements, minimal braking. Stand up... Hmm.. bars too far away... the degree of knee flex needed thus too much to sustain. You can see better, plan better, balance and steer better but I need longer arms or taller risers. Back to poncy sitting then. I'm not doing badly but not doing well enough either, having to make ground on Andy on the short straights or at least try. Need to stay relaxed, less grip on the bars, let the bike sort itself out. I can hear stones rattling up through the frame and fear for the paint. You need a day or two of this, preferably without panniers and top-box, probably with breaks every twenty minutes, then you might achieve periods of feeling sorted.

It was hats off to Dev behind me on the Tiger, it not being quite as GS'y as a GS and double hats off to Rob on his mother-ship, both being on pure road tyres. As for tail-gunner Mick..? like Andy he could probably have read a book at the same time.

To those who regularly do more challenging stuff, this would be kindergarten standard, but you have to start somewhere and with the right bike I can see it becoming addictive.

But a cracking few days, top roads, top company, top laughs, top of the list for a replay.

**Ron.**

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## **Keep Advancing ... Dev Hall writes in on developing your riding skills**

Having passed the IAM test in May, the question 'What now?' quickly surfaced. There's a need to polish, to learn more, to advance further. It was witnessing Andy Marper's and Mick Wheeler's skills during the Eiffel trip though, which illustrated the gap between where I was and where I should be aiming. As many of you know, Andy owns and runs 'Advanced Riding Techniques' ([art4bikes.co.uk](http://art4bikes.co.uk)) for the benefit of those wanting to progress their riding. So, on the ferry back to Hull I approached him for details and signed on for two days of intense coaching. Did I have any idea what I was letting myself in for? Not exactly, and I wondered how my IAM training would prepare me for the task ahead...

About three weeks later, at 8-30 on a Monday morning, Andy and I met up at Meadowhall. After a suitable briefing the bike to bike comms were fired up and we set off... in the pouring rain, ah well! Over the next 2 days I was to receive over 10 hours of one to one on the road coaching, riding over 400 miles and receive a further 8 or 9 hours of feedback, advice and encouragement. It was a very intense experience. The riding alone felt more like 20 hours and 800 miles! Here's a quick breakdown.

## **Bits from Day 1**

### **Motorway**

We set off initially on the M1 and I thought (as usual!) that I was doing really well until I heard Andy over the headset, picking up on my forward planning, observation and positioning ...(or lack of!). Continuous and timely, the 'of the moment' relevance of each comment so effective, much better than a chat in a caff after much has been forgotten.

### **Town riding through traffic**

Here again, I'm making good progress and riding smoothly (or so I think!) and then... Andy again; 'What did you do that for... What have you gained?' For the next forty five minutes, position by position, move by move, covering all the do's and don'ts' of riding smoothly and efficiently through traffic came Andy's feedback, fine tuning my technique on how to make more progress more safely.

### **Open roads**

After already attempting to take on board a gold mine of information we now headed out onto the open roads to play on the bends. Soon, I was flying with bomber command again, the Squadron Leader guiding me through enemy territory 'Stay left! Stay left! Stay left, keep it in third... right, now you can go... expertly coaching me on the system of motorcycle control. At this point I realised we were still only half way though the day. It was still raining but I'd completely forgotten about any uneasiness in wet and felt as though I was dealing with the conditions smoothly and without panic. (My opinion , of course!)

And then... more riding, more miles, a few quick breaks mixed in, then more great roads, more constructive earache and eventually we finally arrived at Langholm for the night. What an astonishing day, the best ever. And after dinner, guess what?

### **The day one debrief**

We watched the most educational clips Andy had filmed during the day. Here was the evidence... the good and the less good. You can't complain that you don't get enough attention but by 10.45pm I couldn't take in any more. An exhausting but exhilarating 14 hours. We called it a night!

## **Day 2**

During the breakfast pre- briefing, Andy explained he'd like to see how well I could apply the principles and techniques, join them into a polished ride. We followed the same route back and I was trying to put into practice everything I'd been shown the day before. Had much sunk in overnight? Some obviously had but we carried on fine tuning. Refine, polish, consolidate, re-inforce. I wasn't being told off as much over the headset, some compliments were coming in. Relative peace! Did that mean I had improved?

Absolutely, but then to press home a number of finer points Andy took the lead from time to time. Very smooth and decisive. I can see what's needed, what's expected. My turn up front again, repeat, repeat, repeat. That one was perfect Dev... remember it, do it again.

### **So, was it worth it?**

Every penny and more. Andy is a phenomenal rider and a great teacher dedicated to sharing his skills. I can see he gets huge satisfaction from going out with riders who demonstrate the right learning attitude. I benefitted tremendously, far more than I could have hoped for. If you need or want to move your riding on, Andy is definitely the man to see.

