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Published appx 28th of each month. Wheel to Wheel and full details of SAM are available via www.sheffielddiambike.com.

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

Objects in the mirror...

Change of e-mail address... After two and a half years the magazines e-mail address is being demoted. 99% of the messages received and those that continue are nothing to do with W2W ... unless readers wish to assist the many nefaria from Africa in the transfer several millions to a UK bank account in return for 25%..! or... wish to lengthen a specific appendage..! Alternatively, in the event of you being content in this latter department... perhaps adding rigidity to its chassis may appeal..? My own response to these invitations remains secret but

importantly, what doesn't is our new W2W e-mail address please note:

editor@sheffielddiambike.com

You may also send messages to this address via our SAM website.

Untypically though, we have lots and lots of member input for this month (Freudian..?) so huge thanks to the senders. As you read, sit back, envy and enjoy this unusual bumper issue.

P.S. Apologies for the size of the printing job this month.

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, MC3 is £95-00.



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 Grundy

07717 661342

Regular SAM Social events for 2011

Candy Town – Meal - Sat 26th March

Picnic - Sherwood Pines - Sun 4th Sept - 2pm

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. 4th.	Malcolm Lonsdale IAM
Aug. 8th	Bring and Buy Sale..!
Sept. 5th.	M Wheeler - examiner
Oct. 3rd.	??
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
May	4th	Oct	26th
May	25 th	Nov	30th
Jun	29 th	Dec	none



Congratulations



<< Martyn Watts

Receives his Advanced Certificate from our local stalwart IAM tester and adventurer par excellence Mick Wheeler

Ian Cairns >>

Also receives his form Mark Mellon

Ian went at such a speed on his test that the local flies completely perforated his jacket and adhered to his shirt – so it can no longer be said that there are no flies on Ian..!



<< Glyn Savage

Receives his from Tony Thompson seen here wearing rather professorial specs. Glyn later celebrated by buying a new BMW 1200 triple black

Well, you just have to eh Glyn..?

Andy Crow >>

Gets his from Membership Sec and ex Chairman Mike Clayton at our Saturday Meet.



Well done gentlemen

Welcome to new Members

Frank Lukey	Penistone	Sheffield
Dennis Welbourn	Wadsley,	Sheffield (one of our Moor event winners)
Andrew North	Rotherham	
James Gill	Handsworth	Sheffield

Sheffield 'Moor' Motorcycle event a success for SAM

Chairman Yoda has sped off with Avril, Micky, John Sprigg and others to the Dolomites so sends herewith a huge thanks to those who assisted on our stand at the recent Moor event.



Whilst the event attendance was on the low side and few seemed to be actual motorcyclists..! we amazed ourselves by whittling out over two dozen prospective new members by means of our cunning free prize draw. Of course, many were put off by the strange three wheeled device parked cheekily by our stand by an inexplicably cheerful and affable old codger... you can't account for everything eh..?

In fact it was impossible to take a photo without him leaping in front of the lens. >>>

Some people..!

Against predictions, it didn't rain and... from time to time between scooterish sound tracks of 'Yiiiiing pop pop...Yiiiiing pop pop per dop pop, some conversations with folk actually took place.

Quote of the day..? Wots tha' lot think tha' can teach me. I ampt it owt in thutty year..!



Oh and err... some Potato potato thingys turned up. If it's a spud u like..!

The 'Simmer Dim'

Or... why Dave Wheeler's brother didn't contribute to W2W last month

It all started in the depths of last winter when Micky W. happened to mention he was going to the 'Simmer Dim' rally in the Shetlands in June. It was, he said, a bikers rally and in any event he was going up to Faire Isle to see his brother so it was 'on the way'.

A bit of research established that 'Simmer Dim' is a term the people of the Shetland and Fair Isle use to describe the five hours between 10.30pm and 3.30am in midsummer. With a latitude of 60 degrees this is the southernmost reach of 24 hour sunshine. It is apparently possible to read outside throughout the entire night. Needless to say we never achieved this feat due to other influences.

