



# Suffolk Riders



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## Chairman's Update



The last month the group has seen several members taking their RoSPA test, the Copdock Show, a very well attended Group Training Ride and lots of tutor rides with associates. In general the weather has been pretty good, it was a lovely day for the GTR, not so great for the Copdock Show.

It rained pretty persistently all day, which meant the car park was kept busy (thanks to all our members who helped with car parking) and the bike park was almost empty with a few hundred bikes instead of the usual few thousand. So a poor turn-out, unsurprisingly, and not a great performance for us with recruitment on the stand due to the low footfall. In past years we have relied heavily on recruitment at the Copdock Show to keep our numbers up and rising, however, due to our great website, our exposure to Reiten Motorrad customers through the Reiten Ride-outs and our growing audience on Instagram, Facebook and Twitter, we are gaining a steady influx of members throughout the year. Thanks to Colin, Ben & Sam for exposing us and all those who help on the Reiten Ride-outs.

One of our members (more months ago than I care to admit) came to me with a quote for some enamel badges and we agreed in committee that I would get some made. Sounds simple enough. I made some enquiries and after countless emails to several different suppliers I went back to Neville and said that the complexity and detail meant that what they were all offering was not representative of our logo and we weren't prepared to buy them. Neville was going to pursue them himself when I found another reply in my junk folder and had one last attempt. The upshot of this long and boring tale is that we now have some cast, enamelled badges, around a year after Neville asked me for them.....



Well the weather's getting cooler - just in time for this year's Highland Fling, our annual group tour of north west Scotland. I had to scrape the car this morning which is a sure sign that there will be mayhem on the roads for my daily commute. Take care out there, whether on 2 wheels or 4! *Jon Jamin*

*NB contact Ray Spreadbury to buy badges, £3ea or 2 for £5.*

# October Events

## Copdock Motorcycle Show 2019

This year's Copdock Motorcycle Show involved a lot of rain (I mean an awful lot!), resultantly, and sadly, despite our best efforts, we weren't able to recruit many potential new members. We did however come home wet to the bone, but with our stand/gazebo which, on more than one occasion, we didn't think would withstand the storm.

Naturally, given the adverse weather conditions, attendance at the show was considerably down on previous years. I'd imagine, although unconfirmed, attendance was hit by about 70%. We did however recruit one new member and a number of try-out rides so all was not lost and hopefully the try-put rides will amount to memberships.

As always, Suffolk Riders assisted the car parking at the show which turned out to be a bit of an undertaking, as the majority of those who did come this year came by car rather than braving the weather and riding to the show.

As with previous years Suffolk Riders stand and display was smart, professional and informative, aided by all members on the stand wearing our club's branded soft shell-jackets (if you wish to purchase any club

merchandise do let the committee know and we will inform you of prices etc.).

Our membership numbers have been growing gradually during this year; our increased social media presence, attendance at other events and links with dealers/shops have all contributed to this. In view of this, hopefully, despite a fairly disappointing Copdock show, our overall membership will not be affected.

To this end, I owe a huge and sincere thank you to everyone who helped on Sunday 6th October. The conditions were nothing shy of miserable but together we kept everyone's spirits lifted and our underpinning ethos and values as a club shone through on a personal level. *Chris Patten*



## Group Night

Ray S chaired the proceedings which was attended by 30 members. Test pass certificates were awarded to: Keith Pead, Nathan Clough, James Myers, David Wood (retest) & Ray Spreadbury retest). Tony Butler stood in as Training Officer for Ian Gilder, who is still recovering, and missed getting his own certificate which was buried in the pile.

## SUMMER RIDER RESULTS

We had two members who worked as a team and entered as serious competitors, completing all 4 sections, collecting all waypoints and in fact the only members to submit an entry. Therefore they won the PISSED AND BROKE TROPHY.



Although a disappointing entry our worthy winners, Nev and Brian, enjoyed all 4 sections and intend to return to some of the points of interest for a longer stay. Their overall mileage, according to Nev, was approximately 800 miles. My calculation for 3 sections was around 800 miles and they did all four with 2 overnight stays.



A show of hands at the October group night for continuing with Summer Rides in 2020 looked favourable to give it another go. Just need to make it a little more challenging.

Well done Neville Goodchild and Brian Carter, also to their carer Carole Goodchild.

