

This Month:

1. Objects
2. Diary
3. Best of 2010
4. Diary
5. Congratulations
6. Twat suit tour
11. Demo rides
13. NEC Bike Show
15. Jean Sprigg



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...

Its the seventh of October, a foggy start to the day as I cruise down the M1 and M18 to Bramley for the traditional SAGA ride. By all accounts, today's destination is Whitby and it's Gerry Browns turn to lead. This year Gerry and Michel Foster have been alternating. There's only about eight of us this time. Perhaps the fog has brought some last minute bail outs. What it certainly brings is conversation about the seasons changing, the end of Summer and reflections on what each has done with it, biking wise. It seems I am amongst the winners this year with almost 14k

on the clock since late April. Each of the North East, the Lakes, Hexham, and Wales were visited at least once but it was the two trips into Germany which not only took the medals but also surprised me with their low uptake from SAM. We were better represented on the second trip however and some words and pics are further in. We will try and interest you again next year and see what happens. Meanwhile with the nights drawing in, the clocks back an hour, there's a reluctance to be astride much after 4 or 5 pm. Or away before 9.30.

Objects in the foreground...

Two independent schemes to improve or assess your riding:

i2i - Any candidates for **i2i Machine Control 1 Courses at Sheffield airport** and any other of their courses (see website www.i2imca.com). should declare their interest with **Peter Harley**, either by email: p.harley@sheffield.ac.uk or... telephone: 01142 301109.

The cost of MC1 is £75 all of which goes to i2i -

NB. Peter is still working on arranging an MC3 course and He'll let you know about that as soon as I have more information.

ART – Update from Rob;

Whilst many riders who have acquired their Green Badge go on to further improve their riding skills, or take further training, e.g. the popular i2i courses, other than supporting an application for a member to join the Observer Corps, the IAM and therefore SAM has no facility for formally assessing or awarding proof that a rider has acquired on the road riding skills which exceed those required to pass the IAM's Advanced Motorcycle Test.

For some time however, a steady stream of SAM members both recent and less so, have expressed a desire to satisfy this need without pursuing the Observer route.

Consequently, I mentioned at the last Treeton meeting that I have been in discussion with Andy Marper of Advanced Riding Techniques about providing an assessment process independent of SAM.

'Advanced Riding Techniques' was founded in 1996 by our principal IAM examiner Mick Wheeler. After thirty years in the police, mostly serving as a police Class One motorcyclist and Instructor, with occasional Royal escort and surveillance duties, his credentials were perfect. At the time many advanced rider training schemes were starting up, but in 1997 when RiDE magazine appraised eight such training companies, A RT was the only one to be "Highly recommended."



Over the following years ART provided many motorcyclists with 1 to 1 training designed to develop their on the road skills both up to and well beyond the basic IAM standard. Eventually, to allow his touring interests to expand, Mick searched for a successor. Thus in late 2007, after an eighteen month period of being intensively instructed and trained to Police Class One Instructor standard by Mick, Andy Marper proved to be the ideal candidate and agreed to take over as Principal.

Andy's courses are now officially recommended by SAM and a number of members have already benefitted. Additionally, I am happy to now confirm

that subject to demand, Andy has agreed to provide any SAM member or Observer with an ART Advanced Assessment run whereby... *riding skill will be measured against a standard significantly beyond that required to be an IAM Observer.* Beginning with a briefing, a minimum of 45 minutes road work will follow. At the end of the assessment, a thorough debrief will be provided, backed up by a bullet point aid memoire covering any beneficial development. By prior arrangement a narrated video of your performance on the road can be provided on DVD.

An ART Silver or Gold Certificate will be presented to those who demonstrate the appropriate standard. Andy is happy to present the certificate to you in private or by arrangement at one of our monthly Treeton Meetings.

Unless the preference is unimportant to you, the assessment will be confidentially arranged with myself acting as the conduit for initial contact.

The inclusive fee for the assessment, debrief and Certificate will be similar to that charged for a repeat IAM test i.e. £60-00.