Others were going from SAM and the UKGSER site so it would be an opportunity to meet a few people and see the far north in the summer months. The event is invitation only, with numbers limited to 250 bikes and riders/passengers but an email to the organiser Aimee McDonald soon overcame that obstacle. For the princely sum of £60 I was on the list with the promise of 25 tickets which could be redeemed for alcohol or food. Hmmm.

Buoyed with this success I booked a return place on the ferry from Aberdeen to Lerwick (out on Wednesday and Back on Sunday night). It got better as I managed to obtain a quarter share in a cabin through 'Zero Cool' (aka Dennis) a contact on the UKGSER forum for a small fee. All set then!

After a pleasant two day bimbble through the dales, the borders, and the east coast of Scotland (including St. Andrews and Canoustitie for any golfers) I rolled into the port of Aberdeen mid afternoon (ish) to find that the rally had apparently started. The dockside bar was doing a roaring trade and a steady stream of bikes were rolling onto the ferry.

Imagine my surprise when I realised there didn't appear to be a green badge in sight or the least hint of 'hi viz'. The dress code was predominantly black leather with extensive 'patches' interspersed with a smattering of one piece leathers and the occasional two piece.

The air was heavy with the sound of 'screaming eagle' pipes and unnecessary revs. Somewhere between a SAM weekend and 'wild hogs'.

I quickly booked in, loaded the bike and headed for the crowd outside the bar where a certain Mr. Wheeler was holding court amongst a group containing Sue, his son Martyn, Jan and others. Chris of this parish was also there with Michelle and friends. I was introduced to 'Shaggy' who frequent visitors to Rainbow over the years may well remember.

Some of the crowd seemed to have been there a while including one of my new room mates, a veteran bike racer. He had done the run from Sheffield to Aberdeen in just over six hours (so he said) and was now into his umpteenth pint of Guinness. Guinness apparently had the effect of making him loud and rather combative. Any thought of a good night's sleep evaporated at that point.

The ferry loaded at five. North Link runs the boat to Lerwick and it's a bit like P and O but if anything better with a good supply of cheap food, clean cabins and public areas,

plus reasonable bar prices. The run to Aberdeen is notorious for bad weather but the Norse gods smiled on us on this occasion and the sea was like a mill pond both ways.

Our four man berth turned out to be a five man as one of Dennis's mates, Dave, was without a bed so we accommodated him on the floor of what was already a fairly cramped environment (poor sod).

After a nice bit of steak pie I adjourned to the bar where I was met by a tall tattooed man with a goatee beard and staring eyes. His role appeared to be as 'gatekeeper' and his

look suggested he thought he was guarding the entrance to Hades.



His opening gambit was 'does tha' know any jokes?' Fortunately I did remember one and he was happy. He turned out to be called Dave, an employee of 'motorworks' who had made his way up on a venerable MZ125. A convivial evening ensued amongst fellow bikers although some of the conversation might not have

survived close scrutiny by anyone interested in equality issues I suspect.

Luckily by bedtime the racer had run out of steam and was snoring fairly quietly in his bunk where he'd been for a few hours. Sadly his presence had done little for the limited air supply in the cabin and it got no better overnight.

We were up by six, woken up by a rejuvenated Guinness drinker, and off the boat by not much past seven into a damp Lerwick morning. I joined Micky and Sue and followed the steady line of bikes out of the town and into the increasingly rainy and windswept hills. Half an hour later we were in Vidlin (pronounced vid a lin in Norse) and as we came over a brow on the by now single track road the community hall and campsite came into view.

Now the recipe for a Simmer Dim rally goes something like this:

- Find a wind swept spot in a beautiful barren place with a large community hall, a petrol pump and a small shop.
- Lay down tarpaulins to protect the hall floor.
- Put a portakabin with extra toilets out back.
- Fill the kitchen with willing helpers who can serve food, drink like fishes, and exist without much sleep.

