

## This Month:

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

## Objects in the mirror...

The threats of persistent showers over the past month seem not to have materialised, at least not in our biking areas. If Mike Foster has been riding with you better put it down to his magic rainproof over-trousers, which he is oft requested to wear before setting off for a SAGA ride. Let's hope they work for snow because this time last year we were only a few weeks away from 14 inches worth. Ooer..! On a different note; To test dodgy back related endurance, Chris Holland recently dragged me off to Scotland - four days of giving the local tarmac a right and proper

seeing to and almost doing the same with the local beverages. Big thanks to Chris for the initiative, planning and his most enjoyable company. A piccy or two within.

Also within are a few catch up articles due to lack of space during the past two months so apologies to those concerned and thanks for their understanding and patience.

**NB. Mick Wheeler our local examiner and friend of SAM will be speaking at Treeton this month – 8th Sept – A bit of a slide show and associated stuff – should be good..!**

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## i2i Motorcycle Academy Courses

website [www.i2imca.com](http://www.i2imca.com).

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

The cost of MC1 is £75-00, MC3 is £95-00.



## ART – Advanced Riding Techniques

website [www.art4bikes.co.uk](http://www.art4bikes.co.uk)

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

e-mail [rob-gittins@copperstream.co.uk](mailto: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 Grundy**

07717 661342

## Regular SAM Social events for 2011

Candy Town – Meal - Sat 26<sup>th</sup> March 7.30pm

Ride, Picnic - ??? Sun ??

Autumn Boogie - Treeton??

### 2011 Club nights

Jan	10th	Free Buffet
Feb	7th	The Bensteads Abroad
Mar	7th	Pre AGM
Apr	4th.	AGM
May	9th.	??
June	7th.	??
July.	6th.	Malcolm Lonsdale IAM
Aug.	4th	Bring and Buy
<b>Sept.</b>	<b>8th.</b>	<b>M Wheeler - examiner</b>
Oct.	5th.	??
Nov.	7th	??
Dec	5 <sup>th</sup>	Christmas Buffet

### Committee Dates for 2011

Month	Date	Month	Date
Jan	26th	Jul	27th
Feb	23rd	<b>Aug</b>	<b>31st</b>
Mar	30th	Sept	28th
May	4th	Oct	26th
May	25th	Nov	30th
Jun	29th	Dec	none

# Congratulations



## Ian Marsden

Receives his Advanced Certificate from Mike Foster at MeadowHall McD's

Well done Ian ..! No need to grip Mike's hand so hard though..!

## Welcome to new Members

Ian Hanson	Gawber,	Barnsley
Joe Twigg	Crookes,	Sheffield

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## Micky's Meanderings

*"Two more sleeps and I'm on the ferry Hull to Zeebrugge with Avril and Peter and John Sprigg, plus a couple of others, for two weeks riding down 'any which way but loose', to the Italian Dolomites ... but I guess that'll be another story!"*

Well that was how I finished the last renderings of 'Micky's Meanderings'



Friday 22<sup>nd</sup> July saw John Sprigg, Peter and Avril and myself, all from SAM, leaving Rainbow Motorcycles for the overnight ferry Hull to Zeebrugge, meeting up with the other two reprobates that were to complete the team. Malc Biltcliffe and Tom Birtwistle.... a pair of travel chums over many years!

It's sufficient to say that for this trip that not only wasn't I in charge, I didn't do any organizing, had nothing to do with the routes or where we stayed

... I was merely 'tail end charley' doing nothing other than following, sweeping up, and on several occasions keeping mental French and Italian drivers from carving us all up.

Having read the above you will possibly now know why I have no idea where we went!



We rode down through France, Austria, Switzerland, Italy and in to the Dolomites. We stayed at Hotel Federia in the province of Livigno. The owner charged 5 Euros' for internet access and one euro for a glass of tap water! I informed him that I had ridden through Iran and Pakistan and internet was available free, that it was free internet the previous night that had found his place, and that I most certainly would not bring a group of

motorcyclists to a hotel that made such charges. He started to back pedal and laughed it off... but it was too late, he's off my Christmas card list!

