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The contents of this newsletter may not conform with the views of the SAM committee or of the IAM.

Thoughts from the NEC Bike show

In the 60's and 70's the American's take on luxury – pronounced 'luggzury' over there, (related to ears then ?) was all to do with size and apparently nothing much else, no particular association with quality, perhaps a slight nod to visual appearance though not enough to shake the hair on a discerning head. So, we witnessed the enormous Caddy's and the like which would shake rattle and roll and discard components along the boulevards of California. It took the influence of the Japanese and latterly the Germans to deliver efficiency of space, reduced mass and increased reliability. Having

just returned from The NEC Motorcycle show with messrs Gittins (T) Foster and Skinner, it seems, at least in matters relating to mass, a reversal might be taking root. There was much to see but it's the kind of motorcycles you favour which initially steers your feet, in this case to the new Adventure styled bikes from Honda, Triumph and Kawasaki. This is where the 'mass' related question began to raise its head...

Each manufacturer entering this slice of the market has to battle with a fresh set of compromises. Build quality, ergonomics and finish apart, important issues seem to be in the kerb weight and power departments. Comparing them in descending order of mass, the following figures arise:

Ducati Multistrada	150 hp	220 kg.	chain
BMW 1200 GS	110 hp	229 kg	shaft
Kawasaki Versys 1200	135 hp	235 kg	chain
Triumph Explorer 1200	135 hp	259 kg	shaft
Yamaha 1200 Tenere	110 hp	261 kg	shaft
Honda Crosstourer 1200	127 hp	275 or 285 kg with dsg.	shaft
Moto Guzzi Stelvio	105 hp	279 kg	shaft

There is none of us in SAM who would claim to offer a professionally based opinion but as with the odd bottle of vino, most of us know what we like and, as far as I can remember I don't recall added weight has ever been a priority, particularly in respect of these somewhat taller machines. No sir, or madam, no matter how skilled we profess ourselves to be, there are enough times when we find our bikes heavy and unwieldy. Mostly, this will be at slow speed or when gingerly wheeling the things around or into the garage but there are also occasions when manoeuvring ability at normal speeds is compromised.

In this 21st century world of progress and technology, and where the consumption of carbon releasing fuels both in manufacturing and in providing motion is branded perverse, where does this acceptance by some manufacturers of unnecessary weight come from ? Looking at the bikes at the show, even the inexpert eye can see some of the obvious differences in approach taken. An easy example is the final drive arrangement. Ducati and Kawasaki have a big advantage here using chain which, beneficially not only saps less power but is easy and less expensive to replace. Looking at the shaft driven models though, there are massive differences. In particular, the Triumph has the most enormous and heavy swing arm arrangement in which to house the necessary gubbins. As you linger on its appearance, the more incredulous you become, convincing yourself that it would look more fitting on a JCB. Take into account Triumphs need to rotate its drive forces through 90 degrees on two occasions and a reluctant smidge of understanding takes root. Similarly the big Honda shares this need but manages a slightly more elegant result yet their bike still loses out overall to the Triumph by some 20 kg. Perhaps the complexity of the V4 motor has to take some of the blame

As for power, unlike Ducati, who have provided 150 hp to offer an increased performance experience, I'm guessing that Honda and Triumph and to a lesser degree Kawasaki, have provided their levels of power primarily to overcome their weightiness. If so, compared to lighter and more efficient machines, fuel consumption will be an issue, in the same way as some think applies to Honda's somewhat heavy 1200 VFR road bike and to a lesser extent Triumphs 800 Explorer. There's no doubt that the more metal there is to shift around, the more fuel is burned in order to do it.

For more of a clue, I've had a look back at the road tests of the Stelvio and the 1200 Tenere and sure enough in both cases the testers had reservations about the weight of these bikes and the effect it had on wieldiness and consumption as well as acceleration and sprightliness. They proffer that a more satisfying approach to riding these machines is to rein in your expectations and just enjoy them for what they are. We are talking about bikes with approximately 105 to 110 gross horsepower here so maybe the extra oomph in Triumphs and Honda's latest will bring their performance back up to the kind of snuff preferred. But, even though their 1200 VFR road bike has been a bit of a sales flop, Honda are not idiots so I can't wait to see what the road tests reveal with both this and the new Triumph 1200.