- Turf out the sheep from the slightly boggy field across the road and import a huge Marquee.
- Build a big bar in the Marquee and fill it with a variety of beers and other alcohol.
- At one end build a stage and wire up some humongous speakers to obliterate all thoughts of sleep.
- Staff the bar with a team of insomniac alcoholics.
- Invite a lot of bikers with tents.
- Give them free beer tickets.
- Simples.



We had been warned to pitch away from the marquee if possible but the locals had got there early and captured the perimeter so we found a compromise in a quieter but slightly boggy spot. Not ideal for the side stand of an 800GS but we were prepared (well almost eh Micky?).

Tents were assembled in what now had become little more than a drizzle and we then wandered off to register, a process carried out by a small but efficient team of locals . We obtained the promised 25 beer tokens (I never saw one used for food) and a numbered wristband like they give you in hospital which I presume was to identify the

fallen (or worse). I became number 406.



Now I hadn't read the small print closely, perhaps I should have, but I soon realised that the bar was open almost all the time (theoretically it closed at two a.m. but there was gap between licensing law and reality). Music started about lunchtime, bands arrived early evening and played to about one a.m., after which the music continued until about five.

Food was served in quantity and regularly. Breakfast started at nine, and food was served late evening until after midnight. What it lacked in culinary finesse it made up for in quantity.

What soon became apparent was that if you stayed on the campsite for any length of time you were likely to end up in or near the bar. So if your liver survived the experience your ears might not. Luckily we were saved by Sue who insisted that bikers should spend the daytime riding their bikes and exploring Shetland. So we spent the next four days wandering round the island during the day and drinking into the early hours before catching a few hours sleep and repeating the process. It worked rather well I have to say although ear plugs were vital, not just to block out the music, but also the snoring from nearby tents. Where was your tent Micky?



The weather gradually improved and we saw some lovely sights like this harbour at Hamnavoe, and the puffins of Sumburgh.

Everywhere you went the locals were both friendly and curious. Inevitably Micky mentioned his forthcoming trip to Fair Isle to see his brother Dave, a crofter and gifted photographer and one of the mainstays of the Met. Office's forecasting service for the area. Everyone knows Dave on Shetland apparently and so Micky was quickly relegated to being Dave Wheeler's brother.



The evenings were long and involved much serious discussion. No, what really happened is we gathered in small groups talking bike b*llox, whilst Sue retired to bed. Micky and I hatched the plan of easing off on the excellent beer well before bed and using scotch as a substitute to prevent overfilling the bladder. Not sure it works but it seemed a good idea at the time.

In truth the rally flew by with the clarity and beauty of the island interspersed with the banter and increasing 'fuzziness' of the twilight hours. Those big, scary looking tattooed bikers were revealed as being a friendly bunch in the main, and surprisingly 'normal' in the close environment of the campsite.



Viking invasion in the marquee



Beer gets the upper hand

On Saturday evening we enjoyed a 'charabanc' trip to the Lerwick carnival (sorry - my camera had expired by then) and fish and chips by the harbour. When someone worked out that we could drink a lot cheaper back at the rally, and it was the last night, we cut short our stay in Lerwick and hot footed it by taxi (is that an oxymoron?) back to the marquee.

I retired to bed about two a.m., the last of our group. By seven in the morning I was drawn from my sleeping bag to answer a call of nature. The music had subsided for the last time but there was still a hardcore or about ten locals propping up the bar.

Sunday morning brought the return of grey cloud and a slight drizzle to match the mood



In the middle of the ni...ght

of the campers. Tents were dismantled, goodbye's were said, and after a final wander around Shetland we caught the evening ferry back to Aberdeen. At this point Micky and his crew left us as they were catching the plane to Fair Isle in the morning. So more goodbye's and a few of the usual insults.

The trip back was a somewhat subdued affair with limited drinking and early nights ahead of the long ride home. We shared the boat with a couple of coach loads of pensioners from Aberdeen and because

of that we were treated to a detour past a well known bird colony. At that point the myth of the leather clad biker with his or her patches and colours was finally destroyed as they scrambled on to the deck to take pictures of gannets and kittiwakes on their digital cameras and iphones. I'll never look at a Hells Angel in the same way again!