Keith G, Neville and Brian gave a slide presentation of their travels. *Keith Gilbert.*



## Breakfast Run

Suffolk Riders breakfast run to The Old Barn Café, Wadenhoe

Well what can one say...

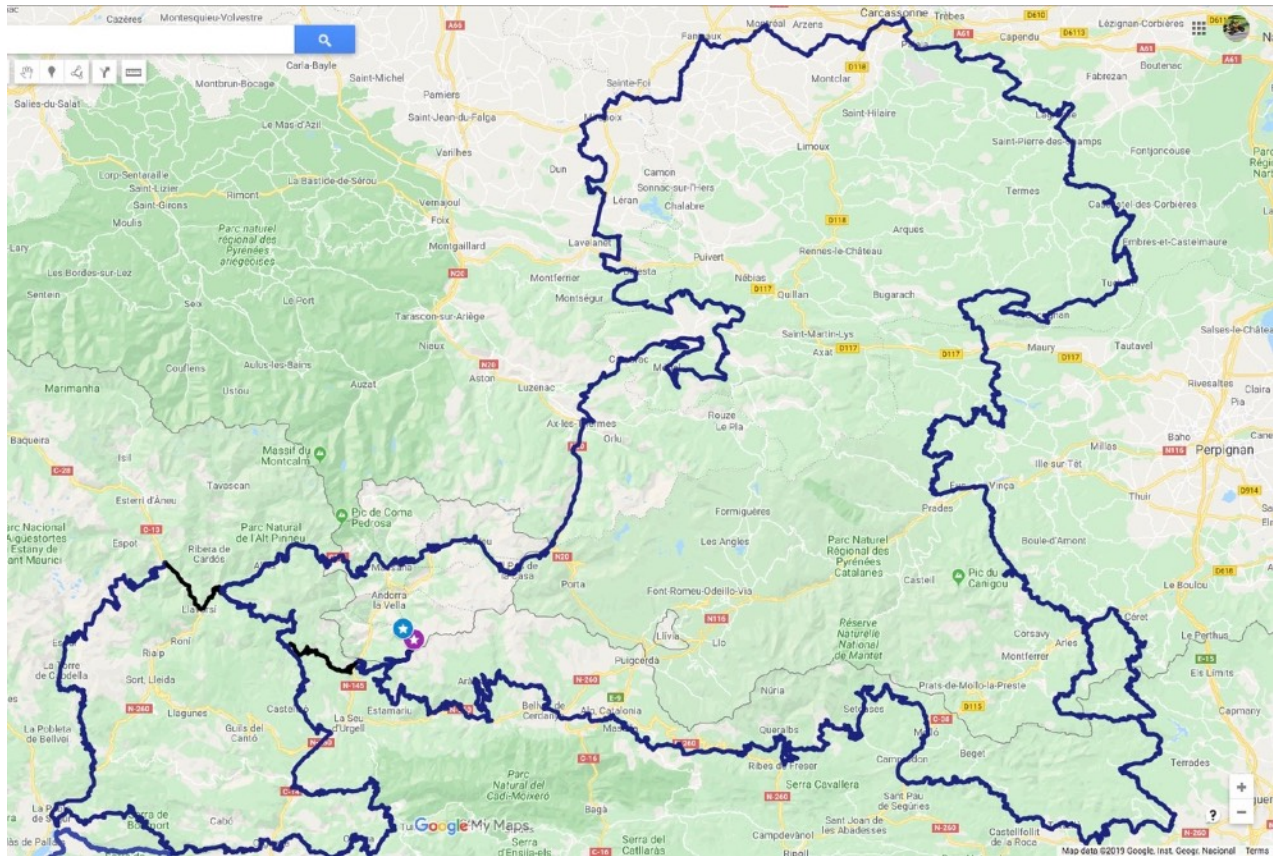
Fifteen members showed up and had a fabulous morning. Thanks to Jon Jamin for a great route, a little windy for my own personal taste crossing the fens but I'm not blaming Jon for that.

The company was great, the chatter in the café did not stop; and let's not forget the breakfast and venue which was also just fantastic.

Which only leaves to say the rest of the club missed out. *Jess Bradley, associate*



# Member's Forum



## *Off the beaten track - an adventure on the TET - Part 2 Day 5.*

The 09:30 kick off became history as our Iberian compadres were more intent on brewing coffee than hitting the trail! We cut them some slack as they had been at work all week and driven straight down.....and then there was the previous nights alcoholic extravagances.