Meanwhile, let's applaud those manufacturers who invest aggressive thinking into building lightness and all its benefits into their agenda. In this respect, what a bold revelation the new Ducati Panigale is and, compared to the newer opposition, what a remarkably effective compromise BMW have achieved with their 800 and 1200 machines.

To be continued when test machines become available.

Welcome new members:

Ian Gascoigne	Dunchurch	Rugby
Paul Conway	Deepcar	Sheffield
Gerard Caygill		Wakefield



Sam Logo Clothing

Polo's shirts – Men's or
 Ladies fitting £17-50
 T shirts £14-50
 Sweat shirts £19-50
 Rugby shirts £23-50
 Woolly hats £ 8-00
 Tel Steve Grundy
 07717 6613422

2011 Social events

Candytown – Meal – Sat 26th March 7.30pm.
 Ride, Picnic – Sherwood Pines – Sun 3rd Sept.
Autumn Boogie – moved to Jan 2012 tbc.

2011 Treeton Meetings

Jan 10 Free Buffet
 Feb 7 The Bensteads
 Mar 7 Pre AGM
 May 9 ??
 Jun 7 ??
 Jul 6 Malcolm Lonsdale
 Aug 4 Bring & Buy
 Sep 8 Mick Wheeler
 Oct 5 ??
 Nov 7 ??

Dec 5 Christmas Buffet

Members are invited to suggest speakers
 for any vacant ?? dates.
 Please contact John Foster

Committee dates for 2011

Month	Date	Month	Date
Jan	26	Jul	27
Feb	23	Aug	31
Mar	30	Sep	28
May	4	Oct	26
May	25	Nov	30
Jun	29	Dec	---

Committee members are reminded that a prior apology is required for non attendance

Should there be Club Members interested in joining the Committee or assisting on an ad hoc basis.. please contact the Chairman or Hon Sec.



Congratulations

Right ... Richard Haycox receives his Advanced Certificate from Geoff Fisher



Left – David Fehley receives his Advanced certificate from Mark Mellon

Well done gentlemen,

John Foster – the Hon Sec with a gripping yarn.

It seems to me that I've lived a reasonable life so far and have had many useful experiences and many would agree that I'd seen or experienced most things that anyone could wish to at the ripe old age of 57, or so I thought....

Now I've taken the plunge and got onto two wheels things have changed. I've found a whole new circle of friends since passing my motorcycle test on the third attempt and all of them willing to offer help and advice to make my enjoyment better.

I know sod touts about motorcycles except for where to put the petrol and oil and regularly glean bits and bobs of information about these wonderful machines etc. One such bit or bob was the discovery that a seemingly innocent liquid known as Nail Varnish, could provide the biker with more than just a little protection against chipped finger nails(if you suffer from them which I don't). I'm rambling but I'll get to the point straight away.

I've been having problems recently with the rear luggage bracket on my 1200 GSA coming loose and no matter how much torque (recently learned motorcycle term – impressive eh?) I used the bolts came loose after a day or so and I was at a loss of how to cure the problem. To solve it I spied Ron the Ed on the Saturday Ride Out who had a similar luggage bracket and asked him he had suffered the same problem, he hadn't but gave me the answer I had been looking for. Threadlock or something like that I think Ron said but he could see by my blank look that I had no idea what he was on about so he added that Nail Varnish works just as well. He went on to say that I needed to clean the threads of the bolt and then apply a noticeable coat to the bolt before putting it back in and tightening up. Hey Presto... fixed, the bolt didn't come loose again for nearly 2 months and I was gobsmacked. **Wrong colour me old mate ! and the stuff with nail strengthening fibres in works for even longer – don't ask why I know so much about nail varnish or why you never see me with my socks off !**

