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Full details of SAM are available via www.sheffieldiambike.com.

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

Objects in the mirror...

Mirror frosted up for so long now... many weeks have we shivered... too many, and thus little to report.

Still, we have some words within from reliable contributors, Rob, Alan, Steve Grundy, Dev Hall and a welcome entry from Mick Wheeler, who will pen a few words on a monthly basis for you subject to a lack of conflicting priorities.

But as we enter our third year of on-line copy we still wish more of you would step up to the page, if only once or twice a year.

Meanwhile, below are the usual reminders of how you can bring your skills on even further. The season is in sight and a bit of planning would not go amiss now would it..?

A reminder of Dev's Alston trip invitation is also retained further in; interest is gaining but there's room for more... So go on, treat yourself to a two wheeled giggle, you'll not regret. By the way, Dev has also been co-opted to join our Committee, and threatens to try and think up some other activities to keep us amused. Way to go Dev.

i2i Motorcycle Academy

website www.i2imca.com.

Please declare your interest with **Peter Harley**, either by email: p.harley@sheffield.ac.uk or... tel: 01142 301109.

The cost of MC1 is £75-00

NB. Peter has dates for MC3 now. Go to page 12.

ART – Advanced Riding Techniques

website www.art4bikes.co.uk

Please declare your interest with **Rob Gittins on Saturdays**

e-mail rob-gittins@copperstream.co.uk

or speak with Andy Marper at our Saturday meeting point

The cost of the ART assessment and DVD is £60-00





SAM 'Logo' Clothing.

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

Tel. Steve Dyson

07779 294149

Regular SAM Social events for 2011

- Candy Town – Meal - Sat ??
- Ride, Picnic - Carsinton Sun ??
- Autumn Boogie - Treeton??

2010 Club nights - 2011

Jan	10th	Free Buffet
Feb	7th	The Bensteads Abroad
Mar	7th	Pre AGM
Apr	4th.	AGM
May	9th.	??
June	7th.	??
July.	6th.	??
Aug.	4th	??
Sept.	8th.	??
Oct.	5th.	??
Nov.	7th	??
Dec	5 th	Christmas Buffet

Committee Dates for 2011

Month	Date	Month	Date
Jan	26th	Jul	27th
Feb	23rd	Aug	31st
Mar	30th	Sept	28th
Apr	27th	Oct	26th
May	25th	Nov	30th
Jun	29th	Dec	none



Spring Bank Holiday trip to Alston 27 – 30 May 2011

Alston is a small market town which sits close to the borders of Cumbria, Durham and Northumberland. The Lake District, Scottish borders and the Durham moor roads are all on the doorstep and for those who have ridden in that area, you will know there is plenty of good riding, scenery and culture (Roman, Buddhist, Geordie etc.) to be had. *Why...Aye me bonnie lads.*

Accommodation: is on a 'book for yourself' basis. **Best early due to Bank Holiday demand**

There is a camping site in the village... £5 per person per night. The site has showers and hot water. There are 15 pitches listed which, we have optimistically pre- booked, but they have also said that they will not turn anyone away. Tel: 01434 382515 and mention SAM

There are also three hotels in Alston, two of which are also pubs. They are:

Low Byer Manor. Tel: 01434 381230. It has 9 posh rooms £33 - £43 pp pn b&b

www.lowbyer.com

Cumberland Hotel Tel: 0 1434 381 875. It has 5 rooms £35 pp pn b&b

www.alstoncumberlandhotel.co.uk

Victoria Inn. Tel: 01434 381 875. 8 rooms, but only roadside parking, approx £25 pp pn b&b

For more details; Contact Dev Hall (07710 933669 / 0114 268 7654) or Paul Henderson (0114 267 8840) [If you are 'thinking' of coming please keep give us a call](#)



Steve Grundy's Alarming New Year Project Update

As readers of last months wheel to wheel are aware I have signed up to participate in two 4 hour endurance races in the no budget cup series. Now all entry fees are paid and I will be riding for a team called CFC Racing who has entered 2 bikes a 1997 ZX6R and a 1995 ZX750RR. We have now confirmed who's riding what and I've ended up on the ZX750RR!