The 1200 GS Adventure riders amongst us, John Sprigg, Malc and Tom had a laugh when they were to refill their huge tanks the next day at one euro a litre. The 800's were doing sterling figures and taking ten to twelve Euros' a day less to fill up, but nevertheless our savings were equally welcome.



We returned through Germany's Bavaria and called in at Hotel Grüner Baum at Pommersfelden. John and myself had stayed there on a group tour some thirteen years previously and so had a couple of days respite here and a day riding round without the luggage. Nothing had changed, nothing at all. It was still a warm welcome from Rosy and Friedrich. The last couple of nights we had at my second home, Hotel Forsthaus at Riedener Mühlen.



In all we had two full weeks on the road, riding every day. We covered approximately 2,700 miles with no breakdowns or punctures. Amazing scenery and superb roads and mountain passes. We ticked off eighteen recognized mountain passes including the more infamous Splügen, Simplan, Albula, Stelvio, Bernina and Großglockner.

Six happy people on six great bikes' ... but I haven't added the total cost up yet, I don't think I really want to!

Calling in at Winklern at the southern end of the Großglockner we were to stop at a favourite of mine, Hotel Post. Imagine my dismay when we found it not only closed but also bordered up. Calling in at the café just below then now imagine my surprise when a guy looked up and smiled and greeted me with a handshake and a 'Herr Mick' I've no idea who he was but I think he worked at Hotel Post. He made a phone call and booked us in to the superb Hotel Post at Großkircheim just twelve km further north along the



Großglockner, and along our route for the next day. We were served great food, superb bier ... altogether a lovely place with a warm welcome.

I probably won't be contributing to next months Wheel2Wheel ... I'm afraid I'm away again. Taking a group tour down to the Black Forest! and askin folk if me bum looks big in me new Rukka stuff << see left. I'm new to this posing malarky, so excuse...

Well you could have come ;-)

I've been 'road testing' of late an on board camera from Eazycam [www.eazycam.co.uk](http://www.eazycam.co.uk) and find the results superb. The camera is an Extreme HD 119 sports camcorder running on 3.7v 1300mAh Li-cell batteries. The camera records to SD cards with up to five hours recording per card at 30 to 60 frames per second. Full USB interface, download straight on to the laptop. No more wires everywhere, just start recording and clip it on ... result. I was given the camera to try and was so impressed I bought it. If you fancy a set up then give Craig at Eazycam a ring on 01706 342 348

Ride safe, rubber side down and between the hedges...

### **Mick (Examiner)**

*"If you want the rainbow you have to put up with a little rain"* Dolly Parton

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### **Britain's crazy driving laws... allegedly true..**

are driving folk...crazy? One poor fellow, for example, was recently fined £60 for blowing his nose while stationary in traffic. There was apparently no chance of the vehicle moving as its handbrake was firmly applied. This unforgivable action also earned the motorist three penalty points on his licence. The police officer on the scene believed the driver was 'not in proper control of the vehicle'!

A less clear-cut case is the motorist who flashes. Umm, I mean flashed his vehicle's headlights to warn oncoming drivers of a mobile speed trap. This was considered to be 'wilfully obstructing a police officer in the course of duty'. This is a fair perspective – up to a point – but presumably his warning slowed traffic on a tricky stretch of road. This is the purpose of 'speed traps', so was the motorist 'obstructing' or 'helping' the police officer?

There are also numerous cases of motorists being prosecuted for eating behind the wheel. Okay, tucking into a three-course roast at 70mph in clearly crazy, but biting a chocolate bar while stationary in traffic can be considered an offence too. Driving 'without due care and attention', for example, or perhaps 'not being in proper control'. Still, spare a thought for our friends in Kansas. Here you can be imprisoned for screeching your tyres

## View From A Quiet Car Park

### The advantages of carrying a spare

Not so quiet these days. I'm glad to see so many members on Saturdays at Meadowhall Retail Park on a Saturday morning. In excess of 40 bikes is not an unusual turn out unless the weather turns rotten to spite us as it can do and a certain Senior Observer gets a little confused and turns up in his yachting gear.

It's good to see so many new associates joining us; the Moor Event gave us our best "event" interest ever. Maybe the free raffle for a free SFL package and the offer of a reduction in the cost of SFL for the runners up helped. Some new associates have even found their way to us unaided. Looks like the information phase is working really well.