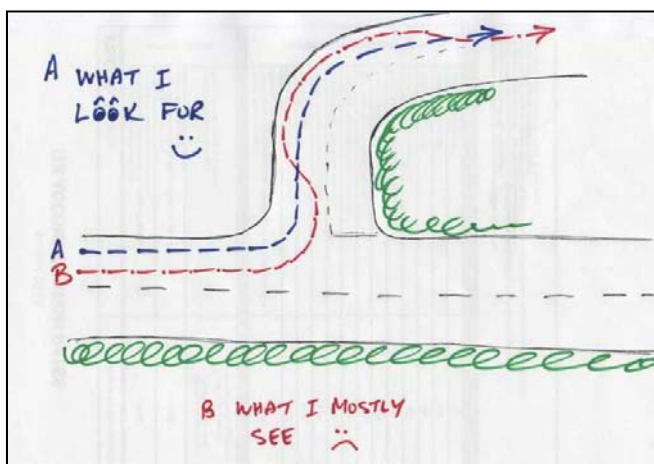
'So what' I hear many of you say, we all knew that, and perhaps you did or perhaps you didn't? My point is that there must be lots of bits and bobs that all you bikers out there use to make cheap but nonetheless efficient repairs on your own bike/car or whatever, so I wondered if you might like to share some of those best kept secrets with the rest of us perhaps we could have some space in W2W to list them. If you would like to contribute then send me the information in an email preferably and I'll collate things this end.

John.

Micky's Meanderings

Advanced riding ? Well it's not Rocket Science and it really is quite simple in that the easier we make a job then the more time we have to make sure it's done right. I think that you all know by now that one of my pet niggles is when a rider ahead of me is sweepy swoopy Grrr....!

When we are sweepy swoopy it's actually slowing us down, we're covering a greater distance on the road surface than we need to! Not withstanding of course that safety is paramount, then let us be making our progress from A to B as smooth as possible. As I've said before, the only way we can be smooth is to be leaving one corner on the correct approach for the next and this I'm afraid requires one to lift ones vision far ahead and in to the distance and not just negotiating one bend at a time. I can tell immediately if a rider in front is actually looking ahead and planning or not.



For instance, on the test route I often use is a left turn. A rather simple left turn! But some associates just make it hard work. After turning left the road then goes in to a right hand bend we can clearly see round. Often the associate, having turned left will suddenly see the right hand bend and swoop to the nearside because that's what we do isn't it, nearside for a right hander ... they're not even thinking about what they are seeing ... they've been taught to pass a test. When they sweep and swoop they are actually sweeping and

swooping directly where any diesel might just have sloshed out of an overfilled HGV's tank. In the diagram line **A** is a smooth and progressive one negotiating a left turn and then into a right hander we can see round. Line **B** is a sweepy swoopy negotiation of the same road scenario. It doesn't take much ... just a little thought and planning ... but what a difference to the eye, the smoothness and a simple joy in life to behold!

It's just the same when leaving roundabouts, people sweep out wide on the exit just to swoop back in again, they run wide when leaving the roundabout, right to where any sloshed diesel would be. Keep it smooth, keep it gentle ... much like an aeroplane would do!

Trouble is that most people don't know that they are being sweepy swoopy!

Sorry I missed last months issue of W2W, what's that, you hadn't missed me ;-)



Three Rukka brothers and a Polo player.