The 750 is no normal run of the mill ZX it turns out the bike was built in 1995 for Tim Leach to ride in the TT. It has carbon fibre bodywork, magnesium wheels, Spondon braced frame and swingarm and Ohlins suspension all round!!! Tim has been in contact with us and has confirmed the bikes credentials and informed us that it cost £35,000 in 1995 to build such. All that for a set of Muppet's to put their arses on and totter round on.

A video of the bike doing the TT in with Tim onboard is on You Tube and it looks an awesome piece of kit. At this time the bike is sat in my garage waiting for the magnesium wheels coming

back from powder coating and the bodywork is hanging from various places in stages of painting. We now have 3 weeks to get this beast back together and ready for our first track day at Snetterton.

So its down to us, the bike is more than up for the job we have just to make sure the pilots are, roll on 27th February and we get to ride the beast for the 1st time.

Team CFC

Will check in next month with updates on how it's going

Steve

If you fancy coming to poke fun - Provisional dates and locations:

July 17th 2011 - Anglesey Circuit - Ty Croes, Anglesey, Wales, LL63 5TF

August 7th 2011 - Cadwell Park Circuit - Louth, Lincolnshire LN11 9SE



Chairman claims 100,000 miles on old brick

About 200 of them in the last two years Mike..?

I think he's exaggerating... If I've told him once I must've told him a million times.



Shock news

Two feet of snow brings temporary halt to Saga rides

Congratulations



Left, James Burton with Snr. Obs. and Chairman Mike Clayton.



Right, John Jeffrey with Obs. John Foster



Left, John Taylor with Obs. Chris Holland



Right, Kevan Reaney with Obs. Peter Harley



Left, Tim Elliot with Obs. Alan Yates



Right, Stewart Wallace with Obs. Kevin Hood

Six recent Passes – Well done all.

Just a Day at the Office. For Rob

A muted buzz under my pillow. I was nearly awake anyway. Four-thirty on a June morning. The closed curtains were limned with apricot light. The shape on my left stirred a little as I stretched slowly. Dundee is a long way away, but it's where my day's work is today. Quietly downstairs, the old clock tocking, its arthritic finger twitching up the dial. The old dog opens her uppermost eye to catch mine, her tail beats softly in time with the clock. Three beats. It's our old signal. It means I'm up too early and she's another two hours of subliminal rabbiting.

Coffee. Brazilian and lethal to somnolence. Brain cells kicked into life. The blood begins to course anew and the prospect of the day hardens in the mind. Traffic prospects. Delay prospects, and more importantly, weather prospects. Out into the yard and the lightening day. The dawn chorus in diminuendo already. Like me, the daily task calls, but unlike me they don't yet have to migrate.

As always, the adrenalin blips. She sits there, brightwork underscoring the purposeful black lusted bulk. Instruments gleaming softly, burnished metal levers, inviting leather. Illegal speed in stasis. Coveralls mask my pinstripe, briefcase, laptop, and shoes go into the panniers. The thought springs unbidden, here are two examples of the cutting edge of modern technology in the service of man. The computer and the motor-cycle. Interdependent in this day's achievement. But now all is ready. The stomach tightens, my visor mists and then clears, as the humidity equalises. Turn the key, press the red button. Metal clanks, air hisses, moving parts thresh. A muffled cough, a subdued low frequency roar, and the beast lives. She will have heard that, the shape upstairs. She will wear an air of slight abstraction today, until my phone call later, and knowing that, I love her the more.

Clunk, and my beast moves. Down through the still quiet city. Litter playfully ornaments the corners and pub yards. A pair of legs in a shop doorway. Someone didn't make it home last night. Or perhaps they did? Warmth drifts up from the latent energy stored beneath me. Its turn will come. Meanwhile the body adjusts to the ambience. Temperatures and pressures checked, mirrors checked, man and machine are merging, the pleasure is mounting, and as always the grin is impossible to check.

The baleful red light glares. A concentrated pinpoint in the background suffusion of colours as the sun nears the horizon from below. To a stand we coast, she impervious, but me agonisingly aware of the close presence of a bakery, as the aroma of fresh bread pervades my helmet air and jolts my dormant hunger. Ignore, I chide. We have many miles before breakfast. Barely have we moved again before another check and this time it's the brewery. My mind dwells amusedly, visualising casks sleeping in dusty warehouses, later to provide my cronies and me with mutually approved rewards for our week's labours. I register appreciation of the brewer's evocative scents and of another batch being laid down for our later delectation.