To give you some idea of the standards involved Andy has agreed to lead a ride out of small numbers on several Saturday mornings from our usual meeting point.

I do hope that as many SAM members as possible and particularly our Observers will take advantage of this important initiative and set their sights on achieving one of ART's Gold certificates.

In the first instance, please declare your interest to join one of Andy's rides or take the ART assessment to me.

Perhaps a quiet word in my ear then or... e-mail to: rob-gittins@copperstream.co.uk

Rob Gittins. Hon Sec.

Speaking of good riding..? Erik show's how...



Erik Baxendale and Tom Cassidy were recently notified as being in the top 50 IAM passes this year. This brought the opportunity to be individually assessed on the road to for the title of best new IAM rider of the year with a brand new Yamaha R1 being the prize.... and guess what..?

Eric goes and wins it, by a mile apparently with a cracking display of riding to the 'System' in the rain which no others could match. Eeh, what a grand lad. Erik gives credit to Observer Kevin Morley who in turn claims it was more to do with Erik's natural talent. Fight...Fight...





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

SAM Social events for 2010

Candy Town – Meal -	Sat	Feb.	27
Ride, Picnic - Carsinton	Sun	July.	18th – 3pm

Autumn Boogie - Treeton Sat Nov. 13th

2010 Club night details

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

Committee Dates for 2010

Month	Date	Month	Date
Jan	27 th	Jul	28th
Feb	24 th	Aug	25th
Mar	31 st	Sept	29th
Apr	21 st	Oct	27th
May	26 th	Nov	24th
Jun	30 th	Dec	none



Congratulations



Oct. Meeting Awards:



<<<< Chris Yarwood - left - receives his Advanced Certificate from Tony Thompson

Richard Snape receives his from Robert Baybutt >>>>



and... Tom Cassidy top 50 IAM rider of 2010 gets his from... 'I want to be in this picture'... Mike Clayton.

A warm welcome to our latest New Members:

Ian Cairns
Glyn Savage
Dee Whitmore
Dave Craxton

Wath - upon - Dearne,
South Elmsall,
Tankersley,
Leeds. full member - transfer from the York Group)

Rotherham
Pontefract
Sheffield.



The Twat suit on Tour..?

Last month this bit began with... Germany calling... Germany calling... But this time the blue all /no purpose remained at home due to a forecast of the odd wet day. Twas the red and black Motorrad stuff then that checked in with Ops and boarded the steamer to Zeebrugge. A fair crossing, no U-boats and, as we slipped across under cover of darkness, no need for a fighter escort.

Continued then :

Mick's latest Schwarzwald trip proved to be a very popular draw, twenty eight of us all told – some a' pillion but most o' solo. The bikes were a fair mixture of 1200, 800 and 650 GS's. Just what you need for lugging err... luggage and hairing round the hairpins.

Outbound from Hull, we had the lower car deck this time as opposed to the gallery so enjoyed a bit more space than usual. The next morning, reports come in from unlikely sources that overnight.. the strapping performed admirably (I didn't seek clarification). Despite the bar steward being responsible for the usual outbreak of red-eye, P&O's breakfast buffet revived as it should and the groans diminished.

For the regulars with overnight cabin bags perfected to minimum size but maximum effect, one easy trip from the car deck prior to departure and later, on arrival at Zeebrugge, back to same not only sufficed but allowed a mild display of smug and time for a leisurely chat before disembarkation. Apparently, if you wash a full set of undies underfoot when you shower, three sets is all you need for two weeks or more on tour. Meanwhile, the less experienced and somewhat greater bagged or, those with a PhD in faffing provided a dilemma... Poke fun or lend a hand. What would you do..? Both as it turns out.

Dockside we assemble to depart for our planned lunch stop at Monschau. Half way along the E40 however, Rory and I detour further North to Gierle. This is where my



fathers Halifax, LL584 was shot down by anti-aircraft flack in 1944 during the final weeks of the occupation.

He and all but one of the crew safely bailed out and were miraculously gathered together within an hour by local members of the Maquis. The next day three of them were taken to be photographed alongside the wreckage. See left. How's that for Belgian cool..?