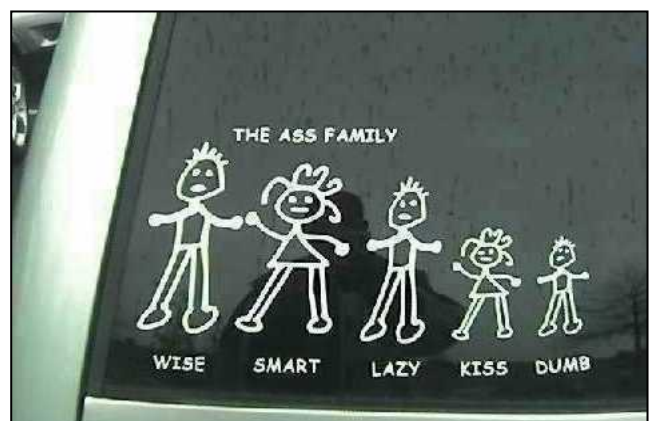
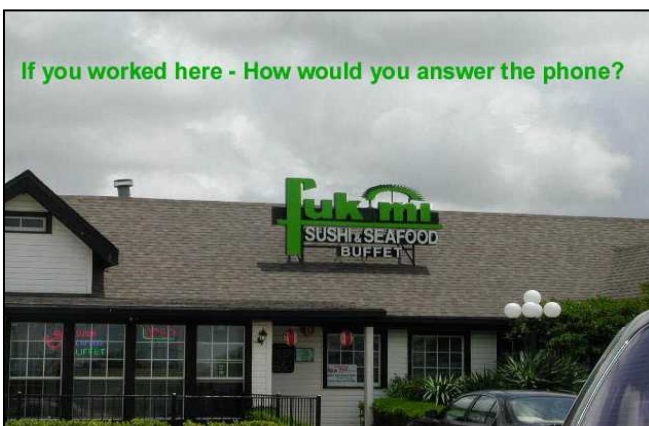
I was on my travels. A group tour to Germany's beautiful Black Forest in September, home for a few days and then a lads trip to Ireland, home a few days and then a trip up to Fairisle, a tiny island between Orkney and Shetland where my brother has been a crofter for over forty years.

Did I say a lads trip to Ireland? Photo here of SAM members John Sprigg, Tony Thompson, yours truly and Stan Croot on a wet ride out in the west of Ireland.

I've turned the 'bike round, done my washing, now ready for the off again ;-)

Micky

"Knowledge speaks but wisdom listens" - Jimmy Hendrix 1942 – 1970



Not Another Scotland Trip ? Geoff Fisher, with bits from David Anderson

OK, I know that everyone tours Scotland but this was my very, very first, a real virgin, so a few words are called for. Adventurers are Geoff Fisher - Blackbird, David Anderson - 1200RT and Will Louw - K1600GT.

Saturday 23/07/2011: At Tankersley MacDonald's 9:00 a.m. alone, still dreaming of my bed as David turns up 30 minutes late. Sensing a timeliness related atmosphere but correctly assuming that Will was still a long way off, he got the breakfasts in to ease his guilt. Will's arrival triggered the off via Dearne Valley Parkway to the A1, turning at Ferrybridge towards Tadcaster and its glorious brewery nose. Thirsk followed with a lesson on filling the bike from Will; the key point being not to trust the automatic "click off", and to remember you're not filling an Audi A8 with £100 worth ! There wasn't that much super unleaded spitting and evaporating around the shiny 6 cylinders, but enough to prompt several steps back. Another stop abeam Darlington to remove whipcracking rain covers from the Blackie's pannierless luggage then on the A67 and 'Dere Street' to join the rollercoaster A68, wow and wow, all the way to the Scottish border to be greeted by a piper, flogging souvenirs from his picnic table next to the border stone. Will requested 'Flower or Scotland', and paid by agreeing to buy a CD for a fistful of dollars (well, a few quid).

Then a rapid run from Galashiels saw Will's K16 playing with the local boy-racer in a green Honda CRX; only one winner here as the nitrous-fed Honda bit the dust, literally. Once we'd caught up with Will, our subsequent arrival at the Craigiefield House Hotel featured a Heavy Rock Festival in full swing in the garden; not quite what we expected. Luggage out, beers in, showered up, change done, more beers and dinner calls. Pop concert now replaced by very noisy wedding reception. Beers needed as antidote.