Now the city's concentration dilutes. Fields appear. Hedgerows form repositories for tatty litter. Black plastic remnants predominate. Barns show briefly through field gates. Horses' heads over palings add bulk to silhouettes of more distant animals. My nose registers the pungency of the farming countryside. All is visual and olfactory. The other senses are busy monitoring our progress. Engine heartbeat, deep in the cylinders, the susurrations of air passing my helmet

registering speed almost as surely as the instruments below my gaze. My backside notes the tyre adhesion and cornering forces.

The skin tightens again, and the senses sharpen. Dick Turpin's highway is signed in beckoning blue. Now the contest begins. Now will competence be tested. Attention must be absolute and there are many miles of incident ahead.

The rhythm settles. Traffic, in this still early hour is swift and smooth. The velvet ribbon unrolls beneath my wheels. Now the sun's bloated orb heaves itself above the undulating horizon, a church spire caught in silhouette spears the crimson momentarily, and the cool air warms. Or is it an illusion. An island looms. Standing traffic in both lanes. Juggernauts from the right in twos. We form an evanescent third lane, my machine and me and we match and plait the stream and eject north again. No inconvenience. Come and gone. The juggernaut jockey and motorcycle man exchange brief and complementary salutes, solid in the knowledge that they are at one.

The road to the North is reeled in. Old industrial scars mar the green symmetries. Townscapes thicken and merge. Now the traffic is commuter. Encapsulated Homo Sapiens is going to work. Terry Wogan. An indigestible breakfast. No breakfast at all. What was last night's row all about? She doesn't love me any more. Oh God! I love her to bits and she doesn't know it. I've got to see the Boss this afternoon. That damn Bank Manager just doesn't understand. These are lethal ingredients for me. Merging traffic from the left; the big black coupe thrusts through two lanes. I know he'll join mine. My wrist rolls forward, speed bleeds. Better speed than me. He does as predicted, then the driver visibly jumps behind his airbagged steering wheel as I register in his mirror. "Great Scott", or words to that effect, he will say to himself. "Where the devil did he come from?" I smile beneath my visor. I've seen it all so many times. It's the motorcyclists' seventh sense. His lifesaver. The car driver's guilt shows in the puff of exhaust as his robot box changes down to accelerate him away from the scene of his negligence. Later, amongst Edinburgh's elegant streets we meet again under the watchful red lights. I rest alongside. He studiously ignores me. Something on the floor needs retrieving, and the radio needs retuning. The lights change and I never see him again.

The beautiful Forth Bridge lofts me over the shimmering waters. Close by is that other monument to exhilarating travel of another age. Fowler's statement of intractable Victorian determination. In a moment they are gone, and my wrist rotates again. Beneath my seat her muscle flexes. We drill the thickening air of a Scottish summer day. Is that the perfume of the heather I detect, or again is it just an illusion? The last lap. Eastward from Perth to the Jute city. Past wealth epitomised in blackened stone. Broad avenues, flagpoles, brass plates, hustle, one-way systems. The office. My steed stands, her task completed as she promised those five hours ago. My senses sing, I'm high on a heady elixir as I make that telephone call. Coveralls off, laptop online. The work went exceedingly well that day and still there was the return journey to come.

Rob, Hon Sec

Four thirty on a June morning..? Must be a Summer thing, remember Summer..? Ed.

View From A Secret Car Park

It was one of those misty, almost atmospheric days between Christmas and New Year. I was thinking about a second breakfast mince pie as the phone rang.

“Is that you Corporal Jones? Captain Mainwaring here. Listen, I’d like you to accompany Sergeant Wilson and myself on a top secret mission.”

“Yes sir, I’d like to volunteer sir. Where are we going? Will I need my bayonet?”

“Don’t be stupid.” was his reply. “We are going to photograph Zeros”.

Now’s my chance to take on the Japanese. They’re like the Fuzzy Wuzzys; they don’t like it up ‘em. Then I remembered the war’s been over for 65 years. What was Captain Mainwaring on about?

“Rendezvous at 10:30 hours at Clayton Manor and be on your best bike.” and Capt. M. put down the phone.