It was nearly 11:00 before we managed to jump start Sergio's KTM 500 with the help of Gez Pedro, who was joining us for the morning ride.

We set off west across country to pick up the old Andorran smugglers route heading south.

We'd return to ride the northern part later.

There was quite a lot of very dusty swift gravel forest tracks and some gentle climbs on the way to La Seu d'Urgell, where we collected the obligatory picnic supplies. After lunch at a shady riverside spot, the going got a bit more tricky and much more challenging.

I tended to lead, we all had the route but somehow I was elected Pathfinder. This can work both ways, sometimes for and sometimes against. I would encounter all of the tricky stuff first and have to deal with it sight unseen, but on the upside, I didn't get held up on the climbs by others little 'tippy offs'.

One particular section was a long, steep and rocky hill climb. I managed to get up it with a bit of

aggression, a lot of swearing and a seriously raised heart beat.

It was a while before the others arrived as Sergio had managed to loop the 500 and held up the others.

The view that awaited us was the most beautiful, serene high altitude pastoral valley, almost Alpine, with cow bells the only sound.....apart from a bit of huffing and puffing from those still recovering from the climb.



Then we headed off on a long, horseshoe shaped, loop to the east before turning west towards Organya.

These were lovely trails, a good mix of technical and easy with beautiful views. We followed a rocky ridge east before dropping down into the valley and turning west, the scenery and terrain constantly changing.

It was after we had climbed back up to another rocky ridge at 1500m (5000ft), that Lindsay took a bit of a tumble on one of the many rocky hairpins.

He was up again quite quickly, but was groaning a bit!.

We were heading towards our overnight stop, so we gently encouraged him to stop whining and get back on. He did complain that he couldn't feel his throttle hand.....a minor issue!.

The ice cold beers at Camping Organya came with a some concern for Lindsay's deformed hand from the serving señora. She insisted that she take him, & Aurelio as interpreter, to see a doctor.....and then to the hospital, where he was diagnosed with two broken bones in the back of his hand, and promptly plastered into a claw shaped cast.

While this was going on Sergio & I had been tasked with erecting all four tents before heading into town to find food in the warm & friendly atmosphere at La Taverna.

## DAY 6

It was obvious that we were now going to be a man down.

After breakfast, back at La Taverna, we managed to find Lindsay a nice little apartment overlooking the mountains. He could stay there until I could get back to collect him and his bike several days later.

We set off towards the west running in the valley below a steep rocky escarpment, then followed a long zig-zag climb to the top at 1700m (5500ft).

Such amazing views, hardly a sign any human life, just the three of us alone in the wilderness. Stunning!

Later in the afternoon we dropped down towards a huge lake North of Trep. We had our own mini Le Touquet beach race along the shore, of course Sergio won on the 500!.

We found a nice lakeside campsite and pitched our tents. The site owners then arrived with a table & chairs and cold beer....what a life.

There was a big firework festival in town that night, they knew we were coming, so we hitched a ride into town for food, more beer and to watch the celebration.

It was a memorable night under canvas for various reasons. I appeared to have thousands of uninvited tent guests.....yes, I had managed to pitch on top of an ants nest. The other disturbance was a

horrendously noisy thunderstorm in the middle of the night, luckily it was gone by morning.

## DAY 7

The original plan was to continue west towards Pamplona, but with my broken buddy stranded in Organya I had a bit of a rethink.

I knew that it would take me two to three days to get back to Montreal before I could return with the van for Lindsay and his bike, so decided to head North, following TET sec 15, towards Andorra, whilst Sergio & Aurelio committed to carrying on west.

I'm rarely keen to ride alone on unknown terrain. There are all sorts of pitfalls of which I am all too well aware!. You definitely have to ride more cautiously to preserve both man and machine & be prepared to look for an easier route if it turns nasty.

This section was so scenic and remote. I crossed rivers, rode through forested valleys but all the time I seemed to be climbing. As the gps altimeter climbed towards 1900m it started to get a bit chilly and there were signs of snow.

By the summit at 2200m there was a good covering of snow and it was bloody freezing!.

I hadn't really prepared for this as Northern Spain is usually red hot at this time of year so had to

resort to my Army surplus Goretex camo gear for additional warmth.