We've had half a dozen passes so far this year (April onwards) with a few more associates ready and waiting. Things have certainly picked up from a relatively poor showing over the previous 12 months. A lot of the problems could be attributed to the recession with a lot of folk unsure of their future and IAM groups suffered slightly due to "hard times." Let's hope we've turned the corner and we as a group won't need too many "lifesavers."

I've been getting out regularly, with my associate - although this seems to be fortnightly- who is doing nicely and is just about ready for test (where will my bacon butties come from next?). Tuesday runs with Captain Mainwaring (occasional guest appearances from Rob on Esmeralda and Sue Winterburn) have been regular skills honing outings into the far flung outposts of our area. Good rides on good roads, good cafes and excellent company, what more could a man want? (Answers on a postcard via the Editor). There have been a couple of outings with the SAGALOUTS when a Tuesday run has been cancelled and it's good to note the flair has not diminished with age!

Paul Henderson and Dev Hall organised an excellent weekend trip to Alston in May and I went up there with Tim Elliot. We set off later than the others as Tim had work commitments (I remember those – just) and arrived in time to shower and have drink in the bar of our hotel, and along with Dangerous Dave joined the others for a superb meal in the Alston House Hotel. Proper food with friendly service – Ron has waxed lyrical about this previously and he's not wrong. Adjourning to the local hostelry for a few cordials proved to be a pleasant end to the day.

Saturday morning up bright – for bright read wet - and early and fortified with a good full English we met up and ventured into the gloom to explore the Borders, Paul leading and Dev bringing up the rear. The rain gradually eased and with drying roads we were able to enjoy the ride more. Tim was feeling unwell but this didn't deter him too much and he rallied a little following an excellent midday stop. A good afternoon was marred slightly by us "losing" Tim when leaving Rothbury. Someone didn't mark the corner! (not guilty). We lost some time and decided to return to Alston knowing Tim would find his way back. He did despite more rain and thanks to a 48p road atlas from Morrison's. Following a shower we repeated the previous evening's agenda.

Sunday brought a similar start to Saturday with Tim and I returning home (more work commitments) we bade farewell to the group, (who had a somewhat wet day again) and had a windy ride south and home.

It was after this trip I thought it was about time I got back in touch with Suzuki as Ingrid was still pulsating at town speeds almost always spoiling a ride for me. Arrangements were made to meet Suzuki's trouble-shooter at SMC for further tinkering. Would you believe it that morning Ingrid would not start. A quick call to said guru had him detour and call at chez Alan to investigate. After much dismantling of plastic bits it was discovered a fuse had blown. Put back together again Ingrid was whisked down to SMC to be tweaked and caressed into a more pleasant ride. A couple of days later having been adjusted, serviced and two new tyres, I collected what felt like a different bike (sorry super-scoot). No more irritating pulsating, smoother pick up when changing from deceleration to acceleration and a feeling of more power.

Wow what had he done? Something tried before but this time with more attention to detail. He had altered the throttle bodies and adjusting the fuel flow to allow a small amount through on closing the throttle instead of the normal shut off of fuel. That and some tweaking of the electronics – oh and reversing the polarity of the neutron beam – brought about a transformation. Onwards and upwards!

The Moor Event, as mentioned above and described last month by the Editor, gave a busy day for the enthusiastic SAM members who gave up their time to stand on the Moor hoping to swell the group membership and bring safer motorcycling to the masses.

But what attracted the discerning biker to the SAM stand? Was it the plethora of BMWs ?

No of course not. It was the unusual, the off-road Harley Davidson, the Diesel engine monster and most of all the MP3.

The MP3 attracted more than its fair share of attention, admittedly some from mobility scooter users fantasising about more power and freedom. I did spend more time talking about the advantages of carrying a spare wheel than recruiting new members but that did give Mark Glossop his chance. Little did I realise that a few days later I would experience for myself why the spare is good.

The Moor brought back a few memories for me. Ron mentioned the overabundance of scootery thingies parked near us, well they took me back to my days as a Mod. I passed my test on Vespa 150 Sprint. It was actually my mates but the had been banned for 6 months so I took it on and kept it going for him, occasionally taking him on it to meet young ladies. None of the scooters were dressed like the Sprint though. It had an MGB hubcap on the back surrounded by a fox fur. John "found" the hubcap somewhere and my grannie donated the fox fur. You can imagine how p'd off she was when some scrote nicked them!