They were later moved to a safe place, right across the road from the local SS HQ. It seems they were too pre-occupied with news of the advancing liberation forces to bother



looking under their noses. Two weeks later the Americans arrived on cue, enabling dad and the crew to bum a flight back to Blighty. His effects and a missing believed killed notice had arrived the week before.



We were going to see the crash site and a newly erected Memorial to the crew situated opposite the nearby church. Dad died three years ago so it was an emotional moment. If I could only have taken him to see it. The pics you see above of Rory and I (*pointing to Dad's name*) with the memorial and more similar are now with Mum.

We had parked about 20 feet away from it and set off in the opposite direction to search for it. After an unsuccessful thirty minutes, I popped into a nearby cafe bar and asked of the owner 'Do you speak English by any chance..?' 'Naturally' he replied. I explained our mission and he pointed us back towards the memorial nestling beyond our bikes. The English abroad eh..? Clueless.

After Gierle we headed for the groups first night hotel, the Hotel Hüllen at Barweillerin close to the Mosel, initially riding through a sixty mile string of connected villages and towns. Not a quick section due to the endless low level speed restrictions and, unlike the Germans, the Belgians self satisfying tendency to drive well below any urban and rural limits. After a few glares we capitulate and fake a similar need to thrive on instructions and rules. We countered tedium by bantering on the bike to bike from time to time



"Flying Doctor to Wallamboola base... come in Wallamboola... What's that Skippy..? Dame Edna's fallen down a well..? This alternated with spells of Bach, Glenn Miller, Dire Straits and Boxcar Willie from the Zumo. Eventually good roads followed just north of Monschau to deliver the first taste of the lively riding we came for.

We called at the US WW2 Cemetery to pay our respects. An immaculately kept place. Total respect.



Later than planned, as we arrived at the hotel the group were finishing dinner. We quaff a few beers, join in and later marvel at Andy Marper's novel 'Do not disturb' security device. On my mind as I later fall asleep though was my fathers good fortune and the lack of it for those American soldiers beneath their white crosses.

Day two delivered sunshine and a surprise, to wit... the group of twenty's spirited pace and ability. Despite a novice rider or two, we stayed well connected. Good marking by the group and timely shepherding by Mick and Andy when complications loomed



prevented any straying. Even when the group pressed on our markers seldom had more than a minutes wait. This was kept up throughout our 270 odd miles to the Sonne Neuhausle, our Black Forest base. What a team.

Seven nights here delivered excellent accommodation, generous en suite rooms, good food, good beer, horse riding, and some excellent routes for ride-outs. We had to go to Touratech's impressive HQ of course where there's an impressive store. You can lunch



there too. A trip to Steinwasen park built on the hillside of a hydro-electric power station brought the chance to ride the steel bobsled and prat about on a few other themed rides.

Unfortunately, the bobsled removed my capacity to walk unaided for about an hour. The steel plates overlap and so hammered my fragile discs about 500 times. I have three which are ready for a second partial laminectomy. Sue delivered painkillers, it seems a massage was out of the question... I could tell. Fran lead a group ride one day, a good route, a chance to get some pace on, she'd bravely tested it in the wet the day before with John. Medal deserved. We also rode out to the Concentration camp in nearby France. Spooky, even though there was no time to take the tour, enough could be seen to raise any neck hairs open to the thought.