I went over Ingrid with an oily rag and set off to arrive at precisely 10:30 to be greeted by Capt. M and Sgt Wilson who incidentally was waving a crutch and a pair of socks. I didn’t ask! I couldn’t help wondering though if he was wearing his rubber suit.

“Permission to speak sir.” I politely requested.

“Yes Corporal Jones, what is it?” the Captain replied.

“To where are we heading in search of these mysterious Zeros?” I enquired.

“That’s on a need to know basis.” was the pompous reply. “Ever since that scoundrel Dickerson, or Bond as he calls himself these days, blew my cover I’ve had to be very careful. You never know who’s listening and careless talk costs lives.”

“Right sir you can count on me sir, my lips are sealed. I won’t tell a soul about it sir.”

“Off we go then. Sgt. Wilson can take the rear, you in the middle and I’ll be in the van.”

“Beg pardon sir but won’t you be better on your BMW, we’ll be able to make more progress.” I offered the suggestion. All I got was a withering stare.

So off we set, my Japanese delicacy sandwiched between two Teutonic bricks. A good pace was maintained as we left the tram tracks behind and headed easterly through suburbia and into rural areas. The roads were damp but drying and the miles rolled by under our wheels.

At one point Capt. M. raised his left hand in the air and gestured twice with outstretched digits. As we approached Retford he did it again but only gestured once. What did he mean? I’ll ask him at the first opportunity.

In Retford we stopped at Morrison’s petrol station. Why? Is this where the Zeros are? My enquiry fell on stony ground. Capt. Mainwaring gave me another withering look, filled his BMW with petrol and informed us there were three miles to go. “Didn’t you see my hand signs telling you we were 10 miles and 5 miles away? Poor observations there Cpl Jones. I could have your stripe for that.”

“Please sir, I did see them sir, only I didn’t know what you were on about. I thought maybe your glove was too tight.”

“Away we go again and watch for my signal in exactly three miles. It’s important we get this right as my reputation and that of the squad depends on it. I can’t let Dickerson hear of this or he’ll want to be in on it. He interferes as much as that fool Hodges. We’ll be heading for Gainsborough.”

And so we did, on the road avoiding the low bridge. Back on the main road we climbed the hill and went through the twisties when Capt. M. put on a left hand signal pulled into a small layby. He dismounted, lifted the flip front of his helmet and with a beaming smile on his face, put the BMW on the centre stand. “There you are,” he said, “One hundred thousand miles!” And out came his camera and the 1 and five Zeros were recorded for posterity. (See Capt. M’s photos elsewhere in WtoW). He asked Sgt W. to take a photo of him alongside the bike.

“Cpt. Mainwaring sir I’d like to volunteer to take your photo alongside your vehicle if I may sir.” I butted in.



“Oh very well but don’t take all day we may be spotted out here in the open.” Cpt. M. seemed to be nervous about something. “Right, a job well done. I think a spot of tea and a toasted teacake are in order at the garden centre up the road. Follow me and remember this was a secret mission.”

In the garden centre Cpt. M was acting rather nervously again. Then we began to understand. He was paying for the tea and teacakes.

Whilst we waited for the refreshments out came the camera and the zeros were shown to all in the café. Secret mission? Now all the world knows.

“I say Jonesey, what’s that lump on your head?” asked Sgt W.

“Well you remember when I bought Ingrid I tried to con SWMBO into thinking I had just bought a top box and made out she was stupid and received a lump then? Well when I got home from the test ride on the Piaggio I told her I was buying an MP3. “You’ve already got two and you only use one of them.” she said.

“Yes but this one will do 90mph.” was my smart reply.

“So will this!” and the Creative Zen came hurtling across the room (more like 60 I thought). I still haven’t learned to duck.”

Anyway totally refreshed and rested we decided have a bumble around for the rest of the day.

“Before we go I would just like to thank Sgt Wilson and you and commend you for a fine escort on my mission.” commented Cpt. M.

“Permission to speak sir. I was not in an escort sir but on Ingrid sir. And may I say what an honour and a privilege it was to serve with you. You managed to get all those Zeros up with inch precision if I may say so sir. And I won’t tell a soul sir. Your secret is safe with me sir.”