A few days later, as promised, he sent a DVD of commentated clips of my rides and a written appraisal, identifying areas for more improvement and polish. It's all a step further than the preparation and riding standards needed to get your Green Badge. Even now every time I go for a ride I can still hear Andy talking me through the right things to do and not to do.

Riding well is an art, and when the benefits of Andy's coaching started to come together it felt fantastic. It made for a sensational two days and has motivated me to keep pursuing higher standards. A case in point being the chance to experience four great days in Wales riding with Andy and four other very skilled riders. (See [A Wander in Wales... from the Hon Sec.](#)) Ed. Another opportunity to learn and understand more about how the best riders do it!

There's no doubt that when it comes to advanced training there's no substitute for the right coach, the right attitude and practice, practice, practice.

Cheers all

**Dev**

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## **The Tankersley Seven do a Hex Rated Weekend... Kev Morley reports**

**No GS'er or any other type of BMW allowed**

A few months ago I missed the groups Hexhamaganza and having heard some good reports I thought I would like to go and look see.

One fine sunny Sunday morning I was sat with Les, Sean, Drew, Andy and Fred in the Home Firth café (that may come as a surprise to many) and I asked if anyone was interested, all were so a plan was hatched. Our number was increased by another group member, Martin, when he found out about it.

We met at Tankersley at 10am Friday 23<sup>rd</sup> July 2010. The route had been decided upon, Drew was lead with his Sat Nav fully loaded and cocked to go. Les was tail end Charlie ready to pick up waifs and strays and gather evidence for any subsequent public a\*\*e kicking.

After a quick blast up the M1 and A1 we made our way through Knaresborough and onto to glorious country roads. The riding was brisk and crisp, Drew doing an excellent job as lead.

We stopped for lunch in Brough, a town full of motorcyclists and motorcycles. The food in the biker's café was excellent.

Back to the riding and into Cumbria. The roads over the tops were fast and reasonably well maintained. Again the pace was brisk, it was at this point that Andy decided that he needed to stand up on his bike as he only has a hundred mile backside. Sean was following Andy and there was little he could do to avoid Andy's gel seat as it left his bike at 70 mph and went straight under his wheels. Luckily there was no damage done until the gel seat continued its trajectory and I received the full frontal straight in the face. We all stopped had a good laugh about it, recovered the seat and took the opportunity to photograph of the stunning scenery.

On we went enjoying the open roads, there was some excellent riding and overtaking opportunities one which led to a disputed a\*\*e kicking when I overtook a slow moving farm vehicle causing me to 'clip' a double white line. I eventually took my punishment which was duly photographed and recorded.

Arriving at Windshields Farm we were introduced to our bunk beds. The accommodation was clean and basic. We all selected our bunks. Sean had mentioned that he snored a little when he had a beer so he was 'posted' in the far side. We knew that there another group arriving and sharing the bunk house so it was only fair that they had the full impact of the ear bashing that was to follow.

We all changed and headed off to the Twice Brewed pub about 300 yards away. A good selection of food and beers were available and we all took part in sampling the same.

After a brisk walk back to the bunk house and we found that someone was in Martin's bunk. 'Who's sleeping in my bed?' Said the slightly inebriated and very irate Martin bear. The matter was resolved after a lengthy discussion. Martin wanted a lower bunk and I moved to an upper bunk (something I would regret a short time later).

So we are all settled and looking forward to a good nights sleep. Then it started. I thought it was thunder rolling in from the hills but it soon became apparent that Sean did indeed snore. Words cannot describe the fury of his vibrating nasal canals. Glasses trembled and milk curdled.

The other party could stand it no longer they dragged their mattresses off the bunks and went to sleep in another room.

The effects of a full bladder started taking effect and I decided a toilet stop was required. I got up and slipped straight off the ladder and landed in a pile on the floor. Of course this led to a sympathetic burst of laughter from the group who all woke up except for guess who? yes Martin, who was sound asleep in my original lower bunk in the corner where the effect of Seans hurricane had least effect.

After what can be only described as a horrific night we get up and have an excellent breakfast at the farm. We get a chance to speak to our bunk mates who were in the main army. They confirmed that they had never heard anything quite like the phenomenon that is Sean's snoring. Having slept in any number of less desirable places they thought the battle front was quieter and safer on the ears.

Our number was increased when we were joined by Andy's friend who is an Ambulance service driving instructor and a member of Durham IAM.