That scooter taught me how **not** to wheelie. The front wheel would lift at the slightest provocation and after twice dumping another of my mates over the back (after the hubcap had been removed) I moderated my launch technique. Happy days.

What of the advantages of carrying a spare? Out one Tuesday with Capt. Mainwaring and Sue, one of the Capt.'s mystery tours to Brigg for brunch, on to Caistor for the B1225 and back part way to head for Market Rasen. We just made it to Willingham Woods before the heavens opened and Mike and Sue both had to put on waterproofs. Standing under trees does not keep you dry. As it eased we set off and the roads dried the further we went. A stop at the Citrus

Café at Beckingham refreshed us and helped with the drying process. It was after we set off that I noticed a change in the steering, it seemed a little reluctant on lefthanders and on a roundabout wanted to step out. All in the head I thought. As we approached Retford (B Road avoiding low bridge) slowing down for the tight lefthander I heard a strange swishing sound as I braked. I applied the brakes a few times after rounding the bend, no noise, must be OK. We stopped for fuel at Morrison's. Guess what? The left side wheel was flat. Investigation revealed a couple of marks but nothing sticking out (or in). Putting air in didn't produce any bubbles (applied spit) so off we set again. All seemed well, no handling issues. As we stopped at Todwick crossroads Mike said the left tyre profile was looking different from that of the right. It was still handling OK so we carried on.

I made it home OK but the handling did get heavy again and closer inspection revealed one of the "marks" to be a hole. Fortunately Manhattan is only 2 minutes away and a repair was soon done and all is well again.

I was amazed how well it handled despite the flat tyre. I don't think I'll carry on for as long if it happens again – the tyre could have been destroyed – but it shows having a spare wheel can have advantages.

*Alan*

Guidance Coordinator (Not so underworked)

*No matter how much you push the envelope, it'll still be stationary.*

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## **Allegedly Alston.**

Allegedly, because these days I'm never very sure where I am half the time and the other half I've forgotten anyway. However, I was assured that that was where the four of us ended up following a most excellent and convoluted route from Sheffield. All the names have been proscribed to preserve anonymity but a description of the machinery may serve to identify the attendees.

Three different models of the common theme machine in our membership and one most curious flying gate type Mediterranean model. A 1300GS took the lead followed by a 1200KGT which was rapidly overtaken by this Mediterranean monster and the foursome was tailed by an 800GS.

Somehow we arrived at Stump Cross for coffee and the writer vaguely recalls seeing though slitty eyes, the passing of the Dearne Valley roundabouts, a length of the A1, Ferrybridge power stations enveloped in steam, the scents of brewing in Tadcaster, somewhere called Pool with a nice downhill left sweeper, the congestion in Otley which was easily filtered out and some fine tarmac to Pateley Bridge. An appealing little downhill town seemingly occupied by the elderly and slightly short sighted. 'Ware pedestrians whose hearing aids are dysfunctional. They make poor fairing mascots.

The next section after coffee seemed to encourage spirited riding to Grassington. Must have been spirited since the writer was moved to call upon St. Christopher on the odd occasion when the suspension had no more travel, the bottom bar was hard forward, the main stand sparking

and the grass verge was still approaching. Strangely, this phenomenon seemed not to affect others!

Pateley Bridge led on to Kettlewell and the celebrated climb over Oughtershaw Moor to Hawes and lunch in the Cheesery. For those unfamiliar with this challenging road, it's where one M. Wheeler, motorcyclist extraordinaire, once invited his novice riders under instruction, to save him a sheep. Only a good looking one of course.

After Hawes it was via Mallerstang and Kirkby Stephen to Brough, Lunedale, Middleton in Teesdale and on to Alston. This pretty little old town mostly built on the steep northern side of the South Tyne valley is reputed to be the highest market town in England. It was once the centre too of local coal and lead mining and is now also a stop off on the Pennine Way. Our hotel could not have been improved upon, being a small centre of excellence in two important aspects. The grub and the bar. Rooms too, were comfortable and quiet. Strongly recommended but you'll have to research the details as we don't want anybody to know about it!