“Yes it was rather good. I did manage to pull it off, couldn’t have done it without your help and I do apologise for threatening to remove your stripe. In fact I’d mention you in despatches but I seem to have run out of paper.”

The above story is factual, only the names have been changed to protect the guilty.

Alan (aka Jonesey)

Political Correctness is a doctrine fostered by a delusional liberal minority, and by the mainstream media, which holds forth the preposition that it is entirely possible to pick up a turd by the clean end.

Micky’s Meanderings

Well, as usual, I opened my mouth before putting brain in to gear, and promised our dear editor Ron a few words for our monthly Wheel2Wheel.

I hope to do an article each month, primarily from an Examiners point of view, covering reasons for test fails, good things I’ve seen with recent test passes, some hints and tips, do’s and don’ts, maybe some general mudslinging, tickle tackle and rumour mongering chit chat. Names will be changed to protect the innocent of course.

We’ve certainly had some weather over the last month or so which has kept most people off their ‘bikes, certainly no tests have come through the system. My snowdrops and daffodils are pushing through so this tells me it’s time to get the maps out and start planning. The Easter Weekend I organise in the Borders has been full since before Christmas, the Eifel Tour at the end of April is filling nicely. Further trips being organised to Slovenia and the Black Forest later in the year are in the planning stage.

My thanks go to Dev Hall for organising a test day at Team Roberts, Conisborough, for the launch of the new Triumph Tiger 800’s on Saturday 22nd January. I had obviously bribed him sufficiently to get me the ‘first out’ on the Tiger XC, this being the more off road orientated bike of the two and is a more direct comparison to the BMW F800GS that I ride.

Thanks too to all at Team Roberts for their excellent hospitality.

It’s no secret that Triumph has blatantly copied the F800GS, they bought one and took it back to their workshops to dismember! I’ve covered some 51,500 miles on my F800GS in less than three years and love her to bits. So what will this young interloper be like?

Bearing in mind that I’m on the XC version, which is more off road orientated, with more ground clearance, 21” front wheel and with the seat in the lower of the two height options, my little legs easily reached the ground. Sat on the ‘bike it appeared more bulky before me, what with its wider tank, than the F800, but the Triumph is just as easy to manhandle and manoeuvre and slow speed control was excellent. On the road the ‘bike felt very light and responsive and you had only to think your position on the road ahead and the ‘bike was there with apparently very little input! Left hand bend coming up with no view round, a line of gravel right on the line that I wanted, can’t go to the outside of it in case anything coming towards me, I need to adjust my line

to the left of it... and the 'bike is right there, on the line that you wanted. But then my F800GS is like that!

The Tiger engine is a masterpiece. Sixth gear at 2,000rpm (35mph) then accelerate briskly and the 'bike takes off like a space shuttle on launch with no hesitation, no glitches in fuelling and certainly no apparent strain or hardship to the engine. The linkages for the rising rate rear suspension look to me to be very vulnerable below the swinging arm and will certainly get covered in road grime. I hope those needle roller bearings in there are well greased and well sealed!

Would I swop my F800GS for the Tiger 800XC? Whilst I enjoyed the experience of riding the Triumph (thanks again Dev) I still prefer the BeEm for a variety of reasons and anyway I've just bought an XC I came across; a very nice, low mileage and immaculate 2007 BMW G650 X country to which I just quite simply had to give a home to!

When we rode through Mongolia and the Gobi Desert Sue's heavily laden F650GS was far too heavy for her in the soft sand. Now she has a Yamaha TT250R and with that riding along the unmade Karakorum Highway of Northern Pakistan, in 2009, was a breeze. The G650 XC will be good company for the Yamaha for the next 'Long Way Home III' trip and maybe better suited than the 800GS.

Well that'll be it for this month but can I just say that it's a pleasure to see so many people attending the club nights at Treeton, the club goes from strength to strength. Also a big "thank you" to the Observers and Senior Observers for without you guys and gals the club would be nothing!

Remember that you only have too much fuel when your 'bike is on fire!

Mick

Examiner. www.adventure.gs



Right, Mick with the Triumph 800 XC

Photograph of Chris Olerton who took the Triumph 800 XC out after me. The handshake with Phil Roberts (Team Roberts) and smiles, say it all!



The Ed's go on the Triumphs.