Shortly after 7a.m I was off the ferry and away. Chris and his mates were going to wander down the east coast but I was keen to test the theory that you can do the trip back to Sheffield in six hours (ish). I failed miserably, solely because when I hit the A66 I was drawn by the lure of the Dales, and all thoughts of timescale disappeared.

I've now had time to gather my thoughts and put the experience in some context. I have to say it was great fun if you are prepared to rough it a little bit, and suffer a degree of sleep deprivation. The banter is fun, the event is inexpensive to say the least, and you will see some strange and wonderful sights, not least in the beer tent and the toilets. The organisation is extremely good seeing as it is all undertaken by local volunteers.

Would I do it again? Who knows. In the depths of winter when it comes time to book again the thought of the midnight sun just might draw me back there. One thing I do know I will remember Sue's advice and pack the wet wipes!

Tony Thompson. (A true epic Tony, it was like being there..!) Big thanks.

Micky's Meanderings

Sorry I missed last month folks ... bet you didn't even miss me!

Still not many tests coming through, where has everyone gone? One fail recently, the associate riding safely but not really producing anything above and beyond a normal DSA pass unfortunately. Planning was clearly not on the agenda, with abrupt and sudden position changes, swerving at the last minute to miss metal inspection covers (In the dry, upright and straight?) who the heck is teaching that? Overtakes far too close too soon and sweeping out, round and back in again ... lets keep it smoooooth eh! Couple of overtakes, albeit swoopy swoopy needed a fax, could have been started seconds earlier... no planning evident, no anticipation and no being ready for when an overtake MIGHT be on! OK let's wait until we see that an overtake is on and THEN we'll start thinking about it..... errr mmmm NO!

"So Many Roads ... So Little Time" that's the sticker on my 'bike and that's just how life seems to be these days.

I missed last month because of my life on the road and I'm now desperately trying to pull something together for Ron's magnificent (Ahem..! preen preen.!) 'Wheel to Wheel' contribution to SAM, before catching the ferry again for a trip down to the Dolomites!

After the tour of the battlefields of the Somme in April, the Easter Weekend based at Langholm in the Scottish Borders, and then a group tour to the Eifel's of Wunderbar Deutschland, we were just about ready for a bit of camping, real wild camping!



Alston camp

Dev and Paul's camping weekend at Alston in May was a total success despite of, or because of, the weather. Fran, Tony, Kevin and myself headed north after the weekend, up to the west coast of Scotland for a few days camping to return the following weekend for the UKGSer camping weekend 'Bordering With The Insane' in the errr mmm Scottish Borders! Two great weekends, with a great week in between, taking in some magnificent scenery and

roads, the island of Arran and complete with, at times, minimalistic camping facilities.

Camping? Wild Camping? We've seen nothing yet ... Saturday 11th June saw Sue (G650Xcountry) and myself heading north, ultimate goal being the Simmer Dim Rally on Shetland and then onwards for a few days on to Fairisle where my brother lives and crofts.

At Applecross we meet up with my son Martyn, (R1150GS Adventure, you met him on the Battlefield Tour) and his partner Jan.



Arran – its that Tony and Fran again..!



Then across to Aberdeen where we met up with Tony (Thompson) Chris Ollerton and partner Michelle and a few other pals for the overnight ferry crossing to Lerwick on Shetland, for the 2011 Simmer Dim Rally. Included in the cost of the entry for the rally is free food and a book of 25 bier tokens... a bier token will fill a jug with bier whether it be a half pint or a two pint jug. The local village store sold out of two-pint jugs within minutes! We are sworn to secrecy that whatever went on at the

Simmer Dim stays with the Simmer Dim!

While all the others caught the ferry back to Aberdeen Sue and myself, Martyn and Jan, left our 'bike's in the hanger at Tingwall and caught the tiny eight seat Norman Islander twin engine aircraft for the half hour flight to Fairisle. Fairisle is a tiny island between Orkney and Shetland, approximately four miles by two miles and is home to about sixty people.