Later I rejoined the famous smugglers route north



towards the Andorran border, passing through the village of Tor. Rumour has it that the three houses here are hiding four dead bodies from the violent earlier days of the 'contrabandistes'. I didn't stop!

Arriving at the border and looking down at the ski resorts and thousands of hectares of forestry and rough terrain, there was disappointment.

There are hundreds of kilometres of trails in Andorra, but there is no legal status to any of them. It's a bit like Scotland, if you have permission you can ride, but get caught without a legal right and you risk heavy fines a bike confiscation. So sadly, at the moment there is no TET in Andorra, although they are working on securing some through routes.

So it was 50km of twisty, hair-pinned tarmac towards Axe-les-Thermes in France.

Usually I'll take the lovely road over the top of the mountain at Port d'Envalira, but as I was wet and frozen in the bottom of the valley I cheated and took the tunnel direct to Pas de la Casa.

Avoiding the sub zero temperatures at the 2400m summit probably saved me from hypothermia.

By now it was raining quite heavily, so arriving in



Axe-les-Thermes, I decided to seek out the warmth and comfort of a hotel. I'm getting too old, and soft, for a tiny tent!

## DAY 8

By morning it was still raining quite hard, so after a leisurely breakfast I set off on the final leg of the trip.

This part of the route was made up of some new tracks that I had found, some parts of the Cathare Mototrail route, TET section 6, and finally one of my favourite local tracks, the GR7.

The new tracks, in pouring rain, were muddy & slippery, but good fun.

I rejoined the TET route near Belvis and followed some lovely flowing trails through the forests of this area.

Deep in the forest is the Maquis de Picaussel, an important part of local history. It was the local resistance HQ and where the RAF used drop in agents and supplies to disrupt the occupation forces. Eventually it was destroyed after a concerted effort by the Nazis, but has since been rebuilt as a memorial / museum.

A few km later, I rode into the beautiful arcaded market square at Mirepoix for coffee and lunch, just as the sun came out.

Finally, some welcome warmth.

The last 50km was north along the GR7 (Grande Randonnee), a lovely scenic trail through some of the most beautiful parts of the Aude region. I love this trail, it's a real favourite and is always on the itinerary when I have trail riding guests. There is the most wonderful view from the escarpment south of Hounoux, across the Razes, towards my final destination of Montreal.

One final stop in Fanjeaux, for a well deserved cold beer, before the final 10km to Montreal. I arrived home tired and weary, but still buzzing from the experiences of the last eight days, though slightly saddened that my TET buddy, Lindsay, wasn't here with me at the finish line.

So, there we are, eight days & nearly 2000km of mostly off road terrain on a 250cc dirt bike.

The KTM was amazing as always. Totally reliable despite being slightly over loaded, thrown at rocks, dumped in river beds and generally taken for granted. It sipped fuel at around 75-80mpg and all it asked for was a daily dose of chain lube.

Modern bikes are so good.

I'm not quite as resilient!..... it was close to a week before I felt that I had recovered from the trip.

Then there was the bike to be washed and fully serviced, all my riding kit to be washed, tent and sleeping bag to be fumigated, and all before Catherine arrives to see the mess that I have made!.

Now, what can I do on next year's off road adventure? *Steve Valentine*



## Why attempt an 'Intermediate Test'?

It's got to be ego, surely. That was my answer to myself when I applied to RoSPA to take the test again, only 6 months after obtaining a silver pass. I've no wish to bore you with my biking history (described in my profile on The Team page of the club's website). So to set the scene, after 40 years of not riding, (and when I did the most powerful bike I took on the road was a Matchless 500), I buy (because of my very short legs) a 900cc cruiser. It didn't take long, just the ride from the bike shop to my home, to realise that I was an accident waiting to happen. I joined RoSPA and was teamed with the incredibly patient Richard Tricker to begin the journey to become a 'safe' rider.

Not a lot of people know this, but I hold the record for the most number of tutored rides - 17! At one stage, an exasperated Richard thought I might never pass the test on my cruiser. Then came the day, 1st of July 2018. To say I was nervous would be an understatement. I looked up nervous on Thesaurus to find a more suitable adjective, but nothing fitted. I told myself 'you are where you are'. I'd put in a lot of practice: I'm a great believer of the the 5-Ps (perfect practice prevents piss-poor performance): yes I know it's 6, but you get the point. Even reading Roadcraft 4 times - mind numbing. Working in an academic environment I've had many tests, and without exception (due to the 5-Ps) I've known as much as the examiner or more (for my last degree at least). But with a professional police motorcyclist I was down in kindergarten.