Sunday 24th: Motorways around Edinburgh, then the Forth Bridge but managing to miss the view point, -read David + GPS, and say no more. Instead, we stop at the North end to be joined by a Hells Angel complete with leather 'weskit', 'originals' etc. on a 2000cc Kawasaki cruiser. Being an experienced Scottish biker he pointed out his "huge effing spider" – plastic - affixed to the bike to frighten off the midges. It seemed to work. Kinross next, through the pass of Glendevon, past Gleneagles to Crieff, then St Filans with stunning views out over Loch Earn – see above. The last view I'd seen like this was at Lake Tanaya in Yosemite, if I had known I could have saved the air fare. As we took in the view we were passed by what must have been 30



Goldwings proceeding at 35 mph including 3 or 4 trikes. We caught up and I started working my way past but ended up in the middle of the caravan all through Comrie. A little out of place on the Blackbird, whereas the BMW chums looked oddly envious. Being a sunny Sunday there was a steady stream of sports bikes heading for refreshment and exaggerated claims of skill at the famous Green Wellie cafe in Tyndrum, the local Mecca for



bikers. Leaving Tyndrum at a brisk pace, David was clearly enjoying the RT putting me happily at work to keep up. Probably something to do with David's local knowledge having formerly spent many years charging up and down these roads in pursuit of a Munro collection - mountains, not Marilyn! Glencoe ski centre provided a ride on what is basically a 2 seat park bench hanging from a cable; one of us had a seat to himself, impersonating a Johnny no mates.

Down through the twists of Glencoe's ravines, over the Ballachulish Bridge and on to Onich for the night's hotel. Rob Gittins had suggested a jaunt across the Corran Ferry onto the

Morvern peninsula, so we squeezed onto the ferry with camper vans and 'Marek' in his 40 tonne artic. Aboard, David emailed Rob on his Crackberry to give him a sit rep only to receive an envious "I hate you" in reply. It was wet in Sheffield !

Ten miles of loose gravel, trouser-changing single tracks later, we discovered that Rob has quite a sense of humour. Back towards Strontian and we found Marek again, coming up the hill at 15 mph on his way to Lochaline for the Mull ferry.



Big squeeze on Corran ferry !

Monday 25th. Just two for breakfast today as Will absconded for home. Through Fort William, leaving the traffic at Roy Bridge, crossing the Caledonian canal at Invergarry to join the glorious "Road to the Isles", a winding open fast road that took us up over the tops, past Loch Cluanie, before swooping down Glen Shiel and Loch Duich for a stop at Eilean Donan Castle. We talked to a couple of other bikers who had based themselves in Fort William for doing day trips. I'd decided to make this effort to speak to other bikers as Will had commented in the bar the previous evening that it was strange how bikers nod and wave on the road, but then studiously ignore each other when they stop; point taken then.

Into Kyle for fuel and chocolate with a distant look at the **Skye Bridge**. Back to Auchtertyre for the A890, past the famous "Stromeferry, No ferry" to Loch Carron and a landscape out of Jurassic Park; fallen, weather-bleached trees with dinosaurs around every corner. Hanging a left at Achnasheen, we headed down to Kinlochewe and Poolewe to reach the coast. Truly a road of contrasts with single track sections yet 90 mph (ish) sweepers along the sides of Loch Maree, (hypothetically of course). A stop at **Loch Ewe** showed a sign explaining that it had been the departure point for the Russian convoys and their escorts during WW2; apparently they packed so many ships you could cross the bay without getting wet feet.



Gleaming bird at Morvern peninsular !



Skye bridge



Loch Ewe

A stunning ride following the coast of white sandy beaches led to the Corrieshalloch Gorge. We walked over the swaying suspension footbridge that looks down into a waterfall and river, hundreds of feet below. Ullapool gave chips, mushy peas, fuel and a seal swimming in the harbour. But Sutherland and The North beckoned: 4:00 p.m. with just 100 miles to the Tongue Hotel. Everything changed. The remoteness was palpable, the weather closed in with cloud on the mountains but no rain; all adding to the atmosphere. We passed the 'Sutherland' sign, which is where I had really needed to be. More empty, empty miles brought us to the Kylesku Bridge, a majestic structure built in a sweeping curve way above the sea loch, (23m, I checked). Looking back into the mist were the glowering dark shapes of mountains: Spidean Coinich and Quinag, the 'Gates of Mordor' (below). Time to press