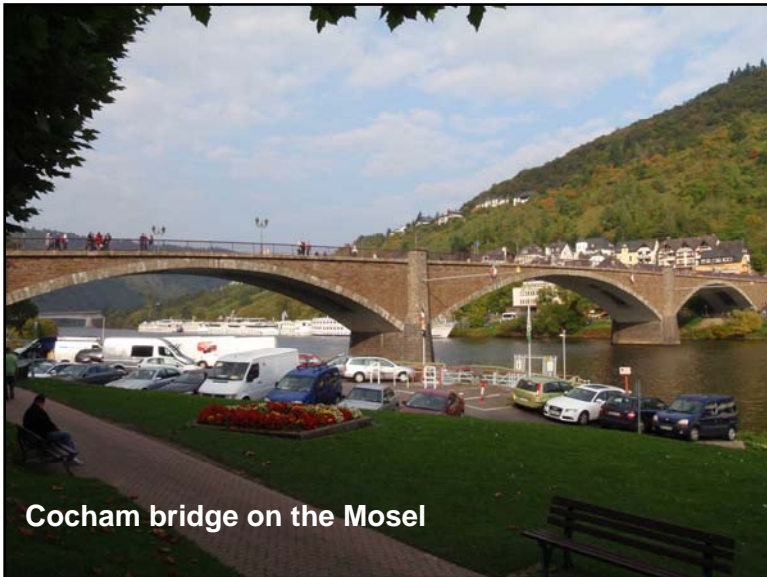


At dinner one evening, I sit next to John and Jean Sprigg, by far the smartest dressed couple on the trip and very popular companions. Though not well, within an hour of getting off the bike, Jean always packs a smile and looks to be ready for an impromptu cocktail party.

She and John tell of the scores of trips they've made on John's bikes over the years, not just into what we now might refer to as the greater EU but much wider afield. We listen on with envy. Only a few days after returning home we are astonished to learn that Jeans condition has since brought about her unexpected death. I'm so glad we had the chance to meet her.

(See back page).

Despite one day off due to rain the excellent company and the roads made these seven days such a delight and the Black Forest delivered in spades.



Cocham bridge on the Mosel

Day eight sent us back up to the Eiffel district and the Forsthaus. Two groups this time, Mick's and Andy's. The tortoise and the hare..? Hardly, cos despite a spirited effort on Andy's part both groups remained within ten minutes of each other all day. Perhaps it was the collection of 'U' turns Andy..? This was to be my second spell at the Forsthaus this year and it's such a comfortable easy place. More

good food and drink. Roast wild boar, Thai banquet... Crystal beer... convivial host in Christian. That'll do...

A trip to Cochem for the famous ice creams and local Market. Another to the Bell factory. Another to Wunderlich... and for those inclined... a lap of the Nurburgring. A first for Rory and I, a brilliant thing to do and a proper tyre melter. Highly recommended.

It was after our lap that I learned the 'Stig' like identity of another Forsthaus guest, Jim Bryan the Ringmeister. Jim is an old friend and early pupil of Mick Wheeler and now has almost every riding qualification under the sun. He is also one of the few BMW approved coach's at the ring and runs several courses there throughout the year. Three days for £1200. I bet it's worth every penny. He took a couple of our lady pillions round to deliver them back in a rather 'goggle' eyed condition. Jim currently rides a much modded 1150 GS. Small wheels, road /race tyres, polished, ported and blueprinted motor. Trick exhaust, trick Ohlins etc. This is his current ring bike. A bit 'Q' eh..? He and Andy later help diagnose a much failing rear Shock on Rory's GS. It corners like a bag of Sh*t* said Andy. Despite this handicap I was not up to overtaking Rory on the ring. Oh well, Maxton here we come... or will it be Wilburs.

On our final day we say cheerio to Christian and his charming parents once more and take an uneventful ride back to the Ferry with lunch en route. It rains heavily overnight but in the morning Hull welcomes us with sunshine. We gather at the dock to say our goodbyes, confident that there will be hello's in the future. It's Saturday about 10 am. and most of us will be home not long after 11.



Big thanks then to Mick (right) and Andy (left) for putting a great deal of effort into looking after everyone, for finding some great roads and hotels and for doing everything for such a fantastic price.

Also to everyone else for being great company. It passed too quickly, but was full of cheer. Good memories.

More next year then..? You bet.

Quick Demo rides.

1200 GS Adventure

Right then, the GS is in for service today and I get the chance to try out the Adventure version as a loan bike. There's only a 200 miles on the clock but I'm told I can ride it in a spirited fashion but avoid unnecessary abuse. Hmm...Must look up necessary abuse.