We rode out into Scotland, the roads were fantastic and the traffic almost none existent. The scenery can only be described as breathtaking. The riding still brisk and crisp. There were some challenging bends not to mention some unexpected grit patches which made certain parts of your anatomy twitch.

The weather was fine and we stopped in Galashiels for a late lunch. Found a nice café and again the food was good. After lunch as we continued on our way the weather closed in and we had to stop to get our gear on. This was another opportunity for photographs.

The ride back to the bunk house was a little more sedate due to a problem with our guests tyres but none the less still enjoyable.

We found our bunk mates had gone so we had the building to ourselves. A quick shower and back to the T B for some more excellent food and beer. Good conversation great company and a good laugh.

We walked back to the bunk house knowing the worse was to come with noise similar to Mount Etna erupting coming from Sean.

Once back we had a nice brew. Les than can't find his helmet. We look all over for it (it would not be under a size 10 sock Les). Surely he has locked it in his top box! Lets check 'Where are my F----g keys' says Les the forgetful. They are eventually located in his wet suit pocket. Of course he insisted that I had planted them. We open the top box and the helmet is not there. I eventually find the helmet outside on a chair. The face is open and it's been raining all afternoon. Les takes the helmet to the toilet to dry it out.

We are stood drinking our tea outside looking at the bikes when Les realises after a minute or so that his bike is not there 'Where's my f-----g bike?' says the forgetful Les Somehow it had moved into a darkened section of the farm yard. HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?

Once we have located Les's kit we can get to bed. Ear plugs inserted Les decides that he does not want to lose his helmet again and decided to sleep in it. He looked like the Stig's dad laid in his bunk.

FULLY PREPARED for Sean's onslaught we all settled down until Drew did a repeat performance of me falling out of the upper bunk hitting the tiles with a resounding slap.

Another breakfast followed and then we set off home following a similar route to that we had taken on the way up.

A last photo call at Tankersley and that was it... an excellent weekend, good riding, good company, great scenery, good food, good beer and a great laugh.

## **Kev Morley**

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**A teenage boy** had just passed his driving test and inquired of his father as to when they could discuss his use of the car.

His father said let's make a deal: *'You bring your grades up from a C to a B average, study your Bible, and get your hair cut...Then we'll talk about the car.'*

The boy thought for a moment, decided he'd settle for the offer, and got out his school books.

After about six weeks his father said, *'Son, you've brought your grades up and have been studying your Bible, but I'm disappointed you haven't had your hair cut.'*

The boy said, *'You know, Dad, I've been thinking about that, and I've noticed in the Bible that Samson had long hair, John the Baptist had long hair, Moses had long hair... and there's even strong evidence that Jesus had long hair.'*

Dad's reply..? ***'Did you also notice they all walked everywhere they went?'***

## Mark's Sykeside Sortie ... 17<sup>th</sup> Sept.

After the success of his Hexhamaganza... Mark offers you the opportunity to do something similar.

**Setting off** on Friday 17th September from Rainbow Motorcycles 10:00 sharp is a trip to the heart of the Dovedale Valley, surrounded by Dove Crag, Hart Crag and Fairfield and with Brothers water nearby. It's Sykeside... a great location for exploring the Lake District roads.

Full details at ... <http://www.sykeside.co.uk/> but in brief:

Camping is £11.50 - or, Bunkhouse per bed £14.00 per night - En-suite room (per bed) in a 4 bed room is £14.50/night – any unused beds charged at £5.00/night

or, Bed & breakfast (per person per night) £34. Single supplement (per person per night) £10



**Please note** that booking in advance will be required, especially during high season and can be made by calling: 01768 482239.

For further details on the facilities please check out the website or alternatively call the above **number and request a brochure.**

**NB. The plan is to make your own bookings this time and just let Mark know that you will be going.**

Via... [markvbr@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:markvbr@yahoo.co.uk) or by tel. 07776 127083

Once again, the roads are brilliant and the local food excellent.

There will be a local ride out on the Saturday and return home Sunday . Roll up Roll up..!



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## For Sale



Could you please insert the following advert in the next issue of our Mag ? **A pleasure Paul Ed.**

Planet Knox Aegis back protector, size 8-plate and chest protector (fits onto back protector harness) size large. Back protector worn twice and still have the packaging - chest protector unopened ( lower pic).

The Aegis gets very good reviews. Reason for selling? I can't get both me and the back protector comfortably inside my suit, so one of us has to go!

Cost new £90 & £25 respectively, will accept £60 for both.

Paul Henderson 0114 2678840 or

[p.l.henderson@shu.ac.uk](mailto:p.l.henderson@shu.ac.uk) <<mailto:p.l.henderson@shu.ac.uk>>