on and the scenery became even more stark and remote, yet all the more stunning. And then the journey was punctuated by reality: roadworks with a convoy system. After what seemed like hours, we finally set off but then stopped for an exchange of views with the driver of the convoy vehicle; he was insisting that I followed him over wet tar newly spread with gravel, not a good surface for a bike, and I suggested that I would prefer to use the, still to re-surfaced other carriageway, we agreed to disagree so I held my line until I met the tar spreader coming the other way so there then followed a very 'ginger' couple of hundred metres on the new tar and gravel before Captain Convoy and I parted amicably at the end of the works. Still, we were well prepared due to Rob's earlier gravel roads around Morven!

We cut across past Cape Wrath to Durness, then the North Coast around Loch Eriboll (or Horrible as it was called during WW2) with a rapid run on wide sweeping empty roads to our hotel at Tongue. The hotel has a unique atmosphere and it was easy to understand why it's won an award from the Scottish Tourist Board. A feast of fine food and wine followed. A mega, mega day.

Tuesday 26th. We woke up to grey skies & drizzle; more like the Scottish weather I had expected; but no midges. Bikes were loaded up in the rain before the road south to Lairg. It was here that David learnt about my previous military experience and precision as applied to load carrying on the Blackbird: 2 square metres of PVC sheet on the ground, lay the tail-pack and panniers on it upside down, take the seat off the bike, lay the seat upside down on top of the upside down panniers and tail pack, do up the Velcro to attach the panniers and tail pack to the seat, heave the seat and all luggage back onto the bike, attach the various bungee cords and finally fold up the poly sheet and put it in the tail-pack. Still it gave me something to do every morning whilst I waited for David at the Tongue Hotel).



Tongue Hotel



Grey skies and drizzle

Loaded and ready to go; a single track road South took us past Loch Loyal under grey skies and drizzle which just added to the sense of isolation. South towards Inverness and a short cut over the B9176 took us to the A9 where heavy traffic came as a real shock after 2 empty days. Over the Cromarty Firth, skirting Inverness and Nairn we headed for the East of the Cairngorms. Granttown on Spey and over Cock Bridge (oh err Mrs....) to Tomintoul; made infamous back in the Radio 2 Wogan days as the first road to be closed every winter, despite the valiant attempts of Mrs MackKay with her brush and shovel to keep it clear. Dropping to Ballater and along a stunning road following the river Dee past Balmoral and into

Braemar. It was here that David (and the petrol attendant) actually lied to Geoff. At every fuel stop, the RT used about £5 less to fill up its tank, leading to grumblings about relative fuel efficiencies, etc. At Braemar, it was actually a couple of quid more, but David didn't wish to spoil Geoff's expectations, so the petrol attendant was duly briefed and she informed Geoff that he'd spent more money yet again – what are your friends like?! Climbing out of Braemar found us at the Glen Shee ski centre (below) and our second ski lift experience; only this time it was a single seater, like a child's swing, with just a bar across the front with your feet dangling free in the breeze. At the top we



Somewhere interesting

had a short walk to the summit of The Cairnwell to bag a Munro (a Scottish mountain over 3000 feet) where we were treated to a fly past by 3 American F15s that passed us at eye-level, thundering through the next valley. We didn't actually bag the Munro; apparently you have to walk all the way up according to David, who'd spent some 20 odd years doing just that: sad b that he is.



When you do a road trip you always seem to meet some interesting people and this turned out to be no exception: The ski lift attendant at the top station, who we shall call Jock (because we were sworn to secrecy and that should make him pretty anonymous in Scotland), had been working there for a month, however Jock discovered after taking the job that he was terrified of riding the lift. On his first day he had to walk down and he was told that if he wanted to keep the job he had better get used to it as he would put off the 'customers'. Jock had visited his Doctor and was now on beta blockers and a few squirts from a mouth spray (content...). With I-Pod plugged in and glasses donned, (covered in black tape so he can't see). Jock was obviously a