Stewart McIlroy was the examiner, and from the beginning he was the perfect gentleman. At the debrief, there were encouraging words, interspersed with what I could or should have done. To précis the downside - a bit ragged in places, too wide on a left-hand bend with poor visibility, rolling off the throttle at a 150-yard Give Way sign, not perpendicular to the exit at

a Y-junction, but the killer was 'failed to take multiple overtaking opportunities.' We had been following a Volvo, doing about 50-55 mph on windy national speed limit road. There I was, happy to be tucked behind: my 300kg cruiser with its 41 bhp is not the nippiest of bikes. By not even coming out to look for an overtake opportunity I had failed to show 'sparkle' - one of the 5-Ss. Nevertheless, I was over the moon, no sparkle but safe(ish). Objective achieved: thanks Richard.

When the certificate and report arrived, there were all those encouraging words - in print: the seed was sown. If you want to get ahead, you need a good teacher, Richard had retired so I approached another club tutor. We are so lucky in Suffolk Riders to have such a wealth of experienced riders who are willing to give up their time to help. Obviously, my 'perfect preparation' had not been so perfect, but now I had experience on my side. Group training rides (I asked for critical comments and posed questions bothering me), breakfast runs (to watch good riders), my co-opted tutor and a lot of riding, including hours spent in a car park with 'Jerry "Motorman" Plaladino'. Even reading Roadcraft again - never again!

Test day arrived, my new examiner was Neale McConnell, again a perfect gentleman. Almost no nerves, I'd prepared as best I could, I was where I was. The ride felt good, now the overtakes. On one overtake I passed 2 cars going around a left-hand bend, but I could see the road ahead clearly - I wondered whether I'd cocked up. We were sitting in



a café for the debrief, encouraging comments, negatives – could have pulled out sooner passing a tractor cutting the verge; “That 3-car overtake, better if you had taken 2, pulled in and then the 3rd”; nothing about the left-hand bend overtake. “That was a gold ride.” Over the moon again, all I could say was “You’ve made my day.”

Ego now satisfied, or was that too simple an answer? Still a lot to learn. Special thanks to Kieth G, to John M, Ray S and Stewart W, on the GTRs and to the riders I followed on the breakfast runs Vini E, Martin D, Steve R, David L (very smelly Ducati), & Neville G. *Ed.*

# October Events.

## Important.

**Please note that the latest information on future events can be found on the club website's [Events page](#). You should always check there before attending any event.**

## Group Training Ride - Sunday 17th November, 9:30am.

Beacon Hill lorry park to [The Broken Egg Café, Harlstone, IP20 9QN](#). Many of the roads are not classified and it is very twisty, it'll prove a test of your navigational skills!

A waypoint and gpx file, **No.39** are on the club's [Routes and Waypoints page](#). If you intend to ride, please inform the Stephens by email ([training-rides@suffolkriders.co.uk](mailto:training-rides@suffolkriders.co.uk)), so that they ensure enough tutors are available. This is a really excellent opportunity for associates (and members like me) to garner a few extra pointers on their riding technique.

## Breakfast Run - Saturday 23rd November, 9:30am.

Currently we have a 'to' [The Lock Tea Room](#), Basin Rd., Heybridge Basin, Maldon CM9 4RS.

Soon there should be waypoint and gpx file on the club's [Routes and Waypoints page](#). If you intend to ride, please contact [the organiser](#) to let him know.

**The usual caveat:** the onus is on the individual to decide whether or not to participate if the weather is inclement. There will be no follow-up emails cancelling the run beforehand so make your own mind up whether you feel the conditions are suitable

## Group Night – Monday 2th November, 19:30

Group night is Theory Night - what will Ian Gilder et al dish up for us this time?

# Been somewhere nice?

## *Are we nearly there yet or, the Lads trip to Lancashire, or was it Yorkshire, or even Cumbria?*

So... Keith phoned Ray & said "where are we going for our boys October jaunt this year?" Ray thought that another trip to the Ardennes or the Highlands might fit the bill, but because of weather worries, we decided we'd stay in England, head North & use Clitheroe as our riding base. Lee worked overnight plotting our route & we downloaded his GPX files. At this point dear reader, you should know we don't go on Motorways or dual carriageways, & prefer to even keep away from A roads, trusting to B roads & non classifieds, but more of that later.