My turn was on the Monday, four bikes to play on, bacon and egg butty to chew on, Dev's Old Government Java to sup on.

Must echo Mikes views on the XC, all very turbine like, super smooth, got to be hard choice between this and the 800 twin BMW. Do you want smooth or character..? You'd definitely want the Triumph seat though, unless you are naturally padded to an un-natural degree.

The road version was also a very accomplished machine and much twitchier on the tarmac. Personally, I like twitchy but some don't. Others disagreed on this but then again I had the rear wound right up to 35 inside leg level.

Then it was the 1050 Tiger, a bike you feel instantly at home on, still turbine smooth but more low down torque. The problem was I had one humungous back end slide on it and about three others less worrying. It sorted itself each time but made me ultra careful thereafter. I don't think it was the road surface cos I'd given both 800's some stick and felt totally secure. A mystery then.

But... then I fell in love. The Speed triple, 130 horsepower v the 109 of the Tiger, from substantially the same engine. And... it snorted and snarled and gave all sorts of magnificent gravelly drive everywhere... and no sliding about either..! What a motor. The perfect state of tune for the 1050 triple, making all the others seem over smooth and eviscerated in comparison. Pity it wouldn't go into the XC frame, cos if it did, the wallet would be out for certain and the Boxer would be in the classifieds.

Echo the thanks to Phil Roberts for the hospitality; grand chap and very accommodating. Thanks from all at Sheffield Advanced Motorcycles. Also to Dev for taking the initiative to arrange an exclusive for us.

Selection of comments from riders feedback forms about the 800's.

Good

Great engine, brilliant gearbox, steers brilliantly, handles perfectly, go's where you want it to, no need to use 1st and 2nd on the move, pulls in 6th from 2000 rpm, so easy to ride, better seat than BMW 800, smooth and tractable, really strong from 8000 revs, smooth powerful motor, faultless gear changes, perfect gear ratios, seems well made, hard to fault, BMW watch out, I've ordered one, I'm buying one, I've bought the wrong bike.

Criticisms

Screen not effective enough, needs to be adjustable and / or bigger, works better on road version than XC, needs heated grips, needs centre stand, gear lever a bit too long, bars not quite right, too much slack in throttle cable, more steering lock needed, fuel consumption v BMW might be an issue.

Team Roberts Dealership.

Warm, friendly, accommodating, would not hesitate to buy from them, big thanks.

Hmm, seems there will be more Triumphs in the pack from now on..! Ed.

a pretzel would be proud of muttering...gosh flipping gosh then back to A & E. 14:40 hrs. Good news is... we have a bed for you, bad news is you have broken your hip joint. 15:00hrs. A scene from Dante's Inferno... several obviously sanity challenged fellow ward mates (I have some expertise as I have been riding with the SAGA louts) were proclaiming very loudly they did not wish to be there, three men out of the six of us on the same ward.. all bed bound were suffering from diarrhoea they were constantly being changed there was a certain organic aroma.

At 20:15 a Surgeon appears at the foot of my bed " What time did this happen? why have I not seen you until now?" he goes on to explain that what he is attempting (putting screws through the top of my thigh in to the ball joint to hold it together is best done ASAP for it to work) Lummy.

21:00hrs. After an epidural, God i love drugs and a sedative, like dude... that stuff is like real man, Peace.. Tranquillity...I trundle back on to the ward. 00:30 hrs. After pleading repeatedly that I was about to explode.. a quick ultra sound confirmed the fact that I had not had a pee in eighteen hours. Mmmmm relief the rest of Sunday.

Monday morning..? Just a constant battle to get some sleep, alas this was not to be, the dear editor did come to visit me to say something thing like 'Prat' I think he may reproduce the photograph on this page of the mag. Just watch it when I see you next laddie, my wheel chair can be quite dangerous) he did chirp me up a bit though.

Today, after a 30 minute tutorial "This is a crutch do not put weight on your bad leg"

I was released 5:30 Monday... in two weeks time I find out if the op has worked or I need a new titanium racing hip... keep you fingers crossed.

Mark.



Slightly improved version of Mark taken later, effect of hat in question.

Best wishes from all of us at SAM Laddie, I'll drag you to Treeton next Monday and you can drink yourself silly.. but don't break the other one.

That's all folks.