Fairisle approach

A walk round the very edge of the coastline would be about twenty-six miles! Migrating birds call here on a regular basis and many rare species are often to be sighted. There is a bird observatory that caters for full accommodation for visiting twitchers.

Micky' need for speed continues



The island was once a full and thriving crofting community but for many reasons the people have had to turn to other ways of making a living. There is still some crofting taking place, still sheep and cattle, but all for pocket money in reality. Fairisle knitting, jewellery, local crafts, boat building are all to be seen these days. My brother Dave is, for instance, the local meteorological officer, IT teacher for the school, Registrar for Births, Deaths and Marriages, professional photographer, and airport

manager. Airport? One gravel runway, one hut and one chance at landing or take off!

I digress ... family re-union, big get together. My nieces, Dave's girls, Catriona and Lucy, fly on to the island from Shetland. Bar-B-Q, mucho lotsa bier'n wine! It's not very often we get together like this, read never. Sue delights in taking Dave's two new Border Collie pups, Ring and Shep, a long walk twice a day.

Martyn and Jan fly off the island before us. Space had been at a premium and they had been sleeping in the barn ... with the dogs. We have a couple of extra days and then take our time to return home ... taking time to smell the flowers ;-)

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!

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

Mick (Examiner)

"If you think you're too small to make a difference try getting in to bed with a Mosquito!" Dalai Lama

Top stuff Mick – You ought to get out more though..!



Round 1 - Anglesey 17th July

After many months of preparation and fruitless track day's, I had a call from the bikes owner Nigel on Sunday evening prior to the race weekend "Steve, we have a problem! The crank and conrods are still at SEP Kegworth and I'm in Italy. Dene (the engine builder) needs the ASAP to get the engine built ready for the race weekend" bugger thought he had all this sorted! No choice finish work early and shoot down to Kegworth and then off to Deans at Accrington. Arriving at his house some hours later I see a forlorn figure on the driveway, he has been building engines for this bike for 2 weeks and is totally knackered. I offer to stay a while and give him a hand but he had been at it

all day and didn't want to start again. Leaving Dean behind, my thoughts are all over the place, will we ever get to the race, will it ever run, will it last and what the hell am I doing going racing.

Through various calls through the week I get assured that the bike will be ready and that the engine has been totally rebuilt and just in case of a problem they are taking another stock engine down!

I had already put plans in place to borrow a motor home for the weekend, didn't fancy sleeping in a tent prior to racing, yeh, yeh pussy I know. So I head off with a mate to RAF Leeming where the camper is stored to be greeted by Steve the owner of the van who seems to be sat in the wrong seat for driving, hell it's a left hooker with column change and no power steering AHHH. After he shows me where everything goes oil, water. Diesel and fresh water, gives me the keys and explains that she won't go any quicker than 110, 110 in this! goes through my head, it's in kilometres you pillock... doh. The van is a German import so the whole thing is in euro babble.

I head off down the A1 straight into the road works 50mph with camera's quick calculations in head whist trying to get used to driving a left hooker and the whole thing is swaying about "stick at 80K that's around 50mph" anyhow managed to get the thing home but forgot that I had left my car in the office car park and had to use this to commute to work the next day. Did I have the Micky taken out of me on arrival yep your correct I'm now call Paddy (from Max and Paddy on the road)

Friday evening is spent checking all my kit out and packing the van ready for an early set off the next day. The van is full. 10mtr X 4mtr pop up, 60lts of super unleaded, full race kit, enough food to feed 20 for the weekend (oh I somehow managed to nominated to be the caterer) whoops forgot plenty of beer on board !!