devotee of Zaphod Beeblebrox (see Douglas Adams's "A Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy") who sports 'Joo Janta 200 Super-Chromatic Peril Sensitive Sunglasses' that, when faced with danger turn completely black, thus saving the wearer from unnecessary trouser changes. We live in desperate times and these are the lengths that people need to go through to hang onto their job. There was absolutely no doubt in the safety of the lift system; the cable is X-rayed every year and maintenance is to the highest standard. But an irrational fear is just that. But don't forget we are sworn to secrecy so don't tell anyone. A fast, furious twisty run took us down to Blairgowrie and onto Perth; with motorway tedium to the Forth Bridge, staying below 65 to avoid wind blast (not for the RT mind). After the Edinburgh, the A7 twisted and twisted its way to Galashiels for the night's stop at Clovenfords. Dinner at 9:30, long day. What contrasts – total remoteness and isolation of Sutherland to the traffic of Edinburgh.

Wednesday 27th. Back through Galashiels and then South to the English border thinking that the piper and his 'table of tat' would be on the other side so we could get a decent photograph: wrong - he knew we were coming as he was already playing to a coach of Japanese tourists. This developed into a war of attrition so we waited until the next coach going North arrived and he then jumped in his car and drove across to the Northbound side, we pushed the bikes up to the border stone and David asked the nearest person (who happened to be an 8 year old lad) to take a picture, he probably did a better job than either of us could. No he didn't, so binned the piccy. We decided to make the most of the journey back and go via Ron's Alston and then over to Middleton in Teesdale. Darlington followed with a Mr Ripple, and a reverse of the route up, home to Tankersley. On time on this occasion thanks to not relying on David (friends can be so cruel..)

Epilogue 1320 miles since Saturday morning and seeing contrasts so stark it was difficult to believe you were on the same continent. The desire to head North had been ignited by a articles in 'Bike' magazine entitled 'The Best Biking Nation on Earth'. Simon Hargreaves had suggested this was a week-end trip from their base in Peterborough. A little ambitious for a weekend, for me anyway, but add a day or two and sheer bliss !

Full version on request – just ask the Editor. *Nice one chaps – put me down for next year – I'm packing already*



One man's meat is another man's poison - chacun a son gout

Les Skinner and I are wondering what has upset the Editor in his recent diatribe against the two red Italian Ducatis that go out with the Saga Louts from time to time!

Has possibly forgotten how to get the best out of Italian beauties ? a gentle touch and a beguiling way with words is the best advice we can offer. Has he spent too much time in the company of the Rhine maidens (BMW) where a bit of discipline and a firm hand is necessary?

It is not only Les and the writer who are now under the Ducati spell but so many biking Journo's have become confirmed Ducatisti that I thought some quotes from the October edition of Ride magazine in which the Multistrada is set against the new Triumph Tiger and the Fazer FZ8 might help to give another viewpoint.

'The reality is that the Multistrada is just so good that I desperately want to find fault with it. It's the two-wheel equivalent of that new bloke in the office who all the women fawn over; the guy who's brilliant at his job, great at most sports, has a model for a wife, two kids at university and spends his spare time running marathons for charity.'

'The Ducati's sublime Ohlins suspension irons out the rough surface, the tenacious grip of its Michelin Pilot 3's encouraging keener corner speeds as the clever traction control system sneers at the damp patches.'

'Put simply, the Ducati is in another league.'

'The Multistrada is fantastically fast and incredibly capable to the point of leaving three cynical Journo's sat by the roadside waxing lyrical about its' many qualities.'

There we have it then ! Les and I waxing lyrical just like the three biking journalists but the Editor thinks differently. A marvellous example of the truth behind the quotations at the top of this letter.

Richard Lowe

Eee Richard, I know that you and Les are amongst the smitten and I am sure that if I'd ridden the Ohlins suspended version I might have been reaching for the old Bank Card. Can I suggest you read the piece again !

Meanwhile my old Rhine Maiden complete with her ample air cooled bosoms bared to the wind has yet to be outclassed by anything Italian - particularly when she lifts her skirts !