There was the inevitable debate about starting at 7.30am or better still 9.30am on the Sunday. Lee arbitrated between Keith & Ray & so the three of us set off from Tesco's Bury on Sunday 8.30am.

The weather was cloudy, but dry & we made good progress averaging 50 something mph, by the time we stopped for breakfast & a wee at the Café at Belvoir Castle in Leics. This proved to be a bad idea as we had to queue (for both food & a wee) behind about 100 cyclists who had arrived just as we pulled into the car park. Bacon rolls eventually came, were duly consumed & we set off again.

We topped up with petrol at Holmfirth (Kirklees W Yorks) & had some scones & a cuppa there too.

Somewhere after that (Heptonstall Moor?) we missed a Waypoint & ended up on a very wet &

narrow cobbled packhorse way, which required all our well honed off-road riding skills to safely negotiate our way out of. Picking up our route again we eventually arrived at Clitheroe (The Ribble Valley, Lancs) & checked in at the excellent [B & B](#)

After a hot shower & a very necessary power nap, we walked to The New Inn which was packed on a Sunday Evening & has an excellent range of Real Ales. Asking three locals blocking up the bar for their recommendations we of course were advised to try three different beers. These three locals were very smart & detected from our accents we were not local and as Ray was still wearing his Rukka jacket, they identified us as motorcyclists. This was a great piece of luck, because it transpired that they too had been on a bike ride that day & gave us a superb non-classified route to Hawes & recommended we then go on to Reeth & visit "the lead mining museum". We noted their route & then went for an Indian meal. It was very good, but Ray felt he had to suggest to the staff that they cheer up & give us a smile! We exited safely & returned to the New Inn for a night cap.



The next morning, (after a night of indigestion) it was still cloudy but dry, so we set off for Hawes. With Lee setting a RoSPA pace on his BMW S1000XR. The route from our local Pub friends was excellent, with little traffic, narrow roads with isolated farms & great bends. At Hawes we stopped briefly at the Wensleydale Cheese factory café for coffee & cakes. Proceeding on their route, we arrived at the very picturesque village of [Reeth \(Upper Swaledale N Yorks\)](#).

We discovered however that the Museum was shut for the Winter, so found our way to a local café for an excellent soup of the day – broccoli & stilton, & some more tea. Travelling back via Arkengarthdale, we successfully negotiated the famous water splash on James Herriots “All Creatures Great & Small” – we are all RoSPA Golds remember!



After the splash we went over the Buttertubs Pass back to Hawes. Then through Gayle, Buckden & on to Kettlewell. We stopped there for three teas again & Ray had a slight incident with a stone wall by the car park, which took out his left mirror! Being a bit fed up about that Ray cheered himself up by telling the waitress to keep the change, not knowing that Lee had given her a £10 note! We proceeded through Wharfedale, Skipton & then back to the B & B.

The fourth member of the group, Brian had arrived at Clitheroe by then, so again, after a hot

shower & power nap, we emerged & found ourselves back at the New Inn. That night we all had a good Italian at the Emporium Restaurant & then returned to the real ales at the New Inn.

The plan for Tuesday, was originally to cover as many Dales as possible but in the Forest of Bowland we got side tracked up a muddy road to a small hamlet which proved to be a dead end. Two local ladies walking their dogs were not too impressed with our four noisy bikes going up & down in their hamlet, but so be it, we'd paid our road tax hadn't we.

We then were aiming for Dent (in [Cumbria, Dentdale N Yorks National Park](#)). The road however was a gated road & also because of the kamikaze sheep, it was slow going. Lee remarked that we'd seen everything that day from muddy dead end roads, to gravel tracks & even gated roads, but so far no cobbles. Well of course Dent which dates from the time of the Viking invaders has cobbled streets, so our day was then complete. We stopped there for tea & cakes in a lovely old café which also housed a “bygones” type museum & was run by two charming old ladies (possibly a bit young for us though!)

Travelling on small roads we arrived at Horton in Ribblesdale having been through the lovely [Howgill Fells](#) & then through Littondale to Grassington for Lunch. Grassington is a very pretty village in Upper Wharfedale but looks a bit of a tourist trap.

We then rode across country to Gargrave & on to Clitheroe.