We arrive at the circuit Saturday to see blue sky and a paddock full of teams some of them looking really slick and professional, Team CFC#1 and their totally reliable ZX600 are already here with bike on stands but our team CFC#2 are no where in sight, quick call and they are 2 hours away. Park up the camper and unload the entire gear ready for them to arrive. Awning up catering organised just as the Axe murderer rolls up on her trailer. The lads are just rolling her down the ramp when smoke starts to plover from the seat area, the bloody wiring's on fire. Not a good sign as to how the weekend was going to turn out. Being the electrician of the team I was tasked with finding out what's gone wrong and why. It turns out that during it's past life the cooling fan had been wired to a toggle switch on a metal bracket with exposed terminals. The switch had worked loose in transit and the live terminal touched the earthed bracket shorting it out, in addition there was no in line fuse and the only thing that stopped the whole harness going up was the fact that the wire melted and broke the circuit. An hour later I had it all back in place and she fired up, all looking good for now. Dean takes it for a blat round the car park and she is sounding sweet happy day's it flies through scrutineering so we are all set for the next days racing. Time for BBQ and beer which somehow manages to go on till 12.30 not the best preparation for 7 hours of racing !!

Sunday - Race Day

Up and about reasonably early, small pop-up placed on pit lane for refuelling /adjustments though the race and off to qualifying briefing. During the briefing the heavens open and then

stop. We devise a plan, It's 3 hours qualifying we don't want to spend any more money on a set of wets. Let all the others go out and dry the track, then we can head out on our dry tyres, all riders do a 20min session to find out where the track goes then send Dean out once the track has dried to set our qualifying time.

Stage 1 of plan goes well, other teams head out a few come straight back in for wets but the majority stay out. After 45 mins a dry line begins to appear and we send Nigel off to kit up and do the 1st session. Bike started an engine warmed, tyre pressured check off he sets to take it easy and run the engine in. We all head to the pit wall to watch the baby fly by!! Lap 1 she's sound fantastic revving sweet, no smoke, no fluids. Lap 2, Nigel is nowhere in site AHH we find him sat on the bike on the infield signalling his hand across his throat!! We were told earlier that the session would not be stopped to recover any breakdowns so that's our weekend stuffed. Then a stroke of luck the red flag is shown, session stopped and we can get the bike recovered and find out the problem. Nigel is brought back on the back of the trailer and we find out that it's chucked a valve through the head, engine #1 is bugged. Its now 10.30am and we have to be ready to race for 1pm. All hands to the pumps we have an engine to change and no time to



spare as the briefing for the race is at 12.20 if you don't attend you don't race. In a fraught hour and half we have the new engine in and fired up just in time to attend the briefing leaving a pit crew member behind keeping an eye on the temperature and to refit the bodywork.

Briefing complete and it's now bucketing it down with no signs of abating so it going to have to wets and we have not got any fitted to rims. On the way back to the garage

our crewmember is walking towards us gesturing with his arms, Christ what's gone wrong now!! As we arrive at the garage all is quiet, the beast has died, another dead engine, valve through head again, now that was our weekend totally finished nothing more can be done other than pack it all away and head off home feeling depressed. At least we will be home at a reasonable time.

Cadwell is only 3 weeks away and we now have to have a rethink of the whole situation if we need to get hold of another bike and if we have the funds and the enthusiasm to carry on.

PS CFC 1 finished the whole race on the old ZX600 in 21st place not bad for an old road bike with race fairings. Now let me think where did it all go wrong for us ;-)

Steve (lucky for short..?)

And Another Thing ... (Yoda writes in)

Well, here is the second of my two promised articles on the working of the SAM Committee; this one is about its training role. Whilst there have always been individuals on the Committee responsible for “training” (e.g. the Guidance Secretary, the Chief Senior Observer,...) this year we decided to have a Training Sub-Committee with the responsibility of coordinating and monitoring all aspects of SAM's training. This Sub-Committee started with four people - Alan Yates (Guidance Secretary), Rob Gittins (Secretary at the time), Mark Dunstan and myself; Fran Thompson joined more recently – (though just about everyone on the Committee expressed an interest) and set about looking at all the forms of training relevant to SAM.

Clearly there are two aspects to the training of SAM Members: firstly, the training of pre- and post-Green Badge Holders to improve their riding skills, and, secondly, the training of Observers and Senior Observers to provide guidance for Associates in as helpful a way as we can devise. The Sub-Committee has looked at both and I set out below some details of what we have tried to do.