Parish notices from the Chairman:

Riders for Health

Riders for Health manage and maintain vehicles used in the delivery of health care in Africa. When health workers have the reliable transport they need, they can deliver regular health care to even the most isolated communities.

We've been sent a Riders for Health Christmas catalogue setting out different ways that you can contribute to help health workers in areas of Africa. There are also sets of different types of "Riders" Christmas Cards and information on how you can contribute to the work of the charity. All this information is available on their website:

www.riders.org

South Yorkshire Air Ambulance

The South Yorkshire Air Ambulance celebrated its 11th birthday at the end of October and it seems that their future is fairly well assured at the moment. With Christmas on the horizon they are advertising ideas for gifts and, rather than detail them here I'll direct you to their online shop at www.yaa.org.uk/shop/

They have also advertised two new savings accounts, set up through the Yorkshire Building Society, that contribute to Yorkshire Air Ambulance as well as being somewhere to keep your money (other than under the mattress)! Check them out at www.yaa.org.uk/affinityaccount/

Note for Observers: see www.sheffieldiambike.com

In the Observer area, we have placed a copy of three Risk Analyses, concerning Observing, Demonstrating and Slow Riding, that we have prepared. There is also a condensed version, taking the main points from the other three, called SAM Observer Risk Check List. This last one will be one of the topics to be introduced and discussed at the next Observer Meeting. It is mentioned here so that Observers can have a look beforehand.

Triumph World

One of our Associates, Daniel Moore, works at Triumph World in Chesterfield (www.triumphworld.co.uk) and has informed us that they are offering special deals on Winter Services for all bikes (not just Triumphs). Alternatively, if you do own a Triumph there are also some very good deals on performance parts. In either case, if you're interested, why not get in touch and see what they've got to offer?

In addition, the specs of the new Triumph Tiger 1200 Explorer have just been released at the Milan and Birmingham Shows - 135 bhp, shaft drive, ride by wire throttle, cruise control, traction control, class-leading 950W generator for electrical goodies and switchable ABS all as standard! It will be interesting to see how it compares with the BMW 1200GS when it becomes available for testing.

A special offer for SAM members - via e-mail from Helen

Hi Folks



It's Helen here from the group, I have been meaning to email W2W for a while about my offer for a special discount to SAM members and their families for sports massage - £30 instead of £35. I'll also offer 10% discount for hypnotherapy sessions, which makes it £45 instead of £50 per session. My website is <http://www.alternative-therapist.co.uk> for all that I do, and my email is:

Helen.alternativetherapist@yahoo.com

Ed says : I know of at least two of our SAM regulars who have already been substantially repaired by Helen's expertise, so why not get in touch and discuss your aches, pains and injuries.



SAM's Cracking Valentine Boogie !

Treeton - Saturday 18th February

One not to miss under any Circumstances:

At long last, we have managed to secure the renowned band '**Vamp**' as our principal entertainment for this very special night. Some of you may already be aware that Vamp features our very accomplished guitar playing friend and chief sales negotiator from Rainbow Motorcycles... Ian Wilkie.

Here's how to reserve your tickets:

Tickets will be subsidised and including food are therefore a bargain at £7-50 ea. Though limited to 120. In order to reserve yours, all members will be contacted by an e-mail from John Foster, Hon Sec. Making it simple and trouble free to respond with your requirements – Allocations will be on a first come first served basis – Those few members without an e-mail facility will be contacted directly. Ticket costs may be settled via nominated Committee members who will subsequently make themselves known to you – Sales will extend until sold out or at latest Monday 6th January at our Treeton meeting. By far the safest bet is to respond to the e-mail asap.

The evening will also include a special Raffle, Pat and Karl of Treeton's usual excellent food and the chance to mix and mingle with all your SAM friends for this super night out.

To contain the ticket price and recognise the loyalty of its membership, SAM will subsidise the event and ensure that a proportion of the ticket price will go to deserving charities.

What more could you want.

Look out for the e-mail

That's all folks



P.S. Last time we had such a super do was 1944 !

To prove it here's the SAM couple who won the spot waltz.

Can you spot who they are ?