Then next day the serious stuff was in prospect. Wall to wall sunshine, dry tarmac, panoramic views, not that this rider saw much of these as most attention was devoted to staying on the black stuff. Eastward through the old coal mining area, Longtown, Gretna and the A75 to Dumfries, not the most appealing road, the A75 but at least it gets you to the good stuff reasonably quickly. Then, if you wish, you can find some by-roads through the Forest of Ae or take the A76 to find your way to Thornhill and onto the legendary A702. This road is the road to motorcycling nirvana and upon reaching Elvanfoot you just want to reverse and do the whole length again. But the time is passing and we headed south using the old A74 now renumbered B7078. Being the old arterial, it's wide and empty. You must imagine the sensation of speeds achievable as I couldn't possibly comment.

Moffat for a break and to conversationally relive the past fifty miles, then to resume the 7078 to Beattock, some side roads to the B723 through Castle O'er Forest to Eskdalemuir. There's an option here to take tea in a strange site more reminiscent of Nepal than Border country but it's not compulsory. One of our number was indeed hesitant rather preferring a drop o' Yorkshire which, sadly wasn't on offer. Odd that, wouldn't you think, in old Selkirkshire? B709 through the woods saw the foursome separate into two that could, one that couldn't and one who looked after the one that couldn't but the group was reunited at Langholm. The route went via the splendidly named village of Bentpath. Quite a lot of the path thereto and after was also bent and so minds might not have been dwelling on the knowledge that Bentpath was the birth place of one Thomas Telford, architect and engineer of so many fine transport passages in these Isles. Langholm, Longtown and back to Alston and a drink preparatory to several more drinks, dinner and well Bless me, more drinks. A magnificent day of motorcycling in splendid company on roads which just have to be experienced. With luck, the writer may experience them again in the non too distant future. He'll just have to learn to ride them so ensuring that the leaders may actually remain in sight from time to time!

Next day back to Sheffield on roughly the same route out but the other way. I nearly wrote 'in reverse' but that would be a contradiction in terms I suppose. Only the last section was rubbish as we mistakenly elected to traverse the industrial belt via Keighley, Halifax and Huddersfield. Should have known better. Do now!

There will be those of you who will be familiar with some or all of the roads we visited so I hope this a) doesn't bore you and b) reminds you of the fun you had and a yearning to do it again. Off you go then.

Anonymous, but if I mention knees, you might just catch on?

Cheers Rob... Oops have I let the cat....

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## That First Step

I remember the day as though it were only yesterday, It was 1986,I had a fringe and my future mother-in-law was younger then than I am today. I rode a GPZ 1100 and took the micky out of my father-in law to be's BMW R100R as an underpowered tractor on two wheels.

My bike unfortunately had developed a fault which meant major engine rebuild and in a moment of weakness and the need for a ride out on two wheels I took up the offer of having a run on the old R100, I justified it knowing that I could now have some valuable ammunition for further micky taking.

Throwing my leg over and thumbing the starter I chuckled to my self as the engine fired and the bike gently rocked from side to side. Should I swop my fibreglass helmet for a leather skull cap and goggles? In to first with a clonk and off we went.

But what was this? It felt relaxed but not slow, it handled as well as my GPZ on the roads around home, It had a character that made the ride a real pleasure. It didn't need to be rushed or revved hard yet the feeling of satisfaction and the grin was just the same at the end of the ride.

I had been assimilated, ( **Resistance is futile...Ed** )the BMW mark had scored it's first goal and the seed was definitely sown.

It took a little while to fully give in, after all I was only 25. My next bike was a GTR 1000, lovely bike but no soul. I started test riding BMW's and ended up with my first in 1989, a K75S followed later by an R65, an R1100RS and now my current R1200GS.

If there is a moral to this story it has to be "always keep an open mind or the last laugh may be on you."

Safe riding

**Chris Holland**

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## Apology

Ladies and Gents: I have been unable to format and include two articles this month due to a cross infection from an IAM press release. One from Kevin Morley, already a month overdue, about the recent Hexham trip with Les's Sunday riding group, and another from Chris Holland.

On several occasions a mass delete and reconstruction was necessary, In the end I had to destroy the corrupted files. Will try again next month..!