General Training

For pre-test Members, because they are working with their Observer, our main approach has been to recommend the Machine Control courses put on by [i2iMCA](#). It may be that you have already picked up the impression that I rate highly these courses, run by Tom Killeen. He has run Machine Control 1 and 3 Courses especially for SAM at Sheffield Airport (sadly, not a possible venue at the moment because of building work) and will be putting on an MC2 course for us in October. The feedback we have received from those taking the courses has been unfailingly positive and accords completely with my own experience of them – again we have no hesitation in recommending that you consider one of their courses and their contact details are set out elsewhere in this newsletter.

Green Badge holders, if they have not already done so, would benefit also from the I2I courses but, here, the work of Andy Marper at [Advanced Riding Techniques](#) is relevant as well. Andy is a SAM Member, has undertaken a vast amount of training with Mick Wheeler before taking over the running of [ART](#), and so is eminently qualified to analyse and advise on road-riding skills. The Committee has no hesitation in recommending that Members talk to Andy (or to Rob Gittins, who is acting as an intermediary) about possible instruction or assessment rides.

The IAM also provides training in the form of their track-based Skills Days (for everyone),

<http://www.iam.org.uk/2011iamtrackbasedskillsdaysprogramme.html>

their Riding Assessment with an IAM Examiner (for Green Badge holders)

http://www.iam.org.uk/after_the_iam_test_/membersdrivingandriddingassessments.html

or their special Special Assessment programme, a rigorous test for a well prepared Green Badge holder.

http://www.iam.org.uk/special_assessment_for_riders/specialassessmentforriders.html

It is quite possible that there are other forms of training that Members would like to see us provide (e.g. a Slow-Riding Skills Day ...?); if you have a suggestion about what we might try to set up then, please, just let us know.

Observer Training

The second task, the training of Observers and Senior Observers and the qualification of Observers, is carried out in-house based on SAM's Training Policy which was first set out in 2006 and has been revised recently. This document is based on IAM guidelines and sets out the responsibilities of Trainee-Observers, Observers, Senior Observers and the Chief Senior Observer.

The Training Sub-Committee has been responsible for reviving a “mentoring” system within which Senior Observers assume more responsibility for maintaining the riding and guidance skills of their “cohort” or team of Observers and Trainee-Observers. We are also in the process of devising a system of regular meetings of Observers at which information can be passed too and fro and, also, at which discussions can take place (and feedback obtained) on topics that Observers consider important.

The Training Committee has run, in conjunction with [i2iMCA](#), one and a half “Observer Skills Days” (the half comes from a two-part course, the second half of which has still to take place) and it is our intention to organise further courses so that all our Observers have the opportunity to take part.

Finally

There is one principle that underpins all the work described above and all the aspects of training that the Training Sub-Committee considers and that is that “every member of SAM should have the opportunity to undertake some form of further training to enhance their skills”. I hope that you approve of what we've done and what we are trying to achieve – your feedback is vital to both so, please, keep telling us what you want.

Ride safely!

Peter Harley

i2i MCA – Due to building works - have moved some of the 15 dates at Sheffield Airport back to Rufforth for courses that will, most probably, be open to the public as well as SAM members. At the moment, most are likely to be MC1 courses but this may change if there is sufficient demand. Keep your eye on their website – www.i2imca.com – for information on these dates:

February 12, 13, 19 and 20

June 29

March 16, 23 and 30

July 27

April 6, 10, 13 and 27

Aug 17

May 4

i2i MCA - Off-Road - Date change

In recent Wheel-to-Wheels I advertised a SAM Off-Road day organised by I2IMCA. The date had been set for Sunday, September 11 but, unfortunately, because of last-minute commitments from I2I that date had to be changed.

We now have a confirmed date for the SAM Off-Road Day (MC2) organised by I2IMCA – this will now take place on Sunday, October 2. We have 12 places booked on this course and, at the moment, 8 of the places have been taken. If you are interested in taking part and have not let me know yet then, please, get in touch soon.