Mr Marper of ART claims that the Adventure is a better bike than the normal GS, feeling more planted and giving more feedback. I can't wait to find out what he means. It's the back roads home then to start with, I only had a cuppa before setting off so I can feel a boiled egg coming on.



You don't need to travel a great distance to tell it's a different bike. Observer, big John Foster above left with his brand new one would no doubt agree. I shan't argue if not..! Roppa Doppa eh John..?

It is more planted and there is more feedback, especially from the front. The price you pay though is a comparative reluctance to tip in. You have to be smoother on the way in and around the bends and it needs more input or bossing from the rider to initiate or modify a turn. It's not a bike for those who like a more instant steering response, you can't flick from lean to lean anywhere near as effortlessly as the standard bike and the faster you go the greater the effort needed to change direction. There's no doubt though that as you bowl along much greater stability

is evident. Some people obviously prefer this characteristic to greater agility The need to enter a bit slower and earlier would definitely make you a smoother rider though.

Then there's the additional mass, *I didn't mean you John ...* even with only a quarter full tank you can certainly feel it and I'm not tempted to invest almost £30 to see what happens when it's full. It's true though that this extra mass combined with its greater height does bring a feeling of imperiousness as you track along. Just like a Golf... sorry, more like a Range Rover.

The Adventure is obviously a brilliant long distance tool with a great engine and prodigious carrying ability and it's good that it offers a different feel to the standard bike, otherwise it would be even harder to choose between them. I remain happy with my choice but for certain any Adventure owners have equally valid, if different reasons to be just as satisfied.

800 GS Adventure

This time it was Rory's bike that was in for service so all six feet four of him left Rainbow on this relatively diminutive 800, chain drive and all. He'd ridden the same bike the week before just for an hour; long enough though to fill his helmet with an extremely wide grin.

Blagged again so as to give me a chance, we swapped bikes near home. Firstly, this bike is not diminutive, it's taller at the somewhat narrow seat surface than my 1200, but it feels so light in comparison and so willing to respond to any request. Because the chain saps less power than a shaft there is no sense in normal or even spirited riding that the bike is underpowered. In fact Mr Wheeler aboard a similar bike more than kept up with the most vigorously ridden 1200's on our Eiffel and Black Forest trips even when two up. I can instantly understand why. The point is that very few people use all the power of their 1200's, most change up early and only let the revs rise to 6 or 7 thousand even when trying hard thus using less power at the tyre / tarmac meeting point than the 800's maximum. Ok there's more torque with the 1200 but riding one up on the 800 doesn't reveal any significant deficiency and if you use a wide open throttle the bike can really fly.

The lightness also seduces you into using it's ability to steer very quickly, it tips in and lifts up faster than any 1200. Quite flighty. The suspension is both firm but supple, the kind of mix that gives you a lot of information about grip. On really naddy B roads the bikes agility might give you a faster point to point time than a 1200.

The motor is a delight, smooth but not so much that it is without character. Despite a clever balancing system lurking in the sump area, twin-iness remains to entertain and deliver a progressive increase in power all the way to the red line. It also sounds brilliant, a muted snarl, even with the standard can.

You can find fault with the narrowness of the seat though and the ineffectiveness of the shortish screen but both of these niggles are fixable by buying aftermarket alternatives. A must for extensive touring.

Considerable money would be saved by choosing this bike over the 1200, enough to make choosing an interesting dilemma for many people, particularly if you appreciate it's lighter weight and astonishing frugality. 65 to the gallon is easy, some achieve more than 70.

The bike is ace as a traffic buster, brilliant at scratching on technical B roads, no doubt far more practical off road than the 1200's, and subject to seat and screen fixes a match for most distance oriented machinery. How many bikes are there that would give you such a wide range of competencies..? Perhaps the forthcoming Triumph 800 triple pot Adventure bike..? I'll try and blag a demo ride before Christmas but first, to get an early look I will go to...