That night we gave up the New Inn (big mistake) & walked to the Bowland Beer Hall in Holmes Mill owned by the Bowland Brewery. Despite being owned by the brewery they ran out of the beer we were drinking, the service was appalling, our food came with no knives & forks & there was initially no salt for our Fish & Chips. Note, must avoid this place if ever back in Clitheroe.

Next morning after a hearty breakfast we set off for home via, Harrowgate, Tadcaster, Selby, Gainsborough & down though Lincolnshire. We stopped for lunch at the Doddington Hall Farm Shop west of Lincoln. We would highly recommend this place (we used the Coffee Shop). Keith had a huge bowl of soup which he couldn't finish. Lee & Brian had Welsh Rarebit & Ray opted for a Crispy Bacon Stack. Wow, .... we'd never seen anything like it!

Making our ways home at the A14 at Bury St Edmunds we met the first rain, (well, a drizzle actually), that we had seen whilst away, we were so lucky.

Highlights- the crack, the Brooklyn B & B, the beautiful Dales scenery & roads, the Crispy Bacon Stack the weather & Clitheroe itself.

The Lowlights- the crowded Belvoir Caste Café, the cobbled pack horse roads & the Bowland Brewery Food & Beer Hall in Clitheroe. *Ray Spreadbury*



# Next Year

## *Suffolk Riders Member-organised trip – 10 days leaving on September 7th 2020, to Italy via the Alps.*

I've decided not to go to Scandinavia in 2020 – too far and too expensive. So Italy it is!

The plan is to go to Tuscany via the Alps, possibly with a stop in the Italian lakes. Tuscany is not too far down Italy and full of great places to visit. It's the other side of the Alps, so we can go and return via two Alpine passes – the Stelvio is on the must-do list for every biker, but it's popular with camper vans and there are lots of others. I fancy going over the San Bernardino, but I am happy to go with a majority vote.

Here's the outline plan. Lucca (for example) is 870 miles from Calais via France and the San Bernardino. Taking 4 days to get there we can stay off the autoroutes as much as possible. It doesn't have to be Lucca, it all depends on finding somewhere good to stay. We'll have 2 days i.e. 3 nights there, so you can do what you like, either use them as rest days, to visit places, or to ride the roads, it's up to you. 4 days coming home, via the Stelvio, Switzerland, Germany and Belgium. So it's a 10 day trip. It would be hard to do in 9 unless you want to spend every day riding long distances. Eurotunnel both ways for convenience and speed.

Cost – sharing about £110 a day all in including rooms, food, & petrol, single £130, plus about £86 for the return ticket on the tunnel, say, £1100/£1300 sharing/single.

If you are interested, please let me know, and indicate definite, probable, possible. So far there are three of us definite and one possible. Let me have your views on which Alpine passes you fancy!

*Phil Sayer – [phil.sayer@btconnect.com](mailto:phil.sayer@btconnect.com)*

# The Last Laugh Word

We had a note from Terry B: I read with interest the item in your first news letter about “Clutch oil” and duly plunged into my trusty ( some say NOT so trusty ) Haynes manual and surprise ,surprise THEY also list V10 oil and NOT DOT 4 brake fluid . So if, as you said , members do their own servicing maybe a Haynes manual IS worth investing in (and reading ).

Steve Valentine’s TET article elicited a contribution from new member Mike Antony, a blog he wrote beginning on the 4th Oct. and finishing on the 14th Nov. 2016, about a trip he made across Africa covering 10,093km. As you can imagine it is quite long - 70 pages - but easily readable - large print and lots of picture - describing places and problems encountered. I’ve put it Members’ Articles page on the club’s website entitled [‘African Adventure: Dubai to Cape Town by Motorbike’](#). Perhaps we might serialise it over the coming months as activities drop off for the winter.

It was saddening to read in the October edition of Care on the Road of the first death of a RoSPA rider while out on a tutoring ride. My mantra, said every time I climb into the saddle, ‘Use the System,’ but I still make mistakes (another way of learning – if you survive).

This is my last month as guest editor (do I really believe that?). We are off to India and Bhutan and certain to have long periods without internet access - what a relief. Next month’s issue will be in the very capable hands of Chris Patten. If you have offered copy to me and not yet finished, or if you have a story to tell (60+ members read the newsletter, so there must me 60+ stories out there) please write direct to Chris - [secretary@suffolkriders.co.uk](mailto:secretary@suffolkriders.co.uk). Bye for now *Ed*.