Peter Tel: 0114 2301109. Email: p.harley@sheffield.ac.uk (or use the form on the website)

Readers Forum

Last month You were invited to reply direct to Wheel to Wheel to the following everyday issues experienced by our SAM members. The replies are in blue.

1. Ex Chairman and current Membership Secretary seeks advice on how to encourage members to pay annual subscriptions on time.

Ex Chairman/Membership Secretary thanks informants for resolutions to his problems outlined in the last issue of W2W and has vetoed, in the interest of his personal safety, the use of whips, manacles, lashing to chairs and the brandishing of chequebooks in front of recalcitrant payers. Quite likes the ideas however.

2. Anonymous Scooter riding Guidance Sec would like to take up Motorcycling – Advice Welcome.

Guidance Secretary has received quite a lot of advice, but sadly, none of it about Motorcycling.

3. Various K1200 and K1300 SAGA riders seek information on what Paul Henderson's Scooter looks like from the front.

Paul Henderson, when approached personally for help, advised that he couldn't be of assistance as he had no idea what the front of his Scooter looked like either. Being of some means, he has a person to apply washing materials and thus only rides the machine.

4. Ex Hon Sec would like tips on how to reduce instances of motorcycle falling over.

Ex Hon Sec has similarly received tips on how to prevent motorcycles falling over. He is truly pleased with the responses and is applying himself assiduously to reading them. Sadly, his spectacles also seem to have fallen somewhere and so could the earlier respondents provide tips on finding them. As a matter of information, the motorcycle has adopted the prone position once more. However, like its owner, perhaps it prefers it.

5. CSO also looking for tips. Please use flat cap on floor behind parked bike.

CSO is critical of the tips accumulated in the flat cap at the rear of his motorcycle on Saturdays. Chief amongst such criticism is that he was unable to find any money. What was found is unsuitable for description in this publication and henceforth the request is withdrawn.

6. Treasurer seeks two discreet referees for opening Swiss Bank account.

The Treasurer is sad to report that his search for discreet referees has not been productive so far. Of the four applicants interviewed to date, he decided that the one in the horizontally striped shirt carrying whistle and wearing dirty boots was not quite what he sought. Likewise the two in water wings and wearing flippers perhaps should have pooled their resources and looked elsewhere; the last one with the broken nose, cauliflower ears with a low brow and no neck, has been shortlisted and is included in the next interview session.

New queries received

1. Senior Obs seeks geography lessons on Eastern England. Prefers tuition by leathered Instructress but has forgotten why.
2. Elderly rider of elderly BMW would like to learn how to wheelie. He's heard it's the thing to impress aforesaid Instructress.
3. CSO 's Garmin will save no other route than to Holmfirth. Also even when switched off, bike refuses to go elsewhere. Advice needed as cannot find home..!
4. Guidance Secretary would like to learn about the best means of disguising a Scooter as a motorcycle.
5. W2W Editor would benefit by knowledge of whereabouts of good gentlemen barber. Either that, or cheap DIY hedge cutters. Preferably 12 volt but recent ex Chairman thinking 60,000 v more appropriate. (bleedin cheek)
6. A Secretary (male) would accept gift of reasonably clean, used trousers for wearing at Club nights. Matching footwear appreciated. Sartorial advice similarly welcome but please note 'Trinny and Susanna' failed dismally.

Please send queries or further replies to editor@sheffielddiambike.com

Humorous content essential.!

Bring and Buy Sale - Reminder

The next Club night is Monday 8th August, 8.00pm, Treeton Miners' Welfare Club. This note is a reminder that there will be a Bring-and-Buy sale after the normal business is completed. If you have some motorcycle kit that you want to get rid of then bring it along and see whether any Member is interested in buying it. I suspect that Pat and Roger wouldn't be too happy if you brought in a whole motorcycle but there's nothing to stop you bringing a photo and description to see if you can tempt someone!

Peter.