The 2010 Motorcycle show at the NEC:

will see over 25 motorcycle manufacturers in attendance, all popular features retained, offering Classic, Touring, Custom and Off Road bikes, products, and services – showcasing the best on offer from every genre of biking. Every motorcycle enthusiast, old and young, novice and experienced will find so much to see and do, it's a date you can't afford to miss out of your biking calendar!

27th November to 5th December 2010.

Adult	£15.00
Senior	£10.00
Child (11 – 16)	£5.00
Children Aged 10 and Under	Free.



Overtaking on the left

You can read in Bike magazine this month that overtaking on the left .. *undertaking*..? is not actually a specific motoring offence. Anyone prosecuted for such a manoeuvre is usually accused of careless or dangerous driving. The question arises therefore...what if the manoeuvre is performed with due care and consideration...?

There's no doubt that most if not all of us have overtaken on the left, particularly when dual or triple lane traffic is moving relatively slowly and for some reason or another your lane is travelling marginally quicker than those to your right, or alternatively when filtering between two lanes of stationary (ish..?) traffic.

A good rule of thumb for these situations is, ' Would I undertake a police car in these circumstances..?' My case comes up next week... Joke..!

Actually, when out with the SAGA lads... I have joined in with a sequential string of quite spirited but normal overtakes performed on a traffic police car which was obviously trying. The road was so twisty and undulating that it didn't stand an earthly as we each took turns in out accelerating him coming out of a lengthy string of tightish bends. It was Tony Gittins that started the sequence. Great fun and importantly of course, each of us a witness to the care and consideration (ahem) taken by the others. There's nothing like having an appropriately qualified witness looking over your shoulder... a bit of insurance. Many of us have also overtaken police cars on their left, steadily and carefully of course and I presume use just the same care if the victim is not a police car.

As advanced riders, we know more about the Highway Code than the average road user, and quite a lot more about the contents of Roadcraft. Many road users will not even be aware of its existence. Consequently, we know more about what we are allowed to do or, can 'justify'.

Despite this, best not to take people by surprise eh..? Who knows what negative reactions we might trigger... not too cheeky then, not too 'I know what I'm doing'.

Would you believe it..

Gerry Brown stops at McD's... looks down at the clocks and...

52000 miles stares back at him. Bet you enjoyed every one Gerry.



Advertisement:

For Sale: Clarke Hydraulic lifting worktable... for motorcycles.

400 kgs. lifting capacity, removable panel to assist with wheel removal, hinged ramp, height adjustment, safety lock, front wheel lock. etc. Hardly ever been used so nearly mint cond. New today would cost £450.

Bargain at £275. Call Mike Lees on 01246 204372.

Mick Wheeler writes... In memory of Jean Sprigg



I've known John Sprigg since the early 1990's. He came for the IAM test in December 1994 and if the IAM gave Bronze, Silver or Gold pass certificates then John would have taken a Gold certificate away with him right there and then. We firmed up as friends and pretty soon John and Jean were accompanying my wife Bronwen and myself, with others, on motorcycle trips to the Continent.

The years rolled by as did the miles under the tyres. With many Continental trips and weekends away with John and Jean and other friends I can honestly say that I never heard Jean complain, even when the weather was atrocious; or speak ill of anyone. Always chirpy, always smiling ... you could tell if Jean was in the room with her laughter emanating from within. She was an inspiration to the other ladies on any trip the way she could pull an impressive wardrobe from a pannier and always look smart and always so full of beans with it!

For the last few years Jean has been poorly but she still accompanied John anywhere he pointed the GS, still no complaints, still no grumbles, only the contagious smiles and laughter accompanying her everywhere.

We've all heard about devoted couples, read about them, but Jean and John Sprigg wrote the book, set the benchmark and hoisted the bar to that which most people could only ever dream of.



It was to our advantage that John and Jean came on the tour to the Black Forest in September this year. Jean was very poorly, and perhaps shouldn't have come. Anyone else would have stayed at home ... but Jean had to come, she told me, to prove to herself that she couldn't do any more continental bike trips. Now how plucky is that? But then that's Jean.

Jean will be sadly missed but the memories, the laughter and the smiles are forever...

Mick